

PRIVATE PEACEFUL

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Based on the novel by  
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1 INT. SMALL ROOM. REST CAMP. FLANDERS. DUSK. 1  
CLOSE UP A watch ticks on the wrist of a battle-scarred hand -  
the fingers twitch.  
CLOSE UP Worn, scuffed boots, shift nervously.  
CLOSE UP A Young Man's stubbly cheek - the jaw muscles  
twitch.

2 INT. ROOM. REST CAMP. FLANDERS. DUSK. 2  
PAN ACROSS Officers' stern faces: Brigadier Fitzpatrick, old,  
perspiring; Captain Adams, arrogant, middle-aged; Captain  
Barnes, young, sad.

BRIGADIER  
This Field General Court Martial  
finds the accused, Private  
Peaceful, guilty as charged, in  
accordance with Section -

He consults his rule book.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)  
- Section ... 4 of the Army Act.  
You will remain in custody until  
sentenced. (BUSINESS-LIKE) These  
proceedings are terminated. Take  
away the prisoner.

The door is flung open by a Corporal.

3 INT. CORRIDOR. REST CAMP. FLANDERS. DUSK. 3  
We follow Private Peaceful as he is marched at the double by  
the Corporal along the corridor, boots clapping on stone.

4 INT. CORRIDOR. REST CAMP. FLANDERS. DUSK. 4  
Young Soldiers - including lanky Pete Bovey (21), thick-set  
Jimmy Parsons (21) - avert their eyes as Private Peaceful is  
marched swiftly past - we do not see his face.  
The Corporal thrusts Private Peaceful through another door -  
the door slams behind him.

5 EXT. HORIZON. FLANDERS. NIGHT. 5  
Artillery thunders and lights up the night sky.

6 INT. SMALL ROOM. REST CAMP. FLANDERS. NIGHT.

6

Private Peaceful collapses on his bed: a blanket, a stained mattress. He kicks off his boots.

He looks at the watch - ten to midnight. He raises it to his ear to listen for the tick. We see his battle-worn face: Tommo Peaceful, 17.

TOMMO (V.O.)

Ten to midnight. I shan't sleep. I won't dream it away. Tonight, more than any other night of my life, I want to feel alive!

A sudden Boom! He shudders and shakes uncontrollably. Another louder boom -

7 EXT. COLONEL'S FIELD. DEVON. DAY.

7

Boom: the boom of shot-guns. Pheasant squawk and plummet to the ground - one lands with a thud next to the startled eyes of Tommo Peaceful (now 10) staring wide-eyed through the bracken. Beside him his handsome brother Charlie (13).

YOUNG CHARLIE

Scared of guns, Tommo?

YOUNG TOMMO

No.

But he is.

YOUNG CHARLIE (LAUGHING)

Let's go, before the Colonel spies us.

The Brothers slip away as more shots are fired. Beaters march through the woods.

**Devon. 1908.**

The Colonel - all whiskers and toffee-nose - shoots with burly Devon Farmers. Tellers load their guns and tot up their totals. A sturdy gamekeeper, James Peaceful, the boys' Father, in attendance.

JAMES PEACEFUL

All clear!

The shooting stops. Gun dogs yelp and scramble towards their prey.

COLONEL'S TELLER  
Twenty-three, sir.

FARMER COX (OVER-HEARING)  
Twenty-three?! But you were firing  
wide!

COLONEL  
Nonsense, Farmer Cox. My land. My  
pheasant.

FARMER COX (UNDER HIS BREATH)  
Cheatin' old bugger!

8 EXT. LANE. DEVON. DAY.

8

More shots in the distance. Pheasant flap and squawk, skirting the hedgerow. They startle Tommo - a bit shaken, a lot cross. He is piggy-backed up the narrow lane towards the tiny Devon village of Idlesleigh, by Charlie.

YOUNG TOMMO  
I don't want to go to school!

