

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

Written by  
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Based on the Novel by D. H. Lawrence

IN THE BLACK:

CONNIE (V.O.)  
I, Constance Reid, take you  
Clifford Chatterley to be my  
lawfully wedded husband....

EXT. PHOTO SETTING, LONDON, AUTUMN 1918 - DAY

CLOSE on the piercing blue eyes of CONSTANCE REID ("CONNIE" - 23). She wears a simple modern wedding dress that reflects wartime austerity.

V.O. of Connie taking her wedding vows plays over the scene:

CONNIE (V.O.)  
To have and to hold from this day  
forward. For better for worse, for  
richer for poorer, in sickness and  
in health...

PULL BACK to reveal CLIFFORD CHATTERLEY (late 20s) beside her in military uniform, a black armband on his left sleeve. They pose together in front of a painted cloth backdrop covering a dilapidated wall.

A FLASH LAMP goes off as their photo is taken.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S HOME, CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Connie's sister HILDA (24) helps Connie change out of her wedding gown. They are both laughing, feeling the effects of the cocktails they sip.

HILDA  
How does it feel?

CONNIE  
I don't know. Ask me tomorrow.  
(As she struggles with her  
wedding gown:)  
I need to get out of this dress.

Hilda helps Connie change into a more flattering 'Bohemian' dress. Connie studies herself in the mirror.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
How do I look?

HILDA  
I doubt Clifford will want to stay  
long at the reception.

Connie smirks. She sits at a dressing table; Hilda begins fixing Connie's hair.

CONNIE

You don't think Clifford's mother would have approved?

HILDA

I'm not entirely sure I do.

CONNIE

Are we talking about the dress now, Hilda? Or the marriage?

HILDA

Oh, stop it, Connie. I shouldn't have said anything - it's been a whirlwind, that's all.

CONNIE

Clifford goes back to the front in the morning. Imagine if we waited and something terrible happened.

HILDA

Couldn't you have just had sex with him?

CONNIE

(She laughs.)

Be serious.

HILDA

I am. It's much less commitment, and it's all most men want anyway.

CONNIE

Clifford's not like that. He's kind, he's thoughtful and he makes me feel safe. His family is more traditional than ours, I suppose, but his own views are quite progressive.

HILDA

Really? Does he know about that German boy of yours?

CONNIE

Yes. He said it didn't matter - and it shouldn't. It was before the war-

HILDA

You don't have to convince me. I had my own German boy.

CONNIE  
Yes, well, mine is dead.

HILDA  
That's just it, Connie - I don't  
want to see you get hurt again. You  
open your heart so easily -

CONNIE  
I do not! For heaven's sake -

CLIFFORD (O.S.)  
Reinforcements have arrived!

Clifford enters carrying drinks.

CONNIE  
(Reaching for her drink:)  
And you've read my mind.

CLIFFORD  
I nearly drank yours on the way up.

HILDA  
Oh, dear. What now?

CLIFFORD  
Our fathers are preparing their  
toasts. Mine is making patriotic  
speeches about the war effort to my  
ushers, most of whom are being held  
together with bandages.

CONNIE  
Shall we face them together, then?

CLIFFORD  
Of course.  
(He grins, admiring her  
dress.)  
You look stunning, Connie.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S HOME - DAY

FAMILY and FRIENDS, including men in uniform, have gathered  
downstairs for a small wedding reception. A PIANIST plays.

Connie and Clifford appear on the steps to applause. They  
come downstairs to greet their fathers - SIR GEOFFREY  
CHATTERLEY (70s, frail, wears a black armband) and Connie's  
father, SIR MALCOLM REID (50s, in a kilt). Sir Geoffrey  
raises his glass.

SIR GEOFFREY  
 (Clearly inebriated:)  
 To Clifford and Connie - our new  
 hope for an heir to Wragby.

Others raise their glasses as well. Geoffrey's toast rankles Clifford, though he does his best to remain civil.

CLIFFORD  
 Please, Father - that's not why we  
 married.

SIR GEOFFREY  
 Why else has a baronet ever  
 married?

CLIFFORD  
 I married because I found Connie.

CONNIE  
 And I you.

The crowd approves. Malcolm raises a hand, gestures toward a wedding cake.

SIR MALCOLM  
 We would like to thank those who  
 donated their butter and sugar  
 rations to help us celebrate.

Laughter. Geoffrey interrupts Malcolm, growing emotional.

SIR GEOFFREY  
 We have all sacrificed so much to  
 protect our traditions. So much...

Pause. Malcolm finally breaks the silence, raising his glass.

SIR MALCOLM  
 To the next generation of  
 Chatterleys.

Everyone toasts. The pianist plays a foxtrot; all watch as Clifford and Connie dance their first dance together.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connie sits on the bed in her nightgown. Clifford is just visible in the adjoining dressing room, preparing for bed.

CLIFFORD  
 "Why else has a baronet ever  
 married?" Unbelievable.  
 (MORE)

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

If he really cared about his legacy, he wouldn't have shoved two sons and half his workers into battle.

CONNIE

Do you want children, Clifford?

CLIFFORD

(Entering the bedroom:)  
Some day. But for our sake, not my Father's. Assuming you would...

CONNIE

I would, yes. In time.

Clifford stops, overcome with shyness at the sight of Connie.

CLIFFORD

Look at you, then, Lady Chatterley.

CONNIE

(Smirking:)  
That will take getting used to.

Connie pulls the curtains and leads Clifford over to the bed. Clifford sits, anxious. He kisses her. Connie leads his hand to her breast; he abruptly pulls away.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are you alright - ?

CLIFFORD

No, it's - sorry. I can't stop thinking about going back to the front. I know I'll be fine, but -

CONNIE

We don't have to do anything.

CLIFFORD

No. I - I want to.

Clifford moves closer, hesitant. Connie kisses him and pulls him down onto the bedcovers, positioning him over her...

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOME - DAY

The next morning. Clifford and Connie come out the front entrance of Malcolm's house. Clifford is in uniform and carries a kit bag. A CHAUFFEUR hurries forward to take the kit bag and put it in the boot of his waiting car.

Clifford turns to face Connie, trying to find the right words to say goodbye.

CONNIE

You're sure you don't want me to see you off at the station?

CLIFFORD

Thanks - let's not make a ceremony of it, shall we?

Connie embraces him. Beat. Clifford grows emotional and pulls away, trying to keep his emotions in check.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I love you, Con.

Connie watches uneasily as Clifford gets in the car. The Chauffeur closes the door and climbs into the driver's seat.

ON CONNIE'S FACE as she speaks to Clifford through the open side window of the car -

CONNIE

I look forward to your letters.

CLIFFORD

I'll write to you every day.

The engine starts. Connie watches as the car drives away.

FADE OUT, THEN:

I/E. A MOTORCAR/ARCHIVAL WW1 FOOTAGE - MONTAGE

As Clifford is driven off to the front, an old 78 rpm record plays a rousing rendition of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." ARCHIVAL FILM FOOTAGE plays against the window of his car: soldiers smile, waving at the camera; they march in formation and bayonet piles of hay, practicing...

As the song continues, we begin to see ACTUAL BATTLE FOOTAGE.

- Men charge back and forth across barb-wired fields, scrambling in terror as bombs explode all around..
- Hollow-eyed soldiers gaze up out of trenches..
- Tanks roll into battle, planes fly overhead, bombs fall..
- A bomb hits a building, destroying it. The MUSIC STOPS.

I/E. A MOTORCAR/TEVERSHALL, WINTER - DAY

Time has passed; snow now covers the landscape. Clifford and Connie ride through the countryside in their chauffeured car.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*Dearest Hilda. I knew the war would change us all, but I just wasn't sure how much. It feels as though it ended half a lifetime ago, not half a year...*

A small, grim village comes into view. The smokestacks of the nearby coal mine tower over humble dwellings; the snow is covered in soot ash. Exhausted men walk along the road; women and children stare out from doorways.

Connie looks vaguely troubled as she takes in the town.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.) (CONT'D)

*We've already moved away from London, and we've just arrived at Wragby, Clifford's family estate...*

I/E. THE MOTORCAR/WRAGBY, WINTER - DAY

The car pulls up before Wragby, a brown manse showing signs of neglect. The housekeeper and her husband, MR. and MRS. WARREN, stand out front, bowing as the car arrives.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*Once we're settled in, I expect to write you often.*

(Signing off:)

*Your loving sister, Connie.*

Mr. Warren rolls a wheelchair over to the car and opens Clifford's door. Clifford, whose legs are now paralyzed, tries to get into the chair with as little help as possible.

MRS. WARREN

Welcome home, Sir Clifford. We've been praying for you.

Once Clifford is seated, Mr. Warren starts to push the wheelchair. Clifford holds up a hand to stop him.

CLIFFORD

No - I can manage, thank you.

(Gesturing to Connie:)

Mr. and Mrs. Warren, this is my wife, the new Lady Chatterley.

MRS. WARREN  
 (Bowing again.)  
 It is so nice to meet you, m'lady.

CLIFFORD  
 Where are all the other servants?

MRS. WARREN  
 Your father's lawyers let the  
 others go. But plenty are looking  
 for work now that the war is over.

CLIFFORD  
 Good. There's plenty of work to be  
 done. Hire back all the workers you  
 can, Mrs. Warren; we'll replace the  
 rest.

(Glancing to the house:)  
 The old girl has seen better days.

Connie takes in the home's disrepair. She nods, determined.

CONNIE  
 We'll bring her back to life.

INT. WRAGBY ENTRY/CLIFFORD'S BEDROOM/LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Everyone enters Wragby's grand main entry hall. Connie takes  
 in the stuffy, austere surroundings.

MRS. WARREN  
 We thought you might like to use  
 your father's old study as the  
 master bedroom so you don't have to  
 bother with all the stairs.

Clifford wheels himself over to a side door that leads into a  
 library. He nods, turns to Mr. Warren and the Chauffeur.

CLIFFORD  
 No, put the luggage in here - we'll  
 use the library as the master.

Connie enters a dreary room, filled to the brim with academic  
 texts and furniture covered in sheets.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
 What could be more inspiring for a  
 writer than to sleep among books?

Connie crosses to Clifford, who gazes at an old worn chair.  
 He glances up, smiles to avoid being maudlin.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

This is where they found Father.  
They said his heart gave out; I  
think he died of chagrin.

Connie squeezes his shoulder, her heart going out to him.

CONNIE

That's all done, Clifford. Life is  
what we make of it now.

(Turning to Mrs. Warren.)

Could you open some curtains, Mrs.  
Warren? We need light in here.

MRS. WARREN

Of course, m'lady.

Connie nods her thanks, taking in her new surroundings.  
Clifford notices her unease.

CLIFFORD

You should have a look around.

CONNIE

I will.

CLIFFORD

You're welcome to use the private  
room above the library, with all of  
the family portraits -

(Finding this amusing:)

You can have the whole of the  
second floor, now I think of it.

Connie smiles reassuringly, kissing him on the forehead.

CONNIE

Welcome home, Clifford.

Clifford watches her as she goes upstairs.

INT. CONNIE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Connie enters a dim Victorian bedroom. She draws the  
curtains, then notices the family photographs that line the  
walls.

A picture of Clifford's mother gazes sternly at Connie from  
over the bed.

INT. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - NIGHT

LATER - Connie stands before Clifford, trying to figure out how to best move him from his wheelchair to the mattress. Together, they struggle to move him. Eventually they succeed.

CONNIE

I think I'm getting the hang of it.

Clifford unbuttons his shirt; Connie gets Clifford's pajamas from one of their trunks and brings them over.

CLIFFORD

You know, I've been thinking of expanding on my short story about Cambridge, turning it into a novel.

CONNIE

Oh, that's a wonderful idea! I can't wait to read it.

CLIFFORD

You'll be my editor?

Clifford puts on the pajama top. Connie helps him out of his trousers, revealing raw scars that cover his legs and torso.

CONNIE

Of course! Typist, proofreader - I'll submit my application.

CLIFFORD

I'll kick it to the top of the pile.

Connie loses her balance as she slides his pajama bottoms up, nearly toppling onto him. She laughs, landing beside him.

CONNIE

The bed is softer than I imagined.  
(Staring at the ceiling.)  
First night at Wragby.

Clifford smiles, amused. Connie turns to him, their faces suddenly close. She puts a hand on Clifford's torso, tenderly tracing the web of scars with her fingertips. She kisses them gently, slowly making her way up to his lips. Clifford kisses her back, nervous - Connie takes his hand and guides it between her legs.

Suddenly Clifford stiffens and pulls away.

CLIFFORD

I'm sorry, Con. I just can't anymore. I'm so sorry.

CONNIE

It's alright. Don't worry.

CLIFFORD

You'll be fine?

Connie nods, hiding hurt. She settles in beside him, uncertain, as Clifford reaches to turn out the light.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

This is misfortune, but you'll see.  
We'll be happy here. At Wragby.

Clifford flips the switch, casting them into darkness.

I/E. WRAGBY/BACK ENTRANCE, LATE WINTER - DAY

WORKERS stand on scaffolding in front of the house, clearing away thick ivy, scrubbing and repointing the stones.

INSIDE, SERVANTS replace old furniture - including Sir Geoffrey's chair - with more modern pieces.

INT. WRAGBY, ENTRANCE HALL/STUDY/DINING ROOM - INTERCUT

JOB APPLICANTS enter and break off into separate lines - men line up outside the study; women outside the dining room.

IN MONTAGE, we see multiple applicants being interviewed -

IN HIS STUDY, Clifford interviews male job applicants - the first a man named BETTS (40s)...

BETTS

Horace Betts. I've been a gardener  
10 years. I'm a strong, hardworking  
man, and I will not let you down.

IN THE DINING ROOM, Connie interviews female job applicants - including LILY (23, anxious)...

LILY

Lily Wheedon. My mum worked for Sir  
Geoffrey.

CONNIE

(Looking up from her C.V.)  
Oh, really?

Back in the STUDY - OLIVER MELLORS (30s) stands silently before the desk as Clifford reads his C.V.

CLIFFORD

Oliver Mellors... You worked for my father before the war?

MELLORS

(Midlands accent:)  
Aye, sir.

CLIFFORD

(Off the C.V., surprised:)  
You were an army lieutenant?

MELLORS

I was.

CLIFFORD

Do you honestly believe returning to life as a gamekeeper will be... satisfying, after your time as an officer?

MELLORS

Bit of quiet'd do me good. I seen enough what war does to men.

CLIFFORD

... As have I. Very well, then.  
Welcome back, Mr. Mellors.

Back in the DINING ROOM, Connie continues to look over Lily's qualifications...

CONNIE

You must know your way around the estate better than I do.

LILY

Oh no, m'lady - I couldn't visit while my mother was working.

CONNIE

(Takes this in. Beat.)  
In that case we'll have to learn our way around together then, won't we, Lily?

Lily blinks in surprise, realizing she's just been hired.

As soon as Lily departs, another woman in her 30s steps up, handing her application to Connie. Connie takes it and forces a smile, clearly a bit overwhelmed.

MAID

My name is Kelly Martin, m'lady.  
I've been a maid for over five  
years...

PAN TO THE WINDOW as WINTER FADES TO EARLY SPRING...

