

# "The Other Landscape"

A screen adaptation of the novel by Neil  
Gunn

by

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1 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DUSK

1950s. The wild North West of Scotland. A fearsome winter storm rages. DOUGLAS MENZIES (50's), a man possessed, runs along a cliff top. Far below a small cargo ship has foundered on the rocks.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. COVE - DUSK

In the violence of the sea below the cliffs, the ship is breaking apart in a maelstrom of destruction. Wreckage and a corpse are battered against the rocks. A whisky barrel surfaces and is tossed on a breaker.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - DUSK

An exhausted MENZIES reaches a small ruined chapel as lightning strikes and thunder flashes.

In a desperate and futile invective against the storm and the world, he howls a rage of terrifying anger, eyes blazing in the moonlight.

CUT TO:

4 INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

The following summer. Out of the darkness a projector flashes the image of a prehistoric cave painting across the face of lecturer DAVID URQUHART (late 30's) and the screen behind him.

URQUHART

The power and passion of the hunter -  
understandably one of the earliest  
subjects of human art.

The front bench of the lecture theatre is stacked with fossil skulls and other icons of primitive anthropology. URQUHART nods to an ASSISTANT to change the slide.

URQUHART (cont'd)

And yet creating these images was itself  
a formidable struggle. The most  
extraordinary paintings are found, not  
near the well lit entrance of a cave, but  
in the deepest, most inaccessible, and  
perpetually dark, reaches of the cave  
system.

Behind the projector tiers of students listen in the shadows of the lecture theatre. URQUHART prompts another slide change.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

At the back of the theatre, ALAN TOWNBEE, (40's) slips silently into a seat. URQUHART is aware of someone entering but cannot see who it is and continues with the lecture.

URQUHART (cont'd)

Why for example did the artist of this painting venture over a mile into the earth through impossibly narrow passages to daub these marks?

URQUHART nods for another slide.

URQUHART (Cont'd) (cont'd)

Did his passion to create inspire him on his dangerous journey? Or did this exploration into the unknown provoke his creativity?

The slide changes.

URQUHART (cont'd)

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is your assignment for the forthcoming break. Specifically, "The emergence of creativity in early man was a consequence of extending the boundaries of his physical world. Discuss". Three thousand words. By the first day of next term. Details on the sheets by the door. Thank you for your attention and have a good holiday.

URQUHART looks up at his assistant.

URQUHART (cont'd)

Lights please.

The lecture theatre's house lights come on one by one. As the students noisily rise and leave, URQUHART attempts to identify the latecomer but he has vanished. Puzzled, URQUHART collects his notes.

CUT TO:

5 INT. UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR - DAY

URQUHART struggles against the bustle of students noisily leaving for the vacation. He reaches a set of pigeon holes each named for members of staff. In the recess labelled "Dr David Urquhart - Anthropology" is a single envelope. Surprised, URQUHART opens it to read.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

TOWNBEE (V.O.)

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy". Come and see me soonest. Alan.

CUT TO:

6 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - DAWN

The previous winter. An isolated house set back from the cliff top and home to DOUGLAS and ANNA MENZIES.

Silence. In the bedroom a DOCTOR quietly packs his bag while a weatherbeaten couple (60's), DAN & MRS. MACLELLAN, stand by the open door. MENZIES kneels by the bed in which ANNA MENZIES lies dead on blood drenched sheets. MENZIES looks up, blood on his hands and face.

MENZIES

I didn't know enough.

The storm has abated and dazzling rays of winter sun fall across the bed clothes.

CUT TO:

7 INT. TOWNBEE'S OFFICE - DAY

The loud clatter of a printing press is partially muffled as magazine editor ALAN TOWNBEE enters his office and closes the door to the frenetic print room behind. Through the office windows a TYPESETTER and PRINTER tend the noisy machinery. Piles of a magazine titled "The Serpent" cover the floor.

A waiting URQUHART sits on the Editors desk spinning a battered globe. On hearing the door he turns to greet TOWNBEE who gives him a warm slap on the back.

TOWNBEE

David. You didn't waste much time.

URQUHART

No plans for the vac. And I sensed my scientific rationalism needed defending.

TOWNBEE

(teasing)

Is it under threat?

URQUHART

Your note.

(takes out envelope)

I know you Alan. The irrational artist making mischief with his naive logical friend.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

TOWNBEE feigns innocence.

TOWNBEE

Not at all. I've got some field work for you.

URQUHART jabs a finger and halts the spinning globe.

URQUHART

Sumatra? Samoa?

TOWNBEE

More like home. The Highlands. Dalaskir.

URQUHART laughs.

URQUHART

You just want me for my local knowledge. What about my towering logical intellect?

TOWNBEE

I was rather hoping you'd leave that in its ivory tower.

URQUHART

Anyway Dalaskir's not home. Different clan.

TOWNBEE

So bloody tribal. The only clan you belong to now is academia. Look at you; you're getting middle aged before your time.

URQUHART looks down at his dowdy tweed jacket and corduroy trousers. TOWNBEE smiles, settles behind his desk and throws URQUHART a manuscript.

TOWNBEE (cont'd)

It's a short story. "The Cliff". Chap called Douglas Menzies sent it in.

URQUHART flicks through the manuscript without reading any of it and throws it back to TOWNBEE.

URQUHART

Isn't he a composer?

TOWNBEE

Could well be. It reads like some sort of wild music. Raw stuff. Best I've read in ages. Hard going though.

URQUHART takes out TOWNBEE's note from the envelope.

URQUHART

A quote?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

TOWNBEE nods.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
What is he referring to?

TOWNBEE  
I think he's wrestling with the idea that good can't exist without evil, creation without destruction. Calls these forces of destruction "The Wrecker".

URQUHART  
Just the stuff for a magazine called "The Serpent".

TOWNBEE  
I'll say. Banged off a note to him, but no reply. So I need a local to track him down. See if there's any more. This stuff reads like an overture. Your job's to find me the symphony.

URQUHART  
(laughs)  
I told you; wrong clan. And I'm not sure I'm the right person for creation either.

TOWNBEE  
No excuses. Think of it as an anthropological expedition.

TOWNBEE throws the manuscript back to URQUHART.

TOWNBEE (cont'd)  
Keep me posted. And smarten yourself up a bit, you're representing "The Serpent" now.

TOWNBEE thrusts two fingers to URQUHART in a snake tongue gesture and hisses.

CUT TO:

8 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE STUDY - MORNING

The morning following ANNA's death. An clockwork orrery turns slowly. The brass planets orbit a central sun on narrow metal rods. They slow and eventually stop as the clockwork runs down. At a grand piano MENZIES is composing. Notes are played, annotations made, but the process is fractured and failing.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. FORTH RAILWAY BRIDGE - DUSK

An express train enters the bridge hurtling for the North with steam billowing through the red girders.

CUT TO:

10 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DUSK

URQUHART is reading the MENZIES's manuscript. Engrossed, he turns the page as MENZIES' voice follows the typed text.

MENZIES (V.O.)

Here where deep sea precipices lean. Down  
Time's Caverns, you can hear the sea  
washing the grey feet of Eternity. Here  
The Wrecker intervened.

URQUHART looks up, absorbed by the last line.

MENZIES (V.O.)

The Wrecker. The Wrecker.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SEA CAVE - DAY

Flashback. The afternoon following ANNA's death. Hundreds of feet below the towering cliffs a lone MENZIES struggles waist deep in the foaming breakers. He hauls on a rope tied to a whisky cask which he is desperately attempting to draw into a deep sea cave. Behind him is the broken wreck while on the shingle lay the bodies of two of the crew. MENZIES screams in agony and frustration as the rope pulls through his chafed and bleeding hands.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DAY

On the cliff top and unseen by MENZIES, CATHERINE MCGILLIVRAY (20's) looks down on his struggle. Far below she watches as the cask is caught on a giant breaker rolling towards the shore with MENZIES clenching the rope as though taming a wild beast.

Tears roll down CATHERINE's cheeks. With despair and sadness she turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

## 13 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DUSK

URQUHART's train continues crossing the Forth Bridge. From the security of the compartment, URQUHART peers uneasily into the maelstrom outside. A shiver runs through him and he returns to his reading.

CUT TO:

## 14 EXT. LOCOMOTIVE FOOTPLATE - DUSK

Coal is furiously shovelled into the locomotive's firebox. Sparks fly and the storm is all pervasive. The train hurtles through the envelope of girders with a sense of impending climax.

CUT TO:

## 15 EXT. HIGHLAND HILLSIDE - EVENING

A battered taxi crests a hump backed bridge heading for the hamlet of Dalaskir.

High on the hillside above, a watching MENZIES and his wolfhound follow the taxi's winding progress towards the Dalaskir Hotel.

In the distance MENZIES can hear the Hotel celidh in full swing. He recognises CATHERINE MCGILLIVRAY singing a Gaelic ballad, "Tir Mo Ghaoil Miann Mo Chridhe" ("Land of Heart's Desire") to the tune of "Aodann Srath Bhain". As MENZIES listens, his eyes close.

CUT TO:

## 16 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - EVENING

The taxi door slams shut revealing two suitcases on the ground. Next to them URQUHART stands looking up at hotel. As the taxi leaves, its headlamps briefly suffuse his face in light as in the distance the wolfhound howls. URQUHART turns, startled.

CUT TO:

## 17 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL BAR - EVENING

URQUHART enters the crowded bar. The crowded interior, tantalisingly obscure his view of CATHERINE performing at the far end. When she is finally revealed in full song and beauty URQUHART is transfixed.

SAM MOR (late 50's), the landlord, emerges from behind the bar and wends his way through the throng to greet him.

SAM  
Mr. Urquhart?

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED:

URQUHART only has eyes for CATHERINE. He's clearly smitten. SAM tries again.

SAM (cont'd)  
Mr. Urquhart?

CATHERINE finishes to appreciative applause. URQUHART shakes out of his reverie as SAM approaches with an extended hand.

SAM (cont'd)  
Sam Mor. Come through to the dining room.  
We'll be quiet in there.

As they weave through the bar, CATHERINE leaves the stage, watched by URQUHART. The band, with CATHERINE's father, ghillie LACHLAN MCGILLIVRAY (40's) on pipes, take the evening up tempo. URQUHART looks back to see CATHERINE sitting down next to her MOTHER. As URQUHART turns away to follow SAM, CATHERINE looks after him.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL DINING ROOM - EVENING

The only other guests dine together at a single table. They are all English and in Dalaskir for the fishing. At the head is MAJOR THORNEYBANK (60's). Next to him sits THE WIDOW, the occasional object of his attention. The others are MR. & MRS. BROWN, MR. & MRS. SNEDDON and MR. LOCKWORTH, a lawyer. SAM & URQUHART fill in the register at the small bar in one corner.

SAM  
And how long will you be staying?

URQUHART  
I'm not sure yet. If that's alright with you?

The MAJOR is holding forth in the background. URQUHART turns to listen.

MAJOR  
I'm against it. But I've spent my life among primitive races. Used to roughing it. Hydro electrical power. Stuff and nonsense.

LOCKWORTH  
But surely you have electricity at home, Major?

MAJOR  
Of course. But doing without up here each summer is good for the soul.

By the bar SAM leans forward to enlighten URQUHART.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
Major Thorneybank.

SNEDDON  
The march of progress. I'm in favour.

MRS. SNEDDON  
They do say that atomic electricity will  
be with us in a year or two.

MAJOR  
Meddling with creation. Mark my words,  
there'll be a price to pay.

The WIDOW nods vigorously in support.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
This way of life is doomed.

The MAJOR has become aware of SAM behind him and turns to  
enlist his support.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
Heading for extinction, aren't we, Sam?

SAM  
It's the hydro electricals that did for  
the dinosaurs, was it then Major?

SAM casts a grin at URQUHART. The MAJOR harrumphs, and turns  
back to the table. Only then does he register URQUHART's  
presence and he turns back.

MAJOR  
And what are you doing here. Tourist?

URQUHART  
Anthropologist.

The MAJOR laughs cynically and nods towards the public bar.

MAJOR  
Come to study the natives have you?

URQUHART  
Not just the natives.

MAJOR  
You're from these parts yourself?

URQUHART  
I'm glad my accent's still recognisable.

MAJOR  
No, no. It's rather the characteristic  
inability of the Highlander to answer a  
straightforward question.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

The MAJOR turns back to the table in irritation. MR. BROWN shows more grace.

BROWN  
So where do you stand on the electricity issue, Mr....?

URQUHART  
Urquhart. David Urquhart. Well it will make life easier. But it'll change the Highlands for ever.

MAJOR  
See what I mean. One for me.

LOCKWORTH  
Rather even handed I thought.

MAJOR  
Anyway Mr.. Urquhart let me introduce Mr.. Brown and his wife...

Through the half opened door to the bar, the ceilidh notches up a few decibels forcing the MAJOR to increase his volume as well.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
Lockworth over there; the Sneddons, and this is...

The MAJOR's attempt to introduce the WIDOW is interrupted by IAN and WILLIE, local fishing ghillies, crashing drunkenly into the room as the dancing and full volume of the ceilidh spill in from the bar. The MAJOR jumps to his feet.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
Will you stop this extraordinary hellish noise!

IAN and WILLIE withdraw giggling. URQUHART closes the door after them.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
Tribal celebrations. Same the world over, don't you find?

URQUHART grins, observing the ritual passing of port by SNEDDON & BROWN.

URQUHART  
Yes I do.

The MAJOR catches URQUHART's point and coldly returns a look.

MAJOR  
Anyway, as I was saying, may I introduce the delightful...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

But the door bursts open again to reveal LACHLAN MCGILLIVRAY filling the doorway. He makes a rude riposte on his pipes, backed by suppressed sniggering from the bar. The MAJOR is outraged. SAM steps in.

SAM

An e laoidh-naiseanta Shasainn a tha sin,  
a Lachaidh? Trobhad a-nis, 's fhada bhon  
do dh'fhalbh a h-uile duine agaibh.  
(*English national anthem is it Lachlan?  
Come on now; it's long time since you  
were all gone.*)

The MAJOR regains his composure.

MAJOR

Did you turn up this morning, Mr.  
McGillivray?

LACHLAN

You told me to, Major.

LACHLAN's pipes emit unattractive noises at the MAJOR's expense.

MAJOR

D'you think I don't know what I told you?

LACHLAN

You'll know best yourself what you told  
me, sir, I'm not denying that. Here's my  
very best health to you.

LACHLAN throws URQUHART a smile. URQUHART smiles back, provoking the MAJOR unbearably. The MAJOR advances aggressively on LACHLAN.

MAJOR

If you're not denying it, what the hell  
are you trying to say ?

LACHLAN sways unsteadily on his feet while SAM exits to disperse the ceilidh, closing the door behind him. The English guests turn to their port and liqueurs, well used to such confrontations.

LACHLAN

Nothing sir. But if you're suggesting I  
was not there at the time I said I was,  
then perhaps my watch is a better  
timekeeper than yours.

MAJOR

Blurry ass!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

LACHLAN

All I'm saying, Sir, is that I understood what you said to me was that I had to be at the loch at ten o'clock.

MAJOR

What you understood?

LACHLAN

Yes sir. Ten o'clock was what you said and if it had been any other time, I would have noticed it, and by my watch...

MAJOR

Oh shut up!

LACHLAN

I can shut up if I like, but all the same, if you're accusing me...

MAJOR

You damn fool. Get out!

The MAJOR is thunderous as LACHLAN exits slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. HIGHLAND HILLSIDE - EVENING

On the hillside above, MENZIES lights his pipe, and turns to walk away, his wolfhound at his side. In the distance the sound of the ceilidh fades.

FADE TO BLACK.

20 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Later that night. Surrounded by dirty glasses and empty chairs, the MAJOR and URQUHART sit at a table. They are alone.

URQUHART

You staged that performance for my benefit, didn't you Major?

The MAJOR's hand trembles as he refreshes URQUHART's tumbler with whisky.

URQUHART (cont'd)

But you couldn't last the pace.

The MAJOR looks up at URQUHART.

MAJOR

Been looking forward to someone I can really spar with.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

URQUHART

Your superiority got the better of you.  
It seemed to me Lachlan played the  
diplomat.

MAJOR

What do you know about diplomacy Mr.  
Urquhart? Not in the lecture theatre but  
the real world. Ever ridden the Khyber,  
or stared into the eyes of a dying  
Pathan?

URQUHART is surprised by the formality of the MAJOR's  
challenge.

MAJOR (cont'd)

Thirty years in the diplomatic service.  
Not a bad account.

