

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION 2013

PHILOMENA

BEST WRITING (ADAPTED SCREENPLAY)

Steve Coogan and Jeff Pope



'PHILOMENA'

A Screenplay

By

Steve Coogan and Jeff Pope

Based on the Book

By

Martin Sixsmith

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

PHILOMENA sits at a pew in a largely empty church - there are two other WORSHIPPERS dotted about; there is no service. She is looking at a statue of Madonna and Child.

A PRIEST passes PHILOMENA and stops to talk. He is dressed in a black sweater and dog collar rather than formal robes.

PRIEST
Hello Philomena, haven't seen you
for a while?

PHILOMENA
I just came in to light a candle.

PRIEST
Someone special?

PHILOMENA
Yes.

But she pointedly doesn't elaborate any further. The PRIEST tries to continue the conversation:

PRIEST
How's the new hip?

PHILOMENA
It's very good. It's Ti-tanium.

PRIEST
Oh, the bionic woman...

She smiles, but he can see she's not really in the mood for talking.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Well, always nice to see you.

He carries on. PHILOMENA returns her gaze to the Madonna and Child.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTHER BARBARA'S STUDY - NIGHT

*MOTHER BARBARA
YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF YOUR SHAME.
YOU AND YOUR OWN INDECENCY.*

ON YOUNG PHILOMENA'S FACE, PETRIFIED AND ASHAMED.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

PHILOMENA stands before a row of dozens of little candles burning in sockets. She puts a pound coin in a box, takes a candle and lights it. She plants it in a socket and stares at the flame, emotional.

We see her face through the flame, distorted by the heat haze, and on this we...

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNFAIR - NIGHT

YOUNG PHILOMENA LOOKING IN THE MIRRORS, FACE DISTORTED. WE CUT THIS TIGHTER, SHARPER; WE BECOME AWARE OF THE YOUNG MAN COMING UP BEHIND HER AND ONLY USE THE LINES:

JOHN
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ANY PLACE.
WHERE ARE YOU FROM. ARE YOU FROM
LIMERICK THEN?

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Before she leaves the church, PHILOMENA dips her fingers in Holy Water and blesses herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNFAIR - NIGHT

YOUNG PHILOMENA AND JOHN KISS PASSIONATELY BY THE CARAVAN. WE SEE THE TOFFEE APPLE FALL TO THE GROUND.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PHILOMENA is walking along a street at night, traffic swishing past her, lost in thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTHER BARBARA'S STUDY - NIGHT

MOTHER BARBARA
AND DID YOU ENJOY YOUR SIN?

SISTER HILDEGARD
HE GOT AN AWFUL LOT FOR HIS TOFFEE
APPLE...

CUT TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PHILOMENA walks up to a front door and presses the bell. On her face as she waits for it to be answered...

CUT TO:

INT. ROSCREA - NIGHT

A VIVID FLASH OF YOUNG PHILOMENA ENDURING THE AGONY OF CHILDBIRTH.

SISTER ANUNCIATA
I don't know how to do it!

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM, JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PHILOMENA sits in an armchair deep in thought. The TV is on, but she isn't listening. From her we...

CUT TO:

INT. ROSCREA - NIGHT

WITH A FINAL SCREAM THE BABY IS BORN, HELD IN THE ARMS OF A NUN, HER CROSS VISIBLE.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JANE enters, we carry on as before.

EXCEPT JANE TAKES THE PHOTO FROM PHILOMENA, RATHER THAN PHILOMENA OFFERING IT TO HER.

BLACK.

Under the black screen we start to FADE UP a voice:

ROBERT (V.O.)
... blood glucose fine. Liver
function, kidney function,
normal...

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

MARTIN SIXSMITH, mid-40s, sits listening to someone (as yet unseen), as a series of test results are read out to him.

ROBERT (OOV)
*Platelet count normal, haemoglobin
 levels normal, blood pressure, 131
 over 92...*

MARTIN
 (Pouncing on this)
 Isn't that high?

Now we see ROBERT, Martin's doctor, mid-50s, chipper.

Caption: London, 2002

ROBERT looks up from a folder of results he's reading and, familiar with Martin's hypochondria, ignores the question.

ROBERT
 Weight fine... could do with losing
 a centimetre or two off your waist.
 Stool sample outstanding...

MARTIN finally perks up at this, raises his eyebrow, pleased with himself. ROBERT notices this...

ROBERT (cont'd)
 No, that means you haven't provided
 one yet.

MARTIN
 Oh right, yes. No, I'd remember.

ROBERT
 (As he shuts the file)
 Did you think it didn't stink or
 something?
 (Little smile from MARTIN)
 There's basically nothing wrong
 with you Martin. Um... do you run?

MARTIN
 Well... I walk a lot.

ROBERT
 Try running.

MARTIN
 (Worried)
 Do I need to?

ROBERT
 I do it. Good for your body and...
 good for your head - Kate says you
 think you're mildly depressed?

MARTIN shrugs.

MARTIN
 I got fired. I'm unemployed.

ROBERT
But it wasn't your fault, was it?

MARTIN
That's probably why I'm depressed -
I was sacked for saying something I
didn't say!

Silence.

ROBERT
Try running-

MARTIN
I said the exact opposite of what I
was sacked for!

Another silence. ROBERT tries a different tack:

ROBERT
What are you working on at the
moment?

MARTIN
(Beat)
I was... thinking of writing a
book.

ROBERT
That's good. What about?

MARTIN
Russian history.

ROBERT
(Beat)
What makes you think it's
depression and not just feeling
sorry for yourself?

Silence.

MARTIN
Doesn't have to be Russian history -
could be something else...

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNFAIR, LIMERICK - NIGHT

Nineteen year old PHILOMENA LEE, pretty, dark haired, wears a lovely summer dress, that same crucifix glinting in the sunshine. She picks her way wide-eyed, through the crowd; bright lights, the air filled with noise and excitement.

JOHN (OOV)
You looking for something?

YOUNG PHILOMENA turns to see JOHN, early 20s, with a group of his FRIENDS by a beer tent, smiling at her.

YOUNG PHILOMENA

No.

She walks off, he follows.

JOHN

I haven't seen yous any place.
Where are you from?

JOHN follows her past the brightly coloured stalls, still cradling his glass of beer.

JOHN (cont'd)

Are you from Limerick then?

YOUNG PHILOMENA stops by a hoop-la, excited by the attention but trying to play it - at least a little - cool.

JOHN (cont'd)

Here have a drink of my beer.

He holds out his beer. She shakes her head.

JOHN (cont'd)

Go on take it - what's the matter with you.

She relents, takes the glass from him and takes a swig. She doesn't like the taste.

JOHN (cont'd)

I like your dress. Did you make it yourself?

YOUNG PHILOMENA

(Indignant)

No I bought it in a shop. Anyway, me auntie told me I'm not to talk to strange men like you.

JOHN

Sure I'm not strange. Look at yer man over there...

He nods to a ruddy-faced man, early 20s, (DECLAN), his ankle-swinger trousers tied up with string, buying a toffee apple from a stall and looking at his purchase with reverence.

JOHN (cont'd)

Has a rope for a belt. He should put some jam on his shoes and invite his trousers down for tea.

YOUNG PHILOMENA giggles.

JOHN (cont'd)
That's who your auntie was talking
about.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
I wouldn't mind a bite of his
toffee apple.

JOHN
You want a toffee apple?
(Calls out)
Declan!

DECLAN looks over, smiles, revealing one and a half teeth.

JOHN (cont'd)
Come over here.

DECLAN, a simple soul, dutifully troops over.

JOHN (cont'd)
Do you want this beer?

There's about half a pint left. DECLAN nods enthusiastically.
JOHN nods to the toffee apple, a single bite out of it.

JOHN (cont'd)
I'll swap you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNFAIR, LIMERICK - NIGHT

JOHN and YOUNG PHILOMENA kiss passionately in a gap between
two stalls, hidden from view. JOHN brushes his hand down the
side of her breast to her waist, then slips down to her
bottom. The shot CONTINUES to her hand; OOV she moans
softly... she drops the toffee apple she's holding.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM, JANE'S HOUSE - DUSK

CLOSE on PHILOMENA LEE, an elderly Irish lady, watching TV,
the blue light playing on the lenses of her glasses. Though
distracted, distant with her thoughts, she is half paying
attention to a news report on TV about the purchase, for
forty nine and a half million pounds, of a painting of by
Rubens - *'The Slaughter of The Innocents'*.

Her daughter JANE, dark-haired, late 30s, enters in a hurry.
She pulls a coat over an outfit of black skirt and white top -
(like a receptionist in Soho House might wear).

JANE
Right, just go up and turn their
lights out in half an hour.

PHILOMENA

Doesn't she know you've got a proper job?

JANE

I'm just helping her out tonight - she's short staffed.

The painting flashes up on TV, depicting bloody biblical carnage.

PHILOMENA

(Distracted, talking to the TV *not* JANE)

Fancy spending all that money on a God awful thing like that? If it was me I'd take everyone to the Brent Cross shopping centre and I'd say you can have one thing, whatever you like - two things.

JANE drops her keys in her bag, she's ready to go:

JANE

So I'll be back before midnight. Okay?

PHILOMENA doesn't respond.

JANE (cont'd)

Mum?

JANE sees her mother is looking down at something in her hands.

PHILOMENA

And I'd get myself a brand new Nissan Micro automatic...

JANE

Mother?

She sees PHILOMENA is clutching a small, old, black and white photo with serrated edges. She is late for work but begins to sense something is badly wrong.

JANE (cont'd)

What is it mum? What's the matter?

PHILOMENA looks up at JANE, tears in her eyes. JANE nods to the photo.

JANE (cont'd)

What's that?

PHILOMENA'S hands start to shake as, slowly, she holds it up.

PHILOMENA

(Voice barely a whisper)
It's his birthday. He would have
been fifty today...

JANE

(Beat)
Who?

CUT TO:

INT. DELIVERY ROOM, ROSCREA - NIGHT

YOUNG PHILOMENA, her sweaty face contorted as she screams out in agony. She lays back on a bed, legs in stirrups, in an improvised delivery room above the chapel. She's in the advanced stages of labour - but there are complications.

As two OLDER NUNS look on impotently, wringing their hands, she is attended by a younger nun just a few years older than her. This is Sister ANUNCIATA, pale, red-haired, terrified. She looks at a pair of forceps in a metal bowl and knows she should attempt to use them - but they seem monstrous, medieval. YOUNG PHILOMENA grabs ANUNCIATA'S hand as another spasm grips her body.

YOUNG PHILOMENA

Don't let them put him in the
ground. It's cold there... it's
dark there...

ANUNCIATA extricates her hand and hurries away from the bed, leaving YOUNG PHILOMENA frightened, distraught...

CUT TO:

INT. DORMITORY, ROSCREA - NIGHT

Other inmates of Roscrea, 'fallen' YOUNG GIRLS like Philomena, a couple of them obviously pregnant, kneel by their beds in prayer. They are watched over by MOTHER BARBARA, mid-50s, kind-faced, the most senior nun at Roscrea. From upstairs they can hear PHILOMENA crying out in pain; we see how frightened the YOUNG GIRLS are, some in tears.

MOTHER BARBARA

(Soothing voice)
Pray girls. Pray for the Magdalen.

As they whisper their prayers ANUNCIATA enters the dormitory and hurries up to MOTHER BARBARA.

ANUNCIATA

Reverend Mother, please - we must
get a doctor. The baby is the wrong
way round, it's breech.

MOTHER BARBARA is aware the YOUNG GIRLS are listening intently. In that same, soothing voice, she replies:

MOTHER BARBARA
It's in God's hands now.

Now we see the hardness in her, the darkness of her eyes.

MOTHER BARBARA (cont'd)
The pain is her penance. It will help absolve her of her sin.

CUT TO:

INT. DELIVERY ROOM, ROSCREA - NIGHT

YOUNG PHILOMENA thrashes about, delirious. The OLDER NUNS can do no more than press wet cloths to her head.

ANUNCIATA enters, looks at YOUNG PHILOMENA in such pain. She sees again the forceps on the side and cries out in anguish:

ANUNCIATA
I don't know how to do it!

Mother Barbara's words are in her head... *'it's in God's hands now'*... but she cannot do it - she cannot just stand by and let the girl die. She picks up the forceps and plunges between YOUNG PHILOMENA'S legs. On the girl's scream...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTHER BARBARA'S STUDY, ROSCREA - DAY

Jump back to two months earlier. YOUNG PHILOMENA stands before MOTHER BARBARA and YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE, Mother Barbara's number two, thin-faced, early 40s. Ashamed of her swollen, pregnant belly, she can barely meet their eyes.

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE
Did you let him put his hands on you?

YOUNG PHILOMENA
(Beat, humiliated)
Yes sister.

MOTHER BARBARA
And did you enjoy that? Did you enjoy your sin?

YOUNG PHILOMENA doesn't answer.

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE
Did you take your knickers down?

YOUNG PHILOMENA looks at the two older women, their eyes boring into her. She is too petrified to answer.

MOTHER BARBARA
 Answer Sister Hildegarde - did you
 take them down?

YOUNG PHILOMENA
 (Tears in her eyes)
 Yes.

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE settles back into her chair, turns
 sniffily to Mother BARBARA:

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE
 He got an awful lot for his toffee
 apple.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
 Oh Reverend Mother the sisters at
 school never told us anything about
 babies or... the thing.

MOTHER BARBARA
 Did your mother not tell you?

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE
 Her mother died ten years ago.

MOTHER BARBARA
 Oh, God rest her soul...
 (Sudden venom)
 But don't dare to blame the
 sisters! You are the cause of this
 shame. You and your indecency!

CUT TO:

INT. DELIVERY ROOM, ROSCREA - NIGHT

Back to the birth. With the forceps and her strong fingers,
 ANUNCIATA pushes and twists the tiny body inside YOUNG
 PHILOMENA, lying back, drenched in sweat, moaning in pain.
 Finally, with a gush of pale red liquid onto the white sheet,
 ANUNCIATA pulls out the baby's head, dragging a new life into
 God's world. It's over and ANUNCIATA, overcome with emotion,
 holds up the newborn baby to his mother.

ANUNCIATA
 It's a boy.

She hands him to YOUNG PHILOMENA, who takes him to her chest.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
 I knew.

Caption: Roscrea, 1952

The door to the delivery room opens. MOTHER BARBARA stands in
 the doorway, taking in the sight of YOUNG PHILOMENA cradling
 her baby. She makes the sign of the cross.

MOTHER BARBARA
Thank the Lord.

Aware of MOTHER BARBARA'S icy glare but bitter at her hypocrisy, ANUNCIATA is forced to also make the sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARION'S HOUSE - NIGHT

To establish a white stucco-fronted Georgian town house, bathed in the golden sun of late evening. *SFX sounds of a party from inside.*

CUT TO:

INT. MARION'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A drinks party at a central London town house, an informal gathering for journalists and New Labour types. WAITRESSES serving drinks to GUESTS.

JANE, worried, is serving canapes (or maybe she is going round with bottles of wine topping up glasses). And now REVEAL behind her MARTIN, looking ill at ease, wishing he wasn't there. DAVID, an old friend, same age, chatting with KEITH, 50s, and a woman, 40s, a no-nonsense look about her (*SALLY MITCHELL*).

DAVID
Martin!

MARTIN forces a smile and joins them.

DAVID (cont'd)
(Gestures to KEITH)
Keith you know.
(Then to SALLY)
Sally Mitchell this is Martin
Sixsmith, used to be the BBC's man
in Moscow.

MARTIN
And Washington.

DAVID
And then became a spin doctor for
the government, until it all went a
bit tits up. Is that a fair
summation Martin?

DAVID is not drunk but has obviously had a few drinks.

JANE, serving, is all ears.

MARTIN

Yes. Pretty much. I suppose if you shovel shit for long enough, you'll end up with some on your shoes.

They laugh politely.

DAVID

Yeh but you got it on your head - how did you manage that?

They laugh louder - MARTIN too.

MARTIN

Yes, well, you've got to have a sense of humour about these things.

DAVID

What are you up to at the moment?

MARTIN

I'm thinking of writing a book. On Russian history..?

They look at him and no-one responds. Horrible eggy moment.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Or something else. Might try going back to journalism-

SALLY

I remember you! You're the one who sent that terrible e-mail saying-

MARTIN

No I didn't. Common mistake.

SALLY

(Line overlaps with his)
-it was a good day to bury bad news on 9/11... I thought that was you?

MARTIN

No, that was someone else. What I actually did was, one year later, on the day of Princess Margaret's funeral, send an e-mail saying let's make sure the only thing we 'bury' today - inverted commas - is Princess Margaret.

DAVID

Which is slightly different.

MARTIN

It's totally different. But the papers said it was another e-mail about burying bad news, nobody from the government defended me and... I got royally fucked up the arse by a bunch of self interested spineless shits.

SALLY

(Sarcastic)

But you've still got a sense of humour about it?

MARTIN

(Defiantly)

Yes.

DAVID

Well if you want to get back into journalism, talk to Sally.

SALLY

Oh I just do, you know, sob stories, human interest stuff - not really your cup of tea is it.

MARTIN looks at her awkwardly. It isn't, but he doesn't want to say it isn't.

SALLY (cont'd)

But I'll be happy to have a look if you want to push any ideas my way?

MARTIN

Yes... please.

To escape his embarrassment he walks over to JANE, standing close by.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Could I get a glass of... Pinot Grigio please?

JANE is obviously not in the mood for niceties:

JANE

It's just red or white.

