

**SEA CHANGE**

by

**Barbara Jane Mackie**

(2010)

**Agent: Steve Ray  
Platinum Artistes  
The Lodge,  
66, St. Leonard's Road,  
Windsor, SL4 3BY  
Tel: +44 (0) 7860-573476**

EXT. CAR FERRY/SEA. DAY. ISLE OF WIGHT

We open on some high/helicopter shots of the sea, swirling around between Portsmouth on England's south coast and the Isle of Wight - the Solent strip of water that separates this island from the mainland. The day is bright, sunny and we ANGLE in on a FERRY that is heading towards YARMOUTH.

WE ANGLE IN on THREE PASSENGERS out on deck, we FOCUS ON MIRIAM (mid 50's), an intelligent, sensitive, warm and well spoken DRAMA TEACHER from Bristol and her two WARDS - LUKE (17) and DULCIE (13), the children of her dead FRIEND, SARAH, whom she adopted eight years ago. As we ANGLE ON MIRIAM, inhaling the sea air on deck, we sense she is a woman going through a big sea-change in her life. LUKE, bright, mature, supportive grins at her. DULCIE is spitting overboard, watching her spit hit the waves.

MIRIAM

Dulcie, for god's sake?! You're too old to be doing that - stop immediately!

DULCIE grins at LUKE and.

DULCIE

Just wanted to see what happened?

LUKE

Yeh, right?! Stop!

DULCIE

Shut it, Luke. You can't borrow my iPod now!

LUKE

Tragic!

DULCIE sneers at LUKE and puts her Ipod on. MIRIAM shoots a nervous look around to TWO ELDERLY LADIES sitting near them out on deck. MIRIAM furtively takes out a packet of cigaretts. LUKE looks at her sternly.

LUKE

Huh? Thought you were giving up, eh, Miriam? Funny 'giving up'!

MIRIAM smiles at him, sheepishly, as she lights the cigarette and inhales.

MIRIAM

I'm giving everything up - some day. Someday I am, Luke.

LUKE grunts, unimpressed, as MIRIAM turns to the sea. She looks out to the ISLAND that is fast approaching them. MIRIAM bites her lip, full of trepidation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FERRY/SEA. DAY. MINUTES LATER. ISLE OF WIGHT

MIRIAM stands in a SMALL QUEUE OF PASSENGERS with LUKE and DULCIE behind her, holding their bags, waiting to disembark. THE TWO ELDERLY LADIES are behind them. DULCIE is oblivious to the sounds around her, humming along to her music on her iPod. Suddenly LUKE digs DULCIE in the ribs

DULCIE  
Ouch?! You're a total bastard,  
Luke - that hurt!

DULCIE now stamps on LUKE'S FEET. LUKE GROANS as DULCIE, IPOD still on, SHOUTS OUT LOUDLY. LUKE shoves her back as THE TWO ELDERLY LADIES 'tut-tut' in the background staring sternly at MIRIAM. MIRIAM hisses at LUKE and DULCIE.

MIRIAM  
Please, guys?!

MIRIAM glowers at them and turns away as DULCIE whispers to LUKE, iPod still on. DULCIE shouts over her headphones.

DULCIE  
Woah? What's wrong with Miriam?

LUKE  
Maybe the 'change' or something?  
You know, the 'Big M'.

DULCIE  
(shouting)  
What's the 'BIG M'? You mean 'MI'  
in 'James Bond'? The 'BIG ME'  
what? Tell me?!

THE TWO ELDERLY LADIES behind them roll their eyes in disapproval as MIRIAM, hugely embarrassed, marches off towards the disembarkation point followed by LUKE and DULCIE, clutching their bags.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRY POINT - YARMOUTH/HARBOUR - DAY

MIRIAM drives off her PEOPLE CARRIER - LUKE in the front with the MAP and DULCIE in the back, iPod headphones on.

MIRIAM  
The Copse Residential home -  
Luke? Look up Winton street in  
Wootton will you - page four?

MIRIAM drives along, unsure of the streets.

MIRIAM

Haven't been on the Isle of Wight since 1970. Saw Jimi Hendrix play. He was amazing! Your mum was with me - two groovy chicks!

LUKE

Mum, a hippy chic? Jeez ...?!

