

# *Dragonfly*

Screenplay by  
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EXT. THE FAR WEST COAST OF CORNWALL - DAY

The Atlantic Ocean crashes beneath granite cliffs that rise up to an expanse of moorland, where a stream flows through a gully -

EXT. THE GULLY - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA JEWELL, sixteen, fresh-faced, her hair cut plain and simple, crouches still and silent, balancing on two rocks in the stream, studying a DRAGONFLY that hovers over a sunlight-dappled pool. She wears a faded school uniform summer dress, well-worn sandals with no socks and holds a school exercise book and pencil.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Some people think a dragonfly only lives for a day, but they can live for as long as six months.

Angela's dark, intense eyes follow the magical insect as it darts back and forth over the stream.

Suddenly she looks up - because now she hears the sound of engines. She stands up, and listens for a moment to the approaching sound, then steps lightly across the stream and scrambles to the top of the gully -

EXT. ABOVE THE GULLY - CONTINUOUS

Angela climbs out onto the moorland that stretches away towards the cliff tops. ANGELA'S CLASSMATES and their woman TEACHER are dotted across the moor, all looking up at the sky as a Dragon Rapide, a pre-war twin-engine 8-passenger bi-plane flies in low from over the sea.

Angela watches the plane, shielding her eyes against the sun. As the plane banks overhead she waves. She can just distinguish the pilot looking down and his hand waving to her.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Come along ! Girls !  
There's work to be done.

But Angela watches the plane as it flies away along the coast.

TEACHER (CONT)

Angela !

The plane disappears into the blue sky and Angela turns back towards the gully and slithers back down to the stream.

EXT. THE GULLY - CONTINUOUS

Angela looks to where the dragonfly was, her eyes darting this way and that until she realises the dragonfly has gone.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
Dragonflies can often be found  
flying well away from water.

She looks up to the sky, a quizzical look on her face, as though she should be able to make a connection between the dragonfly and the plane -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTHENIS SECONDARY SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Angela looking up to the ceiling and the memory of the biology field trip, then she turns her concentration back to her exam paper and as she writes the slight movements of her lips are in sync with her continuing voice over -

ANGELA (V.O.)  
Dragonflies do not bite - but if  
you hold them too long they will  
sometimes try to bite -

Angela and the rest of the field trip girls are seated at widely separated desks.

ANGELA (V.O. - CONT)  
- but they can't break your skin.  
Dragonflies are stronger than  
damselflies which usually stay  
close to water.

The teacher checks her watch and then stands up from behind her desk. Angela bends low over her paper, her lips moving faster as she writes more urgently,

ANGELA (V.O. - CONT)  
An old name for damselflies was  
Devil's Darning Needles 'cause  
if you went to sleep by a stream  
on a summer's day damselflies  
would use their long, thin bodies -

TEACHER

Girls.

ANGELA (V.O.)

- to sew your eyelids shut.

TEACHER

Your time is up.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Dragonflies are -

TEACHER

Put down your pens.

ANGELA (V.O.)

- beautiful.

Angela puts down her pen. She closes her manuscript booklet and focuses on her name written in her rather childish handwriting on the cover: Angela Jewell. The teacher collects the booklet and Angela looks at the question paper left on her desk -

*Southern Examination Board  
Certificate of Secondary Education  
Biology  
Thursday 30 June 1966.*

EXT. PORTHENIS SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - LATER

The doors burst open and SCHOOLGIRLS stream out, laughing and cheering; hurling hats and blazers into the air.

They are joined by Angela and OTHER SCHOOLGIRLS who appear from round the building on their bikes. The streams of schoolgirls merge and head for the school gates. The cyclists are first through with Angela and her classmates leading the way, pedalling furiously away from the school -

EXT. THE STREETS OF PORTHENIS - CONTINUOUS

The cyclists approach the centre of town. At each road junction girls peel off on their various ways home -

- until there remains only a handful, including Angela, but led determinedly by PAT, a sixteen year old buxom blonde. The group turn into the high street -

EXT. PORTHENIS, THE HIGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the group pass *Miss Trevillion's General Store*, the proprietor, MISS TREVILLION, in her seventies but with the energy of a woman half her age and smart as a whip, looks up from tending to the display outside her shop.

MISS TREVILLION

Nine o'clock sharp tomorrow morning, Angela.

Angela brakes and slows but Miss Trevillion turns and goes into her shop. Angela pedals after her friends-

EXT. CROSS-ROADS IN THE CENTRE OF PORTHENIS - CONTINUOUS

Where Pat is, as usual, giving instructions to the others as Angela rejoins them.

PAT

Seven o'clock at my house.

- the girls start to go their separate ways - Pat calls pointedly after Angela,

PAT (CONT)

And don't you be late.

ANGELA

I'll be there.

- as Angela pedals away down towards the harbour.

EXT. PORTHENIS HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS

Angela cycles along the harbour road that divides the quayside and the several fishing boats tied up there from the row of chandler's shops, fish stores and the dominating Georgian granite edifice of a bank.

In a window of the bank a cleaning woman, THELMA JEWELL, polishes the window, her arm moving almost as if she is waving.

INT. PORTHENIS BANK - CONTINUOUS

Thelma's arm stops when through the window she sees Angela pull up by one of the fishing boats and a young fisherman,

DAVEY KESSELL, jumps off the boat and down onto the quay next to Angela. An OLDER FISHERMAN joins them.

MR ROBINSON (O.S.)

Mrs Jewell - ?

Thelma turns sharply, guiltily surprised. In her late-30s - she wears no make-up, her dark hair is tied severely back, a well-worn pinafore apron protects a nondescript skirt and blouse beneath.

MR ROBINSON (CONT)

Everything alright?

THELMA

Oh, yes Mr Robinson.

But as he starts to go Thelma glances to the window and sees Angela chatting animatedly to Davey. Thelma calls after Mr Robinson's departing back -

THELMA (CONT)

Ah - Mr Robinson?

He stops and turns back to her.

MR ROBINSON

Yes?

THELMA

I - I was wondering - when I might talk to you - about Angela?

MR ROBINSON

Oh. Yes. Ah -

Mr. Robinson checks his pocket watch.

MR ROBINSON (CONT)

Yes. I think I can. A few minutes.

Thelma straightens her pinafore and follows Mr Robinson through to his office.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY

Angela cycles up to her front door in a row of back-to-back fishermen's cottages.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Angela opens the door and pushes her bicycle in. She props the bicycle against a wall and then hurries through to the parlour.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Angela strides through and then runs up the narrow stairs.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Small and cramped with basic furniture and fittings. Angela bursts in and goes straight to an old valve radio next to her bed and switches it on. While the set warms up she pushes open the window. The shouts of children playing, their mothers calling and gulls screeching fill the silence until *The Kinks 'Sunny Afternoon'* fades in. The radio signal breaks up and Angela's singing fills the gaps.

PIRATE RADIO

...save me, save me, from this squeeze...  
I got a big fat momma trying to break me...

ANGELA

Oh, I love to live so pleasantly -

Angela yanks open her wardrobe - the inside of the door decorated with pictures torn from magazines: The Beatles, The Kinks, The Rolling Stones, The Hollies, The Small Faces. Angela grabs a skirt and a blouse and throws them on the bed.

ANGELA & RADIO

- live this life of luxury, lazin' on  
a sunny afternoon... In the summertime...  
in the summertime...

But the PIRATE RADIO DJ'S excited blabbering cuts in and drains her energy -

PIRATE RADIO DJ

Yeah kids - it's the summer holidays!  
No more teachers! No more school!  
Hey ?! Just eight weeks with yer  
parents - and your exam results bang  
in the middle of it ! Yaargh ! But  
listen here, 'cause I reckon, Brian,  
Mick, Keith, Bill and Charlie have  
got your mood -

- and the guitar & drum intro *The Stones' 'Paint It Black'* re-energise her. Angela pulls open her uniform dress and a button flies off. She ignores it and shrugs off her dress, revealing an Aertex singlet and pants.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - LATER

On the dining table two places are laid. In each place a plate of pilchards and potatoes. Thelma, still wearing her working pinafore takes a small, old, cash box from a drawer in the sideboard. Angela comes down the stairs, now changed into the skirt and blouse - the skirt rolled over at the waist to make it more of a mini-skirt.

THELMA

Where you away to?

ANGELA

It's Thursday.

Angela sits down. Thelma places the cashbox next to her handbag beside her meal and sits down. As Angela tucks into her food, Thelma takes her purse from her handbag and from the purse takes a key and unlocks the cashbox.

THELMA

Saw you this afternoon - at the harbour.

ANGELA

Oh. Pat's dad was just telling me - that it was alright to go round to theirs - to watch television.

Thelma transfers her day's wages - a ten shilling note and five half-crowns - from her purse to the cashbox.

THELMA

Looked to me you had more to say to Davey Bassett.

Angela glances at Thelma, then she looks back to her food.

ANGELA

Dad was a fisherman.

THELMA

He was.

Thelma locks the cashbox.



THELMA (CONT)

And I want -

Thelma bites off the rest of the sentence. She gets up and takes the cashbox to the dresser drawer. She returns to the table with a meaningful look at Angela's skirt -

THELMA (CONT)

That's not the way they dress at the bank.

Angela shifts and tugs at the hem of her skirt as Thelma begins her meal.

THELMA (CONT)

I spoke to Mr Robinson today.  
He said, depending on the results of  
your exams, he'd maybe consider  
givin' you an interview.

Angela doesn't respond.

THELMA (CONT)

Well? Angela? It was very good of 'im.

ANGELA

Mum. I just finished my exams.  
I need a holiday.

She gets up with her now empty plate and takes it to the sink.

ANGELA (CONT)

Anyway. I've got a job.

THELMA

Ten bob a week? Tha's not a proper job.

Angela puts her plate in the sink then edges towards the hall door.

THELMA (CONT)

You're not a child no more, Ange'. You  
gotta start thinking 'bout your future.

Angela opens the hall door.

ANGELA

Yes mum. I do.

She goes.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Shan't be late. I start work tomorrow.

THELMA

'N you better not be meeting up  
with no Davey Bassett.

The front door slams in answer.

EXT. COAST ROAD - EARLY EVENING

Porthenis recedes into the distance as Davey drives his motorbike as fast as the road allows. Angela hugs his waist. They speed along the road that divides the moorland from the cliff tops; beyond which the sea stretches to the sun dipping to the horizon. Angela lets go of Davey's waist and holds her arms wide. Momentarily Davey struggles to control the bike then glances sharply back and Angela's arms encircle his waist again.

EXT. AIRFIELD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The road turns inland where a high wire fence appears along the ocean side of the road. And then the outline of a white building appears behind the fence: a wartime airfield control tower, some thirty feet tall, beyond which looms a corrugated iron aircraft hangar.

Davey slows the bike and turns off the road as they reach -

EXT. GATES OF THE AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Davey brings the bike to a stop. Leaving the engine running he gets off and as he goes to the gates he takes a folding knife from a pocket and opens it.

But he finds the gates secured by a new padlock and chain. He makes a few stabbing gestures to pick the lock, then folds up his knife as he returns to Angela -

DAVEY

They've changed the lock.

He gets back on the bike and guns the engine -

DAVEY (CONT)

Take more'n that -

He roars off -

EXT. AIRFIELD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

They continue along the road until the fence turns away across moorland towards the sea. Davey manoeuvres the bike over the verge and Angela hangs on tight as the bike bounces over the rough ground.

EXT. AIRFIELD PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Angela balances with practiced ease as they follow the line of the fence to where it disappears into a small copse of windblown trees. Still astride the bike Davey walks it into the copse.

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

A moment later the bike emerges from the trees into the airfield and they roar away towards the distant cliff-tops and the sea beyond.

EXT. AIRFIELD, CLIFF TOPS - CONTINUOUS

The sea surges and roars unseen below. Davey's bike lies next to a phallic-shaped granite stump thrusting out of the earth. Nearby, with his arm round her shoulder, Davey and Angela sit on the grass looking out towards the sunset sparkling on the sea. He draws her to him. He kisses her hair but she barely responds -

ANGELA

Do you like working out there ?

She hardly seems to notice as he kisses her cheek, trying to steer her mouth to his.

ANGELA (CONT)

I don't want to work in that shop forever.

DAVEY

You won't have to.

He nuzzles her ear -

ANGELA

Don't want to live with mum anymore -

DAVEY

You won't.

Davey leans her back onto the grass. They kiss. Tenderly at first, then his mouth covers hers. She holds him tight. He parts her legs with his knee and slides on top of her. He grinds his hips into hers. She clutches urgently at him. He breaks the kiss and buries his face in her neck. He lifts himself up on one hand and the other reaches down between them, Angela pushes against him, he over balances and she slips out from under him.

DAVEY

For Chrissake, Ange' !

She sits up staring into the sun.

DAVEY (CONT)

You're not a kid anymore.

She hugs her knees - then begins to rock back and forth on her haunches.

DAVEY (CONT)

What if something happened out there -  
and we'd never done -

Angela turns on him with a look that immediately silences him. She stands up,

ANGELA

I got work in the morning.

She walks away towards the bike.

ANGELA (CONT)

So have you.

Davey reluctantly stands up.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angela quietly lets herself in the front door and eases the door shut. She checks her clothes and bare legs before calling out -

ANGELA

I'm back.

But then she discovers a smear of earth on her thigh which she hurriedly tries to rub off. She unrolls the waistband of her skirt and pulls down the hem to cover the dirt. Combing her hair with her fingers, she goes into -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Angela comes through to find Thelma sitting by the range sewing the button back on Angela's school dress. Thelma looks Angela up and down.

THELMA

So, what's number one ?

ANGELA

Uh ?

THELMA

What was Top of the Pops ?

Angela touches her skirt and shifts to turn the dirt-marked leg away from her mother.

ANGELA

You wouldn't know if I told you.

THELMA

Maybe. And maybe I'd know what you have been -

ANGELA

- Why you doin' that ?

Thelma winds the thread around the shank holding the button.

THELMA

Plenty a' wear in this yet.

Thelma pushes the needle through the shank.

ANGELA

But I've finished school.

Angela hurries away upstairs, calling back.

ANGELA (CONT - O.S.)

I'm not a kid anymore.

Thelma snaps the thread in her teeth.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - LATER

Angela, now in a well-worn nightdress, snaps the curtain across the window and quickly gets into bed. But she isn't tired at all. She twists in the bed - kicks her legs and

feet against the bedclothes - and then, staring through the ceiling, whispers silently to herself, as if a prayer -

ANGELA

When will something happen?

She kicks against the bedclothes again - and then forces her eyes shut.

Almost immediately, the distant sound of a plane approaching - and then another - both coming faster and louder and louder - until just as it seems they cannot get any louder -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - MORNING.

Angela, wakes in terror at the engines' deafening roar. She leaps out of bed and tears open the curtain just as two Dragon Rapide bi-planes roar overhead at full throttle skimming the rooftops.

Angela's terror bursts into excited laughter -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

With yells and whoops of glee, Angela, still in her nightdress, takes the stairs two at a time -

EXT. ANGELA'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Angela runs out into the street and joins the bemused NEIGHBOURS looking up at the planes banking over the harbour.

The planes swoop low again over the town, and suddenly a cloud of paper streams from the door at the back of the leading plane -

Angela watches the cloud of paper spread out as it flutters to earth and then she joins the neighbours trying to snatch at the leaflets fluttering to earth. Thelma runs out of the house -

THELMA

Angela! What do you think you're doing? Get back inside! Angela!

