

"WINDS OF TRANSITION"

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"WINDS OF TRANSITION"

INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY

SUPER FADES IN:

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON, ENGLAND, MAY 1909, DAY.

A CROWD of around 50 women has gathered outside. Some brandish banners that read "VOTES FOR WOMEN" and others the WSPU (Women's Social and Political Union) militant flag. POLICEMEN are dotted around and eye the crowd of females. One shakes his head in amused disbelief. SYLVIA PANKHURST (27) was a campaigning English feminist and socialist from a good upper middle class family. **The following words are taken from actual transcripts.**

SYLVIA PANKHURST

"Will the liberal government give votes to women?"

EMILY ASHECROFT (35) an upper middle class vivacious woman and multiracial European-born LYTA DAYAN (30's), a nurse. They are in a heated conversation with JACOB HATHAWAY (33-38), clerk of the court. In the background, a line of POLICEMEN moves to surround them.

JACOB

"Are you Miss Pankhurst, and is this your deputation?"

SYLVIA

"Yes"

JACOB

"My orders are to exclude you from the House of Commons."

SYLVIA

"Has Mr. Asquith received my letter?"

Jacob draws a letter from his pocket and hands it to Sylvia.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

"Did Mr. Asquith return no message, no kind of reply?"

JACOB

"No." The Prime Minister sees very little hope that the vote will be given to women during his term of office.

SYLVIA

Well then, will you please ask the esteemed leaders of the Liberal Party how they can claim an allegiance to the maxim that "Taxation and Representation must go together," yet, deny representation to the fifty percent of the people who are women.

There is a ROAR from the delegation.

JACOB

Miss Pankhurst. Ladies, you are wasting your time. The Members have already entered The Chamber. Now, I implore you. You must leave or, face arrest.

Before they can respond, there is a SOUND OF A POLICE WHISTLE. The POLICEMEN spring forward and roughly arrest them.

EXT. CANNON ROW POLICE STATION, DAY.

A black maria unloads the SUFFRAGETTES.

INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, LATER, DAY.

Emily, in prison clothes and a cap, watches as the DOOR OPENS. The JAILER, a woman in her twenties, leads her brother-in-law, SIR OGDEN SINCLAIR PIDDINGTON (48), into the cell. He is totally ill-at-ease in his present surroundings. The jailer gestures for her to come out.

EMILY

Sinclair, I don't want to be released without my friends.

SINCLAIR

Emily you have no choice.

EMILY

What about my friends?

SINCLAIR

I've been summoned from the bank by your sister to collect you from prison. It's unbelievable that you expect me to assist those.....(he splutters) people.

EMILY

All for one and one for all, Sinclair, where I go they go.

SINCLAIR

Absolutely not. I hold them responsible for your abominable behavior.

EMILY

I'm responsible for my own behavior's, I'm a grown woman.

.

He is done and walks away.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, NIGHT.

A large Victorian house, gothic and foreboding on the outside. Set in spectacular gardens, the moonlight casts wonderful shadows that give the house a curious atmosphere.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, NIGHT.

Rich and over-furnished. LADY CONSTANCE PIDDINGTON (40s) a tall lady, prim, proper but anxious is nervously overseeing the STAFF polishing the silver. The butler, MANFRED COVINGTON (50s), OPENS the front door and Sinclair, her husband comes in, followed by a disheveled Emily, who goes directly upstairs without greeting her sister. Constance looks hesitantly at Sinclair.

CONSTANCE

Sinclair, what happened?

SINCLAIR

I don't mean to sound harsh...

CONSTANCE

But you will.

SINCLAIR

Constance... Emily is such an exhibitionist. She loves being arrested. She wanted me to pay for all of the suffragettes fines if I am to pay for hers. She did not want to leave the prison without them.

CONSTANCE

They are her friends Sinclair.

SINCLAIR

She shouldn't be friends with such a crowd. They are meddling in something that is none of their business.

CONSTANCE

That's the case, it IS their business. We have no rights as women and we want it. Yes, I said we.

Constance follows Emily up the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Constance watches as Emily, making no effort to hide her displeasure, removes her jacket.

CONSTANCE

Did you suffer terribly?

EMILY

I don't understand how you can put up with that man.

CONSTANCE

Emily if you could try a little harder to get along. He's just trying to shield you from public ridicule. I do have sympathy for your cause but leave ruling and laws to the men.

EMILY

Leave it to the men? How our government is run is every citizen's concern. Oh, I almost forgot, women are not citizens. Citizens are allowed to vote.

CONSTANCE

I've always been for the extension of the suffrage to women, but it doesn't seem as all consuming as you make it. There are other things, like poverty, that are more important.

EMILY

Of course poverty is important, but so is the vote. By changing that we can tackle poverty from a female perspective. (beat) You can't be happy with Sinclair.

CONSTANCE

I'm happy enough.

EMILY

Are you listening to yourself? I'm happy enough! What does that mean, happy enough? Are you actually fulfilled and happy?

CONSTANCE

(changing the subject)

Emily we've just received a post from Richard. He and Melissa are finally returning home in less than a fortnight.

EMILY

How wonderful! Five years is much too long to be away.

CONSTANCE

I missed them so much. You've no idea. And Melissa... I missed her growing up.

EMILY

Here is a question in point, you once told me Sinclair didn't want children. You did. How can you submerge your own feelings for a man. It's your right to have a child.

CONSTANCE

Those times have passed. Look I need a distraction, help me get things ready for their return. There is so much to do...

EMILY

Tell me what I can do to help.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DINING ROOM, DAY.

Sinclair and Constance are having breakfast.

SINCLAIR

I believe Emily finds this whole business quite satisfying. She sees nothing wrong with conducting herself like a common criminal.

CONSTANCE

No Sinclair. She's every right to be upset. We have no rights. All human beings should have rights.

SINCLAIR

Women are too emotional to have the right to vote.

They quit talking when the PARLOUR MAID (20'S) enters and freshens their coffee.

CONSTANCE

You are not going to change her Sinclair. That is who she is.

SINCLAIR

(Changing the subject)

At what time is Richard arriving today?

EXT. RAILWAY STATION, DAY.

The TRAIN DOORS OPEN; a great flurry of PEOPLE quickly fill the station. A PORTER, pushing an empty baggage cart, struggles, unsuccessfully, to stay with Sinclair and Constance as they walk. Suddenly, a look of recognition comes over Constance.

CONSTANCE

There! There they are! I missed Melissa so much. You know I always wanted children. It was you that was adamant to not have children. Melissa is the daughter I never had. Poor child her mother died so young. Richard!

EXT. CONSTANCE'S POV, DAY.

SIR RICHARD (40s) tall, is helping his daughter, MELISSA (11), curious, intelligent, sensitive, down from the train.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION, DAY.

Constance and Sinclair walk towards Richard and Melissa.

CONSTANCE

Over here, Richard!

Richard sees them and waves. They struggle through the CROWD toward one another. When they meet, there's a moment of awkward silence before Richard and Sinclair exchange a stiff embrace.

SINCLAIR

Richard, my boy, it's good to have you back in England.

RICHARD

I'm pleased to see you, as well.

Richard looks over at a smiling Constance.

RICHARD

(warmly embracing her)
I missed you.

CONSTANCE

You've been gone far too long. We would have visited but Sinclair never has time with all his bank business.

Melissa is behind her father, shyly staring at these two strangers. Constance turns to her.

CONSTANCE

Melissa! Come out where we can see you.

Melissa shyly steps out next to her father.

CONSTANCE

Look at you. You've become a very beautiful little girl. Come and give me a big hug. We're so happy you've come home.

Sinclair's discomfort around children is quite obvious.

SINCLAIR

Well yes, of course, we're pleased they are both home.

Richard turns to the Porter, who has finally rejoined them.

RICHARD

I'm afraid there are quite a few. I hope there is room enough in the brougham.

SINCLAIR

More than enough. I have a motor out front, as well.

CONSTANCE

(taking Melissa's hand)
We're going to be such good friends.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DINING ROOM, DAY.

Sinclair, Richard, Constance, Emily and Melissa are seated at the breakfast table. The parlor maid is serving.

CONSTANCE

But Richard, you've only just arrived. I thought you would stay with us awhile. I've missed you both so much. Melissa has grown to a beautiful young child and I missed her growing up.

(eyes tearing)

Besides, we're planning a party to welcome you to London society.

RICHARD

Actually, I hadn't given society much thought and I do not want to take advantage of your hospitality.

SINCLAIR

Nonsense. Constance has been looking forward to nothing else. There will be no consoling her if you do not stay. All she talks about is Melissa and you. You know how women can be...

EMILY

No Sinclair, why don't YOU tell us how women can be?

CONSTANCE

Emily!...

EMILY

I'm sorry, but how can you let him talk about you in such a condescending fashion?

CONSTANCE

Emily, what will Richard think of us?

SINCLAIR

You must forgive Emily's bad manners. Enough of this nonsense. You'll stay with us. We've a party to plan.

MELISSA

A party! May we Papa?

RICHARD

How can I refuse?

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM, NIGHT.

The cream of London society are gathered together. Constance, on Richard's arm, is quite at ease moving about the room. Sinclair is huddled in a corner talking with several business acquaintances.

Melissa is listening intently to Emily and her companions, Sylvia Pankhurst and Annie Kenney, a suffragette in her twenties. The butler, Manfred Covington, enters and announces dinner. There is a KNOCK on the living room door and Manfred enters announcing Lyta Dayan, the multiracial European-born suffragette, dressed in a colorful outfit.

Emily rushes over to greet her and introduces her to Constance and Sinclair.

EMILY

This is Miss Lyta Dayan, my best friend. Miss Dayan this is my sister Lady Constance Piddington and her husband Sir Sinclair Piddington. She is a nurse at St. Elizabeth.

Sinclair looks her up and down with disdain. Constance is welcoming.

SINCLAIR

A nurse you say, how quaint. What peculiar friends my sister in law mixes with. (he dismisses her and refuses to look at her further)

CONSTANCE

Dear Miss Dayan, what a wonderful dress. I am eager to hear about your homeland and your work here. You are a suffragette sympathizer too, my sister tells me.

LYTA

Indeed milady, your sister and I have become the best of friends. I'm part of the Suffragettes Contingent and mean to march to catch the attention of our future George V.

SINCLAIR

Really Miss Dayan, do you think our future King will take notice of the raggle taggle lot of foreigners?

Constance glares at Sinclair and rising takes Lyta's other arm and with Emily they guide her over to the group of Emily's friends.

GUEST 1.

How modern of Sinclair and Constance to have such friends. What does one talk about to a woman like that with no education.

CONSTANCE

Lyta is Emily's best friend and she IS a qualified nurse, working at St Elizabeth's Hospital and quite educated.

GUEST 1.

They have a different standing in society Constance.

Constance is rather angry.

CONSTANCE

Really?!

She swiftly leaves this group of chattering friends.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DINING ROOM, LATER, NIGHT.

The GUESTS are engaged in SUBDUED CONVERSATION. Richard has engaged, a rather ill-at-ease Lyta, in conversation. She is well aware of Sinclair and a few other guests hostility towards her, so does Richard.

RICHARD

I love your dress Miss Dahan.

LYTA

Thank you milord. Were you in Paris long, Sir. Piddington?

RICHARD

Five years.

LYTA

How exciting! I envy you. Paris is one of my favorite cities.

RICHARD

Do you get to Paris often Miss Dayan?

LYTA

I have only passed through on several occasions but, I plan to one day see it all.

RICHARD

I'm afraid, I've never had the opportunity to see the city.

LYTA

It seems such a shame. I cannot imagine anything consuming me so completely that I would squander such a wonderful opportunity.

RICHARD

I was so taken up with the banking in Paris and looking after my daughter, I didn't get a chance to see the sights.

LYTA

That seems such a shame. Looking after your daughter was a necessity of course, I am sorry to hear about your wife too. That withstanding I can't imagine that I would completely squander such a wonderful opportunity. To show your daughter the sites.

RICHARD

She was only 6 at that time, but perhaps, if I had someone with your obvious enthusiasm I would have made more of an effort.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, GARDEN, LATER, NIGHT.

The Piddington garden is an immaculately maintained showplace of flowers. The WOMEN are having tea, while the MEN are enjoying a glass of cognac.

SYLVIA PANKHURST

Annie, do you think you can get the factory women to attend in large numbers?

ANNIE KENNEY

I've a strong commitment from a few, Sylvia. But some are worried about losing their positions.

LYTA

Yes that is a big problem. I'm also afraid of losing my position. What would I do if I lose it, live in the street?

EMILY

Don't worry Lyta you can always stay with me for as long as you want. You're my best friend. Besides I don't think the administrator of the hospital would let you go. You are too important to him. (she winks)

SYLVIA

Annie, we must convince them that sticking together is the only way we can force any kind of change. Is there anything else we need to discuss?