MARTIN

Oh yes, sorry. White then please.

But as she pours it, there is the first glimmer of recognition. She's sure she's seen Martin before.

JANE

I hope you don't mind me asking but didn't you used to be a reporter on News At Ten?

MARTIN

Erm, I was the BBC'S correspondent yes, in Moscow and then Washington.

JANE

I know a woman, you see, and she had a baby when she was a teenager and she kept it a secret for fifty years - we only found out about it today. And the baby was taken from her by these nuns and they made her have it adopted. And she kept it a secret all this time...

(Beat)

It's my mother.

MARTIN

Yes I guessed.

JANE

Would that be of any interest you to you - that kind of thing?

MARTIN

Well, I'm actually quite busy writing a book at the moment.

JANE

What about?

MARTIN

Russian history...

(On her glazed reaction)

-which is actually fascinating. And what you're talking about is a human interest story, which I don't really do.

JANE

Why not?

He sees, at the other end of the kitchen, SALLY MITCHELL, DAVID and KEITH laughing with some other GUESTS.

MARTIN

Because human interest tends to be a euphemism for stories about vulnerable, weak-minded, ignorant, people to fill up the pages of newspapers read by vulnerable, weak-minded, ignorant people.

(Suddenly realising how this sounds)

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)
 Not that you are and, um, I hope
 you find him...

He takes his wine and walks off, taking a swig. JANE looks totally nonplussed.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOTTING HILL - DAWN

Taking his doctor's words to heart MARTIN, up with the larks, jogs along a deserted street in a faded old 'Spartak Moscow' football jersey and shorts (from his time there), and brand new white trainers.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTMINSTER CHURCH - NIGHT

A recital. A congregation watches a choir singing John Taverner's 'Mother of God'; music fills the beautiful interior. MARTIN sits with wife KATE, petite, pretty, Scottish. Next to her is ROBERT, Martin's doctor, and his wife. Whilst everyone else appears to be enjoying the music, MARTIN is fidgety and distracted, unable to take comfort or pleasure from it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTMINSTER CHURCH - NIGHT

SFX: the music continues over:

MARTIN is now outside; a thoughtful, profile shot, breath condensing in the cold air.

INT. BEDROOM - MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTIN sits on the edge of his bed in his boxers and a T-Shirt. Behind him his wife KATE finishes moisturizing her hands before taking her dressing gown off and getting into bed. All the while we stay on MARTIN, wrestling with himself. KATE gets into bed and sees that MARTIN has become frozen.

MARTIN
 (Finally)
 I don't believe in God. And I don't
 know when I stopped.

A beat, then KATE makes her way over to his side of the bed, realising that her husband is deeply unhappy. She puts her arms around him from behind, comforting him.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 And I don't know why it bothers
 me... Should I do a human interest
 story?

CUT TO:

INT. HARVESTER, ST. ALBANS - DAY

CLOSE UP on an overweight mobile phone SALESMAN picking through some ribs. Amongst other lunch time customers, all of whom are very probably not interested in Russian history, we FIND MARTIN standing waiting in the reception area, watching with faint disgust as the phone SALESMAN licks his fingers. MARTIN looks out of the entrance doors, his face reflected in the glass. He looks at his watch, ponders on why he's here and not at all sure it's a good idea. He glances out of the doors again... and he sees her. PHILOMENA, walking across the car park towards him, JANE by her side. *His ghostly reflection in the glass is super-imposed over her for a moment...*

Curiosity aroused, he strains to get a good look - but gets only intermittent glimpses as a couple cars drive past on their way out of the car park. He notes she's dressed smartly - presumably for his benefit - and looks nervous. As she finally enters the restaurant he smiles and steps forward to greet her:

MARTIN
 Hello I'm Martin, you must be
 Philomena.

PHILOMENA
 Hello Martin.

They shake hands; he notes the crucifix around her neck, she in turn sneaks a look at him as he greets JANE.

MARTIN
 (To JANE)
 Hello again.

He gestures into the restaurant.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 Table's through here...

He starts to lead them towards their table.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 (To JANE)
 Sorry if I was a little rude the
 other night, caught me at a bad
 moment...

JANE

I'm just glad you managed to track me down. Hope you didn't mind meeting here but it's mum's favourite.

MARTIN

Oh no it's... nice.

They all sit down.

MARTIN (cont'd)

So how are you Philomena?

PHILOMENA

I'm all right. I had a new hip last year Martin, it's much better than the bone one I had before and it's made of ti-tanium which is metal - but it doesn't rust.

MARTIN

Well if that happened you'd have to have it oiled like the Tin Man wouldn't you.

PHILOMENA

Oh is that right?

MARTIN

No no - I mean, like the Wizard of Oz.

PHILOMENA turns to JANE.

PHILOMENA

What does he mean?

JANE

He's just joking mum.

MARTIN

It was just a joke. No, actually my mother has advanced osteoarthritis in both her knees.

PHILOMENA laughs out loud. JANE realises that Martin is not now joking - and tries to move the whole thing on.

JANE

Shall we get some salad?

CUT TO:

INT. HARVESTER, ST ALBANS - DAY

MARTIN and PHILOMENA are at one end of the salad bar, JANE at the other.

PHILOMENA

Jane's the clever one in our family. She went to university as a mature student - you know, when you're quite old. Where did you go Martin - Oxbridge I'll bet.

MARTIN

Oxford yes.

PHILOMENA

I could tell you weren't a duffer.

MARTIN

(Helping himself to some salad)

Been a while since I've been in a Harvester.

PHILOMENA

Do they not have them in London?

MARTIN

No I tend to go to a little local place, near where I live.

PHILOMENA

And where's that?

MARTIN

Knightsbridge.

PHILOMENA

Oh well that'll be expensive.

She sprinkles some bacon bits and croutons on her salad.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

I like these little bits of toast on mine...

(Beat)

And are you married Martin?

MARTIN

Yes. I am. I have a wife, Kate.

PHILOMENA

Well that's good. That's grand...

Suddenly, PHILOMENA reaches out and puts her hand on his.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

I did love him, you know...

CUT TO:

INT. BABIES' DORMITORY - DAY (*FORMERLY SCENE 22*)

A long line of babies in cots. Two NUNS tend over them.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)

I disappeared from the world. My family didn't visit me, and out of shame my father told everyone that I was dead. After you'd had your baby you had to stay in the Abbey for four years, totally cut off from the outside world. In order to repay the sisters for taking you in, you had to work.

The sheer number of infants, their cots lined up with military precision, drives home the message about Roscrea: *that it is a place that deals in babies.*

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY, ROSCREA - DAY

The Abbey laundry; swirling steam, clattering noise. Watched over by YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE and two other NUNS, 'fallen' GIRLS work loading clothing and bedding into boiling tubs of water; or put wet laundry through huge mangles then hang it out to dry on overhead lines.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)

The worst jobs were in the laundry, and that's where they put me. I worked there seven days a week, the whole time I was there. They took in washing from miles around and charged for the service. We weren't paid a penny. I worked there with my best friend Kathleen.

We find YOUNG PHILOMENA amongst them, dressed in a shapeless pinafore, working over a boiling tub. Next to her is KATHLEEN, a pale faced young woman of roughly the same age.

It's arduous, physically demanding work and YOUNG PHILOMENA and KATHLEEN, though worn out, try to keep each other's spirits up with smiles of encouragement.

SCENE DELETED (SCENE 17 NOW 21B)

INT. CORRIDOR. ROSCREA - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA, KATHLEEN and three other GIRLS from the laundry, having finished their shift, hurry along a corridor. They pass Mother BARBARA, going in the opposite direction.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)
We were allowed to see our children
for an hour a day, that was all.

MOTHER BARBARA
 Walk don't run!

The GIRLS immediately slow, walking round the next corner.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY NURSERY, ROSCREA. DAY.

The girls come into the nursery, walk towards camera. Big smiles on their faces, they crouch and hold their arms out. As we HOLD on them, FROM BEHIND CAMERA, five little CHILDREN, aged between two and three, rush past us into their mother's arms. We pick out YOUNG PHILOMENA... her little boy ANTHONY, dark-haired, now three - the same age as the photo - runs into her arms. She hugs him tight, swinging him around, totally in love.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY NURSERY, ROSCREA - DUSK

A little later. YOUNG PHILOMENA is sitting with KATHLEEN. They watch ANTHONY flying a toy aeroplane and holding the hand of Kathleen's little daughter MARY, aged two, as they walk about together. The little girl reaches to take Anthony's aeroplane and he lets her, without protest. She flies it about, just like he did.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)
Anthony was best friends with
Kathleen's daughter Mary - he'd
even let her fly his little toy
aeroplane. True love! The two of
them were inseparable.

The MOTHERS and CHILDREN are watched over by ANUNCIATA and another NUN, sitting together. YOUNG PHILOMENA and ANUNCIATA exchange a secret smile - but she can't talk to her whilst the other NUN is there, it's not allowed.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
 (to KATHLEEN)
 Look at that, he won't let her out
 of his sight.

KATHLEEN doesn't answer; YOUNG PHILOMENA sees she is anxious, worried.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
What's the matter?

KATHLEEN
(In a sudden rush)
Oh Phil the girls in the kitchen
said Mother Barbara had Mary up at
the house today - what do you think
she wanted with her?

YOUNG PHILOMENA'S turns this over in her mind, but presents a
comforting face to her KATHLEEN.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
I'm sure it's nothing to worry
about Kath.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)
We lived with it every day. Who's
child would be taken next?

YOUNG PHILOMENA sees the other NUN leave the room, and seizes
the opportunity to go and talk to ANUNCIATA.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
(To KATHLEEN)
I won't be a minute.

She goes over to ANUNCIATA , sits down next to her and talks
in a quiet voice:

YOUNG PHILOMENA
Kathleen's worried sick. She thinks
they're going to take Mary away
from her. I said if they were going
to do that they'd tell her first
for sure...

ANUNCIATA is caught between a rock and a hard place. She's
just a young girl herself, and she doesn't know how to deal
with the enormity of what she knows will happen to most of
the girls at the abbey. So she clumsily tries to move the
conversation on, and pulls something from her robe.

ANUNCIATA
(Keeping her voice down)
I got something for you Phil, but
you can't tell anyone about it.

She hands YOUNG PHILOMENA a small, black and white
photograph. She gasps: it is of Anthony, clutching his
aeroplane, looking shyly at the camera.

ANUNCIATA
He's growing up so fast.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
Oh thank you...

ANUNCIATA (cont'd)
I'll bet his father was handsome.

YOUNG PHILOMENA
He was. How did you... [GET THIS]

ANUNCIATA
(Beat)
I borrowed a Box Brownie and took it when Reverend Mother wasn't looking.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED (NOW PART OF SC. 19)

INT. HARVESTER, ST ALBANS - DAY

PHILOMENA, now at the table with MARTIN and JANE, holds the same photo, the one Jane saw her clutching the night she finally confessed all, now in a small leather case. PHILOMENA passes it to MARTIN, who studies it.

PHILOMENA
Whenever I look at that, I think about Anthony but I say a little prayer for Anunciata, who saved his life when I gave birth to him. She died a long time ago... if she hadn't taken that, I'd have nothing.

MARTIN
So... you were just trapped there the whole time?

PHILOMENA
The only way you could leave was if you paid them a hundred pounds. But where would I get that kind of money? And where would I go?

On PHILOMENA, we...

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY, ROSCREA - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA is back at work in the laundry.

*PHILOMENA (V.O.)
It happened about a week later. I remember that day so clearly.*

As she starts to heave a heavy laundry bag over to a tub she hears, outside, *SFX tyres crunching on gravel*. At this sound the GIRLS exchange looks, a feeling of dread settling over them. KATHLEEN starts to shake with fear.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)

We all knew what it meant when a big car arrived. Kathleen was inconsolable. She knew this time they'd come for Mary.

YOUNG PHILOMENA looks around and sees that, temporarily, YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE and one of the other nuns have disappeared - there is only one NUN left, who has her back to her. YOUNG PHILOMENA abandons her duties and crosses to a small basement window high up in the wall. Standing on tiptoes, she sees, beyond a hedge, a dreaded shiny black limousine drive past. KATHLEEN looks up at her piteously, pleadingly. YOUNG PHILOMENA catches the eye of another GIRL, who shakes her head - *'Don't do it...'* - but ignores her and, checking that the NUN is still distracted, quickly darts through a back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD, ROSCREA - DAY (*FORMERLY SCENE 17*)

21B

YOUNG PHILOMENA emerges alone into a small courtyard, crosses to the far side and peers through some gates fencing her off from the outside world. Foliage half obscures some well-heeled FIGURES getting out of the limousine - a thirty-something woman in a fur coat and a man in a Cashmere coat and Homburg hat.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)

As soon as I saw their lovely clothes, and Mother Barbara so happy and smiling, I knew all hope was gone.

She watches as they are greeted at the main entrance by a fawning and uncharacteristically gregarious Mother BARBARA. Then, from behind:

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE (V.O.)

Come away from there!

She turns, scalded, and there is YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE.

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE

What are you doing out here?

YOUNG PHILOMENA

I... I had a stomach ache, Sister Hidegarde. It's my time of the month.

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE

Well... you're not unique in that regard. Put your mind to your work and it'll pass.

PHILOMENA retreats miserably to the laundry - she now knows all hope has gone for Kathleen.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED (SCENE 22 NOW SCENE 15A)

SCENE DELETED

INT. DORMITORY, ROSCREA - DAY

Later that afternoon. YOUNG PHILOMENA is buttoning up her pinafore as she stands at a window.

*PHILOMENA (V.O.)
Kathleen cried so hard they took
her to the sick bay and gave her
brandy. But her fate was sealed.*

YOUNG PHILOMENA looks down through the window and we...

CUT TO:

... her POV. From her vantage point she looks down across a courtyard, through a window, into the nursery. She can see little MARY but, because of the angle she is looking down from and the height of the window frame, she can only see the bottom halves of four adults who surround the little girl. Mother BARBARA and YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE - identifiable from their unflattering skirts and shoes - are presenting MARY to the couple we saw earlier, the woman recognizable from her fur coat and heels; the man from his pressed trousers and polished shoes. MARY looks up at them wide-eyed, frightened.

*FRIEND (OOV)
Phil, it's choir practice.*

YOUNG PHILOMENA lingers on the scene below for a few more moments, horribly fascinated.

*FRIEND (OOV)
You'll be in trouble if you don't
go...*

Reluctantly, YOUNG PHILOMENA turns and follows the FRIEND out. But we STAY on the view and see what she misses: ANTHONY runs into shot, holds MARY'S hand and looks up at the adults.

*PHILOMENA (V.O.)
They'd only come for Mary. But
Anthony wouldn't let her out of his
sight. They were inseparable, you
see...*

The WOMAN crouches down to ANTHONY'S level and touches his face tenderly. But, because she has her back to us, we still don't see her face. *We don't need to, she simply represents money. A customer.* The WOMAN takes the hands of both children and leads them away. Over this we hear, incoming from the next scene, the *CHOIR SINGING...*

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL, ROSCREA - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA sings in the chapel. She is with other MAGDALEN GIRLS on one row of pews; the NUNS, strictly segregated on another row, facing them.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)

Normally, I loved to sing - it was one of the only things I enjoyed at that place. But all I could think about was poor Kathleen.

We can see YOUNG PHILOMENA'S heart isn't in it, her expression far off, her mind elsewhere. She sees ANUNCIATA enter the chapel and take her place with the NUNS. She catches her friend's eye and manages to throw her a smile. But ANUNCIATA, hollow-eyed, is unable to return it. YOUNG PHILOMENA sees tears in her friend's eyes - she's crying? Assuming she must also be upset about Kathleen, YOUNG PHILOMENA carries on as the hymn builds to a crescendo.

But now a MAGDALEN GIRL enters the chapel and hurries to join the others. She pushes through until she's next to YOUNG PHILOMENA, then urgently whispers in her ear. The blood drains from YOUNG PHILOMENA'S face; panic-stricken she pushes her way to the end of the pew. ANUNCIATA watches her go, agonized expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENT - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA runs from the chapel along a curving wall.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENT - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA runs through a door and up two flights of stairs as fast as she can, hyperventilating. She turns into a room.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

A window: YOUNG PHILOMENA climbs up so she can see through the clear glass.

CUT TO:

Her POV.

Outside the front door, ANTHONY and MARY are shepherded into the big shiny car by Mother BARBARA. The MAN'S face is obscured as he gets into the driver's seat; the WOMAN, still with her back to us, shakes hands with Mother BARBARA. ANTHONY is wearing a smart, sky blue woollen coat and clutches his tin aeroplane.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENT FRONT DOOR - DAY

From down on the ground looking up, we hear YOUNG PHILOMENA'S muffled scream:

YOUNG PHILOMENA
Anthony!

We see her banging on the window. ANTHONY looks round as if he heard something, before climbing into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, OUTSIDE CONVENT FRONT DOOR - DAY

ANTHONY looks through the rear window of the car, his eyes are scanning. He doesn't see YOUNG PHILOMENA at the upper floor window, banging and screaming inaudibly.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDORS/STAIRWELLS, ROSCREA - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA is now overtaken by animal instinct. She is a lioness in headlong flight, determined to save her young. In a frenetic, taut sequence she leaps down flights of stairs, along a corridor and out through a door. Her focus absolute.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA bursts into the courtyard only to see the tail lights of the shiny car disappearing from sight over a rise. She is too late. She stares after it, then sinks to her knees on the gravel drive, weeping. Anthony is gone. She cries out in utter anguish, a shriek from deep inside her.

