A VERY ENGLISH SCANDAL

EPISODE 1

by

Russell T Davies

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Based on the book by John Preston
OMITTED

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INT. JEREMY’S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT - DAY

BUTTONS. On a WAISTCOAT.

Being done up, one by one. A fine, bold waistcoat, something a man with nerve and opinion would wear.

A chain across the waistcoat, a FOBWATCH slipping into place.

A strong TIE. CUFFLINKS glittering.

A JACKET shucked on. A COAT.

Then finally...

The HAT. A brown trilby.

And the man checks himself in the mirror, always aware of his appearance. This is JEREMY THORPE, Member of Parliament for North Devon, a Liberal. He’s thin, gaunt, stylish, with a streak of the showman and dandy; and yet he’s still an old Etonian with a very British stiffness, keeps himself tight, closed. Arrogant, but always on the edge of an accident.

In his eyes, a gleam of mischief, danger glittering away.

And he sets off to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - DAY

CAPTION: 1965

YELLOW-GLOVED HANDS. Drumming the steering wheel.

JEREMY now driving a BLACK ROVER through the Parliament Square of 1965. Around him: THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY

The BLACK ROVER drives through an archway.
JEREMY arriving for work.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS CHAMBER – DAY

JEREMY addressing the House. Passionate, a fierce opponent of racism, all his life:

JEREMY
...and it is my duty to tell the Prime Minister that if he continues to restrict immigration, he is staunching the lifeblood of this country. And fuelling the rise of the Keep Britain White campaign. Citizens from all over the Commonwealth deserve to have a free and safe right of entry - or else the government might find that its White Paper is very aptly named!

Cheers, boos, and Jeremy sits. In his element.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMBERS’ DINING ROOM – NIGHT

The room bristling with power and privilege.

JEREMY sitting alone, reading some PAPERS.

Across the room, PETER BESSELL is heading straight for him. They’re old friends, fellow MPs in a small party. Bessell’s 44, a fellow Liberal, MP for Bodmin. A bit of a chancer, a bit flash, a Lothario in Italian suits. Outside the Commons, he drives a white Cadillac. He has an office on Pall Mall and Fifth Avenue, and can’t afford either of them.

As Bessell arrives at the table, Jeremy’s power and intelligence galvanise Bessell, make him a more lively man. And their friendship slips straight into mockery and gossip.

BESSELL
Did you hear what Harold the Wise said? About the trip to Rhodesia?

Jeremy gleeful, impersonates Harold Wilson:

JEREMY
“I would be very very very disappointed.”

BESSELL
“I would be very very VERY disappointed.”
JEREMY
“"I would be very very very very
VERY disappointed. And so would my
whippet.”

They’re giggling like kids, as the WAITER slides in with
Jeremy’s food; STEAK TARTARE. To the waiter:

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Thank you very much, Mr Bessell
will have the same.

Jeremy now stirring the egg into his steak tartare, wolfing
down forkfuls. But focused on Bessell. To business.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Anyway, Signor Besselli. John
Pardoe has practically confirmed
it. Jo’s standing down. One more
year. Eighteen months at most.
And I would be very very very
disappointed if that’s not true.

BESSELL
What can I say but congratulations?

JEREMY
Oh, little too soon, careful now.

BESSELL
Just think, though. Given the
balance of power. The next leader
of the Liberal Party could be
Deputy Prime Minister.

JEREMY
Quite. I never did care much for
the word deputy.

BESSELL
Well I’ll be there for you. All
the way. Faithful and true.

Conspiratorial smile between them. Then, brisker:

JEREMY
Of course, finance is going be a
problem, as ever.

BESSELL
Oh. Right! Bloody hell. I’d love
to help, but... all my money’s in
vending machines and felt pens, I’m
not exactly a millionaire.
JEREMY
I know the problem. I’m stuck here
in an office with a leaking roof
and I can’t even afford my own
staff. Tell me, that secretary of
yours, Elizabeth, what’s she like?
Any good?

BESSELL
Oh yes. Particularly in bed.

Jeremy loves it. Bursts out laughing. Danger and fun!

JEREMY
Good for you. Marvellous! You and
your monstrous appetites, Pedro.
Who needs raw steak?!

BESSELL
Call it a hobby. Some people play
golf. I like screwing.

Bessell’s now trying to delve, to get even closer to Jeremy.

BESSELL (CONT’D)
Between you and me. When I was
young, I was so desperate I’d go
looking... on the spear side.

JEREMY
Are you telling me that you were...
musical?

BESSELL
I’m little bit so, as they say. If
that’s not too shocking?

JEREMY
Peter Pedro Bessell Von Besselli!
Out of anyone in this room, I am
possibly the least shocked of all.
If you understand my meaning.

BESSELL
I think so.

JEREMY
Hardly a surprise now, is it?

BESSELL
I suppose not.

JEREMY
So what would you say you are? Vis-
a-vis men and women? 50/50?
BESSELL
More like 80/20. I mean 80 per cent with the ladies.

JEREMY
I’d call myself 80 per cent. But... 80 per cent gay.

BESSELL
(alarmed, jittery)
Oh! Gosh. I don’t think that word’s ever been said within these walls. In that context. My wife insists that ‘gay’ means ‘happy’.

JEREMY
She’s right. And I intend to be very happy very many times in my life. Very much so with him.

The waiter, passing by. Great arse. Wilson voice again:

JEREMY (CONT’D)
“Very very VERY much so.”

BESSELL
Careful, though. Keep it discreet. I’m not sure any boy’s worth ending up in prison.

JEREMY
Are you protecting me, Pedro?

BESSELL
If I must, Jeremy! Then I will.

JEREMY
At last. Thank God. Someone to protect me from myself. I think I might order us a port, to celebrate. Peter, we’re nothing but a pair of old queens!

JUMP CUT TO the CLINK! of two PORT GLASSES.

And they make this a formal toast, a secret code.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
To her majesty.

BESSELL
Her majesty.

CUT TO:
6A INT. BESSELL’S OFFICE - DAY

BESSELL’S business office at Pall Mall. SECRETARY in background, Bessell at his desk, answering his phone:

BESSELL
Mr Peter Bessell speaking.

CUT TO:

6B INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

A comparatively small office at this stage of JEREMY’S career. He’s on the phone, angry, clipped.

JEREMY
Pedro, I have a problem. Meet me. At the Ritz. 12 o’clock.

And bang, he hangs up.

CUT TO:

6C INT. THE RITZ - DAY

JEREMY & BESSELL sit together. JEREMY solemnly hands over...

A 17-page HANDWRITTEN LETTER on BLUE PAPER.

JEREMY
It was delivered last week. To my mother. And she read it, every single word, all seventeen pages.

BESSELL
(flicks to last page)
...from Norman Josiffe..?

Jeremy just raises an eyebrow.

BESSELL (CONT’D)
You mean he’s one of your...?
(reads, hushed)
“Jeremy and I have had a homosexual relationship.” Oh my God, your mother read this. What does he want, money?

JEREMY
The vast sum of £30. He can’t even blackmail properly.

BESSELL
So who is he, exactly?
JEREMY
He’s...
(helpless)
When I first saw him. He was very heaven.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. STABLES - DAY

SPASH!

CU NORMAN, WATER cascading over his head.

WIDER: he’s stripped off his shirt, after a ride, dousing himself from a bucket, sweating, wired, breathing hard.

It’s 1961 and NORMAN JOSIFFE is 20, lean, fit, handsome, from suburban Kent. But he’s troubled, living on his nerves; he’s haunted by problems, and his vivid imagination makes them worse. But right now, here in small world of the stables, in a Cotswold village, he’s happy.

A STABLEHAND leads the HORSE away in b/g as Norman recovers, still catching his breath. He leans on a stable door.

A distance away, JEREMY rounds the corner.

And he stops.


And then Jeremy strides forward. Confident, strong.

JEREMY
Good morning. And a very fine morning it is too.

Norman embarrassed, grabs a jumper, dries himself with it, then shoves it on; putting on a jumper over wet skin is so accidentally sexual. All of that, during:

NORMAN
Morning, sir. Pardon me.

JEREMY
Jeremy Thorpe. I’ve come to stay for the weekend, I’m a guest of Mr Van de Vater.

NORMAN
I know, sir, he said. He was very excited. Quite a special visitor, Member of Parliament and all that.

JEREMY
And what’s your name?
NORMAN
Norman, sir.

JEREMY
Another Norman? Mine host, Norman Van de Vater, and Norman...?

NORMAN
Josiffe.

JEREMY
Josiffe! Is that French?

NORMAN
I don’t know, sir.

JEREMY
Really? You’ve never so much as enquired about your own surname?

NORMAN
It’s just... My mother married a Josiffe. But he’s not my father.

JEREMY
Ah. Complicated.

NORMAN
Sorry.

JEREMY
No. My fault. That’s private.

Pause.

NORMAN
I’d best get back to work. Will you be riding this weekend, sir?

JEREMY
Oh, yes, definitely. It’s a passion of mine, absolutely.