YOUNG CHARLIE  
It's not so bad, Tommo, honest.

YOUNG TOMMO  
Whenever you say 'honest', Charlie,  
I know it's not true.

Charlie sprints up the lane with Tommo on his back, overtaking Farmhands on a horse-drawn wagon loaded with freshly-cut hay.

9 EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DEVON. DAY.

9

Boys fight with wooden swords in the schoolyard - Pete Bovey (now 13), Jimmy Parsons (now 13) and Fred Tucker (13). Charlie drops Tommo and charges through the school gates, brandishing his wooden sword. Tommo dawdles, wishing he could join in. Jimmy Parsons spots Tommo and deliberately barges into him, sending him sprawling into a gaggle of giggling girls.

YOUNG JIMMY PARSONS  
Watch where you're going, Peaceful!

The school hand-bell is rung.

MR MUNNINGS (O.S.)  
Fall in line!



MISS MCALLISTER  
 It's not foreign. It's about a  
 mouse. It's Scots. And where is  
 Scotland?

Nipper thinks, then remembers.

YOUNG NIPPER  
 England, Miss.

Miss McAllister smiles. Tommo smiles at her.

MISS MCALLISTER (TO TOMMO)  
 Your bootlaces are undone. Tie them  
 up, please, before you trip.

YOUNG TOMMO  
 I can't, Miss.

The Tiddlers titter.

MISS MCALLISTER  
 Can't is not a word we use in my  
 classroom, Thomas Peaceful. We  
 shall have to teach you to tie your  
 bootlaces. That's what we're all  
 here for, Thomas, to learn.

12 EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DEVON. DAY.

12

Play-time. The Big Boys play conkers - Charlie's sends Pete's spinning.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 Windmills!

YOUNG PETE  
 That's not fair!

YOUNG JIMMY PARSONS  
 It's 'cos you soak yours in  
 vinegar, Peaceful.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 And what do you soak your nuts in,  
 Jimmy Parsons?

13 EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DEVON. DAY.

13

Near the school gates, Tommo practices tying knots in his bootlaces. Nipper watches. Charlie trots over to help.

YOUNG TOMMO  
I can do it, Charlie.

He can't. Charlie ties the laces expertly - and then, with a flourish, gives them a loopy double-knot.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Double knot, so they'll never come undone.

Charlie smiles and returns to the conker match with the Bigguns. Tommo avoids Nipper's glance. He takes an empty brown paper bag from his pocket, smooths it, and carefully folds it into a dart.

YOUNG TOMMO  
Imagine if we could fly. Like the birds. What the world would look like.

Nipper imagines.

YOUNG NIPPER  
... Small ... And flat.

YOUNG TOMMO  
My Dad's a gamekeeper.

YOUNG NIPPER  
My Dad's a rat catcher.

YOUNG TOMMO  
Like the Pied Piper?

YOUNG NIPPER  
Yes. Only he doesn't like children.

Tommo flies his paper dart towards the school gates. It lands at a pair of huge boots: Big Joe's big feet. Big Joe, on the other side of the school gate, is Tommo and Charlie's older brother, is a gentle giant, brain-damaged, eager to please. Big Joe grins.

BIG JOE  
Tommo!

Tommo runs over and picks up and pockets the paper aeroplane.

YOUNG TOMMO  
Hello, Joe!

Big Joe holds out his cupped hands enough for Tommo to see ... a slowworm curled inside.

YOUNG TOMMO (CONT'D)  
That's lovely, Joe.

It clearly isn't, but Big Joe departs, content.

BIG JOE (SINGING)  
*Oranges and Lemons,  
say the bells of St Clement's,  
You owe me five farthings,  
say the bells of St Martin's ...*

Jimmy Parsons prods Tommo hard in the back.

YOUNG JIMMY PARSONS  
Who's got a loony for a brother?

YOUNG TOMMO  
What did you say, Jimmy Parsons?