CUT TO:

YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE, inside the Abbey, looks out upon hearing this cry and see the distraught, broken YOUNG PHILOMENA. The older woman digests the scene for a moment, then callously moves on.

CUT TO:

YOUNG PHILOMENA sinks to her knees in the courtyard, sobbing uncontrollably, surrounded by brightly coloured flower beds, alone in her grief.

PHILOMENA (V.O.)
*He was wearing a beautiful blue
 duffel coat, that's what I remember
 most of all...*

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. HARVESTER, ST ALBANS - DAY

MARTIN and JANE watch PHILOMENA, spellbound. MARTIN has a pad open and has been making notes as they talk.

PHILOMENA
 I couldn't have given him a coat
 like that.

JANE
 I think what they did to you was
 evil.

PHILOMENA
 No I don't like that word.

MARTIN
 No - evil's good.
 (They stare at him)
 Story wise.

He jots down more notes in his pad.

PHILOMENA
 Some of them were nice.

JANE
 It was a breech birth and they
 wouldn't even give her painkillers.

MARTIN

Great... Again - story wise.
(Trying to move on)
So can we go and talk to these
nuns?

JANE

You can try, maybe you'll have more
luck than mum's had.

PHILOMENA

I've been several times over the
years to ask where he was. They
were very helpful - it's not like
it used to be. They said they'd try
and trace him for me.

MARTIN

But they haven't?

JANE

No.

PHILOMENA

Can you help me find him Martin?

MARTIN

(Shutting his pad)
Well, it's certainly an interesting
story.

JANE

I'm taking mum to Ireland next week
for a few days - why don't you come
along with us and you can visit
Roscrea with her?

PHILOMENA

Oh yes there's plenty of room -
it's a Vauxhall Cavalier.

MARTIN

Oh no, it's no problem, I'll...
I'll fly over.

Slightly embarrassed smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - DAY [SUPER 8 FOOTAGE]

NO SOUND. December 1955. ANTHONY, 3, and little MARY, descend the steps of a Pan Am Constellation aircraft. The jerky images show them setting foot on the tarmac. ANTHONY is wearing the blue coat and clutching his plane. He holds hands with MARY, both of them looking forlorn.

We are aware of them being lined up so that somebody (out of shot) can take a photo of them.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

CUT TO:

EXT. CO. TIPPERARY - DAY

The soft, rolling fields of the Irish countryside. A BMW 5-series speeds along a country road. In the distance, high hills.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW, CO. TIPPERARY - DAY

MARTIN looks at the scenery with interest as it flashes past; shiny modern bungalows interspersed with the occasional abandoned stone cottage; the scars of Ireland's past.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW/EXT. BIRR HIGH STREET - DAY

MARTIN negotiates a bend and enters the village of Birr. The little High Street is typically Irish, the shop fronts painted in bright blues, oranges, pinks and turquoises. At a cross-roads beside Molloy's Bar, obviously a prearranged rendezvous point, stand PHILOMENA and JANE. He pulls up alongside them and JANE opens the door.

PHILOMENA/JANE

Hello Martin.

MARTIN

Hello, sorry I'm a little late.

JANE helps PHILOMENA into the passenger seat.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Bit of trouble with the hire car.

PHILOMENA

(As she gets in)

Oh it's lovely, isn't it Jane. I can see why you wouldn't want to squash up with us in the Cavalier.

MARTIN

It wasn't that it was just... had a few things to do.

JANE

Are you sure you don't want me to come with you mum?

See MARTIN, slightly panic-stricken.

MARTIN
You're not coming?

PHILOMENA
No - I told Jane we'll be fine on our own, just the two of us, isn't that right Martin.

MARTIN
(Fixed smile)
Yes. Fine.

JANE
I've put some things in your bag.

PHILOMENA starts to look through her bag, pulling out a packet Custard Creams and a tube of Tunes.

JANE (cont'd)
Good luck, I'll see you tonight.
(Smiles for MARTIN)
Thanks Martin.

MARTIN returns the smile, JANE shuts the door. He pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIPPERARY COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

PHILOMENA
What kind of car is this?

MARTIN
It's a BMW.

PHILOMENA
That's German.
(Beat, opens a packet)
Would you like a Tune Martin?

MARTIN
(Trying to make a joke)
If I hum it, will you play it?

She obviously doesn't get it.

PHILOMENA
No, would you like a Tune?

He decides to let it go.

MARTIN
Thank you.

He takes a Tune from the pack, unwraps it and pops it in his mouth.

As he's doing this, PHILOMENA takes a St. Christopher from the bag and hangs it on the vent in the dash board; MARTIN watches as she pats it.

PHILOMENA

For good luck.

MARTIN

He was always my favourite Saint, Christopher.

(Little smile)

Resisting those two beautiful women sent to tempt him.

PHILOMENA

Do you believe in God Martin?

MARTIN

Well, where do you start. That's a very difficult question to answer, isn't it... Erm... do you?

PHILOMENA

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW. ROSCREA ABBEY. DAY

The two of them suck Tunes as they enter Roscrea, the Abbey getting closer. MARTIN sneaks a look at PHILOMENA but she doesn't appear to be unduly anxious. The car comes up the drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - DAY

The BMW pulls up outside the Abbey building and MARTIN helps PHILOMENA out. They gaze up: the Abbey looks cleaner, somehow more sterile - but it's still the same oppressive, pebble-dashed monolith set in acres of ground.

MARTIN

You all right?

PHILOMENA

I'm fine.

PHILOMENA leads the way up to the front door. She pauses for a moment outside:

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

I'm one of the lucky ones Martin. Some of the mothers and babies didn't even survive the childbirth.

As we see this hit home with MARTIN, PHILOMENA presses the buzzer and, after a few moments, a YOUNG AFRICAN NUN - dressed much less formally than her 1950s counterparts in a blue sweater and white blouse - opens the door.

YOUNG NUN
Can I help you?

PHILOMENA
I'm Philomena Lee. I made an appointment.

YOUNG NUN
Oh yes come in Philomena.

PHILOMENA
And this is my friend Martin Sixsmith News At Ten.

YOUNG NUN
Oh, hello.

MARTIN
(As they enter)
BBC news actually, but not any more.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, ROSCREA - DAY

They are shown into a formal room reserved for sister Claire's official meetings, with a low table and chairs. There is some iconography prominent on the walls, including some Madonnas and a wooden crucifix with a brightly painted figure of Jesus in red loin cloth, blood pouring from stigmata wounds and a sword wound to his side.

YOUNG NUN
Sister Claire will be with you shortly. Would you like some tea?

MARTIN
Oh yes please.

PHILOMENA
Yes please. Can I use the bathroom?

YOUNG NUN
It's down stairs on-

PHILOMENA
I know where it is.

PHILOMENA leaves. MARTIN looks around, taking everything in - intrigued by some framed photographs of the Abbey 'then and now' on a section of wall.

CUT TO:

SCENE 39 DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOW - DAY

PHILOMENA retraces her steps from all those years ago, climbs some stairs and stands at the window where she last saw her child, fifty years before.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, ROSCREA - DAY

MARTIN is looking at the photos on the wall... a head and shoulders photo from the early 60s of Mother Barbara and YOUNG SISTER HILDEGARDE on the Abbey steps, starched Wimples, crucifixes around their necks; a nun holding a baby; two nuns tending rows of cots (as in scene 22).

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD, ROSCREA - DAY

CLOSE UP: PHILOMENA, staring straight ahead. We stay on her for a while, her face set and thoughtful. Then we...

CUT TO:

... what she's looking at: that same view from the courtyard she had fifty years ago. In her mind's eye, it is just like it was yesterday, the car carrying Anthony disappearing from view over the rise.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY.

MARTIN moves on to a Hollywood publicity photo of the movie star Jane Russell, busty and glamorous, looking incongruous amongst the faded pictures of nuns and children. The photo is signed: *'With much love'*. On MARTIN, puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY. DAY.

PHILOMENA stands looking at the room where the laundry used to be. Behind her the window where she climbed up and saw the posh car driving past.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, ROSCREA - DAY

MARTIN is being nosy, looking round the room. He stands at a bay window and can see, through a window on the other side of a courtyard, in a corridor on the other side of a courtyard they overlook, a very old nun standing with two sticks, staring at him (*in fact, this is SISTER HILDEGARDE - though we don't know this yet*).

SISTER CLAIRE (OOV)
Hello, I'm sister Claire.

Startled, he turns round. Sister CLAIRE is mid-40s, kind-faced. She smiles cheerfully; his eyes flick to the crucifix she also wears.

MARTIN
Oh, hello...

He gestures back to the photos on the wall, trying to divert her attention away from what he's been looking at.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Just admiring your picture of Jayne Mansfield.

SISTER CLAIRE
No that's Jane Russell. Jayne Mansfield was the blonde one.

MARTIN
Of yes of course, I mean they were both very big - I mean the two of them, they were huge. Their careers.

He can't stop himself glancing down at Sister CLAIRE'S bust.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Which one died in the car crash?

SISTER CLAIRE
Jayne Mansfield, yes.

MARTIN
She was decapitated wasn't she?

SISTER CLAIRE
I don't know the details. I'm sure it was horrible.

MARTIN

Why is she on the wall?

SISTER CLAIRE

Sorry, I didn't catch your name?

MARTIN

Martin Sixsmith.

PHILOMENA enters the waiting area.

PHILOMENA

(Brightly)

He's Martin Sixsmith, News At Ten.

MARTIN

BBC news actually. But I'm not with them any more.

SISTER CLAIRE

Hello Philomena, very nice to meet you - ah, here's the tea.

The YOUNG NUN lays some tea things and a plate of fruit bread down in front of them and leaves. As SISTER CLAIRE sets the tea and plates, MARTIN manoeuvres himself back to the bay window, sneaks a look sideways and sees the Old Nun (Sister HILDEGARDE) is still there.

SISTER CLAIRE (cont'd)

Now I was trying to find in our records the last time you came to see us Philomena?

PHILOMENA

It was well before your time Sister Claire. Mother Barbara had passed away and I spoke to Sister Hildegarde on the telephone - but when I came here she wasn't well enough to see me.

SISTER CLAIRE

She's still with us, but she's very frail now.

She lays plates in front of PHILOMENA and MARTIN.

PHILOMENA

Oh look Martin buttered brack. Have some.

MARTIN helps himself to a slice; he takes a bite.

MARTIN

Very tasty. It's a bit like a sort of a Pandolce, isn't it?

They just stare at him.

PHILOMENA
It's fruit bread Martin.

MARTIN
Yes, no it's... yes that's lovely.

SISTER CLAIRE
Well now - I don't know if they told you last time Philomena, but most of our records were destroyed in the big fire-

MARTIN
Fire?

SISTER CLAIRE
-it was before my time. So I'm afraid we're at a standstill.

PHILOMENA
Oh...

SISTER CLAIRE
I have no news. I'm so sorry we can't help you.

We can see how much of a blow this is to PHILOMENA, how much she'd built herself up.

PHILOMENA
Yes. Yes...

The room falls silent. MARTIN watches as PHILOMENA starts to speak, quietly at first but building in emotion.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
I still go to mass... I don't want to cause any fuss or point the finger at anyone, or blame the church in any way. I just want to know that he's all right - I don't even have to see him. Sometimes I have visions of him and he's homeless and nobody loves him...

SISTER CLAIRE
(Takes PHILOMENA'S hand)
Philomena we can't take away your pain, but we can walk through it with you, hand in hand.

MARTIN
What about some of the older nuns? Perhaps they might remember a few details?

SISTER CLAIRE
Most of them have passed on.

MARTIN
What about the ones that haven't?

SISTER CLAIRE
Well I don't think you'll get much sense out of them.

MARTIN
Can I try?

He sneaks another look and sees a curtain being drawn by someone in front of HILDEGARDE, so he can no longer see inside the room.

SISTER CLAIRE
I don't think that's going to be possible.

MARTIN
Why not?

SISTER CLAIRE
I'm happy to answer any questions that Philomena has.

MARTIN
I'm asking a question.

SISTER CLAIRE
You're a journalist.

MARTIN
I used to be, certainly.

PHILOMENA
Martin's a Roman Catholic.

MARTIN
Yes... well, I used to be.

SISTER CLAIRE
I'd feel more comfortable if I could speak to Philomena in private.

MARTIN has rather enjoyed - for this brief moment - being a journalist again. But, on catching PHILOMENA'S worried expression - she hates confrontation - he reins it back in. A beat then, politely:

MARTIN
Of course.

He gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. GIFT SHOP AREA - DAY

MARTIN shuts the door behind him, quietly seething at Sister Claire's obfuscating. He wanders over to the gift shop stand and idly fingers a little plastic Jesus for a few moments - but his mind is elsewhere. Checking he's not being observed, he crosses to some double doors and peers through them and sees the Old Nun (HILDEGARDE), on her sticks, silhouetted against the light from the open door behind her. Her eyes seem to meet his; her expression inscrutable. MARTIN smiles. He reaches to open the door. Then, from the staircase behind him:

YOUNG NUN (OOV)
Hello - can I help you?

MARTIN spins round to see the YOUNG NUN.

MARTIN
Sorry, I was just erm...

YOUNG NUN
Are you looking for something?

He turns back, just as the door shuts; Sister HILDEGARDE is gone, the light from the room extinguished. *The momentary opening closed.*

MARTIN
(Pointing to the door)
Is that, erm..?

YOUNG NUN
Those are private quarters.

MARTIN
Right.
(Beat)
I'll wait outside...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - THE WALL WITH CROSSES. DAY

MARTIN is standing in a little graveyard with neatly tended rows of iron crosses. As he walks along the graves he realises from the inscriptions, (*Sister Theresa, Sister Margaret...*), that nuns from the Abbey are buried here. Curious, he walks along until he finds Mother Barbara's grave, and notes she died on July 20th, 1990.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - DAY

The YOUNG NUN sees a pale-faced PHILOMENA to the front door. PHILOMENA clutches a manila envelope.

PHILOMENA

Thank you, and would you thank
Sister Claire again for me.

YOUNG NUN

Goodbye Philomena.

The YOUNG NUN disappears back inside, shutting the door behind her and leaving PHILOMENA alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - BRAMBLE AREA. DAY

The bit between his teeth, MARTIN climbs over a low fence into a small enclosed area adjacent to the nuns' graveyard which is thoroughly overgrown with weeds, bushes and brambles. He crouches down, peers through the tangle and can just make out a headstone. Using his feet and hands he clears away the overgrowth around it until he can see it properly and reads the inscription: *'Maria Gidney'*, a young woman who died in 1962 aged 16, with underneath: *'Mother And Child Died In Childbirth'...*

JUMP CUT TO:

He uses a stick to clear away bracken from another headstone, he reads: *'Aisling Devlin'*, who died in 1957 aged only 14. And again, underneath: *'Mother And Child Died In Childbirth'*. He stands up, surveys the overgrown graveyard and the nuns' graveyard next to it, and the thought hits him: *'Why are the graves of the nuns beautifully tended, and yet the graves of the mothers and children abandoned and overgrown?'*

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - DAY

MARTIN hurries back to his car, where PHILOMENA is waiting for him.

MARTIN

Sorry I was just having a look
around...

(Seeing her expression)

Are you okay?

PHILOMENA, obviously upset, doesn't reply; she just wants to get into the car as quickly as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW, ROSCREA - DAY

PHILOMENA sits staring ahead. MARTIN doesn't start the car.

MARTIN
What did she say to you?

PHILOMENA
(Long beat)
She said you were a journalist and
you were trying to manipulate me
and I should be careful what I say
to you.

She opens her bag, takes out the manila envelope, hands it to
MARTIN.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
And she gave me this.

MARTIN
Do you want me to open it?

Again she doesn't reply. He opens it, takes out a single
sheet of paper - obviously a photocopy. He scans it.

MARTIN (cont'd)
It's a contract... signed by you,
in 1955.
(Reading from it)
They've highlighted part of it...
(Quotes)
*'I hereby relinquish full claim
forever to my said child-*

PHILOMENA takes up the passage, quoting verbatim from memory.

PHILOMENA
(Taking over)
*-said child Anthony Lee, and I
further undertake never to attempt
to see, interfere with or make any
claim to the said child at any
future time...'*

Silence.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
I'll never find him.

MARTIN
If they coerced you in any way to
sign that piece of paper we can
challenge them legally.

PHILOMENA

(With a heavy heart)

No-one forced me Martin. I signed
of my own free will.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN, ST LOUIS - DAY [SUPER 8 FOOTAGE]

NO SOUND. A summer's day, 1960. ANTHONY is growing up. Now aged eight, he is no longer recognisable as Philomena's little boy. He has a family and OLDER BROTHERS. He is in the back garden with them - two of them are spraying each other with a hose. ANTHONY is holding a baseball bat; a ball is tossed to him, he takes a huge swipe and misses.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

The BMW is parked by a dry stone wall; MARTIN and PHILOMENA are walking back up a field towards the car. Gently rolling countryside and green fields lead to some high hills.

MARTIN

Funny isn't it, how every piece of paper that might be able to help you has been destroyed. But guess what? The one piece of paper designed to stop you from finding him has been lovingly preserved. God in His infinite wisdom decided to spare that from the flames.

PHILOMENA

I signed it because I believed I'd committed a terrible sin Martin, and I had to be punished. And... what made it so much worse, was that I enjoyed it.

MARTIN

What?

PHILOMENA

The sex.

