

One Good Reason

by

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**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

**A BLACK EYE.**

The swollen lid slowly opens to reveal a steely glare.

It closes again.

**FLASHBACK**

A CHILD'S silhouette at a window. Silence.

The child bangs frantically on the window.

**FLAMES** engulf the curtains.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

A pair of Addias trainers splashing through puddles. They get faster and faster.

Along wet pavements.

Down a litter strewn alley.

Across a busy road.

A CAR DOOR opens.

The trainers jump in.

The car door SLAMS.

The charred remains of the curtains fluttering through the open window.

**FLASHBACK ENDS**

**INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING**

DON SWANN, late 50's, shaved head, handsome despite his battered and bruised features, takes a breath as he prepares to drag himself out of bed.

He stands up. Stretches. Fingertips reaching for the cell ceiling.

He holds the pose for a moment. Perfectly still.

These are not normal, get out of bed, bit of a sore back stretches.

It's a well-rehearsed, elaborate Yoga routine.

Don takes up the WARRIOR pose. As he turns his neck, his gaze falls onto his bookshelf.

**THE WORDS OF GHANDI**

stands out amongst a pile of self-help and spiritually uplifting books.

Don drops to the DOG position.

**CLUNK**

The door opens.

BRIAN, late 40'S, fat spilling out of his Prison Officer uniform, smiles to himself.

Don looks up at him.

Brian closes the door behind him. They've both been here before...

Don comes out of his Dog pose and sits cross-legged on the floor.

Brian can't hide the contempt he feels for Don. He circles him, sneering.

BRIAN

The funny thing is, no matter how much I hurt you, it's nothing to how much pain you'll feel out there.

Don closes his eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You've got nobody. Got nowhere to go. You'd be better off here. At least there's people here who care whether you live or die.

**BANG**

A BOOT to the face.

Don flinches, at the impact, but he doesn't react. He just stares up as Brian circles him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The Scouse Ghandi? That worked out well didn't it?

**BANG.**

Another boot to the face.

**EXT. ISLAND - DAY**

A HERD OF COWS wander along a pristine, white sandy beach. Some of the cows are paddling in the shallow water.

**EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - DAY**

Hundreds of fish flapping about on the deck of a small trawler.

GLOVED HANDS reach down and scoop them back into a net.

Others flounder helplessly around the deck.

**EXT. PRISON - DAY**

Don, tiny and insignificant as he stands with his back to the huge prison walls. He self-consciously holds up a hand to cover the bruises on his face.

Don clenches his fists as cars pass by.

Don looks up and down the road. Anxious and nervous.

He takes deep breaths in an attempt to control his anxiety.

His severely furrowed brow gives him away.

A BLACK JAGUAR approaches. Don puffs his cheeks out and clenches his fists as the car draws to a halt next to him.

The driver door opens.

A well-dressed, deeply-tanned man in his 50's climbs out. This is FRANK MALONEY.

Frank hesitates as he checks out Don's bruised face.

Frank offers his hand.

Don glances down at it and relaxes his fists.

The two men shake hands.

FRANK  
Looking good.

Frank opens the boot.

Don winces as he bends down to pick up his holdall.

Frank thinks about offering to help, a sideways glance from Don convinces him not to.

Frank slams the boot shut and steps around to the passenger door.

Don struggles as he ducks into the car.

Frank opens the boot, Don gently places his bag in.

Don waits for Frank to open the door for him before he climbs into the car.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Don takes a breath and bites his tongue. He's obviously in pain but he's not admitting it.

Don takes a few controlled deep breaths as he waits for Frank to climb into the car.

Frank looks at him again. Still unsure of how to act.

FRANK

Do you need to see...

Don shakes his head.

DON

It's just physical.

Frank slips the car into gear and drives away from the prison.

Don watches as the prison disappears in the wing mirror.

Frank rehearses his conversation in his head.

There's an awkward silence...

FRANK

It's not the same. The promises I made. I can't...it's just...the way things have gone...I'm not in a position...I'm struggling...it's not the way it was.

Don absorbs the news. He understands Frank's garbled chat.

DON  
Don't worry. Things change.

The awkward silence resumes.

**EXT. LIVERPOOL ROADS - DAY**

The Jaguar making its way through the terraced streets around the prison, moving towards the city centre.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Don stares out of the window. Completely lost in his own thoughts.

**FLASHBACK**

**TEN YEARS EARLIER**

**EXT. TERRACED STREET - NIGHT**

Don being dragged out of a terraced house into the back of a police car. He shouts and screams as NEIGHBOURS watch on.

His wife, ELIZABETH, in a nightie but hair and make-up perfect, stares at the police car.

**INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT**

**BANG. BANG. BANG.**

Don repeatedly SLAMS his head against the car window.

**FLASHBACK ENDS**

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

Don leans back in his seat. He lets out a deep breath.

DON  
I need to see them.

FRANK  
I think you've got somewhere else  
to go first.

Don realises Frank's right. He nods.

**EXT. LIVERPOOL CITY CENTRE - DAY**

The Jaguar on a tour of the city's sites. They pass St George's Hall and the two cathedrals before heading down towards the River Mersey.

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

Don takes in the changes that have taken place over the years as they cruise along the Dock Road.

He looks up at the shiny new office buildings.

**EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY**

The Jaguar pulls up on double yellow lines outside the building. Frank reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a sign:

**Doctor On Call**

He places the sign on the windscreen.

**INT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY**

Don and Frank stride through the office block. Don leads the way. They walk past a sign:

**LOGISTICS4U**

and into an

**OPEN PLAN OFFICE AREA**

Two banks of computer desks are occupied by gang of SIX MEN in their mid twenties, all casually dressed. All busy on mobile phones.

The men all turn to watch Don and Frank as they march past towards an open office door.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

RAY McDERMOTT, early fifties, fit and oozing dangerous charm, sips from an espresso cup and stares out of the window

He notices the Jaguar parked below.

He coolly turns as Frank and Don enter.

RAY  
Sit down guys.

Frank and Don relax as they settle down on a red leather sofa.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Good to see you Don.

Ray stares at Don's bruised face.

RAY (CONT'D)  
You'll be looking forward to your  
freedom.

Ray's stare has unnerved Don slightly and he takes a moment too long to think of a reply.

DON  
Yeah, got a lot of things to do.

Frank begins to fiddle nervously with his watch.

RAY  
You need to be somewhere else?

FRANK  
No, not yet. I'm alright for now.

Don strokes his trousers nervously, then stands up. He takes a couple of steps over to Ray and offers his hand over the desk.

DON  
I just wanted to come and say  
thanks for, y'know, looking after  
Elizabeth. I really appreciate it.