Thelma grabs Angela's arm and drags her towards the front door -

ANGELA

Let me be!

THELMA

Get in there! I won't have you -

But as Thelma drags her into the house Angela snatches a leaflet out of the air.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angela's hand holding the leaflet -

*First & Last Airways at Porthenis Airfield  
Scenic flights around Porthenis and Land's End  
Price, 18/6d per person  
Grand Inaugural Flight: Saturday July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1966*

THELMA (O.S.)

I know what you been doing!  
I saw! Last night!

Angela looks up at her.

THELMA (CONT)

I saw the dirt on your leg!  
I know what you -

ANGELA

No! You don't know anything!

THELMA

Next you'll be pregnant and then -

ANGELA

Let me go!

THELMA

- you'll be married and -

ANGELA

No!

THELMA

- and he'll -

Angela pushes past her mother and runs into the parlour -

ANGELA

No! No, he won't!

Thelma follows Angela -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Angela turns on her mother -

ANGELA (CONT)

And I won't! Whatever you -

Thelma is stopped in her tracks. Shocked by her own power Angela runs away up the stairs.

EXT. SKY ABOVE PORTHENIS - CONTINUOUS

The planes swoop down over the town and turn in a victory roll before roaring up into the sky -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela pulls on her shirt and jeans as she watches the aerial acrobatics from her window then pulls on her plimsolls and runs out -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Angela runs down the stairs. Thelma reaches out to her -

THELMA

Angela!? Wait! Please!

- but Angela brushes away Thelma's hand and runs through to the hallway, grabs her bicycle and pushes it out of the front door -

EXT. ANGELA'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

- Angela jumps on her bike and pedals furiously away to join the neighbours on foot or on bicycles with the same idea.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PORTHENIS - DAY

Angela pedals as fast as she can. And now a few cars and vans join the curious CYCLISTS and PEDESTRIANS heading out of town toward the airfield.



EXT. COAST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Briefly Angela catches a ride by grabbing hold of the bodywork of a van to pull her along. The planes circle above then fly ahead before returning and circling and repeating the manoeuvre, leading and driving the CROWD towards the airfield -

EXT. AIRFIELD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

And as the airfield comes into sight the planes line up to land. The first plane touches down - its tyres bounce and skid on the grass landing strip. The second plane follows and both planes taxi towards the hangar.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE AIRFIELD GATES - CONTINUOUS

The crowd watch as the first plane comes to a halt near the hangar followed by the second plane. Both planes' engines shutdown.

From the rear door of the first plane appears a short, well built man - MAC - late-40's, dressed in grease-monkey overalls. From inside the plane Mac pulls out several empty sacks and starts to fold them as a second man gets out of the plane - CHARLIE FREEMAN - mid-40's, carrying a briefcase and dressed in casual slacks and an old World War II leather flying jacket over an open-necked shirt. Charlie advances purposefully but unhurriedly towards the gates.

From the rear door of the second plane appears HANK: similar age to Charlie, but his hair crew cut and dressed in a plaid shirt, blue denim jeans and a USAF flying jacket. He lights a fat half-smoked cigar and throws a casual salute to Charlie.

The crowd begins a round of applause as Charlie approaches and he raises a hand in welcome. Taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he reaches through the gates and unlocks the padlock.

CHARLIE

Good morning!

The crowd return his greeting with cheers, applause and shouts of -

CROWD

Good morning!

Charlie opens the gates just far enough to step through and position himself so there is no invasion by the crowd. His level gaze and penetrating eyes silence the crowd.

CHARLIE

It's good of you all to come.  
My name is Charles Freeman -

A bumptious, middle-aged man, the MAYOR OF PORTHENIS, with a bunch of First & Last Airways leaflets in his hand pushes to the front -

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS

- and I'm the Mayor of Porthenis,  
and you can't go -

CHARLIE

How d'you do, Mr - ?

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS

Penghelly - Alfred Penghelly -

Charlie offers his hand but the Mayor only shakes his fistful of leaflets at Charlie

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS (CONT)

What d'you think you're doin'?  
Droppin all this rubbish on my town.

COCKNEY TOURIST (O.S.)

'Aven't seen bombin' like that since  
the Blitz!

BRUMMY TOURIST (O.S.)

In the RAF, was yer?

Charlie gives the questioner an acknowledging smile.

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS

That's as maybe - but it don't give  
you the right to go droppin' paper  
all over my town. And who gave  
you permission to land here ?

The Mayor shrugs off the sarcastic jeers from the tourists around him -

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS (CONT)

This 'ere's Crown property. And you can't just drop in here as you please -

CHARLIE

You're quite right, Mr Penghelly. I have here a contract with the Ministry of Aviation in London -

From his briefcase Charlie produces a file and hands it to the Mayor -

CHARLIE (CONT)

- granting me a lease to operate from Porthenis Airfield for one year from today's date.

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS

Let me see that. Why don't I know about this? Where's the Town Clerk? Mr Gribble?

The Mayor studies the documents in the file -

BRUMMY TOURIST

When do you start ?

ANOTHER TOURSIT

Will you fly to America?

But it is to the small BOY tugging at his trousers that Charlie bends down.

BOY

Hey, mister. What kind of planes are those? Are they bombers?

CHARLIE

No. They're called Dragon Rapides.

BOY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

They look very old. Are they safe?

Charlie looks up at the BOY'S MOTHER, who feels the force of his charm.

CHARLIE (CONT)

They're thirty years old. But they're as good today as the day they first flew.

The BOY'S FATHER lays a proprietorial hand on his wife's arm. Charlie stands up.

CHARLIE (CONT)

I do hope you'll come up for a ride

The Boy's Father moves his son and wife away to reveal Angela holding her bicycle. For a moment Charlie's eyes meet Angela's and he smiles. Angela blushes.

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS (O.S.)

Look here, Freeman, just what gives you the right to go settin' up an airline where no one asked?

TOURIST #3

Why shouldn't he?

The crowd voice their agreement. Charlie raises a hand to quieten them.

CHARLIE

Until recently I was a senior pilot with BOAC - the British Overseas Airways Corporation - But I decided I wanted a change - make a new life for myself. And I couldn't think of nicer part of the world to come to than Cornwall -

A murmur of approval from the crowd -

CHARLIE (CONT)

So I bought these two planes. As the leaflet says - good, I see you've all got one - we'll be running pleasure flights everyday through the summer. And Every Sunday we'll be flying newspapers out to the Isles of Scilly -

CORNISHWOMAN (O.S.)

Orh, tha'll be nice for 'em!

CHARLIE

- And I hope to finalise a contract to transport -

MAYOR OF PORTHENIS

Aye, well - that's all very well - but I should have been told about it. Where *is* the town clerk? Mr Gribble !! Has anyone seen the Town Clerk ?

Charlie moves back inside the gates as the Mayor announces,

## MAYOR OF PORTHENIS (CONT)

In the absence of the Town Clerk I hereby call an emergency meeting of the council. One hour from now. At the Town Hall.

(curtly to Charlie)

We shall be in communication, Mr Freeman.

Charlie smiles an acknowledgement and the Mayor goes.

## CHARLIE

Thank you for coming. And I look forward to seeing you all for the grand opening - a week from tomorrow! Goodbye. And thank you.

Charlie secures the padlock and the crowd drifts away.

But heads turn at the throaty growl of a large open-top 1930's touring car easing its way through the crowd. The driver, ERICA 'RICKY' CARRINGTON, thirty, a sophisticated beauty in headscarf, dark glasses and kid gloves, seems quite unaware of the disturbance she is causing. Angela pulls her bike off the road as the car approaches.

Charlie opens the gates wide and Ricky drives in. She waits while he relocks the gates then he gets in beside her, kisses her cheek and they drive away towards the planes.

Left alone at the gates Angela moves closer to the wire and watches. The car stops by the planes and Ricky and Charlie get out. Ricky, dressed in perfectly fitting Capri pants and shirt, takes off her scarf and shakes out her hair. With hands on hips Ricky casts an eye over the whole set-up as Charlie points towards the imposing Porthenis House high on a headland about a half mile away. Then Charlie suddenly turns and looks over towards Angela and waves.

Angela starts to raise a hand in reply when an almost deafening honking horn makes her spin round. Behind her are an aviation fuel tanker and its DRIVER returning Charlie's greeting. Angela hustles her bike out of the tanker's way. But when she sees Charlie striding towards the gates she jumps on her bike and pedals quickly away.

## INT. PORTHENIS: THE HIGH STREET - DAY

Angela cycles quickly past a street cleaner sweeping up the airline leaflets and turns into the alleyway running beside Miss Trevillion's shop. On the steps of the Town Hall the Mayor ushers a few LOCALS into the Council meeting.

INT. BACK OF MISS TREVILLION'S STORE - DAY

Angela enters through the shop's back door. Looking along the corridor she sees Miss Trevillion, finishing serving TWO CUSTOMERS. Miss Trevillion shoots a disdainful glance back to Angela. As the customers leave she bears down on Angela. Angela opens her mouth to apologise but is silenced by Miss Trevillion's icy glare -

MISS TREVILLION

Nine o'clock was the time we agreed, Angela, so nine o'clock is when I expect you here.

ANGELA

Yes, Miss Trevillion.

She hands Angela a white apron. Angela quickly puts it on.

ANGELA (CONT)

Did you see the planes, Miss Trevillion - ?

MISS TREVILLION

I did.

ANGELA

It's great, isn't it?

Miss Trevillion lifts a trapdoor leading to the cellar -

MISS TREVILLION

Is it? Maybe be good for business. Right now, I want all of those -

She gestures to a tall stack of cardboard boxes.

MISS TREVILLION (CONT)

- taken down there.

Angela peers apprehensively into the darkness through the cellar door -

EXT. PORTHENIS HARBOUR QUAYSIDE - NOON

A moored fishing boat decorated with faded bunting. While his sole crewman, a gangly youth, JIMMY, loiters on the boat, the skipper, MR BOSE, mid-40s, sits at the foot of the gangplank smoking his pipe next to a painted blackboard that advertises tourist trips around Land's End. Mr Bose watches as families of tourists stroll past - none stop,

except A COCKNEY FAMILY munching on pasties. And as Angela walks past the Father speaks to his family.

FATHER

Nah, we went last year - and the year before. Let's wait 'til the planes start, that'll be a laugh.

The Family wander on as Mr Bose sucks angrily on his pipe.

EXT. PORTHENIS BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Angela makes her way through TOURISTS enjoying the mid-day sun towards a less populated area of the beach where -

PAT (O.S.)

Ange' !

Angela looks round and sees Pat, sitting on the sand in a tight-fitting swimsuit. She waves to Angela to join her. As Angela goes to her Pat lies back on the sand.

PAT

How's the job?

ANGELA

S'Alright.

PAT

'Aving fun with the old witch?

Angela ignores the question.

ANGELA

Did you see the planes?

PAT

Yeah. Gonna ruin your love life.

Angela looks away.

PAT (CONT)

Davey take you up there last night, eh?

Angela scuffs a plimsoll at the sand.

PAT (CONT)

Blimey, girl, you'll die an old maid.

ANGELA

I got to get back.

PAT

What you need's a bit of practice.  
Try out yer moves on an emmet.

Angela turns and follows Pat's line of sight to two teenage tourist boys in swimsuits - TOMMY, the older and MARK - both with very white skins and fussing with Beatle haircuts as they sneak looks at Pat.

PAT (CONT)

Want to share 'em ?

Pat makes the most of brushing the sand from her swimsuit and then arches her back until she threatens to burst out of the suit.

PAT (CONT)

How am I doin' ?

Angela looks to the boys as they hurriedly lie face down in the sand.

PAT (CONT)

Go on, you get off.

Angela goes without looking back at Pat.

PAT (CONT)

Come back later. I'll've done all  
the hard work.

Pat turns on her side to face the boys, and slowly lowers her upper arm, squeezing her cleavage until it threatens to touch her chin. As the boys shift their hips on the sand -

- the shop door bell rings -

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

- and Angela looks around from re-stocking a shelf as Charlie holds the door open. Miss Trevillion, who is serving Mr Bose, the tourist boat skipper, and his crewman, Jimmy, all turn as one, as Ricky enters, takes off her sunglasses and registers the tableau. For a moment no-one moves. Then Charlie starts to close the door and Mr Bose and Jimmy start towards him and what may be a confrontation. But Charlie takes a step back and holds the door open. Mr Bose does no more than spit pointedly out into the street as he passes. Jimmy hurries out after



his boss. Charlie shuts the door. He looks around the shop, then with a smile.

CHARLIE  
Good afternoon.

MISS TREVILLION  
'afternoon.

Charlie and Ricky wander round the shop inspecting the wares. As Charlie turns into an aisle he comes face to face with Angela and nods. Then, with, a look of recognition,

CHARLIE  
Hello again.

Angela blushes.

RICKY (O.S.)  
Oh, darling - look. How extraordinary.

Charlie turns back to Ricky who is pointing at a stack of clay clomb-oven doors.

RICKY (CONT)  
What do you think they are?

Charlie responds with a mystified gesture.

MISS TREVILLION (O.S.)  
They're clomb oven doors.

RICKY  
(softly to Charlie, though none the wiser)  
Oh, but of course they are -

Charlie and Ricky turn to Miss Trevillion. Ricky looks her informant up and down.

MISS TREVILLION (CONT)  
Can I help you?

CHARLIE  
Yes. Thank you.

Ricky opens her handbag and takes out her shopping list.

RICKY  
I'm afraid it's quite a list.  
We're from the airfield -

MISS TREVILLION  
Well, lets see what you be wantin'.

Miss Trevillion takes the shopping list and looks it over.

MISS TREVILLION (CONT)  
Oh, yes. I think we can manage - yes.  
Angela - three large bottles of turpentine.  
Back of the cellar.

Angela hurries away. Miss Trevillion starts putting together rest of the order.

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP: BACK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Angela lifts the trap door to the basement - and with a last look back to Charlie and Ricky, she descends.

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP: BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angela scampers down the steps - speeds to the back of the basement - finds the bottles of turpentine - takes three, and quickly, but carefully, returns -

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Angela hurries back to the counter where Miss Trevillion is totalling up the order. Metal buckets, mop-handles, mop-heads, washing soda, brushes and scourers clutter the counter; to which Angela adds the bottles of turps.

MISS TREVILLION  
That'll be one pounds, eighteen  
shillings and six pence.

Charlie hands Miss Trevillion two one-pound notes and she turns to the till.

MISS TREVILLION (CONT)  
Anything else you want, you let me know.  
If I don't have it I can easily order.  
Even from London.

RICKY  
Thank you. Oh, well, actually - I'm  
looking for a 'little lady who does'.  
I wonder, would you know of anyone?

While Miss Trevillion counts out Charlie's change - Angela hovers, bursting to answer,

MISS TREVILLION

Oh? That's one pound eighteen and six  
- and six is nineteen - and a shilling  
makes is two pounds.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

MISS TREVILLION

Well, Angela's mother cleans for several  
of the guest-houses in town. And the bank.  
She's very reliable.

Ricky inspects Angela, who lowers her eyes.

RICKY

It would be a couple of mornings a week.  
Maybe more.

MISS TREVILLION

You could ask your mother, couldn't you ?

RICKY

Would you do that for me, Angela ?  
It's Porthenis House.

MISS TREVILLION

Oh, but that's near three mile. I don't  
know how your mother'd get out there.  
(to Ricky)

I mean she don't have no car.

