SALTBEARN

Written by

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White Shooting Script 7th July, 2022.
Blue Script 30th July, 2022.
Pink Script 20th September, 2022.
INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: A silver cigarette case - a crest engraved on it- snaps open.

CLOSE UP: A match strikes, lights a cigarette.

CLOSE UP: A man’s mouth (pretty, clean shaven) takes a deep drag, and in a disdainful, aristocratic voice-

OLDER OLIVER
I wasn’t in love with him.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK-

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. THE RIVER CHERWELL - OXFORD - DAY

OLIVER POV. 2007. A perfect, gilded summer day on the river Cherwell in Oxford. We are in a punt boat, looking up at the back of a beautiful boy. This is FELIX CATTON (20), wobbling as he tries to navigate the oar. He looks back, laughing.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I know everyone thought I was. But I wasn’t.

EXT. CHERWELL RIVER PATH - MAGDALEN- EVENING

OLIVER POV. 2007. The grounds of an Oxford college. Felix is running, wearing black tie, holding a bottle of champagne. He turns back and grins, a cigarette between his teeth.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I loved him. Of course! It was impossible not to love Felix. And that was part of the problem.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX’S ROOM - DAY

OLIVER POV. 2007. A tousled Felix, in his shambles of a college room, half-writes an essay, ink on his fingers. The light catches him as he looks up and smiles.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
Everyone loved him. Everyone wanted to be around him.
EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE- QUAD - DAY

OLIVER POV. 2007. Felix suns himself on the steps of the college quad, wearing a pair of red Ray Ban wayfarers.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
It exhausted him. People just wouldn't leave him alone.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX'S ROOM- NIGHT

OLIVER POV. 2007. We are looking into Felix's room through parted curtains. Felix is kissing a beautiful girl, ANNABEL (20), undoing her shirt. She pulls at his belt.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
Especially the girls. Christ. The girls!

INT. OXFORD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

OLIVER POV. 2007. A dingy nightclub. We peep round a corner to see Felix his hand up another gorgeous girl, INDIA's, skirt.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
It was embarrassing, really, how everyone fawned over him. I think honestly that was why he liked me so much.

INT. OXFORD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

2007. We finally turn around.

We play the scenes again, backwards, but this time we are on our narrator: the 19-year-old OLIVER QUICK.

Watchful, clever, obsessed. Spying on Felix and India from the shadows. One bright, jealous eye caught in the light.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I protected him.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX'S ROOM- NIGHT

2007. Oliver, standing outside Felix's window in the darkness, impassively watching through the curtains as Felix and Annabel undress each other.
OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I was honest with him.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE- QUAD - DAY

2007. Oliver sits on the steps, talking animatedly as Felix listens.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I understood him.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX'S ROOM- DAY


OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I loved him.

EXT. CHERWELL RIVER PATH - MAGDALEN- EVENING

2007. Oliver breathlessly follows Felix through the grounds.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I loved him.

EXT. THE RIVER CHERWELL - OXFORD - DAY

2007. Inside the punt is crammed with Felix's friends. At his feet: Oliver. Oliver looks up at Felix.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I loved him.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

We reveal Oliver Quick in full, in the present day, now in his mid-30s. Impeccably dressed. Beautiful. Urbane. A creature from another time and very much his own creation.

OLDER OLIVER
But was I "in love" with him?

2007. MONTAGE-

THE IMAGES COME FASTER-

OLIVER screams into a pillow.
OLIVER smashes a bathroom mirror.

OLIVER licks the wet enamel on the bottom of an empty bath.

OLIVER's feet tread in a pool of blood on a bathroom floor.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

FLASHBACK ENDS. BACK TO REALITY. PRESENT DAY.

Oliver in the dark room.

The plain backdrop gives us no indication of where he is. He could be being interviewed for a magazine. Or hosting a talk. Or- most likely- being questioned by the police.

And just as he opens his mouth to answer- was he in love with him?- we cut to-

SALT BURN

EXT. QUAD - RADCLIFFE CAMERA/WEBBE COLLEGE -OXFORD- DAY

2006. Zadok the Priest blasts us into Oxford's Radcliffe Camera in all its ostentatious British glory.

It's the first day of term, and we follow the young Oliver through the daunting central quad and into Webbe College.

Wearing a blazer, a Webbe College tie, his hair blow dried into a self-conscious Zack Efron, this is a very different Oliver to the louche, studied man we have just met.

All around him, kids move into their new rooms. The accents are exclusively boarding school. The trunks embossed with initials. Everyone but Oliver is scruffy: messy hair, tracksuit bottoms, pjs, Uggs. A large, unwelcoming banner reads "WELCOME CLASS OF 2006".

A group of ALPHA-HOTTIES walks past him. Among them is FARLEY, a fiendishly clever, pansexual, beautiful American imp with a cruel streak. He takes in Oliver's jacket and tie and not-quite-whispers as he passes-

FARLEY
    Oh, he's got the scarf.
    (to Oliver, sarcastic)
    Hey cool jacket.
The Hotties giggle. Oliver pretends not to notice.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE - OLIVER'S ROOM - DAY

Oliver kicks open the door to his room. Small, institutional, and disappointingly un-paneled, but he's here! At last! He takes it in for a moment. Everything he's worked so hard for.

But then he catches sight of himself in the mirror: the jacket. He tears it off and throws it into a corner.

He goes over to his window: a ground floor view of the quad.

OLIVER POV: Farleigh and the Alpha Hotties are screaming with laughter, marking their territory. And there's a new face in the group: Felix Catton.

Oliver takes in every detail of him. The shattering beauty. The moth-eaten jumper. The easy smile. The posture. Farleigh might be the one talking, but Felix is clearly the gleaming center of the universe. A superstar on arrival. He doesn't mean to be- it's just always been that way.

Felix's eyes flicker over to Oliver's window and he sees him staring. He smiles, and Oliver ducks out of the way.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- DINING HALL - NIGHT

Dinner time, and Oliver, wearing his black scholars' gown, rushes into the college's austere dining hall. He's late, and everyone is seated already, all of them in gowns.

Embarrassed, he walks up and down tables full of chatting, laughing students- there's nowhere to sit. Not a single seat left. Eyes glance up pityingly then slide away again.

Finally he finds the only remaining seat and sits down.

It is immediately apparent why this seat is available. A table full of the hopeless, the luckless, the virgins.

One of them, MICHAEL GAVEY, who has a hard to identify creepiness - the smell of the outcast- eyes Oliver up. He sticks out his hand officiously.

(NOTE: it is during this conversation that we notice how different Oliver's voice has become in the intervening years. The aristocratic drawl is replaced here by Oliver's original voice: quiet, guarded, with a soft accent.)

MICHAEL
I'm Michael Gavey.
Oliver looks at his hand for a second, then shakes it.

   **OLIVER**
       Oliver.

   **MICHAEL**
       Oliver what?

   **OLIVER**
       Oliver Quick.

   **MICHAEL**
       So you're a norman-no-mates too then, Oliver Quick?

   **OLIVER**
       Isn't everyone? It's only the first night.

   **MICHAEL**
       Er...look around you.

Oliver looks at the other tables. Everyone is having a ball.

   **MICHAEL (CONT'D)**
       It's just you and me, mate. And the girl with agoraphobia, but she's in her room. Obviously. What you reading?

   **OLIVER**
       Err -

   **MICHAEL**
       I'm reading Maths.  
           (matter of fact)
       I'm a genius... I don't even like maths really. I can just do it. In my head. Anything. Ask me a sum.

   **OLIVER**
       Nah, you're ok.

   **MICHAEL**
       Come on.

   **OLIVER**
       It's...It's not like I don't believe you.

   **MICHAEL**
       Please. Come on.
OLIVER
Nah, I believe you.

MICHAEL
FUCKING ASK ME A SUM THEN.

Beat.

OLIVER
Uhh... Four hundred and twenty
three times seventy eight.

MICHAEL
(immediately)
Thirty two thousand nine hundred
and ninety four.

They sit in awkward silence.

INT. PROFESSOR WARE'S ROOM - LATER

Oliver sits on a cracked leather armchair in a room almost
comically crammed with books. Opposite him is PROFESSOR WARE
(50s), a coffee-stained man who is really only in this job
for the free port and cheese.

They've clearly been waiting a while. Finally-

PROFESSOR WARE
So, how are you finding Oxford?

OLIVER
Good. Yeah, good, thanks.

Beat.

PROFESSOR WARE
Did you come from far? From home?

OLIVER
Um. Prescot?

PROFESSOR WARE
...Yeah, where?

OLIVER
Prescot. Merseyside.

PROFESSOR WARE
Ah. Never been. Never been...
Prescot. Hmm.

Another painful beat.
PROFESSOR WARE (CONT’D)
So, how did you get on with the summer reading list?

OLIVER
Yeah. Ok I think. I read it all.

PROFESSOR WARE
(incredulous)
All of it? Fifty books on there! Are you mad?

OLIVER
I thought we were supposed to-

PROFESSOR WARE
The King James Bible is on there! Are you telling me you spent your summer reading the Bible? The reading list is optional! I’ve not read half the books on there!

OLIVER
Sorry.

They collapse into another long silence.

PROFESSOR WARE
Any idea where he's got to? He’s twenty minutes late now.

Oliver shakes his head. Ware looks at the clock: 3:20.

PROFESSOR WARE (CONT’D)
I suppose we'd better start then-

Suddenly the door crashes open and Farleigh appears, monstrously hungover, last night's glitter on his face. He flashes Ware a disarming smile.

FARLEIGH
I'm so sorry. Sorry I’m late. Sorry I’m late. I’m so sorry. I got completely lost.

Farleigh throws himself down on an armchair.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
(to Oliver)
Hi, nice to meet you.
(back on Ware)
I’m sorry.
PROFESSOR WARE
You're Farleigh Start, I take it?
Nice of you to join us, finally.
(a sudden thought)
You’re not a relation of Frederica
Start by any chance?

FARLEIGH
She's my mother.

Ware breaks out into a soppy grin.

PROFESSOR WARE
No! I knew her when I was your age.
When we were both here! When she
was still Frederica Catton. Before
she went to America.

FARLEIGH
No way! Oh, my God. I'll tell her.
She’s gonna be thrilled I'm being
tutored by one of her friends!

PROFESSOR WARE
(flustered)
Oh no no. Not, uh, friend. More an
admirer. From afar. I'm not sure we
ever...spoke. No... don't even
mention me.

Farleigh smiles charmingly. Easily taking charge of the room.

FARLEIGH
Shall we start?

INT. PROFESSOR WARE'S ROOM - LATER

Oliver is reading from an essay he wrote. The clock now reads
3:55 and he is just coming to the end.

OLIVER
And thus the shape of the verse can
be said, like Browning's "Last
Duchess", to look as if it "were
alive".

Oliver looks up at his tutor expectantly. Ware is staring out
of the window, zoned out. He suddenly realizes he is expected
to talk.
PROFESSOR WARE
Okay, yeah. Very good. Yeah. A lot
of food for thought there.
Intriguing. Hmmmm.

Oliver looks at him: is that it? Farleigh chuckles.

FARLEIGH
"Thus".

OLIVER
(sharp)
Hmmm?

FARLEIGH
Sorry, just "thus". It's just a
funny word.

Beat.

OLIVER
Why?

FARLEIGH
I don't know. I don't think we
really use it in real life, do we?
It's kind of verbose, don't you
think?

OLIVER
No. Not really.

FARLEIGH
No... No, you don't. You used it
seven times.

Oliver reddens.

OLIVER
No I didn't.

FARLEIGH
Yes you did. I counted.

Oliver looks over to Ware for help, but Ware just claps his
hands with amusement.

PROFESSOR WARE
He's got you there I'm afraid,
Oliver!
OLIVER
So you're picking apart the style
my essay instead of the substance?
That's kind of...

FARLEIGH
Kind of what?

OLIVER
Lazy?

FARLEIGH
It's completely valid to debate the
rhetoric of an argument. It's not
what you argue but how.
Ware nods emphatically.

PROFESSOR WARE
Great point.

OLIVER
Yeah. Especially if you haven't
actually read the poems.
(beat)
Look forward to hearing your essay!

Farleigh smiles at him icily.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY
A few months later, Oliver is standing in front of a jammed
vending machine. His snack is stuck. He bangs on the glass
but it's no use. He sighs.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY
The library is decorated with tinsel and Christmas baubles.
Oliver is half-working, half-watching Farleigh and Felix
mucking about across the library.

MICHAEL
(softly)
Oliver. Oliver.

Michal grunts and tosses over a Crunchie.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Got you a Crunchie.