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*Dear Hilda, I'm a thoughtless lout  
for not writing sooner...*

EXT. WRAGBY/SIDE OF THE HOUSE - DAY

EARLY SPRING: Connie steps outside, taking in the day. The snow is gone, as is the scaffolding in front of the house. Birds sing. Crocuses burst up along a muddy path.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*In my defense, Wragby needed an  
enormous amount of tending to, but  
we finally have a full staff who  
have done wonders in restoring the  
place...*

NEAR THE HOUSE, the new gardener, Betts, prunes the bushes.

INT. CLIFFORD'S BEDROOM/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Connie helps Clifford into bed. She climbs in after him; they turn away from each other before Clifford switches the light.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*Clifford's strength has returned.  
I'm still the only one he's willing  
to let help him, but every day he  
can do more and more on his own.*

INT. CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Connie types as Clifford dictates.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*He's writing all the time, which  
keeps his spirits up, and he's  
nearly finished his first novel.*

LATER - Connie retypes a page of text covered in her own pencil notes. She stops typing to make another edit. Silence.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.) (CONT'D)

*It is quiet here in the country. I  
miss the life we had in London and  
of course I miss you.*

(MORE)

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*But we have to live, I suppose - no  
 matter how many skies have fallen.*

INT. WRAGBY ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

The house is filled with GUESTS, all of them men. They discuss politics as cigars smolder in ashtrays. Connie sits by the window, smiling politely but keeping her distance.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)  
*We have had some guests, mostly  
 Clifford's old bachelor friends -  
 it's hardly surprising that most of  
 them haven't found a woman, believe  
 me. Now and again, we also get  
 visits from writers whose advice  
 Clifford has sought out...*

Clifford talks with MICHAELIS (30s), an Irish playwright with a Dublin accent and a taste for fine suits. He glances at Connie, who nods to him. His gaze lingers. She looks away.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Apparently, my old friends all seem  
 to think misfortune is contagious.*

INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY

Another day. Connie sits, restless, reading a book. In the light of day her features have begun to look drawn, weary.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)  
*I know you and Owen have been  
 traveling everywhere since the war  
 ended, but once you have settled  
 back home, I would love to see you.*

INT. CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Clifford is at his desk writing in longhand. Connie enters.

CONNIE  
 Am I interrupting - ?

CLIFFORD  
 Not at all. What is it?

CONNIE  
 I was thinking of going to London  
 for a few days. To visit Hilda.

CLIFFORD  
 And leaving me to fend for myself?

CONNIE

You do have a houseful of servants.

CLIFFORD

I don't need servants, I need you.  
Why don't you invite Hilda to  
visit? She'd be more than welcome.

CONNIE

I have - but she can't get away  
from London for a few weeks.

CLIFFORD

I'm glad at least she can come.

Beat. Connie turns to go.

CONNIE

I'm going out for a walk.

CLIFFORD

Why? We can send Mrs. Warren for  
anything you want.

CONNIE

(With more frustration  
than she intends:)

I don't need anything, Clifford. I  
would just like a walk, is all.

CLIFFORD

(Surprised.)

Very well, then, dear. As you like.

Connie nods, leaves. Clifford gazes after her.

EXT. WRAGBY/HILL BY THE SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Connie slips out the side door and makes her way down the  
hillside toward the woods.

EXT. THE WOODS/STREAM BY A BRIDGE, WRAGBY - DAY

Connie strikes out through the woods, restless. She comes to  
a stream that runs beneath a bridge and sits down next to it,  
running her fingers through the gentle current.

Something rustles. Connie turns, surprised to see an  
affectionate dog bounding over to greet her.

CONNIE

Hello, there.

MELLORS (O.S.)  
 Flossie! Where are you?

Connie turns to look just as Mellors appears on the bridge above, calling out toward the other side. He wears heavy boots and carries a rifle.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
 Flossie! Come 'ere, lass!

Connie quietly gestures for Flossie to go to him. As the dog bounds off toward the bridge, Connie rises.

UP ON THE BRIDGE, Mellors turns as Flossie comes running towards him, the two walking off into the woods. Connie appears at the far end of the bridge, watching Mellors go.

INT. WRAGBY, THE BATHROOM - DAY

Clifford sits in his wheelchair in a robe, head turned away in embarrassment as Connie trims his toenails.

CONNIE  
 ... And I found a lovely little  
 stream that runs through the woods -

CLIFFORD  
 I know the place. I doubt I'm able  
 to get there anymore.

CONNIE  
 I'm sure we could find a way to go  
 there if you'd like.

She rises, done. Clifford slips out of his robe and rolls over to the tub, which has a board across to help him get in. He prepares to climb into the tub.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
 You ready?

Clifford nods. Connie puts her arms around Clifford and lifts him out of the chair. He leans over onto the board.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
 Don't lean away so much.

CLIFFORD  
 You're going to drop me - let go!

CONNIE  
 I'm not going to drop you!

CLIFFORD

Just... there we go. That's fine.  
Just let me go there.

Connie does so. Clifford slides himself onto the board, then slowly lowers himself the rest of the way in.

CONNIE

See? You didn't need my help at all.

Beat. He stares at the water.

CLIFFORD

There must be times you hate me for this.

CONNIE

What?? No!

CLIFFORD

I wouldn't blame you. There are days I wish I hadn't made it back.

CONNIE

Clifford... Don't talk like that.

Clifford looks up, his fear and insecurity showing.

CLIFFORD

I'd be lost without you, you know.

CONNIE

(Beat.)

Let's open the windows, shall we?  
Get some fresh air in here.

Clifford nods, sensing her unease. Connie opens the curtains.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I don't think I've ever seen the skies so clear.

CLIFFORD

There's no smoke in the air. The mines are closed for May Day.  
(A sudden enthusiasm:)  
You should go down to Tevershall. See the fair. You can, you know. Just be back in time for tea.

CONNIE

Yes... I might.

EXT. THE STREETS OF TEVERSHALL - DAY

A May Day festival. Men raise the maypole as onlookers cheer; nearby, villagers dance in celebration. Connie rides into town on a bicycle, passing wounded veterans, children and families. She notices stares from the crowd and dismounts, pushing the bicycle the rest of the way through town.

LOCAL WOMEN decorate tables with flowers. Connie sees Lily, the new cook, laughing with them, daisies tucked in her hair. Connie waves. Lily notices her, lowers her eyes and curtsies respectfully. Connie stiffens, nods politely and moves on.

A woman, MRS. FLINT (mid-20s) passes. Connie notices that the child in her arms (JOSEPHINE, 1) carries flower necklaces. The child offers one of them to Connie.

CONNIE

Oh, that's so kind. Thank you!

Mrs. Flint turns, surprised and slightly intimidated.

MRS. FLINT

Oh! Happy May Day to you, my Lady!

CONNIE

Happy May Day.

(Greeting baby Josephine:)

Who's this? She's precious.

MRS. FLINT

This is my Josephine. Can you say hello to Lady Chatterley?

The girl turns away, hiding her face. Connie laughs.

CONNIE

I seem to be having that effect on people today.

MRS. FLINT

I'm Mrs. Flint. I'm a schoolteacher here in the village.

CONNIE

I'm Connie. Lovely to meet you.

MRS. FLINT

My husband leases Marehay Farm from your estate. It's not far from you.

PROTESTORS march through the street, singing a protest song.

PROTESTORS (O.S.)  
*Side by side we fight forever -  
 More in numbers makes them stop.  
 Just as long as we stand together -*

One miner stares directly at Connie as they approach, then pushes her aside as they pass. A POLICEMAN grabs him. The miner resists. A SECOND POLICEMAN rushes forward and clubs the man. Connie gasps.

MRS. FLINT  
 You should come with me, my Lady.

CONNIE  
 What was that?

Mrs. Flint, carrying Josephine, walks a shaken Connie away from the protestors. Connie pushes her bicycle.

MRS. FLINT  
 The miners. They're out protesting again.

CONNIE  
 Again? That happens a lot?

MRS. FLINT  
 They must've been from one of the other mines - they'd lose their jobs if they marched like that through their own village.

CONNIE  
 Do the Tevershall men go off and protest in the other villages?

MRS. FLINT  
 I wouldn't know. I may teach their children, but I'm an outsider when it comes to the miner's wives.

CONNIE  
 That makes two of us.

MRS. FLINT  
 (Lightening the mood:)  
 You should come to Marehay one day.  
 We'd love to have you.

CONNIE  
 I'd love that. Thank you.

EXT. WRAGBY, HILL BY THE SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Clifford wheels his chair toward the park, Connie behind. She notices Mellors and Flossie ahead, just over the rise.

CONNIE

Where are we going?

CLIFFORD

You've always wanted me to join you on one of your walks. I thought of somewhere I'd like to show you.

He struggles as the chair wheels sink into thick mud.

CONNIE

I don't think your chair was made for this.

CLIFFORD

(Frustrated, calling:)

Mellors!

(As he arrives:)

I wondered if you wouldn't mind helping us get this chair started again? Connie - have you met Mellors, our new gamekeeper?

Mellors removes his hat and bows, his manner subservient and distant. Flossie, though, recognizes Connie and hurries up to greet her.

MELLORS

Flossie! Get down, there.

CONNIE

(As she pets the dog:)

It's all right. She's just being friendly, aren't you?

(To Mellors:)

You've been at Wragby some time, Mr. Mellors?

MELLORS

Raised here, your Ladyship.

As Mellors pushes Clifford's chair along the muddy path, Connie notices he is breathing through parted lips, his face pale from the effort.

CONNIE

Do you need some help?

CLIFFORD  
Mellors is perfectly capable of  
pushing on his own.

Mellors gets the chair back on level ground, sets it down.

MELLORS  
Nothin' else, Sir?

CLIFFORD  
Nothing else. Good day.

Clifford wheels himself forward without a backward glance.

CONNIE  
(To Mellors:)  
That was kind of you. I hope it  
wasn't too heavy.

Mellors glances over, surprised - his eyes meeting Connie's. He remembers himself and quickly glances away, speaking with barely a trace of the Midlands accent he affected while 'playing the role of servant' moments before.

MELLORS  
Oh no, not heavy. Good day to your  
Ladyship.

He bows slightly, turns to leave. Connie watches him go.

EXT. THE KNOLL - DAY

Connie and Clifford climb to the top of the knoll.

CLIFFORD  
I used to come up here as a lad,  
sit for hours. One of the finest  
views in all the Midlands...

They come over the crest of the knoll and stop. A wide swath of land ahead has been completely cleared of trees.

CONNIE  
... What happened to all the trees?

CLIFFORD  
(He snorts in disbelief.)  
Looks as though father had them cut  
down to build trenches - another  
sacrifice for the war effort.

CONNIE  
I'm sorry, Clifford.

She squeezes his shoulder. He glances up at her. She looks tired, features drawn and pale. Beat. He comes to a decision.

CLIFFORD

I want to restore these woods. If places like this aren't preserved, there'll be no England left at all. Our way of life will end, never mind all we gave up to defend it.

(Pause.)

I mind not being able to have a son here more than any other place.

Connie looks over at Clifford, realizing that the conversation has taken a serious turn.

CONNIE

I'm sorry we can't have one.

A pause. Clifford looks at her.

CLIFFORD

It would almost be a good thing if you had a son by another man.

Connie laughs, then stops herself.

CONNIE

... You're not serious?

CLIFFORD

Well... Why not?

CONNIE

*Why not??* Because we're married - I married *you*, Clifford. Why would you even suggest such a thing?

CLIFFORD

You told me how much you would love a child. This way you could have one. To dote on, to fill your days. As far as anyone else knows, I might still be capable of fathering a child. If we brought him up at Wragby, he would be ours.

CONNIE

(Amazed:)

What about the other man?

CLIFFORD

You had that lover in Germany - what does it matter now? Nothing.

CONNIE

That was before we were married.

CLIFFORD

And if it happens again, life will go on. Why should it matter if you sleep with another man once or twice, so long as we don't lose one another?

CONNIE

Do you really mean that?

CLIFFORD

Well, of course I wouldn't want you to yield yourself completely to him, but the mechanical act of sex is nothing compared to a life lived together. As long as you govern your emotions accordingly, we ought to be able to arrange this thing as easily as a trip to the dentist.

CONNIE

(Eyes wide, amazed:)

A trip to... ? And wouldn't you mind *what* man's child I had?

CLIFFORD

Oh, no - I trust your judgement. You wouldn't let the wrong sort of man touch you. It would have to be someone with the utmost discretion. The Chatterley name depends on it.

(Beat.)

What do you think?

A pause. The conversation has quite overwhelmed Connie.

CONNIE

Would you expect me to tell you who the man was?

CLIFFORD

(Beat, shakes his head.)

It's better I don't know.

CONNIE

An heir means that much to you?

CLIFFORD

It means a lot to the people here. I know you can do it for them. And for the Chatterleys.

(MORE)

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

(He grips her hand.)

You and I vowed to one another that we'd always be together. If the lack of a child threatens those vows, we should have a child. You do agree with me, don't you?

Long pause. Connie is stunned.

EXT. WRAGBY, THE FIELDS - DAY

Connie walks alongside Clifford as they head back to the house, lost in thought. Finally:

CONNIE

I'm going ahead. I have to get ready for our guests this evening.

CLIFFORD

Okay.

She walks ahead of Clifford, clearly shaken by his proposal - the shock and wonder on her face gradually giving way to resolve.

INT. WRAGBY, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Another social gathering of Clifford's friends. Connie sips wine, half-listening to one of Clifford's excruciatingly dull bachelor friends as Clifford speaks with Michaelis.

MICHAELIS

They're all talking about your book in London. It's good work.

CLIFFORD

You think so? I wanted to write something special. Not just popular - really first class.

Connie excuses herself from her conversation, crossing the room, taking in the features of the men she passes - enjoying the license Clifford's proposal has given her. She notices Clifford's BACHELOR FRIENDS engaged in 'intellectual debate.' None of these pompous men are attractive to Connie at all.

Michaelis appears beside her. He nods toward Clifford's friends and leans in, speaking quietly:

MICHAELIS

Do you imagine they've solved the world's problems yet?

CONNIE

(She smiles.)

I'm sure they think they have.

MICHAELIS

It's a shame they'll have forgotten their solutions by daybreak.

CONNIE

You're a writer. Maybe you could go take notes for them.

MICHAELIS

I doubt I'd be welcome in that drinking circle, even as secretary.

CONNIE

(A beat, understanding.)

It isn't my world either, really.

MICHAELIS

But you grew up in it, didn't you?

CONNIE

Hardly. My father's an artist. I grew up in rented villas and woke each morning to the smell of turpentine.

MICHAELIS

Sounds like quite the Bohemian lifestyle. There must be days you don't feel like a Lady at all.

Michaelis gestures casually as he speaks, his fingertips brushing Connie's wrist as though by accident. Connie notices, but doesn't react. She glances over toward Clifford, sees he is watching intently from across the room, aware of how closely she and Michaelis are standing together.

MICHAELIS (CONT'D)

I head home in the morning. With luck, he'll invite me to visit you again.

He tips his drink, then moves off into the party. Connie watches him go.

INT. WRAGBY DINING ROOM - DAY

Breakfast. Clifford watches Connie closely as she sips her tea and gazes out the window, lost in thought.