YOUNG JIMMY PARSONS (CHANTING)  
Your-brother's-a-loony!  
Your-brother's-a-loony!

Tommo sees red and attacks Jimmy, fists flailing, but losing badly. Charlie steps in and pulls Jimmy to the ground, blaspheming. They scrap.

BIGGUNS + TIDDLERS  
CHAR-LIE! CHAR-LIE!/JIM-MY! JIM-MY!

Mr Munnings storms out of the school building into the schoolyard.

MR MUNNINGS  
What the blazes!

He grabs Charlie and Jimmy and marches them into the school. Tommo's nose bleeds.

14 INT. SCHOOLROOM. DEVON. DAY. 14

Mr Munnings canes Jimmy.

YOUNG JIMMY PARSONS  
Ow! Ow! Ow!

15 EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DEVON. DAY. 15

The Children in the schoolyard wince. Jimmy emerges, tearful, blushing, humiliated. Tiddlers snigger.

16 INT. SCHOOLROOM. DEVON. DAY. 16  
Mr Munnings canes Charlie - who grins and bears it.

17 EXT. SCHOOLYARD. DEVON. DAY. 17  
The Children in the schoolyard hear the thwack of the cane - Tommo tenses - but there's no reaction from Charlie.  
Charlie emerges. He raises his arms to show his muscles, triumphant. The Children cheer. Tommo laughs, relieved.

18 EXT. LANE. DEVON. DAY. 18  
Charlie and Tommo run down the lane towards home.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Jimmy Parsons won't be doing that again, Tommo. I hit him in the goolies!

YOUNG TOMMO  
My nose hurts a bit, Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Well so does my bum!

Parp! Parp! The Colonel's Rolls Royce hoots past: an inscrutable Chauffeur drives the impatient Colonel. Shooting paraphernalia and pheasant attached to the trunk.

YOUNG CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Bloody Colonel!

The car swishes off - Charlie raises a fist in anger. Tommo kneels by the hedgerow and scoops up something from the ground and puts it in his paper bag.

YOUNG CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What you doing, Tommo?

YOUNG TOMMO  
You'll see.

19 EXT. BIG HOUSE. DEVON. DAY. 19  
The car swishes up the drive to the Big House. A Cook, a Maid etc. wait for the Colonel. The Colonel's frail Wife, in her wheelchair, also waits patiently. The Chauffeur helps the Colonel out of the car.

He walks briskly to his Wife's chair and wheels her towards the house without acknowledging her or his servants and through the grand entrance.

20 EXT. PEACEFUL COTTAGE. DEVON. DUSK. 20

A modest, small home, in contrast to the Big House. A humble, lean-to porch.

21 INT. PEACEFUL COTTAGE. DEVON. DUSK. 21

Hazel Peaceful, the boys' busy, loving mother, takes a pudding from the stove. Big Joe helpfully clears the dinner plates.

HAZEL

And what did you boys get up to at school today?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh, stuff.

Tommo looks at Charlie. Hazel misses nothing.

HAZEL

What happened to your nose, Tommo?

Hazel puts the pudding on the table with a clonk. She's a generous woman, but you don't mess with her.

YOUNG TOMMO

Um ... I was tying my bootlaces ...

Hazel raises an eyebrow.

22 EXT. FORESTER'S SHACK. WOODS. DEVON. DUSK. 22

James Peaceful pulls the door shut, looks at his watch, gets on his bike and cycles home.

23 INT. PEACEFUL COTTAGE. DEVON. DUSK. 23

Tommo removes the paper bag from his pocket.

YOUNG TOMMO

Hey, Joe. Have a chocolate.

Big Joe takes the bag and eats a few of the 'chocolate' rabbit droppings. Charlie is open-mouthed. Big Joe offers the bag to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Not for me, Joe, I'm stuffed.

Hazel enters from the back door with a basket of chopped logs and Big Joe offers her the bag.

BIG JOE

Chocolate!