URQUHART smiles, conceding the point.

MAJOR (cont'd)

Ever heard the beating of a distant drum?

URQUHART

Why, are the natives after you?

MAJOR

Just because you're from round about  
doesn't mean you have to side with  
Lachlan. You and I have a lot more in  
common.

URQUHART

Oh yes?

MAJOR

But I'll always have the edge. In a  
certain light I'm a thing of beauty.

As the MAJOR speaks, URQUHART is disconcerted to see his face  
fading into the gloom. The hotel's electrical generator is  
running out of fuel. Darkness envelopes them. Out of the  
blackness a match is struck and the MAJOR lights a candle,  
momentarily burning his fingers.

MAJOR (cont'd)

Hell's drums! Come on we'll wind up the  
universe.

CUT TO:

21 INT/EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

An open fronted stable which houses the Hotel's ancient  
generator.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

The MAJOR finishes refuelling from a jerry can, and then cranks its enormous flywheel. He is clearly relishing his spar with URQUHART.

MAJOR

Think I've come here to deteriorate, do you?

URQUHART

I never said that.

MAJOR

Another evasion. It's your Gaelic culture that's dying.

URQUHART

Not this evening.

MAJOR

Ha. Not objective evidence. Culture is in the ear and eye of the beholder.

The MAJOR chuckles and URQUHART concedes with a smile, still fascinated by the MAJOR's exertions.

MAJOR (cont'd)

But when the electricity comes, her songs will go the way of this infernal contraption.

The MAJOR pauses to look at URQUHART.

MAJOR (cont'd)

Then all that will be left for her will be accompanying the mad musician.

URQUHART is taken aback and stares at the candle lit MAJOR resuming his unsuccessful attempt to start the generator.

URQUHART

Mad musician?

MAJOR

It's my guess you've come to see him. He's the one who's lost his touch. Complete study in deterioration.

The MAJOR shakes his head and gives up. URQUHART takes the crank handle and attempts the task himself.

URQUHART

You wouldn't say that if you'd read his story. A terrifying piece about a shipwreck in a storm. It's a love story but the woman dies.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

URQUHART's words subdue the MAJOR who stares out of the open door into the darkness.

MAJOR

Never hear a storm at night but it comes over me. And the wreck. They'll never forget round here. Neither will he.

URQUHART startled, stops cranking. The MAJOR turns back to him.

URQUHART

You mean it really happened?

MAJOR

You're the one who can't last the pace.

URQUHART abandons the task, discarding the iron crank handle onto the stone floor with a reverberating crash.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - NIGHT

Near the cliff top, MENZIES and his wolfhound, silhouetted by the moon, stand beside a rowan tree growing from the ruins of an ancient chapel. Passing clouds eventually obscure the moon and all is black. Far below the sea roars.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - MORNING

The next day. The hotel is revealed in glorious morning light. A GROCER emerges from a parked van carrying a crate of vegetables and enters the front door held open by a departing SNEDDON and his ghillie, IAN. Other figures busy themselves contentedly. A telephone rings from within.

CUT TO:

24 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

The GROCER leaves his crate on the reception desk. Housekeeper/cook, LIZZIE, nods acceptance as she answers the phone. A refreshed URQUHART enters from the dining room as the WIDOW meekly approaches LIZZIE who instead catches URQUHART's eye.

LIZZIE

Oh. Mr Urquhart, I've got the operator now.

As LIZZIE hands URQUHART the receiver as the WIDOW seizes her chance.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

WIDOW

Excuse me. I was wondering if anything  
had come for me?

At the phone URQUHART has connected with the operator.

URQUHART

Hello operator... Holloway 342 please.

As he waits for his connection he notes a sellotaped repair  
to the chipped Bakelite of the handset. Meanwhile LIZZIE is  
still occupied with the widow.

LIZZIE

Let's take a look, shall we?

At that moment URQUHART is connected.

URQUHART

(on phone)

Oh, hello. Can I speak to Alan, Alan  
Townbee?

LIZZIE searches behind reception

LIZZIE

A letter is it? Or a parcel?

The WIDOW is nervously aware of URQUHART in earshot.

WIDOW

Mmmm...

URQUHART continues his conversation but is intrigued by the  
WIDOW.

URQUHART

(on phone)

... it's fine... I'll wait...

LIZZIE

I'm sorry, there doesn't seem to be  
anything here.

WIDOW

Oh. Well, thank you anyway.

URQUHART still on the phone, watches the WIDOW depart  
dejected and fails to see CATHERINE descending the stairs  
with a basket of laundry.

URQUHART

(on phone)

...Alan? ...Alan, it's David, good to  
speak..

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

URQUHART suddenly catches the sound of CATHERINE's humming and spins to see her leave the stairs.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
 (on phone)  
 ...uhm ...Alan, ...look I'll have to call  
 you back ...yes, something's come up...

URQUHART replaces the receiver as CATHERINE shimmers across the hallway. Checking no-one else is about, he adjusts his hair, and approaches CATHERINE who is piling folded sheets on the hall table.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
 Good morning.

CATHERINE, stops humming and turns to look URQUHART confidently in the eye. She smiles but says nothing, putting the conversation ball firmly back in URQUHART's court.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
 Oh... ..er, sorry...

There is an awkward pause as URQUHART flounders while CATHERINE maintains her silent smile.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
 I was just wondering... isn't that the  
 song you were singing when I arrived last  
 night?

CATHERINE  
 (turns back to stacking  
 laundry)  
 I certainly sang it last night. But I'm  
 not sure if I remember you arriving.

URQUHART  
 (deflated)  
 Oh. Well. The words were, let me see,  
 something to do with "Heart's desire" -  
 "Miann Mo Chridhe". Is there any other  
 kind of desire?

Turned away from URQUHART, CATHERINE is momentarily stalled by URQUHART's knowledge of Gaelic, but regains the upperhand with a smile.

CATHERINE  
 It was Anna's favourite.

URQUHART  
 Anna?

CATHERINE stands and faces URQUHART.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

CATHERINE  
Anna Menzies.

URQUHART  
Douglas Menzies' wife?

CATHERINE picks up her basket but pauses before she leaves.

CATHERINE  
She was.

CATHERINE exits through the front door. A startled URQUHART stares after her.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - DAY

LACHLAN is watching the hotel with his stalking binoculars from above the village. The sound of an African drum beats slowly in the background. Outside the garage next to the hotel the GHILLIES are relaxing.

A smartly dressed URQUHART emerges from the hotel and acknowledges them. He walks on, becoming more self conscious after looking behind and seeing the GHILLIES are still watching him. Still walking URQUHART turns to seek the source of the drum beat. Suddenly it stops and URQUHART becomes aware of the MAJOR also watching him from his hotel window.

On the hillside above, LACHLAN raises his binoculars and trains them on URQUHART, who walks. From a different vantage point MENZIES and the wolfhound have been watching all of this. MENZIES smiles wryly and turns away.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MOORLAND - DAY

URQUHART walks on alone in the huge landscape. Suddenly he hears a disturbing metallic crash. Clambering up a low ridge to investigate, he sees two gypsies off-loading a mass of new steel girders from a small donkey cart.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - DAY

URQUHART's walk brings him to the ruined chapel near the edge of the sea cliffs. A little further along on a headland is a small walled graveyard. Looking around, URQUHART is reassured he is alone. An arched doorway is all that remains of the chapel's seaward wall.

Suddenly a dog growls behind him. URQUHART spins to see the wolfhound glowering at him in a spot that was deserted a second before.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

He spins back to find MENZIES has seemingly materialised from nowhere in the arched doorway, gazing out to sea.

MENZIES

He won't bite.

MENZIES steps forward and out of URQUHART's sight. A shaken but relieved URQUHART edges to the arch.

URQUHART

Mr. Menzies? I'm David Urquhart. From "The Serpent".

To URQUHART's renewed surprise, MENZIES, who is now behind him, chuckles.

MENZIES

Most of us are from Adam and Eve.

URQUHART smiles uneasily.

URQUHART

It's about your story, "The Cliff". The editor has asked me to talk to you and...

MENZIES appears not to be listening and produces a hip flask which he offers to URQUHART.

MENZIES

So Mr.. Serpent, can I lead you into temptation?

URQUHART considers the flask and after a pause accepts it, but chokes violently on his first taste. As he recovers from the whisky's strength he is aware MENZIES and the wolfhound have both made another disorienting move. URQUHART coughs to clear his throat, his eyes still watering.

URQUHART

I should say first of all it's an extraordinary piece of writing.

MENZIES' silence forces a floundering URQUHART to continue.

URQUHART (cont'd)

But I can't say we fully understood it all. It's very personal.

MENZIES glares.

MENZIES

And you want to know how personal?

URQUHART

No. No. Except I now gather there really was a storm and a shipwreck. And a death.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

MENZIES

Are you going to have any more of that?

MENZIES nods to the whisky, but URQUHART shakes his head and returns the flask. MENZIES takes a dram and wanders off to the cliff edge.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DAY

URQUHART nervously follows MENZIES to the cliff edge.

MENZIES

You think I wrote about a real event?

URQUHART

Well I suppose so, yes.

MENZIES

So what you're looking for is evidence?

URQUHART

Well that would help. Yes.

They pause on the cliff edge and look down. Far below waves swirl around a rusting shipwreck.

MENZIES

Any good?

MENZIES wanders off along the cliff. URQUHART continues gazing at the wreck.

MENZIES (cont'd)

So now you understand it?

URQUHART

Er, no.

MENZIES

So it's not just evidence you need. It's something more you've come for?

URQUHART is stumped, unable to reply.

MENZIES (Cont'd) (cont'd)

So what are you going to do? No evidence. No familiar landmarks. Nothing to cling onto. What now?

MENZIES pauses to kick a small rock which rolls over the cliff edge and plummets to the bottom.

URQUHART

Well do you have any more? It read like the beginning of something.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

MENZIES

Tell your editor he can publish it the way it is. There's nothing else to say. Go back to London.

MENZIES and wolfhound stride off along the cliff edge towards the graveyard. URQUHART takes a deep breath, turns forward and runs to catch up with MENZIES. Still striding forward, MENZIES sweeps out his arm to offer the hip flask to the following URQUHART. URQUHART accepts.

MENZIES (cont'd)

There are no safe harbours Mr. Urquhart. Your search for evidence is based on an illusion. That our universe is rational and logical.

Together they reach the small walled graveyard.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

MENZIES pace slows as they enter through a rusted gate.

URQUHART

This is what comes through in your writing. And if it was something that happened to you, perhaps you could expand on it, put in more detail, make it clearer.

MENZIES halts in front of a grave with colourful stocks growing around it. He looks down at the headstone. URQUHART becomes aware of MENZIES' gaze and follows it to the inscription which reads, "Anna Menzies - May 1926 - February 1955".

MENZIES

My wife had me write it.

URQUHART

Your wife?

MENZIES

Last autumn.

URQUHART

That means you wrote it before she died?

MENZIES

You don't think I could have written it afterwards?

URQUHART is in a whirl.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

URQUHART  
But isn't it about her death?

MENZIES  
Yes.

MENZIES nods at the grave.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
That's the only certainty. Coming?

As MENZIES and URQUHART leave ANNA's grave. Nearby colourful stocks are blowing in the cold wind.

O.S. ANNA MENZIES sings a cheerful Gaelic air. There is a subtle warming of the light, and the breeze which has been moving the flowers dies away.

MATCH CUT TO FLASHBACK:

30 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Flashback. The previous summer. ANNA's hand reaches down and picks the flowers. She moves away; there is no gravestone. ANNA, now humming the tune, leaves the graveyard on the cliff top path.

Gradually ANNA becomes aware of the curious sound of a piano playing the same tune but muffled by the spluttered revving of a lorry. Ceasing her own humming she runs to the ridge in search of the approaching cacophony. As she reaches the crest she halts open mouthed.

FLASHBACK CONT:

31 EXT. MOORLAND - DAY

On the track below ANNA the village breakdown truck is battling noisily towards The White House. On the back MENZIES is playing a grand piano held fast beneath the crane. Bulging out of the cab are IAN, CHARLIE & WILLIE singing in exuberant but less tuneful accompaniment.

Taken over by the undisguised joy of the scene ANNA rushes down to chase the truck on its final approach to the house. Running alongside she catches MENZIES' eyes. The love between them is complete.

FLASHBACK CONT:

32 EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

As the breakdown truck splutters to a halt in the garden, MENZIES jumps down and embraces ANNA who presents him with the flowers. Behind them the GHILLIES spill noisily out of the cab.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

MENZIES and ANNA kiss passionately but the sound of the truck's crane grinding into action interrupts their reverie.

ANNA

I think your choir needs a conductor.

MENZIES disentangles himself from ANNA, hands back the flowers and leaves to direct the delicate if farcical operation of lowering the piano into the garden and carrying it through the French windows into the study. ANNA's loving gaze stays with MENZIES until she is distracted by a friendly call from behind her.

MRS. MACLELLAN

Anna.

ANNA turns to see MRS. MACLELLAN at the garden gate, carrying a basket. ANNA reacts with pleasure.

ANNA

A'bhean-phosda Nicgillfhaolain  
[It's yourself, Mrs Maclellan]

ANNA puts the flowers on a garden seat, picks up a sketch pad already laying there, and runs down to the gate which she opens for MRS. MACLELLAN.

MRS. MACLELLAN

[new Gaelic translation needed]  
[Well did you ever see such a sight? I'll  
no come in as you've more than enough to  
put up with. And mind, watch those  
laddies. Not a ha'pennyth of sense  
between them.]

ANNA laughs.

ANNA

[new Gaelic translation needed]  
[He's been waiting so long. I've never  
seen him so happy.]

MRS. MACLELLAN

[new Gaelic translation needed]  
[Mind you, it's not the only new sound  
that you'll be hoping for round the  
house. Is it not?]

ANNA's smile drops and she casts a brief sad look back to MENZIES. MRS. MACLELLAN turns her back with a gentle touch.

MRS. MACLELLAN (Cont'd) (cont'd)

[new Gaelic translation needed]  
[Och, you've not to worry. Here, Dan's  
just back from the sea.]

(CONTINUED)



32 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNA's smile returns as MRS. MACLELLAN lifts a tea towel covering the basket to reveal some fresh fish. She hands the basket to ANNA who hooks an arm through its handle as she tears out a page from her sketch pad. Behind them the piano is completing its chaotic journey into the study.

ANNA

Tha rudeigin agam dhuibhse an turas seo.  
*[I've got something for you this time.]*

ANNA hands her a water colour of MRS. MACLELLAN and her husband DAN outside their cottage.

MRS. MACLELLAN

O, nach seall thu. Abair samhla. Tha thu  
 cho gleusda.  
*[Oh, will you look. If that isn't his  
 dead spit. You're so clever.]*

ANNA

*[new Gaelic translation needed]*  
*[It's so little. And you do so much.]*

MRS. MACLELLAN

*[new Gaelic translation needed]*  
*[Och. Hush now. Now away you go and be  
 with him]*

ANNA turns and walks back up the garden to where IAN, WILLIE and CHARLIE are squeezing back into the truck having safely completed the their task. They exchange farewells with ANNA and splutter away down the track. ANNA, wreathed in smiles, returns her sketch book to the seat and retrieves the flowers. From inside the study MENZIES begins playing.

FLASHBACK CONT:

33 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

ANNA enters the study and embraces MENZIES from behind. The room is tidy and light with flowers spilling out of vases. He continues playing as ANNA squeezes down next to him on the piano stool, one hand still around his neck and the other wedging her flowers one by one between the keyboard lid and the body of the piano.

MENZIES

Now the slow movement. The great body of  
 the sea swaying under the sunlight. Can  
 you see it?

ANNA

Don't talk.

MENZIES plays on but the falters and stops. He bangs the keys in discordant disgust.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

MENZIES

I'll get a job with Sam.

ANNA

No you won't. This is why we came here. A symphony, you said.

MENZIES

But it's no good.

ANNA

Yes it is. I think it is.

MENZIES picks up a slim piece of paper from the piano. ANNA takes and reads it as MENZIES mimics its contents.

MENZIES

Dear Douglas... How nice to hear from you again... blah blah blah... as to regards your new composition, while the committee took the view that... blah blah blah... in the final analysis we felt it did not fit in with our current repertoire. Please give our regards to your dear Anna... thank you and goodnight.

MENZIES slams down piano lid.

ANNA

Doesn't mean it's no good. There are plenty of other people.

MENZIES grabs back the letter and stabs at it in exasperation.

MENZIES

But they know me. Just imagine what complete strangers would make of it.

