

'Black Mirror: Eulogy'

by

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YELLOW REVISIONS

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NETFLIX

BROKE & BONES

1

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

1

A pair of roses against dark green foliage --

In comes a pair of hands -- holding secateurs - pruning around them.

A man we'll come to know as PHILIP is gardening, his face leaden. Like he hasn't smiled often this decade.

Ouch! He recoils. Pricked his finger.

Just then he hears a phone ringing from inside the house.

2

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

2

The hallway is cramped, old-fashioned. Philip enters, wiping his boots on the mat. The phone - an old landline - is still ringing.

As he walks towards it - it stops. He sighs and turns to walk away when it RINGS AGAIN.

He scoops up the receiver.

PHILIP

Hello?

On the other end, a man's voice. An Indian accent. We'll call him KARTHIK.

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Hello - am I speaking to Mr Philip Connarthy?

PHILIP

It's pronounced *Connarty*-

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Apologies, Philip Connarty-

PHILIP

- and I'm happy with my current electric company -

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Sorry?

PHILIP

- well not *happy* but not interested in *changing* - you guys keep ringing but -

KARTHIK (V.O.)

I'm not from an energy supplier Mr Connarty. I'm calling on behalf of a Miss Kelly Royce.

PHILIP

I don't know a Kelly Royce -

KARTHIK (V.O.)

- absolutely but this regards Ms Royce's mother, Carol Royce.

PHILIP

I don't know a Carol Royce either -

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Her maiden name was Hartman. Carol Hartman.

Wham. Philip hasn't heard that name in a long time.

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Hello?

The wind's been knocked out of Philip.

PHILIP

Yes. I know the name -

(beat)

I knew her.

(Beat)

Sorry -- why are you calling?

KARTHIK (V.O.)

I'm afraid she passed away last Wednesday.

Philip has to sit.

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Her daughter wanted you to know she didn't suffer. It was peaceful.

Philip takes off his glasses. This has hit him.

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Hello?

PHILIP

Tell her I'm sorry for her loss.

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Of course -

PHILIP

Thank you for letting me know.

He's about to put the phone down when -

KARTHIK (V.O.)

There will of course be a funeral, in London, in England -

PHILIP
- in England -?

Philip mouths air for a moment -

PHILIP (CONT'D)
I - (can't) -

KARTHIK (V.O.)
No that's understood -- I'm not
calling about attendance, I'm from
a company called Eulogy.

PHILIP
Eulogy?

KARTHIK (V.O.)
We're helping the family curate an
immersive memorial...

PHILIP
"Immersive memorial".

KARTHIK (V.O.)
... and we've been contacting names
in her mother's old papers, which
is where you were listed.

PHILIP
I see -

KARTHIK (V.O.)
Locating people who knew Carol in
her youth has been challenging - if
you could contribute a memory it
would mean a great deal to the
family.

PHILIP
(reluctant)
Contribute, as in write something? -
it was so long ago and-

KARTHIK (V.O.)
(interrupting)
- no, you won't have to write
anything. The Eulogy system curates
your recollections and uploads them
for the family.
(beat)
It's entirely voluntary. Would you
like to take part?

PHILIP
Uh. I'm not sure -

KARTHIK (V.O.)

Like I said it's voluntary. If it's easier we can just send you the kit and you can decide then.

PHILIP

The kit?

3 EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY - LATER

3

An hour or so later a DHL branded DELIVERY DRONE with a package suspended from it lowers itself down as Philip opens the front door.

The drone drops the parcel, takes a photo of Philip as receipt and *zzzwhims* off into the sky.

4 INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

4

This is Philip's private upstairs office. Cluttered and homely. Looks like he was into music in some way. There's an acoustic guitar in one corner. A top-of-the-range 90s hifi set up in another, with a tape deck and a turntable.

He's opened the packaging and is looking at a box within. About the size of a chocolate box.

On the front, it says:

E U L O G Y

-- accompanied by a swirl of nostalgic images, clearly designed to evoke a sense of a generic-but-dead loved one. An evocative collage of other people's memories -- Super-8 footage, VHS recordings of family gatherings, iPhone memories...

At the bottom it says FULL SPECTRUM MEMORY CURATION.

Philip grunts dismissively and opens the lid -

-- to reveal a small EXPERIENCER DISC. About the size of a coin or an Apple AirTag.

He lifts it out. And touches it gingerly.

As his fingers pick it up it shivers and ACTIVATES. Blue LEDs twinkle and a female voice with a BRITISH ACCENT says:

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Hello.

Philip almost drops it in shock.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
(Almost playfully)
Hellooo?

There's a moment before Philip realises he can reply. He lifts it up and almost talks into it. It's a tad comic.

PHILIP
Hello?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
There you are! Is that Mr Connarthy?

PHILIP
Connarty. Not 'Connarthy'. I told the guy on the phone -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Sorry, they should've made a note of that.
(beat)
Also you don't have to speak directly into the device.

Philip lowers it, feeling faintly stupid and annoyed.

PHILIP
Sorry -

THE GUIDE
I've got a bit of an opening *spiel* I need to do here.

PHILIP
(impatient)
Go for it.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Okay.
(clears throat)
"Today we celebrate the life of Carol Royce..."

PHILIP
Okay -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
As guide, my role is to help you reminisce, relive and curate your fondest memories of her --

A small, bitter laugh from Philip.

PHILIP
Right.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Everything okay?

PHILIP
(tad exasperated)
Yeah - can we maybe skip the intro?
Just tell me what you need me to
do.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Okay. So first let's calibrate -

PHILIP
"Calibrate" how -

THE GUIDE
Just pop me on your temple.

PHILIP
Sorry what --

THE GUIDE
Simply place this experiencer disk
on your temple -

PHILIP
- like on the side of my -

He puts the disk on his temple- the lights glimmer some more.

THE GUIDE
That's it. Now all you have to do
is think of Carol -

PHILIP
Haven't done that for a long time -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Understood. But try to recall her
now - close your eyes -and picture
moments you spent together -

Philip sighs, and closes his eyes, a little reluctantly. The
lights on the device twinkle.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
I'm not getting anything *clear*...

PHILIP
Sorry - it's -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Just try to focus -

PHILIP
I am but it's hard (to) -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
- picture the past clearly?

He opens his eyes again.

PHILIP
Yes.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
At first getting hold of a memory
feels like trying to grab a river
with your hands -

Philip rolls his eyes and mutters under his breath *jesus-*

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Sorry, not my words. That's what
the brochure says.
(beat)
Basically it's normal for the
curation process to start in a haze
and get more stable as you go -

PHILIP
Sure.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
What helps are tangible prompts-
archive material basically.

PHILIP
Archive material -

THE GUIDE
Photos, songs, mementos - that kind
of thing.

