

FADE IN:

1 INT. GALLERY, MADRID - NIGHT (PRESENT) 1

The eyes of JULIUS MORLANG. Blinking in the light of a dozen flashbulbs.

On the SOUNDTRACK ... the sound of applause. People clapping. The murmur of congratulations.

Slowly the CAMERA PULLS BACK ... to frame JULIUS's face.

All we see is a man in his mid forties. Well dressed. With the hint of a WOMAN on his arm.

Neither his eyes nor his expression gives us the slightest indication as to what he is thinking.

DISSOLVE THROUGH ... the light of another flash ...

2 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PRESENT) 2

... to someone spreading out a dozen polaroids on a table top.

All are face shots of JULIUS.

Each pose is slightly different, although all show him wearing the same inscrutable expression.

CHANGE ANGLE ... to reveal JULIUS himself, leaning over the table top, contemplating the polaroids.

He selects a photo and pins it to a notice board.

ROLL TITLES ...

... as the CAMERA widens yet further to show JULIUS is in his studio, surrounded by paint pots, tools, pieces of wood, and steel.

Two recently finished pictures stand against the wall. Both created by a mixture of photographs and paint.

One shows a man painting while his shadow plays the violin.

The other depicts a man sheltering from the rain under a bridge, up to his neck in a water-filled ditch.

Both men are clearly recognisable as JULIUS. But neither portrait gives any clues as to the character of the man.

JULIUS is working on a new piece.

(CONTINUED)

Hastily, but with intense concentration, he paints a blue backdrop, the beginnings of a sky dotted with white clouds.

At the bottom, he paints a green Dutch landscape, sketching a little house here and there.

When finished, he turns off the main lights and directs a number of lamps at the blue partition.

He takes a light reading, then picks up a polaroid camera and takes a photo.

The polaroid slides from the camera.

JULIUS inspects it critically, comparing it to a sketch that shows what he intends to make - a man protruding from the top of a very tall chimney with a pipe in his mouth.

The sketch gives the impression that the smoke from the chimney is passing first through the pipe-smoking man before being released into the air. In the background we can see the blue sky and green landscape.

JULIUS pins the photo and sketch onto the noticeboard, then picks up a reflex camera on a tripod.

He sets it at knee height and squats down to look through the viewfinder.

His POV through the viewfinder ...

... a bush of pubic hair appearing at the top of frame.

JULIUS growls with mock anger.

JULIUS  
Get out of frame.

Then looks up to see ANN BURROUGHS (30, pretty, lithe) standing before him, wearing only a shirt and a mock perplexed expression.

ANN  
I can't find my knickers.

She smiles provocatively at him. He shakes his head and lunges forward towards her.

ANN rushes from the house, still only wearing her shirt.

JULIUS runs out after her.

(CONTINUED)

The land is hilly, divided by ancient dry-stone walls into a messy quilt of crops, most of them ready for harvest.

ANN runs across a field. JULIUS is panting heavily, unable to keep up.

ANN leaps over a low wall, pulling away from JULIUS, when suddenly ...

JULIUS  
Ow! Shit ... Ann!

ANN stops. Looks round to see JULIUS lying on the ground, clutching his ankle.

She runs back. Stopping just short of him.

ANN  
What the hell have you done?

JULIUS  
Sprained my bloody ankle. (GROAN) Oh shit  
- it hurts. Fuck!

ANN hesitates. Then steps forward, gently taking his ankle in her hands.

ANN  
Can you move it?

Suddenly, JULIUS grabs ANN. Rolling on top of her, trapping her beneath him. Eliciting an indignant squeal.

ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You bastard!

JULIUS starts kissing her. They roll through the corn, fighting and fondling ...

Then, just as it seems their game might be about to turn into serious love-making, it starts to rain.

ANN pushes him away from her. Runs back towards the house, leaving JULIUS lying in the corn.

END TITLES.

JULIUS enters the living room, his clothes dripping wet.

He sees the blinking light of the answering machine, and turns it on.

(CONTINUED)

As JULIUS sheds his wet clothes, the machine speaks with its metallic voice.

## ANSWERING MACHINE

You have two messages. First message.  
Today. Two thirty pm.

ANN comes out of the bathroom, drying her hair with a towel.

JULIUS pulls her towards him, trying to pick up where they left off. But, still drying, she pushes him away.

## ANN

Fuck off ...

SFX - answering machine BEEP. But whoever is on the end of the line remains silent. After a few seconds they hang up. JULIUS looks towards ANN.

## ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Wrong number.

## JULIUS

Your boyfriend ...

## ANN

If only.

## ANSWERING MACHINE

Second message. Today. Two thirty seven pm.

A man's voice - WIM. Speaking with a DUTCH accent.

## WIM

Hi kids - it's uncle Wim. Just to confirm - two o'clock, tomorrow at the golf course. And this time, Morlang, you're toast. Bye!

## ANN

Your boyfriend.

As if to answer, JULIUS wraps his arms around ANN and kisses her. This time she responds, pushing him back onto the sofa.

Their love-making resumes.

CUT TO:

JULIUS emerges from the house, golf clubs slung over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

He throws the bag on the backseats then carefully loads two wrapped paintings into the trunk.

He sinks to his knees to notice that one of the tyres is flat.

JULIUS

Shit!

JULIUS strides back into the house.

JULIUS pokes his head into the living room.

ANN is working on her computer, translating a French novel. A large dictionary and the marked-up manuscript lie on the table before her. She has headphones on.

JULIUS

I've got a flat.

ANN

(Without taking her headphones  
off)

What, again?

JULIUS

I'll take your car.

JULIUS starts looking for the keys.

ANN

That's the second time this week.

JULIUS does not react, still searching around.

JULIUS

Where's the keys?

ANN looks up.

ANN

I've got to go into town, myself.

JULIUS

(stopping his search)

Oh.

JULIUS testily jacks his car up to change the wheel.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (PRESENT) 8

JULIUS speeds through the countryside, taking the narrow lanes a little faster than he ought.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. GOLF COURSE, CAR PARK - DAY (PRESENT) 9

JULIUS drives into the car park of a golf course. The course is set in the grounds of a country hotel.

WIM GIEL (50, grey, energetic) waits for him outside the club house, gently practising his swing.

JULIUS parks the car alongside him, and gets out. From their demeanour - from their teasing - we can tell they're old friends.

JULIUS walks up to WIM.

JULIUS  
Sorry I'm late.

WIM  
No matter.

He swings in the air.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Let's go.

10 EXT. GOLF COURSE (TEE) - DAY (PRESENT) 10

A golf club teeters before the ball. Lining up. WIM is holding the club.

He drives. A good shot.

WIM  
Now, what do you call a shot like that?

JULIUS  
A fluke.

WIM  
You're a bitter old bastard, Morlang. I should have dropped you years ago. I would have.

JULIUS puts his ball on the tee.

(CONTINUED)

WIM (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
But for some inexplicable reason, your  
dreadful daubs sell like hotcakes.

JULIUS is just about to take his shot.

WIM (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
I don't get it myself.

JULIUS miss-hits.

WIM (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
You're plainly talentless.

JULIUS turns to look reproachfully at WIM, who is the picture  
of innocence.

11 EXT. GOLF COURSE (FAIRWAY) - DAY (PRESENT)

11

JULIUS and WIM are walking down the fairway.

WIM  
ABN/AMRO have made enquiries. Apparently  
nothing less than a Morlang will do for  
their new boardroom. They're willing to  
pay a fortune.

JULIUS  
Oh yeah?

WIM smiles wickedly.

WIM  
But, of course, I told them you were an  
artist who worked only at the behest of  
his muse ...

JULIUS walks into the rough towards his ball.

JULIUS  
(INTERRUPTING)  
How much?

WIM  
Fifty thousand.

JULIUS whistles and takes out a club.

WIM (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Trouble is they need it in two weeks.  
Could you knock something up?

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS

Maybe. There's something I'm working on.  
Might just do.

He eyes the direction of the green, takes his stance.

WIM

Good. I'll get a contract drawn up.

JULIUS

Bullshit.

JULIUS plays his shot. His eyes follow his ball ...

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You already have.

They both see the ball drop onto the green.

WIM

True.

He pats his inside pocket. JULIUS laughs as he walks towards the green with WIM. WIM laying a hand on JULIUS's shoulder.

12 INT. BAR, GOLF COURSE HOTEL - DAY (PRESENT)

12

WIM and JULIUS sit in the bar, enjoying a drink.

JULIUS's two paintings are leaned against an empty chair. They are the ones we saw earlier - of the man with the violin, and the man in the rain.

WIM

These are nice. Very nice.

JULIUS

Thanks.

WIM smiles warmly at him.

WIM

You seem a little happier.

JULIUS

Maybe I am.

WIM

It's in your work. I can always tell.

JULIUS gives a little wry smile.

(CONTINUED)



WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Really, Julius, we ought to think about  
another show.

JULIUS says nothing. Just takes a sip of coffee.

JULIUS  
I dunno.

WIM  
Well, think about it. In your own good  
time. Early days.

He reaches into his breast pocket. Brings out the contract.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You can let me know when I come back for  
the bank job. Two weeks.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING (PRESENT)

13

JULIUS drives back through the beautiful countryside, washed  
pink by the glow of the evening sun.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. HOUSE - EVENING (PRESENT)

14

JULIUS pulls up in front of his house. Gets out of the car.

He stands there for a moment, admiring the glorious sunset.  
Then suddenly notices that the door to his studio is open.

JULIUS looks a little puzzled, as if he can't remember  
whether he shut it or not.

He goes to close it.

But as he reaches the doorway, he notices the lock has been  
forced.

Cautiously, he enters the studio.

15 INT. STUDIO - EVENING (PRESENT)

15

JULIUS flicks on the light.

The studio is a mess, the whole room turned upside down.

(CONTINUED)

A BEAT ... as he silently contemplates the chaos, his eyes flicking about the room.

JULIUS  
Shit! Jesus Christ!

He sees with dismay that the chimney he is working on has been damaged. But is puzzled to notice that his camera is still there. As is the rest of his expensive equipment.

Then suddenly, JULIUS remembers ANN. He rushes through the connecting door to the main house.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Ann! Ann!

There is no answer.

16 INT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

16

JULIUS hurries through the house.

JULIUS  
Ann! Ann!

He bursts into the living room ...

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

17

... to find ANN still sitting at her computer, engrossed in her work. She turns round.

ANN  
What's the matter?

JULIUS  
Have you seen the studio?

ANN takes off her headset.

ANN  
What?

JULIUS  
It's fucking trashed. Didn't you hear anything?

ANN  
No ... what do you mean? A break in?

JULIUS  
Yeah! That's exactly what I mean.  
Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Oh my God!

ANN gets to her feet. She hurries ...

18 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PRESENT)

18

... into the studio - JULIUS following.

A BEAT ... as ANN surveys the mess. Shocked.

ANN

What did they take?

JULIUS shrugs.

JULIUS

Nothing ... I dunno.

ANN

Jesus!

She instinctively steps towards JULIUS. Clearly shaken. He hugs her. Trying to comfort her.

JULIUS

It's okay ... we're okay. You're safe.  
Thank God.

ANN hugs JULIUS tight.

ANN

We better call the police.

JULIUS nods.

ANN hurries back into the house to make the phone call.

JULIUS contemplates the mess, making a mental check of what's damaged and what isn't. He walks over to his camera.

Then suddenly, he notices an envelope pinned to the notice board, bearing the characteristic black edging of a funeral notification.

JULIUS opens the envelope. There is a card inside.

He tentatively pulls it out.

The card is a photograph of himself and a woman (ELLEN, 42, physically an older version of ANN). Both are looking into the lens, sitting on a little pile of sand against a backdrop of an endless sea.

(CONTINUED)

In a SHORT FLASH ... we see this scene come to life. Just for a second.

Then BACK TO ... JULIUS's stunned face.

A message has been scrawled across the photo, in thick black marker pen.

It reads ... 'DON'T FEEL GUILTY, IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT'.

JULIUS stares at the photograph. Too numb to move.

His expression betraying a hint of fear ... as the CAMERA slowly tracks into his eyes ...

ANN (O.S.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Julius!

Then suddenly ... FLASHBACK TO ...

19 EXT. WITTE DE WIT GALLERY, ROTTERDAM - EVENING (PAST) 19

ELLEN (O.S.)  
Julius!

JULIUS is getting out of a taxi. He turns to see ELLEN running up to him.

Coming from a crowded art gallery.

JULIUS is wearing a suit but his shirt is half buttoned and hanging out of his trousers. He is late.

JULIUS pays the cabdriver ...

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You love doing this to me, don't you ...

... as ELLEN grabs his arm and drags him off into the gallery.

20 INT. THE WITTE DE WIT GALLERY - EVENING (PAST) 20

The opening night of JULIUS's show. The gallery is buzzing with the usual art circuit babble.

Everyone has a drink in their hand, more interested in their conversation than in JULIUS's work - a collection of pictures executed in JULIUS's signature multi-medium style.

Amongst the works we recognise a couple of portraits of ELLEN.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN and JULIUS walk through the crowd nodding to guests here and there.

ELLEN  
Wim's pissed off.

ELLEN guides JULIUS towards a small podium where WIM stands waiting.

WIM shoots JULIUS a dirty look, then taps the microphone to see if it's working. Smiling proudly.

WIM  
Ladies and gentlemen. Kids. Thank you for coming tonight. The Witte de Wit gallery is honoured to present another series of works by Julius Morlang.

Applause from the audience

JULIUS looks at WIM.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Excuse me making this speech in English, but I'm going to say some nice things about Julius - and I'd like him to understand them.

... as the CAMERA CHANGES ANGLE ... to favour a young, attractive artist - ROBERT JANSEN - slowly worming his way through the crowd. Working his way towards ELLEN.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Holland's had its fair share of great artists, but tonight we celebrate the best of British, the work of true talent, a man I'm proud to call my friend.

