

William, Will You Dance?

(act one)

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTLAND - GLENTHANE FARM - WINTER - DAY

Grey skies hang over snowy hills - a patchwork quilt of white fields and rock walls. Wind GUSTS over the terrain.

Across one hilltop hikes a lone, wiry figure, WILLIAM MacDougall (38), bundled against the cold. His looks are average, his eyes intelligent.

Swift, focussed, and with shepherd's staff in motion, William traverses the ridge and watches his border-collie, RAB, who zigzags down the closest field, nose to the ground.

Rab stops, shoots over to two grey boulders, looks up, BARKS.

William strides down to the boulders - a dead EWE and her BLEATING ORPHAN lamb. The Orphan's right ear sticks straight out, but its left ear flops down to the side of its head.

William scoops up the tiny Orphan, places it in a woollen bag that hangs under his coat, next to his heart. He buttons his coat over the Orphan, then man and dog lope down the hill, toward a distant farmhouse and its out-buildings.

SUPER: "LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND, 1971"

EXT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - DUSK (ESTABLISHING)

A two-story, stone-built home faces a cobblestone courtyard, surrounded by barns, sheds and farm equipment. William's 1965 van, tyres crusted with snow, is parked in the courtyard.

At the gate to an adjoining pasture, stands a herd of brown and white COWS - LOWING, waiting to be milked.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

A big, cosy room. A music box, an antique clock, and family photos sit on a sideboard. In one photo, a younger, pubescent William stands next to an older sister, a bride in white.

In the middle of the room, a table is set for two. Against the far wall, a big coal-fired Rayburn holds SIZZLING pans.

At the sink, LIZZIE MacDougall (70) fills a teapot with boiling water. Wiry like William and clothed head-to-toe in woollens, Lizzie has busy hands and a happy heart.

She consults the clock: It's 5:30 p.m..

Lizzie's wedding rings FLASH as she grabs her side in pain, then rests, eyes closed. A beat, then she exits to --

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - DUSK

The entryway. She sheds her slippers, pulls on Wellington boots, exits to --

EXT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - COURTYARD - DUSK

The side door. She hollers:

LIZZIE
William! Come for your tea!

No answer. She listens... then heads toward the nearest barn.

INT. GLENTHANE FARM - BARN - LOW STALL - DUSK

DONALD Brown (55) - a fit, friendly farmhand - bottle-feeds three orphan LAMBS. Lizzie enters, surveys the scene, nods.

LIZZIE
You'll be wanting hot water bottles
then, Donald?

DONALD
Aye, Mrs. MacDougall, we will.

William enters, opens his bag --

LIZZIE
How many then, four?

-- and extracts the flop-eared Orphan. Lifeless. No! He puts his ear to its chest... listens... then opens its mouth.

WILLIAM
Donald?

Donald hands him a bottle, William drops milk onto the Orphan's tongue, strokes its throat. Nothing. He blows softly into the Orphan's nostrils. A beat, then the lamb swallows - to the relief of all.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

William and Lizzie eat in silence, Lizzie is bursting to talk, but William is focused on his meal. She watches him, and waits. Finally, William finishes, sits back, and speaks:

WILLIAM

They shouldn't be droppin' their young so early.

LIZZIE

It's that Churchill! That ram will jump any stone dike, just to visit his lady-friends, early-like. Sell him at spring market, and good riddance.

WILLIAM

There's not a dike built, can keep out a good breeder, Mum. That is why we like him.

LIZZIE

Well, now... that's a fact.

WILLIAM

(deciding)

Come Harvest Sunday, we'll lock him in the barn, and leave him there till Martinmas.

LIZZIE

That'll do him!

WILLIAM

Ta very much, Mum.

He stands, brushes his lips on Lizzie's cheek and heads to THE FRONT HALLWAY, Rab at his side.

LIZZIE (O.S.)

It's your Dad's birthday, the morrow.

William nods to himself, pulls on Wellies and his coat --

LIZZIE (O.S.)

We would've had a party, I think. A ceilidh in the kirk hall.

-- and vanishes out the side door.

BACK ON LIZZIE, all nostalgic:

LIZZIE

He was a dancer, your dad.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

By the fire, Rab SNORES. On the Hi-Fi, the pas de deux from Romeo and Juliet plays. At his desk, William works on his accounts. Stops. Gets caught up in the music, worlds away.

Lizzie rolls a dressmaker's dummy into the room, pulls a tweed skirt off, carries it and sits to the left of the fire. William returns to earth... closes his ledgers, announces:

WILLIAM

Two thousand, four hundred, forty-three pounds, eleven pence.

