

'MELROSE'

EPISODE ONE - 'BAD NEWS'

Written by

David Nicholls

Based on

The Patrick Melrose novels by Edward St. Aubyn

This draft 16th September 2016

A TELEPHONE RINGS. A loud, persistent electronic trill -

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY

C.U. on the telephone on the table of a rather scruffy flat, curtains drawn against the May sunlight.

A figure appears at the end of the hallway. A thin face, handsome, fine-featured, eyes of a startling intelligence but a certain vampiric sallowness to the skin.

This is PATRICK MELROSE, mid-twenties, a little unsteady. He regards the phone like an enemy, gathers himself and picks up.

PATRICK
Patrick Melrose here.
(silence)
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
(well-spoken, distant)
Hello? Hello, Patrick is that you?

PATRICK
Nicholas.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
Patrick, I'm afraid I have rather
bad news.

PATRICK doesn't move. His face entirely impassive.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello, Patrick? Can you hear
me? I'm in New York. There appears
to be a delay. Can you hear me? It
concerns your father.

PATRICK
I'm here.

NICHOLAS(O.S.)
Your father died the night before
last, in his hotel room. It must be
the most awful shock for you.

PATRICK
Something like that.

An object falls from PATRICK's hand -

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
I hardly need to tell you how I
feel. I adored your father.
Everybody liked him.
(PATRICK kneels,
searching. Finds it -)
I know he wasn't always the easiest
of men. Are you there, Patrick?

He puts the object on the side table. A SYRINGE.

PATRICK
Yes, yes. Where is he now?

Sitting on the floor, PATRICK rolls down his sleeve and
watches as the blood soaks through the shirt.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
David? He's at Frank E. Macdonalds,
the funeral people on Madison.
Everyone goes there, they're
terribly good. They're expecting
you in the next day or so. You'll
have to drop everything.

PATRICK
I don't have a lot on. I'll leave
first thing tomorrow.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
George and I will see you in New
York. I'm sorry to be the bearer of
such bad news.

PATRICK
Yes, it's a great blow. Goodbye,
Nicholas.

And he hangs up. A moment passes, the hit of the drugs
mingling with the news. And then a grin, a great joyous
smile, breaks out on PATRICK's face, and he laughs and laughs
and laughs...

A blast of trumpets, a drum roll. MUSIC UP; I GOT PLENTY OF
NUTTIN' from *Porgy and Bess*. Joyous, celebratory -

TITLES;

'BAD NEWS'

EXT. DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - DUSK

PATRICK stands at a door of a neat little mews house, twitchy
and impatient. It's opened by DEBBIE HICKMANN, 21, pretty,
earnest.

PATRICK

Old bastard's only gone and died.

And immediately she embraces him. PATRICK stands awkwardly, arms out to the side.

INT. BEDROOM, DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - DUSK

They lie on the bed, DEBBIE doing her best to comfort him, PATRICK tense and rigid.

DEBBIE

How did he die?

PATRICK

I forgot to ask, I was so dizzy with glee.

(a look from DEBBIE)

I'm sorry, I mean dazed with grief. Could you please stop playing with my hair?

(he sits up irritable, heroin wearing off)

Do you have a drink here? A proper drink I mean.

He gets up and restlessly roams the flat; the decor neat, a little girlish.

DEBBIE

We could go out and have a glass of wine. Later maybe?

(PATRICK winces)

You're probably not interested but we're invited to Gregory and Rebecca's for dinner.

PATRICK

'Suffering takes place while someone else is eating.' Who said that?

DEBBIE

Do you think, now that he's dead, that you could be a little less like him?

PATRICK

Unlikely. I'll simply have to do the work of two.

(a beat.)

I'm sorry. I feel rather mad at the moment.

DEBBIE

You always seem a little mad.

PATRICK

Well my father has died -

DEBBIE

I know, darling, I know.

PATRICK

- not to mention the heroin I've been taking all afternoon.

DEBBIE

Do you think that was a good idea?

PATRICK

Of course it bloody wasn't a good idea!

DEBBIE

I merely meant perhaps this would be a good time to make a change. Perhaps something good might come out of this. A new beginning.

PATRICK

Yes, well I have to go. Before you tell me to seize the fucking day.

And he walks towards the hallway, DEBBIE following. On the move -

DEBBIE

Do you want me to come with you?

PATRICK

No, I'm not fit for human company today.

DEBBIE

- to New York I mean.

PATRICK

Good God, what on earth for?

DEBBIE

Support?

PATRICK

A shoulder to cry on, someone to wipe away the tears?

DEBBIE

Don't go like this. Stay. Come back to bed.

PATRICK

I can't.

But for a moment, he relents. She kisses him.

DEBBIE

I'd heard somewhere, I don't know
if it's true, that grief was meant
to be an aphrodisiac. D'you think
that might be true?

And she kisses him again.

INT. BEDROOM, LONDON 1982 - NIGHT

PATRICK lies in bed, smoking.

PATRICK

Why should that be? It seems to
imply that sex is some sort of
antidote to death, or that it's
somehow life in its purest form.
Which with me, of course, it
absolutely is.

A cushion flies through the air as a WOMAN enters from the
bathroom. But this is not DEBBIE, it's JULIA, mid '20s, in a
long black silk dressing gown; beautiful, a match for
PATRICK's cynicism. The flat is Bohemian, arty, rented. *Joy
Division* plays on the stereo.

JULIA

You wish.

PATRICK

Or maybe it's just to affirm that
you're still alive.

JULIA

And did it?

PATRICK

Barely.

JULIA

I'm so pleased you came to see me.
How's your mother taking it?

PATRICK

She's with Save The Children in
Chad, no-one can break the news.

JULIA

Always thinking of others.

PATRICK

Indeed.
(glass of whisky, a pill)
What's this?

JULIA

Valium.

PATRICK

That's more like it. I've made a decision, by the way. I'm giving up drugs. It's a new me!

(He washes the pill down with whisky, cigarette in hand. JULIA is

consequently sceptical.)

Heroin and cocaine anyway. No point running before I can walk. It's very important to do this properly. To which end - I don't suppose you've got any more valium, do you? To get me through the flight?

JULIA

Sorry. Last one.

INT. BATHROOM, JULIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

The bathroom cabinet. A brown screw-top bottle.

PATRICK

'Last one'.

He shakes out the jar of valium -

INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAWN

A NEW DAY. PATRICK hurls open the curtains to the blinding sunlight. He winces.

PATRICK

'The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new.'

INT. BATHROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAWN

A glass of whisky on the white tiles. Three SYRINGES, two crested SPOONS burnt on their underside, a lighter, anti-septic wipes, a tie that he uses as a tourniquet. Five wraps of HEROIN.

Cigarette in mouth, whisky in hand, PATRICK takes the syringe and bends the needle against the tiles. Then the next. Then the next. Bravado, absolute self-confidence.

PATRICK bends the last of the syringes and tosses the equipment into the bin.

He opens a wrap of heroin and is about to pour it into the toilet -

- hesitates -

- searches in the wastepaper bin -

PATRICK attempts to straighten the bent syringe -

INT. BATHROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAWN

Hot water from the shower splashes into the whisky glass. PATRICK stands beneath the scalding jet, the cigarette still dangling from his mouth, woozy from absolutely his last-ever fix.

INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAWN

On his arm, yellow bruises, pink threads of old scars, purples wounds all disappear beneath a crisp white shirt. A stylish black jacket is shrugged on.

A PASSPORT is tucked into the jacket pocket. PATRICK sits on the edge of his bed, his battered suitcase at his feet.

ELEANOR (O.S.)
Hello, my darling boy.

INT. BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1968 - DAWN

YOUNG PATRICK MELROSE, NINE YEARS-OLD, sits on the edge of the bed, his battered suitcase at his feet.

ELEANOR
Are you ready for an adventure?

ELEANOR MELROSE, PATRICK's mother, an attractive woman, stylishly-dressed, struggling here to disguise her nerves.

INT. LANDING, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1968 - DAWN

The corridor of the fine old house - exquisite furniture, art on the walls. Suitcases are carried waist high as ELEANOR tip-toes furtively along the corridor.

YOUNG PATRICK
Shouldn't we say goodbye to -

ELEANOR
Shhh!

YOUNG PATRICK
Why are we whispering?

They're outside her husband's bedroom. The treacherous creak of an ancient floorboard. ELEANOR and YOUNG PATRICK freeze.

The bedroom door is ajar, and a shape lies beneath the blankets, back to the door.

The shape stirs. A suspended moment -

Then, heart racing, ELEANOR hurries on with YOUNG PATRICK.

EXT. DRIVE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1968 - DAWN

The exterior of the beautiful Provencal house; fig trees on a terrace, vineyards stretching to the red hulks of the Luberon mountains. With a kind of awkward bent-kneed run, ELEANOR carries the luggage to the BUICK, YOUNG PATRICK following behind.

ELEANOR
Hop in, darling. Quick, quick!

YOUNG PATRICK
But *why* are we whispering?

ELEANOR
Because I don't want Daddy to know about our trip! I want it to be a wonderful surprise for when he wakes up!

She bustles him into the car. Nearly there...

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
(grinning, joyful)
Ready?

And gleefully, she closes the door.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1968 - DAY

The sound of the BUICK engine reaches the bedroom. Seen from behind, DAVID sits on the edge of the bed.

INT. HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1968 - DAY

In his treasured yellow slippers he pads downstairs. Then stops. The house seems very quiet.

Our first sight of DAVID MELROSE. Early 60s here, fifteen years older than his wife, it's an astonishingly handsome face, its faultlessness its only flaw. The blueprint of a face. Uninhabited, a noble mask.

DAVID
Eleanor? Patrick?