RICKY

Oh. Well. Never mind. It was worth a try.  
Thank you.

Charlie and Ricky gather up their purchases. Angela hurries to the door and holds it open. Ricky nods graciously as she goes. Charlie follows -

CHARLIE

Thank you.  
(to Miss Trevillion)  
Goodbye.

Angela closes the door and watches as they load the car.

MISS TREVILLION (O.S.)

Come along Angela. Don't gawp.

EXT. PROMENADE ABOVE THE BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

HOLIDAYMAKERS are making their way off the beach towards their guest houses and tea. Angela weaves her way through them absorbed in her thoughts. Suddenly a girl's piercing scream makes heads turn to the beach -

- where Pat is being chased out of the sea by Tommy and Mark, the tourist boys. The holidaymakers move on but Angela stands and watches as Pat runs up the beach. Pat sees Angela just as Mark runs up behind tries to rugby tackle her, but Pat jumps clear and he sprawls on the sand. But Tommy catches hold of Pat and wrestles her to the ground. Pat twists and squeals until she is sitting astride Tommy. He bucks and writhes under her,

PAT

Come on, Ange'! Help me!

Mark dances round Pat until she snatches for his ankles and he falls on top of her. All three collapse in laughter.

Angela lets out a deep breath - she wants that kind of physicality but not with Pat and not with those boys. Angela walks on until she is lost in the crowd.

EXT. PORTHENIS HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

An old, unloved manor house. The roof slates covered in moss; the surrounding garden overgrown, faded curtains drawn across paint-peeling upstairs windows.

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, CHARLIE & RICKY'S BEDROOM -

CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Ricky asleep in their double bed. A creaking of a water pipe somewhere in the house. Charlie stirs. A soft 'clang'. He wakes - looks over at the sleeping Ricky. A scraping sound, like a rat's claws on slate. Charlie pushes back the bedclothes. Ricky stirs in her sleep. Charlie gently touches her hair; she smiles dreamily and sleeps on. Charlie gets up, slips his feet into slippers and reaches for his dressing gown from a hook on the door.

EXT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

A door eases open and Charlie steps silently across to the head of the stairs. The sounds of scraping are a little louder now. Slowly, silently he starts to descend -

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

At the foot of the stairs Angela kneels on the slate floor digging out the shoots of grass sprouting between the flagstones with a knife. She brushes away grass and earth and then mops the slates as Charlie's slippered foot appears on the bottom stair -

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Good Lord !

Angela looks up in surprise as Charlie steps across the wet flagstones. He looks around the kitchen: the table laid for breakfast, a kettle coming to the boil on an old range -

CHARLIE

What have you done ?

ANGELA

Is it alright, Mr Freeman? I got the range lit, but it needs a good clean. I can do that -

RICKY (O.S.)

(through a yawn)

What the - ?

Angela spins round to see Ricky, wearing nothing but a short silk kimono and slippers, at the foot of the stairs.

CHARLIE

We've got ourselves a little angel.

RICKY

So I see -

ANGELA

My mum can't come - she's does three jobs as it is - so I thought I could do it - before I go to the shop. The kettle's on - would you like some tea?

RICKY

Love some.

Ricky crosses to a cupboard but Angela is there first.

MAC (O.S.)  
My, you've bin busy, hen.

RICKY  
Not me, Mac.

She stands aside to reveal Angela. Mac, the grease-monkey from the airfield, pulls his dressing gown tighter.

MAC  
Lordie! A wee lassy!

CHARLIE  
Mac meet Angela. Angela - Mac.

Mac clutches his dressing-gown round him as he offers his hand. She takes it and they shake hands.

CHARLIE (CONT)  
Now then. What we need is breakfast.  
Ah - frying pan?

ANGELA  
Oh, yes. I washed it up. I put it -

Angela scampers to a cupboard and bends down for the pan. As she stands up two large male hands grip her shoulders -

HANK (O.S.)  
Pardon me, honey.

Angela spins out of the way of Hank, the Texan pilot, cigar clamped between his teeth but now in satin dressing-gown over satin pyjamas. Charlie takes the pan from Angela.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Hank, this is Angela. Angela - Hank.

Hank's hand envelopes hers.

HANK  
Pleased to make your acquaintance, honey.

The kettle whistles and Hank releases her hand -

HANK (CONT)  
Save some of that for me, Ricky. I need coffee - not your English tea.

Charlie passes behind Ricky and Angela sees him pat Ricky's behind, pulling her kimono up over her thigh. Ricky gestures to the range -

RICKY

How do you make toast on one of these?

Angela unhooks the toasting fork from over the range, but the screech of Hank's coffee-grinder startles her - and for a moment she stands open-mouthed at the panorama of activity around her.

EXT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - MORNING

Miss Trevillion is setting out the front of shop display. Looking up the street, then at her watch, she 'tutts'

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Charlie, Mac, and Hank are tucking into plates of eggs and bacon. Angela brings a slice of toast on the toasting fork to the table and offers it to Ricky, who draws on her cigarette and turns her sunglasses on Angela -

RICKY

Thank you, sweetie.  
You really are an angel.

MAC

I'll have a slice if you've got any more, pet?

Angela returns to the range.

CHARLIE

Right, so what are we all doing today ?

RICKY

Well, there's that wreck of a hut you had the cheek to call a departure lounge. It's quite disgusting.

CHARLIE

Yes, well - we've got seven days.

ANGELA

I could help.

CHARLIE

Kind of you, Angel but you've got a job.

Then he turns looks at his watch -

CHARLIE (CONT)

By the way, what time are you supposed to clock on? Because it's now seven minutes past -

ANGELA (O.S.)

Oh, bugger !

Angela dashes to the table, drops the toast and toasting fork onto Mac's plate and runs out of the backdoor. Charlie bursts out laughing - Mac and Hank join in.

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - MORNING

Miss Trevillion is serving a queue of CUSTOMERS. She looks to the corridor leading to the back of the shop as Angela comes in the backdoor. Angela grabs her apron and ties it on as she hurries through the shop - avoiding Miss Trevillion's fearsome looks - and out of the front door.

EXT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Angela makes as if to neaten the display. Then she notices a rack of sunglasses. She chooses a pair that most closely matches Ricky's. With a quick look to see no one is watching, she puts them on and imitates Ricky's cool look -

ANGELA (V.O)

Thank you, sweetie. You are an Angel.

- and puffs on an imaginary cigarette -

PAT (O.S.)

So where did you get to last night?

Angela whips off the glasses and hides them behind her back as she spins round -

PAT (CONT)

Well? I 'ad the blonde one all lined up for you. 'Ad to snog both of 'em! That Tommy's got a tongue like an eel!

MISS TREVILLION (O.S.)

Angela!



PAT

Gawd. Don't know how you put up with her. Anyway, Tommy's takin' me down The Red Lion tonight. Get Davey ter bring yer. He'll be back on the tide.

Miss Trevillion comes out of the shop and confronts Angela.

MISS TREVILLION

Did you hear me call ?

PAT

Hello, Miss T. Now you keep her at it or she'll stand around gossiping all day. Bye now.

Miss Trevillion disapprovingly watches Pat wiggle away down the street. Angela quickly replaces the glasses and hurries into the shop.

EXT. AIRFIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

One of the planes lines up to take off then powers down the runway -

EXT. AIRFIELD GATES - CONTINUOUS

Angela watches the plane take off, then wheels her bike up to the gates which are closed but not padlocked. There is no-one around so she pushes the gates open and goes in. She looks around - on one side is a large wooden hut.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

A very sweaty and grimy Ricky - in jeans and a man's shirt - is filling a bucket of water from a filthy sink in the kitchen area. She turns off the tap and then hears the knocking at the door -

RICKY

Just a minute !

Ricky lugs the bucket past café tables and chairs stacked in the middle of the room. She opens the door,

RICKY (CONT)

Oh, hello ?

ANGELA

Mrs Freeman. I said I'd come.  
I said I'd help.

RICKY

Oh, yes. So you did. But I thought -  
Actually, that would be jolly useful.

Ricky gestures Angela to enter -

RICKY (CONT)

Welcome to my pig-sty. You see what I  
mean - it's quite disgusting.

Ricky takes the bucket to the wall she has started washing.  
She gestures to a pile of cleaning materials.

RICKY (CONT)

Grab a brush. If you still want to help.

ANGELA

Yes. Thank you, Mrs Freeman.

Angela goes to the pile and picks out a scrubbing brush -

RICKY

Oh, by the way. I'm not Mrs Freeman.  
Just Ricky.

ANGELA

Oh. Sorry.

RICKY

Charlie and I aren't married.

Angela glances at Ricky but wets her brush and concentrates  
on scrubbing the wall. Ricky teases Angela -

RICKY (CONT)

We live in sin. I don't suppose people do  
that sort of thing down here. But naughty  
pilots and naughty airhostesses do.

ANGELA

Are you an airhostess?

RICKY

I was. Too old now. Thirty and you're out.

ANGELA

Do you need exams? To be an airhostess.

RICKY

Some.

They work on. Then Ricky watches Angela, lost in concentration on the work.

RICKY (CONT)

Is that what you'd like to do - when you grow up ?

Angela is surprised by the question - but likes the idea.

RICKY

It's not all meeting famous people and staying in fabulous hotels. I must have stayed in every one of Mr Hilton's. Hong Kong. Honolulu. Los Angeles. Cairo. Istanbul.

Angela is enchanted by this exotic litany

ANGELA

Which did you like best ?

RICKY

No idea. Can't remember one from another.

Angela is disappointed -

RICKY

The best one? Probably the one you haven't been to yet. I mean, there's always hope. At least, I hope there is.

Ricky laughs at her joke. Angela doesn't get it, but smiles and attacks the wall with gusto. Ricky watches her - amused - but also a little jealous of the innocence of youth.

EXT. AIRFIELD, HANGAR - EVENING

A plane taxis to a stop. The engines cut.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - EVENING

Ricky draws on her cigarette and surveys their work. Angela empties the bucket. The door opens and Charlie comes in -

RICKY

Darling -

Charlie looks across at the washed wall as Ricky moves to him and slips an arm around his waist.

CHARLIE

Good Lord.

RICKY

Impressed ?

Ricky kisses him, he kisses her hair. Angela watches, intrigued by their open display of intimacy.

CHARLIE

Indeed.

He looks around the room and notices Angela in the kitchen.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Hello. How long have you been here?

RICKY

Oh, she's a wonder. Born to the task.

Angela beams with pride and joins them - her clothes and face now smudged and dirtier than Ricky's.

CHARLIE

Well done - both of you.  
But that's enough for today.

Ricky collapses theatrically into his arms,

RICKY

Thank God! I am absolutely whacked.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Oh, my poor love.  
(to Angela)  
But you look an absolute sight.  
You can't go home like that. Come up  
to the house and have a wash.

Charlie and Ricky go to the door arm in arm. He turns to Angela -

CHARLIE

Bet you're famished.

RICKY

Starving!

EXT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, PATIO - EVENING

At the back of the house the garden stretches to the cliff-tops and beyond the sea sparkles in the evening sunlight. From the open French windows *Miles Davis' - Kind of Blue* can be heard while Charlie, Ricky, Mac, Hank and Angela (now washed and with clothes brushed) eat plates of spaghetti bolognese on their knees with glasses of beer or wine beside them. Angela concentrates on curling the pasta on her fork and watching how the others do it.

HANK

My Lordie, Charlie Freeman, you sure found yourself a little corner of paradise.

Charlie pours a glass of wine and offers it to Angela. She takes it, and sips it uncertainly.

HANK (CONT)

And those birds you got, Charlie, those are damn real airplanes. Not like our damn jets with their damn auto-pilots. What you got here is real flying.

CHARLIE

Everything changes.

Hank puts aside his empty plate and lights his cigar.

HANK

Damn right it does. Flying's changed and the companies have changed. We got nothing but pig-dog accountants treating us like goddam cogs in their goddam corporate machines !

MAC

You know the answer, Hank. Come join us full-time.

HANK

Love to, Mac. Nothing I'd like more. But Mrs Hooberman don't have Ricky's wanderin' spirit.

Angela notices the look Ricky gives Charlie. Ricky's wanderin' spirit is wavering. And Charlie knows it -

CHARLIE

Like to drop a Stratocruiser into Rangoon more time - in a monsoon ?

HANK

One of those forty knot cross winds ?

Hank whoops and slaps his thigh with glee -

MAC

You sky jockeys got nae feelings, treat  
your planes worse than your women.

RICKY

No they don't. Their women are  
right behind them. Collecting sick  
bags full of chicken and broccoli  
and fruit salad.

(to Angela)

Still think it's a glamorous life?  
Well, let me tell you -

CHARLIE

Know where Rangoon is, Angel ?

Angela shakes her head - Charlie stands up

CHARLIE (CONT)

Come on.

Angela puts down her plate and follows him into the house.  
As they go Ricky addresses Mac and Hank -

RICKY (O.S.)

What do they teach them in school  
these days?

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, THE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Where *Kind of Blue* plays on a portable record-player.  
Angela follows Charlie to a poster-sized BOAC route map of  
the world pinned on a wall. He points to Rangoon,

CHARLIE

See? Rangoon.

Angela looks - but then her eyes follow all the air routes  
radiating from London.

ANGELA

Have you been to all these places?

CHARLIE

Most of them.

ANGELA

Then why did you come here?

CHARLIE

Why?

(avoiding any deeper reason)

Angel, this is the land of King Arthur  
and the Round Table. Of Tristan & Isolde.  
Of witches and magic and stone circles !  
It's a land of mystery.

Angela looks at him - she is not convinced.

CHARLIE

Look -

Taking a pen from his pocket he writes '*here be dragons*'  
across Cornwall. Angela smiles at him. Ricky comes through  
on her way to the kitchen.

RICKY

Coffee, darling?

CHARLIE

Yes. Thanks.

Charlie goes back out to the patio and Angela follows -

EXT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Hank points out to sea - a fishing boat heads to Porthenis.

HANK

Angel - what would they be fishing for?  
Mac says -

Hank is stopped by the look on Angela's face. She turns and  
bolts into the house. A moment, then,

RICKY (O.S.)

Angela?!

The backdoor slams. Charlie, Hank and Mac exchange bemused  
looks.

EXT. PORTHENIS: THE HARBOUR - NIGHT

Davey's boat has docked. The crew are unloading their catch as Angela arrives pedalling her bike as fast as she can -

FISHERMAN #1

Too late, my pretty, 'e's gone.

Angela pedals away as another of the crew - FISHERMAN #2 - calls after her,

FISHERMAN #3

You marry him, girl, then you can do as you please !

EXT. STREET IN PORTHENIS - CONTINUOUS

Pat, dolled up for a night on the town, walks arm-in-arm with Tommy, her tourist boy. As they turn a corner they almost collide with Davey, still in his work clothes.

PAT

Hello, Davey. You look like you lost something ?

Davey looks away from her and eyes up the tourist boy.

PAT (CONT)

Davey, this is Tommy. A friend of mine. Tommy - Davey, a friend of a friend of mine. Ain't that right, Davey ?

Tommy steps forward to shake Davey's hand, but steps back screwing up his nose -

PAT

Here, you watch yerself. Big strong lad is Davey. Even though he does stink of fish. Oh, look who it is ?

Davey turns as Angela draws up alongside him -

ANGELA

(to Davey)  
I'm sorry -

PAT

Better late than never, I suppose. I was just saying, we're off to Red Lion. But Davey's gotta go 'ome first and wash hisself. And you don't look so pretty.



