

# **GREENBERG'S PROMISE**

by

(JOHN STEINBERG)

©2022

(Based on my novel NADINE)

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**ACT 1**

On stage, there is a screen that shows certain scenes

Lights up

**SCENE 1**

London 2012

INT DAY.The Dukes West End Theatre-Office

SCREEN

"PETER GREENBERG'S MUSICAL PRODUCTION OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. LAST WEEK. ALL TICKETS HALF PRICE. STUDENTS AND OLD AGE PENSIONERS GO FREE."

The room is arranged with a simple desk set with some personal effects and two other upright chairs. Around the perimeter of the room there's a bookcase with cocktail unit boasting a row of theatre awards.

A heavy-set man in his late fifties, PETER GREENBERG, enters carrying a limp bunch of roses in one hand and a brown sandwich bag in the other. He is dressed in a crumpled suit and is sweating. He goes up to a mirror that suddenly appears from above, pushes in his stomach and shrugs. Waving his arms dismissively, the mirror obediently disappears. He moves over to his desk, shoots a distasteful look at the photo frame of a heavily made-up redhead woman and throws the roses in the bin. He opens the food bag and takes a large bite of a smoked-salmon bagel and gazes up at the row of theatre awards and shakes his head sadly. He withdraws a cigar from his top pocket, nips off its end and lights up.

His expression softens.

There's a gurgling sound of a percolator. A gawky young woman in a baseball cap, dungarees and converse trainers appears nervously balancing a small china cup in one hand and a small selection of morning papers under her arm. GREENBERG leans forward and takes a deep whiff of the steaming coffee and lets out a deep satisfied sigh.

GREENBERG

(upbeat)

Morning, Issy. How was your weekend?

ISSY

Good, thanks, Mr Greenberg. My brother Ryan was on leave from his unit in Afghanistan. We had a bit of a celebration.

She let the papers slide on to the desk, knocking the iPad out of its holder.

Then she places the espresso cup in front of her employer.

ISSY (CONT'D)

Sorry! I should have been more careful.

GREENBERG pulls a face.

GREENBERG

It's nothing. Forget about it.

ISSY

Were the roses ok? You asked me to arrange for your anniversary?

GREENBERG glances guiltily at the wastepaper bin.

GREENBERG

Fabulous. My wife adored them!

GREENBERG takes out a chequebook from the drawer of his desk and begins writing. The PA continues to hover. GREENBERG stops what he's doing and looks up.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Is there anything else bothering you?

ISSY

I know things have been difficult recently, but Ive still got my student loan to pay off and-

GREENBERG

Just because of one or two minor setbacks, no need to worry about that!

He slams the cup down, splattering his shirt.

The PA conceals a laugh.

GREENBERG passes the cheque across. The PA places the cheque in the pocket of her dungarees

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I'm sure you've got work to do.  
Here's the landlords cheque.  
Make sure it goes off straight away. It's already overdue.

The PA scuttles away. GREENBERG shouts after her.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

And Issy, find out when the engineer is coming to fix the air conditioning unit. It's roasting in here!

ISSY, quickly discards her dungarees for the short black dress underneath, lets her hair down, and goes off smirking.

GREENBERG picks up a paper and starts flipping and stops abruptly.

Screen

"CELEBRATED BROADWAY DIRECTOR, DOMINIC LANGLEY, CONSIDERING PERMANENT MOVE TO THE US" A handsome man is projected at the Tony awards ceremony holding his award for best director for his show BROOKLYN BRAWL

A female voice in a strong French accent comes in (NADINE)

NADINE

Greenberg, I know didn't  
deserve your love but promise  
you'll tell my son the truth  
about his mother.

GREENBERG reflects.

## SCENE 2

INT. NIGHT. The Palace West-End Theatre

Screen.

1974

"KEN BROOKMAN'S ME AND MY GIRL." A smartly dressed young man (GREENBERG) is sat next to a plump dark-haired woman (MELISSA) His attention has been hijacked by a striking female dancer with short blonde hair. GREENBERG makes a note of her every move. As the curtain goes down, he gets up and rushes off backstage.

GREENBERG enters and goes up and shakes hands with effeminate thin-faced STAGE MANAGER.

GREENBERG

Evening Vince.  
Congratulations.Great show!

STAGE MANAGER

If it's Ken you're after, Mr  
Greenberg, he's not here, thank  
the Lord.

GREENBERG

No, so relax, but I don't  
suppose there's any chance of  
an introduction to a certain  
member of your cast?

STAGE MANAGER

The girl in blue with the legs?

GREENBERG

That's the one. How did you know?

STAGE MANAGER

You and a thousand others.

GREENBERG

What can you tell me about her?

STAGE MANAGER

Listen Ducky, you're wasting your time. She's well ensconced with a married bloke at a pad in Chelsea.

GREENBERG

Can't you at least tell me her name?

STAGE MANAGER

Nadine and she's French. But that's all you're getting for now, unless you want to get me sacked!

GREENBERG returns a knowing look.

GREENBERG

There are auditions for a new play starting in a few weeks. I don't suppose you might know of a decent Stage Manager?

STAGE MANAGER

(perking up)

What's it paying?

GREENBERG

Normal Equity plus a bit on top. Say fifty pounds a week. Anyway, let me know if you can think of someone.

Greenberg takes out a business card and hands it to the Stage Manager

STAGE MANAGER

Yes, I will. You never know, it might suit me.

GREENBERG

Why doesn't that surprise me?

Greenberg turns to go and remembers leaving MELISSA behind

### **SCENE 3**

A cold December

SCREEN- Italian restaurant

INT. DAY. An attractive young woman with short blonde hair, dressed in a baggy woolen cardigan, tight blue jeans and suede knee length boots, is sat at a table toying with a bread stick. GREENBERG enters breathing heavily. He looks around, catches sight of the young woman and goes over to her table.

GREENBERG

I'm Peter Greenberg. I hope you haven't been waiting long? It was impossible to get a taxi in this weather.

NADINE

Nadine Bertrand. Please don't worry. I've only been here for a few minutes. Paris is the same when it rains.

GREENBERG hovers awkwardly. NADINE looks amused.

NADINE (CONT'D)

You're in a hurry, perhaps?

GREENBERG

No, of course not.

GREENBERG maneuvers himself awkwardly onto a chair opposite. He feigns looking at the menu.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Congratulations, by the way I hear the show is a great success.

NADINE

Our director is happy, I think with our performances. I hope Monsieur Brookman is also?

GREENBERG

Packed houses and the hottest show in town, he certainly should be.

NADINE smiles and glances at the menu. GREENBERG attracts the HEAD WAITER'S attention. A small lively man with a red rose in his lapel appears.

HEAD WAITER

Bon giorno, how nice to see you again Signor Greenberg.

GREENBERG

(To Nadine)

What can I get you?

NADINE

A mixed salad is enough. I have rehearsals this afternoon.

GREENBERG shrugs to the head waiter.

GREENBERG

Mario, I'll have my usual.

HEAD WAITER

Of course. Some fried zucchini with the escalope Milanese, Signor Greenberg?

GREENBERG

How could I possibly resist?

HEAD WAITER

And some wine. We have a new Barolo?

GREENBERG'S face lights up. He looks to Nadine for approval.

NADINE

Just coffee.

GREENBERG shrugs. The head waiter leaves. Suddenly, Nadine claps a hand over her mouth, gets up from the table and rushes to the toilet. GREENBERG looks on bemused. A waiter appears with two plates of food which he places on the table. GREENBERG looks down eagerly at his meal. He stands up to see if NADINE is coming back. NADINE returns revitalised. She sits down. GREENBERG reaches over and touches her hand.

GREENBERG

NADINE, are you all right?

NADINE

Its nothing really. Just a stomach bug. A few of the other girls have it also.

NADINE picks at her salad.

GREENBERG

As long as you're sure.

GREENBERG takes a large mouthful of veal.

NADINE

You mentioned on the phone that you were starting auditions for a new show?

GREENBERG stopped eating and smiled.

GREENBERG

Yes, a new musical about a group of policewomen who work nights in a strip club to earn extra money. I've tried it out in a small venue.

NADINE'S face lights up.

NADINE

It sounds fantastic! And when do rehearsals begin?

GREENBERG

Soon. I'll be in touch.

GREENBERG resumes eating.

NADINE

And the show will be for how long?

GREENBERG

(With a mouthful of food)

Four months but it could be longer if it goes well.

NADINE

Yes, I can say that I would be most interested.

GREENBERG

Great! I'm sure I can sort out something with your agent. It's Lesley Stanton isn't it?

NADINE

Monsieur Greenberg, you are very well informed.

GREENBERG

It's my job to be. And please call me Peter.

NADINE

I prefer GREENBERG. It suits you better.

NADINE glances at her watch.

NADINE (CONT'D)

GREENBERG, I'm sorry but I need to go!

GREENBERG

But we haven't had dessert!

NADINE gets up from the table and moves away.

NADINE  
Goodbye, GREENBERG.

GREENBERG stands up and calls after NADINE.

GREENBERG  
I'll let you know about the  
auditions

NADINE returns a fleeting smile and exits quickly.

GREENBERG looks disappointed. He sits down. He gestures to the head waiter to bring the bill. GREENBERG bucks up himself and changes his mind. The HEAD WAITER appears.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
A zabaglione, and another glass  
of Barolo, please Mario.

The HEAD WAITER goes off. GREENBERG raises his glass.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
Leslie Stanton? I owe you one.

## **SCENE 4**

SCREEN. A West London doctor's surgery..

INT. DAY. NADINE is holding an X-ray. She looks down and places a hand over her stomach. She briskly exits.

SCREEN. Chelsea flat

INT. NIGHT. There's a table and chairs, bed/settee and few items of furniture and a telephone.

NADINE is in costume. A canvas bag is slung over her shoulder.

A few feet away is a lean good-looking man (CHARLES). He is dressed smartly in a cravat and double breasted blazer. NADINE goes up and kisses him on the cheek.

NADINE

Mon amour, I'm pleased you're early. I've got something to tell you.

CHARLES keeps his distance

NADINE.

Charles, what's wrong?

CHARLES

I'm afraid there's a problem.

NADINE

Nothing too serious, I hope?

CHARLES

My father has made it clear that unless I make a go of it with Clare, I'll be disinherited.

NADINE

(taken aback)

But I thought you said you were getting a divorce!

CHARLES

Clare's entitled to half of everything. It's out of the question.

NADINE

So that's it. There's nothing more to say.

CHARLES

We've agreed to give our marriage a second chance.

NADINE is visibly deflated. The lights cast a dark shadow depicting her sudden change of mood.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Look, Nadine, stay tonight and tomorrow, I'll help you find somewhere else and when things settle down...

CHARLES exits. A few seconds later there's a rasping sound of a sports car engine driving off at speed.

NADINE gets undressed and flops on the bed.

Screen. A white arched building "COUVENT DE SAINT DOMINIC."

NADINE is dreaming about her mother, IRENE. Its wartime France.

IRENE

(Nadine's voice)

Who are you?

SISTER JEANNE

I'm Sister Jeanne.

IRENE

Where have you taken me?

SISTER JEANNE

To this convent. Irene you've been through a terrible ordeal.

IRENE

And... my baby?

SISTER JEANNE

You were bleeding heavily. Do you not remember?

IRENE

I just recall being in great pain.

SISTER JEANNE

You're still young. The Good Lord willing, you'll have other children.

**SCENE 5**

NADINE is dressed in her coat. She looks serene. She place a hand over her stomach A large suitcase sits by the door. NADINE picks up the phone and make a call.

NADINE

Hello, Sophie, c'est moi,  
Nadine. Can I come and stay  
just for a few days? It'll be  
like old times... Oh, and  
Charles doesn't know.

NADINE replaces the receiver. She goes to leave. Charles appears. He looks around horrified. He goes up to NADINE. NADINE moves away.

CHARLES

I'm sorry about last night.

NADINE

You should have told me the  
truth.

CHARLES

I know I'm sorry. But the thing  
is I've grown rather fond of  
you and the thought of not  
seeing you again, well..

NADINE

You should have thought of that  
earlier.

CHARLES

You are right that was very  
stupid of me.

NADINE

(coolly)

I've decided to go back to  
France. I haven't seen my  
parents in almost a year. It  
will give you time to decide  
what you really want.

CHARLES

How long will you go for?

NADINE

If I can find work, I might stay. There's nothing to keep me in London.

CHARLES

How about your career? You can't just throw it away?

NADINE

I'm not without certain prospects.

NADINE reaches into her pocket and withdraws GREENBERG'S business card. She looks at it and smiles.

CHARLES

At least tell me where you are going?

NADINE goes up to CHARLES. She kisses him on both cheeks, picks up her suitcase and exits.

## SCENE 6

SCREEN

A Paris view.

INT.DAY.Apartment.There is a dining-room table with two place settings at one end and a single place setting at the other end(unoccupied.) NADINE is sat next to an elegant older woman with hair tied back in a bun(IRENE).There is a soup tureen and a breadbasket with sliced baguettes.

IRENE

It was quite unexpected when you telephoned.

IRENE pours a ladle of soup into each bowl.

NADINE

I know it must have come as a surprise.

IRENE

Well, it has been over a year. How long do you intend on being home?

NADINE begins eating enthusiastically.

NADINE

I'm sorry to have left it so long.

IRENE puts down her spoon.

IRENE

Nadine, you forget that when you were at the Conservatoire, you were always helping out one friend or another so we never saw you from one month to the next.

NADINE reflects.

Screen.

A dance studio. It's the end of a lesson. NADINE, tactile with another female dancer, makes a play for the instructor who is about to leave.

Lunch continues

IRENE (CONT'D)

But now you're here, you can make up for lost time. That's the main thing.

NADINE pauses.

NADINE

Maman, I'm afraid it's not that simple. You see...I'm pregnant.

IRENE gives her daughter a knowing look.

NADINE (CONT'D)

You don't seem surprised?

IRENE

Cherie, since when do you need  
such a large suitcase for just  
the weekend?

NADINE bursts into tears. She reaches over to her  
mother

NADINE

You're not angry with me?

IRENE

My first grandchild...How could  
I possibly be?

NADINE

How about papa? What do you  
think he will say?

IRENE glances at the empty place at the top of the  
table.

IRENE

Can you see him anywhere?

Screen

A young child (NADINE) is at her bedroom window. She  
is trying to attract the attention of a tall well-  
dressed man outside in the street. The man glances up  
briefly and walks away. NADINE gets into bed. She  
pulls the blanket over her head and cries.

NADINE

Papa! Papa!

The conversation continues.

IRENE

Also, with the number of  
offspring, he's probably got  
scattered all over France, I  
doubt he can afford to be too  
judgmental.

NADINE puts her hand over her mouth.

NADINE  
You knew?

IRENE  
Bien sur, ma fille. A wife  
knows everything.

NADINE  
No I mean, how did you know  
that I'm not with the father?

IRENE gives NADINE a knowing look.

IRENE  
Bringing up a child on your  
own... its not going to be easy  
to have a career.

NADINE  
You could always move to  
London.

IRENE'S face lights up

IRENE  
You mean that we could live  
together? That would be  
wonderful.

NADINE  
And Papa?

IRENE  
It would take him at least six  
months to notice I wasn't here!

IRENE and NADINE laugh. NADINE mops up the remains of  
her soup with a piece of baguette. She pauses.

NADINE  
Maman, do you remember when you  
told me what happened to you in  
the war?

IRENE  
Yes, but what in particular?

NADINE

Well, I dreamt that I was at  
that convent of Saint Dominic,  
and Sister Jeanne was  
comforting me because I had  
just lost my baby.

IRENE looks affectionately at her daughter.

IRENE

(Emotionally)

Now, I think I understand.

NADINE

If it's a boy, I'll call him  
Dominic.

## SCENE 7

INT.NIGHT.

A baby crying comes in (NADINE) calls for 'help!'

IRENE is in a rocking chair in the nursery. She is holding a baby wrapped in a shawl giving him his bottle. NADINE is in bed.

There's a pause. A few weeks later

INT. DAY.NADINE Reaches for her medication on her bedside table and pops two tablets into her mouth. NADINE gets out of bed and goes over to IRENE.

NADINE

(Calmly)

Maman, please let me.

NADINE reaches for the baby. She starts to give the baby his bottle.

IRENE

(Happily)

This is what Dominic has been  
waiting for.

NADINE

Do you think that he will  
forgive me?

