

13. CONTINUED. EXT. A TELEPHONE KIOSK DAY.

TOM MARKHAM : (Continues) . . . to waken you but it's the baby I think he's dead. Can you get round to look at him, please ?

(DR. GOODASON IS SITTING MORE NEARLY UPRIGHT AND IS VERY WIDE AWAKE)

DR. GOODASON: (Sharply) Wait a minute . . who is that speaking ?

15. EXT. TELEPHONE KIOSK DAY.

TOM MARKHAM: Its Tom Markham, Doctor . . . you know . . . Ashford Street

16. INT. BEDROOM DAY.

DR. GOODASON: You say you think the baby's dead ?

17. EXT. TELEPHONE KIOSK DAY.

TOM MARKHAM: I think so, but I'm not sure the wife's having the screamers. . . .

18. INT. BEDROOM DAY.

DR. GOODASON: (Emphatically, as if impressing the facts on her memory) . . . Markham . . . Ashford Street, . . . right. On my way . . .

(SHE RINGS OFF. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS AS SHE SITS UP IN BED AND PUTS HER LEGS OVER THE SIDE, WIGGLING HER FEET TO FIND HER SLIPPERS)

DR. GOODASON: (Musingly, to herself, aloud) Humph . . . very rum v e r y rum indeed that kid's as fit as a flea on a griddle not a sign of a thing wrong.

19. INT. ASHFORD STREET HOUSE DAY.

(SEEN FROM INSIDE THE HALL, DR. GOODASON IS BEING LET INTO THE FRONT DOOR OF THE MARKHAM HOME. IT IS A THREE-STOREY TERRACE HOUSE, CIRCA 1890 VINTAGE. THE INTERIOR IMPRESSION IS UNIMAGINATIVE AND DULL.

DR. GOODASON IS WEARING AN OFF-WHITE, VERY SMART SWEDISH RAINCOAT, WITH A PLAIN BLACK BERET AT A JAUNTY ANGLE, A SILK NECK SCARF, GREY STOCKINGS AND PLAIN BLACK SHOES. SHE CARRIES HER MEDICAL CASE.)

DR. GOODASON: Where's baby . . ?

TOM MARKHAM: In his mother's bed, wrapped up in a shawl; Marie's with her now. . . .

DR. GOODASON: Right . . . let's go up . . .

19. CONTINUED INT. ASHFORD STREET HOUSE DAY.

TELECINE 6:

Ashford Street house, staircase as seen from hall.

Dr. Goodason goes up, case in hand, followed by Tom Markham, who is still dressed in raincoat and nondescript trousers.

At the top landing, they turn right and go through the corresponding bedroom door.

20. INT. BEDROOM DAY.

(DR. GOODASON AND TOM ARE SEEN ENTERING TOM MARKHAM'S BEDROOM. THE FURNISHINGS ARE "HIGH STREET CHAIN STORE UNIMAGINATIVE", BUT GOOD QUALITY. EVERYTHING HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN BOUGHT NEW TO A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK SET PLAN, ALL SOFT FURNISHINGS BEING WELL MADE, QUITE HIDEOUS IN DESIGN, AND DEVOID OF ANY PERSONAL TOUCH. STRAY GARMENTS AND USED NIGHT ATTIRE ARE STREWN AROUND, AND ON, AN UNMADE SINGLE BED.

FROM THE NEXT BEDROOM CAN BE HEARD THE PITEOUS LAMENTATIONS OF MRS. MARKHAM. ALTHOUGH AT FIRST UPSETTING, AFTER A TIME AN ACUTE HEARER WOULD DETECT THAT THE HEARTBROKEN SOBBING AND GASPING IS ENTIRELY FOR CONVENTIONAL EFFECT, WITH OVERTONES OF SELF-PITY, NOT GENUINE GRIEF.

IN THE INTERVALS, MARIE CAN BE HEARD COMFORTING HER MOTHER. DR. GOODASON UNPACKS HER STETHOSCOPE, TAKES HER CASE, AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NEXT ROOM.