ANGELA

(to Davey)

I'll come round - in half an hour?

PAT

Right then, we'll see you there.

(to Tommy)

Come on, me'andsome.

(to Angela)

Don't forget now, will you?

Davey waits until Pat and Tommy are away out of earshot.

DAVEY

You should've been there.

ANGELA

What for?

DAVEY

You're always there.

Davey strides away. Angela calls after him.

ANGELA

I'll be round yours in half an hour.  
I'll wear my green skirt, the one you  
like.

She cycles away -

EXT. ANOTHER STREET IN PORTHENIS - CONTINUOUS

Angela turns a corner to find Thelma ahead of her. She is walking home at the end of her working day, a coat over her pinafore. Angela starts to turn back but Thelma glances back. Trapped, Angela slow-pedals along-side her.

THELMA

You've been working late.

ANGELA

Yeah.

THELMA

Don't let Miss Trevillion take  
advantage - she's tight.

Angela slowly cycles ahead -

ANGELA

I won't.

Angela accelerates away, calling over her shoulder -

ANGELA (CONT)

I think I'll go round and see Pat.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

The front door opens and Thelma enters from the street. She notices Angela's bicycle propped against the wall.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Thelma unbuttons her coat as she comes through. Silence.

THELMA

Angela ?

Thelma unbuttons her coat as she goes to the stairs. About to call again she sees light spilling from Angela's room.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

THELMA (O.S.)

Angela ?

The door opens wider and Thelma enters, as she is about to speak she stops.

Angela lies on her bed fast asleep in her underwear. The green skirt is crushed under her. Thelma's face relaxes, almost a smile, as she watches Angela dream.

Angela's hands make slow clawing motions, her mouth slowly opens, an intake of breath and its slow release. Thelma lets years of suppressed emotion bubble to the surface - her eyes moisten - but she quickly gets a hold of herself. Thelma quietly goes, gently closing the door behind her. Angela sleeps on undisturbed and unaware.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - MORNING

Thelma ties her pinafore, her face hardened again to endure the coming day. Angela comes running down the stairs - now dressed in her jeans and shirt.

ANGELA

You didn't wake me!

And without waiting for an answer Angela rushes out to the hall and her bicycle.

For a moment Thelma face relaxes, but she slips on her coat and buttons her emotions back inside.

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - MORNING

Miss Trevillion serves CUSTOMER #1 while CUSTOMER #2 waits. Miss Trevillion glances across the shop to where Angela is straightening a shelf of washing powders. Angela smiles at Miss Trevillion who turns back to her customer.

Angela moves down the aisle. Glancing down at a display of alarm clocks she looks over at Miss Trevillion who watches Customer #1 leave the shop. Angela dips out of sight.

Through the window Miss Trevillion watches Davey waiting for an opportunity to attract Angela's attention. Davey notices Miss Trevillion and turns and crosses the street.

Miss Trevillion looks around for Angela. As Miss Trevillion is about to call, Angela stands up and look over the aisle. She smiles at Miss Trevillion, who turns to CUSTOMER #2. Angela walks quickly to the back of the shop.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - MORNING.

The alarm clock bursts into life. Angela's hand reaches from under the covers and silences it. She throws back the bedclothes and stifles a yawn. The door opens and Thelma, still in her nightdress, enters -

THELMA

Where d'you get that ?

ANGELA

The shop. Miss Trevillion doesn't want me to be late.

Thelma nods approvingly and goes. Angela takes a deep breath and gets up -

FADE UP MUSIC: *Herb Albert & The Tijuana Brass, The Work Song*

INT PORTHENIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Angela brings two more fried breakfast to the table. Charlie, Ricky, Mac & Hank are so alive with eating and chatter they barely notice her - which is just what she wants: to be one of them, and she smiles contentedly.

EXT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - MORNING

Miss Trevillion unlocks the shop and steps out as Angela pedals fast down the High Street. As she swings into the alley she gives Miss Trevillion a beaming smile. Miss Trevillion nods approvingly and goes back inside.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Angela mops the floor. Ricky scrubs another wall, then stops and picks up her takes cigarettes & lighter. She offers Angela one. Angela hesitates then takes it. Ricky snaps her lighter. Angela inhales and, imitating Ricky, holds her cigarette arm nonchalantly away from her - she exhales - and bursts into spluttering coughs. Ricky smiles, then slaps her on the back. Angela drops the cigarette. Ricky steps on it and goes back to scrubbing the wall. Angela steadies herself on her mop as she regains her breath, then picks up the squashed cigarette and drops it in Ricky's dog-end tin.

EXT. PLANE - EVENING

Charlie works on one of the engines. He turns as Angela approaches with a tray of three mugs. He takes one and gives her an "I need this" wink and a smile. Angela smiles.

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Mac concentrates on painting the front of a wooden structure that looks like the frame of a Punch & Judy booth. He looks up as Angela approaches with her tray. Angela looks at the structure trying to work out what it is. Mac gestures to what he is painting - she reads and understands - he takes a mug and points across to where Hank is wiping his brow as he walks around his plane doing his post-flight checks. Angela sets off with her last mug.

EXT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - MORNING

Angela cycles into the alley beside the shop

EXT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

Angela cycles out of the alley

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - EVENING

Charlie, Hank and Mac, under Ricky's direction, are manoeuvring Mac's booth into position and so reveal the painted sign on its front: "Flight Tickets". Ricky steps into the booth and gestures - "we're ready."

Angela looks around at the clean but bare walls of the departure lounge, then suddenly runs past Charlie and out. Charlie shrugs, what else would they expect of her?

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, LOUNGE - EVENING

Angela unpins the BOAC map of the world with Charlie's 'here be dragons' written across Cornwall -

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - EVENING

- Angela pins the map on a wall. It glows in the late sunlight.

FADE OUT MUSIC: *Herb Albert & The Tijuana Brass - The Work Song*

Alone in the room Angela looks around - now everything is ready. Ricky opens the door -

RICKY

Big Chief's Pow-Wow. Come on

- Angela hurries out after her.

INT. CONTROL TOWER, CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits at a desk covered in a chaos of paperwork. He is speaking on the phone. Mac and Hank are seated opposite.

CHARLIE (TO PHONE)

Of course, Jimmy. No, the company has to come first. Yes. Just let me know whenever you want to come down.

He nods to Ricky and Angela as they enter. Mac and Hank offer their chairs. Ricky takes Mac's. Angela finally bows to Hank's insistence. Charlie stands and with a rag wipes Jimmy Marshall's chalked name from the Opening Day roster.

CHARLIE (CONT - TO PHONE)

No, no, I understand perfectly.  
Yes. Bye now.

He replaces the receiver.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Jimmy's had a last minute roster change.  
He's off to Athens tomorrow.

Charlie turns to Hank

CHARLIE (CONT)

So that mean's it's just you and me on Saturday.

Hank gestures a "that's fine" acknowledgement -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Which means, as soon as we actually start the flights, everything on the ground will be down to you and -

He nods to Ricky, then turns to the board. But Ricky is ahead of him -

RICKY

- Jenny and Mary. I'm picking them up from the station tomorrow morning. So we'll have the afternoon to sort out who does what. I don't see any problem.

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

Still, another pair of hands wouldn't have gone amiss.

Ricky gestures - "so it goes". Charlie turns to Angela

CHARLIE (CONT)

Pity you're otherwise engaged.

(then to the others)

Right. Well, we've still got plenty to do, so - we'd better get on with it -

They all start to move - except Angela, a questioning look on her face -

EXT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

Angela turns the sign in the shop door window from 'Open' to 'Closed'.

MISS TREVELLION (O.S.)

Your first week's wages, Angela.

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

Angela crosses to Miss Trevillion who takes the tray from the till and puts it on the counter.

MISS TREVILLION (CONT)

Ten shillings we agreed.

Miss Trevillion counts out four half-crowns from the tray.

ANGELA

Thank you.

Angela picks up the coins. Miss Trevillion opens her cash ledger to enter the payment.

ANGELA (CONT)

Miss Trevillion.

MISS TREVILLION

Hmmm

ANGELA

You know, the airline ?

Miss Trevillion looks up

ANGELA (CONT)

Up at the airfield.

( a beat)

Well. It's their opening day tomorrow.

And I was wondering. If - maybe, I could -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - EVENING

A fork stabs the tomato on a half eaten plate of ham salad.

THELMA (O.S.)

Angela!

Thelma glares as Angela lifts the fork and puts the whole tomato in her mouth. Thelma takes two ten shilling notes and a handful of change from her purse and puts them in her cashbox. Angela takes the four half-crowns from her pocket and places them on the table.

THELMA (CONT)

'Tis better than nothing, I suppose.

Angela eats without enthusiasm.

THELMA (CONT)

You'll not leave the table until  
you've finished.

Angela eats with haste. Thelma takes three of the coins and puts them in her cashbox. Thelma locks the cashbox and takes it to the cupboard.

THELMA (CONT)

What you doing this evening ?

Angela shrugs. She chews the last mouthful as she gets up from the table and takes her plate to the sink.

THELMA (CONT)

Not goin' round to Pat's ?

ANGELA

No.

THELMA

Or anywhere else ?

She sits down to her meal. Angela goes to the stairs.

ANGELA

(sharp)

No.

Thelma gives a secret smile of satisfaction.

ANGELA (CONT)

'Night.



THELMA

Aren't you forgetting something ?

Angela looks back to her mother holding up the fourth half-crown. Angela comes to her and takes it.

THELMA (CONT)

You need more you can ask.

Angela goes up stairs. Thelma calls after her -

THELMA

Don't have that radio loud.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - MORNING

*The Small Faces' - All or Nothing* plays on her radio as Angela lies in bed staring at the morning sunlight through her curtain. She won't let herself cry. Thelma enters.

THELMA

What's wrong with you?

ANGELA

Nothing.

THELMA

Well then get yourself out of bed and -

Thelma turns off the radio -

ANGELA

I'm not going.

THELMA

Why? What have you done?  
Has Miss Trevillion sacked you?

ANGELA

No.

THELMA

Well then ?

ANGELA

I asked her if I could have the day off.

THELMA

On a Saturday?

ANGELA

I just wanted to go up the airfield.

Thelma doesn't understand -

ANGELA (CONT)

It's their grand opening today. The best thing that's ever happened in this stupid town. Everyone's going and -

THELMA

Oh, don't be silly. I'm not going.

ANGELA

But *I* wanted to go.

THELMA

Ho-ho! Is that so? *You wanted to go.* Well, I'm sorry my dear but there's some things you got to learn. Are you listening?

Angela turns to her mother - a look of pure determination.

THELMA (CONT)

You don't get to do what you *want* in this life. Understand? That's not the way it is for the likes of you and me. You take what's offered and you make do.

Thelma advances and pulls back the bedclothes.

ANGELA

Mum !

THELMA

I'll not argue this with you. It's time you learnt what life is all about. You and me, we have to earn our daily bread - and be grateful. Because no one is going to give it us for nothing.

Thelma picks up Angela's clothes and throws them to her -

THELMA (CONT)

So you get up and dress yourself. Or you'll not have six pence let alone ten shillings. Come on, Angela. I'll not have you making me late, or there'll be # both of us with no money and I haven't sweated my life away on you to -

Resigned to her fate, Angela swings her legs out of bed.

ANGELA

Alright. I'll go. I'm getting up.

EXT. PORTHENIS: THE HIGH STREET - MORNING

The wheels of Angela's bike slowly turn and the bike shakily veers from left to right. Angela looks up. Miss Trevillion setting out the display.

MISS TREVILLION

Come along. It's almost nine -

Angela stands on the pedals and pushes down determinedly. Miss Trevillion gives a smile of satisfaction - until Angela suddenly swings out across the road and begins to pedal faster and faster and faster away -

MISS TREVILLION

Angela Jewell ! You come back here !

But Angela sits back on the seat and "*Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*" strikes up as she pedals away with freedom and delight.

EXT. AIRFIELD GATES - DAY

The marching tune and a makeshift banner over the gateway, welcome the crowd of TOURISTS and LOCALS, all in holiday mood, streaming through the gates; when, easing its way along the road appears an open-top Bentley Continental, with chrome sparkling and spotless white-walled tyres.

Pulling off to the side of the road, the driver, JACK HOUSTON, mid-forties, impeccably dressed in silk shirt and tie, tailored blazer and slacks, ignores the interest of those who turn and stare. Jack surveys the festive scene then smiles to himself, slips the car into gear and pulls away just as Angela, on her bike, turns across his path. Both Jack and Angela pull up sharply. She squeals as a brake handle pinches between a thumb and forefinger.

ANGELA

YEOW!

Jack leans out with a look of concern as she shuffles her bike out of his way.

JACK  
Are you alright ?

Angela sucks her hand then shakes it vigorously. Jack eases the car forward and pulls up alongside her. Angela looks at her small but bloody wound. Jack takes the silk handkerchief from his jacket top pocket and offers it -

JACK (CONT)  
Go on.

Angela takes it and wraps it around her wound.

JACK (CONT)  
Alright ?

Angel nods. Jack looks to the airfield -

JACK (CONT)  
Looks like it's going to be a lot of fun. Hope I haven't spoilt your day?

Angela shakes her head. Jack smiles, lets the brake off and drives away towards Porthenis. Angela watches him go until Charlie's voice through a loud-hailer over the music -

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Good morning - and welcome to Porthenis Airfield.

Angela looks up to the control tower and pushes her bike into the airfield.

EXT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

On the control tower balcony Charlie lowers the loud hailer and reaches to the portable record player on one of his office chairs. The tune cuts with a slight scratch. He raises the loud hailer -

CHARLIE (CONT)  
And welcome to First & Last Airways - Cornwall's very own airline.

The CROWD gathered below cheer and applaud.

CHARLIE (CONT)  
Thank you. Thank you very much. It's good to see so many of you - and we hope you all enjoy the day.

Angela emerges among the crowd as they cheer and applaud. She unwraps her hand, folds the bloodied handkerchief and puts it in her pocket.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Before the first flight takes off  
I'd just like thank everyone who  
has helped to make today possible.

More Applause - but when Angela looks around she realises it is not for her. But she does see Pat and immediately Angela disappears with her bike into the crowd.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY

A stewardess, MARY, is serving behind the kitchen counter. Across the lounge, Ricky is talking to a group of passengers. She turns and waves - Angela raises a hand - but it is MARY, the other stewardess, working the ticket desk, who returns Ricky's gesture. Angela turns and goes.

EXT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Angela comes out and wanders away feeling disconnected from it all. It's not her special place any more - she's on the edge of the action, watching the fun, not making it happen.

EXT. HEADLAND AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY - LATER

Angela lies on the grass where she once lay with Davey. She closes her eyes, trying to recapture their moment. A plane taking off roars overhead but she keeps her eyes firmly closed. Silence returns as the plane goes.

DAVEY (O.S.)

Hello.

Angela's eyes snap open. She sits up and looks around. Davey leans against the phallic-shaped granite stump. Their eyes meet - his gaze strong, hopeful, believing. Angela wonders what she might so carelessly have discarded. The second plane takes off overhead.

DAVEY (CONT)

Fancy going up? I got money.

He offers his hand to her. She stands up, steps forward and takes it. Hand-in-hand they walk back towards the crowd -

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The queue of passengers waiting for the next flight. Davey speaks to a MAN IN THE QUEUE -

DAVEY

Where d'you get tickets ?

The man gestures towards the Departure Lounge hut.