IRENE gets up and kisses NADINE.

IRENE

Now you're better, you'll have  
plenty of time to show him the  
love he needs.

IRENE moves away. NADINE calls after her.

NADINE

Maman, you will still come to  
London?

IRENE stops and turns around. She appears more  
preoccupied.

IRENE

But you're not well enough to  
go back yet, darling.

NADINE

If I leave it much longer,  
it'll be impossible to find  
work.

IRENE

You've always been in so much  
demand, I'm sure they won't find  
anyone to replace you that  
easily.

NADINE

I've already left several  
messages with my agent but she  
hasn't replied.

IRENE

She's probably just been busy.

NADINE

I need to get back into shape.  
Tomorrow, I shall go to the  
dance studio.

NADINE gives the baby back to her mother.

IRENE

The doctor said to avoid any strenuous exercise for another four weeks. Promise me you will be careful.

NADINE

I promise.

## SCENE 8

INT.DAY.Apartment.CHARLES is sat on a settee in amicable conversation with IRENE. A large brown envelope marked X-ray by his side. NADINE enters in her leotard and leggings. She is taken aback.

NADINE

Maman, this is...

IRENE

Cherie, we've already been introduced. Now I'm sure that you've got plenty to catch up on.

IRENE gets up and exits smiling. CHARLES gets up and goes over to NADINE.

NADINE

What did you say to my mother?

CHARLES

That our son has a father?

CHARLES holds up the brown envelope.

NADINE

That's none of your concern!

CHARLES

You don't understand my life is complicated.

NADINE

You cant just decide to  
reappear after all this time  
and expect nothing to have  
changed.

CHARLES

I just want us to be together.

NADINE

It's too late for that.You're  
married remember!

CHARLES

I want you to come back to  
London.

NADINE

Why would you want the  
complications of a child?

CHARLES

You can stay with me until  
you're better.

NADINE

My mother told you that I'd  
been unwell?

CHARLES

Actually it was Sophie. I rang  
to find out if she knew when  
you were coming back.

NADINE

How did you get hold of the  
tests?

CHARLES

She merely said that you were  
going through a hard time.

NADINE

You had no right!

CHARLES

I just wanted to make sure,  
that's all.

NADINE is livid.

NADINE

I think its best that you  
leave.

IRENE enters. She is holding baby DOMINIC swathed in  
a white crochet blanket.

IRENE

It's time for Dominic's feed.

CHARLES rushes forward and takes the baby from IRENE

CHARLES

I'll give it to him.

CHARLES goes to sit down. He supports the baby's head  
and gives his son his bottle. NADINE looks on angrily.

IRENE

Cherie, are you feeling unwell?

NADINE

Charles was just leaving, he  
doesn't want to miss his  
flight.

NADINE goes over and grabs the baby.

CHARLES

NADINE'S quite right. I should  
be going.

CHARLES gets up.

IRENE

At least allow me to call you a  
taxi.

CHARLES

I don't want to put you to the  
trouble. Anyway, there plenty  
out in the street.

CHARLES goes up to IRENE and extends his hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Well, it's been a pleasure meeting you, madame. I know I haven't behaved particularly well, but that's all in the past.

CHARLES turns to NADINE.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

NADINE, I hope you'll give me a chance to make it up to you when you return to London.

NADINE doesn't respond. She carries on feeding her son.

IRENE

I will see you out.

IRENE and CHARLES exit.

NADINE become calm. The baby has fallen asleep in her arms. IRENE enters and goes over to NADINE. She is pensive.

IRENE (CONT'D)

My darling, I believe I owe you an apology.

NADINE frowns but doesn't respond.

IRENE (CONT'D)

He seemed such a pleasant young man. And he did say how foolish he was to let you go. However, something didn't quite ring true.

NADINE

What do you mean?

IRENE

Charles is clearly fond of you.

NADINE

The problem is he's married.

IRENE

Yes, yes, I already suspected that.

NADINE

If you knew, why did you throw us together?

IRENE

I was curious.

NADINE

About what?

IRENE

Mainly his reaction towards you.

NADINE

Maman, I don't understand. What are you trying to say?

IRENE

If he's as contrite as he appears, why did he leave it so long to get back in touch? Then the fact he just came across your pregnancy results out of the blue, well I'm afraid I don't believe it.

NADINE

You mean there's another reason?

IRENE

I'm certain he has an agenda and it has something to do with our little Dominic. The problem is I can't work out what it might be.

NADINE

I didn't know you were that cynical!

IRENE

When it comes to men, there are very few surprises. When you return to London, just be careful.

NADINE

But you will be there with me, remember?

IRENE

Yes, yes, of course.

IRENE walks away.

NADINE

Where are you going?

IRENE carries on and without looking back.

IRENE

I've got a doctor's appointment. I don't know how long I'll be, so let's eat out tonight.

IRENE exits. NADINE calls after her.

NADINE

Is anything wrong?

IRENE( off stage) replies.

IRENE

I shouldn't think so. Just something I want to check out with Monsieur Gervais.

INT EVENING.

NADINE is eating supper alone. The baby is in his crib asleep. IRENE enters. She is in obvious discomfort. NADINE is shocked by her mother's sudden transformation.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid it's not  
particularly good news.

NADINE goes over and throws her arms around her  
mother.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
The doctors are hopeful that  
the cancer hasn't spread.

NADINE  
How long have you known?

IRENE  
I experienced symptoms a few  
months ago which I foolishly  
chose to ignore.

NADINE  
Oh, Maman!

## SCENE 9

SCREEN.Chelsea flat

INT.DAY.

NADINE is dressed in jeans and loose sweater, and  
looks calm. She is gently rocking the baby crib.  
CHARLES enters. He goes up to NADINE and kisses on  
the cheek.

CHARLES  
How was your day?

NADINE  
Anne Marie was at her English  
class. I took Dominic to the  
park to feed the ducks. Then,  
we took the bus to London Zoo.

CHARLES

I'd forgotten it's the au pair's afternoon off otherwise I could have come over.

NADINE

There was no need. I'm fine.

CHARLES

That new medication you've been prescribed really seems to have done the trick. Good old Tim Merrick. Can come in useful having a psychiatrist as a best friend.

NADINE

I don't know what I'd have done without you.

CHARLES

Hopefully, now that's all behind us, you'll soon be ready to get back to work?

NADINE

(Resignedly)

I must have left it too long. My agent won't even come to the phone.

There's a short pause.

CHARLES

Wait a second, didn't you say that you'd been offered something before you left for Paris?

NADINE reflects.

NADINE

(Perking up)

Oui! There was someone who wants me. I've got his card somewhere.

**SCENE 10**

SCREEN. The Dukes Theatre

INT.DAY.GREENBERG is in his office on the phone. A long cigar is smoldering in an ashtray. There is an empty chair in front of him.

GREENBERG

Melissa, it's just  
business. There's always  
tomorrow. Yes, of course I  
still love you. No, there  
really isn't anyone else.

NADINE enters. She is dressed in a beret and long raincoat. A leather sack is slung over her shoulder.

NADINE

(wide-eyed)

Hello, Greenberg. Remember me?

GREENBERG carelessly puts the phone down midway through the conversation with his girlfriend.

GREENBERG

(astonished)

Yes, of course I remember you.

He takes a deep breath.

I can't have made a very good  
impression if its taken all  
this time for you to recover  
from that lunch we had  
together.

NADINE

(unemotionally)

I've been away from London

NADINE undoes her coat and sits down opposite GREENBERG.

NADINE (CONT'D)

But now I'm back, I was  
wondering if you've a new show  
that might suit me?

NADINE opens her bag and takes out a pack of Gauloise Disque bleu cigarettes. GREENBERG reaches for the lighter on his desk, half lifts himself out of his chair and lights NADINE'S cigarette. NADINE takes a drag and sensually blows out a fine stream of smoke.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I'm no longer with Madame Stanton.

GREENBERG tries averting his gaze from NADINE.

GREENBERG

I can't say that I'm surprised.

GREENBERG picks up his cigar.

NADINE

What's that supposed to mean?

GREENBERG

Only, if you haven't worked in a while...

NADINE

My mother was unwell. She needed me!

GREENBERG

All I'm saying is that it's not going to be easy to find new parts without an agent.

NADINE

So, you are unable to offer me anything.

NADINE gets up to leave.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to have taken up your time.

She stubs out her cigarette in the ashtray.

GREENBERG

There's no need to rush off!

NADINE stands her ground.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
 Look, there's a new musical  
 that has just come over from  
 Broadway. I can always have a  
 word with the producer.

NADINE smiles. She goes over to GREENBERG, places her hands on his shoulders and kisses him resoundingly on both cheeks.

NADINE  
 Merci beaucoup!

GREENBERG jolts.

GREENBERG  
 Hold on a minute, I didn't say  
 it was definite. Just tell me  
 where I can get hold of you?

NADINE rummages in her bag for a pen and paper. She tears off a page in her diary, writes down her telephone number and passes it to GREENBERG.

NADINE  
 I'm staying at a friend's flat  
 in Chelsea.

NADINE turns to leave.

NADINE (CONT'D)  
 (flirtatiously)  
 I do hope we shall be seeing  
 more of each other.

NADINE exits. GREENBERG wipes his brow. It takes him a short time to recover. He picks up the phone and taps in a number.

GREENBERG  
 (upbeat)  
 Hello Ken, Peter Greenberg  
 here. Congratulations!  
 (MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I hear Swing Dance is a real coup...All right, I'll get to the point. There's a sensational dancer that would be just right for the show. You used her before in *Me and My Girl*. A blonde French girl. I'm telling you, Ken, she's got the lot...(Angrily)No I'm not fucking her as you so crudely put it!

GREENBERG grabs hold of a paperweight. He takes a deep breath and a few seconds to control himself.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I know the director has the last say...Come on Ken, you can do better than that!...Where? Drury Lane, Thursday morning...No need to state the obvious about returning the favour!

The line goes dead. GREENBERG tries to return to work. He's distracted. He picks up the piece of paper with NADINE'S number and breathes in its scent.

## SCENE 11

EXT.Night.Central London

SCREEN.

"KEN BROOKMAN'S SWING DANCE OPENING NIGHT."

Loud applause comes in.

Screen

Flashing images of LONDON'S PICCADILLY CIRCUS, CHINA TOWN, LONDON'S KINGS ROAD.

(ON STAGE) NADINE enters quickly with GREENBERG in tow. She is in high spirits. GREENBERG, yawning, is trying to keep up.

## SCENE 12

Eight weeks later.

INT. NIGHT. WEST END THEATRE

SCREEN

"KEN BROOKMAN'S SWING DANCE FLOPS"

NADINE is in costume on stage. She is visibly deflated. GREENBERG enters quickly. He is in dinner dress.

GREENBERG  
(out of breath)  
I came as soon as I could.

NADINE  
(forlorn)  
It's my fault. I was awful.

GREENBERG  
Nadine, that's ridiculous. These things happen. It's an unpredictable business.

NADINE  
Not to Peter Greenberg!

GREENBERG  
I've had my share. Anyway, there will be others, trust me.

GREENBERG takes off his coat and puts it around NADINE'S shoulders.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
Come on, I'll take you home.

NADINE snuggles up to GREENBERG.

NADINE

I don't want to be alone  
tonight.

### SCENE 13

SCREEN

EXT.DAY.A pub restaurant on the river Thames.

Birds singing and trickling sound of a stream

NADINE is in a white linen dress. GREENBERG is in a blazer and open-neck shirt. They are sharing a selection of desserts on the terrace.

NADINE

I never realised the English  
countryside was so beautiful.

GREENBERG

I was hardly going to take you  
to any old place on the river.

NADINE

GREENBERG, about that night we  
spent together...

GREENBERG

(oblivious)

Well, at least it's not a no!

GREENBERG grabs the bottle of champagne from the ice bucket. He pours a generous quantity into two fluted glasses.

NADINE looks on bemused.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I still think a celebration is  
in order.

NADINE bursts out laughing.

NADINE

GREENBERG you are bizarre!

She reaches for GREENBERG'S hand.

(softly)

We've only been together a short time. There are many things you don't know about me.

GREENBERG

Sorry to disagree, but you're wrong on both counts. Firstly you've obviously forgotten our lunch in the King's Road.

NADINE

But that was nearly two years ago!

GREENBERG smiles. His eyes have glazed over.

NADINE (CONT'D)

And you made your mind up that quickly?

GREENBERG

To tell you the truth, it was when you were in *Me and My Girl*.

GREENBERG takes a large mouthful of profiterole.

NADINE

So that's how you got my number?

She takes a spoonful of raspberries from her plate.

GREENBERG

It's always advisable to see what the competition is up to!

NADINE

(pouting)

So, I'm no more than a commercial proposition...that's not very flattering!

GREENBERG

Don't be silly. It would never  
take that long to do a deal.

A moment of tension grips the table.

NADINE

Don't look so disappointed

GREENBERG

Well, you can't blame me for  
trying.

GREENBERG'S expression suddenly becomes more serious.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

(straight faced)

Of course, that does present a  
problem.

NADINE

(concerned)

What do you mean?

GREENBERG

The hotel booking will have to  
be changed for tonight.

NADINE

Excuse me!

GREENBERG

I know I take up a lot of room,  
but a suite is rather  
extravagant for just one  
person!

NADINE bursts out laughing.

NADINE

I thought you were going to  
cancel my contract.

GREENBERG

Whatever gave you that idea?

NADINE  
(blushing)  
You're making fun of me.

GREENBERG  
You should know by now that I  
don't give up that easily.

NADINE  
I didn't know the English were  
so gallant.

GREENBERG  
You haven't answered my  
question.

NADINE  
Greenberg, it was only your  
proposal of marriage that I  
didn't agree to.

GREENBERG  
(grinning)  
Well, that's good enough for  
me.

He pours the last of the champagne into the glasses.

NADINE AND GREENBERG clear their plates. NADINE  
suddenly becomes moody.

NADINE  
I have to go to Paris. It'll  
mean missing rehearsals.

GREENBERG  
(suspiciously)  
That's a bit sudden, isn't it?

NADINE  
(hesitantly)  
My mother has become ill  
again.

GREENBERG

But surely, your father is  
there?

NADINE

(sourly)

No, he's away traveling on  
business again. That's the  
excuse he always used for not  
being there, when I was growing  
up.

GREENBERG

That must have been extremely  
difficult for you.

NADINE shrugs.

NADINE

I just had to find love  
elsewhere.

Screen.

NADINE is on stage with a young Jamaican girl  
(DESIREE). They are kissing

DESIREE

(breathlessly)

I love you.

NADINE releases the grasp.

NADINE

Desiree, you have a boyfriend,  
remember?

DESIREE

(tearfully)

I don't care. I just want to be  
with you!

NADINE

It's best that we don't see  
each other for a while.

The lunch continues.

GREENBERG

And you're returning when?

NADINE

I'll probably only be away a week or two.

GREENBERG

(relieved)

So you'll be back in time for the tour.

NADINE

(teasing)

If you haven't found a replacement by then.

GREENBERG stretches across the table and kisses NADINE passionately on the lips. Spontaneous applause comes in from the other diners. GREENBERG gets up and bows to the audience.

GREENBERG and NADINE exit the restaurant arm in arm.

NADINE kisses GREENBERG and goes off alone. GREENBERG takes out a small black jewelry box from his jacket. He opens the lid and looks at the diamond. He shakes his head and walks away despondently.

## **SCENE 14**

SCREEN- Chelsea Flat

INT. DAY

NADINE enters her flat. CHARLES is on a rug with DOMINIC'S toys. DOMINIC is asleep in his pram.

CHARLES

We were starting to get worried.

NADINE  
 (surprised)  
 What are you doing here?

NADINE looks around for the au pair.

NADINE (CONT'D)  
 Where's Anne-Marie?

CHARLES  
 I'm afraid she walked out.

NADINE puts her hand to her mouth.

NADINE  
 Ce n'est pas possible!

CHARLES  
 (casually)  
 Perhaps she thought that you  
 were taking advantage of her.  
 To be fair, she was only  
 supposed to be working twenty  
 hours a week!

NADINE  
 Charles, I'm really sorry.

CHARLES  
 At least she had the common  
 sense to call me.

NADINE'S mood darkens.

Screen.

A baby is crawling towards an open fire.

NADINE fumbles frantically around in vain for her medication. She rushes off to the bedroom. CHARLES appears at the doorway with Dominic. He has got a sachet of pills in his hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 Looking for these, by any  
 chance?

