

24 CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

DR. GOODASON : (Continuing) you with a diaphragm and give you a supply of gels to cover this next month, and at the same time see about putting you on to one or other of the oral contraceptives well before then. So at least you will be off risk from now on

(WRITES . . MEANWHILE MARIE HAS SAT STILL AND SILENT, EXPRESSIONLESS, THROUGHOUT DR. GOODASON'S TALK. SHE COMES BACK TO LIFE WITH A SLIGHT JERK)

MARIE: (Flatly). . . It's too late for that, Doctoc, I'm two months gone already. . . . (Bursting into defiance) It's Tom's baby . . . and I'm never going to give up Tom like you say. I've as good a right to him as my mother has . . . better, I reckon . . .

(MARIE STOPS FOR BREATH)

DR. GOODASON: (After a decided pause to digest this news) Jeepers! That's torn it. You really haven't missed out on much, have you ?

(SHE PAUSES AND CONTINUES)

. Does Tom know ? Or your mother ?

(MARIE SHAKES HER HEAD)

DR. GOODASON: With all this going on, have you thought what you want to do ? What I am saying is that, in the circumstances you would be able to have the pregnancy terminated officially . .

MARIE: (Defiantly, head back) No. I know exactly what I'm going to do. I'm going to have the baby, and make Tom stand by me, and when I'm over the baby, I'm going to work in our shop, keep the accounts and the office, look after the baby, and he can do the shop. That way we'll be together always.

DR. GOODASON: And what if Tom doesn't see things your way, Marie

MARIE: (Almost but not quite clenching her teeth) I'll see to it that he does, or else he'll sweat for it he'll wish he'd never seen me

(A SLIGHT PAUSE, AS DR. GOODASON REFLECTS)

DR. GOODASON: I don't quite see all that you have in mind to do, but do remember that there's a poor wee human soul inside you, and it mustn't be put out into this world as a sort of shuttlecock in your battle over Tom. Better it was in Paradise at peace or back there already . . .

(PAUSES AND CONTINUES)

24 CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

DR. GOODASON : (Continues) . . . anyway, love can be led but not driven. If you try and force Tom into anything, anything at all, you'll find yourself with nothing left, except the prospect of the Borough Child Guidance Clinic. Which is where I don't wish to be forced to recommend you . .

(MARIE REMAINS SILENT, UNAWARE APPARENTLY OF ANYTHING THAT HAS BEEN SAID)

DR. GOODASON: (Continuing) To change the subject again, is your family holiday in Spain still on ?

MARIE: Yes, Doctor we're due off next Friday . .

DR. GOODASON: Well, my advice is, off you go, enjoy yourself, get yourself as fit and brown as you can, and have a family holiday, the lot of you. . . . get the best out of it, and I'll see you and your Mama when you get back . . . Make an appointment with Miss Mackie as you go out.

Do not let your Mother overdo things she needs looking after

MARIE: Yes, and thank you Doctor, goodbye.

(MARIE GOES OUT, DR. GOODASON IS LAST SEEN SITTING AT HER DESK, ELBOWS ON BLOTTER, FACE IN HANDS).

25.

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

SCENE: THREE WEEKS LATER

THE SURGERY WALL CLOCK REGISTERS 10.57 a.m

DR. GOODASON IS SEATED AT HER DESK. IN ORDER TO INDICATE TIME LAPSE INTO EARLY SEPTEMBER, A LARGE BOWL OF EARLY CHRYSANTHEMUMS, REAL OR ARTIFICIAL STANDS ON A SIDE TABLE, AND A VASE OF FERN AND AUTUMN SPRAYS, ON WHATEVER PIECE OF FURNITURE MAY BE CONVENIENT.

DR. GOODASON IS SEEN WEARING AN ANGORA KNITTED ROLL-NECKED LIGHT-WEIGHT PULLOVER, COLOUR AUTUMN LEAF BROWN. HER HAIR IS DOWN, TIED BACK LOOSELY WITH A CHIFFON SCARF. HER SKIRT OR SLACKS DO NO MATTER, AS SHE IS SEATED AT HER DESK THROUGHOUT THE SHOT.

THE INTERCOM. BEEPS. DR. GOODASON PRESSES THE SWITCH TO 'RECEIVE')

25 CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY

DR. GOODASON: Yes ? . . .

MISS MACKIE: (Voice on intercom.) . . Mrs. Markham is here,
Doctor . . .

