

"Breakfast On Pluto"

by

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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High up on a scaffolding, above a London street. A ghetto-blaster is playing as rows of Irish navvies work, plastering, brick-laying, pickaxe wielding, etc. Their hips move in time to the music - Gloria Gaynor, I WILL SURVIVE.

The camera cranes through different levels of these sweaty labourers, tracing the movement of a svelte figure down on the street, pushing a pram. She is moving her silk-clad hips in time to the music, lip-synching the words of the song to the baby in the pram.

KITTEN

Do you think I'd crumble?
Do you think I'd lay down and
die? Oh no not I -

Close on the face of Paddy "Kitten" Braden, a quite beautiful transvestite, if a little too heavily made-up. She\he hears a chorus of catcalls and whistles. Looks up to see the labourers gesturing at her, swinging their hips in time to hers. Kitten exaggerates the swing of her hips as she walks and sings, which drives them wilder. They wolf-whistle and call out to her.

NAVVIES

How about it Kitten? What's the
chance of a bit tonight?

KITTEN

Why yes of course, boys! I'll leave
the front door open and you can all
troop in and give me a jab!

And they're embarrassed into silence.

KITTEN

Not up to it then? You innocent,
shovel-wielding horny-handed
sons of the native sod? Ah
dear...

She walks on, swinging her gorgeous hips as the music rises. She addresses the sweet-pea of a baby, gurgling from the pram.

KITTEN

Not many people are, munchkin.
Not many can take the tale of
Patrick Braden AKA Saint Kitten,
who once strutted the catwalks,
face lit by a halo of flashbulbs
as Ooh!, she shrieked, I told you
from my best side, darlings!

The baby coos at her, all innocence.

KITTEN

But I know you can. So here goes,
Prince of Magic!

On Kitten's face, as she walks, remembering.

KITTEN

Once upon a time - and a very bad
time it was - there was a little
village nestling on the Irish
border...

2

EXT. TYREELIN. DAWN.

2

A picture-postcard shot of an Irish village, from above.

KITTEN (VO)

Already the small birdies were
out and about...

Two robins, swooping above a church spire, the village
below it. Down towards, a milk-man, delivering to early-
morning milk to a Presbytery, behind the church.

They land on the milk-bottles as the milkman departs and
begin pecking at the bottle-tops.

KITTEN (VO)

Jabbing their beaks into milk-
bottles and poking their noses
into other people's business...

A pair of female hands come into view and deposit a newborn
baby, wrapped in a blanket, at the steps. The hands knock
on the door, then vanish out of shot.

The robins look at the baby, then at each other. They turn
their heads 360 degrees, and glimpse the young woman with
beautiful bubble-cut hair walking towards the presbytery
gate, turning and disappearing behind the presbytery wall.

The presbytery door opens. We see a middle-aged priest, Fr
Bernard. He sees the child. His face is a mask of grief.
Around the infant's neck - a pair of cheap, brown St.
Anthony's scapulars.

3

EXT. TYREELIN STREET. DAWN.

3

Fr Bernard walking through the Tyreelin street, the child
hidden beneath his cassock. He comes to a ratty, broken-down
house, knocks on the door. A hirsute harridan, Ma Braden,
answers it. She admits Fr Bernard, with the infant, closes
the door. The robins fly up above the chimneys.

4 EXT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

4

The two robins, pecking vigorously at frozen milk-bottles.
The door opens and a priest's housekeeper pulls the bottle
in.

5 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

5

She shakes the bottle, pours milk into the cup, hands it to Fr. Bernard, who is sitting mournfully at his breakfast.

HOUSEKEEPER

A robin, would you believe it
father, pecking at the cream!
Well, it is Christmas morning
after all.

Fr Bernard says nothing.

HOUSEKEEPER

How's breakfast?

He nods.

HOUSEKEEPER

I'll be off so, get myself ready
for Mass. God bless now father.

6 EXT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

6

The housekeeper emerges, muttering to herself.

HOUSEKEEPER

He hasn't been himself lately...

The robins fly merrily above her head. The camera follows them. They talk to each other, with Kitten's voice.

ROBIN 1

No, he's not the man he was at all.

ROBIN 2

Since the little housekeeper left
- the one with the bubble-cut
blonde curls that looked like
Mitzi Gaynor from the fillum
South Pacific -

ROBIN 1

Mitzi Gaynor with a bun in the
oven

They swoop over the town, in search of more milk-bottles. They alight on the windowsill of the rattiest house in the street we saw Fr. Bernard deliver the baby to. They peck at a milk-bottle there. Inside, they can see -

Ma Braden, preparing her brood for Christmas Mass. She sticks a soother in the foundling's mouth.

MA BRADEN

Now shut youser fucking mouths.

She marches them outside.

7

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

7

Fr Bernard says Mass in his beautiful white vestments. His hands are unsteady. He spills some wine over his white surplice. The congregation shake their heads, sadly, disapprovingly.

Up in the rafters, the Robins shake their heads sadly too.

ROBIN 2

No, he's not the man he was at all.

The young Patrick stares from the pram at the priest. The red wine glistens on the gorgeous white lace.

ROBIN 1

And were those starched vestments responsible for his son's attraction to the airy apparel of the opposite sex?

ROBIN 2

I think we should consider the case of Mrs. O'Hare's smalls.

They twirl around the vaulted ceiling and like sky-painting airplanes, they leave a trail of smoke which reads -
MRS O'HARE'S SMALLS

8

EXT. BRADEN GARDEN. DAY.

8

The ratty garden of the Braden household. A much older Patrick Braden is sitting in the pram, a soother in his mouth. He is staring at the clothesline in the garden opposite. The same two robins are sitting there, observing. Below the clothesline a massive woman, Mrs. O'Hare, is bent over a clothesbasket. She straightens up and hangs a pair of old-fashioned bloomers on the line.

On Baby Patrick's face. The soother drops out of his mouth.

We cut back to the bloomers. Seasons have passed, and the bloomers are stiff with ice. Two frozen robins are stuck rigid on the line. A flurry of snow blows and both robins fall dead on the frozen ground. At the feet of -

Patrick Braden. He is about five now. He stares at the frozen bloomers. He breaks off an icicle from them and sucks it like an ice-lolly.

On the bloomers. Now they blow in a fresh April breeze. A ten-year-old Patrick whips them off the line.

9

INT. BRADEN HOUSEHOLD. DAY.

9

Patrick, in front of a mirror is wearing the bloomers and struggling into a dress. He grabs lipstick from below the mirror.

PATRICK

Just the job - cutex coral pink.

He applies it delicately to his lips.

On the TV, The Avengers is playing. Steed enters the Togetherness Marriage Bureau. A heavily made-up blonde greets him.

BLONDE (ON TV)

Oooh, will you have the love-seat?

PATRICK

The love-seat! Why not?

BLONDE (ON TV)

Perhaps you'd like a glass of champers?

PATRICK

Champers. Now you're talking -

And the door bursts open. Caroline and Ma Braden stand there, ossified in horror.

10

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

10

Naked Patrick in an old zinc bath having all his sins scrubbed off him with a wire brush.

CAROLINE

Do it harder, mammy! Teach him not to wear my dress again!

MA BRADEN

He'll make a disgrace of us? Well, you'll not!

She wallops him on the head with the brush.

PATRICK

Eeksters! Do you really have to?

MA BRADEN

I'll march you up and down the street and disgrace you in front of the whole town!

PATRICK

Promise?

CAROLINE

Hit him with it Ma! Give him the brush again!

MA BRADEN

Say "I'm not a girl".

PATRICK

I'm not a girl.

MA BRADEN

I'm a boy and not a girl!

PATRICK

I'm a boy and not a girl.

CAROLINE

Say it right! Make him say it right!

MA BRADEN

You have my heart broke! From the cursed day I ever took you in!

And she immediately regrets she's said it. A glance between herself and Caroline.

On Patrick's face. He is looking at himself in the mirror.

11

EXT. FEELEY ROSE GARDEN. DAY.

11

Amongst the dazzling white blooms, Charlie, a charming, mixed race girl of Patrick's age, is sketching a young down syndrome boy, Laurence, as Patrick chats to him.

PATRICK

But the thing is Laurence, if she's not my mother, then who is?

CHARLIE

Can't you leave him till I'm finished, Paddy?

PATRICK

Don't you understand? We have to solve the mystery!

CHARLIE

I don't want to solve mysteries. And I'm adopted! I just want to finish this painting!

Charlie critically appraises her work. It is half-finished and she thinks it not bad.

CHARLIE
Well-whatcha think, Paddy?

PATRICK
How am I supposed to know? I need evidence!

CHARLIE
I'm talking about the drawing! Is your mother all we're ever going to talk about?

LAURENCE
Misty Gaynor!

Laurence jumps up and down, speaking as if he's heard others say it.

LAURENCE
Misty Gaynor!

PATRICK
Who told you that?

LAURENCE
Da! Way!

Patrick looks despondently down the street. He can see a soutaned figure walking by. It is Fr. Bernard, who glances quickly at him, then away.

12 INT. BRADEN HOUSEHOLD. DAY. 12

Patrick, watching 77 Sunset Strip. Ma Braden enters, turns the TV off.

MA BRADEN
Brother Barnabas says he'll try you on the football team.

Patrick shrugs.

MA BRADEN
And I want you to read this.

She thrusts a copy of Charles Buchan's Football Monthly in front of his face. Charles Atlas, the world famous body-builder smiles out in his leopard skin togs as if to say: I'm the man to sort you out!

13 INT. BEDROOM.EVENING. 13

Frank Sinatra or Vic Damone playing on the radio. Patrick in a headscarf chewing gum as he lays in the bed and makes eyes at the posing, inscrutable bodybuilder in the magazine.

From a few different angles we see the comical illustrations and the logos: More weight? Broad back and shoulders? Rippling stomach muscles? Then post this now!

Patrick preoccupied as he mischievously fills in the form.

PATRICK(V.O.)

Dear Charles. Yes! Please send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how 'Dynamic Tension' can make me a new man. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way. P.S. Can you please enclose some muscles. Yours, as ever, Patrick Braden, Tyreelin, Ireland. Thank you.

14

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELDS. DAY.

14

Gangly youths, pursuing a ball, as Kitten squats on a bench, an overcoat draped over his shoulders. He is obviously the last player any trainer is going to pick.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Sigh! Tedium for a growing boy unprecedented!

Brother Barnabas, the trainer, lays a benevolent hand on Patrick's shoulder.

BR BARNABAS

With a bit of luck, we'll get you on in the second half, Patrick.

PATRICK

Thank you Brother. I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to that.

CLOSE ON FIELD - DAY

Patrick, in diamante gown swanning up the right wing.

PATRICK

Pass it to me, chappies! Through those painted sticks, Patricia will send her sailing!

BACK TO SCENE

Patrick is chuckling.

PATRICK

Hee, hee.

BR BARNABAS

What did you say, Patrick?

PATRICK

I said that right half-back is a very good player.

BR BARNABAS

He is. You're talking now. A damn fine fellow to kick a ball-

Just as he is finishing the sentence the muddy orb of the football smacks him in the face and leaves its lacy print all over his cheek.

PATRICK

Oh no! Teacher!

Patrick rushes to his assistance like Florence Nightingale.

BR BARNABAS

(wiping mud off his face)

...So he is.

15 INT. CHURCH. NIGHT. 15

A line of people outside the confessional. They seem to have been waiting a long time.

16 INT. CONFESSIONAL. NIGHT. 16

Patrick, at confession. He speaks to the grille.

PATRICK

And I called my mother names.

FR BERNARD

You know you shouldn't do that, my son. What did you call her?

PATRICK

Hairy Arse. (Pause) Hairy Arse.
Bockedy Hole. (Pause) And
Cunthooks.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PEW -

Fr. Bernard, his head shrouded in shadow. He is listening, but saying nothing. He seems to want to vanish into the darkness.

17 EXT. CHURCH. NIGHT. 17

Patrick emerges from the Church gates and turns down the street to find a Dalek barring his way. It pokes him with its probe and addresses him in scrakey mechanical tones.

DALEK

Stay where you are! You must not proceed!

PATRICK

Jesus!

DALEK

You must not curse! If you curse you will be exterminated!

PATRICK

Holy fuck!

DALEK

You have been warned, earthling! Now you must die!

A series of colored bulbs light up as all sorts of whirring noises are heard inside the machine and it does indeed look as if Patrick is about to be dispatched to his eternal reward. Instinctively he hides his eyes.

PATRICK

No, Dalek-please!

To his amazement the Dalek does not zap him but erupts in squawking alien. To his further amazement it then breaks in half and who is standing before him in what looks like an extra-terrestrial bucket but Laurence.

LAURENCE

Way Paddy -

PATRICK (V.O.)

You'd never think Laurence would exterminate anyone- but he did!

18 EXT. STREET. DAY. 18

Patrick, Charlie and the Dalek on maneuvers.

PATRICK(V.O.)

He exterminated half the town.

19 INT. BUTCHER'S. DAY. 19

Charlie and Patrick back off as the kindly butcher does, the Dalek putting it up to him.

DALEK

Stay where you are! Stay where you are! Sausages! Sausages!

BUTCHER

Yes! Yes of course! Please don't shoot!

Even the Dalek can't stop himself from laughing even though he knows this is very serious business.

20

EXT. GARAGE. DAY.

20

The petrol pump attendant is just about holding it together as are Charlie and Patrick.

DALEK

Petrol! Petrol!

ATTENDANT

But Daleks don't run on petrol,
Laurence!

The Dalek breaks in two and out appears Laurence, looking to his two mates for guidance. They can't hold back and all erupt into laughter. Especially Laurence.

21

INT. FEELEY HOUSE. EVENING.

21

The empty Dalek is sitting by the fire as if warming itself. A sound at the door and Laurence runs to it. Benny Feeley, Laurence's father enters. A kindly labouring man. Laurence runs into his arms.

BENNY

The man himself!

LAURENCE

(Poor Dalek voice)

Stay where you are! Stay where you
are!

BENNY

So how's Paddy? And the Braden
household?

PATRICK

They're well, Mr. Feeley.
Especially my mother-
(significantly)
Wherever she is!

Silence. Benny looks from Laurence to Patrick. Then sets Laurence down.

BENNY

So someone's told you something
Patrick.

PATRICK

They don't have to. Hairy Arse
Braden tells me every day.

BENNY

Ah Patrick-now...

PATRICK
I'm sorry Mr. Feeley.

BENNY
You know I saw her once - your real
mother - long after the day she
left.

LAURENCE
Left! Mother!

Benny goes to the window staring out across the town.

BENNY
It was in London. I was working
for Genie McQuillan. I was coming
home from work, through Picadilly
and there passing by was -

21A EXT. PICADILLY. NIGHT.

21A

A beautiful, sad young woman walks through the night
crowds. The blonde bubble-cut hair we saw in the scene with
the robins. Benny Feeley rubs his tired eyes, waves, but
she is too far away to see him.

BACK TO SCENE

BENNY
Eily Bergin. Lovely as the day she
left, I swear to God.

Laurence looks from his father to the empty Dalek in the
hallway.

LAURENCE
Sausages! Stay where you are!

PATRICK
Did you talk to her, Mr. Feeley?
What did she say?

BENNY
I shouted, Patrick, but she didn't
hear. Then the lift took her.

CUT TO -

Eily walking. The crowds engulf her, and her blonde hair is
swallowed up by the vast city.

BACK TO SCENE -

On Patrick. Pale, almost haunted.

BENNY

London swallowed her up. The most beautiful girl in the town.

PATRICK

The biggest city in the world, and it swallowed my mother up.

He looks at Benny, whose eyes are moist.

PATRICK

What about my father, Mr. Feeley?

BENNY

I wouldn't know about that, son. Things be's complicated. You know.

PATRICK

What did she look like?

He rises, takes down an LP of South Pacific. On the cover, we see a beautiful woman on a desert island.

BENNY

Like Mitzi Gaynor, son. That's who she looked like, Mitzi-

22 EXT. HUT. DAY.

22

A hut, in an overgrown garden. We can hear the raucous sounds of Mitzi Gaynor singing "I'm gonna wash that man right out of my hair", coming from it.

23 INT. HUT. DAY.

23

An improvised catwalk, perched on bales of straw. Patrick dressed in one of Charlie's dresses, struts down it like a supermodel. Charlie pretends a broom-handle is a microphone.

CHARLIE

Fashion model Patricia Braden displays a beautifully cut gown of lace and tulle from designer Charlene O'Kane...

Irwin stares balefully from the back.

IRWIN

Ah fuck this game. It's all shite! I want to do manoeuvres now!

CHARLIE

Oh to hell with you and your stupid wars, Irwin Kerr! And next up is the dashing Laurence Feeley sporting a smoking jacket, fedora

(MORE)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
hat and sunglasses by Gucci...

Laurence swans down the catwalk, dressed as described...

24

EXT. HUT. DAY.

24

The portable record player now plays The Merry Ploughboy, a jaunty IRA ballad.

Charlie, Laurence and Patrick stand to attention while Irwin inspects his troops. Irwin holds a torn tricolour flag.

PATRICK
Die for Ireland? I'm sorry, but it would appear to me that someone here would seem to have taken leave of their senses!

IRWIN
Are you playing the game or not, Braden?

He salutes.

LAURENCE
Me play! Die for Ireland!
Earthling! Stay where you are!

Laurence salutes in his own inimitable fashion. Patrick camps it up.

PATRICK
Well come on Englishmen - a bullet please!

Charlie cracks up laughing.

IRWIN
You'll get your hole kicked one of these days, Braden.
(To Charlie)
And you're not much better!

LAURENCE
Execute! Exterminate! Execute!

IRWIN
Ah fuck this!

He stomps off, disgusted.

25 INT. BRADEN HOUSEHOLD. DAY.

25

Patrick, miraculously on his own in the drab house. He is older now, in his teens. South Pacific is playing on the TV. We hear the song Bali Ha'ai and from the longing in Patrick's eyes, we can tell he has heard it many times over the years.