NADINE gasps.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I found Dominic playing with  
them.

CHARLES hands NADINE the crumpled packet.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Luckily, he couldn't bite  
through them.

NADINE  
(confused)  
But how did they get there? I  
don't remember seeing them this  
morning.

CHARLES  
(sympathetically)  
I can only think that you must  
have been in such a hurry to  
get away!

NADINE takes out a pill and swallows it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Right, I need to be off.

CHARLES passes DOMINIC to NADINE.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I suggest you call the agency  
first thing in the morning.

CHARLES starts to go, stops and turns around.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Didn't you mention something  
about going to see your mother?

NADINE  
Yes, yes. Im leaving tomorrow.  
I'm taking Dominic with me.

CHARLES  
Not sure that's such a good  
idea.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

It'll put the little chap out of his routine...Look, why don't you leave him with me?

NADINE thinks it over. Then,

NADINE

If you're sure, then you may take Dominic. I'll be back on Saturday.

CHARLES

I'll pick up Dominic first thing if that's ok.

CHARLES exits with a sly smile.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(out of earshot)

I suppose we should get hold of a few baby things *ourselves*, if this is going to become a regular occurrence.

NADINE settles DOMINIC in his cot. A telephone ringing comes in. NADINE goes over and picks up the receiver.

NADINE

Hello, yes.

A female voice at the other end of the line comes in.

FEMALE VOICE

Madame Bertrand, this is the agency regarding Anne-Marie.

NADINE

(curtly)

Yes, what do you want?

FEMALE VOICE

I thought you should know how distraught Anne-Marie is at getting dismissed.

NADINE

I'm sorry, but she left of her own accord.

FEMALE VOICE

She claims that she was falsely accused of allowing the baby in her care to put tablets in his mouth. In fact, it was just an empty packet, he'd taken out of the waste paper basket.

There's a pause, while NADINE tries to take in the different version of events.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

To make things even worse, she was told to leave immediately without being paid what was due to her!

NADINE

I'm sorry, there's obviously been some misunderstanding. I'll put a cheque in the post and I will provide Anne-Marie with a good reference. Goodbye.

NADINE replaces the receiver. She then picks up the phone to make another call but changes her mind. She becomes pensive

## SCENE 15

A week later.

SCREEN. Chelsea flat

INT.NIGHT.

NADINE enters wheeling an overnight case. CHARLES is waiting at the door with DOMINIC.

CHARLES

Good journey?

NADINE

Yes, thank you, but I'm glad to be back.

NADINE goes and takes the baby. A grey-haired woman in navy blue uniform appears from the nursery.

CHARLES

Our son has been no trouble thanks to Miss Pinkham here!

NADINE is startled by the presence of the older woman in the background.

NANNY

(Officiously)

Young Dominic took to Mrs Langley immediately.

CHARLES goes over and takes the baby from NADINE and passes him to the NANNY.

CHARLES

Right, it's high time Dominic was tucked up in bed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Nadine, why don't you go and freshen up? Then We'll go out for some dinner.

NADINE

But haven't you got to get back?

CHARLES makes no effort to leave.

CHARLES

Clare's gone to visit her parents, so we've got the evening to ourselves.

He gives NADINE a knowing look. CHARLES and NADINE exit close together.

There is a short pause.

CHARLES is in the bedroom finishing getting dressed.  
NADINE is in bed.

NADINE  
(groggily)  
Please don't leave. Make love  
to me again!

A few seconds later the sound of footsteps across the floor comes in. A door opens and then closes firmly shut.

NADINE wakes up and notices that she's alone.

## **SCENE 16**

SCREEN

"PETER GREENBERG'S ALL AT SEA TRIUMPH'S ON TOUR."

INT. Night. A hotel bar.

GREENBERG is alone with his second drink. He is carrying a large bruise below his left eye. Disconsolate, he checks his watch, takes a five pound note from his wallet, pays the bill, yawns and gets up from the table.

Screen.

GREENBERG is seen going along the corridor. He enters his hotel room.

The opening score of ALL AT SEA comes in.

The cast, led by NADINE, are all hiding in his room, waiting for him to return. They perform the opening routine. GREENBERG's face lights up.

GREENBERG  
Whose idea was this, may I ask?

All eyes are focused on NADINE.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I should have guessed. I don't suppose there's any point asking how you gained access to my room.

NADINE, wide eyed, steps forward dangling a key.

NADINE

Just our way of showing our appreciation at the end of the show.

The cast applauds GREENBERG. GREENBERG emotionally applauds them back.

GREENBERG

You are the ones who deserve the credit and of course your director, Tony Vasey.

GREENBERG looks around for the director but he isn't there. A young male dancer steps forward.

YOUNG MALE DANCER

We left him at the wine bar.

The cast roar with laughter. All except NADINE, they shake hands with GREENBERG and filter out of the room. GREENBERG turns to NADINE.

GREENBERG

I don't suppose you feel like joining me for a late supper? After all, it is our last night.

(ON STAGE). NADINE enters followed by GREENBERG. NADINE begins an impromptu inspection of GREENBERG'S suite. GREENBERG searches for the room service menu.

NADINE

(calls out)

I thought you were never going to ask me.

(from the bedroom)

(MORE)

NADINE (CONT'D)

It really is too big for one person.

GREENBERG finds the menu and peruses the options.

GREENBERG

NADINE what would you like?

There's no reply. GREENBERG shrugs, goes over to the phone and orders.

NADINE appears from the bedroom in just an oversized toweling robe. GREENBERG'S mouth falls open.

NADINE

You don't mind, do you?

GREENBERG

No, it's just that I didn't expect...

NADINE

(yawning)

It's just that Jeanette usually keeps me up.

GREENBERG

(hesitantly)

I'm sure I arranged that you all had your own room.

NADINE

(unresponsive)

I'm happy to sleep in the other bedroom. By the way, how did you get that injury?

NADINE touches GREENBERG'S face. GREENBERG reflects. An angry male voice comes in

ANGRY YOUTH

It's your fault that French dyke with the short blonde hair stole my girlfriend!

GREENBERG runs his hand over his face.

A waiter appears with the room service trolley set for two and leaves. There is a large coffee pot and a plate piled high with sandwiches. GREENBERG tucks a napkin into his shirt and starts eating. NADINE looks on.

GREENBERG

(with a mouthful)

So, where did you go on your day off?

NADINE reflects on her last visit home. A BABY IS CRYING. The NANNY'S voice comes in.

NANNY

What did you expect? Dominic doesn't know you.

NADINE

(evasively)

To my flat to get new clothes, see friends you know, the usual things.

GREENBERG

I could have only caught a glimpse of you a couple of times at most in the whole eight weeks.

NADINE

(melancholic)

And I went to see my mother. Now she's sleeping most of the time, she barely recognised me.

GREENBERG

Nadine, your food is getting cold.

NADINE

Yes, I'm sorry.

NADINE takes a cursory bite of a sandwich. GREENBERG continues to eat enthusiastically.

GREENBERG

What are your plans for  
Christmas?

NADINE

I'm having a friend over for  
lunch. He's alone with his  
little boy because his wife has  
gone off to her parents.

GREENBERG

(casually)

It's just that if you're not  
doing anything, I've taken a  
villa in Barbados for a couple  
of weeks. You're welcome to  
come along.

NADINE reaches for GREENBERG'S hand.

NADINE

Greenberg, you are a very  
special man.

GREENBERG

I'm holding a few flights so  
you don't have to let me know  
straight away. And rehearsals  
for the West End are months  
away.

NADINE becomes pensive as if she's giving GREENBERG's  
proposal serious consideration. GREENBERG observes a  
sudden mood change.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

It's that other chap, isn't it?

NADINE

(defensively)

It's not what you think.

GREENBERG

You mean he's married?

NADINE  
(dismayed)  
How did you know that?

GREENBERG  
(softly)  
I've known from the first time  
we met.

NADINE  
And you still wanted me?

NADINE gets up, goes over and sits on GREENBERG'S  
lap.

NADINE (CONT'D)  
You are the most adorable man.

NADINE puts her arms around GREENBERG'S neck.

There's a pause. NADINE contemplates what might have  
been. GREENBERG has his moment of ecstasy. NADINE  
gets off and moves away. GREENBERG shows his  
disappointment.

NADINE (CONT'D)  
(abruptly)  
Goodnight, Greenberg.

GREENBERG calls after her.

GREENBERG  
Do you want me to wake you for  
breakfast?

There's no response, just the sound of the bedroom  
door closing.

## **SCENE 17**

SCREEN- Chelsea Flat.

INT.NIGHT

NADINE arrives back from tour with her suitcase and a  
bag of Christmas presents. The flat is empty.

She switches on the lights. She goes over to open the post which has been on the kitchen table. One letter in a flimsy blue envelope grabs her attention. She opens the letter.

Her father, JACQUES BERTRAND'S voice comes in.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Dear Nadine, I'm truly disappointed that I have had to resort to communicating with you by letter. You might at least have kept in touch by telephone. Your dear mother passed away peacefully in her sleep, two weeks ago. Numerous efforts were made to contact you, but to no avail. It has been obvious to me that your career comes before anything else and perhaps I'm to blame for that but to not be at your mother's side, when you appeared to be so close is beyond my comprehension. The funeral was a dignified affair attended by just a few of our closest friends. Her ashes are on the windowsill of my office overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, your mothers favorite park. Should this note reach you, please do not try to contact me, since I shall be taking a vacation to try and get over my loss. I have already put the apartment up for sale since there are far too many cherished memories of our twenty-five year marriage for me to continue living there.

(MORE)

JACQUES BERTRAND (CONT'D)

I hope in time that I can come  
to understand you better and  
that we can at least resume a  
courteous relationship.  
Affectionately, your father.

NADINE covers her face and begins weeping. She gets  
up and goes over to the phone. She dials a number.  
There is no answer at the other end. She cries out

NADINE

Maman, Maman!

NADINE flops on the bed fully clothed.

A young child's babbling comes in.

NADINE sees DOMINIC looking up at her. She reaches  
for her son. The NANNY enters. She has a sour  
expression.

NANNY

(disapprovingly)

I see you're back.

The NANNY lifts DOMINIC from NADINE'S arms.

NADINE

(beseeching)

Let him stay for a little while  
longer.

NANNY

(curtly)

There will be plenty of time  
for that while I'm away. You do  
remember it's Christmas, I  
hope.

NADINE

(hesitantly)

Yes, of course.

NADINE glances at the bag of Christmas presents.

NANNY

Come along young man, it's time  
for your bath.

(MORE)

NANNY (CONT'D)

Your daddy will be back from work soon to read your bedtime story and we shan't want to keep him waiting.

NADINE gets up, she recovers her poise

NADINE

(eagerly)

I can give him his dinner

NANNY

(Incensed)

Good gracious, Dominic has his supper at half past five **Mrs Langley** has already dealt with that at her house.

NADINE is stunned at the mention of Charle's wife

The NANNY takes DOMINIC and exits.

NADINE is alone. The lights cast a shadow over her as her mood darkens. Voices are heard from off stage. CHARLES strides into the bedroom.

CHARLES

When did you get back?

NADINE is uncommunicative. There is an awkward silence.

NADINE

An hour or so ago.

CHARLES

Looks like you've been over-doing it, old thing. Still, now you're home, you can get some rest.

CHARLES starts tidying up.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Have you seen how much Dominic's grown? He's walking and climbing the little slide in the park.

NADINE

I never gave permission for  
your wife to look after  
Dominic.

CHARLES

(casually)

Come on, you could hardly  
expect me to do it all on my  
own.

NADINE

(angrily)

That's not what we agreed.

CHARLES

(dismissively)

Anyway, he's here now.  
Obviously, there must be  
something else upsetting you.

NADINE

(holding back her  
tears)

My mother died.

CHARLES shows scant concern.

CHARLES

That's a bit of bad luck.

NADINE

(emotionally)

Charles, that was six weeks ago  
and I've only just found  
out...My father tried to  
contact me.

CHARLES

(defensively)

Surely you're not suggesting  
that I knew anything about it.

(blustering)

We weren't even here.

NADINE jumps out of bed and goes over to the phone.  
She picks up the receiver.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

NADINE

I have to speak to Sophie. I'm  
sure my father had her number.

CHARLES goes over and snatches the phone from NADINE.

CHARLES

No, wait.

NADINE looks bemused.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Look, I'm afraid I haven't been completely truthful.

NADINE

What do you mean?

CHARLES

It was only that if you had  
known, I mean taking into  
account your delicate mental  
state-

NADINE is flushed with anger

NADINE

It's my mother. You had no  
right to keep it from me!

CHARLES

(unemotionally)

Sophie and I thought it was for  
the best. We knew how important  
the tour was to you.

NADINE

(accusingly)

So you persuaded Sophie not to  
contact me?

CHARLES

Actually, it was the other way  
round. It was her suggestion.

NADINE

How long has this been going on  
between you two?

CHARLES

(blustering)

I'm afraid you're wide of the  
mark.

NADINE

(muttering)

So that's how you got hold of  
my pregnancy tests.

The NANNY enters with DOMINIC. The child begins  
crying.

NANNY

There, there. You've frightened  
the poor thing. You coming home  
has obviously unsettled him.

NADINE rushes away.

NADINE

(mumbling)

I've lost everyone I've ever  
loved. First my mother, then my  
father, who wants nothing more  
to do with me. Even Sophie, my  
best friend has betrayed me.

The sound of footsteps and a door closing comes in.

CHARLES exchanges triumphant looks with the NANNY. He  
goes over to the bar, pours himself a whiskey and  
raises his glass.

EXT. NIGHT. NADINE is in the street dressed in a  
flimsy leather jacket. She pops two pills into her  
mouth.

GREENBERG'S voice comes in.

GREENBERG

What are your plans for  
Christmas?...You're welcome to  
come along.

NADINE goes off to GREENBERG then changes her mind  
and moves off in the other direction. There's a  
pause.

SCREEN-Basement Disco.Loud dance music. Flashing  
lights.

NADINE is dancing on a platform. She has a drink in  
her hand. She catches her foot painfully and is  
helped down. She downs another drink and takes a drag  
of someone's spliff.

There's short pause

An Ambulance siren comes in.

## SCENE 18

SCREEN.Victorian hospital

INT.DAY.NADINE is in a ward. A surly doctor in a  
white coat is peering over at her.

DOCTOR

Miss Bertrand? I'm Dr Franks.  
How are you feeling?

The doctor takes a thermometer from his top pocket  
and inserts in NADINE'S mouth. He places two fingers  
on NADINE'S wrist to take her pulse. He takes out the  
thermometer.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Ninety-eight.

The DOCTOR takes the blood pressure machine from his  
coat pocket and wraps it around NADINE'S upper arm.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Good, all seems normal. You've been lucky this time.

NADINE

(drowsily)

There's been a mistake. I shouldn't be here.

DOCTOR

Sorry to sound cynical but I hear that all the time around this ward.

NADINE

You must believe me. It was just an accident. I slipped and hurt myself when I was dancing.

NADINE tries to sit up.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Please, I have to go home.

DOCTOR

(unimpressed)

With that amount of drugs and the amount of alcohol in your system, that accident as you call it could well have been fatal.

NADINE

(protesting)

I don't take drugs.

DOCTOR

(raising his eyebrows)

So, you're telling me that the reason we found a large quantity of benzodiazepine in your blood was because someone spiked your drink?

The Doctor starts to move away. NADINE calls out to him.

NADINE

Wait, please. I take medication for depression. That's all, I promise.

The DOCTOR turns around. His expression is unsympathetic.

DOCTOR

And you expect me to believe that any medical practitioner worth his salt would prescribe a drug as dangerous as this, let alone fail to warn you of the consequences when mixed with alcohol? I'm sorry Miss Bertrand, but I'm a bit too old in the tooth to fall for that one. I shall ask a colleague to examine you and she's of the same opinion as me. I'm afraid you can expect to be with us for a good time yet.

NADINE

(incensed)

You mean I'll not be allowed home?

DOCTOR

You can be assured that its in your best interests to be under medical supervision until you get better. I suggest we enroll you with Dick Chambers's therapy group. He is a very experienced psychotherapist and will take it from there. Hopefully, you'll be weaned off in a month or two and can go back to doing whatever it is that you do...

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and Mr Roger Hope, who operated on your foot will be around later to have a look at you.

The DOCTOR wanders off.