LIZZIE

Why, you're a quarter of the way to the deposit! Your dad would be proud, you owning the farm one day.

WILLIAM

If Lord Bingham doesn't raise his price before I'm all the way there.

LIZZIE

Don't go borrowing trouble, son. It'll find you, soon enough.

Lizzie stitches up a hem, hums "Leezie Lindsay" aloud.

William sits to the right of the fire, picks up a book: The Diseases of Sheep, then settles in and reads. Ahhh, domestic tranquility. A beat, then William yawns and looks up.

WILLIAM

I'll go to my bed early, the night.

LIZZIE

I can feed them.

WILLIAM

Ach, I'll be out there at midnight, and the wee bairns'll be that glad to see me, I'll not miss the sleep.

LIZZIE

You were born working.

INT. GLENTHANE FARM - BARN - LOW STALL - LATE NIGHT

William bottle-feeds the Lambs. All finish up and sleep - except the flop-eared Orphan. William nods off as it keeps on sucking, tail wagging.

INT. GLENTHANE FARM - MILKING SHED - DAWN

LOUD MACHINERY and a long narrow room. On either side, cows stand at milking machines.

William yawns, as he and Donald tend the cows. After each cow finishes, the energetic, outspoken MR. CAMPBELL (45) notes her yield, collects a milk sample, labels it. His vest has "Scottish Milk Marketing Board" embroidered on the pocket.

William washes an udder, sprays disinfectant on a teat with a fresh scab. Mr. Campbell notices, shouts above the din --

MR. CAMPBELL

Ach, what a shame!

WILLIAM

Aye, she was my best milker!

William attaches the suction cups to all but the injured teat. It drips its milk onto the ground.

INT. GLENTHANE FARM - MILK STORAGE ROOM - DAY

On top of a large stainless steel vat, Mr. Campbell places a box of milk samples. Printed on the side is: "SCOTTISH MILK MARKETING BOARD." On top: "GLENTHANE FARM, 5 March, 1971."

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A big breakfast. Lizzie and Mr. Campbell chat away, their plates still full. William eats up, his plate almost empty .

LIZZIE

And what do you think of that new bill in Parliament, Mr. Campbell? The one to pay for pumping all our North Sea Oil down to London?

MR. CAMPBELL

We won't see a penny of that oil money, Mrs. MacDougall! It'll all end up in London - with our oil.

He takes out his wallet, shows her a blue and white card. She looks, wide-eyed - and spills tea on her chest.

LIZZIE

The Scottish National Party? The S.N.P.?! But they want to blow up that motorway the government's building, from London to Inverness.

MR. CAMPBELL

Never! That's just the Tories
talking nonsense, to keep folks
from joining the S.N.P..

WILLIAM

Mum, you've spilt tea on your
jumper.

She waves William away. Turns back to Mr. Campbell.

LIZZIE

Tories talking nonsense? Well, it
wouldn't be the first time!

William rises, exits to the sitting room. Shuts the door.

LIZZIE

Oh he's not a talker, like his dad.

MR. CAMPBELL

Aye, your husband could spin a
right good yarn, God rest him.

She gestures, "I don't know" and reaches for her tea.

LATER

At the sink, Lizzie washes dishes and sings --

LIZZIE

"Will ye gang to the highlands,
Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the highlands with
me?"

-- as the MUSIC BOX on the sideboard PLAYS, lid open.

At the table, William and Mr. Campbell do paperwork.

MR. CAMPBELL

Fetch those pedigrees then, Mr.
MacDougall, and we'll register your
new heifers, the now.

William nods, exits to the sitting room.

Lizzie drops a pot - BANG! - and grabs her side.

MR. CAMPBELL

You all right, Mrs. MacDougall?

LIZZIE

Aye. Just my butterfingers.

EXT. GLENTHANE FARM - COURTYARD - DAY

Donald exits the barn, just as his wife, MRS. BROWN (50) drives up, exits her car. Also in woollens, Mrs. Brown is "the salt of the earth," and her earth is Glenthane Farm.

MRS. BROWN

Hallo, Donald! I'm away with Mrs. MacDougall to the library van. Your dinner's on the cooker.

DONALD

Right, Maggie. Why bring the motor?

MRS. BROWN

She's not up to the walk.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - CAR PARK - DAY

A small church, with a graveyard, a manse, and a church hall. In the car park, sits the LANARK PUBLIC LIBRARY VAN. Lizzie and Mrs. Brown emerge from the van, carrying books. Lizzie turns around to speak, grabs her side, doubles over in pain.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Brown enters --

FIONA (O.S.)