Tommo swipes the bag from Big Joe. Hazel swipes it from Tommo and scoops out some droppings.

HAZEL

Have a chocolate, Tommo, to keep Joe company.

Tommo eats a rabbit dropping, and gags.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Don't ever treat Joe like that again. Now, boys: pudding.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mmm, bread-and-butter pudding, my favourite.

It isn't. Hazel returns to the stove. Charlie winks at Tommo and they shuffle some of theirs on to Big Joe's plate while their Mother's back is turned. Big Joe is delighted.

BIG JOE

My favourite!

James Peaceful enters.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

Father!

James smiles at Big Joe, leaves his hobnail boots in the porch, hangs his jerkin on a hook, puts his wages in the mug on the mantelpiece. He flops into a chair to warm his feet by the stove. He's a powerful man: big hands, strong forearms. Hazel hands him his pipe. He lights it. The rich pipe smoke wafts around the room - Tommo breathes it in deliciously.

HAZEL

How was the shooting, James?

JAMES PEACEFUL

Ask the boys.

Tommo looks at Charlie, guiltily.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
We were at school, honest.

JAMES PEACEFUL (SMILING)  
The Colonel saw the best of it, my  
Hazel Dazel.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
You surprise me.

JAMES PEACEFUL  
Silly old fart, mad old duffer ...

The boys chuckle in agreement. Big Joe blows raspberries.

HAZEL  
He may well be a silly old fart,  
but it's the Colonel who pays the  
wages and owns the roof over our  
heads.

JAMES PEACEFUL (MUTTERS)  
Not that it's his money - he  
married into it, the sly old bugger  
...

HAZEL  
James! You must show more respect.

JAMES PEACEFUL  
I'll show respect where respect is  
due, my lover.

James kisses Hazel on the cheek. She's about to tick him off  
again, then thinks better of it, and smacks a big loving kiss  
on his mouth.

YOUNG CHARLIE + YOUNG TOMMO/BIG JOE  
Yuk!/Yum!

24

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM. PEACEFUL COTTAGE. DEVON. NIGHT.

24

A candle flickers. Charlie props himself up on the bed he  
shares with Tommo and whittles a stick with his knife. Tommo  
lies on Big Joe's bed. He reads to him from a picture-book:  
'Little Red Riding Hood'. James sits on the end of Big Joe's  
bed, proud of his boys.

YOUNG TOMMO  
"What big eyes you have, Grandma,"  
said Little Red Riding Hood.  
"All the better to see you with,"  
said the Wolf.  
(MORE)

YOUNG TOMMO (CONT'D)

"And what big teeth you have, Grandma," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"All the better ... to gobble you up!"

Big Joe laughs and howls like a wolf.

YOUNG TOMMO (CONT'D)

I think we're a bit old for this story now, don't you, father?

JAMES PEACEFUL

Big Joe doesn't get stories like you do at school.

BIG JOE

School!

YOUNG TOMMO

Why do I have to go to school?

JAMES PEACEFUL

Well, now ...

YOUNG TOMMO

If Big Joe doesn't have to go, then I don't.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Big Joe's Big Joe.

BIG JOE

I'm Big Joe!

JAMES PEACEFUL

I wish I'd paid more attention to the reading and the writing and the whatnot when I was your age, and maybes I wouldn't be working for the Colonel.

YOUNG CHARLIE

You stick at school like me, Tommo. It's the only way we'll take over the world.

YOUNG TOMMO

I don't want to go to school!

JAMES PEACEFUL

Tell you what, Tommo: come up with me to the woods, I've got some dead oaks to clear -

YOUNG CHARLIE  
The only dead wood round here's in  
Tommo's head!

He taps Tommo on the head with his stick.

YOUNG TOMMO  
Ow!

Tommo goes for Charlie - and then James and Big Joe pile in, playfully rough-and-tumbling on the bed. Hazel enters with the boys' empty bed-pan, carrying a candle.

