

A VERY ENGLISH SCANDAL

EPISODE 1

by

Russell T Davies

PRODUCTION SCRIPT  
04/12/2017

Based on the book by John Preston

1 OMITTED 1

2 OMITTED 2

3 OMITTED 3

3A INT. JEREMY'S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT - DAY 3A

BUTTONS. On a WAISTCOAT.

Being done up, one by one. A fine, bold waistcoat, something a man with nerve and opinion would wear.

A chain across the waistcoat, a FOBWATCH slipping into place.

A strong TIE. CUFFLINKS glittering.

A JACKET shucked on. A COAT.

Then finally...

The HAT. A brown trilby.

And the man checks himself in the mirror, always aware of his appearance. This is JEREMY THORPE, Member of Parliament for North Devon, a Liberal. He's thin, gaunt, stylish, with a streak of the showman and dandy; and yet he's still an old Etonian with a very British stiffness, keeps himself tight, closed. Arrogant, but always on the edge of an accident.

In his eyes, a gleam of mischief, danger glittering away.

And he sets off to work.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - DAY 4

CAPTION: 1965

YELLOW-GLOVED HANDS. Drumming the steering wheel.

JEREMY now driving a BLACK ROVER through the Parliament Square of 1965. Around him: THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

CUT TO:

4A EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY 4A

The BLACK ROVER drives through an archway.

JEREMY arriving for work.

CUT TO:

5 INT. COMMONS CHAMBER - DAY

5

JEREMY addressing the House. Passionate, a fierce opponent of racism, all his life:

JEREMY

...and it is my duty to tell the Prime Minister that if he continues to restrict immigration, he is staunching the lifeblood of this country. And fuelling the rise of the Keep Britain White campaign. Citizens from all over the Commonwealth deserve to have a free and safe right of entry - or else the government might find that its White Paper is very aptly named!

Cheers, boos, and Jeremy sits. In his element.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MEMBERS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

6

The room bristling with power and privilege.

JEREMY sitting alone, reading some PAPERS.

Across the room, PETER BESSELL is heading straight for him. They're old friends, fellow MPs in a small party. Bessell's 44, a fellow Liberal, MP for Bodmin. A bit of a chancer, a bit flash, a Lothario in Italian suits. Outside the Commons, he drives a white Cadillac. He has an office on Pall Mall and Fifth Avenue, and can't afford either of them.

As Bessell arrives at the table, Jeremy's power and intelligence galvanise Bessell, make him a more lively man. And their friendship slips straight into mockery and gossip.

BESSELL

Did you hear what Harold the Wise said? About the trip to Rhodesia?

Jeremy gleeful, impersonates Harold Wilson:

JEREMY

"I would be very very very disappointed."

BESSELL

"I would be very very VERY disappointed."

JEREMY

"I would be very very very very  
VERY disappointed. And so would my  
whippet."

They're giggling like kids, as the WAITER slides in with  
Jeremy's food; STEAK TARTARE. To the waiter:

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Thank you very much, Mr Bessell  
will have the same.

Jeremy now stirring the egg into his steak tartare, wolfing  
down forkfuls. But focused on Bessell. To business.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anyway, Signor Besselli. John  
Pardoe has practically confirmed  
it. Jo's standing down. One more  
year. Eighteen months at most.  
And I would be very very very  
disappointed if that's not true.

BESSELL

What can I say but congratulations?

JEREMY

Oh, little too soon, careful now.

BESSELL

Just think, though. Given the  
balance of power. The next leader  
of the Liberal Party could be  
Deputy Prime Minister.

JEREMY

Quite. I never did care much for  
the word deputy.

BESSELL

Well I'll be there for you. All  
the way. Faithful and true.

Conspiratorial smile between them. Then, brisker:

JEREMY

Of course, finance is going be a  
problem, as ever.

BESSELL

Oh. Right! Bloody hell. I'd love  
to help, but... all my money's in  
vending machines and felt pens, I'm  
not exactly a millionaire.

JEREMY

I know the problem. I'm stuck here in an office with a leaking roof and I can't even afford my own staff. Tell me, that secretary of yours, Elizabeth, what's she like? Any good?

BESSELL

Oh yes. Particularly in bed.

Jeremy loves it. Bursts out laughing. Danger and fun!

JEREMY

Good for you. Marvellous! You and your monstrous appetites, Pedro. Who needs raw steak?!

BESSELL

Call it a hobby. Some people play golf. I like screwing.

Bessell's now trying to delve, to get even closer to Jeremy.

BESSELL (CONT'D)

Between you and me. When I was young, I was so desperate I'd go looking... on the spear side.

JEREMY

Are you telling me that you were... musical?

BESSELL

I'm little bit so, as they say. If that's not too shocking?

JEREMY

Peter Pedro Bessell Von Besselli! Out of anyone in this room, I am possibly the least shocked of all. If you understand my meaning.

BESSELL

I think so.

JEREMY

Hardly a surprise now, is it?

BESSELL

I suppose not.

JEREMY

So what would you say you are? Vis-a-vis men and women? 50/50?

BESSELL

More like 80/20. I mean 80 per cent with the ladies.

JEREMY

I'd call myself 80 per cent. But... 80 per cent gay.

BESSELL

(alarmed, jittery)

Oh! Gosh. I don't think that word's ever been said within these walls. In that context. My wife insists that 'gay' means 'happy'.

JEREMY

She's right. And I intend to be very happy very many times in my life. Very much so with him.

The waiter, passing by. Great arse. Wilson voice again:

JEREMY (CONT'D)

"Very very VERY much so."

BESSELL

Careful, though. Keep it discreet. I'm not sure any boy's worth ending up in prison.

JEREMY

Are you protecting me, Pedro?

BESSELL

If I must, Jeremy! Then I will.

JEREMY

At last. Thank God. Someone to protect me from myself. I think I might order us a port, to celebrate. Peter, we're nothing but a pair of old queens!

JUMP CUT TO the CLINK! of two PORT GLASSES.

And they make this a formal toast, a secret code.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

To her majesty.

BESSELL

Her majesty.

CUT TO:

6A INT. BESSELL'S OFFICE - DAY 6A

BESSELL'S business office at Pall Mall. SECRETARY in background, Bessell at his desk, answering his phone:

BESSELL  
Mr Peter Bessell speaking.

CUT TO:

6B INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 6B

A comparatively small office at this stage of JEREMY'S career. He's on the phone, angry, clipped.

JEREMY  
Pedro, I have a problem. Meet me.  
At the Ritz. 12 o'clock.

And bang, he hangs up.

CUT TO:

6C INT. THE RITZ - DAY 6C

JEREMY & BESSELL sit together. JEREMY solemnly hands over...

A 17-page HANDWRITTEN LETTER on BLUE PAPER.

JEREMY  
It was delivered last week. To my mother. And she read it, every single word, all seventeen pages.

BESSELL  
(flicks to last page)  
...from Norman Josiffe..?

Jeremy just raises an eyebrow.

BESSELL (CONT'D)  
You mean he's one of your...?  
(reads, hushed)  
"Jeremy and I have had a homosexual relationship." Oh my God, your mother read this. What does he want, money?

JEREMY  
The vast sum of £30. He can't even blackmail properly.

BESSELL  
So who is he, exactly?

JEREMY

He's...

(helpless)

When I first saw him. He was very  
heaven.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. STABLES - DAY

7

SPLASH!

CU NORMAN, WATER cascading over his head.

WIDER: he's stripped off his shirt, after a ride, dousing  
himself from a bucket, sweating, wired, breathing hard.

It's 1961 and NORMAN JOSIFFE is 20, lean, fit, handsome, from  
suburban Kent. But he's troubled, living on his nerves; he's  
haunted by problems, and his vivid imagination makes them  
worse. But right now, here in small world of the stables, in  
a Cotswold village, he's happy.

A STABLEHAND leads the HORSE away in b/g as Norman recovers,  
still catching his breath. He leans on a stable door.

A distance away, JEREMY rounds the corner.

And he stops.

Hold the moment. Jeremy watching Norman. Norman oblivious.

And then Jeremy strides forward. Confident, strong.

JEREMY

Good morning. And a very fine  
morning it is too.

Norman embarrassed, grabs a jumper, dries himself with it,  
then shoves it on; putting on a jumper over wet skin is so  
accidentally sexual. All of that, during:

NORMAN

Morning, sir. Pardon me.

JEREMY

Jeremy Thorpe. I've come to stay  
for the weekend, I'm a guest of Mr  
Van de Vater.

NORMAN

I know, sir, he said. He was very  
excited. Quite a special visitor,  
Member of Parliament and all that.

JEREMY

And what's your name?



NORMAN

Norman, sir.

JEREMY

Another Norman? Mine host, Norman Van de Vater, and Norman..?

NORMAN

Josiffe.

JEREMY

Josiffe! Is that French?

NORMAN

I don't know, sir.

JEREMY

Really? You've never so much as enquired about your own surname?