I don't like it, Mrs. Brown.

-- followed by FIONA (45), a female version of William. Fiona is round, comely, and born to set the world straight. She plunks her handbag down on the table, asks:

FIONA

Why is Mummy not in hospital? Dr. McCor --

LIZZIE (O.S.)

Fiona!

Lizzie stands in the doorway to the sitting room, nightgown soaked in sweat. She sways, spirals down to the floor.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

William opens the MUSIC BOX and "Leezie Lindsay" PLAYS. He puts Lizzie's wedding rings inside, closes the lid.

SILENCE.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

A traditional Scots funeral. Crowded pews. REV. COOPER (40s) speaks warmly, as William and Fiona approach the open casket.

REV. COOPER

Lord, look kindly on your daughter,
Elizabeth MacDougall. And please
don't hold it against her that she
laboured on the Sabbath, regular-
like.

Crying, William places a handful of wool into Lizzie's hands.

REV. COOPER

She was a shepherd's wife, Lord.
And you know that a good shepherd -
and his missus - always tends to
the needs of the flock.

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - VESTIBULE - DAY

Fiona, William, and Rab greet COMMUNITY FOLKS as they leave. Mr. Campbell clasps William's hands. Weeping, he moves on.

William shakes the hand of LORD BINGHAM (60s), a plump aristocrat with a bow tie. And decidedly English.

WILLIAM

Nice of you to come, Lord Bingham.

LORD BINGHAM

Yes, well one tries, doesn't one?

Fiona nods her thanks. Lord Bingham moves on. Next, the handsome and oily Fenwick DUNDEE (33) - he's the frog prince in reverse - pumps William's hand, announces:

DUNDEE

Mrs. MacDougall was a fine woman
and a credit to the community!

William nods, wipes his hand on his trousers.

DUNDEE

We all feel her loss!

Dundee turns to Fiona, stares straight at her breasts. Fiona folds her arms.

FIONA

That's very nice of you, Mr.
Dundee.

Dundee produces a toothy smile, but Lord Bingham steps in.

LORD BINGHAM

Dundee, while I was in London, did you see to the repairs in the wine cellar?

DUNDEE

Absolutely, Lord Bingham. We can't let your fine wines spoil, for lack of proper care. Now can we?

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - CHURCH HALL - FUNERAL RECEPTION - DAY

Alone in a CROWD, William watches a MOTHER (23) pick up her crying SON (2) and dance with him, singing as he quiets down. She glances at William, who looks away and exits to --

EXT. CHURCH HALL - FRONT WALKWAY - DAY

The quiet afternoon. Misty-eyed, he looks out at the hills.

Behind William, Rev. Cooper approaches, speaks softly:

REV. COOPER

What's to become of you now, William?

WILLIAM

Oh, Fiona's staying on for a month, to help with the lambing.

REV. COOPER

But who's going to look after you, when she goes home to her family?

INT./EXT. GLENTHANE FARM - DAY/NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: THE LAMBING

A) MIDDLE OF A PASTURE - NIGHT: William administers a blood transfusion to a POSTPARTUM EWE. Fiona holds a lantern.

B) CORNER OF A PASTURE - DAY: A NEWBORN lamb stumbles away from a panting EWE, who delivers a SECOND lamb. A red FOX slithers toward the Newborn - Rab streaks past the Newborn and chases the Fox away.

C) BARN - NIGHT: William takes a STILLBORN lamb away from a EWE, turns to Donald, who holds the flop-eared Orphan ready.

William rubs the Stillborn all over the Orphan, then puts the Orphan to suckle on the Ewe. She sniffs... sniffs again... then accepts it. The Orphan attaches and sucks, tail wagging.

D) LARGE PASTURE - DAY: William sets up salt-licks for a sea of munching Ewes and frisky Lambs. The lambing is over.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

William and Fiona sit by the fire. She folds laundry. He listens to a small radio:

BBC BROADCASTER (O.S.)

"... claim they won't go on strike this summer. The last time the coal miners went on strike was in nineteen twenty-six -- "

WILLIAM

Oh, they'll not strike now - not till the dead of winter, when we can't live without their coal.

Fiona switches the radio OFF. She's a woman on a mission:

FIONA

We've affairs of our own to settle. I'm talking about you, silly goat.

WILLIAM

Me? Am I a goat?

FIONA

And still a young one, thank God.

WILLIAM

What's that supposed to mean?

FIONA

First, there's the matter of a woman.

WILLIAM

There is?!