NORMAN
I can prepare the horse myself, what level are you at? What kind of mount would suit you best?

Jeremy’s lying, hasn’t got a clue.

JEREMY
Just... the right kind of mount for me, really, it depends...
(focuses on him)
But what about you, Norman? Quite the expert, I take it?

Norman more heartfelt. Both more intimate, now.
NORMAN
It’s all I’ve ever wanted to do, sir. Working with horses. Ever since I was a kid, my family wasn’t... well, we had our problems. All sorts of nonsense, it was my own fault, really, but... I could always find my way. To the stables. And be happy.
(embarrassed)
I talk too much, everyone says.

JEREMY
No, it’s marvellous. Don’t ever let anyone tell you to stop.

NORMAN
Thank you. You’re very kind, sir.

JEREMY
Jeremy. What’s my name?

NORMAN
Jeremy.

And then Jeremy makes a terrible decision. On a whim.

JEREMY
I wonder. It’s just a thought, but... If ever you move on from Norman, Norman, and find yourself in London...

He’s digging in his WALLET, gets out his CARD.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Just get in touch. Would that be all right?

NORMAN
Yes sir. Jeremy! Thank you.

JEREMY
Right, I’ll...

Smiling, he makes that walking-away-mime with two fingers, then turns and goes. Confident that he’s made an impact.

NORMAN with the card. The HOUSE OF COMMONS EMBLEM. Hold...

And then BANG, into -

CUT TO:
EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - DAY

BIG BEN looming above.

And there’s NORMAN, hurrying along, excited, determined, carrying a small battered SUITCASE, A DUFFEL BAG and a little Jack Russell called MRS TISH. He’s on his way!

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

JEREMY working at his desk, as a uniformed MESSENGER arrives.

MESSENGER
‘Scuse me, Mr Thorpe, visitor for you, Central Lobby. Says you’re expecting him, a Mr Norman Josiffe.

Blink. Then DELIGHTED.

JEREMY
Yes yes yes. Right away!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CORRIDOR - DAY


CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY

JEREMY trots down. Breaks into a RUN. Pell-mell!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY

JEREMY strides in, arms wide, grinning.

JEREMY
Norman!

Huge, impressive space. NORMAN stands there clutching a GREEN FORM, plus SUITCASE, BAG & MRS TISH. At his side, guarding him, the SERJEANT AT ARMS, 50s, Nigerian, proud.

NORMAN
I’m sorry, I couldn’t think where else to go, I hope you don’t mind -
He’s surprised as Jeremy hugs him. A manly hug.

NORRMAN (CONT’D)
Ooh. Sorry. Mind Mrs Tish!

JEREMY
I certainly will. Hello Mrs Tish. Now I’m awfully busy but we might have time for a little conlab –

NORMAN
He says we’re not allowed in.

SERJEANT AT ARMS
I’m sorry, Mr Thorpe, but you know the rules. No dogs allowed inside the Palace of Westminster.

JEREMY
That. Is. Correct. Except!

Jeremy turns his full charm on the Serjeant, who loves it.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
I’m sure you know that Charles II issued an edict allowing King Charles Spaniels inside the domain. And while this might be technically a Jack Russell - is that right?

NORMAN
That’s right, yes -

JEREMY
- you know what dogs are like. I think some roving Spaniel might have had his way with Mrs Tish’s mother. Which means. She has royal blood. So make way!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY

NORMAN carrying MRS TISH (and SUITCASE & BAG), scampers along behind JEREMY, who trots up the stairs. Jeremy’s brazen, not remotely worried about being seen with Norman.

JEREMY
Complete fantasy. That Charles II thing. No such law. But so many people have said it, over the years, it’s assumed to be true. Which is a very good thing to remember in life, I think.

CUT TO:
INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

FIVE MINUTES LATER. NORMAN with MRS TISH - he’s shaky, in quite a state; he’s living on his nerves, tapping out some PILLS from a bottle. JEREMY studying him. Fascinated.

NORMAN
I just had to get away. And I thought of you. Mr Van de Vater said the most terrible things to me. Really, I’ve never heard a gentleman talk like that.

JEREMY
Between you and me, he’s not a gentleman at all. It’s a charade, his entire life, his real name’s Norman Vater. From Wales.

NORMAN
Well he adored you. Absolutely. Oh my God, Jeremy this, Jeremy that. Every time you wrote to him, he’d read it out loud.

JEREMY
(worried)
Like what? Anything in particular?

NORMAN
You sent him a postcard. On the day Princess Margaret got engaged to Antony Armstrong-Jones. And you wrote to Mr Van de Vater...

CUT TO:

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INT. VAN DE VATER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

This is a well-kept, expensive thatched cottage, but not a mansion. VAN DE VATER in his SILK DRESSING GOWN, holding a POSTCARD, to NORMAN, who’s holding a TRAY OF TEA.

VAN DE VATER
...of the happy couple, Jeremy says, “What a pity...”

CUT TO:
19  INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT

JEREMY alone in a pool of light, Friday 26 February 1960. Writing his fateful POSTCARD to Van de Vater. “What a pity…” The words being written with Jeremy’s VOICEOVER.

JEREMY V.O.
...I rather hoped to marry one and seduce the other.

CUT TO:

20  INT. VAN DE VATER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

VAN DE VATER, BRAYING with LAUGHTER. NORMAN shocked.

CUT TO:

21  INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

NORMAN
...it wasn’t so much that, as what he did with the postcard.

CUT TO:

22  INT. VAN DE VATER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

VAN DE VATER holding up the POSTCARD to NORMAN.

VAN DE VATER
I’ll keep this safe and sound.

He opens a DRAWER; there’s a BUNDLE OF LETTERS, bound in STRING. A glimpse of the HOUSE OF COMMONS EMBLEM. As Van de Vater adds the postcard to the pile, NORMAN watching, rapt.

VAN DE VATER
Add it to my little collection. Letters from the great and powerful!

SLAM!, the drawer shuts.

CUT TO:

23  INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

JEREMY wary, disturbed.

JEREMY
I didn’t know he kept them.
NORMAN
Well he doesn’t any more. I took
them. When I walked out.

CUT TO:

24 INT. VAN DE VATER’S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Room empty. NORMAN with SUITCASE and DUFFLE BAG, hurries to
the DRAWER, grabs the STRING-TIED BUNDLE OF LETTERS. Hurries
out with luggage, scooping up MRS TISH on the way.

CUT TO:

25 INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE – DAY

NORMAN now handing over the STRING-TIED BUNDLE OF LETTERS.
JEREMY taking them, keeping them. Relieved and grateful.

JEREMY
But that’s exceedingly kind.
Whatever did you do that for?

NORMAN
Some of those things were personal.
And a bit cheeky, if you don’t mind
my saying. If they fell into the
wrong hands... I didn’t want you
getting into trouble.


NORMAN (CONT’D)
It’s funny. His name’s Norman and
my name’s Norman, and these are all
‘Dear Norman’, I used to imagine...
they were mine. As if a man like
you would write to a man like me.

JEREMY
It’s not impossible.

NORMAN
...really?

Norman shy, breaks the moment; he’s counted out four pills.

NORMAN (CONT’D)
Could I have some water?

JEREMY
Yes, of course.

Jeremy’s got a CARAFE OF WATER, a GLASS, close at hand.

NORMAN keeps talking, gulping down the PILLS.
DURING THE DIALOGUE: JEREMY watching. Like a hawk. He loves this; he’s attracted to a hapless, helpless Norman, to whom he can be superior. But crucially, this weakness, this neediness, the pills, turn him on. They give Jeremy control.

And at the same time: Norman, by being helpless, and simply by being young, is giving out sexual signals. It’s not deliberate, it’s innate; it’s how he gets through the world.

NORMAN
These pills are new. I was on Largactil, but they said try this Elavil instead. Because I wasn’t very well. In the head. I suppose you’d guessed that already! I was in the clinic. For psychiatric patients. Is that all right?

JEREMY
Of course it is.

NORMAN
And they were very good, I’m very grateful, I really am, but then they said, there’s not much more we can do for you, so I said, what do I do now? And they said, that’s not up to us, and I said, well! And that’s when I thought of you.

JEREMY
With a view to what, exactly...?

NORMAN
Thing is. When I ran out on Mr Van de Vater, I had to leave my National Insurance card behind, and I can hardly ask for it back, can I? Not now! Which means I won’t be able to get work. And without work, I can’t get anywhere to live, and without a home address, I can’t get my prescriptions, so I’m stuck, Jeremy, I am completely stuck, and... I’ve got nowhere to stay.

CUT TO:
28 EXT. URSULA’S HOUSE - DAY

DOOR OPENS. And there stands URSULA THORPE. Tall, grim, forbidding. A Conservative, with a MONOCLE.

    URSULA
    Who might this be?

    CUT TO:

29 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

THORPE with BESSELL, in 1965, interrupting the tale -

    BESSELL
    You took him to your mother’s house?!