LUKE looks impressed and looks over at her as she drives out of YARMOUTH into the country lanes.

MIRIAM

Flower power, Luke? That's where it started and Free - wow?! I was in some ghastly latrine when they started singing 'Alright Now', but pulled my trousers up and pushed through to the front of the crowd - truly stupendous!

MIRIAM laughs, a little proud of herself.

MIRIAM

Rushing naked into the sea, high on pot. NOT that I would want you to follow suit, Luke. Marijuana rots the brain, doubles your chances of schizophrenia and ...

LUKE

Yeah, yeah, we all know!

LUKE grins knowingly. He's tried it already.

MIRIAM

Innocent times, days of endless summers ...

LUKE (INTERRUPTING)

Endless pot, more like!

MIRIAM laughs but looks wistful, a small smile on her lips. LUKE looks down at the map. He sees a SIGN.

MIRIAM

You feeling alright about this?

LUKE nods and gulps a little. MIRIAM takes a turning off into a side lane.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COPSE RESIDENTIAL HOME. WOOTON. DAY

MIRIAM drives into the drive of a LARGE RESIDENTIAL HOME for the ELDERLY. She parks and turns around to LUKE and DULCIE. DULCIE takes off her iPod. A BEAT.

MIRIAM

Granny has had a small stroke.  
Nice soft voices now.

DULCIE and LUKE nod. DULCIE looks very nervous.

DULCIE

Is Granny going to die, Miriam?

LUKE

Everyone's gonna die, air head!

MIRIAM frowns at LUKE but smiles gently at DULCIE and shakes her head quickly. They get out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE BEDROOM. RESIDENTIAL CARE HOME. DAY.

MIRIAM stands by the window as LUKE and DULCIE sit on the bed of MARY (80's) a very frail old lady, recovering from a small stroke. Her speech is very fragmented and breathless. She is very weak. DULCIE picks up a cup of tea from the bedside table and hands it towards MARY. DULCIE'S hand trembles a little and she is unsure what to do. She looks over at MIRIAM. MIRIAM indicates that she puts it down again. DULCIE'S face suddenly crumbles - tears in her eyes. MIRIAM sits on MARY'S bed and gently takes her hand.

MIRIAM

Mary ...? You are looking well.  
Brought the children to see you.

MARY stares blankly at MIRIAM. A BEAT. MIRIAM gulps hard and MARY slowly, every so slowly nods slowly. LUKE smiles sweetly at MARY.

LUKE

How are things, Granny? You know,  
how's, you know? How's ... Life?

MARY stares at LUKE and CHOKES LOUDLY - she's bewildered, but manages a small smile. MARY walks up to the FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS of MARY - YOUNG MARY in her WREN'S UNIFORM from the war, MARY on her wedding day, MARY with SARAH her daughter and her two sons. MARY with LUKE and DULCIE on her knee. MIRIAM suddenly gulps hard - this is getting to her.

MIRIAM

(whispers)  
Be back - just popping out to the  
loo. Keep going!

MIRIAM talks loudly to MARY.

MIRIAM  
Back in a tick, Mary.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COPSE RESIDENTIAL HOME. WOOTON. DAY

MIRIAM is out the front, leaning on her car, smoking a cigarette. She looks guilty/stressed as she smokes.

MIRIAM  
Jimi Hendrix ... you beautiful  
virtuoso. Where are you now when  
I need you?

MIRIAM, deep in thought, whispers the words from Hendrix's song 'The Wind it Cries Mary'.

MIRIAM  
And the wind, it cries, Mary!

A NURSE (1) comes out the door and MIRIAM quickly stubs out the cigarette smiling sweetly at the NURSE (1). The NURSE (1) frowns at her and points at a NO SMOKING sign. MIRIAM smiles weakly and wings it.

MIRIAM  
They're, um? Medecinal. I'm  
terminally ill and my doctor said  
if I smoked, it would be good for  
my morale and ... ok, sorry?

THE NURSE is not impressed and marches out.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE BEDROOM. RESIDENTIAL CARE HOME. DAY.

MIRIAM stares through the open door. DULCIE is sitting by the window, iPod back on, humming gently to some tunes. LUKE is sitting on MARY'S bed - MARY is whispering to him. MIRIAM narrows her eyes. A NURSE comes in and MIRIAM goes over to the THE NURSE (2). THE NURSE (2), a kindly woman (30's), smiles gently and whispers to MIRIAM.