The meeting breaks up. Lyta takes the opportunity to stroll through the garden. As she walks, she sees Melissa, alone in the gazebo, looking up at the stars.

LYTA

They are lovely! So sparkly aren't they?

Melissa didn't hear her approach and is startled.

LYTA

Forgive me, I did not mean to startle you. Sometimes they seem so close you can almost reach out and touch them. May I introduce myself, my name is Lyta.

MELISSA

I'm Melissa. That is just how I feel when I look through my telescope.

LYTA

You have a telescope, how exciting!

MELISSA

My mother and I used to watch the stars together.

LYTA

Don't you still?

MELISSA

My mother died.

LYTA

I'm so sorry, you must be Sir Piddington daughter. I know how difficult that can be. My father died when I was very young, as well.

MELISSA

My mother's the one who gave me the telescope.

LYTA

What a wonderful gift. You must miss her very much.

Solemnly, Melissa nods her head in agreement and starts to cry. Lyta takes her in her arms.

LYTA

There! There! So many tears, something must be troubling you. Perhaps, I can be of some help.

MELISSA

You'll think of me foolish.

LYTA

Child, anything that can produce all those tears can never be foolish. Please tell me.

MELISSA

I can't remember my mother.

LYTA

When my father died I too feared I would forget him. But you know what? Even after all these years whenever I feel I am beginning to forget him something happens and suddenly, I can see his face and hear his laugh. She will always be right here.

(touching her heart)

MELISSA

Honestly?

LYTA

Promise.

MELISSA

You must promise me not to breathe a word of this to Papa.

In the background, Emily and Constance are approaching.

EMILY

I'm certain Lyta is out here. She is always going on and on about your garden. Oh, there she is now.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, NIGHT.

Emily, Lyta, Annie, LORD PICKWICK, a gentleman in his forties; and his wife, LADY HYACINTH, (40s) are planning the weekly Hyde Park meeting. A stack of "Votes for Women" banners sit on the floor next to them.

ANNIE KENNEY

We must use whatever means are at our disposal to break down the government's obstinacy.

Constance enters.

LORD PICKWICK

Miss Kenney, I cannot abide by any action that exceeds civil disobedience.

CONSTANCE

Emily, you cannot rationally be considering escalating your activities.

EMILY

And why not?

CONSTANCE

But how can you justify the use of violence? I'll not allow that.

EMILY

Constance the government is not listening to us at all. Being in prison makes me understand the things that matter and the things that do not. This really matters.

ANNIE KENNEY

Quite right!

LADY HYACINTH

Perhaps we should move on. Annie, any success finding suitable space in the east end?

ANNIE KENNEY

Not yet, I'm afraid. We do have an appointment on Tuesday.

EXT. HYDE PARK, DAY.

A CROWD is gathering near one of the park entrances. Lord Pickwick, standing atop a make-shift platform is speaking, his wife, Emily, Annie and other suffragettes are present. A large contingent of police move slowly toward them.

LORD PICKWICK

My friends, follow me to 10 Downing Street! Let us pledge our voices to the cause of our sisters!

The CROWD follows him down the street out of the park. The POLICE quicken their pace to intercept them.

POLICE SARGENT

Here now, that's far enough.

ANNIE KENNEY

You've no right to stop us. We have violated no laws.

POLICE SARGENT

I've my orders, Miss.

LORD PICKWICK

See here, you have no right to interfere with citizens freely exercising their freedom of speech.

POLICE SARGENT

Why don't you good folks just go home? I'm certain you ladies have husbands and children who need tending to.

There is a ROAR of anger from the CROWD.

ANNIE KENNEY

That is just the sort of attitude we are struggling to overcome.

POLICE SARGENT

Ladies please! I don't want to arrest you, but I'll do what I must.

ANNIE KENNEY

Well, if that is what must happen
for us to be heard... Then,
perhaps we should provide you with
a legitimate reason to place us in
custody

Annie Kenney picks up a rock and throws it through a store window.

ANNIE KENNEY

We are through talking.

The POLICE rush to apprehend her. Chaos ensues as most of the CROWD is caught up in the moment. Emily, fighting through the crowd picks up a brick and throws it through another store window. Some other suffragettes do the same. A hand sweeps Emily away, just ahead of the POLICE.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, LATER, DAY.

Emily is struggling to get away from her unknown PROTECTOR, a young man in a suit.

EMILY

Let go of me! Let me go!

They stop. Her exhausted Protector leans over in an effort to catch his breath. Emily turns on him.

EMILY

How dare you?!! What gives you the
right to -- to -- to --

Struggling to catch his breath, THOMAS CHUMLEY, a young man in his thirties glances up at her.

THOMAS

You're welcome.

EMILY

SIR!!!! How dare you take hold of
me in that manner?

THOMAS

Pardon me for trying to spare you
the embarrassment of arrest.

EMILY

What makes you think Sir, I wanted
to be spared?

THOMAS

I don't see how throwing a stone through a window makes anyone but you look bad.

EMILY

What do you really know...

They're interrupted by the SOUND OF QUICKLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE, running from the POLICE, overruns them. Several black Marias rush past on the street.

THOMAS

I think we should continue this conversation elsewhere.

INT. PUB, LATER, DAY.

The pub is quite CROWDED. Emily and Thomas are seated.

EMILY

Do not think just because I let you buy me tea I have forgiven your actions, Mr....

THOMAS

Corporal, Corporal Thomas Chumley.

EMILY

Just do not think I have Corporal Chumley. You had no right to shuttle me away like some child. It's demeaning and insulting.

THOMAS

Believe me Miss Ashcroft, I had nothing but the best of intentions. You are far too beautiful to be allowed to rot away in some prison.

EMILY

I do not recall giving you my name!

THOMAS

I confess. I've seen you many times at your rallies... and I have seized every opportunity to learn more about you.

EMILY

Does spying come under the jurisdiction of the police now? I assure you I'll provide you with no information you can take back to your superiors.

THOMAS

My interest is purely personal. You've so enchanted me that I have put my career in jeopardy for an opportunity to meet you.

EMILY

It is a pity you wasted your time, Sir. I have nothing but contempt for those who represent this oppressive government.

THOMAS

You misjudge me, Miss Ashecroft. That I am sworn to uphold the law, I will not deny. But at this moment, I represent no one but myself.

EMILY

You presume a great deal...

THOMAS

I presume nothing. My only hope is that you will find my boldness as intriguing as I find your zeal for your cause. Now, I don't claim to understand it, but perhaps, with your guidance and lessons... I can come to understand why you feel so strongly

EXT. OVERVIEW EAST END FACTORY DISTRICT, DAY.

Smoke billows from large factories giving a gray haze to the air.

EXT. EAST END SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS, DAY.

REMOVING MEN unload a large oak desk from a wagon and head towards a glass-fronted office. Through the glass, a frazzled Emily can be seen hurrying about.

INT. EAST END SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS, DAY.

Boxes are stacked in the middle of the floor causing the Removing Men to struggle. Watching from the front window, Thomas, in a police uniform, finds the whole scene quite amusing. Emily looks at him laughing and is not amused. She immediately confronts him at the door.

EMILY

Corporal. I am so pleased we could provide you with entertainment.

THOMAS

(Still laughing)
Do forgive me, but...

EMILY

What brings you here, Corporal? Still spying? Perhaps you see an opportunity to make Sargent!

THOMAS

I was just walking by and saw the removers outside.

EMILY

Surely, there must be some pressing criminal activities in need of your expertise.

THOMAS

I confess, I have been keeping an eye on this building ever since I heard you were making it your East End Headquarters.

LYTA (V.O.)

Emily! We have a problem.

THOMAS

I guess this isn't a good time for my lessons?

EMILY

I see your insolence has not lessened.

THOMAS

Believe me, Miss Ashcroft, I was quite serious when I said I wanted to learn more about your cause.

EMILY

Very well then... if you are truly sincere, perhaps we can begin your lessons as soon as we are settled.

THOMAS

I shall look forward to it.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, GARDEN, NIGHT.

Lyta and Melissa are in the gazebo looking through the telescope, as Richard approaches. Lyta is startled by a sudden CRACK OF THUNDER.

MELISSA

You need not be afraid. It's just the sound of Orion's mighty sword.

LYTA

Orion's sword?

Richard stops in the shadows to listen.

MELISSA

When I was a child, I was terribly frightened of storms and my mother would tell me stories of the great battles Orion, the warrior, fought to protect The Empire. So you see, there is nothing to be afraid of. It's Orion mighty sword protecting us from our enemies.

LYTA

That's a lovely story, Melissa.

RICHARD

(stepping out)

Perhaps you better take the telescope inside now, Melissa. It's past your bedtime.

Melissa starts to leave, then hesitates, and impulsively runs back and hugs Lyta.

MELISSA

Good night, Miss Lyta.

LYTA

Good night, Melissa.

Satisfied, Melissa picks up the telescope and leaves.

RICHARD

I do apologize for her familiarity.

LYTA

There is no need to apologize Sir Piddington. She is a lovely child.

RICHARD

Yes I am very fortunate. She was so young when my wife died. Perhaps it's an indication of my inadequacies as a parent that I was unaware she even remembered those stories.

LYTA

Judging by how much she adores you, I would say your parenting skills are quite excellent.

RICHARD

I would like to thank you for the kindness you have shown her. Perhaps, you will do me the honor of dining with me?

LYTA

That is very kind of you but certainly not necessary. I've done nothing to earn your debt.

RICHARD

Not debt. But since you must eat, why not dine with me?

LYTA

I better go.

RICHARD

Saturday, then?

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DAY.

The large Victorian house almost has a character of its own. What secrets are kept behind its imposing walls?

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM, DAY.

Constance watches as Emily is getting dressed.

CONSTANCE
Where is this rally you've
organized?

EMILY
At the House of Commons.

CONSTANCE
You are not going to do something
stupid?

EMILY
We're just going to talk to them.
Why don't you come with us and see
for yourself? Lyta will be there.

CONSTANCE
Ok, but no stone throwing.

EMILY
Promise.

EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, DAY.

A line of policemen blocks the entrance, as Emily, Constance and Lyta lead a LARGE CROWD CHANTING, "Votes for Women!" A black maria is slightly behind them. It is followed by more policemen. Jacob Hathaway steps out and confronts the CROWD.

JACOB
I'm sorry but, The Home Secretary
regrets that this session is full.

EMILY
Sir! We have come to present a
petition to Parliament.

JACOB
I assure you I will...

EMILY
We will not be dismissed.

Chaos and confusion reign as they push the DEMONSTRATORS away from the door. Emily, Constance and Lyta are amongst the first to be dragged away and arrested.

INT. ROCHESTER ROW POLICE COURT, INNER COURT, DAY.

All the gallery seats are occupied. The last row is occupied by the PRESS. Sinclair and Richard are seated in the first row.

Thomas, in uniform, enters and stands along the back wall. Emily, Constance, Lyta and the other SUFFRAGETTES are lead in. The MAGISTRATE calls the court to order.

MAGISTRATE

You've all been found guilty of inciting to riot. It's the judgement of this court that each of the defendants must agree to keep the peace for six months, and pay a ten pound surety to guarantee your behavior, or go to prison for one month in the second division.

EMILY

Let everyone who is witness here be aware that although the Government admits we are political offenders, we should therefore be treated as such. We are instead treated like common criminals.

EXT. ROCHESTER ROW POLICE COURT, DAY

Sinclair and Richard are in the CROWD.

RICHARD

What's going to happen to them?

SINCLAIR

I'm afraid since they were sentenced to the second division they will receive no special privileges.

RICHARD

Sinclair! We must do something!

SINCLAIR

I am afraid there is nothing we can do. How did Constance get involved with this? Emily has influenced her.

RICHARD

Constance is her own person, nobody forced her. Its not their fault, they did nothing but asked for reform. Are you not concerned?

SINCLAIR

Eh gads man, of course I'm not happy with any of it. My wife is making a spectacle of herself. Her sister a suffragette staying in my house. It affects my position.

RICHARD

Really are you concerned for yourself or them? For another thing, they should be under political prisoners, not like common thieves.

INT. POLICE STATION, LATER, DAY.

Constance is seated in front of the PROCESSING CLERK.

CLERK

Name?

CONSTANCE

Lady Constance Piddington

CLERK

You are Lady Piddington?

CONSTANCE

Yes

CLERK

Excuse me milady I need to speak to my sergeant.

He leaves the desk and talks to a sergeant.

CLERK

(returning to the desk)

You are released milady.

CONSTANCE

You mean to tell me I will not be arrested, I can go home?

CLERK

Yes milady.

EXT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, DAY.

The prison is a dark and dank place. Large stone walls tower over the building alongside it. Moaning, wailing and shouting emanates from the barred windows.

INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, DAY.