    CUT TO:

30 EXT. URSULA’S HOUSE - DAY

JEREMY on the doorstep, facing URSULA, NORMAN quailing.

    JEREMY
    Ursula! This is...
    (making it up)
    Peter Freeman, he’s a cameraman,
    he’s coming with me on that
    expedition to Malta, I said we
    could give him a bed for the night -

    CUT TO:

31 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

    BESSELL
    But... why?!

    JEREMY
    I thought it would be fun.

    CUT TO:

32 INT. URSULA’S MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

NORMAN sits, polite, MRS TISH in his arms, SUITCASE & BAG by his side, utterly out of his depth, as URSULA plays the PIANO and JEREMY plays the VIOLIN. An old party piece of theirs. Dinicu, ‘Hora Staccato,’ fast & fierce. More like a battle between mother and son. From the wild, mad, fiddling -

    CUT TO:
INT. URSULA’S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

URSULA sits at the head of the table. JEREMY to one side. NORMAN opposite. Ursula’s house, Stonewalls, is an austere late Victorian house in the Surrey village of Limpsfield; all rooms are on the ground floor, Ursula lets the upper floor. The world of the professional upper middle classes.

A HOUSEMAID scurries round, serving up dinner.

A BOILED EGG. One each.

This is normal to Jeremy and Ursula. They take their spoons, crack their eggs. Norman nervous, copies them, as mother and son talk, ignoring Norman completely. And Ursula, monocle’d as ever, interrogates her way into Jeremy’s life.

URSULA
They say you’re part of it. This Committee regarding peerages.

JEREMY
I’m not on the Committee, no.

URSULA
But it exists, because of you? You facilitated it?

JEREMY
I just asked the right question at the right time, that’s all.

URSULA
But for whose benefit? Anthony Wedgewood Benn?

JEREMY
I knew him at Oxford, he’s a perfectly decent chap -

URSULA
The man’s a Trot! And think of the bigger picture. If you sit on that committee and steer it correctly... (she bullies, then charms) Then one day you could claim the ancient barony of Thorpe, and wouldn’t that be marvellous?

JEREMY
I suppose it would.

URSULA
You would be elevated, darling. Elevated.

CUT TO:
INT. URSULA’S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Small, neat room, with a sink. NORMAN in PYJAMAS with a VEST underneath, filling a glass of water. Gulps down his PILLS.

JUMP CUT, MINUTES LATER, Norman just sitting on the bed. A bit bleary from the pills, from the day. Lost and alone. MRS TISH is asleep in a basket. He gives her a little pat.

JUMP CUT, MINUTES LATER, Norman in bed. He’s been given a BOOK, Giovanni’s Room, abandons it, switches off the lamp.

Darkness.

JUMP CUT, 20 MINUTES LATER. Creak. The door opens. A shaft of light. And there’s JEREMY, in pyjamas & dressing gown. He’s carrying a TOWEL, and a JAR.

Norman blinks awake.

    JEREMY
    Sssh.

Jeremy comes in, sits on the bed, as Normal sits up in bed, shucks his knees up, switches the lamp on. A bit scared of this powerful man; a bit thrilled to be in his company. While Jeremy is composed, calm, certain. All hushed:

    NORMAN
    Nothing wrong, is there?

    JEREMY
    Why would there be?

    NORMAN
    I don’t know.

    JEREMY
    Did you read the book?

    NORMAN
    Not yet.

    JEREMY
    You’ll like it.

And Jeremy leans over, puts the JAR on the bedside table. It’s a JAR OF VASELINE. Norman taking this in. Nervous.

    JEREMY (CONT’D)
    Don’t look so scared.

    NORMAN
    I’m not.
JEREMY
Yes you are. Like a frightened little rabbit. Is that what you are? My little bunny?

And Jeremy gives him a little tickle under his chin.

But Norman starts to cry. Just a quick little jag. Jeremy still fascinated, loving it, completely in control.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
What’s all this?

NORMAN
I’m sorry.

JEREMY
You’ve had a nice time, haven’t you?

NORMAN
Yeah.

JEREMY
Then why so sad?

NORMAN
No one’s ever been this kind to me.

JEREMY
(mimics him)
No one’s ever been this kind to me, poor little bunny rabbit, waah.
(as himself)
Now don’t be silly, dry your eyes. Go on. Wipe your face. Let me see. Shake it off. Brr!

NORMAN
Brrr!

JEREMY
And again!

NORMAN
Brrr!

JEREMY
Much better.

And the two of them laugh a little, in the dark.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Now I’m going to kiss you, and you will enjoy it.

And he leans in, and does. On the lips. A few seconds. Norman just... blank. Numb. They separate.
JEREMY (CONT’D)
You could enjoy it a bit more.

NORMAN
...I can’t.

JEREMY
Why not?

NORMAN
It’s wrong.

Jeremy slides his hand between Norman’s legs. Smiles.

JEREMY
That’s not wrong.

And Jeremy kisses him again, deep.

And now Norman responds, returns the kiss, excited.

Then Jeremy separates, businesslike, holding up the towel.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Now. We’ll need this. Just in case. And a good little helping of every bachelor’s friend.

He takes hold of the Vaseline. Norman bewildered.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Hop on to all fours, there’s a good chap, that always works best, don’t you think? Up you get, come on.

NORMAN
On the bed?

JEREMY
Yes, on the bed.

Norman does so. Jeremy taking off his dressing gown, pyjamas underneath. Then he leans in, to whisper in Norman’s ear.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
And remember...

He points at the wall.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Mother’s room.

CUT TO:

35 INT. THE RITZ – DAY

BESSELL transfixed by the story.
BESSELL
And then...

JEREMY
We did the deed.

BESSELL
Of course.
(pause)
Gosh.

JEREMY
It's very good, this.

Indicating his pudding; they now have a LEMON POSSET each.

BESSELL
Excellent. Quite a lot of lemon.
Which is rare. So.
(of the letter)
The next time you heard from
Norman, was this?

JEREMY
Oh no. I took him straight from
mother's and moved him into rooms.
Paid the rent. Kept him there.

CUT TO:

36  INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

Medium sized lodgings, small bathroom, no kitchen. Door opens, JEREMY lets himself in. MRS TISH yapping. Calls out:

JEREMY
Bunny!

CUT TO:

37  INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

JEREMY & NORMAN kissing, Jeremy still clothed but lowering Norman down on to the bed, and unbuttoning his shirt.
Intimate, fun, tender. They're like proper lovers, now.

CUT TO:

38  INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

A RECORD spinning on a TURNTABLE. A RECORD-PLAYER in the flat, playing Bruckner's Symphony No.9, II, Scherzo.

Both men half-dressed, with a glass of wine, JEREMY sitting upright, eyes bright, inspired by the music.
And he’s intoxicating NORMAN with this, both men enraptured by the moment. Music becoming thunderous, stirring!

JEREMY
...and the march begins! And this is us, Norman, this is you and me, this is mankind, marching towards his maker, can you feel it? That’s what Bruckner’s searching for. God. In his Heaven. And it is... ineffable.

38A INT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS - NIGHT

Driving through the night, the windows wet and fogged, just the glare of passing lights outside. JEREMY and NORMAN sit all alone, at the front. They’ve had a drink, now they’re eating chips from newspaper. Sitting on opposite seats but intimate; the freedom of having the top deck all to yourself.

And for this brief moment, they’re more like equals.

NORMAN
I lived over there, for a couple of months. Harrington Road.

JEREMY
Rather nice houses.

NORMAN
Not down that end. More of a doss house. Five to a room, we had to go and piss in the park.

(smiles)
Is this your first time on a bus?

JEREMY
No it is not!

NORMAN
I bet it is.

JEREMY
Excuse me. I’ve been on many buses.

NORMAN
Liar.

JEREMY
When I was 16, we used to get an absence, and come up to Paddington. Catch the number 36 to Lord’s. We’d smuggle on bottles of beer.

NORMAN
‘We’ being... you and Lord Snooty.
JEREMY
Yes that’s right. Good old Snooty.

NORMAN
How is Snooty?

JEREMY
He’s absolutely top hole.

And they’re both laughing, winding each other up and loving it, as Norman launches himself across the seats, horny, goes in for a big, deep kiss.

The two of them, snogging on a bus as the night slides by.

CUT TO:
INT. COMMONS CHAMBER - DAY

JEREMY on his feet, strong, magnificent, to the House:

JEREMY
...this country’s application to join the Common Market represents a huge opportunity for growth and investment. Not just for the bankers and businessmen in London, they’ve lined their pockets enough! But for my constituents in North Devon, and for all the good and honest workers across the land, Europe represents a bold new horizon, from which we can profit, and learn, and enrich our lives for generations to come...

He gives a tiny glance up to the Visitors’ Gallery, at...

NORMAN, now very well dressed, with new clothes from Savile Row, bought by Jeremy. Looking down. So proud.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

London at night. All dark and dangerous, as JEREMY digs into NORMAN’s trousers, kissing him, wanking him off.