Ray grasps his hand tightly.

RAY  
It was nothing. It's what we do.

Ray winks at Don as he opens a drawer and pulls out an envelope.

He hands the envelope to Don.

Don is unsure whether to open it or not.



RAY (CONT'D)

Go on. The sooner you do, the sooner we'll be sorted out.

Don's mouth drops as he reads the document.

RAY (CONT'D)

You look surprised Don, she didn't tell you?

Don shakes his head as he scans the paper again.

RAY (CONT'D)

Sorry if the interest rates appear a little...y'know...but that's business. No rush, I know you'll have a lot on your plate. Seven days will be fine.

Don tries to regain his composure.

DON

I'll get it. I'll sort it.

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

Don stares at the invoice as Frank starts the car.

DON

Did you know about this?

Frank shakes his head as he checks his wing mirror.

FRANK

How could I?

Don leaves the question hanging.

**EXT. LIVERPOOL - DAY**

The Jaguar once more making its way through the city streets.

The car passes Anfield stadium and heads into a cemetery over the road.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The Jaguar moving slowly through the cemetery. It stops in a lay-by. Frank leaves the car first. Don follows.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The Jaguar moving slowly through the cemetery.

It stops in a lay-by. Frank leaves the car first.

Don follows. Frank returns to the car and pulls out two small bunches of FLOWERS and pair of tiny TEDDY BEARS.

He keeps his head bowed as he walks through the cemetery. Frank hands the teddies to Don and carries the flowers himself.

The two men stop at a small headstone, although clearly a child's grave, the details aren't clear.

Don notices a piece of masking tape across the top of the headstone.

He looks around the back of the stone.

**A NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE** reads

**"GIRLS 5 & 8 KILLED IN CITY ARSON ATTACK"**

Although a yellowed copy, the paper has been laminated and is still clean.

Don reads through the article before gently putting it back.

Don kneels and places the flowers and teddies gently next to the headstone.

The two men avoid eye-contact with each other.

Don takes a deep breath and puffs out his chest as they head back to the car.

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

Frank pulls out a cigar. He offers it to Don.

Don refuses with a shake of his head.

Frank lights it for himself.

Don waves a cloud of cigar smoke from his face and winds down his window.

**FLASHBACK**

**A BACK ALLEY** between rows of terraced houses. DON in his LATE TEENS, leans against a wall.

He flicks a lighter as he watches the lights in a bedroom window go off.

**FLASHBACK ENDS**

Don waves a cloud of cigar smoke from his face and winds down his window.

He lets out a long breath

**EXT. LEAFY AVENUE - DAY**

A wide, tree-lined avenue.

Big earners live here, locked behind the tall gates with CCTV cameras watching every visitor's every move.

Frank clicks a remote control and the gate opens.

Don notices the FOR SALE sign outside the house.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Don takes in the overgrown lawn and the paint peeling from the windows.

Frank opens the door and holds it for Don.

DON  
I'll wait here.

Don paces around the garden while he waits. He looks around to check that nobody is watching before bending down and running his fingers through the grass.

Satisfied that he is safe, Don bends over a rose and sniffs it gently.

He notices a column of ants marching across the drive. Don crouches down and studies them carefully.

Frank emerges from the house.

FRANK  
Tea?

DON  
No.

FRANK  
Good. Cupboards are empty.

Don is distracted by the ants. Fascinated as they carry the remains of a fly to their nest.

Frank joins him in watching the ants.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I am sorry Don.

DON  
I've told you. No need. I've got enough to tide me over. I'll sort out some cash tomorrow.

**INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Piles of paper everywhere. A layer of dust on every surface not covered with envelopes and bills. Mould growing in abandoned coffee cups. Wine and whisky bottles decorate the floor.

FRANK  
Bloody cleaners.

Frank does his best to create some order.

Don paces around the room. Nervous. Frank suddenly remembers something...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Take a seat. I'll go and get her.  
Sorry Don. Just that the place...

Don, surprising fussy and fastidious for a man just released from prison, brushes the sofa cushions before sitting down.

As he listens to Frank's footsteps he casts an eye around the room. Picks up a few of the bits of paper. Bills, bills, bills.

He puts them back as he hears Frank's footsteps coming down the stairs.

Frank enters, head bowed, carrying a pair of CREMATION URNS.

Don looks puzzled.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You ordered yours too remember?

Don nods.

DON  
You haven't had them in your  
bedroom have you?

FRANK  
Oh no. They've been in the spare  
room. I kept them together.

Don stand up and looks at the urns carefully.

DON  
Which one is Elizabeth?

Frank turns one upside down.

Don spots the label: DON

He raises an eyebrow.

Frank hands Don the other urn.

Don holds it to his chest.

Frank hands Don the second urn.

FRANK  
You'll need this.

DON  
Not just yet though.

**INT . BANK - DAY**

Don's fists are clenched as he stands awkwardly in line.

He pulls out a pile of documents and books from his inside pocket and fiddles with them nervously.

He drops them as he steps forward to the counter.

He mutters to himself as he gathers up the papers.

He straightens up and tries to compose himself as he hands the documents to the CASHIER.

The cashier flicks through them without looking up.

DON  
I want to take some money out.  
Please.

The cashier continues flicking through the papers.

She looks up at Don as she begins bashing away at her keyboard.

Don's fist clench as she looks at him, looks at the screen and looks at the papers.

CASHIER  
I'm afraid that won't be possible  
today Sir.

Don stares at her.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Those accounts have all been  
closed. All funds have been  
withdrawn.

Don's eyes scan the bank for somebody to explain to him what the fuck is going on.

DON  
No. No. You've made a mistake. My  
savings. Everything was in there.

The cashier makes a point of banging the keyboard as she checks again.

CASHIER  
There is a note on your account.

Don leans in trying to read it.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
You have some documents stored  
here. Would you like me to get  
them?

Don nods.

DON  
Of course.

**INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY**

Don, brow furrowed staring at a pile of documents.

He flicks through them, his eyes scanning the text. He shakes his head as he reads.

DON  
In English?

The BANK MANAGER, early 30's, and desperate to impress, gathers up the papers. He flicks through them and prepares to make his speech.

DON (CONT'D)

In English.

BANK MANAGER

Basically Mr Swan, what these documents mean, is basically, you are now a part of the landed gentry.

DON

I did say English.

BANK MANAGER

You are no longer merely Mr Swan. You are now Laird Swan of Garag.

The Bank Manager waits for Don to perform a dance or jump up from his seat. He doesn't.

The Bank Manager sits down, pauses while he thinks of another way to explain.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

Mr Swan, basically what this means is that as of your late wife's passing, you inherited the title of Laird of Garag.

DON

But she never...