PHILIP
Can't you supply photos?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
I'm not allowed to provide *external*
material, it'd get mixed up with
your memories; they do it this way
to keep the recollections accurate -

PHILIP
(interrupting)
Right right right-

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
If you grant access to your
photocloud, I can search for images
of Carol-

PHILIP
Smartphones and clouds didn't exist
back when I knew her.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Okay. But do you *have* photos?

5 INT. ATTIC - DAY - LATER

5

Philip opens a hatch door, with some effort.

MOMENTS LATER - he's hauled himself up there. He stoops toward a dusty shelf, covered in old mementos. Stacks of paper, boxes, old magazines and so on.

There's a large cardboard box with an old towel draped over it. He drags it out, whips off the towel - spilling dust. Clearly he hasn't opened this in a long time.

He looks in the box. It's full of bric-a-brac - right at the top are a couple of old MUSIC FANZINES from the early 90s. A couple of alternative comics such as EIGHTBALL / DIRTY PLOTTE. There are cassette tapes. A flyer for a Hallowe'en party at a bar named the UNDERVAULT. (He pauses briefly as he sees that).

He lifts those out -- revealing that below them is a SHOEBOX with rubber bands wound around it.

He stops as he sees this. Like it's an unexploded bomb.

He reaches toward it - contemplates removing the band -- but doesn't. *No. Not now.*

He lifts it out, and places it down to one side, returns to the larger cardboard box and rummages inside it.

He locates a couple of Polaroid photos - we don't yet see what they depict; we can only tell they're polaroids from the tell-tale black backing.

Then he replaces the lid.

6 INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

6

Philip takes a seat at his desk, puts the Polaroids down, picks up the Eulogy nubbin and gingerly PRESSES it.

PHILIP
(hesitant)
You there?

The Guide's VOICE emerges, tinnily, from the nubbin:

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
You found some?

PHILIP
A few -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

A few?

PHILIP

Okay - three.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

I can process up to fifteen hundred
(photos)-

PHILIP

- and I've got you three.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

They recommend a minimum of *six*
different (images)-

Philip's exasperated:

PHILIP

Can we just get on with this?

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Absolutely.

A beat.

PHILIP

So...?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

So pop me back on, lay out the
first image you'd like to import,
and then look at it.

PHILIP

Literally just - look at it?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

That's right.

This seems nuts. But hey.

PHILIP

Okay... First one is... this.

He leans toward his desk.

We jump into an overhead shot - almost like TV coverage of a
Poker hand being played in a tournament - as he lays the
first POLAROID on the desk, like a playing card.

PHOTO ONE shows a group of youngsters in their early 20s, at
some kind of party -- a barbecue? - apparently on a rooftop.

They're dressed a little studenty, scruffy, artsy -- from the styles involved it looks like some time around 1989.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

So what are we looking at here?

PHILIP

This is 1989 - rooftop barbecue at the Coop.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

The Coop?

PHILIP

Used to be a squat - idea was it was a "co-op" - everyone just called it Coop; hence "The Coop".

(beat)

The place was falling down, deal was if you were paying rent there you helped fix it up. We were kids really - but we called ourselves artists, musicians, misfits...

Philip points out a young guy, off to one side. We see a resemblance.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Believe it or not that's me there.

Philip points out a woman near the front of frame.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And that is Carol.

Carol is facing away from the camera - her hair obscuring what we might have made out of her face - and is looking toward Young Philip.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

The woman with her back to us?

PHILIP

Yeah -

THE GUIDE

The purpose is to commemorate her (memory)-

PHILIP

This is what I have.

(beat)

I wasn't an *archivist* okay? It was like a bohemian hangout, we had a Polaroid camera lying around for anyone to pick up and use -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

If you have any *memories* of Carol associated with this particular picture we can enhance the moment by entering the image.

(beat)

Shall we go in?

PHILIP

What do you mean "go in"?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

It's easiest to just show you.

And with that the DISK twinkles. Philip's pupils glaze over --

7

EXT. BARBECUE PARTY - DAY

7

-- and suddenly Philip is physically *there*, in a 3D recreation of the FIRST PHOTO, standing to one side, watching the youngsters frozen in time.

It's an eerie mix between photo realistically *being there* and also... not. Areas not captured by the photo are obscured. Dark. Blank. A sort of vortex.

And it's *totally silent. Unnaturally silent.* No sounds of nature, no sounds of *anything*. Like a frozen image.

Philip is startled, looking around. Everyone else here is frozen in place, 3D models in a snapshot.

Except one person. A woman, in her 30s who is suddenly standing beside him. Dressed neatly. She waves and smiles.

THE GUIDE

Hey. Sorry! It's me- "your guide"

PHILIP

Holy crap.

THE GUIDE

Didn't mean to make you jump.

PHILIP

No, it's just... this is...

He looks around at the scene, disorientated.

THE GUIDE

Take a moment to get your bearings.

Philip looks around in wonderment.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

This is the photograph, fused with your memories.

(MORE)

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Some parts are missing, but details
appear as and when your memories
fill out.

From the angle we're at, we see a group of three people or so
all chatting together including Young Philip and Young Carol -
Young Philip is looking at Young Carol. (NB - on a second
viewing we may also spot EMMA - who is there, looking at
Young Philip -- *perhaps the Guide notices this for a moment*)

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

So when this was taken - this was
before you and Carol got together?

Philip is a bit startled The Guide said that.

PHILIP

I never said we got together.

The Guide smirks.

THE GUIDE

Come on...

She points at Carol and Philip looking at each other.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

... look at the way you're looking
at her...

The Guide and Philip start to move, circling round a little,
the angle changing - walking around just enough so Carol's
face will be revealed...

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Can I assume she was looking back
at you?

PHILIP

I'd made her laugh. She was new in
the house and I didn't know her,
but I wanted to, and I'd made her
laugh and she looked -

As his POV angle changes -- we see this whole scene is like a
texture painted onto a 3D model, but only on one side.

There's an infinite transparent nothingness to the reverse
side. No face to see. No 'that whole side of reality' to see.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Christ.

The Guide nods - a slight smile.

THE GUIDE

It's okay.

PHILIP

There's no - I can't see her face-

THE GUIDE

It'll come to you.

(Beat)

Just focus on what you can recall.
Of this moment.

PHILIP

Uh. Carol had just moved in; kept
to herself, she'd been studying
cello, she was usually in her room
practicing-

(Beat)

Think she still had a boyfriend
back home at this point -

THE GUIDE

Fiance.

PHILIP

Sorry?

THE GUIDE

There's an engagement ring on her
finger, see.

The Guide walks closer, points at the engagement ring. Philip
also gets in a little. Almost mystified to see it.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

The eye can't make that level of
detail out in your photo but Eulogy
brings it out -

PHILIP

(About the ring)

I never knew she was engaged -

THE GUIDE

Maybe you chose not to see, or not
to remember -

PHILIP

She never said it was *that* serious.

