

TIME TO REMEMBER

Written by

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TIME TO REMEMBER

FADE IN:

EXT. ST PETER'S ABBEY RUINS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

CLOSE UP of exposed medieval floor tiles, filthy, and disappearing under the encroaching mat of grass and soil. We PULL BACK to see the distinctive form of an abbey church in ruins. SUPER: "BEECHWOOD, 1921." Broken columns, arches, shattered walls.

EXT. ST PETER'S ABBEY RUINS - NAVE - DAY

Two women enter the church, near where the high altar used to stand. Now there's just a lot of grass and a jumble of ragged stone blocks.

LYDIA GIBBS, late 20s, leads the way. Keen, with eyes that melt your soul. She's average height and slim. Hair pulled back into a tidy bun. Her day clothes are dark blue, neat, casual. She wears a brimmed hat, the same colour as her coat.

TWO CRACKS of a SHOTGUN echo in the distance.

KATE GROVER, late 20s, alluring. A matching teal dress and coat ensemble, typical of a middle-class English woman. Wavy dark hair, cut to her mid neck. Her head is adorned with a striking crimson hat. She follows Lydia and takes a few quick steps to catch up.

She looks at the ruins surrounding her, not quite comfortable with what she sees.

Kate stumbles and breaks her fall with outstretched hands. It doesn't help, and her face bumps the ground.

CLOSE UP - KATE'S FACE

Suspended just an inch from the ground, dirt smudges the tip of her nose. Her eyes gape wide with terror.

FLASHBACK - EXT - BOMBED OUT CHURCH - FRANCE - DAY

CLOSE UP - KATE'S FACE

Eyes wide open. The horror is palpable.

We PULL BACK just enough to see that she's in an army nurse uniform, a helmet perched on the back of her head. Soiled face hard pressed against the filthy ground. EXPLOSIONS OF ARTILLERY nearby make Kate jam her eyes shut. Sweat streams across her brow. Her grubby hand is white knuckled and clenching the dirt beside her face. Soil rains down on her. A MALE VOICE SCREAMS FOR HELP somewhere in the distance. She opens her eyes and then closes them again. Her face strained with fear.

LYDIA (V.O.)

Kate!

(beat)

Kate!

EXT. ST PETER'S ABBEY RUINS - NAVE - (BACK TO PRESENT)

Lydia is helping Kate to her feet and begins dusting her down. She pulls out a handkerchief and pats the dirty smudge from Kate's nose.

Kate looks down at herself and takes over with the cleaning down.

KATE

Lydia, I'm fine.

LYDIA

Are you sure?

KATE

Yes. I've done worse.

Lydia continues to assist tidying up Kate.

LYDIA

Here, let me help you.

Kate casts a wide gaze around.

KATE

Are you sure it's safe here?

Lydia looks bemused.

LYDIA

Quite.

KATE

I'm sorry.

LYDIA

There's nothing to apologise for.

KATE

This place reminds me of that abbey
in France where I nursed in
seventeen.

Kate looks nervous. She take a deep breath.

LYDIA

That was four years ago.

KATE

(nervously)

I don't like it. Can't you smell
it?

LYDIA

(takes a sniff of the air)

What?

KATE

Blood. This place stinks like
blood.

LYDIA

(shakes her head)

Oh, Kate. I think we should go.

KATE

Yes. Maybe we should go back into
town.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEECHWOOD MAIN STREET - DAY

Kate and Lydia pause outside the general store and look at
the newspaper banner resting against the wall. It reads, "44
DEAD IN AIRSHIP CRASH."

KATE

I went out and saw it, you know,
during its maiden flight in June.
It was unbelievable. Longer than a
couple of football fields. Just
thinking about it now sends a chill
down my spine. Those poor men.

LYDIA

Fancy going down in the Humber
Estuary. Lucky there were any
survivors at all.

Kate nods in wholehearted agreement.

KATE
Where did you say we're going?

LYDIA
Are you sure you're feeling up to it?

KATE
O, yes. That abbey brought back some memories I'd rather forget. But I'm fine now.

LYDIA
I understand.

KATE
Really, I'm fine.

Lydia strokes Kates arm sympathetically.

LYDIA
Good. I thought we could go up to the tea room. It's only a little further along.

KATE
What's it like?

LYDIA
Quaint. And they make the best sandwiches in Beechwood.

Kate smiles as the pair link arms and continue their leisurely stroll along the street.

EXT. BEECHWOOD MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Lydia are not too far from the post office where a snazzy new two-seater is parked, paintwork glinting in the sunlight.

A MAN, late 20s, slim, energetic and confident in appearance, emerges from the post office and strides briskly over to the car, gets in, and starts the motor. He pauses from what he's doing, looks around over his shoulder and fixes his eyes upon Kate for a long moment. Then he turns back to the front.