NORMAN

It's just... My mother married a Josiffe. But he's not my father.

JEREMY

Ah. Complicated.

NORMAN

Sorry.

JEREMY

No. My fault. That's private.

Pause.

NORMAN

I'd best get back to work. Will you be riding this weekend, sir?

JEREMY

Oh, yes, definitely. It's a passion of mine, absolutely.

NORMAN

I can prepare the horse myself, what level are you at? What kind of mount would suit you best?

Jeremy's lying, hasn't got a clue.

JEREMY

Just... the right kind of mount for me, really, it depends...

(focuses on him)

But what about you, Norman? Quite the expert, I take it?

Norman more heartfelt. Both more intimate, now.

NORMAN

It's all I've ever wanted to do, sir. Working with horses. Ever since I was a kid, my family wasn't... well, we had our problems. All sorts of nonsense, it was my own fault, really, but... I could always find my way. To the stables. And be happy.

(embarrassed)

I talk too much, everyone says.

JEREMY

No, it's marvellous. Don't ever let anyone tell you to stop.

NORMAN

Thank you. You're very kind, sir.

JEREMY

Jeremy. What's my name?

NORMAN

Jeremy.

And then Jeremy makes a terrible decision. On a whim.

JEREMY

I wonder. It's just a thought, but... If ever you move on from Norman, Norman, and find yourself in London...

He's digging in his WALLET, gets out his CARD.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Just get in touch. Would that be all right?

NORMAN

Yes sir. Jeremy! Thank you.

JEREMY

Right, I'll...

Smiling, he makes that walking-away-mime with two fingers, then turns and goes. Confident that he's made an impact.

NORMAN with the card. The HOUSE OF COMMONS EMBLEM. Hold...

And then BANG, into -

CUT TO:

- 9 EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - DAY 9
- BIG BEN looming above.
- And there's NORMAN, hurrying along, excited, determined, carrying a small battered SUITCASE, A DUFFEL BAG and a little Jack Russell called MRS TISH. He's on his way!
- CUT TO:
- 10 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 10
- JEREMY working at his desk, as a uniformed MESSENGER arrives.
- MESSENGER  
'Scuse me, Mr Thorpe, visitor for you, Central Lobby. Says you're expecting him, a Mr Norman Josiffe.
- Blink. Then DELIGHTED.
- JEREMY  
Yes yes yes. Right away!
- CUT TO:
- 11 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CORRIDOR - DAY 11
- The MESSENGER running off ahead, as JEREMY strides along. Straightening his tie. Pulling his cuffs. Kicking out his trouser leg. Electrified. Galvanised. *Turned on.*
- CUT TO:
- 12 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY 12
- JEREMY trots down. Breaks into a RUN. Pell-mell!
- CUT TO:
- 13 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 13
- JEREMY strides in, arms wide, grinning.
- JEREMY  
Norman!
- Huge, impressive space. NORMAN stands there clutching a GREEN FORM, plus SUITCASE, BAG & MRS TISH. At his side, guarding him, the SERJEANT AT ARMS, 50s, Nigerian, proud.
- NORMAN  
I'm sorry, I couldn't think where else to go, I hope you don't mind -

He's surprised as Jeremy hugs him. A manly hug.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Ooh. Sorry. Mind Mrs Tish!

JEREMY  
I certainly will. Hello Mrs Tish.  
Now I'm awfully busy but we might  
have time for a little conflag -

NORMAN  
He says we're not allowed in.

SERGEANT AT ARMS  
I'm sorry, Mr Thorpe, but you know  
the rules. No dogs allowed inside  
the Palace of Westminster.

JEREMY  
That. Is. Correct. Except!

Jeremy turns his full charm on the Serjeant, who loves it.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you know that Charles II  
issued an edict allowing King  
Charles Spaniels inside the domain.  
And while this might be technically  
a Jack Russell - is that right?

NORMAN  
That's right, yes -

JEREMY  
- you know what dogs are like. I  
think some roving Spaniel might  
have had his way with Mrs Tish's  
mother. Which means. She has  
royal blood. So make way!

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY

14

NORMAN carrying MRS TISH (and SUITCASE & BAG), scampers along  
behind JEREMY, who trots up the stairs. Jeremy's brazen, not  
remotely worried about being seen with Norman.

JEREMY  
Complete fantasy. That Charles II  
thing. No such law. But so many  
people have said it, over the  
years, it's assumed to be true.  
Which is a very good thing to  
remember in life, I think.

CUT TO:

15 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 15

FIVE MINUTES LATER. NORMAN with MRS TISH - he's shaky, in quite a state; he's living on his nerves, tapping out some PILLS from a bottle. JEREMY studying him. Fascinated.

NORMAN

I just had to get away. And I thought of you. Mr Van de Vater said the most terrible things to me. Really, I've never heard a gentleman talk like that.

JEREMY

Between you and me, he's not a gentleman at all. It's a charade, his entire life, his real name's Norman Vater. From Wales.

NORMAN

Well he adored you. Absolutely. Oh my God, Jeremy this, Jeremy that. Every time you wrote to him, he'd read it out loud.

JEREMY

(worried)

Like what? Anything in particular?

NORMAN

You sent him a postcard. On the day Princess Margaret got engaged to Antony Armstrong-Jones. And you wrote to Mr Van de Vater...

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. VAN DE VATER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 18

This is a well-kept, expensive thatched cottage, but not a mansion. VAN DE VATER in his SILK DRESSING GOWN, holding a POSTCARD, to NORMAN, who's holding a TRAY OF TEA.

VAN DE VATER

...of the happy couple, Jeremy says, "What a pity..."

CUT TO:

19 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT 19

JEREMY alone in a pool of light, Friday 26 February 1960. Writing his fateful POSTCARD to Van de Vater. "What a pity..." The words being written with Jeremy's VOICEOVER.

JEREMY V.O.

...I rather hoped to marry one and seduce the other.

CUT TO:

20 INT. VAN DE VATER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 20

VAN DE VATER, BRAYING with LAUGHTER. NORMAN shocked.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 21

NORMAN

...it wasn't so much that, as what he did with the postcard.

CUT TO:

22 INT. VAN DE VATER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 22

VAN DE VATER holding up the POSTCARD to NORMAN.

VAN DE VATER

I'll keep this safe and sound.

He opens a DRAWER; there's a BUNDLE OF LETTERS, bound in STRING. A glimpse of the HOUSE OF COMMONS EMBLEM. As Van de Vater adds the postcard to the pile, NORMAN watching, rapt.

VAN DE VATER

Add it to my little collection.  
Letters from the great and powerful!

SLAM!, the drawer shuts.

CUT TO:

23 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 23

JEREMY wary, disturbed.

JEREMY

I didn't know he kept them.

NORMAN

Well he doesn't any more. I took them. When I walked out.

CUT TO:

24 INT. VAN DE VATER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 24

Room empty. NORMAN with SUITCASE and DUFFLE BAG, hurries to the DRAWER, grabs the STRING-TIED BUNDLE OF LETTERS. Hurries out with luggage, scooping up MRS TISH on the way.

CUT TO:

25 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 25

NORMAN now handing over the STRING-TIED BUNDLE OF LETTERS. JEREMY taking them, keeping them. Relieved and grateful.

JEREMY

But that's exceedingly kind. Whatever did you do that for?

NORMAN

Some of those things were personal. And a bit cheeky, if you don't mind my saying. If they fell into the wrong hands... I didn't want you getting into trouble.

Beat. A smile. Affection between them. And heat.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

It's funny. His name's Norman and my name's Norman, and these are all 'Dear Norman', I used to imagine... they were mine. As if a man like you would write to a man like me.

JEREMY

It's not impossible.

NORMAN

...really?

Norman shy, breaks the moment; he's counted out four pills.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Could I have some water?

JEREMY

Yes, of course.

Jeremy's got a CARAFE OF WATER, a GLASS, close at hand.

NORMAN keeps talking, gulping down the PILLS.

DURING THE DIALOGUE: JEREMY watching. Like a hawk. He loves this; he's attracted to a hapless, helpless Norman, to whom he can be superior. But crucially, this weakness, this neediness, the pills, turn him on. They give Jeremy control.

And at the same time: Norman, by being helpless, and simply by being young, is giving out sexual signals. It's not deliberate, it's innate; it's how he gets through the world.

NORMAN

These pills are new. I was on Largactil, but they said try this Elavil instead. Because I wasn't very well. In the head. I suppose you'd guessed that already! I was in the clinic. For psychiatric patients. Is that all right?

JEREMY

Of course it is.

NORMAN

And they were very good, I'm very grateful, I really am, but then they said, there's not much more we can do for you, so I said, what do I do now? And they said, that's not up to us, and I said, well! And that's when I thought of you.

JEREMY

With a view to what, exactly..?

NORMAN

Thing is. When I ran out on Mr Van de Vater, I had to leave my National Insurance card behind, and I can hardly ask for it back, can I? Not now! Which means I won't be able to get work. And without work, I can't get anywhere to live, and without a home address, I can't get my prescriptions, so I'm stuck, Jeremy, I am completely stuck, and... I've got nowhere to stay.