CLIFFORD

I think it's the last time we'll be inviting that young playwright.

CONNIE

Michaelis? Why?

CLIFFORD

He writes well and knows how to dress but he has the manners of a Dublin street rat.

CONNIE

... Maybe it's because he knows he's only around as long as people deem him useful.

CLIFFORD

We all know where we stand.

(Pause. He spreads jam on his toast.)

You ought to eat something at least. You're wasting away.

CONNIE

I'm not feeling well. To be honest, I haven't been feeling well since our conversation -

Lily arrives with newspapers. Clifford takes one, barely listening to Connie as he flips quickly through the pages.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(Trying for his attention:)

Clifford.

CLIFFORD

Here we are! They have a photograph of me - look at that, Lily!

(Reading:)

"Chatterley's novella has garnered attention for its humorous analysis of people and their motives, though his views on modern society are...

(His tone changing:)

Not young and playful but curiously old and *obscenely conceited*..."

CONNIE

Clifford. Stop reading.

CLIFFORD  
 "A wonderful display of  
*nothingness!*"

He slams the paper down. Lily stands frozen in the doorway; Connie gestures for her to leave, then turns to Clifford.

CONNIE  
 (Quietly:)  
 It's just one review -

CLIFFORD  
 But they're right - don't you see?  
 They saw right through it. It's *all*  
 nothing: home, love, sex, marriage,  
 friendship - all of it.

CONNIE  
 (Astonished:)  
 You don't mean that.

CLIFFORD  
 Yes, I do - the whole point of  
 living is learning to accept the  
 great *nothingness* of life!

CONNIE  
 (Suddenly standing:)  
 I'm going to get dressed.

Connie walks away from the table and heads out of the room, leaving Clifford bewildered.

INT. CONNIE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Connie glares at all the Chatterley family photos that line the wall of her chambers. She pulls them all down, piling them onto a chair, the photograph of Lady Chatterley landing hard enough for the glass in the picture frame to crack.

EXT. WRAGBY, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

A sporty car screeches to a stop outside.

INT. WRAGBY ENTRANCE HALL/STAIRS

Hilda walks briskly into the house, past Mrs. Warren and up the stairs towards Connie's bedroom.

INT. CONNIE'S CHAMBERS/HALL - DAY

Hilda taps on Connie's door. No answer. She opens the door.

HILDA  
 Connie? It's me.

Inside, Connie lays on her bed, curtains drawn. She has piled the chair and the floor beside it with atomizers, brushes, needlepoint - all remnants of the room's former inhabitants.

CONNIE  
 (Sitting up:)  
 Hilda! You came!

HILDA  
 What on earth are you doing? What is all this?

CONNIE  
 Nothing. I wanted a change, is all.

Hilda steps close. Connie looks gaunt, with deep circles under her eyes. Hilda feels Connie's forehead.

HILDA  
 You're ill!

CONNIE  
 I'm fine.

HILDA  
 Has no one been looking after you?

Connie gestures to the pile of family pictures on the chair.

CONNIE  
 They have. I'm so tired of them watching me - they're inescapable.  
 (Breaking down.)  
 I'm so tired.

INT. CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Clifford is at his desk, glowering at the stack of newspapers in front of him. Hilda knocks, enters. He doesn't look up.

HILDA  
 Connie's not well, Clifford.

CLIFFORD  
 You think?

HILDA  
 She's exhausted! Look at how thin she's gotten. I'm afraid it doesn't suit her to be a half-virgin.

Clifford recoils, deeply offended.

CLIFFORD

This chair doesn't much suit me either. What do you propose we do? Find her another one of your German soldiers?

HILDA

She needs to see a doctor. Do you have one you use around here?

CLIFFORD

I'll look into it.

HILDA

No. I'll take her to a doctor we trust. In the meantime, you must hire someone who can take care of you personally from now on.

CLIFFORD

I'm doing perfectly well, thank you.

HILDA

I'm not worried about you, Clifford. Who do you think's taking care of her while she's taking care of you?

CLIFFORD

Connie and I will discuss it.

HILDA

Connie and I already have.

(Handing him a paper:)

I believe you know this woman - a Mrs. Bolton. She cared for you when you were young.

(Clifford sulks.)

Connie will not be your caregiver any longer.

Clifford glares at Hilda, barely able to contain his anger.

INT. WRAGBY, ENTRANCE HALL/CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Hilda and Connie walk through the entry hall with MRS. BOLTON (50s) - attractive, outgoing, carries herself in an assured way.

CONNIE

We're so grateful that you could come. Really.

MRS. BOLTON

It must be hard for Sir Clifford, all he's suffered. And hard on you as well. You think you know how life will be, then suddenly it's gone. I only had my Ted three years before he was killed in the mines.

CONNIE

I didn't know. I'm sorry.

MRS. BOLTON

Oh, never you mind that - you just follow doctor's orders and leave the care of Sir Clifford to me.

Clifford appears, having quietly wheeled his way into the library doorway. He has clearly been listening in.

HILDA

Ah, Clifford. This is Mrs. Bolton.

Everyone looks up. Clifford gazes critically at Mrs. Bolton, who has lost her earlier confidence in his presence.

CLIFFORD

Yes. I remember Mrs. Bolton. Are we all satisfied?

HILDA

For the time being. Now then, I'm headed back to London - and Connie is going out for a nice long walk.

CLIFFORD

Good. Safe travels.

(As they leave:)

Connie, would you stop by the gamekeeper's? Ask if the new pheasants have begun laying.

CONNIE

Of course.

Connie and Hilda leave. Pause.

MRS. BOLTON

Is there anything you would like me to do, Sir Clifford?

CLIFFORD

Not now. Stop back in half an hour.

EXT. WRAGBY - HILL BY THE SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Connie leaves the house, walking towards the forest.

EXT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Connie comes down the path to Mellors' gabled cottage.

As she nears the cottage, she finds Mellors standing outside, his back to her. He washes himself at a basin, naked to the waist, his breeches halfway down his hips.

Connie slips out of view, watching as Mellors ducks his head in the basin, then tosses his hair and squeezes it out.

He grabs his shirt, using a towel to dry himself as he walks around to the front of the cottage. A beat, and then we hear the cottage door close.

Connie takes a moment to compose herself, then follows.

I/E. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Connie crosses to Mellors' door, hesitates, knocks. After a moment, the door opens. Mellors peers out, surprised.

MELLORS

Lady Chatterley! Does Sir Clifford need help?

CONNIE

No. He sent me. Sorry - I didn't mean to intrude.

Mellors nods, smooths his damp hair, his accent thickening as he slips into the role of servant. Out of politeness:

MELLORS

Would yer like to come in?

Connie nods. Mellors, slightly flustered, moves aside. Connie enters, aware of his discomfort.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm not dressed for company. Nobody much comes here.

CONNIE

Not to worry. I only wanted - Sir Clifford wanted to know if the new pheasants had begun laying yet.

MELLORS

Aye, m'lady. We'll have plenty  
young chicks in a matter of weeks.

Connie nods, hesitates, not quite ready to leave.

CONNIE

This is a lovely little cottage. Do  
you live alone here?

MELLORS

Quite alone, lady.

Connie nods, glances around the room - spartan but impeccably  
clean. She notices shelves filled with worn old books.

CONNIE

You read James Joyce?

MELLORS

That one was hard to find...

CONNIE

Do you read much?

Mellors shrugs, almost smiles, the broad accent fading.

MELLORS

It suits my solitary nature.

CONNIE

Still, it must get awfully quiet  
out here.

Mellors tenses and clears his throat. He gestures to his dog.

MELLORS

I've got Flossie for company.

CONNIE

(After a beat.)

Well. I'll let Clifford know about  
the pheasants. Thank you.

MELLORS

I'll see you out, then.

Connie heads to the door, reaching for the handle, but he  
gets there first. Their hands brush - both draw back at once.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Apologies.

## EXT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mellors follows Connie silently to the cottage gate. Connie smiles, noticing the wildflowers that surround them.

CONNIE  
Lovely flowers.

MELLORS  
Take some back with you.

CONNIE  
Oh, no. I couldn't.

MELLORS  
Why not? They're yours.

CONNIE  
... Are you sure?

MELLORS  
Yea, help yourself. Good day, then.

Connie bends down to pick some wildflowers as Mellors ducks back inside, closing the door behind him.

## EXT. MAREHAY FARM - DAY

Connie stands outside Mrs. Flint's home, handing Mrs. Flint a bundle of wildflowers and watching as she puts them into a watering can on an outdoor table. Josephine plays in the grass nearby.

CONNIE  
I brought you some flowers.

MRS. FLINT  
Oh, they're beautiful! Aren't you thoughtful?

Connie takes one of the flowers and hands it to Josephine, who smiles, delighted.

CONNIE  
They're all growing in the fields down by the gamekeeper's cottage.  
(After a beat, casually:)  
He's an interesting fellow, the keeper. He seems gruff at first, but then at times he talks almost like a gentleman.

Mrs. Flint begins hanging a basket of freshly-washed laundry on a nearby clothesline.

MRS. FLINT

The older teachers still talk about how clever Oliver Mellors was as a lad. It's no wonder he came back home a full lieutenant.

CONNIE

And now he lives down there alone?

MRS. FLINT

(Nods. Sympathetically:)

He was married but, well... his wife, Bertha... the whole time he was gone, she carried on with other men. It was awful; everyone knew.

Connie and Mrs. Flint walk over to a horse being cared for by a FARRIER. Mrs. Flint strokes the mare - she nods, giving Connie permission to do the same.

CONNIE

They're divorced now?

MRS. FLINT

Not properly, I don't think - but there never was much proper about Bertha Coutts. She's off living with another man at Stack's Gate. Ned, I think his name is. I imagine Mr. Mellors would be happier never hearing from either of them again.

(Petting the horse.)

This is Wendy.

CONNIE

Hi Wendy. She's beautiful...

INT. CONNIE'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Connie sits on the bed in her nightgown. The dimly-lit room now looks quite empty. Connie rises, closes the curtains, turns on a lamp and crosses to her dressing mirror, gazing at her tired features disapprovingly. She pinches her cheeks, then pulls her hair back to smooth the lines out of her face.

Beat. Connie opens her nightgown, slips it off her shoulders and examines her naked figure, swaying her hips, standing on tiptoe, pulling her shoulders back to lift her breasts.

She draws her gown back up, leaving it open and letting her fingertips graze gently over her breasts down to her abdomen.

Beat. Connie turns out the lamp and crosses back to bed.

A vase of wildflowers sits by the window, lit by moonlight. Stillness - then Connie can be seen in the background, lying in bed, breathing heavily, the sheets moving as she touches herself. She orgasms, gasping, then falls still.

INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY

Connie listens as Mrs. Bolton pulls together a luncheon tray.

MRS. BOLTON

It was an explosion in the mines. Ted was only 28. The company said it was his own fault somehow, that he was trying to run away when he should have laid down, so the compensation was only 300 pounds.

(Quietly bitter:)

I'll never forgive them for that - them branding Ted a coward.

CONNIE

He wasn't a coward; he was only trying to survive. I'm so sorry.

Mrs. Bolton nods her appreciation, lifts the luncheon tray.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You really should let Lily deliver Clifford's lunch, Mrs. Bolton. You're his nurse, not his servant.

MRS. BOLTON

Oh, I don't mind. Long as it gives you more chance to recover.

(A ring from the other room:)

Ah, there's the bell. Lovely skies outside; you might take your walk while you have the chance.

I/E. THE BRIDGE/WOODS/THE HUT - DAY

Connie comes out of the woods and walks across the bridge, bundled against the chill. As she reaches the other side, she hears a faint tapping and notices a hidden track that leads off through the trees.

Connie follows the sound to a clearing where she discovers a rustic hut. Mellors crouches outside the hut, nailing a wooden cage together; Flossie sees Connie and trots forward with a sharp bark. Mellors looks up, startled.

CONNIE

I wondered what the hammering was.

Mellors tenses. He turns his attention back to his work.

MELLORS  
Preppin' coops for the new chicks.

CONNIE  
Ah. Well...

Connie crosses to the hut, looking for a place to sit.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Is there a chair in the hut?

Mellors nods. He rises without looking at Connie and crosses to open the hut, positioning a chair near the door in such a way that he can continue his work out of view.

He finally glances Connie's way as she approaches, his gruff demeanor changing as he sees she's shivering.

MELLORS  
I'll light you a fire, m'lady.

CONNIE  
Oh, don't bother.

MELLORS  
No, I insist.

Mellors leads Connie into the cramped space. Bird cages are stacked against the walls; the floorboards are covered with hay. Mellors tosses some sticks into a little fireplace.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
Warm yourself up a little bit.

Connie obeys. Mellors walks back out, and the hammering returns. Connie tries to peer out at him, but the angle is too great. She deliberates, moves to a stool near the door.

Mellors glances up to find her gazing at him. She doesn't look away. He stiffens, returning to work with effort.

Beat. Connie grows brazen and crosses to stand before Mellors. He gazes at her boots, then rises, eyes lowered in a pointedly servile manner, unintentionally stoking the erotic tension. Connie takes a slow breath, speaks softly.

CONNIE  
I never knew this hut was here.

MELLORS  
Not many do. That's why I like it.

CONNIE

Do you lock the hut when you're not around?

MELLORS

Sometimes, your Ladyship.

CONNIE

Do you think I could have a key?

MELLORS

(Glancing up, tense:)  
Yer want a key?

CONNIE

Yes. I think I'd like to come sit sometimes.

MELLORS

Don't know there is another key.

CONNIE

We could have one made from yours.

Mellors gazes directly at Connie, frustrated.

MELLORS

Don't know nobody makes keys 'round here. S'pose Sir Clifford might.

CONNIE

(Growing impatient:)  
Fine, then. I'll see to it myself.

Mellors nods, gives a broad salute and turns away, going back to work. Connie's eyes flash with heated indignation.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, then.

Connie marches sullenly away from the hut, brooding.

INT. CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Clifford is waiting when Connie arrives. The tea kettle simmers on the tray. It bothers him that she is late; it bothers her that he is waiting. Both pretend otherwise.

CLIFFORD

Quite a walk you had.

CONNIE

Am I late? I'm sorry. You could've asked Mrs. Bolton to make the tea.

CLIFFORD

I don't quite see her presiding at the tea table.

CONNIE

Why not? I don't recall anything about tea in our wedding vows.

(As she steeps the tea:)

Is there a second key to that little hut where the pheasants are reared?

CLIFFORD

There may be one in the study. Why?

CONNIE

It's a lovely place. I could sit there sometimes, take my book along to read, couldn't I?

CLIFFORD

Are you still reading books by that degenerate Irishman?

CONNIE

James Joyce?

CLIFFORD

You know his latest has been banned for obscenity.

CONNIE

Such a shame. I'd been looking forward to reading it.

CLIFFORD

(After a pause.)

Was Mellors at the hut?

CONNIE

Yes. He didn't seem to like me intruding at all.

CLIFFORD

Really? What did he say?

Connie softens, not wanting to get Mellors in trouble.

CONNIE

Oh, nothing; just his manner. I don't think he wanted me to quite have the freedom of the castle.