HAZEL  
You're supposed to be calming them down before bed-time, James, not getting them over-excited!

They all stop and stare at her.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
What are all you men looking at?

They look at each other - then all pounce on her.

HAZEL (LAUGHING) (CONT'D)  
Get off! Get off!

They all tumble onto the floor giggling in a heap.

BIG JOE  
Nighty night!

25 EXT. CHURCH. DEVON. DAY. 25

A lovely day. The church bells chime cheerfully. A jolly hymn is sung inside the church.

26 INT. CHURCH. DEVON. DAY. 26

The Villagers are all in the church, spruced up, hair brushed, singing a harvest festival hymn with gusto. Bright sunlight streams through the stained glass windows. The Vicar, prissily self-important, in front of the altar piled high with produce, beneath a smiling crucified Jesus. Farmers, including Farmer Cox, sit proudly in the body of the church. Mr Munnings and Miss McAllister sit next to each other. The Colonel sits in the front pew, singing pompously, his Wife in her wheelchair in the aisle. The Peaceful family sit a few rows back, Big Joe singing his heart out. Beside them, a Woman in a bonnet - very like the Wolf Grandma in the picture book. Very Small Children pick their noses.

27 EXT. CHURCH. DEVON. DAY. 27

Everyone piles out of the church, happy.

28 EXT. HATHERLEIGH HIGH STREET. DEVON. DAY. 28

The market town of Hatherleigh. A shop: Farr's The Grocer's.

29 INT. HATHERLEIGH SHOP. DEVON. DAY. 29

A queue of mainly Old Women. A hapless Shop Girl, Biddy, is ticked off by the stern-looking Wolf Woman, the one in the bonnet from the Harvest Festival - a hint of moustache, big gappy teeth.

GRANDMA WOLF

Come along, Biddy, our customers haven't got all day.

BIDDY

Yes, Miss Farr.

GRANDMA WOLF (MUTTERS)

Some may not even live that long.

Hazel and Big Joe enter - the shop-bell tinkles.

HAZEL

Morning, Auntie.

GRANDMA WOLF

And what brought you into town?

HAZEL

We need more blacking, for the stove.

GRANDMA WOLF

You'll have to wait your turn like everyone else, Hazel Peaceful.

TOOTHLESS OLD LADY

Quite right.

Big Joe howls - softly - like a wolf. Hazel looks daggers.

30 EXT. HATHERLEIGH HIGH STREET. DEVON. DAY. 30

The Colonel's Roll's Royce pulls up outside Farr's The Grocer's, the Colonel in the back. The Chauffeur steps out and walks towards the shop.

31 INT. HATHERLEIGH SHOP. DEVON. DAY. 31

The Chauffeur enters. Grandma Wolf wraps an ounce of snuff.

GRANDMA WOLF  
I'll deliver it myself.

She nips out from behind the counter, removing her shop coat, and skips out the door.

TOOTHLESS OLD LADY  
It's a disgrace!

Hazel is embarrassed.

32 EXT. HATHERLEIGH SHOP. DEVON. DAY. 32

Outside the shop, Grandma Wolf passes the snuff through the car window to the Colonel.

GRANDMA WOLF  
Here's your pinch of snuff,  
Colonel.

COLONEL (FLIRTING)  
I'd like to give you a pinch, Miss  
Farr!

GRANDMA WOLF (FLIRTING)  
Colonel!

33 EXT. FORESTER'S SHACK. WOODS. DEVON. DAY. 33

James sharpens his axe on a whetstone.

JAMES PEACEFUL  
Once the dead oaks are cleared,  
Tommo, we can plant more walnut.

YOUNG TOMMO  
What for?

JAMES PEACEFUL  
Their wood is special, Tommo, good  
for making fine furniture.

James continues to sharpen his axe. Tommo watches his Father closely.

YOUNG TOMMO  
Who do you love the most?

James grunts.

                          YOUNG TOMMO (CONT'D)  
Me, or Charlie?