NADINE panics. She pulls back the bedcovers. She notices her right foot is heavily bandaged. She puts her hand over her mouth and sobs.

NADINE

(quietly)

I'll never be able to dance again!

Eight weeks later.

INT.Hospital treatment room

NADINE is on a treatment table. A long-haired young man in a white jacket is giving her foot, physiotherapy.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Right, that should do it! Ok, Nadine, I reckon you'll soon be ready to rock and roll.

NADINE gets off the bed, does a few stretches and then a few dance movements.

NADINE

(smiling)

It feels really good.

NADINE practices a few dance movements.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Remember not to put too much weight on the foot until you've built up more strength.

NADINE

You've given me the exercises,  
don't worry.

NADINE continues to test her foot.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

You could do with going to a  
gym. I've got just the bloke  
for you.

The PHYSIOTHERAPIST scribbles a name on a piece of  
paper and passes to NADINE. NADINE takes it but  
continues with her movements.

NADINE

But I'm not a member anywhere.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

(winking)

Dave will look after you. He's  
the trainer at the Mayfair  
Berkeley.

NADINE

I've not heard of it.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

It's a members only joint for  
the well off. Just tell him  
you're a friend of Jeff's.

NADINE

Thank you I will, if you're  
sure.

The PHYSIOTHERAPIST packs away his bed.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

I don't suppose we'll see each  
other again, so this is for  
your little boy.

The PHYSIOTHERAPIST holds up a small teddy  
bear. NADINE goes over and takes the soft toy.

NADINE

That's really kind, thank you.

The PHYSIOTHERAPIST exits. NADINE tries more ambitious dance steps but winces in pain.

## SCENE 19

SCREEN. Chelsea flat.

INT. DAY

NADINE is standing at the porters desk. She holds a single key in her open hand.

NADINE

Excuse me, I'm having trouble getting into flat twenty-five. For some reason my key doesn't work.

The man doesn't acknowledge NADINE and continues with his written bookwork. Then, he glances up at her.

PORTER

(irritably)

That flat was sold shortly after I started here.

NADINE

(bemused)

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

PORTER

(looking up)

There are a couple of suitcases in storage with some other stuff. No one's been to claim them. They may have been from twenty-five. Trouble is Miss, I can't really leave my desk.

The porter throws NADINE a knowing look. NADINE rummages in her bag for her purse and takes out two pound coins and hands them to the PORTER. The PORTER quickly puts the coins away in his trouser pocket.

PORTER (CONT'D)

It's very thoughtful of you  
miss. If you want to hold on,  
maybe it's going to be your  
lucky day.

The porter wanders off to the storage room. NADINE  
reflects. The NANNY'S voice comes in.

NANNY

Surely you can't expect to come  
back into Dominic's life after  
the best part of three months?

SCREEN. A red phone box in front of a rundown terraced  
house.

EXT. DAY. (ON STAGE) NADINE is standing alone with  
two large suitcases. She takes out the piece of paper  
she received from the PHYSIOTHERAPIST. NADINE picks  
up the phone and dials the number.

A gruff male's voice comes in

GRUFF MALE

Yes, what do you want?

NADINE

Hello, I'm a friend of Jeff's.  
He said that you might be able  
to help me?

GRUFF MALE

If it's Dave you want, he's at  
work. Call back later.

NADINE has to think quickly since this is her only  
option.

NADINE

I was wondering if there was a  
spare room. It would only be  
for a short time?

GRUFF MALE

Nah! They're all let. I could do you a put-you-up for ten pounds a week if you don't mind dossing down in the lounge.

NADINE

(relieved)

That would be fine. Thank you.

GRUFF MALE

Thirty-four Earls Court Road.  
Top floor flat.

NADINE

By the way, I'm NADINE

The line went dead before NADINE finished speaking.

## SCENE 20

SCREEN.GYM

DAVE'S KEEP FIT CLASS.

INT. NIGHT. GREENBERG, swathed in towels, is sprawled out on a lounge. He is reading a newspaper with one hand and eating toast and marmalade with the other. NADINE enters purposefully with a canvas bag over her shoulder. She walks past GREENBERG and stops suddenly and turns around

NADINE (CONT'D)

(beaming)

Greenberg! Finally decided to get into shape, I see?

NADINE goes over and kisses GREENBERG on both cheeks. GREENBERG looks up. His face shows genuine surprise.

GREENBERG

(playing it cool)

It's been a while, how have you been?

NADINE

(upbeat)

Fine, thank you. And you?

GREENBERG

Work and more work, you know  
me, but I had a break at  
Christmas.

NADINE

How was Barbados?

GREENBERG

(flippantly)

Came up in a heat rash, spent a  
week in bed with food  
poisoning. Apart from that it  
was fantastic!

NADINE

I see you haven't lost your  
sense of humour.

GREENBERG

(undertone)

With you, I've learnt it's safer  
not to!

NADINE

Sorry?

GREENBERG

I was just saying Auditions for  
*All at Sea* start shortly.

NADINE

(expectantly)

Will it be the same cast as the  
tour?

GREENBERG

That's up to Roland White.  
He'll be directing.

NADINE

Allowing someone else to make the decisions, that doesn't sound like you.

GREENBERG

It's just better that I remain detached.

GREENBERG gives NADINE a lingering look. He gets himself up from the lounge.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Right. I've got to be off. I can give you a lift if you want.

NADINE looks up and down at GREENBERG amusingly

NADINE

(playfully)

Like that would be spectacular, no.

GREENBERG shakes his head seeing the joke was at his expense.

GREENBERG

I was about to say that I've got a meeting around the corner from your flat.

NADINE

Actually, I don't live in Chelsea anymore.

GREENBERG

(expectantly)

Really?

NADINE

(guardedly)

After my mother died, I moved to share with a friend in Earls Court.

GREENBERG put his arms around NADINE.

GREENBERG  
(sympathetically)  
Nadine, I'm really sorry. I had  
no idea.

NADINE  
(softly)  
At least she didn't have to  
suffer anymore.

NADINE withdraws slowly from GREENBERG

GREENBERG  
Look, you've got my number.  
Call me, even if it's just for  
a chat.

NADINE nods and walks off uneasily. GREENBERG  
observes NADINE'S slight limp. GREENBERG turns  
around. The towels fall off as he goes off to the  
changing room.

## SCENE 21

SCREEN. SMART CHELSEA HOUSE

EXT. DAY. NADINE is watching from across the street.  
The NANNY appears with DOMINIC from the house. NADINE  
follows behind. The NANNY supervises DOMINIC on a  
baby swing. NADINE looks on enviously at the side.

## SCENE 22

SCREEN. Old terraced house and red phone box.

EXT. NIGHT. A fire engine siren comes in. (On Stage),  
Smoke spills out onto the street. NADINE enters and  
approaches a burly POLICEMAN keeping watch outside  
the property.

NADINE  
Excuse me, I need to get by.

POLICEMAN

Sorry, love. You can't go  
anywhere near the place. It's  
far too dangerous.

NADINE

(worried)

But I live here! All my  
things...

POLICEMAN

Take my advice and find  
somewhere else to sleep  
tonight. Just give us your  
details in case we need to get  
hold of you.

The POLICEMAN hands NADINE a small pad and pencil.  
NADINE scribbles on the pad and gives it back.

NADINE

I don't understand what  
happened.

POLICEMAN

Arson, more than likely.

NADINE

You mean it wasn't an accident?

POLICEMAN

Wouldn't surprise me. It seems  
to happen a lot around here  
recently.

NADINE moves off to make a call.

## **SCENE 23**

SCREEN. Mansion flat.

INT.NIGHT.GREENBERG is at the door in an open  
toweling robe. Red lipstick is smudged on his cheek.  
There's a strong smell of perfume. NADINE enters and  
smells the perfume.

NADINE

I hope I'm not interrupting  
anything?

She focuses on a woman's nightie strewn in the corner  
of the room.

GREENBERG

(flustered)

No, not at all. Come in, I was  
just about to jump in the bath.

NADINE

That sounds like an invitation.

GREENBERG

(embarrassed)

I didn't mean...

NADINE

I wasn't being serious, don't  
worry

GREENBERG looks disappointed.

NADINE goes ahead.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind me coming  
here. The thing is, I've  
nowhere else to go.

GREENBERG

Let me get you a drink and you  
can tell me all about it..  
Better still, if you haven't  
had supper, we could grab  
something to eat. There's a  
good Chinese around the corner.

NADINE forces a smile.

NADINE

Thinking of your stomach again?

GREENBERG proudly parades his still ample girth.  
NADINE looks on benignly.

GREENBERG

(defensively)

So I like my food. What's wrong with that? Anyway, look- I've lost ten pounds since I joined that club.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Although, I didn't expect to see you there.

GREENBERG goes over to the bar and pours out two generous measures of brandy.

NADINE

I damaged my foot and needed to build up the ligaments. John, the trainer, is a friend of mine.

NADINE makes herself comfortable on the sofa.

GREENBERG hands NADINE a crystal tumbler.

GREENBERG

Right. Get this down you.

NADINE takes a sip of her drink.

NADINE

When I got back to Earls Court, the house was on fire. I wasn't even allowed to collect my things.

GREENBERG, standing, takes a large gulp of his drink.

GREENBERG

A bit suspicious, wasn't it?

NADINE

That's what the policeman said.

GREENBERG sits down on the sofa next to NADINE.

GREENBERG

Wouldn't be the first time some unscrupulous individual arranged it for the insurance.

NADINE

Would you mind if we leave dinner? I'm really exhausted. If I can just stay tonight?

GREENBERG

Yes, of course. The spare room is made up and the bathroom at the end of the hall is all yours.

GREENBERG gets up and points the way. He quickly picks up the nightie and unobtrusively stuffs it in his robe. NADINE gets up from the sofa.

NADINE

(yawning)

You're very kind.

NADINE ambles uneasily off to bed.

Next morning

There are two large suitcases in the hall. GREENBERG dressed in a shirt and tie is sat at the breakfast table. In front him stands a large coffee percolator and toaster. He is immersed in a theatrical journal. NADINE enters barefooted in a skimpy t-shirt. GREENBERG looks up and nearly chokes.

GREENBERG

(clearing his throat)

Good morning, I trust you slept well?

NADINE

Yes, thank you.

NADINE goes over and pours coffee into a mug. She takes two slices of bread and pops them in the toaster.

GREENBERG

Do go and help yourself!

NADINE She catches sight of the two cases.

NADINE

(jubilant)

My things!

GREENBERG

Two policemen turned up earlier enquiring after you.

NADINE is visibly jolted.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I vouched for you and they seemed happy enough. Apparently, they're after the chap that manages the property. They think he may have something to do with it.

NADINE remains impassive.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Right, I've got a meeting to go to.

GREENBERG gets up from the table.

I was thinking that there's a small flat next to the office in Regent Street that might suit you for a while. I use it to put up business people from abroad. It's not bad and it wouldn't cost you anything. Have a think about it.

NADINE goes up and strokes the side of GREENBERG'S face. GREENBERG is momentarily on cloud nine.

NADINE  
 (affectionately)  
 You would really do that for  
 me?

GREENBERG  
 (regaining his poise)  
 There's a key for this place on  
 the side. If you go out, just  
 leave it under the mat.

GREENBERG goes off to his meeting.

NADINE picks up the phone and taps in a number.

NADINE  
 Hello, may I speak to Charles  
 Langley? Yes, it's Nadine  
 Bertrand again...I have left  
 several messages already.

## SCENE 24.

SCREEN. Smart Chelsea House

A door bell rings

EXT. NIGHT. NADINE is on the steps. She is holding a  
 present for her son DOMINIC. A willowy woman appears  
 at the door.

NADINE  
 (confidently)  
 Hello, I was wondering if Mr  
 Langley is at home?

WOMAN  
 (aloof)  
 I'm sorry, he's out for the  
 evening. I'm Clare, his wife.  
 Charles didn't mention he was  
 expecting someone.

A child's laughter comes in from inside the house.  
 NADINE perks up.

CLARE  
Sorry, that's my son playing up  
in the nursery. He's always a  
handful before bedtime.

NADINE is taken aback.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
(alarmed)  
Are you all right?

NADINE quickly regains her poise. She extends her  
hand to CLARE.

NADINE  
I'm Nadine.

CLARE  
You'd better come in.

NADINE follows CLARE into the house.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Please sit down.

CLARE gestures to a leather armchair. NADINE goes and  
sits down.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
I suppose it was inevitable  
that we were going to meet one  
day.

CLARE sits on an upright chair few feet away

CLARE (CONT'D)  
You're much prettier than I was  
led to believe. I can quite  
understand how Charles was  
taken in.

NADINE  
I'm not sure what you mean?

CLARE  
(aggressively)  
I assume you did know that he  
was married?

NADINE

Yes, it would be dishonest of me to pretend otherwise.

CLARE

And that we were trying to have children of our own?

NADINE

(more confidently)

Actually, you are also not what I expected. When we met, Charles gave me the impression that your marriage wasn't going well.

CLARE

I suppose he also told you that his family was extremely well off and that he didn't have to work for a living?

NADINE shrugs nonchalantly.

CLARE (CONT'D)

My dear, I'm afraid you have been badly deceived.

CLARE (CONT'D)

There have been plenty of others over the years. Believe me, you're not on your own.

CLARE runs her slim hand through her hair and sighs.

CLARE (CONT'D)

(more friendly)

Charles was just a clerk in an insurance office. He was very good at mixing in the right circles. Of course, with those handsome looks, he swept me off my feet at the debutante ball he talked himself into.

Naively, I thought it was me he loved, rather than Daddy's money.

NADINE

So you're saying that he only married you-?

CLARE

Yes, to get to my father. Daddy owns a rather large estate in Suffolk and Charles had designs on being Lord of the manor one day. You see, being an only child and there being no heir, Charles thought that the position was his for the taking.

NADINE

But that doesn't really explain why you stayed together.

CLARE crosses her legs in a relaxed manner.

CLARE

My dear, it's been a marriage of convenience from the start; at least where Charles is concerned. I can't tell you the times I've rushed back to my parents in tears, vowing never to return. But I always did. You see, in spite of everything, I love my husband.

NADINE.

I understand. It's not uncommon. Believe me, it was the same with my own parents.

CLARE

(turning)

And yet you were still prepared to take advantage of the situation?

NADINE is caught off guard.

NADINE

(retracting)

No, I didn't mean...

CLARE

(interrupting)

It's been made perfectly clear to Charles that unless he can provide a male heir, he won't be permitted to have anything to do with my father's affairs.

NADINE

(alerted)

But you just mentioned that you have been unable to have children of your own?

CLARE

Yes, but when Charles owned up and said he had a son with another woman, a woman who was ill equipped to look after the little boy-I talked myself into believing that we could eventually be a family.

NADINE

(defensively)

But that's just not true! I had a difficult time giving birth but I got better and then I started working again.

CLARE

(countering)

Charles claims that you are suffering from manic depression. He's got evidence that you were neglecting the child.

NADINE

I have no idea what you mean.

CLARE

The medication you allowed  
Dominic to get hold of?

NADINE

Actually, it was only an empty  
packet. The au pair said so!

CLARE

That happened to contain an  
extremely powerful drug. And of  
course there also the  
Psychiatric reports.

NADINE

(incensed)

They were supposed to be  
confidential.

Clare's smile indicates her position of strength.

NADINE suddenly remembers something her mother said.  
IRENE'S voice comes in

IRENE

I'm certain Charles has an  
agenda. It has something to do  
with our little Dominic.

NADINE gets to her feet. Her stance is far from  
conciliatory.

NADINE

(voice raised)

Look, I'm going to be  
auditioning for the main part  
in a West End show. You can ask  
the producer if you don't  
believe me.

NADINE rummages through her bag for a pen and paper.  
She scribbles down GREENBERG'S details and passes it  
to CLARE who gives it a cursory glance.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Also, if what Charles said was true, how would I be able to carry on working?

NADINE is beginning to perspire.

CLARE

Funny, I assumed that you were a dancer in one of those men only establishments. I had no idea that you were on the West-End stage.

There's a short pause. Clare looks at her watch, gets up from her chair and goes over and confronts NADINE.

CLARE (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Nadine, I hope you don't mind me calling you that. I appreciate you are in a difficult situation but there's little I can do to help you. You see our legal advisers have informed us unequivocally that it's in the best interests of the child that Dominic should remain with his father, which as I've just explained means here with us.