ANNA lifts the keyboard lid.

ANNA

Play. Go on.

MENZIES

How much money's left?

ANNA

Plenty. Play.

MENZIES

There can't be.

ANNA

Well, there is. I want to hear the rest. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

MENZIES

How?

ANNA

Oh, Douglas.

MENZIES

Tell me. Account for every penny.

ANNA

Play.

MENZIES remains stubbornly motionless. ANNA gets up from the piano and moves to her desk. From beneath a typewriter she produces a couple of typed sheets which she lays on the piano.

ANNA (cont'd)

Writing. It's an artist's magazine. Three hundred words each month. Not what I'd choose to write but it's seven guineas a throw.

MENZIES

Why didn't you say?

ANNA

Because you'd've gone all wrong on me.

MENZIES

Bloody would too.

ANNA

I've deceived you. Right, yes, I admit it.

MENZIES

That's not deception.

ANNA places hand over MENZIES mouth to halt his words.

ANNA

But every little thing I've done is for us.

MENZIES swivels round on the piano stool and pulls ANNA to him. She willingly sits astride him, clasping his face in her hands as notes ring out from flailing elbows.

ANNA (cont'd)

Your music's good.

MENZIES

It's come to a stop.

ANNA

This'll help.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

ANNA mischievously yet determinedly begins to open MENZIES' trousers.

MENZIES

I rely on you.

ANNA laughs with pleasure, sinking onto him.

ANNA

You should write about it.

MENZIES looks puzzled.

ANNA (cont'd)

Not notes, words.

As they make love, the scene retreats out of the room past a table on which stands an antique brass orrery, a clockwork model of the planetary system. Behind the turning planets stands a vase now full with ANNA'S flowers. The track continues down the hallway and out into the garden to reveal the exterior of the White House. The image time-lapses to dusk.

CUT FROM FLASHBACK TO:

34 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

The present. In marked contrast to the previous scene the room is in disorder and flowerless. Papers, scores, instruments and books, clutter in chaos.

A whisky glass in his hand, URQUHART stares at the now stationary orrery and empty vase. Behind him MENZIES sits at the piano pouring a whisky into a tea cup.

MENZIES

So what else does the serpent need to know?

URQUHART turns away from the orrery and settles in a worn armchair.

URQUHART

I'm still trying to understand, if you wrote the story before your wife died, where did the idea come from?

MENZIES

Let me give you some advice. Leave behind your obsession with facts and the logic of cause and effect.

URQUHART

How? I'm supposed to be a scientist.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

MENZIES

Science isn't always rational.

URQUHART

I hear atomic physicists might agree with you on that.

MENZIES

Most would nowadays with the quantum world, so I'm told.

URQUHART

Perhaps they're closer to understanding the universe than the rest of us.

MENZIES

Yes but they speak in the language of mathematics. People like you and me need another route.

URQUHART

Writing?

MENZIES

Music.

URQUHART

Do you take passengers?

MENZIES

If they leave their baggage behind.

URQUHART smiles. MENZIES turns to the piano and plays a flippant little hornpipe.

URQUHART

I'm still here.

MENZIES laughs and tops up his whisky. He then begins to play "Tir Mo Ghaoil Miann Mo Chrídhe". URQUHART recognises it as the tune CATHERINE sang to on his arrival. MENZIES is obviously aware of the music's impact on URQUHART even though he cannot see him.

MENZIES

An old Gaelic air. First heard it some years ago. It was in a bar in Glasgow.

DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK:

35 INT. GLASGOW BAR - EVENING

A few years previously. MENZIES playing mixes seamlessly into the same tune being played by a PIANIST in a noisy bar. MENZIES enters jousting and laughing with a couple of friends and makes his way to the bar to order drinks. As he waits an unseen singer takes up the lyrics.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

The clarity and beauty of her voice hits MENZIES with such power that it stills him and it is some seconds before he can bring himself to turn and see the singer. It is ANNA.

DISSOLVE FROM FLASHBACK TO:

36 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

The present. The music of ANNA singing has mixed back to MENZIES playing at the piano. He grins at URQUHART and continues playing.

MENZIES

Recurrence... Leaving behind the narrow logic of cause and effect... The old becoming new... This became a central theme to the symphony.

URQUHART

But how did it originally start? Where did the first idea come from?

MENZIES

I was composing the music for a film.

MENZIES begins playing the piano part of the final bars of his film score to which is gradually mixed the full orchestral accompaniment.

CUT TO FLASHBACK:

37 INT. LONDON RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Two winters previously. A projected image of a shipwreck sequence from a black and white feature film fills a screen.

MENZIES (V.O.)

It was an illusion. But it gave me the idea of the sea theme.

In front of the screen MENZIES is conducting an orchestra surrounded by microphones and the clutter of a recording studio. As he conducts he glances to the dramatic images of the wild seas and the ship aground on rocks at the base of a cliff. The piece ends with a dramatic flourish as the end of the film clatters through the projector.

CUT FROM FLASHBACK TO:

38 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

URQUHART watches MENZIES play.

MENZIES

Next came the symphony. But here the story would have to be told only through the music. The music had to stand alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

MENZIES (cont'd)

But when I added Anna and I aboard the ship, returning to the land of our hearts' desire, the chords wouldn't come.

MENZIES slams down lid and whirls round to face URQUHART.

URQUHART

So Anna had the answer. To put it into words?

MENZIES

Anna could see it all. She was in the middle of her own storm; holding on to me to keep me from drowning, and her world going to wreck.

URQUHART frowns, trying to grasp MENZIES' meaning.

URQUHART

So you wrote it for her?

MENZIES

It was a good night we had, and out of it the flower blew. I'd write it in prose, as a story, first. And I'd write it for her.

CUT TO FLASHBACK DREAM:

39 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES' dream. ANNA runs anxiously across the foreshore towards a body lying face down on at the edge of a rock pool.

MENZIES (V.O.)

But the story seemed too simple. Bland. Then I had it. How did the woman feel when her man had gone?

She wades through the water to reach the body and turns it over. MENZIES is dead, his eyes closed.

MENZIES (V.O.)

It came from a dream. So vivid I couldn't put it from my mind.

ANNA looks up at the line of MENZIES' fall and sees herself and the wolfhound far above on the cliff top. A wave washes over MENZIES' face, his eyes now open. A cloud shadow passes over, his face staring up from under the water.

MENZIES (V.O.)

But then a dark premonition threatened. And I knew it must also be about what the man felt when the woman was gone.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

As he speaks MENZIES' underwater face transforms to that of ANNA.

CUT FROM DREAM SEQUENCE TO:

40 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

The present. MENZIES stares through the thin light of an oil lamp standing on the piano. Unseen, his fingers begin to play a gentle solo on the keys in front of him.

MENZIES

She was going to die.

URQUHART

Why couldn't you just stop?

MENZIES

She was still going to die whatever I did. And not in just music or words. This was the Wrecker's twist. I couldn't shake it off

URQUHART

Where does the Wrecker come from?

MENZIES

From the vaults of space.

URQUHART

But what is it?

MENZIES

Black electricity. Two principles in creation. Good and Evil. Yes? Well evil was having an undisturbed innings.

MENZIES' gentle piano solo becomes more dramatic.

MENZIES (cont'd)

I made the Wrecker the storm. Now it is everyone for himself but I am all for her, to save her.

The music softens. URQUHART takes the manuscript of "The Cliff" from his pocket and reads to MENZIES' accompaniment.

URQUHART

"Crawling onto the rock that the rising tide would drown, her head in the shelter of my heart".

MENZIES

I told Anna that if we were ever separated I'd find her. Nothing would stop me. Nothing, ever.

(CONTINUED)



40 CONTINUED:

URQUHART lowers the manuscript and watches MENZIES play on, gazing far into space.

URQUHART  
You're still looking for her now?

MENZIES  
I had promised her. But beyond all that I was moved by an even greater vision.

MENZIES gazes intently over URQUHART's shoulder.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
A creation that came from its own place,  
an unimaginable place.

The intensity of MENZIES's stare unsettles URQUHART who spins round to follow his gaze. The orrery is now turning and the vase is full of flowering stocks.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
I glimpsed it for a moment. And then it was gone, fallen away.

MENZIES lets his piano solo flow in "Tir Mo Ghaoil Miann Mo Chridhe".

MENZIES (cont'd)  
So has the Wrecker won? Is he God himself? The Creator, who'd built destruction into his scheme of things?

From no particular direction comes the sound of ANNA singing "Tir Mo Ghaoil Miann Mo Chridhe" to MENZIES' playing.

URQUHART spins round in vain to find the source of the singing. Then in fear he curls up cradling his head to shut out sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

The black & white film of the shipwreck with ANNA's singing.

MENZIES (V.O.)  
Was he the serpent in his Garden of Eden;  
the guilt at the heart of his creation?

The film jams in the gate, and burns. ANNA's voice stops mid-note as the screen turns white.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MENZIES (V.O.)

Was his method disintegration for its own sake, until ultimately there is nothing but the void? Or is there something else beyond?

CUT TO:

42 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The next day. URQUHART lies asleep amidst white sheets and dazzling shafts of morning light that pour through a small window. He opens an eye but shuts it again as his hangover dawns. Suddenly he registers what he's seen and opening both eyes, starts to find himself looking directly at a clay bust of MENZIES. His gaze takes in the rest of what he realises was also ANNA'S studio. Sunlight falls on a half finished self portrait beside a dried out water jar full of brushes. URQUHART rises and opens the door to the garden, blinking in the light.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. LOCH DUBH - DAY

Later. URQUHART walks to the top of a ridge over looking a small inland loch. In a dangerously rocking rowing boat in the middle, the MAJOR and LACHLAN are having a stand up argument.

MAJOR

Shut up! Just shut up!

LACHLAN

I can shut up if I like.

MAJOR

I'll murder you.

LACHLAN

Murder, is it?

URQUHART retreats back from the ridge, the argument fading behind him.

LACHLAN (cont'd)

That's too far.

MAJOR

What'll you do?

LACHLAN

That's my business.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

Once clear of the loch, URQUHART climbs a high and dramatic ridge. On the summit he collapses exhausted into the heather and sleeps.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - DAY

Late afternoon. Sheets blow in the wind as CATHERINE pegs them to the washing line behind the hotel. URQUHART approaches, catching tantalising glimpses of her between the flapping linen.

CATHERINE

Are you as blown as you look?

URQUHART smiles and nods. There's an awkward pause.

URQUHART

Had a long night.

CATHERINE

I know.

URQUHART looks.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Your bed wasn't slept in.

URQUHART slightly taken aback by CATHERINE's frosty tone.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Did he talk about Anna ?

URQUHART

Who?

CATHERINE

Douglas, of course.

URQUHART is unsettled that CATHERINE knows his movements.

URQUHART

Were you here when she died?

CATHERINE

I was in Balrunie that night. I came back the next morning. How is he?

URQUHART

A challenge. But behind every conversation I'm having with him, I think he's having another one with me. It's as if I can't reach him.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Sounds like you're doing better than most.

URQUHART

I don't think anyone else visits him.

CATHERINE bristles.

CATHERINE

You don't know everything.

CATHERINE scoops up the empty washing basket and turns tail for the hotel, followed by URQUHART. Neither notice the MAJOR sitting outside the generator outhouse, keenly observing them, with a bottle at his feet and a tumbler in his hand.

URQUHART

Then perhaps you could tell me. You obviously knew them. This is not intrusion for the sake of it. I have professional business with him. Look, d'you want to know more about this?

CATHERINE pulls up sharply, as if in a challenge to URQUHART.

URQUHART (Cont'd) (cont'd)

I teach at a university, and a friend of mine, who edits a literary journal, asked me to...

It's not what CATHERINE wants to hear. She turns back and walks on, again followed by URQUHART.

CATHERINE

Not you. I want to know about Douglas.

URQUHART

But this is about him.

URQUHART takes the crumpled manuscript of "The Cliff" from his pocket.

CATHERINE

What's that.

URQUHART

You don't know about it?

CATHERINE

Let me see.

URQUHART lifts it teasingly out of her reach.

URQUHART

Perhaps you don't know as much as you thought.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE  
More than you.

URQUHART  
Then tell me. No need to protect him from me.

CATHERINE  
Is that what you think I'm doing?

URQUHART  
Feels like it. Has he got something to hide?

CATHERINE shrugs.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
Well how close were you?

The MAJOR guffaws. URQUHART turns startled to see him. CATHERINE continues into the hotel. The MAJOR lifts a toast to URQUHART.

CUT TO:

45 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - DAY

URQUHART enters the hotel to the sound of a piano. He passes the deposited washing basket and discovers CATHERINE sitting at the piano in the dining room playing "Tir Mo Ghaoil Miann Mo Chridhe". She is at once more relaxed and smiles enigmatically as URQUHART watches.

CUT TO FLASHBACK:

46 EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The previous summer. CATHERINE's playing mixes seamlessly into the sound of MENZIES playing the same tune on the piano glimpsed through the open french windows. CATHERINE is picking raspberries in the small kitchen garden but she is obviously affected by MENZIES' playing. She looks up as ANNA approaches from the flower garden with an array of coloured stocks.

CATHERINE  
What colours. You should've been an artist.

ANNA  
If it hadn't been for my parents I'd have gone to Art School.  
(mimics)  
"Goodness, university is quite enough for a girl."

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

That's where I'm going to go.

ANNA

You'll love it. Plenty of men.

CATHERINE feigns shock.

CATHERINE

Is that what you think of me?

ANNA

Och no. But there are.

CATHERINE

Is that where you met?

ANNA

I was teaching by then. And I'll have you know I was with someone else.

CATHERINE

Listen to you.

ANNA

Very wealthy, he was, in the whisky trade.

CATHERINE

So what happened?

ANNA looks to the house.

ANNA

A wild plunge. Different waters altogether. Next thing I knew I was with Douglas, in London.

CATHERINE follows ANNA's gaze to MENZIES through the open window.

CATHERINE

What was that like?

ANNA

Like a storm at sea.

CATHERINE reluctantly takes her eyes from MENZIES and back to ANNA.

CATHERINE

Weren't you excited about the films?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNA

Oh, yes. But when it's your husband's work... well sometimes you have to put up with things you wouldn't otherwise.

CUT TO TIME LAPSE FLASHBACK:

47 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - DAY

MENZIES' music is slowly joined by orchestral accompaniment. The ruined chapel and its solitary rowan tree is seen in time-lapse from summer through to late winter. The image mixes effortlessly from summer sun, through autumn winds to winter snow, thaw and a threatening February sky.

FLASHBACK CONT:

48 EXT. BEACH - DAY

The previous winter. The sands in front of the Maclellans' cottage. ANNA, clearly pregnant again, walks along a sweeping sandy bay beneath the same stormy sky. The beach is deserted apart from MRS. MACLELLAN painting the name "Neonain" on the stern of her husband's open fishing boat. A distant looking ANNA walks up behind her and sits on the gunwale. MRS. MACLELLAN does not need to look up to know ANNA is there, or the weight in her heart.

MRS. MACLELLAN

Thainig sibh an seo airson na cothoman obrach.  
*[You've come here so he could work.]*

ANNA

De mum dheidhinn-sa. Bha mise airson a thighinn cuideachd ach bha e air cul m'inntinn gum biodh e na b'fhearr dhuinn fuireach ann an Lunainn a-measg luchd eolais.  
*[And me. I wanted to as well, but I wonder if we should be back in London for him to keep in touch with people.]*

MRS. MACLELLAN

Na deanadh e dragh dhuibh.  
*[You mustn't worry.]*

ANNA

Tha mi air a bhith cho curamach leis an airgid. Ag tho sibh air a bhith cho math dhuinn.  
*[I've been so careful with the money. And you've been so good to us.]*

MRS. MACLELLAN

Isd. 'S ann aig a' bhoireannach a tha dleasdanas chloinne, Anna.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

MRS. MACLELLAN (cont'd)  
*[Hush. It's the woman who gives life,  
 Anna.]*

ANNA looks out to sea, doubt and sadness spreading across her face. MRS. MACLELLAN turns from her painting and reaches a gentle hand out to ANNA. They are dwarfed by the darkening sky above and the emptiness of the sands and sea.

FLASHBACK CONT:

49 INT. THE MACLELLAN'S CROFT - NIGHT

Later that night. A flickering oil lamp reveals DAN and MRS. MACLELLAN in bed, awake and fearful of the terrible storm which rages outside.

FLASHBACK CONT:

50 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

Waves crash over a trawler which has foundered on the rocks beneath the cliffs. The storm is all powerful.