CLIFFORD

(Nods, returning to tea.)  
That's what comes of making  
lieutenant, then having to go back  
to being gamekeeper.

(He shakes his head.)  
What else do they expect - giving a  
fellow like that rank and a sense  
of importance, then taking it all  
away? It seems cruel, really.

EXT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DUSK

A spring shower darkens stone walkways and pelts wildflowers.

INT. WRAGBY, CLIFFORD'S BEDROOM/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rain taps at the sitting room window, Connie's reflection  
blurred in the glass panes.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*I hope it hasn't been raining all  
week in London. It has here. Until  
now, I had been able to go out and  
explore the grounds all I liked...*

EXT. HILL BY THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Connie runs down the hill in the rain, shivering wet, her  
book tucked under her arm...

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*But I've spent most of this last  
week cooped up, aching to get back  
outside...*

I/E. THE HUT - DAY

Connie tries the door of the hut. Locked. She glances around  
for any sign of Mellors, noticing hens in the chicken coops.

CUT TO:

Connie sits on the porch, writing the letter to Hilda on a  
few pieces of stationery she has tucked into her book.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*I'm writing now from a little hut I  
found, a secret place where I can  
hide away from the world. Only one  
other person comes here...*

Connie stops writing, looks up. The rain has abated. No sign  
of Mellors.

She sighs, closing the letter into the book just as Mellors comes up the path. He slows when he sees her. She reads his face, rises.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I was just going. I only came to get out of the rain.

Mellors comes to a decision, pulls out the key, offers it.

MELLORS

Here - I can tend the birds some other place.

CONNIE

(Frustrated:)

I don't want you to. I only wanted to be able to sit here sometimes.

MELLORS

Your Ladyship is welcome to do whatever she likes. I only thought you wouldn't want me about when you're here.

CONNIE

Why should I mind you being here?  
Why should I take any notice of you at all?

MELLORS

(Suppressing a smile.)

You shouldn't. Not in the slightest.

He salutes her, turns and opens the hut, then sets the key on the ledge of the small window by the door.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

We'll keep it here until I get another.

A beat. Connie walks inside. The room has been straightened. In one corner, there's a small cage with a colorfully-plumed pheasant inside it. Connie peers into the cage.

CONNIE

Look at you. You must be Lord of the manor, all those poor drab hens competing for your attention.

(Over her shoulder:)

How long until the chicks arrive?

Connie looks back. Mellors is gone.

"WAITING FOR THE CHICKS TO HATCH" - MONTAGE

IN MONTAGE, as days pass:

- AS EVENING FALLS, Connie locks the hut and places the key on the sill, glancing along the path to Mellors' cottage.
- ANOTHER DAY. Connie lays in the grass just outside Wragby, playing with the weeds, restless. She turns, looks to the sky.
- CONNIE ENTERS WRAGBY. Clifford is playing piquet with Mrs. Bolton in the library. She slips through the entrance hall and heads to her room, unnoticed.
- ANOTHER DAY. As Connie enters the hut, one of the hens begins loudly clucking protectively.

Connie gasps as she sees an empty egg shell. She peers through the cage door, spying a little pheasant chick.

END MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY/THE BATHROOM - DAY

Connie hurries excitedly down the hallway, hearing Mrs. Bolton's voice in the bathroom ahead.

MRS. BOLTON (O.S.)  
 ... Her father, the old man James,  
 died last year from a fall; eighty  
 three he was...

Connie arrives at the door. Mrs. Bolton is filing Clifford's nails. He has one ear pressed to a headset and is adjusting dials on a primitive radio in front of him. Static crackles out of an oversized speaker.

CLIFFORD  
 Did you hear that?

Clifford notices Connie, barely looks up.

CONNIE  
 The chicks have started hatching.

CLIFFORD  
 Ah. Good -

A SPANISH VOICE crackles briefly through static. Clifford gazes at the horn speaker in awe.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
 You hear that? I got Madrid.

MRS. BOLTON  
What's he saying?

Clifford waves for silence. The voice fades out.

CLIFFORD  
Lost the signal. Damn. Damn!

Beat. Clifford leans back in frustration. Connie sighs and leaves, unnoticed. Mrs. Bolton goes back to Clifford's nails.

MRS. BOLTON  
Of course, the young have mostly left Tevershall. They say now the coal is running thin, it won't be long before the town is finished.

CLIFFORD  
Finished? They really say that?  
(He thinks a beat.)  
Call down to the mines. See if Mr. Linley can join us for dinner.

INT. CONNIE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Connie sits by the window, watching in frustration as the rain continues to fall. She spots Mellors and Flossie walking up the knoll in the distance.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)  
*I wish I could be with you in Venice, but Clifford says he can't manage here without me. Not yet, at least. But I'll come on the next holiday. I promise. With love, your sister, Connie.*

INT. WRAGBY, ENTRANCE HALL - EARLY EVENING

A servant refills wine for guests seated around a long table. The meal has ended but plates have not yet been cleared. All listen as Clifford holds court with LINLEY (40s), manager of the Tevershall mines. Connie sips wine, utterly bored, alone amidst company.

LINLEY  
They built a chemical works at Stacks Gate to increase profits. That should keep them in business for the foreseeable future.

Connie signals the servant for more wine, but he doesn't see her and walks away, leaving her with an empty glass.

CLIFFORD

We can modernize as well. Why not?

CONNIE

What about your writing, Clifford?

CLIFFORD

The literary world doesn't need me -  
but the mine is a sinking ship. It  
needs a proper captain to save it.

Connie rolls her eyes at Clifford's arrogance.

CONNIE

Those workers couldn't lead grimmer  
lives - perhaps it's best to help  
them move on.

CLIFFORD

To what, begging? "Help them move  
on" - don't talk like such a woman.

CONNIE

(She flinches at this.)  
Spoken like a man.

Clifford ignores this comment. He turns to address Linley.

CLIFFORD

How much would it cost us to build  
a chemical works, Mr. Linley?

LINLEY

Initially? I would imagine five to  
seven hundred pounds...

The men continue talking. Connie rises, staring at Clifford a  
long moment before leaving the room.

INT. WRAGBY ENTRANCE HALL/STUDY/CONSERVATORY - DUSK

Connie passes through the entrance hall. She ducks into the  
study then goes outside through the conservatory doors.

EXT. WRAGBY, SIDE ENTRANCE (CONSERVATORY DOORS) - DUSK

The party continues inside as Connie steals from the house.

EXT. THE HUT - DUSK

Connie hurries along the path to the hut, panting slightly.  
She slows, seeing Mellors crouched before the coops. He  
glances back, then returns his attention to the coops.

CONNIE

I came to see the chicks. How many now?

MELLORS

Eighteen, so far. Not bad.

Connie crouches, looking in; three chicks now peer out from under the mother hen's feathers.

CONNIE

Can I touch one?

MELLORS

Go on then. They're yours.

CONNIE

What if it pecks at me?

MELLORS

(Laughing:)

Just peck it back.

Connie opens the door to the coop, uncertain. She reaches inside and the chicks all run from her; she jumps back in surprise.

Mellors watches, then reaches into the coop himself. He slowly draws out a chick, runs a finger over the it's back, grinning. Connie gazes at him.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Just like this.

Connie reaches out, hesitates. Mellors takes her hand. The moment they touch, Connie stops breathing. Mellors turns her hand over, cupping the bird into her palm.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

That's it. Gently.

CONNIE

He's trembling. I don't think he likes being in a cage.

MELLORS

You're trembling more than he is...

Mellors smiles - then he sees a tear fall onto Connie's wrist. He looks up; her face is streaked with tears. Mellors rises and occupies himself with another coop, pretending not to notice. Gathering himself, he turns, looks at Connie.

She has her hands blindly stretched out toward the cage. Mellors kneels beside her, placing the chick back inside.

Connie looks away, unable to hide her anguish. Mellors' heart melts. He closes the coop, placing a hand on her knee. Connie lifts her hands to her face, ashamed.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

There now.

CONNIE

I am so sorry...

Mellors sighs, finally coming to understand her.

MELLORS

That's alright.

Connie's breath catches. She leans forward, burying her face against his chest. She presses her lips to the cloth of his shirt.

Mellors freezes, caught off-guard and struggling against desire. Pause. He takes Connie's arms, embracing her.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

That's how it's been, eh? Trapped  
as we all are.

INT. THE HUT - DUSK

Mellors guides Connie to a chair, helping her sit even as he tries to distance himself.

MELLORS

Let's get you by the fire. You'll  
want more firewood.

CONNIE

No. Don't go. Please.

Connie grips the cloth of Mellors' shirt. She presses up against his hand, turning to kiss one of his knuckles. He sighs, brushing his fingers along her cheek. A beat. Mellors takes a blanket and spreads it before the fireplace.

Connie lays on the floor as Mellors closes the door, leaving the room in darkness. He sits beside Connie, runs his fingers through her hair. He kisses her cheek, then leans in to press his lips against the nape of her neck, moving with increasing urgency.

Connie quivers as Mellors lifts her dress and traces his fingertips along her stomach, wandering over the curve of her ribs and down to the softness of her inner thighs. His desire mounting, he slowly slips off Connie's knickers, drawing them carefully down and over her feet.

Mellors leans down, brushing his lips against her navel. Connie grasps his head, trembling, then lets go - trying to keep from being carried away by the intensity of the moment.

Mellors lifts Connie and brings his hips to hers - her breath catches as he enters her. Connie arches back as he slowly moves inside her - then she feels herself being carried away again and forces herself to become aware of her surroundings.

She looks at the cages lining the walls; at the piles of wood; at the pheasant in the corner. Anywhere but at Mellors.

Mellors arms tighten around Connie as his thrusts intensify. Her fingers clasp the edge of the blanket. Unable to hold himself back, Mellors finally cries out and collapses, softly planting a few final loose kisses on her exposed breast.

Connie glances down at Mellors' head, his features hidden. He still holds her tight, but his breathing has grown quiet. She slowly lets go of the blanket, afraid to disturb the moment.

Mellors sits up, reaches out to pull Connie's dress down over her knees, then rises. He buttons his pants, quietly opens the door and goes out.

EXT. THE HUT - DUSK

Connie steps onto the porch. Mellors approaches out of the shadows.

MELLORS

I'll walk you back.

He steps past her to lock the hut, hesitating a moment before placing the key on the ledge. Connie walks out ahead along the path. He hurries to catch up. After a pause:

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Are you alright, m'lady?

CONNIE

(A beat. Connie smiles,  
enjoying the feeling.)

I am, yes. Are you?

MELLORS

(He nods.)

Aye.

They walk on in silence to the edge of the woods. Connie grows anxious.

CONNIE  
I should go on alone.  
(She searches his eyes.)  
Goodbye, then.

MELLORS  
Goodbye, my lady.

Connie turns away, walking onward alone.

EXT. WRAGBY, CONSERVATORY DOOR - DUSK

Connie approaches the conservatory door, finds it locked.

I/E. WRAGBY, BACK DOOR/ENTRANCE HALL - DUSK

Connie crosses to the back door - locked. No choice but to ring the bell. After a moment, Mrs. Bolton opens the door.

MRS. BOLTON  
There you are, your Ladyship! I was worried you'd gone lost!

CONNIE  
(A little too sharp:)  
No, I'm absolutely fine. Why did you lock the door? I just went to see the new chicks.

Bolton follows Connie through the house.

MRS. BOLTON  
I'm sorry, my lady.

CONNIE  
(Relenting:)  
Is Clifford upset? I left without saying good night to the guests.

MRS. BOLTON  
He hasn't said anything. He's still in with Mr. Linley.

They arrive outside Clifford's study. Clifford and Linley are poring over manuals. Clifford glances up, nods to Connie, returns to work. Connie pulls the door shut, relieved.

CONNIE  
He didn't notice I was gone.

MRS. BOLTON  
 Sorry, my lady. Men don't think.

Connie lowers her eyes, nods her thanks for Bolton's concern.

CONNIE  
 Good night then, Mrs. Bolton.

EXT. WRAGBY, THE GATE TO THE PARK - MORNING

The last hues of dawn fade. Dew still clings to the grass as Connie walks out toward the gate carrying her book.

EXT. THE HUT - DAY

Connie sits on the porch, absently reading. She glances up, looks toward the path and sighs - still no Mellors.

EXT. THE GATE TO THE PARK - DAY

Connie heads home, reaches the gate. She stops, staring at Wragby, then changes her mind, heading back the other way.

EXT. THE HUT - DAY

Connie sits on the hut steps. Mellors strides into the clearing. He sees Connie, then crosses to the coops. Connie watches as he crouches, checking everything before finally crossing to the porch, avoiding Connie's eyes.

CONNIE  
 I've been waiting for you.

MELLORS  
 Don't you suppose folks will start to wonder if you keep coming here?

CONNIE  
 I don't care what people wonder.

MELLORS  
 Well, you ought start. Imagine how lowered you'd feel. You, with your husband's gamekeeper. Lady of this estate -

CONNIE  
 Oh, what do I care about my Ladyship? I hate it really.

MELLORS

Hate it all you like. But the moment they find out about us, you'll lose everything - and I'll lose what little I have left.

CONNIE

(Realizing:)  
You're afraid.

For the first time, Mellors looks straight into her eyes.

MELLORS

I am. I bloody well am, yeah. Not for what people think of me. But if ever you were to feel sorry for what we done -

Connie silences him with a kiss - their first. Mellors looks into her eyes, kisses her again, then rises and guides her into the hut.

CONNIE

We have to be quick.

INT. THE HUT - CONTINUOUS

They go inside. Mellors lays blankets on the floor, goes to stoke the fire. Connie sees the curtains are open, hurries to draw them. She takes off her coat, setting it aside.

CONNIE

I can't stay long. Clifford doesn't notice when I'm late anymore, but Mrs. Bolton will.

Mellors steps close, holding her near with one hand, slipping his other under her skirts. He moans as his fingers find her. Her eyes close; she exhales.

MELLORS

Look at me.

Connie's body reacts, even as her mind subtly resists.

Mellors kneels, lifts her skirts, removes her knickers. He brushes his lips across her thighs, closer... his thick hair grazing her hip bone.

He presses his lips into her, clutching her thighs. Connie shudders - aroused but afraid to yield too much of herself. Mellor's passion is urgent, intense - she clenches and unclenches her fist repeatedly, then grips his shoulder.

CONNIE

Wait - wait - !

Mellors lifts his head. She exhales in relief.

Tears fill Connie's eyes. She turns her head away.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

It's late. I have to go.

Connie walks out suddenly, leaving Mellors to watch after her.

EXT. NEAR THE GATE - DUSK

Near dark. Connie walks ahead as Mellors hurries to catch up. Connie hesitates near the gate, turns around.

CONNIE

It feels like we're still  
strangers, doesn't it?

MELLORS

Not like strangers I've ever known.

Mellors pulls Connie close, gazing into her eyes. She gasps, caught off-guard by the flame that rises within her, frightened by the intensity of her feelings. Her hand shoots out to grip the gate for balance.

CONNIE

Wait - stop!

He lets her go. Connie starts through the gate, then turns back, kissing him with passionate intensity. Mellors embraces her gently as they kiss, urging Connie toward quiet. Finally:

MELLORS

Why don't you come to the cottage  
tomorrow?