FIONA

I've asked Mrs. Brown, and she'll come in days, temporary-like, till you can find someone.

WILLIAM

Aha! What about Donald?

FIONA

He says he'll manage just fine,
with a part-time wife for a bit.
And another thing. You'll be
missing Mummy's pension.

WILLIAM

That cannot be helped, Fiona.

FIONA

Oh, yes it can! You're going to buy
Glenthane Farm some day, and you're
going to need money to do it.

WILLIAM

I've got two thousand, four hundred
ninety pounds, seventy-nine "p."

FIONA

Put electricity into the Braeside,
then sub-let it out for the rent!

WILLIAM

No! I will not be a landlord.

FIONA

Then hire Dundee to rent it out for
you.

WILLIAM

Me... collect my rent money... from
the factor... who collects my rent,
from me? The toad. Oh, I think I
like that.

FIONA

Good. And you better be thinking
about finding a wife.

WILLIAM

A what?!

FIONA

You heard me. You'll die of
loneliness afore I know it,
William, and then where will I be!

WILLIAM

With your Jackie.

FIONA

I'm not joking.

William places his hand over his heart in mock tragedy.

WILLIAM

He took my own sister away from me
when I was just a lad, and I swore
I would never love another.

FIONA

Oh, yes you will!

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DAY

Set back from the street on a hillside overlooking a glen,
sits an old stone cottage with a weedy garden and 3 sheds. A
stone dike encompasses the grounds, and a metal gate
separates the cottage from the farmlands around it.

Across the street, Donald sits on a tractor, plows the earth.

In front of the cottage sits a "Lanark Electric" van.
HAMMERING noises fill the air. Electricity is going in.
Behind the van, Dundee leans against his Land Rover and looks
at William, who shouts over the din --

WILLIAM

I thought to put in a phone, as --

DUNDEE

Don't be daft! No one can afford a
phone, except a proper businessman
like me.

WILLIAM

Yes, of course, right. Well then, I
thought I should charge thirty
pound a month. What do you --

DUNDEE

Don't be stupid! Rent it to the
highest bidder, not any old puddock
with thirty quid in his cap.

WILLIAM

Aha! And when do I ask --

DUNDEE

You don't ask for references, I do!

WILLIAM

Right. Good. Then you'll ring us
when you've found someone, and Mum
will let me know?

DUNDEE

Who?

The HAMMERING STOPS. SILENCE. William bows his head.

DUNDEE

Just you tend to Lord Bingham's
farm, Mr. MacDougall. I'll find you
a proper tenant, thank you.

William nods and heads off across the street - where Donald
sits atop a tractor, plows the field.

DUNDEE

Stupid peasant.

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DAY

The Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" blares across the fields,
as three long-haired HIPPIE GUYS (20s) carry the new tenant's
belongings into the cottage - including an electric keyboard,
an Indian sitar, and three easels.

SUPER: "1 MAY, 1971"

An extroverted American hippy is moving in, JILLIAN JONES
(23), in a flowing pink gown and a flower chain. Jillian
stops one of the Hippy Guys and leads him, dancing, around
the garden. They fall in tall weeds, end up embracing.

EXT. TOWN OF LANARK - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A market town. A railway station and a livestock auctioning
complex dominate the High Street. On many a side street are
rows of 50s-built, middle-class townhouses.

EXT. TOWN OF LANARK - SIDE STREET - DAY

William and Rab, combed and pressed, approach a corner town-
house and walk to the door.

Before William can knock, two lively boys, JOHN (10) and
ROBBIE (8), open the door:

ROBBIE

Uncle Willy! Mummy says you're
getting married.

JOHN

Can I have your rifle, when your
wife throws a hissy fit?

ROBBIE

I thought of it, let me ask him!

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - DAY

The boys back up, as William enters the middle-class home.

WILLIAM

Keep your trousers on, wee lads.
Who's this, who's getting married?

JOHN/ROBBIE

You are.

WILLIAM

I am not.

ROBBIE

I told you he wasn't getting
married.

JOHN

Did not!

ROBBIE

Did too!

William WHISTLES. Rab BARKS. In the b.g., the Sitting Room door opens and out comes Fiona. From that same room, comes a high-pitched GIGGLE.

FIONA

Goodness' sakes, William. Come and
meet Miss Puddlestone. You mustn't
keep her waiting.

William makes a face at the boys: "Help, save me!" as Fiona pulls him into the sitting room and shuts the door. Then we hear another high-pitched GIGGLE, followed by a SNORT.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Family dinner. JACKIE - 45, and a level-headed school master - sits at the head of the table and carves a roast. He turns to MISS PUDDLESTONE - 25, and a goggle-eyed string bean.