21 INT. THE WITTE DE WIT GALLERY - DAY (PAST)

21

The same gallery, now half empty. JULIUS's work stands piled against the walls.

WIM  
Okay, listen. I'm sick of fucking excuses. Screw your artistic temperament, Julius. I'm running a business. So I don't care how you fucking do it, just make sure there are four more masterpieces hanging on these walls by next Thursday, six p.m. Do we understand each other?

JULIUS stares at WIM with dumbfounded resentment.

22 INT. WITTE DE WIT GALLERY - EVENING (PAST) 22

WIM continues with his speech.

WIM  
Tonight, we're seeing work of real  
importance.

A few cheers ... as the CAMERA focuses on JANSEN sidling up  
to ELLEN.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Work I'm honoured to present.

23 INT. THE WITTE DE WIT GALLERY - DAY (PAST) 23

The same gallery a week back ... JULIUS and WIM still  
standing opposite each other. ELLEN listening to them from  
the other side of the space.

WIM  
What's the theme of the work going to be?

JULIUS  
What do you care?

24 INT. THE WITTE DE WIT GALLERY - EVENING (PAST) 24

WIM  
... a milestone in the history of this  
gallery. Maybe of art itself. Here's an  
artist that has brought to us a new way  
of seeing.

JANSEN leans towards ELLEN. Whispers something into her ear.  
ELLEN smiles.

Noticed from the corner of his eye by JULIUS.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Thank you Julius for letting us see your  
wonderful work. For sharing in this  
experience. Thank you indeed.

He turns to JULIUS and claps.

The applause is taken up by the audience. WIM nods  
graciously.

Again JANSEN leans towards ELLEN. Makes some remark. She  
laughs.

People scatter. Conversation starts again.

(CONTINUED)

LATER ...

JULIUS wanders through the gallery - drink in hand - acknowledging the congratulations of the guests.

WIM gently pushes a couple of buyers towards JULIUS - young city types.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Julius - I'd like you to meet Peter and  
Helena. Big fans.

He rubs his fingers discreetly together. Indicating lots of money.

JULIUS  
Hi ...

He shakes their hands.

PETER  
God, this is such an honour. We just  
love your stuff.

JULIUS  
Thanks.

HELENA  
I've always wanted to know - where do you  
actually get your ideas. I mean - is it  
an outside kind of thing or do you draw  
from internal experiences?

WIM looks expectantly towards JULIUS.

But JULIUS is distracted by the sight of ELLEN talking to  
JANSEN on the other side of the room.

WIM turns back to HELENA.

WIM  
(ENCOURAGINGLY)  
Good question. Isn't it, Julius?

JULIUS  
Yeah ... absolutely. Excuse me just a  
minute.

He gives HELENA a charming smile. And walks away.

WIM turns to HELENA.

(CONTINUED)

WIM  
 (IN DUTCH)  
 Nerves. Exposure. (BEAT) He liked you.

JULIUS escapes to a quiet corner of the gallery - the food table.

LATER ...

JULIUS is talking to a jaded neurotic drunken artist in his mid thirties - HOUWELINGEN.

HOUWELINGEN  
 Of course, the whole concept of the gallery is finished. What a gallery actually does - is replicate the living room of some aristocratic fucker who quite literally imprisoned art ... and in that sense imprisoned the artist.

JULIUS's eyes scan the gallery, searching for ELLEN.

He spots her still standing beside JANSEN. Laughing at something JANSEN has said - evidently amused by his company.

Although innocent enough, JULIUS's face betrays just a twinge of disapproval and jealousy.

HOUWELINGEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 I tell you man, after my last show, I said no more fucking galleries. Gallery - I mean. Think of the word. Slave gallery.

JULIUS  
 Galley. The word is Galley. Slave Galley. A sort of a boat.

Again JANSEN leans towards ELLEN. Says something into her ear. Again she laughs.

HOUWELINGEN  
 Whatever.

Then JULIUS sees ELLEN bidding JANSEN a friendly farewell, kissing him three times on the cheek.

JULIUS then watches ELLEN turn. Look round the room and spot him.

HOUWELINGEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Anyway, did you hear that Dalstra is doing his new show in a slaughterhouse?  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)



HOUWELINGEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I heard he's going to paint in cow-blood  
and hang them all over ...

ELLEN crosses over to him. Slides her arm round his waist,  
and gives him a kiss.

ELLEN  
(SMILING)  
Can I talk to my husband for a second?

HOUWELINGEN nods.

ELLEN whispers seductively into JULIUS's ear.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I want to go home.

CUT TO:

25 INT. JULIUS'S CAR - NIGHT (THEN) 25

ELLEN and JULIUS cruise through night-time Rotterdam, JULIUS  
at the wheel.

26 INT. JULIUS' CAR - NIGHT (PAST) 26

ELLEN lays a hand on JULIUS's knee and smiles at him.

ELLEN  
It went well, huh?

JULIUS  
I guess.

ELLEN laughs.

ELLEN  
Oh, well. Wim lined up some good buyers.

JULIUS  
Good. Hmm.

ELLEN  
Rich. Not too perceptive.

ELLEN looks at him. Nothing from him.

Silence.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I met Robert Jansen tonight.

JULIUS  
Oh yeah?

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Wim wants me to manage him.

JULIUS gives a slight jolt. But maintains his disinterested tone.

JULIUS

Really?

ELLEN

I might just do it. He's a very talented young man. I liked him.

Another minimal nod from JULIUS as he brings the car to a halt ...

27 EXT. KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - NIGHT (PAST)

27

... outside the door to their apartment. An old warehouse situated on a tongue of land overlooking the port (known as Kop van Zuid).

JULIUS (V.O.)

Don't you think you've got enough on your plate managing me?

ELLEN (V.O.)

Oh, you pretty much manage yourself these days.

JULIUS steps out and walks to the front door while ELLEN locks the car.

28 INT. KOP VAN ZUID APPARTMENT - NIGHT (PAST)

28

The apartment is simply, yet tastefully, furnished.

Above the bed, hangs a large work of art depicting ELLEN looking strong and beautiful.

ELLEN and JULIUS make love.

But despite the intimacy, we get the feeling that JULIUS is hanging back a bit, that it is ELLEN who is making all the running ...

CUT TO:

29 EXT. ROTTERDAM SKYLINE - MORNING (PAST)

29

The morning sun hangs low over the awakening city.

CUT TO:

JULIUS lies alone in bed, half-awake.

He turns to ELLEN's half of the bed, then starts, surprised to find himself lying next to a delicate, kitschy, Jeff Koons-style statuette.

JULIUS gestures to the sculpture.

JULIUS  
What the fuck is that?

ELLEN, in the kitchen, looks around the corner at him.

ELLEN  
It's a present.

JULIUS  
For who?

ELLEN  
You. Do you like it?

JULIUS ponders. Then looks disdainfully at the statuette again

JULIUS  
It's interesting. Different. Who made it? Houwelingen?

ELLEN  
Do you think I'd celebrate fifteen years of wedded bliss with a Houwelingen.

JULIUS grins.

JULIUS  
Oh God ... our wedding anniversary.

ELLEN comes out of the kitchen, laughing happily - holding a bunch of roses.

ELLEN  
Such a typical man.

She kisses him as he lies back, and throws the roses on the bed.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Jansen made it.

JULIUS looks irritated by the mention of the artist's name again. But pretends to be amused.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS

Oh ... is this what he makes?

JULIUS inspects the object with a bewildered gaze, shaking it, as if hoping that it might contain something.

ELLEN takes the statuette.

ELLEN

Where shall we put him?

JULIUS

Ireland. Over the fireplace. Keep his little toes warm.

FLASH FORWARD TO ...

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

31

... JULIUS and ANN sitting in the living room, talking to an IRISH POLICEMAN and his COLLEAGUE.

JANSEN's statuette stands on a shelf behind them.

The POLICEMAN is taking notes.

POLICEMAN

I'm very surprised this has happened, Sir. There's very little of this sort of thing round here.

JULIUS

So I'm just unlucky?

POLICEMAN

Seems so, Mr Morlang. No-one you can think of might have done this? It is rather odd ... them not taking anything, I mean.

JULIUS

God ... no. Really not.

POLICEMAN

Well, give us a ring if you think of anything that might help us.

JULIUS

I most certainly will.

The POLICEMAN closes his notebook, and rises to his feet. They start walking towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN

If you don't mind me saying so, you need better locks. Or even a security camera.

JULIUS

It's kind of you to come, Officer. I'm sorry to have bothered you with all this.

They walk into the hallway.

POLICEMAN

No - I'm just sorry this has happened. We'll have a car run by from time to time. You know, keep an eye open.

JULIUS

That's great ... thanks.

POLICEMAN

Okay so.

The POLICEMAN and his COLLEAGUE leave.

JULIUS gives ANN a tight, comforting hug. Although trying not to show it, they are both shaken.

CUT TO:

32 INT. TYRE REPAIR CENTRE - DAY (PRESENT)

32

A MECHANIC repairs JULIUS's flat tyre. He prises a six inch nail from the tyre. Shows it to JULIUS.

MECHANIC

That's your problem, I should think.

JULIUS

Jesus!

The MECHANIC wheels the tyre over to a corner of the garage. JULIUS walks with him.

MECHANIC

It's strange. Running over two nails in a week.

JULIUS

Someone must have dropped a packet of them on the road ... or something.

MECHANIC

(SCEPTICALLY)

Who knows? Anything's possible.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

JULIUS nods, clearly perturbed.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CAR PARK, TOWN - DAY (PRESENT) 33

JULIUS loads a bag of locks and a security camera into his car boot.

34 EXT. TOWN - DAY (PRESENT) 34

JULIUS drives through the town. As he nears the outskirts, he becomes aware of a green car just behind him.

35 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (PRESENT) 35

JULIUS drives out of town, into the pretty countryside, the green car still behind him.

36 INT. CAR - DAY (PRESENT) 36

JULIUS turns off onto a minor road. The green car makes the same turn.

JULIUS nervously watches it in his rear mirror.

37 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (PRESENT) 37

JULIUS makes another turn. Again, the green car makes the same turn.

38 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (PRESENT) 38

As JULIUS twists and turns down the country lanes, so the car follows him.

39 INT. CAR - DAY (PRESENT) 39

JULIUS pulls over in a lay-by. The green car hurtles past him.

He silently looks at the car disappearing into the distance.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT) 40

JULIUS pulls up outside the house.

41 INT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT) 41

JULIUS enters the house. Puts the shopping on the floor. Then anxiously picks up his mail, as if half fearing there might be another black edged envelope.

(CONTINUED)

Through the bills and junk mail, JULIUS's eye is drawn to a large envelope bearing a Dutch stamp.

JULIUS opens it. Inside is a card. JULIUS tentatively pulls it out.

Suddenly, the card snaps apart, changing shape. JULIUS literally jumps back, dropping it.

But as it hits the floor, JULIUS realises it has become an abstract little sculpture.

He carefully picks the thing up, searching for some explanatory text. Then reads.

JULIUS

You have the honour of being invited to the opening of Johan Houwelingen's new exhibition: "Abstractions to Catch the Eye." Thursday, July 4th, at ... Oh God.

JULIUS screws the object into a ball and tosses it into the rubbish bin.

Then he takes the rest of the mail and walks through ...

42 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

42

... into the living room.

ANN looks up from her computer.

JULIUS

You been okay?

She smiles brightly. But we can tell she's on edge.

ANN

Oh yeah, fine ...

She flicks a glance at the manuscript.

ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Two chapters this morning. My editor will be pleased, anyway.

JULIUS

Any calls?

JULIUS flops down.

ANN

No ... oh, yes ... Wim.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS  
What did he want?

ANN  
He wants to speak to you about a buyer  
... for a photo I think he said.

A BEAT ... as the CAMERA holds on JULIUS's reaction. Then a split second flash ...

... as the image of JULIUS and ELLEN sitting against their desert island backdrop sears the screen.

Then the image is gone.

ANN looks at JULIUS with concern.

ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Are you okay?

JULIUS  
Yeah ... fine.

ANN  
I told him about the break in. He'll try  
and get the bank to give you a bit  
longer. But he wasn't sure he could.

JULIUS  
It's okay - I won't need any more time.

JULIUS goes to the phone and punches in a number.

A BEAT ... as JULIUS meets ANN's gaze. Then he looks away.

WIM (O.S.)  
Giel speaking.

JULIUS  
What's going on, Wim?

WIM (O.S.)  
Excuse me ...

JULIUS  
What's going on?

WIM (O.S.)  
Well ... had a punter on the line. Wants  
to buy a photo.

JULIUS  
What photo?

(CONTINUED)



WIM (O.S.)  
(SIGHS)  
The Island photo.

JULIUS  
So you told him to fuck off?

WIM (O.S.)  
I told him it wasn't for sale. He just  
wouldn't take no for an answer. He's  
offering thirty grand.

JULIUS  
I don't understand why you even called me  
about this.

WIM (O.S.)  
It's my duty to inform you of any offers.

JULIUS  
Well, you've done your duty. Now tell  
this guy to fuck off.

JULIUS slams down the receiver.

ANN moves to comfort him. But JULIUS brushes her aside, and  
storms from the room.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. FIELDS - DAY (PRESENT) 43

JULIUS strides across the fields ... marching further and  
further away from the house ...

44 EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY (PRESENT) 44

... until he reaches the coast.

He stands on the edge of a cliff top. The sea, far below,  
violently crashing against the rocks. The air thick with  
spray.

A BEAT ... as JULIUS contemplates the scene.

Then CUT THROUGH THE SPRAY TO ...

45 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PAST) 45

... ELLEN and JULIUS sitting on a small pile of sand. Behind  
and around them, a backdrop of the endless sea.

JULIUS holds the remote switch for the camera in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

He and ELLEN look at each other. Then JULIUS presses the button and pushes it out of shot.