DR. GOODASON: . . . Right . . . send her in . . .

MISS MACKIE (Voice on intercom.) Yes, Doctor . . . Bye the bye .
there's no one else for surgery. She's the last.

(A TAP ON THE DOOR, AND MRS. MARKHAM ENTERS)

DR. GOODASON: Good morning, Mrs. Markham . . . and how did you
enjoy Spain ?

(MRS. MARKHAM LOOKS ILL AND GHASTLY. EMACIATED
HAGGARD, SALLOW AND APATHETIC. SHE HAS CLEARLY
LONG AGO GIVEN UP THE ATTEMPT OF TRYING TO COPE,
MENTALLY OR PHYSICALLY. AGED ABOUT 40, SHE IS
DRESSED ENTIRELY IN NONDESCRIPT BLACK, IN STYLE
SOME TWENTY YEARS OUT OF DATE. THE CHARACTER
MUST CONVEY ONE WHO HAS BEEN UNDER POWERFUL
SEDATION FOR MONTHS, AND DRINKING HEAVILY IN
SECRET FOR WEEKS.)

MRS. MARKHAM: (Speaking in the flat, slow, toneless voice of one
who has lost the habit of expressing herself in words) . . . We
got back yesterday . . .

DR. GOODASON: Well, Spain in August; you're a braver traveller
than I am . . .

MRS. MARKHAM: . . Well, it's our slack time at the shop; we've
no choice, not really . . . (her voice trails off)

DR. GOODASON: Did you feel any better for the change there ?

MRS. MARKHAM: (Mournfully) Well, I don't like the heat, and I feel
I spoiled it for Tom and Marie . . . I had an accident, you see.

DR. GOODASON: (Sharply) What sort of accident . . ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, we were all three out in this boat, you see,
and Tom and Marie were trying to change places, standing up and
waving about, and I told them it would go over, and with them
standing up, it did . . . next thing we were all in the water.
Marie panicked and started to swim for the beach. Tom got all
flustered trying to keep me up, but I can't swim, and I thought I
was going to drown. Two young men came by in a speedboat and saw
us, and pulled me in their boat. It was terrible, doctor . .
I never want to go through that again . . .

DR. GOODASON: What an awful thing for you . . . did you have
any ill-effects afterwards ?

25 CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

MRS. MARKHAM: Not really. Only shock. Didn't want to go out, so I just stayed in the hotel all the time, while the other two went out.

DR. GOODASON: And how do you feel about it now ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Dead to the world, Doctor. Wake up dead, and groggy all day. I thought perhaps if I could have a strong tonic . . .

DR. GOODASON: Right . . .

(DR. GOODASON WRITES ON HER
PRESCRIPTION PAD . . .)

. . . Here you are . . .

(HANDS OVER THE PRESCRIPTION)

DR. GOODASON: (Continues) One red tablet three times a day before food. Now, please don't feel that you have to be worrying all the time. It can't help you . . . it will only make you worse, and things will get on top of you. I know you have difficulties just now, but they will sort themselves out, you know. . . They always do.

MRS. MARKHAM: Thank you Doctor . . . I wish I had your confidence. Goodbye, Doctor . . .

(MRS. MARKHAM GOES OUT)

(DR. GOODASON LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, DRAWS VERY HARD AND EXHALES FORCEFULLY, THREE OR FOUR TIMES. SHE THINKS ALOUD:-)

DR. GOODASON: (With an angry snort) . . . Some accident ! If it hadn't been for the two unforeseen young men, that would have been the end of the auld wifie !

FADE IN, SOUND OVER VISION, A YOUNG MALE BALLAD SINGER'S VOICE; ANDANTE, VERY HOARSELY, HOPING AGAINST HOPE. SINGING THE VTH VERSE OF THE THEME BALLAD. . .

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green,
And every town that they came to,
They took Marie for the Queen

(DURING SOUND-OVER-VISION, DR. GOODASON IS SEEN CONTINUING TO SMOKE, DEEP IN THOUGHT.)

. /

26. INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

(SCENE: THE SAME. CONTINUES STRAIGHT ON FROM SHOT 25. THE WALL CLOCK STANDS AT 11.15 a.m.)

DR. GOODASON IS STILL SITTING AS AT THE END OF SHOT 25. SHE REACHES FOR THE TELEPHONE, DIALS A NUMBER, THE NUMBER REPLIES . . .)