NURSE (2)  
Mary fell hard. There is a  
fracture, but they don't want to  
operate as it could prove fatal.

MIRIAM suddenly looks tense. THE NURSE raises her shoulders a little - she can't say.

NURSE (2)  
Mary's had some adventures in the  
past, eh?.

MIRIAM nods proudly, shooting a look at MARY.

MIRIAM

She was a Wren - stationed here on the island. An Islander born and bred!

NURSE

Very good of you to come since she has no children alive.

MIRIAM

I am her daughter.

THE NURSE looks puzzled. MIRIAM suddenly smiles.

MIRIAM

Well the stand in daughter, I guess. Sarah, her real daughter died - cancer, far too young. Really awful.

NURSE

Tragic that. Only daughter too. You're the busy Mum now, eh?

MIRIAM nods and smiles, looking at the children.

MIRIAM

Promised Sarah I would visit - until ...you know? The end.

MIRIAM suddenly looks a bit wobbly. She sighs deeply and sits in arm chair, deep in thought, suddenly very tired.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRIVATE BEDROOM. RESIDENTIAL CARE HOME. BIT LATER

ANGLE ON LUKE as he pulls back from MARY who is grasping his hand tightly. LUKE, shocked, gulps very hard.

LUKE

All of them, Granny ...?!

MARY nods very slowly.

LUKE

But, Granny, there's a lot of beaches on the Isle of Wight. It's like? You know? An island!

MARY widens her eyes and grins wickedly. LUKE gulps hard.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES. TOILETS. RESIDENTIAL HOME. BIT LATER

MIRIAM stares hard at herself in the mirror. Leaning on the sink, she leans in - her face looks sad, care-worn.

MIRIAM  
Miriam? You look old!

MIRIAM takes some lipstick out of her bag and applies some quickly. She pushes her hair back and stares at herself.

MIRIAM  
You still look old - and sad. A washed up drama teacher, failed actress. Done nothing important with your life, have you? You're pathetic, Miriam - pathetic!

MIRIAM starts to sing softly from 'Purple Haze' by HENDRIX.

MIRIAM  
Purple Haze all in my brain,  
Lately things don't seem the  
same,  
Acting funny but I don't know why  
Scuse me, while I kiss the sky!

Suddenly DULCIE rushes in - breathless.

DULCIE  
Miriam?! You've got to come? We  
need your help- quickly?!

MIRIAM, shocked, pulls herself together and follows DULCIE.

CUT TO:

RECEPTION. THE COPSE RESIDENTIAL HOME. WOOTON. DAY

THE NURSE (1) at RECEPTION talks, distracted on the phone.

THE NURSE (1)  
That Louis Walsh doesn't know his  
arse from his elbow! Cheryl is an  
angel, eh? She has her feet on  
the ground, that girl ...

MIRIAM is standing at reception. She smiles sweetly.

MIRIAM  
Adore 'The X Factor', don't you,  
but what an arrogant arse Simon  
Cowell is - so rich, so smug!

AS MIRIAM talks, we see LUKE and DULCIE in the background, crouched down, as they push MARY bundled up in a blanket in her wheelchair out of the door. MIRIAM blocks the NURSE's view and gabbles on, waving her arms about dramatically.

MIRIAM

The real talent was to be found  
back in the 70's. We were wild in  
those days, ran naked into the  
sea we hippies Completely  
starkers we were, and on the news  
too? Remember my grandmother saw  
me and her false teeth fell out  
into her bran flakes ...!

MIRIAM leans in and rolls her eyes very dramatically.

MIRIAM

Sun, sea, sex and Hendrix - I  
won't tell you what happened when  
we got into the water? Gosh, no,  
I simply can't - it's X rated!

THE NURSE (1) GASPS as MIRIAM, sweating a little, shoots a  
look to the corridor - empty. She grins weakly at the THE  
NURSE and rushes off.

MIRIAM

Visit over. Toodle pip!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. WOOTON. DAY

We hear some JIMI HENDRIX music playing on MIRIAM'S CD  
player. MIRIAM is laughing and singing loudly.

MIRIAM

(singing)  
Acting funny but I don't know why  
'Scuse me while I kiss the Sky!