A BEAT ... as ELLEN and JULIUS stare cheerlessly into the lens.

The camera flashes once. Twice. Giving us the briefest of glimpses of another scene.

Then a third flash. This time, we can clearly see ...

46 EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY (PAST)

46

... ELLEN lying lifeless on the cliff top, a storm raging about her, the sea pounding the rocks below.

47 INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY (PAST)

47

ELLEN lies in an open coffin in the chapel of a crematorium.

JULIUS stands over her, grief stricken. His self control slipping.

WIM lays a supporting hand on JULIUS's shoulder. Comforting him as best he can.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

48

JULIUS returns to the house - calm now. His anger spent.

ANN stands waiting in the doorway.

JULIUS stops and looks at her. Ashamed of himself.

She walks across to him. He shrugs apologetically. She lays an arm round his shoulders and kisses him.

ANN

Better?

JULIUS nods.

ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It's okay. It's okay. I understand.

JULIUS hugs her.

JULIUS

I know ... you always do.

CUT TO:

JULIUS sets about repairing his damaged artwork. Rebuilding the chimney until it is taller than he is.

He then starts adjusting the lamps.

But his thoughts are not on the job. The lamps are heavy and he seems unable to light the backdrop to his satisfaction.

He stops. Contemplates his progress. Irritated.

He then resumes his task, pressing ahead with foolhardy haste.

He aggressively sets up the camera and picks up the remote switch, a pipe and a ladder. He leans the ladder against the chimney, sticks the pipe in his mouth, and rather waywardly, climbs up.

Once at the top, he adopts his selected pose and expression, presses the remote switch, then tosses it away.

But in his haste, JULIUS loses his balance and starts to fall. He tries to steady himself, grasping onto the lighting rig for support.

But the ladder slides slowly backwards. Then the lighting gantry gives way.

JULIUS falls through the painted backdrop, landing with an undignified thump on the floor. The paper folding itself on top of him.

JULIUS crawls out from under the backdrop with an anguished expression. Only when he stands does he see what a mess he has made of his studio.

Only the chimney is left standing.

Then with a noisy clatter, it caves in. The lights flicker and the studio is plunged into darkness.

An enraged JULIUS storms into the living room.

Then notices the light on the answering machine is blinking.

He stabs at the button and goes to the fridge.

The machine tells him he has one message. It starts to play.

JULIUS stands still with shock.

(CONTINUED)

As he hears ELLEN's voice.

ELLEN  
(on the answering machine)  
"... Don't feel guilty, it's nobody's  
fault..."

The line clicks dead. JULIUS looks as if he'd just seen a ghost.

His hand trembling, he reaches for the machine and plays the message again.

Once more ELLEN's voice fills the room.

Now we also see a short flash of ELLEN's face - smiling, at the gallery.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(on the answering machine)  
"... Don't feel guilty, it's nobody's  
fault ..."

JULIUS turns off the machine. Stunned.

JULIUS  
God ... God!

He then lifts the tape from the machine. Takes a hammer from the cupboard and brings it smashing down on the cassette. Breaking it into tiny pieces.

His anger mounting, he then gathers the remains in his hands, and throws them into the bin outside the kitchen, slamming the door shut behind him. Causing the whole room to shake.

JANSEN's delicate, kitschy statuette - given him by ELLEN - totters off its shelf.

Shatters on the floor ...

FLASHBACK THROUGH THE DISINTEGRATING STATUETTE TO ...

51 INT. JULIUS'S STUDIO, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY (PAST) 51

... a recently finished canvas - a portrait of ELLEN.  
Standing in JULIUS's Dutch studio.

Although similar in style to those we have already seen, the picture seems to lack spark. As if JULIUS has been working by rote.

CHANGE ANGLE ... to reveal WIM contemplating it with a critical eye, and an uneasy expression.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS stands behind him - visibly tense.

WIM puts down the canvas and picks up another one. Again it seems to lack zest.

WIM turns to JULIUS. From the look on his face, it is clear JULIUS knows what he thinks of the pictures.

WIM searches for the right words.

WIM

You know, of course, that I hold the Morlang genius in the highest esteem ...

JULIUS

You don't like them.

WIM

I wouldn't say that.

JULIUS

I know you wouldn't.

WIM looks at JULIUS shrewdly.

WIM

Maybe you should be thinking about ... new directions.

JULIUS

Are you calling me old hat?

WIM

Of course not. God no. But sales are going down, Julius.

JULIUS - suddenly angry - pushes a paintbrush into WIM's hand.

JULIUS

So what did you have in mind ... that I get more abstract perhaps?

WIM

I don't know ... maybe.

JULIUS

Show me. Show me what you mean by "new directions." Go on ...

WIM looks at the brush, tempted to do so but then thinks again.

(CONTINUED)

WIM

Julius. You're the artist. Your gift is unique - wonderful. I'm not going to tell you what to do.

JULIUS appears mollified. They stand opposite each other, uncomfortable.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'm sure you know what to do.

Another BEAT ... as WIM looks at JULIUS. A tension between them. Then he turns away.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Now ... I just want a quick word with Ellen. You can make me a cup of coffee.

52 INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE, APARTMENT - DAY (PAST)

52

ELLEN is on the phone - to JANSEN.

ELLEN

Okay Robert ... okay. It's no problem. Yeah ... yeah. We'll get two more interviews before the event.

ELLEN gestures WIM to wait a moment ... while trying to brush something off her file that doesn't seem to be there.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

That's right. The Herald Tribune will call you direct. I'll speak to 'Fine Art' later. Good. See you. Lots of love. 'Bye.

JULIUS cannot hide his aggravation at the flirty, easy manner of their conversation.

ELLEN rises from her desk. Gives WIM a kiss.

WIM

Sorry to barge in, my darling. Just wanted to check you got all that safety stuff sorted.

ELLEN picks up a fax from her desk. Waves it at WIM.

ELLEN

Yup ... got it today. I'll fax you a copy.

(CONTINUED)

WIM  
Excellent! A relief. My God, this is  
going to be wild.

JULIUS stands in the doorway, clearly piqued.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You're busy. I'll let you plough on.  
'Bye for now.

Then turns to JULIUS.

WIM (cont'd) (cont'd)  
See you at the show.

JULIUS nods - unenthusiastically.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. SEA - DUSK (PAST)

53

A flotilla of speed boats slice through the water.

Ferrying the 'beautiful people' of the art circuit to an  
offshore oil platform.

JULIUS and ELLEN sit in the back of one of the boats. Behind  
them a golden halo of spray.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. OIL PLATFORM - NIGHT (PAST)

54

The oil platform throbs to the sound of house music.  
Ecstatic youths dance between giant video walls. Each screen  
displaying a different image. JANSEN's art is everywhere.

WAITRESSES - dressed as platform workers - ensure a liberal  
supply of alcohol.

JULIUS and ELLEN stroll along a gantry, drink in hand.

But despite the image of togetherness, we sense a tension  
between them.

It is ELLEN who breaks the silence.

ELLEN  
So ... aren't you going to tell me what  
you think of it?

JULIUS  
Well, it's different.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

That all?

JULIUS tries to think of something positive to say.

ELLEN shoots JULIUS an annoyed look, as if to say 'don't be so pathetic'.

Then suddenly, she sways. Thrusting her wine glass towards JULIUS. Moving her hand in front of her eyes, as if trying to get rid of some fly.

JULIUS

(ALARMED)

What's wrong?

ELLEN

Nothing.

JULIUS

Want to sit down?

ELLEN shakes her head. Rubs her eyes.

ELLEN

I'm fine ... fine.

ELLEN blinks. Then nods.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I better see how Robert's getting on.

She walks away from JULIUS. He follows her.

From somewhere on the oil platform, a bright light is switched on.

The music fades. The crowd cheers.

The spotlight is focused on JANSEN. He has a microphone in his hand and is tied to a lifeline that is attached to a crane.

Slowly the crane winches him above the crowd - to raucous applause.

ELLEN - now recovered - laughs.

As JANSEN hangs suspended over the crowd ... he pulls a book from his pocket and starts to read.

JANSEN (IN DUTCH)

"De Zee" van Slauerhoff ...

"De zee, het eenige leven dat strekt

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



## JANSEN (IN DUTCH) (cont'd)

Van begin tot einde  
 - Terwijl alle andre, voor kort gewekt, Gedwee  
 en weerloos verdwijnen -  
 Geeft in eeuwige breking  
 De groote, zachte verzeekring  
 Dat, wanneer allen versterven, verstijven,  
 Zij bevallig zal blijven.  
 En als ik ga gehaast,  
 Genaderd en genaast  
 Door den jagende dood,  
 Hoor ik den troost  
 Van 't eendre gofgeruisch,  
 Dat is als het gemengde gejuich  
 Van al haar schipbreukelingen,  
 al haar meeuwen,  
 aanbreken over de eeuwen,  
 Die mij zwijgen en verteren..."

A BEAT ... as an unsmiling JULIUS and ELLEN catch each other's eye. Then look away. A gulf between them.

LATER ...

JULIUS is once more pinned down by HOUWELINGEN.

HOUWELINGEN looks thoughtful.

## HOUWELINGEN

The rig is constructed to dig for dead dinosaur juice. Which provides the life-blood of the modern world. I see this show as a most-modern ironic comment on the nature of time upon art - of elemental deconstruction and reconstruction into forces of vitality.

## JULIUS

Oh ...

HOUWELINGEN shrugs with false modesty. JULIUS takes another drink.

LATER ...

The platform once more echoes to the sound of House music.

JULIUS stands apart from the crowd. Peering into the dark sea. Drink in hand.

He looks utterly alone. Miserable.

(CONTINUED)

Then suddenly ... a strange zooming noise.

JULIUS looks up ... to see a camera helicopter come swooping out of the sky. Then hover around him. Buzzing like a mosquito.

JULIUS turns away from the sea. Then notices his face on the video wall - captured in close up by the helicopter camera. His dejection broadcast to the entire party.

Enraged, he throws a glass at the camera helicopter. Just missing its rotor blades.

The helicopter takes off, its camera still focused on JULIUS ... so that the image on the video wall becomes that of a lone man surrounded by an endless dark sea ...

... which in turn disintegrates into lots of different images of the party ... one of which is ...

... ELLEN and JANSEN talking to each other. ELLEN laughing. JANSEN leaning into her. Overly tactile.

CUT BACK... to see JULIUS gazing up at the video wall. His face creased with fury.

He looks around him, trying to work out where ELLEN and JANSEN are standing. But everything looks the same on an oil platform.

JULIUS shoves his way into the crowd, fighting his way through the dancers. Increasingly frantic.

Then he spots them. Standing by a cabin wall.

JULIUS slows down. Watching them. Furiously noticing JANSEN laying a hand on ELLEN's bottom.

JULIUS decides enough is enough.

He angrily pushes on through the crowd, heading straight towards them. But as he draws near, he becomes less and less sure what he should do.

A BEAT ... as they suddenly become aware of him. Glaring at them.

To JULIUS's discomfort, neither acts as if anything is amiss. As if their relationship is anything other than natural.

For a moment JULIUS is wrong footed. Maybe he imagined the way he touched her?

An awkward silence. Then JULIUS steps towards them.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Great show.

JANSEN  
Oh, do you like it? I wasn't sure.

JULIUS  
It's great.

Suddenly, WIM descends on them. Greeting JANSEN effusively.

WIM  
I think it's going well, my boy.

JANSEN smiles charmingly.

JANSEN  
I can't thank you guys enough for all you've done.

WIM  
Don't thank me ... it was Ellen who did all the spade work. I was merely the enlightened genius behind it all.

ALL SOUND FADES AWAY ...

... as we see from JULIUS's POV ... how ROBERT keeps touching ELLEN just a little too much. Laughing at her jokes. ELLEN not seeming to mind the way he focuses on her all the time.

The SOUND returns.

JANSEN  
... well, it's a good start.

WIM  
A start, the boy says! My God, what are you planning next?

JANSEN's eyes shine.

JANSEN  
Something different. Unexpected because it's expected. A precise, formal exhibition. Eight sculptures. In a gallery. A simple portrayal of beauty.

WIM raises an eyebrow. Clearly a little baffled.

WIM  
Works for me.

JANSEN looks shyly towards JULIUS.

(CONTINUED)

JANSEN

For my theme, I intend to take a leaf out  
of the old master's book.

JULIUS stares back, unsure whether JANSEN is taking the piss.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Women. The most beautiful women I know.  
If I can get them to pose.

JANSEN then turns to ELLEN.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I was hoping you might be one of my  
subjects, Ellen. If it's not too much to  
ask.

ELLEN is not sure how to answer. She turns uncomfortably  
towards JULIUS. Looking for support.

But JULIUS is unforthcoming. Hiding his emotions behind a  
terse expression. Taking perverse delight in her discomfort.  
Leaving her to fend for herself.

ELLEN turns back to JANSEN.

ELLEN

Now Robert, I'm very flattered but...

She looks at JULIUS.

JULIUS

Fantastic ... Fantastic idea.

ELLEN is amazed. She laughs - looking at JULIUS.

ELLEN

(ACTING DRAMATIC)

I can only be the muse for one artist.

JULIUS

Why? I mean it. It sounds interesting.  
I really think that Robert has got  
something to say.

ELLEN becomes annoyed. Glaring at JULIUS. Understanding  
that he is somehow trying to punish her.

ELLEN

Does the subject itself have anything to  
say about this?

CUT TO:

55 EXT. BOAT AT SEA - NIGHT (PAST) 55

JULIUS AND ELLEN maintain a frosty silence during the return trip across the sea.

CUT TO:

56 INT. STUDIO, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY (PAST) 56

JULIUS stands in his studio, contemplating a fresh white canvas. He picks up a paint brush but makes no move to start working. He looks lost. Angry.

57 INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY (PAST) 57

ELLEN sits at her desk. She lifts a piece of paper and waves it about, then puts it down again.