NADINE now realises that her predicament is hopeless. She tries one last time, whilst maintaining her self respect.

NADINE

(calmly)

Despite everything you say, the fact remains I'm still Dominic's mother. However, perhaps we might come to an accommodation that would be satisfactory to both of us?

CLARE

Surely you're not suggesting  
that we share the child.

NADINE

In France, it's not uncommon  
and your legal advisers, I'm  
sure would look kindly on such  
an arrangement, would they not?

CLARE is caught off guard and tries to regain the  
upper hand.

CLARE

(unemotionally)

That's completely out of the  
question. Now I really don't  
think there's any more to say.

CLARE motions for NADINE to leave. NADINE exits  
slowly. A few seconds later a door closing comes  
in..NADINE is in the street. She looks up at the  
house and calls out to her son.

NADINE

(hopeful)

Dominic, it's mummy.

There's no response. She tries again.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Dominic, it's mummy!

Again, there's no response. NADINE walks away. She  
appears calm but faraway.

## **SCENE 25**

SCREEN A wine bar on the Embankment.

INT. NIGHT. NADINE is sat at a table. There is a  
nearly empty bottle of red wine in front of her. She  
writes an entry in her nearly full diary.

She takes a small bottle of pills, pours the remainder of the bottle of wine into her glass and pops the entire contents into her mouth. She sits back waiting for the medication to take effect. She then gets up, leaving her diary on the table, and staggers out of the bar.

EXT. NIGHT.

SCREEN. Wandsworth Bridge lit up.

A busker singing and strumming an acoustic guitar comes in.

NADINE is balancing precariously on the ledge of the bridge.

Shouts of 'come down, you'll fall, don't move,' come in.

NADINE stands en pointe, lifting one leg high above her head. She remains still for a few seconds. Then the foot she's balancing on gives way and she disappears from view.

A gust of wind comes in, a pink scarf appears blowing in its wake.

## **SCENE 26**

SCREEN. A morgue at Queen Mary's Hospital.

INT. DAY. GREENBERG peers at a woman (NADINE) stretched out on a marble slab. A doctor in a white coat is in attendance. Identifying the corps GREENBERG looks up and shakes his head. He is distraught.

## **SCENE 27**

SCREEN

"PETER GREENBERG'S ALL AT SEA OPENING NIGHT."  
Rapturous applause comes in.

INT. NIGHT. A pretty dark -haired young woman (SOPHIE) is sat smoking at a table in the theatre, GREENBERG passes by and recognises the woman.

GREENBERG

Excuse me, we were in the same row at the show. You seemed extremely upset. I just wanted to see if everything is all right?

SOPHIE

(thick French accent)

It's most kind of you. I wasn't aware of making such a spectacle of myself.

GREENBERG sits down next to the WOMAN.

GREENBERG

By the way, I'm Peter Greenberg.

SOPHIE

I know who you are. Nadine described you perfectly.

GREENBERG is taken aback.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm Sophie. Nadine and I shared a flat together when she first came to London.

GREENBERG

I see, so you knew her quite well.

SOPHIE

We were very close friends until...

Sophie begins to weep softly.

GREENBERG  
(sympathetically)  
Here, take this.

GREENBERG takes a handkerchief from his top pocket and passes it across.

SOPHIE  
(tearfully)  
You see I feel partly to blame  
for what happened.

GREENBERG  
(confused)  
I'm sorry. I don't understand.

SOPHIE  
(regaining her poise)  
It's complicated.

GREENBERG glances down at his watch

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I really don't want to delay  
you. Perhaps we can meet again  
at a more convenient time.

SOPHIE gets up to leave.

GREENBERG  
(roused)  
No, please. It's just a dinner  
engagement. It won't matter if  
I'm a little late.

SOPHIE forces a smile and sits down. She continues

SOPHIE  
I don't know how much Nadine  
told you but her life was very  
traumatic.

GREENBERG  
It was probably what partly  
attracted me to her in the  
first place.

SOPHIE

You mean the troubled soul that you could straighten out.

GREENBERG

Exactly. I tried to get her to confide in me but there was always something holding her back.

SOPHIE

She couldn't.

GREENBERG

Because of the other fellow she was involved with?

SOPHIE

So you knew about Charles?

GREENBERG

Not by name but I assumed the flat she was living in was his.

There's a short pause.

SOPHIE

Were you aware that Nadine kept a diary?

GREENBERG

I don't remember seeing one with the rest of her things the police recovered from the wine bar she was at.

SOPHIE

So I take it you were asked to identify her body?

GREENBERG

Only after I read about her death in the newspapers.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

She hadn't returned the previous night so I put two and two together...I suppose I was the nearest there was to a next of kin.

SOPHIE

Nadine wrote everything down. It was her way of dealing with her problems.

GREENBERG

(pensively)

I never knew that.

SOPHIE touches GREENBERG'S hand

SOPHIE

(affectionately)

*Mon pauvre!*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I know about the things she wrote down. It was all true.

GREENBERG

And how does that chap Charles fit in to the picture?

SOPHIE

He is the father of her child.

GREENBERG'S face shows his shock.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I can see that it has come as a big surprise to you.

GREENBERG takes a few moments to adjust to the revelation.

GREENBERG

How do know all this?

SOPHIE

When Nadine telephoned unexpectedly and asked whether she could move back in with me, I knew something must be wrong. You see, she had just found out that she was pregnant.

GREENBERG

By Charles?

SOPHIE

Yes, but she didn't tell him.

GREENBERG

Why not?

SOPHIE

Because he had finished with her. Said he was going back to his wife.

GREENBERG

I knew he was married.

GREENBERG becomes reflective. He is still trying to take it all in.

SOPHIE

Nadine stayed for a short while and then returned to Paris.

GREENBERG

She wanted the baby?

SOPHIE

Yes. That was something I could never understand.

GREENBERG

(distracted)

She must have had her reasons, I suppose.

SOPHIE

The birth affected her terribly. Despite how it might have appeared, she wasn't strong enough to cope on her own.

GREENBERG

Couldn't she have remained in Paris?

SOPHIE

Her mother wasn't well and Nadine needed to resume her career.

GREENBERG

But none of this explains why you think you were responsible?

SOPHIE pauses, takes a deep breath and continues.

SOPHIE

I was having an affair with Charles. I'm not proud of myself but it just happened.

GREENBERG

Did Nadine know?

SOPHIE

No, of course not. She had already returned to France. I'd given her my word that if Charles came looking for her, I wouldn't tell him that she was pregnant.

GREENBERG

So what happened?

SOPHIE

He and I started seeing each other, innocently at first but I found myself falling for him.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I can see now that he was just using me to get back with Nadine.

GREENBERG

(With grudging admiration)

Seems like he was quite the ladies man.

SOPHIE

You see, he discovered her pregnancy tests in my flat.

GREENBERG

And that's when he found out?

SOPHIE nodded.

SOPHIE

Charles pursued Nadine to Paris. He told me that he felt responsible. He even provided her with a nanny when she moved back to Chelsea because he wanted to be near his son.

GREENBERG

(muttering)

I wonder what suddenly changed his mind?

SOPHIE

Mentally, she was in a bad way. You see she had a history of depression and the birth was traumatic.

GREENBERG

I must say she managed to hide it well.

SOPHIE

Charles even paid for her doctors bills.

GREENBERG  
(sarcastically)  
That was good of him.

SOPHIE  
The only time she was really  
herself was when she was on  
stage.

GREENBERG  
I witnessed the same thing  
myself on many occasions.

SOPHIE  
Then, when Nadine went on tour,  
I did something very stupid. I  
agreed not to tell her that her  
father had been in touch to say  
that her mother, Irene had  
died. Charles tricked me. He  
said it was better coming from  
him. Of course, I believed him.

GREENBERG  
(interjecting)  
I tried getting in contact with  
Nadine's father but I didn't  
have a telephone number or an  
address. As far as I know he  
probably thinks his daughter is  
still alive.

SOPHIE  
I assumed that's what you might  
have thought when he wasn't at  
the funeral.

GREENBERG  
You were there?

SOPHIE  
When I saw a report in the  
paper and it mentioned that the  
suicide victim left a diary, I  
knew it had to be Nadine.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I spent a couple of days ringing around cemeteries in central London, till I found the right one. I came in late and slipped away at the end. I didn't have the courage to introduce myself.

GREENBERG

And her father?

SOPHIE

I went to Paris to see Monsieur Bertrand after Nadine died.

GREENBERG

(sympathetically)

That must have been extremely difficult for you.

SOPHIE

Not as bad as it was for her father. When he discovered that I was the one who had kept the news about her mother's death from Nadine, he was completely distraught. You see he had written a cruel letter blaming her for severing contact

GREENBERG

So I assume he also felt responsible for what happened.

SOPHIE

You're quite right. His guilt was overwhelming.

GREENBERG

No wonder he couldn't bring himself to be there.

There is a short pause. GREENBERG and SOPHIE both reflect on the young woman they had loved and lost. SOPHIE gets up from the table.

SOPHIE

You are a good man. Nadine often said how much you did for her and how sad she felt for not being able to return the affection you deserved.

SOPHIE goes and kisses GREENBERG on both cheeks

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

*Elle avait raison.*

SOPHIE walks off. GREENBERG is left at the table deep in thought.

Lights down

**END OF ACT 1**

**ACT 2**

Lights up.

**SCENE 1**

INT. DAY A cramped one-bed flat above an off license

A large middle aged man, GREENBERG, is sat at a small table having his breakfast of eggs on toast. He opens an official looking -letter that has been delivered by hand.

GREENBERG  
(muttering)  
This looks interesting!

Screen.

Flashing 'Divorce Decree' images of a heavily made up red-headed woman next to a smug bald-headed man on a beach in Spain. She reads from a post card to GREENBERG

SUZANNE  
(stilted)  
Hi Peter from Sunny Spain.

SUZANNE pulls a face

SUZANNE (CONT'D)  
  
Glad you've settled in to your smart new flat. Michael sends his regards and says his account is in the post

GREENBERG  
(smiling)  
Only an Accountant could run off with someone's wife and render a bill for services rendered! still, it could always be worse.

**SCENE 2**

SCREEN. The Dukes Theatre with a Big 'For Sale' sign

INT.DAY.(ON STAGE) there is an ESTATE AGENT outside the theatre busily taking notes. GREENBERG enters. He goes up to the man.

GREENBERG

Good morning.I'm sure there's been some mistake.I don't suppose you know why I can't get into my premises?

ESTATE AGENT

You are?

GREENBERG

Peter Greenberg, and this my theatre.

ESTATE AGENT

Sorry, sir. As you can see, the place has been closed down. We've been instructed by the owners to find a buyer for the place.

GREENBERG

(protesting)

But you can't do that. I have got a lease on the place.

ESTATE AGENT

(dismissively)

That may be so but you'll find if the rent remains unpaid for more than thirty days, the landlord is within his rights to take back the property.

GREENBERG is in shock.He shuffles away despondently.

GREENBERG

But I can assure you that I gave the cheque to my assistant to deliver.

The agent calls after him.

ESTATE AGENT  
We'll need an address to serve  
the schedule of dilapidations,  
Mr Greenberg.

GREENBERG carries on walking.

GREENBERG  
(mumbling)  
I'm sure I gave Issy the cheque  
for the rent, didn't I?

### SCENE 3

EXT.DAY.The Dukes Theatre.

GREENBERG enters just as a smartly dressed young  
woman, ISSY, comes out of the building.

ISSY  
Mr Greenberg, is that you?

GREENBERG looks vague.

ISSY (CONT'D)  
It's me Issy!

GREENBERG  
(aghast)  
Hello, what are you doing here?

ISSY  
(embarrassed)  
It's not what you think.

GREENBERG tries to remain calm.

GREENBERG  
(gazing at the  
theatre)  
Issy, I'm sure you had nothing  
to do with what happened.

ISSY

Hope you're managing to keep yourself busy.

GREENBERG

I've got a few irons in the fire. You know me.

ISSY

I didn't really have a choice? You do believe, me, don't you?

ISSY is eager to get away.

ISSY (CONT'D)

It's really nice to see you but Mr Brookman only gives us an hour for lunch.

GREENBERG

(an aside)

I should have guessed. Ken couldn't wait to get his hands on the Dukes. The question was how?

He turns to ISSY.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

But that still leaves time for a sandwich and a coffee?

ISSY

I'd love to, another time, if that's ok. By the way, I've got the box with your things and those diaries you asked me to look after.

GREENBERG

(disappointed)

There's no hurry. I'll pick them up the next time I'm passing.

ISSY walks off then she stops suddenly.

ISSY

Sorry, I almost forgot. A man with a French accent called up this morning, asking for you, a Monsieur Bertrand, I think he said his name was. I hope you don't mind that I gave him your mobile number. He said that it was very important.

ISSY exits. GREENBERG glances up at the Dukes. He exits.

#### **SCENE 4**

A cold February day.

SCREEN. A gravestone. NADINE BERTRAND 1952-1977. **'A beautiful soul taken too soon'**

EXT.DAY. Cemetery South London. GREENBERG checks his watch. An elegant older man JACQUES BERTRAND enters carrying a walking cane.

JACQUES BERTRAND

(breathlessly)

Monsieur Greenberg?

GREENBERG nods and shakes the old man's gloved hand.

GREENBERG

It's good to meet you at last, Monsieur Bertrand. I'm surprised how you managed to find me.

The old man smiles. He reaches inside his coat and takes out a handful of photographs. Peering down at the photographs.

JACQUES BERTRAND

(emotionally)

She was so beautiful. We were too similar- but I adored her

GREENBERG

she never spoke about you.

JACQUES BERTRAND

(reflecting)

I was away a lot while Nadine was growing up. The price one pays for putting work before family, I'm afraid.

JACQUES BERTRAND (CONT'D)

I assumed that since Nadine appeared in your shows, you knew her quite well.

GREENBERG

I often thought so but she was a complex young woman.

JACQUES BERTRAND

And yet you had sufficient faith in her to find her parts?

GREENBERG

Monsieur Bertrand-

JACQUES BERTRAND

(interjecting)

Please do me the honour of calling me Jacques.

GREENBERG

Jacques, Nadine was extraordinarily talented.

JACQUES BERTRAND

*Sans doute*, but with her moods and the traumas in her private life, it didn't make things difficult for you?

GREENBERG

(guardedly)

I was very fond of her.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Which was why I went to so much effort to meet you.

GREENBERG

I'm not sure I'm with you.

JACQUES BERTRAND

I also ran a theatre during the war, you know. It was the only venue for live entertainment in town. There was a young woman called Solange, who I was involved with. Her family were the original owners but they were Jews. I was devastated it was forced to close down, you understand.

GREENBERG

(playing along)

I assume it didn't end well for them?

The old man shakes his head.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Arrested by the Germans. I never saw Solange again.

GREENBERG

I'm sorry. But how was it you met Nadine's mother?

JACQUES BERTRAND

Irene and Solange were first cousins. Solange made me promise that if anything happened to her that I would see that Irene was looked after.

GREENBERG

And that included marrying her?

JACQUES BERTRAND

I was deluded in thinking  
because of the strong physical  
resemblance between them, I  
could recreate in Irene what I  
had lost in Solange.

GREENBERG

I assume it didn't work out.

JACQUES BERTRAND

It was a big mistake but it was  
too late.

GREENBERG

And Nadine?

NADINE

Our daughter suffered because I  
was caught up in an unhappy  
marriage.

GREENBERG

It's a sad story

Greenberg tries to keep warm, rubs his hands  
together. He is impatient.

JACQUES BERTRAND

The thing is, I never did  
fulfill my promise to Solange,  
and now I need to make amends.

GREENBERG

I don't understand how I can  
help you.

JACQUES BERTRAND

A musical production based on  
my daughter's life might be a  
fitting tribute, wouldn't you  
agree?

GREENBERG

(taken aback)

Commissioning a script, getting a cast together and then finding a theatre willing to stick their neck out; I can't think of anyone offhand who would be prepared to take on such a commitment.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Forgive me for being, as they say in French, *présomptueux*, but am I not right in saying your business affairs have recently taken a turn for the worse?

GREENBERG

I see that you are very well informed.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Let's just say that there are times when a great deal of probing is required to get what one wants.

GREENBERG

(pensively)

There are several West End producers I could suggest that might be interested?

JACQUES BERTRAND

(knowing look)

But none who loved Nadine the way you did.

The old man smiles warmly

GREENBERG

What? You're not suggesting me!