MARIE COMES INTO TOM MARKHAM'S BEDROOM, TO LEAVE DR. GOODASON ALONE WITH MRS. MARKHAM. MARIE IS WEARING AN ANKLE LENGTH DRESSING GOWN, WITH BRIGHTLY CONTRASTING QUILTED LAPELS AND COLLAR. HER HAIR IS TIED UP IN A SCARF, BANDEAU FASHION, ENDS FALLING AT THE BACK. SHE LOOKS SHOCKINGLY HAGGARD, STANDS WORDLESS AND STILL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOOR INTO THE OTHER BEDROOM.

MEANWHILE THE WEEPING AND LAMENTATION FROM NEXT DOOR DIES AWAY QUICKLY. TOM FIDGETS ABOUT, TAKES OFF HIS OLD MACKINTOSH, TO REVEAL A GREEN ROLL-NECKED JERSEY, OLD AND GRUBBY. HE TRIES TO SCRATCH BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER-BLADES, UNSUCCESSFULLY, PUTS ONE LEG UP ON A CHAIR, SCRATCHES THOUGHTFULLY AT ONE THIGH, AND FINALLY PULLS OUT A WEDGE OF KLEENEX TISSUES FROM HIS POCKET, TO GIVE HIS NOSE A SERIES OF MOURNFUL BLOWS AND TRUMPETING SNORTS.

TOM MARKHAM: (With the air of one trying to tide over a bad moment) What about a cuppa char all round, Marie? Be a good gel and nip and stick the kettle on, me mouth's that dry . . .

(MARIE LEAVES THE ROOM SILENTLY)

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INT.

BEDROOM

DAY.

DR. GOODASON RE-ENTERS THE ROOM. SHE PERCHES ON THE FOOT OF THE UNMADE BED, HER MEDICAL CASE BESIDE HER. SHE REPLACES THE STETHOSCOPE IN ITS PLACE, AND SNAPS THE LOCK SHUT VERY FIRMLY.

DR. GOODASON: (Quietly and positively) Well . . . his poor wee soul is back in Paradise this day . . . for him it was hardly worth the pain of his getting here . . .

(RECALLS HERSELF TO THE JOB IN HAND)

DR. GOODASON: (Continues crisply) I've got your wife back into bed and tucked her up well, and I've also given her a sedative that should make her sleep for a few hours. Keep the curtains closed and just peep in from time to time without disturbing her, just to see everything's all right. . .

(SHE PAUSES, LOOKING DOWN AT HER NAILS AS IF WONDERING WHAT TO SAY)

DR. GOODASON: Now, what exactly happened . . . ?

TOM MARKHAM: Well, my wife put baby to bed in his cot about ten. The she went to bed herself about half past. Then a bit late Marie went to her ma to get some aspirin for herself. Just then the baby started make a bit of a fuss, so Marie went over and tucked him a bit more comfortably, and he went off to sleep again.

When the wife woke it was nearly seven o'clock; she thought it was funny that the baby hadn't waked her in the night. He does usually. When she got over to him, he'd got himself with his face twisted round in the pillow and he was stone cold and flabby. She just started screaming and wouldn't stop, and I dashed out to phone you, Doctor.

DR. GOODASON: Humph . . . well . . . this means a post mortem and an inquest. I can't sign a death certificate in these circumstances. I'll be getting in touch with the Coroner's Office and they'll take it from there. I'll look in on Mrs. Markham after surgery this evening, and I've got a prescription here for you to get from the chemist. It's a tranquilliser, in case she starts to get upset again. Put baby back in his cot . . . the ambulance men will be here later today. . .

. . . You'd better start the funeral arrangements; the undertakers will take things over from the coroner's office after the inquest. If it's to be a cremation they will need their copy of the death certificate before they can do anything.

(DR. GOODASON RISES AND WALKS TO THE DOOR)

(Continues) : I really am most terribly sorry about this whole thing for you all . . . (PAUSING SLIGHTLY) . . don't worry, I'll let myself out.