She stares at the paper for a couple of seconds, then rubs her eyes as if trying to determine what the problem is.

The phone rings. ELLEN makes no move to answer it.

Her answer machine BEEPS into action.

A BEAT. Then the sound of JANSEN's voice.

JANSEN (V.O.)

Hi, Ellen. It's Robert. I'm really looking forward to seeing you tomorrow at the studio. Hope that's still okay.

The line clicks dead. ELLEN picks up the phone and dials a number.

ELLEN

Can I speak to Doctor Van der Toorn please?

58 INT. BEDROOM, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - MORNING (PAST) 58

JULIUS lies in bed, eyes open, furtively watching ELLEN getting dressed.

She looks ill at ease. Uncertain of herself. Deliberating over her choice of clothes. Unsure how much make-up to wear. Close to tears.

Then she speaks to JULIUS without facing him.

ELLEN

Tell me not to go ...

JULIUS says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
 Julius ...

A BEAT ... as ELLEN glares at his impassive face. Suddenly angry.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
 Oh, fuck you.

ELLEN picks up her bag and storms out of the room.

The door slams shut.

JULIUS rises from the bed. Crosses to the window. He watches ...

59 EXT. KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - MORNING (PAST) 59

... ELLEN getting into her car and drive off.

60 INT. STUDIO, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY (PAST) 60

JULIUS stares at the empty canvas, brush and paint pot in hand.

He looks so exhausted, it's hard to believe him capable of applying a brush stroke.

Then suddenly - unexpectedly - he hurls the paint pot against the wall.

Panting heavily. Eyes ablaze.

61 INT. KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY (PAST) 61

JULIUS emerges from his studio into the apartment. Suddenly full of resolve.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. AMSTERDAM - DAY (PAST) 62

A taxi drives through the streets of Amsterdam - JULIUS inside.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. JANSEN'S STUDIO - DAY (PAST) 63

The taxi pulls up outside a studio.

JULIUS pays the driver. Then gets out.

(CONTINUED)

The taxi drives off leaving him standing in the middle of the street.

JULIUS approaches the door of the building. A sign next to the buzzer reads ...'Robert Jansen'.

JULIUS considers pressing it. Then thinks better of it.

He starts to walk round the building. Looking for a window or another entrance. But the walls are high and windowless, and the back door locked.

Then stepping back into the street, JULIUS notices a large skylight in the roof.

His eyes flick towards a neighbouring block of flats overlooking the studio.

CUT TO:

64 INT. STAIRWELL, BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY (PAST)

64

JULIUS tramps up the stairwell to the top of the block of flats.

He looks out of a window, down at the studio below. But it is too grimy to see through.

A look of desperation on JULIUS's face.

Then he thrusts his elbow through the window pane.

The glass smashes on the pavement below.

JULIUS peers through the jagged hole in the window. Down ...

65 EXT. JANSEN'S STUDIO - DAY (PAST)

65

... at the studio roof.

Through the skylight - a flurry of movement. A brief glimpse of JANSEN. Then nothing.

Just a long wait. The passing time measured by growing darkness.

66 INT. STAIRWELL, BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT (PAST)

66

Still JULIUS maintains his obsessive vigil, nose pressed to the broken glass.

Then suddenly he starts, his hand shaking, a look of pain and anguish on his face ...

67 EXT. JANSEN'S STUDIO - NIGHT (PAST) 67

... as he sees JANSEN and ELLEN emerging from the building.

They start walking down the street ...

... JANSEN steering ELLEN with a hand on her back, laughing too hard at something she says ... ELLEN seemingly playing along with him ...

They stop outside a small restaurant on the corner of the street.

JANSON holds open the door for ELLEN. Ushers her inside.

Then the door swings shut.

68 INT. STAIRWELL, BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT (PAST) 68

JULIUS looks as though he has been shot.

Then a door opens behind him.

JULIUS looks round to see a WOMAN peering at him from the doorway to her flat. Suspicious.

JULIUS shifts awkwardly. Then moves away ... back down the stairwell.

CUT TO:

69 INT. STUDIO, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - NIGHT (PAST) 69

JULIUS storms into the studio. Tears off his clothes and photographs himself - silently screaming.

JULIUS now works like a man possessed. Venting his anger and emotion on the empty canvas, covering it with aggressive brush strokes. Painting a landscape around his naked body.

As he paints ... we see FLASHES of ELLEN ... talking to JANSEN at JULIUS's opening night ... laughing ... the two of them together on the oil rig ...

70 INT. KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY BREAK (PAST) 70

Julius is asleep in the corner of the studio. The morning sun is coming in through the window.

ELLEN's car draws up outside the apartment. ELLEN gets out and warily enters the warehouse.



71 INT. KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY BREAK (PAST) 71

ELLEN lets herself into the apartment. The bedroom is empty, the bed unslept in.

ELLEN walks through to ...

72 INT. STUDIO, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY BREAK (PAST) 72

... the studio.

The morning light shines through the window. JULIUS lies on the floor - seemingly asleep - his clothes stained with paint.

ELLEN steps into the room. JULIUS's finished canvas stands on an easel.

ELLEN walks over to JULIUS only to find him sleeping. Then she notices the painting.

ELLEN steps closer, so as to be better able to see it.

It is a self portrait. A picture of JULIUS naked and lost, in a desolate, rocky landscape.

ELLEN silently contemplates the picture. Clearly moved by it.

Then she turns and walks from the room. An expression of great sadness on her face.

But as she closes the door behind her ... we see JULIUS opening his eyes. He has been awake all along.

CUT TO:

73 INT. ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST) 73

ELLEN nervously waits in the hall of a hospital.

A NURSE approaches.

NURSE

Mrs. Morlang?

ELLEN apprehensively rises to her feet.

74 INT. ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST) 74

A large scanning machine glides slowly over ELLEN's face.

A metallic voice sounds from a speaker.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE  
Hold your breath for a moment and stay as  
still as possible.

ELLEN hears a soft click.

VOICE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
... and breathe ...

As the scanner glides onward ... the screen fills with its  
light.

CUT TO:

75 INT. BATHROOM, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - DAY (PAST) 75

JULIUS stands in the shower. Eyes closed. Hot water  
streaming down his body. The air fuggy with steam.

The shower door opens. It's ELLEN.

JULIUS  
Close the damn door. You'll freeze my  
nuts off.

A BEAT. Then ELLEN suddenly steps into the shower. Shutting  
the door behind her.

JULIUS is momentarily thrown.

ELLEN looks him in the eye.

ELLEN  
I'm sorry.

But JULIUS just turns off the shower and steps out into the  
bathroom, wrapping a towel around him.

ELLEN is left standing in the shower, wet hair plastered  
across her eyes, water dribbling down her face.

A BEAT ... as the CAMERA holds on JULIUS's face.

THEN FLASH FORWARD ...

76 EXT. STUDIO (IRELAND) - DAY (PRESENT) 76

JULIUS is fixing a video-security camera to the outside wall  
of his studio.

77 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PRESENT)

77

JULIUS stands in his studio looking at a black and white image of the roadside approach to the house, relayed from the camera onto a monitor.

JULIUS is behind in his work. His 'chimney' set not even half re-built.

He tries to apply himself to the job in hand. But he is too restless to concentrate on the laborious task of painting brickwork onto the model chimney.

Then suddenly, he is distracted by a movement on the monitor. A car pulling up outside the house.

JULIUS steps back towards the monitor. Peers at the screen.

A figure gets out of the car.

As the black and white image fills the screen ... we see that it is ANN.

78 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

78

ANN enters the house, putting her bag on the table. Throwing her coat over a chair.

She presses the "play message" button on the answering machine, then goes to fill the kettle in the kitchen.

The answering machine fails to respond.

ANN returns to the machine, kettle in hand.

She randomly presses all the buttons, trying to shock the machine into working.

ANN opens the lid of the answering machine. Surprised to see that the tape is missing.

79 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PRESENT)

79

ANN walks into the studio.

She looks questioningly at JULIUS.

ANN

What happened to the tape?

JULIUS

Don't know ... How was your meeting?

(CONTINUED)

ANN  
Okay, I guess.

JULIUS  
Mark happy?

ANN  
Absolutely, but he wants me to work  
faster, as usual.

ANN senses JULIUS's distraction.

ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
How's it going with you?

JULIUS shrugs - noncommittal.

JULIUS  
Yeah, fine.

80 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

80

JULIUS sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the TV.

ANN is in the bathroom. Taking a shower.

Suddenly the phone rings.

JULIUS stares at it. Uncertain whether to answer it. The shrill tone echoes painfully about the room.

Eventually JULIUS reaches across and picks it up.

JULIUS  
Yeah? Oh ... hi Wim.

A look of relief from JULIUS. He gets up from the bed.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Yeah, look. I just called to say I'm  
sorry about the island photo. I was a  
bit hasty. Have you spoken to the guy  
again? No? Good. Okay. I might deal.  
But I want to meet the guy. Face to  
face. Okay? Great. Yeah, yeah ... the  
bank job's fine. Going well. 'Bye.

JULIUS replaces the receiver.

Then suddenly becomes aware of ANN standing in the bathroom doorway, staring at him. A puzzled expression on her face.

ANN  
Why the change of heart?

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS shrugs. He looks sad. Troubled.

ANN lets the towel fall from her shoulders. She imitates the JULIUS that is in the painting hanging over the bed.

It makes him smile.

A BEAT ... THEN FLASHBACK TO ...

81 INT. WITTE DE WIT GALLERY - DAY (PAST)

81

... JULIUS watching TWO WORKMEN taking his painting (of him screaming silently) off the wall.

WIM stands by with some bubble wrap, making sure the WORKMEN are being careful.

JULIUS looks irritated but doesn't speak up.

As the WORKMEN put the painting on the floor, WIM hands them the bubble wrap and walks over to JULIUS.

WIM

I'm sorry my friend ... it just doesn't seem to ... sell.

JULIUS nods.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And you know I need the space.

WIM slaps him on the shoulder and smiles.

Then more ASSISTANTS enter through the back door, carrying large wooden crates.

Supervising the ASSISTANTS we see ROBERT JANSEN, who doesn't even notice JULIUS.

WIM crosses over to JANSEN.

JULIUS watches them talking ... aware that JANSEN now seems to notice him - as if WIM had subtly pointed him out.

JANSEN walks over to JULIUS, smiling.

JANSEN

Julius, how's life?

JULIUS tries to smile back but can't.

At the same moment, the WORKMEN hand JULIUS his wrapped picture.

(CONTINUED)

A BEAT ... as JANSEN and JULIUS just stand there.

Then JANSEN speaks.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I like this naked picture. It is as if  
you are screaming inside.

WIM looks as if he could scream now.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
It's so ... moving. It really is. It's  
great.

JULIUS  
Thank you.

JANSEN  
No! It really is great.

One of JANSEN's crates is cracked open and a sculpture taken out.

JULIUS freezes. It's an erotic sculpture of ELLEN. Naked.

JANSEN turns to his ASSISTANTS.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Careful there!

JANSEN walks over to the sculpture. Turns it on its stand.

Then looks at JULIUS, gesturing him to come over.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What do you think?

JULIUS is nailed to the ground.

JANSEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Be honest ... I can handle it.

CUT TO:

JULIUS stands on the underground platform, clasping his bulky, wrapped painting.

The train arrives. JULIUS pushes his way onto the crowded carriage, manoeuvring his awkward package past sullen passengers.

83 INT. TRAIN - DAY (PAST)

83

The train pulls away.

JULIUS looks around him, a sombre self-conscious expression on his face.

To the rest of the passengers, he cuts a rather sad figure.

CUT TO:

84 INT. KOP VAN ZUID APPARTMENT - EVENING (PAST)

84

ELLEN stands in the kitchen, a sharp knife in her hand, an indignant expression on her face.

ELLEN

But it's the most beautiful thing you've done for years. Ever maybe.

JULIUS stands sheepishly before her, the wrapped picture at his feet.

He shrugs, not wanting to talk about it.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

I don't know how he couldn't like it.

JULIUS

It wasn't 'Morlang' enough. He said.

ELLEN fixes him with an angry stare. Then walks away from him.

ELLEN

And what did you say?

JULIUS remains silent. She suddenly turns around and comes charging back.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

You said nothing ... right?!

She starts to pace the room, the knife still in her hand.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

Just stood there fixed with a silent stare. A moody glance.

JULIUS

What was I meant to do? Slug him?

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Just - give him something. Do something he wants. Give a little.

JULIUS looks at her but says nothing.

ELLEN advances on him, so that her face is only inches from his.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

But you don't do that, do you Julius?  
The other person does the giving. That's it, isn't it?

JULIUS still says nothing.

JULIUS

Oh please ...

ELLEN

No ... you please. Please come out of your smug, fucking shell!

JULIUS

What's got into you?

ELLEN

Maybe I just can't stand it anymore. I can't stand your damn .... passivity!

JULIUS stares at her. Saying nothing.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

I can't fucking stand the way it's all bottled up! It's pure fucking arrogance? You know that?

JULIUS

Calm down, for Chrissakes. We're not children.

ELLEN

Oh, you aren't so fucking calm! Are you? You're seething. But you won't even do me the courtesy of showing it!

JULIUS tries to leave the room. But ELLEN bars the way.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

Don't you want to know what happened? Doesn't it bother you?

Again JULIUS says nothing.

(CONTINUED)



ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
You don't want to hear anything! Do you?  
God, Julius! It's fifteen fucking years  
and I still just don't fucking know you  
sometimes!

JULIUS shrugs. Refusing to be dragged in. Further  
infuriating ELLEN.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
When I got there, I was mad at you.  
Really mad.

JULIUS  
I don't want to have this conversation.

ELLEN  
Jansen was sweet, attentive. Rather  
kind.

JULIUS  
I said that's enough.

ELLEN  
He wanted to sculpt me naked.

JULIUS  
Enough.

ELLEN  
So I did it. It was fun.