THE GUIDE

Perhaps she underplayed it. Didn't
want to scare you off?

The Guide smiles at him. Philip doesn't quite want to
acknowledge that reading.

PHILIP

Mnn.

The Guide gestures around.

THE GUIDE

Shall we mark this moment for
potential upload? For the memorial?

PHILIP

I doubt the family would appreciate
seeing a 'fond memory' of her
flirting with me while engaged to
someone else.

THE GUIDE

You're right -

PHILIP

(almost to self)
Though it would be an honest
representation of her character.

He turns to the Guide, who looks at him curiously. A little
coldly. (*Maybe here notices Emma briefly?*)

THE GUIDE

Shall we move on?

PHILIP

Move on to - ?

And then...

8

INT. STUDY - DAY - LATER

8

Wham - blinking his eyes a little, he's now back in his
study, looking at the polaroid on his desk.

He rubs his eyes.

PHILIP

(blinking)
Jesus.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Sorry. These transitions will get
less disorientating as we go.

(Beat)

Let's try your next photo.

PHILIP

Okay.

Philip puts the first photo to one side and picks up the
second Polaroid.

Another top-down of the desk as he slides PHOTO TWO into
place.

It shows a living room during a party - a record on the
turntable, a bong on the floor, smoke in the air.

We push in on it as we hear:

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Another party?

PHILIP
(Nodding)
I can't remember what for. Any
excuse would do. That was The Coop.

9

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE COOP - 1989 - NIGHT

9

Now The Guide and Philip are in a living room at The Coop, in the photo. A frozen Polaroid image of a nighttime party. Motion blur and lens flare. Smoke hanging frozen in the air.

THE GUIDE
Who have we got here?

She gestures vaguely -- (*near her (we will later realise) is Emma*)

PHILIP
Okay so - that's uh Emma -

He fairly quickly turns to point at a dreadlocked girl on the couch, talking to a hefty looking guy in a sleeveless vest.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
That's Amanda, she was British,
like you -

THE GUIDE
Who's her love interest here?

He smirks, points to the guy Amanda's talking to.

PHILIP
Adam, he was in the band with me -

THE GUIDE
The band?

PHILIP
We'd started a band -

He points at a guy leaning against a wall, holding court with a girl in thick eyeliner.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
- with Zeke there. Of course he'd
say it was *his* band.

THE GUIDE
A band called...?

PHILIP
"The Head".
(beat)
I know. Terrible name.

The Guide is looking around.

THE GUIDE
But no Carol. Or you.

PHILIP
We're not in the photo, but we were
definitely both at this party.

The Guide looks at the record player. There's a stack of records beside it. The cover of one is up on top of the others - implying that's what's on the turntable.

The sleeve is blurry - like the photograph, but as she walks near it, it sharpens, algorithmically.

THE GUIDE
The recognition algo thinks this
record sleeve is "Fool's Gold" by-

PHILIP
- Stone Roses. One of Amanda's.

THE GUIDE
Music's great for jogging the
memory.

She gestures and *Fool's Gold* starts to play diagetically.

As Philip hears the music, he nods, and smiles -

- more details in the room start to fill in. So does the sound of chat and hubbub. Areas of the room not previously visible start to appear. The image filling out...

Philip's eye is drawn to the doorway --

PHILIP
There.
(Beat)
We were through there.

He walks to the doorway, and finds himself looking into a downstairs hallway...

10

INT. HALLWAY - THE COOP - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

10

The hallway is blocked by a few frozen party guests - in mid conversation, mid-smoke, mid-drink...

Philip and The Guide can't move beyond them.

But they can just make out, at the other end of the hallway, on the stairs... Carol and Young Philip.

Carol's frozen in mid-laugh, again, with her face angled tantalisingly away from us. Young Philip looks flushed and engaged, delighted to be spending this time with her.

There are motion-blurred guests frozen, half-moving past, almost obscuring them.

PHILIP

It was the first time me and Carol really got talking.

(beat)

I was so nervous. Like I was on stage. Brain screaming behind my ears - "Don't fuck this up".

(beat)

But I didn't fuck it up - talking with her - it was... easy -

(beat)

She liked my jokes - she'd top them, she was *funny* -

As he gazes at the young couple - the frame somehow changes - still frozen, another snapshot, like a new frame on Google Street View blending into view - Carol's now talking and Young Philip is listening intently. We still can't see her face.

THE GUIDE

Can you remember what you talked about?

PHILIP

No but - she was like no-one I'd known.

As he looks on, Older Philip is talking as much to himself as to The Guide:

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Or *thought* of knowing.

The frame changes again - the couple are leaning in, heavily flirting now.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Someone I'd been starved of without realising.

Suddenly the frame changes again -- Carol and Young Philip are heading up the stairs.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

That was our first night.

They disappear around a corner upstairs. Philip watches them go.

A glimmer of a smile. He turns and sees The Guide. Almost embarrassed she saw him smiling like that.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I can't share this either can I? "I screwed your mom, may she rest in peace".

THE GUIDE

Probably not. So what's next?

11 INT. STUDY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

11

Now Philip moves the party photo to one side - and gets the third photo.

Another top-down close-up as he puts it in place.

PHOTO THREE was taken months later. A Sunday Morning. Light streaming in. Young Philip standing in an upstairs hallway in The Coop, looking through a bedroom doorway to one side.

Philip taps the image of his younger self.

PHILIP

Me again. What was I wearing? No clue who took this-

(beat)

Didn't notice anyone taking it.

THE GUIDE

What are you doing?

PHILIP

I was listening -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

To what?

PHILIP

To her.

We push in on it and...

12 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - 1989

12

Philip and The Guide are off to one side, as Young Philip stands frozen, gazing into a bedroom door.

PHILIP

There. She was in her room, on her cello, practicing, lost in it - she didn't know I was watching...

Philip walks toward his younger self, stands behind him and turns to see what he's looking at. Young Philip is gazing through a doorway into Carol's room - but we can't see what he's looking at - it's just black pixels --

PHILIP (CONT'D)

She's in there.

(beat)

I can't see her.

The Guide stands beside him.

THE GUIDE

Can you remember what she was playing?

PHILIP

This thing she used to play over and over - beautiful piece of music-

THE GUIDE

If you can remember the name of the piece, I can look it up; listening might fill out the memory-

Philip thinks of something, then stops.

PHILIP

It won't be on a service. She wrote it herself.

The Guide seems a little surprised.

THE GUIDE

It was a piece *she* composed?

PHILIP

Yes. She was good.

(beat)

She was good.

He looks at the obscured doorway.