Emily walks to the table and picks up a slate and pencil as the CELL DOOR OPENS. The WARDRESS enters carrying a large pot of gruel. She fills the tin bowl and leaves. Emily picks it up, looks at it, then places it in front of the door.

INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, DAYS LATER, DAY.

A gaunt EMILY is at the table, busily writing. Her untouched food bowl is at the front of the door. THE DOOR OPENS, Emily does not look up from her writing. The WARDRESS enters and removes the bowl without speaking.

INT. MATRON'S OFFICE, A FEW DAYS LATER, DAY.

The MATRON is on the telephone. There is a KNOCK at the door.

MATRON

Very well, Mr. Secretary. I shall
keep you apprised of the situation -
- Come in.

The Matron hangs up. The Wardress leads a rather pale Emily to the front of the desk.

MATRON

Your refusal to eat must end at
once.

EMILY

Will you grant our application to
be placed in the first division as
political prisoners?

MATRON

I must abide by the sentence placed
on you by the court. Surely you
must see you will gain nothing by
these actions.

Emily does not respond. The Matron's tone softens.

MATRON

Some of your fellow prisoners are
becoming quite weak. Don't you
feel any responsibility...

EMILY

The responsibility lies not with me, but with the government.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, LIBRARY, DAY.

Richard is seated. Thomas, in uniform, is standing. The conversation is obviously unpleasant.

THOMAS

I hope I did the right thing coming here milord.

RICHARD

Yes! Yes! Of course. I know I speak for the entire family. We are very grateful.

Constance enters and senses immediately that something is wrong.

CONSTANCE

It's Emily!

RICHARD

Now, now. The Corporal has just come to share a rumor with us.

CONSTANCE

Something has happened. Richard you must tell me the truth.

RICHARD

It seems the ladies have decided to go on a hunger strike. They're giving them a choice: eat or be force fed.

CONSTANCE

Are you certain?

THOMAS

I'm afraid so milady. One of the chaps in my division is seeing a Wardress. She told him, and he told me. They want to start soon.

CONSTANCE

Can they do that? I mean is it legal?

THOMAS

I'm afraid so. They say they are doing it for their own good. I'm sorry milady.

CONSTANCE

Richard, you must telephone our solicitor at once.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM, NIGHT.

Sinclair hangs up the telephone and turns to Richard and Constance.

CONSTANCE

This is England. Torture was outlawed centuries ago.

SINCLAIR

Why must your sister continually make things difficult?

CONSTANCE

Really Sinclair! Emily is not the one making things difficult. All they want is to be allowed to vote, like you are allowed to do. Sometimes Sinclair you can be curiously unfeeling.

CONSTANCE

Why if the people only knew what they are going to do, they would be outraged.

Richard's face brightens.

RICHARD

Yes! We should have thought of that sooner.

CONSTANCE/RICHARD

The Press!!

INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, DAY

The Matron signals for the cell door to be opened. The Wardress OPENS THE DOOR. Emily, obviously weakened, is sitting on the bed.

MATRON

You may come out now. You've been released.

EMILY

I shall not go anywhere unless the others are released, as well.

MATRON

You're all released.

EXT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, LATER, DAY.

A large CROWD of supporters led by Sylvia Pankhurst and Lady Pickwick are gathered outside along with a large number of the PRESS. Richard, Sinclair and Constance are standing to one side.

The STEEL GATE OPENS. SUFFRAGETTES step out to a ROAR. They are blinded by the flash of cameras. The PRESS rush forward.

REPORTER

(to Emily)

Is it true you've been on a hunger strike since arriving at Holloway?

EMILY

It became clear drastic measures were necessary.

Richard moves through the CROWD toward Lyta.

RICHARD

Are you alright?

LYTA

Just a little weak, but strangely exhilarated at the same time.

RICHARD

This way to the motor. Let me help you.

REPORTER

(to Emily)

Will you continue to use hunger-strikes to further your cause?

Sinclair moves in to interrupt them.

EMILY

It's entirely up to the government.

REPORTER

Sir Piddington, are you putting your position as head of one of the largest banks in England behind the suffrage movement?

SINCLAIR

Certainly not!

EXT. PUB, NIGHT.

A Victorian building on a corner crossing, typical of a London pub.

INT. PUB, NIGHT.

Emily and Thomas, in a brown tweed suit, are sitting at a table.

EMILY

Corporal, you mean to tell me you went to my house to tell Sir Richard and Lady Constance about the force feeding?!

THOMAS

Yes, Miss Ashcroft. I was extremely worried about you.

EMILY

That was very nice of you and it worked. You are brilliant. So are you ready for the lessons?

THOMAS

Ready Miss Ashcroft. We can start now if you want.

EMILY

Please call me Emily since you saved my life.

THOMAS

It will be an honor Emily. Please call me Thomas. I'm not a corporal when I'm with you.

EMILY

You surprise me Thomas. (beat) We are going to Hilton Cottage next week. I'd like to invite you to ride at my country home next week. Well done.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, WOODS, DAY.

Emily and Thomas are riding through the lush dense woods. Emily keeps SIR LANCELOT at a slow cantor, despite his desire to break into a full gallop. Behind her, Thomas is bouncing up and down, obviously at the mercy of his horse's every whim. Emily turns and sees him struggling. She stops by a pond and waits for him to catch up.

THOMAS

Whoa! Frances! Whoa, girl!

EMILY

Let us give the horses a break and some water.

THOMAS

Excellent idea! Let's give THEM a rest for a few minutes.

Emily dismounts and leads Sir Lancelot to the pond to drink. Thomas stumbles down and hobbles over to her.

EMILY

Are you enjoying yourself?

THOMAS

Oh, yes! Very much!

EMILY

Really?

THOMAS

I'm trying to. I don't get many chances to go riding in London. But then, after today's experience, I think I'm ready for the mounted patrol. What do you think?

Emily and Thomas laugh together.

EXT. RESTAURANT, NIGHT.

The Savoy in London. Chauffeurs drop clients off as doorman rush to assist the alighting clientele. Richard and Lyta arrive.

INT. RESTAURANT, NIGHT.

The restaurant is elegant with white cloths, the best silver and a plethora of hovering waiting staff. Lyta and Richard occupy a quiet corner table. Wine chills on a stand beside them.

LYTA

It was quite awful actually. There was no privacy. It smelt dreadful and the wardress was harsh and unkind in my opinion.

They are interrupted by the WAITER bringing their food. Lyta surveys her plate.

RICHARD

Is there something wrong?

Lyta begins to tremble. Despite her best effort, tears form in her eyes.

LYTA

No! No! It's all catching up to me. It brings back memories. Such lovely food and we only ate slops there.

RICHARD

My dear Miss Dayan, you need not apologize.

LYTA

When my father became ill, I watched my mother struggle to keep our family together. By the time Father died, we had lost everything. That's why our struggle is so important to me. I want women to have a say in how money is allocated, what laws are passed and so much more.

RICHARD

I can understand it's very
difficult world for women.
I am behind it all, you may be
surprise to hear.

LYTA

Thank you for being one of the few
men to support us (beat) I'm also
afraid of loosing my position at
the hospital. I know, Emily says I
can move in with her at Hilton
Cottage but I don't want to impose
on her. Surely, as a father, you
must worry about Melissa's future.

RICHARD

You need not worry about Melissa.
She will find a suitable husband
one day.

LYTA

This is the old fashion thinking
Sir, when you have just proclaimed
support of our aims. We,
obviously, see things very
differently. Melissa could have a
career of her own and not have to
marry for a position, please see
that. For I could never marry
only to secure my future.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM, NIGHT.

Emily and Constance are having an argument.

CONSTANCE

No, you must stop all this
nonsense.

EMILY

It's not nonsense Constance. Being
able to vote is everybody's right.

CONSTANCE

Emily you threw a rock through a
window once.

EMILY

That's right! We got their
attention. And I'll do it again.
You just don't get it Constance.
We have no rights.

CONSTANCE

I'm worried about you my darling.
I love you and I don't want
anything to happen to you.

EMILY

I love you too Constance but this
means the world to me.

CONSTANCE

Can you protest without violence?

EMILY

But they are not listening to us.
Please join us in our march again.
You might keep me from doing
something stupid. Anyways they
don't even arrest you.

EXT. PARK, DAY.

It's a sunny day. Lyta and Melissa are strolling down a path followed by Richard carrying a picnic basket. They stop to watch a puppet show.

MELISSA

Please! May we see it again, Papa?

RICHARD

I think we should get on with our picnic. But I see no reason why we cannot come back at another time. You will come back with us, will you not Miss Dayan?

LYTA

I would like that very much.

In the background you see a few people looking and talking about them

EXT. PARK, LAKE, LATER, DAY.

Richard maintains an even stroke as the rowboat moves across the water. Lyta and Melissa are enjoying the passing landscape. An old elm tree stands majestically atop a nearby hill. A sign reads: "No trespassing." Nearby a sign reads: "For Sale by Appointment only."

MELISSA

Oh Papa! Doesn't it look just like a postcard?

RICHARD
Yes it does at that.

LYTA
It's lovely! It should have a
wishing well surrounded by a
colorful garden filled with roses.

MELISSA
And... a telescope.

LYTA
Of course. And a nice gazebo for
the telescope.

EXT. BANK, DAY.

Large Bank, an imposing and majestic building.

INT. BANK, CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY.

As the meeting adjourns, Richard and Sinclair remain behind.

SINCLAIR
Richard before I forget, Constance
wanted me to see if you are having
dinner at home tonight?

RICHARD
As a matter of fact, Melissa and I
are dining with Miss Dayan tonight.

SINCLAIR
Richard, you are spending entirely
too much time with that woman.

RICHARD
You needn't be concerned. I very
much enjoy her company and Melissa
loves her dearly.

SINCLAIR
Why, she is no more than a gypsy.
She and her mother were driven from
their own country.

RICHARD
You have no idea what you're
saying.

SINCLAIR

Surely it has occurred to you that she is simply out to secure her future by attaching herself to you. And think of any...er hm babies... I can't think of a darkie running this bank when you and I have passed on.

RICHARD

Don't be absurd.

SINCLAIR

Absurd? She comes to this country and gets herself involved in these unlawful activities. It's no wonder she has forgotten her place.

RICHARD

What exactly IS her place? Stop Sinclair, this doesn't concern you. YOU'RE CROSSING THE LINE.

SINCLAIR

That is all well and good, but... you need to acquaint yourself with someone more suitable.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, GARDEN, NIGHT.

Emily and Constance are walking in the garden. They stop to watch Lyta and Melissa.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, EMILY AND CONSTANCE'S POV, NIGHT.

Melissa and Lyta are in the gazebo looking through the telescope.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, GARDEN, NIGHT.

Watching Lyta and Melissa.

CONSTANCE

You know, Lyta seems very much at ease around children. Emily you have no idea how much I wanted children. But of course, Sinclair wouldn't hear of it. Melissa, to me, is the child I never had.

EMILY

If it meant that much to you, why did you stay with him? He's an egotistical bastard. He never cared of what you thought or wanted. I saw it all.

CONSTANCE

I guess because it's a woman place next to her husband.

EMILY

I don't want a husband telling me what to think and do. That is why the suffrage movement is so important to me.

CONSTANCE

Look at Lyta and Melissa they look so happy. It is surprising she has not started a family of her own, but then, I imagine her "activities" make her rather unattractive to men.

EMILY

You will be pleased to know Lyta has a very fervent admirer. The administrator of her hospital has been pursuing her. It is she who has been refusing him. That is why I don't think she would lose her position.

CONSTANCE

Both you and she would be wise to settle down. I mean thirty something is consider rather old and on the shelf.

EMILY

Actually, he is quite mad about her. He insists he's going to continue asking until she finally accepts.

They hear a NOISE behind them. When they turn, to their surprise, Richard is behind them.

RICHARD

I didn't mean to startle you, I was looking for Melissa. I could not help overhearing you. You say Miss Dayan has an admirer?

EMILY

The administrator of her hospital. He is crazy about her.

RICHARD

I didn't know. She never speaks of him.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM, NIGHT

Constance and Sinclair are having a row.

SINCLAIR

Nonetheless, in these matters, you must rely on my judgment. I believe it is time for Richard to meet someone more suitable.

CONSTANCE

You mean someone of whom you approve -- someone of the right class. A white person.

SINCLAIR

My dear, like it or not, one cannot deny the laws of nature.

CONSTANCE

Yes, well -- I am certain you believe that. That is part of the problem. You men are against anything that might upset the status quo.

SINCLAIR

It's not too late to arrange a dinner party for this week-end. Perhaps you can invite that German widow. She is a foreigner but, her father's assets would certainly help the bank.

CONSTANCE

Only you can turn matters of the heart into a business proposition.

SINCLAIR

I see no harm in protecting our good name and if it helps the bank...

CONSTANCE

Well I refuse to get involved.