MARY is propped up between LUKE and DULCIE in the  
background. LUKE rolls his eyes at DULCIE. DULCIE giggles

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. SANDOWN ESPLANDE BEACH. HALF AN HOUR LATER. DAY.

MIRIAM stands behind MARY in her wheelchair on the Grand  
Esplanade as LUKE holds MARY'S hand. MARY is staring out  
to sea and they are waiting. MIRIAM pats MARY gently on  
the shoulder and MARY nods, satisfied. They wheel her off.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. SHANKLIN. BEACH. HALF AN HOUR LATER. DAY.

ANGLE on MARY, her eyes slowly widening as the wind rustles  
through her hair.

They watch DULCIE, shoes off, running around on the beach, cart-wheeling as she goes. LUKE and MIRIAM stand behind MARY licking their ice-creams ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. COASTAL ROAD. CULVER DOWN. DAY. HALF AN HOUR LATER.

MIRIAM'S Car is parked in a coastal CAR PARK. WE can see the SEA down below. This is CULVER DOWN, a dramatic rock jutting out into the sea with views over the north-east of the island. We see MIRIAM and LUKE pushing and pulling MARY'S WHEELCHAIR over the bumpy grass. MIRIAM is grunting with the effort. DULCIE is cart-wheeling on some grass in the background.

MIRIAM

Blimy, Mary? What have they been feeding you in there ...?!

MARY smiles as MIRIAM grins at LUKE. They get MARY near enough the edge of the cliff so she can look down on the vast beaches below. MIRIAM wipes her brow and smiles as MARY stares out to sea, her eyes widening. MIRIAM lights up a cigarette and inhales deeply. The view is magnificent.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. HEADLAND. ANOTHER PART OF CULVER DOWN. DAY.

MIRIAM and LUKE sit on a blanket, eating some sandwiches as DULCIE stands near MARY in her wheelchair. MARY is having a nap and DULCIE, suddenly worried about her Granny, pulls her blanket more around her shoulders. WE ANGLE ON DULCIE. She holds a BLADE OF GRASS under MARY'S nose. IT MOVES. MARY is still alive. DULCIE looks relieved!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. HEADLAND. A ROW OF COTTAGES. BIT LATER. DAY

MIRIAM is pushing MARY'S CHAIR over some grass as LUKE and DULCIE argue gently and play around in the background. MIRIAM crouches down by the wheelchair. She gulps hard. MARY eyes widen as she stares up at the cottages. MIRIAM looks up at the THREE COTTAGES and points to them.

MIRIAM

Which cottage was it, Mary? The first? The second, or the third?

MARY slowly nods and breathes hard. She is lost in her memories. A BEAT. MIRIAM gulps hard.

MIRIAM

Your generation of men and women turned things around for us, you saved lives, made a difference!

MARY shrugs a little, lost in her thoughts.

MIRIAM

I'm proud to be looking after  
your grand-children, Mary.  
Proudest guardian in the world,  
even if I am the most  
ineffective!

MIRIAM giggles slight as MARY looks at her slowly and nods.

MIRIAM

Your Saraha came down to the Isle  
of Wight festival with me,  
remember? We came to see you for  
a shower, caked with mud and  
terrified of all the Hell's  
Angels everywhere - remember?

MIRIAM laughs gently but MARY just stares at the cottages,  
the SEA in the background. MIRIAM is in a reverie.

MIRIAM

Maybe I shouldn't have given up  
my acting career? I can't teach  
anymore - all given out.

DULCIE shouts over.

DULCIE

I'm freezing, Miriam! Can we get  
in the car - pleeeese? Luke is  
driving me batty!

MIRIAM suddenly jumps up and looks at MARY

MIRIAM

Back in a tick, Mary. I'll bring  
the flask to warm you up!

MARY slowly nods as MIRIAM walks towards LUKE and DULCIE.  
We move around to MARY'S POV - the cottages, but now it is  
the 1940's. We hear some GLEN MILLER gently playing on a  
GRAMAPHONE. The images are in BLACK AND WHITE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. DAY. CULVER DOWN. 1945

We ANGLE on THE YOUNG MARY, hair smartly slicked back, her  
WREN'S uniform on, some badges showing. ANOTHER WREN,  
CONNIE, is in the background. They are both applying some  
make up and we can hear GIGGLING.