13

INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

13

Back in reality now - Philip moves the Polaroid from the desk and sits back in his chair, brooding a little.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Well. If that's all you have, perhaps we (should)-

PHILIP

It's not.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Sorry?

PHILIP

I've got other pictures. *Of her.*

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Well shall we look at those?

PHILIP

They won't help.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

What do you mean?

14

INT. STUDY - DAY -LATER

14

Now he's heaved the LARGE CARDBOARD BOX into the study.

In a MONTAGE of QUICK SNATCHES we see him taking out an array of photos.

He lays them out on the carpet.

It's an array of images. Other polaroids from The Coop, other photos of Philip and Carol together as a young couple -- on holiday, giggling in the band, at parties, in pubs...

But in every picture Carol's face has been OBLITERATED.

Sometimes violently SCRIBBLED OUT with a big black pen.

Sometimes CUT OUT with scissors.

A collage of memories has become a gallery of bitterness.

She's been erased.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

I see.

PHILIP

Year or so after we broke up, if it had her face in it, I either threw it out or I did *that*.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

You were upset with her.

PHILIP

That's one way of putting it.

He looks at the vandalised photos.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You won't know how hard I fell for that girl. Like beyond *everything*.

(Beat)

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And she said, she *always* said she felt the same - I believed she felt the same.

(Beat)

And then she drops me. Into a pit. A fucking pit. Just cold. Bang, just... "see ya". Not a word. Just walks away.

(Beat)

And she went on with *her life* while mine stopped.

(Beat)

That was me *lost*. No hope, nothing.

(Beat)

So then came the drinking. All that *shit* - the *desperation* of it, the fucking *shame* -

(beat)

Me and Carol were together for three years. Took me fifteen to climb out of the hole she put me in.

(beat)

So yes. I was "upset".

A sigh of regret.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And now here we are.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

And you never stayed in touch.

Philip lets out a sarcastic laugh, almost wild.

PHILIP

No. We did not.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Re-examining the past isn't always comfortable but (sometimes)-

Philip scoffs loudly. He looks at the pictures.

PHILIP

Sorry but -

(beat)

There were good times when we were together. I *know* that, but...

(beat)

That's gone.

The sentence trails into nothing. He sighs.

THE GUIDE

Do you want to stop?

Philip's looking at a photo, of Carol, with her face scrubbed out. At the younger him, smiling beside her.

PHILIP

No.

THE GUIDE

Do any of these images relate to
'good times'?

PHILIP

Used to, maybe -

THE GUIDE

Any in particular? If there are
vivid memories there's a chance we
can restore details on entry -

Philip picks up a photo of his younger self and Carol, her face scrubbed out - standing on a pier, posing either side of a novelty 'Hot Dog Guy' figure.

PHILIP

Let's try this one.

He slides it onto the desk. Looks at it a beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Which one's you?

He sighs -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Sorry I'm joking -

PHILIP

- you're hilarious -

THE GUIDE

- what do you remember about the
day this was taken?

PHILIP

It was windy.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

I meant more about 'how you felt'.

PHILIP

Well *this* was one of the "good
times".

15

EXT. PIER - DAY

15

... And now he's standing alongside The Guide watching his younger self and Carol either side of Hot Dog Guy.

Philip's free hand is holding a bottle of beer.

Carol's face is obscured by Sharpie scribble, hovering in mid-air.

Philip's gazing at Carol. The Guide's looking around.

THE GUIDE

So where exactly are we?

PHILIP

The pier at Cape Cod.

The Guide looks at him, a tad surprised -

THE GUIDE

That's where you live now?

PHILIP

Well I inherited my folks' house,
it was *theirs* then, but they were
out of town so we took the
opportunity for a cheap little
vacation.

He smiles faintly at the memory.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

My first getaway with a girlfriend.

THE GUIDE

Who took the photo?

He turns -- a vague FIGURE appears... holding the camera,
wearing a cagoule -- a middle-aged man - then a woman - then
a teenager -- their identity changing as Philip struggles to
recall who they were.

PHILIP

Just a tourist - some passerby we
handed the camera to and asked.

He turns back to look at young him and Carol.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I liked this photo more than Carol
did.

THE GUIDE

She wasn't into hot dogs?
Alt: Maybe because you had your
eyes closed?

PHILIP

It was the beer. "You coulda put
that bottle down for the
picture"...

THE GUIDE

Yeah she had a point.

Philip ignores that and walks near them.

PHILIP

It was on this break we knew we
were serious. Lying in bed,
fascinated by each other's eyes. "I
love you" back and forth, all that.
(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Nothing else existed, just us. All
we needed.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We made plans.

THE GUIDE

What sort of plans?

PHILIP

Well all we wanted was each other's company, so we agreed to move out of The Coop and get our own place. Had to be small, we had no money.

He smiles again.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

We were so young.

16 INT. STUDY - DAY

16

Philip moves another PHOTO into position. He's enjoying the hunt through the past now. It's BLACK AND WHITE.

PHILIP

This was it. Tiny place over a piano store.

It's the living room of a tiny studio apartment. There's a mattress on the floor, a TV, a kitchenette, a chair and a small stove. And - almost incongruously, a cello in the corner.

The photo just shows Carol, in dungarees, with a paint roller and a paint tray. There's newspaper all over the floor -- she's decorating.

But again - her face is scribbled out.

17 INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

17

The Guide and Philip appear. The apartment is Black and White. So is 'Carol'. Philip reminiscing instantly.

PHILIP

I took the picture, would've been standing about *there* -

He turns to where the photographer - himself - would be. His younger self appears. Older Philip stands alongside and looks around, while The Guide points at Carol's paint roller.

THE GUIDE

What's the colour?

PHILIP

Well, the walls were nicotine yellow when we moved in.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

First place of our own for both of us - we wanted to make our mark.

He turns to the walls.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

We painted the whole place blue.

(beat)

Landlord lost his shit. We weren't supposed to decorate.

As he speaks the walls turn *blue*, the same blue as on the roller Carol is holding.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Stupid choice really - made it look even smaller than it already was.

He's smiling though as he looks around.

THE GUIDE

The two of you were happy here?

PHILIP

Mm-hm. Just me and her.

He turns back to look at Carol, her face still obscured.

The Guide points at the Cello.

THE GUIDE

And the cello.

Philip points at a keyboard in a corner, and a guitar.

PHILIP

We both kept up music. She'd joined the band by now.

THE GUIDE

Carol joined your band?

PHILIP

Oh yeah. I'll show you.

18

INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

18

Philip moves the photo of the apartment away - rummages around for another picture.

PHILIP

I persuaded her to join. The others said they were okay with it, but - few too many Yoko Ono "jokes" -

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
(skeptically)
Sounds like fun for her.

Philip carries on rummaging.

PHILIP
If it wasn't she never said -
He finds what he's looking for.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Here. One of our gigs. This'd be
'91 I think.