SONG

If you try you will find me
Where the sky meets the sea
Here am I your special island
Come to me come to me -

CUT TO:

The front door of the Braden household. A shadow on the mottled glass, outside. The letterbox opens and a letter falls through.

Patrick comes out of his reverie. He walks to the letter, looks at it. It is addressed to Mrs. Braden, but there is an ecclesiastical cross on the envelope.

CUT TO:

South Pacific. Bali Hai, wreathed in mist as the music swells.

CUT TO:

Patrick's face, by the sink, wreathed in steam. He is above the kettle, steaming open the letter.

CUT TO:

South Pacific. Mitzi Gaynor, in a white nurse's suit, staring out on a Polynesian sunset.

MITZI

I know what counts now - just
you. What a pinhead I was - all
that matters is us - being
together -

CUT TO:

Patrick's trembling fingers, extracting the contents of the letter. A cheque, to Ma Braden, signed by Fr Bernard Sheridan, PP.

CUT TO:

South Pacific, as Mitzi sings to the empty sea.

MITZI

When you feel her calling
 Across a crowded room
 And fly to her side -

CUT TO:

Patrick's face - as the steam clears, and all the pieces
 fall into place.

PATRICK

Well fuck me pink with a hairy
 arse!

26 INT. CHURCH. DAY. 26

A huge line outside the confessional. They seem to have
 been waiting for ages. We can hear a murmuring voice.

27 INT. CONFESSIONAL. DAY. 27

Patrick talking to the unseen priest.

PATRICK

You see once upon a time Father
 there was a young girl called
 Eily Bergin who looked not unlike
 the well-known film star Mitzi
 Gaynor who sang 'I'm Gonna Wash
 That Man Right Out Of My Hair'
 and she went to London the
 biggest city in the world, which
 swallowed her up but before she
 vanished I think she worked as a
 priest's housekeeper father -but
 I could be wrong! I mean I could
 be wrong there couldn't I? After
 all-I could be wrong!

28 EXT. CONFESSIONAL. DAY. 28

A loud bang as the confessional door opens. Every head
 turns to see Fr Bernard emerging, his head turned away,
 seeking retreat in the sacristy.

29 INT. CONFESSIONAL. DAY. 29

Patrick, alone in the booth.

PATRICK

(loudly)All I wanted was her
 fucking address, padre!

30 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 30

The moonlight on Patrick's transfixed face and fractured
 eyes. Bobby Goldsboro playing thinly on a transistor radio.

Singing the absurdly lachrymose ballad 'Honey', oddly moving in its depiction of unattainable domestic bliss, as in some damaged fairy-tale.

31 INT. SCHOOLROOM. DAY. 31

Peepers Egan, the English teacher, talks to the class.

PEEPERS

An essay, boys and girls, on any subject of your choice.

He takes his watch from his pocket.

PEEPERS

And you've got an hour.

On Patrick. He opens his copybook. Scribbles the title, which fills the screen:

BREAKFAST IS SERVED

32 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY. 32

The door opens and Fr. Bernard's face fills the screen.

FR BERNARD

Ah, God bless us, it's yourself, ma'am!

33 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY. 33

Patrick writing, tongue between his teeth. He murmurs the words to himself as he writes.

PATRICK

...remarked randy Fr Bernard as he opened the door to a young woman who bore a startling resemblance to Mitzi Gaynor...

34 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY. 34

We see the beautiful Eily Bergin on the steps. She is not yet sad.

EILY

It is indeed, Father.

FR BERNARD

So you're the replacement for Mrs. McGlynn?

EILY

I am indeed, Father.

FR BERNARD

Destroyed with the lumbago, she
is. Destroyed, and that's a fact!

EILY

But she'll be back on her feet
soon, please God.

FR BERNARD

Please God she will. Now tell me
this- have I begun to dote or do
you remind me of someone special?

She curtseys, like an Irish Colleen.

EILY

O father please how could I? When
I've gone out of my way,
knowing that your dicky doodle,
naughty poopster that he is, if
given the slightest
encouragement, would be only too
eager to get up to mischief- down
boy! Naughty
dicky!- to camouflage myself and
look like any ordinary
old curate's drudge!

35 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

35

Patrick writing, whispering the words.

PATRICK

And most definitely not a perfume-
sprayed vision named Mitzi Gaynor
with a head of bubble-cut curls
that would make any man's
privates go sssprong! - never
mind those of a poor deprived
clergyman!

36 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

36

Eileen dances through the presbytery, as in a musical
(South Pacific), demonstrating her different articles of
clothing.

EILEEN

I've got the standard uniform,
Father, the pale blue housecoat
with the ringpull zip, the tan
stockings, colour of stale tea,
the old hair net which says to
all those Mickies who's duty it
is to stay inside and wear black
serge -
No mickies today! Down boys!
(MORE)

EILEEN (cont'd)
That's it, my sweets! Off with
you and say your prayers!

And she rapidly whips her housecoat into place and becomes
the dowdy priest's housekeeper.

EILY
Breakfast, Father?

FR BERNARD
Begod and now you're talking!

37 INT. SCHOOLROOM. DAY.

37

Patrick scribbling, saying the words to himself.

PATRICK
...yes Mickey is devious, Mickey
is naughty, and no matter how
much you tell him simply won't
stay down. But drab old
housecoats, shuffley slippers and
stockings the colour of stale tea
ensure he minds his manners!

38 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

38

Fr Bernard wolfing down his breakfast, as Eily serves him.

FR BERNARD
God, them's great sausages
altogether! I'd do jail for
another slice of that fried
bread, do you know that Eily?!

EILY
I'll fry some more this minute,
Father -

She bends over the range again. The housecoat, unknown to
her, lifts to reveal an inch of thigh and a suspender. Fr
Bernard stares.

FR BERNARD
C'mere till I tell you- did you
ever hear the one about Peanuts
at confession?

EILY
No father. At least I don't think
so! Tee hee!

FR BERNARD
Says the priest to the young
fellow- did you throw Peanuts in
the river too? To which the young
lad says -

He guffaws loudly.

FR BERNARD

No, Father! I am Peanuts!

He stares at her suspenders, laughing loudly. She turns, realises and pulls the housecoat down.

EILY

Oops! My skirt and housecoat are riding up! Better abort this task at once or we could have an exploding clergyman filling the air with pent-up sexual energy!

She scoops some fried bread. Turns, to see Fr Bernard sailing through the air towards her.

EILY

Oh No! Priest grows wings in latest miracle!

39 INT. SCHOOLROOM. DAY.

39

Patrick, writing.

PATRICK

...when she found herself enveloped by his skirts in the manner of a parachutist who has just made the least successful jump in the history of aviation.

40 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

40

Fr Bernard wrestling with Eily, on the floor beneath the range.

EILY

Now is this another joke Father? Oops! That hurt. Now really, father, do you mind? Can't you see I'm split in two!

She begins to cry.

EILY

Frank Sinatra wouldn't do this, father! Neither would Vic Damone! I'm all wet, father! What are you doing down there Father? Are you playing squidgie with the Fairy-Liquid?

41 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

41

Patrick, writing.

PATRICK

But she was soon to realise - it wasn't Fairy Liquid. It wasn't Fairy Liquid. No it wasn't Fairy Liquid he'd been playing with down there at all..

42 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY.

42

A shot from above, showing Fr Bernard lying on top of Eily, tears streaming down her face. Patrick's handwriting over.

HANDWRITING

THE END.

43 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

43

Patrick, being battered around the head with his own copybook. Peepers Egan is not unnaturally outraged.

PEEPERS

How dare you! When I said develop your literary skills I did not - I repeat NOT - mean this -

He throws the copybook on Patrick's desk.

PEEPERS

Why did you write it?

PATRICK

I thought there was a moral sir. A lesson, if you will. Young girls in mortal danger! -

CUT TO -

Patrick, in front of the class in horn-rimmed spectacles and conservative dress.

PATRICK

Hello class. My name is Miss Kitten and today I want to tell you about the perils of being a priest's housekeeper. Especially when you look like Mitzi Gaynor. Hands up anyone who can tell me who Mitzi Gaynor is?

Mitzi, filling the screen. The class shake their heads.

PATRICK

I might have known! Well such an
exasperating lot of country oafs
I have never in my whole life
seen!

BACK TO SCENE -

Peepers is shaking Patrick.

PEEPERS

Get out of this classroom Braden -
to the Dean's office -

PATRICK

(sexily)

Sir - you're hurting me -

44 INT. STUDY. DAY.

44

The kindly Dean is trying to make Patrick see some sense.

DEAN

You see, Patrick, we are on your
side here. We want to help you. I
don't think you understand that.

PATRICK

No father. You're wrong. I do.

DEAN

And anything you can think of that
would help us to help you we would -

PATRICK

I can think of one thing, father.
Instead of P.E. -

DEAN

Yes?

PATRICK

I could take the Home Economics and
Needlework class -

DEAN

And you think that would help you
knuckle down and apply yourself?

PATRICK (V.O.)

Either that or a back street den in
Asia where I could buy a vagina -

DEAN

What's that, Patrick?

PATRICK

And you can call me Kitten,
Father.

DEAN

Kitten?

PATRICK

Patrick "Kitten" Braden. After
Saint Kitten.

DEAN

But there was no Saint Kitten
Patrick.

PATRICK

But there was a Saint Cettin,
father. Some have been known to
call her... or was it him...

He looks at the Dean with all seriousness.

PATRICK

Kitten...

45

INT. NEEDLEWORK CLASS. DAY.

45

Patrick, with Charlie beside him. He is busy sewing beads
onto the collar of his school-uniform.

CHARLIE

Saint Kitten?

PATRICK

He or she was an acolyte of St
Patrick. Wore a dress. As did
Saint Patrick actually. A hairy
dress. Quite ruined her
complexion -

Charlie tries to suppress her giggles.

46

EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DAY.

46

Patrick, walking across the yard, flaunting his new
uniform, a beaded schoolbag swinging from his shoulder, to
the strains of Purple Haze. A gaggle of his oafish
classmates trumpet their appreciation.

STUDENTS

Kitten! Kitten! Kitten!

FEMALE STUDENT

Hey Braden! Your slip's showing!

Raucous laughter.

PATRICK
Sigh! Fame at last!

47 INT. NEEDLEWORK CLASS. DAY.

47

Mrs. Coyle, the needlework teacher is at the end of her tether.

MRS COYLE
I'll say it for the last time,
Patrick Braden. I do not give
instruction on how to make lace
underwear!

A MONTAGE -

Of Patrick, of Patrick cutting, stitching, embroidering. A pair of hot-pants, a delicate, gossamer blouse, crocheting a beautiful top. Mrs Coyle looks on with wary approval.

MRS COYLE
And they're for your sister,
Patrick?

PATRICK
For her birthday. She needs some
glamour in her life, Mrs Coyle.
But then, don't we all?

48 INT. BRADEN HOUSEHOLD. NIGHT.

48

A cloud of smoke dissipating to reveal a hirsute Ma Braden chewing cloves and puffing on a fag, looking at riots in Northern Ireland on TV. The door opens and Caroline enters in her factory clothes.

CAROLINE
Mammy I'm exhausted.

MA BRADEN
At least you have a job. Which is
more than that waster yonder is
ever likely to have. One more
complaint from that school and
it'll not be good for you, by
Christ it'll not -

PATRICK
Mummy, are you conversant with
the intricacies of differential
calculus, by any chance?

MA BRADEN
Eh?

PATRICK
No, I didn't think so.

ON HIS COPYBOOK -

Among the Aubrey Beardsley style drawings, a series of sums.

PATRICK (VO)

Because I calculate you've
earned, from my tender years the
princely sum of seventeen
thousand six hundred pounds, plus
interest of course.

PATRICK

Mummy?

MA BRADEN

Eh?

PATRICK

Have you the price of the dance
and a cup of coffee?

MA BRADEN

Price of the dance and a cup of
coffee! Price of the dance and
a cup of coffee! Do you think I'm
made of money? Do you think I'm
made of money? Eh? Eh?

PATRICK(V.0.)

Eh? Eh? Will you just fork out
the cash! Will you just hand over
the money and stop blathering,
you fucking whiskery auld hoor!!

Ma Braden fiddles in her filthy purse and fingers out some
coins.

MA BRADEN

Here! And don't axe me again!

PATRICK

Oh thank you! Thank you so much
Mummy!

49 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

49

Patrick, struggling into the clothes he stitched together
in needlework class. He wraps the vision of glamour he has
become in an old overcoat.

PATRICK(V.0.)

Hey hey mama hoochie koochie,
rock 'n roll baby chile!

50 EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 50

Patrick standing, wrapped in the overcoat, dramatically silhouetted by the headlights of an approaching bus. Patrick whips off the coat, revealing his glamour gear, to whoops from those inside. The music swells.

51 INT. BUS. NIGHT. 51

Irwin, Charlie, Patrick, and amazingly, Laurence, dressed up to the nines, at the front of the bus.

CHARLIE (SINGING)

I want you to squeeze my lemon
till the juice runs down my leg!

PATRICK

Isn't your father the best,
Laurence. Letting you out for the
dance -

LAURENCE

Twelve! Home at twelve!

PATRICK

Like Cinderella!

52 EXT. DANCEHALL ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

52

Two bouncers looking down at the amazing four.

BOUNCER 1
I'm not obliged to give you
reasons. But since you insist,
here's two. Her and him.

It is clear he means Charlie and Laurence. He eyes up
Patrick in his hot-pants, seeming to find them hot.

IRWIN
We don't have to take this shit,
do we Paddy -

BOUNCER 1
Paddy's her name? That's reason
number three.

BOUNCER 11
Did you ever ride a man, Lukie?

BOUNCER 1
No but I rode a man that did -

A series of headlights come from behind them, as a biker
gang drives up. The Border Lords.

BOUNCER 11
Lukie - get some help.

The other bouncer gesture to others inside.

On Patrick, Irwin, Charlie, Laurence - as the dark shapes
of leather suited bikers surround them.

BOUNCER 1
Don't even ask boys -

53 EXT. MOTORBIKES. NIGHT.

53

Charlie, clinging to a biker as the Harley roars through the Irish countryside.

BIKER 1

Fuck them and their Rob Strong -

The camera pans to find Patrick, on the pillion of another Harley.

BIKER 11

What good ever came out of Cavan anyways -

The camera pans to find Irwin, on another pillion.

IRWIN

Fuck them and their Free State -

And finds Laurence, wide-eyed on the last Harley.

LAURENCE

Way!

53A EXT. HILL OF TARA. NIGHT.

53A

The Harleys of the Border Lords in a semi-circle around the Lia Fail, a huge phallic standing stone on the historic Hill Of Tara. The ensemble lie on their backs in between the Harleys, staring at the stone and the stars. One of the bikers passes round an enormous joint.

BIKER 11

Druids, man. Like the Border Lords. Knew all about the space time continuum.

BIKER 1

Stone of destiny. Our destiny's to be stoned.

He passes the joint to Laurence, who's eyes seem to burst as he inhales.

PATRICK

Don't Laurence.

BIKER 1

Open his eyes. What do you see, bro?

LAURENCE

Sausages.

BIKER 1

Not stars?

LAURENCE

Stars and sausages.

And they all crack up. The joint passes to Irwin.

BIKER 11

Now you're talking. Gotta look behind the surface.

LAURENCE

The surface...

Laurence waves the air in front of his eyes as if he will find it.

IRWIN

I see four green fields. The Brits in one of them. But not for long -

BIKER 11

No politics man, the Border Lords don't allow them. Jams the astral highway.

IRWIN

So why do you call yourselves the
Border Lords?

BIKER 11

Cause the only border is between
what's in front and what you
leave behind. When I ride my
Harley, you think I'm riding the
road? No, man. I'm travelling
from the past into the future
with a druid at my back.

PATRICK

Druid man or druid woman?

BIKER 11

Doesn't matter. What matters is
the journey. You know where it
goes, baby?

PATRICK

Where?

BIKER 11

We'll visit the stars and journey
to Mars, finding our breakfast
on...

He takes an enormous toke. As he exhales...

BIKER 11

Pluto.

PATRICK

Pluto.

CHARLIE

Pluto.

LAURENCE

Woof woof.

BIKER 11

Not Pluto the dog. Pluto the
planet. Named by Percival Lowell
and William H. Pickering after -

He takes an enormous drag on the joint. The others are
hanging on his words, waiting for a revelation.

BIKER 11

- the invisible king of the
underworld. Think about that.

Awestruck faces as they try to decipher his hidden meaning.

53B EXT. TYREELIN. NIGHT.

53B

Windows rattle as the Border Lords roar down the astral highway. The quartet riding pillion, singing...

BIKERS ETC.

We'll visit the stars and journey
to Mars finding our Breakfast On
Pluto.

The bikes pull up outside the Feeley household.

BIKER II

What time is it?

CHARLIE

One minute to twelve.

BIKER II

Goodnight Cinderallas -

Plumes of exhaust as they roar into the night.

54 INT. SCHOOL CHURCH. DAY.

54

Charlie, Patrick and Irwin, assembling with the school in the church. Patrick blows kisses to a hulking brute across the pew.

PATRICK

Oh kiss me, Joseph! Kiss me, kiss
me Joseph Hanratty in that way
I've always dreamed!

HANRATTY

I'll bate the fucking head off
you Braden, that's what I'll do!

And is about to do just that when the Dean enters, and instant silence ensues.

DEAN

Now boys and girls, a retreat is
time for prayer and reflection.
Some of you may have already
noticed your bodies are going
through some changes and I want
you to feel free to approach us
about any problem that concerns
you. So I will leave this problem
box by the altar-rails. No
problem should be precluded.
After all, that is what we are
here for.

55

EXT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

55

Patrick being whacked down a corridor in front of the whole school. The Dean is furious, clutching a piece of paper.

DEAN
YOU'LL NOT BRING MY RETREAT INTO
DISREPUTE! DO YOU HEAR ME? HOW
DARE YOU!

56 EXT. OFFICE. DAY.

56

Patrick, waiting outside the Dean's door for his judgement.
Charlie sidles up to him.

CHARLIE
What did you write on the paper,
Patrick?