SINCLAIR

That's an order. I have given you your instructions. I expect them to be carried out...

CONSTANCE

No Sinclair, It's devious and scheming and it will only lead to people thinking badly of you.

SINCLAIR

You under-estimate Richard. He will soon realize his error and be grateful I saved him from a terrible mistake.

CONSTANCE

I was not speaking of Richard, though him too. I was speaking of you and I.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DINING ROOM, NIGHT.

Sinclair is surveying the room. The table is elegantly set.

CONSTANCE

What are you up to now, Sinclair?

SINCLAIR

You told me to handle matters myself so I have arranged for a small dinner party. Just the Baron and Baroness -- and their lovely daughter, of course.

CONSTANCE

I warned you Sinclair.

SINCLAIR

Now my dear there can be no harm in getting them together. -- Even you cannot object to letting nature take its course. -- Now, hurry and dress. Our guests will be here at half-past seven.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM, LATER, NIGHT.

An infuriated Constance is sitting up in bed. Sinclair is in his dressing room.

CONSTANCE

Honestly Sinclair this time you have gone too far.

SINCLAIR

You are over-reacting my dear.

CONSTANCE

I warned you if you do anything to interfere in Richard's happiness -- I feel very strongly about this, Sinclair. You must give me your solemn oath.

SINCLAIR

Of course dear.

EXT. BANK, DAY.

A large and imposing building.

INT. BANK, DAY.

Sinclair exits the lift and walks directly to his secretary, MRS. NAGLE. Sinclair private secretary in her 50s.

SINCLAIR

I have an errand for you. I need two tickets to Wednesday's recital at Town Hall.

MRS. NAGLE

It may be difficult to get good seats.

SINCLAIR

They don't have to be the best.
But it is imperative they be on the
aisle.

MRS. NAGLE

Very well then on my lunch I...

SINCLAIR

No! No! That will not do. Please
see to it immediately.

MRS. NAGLE

Of course Sir Piddington.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM, NIGHT.

Emily's discussion group is adjourning. The DOOR OPENS,
Sinclair hurries in. Sylvia, Annie, VARIOUS OTHER WOMEN rise
to leave, all greet Sinclair briefly by at least a head nod.

SINCLAIR

(to Emily)

Your meeting is ending rather early
this evening?

EMILY

You need not fear -- as long as
there are men such as yourself in
the world, there will always be
mountains for us to discuss.

SINCLAIR

Now. Now. Must we always be
snapping at one another? Let's say
we call a truce? In fact -- here
they are!

He pulls out 2 tickets from his pocket.

SINCLAIR

I would like to make a peace
offering. A grateful client has
given me two tickets to Wednesday's
recital. I would like for you and
Miss Dayan to go as my guests.

EMILY

As your guests?

SINCLAIR

I know how much you both enjoy music. I think Miss Dayan would be very disappointed if she misses it. Why not ask her?

EMILY

I will. Thank you, Sinclair.

EXT. THEATER, NIGHT.

Theater.

INT. THEATER, NIGHT.

There is an air of excited anticipation, as the PATRONS enter the hall. Lyta and Emily are led to their aisle seats.

EMILY

It looks like half of London is here.

LYTA

I heard The King himself will be here.

In the background, Sinclair, Constance, the BARON and BARONESS, pompous, upper class people in their 50s, Richard and FRIEDA their daughter in her 30s, are being led to their seats. Lyta is surprised to see them.

LYTA

Look?

EMILY

Oh yes, I see them.

LYTA

You didn't mention they were coming.

EMILY

I didn't know.

The CONDUCTOR enters the stage to LOUD APPLAUSE.

INT. THEATER, LOBBY, LATER AT INTERMISSION, NIGHT.

Sinclair, Constance, Richard and Frieda are talking in the CROWDED lobby. Constance looks up and is surprised to see Lyta and Emily approaching them.

CONSTANCE
This is a surprise.

SINCLAIR
Yes, you should have told us you
were coming.

Emily looks surprised of what Sinclair said.

RICHARD
(to Lyta)
Good evening Miss Dayan, Emily.
Are you enjoying the recital?

Lyta replies in a voice far too bright and breezy.

LYTA
Indeed, very much so. And you?

SINCLAIR
Yes we are all enjoying it.
(to Frieda)
Oh! Do forgive my bad manners. You
remember my sister-in-law. You met
at one of our dinner parties.

FRIEDA
Yes of course. It's nice to see
you again.

EMILY
It's nice to see you as well.

SINCLAIR
And, this is one of Emily's...
protégés, Miss Lyta Dayan.

EMILY
May I describe Lyta please as my
best friend!

SINCLAIR
Of course. Mrs. Haussmann's father
owns one of the largest factories
in the continent.

FRIEDA
How do you do?

LYTA
It's a pleasure, Mrs. Haussmann. I
hope you are enjoying your visit.

FRIEDA

Oh yes. London has so much to offer.

SINCLAIR

Indeed and our Richard has taken it upon himself to show her around.

The overhead lights flash the end of intermission.

SINCLAIR

Well then. It has been nice talking with you. We are going to The Carlisle for a late supper afterward. I trust we will see you at home later, Emily. You know perhaps we should make a night of it and go to a club after dinner?

Emily is rather taken aback and her mind ticks over as she tries to work out the situation.

CONSTANCE

Sinclair what has come over you?

SINCLAIR

Come -- Come -- my dear -- Richard take Mrs. Houseman's arm. You two would not want to become separated.

Constance suddenly realizes what Sinclair has done. Lyta remains motionless as the CROWD, entering the hall, presses in on them.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, FOYER, LATER, NIGHT.

The front DOOR OPENS. Constance storms in and immediately, goes upstairs. Sinclair follows her.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUS, MASTER BEDROOM, LATER, NIGHT.

SINCLAIR

My dear, Why are you so upset...

CONSTANCE

You know very well what I am angry about. Really Sinclair?! Richard involved with Mrs. Haussmann? And that ridiculous remark about Richard showing her the city? You know very well that is untrue. You deliberately lied.

SINCLAIR

I did no such...

CONSTANCE

I warn you Sinclair. Do not compound one lie with another.

SINCLAIR

I admit I may have been doing a bit of wishful thinking. But I've not violated our agreement.

CONSTANCE

Really Sinclair you...

SINCLAIR

Now, my dear, you...

CONSTANCE

NO! Sinclair. I don't know what has come over you. I need some time alone.

SINCLAIR

Constance I am allowing this little show of temper. However, I expect things to return to normal when I return from the office tomorrow. You understand. There'll be no further fits of temper.

EXT. PUB, NIGHT.

A pub in London.

INT. PUB, NIGHT.

Emily and Thomas, in a black suit, are sitting at a table.

EMILY

The recital was excellent. Lyta and I had a good time. Though after intermission she was quite different. She wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I asked several times.

THOMAS

Was she tired?

EMILY

No I don't think so. She was off from work.

THOMAS

Let's continue with my lessons. I have learned a lot Emily. Stuff that I never though before or knew.

EMILY

That's why it is so important to me. Women should have a say in what goes on in our country and who is running it.

THOMAS

You are right, there are a lot of men, even in the police force, that are not good people. They enjoy hurting people. They enjoy putting one person against another with lies. I have seen it myself.

EMILY

I'm so glad I met you.

THOMAS

Let me know if I am to... may I be so presumptuous to tell you of my feelings for a certain young lady?

EMILY

Which young lady is that? Have you a lady you are courting?

THOMAS

Ha! There is no-one in my life...but (beat) (Shyly) you! Emily I am falling in love with you. May I dare to hope that those feelings are returned?

EMILY

I don't know what to say. It's true we have things in common and we get on, but I barely know you really, though I do like you a lot.

THOMAS

Take your time to consider. I'd like to formally court you. Lets continue with my lessons for now, that way you will get to know me better.

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, LATER, NIGHT.

Piddington house. A hanson cab arrives. You can see Covington open the door.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT.

The room is dark. Constance is sitting at the kitchen table, sipping tea. Emily comes in.

EMILY

Lord! You scared the life out of me, sitting like that in the dark. I thought everyone was in bed.

CONSTANCE

Forgive me. -- You're getting home rather late.

EMILY

I met Thomas for tea after the recital.

CONSTANCE

Really? I hope it was pleasant. (beat) Emily I am curious. How did you manage to find recital tickets at the last minute?

EMILY

Sinclair gave them to us.

CONSTANCE

My God!!! Why that -- He planned the whole affair!! How could he do such a terrible thing!! He has no heart.

EMILY

Constance, what on earth are you talking about?

Emily sits next to Constance.

CONSTANCE

I'm afraid my husband has, not only, lied to me more than once. But, what is even more unforgivable -- he has tried to sabotage his own brother's happiness after all he's been through. Well this time I am afraid, he has gone too far. You must have notice lyta's discomfort? -- Dear sister, I'm afraid I must ask a very large favor. I would like to stay at Hilton Cottage for a while.

EMILY

Yes I did notice she was different. But she wouldn't say what. You know you're always welcome at Hilton Cottage.

CONSTANCE

Ask Covington to bring the motor around. I don't wish to remain in this house a moment longer.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, DINING ROOM, DAY.

Sinclair is eating breakfast alone. Covington enters carrying a fresh pot of coffee.

SINCLAIR

Have you seen Lady Piddington?

COVINGTON

I drove her and Miss Emily out to Hilton Cottage early this morning milord.

SINCLAIR

Oh?

COVINGTON

She was rather insistent. Did I do something wrong milord?

SINCLAIR

No. Certainly not.

COVINGTON

She did take quite a few bags.

SINCLAIR

I see. Now Covington you must not get the wrong idea. Lady Piddington is just taking a short holiday, nothing more.

COVINGTON

Of course milord.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, DAY.

Hospital.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, WARD, DAY.

All the beds are occupied, Lyta is caring for a PATIENT. Sinclair enters. He starts to walk toward her, but reconsiders, and decides to wait for her out in the hallway.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, HALLWAY, DAY.

LYTA

Sir Piddington. I certainly hope your presence here does not mean someone is ill.

SINCLAIR

Fortunately not, Miss Dayan. I'm here to see you actually. Is there somewhere more private we can speak?

LYTA

Well -- yes of course.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, OFFICE, DAY.

Lyta offers Sinclair the only chair behind the desk.

SINCLAIR

No, thank you. This shall not take long.

LYTA

You seem distressed. If there is anything I can do?

SINCLAIR

Well actually there is. It seems my brother has become quite infatuated with you. Now obviously being a sensible girl you realize that such a relationship can go nowhere. And it could very well do Richard great harm.

LYTA

I see -- Well to be quite honest Sir Piddington, I don't see how this concerns you.

SINCLAIR

Yes of course. I am afraid Richard requires someone - - you will forgive my candor, more refined.

LYTA

I dare to say Sir Piddington this is between me and Richard and not your concern.

SINCLAIR

I see. Very well then. You must realize you're nothing more than a toy to Richard. We could make arraignments for you to see him...

LYTA

I must ask you to leave now.

EXT. LARGE BANK, DAY.

Bank.

INT.BANK, RICHARDS OFFICE, DAY.

Richard has just finished dictating a letter. His secretary MRS. TURNBULL (50s)sensible, neatly dress, leaves, just as Sinclair enters.

RICHARD

Oh, Mrs. Turnbull - don't forget to re-schedule all my afternoon appointments.

SINCLAIR

Have I come at an inconvenient time?

RICHARD

Not at all - just trying to finish up a few things so I can leave a little earlier, that's all.

SINCLAIR

Is it important?

RICHARD

If you must know. Lyta and I have plans.

Sinclair becomes pensive, choosing his words carefully.

SINCLAIR

Now - I would not want you to interpret this incorrectly, but under certain circumstances, propriety does allow for the provision of discreet living arrangements for a woman...

RICHARD

STOP RIGHT THERE! I don't believe you! Somehow you have managed to reduce my feelings for Lyta to pure animal lust. I'll let your remarks go by. However, I will not tolerate any further comments of that nature. DO YOU UNDERSTAND.

SINCLAIR

All to well. Think man, as I said about children if there are to be any, about the ridicule and exclusion you will get from society.

RICHARD

I TOLD YOU TO STOP IT NOW. THIS DOES NOT CONCERN YOU.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, DAY.

A large country cottage.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, DAY.

Emily and Constance are sitting in the front room talking.

EMILY

Now that I know the whole story...
I'm speechless. I knew Sinclair
was a...

CONSTANCE

A pompous ass, but I never thought
he would treat his brother that
way. Richard has his own family.
He is a grown man with a child.

EMILY

Do Richard and Lyta know what is
going on? I'm ringing Lyta.

Emily is on the telephone. You can hear the RINGING on the
other end. No one answers.

CONSTANCE

Did you reach her?

EMILY

I'm afraid not. This is not like
Lyta. It could be her work. I'm
beginning to worry.