Jeremy so alive. Loving the danger. Norman’s joining in, but glancing around, both turned on and scared.

CUT TO:
INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

JEREMY at his desk, writing a letter, VOICEOVER as he writes:

JEREMY V.O.
...I wasn’t going to say anything
compromising but can’t stop myself
saying I love you, and can’t wait
to see you...

It’s easy to love Norman in letters, but in life -

CUT TO:

INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

JEREMY swings the door open, his usual cry:

JEREMY
Bunny!

Only to find NORMAN sitting there, crying, helpless.

Jeremy: God, not again.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE FLAT - DAY

JEREMY dressing for the day ahead, but mid-row with NORMAN.

NORMAN
I’m left on my own all day!

JEREMY
For God’s sake, d’you realise how
busy I am?

NORMAN
But what am I supposed to do?!

CUT TO:

INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE FLAT - NIGHT

NORMAN finds this life bewildering. In fast, hard cuts:

Knocks back WINE.

Knocks back WHISKY.

CUT TO:
49C OMITTED

50 INT. LONDON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Quiet, discreet. JEREMY at a table for two. Raises a toast.

REVEAL he's with a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN. 30 and smart.
Because when Norman drives Jeremy mad - or when Norman just
isn't enough - Jeremy has other men to turn to.

CUT TO:

51 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

NORMAN - insecure, lonely - knocks back more WHISKY.

RED WINE.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

Post-coital, JEREMY sits on the bed getting dressed,
strapping up his SOCK SUSPENDERS. Norman half-naked, lying
on the bed, bleary, vague, soaked in booze, unhappy.

JEREMY
Maybe it's time you thought about
moving on. Doing something with
your life, what d'you think, Bunny?
That dressage school, whatever
happened to that?

NORMAN
That would be wonderful. But I
can't. It's in France.

CUT TO:

53 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY

JEREMY writing a letter. Crucially, on HoC notepaper. CU on
the sentence being written out out. As he writes, VOICEOVER:

JEREMY V.O.
...Bunnies can (and will) go to
France...

CUT TO:
54    INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

JEREMY and NORMAN, in the middle of a furious row. Norman’s in his coat, shoving things into his SUITCASE.
JEREMY
What happened to bloody France?!

NORMAN
They said no! But go on then, tell me, how is that my fault?!

JEREMY
I got you that job! At the stables! And you threw it away!

NORMAN
I told you! It was that man, he was vile to me!

JEREMY
Dare I say, if you drank a little less and took fewer of those pills -

NORMAN
And why’s that? Why d’you think I need them?! Because of YOU! And the things you’ve done to me!

JEREMY
What’s that supposed to mean?

In the doorway:

NORMAN
You have infected me, Jeremy. With the virus. Of homosexuality!

And clutching his suitcase, he storms out, SLAM!

CUT TO:

55 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

JEREMY and BESSELL on coffee & brandy, now.

BESSELL
Where did he go?

JEREMY
God knows.

CUT TO:

55A INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE FLAT - NIGHT

SLAM! NORMAN’s sc.54 exit, now seen from the OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, the hallway outside the flat. Norman, in his coat, and with his SUITCASE, slamming the door. Storming off.
(This NIGHT now continues, a continuation of events, IE, stepping out of Jeremy’s narrative to Bessell and showing events in sc.58-63 that Jeremy, in 1965, isn’t yet aware of.)

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED

57 OMITTED

58 INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

NORMAN - upset, still bristling with anger - slams his precious SUITCASE down on the desk. To the SERGEANT:

NORMAN
I have come to tell you about my homosexual relations with Jeremy Thorpe, MP.

CUT TO:

59 INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A cold white-tiled box. NORMAN sits opposite D.I ROBERT HUNTLEY and D.S. EDWARD SMITH. Huntley writing down everything Norman says. The police impassive, professional.

NORMAN
...I was a victim. Of his lust.
And appetites. And if you ask me why it’s taken me so long to come to the police, then all I can say is, I was in thrall to the man.
That’s my explanation. In thrall.

JUMP CUT TO Norman taking A LARGE WHITE ENVELOPE out of his SUITCASE, containing within a BUNDLE of old, tattered, opened LETTERS. He takes out TWO of these letters - one of them the BUNNIES LETTER - keeping a good 25 letters still inside the white envelope. He hands over the crucial two letters -

NORMAN (CONT’D)
You can have these, as proof, I’ll give you two of the best. Look!
His handwriting. ‘Bunnies’! My nickname’s Bunny, that’s proof enough, isn’t it? I’ll keep the rest of them, thank you, that’s my insurance policy.

- as he shoves the big white envelope BACK INTO the suitcase -

CUT TO:
INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY


And as he types, SCENES 60-63 are linked together by fast, fierce MUSIC, like the Sc.32 Dinicu music: a sequence, showing the path of the report from desk to desk.

CU TYPEWRITER, letter by letter, spelling: JEREMY THORPE.

CU the REPORT, with Norman’s TWO LETTERS attached by paperclip, Huntley sliding them into an INTERNAL ENVELOPE.

Envelope being handwritten: C. Fairfax, Scotland Yard.

RED DATE STAMP, 19 December 1962, THUMP!

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Music continues.

CAPTION: SCOTLAND YARD.

C. FAIRFAX tips out the ENVELOPE; the TWO LETTERS.

Reading it, he puffs his cheeks. Blimey.

THE TWO LETTERS shoved back into the INTERNAL ENVELOPE.

Envelope being handwritten: J.J. Blaine, Special Branch.

RED DATE STAMP: 20 December, 1962, THUMP!

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH - DAY

Music continues.

CAPTION: SPECIAL BRANCH

J.J. BLAINE reading the report, puffs his cheeks. Blimey.

INTERNAL ENVELOPE being handwritten: T. SIMPSON, Box 500.

RED DATE STAMP: 21 December, 1962, THUMP!

CUT TO:

INT. M.I.5 - DAY

Music continues.
CAPTION: M.I.5

T. SIMPSON reads the report, puffs his cheeks, blimey.
He shoves THE TWO LETTERS back into the ENVELOPE.
Leaves his desk, carrying the envelope, going to...
A SAFE. T. Simpson puts the Thorpe envelope inside, and...
SLAM! Music ends.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

JEREMY innocent of the above sequence, with BESSELL, who’s now lit up a cigarette.

       JEREMY
       God knows what he got up to. I
       thought I was rid of him, then out
       of the blue, that!
       (the letter)
       To mother. Telling her everything.

       BESSELL
       Did she believe it?

       JEREMY
       Of course not.

CUT TO:

65 INT. URSULA’S HOUSE - DAY

HALLWAY. URSULA hands JEREMY the 17-PAGE LETTER. She’d use tongs, if she could. Staring at her son, knowing it’s true. Jeremy takes the letter, for once in his life ashamed.

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED

67 OMITTED

68 OMITTED

69 OMITTED
INT. THE RITZ - DAY

JEREMY
(of the letter)
Now he says he’s taken rooms, in Dublin, under the care of a Father Sweetman. And this is where you come in, Besselli.

BESSELL
Good God. Doing what exactly?

JEREMY
You can take that thing -

He hands over the the 17-PAGE LETTER. Bessell pockets it.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
- and confront him. In Dublin. I can’t put anything in writing, so I need you to see him in person and warn him off, and I mean seriously, go and put the shits up him, the little sod. Tell him this amounts to blackmail, and he’ll have the full weight of the law upon his head if he ever tries anything like this again. And make it very clear: he is not to contact me. Ever. He is not to talk about our previous association, in any shape or form. And he is not to write to my mother describing acts of anal sex under any circumstances whatsoever.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRY LANE - DAY

The land between airport and city. A TAXI tootles along.

INT CAR: BESSELL sits in the back. A man on a mission.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUBLIN HOTEL - DAY

A small, ramshackle hotel on the outskirts. As the TAXI drives away, Bessell heads inside. Disgruntled, out of place; this is a man who prefers the finer things.

CUT TO:
INT. DUBLIN HOTEL, RECEPTION - DAY

Small, homely, dark-wood reception, BESSELL signing in, a little disdainful. A MALE RECEPTIONIST on duty.

BESSELL
...his name’s Norman Josiffe, I’ve asked him to meet me here at 8 o’clock, so it’s imperative. You must let me know when he arrives.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN HOTEL, BEDROOM - EVENING

Tiny room. BESSELL sitting on the single bed. Hating the sheets, the awful eiderdown, the thin pillow, everything. And he’s fed up, looking at his watch. Norman’s late!

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. TELEPHONE BOX, IRELAND - NIGHT

Rain. BESSELL cold, cross, huddled in the box. Bad line.

BESSELL
...I called yesterday, for Norman? Norman Josiffe? Is he there? Mr Norman Josiffe, J-O-S-I-F-F-E...

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN HOTEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

BESSELL in his PYJAMAS, getting into bed. This godforsaken place. And that godforsaken man, damn Norman!

He switches off the light, CLICK!