PATRICK
Oh nothing. Just did he know any
place does sex changes.

Charlie cracks up, then has to stifle her giggles as the
door behind Patrick opens

57 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

57

Patrick, in front of the Dean and the assembled priests of
the college. The priests are saddened. Patrick is counterfeit
hangdog.

DEAN
Consequently, I feel we have no
alternative but to expel you from
the College.

PATRICK
Oh No! Mammy will be devastated!

DEAN
Perhaps you should have thought of
that before you penned your
missive.

58 SCENE OMITTED

58

59 INT. BRADEN HOUSEHOLD. DAY.

59

Wailing and gnashing of teeth from Ma Braden and Caroline.

MA BRADEN
Disgraced! Disgraced in front of
the whole town so we are!

Patrick sits there awaiting punishment, but his thoughts are far away.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Tragedy of all tragedies, in a rat-arsed dump in a rat-arsed rubbish town!

CAROLINE

How could you do it, Paddy?? Mammy has a bad heart!

MA BRADEN

(clutching her chest)

Ah!

CAROLINE

And now you've broken it!

PATRICK(V.O.)

Attention all units! Priority!
Hairy Arse with broken heart!
Hairy arse with broken-

CAROLINE

What did you say?

PATRICK

I'm sorry Caz. I'm sorry Mummy.
(Pause) Wherever you are.

CAROLINE

Stop it, Patrick, please! Why can't you stop it and let us get on with our lives?

PATRICK

I'm sorry, Caz. I never meant to hurt you. After all, we've both been through the same...

He goes to hug her.

CAROLINE

Get away! Get your hands off me-you creature!

PATRICK(V.O.)

Oh fiddly boogles! What's the point?

PATRICK

Well that's it then-I've tried my best! I'm off!

He rises, quite happily. Calligraphy fills the screen.

CALLIGRAPHY
 AND SO HE LEFT THAT RATHOLE OF
 HAIRY ARSES AND BROKEN HEARTS...

60 EXT. ROADWAY. EVENING.

60

Patrick, walking down an empty road, a large harvest moon above him. A van appears, coming towards him. He sticks out his thumb. The van stops. It is emblazoned with a large sign - THE INDIANS. The driver sticks out his head. Bizarrely, he is dressed in Indian headgear.

DRIVER

That's not a bad day.

PATRICK

No. It's picked up grand. Are youse going to Scotsfield by any chance?

DRIVER

We'd better be. We're playing there tonight. Get in..

61 INT. VAN. DAY.

61

Patrick is squashed into the back of the van, with seven strapping country lads. They are all dressed in Indian gear. The driver, Billy Rock, is a flamboyant man with a mane of greased hair.

ROCK

So what do you think of this trouble up North, then?

PATRICK

Oh, I think it's an absolute terror!

ROCK

You think so, do you?

PATRICK

A terror to the living world, so it is!

ROCK

I don't think you care much either way, do you, my good-looking young friend?

PATRICK (V.O.)

Such lovely eyes!

PATRICK

Oh no. I know how serious it is.

PATRICK(V.0.)

I mean- it must be! For nobody ever
shuts up about it do they?
Serious, serious, serious!

ROCK

They think they can break us, don't
they? Hang Paddy from the ceiling!
Fuck him out of a helicopter! Give
him a dose of white noise!

PATRICK(V.0.)

And more serious!

ROCK

Shove electrodes up his fucking
arse!

PATRICK

Oops now! Now really, Mr...!-

ROCK

Rock. They call me Billy Rock.

PATRICK

Pleased to meet you Mr. Rock.

ROCK

You really don't know me, do you?

PATRICK

I haven't had the pleasure -

ROCK

You hear that boys? He hasn't heard
of Billy Rock and the Indians!

ALL

(singing)

By the banks of the river!
Lived a sweet young Indian maid!
Running Bear! Little White Dove!

ROCK

You haven't lived, my baby-faced
little friend!

PATRICK(V.0.)

Don't you know I'll bet it, Mr. Big
Chief Eyes-Who-Twinkle! Don't you
know I'll bet it!-....

Billy Rock belting out Apache. A huge, pulsating mass of
bodies.

We see the seven strapping country lads stepping it out on stage, playing their showband instruments, all wearing their headdresses. The whole show is incredibly out of date.

Patrick, down below, dances with a strapping country girl. He whispers to her. She slaps his face.

GIRL

No, you can not wear my
underthings!

63

INT. CAFE. NIGHT.

63

Patrick is wolfing down a huge fry. Rock stares at him, absolutely besotted.

ROCK

Have you somewhere to stay Paddy?
Or should I call you Patrick?

PATRICK

Call me Kitten, darling.

ROCK

So have you somewhere to stay -

PATRICK

After St Cettin, you see. He or
she was an acolyte of Patrick. St
Patrick.

ROCK

Have you s-

PATRICK

Mammy threw me out, I'm afraid!

ROCK

Would the van suit you? I know it's
not much, but -

Patrick wolfs down the last morsel.

PATRICK

Mr. Rock?

He sidles over and plants a sexy kiss on his cheek.

PATRICK

Thanks.

ROCK

Right so. Ahem.

Rock practically falls to the floor in a daze.

64 INT. VAN. NIGHT.

64

Patrick, curled up among the headdresses, smiling at Billy Rock.

ROCK
I'll be off to the hotel, then,
Kitten.

PATRICK
Meeiaow...

ROCK
I'd stay the night but the boys
might...

PATRICK
Grrr...

ROCK
Get the wrong idea...

PATRICK
Don't go just yet.

ROCK
But they'll...

PATRICK
Ssh!

Patrick takes his hand and gently leads him.

65 INT. VAN. NIGHT.

65

Billy Rock and Patrick waltzing as Bobby Goldsboro sings 'Honey' on a portable record player.

PATRICK
It's Bobby Goldsboro. It used to
help me get to sleep. His wife dies
you see. She dies one day he's not
at home-

ROCK
I've got to go now, Kitten. I
really have.

PATRICK
Billy?

ROCK
Hmm?

PATRICK

If you were away with the band, and you came home one day and found me-lying on the floor. Like Bobby's wife-.

ROCK

What about it?

PATRICK

Would you take me to the hospital?

ROCK

Of course I would!

PATRICK

I wish that could happen. It would be so beautiful. Lying there and holding someone's hand.

The music comes up. On Patrick's eyes-full of longing.

ROCK

I'd even... I'd bring you flowers.

PATRICK

Roses?

ROCK

Roses.

PATRICK

Oh Billy!

He leans in close and they waltz until the music fades.

66 EXT. HOTEL NIGHT.

66

The seven faces of the Indian showband, staring out of different windows at-

POV - THE VAN.

Patrick waving goodbye to Billy Rock who is blowing him a kiss. Patrick standing in the doorway with arms folded as he goes off into the night.

67 INT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

67

Beer cans and detritus. Party-pulverised Indians.

RUNNING BEAR

I've seen it all now. I tell you-
I've fucking well seen it all now.

WHITE DOVE

Where the fuck do you think he
disappeared to when we were in
San Francisco?

68 EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT. DAY. 68

The van drives through a British Army checkpoint. Down a South Armagh road, with IRA graffiti everywhere.

69 INT. VAN. DAY. 69

The Indian Showband, crushed inside the van. Patrick is busy stitching an elaborate Indian costume for himself.

PATRICK

For I ask you, Bobby Billy nicest
man- what's a chief without a
squaw?

70 INT. NORTHERN DANCEHALL. NIGHT. 70

The Indian Showband playing to yet another crowd. Patrick is with them, bashing a tambourine, singing backing vocals, dressed as a squaw. The bass guitarist nods his appreciation.

GITARIST

You're not a bad shouter at all,
young Patrick, whatever the rest of
them might say!-

PATRICK

Great big flattering bass guitar
man!

71 INT. VAN. NIGHT. 71

Patrick preoccupied writing in his diary. We see a mass of scribbles and drawings. The van headlights pick out a British Army patrol with blackened faces. A squaddie comes to the window on Patrick's side.

SQUADDIE

Name please.

PATRICK

Paddy Kitten, darling. And yours?

SQUADDIE

Yes. I could tell you were a Paddy
alright.

PATRICK

Well strike a light! Such a cheeky
boy!

The squaddie shines a light on Billy Rock.

SQUADDIE

And what about Geronimo?

ROCK

What would he know? He's just a Mick.

SQUADDIE

Thirteen of his lot shot in Derry. Would he know about that? Maybe he'd know about thirteen less to deal with? Fuck off, mate!

He waves the van on.

ROCK

Murdering Para scum!

PATRICK (V.O.)

Well honestly, Bobby Billies! Could he get excited! Could have freed Ireland on his own if he'd got the chance!

72 INT. DANCEHALL. NIGHT.

72

The Showband playing. Patrick now singing, dressed as a squaw. The song is Dusty Springfield's 'Son Of A Preacher Man'. Patrick sings it with great assurance.

PATRICK

Billy Ray was a preacher's son -

PATRICK (V.O.)

And so began one's life in showbiz
as round us all did
turn to dust - bombings, nut-
jobs, killings, stiffings by
the score - and the stench of
death came over the country wide!
Why it really was quite
wonderful, with each day that
passed a new bloom flowering in
that sweet and perfumed vale.

73 EXT. BORDER ROAD. DAY. (TV FOOTAGE)

73

An armoured carrier, turning a corner. It blows up.

74 INT. COUNTRY MARQUEE. NIGHT.

74

Patrick, continuing the song.

PATRICK

Yes the only one that could ever
keep me was the son of a preacher
man -

75 EXT. BELFAST. NIGHT. (TV FOOTAGE) 75

Crowds rioting, illuminated by the flashes of petrol bombs and gunfire.

76 INT. DANCEHALL. NIGHT. 76

Close up on Patrick's face as he sings -

PATRICK

Yes he was, yes he was, oh yes he was...

77 EXT. DANCEHALL. NIGHT. 77

As the last revellers file out, Billy Rock talks to two men in the car-park. The Horse Killane and Jackie Timlin, two IRA men. They hand Billy an envelope bulging with money.

KILLANE

You're good for the benefit in Crumlin Road?

BILLY ROCK

We're good for that. And the other business.

78 INT. CRUMLIN ROAD GAOL. DAY. 78

The Mohawks, playing a Republican benefit in Crumlin Road Goal. Republican hardmen cram the caged tiers above them.

Patrick sings in a high falsetto, along with the band, to Sugar Baby Love.

PATRICK

Sugar Baby love, Sugar Baby love -

And a rain of toilet rolls descends on his head from the prison crowd, who obviously don't appreciate a transvestite singer in a showband. A tin mug bounces off Patrick's forehead.

PRISONER 1

Get off the fucking stage, you stupid bitch!

PRISONER 2

Or whatever the fuck you are!

79 INT. TATTY DRESSING-ROOM. NIGHT.

79

Patrick, in front of a cracked mirror, taking off his make-up, headdress etc. Billy Rock enters. The atmosphere is sombre.

BILLY ROCK

Patrick, I don't know how to say
this -

PATRICK

Billy! You've come to save me!

BILLY ROCK

It's the lads, you see. They say
we've got a problem. They kind of
feel that a squaw in the band just
isn't working -

PATRICK
(sporting his bruise)
Could be they have a point!

BILLY ROCK
It doesn't feel right, they say.
And they've been with me a long
time. So I've got a little proposal

PATRICK
A ring, perhaps?

BILLY ROCK
Ah come on now Patrick.

PATRICK
(mock affronted)
I told you not to call me that!

BILLY ROCK
Sorry Kitten.

PATRICK
(putting his arms around
his neck. Sings.)
See the tree how big its grown
But friend, it hasn't been so
long. It wasn't big..

They waltz a little. There is a knock on the door and it
opens. It's Running Bear.

RUNNING BEAR
Oh for the love of Jaysus!

He slams the door.

BILLY ROCK
(embarrassed) Ahem.

PATRICK
Bobby?

BILLY ROCK
Hmm?

PATRICK
Would you bring me sweeties too?

BILLY ROCK
Yes. You know I would.

PATRICK
What kind would they be?

BILLY ROCK
Lucky Numbers.

PATRICK
No. Quality Street.

BILLY ROCK
Quality Street it is then.

PATRICK
My lovely darling Billy.

80 EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. 80

A rat-arsed caravan, down a country lane. Billy Rock and Patrick get out of the car.

BILLY ROCK
It was my mother's. She left it to me in her will. Nobody stays here, and it needs looking after.

PATRICK
House Of Dreams and Longing!

BILLY ROCK
Well, I wouldn't go as far as to say it's a house..

81 INT. CARAVAN. DAY. 81

They enter. The place is a dump. But to Kitten it is Heaven as already in her headscarf she sweeps and dusts and cleans.

PATRICK
O to have a little house. To own the hearth and stool and all!

BILLY ROCK
Can I can visit you from time to time?

Patrick flamboyantly flicks off her headscarf.

PATRICK
Of course you can, you great big silly Bobby Goldsboro! You don't even have to ask!

82 INT. CARAVAN. LATER. 82

Patrick on his own, whirling about the place like a dervish, cleaning.

PATRICK
The ticking clock above the fire
The stack of turf against the wall.

The brush sticks on a filthy mat on the floor. He pulls it up and sees some loose boards underneath. Pulls them up and sees an oil-clothed bundle below. Opens and sees -

Guns. About thirty of them.

PATRICK

Well goodness gracious icky-oakie me!

83

INT. CARAVAN. DAY

83

Patrick, feeding Billy Rock breakfast.

BILLY ROCK

So we'll keep this place our little secret! What do you say, Patrick- (Coughs) Kitten?

PATRICK

So that's two secret places we have!

Billy looks up.

BILLY

What's the other?

Patrick jumps onto Rock's knee and peppers him all over with kisses.

PATRICK

Oh pretend you don't know you big rockabilly man!

Billy just doesn't know where to look.

84

INT. CARAVAN. NIGHT.

84

Patrick asleep. Then a noise in the dark wakes him. He cocks open one eye. Sees -

Billy Rock, in the dark, helping the Horse Killane and Jackie Timlin, two local IRA men, carry in more guns.

KILLANE

What's with Diana Ross?

BILLY ROCK

Leave him be. He knows nothing.

KILLANE

And that's the way to keep it.

85 EXT. TYREELIN. DAY.

85

Republican volunteers, walking ahead of an anti-internment march, in combat jackets and black berets. Reflected in their silvered reflective dark glasses, we see Patrick, following through the onlooking crowd. She seems to be considering their costume choices.

Irwin, selling Republican News, to the side. Patrick sidles up to him.

PATRICK

If I volunteered, Irwin, could I have pink glasses please?

IRWIN

Can't you take anything serious?

PATRICK

Oh, serious, serious, serious -

IRWIN

You might have to soon enough -

86 INT. CAFE. DAY.

86

Patrick dreamily lost in 'Breakfast On Pluto' which is playing on the jukebox turning the Babycham bottle in his hand, mesmerised by the gambolling faun.

Charlie is having an argument with Irwin.

IRWIN

So fucking what, Charlie! I sell Republican News. A few fucking papers- big deal! What are you, my fucking wife?

CHARLIE

Don't lie to me Irwin - I don't believe your stories -

IRWIN

I'm involved in nothing - I sell their paper - for all the difference it makes in this kip, nobody gives a fuck. But soon they fucking will-

CHARLIE

If I find out you're lying to me-, I'll finish with you, I swear -

IRWIN

Go on then, finish with me, for all I fucking care!

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

He takes her hand.

IRWIN

It's ok. I'm sorry too -...

Patrick starts at the sound of the commotion outside.

MEGAPHONE

We would appeal to you to please
clear the area.

CHARLIE

Oh for fuck's sake-not again!

87

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

87

Half the town seems to be there, surrounding the security tape which has cordoned off the suspect vehicle there are police and army. Also a lot of familiar faces, including Fr. Bernard who mysteriously vanishes as soon as he sees Patrick. Laurence is opposite with his mother.

The officer with the megaphone urges everyone to go home.

MEGAPHONE

We must insist that you must clear
the area. This is of the utmost
importance. We must insist that you
go to your homes. There may be
other devices. We would appeal to
you to please clear the area
immediately. There may be other
devices.

Almost sullenly, perceiving themselves deprived of sport, the crowd begins to disperse, straggling across the square. Charlie, Irwin and Patrick head one way and Laurence and his mother another. The mother, nervous, preoccupied, is not paying attention to Laurence who is now staring, transfixed, at a mechanical probe which has just appeared from behind a truck and is sluggishly moving towards the parked car, operated from a safe distance by an anxious bomb disposal team. Suddenly it lights up, whirring, with its probe wavering as it glides along, hot from an angle so it looks like the Dalek. In a flash Laurence is there, between the probe and the suspect vehicle.

LAURENCE

Earthlings! Way!

On his mother, realising.

LAURENCE

Exterminate! Stay where you are!

POLICEMAN
Jesus Christ!

LAURENCE
Sausages!

It is as if he is about to throw his arms around the probe. The policeman hurls himself across the square, partly shielding Laurence but it is too late. It explodes.

PATRICK(V.O.)
Such a lovely day! Such a lovely
serious day!

88 EXT. GRAVESIDE. DAY. 88

We see the mourners, prominent among them the butcher and the petrol-pump attendant.

Mrs. Feeley has to be held up as a wreath of white roses is placed on the coffin.

Patrick stands with Charlie, tears streaming down their faces, as Fr Bernard blesses the coffin.

PATRICK (VO)
For the loveliest boy in the world
who didn't know what serious meant...

89 INT. CARAVAN. DAY. 89

Patrick, tearing up the carpet. He sees the consignment of guns there. Lifts it with difficulty.

PATRICK
Serious serious. Time for some
serious spring-cleaning.

90 EXT. LARGE QUARRY. DAY. 90

Patrick, on top of an abandoned quarry. He throws the hold-all of guns down into the pool below.

91 INT. CARAVAN. NIGHT. 91

Billy Rock, in a state of dementia, staring through the empty boards.

BILLY ROCK
Don't you know what the fuck this
means Paddy? Don't you know what
these guys are like?