He turns to face her.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Oh, it was wonderful. I thought I was floating on air. He was so handsome and the way he held me in his arms and - well I didn't even know I had a clitoris Martin.

MARTIN

Really?

PHILOMENA

And after I had the sex, I thought anything that feels so lovely must be wrong.

MARTIN

(Mutters)
Fucking Catholics.
(Realizes what he's said)
Sorry.

She smiles.

PHILOMENA

I spent thirty years as a nurse, I've heard worse than that.

MARTIN

It's just that, why would God bestow on us a sexual desire which he then wants us to resist? Is it some weird game that he's invented to alleviate the boredom of being omnipotent? Baffles me... and I thought I was pretty clever.

They fall quiet; she stares out at the view.

PHILOMENA

Well maybe you're not.

He looks at her; smiles to himself at how sharply she gave as good as she got.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

INT. BAR, GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

JANE walks in to the bar to find MARTIN and PHILOMENA sitting on stools at the bar, looking a little glum. She has a sherry in front of her, he a pint of Guinness - both almost finished.

JANE

How did it go?

MARTIN

What, from the Sisters of Little Mercy?

JANE

(Laughs)
Just tea and cake then. That's all they've ever given mum.

PHILOMENA

It wasn't their fault Jane, they had a fire and all the records were lost.

The BARMAN puts a new glass of sherry in front of PHILOMENA.

JANE

No more please - it's past your bedtime.

MARTIN

There's got to be some other way of approaching this-

PHILOMENA picks up the sherry.

JANE

Mum!

PHILOMENA

Well he's poured it now.

JANE rolls her eyes; PHILOMENA knocks it back in two gulps.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Night Martin.

MARTIN

Good night Philomena. Night Jane.

They exchange a smile, then they leave. MARTIN reflects on things for a few moments. The BARMAN, early 40s, puts another pint of Guinness down in front of him, MARTIN runs a finger down the side of it.

BARMAN

Been up to the Abbey?

MARTIN

Yes. Yes, it's obviously changed a lot. Different nuns there now, not the same ones they had when the Magdalen girls were there.

From out the back:

MUM (OOV)

They're all gone now!

MARTIN flicks a look in the direction the voice came from, but the BARMAN ignores it.

BARMAN

We've had a few staying here, trying to find what happened to their sons or daughters.

(MORE)

BARMAN (cont'd)
There's not many of them gets any
joy from there.

MARTIN
I imagine that's because of the
fire? The one that destroyed
everything?

BARMAN
I'm sure it is.

MARTIN
How did that start - do you know?

BARMAN
I should think they put a match to
it.

MARTIN
Who?

BARMAN
The Sisters. Sure they had a great
fire out the back in the field.

MARTIN
So... the building wasn't damaged?

BARMAN
They had a fuckin' big bonfire,
burnt all the records. Thousands of
'em.

MARTIN
Why?

BARMAN
This was years ago. I suppose they
were embarrassed about selling all
them babies to America.

From out the back again:

MUM (OOV)
They don't want people telling
tales.

BARMAN
That's me mother.

MARTIN
You say they were sold to
Americans?

BARMAN
A lot of the Yanks came over to
Ireland to look for babies.
(MORE)

BARMAN (cont'd)
They were the only ones who could afford them.

MUM (OOV)
A thousand pounds.

Now the MUM emerges from the back; she's mid-60s, stout.

MUM (cont'd)
Jane Russell bought a baby. From Derry, in 1952.

MARTIN
That's unbelievable... babies were sold?

MUM
They said she came in here and asked for Bourbon but they had to give her a glass of Paddy instead. But I'm not one to repeat gossip.

MARTIN
No, no... I can see that.

As she says this MARTIN finds his eye resting on a 'Madonna and Child' above the optics.

MARTIN (cont'd)
So how did they decide who got a baby?

MUM
If you were a Catholic with a thousand pounds you could buy a baby. Jane Russell bought one to take home with her. But my lips are sealed on the subject...

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S ROOM, GUEST HOUSE - DAWN

MARTIN works at his computer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

MARTIN has gone for another jog, by the dry stone wall and field with the distant high hills from earlier. He seems energized this morning, bounding along like a spring lamb.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S ROOM, GUEST HOUSE - DAWN

MARTIN paces around his chintzy little room speaking on his mobile.

MARTIN

... yes, well you said to give you a ring if I found something Sally, and it just fell into my lap really.

He sits on the edge of a cheap attempt at a four-poster bed, ducking under the burgundy fringe hanging from it.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Hope it's not too late but I've got myself pretty fired up - I think there are some interesting themes, people tracing their family trees... the whole Irish Diaspora...

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sally Mitchell has a glass fronted office looking out onto a hi-tech, open-plan newsroom dotted with JOURNALISTS working the night shift. SALLY is pouring herself a coffee from a percolator as she speaks to Martin; from the paper and memos scattered across her desk it's been a busy day.

SALLY

Don't use words like Diaspora Martin. I can't spell it and people don't know what it means.

[INTERCUT between these two scenes]

MARTIN

Well, it just means-

SALLY

No no - I'm genuinely not interested in what it means.

She pours two sugar sachets into her coffee.

SALLY (cont'd)

Who are the goodies, who are the baddies?

Her direct manner wrong foots him for a moment.

MARTIN

Erm... okay, it's about a little old Irish lady, retired nurse, trying to find her baby son who was taken... ripped away from her at birth, by...

(Suddenly comes to him)

... evil nuns.

SALLY looks around for a stirrer, can't find one so uses her finger.

SALLY

So how does it end?

(Before he can answer)

-and it's got to be really happy or really sad. What I don't want is some in-the-middle bullshit, yeh?

MARTIN

Well... what I'd suggest is an emotional reunion. It'll cost a little bit in flights and hotels, but we win either way. We find out he's the chairman of IBM, or he's a hobo - hooray or boo-hoo - doesn't matter. 'The years melted away as a fifty year silence was broken with two simple words: 'Hello mum'.' I could write it now.

SALLY

I didn't know you were so cynical.

MARTIN

I've been practising.

SALLY

(Pause to sip her coffee)

Okay, do it.

MARTIN

(Not quite believing it)

Really?

SALLY

My assistant will call tomorrow to make the arrangements - and no bar bills.

MARTIN

Thanks Sally, I really appreciate...

He realises she's already hung up. But he smiles to himself, nonetheless.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM, GUEST HOUSE - DAY

PHILOMENA, MARTIN and JANE sit at a table having breakfast. MARTIN, now in full-on journalist mode, has his laptop open and consults an A4 pad full of scrawled notes.

MARTIN

-I am almost certain that Anthony was taken to America after he was adopted. The Abbey seems to have dealt exclusively with American customers.

JANE

Customers? What do you mean?

MARTIN

(Taking a sip of his tea)
They were the only ones who could afford the fee.

She still looks confused so MARTIN clarifies things.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Anthony was sold.

JANE

(Outraged)
But... that's appalling.

PHILOMENA

They were trying to give him a better life.

JANE

They were making money out of him!

A beat; they're all silent for a moment. MARTIN takes a bite of his soda bread.

MARTIN

I got through to the Sacred Heart Adoption Society in Cork first thing this morning, but they just referred me to the Irish Adoption Board, who referred me back to the Sacred Heart Adoption Society.

JANE

Sending you round in circles!

MARTIN

Yes - but I spoke to a few contacts from my Washington days last night, and there are avenues that can be pursued there.

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)

The stumbling block, of course, is that I can only get so far doing things on your behalf Philomena. But as you're his mother, they are duty bound to provide you with the information.

Silence. PHILOMENA and JANE absorb this for a few moments.

JANE

Are you suggesting my mother goes to America with you?

MARTIN

(Nervous, but trying to sound 'casual')

If she wanted to. My editor has agreed to pay for flights and hotels for the two of us.

JANE

(Turning to PHILOMENA)

How would you feel about that, going to America?

PHILOMENA

I don't know.

MARTIN can't resist a little bit of salesmanship.

MARTIN

All I'd say is it's an amazing opportunity Philomena.

PHILOMENA turns this over in her mind. She looks at JANE; then MARTIN.

JANE

I could come with you if you like?

PHILOMENA

No no no - you've got your work. I'm more worried about Martin going all that way with a daft old Irish lady like me.

MARTIN

I don't think you're daft... or old.

PHILOMENA

Oh go'way with you.

MARTIN

Well maybe a little bit.

He says this as a joke but it doesn't land quite as he intended - PHILOMENA looks a little offended for a moment.

PHILOMENA

I'd like to go. I want to know if
he's ever thought about me, 'cos
I've thought about him every day...

OUT on MARTIN, silently euphoric.

CUT TO:

INT. CHECK-IN, STANSTED AIRPORT - DAY

We establish the busy concourse: noise, movement, bustle.
Amongst this we FIND PHILOMENA and MARTIN at a check-in desk.
MARTIN is heaving their cases onto the conveyor belt.

CHECK-IN OPERATOR

Can I have your passports please?

MARTIN produces his passport from his jacket; PHILOMENA
searches for hers in her wheelie.

CHECK-IN OPERATOR (cont'd)

Did you pack your baggage yourself?

MARTIN

Yes.

PHILOMENA

No.

(They both look at her)
My daughter helped me.

CHECK-IN OPERATOR

(Moving on)

And has anybody asked you to carry
any items with you on board?

MARTIN

No.

PHILOMENA

No.

(Beat)
Well, yes.

The CHECK-IN OPERATOR looks up.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

But the person who asked me is
known to me. And the items are
non... explosive.

MARTIN

Has Jane given you some Custard
Creams?

She nods; MARTIN turns to the CHECK-IN OPERATOR.

MARTIN (cont'd)
They're just some biscuits from her
daughter.

The CHECK-IN OPERATOR starts to print off their tickets.
MARTIN speaks quietly to PHILOMENA.

MARTIN (cont'd)
There are certain key words in
airports that can be quite...
alarming. Erm, gun, bomb, hostage,
Allah Akbar. And... explosive, I
would say, is definitely one of
those words.

PHILOMENA
Even if you say, 'non explosive'?

MARTIN
Even then.

CUT TO:

INT. HESS HOUSE, ST LOUIS - DAY [SUPER 8 FOOTAGE]

*NO SOUND. 1962. CLOSE-UP, blurry image, of a sparkler fizzing
away in the darkness; we see nothing else. The cake is
carried through to the dining table, ten candles being lit on
it as it is carried. The cake is put down on the table and
the camera re-positions itself until the cake is between it
and the (as yet) unseen little boy. He blows the candles out.
The light switch is flipped and now we see him. ANTHONY. He
has grown into a serious-faced, thoughtful ten-year-old.
There is something sad about his expression.*

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, AIRPORT - DAY

PHILOMENA and MARTIN climb onto a mobility vehicle, complete
with flashing lights and warning beeps, to be driven by an
AIRPORT WORKER to their gate.

PHILOMENA
Well I'm getting the royal
treatment here Martin. I feel like
the Pope.

They pass other PASSENGERS making the journey on foot, MARTIN
feeling slightly self-conscious.

MARTIN
This'll save your hip.

She's holding her book, a romantic novel entitled '*The Slipper And The Horseshoe*', in her hands. She sees him pull his book - a weighty tome about Tsar Nicholas - out from his shoulder bag.

PHILOMENA

Is that an interesting book Martin -
I've just finished mine.

She brandishes '*The Slipper And The Horseshoe*'.

MARTIN

It's er... about Tsarist Russia and the October revolution and... it's a bit dull you know, it's all just political horse-trading really...

PHILOMENA

Mine was about horses too. It was about this fella Robert and he's engaged to this duchess and he's the son of a doctor so he's done very well for himself but this woman oh she's terrible this duchess is vain as you like and forever looking in the mirror and all the rest of it. And she thinks he's dull as ditch-water so he takes up an interest in the horses so he fits in with all the upper classes and well of course he meets the girl down the stables and she's not even a doctor's daughter her father's just a farmhand and he only has one foot but anyway of course they fall in love, so the duchess you're thinking be careful what you wish for and he's now torn between becoming a duke because when he marries her he'll become lord of the manor and all that sort of thing, and the stable girl who he loves but hasn't a penny to her name her brothers have no shoes on their feet.

MARTIN

(Trying to cut in)
That sounds great.

CUT TO:

The vehicle rounds a corner; PHILOMENA is still in full flow, MARTIN trapped next to her.

PHILOMENA

-so the big day's coming, the wedding and she, oh she's a lovely, lovely girl, she says Robert has to do his duty and he's spoken for and of course he's being measured up for his suit but you can tell his heart's not in it he's all the while thinking about the horses and the stable girl. And they're all there waiting for him in the church, the hoi polloi, but the thing is Martin this duchess she just wants Robert to spite the fella she's really after but towards the end the duchess finds out that the stable girl has designs on Robert and the father without the foot dies but before he does he says to Robert 'follow your heart' and then the duchess gives the stable girl her marching orders and she packs her things - there's a pony and trap waiting for her outside and when she climbs into it she asks do you know where we're going? And the driver turns round and if it isn't yer man Robert. And he says 'I'm taking you to a place where no-one can hurt you anymore'.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: the buggy sails on serenely towards the gate, PHILOMENA and MARTIN getting smaller in frame as they get further and further away.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

*Well, I didn't see that coming
Martin, not in a million years.*

MARTIN

*No... no it's nice to have a
surprise. Sounds like a real page
turner.*

PHILOMENA

You can borrow it.

MARTIN

Oh no really-

PHILOMENA

Come on I've just finished it now.

MARTIN
 (Weakly)
 -I almost feel like I've read it.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB WORLD CABIN - DAY

PHILOMENA and MARTIN sit together as PASSENGERS board all around them. A HOSTESS offers them a tray of drinks.

HOSTESS
 Champagne or Buck's Fizz?

MARTIN
 No thank you.

PHILOMENA
 (Following his lead)
 No thank you.

The HOSTESS moves on. MARTIN tips PHILOMENA off:

MARTIN
 They're free.

PHILOMENA
 (Immediately calls out)
 I say! I'll have a Buck's Fizz!

The HOSTESS turns back to her and she takes a Buck's Fizz.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
 Thank you.
 (Takes a sip)
 Oo, that's lovely.
 (To MARTIN, impressed)
 You have to pay for everything on
 Ryan Air.

ALEX
 Martin!

MARTIN looks up and sees he's been spotted by ALEX, (smartly-dressed slightly younger than Martin), who's standing in the First Class Cabin putting something in the overhead locker. He walks through to Club World to say hello.

MARTIN
 (Awkward)
 Alex, how are you?

ALEX
 Not seen you since you... left the
 department. I was gonna call you
 actually...

ALEX'S eyes flick across to PHILOMENA, wondering who she is.

ALEX (cont'd)
Still friends?

MARTIN
Yes of course.

ALEX
Listen, I hope you didn't think I
dropped you in it?

MARTIN
Honestly, it doesn't matter - fog
of war.

ALEX
Yeh, collateral damage.
(Beat)
So what are you up to - off to the
primaries?

ALEX looks again at PHILOMENA who is waiting, looking
slightly confused, to be introduced.

MARTIN
Yeh-

PHILOMENA
No - he's helping me look for my-

MARTIN
(Cutting her off)
-it's a human interest story. Human
interest...

ALEX
(Sensing the awkwardness)
Oh. Well good luck with it... I'd
better scoot back.

ALEX goes back into the First Class Cabin, MARTIN smiling
until he's out of sight - then the smile disappears.
PHILOMENA leans across.

PHILOMENA
I'm sorry Martin should we pretend
we don't know each other?

MARTIN
No no it's just him, he's a nosy...
nuisance.

She thinks about this, then points:

PHILOMENA
Is that First Class in there?

MARTIN
 (Slightly acid)
 Yes. It's a perk of the job.

PHILOMENA
 Just because you're in first class
 it doesn't make you a first class
 person.

MARTIN
 He's all right...

A long pause, PHILOMENA takes a sip of her Buck's Fizz,
 MARTIN opens his book. She leans in again, speaks quietly:

PHILOMENA
 I think he needs a good smack in
 the chops.

MARTIN laughs.

MARTIN
 I think you're probably right.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB WORLD CABIN - DAY

Several hours into the flight. MARTIN is dozing with his
 blanket over him; most of the other passengers are asleep
 too. PHILOMENA catches her reflection in the window and we-

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALL, ST LOUIS - NIGHT [SUPER 8 FOOTAGE]

*STILL NO SOUND. 1966. A school production of 'A Midsummer
 Night's Dream'. MICHAEL, (Anthony), now 14, is up on stage
 playing 'Puck'. This is a different, more confident MICHAEL,
 heavily made up, dancing around on stage in a loin cloth; but
 so confident, authoritative, obviously loving it. We will
 realise later that he is exploring his sexuality.*

On stage, TITANIA, LYSANDER and HERMIA sleep. Enter PUCK.

MICHAEL (AS PUCK)
 Through the forest have I gone.
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring
 love.
 Night and silence.--Who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping
 sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 (MORE)

MICHAEL (AS PUCK) (cont'd)
*Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill
 courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe.
 When thou wakest, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
 So awake when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon.*

PUCK exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Wheels hit the tarmac.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB WORLD CABIN - DAY

The seatbelt sign is switched off with a 'ping'. PASSENGERS jump up out of their seats and start to grab their bags from the overhead lockers. PHILOMENA gets up too, but MARTIN stays seated - engrossed in *'The Slipper and the Horseshoe'*.

PHILOMENA
 Martin can you help me with my bag?
 (No answer)
 Martin?