OLIVER
Oh, thanks.
MICHAEL
Did you know there's a college Christmas party tonight?
(off Oliver's blank look)
N.F.I. me and you. Not fucking invited.

Oliver glances over at Felix and Farleigh laughing.

OLIVER
I'm sure anyone can go.

MICHAEL
Oh, no. It's invitation only, apparently. You get an invite in your pigeon hole?

OLIVER
I haven't checked-

MICHAEL
I have. You didn't.

A beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Fucking losers. Like we wanted to go anyway.

OLIVER
Yeah.

MICHAEL
As if we actually want to talk to those vapid cunts! Nah, we can make our own fun, can’t we?

OLIVER
(small)
Yeah.

MICHAEL
(off the crunchie)
You gonna eat that?

OLIVER
No, you can have it.

Michael grabs it.
EXT. COMMON ROOM - WEBBE COLLEGE - EVENING

Oliver is playing pool alone in the common room when the Alpha Hotties scream past in their slutty Christmas outfits. None of them acknowledges him.

EXT. CHERWELL RIVER PATH - DAY

A beautiful Spring day. Oliver cycles down a river path.

Up ahead on the path is Felix, sitting on the verge. Bicycle upside down, trying to fix it.

Oliver smirks as he passes, but then after a second's thought, he breaks to a halt.

OLIVER
You alright?

Felix looks up.

FELIX
Yeah, I’ve got a flat tire.

OLIVER
Oh. That’s bad luck.

FELIX
I’ve just been trying to fix it. Of course it's when I'm already ten minutes late for my tutorial. Fuuuuck.

OLIVER
Where is it?

FELIX
It’s Iffley Road.

OLIVER
Oh shit.

FELIX
Yeah.

They both stare at the bike. It's a goner. Felix sighs.

FELIX (CONT’D)
I'm already in it for skiving last week, so...

Oliver takes pity on him.
OLIVER
Look I'm not really going anywhere. Just taking these back to the library. Take my bike.

FELIX
No, no, no, I couldn't. I mean it looks like rain, I wouldn't want to-

OLIVER
Honestly, it's not a big deal. I mean, I'll just get it back from you later. You're in my college so...

FELIX
Am I?

Oliver tries to hide this humiliation.

OLIVER
Yep.

FELIX
Fuck, that's kind. Are you serious? Mate, that is so kind. Thank you.

He takes Oliver's bike.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Are you sure? I mean, it’s a bit of a faff wheeling it back to college.

OLIVER
You want me to take yours back?...

FELIX
Oh, no, no, no! I’m sorry, I just thought.

OLIVER
I mean, I can wheel it back to college, it's not that far.

Felix grins. So used to people bending over backwards.

FELIX
Oh, thank you. Thank you... I’m sorry I don't know your name. I'm Felix.

OLIVER
Oliver.
FELIX  
Oliver... Oliver, I love you.

Felix unexpectedly grabs Oliver, plants a kiss on the top of his helmet, and hops on the bike.

OLIVER  
I love you, I love you. Seriously.  
Thank you so much, mate. So kind.  
You’re a fucking life-saver, really. Thank you.

Oliver scoffs, embarrassed. Felix starts to pedal.

FELIX  
(over his shoulder)  
Alright, I'll just leave yours in the bike shed, yeah!

OLIVER  
Yeah. Fine.

FELIX  
Cheers, Ollie!

Felix disappears round the corner, leaving Oliver standing alone holding the broken bike.

INT. KING'S ARMS - LATER

OLIVER POV: Felix, Farleigh and their FRIENDS have taken over the corner table in the smokey pub.

Oliver resentfully returns his gaze to Michael.

MICHAEL  
Jameson spends the whole time staring at her tits, completely ignoring the fact she can barely do her times tables.

OLIVER  
Hmm.

MICHAEL  
Times tables, Oliver! Just fuck off and do history of art, love. Save us all the trouble.

Beat.

OLIVER  
Hmm.
MICHAEL
Oliver... Oliver.

OLIVER
(not listening)
Yeah.

MICHAEL
Not exactly dazzling company.

OLIVER
Sorry.

Michael gets up.

MICHAEL
Ooh! Sweet baby Jesus! Going for a slash. Get me another pint please, Oliver?

OLIVER
Yeah.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

INT. KING'S ARMS - LATER

Felix is laughing with the Alpha Hotties—including Farleigh, Annabel, India, Harry, and another toff called Jake—when he spots Oliver ordering from the bar.

FELIX
Oh! There he is! Ollie! Oliver!!
Oliver, come here, mate!

Oliver is a little startled.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Come here!

He comes over awkwardly.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Hiya, mate!

OLIVER
Hi.

FELIX
This is my fucking hero, right here! I was just telling everyone how you saved my arse yesterday!
INDIA
So cute!

ANNABEL
SO cute!!

FELIX
Hey, take a seat! I owe you a drink!

Oliver glances back at his table. Michael has returned and is looking around for him.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Or sorry... are you with friends?

Michael catches Oliver's eye and waves. Oliver's pretends not to see him.

OLIVER
No, they just left.

He takes a seat next to Felix.

HARRY
So, what college do you go to?

OLIVER
...Yours.

Back with Michael: crushed.

PRE-LAP:

ALL
(chanting)
SHOTS! SHOTS! SHOTS!

INT. KING'S ARMS - LATER

A few hours later. Empty glasses all over the sticky table. Everyone is hammered.

Oliver throws back a shot. He doesn’t look so good.

FARLEIGH
Wait, wait, wait. Jägerbombs!!!!!!

The table whoops.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
It’s your round, man!
Oliver drunkenly looks around the table, there are now about ten of them crammed around it. A very expensive round.

OLIVER
(queasy)
I should go to bed.

FARLEIGH
No, no, no, no. You can't snake out of your round.

OLIVER
I'm not...

FARLEIGH
It looks like you are.

The table boos except Felix, who senses Oliver's unease. After a long while -

OLIVER
Okay, okay.

Oliver manages to get to his feet and heads for the bar. After he's out of earshot -

FELIX
Farleigh.

FARLEIGH
What?

FELIX
Just cut him a break, mate.

FARLEIGH
What?

FELIX
That rounds gonna cost a fucking fortune.

FARLEIGH
Pub rules, Felix.

INT. KING'S ARMS - BAR - LATER

Oliver stands with ten Jägerbombs on a tray in front of him. Money scraped together in fivers and coins on the bar, but he's still short. He searches desperately through his wallet.
OLIVER
It’s my round. I can’t... I can’t
go back and ask them for money.

The barman sighs impatiently.

BARMAN
Not my problem.

CUT TO:

INT. KING’S ARMS - CONTINUOUS

From his seat, Felix notices what's going on at the bar.

BACK TO:

INT. KING’S ARMS - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Oliver is trying to talk his way out of it. Mortified.

OLIVER
(low)
I’m asking... Could I just pay you
tomorrow?

BARMAN
I’m sorry, mate. You’re not even
close.

OLIVER
Please. I’ll bring you the money
tomorrow.

BARMAN
No.

OLIVER
Please, I’m -

BARMAN
Fuck’s sake.

Felix appears next to him.

FELIX
Thought you might need a hand with
these ones, mate. Oh, and you
dropped this.

Felix holds a crumpled twenty out to a confused Oliver.
FELIX (CONT’D)
On the floor by your feet. I was
gonna nick it but I thought I'd do
the right thing.

The ease with which Felix lies is astonishing. Oliver
hesitates, then takes the note with silent gratitude.

OLIVER
(low, to Felix)
Thank you. I'll, um, pay it back
tomorrow.

FELIX
(smiling sweetly)
Don’t know what you’re talking
about, mate.

Felix grabs the tray of drinks and makes his way back to the
table.

FELIX (CONT’D)
(to the table)
Thank you, Ollie!

The table starts chanting his name. Oliver watches Felix with
awe.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE - OLIVER'S ROOM - MORNING

Oliver wakes, still clothed on his bed. Hungover as death,
but it was worth it. In spite of the pain, he smiles.
Finally, he has some fucking friends!

MONTAGE:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

OLIVER, FELIX, FARLEIGH and their FRIENDS are sweatily
dancing in a rammed nightclub. Oliver and Felix in the thick
of it. Oliver FINALLY having the life he dreamed of.

INT. KING'S ARMS - DAY

Felix and Oliver are in a corner of the pub.

FELIX
Yeah, well you know Farleigh
basically grew up with us.
OLIVER
I didn't know you and Farleigh were cousins.

FELIX
My aunt ran away to America when she was nineteen to get away from "the cold-hearted English."
(taking out a cigarette)
--Ciggie?

OLIVER
I don't smoke.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - SITTING ROOM

Oliver, Felix and the Alpha Hotties. Felix and Ollie laughing. Farleigh glances over, annoyed.

INT. KING'S ARMS - DAY

Oliver and Felix back at the pub.

FELIX
She married a lunatic who pissed everything she had up the wall, and a fair chunk of Dad's money too, until he had to finally cut her off.

OLIVER
It sounds like an Evelyn Waugh novel.

FELIX
(matter-of-fact)
You know, a lot of Waugh's characters are based on my family actually. Yeah, he was completely obsessed with our house... Well, Dad, you know, he felt so guilty about the whole thing that he decided he would pay for all of Farleigh's education.

OLIVER
Lucky Farleigh.
FELIX
Fat lot of good it's done him. He’s been expelled from almost every school in England for sucking off the teachers.

Oliver laughs.

FELIX (CONT’D)
How about you?

OLIVER
Oh, I've not sucked any teachers off.

Felix laughs.

FELIX
Not yet, you haven’t.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE—DAY

Oliver and Felix sitting on the steps of the Quad, Felix in his red Wayfarers: the scene from the opening.

INT. HOUSE PARTY—SITTING ROOM—NIGHT

The Alpha-Hotties are all at a bleak house party. A chronically posh boy, JAKE, is trying to chat up Annabel.

JAKE
(to Annabel)
...It’s DJ fucking Shadow!

Across the way, Oliver and Felix are on a couch watching.

OLIVER
He's fucking chronic, mate... All these boarding school psychos. What do they teach you?

FELIX

They laugh.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE—FELIX’S ROOM—DAY

Oliver finds a baby picture of Felix on a shelf.
OLIVER
Ah, that’s cute. Baby Felix. There aren’t any pictures of me as a kid.

INT. KING’S ARMS - DAY

Oliver and Felix back at the pub.

OLIVER
Well, I mean, there’s not much really to say. Very boring.

FELIX
Oh, come on! What are you, in fucking witness protection or something? Jesus Christ, mate. Do you have any siblings? What are your parents like?

Oliver shifts uncomfortably.

OLIVER
Siblings, no. And... My parents are...

FELIX
What?

OLIVER
Don't see them that much.

FELIX
Why?

OLIVER
Just, er.. They’ve got problems.

FELIX
What? What kind of - what do you mean, problems?

OLIVER
Mental health. And addiction and stuff... Dad was, kind of, dealing and stuff.

FELIX

OLIVER
...Yeah.
FELIX
Was it? Was it awful?

Oliver finally relents.

OLIVER
Look, it’s all... it’s all tough.

Felix looks at Oliver with renewed admiration. Finally he raises his glass.

FELIX
Fuck 'em.

Oliver smiles, reluctantly. They clink glasses.

FELIX (CONT’D)
You’re a fucking inspiration, mate.
Seriously.

OLIVER
Thank you.

FELIX
Very cool.

INT. HOUSE PARTY – SITTING ROOM – NIGHT

Getting late. Jake is still trying to chat up Annabel. Her eyes are glazing over. India watches Felix longingly from a corner.

OLIVER
Now can you just eenie meenie India and Annabel and take one home because they both look miserable.

FELIX
(whisper)
Eenie meenie minie mo. Catch a tiger by his toe. If he squeals, let him go.

His finger lands on Annabel.

FELIX (CONT’D)
You’re out, boy scout.

Felix gives Oliver a playful kiss on the cheek and goes over to Annabel, India leaves.

Jake turns to Harry.
JAKE
What the fuck, mate. I’ve been chirping her for about an hour.
I wanted at least a handjob.

HARRY
We all want a fucking handjob, mate. Get yourself a title and a massive fuck off castle.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY – DAY

Oliver walks through the near-empty library when Michael sees him.

MICHAEL
Oliver Quick.

Michael appraises him coldly.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
You look different.

OLIVER
Do I?

As Oliver turns to leave–

MICHAEL
He’ll get bored of you.

OLIVER
Excuse me?

Michael ignores him. Oliver turns to leave again–

MICHAEL
Bootlicker.

Oliver heard that. He leaves, rattled.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE QUAD – DAY

Oliver is on his way to a lecture, books in hand, when he spots Felix and Annabel walking ahead of him. He goes to catch them up, and once he's nearly there–
ANNABEL
I don’t know, he’s just a bit awkward. He’s got zero chat. Like... who would I even sit him next to?