PATRICK
Oh Billy, don't let them come
between us!

BILLY ROCK
Jesus, what am I going to do?

PATRICK
Tell them I was spring-cleaning.

BILLY ROCK
Where are they Paddy? Tell me!

PATRICK
Now what is this you mean, my
darling?

He backhands Patrick across the face.

BILLY ROCK
The guns, you little hoor you -now
don't go fucking me around! It's
far too fucking serious!

PATRICK
All of sudden everyone's getting
serious. Well then-let's all be
serious! Yes, by Jove! What a
good idea!

BILLY ROCK
I'm not fucking joking Patrick!

He goes to hit him again, but quick as a flash, Patrick comes
up with his perfume spray. Sprays him in the eye.

PATRICK
My name is Kitten I told you!

BILLY ROCK
Aggh! My eyes!

PATRICK
Man who said he'd save me!-

On Patrick, deeply hurt and turning cold.

92

EXT. CARAVAN. NIGHT.

92

Billy Rock, eyes streaming, climbing into his car.

BILLY ROCK
You don't know me - you don't know
where I've gone - if they come,
tell them -

PATRICK
(Sourly) Whatever you say, darling.

BILLY ROCK

You're outta your league, Patrick.
You don't know what you're dealing
with.

He drives off.

PATRICK

Oh I do. I know all right. But
don't worry. I knew you were
only joking about the sweets. The
roses too, probably. (Regretful)
But it was nice while it lasted,
Billy. (Sadly) It really was,
Billy.

93

INT. CARAVAN. NIGHT.

93

Patrick, staring at the wallpaper. Shivering a little.

PATRICK(V.0.)

You take a stand. You say, Stop! In
the name of love!

Headlights illuminate the caravan.

He goes to the door. Sees -

Jackie Timlin and the Horse emerge from the car.

PATRICK

Before you break my heart..

HORSE

Open the door!

PATRICK

I can't! Go away! Come back in the
morning!

JACKIE

Open it, bitch! This is serious!

PATRICK(V.0.)

They want you to know it's serious,
you see. Oh yes. (Pause) But of
course they do!

HORSE

Open the fucking door!

PATRICK

Coming! I'm coming- can't you wait?

Patrick opens the door in a ridiculous pink turban. They push
him out of the way.

94 INT. CARAVAN. LATER.

94

They have turned the whole caravan upside down.

JACKIE
Where did he put them?

PATRICK
I'm afraid I don't understand-

HORSE
The guns, nancy-boy! Where did he put-

PATRICK
Oh yes, the guns! Of course! Billy buried them in the field outside. Just to be on the safe-

HORSE
(Pushing him)
Go!

95 EXT. CARAVAN. NIGHT.

95

A huge mound of earth, with two exhausted IRA men down a hole.

HORSE
There's no fucking guns here.

PATRICK
On second thoughts-maybe it was a couple of yards to the left -

JACKIE
The little cunt! He's taking the hand out of us!

They clamber out of the hole.

PATRICK
Or perhaps over there. Yes, now that I remember -

JACKIE
I'll do him! I swear to God I'll nut him-

CUT TO -

A gun to Patrick's head, which he seems to be quite enjoying.

PATRICK
Say goodbye to my friends. Charlie lives in Sunbeam Gardens and Irwin up The Backs.

JACKIE

Irwin who?

PATRICK

Irwin Kerr, of course! The big-time
volun-

JACKIE

What do you know about Irwin Kerr?

PATRICK

O nothing! Never mind! Just do it
if you must! I've nothing left to
live for in this stupid serious
world!

HORSE

Oh fuck him! Leave him be, he's not
worth the bullet, mental nancy-boy -

PATRICK

What's wrong with nancy-boys that
you can't be bothered killing them?
You kill everyone else!

JACKIE

Look, I'm fucking warning you! Do
you know what you're doing here?
Are you on fucking dope or what?

PATRICK

Would that I was, Mr. Killing Man!
Why-do you have any on you?

JACKIE

You're way outta your league
sunshine!

PATRICK

(Mocking) Oh not that again! Outta
your league! Outta your league!
Do you know what you're dealing
with here! Oh for heaven's sake,
come on! One single bullet
wouldn't hurt youse!

HORSE

Ah, bollocks !

And he pushes him down the hole.

96

INT. CAFÉ. DAY.

96

PATRICK(V.O.)

But things just happen. There's
nothing you can do.

Patrick is with Charlie and Irwin who are arguing as usual.

CHARLIE

Are you happy now? Are you happy now that you've got what you wanted, now that they've bombed down here? Are your Republican friends good and happy now that they can see what they've done?

IRWIN

What are you fucking talking about? It had nothing to do with republicans! What the fuck would they bomb a southern town for? Do you hear me Charlie? And if you want out, just say so -

97

INT. SHED. DAY.

97

Charlie in painter's overalls. The half-finished canvas depicts a number of crucified birds. Charlie looks shocked.

CHARLIE

Tell me you're not serious.

PATRICK

There, you see? It's that word again. It's everywhere.

CHARLIE

But you don't know a soul in fucking London, Paddy!

PATRICK

There's just one soul I need.

CHARLIE

You really think you'll find her?

PATRICK

How many Eily Bergin's can there be?

IRWIN

She might have changed her name.

PATRICK

She won't have changed her eyes.

CHARLIE

How'll you get by?

Patrick smiles and pulls out his Holy Scapular.

PATRICK

St. Anthony will guide me.

They grin from ear to ear as Patrick bursts out laughing.

98 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN. SUNSET. 98

Patrick walking leaving the town, which glows in an autumnal sunset, pulling a day-glo coloured case behind him. Calligraphy fills the screen.

CALLIGRAPHY
AND SO HE LEFT THAT STRIFE-TORN
LITTLE HAMLET...

99 INT. CAR. BORDER. NIGHT. 99

Headlights, illuminating dark country roads.

Irwin is driving the car, visibly nervous. The Horse Killane and Jackie Timlin are in the back. He has chosen bad company.

IRWIN
Where are we going?

KILLANE
You hit us, we hit you. It's
simple.

JACKIE
No hard sums here, young Irwin.
Left.

Irwin turns. The headlights illuminate a pair of open gates.

KILLANE
The bomb was made up here.

JACKIE
Wee Bobby Anderson. Butter wouldn't
melt, you'd think.

KILLANE
Like every Orange bastard.

JACKIE
Turn the lights off. Keep her
running.

He extracts a pistol from his belt and melts into the darkness. Killane follows him.

Irwin watches them flit round the back of the house. His hands begin to shake. His teeth begin to chatter.

100 EXT. IRISH SEA. NIGHT. 100

Patrick, leaning over the back of the ferry, watching the Irish Coastline vanish into the evening mist.

His chiffon scarf blows like a purple wisp in the air.
Calligraphy fills the screen.

CALLIGRAPHY
AND THENCE ACROSS THE BRINY SEA
IN SEARCH OF FAME AND FORTUNE!

101 INT. CAR. NIGHT.

101

Irwin, by the wheel, trying to stop his hands shaking. He should never have come, and he knows he can never go back.

There is the sound of glass breaking from inside the house.

IRWIN

Oh lord -

A dark stain spreads down his pants-leg and a puddle forms by his shoes. There is the sound of two shots. Then, running feet, and the door opens. Killane and Jackie pile into the back seat.

KILLANE

Go -

Irwin shoves the car into gear. He accelerates too quickly and the car shudders on the spot.

JACKIE

GET US THE FUCK OUT OF HERE WILL
YOU -

And, mercifully, the gears click in, the car screeches off, wildly.

JACKIE

What's that smell?

KILLANE

He shat himself -

JACKIE

Not toilet-trained -

Killane holds his nose.

KILLANE

Where do you think you are Kerr?
What the fuck do you think this
is?

From Irwin's eyes, we know things will never be the same again.

102 EXT. LONDON. NIGHT. (LIBRARY FOOTAGE.)

102

A mob of screaming fans rushes towards a limousine, outside Leicester Square. To our amazement we see emerging from the limo neither David Bowie, Marc Bolan or Sandie Shaw - but Kitten. She waves ecstatically to her adoring fans.

Another mob - this time of paparazzi and fashion photographers crowd the lobby of a fashionable hotel. A blinding blaze of flashbulbs, illuminating not Jean Shrimpton or Twiggy, but Kitten again.

PATRICK (VO)

The fashion world is alive tonight
with the news that the celebrated
Irish model, Kitten, has arrived
in London from her small home
town.

A crush of autograph hunters in Carnaby Street. Kitten graciously signs for her multiple fans as her minders stand behind her, arms laden with hat boxes and other fashion accessories.

PATRICK (VO)

She entertained her numerous fans
with her customary charm and
sampled the delights of the City
That Never Sleeps...

CUT TO:

102A EXT. PICCADILLY. NIGHT.

102A

Patrick, emerging up the steps of the tube into Piccadilly. It is raining. The City That Never Sleeps is sleeping. Nobody is about.

PATRICK

...before retiring to her
exclusive accommodations.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. DOORWAY. GOVERNMENT BUILDING. MORNING.

103

Patrick, sleeping in the doorway of a government building, wrapped in newspapers. On the glass door behind him is displayed the lettering:

CENTRAL RECORDS OFFICE

A pair of smartly clad women's feet try to enter the glass door. They can't.

MRS HENDERSON

Excuse me -

Patrick wakes.

PATRICK

The thing is, you come to the City
That Never Sleeps and think it'll
be open all the time. But it does
sleep. Of course it does.

MRS HENDERSON

Excuse me?

PATRICK

I'm looking for my mother? Eily
Bergin? Phantom Lady?

104 INT. RECORDS OFFICE. DAY.

104

Mrs Henderson is flicking through enormous box-files.

MRS HENDERSON

The only Bergin's I have for 1956
are Bergin, Ellen, and Bergin with
a simple initial, E.

PATRICK

That's her. It has to be one of
them.

MRS HENDERSON
One of them is Aldgate and the
other is East London.

She writes.

MRS HENDERSON
Will you be going back home after
you find her?

PATRICK
Of course. And maybe she'll come
with me.

She gives him the paper slip.

MRS HENDERSON
And son, will you promise me
something?

Patrick takes the slip.

MRS HENDERSON
You'll look after yourself?

PATRICK
Thank you, Mrs Henderson, I
certainly will.

105 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND. DAY. 105

Patrick, a tiny speck in this blighted nowhere as he tries to
make sense of where he has landed.

WORKMAN
No mate. I hate to be the bearing
of bad tidings, but it's on the
other side of the city. You must
have got on the wrong tube.

106 INT. TUBE. DAY. 106

Patrick, travelling in the tube through the endless suburbs.

PATRICK (VO)
On the other side of the biggest
city in the world that swallowed
up Eily Bergin, The Lady That
Vanished.

Patrick asks a man buried in the Times next to him.

PATRICK
Excuse me but is this the right
train for Aldgate?

The grey-faced city gent glances up from his paper and right through him as if he doesn't exist.

PATRICK (VO)

Oh yes but it is Mr Bastard Face
with the briefcase full of
body parts a slap in the snout
might take care of those dirty
looks how 'bout that Mr Fucky
Read The Paper.

107 EXT. ALDGATE SUBURBS. DAY. 107

Patrick, wandering by row after row of houses, all of which have been truncated by a motorway under construction.

PATRICK (V.O.)

The Lady might have vanished, but
did the house have to vanish too?

108 SCENE OMITTED 108

109 INT. BUS. DAY. 109

Patrick, travelling again through endless suburbs.

PATRICK (VO)

Detective Kitten's powers of
deduction were truly pushed to
the limit...

110 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE. DAY. 110

Patrick, full of confidence, clutching his piece of paper.

PATRICK

(To Himself)

Hello you don't know me but my
name is Kitten. Hello. Hello my
name is Patrick Braden and you
don't know me but I'm looking for
my mother Eily Bergin -

The door opens and he is taken aback to find himself confronted with an large, genial, Rasta-haired young labourer.

111 EXT. HOUSE. LATER. 111

Patrick, talking to the Rasta.

RASTA

My mum. Eliza Berger. She's from
the Carribean, mon. Barbados.

PATRICK (CONFUSED)

Barbados?

RASTA

Your dad been to Barbados? Think
he put a bun in her oven? You
saying we're brothers, right?

He smiles, towering over Patrick.

RASTA
The Berger twins?

PATRICK
Bergin...

112 EXT. TUBE STATION. NIGHT. 112

The station is being shuttered down for the night. The shutters reverberate with a clang.

STATION GUARD
Sorry mate. Last tube's gone.

PATRICK
Can't I stay in the station? It might be warmer.

STATION GUARD
Sorry mate. Rules.

113 EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 113

Patrick, walking down the misty streets, shivering.

PATRICK (V.O.)
The Phantom lady and the Phantom House had vanished and just when all was lost the Phantom Castle appeared out of nowhere...

And sure enough, out of the night mists we see a miniature fairy-tale castle approaching. Beside it, small thatched huts, like the dwellings of elves, set in the ground.

Patrick walks in. He is in some kind of child's playground. He creeps into one of the huts and falls asleep.

114 INT. THE WOMBLES BURROW. MORNING. 114

Patrick, creeping out of his comfortable elf-dwelling. He walks around the strange playground and bumps into a large man sweating in the costume of one of the Wombles characters, Uncle Bulgaria. AKA John-Joe Kenny, from Mayo.

UNCLE BULGARIA
You here for the job, kid?

PATRICK
What job?

UNCLE BULGARIA
This is showbiz, kid. You gotta be on the ball. Try that on Stephenson, you've no fucking chance.

PATRICK
Who's Stephenson?

UNCLE BULGARIA
Thinks he's in charge. RAF my
bollocks. I'll give him RAF.

He takes off his Wombles head.

UNCLE BULGARIA
You're Irish, aren't you?

PATRICK
Tyreelin. County Cavan.

UNCLE BULGARIA
Well then Cavan. Give us the song
and you're home and dry.

He begins to sing the Wombles song.

UNCLE BULGARIA
Underground, overground, wombling
free -

Patrick joins in.

PATRICK
The Wombles of Wimbledon Common
are we...

115

EXT. HUT. DAY.

115

Patrick, struggling into a Wombles costume. John Joe
observes. Stephenson, an ex-military type who is obviously
in charge, walks in.

STEPHENSON
Now sell it to me.

PATRICK
Underground, overground, wombling
free

He does the motions.

PATRICK
The wombles of Wimbledon Common
are we.

STEPHENSON
You give him the drill, Bulgaria -

He strides off. Uncle Bulgaria takes Patrick off among the
kids in the playground.

UNCLE BULGARIA

Enough already. You take the pitch and putt, kapiche. I gotta wheel. Every morning - nine o'clock - be there!

KIDDIE

Uncle Bulgaria, can I go on the crazy golf now, please?

UNCLE BULGARIA

Of course you can young chappie!
HO, ho, ho.

He leads the young lad off by the hand, perhaps to roast him.

116 EXT. WOMBLE BURROW. AFTERNOON.

116

Patrick is playing ring a ring-a-ring-a-rosies with some kiddies when, to his amazement, and that of the kids, he looks up to see Stephenson coming charging across the green being pursued by Uncle Bulgaria wielding his croquet mallet.

STEPHENSON

Help! Help!

UNCLE BULGARIA

Motherfucker!

He makes a wild swing at Stephenson but falls on his face as the kids start squealing for mummy.

MUMMY

Timmy! Timmy! Come here at once!

UNCLE BULGARIA

I'll give you R.A.F!

STEPHENSON

Get your hands off me - I'll call the police!

UNCLE BULGARIA

I broke no mallet! I broke no fucking mallet! But I will now-you hear me?

STEPHENSON

Help! Help!

Patrick comes winging in like an angel of mercy.

PATRICK

Uncle Bulgaria! Stop that at once!

117 INT. WARD'S IRISH HOUSE. NIGHT.

117

Patrick and Uncle Bulgaria, drinking after work. Uncle Bulgaria full of drink with his hair in a headband.

UNCLE BULGARIA

You broke the mallet, he says.
I'll have to dock it from your
pay. I broke no fucking mallet!
You fucked me one last time.
R.A.F me bollocks. This is the
end of the line!

BARMAN

Will you shut up the fuck out of
that, Johnjoe!

UNCLE BULGARIA

Back off motherfucker! You know
what you're dealing with here?
Back in the can you wanna know
what they used to say: "Stay away
from him, man! He's out where the
buses don't run!" You're way
outta your league here, friend!

PATRICK

O no! Not that again!

UNCLE BULGARIA

(to Patrick) You got to show them
where you stand. They fuck
with you, you fuck with them! You
fuck them so bad you make them
wish they'd never been born! You
want another shot?

PATRICK

I'd love a babycham.

UNCLE BULGARIA

You got it, kemo sabay.

Patrick smiling and as happy as Larry with himself. The eclectic clientele has to be seen to be believed, with hippies, dopers, labourers and prostitutes all floating in and out of each others' company.

CUT TO:

118 INT. STRIP SHOW. NIGHT.

118

A bump and grind show is in full swing, just out of shot.

UNCLE BULGARIA

Two weeks severance, in the paw.
You fuck with Johnjoe Kenny,
that's one time you fucked too
many. Kapiche, compadre?

PATRICK

Kapiche!

Patrick mesmerised as the stripper whirls her tassels and drags him onto the floor by his scapulars.

PATRICK

Oh Jesus! Oh Mammy! St. Anthony
guide!

'Beat Girl' by John Barry starts up and Patrick bumps and grinds along with the stripper, who is smoking an enormous joint.

STRIPPER

Just close your eyes and pretend
you're on a spaceship.

PATRICK

Certainly!

He closes his eyes as she takes an enormous drag and blows smoke into his mouth.

STRIPPER

And experience the G-force.

PATRICK

The G-force. Now really!

Uncle Bulgaria AKA John Joe Kenny pushes through the crowd, a stripper on his arm.

UNCLE BULGARIA

Going for a Womble, Kemo Sabe.
Maybe she's got a friend. You
want to come, just say the word!

PATRICK

Well, honestly!