CUT TO:

EXT. DUBLIN HOTEL - DAY

BESSELL, cross and frazzled, carrying his case to the waiting TAXI, when he sees...

A MAN at a distance, heading his way. Expensive coat, but crumpled. Handsome, but looks like he’s been out all night.

BESSELL
...Norman?
NORMAN
Mr Bessell, I take it?

BESSELL
I was expecting you last night. For goodness’ sake, this is highly inconvenient, I waited for a very long time.

NORMAN
I think you’ll find, Mr Bessell, that I’m not at your beck and call. You might be a Member of Parliament, but that gives you no authority in Ireland, and certainly none over me. Now what d’you want?

Bessell thrown, because Norman - outside Jeremy’s telling of the story - is sharper, cleverer than he expected.

BESSELL
Problem is... I’ve got to go home, I only had the one night, so... You’ll have to come with me. To the airport, so I can have a word en route. In you get, chop chop!

CUT TO:

79    INT. TAXI/EXT. IRISH COUNTRY LANES - DAY  79


BESSELL
My friend and colleague -
(indicates the driver)
“JT” insists that you cease and desist from contacting -

NORMAN
Tell Jeremy Thorpe I don’t care!

BESSELL
JT! Insists! That you stop harrassing him and his mother -

NORMAN
Jeremy Thorpe can say whatever he wants -

BESSELL
JT, JT, JT! JT demands! That you stop! Or he will take legal action against you. I have here, in this case, an extradition order from the Home Secretary.
(MORE)
BESSELL (CONT'D)
If you don’t stop, this order will be issued and you will be taken back to the United Kingdom. To face trial!

NORMAN
Show me.

BESSELL
... what?

NORMAN
The extradition order. Show me.

BESSELL
It’s in here.

NORMAN
Show me.

Bessell’s lying, there is no order. Instead, he sighs, backs down. He’s nicer, more honest, and the whole car calms down.

BESSELL
You wrote to his mother, Norman. You can understand why he’s so cross, can’t you? His own mother.

Norman quieter, regretful.

NORMAN
S’pose it was a bit much.

Silence. They bump along. Then quietly:

NORMAN (CONT’D)
He loved me. He said so. He wrote me a letter, it said, ‘I want to live on a farm with you’. I don’t know. Isn’t that love?

BESSELL
But every time you dwell on this, you make it worse. For yourself. Never mind him. Isn’t that true? Wouldn’t everything be better if you just... left him in the past? Like everyone does, with every old lover. Move on and find someone new. Wouldn’t that be nice?

NORMAN
You called him my lover.

BESSELL
Yes.
NORMAN
Thank you.

And that’s worked. They seem to be friends.

BESSELL
I can help. A little bit. I can give you £5 as a weekly retainer until you’re settled. And you can have my telephone number...
(gives £5 and his card)
So if anything arises. You can contact me. Not JT. Have you got that, is that clear?

NORMAN
I suppose.

BESSELL
Good.

NORMAN
And you’ll sort out my National Insurance card?

BESSELL
...in what way?

And Norman’s off again! Accusing Bessell – he’s all sudden mood switches, pointing right at Bessell, gleeful, savage.

NORMAN
Oh he didn’t tell you about that, did he? No he did not, Mr JT and his fiddle-dee-dee, did he tell you my life is hell, because I haven’t got a card?! He promised to get me a new one and did he, no he didn’t!

BESSELL
Can’t you get a new one yourself?

NORMAN
That’s the point! Technically, he was my employer, cos he paid for everything, so he’s got to do it! Because if I haven’t got a National Insurance card, I can’t work, I can’t get benefits, I don’t exist, I’m like an exile, out here –

BESSELL
- I’ll see what I can do -

NORMAN
- no, not you, it’s got to be Jeremy Thorpe, he was supposed to buy my stamps, and he never did -
NORMAN (CONT’D)                            BESSELL
- that’s how it works, that                - all right, he’ll do it,
card is my entire identity,                you’ll get your card, all
without it, I don’t exist -                right all right ALL RIGHT!

And they snap into silence, like children.

Bump bump.

Then, keeping calm, quiet.

                             BESSELL (CONT’D)
So. New card. Five quid. And
we’re agreed, never to discuss
these things again, yes?

                                 NORMAN
Yes.

                                 BESSELL
And that’s it?

                                 NORMAN
Yes.

                             BESSELL
We’ve covered everything?

                                 NORMAN
Yes.

                             BESSELL
Thank you.

Silence.

                                 NORMAN
Although. That letter, about the
farm. I kept that, I saved it,
along with 25 love letters from JT
and I had them all nice and safe
inside my suitcase, which I then
lost. On a train. In Switzerland.

Bessell despairs!

CUT TO:

80 OMITTED

81 OMITTED

82 OMITTED
INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE – NIGHT

JEREMY
He did what?!

BESSELL
He went for a job, in Berne, and
fell asleep, and got off the train –

JEREMY
But what letters? Which ones?
What letters does he mean?

BESSELL
He described them as love letters.
On House of Commons notepaper. And
he said you sent him a very lovely
note, when Mrs Tish died.

JEREMY
The dog!
(convulsed, frantic)
Christ. That bloody idiot. We’ve
got to get those letters back!

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE – DAY

Now in BRIGHT SUNLIGHT. JEREMY on the phone, determined.

JEREMY
Good morning, this is Jeremy
Thorpe. I need a number for the
British Consulate in Berne.
(JUMP CUT)
Je cherche une valise, s’il vous
plait. On a laissé cette valise
pendant le mois de janvier...
(JUMP CUT)
Foreign Office, please.
(JUMP CUT)
(MORE)
JEREMY (CONT’D)
Non, mais c’est très important.
Lost properté? Properté perdu?

CUT TO:

89 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY
Still fast, energetic, JEREMY hurries down, BESSELL follows.

BESSELL
Any luck?

JEREMY
Nothing!

BESSELL
I’ve got this American trip for the
next fortnight, but d’you remember
Diana Stainton? She’s working for
me now, I’ve left her in charge -
if anyone can find it, it’s her!

CUT TO:

90 INT. BESSELL’S OFFICE - DAY
Bessell’s desk is empty, alongside his secretary’s: DIANA
STAINTON. She’s early 20s, blonde, sharp, shrewd.

DIANA
Diana Stainton here, could I leave
a message for Mr Thorpe? It’s the
suitcase. I’ve found it.

CUT TO:

91 INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT
Deserted, as JEREMY RUNS in! Grabs the phone. He’s got the
number in his little NOTEBOOK, can’t dial fast enough,
frantic. Then he switches to instant charm:

JEREMY
Diana darling, are you in a
gorgeous negligee?

CUT TO:

92 INT. DIANA STAINTON’S FLAT - NIGHT
Small flat, DIANA in the hall. PEOPLE in the kitchen in b/g.
Wine, smoke, laughter, music on a danseuse - a fun, young
1960s scene behind Diana, making Jeremy’s world seem so old.
She’s on the phone. Cool; she despises Jeremy Thorpe.
DIANA
I am not. Are you?

INTERCUT with sc.91, Jeremy on the phone.

JEREMY
Always so funny. They said you'd found that silly old suitcase.

DIANA
Waiting at Victoria. Left luggage. I’ll pick it up tomorrow morning.

JEREMY
Oh, give me the details and I’ll do it for you.

DIANA
No, Mr Bessell asked me to find it, so it’s my responsibility. The suitcase belongs to Mr Josiffe, in Dublin, so I’ll return it to him.

JEREMY
Much easier if I do it.

DIANA
I disagree.

JEREMY
Not like you, Diana. Saying no to a gentleman.

DIANA
Good night, Mr Thorpe.

Jeremy in a little panic, he’s cocked it up. He rallies!

JEREMY
I’ll drive you! That’s what I’ll do. Can’t have you traipsing around town with a heavy suitcase, it’s not right. Are you still in that Islington flat? I’ll pick you up, 8 o’clock sharp tomorrow morning, there’s a good girl.

CUT TO:

93 INT. VICTORIA STATION, LEFT LUGGAGE OFFICE - DAY

NEXT DAY. DIANA, frosty with JEREMY, signs a form, and the CLERK slams the SUITCASE down on to the counter.

DIANA
Thank you very much.
She takes it - not letting Jeremy near it - strides out, Jeremy following. Mind whirring. All eyes on the suitcase.

CUT TO:

94 INT. CAR - DAY

JEREMY driving the ROVER, DIANA in the passenger seat. As he hauls the wheel round, changing direction:

JEREMY
I say, I just need to pop back to my flat, I’ve left something at home, won’t take two ticks.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. MARSHAM COURT FLATS - DAY

The ROVER parked, JEREMY swinging open the boot, fast, grabs the SUITCASE. DIANA getting out of the car, alarmed.

DIANA
What d’you need that for?

JEREMY
No matter!

And he’s practically running for the flat. Diana runs too!