CONSTANCE

You should check on her.

EMILY

I'll take the morning train to
London. Why not join me? We'll
have a luncheon.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, DAY.

A hanson cab stops in front of the hospital. Emily and
Constance step out as Emily pays the driver. In a few
seconds, Lyta, in a nursing uniform, exits the hospital and
goes into the cafeteria.

CONSTANCE

You go talk to her, I'll get us
rooms at the Savoy.

INT. CAFETERIA, DAY.

Lyta greets the COUNTER GIRL like old friends and takes a
table alone. She then realizes Emily is standing next to
her.

LYTA
Emily!? What are you doing here?

EMILY
Looking for you.

LYTA
I've been quite busy.

EMILY
Too busy for old friends?-- Lyta something is wrong. What is it? Will you, at least, tell me why you have not been answering your phone. It could have been your job.

Emily sees the engagement ring on Lyta's finger.

EMILY
You HAVE been busy!

LYTA
Yes, you might as well know. Mr. Willoughby and I are engaged.

EMILY
I see. This love blossomed overnight. I thought you were not that keen on him?

LYTA
Mr. Willoughby is a fine gentleman.

EMILY
Lyta we both know what this is about. Surely you must know there is nothing between Richard and Miss. Haussmann. Have you tried to talk to Richard?

LYTA
I think I have provided your family with enough laughter. Imagine someone of Richard's stature interested in a woman like me.

EMILY
Lyta you know that is not true!

LYTA

Sir Piddington told me as much when he came to see me. He even suggested an arraignment can be made so I can see Richard privately. He treated me like a common... wh...

EMILY

He did what? That blaggard. Constance left him because he was meddling and lying about Richard. She just got a room at the Savoy.

LYTA

Left him? That is so brave.

EMILY

Tell me Lyta, where is the woman who endured unspeakable horrors in prison without compromise? How can you surrender so easily? You should demand Sinclair endure the consequences of his actions.

LYTA

For people like Sir Piddington there are never consequences.

EMILY

Then perhaps it is time there were. We both know you do not love Mr. Willoughby.

Lyta doesn't respond.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Are you going to walk away from everything we have struggled for?

LYTA

Of course not. I have no intention of abandoning enfranchisement.

EMILY

Well at least that is something. You still would ruin your life. What would your mother and father think if they were alive?

EXT. CAFETERIA, DAY.

Emily exits and hurriedly summons a hanson cab.

EXT. BANK, DAY.

A hanson cab rapidly approaches and stops in front of the bank. Emily exits and hastily enters the bank.

INT. BANK, DAY.

Emily walks quickly through the bank directly to Richard's office without stopping at Mrs. Turnbull's desk. Mrs. Turnbull moves quickly intercepting her just as she reaches Richard's door.

MRS. TURNBULL
This is a private office.

EMILY
I'm very much aware of whose office
it is, thank you.

INT. BANK, RICHARD'S OFFICE, DAY.

Emily enters the office and goes straight to Richards desk.

EMILY
Richard I must speak to you at
once.

RICHARD
Emily. What is it?

EMILY
Lyta has become engaged to Colin
Willoughby. The administrator of
the hospital.

RICHARD
I don't understand. First,
Constance and Sinclair have a huge
row. She runs off to Hilton
Cottage. And now this. Has
everyone gone mad?

EMILY

Not everyone just Sinclair. You know he has opposed your relationship with Lyta from the beginning. Think of what happened at the recital with Miss. Haussmann. When was the last time you remember Sinclair suggesting dinner and dancing? He's the one that gave us the tickets. All to split you and Lyta.

Richard just stares at her in disbelief.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That is why Constance left him, she's at the Savoy. Sinclair even went to see Lyta at the hospital.

RICHARD

Lyta didn't show much faith in me -- in us.

EMILY

Sinclair is quite adept at planning the seeds of doubt. From there it was not difficult for Lyta to wonder if you were toying with her.

RICHARD

My God! My own brother! I have not seen him in 5 years and he has turned into a person I don't recognize.

EMILY

I'm so -- so -- sorry, Richard.

Emily turns to leave, but hesitates momentarily, reluctant to leave Richard alone.

EMILY

We cannot let him get away with this Richard.

Emily leaves. Richard remains motionless. His breathing quickening in rhythm with his growing rage. Suddenly he vaults and storms from his office.

INT. BANK, SINCLAIR'S OFFICE, DAY.

Sinclair is dictating a letter to Mrs. Nagle.

SINCLAIR
Lastly I would like to remind...

Richard bursts in, leaving the door open behind him.

RICHARD
YOU BLAGGARD!!

Sinclair jumps to his feet outraged by this unseemly outburst in front of a startled Mrs. Nagle.

SINCLAIR
Richard! How dare you? Close the door at once.

RICHARD
(leaving the door open)
YOU BASTARD!!

SINCLAIR
Enough!!! Mrs. Nagle I must apologize for my brother's vulgar display.

Richard suddenly realizes they aren't alone.

RICHARD
Oh!! Mrs. Nagle. I...

Sinclair assists the still shaken Mrs. Nagle from the chair out the door.

SINCLAIR
How dare you. There is absolutely no excuse for such language in front of an employee...

RICHARD
How dare me?! How dare you speak to me of contempt? Your lies and deceptions. You lied to Constance to not interfere with Lyta and I. Now she left you and lives at the Savoy. You went to see Lyta at the hospital, why?. How dare you. You are NOT the Sinclair I left five years ago and it is NOT the Sinclair I want my family associated with. All you do is manipulate us with absolutely no regards for our feelings.

SINCLAIR

I have every right. As head of this family I have a responsibility to maintain our standing in the community.

RICHARD

I AM THE HEAD OF MY FAMILY, NOT YOU. We will move from your house today and I'm resigning from the bank as of right now from this moment onwards.

EXT. EAST END APARTMENT BUILDING, NIGHT.

Several PEOPLE are milling around the entrance. A motor moves slowly down the street. It stops and Richard gets out and looks around uncertainly.

WOMAN #1

Lookin' for someone Luv?

RICHARD

Yes. I am looking for a friend -- She is supposed to live on this street.

MAN

It's a awfully big street, mate? Now if I 'ad a name?

RICHARD

Her name is Lyta -- Lyta Dayan.

MAN

Like I said mate. It's a big street.

RICHARD

Yes of course. She is a nurse at St. Elizabeth's...

WOMAN #2

Oh. 'er... you're in the right place alright. She occupies wot you'd call the pent'ouse.

RICHARD

The penthouse?

WOMAN #2

That's right. Toppa the stairs...
5D

RICHARD

Thank you, I appreciate your help.

WOMAN #2

Don't mention it Luv. Turn right at the top. 'er flat's on the end.

WOMAN #1

By the way, Luv. if she don't give ya what you want, I'm just one flight down. And I've never 'ad any complaints.

They ALL laugh. Richard smiles awkwardly.

INT. EAST END APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY, NIGHT.

Richard stops at the top of the stairs to catch his breath. Then walks to her door takes a deep breath and KNOCKS. There is no response; he KNOCKS again.

LYTA (V.O.)

Just a moment...

The DOOR OPENS. Lyta wearing a bulky bathrobe is trying to wrap her wet hair into a towel. She doesn't see who is at the door.

LYTA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Lyta looks up and is startled to see Richard.

LYTA (CONT'D)

Richard?!

Lyta doesn't want him to see where she lives. Instinctively, she closes the door, leaving just a small opening through which to see him. There's a moment of awkward silence.

LYTA (CONT'D)

What -- What -- are you doing here?

RICHARD

I'm sorry to drop in unannounced. I did try ringing first.

LYTA

This is not a good time.

RICHARD

(pushing on the door)
I promise I'll be brief.

Lyta reluctantly lets him in. Richard senses her embarrassment. He tries his hardest not to look around and judge the surroundings for her sake.

INT. LYTA'S FLAT, NIGHT.

LYTA

Is it important?

RICHARD

Yes it is. Otherwise I would never have intruded. You see -- I have just recently become aware of my brother's meddling in our relationship. Naturally I immediately came to apologize and ask your forgiveness. You certainly didn't deserve to be treated so callously.

Lyta tries but she can't hide the pain she still feels.

LYTA

Yes, well -- that is over with now. No sense in dwelling on the past.

RICHARD

Lyta. I -- I just want you to know that Sinclair acted completely on his own. I assure you no one in the family was aware of his deception. We were all outraged when we learned of his scheming.

There is a sudden ROAR and the room begins to SHAKE. Lyta is forced to pause as the TRAIN PASSES.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Lets stop pretending. I know you are angry and hurt. Believe me I wanted to thrash Sinclair within an inch of his life. But that is no reason for you to marry Mr. Willoughby, yes Emily told me.

LYTA

I really do not see how my marriage is any of your concern?

RICHARD

Lyta you do not seem to understand. I love you! (beat) And I thought you loved me as well.

Lyta looks at him in disbelief. Lyta's mind is swirling.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Well do you?

LYTA

It's no use. Sinclair would never allow me to be anything more than your mistress.

RICHARD

Wherever do you get such an insane idea?

LYTA

Sinclair visited me at the hospital. Oh, believe me. He was quite sincere when he suggested it. In fact, I think he was actually surprised by my refusal.

RICHARD

I can't believe this! My own brother.

LYTA

Just go Richard.

RICHARD

If that's really what you want?

Richard walks to the door then turns back to Lyta.

RICHARD

But I ask you. Are you being fair to Mr. Willoughby?

Lyta looks at him without speaking as Richard OPENS THE DOOR. He looks at her, pleadingly, then slowly walks out the door.

EXT. London street, day

A suffrage PROCESSION has blocked the street. Emily, Lyta and a few suffragettes impulsively pick up bricks and start tossing them through shops windows. The POLICE immediately are alerted and charge towards the women.

They are roughened strong, quickly overpowering the women. One of the ladies kicks POLICEMAN 1 in the groin and he doubles up in agony. To his defense come POLICEMAN 2 and lashes out with his truncheon.

Emily is given a hard blow to the forehead and she falls to the street unconscious. Lyta sees Emily fall and immediately runs to her pushing people aside. A suffragette reaches Emily first and tries to move her.

LYTA
 DON'T MOVE HER! DON'T MOVE HER!
 It can cause more damage. Call the
 ambulance, she is unconscious.

INT. HOSPITAL, CAUSALTY ROOM, DAY.

Constance, Sinclair, Richard, Lyta, in uniform, Thomas, in a suit, and friends are at her bedside. Constance is wringing her hands and is very distressed.

SINCLAIR
 Exactly as I predicted, Constance,
 look at the trouble she has brought
 on herself with this Suffragette
 nonsense.

CONSTANCE
 I do not recall you predicting any
 such thing Sinclair. My sister is
 unconscious. Who would have dreamt
 of such thing? And if you don't
 have anything positive to say I
 suggest you leave at once.

He strides off.

LYTA
 Please make some room and give her
 some air. Besides the Doctor
 ordered Vital Signs and Neuro
 Checks every 15 minutes. Please
 let me do my work. She will be
 going for shadowgraphs in a few
 minutes.

Lyta takes a pen light out of her pocket and checks her pupils. She then proceeds to check her Blood Pressure, Pulse and Respiration.

CONSTANCE
 Well how is she?

LYTA

She has a concussion like the Doctor said. But the Neuro checks are normal, they respond to light well and her Vital Signs are normal at present. We have to wait and see what the shadowgraphs show, if anything. We have to wait and see.

CONSTANCE

Have you seen such a thing before Lyta in your work, do you think she will make it?

THOMAS

I'm not a doctor but I've seen people trampled and kicked by horses and head injuries are very unpredictable, there can be loss of memory, speech and difficulty in walking.

LYTA

(giving him a dirty look)
And that is why you are not a doctor Thomas. Doctor's always advised to keep the more unpleasant outcomes quiet for the moment, until a clearer picture can be formed. We have to wait and see when she comes out of the coma.

Lyta glares at Thomas, who is extremely nervous. Constance is very flustered.

CONSTANCE

That's it, as soon as she's settled I'll join the movement in her honor.

EXT. LONDON STREET, DAY.

A suffrage PROCESSION has blocked the street. Sylvia, Annie and Constance who has joined the procession with other suffragettes are marching down the street to the House of Commons. There is a SOUND OF A POLICE WHISTLE. They POLICE arrest the suffragettes they can catch. Constance is one of them.

INT. MAGISTRATE COURT, LATER, DAY.

Annie, Constance and the SUFFRAGETTES are seated. Sinclair and Richard are seated behind them. Thomas is seated alone.

MAGISTRATE

Ladies, you are sentenced to each pay a fine of twenty pounds and serve 30 days. You must also make restitution for the damages.

The following words and actions are taken from actual transcripts. Annie stands to face him.