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27 OMITTED

27



- 28 EXT. URSULA'S HOUSE - DAY 28
- DOOR OPENS. And there stands URSULA THORPE. Tall, grim, forbidding. A Conservative, with a MONOCLE.
- URSULA  
Who might this be?
- CUT TO:
- 29 INT. THE RITZ - DAY 29
- THORPE with BESSELL, in 1965, interrupting the tale -
- BESSELL  
You took him to your mother's house?!
- CUT TO:
- 30 EXT. URSULA'S HOUSE - DAY 30
- JEREMY on the doorstep, facing URSULA, NORMAN quailing.
- JEREMY  
Ursula! This is...  
(making it up)  
Peter Freeman, he's a cameraman, he's coming with me on that expedition to Malta, I said we could give him a bed for the night -
- CUT TO:
- 31 INT. THE RITZ - DAY 31
- BESSELL  
But... why?!
- JEREMY  
I thought it would be fun.
- CUT TO:
- 32 INT. URSULA'S MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT 32
- NORMAN sits, polite, MRS TISH in his arms, SUITCASE & BAG by his side, utterly out of his depth, as URSULA plays the PIANO and JEREMY plays the VIOLIN. An old party piece of theirs. Dinicu, 'Hora Staccato,' fast & fierce. More like a battle between mother and son. From the wild, mad, fiddling -
- CUT TO:

33 INT. URSULA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

33

URSULA sits at the head of the table. JEREMY to one side. NORMAN opposite. Ursula's house, Stonewalls, is an austere late Victorian house in the Surrey village of Limpsfield; all rooms are on the ground floor, Ursula lets the upper floor. The world of the professional upper middle classes.

A HOUSEMAID scurries round, serving up dinner.

A BOILED EGG. One each.

This is normal to Jeremy and Ursula. They take their spoons, crack their eggs. Norman nervous, copies them, as mother and son talk, ignoring Norman completely. And Ursula, monocle'd as ever, interrogates her way into Jeremy's life.

URSULA

They say you're part of it. This Committee regarding peerages.

JEREMY

I'm not on the Committee, no.

URSULA

But it exists, because of you? You facilitated it?

JEREMY

I just asked the right question at the right time, that's all.

URSULA

But for whose benefit? Anthony Wedgewood Benn?

JEREMY

I knew him at Oxford, he's a perfectly decent chap -

URSULA

The man's a Trot! And think of the bigger picture. If you sit on that committee and steer it correctly...  
(she bullies, then charms)  
Then one day you could claim the ancient barony of Thorpe, and wouldn't that be marvellous?

JEREMY

I suppose it would.

URSULA

You would be elevated, darling. Elevated.

CUT TO:

34 INT. URSULA'S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

34

Small, neat room, with a sink. NORMAN in PYJAMAS with a VEST underneath, filling a glass of water. Gulps down his PILLS.

JUMP CUT, MINUTES LATER, Norman just sitting on the bed. A bit bleary from the pills, from the day. Lost and alone. MRS TISH is asleep in a basket. He gives her a little pat.

JUMP CUT, MINUTES LATER, Norman in bed. He's been given a BOOK, Giovanni's Room, abandons it, switches off the lamp.

Darkness.

JUMP CUT, 20 MINUTES LATER. Creak. The door opens. A shaft of light. And there's JEREMY, in pyjamas & dressing gown. He's carrying a TOWEL, and a JAR.

Norman blinks awake.

JEREMY

Sssh.

Jeremy comes in, sits on the bed, as Norman sits up in bed, shucks his knees up, switches the lamp on. A bit scared of this powerful man; a bit thrilled to be in his company. While Jeremy is composed, calm, certain. All hushed:

NORMAN

Nothing wrong, is there?

JEREMY

Why would there be?

NORMAN

I don't know.

JEREMY

Did you read the book?

NORMAN

Not yet.

JEREMY

You'll like it.

And Jeremy leans over, puts the JAR on the bedside table. It's a JAR OF VASELINE. Norman taking this in. Nervous.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Don't look so scared.

NORMAN

I'm not.

JEREMY

Yes you are. Like a frightened little rabbit. Is that what you are? My little bunny?

And Jeremy gives him a little tickle under his chin.

But Norman starts to cry. Just a quick little jag. Jeremy still fascinated, loving it, completely in control.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What's all this?

NORMAN

I'm sorry.

JEREMY

You've had a nice time, haven't you?

NORMAN

Yeah.

JEREMY

Then why so sad?

NORMAN

No one's ever been this kind to me.

JEREMY

(mimics him)

No one's ever been this kind to me, poor little bunny rabbit, waah.

(as himself)

Now don't be silly, dry your eyes. Go on. Wipe your face. Let me see. Shake it off. Brrr!

NORMAN

Brrr!

JEREMY

And again!

NORMAN

Brrr!

JEREMY

Much better.

And the two of them laugh a little, in the dark.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to kiss you, and you will enjoy it.

And he leans in, and does. On the lips. A few seconds. Norman just... blank. Numb. They separate.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
You could enjoy it a bit more.

NORMAN  
...I can't.

JEREMY  
Why not?

NORMAN  
It's wrong.

Jerme y slides his hand between Norman's legs. Smiles.

JEREMY  
That's not wrong.

And Jeremy kisses him again, deep.

And now Norman responds, returns the kiss, excited.

Then Jeremy separates, businesslike, holding up the towel.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Now. We'll need this. Just in  
case. And a good little helping of  
every bachelor's friend.

He takes hold of the Vaseline. Norman bewildered.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Hop on to all fours, there's a good  
chap, that always works best, don't  
you think? Up you get, come on.

NORMAN  
On the bed?

JEREMY  
Yes, on the bed.

Norman does so. Jeremy taking off his dressing gown, pyjamas  
underneath. Then he leans in, to whisper in Norman's ear.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
And remember...

He points at the wall.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Mother's room.

CUT TO:

BESSELL  
And then..?

JEREMY  
We did the deed.

BESSELL  
Of course.  
(pause)  
Gosh.

JEREMY  
It's very good, this.

Indicating his pudding; they now have a LEMON POSSET each.

BESSELL  
Excellent. Quite a lot of lemon.  
Which is rare. So.  
(of the letter)  
The next time you heard from  
Norman, was this?

JEREMY  
Oh no. I took him straight from  
mother's and moved him into rooms.  
Paid the rent. Kept him there.

CUT TO:

36 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT 36

Medium sized lodgings, small bathroom, no kitchen. Door opens, JEREMY lets himself in. MRS TISH yapping. Calls out:

JEREMY  
Bunny!

CUT TO:

37 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT 37

JEREMY & NORMAN kissing, Jeremy still clothed but lowering Norman down on to the bed, and unbuttoning his shirt. Intimate, fun, tender. They're like proper lovers, now.

CUT TO:

38 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT 38

A RECORD spinning on a TURNTABLE. A RECORD-PLAYER in the flat, playing Bruckner's Symphony No.9, II, Scherzo.

Both men half-dressed, with a glass of wine, JEREMY sitting upright, eyes bright, inspired by the music.

And he's intoxicating NORMAN with this, both men enraptured by the moment. Music becoming thunderous, stirring!

JEREMY

...and the march begins! And this is us, Norman, this is you and me, this is mankind, marching towards his maker, can you feel it? That's what Bruckner's searching for. God. In his Heaven. And it is... ineffable.

38A INT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS - NIGHT

38A

Driving through the night, the windows wet and fogged, just the glare of passing lights outside. JEREMY and NORMAN sit all alone, at the front. They've had a drink, now they're eating chips from newspaper. Sitting on opposite seats but intimate; the freedom of having the top deck all to yourself.

And for this brief moment, they're more like equals.

NORMAN

I lived over there, for a couple of months. Harrington Road.

JEREMY

Rather nice houses.

NORMAN

Not down that end. More of a doss house. Five to a room, we had to go and piss in the park.

(smiles)

Is this your first time on a bus?

JEREMY

No it is not!

NORMAN

I bet it is.

JEREMY

Excuse me. I've been on many buses.

NORMAN

Liar.

JEREMY

When I was 16, we used to get an absence, and come up to Paddington. Catch the number 36 to Lord's. We'd smuggle on bottles of beer.

NORMAN

'We' being... you and Lord Snooty.

JEREMY

Yes that's right. Good old Snooty.

NORMAN

How is Snooty?

JEREMY

He's absolutely top hole.

And they're both laughing, winding each other up and loving it, as Norman launches himself across the seats, horny, goes in for a big, deep kiss.

The two of them, snogging on a bus as the night slides by.