INT/EXT. DRAWING ROOM/TERRACE, THE CHATEAU 1968 - DAY

He crosses the dim, richly furnished room to the piano. He sits and regards his hands, the long fingers twisted and gnarled with rheumatism.

Nevertheless, he flexes his fingers and begins to play. It's the melody we will come to recognise as PATRICK'S THEME - a kind of call to his son. He plays a few bars of the ferocious, virtuosic music, then stops.

On the music stand, an ENVELOPE. On it, the words -

To My Darling Husband.

He reaches for the envelope, opens it -

Heavy paper, the glimpse of an address. A firm of SOLICITORS.

DAVID reads the letter. Disbelief. Fury, turning to panic.

DAVID
Eleanor? Patrick, where are you?

He stands, heads to the windows that open onto the TERRACE, the vineyards stretching out before him. Panic rising -

DAVID (CONT'D)
PATRICK! PATRICK, WHERE ARE YOU?

INT. CAR, THE WESTWAY, LONDON 1982 - DAY

PATRICK and JOHNNY, gruesomely hung-over in the smoke-filled car, head towards Heathrow. Music on the stereo, something twitchy; Wire perhaps, or PIL.

JOHNNY
How are you feeling?

PATRICK
Never better.

JOHNNY
No, I mean emotionally. In your heart.

A beat and then they both laugh; old friends, with a shared refusal to take anything too seriously.

PATRICK
(taking a pill)
I've got two more Valium, take one now, couple more brandies on the plane -

JOHNNY

- sleep through the flight, take
the other valium on landing -

PATRICK

- get to the hotel in time for the
withdrawal.

JOHNNY

You're practically clean already.

PATRICK

I think people make far too big a
deal about giving up.

(JOHNNY laughs)

You seem sceptical, Johnny. I'm
deadly serious. It's exactly the
moment I've been waiting for. I'm
going to get it right this time.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT, LONDON 1982 - DAY

They pull up outside, PATRICK squinting in the light.

JOHNNY

Send my regards to your dealer -

PATRICK

I am not seeing my dealer -

JOHNNY

Well don't score off the streets.

PATRICK

I'll see you here in two days time.

JOHNNY

A new man.

PATRICK

An *entirely* new man.

And he heads into the terminal.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

And, courtesy of Concorde, arrives five hours later, heading
for IMMIGRATION with the exaggerated sobriety that marks out
the not-quite sober.

INT. IMMIGRATION, JFK AIRPORT - DAY

The BORDER CONTROL guard peers at his passport. Obediently,
PATRICK removes the dark glasses. Red, red eyes.

BORDER CONTROL
Is the purpose of your visit
business or pleasure?

PATRICK
Neither. I'm here to collect my
father's corpse.

Aware of his track marks, he tugs at this short cuffs.

BORDER CONTROL
Beg pardon, sir?

PATRICK
I AM HERE. TO COLLECT. MY FATHER'S.
CORPSE.

A moment. She returns the passport.

INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB, FREEWAY, NEW YORK - DAY

PATRICK slumps on the backseat of a decrepit yellow-cab,
through the drab suburbs that surround JFK -

- then on past the CEMETERY; acres and acres of tombstones.
NOTE. In all of the following, PATRICK's internal voice is
indicated in *ITALICS*, thoughts spoken aloud in *REGULAR* type,
thereby allowing him to have quick-fire conversations with
himself

PATRICK (V.O.)
(in his POET'S VOICE)
*Dead, long dead/Long dead and my
heart is a handful of dust
and...something something something
else. Christ, cheer up. Think happy
thoughts. Remember why you're here.*

INT./EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, NEW YORK - DAY

The MANHATTAN skyline comes into view; the Empire State, the
Chrysler, the World Trade Center -

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Valium's wearing off. Feeling
distinctly twitchy now. Hold on.*

- and then on into Manhattan, his fingers tensing and
stretching, sweat breaking out as *WITHDRAWAL* takes hold.

INT/EXT. SIXTH AVENUE, MANHATTAN - DAY

Gridlock in Midtown. PATRICK's legs and arms are twitching
now and he is shivering with fever.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Queasy, nervous, maggots under your
skin, litter of drowning kittens in
your stomach. Come on, come on....*
(a spasm of pain makes him
gasp)
Ow! Fuck off. Just fuck off!

The DRIVER glares in the rear-view mirror.

PATRICK
Can you go any faster? I really,
really need to get to my hotel.

EXT. THE PIERRE HOTEL, 59TH AND 6TH, MANHATTAN - DAY

And now he's stumbling out into the street, hunched and
wincing from the sunlight like a vampire. He doles out MONEY,
large notes, as if trying to be rid of the stuff.

INT. THE PIERRE HOTEL, MANHATTAN - DAY

Fingers tapping on the counter. *Hurry, hurry, hurry...*

RECEPTIONIST
A suite, Mr Melrose, with a view of
the Park.

The hotel is plush, a little stuffy but they know him here.

PATRICK
(grabbing the key)
And could you send up a bottle of
Jack Daniels and a very great deal
of ice, immediately please.

RECEPTIONIST
My colleague will show you to your
room.

A tiny, elderly BELL-BOY bobs nearby, eager for more tips.

INT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY, MANHATTAN - DAY

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Here we go. You know the
drill. Another withdrawal in
a foreign hotel room.
Paranoia, cramps, suicidal
thoughts...*

BELL-BOY
(Irish accent)
This is the lift. Here are
the buttons. Floor 39.

PATRICK
*Thirty-nine. Christ, talk about
temptation.*

BELL-BOY
Beg pardon, sir?

PATRICK
Nothing. Just talking to myself.

Out of the elevator...

BELL-BOY
This is the hallway. Here is your room. 3918. This is your key.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, PIERRE HOTEL, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

Crammed with chinoiserie, the suite manages to be luxurious and dowdy at the same time.

BELL-BOY
Bathroom, shower. This is the bathroom light. Here's your TV. Turn it on here, and this is how you change channels -

PATRICK
Yes, I've used a television before-

Another BELL-BOY brings the Jack Daniels and ice. PATRICK doles out more tips recklessly, and finally he's alone. PATRICK pours the whisky over a glass-full of ice. Gulping -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Still, at least it's the last time.
(he drains the glass)
Or among the last times.
(he laughs, pours another drink)
No, not this time. The bastards won't get me this time. No prisoners. Concentration like a flame thrower.

He opens the curtains wide, takes in the sight of Central Park unrolling uptown, leafy and hot, beautiful on this early summer day.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
The trick is not to think about it.

He looks down, takes in the drop. Thirty-nine floors, straight down. His fingers examine the edges of the window. Sealed. No way on to the ledge. He rests his forehead against the glass -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Don't. Think. About it.
(his NANNY'S VOICE)
Patrick? Yes, nanny?
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What you need, young man, is a nice walk in the park.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

DRUG DEALERS wait near the entrance for potential customers.

DRUG-DEALER ONE

Uppers, downers, check it out.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Well I can hardly be expected to give up everything at once, can I? Especially at a time like this, sob, sob.

DRUG-DEALER TWO

Good stuff here, I got good stuff.

PATRICK (V.O.)

(NANNY'S VOICE)

No smack though! I want to make that absolutely clear! No, nanny. No smack, I swear.

PATRICK selects his dealer with a mix of intuition and guess work. He's fearless, almost swaggering in this company - a man of experience.

PATRICK

You got any Quaaludes?

DRUG-DEALER THREE

Sure, I got Quaaludes, I got Lemmon 714s, five dollars each.

PATRICK

I'll take five, no, six. And what about speed? Why the hell are you buying speed? Are you mad? You must not take speed.

Other DEALERS are gathering now. The following very fast -

SHADES

I got some Black Beauties, they're pharmaceutical.

PATRICK

Meaning you made them yourself?

SHADES

Meaning they're good.

PATRICK

Do not buy any speed.

(out loud)

Give me three. Impulse buy.

DRUG-DEALER TWO

You English right?

PATRICK

That's right.

DRUG-DEALER ONE

Ain't you hot in that coat?

SHADES

Don't bother the man.

DRUG-DEALER TWO

They have free heroin over there,
right?

PATRICK

Well not exactly free -

DRUG-DEALER ONE

Take the coat off, man, you
sweating -

SHADES

Hey, I said don't bother him!

DRUG-DEALER TWO

You wanna buy some smack? Five
blocks from here. Cocaine too, good
shit.

PATRICK

I don't doubt it, but I've given
all that up! That's why I need
these.

He takes the Quaalude, a white pill the size of a bottle top,
and heads off towards the street.

SHADES

You want some water with that?

PATRICK

Water? I'm not an *amateur*.

And he hurries off towards the street.

SHADES

You come back here tomorrow!

Music up. A BACH CHORALE, 'Sheep May Safely Graze.'

INT. RECEPTION, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN - DAY

The Frank E MacDonald funeral is a solemn Upper-East Side establishment. The piped Bach Chorale plays and among the lilies and Doric columns an elegant FEMALE RECEPTIONIST waits like an air hostess for a flight to the Afterlife. All is serene, until PATRICK stumbles in, coughing and retching.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you, sir?

PATRICK

Yes, I've come to -

(cough, retch)

- have you got a glass of water?

(cough)

I have a large pill stuck in my -

(cough, splutter)

Not enough saliva - pill stuck -

(the water arrives.

PATRICK drinks)

That's better. Sorry. One moment -

(gathers himself)

Now. I've come to see the corpse of David Melrose.

INT. HALLWAY, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN - DAY

PATRICK steps out of the elevator into a long hallway.

RECEPTIONIST

You'll find Mr Melrose at the end of the corridor.

The doors close. She's gone, and PATRICK is alone. He stands a moment, frozen.

DAVID MELROSE (V.O.)

Patrick!

The music has changed. No longer Bach, it's now PATRICK'S THEME, played on the piano. Frozen, breathing hard, PATRICK stands still -

DAVID MELROSE (V.O.)