UNCLE BULGARIA

Underground overground wombling
free, The Wombles of Wimbledon
Common are we!

He vanishes into the depths of the club. Patrick's head is obviously spinning. We see the club spinning with it.

119 INT. CLUB. LATER.

119

Patrick asleep, in the now empty club. A kindly stripper prods him awake.

STRIPPER

Can't sleep here, love. You got a home to go to?

PATRICK

I do believe I've got a small
elfin dwelling on Wimbledon
Common.

STRIPPER

Can get a cab outside...

120

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

120

A dim-lit street where hookers walk up and down.

PATRICK (V.O.)

And there it was, on Phantom Lady
Street where Kitten met the
kindly Mr Silky String...

Kitten walks down, shivering, staring at the rouged faces and
peroxide hair as if each one might, just, perhaps, be Eily
Bergin.

HOOKER

You doing business, do it
somewhere else, love. This
pavement's got my name on it.

PATRICK

What, pray, is your name?
Concrete?

HOOKER

My name is scratch your eyes out -
bite your bleeding nose off,
which I'll do if you don't get
off my patch -

She moves towards him. When, to Patrick's surprise and
relief a silver Mercedes pulls to a halt opposite him. The
window slides down and Patrick finds himself looking into
the face of the dapper, grey-fox Mr. Silky String.

SILKS

She giving you trouble son?

PATRICK

No trouble at all, we were just
exchanging names -

The hooker swings her bag at him.

HOOKER

Go on you fucking nancy boy -

Patrick ducks into the car.

PATRICK

Her name is - or seems to be -
scratch you eyes and bite your
bleeding nose off. My name is
Patrick Kitten Braden.

SILKS

Pleased to meet you Patrick
Kitten Braden

He drives off.

SILKS

And just what were you doing back
there?

PATRICK

Looking for the Phantom lady.

SILKS

You found the right street then.

PATRICK

What's it called? Phantom Lady
Street?

Silks laughs, his silky laugh.

SILKS

You could call it that. And just
who is this Phantom Lady?

PATRICK

Well, she's my mother, really.
But I call her Phantom Lady. To
pretend it's a story. That's
happening to someone else, you
see.

SILKS

And why do you pretend that?

PATRICK

Because otherwise. I might just
cry. And never stop.

SILKS

If you cried, I'd make you stop.

PATRICK

You would? Oh, how kind of you
kind sir.

SILKS

Yes, I'd definitely make you
stop.

He smiles at Patrick as he drives.

SILKS

So what is it you work at then?

PATRICK

Oh. Showbiz. Kind of. This and that. Singing.

SILKY

And what is it you like to sing about?

PATRICK

I sing about true love.

SILKY

That's nice. You like true love then, do you?

PATRICK

Yes I do. I love it. It is silly, isn't it?.

SILKY

No it's not silly. True love's a beautiful thing. But have you ever found it?

PATRICK

Once I thought I had.

He pulls into a side-street. Dark, and empty.

SILKY

And what happened to it?

PATRICK

It went away.

SILKY

It went away.

He eyeballs Patrick tensely.

SILKY

Here's one about true love. You ever heard of this one?

He pushes a cassette in. South Pacific.

SONG

Some enchanted evening...

SILKY

That's a nice one, isn't it?

PATRICK
(sings)
You may see a stranger...

PATRICK(V.0.)
Oh yes indeed you may. Closer than
you think, perhaps.

He plucks at Patrick's tank top.

SILKY
Take it off -

PATRICK
You don't like it?

SILKY
I said take it off. There's a good
fellow.

PATRICK
Yes sir.

PATRICK (V.0.)
Yes sir. But of course sir. I'm
just sorry that I don't happen
to be wearing another three or
four so I could take those off
for you as well. Would that keep
sir happy do you think?

As Patrick divests the top, Silky takes the cowboy tie-string
from around his neck.

SILKY
Now- isn't that more comfortable!

Patrick smiles a charming, innocent smile.

PATRICK(V.0.)
Isn't sir so kind? So fond and good
and kind!

PATRICK
Yes sir.

SILKY
Of course it is, my little love-
loving friend! Here now- feel
that! How do you like that? Good
old-fashioned silk.

Patrick rubs it against his cheek.

PATRICK
Mm. Soft. So-

PATRICK(V.O.)

Sir- he thinks of everything!

And before he knows it the string is across his neck.

SILKY

You like it?

PATRICK

Sir- please don't! You're hurting me!

Patrick is being strangled.

SILKY

Don't cry now sonny - or I'll have to make you stop -

Patrick tries to scream, but the tape drowns out his strangled protests.

SILKY

Let's have some of this true love!
From your sweet fucking lips let's have it!

On Patrick's face, going blue. Staring into Silky's eyes.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Better than silk, though, maybe better even than true love was Chanel Number Five.

On Patrick's hand, reaching in his pocket for his perfume spray.

PATRICK (V.O.)

This blend of jasmine, ming and rose, beloved by women from New York to Paris, this life-saving fragrance by the inimitable Coco Chanel -

Patrick's hand comes up the spray as Silky strangles him, pulling him close.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Enhances even the briefest of encounters...

And he sprays, right into Silky's open eyes.

SILKY

AHHH! You fucking little bitch -

He lets go. Patrick keeps spraying.

SILKY
You've blinded me -

Patrick staggering out of the car. He jumps down onto the street.

PATRICK (V.O.)
With the spell-binding powers of
its refined aroma...

Patrick running, terrified, amongst the speeding cars.

PATRICK
Help! Please help!

Silky's car above tries to follow, running blindly. It crashes into a railing.

SILKY
You're gonna die, you Irish
whore!

121 INT. CAFE. DAY.

121

Patrick, with bruises now purple all over his face in a navy's cafe. Staring out the window, which is misted with steam. Shapes of passers-by flitting behind it.

PATRICK(V.O.)
Die o die o die, something but
for dreams you'd have been more
than glad to do. Thinking of ways
that might happen only then once
more you'd see her-

CUT TO -

The face of Eily Bergin, walking through the London crowd. The camera rises, and loses her in the mass of humanity.

PATRICK(V.O.)
So high above the world, you'd be
prepared to search forever-.

CUT TO -

Patrick, in the café. He is writing elaborate letters in his diary. They form the legend:

LEGEND
IS THERE TO BE ANY HOPE FOR
KITTEN?

A hand falls on Patrick's shoulder. A voice interrupts his reverie.

BERTIE

Hello. I'm sorry to interrupt.
But are you all right, Miss?

He looks up to see Bertie, a spectacularly plain-looking man.

PATRICK

Yes, I'm fine thank you. Just
tired after my hard day's work.

BERTIE

You've been sitting there for
four hours now.

PATRICK

Yes. Busy at my desk, you see.

BERTIE

Busy at your desk?

PATRICK

Yes. Writing my little book.

BERTIE

Your little book? What type of book?

PATRICK

It's a mystery thriller, sir. About a woman who disappears.

BERTIE

May I ask what it is called?

PATRICK

It's called: "Footprints In The Custard"

BERTIE

Hmm.

Bertie strokes his chin and is about to deliver an incisive critical judgement on this choice of title.

PATRICK

No sir. I'm only joking. It doesn't have a name yet. Because I don't know what's going to happen. If the mystery's ever solved.

BERTIE

But the lady has a name.

PATRICK

Phantom Lady. That's her name.

BERTIE

Phantom Lady?

PATRICK

No. Her name is Eily Bergin. She was my mother.

BERTIE

Your mother?

PATRICK

Yes. And then she went away. To the city of all cities that never sleeps from dusk till dawn!

BERTIE
So you think she's here in London?

PATRICK
I know she's here in London.

BERTIE
Fantastic!

PATRICK
The fantastic tale of Eily Bergin!

BERTIE
I can't wait to hear the ending.

PATRICK
You haven't even heard the start!

BERTIE
I can't wait to hear that either!

PATRICK
So are you a writer too then, sir?

Patrick comes out of his reverie and smiles.

BERTIE
Oh good Lord no. But something
similar, maybe-

PATRICK
Something similar? Hmm! I wonder
now what that could be!

Patrick goes to sip the last of his coffee, but finds, to
his amazement, a red rose filling the cup.

PATRICK
A magician!

Sparklers light up in Patrick's eyes.

BERTIE
And your name is?

PATRICK
Just call me Kitten, darling!

BERTIE
Bertie Vaughan at your service.

He takes the cup from Patrick's hands and upturns it. Rose
petals fall in front of Patrick's face.

122 EXT. DRURY LANE. NIGHT.

122

Bertie and Patrick walking by a shuttered theatre. Bertie is besotted with his new find.

PATRICK

So that was how it happened - off on her own, across the ocean. To search for love and dream of Bali Ha'ai.

BERTIE

Poor thing.

PATRICK

With the most beautiful bubble-cut hair, and the most beautiful sea-blue eyes. She had the most beautiful eyes you've ever seen, Bertie. That's what they said in the town. Her lovely eyes they were the colour of the sea.

He kisses him on the cheek.

PATRICK

To be continued.

BERTIE

Why?

PATRICK

Because I must go, kindly magician man. The friendly doorman shuts the hotel doors at twelve. Kerrang!

BERTIE

What hotel?

PATRICK

Begins with an "S". The Sa...

BERTIE

The Savoy????

PATRICK

Yes. The very one. The Savoy.

123 EXT. SAVOY. NIGHT.

123

Patrick, sleeping on a bench at the back of the Savoy. The hotel gleams like an oasis behind him. The moonlight glitters on his earrings.

124

EXT. SAVOY. DAY.

124

Patrick, waiting at the front of the Savoy for Bertie. Behind him is a large poster for 'Last Tango In Paris'. A doorman eyes him suspiciously. As Bertie reaches him, Patrick reaches for the security of his arm.

PATRICK

The first thing to be said, Bertie dearest, is that you bear absolutely no resemblance to Marlon Brando.

BERTIE

And the second thing is that doorman isn't very friendly.

PATRICK

We all have our off days.

BERTIE

So tell me more about the Phantom Lady -

PATRICK

But what will I get in return?

BERTIE

I'll take you to my show!

PATRICK

It's a deal, magic.

He takes his arm and continues with his story.

PATRICK

Yes - where were we? Yes- The Mystery Of The Phantom Lady. Eily Bergin had just arrived in Dublin and just realised that the boat didn't sail for another four hours. So she decided to go into a little café in O' Connell St. where she sat listening to Vic Damone and thinking about all the adventures that lay before her...

125 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. DAY.

125

A cavernous cabaret bar, somewhere in King's Cross. Bertie, in magician's hat and cape, is doing his magic show for a very disparate group of afternoon drinkers. 'The Windmills Of Your Mind' echoes eerily through the place. His magician's act is an extraordinary mixture of illusion and trickery.

He shuffles a deck of cards, proffers to a woman in the audience

BERTIE

As I said madame - pick a card,
any card -

She takes a card gingerly from the pack. To her amazement, the card keeps on growing.

WOMAN

Omygod -

BERTIE

O my God is right. I do believe
you've chosen -

On the woman, still pulling the card as it continues to grow from the pack.

BERTIE

The hundred and one of hearts...

The enormously elongated card finally comes free of the pack.

BERTIE

It's yours my dear.

Then he produces an enormous watch and chain.

BERTIE

The time - of course! The time!
Looks like it's up, you lovely
people -

And as the watch swings, he stares at it, hypnotising himself.

BERTIE

I sense a great mist coming down -
come on, help me please, my
loves! -

He walks around the stage following the watch, eyes transfixed by it.

BERTIE

You can't let the great Albert hypnotise himself - So help me please - anyone out there willing to encounter the great watch -

Patrick raises his hand from the audience.

PATRICK

I'll give it a go -

ALBERT

And would the young lady be brave enough to approach?

Patrick walks through the tables towards the stage. There he blinks in the bright lights. Stares at the watch.

ALBERT

And what is your name, young lady?

PATRICK

Patricia Kitten Braden, sir.

ALBERT

And where are you from my dear?

PATRICK

Ireland.

ALBERT

Keep your eye on the watch, young Patricia - the whole world is in there -

Patrick stares at the swinging watch. Bertie passes his hand over his eyes and Patrick is hypnotised.

ALBERT

So what brings you to our great metropolis?

PATRICK

I'm looking for my mother.

ALBERT

Oh! Where did Mummy go?

PATRICK

She was swallowed by the city.

ALBERT

Ooo, fancy that! Well it will do that to people!

(MORE)

ALBERT (cont'd)
But do you know what, Patricia? I
think I see your mother -

PATRICK
Where?

He turns round in the bright lights.

ALBERT
Why, down there by that table! By
the jukebox -

He points. An enormous blonde woman sits with her friend.
Patrick is instantly transfixed.

PATRICK
Mammy -

He runs down the stage towards her. Curles up in her enormous
lap, like a baby. The place roars with laughter. The woman
squeals in protest, but the more he protests, the more
Patrick clings to her, sinking his head in her enormous
breasts. Then Albert's voice booms through.

ALBERT
On second thoughts Patricia - she's
not your mother - she's your great
aunt Ida - that's your mother over
there -

And he points to an enormous thuggish man, with tattoos all
over his forearms. Patrick runs to him, curls up on his lap.

PATRICK
Mummy - at last -

The laughter doubles. The enormous bastard strokes his head.

ALBERT
Actually, Patricia, that's your
second-cousin Ronnie, just out of
the Scrubs -

And Patrick leaps off his lap. Falls onto the ground. More
laughter.

ALBERT
In fact your mummy is right up here

Patrick looks round, with tears in his eyes, still
hypnotised.

PATRICK
Where?

ALBERT
Up here on the stage. Now come to
Mummy -

Albert points to the amplifier on stage. Patrick runs up and embraces it. Now the place really cracks up.

PATRICK

Mummy -

Albert speaks softly through the mike, which reverberates in Patrick's ear. Patrick kisses the surface of the amplifier.

ALBERT

Good to have you back darling - and
mummy's never leaving again -

PATRICK

Never?

The place is now in stitches. Albert seems to think things have gone a bit far. He walks to Patrick, turns her face towards him. Says softly:

ALBERT

Never. Whenever we find her, I
promise you - never.

Then waves his hand in front of his eyes. Patrick comes out of the trance. Stares at the bright lights. Hears the laughter. Walks around the stage, puzzled.

126

INT. BAR. DAY.

126

Patrick, drinking a massive coloured cocktail. Bertie tentatively touching her hand.

BERTIE

So where have you been staying,
darling?

PATRICK

Why, The Savoy of course!

BERTIE

Don't be like that, Patricia- I
really want to know.

PATRICK

Well, at the moment it's actually
behind the Savoy - a lovely little
bench there, just above the water!
But I'm going to look at
accommodations this afternoon and
they're right in the heart of the
city, quite close to Cambridge
Circus I believe!

BERTIE

I worry about you. It's not right
you know.

PATRICK
Sigh! A lonely waif astray!

BERTIE
You looked so good on-stage, you know.

PATRICK
What stage?

BERTIE
You actually don't remember!

PATRICK
O Bertie please, now stop this nonsense!

BERTIE
I was thinking... I could give you a job, you see.

PATRICK
Patricia Kitten - International Model!

BERTIE
Pay you whatever you need.

PATRICK
Mr. Vaughan sir- I really don't understand.

PATRICK
What I mean is- I could hire you. You could be...(he hesitates).

Patrick leans in close and eyeballs him with great big panda eyes.

PATRICK
Could be..?

BERTIE
My magician's assistant.

127 INT. STAGE. NIGHT

127

Patrick, on an indeterminate stage, lit by a spotlight. She is in a box and Bertie, dressed in a white doctor's smock, is energetically sawing her in half. Blood spurts everywhere and pours all over the stage. The audience gasps.

BERTIE
Are you alright dear?

PATRICK

Oh yes. Fine actually. Never better.

The box separates in two and a pair of obviously fake legs stick out of one end.

PATRICK

Goodbye legs - I'm sorry, but I absolutely must have a better pair -

128

INT. ANOTHER STAGE. NIGHT.

128

Bertie in a blindfold, holding up a set of wicked-looking knives. Patrick is handcuffed to a revolving target, spinning.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Well, the things you'd dream of on that stage, spinning on that never ending wheel, making up yarns for Bertie. How I love to hear you speak, he'd say, of other magics that might one day be...

Patrick's POV of Bertie and the audience, spinning deliriously...

A menacing drum rolls, off.

BERTIE

Those of a nervous disposition should now close their eyes...

He throws a knife. To the audiences horror, it pierces Patrick right in the chest. Again, blood flows.

BERTIE

Oh dear.

He runs to Patrick, releasing her handcuffs. The knife still sticks out of her chest. Blood still pours.

BERTIE

Are you alright Kitten?

PATRICK

No, I'm actually quite heartbroken...

He takes off her top and the knife comes away with it, leaving Patrick dressed in a black bra.

BERTIE

I think I've found the problem -

He pulls out the knife out of the garment - and with it, a blood-soaked heart. He squeezes the remaining blood out of the heart and hands it back to Patrick.

PATRICK
Where should I keep it?

BERTIE
I would suggest - out of harms way.

PATRICK
Gee thanks, Cupid.

He stuffs the heart back in his brassiere, like a false breast. He takes Bertie's hand and bows, as the audience applaud. Then the heart begins to throb and pulsate.

PATRICK
Be still, my heart.

On the audience laughing.

PATRICK (V.O.)
But what heart is ever still?

129 SCENE OMITTED 129

130 EXT. SOUTHEND PIER. DAY. 130 *

Patrick, walking along the glittering pier with Bertie.

PATRICK *
But the thing was, about the *
Phantom Lady, Bertie, that she *
realised... in the city that *
never sleeps... *

BERTIE *
What did she realize Kitten? *

PATRICK *
That all the songs she had *
listened to, all of the love *
songs were only songs... *

BERTIE *
What's wrong with that? *

PATRICK *
Nothing. If you don't believe in *
them. But she did. She believed *
in Enchanted Evenings. She *
believed that a small cloud *
passed overhead and cried down on *

(MORE)

PATRICK (cont'd)
her flower bed. She even believed
there was breakfast to be had...