The car whisks off up the road.

REVERSE ANGLE

LYDIA
What's wrong!

Kate stands gobsmacked. Eyes gaping, brows raised, mouth wide open.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
You look like you've seen a ghost.

KATE
(in disbelief)
I just have. It...

Lydia reaches out to Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)
No, I'm all right.

She composes herself.

KATE (CONT'D)
It's absurd. Can't be.

LYDIA
Can't be what?

KATE
You'll think I'm foolish.

LYDIA
What?

KATE
That man who came out of the post
office and got into the car just a
moment ago. Did you see him?

Lydia glances at the car disappearing around a corner.

LYDIA
I only noticed the car.

KATE
He is the spitting image of someone
I knew during the war.

Lydia stares up the empty street.

LYDIA
Maybe it is him.

Kate disagrees.

KATE
Can't be. He's dead.

LYDIA

Oh. Well then, it was just someone who looked like him.

KATE

Of course... You're right. But even so --

LYDIA

That fall must have really rattled you. I think we should go home.

KATE

No, I won't spoil our day.

LYDIA

I have an idea. Let's go into the post office and find out who he is.

KATE

Don't be silly.

LYDIA

It's not silly.

Lydia takes Kate by the arm and leads her in the direction of the post office.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You think you recognised him. Let's find out. I'm curious.

INT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Lydia stand side by side at the counter. Opposite is the plump POSTAL CLERK, 50s, wearing a suit, grey hair and beard, squinting through a thick pair of glasses. He and Lydia know each other.

POSTAL CLERK

Aye. I've never seen him before today. Why do ya want to know, Miss Gibbs?

LYDIA

My friend thinks she recognised him from back in the war.

The postal clerk looks Kate up and down.

POSTAL CLERK

You're not from around here.

KATE
No, I'm visiting from York.

POSTAL CLERK
I see...

LYDIA
Did he say who he was?

POSTAL CLERK
Well, it's not really my place to tell.

Lydia gives him a sweet sexy smile.

He rolls his eyes, turns and reaches into the tray behind him and plucks out a telegram and looks at it. Then he turns, drops his chin, and peers over his glasses towards Kate.

POSTAL CLERK (CONT'D)
Know him, do you now?

LYDIA
Well?

The postal clerk waves the sheet of paper in his hand.

POSTAL CLERK
This here says he's the Viscount Blakeney.

The two women eye each other.

LYDIA
Could that be him?

KATE
(relieved)
No.

LYDIA
(to the postal clerk)
Passing through was he?

POSTAL CLERK
Staying with Lord Beecham at Hawthorn Manor.

LYDIA
And he sent a telegram?

POSTAL CLERK
(looks around
mischievously)
(MORE)

POSTAL CLERK (CONT'D)

Yes. It's terrible. Seems like a friend of his was on that airship that came down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - LIBRARY - DAY

An ornate room, dark timber. Tall shelves full of books line the walls. WALTER BARRINGTON - the Viscount Blakeney - stands. LORD BEECHAM, 50s, a man of class, sits beside a small desk.

WALTER (MAN)

I sent the telegram to his C.O.. So it shouldn't take too long to get a reply.

LORD BEECHAM

Good. An absolutely terrible disaster. I pray to God this fellow wasn't on the flight.

WALTER

I'm not so optimistic.

AMELIA BEECHAM, early 20s, trendy and self assured, bursts joyfully into the room. Lord Beecham jumps to his feet. She spins around to get both men's attention.

AMELIA

There you are. Do you like my new hat? I thought I would try it out this afternoon.

LORD BEECHAM

Where are you going?

Amelia passes a cheeky smile in the direction of Walter.

AMELIA

Walter is taking me for a walk around the park.

WALTER

(surprised)

Am I?

AMELIA

Yes. It will give father some time off from keeping you amused.

Lord Beecham glances at Walter, then turns to Amelia.

LORD BEECHAM
Amelia, I'm not sure that Walter
wants to go out. He's very
concerned that his friend's been
lost on that airship.

Amelia realises the gravity of the situation.

AMELIA
Of course.

WALTER
No, no, that's quite alright.
Perhaps a diversion is just what I
need.

Lord Beecham is not quite sure as he taps the desk.

LORD BEECHAM
(resignedly)
It seems everything is arranged
then. Off you go and enjoy the
sunshine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLENSIAN SPRING - WEST SIDE - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS a DOG trotting past a large signboard ornately
inscribed "CLENSIAN SPRING." The dog weaves its way along a
gravel path into a park of extensive lawns dotted with
gardens and trees. The CAMERA STOPS on the lake lined with
densely leafed willows and the dog wanders off OUT OF FRAME.