FELIX
I dunno... one of your hot friends?

She laughs.

ANNABEL
I’m sorry, Felix, but no one wants to sit next to fucking Oliver.

Oliver slows down, mortified, to eavesdrop.

FELIX
Why not?

ANNABEL
Because... he’s a scholarship boy who buys his clothes from Oxfam.

FELIX
Harsh! That is so harsh! You’re such a snob!

Oliver stops. Horrified. He lets them walks away.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX'S ROOM- NIGHT

We recognize this scene from the opening. Oliver is looking in at Felix's window. Smoking, watching impassively.

OLIVER POV: Felix and Annabel undressing each other.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX'S ROOM- DAY

It is the summer term. Boiling hot. Felix is lying on his bedroom floor in his boxers. Smoking. His room is a horrifying bomb site.

FELIX
It's so fucking hot.

OLIVER
I know... What’s that smell?

FELIX
Umm, I don’t know.
Oliver tosses the discarded remnants of a days-old meal into the trash and regards the rest of the place.

   OLIVER
   No... No, no, no.

   FELIX
   What? What are you on about?

   OLIVER
   It’s disgusting, Felix.

   FELIX
   It’s fine.

   OLIVER
   Right... I’m cleaning up.

Oliver starts chucking the shit around him into the bin. Felix sits up on his elbows.

   OLIVER (CONT’D)
   Only rich people can afford to be this filthy.

   FELIX
   Fuck off.

   OLIVER
   I mean you’ve got fucking pizza on the floor!

   FELIX
   Mate, stop it. I’ll do it later, it’s fine.

   OLIVER
   No you won’t, mate. No, you fucking won’t... You’ll never do it.

   FELIX
   Yes, I will.

   OLIVER
   No, you won’t.

   FELIX
   Ollie, yes, I will. I said I’d do it later.

   OLIVER
   No, you won’t -
FELIX
OLLIE! Fucking stop!

Felix's tone stops Oliver in his tracks.

FELIX (CONT'D)
I'm not a child. I can do it myself.

Felix gets up and snatches the bin from Oliver. He does seem like a child. Sulkily trying to clean his room. Oliver watches, stung.

FELIX (CONT’D)
(annoyed)
I’m just.. I'm just hot. It's fucking boiling in these rooms.

He hurls things in the bin.

FELIX (CONT’D)
They'd rather we all die of heatstroke than ruin the fucking-wood-fucking-panelling by putting in air conditioning.

OLIVER
You're stressing about the exams.

FELIX
I’m not stressed about the exams, Ollie, you're driving me fucking...

But he's too afraid to hurt Oliver's feelings. He sighs.

FELIX (CONT’D)
I’ve got some revising to do. I think I might catch you later, yeah?

Oliver hesitates.

OLIVER
Kings Arms later?

FELIX
Yeah. Yeah, maybe. I'll text you, yeah?

An awkward silence.

OLIVER
Okay. Of course.
Oliver leaves. Felix winces.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE - OLIVER'S ROOM - LATER

Oliver stares at his phone obsessively. Nothing.

INT. KING'S ARMS - EVENING

Oliver enters. He looks for Felix. Then spots him at a corner table, sitting with the Alpha Hotties. Felix catches Oliver's eye for a second, then looks away. The message is clear: Oliver is not invited.

EXT. KINGS ARMS - EVENING

Oliver walks away from the Kings Arms, through the streets of happy people, trying to squash the rising dread that his dream life is slipping through his fingers.

INT. WEBBE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE FELIX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver walks miserably back through the hall alone, catching Annabel at Felix's door. She’s a little embarrassed.

    ANNABEL
    Hey.

    OLIVER
    Oh, hey.

    ANNABEL
    I was just seeing if Felix was in. We were supposed to meet.

    OLIVER
    Yeah, they're all at the pub.

    ANNABEL
    Oh. Ok. He didn't say. (beat) Was India there?

    OLIVER
    Yeah.

Annabel tries to hide the heartbreak.

    OLIVER (CONT’D)
    Sorry.
ANNABEL
Oh god, no, whatever.
   (beat)
Do you have any alcohol?

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER
Would you like me to have alcohol?

CUT TO:

INT. WEBBE - OLIVER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Annabel straddles Oliver swigging from an almost empty bottle of vodka. She kisses him roughly. She whispers-

   ANNABEL
   Do you think he'll be jealous?

Oliver looks at her drunkenly and laughs.

   OLIVER
   Honestly? I don't think it'll even fucking register.

She stops, hurt. The mood very much gone. She climbs off.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE - OLIVER'S ROOM - MORNING

The cold light of day. Oliver wakes. Something smells horrific. He looks over to his sink: he threw up in it last night, and half missed.

He's furious with himself, disgusted. His phone rings. He rolls his eyes, then picks it up.

   OLIVER
   Hi, Mum.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- HALLWAY OUTSIDE FELIX'S ROOM - LATER

Felix opens his door to find a distraught Ollie.

   FELIX
   Ollie- what's happened?

Oliver bursts into tears.
FELIX (CONT’D)
Hey, come here.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- FELIX'S ROOM- LATER

Oliver shivers as Felix hands him a mug of tea.

FELIX
How did it happen?

OLIVER
Cracked his head on the pavement. Probably drunk, knowing Dad.

FELIX
Fucking hell.

OLIVER
Or off his fucking tits.

FELIX
Jeez, I’m... I’m so sorry, Ollie, that’s...

OLIVER
It’s just a shock.

FELIX
Is your mum alright?

OLIVER
She was completely incoherent which is...pretty normal for her.

Felix can't bear the horror of it.

FELIX
They’re going to have to let you skip exams. You're in no state to do them now. You’ve got to go home.

OLIVER
No. I can't miss the exams.

FELIX
Of course you can miss the fucking exams.

OLIVER
No, I can’t.
        (steely)
No. I'm not like you Felix. This is all I have.
Felix blushes: any reminder of the gulf between their circumstances is painful to him.

EXT. EXAM SCHOOLS - OXFORD - DAY

A crowd of students waits outside the exam schools for their friends to emerge.

Oliver and Felix emerge from the exam schools together, closer than ever. Farleigh behind them. An eruption of sprayed champagne, silly string and confetti lands on them from the crowd.

Behind them MICHAEL walks out alone. No friends to greet him.

EXT. WEBBE COLLEGE- QUAD - NIGHT

Everyone is getting ready for the summer ball. The students walk through the quad in black tie and evening dresses.

Oliver stands in the quad waiting for Felix. Watching. Smoking. Content. He's miles away from the boy of nine months ago. Some girls pass by.

GIRL
Hey, Oliver.

He smiles at them, they giggle. Farleigh appears next to him.

FARLEIGH
(chuckles)
Nice tux.

OLIVER
Thank you.

FARLEIGH
Wow. It's a rental, right?

Oliver's smile tightens.

OLIVER
Yeah.

FARLEIGH
Yeah, the sleeves are too long. Always check the sleeves. But still, not bad. I mean, you're almost passing.

OLIVER
For what?
FARLEIGH
I don't know. A real human boy?

Farleigh ambles away. Oliver looks down at his sleeves self-consciously.

FELIX (O.S.)
Ollie!

When he looks up: Felix is there holding a bottle of champagne.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Hiya, mate!

OLIVER
Hey.

FELIX
Come on then, follow me!

EXT. CHERWELL RIVER PATH - MAGDALEN- EVENING

Oliver follows as Felix runs through the grounds. We recognize this moment from the opening montage.

OLIVER
Wait, wait, wait! Where are we going? We’re gonna miss the ball, Felix!

EXT. MAGDALEN BRIDGE - EVENING

Felix slows as they reach a bridge. They're completely alone.

OLIVER
What's going on, Felix?

FELIX
Well, I was thinking about how I could...you've had such a shit time and you've been so brave about everything -

OLIVER
Oh, Felix, come on -

FELIX
Shh! So in my family, we have this tradition, right? When somebody dies, we write their name on a stone, and chuck it in the river.
Felix brings a pebble from his pocket.

FELIX (CONT’D)
My great, great grandfather started it when his sons died in the war.
I've only done it for my dog so far. But y’know, I don't know, it helped. A bit.

He passes Oliver the pebble.

FELIX (CONT’D)
This feels a bit fucking stupid now to be honest.

OLIVER
No. It's not stupid. Thank you.

FELIX
This is something, isn't it?

Oliver turns over the pebble. "Dad" is crudely scraped on it.

OLIVER
What do I do?

FELIX
Don't know really. Guess you could say a few words...or I mean, we could just stand here in silence for a bit. And then you just...just chuck it in.

They stand in silence. Oliver looks over at Felix, his eyes are closed respectfully. Oliver stares at him. Waits out the silence. Then-

Oliver throws the stone into the water reverentially.

It ricochets off a rock and pings off into the grass bank. Disappearing.

OLIVER
Well, that can't be good.

FELIX
Oh... Fuck.

CUT TO:
EXT. MAGDALEN BRIDGE - EVENING/NIGHT

Later. Oliver and Felix sit on the bridge, feet dangling over the edge, sharing the bottle of champagne.

FELIX
You think you’ll go home?

OLIVER
Honestly? I don't think I'll ever go home again.

FELIX
But what about your mum?

OLIVER
You know the first time I felt the inside of my mother's throat, I was eight? My dad told me I had to stick my fingers in to make her sick, otherwise she'd die in her sleep.

Felix winces.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
So "Home" doesn't mean the same for me as it does for you, Felix. The fucking...filth of the place. The mess. I can't do it.
(his voice cracks)
Just can’t.

Beat.

FELIX
Well, why don’t you come home with me? Come to Saltburn.

OLIVER
No.

FELIX
Yeah.

OLIVER
It's too much of an imposition.

FELIX
Oh fuck off it is! You'll save my sanity, seriously.

OLIVER
It'd feel weird.
FELIX
It won’t feel weird. I mean, Mum
has people stay for months at a
time! And you know what? If you get
sick of us you can leave. I
promise.

Oliver looks at Felix's earnest face.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
And I believed him.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

Older Oliver shakes his head and sighs.

OLDER OLIVER
Saltburn.

I/E. TAXI - DAY

Oliver is in the back of a minicab. We stay on his face as he
looks idly at the countryside. Then suddenly he sees it:
Saltburn. His mouth falls open in a mixture of terror and
admiration. And we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SALTBURN - DRIVE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

The taxi drives away, leaving Oliver alone with his bag. He
opens the gate, and wheels his suitcase awkwardly down the
drive.

EXT. SALTBURN - DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver knocks and the doors open disconcertingly fast to
reveal DUNCAN, the butler. Tall, grey, and an all-seeing
snob, Duncan has worked for the family for his entire adult
life. He takes Oliver with a faint smile.

DUNCAN
Mr Quick. You're early.

OLIVER
...I got the earlier train.

DUNCAN
Well, do let us know the next time.
You see, the gates were not open.
OLIVER
That's.. That's ok.

DUNCAN
We'd sent someone to pick you up.

OLIVER
Oh. Sorry.

DUNCAN
Not at all. Follow me.

Oliver drags his suitcase inside towards the inner front door.

INT. SALTBURN - GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver follows Duncan in, taking in the absurd grandeur of the vast hall.

OLIVER
Wow... This is amazing... Wow.
Wow... Just wow.

Duncan tries not to be too embarrassed by Oliver's reverence.

DUNCAN
Just leave your bag there. Someone will get it for you.

Just as he does Felix barrels in, giving him a huge hug.

FELIX
Ollie!!! Thank god you're here! Duncan, I'll show him to his room, don’t worry! Oliver, try not to be too terrified of Duncan. Duncan, stop being so frightening in front of my friends.

DUNCAN
Well, I’ll try, Felix.

Duncan tries to keep his severe countenance in spite of his clear adoration of Felix.

Felix wraps his arm around Oliver’s shoulder and leads him through the house.

FELIX
Come on, mate. Come on.
DUNCAN
He is terrifying.

FELIX
Oh, he’s alright. He’s just odd.

INT. SALTBURN - STATE ROOMS - LATER

Felix gives Oliver a slapdash tour. Charging through the extraordinarily beautiful rooms dismissively. Oliver- and we- barely have the time to take it all in.

FELIX
Red staircase... I accidentally fingered my cousin here... Henry VII's cabinet... Ghost of granny- hi granny!-...green room, garden... Some fucking hideous Rubens... broken piano ... blue room - it’s blue... and... kings bedroom... Actually the bed still has some of Henry VIII’s spunk on it.