*
*

Bertie is getting teary. He holds her arm.

*

BERTIE
Where?

*
*

PATRICK
On Pluto.

*
*

BERTIE
Pluto?

*
*

PATRICK
Yes. On the mysterious, icy
wastes of Pluto...

*
*
*

Their lips are now close. But Bertie stops himself, trying
to find words for something

*
*

BERTIE
You know, Kitten, I made a decision
a long time ago -

PATRICK
What decision was that, darling?

BERTIE
That I wasn't destined for the
sentimental side of things...

PATRICK
You don't have to explain if you
don't want to, Bertie. Honestly
you don't.

BERTIE
No- I do. Please. Like I said- I
know I'm not easy on the eye.

PATRICK
And it's like I said- you're easier
than many.

BERTIE

But..but if I did let myself - ever
fall for someone - I think it would
be a girl like you.

PATRICK

Bertie - please. I want you to
stop. There's something you should
know -

BERTIE

Or maybe what I should say is- a
girl not a million miles away from -

PATRICK

No Bertie - don't. Please-

BERTIE

Where I'm standing -

Patrick goes to talk. Bertie kisses her, gently. Patrick
turns her face away.

BERTIE

What's wrong, Princess?

PATRICK

You see the thing is Bertie - I'm
not -

BERTIE

Yes?

PATRICK

I'm not a girl...

BERTIE

Oh. I knew that, Kitten!

He walks on, taking her arm.

PATRICK

You did?

BERTIE

Of course! What I said was - it
would be a girl like you.

131 INT. WHEATSHEAF HOTEL. DAY.

131

Bertie, with his swinging watch. Patrick is transfixed.

BERTIE

Why I do believe I see Mummy down
there -

And Patrick runs down to another member of the audience.
Gales of laughter.

PATRICK

Mummeee -

AT THE BACK OF THE HALL -

The door opens. Charlie walks in. She looks different - more mature, dressed in hippy clothes. Takes a seat. Watches the humiliation of Patrick, aghast.

ON THE STAGE -

Bertie points to Charlie.

BERTIE

No - she's just walked in - there -

And Patrick jumps on Charlie's lap.

PATRICK

Mummy -

Charlie slaps Patrick' face. Patrick comes out of the trance.

PATRICK

Charlie!

CHARLIE

You're coming with me!

She rises, takes the confused Patrick by the hand.

CHARLIE

Bastards - think you can make fun
of her?

132 INT. BACKSTAGE. DAY.

132

Patrick packing her things. Bertie is in a state of total panic.

BERTIE

Please tell her Kitten! You've got
it completely wrong, Miss!
I didn't mean any harm! I just
wanted to make her part of the
act -

CHARLIE

Yeah you did that alright -

PATRICK

You could have told me Bertie -
maybe I wouldn't have minded -

BERTIE
I didn't know how to...please don't
leave me!

133 EXT. WHEATSHEAF HOTEL. DAY. 133

Bertie in the hotel doorway, distraught as Patrick and
Charlie cross the road.

BERTIE
Kitten - what about The Prince Of
Magic? Please don't go!

CHARLIE
Some fucking Prince Of Magic!

PATRICK
He doesn't mean that, Charlie!
(Pause) Maybe I should go back.

CHARLIE
For Christ's sake, Paddy - what
is happening to you? Come on!

She hauls him onward. On Bertie; desolate.

134 EXT. TUBE STATION. DAY. 134

Irwin is there, waiting. The trio embrace.

PATRICK
Up The Republic!

IRWIN
Love the dress.

CHARLIE
Let's rock this town!

PATRICK
Rock it fucking inside out!

135 INT. WARD'S IRISH BAR. NIGHT. 135

Patrick and Charlie are dancing when a periwigged judge in
frock coat and full regalia does a bit of a shuffle in
front of Charlie, pointing down at Patrick.

CHARLIE
Fuck!

The wig is whipped off and the judge reveals his identity,
as John Joe, AKA Uncle Bulgaria.

PATRICK
John Joe! Not a Womble anymore!

JOHNJOE

Don't talk to me about fucking
Wombles! I'm in the London
Dungeon now, thirty smackers in
the paw, no questions asked.
They're looking for a Mary Queen
of Scots. Would you be up for it?

PATRICK

They'd chop my head off surely -

JOHNJOE

And there's the man by the bar to
do it. He has my drink waiting -

He meticulously replaces his wig and strides to the bar
where a hooded executioner is holding up two pints.

PATRICK

Like I was saying, Charlie - you
meet them all!

Charlie headbangs to the music.

CHARLIE

I want to paint two thousand dead
birds crucified on a background of
night!

PATRICK

A full-scale map of the world with
you at the centre!

CHARLIE

I want to paint 1000 pink hearts
with your name on!

PATRICK

I can't believe it Charlie - you've
really been accepted! Into the
college of Art and Design!

CHARLIE

I know, now at last I'll get to
paint them, Kitten!

PATRICK

Two thousand dead birds!

CHARLIE

(triumphantly) Crucified!

Patrick sees Irwin talking to two men, by the bar. All three
get up and leave.

PATRICK

Where's Irwin going, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Ah, him and his fucking revolution!

She sings.

CHARLIE
But you won't fool the Children Of
The Revolution!

PATRICK
No! No! No!

Some serious air guitar and Marc Bolan struts from the pair
of them.

136 EXT. PICCADILLY. LATE NIGHT. 136

Charlie and Patrick sitting by the statue of Eros. The city
swirls around them

CHARLIE
So you haven't seen her then?

PATRICK
She's here somewhere. I know it. I
just know it, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Big fucking city. I'm losing Irwin,
you know.

PATRICK
How?

CHARLIE
He's up to something. I know it.
He's got these secrets.

137 INT. BEDSIT. NIGHT. 137

Irwin enters with the two men we saw in the bar.

MAN 1
How'd you carry it?

IRWIN
Bottom of my sleeping bag..

He takes a package out of his hold-all.

MAN 11
There won't be much sleep with this
baby.

138 INT. SQUAT. NIGHT. 138

Patrick and Charlie lying on sleeping bags, sharing a joint.

PATRICK

So why did you come over? It wasn't just to see me. Was it something to do with Irwin?

CHARLIE

You might say that. (Pause) I'm pregnant.

A tear in Patrick's eye.

PATRICK

Oh Jesus, Charlie. Does Irwin know?

CHARLIE

You know all he knows about. (Pause) Or cares.

PATRICK

But you didn't come here to have a baby.

Silence. She smokes. Then -

CHARLIE

I came to get rid of it.

PATRICK

You should tell him. You've got to tell him!

CHARLIE

I can't. He's.... he's all fucked up... he's...

Feet on the stairs outside. The door opens and Irwin enters.

CHARLIE

So. How are the homeless?

IRWIN

The homeless are fine.

CHARLIE

That's what keeps him out late, Kitten. Working with the homeless. Right Irwin?

139 EXT. HARLEY STREET. DAY.

139

Charlie and Kitten, walking up the austere street. They stop outside a clinic.

CHARLIE

I can't have it, can I Paddy?

PATRICK
No you can't -

But he doesn't mean it.

140 INT. CLINIC. DAY.

140

Patrick and Charlie, waiting amongst some other tear-stained girls.

CHARLIE
I mean Irwin's involved in shit I
don't want to think about.

PATRICK
I know.

CHARLIE
What would it turn out like, Paddy?
You know what I mean, don't you?

PATRICK
Be an absolute disaster. Like me.

A nurse comes up to her.

NURSE
Now, I want you to read this
leaflet - it outlines all aspects
of the termination procedure -

CHARLIE
Termination? You mean this is an
abortion clinic?

NURSE
Yes, of course it is -

CHARLIE
Oh. I thought it was a fertility
clinic -

She stands and walks out. The nurse looks at Patrick.

PATRICK
I think she changed her mind.

He runs out.

141 EXT. CLINIC. DAY.

141

Outside. Charlie is crying. Patrick embraces her.

CHARLIE
You said it'd be a disaster. Like
you.

PATRICK
Probably worse.

CHARLIE
But I love you, you fucking
disaster.

PATRICK
Oh Charlie!...

They embrace again.

142 EXT. EUSTON STATION. DAY. 142

Patrick, Irwin and Charlie, by a train, about to depart. They embrace.

CHARLIE
See you Paddy. Promise you'll keep
in touch.

PATRICK
Tell him.

IRWIN
Tell me what?

PATRICK
She's joining the Sandinistas.
Aren't you Charlie?

IRWIN
The Sandinistas?

PATRICK
They're a rock band. Aren't they,
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Where can I reach you?

Patrick smiles, sadly.

PATRICK
Try Cambridge Circus.

143 EXT. STREET. DAY. 143

Patrick, dressed as usual, walking down the street. He sees -
A bubble-cut Mitzi Gaynor type blonde head, bobbing among the
crowds.

CUT TO -

Eily Bergin's face, disappearing in the crowds, as the camera
goes upwards. Bali Hai swells on the soundtrack.

144 EXT. THE STREET

144

Patrick struggles through the crowds, trying to reach the vision. Grabs the woman's shoulder. She turns, shocked, to reveal a wrinkled face. Speaks in an English accent.

WOMAN

I beg your pardon?

PATRICK

I thought you were someone I knew.
From Ireland.

WOMAN

From where?

PATRICK

From Ireland. A place called
Tyreelin.

WOMAN

I've never been to Ireland in my
life.

PATRICK

Sorry - ma'am -

He walks off quite crushed, not looking back.

145 EXT. PICCADILLY. NIGHT.

145

Patrick in a fur coat, in the drizzling rain, watching TV through a window. To his amazement, in black and white, on comes Phantom Lady, the old Warner Brothers movie. We see the dramatic title as a police-car stops.

MEGAPHONE OFF) (O.S.)

We must appeal to you to clear the
area.

A policeman comes behind him.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry, Miss. I must ask you to
be on your way. It's an IRA bomb
scare, you see.

PATRICK

Surprise, surprise!

POLICEMAN

I'm glad you think it's funny.

PATRICK

O no I don't. I think it's very
serious!

POLICEMAN

Yes it is. It's very serious!

PATRICK

No-it's very very serious!

POLICEMAN

I'm afraid if you don't move along
I'll have to force you!

PATRICK

Oh! Would you please, you great big
uniformed man! We can look for
her together!

On the movie Phantom Lady through the driving rain.
Patrick's hand unconsciously on the policeman's arm as they
both stare at it, for a moment mesmerised. Then he takes
her arm and gently leads her away.

POLICEMAN

Come along now, Miss. You've got to
go.

146 EXT. WEST END. NIGHT.

146

Patrick, wandering through the crowds, pretty well gone. She
passes a disco-pub from which the throbbing sounds of Barry
White emerge - "You're the first, the last, my everything!".
She swathes inside.

147 INT. DISCO-PUB. NIGHT.

147

The place is jammed, with drunken soldiers in civvies.
Patrick in a miniskirt passes through them, one of them
grabbing her from behind and beginning to grind with her.

SOLDIER

You and me darling -what do you
say?

PATRICK

(sings)

You're my reality! You're my first,
you're my last, my everything!

She begins to grind her hips, reaches up with her arms from
behind to fondle his head, as his hands grope her crotch. The
hands suddenly freeze.

SOLDIER

Christ you're a -

PATRICK

Yes! But I'm saving up for Asia!

She pushes away from him, makes her way through the crowd towards the bar. A shy, short-haired squaddie glances at her.

SQUADDIE

Fancy a drink or summat?

PATRICK

Campari and soda, if you don't mind.

SQUADDIE

'Course I don't. Or I wouldn't ask you, would I?

He grins cheekily. He orders it, then turns back to his shy chat-up.

SQUADDIE

Crowded tonight.

PATRICK

Football supporters?

SQUADDIE

No. Royal engineers.

PATRICK

Soldiers!

SQUADDIE

We're all just back from a tour of duty.

PATRICK

Aden? Cyprus? No - let me guess -

SQUADDIE

Fucking Ulster. But I've nothing against the Irish, mind -

PATRICK

They say they're very friendly.

SQUADDIE

Dunno, maybe. It's the politician's wot fucks it up though, innit? Like to dance? Wot's your name?

PATRICK

Kitten. And I'd love to -

He draws her into the crowd. They begin to dance. Patrick keeps herself demure. She likes this one. She can't believe it when 'Honey' is introduced.

SQUADDIE

Are you okay?

PATRICK
Yes-yes, I'm fine.

She leans in closer to him.

SQUADDIE
It's just that-you seem tense or something.

PATRICK
Will you do something for me?

SQUADDIE
Yes. Of course! What?

PATRICK
Pretend your name is Bobby.

SQUADDIE
Ok then. It's Bobby.

PATRICK
Bobby Goldsboro. It's his song you see.

SQUADDIE
His song then, is it?

PATRICK
Yes. All you've got to do is... plant a little tree...surprise me with a puppy...

She looks up at him, her eyes aglitter and full of longing. The angelic chorus is reaching its climax as she brings her lips to his ear and says:

PATRICK
And I'll... hug your neck...

Before she can do it, the genial squaddie who for a very brief period was the reasonably well-known pop singer Bobby Goldsboro is sailing through the air as we hear the explosion. BOOM! Flying bodies, glass everywhere. Patrick is thrown to the ground, unconscious, the squaddie's hand still in hers.

148 EXT. PUB-DISCO. NIGHT. 148

The street is reduced to rubble. Police vans and cars trying to get through the screaming crowds. They form a cordon round the place, as the ambulances arrive.

149 INT. PUB-DISCO. NIGHT. 149

On Patrick's face. Eyes closed. She is lifted by kindly paramedics.

PARAMEDICS

Stay still darling - don't try and
move now -

The squaddie's hand falls from hers onto the floor. She opens her eyes. She giggles hysterically.

PATRICK

Why! My tights! They're in ribbons!

PARAMEDIC

You're alive love - don't know how -
you were right beside the point
of detonation -

PATRICK

I know what I'll have to do. I'll
have to get a new pair. There's no
other way, I'm afraid.

And another explosion goes off in the street outside. On Patrick's face-blissful but manic- as they carry her on a stretcher through the chaos towards an ambulance.

150 EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

150

Chaos, as a fleet of ambulances pulls up, and the wounded are taken out. Policemen try to hold back crowds of aghast onlookers. Paparazzi push through and cameras flash.

Patrick is rushed out on a gurney. The popping of flashbulbs is like a fashion show. She smiles, ecstatically delirious.

PATRICK

I thought I told you - from my best
side, darlings!

151 INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

151

The emergency room. An orderly with gloved hands cuts through Patrick's clothes, to find the damage.

PATRICK

Do you really have to? Christian
Dior, you know! -

He cuts through her tights. And then the hands stop. He walks over to a policeman.

ORDERLY

I think you should see this,
officer -

More flashbulbs pop - now all directed at Patrick.

A SPINNING NEWSPAPER -

Reveals the face of Patrick, startled - a large, fuzzy X over the crotch. A headline: SWEET SMILE OF CROSS-DRESSING KILLER!

152 INT. POLICE CELL. DAY. 152

PC Wallis - a burly detective - rams the tabloid into Patrick's face.

PATRICK

Now how silly can you get! Putting an X around my weenie!

WALLIS

Not so silly as eleven fucking people blown to pieces, you twisted little cunt!

PATRICK (V.O.)

Well, you think you've heard it all until this sort of thing it starts! The miracle is, when you think of the things that went on those first few days, that I ever became friends with old Wallis at all!

Wallis lifts him off his feet.

WALLIS

Come on you -

153 INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 153

Patrick is being pushed down a line of policemen, all giving her a hammering.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I mean - he even admitted himself later on that he had been a bit over the top -

154 INT. INTERROGATION-ROOM. NIGHT. 154

Wallis whacking Patrick around the shop - a process that has been going on for some time. They are watched by Inspector Routledge, who sits by a table covered with tabloid newspapers - Patrick on all the covers.

WALLIS

Fucking baby-faced fucking Irish murderer!

A thump sends the blood skiting out of Patrick's mouth.

PATRICK

I'm sorry - did you call? I'm afraid I can't quite see where you are! I'm up here, you see, millions of miles up here with Sirius guarding my head!

ROUTLEDGE

Tell him what he wants to know.

PATRICK

Everyone thinks it's cold up here. But it really is quite warm! Yes, warm as toast on good old Pluto! Way! Pluto!

WALLIS

Don't try that fucking blarney on us Paddy. We know you planted that bomb!

PATRICK

But of course I did, my darlings! Did you for one second doubt it? Why, I've planted hundreds!

WALLIS

Have you now? Plant this!

And Wallis floors him again.

LATER -

Patrick, giggling in the corner. Wallis and Routledge are at their wit's end.

PATRICK

Look officer! I'm over here! Take a left at the Milky Way!

He sings.

PATRICK

We'll visit the stars and journey to Mars - Finding our breakfast on Pluto -

WALLIS

Oh Christ! I can't stand this -

ROUTLEDGE

Look son - why don't you just make a statement?

PATRICK

A statement? Officer - why didn't you say so?

ROUTLEDGE

Attaboy. There's no point in making things hard for all of us.

PATRICK

Of course not! After all, we're all friends here!

LATER -

A wooden table in front of Patrick. A microphone, pencils and sheaves of paper.

ROUTLEDGE

Why don't we start with where you were on Thursday October 17th?

PATRICK

Oh in my little cell with my active service unit - but I was working undercover, you see -

WALLIS

Undercover?

PATRICK

Yes - it's all coming back now - Pen and paper please...

They push pen and paper towards him, exchanging glances. Patrick begins to write, sticking his tongue between his teeth like a schoolboy. Then his writing fills the screen: STOP! WHAT'S THAT SOUND!

155 INT. TUNNEL. NIGHT.

155

A decidedly feminist terrorist, crawling through a tunnel, dressed in black leather, fishnet tights, high-heels etc.

PATRICK (VO)

Patrica O'Kitten AKA "Deep Throat" had penetrated the deepest recesses of the Republican sphinctre.

She can see up ahead a grubby den where four masked terrorists are preparing bomb equipment. Setting timers, adjusting clocks etc. an old Buffalo Springfield tune sounds out.