JACKIE

Well-done, medium, or rare, Miss
Puddlestone?

MISS PUDDLESTONE

Em, ahh, rare. Yes, rare, I think.

She giggles.

FIONA

Miss Puddlestone, my brother will own his own farm, some day. Tell her about Glenthane Farm, William.

William stares at the Puddlestone, in a panic. Opens his mouth, closes it. Swallows hard. Finally, he squeaks:

WILLIAM

I like cows and sheep.

MISS PUDDLESTONE

Oh... Em... Well done, medium, or rare, Mr. MacDougall?

And then she giggles till she snorts.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - DAY

Fiona shuts the door to SNORTS outside, faces the family.

FIONA

Well? What do you think?

John and Robbie make PIGGY NOISES, burst out laughing.

WILLIAM

To tell you the truth, Fiona, maybe she's just a wee bit silly?

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting by the fire, eyes closed, William listens to RACHMANINOFF'S FIFTH SYMPHONY. The music ENDS. He opens his eyes, spies Lizzie's empty chair and bows his head. SILENCE.

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DAY

Macrame art adorns the front door. Nearby, MARY MACKIE (30s) shovels the earth. She is planting roses. Mary is a hearty spinster, wearing her usual - Wellies and tweeds.

She looks up to see William and Rab enter the gate.

WILLIAM

Are you Miss Jones?

MARY

Sorry, Miss Jones is down for a nap.

WILLIAM

But you're not her mum. She's American. Or would you be her auntie?

MARY

Neither! I am her acquaintance. Shall I tell her who called?

WILLIAM

Mr. MacDougall. The ah, ah...

MARY

Landlord?

WILLIAM

Yes.

MARY

Mary Mackie. My brother and I are just visiting.

WILLIAM

Mackie, right.

Mary takes off a gardening glove, extends her hand. But William strides back to the gate, hollers over his shoulder:

WILLIAM

I came about the tree.

MARY

Sorry?

WILLIAM

My sister thought it might fall down and smack the cottage. It's best to cut it down.

Mary hustles to catch up, looks at the trees on the driveway.

WILLIAM

No, it's on the t'other side.

William shoots out the gate and down the --

EXT. HILL SURROUNDING BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DAY

Pasture. He is almost running. Mary follows fast, then spies Rab, trotting at William's side.

She follows them downhill, 'till William pauses, and Mary catches up. She says of Rab:

MARY

Oh, he's braw. How old is he, then?

WILLIAM

Not yet three.

MARY

And his name?

WILLIAM

Rab.

Mary kneels, holds out her un-gloved hand, while William strides on. Rab hesitates, then sits and shakes Mary's hand.

MARY

Nice to meet you, Rab.

She whispers something in his ear. Rab perks up, looks in her eyes, wags his tail. Then together, they follow William around the corner of the cottage, to --

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DOWNHILL SIDE - DAY

The downhill side of a huge ash tree, five meters away from the sitting room window. William points at the tree's roots, which are exposed and unanchored.

MARY

Oh yes, I see. Not much else to be done then, is there?

WILLIAM

Right. We'll be back then, Friday morning, early. Miss, ah --

MARY

Mackie.

WILLIAM

Mackie, right. You'll let Miss Jones know?

She nods, and he starts off across the pasture.

WILLIAM

Rab, come by!

William hikes up the hill, Rab at his heels.

Suddenly, Rab stops and looks back at Mary - who smiles and waves him on.

MARY

That beast has better manners than his master.

SIMON (O.S.)

What's that?

Mary moves to an open window, where SIMON (22) sits at the kitchen table, a baking bowl in his lap. Simon peers out at her. He's a mild-mannered soul, and not a hippy.

MARY

That was Jillian's landlord. He has to cut down her tree. Something about him reminded me of Dad.

Simon rubs butter into flour, looks at Mary, waits.

MARY

I've got it! Simon, remember how Dad was always on the move, and you had to run after him, just to keep up? Yes, that's what it was.

A look passes between them - of fond memories and loss.

SIMON

That could make you fair crabbit, sometimes.

MARY

You know what Simon? It still does!

Mary looks back at the pasture, but William has disappeared.

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DOWNHILL SIDE - DAY

BUZZZZZ! Donald starts up a chainsaw, and William circles the ash tree, assessing the job. Rab waits, nearby.

A sitting-room window flies open and Jillian, face streaked with soot, sticks her head out and hollers --

JILLIAN

Wait!