INT. SALTBURN - LONG GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

FELIX
This is the long gallery...
(re the portraits)
Dead relly... dead rellies... Daddy’s old teddy... Shakespeare’s folio...
(points outside)
And maze... So yeah, we’re just through here.

Felix motions him into-

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They enter Felix's room. A collision of ancient grandeur, schoolboy posters and Felix-level mess.

FELIX
OK! My room. You’ll be staying just next door...

He opens another door into the-
INT. SALTBURN - FELIX'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bathroom. An enormous room with painted wallpaper and a huge marble bath in the centre of it.

FELIX
Bathroom... Oh, by the way, we’re going to be sharing a bathroom, I hope you don’t mind, otherwise you’d be miles away on the other end of the house.

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX'S DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They walk through a little hallway.

FELIX
Dressing room... And...

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Which leads into Oliver's bedroom. It's every bit as beautiful as Felix's room, on a slightly smaller scale.

FELIX
Your room!

Oliver takes it all in, a little overwhelmed.

OLIVER
Wow.

FELIX
I’m glad you’re here, mate... Right, I will leave you to it. Oh! Just one thing. Mum has a phobia of beards and stubble so I left a razor for you in the bathroom.

OLIVER
What?

FELIX
Yeah, I don’t know. She thinks it's unhygienic. Something to do with her father. It's bonkers, I mean, I’m not even allowed to wear my fucking stud when I’m here.

OLIVER
Anything else I should know about?
FELIX
No. No. Just be yourself! They'll love you! It's relaxed, I promise.
(leaving)
We'll be in the library!

OLIVER
Library?

INT. SALTBURN - GREAT HALL - A LITTLE LATER

Oliver has wandered into the great hall. Alone, he has a chance to look at things in a little more detail.

He passes a table - on it is a glass box with a miniature of the house inside it, four little cut-outs of the family standing in front: "The Catton Players".

Oliver pulls out the drawer on the bottom of the box and music suddenly plays, the cut-outs springing to life, and dancing a sinister jig.

As he looks at it, his revery is interrupted by a burst of laughter coming from a room in the distance.

INT. SALTBURN - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The "library" is a brightly-colored, informal room and the place the family spend most of their time. With its big tv, bookshelves full of DVDs, and playstation, it feels at odds with the old-fashioned grandeur of the rest of the house. SUPERBAD is playing on the TV.

Half-watching it are Farleigh, Felix, and Felix’s father, SIR JAMES CATTON (60s) a formal, shy man whose excessive love for his family is his only immoderation.

Draped over the sofa, is Felix's mother ELSPETH CATTON (40s), a former model and socialite whose eccentricities and bohemian clothes only marginally obscure her snobbishness and inability to face anything close to reality.

She's talking to POOR DEAR PAMELA (30s) a society beauty and Major Fashion Babe who's increasingly aware she has outstayed her welcome.

ELSPETH
Well, I mean, they probably don’t have rehab in Liverpool.
POOR DEAR PAMELA
No, gosh, no. No, I can’t imagine they do.

ELSPETH
Everybody just goes to ruin, I suppose.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
Where is Liverpool?

ELSPETH
I think it’s on the sea, isn’t it?
(to James)
Darling, where’s Liverpool?

SIR JAMES
North.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
North.

ELSPETH
Yes.

INT. SALTBURN - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Oliver makes his way towards the voices, too distant for him to hear the conversation.

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
It’s called Prescot.

POOR DEAR PAMELA (O.S.)
Oh, it’ll be some awful slum.

ELSPETH (O.S.)
Hmm, some sort of hovel-ish squat.

Suddenly, his eye is drawn to someone in another room.

INT. SALTBURN - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Elspeth and Poor Dear Pamela continue to gossip about Oliver.

ELSPETH
And both his parents were dealing.
God, and his mother’s a drunk. I mean, babies can be really affected. Traumatized.
POOR DEAR PAMELA
Oh, they **come out** drunk.

ELSPETH
(to Farleigh)
Is that right that he had to put
his fingers down his mother’s
throat to make her sick?

FARLEIGH
Yeah.

INT. SALTBURN - GLOBE ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver enters to find VENETIA (20s), Felix's sister.
Barefoot, gorgeous, she has an air of permanent studied
boredom that she uses to cover crippling self-consciousness.
She’s "reading a book".

FELIX (O.S.)
Farleigh, that’s private stuff.

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
Well, you told us.

FELIX (O.S.)
In confidence.

ELSPETH (O.S.)
It’s awful, darling. Can you
imagine doing that to me?

POOR DEAR PAMELA (O.S.)
I think that’s actually rather
normal when you’re poor. I think
when you’re poor, that sort of
thing does happen a little bit
more.

Venitia catches Oliver looking at her. He instantly
straightens.

ELSPETH (O.S.)
We should give him the most
wonderful time.

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
Good luck, he doesn’t smile much.

ELSPETH (O.S.)
Farleigh seems to think he’s
ghastly. Why are you friends with
him, darling?
Venitia holds his gaze for a few moments, then bursts into a fit of laughter. At him?

INT. SALTBURN - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

POOR DEAR PAMELA
...Dirt poor, not attractive, and his parents are drug addicts. I can’t actually -

Finally, Oliver edges into the library.

FARLEIGH
And here he is now! We were just talking about you!

The faces all turn.

ELSPETH
Don't be silly. Farleigh you just make up the most awful things. Of course we weren't. Hello Oliver, darling.

Elspeth comes over to greet him.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
Oh what beautiful eyes! Oh, how wonderful!

FELIX
I told you he wasn't a minger!

ELSPETH
Yes but darling you're kind about everyone, you can't be trusted. (back to Oliver)
Oliver, I have a complete and utter horror of ugliness. Ever since I was very young. I don't know why.

FELIX
(teasing)
Because you're a terrible person?

Elspeth ignores him.

ELSPETH
Don’t be mean. (to Oliver)
Has Venetia seen you yet? Oh my god, she'll die. (MORE)
ELSPETH (CONT’D)
She's been draping herself all
around the house all day hoping
you'll come across her.

FARLEIGH
As it were.

SIR JAMES
Do stop.

Sir James ambles over.

SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
The poor boy has only just arrived.
Oliver, how good to finally meet
you. Trip alright?

OLIVER
Yes, thank you, sir.

ELSPETH
Oh god DON'T with the "sirs". No,
no, no, we can't stand anything
like that here. Come on. Come and
sit by me.

She gestures to Pamela. Elspeth pulls Oliver down on the
couch next to her.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
This is my dear friend Pamela who
has been staying with us.

PAMELA
Hey.

ELSPETH
Pamela, darling, can you go and
find Annie and ask about tea?

A beat as Pamela registers her new place in the pecking
order. Farleigh also takes note.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
Yeah.

(hesitating)
Yeah. Who, which...which one’s
that?

ELSPETH
You'll find her darling, Annie.

She gets up.
POOR DEAR PAMELA
Where’s, um -

ELSPETH
You’ll work it out, darling -

POOR DEAR PAMELA
Okay, I’m going to work it out.

SIR JAMES
Kitchen.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
(low)
Ah, the kitchen. Kitchen. So, Annie in the kitchen... Annie in the kitchen.

She leaves uncertainly. Lingers by the door -

ELSPETH
Off you pop.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
Okay.

She exits.

ELSPETH
Poor Dear Pamela. She's been staying with us while she gets back on her feet. She's had an awful time this year. Hideous. But oh! Oliver- so have you! God, I'm so sorry to hear about your father. How utterly, utterly tragic. I've lost so many friends to addiction. So, so many dear, dear friends. It's the root of Poor Pamela's horrors too I'm afraid.

FARLEIGH
And the only interesting thing about her.

ELSPETH
Farleigh!
(beat)
No, she is rather dull actually. But she's so beautiful. You have to admit she's very beautiful.

Felix nods.
ELSPETH (CONT’D)
But it's only ever really been a
curse. I mean, the MEN Oliver. You
wouldn't believe it. The latest one
is some ghastly Russian
billionaire. Malignantly ugly, of
course. She's been holed up here
for months hiding from him.

Oliver watches Venitia enter.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
Anyway let's not talk about that.
Darling, tell me about your mother,
how is she bearing up?.. Still
drinking?

FELIX
Stop!

ELSPETH
Ignore him.

FELIX
It’s rude.

She gathers up his hands as Venitia sidles over and lights up
a cigarette.

ELSPETH
Nothing shocks me, Oliver,
absolutely nothing!.. Tell me
everything.

And just like that, Oliver is in.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Oliver arrives back at his bedroom.

OLIVER
(sotto)
 Fucking hell.

He looks around. His bag is unpacked. His clothes neatly in
the wardrobe.

Felix walks in.

FELIX
God, Ollie, I'm sorry my mum asked
so many rude questions. Don't take
it personally.
Felix crashes down on Oliver's bed.

OLIVER
Someone unpacked my suitcase?

FELIX
Oh, shit, yes. I should have told you they do that here. The maids all report back to mum by the way so I hope you didn't pack anything scandalous.

OLIVER
(mortified)
Just my old boxers. God.

FELIX
Oh, no, they're used to that. Don't worry... Duncan will be thrilled.

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER
(studiously casual)
Oh, I hope you don’t mind. I had them hang up an old school dinner jacket. We dress for dinner here, so I didn't want you to be caught short.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Dress for dinner?

FELIX
Yeah, it’s like..it’s like black tie.

Oliver sees the black tie hanging in the closet.

OLIVER
I could've brought one.

FELIX
Oh, no, don’t be silly! I mean, I have a spare. It’d be a waste. Do you have cufflinks, though?

OLIVER
(small)
No.

FELIX
That’s all right. We’ll get it sorted. I’ll get you some.

(MORE)
FELIX (CONT’D)
(beat)
I’m really happy you’re here, Ol.
I’m sorry that everything is
so...old fashioned.

OLIVER
No, it's wonderful.

He really means it. Felix disappears.

INT. SALTBURN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is mid-way through dinner in the enormous dining
room. Everyone in black tie. The FOOTMEN pour wine under the
beady eye of Duncan.

Sir James is at the head, Venetia sits between Farleigh and
Felix. She's talking to Farleigh, but her eyes are on Oliver.

Oliver is sitting next to Poor Dear Pamela, who is wearing a
sensational, avant guard dress. She speaks like a child.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
We met in rehab so... He was just
so lovely at first, and then... all
his business partners started sort
of falling out of windows. You
know.

OLIVER
Right. Lucky escape.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
I suppose so. But he spoke Russian
all the time and it just sounded so
romantic. And I don’t know the
Russian word for “whore” so I sort
of thought it sounded like lovely
poetry.

OLIVER
Yeah.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
Daddy always said that I’d end up
at the bottom of the Thames.

OLIVER
(trying to be positive)
So far so good.
POOR DEAR PAMELA
I don't know what I'd do without
Elspeth. She really saved me.

Elspeth overhears.

ELSPETH
Don't bang on about it, Pamela
darling. You know we're delighted
to have you for however long it is
you mean to stay.

FARLEIGH
Forever?

PAMELA
Oh no. No, I think I might have
found somewhere, hopefully.

ELSPETH
Oh, well done, darling.

SIR JAMES
Oh, good.

PAMELA
Yeah. My cousin...My cousin has a
flat.

ELSPETH
Oh, that'll suit you very well, a
nice little flat.

PAMELA
It's more of a bedsit really...

ELSPETH
I loved living in a bedsit in my
20s!! It's so freeing to live all
in one room. And much less cleaning
to do! Oh, but it'll be terrible
when you're gone! How will I cope?

PAMELA
Well, I... I could stay for a little
bit longer if-

ELSPETH
(quickly)
Oh no darling, no! You must be
desperate to be rid of us and find
your own place. I quite understand.

Pamela looks crushed.
INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - SALTBURN - NIGHT

Oliver changes out of his formal wear.

He moves to the window, looks out at the land beyond, the beauty and hugeness of it.

Suddenly he notices a pale, ghost like figure standing disconcertingly in the middle of a garden. It's Venetia.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - NIGHT

Venetia smokes, stares up at the sky when Oliver emerges beside her, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders.

OLIVER
Hey.

VENETIA
Fucking HELL you gave me a fright.

OLIVER
Sorry. I just thought you were sleepwalking.

VENETIA
No, I wanted to have a look at the moon. It's nearly full. Do you know what that means?

OLIVER
No?

VENETIA
We're all about to lose our minds.

He laughs. Not sure if she's kidding.

OLIVER
Sorry. You must be cold.

Oliver offers her his blanket. She wraps herself in it.

VENETIA
I'm cold blooded. We're all cold blooded, haven't you noticed?

OLIVER
You're not cold blooded. Your family's been so kind to me.

She studies him. The lamb to the slaughter.
VENETIA
Sweet. I see why Felix likes you so much. You're so...