DR. GOODASON: . . . This is Dr. Catharine Goodason here. Is Dr. Black available to speak, please ?

(A PAUSE, SHE CONTINUES)

. . . Dr. Black ? 'Morning, it's Catharine Goodason here . . . are you alone ? I mean are you free to speak ? Oh, good . . . Well, the thing is this. I've got a case I would like to refer to you, but I'd like to talk to you first. The point is, when ?

(A PAUSE, THE PHONE CRACKLES)

Right . . I'll be over straight from surgery tomorrow evening . . see you then . . . Many thanks . . . 'Bye now. . . .

(SHE RINGS OFF)

27. INT. A CONSULTING ROOM DAY.

(A PSYCHIATRIST'S CONSULTING ROOM. FURNISHINGS CONVENTIONAL. A MANTELPIECE CLOCK STANDS AT 6.45 p.m.)

DR. BLACK IS SITTING AT HIS DESK, FOUNTAIN PEN IN HAND. HE WEARS A PLAIN GREY FLANNEL SUIT, WITH BOLD STRIPED SHIRT AND COLLAR, AND A BRIGHT CAMBRIDGE BLUE TIE.

DR. BLACK IS FIFTY-ISH, IN GOOD CONDITION, SUNTANNED, AND WEARS A GOLD SIGNET RING.

HEIGHT, SAY 5FT. 11 INCHES, WEIGHT, SAY 12 STONE, COLOURING AND SO ON, AS MAY BE AVAILABLE. HE IS OBVIOUSLY VERY ALERT, QUICK ON THE UPTAKE, AND HAS A PLEASANT, BUT BRUSQUE, SPEAKING VOICE.

DR. GOODASON IS SEEN SITTING AT ONE END OF A COMFORTABLE LEATHER COUCH, SNUGGED INTO THE CORNER WITH A CUSHION.

SHE HAS ON A DARK TAILORED TWO-PIECE SUIT WITH A LACEY CRAVAT, GUNMETAL STOCKINGS, BLACK PATENT LEATHER COURT SHOES WITH MID-HEELS. HER HANDBAG IS LARGE AND SMART, PATENT LEATHER, AND IS LYING ON THE COUCH NEAR HER. THEY ARE HEARD SPEAKING TOGETHER, NEARING THE END OF WHAT HAS BEEN A LONG AND COMPLICATED DISCUSSION).

27 CONTINUED

INT.

A CONSULTING ROOM

DAY.

DR. GOODASON: So there you are, my dear Dr. Black. You now know as much about the Markham-Hamilton family case history as I do

DR. BLACK LEANS BACK IN HIS ARMCHAIR, AWAY FROM HIS DESK, PUSHES HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS BACK, HIS ARMS STRETCHED TO BRING HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD, IN A GREAT ARCHING STRETCH. HE YAWNS A MIGHTY 'ARRRGH' AND RESUMES HIS WRITING POSTURE.)

DR. BLACK: (Speaking in a light, ironic tone) Well, as Franklin D. Roosevelt would have said, "It's all very 'iffy' " . . . If the husband if the daughter if Mrs. Whose-it . . . are all agreeable to help and co-operate, . . . if the patient will even try to respond . . . a lot of if's. There are so many cases like this. Depressives who have just opted out. Even if they come round again, what have you got left? An inadequate being who went off the rails just because they were inadequate in the first place. Schraube ohne ende. . . .

(HE PAUSES AND CONTINUES)

. . . I'll tell you what I suggest. If you can get the family to agree, we can get her into hospital, dry the alcohol out of her, and see what happens after that . . . step by step . . .

DR. GOODASON: There'll be no co-operation from the husband, and not too much from Mrs. Markham. I see no welcome for any scheme that leaves her husband and daughter entirely alone in that house . . .

DR. BLACK: Ah . . . yes . . . I meant to ask more about that. What's all this heavy-weight Phaedra Complex in that direction? If there's anything in it, the girl ought to be referred to the Child Guidance Clinic, then to a social worker, and if necessary, to a psychiatrist. . . . Not me, I hasten to add ! . . .

DR. GOODASON: I could . . . I've often thought about it. But she's clever and artful. One of the cleverest little operators I've ever known. She'd turn the Guidance Clinic inside out. And the man would back her up. Blank denials all round, not a shred of proof. By the finish, she'd have the Child Guidance crowd apologising to her . . . no . . . I'd leave it alone.