ANNIE KENNEY

I fear as long as the court remains deaf, dumb and blind to the plight of women, we must refuse to submit to its authority.

The Suffragettes join Annie in covering their eyes, ears and mouths. There is a tense silence and laughter from the gallery.

MAGISTRATE

(not amused)

I'll not allow the rules of order be trampled upon. Perhaps three months in Holloway will help you view things more clearly.

RICHARD

I have not forgiven you Sinclair but Lyta has understood what went on. However Melissa and I shall continue to occupy our suite at The Savoy.

Sinclair hurrumps but has the grace not to comment.

SINCLAIR

Since this business with Emily, Richard, Constance has defied me and joined the wretched throng of these women. Now look where it's landed her. I don't see her among the crowd, thank the Lord.

RICHARD

Emily's shadowgraph came back normal. The swelling has gone down considerably. She certainly looks better even though she is still unconscious. Dr Haslett feels a recovery may be on the cards.

SINCLAIR

Thank God for that! Perhaps Constance will then return to a normal life.

RICHARD

The only good thing about this terrible tragedy is that I see Lyta every day. She has taken control of everything being done to Emily. You can say Emily has private duty, Lyta won't leave her side. She is a wonderful friend to Emily.

INT. POLICE STATION, LATER, DAY.

The following words are taken from actual transcripts.

Constance is seated in front of the PROCESSING CLERK.

CLERK

Name?

Constance hesitates.

CLERK

See here - are you deaf? - Name?

CONSTANCE

Jane Warton

CLERK

Date of birth?

INT. MAGISTRATE COURT, LATER, DAY.

All the suffragettes are present. Constance stands and faces the gallery.

CONSTANCE

Your Grace, women are told they must obey the law. That they're equally subject to the same rules and regulations as men. Yet women have no voice in the making of these rules and regulations. Nor do we have a voice in the choosing of those who make these laws we must equally obey. Now I ask you is that fair?

There is a murmur of agreement from the CROWD in the gallery.

MAGISTRATE

I warn you Madam. This is a court of law not a political arena.

CONSTANCE

Every peaceful avenue available to us has been explored. But we are greeted with hostility and condescension. NOW IT IS TIME TO FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHTS. "WE FIGHT! DEEDS, NOT WORDS!" (**which is the motto of the suffragettes**)

Constance sits down to ROUSING ROARS and BOOS.

MAGISTRATE

Bailiff! Clear the courtroom.

EXT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, DAY.

Holloway

INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, CORRIDOR, DAY, DAYS LATER.

DR. WAINWRIGHT, THE MATRON, THREE WARDRESSES and a NURSE, are pushing a metal cart. The cart contains a pitcher and a nasal tube with a funnel on one end. They are approaching Constance's cell.

INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON, CONSTANCE'S CELL, DAY.

Constance is still sitting on the bed leaning against the wall. She is startled by the SOUND OF THE KEY in the lock. She watches as the Matron enters, followed by the Doctor.

DOCTOR
Miss Warton, I beseech you one last
time.

A look of resolve comes over Constance and she shakes her head no. Without speaking, the Doctor signals THE OTHERS to enter.

The following actions are taken from actual transcripts.

DOCTOR
Very well then.
(removing his jacket)
Take hold of her.

Constance weakly tries to resist as they approach her.

DOCTOR
Hold her down Sisters. I'll need
the nasal tube first. Her arms,
take her arms.

Each of the Wardresses take an arm and hold Constance's shoulders, pinning her to the chair. The other Wardress holds Constance's legs down. Moving quickly, the Doctor tries to insert the tube into one of Constance's nostrils. Constance tries desperately to resist.

DOCTOR
Someone hold her head.

The Matron holds Constance's head as the tube is forced down her. The Doctor signals the Nurse to begin. Obviously in pain, Constance chokes as the formula is poured into the funnel. When the pitcher is empty the tube is removed.

Constance begins to cough uncontrollably. Several of the Wardresses are visibly disturbed.

DOCTOR
Turn her onto her side quickly! Or
she'll aspirate.

Constance continues to cough violently.

INT. DOCTOR WAINWRIGHT'S BEDROOM, LATER, NIGHT.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Sleepily, he answers.

DOCTOR
Dr. Wainwright here.

The Doctor bolts upright.

DOCTOR

What do you mean you can't arouse
Miss Warton!? - Very weak you say?
Have her moved to hospital at once.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, DAY.

St. Elizabeth hospital.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, DAY, CASUALTY AREA.

Lyta and Doctor Pemberton hurry to meet the incoming gurney
as they follow it into an examining room. Lyta is shaken when
she recognizes Constance lying on the gurney.

DOCTOR P.

Her pulse is very rapid and thready
and her lungs are filled with fluid
(to the Sister)
Are you with her?

SISTER

Yes, she's from Holloway Prison.

DOCTOR P.

What happened? How long has she
been unconscious?

SISTER

I found her about an hour ago.

The Matron enters and quickly tries to explain.

MATRON

You see she's a suffragette. And
well -- you know -- they've
persistently refused to eat. We
had no choice.

SISTER

It was on one of my rounds I found
her.

DOCTOR P

This sort of treatment is barbaric.
Was there a medical doctor present?
Fluid in the lungs is unacceptable
and leads to pneumonia. None too
soon. Sister!

LYTA

I have been there too Doctor and the practices are very unpleasant. Some ladies are fed through the nose some through the vagina or the rectum if they refuse.

DOCTOR P

Appalling. Doesn't a medical man know that the ladies reproductive parts and her stomach are not connected!!!

LYTA

I think it was a punishment sir, as she bit him.

DOCTOR P

Unforgiveable. I'll have to have a word, but first lets finish with this patient. Aspirator nurse.

The Sister whispers to Lyta.

SISTER

That means nothing will be done. With all men in charge what do you expect?

EXT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, NIGHT.

Lyta is frantically KNOCKING on the door.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, FOYER, NIGHT.

Covington in his bathrobe hurries to answer the door. Lyta pushes her way inside. Sinclair is coming down the stairs.

LYTA

I apologies for barging in Sir Piddington at such a late hour but I must speak with you.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, LIBRARY, NIGHT.

Sinclair enters followed by Lyta.

SINCLAIR

Well what is so important?

LYTA

Where is Richard, he wasn't in
Emily's room?

SINCLAIR

Richard has moved out. Now really
Miss Dayan I am quickly losing my
patience.

LYTA

It's Constance. She was brought
into casualty unconscious.

SINCLAIR

What?

LYTA

It seems she aspirated. I did not
get all the details. But near as I
can tell, they were force feeding
her. And some of the gruel went
into her lungs.

SINCLAIR

Who was force feeding her?

LYTA

Why the people at Holloway.

SINCLAIR

Holloway!? Covington bring the
motor around.

LYTA

I'm sorry Sir Piddington. If there
is anything I can do?

SINCLAIR

Yes I must summon Dr. Haslett
immediately.

LYTA

I will take care of that.

SINCLAIR

Contact Richard, he's at the Savoy
if he's not with Emily.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, NIGHT.

A motor arrives and Sinclair exits.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, CASUALTY AREA, LATER, NIGHT.

Sinclair hurriedly approaches the desk. The NURSE is on the telephone.

SINCLAIR

I'm looking for my wife, Lady
Constance Piddington.

In a moment of unchecked emotion, Sinclair pulls the telephone from her hand and slams it down on the receiver.

SINCLAIR

I said... I'm looking for my wife.
She was brought in earlier. Her
name is Lady Constance Piddington.

NURSE

We have no Lady Constance
Piddington here.

SINCLAIR

I know she's here. She was
brought in from Holloway Prison.

NURSE

I'm afraid you're mistaken. Only
one person was admitted from
Holloway and it wasn't your wife.

SINCLAIR

Then please tell me the name and
room number of the person you did
admit.

NURSE

Her name is Jane Warton. She's in
room 102. Through that door.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR, NIGHT.

The Matron is standing outside Constance's room. As Sinclair approaches the door, she intercepts him.

MATRON

Excuse me. There are no visitors
allowed in this room.

SINCLAIR

I have reason to believe my wife is
in this room.

MATRON

Your wife?

SINCLAIR

Yes. Lady Constance Piddington.

MATRON

I'm afraid you've been misinformed.

SINCLAIR

I have it on good faith this is
indeed Lady Piddington.

MATRON

What you're saying makes no sense
at all. Now begging your pardon I
must ask you to leave.

SINCLAIR

Look! Either it is her or it is
not. I insist on seeing for
myself.

Sinclair pushes the door and goes inside.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, NIGHT, CONSTANCE'S ROOM, NIGHT.

Constance is in bed. Sinclair hardly recognizes the thin
pale woman with the sunken eyes, lying motionless in bed.
From the shadows, DR. Wainwright watches.

DOCTOR W.

At last. Mrs. Warton's husband. I
am Dr. Wainwright.

SINCLAIR

It seems you have been misinformed
Doctor. Your patient's name is
Lady Constance Piddington.

DOCTOR W.

That's very queer, very queer
indeed. Unfortunately, Mrs. Warton
-- Uh Lady Piddington, remains
under prison jurisdiction
therefore...

SINCLAIR

Let me put it this way. I am Sir Ogden Sinclair Piddington, her father was a Viceroy, and her brother is a member of the House of Lords.

DOCTOR W.

The banker?

SINCLAIR

That's correct. And I do not give a damn about prison jurisdiction! If necessary, I shall call the Prime Minister who happens to be a personal good friend of mine.

DOCTOR W.

Now, now, let's not be hasty. Perhaps we should continue this outside.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, NIGHT, CORRIDOR.

Sinclair and Dr. Wainwright stop outside the door to talk. In the background, Lyta and Richard are quickly approaching.

DOCTOR W.

First let me say Sir. I had no idea who Mrs. Warton was. I'm merely an employee of the prison. Tell me do you have any idea why your wife would enter Holloway Prison as Jane Warton?

LYTA

How is she??

SINCLAIR

I am still trying to find out.

DOCTOR W.

Lady Piddington is quite ill. She has pneumonia.

LYTA

Come Doctor! You were shocked earlier with Doctor Pemberton at the treatment of force feeding the prisoners. Can you use your influence to change things?

SINCLAIR

How could she get pneumonia?

LYTA

Come Doctor! Are you denying Lady Piddington was force fed? Do you deny the prison authorities complicity in her torture?!

RICHARD

Let's not lose what is important right now.

SINCLAIR

You are right of course. I have summoned my personal physician, Dr. Wilson Haslett. He will assume Lady Piddington's care.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, CONSTANCE'S ROOM, LATER, NIGHT.

Dr. WILSON HASLETT enters.

SINCLAIR

Wilson thank you for coming.

DOCTOR HASLETT

Hello, Sinclair. What have we got here?

Dr. Haslett walks over and begins examining Constance.

SINCLAIR

She has hardly stirred. Except to talk out of her head a few times.

DOCTOR HASLETT

That is the fever. Dr. Wainwright has filled me in. Looks like he has already done everything there is to do for now.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, CAFETERIA, DAYS LATER, DAY.

Lyta and Richard are sharing a pot of tea.

LYTA

You must not be discouraged.

RICHARD

These past few days have been a nightmare. Especially for poor Melissa. She has taken this quite hard, I am afraid. Mrs. Thompson tells me she has been crying herself to sleep every night.

LYTA

Illness is always difficult for children, and two of the ladies she is close to and loves are both ill.

RICHARD

Even more so for Melissa. What with her mother and everything.

LYTA

She's with Mrs. Thompson?

RICHARD

Melissa is at Hilton Cottage. Could not very well leave her at the Savoy alone. You know we are living there now.

Lyta looks surprised.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I thought you knew. Sinclair and I had a tremendous falling out. Why I've even changed banks.(beat) I hear Constance fever has broken and she in on the mend? But Emily?

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, EMILY'S ROOM, LATER, NIGHT.

Richard is sitting up asleep. His unshaven face and haggard look testify to the days spent at Emily's bedside. A disoriented Emily slowly awakens.

RICHARD

Emily! Thank the Lord! You have given us quite a scare.

EMILY
Richard? Where am I?

RICHARD
You're in hospital. You've been here for 3 weeks in a coma.

EMILY
I... I...

RICHARD
You need not worry yourself. It will all come back to you. You just rest.

EMILY
Where is Constance?

INT. ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, MEDICINE ROOM, NIGHT.

Lyta is pouring medicine as an excited Richard rushes in.

RICHARD
Emily has finally come back to us!

LYTA
(embracing him)
Oh, Richard!!!!

Realizing what she's done, she pulls away from him.

LYTA
This is wonderful news.

RICHARD
I must run. I was on my way to telephone Melissa, but I just had to come by and tell you first.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, DAY.

A beautiful large country cottage.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, PARLOR, DAY.

Richard is giving last-minute instructions to the SERVANTS. Lyta is tucking Emily and Constance onto the settees. Thomas is nervously fluffing the pillows behind Emily. Richard then sits next to Lyta.