He slides in a photo of the band playing a gig in a pub.

It shows Young Philip, Carol, Zeke and Adam performing on stage as The Head, in a small bar venue.

But Carol's face has been CUT OUT.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
(tad sheepish)
I used scissors on this one. Will
it still work?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Let's find out.

19

INT. CALLOW TAVERN - LATER

19

The Guide and Philip are now in another freeze-frame diorama. Zeke (lead singer) is emoting into the mic. Adam is at the drum kit, sticks raised, mid beat.

Young Philip is doing his best to look angular and interesting on guitar, a cigarette drooping from his lip and a beer bottle at his feet.

Carol's on keyboards, off to one side. Her face CUT OUT of the picture.

The Guide and PHILIP are off to one side.

THE GUIDE
So Carol played keyboards -

PHILIP
That was my idea -

THE GUIDE
Not cello?

Philip looks at her like that's a stupid question.

PHILIP

A cello wouldn't've fitted our
sound.

THE GUIDE

You could adapt the sound?

Philip's a bit irritated by the line of questioning.

PHILIP

She could play anything. Might not
be "*the cello*" but she was fine
with it.

THE GUIDE

She told you that?

Philip shoots her a look - why are you asking that?

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Sorry it's not a trial but -

PHILIP

No, it's not.

This was his dream and he doesn't want it tarnished. He turns
to look at the audience.

As he turns his back, The Guide keeps looking at Carol. Her
face is obscured but her body language at the keyboard - it
looks a little defeated.

The frame changes - between tracks, Young Philip is lifting
the beer bottle to his lips, chugging hard.

The Guide clocks this - but Philip has turned to look at the
crowd. Not huge, but they seem to be enjoying it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(surveying crowd)

We were getting quite a following.

As he looks out, more of the audience start to emerge,
frozen, from the darkness, the crowd growing into the
distance...

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Not saying we were a big deal,
but...Maybe could've been.

(beat)

Then Zeke quit the band, moved to
Seattle, decided he was God. That
was it for us.

The crowd disappears again. An empty room. Philip seems
deflated.

THE GUIDE

Have you got a recording? Might
bring back more of the moment.

PHILIP

Not any more no.

(Beat)

Just as well -

(He points at Zeke)

Hearing his voice gives me the
hives to be honest.

THE GUIDE

He went on to become a big deal
didn't he?

That was tactless. Philip bristles.

PHILIP

Well - assholes prosper.

He turns around - points at Carol.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Perhaps we could've carried on
without him but Carol's heart
wasn't in it.

THE GUIDE

(Faint sarcasm)

Maybe you should've let her play
cello -

Philip shoots The Guide a look. Annoyed.

PHILIP

Maybe you could say "cello" again -

THE GUIDE

Well the cello was important to
her.

PHILIP

I know!-

THE GUIDE

- she played it her whole life,
taught her daughter to play it -

PHILIP

Are you *supposed* to be annoying? Is
that how they coded you?

THE GUIDE

I wasn't really "coded", more
'generated' -

PHILIP
- okay *generated* from some digital
asshole-

The Guide looks at him a little coldly. He feels bad.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Sorry.

THE GUIDE
Apology accepted.
(beat)

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)
Best if we move on.

Phillip nods.

20 INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

20

Philip slides the previous photo away and starts dealing out SEVERAL PHOTOS taken in a bar hosting a Hallowe'en party.

There are quite a few patrons here - a table with about five people sitting round it.

PHILIP
Okay so these are definitely all
91. Halloween at The Undervault...

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
With multiple images we can enter a
composite...
(beat)
Woah.

Philip's just dealt out an image showing a man and Carol talking - with BOTH their faces BURNED out of the photo, possibly with a cigarette.

PHILIP
Yeah I used a cigarette on that
one.

21 INT. UNDERVAULT - NIGHT

21

Now they're inside the bar - what we can see is defined by the photos he dealt out.

From what we *can* see, 'Carol' appears to be dressed as a devil and the man as Beetlejuice. The man is leaning in - Carol's backing away slightly.

The Guide points at the couple - their faces missing.

THE GUIDE

I'm guessing that's Carol.

The Guide points out at the obscured 'Beetlejuice'.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

You *burned* your own face out too?

PHILIP

That's not me.

He points at a man dressed as 'Jason' from Friday the 13th, his face obscured by a hockey mask, behind the bar. Beside him, also behind the bar, is a young woman, who is sharing some joke and casually touching his arm.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

That's me. Had the bar job by now.

The Guide points at the man Carol's talking to.

THE GUIDE

So who's 'Beetlejuice' here -

PHILIP

Just some... dickbag trying his luck -

THE GUIDE

Even though her boyfriend's six feet away dressed like a maniac -

PHILIP

Exactly, I was that close and she still just sat with this guy. Right in front of me.

Philip looks at them and sighs. Meanwhile, The Guide has turned to the bar. She looks at the young woman beside Young Philip.

THE GUIDE

Who's this?

PHILIP

Hm?

He glances round - like she's an afterthought.

THE GUIDE

It's Emma isn't it? She was in the Coop photos earlier.

PHILIP

Yeah. She worked there too.

The Guide points out Emma has a hand on Young Philip's arm, laughing and looking at him with affection.

THE GUIDE

The two of you get on?

PHILIP

We worked together! For Christ's
sake not you too.

The Guide raises an eyebrow. "Me as well"?

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Carol thought I encouraged her.

(hastily)

Which I didn't. It was a bar job
for Christ's sakes, you joke
around.

THE GUIDE

So she was jealous.

He turns to look at Carol.

PHILIP

We fought about it that night. I
was pissed she'd been sitting all
night with Mr Asshole-

The Guide looks at Carol - at her body language. Arching back
away from Beetlejuice.

THE GUIDE

Looks like she wants to get away
from him.

PHILIP

What?

THE GUIDE

She's leaning back. Like his breath
smells -

Philip looks at the body language. It *does* look that way.

It shakes him for a second, then he steels himself:

PHILIP

That's *one* snapshot. Believe me,
she could've moved anytime, she was
there the *whole* night -

THE GUIDE

The whole night -

PHILIP

Absolutely -

(beat)

I think so.

A beat. He's not 100% sure. The Guide looks round. Another
area illuminated by a photo.

THE GUIDE

See that area, it was captured in
another photo?

She points into the deep background -- a woman with her back
to us.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Isn't that her?

Philip looks.

PHILIP

Okay not the whole night literally.

(beat)

It was just a stupid fight.

He turns to the couple. To Carol, her face obscured. He
sighs. Deflates a little.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

She went on and on, then she blamed
me that she didn't get an early
night - because she had this
audition, tryout thing the next
day. Brooklyn Philharmonic.

(beat to Guide)

For the *cello*.

THE GUIDE

She didn't get it.