MAN IN THE QUEUE

Over there, mate.

Davey leads Angela through the crowd until suddenly they come upon Ricky tending to a heavily PREGNANT WOMAN who is sat on the ground and clearly in some discomfort.

RICKY

Try to stay calm. We've sent for an ambulance.

Ricky looks up to the worried PREGNANT WOMAN'S HUSBAND

RICKY (CONT)

It really wasn't a good idea to buy your wife a ticket. We wouldn't have allowed her to fly.

Then Ricky sees Angela at the edge of the crowd.

RICKY (CONT)

Oh, Angela! Thank heavens! Will you go and give Mac a hand - ?

Angela looks to Davey -

RICKY (CONT)

There's a flight ready to go. He'll tell you what to do.

Angela lets go of Davey's hand and with a brief look of apology, she goes.

RICKY (CONT)

Thank you, Angel.

Davey is confused, he looks to Ricky tending the pregnant woman. He turns and sees Mac greet Angela with a quick hug. And standing behind Davey is Pat - watching it all.

EXT. AIRFIELD, DEPARTURE QUEUE - CONTINUOUS

MAC

Eight at a time. No one under sixteen.  
Unless accompanied by an adult.

- Angela glances to Davey. He stands alone. Watching.

MAC (O.S. - CONT)

And definitely no pregnant women!  
Right, you got all that? Angel?

Angela turns back to Mac -

ANGELA

Send eight over when you give the signal.  
No kids - unless they're with an adult.  
And no pregnant women!

MAC

Good girl.

Mac hurries away to Hank's plane. Angela looks back to Davey as he turns away.

MAC (O.S.)

Angela!

Mac gives Angela a thumbs-up and she releases the queue. There is a rush of people but she manages to count just eight passengers through and stop the ninth.

Pat watches, smiling darkly, then she turns after Davey.

EXT. PORTHENIS HIGH STREET, RED LION PUB - AFTERNOON

Jack steps out of the pub on to the pavement and almost collides with Thelma with her shopping basket.

JACK

I'm sorry. I do beg your -

But Thelma hurries on with barely a glance. Jack crosses to the Bentley.

INT. MISS TREVILLION'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

- the shop door-bell rings as Thelma enters.

A flustered Miss Trevillion is serving an AGED CUSTOMER who is having difficulty with their shopping list. Thelma joins the back of a queue of CUSTOMERS. Thelma catches Miss Trevillion's eye. But Miss Trevillion returns a thunderous frown. Thelma looks around for Angela. Thelma moves away down the aisles and looks towards the back store-room.

MISS TREVILLION (O.S.)  
 (barely suppressed anger)  
 Thelma Jewell.

Thelma turns sharply -

MISS TREVILLION (CONT)  
 I thought I was doing Angela a favour.  
 And you. But she takes me for a fool.  
 Well, I am not a fool.

Miss Trevillion turns and marches back to the counter. Thelma blushes and her shame deepens as she makes her way through the customers to the door -

EXT. AIRFIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

On the ground the shadows are longer as Charlie's plane lands and taxis to the departure point -

EXT. AIRFIELD, DEPARTURE QUEUE - CONTINUOUS

Angela, standing alone at the departure point, watches the plane taxi to a stop. She looks behind her but there are no more passengers; Penny and Ricky guiding the last visitors out of the gates. Angela catches sight of Pat clutching Davey's arm as they leave.

MAC (O.S.)  
 Angel !

Mac gestures to the plane as he leads the passengers away.

MAC  
 Skipper wants to see you.

Angela hurries to the plane - a last glance to the gates.

EXT. DOOR OF THE PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela approaches as Charlie appears in the doorway. He extends a hand -



CHARLIE

Thanks, Angel. You've done a great job.

She takes his hand to shake it but he hold sit and gestures to the word 'step' painted on the wing -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Put your foot there.  
Now mind your head.

- and in one movement he pulls her up into the plane -

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela looks around as Charlie backs along the cabin towards the cockpit. Then he gestures to one of the seats and she looks confused -

CHARLIE (CONT)

You want to go up, don't you?

She can't believe it - and her smile grows as he sits her down and secures the seatbelt around her waist.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Which way shall we go?  
Porthenis or Land's End ?

Angela can't speak with excitement.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Hmm, we'll take a look at both then.

Charlie goes to the cockpit and straps himself in. Angela's smile couldn't spread any wider but there is also an edge to her look. She can't believe this is happening. Then the first engine turns over. It is happening.

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The second engine bursts into life. The engines reach a pitch and the plane starts to move forward and taxies away towards the end of the landing strip.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the runway the plane turns and Charlie accelerates the engines to take-off speed. Angela grips the

arm rests and watches Charlie look left and right. But his head stays turned towards the airfield gates.

Angela turns to the window and sees Jack's Bentley parked inside the gates and Jack standing in the driver's seat; he holds the windscreen with one hand, waving with the other. Mac and Ricky, beside the car and talking to him; but Jack slips down behind the wheel and drives away towards the plane, leaving them in his wake.

Charlie throttles back the engines. Angela's excitement fades as the car approaches.

Charlie watches until the car disappears behind the plane. He looks back along the cabin. Angela looks at him but he doesn't seem to see her. The door opens. She looks round.

JACK

Flight sergeant Houston reporting, Sir!

CHARLIE

Jack?! My God! You -!

Jack climbs in -

JACK

Don't say it, skipper. I told Mac you'd be thrilled to see me. Couldn't miss your big day. Not that I was invited.

Jack advances down the plane - and recognises Angela

JACK (CONT)

Hello again.

CHARLIE

Angel. Look, I'm sorry but -

Angela struggles not to show she feels betrayed.

JACK

No, you don't, Charlie Freeman. Ricky and Mac'd never forgive me. Robbing the lady of her reward? Come on. You get us up. I want to see what's brought you to the back of beyond.

Charlie turns back to the controls. The engines accelerate. Jack sits across the aisle from Angela and straps himself.

JACK

How's the hand? Alright?

ANGELA

Yes, it's -

The plane starts its take off run and Jack calls forward -

JACK

Where in God's name did you get  
these old crates?

CHARLIE

Don't you be rude about my little  
darlings!

As the plane picks up speed, Angela grips the arm rests.

JACK

First time ?

Jack covers her aisle side hand with his.

JACK (CONT)

He'll be gentle with you.  
Best there is.

The plane lifts off. Angela gasps. She turns to the window as the plane flies out over the cliffs and suddenly the sea is another three hundred feet below them. She looks around as Jack takes his hand from hers. He releases his seat belt, gets up and moves forward.

He leans over Charlie's shoulder. Angela hears only snatches of their conversation.

CHARLIE

...if I'd known you were back I'd..

JACK

Ha, Mac would have loved that!

CHARLIE

..you doing with yourself..

JACK

Business...import-export, that sort of  
thing. God, this brings back memories.

Angela turns to the window. As the plane continues its climb the horizon stretches wider and wider. Angela peers round to see everything she can. A ship making its way along the English Channel disappears beneath the plane

Then suddenly the plane falls into a dive.

Angela turns in horror as Charlie climbs out of the pilot's seat and squeezes past Jack. For a few seconds the plane falls pilot-less until Jack slips behind the controls.

CHARLIE

All yours.

Jack eases the stick back and the plane's nose rises. Charlie turns to Angela and gives her a smile and a wink. Jack flexes the controls - the plane banks left then right.

Angela looks at Charlie and Jack: certain now that they are even more dangerous and exciting than she imagined.

EXT. PLANE - LATER

The plane approaches Porthenis over the sea and then turns towards the airfield.

The plane climbs again, until -

JACK (O.S.)

Ready !

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

JACK (CONT)

Change partners!

And suddenly Jack gets out of the pilot's seat and the plane free falls again. Charlie slips past Jack into the seat, regains the controls and pulls the plane up.

JACK (CONT)

Just like old times!

Jack moves back and sits down. Angela looks at him and their eyes meet.

JACK

How was I?

Jack's smile more than charms Angela, unaccustomed to the feelings he arouses in her. She looks towards Charlie - but his concentration is on landing the plane. Suddenly the plane jolts as it touches down. She turns to the window beside her and the world rushing by outside.

Jack unbuckles his seatbelt and calls forward to Charlie -

JACK

Thanks for the ride, skip !

As Jack gets up Angela reaches for her pocket -

ANGELA

I've got your handkerchief.

JACK (CONT)

Keep it. Something to remember me by.

He smiles, then moves to the back of the plane and as soon as the plane stops he opens the door and jumps out.

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Ricky watch as Jack hurries away from the plane to his car. Mac spits on the ground and strides away to meet the plane as it taxis towards the hangar. Ricky stands her ground, keeping her feelings in check and trying to keep her distance from what she is seeing.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela watches Charlie bring the plane to a stop. He shuts down the engines. Angela looks away to the window, lost in the experience.

She looks up at him,

ANGELA

That was -

She searches for the words to express her wonderment.

ANGELA (CONT)

Everything looked so big. But smaller?

Mac opens the door and looks in. Their moment is broken.

MAC

How're you doin, hen ?

(then acid)

Playin' with the naughty boys, eh ?

Charlie ignores Mac, who goes with a dismissive snort. Charlie takes out his wallet -

CHARLIE

This is for today. And for everything  
you've done. Thanks, Angel.

Charlie counts out five one pound notes. Angela is wide-eyed as she takes the notes.

CHARLIE (CONT)

We couldn't have done it without you.

Angela's eyes fill with tears. Charlie is embarrassed by this display of feeling. He reaches to undo her seatbelt.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Come on now. Mustn't keep everyone  
waiting.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - EVENING

Thelma paces like a caged animal. And she doesn't stop when she hears the front door open and Angela leaning her bike against the wall in the hallway.

Angela comes in.

THELMA

Thank you. For repaying the trust  
I had in you.

Angela doesn't understand. Thelma stops her pacing -

THELMA (CONT)

I went to the shop this afternoon.

ANGELA

Oh.

THELMA

I have never been so embarrassed.  
Then if that wasn't enough, on the  
way home, I met Pat's mother.  
Said Pat had told her a fine story.

Angela doesn't know what to say.

THELMA (CONT)

Well ?

ANGELA

I work for them. For Charlie and Ricky. They wanted someone to clean at the house and they asked Miss Trevillion and she said it was too far for you to go because you haven't got a car. And you're always saying you do three jobs to put food on the table so I went and did it. And I got paid -

Angela digs in her pockets but first produces Jack's handkerchief and then the five pound notes.

ANGELA (cont)

- more than Miss Trevillion paid me. I was going to give it to you.

Thelma looks at the five one-pound notes Angela puts on the table. As Angela pushes the handkerchief back in her pocket Thelma snatches at it -

THELMA

What's this ?

ANGELA

It's nothing. Give it back -

Thelma turns the bloodied silk in her fingers. She looks at Angela. Angela is shocked at the implication of her look.

ANGELA (CONT)

I cut myself! On my bike!

Angela snatches the handkerchief back.

ANGELA (CONT)

Jack gave it to me. He was just being kind.

Thelma turns to the five pound notes on the table -

THELMA

You got paid that - just for some cleaning.

ANGELA

Yes. I'm as good as you. I can work.

THELMA

No one pays that just for cleaning. What else you been doing there? Eh ?

ANGELA

Nothing!

THELMA

Well you won't go up there again.

ANGELA

But - !

THELMA

I said, no! Tomorrow you'll go and apologise to Miss Trevillion and beg -

ANGELA

Why! When she's only paying me ten shillings and they're paying me -

THELMA (CONT)

I said no.

ANGELA

But you're always sayin' about better'n myself - well they're better. They've been places and they've done things and -

THELMA

I don't want you workin' for people like that. You're nothing but their servant -

ANGELA

I am not. I don't want to work in that stupid shop. And I don't want to work in a stupid bank. I want -

Angela looks around the room, searching for the words to express what she can't quite grasp. Thelma is silenced because she has seen something in Angela and heard a new tone in her voice.

ANGELA (CONT)

I want -

Angela realises that she will never find what she wants in that room and looks straight at Thelma.

ANGELA (CONT)

I want *my* life. Not yours. I want better than *this* ! I want better than this stupid town. And stupid people talking about me.



- and she goes. The front door slams. Thelma looks as though she has seen a ghost; which, in a way, she has -

CHURCH CONGREGATION (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
 Open now the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;

EXT. PORTHENIS CHURCHYARD - NIGHT.

Angela cuts through the churchyard. From the church she hears a small congregation singing *Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer*

CHURCH CONGREGATION (O.S. - CONT)  
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through:

Angela passes a row of slate plaques commemorating fishing boats lost at sea. She stops in front of one -

INSERT: Commemorative Plaque:

*The fishing boat  
 "BORRA",  
 lost in a storm off the Isles of Scilly  
 14 February 1950  
 R. I. P.  
 Albert Harmer, aged 43 years  
 John Tredinnick, aged 34 years  
 Harold Mathews, aged 31 years  
 Thomas Jewell, aged 25 years*

CHURCH CONGREGATION (O.S. - CONT)  
 Strong deliverer, strong deliverer;  
 Be thou still my strength and shield;  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

Angela hurries on to the street. The hymn fades behind her.

EXT. A ROW OF TERRACED HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

The houses are a class above Angela's - each with its own small front garden. She stops at the gate of one and as she is about to open it she hears a moan. She moves silently to the alley that runs between this house and the next.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angela looks down the alley. The harsh street light glints on Pat's naked leg hooked around Davey's jerking thighs. Angela freezes, she can't breathe. She turns and walks.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - LATER

Thelma sits twisting her emotions in her fingers. She doesn't look up until Angela is standing before her,

ANGELA

I saw her. In an alley.  
I saw Davey - and Pat.

Angela catches her breath, refusing to give in to her tears. Thelma wants to reach out to her daughter but -

ANGELA (CONT)

So now you can be happy.

Angela goes to the stairs and leaves her mother.

Thelma looks at Angela's five pounds still on the table as though they too are accusing her. She gets up and goes to the dresser. She takes out her cashbox.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela lies motionless, curled up in her bed. She turns on her back - eyes blazing. Her fingers claw the bedclothes.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, THELMA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

From below the front door slams. Thelma, in her dressing gown, hurries to the window and parts the net curtain as Angela jumps on her bike and cycles away. Thelma drops the curtain. Moving away she pulls off her dressing gown.

EXT. AIRFIELD GATES - EARLY MORNING

On her way to Porthenis House, Angela cycles past the airfield but then sees the gates are already open. By the hangar Charlie and Mac are hosing down a smoking fire that has scorched one wall of the hangar. Angela turns in to the gates.

EXT. AIRFIELD, HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie turns as Angela cycles up to them -

ANGELA

What happened ?

CHARLIE

It seems not everyone enjoyed  
yesterday -

ANGELA

Did you see who did it ?

MAC

No, they were long gone.

CHARLIE

Question is - how did they get in ?  
The gates were locked.

Angela bites her lip, then -

ANGELA

I think I know.

Charlie and Mac turn to her.

EXT. PORTHENIS HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS

A match flames. Mr Bose, the tourist boat skipper, draws  
happily on his pipe.

MR BOSE

G'Morning, Mrs.

Thelma glares at him disdainfully and strides purposefully  
on, but nothing can wipe the smile from his face and he  
puffs contentedly on his pipe.

EXT. THE COPSE ON THE PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

Angela leads Charlie and Mac through the trees and points  
to where she and Davey broke in on their evening together.

ANGELA

It's just over here. Everyone knows.  
Kids have been coming up here for years.