CUT TO:



39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 OMITTED 41

42 OMITTED 42

43 OMITTED 43

44 INT. COMMONS CHAMBER - DAY 44

JEREMY on his feet, strong, magnificent, to the House:

JEREMY

...this country's application to join the Common Market represents a huge opportunity for growth and investment. Not just for the bankers and businessmen in London, they've lined their pockets enough! But for my constituents in North Devon, and for all the good and honest workers across the land, Europe represents a bold new horizon, from which we can profit, and learn, and enrich our lives for generations to come...

He gives a tiny glance up to the Visitors' Gallery, at...

NORMAN, now very well dressed, with new clothes from Savile Row, bought by Jeremy. Looking down. So proud.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT 45

London at night. All dark and dangerous, as JEREMY digs into NORMAN's trousers, kissing him, wanking him off.

Jeremy so alive. Loving the danger. Norman's joining in, but glancing around, both turned on and scared.

CUT TO:

46 OMITTED 46

47 OMITTED 47

48 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - DAY 48  
JEREMY at his desk, writing a letter, VOICEOVER as he writes:

JEREMY V.O.  
...I wasn't going to say anything  
compromising but can't stop myself  
saying I love you, and can't wait  
to see you...

It's easy to love Norman in letters, but in life -

CUT TO:

49 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT 49  
JEREMY swings the door open, his usual cry:

JEREMY  
Bunny!

Only to find NORMAN sitting there, crying, helpless.

Jeremy: God, not again.

CUT TO:

49A INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE FLAT - DAY 49A  
JEREMY dressing for the day ahead, but mid-row with NORMAN.

NORMAN  
I'm left on my own all day!

JEREMY  
For God's sake, d'you realise how  
busy I am?

NORMAN  
But what am I supposed to *do*?!

CUT TO:

49B INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE FLAT - NIGHT 49B  
NORMAN finds this life bewildering. In fast, hard cuts:  
Knocks back WINE.  
Knocks back WHISKY.

CUT TO:



54 INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE, ROOM - NIGHT

54

JEREMY and NORMAN, in the middle of a furious row. Norman's in his coat, shoving things into his SUITCASE.

JEREMY

What happened to bloody France?!

NORMAN

They said no! But go on then, tell me, how is that my fault?!

JEREMY

I got you that job! At the stables! And you threw it away!

NORMAN

I told you! It was that man, he was vile to me!

JEREMY

Dare I say, if you drank a little less and took fewer of those pills -

NORMAN

And why's that? Why d'you think I need them?! Because of YOU! And the things you've done to me!

JEREMY

What's that supposed to mean?

In the doorway:

NORMAN

You have infected me, Jeremy. With the virus. Of homosexuality!

And clutching his suitcase, he storms out, SLAM!

CUT TO:

55 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

55

JEREMY and BESSELL on coffee & brandy, now.

BESSELL

Where did he go?

JEREMY

God knows.

CUT TO:

55A INT. DRAYCOTT PLACE FLAT - NIGHT

55A

SLAM! NORMAN's sc.54 exit, now seen from the OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, the hallway outside the flat. Norman, in his coat, and with his SUITCASE, slamming the door. Storming off.

(This NIGHT now continues, a continuation of events, IE, stepping out of Jeremy's narrative to Bessell and showing events in sc.58-63 that Jeremy, in 1965, isn't yet aware of.)

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED 56

57 OMITTED 57

58 INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT 58

NORMAN - upset, still bristling with anger - slams his precious SUITCASE down on the desk. To the SERGEANT:

NORMAN

I have come to tell you about my homosexual relations with Jeremy Thorpe, MP.

CUT TO:

59 INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 59

A cold white-tiled box. NORMAN sits opposite D.I ROBERT HUNTLEY and D.S. EDWARD SMITH. Huntley writing down everything Norman says. The police impassive, professional.

NORMAN

...I was a victim. Of his lust. And appetites. And if you ask me why it's taken me so long to come to the police, then all I can say is, I was in thrall to the man. That's my explanation. In thrall.

JUMP CUT TO Norman taking A LARGE WHITE ENVELOPE out of his SUITCASE, containing within a BUNDLE of old, tattered, opened LETTERS. He takes out TWO of these letters - one of them the BUNNIES LETTER - keeping a good 25 letters still inside the white envelope. He hands over the crucial two letters -

NORMAN (CONT'D)

You can have these, as proof, I'll give you two of the best. Look! His handwriting. 'Bunnies'! My nickname's Bunny, that's proof enough, isn't it? I'll keep the rest of them, thank you, that's my insurance policy.

- as he shoves the big white envelope BACK INTO the suitcase -

CUT TO:

60 INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY 60

The next day. D.I. HUNTLEY sits at his desk. Puffs his cheeks, bemused. Blimey. What a story! Starts to type.

And as he types, SCENES 60-63 are linked together by fast, fierce MUSIC, like the Sc.32 Dinicu music: a sequence, showing the path of the report from desk to desk.

CU TYPEWRITER, letter by letter, spelling: JEREMY THORPE.

CU the REPORT, with Norman's TWO LETTERS attached by paperclip, Huntley sliding them into an INTERNAL ENVELOPE.

Envelope being handwritten: C. Fairfax, Scotland Yard.

RED DATE STAMP, 19 December 1962, THUMP!

CUT TO:

61 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 61

Music continues.

CAPTION: SCOTLAND YARD.

C. FAIRFAX tips out the ENVELOPE; the TWO LETTERS.

Reading it, he puffs his cheeks. Blimey.

THE TWO LETTERS shoved back into the INTERNAL ENVELOPE.

Envelope being handwritten: J.J. Blaine, Special Branch.

RED DATE STAMP: 20 December, 1962, THUMP!

CUT TO:

62 INT. SPECIAL BRANCH - DAY 62

Music continues.

CAPTION: SPECIAL BRANCH

J.J. BLAINE reading the report, puffs his cheeks. Blimey.

INTERNAL ENVELOPE being handwritten: T. SIMPSON, Box 500.

RED DATE STAMP: 21 December, 1962, THUMP!

CUT TO:

63 INT. M.I.5 - DAY 63

Music continues.

CAPTION: M.I.5

T. SIMPSON reads the report, puffs his cheeks, blimey.

He shoves THE TWO LETTERS back into the ENVELOPE.

Leaves his desk, carrying the envelope, going to...

A SAFE. T. Simpson puts the Thorpe envelope inside, and...

SLAM! Music ends.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

64

JEREMY innocent of the above sequence, with BESSELL, who's now lit up a cigarette.

JEREMY

God knows what he got up to. I thought I was rid of him, then out of the blue, that!

(the letter)

To mother. Telling her everything.

BESSELL

Did she believe it?

JEREMY

Of course not.

CUT TO:

65 INT. URSULA'S HOUSE - DAY

65

HALLWAY. URSULA hands JEREMY the 17-PAGE LETTER. She'd use tongs, if she could. Staring at her son, knowing it's true. Jeremy takes the letter, for once in his life ashamed.

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED

66

67 OMITTED

67

68 OMITTED

68

69 OMITTED

69



70 INT. THE RITZ - DAY

70

JEREMY

(of the letter)

Now he says he's taken rooms, in Dublin, under the care of a Father Sweetman. And this is where you come in, Besselli.

BESSELL

Good God. Doing what exactly?

JEREMY

You can take that thing -

He hands over the the 17-PAGE LETTER. Bessell pockets it.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

- and confront him. In Dublin. I can't put anything in writing, so I need you to see him in person and warn him off, and I mean seriously, go and put the shits up him, the little sod. Tell him this amounts to blackmail, and he'll have the full weight of the law upon his head if he ever tries anything like this again. And make it very clear: he is not to contact me. Ever. He is not to talk about our previous association, in any shape or form. And he is not to write to my mother describing acts of anal sex under any circumstances whatsoever.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. IRISH COUNTRY LANE - DAY

71

The land between airport and city. A TAXI tootles along.

INT CAR: BESSELL sits in the back. A man on a mission.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. DUBLIN HOTEL - DAY

72

A small, ramshackle hotel on the outskirts. As the TAXI drives away, Bessell heads inside. Disgruntled, out of place; this is a man who prefers the finer things.

CUT TO:

73 INT. DUBLIN HOTEL, RECEPTION - DAY 73

Small, homely, dark-wood reception, BESSELL signing in, a little disdainful. A MALE RECEPTIONIST on duty.

BESSELL

...his name's Norman Josiffe, I've asked him to meet me here at 8 o'clock, so it's imperative. You must let me know when he arrives.

CUT TO:

74 INT. DUBLIN HOTEL, BEDROOM - EVENING 74

Tiny room. BESSELL sitting on the single bed. Hating the sheets, the awful eiderdown, the thin pillow, everything. And he's fed up, looking at his watch. Norman's late!

CUT TO:

75 OMITTED 75

76 EXT. TELEPHONE BOX, IRELAND - NIGHT 76

Rain. BESSELL cold, cross, huddled in the box. Bad line.

BESSELL

...I called yesterday, for Norman? Norman Josiffe? Is he there? Mr Norman Josiffe, J-O-S-I-F-F-E...