PATRICK (SINGING)

There's something happening here
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over
there Telling me I better beware.

Patrick enters the den. The terrorists look up, surprised.

PATRICK

Hi boys -

On the terrorists faces - ski-masks - dark jackets - dark glasses, squaring up against her. One pulls a gun. Another adopts a kung-fu position of readiness.

PATRICK (V.O.)

But Lord was she sick of that
black. What was it with freedom
fighters and couture anyway?

Patrick suddenly unzips her jacket, revealing day-glow coloured lingerie. The terrorists fall back, covering their eyes.

PATRICK (SINGING)

We better stop, hey, what's that
sound. Everybody look what's
going down!

She rips the bomb from the table. The terrorists make a choreographed charge towards her. She whips a Chanel Number Five perfume spray from her knickers and sprays them in the face. They fall back in choreographed confusion.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Her secret anti-terrorist spray,
named after Gabrielle 'Coco'
Chanel's lucky number -

On the bomb, ticking in time to the music. Patrick sprays it until the ticking stops.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Chanel Number Five!

156 INT. DISCO. NIGHT.

156

The disco scene once more, exploding. The explosion freezes. Patrick sprays the scene with her secret anti-terrorist spray.

PATRICK (SINGING)

We better stop, hey, what's that
sound
Everybody look what's going down!

The bomb, seen in reverse. The bar reconstitutes itself out of an inferno of flame.

Patrick's sweet squaddie re-assembles himself out of a tangle of blown up limbs. Patrick is dancing with him again. And the plaintive sounds of Bobby Goldsboro emerge from the chaos.

PATRICK
Bobby Goldsboro. It's his song,
you see.

The angelic choir soars again.

SQUADDIE
His song then, is it?

The camera closes on Patrick's dreamy face.

PATRICK
And it was in the early spring
When flowers bloom and robins
sing She went away -

A voice echoes through from the past.

LAURENCE
Way!

The camera pulls back and we see the smiling Laurence
dancing in Patrick's arms. Patrick's eyes fill up with
tears.

PATRICK
Now my life's an empty stage
Where Honey lived and Honey
played And love grew up -

Laurence returns Patrick's loving gaze. Angelic choirs sing
out, as the song reaches its climax.

PATRICK
And a small cloud passes overhead
And cries down on the flowerbed
That Honey loved.

157	OMITTED	157
158	OMITTED	158

159 INT. INTERROGATION CENTRE. NIGHT.

159

Papers, microphone, indeed the whole table goes flying on top of Patrick, as Wallis lays into him with his boots.

WALLIS

Don't roll your eyes at me you
fucking poof! I don't buy your
bluff, you cold-hearted little-

Routledge drags him off.

PATRICK

My make-up's ruined! Now I'll HAVE
to sue!

160 EXT. INTERROGATION-ROOM. NIGHT.

160

We see Patrick through a two-way mirror. Her eyes are faraway, now quite gone. Outside, Wallis paces up and down, almost as gone as Patrick himself.

WALLIS

Why won't he just talk? Why won't
he just admit he dressed as a
woman and got caught by his own
bomb?

ROUTLEDGE

We've held him six days now.
Seven is the max.

160A EXT. INTERROGATION-ROOM. NIGHT.

160A

Patrick raises his bruised face, dreamily.

PATRICK

Yoo-hoo! Is there anyone out
there?

But all he can see is his own face in the mirror. Then, gradually, the music swells. We hear a voice from South Pacific.

VOICE (V.O.)

Bali Hai'ai mean... I am your
special island... Here I am...

And gradually the mist-filled island of Bali Ha'ai fills the two-way mirror. Patrick stands, transfixed.

VOICE (V.O.)

Baali Ha'ai your special island,
lieutenant...

And Patrick runs towards the magical vision. His forehead hits the mirror and he falls unconscious on the floor.

160B EXT. INTERROGATION-ROOM. NIGHT. 160B

Blood streaks the two-way mirror now.

WALLIS

Oh Lord...

160C EXT. INTERROGATION-ROOM. NIGHT. 160C

Wallis runs over, really concerned.

WALLIS

Paddy? Are you okay?

Patrick opens her eyes. Stars and robins circle around her.

PATRICK

Never better, officer! I feel
absolutely wonderful!

A blissful smile on Patrick's face.

ROUTLEDGE

Meet us halfway, will you, Paddy?
Tell us why you came over here.

PATRICK

I was looking for someone. That's
all. (Sleepy) I was just looking
for Eily Bergin.

WALLIS

Who's Eily Bergin?

PATRICK

She's gone undercover. The
biggest city in the world
swallowed her up.

WALLIS

Could she help us with our
enquiries, Paddy?

PATRICK

She could help me with mine.

ROUTLEDGE

You want us to find her Paddy? Do
you have an address?

PATRICK

You could try The House That
Vanished.

They look at each other, totally lost.

PATRICK
Or Bali Ha'ai...

WALLIS
Bali Ha'ai? From South pacific?

Routledge begins laughing.

ROUTLEDGE
Christ - I think we're all losing
it!

161 INT. CELL. DAY.

161

Routledge carries Patrick as if he is six ounces in weight.
Almost gently, now.

ROUTLEDGE
Try and get some sleep, Paddy. Look-
I think we may have made a mistake.

He lays him on the cot.

PATRICK
Officer?

ROUTLEDGE
What is it now?

PATRICK
If one day you were hard at work in
the office. And you came home and
found me lying there on the floor.
Would you take me to the
hospital?

ROUTLEDGE
Of course I would.

PATRICK
Would you carry me- the way you did
just now?

ROUTLEDGE
Yes.

PATRICK
So if I weren't a transvestite
terrorist - would you marry me?

ROUTLEDGE
Oh for fuck's sake!

162 INT. CELL. DAY. LATER

162

The door crashes open and Routledge enters with a paper form.

ROUTLEDGE
Well. Is Officer Wallis going to be
a happy man or what! We've held you
too long, by all accounts. Look -

He hands Patrick the sheet, who stares at it, both astonished and hurt.

PATRICK

You can't!

163

EXT. DAY ROOM. DAY.

163

Patrick, with his bag of tricks, preparing for departure.

ROUTLEDGE

But you don't understand, Paddy. We can't keep you here. It's impossible! We couldn't even if we wanted to!

WALLIS

Ah fuck this, I'm going on a long holiday. The wife's been saying I need it -

PATRICK

Even for a day. It wouldn't kill you- just one day.

ROUTLEDGE

I'm sorry, Paddy. It's impossible.

PATRICK

Half a day -

Routledge shakes his head. They both lead him out of the day room, into the corridor.

164

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

164

Patrick being led towards the barred door.

ROUTLEDGE

Paddy - do you mind me asking - why do you want to - I mean it doesn't make any sense -

PATRICK

It makes me feel secure.

ROUTLEDGE

Secure?

PATRICK

Yes. In the cell. You see sometimes I think -

ROUTLEDGE

Yes?

PATRICK

That my legs are turning into air.
That I'm floating in space and
I'm all alone -

ROUTLEDGE

Galactic aloneness, I've heard it
called.

WALLIS

Please Routledge -

PATRICK

I just want to belong. I'd be your
best prisoner. I'd cook and clean
and sweep- I'd iron all the
uniforms..

ROUTLEDGE

I'm sorry, Paddy. I'm afraid it's
goodbye.

He opens to door, extends his hand. Patrick looks sad.

165 EXT. POLICE-STATION. DAY. 165

Patrick walks sadly down the street, away from the perplexed
policemen.

WALLIS

(distractedly)

The Caribbean sounds nice.

166 INT. DAY ROOM. LATER. 166

Wallis and Routledge at their desks. The sound of breaking
glass.

WALLIS

What the fuck was that?

They rush out.

167 INT. TOILET. DAY. 167

Patrick is clambering in through the broken window. Routledge
and Wallis run through the door.

ROUTLEDGE

Come on now, Paddy -

PATRICK

You couldn't even let me stay one
more night. One more measly
fucking night! I hate you -

WALLIS
This is madness!

PATRICK
Madness. Is it? Who made it like
that? It certainly wasn't me!

She squirts Wallis.

WALLIS
Christ -

Patrick dodges by them, runs through the corridor and locks
himself in a cell.

PATRICK
Interrogate me, I say!

168 EXT. POLICE-STATION. DAY. 168

Patrick, thrown out of the station once more. She sits on
the concrete, crosses her legs and lights a cigarette.
Syrupy, sad Hollywood music fills the air - Love Is A Many-
Splendoured Thing. The cigarette-smoke forms the tearful
legend, with the words of the song:

LEGEND
LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDURED THING

169 EXT. WEST END. NIGHT. 169

The same TV shop as before. Patrick, drenched to the skin,
is watching the telly through the blurred glass. William
Holden and Deborah Kerr are in a dramatic clinch in 'Love
Is A Many Splendoured Thing'. The tinny music sweeps out.
We see Patrick's eyes-almost unbearable longing. They kiss
long and hard. Then we see a polished pair of expensive
black shoes, beside his.

GENTLEMAN
William Holden.

PATRICK
(without looking up)
Love is a many-splendoured thing.

GENTLEMAN
Have you ever been in love?

PATRICK
I thought I was.

GENTLEMAN
He was a lucky man.

Patrick looks up to see the refined gentleman. He is a little
hunted-looking, but with a kindly face.

GENTLEMAN

I'd pay you.

Patrick shivers, considering his hopeless situation.

PATRICK

Once I went with someone-and he hurt me. He hurt me bad.

GENTLEMAN

I wouldn't hurt you. And I'd pay you well. I'd give you whatever you wanted. Whatever you wanted, I'd give you.

Patrick shivers again; something crushed in him as he takes the gentleman's arm and they shuffle off together down one of Soho's dimly lit streets.

170 EXT. PICCADILLY. SOME NIGHTS LATER. 170

Patrick leaning across the railings, smoking - looking wan and pale as she reluctantly touts for business.

PATRICK(V.O.)

They say they'll take you home. But they won't. It's the last place they'll ever take you. They can't because they're running from it.

A car kerb-crawls and the door swings open. We feel the presence of a middle-aged man as Patrick climbs in.

171 INT. TUBE ESCALATOR. NIGHT. 171

The blonde, bubble-cut head of Eily Bergin - or is it Mitzi Gaynor - going downwards on an escalator in a crowded tube.

Patrick going up, turns, sees the blonde mirage.

PATRICK

That's her - that's my mum -

She pushes her way desperately through the commuters, trying to chase the blonde hair.

172 INT. TUBE PLATFORM. NIGHT. 172

Patrick, pushing her way through drunks and revellers towards the tube, which is drawing off.

The blonde hair glimpsed inside, as the doors close.

PATRICK

Ma -

She throws herself at the doors as the tube draws away and whoever it was is lost forever.

173 EXT. THE RAILINGS. PICCADILLY. NIGHT.

173

Patrick, by the railings once more. A car draws to a halt. Patrick walks forwards. Not quite so reticent now.

PATRICK

Hello, sir. Can I be of assistance?
I don't do anything heavy but apart
from that I would be more than-

He is taken aback when he sees the punter's face. It is P.C. Wallis.

WALLIS

I could have you arrested, you know

PATRICK

I-um... (mischievously) Oo-er!

Patrick climbs in.

174 INT. CAR. NIGHT.

174

Patrick draws her knees up. Wallis is driving.

WALLIS

This is no life for a young man
like you, Patrick.

She holds out her hands.

PATRICK

Cuff me then. Carry me to my sweet
cell!

Wallis shakes his head.

PATRICK

Oh! You're an actual punter. How
exciting.

WALLIS

Not it's not that either...it's a
lot more serious.

PATRICK

Serious serious- everyone's getting
serious!

Wallis is driving through Soho. He stops outside a peepshow.

WALLIS

You'll die out there, Paddy.

Patrick's first instinct is to respond with a defensive wisecrack. But then she drops her eyelids.

PATRICK

I know.

WALLIS

Why don't you get a regular job?

PATRICK

To tell you the truth- I'm kind of... unemployable, Inspector.

WALLIS

So I gathered.

He opens the car door.

WALLIS

Come with me.

175 EXT. PEEPSHOW. NIGHT.

175

Wallis leads Patrick inside.

WALLIS

A group of girls got themselves off the streets, Patrick. Set up a co-op.

PATRICK

A co-op?

WALLIS

A kind of union, maybe you could call it..

176 INT. PEEPSHOW. NIGHT.

176

Wallis, leading Patrick down a dark corridor. We see the peepshow booths to one side.

WALLIS

It's not ideal. But it's safe. And legal.

The corridor leads into a dressing-room. There are a group of women there, in leather bustiers, fishnet tights etc.

WALLIS

Girls. This is Patrick.

PATRICK

Paddy Kitten from Tinseltown. Delighted to make your acqu..

WALLIS

Keep her off the streets then, will you?

177 INT. STAGE IN PEEPSHOW. NIGHT.

177

Patrick, in leather bustier and fishnet tights. Swinging on a swing. Mirrors behind her.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Dear Charlie, sorry I haven't been in touch and hope that everything is going fine with you. How's the bump? Just writing to say that I've got a new address. It's the Xanadu on Old Compton Street and you can reach me there at any time. I'm saving like mad to get over to see you when it happens. In - what is it? - four months, two weeks and three days -

CUT TO -

Patrick, swinging languorously on the swing. A man speaks, from behind the partition.

MAN

Show us yer bazoozalums.

PATRICK

I beg your pardon -

MAN

You know -

Patrick relents, pulls back her bra revealing a boy's nipple.

MAN

What do you call that?

PATRICK

Hey! We can't all have big bazoozalums. Some of us are what you would call svelte.

MAN

Svelte.

PATRICK

Yes. That's a Swedish word, I believe. There's a French one too.

MAN

Give us the French.

PATRICK

Gamine.

MAN

Gamine...

PATRICK

And that's what I am. A svelte
gamine.

CUT TO -

Patrick sings, for an unseen punter.

PATRICK

How much is that doggy in the
window. The one with the waggley
tail

PUNTER

Not waggely. Waggedy. Waggedy
tail.

PATRICK

Dear sir unseen, I know my music
and I will bet you ten times
whatever pathetic price you paid
in here that the dog's tail is
waggley. And now I want to hear
you bark.

Sings again.

PATRICK

How much is that doggy in the
window -

PUNTER

Arf! Arf!

CUT TO:

Patrick, swinging blithely in front of another unseen punter.

MAN

Please sit down.

PATRICK

As you wish, sir.

Patrick sits neatly on the chair.

MAN

I don't do this sort of thing
often.

PATRICK

That's all right. We've got lots of time.

MAN

I don't know where to start.

PATRICK

Like I said-we've got lots of time.

MAN

I knew a boy once -

PATRICK

I'm not a boy, sir. I'm a girl.

MAN

You're a girl...

PATRICK

You can call me Patricia, sir.
That's my name..

MAN

Can I tell you a story, Patric..
ia..?

The man seems nervous.

PATRICK

Please do. Stories are what I love.

MAN

You love stories?

PATRICK

Love stories. Even more than
mysteries.

MAN

Once upon a time there was a boy
who...grew up in a small town in
Ireland..

PATRICK

(Surprised)
In Ireland?

MAN

Yes. In Ireland. And this boy never
knew his father and mother...

PATRICK

Now sir, now now sir, this can't be
true. That never happens in
Ireland.

MAN

Doesn't it?

PATRICK

No. Happy families, all. Little green fields, cottages, Daddy working in the fields, mummy at the hearth and home...

MAN

Not for this boy...

PATRICK

How sad. How unbearably sad. Was he an unbearably sad little boy?

MAN

He didn't seem so. He laughed a lot...

PATRICK

But perhaps the kind of laughter that disguises tears?

MAN

Maybe laughter was the only way to deal with...

PATRICK

Go on sir, to deal with...

MAN

His circumstances...

PATRICK

You seem to understand this boy quite well sir...

We see behind the booth, Fr Bernard. His collar is disguised in a scarf. His hands are sweating.

FR BERNARD

I knew his father.

PATRICK

And?

FR BERNARD

And though his father loved him very much he could never tell the boy how much he...

PATRICK

How much he...?..

FR BERNARD

He could never tell the boy how much he loved him...

PATRICK

This is not a true story. It can't be.

FR BERNARD

Why not?

PATRICK

Why could he not tell the boy how much he loved him?

FR BERNARD

Because he didn't know how. He had the words for many things, you see, but he didn't have the words for that...

PATRICK

There are only three words for that. They're easy to say.

FR BERNARD

Sometimes they are. And other times they're not. (Pause) Other times they're impossible...

PATRICK

So he never told him?

FR BERNARD

He never told him and then the boy left and came to England and his father had time to think... about all the things that should have been...he had all the time in the world to think...

PATRICK

And what did he think about?

FR BERNARD

He thought... he imagined, perhaps... the boy had come to England looking for his mother...

PATRICK

What was his mother's name?

FR BERNARD

Her name was Eily. Eily Bergin.

PATRICK

Oh God...

FR BERNARD

And so the father thought... the one thing he could do was...tell him where he could find his mother...

PATRICK

Where to find The Phantom Lady.

FR BERNARD

What?

PATRICK

Please go on.

FR BERNARD

She married. Had two children. Probably won't want to see him but -

PATRICK

Where does she live?

FR BERNARD

22 Spencer Rise. In Kilburn.

Patrick gets up from her seat, runs through the mirrored halls to the corridor of booths. When she gets there, she hears a banging door, finds the booth opposite hers empty. She runs out onto the street.

178 EXT. OLD COMPTON STREET. DAY. 178

Patrick emerges from the peepshow into the crowded street. There is no sign of Fr Bernard.

179 INT. OLD COMPTON STREET. MORNING. 179

Patrick, in the dressing room of the peepshow, dressing carefully in front of a mirror. The clothes are very conservative, the hair is coiffed and silver-blonde and she reminds us of someone. There is a television playing in the background, and when she turns to look at it, we realise who she has based her image of respectability on.

Margaret Thatcher is addressing parliament, shouting down opposition about the Falklands War.