Angela takes hold of one of the fence posts and shows how, by lifting it, a gap can be opened up. Charlie smiles,

MAC  
I'll get my tools.

Mac goes back the way they came.

CHARLIE  
Thanks, Mac.

Charlie examines the fence -

CHARLIE (CONT)  
Clever. And handy for courting couples,  
I expect.

He looks out towards the headland. Angela blushes.

CHARLIE (CONT)  
Right, lets get some breakfast.

Charlie starts back out of the copse. Angela follows.

CHARLIE (CONT)  
Anything else I should know, Angel?

ANGELA  
No.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Charlie and Angela walk back towards the gates. Angela looks back towards the headland. Charlie checks his pace,

CHARLIE  
Now who is that ?

Angela turns and follows his gaze towards the gates.

ANGELA  
Oh, no.

EXT. AIRFIELD GATES - CONTINUOUS

Thelma, dressed in her best hat and coat, stands between the open gates. She looks left and right, unsure of where to go, then she sees Charlie and Angela approaching and she stands her ground. She opens her handbag, takes out a

handkerchief and dabs the perspiration on her brow and upper lip.

Angela hangs back as Charlie confidently strides up to Thelma with outstretched hand.

CHARLIE

Mrs Jewell. How do you do ?  
Charles Freeman. I'm so glad to meet  
you at last.

Thelma can't but take his offered hand -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Welcome to First and Last Airways

He releases her hand. Thelma struggles to maintain her determination as Charlie's eyes lock onto hers.

THELMA

I've come to take Angela home.

ANGELA

No!

THELMA

Get your bicycle.  
(to Charlie)  
She don't belong here.

ANGELA

Mum - !

Charlie turns to Angela, the strength of his voice startling even Thelma.

CHARLIE

Angela. Do as your mother says.

Angela stands open-mouthed -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Go and get your bicycle. Now.

Angela turns and runs away to the hangar where she left her bike. Charlie turns back to Thelma -

CHARLIE

I must apologise, Mrs Jewell.  
I assumed that you knew Angela was  
working here.

(cont.../)

CHARLIE (CONT)

(before Thelma can reply)

Look, you've had a long walk here and you've a long walk back - let me offer you some refreshment? A cup of tea? No, I insist, it's the least I can do to make up for your inconvenience. It's just over here.

With a gesture and a step he directs Mrs Jewell towards the Departure Lounge hut. Angela disconsolately pushes her bike to meet them.

CHARLIE

Angela. Would you make us some tea.

Angela stops, confused.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Please.

Angela lays her bike down and hurries ahead of them to the Departure lounge -

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Angela comes in and hurries to the kitchen and starts filling a kettle. Charlie opens the door and ushers Thelma in. Thelma looks around as -

CHARLIE

Angela put such a lot of effort into helping us. Without her hard work we'd never have been ready in time.

Charlie gestures to a table and pulls out a chair for Thelma. She sits.

CHARLIE (CONT)

I think she felt - mistakenly, no doubt - that she'd be letting us down - and herself too - if she hadn't finished the job she'd started.

Charlie sits opposite Thelma. His eyes lock on to hers.

CHARLIE (CONT)

She's a very capable young woman, Mrs Jewell. You must be very proud of her.

Thelma, in spite of herself, can't resist a gesture acknowledging the compliment. She looks towards the kitchen where Angela is setting a tray.

THELMA

But I want more for Angela than -

CHARLIE

Oh, of course you do. Every parent wants their child to get on in the world. To make their mark. Nothing wrong with ambition.

THELMA

If Angela does well in her exams, then the manager of our bank said he'd consider her for a position -

Charlie nods approvingly

CHARLIE

Really. And that would start when ?

THELMA

Well, she'll be getting the results of her exams the middle of next month

CHARLIE

Oh, I thought you understood. That this is only a holiday job. The season will end in a few weeks. We won't need Angela then.

THELMA

Oh.

CHARLIE

But of course, you must do as you think best.

Thelma looks away from Charlie at Angela carefully carrying the tray of teas. Thelma wrestles with her decision.

CHARLIE

I expect Angela's got a boyfriend in town. I imagine he'd like to see more of her.

Thelma's eyes immediately snap to Charlie's - but there's no sign that his was other than an innocent remark. Thelma gathers up her handbag and stands as Angela arrives.

THELMA

You're a busy man, Mr Freeman.

Charlie stands. Angela wonders what's been agreed.

THELMA (CONT)

(to Angela)

I'll see you later.

Thelma goes. Charlie follows. At the door he turns and winks at Angela. A smile spreads across her face as -

FADE UP MUSIC: *Lee Dorsey - Working In A Coalmine*

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Angela watches Charlie, Ricky, Mac, Hank, Mary & Jenny tucking into breakfast - the chatter and laughter, and Charlie at the head of the table. Charlie looks up at Angela and winks at her. Angela smiles and turns away. Ricky sees their exchange, smoke curls from her cigarette.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY

Angela at the kitchen sink up to her elbows in washing up. She turns to Mary who has a tray of mugs of tea and coffee ready. Angela quickly wipes her hands dry.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Angela weaves her way between the CROWD carrying the tray towards -

EXT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

- Charlie saying goodbye the last of a group of PASSENGERS. Angela arrives. He takes a mug and with his other hand he ruffles her hair. Angela walks away towards Mac at the other plane - as she goes she rearranges her hair and her hand lingers where Charlie touched it.

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, LANDING - DAY

Charlie opens his bedroom door to Angela. She enters.



INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, CHARLIE & RICKY'S BEDROOM -  
CONTINUOUS

Angela enters with her dustpan, broom and dusters. Ricky is zipping up the back of her uniform dress, she slips her feet into heeled shoes and leaves, followed by Charlie.

Angela starts dusting the bedside table. Next to an alarm clock is what appears to be a slip-in spectacles case but Angela sees a blister-sheet of pills sticking out of it. She slides the packet out. She turns the packet over, and reads the name - Conovid-E. She turns it again and traces a finger over the 21 brown and 7 white pills. This is the first time Angela has seen contraceptive pills. Her eyes move to the bed. Gently, respectfully, she replaces the pills and lays the case on the table.

Angela moves to a bookshelf. As she dusts she turns her head to read the titles on the spines: *Peyton Place*, *The Carpetbaggers*, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, *Valley of the Dolls*, *The Man with the Golden Gun*... Working her way along the shelf there is a gap and then a series of aviation manuals for the De Havilland Comet, Boeing Stratocruiser & 707; World War 2 biographies: Douglas Bader's *Reach for the Sky*, and three volumes of Churchill's *History of the Second World War: The Gathering Storm, Their Finest Hour, The Hinge of Fate*

Then a series of hard-bound, black ledgers with engraved years on the spines, - 1940, 1941, 1942, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947. She steps back and looks again; then looks around the room for the missing volume. The door opens and Angela turns. Ricky enters, grabs her uniform hat from the dressing-table and goes. Angela moves away from the bookshelf and carries on dusting.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - LATE EVENING

Angela comes in and takes an envelope from her pocket. She takes out the five one pound notes and leaves them on the table. She goes upstairs.

EXT. PORTHENIS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is roping suitcases into the open boot of the car. Jenny, Mary, Hank and Ricky exchanging hugs, kisses and goodbyes. Hank turns to Angela and gives her a big hug. At last everyone is onboard, Charlie drives and Ricky and Angela wave them off.

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, HOSTESS'S BEDROOM - DAY

A fresh, clean sheet billows as it falls to the bed. Angela tucks it in, then hears footsteps approaching. She calls a well-practiced litany to the open door -

ANGELA

Good afternoon, and welcome.  
Girls in here. Gentlemen across  
the way. The bathroom is -

She looks up as Ricky appears in the doorway. Behind her a new PILOT (#2) and a new HOSTESS (#3) carry their cases into Hank's old bedroom across the hall.

RICKY

Not today, Angel. Fiona and Lauren  
have broken down near Exeter. So -

*Working In A Coal Mine* segues to: *Dave Brubeck's - Take Five*

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, LANDING - DAY

Ricky and Hostess #3 wait outside Ricky & Charlie's closed bedroom door. Ricky raps on the door.

Angela opens the door to reveal herself in an airhostess uniform skirt, jacket, hat, blouse, tights and, as she takes an uncertain step forward, heeled shoes. Angela reaches into her blouse to adjust the unfamiliar straps of a bra. Ricky and Hostess #3 burst out laughing.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Angela, in her figure revealing uniform, self-consciously, and somewhat unsteadily on her heeled shoes, leads the passengers towards Mac waiting at the Departure Point. Mac smiles approvingly. Angela looks towards the plane. Charlie gives her a pilot's salute. Angela smiles, straightens her back and walks more confidently on.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

*Dave Brubeck's 'Take Five'* plays from Charlie's portable record player as Pilot #2 turns the steaks on a driftwood Bar-BQ

Charlie, Ricky, Hostess #3 and Angela frolic and dive in the surf. Angela nearly loses the top of her borrowed bikini and Hostess #3 helps her adjust the straps.

Suddenly girlish whoops and cries come from the cliff path. Everyone turns to LAUREN and FIONA, the delayed hostesses, running down the cliff path. Mac follows them down.

The swimmers come out of the sea. Angela watches as the newcomers become the centre of attention - kisses, apologies, a reunion, drinks and plates of food handed round. Mac throws a couple of driftwood logs on the fire which, like the party, bursts into life.

But the flames dancing on Angela's cheek and the water running down from hair might be mistaken for tears as she watches her role slip back to cleaner. Suddenly Charlie steps in front of her -

CHARLIE

It's Sunday tomorrow. Want to do the Scillies run? Give me a hand loading the papers. Give Mac a lie in.

Angela's face lights up -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - MORNING

- as her alarm clock rings: 5.30. Angela quickly silences it. She listens for any sound from her mother's bedroom.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, THELMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thelma lies in her bed. Her eyes wide open. She reacts to a sound from Angela's bedroom. Thelma turns to a framed photograph on her bedside table: a studio portrait of a man in his early twenties, he has Angela's smile, his look open and direct. Thelma bites her lip.

EXT. AIRFIELD - MORNING

Angela picks up a string-tied bundle of Sunday newspapers and carries them from the back of a small van to the plane and passes it up to Charlie -

ANGELA

One more -

Charlie carries the bundle into the plane to stow it.

MR HOPKINS, the newspaper van driver, brings the last bundle. Angela takes it from him.

ANGELA  
Thanks, Mr Hopkins.

Mr Hopkins touches his cap and goes. Charlie takes the bundle from Angela and stows it just inside the door. He reaches round to pull the door closed.

ANGELA  
Charlie.

He holds the door -

ANGELA (CONT)  
Could I come?

CHARLIE  
(thinks for a moment, then)  
Don't see why not.

Charlie offers her a hand to climb aboard. He pulls her up, she moves inside and Charlie reaches out to close the door.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela sits in one of the seats that isn't occupied by a bundle of newspapers secured by the seatbelts. Charlie goes up to the cockpit. Angela buckles herself in.

EXT. AIRFIELD, LANDING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The plane taxis to the end of the strip and turns -

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela watches the world flashing past faster and faster as the engine roar accelerates. The plane lifts off.

Angela relaxes. She looks forward to Charlie. This time just she and Charlie are alone in the sky. She closes her eyes and the engine noise seems to fade away.

A change in the engine note. Her eyes open. She looks out of the window as the Island of St Mary's comes into view and grows larger as the plane descends.

EXT. ST MARY'S AIRSTRIP, ISLES OF SCILLY - CONTINUOUS

The plane comes in to land. As it touches down a Land Rover drives to intercept it. Charlie brings the plane to a halt and the Land Rover pulls up beside it.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela watches Charlie get out of the cockpit and start to unbuckle the first bundle of newspapers. The door opens.

ISLANDER  
Mornin', Freeman.

CHARLIE  
Good morning

Angela unbuckles a bundle and passes it to Charlie -

CHARLIE  
Anything for us to take back ?

ISLANDER  
Can't say there is. I asked Sam Forester about you shipping his flowers. But he says he's happy with them going on the steamer.

CHARLIE  
Well, thanks for asking.

ISLANDER  
Gonna be a while before we catch up with the twentieth century!

Angela passes Charlie the last bundle.

CHARLIE  
That's no bad thing.

The Islander takes the last bundle and closes the door -

ISLANDER  
See you next week.

EXT. ST MARY'S AIRSTRIP, ISLES OF SCILLY - CONTINUOUS.

The Islander secures the door and moves away as the plane's engines start. He gets into the Land Rover and drives away. The plane taxis away.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie eases the joystick back and the plane lifts off -

EXT. ST MARY'S AIRSTRIP, ISLES OF SCILLY - CONTINUOUS

As the plane rises up into the sky -

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela watches the island disappear behind the plane.

Charlie eases the joystick forward as the plane reaches its cruising height. He looks left and right and then settles into the journey - his eyes constantly alert, flickering between the sky and the instruments, he responds to each fluctuation by a gentle movement of his feet or his hands. He is a man in perfect control of his actions. He is a man perfectly at ease with himself.

He turns his head to look out of the cockpit and Angela is at his shoulder, her face only an inch from his - she can see every detail of his skin as his eyes flicker from the dials to the windshield. Then Charlie points ahead and she looks up to see the airfield approaching. Charlie begins to line the plane up to land -

CHARLIE

Better buckle up -

Angela moves back and sits down. She pulls the buckle tighter to suppress a shiver of excitement.

EXT. AIRFIELD: THE PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The plane touches down with a jolt and a change of engine note. The plane runs on to the end of the landing strip and then turns towards the hangar.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela watches Charlie. The plane comes to a stop. Charlie starts his post-flight checks. He calls back over his shoulder.

CHARLIE

Want to make us some tea, Angel?

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE, CAFÉ - DAY

Angela takes a cup of tea from the tray and puts it beside Charlie who is writing in a book. He glances up -

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Angela takes her cup and sits opposite him.

ANGELA

What's that ?

CHARLIE

Log-book.

He sips his tea. Then sees the quizzical look on her face.

CHARLIE (CONT)

All pilots have to keep a record of every flight. Where we've flown to. When. The duration of the flight. Anything unusual that happened. You'll find the story of a pilot's life in his log books.

Angela sits up and twists to look at the book -

INSERT: LOG-BOOK.

- the details of this morning's flight. In the 'Crew' column Charlie has written: *Cargo Master: Angela Jewell.*

ANGELA (O.S.)

You put me in it.

Angela and Charlie's faces are only inches apart. Charlie smiles and closes the book. Angela recognises the type of book - embossed on its spine the year '1966'. The sound of a door opening and -

RICKY (O.S.)

Hello. What are you two up to?

- and Angela quickly sits back down in her seat.

CHARLIE

Just got back. I think Angel's  
got the flying bug.

Ricky approaches as PILOT #3 and Hostesses Fiona and Lauren  
enter behind her -

RICKY

So I see. Now what did I tell you,  
Angela? That's a very dangerous bug.

Angela moves away as Ricky stands beside Charlie -

ANGELA

I'd better get up to the house.

RICKY

Yes. I think you'd better.

At the door Angela looks back to Charlie as Ricky bends to  
kiss him on the cheek. Then Ricky looks to Angela -

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Angela looks around. The breakfast things have all been  
washed and put away. She starts for the stairs. Then stops  
and goes to a cupboard.