DR. GOODASON LEAVES THE ROOM)

MARIE: (In a small, flat voice) She never drank her cup of tea.

21 EXT. GARDENS DAY.

TELECINÉ 7:

The Gardens of Golders Green Crematorium Day.

Distant and zoom close up shot of an official of the Crematorium, scattering ashes in the gardens

(SOUND OVER)

THE WOMAN BALLAD SINGER'S LAMENT, MUTED SOFTLY,
SINGING THE IVTH VERSE OF THEME TUNE, THE QUEEN'S FOUR MARIES)

O . . she has rowld it in her apron,
And set it on the sea . . .
'Gae sink or swim, ye bonny babe,
ye'se get nae mair o' me . . .

(DURATION ABOUT 25 SECONDS SOUND;
CUT SHOT FRACTIONALLY AFTER SOUND FINISHES)

22. INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

Qthe wall clock is showing 10.05 a.m.;
DR. GOODASON IS STANDING BY HER DESK,
FLICKING THROUGH THE CONTENTS OF A
FAIRLY FULL FILING BINDER. SHE IS WEARING
A WHITE LABORATORY COAT, A THIN-KNITTED
WHITE PULLOVER, WITH ROLL NECK TOP, LIGHT
STOCKINGS AND BEIGE SUEDE WALKING SHOES.
HER HAIR IS UP, BOUND IN A ROSE AND GOLD
THREAD DEEP BANDEAU, STITCHED, WITH NO
LOOSE ENDS. SHE IS WEARING A STRAIGHT
FAWN SKIRT.

WITH HER IS STANDING MISS MACKIE, ALSO IN A LAB. COAT, AND WAITING ATTENTIVELY FOR DR. GOODASON TO SPEAK. MISS MACKIE IS WEARING A WHITE CAP, AS WORN BY DOCTORS' RECEPTIONISTS IN AMERICAN PRACTICE).

DR. GOODASON: (Slowly and reflectively, thinking aloud, with pauses between phrases) Well, Miss Mackie the Coroner has settled for Misadventure . . . for the Markham baby . . . dunno that I'm too happy about it. Humph . . . time will show

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES, PASSES THE BINDER TO MISS MACKIE, WALKS ROUND HER DESK TO HER SWIVEL CHAIR AND, LOOKING DOWN AT HER DESK BLOTTER/WRITING PAD, SPEAKS)

DR. GOODASON: What sort of a Surgery have we this morning ?

MISS MACKIE: None too bad, . . . about a dozen . . .

DR. GOODASON: (Decisively, giving orders) . . Good . . now, listen . . Miss Mackie, . . I'm expecting Marie Hamilton in at about 11.30. . . She's due to be a longish session, so

22. CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

either ask her to come back later, or if she'd prefer, let her wait until last . . . O.K. ? And I'll have the first patient right away now, please . . .

MISS MACKIE: Yes, doctor.

(A PAUSE. THE WALL CLOCK REGISTERS 10.10 a.m.)

N O T E : THE REMAINDER OF SHOT 22 CAN IF NECESSARY BE CUT COMPLETELY IN THE EVENT OF TIME OVER RUN

AN ELDERLY PAKISTANI MAN ENTERS. HE IS WEARING A DINGY WHITE TURBAN. HIS WHISKERS AND BEARD ARE GRIZZLED WHITE. HE IS WEARING A WESTERN TYPE SUIT OF CLOTHES, THAT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR SLEEPING IN, AND A GRIMY WHITE TURBAN, OF THE READY WOUND VARIETY.

DR. GOODASON: Good morning, Mr. Matanaru. Now just sit down and get your shoe and sock off . . .

(MR. MATANARU OBLIGES, AND REVEALS A LARGE, LUMPY, AMATEUR BANDAGE ON HIS LEFT SHIN. THE PORTION COVERED IS ABOUT SIX INCHES LONG. DR. GOODASON MOVES TO ANOTHER CHAIR TO FACE THE LEG MORE EASILY.)