Connie nods and turns, hurrying off into the night.

CONNIE

If I can. Good night, Oliver.

MELLORS

Good night then, your ladyship.

Connie glances back into the darkness. Mellors is gone. A beat, and then she heads home.

INT. WRAGBY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Connie sits at dinner, half-pretending to listen to Clifford, lost in her own thoughts. The words flow past her.

CLIFFORD

The Germans have invented an engine  
that requires a new kind of fuel.  
If we can produce that fuel here...

Connie notices a bit of hay clinging to her sleeve. She quickly plucks it off, looks back up to see Clifford staring.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Are you all right? You aren't  
feeling unwell again, are you?

CONNIE

No - not at all.

CLIFFORD

I know the mine seems to be all I  
talk about anymore. But Tevershall  
belongs to me - and one day it will  
belong to an heir.

(Glancing over:)

That is still the case, yes?

CONNIE

I... yes. One day.

CLIFFORD

Well then, the mine needs my help -  
which means we need to modernize...

Connie nods. Clifford's voice fades as her mind wanders.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*My dear sister. I've thought a lot  
about what you said at the wedding -  
that I open my heart too easily.  
That may have been true before the  
war, but I don't think it is any  
longer...*

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Connie lies in the tub and stares at the ceiling, running a hand idly over her body as she tries to process her feelings.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)

*Lately, I have felt my heart  
opening up again, despite all  
warnings...*

Enough. She finds the washcloth and soap and begins fervently scrubbing Mellors' scent from her skin.

EXT. WRAGBY, HILL BY THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Connie comes out of Wragby. She pauses, anxious, then starts walking quickly across the park toward the gate.

CONNIE (LETTER V.O.)  
*And I can assure you, nothing about  
 it has been easy.*

Mrs. Bolton comes out of Wragby holding Connie's book. She walks out across the park, sees Connie headed to the gate.

MRS. BOLTON  
 Lady Chatterley! Your book.

Connie stops, then abruptly turns, heading in another direction altogether - refusing to look back at Mrs. Bolton.

CONNIE  
 That's alright, Mrs. Bolton. Thank  
 you!

Mrs. Bolton squints after Connie in wonder, then looks out in the direction Connie had been heading.

EXT. MAREHAY FARM - DAY

The late afternoon sun hangs low. Connie and Mrs. Flint sit at the table outside the farmhouse, sipping lemonade.

Connie bounces Josephine gently on her knee.

CONNIE  
*"This is the way the farmers ride -  
 jogglety, jogglety jog."  
 (Hugging the girl:)  
 Aren't you perfect?*

MRS. FLINT  
 Don't let her fool you. That one's  
 given us a lot of sleepless nights.

CONNIE  
 All of them worth it, I'm sure.

MRS. FLINT  
 (She smiles.)  
 We're so happy you came by to visit  
 us today - aren't we, Josephine?

CONNIE

You know... Clifford and I have talked about having a child ourselves one day.

MRS. FLINT

Have you?

Mrs. Flint does her best to hide her surprise. Connie smiles.

CONNIE

Yes. Just because he's lost the use of his legs doesn't mean he can't have children.

MRS. FLINT

Oh, well - that's wonderful, isn't it? Josephine would love to have a new playmate. And being a mother... I recommend it, by all means.  
(Confidentially:)  
I lied to you. She is perfect.

Connie smiles, then something catches her eye. She turns, surprised to discover Mellors coming out of the woods towards them. Mellors sees Connie and slows, saluting.

CONNIE

What's the gamekeeper doing here?

MRS. FLINT

He comes each day for fresh milk. If you'd watch Josephine a moment -  
(As Mellors approaches:)  
Good day, Mr. Mellors!

MELLORS

Mrs. Flint. Lady Chatterley.

Mrs. Flint crosses to a shed as Mellors comes to the table. Connie shakes her head, occupying herself with Josephine.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

You said you'd come to the cottage.

CONNIE

I said I'd try.

MELLORS

Will you come later?

Mellors reaches out to her. Connie jerks away, leaving him stunned. Mrs. Flint reappears with a milk jug, handing it off to Mellors. He nods his thanks as Connie stands to leave.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
 Shall I walk you back, your  
 Ladyship?

CONNIE  
 That isn't necessary. Thank you.  
 Good day, Mrs. Flint.

MRS. FLINT  
 Do come again!

EXT. THE WOODS, BY THE CLEARING - DAY

Connie walks a twisting path through the woods, the ground rutted and stony, the trees dense. She rounds a stand of fir trees and stops, groaning. Mellors stands before her.

MELLORS  
 Giving me the slip like?

CONNIE  
 No - what do you mean?

MELLORS  
 You didn't come to the cottage  
 today, and then you pulled away  
 from me back there -

CONNIE  
 Mrs. Flint could have seen. Are you  
 mad?

Mellors steps close, putting an arm around her.

MELLORS  
 Come to the cottage, then.

CONNIE  
 No. By the time we got there it  
 would be too late.

Mellors looks through the dense fir trees.

MELLORS  
 Then come with me through here.

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter a small, rough clearing, branches pulling at Connie's hair and clothing. Mellors arranges a few boughs on the ground, stripping off his coat and laying it over them.

CONNIE  
 What, here...? In the woods?

MELLORS  
Aye, my lady. Right here.

CONNIE  
Don't call me that!

Mellors steps close. He runs his hand down her cheek.

MELLORS  
You don't want to be a lady?

CONNIE  
... No. Not with you.

His hands move down to caress her sides, her breasts.

MELLORS  
You want courser treatment with me?

Connie's breath catches. She nods. He tugs at her coat.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
Give me this.

Connie takes it off. Mellors tosses it on the bed of branches and tugs a button on her blouse, gripping her by the waist.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
Take this off.

She does, deliberately, slowly, watching him. Mellors loses patience - he pulls open her blouse and tears open the camisole beneath it, cupping her breast in his hand. Connie gasps. Her breathing slows. She lowers her eyes.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
Look at me.

Connie raises her eyes to him. Mellors takes her wrist, moving her hand down against his trousers.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
Open my belt. Undo the buttons.

Connie obeys, trying to control the shudder in her breath.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
Now lie down over there.

Connie lays on the coats, half-turned away. Mellors slides out of his trousers and unbuttons his shirt, watching her.

MELLORS (CONT'D)  
No. Turn around. Look at me.

Connie turns and leans back onto her elbows, eyes burning into Mellors. He kneels, running his fingernails up her calf.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Lift your skirts.

Connie lifts her skirts up above her knees. Mellors runs his hands slowly up Connie's legs, exploring every curve of her thighs, finally sliding his fingers inside her. Connie moans.

Mellors rips at her waistband, tearing off her skirts and knickers. He pins her back against the coats and branches, spreading her legs.

CONNIE

I want you to fuck me.

MELLORS

You want me to fuck you?

CONNIE

Yes.

He slips inside her. They look into each other's eyes, overcome. Mellors' hand goes to Connie's cheek.

Connie nods. As he moves inside her, Connie feels herself slipping away - *no hiding this time, no escape.*

She clamors for him, clutching his waist, pulling him deeper. She claws at his back and buttocks, crying out, eyes wide as, for the first time, she allows herself to let go completely.

MELLORS

Yes. Yes, that's it. Stay with me, Connie.

Mellors grips Connie as she climaxes. Her ecstasy sends him over the top; he tenses, shuddering as he releases into her.

They fall still. Connie's grip on Mellors slowly relaxes.

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Connie sits on the boughs, staring off in quiet wonder, hair tousled, face relaxed. At peace. She watches, moved, as Mellors caresses her palm in silence, absorbed by her beauty.

CONNIE

I've never felt like that before.  
I've never come off like that.

MELLORS

We came off together. Some folks live their lives through and never know that feeling.

CONNIE

Have you with other women?

MELLORS

You're not other women.

CONNIE

How am I not like other women?

MELLORS

Well... you got the nicest ass of any woman I've ever seen.

Connie laughs. Mellors smiles, caressing her.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

It's true. You're beautiful.

(A beat.)

Other women, the moment sex is done it's done. The fire goes cold. Not with you - it never goes out.

There's something alive between us.

EXT. GATE TO THE PARK - DAY

Mellors and Connie arrive back at the main path.

CONNIE

Do you know what you have that other men don't? Tenderness.

(Off his amused reaction:)

Not *gentleness* - I've had enough of gentlemen.

MELLORS

They're a different breed.

CONNIE

How do you mean?

MELLORS

Dead. Dead when it comes to matters of the heart. You've got to kill off those parts of you that feel if you want to send men into mines, chimneys, factories or battle... that, or live with what you done.

Connie takes this in, smiles. After a beat:

CONNIE

You're not like any other man I've met before.

MELLORS

You're not like any other woman.

Mellors falls silent. Connie kisses him, strokes his chest.

CONNIE

I don't think I realized until now how lonely I've been. Thank you.

MELLORS

I'd better not come with you any further. Tomorrow then?

Connie nods. She watches him wistfully as he goes, then walks toward Wragby, floating along the path. She stops, a hand coming to rest on her belly. A smile plays at the corners of her lips.

I/E. THE GROUNDS OF WRAGBY (MONTAGE) - DAY/EVENING

- TALL FIELD GRASS sways along a path. Connie comes into view as she climbs astride Mellors, holding his wrists as she presses him back onto the ground. He lifts her skirts; she wears nothing underneath.
- Connie and Mellors cling to one another in THE MOSS, intertwined.
- They lie before the fire in the COTTAGE, sipping beer as they read to one another, enjoying each other's company.
- They make love beneath an ancient tree, half-clothed.
- Mellors and Connie swim in a STREAM BY THE HUT, their clothes soaked through. Mellors reaches out to Connie, beckoning her further in.

END MONTAGE.

INT. THE CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Connie sits in the Winter Garden conservatory in her nightgown, gazing out through the windows. Mrs. Bolton passes by the door, startled to see Connie is still awake.

MRS. BOLTON

Your Ladyship! I'm sorry to disturb you. I saw the light and -

CONNIE

Sit - I'd be glad for the company.  
What are you doing up so late?

MRS. BOLTON

Sir Clifford hasn't been sleeping.  
I can't help looking in on him. It  
was the same with my husband - if  
he so much as caught a cold, I'd be  
awake all night worrying over him.

CONNIE

Ted. You must miss him.

MRS. BOLTON

It's been twenty-five years, and  
still sometimes... Especially at  
night. I wake up thinking "he's not  
in bed with me."

CONNIE

The touch of him.

MRS. BOLTON

(Turning, surprised:)  
Aye. The touch of him.

CONNIE

There was a boy when I was young...  
He died in the war. But the memory  
of him so many years later... It's  
amazing, isn't it? How someone can  
get so into your blood.

MRS. BOLTON

It is. Makes you feel bitter. If it  
hadn't been for that pit, Ted would  
still be here. He hated it down  
there, just hated it. But what else  
could he do? He was trapped.

Connie nods, understanding. She remembers Mellors' words:

CONNIE

I suppose we all are, in different  
ways.

Mrs. Bolton takes this in. She nods with newfound respect.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You never wanted to remarry?  
(Mrs. Bolton laughs,  
shaking her head.)  
Ted was the only one.

MRS. BOLTON

He was. Always. You and your man -  
you grow together. What else is  
there in this life? Children of  
course, but -

(Realizing:)

I am sorry. That was thoughtless of  
me, bringing children into it.

CONNIE

No, don't worry. It's fine.

(After a beat.)

More than fine, actually. There  
still might be some hope in that  
regard.

MRS. BOLTON

... For you - ? And Sir Clifford?

CONNIE

(She nods. Confidential:)

The doctor says Clifford's recovery  
has been remarkable. So who knows?  
I might have a child yet.

Mrs. Bolton is flabbergasted. This has to be untrue, yet...

MRS. BOLTON

Well... I hope and pray you do.

Mrs. Bolton rises, preparing to return to her work.

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)

May I get you a blanket?

CONNIE

Oh, no - thank you. Sleep well.  
Let's save a few secrets for our  
next conversation, shall we?

MRS. BOLTON

I would like that, my lady. Good  
night.

Mrs. Bolton goes, leaving Connie alone in the conservatory.

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Mellors slumps at his dining table, unable to sleep. He looks  
around the room, then rises, heading toward the door and  
calling to Flossie:

MELLORS

Come on, then. We're best off  
outside.

EXT. THE PATH TO WRAGBY/WRAGBY - DAWN

Mellors walks through the dark, exhausted, coughing. He stares across at Wragby. Against his better judgement, he opens the gate and heads toward the manor.

The first light of morning creeps over the rise as Mellors reaches the house. He stares up at windows on the second floor, searching for any sign of Connie.

INT. CLIFFORD'S BEDROOM/LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Clifford sleeps restlessly. Mrs. Bolton dozes in a chair. She awakens, hearing Clifford toss. Mrs. Bolton rises, crosses to the bed, adjusts his pillow, then starts to go back to her chair when she hears a dog bark.

Mrs. Bolton stops at the window and cautiously parts the curtains, peering out. She catches a glimpse of Mellors just as he gives up on finding Connie's room and turns to go.

*The gamekeeper. But what is he - ?*

Bolton's jaw drops. She steps back, amazed.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Breakfast. Clifford sits alone, sipping tea and reading the newspaper. Mrs. Bolton enters, brimming with secrets.

MRS. BOLTON

Is her Ladyship not risen yet?

CLIFFORD

She got up before I did.

MRS. BOLTON

She's already had breakfast then?

CLIFFORD

Yes. She's off on one of her walks.

MRS. BOLTON

I was up early myself. A lot of  
people about this morning.

Clifford turns a page of the paper, raises it slightly, more interested in reading than talking. Mrs. Bolton hesitates.

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)  
The gamekeeper was up early -

CLIFFORD  
Get me some fresh cream, would you?

MRS. BOLTON  
Yes, sir.

INT. TEVERSHALL LAUNDRY - DAY

Tevershall women do wash in a communal laundry, washing soot from the mines out of their husband's clothes. Mrs. Bolton's friends MRS. BETTS, MRS. WHEEDON and MRS. THOMPSON (all 50s) gossip as they do their wash together. Mrs. Bolton folds her clothes nearby, though her mind is elsewhere.

MRS. BETTS  
Ever since Sir Clifford took over,  
they've been working those poor  
miners to the bone.

MRS. WHEEDON  
I thought the machines were  
supposed to make the work easier?

MRS. BETTS  
No. They're just a way to make more  
money with fewer workers.

MRS. THOMPSON  
Don't he have enough money already?

MRS. BETTS  
Oh, but his Lady needs her baubles  
and silks so she can lord her  
station over the rest of us -

MRS. BOLTON  
No - she's not like that.

The other women turn to Mrs. Bolton, surprised.

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)  
She treats folks who work for her  
with the same respect she treats a  
Lord or Lady.

MRS. WHEEDON  
My Lily says the same about her.

MRS. BETTS

(Nods, considering:)

She deserves better, then. Such a hard lot that's fallen to her.

MRS. BOLTON

... Well, as it happens, it seems Sir Clifford isn't quite as done in as we thought. His legs won't work again, but the rest might.

(She leans in, quietly:)

Her Ladyship even suggested there might be a *child* one day soon!