Two swans move across the lake unhurried and majestic, their
wakes barely leaving a ripple.

Kate and Lydia come INTO FRAME, STONES CRUNCH underfoot as
they ramble along the path. The lake is on their left.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLENSIAN SPRING - EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of STONES CRUNCHING underfoot continue as Walter
and Amelia dawdle along the same path, only with the lake on
their right. Their attention is focused on each other.

WALTER
I had the strangest experience
after I left the post office today.
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

I saw this woman.

AMELIA

(amused)

Should I be jealous?

WALTER

Yes, quite.

They laugh.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But the thing is, she looked
strangely familiar. And I haven't
the faintest idea why.

AMELIA

I often think I recognise someone,
only to be wrong.

WALTER

I'm sure you don't.

(beat)

But this is different. I'm certain
I know her from somewhere.

AMELIA

Well, remembering could be good.

WALTER

Hmmm.

REVERSE ANGLE

Walter and Amelia are seen walking from behind. In the
distance Kate and Lydia move INTO FRAME, heading towards
them.

BACK TO SCENE

Walter looks ahead, then stops Amelia. He's startled by the
sight of the approaching women.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I say! There she is again!

Amelia looks with interest.

AMELIA

Which one?

WALTER

In the crimson hat. I'm certain I
know her from somewhere.

AMELIA

Let's say hello.

WALTER

No. Wait.

CLOSE SHOT

Kate and Lydia are stopped. Both are looking at the other
pair. Kate takes Lydia's arm in her hand.

KATE

My lord. Surely, it can't be him.

BACK TO SCENE

Amelia is leading a hesitant Walter at a quick pace towards
Kate and Lydia. The two pairs stop a few feet apart.

AMELIA

(eagerly)

Good afternoon.

Kate and Walter stare at each other.

KATE

Hello, Lady Amelia.

AMELIA

(looking at Kate)

Miss Gibbs, this is the Viscount
Blakeney.

WALTER

(to Kate)

Pardon my intrusion. But, I saw you
earlier today in town.

Kate stands silent, shocked, and bewildered.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Oh, forgive me. I'm being rude.

Lydia intercedes as she steps towards Lydia.

LYDIA

Good afternoon.

(introducing Kate)

Lady Amelia Beecham, this is Miss
Kate Grover.

Lydia turns to Kate.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Lady Amelia and I are acquainted
through my parents.

AMELIA
Yes of course. How are they?

LYDIA
Very well thank you, my Lady. Miss
Grover is visiting from York.

AMELIA
York. The last time I was there was
before the war.

Walter studies Kate and scratches his chin.

WALTER
Kate Grover?
(beat)
We've met before.

Kate forces a smile.

KATE
I, ah...

WALTER
Please, I'm being rude, aren't I.

Kate is embarrassed.

KATE
(nervously)
Not at all.

Walter is intrigued and hopeful.

WALTER
It was during the war, wasn't it?

Kate's confused expression is obvious to everyone.

KATE
Is it really you?

WALTER
(amazed)
You remember me?

KATE
Of course. But as Lieutenant Walter
Barrington?

WALTER
Yes. That's me.

Kate's shaking her head in disbelief.

KATE
But...
(beat)
It can't be.

WALTER
Why not?

KATE
You're supposed...
(beat)
You're supposed to be dead.

WALTER
(patting himself down)
I don't think so.

He breaks into a broad grin.

WALTER (CONT'D)
My word. When did we meet?

Kate's becoming miffed by Walter pretending to not know her.

KATE
You don't remember?

Walter shakes his head.

Amelia intervenes, pointing over to the nearby rotunda.

AMELIA
Perhaps we should go over there and
sort this out.

INT. CLENSIAN SPRING - ROTUNDA - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Walter are perched next to each other. Lydia and
Amelia are close by.

KATE
Amnesia?

WALTER

My memory is coming back. Slowly, but not in any sort of order. I can remember strings of things, and yet, there's these darn gaps. An awful lot of holes in fact. Basically, everything's still pretty patchy for the six months before I was taken prisoner. Did we know each other well?

Kate looks deep into Walter's eyes now.

KATE

I thought you were dead?

WALTER

As good as. I shan't bore you with the whole story... Anyway, I don't like talking about it.

He stares blankly into the distance for a few seconds.

WALTER (CONT'D)

The short version, I'm told, is that I went out with some chaps on a night patrol and it seems like we were ambushed. Next thing I remember was waking up one morning in a P.O.W. camp. Couldn't recall a jolly thing about myself. Turned out that I had no identifying documentation. Even my tags were gone.

He looks whimsically into the distance.

WALTER (CONT'D)

They used to called me Smithy.

