

EMMA Always thought I'd die before getting on a train again.

PAUL Don't worry, it's fine. I've already died in a train crash.

int. train. early morning.

Quite busy, but they have seats facing each other and room overhead for their bags. They grip each other's hands, tightly. Whistles. The train starts to pull away. Tension. Her nails bite into his hands. He suddenly starts crying; as the train gathers speed, tears drain from him.

PAUL I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry.

She holds him, hugs him. He cries into her shoulder, sobbing and sobbing. She is smiling with beaming radiance as she comforts her brother.

int. train. day.

Paul sleeping, his head against the window. Emma staring at him with wonder and love. Train more crowded. It pulls into a station, very busy outside. People pack onto the train. Paul wakes up, looks around, disoriented.

EMMA Casablanca.

They smile.

PAUL How are you?

EMMA *(Looking around at the people pressing in.)*
Coping.

On the platform, she thinks she sees something. Presses her face to the glass. In the crowd on the platform, there's Alan, walking along beside the train, looking anxiously in at the windows, looking for her. The train pulls out of the station. He disappears from view. Emma sits back in her seat. It happened so quickly, with a shake of her head she dismisses it.

PAUL Sure your ok?

EMMA Just the train. Who's Nina? You said her name. In your sleep.

PAUL Oh christ.

EMMA A few times over.

PAUL I say anything else?

EMMA Just Nina. Nina.

PAUL Mina. Mina was Avignon. Am I still dreaming about her?

EMMA Tell me about her.

She nods encouragement; nervously trying to focus and not think about the crowded train. Paul undoes his shirt, opens it at the breast, shows Emma on his heart the tattooed word 'Mina'. Does his shirt back up, looking shiftily around at the passengers. Emma lets out a half laugh/half gasp.

PAUL Tells you everything about Mina. A woman you'd lose everything for. I nearly lost me life.

EMMA No, Paul.

PAUL Train at hundred and twenty-five miles per hour couldn't smash me up, but Mina could. Was having a decent life in Avignon. I don't need a lot to live.

ext. Avignon streets. day

The rooftops and alleyways of the old town.

Paul walking down a narrow street, guitar on his back.

PAUL (VO) Winter months I worked as a casual backstage in the local theatres; in the summer, would earn as much busking.

Paul busking in a square.

A well dressed Woman sits on a step smoking, watching him. We never see her face.

PAUL (VO) She stopped to listen to me, and stayed an hour, really listening. Was just playing to her in the end, forgot about the crowd. Was used

to talking to travellers, students, sharing
spliffs, going off for beers. But Mina wasn't
part of that crowd. She was different. Older.

Paul packing his guitar away. He turns and looks over his shoulder; the
Woman stands in the doorway and with two flicks brushes herself down. He
sees her properly for the first time; and he stares at her, immobilised, rooted
to the spot, speechless. Weirdly and inappropriately he suddenly laughs.
She starts walking. He starts walking after her.

PAUL (VO) I followed her. She walked for an hour, me
following, couldn't do anything else but
follow her. She tried to shake me off. I
couldn't let her go.

Paul following the Woman down twisting mediaval streets.

ext. Avignon streets. night.

He stands at the top of a narrow street, watching her walk through the door
of a restaurant. He hesitates, then follows. Watches her through the window.

PAUL (VO) Knew was trouble. I couldn't help myself.

She looks up and sees him. Staring at him, she shakes her head. He walks in.

int. restaurant. night.

They sit closely at a table in a dark room, lit by candles. The Restaurant
Owner, a gravelly face, places bread and wine on their table, watching them
closely. Paul's face, BCU, listening to her, gazing at her.

PAUL (VO) She said what do you want. I couldn't speak.
She told me things. Told me about her family.
Her dad, an industrialist who fled the Nazis,
leaving his fortune behind. She grew up
wandering from country to country, living in
boarding houses and sometimes in ditches.
She educated herself, taught herself to read,
learnt five different languages, history, art,
music. And at the age of eighteen she changed
her name and passed herself off as French

woman and created a whole history for herself, a whole family, talked her way into university without a certificate to her name.

Cut to/

int. train. day.

The train is less crowded now.

PAUL We were both strangers, both acting out being someone else.

EMMA She knew about you?

PAUL As much as I could tell her. My head still not together. That night we said everything, did everything, we burned it up in one night.

int. restaurant. night.

The restaurant is closed and the lights are out. The Woman takes a bottle from the cellar and puts it on the table. They look at each other, she shakes her head again but this time smiles; they embrace, kissing passionately. They slide down underneath the table, kissing, biting, pulling at each other's clothes. Cut to/

PAUL (VO) We drank. She told me she was married, we had no future,. He was a local politician, ambitious, nothing would stand in his way. I told her I loved her and would love her forever. She said we'd never see each other again. She left while I slept.

Paul sleeping on the table; the Woman kisses his head, takes off a ring and puts it on his finger, then leaves, unlocking the door and slipping out onto the street.

int. tattoo shop. day.

Paul having his chest tattooed.

PAUL (VO) Walking home that morning, a tattooist was opening his shop, so I walked in. Back at my attic room, some men were waiting for me.

int. train. day.

Emma holds his head as he speaks, looking at him with deep concern.

PAUL They made it clear I should not stay in town.

Cut to/

int. attic room. day.

Mute. Paul standing in the doorway, looking at Two Men waiting for him. He turns to go back out of the room but a Third Man is standing there who shoves him back in.

Fists and kicks rain down on him, books and crockery go flying, as the Men set about him.

One grabs his guitar and smashes it around his head. Cut to/

int. train. day.

Paul turns his head to show the back of his neck; an old scar runs down it. Emma strokes it.

PAUL Made her mark more than one way.

EMMA You never saw her again?

PAUL Packed one bag and got a taxi to the airport. Flew to Frankfurt, then on to Marrakech. Was the first ticket going.

EMMA This was four years ago?

PAUL Not been with a woman since. I haven't the heart.

EMMA One night Paul. Can she have been worth all that?

PAUL 'Course.

EMMA What the hell could she have no other woman's got?

PAUL Sis, not jealous are you?

EMMA Feel sick. Where's the-

She gets out of her seat and rushes down the aisle of the train. Cut to/

ext. train. day.

The wheels of an express train hurtling along a track. Loud clattering of the wheels.

int. train. day.

They sit next to each other, arms round each other.

EMMA As long as you were telling me stories, forgot I was on a train. Then suddenly. Like waking up, out of one of those lovely dreams, where I'm with you and you're alive and we're happy. Then wake up and you're dead. Scared this is just a dream, not real.

PAUL It's real, Sis.

19.00 TANGIER TO CADIZ

ext. ferry. evening.

Emma and Paul, arm in arm, watch the harbour as the boat pulls away. Emma looking keenly at the people on the quay, waving to the boat. A moment of thinking she sees someone – but it isn't who she thinks. Some guy. She looks at Paul.

EMMA Leave me again I'll kill you.

PAUL I'm coming home with you.

Her phone is ringing. He looks at her. Angry, she looks at the phone. Then she hurls it off the boat into the sea. Paul watches it drop into the water.