No reaction. She leans out the window, waves frantically:

JILLIAN

Stop!

BRRRRRRRR! William starts his chainsaw.

Jillian grabs the first thing she sees - a Frisbee - and throws it. BAM! It smacks William in the head. OW! He looks around and sees

Jillian, climbing out the window.

JILLIAN
Leave her alone!

She charges over and hugs the tree. The chainsaws go OFF.

JILLIAN
This is an old soul.
(then, to William)
Mary said you were coming tomorrow!

WILLIAM
I'm almost sure I told her Friday.

JILLIAN
Is today Friday?

The men nod. Jillian bursts into tears.

JILLIAN
I lost a day!

WILLIAM
Miss, would you like for us to come
back, the morrow?

Jillian slumps down against the tree, sits on the grass.

JILLIAN
Everything was supposed to be so
perfect and... Can either one of
you light a fire?

INT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Jillian watches as Donald kneels at the fireplace and pulls out charred kindling, newspapers, and about 100 matches.

DONALD
You're not giving it room to
breathe, Miss Jones.

JILLIAN
Call me Jillian.

DONALD
Oh, I don't think Mrs. Brown would
like that.

JILLIAN

Who?

DONALD

Herself, back at my own cottage.

JILLIAN

Oh!

Donald lays the fire like a pro. William enters, hands a bucket of coal to Donald, then stares at a half-finished mural on the wall, an idyllic nature-scape.

JILLIAN

You like it? Cool! It takes time to become a good artist, but at least I have time. My grampa left me a ton of money, so I got to retire, before I even had a job!

DONALD

Now you've got to have a good draft, Miss, and give it plenty of air. Then the whole thing should draw, with just... one... match.

The fire catches, Donald puts coal on top, and Jillian CLAPS her hands. Donald heads out the door, dirty hands in the air.

DONALD (O.S.)

I ken where the taps are.

JILLIAN

There's no hot water!
(then, to William)
The hot water stopped working right after they left.

WILLIAM

Miss Mackie and her brother?

JILLIAN

Uh huh. It's gotten colder and colder ever since they went to Edinburgh, two days ago.

William peers up the chimney, then down. Examines the fire. The flames are diverted to a flue, straight back, not up.

WILLIAM

The draft's adjusted properly.

JILLIAN

Draft? What draft?

WILLIAM

The one to fire the boiler.

Jillian studies the flue, and sees the smoke sucked backwards over a smooth copper boiler plate. Suddenly, she gets it.

JILLIAN

Far out!

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DOWNHILL SIDE - DAY

William and Jillian stand below the tree and study its roots.

WILLIAM

If it falls, it'll smack right into your sitting room. It's not safe.

JILLIAN

Couldn't you just prop her up, or something? I just love the way she frames the view.

(starts to cry)

She's such a wise old tree.

Fascinated, William blurts out --

WILLIAM

Are you always like this?

JILLIAN

What?

WILLIAM

So weepy, and --

JILLIAN

(smiles)

I don't think so.

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DOWNHILL SIDE - DAY

William and Donald anchor the tree with steel rods and cable.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

William sits by the fire, flips through a photo album, spies a snapshot of YOUNG LIZZIE (30s) and his DAD (30s), standing on each side of a tractor, with 5 YEAR OLD FIONA at the wheel. A grinning BABY WILLIAM peers over Fiona's shoulder.

William sighs, happy in the past. Grieving in the present.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

A coffee table full of gifts. On the couch sits Robbie, wearing a golden crown. Around the room sit William, John, Fiona, and MISS NIGGLESWORTH - 33, and a nervous little bird.

All eyes are on Jackie, who stands and announces:

JACKIE

In memory of, the great William
Wallace:

(sings)

"Oh flower of Scotland, when will
we see your likes again?
Who fought and died for, your wee
bit hill and glen.
And stood against him, proud
Edward's army.
And sent him home, to think again!"

APPLAUSE - Miss Nigglesworth jumps.

JOHN

Sing it again, Dad!

ROBBIE

No! I want to open up my presents.

FIONA

It's Uncle Willy's turn. William,
did you bring your party piece?

WILLIAM

I did.

He stands, pulls a folded paper from his pocket, reads:

WILLIAM

"My old dog is lonely, though he's
with me all the day.
And I'm afraid to leave him be,
in case he slips away.
He will not eat, his face is grim,
his tail's no longer waggin'.
And when we walk the hills all day,
he falls behind a laggin'."

FIONA

Ach, this is sad.

WILLIAM

"What's to be done with a sorry old
dog, who hides himself away?"