PATRICK! Patrick, come to my room!
Now!

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY

DAVID MELROSE sits on the edge of his bed in the bare, gloomy room. YOUNG PATRICK is eight here

YOUNG PATRICK

But what have I done wrong?

DAVID MELROSE
Go and close the door.

YOUNG PATRICK
I don't understand.

He is shaking, terrified.

DAVID MELROSE
Do I have to close it myself?

DAVID sighs, stands, walks past him.

DAVID MELROSE (CONT'D)
Very well...

YOUNG PATRICK, quaking, sweating, sees a blur of vivid green on the wall.

A LIZARD. He watches as it clambers up the wall, focussing all of his concentration on the creature.

DAVID, meanwhile, closes the door with 'us', the camera, on the outside.

We PULL OUT SLOWLY, retreating from the closed door, then turn to find older PATRICK -

INT. HALLWAY, FRANK E. MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY

- sweating and shaking like his childhood self in the SAME CORRIDOR, the same wallpaper and carpet. He walks towards the same CLOSED DOOR, preparing himself for the big moment.

A deep breath, as if about to plunge through ice. His hand is shaking - withdrawal or something else. He reaches for the handle and -

- SPARKS fly from door knob to his hand. Static electricity. He wipe his hand on his trousers, reaches again and opens the CLOSED DOOR to find -

INT. MOURNING SUITE - DAY

A PARTY! A COCKTAIL PARTY in full flow. Twenty or so well-heeled, mostly elderly Manhattan-ites in big hats and bright clothes, lightweight tartan and sunglasses, stand between a bemused PATRICK and his father's corpse. Music plays; Herb Albert's *Tijuana Taxi* as PATRICK is swept up.

WAITER
Martini, sir?

PATRICK
What? No, thank you...

WAITER

Mojito? Mint Julep? Old-fashioned?

But he pushes his way towards the coffin, and sees -

- a SMALL, WHITE-HAIRED MAN, very much not his father. On a table beside the body a sign reads 'In Loving Memory of Hermann Newton'

ELDERLY MOURNER

And how did you know Hermann?

PATRICK

I can't fucking believe it!

ELDERLY MOURNER'S HUSBAND

Oh, ho! Whoa there...

And he strides out -

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

- and STORMS into reception.

PATRICK

WRONG FUCKING CORPSE!

RECEPTIONIST

Oh. Are you sure?

PATRICK

Death transforms us all, but it's not so powerful as to turn my father into a small Jew. Try. Again.

RECEPTIONIST

(scrambling through paperwork)

But we don't have another party in the building.

PATRICK

I don't want to go to a *party*, I want to see DAVID MELROSE!

RECEPTIONIST

There isn't any name on here except Mr Newton's.

PATRICK

Well maybe my father isn't dead after all! Maybe it was just a cry for help, what do you think?

RECEPTIONIST

One moment, please -

INT. HALLWAY, FUNERAL HOME - DAY

And now he follows a dapper, precise FUNERAL DIRECTOR down another corridor, to another doorway.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
This is the correct room.

PATRICK
Thank you. And please apologise to -

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(He removes the empty
cocktail glass)
It's an emotional time.

PATRICK
Yes, that's why I took a Quaalude
but it must have been a dud.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Sorry to hear that.

PATRICK
Can I pick him up later? I'd like
to get away from New York if at all
possible.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Your father's ashes will be
available tomorrow afternoon.

PATRICK
I see. No chance of a rush job?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
I'll leave you to be alone with
him.

He leaves. PATRICK's bravado evaporates.

PATRICK
Come on. Pull yourself together.

A moment to gather himself. PATRICK puts his hand on the door handle, rests his head on the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Come on, come on, come on...

PATRICK enters.

INT. MOURNING SUITE - DAY

The wood-panelled room is bare except for the coffin, slightly tilted, the head towards PATRICK. He hovers then approaches.

DAVID MELROSE has been covered in tissue paper, like a present half-unwrapped.

PATRICK
(a thank-you to an
imaginary friend)
Is it...is it Dad? It is! It's just
what I wanted! You shouldn't have!

He pulls the tissue paper from DAVID's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Fucking hell, dad. What are you
doing in a coffin?

He touches the face; the fierce, noble profile, the bruised eyes. The lower lip protrudes as in life, but there's a tear in it, a line of dried blood.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What happened here?
(PATRICK touches the lip.)
You didn't want to go, did you? You
knew you were going to die and for
once you were right. What did that
feel like? Were you scared? I hope
so.

A tiny noise. PATRICK looks up. The window is curtained. A distinctive, heavy ornate curtain pole.

The GREEN LIZARD, the hallucination, is quite distinct and he watches as it scampers up the wall, pauses, looks to PATRICK.

PATRICK closes his eyes, bares his teeth, forcing down a memory.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Do not have that thought, do not go
to that place....*

He punches the coffin once. Twice, suppressing a memory.

PATRICK
Bastard. Bastard, bastard, bastard.

The moment passes. The lizard has gone. Bravado again -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(his HOLLYWOOD ACTOR-
VOICE)
Aw, dad. You were so fucking sad,
man, and now you're trying to make
me sad too.
(he walks suddenly away)
Well, bad luck.

He strides across the room and closes the door.

INT. LOBBY, ANNE'S APARTMENT, UPPER WEST-SIDE - DAY

ANNE EISEN, early sixties, fashionably-dressed and carrying a box of patisserie, enters the lobby of her Upper West-Side apartment block.

ANNE EISEN
Hi Fred. I'm expecting a guest,
young, sort of ill-looking -

FRED nods towards the staircase -

PATRICK, sweaty but smiling, is sitting on the stairs, head against the wall.

He raises his hand. ANNE quietly sits next to him.

ANNE
Hello, Patrick.

She takes his hand, looks at it, peels back the fingers and we FLASHBACK to -

INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT

Blood on the palm of YOUNG PATRICK's hand. He is eight years-old here, ANNE is in her 40s, and they sit at the bottom of the staircase. Across the hall, the chatter of a dinner party, booming male voices. Here, a broken champagne glass lies on the floor -

YOUNG PATRICK
It was an accident. Don't tell my
father.

ANNE
But if it was an accident...
(he says nothing)
You look so grim. What's up? Can't
you get to sleep?
(she looks at his hand)
Does it hurt? Let me see if it's -

YOUNG PATRICK
Leave me alone -

ANNE
I only wanted to -

YOUNG PATRICK
(snatching his hand away)
I'm fine. I don't need anyone -

ANNE
You're shaking. What is it? D'you
want to tell me? Patrick?

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANNE AND VICTOR'S APARTMENT, 1982 - DAY

The apartment is distinctive, stylish, furnished with books and modish, abstract modern art.

ANNE

Patrick, I'm so sorry.

PATRICK

I'm sorry too. Being late is a bore, being early is unforgivable.

ANNE

That's not what I meant -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Punctuality is one of the smaller vices I've inherited from my father, it means I'll never be really chic. Unlike this apartment.

ANNE

Would you like tea?

PATRICK

I wonder if I could have a real drink. For me it's nine o'clock.

ANNE

For you, it's always nine o'clock.
(heading to kitchen)
What do you want? I'll fix it for you.

PATRICK

No, I'll do it. You won't make it strong enough.

He fills a beaker to the brim with whisky. From the kitchen -

ANNE (O.S.)

I brought us patisserie, very expensive. Remind us of France!

PATRICK

Who can forget?
(washes down another
Quaalude with whisky)
Just work this time, will you?

ANNE

(back in, with tray)
As a matter of fact, I wanted to talk to you about that time, something that's been playing on my mind -

PATRICK

I love the ice here. It's the best thing about America.
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The cakes look lovely too but may I
have a cigarette?

EXT. BALCONY, ANNE AND VICTOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Upper West Side rooftops. They smoke on the balcony,
companionable old friends.

PATRICK

Menthol? Honestly, Anne, what's the
point?

ANNE

Have you been to - ?

PATRICK

The mortuary? Yes, it was the best
I've seen him in some time.

ANNE

Patrick!

PATRICK

When I was young, he used to take
us to restaurants - I say
'restaurants' in the plural,
because we never stormed in or out
of less than three. I remember once
he held a bottle of claret upside
down while the contents gurgled out
onto the carpet. 'How dare you
bring me this filth?' So you can
imagine I was thrilled to see him
somewhere he couldn't complain
about. I half expected him to sit
up like a vampire at sunset. 'Call
this a coffin? The service here is
intolerable!'

(she laughs)

Mind you, the service *was*
intolerable. They sent me to the
wrong corpse.

ANNE

The wrong corpse? That's terrible.

PATRICK

Yes, ironic that his remains were
so hard to find. I have no trouble
discovering them in myself.

ANNE takes this in, but the admission comes just as PATRICK
is becoming slurred and clumsy. The Quaalude kicking in -

ANNE

Is he being cremated? Patrick?

PATRICK

Hm?

ANNE

Is he being cremated?

PATRICK

Tonight. Apparently one never really gets the ashes, just some communal rakings.

(his eyes close)

Ideally *all* the ashes would be someone else...but...

The heavy glass falls into ANNE's waiting hand. He wakes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Yes, please. If you insist.

She sighs, goes. PATRICK's eyes flicker, his jaw hangs slack. He stumbles, holds on to the balcony rail, peers over the edge -

EXT. LIVING ROOM/BALCONY, ANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Returning with drinks, ANNE sees the balcony is now empty.

ANNE

PATRICK!

PATRICK (O.C.)

Hellooo Anne!

He's clinging to the bookcase, completely high on 'ludes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Jet-lag...kicking in...

ANNE

Patrick? Are you okay?

PATRICK

A little sleepy.

ANNE

Perhaps you need a lie-down.