FLASHBACK CONT:

51 INT. MACLELLAN'S CROFT - NIGHT

As DAN & MRS. MACLELLAN lie in bed, eyes wide open, the stillness is broken by a sudden crash at the door, which flies open letting in the blast of the storm and the drenched figure of MENZIES.

MENZIES

There's a ship on the rocks. They need  
 your ropes.

DAN is up in an instant as if expecting the call.

DAN

I'll be there.

As DAN dresses in oilskins, MENZIES sees Anna's water colour on the mantelpiece and exchanges a silent glance with MRS. MACLELLAN. He also sees a prepared basket of eggs and rabbit and looks again at MRS. MACLELLAN. DAN, now dressed, takes two coils of rope from the back of the door and makes to go with MENZIES.

MENZIES

I'll come with you as far as the ruin.  
 But I must get back.

MENZIES exchanges a final look with MRS. MACLELLAN as he and DAN exit into the raging storm.

FLASHBACK CONT:



52 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

MENZIES comes through the door with the storm, as upstairs ANNA cries out. MENZIES leaps up the stairs to the bedroom where ANNA lies contorted with pain.

ANNA  
I've started.

MENZIES  
God almighty. I'll get the doctor. Hang on.

ANNA  
Please be quick.

MENZIES  
Just hang on. I love you.

MENZIES bounds back down the stairs as ANNA cries out again.

FLASHBACK CONT:

53 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

SAM MOR is in charge of an impossible attempt to get a rope down to the trawler on the rocks below. DAN, IAN, WILLIE and LACHLAN struggle with ropes in the chaos of wind and rain. Out of the swirling darkness. MENZIES rushes up and puts his hand on SAM's shoulder. SAM turns to see his distraught and desperate face.

MENZIES  
It's Anna. Is the Doctor here?

SAM shakes his head.

SAM  
Balrunie. Use the telephone at the hotel.

MENZIES disappears back into the night. On the rocks below, the trawler submits to the terrible destructive power of the storm.

FLASHBACK CONT:

54 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - NIGHT

MENZIES enters wildly through the front door, sweeping through the deserted bar into the dining room where the MAJOR, shovel and poker in his hands, is trying to breathe life into a dying fire. The MAJOR turns in alarm at the sight of MENZIES and instinctively brings up the fire implements as if to defend himself.

MENZIES  
Where's the..?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

MENZIES suddenly lights on the phone behind the bar and moves to it, scanning a nearby notice for numbers.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
 Doctor... Balrunie... where's the bloody  
 doctor?

The MAJOR is still frozen but has grasped MENZIES dilemma.

MAJOR  
 I think it's...

The MAJOR edges closer as MENZIES dials.

MENZIES  
 Hello. Hello... Douglas Menzies, the  
 White House... Yes... Yes... Can you put  
 me through to the Doctor. My wife's  
 started labour...

But the line goes dead. Menzies taps the cradle in exasperation, and tries again.

MAJOR  
 If it's Balrunie, the lines are down.

MENZIES crashes down the receiver in despair with such force it partly shatters. He clasps his forehead in search of a new plan and makes to go.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
 What are you going to do?

MENZIES  
 I don't know.

MENZIES exits. The door slams. The MAJOR remains in his frozen pose.

MAJOR  
 Good luck.

FLASHBACK CONT:

55 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

Waves crash over the heavily listing trawler while in the darkness, vague shadows of the crew struggle in the water.

FLASHBACK CONT:

56 EXT. MOORLAND - NIGHT

MENZIES, near demented, torch in hand, races through the night.

FLASHBACK CONT:

57 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

The rescue effort continues, but hope is fading. Far below the trawler is breaking up. In the tumult a body floats lifelessly.

FLASHBACK CONT:

58 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - NIGHT

MENZIES stumbles through the ruin. Suddenly he slips, dropping his torch which shatters on the rock, snuffing out its beam. He picks it up and tries the switch. Nothing. Shakes it. Nothing. Against the moon breaking through the swirling storm he raises his hands to the heavens and cries a terrible howl of anguish.

FLASHBACK CONT:

59 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

MENZIES' cry echoes over the cacophony of the storm at its climax. Waves break with an overwhelming sense of destruction and power.

FLASHBACK CONT:

60 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAWN

The next morning. The bedroom is silent and white. The DOCTOR quietly packs his bag. DAN & MRS. MACLELLAN, with tears in her eyes, stand by the door. ANNA's body lies on the bed amidst blood stained sheets. Beside her kneels MENZIES, blood on his hands and face. He looks up.

MENZIES

I didn't know enough.

Behind him a breeze billows out the white bedroom curtains in waves of glorious sunlight.

CUT TO THE PRESENT:

61 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - EVENING

In the bar an unshaven and collarless URQUHART sits alone at a single table staring into space. A whisky bottle settles on the table in front of him as the MAJOR sits down. The MAJOR pours URQUHART a dram, but URQUHART continues to look through him.

MAJOR

I see your man's in trouble.

The MAJOR gestures towards SAM and MACLEAN, (40's) the local estate factor, huddled at the bar talking quietly. URQUHART awakes from his thoughts and follows the MAJOR's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

URQUHART

What man? What kind of trouble?

MAJOR

Well, now, there are only two kinds; so if it's not a woman, then it must be money.

URQUHART

How you know everything.

The MAJOR looks hard at URQUHART.

MAJOR

Perhaps I don't.

MACLEAN makes to leave, exchanging a smile with the MAJOR. The MAJOR watches MACLEAN depart past an incoming DAN and LACHLAN with a crate of fish, which they deliver to SAM at the bar. SAM pays DAN.

URQUHART

What's your interest?

MAJOR turns back from surveying the activity at the bar.

MAJOR

Anthropological. This place is worth a study wouldn't you say? Everyone depending on everyone else. Lachlan, he gets his work through here. So does his daughter.

URQUHART looks unsure at what the MAJOR is getting at.

URQUHART

Rather good looking don't you think?

The MAJOR leans towards a still bemused URQUHART.

MAJOR

Catherine.

URQUHART is ill at ease. The MAJOR chuckles at his discomfort.

MAJOR (cont'd)

No marks for observation, Mr.. Urquhart. She's planning to go to Glasgow University next month. Just like Anna. In fact last winter she gave a hand at their place.

URQUHART again looks surprised. The MAJOR is enjoying himself.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

MAJOR (cont'd)  
Heavy night?

URQUHART  
Talked a lot. Anthropologically. To tell  
the truth I haven't had much sleep. If  
you'll excuse me I'll be away to my bed.

URQUHART gets up.

MAJOR  
Some of them wonder where he gets the  
drink.

URQUHART  
What drink?

MAJOR  
Distinguished composer, so they tell me.

URQUHART nods.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
Never heard of him.

The MAJOR gets up to face URQUHART, irritated by URQUHART's  
reluctance to talk.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
I thought we were getting on. Thought we  
understood each other.

URQUHART  
Yes, I think we did.

MAJOR  
Going native, just like him?

URQUHART  
Good night.

URQUHART crosses the bar with the MAJOR looking angrily after  
him. At the door URQUHART turns to see LACHLAN raise his  
glass to the MAJOR.

LACHLAN  
Your very good health, Major.

URQUHART, smiling, exits and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. ROAD - DAY

MACLEAN driving on the open moorland road meets the gypsy  
cart driven by an OLD WOMAN and carrying girders. He waves  
perfunctorily.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

Ahead he sees a lone figure walking. Slowing down, he sees it's URQUHART and stops, winding down his window.

MACLEAN

I'm only going as far as Balrunie but you're welcome.

URQUHART

Thanks.

URQUHART gets in and MACLEAN pulls away.

MACLEAN

I saw you with the Major last night. Quite a fellow, isn't he?

URQUHART

Doesn't miss much certainly. But most people round here seem to have their ear to the ground.

MACLEAN

Isolated communities. People look after each other.

URQUHART

Is that what you do?

MACLEAN chuckles.

MACLEAN

I don't think they'd quite see it like that.

As the car rounds the edge of a small loch they see Mr. and MRS. SNEDDON walking along a short jetty to a waiting rowing boat. IAN brings up the rear carrying rods and a hamper.

MACLEAN (cont'd)

Lovely day for it. Are you up for the fishing yourself?

URQUHART

Not this time.

MACLEAN

You're not on holiday then?

URQUHART

Not really.

MACLEAN waits for elaboration, but none comes, and they drive on in silence eventually reaching the quayside at Balrunie.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. BALRUNIE QUAYSIDE - DAY

MACLEAN pulls up outside a small corrugated tin office. A bike leans under a window.

MACLEAN

Here we are. Hub of the empire.

MACLEAN and URQUHART get out. MACLEAN is still intrigued to know the reason for URQUHART's presence in his patch.

MACLEAN (Cont'd) (cont'd)

Where's your business then?

URQUHART is staring at the "Estate Office" sign above the office door. Realisation dawns and he turns to MACLEAN.

URQUHART

Douglas Menzies owes you rent on the White House doesn't he?

MACLEAN is surprised and his easy manner stiffens.

URQUHART (cont'd)

I've come to pay it.

MACLEAN

You better come in.

URQUHART follows MACLEAN into the office.

CUT TO:

64 INT. ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

MACLEAN leads URQUHART through a front office past a seated queue of tenants waiting to pay their rent to a CLERK seated at a large table covered in ledgers. Second in line, but unseen by URQUHART, is CATHERINE.

MACLEAN

Does Mr.. Menzies know you're acting for him?

URQUHART

Not actually. But if I could pay any outstanding rent without any bother I'd be happy to.

MACLEAN

You're a friend of Mr.. Menzies?

URQUHART

Yes.

MACLEAN

But you don't want him to know?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

URQUHART

That's about it.

They pass into an inner office. MACLEAN selects a file from the top of an ordered tray on his desk. He flicks through it, his manner still cool.

MACLEAN

Well, as business, it's not too regular, is it?

URQUHART

As long as the rent's paid, what does it matter to you?

MACLEAN

It's a matter of procedure. I have written to him more than once. Are you sure your good intentions would be welcomed by him? Or even accepted? There are other considerations. Condition of the property and so on.

URQUHART

He's been through a lot.

MACLEAN

Very true. Might it not be the best for him to leave the house.

URQUHART looks sharply at this. MACLEAN realises he's letting his guard slip.

MACLEAN (Cont'd) (cont'd)

In the circumstances, I mean.

URQUHART

What circumstances?

MACLEAN

Well, the ones to which you were just referring.

URQUHART

I get the feeling it doesn't suit you to get his rent paid.

MACLEAN

I'm perfectly prepared to discuss the matter with the tenant.

URQUHART

Been to see him have you? Been to the house? If he doesn't pay you can evict him. Get in a more suitable tenant.

(CONTINUED)



64 CONTINUED: (2)

MACLEAN

This is none of your business.

URQUHART

But you've got the nerve to say he should leave for his own good.

MACLEAN

How dare you come in here and lecture me. This happens to be my job.

URQUHART

You're also a human being, presumably with the capacity for compassion. All you know is the bitterness of the Wrecker. Go to hell.

MACLEAN is nonplussed. URQUHART storms out through the front office still failing to notice CATHERINE who is bending over the table paying her rent having heard the altercation within.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. BALRUNIE QUAYSIDE - DAY

URQUHART gazes out to sea still fuming and unaware of CATHERINE approaching, pushing her bike.

CATHERINE

Hello.

URQUHART whirls round in surprise. CATHERINE smiles, gesturing back to the office.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

I was paying our rent.

URQUHART winces.

URQUHART

You heard then?

CATHERINE

Couldn't very well miss it.

URQUHART

Got in a knot. Think I made a fool of myself.

CATHERINE

You're right.

She smiles and URQUHART is crestfallen.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Sam says Maclean's got a new tenant lined up already.

URQUHART

I've been a bit naive.

CATHERINE puts out her hand to touch his arm in a gesture of warmth which delights URQUHART.

CATHERINE

Not to me. I'll help in any way I can.

URQUHART

Well, yes of course. But I'm not sure how.

CATHERINE

Couldn't you tell Douglas?

URQUHART

You can interfere with a man's soul, but not his creditors. I just resent people like the Major and him...

([nods to office] )

in their mean little worlds thinking they know everything.

CATHERINE

The Wrecker?

URQUHART

Their hellish destruction. Gold or silver, yes; it's hard cash. But the gold of the evening, the silver of the morning, don't mention it. If you do, you're mad, and... sorry, I'm rather overdoing it.

CATHERINE

No you're not.

The kindness in CATHERINE's face momentarily silences URQUHART. Then despite his wretched embarrassment, he awkwardly takes the plunge.

URQUHART

Would you like to go for a walk?

CATHERINE

No. No, I'm late. You will think how I can help, won't you?

URQUHART nods but can only think of CATHERINE. As she mounts her bike and cycles away along the harbour wall, URQUHART stares at the increasing gap between them.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

URQUHART (V.O.)  
The very sight of her blasted all  
thoughts of Menzies from my head.

CUT TO:

66 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - EVENING

URQUHART sits at a dining room table, writing a letter to TOWNBEE. His voice over continues as the words flow from his pen.

URQUHART (V.O.)  
You were right Alan, nothing rational on  
this trip. I've fallen in love. But  
that's only half of it. I've met Menzies  
and he's taking me into another world. It  
isn't of course another world, it's this  
world, but without the blinkers of  
rationality.

CUT TO:

67 INT. DREAM SEQUENCE

An impressionist sequence of the White House orrery with galaxies combined with images of the sub atomic world.

URQUHART (V.O.)  
It's as though Menzies has found a way  
through the barriers of everyday  
experience and into what he calls the  
vaults of space.

The sequence ends in total darkness.

CUT TO:

68 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - NIGHT

URQUHART is sitting in the dining room reading the last lines of his letter.

URQUHART  
Through his will she was with us there  
and then; I heard her sing. The question  
we must ask is what has taken him into  
this other landscape, and why?

URQUHART signs the letter and folds it into an envelope as LIZZIE clears away his dinner. At the bar the MAJOR fixes his eye on URQUHART while pouring two whiskies.

MAJOR  
They tell me you were seen at Balrunie  
today.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

URQUHART is startled. SAM enters to collect remaining plates.

MAJOR (cont'd)  
You're one of those interferers. You  
can't stop a man going to hell his own  
way

URQUHART  
You think I should go with him.

The MAJOR approaches URQUHART's table, a glass trembling with  
anger in each hand.

MAJOR  
I've warned you before, Mr fucking  
anthropologist. Don't lose your  
objectivity.

The MAJOR slams one glass down on URQUHART's table, glares,  
and storms out, watched by SAM, who comes over to mop up the  
splashed whisky.

SAM  
What have you done to the Major? Never  
seen him so dark.

URQUHART  
He was just after gossip. Does he come  
every year?

SAM  
Last year he didn't go back. He was  
retired.

URQUHART  
He had to retire, you mean?

SAM  
What with the women and the oil. Strange  
things can happen out East. They say the  
Foreign Office was more concerned with  
the oil.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. DALASKIR - NIGHT

LACHLAN & DAN talk quietly by the garage. The MAJOR fills the  
hotel entrance, blocking the warm light from within and  
projecting anger and influence.

MAJOR  
Ten o'clock, Lachlan. Don't be late.

CUT TO:

70 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - NIGHT

In the dining room URQUHART and SAM hear the MAJOR's commanding voice OS. SAM looks at URQUHART.

SAM

One of these days, Lachlan's going to...

SAM mimics a dagger thrust.

URQUHART

Don't think so. And the Major knows it.  
But he enjoys danger when he's damn  
certain he's in control.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - EVENING

The MAJOR swills back his whisky, walks forward, and disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

72 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

The next day. In the lobby URQUHART ties the laces on his walking boots while the WIDOW cautiously approaches LIZZIE at the reception desk.

LIZZIE

If it's the post you're after...

The WIDOW looks hopeful as LIZZIE checks the desk.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

None yet.

The downcast WIDOW turns away while LIZZIE tries to help some more.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

What is it exactly? If I know what to  
look out for...

WIDOW

Thank you. I'll be in...

The WIDOW gestures towards the lounge, and scurries off in its direction. LIZZIE shares a smile with URQUHART, and to his surprise produces a small package from behind the desk.

URQUHART

Is that hers?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

LIZZIE  
I've still no idea what she's waiting for  
but it certainly isn't mackerel  
sandwiches.

LIZZIE hands the packed lunch to URQUHART who slips it into his knapsack.

URQUHART  
Oh, thank you. And I'll be back for  
dinner.