CUT TO:

77 INT. DUBLIN HOTEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT 77

BESSELL in his PYJAMAS, getting into bed. This godforsaken place. And that godforsaken man, damn Norman!

He switches off the light, CLICK!

CUT TO:

78 EXT. DUBLIN HOTEL - DAY 78

BESSELL, cross and frazzled, carrying his case to the waiting TAXI, when he sees...

A MAN at a distance, heading his way. Expensive coat, but crumpled. Handsome, but looks like he's been out all night.

BESSELL

...Norman?

NORMAN

Mr Bessell, I take it?

BESSELL

I was expecting you last night.  
For goodness' sake, this is highly  
inconvenient, I waited for a very  
long time.

NORMAN

I think you'll find, Mr Bessell,  
that I'm not at your beck and call.  
You might be a Member of  
Parliament, but that gives you no  
authority in Ireland, and certainly  
none over me. Now what d'you want?

Bessell thrown, because Norman - outside Jeremy's telling of  
the story - is sharper, cleverer than he expected.

BESSELL

Problem is... I've got to go home,  
I only had the one night, so...  
You'll have to come with me. To  
the airport, so I can have a word  
en route. In you get, chop chop!

CUT TO:

79

INT. TAXI/EXT. IRISH COUNTRY LANES - DAY

79

FIVE MINUTES LATER. NORMAN & BESSELL in the back. Norman  
bristling. Bessell aware of the driver. Who's listening.

BESSELL

My friend and colleague -  
(indicates the driver)  
"JT" insists that you cease and  
desist from contacting -

NORMAN

Tell Jeremy Thorpe I don't care!

BESSELL

JT! Insists! That you stop  
harrassing him and his mother -

NORMAN

Jeremy Thorpe can say whatever he  
wants -

BESSELL

JT, JT, JT! JT demands! That you  
stop! Or he will take legal action  
against you. I have here, in this  
case, an extradition order from the  
Home Secretary.

(MORE)

BESSELL (CONT'D)

If you don't stop, this order will be issued and you will be taken back to the United Kingdom. To face trial!

NORMAN

Show me.

BESSELL

...what?

NORMAN

The extradition order. Show me.

BESSELL

It's in here.

NORMAN

Show me.

Bessell's lying, there is no order. Instead, he sighs, backs down. He's nicer, more honest, and the whole car calms down.

BESSELL

You wrote to his mother, Norman. You can understand why he's so cross, can't you? His own mother.

Norman quieter, regretful.

NORMAN

S'pose it was a bit much.

Silence. They bump along. Then quietly:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

He loved me. He said so. He wrote me a letter, it said, 'I want to live on a farm with you'. I don't know. Isn't that love?

BESSELL

But every time you dwell on this, you make it worse. For yourself. Never mind him. Isn't that true? Wouldn't everything be better if you just... left him in the past? Like everyone does, with every old lover. Move on and find someone new. Wouldn't that be nice?

NORMAN

You called him my lover.

BESSELL

Yes.

NORMAN

Thank you.

And that's worked. They seem to be friends.

BESSELL

I can help. A little bit. I can give you £5 as a weekly retainer until you're settled. And you can have my telephone number...

(gives £5 and his card)

So if anything arises. You can contact me. Not JT. Have you got that, is that clear?

NORMAN

I suppose.

BESSELL

Good.

NORMAN

And you'll sort out my National Insurance card?

BESSELL

...in what way?

And Norman's off again! Accusing Bessell - he's all sudden mood switches, pointing right at Bessell, gleeful, savage.

NORMAN

Oh he didn't tell you about that, did he? No he did not, Mr JT and his fiddle-dee-dee, did he tell you my life is hell, because I haven't got a card?! He promised to get me a new one and did he, no he didn't!

BESSELL

Can't you get a new one yourself?

NORMAN

That's the point! Technically, he was my employer, cos he paid for everything, so he's got to do it! Because if I haven't got a National Insurance card, I can't work, I can't get benefits, I don't exist, I'm like an exile, out here -

BESSELL

- I'll see what I can do -

NORMAN

- no, not you, it's got to be Jeremy Thorpe, he was supposed to buy my stamps, and he never did -

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
- that's how it works, that  
card is my entire identity,  
without it, I don't exist -

BESSELL  
- all right, he'll do it,  
you'll get your card, all  
right all right ALL RIGHT!

And they snap into silence, like children.

Bump bump.

Then, keeping calm, quiet.

BESSELL (CONT'D)  
So. New card. Five quid. And  
we're agreed, never to discuss  
these things again, yes?

NORMAN  
Yes.

BESSELL  
And that's it?

NORMAN  
Yes.

BESSELL  
We've covered everything?

NORMAN  
Yes.

BESSELL  
Thank you.

Silence.

NORMAN  
Although. That letter, about the  
farm. I kept that, I saved it,  
along with 25 love letters from JT  
and I had them all nice and safe  
inside my suitcase, which I then  
lost. On a train. In Switzerland.

Bessell despairs!

CUT TO:

80	OMITTED	80
81	OMITTED	81
82	OMITTED	82



JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Non, mais c'est très important.  
Lost propriété? Propriété perdu?

CUT TO:

89 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY 89

Still fast, energetic, JEREMY hurries down, BESSELL follows.

BESSELL  
Any luck?

JEREMY  
Nothing!

BESSELL  
I've got this American trip for the next fortnight, but d'you remember Diana Stainton? She's working for me now, I've left her in charge - if anyone can find it, it's her!

CUT TO:

90 INT. BESSELL'S OFFICE - DAY 90

Bessell's desk is empty, alongside his secretary's: DIANA STAINTON. She's early 20s, blonde, sharp, shrewd.

DIANA  
Diana Stainton here, could I leave a message for Mr Thorpe? It's the suitcase. I've found it.

CUT TO:

91 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT 91

Deserted, as JEREMY RUNS in! Grabs the phone. He's got the number in his little NOTEBOOK, can't dial fast enough, frantic. Then he switches to instant charm:

JEREMY  
Diana darling, are you in a gorgeous negligee?

CUT TO:

92 INT. DIANA STAINTON'S FLAT - NIGHT 92

Small flat, DIANA in the hall. PEOPLE in the kitchen in b/g. Wine, smoke, laughter, music on a dansette - a fun, young 1960s scene behind Diana, making Jeremy's world seem so old. She's on the phone. Cool; she despises Jeremy Thorpe.



DIANA  
I am not. Are you?

INTERCUT with sc.91, Jeremy on the phone.

JEREMY  
Always so funny. They said you'd found that silly old suitcase.

DIANA  
Waiting at Victoria. Left luggage. I'll pick it up tomorrow morning.

JEREMY  
Oh, give me the details and I'll do it for you.

DIANA  
No, Mr Bessell asked me to find it, so it's my responsibility. The suitcase belongs to Mr Josiffe, in Dublin, so I'll return it to him.

JEREMY  
Much easier if I do it.

DIANA  
I disagree.

JEREMY  
Not like you, Diana. Saying no to a gentleman.

DIANA  
Good night, Mr Thorpe.

Jeremy in a little panic, he's cocked it up. He rallies!

JEREMY  
I'll drive you! That's what I'll do. Can't have you traipsing around town with a heavy suitcase, it's not right. Are you still in that Islington flat? I'll pick you up, 8 o'clock sharp tomorrow morning, there's a good girl.

CUT TO:

93

INT. VICTORIA STATION, LEFT LUGGAGE OFFICE - DAY

93

NEXT DAY. DIANA, frosty with JEREMY, signs a form, and the CLERK slams the SUITCASE down on to the counter.

DIANA  
Thank you very much.

She takes it - not letting Jeremy near it - strides out, Jeremy following. Mind whirring. All eyes on the suitcase.

CUT TO:

94 INT. CAR - DAY 94

JEREMY driving the ROVER, DIANA in the passenger seat. As he hauls the wheel round, changing direction:

JEREMY

I say, I just need to pop back to my flat, I've left something at home, won't take two ticks.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. MARSHAM COURT FLATS - DAY 95

The ROVER parked, JEREMY swinging open the boot, fast, grabs the SUITCASE. DIANA getting out of the car, alarmed.

DIANA

What d'you need that for?

JEREMY

No matter!

And he's practically running for the flat. Diana runs too!

CUT TO:

96 INT. JEREMY'S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT - DAY 96

The flat's austere, cold, a bachelor's domain. Chinoiserie on display. But now JEREMY BURSTS IN. DIANA close behind, so he can't close the door. He doesn't give a fuck, puts the SUITCASE on the floor of the hall, tries to open it. Can't!

DIANA

Mr Thorpe. That's not yours.

He glances at her. A gleam in his eyes, like an animal. And she's a bit scared, as he turns, approaches her... and leads her back OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR, and then SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT! He turns back round. ATTACKS THE CASE. All his anger coming out. It won't open. He grabs a LETTER-OPENER from a hall table. Jams it in the LOCKS. Frantic. Teeth gritted.

Diana locked out, knocking on the door.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Mr Thorpe, what on earth are you doing?! I'd like an answer!