JULIUS  
For Chrissakes, Ellen - what are you  
trying to do?

A BEAT.

JULIUS doesn't know where to turn, he wants to get away from  
her.

ELLEN  
(QUIETLY)  
Then he fucked me. He did. He was  
great. Again and again we did it. In  
every way. With him right, deep inside  
me. Inside me! And I came ... I came in  
a way I haven't for years. By God ...  
they're right, the boy is a genius!

At last ELLEN falls silent. Her face stained with tears.  
Emotionally spent.

(CONTINUED)

A BEAT ... as she looks at JULIUS. But even now he cannot bring himself to pass comment.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Aren't you fucking GOING TO SAY ANYTHING?

Still JULIUS remains silent. ELLEN steps away from the door.

JULIUS walks out of the room.

On the other end of the door he pauses for a moment.

85 INT. BEDROOM, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - MORNING (PAST) 85

An open suitcase lies on the bed. JULIUS calmly packs some clothes and a wash bag.

He looks composed. As if a decision has been reached.

JULIUS shuts the case and walks through ...

86 INT. LIVING ROOM, KOP VAN ZUID APARTMENT - MORNING (PAST) 86

... into the living room.

ELLEN sits in the kitchen rubbing her eyes, downing a couple of pain killers.

He opens the sideboard drawer and takes out a set of keys, attached to a cheap 'I love Ireland' key ring.

JULIUS  
Maybe it's best if I go to Ireland. Just  
for a little while.

Then he picks up his wrapped painting and exits the flat, without so much as a glance in ELLEN's direction.

CUT TO:

87 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PAST) 87

JULIUS is trying to fit his wrapped painting into one of the overhead cabins.

A STEWARDESS comes up to him.

STEWARDESS  
I'm sorry Sir ... but you'll have to move  
that parcel. I can take it up front for  
you.

JULIUS reluctantly agrees and hands her the painting.

(CONTINUED)

He then stores his bag under his seat and sits down.

As he takes off his coat he notices a woman looking at him.  
It is ANN.

A BEAT ... as their eyes meet. Then she looks away and he  
turns his gaze out of the window.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY (PAST)

88

JULIUS walks from the plane towards the terminal.

CUT TO:

89 INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY (PAST)

89

A baggage carousel spits out luggage.

Amongst the waiting PASSENGERS ... stand JULIUS and ANN ...  
flicking the odd glance in each other's direction. Aware of  
each other.

JULIUS lifts his suitcase onto a trolley, carefully resting  
his wrapped painting on top of it.

As he turns towards the exit, he looks back at ANN. Again  
catches her eye.

He smiles. Gives a little shrug. Then walks on. Heading  
for the green customs lane, carefully steering the trolley so  
that his painting doesn't get damaged.

But as he nears the customs hall, he becomes aware that he  
has attracted the scrutiny of a CUSTOMS OFFICER.

JULIUS carries on towards the green gate, caught between  
meeting the CUSTOMS OFFICER's stare and looking away.  
Feeling guilty about nothing.

Sure enough, the CUSTOMS OFFICER gestures him to one side.  
Into a sectioned off part of the hall.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Like to tell me what's in there, Sir?

JULIUS

A painting.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Would you open it up for me, please?

JULIUS nods.

(CONTINUED)

As the OFFICER carefully unwraps the picture ...

... JULIUS becomes aware of ANN also being led into the CUSTOMS HALL by a FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER.

Again their eyes meet - a look of mutual sympathy.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
And what sort of value would this have,  
Sir?

JULIUS  
If you believe my agent - nothing.

The CUSTOMS OFFICER looks blank.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
It's one of mine. I did it.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
You're an artist?

JULIUS nods and shrugs.

SECOND CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Very impressive ... scenery.

The CUSTOMS OFFICERS laugh, JULIUS politely joining in.

The CUSTOMS OFFICERS open JULIUS's weekend bag.

A THIRD OFFICER walks by, glancing at the painting. He recognises JULIUS. Stifles a smile.

JULIUS endures it all with resignation.

The CUSTOMS OFFICER sees ANN looking at the painting. Takes a pair of JULIUS's underpants from his bag and lays it over the portrait's private parts.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
We respect your privacy here, Sir.

The other CUSTOMS OFFICERS start laughing.

JULIUS smiles sourly - ANN dutifully.

Another BEAT ... as their eyes meet.

Then the FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER hands ANN back her suitcase. She turns to Julius.

ANN  
You're very talented...

(CONTINUED)

ANN exits the customs hall as JULIUS continues to have his bags searched.

JULIUS finally emerges from the terminal building.

He walks over to the taxi rank. Irritated to see that there is a long queue.

Then he notices ANN at the head of the queue. About to get into a taxi.

A BEAT ... as ANN sees him.

ANN

Do you want to share a taxi?

JULIUS

Sure - thanks. Where are you heading?

JULIUS walks over to her.

ANN

Balls Bridge. That good for you?

JULIUS

Yeah - I can take it on from there. I'm just on the coast.

JULIUS hands his case to the TAXI DRIVER.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'll keep this with me.

ANN smiles. As does JULIUS.

A BEAT ... then ANN sticks her hand out.

ANN

I'm Ann Burroughs.

CUT TO:

JULIUS's taxi pulls up outside his house. It looks unlived in. The shutters closed. A tarpaulin over the car.

JULIUS gets out of the taxi. Walks up to the front door. Unlocks it.

92 INT. HOUSE - DAY (PAST)

92

JULIUS enters the house. It has that clean, tidy, uninhabited feeling.

JULIUS dumps his bags in the hall. Walks through into the living room.

He glances at the answering machine. There is a blinking light.

JULIUS presses 'play'.

The machine tells him he has one message. It starts to play.

ELLEN (VO)

Hi - Julius. Are you there? If you're there, pick up. Please.

A pause. Then the line goes dead.

93 INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY (PAST)

93

A portrait of ELLEN hangs over the bed. JULIUS replaces it with the self-portrait he'd brought with him from Holland.

94 EXT. VERANDA, HOUSE - DAY (PAST)

94

A bright sunny morning. JULIUS sits on the veranda, drinking coffee, looking out over the countryside.

He seems calm. More at peace with himself.

It is a still day. Incredibly quiet.

Then ... the faint sound of a distant car.

JULIUS strains his eyes ... to see a lone car winding its way down the hillside.

JULIUS idly follows its progress as he sips his coffee.

The car gets closer and closer.

JULIUS watches it slow down and turn into his drive. Pulling up outside the front door.

ANN gets out with a wave.

Slowly a smile forms on JULIUS face.

95 INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - DAY (PAST)

95

JULIUS pours ANN a cup of coffee. A smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

She looks out across the fields.

ANN  
This is a lovely place.

JULIUS hands her the coffee.

JULIUS  
Yes, we came here on holiday once and  
decided we needed to keep a little part  
of it.

ANN  
We?

JULIUS  
My wife.

ANN sips her coffee, looking at JULIUS.

ANN  
She's not here?

JULIUS  
No.

ANN senses the conversation straying into awkward territory.  
She gulps back her coffee. Then looks at JULIUS.

ANN  
So ... what do you want me to do?

96 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PAST)

96

A series of flashes. ANN being photographed in various  
positions.

97 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PAST)

97

A FLASH ... as JULIUS takes a picture.  
Then looks up from the camera.

JULIUS  
There we go.

ANN  
That's it?

JULIUS  
For now ...

ANN relaxes her pose. She walks over to him.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

When does the painting start?

JULIUS

I don't know if I will paint.

He takes the film out of the camera and starts walking out of the studio.

ANN

Oh ...

She looks a little disappointed.

JULIUS

I'm multi-medium, you know. Should have warned you.

ANN follows JULIUS out of the studio ...

98 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (PAST)

98

... into the living room.

ANN

So when do you do what?

He stops and looks at her.

JULIUS

What can I say? Sometimes you create with your mind and sometimes you create with your heart ...

ANN smiles at him. A little perplexed.

ANN

So will I have to come back?

JULIUS nods. And smiles.

JULIUS

Definitely.

A BEAT ... as the CAMERA holds on her face. The light perfectly capturing her uncomplicated beauty.

ANN

Okay.

JULIUS

Okay.

They look at each other. There's a tensed silence.

(CONTINUED)



ANN

Good.

JULIUS

Yes.

JULIUS's face seems to glow a little.

CUT TO:

99 INT. STUDIO - DAY/NIGHT (PAST)

99

JULIUS works in his studio. His creativity returned.  
Inspired. Fired.

As he paints ... we see FLASHES of ANN ... posing, laughing,  
smiling, talking, thoughtful ...

CUT TO:

100 EXT. VERANDA/OUTHOUSE - DUSK (THEN)

100

JULIUS, contented, relaxes on the couch on the veranda. Then  
suddenly notices a taxi approaching.

He watches it with curiosity.

The taxi pulls up outside the house. To JULIUS's surprise,  
ELLEN gets out.

He watches her pay the TAXI DRIVER. But makes no move to  
meet her.

ELLEN walks up to him and embraces him. He uneasily returns  
the embrace.

A BEAT ... as they regard each other.

101 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (PAST)

101

ELLEN pours herself a glass of water. JULIUS loiters  
uneasily.

ELLEN

How's the work. Are you getting anything  
done?

JULIUS

(Shrugs)

Some...

ELLEN

Good.

(CONTINUED)

She walks over to the window.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
I, er, went to the doctor.

Her voice starts to shake.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
I was worried about my headaches. I had  
to go in for a scan.

JULIUS  
A scan?

ELLEN  
Yes.

JULIUS  
Jesus ...

ELLEN  
I get the results on Monday ...

ELLEN is close to tears. JULIUS not sure what to say.

A BEAT ... as he looks at her.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Please come home with me.

JULIUS nods but looks none too happy about this.

A BEAT ... THEN FLASH FORWARD TO ...

102 INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

102

... ANN making coffee in the kitchen. Grinding the coffee  
beans in a machine. Agitated.

JULIUS sits at the table, distracted. Lost in his thoughts.

Suddenly, ANN turns to JULIUS.

ANN  
I need you to take me to the garage, to  
pick up my car.

JULIUS  
I can't - I've got to work.

ANN  
Well, I need my car.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS

Well, I've really got to get on.

ANN

I thought you'd nearly finished.

JULIUS

(TETCHY)

Yes - but the fine detail's where it counts. You know ...

ANN

Okay, I'll take your car and leave it at the garage.

JULIUS looks at ANN. It's clear that she's not in a mood to take no for an answer.

JULIUS

Okay then ...

103 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

103

JULIUS and ANN emerge from the house. Still a tension between them.

They get into JULIUS's car.

104 INT. CAR - DAY (PRESENT)

104

JULIUS puts the keys into the ignition and turns on the engine.

The cassette/radio has been left on. A cassette in the machine.

As the engine starts, the cassette begins to play.

ELLEN (V.O.)

... don't feel guilty, it's nobody's fault...

ANN looks at JULIUS - puzzled. ELLEN's voice continues as a loop.

ELLEN (V.O.) (cont'd)

... don't feel guilty, it's nobody's fault... don't feel guilty, it's nobody's...

JULIUS suddenly reaches across and snatches the cassette from the machine. Deeply shaken.

ANN looks at him. Shocked.

(CONTINUED)

ANN  
What the hell is that?

JULIUS  
(SNAPPING)  
I've no idea.

JULIUS fumbles for the door handle.

ANN  
What are you doing?

JULIUS  
He must be on camera. The bloody camera  
will have caught him.

ANN grabs hold of his arm.

ANN  
What's going on, Julius?

JULIUS  
I don't know ...

A BEAT ... then JULIUS pulls himself free of her. Stumbles  
from the car.

105 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PRESENT)

105

JULIUS enters his studio.

It is a mess. Botched attempts to remake the 'chimney' piece  
lie strewn about the floor.

JULIUS heads straight for the video recorder.

The black and white image on the monitor shows a forlorn  
looking ANN standing beside the car, which is just visible on  
the edge of frame.

JULIUS stops the recording. Then presses the in-vision  
rewind button.

The tape rewinds. A static image disturbed by the odd car or  
passing bird.

Then suddenly ... a blurred movement by the car.

JULIUS stops the tape. Rewinds it a little. Then presses  
play.

Again we see the movement. This time it looks like it could  
be the outline of a figure.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS plays it again ... the CAMERA tracking into the monitor so that the image fills the screen.

But this time, we are less sure of the movement. Its form seems more indistinct.

JULIUS plays it again. This time freeze framing it. Advancing the image frame by frame until he has isolated the clearest view.

The CAMERA TRACKS ... in on the 'figure' ... but the closer it gets, the more blurred it becomes ...

... until finally it is nothing more than an abstract shape...

... THROUGH WHICH WE FLASHBACK TO ...

106 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

106

Ellen and Julius walk up to the hospital.

107 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST)

107

... ELLEN and JULIUS silently waiting in the hallway of the hospital.

108 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST)

108

JULIUS and ELLEN sit in the DOCTOR's office. There is an uneasy, awkward silence ... evidently caused by the DOCTOR having just broken some bad news.

The DOCTOR rises to his feet. Puts a brainscan on the lightbox.

DOCTOR

It shows signs of raised intracranial pressure. This is most likely caused by a space occupying lesion.

ELLEN and JULIUS say nothing.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

This is also what causes the little spot in your vision.

ELLEN looks away. JULIUS takes her hand.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

... it is quite a large tumour, but we are unable to determine from the photo whether it is operable or not. Or even whether it is malignant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Or if so, whether it is the source of the  
cancer or merely a metastasis ...

ELLEN nods blankly. Still unwilling to believe. JULIUS too  
is utterly dumbfounded.

DOCTOR (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
I'll explain what happens next. I'll send  
you to surgery as quickly as possible.  
There, they'll see what sort of tumour it  
is and what they can do about it. Only  
then, can we say, with any precision, how  
things stand ...