KATE

A letter I sent to you was returned with a note saying you were killed in action.

WALTER

And so I was for all intents. After the war ended I was repatriated back to England. The War Office identified me. I spent the next year in and out of hospital. Being back home...

(beat)

My memory...

Walter clenches his fist.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It's very annoying.

KATE
(places her hand on his)
I'm sorry.

Amelia looks over anxiously.

Walter smiles at Kate, his eyes fix upon her crimson hat.

WALTER
So tell me, where did we meet?

KATE
London, Trafalgar Square. I was
sitting at the fountain. We looked
over at each other. You walked over
and joked about how pretty my
crimson cape looked in the
sunlight.

WALTER
(amused)
That sounds like something I would
do.
(looks again at Kate's
hat)
Crimson?

KATE
Yes. I was a nurse. On leave like
you.

Walter looks at Kate with interest, like he's remembering.

WALTER
Hmm. What happened then?

KATE
We were both alone in London. We
talked, about everything except the
war. You invited me to dinner, and
after that we went on to a music
hall.

Kate sits motionless and glances at the other pair nearby.

KATE (CONT'D)
We spent a lot of time together.
(beat)
You really don't remember, do you?

The anguish on Walter's face says it all. He looks down at the floor and shakes his head.

WALTER

Not really. Bits. Did we have a good time?

KATE

Yes. We laughed. Non stop.

Their eyes meet and search each other.

WALTER

Well, well. Miss Kate Grover. I'm embarrassed.

Kate nods.

He stands and walks a few paces, stops, and turns back. Looks at Amelia.

Amelia stands.

AMELIA

I think we should be getting on.
We're expected back at the manor.

KATE

Of course.

Walter and Amelia turn to leave. Walter stops and spins back towards Kate.

WALTER

Would you come to lunch tomorrow?
Both of you of course.

He turns hopefully towards Amelia.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Is that all right?

AMELIA

Um. Yes. Why not. I'm certain my parents would enjoy seeing Miss Gibbs again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAWTHORN MANOR - GROUNDS - DAY

Kate and Walter stroll together at a casual pace along a path in the grounds of Hawthorn Manor.

WALTER

I'm glad we've this chance to be alone. I want to ask you...

(beat)

I want to ask you about something you said yesterday.

They pause from walking. Kate nods silently.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You said that while we were in London, well, we spent a lot of time together.

KATE

Yes we did.

WALTER

(anxiously)

I hope we --

KATE

Nothing that I regret, if that's what you mean.

WALTER

Thank you. Yes.

The pair continue walking into a garden where the path is lined with lavender bushes in full bloom.

Walter brushes the flowers, plucks some, rubs it in his hands and smells the aroma. Then he looks towards Kate, surprised.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Lavender! There's a connection between you and lavender.

He's thrilled at having just remembered something.

KATE

(amused)

I used to wear a lavender scent. You loved it. Told me so when we were in the London Pavilion.

WALTER

London Pavilion?

KATE

Yes, we saw a show there. Cheerio. You adored it. Do you remember?

WALTER

Cheerio.

Walter chuckles.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What a title.

Walter stops walking.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You know, I remember that.

(beat)

It was fun, wasn't it?

KATE

Yes. Lots.

WALTER

(somber)

Have I changed?

KATE

We all have.

WALTER

True.

Shared silence.

WALTER (CONT'D)

There's something special about you, Kate.

A disturbed expression crosses his face.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I wish I remembered more. You're not saying much about us. Why?

KATE

I don't want to upset you.

WALTER

I'd really like us to become reacquainted.

Kate loops her arm around his. An uncertainty passes over her face.

KATE

I'd like that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - LIBRARY - DAY

Kate and Walter enter the library. Present are Lord Beecham, Amelia, Lydia, and LADY BEECHAM, 50s, slim, elegant, kind.

Lord Beecham stands.

LADY BEECHAM

There you are. We were just about to send someone out to find you.

LORD BEECHAM

A telegram arrived for you a short while ago.

Walter takes the telegram from Lord Beecham, and looks at him pensively for a moment. He opens it and reads quietly. Then he sighs as the others look on expecting the worst.

WALTER

He's gone.

LADY BEECHAM

Oh, my dear.

WALTER

I was dreading this would be the answer. The C.O. will forward me details about the funeral arrangements.

LORD BEECHAM

Is there anything we can do for you?

WALTER

No, thank you.

Kate goes towards Walter.

He smiles back.

KATE

I'm so sorry.

At the same time, Amelia stands and strides rapidly over to Walter intercepting Kate.

AMELIA

I think Viscount Blakeney has enough to go on with now. Perhaps we should call it a day.

Lydia stands.