YOUNG MARY

What do you reckon, is that too  
brassy, Connie?

CONNIE

The Yanks like a bit of colour -  
slap it on, Mary! What do them  
Yanks, eat? Ain't got no  
hamburgers?!

They both GIGGLE.

MARY

They're not Yanks, Connie -  
they're Canadians - heard that in  
the village. There is a  
difference, you know.

CONNIE

Ooo, really? Once I'm lying in  
his arms, there won't be a  
difference!

YOUNG MARY laughs and pulls up a SILK STOCKING. We ANGLE  
on her LEG as she runs her hand down the stocking slowly.  
MARY stands up, smoothing down her skirt. They hear a JEEP  
driving up outside. They both jump up, excited and look  
down from the window. TWO CANADIAN SERVICE MEN, both  
handsome, get out of the jeep, ONE OF THEM (CANADIAN 1) is  
carrying a bunch of flowers. MARY and CONNIE SHRIEK loudly.

YOUNG MARY

Who do you reckon the flowers are  
for, then? Me or you, Mary?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY. 1945. DAY

We ANGLE ON the GRAMAPHONE which plays AL BOWLEY as YOUNG  
MARY and the other WREN dance with the TWO CANADIAN  
SERVICEMEN. THE YOUNG MARY reaches for her drink, a  
cocktail, as THE SERVICEMAN (1) nuzzles her ear as they  
dance.

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN (1)

You smell beautiful. Why do you  
island girls smell so good?

MARY giggles in his arms as they dance.

MARY

It's the seaspray!

ANGLE on their faces, giggling, dancing, as they embrace and  
move into the shadows at one side of the room. We ANGLE on  
the GRAMAPHONE NEEDLE as it runs across the record.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. NEXT DAY. 1945. (BLACK & WHITE)

MARY in her dressing gown, hair down, picks up a pair of binoculars and stares out to sea, looking this way and that - she is on duty. THE CANADIAN SERVICEMAN in the background is naked in bed. He sits up, his hair tousled.

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN

Come back to bed, honey. We have to make hay while the sun shines?

YOUNG MARY nods over to him, but still looks this way and that with her binoculars - nothing on the horizon. She comes over to him and sits on the bed looking at him.

YOUNG MARY

How long you boys stationed here?

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN

As long as it takes us to build that big tunnel and fill it up with fuel. All the way to France!

He takes out a cigarette and lights it, rolling his eyes at YOUNG MARY. She looks impressed.

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN

Building up for the mother of all battles, honey.

YOUNG MARY

Uncle Sam is here to help, eh?

YOUNG MARY giggles as THE CANADIAN SERVICEMAN runs his finger down her arm. He grins at her and nods slowly.

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN

He sure is!

THE CANADIAN SERVICEMAN stubs out his cigarette and grabs MARY and pulls her onto the bed. They roll around, laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COTTAGE. DAY. CULVER DOWN. 1945 (BLACK & WHITE)

YOUNG MARY, fully dressed, stands in her uniform, very smart as the CANADIAN SERVICEMAN walks towards her. CONNIE is kissing the OTHER SERVICEMAN. MARY beats back the tears as does the OTHER SERVICEMAN. Suddenly tears stream down MARY'S cheeks she grabs on to him as they embrace.

YOUNG MARY

You will you write, won't you?

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN

Baby, you know I'm married.

MARY beats back tears - she embraces him hard.

YOUNG MARY  
Bet your bloomin' wife doesn't  
kiss like that?!

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN  
Wow ..?!

YOUNG MARY  
Remember me. Remember Mary, your  
Island Wren!

THE CANADIAN SERVICEMAN walks back slowly as the OTHER U.S. SERVICEMAN TOOTS the HORN in the JEEP. He gets in and the JEEP and waves as they drive off. WE ANGLE ON the YOUNG MARY as she bites her lip, tears pouring down her cheek. CONNIE comes up to her, SOBBING too, and hugs MARY HARD. WE hear more music - AL BOWLY on the GRAMMAPHONE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM. COTTAGE. 1945. THREE MONTHS LATER.

MARY is lying naked in the bath, steam is everywhere. CONNIE, dressing gown on, hair up in curlers, comes in, holding a bottle of gin. MARY gulps hard. A BEAT.