Again ELLEN nods.

DOCTOR (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
... so nothing's written in stone, but  
... I have to be frank. Those cells in  
your blood are not a good sign ...

ELLEN looks crushed. JULIUS feels that he should say  
something.

JULIUS  
So, she has to have an operation?

DOCTOR  
Yes and as soon as possible.

Another awkward silence descends.

DOCTOR (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
I propose that we take her in on Monday.  
Then she'll more than likely be operated  
on on Tuesday. I'll make sure that she  
takes priority.

CUT TO:

109 INT. KOP VAN ZUID APPARTMENT - DAY (PAST)

109

JULIUS stares out of the window over the "Kop van Zuid".

ELLEN is stretched out on the sofa.

She gets up and crosses to him, searching for comfort.  
Nervously embracing him from behind.

JULIUS seems unsure how to react, but finally hugs her back.

Hopelessly, she begins to kiss him, seemingly wanting to make  
love.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

JULIUS tries to respond ...

110 INT. BEDROOM - DAY (PAST) 110

JULIUS and ELLEN make love. It is the sex of despair.  
Rushed. Jerky.

Until ELLEN suddenly starts to cry ... and JULIUS - almost gratefully - pulls away from her ...

CUT TO:

111 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING THEATRE - DAY (PAST) 111

ELLEN is being operated on.

As the SURGEON labours away ...

... the CAMERA glides away from ELLEN ... through the wall...

112 INT. CORRIDOR/ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST) 112

... to find JULIUS sitting in the corridor. Waiting. Bored.

A NURSE calls him. He turns to see ...

113 INT. ST FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST) 113

... ELLEN being wheeled from the operating theatre, surgery having been completed.

114 INT. HOSPITAL/ELLEN'S ROOM - DAY (PAST) 114

JULIUS is shown into a room by a NURSE.

ELLEN is lying in bed. Asleep. The NURSE departs.

JULIUS looks around the room. Feeling a little awkward.  
Then sits down beside her.

LATER ...

ELLEN slowly comes round. She opens her eyes. Still very groggy ... but she recognizes JULIUS sitting beside her.

LATER ...

ELLEN looks more fully recovered. But she is still weak and frail.

JULIUS sits beside her. Unnerved by the corpse like image before him.

(CONTINUED)

The DOCTOR enters. He nods to JULIUS. Then addresses himself to ELLEN.

DOCTOR  
How are you feeling?

ELLEN speaks in a croak - each word obviously costing her in effort.

ELLEN  
Top of the world ...

The DOCTOR smiles wanly.

DOCTOR  
The tumour is malignant, I'm afraid.

ELLEN  
I see ...

JULIUS looks at ELLEN then gets up. Starts pacing the room - watched by ELLEN.

DOCTOR  
We were able to remove part of it, but not all.

ELLEN  
How much?

DOCTOR  
Well, roughly a third.

Again there's a silence. JULIUS sits back down again.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
There's still the option of radio and chemotherapy.

ELLEN  
What's the prognosis? Honestly?

DOCTOR  
Honestly - chances of a complete cure are slim.

ELLEN  
So .. how long?

DOCTOR  
That's quite hard to say. The best thing is really to take these things one day at a time.

(CONTINUED)



ELLEN

Just a rough estimate. I won't hold you to it.

DOCTOR

Six weeks or three months. To be honest we never quite know.

ELLEN

I understand. Thank you.

A BEAT ... as ELLEN looks to JULIUS.

115 INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST)

115

Ellen and Julius come walking down the hallway. He is carrying her suitcase, adjusting to her slow pace.

From the other end Jansen comes walking up to them hastily. A bunch of flowers in his hand.

JANSEN

Hi ...

ELLEN

Hello ...

Ellen stops. JANSEN moves towards her. Greets her with a kiss. Hands her the flowers. He nods to Julius.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

Lovely flowers.

JANSEN

How are you feeling?

ELLEN

Much better thanks.

JANSEN

I heard you were in hospital.

ELLEN shrugs. Julius puts down the suitcase and moves away to sign some papers at the check-out desk.

ELLEN

Oh - it was nothing. Just routine.

JANSEN

I'm glad.

A BEAT ... an awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

We're going to Ireland... take a little  
break.

ELLEN starts walking again. But JANSEN doesn't get the hint.  
He follows.

JANSEN

Wim sold the statue.

ELLEN

Good.

JANSEN

Maybe we should do it again .. when  
you're ready.

At that moment ... JULIUS comes back from the desk. A look  
of anger on his face.

A BEAT ... then JULIUS steps between ELLEN and JANSEN. Picks  
up ELLEN's suitcase.

JULIUS

The car's downstairs.

ELLEN nods nervously. Turns back to JANSEN.

ELLEN

I don't think so, Robert... Thank you for  
the flowers.

JULIUS and ELLEN start walking away from JANSEN. He stands  
there for a second, then catches up and grabs her shoulder.

JANSEN

Ellen...

A BEAT ... then suddenly JULIUS loses his patience.

Dropping the suitcase to the floor. Drawing back his fist.

Punching JANSEN in the face.

Knocking him to the ground.

ELLEN grabs hold of JULIUS's other arm. Pulling him away  
from JANSEN ... as a HOSPITAL PORTER rushes to intervene ...

THEN FLASH FORWARD TO ...

116 INT. STUDIO (IRELAND) - DAY (PRESENT) 116

... JULIUS manically clearing his studio of the debris of his 'chimney piece'. Sweeping the clutter into a corner.

He then takes a brush and pot of black paint, and neurotically starts to slap paint onto the studio wall ...

Gradually we discern an intent to his frenzied activity ... as the black paint starts to take on the shape of a figure. A shadow. Its arm raised in an obscene gesture.

A BEAT ... as JULIUS contemplates his work. Panting heavily. Eyes ablaze.

THEN FLASHBACK THROUGH HIS EYES TO ...

117 EXT. IRISH LANDSCAPE - DAY (PAST) 117

... a taxi driving through the countryside.

118 INT. TAXI - DAY (PAST) 118

JULIUS and ELLEN sit in the back ... ELLEN staring out at the peaceful beauty of the scenery.

119 EXT. HOUSE - DUSK (PAST) 119

The taxi pulls up outside the house. ELLEN and JULIUS climb out ... JULIUS carrying their cases inside.

Both look tired.

120 INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DUSK (PAST) 120

JULIUS turns on the lights.

ELLEN looks at the portrait of herself - young and vibrant. It seems to move her.

121 INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT (PAST) 121

JULIUS unpacks.

ELLEN seems surprised to find the house in order.

ELLEN

It's all very neat and tidy here.

JULIUS

I can manage without you, you know.

JULIUS stops ... suddenly realising he's said the wrong thing.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, ELLEN starts to cry. JULIUS tries to comfort her, laying an arm around her shoulders.

ELLEN stands alone at the end of the garden gazing out over the fields.

JULIUS sits on the veranda, drinking tea. Unsure whether to leave her or join her.

At last, he pours her a mug. Takes it to her.

JULIUS

Here ...

ELLEN says nothing. She just stares into the distance.

JULIUS shifts awkwardly.

JULIUS (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

Come on ... have a few sips. It'll do you good.

ELLEN suddenly turns. Angrily knocks the mug from his hand, sending it flying across the grass.

ELLEN

No it fucking won't. What good's a fucking cup of tea? What's it going to do for me now? I'm going to fucking DIE!

JULIUS picks up the mug. ELLEN holds her head. In agony from a dreadful headache.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

Oh God ... I just want it to stop ... I just want it to stop.

JULIUS turns to her - helpless.

JULIUS

We'll make it stop. We will ... we will.

JULIUS is busy with a new installation, checking a sketch on the table, making adjustments to his construction. In the mood to work.

A depressed looking ELLEN enters the room - unnoticed by JULIUS.

She watches JULIUS working. Taking pleasure in his intensity and concentration.

Then suddenly JULIUS notices her standing in the doorway. His mood deflates. Becoming nervous and sombre.

ELLEN sees the influence she has on him. She despondantly collapses into a chair, trying to hold back the tears.

JULIUS remains silent, likewise having trouble dealing with the situation.

124 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (PAST)

124

JULIUS comes out of the studio and walks into the kitchen. He freezes when he sees ELLEN sitting there in the dark. A beat. Then he turns on the light and walks over to the counter.

JULIUS pours himself a glass of wine.

ELLEN

Me too.

JULIUS pours her one.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

What will you paint when I'm gone? Other women?

For a moment JULIUS is shaken. Then he regains his composure.

JULIUS

There are no other women. Only you.

125 EXT. VERANDA, HOUSE - DAY (PAST)

125

It is raining. JULIUS and ELLEN sit on the veranda of the house, both staring vacantly into the distance.

JULIUS feels empty inside. ELLEN is thinking about what happens next. Minutes pass.

ELLEN

Julius ...

She looks at him. He distractedly returns her gaze.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

... I don't know if it's what I want.

JULIUS looks at her questioningly.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

The treatments ...

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS nods.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Months of nausea, suffering.  
... That hospital alone ...

A silence. JULIUS understands the need for him to say something encouraging.

JULIUS  
It might not be so bad.

ELLEN looks at him cynically.

ELLEN  
Yeah, sure.

JULIUS flusters - a stupid thing to say.

JULIUS  
Yeah ... You're right.

ELLEN  
You need a very good reason to go through all that ...

JULIUS feels the barb of her accusation and looks away.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
... if my chances are, what was it? Two per cent. What am I doing it for? So that I can sit here waiting? That I might win the lottery?

ELLEN heaves a sigh. Tears threaten once more, but she holds them back.

JULIUS is tempted to speak more encouraging platitudes but makes do with laying his hand on hers.

Then the telephone rings.

The two of them remain motionless for a moment.

Then JULIUS releases her hand. Rises to his feet and goes inside.

ELLEN is left alone. A fresh tear glides down her cheek.

Exhaustedly, she stands and walks across to the edge of the veranda. Looks out over the glistening landscape.

A fragile smile forms on her face as she wipes the tear away.

(CONTINUED)

Then JULIUS appears close behind her. Gives her a hug.  
Looking out over the fields with her.

All is very quiet for a moment.

JULIUS  
I want to die with you.

A BEAT ... as ELLEN stares at him. Astounded.

JULIUS wears a look of determination. She can sense he is serious, that she must say something in reply.

ELLEN  
Have you gone mad?

Another BEAT ... then she turns and walks from the veranda ... into the field - angry and confused.

Leaving JULIUS standing on the veranda.

A BEAT ... THEN FLASH THROUGH JULIUS'S EYES TO ...

126 EXT. CLIFF - DAY (PAST)

126

... ELLEN lying lifeless on the cliff top, a storm raging about her.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK ... to reveal JULIUS standing over her.

She seems perfectly still. Her eyes open.

He drops to his knee. Takes her arm and clinically feels for a pulse. He then drops her arm. Gets back to his feet.

Then turns and runs ... back towards the house.

CUT TO:

127 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (PAST)

127

JULIUS charges into the house.

He grabs the telephone. Dials 112.

JULIUS  
My wife is dead ...

CUT TO:

128 INT. CREMATORIUM (HOLLAND) - DAY (PAST)

128

ELLEN lies in an open coffin in the chapel of a crematorium.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS stands over her, grief stricken. His self control slipping.

WIM lays a supporting hand on JULIUS's shoulder. Comforting him as best he can.

Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" plays ... as ELLEN's coffin descends towards the furnace.

JULIUS stands in the front row. The picture of grief.

WIM stands supportively beside him. A few other MOURNERS behind them.

The coffin disappears from view.

JULIUS shifts uneasily. Conscious of the pitying expressions about him. But unaware of JANSEN discreetly slipping into the back of the room.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. FIELD - DAY (PAST)

129

A poor quality Hi-8 video recording fills the screen.

It shows ELLEN - framed at an angle - standing in a field close to the house ... staring straight at the camera.

She looks as though she has been crying.

ELLEN (V.O.)

It's Monday ... It's awfully quiet. I don't think I could ever get used to that. I miss the city. I miss the Dutch noise.

FLASH FORWARD THROUGH THE IMAGE OF ELLEN TO ...

130 INT. STUDIO - NIGHT (PRESENT)

130

... JULIUS restlessly pacing his studio. Listening to the cassette that he'd found in his car.

ELLEN (V.O.)

... don't feel guilty, it's nobody's fault... don't feel guilty, it's nobody's fault ...

Every now and then, JULIUS glances at the video monitor. But there is no sign of movement - just a static image of the driveway.

(CONTINUED)



ELLEN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
... don't feel guilty, it's nobody's  
fault...

JULIUS's artwork stands neglected in the back.

131 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

131

ANN sits at her desk, trying to do some work. But she is  
distracted, her thoughts miles away.

JULIUS's portrait of her hangs on the wall behind her - a  
reminder of better days.

132 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

132

It is late, the sky almost drained of daylight.

The CAMERA frames the house and surrounding field.

ANN is clearly visible through the living room window,  
hunched over her books. The two cars sit parked outside the  
studio - in full view of the security camera.

Then ... a hint of foreground movement ... a shape that we  
thought belonged to the dry-stone wall shifting ...

... suddenly discernable as a human figure, crouched in the  
field, observing the house ...

The studio door opens.

JULIUS steps out into the drive. He stands outside. Alert.  
Eyes scanning the dark.

Then slowly starts to walk round the house.

133 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

133

ANN sits at her desk, struggling with her work.

Suddenly ... the sound of footsteps outside.

She spins round ... relieved to see that it is only JULIUS.  
But he has given her a fright.

She calls through the window to him.

ANN  
What are you doing?

JULIUS  
Just walking. Stretching my legs.

(CONTINUED)

ANN  
You scared me ...

JULIUS  
Sorry.

Then as he turns and walks away ... we CUT TO ...

134 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

134

... reveal the figure watching them, from behind the dry-stone wall.

It is JANSEN.

He stands.