It springs OPEN! Jeremy scrabbles inside. Finds:  
 THE BIG WHITE ENVELOPE. Full of OLD LETTERS.  
 And he grabs it, runs off into the flat.

CUT TO:

97 INT. JEREMY'S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT, BATHROOM - DAY 97

JEREMY bursts in. Opens the BIG WHITE ENVELOPE, pulls out the OLD LETTERS, RIPS THEM UP. FLUSHES them down the TOILET. Rip rip rip, flush. Rip rip rip, flush.

And his fever is beginning to pass.

CUT TO:

98 INT. JEREMY'S FLAT, MARSHAM COURT - DAY 98

DIANA standing there, furious, as...

The door SWINGS OPEN. JEREMY calm again. He palms a loose lock of hair back into place, the only sign of his temper, gone. He casually indicates the suitcase, still in the hall:

JEREMY

Now. If you could return that to  
 Mr Josiffe, I think we're done.  
 That's splendid. Come along.

He walks past her, out of the flat, leaving her to clean up.

Diana staggered. Disturbed by what she's seen. And the MUSIC which has waltzed in and out since sc.80... ENDS.

CUT TO:

99 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT 99

JEREMY's happy now, relaxed, passing BESSELL a whisky. Bessell also lighting up a cigarette, during:

Everything calming down now, after the frantic chase. Speed and energy draining away. Two privileged men settling back.

JEREMY

And that, I think we can safely  
 say, is that.  
 (a toast)  
 Farewell to Miss Norma Josiffe.

BESSELL

(a toast)

Farewell indeed. But promise me.  
Sort out that Insurance Card, for  
God's sake.

JEREMY

What, and give him something that  
connects us, officially?  
Absolutely not.

BESSELL

Did you love him?

JEREMY

Good God.

Thorpe's smile drops. Bessell stronger for once; he liked  
Norman, a little, and wants to understand Jeremy better.

BESSELL

Sorry, old thing. But I have to  
wonder. Did you?

JEREMY

He's a man.

BESSELL

But did you love him at all? Not  
even once? For a moment?

JEREMY

Pedro. That doesn't even exist.

BESSELL

It does for Norman. He seems to  
find it easy.

JEREMY

Doesn't he just. I wonder.

(pause)

Should I envy him?

Silence; Bessell doesn't know. Jeremy vulnerable, defences down. Imagining a different life. Quiet, musing:

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I spoke to Leo, the other day. Leo Abse.

CUT TO:

100

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY

100

BUSY, BUSTLING. The Division Bell has rung, an important vote, a full House of Commons discharging to Division Lobbies, MPs pouring through. JEREMY striding along -

Intercepted by LEO ABSE; he's 50, short, Welsh, passionate, full of energy. Flamboyant dresser, silk scarf. The lobby stays busy around them, during this; they're a still point.

JEREMY

Leo!

LEO

Jeremy! Thought I'd catch you.

JEREMY

Better be quick.

LEO

I'm going ahead with it! Into the lion's den. A Private Members' Bill for the Commons, next month.

JEREMY

You're a brave man.

LEO

My wife says I'm brave for wearing this tie. Make no mistake, though. I don't believe those lost souls will ever be happy. But it's our duty, in Parliament, to help them.

A tiny subtext glittering; that Leo must know about Jeremy.

LEO (CONT'D)

God knows I've tried, my first proposal, I asked the Lord Chancellor, and d'you know what he said?

CUT TO:

101 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY 101

LEO ABSE, nervous, trotting along with the Lord Chancellor,  
LORD KILMUIR, 67, stern.

LORD KILMUIR

I will refuse to sit in any Cabinet  
meeting where this filthy subject  
is even being discussed. We would  
be licencing buggers' clubs.

CUT TO:

101A INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT 101A

Sc.99 continued, JEREMY with BESSELL.

BESSELL

Difficult. To ally oneself with  
that problem in particular.

JEREMY

You know Leo. No stopping him.

CUT TO:

102 OMITTED 102

103 OMITTED 103

104 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 104

LEO

But then finally, I found someone  
to help me. Lord Arran.

JEREMY

Boofy.

LEO

Boofy!

CUT TO:

105 INT. LORD ARRAN'S MANSION, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 105

LORD ARRAN

Call me Boofy!

Shaking LEO's hand as he leads him in. ARRAN's 56, short,  
red-faced, white hair. Wearing GUMBOOTS. The mansion's  
splendid but ramshackle. Arran points to some more boots.

LORD ARRAN (CONT'D)

What size are you?

LEO

Size eight, why?

LORD ARRAN

You need boots. To protect the ankle. In case they get in.

LEO

In case who gets in?

LORD ARRAN

Badgers!

CUT TO:

106 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 106

JEREMY  
Badgers?

LEO  
Conservation mad. Anyway!

CUT TO:

107 INT. LORD ARRAN'S MANSION - DAY 107

LORD ARRAN ploughing through his collection of BOOTS.

LORD ARRAN  
Eight, eight, eight. There's a cat-  
flap in the kitchen, in they come.  
And they bite, the little buggers.  
Give you tuberculosis!

COUNTESS OF ARRAN  
And ringworm!

She's passing through, with a trug. Jolly as can be.

LORD ARRAN  
Terrible ringworm! Fiona, this is  
Leo, Leo, this is Fiona, we're  
celebrating, she's just achieved  
speeds of 81.65 miles per hour  
across Lake Windermere.

LEO  
I'm sorry..?

CUT TO:

108 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 108

LEO  
Turns out, the Countess of Arran is  
a champion powerboat racer.

JEREMY  
Good Lord.

CUT TO:



109 INT. LORD ARRAN'S MANSION - DAY 109

THE COUNTESS shakes a jolly fist at LEO, beaming.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN

That bloody Donald Campbell, I'll  
catch him! The devil!

LORD ARRAN

Now. Boots. Badgers. I must show  
you the wallabies later. What  
else? Oh yes. Queers!

CUT TO:

110 INT. LORD ARRAN'S MANSION, DINING ROOM - DAY 110

An empty, echoing room, with a long, grand table. LEO with  
LORD ARRAN, who's having a whisky, and the COUNTESS OF ARRAN,  
who's peeling and coring cooking apples. All in BOOTS.

They also have a MACAW, suspended in a cage.

LEO

...but thank God for your support,  
Boofy. People are starting to  
listen, at last.

LORD ARRAN

It puzzles me. Why the  
heterosexual man should be so  
relentless in his attack.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN

We've had some dreadful letters.  
Full of bile, quoting Deuteronomy  
and Leviticus. No one ever  
mentions the Sermon on the Mount.

LORD ARRAN

I was sent shit! A parcel of shit.  
Shit in the post. Human shit. My  
secretary thought it was pâté, she  
said, 'I threw it away, Lord Arran,  
it wouldn't keep.'

They laugh, but the Countess is worried:

COUNTESS OF ARRAN

What chance d'you think we stand?

LEO

It's not the most popular of  
causes. But the world is changing,  
every day, we gain more votes.

LORD ARRAN  
Not fast enough for some. Oh  
goodness me.

Because he's suddenly brimming with tears. Gets out a hanky.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN  
Sweetheart.

LORD ARRAN  
I'm fine.

Leo just waits.

LORD ARRAN (CONT'D)  
You might wonder. Why an old  
kidney like me would help you. But  
I've seen what the law does.  
(pause)  
My brother. The Seventh Earl.

COUNTESS OF ARRAN  
Queer as springtime.

CUT TO:

111 INT. CHAPEL OF REST - DAY 111

SILENT IMAGES to layer into a Sc.113 CU of LORD ARRAN.

A small, cold room. Pauly Gore, the Seventh Earl, laid out;  
A VICAR and an UNDERTAKER lead LORD ARRAN in. The body just  
foreground, a blur; his hand.

On Lord Arran. This funny, fierce man crying his heart out.

Boofy holds his brother's hand, one last time. Over this:

CUT TO:

112 OMITTED 112

113 INT. LORD ARRAN'S MANSION, DINING ROOM - DAY 113

These images of grief layered into quiet dignity:

LORD ARRAN  
When we were children. In the  
nursery. I'd reach out. Every  
night. Hold his hand until he  
slept. Such a clever boy. He  
translated the Three Musketeers,  
did you know? Penguin Classic.  
(pause)  
And the deaths go on.  
(MORE)

LORD ARRAN (CONT'D)

By hanging, by poison, by gas. Men killing themselves out of fear and shame, and I don't think it's suicide, I think it's murder, they are murdered by the laws of the land. And I think it's time it stopped.

CUT TO:

114 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 114

The bustle around them reduced to a BLUR now. LEO intense, to JEREMY, as though Leo is concluding Arran's speech:

LEO

Now we stand in a unique position. To change the law. And save their lives. Have I got your vote?

CUT TO:

115 INT. JEREMY'S H.O.C. OFFICE - NIGHT 115

BACK TO JEREMY with BESSELL, in the dark. Hushed, intimate. Leo's question suspended in the air. Hold the pause, then...