PATRICK

Let's not exaggerate. Where's the loo?

ANNE

Down the corridor, first left.

He sets off, clinging to the walls.

PATRICK
Jus' a little jet-lag, s'all!

On ANNE; frustration and concern.

INT. BATHROOM, ANNE AND VICTOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

With some difficulty, he finds the speed capsule in his coat's capacious pockets, cracks it open, taps some out onto the surface and snorts.

Winching, pinching his nose - he waits...

PATRICK
Pharmaceutical!

And now the slurring is replaced by a manic self-confidence and energy as the speed cuts through the thick night of the Quaalude. In the mirror -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm cured! Completely cured.
*Mustn't take too much, save for
later, but oh, that's better!*
(In his VICAR'S VOICE)
*Oh bathrooms, with thy locked
doors, how I love thee!*
(he starts to check the
CABINETS.)
They cabinets pleaseth me mightily.
They towels moppeth up my blood!
(nothing of interest, he
goes back to the speed on
the counter, which he
tries to scrape back into
the capsule)
Rude not to, really.
(And he snorts that too,
then flushes the toilet.
Giggling)
That'll fool her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANNE AND VICTOR'S APARTMENT

And it is a considerably livelier PATRICK who returns, his face, shirt and suit dripping with water.

ANNE
Good God, what happened to you in there?

PATRICK
I splashed my face with water!

ANNE
(she knows)
What kind of water, Patrick?

ANNE (CONT'D)
Patrick, please sit down, you're
making me nervous -

PATRICK
Yes, yes, people say this -

ANNE
I really wanted to apologise,
Patrick -

PATRICK
*No, not this. Retreat, escape,
eject, eject!*

ANNE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
For that night. You sent me	Really, I've forgotten all
for your mother, and I	about it-
promised I'd bring her -	

ANNE
You seemed in distress, you often
did, and I should have asked -

ANNE (CONT'D)	PATRICK
I mean, a child, in distress,	Is that the time? I really
it was terrible not to -	must be going.

ANNE
You haven't even taken off your
coat!

PATRICK	ANNE (CONT'D)
Do you ask the lobster to	Patrick, you shouldn't be on
remove its shell!? I'm not	your own, why don't
making sense. Anne, I'm	you...Patrick!!!
sorry, I must -	

A brief moment between them.

PATRICK
You've always been very thoughtful
and kind, Anne. I'm grateful.
(and then goes)
Goodbye, goodbye -

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

And now he is striding through rush-hour Manhattan, the
hellish crowd, FACES peering at him as PATRICK mutters to
himself, the huge dose of speed coursing through his veins.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Can't be with people, can't be
alone. It's a dilemma. Never mind,
think about something else.
Something like...heroin. No, not
heroin. Cocaine then? You've given
up, remember? Five-five-five-one-
seven-two-six. No, no heroin. Some
other sensation then, something
else -*

He stops.

A DOORMAN stands outside a CHIC MID-TOWN RESTAURANT.

INT. RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN - EVENING

A glistening dry martini is placed in front of PATRICK. The
WAITER watches as he drains it in one and smacks his lips.

PATRICK
(Peter O'Toole in *Lawrence
of Arabia*)
We've taken Aqaba!

WAITER
Sir?

PATRICK
I'd like another of your refreshing
martinis, and bring me salmon
tartare followed by steak tartare,
tartare-tartare, spicy, very spicy.
(NANNY'S VOICE)
*That's it darling, get something
solid inside you.*
(Out loud)
Do be quiet, Nanny.

WAITER
(bemused)
Will...someone be joining you?

PATRICK
Fucking hell, let's hope not.

INT. RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN - EVENING

And now the SOMMELIER is pouring the white wine, yellow and
unctuous.

SOMMELIER
Corton Charlemagne 1962

PATRICK
Only the best or go without!

PATRICK takes the wine in his mouth and smiles with pleasure.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
*You see? That still works.
Everything is under control.*
(to the SOMMELIER)
Very good, thank you.
(but the voice is back)
But it's not heroin. Shhhhh!

SOMMELIER
Shall I open the Do-crew Bo-ca-u?

PATRICK
Pour some now, I'll drink it later.

And the food arrives. QUICK CUTS now of PATRICK gorging violently on the salmon and wine with an addict's fervour, dousing the steak tartar with Tabasco, finishing the white wine and now the red, while the VOICE in his head speaks with growing fervour -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(in THE FAT MAN'S VOICE)
*Most people, withdrawing from
heroin, high on speed, cudgelled by
Quaaludes and jet-lag might balk at
the idea of food, but not I. I eat
not from greed but from passion! Oh
shut up, will you?*
(the WAITER's there)
Not you...someone else.

WAITER
(removing the plate)
Would sir care for a dessert?

PATRICK
Care for it? How do you care for a
dessert? Feed it? Visit on Sundays?
(the WAITER is confused)
A creme brulee and a marc de
Bourgogne.

- and now he drinks the brandy, swallows the pudding.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
*But it's still not heroin is it?
Heroin's the cavalry, the missing
chair leg, it's medicine, it's the
cure, the answer -*
(his ADVERTISING VOICE)
*Heroin is love. Simply call 555-
1726...*
(out loud)
Oh, for fuck's sake SHUT UP!

The WAITER is there again, the other DINERS staring -

WAITER
Everything okay, sir?

PATRICK
You keep asking that. How can
everything be okay? It's too much
to hope for -

WAITER
Because, there have been some
complaints -

PATRICK
You mean the voices aren't just in
my head? Fuck!
(giggling)
Perhaps I'd getter get the -

The WAITER has it. PATRICK laughs at the amount, reaching
into his pocket and peeling off hundred dollar bills.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I don't suppose I could trouble you
for a quarter for the telephone?

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH, RESTAURANT - NIGHT

And now he stands swaying, scowling at the phone,

PATRICK
Here's the deal. *If he answers,*
score just enough smack to sleep
and a little for the morning. If he
doesn't answer, no smack. Leave it
to fate. Good idea.
(he dials)
Five-five-five-one-seven-two-six-

He dials. The phone rings. PATRICK's hand is shaking in
anticipation. It rings...and rings.

ANSWERING MACHINE
(a low, slow French voice)
This is Pierre. I can't come to the
phone, right now -

PATRICK
Fuck you, Fate! Fuck, fuck, fucking
fate, fuck, fuck, fuck!

And he bangs the receiver down repeatedly, as the whole
restaurant stares.

EXT. RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

And now night has fallen, and PATRICK stumbles into the street -

PATRICK
Taxi!

INT. CAB, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The CHINESE CAB-DRIVER regards him with suspicion.

PATRICK
Pierre Hotel.

INT. CAB, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

PATRICK is sweating, shaking. The Quaaludes have worn off and the withdrawal is back. Under his breath -

PATRICK
I want to die, I want to die, I
want to die...

CAB-DRIVER
We're here!

PATRICK
What?

The DOORMAN of the Pierre Hotel is peering in at PATRICK, ready for his tip. PATRICK has a sudden terror of this place.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(sitting up. A decision -)
I've changed my mind. Take me to
8th Street between C and D.

CAB-DRIVER
You know Avenue D bad place.

PATRICK
That's what I'm relying on.

INT. CAB, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Face pressed to the window, he watches as Uptown becomes Downtown, Park Avenue becomes Tompkins Square, the Bargain Grocery Store, Alphabet City - the *Fun* District.

EXT. AVENUE D AND 8TH STREET - NIGHT

Gangs of DEALERS, wired, on the look-out, watch as PATRICK stumbles out of the cab and leans in the window.

CAB-DRIVER
What you want here?

PATRICK
Heroin of course.
(he gets out of the car)
Wait for me here.

CAB-DRIVER
I no wait here!

PATRICK tosses ten dollars into the cab, an action witnessed by a TALL DEALER, who peels off from the gang and approaches.

TALL DEALER
What you want, man? What you looking for?

PATRICK
Smack.

TALL DEALER
Shit, you a policeman?

PATRICK
Certainly not. I'm an Englishman.
Can you take me to Loretta's?

TALL DEALER
Loretta's? What you want there?

PATRICK
Fifty dollars worth.

TALL DEALER
Sure, I can take you to Loretta's.
This way...

And they head off across Avenue D, towards a dimly-lit, barren little park. PATRICK hesitates -

TALL DEALER (CONT'D)
You want it, dontcha?

PATRICK's bravado is beginning to falter, but he follows -

VOICE
WOW! DON'T STICK HIM! HE'S A
FRIEND! DON'T STICK HIM!

An emaciated hunched figure limps towards them, one arm hanging nervelessly. Yellow-toothed, blotched, filthy, this is PATRICK's old friend CHILLY WILLY.

CHILLY WILLY
Don't stick him! He's my man.

PATRICK
Hello, Chilly!

TALL DEALER
I didn't know you knew Chilly!

PATRICK
It's a small world. Were you going to stab me?

TALL DEALER
Sure I was going to stab you! Here -
(and, laughing, he holds out the knife)
My name's Mark. You need anything, you ask for Mark.

PATRICK
Well, thank you, Mark, for not stabbing me!
(MARK goes)
Does Mark stab a lot of people?

CHILLY WILLY
A lot. Where you been, Patrick?

PATRICK
Oh, here and there. Can you take me to Loretta's?

INT. LORETTA'S, ALPHABET CITY, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The basement of a dilapidated brownstone, a door with a brass flap. CHILLY knocks.

VOICE
Who is it?

CHILLY WILLY
Chilly Willy.

VOICE
How much you want?

PATRICK
Fifty.
(CHILLY looks pleadingly)
Sixty.

The flap opens and snaps shut. Six little packets of greaseproof paper. PATRICK takes five, holds them in his hand.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
How's Mrs Willy? Is she well?