DR. GOODASON: Right . . now let's just have that bandage off as well . . .

(PAUSES . . CUTS AWAY THE DRESSING, CLEAN THROUGH IN ONE CUT, TO REVEAL A WELL DEVELOPED AND UGLY ULCER. DR. GOODASON EXAMINES THE ULCER AND CONTINUES TO SPEAK . . .)

. . . . well, Mr. Matanaru, we're getting nowhere with that, at all, at all. It's back into hospital for you again, I fear. You should never have been discharged to go home in the first place.

(SHE COLLECTS A LARGE EMERGENCY PAD DRESSING FROM THE MEDICAL CABINET, TEARS OPEN THE WRAPPING AND APPLIES THE PAD PART RIGHT OVER THE BAD AREA, TYING OFF THE BANDAGE ENDS NEATLY.

DR. GOODASON GETS UP FROM HER BANDAGING, AND WALKS TO HER DESK AND SITS DOWN TO WRITE)

DR. GOODASON: Now, I'm going to give you a letter to the Appointments Officer at the Jerome Hospital. Go back to the same Hospital with this letter . . do you understand what you are to do ?

(THE OLD MAN NODS . . THE FIRST CONVERSATIONAL MOVE HE HAS MADE THROUGHOUT)

22 continued

INT. SURGERY, DESK END,

DAY.

DR. GOODASON: And they will arrange for you to go into the Hospital again. Take your granddaughter with you. . . she can speak English to the Appointments Officer

(VOICE AND CAMERA FADE, THE CLOCK FACE SHOWING 10.30 FADE IN AGAIN)

23.

INT. SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

(THE WALL CLOCK STANDS AT 12.07. THE DESK INTERCOM. BUZZES . . . MISS MACKIE'S VOICE IS HEARD THROUGH THE SPEAKER)

MISS MACKIE: Miss Hamilton is here just now, doctor. Will I send her in ?

DR. GOODASON: I'll see next . . . send her in after this patient.

(THE INTERCOM. BACKGROUND 'MUSH' GOES DEAD.)

A THIN, BEDRAGGLED WHITE GIRL, ABOUT 20 YEARS OF AGE, IN A FULL LENGTH MAGENTA MAXI-COAT AND HOLDING ON HER KNEE A NEGRO BOY CHILD IN GRIMY WOOLLIES AND CRAWLERS, IS SITTING IN THE CHAIR PROVIDED FOR PATIENTS, AS IF WAITING TO BE SPOKEN TO)

DR. GOODASON: Where was I ? Oh, yes . . . well, look, Tina you can take it you are absolutely in the clear. The X-rays show there isn't a single thing amiss. So, there you are . . . off you go rejoicing. How's your big daddy-oh treating you ?

TINA : (Full-blast ripest Camden Town back areas doric) Oh, 'e's all right. Whatever 'e can, 'e does 'is best for us. Mad about the kiddie, 'e is. . . nothing's too good to buy for 'im . . always buying 'im something . . . spoils 'im rotten 'arf the time . . Says 'e wants to take us back with to Bridgetown when 'e goes.

DR. GOODASON: Well . . if you are all happy together, that's the main thing . .

(SHE HOLDS OUT A BOILED SWEET IN A WRAPPER TO THE BOY, WHO TAKES IT WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM)

Well MacTavish, there's a sweetie for you. Take good care of your Mummy, she needs it . . . and goodbye to you Tina . . .

TINA: Goodbye, doctor . . .

(TINA AND INFANT LEAVE. DR. GOODASON BUZZES FOR NEXT PATIENT. AFTER A PAUSE, THERE IS A TIMID TAP ON THE DOOR, AND MARIE HAMILTON COMES IN)

24.

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

(THE WALL CLOCK STANDS AT 12.15.

DR. GOODASON IS SITTING AT HER DESK, AND MARIE HAMILTON HAS JUST ENTERED THE ROOM, LOOKING JUST LIKE DEATH SERVED UP COLD. SHE IS WEARING FULL CONTEMPORARY GEAR AS CURRENT FASHION DEMANDS. ALL THAT THE HIGH STREET CAN OFFER THE TEENAGER WHO HAS MONEY TO SPEND).