URQUHART swings his knapsack over his shoulder, waves a farewell and exits.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

URQUHART arrives at the cliff top. Inland he sees the gypsies with another cart load of girders. He turns seaward and looks down to the exposed foreshore below. His relaxed mood is suddenly shattered by the sight of MENZIES and CATHERINE talking intimately far below. He sees CATHERINE reach out to MENZIES who responds and wraps his arms around her. A devastated URQUHART turns away stumbling as he hurries to leave the scene behind him.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. FORESHORE BENEATH CLIFFS

CATHERINE buries her face into MENZIES shoulder, desperate to hide her tears, meanwhile MENZIES stares impassively over her shoulder to the cliffs above.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. BEACH - DAY

Later. URQUHART sits on the Maclellans' upturned rowing boat, "Neonain", contemplating his discovery of what he assumes is CATHERINE's affair with MENZIES. From along the shore MRS. MACLELLAN approaches carrying lobster pots.

MRS. MACLELLAN  
You'll be the gentleman from London.

URQUHART  
Is that what they've told you. It's true  
I live there, but I'm still a Highlander  
at heart.

MRS. MACLELLAN  
Och I can tell now... You'll have been to  
see Mr.. Menzies then.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

URQUHART  
I'd hoped to help him.

MRS. MACLELLAN  
Oh he's had such a terrible time. And to think it all happened after they came here to get away from the same thing.

URQUHART  
I'm sorry?

MRS. MACLELLAN  
With what happened to Anna.

URQUHART  
I didn't know.

MRS. MACLELLAN looks straight at URQUHART before putting down her lobster pots and resting herself on the boat beside him.

MRS. MACLELLAN  
Well they were living in London too. Och, what can come to pass between man and woman...

Waves break gently on the shore.

CUT TO FLASHBACK:

76 INT. MENZIES' LONDON FLAT - DAY

Two years previously. The day of MENZIES recording his film score. A woman's hands sculpt the clay bust of Douglas Menzies. A phone rings. One hand reaches to answer the call while the other continues applying clay.

ANNA  
Hello?... No, he's not here... Who is this? Hello? Hello?

ANNA is revealed as many months pregnant. She replaces the receiver but continues to stare at it, absently moulding the lump of clay in her hand. Her gaze turns to her sculpture.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT:

77 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

MENZIES is in intense last minute discussions with colleagues as he prepares to record an orchestral score for the film sequence of a shipwreck. Around him players tune up while film header images appear on the large screen behind the orchestra. Behind in the control room an ENGINEER buzzes through to the studio.

ENGINEER  
Phone call, Mr.. Menzies.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

MENZIES steps from the group and picks up a spare headset to speak back to the ENGINEER.

MENZIES

Anna?

The ENGINEER shakes his head and MENZIES waves away the call. His mood darkens and he curses to himself

MENZIES (cont'd)

Hell. That woman.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

78 INT. MENZIES' LONDON FLAT - DAY

ANNA stares questioningly at the bust, before adding pupils to its blank eyes with the end of a modelling tool.

ANNA

Who is she?

ANNA is now eye to eye with the bust as rain streams down the window.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

79 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Tension is increasing as microphones are adjusted amidst players shuffling their scores.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

80 EXT. STREET - DAY

ANNA makes her way down the street with increasing urgency in her step. Thunder breaks.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

81 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Film is laced into the projector as engineers check levels.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

82 EXT. STREET - DAY

An equivalent tension is mounting in the street, where ANNA narrowly misses colliding with other pedestrians in her urgent progress.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*



83 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

The orchestra are now all in place as MENZIES adjusts the score in front of him.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

84 EXT. STREET - DAY

ANNA is running. As she sees sign "Albermarle Film Studios" across the road, a horse drawn brewer's dray turns into the street.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

85 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

The orchestra is silent and MENZIES stands ready at the podium. Engineers run tape and film.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

86 EXT. STREET - DAY

ANNA looks to cross the street as the dray approaches.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

87 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

MENZIES exchanges a final nod with his engineers and glances at the screen behind the orchestra where the film of the shipwreck is now running. He taps the rostrum. The orchestra raise their instruments. MENZIES lifts his baton.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

88 EXT. STREET - DAY

ANNA steps into the road but fails to see an approaching taxi overtaking the dray. As the taxi swerves violently to avoid her, she steps back into the path of the dray. The horses rear in panic as she loses balance and falls to the ground with the sound of the orchestra crashing into action.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

89 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

MENZIES is transported by his music as the film rolls with scenes of towering waves and survivors hanging onto wreckage.

CUT TO FLASHBACK CONT: \*

90 INT. MENZIES' LONDON FLAT - DAY

Later. MENZIES sits on the stool of a grand piano, but facing away from the instrument and looking distantly through a rain drenched window. He turns to look through the open door to the bedroom. A NURSE leaves with a small bloodied bundle. MENZIES turns back to the window. In the bedroom ANNA lies motionless. A DOCTOR leans closely towards ANNA whispering soothingly to her. He turns, picks up his bag and leaves.

In the next room he makes to talk to MENZIES, but seeing MENZIES' profile thinks better of it, nods and leaves. In the bedroom ANNA turns away and looks at the wall. To her, the wall suddenly opens to disgorge a stampede of rearing horses which fill the room. She cries out in terror and misery. An alarmed MENZIES appears in the open doorway.

ANNA lifts a hand to keep MENZIES at bay, her eyes staring through a now empty room at the wall.

ANNA

No.

MENZIES returns to his window. Through the rain streaming down the panes he perceives the slightest hint of crashing waves in both sound and image. The perception gives him a new motivation.

MENZIES returns to the bedroom door and, after a moment's hesitation, enters.

MENZIES

You'll never get better here. A wild plunge that's what you need.

ANNA closes her eyes, the terrible vision of the horses has passed.

MENZIES (cont'd)

A nor'wester breaking on Cape Wrath.

ANNA momentarily opens her eyes, imagining the sight, then closes them with the barest hint of a smile.

ANNA

Drown her in it.

MENZIES

I need it almost as much as you.

ANNA

You can't. Not when your work is taking off so well.

MENZIES

We've got to go.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

ANNA  
The far north?

MENZIES  
The great sea cliffs. The swing and surge  
of the waves.

ANNA closes her eyes and smiles as MENZIES sits on the bed beside her.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
And if I was attacked by some big idea  
and had to stay, would you mind?

ANNA turns to MENZIES for the first time and reaches out her hand.

ANNA  
A real symphony. You have the sea themes  
already. It would be heaven.

CUT FROM FLASHBACK TO:

91 EXT. MOORLAND - DAY

The present. URQUHART walks morosely across the heather and breasts a low ridge coming face to face with a donkey.

After gazing around to confirm his privacy, he spontaneously swings onto the donkey's back and coaxes it forward. It rushes forward, stopping at the edge of the next small dell, throwing URQUHART to the ground. He lies there for a moment looking back up at the contemptuous stare of the donkey.

URQUHART  
You as well.

URQUHART gets up, and peers into the donkey's face.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
I'll have you know I've had enough of  
this place. It's back to my ivory tower  
for me. Good bye.

Suddenly URQUHART becomes aware he's not alone. Behind him an OLD WOMAN emerges from a sagging gypsy tent. Behind her is a cart loaded with girders. The OLD WOMAN withdraws into her tent and URQUHART continues across the moor.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - DAY

As URQUHART approaches the hotel he sees CHARLIE and WILLIE are tying a grappling hook to a rope and testing its swing.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

BROWN is trying on an ancient red and white lifebelt while IAN gleefully sharpens a long fishing gaff. From the lobby comes the sound of wailing.

CUT TO:

93 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - DAY

URQUHART enters the lobby where a distressed WIDOW is being comforted by MRS. BROWN. SAM appears from the back, hastening past URQUHART to the front door.

URQUHART  
What's wrong?

SAM  
It's the Major. He's missing.

URQUHART  
Missing?

URQUHART follows SAM out to the forecourt. SNEDDON rushes from the dining room clutching his fishing rod, and follows them. As he passes the wailing WIDOW his hook catches on her coat, increasing both the WIDOW's distress and SNEDDON's fluster.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. DALASKIR HOTEL - DAY

URQUHART and SAM emerge.

SAM  
Last seen on Loch Dubh.

IAN smirks to WILLIE, gesturing with the boat hook.

IAN  
Or in it.

SAM turns to URQUHART.

SAM  
Coming?

IAN reverses the breakdown truck from the garage nearly knocking over MRS. SNEDDON, whose husband is now torn between saving his wife or his hook.

SAM (cont'd)  
Lachlan and the Major had a row. According to Lachlan he told the Major he was finished with him and left him at the loch. Later he thought the better of it, went back, found the boat adrift and no sign of the Major.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

IAN  
All aboard.

SNEDDON  
Wait! I've lost my hook.

IAN  
We'll use this one.

A grinning IAN indicates the huge iron hook dangling from the jib of the breakdown truck. URQUHART and SAM move to climb aboard.

URQUHART  
Where's Lachlan now?

SAM  
At the Loch searching for the Major. Says he can't believe he's drowned.

URQUHART follows SNEDDON and BROWN into the cab.

URQUHART  
I believe Lachlan completely.

SNEDDON and BROWN frown at this assessment while SAM smiles. URQUHART slams the door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The careering breakdown truck bounces along the dirt road, scattering grouse in a cloud of dust. SAM drives while URQUHART, BROWN, SNEDDON and their rods cram next to him in the cab. On the back, IAN, CHARLIE and WILLIE sit comfortably with room to spare.

SNEDDON  
I think its best to be systematic. So, first things first.

BROWN  
When we get to the loch -

SNEDDON  
Could be too late by then. Have you thought of that? Has anyone rung the police?

SAM  
I have.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

SNEDDON  
 Good man. That's what we need Brown,  
 forward thinking.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. LOCH DUBH - DAY

URQUHART regards the boat, adrift yards out. WILLIE, more in the spirit of the Highland games than a body search, whirls the grappling hook above his head, letting it fly off in a great arc to land on the boat.

CHARLIE  
 Shot!

URQUHART sees LACHLAN emerge standing alone on the ridge above the Loch.

SAM  
 Charlie! Ian!

SAM motions the ghillies to join WILLIE pulling on the rope. SNEDDON meanwhile fixes a landing net on the end of his rod.

SNEDDON  
 Hang on. Don't destroy any evidence.

BROWN  
 Such as?

SNEDDON  
 That's a matter for the police.

URQUHART makes his way towards LACHLAN. SAM appeals for more help to BROWN and SNEDDON.

SAM  
 Don't suppose you could help us gentlemen?

BROWN & SNEDDON join the rope party but their contribution is insignificant.

CHARLIE  
 Take the strain.

The rope stretches taut.

SAM  
 Heave.

The boat is pulled ashore. The MAJOR's rod and tackle lie in the bottom. All eyes turn to LACHLAN.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

SNEDDON

Nothing should be done until the police arrive.

SAM looks to URQUHART and LACHLAN, then back to SNEDDON.

SAM

Whatever you say.

LACHLAN shouts from the ridge.

LACHLAN

He was here when I left. What happened after, the police can find out. And welcome.

SAM

That's enough, Lachlan

LACHLAN

It's enough when I say it's enough.

LACHLAN turns away.

SNEDDON

When will the police be here?

SAM

She didn't say.

SNEDDON looks incredulous.

SNEDDON

She?

SAM

His wife. She said he was out looking for Murdo's missing ewe.

SNEDDON groans, the responsibility weighing heavily. URQUHART looks up to LACHLAN on the ridge and sees MENZIES has joined him. He watches them while the rest of the search party continue unaware.

BROWN

In the light of this evidence, oughtn't we perhaps continue searching. For a body.

SNEDDON

Thank you, Mr.. Brown. Mr.. Mor, you and your party try out there where the boat was.

SAM

Very good, sir.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM winks at the ghillies.

SNEDDON

You and I'll start dredging, Brown. Mr Urquhart, if you could organise the ghillies.

URQUHART turns to the GHILLIES who hurl the grappling hook aimlessly into the loch, catching only vast quantities of weed. SNEDDON and BROWN with rods and net appear more scientific in their approach but only find weed as well. URQUHART looks back to LACHLAN and MENZIES, only to see CATHERINE has joined them.

SNEDDON (cont'd)

Hopeless without the proper implements.

BROWN too has lost his enthusiasm for the task and squats, peering into the murky water.

BROWN

It's a foul bottom. Very foul.

SAM comes over to URQUHART, distracting him from his observation.

SAM

We'll be wasting our time, I'll be bound. We'll never find him till he floats.

URQUHART

If he's in there.

SAM claps his hands to make an announcement.

SAM

Gentlemen. Mr.. Sneddon's right, this is a matter for the constabulary. I'm sure we'll all be better for a dram back at the hotel. Ian.

The GHILLIES cheer as SAM waves everyone back to the breakdown truck. As they move away, URQUHART looks and sees LACHLAN is alone again and MENZIES and CATHERINE nowhere to be seen. He gazes back to the loch, dark and deserted.

CUT TO:

97 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - EVENING

The dining room is full but only the sound of soup spoons on china, and LIZZIE collecting plates, punctures the subdued atmosphere. The Major's chair is conspicuously empty. At his single table, URQUHART looks around the room, his gaze resting on the door.

(CONTINUED)



97 CONTINUED:

Suddenly a heavy tread sounds from without and the door is flung open to reveal the MAJOR, dressed for dinner. The WIDOW screams, causing LIZZIE to start and send a plate crashing to the floor. The combined noise brings in SAM from the kitchen.

SAM

Well. Is it yourself Major? Not every day we raise a Major from the dead.

SAM winks complicitly to URQUHART who returns a smile. The MAJOR triumphantly takes his seat, pausing only to place his hand soothingly on the WIDOW's.

SNEDDON

We thought you'd drowned.

The MAJOR chuckles, enjoying himself.

MAJOR

Drowned eh?

SNEDDON

Lachlan... Well, he said...

MAJOR

He sometimes says quite a lot. Or are you implying on this occasion the wish was father to the deed?

WIDOW

Well, something must have happened.

LIZZIE arrives with the MAJOR's soup.

MAJOR

Most certainly did, my dear.

URQUHART smiles thinly at the English guests who are agog for an explanation. The MAJOR milks the moment, breaking and buttering his bread roll.

MAJOR (cont'd)

I had words with Lachlan about the state of the boat. Damned lazy, letting the thing fall to bits. Well, he departed in high dudgeon, for which he has considerable capacity. Walked off after the blighter. Couldn't find him. Back to the loch only to discover he'd not tied the painter and the ship was adrift. Nothing doing so I walked back on my own. Pretty blown.

WIDOW

How awful. What I don't understand is how one never thought of going to your room.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

MAJOR

Possibly, ma'am, an excessive modesty?

The WIDOW smiles skittishly. URQUHART catches the MAJOR's smiling eye which darkens in return. URQUHART raises his glass in a mock toast.

CUT TO:

98 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - NIGHT

The Major's room. URQUHART stands in the doorway, gently teasing the cork out of a whisky bottle from which he's already had a few drams. He pours the MAJOR a glass and walks in to give it to him.

URQUHART

Thought you'd give Lachlan a fright,  
didn't you?

The MAJOR takes the glass, his eyes on URQUHART.

URQUHART (cont'd)

I think you set up the whole thing. Sent Lachlan packing with your pomposity. Pushed the boat off. And then skulked back here and laid low. And no doubt enjoying the distress you had deliberately caused.

MAJOR

You're bloody impertinent.

URQUHART

Still got the edge?

The MAJOR angrily crosses the room past URQUHART and slams the door. As it closes, a scarlet military dress jacket is revealed hanging on the back.

MAJOR

What the hell's wrong with you?

URQUHART

I've carried the burden of death about with me all day. And you called me an interferer.

MAJOR

Ah! So that stuck! You'd save him from himself if you could.

URQUHART

Menzies matters. He's a creator.

MAJOR

Why should we create?

(CONTINUED)

URQUHART

To know who we are. Why we're here.  
Surely it beats playing childish games  
with Lachlan?

As URQUHART speaks, the generator is switched off for the night and the room fades into darkness. The MAJOR lights a candle in a brass candlestick on the mantelpiece. His face reappears from the gloom.

MAJOR

What's he doing in that house?

URQUHART

Hunting the Wrecker.

The MAJOR lights another candle on a three legged stool, with a flowered china saucer for a holder.

MAJOR

Speak plainly, damn you.

URQUHART

Good and evil as one.

MAJOR

A hellish logic.

URQUHART

What are you hunting?