THATCHER

Rejoice! Rejoice!

PATRICK

Rejoice.

180 EXT. KILBURN TUBE STATION. DAY. 180

Patrick, riding up the escalator of the tube-station into the light of the street. She has a clipboard in her hands now, and is shaking with nerves.

181 EXT. SPENCER RISE. DAY. 181

A small street, of lower-middle-class houses. There is a boy, kicking a football against a wall. Behind him, we see Patrick approach.

ON THE BOY, KICKING THE BALL.

He becomes aware that he is being watched. He turns, to see Patrick, with the clipboard.

PATRICK

Hello.

BOY

Hello.

The boy smiles at Patrick. Patrick smiles back.

BOY

You need help, Miss?

PATRICK

Yes. I'm doing a survey for British Telecom. Do you know where 22 Spencer Rise is?

BOY

That's my house. There.

He points. And indeed we see the number, 22.

BOY

Can't you read numbers?

PATRICK

Yes. I can read numbers.

BOY

So what's the survey?

PATRICK

It's about telephones. Do you have a telephone?

BOY

Everyone has a telephone.

PATRICK

Not everybody, young man. Some people can't afford them.

BOY

Well, we can.

PATRICK

So what's your name, young man?

BOY

Patrick. My name is Patrick.

Patrick, hands shaking, writes down his name on his clipboard.

PATRICK

And how many telephones do you have?

BOY

Shouldn't you be asking my mother?

PATRICK

Your mother. Of Course. Where can I find her?

BOY

She's in the house.

He walks towards the gate, opens it and knocks on the door. Patrick follows, very cautiously.

Then the door opens. We see Eily Bergin, a kind-looking, middle-aged housewife. But she still has the Mitzi Gaynor hair.

BOY

Mum, there's a nice lady here doing a survey for -

He turns.

BOY

What was it?

The camera homes in out her eyes and Patrick is mesmerised as somewhere he hears the sound of the sea. Then - he faints.

182 INT. HOUSE. DAY.

182

A neat, middle-class interior. Eily brings Patrick a cup of tea. She has no idea that Patrick is male, or that she is other than she pretends to be. She speaks in a London accent.

EILY

Feeling better love?

PATRICK

Yes, thank you.

EILY
Some more tea?

PATRICK
No, thank you.

EILY
So what was the survey?

BOY
It's about phones, mum.

EILY
Phones? For Telecom?

PATRICK
Yes. British Telecom. Are you a
multi-phone household?

EILY
Yes, we've got three. One in the
bedroom, one in the kitchen and one
in Charles's' office.

PATRICK
Charles?

EILY
My husband, Charles.

PATRICK
I see.

She writes with a trembling hand.

PATRICK
And do you use them much?

EILY
Oh yes. Laura's never off it.

PATRICK
Laura?

EILY
My daughter, Laura. She's thirteen.
This is Patrick. You don't have
much use for the phone, do you
Patrick?

183 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

183

Eily shows Patrick out.

EILY
Any more questions, Miss -

PATRICK
Johnston. Delia Johnson.

EILY
Miss Johnson. Don't hesitate to
call...

PATRICK
I think I have enough, thank you.

She closes the door. Patrick walks down the small garden
path. She opens the gate. Then hears a voice behind her.

BOY
Shouldn't you have a uniform?

PATRICK
No, Patrick. I shouldn't have a
uniform.

She walks down the road. The boy follows.

BOY
The men who put the phones in have
uniforms.

PATRICK
Do they, now.

BOY
Aren't they from Telecom?

PATRICK
Yes, they are.

BOY
Well, how come Telecom don't know
how many phones we have?

PATRICK
That's a different department.

BOY
Why don't you just phone up, then,
and ask the questions?

PATRICK
There's nothing like the personal
touch.

BOY
And why don't -

PATRICK
Young man, I get the feeling you
don't like me.

BOY

You're wrong. I think you're nice.

Patrick stops, bends down to him.

PATRICK

And I think you're nice too.

BOY

Why are you crying?

PATRICK

It's conjunctivitis. And I really have to go now. Would you tell her something from me?

BOY

Yes.

PATRICK

Most people live on a lonely island
(breaks off)

Patrick kisses him on the cheek. Walks down the street. There are tears in her eyes, but there is a soft smile on her face.

184

INT. PEEPSHOW. DAY.

184

Kitten, swinging on her swing. Unseen punter, muttering off. But Patrick is oblivious. She is reading a letter.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I gave your address to Fr Bernard
and I hope you don't mind.
He's been very kind to me Kitten
and I need all the kindness
I can get. They found Irwin's
body out by Swann's Cross. They
put a rubbish bag over his head,
Paddy. Paddy his hands were tied.

Patrick suddenly rises, goes to the cash-till, empties it of notes. We hear Charlie's voice, over.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

The special branch were following
him, you see, and they planted dope
on me to get to him -

185

EXT. BOG NIGHT.

185

A car parked in a remote bog. Irwin is sitting by an open door. He is talking to a tape-recorder, held by the Horse Kinnane. Jackie Timlin holds a gun to his head.

IRWIN

-And the special branch lifted
Charlie on the dope charge and said
she'd be having the baby in
prison if I didn't -

He hesitates. He seems about to retch. Jackie says, gently.

JACKIE

If you didn't what, Irwin?

IRWIN

Inform them about operations...

HORSE

Get out of the car.

Irwin gets out.

JACKIE

You do it.

HORSE

Can't. Went to school with his
brother.

IRWIN

Did you hear the one about the
Cavan man who -

HORSE

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

And Jackie shoots him. Irwin crumples to the ground.

186 EXT. TYREELIN STREET. NIGHT.

186

Patrick walks down the empty main street, towards the church
door. She wears a scarf, covering her head. Nobody
recognises her.

187 EXT. PRESBYTERY. NIGHT.

187

Patrick knocks on the door. A grey-haired Fr Bernard opens
it.

PATRICK

I -

They stare at each other. Then suddenly Patrick collapses,
weeping into his arms.

PATRICK

I can't -

FR BERNARD

You don't have to speak.

PATRICK
What will I call you?

FR BERNARD
Father. Call me father.

He holds her.

FR BERNARD
Did you find her?

PATRICK
Yes. No. Kind of.

FR BERNARD
I prayed, you know.

PATRICK
Prayed?

FR BERNARD
That you'd come back. (Pause.) I
deserve to die for what I did.

PATRICK
Where's Charlie?

FR BERNARD
She's here.

188 INT. PRESBYTERY. NIGHT.

188

Fr Bernard leads Patrick through the presbytery.

FR BERNARD
After the drugs charge - there were
problems at home. So I took her
in.

He comes to a bedroom door.

FR BERNARD
She hardly eats. She's wasting
away. Maybe you could...

He opens the door. Charlie is lying on the large priest's
bed, in the darkness.

PATRICK
And where do you sleep father?

FR BERNARD
Don't worry about me..

189 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

189

Patrick, lying beside the sleeping Charlie. Stroking her face. Charlie opens her eyes.

CHARLIE
Is that you, Kitten?

PATRICK
Ssh now. Take it easy.

Charlie's eyes are dead.

CHARLIE
Swann's Cross. They put a rubbish bag over his head -

PATRICK
Hush Charlie -

CHARLIE
My parents told me to go back where I came from -

PATRICK
Don't think about it. Your baby, Charlie. That's all that matters now. I'm here to help you-...

190 INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY.

190

Fr Bernard, buying groceries. Patrick beside him, helping him to make the right choices.

PATRICK (V.O.)
So was he. Although in the beginning it seemed the strangest thing-

FR BERNARD
Oh - and a tin of floor polish, please -

SHOPKEEPER
Right, Father. Mansion Deluxe or just Mansion?

FR BERNARD
What do you think, Patrick?

PATRICK
Just Mansion.

FR BERNARD
Just Mansion please, Tommy.

The middle-aged women stare after him in disbelief.

191 EXT. PRESBYTERY KITCHEN. DAY. 191

The two robins, pecking at the milk-bottles, as at the beginning of Patrick's story. The door opens and the surprised robins stare up at -

Patrick, who takes the milk-bottles inside.

192 INT. PRESBYTERY. DAY. 192

Patrick, pours milk into Fr Bernard's tea-cup.

PATRICK

A robin, would you believe it
father, pecking at the cream!

Fr Bernard drinks his tea. There are tears in his eyes.

FR BERNARD

You have your mother's eyes
Patrick. The colour of the ocean by
Rosses Point.

PATRICK

Don't go crying on me now -

FR BERNARD

I'm sorry son, I'm so sorry.

PATRICK

You shouldn't be. Because you know
the strangest thing of all?

FR BERNARD

What's that?

PATRICK

I went looking for her. But I found
you.

193 INT. HABERDASHERY. DAY 193

Christmas decorations everywhere. The kind of clothes store that sells everything from Wellington boots to strong woollen knickers. The assistant is talking to a middle-aged woman, Mrs Clarke.

MRS CLARKE

No, but in the end it was a
blessed release, Una.

ASSISTANT

She was a lovely woman. I don't
think she ever missed a day at
Mass.

MRS CLARKE

They opened her up and found a lump bigger than a melon.

ASSISTANT

A melon? That big?

MRS CLARKE

Or maybe it was a grapefruit. I get them mixed up.

ASSISTANT

Please God she's happy where she is now.

She swallows hard as the door opens. Kitten enters, wearing dark glasses, with Fr Bernard.

KITTEN

We're not exactly blessed with choice, father dear. Do you know of any rule that says when you're pregnant you have to dress like a lollipop lady?

They stop by two stern tailor's dummies, dressed in maternity wear that would have suited Nurse Ratchet.

FR BERNARD

No, Patrick. I know of no such rule.

KITTEN

So I thought this little hippy number might give her the lift she needs.

She holds a flowing velvet dress up against herself.

FR BERNARD

It's really lovely.

KITTEN

Velvet. Like crushed grass. And Oh! Look Father Bernard -

She clutches his arm excitedly and points at a fake-fur coat, way up on the racks.

KITTEN

Can we try that silver fur, Mrs?

The ladies stare aghast, eyes popping.

194 EXT. BABY SHOP. TOWN. EVENING

194

Kitten and a rejuvenated Charlie, wearing the velvet dress and the fake fur-coat, emerge from the town's only baby-wear shop. Kitten is pushing an elaborate frilly pram, filled up with baby-wear, teddy-bears, etc.

CHARLIE

Twenty, five different coloured baby grows, four teddy bears, I can understand. But I don't need a pram yet, Kitten.

PATRICK

You will.

CHARLIE

Where did you get the money?

PATRICK

Singing.

He sings as he pushes the pram towards the church, as a group of yough-looking youths stare woodenly from across the street.

PATRICK

How much is that doggy in the window.
The one with the waggly -

He turns to Charlie

PATRICK

Is it waggly or waggedy, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Waggly. No - wait a minute -

They meet Fr Bernard, at the gates of the church.

PATRICK

Father - the dog with the tail -
was it waggly or waggedy?

FR BERNARD

In the song? Waggedy, I seem to remember. Your mother never stopped singing it. Waggedy tail.

He pushes the pram with them, in towards the sacristy.

The camera pans to find devoted sodality ladies muttering their disapproval.

WOMAN

Jesus Christ and His mother Mary.

WOMAN II

Why doesn't the bishop do something?

WOMAN III

That bishop we have is not worth a damn.

194A EXT. PRESBYTERY. EVENING

194A

They push the pram towards the presbytery, singing.

PATRICK/CHARLIE/FR BERNARD

How much is that doggy in the window. The one with the waggedy tail....

Two robins watch from the frosted branch of an overhanging tree.

ROBIN 1

So why doesn't the Bishop do something?

ROBIN 2

Why doesn't he indeed?

194B INT. BISHOP'S PALACE. DAY

194B

His Lordship, exhausted by reading accounts of prolix bile from the parishioners of Tyreelin. The door is opened by his secretary, and we see a delegation of the sodality ladies outside.

THE SECRETARY

The Tyreelin Sodality, your Grace. They've sent letters about Fr Bernard.

BISHOP

Do you know something, Thomas? There's times I wish I was a bus conductor.

195 INT. PRESBYTERY. NIGHT.

195

Patrick, asleep in the bed beside Charlie.

PATRICK (VO)

The bishop didn't do anything. But somebody else did..

- 196 INT. FR BERNARD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 196
Fr Bernard, sleeping soundly, under a statue of the Blessed Virgin.
- 197 INT. PRESBYTERY LIVING-ROOM. NIGHT. 197
A decorated Christmas-tree, in the tiny, kitschly-decorated living-room. Suddenly the window is burst open by a bottle, tied with a flaming rag. The bottle smashes against the wall and bursts into flames.
- 198 INT. STAIRWAY. NIGHT. 198
The flames creeping, as if with a will of their own, up the stairwell.
- 199 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 199
Patrick and Charlie sleeping, as the room fills up with smoke. And we see, in eerie slow-motion, two robins flying through the smoke, to the sound of Bobby Goldsboro's 'Honey'.

ROBIN 1

And it was in the early spring when
flowers bloom and robins sing...

ROBIN 11

She went away...

The heavenly choirs kick in the lachrymose tune, building to what seems a tragic, heavenly climax as the flames eat their way forwards towards the bed.

ROBIN 1

We don't like this ending, Kitten -

ROBIN 11

We so do not like this ending -

And through the flames comes the figure of an angel of salvation - irradiated round about by the whitest of flames - beating its way through the billowing smoke - to reveal itself to be -

Fr Bernard, in his long-johns. He kicks open the adjoining door of the bedroom, wraps Patrick in his mighty arms and carries him to safety.

FR BERNARD

They can take me son but they won't get you -

He deposits him in the kitchen. Runs back through the inferno to carry Charlie to safety.

200 EXT. PRESBYTERY. NIGHT.

200

The pregnant Charlie, the willowy Patrick and the stalwart Fr Bernard, in blackened long-johns, stand silhouetted by flames of the burning presbytery and church.

201 INT. BURNT-OUT CHURCH. MORNING.

201

The burnt-out rafter dark against the grey dawn sky. Fr Bernard enters, dressed in an old house coat. He walks to the altar, which is blackened with soot. The gold on the tabernacle is melted, but he manages to open the door. He takes out cruets and a chalice. He begins to say Mass, with the burnt offerings at his disposal.

Patrick enters, with Charlie. They walk right down the burnt pews and kneel at his feet. Fr Bernard takes a burnt piece of wafer from the burnt chalice and holds it out to Charlie's tongue.

FR BERNARD

For this is my body, which shall be given up for you.

He holds a wafer out to Patrick's tongue. Patrick closes her eyes, swallows.

As Fr Bernard continues with the mass, he can see townspeople gather outside, staring like ghosts. He places his hand on Patrick's head.

FR BERNARD

And this is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.

The robins flutter like doves from above.

202

EXT. TRAIN-STATION. DAY.

202

Patrick, a heavily pregnant Charlie and Fr Bernard, saying goodbye at a waiting train. They embrace.

CHARLIE

But you'll come and see us Father?
After the baby is...

FR BERNARD

The only parish I'm being offered
is in Kilburn. So you may not be
able to get rid of me.

Charlie embraces him.

CHARLIE

You saved my life, father.

PATRICK

And mine. You great big fireproof
man.

And the train arrives, putting an end to the weeping.

203

INT. LONDON HOSPITAL. DAY.

203

Charlie, giving birth.

PATRICK

Push Charlie! Push, damn you -

CHARLIE

I am pushing, Kitten - fuck you -
I am pushing! Agh! Jesus - fuck!
It's tearing me apart!

PATRICK

Push! Push harder! Oh my God
Charlie, I can see a head! It's
coming!

204

EXT. HOSPITAL IN KILBURN. DAY.

204

Patrick/Kitten (as we saw her at the beginning, so we'll call her Kitten), walking up the long avenue towards a hospital, pushing the pram.

KITTEN (V.O.)

And that was the day the world
began...For all of us...

She is interrupted by a voice.

BOY

Hey -

She turns, and sees a boy there, waiting near the hospital entrance. It is Patrick, Eily Bergin's child, staring at her.

BOY

You're the Telephone lady.

KITTEN

And if you aren't the boy from the multi-phone household! What are you doing here?

BOY

Mum's with the doctor.
(conspiratorially) I think she's -
you know - got a bun in the
fireplace.

KITTEN

I think you mean the oven young
man.

BOY

Ok. The oven. What's your name?

KITTEN

Phantom lady.

BOY

That's a funny name.

KITTEN

I know that. I'm a funny lady.

BOY

Is that your baby?

KITTEN

No -

She looks up.

KITTEN

It's her's.

We see Charlie, coming out of the hospital, walking towards her.

Kitten leans towards the boy and winks.

KITTEN

She's having her fireplace
checked.

As Charlie joins them.

KITTEN
Charlie darling. This is...

BOY
Patrick.

On Kitten's eyes. A hint of a tear.

KITTEN
This is my young friend Patrick.

BOY
So how is your fireplace?

Kitten smiles at Charlie's confusion and pats her stomach.

CHARLIE
My fireplace is one hundred
percent...

KITTEN
And your little bun is fine too.

She sees Eily Bergin emerge from the hospital in the
background.

KITTEN
There's your mum. You better run
now.

BOY
Goodbye...

KITTEN
Tell her the telephone lady
says...

She bends and kisses him.

KITTEN
She hopes it's a girl this time.

BOY
OK.

And he runs towards his mother as Charlie and Kitten walk
off with the pram.

All these lives intersecting and only Kitten knows
precisely how. She puts on dark glasses, perhaps to hide a
tear. *

The camera rises above the scene. It finds the two robins.

ROBIN 1

The end.

They swoop off, above the city rooftops.

They swoop down past a school fete, where -

Bertie Vaughan does a magic show for schoolchildren -

They swoop down past the riverside where -

Fr Bernard hands out meals to the homeless -

They swoop down past the Tower of London where -

Uncle Bulgaria AKA The Hanging Judge AKA Johnjoe Kenny from Mayo in his periwig leads tourists into the Dungeons.

ROBIN 11

The ending that we like.

THE END.