INT. CHILLY WILLY'S APARTMENT, ALPHABET CITY - NIGHT

MRS WILLY is *not* well. She is a large woman, dozy with dope, slumped in the only chair in a filthy, fire-blackened room of incredible squalor.

PATRICK

You've done something to this room.
It's different. What's different?

MRS WILLY

It got on fire.

PATRICK

I *knew* there was something. Chilly
said you might have a new syringe.

MRS WILLY

Well it ain't exactly new, but I've
boiled it and everything.

PATRICK

Is it very blunt?
(she produces it from down
the side of the chair.
The world's biggest
syringe.)
No, that's a bicycle pump.
(she puts it away)
Oh, alright. How much?

MRS WILLY

Two bags?

PATRICK

(tossing her the wraps)
Do you have a bathroom I can
borrow?

INT. TOILET, CHILLY WILLY'S APARTMENT, ALPHABET CITY - NIGHT

The bathroom is even more horrific than the bedroom,
blackened and filthy in the yellow light. PATRICK stands, arm
braced, searching for a reluctant vein.

PATRICK

Come out, come out, wherever you
are! There -

He reaches for the immense syringe, fumbling and knocking it
on to the filthy wet floor.

He picks it up, examines it in the puny light.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck's sake!

INT. CHILLY WILLY'S APARTMENT, ALPHABET CITY - NIGHT

PATRICK storms back in.

PATRICK

May I suggest, Chilly, that you
invest in a new light-bulb? Look!
The needle's snapped clean off!

CHILLY WILLY

Shoulda used the flashlight.

He clicks the torch on, shines it in PATRICK's face.

PATRICK

Well thanks for telling me! I need
new works. Chilly? Chilly!

But they're lost to the real world. PATRICK has no choice but
to storm out -

EXT. AVENUE D - NIGHT

- and stride up the street, eyes casting left and right.

PATRICK

(in NANNY'S VOICE)

*Well done, young man! You're still
clean. Now all you have to do is go
back to the hotel, take a nice pill
and go to sleep and in the morning
you'll be right as -*

(- doubling over,
clutching his liver)

Fuck! Oh Christ, that hurts!

He reaches for support, bracing himself, looks up and finds -

A pay-phone. It must be fate. Grimacing, he searches for
something in his pocket.

He finds a quarter. Sweating, shaking, he dials -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Five-five-five-one-seven-two-six...

The ring tone, then -

FRENCH VOICE

Hallo?

PATRICK

Pierre? Is it you?

PIERRE

Who is this?

PATRICK

Patrick.

A pause. Unbearable suspense.

PIERRE

Twenty minutes.

And he hangs up. PATRICK punches the air with triumph and, revived, breaks into a run.

INT. PIERRE'S APARTMENT, GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT

PIERRE opens the door. Stripped to the waist, he is skinny, pale, his skin stretched tight. Piercing eyes in a sallow face. PATRICK is there, jacket off, rolling his sleeves...

PIERRE

Ca va?

PATRICK

It's a *nightmare* out there.

INT. KITCHEN, PIERRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The flat is fetid and stale, but it's a homecoming for PATRICK. Both men sit at mirrored kitchen table, stripped to the waist, lit by candles. The paraphernalia is all ready. PIERRE has one syringe, PATRICK two - one for cocaine, one for heroin. Preparing the drugs is a kind of comfortable ritual, like taking tea with a friend.

PIERRE

So what was he like?

PATRICK

My father? He was a kitten, a prince among men, everyone liked him, he had such artistic hands, unique, a gentleman, he could have been Prime Minister.

PIERRE

He was a politician?

PATRICK

No, no, it was sort of a joke. In his world, it was better if a person *could* have been Prime Minister, or a surgeon, or a concert pianist. Actually achieving something would have shown vulgar ambition.

PIERRE

Tu regrettes qu'il est mort?

PATRICK
I regret that he lived.

PIERRE
Mais sans lui, you wouldn't exist.

PATRICK
One mustn't be egotistical about these things. Now. Cocaine first I think.

PIERRE
Patrick, you lose control.

PATRICK
No, just test its limits.
(He picks up the syringe, contemplating it.)
I had been trying to give this up.

The needle breaks the skin, the first time we've actually seen this. A bloom of blood in the barrel. Then -

From PATRICK's p.o.v - CRACKS are starting to appear, on the walls, the floor, on PIERRE's skin and face, on the mirrored table. The sound of blood in his ears from the rush, like the roar of a jet engine. Sweat breaks out all over his body. He places the syringe down, gasping, hands trembling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Good God.

PIERRE
Now take the heroin!

PATRICK
Oh, good God...

He falls backwards -

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

- and lies, winded and amazed, on the floor of his hotel room. His heartbeat is incredibly loud, like the blades of a helicopter whirring over his head. His limbs are rigid, the tendons and veins thin and brittle.

PATRICK has placed a low coffee table in front of the large TV, laying out his haul of drugs, two syringes, bottled water from the mini-bar. The movie 'ZULU' is playing, an old favourite. Rows and rows of Zulu warriors, banging their shields, stamping their feet. JUMP CUT TO -

PATRICK pacing wildly. Lots of FAST CUTS here, HALLUCINOGENIC, a long, terrible, exhausting night as he switches between voices, between elation and terror, like a TV rapidly switching channels-

PATRICK

(WAITER'S VOICE-)

Tonight's special includes a
frisson of Columbian Cocaine
nestling on a bed of Chinese White
Heroin...

(NANNY'S VOICE-)

And to think, he used to be such a
nice boy...

(PATRICK -)

Shut-up, the lot of you...

(TAXI-DRIVER voice)

Typical, faced with a problem take
more drugs, it's the ultimate self-
perpetuating system!

(NANNY'S voice)

Typical of the aristocracy and
their filthy ways.

(PATRICK)

Don't. Think. About. It.

(TAXI-DRIVER -)

What filthy ways?

(NANNY -)

Oh you won't find Nanny telling
tales out of school. My lips are
sealed. *But oh, the stories I could
tell!*

(in ZULU, a spear thunks
into a soldiers's chest.)

Please, please, please make it
stop!

(MOCKING VOICE -)

*Please, please, please make it
stop!*

(his FATHER'S VOICE -)

If you ever tell your mother, or
anyone else at any time, about
today, I will snap you in two.

PATRICK curled in a ball, his head in his hands -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck off! Just fuck off, all of
you!

Gasping, he sits and administers the HEROIN. The change is
immediate. A sigh of pleasure and relief.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Coal fires on a stormy night. Rain
beating against the windowpane.
Everything's going to be alright.
Peace at last...*

Lying on the floor, his fingers clench the carpet, only to
find SAND. He watches it run through his fingers, and now the
ceiling of the hotel disappears, and the SUN comes out -

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A deserted beach, sun high in the bluest sky. PATRICK lies on the beach, partially entombed. A BOY is patting the sand into place with a spade. PATRICK at 8 YEARS-OLD.

PATRICK is enjoying the experience, the sun on his exposed face, the sound of the sea.

PATRICK
Finished?

YOUNG PATRICK
Almost.

PATRICK
Can I get up now?

He attempts to lift his arm. Nothing. Panic-growing, he tries harder. No movement.

This sand isn't sand, but CONCRETE. YOUNG PATRICK stands over him and pours the liquid onto his face, into his eyes and mouth.

YOUNG PATRICK
You've let him get away with it.
You promised you wouldn't, and you have.

PATRICK is SCREAMING now, buried alive...

The last of the tomb is patted into place.

A PHONE rings far, far in the distance.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAWN

A monstrous dawn. PATRICK lies on the floor, the needle still in his arm. White noise on the TV. Warped and distorted, the phone rings on.

But he can't move, his limbs still heavy with the concrete. The ringing is louder now. With immense effort he lurches for the phone -

PATRICK
Hello?

INT. DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON - DAY

DEBBIE, maintaining an artificial brightness, is getting ready to go out. INTER-CUT

DEBBIE

You sound sleepy. Are you sleeping?
Did I wake you up? I'm so sorry,
sorry, sorry...

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

It's five-thirty in the morning.

DEBBIE

I thought with the jet-lag you'd be
pacing the room.

(PATRICK pulls the syringe
from his arm, sits)

Are you at the hotel?

PATRICK

Well, given that you've telephoned
me here -

DEBBIE

I merely meant - I've been worrying
about you all night and I simply
wanted to know how you are.

PATRICK

You mean have I taken any drugs?

DEBBIE

Not just that. Why, have you?

He tips some cocaine out on to the coffee table, rolls a
note.

PATRICK

Nope. Actually, yes.

DEBBIE

Heroin?

PATRICK

Heroin and a great deal of coke.

DEBBIE

Was that a good idea?

PATRICK

In the future, can we just agree
that, no, it is not a good idea?

He snorts the line.

DEBBIE

I thought you were going to give
up.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I thought, with your father gone,
you said you were going to move on.

PATRICK

(angry)

And I'd love to, but that's not an
option, is it?

A beat.

DEBBIE

Why do we always argue?

PATRICK

(dabbing at the heroin)

I don't know. Perhaps it's because
we're so in love.

DEBBIE

So *that's* the explanation.

In his reflection in the coffee table, he notices his right
eye. Puffy, inflamed. *Oh, God - what now?*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Patrick, you mustn't be alone -

He takes the cordless phone and staggers into the bathroom.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I've arranged for you to see
Marianne -

PATRICK

I do not want to see Marianne! This
is not a social visit -

DEBBIE

I've already fixed it. She said
she'd love to look after you, any
time after seven-thirty. I've faxed
you the address...

And sure enough, there's the FAX, sliding under the door.
Cursing, PATRICK sees his reflection with horror. He is as
pale as a corpse except for the red, BLOODSHOT RIGHT EYE.