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS . . DR. BLACK ANSWERS IT)

DR. BLACK: Yes, she's here . . . do you want to speak to her ?

(DR. BLACK PASSES THE RECEIVER TO DR. GOODASON.)

DR. GOODASON: (Quickly and quietly, to Dr. Black) . . I left this number in case . . .

(DR. GOODASON TAKES THE INSTRUMENT AND SPEAKS)

. . . Dr. Goodason here . . .

(PAUSE, CRACKLE)

27 CONTINUED

INT

A CONSULTING ROOM

DAY.

. . . Yes, Mr. Markham, what is it ? . . .

(LONG CRACKLE)

DR. GOODASON: (Sounds alarmed) When did this happen ?

(CRACKLE)

(Continues) . . . Say a quarter of an hour ago; . . . Who's with her now ?

(CRACKLE)

(Continues) . . . Good, that's fine . . . get back there and tell Nurse I'll be there as quick as I can fly . . .

(DR. GOODASON HANDS BACK THE RECEIVER TO DR. BLACK WHO HANGS IT UP. HE LOOKS AT DR. GOODASON ENQUIRINGLY)

DR. GOODASON: Mrs. Markham has cut her wrists; the District Nurse is with her now, I must fly . . . looks as if it's our chance to get her into hospital quick. Speak of the wolf and you see his tail She's been on the booze all day apparently. Don't worry about seeing me out . . . I know my way . . . I'll be in touch with you the moment this is sorted out. . . . 'Bye . . .

(DR. GOODASON LEAVES THE CONSULTING ROOM IN WELL-CONTROLLED HASTE . . . SPEED WITHOUT FLAP . . . DR. BLACK STANDS AT HIS DESK WATCHING HER SELF-POSSESSED, PURPOSEFUL DEPARTURE)

28.

INT.

BEDROOM

NIGHT.

(MRS. MARKHAM'S BEDROOM AT THE ASHFORD STREET HOUSE. THE FURNISHINGS SEEN EARLIER AT SHOT 20 CAN BE RE-ARRANGED TO SUIT. BOTH BEDROOMS WERE FURNISHED FROM THE SAME SUPPLIERS.

MRS. MARKHAM IS LYING ON THE BEDCOVER, PARTLY UNDRESSED AS FAR AS HER DREARLY UNINTERESTING UNDERWEAR. SHE STILL HAS HER STOCKINGS ON, NO SHOES. SHE APPEARS VERY SHRUNK AND SMALL, SUNK DEEPLY INTO THE PILLOWS IN THE WAY THE DESPERATELY ILL SO OFTEN DO. HER LANK, DARK HAIR IS STRAGGLED OVER THE PILLOW, OVER HER MIDRIFF IS A LARGE WHITE SHEET OR TOWEL. HER HANDS ARE TOGETHER RESTING ON HER STOMACH. THE WRISTS ARE HEAVILY WRAPPED IN LARGE EMERGENCY DRESSINGS. THE DRESSINGS ARE OOZING BLOOD CONSIDERABLY, AND THE WHITE SHEET IS WELL BLOOD-STAINED AS WELL. AS DR. GOODASON ENTERS, THE DISTRICT NURSE, A HIGH-BROWN WEST INDIA GIRL, IN OUTDOOR UNIFORM, IS SITTING BESIDE THE BED TAKING MRS. MARKHAM'S PULSE. TOM MARKHAM IS STANDING JUST AWAY FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE BED,

28 CONTINUED

INT.

BEDROOM

NIGHT.

PARTLY WATCHING WHAT IS HAPPENING, AND PARTLY
EXAMINING HIS HANDS.

DR. GOODASON: Good evening, Nurse. How is she ? Can she be moved ?

NURSE: Well, she's not cut herself too seriously, Doctor. She missed the arteries. She's had an awful lot of alcohol, so she made a bad job of it. We've rung for an ambulance, it's on it's way.

DR. GOODASON: Right, . . . we'll have her safe and sound in hospital in case she tries anything again. Have you any wishes against that, Mr. Markham ?

TOM MARKHAM: (Coming to life with a jerk) Me ? Oh no, Doctor. Best thing now. . .

DR. GOODASON: Fine, that's settled . . . will you get your wife's night things and toilet essentials into a small case for her, and go with her to hospital, see her in Now I would like to find somewhere to write a note to the Casualty Officer; the ambulance men can take it with them.