LYDIA

Yes, it's getting on. Thank you for having us.

LADY BEECHAM

That's quite all right, my dear. It was so lovely to see you again. Give our regards to your parents.

LYDIA

I will, my lady.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

Walter and Amelia are sitting in the elaborately furnished drawing room. The fire crackles.

AMELIA

Your mind is on other things.

WALTER

Yes. It's difficult to comprehend. Richard earned a D.F.C. during the war. I've known him a long time. A brave man and a good pal. Just goes to show, I suppose, we never know what the future has in store.

AMELIA

You'll go up for the funeral?

WALTER

Of course.

AMELIA

Would you like me to come?

Walter looks intently at the glass of brandy in his hand.

WALTER

No need. I might stop in York for a few days.

AMELIA

(tersely)

I see.

WALTER

(reacting)

What do you see, my dear?

An awkward silence descends on the room. Amelia fidgets uncomfortably. Then turns abruptly towards Walter.

AMELIA

I see your face light up every time
that Miss Grover is mentioned you
know.

Walter eyes off Amelia, then smiles suggestively.

WALTER

What, are you jealous?

AMELIA

Should I be? I thought your
aspirations were pretty clear.

WALTER

Aspirations?

AMELIA

You know what I'm talking about.

WALTER

I don't think I do.

AMELIA

Us, Walter. Together. Our future.

WALTER

You're being silly.

AMELIA

(agitated)

She appears out of the dark like
some great light suddenly shining
on you. Why, you're like a moth to
a flame.

WALTER

Is that so?

AMELIA

Yes.

Walter hurriedly drains the rest of his brandy with a single gulp.

WALTER

I think you're being unfair. We met
during the war. Before I was taken
prisoner. Before I was captured and
lost my damn memory.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Is it unreasonable to want to know
about my past? You wouldn't give it
a second thought if she were a man.

Amelia stands, turns towards the door. Takes a few steps.
Stops and turns to Walter.

AMELIA

I think I might retire. Good night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEA ROOM - DAY

A cozy tea room. Smokey. Kate and Amelia sit opposite each other around a small table. Amelia is very smartly dressed and has a cigarette in hand. Kate is adorned with her crimson hat. A cup of tea with an uneaten slice of cake sits in front of each. A middle aged man sits at another table in the background with a rather plain woman of similar age. He keeps eyeing off Amelia.

Amelia gives the man a stare and he looks away, embarrassed.

AMELIA

I want to talk to you about
Viscount Blakeney.

KATE

Walter?

Amelia's brow creases.

AMELIA

Viscount Blakeney. Yes.

Kate's smile doesn't conceal her irritation.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

He's been through a great ordeal,
with the war and all. And now
losing his friend in that airship
tragedy. He really doesn't need any
further complications.

KATE

Complications?

AMELIA

Indeed. You can't imagine what it's
like for him.

KATE
(sarcastically)
It must be difficult for anyone who
wasn't in the war.

AMELIA
Quite. So, what was your
relationship with him?

KATE
(testily)
Is that any of your business?

AMELIA
Were you lovers?

KATE
I really don't --

AMELIA
Yes, it is my concern. You can't
just waltz back into his life.
(beat)
And anyway, we are to be married.

Kate is shocked at this revelation.

KATE
I didn't know that you are engaged.

AMELIA
Well, we aren't yet. But that is my
intention for our future.

KATE
Does Walter get a say in this?

AMELIA
He doesn't get a say in you, my
dear.

KATE
We'll see about that.

Kate's annoyed. There's nothing more to say. She stands to
leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEECHWOOD MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kate is striding with purpose along the street.

Walter pulls up sharply beside her in his car. He jumps out. Kate, stops and stands tall, glaring at him.

WALTER

Kate!

He rushes over to her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm glad I found you. Have you met with Amelia yet?

KATE

Lady Amelia? Yes, my Lord. What a piece of work, if you ask me. I've just left her in the tea room.

Walter sighs as his eyes roll up with displeasure. He motions towards his car.

WALTER

Oh, I see.

(beat)

Please, please, come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEECHWOOD MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Kate are now in the car and moving away from us, not to fast.

REVERSE ANGLE

Amelia is standing on the path outside the tea room glowering, mouth clenched.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLENSIAN SPRING - ROTUNDA - DAY

Kate and Walter are alone, sitting close together, focused intently on their conversation and each other.

WALTER

The moment I saw you outside the post office, I knew there was something. A sense of euphoria. Then, I felt it again yesterday. And now.

Walter pauses as he looks deep into her eyes.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It's all coming back.

Kate nods.

WALTER (CONT'D)
My word.

Walter inches closer towards Kate. Their eyes are locked together.

KATE
I thought you were gone.

WALTER
I'm sorry.