OLIVER
So...what?

VENETIA
I don't know... Real.

Oliver laughs.

VENETIA
I think I like you even more than last year’s one.

She laughs now.

VENETIA
Night.

He watches her go.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Oliver is woken by a MAID opening the curtains to his bedroom. He shoots up, discombobulated.

OLIVER
What's...um... What’s -

MAID
Breakfast is ready.

Before he can thank her, she's gone.

INT. SALTBURN - DINING ROOM - LATER

Oliver arrives, the family are already eating breakfast, reading the papers.

OLIVER
Morning.

SIR JAMES
Morning.

VENETIA
Morning.

FELIX
You sleep well, mate?
OLIVER
Um, yeah.

Oliver sits next to Pamela, wearing another sensational outfit, but she looks exhausted.

FELIX
Hey, Oliver, have some breakfast.

Oliver smiles at Duncan who is placing a boiled egg next to Felix's full english breakfast.

OLIVER
Oh, could I have a full english breakfast too please?

A pause from everyone. Duncan looks quickly to Elspeth.

ELSPETH
Breakfast is on the side, darling, just help yourself.

A tight smile from Duncan.

DUNCAN
How would you like your eggs?

OLIVER
(confused)
It's fine. I can get them.

Farleigh smiles into his newspaper.

FARLEIGH
Not the eggs. The eggs are made for you.

ELSPETH
Exactly! And everything else is on the side.

OLIVER
(small)
Fried, over easy, please.

FELIX
(quickly)
Ollie, we were just talking about that Shelley biography.

OLIVER
Oh yeah?
PAMELA
Shelley who? Shelley, Belinda's sister, Shelley?

SIR JAMES
(talking to a child)
Oh, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The poet. The romantic poet.

PAMELA
Oh.

VENETIA
Do you know the story about Shelley's doppelgänger?

SIR JAMES
His doppelgänger?

VENETIA
Shelley's housekeeper was cleaning one of the rooms when Shelley walked past the window and waved at her. So, she waved back before she realized that Shelley was in Italy. And she was on the top floor of the house.

FELIX
Oh, Vee!! Stop, stop, stop!! I won't sleep!

VENETIA
A few hours later, he drowned.

ELSPETH
Oh! That's just given me goosebumps. Look Pamela!

Pamela dutifully looks at Elspeth's goosebumps.

POOR DEAR PAMELA
Oh, no.

FARLEIGH
I heard he fucked his sister.

SIR JAMES
Oh for god's sake!

OLIVER
I think that was Byron.

Pamela tries to get in on the conversation.
POOR DEAR PAMELA
Oh, speaking of which. Ellie, did you hear Ada ran off with Tommy Prior.

ELSPETH
(bored sigh)
Yes, you told me. Of course she did. Her husband was ghastly.

DUNCAN sets the fried eggs in front of Oliver.

OLIVER
Thank you so much.

Oliver looks down. Without meaning to, he grimaces.

FELIX
Is everything okay, Ollie?

OLIVER
Uh, of course, yeah. It’s just...
Runny eggs, I... I get a bit sick from them... Sorry.

Duncan silently whips the plate away, patience wearing thin.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
So sorry.

Farleigh smirks into his paper.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
(calling after Duncan)
Sorry.

EXT. SALTBURN – WILD GARDEN – LATER

Oliver, in his swimming trunks and t shirt, makes his way through the grounds towards the sound of tinny music. He turns a corner into a walled garden full of high grass and wild flowers.

He spots Venitia sunbathing.

VENITIA
We’re over here, Ollie!

He gets a step closer, sees Felix and Farleigh sunbathing as well. They are all naked.

FELIX
Hi, mate!
FARLEIGH

Hey.

Oliver hesitates. Farleigh is watching, amused.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
No trunks allowed in the field.

As nonchalantly as he can, Oliver walks over tosses his towel on the floor and takes off his trunks. Farleigh looks over his sunglasses, impressed.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
Well, well, well.

FELIX
(deadpan)
Leave him alone.

FARLEIGH
(to Oliver)
Good for you.
(to Felix)
What a twist.

Oliver puts on his sunglasses and starts toward them, ignoring them all. A tiny smile.

FELIX
Watch out for the thistles, mate!
Thistles, they’re everywhere.
Seasonal.

EXT. SALTBURN- DAY

MONTAGE:

The summer passes in a blur of golden moments.

- Oliver, Felix, Farleigh and Venetia are sunbathing in and around the square pond. Felix, Farleigh and Venetia are all reading "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows". Felix miles behind everyone else.

FELIX
Do you think Harry, Hermione, and Ron all have threesomes?

VENITIA
(can’t hear him)
What?
FARLEIGH
Oh, without a fucking doubt.

FELIX
You think they all fuck?

FARLEIGH
They’re missing out on an opportunity if they’re not.

- Venitia hangs from a library ladder in the long gallery. Smiles at Oliver as he lounges in a chair.

- The family slumps in the library watching "The Ring".

VENITIA
(screaming with fright)
Oh my god!

ELSPETH
Why is she wet?

FELIX
Because she’s been down the well, Mum!

- Oliver, Felix, Farleigh and Venetia ineptly play tennis, smoking and wearing black tie.

- Oliver finds Felix sunbathing on the roof, reading. He stands there a moment, watching him.

- The family and Oliver are in the long gallery reading the Sunday papers and having tea. Duncan hovers over proceedings. Farleigh looks idly at the glazed cabinet.

FARLEIGH
What are these?

Elspeth looks up and groans.

ELSPETH
Ugh, the Palissy plates.

Oliver looks over, his interest piqued.

OLIVER
Do you mean Bernard Palissy? The 16th century Huguenot ceramicist?

Sir James looks up, as does Felix.

SIR JAMES
Yes. Do you know him?
We cut to Oliver in his bedroom, flipping through a book
titled “Saltburn: The Art of the House”. He reaches the page
on Bernard Palissy.

OLIVER
I’ve always loved his work but I’ve
never seen anything of his in real
life.

Sir James, for the first time, is interested in Oliver.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SALTBURN - MAZE CENTER - DAY

Oliver looks at the small maze map, and ancient model maze.
And out to the maze outside.

He fiddles with the model, an exact replica of the
magnificent grounds.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Oliver startles. Duncan has sidled in.

OLIVER
Uh, sorry.

DUNCAN
Quite all right. Lots of people get
lost in Saltburn.

Oliver exits, uneasy.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Later that night, Oliver is in his pajamas, making his way to
the bathroom when-

OLIVER POV: Through the crack in the door, Felix is in the
bath masturbating.

Oliver watches.

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX'S BATHROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP: The bath. The plug swinging from the faucet. The
bath water draining out of the plug hole.
Oliver is brushing his teeth. Felix sticks his head round the door. He's in his pajamas—no idea that Oliver had been watching him.

FELIX
All right. Night, mate!

Felix leaves. Oliver waits a few moments, then places his toothbrush down.

The final slurps of water gurgles down the plughole.

Oliver gets into the bath, fully clothed, and slowly kneels. He licks the remaining water from the bottom of the bath.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - LATER

Oliver is in black tie having a drink on the veranda waiting for the others to come down. Elspeth approaches.

ELSPETH
Oh, Oliver, darling! So punctual!

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Elspeth has poured a drink.

ELSPETH
Poor V. The boys just run a mile.

OLIVER
Why?

ELSPETH
Well, she gives it away for free! She’s sexually incontinent. Has been since she was fourteen... My mother always said “born masochist”... And then there’s all the stuff with the food.

OLIVER
What stuff?

ELSPETH
You know. “Fingers for pudding.”

She makes a “throw up” gesture.
ELSPETH (CONT’D)
We thought she’d grow out of it, the throwing up.

OLIVER
(shocked)
I...I didn’t know.

ELSPETH
Exactly! It hasn’t even helped! Complete waste of time. Honestly, but if she found the right boy...or girl! I don’t care! Anything! I was a lesbian for a while, you know.
(sigh)
But it was all just too wet for me in the end. Men are so lovely and dry.

Beat.

OLIVER
It can’t have been easy for Venetia. With you being her mother.

ELSPETH
Why?

He glances away, shyly.

OLIVER
Because...

ELSPETH
Because what?

He looks at her directly.

OLIVER
Because you’re so fucking beautiful.

She frowns, surprised- shocked even- but he moves on before she has time to really digest it.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
What do you think Pamela will be wearing tonight?

ELSPETH
What? Oh. Pamela’s not here.

OLIVER
Oh, is she-
ELSPETH
She’s gone. James thought it would be better to peel her away this morning without too much of a scene. Only so many hints you can drop.

OLIVER
Yeah, she did seem a bit lost.

ELSPETH
Ha. Very tactful. She’s a complete limpet. The wettest of wet blankets. And very hard to know from looking at her because she’s so stylish! You’d think she was a riot to look at her! But there was absolutely nothing going on underneath... I know she’s had a hideous time the past few years but honestly she did go on about it.

OLIVER
(quietly)
If all of it was true...

ELSPETH
(eyes widening)
What do you mean?

OLIVER
...I shouldn’t have said that...

ELSPETH
No, no go on.

OLIVER
No, I don’t know, just... Her stories, they just seemed a bit inconsistent at times. I thought you noticed it too...

She hadn’t, but that won’t deter her.

ELSPETH
Oh yes I had. Absolutely!

OLIVER
The self-pity, the emotional blackmail. You know.
ELSPETH
Yes. Yes! God, I was feeling quite guilty about it this afternoon, but you’re absolutely right, there was actually something quite sinister about her. Yes. Thank Goodness for you, Oliver. You’re so perceptive.

Oliver smiles reassuringly, basking in the last rays of the evening sun.

INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - SALTBURN - NIGHT

Later that night, Oliver still in black tie when something out of the window catches his eye:

Venitia is wandering the garden in her nightgown.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - LATER

A moment later, Oliver finds her sitting on a bench.

VENETIA
You're presumptuous.

OLIVER
And you're in your see-through nightdress underneath my window.

VENETIA
It's my house. I can go wherever I want.

OLIVER
Oh, okay. And you want to be in your see-through nightdress underneath my window.

VENETIA
I hadn't really thought about it.

OLIVER
Just a masochist then?

He looks at her.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
You're not eating anything.

Beat.
VENETIA
Yes I am.

OLIVER
Well, you're not keeping it down. I mean, you’re so beautiful, Venitia. You need to look after yourself. So tomorrow, you’re going to eat. And then you’re going to stay at the table. Do you understand?

VENETIA
(tiny)
Yes.

OLIVER
Good.

He kneels in front of her. Mere inches from her face.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
I could just eat you.

He slips one hand up her nightdress. She is frozen, somewhere between mortification and desire.

VENETIA
Ollie...

His hand slides up further.

VENETIA (CONT’D)
It’s- it’s not-
(agonized)
The right time of the month.

OLIVER
And is that something you think I’d be worried about?

He keeps going. Venitia is entranced.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Lucky for you I'm a vampire.

Oliver draws his hand away, there’s blood on his fingers. He licks them.

He rubs his hand on her chest. Puts his fingers in her mouth as his other hand disappears up her skirt and Venitia arches back, enjoying every moment.

He leans in to kiss her. When he pulls away -
OLIVER (CONT’D)
You’ve got a little something there.

There’s blood on her lips. Venitia chuckles. And Oliver disappears under her skirt.

INT. SALTBURN – WINDOW – MOMENTS LATER

From his bedroom, Farleigh has been watching Venitia and Oliver together.

FARLEIGH
You stupid little boy.

INT. SALTBURN – FELIX’S BATHROOM – LATER

Oliver sinks into the bathtub, submerging himself in the water. Blood runs off his face and his mouth.

EXT. SALTBURN – GARDEN TABLE – MORNING

The family are eating breakfast outside.

Venetia's plate is full of food and she's eating it. Looking directly at Oliver. He gives her a ghost flicker of approval, slides his croissant across the table to her, as Felix comes in and sits down sulkily.

OLIVER
Morning. You sleep well?

FELIX
Not really, mate, no.

SIR JAMES
We're thirty for dinner tomorrow night. Stopford Sackville has cried off.

ELSPETH
(unconvincingly)
Oh dear that's a shame.

Venetia, Farleigh, and Felix groan.

FELIX
God. I forgot about dinner.
FARLEIGH
Wait, who is coming to dinner again?

VENETIA
The Henrys.

FARLEIGH
No! Please!

OLIVER
Who are the Henrys?

VENETIA
Dad's friends. They're all called Henry.

SIR JAMES
Not all of them! Just most...

ELSPETH
It'll be fun!

VENETIA
It'll be being molested by Henry.
    (to her father)
    You know which one!