CUT TO:

96 INT. JEREMY’S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT - DAY

The flat’s austere, cold, a bachelor’s domain. Chinoiserie on display. But now JEREMY BURSTS IN. DIANA close behind, so he can’t close the door. He doesn’t give a fuck, puts the SUITCASE on the floor of the hall, tries to open it. Can’t!

DIANA
Mr Thorpe. That’s not yours.

He glances at her. A gleam in his eyes, like an animal. And she’s a bit scared, as he turns, approaches her... and leads her back OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR, and then SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT! He turns back round. ATTACKS THE CASE. All his anger coming out. It won’t open. He grabs a LETTER-OPENER from a hall table. Jams it in the LOCKS. Frantic. Teeth gritted.

Diana locked out, knocking on the door.

DIANA (CONT’D)
Mr Thorpe, what on earth are you doing?! I’d like an answer!
It springs OPEN! Jeremy scrabbles inside. Finds:
THE BIG WHITE ENVELOPE. Full of OLD LETTERS.
And he grabs it, runs off into the flat.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT, BATHROOM - DAY

JEREMY bursts in. Opens the BIG WHITE ENVELOPE, pulls out
the OLD LETTERS, RIPS THEM UP. FLUSHES them down the TOILET.
Rip rip rip, flush. Rip rip rip, flush.

And his fever is beginning to pass.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT - DAY

DIANA standing there, furious, as...

The door SWINGS OPEN. JEREMY calm again. He palms a loose
lock of hair back into place, the only sign of his temper,
gone. He casually indicates the suitcase, still in the hall:

JEREMY
Now. If you could return that to
Mr Josiffe, I think we’re done.
That’s splendid. Come along.

He walks past her, out of the flat, leaving her to clean up.

Diana staggered. Disturbed by what she’s seen. And the
MUSIC which has waltzed in and out since sc.80... ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT

JEREMY’s happy now, relaxed, passing BESSELL a whisky.
Bessell also lighting up a cigarette, during:

Everything calming down now, after the frantic chase. Speed
and energy draining away. Two privileged men settling back.

JEREMY
And that, I think we can safely
say, is that.

(a toast)
Farewell to Miss Norma Josiffe.
BESSELL
(a toast)
Farewell indeed. But promise me. Sort out that Insurance Card, for God’s sake.

JEREMY
What, and give him something that connects us, officially? Absolutely not.

BESSELL
Did you love him?

JEREMY
Good God.

Thorpe’s smile drops. Bessell stronger for once; he liked Norman, a little, and wants to understand Jeremy better.

BESSELL
Sorry, old thing. But I have to wonder. Did you?

JEREMY
He’s a man.

BESSELL
But did you love him at all? Not even once? For a moment?

JEREMY
Pedro. That doesn’t even exist.

BESSELL
It does for Norman. He seems to find it easy.

JEREMY
Doesn’t he just. I wonder.

(pause)
Should I envy him?
Silence; Bessell doesn’t know. Jeremy vulnerable, defences down. Imagining a different life. Quiet, musing:

JEREMY (CONT’D)
I spoke to Leo, the other day. Leo Abse.

CUT TO:

100 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY – DAY

BUSY, BUSTLING. The Division Bell has rung, an important vote, a full House of Commons discharging to Division Lobbies, MPs pouring through. JEREMY striding along –

Intercepted by LEO ABSE; he’s 50, short, Welsh, passionate, full of energy. Flamboyant dresser, silk scarf. The lobby stays busy around them, during this; they’re a still point.

JEREMY
Leo!

LEO
Jeremy! Thought I’d catch you.

JEREMY
Better be quick.

LEO
I’m going ahead with it! Into the lion’s den. A Private Members’ Bill for the Commons, next month.

JEREMY
You’re a brave man.

LEO
My wife says I’m brave for wearing this tie. Make no mistake, though. I don’t believe those lost souls will ever be happy. But it’s our duty, in Parliament, to help them.

A tiny subtext glittering; that Leo must know about Jeremy.

LEO (CONT’D)
God knows I’ve tried, my first proposal, I asked the Lord Chancellor, and d’you know what he said?

CUT TO:
INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY

LEO ABSE, nervous, trotting along with the Lord Chancellor, LORD KILMUIR, 67, stern.

    LORD KILMUIR
    I will refuse to sit in any Cabinet
    meeting where this filthy subject
    is even being discussed. We would
    be licencing buggers’ clubs.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT

Sc.99 continued, JEREMY with BESSELL.

    BESSELL
    Difficult. To ally oneself with
    that problem in particular.

    JEREMY
    You know Leo. No stopping him.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY

LEO
    But then finally, I found someone
    to help me. Lord Arran.

    JEREMY
    Boofy.

    LEO
    Boofy!

CUT TO:

INT. LORD ARRAN’S MANSION, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

    LORD ARRAN
    Call me Boofy!

Shaking LEO’s hand as he leads him in. ARRAN’s 56, short, red-faced, white hair. Wearing GUMBOOTS. The mansion’s splendid but ramshackle. Arran points to some more boots.
LORD ARRAN (CONT’D)
What size are you?

LEO
Size eight, why?

LORD ARRAN
You need boots. To protect the ankle. In case they get in.

LEO
In case who gets in?

LORD ARRAN
Badgers!
INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY

JEREMY
Badgers?

LEO
Conservation mad. Anyway!

INT. LORD ARRAN’S MANSION - DAY

LORD ARRAN ploughing through his collection of BOOTS.

LORD ARRAN
Eight, eight, eight. There’s a cat-flap in the kitchen, in they come.
And they bite, the little buggers.
Give you tuberculosis!

COUNTESS OF ARRAN
And ringworm!
She’s passing through, with a trug. Jolly as can be.

LORD ARRAN
Terrible ringworm! Fiona, this is Leo, Leo, this is Fiona, we’re
celebrating, she’s just achieved
speeds of 81.65 miles per hour
across Lake Windermere.

LEO
I’m sorry. . .?

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY

LEO
Turns out, the Countess of Arran is
a champion powerboat racer.

JEREMY
Good Lord.
INT. LORD ARRAN’S MANSION - DAY

THE COUNTESS shakes a jolly fist at LEO, beaming.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN
That bloody Donald Campbell, I’ll catch him! The devil!

LORD ARRAN

CUT TO:

INT. LORD ARRAN’S MANSION, DINING ROOM - DAY

An empty, echoing room, with a long, grand table. LEO with LORD ARRAN, who’s having a whisky, and the COUNTESS OF ARRAN, who’s peeling and coring cooking apples. All in BOOTS.

They also have a MACAW, suspended in a cage.

LEO
...but thank God for your support, Boofy. People are starting to listen, at last.

LORD ARRAN
It puzzles me. Why the heterosexual man should be so relentless in his attack.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN
We’ve had some dreadful letters. Full of bile, quoting Deuteronomy and Leviticus. No one ever mentions the Sermon on the Mount.

LORD ARRAN
I was sent shit! A parcel of shit. Shit in the post. Human shit. My secretary thought it was pâté, she said, ‘I threw it away, Lord Arran, it wouldn’t keep.’

They laugh, but the Countess is worried:

COUNTESS OF ARRAN
What chance d’you think we stand?

LEO
It’s not the most popular of causes. But the world is changing, every day, we gain more votes.
LORD ARRAN
Not fast enough for some. Oh
goodness me.

Because he’s suddenly brimming with tears. Gets out a hanky.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN
Sweetheart.

LORD ARRAN
I’m fine.

Leo just waits.

LORD ARRAN (CONT’D)
You might wonder. Why an old
kidney like me would help you. But
I’ve seen what the law does.
(pause)
My brother. The Seventh Earl.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN
Queer as springtime.

CUT TO:

111 INT. CHAPEL OF REST – DAY

SILENT IMAGES to layer into a Sc.113 CU of LORD ARRAN.

A small, cold room. Pauly Gore, the Seventh Earl, laid out;
A VICAR and an UNDERTAKER lead LORD ARRAN in. The body just
foreground, a blur; his hand.

On Lord Arran. This funny, fierce man crying his heart out.
Boofy holds his brother’s hand, one last time. Over this:

CUT TO:

112 OMITTED

113 INT. LORD ARRAN’S MANSION, DINING ROOM – DAY

These images of grief layered into quiet dignity:

LORD ARRAN
When we were children. In the
nursery. I’d reach out. Every
night. Hold his hand until he
slept. Such a clever boy. He
translated the Three Musketeers,
did you know? Penguin Classic.
(pause)
And the deaths go on.
(MORE)
LORD ARRAN (CONT’D)
By hanging, by poison, by gas. Men
killing themselves out of fear and
shame, and I don’t think it’s
suicide, I think it’s murder, they
are murdered by the laws of the
land. And I think it’s time it stopped.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY

The bustle around them reduced to a BLUR now. LEO intense,
to JEREMY, as though Leo is concluding Arran’s speech:

LEO
Now we stand in a unique position.
To change the law. And save their
lives. Have I got your vote?