The MAJOR lights yet another candle. It stands on top of a glass case containing a fishing trophy. The MAJOR peers in, his reflection superimposed on the stuffed fish inside.

MAJOR

Trout.

URQUHART laughs as the MAJOR continues to examine the trophy.

URQUHART

We once thought we knew it all.

The MAJOR lights another candle in a brass ashtray.

MAJOR

You did. Before you came here.

URQUHART smiles, conceding the point.

URQUHART

We used to think time and space were  
separate as well. Satisfied our simple  
minds.

URQUHART peers into his glass to illustrate his point. The MAJOR rises unsteadily and opens the wardrobe.

(CONTINUED)

MAJOR

They say the closer you look, the less  
you see.

The MAJOR reaches into the wardrobe for more candles which he  
proceeds to light in sequence as before. Inside URQUHART sees  
a large African drum.

URQUHART

Physicists say matter is just a ghostly  
uncertainty. Ever more elusive the more  
they probe.

MAJOR

Now you're talking about the black wall.

URQUHART

No. What's beyond it.

MAJOR

Hell's back roads.

The MAJOR farts loudly.

URQUHART

Heaven's back teeth.

MAJOR

And all the rest of the bloody rot.

URQUHART

The other landscape. Another universe  
standing behind the one we see.

MAJOR

You'll make hell of it yet.

URQUHART

Your hell is you don't even believe in  
hell.

The conversation pauses as both assess the score. Then the  
MAJOR takes up the offensive on a different tack.

MAJOR

Remarkable how a woman will make use of a  
man for her own ends and all the more  
when she knows he's interested in her.

URQUHART smarts. The MAJOR chuckles and lights more candles.

URQUHART

Taking it out on me keeps you from going  
to the dogs.

MAJOR

Boom, boom!

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

URQUHART

You always have be the dominant chord.  
But all that's left is treading Lachlan  
underfoot, and in the end he'll just go  
away off home. *Ta-ra-boom di-ay.*

MAJOR

Damn good knockabout. Forget the mad  
fellow.

URQUHART looks back at the MAJOR, now amidst dozens of  
flickering candles. As URQUHART exits, shutting the door, the  
MAJOR is left staring at his dress tunic, shimmering in the  
light. He toasts it with his whisky dregs.

CUT TO:

99 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - NIGHT

URQUHART on his bed is dreaming.

He sees a fearful MAJOR cowering within a stockade of  
hundreds of candles. The MAJOR and his candles are in turn  
revealed on the top of a towering but slender sea stack.  
Around them planet like spheres spin furiously. The image is  
of an insignificant MAJOR attempting to shut out the universe  
and its elements. Smoke then begins to obscure the scene as  
distorted sounds of human shouting displace the crash of the  
sea and the swishing of the passing planets.

URQUHART wakes coughing as real smoke fills his room and a  
terrific commotion comes from the landing. URQUHART sits up  
in alarm, crashes his head on the wall, and cries out in pain  
and shock.

CUT TO:

100 INT. HOTEL LANDING - NIGHT

The MAJOR's room is a belching fiery hell. At the door,  
LACHLAN supported by IAN, WILLIE, and CHARLIE, all happily  
inebriated, aims the hotel's ancient hose at the flames. As  
well as quenching the blaze, the jet snuffs out the offending  
candles, knocking them to the floor. On the bed, framed by  
the inferno, sits a shocked MAJOR.

MAJOR

You fool! You blurry ass!.

LACHLAN now turns the hose on the MAJOR, aiming up from the  
loins to his gaping mouth. The GHILLIES howl. Behind them  
URQUHART emerges from his room.

IAN

Leig leam-sa fheuch ainn.  
*[Let me have a go.]*

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

LACHLAN  
 Feuch ort fhein.  
*[Shoot it yourself.]*

The ghillies wrestle LACHLAN for control of the hose, sending the water in all directions. LACHLAN triumphantly regains possession and extinguishes the last flame before seeking a new target and delivering a full blast at SNEDDON, who is attempting to lead the guests to safety. SNEDDON, caught between the eyes, drops down only to reveal the WIDOW's open mouthed face which receives a similar blast, neatly dislodging her dentures. Chaos ensues as SNEDDON attempts to recover them.

SAM arrives at the top of the stairs, but is unable to pass the crowded melee on the landing. He catches URQUHART's eye.

SAM  
 Is it out?

URQUHART  
 Yes.

SAM turns to call downstairs to an unseen CATHERINE.

SAM  
 Turn it off.

The hose finally falls limp and dribbles its last. The ghillies slide to the floor leaving LACHLAN upright but swaying, holding his spent weapon. SNEDDON beside himself with rage shakes his fist at LACHLAN, unaware he's still holding the WIDOW's dentures.

SNEDDON  
 You did that on purpose! You... you...

The WIDOW is desperate for the return of her teeth.

WIDOW  
 Mmmmm....mmmmmm.

SAM steps over the heap of ghillies and peers into the MAJOR's room.

SAM  
 Dear me, Major. You're quite damp.

LACHLAN attempts to focus on the hose nozzle in his hands.

LACHLAN  
 Didn't you know he fell in a loch?

CATHERINE meets URQUHART at the top of the stairs, and stares at his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE

I'll see to that in a moment.

A bewildered URQUHART touches his head and discovers blood. CATHERINE removes the hose from LACHLAN's hands as SAM turns to her.

SAM

It wasn't just the fire your father was aiming at.

LACHLAN

Revenge is biblical.

CATHERINE ushers him to the stairs.

CATHERINE

Athair, nach teid thu dhachaigh.  
*[Will you get yourself home, Father.]*

LACHLAN

Bha teine agus uisge anns a Bhioball cuideachd.  
*[Fire and water in the bible too.]*

CATHERINE

Chan e am airson diadhachd a tha eo.  
*[This is no time for theology.]*

CATHERINE takes control, ushering the GHILLIES after her father.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Thalla dhochaidh a h-uile duine agaibh.  
*[All of you, go home.]*

URQUHART looks into the MAJOR's room. The MAJOR takes his trousers, now soaked, from the chair and flings them towards URQUHART.

CUT TO:

101 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - NIGHT

In the kitchen CATHERINE fills a bowl with warm water and carries it across the kitchen to a standing URQUHART. As she wipes the blood from his head, their faces are tantalisingly close, though URQUHART is impassive. The scene is not lost on the departing GHILLIES who snigger as they pass the door.

CATHERINE

My father is very grateful to you.

URQUHART

He's got his own back now.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE  
Why are you sulking?

URQUHART  
I'm hurt.

CATHERINE  
It's not very deep.

URQUHART  
Feels like it.

CATHERINE  
Clean now.

URQUHART  
Thanks.

CATHERINE  
I told Douglas about the rent.

URQUHART  
Good, I'll leave you to it.

URQUHART makes to leave.

CATHERINE  
Don't go.

URQUHART momentarily looks back at her, but his disenchantment is still total, and he leaves for his room. CATHERINE watches him go, still not understanding his mood.

CUT TO:

102 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - MORNING

The lobby. URQUHART drops his suitcase in the hall, opposite the open door to the bar and then returns to LIZZIE at the reception desk.

LIZZIE  
No luck with your London number Mr Urquhart.

URQUHART  
Oh it doesn't matter. I just wanted to say I was coming back.

An anxious looking SAM enters from the bar and takes charge of receiving URQUHART's payment.

SAM  
You're all done with Douglas Menzies then?

URQUHART taken aback at SAM's directness.

(CONTINUED)



102 CONTINUED:

URQUHART

Yes. We had a long talk. An extraordinary man.

SAM

There's something in him.

URQUHART

You think so?

SAM

He doesn't need to bother about the little things.

URQUHART

But what can you do?

SAM

See him again.

URQUHART is surprised by the urgency in SAM's voice.

SAM (cont'd)

It's the only way to bring him back.

SAM maintains his gaze at URQUHART, forcing him to consider his suggestion. Meanwhile SNEDDON, BROWN and LOCKWORTH troop sternly towards the bar. SAM indicates them with a nod and applies more pressure to URQUHART.

SAM (cont'd)

And I could do with some help just now.  
For Lachlan's sake.

SAM follows the guests into the bar. URQUHART is left a lone figure with his suitcase. From the stairs behind him comes a quiet voice.

CATHERINE

Please.

URQUHART turns and looks up to see CATHERINE sitting on the stairs from where she can follow the activity in the bar.

CUT TO:

103 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL - MORNING

The bar. SNEDDON, LOCKWORTH & BROWN, stern and pompous, have arranged themselves as the bench of an impromptu court. SAM takes the floor before them, flexing braces, as the defence.

SAM

It was a celebration.

SNEDDON

Celebration?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Just that. I am more sorry than I can say gentlemen, if any of you were inconvenienced in the smallest way by...

SNEDDON

Smallest! Drunken, damnable.

LOCKWORTH

Gentlemen I must insist we proceed in order.

URQUHART wanders into the doorway and looks in. He sees LACHLAN leaning against the bar, hungover. WILLIE, CHARLIE & IAN play cards beneath a corner table.

LOCKWORTH (cont'd)

We are here to discover how the fire broke out and how was Lachlan McGillivray here at that hour.

LACHLAN

Everyone knows it was the Major.

WILLIE

Aye, where is he? He should be the one here.

URQUHART and LACHLAN exchange a wry smile. URQUHART moves beside him at the bar in a gesture of moral support.

URQUHART

Hear, hear.

SAM recognises URQUHART's support and smiles his thanks.

LOCKWORTH

Mr. Mor.

SAM retakes the stand, relishing his advocate's role.

SAM

It may look a strange coincidence until you know what happened. Everyone was that pleased that the Major had come to no harm, for he is well liked generally, that they decided to celebrate. I was that pleased myself that I said I would give him a bottle at cost price. Now they only had just the one bottle, which was a good thing as it turned out, for some of them when they get an offer like that are not beyond hinting that in that case their money could run to two bottles...

SAM is in full flow, while BROWN sighs, SNEDDON fumes, LACHLAN yawns, and the ghillies smirk.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (cont'd)

One bottle it was, and in Mr. McGillivray's they had a ceilidh. Now in this hotel at the same time, the Major was having a long talk with Mr. Urquhart.

SAM indicates the vacancy on the bench to URQUHART who leaves the GHILLIES and takes his place next to LOCKWORTH, BROWN & SNEDDON.

SAM (cont'd)

When the bottle, I mean the ceilidh, was finished, they came back in case of further celebration here. Now, around this time, the Major's candles...

LOCKWORTH

Yes, thank you. I think we can imagine what happened next.

SAM

So if it hadn't been for Lachlan, God knows where some of us might not be now.

SAM bows to the bench and withdraws. SNEDDON and BROWN look to LOCKWORTH, who regards the severely hungover LACHLAN. Through the doorway LOCKWORTH also catches sight of DAN, hovering in the lobby, waiting to take him sea fishing. DAN indicates the oilskins in his arms, gesturing his readiness. URQUHART whispers to LOCKWORTH. LOCKWORTH smiles and acts on his suggestion.

LOCKWORTH

Gentlemen, it seems to me, a reward is in order. Mr. Mor, two large ones for Mr. McGillivray. On my tab.

A frisson runs through room. SNEDDON is aghast.

SNEDDON

What?

SAM looks to LOCKWORTH, then to LACHLAN. Suddenly appreciating LOCKWORTH's justice, he beams at the bench and sets about pouring a double measure into a glass. A moment later BROWN also twigs.

BROWN

And a double from me.

SAM and URQUHART exchange a complicit smile as a horrified LACHLAN stares nauseously at the rapidly filling tumbler.

URQUHART

And from me.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

LACHLAN shoots URQUHART a look of horror. URQUHART smiles back. BROWN and LOCKWORTH whisper an explanation to a still gaping SNEDDON, who slowly grasps the sentence.

SNEDDON

And from me.

The tumbler is now too small for the order and SAM decants the whisky into a half pint glass which he tops up with SNEDDON's contribution. Smiling broadly and with a suitable legal flourish, SAM then presents LACHLAN with the brimming glass. LACHLAN's head and stomach swim.

SAM

Thank you gentlemen. This will not only make Lachlan happy, but all of them. It is beautiful of you to be so generous.

LACHLAN offers the GHILLIES a share in his punishment, but green to the gills they decline. Slowly LACHLAN takes the glass to his lips.

URQUHART

Your very good health.

As laughter ripples round the room, URQUHART and SAM return to the lobby. SAM catches URQUHART's eye and nods to the suitcase waiting in the hall. URQUHART looks from the case up to where CATHERINE still sits on the stairs watching him. She gives him a warm smile and mouths "thank you" to URQUHART, before getting up and returning upstairs. URQUHART grins at SAM's scheming. With a nod he confirms to SAM that he'll stay. LIZZIE passes the door.

SAM

Lizzie. Mr. Urquhart for dinner.

URQUHART

Oh, and I think you can cancel that number for me now.

SAM then turns to URQUHART.

SAM

And you'll not be at a loose end. I've arranged with Dan that you can borrow his other boat. If you want.

URQUHART shakes head in admiration at SAM's planning.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DAY

URQUHART rows between the cliffs and the sea stack. Ahead he spots DAN and LOCKWORTH setting off in "Neonain", and waves a greeting.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

As they pull out to sea URQUHART ships his oars, feeling the sea roll beneath him. The slow movement from Menzies' symphony underscores the scene.

As URQUHART drifts past the cliffs he sees the cave where MENZIES struggled with the cask. A passage from "The Cliff" echoes in his head as the wash of the waves resound to the music, recalling the rhythmic beat of the Major's drum, boom, boom.

MENZIES (V.O.)

"Here where deep sea precipices lean.  
Down Time's Caverns you can hear the sea  
washing the grey feet of Eternity. Here  
The Wrecker intervened."

CUT TO:

105 EXT. CAVE - DAY

URQUHART secures the boat to a rock platform at the cave's mouth and takes a few paces into the primeval dark eeriness inside. A seal lurches off a rock and URQUHART starts in surprise. Tenser, he looks further in, and lights a match. The flickering light reveals the whisky cask lodged above the high water mark. He rubs his hand around the spile, sniffing it to confirm its contents. Something moves behind him and he turns to see a silhouetted figure in the cave's mouth. URQUHART rears back shocked, as MENZIES, in a lighter mood, moves towards him.

MENZIES

Getting a taste?

URQUHART

Well... I... I hope you don't think I'm interfering.

MENZIES

Why should I think that? You're the chap that's been trying to pay my rent.

URQUHART

I should apologise. But I happened to meet Maclean and, well, it just came out.

MENZIES

And he wouldn't take it?

URQUHART

Wouldn't have anything to do with me.

MENZIES releases the cask spile, filling a glass with whisky.

MENZIES

One gets out of touch with their tricks.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

URQUHART

Look, I'm sorry I intruded the other night. If I'd known before I'd never have come.

MENZIES

Wouldn't you?

URQUHART

Telling me all you did, you must despise me.

MENZIES

So paying my rent had more to do with balancing your books rather than mine?

URQUHART considers, then nods.

MENZIES (cont'd)

Until you came I hadn't talked to anyone for a long time.

URQUHART

But you see Catherine?

MENZIES

Ah yes, she told me about the rent. Here man.

MENZIES offers URQUHART the whisky.

URQUHART

Oh. A gift from the Wrecker.

MENZIES laughs.

URQUHART (cont'd)

The Major keeps asking where you get this stuff.

MENZIES' stares into the daylight.

DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK:

106 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAWN

The morning after Anna's death. MENZIES' POV walks through a series of open doors, bleached in sunlight, reaches Anna's room with its half completed water colour and brushes in the jar.

MENZIES (V.O.)

The things that had been hers were there. The terrible mute things. Death releases an extraordinary force. This unstoppable energy came from a terrible drive within me to push beyond myself.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

MENZIES comes face to face with his sculpted bust.

FLASHBACK CONT:

107 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DAY

The sequence of MENZIES battle with the cask is reprised, but in a slow motion of impressionistic images.

MENZIES (V.O.)

The cask itself wasn't the battle, but it gave me the way to track the Wrecker.

MENZIES raises the cask from the water, and struggles to haul it inside the cave.

MENZIES (V.O.)

The force existed only in that moment. No dabbling in extra dimensions. No intrusion from the unknown. Only what I experienced. In the cold and the wet, my senses took over to the point where I felt at one with the sea, the rock and the slime. A completeness within me that generated a cold glow of thin fine delight.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. THE CAVE - DAY

URQUHART

What did that feel like?

MENZIES

Nothing on earth. It was the road to Anna.