ELSPETH
I'll put you next to Oliver then! He can molest you instead.

Venetia blushes, and goes back to her plate. Felix looks furious.

ELSPETH (CONT'D)
Oh Oliver, I was going to say, we should do something fun for your birthday. A proper party! No Henrys! Something actually fun.

Oliver freezes.

ELSPETH (CONT'D)
(to Sir James)
What do you think, darling?

SIR JAMES
If Oliver would like it then I think it's a splendid idea.
FARLEIGH
I think Oliver looks like he'd rather throw himself out of a window.

OLIVER
(desperately)
What kind of party?

ELSPETH
I don’t know, whatever you want. What do you think? About a hundred people?

OLIVER
A hundred?!

ELSPETH
Or two. It invariably ends up being two, doesn’t it, with this sort of thing... Invite whoever you want. All your friends.

FARLEIGH
What friends?

Oliver looks desperately at Felix. Felix won’t look at him.

SIR JAMES
(childish delight)
Oh! Oh! How about fancy dress?

ELSPETH
Oh, Yes!

SIR JAMES
I can wear my suit of amour, Elspeth!

ELSPETH
Good idea, darling.

Venitia gets up in a huff.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
We could have a theme! What about Midsummer Night’s Dream?!

SIR JAMES
Lovely.

FARLEIGH
Bring on the slutty fairies.
Oliver smiles weakly.

EXT. SALTBURN - POOL - LATER

Oliver finds Felix sunbathing by the swimming pool.

    OLIVER
    Hey.

Felix doesn’t react. Oliver flops down on the lounger next to him.

    OLIVER (CONT’D)
    Hey. Felix. Is everything ok?

    FELIX
    (terse)
    Yes. Why?

    OLIVER
    You seem annoyed about something.

    FELIX
    I'm not annoyed about anything.

    OLIVER
    Ok.

A long silence. Then he whips out his headphones-

    FELIX
    It's just slightly bad form that's all.

    OLIVER
    What's bad form?

    FELIX
    What do you think? Getting with Venetia, Ollie.

    OLIVER
    What makes you think I got with Venitia?

    FELIX
    Farleigh saw you two.

Felix is getting agitated. The spoiled boy re-emerging from underneath all that easy charm.
FELIX (CONT’D)
It's just fucking cringe, mate. I mean, really, you're my friend.
You're supposed to be here with me.

OLIVER
Look, I didn't want to embarrass
Venetia.

FELIX
What do you mean?

OLIVER
I saw her... I saw her outside and
went down to see if she was ok. And
I think she got the wrong end of
the stick because she tried to kiss
me...and I- politely- steered her
away.

FELIX
(suspiciously)
Farleigh said you were practically
eating each other.

OLIVER
And you believe him? Me and
Venetia? Come on!

Felix frowns. Now he's the one who looks like an idiot.

FELIX
Well, why didn't you tell me?

OLIVER
I just...I thought it would be
nicer not to. She was hammered.
Probably doesn't remember.

Felix glowers for a second. Nowhere for his annoyance to go.

FELIX
She's so embarrassing. And fucking
Farleigh. What a little shit
stirrer.

OLIVER
(laughing fondly)
Someone's has to entertain us all.

FELIX
Right.
OLIVER
That's why we love him.

Felix relaxes a little.

FELIX
Thank god. You know, I thought I had another Eddie situation?

OLIVER
Eddie?

FELIX
Yeah, Eddie was my best friend at school. And he came to stay with us. And he kind of... developed a little thing for Venitia, and everything just got so awkward... Yeah, it kind of ruined our friendship.

Beat.

OLIVER
I can imagine.

But Felix has closed his eyes. Conversation over. Oliver lies there uneasily.

EXT. SALTBURN - STAIRS - NIGHT
Venetia sits on the garden stairs in a negligee, waiting.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Oliver watches her. But he does not move.

OLIVER'S POV: Venetia leaves.

EXT. SALTBURN - LIBRARY WINDOW - DAY
Oliver makes his way past the house when he overhears voices from the open window of the library.

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
I’m not saying my mother isn’t completely idiotic when it comes to money.

FELIX (O.S.)
You just have to be firm with her.
FARLEIGH (O.S.)
I can’t call her and tell her “no”.

FELIX (O.S.)
I know. I know. You’ve said that. I know. I understand.

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
No, you don’t. You don’t. It’s humiliating.

FELIX (O.S.)
It’s very hard...

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
I’m sorry, but it’s a bit fucking shitty. You’re all throwing Oliver a party for two hundred people while my mother lives in squalor.

FELIX
Oh, she’s hardly living in squalor, mate.

Oliver moves next to the window, unseen.

INT. SALTBURN - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

With Farleigh and Felix-

FARLEIGH
Well she can’t pay her bills, so she will be! Okay? At the rate she’s going she will be.

FELIX
Right, that’s why dad is concerned about helping her! He doesn’t want to enable her. He wants her to learn to stand on her own two feet.

FARLEIGH
Yeah, like he does?

FELIX
Farleigh.

FARLEIGH
I mean. You do know how this looks, right? Making me come to you with a begging bowl.

FELIX
What are you implying?
FARLEIGH
I think you know what I’m implying
Felix. Why don’t you ask Liam and
Joshua?

FELIX
Who the fuck are Liam and Joshua?

FARLEIGH
...Your footmen.


FELIX
Oh, that is low, Farleigh. Jesus
Christ, seriously. Is that where
you want to take this? Make it a
race thing?

Farleigh immediately regrets this moment of honesty.

FELIX (CONT’D)
What the fuck? I mean we’re your
family, we don’t even notice...that
you...you’re... different or
anything like that. I never know
our footmen’s names! The turnover
of a footman is notoriously high!

FARLEIGH
Of course.

FELIX
And by the way, my father has been
a lot more generous than most
people would be. A lot more.

A pause. Felix wavers.

FELIX (CONT’D)
But... Maybe... Maybe we’ve done
all that we can.

Felix leaves. Farleigh stands there, stung with betrayal.

EXT. SALTBURN - LIBRARY WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Oliver listens, frowning. He almost feels sorry for Farleigh.

INT. SALTBURN - KING’S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A big dinner party in full swing. About forty people sitting
around the enormous table.
The red faces and roaring laughter of the uber-posh. Felix is talking to HENRY (30s), the loudest and reddest of the Red Faces, who's already half-cut.

Oliver is between Venetia and Henry's wife, LADY DAPHNE (late 30s), brittle and bored.

Awkward silence between Venetia and Oliver, as a FOOTMAN offers Venetia some samphire. There's nothing on her plate.

VENETIA
Felix warned you off then?

OLIVER
Maybe we just need to be a bit more...careful.

She looks at him witheringly.

VENETIA
No thanks.
    (beat)
It's just so disappointing. You're just another one of his toys.

OLIVER
You're upset.

VENETIA
No! Don't worry! I'm used to it, honestly. He never liked sharing his toys. Even the ones he doesn't want to play with anymore.

OLIVER
Venetia... Venetia...

But she's turned her back to him. Lady Daphne sighs with irritation, she taps the table impatiently with her finger.

LADY DAPHNE
Me first. You're on my left.

Oliver turns on the charm offensive.

OLIVER
Sorry. Of course.
    (beat)
So how long have you know the Catton's for?

LADY DAPHNE
Oh forever. Forever and ever.
OLIVER
And how did you-

LADY DAPHNE
My husband is James' godson.

She nods over at Henry.

OLIVER
Have you two been married long?

LADY DAPHNE
Yes.

OLIVER
Lovely.

LADY DAPHNE
Why?

OLIVER
Um...

LADY DAPHNE
Why would it be "lovely"?

OLIVER
I...

LADY DAPHNE
The man's an idiot.

Oliver looks over to see Henry is showing off across the table to much merriment from Felix. He changes the subject.

OLIVER
Have you got children?

LADY DAPHNE
Yes. Two. No- three. Three boys.

OLIVER
That must be a handful.

LADY DAPHNE
(baffled)
Well, no. They're at school. That's the main thing about school- you hardly ever have to see them.

OLIVER
Ha!

But she's not joking.
OLIVER (CONT’D)
And how old are-

But she has already turned to the man next to her. Not quite under her breath she says to him-

LADY DAPHNE
Hen, darling, save me.

She turns her back on Oliver. He sits alone. Marooned.

PRE LAP: The intro to Flo Rida's "Low".

INT. SALTBURN - GREAT HALL - LATER

The great hall. Much later. Everyone is hammered and Henry is giving an intensely sincere karaoke performance of "Low" as Lady Daphne looks on with pure loathing.

Elspeth sprawls across a sofa, her fingers pointedly in her ears as Oliver, Felix, Venetia and Farleigh watch from the sofa. Venetia is on Felix's lap.

FELIX
Alright, fuck this. I'm getting a drink.

VENETIA
Me too.

They get up and walk over to the drinks table. Leaving Farleigh and Oliver alone.

A little awkward beat. Which Farleigh styles out, he looks up at the portraits of the British kings on the wall.

FARLEIGH
Fuck, chuck or marry: Richard III, Henry VII or Henry XIII?

(beat)
You know, I think I'd fuck Richard III. He's so insecure, so, you know he'd put in the work, right?

They chuckle. Oliver looks at him directly.

OLIVER
Or you could just fuck me.

(beat)
Why did you tell Felix about me and Venetia?

Oh that's what Oliver meant. Or was it? Farleigh laughs.
FARLEIGH
Well I didn’t think he’d react that badly.

OLIVER
Yes you did.

FARLEIGH
Yes I did.

Oliver sighs, shifts a little closer to Farleigh.

OLIVER
You know...if you ever want to talk
to anyone, you can talk to me,
Farleigh...

FARLEIGH
What do you mean?

OLIVER
Well, I know you’re going through a
hard time at home. I know how that feels. When things are
so...precarious. It's terrifying. And lonely. And it must be so
fucking weird having to ask them for everything. And I know you
fucking hate me-

FARLEIGH
-I..I don't hate you.-

OLIVER
- but if you ever want me to talk
to them to see if there’s... if I
can help in any way...just ask.

Oliver pats Farleigh's hand reassuringly. Farleigh smiles
gratefully. Or is that "gratefully"? Are they finally friends?

Henry hits a particularly terrible note, ruining the moment.

FARLEIGH
Okay. Right, I think I’m gonna go
put him out of his misery.

INT. SALTBURN - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farleigh wrenches the mic from Henry and selects his song.
FARLEIGH
Okay, well done Henry, that was great. Round of applause for Henry... Okay now it’s time to take things up a notch. We have someone here who is a VERY talented singer.

The synths blare the intro to "RENT" by The Pet Shop Boys.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
He’s your best friend and mine:
Oliver Quick!

Oliver’s eyes go wide. Everyone shouts their encouragement.

OLIVER
No, no, no!

Farleigh pries him out of his seat.

FARLEIGH
Yes, yes, don’t be shy.

OLIVER
I don't even know this song!

SIR JAMES
The words are on the screen,
Oliver!! That’s the best bit!!
That's the best bit!!!

Oliver gets up to cheers as Farleigh passes him the microphone with a wink.

Before Oliver can respond, the song has started, and he’s on his own. Panicked, he starts to sing.

OLIVER
You dress me up. I'm your puppet.
You buy me things. I love it.

Whooping from the crowd. Oliver starts to loosen up a bit. Maybe this will be ok?

OLIVER (CONT’D)
You bring me food. I need it. You
give me love. I feed it.

Suddenly Felix and Venetia look over at Farleigh, who is watching with malevolent glee. Oliver is none the wiser, singing along, getting more confident.
OLIVER (CONT’D)
And look at the two of us in
sympathy.
With everything we see. I never
want anything, it’s easy. You buy
whatever I need.

The cheering is getting a little quieter, the guests starting
to remember the song. Looking at the words on the screen
behind him. Only Oliver is none the wiser.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
But look at my hopes look at my
dreams. The currency we’ve spent.

Then Oliver sees the next set of lyrics, and catches up with
everyone else with a thud. He sings, trying not to falter.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
I love you. You pay my rent.

Total, mortified silence as everyone realizes the trick
that’s been played. Farleigh whoops and claps.

FARLEIGH
Whooo! You tell ‘em!

FELIX
Farleigh!

Felix is furious. Oliver tries to smile through the
humiliation.

OLIVER
This is your song as well,
Farleigh. Come finish it?

Farleigh leaps up.

FARLEIGH
Only if you insist.

He grabs the mic from Oliver and slinks around the room.
Singing directly to the Catton’s. Owning it.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
You took me to a restaurant, off
Broadway. To show me who you...

Oliver stares at him. This is war.
INT. SALTBURN – FELIX'S BATHROOM – LATER

The middle of the night, Oliver is looks at himself in the mirror, deadly calm as he wraps a scarf tightly around his fist.