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY’S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT

BACK TO JEREMY with BESSELL, in the dark. Hushed, intimate.
Leo’s question suspended in the air. Hold the pause, then...

BESSELL
...what did you say?

JEREMY
I said yes. Of course I said yes.
Good God, what sort of man do you
think I am?

BESSELL
Astonishing to think. If Leo Abse
wins. There will be freedom.

JEREMY
Those men will be free to be
pitied. I don’t care what changes
they make to the law, if anything
about me ever became public... I
give you my word, Peter, I’ll put a
gun to my head and blow my brains
out.

BESSELL
Then I shall protect you. As ever.

A small smile from Jeremy.

JEREMY
Thank you.
BESSELL
Not at all.

Jeremy stands. Bessell makes to go, both men feeling a long night coming to an end, the mood lifting.

JEREMY
I’ll see you tomorrow. Enough of this nonsense. We have work to do.

BESSELL
Exciting times ahead.

JEREMY
Very, very, very exciting.

BESSELL
Very, very, very.

Both smiling. Old friends.

CUT TO:

116 INT. QUEEN’S HALL, BARNSTAPLE - NIGHT

The RETURNING OFFICER on a microphone.

RETURNING OFFICER
Thorpe, John Jeremy, Liberal Party... Sixteen thousand, seven hundred and ninety seven.

And JEREMY stands TRIUMPHANT! The HALL explodes with whoops and cheers, boos and jeers, all around him. ENERGY now, uniting sc.116-129A, as time moves on, all fast, DYNAMIC.

CUT TO:

117 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CHIEF WHIP’S OFFICE - DAY

MIKE STEELE, early 30s, smart, clever, the Liberal Party Press Officer, announces to the packed room:

MIKE STEELE
And the election for leadership stands as follows... Mr Hooson and Mr Lubbock withdraw, so Mr Jeremy Thorpe is elected Leader of the Liberal Party!

And JEREMY stands triumphant! Around him, Liberal MPs - BESSELL, plus Lubbock and 8 more, with RESEARCHERS, PARTY MEMBERS and STAFF, all cheering! Though not so much EMILYN HOOSON; 45, Liberal MP for Montgomeryshire, a former QC, sharp. But defeated. Jeremy reaches over for a handshake.
JEREMY
The best man won!

And Jeremy moves on. Leaving Emlyn behind, now his enemy.

JUMP CUT: all thronged around singing the ETON BOATING SONG, as JEREMY draws a ceremonial SWORD from its scabbard; his
grandfather’s sword from the Order of St Vladimir.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
I will lead... a crusade!

And they SING and CHEER as he uses the sword to cut a CAKE!

CUT TO:

118 INT. BBC RADIO STUDIO - DAY

JEREMY at the MICROPHONE; he’s an experienced broadcaster.
And good at it, too. MALE BBC INTERVIEWER in suit & tie.

BBC INTERVIEWER
...you’re the youngest man to lead
a British political party in more
than a century.

JEREMY
Pitt the Younger became Prime
Minister at the age of twenty four.
You could say I’m behind schedule.

BBC INTERVIEWER
Is that the plan? Prime Minister?

And Jeremy GRINS.

CUT TO:

118A INT. MEMBERS’ DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JEREMY with BESSELL, mid-conversation, eager.

JEREMY
If I’m to get any further, then I’d
better get married.

BESSELL
Really? Who did you have in mind,
the Queen Mother?

JEREMY
I’m absolutely serious. I asked
Mike Steele -

CUT TO:
INT. MIKE STEELE’S OFFICE – DAY

JEREMY in front of MIKE STEELE’s desk.

JEREMY
Tell me, how d’you think it would affect our ratings in the polls if I were to get married?

MIKE STEELE
Gosh. Well, it could do you some good, people don’t trust a bachelor. We might go up... two per cent?

JEREMY
Really? How about five? Let’s say five. Five per cent it is!

CUT TO:

INT. MEMBERS’ DINING ROOM – NIGHT

JEREMY & BESSELL continued from Sc.118A.

BESSELL
There’s one obvious problem.

JEREMY
I’ll close my eyes. Grit my teeth. Then after a few months, I’ll just say I’m tired and old and impotent, darling, and that’ll be that.

BESSELL
What about the men?

JEREMY
What men?

A cold glint from Jeremy. Bessell backs down.

BESSELL
All the same. If she’s not going to complain... You’ll need to find a girl who’s led a sheltered life.

JEREMY
That’s what I’ll do. And I’ll make her the luckiest girl in the world. Let the hunt begin!

CUT TO:
119 INT. BOUTIQUE, DUBLIN - DAY

Ting! A shop bell.
NORMAN walks in. It's a cool little boutique, full of 60s fashions. Norman's just mooching. Nice and calm.

A distance away, behind the counter, LYN. Irish, 30, tall, very stylish, the height of 60s style.

She smiles.

JUMP CUT:

NORMAN and LYN now together, full of fun, in front of a full-length mirror, Norman holding a jacket, loving this.

NORMAN
You see, it's the lining, the lining makes it look cheap, but if you made it scarlet, or mustard, the whole thing would come alive.

LYN
Oh my God, you've got quite an eye.
(flirting)
Mind you. You're one of those very lucky men. You look good in anything.

And as she holds his stare...

CUT TO:

119A INT. DRESSING ROOM, BOUTIQUE, DUBLIN - DAY

NORMAN & LYN snogging, frantic, fun. He's a bit surprised:

NORMAN
Oh my goodness.

But what the hell, he goes for it! And as Norman finds himself with a girlfriend, then back in England...

CUT TO:

119B INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY

JEREMY sits with his wife, CAROLINE, facing the press.

Born Caroline Alpass, she's 29, Roedean & finishing school, delightful and delicate. She sits with her new husband in the Thorpes' new home, a large 17th Century thatched cottage in Cobbaton, North Devon. They're both facing a WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, 20 at least, all snapping away, MIKE STEELE with JOURNALISTS at the back of the room.

Jeremy & Caroline talk to the cameras. She's holding out her wedding ring, the cameras snap and flash ferociously.
JEREMY
We tried to keep the wedding day secret. But you lot outfoxed us.

CAROLINE
I had the devil’s work talking him into a honeymoon. Jeremy’s always so busy.

He takes her hand. Genuine affection.

JEREMY
Not any more. I must say. What started as a dalliance has turned into something quite wonderful.

And the cameras CLICK and FLASH!

CUT TO:

120 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S STUDIO, DUBLIN - DAY

CLICK! FLASH! CLICK! CAMERA firing.

NORMAN the MODEL. Wearing the jacket-with-new-lining, against a plain backdrop. Nervous, unsure, but trying.

The PHOTOGRAPHER clicking away, with LYN watching, delighted.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. DUBLIN STREET - DAY

NORMAN striding along fast, with LYN and her NOTEBOOK. She’s loving this, becoming fast, professional, dynamic.

LYN
You’re really good at this! Eve Moreau needs someone exactly your height, tomorrow, 10 o’clock.

Norman loves praise, but at the same time, it’s his undoing:

NORMAN
Am I really, though? Why am I good? I don’t understand, what am I doing that’s good?!

CUT TO:

122 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S STUDIO, DUBLIN - DAY

CLICK! FLASH! CLICK!

NORMAN in beautiful 60s shirts.
A BETTER PHOTOGRAPHER now, LUKE MACKENZIE, black and Irish, loving it, snapping away, with LYN beside him.

LUKE
That’s it, look to the left, but
don’t turn away... Oh that’s it!

NORMAN
Is that right?

LUKE
That’s it! Norman, you’ve got it!

And Norman’s smiling, more confident, beginning to learn.

CUT TO:

123 INT. COOL 60’S PARTY - NIGHT

A FLAT, lights low, cigarette smoke in the air. It’s so 60s in here, music, booze, beautiful people.

NORMAN knocks back a glass of RED WINE. Excited, but still feeling out of his depth. Talking to guests:

NORMAN
Oh it’s all quite exciting, really.
I can’t believe all the fuss. I’m just a boy from Bexleyheath.

LYN running up, excited:

LYN
Patrick said they love it, he said
they love you! They want you back
on Thursday! For the cover!

And they’re gleeful, laughing, hug!

CUT TO:

123A INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S STUDIO - DAY

FLASH! SNAP! NORMAN’s now lost his nerves. He’s at his modelling finest, now. Supreme, superb, posing for LUKE with LYN grinning behind Luke, delighted.

LUKE
That’s it, Norman. That’s the shot. Oh my God, that is it.

Norman is a success. And the camera goes FLASH!

CUT TO:
EXT. JEREMY’S DEVON HOUSE - DAY

A CAMERA goes FLASH!

Blinking in the flash: a BABY.

WIDER. JEREMY, with CAROLINE cradling their son RUPERT.

They smile, posing for a family photo, and FLASH!

WIDER. They’re surrounded by lighting umbrellas and gear, posing for photos. It’s a proper shoot for the papers, with a LONDON PHOTOGRAPHER. MIKE STEELE and FEMALE JOURNALIST standing in b/g. As the photographer adjusts the lights:

MIKE STEELE

Fast as we can, thanks. Don’t want to get cold.

