

... Luigi's limousine nosing it's way along the drive.

Cecil rises, starts to makes his way across the lawn.

CECIL

Christ almighty. What now?

Cecil comes round the corner of the outhouse, sees...

... the DRIVER get out of the vehicle, open the rear door.

Cecil hastens forward, ready to greet Luigi, only to find...

... the back seat is empty.

CLAUDINE (O.C.)

Looking for me?

Cecil swivels round, sees...

... Claudine standing on the front step.

CLAUDINE (CONT'D)

You didn't think I'd sing and dance  
at your friend's party without a  
rehearsal, did you?

CECIL

He's a business associate, actually.  
But it's decent of you. To help out.

CLAUDINE

Oh, I'm not doing it for you, Honey.  
I'm doing it for your wife.

Claudine gets into the car, and the Driver closes the door;  
she winds the window down, looks out.

CLAUDINE (CONT'D)

And a thousand dollars.

As she winds the window up, Cecil doesn't know what to say.

5.6

INT. HOTEL PORTOFINO, OFFICE - DAY (INTERCUT 5.7)

5.6

Betty sits upright at the desk, holds the telephone receiver  
to her ear, risks a nervous glance at it while it rings.

JOAN (O.C.)

Pottiston. Seven Nine Four Five.

BETTY  
 (into phone)  
 Fanny? Is that you, love?

JOAN (O.C.)  
 No, Mrs Scanlon. It's Joan. Joan  
 Bunting.

BETTY  
 (into phone)  
 Joan?

CUT TO:

5.7 INT. RECTORY, STUDY - DAY

5.7

Joan sits at a desk in a book-lined study; she looks equally rigid and ill-at-ease as the woman she's speaking to.

JOAN  
 (into phone)  
 That's right, Mrs Scanlon. We met  
 at Fanny's anniversary party. A few  
 years back. I'm her cousin.

BETTY (O.C.)  
 I remember, love. But where is she?

JOAN  
 (into phone)  
 She's had an episode.

CUT BACK TO 5.6:

Betty looks horrified.

BETTY  
 (into phone)  
 What kind of episode?

JOAN (O.C.)  
 A stroke, the doctor's think. She's  
 sitting up. Talking. But walking's  
 beyond her just now. She asked me  
 to come in her place.

BETTY  
 (into phone)  
 And has she told you then? About  
 this Tommy business.

JOAN (O.C.)

He's at home with me. The little  
mite... he's too much of a handful.  
The state she's in.

Betty is struggling to know what to make of it all.

CUT BACK TO 5.7:

BETTY (O.C.)

I better let Constance know. Tell  
her to go home.

JOAN

(into phone)

Fanny says she doesn't want that.  
That she'll soon be on the mend.

BETTY (O.C.)

And what do you think?

Joan takes a long moment to answer.

JOAN

(into phone)

I think even if she recovers somewhat,  
she'll be in no fit state to play  
mammy to a three-year-old.

CUT BACK TO 5.6:

BETTY

(into phone)

So, what should we do, Joan?

JOAN (O.C.)

I can keep him for now, Mrs Scanlon.

BETTY

(into phone)

Bless you, love.

JOAN (O.C.)

But I've five of my own. If Constance  
don't come home to claim him, well...

Betty's face shows she knows what's coming.

JOAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

... the Vicar says he can find a place  
for him. In the district orphanage.  
Though it's not what any of us wants.