MARTIN
 (Without looking up)
 One second...

He wants to finish his page.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL, WASHINGTON DC - LATE AFTERNOON

In the distance the Capitol. A taxi pulls into the Hotel forecourt.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Martin and Philomena enter the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN makes his way along the corridor to pay a visit on Philomena in her room. He finds the right room number and knocks. PHILOMENA answers, excited, and welcomes him in:

PHILOMENA
Martin, did you have a chocolate on
your pillow?

CUT TO:

INT. PHILOMENA'S ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

She leads him over to the balcony:

MARTIN
I did.

PHILOMENA
How the other half live, eh?

They walk out onto the balcony and she gestures to a night time view of the city.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
And look at that view.

MARTIN
Mine is of the heating ducts...

His phone rings; he checks the display and takes the call.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Oo - Caroline from the records
office.

He stays out on the balcony and PHILOMENA comes back inside to give him some privacy. As he paces up and down outside on the phone, PHILOMENA sits on the bed and presses a few buttons - ending in an on-screen movie menu. She puts her glasses on and flicks through the movie summaries, getting more and more impressed as she reads them. Finally, MARTIN comes back in from the balcony.

He looks around for some wood to touch - but can't see any.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Shall we go for a walk, try and
shake off our jet lag? You said you
wanted to see the Lincoln Memorial?

PHILOMENA
Well, we can go to see Mr. Lincoln.
Or, we could watch on my
television...
(Reads from the screen)
'Big Momma's House'.
(MORE)

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
 It's about a little black man who
 pretends to be a fat black lady.
 They showed a little bit and
 they're all chasing after him - it
 looked hilarious Martin.

She looks up at MARTIN, expectantly.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

They are two tiny figures gazing up at the great man.

PHILOMENA
 Isn't he wonderful. I've always
 wanted to see him in his big chair.

MARTIN
 Well he was big man. Literally. Six
 foot four. Tallest American
 president.

PHILOMENA
 I can see that. He's tall even
 sitting down.

They both fall silent for a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - TOP OF GRANITE STEPS - NIGHT

They set off down the steps.

MARTIN is lining up a photo of PHILOMENA with Lincoln in the
 background.

PHILOMENA
 ... I had a friend and her daughter
 paid for her to go to Florida for
 her seventieth birthday and she
 said 'Phil, the size of the
 portions - you wouldn't believe'.

MARTIN
 Stop there. I'm going to take your
 photograph.

He gets out his camera. He fiddles with a setting.

PHILOMENA
 Is this for the article?

MARTIN

Erm, yeh.

PHILOMENA

Only I'm a little bit worried you see, because if I find him he might be very disapproving of talking to the papers. Families are very private things.

MARTIN

(Half distracted, fiddling with camera)

Well, yes, that's true, but tracking him down's a very expensive business so it's a sort of quid pro quo...

PHILOMENA

What does that mean?

MARTIN

It means you don't get something for nothing.

He's happy with the camera now and lines up the shot again.

MARTIN (cont'd)

I won't write anything you're unhappy with. Just the truth.

PHILOMENA

That's the thing I'm worried about.

A beat. She feels she has no option but to go along with it.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Should I smile or should I be serious?

MARTIN

Let's do one happy, one not so happy, then we're covered.

(Poised to take it)

Ready...

PHILOMENA smiles, he takes the snap. She changes to a worried expression and he takes another snap.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL REFLECTING POOL/HOTDOG STAND. NIGHT 64B

PHILOMENA is working her way steadily through a huge hotdog with onions and fries.

PHILOMENA

-if you want chips here, by the way Martin, you have to ask for French Fries. Because if you ask for chips they'll just bring you crisps.

(Thinks about this)

And if you ask for crisps... well, I don't know what they'll bring you.

MARTIN

(Jet-lagged, just wanting to go to bed)

Yes, it can be very confusing.

PHILOMENA takes a thoughtful bite of her hotdog.

PHILOMENA

I'm getting scared... now we're getting closer.

(Beat)

All these years, wondering whether Anthony was in trouble, or in prison... or goodness knows what. As long as I didn't know, I could always tell myself that he was happy somewhere, and he was doing all right.

She starts to get really upset.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

But what if he died in Vietnam? Or came back with no legs, or lived on the street...

MARTIN

(Gently)

Well... no point upsetting yourself. We don't know what we don't know. We'll just have to deal with that when we get there.

She nods. Takes a slurp of her milk shake.

They are further away, walking near some trees.

PHILOMENA

What if he was a drug addict Martin, or... what if he was obese?

MARTIN

(Incredulous)

Obese?

PHILOMENA

I watched this documentary that said a lot of Americans are huge - what if that's happened to him?

MARTIN

But... what on earth makes you think he'd be obese?

PHILOMENA

(Tearful)

Well, because of the size of the portions...

They walk away under the trees.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN escorts PHILOMENA back to her room.

MARTIN

Night Philomena, if you need me just dial 7, and then my room number 524.

PHILOMENA

7524. Okay, good night Martin, and thank you. Oh - would you like some biscuits because they gave me two in a little packet and I don't want them.

MARTIN

No, thank you.

PHILOMENA

Well if you change your mind just call me - what do you dial?

MARTIN

I dial 7534 for your room.

PHILOMENA

If you need them just call 7534 and I'll bring them round to you.

MARTIN

I won't. But thank you.

PHILOMENA

Good night Martin.

MARTIN

Good night.

She closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, NEW YORK - NIGHT [VIDEO FOOTAGE]

(Previously Sc. 69)

NOW WE HAVE SOUND. Mid-80s. A track plays - 'Doot Doot' by Freur, as a POV shot, grainy early video, takes us through a packed 'Studio 54' type place, full of beautiful 80s people - lots of neon, flashing lights, wild hair styles, women with bright lipstick and avant garde outfits.

CLUBBERS part, smiling, as the camera ploughs between them - whoever is shooting this wants to capture as many faces and memories of that night as possible. They react to the camera - video cameras are a novelty. We hear snatches of conversation, high spirits. Finally the camera reaches a group of men and women in their 20s and 30s, including MARCIA WELLER, late 20s, back-combed dark hair, bright lipstick. And there in the middle of everyone is MICHAEL, now mid-30s, smiling, enigmatic. He speaks to the guy behind the camera:

MICHAEL

Hey Pete...

MARCIA plants a kiss on MICHAEL'S cheek and gives the camera a smouldering look as they both 'pose' for the camera. The scene tells us that Anthony/Michael has grown into a young man with a louche, cool private life.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

The still image of a nun, wearing bright red lipstick, eyes closed in ecstasy, her bare breasts covered by the hands of another topless nun behind her wearing only a wimple. We REVEAL MARTIN has dozed off, fully clothed, on his bed, TV remote on his stomach. The room phone rings, he wakes with a start and picks it up.

MARTIN

Hello?

(Listens)

No... no I've got a bath robe
Philomena.

(Listens)

Yes, there are two in every room.
And the slippers.

(Listens)

Thanks, see you in the morning.

He hangs up, looks at the image of the nun, then checks his watch. Time to call home. He picks up his mobile and dials; waits for a connection.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Hello sweetheart, how's everyone?

He puts her onto speaker as he settles back onto the bed and pours himself a miniature brandy over ice, takes a sip.

KATE (V.O.)
We're all good, Danny won his rugby match today and he nearly scored a try. How's Philomena?

MARTIN
(Big sigh)
Well, I have now seen, first hand, what a lifetime's diet of Reader's Digest, the Daily Mail and romantic novels can do to a person's brain. I don't know who I want to strangle first - Mills or Boon.

KATE laughs.

MARTIN (cont'd)
She keeps telling all the hotel staff how kind they are - she must think they're volunteers. She met four people today who were all, 'one in a million'. What are the chances of that?

KATE (V.O.)
Oh come on she's just a little old Irish lady.

He finishes off his brandy.

MARTIN
What are you wearing?

KATE (V.O.)
Um... fleecy pyjamas, bed socks and men's slippers.

MARTIN
Nice.

KATE (V.O.)
What are you doing?

MARTIN
Lying on the bed going through the movie menu.

KATE (V.O.)
Anything worth watching?

MARTIN

There's one called 'Naughty Habits'. 'Forbidden pleasures of the flesh from behind convent walls'.

KATE (V.O.)

Do they look like the nuns at Roscrea?

MARTIN

No. I think these ones are a little more... charitable.

CUT TO:

The still of the slutty nuns on screen.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILOMENA'S ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

PHILOMENA comes out of the bathroom in her full length nightie, kneels by the bed and says her prayers, then gets in bed and turns the light out.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

(Previously Sc 66)

1982. Poor quality, taped VHS of news footage of a photo opportunity at the White House; President REAGAN is surrounded by ADVISORS. He turns to shake hands with the aide to his right; we see that it's MICHAEL, smiling nervously but undeniably thrilled to be amongst such illustrious company. We now see he is a man with what appears to be a stellar career in the making. But his appearance - conservative career-man - is totally at odds with the night-clubber we saw in scene 66.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTIN'S ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN has fallen asleep on his bed still fully clothed. Woken by his door buzzer, he rouses himself and answers it. He looks through the spyhole and sees PHILOMENA outside in her dressing gown. He steels himself and opens the door.

MARTIN

Hello.

PHILOMENA

Martin I wanted to tell you something earlier but it slipped my mind, and I was going to tell you on the phone but I forgot the number, so I thought I'd come and tell you in person what with you only being along the corridor.

MARTIN

Okay.

PHILOMENA

What I wanted to say was, thank you Martin, for helping me to look for my son. I know you got the sack from your job - not News At Ten - the other one. And I just want to say, that their loss is my gain.

MARTIN

(Stunned for a moment)
Thank you.

PHILOMENA

Good night Martin.

MARTIN

Good night.

She walks off. He shuts the door, not sure how to react.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON TIDAL BASIN - DAWN

Another of his morning constitutional jogs, to shake out the jetlag. But there's an unwelcome addition to the routine here - other JOGGERS apparently much fitter than he. He chugs away gamely.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST AREA, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - DAY

MARTIN is sitting at a table, working at his laptop, sipping from a black coffee. The breakfast area is busy, and in front of him PHILOMENA is enjoying herself investigating what is on offer at the hot buffet.

CLOSE UP: the computer screen. MARTIN is working through a long list of files; we see pictures of different males of varying ages, all named 'Anthony' or 'Tony' Lee. Some Christian names are spelt with a 'h', some without; some surnames spelt 'Leigh' or 'Lea'. Each file is different, some have a military appearance, some civil, some even appear to be criminal records.

MARTIN looks up and sees PHILOMENA chatting with the CHEF at the omelette station and overhears a snatch of conversation.

PHILOMENA

-we don't really have Mexicans in England, we have the Indians instead, and everybody loves curry.

He returns to his laptop. He is checking the photos attached to the records; one is a cutting showing a blonde businessman shaking hands with somebody; another is a young black boy, another is a man in a marines uniform. MARTIN dwells on some, but quickly rejects others. He dials a number on his mobile; waits impatiently for it to go through:

MARTIN

Hi Caroline it's Martin Sixsmith.
Hi...

(Listens)

Yes, I'm not getting any joy, but I just wanted to check - you know the file with the immigration cuttings?

(Listens)

I know you've checked, but could you send me a link anyway?

(Listens)

Thanks.

He hangs up as PHILOMENA comes back over to the table, glancing briefly at the screen.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Morning.

PHILOMENA

Martin they've got pancakes over there, and waffles and omelettes - any filling - and cereals and bacon and sausage and-

MARTIN

Yeh I know what's over there.

PHILOMENA

-anything you like. The breakfast is included isn't it?

MARTIN

Yes, yes - I'm just not hungry. My stomach hasn't woken up yet.

PHILOMENA

Mine wakes up before I do. I'm having a ham and Swiss cheese omelette - shall I get you one?

MARTIN

No thank you.

PHILOMENA
Why don't you have some
blueberries?

MARTIN
(Anything to stop the
relentless barrage)
Okay, yes. Great.

Now a WAITRESS approaches their table.

WAITRESS
Coffee?

MARTIN
No thanks.

WAITRESS
Okay if you want to help yourself
to breakfast over there we have a
hot and cold buffet, fresh fruit
and cereal, muffins, omelettes with
a choice of-

MARTIN
I know-

WAITRESS
-fillings.

MARTIN
-I know exactly what is available
for breakfast. So. Thank you.

WAITRESS
(Trying to tempt him)
We also have fresh pancakes?

MARTIN
(Sharply)
No. Thank you. I'm trying to have a
private conversation here.

WAITRESS
My apologies sir.

The WAITRESS leaves.

PHILOMENA
There's no need to be rude. He's a
very kind man, Antonio.

MARTIN
Yes, I'm sure he's one in a million
- well one in a hundred thousand.

PHILOMENA
What do you mean?

MARTIN

You've said that to at least ten people now - so that's just maths.

PHILOMENA

You should be nice to people on the way up because you might meet them again on the way down. I'd have thought you of all people would understand that.

This stings, though maybe she didn't mean it to. And then again, maybe she did?

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

I'd rather you were rude to me than the nice people who work here.

MARTIN

I'm trying to help you find your son, that's why we're here. Okay? So, please-
(Gestures to laptop)
-just for now, can I have some quiet time?

PHILOMENA looks at him, her nose defiantly up in the air. She goes to say something but stops herself.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST AREA, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - DAY

MARTIN is studying his laptop. He sees a new e-mail in his inbox from 'Owsianoska, Caroline', entitled 'Anthony Lee'. He opens it and clicks on a link. As he waits for it to download he sees PHILOMENA back at the omelette station, and catches a snippet of her renewed conversation with the CHEF.

PHILOMENA

-were you born in Mexico? Well you must like nachos? My grand daughter Natalie got me into them. I've never been to Mexico - I hear it's lovely apart from the kidnappings-

Shaking his head in exasperation, he turns back to the screen where an image downloads line by line from the top of the screen. We make out a blurry newspaper photo of a little boy and girl, holding hands with a smart, middle-aged couple posing at an airport arrivals lounge. MARTIN hears PHILOMENA share a laugh with the CHEF and is about to look over to them when the image reveals the boy is holding a tin toy aeroplane in his hand. Stunned, he recognizes it instantly. He has found Anthony. The headline above the cutting reads: 'New Life For Irish Orphans'.

Excited, he scans the article, picks up the surname Hess then finds the boy's Christian name: Michael.

He puts '*Michael Hess, D.O.B. 07.05.52*' into a search engine, waits a few moments, then clicks on a site - the official site of the Republican Party. There is a picture of the adult Michael, early 30s, smiling, in a formal head and shoulders pose. But it's the passage at the top of the page which jolts him: *Michael A. Hess: (b) 07.05.52 - (d) 08.15.95*. He stares at the legend (d). *Surely not..?*

Scarcely able to believe it, he scans the article below the picture, picks out some key sentences: '*Michael was brought to the US from Ireland by his adoptive parents...*' and then, at the end: '*... Michael died on August 15th, 1995.*'

See MARTIN: *Oh God, he's dead...*

MARTIN looks up to see PHILOMENA making her way back to the table with her omelette and a bowl of raspberries. In a panic he quickly shuts down the window showing the young Anthony clutching the aeroplane.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
They've run out of blueberries so I
got you raspberries instead.

MARTIN just stares at her, frozen expression. She misinterprets this as an admonishment.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
Oh, I'm sorry. Quiet time.

As PHILOMENA puts down her tray she glances at the screen, now just displaying the image of the adult Michael in the formal pose. She stares at it and, even though she can't know what Anthony would look like as a grown man, puts her hand to her chest.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
That's my Anthony.

She looks at MARTIN, who doesn't answer. But his eyes not only confirm this they tell her something else... she clutches her crucifix.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
He's dead... isn't he.

MARTIN
(A beat then he whispers,
choked)
Yes.
(Beat)
I'm sorry.

A WAITRESS hovers holding a coffee pot.

WAITRESS

Coffee?

There's no answer; the WAITRESS hovers, obviously unaware of what is happening.

WAITRESS

Coffee?

PHILOMENA

(Anguished)

He doesn't want coffee he wants blueberries!

PHILOMENA starts to cry.

MARTIN

(To the WAITRESS)

Thank you, we don't need anything.

MARTIN tries to comfort PHILOMENA, putting his arms round her awkwardly, self-consciously, speaking quietly to her.

MARTIN (cont'd)

I'm so sorry...

She readily accepts the comfort.

SCORE: Music by BACH...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON 7TH STREET - NIGHT

BACH CONTINUES over...

We see PHILOMENA in the back of a taxi on the way to the airport, the lights of the city playing on her window. She is numb, disengaged from all that's going on around her. The taxi stops at some traffic lights.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

BACH CONTINUES, building to a swell...

PHILOMENA stares out at the PEOPLE in the street; she can't understand how life is going on when Anthony is gone. She sees a YOUNG WOMAN picked up by her BOYFRIEND and swung round playfully as he gives her a kiss. He then pretends lifting her has hurt his back; she laughs.

MARTIN looks across to PHILOMENA, not knowing what to say. The lights change, the taxi pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTURES TERMINAL, DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

PHILOMENA sits by herself on a row of chairs in the airport lounge, this 'cathedral' to modern life. We see her in profile, staring inscrutably at something. She seems suddenly old, bird like. Now we REVEAL what she's looking at: a piece of iconography - a huge *Calvin Klein* poster in portrait aspect of a beautiful female model laughing in a casual embrace with a devastatingly handsome, be-stubbled male model. She wears a negligee, he wears a vest. They have perfect teeth. Perfect lives. They are shamelessly happy.