PATRICK

('shit, shit, shit')

The thing is I'm not really in a
fit state to see anyone right now.

DEBBIE

Nonsense. It's important that
you're with people who care at this
terrible time, and since I can't be
there...

But PATRICK hangs up, as DEBBIE continues to talk -

INT. DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON - CONTINUOUS

DEBBIE
Remember, I do love you.
Patrick....Patrick?

MUSIC UP -

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAY

POP MUSIC!!! Something vintage 1982, *Physical* by Olivia Newton-John. The video, all oiled, healthy bodies, plays on MTV on a TV set that balances precariously at the end of the bath.

Steam fills the bathroom as the hot tap runs full blast. Dressed only in his hotel gown, PATRICK has shaken off the dawn-dread and now is back on speed - manic, dangerous. The huge black tablet is in his hand. He pops it in his mouth then swigs from a glass of bourbon. He winces.

PATRICK
No ice! This is COMPLETELY
UNACCEPTABLE! How can I GO ON!

And he heads out to -

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The main room, where a trolley is piled high with a devastated breakfast - a single bite from the bacon, a single spoonful of porridge - and now it decays and stinks horribly.

PATRICK
Everything is wrong, everything is
hopelessly fucked up -

He searches through the remains of the breakfast, fishing around in the warm orange juice, but there's no ice there.

Punching a table lamp, he goes into the corridor -

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

TWO CLEANERS are peering into the hotel suite next to PATRICK's.

The CLEANING LADIES stare at barely-dressed, manic PATRICK, one eyelid drooping, the eye the colour of an egg yolk.

PATRICK

Ice! Must have more of your
delicious ice, per favor! Room
3918.

One CLEANING LADY departs, and PATRICK peers into his
neighbour's room - a glimpse, a fleeting image, a MAN LYING
ON THE BED. White shirt, suit and tie, the face out of sight.

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile steaming hot water lips over the top of the bath
and onto the bathroom floor. The TV blares, its power cable
taut -

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK returns with a bucket of ice in time to see water
lapping at the edge of the carpet.

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

He splashes in, hopping neatly over the TV flex and turning
off the taps. Still clutching the ice he plunges his arm into
the water and feels around for the plug. The water is
SCALDING HOT.

He sits on the toilet seat and looks with amazement and
horror at his bare arms.

The purple wounds, the track marks, one arm scalded red, the
other ivory white.

PATRICK

These aren't my arms.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Patrick. How are you?

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAY

On the TV, WILE E. COYOTE sits astride a rocket, speeding,
speeding, over taking ROADRUNNER before smashing into a
mountainside.

PATRICK

A little fragile. I had rather a
bad night.

PATRICK, meanwhile, is in the bath, glass in one hand, phone
in the other.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JOHNNY'S FLAT, NOTTING HILL - CONTINUOUS

Curtains drawn against the sun, JOHNNY lies crashed out on the sofa. INTERCUT -

PATRICK (O.C.)

I tried to kill myself, you see.

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE - DAY

On TV, WILE E. COYOTE looks into the camera, face black with soot, then falls, falls, falls.

JOHNNY

I take it you didn't succeed.

PATRICK

It's a work in progress.

JOHNNY

But you're no longer clean.

PATRICK

Well I've been shooting coke and heroin for the last nine hours. Does that count?

No surprise or judgement from JOHNNY, but certainly no pleasure.

JOHNNY

Well maybe it wasn't the right time.

PATRICK

Yes, thank God my father's dead otherwise I'd have no excuse.

JOHNNY

How long can we keep this up d'you think? It doesn't seem sustainable.

PATRICK

No, a choice will have to be made.
(tests the balance of the
TV with his wet toe.)
I have an idea. Can you meet me at the airport with some gear? A lot. Then we'll go back to yours and maybe we can kill ourselves together.

JOHNNY

It doesn't seem much of a plan.

PATRICK

Still, much the kindest thing to do?

JOHNNY

I'll see you at the airport.

PATRICK

Make sure you get a lot. 'Bye now.

PATRICK hangs up and pours the bourbon onto his face, sucking it in until the bottle is empty.

Bottle in hand, he lies submerged in the water. The doorbell rings, and rings -

INT. HALLWAY/HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAY

The ageing BELL-HOP with a DRUG-STORE PACKAGE. The door opens a crack - PATRICK, naked, dripping wet.

BELL-HOP

Mr Melrose? I believe you asked -

PATRICK shoves money into his hand and slams the door.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAY

AN EYE PATCH is settled over the infected eye and PATRICK is ready to inspect himself in the mirror. Clean shirt and tie, cuff-links, beautiful suit. The eye-patch is eccentric, but gives him a pirate's swagger.

Like a true gentleman, he takes TWO LOADED SYRINGES and pops them into his breast pocket, disguising them with a white handkerchief.

PATRICK

Pip, pip! Be prepared.

Now ready to face the world, he hesitates.

A spot on his tie. He licks his finger, wipes it. It smears - blood. Nothing to be done though. He pulls on his protective overcoat, tosses the drug paraphernalia into his suitcase, locks it, steps back and takes in the room.

It is a scene of total and utter devastation. Broken furniture, sodden carpet, stinking food, bottles and wet towels everywhere. It might have been ransacked by Vikings.

He sighs, heads for the door, opens it and walks straight into -

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

A POLICEMAN stands in the doorway. PATRICK's hand snaps to his pocket - the syringes. With forced casualness -

PATRICK
What seems to be the trouble,
officer?

POLICEMAN
You hear anything suspicious last
night? Noises, cries?

PATRICK
No, I was lost to the world.

He indicates a trolley, being wheeled from the next door room by MEDICS. A covered CORPSE, the CLEANERS looking on.

POLICEMAN
Guy died of a heart attack.

PATRICK
Well the party has to end some day
I suppose.

POLICEMAN
There was a party?

PATRICK
No, I just meant...

As the gurney passes, PATRICK glimpses the arm of the CORPSE poking out. The same white shirt, the same gold cuff-links. PATRICK's own profile beneath the shroud; his future self.

POLICEMAN
You're from England, right?
(PATRICK is frozen at the
sight of his own corpse)
Hey! You hear me?

PATRICK
What? Yes, yes, I'm from England.

POLICEMAN
I could tell from the accent.

PATRICK
They'll make you a detective yet!

He strides off, the POLICEMAN's eyes burning into his back.

POLICEMAN
Take off your coat! You'll fry out
there!

EXT. THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Sweating in the noon heat, PATRICK arrives at the steps to find NICHOLAS and GEORGE, his father's old friends. GEORGE WATFORD is a large red-faced man, unflappable, decent -

GEORGE

Patrick. Bang on time. Just like your father.

(they shake hands with genuine warmth)

He was very, very proud of you. I'm sure you know that.

NICHOLAS PRATT is red-faced, plump, sardonic but, here at least, sincere in his sorrow.

NICHOLAS

Hello, little man. Sorry for your loss. I guess you must be feeling sick at heart

PATRICK

I suppose I am.

NICHOLAS

Whatever you feel, you feel strongly.

INT. THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the cool, marbled hallway -

NICHOLAS

What happened to your eye? Girl trouble?

PATRICK

Picked up an infection on the plane.

NICHOLAS

Well it suits you. Very raffish. You'll fit right in here -

And they push open the doors to a grand, wood panelled room, a little piece of Regency London in midtown Manhattan, all wing-backed chairs and unseasonable roaring fires.

GEORGE

I think you'll find this place amusing. Your father did. It had all the things that you can't find in England anymore; Gentleman's Relish, an excellent Bullshot. Have you had a Bullshot?

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Beef consommé and vodka. It's
something of an acquired taste.

PATRICK
Sounds delicious.

GEORGE
(to a WAITER)
Three Bullshots please -
(then on)
I've invited Ballantine Morgan,
though I suspect he's the most
frightful bore. Do you know him?

NICHOLAS
He's in banking. At least I *think*
he is. I've asked the question but
it's so hard to listen to his
fucking answers.

INT. TABLE, THE KEY CLUB - DAY

BALLANTINE MORGAN is a small, self-satisfied man. PATRICK is
in no mood for this, and has taken on some of his father's
old disdain.

BALLANTINE
I was so sorry to hear about your
father. I didn't know him
personally but from what these guys
tell me, he was a real old English
Gent!

PATRICK
Fuck-ing hell.

BALLANTINE
Beg pardon?

PATRICK
What have you been telling him,
George?

GEORGE
Only what an exceptional man your
father was.

PATRICK
I certainly never met anybody quite
like him.

NICHOLAS
He refused to compromise! 'Nothing
but the best, or go without!' he
used to say.

BALLANTINE

I quite agree!

PATRICK

'Never apologise, never explain',
that was another one. 'Observe
everything', 'Trust nobody' -

BALLANTINE

All very wise -

PATRICK

'Never try, effort is vulgar',
'Things were better in the
eighteenth century' Oh, and
'Despise all women, but your mother
most of all.'

A pause. Thank God, the WAITER arrives.

GEORGE

And here are our drinks!

To the astonishment of GEORGE and BALLANTINE, PATRICK takes
the brown, soupy liquid from the tray and drains the whole
thing in one go.

PATRICK

I think I'll have another.

NICHOLAS

Shall we order? I'm starving, as
per.

PATRICK

Nothing solid for me.

GEORGE

I never knew your father to lose
his appetite.

PATRICK

No, his appetite was the one thing
about him that was completely
reliable.

GEORGE

He was very impressive at the piano
-

PATRICK

If you like pastiche -

NICHOLAS

- and in conversation too -

PATRICK

That depends. Some people don't like uninterrupted rudeness, or so I'm told.

NICHOLAS

Who are these people?

GEORGE

It's true, I did once tell him to stop being quite so argumentative.

BALLANTINE

And what did he say?

GEORGE

Told me to bugger off!