BESSELL

...what did you say?

JEREMY

I said yes. Of course I said yes. Good God, what sort of man do you think I am?

BESSELL

Astonishing to think. If Leo Abse wins. There will be freedom.

JEREMY

Those men will be free to be pitied. I don't care what changes they make to the law, if anything about me ever became public... I give you my word, Peter, I'll put a gun to my head and blow my brains out.

BESSELL

Then I shall protect you. As ever.

A small smile from Jeremy.

JEREMY

Thank you.

BESSELL

Not at all.

Jeremy stands. Bessell makes to go, both men feeling a long night coming to an end, the mood lifting.

JEREMY

I'll see you tomorrow. Enough of this nonsense. We have work to do.

BESSELL

Exciting times ahead.

JEREMY

Very, very, very exciting.

BESSELL

Very, very, very.

Both smiling. Old friends.

CUT TO:

116 INT. QUEEN'S HALL, BARNSTAPLE - NIGHT

116

The RETURNING OFFICER on a microphone.

RETURNING OFFICER

Thorpe, John Jeremy, Liberal Party... Sixteen thousand, seven hundred and ninety seven.

And JEREMY stands TRIUMPHANT! The HALL explodes with whoops and cheers, boos and jeers, all around him. ENERGY now, uniting sc.116-129A, as time moves on, all fast, DYNAMIC.

CUT TO:

117 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CHIEF WHIP'S OFFICE - DAY

117

MIKE STEELE, early 30s, smart, clever, the Liberal Party Press Officer, announces to the packed room:

MIKE STEELE

And the election for leadership stands as follows... Mr Hooson and Mr Lubbock withdraw, so Mr Jeremy Thorpe is elected Leader of the Liberal Party!

And JEREMY stands triumphant! Around him, Liberal MPs - BESSELL, plus Lubbock and 8 more, with RESEARCHERS, PARTY MEMBERS and STAFF, all cheering! Though not so much EMLYN HOOSON; 45, Liberal MP for Montgomeryshire, a former QC, sharp. But defeated. Jeremy reaches over for a handshake.

JEREMY  
The best man won!

And Jeremy moves on. Leaving Emlyn behind, now his enemy.

JUMP CUT: all thronged around singing the ETON BOATING SONG, as JEREMY draws a ceremonial SWORD from its scabbard; his grandfather's sword from the Order of St Vladimir.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
I will lead... a crusade!

And they SING and CHEER as he uses the sword to cut a CAKE!

CUT TO:

118 INT. BBC RADIO STUDIO - DAY

118

JEREMY at the MICROPHONE; he's an experienced broadcaster. And good at it, too. MALE BBC INTERVIEWER in suit & tie.

BBC INTERVIEWER  
...you're the youngest man to lead a British political party in more than a century.

JEREMY  
Pitt the Younger became Prime Minister at the age of twenty four. You could say I'm behind schedule.

BBC INTERVIEWER  
Is that the plan? Prime Minister?

And Jeremy GRINS.

CUT TO:

118A INT. MEMBERS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

118A

JEREMY with BESSELL, mid-conversation, eager.

JEREMY  
If I'm to get any further, then I'd better get married.

BESSELL  
Really? Who did you have in mind, the Queen Mother?

JEREMY  
I'm absolutely serious. I asked Mike Steele -

CUT TO:

118B INT. MIKE STEELE'S OFFICE - DAY

118B

JEREMY in front of MIKE STEELE's desk.

JEREMY

Tell me, how d'you think it would affect our ratings in the polls if I were to get married?

MIKE STEELE

Gosh. Well, it could do you some good, people don't trust a bachelor. We might go up... two per cent?

JEREMY

Really? How about five? Let's say five. Five per cent it is!

CUT TO:

118C INT. MEMBERS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

118C

JEREMY & BESSELL continued from Sc.118A.

BESSELL

There's one obvious problem.

JEREMY

I'll close my eyes. Grit my teeth. Then after a few months, I'll just say I'm tired and old and impotent, darling, and that'll be that.

BESSELL

What about the men?

JEREMY

What men?

A cold glint from Jeremy. Bessell backs down.

BESSELL

All the same. If she's not going to complain... You'll need to find a girl who's led a sheltered life.

JEREMY

That's what I'll do. And I'll make her the luckiest girl in the world. Let the hunt begin!

CUT TO:

119 INT. BOUTIQUE, DUBLIN - DAY

119

Ting! A shop bell.

NORMAN walks in. It's a cool little boutique, full of 60s fashions. Norman's just mooching. Nice and calm.

A distance away, behind the counter, LYN. Irish, 30, tall, very stylish, the height of 60s style.

She smiles.

JUMP CUT:

NORMAN and LYN now together, full of fun, in front of a full-length mirror, Norman holding a jacket, loving this.

NORMAN

You see, it's the lining, the lining makes it look cheap, but if you made it scarlet, or mustard, the whole thing would come alive.

LYN

Oh my God, you've got quite an eye.  
(flirting)  
Mind you. You're one of those very lucky men. You look good in anything.

And as she holds his stare...

CUT TO:

119A INT. DRESSING ROOM, BOUTIQUE, DUBLIN - DAY 119A

NORMAN & LYN snogging, frantic, fun. He's a bit surprised:

NORMAN

Oh my goodness.

But what the hell, he goes for it! And as Norman finds himself with a girlfriend, then back in England...

CUT TO:

119B INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 119B

JEREMY sits with his wife, CAROLINE, facing the press.

Born Caroline Alpass, she's 29, Roedean & finishing school, delightful and delicate. She sits with her new husband in the Thorpes' new home, a large 17th Century thatched cottage in Cobbaton, North Devon. They're both facing a WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, 20 at least, all snapping away, MIKE STEELE with JOURNALISTS at the back of the room.

Jeremy & Caroline talk to the cameras. She's holding out her wedding ring, the cameras snap and flash ferociously.



JEREMY

We tried to keep the wedding day  
secret. But you lot outfoxed us.

CAROLINE

I had the devil's work talking him  
into a honeymoon. Jeremy's always  
so busy.

He takes her hand. Genuine affection.

JEREMY

Not any more. I must say. What  
started as a dalliance has turned  
into something quite wonderful.

And the cameras CLICK and FLASH!

CUT TO:

120 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO, DUBLIN - DAY 120

CLICK! FLASH! CLICK! CAMERA firing.

NORMAN the MODEL. Wearing the jacket-with-new-lining,  
against a plain backdrop. Nervous, unsure, but trying.

The PHOTOGRAPHER clicking away, with LYN watching, delighted.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. DUBLIN STREET - DAY 121

NORMAN striding along fast, with LYN and her NOTEBOOK. She's  
loving this, becoming fast, professional, dynamic.

LYN

You're really good at this! Eve  
Moreau needs someone exactly your  
height, tomorrow, 10 o'clock.

Norman loves praise, but at the same time, it's his undoing:

NORMAN

Am I really, though? Why am I  
good? I don't understand, what am  
I doing that's good?!

CUT TO:

122 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO, DUBLIN - DAY 122

CLICK! FLASH! CLICK!

NORMAN in beautiful 60s shirts.

A BETTER PHOTOGRAPHER now, LUKE MACKENZIE, black and Irish, loving it, snapping away, with LYN beside him.

LUKE  
That's it, look to the left, but  
don't turn away... Oh that's it!

NORMAN  
Is that right?

LUKE  
That's it! Norman, you've got it!

And Norman's smiling, more confident, beginning to learn.

CUT TO:

123 INT. COOL 60'S PARTY - NIGHT

123

A FLAT, lights low, cigarette smoke in the air. It's so 60s in here, music, booze, beautiful people.

NORMAN knocks back a glass of RED WINE. Excited, but still feeling out of his depth. Talking to guests:

NORMAN  
Oh it's all quite exciting, really.  
I can't believe all the fuss. I'm  
just a boy from Bexleyheath.

LYN running up, excited:

LYN  
Patrick said they love it, he said  
they love you! They want you back  
on Thursday! For the cover!

And they're gleeful, laughing, hug!

CUT TO:

123A INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - DAY

123A

FLASH! SNAP! NORMAN's now lost his nerves. He's at his modelling finest, now. Supreme, superb, posing for LUKE with LYN grinning behind Luke, delighted.

LUKE  
That's it, Norman. That's the  
shot. Oh my God, that is *it*.

Norman is a success. And the camera goes FLASH!

CUT TO:

123B EXT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY

123B

A CAMERA goes FLASH!

Blinking in the flash: a BABY.

WIDER. JEREMY, with CAROLINE cradling their son RUPERT.

They smile, posing for a family photo, and FLASH!

WIDER. They're surrounded by lighting umbrellas and gear, posing for photos. It's a proper shoot for the papers, with a LONDON PHOTOGRAPHER. MIKE STEELE and FEMALE JOURNALIST standing in b/g. As the photographer adjusts the lights:

MIKE STEELE

Fast as we can, thanks. Don't want to get cold.