Making sure that JULIUS catches sight of him.

A BEAT ... as JULIUS recognises him.

They stand opposite each other for a moment.

Then JANSEN turns and disappears into the darkness.

JULIUS stands there... frozen.

CUT TO:

135 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (PRESENT)

135

JULIUS and ANN sit at the breakfast table - in silence.

The phone rings. They jump.

ANN is closest to it. But JULIUS gets up to get it.

JULIUS  
I'll get it.

JULIUS picks up the phone. ANN glares at him - resentful.

WIM (O.S.)  
Hi - Uncle Wim here. Listen. Our  
mystery buyer will do the meeting. But  
it has to be tomorrow ...

JULIUS tenses.

WIM (O.S.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
So I suggest we do the deal over a drink,  
I can pick up the bank job, and more  
importantly, we can play a few holes.

(CONTINUED)

A BEAT ... as JULIUS thinks about it.

WIM (O.S.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
That okay with you?

JULIUS  
(UNENTHUSIASTICALLY)  
Yeah ...

WIM (O.S.)  
What's the matter? You're not sounding  
too chipper.

JULIUS  
I'm fine.

WIM (O.S.)  
And the bank job's ready?

JULIUS  
Pretty much. I've simplified it. But it  
looks good.

WIM (O.S.)  
I'm sure it's marvelous. See you  
tomorrow then, bye!

JULIUS puts the phone down.

A BEAT ... as he catches ANN looking at him.

ANN  
I didn't know you were done ...

136 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

136

JULIUS tears a large strip of black masking tape from a roll.

A picture lies on the table - a portrait of JULIUS standing  
in an empty space, a gigantic, sharp edged shadow of him on  
the wall behind.

But whereas he stands upright, looking the picture of  
innocence, his shadow is making an obscene gesture behind his  
back.

The image is clouded ... as JULIUS folds a layer of  
polystyrene bubble wrap over the picture. Then tapes it  
down.

ANN enters the room.

ANN  
Don't I get to see it?

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS walks through to the hall. Looking for his car keys. But he can't find them.

JULIUS  
Oh, where the hell are my car keys.

ANN  
Why won't you let me see the picture?

JULIUS  
I've got to meet Wim in an hour. Where the hell are my keys?

ANN  
Fuck Wim! Why can't I see the picture?

JULIUS says nothing. Just continues to look for his keys.

ANN glares at him. Then turns back to the picture. Starts to unwrap it.

JULIUS  
Give it to me.

ANN  
I just want to see it - that's all.

ANN continues to unwrap it ... until JULIUS suddenly strides across the room. Snatches it from her.

Takes it ...

137 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

137

... outside. Puts it in the car then notices the keys are in the ignition. He walks back to the garage to get his golf clubs when Ann comes out of the house.

ANN  
What's got into you? What's happening?

JULIUS ignores her. Picks up the bag and walks back to the car.

ANN blocks his way but Julius goes around her throwing the clubs onto the back seat.

ANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Are you just going to ignore me? Or what?

JULIUS closes the back door of the car.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS  
We'll talk later.

ANN  
I'm getting tired of this, Julius.

JULIUS  
I'll tell you later. Okay

A BEAT ... as JULIUS looks at her.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Everything.

JULIUS lays a hand on ANN's arm.

ANN recoils.

ANN  
Fuck you.

She turns. Walks back into the house. Slamming the door behind her.

JULIUS watches her go. Then gets into the car and drives off.

CUT TO:

138 INT. CAR - DAY (PRESENT)

138

JULIUS speeds down the country lanes. Even faster than usual. A wild look in his eyes.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. GOLF CLUB, CARPARK - DAY (PRESENT)

139

JULIUS drives into the golf club car-park.

He gets out. Nervously looking around. Then takes his clubs from the car, forgetting all about his picture.

140 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (PRESENT)

140

A golf club addresses a ball. Its action jerky and tense.

A CLACK ... as it connects.

JULIUS grimacing ... as the ball flies off into the rough. A bad slice.

WIM  
Tell you what - double or quits.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS  
You must be joking.

WIM  
(Mock Indignant)  
Please! I would never joke about money.

JULIUS stoops to pick up his tee.

His POV of a FIGURE. Coming into view behind a row of trees.  
Then disappearing.

141 EXT. GOLFCOURSE - DAY (PRESENT)

141

JULIUS and WIM walk towards the rough.

JULIUS  
... Er ... How's Jansen doing, by the way?

WIM looks surprised.

WIM  
Robert?

JULIUS  
Yeah.

WIM  
To be honest, I haven't the faintest idea.

JULIUS  
You two not in touch?

WIM  
He's been having a year off after his breakdown.

JULIUS  
Breakdown?

WIM  
Yes. Of course, you didn't hear about that. You know how it goes. First success, then too much success. Drugs, etc. And then ... breakdown.

JULIUS nods.

JULIUS  
Oh ...

(CONTINUED)

WIM

I can understand that you find it less than tragic.

JULIUS

Now, I wouldn't say that. That's been and gone. I was just curious.

WIM

(with a small laugh)

Towards the end, he started making all sorts of crazy stuff. Religious rubbish. Then I told him it might be an idea to take a sort of sabbatical.

JULIUS nods, thinking.

142 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (PRESENT)

142

Another part of the golf course. Another bit of rough.

JULIUS lines up to play a shot. But as he looks up, he's distracted by the sight of the FIGURE standing by a clump of bushes. No more than a hundred yards away.

WIM

What are you looking at?

JULIUS

Nothing ...

WIM

Yes you are?

JULIUS

What's he doing?

WIM

Who?

JULIUS

That guy ...

WIM

How the hell do I know?

JULIUS lowers his club.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Come on, Morlang. Stop the psych ops. Get on with the shot.

JULIUS forces WIM to look carefully.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS  
He's got binoculars.

WIM  
I believe that's still legal in Ireland.

There is a glint of reflected sunlight ... as the man seems to raise something to his eyes.

JULIUS excitedly grabs WIM's sleeve.

JULIUS  
He's watching us, dammit!

WIM  
Jesus!

JULIUS yells in the direction of the man.

JULIUS  
'FORE!

WIM  
He's nowhere fucking near us.

JULIUS  
Just letting him know we've seen him.

WIM shakes his head.

JULIUS once more addresses himself to the shot. But as he stands over the ball, his eyes flick nervously back towards the FIGURE ... who seems to have what looks like a pair of binoculars raised to his eyes.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
The bastard's still there. Look ... he's watching. Doesn't he look like Jansen? Isn't that Jansen?

WIM  
You need treatment.

JULIUS starts to line up his shot.

Too late, WIM realises that JULIUS is aiming his shot at THE FIGURE.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Oh come on ... don't be so stupid.

JULIUS connects club to ball. It is the first good shot he has played all afternoon.

(CONTINUED)



The ball flies through the air ... narrowly missing THE FIGURE.

WIM is incredulous.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Have you gone fucking mad?

143 INT. GOLF CLUB, HOTEL - DAY (PRESENT)

143

JULIUS sits in the tea room, looking sulky. WIM returns to the table looking annoyed.

WIM  
You'll be glad to know that the Club Surveyor is not pressing charges.

JULIUS  
What did you tell him?

WIM  
That you're an extraordinarily inept golfer. Subject to wild swings both of mood and golf club.

JULIUS  
Thanks.

WIM  
I wouldn't show your face here again for a while, if I were you.

JULIUS looks around.

JULIUS  
Where's this guy then?

WIM  
I don't know. Perhaps he observed your recent behaviour and scarpered. I wouldn't blame him.

JULIUS glances at his watch. Then looks about him nervously.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Oh, he'll come.

144 INT. BAR, GOLF CLUB HOTEL - DUSK (PRESENT)

144

JULIUS and WIM have now moved to the bar. Still the mystery purchaser hasn't arrived.

WIM knocks back his whisky.

(CONTINUED)

WIM

Well, this caps a perfect day ...

JULIUS gets to his feet.

JULIUS

I need to go.

WIM

Okay - where's the picture?

JULIUS

I didn't bring it.

WIM

Then why the fuck are you wasting my time?

WIM looks furious. JULIUS doesn't know what to say.

CUT TO:

145 INT. CAR - DUSK (PRESENT)

145

CLOSE ON ... a car key being inserted into the ignition. The engine sparking into life.

JULIUS puts the car into gear and drives off. The wrapped picture lying on the passenger seat beside him.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK (PRESENT)

146

JULIUS anxiously drives home. His eyes betraying his tormented mood.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. HOUSE - EVENING (PRESENT)

147

As JULIUS turns into the drive of his house, his heart skips a beat.

For there, parked beside ANN's car, is a green car.

JANSEN's car.

JULIUS slams his foot on the brakes.

Then sits there for a while, the engine idling, unsure what to do. Whether to enter the house or drive off.

At last, he turns off the engine, and gets out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

The house is quiet. No sign of life.

JULIUS glances at the security camera over the studio door. He contemplates the front door. Then decides to walk round to the living room french windows.

Cautiously, he rounds the house. Steps up onto the veranda. The wooden boards creaking under his feet.

The living room light is on.

JULIUS nervously approaches the french windows. He stops. Peers inside ...

... to see ANN perched on the edge of the sofa, looking at the television.

JANSEN stands beside her, the video remote in his hand.

JULIUS freezes. Through the open french windows he can see ELLEN's image on the TV screen. Standing in a field, talking into a Hi-8 camera. The date recorded onto the picture.

A BEAT ... as JANSEN turns. Sees JULIUS standing outside the french windows.

The two men lock eyes.

Then JULIUS suddenly runs back around the house. Bursting in through the front door ...

148 INT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

148

... into the living room.

ANN jumps up.

JULIUS leaps forward. Grabs hold of JANSEN.

Pulling him from the house ...

149 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

149

... giving him a punch to the jaw that has him reeling across the driveway.

FLASHBACK TO ...

150 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (PAST)

150

... JANSEN staggering back across the hospital corridor, having been punched by JULIUS ...

ELLEN trying to restrain JULIUS.

(CONTINUED)

A HOSPITAL PORTER intervening ... stopping JANSEN from retaliating.

JANSEN  
I'm gonna sue you for this, you asshole.  
You fucking bastard.

He looks around ... to see people staring at him.

JANSEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Did you see what he just did? Did you  
see that?  
(To JULIUS)  
Bastard!

ELLEN pushes JULIUS away from the scene ... swing doors flapping in their wake ...

151 EXT. HOUSE IRELAND DAY (PAST) 151

ELLEN and JULIUS walk up to the house. Julius carries their suitcases inside.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. VERANDA - DAY (PAST) 152

It is raining. JULIUS and ELLEN sit on the veranda of the house (*as in scene 125*).

ELLEN  
Julius ...

She looks at him. He distractedly returns her gaze.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
... I don't know if it's what I want.

JULIUS looks at her questioningly.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
The treatments ...

JULIUS nods.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Months of nausea, suffering.  
... That hospital alone ...

A silence. JULIUS understands the need for him to say something encouraging.

JULIUS  
It might not be so bad.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN looks at him cynically.

ELLEN  
Yeah, sure.

JULIUS flusters - a stupid thing to say.

JULIUS  
Yeah ... You're right.

ELLEN  
You need a very good reason to go through  
all that ...

JULIUS feels the barb of her accusation and looks away.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
... if my chances are, what was it? Two  
per cent. What am I doing it for? So  
that I can sit here waiting? That I  
might win the lottery?

ELLEN heaves a sigh. Tears threaten once more, but she holds  
them back.

JULIUS is tempted to speak more encouraging platitudes but  
makes do with laying his hand on hers.

Then the telephone rings.

The two of them remain motionless for a moment.

Then JULIUS releases her hand. Rises to his feet and goes  
inside.

153 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (PAST)

153

JULIUS walks wearily towards the telephone. Its tone jarring  
his ears.

But the answering machine cuts in before he reaches it.

The caller is ELLEN's doctor.

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
Hello - this is Doctor Van der Toorn. I  
have rather unexpected news for you.  
I've had another word with the pathology  
lab. Look - I don't know how to tell you  
this. There might have been a mistake.  
Erm, it's possible that the tumour is  
benign, which would, erm, alter the  
prognosis considerably.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS looks confused. He cannot believe it. The DOCTOR falls still for a moment too.

DOCTOR (V.O.) (CONTÍD)  
Call me as a matter of urgency at any  
time. My apologies for any inconvenience  
this may have caused you. Yes. Goodbye.

The DOCTOR hangs up ... as the full implications of the message slowly begin to dawn on JULIUS.

He looks utterly at a loss.

Through the netting of the swing-door, he can see ELLEN looking ill and tired.

He stops.

He should walk out there, jumping for joy, and tell her the good news, but he suddenly feels far from enthusiastic. He would even go so far as to say that he feels confronted by a big problem.

A sunbeam from the low sun penetrates the clouds, shining straight into his face.

ELLEN slowly rises.

The backlight making her look like an old woman as she shuffles forward a few paces on the veranda.

JULIUS stares at her ... thinking, thinking, thinking.

His thoughts making him frantic.

He starts walking round the room, strange emotions rising in him.

Quietly cursing ... as he tries to regain his composure.

He looks back towards ELLEN ... to see if she has seen him. But it seems not for she is still standing at the end of the veranda. With her back to him.

As JULIUS recovers control of himself ... a tired, defeated expression returns to his face.

He crosses to the answering machine. Removes the tape.

Then walks back ...

... out onto the veranda.

Slipping his arms round ELLEN. Embracing her.

A BEAT ... as together they look out over the fields.

Then ...

JULIUS  
I want to die with you.

A BEAT ... as ELLEN stares at him. Astounded.

JULIUS wears a look of determination. She can sense he is serious, that she must say something in reply.

ELLEN  
Have you gone mad?

Another BEAT ... then she turns and walks from the veranda ... into the field - angry and confused.

Leaving JULIUS standing on the veranda.