The three men laugh uproariously. PATRICK watches wearily -

PATRICK

What a lot of faithful gun dogs.

They look shocked, but he glances at the walls, hung with Victorian hunting portraits

BALLANTINE

Tell me, Patrick, are you interested in guns?

NICHOLAS

Christ, here we go -

PATRICK

Christ, here we go -

BALLANTINE

Because I own what is widely considered to be the greatest gun collection in the...

PATRICK standing -

PATRICK

Will you excuse me one moment...

We follow PATRICK across the room, taking off his jacket and rolling up his sleeve, even as he walks.

INT. LUNCH TABLE, THE KEY CLUB - DAY

BALLANTINE has a photograph album, heavy leather, full of pictures of his hunting expeditions. Hijacking the conversation, he turns the pages as a heavily stoned PATRICK drinks his third bullshot and NICHOLAS and GEORGE glare...

BALLANTINE

...and this is me with a Tanganyikan mountain goat.

(MORE)

BALLANTINE (CONT'D)

It was the last male of the species, so I have mixed feelings about this one.

PATRICK

That's very sensitive of you.

NICHOLAS

Did it ever occur to you, Ballantine, that Patrick might not be interested in guns?

BALLANTINE

I was merely trying to make -

PATRICK

Actually I have a hunting story, Ballantine, from my father. Nicholas, you know the one -

NICHOLAS

Is this the best time, Patrick?

PATRICK

You'll like this, Ballantine. My father was a doctor in India in the 1920s, and he used to go pig-sticking, galloping through the high grass with a lance, chasing wild boar. Very dangerous, these boar, could easily take down a horse, gore the rider to death, but it was thrilling. The only blemish on this particular trip - he told me this story when I was, what, seven, eight? - was when one of the party was bitten by a wild dog and developed the symptoms of rabies. Three days from the nearest hospital, it was already too late to help and so the hunters, illustrious men, rich and powerful men, decided to truss up their foaming, thrashing friend in a net and hoist him off the ground for his own safety...

EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING

Pre-dinner drinks in 1967, and DAVID is holding forth to NICHOLAS. PATRICK, 8 years-old, reads nearby.

DAVID

Dinner was served, lanterns down the table, best silver, well-trained servants.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

A beautiful Indian night, but none of us could quite enjoy dinner with all that screaming. So I got up from the table, fetched my pistol, went up to the rabid man and shot him in the head.

(NICHOLAS's smile is frozen)

No cure, you see. Much the kindest thing to do. Everyone agreed. Eventually.

(DAVID sips his champagne, relishing the disquiet)

And that, I think, was the beginning of my love affair with medicine.

DAVID looks to his son. Smiles -

INT. TABLE, THE KEY CLUB - DAY

- back in New York, PATRICK enjoys the disquiet too. As his fellow diners shift in their seat, PATRICK takes in the sound of music. At some point the pianist has stopped playing Cole Porter and is now playing his father's composition.

PATRICK looks around urgently. The PIANIST is facing away, but from the back could quite easily be his father. Panic rising, PATRICK stands, knocks over the chair, runs for the door -

INT. TOILET, THE KEY CLUB - DAY

And into the marbled bathroom where he vomits copiously in and around the sink, gasping for breath. The MEMBER next to him is horrified.

CLUB MEMBER

You might have used the cubicle!

PATRICK

Good idea -

And he stumbles into the peace and quiet of the cubicle and locks the door.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE, THE KEY CLUB - DAY

He wakes some hours later, nauseous, slimy. He peers at his watch with his one good eye and swears -

EXT. FRANK E MACDONALD'S FUNERAL HOME, MANHATTAN - DAY

- rushing through the crowds to the funeral home, arriving to find the RECEPTIONIST locking the door. He bangs repeatedly on the glass.

INT. FRANK E MACDONALD'S FUNERAL HOME, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The FEMALE RECEPTIONIST recoils - he looks even more deranged than last time as he bangs on the glass.

PATRICK
You've got my father!
(she opens the door)
David Melrose!

RECEPTIONIST
I'll go and fetch the remains.

PATRICK
Also, could I trouble you for a paper bag?

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - DUSK

THE BOX containing DAVID MELROSE is carried in a grocery bag swinging from PATRICK's hand as he barges through the evening crowd.

PATRICK
(fast, efficient)
So half a gram of coke, a fifth of heroin, one Quaalude, one Black Beauty. A few lines then a fix after dinner, another before you get on the plane, Quaalude for the comedown, sleep on the flight and then Johnny will be waiting. Thank Christ for Concorde -

Trotting up to a handsome brownstone, PATRICK is jaunty and wired once again.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

NANCY BANKS, MARIANNE's formidable British mother, opens the door to find PATRICK hugging the BOX to his chest with one hand, rubbing something on his gums with the other.

PATRICK
Hello, I'm Patrick, Marianne's friend!

NANCY
Nancy, Nancy Banks. We have met.

PATRICK

Yes, of course. I'm sorry, little
distracted, it's just -

As if to explain, he indicates THE BOX and pulls a sad face.

NANCY

Yes, Debbie told us. Is that him?
I'll tell Consuela there'll be one
more for dinner! Marianne! She's
dying to see you!

JERRY BANKS appears, American, milder, kinder than his wife.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Jerry, you remember Patrick, lovely
Debbie's boyfriend. He came to
stay, remember?

PATRICK

(shaking his hand)
I think I passed out in your
toilet.

JERRY

That's right, we had to take off
the door! How are you Patrick? Here-
(A martini. They head in-)
We're very sorry about your grief.
Marianne tells me he was a
remarkable man.

PATRICK

You should have heard the remarks.

NANCY

Was it a difficult relationship,
Patrick?

PATRICK

Yup.

JERRY

When did the trouble start?

PATRICK

June the 9th 1906. The day he was
born.

JERRY

Well fatherhood was very different
in those days.

NANCY

Yes, perhaps he just didn't know
how to express his love?

PATRICK

Cruelty is the opposite of love,
not some inarticulate expression of
it.

A VOICE -

MARIANNE (O.C.)

That sounds about right to me.

PATRICK turns to see MARIANNE BANKS. A husky voice - she
doesn't so much speak as swallow articulately. Beautiful,
elegant, poised, kissing her mother and father -

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Of course, that's not something
I've ever had to worry about. Love
you, Dad -

PATRICK

And I love you -

MARIANNE

Hello, Patrick.

PATRICK

Hello. *Love you and adore you...*

MARIANNE

I'm so, so sorry for your loss.

He puts the BOX down, walks across the room, puts his arms
around her, his head on her chest, exhales and holds tight.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*You're the one to save me, can't
you tell? If I could have you I'd
give up drugs forever -*

MARIANNE

(looking to her parents)
Goodness!

PATRICK

*- or at least have someone
attractive to take them with -
(only to MARIANNE)
Are we going out to dinner? Please
say yes!*

NANCY

Actually, I thought we'd all have
dinner here!

PATRICK

(not looking away)
Would it be very rude to go out?
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's just we have so much to talk
about and I'm not quite ready for -
(the parents)
Or is that very rude?

NANCY bites her lip and scowls, about to object. JERRY
indicates - 'let it go' - and nods approval to MARIANNE.

MARIANNE

Okay. Fine. We'll go out. There's a
little Armenian restaurant I know.
Is that okay?

PATRICK

Yes! Yes, I love Armenian.

INT. ARMENIAN RESTAURANT, UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

A blue dome, painted with stars; candles, rugs on the walls.
The upper-Broadway restaurant is snug, modest, a funky ethnic
student hang-out and so not what PATRICK is used to at all.

But he is in love, so it will do. The BOX sits in its own
chair, to PATRICK's side.

MARIANNE

Aren't you hot with your coat on?

PATRICK

If it makes you uncomfortable -

MARIANNE

A little.

PATRICK

Then off it goes - perhaps I'll
take the eye-patch off too, let me
see you properly, the naked eye so
to speak. What d'you think?

(she winces at the sight.)

*Fucking hell, she winced! She
actually winced in disgust!*

(putting the patch back)

I'll leave it on. *I'll have to rely
on pity. Pity and booze -*

(to the WAITER)

Two martinis please.

MARIANNE

One. I'm not drinking.

PATRICK

You're not? Wow! *Bad sign, very,
very bad.*

(a silence)

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Say something, remember how this is
done, express something other than
lies or ridicule or contempt.
Concentrate, concentrate -
(panicking)*

Will you excuse me for a moment?

And he heads off to the bathroom. MARIANNE eyes the BOX and plans her escape.

INT. ARMENIAN RESTAURANT, UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

The Armenian food sits untouched on the plate, unlike the martinis. PATRICK, coked up, is losing hope.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*Well this is going well. All the
signs are good -
(MARIANNE yawns!)
Christ, she wants you. She's dying
for it, dying for it -*

MARIANNE

(his untouched plate)
I thought you liked Armenian food?

PATRICK

I've had better, to be honest. The martinis, on the other hand, are excellent. Are you sure you won't?

MARIANNE

How's Debbie?

PATRICK

*Christ, how the fuck should I know?
Wonderful. She's a great girl.
Change the subject. She tells me
you're studying law.*

MARIANNE

At NYU for a year, sort of an exchange programme thingy.

PATRICK

I once thought about studying law. I used to imagine myself in *Twelve Angry Men*, being terrifically eloquent and righting wrongs.

MARIANNE

So why didn't you?

PATRICK

It always seemed like such hard work. My father always said hard work and ambition were vulgar.

MARIANNE

But you're not your father.

PATRICK

And nor do I intend to be!

MARIANNE

You have an education, the financial means. It's not too late.

PATRICK

No, no, you're right. I'll make a start, soon as I get off the plane.

(to THE BOX)

Did you hear that, dad? I'm going to be a lawyer!