The Bank Manager flicks through the papers. He pulls one out.

BANK MANAGER

These are copies of the legal documents that are stored with your solicitor. But in a nutshell, basically your wife invested your money in an island.

Don is struggling to take this in.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

I must admit it did seem like a bargain at the time. She got a whole island, including the Laird's Mansion, she said she had to invest it quickly.

Don grabs the documents back and flicks through them.

DON  
All the money? Everything? On an  
island? What the...

The Bank Manager backs away.

BANK MANAGER  
Apparently it's a beautiful place.

Don slams the papers down on the desk.

DON  
Great.

**EXT. CROSBY BEACH - DAY**

Don and Frank walking between the life-sized bronze figures  
at the ANOTHER PLACE exhibition on the beach.

DON  
What the hell was she thinking?

FRANK  
You'll be safer there.

DON  
But why did she never...

FRANK  
Maybe she just never got the  
chance.

Don looks out at one of the figures. The sea up to its neck.

DON  
Every penny? What was she...

FRANK  
It was hard for her Don. She  
didn't have to stick around.

Don stands next to one of the cast iron figures and looks up  
at its expressionless face.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
And moving to the hospice...

DON  
Don't. Don't say another word.

Don walks towards the water. Frank watches him for a moment.



Gives him space.

DON (CONT'D)

She did say she wanted to own a hotel one day. I said it sounded lovely.

Don kicks about in the sand.

DON (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it though. I just agreed with her for an easy life. But we did say that one day we would. One day we'd have our own hotel. It was just the kind of crap you say for a quiet life.

Frank gives Don a moment as the two men watch distant wind turbines turning.

FRANK

You know if you stay here...you know eventually...

DON

Yeah. I know. But do I really want to be running away? At my age?

The two men turn and head back towards drier sand.

FRANK

It could be a great opportunity.

Don laughs to himself.

DON

I've no idea what a Laird even does.

**INT. FRANKS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Don sits next to Frank on the sofa as Frank types away on a laptop.

FRANK

Right, here we go. Laird. Scottish land owner. Part of landed gentry. Below a Baron but above an Esquire.

DON

So...

FRANK  
Apparently your full title will be  
The Much Honoured Laird Of Garag.  
Impressive. I'll still call you  
Don though.

Don grabs the laptop. He slams the lid shut.

DON  
Load of nonsense.

Frank is left sitting as Don SLAMS the door on the way out.

**INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Frank pours milk onto a bowl of cereal. Don paces around the kitchen. Fists clenched. Muttering to himself.

FRANK  
You can stay here if you want.  
Take a few days to get your head  
straight. Just keep the curtains  
closed.

Don picks up the urn from the table. He clutches it to his chest.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
The longer you stay, the more  
chance there is of them finding  
you.

Don takes a deep breath. He kisses the urn.

DON  
No. It's fine. We'll go today.

Frank gives him a look.

DON (CONT'D)  
Am I still ok for a lift?

Frank's face says 'no'.

FRANK  
Yes, of course.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY**

The gates close as the Jaguar leaves the quiet street.

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

Don in the passenger seat, the urn on his lap. Frank, unable to hide his tension with his shades, waits to pull out at a junction.

DON

Before we go, take me to see him again. There's something I need to know.

Frank drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

FRANK

I'm not sure Don...we've both...

DON

I need to see him.

**EXT. LOGISTICS4U - DAY**

Frank is still drumming on the steering wheel.

DON

You gonna' pack that in? You're like Keith Moon.

FRANK

Don, just think about it. You can be away from all of this. Forget all about it.

DON

Forget about what? Forget about that asshole hounding Elizabeth to her death?

Frank is exasperated.

FRANK

But you've got the chance of a new start. To move on. A new life.

Don opens the car door. He pauses.

DON

I don't think I'll ever be able to move on.

Don has spotted Ray McDermott leaving the office block, heading for his car.

DON (CONT'D)

Ray!

Ray turns around.

DON (CONT'D)

Got a minute?

Ray looks around...

RAY

Only if you've got something for me.

Ray waits for Don to approach him.

Don swaggers towards him, bouncing on his toes as he gets closer.

RAY (CONT'D)

I knew I could trust you. You've never let me down.

Don stops in front of Ray. He stares at him.

DON

No, I've never let you down.

Don gets twitchy.

Frank senses something.

Don reaches into his inside pocket.

Pulls out a **COSH**.

**BANG**

Ray takes a BLOW to the side of the head. He staggers.

Don contemplates his next move.

Enjoying the power. He follows Ray.

RAY

You'd better finish me.

**BANG.**

The COSH cracks the top of Ray's head.

Don's eyes are wild. Out of control.

**BANG BANG BANG.**

Ray is a crumpled heap.

Don takes a breath. He's in shock.

He throws the cosh to the ground.

He turns. Walks slowly back to the car.

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

The engine is already revving. Frank throws his head back.

FRANK

What the...?

Don SLAMS his door.

DON

Go!

The car SCREECHES away.

**EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT**

The Jaguar speeds North up the M6.

**INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT**

Frank, hunched over the wheel.

Don slumped back in his seat.

FRANK

It's not just you though is it? I came back to do you a favour. Old times an all that...and now...you've...you've...

DON

What? What have I done?

FRANK

What about all the meditation Ghandi mumbo jumbo? All the peace crap? What about all that?

Don shrugs his shoulders.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You've made things very difficult for me Don. I'm meant to back in Spain today.

DON

It wasn't my intention. I didn't mean to. I just wanted to...I don't know...I just wanted to do something for Elizabeth. You'd do the same for your family Frank.

Frank understands, but that doesn't mean he's any less pissed off.

**EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT**

The Jaguar passes the "WELCOME TO SCOTLAND" sign.

**INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT**

Don and Frank waiting in the self-service queue.

Frank piles food on his plate.

Don stands around. Unsure what to do. He eyes everybody with suspicion.

Frank grabs Don's plate and begins to fill it with food.

Don pulls the plate away.

FRANK

It's steak pie.

Don grabs the plate back and scrapes the pie back into the tray.

He puts the plate down and snatches a plate of salad from a cabinet.

**EXT. HARBOUR - DAY**

The Jaguar pulls into the tiny car park.

**INT. JAGUAR - DAY**

Frank pulls on the handbrake and removes the key from the ignition. Don stares down at his feet.

FRANK  
This is it.

Don doesn't look up.

Don lifts his head and stares out at the ferry that waits in the harbour.

Frank, nervous, scans the car park.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You'll be fine. If you stay.

Don's gaze doesn't shift from the ferry.

Don turns to face Frank.

DON  
Most people dream of a chance like this.

FRANK  
You can't go back.

DON  
Where do I go? What do I do?