He looks at Carol compassionately.

PHILIP

No.

THE GUIDE

She was sad about that.

PHILIP

Not for long -

The Guide shoots him a skeptical look.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Seriously, it opened the door to
other things for her.

22

INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

22

Now Philip's in his seat, leafing through POSTCARDS.

PHILIP

When the orchestra gig didn't work
out she was bummed, didn't have any
work...

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

but then Amanda - the British girl from The Coop - she'd moved back home, pulled some strings. Got Carol a six month placement in the orchestra pit for *Phantom of the Opera*. Of all things. London's West End.

He laughs disparagingly.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Total tourist bullshit but - she was excited. Yes she was.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

You didn't want her to go?

PHILIP

She kept saying "it's only a few months". Easy to say that when you're the one going on an adventure.

He takes a postcard from the box. It's from London, 1992.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

She sent a postcard every week. Upbeat, but saying she missed me. Little poems and stuff --

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Maybe we could scan in one (of)-

He turns the postcard over. All the text has been SCRUBBED OUT with a permanent black marker pen.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Ah.

He flips over another postcard - same deal.

PHILIP

I was thorough.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

So you didn't see her for a while -

Philip is rummaging through the box.

PHILIP

No. We arranged that I'd fly over in the autumn, meet her for a long weekend - but that felt so far off, y'now - a long time on my own...

He stops suddenly. He's got a photo in his hand which has brought him to a halt.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

So what's this?

He places the photo down on the desk. It was taken in the apartment Philip shared with Carol, but it's more cluttered, chaotic. And there's no Carol here.

It shows Philip -- looking a bit worse-for-wear, sticking a middle finger up at the camera, sitting on the mattress, a can of Stella at his feet.

There's a date digitally imprinted on this image, in the 'lower right corner' in glowing LED text - 04/07/92.

PHILIP

My birthday.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

So you weren't always on your own?

PHILIP

What do you mean?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Well *someone* took your picture.

Philip grimaces a little. We push in and...

23

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

Now we're inside the photo. The LED date is digitally hovering in the air, in the 'lower right corner'.

Young Philip is sitting on the mattress, and the camera flash is almost obscuring the person who took the photo.

The Guide steps round to look - it's EMMA, holding the camera, a bit drunk, laughing.

THE GUIDE

Is that...?

PHILIP

Emma.

He looks down. Rubs his eyes a bit.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Christ. Yeah.

(beat)

Okay - so -

The Guide is looking at him.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that.

THE GUIDE

Like what?

PHILIP

Like you are.

(beat)

Yes, okay, so it was my birthday. I had a few drinks at work -- not my idea, they were practically *forcing* shots on me --

THE GUIDE

Sure -

PHILIP

And then Emma came back to the apartment and, you know, we weren't - it was just a dumb thing - a one-off thing...

(beat)

We'd've just *regretted* it after, in secret, both of us - it wouldn't have been a big deal if...

THE GUIDE

If what?

The sound of the *PHONE RINGING* cuts through, abruptly. They both stare at it.

PHILIP

Carol never called, couldn't afford to, long distance back then was a fortune -

(beat)

- but *this night*, she got up early, called to sing me Happy Birthday... with the time difference it was like 2am my time and -

He looks down.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I was asleep. Emma answered the call. I don't know why.

THE GUIDE

Making mischief.

PHILIP

I don't know. Maybe. Anyhow shit hit the fan.

(beat)

Me and Carol screaming at each other down the line.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(beat)

She yelled all kinds of shit. I
yelled all kinds of shit back.
Ugly, scorched Earth stuff.

(beat)

She hung up on me, or I hung up on
her, I can't remember.

(beat)

But yeah. Not good.

The Guide looks at him. Coldly.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I never said I was perfect -

THE GUIDE

- but you've said a lot about
Carol's failings.

(beat)

She did *this*, she did *that*. She's
the root of all evil.

She gestures around -

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Well who's the asshole here?

PHILIP

I told her I was sorry -

THE GUIDE

- oh! okay then -

PHILIP

You don't understand -

THE GUIDE

What did she do that was so awful -
so heinous you became this *wounded*
dog -

That hangs in the air.

PHILIP

I haven't shown you yet.

THE GUIDE

So show me.

Philip's jaw tightens. He looks at her with resolve.

24

INT. ATTIC - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

24

Philip re-enters the attic. Walks to the shoebox with the
rubber bands around it.

Looks at it hesitantly - and picks it up.

25

INT. STUDY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

25

He places the shoebox on the desk and pulls the rubber bands off while speaking:

PHILIP

You remember I said we'd arranged for me to fly out there. I already had the tickets so...

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

So she knew you were coming?

PHILIP

Right. A few months or so after my birthday. She was staying in this British family's spare room, in the sticks somewhere, so I booked us a stupid suite in a hotel I couldn't afford. The big romantic.

He opens the box. Inside is a disposable camera with London imagery on it. A Fodor's Pocket London 92 guidebook. A 1992 tube map. A hotel bill. A Phantom of the Opera programme.

He lifts out the Phantom programme.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I went to the matinee. *Not my thing*, and I couldn't even see her of course, she was in the pit somewhere. But I met her at the stage door after. We took her suitcase back to the hotel, and we went out for dinner.

He takes out a folded, crumpled magazine article about a restaurant, from a magazine. It has a photo of the interior, with a chef posing. Lots of booths.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I'd read an article about it on the flight; when I landed I rang and asked if they had a table for two. Think they bumped someone else when I said what I was going to do.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

What do you mean?

He lifts a ring box out of the shoebox and places it beside the image of the restaurant - we push in -

26

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

26

- Now they're inside the promotional image of the restaurant as seen in the magazine.

It's dreamlike here.

Philip looks around. Points at a booth on the far side.

PHILIP

We were over here.

He walks and takes a seat at the booth.

THE GUIDE

So walk through what happened.

Philip almost screws his eyes up, trying to recollect.

PHILIP

She looked kind of the same but different. Said she'd put on weight, but I couldn't see that. I thought she looked beautiful.

(beat)

I ordered a bottle of champagne; first time I'd done that, anywhere.

(beat)

She didn't touch it, didn't want to drink anything. I was like "c'mon, I've come all this way, have one", but no...

(beat)

I had to bite my tongue, you know, it was irritating.

(beat)

I had the ring in my pocket, so I was nervous. So I'm draining the glasses.

(beat)

After a while I pluck up the nerve, take the ring out - nearly dropped it I was so jittery.

(Beat)

And she looks at it and --

He recalls this sadly.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

She goes quiet. Doesn't say *anything*. Doesn't look at me.

(beat)

The waitresses are shooting looks over, they know I'm there to propose, so I'm on display. Cheeks burning. Mouth dry, so I drink more. In the end I ask her to say something. Just *anything*.