MARIANNE

Perhaps we could put him on the floor.

PATRICK

Good idea. Let the waiters kick him about. Revenge at last!

Another drink arrives. He drains it, she watches.

MARIANNE

'They fuck you up, your mum and dad
They may not mean to, but they do.'

PATRICK

Who says they don't mean to?

MARIANNE

Did you ever tell him how you felt?

PATRICK

No I didn't. Probably just as well.

MARIANNE

Why? What would you have said?

PATRICK is momentarily silenced by this question.

PATRICK

I'd have said...I'd have told him...

MARIANNE

(not listening, to the
WAITER)

Can we get the bill please?

PATRICK

Never mind.

MARIANNE

I'm sorry, I should get back...

PATRICK

(in desperation)

I don't suppose you want a
Quaalude, do you?

MARIANNE glares...

EXT. ARMENIAN RESTAURANT, UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

...then strides out into the street, all patience and
sympathy gone. PATRICK follows, desperate now -

PATRICK

I'm sorry if I've been a little
screwy -

MARIANNE

It's an emotional time. Taxi!

PATRICK

Still, imagine what I'd be like if
I was still on drugs!

MARIANNE

Good night, Patrick.

The TAXI pulls up. She's getting away! Quick...

PATRICK

Yes. Good night. Good night.

(and he throws his arms
around her while she
stands stiffly)

You know I sometimes think if I
were to meet the right woman,
someone intelligent who wasn't
afraid to challenge me, I might be
able to get my life back in order.
Do you think someone like that
exists?

MARIANNE

Let go, Patrick -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Anyone spring to mind?

MARIANNE

Please, stop -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I adore you, Marianne -

MARIANNE

Debbie is my friend!

PATRICK

- I want to be buried right here.

MARIANNE

Get OFF me!

(She pushes him away)
Horrible, self-indulgent little
shit! Jesus, what the hell is wrong
with you?

PATRICK

Just to clarify, we're not going to
sleep together are we?

But she's had enough. She crosses to the CAB. PATRICK picks
up the BOX, follows -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Joke, I'm just joking! Don't leave!
My hotel's not far, we could have
one more drink, just a drink...
(she slams the CAB door)
Debbie says I shouldn't be on my
own. She was very insistent on it.
Don't leave me alone!

She indicates the BOX OF ASHES -

MARIANNE

You're not alone.

- and with that the CAB drives off.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

And now PATRICK, furious and ashamed and thwarted, strides
back to the hotel, the BOX clutched to his chest. As he
passes windows shatter, high buildings burst into flames,
incinerated by his rage.

PATRICK

*Death and destruction, shame and
violence, ungovernable shame and
violence...*

From this point on, PATRICK is barely sane.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

- BURSTING into the hotel room, which is magically neat and
tidy once again. There's a manic spite to him, a dangerous
lack of control, as he -

- hurls the BOX of ashes against the wall.

- kicks it across the room.

In the BATHROOM, he uses the lid of the toilet cistern,
trying to crack it open, but breaking the cistern instead.

PATRICK

*I'm going to flush you down the
loo, send you to the sewers with
the alligators and the shit..*

He hacks at the BOX with an ICE-PICK, a FIRE-EXTINGUISHER, desperate to open it and destroy the remains. No good.

He hurls it back into the bedroom, jumps on the BOX again and again, throws it at the wall -

- then finally he picks up the BOX, hurls it at the window -

But it bounces off the double glazing, bounces and lands once more at his feet. Invulnerable.

Defeated, with shaking hands, PATRICK fixes a shot of heroin.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Over-associative, over-accelerated,
sedation, scalpel. Anaesthetic
first, surely Doctor?
(his FATHER'S VOICE)
No, Patrick. Scalpel first,
anaesthetic afterwards -*

And he shoots up.

Crawling across the floor of the wrecked room, still in his coat and eye patch he lifts the SOFA and crawls beneath it, the SOFA lying on his chest now.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*There. Nobody can find you here.
But what if nobody finds me here?*

The sound of a key in the lock -

Terrified, he peeks from beneath the frills of the sofa.

Someone has entered the room. A pair of brogues, a battered suitcase. PATRICK holds his breath, terrified -

Another figure enters, the white tennis shoes of a TEN YEAR-OLD BOY, and now we are in -

INT. HOTEL ROOM, THE CAMARGUE, PROVENCE 1969 - DAY

Mediterranean light. DAVID MELROSE inspects the hotel room.

This is shortly after his divorce - no beard yet, but a redness to the eyes, stubble - the beginning of the decline. He takes in the modest room - two single beds.

YOUNG PATRICK is behind him with the suitcases, nervous, sweating, his TEN YEAR-OLD SELF.

DAVID

Good God, what an appalling dump.
You see what I'm reduced to? Your
mother must be delighted. Send you
to gloat, did she?

YOUNG PATRICK

Perhaps we should go somewhere
else.

DAVID

No! This will do. Now, left or
right? The beds.

YOUNG PATRICK

Don't mind.

DAVID sits wearily, and removes his shoes.

YOUNG PATRICK is shaking, terrified, doing all he can not to
run from the room.

DAVID

I'm a very tired man. Come and talk
to me, Patrick.

YOUNG PATRICK

Just going to the -

DAVID

Come and sit down.

YOUNG PATRICK

I'm going to the bathroom.

A moment. Then -

DAVID

Well, don't be long.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM, THE CAMARGUE, PROVENCE 1970 - DAY

YOUNG PATRICK paces, tearful, fists clenching and
unclenching, muttering to himself.

DAVID (O.S.)

Patrick? Patrick, where are you?
PATRICK!

There's no escape, no alternative. Hand trembling, YOUNG
PATRICK opens the door. DAVID sits on the bed -

And the CAMERA swings away from the scene, through 180
degrees and returns to the bathroom, where the Provencal
evening light has been replaced by -

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

MANHATTAN'S DAWN LIGHT shines through the bathroom window on the bathtub.

MUSIC UP -

'I'LL BE YOUR MIRROR' BY THE VELVET UNDERGROUND.

A HAND grabs at the rim. PATRICK wakes up in the bath. There's blood on the white porcelain.

He sits. Still alive. Just. MUSIC CONTINUES AS -

He checks the wraps for any remains - nothing. All gone. With shaking hand, he takes the precious Quaalude.

Once again, PATRICK bends the needles against the white tiles. He wraps them in toilet paper, throws them in the bin. The eye-patch, the spoon, the empty wraps all go.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAWN

He opens the curtains and looks out at the milky light.

PATRICK (V.O.)
'The sun shone, having no
alternative, on the nothing new.'

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN - DAWN

MUSIC CONTINUES. All of PATRICK's best clothes are rolled into a tight bundle and rammed into a suitcase.

INT. CORRIDOR, PIERRE HOTEL - DAWN

PATRICK follows the elderly BELL-BOY down the corridor.

PATRICK
Life's not just a bag of shit, but
a leaky one. You can't help being
touched by it. Don't you find?

BELL-BOY
I believe, sir, that's the common
consensus.

INT. ELEVATOR, PIERRE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

BELL-BOY

'There will be rivers of blood and
the wicked shall be drowned nor
shall the high places be spared and
the bridges shall be swept away and
men shall say that the end of the
world cometh upon them!'

PATRICK

And they shall have a point. They
shall have a very good point.

INT. RECEPTION, THE PIERRE HOTEL - DAWN

At the desk, the RECEPTIONIST hands over the bill. A glimpse
of an astronomical sum. PATRICK hands over the cash.

PATRICK

Well, no-one can say I don't know
how to have fun.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll send you a copy -

PATRICK

Don't bother -

RECEPTIONIST

Your limo's waiting. We hope you
enjoyed your stay with us!

PATRICK

(walking)

Enjoyed isn't the word. I loved it!

He walks away. Behind him -

BELL-BOY

Sir! Mr Melrose, sir!

THE BOX is carried across the lobby by the apocalyptic
BELLBOY.

PATRICK

No need to call Vienna.

(taking the BOX, tipping)

Thank you very much. Rivers of
blood, eh?

BELL-BOY

(uncomprehending)

Sir?

PATRICK
Rivers of...
(a beat)
Never mind. Never mind.

And with the BOX under his arm, he walks out into the bleaching white light of the Manhattan morning. MUSIC UP -

INT/EXT. LIMO, PIERRE HOTEL, 59TH AND 6TH, MANHATTAN - DAWN

PATRICK ducks in the waiting limo, cool and dark, THE BOX on the seat next to him. The CHAUFFEUR closes the door.

INT. JFK DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY

And now he sits on the leather chair in the departure lounge, waiting for his flight to be called. The BOX is held on his lap.

His foot starts to tap, his hand clenching and unclenching...

ANNOUNCEMENT
Flight BA2 to London Heathrow, this
is the final call. All passengers
for Flight BA2 please make your way
to the boarding gate now.

A moment, a decision, and PATRICK puts the BOX on the seat next to him and walks smartly away -

- towards a bank of public telephones. He fumbles in his pocket for change, gathering up all the quarters and dimes he can find.

He dials the number, pumps in the coins.

The phone rings, and rings...

PATRICK
Come on, come on....

... and is picked up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Johnny! Can you hear me?

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Patrick, I'm just off to get the
gear, I'll be waiting for you...

PATRICK
Johnny, listen, I don't have long,
can you hear me? Don't get any
gear, not for me. Fact is I've
decided I'm giving up.
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(silence)
Can you hear me?

JOHNNY
I can. Are you sure?

PATRICK
(struggling to maintain
bravado)
Of course. I'm a new man! People
always make far too big a deal
about these things I think.

JOHNNY
So what do you want to do instead?
(In the silence, PATRICK
starts to cry.)
Hello? Patrick? What are you going
to do inste...

And as the line goes dead we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE ONE.

*