JACQUES BERTRAND

Well, it might not do your career any harm.

GREENBERG ponders the situation

JACQUES BERTRAND (CONT'D)

(changing tack)

I assume you are aware that my daughter had a child by another man?

GREENBERG

Yes, but I only found out after she died.

JACQUES BERTRAND

(distracted)

I don't suppose you know my grandson's whereabouts? I'm aware that I've left it rather late in the day to make peace with my Maker, but I can assure you that I wish to do so.

GREENBERG

(carelessly)

I believe that as a child, he went to live with his father.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Even with Sophie's help, she was Nadine's friend who told me that Nadine had died, we didn't manage to obtain any leads.

GREENBERG

(reflecting)

I didn't know about Sophie until she introduced herself after the opening of my show in which Nadine was meant to star. But we didn't get around to Dominic, although she did admit to an affair with his father.

JACQUES BERTRAND

Perhaps that explains her reluctance to help me find the boy. She didn't want to add to my anguish.

GREENBERG

He's probably got a life of his own by now.

JACQUES BERTRAND

(weakly)

Nevertheless, I'm grateful for her assistance in contacting you. Now forgive me, I'm getting tired. If you agree to help me, I will transfer one million pounds from my account here in London so you can start on the project immediately.

GREENBERG attempts to steady himself.

GREENBERG

(muttering)

How much did you say?

JACQUES BERTRAND

(smiling)

There's one stipulation, which is that the show must open before the end of the year. The doctors' are not prepared to commit themselves longer than that.

GREENBERG can't find the words and just nods.

JACQUES BERTRAND (CONT'D)

I'm leaving for Paris at midday tomorrow. I would appreciate your answer by then. You can find me at the Savoy.

The old man picks up a stone and places it on his daughter's grave. GREENBERG just looks on.

JACQUES BERTRAND (CONT'D)

Until tomorrow. My taxi is waiting.

The old man shuffles off. GREENBERG looks on pensively. Then he suddenly perks up and marches resolutely away .

## SCENE 5

Three months later.

SCREEN. A serviced office

'PETER GREENBERG PRODUCTIONS'.

INT.DAY. GREENBERG is at his desk poring over a completed script. He reaches for the phone and taps in a number

GREENBERG

(upbeat)

Hello, Virginia, it's Peter Greenberg. Just wondering if there's a slot at the Lyric for a new musical. I know it's going to require a name for the lead. Yes, of course, you can get back to me. Yes, the number is still the same.

GREENBERG despondently puts down the receiver. He taps another number into the phone.

GREENBERG

Giles, it's Peter Greenberg. Not bad, a few irons in the fire. I've got a new musical that's just right for the Palace for the back end of the year, say, a four month run. Don't worry. I appreciate you need to know who the director is first.

GREENBERG, dejected, slams the phone down. He looks up as an oversized Barclays Bank cheque for ONE MILLION POUNDS made out to PETER GREENBERG drops down from above. It is slowly disintegrating.

GREENBERG sits back in his chair. He takes out NADINE'S diary from the drawer of his desk. He turns to the last page. NADINE'S voice comes in.

NADINE

Please promise you'll tell my son the truth about his mother.

GREENBERG springs into action

GREENBERG

(out loud!)

Dominic, that's it. He has to be the director.

GREENBERG retracts suddenly. He address the audience.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

But there's no way he'll believe a word of it unless it can be substantiated somehow or by someone.

GREENBERG scratches his head and it hits him. He grasps the phone and taps in a long number. The in his best French

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Bonjour. Monsieur Bertrand, s'il vous plait. C'est Peter Greenberg

## SCENE 6

SCREEN Paris view.

INT. DAY. Jacques Bertrand's apartment

GREENBERG enters. Suddenly, a nurse in uniform appears with an old man slumped forward in a wheel chair.

His withered left arm is resting on a cushion. At the side is a writing pad

GREENBERG  
(softly)  
Hello, Jacques.

The old man looks up forcing a lopsided smile.

NURSE  
Excuse me but if you could make  
the visit brief...Monsieur  
Bertrand only returned from  
hospital yesterday.

GREENBERG  
(sympathetically)  
Yes, of course.

NURSE  
Monsieur Bertrand has to write  
everything down with his good  
hand because his speech is  
still impaired.

The nurse leaves.

GREENBERG  
I'm glad to see you're getting  
better.

The old man writes on his pad. GREENBERG peers down

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
(hedging)  
When I've found the right  
person to play Nadine, the  
venue won't be an issue.

The old man writes something in Capital Letters and  
shows it GREENBERG. '*IS MONEY THE PROBLEM?*'

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
The only thing outstanding is a  
director who can do the show  
justice.  
(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

I know who I'd like but I'm not  
sure how to get to him?

The old man looks up curiously.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Dominic Langley, your grandson.

The old man's face lights up. Tears form in his eyes. He tries to open his mouth but nothing happens. He scribbles the words *CERTIFICAT DE NAISSANCE* on his pad and holds it up to GREENBERG. He then writes down something else on his pad and gestures to GREENBERG to take him over to a painting on the wall. The old man holds up the pad for GREENBERG to see a series of numbers. GREENBERG takes down the painting, revealing a safe. He keys in the numbers, it opens and he takes out a rolled document.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

(proclaiming)

Dominic's birth certificate.  
Mother, Nadine Bertrand.

The old man nods and writes the last thing on his pad. GREENBERG peers down and smiles.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

No, Jacques that's all I needed.  
Now I must track Dominic down  
and I know just the chap to  
help me.

GREENBERG bends down and kisses the old man lightly on the head. The nurse appears. Gesturing to GREENBERG, she wheels the old man off to rest. GREENBERG makes a call on his mobile.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Hello, Jules, it's Peter  
Greenberg. Who is that literary  
agent of yours in New York  
again?

**SCENE 7**

A hot July Morning.

SCREEN.New York Manhattan skyline.

INT.DAY. An literary agent's office.

INT.DAY. A therapist's rooms

GREENBERG, is sat with a breakfast plate of croissants. An attractive woman in her early fifties with short black hair, ARLENE DAVIDSON, enters the room. She goes over to her desk and checks her messages.

At the same time, a fit man sporting a healthy tan, DOMINIC LANGLEY is starting a session with his therapist Sandra Cohen.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

(Distracted)

Sorry to keep you.It's Peter, isn't it? I hope you had a good journey. So, Peter, how do you know Jules again?

GREENBERG

(with a mouthful of food)

We've dealt with each other for over thirty years. He has a knack for coming up with good scripts.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

(vaguely)

Yes, of course he did tell me. But you're a producer? Look I've shown the script to a few people, and while the response has been largely positive,you can forget about Dominic Langley.

GREENBERG is taken aback by the agent's abrupt manner

GREENBERG

And why is that?

The agent is distracted by a new email. There's a short pause.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Right, I'm with you. Where were we?

GREENBERG

Dominic Langley?

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Yes, sorry it's been a hell of a morning. Look, from what my colleague Brad tells me, he's been contracted for the next three years and even if we could get to him, I can't see him being interested in a piece like this.

GREENBERG takes a deep breath, trying not to let his disappointment show.

GREENBERG

With all due respect, I think you've completely missed the point.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

(countering)

Oh really?

GREENBERG

(emphatically)

This show has been commissioned by Dominic's maternal grandfather. It's a tragedy based on his daughter's life, a tragedy her son knows practically nothing about.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Surely you can appreciate that Dominic is the only person who could do justice to the production?

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Yes, if you say so. Look, if you're insistent that Dominic is the guy you want, I'll see what I can do.

GREENBERG

I would be grateful since I'm only in New York for a couple of days.

GREENBERG takes out his business card and goes over and hands it to ARLENE.

The focus changes.

INT.DAY. A therapist's rooms.

The Therapist, SANDRA COHEN, glances at the clock, indicating the start of the session.

SANDRA COHEN

So, Dominic, tell me how have things been?

DOMINIC

(despondent)

Not brilliant.

SANDRA COHEN

Last time, things with Werner had improved, you said. Has something changed?

DOMINIC

(unconvincingly)

That's all fine.

SANDRA COHEN

(probing)

So, there's something or someone else?

DOMINIC

It's just that my mother's unwell. She wants me to go over to London. There's some revelation she wants to share before it's too late.

SANDRA COHEN

And you find that upsetting.

DOMINIC

I'm not thrilled by the prospect of going back to London, if that's what you mean?

SANDRA COHEN

Too many bad memories?

DOMINIC shrugs but doesn't elaborate.

SANDRA COHEN (CONT'D)

Perhaps we can talk again about your childhood.

DOMINIC tenses up and clenches his fists.

DOMINIC

(apprehensively)

Which part in particular?

SANDRA COHEN

The strained relationship with your father.

DOMINIC

I told you. He just wanted to get shot of me so at ten I was sent away to boarding school.

SANDRA COHEN

And before that?

DOMINIC

He was rarely at home and even then he was always arguing with my mother.

SANDRA COHEN

What about?

DOMINIC

Money mainly. You see my mother's family were extremely wealthy and he felt he was entitled to a share of it. Which is why he thought he didn't need to earn a living.

SANDRA COHEN

It can't have been much a life for your mother.

DOMINIC

I often wondered why she put up with it for so long when he had that other French woman on the go for so many years. Sophie. My mother knew about her but chose to turn a blind eye.

SANDRA COHEN

And you were caught in the middle?

DOMINIC

I was always close to my mother, which turned my father against me.

SANDRA COHEN

You're implying he was jealous of you.

DOMINIC bursts out laughing.

DOMINIC

Hardly! When he realised I wasn't the type of son he envisaged, he lost interest in me.

SANDRA COHEN

You mean when you told him you were gay?

DOMINIC

Long before that. It was when I was diagnosed as bipolar.

SANDRA COHEN

How so?

DOMINIC

The doctors said the condition was often hereditary.

SANDRA COHEN

And the medication helps?

DOMINIC

De temps en temps. But directing is the only time I feel truly alive!

SANDRA COHEN

I get that. But going back to your father, he took it as a personal affront.

DOMINIC

That's why he carted me off to boarding school because he couldn't deal with my mood swings.

SANDRA COHEN

Sounds like he wanted you out the way because you reminded him of something he wanted to remain hidden.

DOMINIC

Something or someone?

DOMINIC starts to reflect.

SANDRA COHEN

Have you just remembered something?

DOMINIC

(distracted)

Just a recurring dream that  
plagued me as a child. Whenever  
I mentioned it to my parents,  
they just fobbed me off. Why  
it's suddenly come back to me,  
I just don't know.

The therapist ponders for a short while before  
responding.

SANDRA COHEN

Perhaps that's another reason  
for you to make that trip to  
London.

The focus reverts.

INT.DAY. Literary agents office.

ARLENE DAVIDSON has positioned herself next GREENBERG  
and is helping herself to a large piece of croissant.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Sorry, I'm starving. Trying to  
keep to a diet is murder if  
you're me and like your food.

GREENBERG breaks out into a broad smile. He appears at  
ease.

GREENBERG

I don't know, you look pretty  
good on it.

GREENBERG catches himself looking at ARLENE'S shapely  
legs.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

(smiling)

A flatterer no less. Jules  
didn't mention anything about a  
smooth-talking ladies man.

GREENBERG

He was quite a ladies man  
himself, in his time.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Tell me about it? He wanted to  
marry me but it was a long time  
ago.

GREENBERG

So, what happened?

ARLENE DAVIDSON

I was very naive in those days  
and was seduced by all the  
wrong things. My husband was a  
banker, fabulously  
wealthy...had a penthouse  
apartment overlooking Central  
Park, a house in the Hamptons,  
the whole deal.

GREENBERG

And it didn't work out?

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Twenty years and three children  
later, I discovered I wanted  
something else.

GREENBERG

Everyone's got a story.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

So, what's yours?

GREENBERG

Me? Oh, I fell in love with an  
elusive French dancer, who I'm  
afraid spoilt me for anyone  
else.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

You must tell me about her  
sometime. She sounds most  
alluring.

GREENBERG shrugs to the audience proving that she hasn't read the script. ARLENE gets up.

ARLENE DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Great to meet you Peter. Where did you say you were staying again?

GREENBERG

(resignedly)

A hotel, not far from here. I think it's called The Library.

GREENBERG goes over and collects his coat and small traveling case. He puts on a brave face.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

I use it a lot. We'll be in touch.

ARLENE DAVIDSON follows GREENBERG out.

## **SCENE 8**

The same afternoon.

SCREEN

The Upper West side Theatre.

*'DAVID THE WARRIOR KING,'* DIRECTOR DOMINIC LANGLEY

INT.DAY.The cast is taking a coffee break. DOMINIC enters.He claps his hands together.The Cast disperse, leaving a lean black youth and a young angelic-faced man.

DOMINIC

Right, everyone, I'm glad to see you've been keeping yourselves occupied. We've got a lot of work to get through, so we'll make a start with David and Jonathan. Act One Scene Six- And Leroy and Zac, if I'm not interrupting something more important...

Leroy and Zac stuff their mouths with the rest of their lunch, pick up their scripts and take up their positions upstage.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Remember, Jonathan is warning David that his father, Saul, is intending to kill him. Go!

The two actors spring into action.

DAVID

Tomorrow I am expected be at the king's table to celebrate the full moon. I shall not attend. Instead, I shall go and hide in the country for three days.

JONATHAN

And, if the king notices your absence?

DAVID

Please just say that I asked your permission to visit my family in Bethlehem.

JOHNATHAN

I shall do as you ask but if his anger is riled against you?

DAVID

I will send you a message of  
where to find me.

DOMINIC

(ranting)

Stop! Leroy, look-this is  
supposed to be the most  
poignant part in the play.  
Jonathan is distraught that  
something is going to happen to  
the person he loves deeply and  
you're playing him with as much  
feeling as if he's making a  
fucking restaurant reservation.  
If you're not up to it, I  
suggest you pack up your things  
and get out. I want passion.  
Now do it again properly!

DOMINIC walks off reenergised.

## **SCENE 9**

The same evening

INT.NIGHT.An upper East Side Apartment.

ARLENE DAVIDSON is sat alone with a glass of wine and  
has just finished reading GREENBERG'S script and has  
tears in her eyes. She picks up the phone to make a  
call to her colleague Brad.

ARLENE DAVIDSON

Brad it's me. You know that  
script I passed to you about  
the French dancer.You must get  
Dominic to read it.What changed  
my mind? it's just something  
I've got a good feeling about  
or rather someone.

ARLENE rings off. She has another thought. Checking her contacts in her phone, she makes another call.

ARLENE DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Hello is that The library? I'd like to speak with a Mr Peter Greenberg who's staying with you.

There's a short pause then,

ARLENE DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

He's checked out a few hours ago? Where? JFK to London? Thank You.

ARLENE puts down the phone. She does a quick change into joggings and a sweat shirt, grabs her car keys and exits.

## SCENE 10

Three months later.

SCREEN

THE DUKES THEATRE. Notice. FOR SALE AT AUCTION

EXT. DAY. GREENBERG passes by reading the evening paper. He stops suddenly, goes back and takes down the details and scuttles off purposefully.

## SCENE 11

A week Later.

SCREEN. The DUKES THEATRE.

INT. DAY. A West London auction house. GREENBERG is sitting nervously in the front row. A bespectacled man in a suit THE AUCTIONEER is standing behind a lectern.

AUCTIONEER

(loud voice)

Now we come to lot 95. The medium-term lease of the Dukes Theatre. We will start the bidding at twenty-five thousand pounds. Who will bid me twenty-five thousand pounds?

GREENBERG tentatively raises his arm. He looks around anxiously to see if there are other bidders.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Come on. There must be someone in the room willing to bid me thirty thou for this iconic landmark?

There's a short pause.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

No. All right. Going once for twenty-five thousand, going twice for Twenty-five thousand pounds.

The AUCTIONEER brings a wooden hammer firmly down on his lecture

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Sold to the gentleman in the front row. Twenty Five thousand pounds and a real bargain at that!

## SCENE 12

Three weeks later.

SCREEN. A smart house in Chelsea

EXT.DAY. On The steps. DOMINIC kisses a good looking young male with Latin features (ALEJANDRO) on the lips.

DOMINIC

I'll be back in New York in a couple of days. Wait for me in the apartment.

The young man shrugs and wanders off.

INT. DAY. DOMINIC enters the house. CLARE LANGLEY is sitting alone in the lounge. DOMINIC approaches his mother. He is shocked at her deterioration.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Hello, Mother.