FRANK  
You just have to stay Don. That's it. Just stay.

Don opens the door and drags himself out. Frank follows him. He opens the boot and passes the rucksack to Don.

Don looks over at a COUPLE in the middle of an emotional farewell embrace

Don looks Frank in the eye.

DON  
I don't like running away.

FRANK  
It's not running away. It's more like retirement.

Frank peels back the carpet in the boot of the car. He pulls out another holdall and passes it to Don.

Don unzips it and peeks in.

**BUNDLES OF BANK NOTES**

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Don't forget your pension.

DON  
Thanks for everything Frank. I'm  
sorry.

Frank slams the boot shut. He turns away from Don.

Don stands and watches as Frank climbs back into the car and drives away.

He takes deep breaths as he stares out to:

The **ISLE OF GARAG** in the distance.

Don parks himself on a wooden bench and waits for the ferry. He holds the urn in both hands and stares at it, lost in his thoughts for a moment until...

3 GOATS and 2 SHEEP run towards him.

They are followed by NILS, early 20's, sunglasses and floppy fringe, looks more like a singer from an 80's indie band than a farmer.

The sheep and the goats stop right in front of Don.

ARCHIE  
Sorry about this. They always wait here. They like the routine. They're great on the farm, but a taste of freedom and they go nuts.

Don nods.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
They'll pee all over the place. Wanting to make their mark wherever they go.

Don thinks about petting them - he changes his mind.

Don nods again.

The goats jump up and start trying to lick Don.

Don doesn't move.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
It must be your smell. Down girls. Down. I really am sorry.  
(MORE)



ARCHIE (CONT'D)

They're always excited when they get here. They know they're nearly home. I think we're all the same. Whenever you've been away, you can't wait to get back to your own home.

Don stands up and brushes himself down.

DON

When's the next ferry?

ARCHIE

Another half hour yet.

Archie looks Don up and down. Don smiles.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Well, I suppose I'll see you later. I've got to...You could give me a hand if you want.

Don raises an eyebrow.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Another time maybe?

Archie rounds up the goats and the sheep and bundles them into the back of his van.

**EXT. GARAG - DAY**

Don's face is a little green from the crossing.

He unzips his jacket and wipes the sweat from his forehead. This is not what Don expected.

He looks beyond the harbour to the white sands just along the coast. He watches a fishing boat as it moors in the harbour.

Don stops and listens. A seagull's squawk is the only sound.

He stops and looks around. He takes in the sights, sounds, but mostly the smells; salt, fish and seaweed.

Don screws up his nose. Freedom shouldn't smell this bad.

His attention is caught by a figure in bright yellow waterproofs power-hosing the hull of a small fishing boat.

Don looks around the harbour. There's nobody else to ask for directions. He decides to approach the figure in yellow.

DON  
'scuse me.

The hosing continues.

DON (CONT'D)  
'scuse me...

His voice is still being drowned out. Don thinks about tapping the figure on the shoulder. He decides against it when he notices the standpipe.

Don turns off the tap.

The figure turns around. The hose pipe is thrown to the ground. The yellow hooded figure stomps towards Don.

The hood comes down and reveals a head of long, luxurious, blonde hair.

This is SUZANNE MCDUFF.

Don watches spellbound as she pulls her hair back into a pony tail. Her 54 year old face could be an image from mid-range moisturiser ad.

SUZANNE  
What the hell do you think you are doing?

DON  
Sorry, I was...

SUZANNE  
You shouldn't be here. You come off the ferry and you get onto the island. This is not a tourist area. Understand?

DON  
I was just...

SUZANNE  
People are busy. People have jobs to do. Livings to earn. So, get my tap turned on again and get away from my yard.

DON  
I just wanted directions

SUZANNE  
Directions? Go to the Post Office and buy a map.

Suzanne bundles past him and turns the hose back on.

This is not the welcome he expected.

He pulls a note from his pocket and tries to get his bearings.

**EXT. GARAG - DAY**

As Don emerges from the harbour he notices the palm trees that line the street.

Don shoves the note into his pocket and heads for the

**SHOP**

3 Goats and 2 Sheep tethered to an ice cream sign outside the shop.

**INT. SHOP - DAY**

Archie is browsing the biscuit shelf. He is followed by AUDREY, late 60's, never looks in a mirror, her idea of dressing up is wearing matching socks.

ARCHIE

Y'know, it never crossed my mind.  
Maybe it was him.

Archie is far more interested in browsing the tiny selection of biscuits and cakes.

AUDREY

So, is he ok? Does he seem presentable? Is he rough?

ARCHIE

You really need to be moving with the times. When was the last time you sold Tunnocks Tea Cakes. Belgian biscuits. That's what you need.

AUDREY

Did he speak to you? Was he pleasant?

ARCHIE

Maybe I'll start importing them. You can't be bothered with that.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll import them, sell them to you and buy them back off you at a discount.

AUDREY

So where is he now? Did he say what he was doing?

ARCHIE

That's why you need better biscuits. We've possibly got a new Laird on the island and the most sophisticated biscuit I can offer him is a Tunnocks Tea Cake. Poor show.

AUDREY

But does he look like a Laird?

Don enters the shop. Audrey and Archie stop their chat and stare..

ARCHIE

You tell me.

Don feels awkward...

He thinks about turning and leaving...

AUDREY

Good afternoon. Can I help you?

Don looks around the shop, checking it's him she's speaking to.

DON

I'm looking for...

ARCHIE

The Laird's house? You must be Don. You should have said. I'm Archie. I've been looking after your place.

Archie raises his hand for a high five.

Don is not the kind of man who high fives.

DON

I just want the key. I'm supposed to pick it up in the shop. This is the only shop?

Audrey opens the till and pulls out a key.

AUDREY

Let me get you something as a welcome present. What would you like? Choose anything you like from the shop. Just keep it under ten pounds.

Don holds out his hand for the key.

DON

That's very generous, but you really don't need to.

One look at Don's eyes and Audrey's cheeriness disappears. She hands him the key.

DON (CONT'D)

It's been a long day.

Don shoves the key in his pocket and heads for the door.

Archie beats him to it and holds the door open for him.

Don pauses, Archie makes an "after you" gesture.

Don nods at Archie as he leaves the shop.

**EXT. SHOP - DAY**

Archie unties his animals from the sign and bundles them into the back of his van.

Don watches - slightly bewildered. Once the animals are in and the door is slammed shut Archie approaches Don.

ARCHIE

Jump in. I'll give you a ride.

Don looks around. He has no choice.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Archie whistles as he drives. Don stares out of the windows. The sea on one side. Fields on the other.

The van starts to SHAKE as it heads up a dirt track.