SCORE ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTURES TERMINAL, DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

PHILOMENA sits with MA

SALLY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
What did he die of?

MARTIN
I don't know, I didn't find out.
We're at the airport now.

SALLY
(Interrupts him)
Wait - you're at the airport?

MARTIN
Yeh. Obviously she wants to get
back home, be with her daughter.

SALLY
What about the story?

MARTIN
(Confused)
Well... he's dead.

SALLY shakes her head curtly at the SUB EDITOR - she doesn't like his layout.

SALLY
Dead or alive, happy or sad - you
said it - they're both good. Spin
it, find a story..

MARTIN
Yeh, but if I stay here and she
goes, no-one's going to answer my
questions.

SALLY
Then keep her there.

MARTIN

What? Come on... she's in bits.
It's like she's lost him all over
again.

SALLY

That's great - write that line
down.

MARTIN

Are you serious?

SALLY

Yes, you signed a contract. Call me
when you've got something.

She hangs up. MARTIN looks at PHILOMENA, sitting quietly,
looking up at the poster. He feels a wave of terrible guilt.

CUT TO:

MARTIN sits down next to PHILOMENA. A few moment's silence as
they both look up at the poster together; PHILOMENA stares at
the female model, laughing, carefree.

PHILOMENA

I remember that day at the fair,
his father made me laugh by
pretending to be an old man.

(Smiles, remembering)

And then I made him laugh by
pretending to be an old lady.

(Beat, the smile
disappears)

And now I am one... I'll never know
if Anthony ever thought about me.
I'll never be able to say sorry.

MARTIN

(Beat, not quite sure how
to put it)

Look, we don't have to...

(Voice tails off)

We can... stay.

PHILOMENA

Stay?

MARTIN

If you want to?

PHILOMENA

What for?

And now he must grit his teeth and begin the lie.

MARTIN

I was thinking we could... maybe talk to some people who knew him, find out what happened to him?

PHILOMENA

I think I'd rather just go home.

On Martin: so this is what it has come down to - forced to persuade an old lady to stay with him against her wishes, against his better judgement.

MARTIN

I... think it might help, in terms of your loss.

She looks at him, unable to speak for a moment.

PHILOMENA

Will it?

MARTIN

There's lot of research which suggests that... people who've suffered a loss can help... overcome it by talking to people who knew the person that died and, from them, learning about his life, sort of thing...

A halting, inarticulate and wholly unconvincing attempt. He didn't even come close to convincing himself.

PHILOMENA

Really?

MARTIN

Yes.

PHILOMENA

I didn't know that.

MARTIN

Yes it's quite well known... I really think it could help.

She nods, not really in any state to argue, and allows him to help her up. We can see from his face how shitty he feels.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED (Now Sc. 78A)

EXT. GARDEN, POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY [VIDEO FOOTAGE]

1988. MICHAEL and MARCIA are being walked by a REALTOR towards a house for sale;

PETE is behind the camera videoing them - we think they may very well be a young couple looking at a home to start a family in. The house itself is a sprawling, typically New England property set in large grounds.

PETE (OOV)
What do you think?

MARCIA
It's incredible...
(Beat)
What about you?

She takes the camera from him, turns it on PETE.

PETE
Yeh, pretty cool.
(Nods to MICHAEL)
What about the lord of the manor?

She now turns the camera on to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
I've fallen in love already...

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

INT. RECEPTION, WASHINGTON HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN and PHILOMENA walk back up to the reception desk with their shoulder bags. The RECEPTIONIST recognizes them:

RECEPTIONIST
 Hello, you're back again?

MARTIN
 Yes...
 (Little bit embarrassed)
 ... change of plan.

RECEPTIONIST
 (Checking display on her screen)
 We have the same rooms if you'd like them?

MARTIN
 Um... okay.

The RECEPTIONIST starts to enter information on her computer. An awkward beat whilst she taps away at her keyboard.

PHILOMENA

I suppose they'll just have to use
the 'not so happy' photo...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

They are back in Philomena's old room. MARTIN is at a desk tapping away at his laptop, PHILOMENA is sitting on a sofa watching 'Big Momma's House'. MARTIN, uncomfortable with the heavy emotion of the situation, looks across to her, sees she has a glazed expression:

MARTIN

Are you okay?

PHILOMENA

I thought it would make me laugh.

MARTIN tries to make some sense of what she's watching.

MARTIN

Is that a man?

PHILOMENA

I don't know.

MARTIN

I've been sent a picture of Anthony
- do you want to see it?

PHILOMENA

Oh...

(She thinks about this)

Yes please.

He offers her his chair; she gets up and walks over, sitting down in front of his laptop. She puts her glasses on and stares at the photo: it's a wide, group shot with about twenty people in it, including Anthony and Marcia, at a formal function.

MARTIN

It's from a woman we're meeting
tomorrow called Marcia Weller, she
was a colleague of Anthony's... now
shall we have a drink?

He bends down by the mini-bar.

PHILOMENA

He looks very smart.

MARTIN

He worked in the legal department
for the American government. Brandy
isn't it...

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd)
 (Searching through mini-
 bar)
 Oh, they're all gone.

PHILOMENA
 Yes I had them earlier.

MARTIN
 (Getting up)
 Never mind, I'll get you one from
 my room.

He walks towards the door.

PHILOMENA
 Martin... This man looks just like
 you.

He stops by the door. She points to a figure in the back row of the photo. MARTIN walks back over to the desk and looks more closely. Puzzled, he enlarges the picture slightly, looks intently at the figure.

MARTIN
 (Long beat)
 It *is* me.

Sure enough, it's him, in profile, talking to someone; Michael is standing just a few feet away from him. Mind spinning as he studies the photo, fragments of memory come back to MARTIN. That name - he *knew* he'd heard it before...

MARTIN (cont'd)
 Michael Hess... I met him.

PHILOMENA
 Where?

MARTIN
 At the White House.

PHILOMENA
 Oh dear God...

MARTIN
 It was when I was with the BBC.
 (Searching his memory)
 Would have been about... ten years
 ago.

PHILOMENA
 (Hungrily)
 What was he like?

Now we see the first chink in Martin's armour of detachment - he is personally involved. He knows how desperate PHILOMENA is for information, and he wants to help - but he can't. He stares again at the grainy, blown up image of him standing just a few feet away from Michael.

MARTIN

Erm... I can't remember too much...

(Grasping at straws)

It was a Republican thing...

(Racking his brain)

I don't really remember.

PHILOMENA

You must remember something.

MARTIN

(Suddenly something comes to him)

I shook hands with him, he was by the door as we entered.

PHILOMENA

What was his handshake like?

MARTIN looks at her, not even remembering this but desperate to come up with something for her.

MARTIN

Well, if it had been a weak handshake I'd have remembered it. No-one would get to that position with a weak handshake.

PHILOMENA

So he had a strong handshake?

MARTIN

Yes.

PHILOMENA

Well that's something.

(Beat)

What else?

MARTIN

Erm... he looked very smart.

PHILOMENA

Oh I always dressed him smart. Can you remember anything he said?

MARTIN

I... can't.

(Thinks really hard)

Just... 'hello' or something. I'm sorry.

PHILOMENA
 (Repeating the word, as if
 it were significant)
 'Hello.'

MARTIN
 Might have been 'Hi'.

By an effort of will she puts her disappointment behind her.

PHILOMENA
 It doesn't matter...

As she always does, PHILOMENA concentrates on the positive.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
 (Big smile)
 He was smart, and he had a firm
 handshake.

She tries to convince herself that if this is all she finds out about him, it will be enough. MARTIN is uncomfortable with himself.

SCORE: PIANO MUSIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE MARBLE BUILDING - DAY

SCORE CONTINUES OVER:

In the background the CAPITOL. PHILOMENA looks a little bewildered as she goes up the steps with MARTIN.

SCORE DIPS and we *HEAR FROM INSIDE:*

MARCIA (V.O.)
 Philomena, I'm Marcia Weller.
 Welcome to Washington...

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON OFFICE - DAY

PHILOMENA is confronted with a table covered with photos of Michael, stunned at this feast laid out for her - a feast of memories she never had. There are a mix of formal and casual photos. We see some of him with Marcia on his arm dressed formally in evening wear.

MARCIA
 I knew your son for about ten years. He was senior legal counsel to both the Reagan and Bush administrations.

MARCIA WELLER, (*the woman in the flashback video*), is now ten years older, a successful lawyer in her own right. PHILOMENA picks up a photograph of Michael with President Reagan at the function we saw in flashback earlier.

MARTIN
(To PHILOMENA)
Didn't do too badly, did he?

PHILOMENA studies the picture.

PHILOMENA
He'd never have got a job like that
if he'd stayed with me.
(Staring at the photo, her
mind begins to drift)
I think he would have worked at
McEverleys.

She looks up, sees MARTIN'S and MARCIA'S blank faces.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
They're a firm of solicitors in
Castlebar. Did he ever mention
Ireland to you Marcia?

MARCIA
I don't think so - not that I
remember. But I have a number for
his sister, Mary, who came from
Ireland with him - I can put you in
touch with her?

MARTIN
Oh, excellent. That's good news.

PHILOMENA picks up a photo of Michael in a garden, leaning against some hay bales wearing a T-shirt and dungarees.

PHILOMENA
He looks very happy here, who's
this fella?

She picks up a picture of Pete Olsson, tall, handsome, bearded.

MARCIA
That's his, er, friend - Pete.

She puts that photo down and picks up another of Michael and Marcia on a night out together.

PHILOMENA
Were you his girlfriend Marcia?

MARCIA
Oh no. I loved Michael but not in
that way...
(MORE)

MARCIA (cont'd)
 (Looks at MARTIN, awkward)
 ... I don't know if you knew, but
 he was gay.

MARTIN seems to freeze at this news; PHILOMENA appears not to react at all.

MARCIA (cont'd)
 I would accompany him when he went
 to official functions because being
 gay was frowned upon in the
 Republican party. But he was very
 charming and very charismatic.

PHILOMENA clasps her chest.

PHILOMENA
 I knew it Martin... I knew he'd be
 charismatic.
 (To MARCIA)
 Now did he father any children
 Marcia?

MARTIN
 She just told us that Anthony was
 gay.

PHILOMENA
 Oh, I always knew that. I just
 thought he might have been bi-
 curious.
 (They look at her)
 A lot of the nurses I worked with
 were gay but one of them, called
 Brendan, told me he was bi-curious.
 I don't think he could make up his
 mind Marcia.

MARCIA
 He didn't have any children. I'm
 sorry.

PHILOMENA gives her a smile and a little nod then returns to the pictures. She picks up a different photo of Michael in Pete's arms, both smiling, looking happy.

PHILOMENA
 Did Pete love him?

MARCIA
 Yes he did.

OUT on the photo of Michael and Pete.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

PHILOMENA and MARTIN walk down steps, away from the Capitol building.

MARTIN

How did you know he was gay?
 (She looks at him)
 You said in there you already knew..?

PHILOMENA

Well, he was a very sensitive little soul. And as the years rolled on I always wondered if he might be. Then, when I saw that photograph of him in the dungarees, well there was no doubt in my mind...

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE US- DAY

A middle of the range Chevrolet hire car passes the husks in a cornfield in a rural part of the US.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVROLET, ANOTHER PART OF THE US - DAY

PHILOMENA watches the flat countryside speeding by her window as MARTIN drives.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEVROLET, ANOTHER PART OF THE US - DAY

The car turns into the drive of a house.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, RURAL USA - DAY

The front door opens to REVEAL MARY, early 50s, a plain, tired-looking housewife with long, greying hair.

SCORE ENDS.

MARTIN

Mary?

MARY

Yes.

PHILOMENA and MARTIN stand on the doorstep; PHILOMENA unable to prevent herself from staring at MARY.

MARTIN

This is Philomena. Anthony's mother.

(Corrects himself)

Michael's mother.

MARY

Um... okay.

PHILOMENA

(Long beat, looking at MARY)

You look just like *your* mother...

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN, MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

MARY, PHILOMENA and MARTIN sit at a table in the garden, PHILOMENA looking through a wallet of photos Mary has given her. Mary's two grandchildren, a BOY aged 5 and a girl, 3, play together. PHILOMENA studies a photo of Michael with an elderly woman with glasses and grey hair, (MARGE).

MARY

That's our mother - I mean, our adopted mother.

PHILOMENA

Was she a nice lady Mary - she looks like a nice lady.

MARY

(Beat)

I won't lie to you Philomena, we didn't have the happiest childhood.

(Beat)

Marge was okay but our father, Doc, could be a very hard man.

PHILOMENA falls quiet for a few moments. MARY sees the KIDS are trying to climb onto a shed.

MARY (cont'd)

Hey get down off there!

BOY

Sorry grandma.

PHILOMENA now turns to a picture of Michael with Pete's arms around him.

MARY

That's him with Pete Olsson. He and Mike were...

She falters, not sure if they know about Michael's sexuality.

PHILOMENA

It's all right Mary, I know that Anthony was a gay homosexual. And we met Marcia - who I believe was his beard, is that right Martin?

MARTIN

(Stumbly)

Erm... yes, I think that's about right.

She turns to another picture of Michael, looking thin and ill, and digests what it means.

PHILOMENA

It must have been terrible, having to keep it a secret his whole life.

She's talking about Anthony but we know she is also talking about herself.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

(Beat, quiet voice)

I assume my son died from Aids.

MARY

Yes. He did. He wasn't too happy with himself, last couple of years of his life... working for the Republicans.

MARTIN

The irony wasn't lost on him.

MARY

No. He was pretty mixed up about it.

PHILOMENA looks up, puzzled, from studying a photo.

MARTIN

(Explaining to PHILOMENA)

The Republicans cut funding into Aids research because they blamed the epidemic on gay lifestyles.

PHILOMENA

(Suddenly understanding)
 Ahhh - because some of them
 wouldn't wear condoms because they
 said it spoilt the feeling.

See MARTIN and MARY, looking uncomfortable.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Where's he buried Mary?

MARY

You know, I think it's out in West
 Virginia near where he lived. Dad
 wanted him buried in the family
 plot in St. Louis but Pete wouldn't
 allow it. They had a big row - I
 didn't go in the end, I didn't want
 to get involved. You should talk to
 Pete about it.

A silence. The unfolding soap opera of Anthony's life seems
 alien to PHILOMENA. She feels disconnected, unable to relate
 to it.

MARTIN

(Stepping in)
 We got his number from Marcia -
 we'll go and see him, won't we
 Philomena.

PHILOMENA

Hmm...

PHILOMENA clutches at one last straw.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Mary, can I just ask, there's one
 thing I'd like to know. Did Anthony
 ever mention Ireland, or where he'd
 come from?

MARY

(She thinks, then shrugs)
 Not really. Neither of us really
 talked about that.

PHILOMENA

No. Why would you...

She smiles weakly, but is crushed. We move slowly to a CLOSE
 UP on PHILOMENA as the SCORE swells, MARTIN'S small talk is
 like white noise in the background...

MARTIN (OOV)

Well thank you for seeing us, we should probably get going - got a long drive in front of us. Thank you for your time...

... until we are alone with PHILOMENA and her thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY [VIDEO FOOTAGE]

1993. The start of a momentous journey for MICHAEL. A hand held shot in the hallway, he descends the last few stairs carrying a case. He looks frail and ill. From behind the camera:

PETE (OOV)

Okay, forty five minutes late, but here he is at last. Ready for his big adventure.

MICHAEL

Turn that off Pete.

PETE (OOV)

Don't be such a grouse.

PETE turns the camera on himself.

PETE (cont'd)

He's such a grouse.

Turns the camera back on MICHAEL.

PETE (OOV) (cont'd)

Why are you wearing that top - it's too big for you.

MICHAEL

All my clothes are too big for me.

MICHAEL walks past the camera and opens the door. Outside we see a taxi waiting on the drive. MICHAEL shuffles towards it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVROLET, RURAL US - DAY

MARTIN drives them back towards the city through the same, featureless landscape of trees and farmland. They travel in silence, PHILOMENA turning everything over in her mind. MARTIN is distracted by the St. Christopher Philomena has again hung from the vent, gently knocking against the dash. Finally, she turns to him:

PHILOMENA

I was going to ask you Martin, if it would be possible to not use my real name when you write the story?

He looks at her, doesn't answer.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Perhaps you could call me Nancy? I've always loved that name. My niece is called Nancy... oh - people might think it's her.

(Thinks some more)

What about Helen? Helen Keller? No, there's someone already called that, isn't there.

MARTIN

I'm going to have to call you by your real name, Philomena. That's the way it works. I'm sorry.

She thinks about this for a few moments, then goes back to looking out of the window. A long beat, then:

PHILOMENA

I'd like to stop off and go to confession, if we could find a church on the way back.

MARTIN

(Beat)

If you don't mind me asking, why do you feel the need to go to confession?

(She doesn't answer)

It's the Catholic Church should go to confession.

(Beat)

Imagine that, the confession box would explode.

PHILOMENA

In the greatest saint there is a speck of dust, in the greatest sinner, a spark of gold.

MARTIN

Is that right?

PHILOMENA

You learn that in the Bible.

MARTIN

Yes and it's an interesting book but there are other better books.

PHILOMENA

Like what?

MARTIN

I don't know...

He was going to drop it, but he starts to think of some titles.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Anna Karenina, 1984, Great Expectations...

(Beat)

I think if everyone who's read the bible had read something else instead, the world would be a better place.