The old lady puts her hand up against her mouth.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

It's Dominic. I've come to London to see you, remember?

CLARE

(faraway)

I have a son named Dominic. He lives in America-He's a famous director. I can show you some photographs, if you like

CLARE gets up, goes over to a bookcase and takes out a dusty album. She sits down. As she goes through the pages.

Screen

Childhood images of DOMINIC appear. CLARE pauses and smiles. Those of her husband, CHARLES, she skips through with a pained expression. The screen reverts to images of DOMINIC. CLARE turns to DOMINIC.

CLARE (CONT'D)

I wanted a child so much. Do you have children?

DOMINIC

Mother, you know that I'm not married.

CLARE

I have a son. His name is  
Dominic. He's probably the same  
age as you.

DOMINIC takes CLARE'S hand and points to the screen.

DOMINIC

That's me. Look I'm the same  
person in the photographs.

CLARE

(more alert)

So you decided to come back  
home?

DOMINIC

You wrote to me three months  
ago in New York. You said that  
there was something you wanted  
to tell me

CLARE

(disappointed)

I don't remember you replying.

DOMINIC

No, you're quite right. I  
thought I would surprise you by  
coming to London instead.  
There's something I wanted to  
ask you: about that dream I  
used to have and whether that  
child at the window was me?

CLARE looks blank. She recovers quickly and smiles.

CLARE

(smiling)

I've had nanny make your room  
ready for you.

DOMINIC

Mother, Aileen's been gone for  
at least thirty years.

There's a sound of knocking at the door. A female carer in pink uniform enters. She is holding a glass of water and two tablets.

CARER

It's time for your medication,  
Mrs Langley.

CLARE takes the pills and swallows them.

CLARE

Maggie, this is my son Dominic.

CARER

(Addressing Dominic)  
Very pleased to meet you. She  
talks about you all the time.

CLARE nods off to sleep.

DOMINIC

(distressed)  
Maggie, how long has she been  
like this?

CARER

Mrs Langley got worse after she  
received news about Mr Charles.

DOMINIC

What news was that?

The carer pauses. She clears her throat.

CARER

(sympathetically)  
Mr Charles died nearly six  
months ago. I'm very sorry.

DOMINIC shrugs indifferently.

DOMINIC

I didn't know. Presumably that  
was why my mother wrote to me?

CARER

Yes. I posted the letter  
myself.

DOMINIC

You see, I was also hoping that she might have been able to verify certain things about my childhood that have just come to light.

CARER

I'm sorry. That must be upsetting for you.

DOMINIC

And so who looks after my mother's affairs?

CARER

Quite a large man, I'm not sure of his name. I think he's a solicitor?

DOMINIC

Good gracious, not old Lothbury? I thought he'd be dead by now!

CARER

He looked very well when he gave me my wages last week.

DOMINIC ponders a few moments. He gathers up his things and goes up to the carer.

DOMINIC

(carelessly)

Maggie, I should be going.  
Thank you for all you are doing  
Mrs Langley.

DOMINIC takes a last look at the house he grew up in and exits.

## **SCENE 13.**

SCREEN.A hotel in Knightsbridge.

INT.NIGHT. A hotel bedroom

DOMINIC is drinking whiskey chasers. He pours himself another shot. Lifting the glass,

DOMINIC

This is to you Charles Langley. Shame you never got to see the success I made of my life. Not that you thought I'd ever amount to much. But then you were only interested in who you could sponge off. Unfortunately for her, the one woman who saw you for what you were, my mother, you repaid by dumping her in favour of a younger model. Now you've got your comeuppance for making our lives a misery. May you rot in hell.

DOMINIC downs the drink in one. He reaches for his mobile and taps in a number.

Screen. A bearded thin faced man

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(slurred)

Hi Werner, I've been trying your number all evening. Sorry, I forgot, it's afternoon for you. No, I'm not drunk. Just a little low. My mother? She barely recognised me. It was terrible seeing her that way. Worse, she wasn't able to dispel any of those aspersions about childhood?...I'll be on the first plane home, once I've confronted that loser Peter Greenberg about it. Ciao!

DOMINIC puts down the phone. He reaches for GREENBERG'S script and aggressively flips through it.

**SCENE 14**

SCREEN The Dukes Theatre. Sign 'OPEN FOR BUSINESS'.

INT. DAY. GREENBERG enters. He looks tentatively around the place. He goes over to his desk, casually opens the drawer and takes out a cheque.

GREENBERG

(mumbling)

This looks like it could be something interesting. Pay Tara Enterprises...

GREENBERG takes a further look and freezes.

GREENBERG

(pensive)

It's the bloody rent. So that's how dear old Ken got his hands on the place. Issy deliberately failed to post the cheque. The conniving little cow! Of course, that's what caused my downfall. No wonder she looked sheepish. I was the last person she expected to bump into.

(more sanguine)

Still, not satisfied with making a balls- up with his own theatre, I suppose not doing a better job of mine is some sort of consolation.

GREENBERG tears up the cheque and throws the pieces in the waste paper bin just as DOMINIC enters. He is holding a bound script and his demeanor is belligerent.

DOMINIC  
Peter Greenberg?

GREENBERG  
That's me and you are?

DOMINIC  
(sarcastically)  
Dominic Langley. I'm sure you  
can guess why I'm here?

GREENBERG is caught off guard. It takes him a moment  
to adjust.

GREENBERG  
I assume it's about the script?

DOMINIC  
(raising his voice)  
Damn right it is!

GREENBERG  
Look, I'm sure we can sort this  
out calmly.

DOMINIC goes up to GREENBERG and thrusts the script  
under his nose.

DOMINIC  
(heatedly)  
Let me make myself absolutely  
clear. I don't know what  
possessed you to come up with  
that fantasy, but I'm warning  
you that if it hits the stage  
or anywhere else for that  
matter, you'll find yourself at  
the wrong end of a very  
expensive lawsuit, which  
because of your apparent  
precarious financial position,  
you are in no position to  
defend.

GREENBERG stands his ground and remains calm while he  
conjures up a response.

GREENBERG

(bluffing)

Dominic, I can see now that I should never have agreed to take on the project.

DOMINIC

(taken aback)

What do you mean? I thought it was your idea.

GREENBERG

My dear fellow, there's a lot you don't know. But you've made your position absolutely plain and the last thing I want to do is to upset you any further.

GREENBERG moves away.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse me, I've got a theatre to run.

DOMINIC looks bemused.

DOMINIC

(less aggressively)

So, you'll agree not to go ahead with the script then?

GREENBERG

It's completely up to you. Though, if it was me, I'd want to know everything about my past before I made that decision.

DOMINIC

My father's dead and my mother's ill. Who else is there?

GREENBERG

(gently)

You could start with me.

DOMINIC nods his agreement.

GREENBERG offers DOMINIC a chair. GREENBERG sits down at his desk.

DOMINIC

(interrogating)

You intimated that you knew the person you claimed to be my mother?

GREENBERG

Yes, or so I thought at the time.

DOMINIC

(acerbically)

It seems you must have known her pretty well to have come up with all that stuff about her, unless the whole thing was fabricated.

GREENBERG

No, it's all true. But it was only after she died that I got to know the true Nadine.

DOMINIC sits up expectantly.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

In case you're wondering about the other characters, their names were changed for legal purposes. But there was a certain other interested party who also wanted to call the show *Nadine*.

DOMINIC

So, I take it you weren't working entirely on your own?

GREENBERG

Dominic, your mother was a complex woman, one who I happened to love very much. There were just aspects to her short life that I only discovered later on.

DOMINIC sits forward.

DOMINIC

(keenly

I want to learn everything you know about her.

GREENBERG lets out a yawn. He gets up from his desk.

GREENBERG

Look, it's getting late and there's a great deal to talk about. Perhaps it would be better to continue tomorrow.

DOMINIC stays seated

DOMINIC

That's going to be difficult. I've got a flight back to the States at midday tomorrow, so if you don't mind, I'd like to carry on.

GREENBERG nods and goes over to the bar.

GREENBERG

What can I get you to drink.

DOMINIC

Whiskey?

GREENBERG

I've got a twenty year old malt?

DOMINIC

Sounds good.

GREENBERG pours out two large measures into tumblers and passes one of the glasses to DOMINIC.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Do you have any photographs of her?

DOMINIC downs his drink in one.

GREENBERG

(hesitantly)

Of Nadine? Yes, I've got her albums. She was always particular about keeping them updated.

DOMINIC

(eagerly)

I mean here with you now.

GREENBERG

(hedging)

They're in storage but they're quite safe.

DOMINIC

From when she was a dancer?

GREENBERG

Yes. Nadine appeared for me on tour and I managed to get her other parts for West End shows.

DOMINIC

So, in the story, you were the other man in the background.

GREENBERG takes a large gulp of whiskey. He then continues.

GREENBERG

(dismissively)

In more than one sense but my relationship with her was not of great importance.

DOMINIC sits up.

DOMINIC  
(resolutely)  
But it is to me. You see Peter,  
I want to know everything about  
the woman you claim was my  
mother.

There's a short pause. GREENBERG mulls over his next move.

GREENBERG  
(yawning)  
How long have you got?

DOMINIC  
As long as it takes.

GREENBERG goes over to the bar. He takes the bottle of malt whiskey and refill DOMINIC'S and his own glass.

GREENBERG  
How about your flight?

DOMINIC  
(casually)  
There'll be others.

DOMINIC takes another sip of his drink

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
Of course, there's not much  
about her childhood when she  
was growing up in Paris. Come  
to think of it, there's no real  
evidence that she was my birth  
mother.

GREENBERG opens the drawer of his desk. He takes out a folded document. He gives it a cursory look and passes it to DOMINIC.

Screen. Birth certificate Dated 15 JUNE 1975 and mother's name. NADINE BERTRAND.

DOMINIC, standing, gasps at the screen and rushes away.

## SCENE 15

Four weeks later.

SCREEN. A Manhattan skyline

INT.DAY. Loft Apartment

There are bottles and empty food cartons strewn all over the apartment. DOMINIC, inconspicuous in old coat, baseball cap and sunglasses enters. He gets undressed and gets into bed. He is dreaming.

### Screen

A young child(DOMINIC) playing with his mother. His father(CHARLES LANGLEY) comes and snatches him away and delivers him to a woman(CLARE LANGLEY) standing a few feet away. The child cries.

DOMINIC  
(crying)  
But I want my other mummy.

CHARLES  
She's dead. That's why you are  
coming to live with us.

DOMINIC looks beseechingly at CLARE LANGLEY.CLARE'S expression remains impassive.

There's a pause

There is a case packed by the door. ALEJANDRO is rummaging in DOMINIC'S things.

ALEJANDRO  
(pleading)  
Dom, I Can't take this any  
longer.

DOMINIC groans and turns over.

DOMINIC  
Please don't leave me.

ALEJANDRO  
Then agree to let me get you  
help.

There's a pause.

Two months later

DOMINIC, bare chested, stands in front of bedroom mirror admiring his newly toned body. He goes to the fridge, takes out a protein shake and picks up an envelope from the floor and examines the contents.

Screen.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JACQUES BERTRAND. SOLE  
BENEFICIARY. DOMINIC LANGLEY.

DOMINIC reads it again.

DOMINIC  
(mumbling)  
It's obviously a mistake.

There's a short pause. DOMINIC suddenly rushes over to his shoulder bag and frantically searches for something.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
My birth certificate must be  
here somewhere!

He pulls out a folded piece of paper. He reads the inscription

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
Here it is! In black and white,  
birth mother, NADINE BERTRAND.

DOMINIC looks at the screen.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
 So Jacques Bertrand is my  
 grandfather!

DOMINIC sits down at the kitchen table and continues reading through the document.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
 Value of the Estate twenty  
 million euros. Not bad. The  
 usual stocks and shares,  
 apartment in Paris, house in  
 Cannes in the South of France  
 and what the hell is this, a  
 commercial building in Central  
 London housing a theatre?

DOMINIC stands looking pensive.

## SCENE 16.

Two weeks later

SCREEN. The Dukes Theatre.

INT. DAY. GREENBERG is at his desk piled high with discarded scripts. He reaches the top one

GREENBERG  
 (disconsolately)  
 What is this pearl of wisdom? A  
 gladiator in Rome who becomes a  
 famous biblical sage? Now I've  
 heard it all.

GREENBERG angrily picks up the script. DOMINIC enters. DOMINIC briskly goes up to GREENBERG and puts out his hand.

DOMINIC  
 We meet again.

GREENBERG  
 (in shock)  
 I didn't expect-

DOMINIC

(casually)

What, that you'd ever see me again? I suppose I do owe you an explanation.

GREENBERG

There's really no need.

DOMINIC

No, please hear me out. There's a lot I have to say.

DOMINIC pulls up a chair.

GREENBERG

Fine.

DOMINIC

You see, I was unwell for several weeks. I've only recently got myself together...

GREENBERG

(interjecting)

You mean you couldn't deal with what you found out?

DOMINIC

Something like that.

GREENBERG

(sympathetically)

It must have been extremely hard.

DOMINIC

So much of it didn't make sense. I started imagining all sorts of things. Really, I just couldn't cope and ended up in hospital.

GREENBERG went over and put his arm around DOMINIC.

GREENBERG

Dominic, I'm so sorry. If I'd known-

DOMINIC

There was nothing you could have done. I had to come terms with it all by myself. And it took a long time. It was like learning to ride a motorbike again after suffering a serious accident. My confidence was shot to pieces.

GREENBERG

Did you receive help?

DOMINIC

Yes. And now I'm fine.

GREENBERG moves back to his desk and sits down.

GREENBERG

That's great. So you want to take up where we left off?

DOMINIC

(cagily)

Not exactly.

GREENBERG

Sorry, I'm not with you.

DOMINIC

Putting it simply, I was able to uncover further aspects about my past that I never knew existed.

GREENBERG

(hesitantly)

And what, you think I can be of help in some way?

DOMINIC gazes around the room.

DOMINIC

For sure. You're obviously aware who owns this place.

GREENBERG

(rattled)

I believe I do it's me! Why, what are you getting at?

DOMINIC leans back nonchalantly in his chair.

DOMINIC

I wasn't referring to the theatre.

GREENBERG breathes a sigh of relief.

GREENBERG

You're talking about the building?

DOMINIC

Left to me in my grandfather's will.

GREENBERG goes into shock. He tries to steady himself.

GREENBERG

(mumbling)

Jacques?

DOMINIC

Yes. And he left me a lot of other stuff besides.

GREENBERG

(emotionally)

I didn't know.

DOMINIC

I can see that it's come as quite a shock.

GREENBERG

When did you find out?

DOMINIC

Its part of the estate, as I said.

GREENBERG

I meant about Jacques's death.

DOMINIC

I heard from the lawyers a week ago. Sorry, I thought you were talking about the Duke's.

GREENBERG

Dominic, neither you nor I would be here now if it hadn't been for a chance meeting with Jacques twelve months ago.

DOMINIC

I didn't know you'd actually met.

GREENBERG tries to collect himself.

GREENBERG

(babbling)

Look, if you've got other plans for the building, there's still a substantial amount of money Jacques left. I mean putting on the show was his idea.

DOMINIC

(calmly)

There's no need to be so hasty. It seems to me we're very much in the same position.

GREENBERG looks blank.

GREENBERG

Are we?

DOMINIC

(light hearted)

With Jacques providing you with the funds to produce the show and me ending up owning the place, it's rather like he's thrown us together, don't you think?

GREENBERG

(unconvinced)

I suppose so.

DOMINIC

I must admit my initial reaction was that none of this had anything to do with me. But then I decided if my grandfather wanted me to become involved in the place, he must have had a good reason.

GREENBERG

So, what changed your mind?

DOMINIC

(beaming)

How long have you got?

GREENBERG

(guardedly)

Something tells me we've been here before.

DOMINIC laughs warmly.

DOMINIC

I don't suppose there's any chance of a coffee. I haven't had a thing since this morning.

GREENBERG

(receptively)

I think that can be arranged.

GREENBERG picks up the phone and taps in an extension.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Edward, be a good chap. Nip out and get a couple of coffees. Pret around the corner do a decent selection of sandwiches. I'll leave it to you.

GREENBERG puts down the phone. He gestures to DOMINIC.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Should be here shortly. So Dominic, how long do you intend being in London?

DOMINIC

If I tell you that I've an open ticket back to the States, you probably won't believe me after last time.