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

'Tis a sore fact, but it cannot be helped. Just throw the lad away.
 (wipes an invisible tear)
 "For flesh is flesh, and dogs is dogs, and you don't need to bother. When one dog's lost, all it costs, is --"

He pulls A TINY CHINA DOG out of his pocket, holds it up.

WILLIAM

"-- ten pence for another!"

LAUGHTER. APPLAUSE.

FIONA

Ach, you're an awful man! Miss Nigglesworth, I'm relying on you to bring some culture to this lot.

MISS NIGGLESWORTH

I'd rather not!

FIONA

Not to worry. It's all in fun.
 (then to William)
 Miss Nigglesworth plays piano for Robbie's Sunday school. Such a shame we don't have a piano, so she could play for you.

William about dies.

Full of woe, Miss Nigglesworth picks up a small velvet bag.

MISS NIGGLESWORTH

I was going to show you something my dad gave me when I was just a girl. But now, I've had my feelings hurt.

FIONA

Show it to us, Miss Nigglesworth. We'd love to see it. Really.

Voices of encouragement, *ad lib*, from around the room.

Miss Nigglesworth opens her bag, pulls out a TINY CHINA DOG identical to William's. She gives him a wounded look, holds up her dog, pushes the tail down... and the mouth opens.

Which makes all other mouths in the room fall open.

FIONA

Why that was lovely. Was that not lovely, Jackie?

JACKIE

What? Oh yes. Yes! Lovely.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

Fiona shuts the door, faces the men, hoping against hope. John taps Robbie on the shoulder - Robbie jumps.

ROBBIE

Where's my wee doggie!?

FIONA

Boys!

WILLIAM

To tell you the truth, Fiona, maybe she's just a wee bit jittery?

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mrs. Brown, wearing an apron, opens the door to see Jillian, holding out wilting blue flowers and smiling.

JILLIAN

These are for William. To thank him for saving my tree.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jillian sips tea, watches Mrs. Brown fry onions.

JILLIAN

Does he live here all by himself?

MRS. BROWN

Aye, ever since his mum died, just two months past.

JILLIAN

Oh. But you cook for him?

MRS. BROWN

Aye. Just to help out, temporary-like, till he finds someone.

JILLIAN

Oh, that's so sweet.

She gags at the smell, moves to the end of the table. Then notices the flowers, in water, but looking grim. She sobs --

JILLIAN
My flowers are dying!

MRS. BROWN
There now, lass. They're not worth
crying over.

Mrs. Brown puts a lid on the frying pan, faces Jillian.

MRS. BROWN
You feeling a bit weepy these days?

JILLIAN
Uh huh.

EXT. TOWN OF LANARK - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A Lanark City Bus pulls up in front of the office. Mrs. Brown and Jillian exit the bus. Mrs. Brown takes Jillian's basket from her as they walk up to the office door.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Brown and Jillian sit and wait, along with a PREGNANT WOMAN (20s). An ASSISTANT (60s) announces:

ASSISTANT
Next!

MRS. BROWN
I'll be right here, love.

Jillian stands, looks back at Mrs. Brown - who sits and knits. As she watches Jillian walk away, we hear singing:

CONGREGATION (O.S.)
"All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small."

INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

As folks in the CONGREGATION stand and sing:

CONGREGATION
"All things wise and wonderful, the
Lord God made them all."

Jillian stands between Donald and Mrs. Brown. She rests one hand on her stomach and sings her heart out. She is radiant.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Visiting after church. Dundee approaches Jillian, stares at her breasts. She doesn't notice, but William and Mrs. Brown do, and it irks them.

DUNDEE

How's life at the Braeside?

JILLIAN

Oh I love it, even the mice!

MRS. BROWN

Mice!? Oh, but you mustn't --

DUNDEE

Well, we don't charge extra for the wildlife.

William steps forward, blocks out Dundee.

WILLIAM

Excuse me. Have you not got a cat?

JILLIAN

No. Should I?

MRS. BROWN

Yes. You should!

EXT. GLENTHANE FARM - COURTYARD - DAY

William pours milk into the basin, and two Cats and five KITTENS gather round. William turns to Jillian:

WILLIAM

They've not been handled, so they'll still be strange.

Delighted, Jillian picks up a kitten, half white, half brown.

JILLIAN

Oh! He looks like he's wearing a kilt.

William half smiles.

INT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jillian strokes her kitten, SCOTTY, as he perches on the kitchen and laps up milk from a bowl.