PHILOMENA sniffs, contemptuously.

MARTIN (cont'd)

And I mean literally anything - the Slipper and the Horseshoe even.

PHILOMENA

Well you're being silly now - they're both good books.

He sighs exasperated.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE CATHOLIC CHURCH, RURAL US - DAY

The Chevrolet pulls up outside a little Catholic church; whitewashed clapboard exterior.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Read a very funny headline in a satirical newspaper the other day, about the Asian Tsunami.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVROLET, REMOTE CATHOLIC CHURCH, RURAL US - DAY

MARTIN turns to PHILOMENA as she prepares to get out.

MARTIN

It said: 'God outdoes terrorists yet again'. Found that very amusing... Why God feels the need to occasionally wipe out hundreds of thousands of innocent people escapes me.

PHILOMENA opens her door.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 Why don't you ask Him about that
 while you're in there. Probably
 just say He moves in mysterious
 ways.

PHILOMENA turns back to him; he wears a smiling, supercilious
 expression.

PHILOMENA
 No, I think He'll just say that
 you're a feckin' eejit.

His expression freezes - stunned at her using language like
 this. She exits the car, slamming the door behind her. MARTIN
 watches her go inside, feeling completely discombobulated.

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL CATHOLIC CHURCH, RURAL US - DAY

PHILOMENA enters the church and looks around. A handful of
 PARISHIONERS are dotted about the pews or queueing to go into
 the two confessional boxes. Dark, wooden panelling and pews
 dominate the ornate interior. She sits down quietly by one of
 the boxes - small lights above them telling her they are both
 in use - to wait.

MARTIN (V.O.)
 (From incoming scene)
 Hi Sally...

SALLY (V.O.)
 What have you got for me?

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL CATHOLIC CHURCH, RURAL US - DAY

MARTIN paces about by the car as he speaks on his mobile.

MARTIN
 Okay, well he was a bigshot lawyer
 in the Reagan and Bush
 administrations-

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SALLY is at her desk, half distracted by an e-mail she was
 composing.

[INTERCUT between both scenes]

SALLY
 You're kidding - that's amazing!

MARTIN

And at the same time he was a closet homosexual who died of Aids.

SALLY

Wow.

MARTIN now has her full attention. She abandons her e-mail and swings her chair to face the window.

SALLY (cont'd)

This is perfect for the weekend section.

MARTIN

Oh, and I met him.

SALLY

You met him? So there's a personal angle?

MARTIN

Well... yeh, that's... one of the angles. Definitely.

(Trying to convince himself)

But the thing is, people need to know what happened here - it's an injustice.

SALLY

What about the evil nuns? What's happening with them?

MARTIN

Oh still there, they haven't gone away. If anything they're actually a bit more evil.

SALLY

You know, I think this could even be a cover piece.

MARTIN

(Suddenly chuffed)

Really?

SALLY

It's great Martin, it presses so many buttons...

She continues. Though excited by her praise, his eyes wander over to the church, and to the little cross above.

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL CATHOLIC CHURCH, RURAL US - DAY

MARTIN enters quietly and stands at the back in the lobby area, looking about, taking in the quiet ambience. MARTIN sees a Crucifix on the wall, blood pouring from a wound to Christ's side. He turns to see a YOUNG WOMAN, a country girl dressed simply, stand in front of the altar and genuflect. She walks down the aisle, dips her fingers in the holy water bowl near the exit, and blesses herself. As she passes MARTIN on her way out she gives him a warm smile of open friendship, which he feels compelled to return. The exchange unsettles him; she has a grace which is at odds with his notion of a bullying church. He returns his gaze to the confession boxes; a light is on over one of them.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSION BOX - DAY

PHILOMENA is kneeling in the darkened cubicle. From behind the curtain we hear a voice:

PRIEST (OOV)

Hello.

She can't respond. She has no idea what she wants to say.

PRIEST (OOV) (cont'd)

Hello? Speak up now, don't be afraid.

She starts to cry, silently, bitterly, tears streaming down her cheeks. Finally, from the other side of the grille:

PRIEST (OOV) (cont'd)

Have faith. God will forgive you...

PHILOMENA gets up, she can take no more. Quickly dabbing her eyes, she leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL CATHOLIC CHURCH RURAL US - DAY

On MARTIN: footsteps and he turns to see PHILOMENA walking towards him, set expression. Still dabbing her eyes, she walks down the aisle and exits the church without acknowledging him or blessing herself - as the young woman did. A beat on MARTIN. He looks at the holy water in the bowl, and dips his fingers in it. He looks at it glistening on his skin. Why did Philomena not bless herself? He wipes his fingers on his trousers and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE CATHOLIC CHURCH, RURAL US - DAY

Worried that she's having some sort of crisis/breakdown, MARTIN catches up with PHILOMENA as she heads for the car.

MARTIN

Look, you were right, I was being a 'feekin' eejit' before, okay? And I'm sorry...

She reaches the car; turns to face him across the roof affecting a faux formality:

PHILOMENA

I was doing some thinking in there. I'm going to get a loan from the Bradford and Bigley Martin-

MARTIN

Bingley.

PHILOMENA

-because I don't have a mortgage now and I can have an extension for ten thousand pounds - my friend Rene did that and had a conservatory built. I don't need a conservatory and I could give you the money to cover the cost of all the flights and the hotel rooms and then you won't be out of pocket and you won't have to publish the story because I don't want it published - I don't want anyone to know about this, ever.

She is a keeping a tight rein on her emotions.

MARTIN

You haven't done anything wrong. You are entitled to find out who your son was.

PHILOMENA

Well, you heard what Mary said - she said he never gave me a second thought. He wasn't my Anthony - he was somebody else's Michael. He probably hated the thought of me.

MARTIN

You don't know that Philomena.

PHILOMENA

I should never have let him out of my sight.

MARTIN

We need to talk to Pete Olssen. He lived with him. He knew him better than anyone.

Martin's phone rings. He checks the display: 'Sally Mitchell'. He holds his finger up apologetically to PHILOMENA and answers:

MARTIN

Hi - sorry can I call you back....
 Yep, I'll call you back. Okay.

(Hangs up, back to
 PHILOMENA)

People need to know about what happened to you. This is an injustice, it needs to be exposed.

She looks into his eyes, senses that his priorities are no longer what she thought they were. Her voice lowers.

PHILOMENA

You'd better call your friend back...

She gets in the car. OUT on MARTIN, troubled.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG HAUL FLIGHT - NIGHT [VIDEO FOOTAGE]

1993. The next leg of Michael's journey. The camera is on MICHAEL, trying to doze, looking really ill. He sees Pete is filming him.

PETE (OOV)

How are you feeling?

MICHAEL

(Trying to smile)
Oh... not too chipper.

PETE (OOV)

Excited?

MICHAEL

I guess.
(Beat)
Hopeful...

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED (NOW SC. 109A)

SCENE DELETED

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DUSK

MARTIN and PHILOMENA walk up to their hotel rooms in silence. She gets to hers first, but can't work the key-card. He inserts his and opens his door straight away. He looks across to her struggling.

MARTIN

You need to put it in with the arrows pointing down.

PHILOMENA

(Coldly - she's still angry with him)
I know how to do it.

She takes the key-card out, turns it round, re-inserts it and opens the door. She goes inside, the door clicking behind her. A moment on MARTIN, aware of the disconnect with PHILOMENA, before he enters his room.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - DUSK

Having missed a few days, MARTIN is on another jog. He speaks on his mobile as he runs.

MARTIN

Hello yes, I'm trying to set up a meeting with Peter Olsson...

(Listens)

Yes I've called a couple of times but no-one's returned my calls. I'm not quite sure what the next step is... I feel like I'm hitting a bit of a brick wall...

(Listens)

Okay but if I could get a personal number-

They've hung up on him. He ends the call, frustrated. An athletic-looking black GUY passes him running backwards.

GUY

You should try it like this... it's easier this way!

MARTIN 'laughs', 'good-naturedly'. He slows to a walk, fed up with keeping fit.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

Sweaty and exhausted, MARTIN knocks on the door to the room. He waits. No answer.

MARTIN

Phil?

He puts his ear to the door. Nothing.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Philomena? I've left my laptop in
your room...

He knocks again. Nothing. Not a sound. He looks concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN is back down in reception with the RECEPTIONIST, who
is calling up to the room.

RECEPTIONIST

(Hangs up)

No answer.

MARTIN

(Perplexed)

Erm... she wouldn't have gone
anywhere by herself...

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN and the BELLBOY walk along the corridor.

MARTIN

... it might be nothing but she is
quite old and... Irish.

(Berates himself)

I shouldn't have left her on her
own...

BELLBOY

And she's a relative? 'Cos I can't
let you in unless she's a relative.

MARTIN

Yes, she's a relative.

BELLBOY

What relative is she?

MARTIN

She's... my mother.

BELLBOY

Okay...

They are by the door, the BELLBOY inserts his pass key.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILOMENA'S ROOM, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

The BELLBOY and MARTIN enter.

BELLBOY
(Calling out as he enters)
Concierge!

Seeing the room is empty MARTIN quickly heads for bathroom door - knocking and then pushing it open. It's empty.

MARTIN
Phil?
(Realising the BELLBOY is
watching him)
Mum?

MARTIN comes back out into the room now starting to panic.

MARTIN (cont'd)
She's gone...

BELLBOY
Try the balcony.

MARTIN slides the door back...

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY, WASHINGTON DC HOTEL - NIGHT

MARTIN steps out onto the balcony - and there is PHILOMENA, standing gripping a hand rail, looking out at the city night-scape, eyes red and tear-stained.

MARTIN
There you are!

PHILOMENA
What's the matter?

MARTIN
I wondered where you were.

BELLBOY
(From inside)
Is your mother okay now?

MARTIN
Yes, thanks.

BELLBOY
(From inside)
Okay sir.

MARTIN shoots an embarrassed glance to PHILOMENA as the BELLBOY leaves.

MARTIN

I... had to say that to get him to let me in.

(Embarrassed, quickly changing the subject)

You shouldn't have the balcony door shut if you can't hear the door to the room.

PHILOMENA

I was just out here having a little cry, that's all.

She is quite calm - if anyone is distressed it's MARTIN.

MARTIN

Right.

He nods his head, an awkward pause.

PHILOMENA

I hope you didn't think I was going to jump off the balcony?

A little smile plays across her lips as it occurs to her that he might well have been thinking this.

MARTIN

No of course not. Can I, er... get you anything?

PHILOMENA

No thank you. I just want to have...

(Phrase pops into her head)

-some quiet time.

MARTIN

Yes. Of course. Right, well I'll see you later.

MARTIN turns and leaves, duly dismissed and suddenly feeling redundant.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

MARTIN is at the bar, changed and showered, laptop in front of him.

MARTIN

Pint of Guinness please.

As the BARMAN pours him one, MARTIN turns things over in his mind.

CUT TO:

MARTIN sits at his laptop, but he's distracted, can't concentrate. He studies the pint of Guinness in front of him. He takes a sip, puts the glass down. As he studies it, absentmindedly running his finger down the side of it, something catches his eye: the trademark Guinness Celtic Harp symbol on the side of the glass. He stares at it, thoughtful. *Remembering something*. Suddenly, it all clicks into place - but before he can do anything:

PHILOMENA

Martin, there's something I have to say to you-

He looks up, surprised to see her down in the bar.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

I've made a decision and my mind's made up and there's nothing you can say that's going to make me change it.

(Beat)

I appreciate everything you've done for me, and thank you for putting up with me, I've enjoyed the hotels and all the food and everything, but this hasn't really worked out the way that I wanted it to. So, tomorrow I think we should get on an aeroplane and go back to England. There it is, and that's an end to it.

(Beat)

And don't try to change my mind by saying all clever things and trying to confuse me because I didn't go to Oxbridge like you-

MARTIN'S mobile starts to ring, interrupting the argument. He checks the display: *'Sally Mitchell'* and quickly kills the call without answering. He looks at her:

MARTIN

Oxford. I went to Oxford - Oxbridge is a portmanteau of Oxford and Cambridge, that's where two words-

PHILOMENA

I don't give a shiny shoe about that - it's all the same to me!

MARTIN begins to fiddle with his lap-top.

MARTIN

I think we should go and visit Pete Olsson tomorrow.

PHILOMENA

Go on your own! I'm not going all that way just to hear another person say that Anthony didn't give two hoots about me, and that I abandoned him and all the rest of it...

MARTIN points to the Harp symbol on the side of his pint of Guinness.

MARTIN

What's that?

PHILOMENA

All I want to do is go home and mind my own business, and watch David Attenborough on the telly and I'll be happy with that.

MARTIN

There. On the side of the glass. What's that?

He points more deliberately to the symbol.

PHILOMENA

It's a Celtic harp.

MARTIN

Right...

He has found what he was looking for in his computer (*though we don't yet see what he's looking at*). He now turns the computer round to show her the picture of Anthony with President Reagan, which we've seen before. He zooms in on Anthony so it's just him in the frame, and we can see that on his jacket lapel he is wearing a gold Celtic Harp badge.

MARTIN (cont'd)

And what's that?

PHILOMENA

(Beat)

A Celtic Harp.

MARTIN

If he cared so little about where he came from, why would he wear something so Irish?

She thinks about it all, slightly stunned at the implications.

PHILOMENA

Perhaps he played the harp? He was
gay..?

MARTIN

He didn't play the harp.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

CUT TO:

EXT. LAY-BY, IRELAND - DAY [VIDEO FOOTAGE]

1993. Now nearing journey's end. We see the ruins of an Abbey. The camera pans to MICHAEL standing beside a hire car. Leaning on a stick, clearly ill, gazing at the ruins and then over to a loch; before him rolling hills and fields, a thin mist hanging in the air. [NOTE: we do not yet know where this is]. He then brings the camera round onto a shot of MICHAEL, gazing out at it.

PETE (OOV)

What do you think?

MICHAEL flicks a look across at the camera then returns to the view, taking comfort from it in spite of how ill he looks.

MICHAEL

It's pretty amazing. So peaceful...

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY/ROADS - DAY

MUSIC OVER: a MONTAGE SEQUENCE showing the little hire car making the pilgrimage into the suburbs of Washington to Michael's former home in Potomac Village. They drive under large manicured trees into a manicured village. We take in the ever changing landscape; we see miscellaneous shots of people and resonant landmarks along the route. We see PHILOMENA through her open window, alongside MARTIN, driving. She is slurping on some monstrous creamy, syrupy Frappuccino concoction, enjoying the wind on her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

WIDE SHOT: late afternoon, Michael's house in Potomac Village, which we saw earlier in a flash of video. The hire car is parked under some trees overlooking the house.

MUSIC ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT. HIRE CAR, POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

The hire car pulls into the drive, as far from the house as possible. PHILOMENA and MARTIN study the house.

MARTIN

This is it.

PHILOMENA

I think he would have been happy living in a house like that, don't you Martin?

MARTIN

I wouldn't complain.

PHILOMENA

(Beat)

I couldn't have given him a life like this.

She gazes at the house, delighting on every detail.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

(Nervous)

So what do we do now?

The car pulls forward. MARTIN surveys the empty drive.

MARTIN

We doorstep him.

PHILOMENA

What's that, doorstep?

MARTIN

It's what nasty journalists do when they want to speak to somebody who doesn't want to speak to them.

She nods, thoughtfully, then sees something in the mirror:

PHILOMENA

Oh look Martin - a little red Mazda.

A red, open top Mazda Miata passes and turns into the drive.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED (NOW PART OF SC. 112)

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

The Mazda pulls up in front of the house. MARTIN reverses the hire car into a place where he can see the Mazda without being seen. A man in his late 40s, *(it's PETE - he's older but we recognize him from the snatches of home video we've seen him in)*, gets out.

CUT TO:

INT. HIRE CAR, POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

Through the windscreen they watch as PETE leans across and kisses goodbye a younger MAN who is driving. We see PHILOMENA silently watching. MARTIN checks PETE against a picture he holds up of MICHAEL and PETE.

MARTIN

That's him - that's Pete Olssen.

PHILOMENA

Martin, whatever he thinks... I did love my son.

MARTIN

We don't know what he thinks.

PHILOMENA

(beat)

We what do we do now?

MARTIN

We doorstep him.

PHILOMENA

What's that?

MARTIN

It's that nasty journalists do when they want to speak to somebody who doesn't want to speak to them.

PETE disappears inside the house and the Mazda drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

A moment later, the hire car pulls up nearer the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HIRE CAR, POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

MARTIN goes to get out of the car

MARTIN
This shouldn't take long...

PHILOMENA
(Suddenly panicking)
But he won't want to speak to me -
he'll just shut the door in your
face.

He gives her a confident smile and gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

We follow MARTIN as he walks up to the front door and rings the bell without hesitation. A few moments, then PETE answers it.

MARTIN
Hello Peter Olssen?

PETE
Yes?

MARTIN
I'm Martin Sixsmith, I'm here with
Philomena Lee, the mother of your
late partner Michael Hess...

Sure enough, PETE'S immediate reaction is to shut the door on him, but MARTIN jams his foot in it. He and PETE make eye contact. So far so good.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Can I ask you a question?

PETE
If you move your foot.

MARTIN moves his foot - and PETE immediately slams the door shut in his face. MARTIN has been completely outwitted.

CUT TO:

INT. HIRE CAR, POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

PHILOMENA in the car. She sees MARTIN turn away and walk back, defeated. Her heart goes out to him, but she can feel the anger rising in her. MARTIN gets in the car, utterly deflated. A few moment's silence:

MARTIN

(With a lot of feeling)
I've not been very... helpful, have I.