DR. GOODASON: (In welcoming tones) 'Morning, Marie . . come away in and sit you down. Now make yourself comfortable, because you and I are due a little talk . . .

MARIE: (Wan, washed out) Yes, doctor, good morning . .

DR. GOODASON: (Briskly) Now . . . item one, how is your mother ?

MARIE: She's very bad, doctor, can't get anything out of her at all. Just sits in the corner all day, won't talk, won't open the curtains, and at night she can't sleep; just lies there . . . staring at the ceiling. If you go into her, there she is, just lying there staring.

DR. GOODASON: H'm . . . I see. Not too good. What about her sleeping capsules. . . isn't she taking them ?

MARIE: (Dubious-sounding) I don't know . . . she's very vague about what she does.

DR. GOODASON: Has she taken any at all ?

MARIE: Oh, yes, she has one now and again, but I've nearly got to push it down her. Then she can sleep, but not without. . . . I don't think she knows what she's doing half the time. If she was like this and took too many by mistake, what would happen ? I mean, how many would she . . . ?

DR. GOODASON: . . . Need for a fatal dose ? Well, she'd need a lot, but if she is likely to be going like this for some time, I'll prescribe something else. Get it from the chemist for her, and remember, round up all her barbiturate capsules and let me see them under lock and key. And have a good hunt for those thirty that went missing . . .

MARIE: Yes, doctor.

DR. GOODASON: Now, how is she eating ?

MARIE: Hardly anything, doctor. Oxo cubes in hot water and a few digestive biscuits. Won't touch anything else, except brandy.

DR. GOODASON: (JUMPS IN HER CHAIR) BRANDY ? ? Look, Marie, if your mother is drinking brandy . . . How much is she taking ?

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INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

MARIE: Hard to say. I reckon its quite a lot every day, 'cos some days by dinner time she dun't hardly know what she's doing. Dropping everythink when she's cooking. Sleeps in front of the telly most evenings, then when she goes to bed she can't go off to sleep again.

DR. GOODASON: This is extremely worrying. If she takes those sleeping capsules with a lot of brandy, it could be terribly serious. You are to get her on to her new prescription at once, and I would like you to bring her old capsules here to me this afternoon Now, can you remember anything about where the missing thirty pills are ?

MARIE: No, doctor. I reckon they aren't in the house anywhere. May be got accidentally slung out in the rubbish. There's only three places they could be, either on the kitchen shelf, or in her bed cupboard, or the bathroom shelf. And they're not in any of those, I've looked dozens of times. I'm sure she's not got them anywhere hid, because when I give her any, they're from those Dr. Miller gave he .

DR. GOODASON: Good. . . well by six o'clock tonight we should have them all back here, and with her new prescription, alcohol won't affect her. How does she get the brandy ?

MARIE: (Shrugging her shoulders) Dunno when she's shopping Don't have to go into pubs now to get it. Its in all the big store

DR. GOODASON: Well now, to change the subject entirely, how's Mr. Markham taking the loss of the baby ? Does he miss him ?

MARIE: Him ? He couldn't care less; he never wanted it the very first off. Soon as he knew she'd fallen for a baby, he wanted her to get rid of it . . .

DR. GOODASON: (Musingly, half to herself) Something in that, seeing how everything has turned out. . . .

(DR. GOODASON AGAIN SWITCHES VOICE SUDDENLY, TURNS HER CHAIR 45 DEGREES TO FACE MARIE DIRECT, AND CONTINUES:)

. . . . now, tell me, just what do you think happened to your baby half-brother, Marie ?

MARIE: (Taken unawares for once) . . . my half-brother . . . ?

(MARIE PAUSES, AND THEN CONTINUES IN A MATURE MANNER MORE TO BE EXPECTED FROM AN OLDER WOMAN)

. . . Well . . . I don't know. The Inquest . . . they said it was Misadventure . . . didn't they ?