In one swift, sudden, movement he punches the mirror. It cracks in its frame.

INT. FARLEY'S BEDROOM – SALTBURN – NIGHT

CLOSE on Farleigh as he sleeps. He is woken by the sinister creak of bedsprings.

We pull out to reveal Oliver on top of him. Sitting on him. His knees on Farleigh's arms, pinning him down. Farleigh is frozen unsure what to do, what to expect. There is a palpable threat in the room: violence, or sex, or both.

FARLEY
What the fuck are you doing?

OLIVER
What do you think I'm doing?

They stare at each other.

FARLEY
I think you're in the wrong fucking room.

Oliver looms closer, their noses almost touching.

OLIVER
Am I?

Beat.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Are you going to behave from now on, Farleigh?


FARLEY
No.

Oliver's hand disappears under Farleigh's sheets. He smiles.

OLIVER
Are you going to behave?
FARLEIGH
(provocatively)
No.

Oliver is even closer now. Farleigh’s resistance is cracking.

OLIVER
Don't make me ask again.

Finally Farleigh nods.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Say it.

FARLEIGH
I'm going to behave.

Beat. Oliver’s hand is working harder.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
What the fuck...

His hand reemerges, he spits into his palm.

Problem solved.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The maid draws the blinds, waking Oliver.

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX’S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver looks at himself in a brand new mirror. The broken one has been discreetly replaced.

Suddenly, he can make out yelling coming from downstairs.

INT. SALTBURN - SPIRAL LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
I swear to God, this has to be -

ELSPETH (O.S.)
Enough!

FARLEIGH (O.S.)
There must be some kind of mistake here -
Oliver and Felix walk down the spiral staircase to find Venetia peeping to get a view of the scene happening in the hall below.

    FELIX
    Vee, what the fuck is going on?
    
    VENETIA
    Shhhhhh!!!

She pulls them down.

    VENETIA (CONT’D)
    (whisper)
    It's Farleigh!
    
    OLIVER
    What happened?
    
    VENETIA
    He tried to nick something.
    
    FELIX
    What are you talking about?!
    
    VENETIA
    He’s a fucking idiot.
    
    OLIVER
    What was it?
    
    FARLEIGH (O.S.)
    Please, please Elspeth—

OLIVER POV: Through the bannisters we see Elspeth talking to the tearful Farleigh. Duncan waits nearby.

    DUNCAN
    Move.

Duncan places a firm hand on Farleigh's back and guides him down the stairs. Elspeth watches him go.

Suddenly, her gaze shoots up and she sees them eavesdropping —

    FELIX
    Fuck.

EXT. GARDEN - POND - LATER

Oliver, Felix and Venetia sunbathe around the square pond, Britpop blaring out from their portable speakers.
Venetia lies on the pontoon, her hair trailing in the water. She's fuming.

VENETIA
I mean, it's outrageous!

OLIVER
What actually happened?

FELIX
He sent an email to Sotheby's to say he'd "come by" some Palissy plates. I mean, the idiot. He had have known Dad went to school with the chairman.

VENETIA
I mean, talk about biting the hand. Mum and Dad would give him anything he asked for!

A flicker of guilt from Felix.

FELIX
Yeah, well, obviously he got sick of asking.

VENETIA
That's ridiculous. He's more spoiled than we are!

FELIX
Come on, V. You have to admit. It's a little bit dark, you know, him having to go to mum and dad with the begging bowl.

VENETIA
Oh boo-fucking-hoo.

FELIX
Alright, yes, fine, it was incredibly fucking stupid -

VENETIA
Guys, guys, guys.

They quiet. Sir James and Elspeth are walking towards them. Elspeth dressed in chic beachwear.

FELIX
Oliver, don't mention it, okay?
OLIVER
What happens if they bring him up?

Venetia laughs.

FELIX
They won't.

Sir James and Elspeth reach them.

SIR JAMES
What a glorious day! I've never
known a summer as hot as this one.

ELSPETH
Sweltering!

SIR JAMES
I think it's hotter than last year.
I didn't think that was possible
but here we are again! It's hotter
than Barbados, apparently.
Barbados!

ELSPETH
I can believe it, darling. I
honestly don't think I've ever been
hotter in my life.

SIR JAMES
I need to check with Robert to make
sure that he's being extra vigilant
with the hydrangeas.

ELSPETH
Very wise, my love.

Sir James ambles off and Elspeth settles on a chaise
determined to sweep it all under the rug.

ELSPETH (CONT'D)
Bliss!.. Bliss, bliss, bliss.

Venetia gives Oliver a look: "told you." Elspeth hears the
music.

ELSPETH (CONT'D)
Oh, this song. God, I haven't heard
this song in forever! I used to
hang out with them all, actually,
when I was modeling. Britpop, Blur,
Oasis. God the parties!
(sigh)

(MORE)
ELSPETH (CONT’D)
But then of course "Common People" came out and everybody thought it was written about me. Which was completely mortifying and ridiculous! I mean I barely knew Jarvis.

She lies back.

VENITIA
What?

ELSPETH
“She came from Greece. She had a thirst for knowledge.” It couldn’t have been me. I’ve never wanted to know anything.

Beat.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
God, I wish we didn’t have to go to London.

FELIX
I didn’t know you were going to London.

ELSPETH
Pamela’s funeral.

FELIX
Oh.

OLIVER
Pamela died?

FELIX
Yeah.

ELSPETH
She’d do anything for attention.

INT. SALTBURN – OLIVER’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Oliver sulks inside. He tries the adjoining bathroom but the door is locked. He listens for a moment, he can hear a faint moan from the other side of the door – Felix is inside, masturbating.
INT. SALTBURN - FELIX’S BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Oliver smokes in the bath. Thinking of Felix. Forever thinking of Felix.

INT. SALTBURN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner. Oliver in black tie. He looks across the table. Felix is watching him. He smiles.

INT. SALTBURN - BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Oliver walks in in his boxers. Felix is getting dressed.

    FELIX
    Hey birthday boy. Get dressed.
    We’re going on a road trip.

    OLIVER
    Where?

    FELIX
    Oh, it's a surprise.
    (beat)
    Wear something nice.

Felix disappears. Oliver looks giddily into the mirror.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - LATER

Oliver and Felix roar up a road in a vintage convertible.

Oliver looks out of the window at the golden countryside.
Truly, blissfully happy.

EXT. A ROAD - LATER

They're on an A-road now. It's later in the day.

    OLIVER
    How much further?

    FELIX
    It’s not too far now.

They pass a road sign on the motorway. One of the names on it catches Oliver’s attention: Prescot. The colour starts to drain from his face. He's going home.
OLIVER
Uh, please tell me you’re...
Felix...are....

FELIX
Look, Ollie, just hear me out all right?

OLIVER
No, no, no.

FELIX
Just hear me out for a second.

OLIVER
(panicking)
What have you done? What have you done?

FELIX
Your mum called a week ago. You left your phone in the bathroom, so I thought, I thought...I sort of...just picked up... I mean, you’ve been ignoring her calls for weeks and I just thought that maybe I could help.

Oliver is trying hard not to cry. He’s really scared for the first time. Truly vulnerable.

FELIX (CONT’D)
And on the phone she really sounded sober, mate. She had no idea where you were and she just wanted to send you a card for your birthday.

OLIVER
Please...Turn the car around. You can’t take me there. You can’t. Felix, you can’t take me there.

Felix is over-talking, suddenly conscious he might have made a mistake. He charges on.

FELIX
Ollie, she’s your mother.

OLIVER
No!

FELIX
She's your family. She's all you’ve got.
OLIVER
You don't understand.

FELIX
Ollie, she's your -

OLIVER
You don't! I'm begging you -

FELIX
Mate -

OLIVER
I'm begging you. Please, no.

FELIX
I'm not taking "no" for an answer, mate. I'm sorry. You have to fix this, mate.

Oliver sinks miserably into the leather of the seat. There's no going back from this.

EXT. CHURCHILL AVENUE - LATER

The car turns into a pretty suburban street. Beautifully kept gardens, gleaming cars, well-maintained houses. Felix looks at it all, confused.

FELIX
Oh, look, there's a sign. Churchill Avenue. Right... Oh, 138. Is this it?

But Oliver doesn't respond.

Oliver shifts in his seat as they pull up in front of a pretty house. Felix is truly baffled now.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Oh, this is nice, mate! Look she's clearly cleaned up her act. This is lovely! Let's do this!

Felix puts it in park.

OLIVER
Let me go in without you. Please?

FELIX
I'm not leaving you mate. We're in this together.
EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - DOORSTEP - LATER

Oliver takes a gallows breath as they march toward the front door. Felix notices a little painted sign on the side of the door: "Gone Fishin'". A bit odd. He rings the doorbell.

Then the door opens and it becomes horribly clear that there is no chance that the woman standing before them has ever so much as heard of heroin. Sensible cardie, floral skirt, small crucifix, PAULA QUICK (50s) is the picture of good health and maternal kindness. Felix takes a moment to conceal his utter confusion.

    PAULA
    Oliver! Oh, you’re alive! I didn’t recognize you!

Oliver is listless as he is gathered into her arms.

    PAULA (CONT’D)
    Happy birthday, darling.

She squeezes him tightly- he barely reciprocates.

    PAULA (CONT’D)
    You must be Felix! So lovely to meet you.
    (to Oliver)
    Your father's in the garden.

Oliver winces. Felix can't hide his shock.

    FELIX
    ...His father?

    PAULA
    Yeah. He's been pacing around all morning he's so excited! Come in!
    Come in!

Oliver and Felix follow her in. Shellshocked.

INT. SITTING ROOM - OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

A cosy, meticulously clean house. Full of cushions and flowers and family photographs. It is aggressively normal.

JEFF, Oliver's father, sensibly dressed, balding, and very much alive, sits on the sofa next to Paula.

Oliver sits awkwardly on a chair opposite them. Felix, too upset to look at Oliver, but wanting to keep things civil at all costs, looks at photos on the mantle peace.
He picks up a picture of Oliver as a child.

JEFF
Oh, that was in Mykonos. We go every year. Well, not anymore. No, not now, the kids are grown up.

FELIX
"Kids"?

Oliver stares at his hands.

FELIX (CONT’D)
You told me you were an only child, Oliver?

OLIVER
No. I've talked about my sisters...

FELIX
Right. Well, I must have forgotten.

PAULA
I'm not surprised if he didn't! He always wanted to be an only child. Always beetling off by himself.

FELIX
I bet. Oh, I bet.

PAULA
They didn't know what to do with him at his school. He was so clever. That's why I think he found it hard to make friends. The others were jealous.

Beat.

PAULA (CONT’D)
(beaming)
And now he's the top scholar at Oxford!

Another lie. Oliver can't bear to look at Felix.

FELIX
The top scholar? God, he’s so modest. You know, I had no idea.

PAULA
It's been hard not seeing him.
JEFF
Yeah, but it must be a lot of pressure though, I expect.

PAULA
Oh, yeah. Yeah, of course it is.

FELIX
I bet. Yeah, I can’t imagine.

JEFF
Working day and night. And on top of it all he’s got the union, the plays. The rowing team –

FELIX
(amazed)
The rowing team?

Oliver jumps up suddenly.

OLIVER
I’ve gotta go.

Paula and Jeff look confused.

JEFF
What do you mean?

OLIVER
I’ve got these horrible migraines.

PAULA
Oh... Why don’t you lie down upstairs, darling? I made your bed up for you in case you wanted to stay.

OLIVER
No I've- we’ve got to get back. We’ve got to get back for my party.

JEFF
Oliver, your mother has spent all morning making lunch.

PAULA
It doesn't matter.

JEFF
It does matter. It does.
PAULA
No, it’s all right. If he’s not well -

JEFF
It’s not okay.

PAULA
It doesn’t matter it’s only spag bol.

JEFF
And the cake!

PAULA
It doesn't matter!

Paula looks completely crushed. Felix can't bear it.

FELIX
Of course we can stay, we would love to stay. Ollie, just take a pill or something for christ’s sake.

Silence. Oliver still can’t look at Felix.

FELIX (CONT’D)
(brightly)
I love spag bol!

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - EVENING

Oliver and Felix sit in terrible silence in the car home. Oliver has his birthday cake in cling film on his lap.

INT. SALTBURN - BACK HALL - NIGHT

They return back to Saltburn. Felix striding ahead of Oliver.

OLIVER
Felix... Look, Felix. Please, let me just explain.

Felix stops. He's distant, but not unkind. Just desperate to be away from Oliver, unable to look him in the eye.

FELIX
I think the best thing is for you to go home after your party.
Oliver is almost in tears.