PHILOMENA

Never mind, at least you tried.

A moment, then PHILOMENA gets out of the car.

MARTIN

(Startled)
Where are you going?

PHILOMENA

Wait here.

The door was slammed in Martin's face - but it was slammed in her face too. She marches off to have this out with Pete, once and for all. MARTIN reluctantly stays in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

We now follow PHILOMENA up to the door. She rings the bell, and again PETE answers. Expecting MARTIN again, he looks at PHILOMENA, thrown by the sight of this little old lady now on his doorstep.

PHILOMENA

I just want to talk about my son.
He was taken from me. And I've been
looking for him ever since.

OUT on PETE, totally unprepared for this. But as he looks at her, he sees the honesty shining through. And we know he is not going to shut the door on her again.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM, POTOMAC VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP on a plasma screen. *SCORE OVER* the SUPER 8 footage we saw earlier of little Anthony on the airport tarmac, clutching his aeroplane and wearing his smart coat. The footage moves into a CLOSE UP of little ANTHONY. Over this image we now see PHILOMENA'S face appear, translucently, over that of her son.

CUT TO:

PHILOMENA, flickering blue light playing across her glasses as she watches the footage on the screen, tears in her eyes. PETE sits next to her, holding her hand. MARTIN stands behind her, also watching.

SCORE CONTINUES as PHILOMENA catches up on the moments from Anthony's/Michael's life we have seen previously, (*the little boy on the tarmac; the birthday party; with Ronald Reagan; the club in New York; with Pete etc.*)

The two stories we have been watching now finally collide, and we CUT BACK AND FORTH between PHILOMENA'S face and the screen, each time tightening in on her. We see the ruined Abbey amongst the images. Eventually we abandon the screen and stay with PHILOMENA, closing in ever tighter as she witnesses a life compacted, catching up on fifty missed years with these magical, ghostly images.

Finally, she turns to MARTIN.

PHILOMENA
Isn't he handsome Martin?

We are *ON MARTIN*, him watching the screen (*which we don't see*). He does not respond to Philomena, his eyes transfixed by something he is looking at. Seeing his expression she *TURNS BACK*, puzzled, to look at the screen - and her expression pales.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
No...

PETE
What's wrong?

And *NOW* we *CUT TO* the plasma screen and see MICHAEL... outside Roscrea. He is being greeted warmly by the (now elderly) Sister HILDEGARDE [*NOTE - SISTER CLAIRE IS NOT IN THE SHOT*]. *And this is the end of the journey started in scene 89 - Michael's journey back to Roscrea.*

Suggest the insertion of a line at the following point, to draw out Philomena's reaction to Anthony coming back to Roscrea:

MARTIN
He went to Ireland? He went to Roscrea...?

PETE
I took him. He was looking for you, Philomena.

PHILOMENA
(looking at the screen)
He came to look for me?

MARTIN
(Pointing to HILDEGARDE)
That nun... I saw her at Roscrea on our last trip.

PHILOMENA
Sister Hildegard.

MARTIN
She's very old now but it was
definitely her.

PHILOMENA
They always told me they didn't
know where Anthony was.

PETE looks confused.

PETE
But they told us that they couldn't
find *you*. They said you'd abandoned
him as a baby.

PHILOMENA
(Whisper, voice full of
emotion)
I did not abandon my child.

MARTIN gets up, unable to contain his emotions.

MARTIN
She was looking for him! She's
spent her whole life trying to find
him.

PETE
He's there now.

MARTIN
What do you mean?

PETE
I had this huge standoff with his
father. He wanted him buried in the
US, but it was your son's dying
wish. He said he wanted to go home.

Beat. Silence.

PETE (cont'd)
He's buried at Roscrea.

During this we have been moving slowly in on PHILOMENA'S
face; now she closes her eyes, clutches her hand to her chest
and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT HIRE CAR/IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We are driving up the drive to the Abbey. The shots are the
same as they were in the earlier scene.

MARTIN drives, PHILOMENA alongside. As they pull up outside the Abbey they fall quiet for a moment, pondering what's coming.

PHILOMENA
We've come full circle.

MARTIN
'The end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started, and know the place for the first time'.

PHILOMENA
Oh Martin that's lovely, did you just think of that?

MARTIN
No, it's TS Eliot.

PHILOMENA
Well never mind it's still nice.

MARTIN
Shall we go in?

PHILOMENA
(beat)
You're not going to make a scene in there are you?

MARTIN
I'm just going to ask a few questions.
(As he gets out, anger rising)
And I don't want any tea, and I don't want any cake.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA - DAY

They walk up to the Abbey building together in silence, PHILOMENA'S expression set, her emotions only just in check. MARTIN looks angry. At the Abbey building PHILOMENA presses the buzzer and, as before, the YOUNG NUN opens the door.

YOUNG NUN
Ah, do come in Philomena.

PHILOMENA and MARTIN enter.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, ROSCREA - DAY

The YOUNG NUN leads them into the room.

YOUNG NUN

Sister Claire has asked if you could wait here for her.

MARTIN gives PHILOMENA a thunderous look *'after all that's happened they still want to make you wait?'* But as the YOUNG NUN leaves the room and they sit down in chairs facing the window, PHILOMENA leans in and speaks quietly to him:

PHILOMENA

Now remember Martin, it's not her fault. She didn't know that Anthony had a different name.

Of course she is saying this as much to herself as Martin. Frustrated, he leans back in his chair in angry silence, gets up, paces about. He stops to look at a classic 'Sacred Heart' image of Jesus on the wall, one so familiar to Irish households: Christ, palms turned outwards, displays stigmata wounds, and his heart is visible beneath his robes, glowing and enveloped in a crown of thorns. He turns to see PHILOMENA sitting on the edge of her chair, bag on her lap, waiting so obediently that he is irritated by her. He looks at his watch - the delay in seeing them is outrageous. He can't stand it in this room any more and slips quietly outside.

CUT TO:

INT. GIFT SHOP AREA - DAY

He emerges by the gift stand, checks that there is no-one around, then - his blood up - crosses to the double doors, through which he saw Sister HILDEGARDE on his last visit. *He knows through there is where the nuns live.* He slips quietly through the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, ROSCREA - DAY

MARTIN propels himself along, trying the first couple of doors - they are all locked. He carries on and tries another door - and this one is open. He slips inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN AREA, ROSCREA - DAY

A small kitchen area. It's empty, but an electric kettle boils on the side - someone was here very recently. Another door on the far side of the kitchen: he strides over to it, opens it and enters another room.

CUT TO:

INT. TV AREA/NUNS QUARTERS, ROSCREA - DAY

He enters a communal living area. Two elderly NUNS are in there; they turn to face him - neither is HILDEGARDE. Then, from a door to his left, SISTER CLAIRE and a PRIEST emerge. As they shut the door behind them he sees, in the room behind them, in a wheelchair, Sister HILDEGARDE. *This is who he is looking for.*

SISTER CLAIRE

Excuse me what do you think you're doing here?

MARTIN

I just want to ask Sister Hildegarde something.

The YOUNG NUN enters the TV room behind him, breathless, having followed him.

YOUNG NUN

(To SISTER CLAIRE)

He just walked straight in.

They are momentarily distracted by her, and MARTIN uses this to slip past them and reach HILDEGARDE's door.

PRIEST

This is completely inappropriate behaviour!

MARTIN ignores him and enters the room, shutting the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HILDEGARDE'S ROOM, ROSCREA - DAY

MARTIN sees there is a key in the door which he turns, locking himself in. He turns to face HILDEGARDE, sitting in her wheelchair by her desk, looking up at him, startled. From outside, banging on the door.

SISTER CLAIRE (V.O.)

Open this door! She's an old lady!

MARTIN

I'm not here to hurt you, I've just come to ask you a question. I'm a friend of Philomena Lee...

HILDEGARDE'S eyes narrow. There is no way she is going to talk to this man. Especially not about 'her'. He pulls a chair up to her, keeping himself at her level so as not to appear to be physically threatening.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 Why did you do it?
 (Beat, no response)
 When a mother and son were
 searching for each other, why did
 you keep them apart?

HILDEGARDE looks at him, her expression that of a wily old fox. But still she refuses to answer.

Then, a door on the other side of the room - the one that opens into the corridor and which was previously locked, suddenly opens. SISTER CLAIRE - who has a master key - and the PRIEST have doubled back and now burst in. MARTIN stands up to face them.

PRIEST
 We're going to call the police
 unless you leave immediately.

MARTIN
 I'm not leaving without an answer.

PRIEST
 I'm sorry I think your whole
 manner, coming in to a holy place
 like this, and behaving the way you
 have, is absolutely disgusting.

He turns back to HILDEGARDE, sits down again careful not to tower over her, his tone still reasonable.

MARTIN
 (Low voice, in control)
 I'll tell you what's disgusting,
 lying to a dying man.
 (Directly to HILDEGARDE)
 You could have given them a few
 precious moments with his mother
 before he passed away - but you
 chose to lie. *That's* disgusting.

SISTER CLAIRE
 Come on Sister Hildegard, you
 don't have to listen to this.

Sister CLAIRE starts to wheel her away from Martin.

SISTER HILDEGARDE
 Not very Christian is it-

This is too much for the old nun to bear - she grabs the wheels of her wheelchair and stops her. Finally, HILDEGARDE speaks, jabbing a bony finger at MARTIN.

SISTER HILDEGARDE (cont'd)
 Let me tell you something - I have kept my vow of chastity my whole life. Self denial and mortification of the flesh, that's what brings us closer to God.

SISTER CLAIRE
 Sister Hildegarde-

She wants to shut HILDEGARDE up - she clearly views her as a liability. HILDEGARDE ignores her:

SISTER HILDEGARDE
 Those girls have nobody to blame but themselves, and their own carnal incontinence.

SISTER CLAIRE
 Sister Hildegarde - please!

MARTIN
 You mean they had sex?

SISTER HILDEGARDE
 What's done is done - what do you expect us to do about it now?

PHILOMENA
 Nothing. There's nothing to be said. I've found my son, that's what I came here for.

The room falls quiet. MARTIN sees PHILOMENA standing at the door Sister Claire and the Priest came through.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)
 (She wants to go)
 Martin.

MARTIN
 Hang on hang on.

He turns back to HILDEGARDE. He is starting to lose it.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 What you can do is say sorry! How about that? Apologise. And then you can go out there and clear all the weeds and crap off the graves of the mothers and babies who died here. Stop trying to hide them away.

HILDEGARDE
 Their suffering was atonement for their sins.

MARTIN
One of them was fourteen years old!

PHILOMENA
(Sharply)
That's enough Martin!

HILDEGARDE
The Lord Jesus Christ will be my
judge - not the likes of you.

MARTIN
Really? Because I think if Jesus
was here right now he'd tip you out
of that fucking wheelchair - and
you wouldn't get up and walk.

PHILOMENA
Stop it! Stop it!
(To CLAIRE and the PRIEST)
I'm sorry, I didn't want him to
come in here like this and make a
scene.

MARTIN gets up and goes over to PHILOMENA. We see a pious
smile creep across HILDEGARDE'S face.

MARTIN
(Incredulous)
Why are you apologizing to them?
Anthony was dying of Aids and she
still wouldn't tell him about you.

PHILOMENA
I know! But it happened to me. Not
you. And it's up to me what to do
about all this. It's my choice.

MARTIN
So you're just going to do nothing?

PHILOMENA
No.
(Beat)
I'm going to forgive.
(Turns to Sister
Hildegarde))
Sister Hildegarde, I want you to
know that I forgive you.

HILDEGARDE'S face drops and she turns her head away from
PHILOMENA with an angry grunt, much happier with Martin's
abuse than Philomena's forgiveness. MARTIN looks at
PHILOMENA, floored.

MARTIN
What..? Just like that?

PHILOMENA

It's not 'just like that'! It's hard. It's a hard thing to do.

(Tears in her eyes)

I don't want to hate people. Look at you. I don't want to be like you.

MARTIN

(Close to tears with anger and frustration)

I'm angry!

PHILOMENA

I know. It must be exhausting.

PHILOMENA smiles. She feels much better now.

PHILOMENA (cont'd)

Sister Claire, would you be kind enough to take me to my son's grave.

A silence. Sister CLAIRE stands.

CLAIRE

Of course.

Sister CLAIRE leads PHILOMENA out into the corridor. MARTIN is left alone for a moment with the PRIEST and HILDEGARDE, who glares at him. He turns to go, then hesitates.

MARTIN

Well... she's outdone all of us

He walks out into the corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - CEMETERY. DAY

WIDE SHOT: A thin drizzles falls as Sister CLAIRE leads PHILOMENA to journey's end, a headstone in a little corner of the Abbey grounds by a ruined monastery.

CUT TO

PHILOMENA looks down at the grave of her son. The inscription reads: *Michael A. Hess. A Man of Two Nations and Many Talents. Born July 5, 1952, Sean Ross Abbey, Roscrea. Died August 15, 1995, Washington DC, USA.* She has travelled to the other side of the world but the answer to everything is right back where her story began. PHILOMENA smiles.

Sister CLAIRE walks away, leaving PHILOMENA by herself.

CUT TO:

SCENE DELETED

CUT TO:

INT. GIFT SHOP AREA, ROSCREA - DUSK

The YOUNG NUN is by the gift stand and looks up, alarmed, to see MARTIN standing in the gift shop area looking at her. She's alarmed for a moment, but he gives her a smile. He's been thinking about what has happened, and he has calmed down.

MARTIN

It's okay, I just want to buy something...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA ABBEY - DUSK

PHILOMENA kneels down and uses her hand to brush some stones and dirt from the grave. In soft focus, background, we see MARTIN approaching. He walks right up to her until he's beside her. She stands up and looks at him.

PHILOMENA

He knew I'd find him here.

She shuts her eyes, hands clasped together as if in silent prayer. On this we...

CUT TO:

INT. ROSCREA NURSERY - DAY

YOUNG PHILOMENA sweeps young Anthony up in her arms and kisses him.

INT. WEST VIRGINIA HOME - EVENING [VIDEO FOOTAGE]

1984. A head shot of MICHAEL, mid-30s, before he was ill. He is looking down, (out of shot he is reading a book). He looks up and smiles; he could be smiling at PHILOMENA.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FUNFAIR, LIMERICK - NIGHT

1951. The same size shot of Anthony's father, JOHN, at the fair, smiling at PHILOMENA.

DISSOLVE TO:

Same size shot on YOUNG PHILOMENA at the fair, smiling back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

Same size shot, PHILOMENA present day. She stands. She is smiling, turns to MARTIN.

MARTIN
I'm not going to publish the story.

She looks at him confused.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
It's just between you and him.

She smiles, deeply moved.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Here, I got you something.

MARTIN reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a little plastic Jesus he has bought from the shop; the figure's palms outstretched, his heart visible through his garments. He hands it to PHILOMENA.

PHILOMENA
Oh Martin...

She takes it from him and smiles, gratefully. She kneels, places the plastic Jesus on Anthony's Grave.

PHILOMENA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She crosses herself. As she looks at the plastic Jesus:

PHILOMENA (CONT'D)
You know, I'd just decided that I did want you to tell my story after all...

She walks away from the grave. He follows. And now we...

CUT TO:

A shot of the Plastic Jesus on the grave.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCREA - DAY

MARTIN and PHILOMENA walk back arm in arm to their hire car parked at the front of the Abbey. They are closer than ever after all they've been through; MARTIN helps her in then, as he goes to get in his side:

PHILOMENA (CONT'D)
Oh, Martin, I've just finished that book, 'The Saddle and the Loom' - would you like to read it?

He gets in, shuts the door and starts up.

MARTIN

Why don't you just tell me about it.

As the car drives away, from inside:

PHILOMENA (OOV)

Well there's this weaver, she's quite plain really, pretty but plain, and she's told she has to work all through the night to weave a beautiful cloak of the finest silk for the master - this nobleman fella - to wear on his wedding day...

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The hire car winds it's way through the breathtaking scenery. From inside, PHILOMENA continues with the story...

PHILOMENA (OOV)

... and so she works all through the night and she shows him the cloak and asks him what do you think kind sir? And he says 'it's beautiful - I've never seen anything more beautiful in my whole life'. But guess what, he's not even looking at the cloak. He's looking at her Martin! Well, I never saw that coming.

MARTIN

Not in a million years...

The conversation *FADES AWAY* under the *END TRACK*, 'Plastic Jesus' (the song sung by Paul Newman in 'Cool Hand Luke')

LYRICS TO 'PLASTIC JESUS'

*I don't care if it rains or freezes
As long as I've got my Plastic
Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car,
You can buy Him phosphorescent
Glow in the dark, He's Pink and
Pleasant
Take Him with you when you're
travelling far.*

You can buy a Sweet Madonna
(MORE)

LYRICS TO 'PLASTIC JESUS' (cont'd)

*Dressed in rhinestones sitting on a
Pedestal of abalone shell
Goin' ninety, I'm not wary
'Cause I've got my Virgin Mary
Guaranteeing I won't go to Hell*

TRACK CONTINUES OVER:

Captions

'The Lost Child Of Philomena Lee' was published in 2009. Thousands more adopted Irish children and their 'shamed' mothers are still trying to find each other.

Philomena Lee lives in the south of England with her children and grandchildren. She continues to visit her son's grave at Roscrea.

Martin Sixsmith now works as an author and broadcaster. He has published several books on Russian history.

The End