CONNIE  
The women in the village pub told  
me - only way to get rid of 'em'.  
Drink up!

MARY very nervous drinks as CONNIE runs more hot water. MARY drinks some more, and some more. She wretches.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. LATER. EVENING. 1945

MARY is GAGGING LOUDLY and WRETCHING into a bowl. She is sobbing as CONNIE holds the bowl.

YOUNG MARY  
Bloody ... Candians - worse than  
the Yanks! ...hate 'em ...! No  
love him ... hate him ... hope he  
dies ... gets shot down, oh?!!

MARY wretches some more. CONNIE wipes her mouth with a flannel.

CONNIE  
Hope this bloody works ...?

YOUNG MARY  
Bloody yank! Don't you ... Ever  
... come back!?

More LOUD GAGGING SOUNDS. Mix with sounds of BOMBING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COTTAGE. DAY. CULVER DOWN. 1945. WEEKS LATER.

MARY is typing out some CODE, a WIRELESS HEAD SET on. CONNIE types on a type-writer in the background. We see that she is PREGNANT. The 'home made' abortion didn't work. She rubs her stomach and smiles to herself, lost in thought. MARY looks out, through the cottage window and suddenly catches a glimpse of a shaft of sunlight, glimmering on the sea. She takes off the WIRELESS HEAD SET and walks out of the half open door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE. DAY. CULVER DOWN. 1945

MARY comes through the door way, walks down the small pathway and walks across the grass towards the headland, jutting out over the sea. We hear NEWSREEL FOOTAGE in the background, CHURCHILL declaring Victory. MARY takes off her WREN'S hat and flings it over the edge into the sea. She looks out to sea. WE hear a VOICE-OVER of the CANADIAN SERVICEMAN

CANADIAN SERVICEMAN (V.O.)

Never thought I would write, huh?  
I'm now the proud father of  
twins, and they're keeping me as  
busy as a hog in clover. I often  
think of you, sweet Mary,  
standing on your island, a proud  
queen, fighting off the Nazi  
bombs - goodbye, baby. Think of  
me too.

YOUNG MARY stares out to sea and stares hard.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CULVER DOWN. DAY. SAME SPOT. (PRESENT DAY)

MARY, now in her wheelchair, staring out to sea. It is the exact same spot. We ANGLE ON her face, the tears pouring down her face, remembering. MIRIAM approaches carrying a paper cup of tea and suddenly stops. MARY looks different somehow. A BEAT.

MIRIAM

Here's some tea, dear?

MARY nods slowly and takes a BREATH. She sips at the tea as MIRIAM holds it to her mouth. MARY is very pale, weak. MIRIAM, anxious, takes a cigarette out of her bag and lights it. MARY suddenly looks a bit brighter, staring at the sea, deep in thought. They sip the tea.

MIRIAM

It must have been so lonely just  
a handful of Wrens stationed out  
here? What kind of a war did you  
really have, Mary?

MARY brightens and smiles slightly. We hear some GLEN  
MILLER BIG BAND MUSIC playing in the background.

MARY

A ... good War. My war!

MARY suddenly reaches over for MIRIAM's hand, still  
staring ahead at the sea. MIRIAM is taken aback.

MARY

Don't keep killing yourself,  
Miriam. Life is dangerous enough!

MIRIAM, reeling, bites her lip and slowly lowers the  
cigarette blowing out smoke. A BEAT. ANGLE ON MIRIAM as  
she walks off a little and stares out to sea.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CAR. ROAD.

They drive along - towards a different beach.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERTED BEACH. SUNSET. EARLY EVENING.

MARY is sitting in the parked car, door open, DULCIE  
sitting next to her, iPod on, looking out over the deserted  
beach, staring at the sea. ANGLE on MIRIAM walking along  
the beach. LUKE walks across the beach towards her.

LUKE

It's freezing - I'm starving too!

MIRIAM reaches into her bag and gives him some cash.

MIRIAM

Go get us all some chips, there's  
a place up there.

LUKE

When are we going to take Granny  
back? Bit risky isn't it?

MIRIAM

Life is risky, Luke. Get used to  
it!

MIRIAM takes out a cigarette and, a bit furtive, quickly  
lights up. LUKE walks off and then turns back. A BEAT.