                          JAMES PEACEFUL  
Or Big Joe?

                          YOUNG TOMMO  
Or Big Joe.

                          JAMES PEACEFUL  
Well, Big Joe's special ...

Tommo frowns. James smiles.

                          JAMES PEACEFUL (CONT'D)  
I've had three sons, Tommo, and  
each one I have loved so much that,  
when the next one's come along, I  
couldn't fathom how I had any more  
love to offer.

James takes off his watch and places it carefully on a tree-  
stump. He picks up his axe.

                          JAMES PEACEFUL (TEASING) (CONT'D)  
But since you ask, I love my first  
born, my heir, Charlie, the most -

                          YOUNG TOMMO  
I hate you! I hate you!

Tommo runs off.

                          JAMES PEACEFUL  
I was teasing, Tommo!

34                   EXT. WOODS. DEVON. DAY.

34

Tommo runs through the trees. He angrily kicks up the fallen  
leaves, startling a pheasant. It croaks and flaps away  
wildly. Tommo spots a dead mouse on the ground.

                          YOUNG TOMMO (MELANCHOLY)  
Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous  
  beastie ...

He buries it under a pile of leaves. He makes a wooden cross  
for it out of twigs. He wanders back towards the sound of the  
sharp strike of his father's axe, contrite.

35 EXT. FORESTER'S SHACK. WOODS. DEVON. DAY.

35

James chops at a dead oak tree. He grunts at every stroke. He stops, looks up into the branches - the great oak tree sways. He looks down. He sees Tommo walking towards him.

YOUNG TOMMO

I'm sorry, Father.

JAMES PEACEFUL

Come and give me a hug.

Above them the great oak creaks. Tommo looks up. The tree is falling towards his Father.

TOMMO

Run, Father. Run!

The falling tree accelerates towards James who runs desperately towards Tommo and shoves him out of the way - but the tree falls James and he's brought to the ground. Tommo is buried beneath its branches.

POV Tommo, buried alive, he can hardly see. He breathes heavily. Then he heaves a branch off, and struggles to stand up. His Father lies crushed beneath the fallen trunk, one arm outstretched towards Tommo, his glove pointing at him. He smiles, winks - then dies.

YOUNG TOMMO (SCREAMS)

Father!!!

36 INT. PEACEFUL COTTAGE. DEVON. DAY.

36

Grandma Wolf and Hazel wear house-coats. James' naked corpse lies on the table, covered by a sheet. The women wash and dry the corpse. Tommo watches through the door, transfixed.

HAZEL

He'll wear his Sunday suit. It will need pressing. And there's a button missing.

GRANDMA WOLF

Very James Peaceful, I must say.

HAZEL

I've polished the pennies.

Hazel takes a pair of shining pennies and places them on each half-open eye. Tommo slowly backs away, guilty.

37 EXT. CHURCH. DEVON. DAY. 37

One church bell tolls.

38 INT. CHURCH. DEVON. DAY. 38

A solemn hymn plays softly on the organ. No one sings. A swallow swoops from the altar to belfry, trying to escape. Charlie, Tommo, Big Joe, Hazel and Grandma Wolf all sit in the Colonel's front pew, in mourning black, combed hair. Other Villagers pack the church, Farmers, School Friends and their Families, sombre. The coffin rests on trestles in front of the altar beneath the crucifix, the Vicar in attendance. The Colonel's Wife is in her wheelchair in the aisle. The Colonel is in the pulpit.

COLONEL

James Peaceful was a good man, one of the best workers I have known, always cheerful as he went about his work.

The Peaceful family has been employed by my family - by my wife's family - for five generations. In all his thirty years as a gamekeeper on the estate, James Peaceful was a credit to his family and village ...

39 EXT. GRAVEYARD. CHURCH. DEVON. DAY. 39

The Family are gathered as the coffin is lowered into the grave. Other Mourners keep a discreet distance, including the Colonel and his Wife in her wheelchair.