It eventually pulls up outside a huge 19th century

**MANSION**

ARCHIE  
Your new home Mr Swann.

Don climbs out.

Speechless.

He takes in the sweeping drive and the immaculate topiary.  
Don is lost in his own thoughts.

**INT. MANSION - DAY**

Archie stops Don from closing the door as they enter the house.

ARCHIE  
Let me get my torch. The shutters  
are stuck.

Archie pulls out a torch and quietly closes the door behind him.

Archie shines the torch around room. It's like something from Scooby Doo.

A GIANT STAG'S HEAD, CHANDELIERS, OIL PAINTINGS, GILDED MIRRORS, SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

All covered in layers of dust.

Don SNEEZES.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Bless you.

DON  
The lights?

Archie shines the torch on a huge BRASS LIGHT SWITCH.

ARCHIE  
There we have a slight problem Mr Swan.

DON  
We do?

ARCHIE  
We do.

Archie takes a box of matches from his pocket and begins lighting dozens of candles in elaborate candelabras.

As the flames flicker, the shadows of Archie and Don dominate the walls.

Don follows Archie as they tread softly past the staircase and into

### **ARCHIE'S ROOM**

A SLEEPING BAG on the floor. Piles of BOOKS about SHEEP, GOATS and CHEESE MAKING scattered around the room.

DON

So...Is this where I'll be living?

ARCHIE

No! You're the Laird. Well you can sleep here if you want. You can do what you like. You're the Laird.

DON

...and this house? It isn't all...I mean who else lives here?

ARCHIE

It's all yours.

DON

The whole house?

ARCHIE

Not just this house. You own the island.

Don knew this - but the reality of it is hard to take in.

He stands in silence as he watches the shadows dancing on the walls.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

The Laird's room is upstairs.

Don follows Archie out of the room and up the

### **SPIRAL STAIRCASE**

Don runs his fingers through the dust as they climb the stairs.

Archie leads Don into a huge

### **BEDROOM**

FOUR POSTER BED, CHAISE LOUNGE, MORE ANIMAL HEADS AND OIL PAINTINGS.

Do watches as Archie lights some candles.

DON  
I'll never get to sleep in here.  
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Don, fully dressed, fast asleep.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Don alone on the vast, white beach. Melancholy.

Something in the distance catches his attention.

**A HERD OF COWS** ambling down from the fields and onto the beach. Some of them are paddling in the water. Don's mood lifts slightly as he watches the cows.

He mutters something under his breath as he almost smiles.

**EXT. SHOP - DAY**

Don sits on the wall outside the shop. He checks his watch. Then checks the opening times in the shop window.

He looks around. The place is empty. He's just about to give up when the shop door opens.

**INT. SHOP - DAY**

Audrey stands in the doorway. Still in her dressing gown.

Don tries not to be horrified by the sight and manages a smile.

AUDREY  
I saw you from the window. I  
wasn't going to bother opening. I  
fancied another cuppa before I  
started.

DON  
Well, that's very...kind.

AUDREY  
So what is it you're wanting then?

Don scans the shelves.



DON  
I was looking for a newspaper.  
Doesn't matter which one. Just  
something to read.

Audrey changes the sign on the door back to closed.

AUDREY  
Oh you'll need to wait for the  
second ferry for a newspaper.

Don continues scanning the shelves to avoid looking at  
Audrey.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
I don't know why you'd want to  
bother with a newspaper anyway.  
Every time I pick one up it's all  
sadness and death.

Audrey leaves the word 'death' hanging in the air. She  
inspects Don's face for a reaction.

DON  
Maybe I'll give them up.

He heads for the door.

The door slams behind him.

It hits Don. This is a whole new life.

#### **EXT. SHOP - DAY**

Don leaves the shop, slightly bewildered as he attempts to  
come to terms with his new title and new life.

He heads down towards the harbour.

He notices Suzanne unlocking her

#### **WORKSHOP**

Suzanne jangles her keys as she notices Don.

Don smiles to himself and raises his hand to wave.

Suzanne enters the workshop and SLAMS the door behind her.

Don puts his hand down as he checks that nobody was watching.

Don mutters under his breath and kicks the ground.

He looks out to the sea and takes in deep breaths.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Archie scattering hay around the field as Don watches in the distance.

Not just the three goats we have seen, but a herd of ten. They follow Archie as he runs around the field throwing bundles of hay behind him.

Archie notices Don coming towards him. Archie smiles as he throws a bundle of hay towards Don.

The goats rampage towards Don. Don freezes until the goats tuck into their food.

ARCHIE  
Morning Laird.

DON  
Morning, and can you not...

ARCHIE  
Just having you on..

Don dances tiptoes his way past the excited goats.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You finding your way around?

DON  
Yeah...it's a beautiful place.

Archie heads towards his van. Don follows him.

Archie pulls out a bag of food and throws it over his shoulder. Don follows him.

ARCHIE  
This is the good stuff.

Archie drops the bag into a feeding tray.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
The hay is just to get them running about. This stuff, if a goat was going out for a meal, this is the stuff they would order.

Don empties his bag.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 If I put good stuff into them, then  
 good stuff comes out.

Don brushes himself down and smells his clothes.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 If I want these beauties to look  
 after me...

The goats bound over to the feeding tray.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 It's all about what you put in.  
 INT. MANSION - SERVANT'S ROOM -  
 NIGHT

Don on the mattress staring up at the ceiling. A dozen  
 candles flicker around the room.

Archie appears in the doorway. Don doesn't move.

Archie watches him for a moment.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 I could get the lights fixed.

Don turns his head to face Archie.

DON  
 I'll do it.

ARCHIE  
 It's my job, it's what I...

DON  
 I'm here now. I'll do it. I need  
 to do something.

Archie's smile drops for the first time.

DON (CONT'D)  
 I'm the Laird. I'll do it.

Archie thinks about sitting in the armchair, but thinks  
 better of it and waits for permission.

DON (CONT'D)  
 Go on son.

Archie carefully sits down. Don sits up and leans against  
 the wall.

ARCHIE  
You think you'll like it here?

DON  
I don't have a choice.

ARCHIE  
A man like you...you can do what  
you like.

Don smiles to himself as he thinks "if only you knew".

For a second Don contemplates telling Archie about the kind  
of man he is. He decides against it.

Archie blows a candle out.

DON  
How long have you been living like  
this?

ARCHIE  
Oh a while now. It could be worse.  
You should always remember that.

Don stand up. The candlelight and shadows flickering across  
his still battered and bruised face.

His fist clench.

Don picks up the candle Archie has recently extinguished. He  
squeezes it in his fist.

Don looks around the room.

DON  
Don't say that to me son.

Don notices the wax sticking to his hand and tries to clean  
it.