155 EXT. AROUND HOUSE - DAY (PAST)

155

Ellen stumbles through the field, away from the veranda. JULIUS pursuing her from a distance.

JULIUS  
Ellen ... Ellen, listen.

ELLEN walks on. Julius slowly catching up with her.

JULIUS (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Ellen! Let me explain.

JULIUS overtakes ELLEN ... who turns and walks away from him - in a different direction.

JULIUS (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
Ellen, please.

JULIUS follows her again.

A BEAT ... then ELLEN stops. Irritated.

ELLEN  
(cynically)  
Alright, spit it out.

Another BEAT ... as JULIUS stands before her - as sincere as he can be.

JULIUS  
I mean it.

(CONTINUED)

Ellen laughs disparagingly.

ELLEN  
Don't be so bloody idiotic.

She walks off again. But for once JULIUS won't let it be.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
You can follow me for as long as you  
like, but it won't help.

JULIUS  
What's so idiotic about it?

ELLEN  
Well, I think it's pretty idiotic.

JULIUS stops.

ELLEN walks on. Then stops too. Leans against a tree.

JULIUS slowly approaches.

ELLEN thinks about walking off again, but remains by the  
tree. Calmer now.

JULIUS reaches her.

Another BEAT ... as she looks at him.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
(DRILY)  
I know you mean well, but it's still a  
ridiculous plan.

JULIUS tries to think of something to say, but does not know  
where to start.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
You've still got a whole lifetime ahead  
of you.

JULIUS  
(SOURLY)  
Oh yeah, great. All that drivel and  
sympathy ...

ELLEN stares at him intently.

JULIUS (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
... and then back to work. I can see it  
now. Years of bullshit from Wim ...  
Critics, art dealers.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Another new direction ... Another woman.  
I can't wait...

ELLEN

I'm dying. I would love to take years of  
bullshit from anybody. And now you're  
trying to tell me that you want to die  
too? Ridiculous.

She turns away and walks off.

JULIUS

Yeah, but not without you ...

ELLEN walks fretfully back and forth. JULIUS watching her.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

... I don't want to live without you ...  
I mean, if we had kids ...

ELLEN does not reply.

JULIUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

If you don't agree to this, then I'll do  
it anyway. The day after the funeral.

ELLEN

I'm not dead yet.

JULIUS

Be realistic.

ELLEN

Who says I've given up? This is like  
blackmail.

JULIUS falls silent.

Ellen stops pacing.

JULIUS

I know it sounds pathetic, but I don't  
want to be left behind ... alone ...  
That's just the way I feel ...

JULIUS carefully approaches her. Takes her hand.

She lets him.

He hugs her.

She looks at him. Sees the determination in his eyes. Runs  
her hand through his hair ...

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: (3)

155

... as JULIUS hugs her even tighter.

156 EXT. CLIFF TOP, DUSK (PAST)

156

JULIUS and ELLEN sit on the cliff top, ELLEN nestled in JULIUS's arms.

A violent storm is sweeping in from the sea. But as yet the sun still shines over the land, illuminating the cliffs in a dramatic light.

157 INT. STUDIO - MORNING (PAST)

157

JULIUS energetically paints an endless sea onto a photographic backdrop.

Then creates a desert island in front of it with a pile of sand. Crowning it with a palm tree.

158 EXT. FIELD - MORNING (PAST)

158

ELLEN stands in a field close to the house. A Hi-8 video recorder rests perched on a dry-stone wall. A red flashing light indicating that it is recording.

ELLEN stares straight into the lens.

She looks as though she has been crying.

ELLEN

This might be a shock to you. I mean, this is not really normal, but ... I'm making this tape because I want to explain something ...

She stops for a moment, losing her thread.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

It's Monday ... It's awfully quiet. I don't think I could ever get used to that. I miss the city. I miss the Dutch noise.

A pause.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)

I climbed up to the cliffs with Julius yesterday. To the sea. It was glorious weather, a strong wind. We walked and talked ... we sat for hours on the rocks. Just watching the sea.

ELLEN brushes her hair from her eyes. Tears begin to roll down her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
 When the sun set, we climbed back down  
 without a word. I went straight to bed  
 after dinner. I'm quickly tired these  
 days.

She looks around her.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
 This is our house.

She stops crying. Wipes the tears from her eyes.

ELLEN (CONTÍD) (cont'd)  
 I'm sick and I'm not going to get better.  
 What I wanted to tell you is that we've  
 decided to die together. Today. By the  
 time you get this tape, it will all be  
 over. But I want people to know and  
 understand. I have no appetite for  
 months of chemotherapy and misery ... and  
 they keep saying it's hopeless anyway ...

159 INT. HOUSE IRELAND - DAY (PAST)

159

ELLEN puts the videotape into an envelope. Writes JANSEN's  
 name and address on it.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
 ... Julius does not want to be left  
 behind ...  
 (impersonating JULIUS)  
 ... "all that drivel and sympathy". If  
 we had children ... The sweet man ...

160 EXT. ROAD - DAY (PAST)

160

ELLEN posts the envelope in a mailbox, then walks back  
 towards the house. Stopping for a second to look round her.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
 ... I didn't want him to do it ... But  
 his mind's made up. We're both  
 heartbroken, but we've thought it through  
 ... Believe me. I know this all seems  
 crazy, absurd, but I hope that you can  
 understand ... Don't feel guilty, it's  
 nobody's fault ...

CUT TO:

161 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (PAST)

161

A white powder slowly dissolves in a glass of water.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS breaks a capsule. Then carefully adds the powder to the glass, swirling it with a spoon.

JULIUS breaks open a fresh bottle of pills. Also adding them to the glass.

He then throws the empty bottle into the bin.

162 INT. STUDIO - DAY (PAST)

162

There's a storm outside.

The desert island set is complete. ELLEN sits contemplatively under the tree.

JULIUS adjusts the lights, camera position, and ELLEN's pose ... with reference to a polaroid that he holds in his hand, showing himself and ELLEN sitting on the 'island'.

At last he is ready.

Two glasses stand on the table. JULIUS picks them up. Hands one to ELLEN. Then sits down beside her.

A BEAT ... as they look each other in the eyes. JULIUS leans towards her. Kisses her on the lips.

He then drinks. Emptying his glass in one.

ELLEN puts her glass to her mouth. Drinks the liquid.

Again they kiss.

Then face the camera.

JULIUS takes the remote switch in his hand. Presses it.

Triggering ... a series of blinding flashes ...

... during which we see the drug take hold ... JULIUS and ELLEN rapidly becoming weak and drowsy ...

Another flash sears the screen. Then CUT TO ...

163 EXT. FIELDS - DAY (PAST)

163

... JULIUS and ELLEN walking hand in hand across the fields, away from the house.

ELLEN is the weaker. But JULIUS supports her up the hill.

The way it is filmed gives us the surreal impression that they are gliding up the hill.

At last they reach the cliff top.

They drop exhausted to the ground. Clinging to each other.

ELLEN wears a euphoric expression as she embraces death.

JULIUS places his lips against hers. Waiting for the end.

ELLEN's eyes close. Her head lolling against JULIUS. Her arm falling limp. Her mouth relaxing into a serene smile.

Their two bodies lie entwined on the rain soaked grass.

Then suddenly JULIUS stirs. Opening his eyes. Instantly alert.

Revealing his 'death' to have been a complete charade.

JULIUS nudges his elbow against ELLEN's stomach. There is no reaction.

JULIUS prises ELLEN's fingers from his arm. Extracting himself from her grip.

A BEAT ... as JULIUS gazes at ELLEN. She looks so beautiful. So peaceful.

He wistfully runs his hand through her hair. Brushes a bit of sand from her cheek.

THEN SUDDENLY ... ELLEN's eye open.

JULIUS scrabbles back. Terrified.

The CAMERA holds on ELLEN ... as she stares at JULIUS. Pained.

ELLEN  
Julius ...?

JULIUS looks at her - horrified.

Her POV of him - her last conscious sight. His horrified, betraying face.

Then ELLEN's face lolls forward - unconscious - her cheek pressed against the grass, a strand of wet hair plastered across her cheek, her eyes wide open, staring accusingly at him.

JULIUS gets to his feet. Breathing heavily. Unsure what to do.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN lies motionless before him, the storm raging about them.

It takes a while ... but finally JULIUS plucks up the courage to approach ELLEN again.

He steps up to her.

She lies at his feet - perfectly still. Her eyes wide open. Rain streaming down her face.

He drops to his knee. Takes her arm and clinically feels for a pulse.

There is none.

He drops her arm. Gets back to his feet. And starts to run. As fast as he can ... back to the house.

165 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PAST)

165

JULIUS charges into the living room.

He grabs the telephone. Dials 112.

JULIUS  
My wife is dead ...

CUT TO:

166 INT. CREMATORIUM (HOLLAND) - DAY (PAST)

166

ELLEN lies in an open coffin in the chapel of a crematorium.

JULIUS stands over her, grief stricken. His self control slipping.

WIM lays a supporting hand on JULIUS's shoulder. Comforting him as best he can.

Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" plays ... as ELLEN's coffin descends towards the furnace.

JULIUS stands in the front row. The picture of grief.

WIM stands supportively beside him. A few other MOURNERS behind them.

The coffin disappears from view.

JULIUS shifts uneasily. Conscious of the pitying expressions about him. Unaware of JANSEN discreetly slipping into the back of the room.

167 INT. AUDITORIUM/CREMATORIUM - DAY (PAST) 167

The crematorium auditorium is a doleful place. The MOURNERS drink coffee. Express their condolences to JULIUS.

JULIUS plays the part of shattered widower to perfection.

Then - suddenly - he sees JANSEN standing at the back of the auditorium. Dressed in a suit.

JULIUS's expression clouds into a look of complete anger.

CUT TO:

168 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY (PAST) 168

WIM's car pulls up at the airport.

He and JULIUS get out, JULIUS extracting two suitcases from the boot. He looks tired and apathetic.

JULIUS  
I'll ring you soon.

He embraces WIM. Who responds with care.

WIM  
Yes, do that. Please.

WIM embraces JULIUS closely. Hugging him as only a good friend can.

WIM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, old friend. I'm so sorry.

169 INT. AIRPORT - DAY (PAST) 169

JULIUS stands in front of the flight departures board. His flight to Dublin flashes up.

The misery slowly dissolves from JULIUS's face. The final prize is within sight.

CUT TO:

170 EXT AIRPORT-SCHIPHOL DAY (PAST) 170

A plane is being pushed off.

CUT TO:

171 EXT AIRPORT-SCHIPHOL DAY (PAST) 171

A plane taking off.

CUT TO:

172 INT AIRPLANE DAY (PAST) 172

JULIUS staring out the window. He seems to be more and more relaxed.

CUT TO:

173 INT. ARRIVALS HALL/DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY (PAST) 173

JULIUS walks through into the arrivals hall. He looks round. Searching for someone.

ANN appears from the waiting crowd.

She embraces him with sympathy.

They kiss, JULIUS clasping her to him for a long time.

ANN  
Was it awful?

JULIUS nods. Again playing the role of tortured soul.

THEN FLASH FORWARD TO ...

174 EXT. HOUSE - EVENING (PRESENT) 174

A reprise ... of JULIUS stepping forward.

Raising his arm.

Smashing his fist into JANSEN's jaw. Sending him reeling across the driveway.

A BEAT ... then JULIUS turns. Walks back towards the house. Shaking with anger.

ANN stands in the doorway.

Another BEAT ... as their eyes meet.

ANN looking frightened.

JULIUS's expression - a recognition that it's all over.

ANN quietly turns. Puts on her coat. Picks up her bag from the hall table.

(CONTINUED)



Then tries to walk from the house.

JULIUS stands in her way. At first he makes no effort to move out of ANN's way.

But then he changes his mind and steps to one side. Allowing her to pass.

ANN walks across the drive. Past JANSEN.

She then gets into her car and drives off. Without so much as a glance back towards JULIUS.

JULIUS turns towards JANSEN.

A BEAT ... as they stare at each other.

JULIUS shaken and angry.

A vengeful, triumphant smile forming on JANSEN's lips.

Then JULIUS suddenly turns and walks back into the house. Slamming the door behind him.

175 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK (PRESENT)

175

JULIUS wanders into the living room.

Pursued by the sound of JANSEN's voice from outside.

JANSEN (OS)

The muse has flown, Morlang. You're on your own now, you sad old fuck!

JULIUS sinks to his knees in front of the television. Head lowered. Seemingly a broken man. Destroyed.

Then he reaches forward. Picks up the video remote and presses 'play'.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Don't feel guilty ... it's nobody's fault...

JULIUS presses the 'pause' button.

A BEAT ... then he slowly raises his head.

But to our surprise he does not look distraught. He is calm again.

Gazing at ELLEN's image on the screen. Considering. Thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)

Then gradually fade up on the SOUNDTRACK ... the sound of applause. People clapping. The murmur of congratulations.

Then suddenly - a bright FLASH ...

... THROUGH WHICH WE CUT TO ...

176 INT. GALLERY, MADRID - NIGHT (PRESENT)

176

... the eyes of JULIUS MORLANG. Blinking in the light of a dozen flashbulbs.

The opening image of the film.

Slowly the CAMERA PULLS BACK ...

... to reveal JULIUS at a gallery opening night. In Madrid. A WOMAN hanging off his arm.

A SPANISH ART DEALER approaches JULIUS. Lays a friendly arm on his shoulder.

ART DEALER  
(WITH A SPANISH ACCENT)  
Fantastic. Better than ever.

Only now do we see the walls of the gallery. The exhibition is a series of portraits of ELLEN.

Chillingly, they are based on the video image of her speaking into the Hi-8 recorder.

ART DEALER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Where does it come from, Julius? That's  
what I wanted to know.

JULIUS smiles. Gives a little shrug.

177 EXT GALLERY MADRID NIGHT (PRESENT)

177

Outside the gallery, life goes on.

FADE OUT.