MENZIES stares to the cave mouth and URQUHART follows his gaze to see a further "second sight" of ANNA. She stands in the entrance, her hair in natural disorder. Behind her the sun streams through the spray of crashing breakers. ANNA recognises MENZIES with an intensity that is tragic and beautiful; her final farewell. This time URQUHART is unafraid and follows her gaze to MENZIES, and then back, but ANNA has gone.

MENZIES (cont'd)

Want to see some more?

URQUHART

There's always more with you.

MENZIES

Here was only the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

URQUHART  
And how does it end?

MENZIES looks.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
With the Creator?

MENZIES  
And the Wrecker. Can't have one without  
the other.

MENZIES beckons URQUHART mischievously, and leads him out  
into the sun.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. SEA CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES and URQUHART climb the massive cliff. MENZIES leads  
in total confidence, following a natural line in the rock.  
There are plenty of hand and foot holds but the exposure is  
breathtaking. URQUHART follows as pupil to master, the fear  
of falling countered by the will to prove himself to MENZIES.  
MENZIES levers himself onto the grassy cliff top, where  
CATHERINE is sitting on the grass, as if waiting. They appear  
unsurprised to see each other.

MENZIES  
You'd better look after him now.

MENZIES smiles down to the struggling URQUHART before walking  
briskly away. CATHERINE watches him go. URQUHART finally  
arrives at the cliff top and almost loses his footing in  
surprise at seeing CATHERINE. She offers a hand to help him  
and he clambers up, panting beside her.

URQUHART  
Hello. I was thinking about you.

CATHERINE  
Liar. How's your head?

URQUHART  
Haunted. Where's Douglas?

CATHERINE gestures to the distant figure striding across the  
heather towards the ruined chapel.

CATHERINE  
Gone on to higher things.

URQUHART  
I still only get a glimpse of what he  
sees.

(CONTINUED)



109 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE  
What have I interrupted?

URQUHART  
Just me coming to terms with how things  
really are.

CATHERINE  
It's not me and Douglas.

Tears well up in CATHERINE's eyes.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
It's Douglas and Anna. It always will be,  
wherever he is.

URQUHART is silent. CATHERINE composes herself a little,  
looking out to sea.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
I went to the house, but I wouldn't go  
in. So he came to the beach with me. I  
asked him if he was working and he said  
sometimes. He asked me how I was getting  
on and I tried to tell him, but it was no  
use. We'd fallen away.

URQUHART  
I saw.

CATHERINE looks back to URQUHART.

CATHERINE  
Tell me what you thought.

URQUHART  
No.

CATHERINE  
Go on. You know my side.

URQUHART  
What do you think? Did it show?

CATHERINE  
It was awful.

URQUHART  
Never been tangled up in dark roots like  
that before. Packed my bags.

CATHERINE  
Who were you maddest at?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

URQUHART

You. Him. I didn't blame him. But all this stuff about searching for Anna would've been humbug.

CATHERINE

It was only the second time I'd seen him since she died.

URQUHART selects and breaks off a sprig of heather, shaking his head.

URQUHART

I see it now. This place

CATHERINE

You, you mean.

Under their words comes the tune of "Tir Mo Miann Mo Chridhe". Hidden from CATHERINE and URQUHART, MENZIES is leaning against the wall of the ruined chapel, flute to his lips and wolfhound at his feet. Initially surprised, URQUHART and CATHERINE look at each other, simultaneously realising it must be MENZIES. As they maintain their gaze they smile, URQUHART becoming more mischievous.

URQUHART

May I have this dance?

CATHERINE momentarily looks quizzical, but as URQUHART leaps up and offers her his hand, she accepts and they slide together. Their dance is improvised but of ever increasing joy and exuberance. Suddenly CATHERINE breaks away; MENZIES instinctively stops playing.

CATHERINE

I must go.

URQUHART

You always do.

There's a pause of mutual indecision. URQUHART hands her the sprig of heather. CATHERINE takes it, kisses him and bounds away. URQUHART collapses back into the heather smiling. From the ruin MENZIES looks down on them both.

CUT TO:

110 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

SAM shows the water damage in the lobby to an insurance assessor, MR. SWITHIN. SAM is oblivious to the WIDOW's efforts to attract his attention from the reception desk where she wants to check the post.

SWITHIN

If the cornice is done up, you'll find...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

SAM

No. Because there's also that streak there. Look, coming down there.

WIDOW

Erm...

SAM

We tried to stop the water coming through from the Major's room.

WIDOW

Excuse me, I was just...

SWITHIN

You seem to have used a lot of water for all that was actually burnt.

SAM

Spare the rod and spoil the child. If we'd spared the water it's not just a few rooms you'd have to pay for.

URQUHART enters the lobby buoyed up and flushed with excitement.

SAM (cont'd)

Mr Urquhart, Mr Swithin from the insurance.

URQUHART assumes a fake gravitas to impress SWITHIN.

URQUHART

May I assure you Mr. Swithin that your company is particularly fortunate in the quite magnificent manner Mr. Mor's staff risked life and limb in extinguishing the fire, which I must impress upon you, but for their prompt initiative, would have in a matter of minutes burnt the hotel to the ground.

SAM beams with pleasure.

URQUHART (cont'd)

You'll also find my room needs attention.

SAM is still gleeful but racks his brain to recall why URQUHART's room is also damaged.

SAM

Yes.

SWITHIN

I think we've seen all the bedrooms affected.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM  
Not Mr Urquhart's.

SAM ushers SWITHIN back up the stairs, and follows, leaning close to URQUHART.

SAM (cont'd)  
Just remind me exactly of the trouble.

CUT TO:

111 INT. URQUHART'S ROOM - DAY

URQUHART enters followed by the despairing SWITHIN, with SAM eagerly peering between them. URQUHART indicates blood smears on wall.

URQUHART  
The blood, it's mine. Flowed as a direct result of the fire.

SAM rushes forward to examine the stain, clearing aside a bedside glass, which he passes absently to URQUHART. URQUHART is transfixed as the glass contains the heather he had given CATHERINE earlier, together with a single flower. SWITHIN and SAM's conversation fades in URQUHART's ears.

SAM  
Hardly expect a guest to sleep with bloodstained walls.

SWITHIN  
The destructive agent in this case is water.

SAM  
Ah, but blood's thicker than water.

SWITHIN  
That's beside the point.

SAM  
I'm only trying to judge between your water and his blood.

URQUHART spots CATHERINE through the window as she enters the hotel with a crate of beer. Desperate to speak to her he heads for the door, but finds his way blocked by the also departing SWITHIN and SAM.

CUT TO:

112 INT. HOTEL LANDING - DAY

URQUHART fails to pass SWITHIN who is reluctantly making notes in his ledger as he moves slowly with SAM along the landing.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

SAM

It gives me no pleasure to make too big a claim.

SWITHIN

You're enjoying the argument as much as the prospect of the cash.

SAM turns in triumph to URQUHART who is still trying to pass them on the narrow landing.

SAM

It's when you have them both.

SWITHIN

What you want is having the whole place done up top to bottom.

SAM

If that would be easier for you.

SWITHIN makes a final entry in his ledger, gritting his teeth.

SWITHIN

Is that everything?

As they near the bottom of the stairs they part to allow an ascending CATHERINE to pass. URQUHART seizes the moment, unnoticed by SAM and SWITHIN.

URQUHART

I must see you.

URQUHART's public approach embarrasses CATHERINE, but it goes unnoticed by SAM who jumps at the opportunity of SWITHIN's question.

SAM

Well, you haven't seen the passage below to the kitchen.

CATHERINE

Sshhh. Tomorrow.

SWITHIN and SAM pass on.

URQUHART

I can't wait that long.

CATHERINE giggles.

CATHERINE

The ruin. Lunchtime?

URQUHART nods and steps back to let a smiling CATHERINE continue up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

In the hallway, the WIDOW still waits for attention as SAM ushers SWITHIN towards the kitchen. SAM turns to beam at URQUHART.

SAM  
Your one about the blood was beautiful.

URQUHART  
You're going to cost him.

SAM  
I left three rooms out.

URQUHART  
Which ones?

SAM  
The ones I couldn't put in.

URQUHART is distracted by CATHERINE walking along the landing above, and can't help craning his neck for a glimpse. SAM continues talking, but follows URQUHART's gaze.

SAM (cont'd)  
But when I get an estimate from Dingwall and another one from Inverness, it'll be that much that Donul George from Balrunie will be able to undercut them. So I'll be saving the insurance some money.

They face each other again; SAM winks knowingly at URQUHART and disappears after SWITHIN. URQUHART lights on the WIDOW.

URQUHART  
Has it come yet, then?

WIDOW  
Nnn...No.

The WIDOW scuttles off in embarrassment, watched by a bemused URQUHART.

CUT TO:

113 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - DAY

Next morning. Inside the grandfather clock, cogs and pendulums move in a slow rhythm. Elsewhere knitting needles twitch, a hand folds a newspaper creasing the edge, a match is struck and a pipe lit, a jigsaw piece placed. The clock chimes twelve. URQUHART watches the clock from an armchair. MRS. SNEDDON is knitting, MRS. BROWN puzzles at a jigsaw, BROWN and SNEDDON read a book and newspaper respectively.

As the chimes end, the MAJOR, trailed by the WIDOW, enters the room, clapping his hands for attention.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

MAJOR

With such small assistance as he may get from the insurance the Landlord has decided to redecorate the premises throughout.

MRS. SNEDDON

High time, if you saw the faded roses on our walls.

WIDOW

There are creatures on mine that must have perished before Adam and Eve.

MAJOR

In his anxiety to please his guests, and on my advice, he'd be very glad if the ladies might be willing to assist in the matter of decoration.

The MAJOR defers to the WIDOW who, beaming with pride hoists an ageing pattern book onto the table. MRS. BROWN and MRS. SNEDDON gasp with glee and put aside knitting and jigsaw. Pouring over the patterns they come alive. The MAJOR looks mildly alarmed at the hubbub he has unleashed.

MRS. BROWN

Well...

MRS. SNEDDON

Oh! I say...

BROWN and SNEDDON peer disapprovingly over their pages. URQUHART meanwhile can wait no longer and threads his way through the room, pausing briefly to catch the WIDOW's attention and indicate the pattern book.

URQUHART

I'm so pleased it's come.

The WIDOW is genuinely shocked at the suggestion.

WIDOW

Oh no. That's not it. Good heavens, no.

URQUHART is mildly surprised at the WIDOW's sudden animation and resumes his exit, pausing by the MAJOR who has retreated to the safety of the door.

URQUHART

Demoted, Major?

The MAJOR scowls.

CUT TO:

114 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

URQUHART picks up his coat and heads for the door, passing LOCKWORTH and DAN set for fishing.

URQUHART  
Best of luck.

LOCKWORTH  
Lobster raiding round the Winter Isles.  
Deep sea stuff. Why not join us?

URQUHART  
Oh, thanks. No. I'm fixed up for today.  
Bird watching.

DAN smiles knowingly at LOCKWORTH as they leave.

DAN  
Young man's fancy.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - DAY

URQUHART sits on the cliff top, binoculars raised. He's looking down to the beach where he saw CATHERINE and MENZIES.

CATHERINE  
I spy with my little eye...

URQUHART whirls round to find CATHERINE smiling. She kneels beside him, shivering in the rising wind. They gaze out to sea.

URQUHART  
I've seen Anna.

CATHERINE turns to URQUHART.

URQUHART (cont'd)  
Long, dark, wild hair. Bare white throat.  
Bright clear eyes.

CATHERINE  
Where did she come from?

URQUHART  
Him.

CATHERINE  
What did you think?

URQUHART takes CATHERINE's hand.

(CONTINUED)



115 CONTINUED:

URQUHART

Closest I've ever got to seeing what he does. Made everything else I thought take a back seat.

CATHERINE

You've fallen in love with her.

URQUHART

Like you were with him.

CATHERINE

Some say she and I are on the same path.

Suddenly CATHERINE pulls free and runs, dodging past a stack of girders. URQUHART chases her through the ruins. CATHERINE pauses, not sure which way to go. URQUHART tackles her to the ground where they roll together laughing.

URQUHART

You can do anything you like with me.

CATHERINE

Did you bring any sandwiches?

For the first time they kiss, full and passionately. Entwined and in love they roll in the heather, oblivious to the increasingly ominous sky above the chapel ruins behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - DAY

Later. The sky is in full storm. MENZIES careers through the grass towards the ruin in a fearful reprise of the night of Anna's death. He halts at the sight of CATHERINE and URQUHART facing each other in the ruined doorway.

MENZIES

Hey!

URQUHART and CATHERINE are shaken by the cry and the wild sight of MENZIES on the skyline.

MENZIES (cont'd)

There's a boat in trouble.

CATHERINE and URQUHART exchange fearful looks.

CATHERINE

Oh God.

MENZIES

Get the lads and a rope.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

DAN and LOCKWORTH attempt to navigate their tiny boat through the heaving seas between the stack and the cliffs. They are clearly in trouble.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

The wind is at full strength. MENZIES and URQUHART arrive to see DAN and LOCKWORTH in increasing difficulty, unable to halt their drift to the rocks. MENZIES makes to climb down the cliff, exchanging looks with URQUHART who knows he can say nothing to stop him.

MENZIES

Send the rope down with a weight when they come.

MENZIES disappears over the edge.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

DAN & LOCKWORTH's boat makes its first contact with the rocks. Above them MENZIES struggles down, his descent hampered by the wind.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

URQUHART lies on his stomach looking over the edge. The breakdown truck arrives with SAM, IAN, LACHLAN and WILLIE. URQUHART gets up to guide the reversing truck to the cliff edge. All join URQUHART to look down at DAN & LOCKWORTH, and MENZIES now nearing the bottom of the cliff. SAM makes his assessment and takes charge.

SAM

Get the hook off.

IAN and WILLIE detach the hook from the crane jib. LACHLAN exchanges a wave with MENZIES before tearing himself away from the cliff and tying a large rock to the end of a rope. CATHERINE arrives with MRS. MACLELLAN, and CHARLIE carrying more rope.

LACHLAN

Charlie.

CHARLIE brings his coil to LACHLAN, which they tie onto SAM's rope to lengthen it.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES reaches the bottom, drenched by huge breakers. Yards out, the boat is foundering as DAN throws a line to MENZIES. Flattened by a breaker, MENZIES regains his stance and winds the line round a large rock as the boat beaches on a rock. MENZIES succeeds in holding the boat from slipping away, but DAN and LOCKWORTH are emptied out.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

CATHERINE holds MRS. MACLELLAN. The MAJOR and SNEDDON arrive, windswept. SAM, LACHLAN, and WILLIE lower the extended rope over the edge, weighted by the rock. CHARLIE ties the other end to the winch cable.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES, using the line as a support, clambers out to LOCKWORTH's floating figure. DAN clings to his boat. MENZIES hauls LOCKWORTH to safety, depositing him by the cave mouth.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

MRS. MACLELLAN edges forward to URQUHART, who holds her hand as she peers over the edge to follow progress.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES wades out to DAN, catching him as his single handhold fails under the weight of a crashing wave.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

CATHERINE holds MRS. MACLELLAN with relief, while WILLIE and IAN start the winch, and SAM and LACHLAN check the line of the rope.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES unties the rock, and re-ties the rope round a trembling LOCKWORTH, then signals to SAM.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. CLIFF EDGE - DAY

SAM gives instructions to CHARLIE at the winch controls.

SAM  
OK. Slowly.

The winch grinds into action, the rope tensing as the knots tighten. Slowly LOCKWORTH is raised up the cliff, arriving spluttering and gasping into the arms of the MAJOR and SNEDDON. LACHLAN ties on another rock and signals CHARLIE to reverse the winch.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

MENZIES ties the rope around a half revived DAN and signals SAM. The rope tautens and DAN ascends. But DAN is unable to hold himself away from the cliff and risks being dragged on his face. An alarmed MENZIES scrambles up to assist him.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

SAM sees the problem and turns to CHARLIE.

SAM  
For God's sake. Easy.

SNEDDON and the MAJOR revive LOCKWORTH with a hip flask. URQUHART watches over the edge and is joined by CATHERINE who grasps his hand. Suddenly the winch groans and the rope stretches. URQUHART sees the cause.

URQUHART  
Rope's caught!

SAM turns again to CHARLIE.

SAM  
Easy, I said.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

MENZIES tries to release the snagged rope by holding on to DAN and running sideways across the sheer cliff face to establish a pendulum like oscillation.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

LACHLAN comforts MRS. MACLELLAN while CHARLIE holds the winch on its brake.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

MENZIES reaches higher with every swing. As he finally tries to flick the rope over the offending rock, it breaks off, plummeting down narrowly missing him and DAN. With the rope released, they plunge several feet swinging wildly across the cliff face and crashing into the rock. MENZIES struggles to hold on, eventually regaining equilibrium and signalling again to the top.