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, CHARLIE & RICKY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Angela comes in with her brushes and dusters which she puts  
down. She goes to the bookshelf. She takes down the first  
of the logbooks - 1940 - and opens it. An RAF identity  
card drops from the logbook and she picks it up.

INSERT: RAF IDENTITY CARD

She opens the one-fold card. The card is in the name of  
Pilot Officer Charles Freeman. A head and shoulders  
photograph of the nineteen year old Charlie.

Angela puts the ID card back in the logbook and replaces it  
on the shelf.

She sees that the 1943 logbook is still missing. She takes  
down the 1942 log. She turns the pages that detail the  
missions the now Squadron Leader Charles Freeman flew:  
Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne etc., and the details of each  
flight. She turns a page and finds a photograph.



She takes it out to look at more closely and drops the book on the bed -

INSERT : PHOTOGRAPH:

The 7-man crew in their flying jackets are gathered round the door of a Lancaster bomber. Kneeling in front of the group is a mechanic in his overalls.

Angela turns the photograph over, and sees in Charlie's handwriting -

Harry	Jack	Self	Simon	Mike
George		Mac	Eric	

But the names 'Harry', 'Simon', 'Mike', 'George' & 'Eric' have a single ink line drawn through them. And below Charlie has written a date, 12<sup>th</sup> March 1943.

Angela looks again at the smiling young faces. Her finger traces over the faces, her lips silently moving -

ANGELA (V.O.)

Charlie. Mac. And Jack.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Angela?

Angela looks up sharply as Charlie approaches - his face dark and threatening -

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean.

Charlie picks up the log book from the bed.

ANGELA (CONT)

I was just. One of the logbooks is missing. I didn't take it.

Her eyes fill with tears -

CHARLIE

I know. It's alright.

Charlie holds out his hand. She gives him the photograph.

ANGELA

What does that mean - the names crossed out ?

Charlie looks at the photograph -

CHARLIE

It was a long time ago.

ANGELA

What happened? Were you shot down?

Charlie nods

ANGELA (CONT)

And only you and Jack survived.  
And the others - they all died?  
Tell me about it. I want to know.

Charlie puts the photograph in the book.

CHARLIE

Really, Angel. It was a long time ago.

He replaces the book on the shelf -

ANGELA

Please Charlie. I need to know,  
You're like my mum. She won't tell  
me about my dad. It's like he never  
existed. All I know. He was a  
fisherman. There was a storm.  
And he died. And then I was born.  
But it's like - she's ashamed of me.  
Like - like it was my fault.

CHARLIE

Oh, Angel -

He takes her in his arms and holds her.

CHARLIE (CONT)

- Angel, I'm sure she -

Angela holds him. He strokes her hair - comforting her as she sobs against him, but also a physical affirmation that he is alive - he holds on to her young life.

ANGELA

But why won't she tell me. Why  
won't you tell me. No one tells  
me anything. I don't know anything.  
I want to know.

He holds her tighter - strokes her hair - and bends to kiss her forehead but she lifts herself on tip toe and their lips meet. Her kiss is passionate, hungry. He tries to

pull away but she holds him until he pulls her hands from him and holds her away -

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Angel. I can't -

Angry and frustrated, Angela pushes past him and runs out -

INT. PORTHENIS HOUSE, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Angela runs down the stairs until she comes face to face with Ricky. Ricky, shows no emotion, but simply -

RICKY

You silly little girl.

Angela runs past her in tears. Ricky starts up the stairs. Charlie shuts the door. Ricky takes a step up and then turns - she fights to hold back her tears.

EXT. ANGELA'S STREET - AFTERNOON

The School Teacher who invigilated at Angela's exam walks away from Angela's house as Angela turns into the street. The teacher smiles as Angela cycles past her. Then Angela realises why she was there -

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Thelma is sitting at the table looking at a typed letter. Thelma is relaxed and smiling. She looks up as she hears Angela coming in the front door - her usual severe expression returns as Angela enters.

THELMA

You were supposed to go in to school on Friday.  
To get your exam results.

Angela stands still.

THELMA (CONT)

Well? Don't you want to know how you've done?

Thelma holds out the letter to her, unable to conceal her pride. Angela takes it but barely glances at it.

THELMA (CONT)

Congratulations, Angela.  
I'm going to speak to Mr Robinson  
tomorrow.

Thelma is on guard for Angela to explode but Angela simply hands back the letter and goes upstairs. Thelma calls after her - not taunting, but to confirm Angela's submission.

THELMA

We've got to think about what  
you're going to wear.

INT. PORTHENIS BANK - MORNING

THELMA (CONT - O.S.)

You need to make a good impression.

Sitting on a polished wooden bench Angela wears the uniform dress she wore on her last day at school. Angel's evident discomfort intensifies when she notices A YOUNG MALE BANK-CLERK behind the counter watching her - he smiles and winks lasciviously. He only turns away when Thelma catches on to what he is doing. Thelma fusses possessively with the collar of Angela's dress.

Suddenly the bank's doors open and Charlie enters. Angela looks to him - has he come to rescue her at the last minute? But Charlie appears to deliberately not notice her and goes to a cashier's window. Angela quickly looks away - this is the first time they have seen each other since their kiss and Angela now wills herself not to look at him. Thelma waits for Charlie to notice them, hoping he will have to acknowledge Thelma's triumph. The door to Mr Robinson's office opens -

MR ROBINSON

Miss Jewell ?

Angela and Thelma stand up. Angela looks to Charlie. Their eyes meet. He looks away. Angela looks to Mr Robinson.

MR ROBINSON (CONT)

Don't be frightened.

Angela goes into the office. Mr Robinson follows her in.

Thelma looks to Charlie. But Charlie's attention has returned to the cashier.

INT. PORTHENIS BANK, MR ROBINSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr Robinson sits behind his large mahogany desk. Angela sits opposite and looks disinterestedly around the room.

MR ROBINSON

Wasn't that the chap who runs the  
airline ?

Angela shrugs half-heartedly -

MR ROBINSON (CONT)

I thought your mother said you had  
a holiday job there ?

ANGELA

Yes.

MR ROBINSON

But you don't know him?

ANGELA

No. Not really.

MR ROBINSON

Very wise.

Mr Robinson opens a file on the desk in front of him,

MR ROBINSON (CONT)

Now then, you did rather well in  
your examinations.

Mr Robinson looks up, expecting some acknowledgement of his approval. Angela looks blankly back at him.

MR ROBINSON (CONT)

So, Angela, you'd like to join us  
here at the bank.

Angela grips the arms of the chair - just as she gripped the armrests on her first flight.

INT. CONTROL TOWER, CHARLIE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A knock on the door.

CHARLIE

(sharp)

Yes !

The door opens and Angela, back in her jeans & shirt, enters hesitantly.

CHARLIE (CONT)  
Not now, Angela.

But as she turns to go she becomes aware of someone else -

JACK  
Hello, Angel.

Jack smiles. Angela blushes and goes -

JACK (CONT)  
'Bye -

EXT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Angela closes the door. But then leans close to listen.

MAC (O.S.)  
You'll hear nothing good, Angel.

Angela moves sharply away -

ANGELA  
Jack's in there.

Mac says nothing. Angela looks around -

ANGELA (CONT)  
Where's his car ?

Mac gestures towards a nondescript black saloon.

MAC  
Looks like he changed it.  
Something less conspicuous.

Mac goes towards the hangar, clearly not wanting to continue the conversation.

Angela goes towards the departure lounge. Overhead the sky is grey and overcast. A breeze is blowing up.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Empty - except for a new hostess at the ticket desk. HOSTESS #4 looks up from counting the day's takings - no more than a few pounds and some change.

HOSTESS #4

I'm sorry, I'm afraid we're closed.

ANGELA

I'm Angel. Angela. Angela Jewell.  
I work here.

- which clearly is news to Hostess #4.

ANGELA (CONT)

I've been here since it started. I was  
here before - Where's Ricky ?

HOSTESS #4

I think she went to London.

ANGELA

Oh.

HOSTESS #4

Do you want to leave a message ?

Angela goes. Hostess #4 goes back to counting the money.

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Angela comes out of the Departure Lounge hut and watches Jack gets into his car. Charlie shuts the car door and waits until Jack drives off. Charlie returns to his office.

The breeze is strengthening, the sky darker and more threatening, as Angela crosses towards the office.

INT. CONTROL TOWER, CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits at his desk not really knowing where to start on the paperwork. Angela enters. He barely glances at her.

CHARLIE

Look, Angel, I've got rather a lot to do.

Angela doesn't move. What she wants is a hug, reassurance, she wants Charlie to tell her it's all going to be alright.

CHARLIE

How was your interview ?  
Did you get the job?

ANGELA  
 (gently, wanting)  
 Charlie ?

CHARLIE  
 I'm sure you did fine. I expect  
 he's got to talk to Head Office or -

- the door opens and Mac enters -

MAC  
 Skip. We're wrapping it up for today.  
 Bad weather coming up from the south.

CHARLIE  
 Right. You take the car back to the  
 house. I'll hang on here. Ricky might  
 call.

MAC  
 Right you are.

CHARLIE  
 Angel. Why don't you let Mac take you  
 back to town ?  
 (to Mac)  
 Put her bike in the back of the car -

ANGELA  
 (to Mac)  
 No.  
 (to Charlie)  
 Why's Ricky gone to London ?

Mac looks to Charlie. Charlie gestures, and Mac goes.

ANGELA (CONT)  
 Was it because of - what happened?

CHARLIE  
 Of course not. Don't be ridiculous.  
 Look, Angel. There isn't an easy way  
 to say this. In a couple of weeks  
 the season will be over and you'll  
 have your job at the bank and -

ANGELA  
 No. Don't say that.

CHARLIE  
 It's what we agreed.



ANGELA

But I don't want to work in the stupid bank. I want to work here.

CHARLIE

But I told your mother that this would only be -

ANGELA

I don't believe you. It's Ricky, isn't it. It's because I - I didn't mean to. I'll apologise to her.

CHARLIE

It's got nothing to do with - Look. Angela. Ricky's gone to London to try and borrow some money. It's...well, the thing is...we're broke. When the tourists have all gone -

He holds his hands wide and empty.  
Angela feels her world disintegrating -

ANGELA

But - when you came here you said - I remember - you said you had contracts - you said -

Charlie shakes his head -

ANGELA (CONT)

And what about the Scillies ? The newspapers. And there'll be other things - I know there will.

CHARLIE

But it's not happening now, Angel.

ANGELA

What about Jack? He could help. He's rich. He could lend you some money.

Charlie smiles ironically -

ANGELA (CONT)

Don't laugh at me.

The phone rings -

CHARLIE

Jack can't help.

Charlie answers the phone, expecting Ricky -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Hello.

But when the caller speaks Charlie sits up alert and focused -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Yes, speaking....It's not too bad at the moment. We've stopped flying but... Yes...Yes, I've got that. Right, I'll radio when I'm airborne.

He hangs up the phone and quickly gets up -

CHARLIE (CONT)

There's an injured fisherman on St Mary's. Air sea rescue are all tied up with a tanker that's run aground.

Charlie snatches up his flying jacket and goes -

EXT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Charlie pulls on his flying jacket and runs towards the nearest plane. Angela races after him.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie climbs aboard and pulls the door shut. He starts towards to the cockpit. Angela opens the door and starts to climb in -

CHARLIE

Not this time, Angel !

ANGELA

I can help - I did first aid - in the girl guides -

Charlie gets into the pilot's seat -

CHARLIE

Not good enough !

ANGELA

I won't get in the way.

As Charlie starts the first engine he shouts over his shoulder -

CHARLIE

No! Out! Now!

The engine fires, he looks back over his shoulder and sees the door closing. He starts the second engine.

EXT. AIRFIELD, LANDING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The plane taxis quickly to the end of the strip, turns and immediately begins its take off run -

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie concentrates on the take-off. The plane lifts off - then hits an air pocket and suddenly drops - a crash and Charlie turns as Angela struggles up from the floor.

CHARLIE

What the - !

Angela struggles to get into a seat. Charlie turns back to the controls, then shouts over his shoulder -

CHARLIE

Buckle up!

Angela finds the seat belt and does it up. She waits nervously for Charlie to turn back with a further rebuke, but instead he concentrates on flying the plane.

Angela watches him - then her face relaxes and she smiles to herself: she is with Charlie, on an adventure.

EXT. OVER THE SEA - CONTINUOUS

The plane flies out over the sea. It climbs, then disappears into the clouds -

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela looks out of her window. The clouds swirl around the plane -

Charlie scans the horizon.

Then, as the plane starts to descend -

CHARLIE  
Hold tight !

Angela looks out of the window. Suddenly the island looms up out of the mist -

EXT. ST MARY'S AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

The plane lands and continues down the landing strip towards a long-wheel based Land Rover. A group of islanders, water-proofs turned up against the weather, start to unload the stretcher.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie shouts back to Angela -

CHARLIE  
Look under your seat -

Angela unbuckles her seat belt and bends down -

CHARLIE (O.S. - CONT)  
- there are split-pins holding the seats.

Angela gropes to find the split pins that secure the seat.

CHARLIE (O.S. - CONT)  
Start pulling them out.

Angela gets down on the floor and pulls out the pins.

EXT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The plane comes to a halt. Only the door-side engine shuts down - the starboard engine continues to turn over.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela and Charlie pile the seats from one side of the plane to the other. As the door of the plane opens, Charlie points Angela forward -

CHARLIE  
Out of sight, Angel.

Charlie goes to the door as Angela slips into the cockpit.

ISLANDER  
It's his leg. He's lost a lot of  
blood.

Charlie works with the islander to manoeuvre the stretcher  
into the plane -

ISLANDER (CONT)  
Engine failed so they cut the nets.  
Whiplash sliced his leg open.  
Strapped it up best we could.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Right - we'll take care of him.

ISLANDER  
Good luck to you -

Charlie secures the door shut. Angela comes out of the  
cockpit.

CHARLIE  
Keep his head straight.  
Watch his breathing.  
Any change - you shout.

Angela nods. Charlie moves forward into the cockpit.

Angela kneels beside the fisherman. She adjusts the blanket  
round his face. She gasps. It is Davey.

The door-side engine turns over -

EXT. ST MARY'S AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

The plane taxis to the end of the landing strip, turns and  
gathers speed.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Angela holds the stretcher steady as the plane bounces over  
the grass landing strip until suddenly the plane lifts off  
and the vibrations stop -

EXT. ST MARY'S AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

- as the plane lifts off into the steely grey sky.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie levels out at his cruising altitude - and glances back -

Angela concentrates on her patient. She bends low to check Davey's breathing - then sits back up and feels for the pulse in his neck.

ANGELA

Davey? Davey!  
Charlie!  
He's stopped breathing!

Charlie looks round. Angela is performing mouth-to-mouth on Davey. Charlie looks forward. Angela listens for Davey breathing. Then she sits up and shouts to Charlie.

ANGELA (CONT)

It's no good.

Charlie checks all his instruments. He gives the engines more revs, pulls back the joy stick back and the plane climbs.

CHARLIE

Angel! Come here!

Angela moves to Charlie's shoulder -

CHARLIE (CONT)

I can try to help him.

Angela doesn't understand, she frowns -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Remember your first flight?  
With Jack.

Angela realises what he means. She almost panics, controls herself - and nods.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Step back.

- she does -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Ready? NOW!

Charlie climbs out of the seat and the plane goes into a steep dive. Angela scrambles into the seat and grabs the joystick. Charlie helps her pull it back.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Got it?

ANGELA

Yes.