RICHARD

If you require anything at all you know how to contact us.

MELISSA

Oh, Papa!! You should see the lovely stables. May I get a pony?

RICHARD

And, where exactly would we keep a pony in London?

MELISSA

Papa!!

RICHARD

Do not "Papa" me. I think it's time you went up to the nursery and started putting all the extra things away -- before I start thinking you staying here with them is a very bad idea.

LYTA

She is just excited. -- You're very kind, but I cannot imagine anything we could need.

RICHARD

Then -- I shall look forward to all of you completely recovering. I'm afraid London will seem quite empty without you.

THOMAS

(to Emily)

I couldn't have said it better myself. I hope you'll permit me to come back and check on your progress?

EMILY

I shall await your next visit. Thank you Thomas.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, STABLES, DAY.

A BEAUTIFUL STALLION is romping in the pasture.

EMILY

Lancelot!! Come here boy! Come here.

He responds immediately to the sound of her voice.

EMILY
Sir Lancelot. Yes -- I have missed
you as well.

LANCELOT nibbles at her pocket.

She takes an apple from her pocket and gives it to him.

EMILY
There, is that what you were
looking for?

Lyta and Melissa approach them.

MELISSA
He's lovely! May I ride him?

EMILY
I think he's a bit much for you.

LYTA
He's quite beautiful.

Lyta reaches to touch him, but he pulls back, startling her.

EMILY
Here -- he likes his face rubbed
between his eyes.

LYTA
I have never been around horses.

EMILY
Well then -- I must teach you to
ride. You shall have your first
lesson as soon as I'm up to it.

LYTA
But...

EMILY
You shall love it. Besides,
Richard loves to ride.

LYTA
I do not know what you are...

EMILY
Please -- I know you taken a fancy
to him and he is crazy about you.

LYTA

And, what of you and Corporal Chumley? We certainly did not need a police escort, even though he wasn't wearing a uniform. Specially all the way to Hilton Cottage.

EMILY

He does look rather handsome in his uniform, does he not?

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, GARDEN, NIGHT.

It's a bright starlit night. Lyta and Richard are strolling through the garden. They stop and sit on a nearby bench.

LYTA

It's such a lovely evening -- I have never seen the stars so bright. Being out of the city you realize how beautiful they are.

They are looking up at the stars. As a nearby lamp post casts a soft glow across Lyta's face, Richard is struck by her beauty. Lyta finds his gaze quite disquieting.

RICHARD

Forgive me for staring Lyta. I hope you will not be offended but -- I do not believe you truly realize just how beautiful you are.

LYTA

I never thought that. You're very kind to say so.

RICHARD

Lyta, I -- I am attracted to you in a way I never dreamed possible with any woman again. When I'm in London all I can think about is you. I admire your courage, your kindness, your beauty.

LYTA

Richard -- I...

RICHARD

Forgive me. I... I have obviously overstepped the boundaries of propriety.

LYTA

Dear Richard. I do care for you
very, very much.

Richard takes her in his arms and kisses her, softly. Lyta
returns his kiss, passionately.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, PARLOR, NIGHT.

Melissa is playing 'My Father's Favorite' on the piano.
Richard is listening. Lyta has her eyes closed listening.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, PORCH, NIGHT.

Emily and Thomas are enjoying Melissa playing the piano.

EMILY

I love this song.

THOMAS

Yes, it's quite nice.

EMILY

I wish you didn't have to return
to the city in the morning.

THOMAS

So do I, but I'm afraid duty calls.

EMILY

Lyta is anxious to get back to the
hospital, so we shall be returning
this week as well. I do hope you
will continue to visit me.

THOMAS

Actually -- I'd like to do more
than that. I'd like to see more of
you.

EMILY

How odd -- here I thought I have
been in plain site the entire week-
end.

THOMAS

No I mean, I'd like to court you
formally. Is there someone whose
permission I should ask? Sir
Piddington perhaps?

EMILY

Sir Piddington?! Really now
Corporal! Mine is the only
permission you need seek.

THOMAS

Very well then Miss Ashcroft--
I'm mad about you and would like to
formally see you.

EMILY

That's much better.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, DAY.

Hilton Cottage.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, LIBRARY, DAY.

Emily and Lyta are reading. Constance is feigning interest
in the sweater she's knitting. The housekeeper, Mrs.
Thompson, enters.

MRS. THOMPSON

There is a telephone call for you,
Miss Lyta. It's Sir Piddington.

LYTA

I was waiting for it. Richard is
looking for a house for him and
Melissa. I hope he found one.

Reluctantly, Constance returns to her knitting. When she
drops a stitch, she tosses it down in frustration.

CONSTANCE

UGH! Here you are. You are
married to a man for fifteen years
and you think you know him. Then
one day you suddenly realize you do
not know him at all. He is a total
stranger. What he did to Richard, I
never thought anyone could do to
their brothers.

Emily looks at her questioningly.

EMILY

Dear sister, please don't take this the wrong way. But I fear Sinclair is the same pompous ass he has been all along.

CONSTANCE

Of course I knew Sinclair was a bit of a snob. I preformed my duty, as a good wife, the best I could but to no avail.

(Pause)

But scheming and lying. Well call me naïve but I never expected such behavior. I should have some faith, but I do not.

EMILY

Perhaps, you are no longer looking at him through the same rose-colored glasses.

CONSTANCE

I have had a great deal of time to think. And nothing has really changed between Sinclair and I. Yeah of course he is going to make it all my fault

EMILY

You know Sinclair is expecting you to come home.

CONSTANCE

I know. It seems I built my life in shifting sand.

EMILY

Are you certain this is what you really want?

Constance nods her head yes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's a relief. You could stay here if you want.

CONSTANCE

No I'm getting a suite at the Savoy. I feel so much stronger now.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, LIBRARY, NIGHT.

Emily is seated on an over-stuffed chair, her feet resting on the ottoman. Melissa with an open book on her lap is sitting by her feet. Constance is on the telephone with Richard.

CONSTANCE

Oh Richard a vice-presidency how wonderful! The new bank has gone overboard. -- No you must not worry, take as long as you need. Melissa is no bother whatsoever. -- Then we will expect to see you next week-end. I am going to the Savoy the following week so it will all work perfectly.

(to Emily and Melissa)

Richard has been offered a vice-presidency with the Commerce Bank.

EMILY

The bad news is, he will not be able to come this week-end.

Melissa looks up obviously disappointed. Lyta bursts in with a newspaper.

The following words are taken from actual transcripts.

LYTA

"BREAKING NEWS. You can see a fire at a building. The building is almost gone. Firemen are at the scene along with news cameras".

(to Emily))

Did you know about this?

Lyta shows Emily the newspaper. The headline reads: "ARSON!"

EMILY

No of course not.

CONSTANCE

What is it?

LYTA

"Militancy has assumed a new and serious aspect. In a bold and unexpected escalation of their activities, two suffragettes, Emily Wilding Davison and Nurse Pittsfield, were arrested after setting fire to an abandoned mansion just outside London..."

CONSTANCE

My God! What were they thinking?
Was anyone hurt?

LYTA

Fortunately no. It was an abandoned building.

EMILY

Well perhaps now they will take us seriously.

CONSTANCE

Emily you cannot be serious. This will do nothing but alienate us from the people.

LYTA

She is quite right!

EMILY

I disagree. I have to be myself Constance. I can not be of any use to anyone if I'm not myself. I think we must do whatever necessary to put more pressure on the government.

LYTA

More pressure yes. But arson? No! Someone could get hurt.

Constance suddenly remembers Melissa is in the room.

CONSTANCE

Perhaps, we should continue this discussion at another time.

(to Melissa)

It is past your bedtime.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, GARDEN, DAY.

It's a beautiful afternoon. Emily and Constance are sitting in the gazebo. Lyta, Melissa and Thomas are arguing playfully during a heated game of crochet. Lyta goes to the gazebo.

LYTA

Constance, how would you feel about me returning to London?

Constance is caught completely off guard. Melissa and Thomas still arguing, join them.

LYTA (CONT'D)

Of course I would never think of leaving if you and Emily really needed me.

EMILY

What is this about you leaving?

MELISSA

No!! You cannot leave!

CONSTANCE

Now Melissa, as much as I love having Lyta here, she does have her own life to live.

Mrs. Thompson approaches.

MRS. THOMPSON

I beg your pardon Miss Ashcroft -- you have a telephone call.

EMILY

Thank you Mrs. Thompson. -- Don't say another word till I return. This will only take a moment.

Emily follows Mrs. Thompson back to the house.

THOMAS

Excuse me ladies -- I think I'll go find Emily.

Thomas leaves. As he leaves, in the background we see Richard approaching. Thomas stops to greet him.

CONSTANCE

When are you planning on leaving?

LYTA

On Monday. I thought of taking the evening train.

CONSTANCE

Oh that soon?

LYTA

I do need to get back.

CONSTANCE

Emily is planning to return as well. Perhaps you can travel together.

RICHARD

Good afternoon ladies.

MELISSA

Papa!...

Melissa runs into his arms almost knocking him down.

CONSTANCE

Richard we were not expecting you until tomorrow.

RICHARD

I finished early so I decided to take the afternoon train.

CONSTANCE

Lyta has decided she is not needed here anymore.

RICHARD

I am sure that is not the case.

Richard holds Lyta's gaze just a bit too long.

MELISSA

Did you bring me a surprise?

RICHARD

Hum I believe I did see something inside with your name on it.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, PARLOR, NIGHT.

Emily is on the telephone when Thomas enters unseen.

EMILY

Yes -- Yes -- I see -- Don't worry, everything is in place. Mary said she could provide the petrol and Gladys has already obtained the benzene from the chemist.

Emily turns and is surprised to see an obviously distressed Thomas standing in the doorway.

EMILY

We can discuss this later -- I'll see you then.

Emily hangs up. Thomas is totally distraught.

THOMAS

Emily! You've only just recovered. Have you taken complete leave of your senses? You are talking Arson.

EMILY

What are you talking about? I'm not doing anything, I'm still recuperating.

THOMAS

But you are planning for other people to do. What if someone gets hurt.

Emily does not want to think about that.

THOMAS

I absolutely forbid you.

EMILY

You forbid me! You forget yourself Corporal Chumley. You do not dictate what I shall, or shall not do.

THOMAS

Someone has to! For pity's sake woman. I love you! Doesn't that matter to you?

Emily is defiant - does not respond.

THOMAS

It seems you've made your feelings perfectly clear. I see no reason for me to remain here any longer.

Thomas hesitates momentarily then turns and storms out. Emily watches him as a single tear slips down her cheek.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, LIBRARY, NIGHT.

Richard watches Melissa open her new telescope.

RICHARD
It's not exactly a pony.

MELISSA
Oh, Papa! Will you help me put it together?

RICHARD
How about right after dinner?

MELISSA
Can we ask Lyta to help us?

RICHARD
Now Melissa you must not impose...

MELISSA
She will not mind and it may be our last chance to be together.

RICHARD
Melissa you must not be so theatrical.

MELISSA
She is going back to London next week.

RICHARD
Oh I didn't it was so soon.

MELISSA
Uh-huh. I heard her tell Aunt Constance. Papa, can you make her change her mind so we can stay together?

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, EMILY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Emily is obviously upset. She is rummaging through her dresser SLAMMING each drawer closed. There's a KNOCK at the door.

EMILY
WHAT?!!!

CONSTANCE
That was a pleasant greeting! Is everything alright?

EMILY
No! Thomas and I had an awful row. He has gone back to London.

CONSTANCE
But things were going so well.

EMILY
He overheard me talking to Annie.

CONSTANCE
Emily I thought you agreed not to get involved with that.

EMILY
I'm a woman I can be as contrary as I choose.

CONSTANCE
Can you see I am worried about you?

EMILY
Come with me. You will see you have nothing to worry about.

CONSTANCE
I guess I've no other option.

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, LIBRARY, LATER, NIGHT.

The telescope remains unassembled in the corner. Nearby, Emily and Melissa are conspiring in soft whispers. Richard and Constance are seated talking. Lyta is browsing the bookshelves.

RICHARD
It has been difficult but I think I have finally found the ideal place.

CONSTANCE
I know it is a big relief for you.

RICHARD
Well there are still a few details to work out, but I'm pleased.

CONSTANCE
If there is anything we can do?

RICHARD

Thank you, that is very kind of you.

In the background Emily looks at her watch then nudges Melissa. Immediately, Melissa gets up and walks over to Lyta.

MELISSA

Lyta will you help me set up my telescope outside?

LYTA

Why I would love to.

Melissa collects the telescope leaving the eyepiece behind on the floor. Richard rises to join them.

MELISSA

No Papa. You stay here.

Lyta and Melissa leave. Emily joins Richard and Constance.