DR. GOODASON: Yes . . misadventure. Now, to you, what does that mean ?

24. CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

MARIE: I think it means he died by accident . .

DR. GOODASON: Correct. But . . . accidents don't h a p p e n .
they are caused. Now, I repeat, what do you think happened ?

MARIE: (Squirming as if her pants were cutting into her) Why ask me ? It's all over; I . . . I . . think it was probably a case of overlying.

DR. GOODASON: What do you know about overlying, Marie ?

MARIE: I read about it once . . . sometimes mothers roll over on their babies and suffocate them . . .

DR. GOODASON: Quite true. But in this case he was in his cot alone.

MARIE: I know, but like the coroner said, he must have somehow got rolled over in his sleep and smothered himself. That's a sort of overlying, isn't it ?

DR. GOODASON: Um, . . Ah. We'll leave it at that for now . .
It's your poor Mama who's got to be looked after now . . .

(DR. GOODASON'S VOICE ALTERS TONE AS SHE PAUSES:)

DR. GOODASON: (Continuing briskly) . . . and now, my lassie, we come to what concerns you your affair with Tom. Well, I'm not going to be all pious about it. The damage was done the day your own dear Papa died. With three people left in a house in that way, with those age differences, these events might have been foreseen if anyone is to blame, its your mother . . . I'm very sorry for her, it was very difficult for her being left in the butchery trade without a man to run the business, because its not a woman's line. . . But, given some help and a bit of time, something better could have been arranged for you all.

MARIE: (Peeking up) But she hasn't got the business; she's signed it over to him, legally, and the house too. . . . This is a lot of what is getting her, doctor . . . she know's now what she's done. . . . she's fixed he self, any way she turns . . .

DR. GOODASON: (Explosively) Sweet mother of Pearl !
I can't believe it !

(Continues, very pensively)

. . . This is a horse of a v e r y different colour . .
Still , nothing I can do about it.

(MARIE SITS SILENT, WAITING FOR DR. GOODASON
TO GO ON)

24. CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

DR. GOODASON: (Continuing) . . . Well, I promised I wouldn't be pious with you. It's man-made law you're breaking. As far as Mother Nature's rules go, mentally and physically you are big enough to go with a man, seventeen or no. It's emotional things you have to watch for. Where two people are involved like this, one or other gets hurt. There's the one who does the loving and the one who gets loved. And often a third person gets their fingers in the mangle. Here it's your mother. She's guessed by now, so she is hurt already. This is a great deal of what is at the bottom of her upset state. She must have known for a long time what's happening, and the baby's death has just made it worse for her.

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES AND RESUMES:)

. . . are you following exactly what I say ?

MARIE: I t h i n k so, Doctor. . .

DR. GOODASON: Right. . . . Now, . . . between you and Tom, who started it ?

MARIE: Me, doctor. I found him on his own in bed one time . . he didn't want to get involved and so I got in the bed with him and bit his shoulder to get him started He's mustard; I get that passionate I just blow me mind . . . just go on falling over and over down and down miles, all stars and lights . . . I'll never give him up . . . never . . . never . . .

DR. GOODASON: Well, sounds to me as if you are the one most likely to get hurt. With this set-up with Tom, you are on a loser a black eye to a good hiding. You're not yet seventeen, Tom can't get free to marry you. Divorce would bring out your age problem and the fact that Tom now owns the house and the business.

What would your mother live on, and where ? The two of you would have find her in everything she needed. She is quite incapable of looking after herself . . . She'd just have to live with you, and you are back with the problems you've got now.

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES AND THEN CONTINUES)

. . . . It's deadlock, Marie. As it stands, you'll want to go on from day to day as you are, as long as it lasts. It will mean both of you leading a double life at home and out of doors, no arm-in-arm in the street, and above all, not getting yourself in the family way . . . facing the everlasting local gossip . . .

(MORE BRISKLY)

. . . So, first things first . . . I'll give you a letter to a family planning clinic; they will fit