VICAR

We now commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

Hazel throws some earth into the grave, then Charlie, Big Joe. Tommo doesn't move.

HAZEL

Tommo?

Grandma Wolf watches, disapprovingly.

YOUNG TOMMO

I can't.

Hazel gently takes Tommo by the hand and throws in some earth for him. Big Joe weeps. Hazel takes his hand too.

HAZEL

Father's up there in heaven, Joe,  
with the birds.

Swallows swoop around the church tower. The Mourners disperse. The Family leaves the grave-side. The Colonel approaches.

COLONEL

This may seem a little indelicate so soon after your husband's untimely death, Mrs Peaceful. But it's a question of the cottage. Strictly speaking, it is a tied cottage, tied to your late husband's employment on the estate. Now of course with him gone ...

HAZEL

You want us out.

COLONEL

Well, not if we can come to some arrangement. There's a position up at the house that would suit you: as lady's maid to my dear wife.

Grandma Wolf looks disdainful.

HAZEL

That's very good of you, Colonel, but I have my children to look after.

COLONEL (IGNORING HER)

And Charles can work in my hunt kennels. Thomas is at school, and as for the other one, there is always the lunatic asylum in Exeter

-

Hazel controls her temper.

HAZEL

I could never do that, Colonel, never.

COLONEL

I think you understand the position  
you're in, Mrs Peaceful ...

HAZEL

Yes. I do.

COLONEL

My condolences, Mrs Peaceful, Miss  
Farr. Good day.

The Colonel wheels his Wife away. Charlie erupts.

YOUNG CHARLIE

That tree should have killed you,  
Tommo, not Father! Instead you're  
getting educated while I'm slaving  
for the upper classes!

HAZEL

Charlie!

GRANDMA WOLF (TO HAZEL)

You married the first man that  
turned your head. Nothing but a  
gamekeeper - he couldn't even do  
that properly. And now look where  
he's got you.

HAZEL

I'll need your help, Auntie.

GRANDMA WOLF

No.

HAZEL

Please.

GRANDMA WOLF

No!

Grandma Wolf marches off - the Family is left stranded.

40 EXT. HATHERLEIGH HIGH STREET. DEVON. DAY.

40

A queue of Old Ladies, the Toothless Old Lady at the front,  
waiting impatiently outside Farr's the Grocer's.

41 INT. HATHERLEIGH SHOP. DEVON. DAY.

41

Grandma Wolf adjusts her bonnet.

BIDDY

Don't you worry, Miss Farr. I'll  
get rid of this lot in no time.

GRANDMA WOLF

That's what I'm afraid of.

42 INT. KITCHEN. BIG HOUSE. DEVON. DAY. 42

Hazel scrubs the floor. The Lady's Maid's bell rings.

43 INT. DRAWING ROOM. BIG HOUSE. DEVON. DAY. 43

The Colonel's Wife, in her wheelchair, rings the bell. After  
a moment Hazel enters with a heavy vase of flowers.

COLONEL'S WIFE

Thank you, Mrs Peaceful. Beautiful.

The Colonel's Wife's eyes sparkle. Hazel smiles.

43A INT. HUNT KENNELS. BIG HOUSE. DEVON. DAY. 43A

Hounds yap. Charlie shovels dog-dirt resentfully.

44 INT. PEACEFUL COTTAGE. DEVON. DUSK. 44

Grandma Wolf feeds Big Joe measly potatoes.

GRANDMA WOLF

Waste not, want not.

BIG JOE

No!

Grandma Wolf smacks him round the head.

GRANDMA WOLF

You big baby!

Big Joe burps.

GRANDMA WOLF (CONT'D)

Coarse and vulgar and no manners.

Hazel returns home, exhausted. Big Joe leaps up and gives her  
a hug. She puts her money into the mug on the mantelpiece.  
Grandma Wolf gets ready to leave.