CUT TO:

134 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

DAN and MENZIES appear and DAN is released into MRS. MACLELLAN's care. SAM shakes MENZIES' hand.

SAM

Great work.

LOCKWORTH

All right, Dan?

IAN

He's drunk too much of the Atlantic. It's another drink he needs now.

DAN manages a smile at the prospect of a dram.

DAN

Aye.

As SNEDDON hands DAN his flask, MRS. MACLELLAN takes MENZIES hand between hers. Watched by the MAJOR she kisses it. The MAJOR and MENZIES exchange looks. SAM claps his hands for attention.

SAM

Out of this at once or it'll be pneumonia next.

MRS. MACLELLAN and SNEDDON help DAN and LOCKWORTH into the cab. SAM supervises CHARLIE & WILLIE untying the ropes, while LACHLAN coils them. IAN refits the breakdown hook. CATHERINE joins URQUHART. They watch the MAJOR who in turn is staring at MENZIES silently leaving the scene. The activity gradually ceases as everyone becomes aware of the reluctant hero striding away along the path to the White House.

CUT TO:

135 INT. DALASKIR HOTEL BAR - EVENING

WILLIE, IAN and CHARLIE prop up one end of the bar, fresh pints in front of them. SAM slides a drink to URQUHART at the other end.

BROWN

Put them all on our bill, Mr. Mor.

IAN and CHARLIE turn and raise their glasses to BROWN who is sitting with SNEDDON.

URQUHART

How's Dan?

SAM

Nothing internal. But man, he's sad.

URQUHART

He had a sort of farewell look.

SAM

Aye. They'd been in a few dirty seas together.

IAN

If it hadn't been for that Menzies...

SAM

Och, I take my hat off to him. But where is he now?

CHARLIE

Where he always is.

SAM

It isn't natural, not after what he did.

IAN

He may be lying there ill.

SAM fixes his gaze on URQUHART.

SAM

D'you think he'd even take the wet clothes off?

URQUHART returns SAM's gaze, aware of what he is suggesting. SAM pushes a bottle across the bar to URQUHART.

SAM (cont'd)

Take it with you. His wife was a lovely woman, and if you don't bring him back he'll follow her.

CUT TO:

136 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

CATHERINE adjusts URQUHART's scarf.

CATHERINE  
He's right.

URQUHART is dressed for the storm. He slips "The Cliff" manuscript into his raincoat pocket and grasps the whisky bottle from the reception desk.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
Who else is there?

URQUHART looks at her as if to say "you".

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
No.

The MAJOR clutching a drink and wearing his now slightly singed scarlet dress tunic, crosses the lobby towards URQUHART. CATHERINE kisses URQUHART and after a cold glance at the MAJOR, goes upstairs. The MAJOR leers after her.

URQUHART  
I was thinking of calling on Menzies. See how he is.

MAJOR  
And you'd like my opinion?

URQUHART  
I don't want to be accused of interfering.

MAJOR  
Hah! Handing it back to me.

MAJOR drinks pointedly.

URQUHART  
Why don't you come?

MAJOR  
To satisfy some anthropological theory?

URQUHART  
He'd interest you. Been to some far off regions.

MAJOR  
What regions?

URQUHART  
Of the mind. He's not just drinking.

(CONTINUED)

MAJOR

Really.

URQUHART

No. With his music he's trying to make sense of his tragedy. Looking for the answer to it all.

MAJOR

Good God! I knew he'd go that way.

URQUHART takes in the MAJOR in his singed and faded glory.

URQUHART

I think you understand him more than you admit. You know the road he's on.

MAJOR

What road's that?

URQUHART

The one you won't take.

MAJOR

There's nothing there, damn you. And if you think your musical fellow can poke his head through that black wall... Madness.

URQUHART

He'll find a way. Takes all his fences.

MAJOR

Break his bloody neck.

URQUHART

He's not likely to die in his bed.

URQUHART bends to tie his laces. The MAJOR shakes with silent rage, then turns tail for the bar completely ignoring the WIDOW and LIZZIE approaching the reception desk. While LIZZIE bends behind the reception desk, the WIDOW beams excitedly towards URQUHART.

WIDOW

It's come.

URQUHART smiles, as the WIDOW turns to receive a tiny unseen package from LIZZIE, which she secretes in her handbag. Suddenly the MAJOR reappears in the bar doorway. The WIDOW tries to convey her triumph to him but he only has URQUHART in his sights.

MAJOR

If he's so damn clever get him to tell you why they beat the drum.

(CONTINUED)



136 CONTINUED: (2)

MAJOR turns on his heel to the bar and the WIDOW looks after him askance. URQUHART calmly ties other lace as a storm tossed LACHLAN enters the front door.

URQUHART

I wouldn't advise you to see the Major just now.

LACHLAN

I wasn't planning to.

The MAJOR reappears in the doorway to the bar, gesturing to the WIDOW to join him as he would a servant. Clutching her precious package she moves towards him but pauses as LACHLAN gently intercepts her.

LACHLAN (cont'd)

Excuse me, Ma'am. May I apologise about the hose.

WIDOW

Of course you may. I know you weren't aiming at me.

She glances at the MAJOR fuming in the doorway.

LACHLAN

Perhaps you'd permit me to buy you a drink?

WIDOW

Thank you, Mr. McGillivray.

LACHLAN smiles and sweeps his hand inviting the WIDOW to enter the bar. They pass a thunderous MAJOR who is forced to step aside to let them through. The MAJOR switches his glare from LACHLAN to URQUHART. URQUHART, unaffected by the MAJOR's aggression, lifts his hand in a departing gesture to LACHLAN.

LACHLAN

Give Mr. Menzies my very best.

URQUHART smiles an acknowledgement and leaves with a final exchange of looks with the MAJOR.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. MOORLAND - NIGHT

URQUHART striding against the storm approaches the White House. He slips, the whisky bottle smashes to the ground. The sound of splintering glass sparks off the theme of Menzies' symphony, distracting URQUHART from the lost whisky.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

He listens as the music slips in and out of the wind, ranging and raging through space. Above him moonlight shifts through the racing skies.

CUT TO:

138 EXT. HOTEL OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

The skies race over the hotel outhouse where the MAJOR cranks the generator handle, the symphony drowning his efforts. Halted by an unseen force, he turns to the open door and shivers.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. SEA BENEATH CLIFFS - NIGHT

Waves and spume swirl around the wreck of the trawler.

CUT TO:

140 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

MENZIES fingers dance in and out of frame as they range the piano keyboard. Watching him through the candlelight is URQUHART, still coated and sitting in a winged armchair.

MENZIES

I thought you'd come. How's Dan?

URQUHART

Feeling sorry for himself. He loved that boat of his. And you're none the worse yourself?

MENZIES comes to the end of his passage with a flourish.

MENZIES

Not a bit.

URQUHART

You took a chance on that cliff.

MENZIES

Probability. Makes the world go round doesn't it? You're the scientist. Aren't you up on your physics?

URQUHART

Not as much as I think I ought to be. The most fundamental building blocks of our universe are no more than the mathematical probability they exist. Until we observe them.

(CONTINUED)

MENZIES

Individual atoms flying through space...  
 (plays single notes at random)  
 ...the very stuff of you and me.  
 Unimaginably small but somehow they each  
 know exactly the arrangement of the  
 universe around them.

URQUHART

You talk as if everything's connected.

MENZIES

Atoms communicate.

URQUHART

As if they have minds? Maybe it's God who  
 tells them what to do.

MENZIES

(sarcastic)  
 Fine, hand it all over to him. Anything  
 else is a waste of time.

URQUHART

But you don't believe that. You want to  
 know, God or not. You want to reach into  
 that other world. To find Anna.

MENZIES stares thoughtfully, then smiles.

MENZIES

It's like trying to explain to someone  
 who's never drunk whisky what it tastes  
 like.

URQUHART sits back at this put down.

URQUHART

Well, I found the answer to my question.

MENZIES

You've had so many.

URQUHART

Anna could see it all.

MENZIES

I told you, Anna had the answer.

URQUHART

To save her world from going to wreck.

MENZIES

Yes, yes, it's in the story.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

URQUHART

No, I'm talking about before that; before everything. Why you left London.

The colour drains from MENZIES' face.

MENZIES

Have you ever deceived anyone, Mr. Urquhart?

URQUHART

Yes.

MENZIES eyes fill with tears.

MENZIES

Not with such consequences I'll bet. Here's your cause and effect.

URQUHART

I'm not here to judge.

MENZIES

I am. For ever, don't you see. It was my fault - and for what? A woman like that. My God. But Anna. She nearly died; and the baby, well...

URQUHART

You've paid the price.

MENZIES

It never stops. What d'you think this is?

In despair MENZIES points at the composition.

MENZIES (Cont'd) (cont'd)

You were right from the start. It did begin with something that really happened.

URQUHART

I know, but I came on it by accident. Not too good for a scientist.

MENZIES

Don't go back to your evidence. I thought I'd cured you of that.

URQUHART

I don't need evidence. I've got you. You're saying there's no creation without destruction and there's your victory.

URQUHART picks up the symphony score and waves it in front of MENZIES.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

MENZIES

You call me victorious?

URQUHART

Of course, the music's your answer to The Wrecker. Your light against his darkness. That's all Anna ever wanted. Through the music, so you and she could survive. What you've got to do now is finish it.

MENZIES takes a swig of whisky from a tea cup, puts it down and annotates his score on the music rest as he resumes playing and composing.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Upstairs. To the sound of MENZIES working on his symphony URQUHART wanders across the landing holding a candle. The bedroom door is ajar. As URQUHART opens the door wider, his candlelit face is bathed in a powerful white light from within the room. On the bed lies ANNA, with MENZIES kneeling on the floor beside her. It is the scene of her death but there is no blood.

MENZIES (V.O.)

She was dying and I'd never felt more alive. There was so much energy, if you can understand this, I was full of wonder, in awe, and I could see this wasn't all there was.

The white dawn light fades until URQUHART is again lit only by the candle, which itself flickers and dies. From the dark silence comes the sound of a slide projector and a succession of slides of prehistoric cave paintings which flash across URQUHART's transfixed face.

MENZIES (V.O.)

It didn't end here, there was something more. I saw how tiny I was compared to the infinite.

The last slide has no image, only whiteness. The bright dawn sun has returned. A shining white top shot again reveal the tableau of ANNA and MENZIES. ANNA smiles a serene peace. In her eyes is revealed the blackness of space as stars and galaxies appear in a reprise of URQUHART's atomic dream.

MENZIES (V.O.)

I had a glimpse of an immense otherness. Suddenly I felt I had a grasp of a much bigger and more staggering dimension than I could ever have imagined.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

Suddenly the stars fade, and the blackness mixes back to ANNA's face in the whiteness. She closes her eyes, her hands gently clench the counterpane, and then relax. She's dead.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. RUINED CHAPEL - PRE-DAWN

In the weak light, MENZIES strolls among the ruins with URQUHART.

MENZIES

In the far reaches of what you sometimes experience you can't even explain it to yourself. For a second the mist clears and what was unreachable is there. But when you try and string it all together, make logical sense of it, the whole thing falls apart. Maybe I still don't know enough.

URQUHART

But you do. Your music. I heard it against the storm. Instead of words, notes. You'll never beat the Wrecker, but you've broken through. You're beyond his reach.

MENZIES

Perhaps.

MENZIES comes to a halt, silhouetted in the arched doorway, while URQUHART sits at the base of the rowan tree. The image time lapses through to sunrise.

CUT TO:

143 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

MENZIES, lit by shafts of sunlight, plays the last bars of his symphony as URQUHART turns the pages of his score. MENZIES finishes with a triumphant flourish before making a final adjustment to his notation. He picks up the completed score and squares the edges. URQUHART extracts "The Cliff" manuscript from his pocket.

URQUHART

Thought we might have got round to it.

MENZIES shoves his score into a pocket.

MENZIES

Behind us now. Got to go on.

MENZIES walks over to the antique brass orrery.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

MENZIES (cont'd)  
Let's wind up the universe.

MENZIES winds the orrery and URQUHART leaves "The Cliffs" manuscript by an oil lamp on a small table under the window. Seen through the spinning planets of the orrery, URQUHART and MENZIES leave the house.

CUT TO:

144 INT. HOTEL OUTHOUSE - MORNING

To the sound of the orrery mechanism, the MAJOR is slumped beneath the silent generator, snoring heavily. In his lap is an empty bottle.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

MENZIES and URQUHART approach the cliff edge. MENZIES produces an empty bottle from one pocket, the score from another, and hands both to a disbelieving URQUHART.

URQUHART  
You're not going down?

MENZIES takes off his coat and lays it on the grass.

MENZIES  
Yes.

URQUHART  
But... I don't want a drink.

MENZIES takes back the bottle.

MENZIES  
It's not for you. I want a drop for Dan.

MENZIES kneels down and swings his legs over the edge

URQUHART  
Douglas...

MENZIES  
What's the matter? Worried about my chances?

MENZIES smiles at URQUHART and begins his descent. As he moves down from the edge of the cliff he looks back up at URQUHART.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
First of all you get the knowledge...

He makes a downward move balanced on the rock.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

MENZIES (cont'd)  
Then you get the wisdom.

MENZIES takes his next delicate downward step, his face beaming in delight.

MENZIES (cont'd)  
....Then you get the magic.

CUT TO:

146 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The wolfhound whimpers and suddenly straightens up alert.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAY

As MENZIES descends, URQUHART is flat on his chest peering over the edge. Tension mounts as MENZIES slips, but checks himself and continues.

CUT TO:

148 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The wolfhound leaps forward, and propelled by a powerful inner force crashes out through the window upsetting the burning oil lamp.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

MENZIES continues his perilous route down the cliff. A wayward foot searches for a hold, then finds it. At the top URQUHART breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

150 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Flames engulf "The Cliff" manuscript.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

MENZIES fumbles uncertainly as the strain of all he's been through shows on his face. He falls a foot, then checks himself. As URQUHART watches, MENZIES falls again, his hands scrambling for a hold. He gets one for two or three seconds but the rock crumbles under his slipping fingers.

(CONTINUED)



151 CONTINUED:

He falls almost calmly into space and then onto the jagged skerries, exposed by the low tide far below.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. SEA CLIFF EDGE - DAY

The wolfhound hurtles low across the grass towards the cliff edge where URQUHART lies prostrate. URQUHART turns round to face the beast which sees the edge too late. Its hind legs plough into the grass but fail to stop it, passing URQUHART's horrified face. With a hellish howl it leaps into space and then all way down to the rock beside MENZIES' crumpled body.

URQUHART stares down at MENZIES and the wolfhound. His attention is suddenly distracted by movement further along the foreshore. He sees ANNA running towards MENZIES.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. FORESHORE BENEATH CLIFFS - DAY

Running feet arrive beside MENZIES' body. The figure kneels into view, and strokes his forehead. It's CATHERINE. She turns to look up at the cliff, but URQUHART is already beside her. They embrace, watched by MENZIES peaceful but unseeing eyes. CATHERINE turns into URQUHART's chest. URQUHART places a comforting arm around her, his hand still holding the score of MENZIES' symphony.

Looking out to sea he sees the whisky cask carried out to sea on the retreating tide.

CUT TO:

154 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The house is ablaze. As the title page of "The Cliff" finally turns to ashes Menzies' completed symphony is heard above the inferno. Meanwhile as the fire reaches Anna's sculpture, the imperishable clay image of MENZIES' face stares out through the licking flames.

FADE TO BLACK.

155 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The following year. ANNA's gravestone is now superscribed "and Douglas Menzies". A heavily pregnant CATHERINE lays a bunch of stocks on the twin graves. Behind her stands URQUHART. As they walk slowly away from the graveyard, the improbable sight of booted feet on a steel girder, seemingly suspended in space, is revealed. They belong to one of a team of workmen assembling the top of an electricity pylon.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

In the distance CATHERINE and URQUHART walk along cliff edge path. Far below them the sun glints on the crashing waves.

FADE TO BLACK.

156 CAPTION ON BLACK

"Though nothing of this other might be known, or nothing that could be conveyed, yet equal to it, and indeed in some mysterious way going beyond it, was the sheer wonder of man's being on its quest. For of that now I had no doubt". Neil Gunn.

FADE TO BLACK.

157 END CREDITS