JEREMY

It's fine. We're perfectly happy. Isn't that right?

Said to the baby as Jeremy lifts him into his arms. An intimate moment between the family, everyone else excluded.

CAROLINE

Careful.

JEREMY

I've got him.

CAROLINE

He's a bit sleepy this morning.

JEREMY

Can't have that. Little chap. There's a whole world to see.  
(kisses her forehead)  
Well done, you.

CAROLINE

Celia said she'd pop in later.

JEREMY

She'll have a fight on her hands. Taking him off me.  
(adoring the baby)  
Rupert the Bear. Hello. Hello.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

Mr Thorpe?

And Jeremy switches from intimate to camera-ready in a second, the baby in his arms, FLASH!

CUT TO:

123C INT. DEVON HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 123C \*

CAROLINE tidying up, JEREMY about to excuse himself. Radio 2 playing softy in the background from an old wireless. Stranger on the Shore, Acker Bilk. \*

JEREMY \*

I'll say goodnight. \*

But she takes hold of his hand. \*

CAROLINE \*

Not till you've danced with me. \*

And she turns the music up. He's a terrible dancer, stiff, awkward, and yet loving this moment. \*

JEREMY \*

I absolutely refuse. \*

CAROLINE \*

Oh, but I insist. \*

JEREMY \*

You'll wake up the baby. \*

CAROLINE \*

He'd be delighted for us. \*

But all of that's just throwaway chat, really, as Jeremy reluctantly, but happily, dances a little. A quiet, intimate picture of a couple in love. Contrasted with... \*

CUT TO: \*

123C OMITTED 123C

123D INT. SECOND COOL 60S PARTY - NIGHT 123D

Another party - darker, this one, smokier, bit grungier and wilder, as Norman's life starts to spiral downwards. He's talking to GUESTS, but a bit drunk, a bit arrogant.

NORMAN

Well. I may be from Bexleyheath.  
But my mother became pregnant  
while abroad. Mysteriously. So my  
father could be anyone...

CUT TO:

123E INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - DAY 123E  
Norman, modelling SAFARI SUITS, but a bit worse for wear.

LUKE  
Concentrate, Norman. Look at me.  
You been having too much fun?

CUT TO:

123F INT. SECOND COOL 60S PARTY - NIGHT 123F  
NORMAN knocking back a handful of PILLS.  
JUMP CUT TO Norman talking to GUESTS, drunker:

NORMAN  
It's entirely possible. Between  
you and me. I could be royalty.

CUT TO:

123G INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - DAY 123G  
Norman now modelling swimwear. Bleary. Photographer tetchy.

LUKE

Can we get some make up? Under his  
eyes? Come on! Hurry up!

LYN, standing at the back of the studio, angry, fed up.

CUT TO:

123H INT. SECOND COOL 60S PARTY - NIGHT 123H

NORMAN out of it, dancing, alone, smoking a joint.

CUT TO NORMAN, drunk, with a MAN.

NORMAN

I am a prince. And you are my  
serf.

And bang, he's snogging him, wrapping himself around him.

CUT TO:

123I INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - DAY 123I

Norman, in some fun, colourful shoot with BRIGHT CLOTHES and  
a FEATHER BOA, looks ghastly. Red-eyed. Shaky.

The photographer lowers his camera.

LUKE

I can't do anything with this. You  
look shit.

CUT TO:

124 OMITTED 124

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

127 OMITTED 127

128 OMITTED 128

129 EXT. DUBLIN STREET - DAY 129

NORMAN, desperate, trotting along to keep up with LYN.

NORMAN  
But I said I'm sorry!

LYN  
You were late, three times in a row  
and then Tuesday, you didn't even  
turn up! I'm sorry, Norman, you're  
off the books.

CUT TO:

129A EXT. BOUTIQUE, DUBLIN - DAY 129A  
NORMAN banging on the door. But it's locked.  
LYN appears, within. Cold. Turns the SIGN on the door.  
CLOSED.

CUT TO:

130 OMITTED 130  
131 OMITTED 131  
132 OMITTED 132  
133 OMITTED 133  
134 OMITTED 134  
135 OMITTED 135  
136 OMITTED 136  
137 OMITTED 137  
138 OMITTED 138  
139 OMITTED 139  
140 OMITTED 140  
141 INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 141  
RAIN against the windows. The house drumming under rainfall.  
Pressure from outside, cocooning the domestic bliss of  
CAROLINE THORPE and BABY RUPERT, inside the house.

She's just putting the baby in his cot, when...

The PHONE RINGS.

A beautiful white Bakelite phone. On its own table.

Ring ring.

Caroline doesn't hurry. She heads towards the phone, but picks up a stray jumper, folds it, puts it down.

Ring ring.

Now, Caroline approaches.

Ring ring.

She picks it up.

CAROLINE  
Cobbaton 263?

Beep-beep-beep, coins being fed into a phone box, then:

NORMAN V.O.  
Could I speak to Mr Thorpe, please?

CAROLINE  
I'm sorry, he's not in at the moment, who is this?

CUT TO:

142 EXT. PHONE BOX - DAY

142

A GREEN PHONE BOX on a clump of plain Irish grass. NORMAN on the phone. Clearly he's not doing well. Wired, rattling with stress. INTERCUT with Caroline, sc.141.

NORMAN  
I'm so sorry to bother you, I got your number from the Liberal Club in Barnstaple, is that Mrs Thorpe?

CAROLINE  
Yes, and who are you?

NORMAN  
My name is Norman Josiffe. I don't suppose he's mentioned me. But I need my National Insurance card. Could you please tell him, from me, from Norman, I need it? I've been working, in Ireland, and it's all gone a little bit wrong, and I don't think you people know how it works!

(MORE)



NORMAN (CONT'D)

The card says whether I'm entitled to benefits, I literally need it right now, I am penniless!

CAROLINE

I don't understand. Why would Jeremy have your card?

NORMAN

Because he was my employer.  
(can't stop himself)  
He was my employer, and my lover! He said he loved me, over and over again, and now I've got nothing. All I need is that card, and I'll leave you alone. And tell him, I've changed my name! He'll need to put that on the card. I've adopted the family name of the Fourth Earl of Eldon, who sired me, I am convinced, as his illegitimate son. So please tell Jeremy. From now on. My name is Norman Scott!

CUT TO:

143 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

143

JEREMY's finest office yet, FRAMED CARICATURES of himself on the walls. But right now, the room is dark, solemn, grim. Jeremy has told BESSELL the news, from Caroline.

BESSELL

Scott?

JEREMY

Mr Norman Scott.

BESSELL

So what did Caroline say?

CUT TO:

144 INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - NIGHT

144

JEREMY & CAROLINE sit a good distance apart. The house dark, only pools of light. He's tentative. She's cold, shaken.

CAROLINE

He was disgusting. He was absolutely disgusting.

JEREMY

This man. Has been... Conducting, shall we say, a vendetta? And if he was trying to -

CAROLINE

I don't care, I don't want to hear anything about it.

JEREMY

He's obviously insane -

CAROLINE

Jeremy. We will never discuss this. In any way. Ever. Is that understood?

CUT TO:

145

INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

145

JEREMY & BESSELL continued from sc.143. Both men brooding in the dark, as terrible decisions are made.

BESSELL

Then what do we do?

JEREMY

We get rid of him.

BESSELL

How?

JEREMY

We could scare him. My friend David. He knows some men.

BESSELL

What, to rough him up, d'you mean? I'm not sure that would work.

JEREMY

Norman? He'd be terrified. The creature's pathetic.

BESSELL

I'm not sure. It's an easy mistake to make. He's effeminate, and therefore we think he's weak. But that man sits in pubs and clubs and houses and hotels telling all the world about his homosexuality. Out loud! All day long! Doesn't bother him who's listening, priests, or housewives, or landlords, or anyone. He tells the truth. And doesn't care. No one else does that, Jeremy. No one. Certainly not us. In the whole of this land, there is Norman and Norman alone. To be blunt.

(MORE)

BESSELL (CONT'D)

He amazes me. I think he's one of the strongest men in the world.

Jeremy grim. His face like a death mask.

JEREMY

Then there's only one thing we can do. Kill him.

BESSELL

(small laugh)  
If only we could.

JEREMY

I mean it. We kill him. We have him killed.

BESSELL

...don't be ridiculous.

JEREMY

He will destroy me. And the party. And my marriage. What if the next person he talks to is a journalist?

BESSELL

For God's sake, Jeremy, we're Members of Parliament. We can't sit here and discuss murder!

JEREMY

It's no worse than shooting a sick dog.

BESSELL

It's a damn sight worse!

JEREMY

I don't care how we do it, if we shoot him, or poison him, or bludgeon him, or strangle him, or tie him up in a sack and throw him in the Thames, there's only one way for us to survive. Norman Scott has got to die. So. How?

END OF EPISODE ONE