EMILY

So Richard have you heard anything like an apology from Sinclair?

CONSTANCE

Really Emily.

RICHARD

No I am afraid not. I don't suppose you have had any word from him?

CONSTANCE

Not a word.

EMILY

Let us be perfectly honest. Sinclair will never admit he was wrong.

CONSTANCE

Sadly in his eyes, he is not wrong.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, GARDEN, GAZEBO, NIGHT.

Melissa and Lyta are busily setting up the telescope.

LYTA

Perhaps that needs to be a bit tighter, it's sliding down.

MELISSA
There how is that?

LYTA
Yes that will do nicely.

MELISSA
Do you have the time?
Where is the eyepiece?

INT. HILTON COTTAGE, LIBRARY, NIGHT.

Emily, Constance and Richard are drinking tea.

RICHARD
And he said there may very well be
a position for me on the board in
the near future.

CONSTANCE
That sounds very exciting Richard.

EMILY
(glancing at her watch)
That does sound exciting. Oh look.

Emily gets up and picks up the telescope eyepiece.

EMILY
They have forgotten one of the
pieces. Be a dear Richard and take
it out to them.

EXT. HILTON COTTAGE, GARDEN, GAZEBO, NIGHT.

Melissa and Lyta are still searching for the eyepiece.
Melissa glances up and sees Richard approaching.

MELISSA
It's not here. We must have
dropped it inside. Wait here.
I'll go look.

Melissa, being careful to avoid Richard, runs inside. Lyta
is still searching and doesn't see Richard arrive.

RICHARD
I imagine you are looking for this.

Richard holds up the eyepiece in front of a startled Lyta. In
the background Melissa and Emily are watching them.

LYTA
Oh! Goodness!

RICHARD
I am sorry I didn't mean to
frighten you. -- You must have
dropped this.

Richard hands Lyta the eyepiece and she drops it into place.

LYTA
Finished.

There is a moment of awkward silence before they both speak.

RICHARD/LYTA
I...

They both LAUGH, nervously.

LYTA
Richard I never wanted this to
happen. A quarrel between two
brothers.

RICHARD
Whatever has happened between us
was entirely Sinclair's doing.
(beat) Lyta, I hope this will not
make you think terribly of me. But
when I learned you had broken off
your engagement to Mr. Willoughby -
- I had to fight to control my
joy.

LYTA
Richard! No! Don't you see there is
no chance for us, not now, not
after what happened. And the way
people keep looking at us and
whispering.

RICHARD
I cannot accept that. I won't
accept that! The only way I could
is if you tell me you don't love
me.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You cannot say it can you?!

LYTA
You know I love you.

Richard takes her in his arms and they kiss.

EXT. OVERVIEW LONDON, DAY.

Overview of London.

EXT. LAKE, DAY.

The lake is calm. Richard moves the rowboat smoothly across the water. He is engaged in a conversation with Lyta, when suddenly Lyta, feigning annoyance, stands up, causing the boat to almost tip over.

RICHARD
 (pulling her down on top
 of him)
 Are you trying to drown us both?

LYTA
 Are you afraid of a little water?

RICHARD
 (kissing her)
 Certainly not!

As they near the old elm tree, Richard suddenly turns the boat towards shore.

RICHARD
 I have a surprise, but you must
 promise to close your eyes.

LYTA
 A surprise. I love surprises!
 Very well then, I promise.

Richard resumes rowing to shore, where he assists Lyta out of the boat.

RICHARD
 Close your eyes tightly.

LYTA
 I shall fall.

RICHARD
 Trust me!

LYTA
 Should I?

RICHARD
You may open your eyes now.

EXT. LAKE, LYTA'S POV, DAY.

An elaborate picnic is laid out beneath the old elm tree. Covington is setting the wine in place.

EXT. LAKE, DAY.

LYTA
Oh My! -- Richard you remembered?
What of the owners?

RICHARD
Well it seems the owner, is a
client of ours. He immediately
made it available. --
(to Covington)
Covington, well done.

EXT. LAKE, LATER, DAY.

Lyta is placing the empty dishes in the basket. Richard is lying next to her, looking up at the sky.

RICHARD
An elephant. A rider less horse.

LYTA
Well, it is obvious that you have
had too much wine.

RICHARD
Come now. Everyone knows the cloud
game!

LYTA
The cloud game? I cannot recall...

RICHARD
No! No! This cannot be. Come on.
Lie down next to me. Come on. You
must lie down if I am to teach you.

LYTA
Very well.

RICHARD
On your back -- Now look at the
clouds and tell me what you see.

LYTA

Very well -- Hmm... I see clouds.
The pagans would say Summerland.

RICHARD

But, what do you see in them? In
their shapes?

LYTA

What do I see? I see two lovers.

RICHARD

How do you know they are lovers?

LYTA

They are locked in an embrace.

Richard leans on his elbow, looking down at her.

RICHARD

And now what are they doing?

LYTA

Now, they are kissing.

RICHARD

Kissing, hey?

LYTA

Passionately. You see, they are
very much in love -- but her father
has forbidden her to ever see him.
I'm afraid it is a farewell kiss.

RICHARD

Then, he's a fool. If he loves
her, he should not let anyone --
even her father -- drive them
apart.

Overwhelmed, Richard kisses her passionately.

EXT. SAVOY HOTEL, DAY.

Emily and Constance exit the building TALKING.

CONSTANCE

You mustn't over tire yourself.

EMILY

I'm fine really. Let me go with
you.

CONSTANCE

That's not necessary, Sinclair will
be at the bank all afternoon.

A hansom cab pulls up, the Doorman assists Constance inside.

EMILY

As you wish, but you need a strong
resolve in case he is there. You
need to rest before the meeting. I
want you back here by half past
four.

EXT. LAKE, DAY.

The lake is calm. Richard moves the rowboat smoothly across
the water. He is engaged in a conversation with Lyta. As
they approach the old elm tree Lyta is disappointed to see
the sign now reads, "Sold".

LYTA

Oh look our favorite's place has
been sold.

RICHARD

Come on. Let us take one last look
around for old times sake.

As they arrive on the top of the hill, they see the
foundation. A new house has already been laid.

LYTA

Tell me the new owner is also a
client?

RICHARD

As a matter of fact you know the
new owner as well.

Lyta looks at him puzzled.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You're the new owner.

Richard kneels down, taking Lyta's hand, removes an
engagement ring from his pocket, and places it on her finger.

RICHARD

That is if you will have us?

LYTA

Richard.

Richard gets up, takes her in his arms, kissing her.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, FOYER, LATER, DAY.

Constance is coming down the stairs. She stops at the bottom and looks around. Covington OPENS THE DOOR and Sinclair enters.

CONSTANCE

Sinclair! Why are you not at the bank?

SINCLAIR

Covington telephoned me about your return. I am pleased to see you have finally come to your senses. Now I have given this much thought. And I'm willing to put this all behind us.

CONSTANCE

SINCLAIR!

SINCLAIR

You need not apologize. I don't hold you responsible for...

Covington goes up the stairs and comes down carrying Constance's suitcases.

SINCLAIR

What is this? Constance you have tried my patience long enough.

CONSTANCE

Yes you are quite right Sinclair. You have been a terrible husband to me. I don't think you love or care for me at all.

SINCLAIR

Now see here. My patience is at an end. If you persist with this you will not be allowed to return. Have I not given you this...a house, servants, nice dresses, a position in society?

CONSTANCE

But what about love, understanding? Do you recognize my needs? I came to this marriage with one thousand pounds a year but yet I have no agency over that money. You control it all. I have to ask for everything I want. I'm in a gilded cage.

SINCLAIR,

I say, think of how you will be viewed as a divorced woman if you are determined for this sort of outcome.

CONSTANCE

I couldn't care less. (beat) You deprived me of a child. You haven't visited my bedroom in over 5 years, how am I expected to have a much longed for child.

Sinclair hangs his head.

SINCLAIR

Actually Constance I do care for you and I did my best. I just said I didn't want a child to spare you the terrible trauma of all those miscarriages.

CONSTANCE

I don't believe you. It was your fear of having a girl that made you such a reticent lover. It's too late for you to express this now Sinclair. You meddled with Lyta and Richard too. Can't you see that real love trumps skin color and social standing?

SINCLAIR

If this goes much further there will be no return. If Richards has a brown skinned child we'll all be the laughing stock and pariah's of society.

CONSTANCE

Fiddlesticks. I never heard such absolute nonsense. I've booked a suite at the Savoy and you will have the decency to pay the bills until we are sorted out. God knows I want the best for you, but also for myself.

Constance takes one last look around, then turns and walks out without looking back.

EXT. EAST END SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS, NIGHT.

Thomas watches as the building is surrounded by CONSTABLES.

INT. EAST END SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS, NIGHT.

The room is filled with SUFFRAGETTES. Constance and Lyta are in the audience. Emily, Annie Kenney and Sylvia Pankhurst are seated at the speaker's table. A heated debate is in progress.

LYTA

You cannot go around setting fires.

There is a mixed ROAR from the audience. In the background an ELDERLY WOMAN enters and sits down.

The following words are taken from actual transcripts.

ANNIE KENNEY

"We have no intention of setting random fires. In truth we have taken great care to minimize any danger. We have targeted only vacant buildings".

CONSTANCE

How can we be certain they're vacant?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Never forget we are at war. And in war some must be sacrificed.

The ELDERLY WOMAN is CHRISTABEL PANKHURST (25). Sylvia's very militant younger sister in disguise.

EMILY

Christabel Pankhurst!! How did you ever manage to get here? There's a warrant for your arrest.

The following words are taken from actual transcripts.

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST

I know. I join you at great personal risk. "The Government's Representatives are now, as I speak, expecting me at Bow Street. But I have decided that my engagement to meet you here is of far greater importance to me. I call on all men and women... To rush the House of Commons tomorrow evening at 7:30." At that time, I will surrender myself in full view of the press.

There is a ROAR of approval from the AUDIENCE.

INT. PIDDINGTON HOUSE, NIGHT

Sinclair is walking around the empty house alone in his own thoughts.

EXT. BOW STREET, FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, NIGHT.

Thomas, in uniform, is watching uneasily from the POLICE LINES. He is looking for Emily.

EXT. BOW STREET, FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, LATER, NIGHT.

Christabel and Sylvia Pankhurst lead Emily, looking around for Thomas, Lady Constance, Annie Kenney and the other SUFFRAGETTES slowly down the street. They are all SINGING the WSPU official anthem "Women's Marseillaise". Lyta, Richard and Melissa are walking side-by-side carrying a "Vote for Women" banner. There is the SOUND OF A POLICE WHISTLE.

FADE TO BLACK:

On the screen before the credits a homage to the Suffragettes



SUPER ON BLACK:

With the outbreak of World War I, the women called a temporary truce and manned the munitions factories and other essential services. It was not until January 10, 1918, that the House of Lords finally granted the right to vote to six million British women.

In 1979, Margaret Thatcher became the first woman elected Prime Minister of England. She served from 1979-1990. The Soviet military newspaper, "Red Star", nicknamed her "***The Iron Lady***".

Lady Constance Lytton**As Jane Warton**

Lady Constance Lytton was an influential WSPU (Women's Social and Political Union) British suffragette activist, writer, speaker and campaigner for Votes for Women.

She was subsequently imprisoned four times including once under the alias Jane Warton, where she was force fed while on a hunger strike. She chose the alias, Jane Warton, to avoid receiving special treatment and privileges because of her family title. She was the daughter of a Viceroy and her brother was a member of the House of Lords.

Her heart attack, stroke and early death at the age of 54 have been attributed in part to the trauma of hunger strikes and force feeding by the prison authorities.

Sylvia Pankhurst

Sylvia Pankhurst - was an English campaigner for the suffragist movement in the UK. She started to work full-time with the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) with her sister and her mother. She concentrated her activity on local campaigning with the East London Federation of the WSPU.

Annie Kenney

Annie Kenney was an English working class suffragette who became a leading figure in the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU). She attracted the attention of the press and the public in 1905 when she and Christabel Pankhurst were imprisoned for several days for assault and obstruction. This incident is credited with inaugurating a new phase in the struggle for women's suffrage in the UK with the adoption of militant tactics.

Miss Kenney was the only working class woman to become part of the senior hierarchy of the WSPU, becoming deputy in 1912, unusual in such a middle class organization.

Dame Christabel Pankhurst

Christabel Pankhurst - The cofounder of the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU). In 1905, Christabel interrupted a Liberal Party meeting by shouting demands for voting rights for women. She was arrested and along with fellow suffragette Annie Kenney, went to prison rather than pay a fine as punishment for their outburst. Their case gained much media attention and the ranks of the WSPU swelled following their trial.

Nicknamed "Queen of the Mob", she was jailed again in 1907 in Parliament Square and 1909 after the "Rush Trial" at Bow Street.

The End