JEREMY

It’s fine. We’re perfectly happy. Isn’t that right?

Said to the baby as Jeremy lifts him into his arms. An intimate moment between the family, everyone else excluded.

CAROLINE

Careful.

JEREMY

I’ve got him.

CAROLINE

He’s a bit sleepy this morning.

JEREMY

Can’t have that. Little chap. There’s a whole world to see.

(kisses her forehead)

Well done, you.

CAROLINE

Celia said she’d pop in later.

JEREMY

She’ll have a fight on her hands. Taking him off me.

(adoring the baby)

Rupert the Bear. Hello. Hello.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

Mr Thorpe?
And Jeremy switches from intimate to camera-ready in a second, the baby in his arms, FLASH!

CUT TO:

123C INT. DEVON HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

CAROLINE tidying up, JEREMY about to excuse himself. Radio 2 playing softly in the background from an old wireless. Stranger on the Shore, Acker Bilk.

JEREMY
I’ll say goodnight.

But she takes hold of his hand.

CAROLINE
Not till you’ve danced with me.

And she turns the music up. He’s a terrible dancer, stiff, awkward, and yet loving this moment.

JEREMY
I absolutely refuse.

CAROLINE
Oh, but I insist.

JEREMY
You’ll wake up the baby.

CAROLINE
He’d be delighted for us.

But all of that’s just throwaway chat, really, as Jeremy reluctantly, but happily, dances a little. A quiet, intimate picture of a couple in love. Contrasted with...

CUT TO:

123C OMITTED

123D INT. SECOND COOL 60S PARTY - NIGHT

Another party - darker, this one, smokier, bit grungier and wilder, as Norman’s life starts to spiral downwards. He’s talking to GUESTS, but a bit drunk, a bit arrogant.

NORMAN
Well. I may be from Bexleyheath. But my mother became pregnant while abroad. Mysteriously. So my father could be anyone...

CUT TO:
123E INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S STUDIO – DAY

Norman, modelling SAFARI SUITS, but a bit worse for wear.

LUKE
Concentrate, Norman. Look at me.
You been having too much fun?

CUT TO:

123F INT. SECOND COOL 60S PARTY – NIGHT

NORMAN knocking back a handful of PILLS.

JUMP CUT TO Norman talking to GUESTS, drunker:

NORMAN
It’s entirely possible. Between
you and me. I could be royalty.

CUT TO:

123G INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S STUDIO – DAY

LUKE
Can we get some make up? Under his eyes? Come on! Hurry up!

LYN, standing at the back of the studio, angry, fed up.

CUT TO:

123H INT. SECOND COOL 60S PARTY - NIGHT
NORMAN out of it, dancing, alone, smoking a joint.
CUT TO NORMAN, drunk, with a MAN.

NORMAN
I am a prince. And you are my serf.

And bang, he’s snogging him, wrapping himself around him.

CUT TO:

123I INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S STUDIO - DAY
Norman, in some fun, colourful shoot with BRIGHT CLOTHES and a FEATHER BOA, looks ghastly. Red-eyed. Shaky.
The photographer lowers his camera.

LUKE
I can’t do anything with this. You look shit.

CUT TO:

124 OMITTED

125 OMITTED

126 OMITTED

127 OMITTED

128 OMITTED

129 EXT. DUBLIN STREET - DAY
NORMAN, desperate, trotting along to keep up with LYN.
NORMAN
But I said I’m sorry!

LYN
You were late, three times in a row and then Tuesday, you didn’t even turn up! I’m sorry, Norman, you’re off the books.

CUT TO:

129A EXT. BOUTIQUE, DUBLIN - DAY
NORMAN banging on the door. But it’s locked.
LYN appears, within. Cold. Turns the SIGN on the door.
CLOSED.

CUT TO:

130 OMITTED

131 OMITTED

132 OMITTED

133 OMITTED

134 OMITTED

135 OMITTED

136 OMITTED

137 OMITTED

138 OMITTED

139 OMITTED

140 OMITTED

141 INT. JEREMY’S DEVON HOUSE - DAY
RAIN against the windows. The house drumming under rainfall. Pressure from outside, cocooning the domestic bliss of CAROLINE THORPE and BABY RUPERT, inside the house.
She’s just putting the baby in his cot, when...

The PHONE RINGS.

A beautiful white Bakelite phone. On its own table.

Ring ring.

Caroline doesn’t hurry. She heads towards the phone, but picks up a stray jumper, folds it, puts it down.

Ring ring.

Now, Caroline approaches.

Ring ring.

She picks it up.

**CAROLINE**

Cobbaton 263?

Beep-beep-beep, coins being fed into a phone box, then:

**NORMAN V.O.**

Could I speak to Mr Thorpe, please?

**CAROLINE**

I’m sorry, he’s not in at the moment, who is this?

CUT TO:

142 EXT. PHONE BOX - DAY 142

A GREEN PHONE BOX on a clump of plain Irish grass. NORMAN on the phone. Clearly he’s not doing well. Wired, rattling with stress. INTERCUT with Caroline, sc.141.

**NORMAN**

I’m so sorry to bother you, I got your number from the Liberal Club in Barnstaple, is that Mrs Thorpe?

**CAROLINE**

Yes, and who are you?

**NORMAN**

My name is Norman Josiffe. I don’t suppose he’s mentioned me. But I need my National Insurance card. Could you please tell him, from me, from Norman, I need it? I’ve been working, in Ireland, and it’s all gone a little bit wrong, and I don’t think you people know how it works!

(MORE)
NORMAN (CONT'D)
The card says whether I'm entitled
to benefits, I literally need it
right now, I am penniless!

CAROLINE
I don’t understand. Why would
Jeremy have your card?

NORMAN
Because he was my employer.
(can’t stop himself)
He was my employer, and my lover!
He said he loved me, over and over
again, and now I’ve got nothing.
All I need is that card, and I’ll
leave you alone. And tell him,
I’ve changed my name! He’ll need
to put that on the card. I’ve
adopted the family name of the
Fourth Earl of Eldon, who sired me,
I am convinced, as his illegitimate
son. So please tell Jeremy. From
now on. My name is Norman Scott!

CUT TO:

143 INT. JEREMY’S LEADER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

JEREMY’s finest office yet, FRAMED CARICATURES of himself on
the walls. But right now, the room is dark, solemn, grim.
Jeremy has told BESSELL the news, from Caroline.

BESSELL
Scott?

JEREMY
Mr Norman Scott.

BESSELL
So what did Caroline say?

CUT TO:

144 INT. JEREMY’S DEVON HOUSE - NIGHT

JEREMY & CAROLINE sit a good distance apart. The house dark,
only pools of light. He’s tentative. She’s cold, shaken.

CAROLINE
He was disgusting. He was
absolutely disgusting.

JEREMY
This man. Has been... Conducting,
shall we say, a vendetta? And if
he was trying to -
CAROLINE
I don’t care, I don’t want to hear anything about it.

JEREMY
He’s obviously insane -

CAROLINE
Jeremy. We will never discuss this. In any way. Ever. Is that understood?

CUT TO:

145 INT. JEREMY’S LEADER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

JEREMY & BESSELL continued from sc.143. Both men brooding in the dark, as terrible decisions are made.

BESSELL
Then what do we do?

JEREMY
We get rid of him.

BESSELL
How?

JEREMY
We could scare him. My friend David. He knows some men.

BESSELL
What, to rough him up, d’you mean? I’m not sure that would work.

JEREMY
Norman? He’d be terrified. The creature’s pathetic.

BESSELL
I’m not sure. It’s an easy mistake to make. He’s effeminate, and therefore we think he’s weak. But that man sits in pubs and clubs and houses and hotels telling all the world about his homosexuality. Out loud! All day long! Doesn’t bother him who’s listening, priests, or housewives, or landlords, or anyone. He tells the truth. And doesn’t care. No one else does that, Jeremy. No one. Certainly not us. In the whole of this land, there is Norman and Norman alone. To be blunt.

(MORE)
BESSELL (CONT'D)
He amazes me. I think he’s one of the strongest men in the world.

Jeremy grim. His face like a death mask.

JEREMY
Then there’s only one thing we can do. Kill him.

BESSELL
(small laugh)
If only we could.

JEREMY
I mean it. We kill him. We have him killed.

BESSELL
...don’t be ridiculous.

JEREMY
He will destroy me. And the party.
And my marriage. What if the next person he talks to is a journalist?

BESSELL
For God’s sake, Jeremy, we’re Members of Parliament. We can’t sit here and discuss murder!

JEREMY
It’s no worse than shooting a sick dog.

BESSELL
It’s a damn sight worse!

JEREMY
I don’t care how we do it, if we shoot him, or poison him, or bludgeon him, or strangple him, or tie him up in a sack and throw him in the Thames, there’s only one way for us to survive. Norman Scott has got to die. So. How?

END OF EPISODE ONE