LUKE

I wanted to say to you how fucked off I am with your smoking. It's got to stop!

MIRIAM looks startled and a bit irritated.

LUKE

You're all we've got!

LUKE marches off across the sand. MIRIAM gulps hard and throws her cigarette on the ground, stubbing it out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. MINUTES. LATER. CULVER DOWN. EARLY EVENING.

MARY is wrapped up in the car, DULCIE cuddled up to her, as MARY GASPS slightly. DULCIE takes the iPod off. DULCIE gulps hard.

DULCIE

Granny? Are you going to die?

MARY smiles a wistful look on her face. She nods slowly. DULCIE's lip trembles.

DULCIE

How are you going to die, Granny?

MARY

Quietly, dear, quietly.

DULCIE gulps very hard and cuddles her GRANNY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERTED BEACH. FRESHWATER BAY. SUNSET. HOUR LATER.

LUKE pushes MARY'S wheelchair along the beach - cursing. MIRIAM is helping him with great difficulty. MARY is nearly falling out of the chair.

MIRIAM

We're going to get in trouble for this, you know that, buster?!

LUKE

I was following Granny's orders. You're always saying rules are made to be broken, so don't be a total hypocrite!

They laugh, struggling with the chair. MIRIAM stops pushing. The WHEELCHAIR can go no further

MIRIAM

Mary? We've done pretty much all  
of beaches ...?!

MARY nods, she's very pale, very weak. DULCIE runs around in the background, cart-wheeling on the sand, her shoes off. We ANGLE on MARY, she looks serene. WE hear some GLEN MILLER gently playing in the background. There is a warm breeze. MIRIAM looks around.

MIRIAM

What a beautiful spot? Magical!

MIRIAM suddenly narrows her eyes, remembering. A BIG BEAT.

MIRIAM

Hang on?! I was here! This is  
where we ran into the sea?!

MIRIAM whispers from 'AND THE WIND CRIES MARY' by JIMI HENDRIX. LUKE looks around, wiping the sweat off his brow.

MIRIAM

Will the wind ever remember,  
The names it has blown in the  
past,  
And with this crutch, it's old  
age and wisdom,  
Whispers 'No, this will be the  
last'.

MIRIAM shouts over to LUKE.

MIRIAM

Bought up in a dirt shack in the  
deep South with no electricity  
and then Hendrix went on to write  
like that? That's amazing, isn't  
it. Totally fucking inspiring!

LUKE watches, quizzically as MIRIAM walks towards the sea. MIRIAM feels the seaspray on her face and smiles slightly. She looks around and into the clouds. She hears some GUITAR TWANGS - JIMI HENDRIX. A BEAT. She grins widely.

MIRIAM

(singing)  
And the wind cries Mary.  
And the wind whispers Mary!

LUKE and DULCIE wave over. MIRIAM looks at the waves. It's a warm evening. She looks around - no one there except them. MIRIAM calls over to LUKE across the beach.

MIRIAM

(shouting)  
Luke? Is there a towel in the  
car?

Luke nods - there is. MIRIAM giggles - she looks happy, elated. DULCIE rushes across the beach, very excited. She's holding a GIANT SHELL.

DULCIE  
Look at this? Can you really  
hear the sea in these things?

MIRIAM  
Hold it to your ear, Dulcie, and  
you'll start to hear the waves!

DULCIE looks confused. Tries it and runs off. MIRIAM, laughing, looks around again and starts to take off her clothes. We hear some HENDRIX GUITAR 'RIFFS'.

MIRIAM  
I'm coming, Jimi! Wait for me,  
I'm coming!

MIRIAM pulls off her clothes and giggling, runs into the sea, semi-naked. She splashes around and starts swimming out to sea. ANGLE on LUKE on the beach, holding the towel, his jaw dropping as he stares out at her.

LUKE  
Middle-aged drama teacher naked?  
Fuck me??? One scary sight!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH. SUNSET. HALF AN HOUR LATER.

DULCIE now sits near MARY'S Wheelchair. MARY has slumped down in the chair, her eyes still open, a half smile on her lips. Down by the surf, MIRIAM, laughing, rubs her hair with a towel as LUKE watches gobsmacked. Suddenly DULCIE shouts over to them, she looks shocked.