KATE
It's not your fault.

WALTER
That day in Trafalgar Square when I saw you sitting by the fountain, in your uniform, the crimson cape. You were like a tulip, gleamin' in the sun.

KATE
(cautious)
I thought you didn't remember.

WALTER
It takes me time to remember. My mind is full of memories. But they're all jumbled up in no particular order. Some things come back. You're coming back.
(beat)
I hope you're coming back.

Their eyes meet.

His face closes on hers. His eyes soften as they shift down to focus upon her lips which are beginning to part.

She hesitates, then her face moves slowly forward to meet his.

They're mouths are almost together when a YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN burst into the rotunda LAUGHING.

Walter and Kate are startled and separate embarrassingly.

The young couple smile and giggle.

YOUNG MAN

Pardon.

The young woman grabs the young man's hand and pulls him urgently back in the direction they've just come from.

YOUNG WOMAN

Let's go.

Kate glances towards Walter with a cheeky smile and chuckles as they stand to leave as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLENSIAN SPRING - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Walter are strolling together beside the lake.

KATE

I hope you don't remember everything about the war. All that happened. It's too horrible.

WALTER

I have nightmares. Wake up screaming sometimes in a lather of sweat.

Kate understands.

KATE

Yes. I think that's happening to all of us.

She looks distant, like she's reliving something unpleasant.

KATE (CONT'D)

Changing the subject. Why did you never tell me you're a viscount?

WALTER

Ah. I'm not much for titles. Especially during the war. I didn't want to be different to the other men.

He chuckles.

WALTER (CONT'D)

My father considers me some sort of a rebel.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Position is not everything. I find that it can be somewhat stifling to relationships. Everybody dances around you on egg shells. To be perfectly honest, I much prefer to blend into the crowd and be plain old Walter.

KATE

I don't think Lady Amelia agrees.

WALTER

Yes, I know. Class, position, title, and all that goes with it. Though, times are changing.

(beat)

I'm sorry you had a run in with Amelia. She's very independent and overly protective. She's not really a harsh person.

KATE

I think she's jealous.

Walter smiles and looks into the sky.

WALTER

Perhaps.

KATE

Are you going to marry her?

Walter takes a quick look at Kate. Shakes his head slowly.

WALTER

I don't think so.

KATE

Do you love her?

WALTER

I'm very fond of her.

(beat)

That is all.

(beat)

We argued just before she came to warn you off.

KATE

Over me.

WALTER

Yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - LIBRARY - DAY

Walter and Lord Beecham face each other in front of the fireplace. A wall full of books towers above them in the background.

LORD BEECHAM

It's about time you did care about your position and obligations.

WALTER

I take my obligations very seriously.

LORD BEECHAM

Indeed. I don't think you do. One day you will be the Lord Barrington, Earl of Blackmore.

WALTER

And I suppose that means I must marry someone of my class?

LORD BEECHAM

Yes. Yes it does.

WALTER

And Amelia is the right woman?

LORD BEECHAM

That's my dearest hope. For both of you. You're an ideal match.

(beat)

Amelia is very attracted to you. You do realise that, don't you?

WALTER

We get along very well.

LORD BEECHAM

Then why are you chasing after this Grover woman?

WALTER

Chasing?

LORD BEECHAM

According to Amelia.

Walter shakes his head in disgust.

WALTER
I think she's exaggerating the
situation.

Lord Beecham takes a step away.

LORD BEECHAM
Put things right Walter. That's all
I have to say. Put things right.

After that he turns and strides determinedly towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYDIA'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

A small room crowded with late Victorian furniture. Kate and Lydia sit perched on two chairs.

LYDIA
How well did you know each other?

KATE
We only had that time together
before he had to return to the
front.

Kate pauses and looks down at her hands. She continues...

KATE (CONT'D)
I fell in love with him.

She sighs and turns her eyes back on Lydia.

KATE (CONT'D)
I know that seems silly. How can
such a thing happen so fast? But,
it did. And then he went away, and
died. Well, at least I thought he
had. I was back in France by then.
There was no time to grieve. We
were surrounded by death. It seemed
selfish to think about myself.

LYDIA
How do you feel now?

Kate stares at the ceiling.

KATE
It seems like a dream.

LYDIA
I think you two need to talk.

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - MEZZANINE - DAY

Amelia and Walter are standing at the balcony near the top of the stairs on the mezzanine over the main hall. The two face each other, tension pervades the air. Amelia has a tear in her eye.

AMELIA
Of course I discussed it with
father.

WALTER
Is it really any of his business?

AMELIA
Someone has to put sense into you.

WALTER
Sense?

AMELIA
Things were going so well until she
turned up.

WALTER
None of this makes any sense at
all.