GREENBERG

There's no need to go over...

DOMINIC

I thought a lot about you while was recovering in hospital.

GREENBERG

Really, in what way?

DOMINIC

I know you said it was my grandfather's idea in the first place to put on a musical about Nadine, but I'm curious why you agreed to it, when it brought back so many painful memories.

GREENBERG scratches his head. He is thoughtful.

GREENBERG

I've asked myself the same question a thousand times.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

You see, I didn't realise, even after these years, how deeply my love my love runs for Nadine.

DOMINIC

You mean you needed closure?

GREENBERG

Yes, and Jacques provided me with the financial means to try and obtain it.

DOMINIC

That's when you came looking for me?

GREENBERG

I needed your approval.

DOMINIC

And if I'd declined. Would you have gone ahead irrespectively?

GREENBERG

What, and end up getting sued?

DOMINIC and GREENBERG laugh.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Anyway, Dominic, you still haven't given me any indication that you will agree.

Just then, an unshaven young man(EDWARD) enters with a carrier bag of coffees and sandwiches. He hands the bag to GREENBERG. The YOUNG MAN leaves and calls out.

EDWARD

Sorry, they were out of cheese and pickle!

GREENBERG looks disappointed. He hands Dominic a coffee and offers DOMINIC a sandwich. DOMINIC declines. GREENBERG takes a large bite out of a sandwich.

GREENBERG

Right, where were we?

DOMINIC

When I was in Paris to see my grandfather's lawyers, I came across a lady called Sophie Moret. Apparently, she knew Nadine and had remained in contact with Jacques for many years. Naturally, he wanted her taken care of in his will.

GREENBERG becomes reflective.

GREENBERG

The name seems to ring a bell somewhere.

DOMINIC

The lawyer said she wanted to meet me. We talked for hours. The woman had been my father's mistress for years. It was an opportunity to get to know her at long last.

GREENBERG

(with a mouthful of food)

That must have been a bit awkward.

DOMINIC

Not really. She was actually a very nice person. Far too good for that shit of a father.

GREENBERG

Now I remember. It was shortly after Nadine died. She attended the performance, which your mother was to have appeared in.

DOMINIC

Sophie mentioned that she knew you.

GREENBERG

I'm surprised she remembered.  
It must have been nearly forty  
years ago!

DOMINIC

She told me you were the  
kindest man she'd ever met and  
that you absolutely adored my  
mother.

DOMINIC takes out a photograph from his jacket pocket  
and passes to GREENBERG.

Screen. NADINE'S image.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Also, she gave me this.

GREENBERG

(emotional)

That's absolutely true but...

DOMINIC

(interjecting)

Which brings me to the main  
reason why I wanted to see you  
again.

GREENBERG tenses up. He looks worried.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Apparently, Nadine wrote a  
diary?

GREENBERG

Yes, she did. There were quite a  
number of them, actually.

DOMINIC

I don't suppose you know  
whether they still exist.

GREENBERG goes over to a bookcase and takes out a box  
containing several small diaries. He hands the box to  
DOMINIC.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I take them away  
with me?

GREENBERG

No, of course not. You'll find  
they are all in date order. By  
the way, where are you staying?

DOMINIC

At my mother's house in  
Chelsea. I've made my peace  
with her about my past.

DOMINIC gets up, grabs the box and turns to go.  
GREENBERG stands.

GREENBERG

(expectantly)

DOMINIC, it was good seeing you  
again.

DOMINIC

I'll be in touch.

DOMINIC exits. GREENBERG remains looking pensive.

Lights down.

## **SCENE 17.**

INT. DAY. The Dukes Theatre.

GREENBERG is at his desk. He's flipping through a  
script without enthusiasm. DOMINIC enters looking  
weary and holding a diary. GREENBERG jolts back in his  
chair. DOMINIC goes up to GREENBERG and waves the  
diary.

DOMINIC

It explains everything, don't  
you see!

GREENBERG looks bemused.

GREENBERG

That's terrific! What does?

DOMINIC

(smiling broadly)

The diaries, GREENBERG. Haven't you ever wondered how these ended up in your possession?

GREENBERG

I was merely their custodian, if that's what you mean.

DOMINIC

A bit more than that, from what I've been told.

GREENBERG

Sorry, you've lost me. There was no next of kin.

DOMINIC

Precisely! Nadine realised you were the only one she could rely on to take care of her affairs after she died. It's all here in black and white.

GREENBERG

And now they are yours to do with as you wish.

DOMINIC

As we wish, you mean?

GREENBERG frowns.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

We will work together on the show about my mother. It's what Nadine would have wanted.

GREENBERG breathes a huge sigh of relief. DOMINIC moves away.

GREENBERG

Where are you going?

DOMINIC  
I want to visit NADINE at the  
cemetery?

GREENBERG  
Would you like some company?

DOMINIC nods and smiles warmly.

## SCENE 18

INT. NIGHT. The Dukes Theatre.

DOMINIC is furiously scribbling changes to the  
script.

DOMINIC  
(mumbling)  
Won't work, too thin. Who gives  
a shit?

GREENBERG enters sheepishly.

GREENBERG  
Anything wrong!

DOMINIC  
Apart from the fact you've made  
Nadine out to be some hopeless  
victim and my parents doing her  
a big favour taking me off her  
hands; not a great deal.

GREENBERG  
Dominic, please understand I  
was only thinking of you..I  
couldn't tell it exactly how it  
was.

DOMINIC  
No, but I can and I intend  
doing just that!

DOMINIC continues amending the script. GREENBERG  
wanders off, shell shocked. DOMINIC calls across to  
him.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

It's just part of the process. Trust me its going to be fine. I've got my reputation riding on this.

GREENBERG stops and has an idea.

GREENBERG

(mumbling)

Yes, and so have I.

GREENBERG marches off resolutely.

There's pause.

Two months later.

SCREEN The Bertrand Theatre.

AWARD-WINNING BROADWAY DIRECTOR DOMINIC LANGLEY'S SENSATIONAL RETURN TO THE LONDON STAGE WITH HIS DRAMATIC NEW PLAY CALLED NADINE.

INT. NIGHT. GREENBERG has his coat on and is about to go home He is joined by DOMINIC with his shirt sleeves rolled up. DOMINIC looks at the screen.

DOMINIC

Don't know how you managed to pull that off. I love it!

GREENBERG smiles warmly.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You off somewhere?

GREENBERG

I've got my personal trainer. It was your suggestion.

DOMINIC

I'd forgotten it was Thursday. I'll be here till late.

GREENBERG

How are the rehearsals going?

DOMINIC  
(unconvincingly)  
All right.

GREENBERG  
DOMINIC, it's me you're talking  
to.

DOMINIC  
Truth is, our Nadine just isn't  
right.

GREENBERG  
But we're opening in just over  
six weeks!

DOMINIC  
You don't have to remind me.

GREENBERG  
If it's any consolation, I was  
faced with the same dilemma  
with the dancer who took  
Nadine's place.

DOMINIC  
How did it go?

GREENBERG  
She was a sensation. You see,  
the audiences had no way of  
making a comparison.

DOMINIC  
(thoughtfully)  
The trouble is I have, at least  
in my own mind.

GREENBERG  
And there no other casting  
agencies that might have  
someone on their books?

DOMINIC  
You don't think I've tried?

There is a short pause. DOMINIC is pensive.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Wait a second. The conservatoire Nadine was at in Paris- I wonder if it might just be worth a visit.

## SCENE 19

Paris two days later

SCREEN.

INT. DAY. A crowded dance class in full swing. DOMINIC (ON STAGE) is observing from the sidelines. He is glued to a young female dancer with cropped blonde. The screen freezes on her image.

There's a short pause.

DOMINIC takes his mobile to make a call.

DOMINIC

(excited)

GREENBERG you won't believe it!.. Her name is Francine Vardie, she's sensational. She even looks like her.

## SCENE 20

SCREEN. *NADINE* Opening Night

INT. NIGHT. The Bertrand Theatre.

THE ORCHESTRA comes in. The curtain goes up. On Stage the cast of twenty led by FRANCINE VARDIE break into the last dance routine. Rapturous applause breaks out. Shouts of Encore, Encore come in. The curtain goes down. There is a short pause. The curtain goes up. The Stage has been transformed into a bridge spanning the River Thames. A lone violin comes in with a haunting melody.

NADINE stands balancing precariously, en pointe, on the ledge. Gasps break out all around the auditorium when NADINE falls suddenly. The orchestra comes in strongly with the opening score. The curtain goes down. The audience get out of their seats and applaud enthusiastically. GREENBERG and DOMINIC enter and bow to the audience. They applaud each other. They exit. The curtain goes down. The orchestra fades out, followed by the applause.

Screen

PETER GREENBERG TRIUMPHS WITH NADINE. GREENBERG BACK TO HIS BEST. DOMINIC LANGLEY ROCKS THE WEST END INTO SHAPE! FRANCINE VARDIE AS NADINE, A PURE SENSATION.

## SCENE 21

Six months later.

INT. DAY. The Bertrand Theatre

A trim -looking GREENBERG is on the phone at his new modern desk unit.

A smartly dressed middle-aged woman, PEGGIE, enters carrying a correspondence file. GREENBERG puts down the phone and gets up out of his leather chair.

GREENBERG

That's me done for today,  
Peggie.

PEGGIE

But it's only just four o'clock

GREENBERG

I've got to get back for Bruno.

PEGGIE

Allowing a dog to rule your  
life, I don't know. Anyway, how  
did it go with Sony?

GREENBERG

They seem desperate for the film rights.

PEGGIE

The hottest show in town. Sold out for the next two years and opening on Broadway in November, I can't say I blame them.

GREENBERG

We'll see.

PEGGIE

You don't seem that interested.

GREENBERG

Good! That way we'll get the best price, especially if MGM get a sniff that they're not the only ballgame in town.

PEGGIE

That business with the Landlord's cheque. You do know that I would never have allowed something like that to happen when I was the PA.

(interjecting)

That's why it's good to have you back. Although we not might be seeing much of each other in future now I've assigned the lease to Dom.

PEGGIE (CONT'D)

Can't you at least wait for Mr Langley to get back from New York?

GREENBERG

Peggie, if I've learned anything over the last forty years, it's all about timing.

(MORE)

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

In any case, it's a young man's game today and I can't think of anyone better than Dominic Langley to pass the reins to.

PEGGIE

But what will you do? I can't get my head around you at home watching lunchtime television.

GREENBERG

Fair point. But I've seemed to have developed an appetite for doing some more writing. Perhaps I could do worse than try my hand at another musical.

PEGGIE

Are you saying that you wrote the show?

GREENBERG

(smirking)

I was broke at the time. What choice did I have? And it would have been wrong to use Jacques's money until I was sure the script had legs.

PEGGIE

Does Dominic know?

GREENBERG

Why do you think I didn't object to being accredited as the writer?

PEGGIE laughs.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)

Now, let's get this over with.

PEGGIE places the open folder in front of GREENBERG.

PEGGIE

Well if you're absolutely sure I'll witness your signature.

GREENBERG takes a pen from his jacket pocket and signs the document then passes it to PEGGIE to countersign. GREENBERG gets up from his desk and starts to leave.

GREENBERG  
Right, I'm off.

PEGGIE  
See you tomorrow?

GREENBERG  
Or the day after.

GREENBERG exits.

## SCENE 22

Six months later.

INT. NIGHT. NEW YORK'S LYCEUM THEATRE.

Screen.

The audience are giving a polite standing ovation to the cast as the curtain goes down. The curtain goes up again. The applause intensifies.

On stage, FRANCINE VARDIE steps forward. She bows to the crowd then turns and starts applauding. DOMINIC enters beaming. He waits for the clamour to die down and approaches the audience.

DOMINIC  
Wow! What a fantastic reception. Thank you. Opening on Broadway is always special particularly when blessed with such a brilliant cast.

DOMINIC turns around and applauds the cast.

(MORE)

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I just want to say that none of this would have been possible were it not for a very dear person who came into my life a year and a half ago with a tale so bizarre it had to be true! I'm referring to my mentor, my surrogate father, Peter Greenberg or just Greenberg as Nadine referred to him.

The audience break out into loud applause. DOMINIC gazes around the auditorium trying to see GREENBERG. An empty seat comes into focus.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Well, he has always been publicity shy; I suppose tonight is no exception. You've been brilliant everyone. Wrap up, it's cold out there. Thank you, good night and God bless.

The audience applaud. DOMINIC leaves the stage with the rest of the cast. The curtain goes down.

## SCENE 23

One hour later

New York's Theatre District

EXT. NIGHT. New York's Theatre District. GREENBERG, dressed warmly, is in a reflective mood. He doesn't recognise the woman, ARLENE DAVIDSON, who is dressed in a long fur coat suddenly walking towards him.

GREENBERG

Good evening?

ARLENE DAVIDSON

I thought so. Brilliant, actually.

GREENBERG

GREENBERG gestures to the theatre.

GREENBERG (CONT'D)  
You went to the opening?

ARLENE DAVIDSON  
I was surprised not to see you  
there.

GREENBERG  
(vaguely)  
Do we know each other?

ARLENE DAVIDSON  
As you said in the show, I  
can't have left much of an  
impression.

GREENBERG  
Arlene! What are you doing  
here?

ARLENE DAVIDSON  
It's a long story.

GREENBERG  
I'd love to hear it sometime.

ARLENE DAVIDSON  
How long have you got?

GREENBERG  
All the time in the world!

ARLENE takes GREENBERG by the arm. They exit  
together.

THE END

## **CAST LIST.**

### **NADINE: Early twenties.**

Free-spirited and extraordinarily gifted and blessed with stunning looks, Nadine takes the London stage by storm. However, burdened with a dark side, she knows that the adrenalin high she gets from a live performance is the only thing that can lift her depressions and self-doubt which she has suffered from childhood.

Ignored by her father, she seeks love wherever she can find it. She falls for a suave married man Charles Langley, naively believing that he will leave his wife, only to discover that he has an agenda to take advantage of her delicate mental state and prove her incompetence as a mother in order to prise away her son Dominic. With nothing left, there's only one solution.

### **PETER GREENBERG: Late fifties.**

No so long ago, Greenberg was one of London's most colourful theatrical producers. He was a wunderkind, raking in thousands of pounds even before the age of twenty-five.

Now, he's lost his Midas touch with his latest show

closing early, leaving him facing financial ruin, unaware that his main competitor has undermined him. Overweight and suffering from palpitations and an unsympathetic wife with whom he never had much in common, life couldn't get much worse.

Recalling an unfulfilled obligation many years before to the only woman he has truly loved, Nadine, reminds him of what he's been missing. An offer from an unexpected source connected to Nadine, enables him to restore his reputation and to move on with his life.

**DOMINIC LANGLEY: Late Thirties**

Dangerously handsome but uncompromising in his pursuit of excellence, Dominic is the most in-demand director on Broadway. Success, however, fails to bring happiness and masks an identity crisis that years of therapy have been unable to resolve. It takes a showdown with London producer well past his prime, Peter Greenberg, for Dominic to discover the painful truth about his childhood and to come to terms with who he really is.

**SUPPORTING CHARACTERS**

**CHARLES LANGLEY: Late Thirties**

Liar and aspiring socialite. His inherent charm and traditional good looks belie a manipulative and devious

individual only out for himself. He has no qualms about preying on the vulnerability and emotions of the women in his life to get his hands on the inheritance to which he thinks he's entitled.

**JACQUES BERTRAND: Nineties**

Dapper and astute but in declining health, Jacques is plagued by guilt. Blaming the death of his daughter, Nadine, on his inability to show her love during her lifetime, he is determined to make good while he still can. A meeting with West End musical's producer, Peter Greenberg, and successful attempts to contact his grandson, Dominic, enable him to use his wealth to help make amends.

**OTHER CHARACTERS.**

**CLARE LANGLEY**

Beleaguered wife of Charles and Dominic's adoptive mother.

**IRENE BERTRAND**

Mother of Nadine and stoically married to Jacques Bertrand.

**ARLENE DAVIDSON**

Hard-nosed New York Literary agent who falls for Peter Greenberg.

**ISSY WILLIAMS.**

Peter Greenberg's student PA, who gets poached by the

main competitor before eventually returning to the fold.

**SOPHIE MORET.**

Nadine's best friend who betrays her with Charles but later tries to make amends through Dominic.

**NOTE:** A cast of six is envisaged with only GREENBERG playing himself.

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