He lets go of the joystick and the plane dives again - but Angela pulls it back. The plane's nose rises until -

CHARLIE

That's it. Not too much.

She eases the joystick forward -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Watch the altimeter.

Two thousand, five hundred.

Charlie goes back to Davey and loosens the straps on the stretcher.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Watch the horizon - ease it left -

He pulls open the blanket and rips open Davey's shirt.

CHARLIE (CONT)

Hold it steady -

Charlie starts heart massage & artificial respiration combined with mouth-to-mouth.

Angela grips the joystick - her knuckles are white - she is barely breathing.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Drifting right -

Angela makes the correction. She holds it steady

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Altitude !

Angela eases the stick back -

Charlie stops doing in mouth to mouth as the plane starts to drop on its port side - but as he opens his mouth to call to her -

ANGELA (O.S.)  
I've got it -

The port side lifts. Charlie bends over Davey and performs mouth to mouth.

Angela's eyes darting from the windscreen to the mass of dials. The compass veers one way - she moves the joystick and rudder pedals. The compass reacts.

The altimeter begins to drop. She eases the joy stick back. The plane climbs. The altimeter rises. She holds the plane level. She flexes her fingers on the stick. Her hands relax. Her touch becomes lighter. Angela is in control. Now she responds to the plane rather than the instruments.

She breathes deeply. Her face relaxes. Her eyes remain steady. There is a Zen-like calm as she copes perfectly with the pressure of what she is doing.

The lights of Porthenis appear on the port side - Angela eases the joy stick left and right pedal forward. The plane turns towards Porthenis. Charlie is at her shoulder.

CHARLIE  
He's okay.

Angela looks ahead. Charlie watches her for a moment then -

CHARLIE (CONT)  
I'd better take us down.

Angela pulls the joystick back. The plane climbs steeply.

CHARLIE  
When I say. Just let go of  
everything and step back.

Angela nods -

CHARLIE  
Now !

Angela gets up - the plane dives - she clambers out of the seat and sneaks under Charlie as he climbs over her. He grabs the joystick. The plane climbs - and Charlie banks round to line up for the landing strip.



Angela crouches by Davey. She kisses his forehead.  
The plane shudders as it touches down.

EXT. AIRFIELD, LANDING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

An ambulance, with Mac standing on the running board,  
drives out to meet the plane.

As the plane comes to a halt Mac runs over followed by the  
ambulance men and a doctor.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie gets out of the cockpit. Mac opens the door and  
looks in. Mac catches sight of Angela climbing into the  
cockpit. He looks to Charlie -

CHARLIE

Later.

Mac climbs aboard and Charlie calls to the ambulance men at  
the door -

CHARLIE (CONT)

We'll pass him out to you.

Angela looks around the cockpit - outside it is now dark.  
She takes hold of the joy stick - not moving the controls  
but reliving the flight.

The ambulance sweeps past the front of the plane. Its  
bells fade into the distance. Angela remains lost in her  
experience. Silence

CHARLIE (CONT - O.S)

Angela ?

Slowly she releases the joy stick and turns back to him -

CHARLIE (CONT)

All clear.

Angela gets up and leaves the cockpit.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving through the darkness towards Porthenis. Charlie  
concentrates on the road - Angela is lost in her thoughts.

Charlie glances at her. Angela looks at him, then turns back to her thoughts.

EXT. ANGELA'S STREET - NIGHT

Charlie's car turns into the street. Angela points out her house. The car slows and stops -

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They sit in silence for a moment, then -

CHARLIE

Without you - tonight -  
he would have died.

Angela looks at him

CHARLIE (CONT)

But, I'm afraid, you can't tell  
anyone. You do understand that.

ANGELA

There isn't anyone to tell.

She reaches for the door handle, but stops.

ANGELA (CONT)

It was. Oh, Charlie. I felt there was -  
It was as if there wasn't anything I  
couldn't do.  
I can be anyone I want. I just have  
to want it. I can make it happen.

Charlie looks at her - about to tell her that perhaps life isn't that simple - but he thinks better of it. He smiles. Angela opens the door, then stops, turns back to him and kisses him on the cheek.

ANGELA (CONT)

Thank you. For everything.

Charlie smiles, but the depth of her emotion is too much for him and he looks out up at the house.

CHARLIE

Go on. Before your mother comes  
after me.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, THELMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thelma holds back the curtain just enough for her to look down as Angela gets out of the car and closes the door. Angela moves around the car and out of sight. Thelma lets the curtain close. She listens. The front door closes. The sound of the car going. Thelma moves to the door.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Angela climbs the stairs towards the waiting Thelma -

THELMA

I thought we were done with this  
nonsense -

Angela doesn't check her climb -

ANGELA

There was an emergency. An injured  
fisherman on St Mary's.  
It was Davey. But Charlie flew  
out there and rescued him.  
Without Charlie he'd be dead.  
But maybe he'll die anyway. Isn't  
that what happens to fishermen?

Thelma, winded by the question, stands aside as Angela goes into her bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - MORNING

Angela wakes. She stretches and turns over to look at the alarm clock. Instantly awake she throws back the covers.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, THELMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thelma sits looking at an old photograph in her hand. From next door she hears the door of Angela's wardrobe slam and a muffled oath. Thelma puts the photograph on top of others in an old tin beside her and gets up.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE: THE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Thelma comes out of her bedroom as Angela comes out of hers pulling on her shirt -

ANGELA

Mum - you didn't wake me.

THELMA

Mr Freeman said I should let you sleep.

Thelma turns and goes back into her bedroom. Angela follows her -

ANGELA

Charlie? When did - ?

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE, THELMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela hovers at the door while Thelma goes back to her chair.

THELMA

He called round earlier.  
Brought your bicycle.

Angela looks at Thelma wondering what, if anything, her mother knows -

THELMA (CONT)

He told me about last night.  
Told me what you did.

ANGELA

You mustn't say anything. Charlie'd get into terrible trouble.

THELMA

I know.

Thelma picks up the photograph she was looking at earlier.

THELMA (CONT)

Your dad would've been proud of you.

She holds out the photograph to Angela. Angela steps forward and takes it.

INSERT: A black and white studio portrait: a young man, aged about twenty, wearing an ill-fitting collar and tie, a natural twinkle in his eye despite the formal pose.

THELMA (CONT - O.S.)

You're so like him. Every time I look at you I can see your dad.

Thelma takes another photograph from the box.

THELMA (CONT)

That's us on our wedding day.

PHOTOGRAPH: Thomas and Thelma Jewell outside a chapel. Thomas is in his suit, Thelma in a dress, jacket and hat; a buttonhole for Thomas, a corsage for Thelma. The happy couple look so full of life and fun

ANGELA (O.S.)

You look beautiful.

THELMA

We were. Our parents didn't approve. Mine thought I was too good for him, his thought I was stuck up. No one wanted us to get married - but we knew better.

She hands Angela another photograph -

PHOTOGRAPH: Porthenis Harbour quayside: Thomas and Thelma stand beside a fishing boat - its nameplate, 'Borra', can be seen. Thomas has one hand on the boat's rail, the other round Thelma's shoulders, she is six months pregnant.

THELMA (O.S.)

And then there was going be you.  
And I thought, that'll show'em.  
But a month later.

Thelma bites her lip.

THELMA (CONT)

I'm sorry, Angela.  
I never shared him with you.

Thelma's eyes are filled with tears. Angela moves to her. They embrace.

THELMA (CONT)

He was a lovely man.  
It shouldn't have happened.

Thelma moves Angela to look her face to face.

THELMA (CONT)

I wanted him. All to myself.  
I locked him up inside me.

Thelma kisses Angela.

THELMA (CONT)

What happened to your dad could've happened to Davey. If it weren't for you. And Mr Freeman.

Angela looks again at the photos. Thelma looks at her daughter - at last allowing herself to enjoy seeing her husband in their child.

ANGELA

I want to go and see him, mum.  
Just to make sure he's okay.

EXT. PORTHENIS HOSPITAL - MID-DAY

A Victorian cottage hospital. Quiet, solid stability.

INT. PORTHENIS HOSPITAL, RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

- the FEMALE RECEPTIONIST directs Angela down a corridor.

INT. PORTHENIS HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Angela walks along the corridor, glancing up at the ward names over the doors. She comes to *Cober Ward*. About to push open the doors, she looks through one of the porthole-like windows -

- two rows of beds on either side of the ward but only a few are occupied. Davey's left leg raised in a traction hoist. Pat offers him a bowl of fruit. Davey declines. Pat sits on the bed and puts an arm around him. On the other side of the bed DAVEY'S MOTHER, a dowdy late-middle-aged woman, sits watching her son. At the foot of the bed, PAT'S FATHER and MOTHER arm in arm, laughing and joking with Pat and Davey. Pat kisses Davey.

Angela turns away from the scene in which there is no place for her. She walks back along the corridor.

Angela becomes aware of the distant sound of a plane. She suddenly breaks into a run.

EXT. PORTHENIS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

In the sky overhead, one of the planes banks and flies off towards the airfield. Angela gets on her bike and pedals after the plane. She knows where to go - where she feels she fits in.

EXT. COAST ROAD - EARLY AFTERNOON

Coming away from the airfield a group of HOLIDAY MAKERS are walking back to Porthenis. As Angela cycles past them A HOLIDAYMAKER calls out to her -

HOLIDAY MAKER

You goin' out to the airfield ?

Angela pulls up.

HOLIDAY MAKER (CONT)

Don't bother, love. Sent us packing.  
They're shutting up shop. Just turfed  
us -

Angela pedals quickly on.

EXT. AIRFIELD GATES - LATER

Mac and Ricky usher the last CUSTOMERS out of the gates.

RICKY

Thank you, ladies and gentleman.  
We're very sorry about this.

As soon as Ricky catches sight of Angela approaching she turns away and strides away towards the departure lounge.

A couple of visitors stop in the gateway as Angela cycles up to them and Mac, who hasn't seen Angela, calls out.

MAC

I said we're closing. Please,  
keep moving.

The visitors move on and Mac sees Angela. She gets off her bike and positions herself so Mac can't close the gates.

ANGELA

What's going on?

MAC

Sorry, Angel. I can't let you in.

Angela looks across and sees Jack's car parked near the control tower. She pushes her bike at Mac so that he has to let go of the gate and she pushes past him -

MAC (CONT)

Angela!

- she sprints towards the control tower.

MAC (CONT)

Don't! Angel!

INT. CONTROL TOWER, CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Angela bursts in. She looks towards the desk and sees The Sunday Times newspaper held up by its reader and the front page headline: *WAR HERO ON THE RUN*, but immediately the paper drops. Jack is sitting in Charlie's chair.

JACK

Hello Angel.

His eyes hold hers.

Approaching voices -

MAC (O.S.)

I couldn't stop her -

The door starts to open -

CHARLIE (O.S.)

- Alright, Mac. Just get the place locked up.

Charlie enters, wearing his flying jacket and carrying his briefcase -

CHARLIE (CONT)

You shouldn't be here, Angel.

ANGELA

What's going on? Why's Mac sending everyone away?

JACK

Sorry about this, Angel -



Charlie goes to the filing cabinet and opens a drawer.

ANGELA

Charlie? What's going on?

Charlie selects files and puts them in his briefcase. Angela turns angrily on Jack as he stands up and comes round the desk -

ANGELA (CONT)

Why are you here?

Jack hands her the newspaper -

INSERT - FRONT PAGE THE SUNDAY TIMES -

The headline: WAR HERO ON THE RUN - and accompanying candid photograph - Jack in a dinner jacket, all smiles, cigar and glass of champagne in hand.

JACK (O.S.)

I 'borrowed' some money from some people. And now they want it back. But I don't have it. So. I need to disappear -

Angela drops the paper on the desk. Charlie slams the filing cabinet drawer as Jack opens the door -

CHARLIE

Enough!

Angela and Jack turn to Charlie. Behind Jack a dragonfly flies in.

ANGELA

You're going to fly him out of the country ?

Jack goes. Charlie moves to the desk and adds some papers to his briefcase.

ANGELA (CONT)

Where are you taking him?

CHARLIE

It's better you don't know, Angel. A lot of people are going to be looking for Jack. For both of us.

Charlie closes and locks his briefcase.

ANGELA

What people? The police? But  
Charlie? You can't. It'll ruin  
everything. You can't go. Not now.  
My mum told me about my dad.  
And she likes you.  
She'll let me work here.

Charlie notices the dragonfly tapping at the window. He  
goes to release it -

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Angel.

- but Angela grabs hold of him -

ANGELA

You can't. I won't let you.

- he turns and she beats her fists at his chest -

CHARLIE

Angela. Don't. Stop.

- she struggles as he grabs her wrists -

CHARLIE (CONT)

Listen to me. Listen to me.

- she calms.

CHARLIE (CONT)

If it wasn't for Jack I wouldn't  
be here.

ANGELA

No!

CHARLIE

And we wouldn't have had any of this.

ANGELA

No.

CHARLIE

Yes, Angel. You remember the missing  
log book. And the photograph? Five of  
my crew died when we were shot down.  
But Jack and I were lucky. We got out.  
We spent a year on the run. If we'd  
been captured we'd have been shot.

(cont.../)

CHARLIE (CONT)

There were things we had to do. Things I couldn't do. But Jack could. Without him I wouldn't have made it.

ANGELA

Charlie, please. You told me to forget the past. That's why you came here - to make a new life.

CHARLIE

Sometimes we do things we know we shouldn't. You know that, Angel. You stowed away on the plane. If you hadn't done the wrong thing Davey would have died.

ANGELA

Oh, Charlie. We'll lose everything.

He opens the door. He turns back to her -

CHARLIE

Not everything, Angel. You know how it is. You feel you can do anything. Be anyone.

She turns away from him -

CHARLIE (CONT)

You'll be okay.

He goes. Angela closes her eyes to block out the moment. But the tap-tapping of the dragonfly on the window breaks into her consciousness. She opens her eyes and looks at the beautiful trapped creature. She opens the window and gently guides the dragonfly out.

Angela watches the dragonfly hover for a moment outside the window and then it darts away.

Angela turns and runs out -

EXT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Angela runs out of the Office. She stands for a moment watching as the plane's engine starts. She runs to the departure lounge.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Angela runs in and almost collides with Ricky. For a moment they face each other. The plane's engines roar beyond.

Mac drives up in Charlie's car. Ricky reaches out to Angela's face. Angela flinches but Ricky gently touches her cheek, reaching for the softness she has lost. Angela presses Ricky's hand against her cheek. Ricky pulls her hand away, goes to the car, gets in and Mac drives away.

Angela looks around - at where once was everything she wanted, but now there is just an empty café. She goes to the BOAC map of the world with Charlie's writing: "here be dragons" across Cornwall and unpins it -

EXT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

As the plane lines-up to take-off Angela comes out of the café folding up the map. The plane starts to gather speed. Angela runs towards the headland -

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

- the plane accelerates - Angela runs faster -

As the plane and the girl converge on the headland Charlie waves from the cockpit. Angela waves, and the map starts to unfold.

The plane lifts off over the cliff edge.

As it rises into the sky Angela stops at the cliff edge. She holds the map of the world above her head where it snaps in the wind like a medieval knight's banner as the plane disappears into the clouds.

Angela turns and walks away. She fights the wind to fold up the map until at last she can stick it in the back pocket of her jeans. With each stride Angela becomes more confident and purposeful, and the tears in her eyes turn to a smile and then laughter -

FADE OUT