(beat)

She's just staring at the floor.

(beat)

I bang the table with my fist.

A glass SMASH sound...

PHILIP (CONT'D)

So now everyone's watching. And she just gets up and walks out.

He turns and watches the door. The area around 'young Philip's booth is spotlighted. He turns to face it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And there's just silence. Just the clanging in the kitchen. And I'm there and everyone's quiet, the staff can't make eye contact, just this *stink* of humiliation on me...

(Beat)

I sat there and I finished the bottle. They said I didn't have to pay for it, I insisted I would. Didn't want their *pity*...

THE GUIDE

No, you could provide your own.

That stops him in his tracks. He can't quite believe she said that. It's so cutting he almost can't get angry.

PHILIP

What?

THE GUIDE

(Shrug)

You're talking so much about how sad you were...

PHILIP

I was *destroyed* -

THE GUIDE

And how was she?

PHILIP

I'm not saying she was a big happy sandwich but *she* walked out on me - not a word as to *why* -

THE GUIDE

Would you have listened if she'd told you?

Another audacious blow from The Guide there.

PHILIP

Of course.

THE GUIDE

So why do you think she left?

PHILIP

Maybe she was cheating. Maybe she was sick of me - maybe she was cruel - she could've ended it on the phone but she let me fly all the way, she *knew* I was coming -

THE GUIDE

But not that you were coming to propose--

PHILIP

Like that's a big difference-

The Guide just looks at him. *That's very different.*

THE GUIDE

You said this was Autumn 92 -

PHILIP

Fall, yes - like October.

THE GUIDE

She "looked sort of different", wouldn't drink.

(beat)

She was pregnant.

PHILIP

What?

THE GUIDE

With me.

A beat. He stares at her. She reaches a hand out, as if to shake hands.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Kelly Royce. Carol's daughter. The one she taught to play *cello*.

He still just stares at her, stunned.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You're not my dad! He was a one-night-stand - played *xylophone* in the orchestra, believe it (or not) -

PHILIP

(interrupting, still processing this)

You're Carol's *daughter* - you're -?
(he can't recall the name Kelly)

THE GUIDE

Kelly! Yes. Well kind of. I'm not real, I'm a disposable avatar, a temp guide. An echo really.

(beat)

They use a guide adapted from someone who actually *knew* the deceased to ensure accuracy. And cos, well who better to decide what to leave out in case it upsets the family *than one of the family*.

PHILIP

Why didn't you say?

THE GUIDE

You said skip the intro.

Philip looks at her. Thinks of all the stuff he's being saying about Carol.

PHILIP

I'm sorry I had no (idea you were her daughter)-

THE GUIDE

(laughs)

Don't apologise - I said - I'm disposable. At the end of our session I'll just "cease to be".

(beat)

Poof.

She smiles at him.

PHILIP

Wait. So you know everything the real - *daughter* - knows-

THE GUIDE

Kelly! Yes, more or less -

PHILIP

So you already knew everything I've been telling (you)-

THE GUIDE

Some of it but to be honest she never really spoke much about this whole period of her life.

Philip looks at her. That sentence unfurls in his chest and it hurts.

PHILIP

Right.

The Guide hastily clarifies:

THE GUIDE

I think looking back was painful
for her. Doesn't mean your time
together wasn't meaningful.
Probably the opposite.

Philip nods. But then.

PHILIP

This guy, your dad - what was he
like? I just wanna know -

THE GUIDE

Why?

PHILIP

She cheated with him -

THE GUIDE

You mean followed your lead!

PHILIP

Could you just - tell me.

THE GUIDE

I never knew much about him. He was
called Brian -

PHILIP

"Brian"-

THE GUIDE

(bad name right?)

Yeah - they were never together and
by the time I was born he was in
Manchester. Saw him maybe five or
six times. The last time he was
ranting about some online rabbit
hole conspiracy theory. Year after
that I heard he died of Covid.

PHILIP

Sounds like "a catch". Great choice
Carol.

The Guide looks down.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Sorry.

THE GUIDE

It's okay. She'd agree.

(beat)

Apparently she almost didn't keep
me. Pregnant by him, she was
shitting herself.

The Guide nods.

PHILIP

She should've told me -

THE GUIDE

- doubt she knew how you'd react.

PHILIP

But if she'd said something...

THE GUIDE

Probably hard to tell the guy who's
just proposed to you that you're
carrying someone else's baby.

That's undeniably true. Philip looks at the table.

PHILIP

I'd have listened.

THE GUIDE

Right, a bottle of champagne down?

A beat. Philip looks down.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

She said she wrote to you, to
explain. Or at least start the
conversation. You never replied.

PHILIP

She *never* wrote to me.

THE GUIDE

That's what she told me.

PHILIP

She never wrote. Or I never got it.
I'd have listened.

THE GUIDE

- and said 'get rid of it' -

PHILIP

No - *I don't know* - we'd have
talked it over.

THE GUIDE

And you'd have heard her?

PHILIP

Yes. I would. I *would*.

(beat)

I want to get out of here.

He turns to one side and looks at the array of photos with Carol's face scrubbed out.

He picks one up - but he can't bear it. Can't bear what he ruined.

He starts to tear up. And then he SWEEPS all the ruined photos onto the floor.

PHILIP

I just want to see her.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

Is there anything else that might jog your memory?

PHILIP

I don't know.

He turns to the 'London shoebox'. Looks at the guidebook, the disposable camera...

THE GUIDE (V.O.)

What've you got there?

He lifts it out.

PHILIP

Disposable camera. Big in the 90's. I got it at the airport, plan was we'd take photos round the city together. None of that happened of course.

He stops - looking at the camera. Something he's just noticed.

THE GUIDE

What is it?

He stands up.

28

EXT. PHILIP'S HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

28

He hurries out of the house, and makes a beeline for his car. A vintage model. By which I mean 1990s.

A quick cut as he gets in and SLAMS the door -

29

INT. HIGH-STREET PHOTO SHOP - DAY - LATER

29

A high-street photo processing place. Quite specialised. Passport photos and the like.

Philip is at the counter, as the assistant (a guy in his 50s) looks at the disposable camera with something akin to amusement.

PHOTO ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Haven't seen one of these in
forever.

PHILIP
Can you still process it?

The assistant points at the shot counter on the back of the disposable camera.

PHOTO ASSISTANT (V.O.)
There's only one photo been taken.

PHILIP
I know.

PHOTO ASSISTANT
I'd have to wind it on.

PHILIP
Okay.

PHOTO ASSISTANT
You'll waste the rest of the film.

Like *that* matters.

PHILIP
But you can retrieve the one photo?

PHOTO ASSISTANT
I think so. Might take a while.

PHILIP
I'll wait.

PHOTO ASSISTANT
Matt or gloss?