Archie thinks about offering some advice, he waits until  
Don's scowl subsides.

Don shakes his head and then looks at his hands.

DON (CONT'D)  
What a mess.

ARCHIE  
The best thing is to leave it a  
while, then peel it off. The  
longer you leave it, the easier it  
gets.

Don nods, he smiles. He's not apologising, but he does feel embarrassed by his actions.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I've got thousands of candles here.  
I picked them up when I was at IKEA  
on the mainland.

Don smiles at Archie's effervescent attitude.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, am I getting on you wick?

Don nods.

DON  
A little.

ARCHIE  
Come on, we'll go to the pub. I'll  
wax lyrical about Garag.

Don shakes his head. A genuine smile now. He likes this fella'.

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

It's 1974 in here. The music. The tables. The beer pumps.

The black plastic price list is missing both letters and numbers.

**Gu n es £ .95**

The barman fits perfectly in this environment. IDRIS is late 50's, straw hair tied back in a pony tail. His beard contains enough food to feed a family for a week.

He is in the middle of drying and putting away glasses when the door opens.

Archie enters first.

ARCHIE  
Say hello to our new Laird.

Don follows Archie in.

Idris blows into a glass and rubs it with his sleeve.

He stares at Don for a moment. The stare has terrified hundreds over the years.

Don stares back.

Idris blows into the glass again. He holds the glass up to the light.

IDRIS

No smears. Can't stand smears and smudges.

Don and Archie pull up stools at the bar.

Don holds his hand out for Idris to shake. Idris isn't sure at first. But Don is not taking his hand back.

Eventually Idris grabs his hand. Very firmly.

The two men lock eyes again.

DON

I didn't catch your name.

IDRIS

My name? My name is Idris.

DON

Welsh? Isn't it?

IDRIS

It is.

Idris pours a couple of pints.

ARCHIE

This man runs the best pub on Garag. You won't get beer like this man serves anywhere else on the island.

Idris is not amused at being made fun of in front of Don.

He slams a pint glass in front of Archie.

DON

Not a bad little place you've got here.

Idris puts a glass in front of Don.

DON (CONT'D)

I don't...

Idris looks puzzled.

IDRIS

Don't?

DON  
 Drink. I don't drink.

ARCHIE  
 I didn't realise you'd been an  
 alcoholic.

There is a very awkward silence as Don and Idris avoid each others gaze.

Archie is completely unaware of what he has said and casually sips his pint.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 Did I tell you this was a surprise party?

DON  
 Party?

ARCHIE  
 Yeah. A welcome for you.

Don casts an eye around the empty pub.

IDRIS  
 People are busy. It's still early.

DON  
 I'm not sure this...

Archie jumps off his stool.

ARCHIE  
 I'll go and round everyone up.

Idris grabs hold of Archie's sleeve.

IDRIS  
 Do you really think that's a good idea.

DON  
 Go on Archie. I think Idris and I will be fine.

Archie looks at Don. Then at Idris. He goes.

Leaving Don and Idris alone in the pub. Don stares at the bar. Idris busies himself with glasses.

IDRIS  
 Look Mr Swann, I'm the kind of man who likes to know where he stands.  
 (MORE)

IDRIS (CONT'D)  
I don't believe in beating around  
the bush. If something needs to be  
said, then say it.

Don looks up and meets Idris' gaze. He holds it.

DON  
Idris. I don't know you. I have  
only just met you. Maybe we'll get  
on. Maybe we won't.

Idris puts the glasses and clothes away.

IDRIS  
I just need to know where I stand.

Don continues to stare - forcing Idris to speak.

IDRIS (CONT'D)  
This is, between you and me, a  
funny place. That lot out there  
can make your life hell.

Don's expression doesn't change. He just stares at Idris,  
looking for clues in his facial expressions.

IDRIS (CONT'D)  
They've seen off a lot of people.  
If they like you, you'll never want  
to leave. If they don't, well...

Don nods.

Idris relaxes slightly.

IDRIS (CONT'D)  
The mood out there...well...you'll  
find out for yourself.

Don looks out of the window.

DON  
I'm grateful for you honesty Idris.  
I am. But I don't think you need  
to worry about me.

IDRIS  
Maybe I don't. But I'm a Christian  
man Mr Swann. I want to make you  
as welcome as possible on Garag.  
Now you can choose to ignore my  
advice if you wish, but I feel it  
is my duty as a Christian man to  
help you if I can.



DON

I do appreciate it Idris. I will listen, but I have to do what I feel is right. I'm sure you understand.

IDRIS

Oh I understand. We all have to do what we have to do. Isn't that right?

Don is back on the defensive. He holds Idris' gaze again.

IDRIS (CONT'D)

You see, what the people here want is simple. They want any incomers to the island to just take an interest. Be involved. Make an effort.

Don just nods again.

IDRIS (CONT'D)

If you can do that, then the people here will take you to their hearts.

Don straightens up. He pulls his shoulders back.

DON

Well, between you and me Idris. I really don't care what people think about me or what they say about me. I'm here for a reason. I've made a promise and I'm keeping that. And, let's make this clear. Nobody is going to stop me. Is that understood?

Despite his size and bulk, Idris suddenly looks tiny as he faces Don's steely gaze.

### **INT. PUB - NIGHT**

Don and Idris' face off is over. Don is reading a book about fishing at the end of the bar while Idris cleans. He looks up from his book. Don looks around the empty pub. SHONA, 19, a half-hearted Goth stomps in.

SHONA

This place is full of idiots. It's a wonder they can breathe for themselves.

Don puts his book down. He smiles at Shona.

IDRIS

I was just telling Mr Swan. This is the kind of place where it pays to be liked...

SHONA

Liked? By that lot?

IDRIS

I mean, if you want to get on...you have to play their game.

Shona snorts.

SHONA

Well you can if you want. But I'm not playing games with anyone.

Don nods his approval.

**INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The room lit by candles. Don slumped in a comfy old armchair. Archie BARGES in. Don sits up.

DON

I'd prefer you to knock.

ARCHIE

Aye you would, but you wouldn't answer.

DON

Where have you been?

Archie produces two bottles of whisky from behind his back. Don tries to pretend he's pissed off at being disturbed.

DON (CONT'D)

I'm tired.

Archie ignores him and begins looking through the cupboards, he pulls out two glasses. Don sits up.

DON (CONT'D)

Not for me.

Archie ignores him and fills the two glasses.

DON (CONT'D)

No, you have one if you want.

Archie hands him the glass. Don refuses to take it.

ARCHIE  
What's the problem?

DON  
I've told you, I don't.

Archie laughs.