Amelia is getting really agitated now.

AMELIA
Why are you doing this?

WALTER
Doing what? You're getting worked
up over nothing.

AMELIA
Nothing. Then why do you keep
talking about her?

WALTER
Oh. Look. I'm going for a walk.

Walter turns and makes for the stairs.

He disappears off screen. HURRIED FOOTSTEPS. Then TUMBLING.

CLOSEUP - AMELIA'S FACE.

She's terrified.

NEW ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Walter lays sprawled face down at awful angles at the foot of the last step.

AMELIA (O.S.)
Walter! HELP!

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - LIBRARY - DAY

DOCTOR ZACHARY, 51, authoritative, tall, fit, stern, looks through you, receding grey hair. Dressed in a grey three-piece suit with a gold chain draped across the front of his vest. He and Lord Beecham are talking beside a desk. The butler MR LAWTON, 50s, stands nearby. He's tall, distinguished, keen eyed, perceptive.

LORD BEECHAM
 Well doctor, what can we expect?

DOCTOR ZACHARY
 He's had a hard fall. Confusion. Certainly concussion. But I'm satisfied you can look after him here on the estate.

LORD BEECHAM
 Indeed. What about his leg?

DOCTOR ZACHARY
 No fractures there. I'll call in again tomorrow. In the mean time, there are some things about his care.

LORD BEECHAM
 Lawton, take care of Doctor Zachary's requirements.

LAWTON
 Yes, my Lord.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - MORNING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Lawton leads Kate towards a lounge chair in the Morning Room.

LAWTON
Please, wait here. Lord Beecham
will be along presently.

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - MORNING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lord Beecham sweeps into the room. Kate is surprised by his sudden entrance and stands abruptly.

LORD BEECHAM
Miss Grover. It's good of you to
come. Please sit.

Kate does what she's told.

LORD BEECHAM (CONT'D)
I won't beat around the bush. It's
about Viscount Blakeney. I thought
you should know.

Kate's expression turns dark. She's expecting this to be some kind of bad news.

KATE
Hmm.

LORD BEECHAM
He had a fall here yesterday
afternoon.

Anguish fills her.

KATE
Is he alright?

LORD BEECHAM
He's recovering upstairs.

Kate ejects herself from the seat.

KATE
May I go to him?

LORD BEECHAM
That's why I want to talk to you.

INT. LYDIA'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

Lydia and Kate perch opposite each other.

LYDIA
So that's it then.

KATE

Yes.

LYDIA

You can't even see him to say
goodbye.

Kate shakes her head.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Well I think it's preposterous.

KATE

It's for the best.

LYDIA

You don't mean that.

KATE

Yes, I do. Everything has changed.
He's no longer the man I...

(beat)

The man I knew died in the war.
That's been made clear to me now.

LYDIA

By Lord Beecham.

KATE

Not just him. The whole situation
is absurd anyway. I finished
grieving for him a long while ago.
I won't go through it all again.

LYDIA

Rubbish.

KATE

Lydia, it's finished.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate is in bed, the sheet is clenched in her hand. Her face
is a lather of sweat, and she writhes in apparent agony.

KATE

NO! NO!

She continues to toss and turn as Lydia bursts into the
bedroom, carrying a lamp, and races over to Kate.

LYDIA

Kate. Kate!

Kate stops moving. Her eyes suddenly open. They're round with terror, her eyebrows high and knotted.

KATE

Oh. What?

(beat)

It's all right.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - KATE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lamplight fills the room with a subdued orange hue. Kate is reclining on a pillow with Lydia beside her.

LYDIA

Your nightmares have been getting worse these last days, haven't they?

KATE

I know. They come and go. It's always the same. Ever since the war. France.

LYDIA

You should see someone about it.

KATE

(shaking her head)

No.

Kate gazes intently at Lydia.

KATE (CONT'D)

I think that I might go back home to York in the morning, if you don't mind.

LYDIA

You don't have to.

KATE

I should.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWTHORN MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Amelia sits on the edge of her chair. She's shocked by what Walter is telling her.

AMELIA
I don't understand.

WALTER
I don't either. But when I woke up this morning the dizziness and headache were both gone. I can remember everything as clear as crystal.

AMELIA
Well. You can't go.

WALTER
I'm sorry, Amelia. I must. Anyway, I want to attend Richard's funeral.

AMELIA
What about us?

WALTER
It would be a mistake for us to pretend.

EXT. HAWTHORN MANOR - DRIVEWAY - DAY

We are looking down the long driveway exiting the manor. Walter is driving his car away from us in a hurry.

INT. LYDIA'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

There is a sense of urgency about Walter.

LYDIA
She returned to York yesterday.