Philip glares at him - the Photo guy assumes it's best not to keep pressing.

The assistant looks at him and smiles warily -- he thinks this guy is weird. Philip stands impatiently as the assistant disappears in search of equipment out back.

30

INT. HIGH-STREET PHOTO SHOP - DAY - LATER

30

An hour or so later Philip exits the shop with a coloured envelope in his hand -- "*Your Photos*".

He opens it - expectantly - and looks. We don't see what he's looking at.

His face falls.

31 EXT. STUDY - NIGHT - LATER STILL

31

Night has fallen. Philip walks in, sits, and sighs heavily.

He picks up the DISK and taps it.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
So what was on it?

PHILIP
Here.

He tosses the photo down on the desk. We still don't see what it is.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Oh...

PHILIP
Just a 'nothing' photo.

A beat.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Look, we could still go in?

PHILIP
What's the point?

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
We might find something.

Philip sighs.

PHILIP
Sure.

And now we push in on the picture -- which just shows a TRASHED HOTEL ROOM from the POV of whoever took the picture...

32 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

... and now PHILIP and The Guide are in that room. It seems to have been taken by someone sitting on the bed.

There's a small table that's been knocked over. A guide book on the floor. A tourist map. Various bits of paper. A pot plant on its side.

PHILIP

This was the hotel room. When I came back from the restaurant her case was gone. So I knew that was that.

He gestures around.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And I took it out on the room.

(Beat)

Just pathetic.

The Guide looks at the floor. At a piece of folded-over paper with a word scrawled on it. She squints a little.

THE GUIDE

(Reading)

"Pauly".

(beat)

No - it says "Philly"

(Beat)

System's sharpened it up - piece of paper here with 'Philly' written on it. Like a note.

He hastens over.

PHILIP

That's what she called me.

THE GUIDE

It's her writing.

PHILIP

I never saw that.

He instinctively reaches down to pick up the note, but is unable to.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

No.

He tries again.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Come on. Please.

He tries one more time - but it's upsetting. He stands up.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Get me out of here.

33

INT. STUDY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

33

Philip's looking at the photo of the trashed room. At the blurry note beside the guidebook, the Phantom programme and the Tube map.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Maybe you kept it somewhere?

PHILIP
No.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
Are you sure?

PHILIP
(Snapping)
I'd fucking remember.

He calms down.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Sorry.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
It's okay. Just try to *remember*.

PHILIP
I just smashed the room up, went out, raging, drank myself into a blur, came back and crashed out.
(beat)
When I woke the next morning the maid had cleaned the place up. Put it all in a little pile. I just packed everything up, threw it in there and never -

Suddenly a thought occurs to him.

THE GUIDE (V.O.)
What is it?

He doesn't answer - he rummages through the box.

Brings out the guidebook. Flips it open. Rifles the pages. Shakes it.

Nothing.

Same with the Tube map programme -

And the Phantom programme -

A note falls out.

Folded over. A single word on the front: *Philly*.

He sits back and opens it.

CAROL (V.O.)
Philly. I have to tell you
something. I couldn't say earlier.
I froze. I'm sorry. Please don't
hate me.

We push in on his face as he reads.

And we INTERCUT with --

34 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

34

The London hotel room, before it got trashed. Carol - her face away from us, takes a sheet of paper from the hotel room desk and starts to write a note, standing.

We never see her face - she's turned away from us, but we catch details - her hand holding the pen, an anxious chew of a thumbnail here and there as she contemplates what to say. A tissue in her hand - she's been crying.

CAROL (V.O.)
That day I rang and got Emma I was
so mad. I had a one night stand
with someone in the band here. It
didn't mean anything and I'm sorry.

She stops for a moment. Chews the pen. How to say this?

We INTERCUT back with PHILIP as he reads:

CAROL (V.O.)
I've missed my period. I don't know
what to do. I love you and I want
us to work but I don't know how
you'll feel. I think I want to keep
the baby - I don't know. But could
you live with that, if I did?
(Beat)
If you still want to talk, meet me
tomorrow afternoon at stage door,
after the matinee.

We cut to:

35 EXT. BACK OF THEATRE - AFTERNOON - 1992

35

Carol, her back to us, is waiting in the rain for Philip.

CAROL (V.O.)
I'll understand if you never want
to see me again.
(beat)
I hope you do.
(MORE)

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

I love you.

(Beat)

Carol.

36 INT. STUDY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

36

As Philip reaches the end of the letter he puts a hand over his mouth and shuts his eyes.

37 EXT. BACK OF THEATRE - AFTERNOON - 1992

37

Carol, realising he's not coming, walks away.

38 INT. STUDY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

38

Philip puts the note down in the box. He carefully and quietly packs away the map, the guidebook, the camera.

He stacks the photographs up and puts them back in the bigger cardboard box.

But he keeps *one photo* in his hand. He puts it on the desk -- we don't see what it is.

He reaches forward and opens a drawer. Reaches in, and at the back - pulls out -- a tape cassette. A standard C90, with a handwritten label.

It says CAROL PRACTICE.

He turns to the hifi on the shelf, slots it in and hits PLAY.

A bit of tape crackle, and then, Carol's voice.

CAROL (ON TAPE)

Okay Philly... so you asked me to record this for you...

(beat)

Careful what you wish for!

She clears her throat and starts to play the cello -- a beautiful, haunting piece.

He sits in the chair, puts the disk on and looks at the photo.

It's the picture of him in the hallway, looking through the bedroom door.

PHILIP

(To The Guide)

Let's see her.

And now as the music plays:

39 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY -1989 39

Young Philip is in the hallway, frozen, watching through the doorway.

He turns to look - we are angled behind him - and as the doorway is revealed, we see a woman playing the CELLO.

At first her arm, then her body is revealed.

Her face -- she's lost in concentration.

Young Philip is awestruck.

We watch her hands as she glides the bow across the strings.

Older Philip, standing, is now in the doorway, watching and smiling, on the verge of tears.

And we INTERCUT this with:

40 EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY 40

... in the UK, a LONDON BLACK ELECTRIC TAXI pulls up, and a foot steps out.

It's Philip, dressed in black.

Slow-mo, we can't hear what's being said.

He walks slowly toward a church.

41 INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY 41

The church is not huge. There are about 25 mourners here. People sitting in the pews with experiancer disks on their temples, their pupils milked out - experiencing the memorial.

The COFFIN is at the front of the church.

And on the dais beside it is KELLY, in black, seated, playing the same piece on the CELLO.

Philip takes a seat near the back.

As she nears the end of the music, she looks up and her eyes meet his --

42 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - 1989 42

Carol reaches the end of the piece and looks up at Philip, with a smile, love in her eyes.

43

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

43

As the music comes to an end, Philip smiles back - his
bittersweet tears now flowing freely.

THE END