ARCHIE  
Don't talk rubbish man. Listen, if  
you want to get by on Garag then  
you're going to have to learn to  
take a drink.

DON  
It's been twenty years. I'm not  
starting again.

ARCHIE  
Well you'll enjoy it all the more  
if it's been so long. I don't know  
how you've managed though.

DON  
I've told you.

Archie pushes a glass towards Don. Temptation....

ARCHIE  
Come on man, take a sip.

Don grabs Archie's hand to stop him pushing the glass.

DON  
I said no.

Don looks Archie in the eye.

ARCHIE  
Do you mind if I?

Don relaxes slightly.

DON  
Of course not.

Archie downs one. Then another.

Then another.

Don shakes his head.

**Later**

Archie pours the last drops from one bottle and opens the other.

ARCHIE

Nah man, there's a shortage of good women. All the good ones leave. That's the problem with the place. You've got Suzanne I suppose. She's alright. Not a bad looking woman for her age I suppose. A bit...

DON

A bit? Archie takes a sip and considers his answer.

ARCHIE

What was I saying?

Don laughs.

DON

I don't know.

ARCHIE

Suzanne! That's it. Suzanne. The lovely Suzanne.

Don takes a sip and shakes his head.

DON

I'm not interested.

Don looks over at Archie.

DON (CONT'D)

You listening?

No reply. Archie is fast asleep with the glass still in his hand. Archie suddenly PUKES.

A big lump of vomit on his chest.

Don reels at the sight and especially the smell.

Don looks around the room for something to clear up the sick. He picks up a towel, takes a deep breath and sets about cleaning Archie up.

**INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Don has Archie in a fireman's lift. He gently lowers him onto the bed, carefully places him into the recovery position and covers him with a blanket.

**INT. DON'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Don, restless, tossing and turning.

**EXT. HARBOUR BEACH - DAY**

A POLICE OFFICER, KENNY WILSON, a muscular man in his late 40's, strides purposefully towards the village.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

PC Wilson raps on the door. He looks up at the windows as he waits for the door to open. After a moment Don answers the door. He takes a step back when he sees the uniform.

PC WILSON

Mr Swan? Don looks him up and down.

DON

Laird Swan apparently.

PC Wilson smiles sarcastically.

PC WILSON

Of course. May I come in?

DON

No, I don't think so. PC Wilson nods and looks around.

PC WILSON

Very well, this isn't a social call anyway. I'm here to inform you that there has been a complaint about...

DON

A complaint? I've been here five minutes.

PC WILSON

Not a very good start to your...reign on the island is it?

DON

This complaint?

PC WILSON  
Noise. Noise Mr Swan.

Don looks around. There's not another building within sight of the mansion.

DON  
Very well. If you say so. I'll keep the noise down then. I don't want to upset anybody do I?

PC WILSON  
You most certainly do not Laird Swan.

He holds Don's gaze long enough to make Don shift uncomfortably.

**EXT. BEACH. DAY**

Archie hungover and ill as he strolls along the beach with Don.

ARCHIE  
Best hangover cure in the world.  
Nothing like the sea air in your lungs.

Don looks at Archie's still green face. They walk in silence for a moment. Don looks all around him - trying to come to terms with his new environment.

Archie ponders for a moment - he tries to think of something to say. Don looks out to sea - gazing into the distance.

The two men walk in silence. Don stops.

He watches as a tiny CRAB scurries across the sand.

He picks up a handful of pebbles and throws them into the sea.

**EXT. HARBOUR - DAY**

Don watches as SEAGULLS follow a FISHING BOAT into the harbour.

He looks across as a CAR boards the FERRY.

Don takes a deep breath and sighs.

**INT. SHOP - DAY**

Audrey is busy stacking shelves when Shona enters in.

AUDREY  
So, it's official then. Our new  
Laird is a... Audrey casts a glance  
at Shona then returns to her work.

SHONA  
Is a what Audrey?

AUDREY  
You saw Kenny Wilson earlier. He's  
not had reason to come here for  
four years. Then that man  
arrives...

SHONA  
And why was he here?

Audrey suddenly finds more shelves to stack.

AUDREY  
Well of course he wouldn't give me  
specifics. But the fact that he was  
here speaks volumes don't you  
think?

**EXT. HARBOUR -DAY**

Don, deep in thought as he gazes out towards the mainland.

He looks up as a **GOAT** approaches him.

Don turns around.

Archie has the other goats and the sheep on leads. He  
struggles to untie them as they continually tie themselves in  
knots. Don manages to raise a smile as he watches Archie get  
more and more flustered.

DON  
Need a hand?

ARCHIE  
No, no, I can manage.

Don watches the loose goat as it rummages through a bin.

DON  
What about that one?

Don grabs the goat by the collar and pulls it towards Archie.

ARCHIE  
She's a slippery one. The slightest  
chance and she's off.

Don looks at the creatures.

DON  
I think you need to handle them  
differently. You're too...

Archie finally untangles them all.

ARCHIE  
Too?

DON  
Nothing. You seem to know what  
you're doing.

Archie reaches into his pocket and pulls out a piece of  
cheese and a bread roll.

ARCHIE  
My way of saying thank you.

Don raises an eyebrow.

Archie rolls his eyes.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I'm embarrassed. I don't..

DON  
Don't be. It's fine. It happened  
and that's that.

Archie hands Don the cheese.

ARCHIE  
You can be the first in the world  
to try this. It's laced with honey.  
That's where I'd been when I was  
coming back on the ferry. I've got  
a bee-keeper friend on the  
mainland.

Don eyes the cheese suspiciously.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I've not even tasted it. I wanted  
you to be...I wanted your opinion.



Don breaks open the cheese. Wary. He holds it to his nose. It doesn't smell as bad as he expected.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
What are you still doing here anyway? Haven't you got some lairding to be doing?

Don flicks his tongue at the cheese. He looks at it again.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd be winning friends and influencing people by now. Or collecting rents.

Don bites off a piece of the cheese. He holds it in his mouth for a few seconds. Frowns. He swallows it. He looks at Archie. He doesn't die. Archie waits nervously for Don's opinion.

DON  
You made this?

Archie hesitates.

ARCHIE  
Yes...

Don looks at the goats.

DON  
From them?

ARCHIE  
You like it? Don takes another bite. He nods his head as he savours the flavour.  
INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shadows bouncing around the wall as Don attempts to read a newspaper by candlelight.

Don gets frustrated and throws the newspaper down. He stares at the candle

He stands up from his seat and storms out of the room.

**INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Archie is washing pots and pans in the sink. The door flies open.

Don notices the fridge is open. The light is on.

Don closes the fridge door. He opens it again.

He looks at the light.

DON  
Where's the fuse box?

ARCHIE  
The?