MRS. BETTS

What? No! That's amazing!

MRS. THOMPSON

Have you ever heard of such a thing?!

The news reverberates around the room - it is clear that the other women in the laundry have been eavesdropping.

INT. CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Clifford goes over the mining development plans with Linley.

CLIFFORD

And how long will they last?

LINLEY

If we keep them in good repair, they ought to last for generations to come... Speaking of which, sir, if you don't mind me asking - is there any truth to the rumor that we may still have hope for an heir to Wragby?

CLIFFORD

(Blinking:)

Are there rumors?

LINLEY

Yes - everyone's been asking me what I know about it. Of course, I'll be happy to set the record straight if the rumor's unfounded.

CLIFFORD

(His eyes brightening:)

Indeed. Well... there might yet be hope.

INT. WRAGBY, CLIFFORD'S BEDROOM/LIBRARY - DAY

Clifford sits with his newspapers, distracted; Connie arranges tulips in a vase, half-turned away from him.

CLIFFORD

Connie - did you know that there's  
a rumor you're going to supply  
Wragby with an heir?

A flicker of fear in Connie's eyes; she focuses on the tulips.

CONNIE

No! Is it a joke?

CLIFFORD

I'd hoped it might be a prophecy.

Connie hears this, crosses to place flowers in the window.

CONNIE

I received a letter from father. He  
accepted an invitation to stay in  
Venice for July and August and he's  
asked Hilda and me to join him.

CLIFFORD

July *and* August?

CONNIE

I wouldn't need to be gone that  
long.  
(Turning, pointedly:)  
Three weeks ought to be more than  
enough time for what we discussed.

CLIFFORD

(His insecurities flare.)  
Have...? Have plans already been  
set in motion?

CONNIE

Not just yet, no.

CLIFFORD

Well... If I were absolutely  
certain you'd want to come back...

CONNIE

Of course I would.

CLIFFORD

I don't want to know his name. No  
one can.

Connie nods in agreement.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
 (Smiling, almost joyful:)  
 In that case... I think it would be  
 all right, don't you?

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Mellors pours Connie a cup of tea. She fiddles with the mug,  
 silent. After a moment:

CONNIE  
 You know how much you mean to me,  
 don't you?

MELLORS  
 And you to me.

CONNIE  
 ... Because I have to go away for  
 awhile. To Venice.

MELLORS  
 With Sir Clifford? For how long?

CONNIE  
 Just a couple of months. But not  
 with Clifford, no. He doesn't like  
 to travel how he is.

MELLORS  
 Aye. The poor devil.

Mellors finishes pouring his own tea then hangs up the  
 kettle, coming over to sit with Connie.

CONNIE  
 You won't forget about me?

MELLORS  
 You know I won't forget. It's not a  
 question of memory.

Connie smirks, then braces herself for the conversation  
 ahead:

CONNIE  
 I told Clifford I might have a  
 child.

MELLORS  
 You did...?

CONNIE

I think I may already be expecting.

Silence. Mellors shakes his head in disbelief.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

... Mellors?

MELLORS

What did he say?

CONNIE

He said he'd be glad to have one.  
So long as it seemed to be his.

MELLORS

(Beat.)

So where does sir Clifford suppose  
this child is coming from?

CONNIE

I implied I might have an affair in  
Venice.

MELLORS

You might? So that's why you're  
going?

CONNIE

No - not to have the affair. Just  
the appearance of one.

Mellors takes this in, shakes his head.

MELLORS

So that's why you wanted me, then?  
To get a child?

CONNIE

Of course not, Oliver. I never  
planned on you. I never planned on -

MELLORS

So what was the plan, Connie? What  
was the plan then, really?

CONNIE

There was no - I don't know.

MELLORS

You don't know? Is that supposed to  
make me feel better?

CONNIE

I don't know!

MELLORS

Well, damned if I do. Fucking hell.

(Lashing out.)

Well, it's as your ladyship likes. If you get a child, Sir Clifford's welcome to it. I shan't have lost anything. On the contrary - I've had a nice experience.

CONNIE

Don't talk like that.

MELLORS

And if you've made use of me, it's not the first time I've been made use of, is it? And I don't suppose it's ever been as pleasant as this time.

(Beat, he sulks.)

Of course, one can't feel tremendously dignified by it.

Connie starts toward the door, then hesitates. She looks back, hoping Mellors is going to stop her.

CONNIE

I didn't make use of you, Oliver.

MELLORS

As your ladyship pleases.

A beat; Connie leaves, hurt, fighting tears.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

You want to take your book along?  
Or have you finished with it, too?

Mellors tosses the book onto a side table, heads upstairs. The book slides off, landing sideways, its cover opened, revealing the nameplate inside: "*Constance Reid.*"

EXT. THE FIELDS OF WRAGBY - DAY

Clifford drives out across the open fields in his new motorized wheelchair, Connie close behind.

CLIFFORD

Sir Clifford on his foaming steed!

A SHORT TIME LATER - Clifford talks as he motors alongside Connie through a field of flowers.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

... With the new generators, we can reduce our work force - striking will be as good as impossible.

CONNIE

What about the workers?

CLIFFORD

No man is forced to work for me. And I'm not forced to hire them.

CONNIE

(Disgusted:)

No wonder those men hate you.

CLIFFORD

They don't hate me. They depend on me. They should be grateful, if anything - they would starve without someone to tend them.

CONNIE

Clifford. You talk as though they're herd animals.

CLIFFORD

Not all of them. An individual may rise from the pack now and again, but most of those men have been ruled since time began.

CONNIE

And *you* can rule them?

CLIFFORD

(Simply:)

Yes. I was brought up and trained to do so. That is my role in society; it's their place to serve.

CONNIE

So is there no common humanity between us?

CLIFFORD

We all need to eat and breathe. Beyond that, no.

Clifford has had his say. He starts up his chair.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Shall we go as far as the spring?

Clifford rides off. Connie sighs, watching as the chair bumps over the hyacinths, crushing them under its wheels, then follows him.

Clifford notices Mellors crossing through the field off to one side of the path.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
Good day to you, Mr. Mellors!

Mellors tips his hat as Clifford passes.

Connie sees Mellors and starts toward him. Mellors shakes his head. Connie stops, quietly mouths "I'm sorry." Mellors gives a curt nod, gestures for Connie to catch up to Clifford.

Up ahead, the wheels of Clifford's chair get tangled in weeds and slip in mud. The engine struggles. Connie hurries ahead.

CONNIE  
Wait, Clifford - I'll push.

CLIFFORD  
What's the use of the damned thing  
if it has to be pushed!

Connie grabs on from behind the chair, pushing it forward as Clifford struggles with the engine.

CONNIE  
Clifford, you're making it worse!

CLIFFORD  
Be quiet a moment, would you?

The engine dies. Clifford tries to restart it. It falters, fails. Furious, Clifford honks his horn, glancing back at Mellors, who is already on his way to help.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
Mellors!!

MELLORS  
Yes, Sir Clifford?

CLIFFORD  
You know anything about motors?

MELLORS  
Afraid not, sir. Has she gone wrong?

CLIFFORD  
(Biting:)  
Apparently!  
(MORE)

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Just have a look and see that  
nothing's broken, will you?

Mellors lies on the ground, pokes around the engine. Connie glares at Clifford, angered by his treatment of Mellors.

MELLORS

Seems alright as far as I can see.

CLIFFORD

Stand back, then.

Mellors rises. Clifford manages to start the engine, puts it in gear. The chair lurches and moves weakly forward.

MELLORS

If I give it a push -

CLIFFORD

Keep off! It'll work on its own!

The chair slips sideways. Mellors stops the chair from sinking further into the mud.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

You see?

(Then he realizes:)

Are you pushing? I asked you not.

MELLORS

It won't go otherwise.

CLIFFORD

*Give it a chance!*

CONNIE

Clifford, watch your brake!

Mellors lets go. As soon as he does, the motor dies and the chair rolls backward. Connie and Mellors grab it. The chair stops, wheels buried. THUNDER rumbles in the distance.

CLIFFORD

It's obvious I'm at everybody's  
bloody mercy!

(No one moves. Finally:)

I expect it will have to be pushed  
now... Do you mind, Mellors?

MELLORS

Not at all, sir.

Mellors tries to push the chair as Clifford starts the engine. Mellors' breathing is labored - he coughs as he pushes.

CLIFFORD

For God's sake, what's the matter with you?

MELLORS

Lungs are a bit knackered, sir - a little souvenir from the war.

He continues to push, exhausted by the effort. Connie grabs the front of the chair, pulling.

CLIFFORD

What the hell are you doing - ?

CONNIE

(Anger erupting:)  
He needs my help!

In one tremendous effort, Mellors heaves the chair free from the mud. He drops to his knees, face white with the effort.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Mellors nods, unable to catch his breath. He rises, goes to the back of the chair to push. Connie hurries to help him.

As they push the chair, side by side, Connie impulsively leans forward to kiss Mellors on the cheek, the back of Clifford's head just inches away.

INT. WRAGBY ENTRY HALL/STAIRS - DAY

Connie enters, fuming. Clifford follows, now in his manual wheelchair.

CLIFFORD

I suppose the other chair will need a different sort of wheel -

CONNIE

Who do you think you are? How could you treat him like that?

CLIFFORD

Who...? The *gamekeeper*?

CONNIE

He was injured in the war as well.  
If *he'd* been sitting in that chair,  
what would you have done for *him*?

CLIFFORD

I find the comparison in bad taste.

CONNIE

Well I find your lack of common  
sympathy to be in the worst taste  
imaginable! You and your ruling  
class! I thought you were different  
- but you're not. You make people  
work for two pounds a week or  
starve. That's not ruling, Clifford  
- that's bullying with money!

Connie storms upstairs, leaving Clifford astounded and alone.

EXT. OUTSIDE MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Thunder. The rains come down in earnest.

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Mellors sits by his fireplace, repairing his shoe from a tear  
it got while helping Clifford. Connie enters, looking for  
him. She doesn't say anything for a long moment.

MELLORS

Come on in, then.

CONNIE

I'm sorry for hurting you.

(Beat.)

I don't want you for the sake of a  
child, Oliver. I just want you.

Alright?

Mellors puts down his needle and thread, softening.

MELLORS

Alright.

CONNIE

But Clifford has to believe that I  
tried to keep us together. That  
this was his idea. Just all gone  
terribly wrong.

Connie approaches, searching his eyes.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

... For him to give me a divorce,  
for us to be together... he needs  
to believe that.

(A beat.)

I just want to be with you. If  
that's what you want.

MELLORS

It's not about wanting, Connie. You  
know what I want.

CONNIE

Do you hate Clifford?

MELLORS

No. I've known too many like him to  
hate him. He doesn't feel like he's  
a man, so he bullies and hides and  
doesn't know that anyone exists  
other than himself.

CONNIE

He was different when I met him. Or  
I thought he was. I'm going to tell  
him I'm leaving when I come back.

MELLORS

A pregnant woman asking to leave  
her husband? Even if Clifford  
agreed, the courts won't.

(After a beat.)

I still need to get a divorce  
myself.

CONNIE

... What happened with Bertha?

MELLORS

It was a good deal my fault. I was  
a different man when I come back  
from the war. While I was gone, she  
carried on with other men and now  
she refuses to divorce me.

CONNIE

What about her other man?

MELLORS

Ned? He's a big baby of a fellow.  
She bullies him; they both drink.  
Bertha used to send him around to  
harass me for my war pension.

Connie can't hold herself back any longer - she reaches out for Mellors. He grabs her hand, pulls her into an embrace.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Hey. It's alright. Let's not fight.  
 (She kisses him; he buries  
 his head against her.)  
 I'm sorry.

CONNIE

What if we were to just leave them  
 all behind? Go to Australia, or one  
 of the colonies... anywhere.

MELLORS

The three of us?

CONNIE

(She nods.)  
 Just our family. Somewhere they  
 wouldn't judge us.

MELLORS

If there is such place.  
 (Beat.)  
 It seems a wrong and bitter thing  
 sometimes to bring a child into  
 this world.

CONNIE

You don't mean that.

MELLORS

I do. Don't get me wrong - I'm  
 pleased for us. But when I think of  
 what's been done by those in power -  
 what leaders of men have done to  
 their so called fellow man...  
 reduce them to less than human. To  
 half-corpses. Turned into insects  
 for labor, sent off to be killed in  
 war - and those who do come home  
 find they've been forgotten...

Pause. Connie sighs and rises. She crosses to the door,  
 staring out at the rain.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

They think about naught but money.  
 They live to make money. But not  
 all of us have the freedom to live  
 life how we want. Not all of us -

Suddenly, impulsively, Connie pulls off her stockings, then her dress. Mellors watches in amazement as she slips off the last of her underclothes then, laughing, runs out the door into the rain.

Astonished, Mellors goes to the door, watching as Connie dances in the rain, naked - clutching her breasts as she runs in circles, stooping low, spreading her arms wide, throwing her wet hair back and drinking in raindrops.

Mellors gives a wry laugh as he strips off his own clothes.

EXT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mellors runs naked out of the cottage, shivering in the rain, laughing as he invents his own dance.

Mellors approaches Connie, circling playfully. Her eyes flash - she charges down the path, wet boughs whipping her. Mellors catches up. Connie shrieks, laughing as he pulls her to him.

The pounding rain steams off of them like smoke as Mellors turns Connie to face him, one hand catching her wrist, pinning her arm behind her; the other gripping her buttocks.

He moves to catch her lower lip between his. Connie leans back out of reach, gestures for him to come closer. Passion flares - Mellors lifts Connie, tipping her back against a tree, and then the two of them drop to the soft, wet earth.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Clifford wheels himself around the hallway, agitated. Bolton tries to calm him.

CLIFFORD

But where is she? She's been gone now more than two hours.

MRS. BOLTON

I'm sure it's just the rain that's keeping her, Sir. She's probably sheltering in the hut.

A pause. Clifford taps anxiously at the windowsill.

CLIFFORD

I'm going to send out Warren and Betts to find her.

MRS. BOLTON

Oh, no, don't you do that. It will only get people talking.

(Heading into the hall:)

(MORE)

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)

I'll slip on over to the hut and see if she's not there.

CLIFFORD

And leave me here alone?

Mrs. Bolton grabs Clifford by the hand, calming him.

MRS. BOLTON

Don't you worry - we'll both be back in no time.

EXT. WRAGBY, CLOSE TO THE TREE - DAY

The rains have stopped. Mellors and Connie walk along the path arm in arm. Connie pulls Mellors close, kisses him.

CONNIE

I leave for Venice on Thursday. I'm going to come back to the cottage that night; I want to sleep in your arms before I go.

They break their kiss only moments before Mrs. Bolton appears on the path ahead, hurrying straight towards them.

MRS. BOLTON

Oh, my lady - there you are! Sir Clifford asked me to look for you. He was worried something had happened.

CONNIE

No, I was just in the hut, sheltering from the rain.

The two quickly separate. Mrs. Bolton glances to Mellors, at a loss what else to say.

MELLORS

Evening, Mrs. Bolton! Your Ladyship will be all right now. Goodnight to you! Goodnight to your Ladyship!