(DR. GOODASON GOES OUT OF THE ROOM. . . THE SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE SIREN IS HEARD APPROACHING, STOPS OUTSIDE HOUSE. THE FRONT DOOR BELL AND KNOCKER BOTH SOUND. A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE SOUND OF MENS' VOICES, FOOTSTEPS AND STRETCHER BUMPS ARE HEARD ON THE STAIRS. THE AMBULANCE TEAM ENTER THE ROOM. TOM MARKHAM HANDS THEM THE NIGHT CASE, AND MRS. MARKHAM'S DRESSING GOWN. THE DRESSING GOWN THE AMBULANCE MEN DEFTLY SLIP ROUND MRS. MARKHAM'S SHOULDERS, THEY WRAP A BLANKET IN ONE SWIFT MOVE ROUND THE LIMP BUNDLE OF DRESSING GOWN AND BEDRAGGLED HAIR AND LIFT THE LOT SKILFULLY ON TO THE STRETCHER. ONE OF THE MEN SPEAKS AS THEY LEAVE THE ROOM :-)

FIRST AMBULANCE MAN: Come on, Ma, you're going to be all right . .

(SOUNDS OF TEAM DESCENDING STAIRS, THE FRONT DOOR CLOSES A PAUSE, AND THEN THE SOUND OF THE AMBULANCE SIREN DEPARTING. IT FADES IN THE DISTANCE.

DR. GOODASON RE-APPEARS IN MRS. MARKHAM'S VACATED BEDROOM.

TOM MARKHAM: (Energetically) My God, doctor, we've really hit rock bottom now

DR. GOODASON: Well, it may seem like it tell me . . . what's been going on ?

. /

28 CONTINUED

INT.

BEDROOM

NIGHT.

TOM MARKHAM: It's the drink, doctor. She's really hitting it. Staggering around, dun't know who she is or where she is . . .

Dr. GOODASON: And how long has this been going on ?

TOM MARKHAM: Dunno exactly . . . Long time, I think. When we was on holiday in Spain, she was kale-eyed, out of action, in the hotel all day every day. When there was staff or guests around, I din't know which way to look. Sick in the bedroom, she was, several times.

DR. GOODASON: Did you speak to her about it ? . . . Ask her why ? try to stop her . . . ?

TOM MARKHAM: Oh, yes . . . but all she'd say was it was all my fault . . .

DR. GOODASON: (Realising she is making no progress with Mr. Markham) Humph! Fancy that, now . . .

29.

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

DAY.

(DR. GOODASON, HAIR IN A BUN, IS WEARING HER WHITE NYLON LABORATORY COAT. THE WALL-CLOCK SHOWS 10.37 a.m.)

DR. GOODASON IS SITTING AT HER DESK, TELEPHONING)

DR. GOODASON: That Dr. Black ? Yes, Catharine Goodason here. Well . . . quite an evening ! Anyway, all's well . . . Mrs. Markham is in for patching up, and as soon as she has healed and rested a bit, I'd like to have her transferred to your care. The family have had a sudden change of heart after last night. Mother can go inside for ever, as far as they're concerned, and she seems quite happy to let things take their course . .

(PAUSE, CRACKLE)

DR. GOODASON: (Continuing) Oh, I agree . . . there's not much to hope for. If she can be weaned off the drink and encouraged to eat proper meals, and come a bit out of her shell . . . well, that would be a start . . . anyway, we'll be in touch . . .

30.

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

NIGHT.

(TWO MONTHS LATER: WALL-CLOCK SHOWS 6.15 p.m.)

THE SURGERY IS DECORATED WITH PAPER FESTOONS AND A SMALL ELECTRICALLY-LIT CHRISTMAS TREE, TO INDICATE THE SEASON. THE GAS (ELECTRIC ?) FIRE GLOWS.

. /

30 CONTINUED

INT.

SURGERY, DESK END

NIGHT

DR. GOODASON, HAIR IN A BUN, IS WEARING A WHITE, HIGH-NECKED LABORATORY COAT, AND IS SEATED AT HER DESK. OPPOSITE HER, IN ONE OF THE CHAIRS FOR PATIENTS, IS SITTING MRS. MARKHAM. SHE LOOKS FITTER PHYSICALLY, BUT STILL SALLOW AND APATHETIC. SHE IS STILL DRESSED ENTIRELY IN BLACK, IN A STYLE TWENTY YEARS OUT OF DATE.)