DON  
Fuse box?

Archie shrugs his shoulders.

Don surveys the kitchen.

He spots a cupboard. He opens the door.

Don looks at Archie and shakes his head.

He flicks a switch in the cupboard.

The kitchen is suddenly bathed in light.

ARCHIE  
Oh...

Don is unsure whether to berate Archie or throw his arms around the useless lump...

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd had it cut off...

Don completely bemused.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Laird's have done that sort of stuff to us before.

Don looks offended.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You didn't have it cut off did you?

DON  
You really think... Archie notices Don's expression.

ARCHIE  
No...no...I don't...

DON  
How long has it been like that?

ARCHIE

Just a few days. To be honest, I quite liked it. Added a little drama to the place.

Archie dries his hand on a tea-towel.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Y'know what? We should celebrate.

DON

I'm not sure this is something to be celebrated.

Archie turns the light switch off. Then on. Then off. Then on.

Don waits while Archie carefully considers his words.

ARCHIE

I really do prefer the place by candlelight.

Don gives him an "are you stupid?" look.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

It makes the house look, makes it feel more...I just find it...

DON

Look, if it's such a big deal, then just turn your lights off. The thing on the wall does that. Magic.

Archie smiles.

ARCHIE

Aah, the magic of electricity. If we can't raise a glass to the genius of Thomas Edison...

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Archie sips his pint. Don nurses a glass of orange juice. Idris watches them carefully as he busies himself around the bar.

DON

Is it difficult? Making cheese? It just seems a bit...risky. Archie takes another sip of his beer. His eyes light up at the chance to talk about cheese.

ARCHIE

You create an ideal place for microorganisms to grow, and then you add the specific microorganisms you want to grow.

Don nods.

DON

Ok.

ARCHIE

The whole process is about control. You control the temperature. You control what goes in. You control what grows and what doesn't. If you make a mistake you end up with a mess.

Don nods again.

IDRIS

He boring you with his cheese nonsense.

Idris laughs to himself.

DON

This boy's onto something. You ever tried his cheese.

IDRIS

Cheese is cheese. He adds all kind of nonsense. Sometimes it's best to leave things alone.

EXT. SHOP - NIGHT

Don walking ahead of Archie who is a little worse for wear but not completely drunk.

ARCHIE

Once my international cheese empire had made a million they'll have a statue of me here. People will come from all over to see the place where it all started.

DON

They will. Of course they will.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Frank's JAGUAR sitting outside.

**INT. MANSION - DON'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Don on his bed staring at the two urns. Don doesn't realise Archie is watching from the doorway.

DON  
I'm leaving. I'm not meant to be here.

ARCHIE  
Is this about Audrey? She hates everybody. Don't take it personally.

Don carefully places the urns on a bedside cabinet.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You can't let her drive you away.  
Don stands up.

He begins pacing around the room. Archie watches him.

Don paces faster and faster.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You can't let her win.

Don pulls a chair out for Archie. Archie sits down.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You could be what we need.

Don looks Archie in the eye.

DON  
See? That's it. I don't want that.  
I just want...

Archie stands up again. He looks Don in the eye.

ARCHIE  
I need...no...the island needs...

DON  
I don't want to be needed. I don't want to be in the middle of this...

Don's expression changes. He suddenly looks old and weak.

DON (CONT'D)  
I'm just not strong enough. I'd rather go back and face my...face whatever it is. I just...Give me one good reason why I should stay.

Archie turns his back on Don.

Don watches as Archie walks out of the room.

Don paces around the room again.

He looks out of the window. His reflection stares back at him.

Don sits on the bed. Head in his hands.

A hand on his shoulder.

Archie towering over him.

ARCHIE

I wouldn't tell you what to do. But  
you asked me to give you one good  
reason to stay.

Don looks at the urns.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I really don't think it's for me to  
give you a reason.

**INT. MANSION - DON'S ROOM - DAY**

Don waking up as a shaft of sunlight creeps through a gap in the curtains. Don rubs his eyes. He pulls his sheet off. Scratches his balls. Stands up. He pulls the curtains back slowly.

**INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY**

Don inspecting the wrinkles, nooks and crannies on his face and the bags under his eyes.

**INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY**

He opens his wardrobe. Just a couple of shirts and a pair of jeans. Don removes them carefully from their hangers, folds them and packs them into the holdall.

He carefully covers the urns in bubble-wrap and packs them into the bag.

**EXT. SHOP - DAY**

Audrey sips a cup of tea in the shop doorway. She spots Don heading towards the harbour and runs into the shop.

She emerges a few seconds later clutching an envelope.

Audrey waddles after Don as he strides along the path.

**EXT. HARBOUR - DAY**

3 Goats and 2 sheep tethered to a bench.

**EXT. HARBOUR - DAY**

A ferry in the distance heading towards the island.

Don is making his way towards the jetty. He spots the 3 goats and 2 sheep.

He looks around for Archie.

**EXT. HARBOUR - DAY**

Don is allowing the sheep and goats to lick his hands as he continues to pat and stroke them.

Audrey marches up behind him. Don turns around to face her.

AUDREY

Good morning Mr Swan.

Don turns away again.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

The Isle of Garag Community Council has reached a unanimous decision.

DON

I'm sure you have.

The goats and sheep turn their attention to Audrey. She backs away.

AUDREY

We have absolutely no confidence in you as Laird of Garag.

DON

Really? We?

AUDREY

It is with great regret Mr Swan  
that I...

DON

With great regret?

AUDREY

It gives me absolutely no pleasure  
Mr Swan. Please be assured that..

The ferry has docked. A handful of passengers leave the ferry  
and head off onto the island.

DON

You can get back to your shop.

Audrey hands Don an envelope.

AUDREY

This says...

Don lets Audrey's envelope drop to the floor.

Audrey thinks about picking it up, but she looks at Don's  
expression and takes a step back. She's scared.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

There's nobody looking after the  
shop...I need to...

ARCHIE

Don! Don!

Don's posture changes. He relaxes and looks smaller. Much  
less threatening. He waits as Archie comes running towards  
him.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I thought you'd gone. I thought I'd  
missed you.

Don shakes his head.

DON

No son. I'm not going anywhere.

Audrey walks away muttering to herself.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Frank's JAGUAR still sitting outside.



A key in the front door.

**FOUR MEN** in Black Ski jackets enter the house.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Don arranging shells into a love heart. He uses his hand to dig a small hole in the middle of the heart.

Don unzips his bag. He pulls out an urn. He opens it carefully.

He tilts it a little. A tiny cloud of ash floats out. He pours the rest of the ash into the hole and then covers it with sand.

He uses shells to spell out:

**DON & LIZ**

**FADE OUT**