He salutes and heads up the path. Connie watches him go, then turns and strides angrily past Mrs. Bolton toward Wragby.

CONNIE

I am not a child. It's monstrous I have to be followed!

MRS. BOLTON

Oh, your Ladyship, don't say that!  
Sir Clifford was sure you'd been  
struck by lightning. He was going  
to send Warren and Betts. They  
would've gone straight to the hut -

Connie slows. She glances over at Bolton, softening.

CONNIE

It's not your fault. It's foolish  
of Clifford to worry.

MRS. BOLTON

Let's go home now. I'll take care of  
it. It's just as I told him - you've  
only been sheltering in the hut.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Connie bursts into the entrance hall to confront Clifford,  
indignant. Mrs. Bolton lingers in the doorway, out of mind  
and view.

CONNIE

I must say, I don't think you need  
to send the servants after me!

CLIFFORD

My God - where have you been?!  
You've been gone hours, *hours* - and  
in a storm like this! What in the  
name of hell have you been doing?!

CONNIE

What if I don't choose to tell you?  
(Relenting slightly:)  
You're acting as though I went to  
Paris. I sat in the hut and made a  
fire.

CLIFFORD

Look at your hair - look at yourself!

CONNIE

Yes, I had a shower of sorts. I went  
out in the rain with no clothes on.

Mrs. Bolton's jaw drops. Clifford is dumbfounded.

CLIFFORD

What?? Are you mad! Suppose Mellors  
came while you were running around  
with nothing on?

CONNIE

Yes - suppose he had.  
 (Glancing in a mirror:)  
 You are right; I really ought to  
 brush out my hair before it dries.

Clifford watches in outraged silence as Connie leaves.

I/E. WRAGBY, WRAGBY FOYER/FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Hilda has arrived at Wragby and now climbs out of her car. Connie hurries to the front entrance to greet her sister, beaming as Hilda enters the house.

CONNIE

Hilda! Oh, it's so good to see you!

Connie gives Hilda a warm embrace. Hilda leans back, surprised - this is not the same Connie she saw here last.

HILDA

It's been too long.

CONNIE

I have so much to tell you.

HILDA

So it would seem.

INT. CONNIE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Hilda stares at Connie, grinning at this new development. She embraces her sister.

CONNIE

You know I've met someone, don't  
 you?

HILDA

I've gathered from your letters.

CONNIE

I tried to tell myself that it was  
 nothing - and then I tried to stay  
 away. But I can't. I love him. And  
 I want to spend this last night  
 with him. I've promised.

HILDA

Are you going to tell me who he is?

CONNIE

Oliver Mellors. Our gamekeeper.

HILDA

(Her face slowly drops.)  
You can't be serious...

CONNIE

No, Hilda - he's lovely. He's got such an understanding and tenderness. He's quite the exception - you'll see.

HILDA

I've long hoped you would find someone else - but one of Clifford's servants?

CONNIE

(Beat.)  
I'm not giving him up, Hilda.

HILDA

(Furious, exasperated:)  
Oh, listen to you! It's you and that German boy, all over again -

CONNIE

No, it isn't, Hilda. It's nothing like that -

HILDA

It is! Confusing sex with love - and then thinking it can continue just because it's what you want. Please, Connie - come to Venice and take the time to think through what you really want.

CONNIE

(Exploding:)  
I know what I really want!

HILDA

(Defiant:)  
Really? Do you?

CONNIE

Yes. And I'm seeing him tonight, or I'm not going to Venice at all.  
(Connie shakes her head, disappointed.)  
I really thought that you, of all people, would understand.

I/E. WRAGBY, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Connie and Hilda say their goodbyes to Clifford and Mrs. Bolton in the front hall, the door open behind them.

CLIFFORD

Goodbye. I look forward to your letters.

Connie is almost tender as she kisses Clifford on the cheek; then she turns and follows Hilda out to her car. Clifford watches her go, fear and uncertainty in his eyes.

MRS. BOLTON

You have a good time and then come back and cheer us up.

They climb into the car. As Hilda starts the engine, Connie looks back at Clifford. He sits at the top of the steps in his house chair, watching them leave.

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DUSK

Connie and Hilda enter the cottage. The table has been neatly set; Mellors tends a fire that burns in the fireplace.

CONNIE

Oliver, this is my sister, Hilda -  
Hilda, this is Oliver Mellors.

MELLORS

It's a pleasure to meet you. Take a seat, then. Can I get you something to drink?

Hilda glances around at the humble furnishings. She doesn't hide her distaste. Mellors squints.

CONNIE

Hilda.

HILDA

What do you want me to say?

MELLORS

Whatever it is you're thinking.

HILDA

Very well. It is one thing to hold trusts in your cottage; but what happens when you go out into the world? When Connie's friends back in London cross the street to avoid her?

CONNIE

Hilda, that's not fair -

MELLORS

You've got me figured then, eh?  
 What was it summed me up so quick?  
 (In his Midlands accent:)  
 Were it sumtin' I said?

HILDA

Mr. Mellors. How do you expect to take care of her once you've lost your job? Do you actually believe you can give her any chance at happiness?

MELLORS

You're asking the wrong person there. I only know I get a great deal of happiness from her.

HILDA

You've thought of your happiness, at least.

CONNIE

Hilda, enough!

A beat. Mellors glances to Connie who, despite her resolve, has clearly been shaken by Hilda's speech.

HILDA

I think you understand far better than she does how badly this could end. Think about how much she really means to you.  
 (She goes to the door:)  
 I'll pick you up in the morning, Connie. Early. Don't keep me waiting.

CONNIE

Hilda!

Connie heads for the door, calling for her sister to stop - but Hilda leaves, closing the door in her face.

Connie pauses a moment, then sits down across from Mellors.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have brought her.  
 (Turning to him:)  
 (MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Please don't let her upset you.  
She's just protective.

MELLORS

But she's right. We haven't thought  
beyond tomorrow. Sir Clifford will  
fight this divorce. He'll fight to  
keep our child.

CONNIE

Then I'll leave him anyway. I'll  
still be your wife, paperwork be  
damned.

MELLORS

And then what? I won't have a job.  
I don't see myself getting a good  
reference. How's that going to  
work?

Connie approaches Mellors, sitting in his lap. She drapes her  
arms around him, kisses his forehead.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

I know my job isn't much, but it  
gives me purpose...

(He shakes his head.)

I don't know... I never thought on  
such things until you turned up.

CONNIE

Let's go upstairs.

Mellors nods. He watches her as she pulls him up the stairs.

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Desire, anger and heartache by candlelight - Mellors tears  
open Connie's nightgown. His rough kisses and his brutal  
tenderness leave Connie frightened, excited, overwhelmed.

Mellors rolls Connie onto her stomach, lifting her hips. He  
opens his trousers as Connie waits in nervous anticipation.

She gasps as Mellors presses into her. They moan breathlessly  
as he moves - Connie rises, overcome, pressing her back into  
his chest as he holds her close.

INT. MELLORS' BEDROOM/MELLORS COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Morning. Connie slowly wakes, opening her eyes, deeply  
contented. Mellors turns to face her, running his fingers  
through her hair.

There is a loud KNOCK at the cottage door. They are both instantly on guard.

Mellors gets up quickly, pulling on his clothes and going into the front room. Connie slips out of bed, peering through a crack in the parted doorway. Mellors waves for her to duck out of view.

Mellors grabs his gun. The moment he does, Bertha's man NED (30s) bangs on the door so hard the latch gives. He enters the room, sees the gun and immediately acquiesces.

MELLORS

What the fuck are you playing at,  
Ned?

NED

Oh, calm down, Mellors. I'm not  
here to fight. Bertha sent me.

MELLORS

She's your problem now, not mine.

NED

(Mustering his bravery.)  
That innit how she sees it. She is  
still your wife - entitled to half  
your military pension.

MELLORS

And I'm entitled to a divorce. Not  
gonna get one though, am I?

Ned moves further into the room, trying to get a clearer view of Mellors' belongings. Mellors raises his shotgun. Flossie growls.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

Now fuck off out of here - or I'll  
shoot you as a poacher!

Mellors shoves Ned back toward the door with the shotgun barrel, then raises it to his shoulder, taking aim. Ned scrambles backward, cowering in fear.

NED

All right! I'm going -

Ned opens the door and stumbles outside. Mellors watches him retreat, then slams the door, crosses to peer out the window.

CONNIE

Is he gone?

MELLORS

Unless his heart gave out running.  
Stay there until we know he's gone.

EXT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Mellors comes out, making sure Ned has left. Connie follows.

MELLORS

Let's go, then.

They hurry through the woods, coming to a stop once they see Hilda's car. They embrace - a car horn sounds up ahead.

MELLORS (CONT'D)

The horn? What's she thinking?

I/E. HILDA'S CAR/THE BRIDGE/LANE TO MAREHAY - DAY

Connie, eyes red, climbs into the car beside Hilda.

HILDA

He's gone back to the cottage  
already? Perhaps one of you has  
come to your senses.

Connie fights back tears. Hilda softens, reaching out with a gloved hand to wipe Connie's cheek.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Oh, Connie...

CUT TO:

Hilda's car drives out along the lane past Marehay. Mrs. Flint stands outside her house, gazing after the car, wondering what brought Lady Chatterley this way.

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE BEDROOM - DAY

Mellors straightens the bed, finding Connie's torn nightgown.

DOWNSTAIRS, Mellors sits, lost, the nightgown draped over the chair beside him. Pause. He takes the nightgown to the fire and tosses it in, watching it burn.

EXT. LONDON, SIR MALCOLM'S HOME - DAY

Hilda's car is parked outside Sir Malcolm's home.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

Connie stares out the window. Hilda enters.

HILDA

For heaven's sake, Connie - we're going to Venice tomorrow! Do you have to look so miserable?

CONNIE

I think I'm pregnant.

Hilda sinks into a chair, stunned. Pause.

HILDA

Oh. Right... I assume it's not Clifford's?

CONNIE

No - although he did say he would be happy for me to have a child by another man. As long as others believed it was his.

HILDA

... *Seriously??*

CONNIE

(Starting to fall apart:)

I just don't know how much longer I can do this, Hilda.

HILDA

(Comforting her:)

It's all right.

Sir Malcolm enters.

SIR MALCOLM

Do what, exactly? What's happened?

CONNIE

I've fallen in love. With someone other than Clifford.

Sir Malcolm glances to Hilda, then crosses to Connie's side.

SIR MALCOLM

So you took a lover? Well... *Good*. Do I know the man?

CONNIE

(Shakes her head, teary:)

No. But I think I want a divorce from Clifford.

SIR MALCOLM

Because of your feelings for the  
other man..?

Connie nods. Sir Malcolm takes Connie's hand.

SIR MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Well, if you want my opinion... I'm  
sorry, but you stand to gain very  
little by breaking things off.  
Feelings come and go. You may like  
one man this year and another the  
next, but the world will go on. And  
Wragby will go on standing. Please  
yourself - but stick by Wragby, and  
Wragby will stick by you.

(Pause.)

Let's go to Venice, shall we?

INT. MELLOR'S COTTAGE - DAY

Close on the cottage door as a metal shim slips in through  
the jamb, popping the lock.

The door creaks open. Ned slips cautiously inside. He pauses,  
listens - nothing.

Ned examines a few knickknacks, decides they're not worth  
taking. He glances into the fireplace, then uses the poker to  
drag something from the ashes - a half-burned silk nightgown.

Ned stares at it, mystified, then tosses it back and searches  
around for anything else of value. He pockets a few coins he  
finds, bends to retrieve a book that leans against the wall.

Ned notices the nameplate inside the book, then glances back  
toward the fireplace, the puzzle pieces falling into place.

INT. TEVERSHALL PUB - NIGHT

Ned sits at a large table of COLLIERS. He is drunk and  
relishes the attention as he tells a sad, shocking story.

NED

(Derisively:)

"Sergeant" Mellors - he comes back  
home thinkin' he's better than the  
lot of us, gets the world to think  
poor Bertha's to blame for all  
their troubles - and then he  
refuses to support her.

COLLIER #1

Such a disgrace.

NED

So Bertha goes to the cottage today  
trying to patch things up - she  
found them silk nightclothes in the  
fire.

The group reacts in dismay.

COLLIER #1

No wonder he keeps to himself -  
he's hidin' a woman in there.

Ned gives a knowing, drunken look, leans in. Quietly:

NED

Not just any woman. That weren't  
all Bertha found. She showed me  
something else...

INT. TEVERSHALL LAUNDRY - DAY

Mrs. Wheedon has just told the same story to the gossips. All  
eyes fall on Mrs. Bolton. And then:

MRS. BOLTON

A book? So Lady Chatterley loans  
her gamekeeper a book, and she is  
accused of - ? That's outrageous!

MRS. WHEEDON

Of course it is! I won't breathe  
another word on the subject -

MRS. BETTS

But it is all anyone's talking  
about. You know how people gossip.

INT. WRAGBY, BACK DOOR/LIBRARY/CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Mrs. Bolton rushes into the house, hurrying through the  
library to the hall. Clifford's door is partway open;  
Clifford, ashen, sits gravely listening to Mr. Linley.

LINLEY

Sir, no one wants to have this  
conversation. But we must. Of  
course it's pure nonsense - but  
your gamekeeper seems to inspire  
all manner of rumors. The sooner  
you pack him off, the better...

The news is out. Mrs. Bolton hurries to the phone in the  
front hall, quietly lifting the receiver.

MRS. BOLTON  
Hello, yes. I'd like a London  
number, please. Lady Chatterley.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S HOME, LIBRARY - DAY

SERVANTS bring suitcases downstairs, placing them together in Sir Malcolm's library. As Hilda and Connie make certain all the bags are there, the PHONE RINGS. Sir Malcolm answers.

SIR MALCOLM  
Reid residence... Yes, one moment -  
(He turns.)  
Connie - a Mrs. Bolton would like  
to speak with you.

CONNIE  
(She answers the phone.)  
Yes, Mrs. Bolton? Is everything...?

Activity continues to swirl around Connie as she listens, her world quietly falling apart.

I/E. WRAGBY, THE BACK DOOR - DAY

Mrs. Bolton opens the door, finds Mellors standing outside.

MELLORS  
I understand Sir Clifford's asking  
for me.

MRS. BOLTON  
Of course, yes. He's in his study.

Mellors nods. He heads past her toward Clifford's study.

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)  
Mr. Mellors... I called her  
Ladyship. She's coming back.

MELLORS  
When?

MRS. BOLTON  
This evening, soon as she can get  
here. She said you could meet at  
the hut and decide what to do.

MELLORS  
(Beat. He nods in thanks.)  
There may be rough going ahead,  
Mrs. Bolton. Best to stay clear of  
it all.

INT. CLIFFORD'S STUDY - DAY

Clifford sits at his desk, brooding. A knock at the door.

CLIFFORD

Come in.

Mellors enters, stands before Clifford's desk. If he is concerned, his manner doesn't show it. For his part, Clifford is as composed and business-like as we have ever seen him.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

You are my servant, living upon my land at my sole discretion - and now your indecencies have become the subject of gossip.

MELLORS

Then you should shut the mouths of the gossips.

CLIFFORD

Are you aware that Lady Chatterley's name has been slandered? Apparently her name was inscribed in a book found at the cottage.