DR. GOODASON: (Trying to be cheery) Well, Mrs. Markham . . here you are, home for Christmas. How do you feel about that ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Terrible, Doctor, just terrible . .

(SHE PAUSES, AND CONTINUES)

. . . Thank you, Doctor, for getting me into hospital. They've made me feel a bit better in meself, but I need something to make me sleep and something to give me a bit of energy in the daytime. I've still got this indigestion something chronic.

DR. GOODASON: Well, I've got a letter here from the hospital; they've fixed you up with something to take for both your sleeping and your indigestion . . .

(DR. GOODASON WRITES ON HER PRESCRIPTION PAD)

Get this prescription for your tonic made up, and when you run short, come and see me again . . . And promise me ! No brandy, no booze ! !

(DR. GOODASON HANDS MRS. MARKHAM A PRESCRIPTION)

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, Doctor goodbye . . .

(MRS. MARKHAM TURNS, STARTS TO GO THROUGH THE DOOR, STOPS HALF-WAY, TURNS ROUND AND COMES BACK INTO THE SURGERY. SHE HOLDS OUT HER HAND TO DR. GOODASON, AS IF TO SHAKE HANDS, AND SPEAKS:-)

. . . . I couldn't leave without shaking hands goodbye with you, Doctor. I shan't see you again while I'm alive . . . I just been told over there, at the doorway . . .

(THEY SHAKE HANDS IN SILENCE. MRS. MARKHAM TURNS AGAIN TO LEAVE, GOES OUT, AND THE DOOR CLOSES)

DR. GOODASON: (Looking quizzically at the closed door, shakes her head very gently, shrugs expressively, and murmurs to herself)
. . . What is written is written

31

INT.

BEDROOM

DAY.

(SEVEN WEEKS LATER. SUNDAY MORNING, INDICATED BY SOUND OF PARISH CHURCH BELLS FOR SERVICE.)

THE SCENE IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS IN SHOT 12. THE BEDSIDE CLOCK SHOWS 9.35 a.m. AS IT IS NOW WINTER, DR. GOODASON IS WEARING A HIGH-NECKED WARM WOOLLEN NIGHTDRESS. SHE IS SITTING ON HER BED WITH A WARM, FLOWER-PATTERNED QUILTED DRESSING GOWN, ANKLE LENGTH. HER HAIR IS TWO LOOSE PLAITS, AND SHE IS DRINKING HER MORNING TEA FROM AN ENORMOUS CUP, GAILY PATTERNED. THE MORNING TRAY CAN BE IN CAMERA IF DESIRED. THE TELEPHONE RINGS. SHE GROANS, PUTS DOWN THE CUP AND PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE:-)

DR. GOODASON: Must be my Sunday off. How do they find out ?

(SHE SPEAKS INTO THE HANDSET)

. . . Dr. Goodason here . . .

(EXCITED CRACKLE IN INSTRUMENT)

(Continues) . . . Yes, yes . . . Mr. Markham, precisely what has happened ?

(PAUSES. . . . THE CRACKLE IN THE INSTRUMENT CONTINUES HIGHLY EXCITED AND LOUD)

(Continues) . . . Your wife ? . . . yes . . . unconscious ? Tell me . . . has she been drinking, do you know ? No ? Well, that's something, at least. Look, give me ten minutes and I'll be with you.

32

INT.

BEDROOM, HOUSE IN ASHFORD STREET

DAY.

TELECINE 8:

Exterior and Interior of House in Ashford Street.

This shot follows closely Shot 19, Teleciné 6, pp ~~21~~ and 22.

Dr. Goodason's car pulls up outside the house, braking hard to a scrunch. The doctor is out quickly, turns for her case, bangs and locks the car door, flies up the steps to the front door, which Tom Markham has already opened. He is standing waiting in the doorway. Dr. Goodason is wearing a sheepskin driving coat, a round fur hat, feet in sheepskin boots, her slacks being tucked into the boot tops for warmth.

The camera tracks the pair right up to the stairs top landing, (see also Shot 19, Teleciné 6). They enter Mrs. Markham's bedroom, which is exactly as seen earlier in Shot 28. Being a winter morning, the curtains are still drawn closed. The lights are on in the room. Marie is standing by the bed, wearing her dressing gown seen earlier in Shot 20, page 22.