JILLIAN

Drink up, Scotty, my boy. You've got to grow up nice and big like your daddy, so you can catch mega mice. I'm a vegetarian, myself. Not really into "death by stalking." But Mrs. Brown says the mice have gotta go, and she's the expert.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Jackie, Robbie, John, and William sit at the dinner table. They stare in horror, as MISS DICKENS (35) - a bull moose of a woman - lights a fat cigarette and blows smoke in the air.

WILLIAM

Miss Dickens, my wee nephew is allergic to --

MISS DICKENS

(to John)

Had my first ciggie when I was ten.

Robbie COUGHS. Fiona enters, carrying a ham.

FIONA

William, will you open the window?

MISS DICKENS

Mrs. Jack! I did not come all this way, just to catch my death!

JACKIE

(stands)

You may not speak to my wife that way.

William stands. Rab growls. The Dickens puts her cigarette out on Fiona's good china, and leaves. William throws the window open wide - Robbie gulps in fresh air.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Distraught, Fiona holds a box of tissues on her lap and WAILS, while Jackie pats her hand and William looks on.

FIONA

But I don't know any more eligible young ladies!

JACKIE

There, there, Fiona. Don't fret yourself.

FIONA
 And all the really nice young
 ladies don't even want to meet our
 William.

William reacts: What?

FIONA
 They say they're waiting for good
 husband material! Oh, what's to
 become of him, now?

Fiona BLOWS HER NOSE - loud like a foghorn.

JACKIE
 Your brother is a grown man, Fiona.

WILLIAM
 That's right - I am.

JACKIE
 He can look after himself.

WILLIAM
 That's right - I can.

FIONA
 What do you two know - you're men!

William sits by her side, is surprised to hear himself say:

WILLIAM
 Fiona, please. I would love to have
 a wife. Really.

FIONA
 You would?

WILLIAM
 Aye. Why have I been coming here,
 these three months, past?

FIONA
 Dunno. To see the boys?

WILLIAM
 Truth be told, I am a bit lonely,
 these days. And Rab, God bless him,
 he's not much good for a wife. I
 would love... to find someone...
 Hallo?! That's it!

FIONA
 It is?

WILLIAM

Some things, a man must do for himself, and this is one of them.

(he stands)

I'm going to find her myself!

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - NEAR VEGETABLE GARDEN - DAY

Jillian sits on the ground, sketchbook in her lap, and draws a Hippy Guy digging in her garden. Simon walks up, hands her homemade lemonade. Yum!

INT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - GARDEN SHED - DAY

Mary pumps up a tire on a wheelbarrow. Scotty, the kitten, watches her. Mary pauses... listens... sticks her head out the doorway, sees --

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

William arriving with a trailer, piled high with manure.

MARY

Marvellous!

She opens the gate. William nods, drives to the garden, turns the tractor OFF, hops down. Jillian and friends gather round.

JILLIAN

Hi William. Oh, this stuff reeks!

Mary inhales - ahhh.

MARY

But it's as good as gold, and your vegetables will love it.

JILLIAN

Ugh. What do I owe you, William?

WILLIAM

Not to worry, Miss Jones. Braeside Cottage is part of the farm.

JILLIAN

Oh, that's so sweet.

Embarrassed, William strides back to the trailer, flips a switch. The trailer rises and the muck begins to slide. He grabs a shovel, moves it along.

Jillian disappears into the cottage, emerges seconds later, holding a small square of paper. She hugs William - oh my! - and puts the paper in his hand.

JILLIAN
Here. Take it.

He looks, sees a small watercolour of the Braeside. Huh?

JILLIAN
To say thanks for the cow manure.
And call me Jillian.

INT. GLENTHANE FARMHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

William and Rab sit and stare at Jillian's painting, which is propped up against the back of Lizzie's chair.

WILLIAM
I must be half daft.
(off Rab's look)
All right, completely daft.

INT. TOWN OF LANARK - COOPERATIVE GROCERY - DAY

A cosy shop. William stands in the Bakery row, holding a small loaf cake in each hand: Chocolate or vanilla? Decides:

WILLIAM
Vanilla it is. Subtle is best.

He approaches the CASHIER (20s), asks:

WILLIAM
Have you got any raspberry cordial?

EXT. BRAESIDE COTTAGE - DAY

Wearing his Sunday best, with his lambing bag full of goodies and slung over his shoulder, William stands on the front stoop and stares, wide-eyed, at the door. He is petrified.

He panics - and is half way to the gate when he hears the DOOR OPEN. He looks back to see Scotty walk out the door.

WILLIAM
Miss Jones? You there?