MELLORS

Right. I got a picture of Queen Mary on m' wall calendar - I suppose she's in my harem as well.

CLIFFORD

(Finally erupting:)

I do not appreciate your sarcasm. You should have walked into this room with your tail between your legs; instead, you strut in here like a fool, as though the only accusation you face was having forgotten to button your breeches.

MELLORS

Well, if I did forget, at least I'd have something to show for it.

Clifford goes white with rage. When he can finally speak:

CLIFFORD

You have until the end of the day - after which time I never want to see you set foot upon my land ever again. Do I make myself clear?

MELLORS

Perfectly.

(He turns to go:)

I guess I better get packing, then.

EXT. HILDA'S CAR/THE ROAD NEAR MAREHAY FARM - DAY

Hilda's car drives past Marehay headed towards the cottage. Mrs. Flint walks along the road ahead, Josephine in her arms. She sees the car, quickens her pace. The car stops. Connie climbs out as Flint arrives at the farmhouse gate.

CONNIE

Mrs. Flint - excuse me -

MRS. FLINT

I have to get Josephine to bed.

CONNIE

I know you've heard things-

Mrs. Flint turns, fear and accusation in her eyes.

MRS. FLINT

Please - I can't do this! We lease this farm from Sir Clifford -

CONNIE

And you always will, of course.

MRS. FLINT

You met with him here, didn't you? The day he came for the milk. I thought you'd come to see us -

CONNIE

Of course I came to see you.

MRS. FLINT

- I found where you parked the car in the trees.

CONNIE

That was only the one time -

MRS. FLINT

I don't want to know!

The farmhouse door opens. MR. FLINT (30s) steps onto the porch. He nods to Connie - polite but wary - says nothing. Mrs. Flint turns to Connie, forcing a smile and a little bow.

MRS. FLINT (CONT'D)

Good evening, Lady Chatterley.

She hurries up to the farmhouse, leaving Connie at the gate.

EXT. THE WOODS, NEAR THE HUT - DAY

Connie walks down the path. She sees a figure up ahead and is about to step into view when Mellors comes up behind her, hurrying her into the hut. The figure, Mr. Betts, passes by.

INT. THE HUT - DAY

Mellors guides Connie in, closing the door. They kiss passionately, then Mellors stops to check the windows.

CONNIE

What are you doing? Oliver...

MELLORS

The cat is well and truly out of the bag now, Connie. Clifford heard rumors I've been entertaining women at the cottage. He fired me, sent Betts out to make sure I'm leaving for good. You cannot be seen here.

CONNIE

What does it matter? Clifford knows everything, doesn't he?

MELLORS

He's convinced I'm a deviant, but I don't think he believed the gossip about you. And he can't. You need to get to Venice.

CONNIE

We could just leave together, now -

Connie reaches out to embrace Mellors. He puts his hands on her shoulders, stopping her.

MELLORS

I'm going alone. For now, at least.

CONNIE

... Why?

MELLORS

Look at me - I have nothing to give you. I've no job, I've no home. I've got no purpose in life. Nothing.

CONNIE

Don't say that! You are everything to me. You have everything I could possibly want.

In the distance, Betts has heard something. He calls out.

BETTS (O.S.)

Mellors! You need to go!

Mellors pulls Connie into the darkest corner of the hut, away from the windows and door. She turns his face towards her.

CONNIE

Look at me.

MELLORS

I don't need money, titles or estates - but I do need to find some sort of meaning or purpose -

CONNIE

So what am I supposed to do? Wait here while you figure all this out?

MELLORS

You've got to choose your own course. If I ever make sense of my life, I will find you, wherever you are. I will find you.

CONNIE

(After a beat.)

Promise me we'll share our lives.

MELLORS

(He nods, uncertain.)

Aye, me lass. When the time comes. When the time comes.

BETTS (O.S.)

Mellors!

He kisses her and hurries out the door, leaving Connie in darkness.

MELLORS (O.S.)

Can I get my coat, mate? That alright?

She listens as their voices fade into the night.

TIME PASSES. CONNIE SITS in the little hut, desolate. The empty pheasant coops have been brought inside and stacked along the walls; the chicks have grown and left the nest. She stares through their wire mesh doors, surrounded by cages - trapped.

EXT. THE GATE TO THE PARK - DUSK

Connie comes out of the woods, walks through the gate.

EXT. WRAGBY, BACK DOOR - DUSK

Connie approaches Wragby. She arrives at the back door just as Mrs. Bolton opens it.

MRS. BOLTON

Your Ladyship! You mustn't be here -

CONNIE

(Stepping past her:)

Thank you, Mrs. Bolton.

INT. CLIFFORD'S BEDROOM/LIBRARY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Connie enters. Clifford turns, surprised.

CLIFFORD

Connie - ?

There is a pause. And in that pause, Clifford sees the truth in Connie's eyes. He stares at her like a cornered animal.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

You can't be serious... It's all  
*true?*

Connie nods. Pause. Clifford is left stunned, reeling.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

My God... my God... That  
miserable - !

(He stares at Connie in  
amazement.)

And you... with a servant? Here -  
on *my land*... How could you -?

CONNIE

(Softly:)

It was your idea, Clifford.

CLIFFORD

My idea?? Oh no, no -

CONNIE

Yes. You knew perfectly well what I was getting into -

CLIFFORD

With the *right sort of man* - I said the *right sort* -

CONNIE

Oliver Mellors is a better person than anyone I've ever met -

CLIFFORD

I was perfectly clear, Connie. We discussed the rules -

CONNIE

I'm going to have his child.

CLIFFORD

(A stunned pause.)  
You're *going to*? You're sure?

Connie nods. Clifford is speechless, his expression blank.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

But... everybody knows. You can't possibly expect me to claim that child as my own now?

CONNIE

No... I don't. I want a divorce, Clifford. I'm leaving you.

CLIFFORD

(Dumbfounded.)  
No, no - you can't, no -

CONNIE

I am sorry for how this has all come about, but we both know that this marriage has been very unhappy for a very long time now.

CLIFFORD

It hasn't been - not for me.

CONNIE

Yes. Because you laid out all the rules. And I tried to follow them, I tried to support you in every way I could. But you gave me nothing in return.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Not the slightest drop of affection or kindness - and what's worse, you made me feel ashamed for even wanting those things.

Clifford lowers his voice, a wounded animal.

CLIFFORD

That's what this is really about? You're ashamed of me.

CONNIE

No. This has nothing to do with what happened to you - it's never been about that. It's about the way you treat people. The way you've treated me. I don't think you've ever had real feelings for anyone but yourself.

Clifford leans in, beseeching - for a moment, it sounds as though he genuinely wants to win Connie back...

CLIFFORD

I have always cared for you, Con.

CONNIE

Yes. Cared for me. In the same way you care for your books and for your radio, but never in the ways I needed you to.

CLIFFORD

I love you, Connie. I've loved you the only way I know how. I've given you everything I know how to give.

CONNIE

(After a beat.)  
It's not enough.

CLIFFORD

Then talk to me, Con. Help me understand. If there were any way I could prove that to you how I feel...

CONNIE

... There is. Let me go. Please.

Clifford falls silent, glowering. A long pause.

CLIFFORD

Go. But know this. I will never grant you your divorce. Because you broke your word. You made a mockery of my life here in Wragby. I'm not inclined to give you anything.

A beat. Connie nods, realizing Clifford is still determined to control her to the last. Quietly:

CONNIE

I don't think you ever were.

Connie goes, leaving Clifford alone. As soon as she's gone, Clifford drops the facade and breaks down into tears.

EXT. WRAGBY ENTRY HALL/BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Connie walks out of the library, finding Mrs. Bolton just outside the door.

MRS. BOLTON

My Lady - I wasn't meaning to pry, but I worried about you -

CONNIE

I'm all right. Mrs. Bolton... do you have any idea where Mellors might have gone?

Mrs. Bolton shakes her head. Connie walks toward the back door that leads into the servant's quarters.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Would you ask your friends to let you know if they hear news?

MRS. BOLTON

And why shall I say I'm asking?

CONNIE

Because I love him. Tell them that.

MRS. BOLTON

... Yes, my lady.

Connie reaches the door, looks one last time around the hall.

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)

My lady... I do hope you find your gentleman.

CONNIE

Thank you, Mrs. Bolton. So do I.

EXT. VENICE PIAZZA - DAY (MONTAGE)

A large Venice piazza. A GONDOLIER ferries LOVERS along the river. VALETS help move luggage into a nearby hotel.

Connie walks through the piazza, lost in thought. Ahead, she notices a YOUNG COUPLE flirting near a fountain. She pauses to watch them, yearning for what they have. The Young Woman notices her. Connie grows self-conscious and crosses to sit on a bench, watching the pigeons strutting around the piazza. The days pass in a whirl as...

EXT. CANAL SIDEWALKS - DAY (MONTAGE)

... Connie walks along a Venetian canal, lost in thought. She pauses to gaze over the water, sadness in her eyes...

EXT. A BOAT ON THE CANAL - SUNSET (MONTAGE)

... A GONDOLIER rows Connie, Hilda, and Malcolm down a tight canal. Malcom and Hilda take in the sights - exchanging a glance when they see that Connie simply stares into the water...

MRS. BETTS (V.O.)  
Is it all true then? Has her  
Ladyship left Sir Clifford?

INT. TEVERSHALL LAUNDRY, ENGLAND - DAY (MONTAGE)

... Bolton stops doing her laundry. She nods, glances around. The full room is silent, all eyes on her. Mrs. Wheedon, Mrs. Betts, and Mrs. Thompson listen in. She speaks to them all.

MRS. BOLTON  
Her Ladyship has asked if you would  
pass along any news of Mr. Mellors.  
"Because I love him," she said.

Murmurs and consternation. Bolton raises her voice.

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)  
I lost my Ted twenty-five years  
ago. He died in the Chatterley  
mines, and they blamed him for it.  
(The room quiets.)  
I never thought I'd meet another  
woman loved a man as much. But Lady  
Chatterley does. She gave up  
everything for him. Her title, her  
wealth, her position in the world.  
Now she's lost him.  
(MORE)

MRS. BOLTON (CONT'D)

Think what you like - but I'll not  
hear a word spoken against them.  
Theirs was a love story...

END MONTAGE.

EXT. VENICE PIAZZA - DAY

Connie sits in the same piazza as before, gazing at pigeons. The square is filled with life, but she takes no part in it.

Two YOUNG BOYS kick a ball nearby, shaking her out of her thoughts. As she rises and crosses out of the piazza it becomes evident that she's now several months pregnant.

EXT. CANAL SIDE CAFE - DAY

Connie walks along another canal, past cafes where PATRONS sip coffee and talk. She slows, then stops. MICHAELIS holds court with two women up ahead. They listen attentively while they walk with him, leaning in as he tells them a story.

Connie smiles and starts toward them, briefly forgetting the change in her circumstances - but when Michaelis makes eye contact, he averts his gaze and crosses a nearby bridge, pretending not to have noticed her.

Michaelis keeps his smile fixed on his companions as Connie nears, but there is fear in his eyes as well - because, after all, his acceptance among the elite is conditional at best.

Connie lowers her gaze and walks onward. Guilt clouds Michaelis's face for a moment, then he continues his story.

INT. THE VILLA ESMERELDA BALCONY - EVENING

GUESTS at the villa have drinks on the balcony. Connie stands with Hilda, listening as Sir Malcolm talks with their HOST. Connie notices THREE WOMEN across the room - it is not hard to tell they're gossiping about her. Connie turns to Hilda.

CONNIE

This place is losing its charm.  
Let's go back to London, shall we?

HILDA

What?

Hilda looks towards the gossiping women, then to her sister.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Ah. All right.

Connie crosses to the women, says something that instantly silences them, then crosses back, taking Hilda by the arm.

EXT. THE ALPS - DAY

A Chauffeur drives Hilda and Connie through the ALPS - headed back toward France and passage home.

EXT. OUTSIDE MALCOLM'S TOWNHOUSE, AUTUMN - DAY

Autumn. The leaves have begun to turn.

Connie sits just outside the home, reading a book. She is noticeably pregnant now - perhaps four or five months along.

Hilda steps outside to grab the post, sorting mail. She hesitates over one, then crosses to Connie, sits facing her. Connie looks up.

CONNIE

... What?

HILDA

How many times have you read that page?

Connie smiles. Hilda nods, confirming something.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Well... It looks as though he's found you.

Connie's breath catches. Hilda hands the letter to Connie. She tears it open and reads, overwhelmed by her emotions.

CONNIE

Oh my god.

HILDA

You'll want my car again, I imagine.

I/E. THE CAR/ENGLISH FOREST - DAY

As Connie drives through an English forest, we hear:

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.)

*You'll be impressed to learn that word of your departure from Wragby has made it all the way to my little village in Scotland. A man came to work in the local mines, brought the tale with him, telling everyone in the pub about a Lady who fell for a hired man and didn't care if the whole world knew it - "Because she loved him..."*

## I/E. THE CAR/SCOTTISH VALLEY - DAY

The car winds through a valley in the Scottish countryside.

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.)

*Names weren't used, of course. I was simply the gamekeeper, you were the Lady in love...*

Connie drives up past a craggy Scottish farm. A SHEPHERD is herding sheep across the road ahead. She slows the car, frustrated, then climbs out and walks to the farmhand.

CONNIE

Excuse me. I'm looking for Oliver Mellors... Do you know him?

SHEPHERD

(Nodding.)

He's down that road.

Connie's eyes brighten. She races back to her car.

CONNIE

Thank you! Thank you so much.

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.)

*It was a good story, and I found myself wondering if there might be more to the tale.*

## EXT. HILLSIDE IN SCOTLAND - DAY

Connie parks her car at the bottom of a steep hillside without a road. She steps out and makes her way up the rise.

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.)

*A fellow I knew from the army got me work at a farm here. 30 shillings a week and decent lodgings in a cottage up the road... I said I needed a purpose before bringing you and a child into my life.*

As Connie crests the top of the hill, she sees a small stone cottage in the far distance.

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I can't say I've found any greater meaning here on the farm, but I've made a home...*

I/E. MELLORS' NEW COTTAGE, SCOTLAND - DAY

Connie arrives at a stone cottage. She raps at the door. No answer. She peers through the window, then walks around the side of the cottage. There is no one there.

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.)

*I can't imagine what you've already  
been through and how much you've  
already given up. You'd be giving  
up even more to come live here with  
me...*

Connie checks an open shed - Mellors is not there, either. She continues circling the cottage.

CONNIE

(Calling out:)  
Oliver!

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.)

*... But what we have is different  
than anything I've ever known.  
There's a little flame between us -  
it's always burning...*

Connie comes to a stop in front of the cottage, scanning the horizon. Mellors, investigating, steps out from beyond the far wall and sees Connie.

MELLORS (LETTER V.O.) (CONT'D)

*... And I've come to believe that  
tending a fire like that is purpose  
enough for any life.*

Connie turns around, sees Mellors, stops. He approaches her.

Connie takes his hand and rests it on her pregnant belly. Mellors smiles. Connie slowly draws him into her arms and kisses him. She finally breaks the kiss and rests her head on Mellors' shoulder, pulling him close.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END