WALTER
I have to see her. To explain.

LYDIA
How much do you really remember now?

WALTER
Everything.

LYDIA
What about Kate's family?

WALTER
What do you mean?

LYDIA
Kate told me she never discussed
her parents?

WALTER
No. But none of that matters.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GROVER ESTATE - POND - DAY

We PASS OVER a manor house situated within manicured grounds,
gardens, and hedges; and then CLOSE IN on a woman standing
near a pond who is waving a stick before an excited golden
retriever.

It's Kate. She is wearing a fashionable 20's sleeveless
summer dress.

Kate throws the stick and the dog bounds away after it.

REVERSE ANGLE

Walter is striding with a bit of a limp towards Kate down the
gentle grassy slope. Her back is to him.

Kate is watching the dog which is standing a short distance
off and holding the stick in its mouth. Its attention turns
to Walter and it drops the stick and BARKS at him.

Kate turns. Her hands drop to her sides as she sees Walter
approaching.

He waves.

They race to within a few feet of each other and stop.

WALTER
Kate.

KATE
(surprised)
What are you doing here?

WALTER
Why didn't you tell me that Sir
Robert Grover is your father?

KATE

It never seemed important. Anyway,
I'm just the youngest daughter. Why
are you here?

WALTER

I had to see you, Kate. My memory's
back. I remember. That fall. It's
brought everything back.

Kate's bewilderment is clear.

KATE

How did you find me?

WALTER

Lydia explained everything to me.

KATE

Oh.

WALTER

Kate. My dear Kate. I'm so sorry.

KATE

You shouldn't be here. What about
Lady Amelia.

WALTER

That was never going to work. Not
now.

Kate is silent. All she can do is shake her head. This must
be a dream.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Do you remember?

KATE

(smiling)

What?

WALTER

At the railway station - in London -
while we were waiting for your
train?

Kate just keeps smiling at Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I said not to worry about me.
Remember me, I said. We'll be
together again when this is all
over.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

And remember, I wanted to tell you something, but you had to board the train.

They close together.

KATE

I thought you were gone.

WALTER

I'm back, Kate.

KATE

I can't go through it again.

WALTER

You don't have to.

Kate turns away, wipes her face with an arm, and spins back to him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

When I saw you outside the post office it began coming back to me. It was like a spark beginning to flicker. For you, Kate. And now I remember clearly. I feel just the same as before, when we were in London. I longed for you when I returned to France, I realised then how much I need you.

(beat)

How much I had fallen in love with you. I wanted to tell you that at the railway station. But I thought... I was afraid... you didn't feel the same way.

(beat)

I look back now at everything that has happened. Oh, Kate. I'm so sorry.

Kate takes his outstretched hand.

Tears are streaming freely down her cheeks.

KATE

When you held my hand that night during the show, I knew. Well I hoped.

(beat)

I --

WALTER

Can we start again? I know so much has happened. The war. What I saw. What I did. What you went through. Lydia told me about you. How the war affected you. The nightmares and the depression. None of that matters between us.

KATE

Yes. We've both changed. We can't turn the clock back, as much as I'd like to.

WALTER

That damn war.

KATE

We had a job to do. We survived. All those who didn't --

WALTER

Don't feel guilty. We made it through.

KATE

The answer to your question is, yes.

WALTER

Yes, we can start again?

KATE

No.

Walter frowns, confused.

KATE (CONT'D)

Yes, you silly man. I love you, Walter. I don't know how or why. But when I watched you disappear as the train pulled out, I knew.

The pair close in tight.

Walter has a tear in his eye.

They embrace. Tentatively at first.

All their attention is focused. Eyes on each other.

Their faces are only just apart. His mouth inches forward to caress her lips. Softly they touch.

She hesitates, just a little. Teasing. She smiles. Her passion explodes as she takes him now. Years of separation and grief drain away in one long frantic kiss.

We PULL BACK and see Walter and Kate reunited, embracing each other, kissing, remembering the love so horridly torn from them during the anguish of war.

The dog looks on with interest, and then barks joyously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND OPERA HOUSE - YORK - NIGHT

Kate and Walter are seated alone and side by side in a voluptuous box in the opera house. Kate is on his right. He is wearing a black tuxedo. Kate is wearing a gorgeous low-cut evening gown and a decidedly large sapphire and diamond pendent necklace. They're both stunning to the eye.

The ORCHESTRA is playing the opening OVERTURE from Rossini's opera "La Cenerentola" in the background.

Kate turns her face towards Walter and smiles seductively. Her left hand reaches over to rest on his right hand, which is on his lap.

We see a large diamond engagement ring and wedding band on her finger.

Walter smiles lovingly at Kate and caresses her hand.

FADE OUT.

THE END