DULCIE  
Miriam? Luke, Granny looks ....?!

ANGLE on LUKE, he gulps hard, frozen to the spot.

LUKE  
Dead, Granny's dead!

MIRIAM, startled out of her reverie runs over to the wheelchair. LUKE follows as MIRIAM gently lifts up MARY'S face - her eyes are closed. Her breathing has stopped. A BEAT. MIRIAM, reeling, gasps loudly.

MIRIAM  
Mary? Mary, darling? Oh, god ...?  
She's dead!

MIRIAM turns away as we can hear DULCIE starting to CRY LOUDLY. LUKE blinks back the tears, but they keep coming. He hugs DULCIE and MIRIAM hugs them both, fiercely. A BEAT.

MIRIAM

She was a wonderful woman, your Grandmother. You're wonderful kids too, fantastically bloody wonderful, in fact, and I love you both so much and am goddamned thrilled that I have you both - Jesus, I really am!

LUKE sobs quietly into MIRIAM's arms as DULCIE cries softly. MIRIAM continues to hug them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEADLAND. DESERTED BEACH. BIT LATER. SUNSET.

MIRIAM stands on her own, near the edge of the headland that juts out over the beach. DULCIE is standing by the car, holding a GIANT SHELL to her ear. MARY'S dead body in the back of the car. MIRIAM, suddenly desperate, hopeless, stares out to sea. Tears well up in her eyes. LUKE, a bit brighter, slowly approaches her. MIRIAM, tears in her eyes, confused, desperate, turns round to him.

MIRIAM

Your Grandmother, Luke? Her life was vital, so clear, defined?!

LUKE stops a bit confused. A BEAT.

MIRIAM

I'm a washout, a coward - there's no definition to my life?!

MIRIAM breaks down and SOBS LOUDLY. LUKE gulps hard.

LUKE

You took us on, didn't you? When Mum died and Dad vanished and everyone else backed off. You were suddenly there bossing us both around being a complete pain in the arse ...

MIRIAM looks up at him, still sobbing.

LUKE

But that was brave what you did. We must have been like a bombshell in your life, Miriam!

We hear a BOMB EXPLODING (OOV). MIRIAM suddenly looks out to sea. The sunset is glorious. A sea change. MIRIAM gulps hard. She's suddenly brightening.

LUKE

Give up the cigs - we don't want to lose you. Not yet!

MIRIAM slowly smiles. They hug fiercely and MIRIAM wipes her nose with a tissue.

LUKE

You could go back into acting. You're good, and we're ok - we can babysit ourselves now! C'mon? I'm off to Uni end soon!

MIRIAM starts to smile - she giggles nervously. A BEAT. MIRIAM GASPS and slowly starts to grin. LUKE grins and DULCIE now rushes over, excited, holding the shell.

DULCIE

Miriam? This is amazing?! I can hear the sea, honestly, I can! I can hear the sea!

MIRIAM looks out to sea, the waves lapping gently.

MIRIAM

I can hear the sea too!

Suddenly MIRIAM looks horrified. She GASPS LOUDLY.

MIRIAM

Jesus?! Your dead Grandmother is in the boot?! We're in deep do-doo!

MIRIAM laughs and starts to run, followed by LUKE and DULCIE across the beach towards the car.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CULVER DOWN, NEAR COTTAGES - OVERLOOKING SEA. DAYS LATER. DAY.

MIRIAM watches as LUKE and DULCIE open an URN with MARY's ashes and scatter them in front of the Cottages, into the wind and towards the sea.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CAR FERRY. SOLENT. DAY OR SO LATER.

MIRIAM is on the deck of the car ferry looking back to the Isle of Wight. We hear HENDRIX singing:

HENDRIX

(singing)

Will the wind ever remember,  
The names it has blown in the  
past,  
And with this crutch, it's old  
age and it's wisdom,  
It whispers, 'No, this will be  
the last' ...

MIRIAM gulps hard and looks back to the island. She is  
brighter, much clearer now.

HENDRIX

(singing)

And The Wind Cries Mary!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CULVER DOWN. DAY. HEADLAND. 1941 (COLOUR)

YOUNG MARY is standing, in her WREN'S uniform, looking out  
to sea. She smiles, ever so slightly, and gives a little  
wave.

END.