FELIX (CONT’D)
(keeping it light)
It’s too late to cancel it now.
Summer’s almost finished anyway. So I think we’ll have your party tonight, and... I will see you back at Oxford.

OLIVER
We can still be friends though? I mean, we’re going to laugh about this. I... I don’t even know why I said it... It’s just a stupid thing-

FELIX
No, it’s fucking weird is what it is, mate. Honestly I don’t even know where to start. I mean, you’re a fucking liar, Ollie... Why would you lie?

OLIVER
(small)
... I just wanted to be your friend.

FELIX
(disgusted)
Look. Let’s just get through tonight.

OLIVER
(whisper)
Can you not tell your family, please –

FELIX
Of course not! Fucking hell. It’s dark enough as it is.

Felix leaves. Oliver trembling behind him.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER’S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver cries into his pillow. He’s practically hyperventilating.

INT. SALTBURN - BATHROOM - LATER

Oliver stands in front of the mirror. He tries to steel himself.
EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - EVENING

Evening now and the gardens of Saltburn are decked out for Oliver's party. The house lit up with thousands of fairy lights for the Midsummer Night's Dream theme. The staff are all dressed in Shakespearean garb.

The guests are starting to arrive- including the OXFORD ALPHA HOTTIES- everyone dressed in costumes ranging from the beautifully intricate and stylish, to the mega-cheap and slutty. Felix wears plastic angel wings. Venitia, a dress made of cobwebs.

SIR JAMES- incongruously- in his suit of armor, and ELSPETH as Titania, greet their guests.

It’s all beautiful but it’s about to get messy, fast.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - LATER

Sir James and Elspeth are sipping champagne at a table. Sir James spots a topless girl drunkenly stumbling up some stairs.

SIR JAMES
Uh-oh, uh-oh.

ELSPETH
Oh, it’s George’s daughter.

She topples over, struggles back up to her feet.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
Oh, dear, she’s just like her Mother.

SERIES OF SHOTS AS THE NIGHT DEGENERATES--

-- A fairy throws up in the fountain.

-- Liam and Joshua chat up a pair of pretty guests.

-- People dance drunkenly.

INT. SALTBURN - HALL - LATER

Oliver is dressed as the Changeling Boy, little antlers on his head. He’s swaying. Looking for Felix. The hall is full of people making out up against the walls. He peeps into each room, but he can't find him. He passes Harry.
OLIVER
Have you seen Felix?

HARRY
Nope.

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX'S BATHROOM - LATER

Oliver finds Felix along with India, Farleigh and a handful of others drinking and snorting coke in the bathroom.

OLIVER
Felix... Can I talk to you for one second?

No response.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
You can’t ignore me forever.

FELIX
I can try.

OLIVER
Felix, we need to talk... Felix come on!

FELIX
Look, man I tried to be nice but can you fuck off and bother somebody else?

India laughs at Oliver’s expense. Oliver looks at him. There’s nothing else to say.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN TERRACE - LATER

Oliver stands on the terrace watching a pig being roasted over an open fire. A few stragglers are outside, but it's quieter here.

A figure stands nearby. Full Shakespearean dress, with a donkey’s head covering his face and neck: Bottom. He stands by Oliver silently.

OLIVER
Hello, Farleigh.

Farleigh takes off the head.

FARLEIGH
How’d you know it was me?!
OLIVER
Signet ring.

FARLEIGH
God. You really do notice
everything don't you?

Farleigh takes a bag from his pocket and shakes a little
white powder onto his hand and hoovers it up.

OLIVER
Have they seen you yet?

FARLEIGH
Not yet.

OLIVER
They'll go ballistic.

FARLEIGH
Doubt it.
(beat)
They invited me.

Oliver can't mask his surprise. Farleigh laughs.

FARLEIGH (CONT'D)
God, the look on your face!

OLIVER
They can't have invited you.

Farleigh laughs.

FARLEIGH
Oh, Oliver. You'll never catch on.
This place...
(he gestures to the house)
... you know, it's not for you. It
is a fucking dream. It is an
anecdote you'll bore your fat kids
with at Christmas... Oliver's Once-
in-a-Lifetime, Hand job on a hay-
bale, Golden, Big-boy Summer... And
you'll cling onto it and comb over
it and jerk off to it and you'll
wonder how you could ever, ever,
ever, ever get it back. But you
don't get it back... Because your
summer's over. And so you, you
catch a train to whatever creepy
doll factory it is they make
Olivers in. And I come back here...
(MORE)
FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
This isn't a dream to me. It’s my house.

Farleigh grabs Oliver around the neck, looks him right in the eyes.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
So whatever happens- I always come back.
(beat)
Try harder next time, baby.

He puts his Donkey head back on and leaves.

INT. SALTBURN - RED STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver in a drunken haze, stands on the grand red staircase. His huge birthday cake being held by Elspeth next to him.

The whole party has crammed in, hanging from the bannisters, singing Happy Birthday. Even Felix sings awkwardly.

ALL
Happy Birthday to you! Happy
Birthday to you!

Oliver looks around, at the beauty, the grandeur, the Catton’s, all of these people in this place for him. It's what he always wanted. If he could keep this moment forever.

ALL (CONT’D)
Happy Birthday dear...

But then everyone singing realizes they don't know the name of the birthday boy. A few voices sing "Oliver" but the rest just mumble or hum. Oliver's smile fades.

A DRUNK BOY next to Oliver laugh-whispers.

DRUNK BOY
Shit. Can't remember his name.

ALL
Happy birthday to you!

Oliver numbly blows out the candles.

INT. SALTBURN - ORANGERY DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

Oliver is on the rammed dance floor. He's dancing alone.
Finally Oliver sees Felix: he's dancing with INDIA, who is wearing a tiny fairy dress.

Felix leads her off the dance floor. Oliver follows at a distance, swigging from a bottle of champagne.

EXT. SALTBURN - ORANGERY- NIGHT

Oliver watches Felix and India as they sneak into the maze. He follows.

EXT. SALTBURN - MAZE - NIGHT

Oliver walks through the maze. Getting lost and lost and lost. Too drunk to work it out. Finally he reaches the centre, keeping hidden in the shadows.

EXT. MAZE - CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Felix and India are having sex against a huge statue. Oliver waits until they're finished.

    OLIVER
    Felix-

Felix jumps.

    FELIX
    Jesus Christ! What the fuck are you doing here?

    OLIVER
    I need to talk to you.

    INDIA
    Were you spying on us?

    OLIVER
    No, I wasn't!

India doesn't buy it.

    INDIA
    You know what, you two are fucking gross.

India storms out of the maze.

    FELIX
    Fucking hell, mate.
OLIVER
(foggy)
I'm sorry. I wasn't um...

Felix finally loses it.

FELIX
What the fuck is wrong with you, Oliver? Leave me the fuck alone!

OLIVER
No, we need to talk.

Oliver goes to take his hand.

FELIX
We can’t... We can’t, are you fucking crazy?

OLIVER
You can’t just throw me away.

Oliver walks towards him, undeterred. Felix pushes him away roughly.

FELIX
Get the fuck away from me.

Oliver staggers back. Then, he comes back at Felix just as hard and grabs him by the shirt.

OLIVER
Look, I just gave you what you wanted. Like everyone else does! Everyone puts on a show for Felix. So I’m sorry if my performance wasn’t good enough.

FELIX
I think... I think you need to see someone. You need help, ok? Seriously.

OLIVER
No. No, I don’t. I just need you to understand how much I fucking love you. You’re the only friend I’ve ever had Felix. I mean, doesn't this just prove how much of a good friend I actually am? How well I actually know you! I'm still the same person! Yeah? I’m still the same person!
Felix looks at him. Disgusted.

FELIX
I don't know what you are. But I do know you make my fucking blood run cold.

An awful silence. Then Oliver retches.

OLIVER
I’m gonna be sick.

He hands the champagne bottle to Felix as he doubles over and throws up. It seems to take forever.

Felix, half full of pity, half disgust swigs from the bottle as Oliver throws up. Wishing it would all end.

Finally, Oliver stands back up, humiliated.

FELIX
Better?

OLIVER
Fuck you.

FELIX
I think you should go to bed.

Oliver snatches the champagne bottle off him.

OLIVER
I don't care what you think anymore.

Oliver staggers away. Felix waits behind. Laughing in amazement, but relieved that Oliver is finally gone.

INT. SALTBURN - RED BATHROOM - LATER

Oliver, hammered, presses his face against the cold mirror.

He catches sight of himself woozily. What a fucking mess.

EXT. SALTBURN - POND - DAWN

A few party stragglers are left as the dawn breaks over Saltburn. Oliver staggers past them all, past the pond, weeping. He stops and furiously hurls the empty champagne bottle in. Watching, broken, as it sinks.
I/E. SALTBURN - MORNING

The morning after. All is quiet. A beautiful day. The debris of the party everywhere to be seen.

SERIES OF SHOTS--

-- Venetia's cobweb dress cast aside in the grass.
-- A spatter of vomit against the walled garden wall.
-- A decorative bowl full of cigarette butts.
-- A GARDENER clearing the debris from the lawn.
-- MAIDS wiping the remaining coke from toilet seats and coffee tables.

INT. SALTBURN - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The midday light streams in through the window of Oliver's bedroom. The clock by his bed shows that it's nearly noon.

Suddenly, from outside in the garden there is shouting-

ELSPETH (O.S.)
Felix? Felix?

Oliver's eyes open.

SIR JAMES (O.S.)
FELIX!

VENETIA (O.S.)
(more urgently)
FELIX!!!!!!

He sits up.

INT. SALTBURN - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver, wearing Felix's dressing gown, walks along the corridor. Something is obviously wrong. STAFF are knocking on bedroom doors, checking inside.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
You don't need to be told, do you?
INT. SALTBURN - GREAT HALL - LATER

Oliver walks, bewildered through the debris, towards the sound of the shouting. Duncan and a few household staff are searching.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
You already know.

EXT. SALTBURN - WALLED GARDEN - LATER

Sir James shouts for Felix.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
You're just turning the handle on a jack-in-a-box.

EXT. SALTBURN - SQUARE POND - LATER

Venetia and Farleigh, still in last night's clothes, shout for Felix. Looking anxiously into the pond.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
Just walking towards the end of the world...

EXT. SALTBURN - MAZE - LATER

Elspeth walks through the maze.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
Knowing that any second the ground is going to fall away.

On Elspeth's face as she sees him.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Oliver turns as he hears Elspeth's scream from the maze.

INT. DARK ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Oliver wipes a tear from his cheek.

OLDER OLIVER
It was the end of everything.
EXT. SALTBURN - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Venetia staggers forward.

EXT. SALTBURN - WALLED GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Sir James runs.

INT. SALTBURN - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Duncan freezes. A momentary glimpse of emotion from him. Utter devastation. He covers it, and walks towards the garden.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Arial shot: Oliver, Venetia, Farleigh and Sir James tear through the grounds towards the maze.

Tiny, in the center: Felix's body, his angel wings still on.

EXT. MAZE - CENTER - DAY

Farleigh and Venetia stumble in. Venetia crashes to the ground. Farleigh tries to hold her.

Then Sir James arrives, walking slowly. A look of total confusion, total incomprehension on his face.

Finally, Oliver staggers in.

Sir James falls to his knees by the body. Strokes Felix's face.

SIR JAMES
Darling, darling boy. (hugging the body)
My darling boy.

He looks up at Oliver and Farleigh.

SIR JAMES (CONT'D)
(sensible, matter of fact)
Help me move him. We need to get him inside. Get him warm.

Sir James tries to pick him up, struggling. Some of the vomit from Felix's front smears onto his shirt.
SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
We just need to get him warmed up.

But he can't lift him. He stumbles back onto the ground. Nobody knows where to look. The horror is unbearable.

SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
Felix, darling, where's your jumper?.. Where's your jumper? (to Farleigh and Oliver) Come on now! Help me!

FARLEIGH
I don't think we can move him, James. I think the police -

Elspeth steps in, taking control.

ELSPETH
Yes. Yes. Come away, darling... It's nearly lunch.

SIR JAMES
Yes.

INT. DINING ROOM - SALTBURN - DAY

Lunch. The family sit around the table in silence. Elspeth and Sir James eat. Lips stiffened. Shocked into total denial.

Farleigh stares disbelievingly at his untouched shepherd's pie. Venetia, self-medicated into oblivion, stares at the wall. Oliver takes a sip of wine with a shaking hand.

Duncan enters. Hovers awkwardly.

ELSPETH
What is it, Duncan?

DUNCAN
It's the police, Your Ladyship. They are...er...having trouble.

ELSPETH
What kind of trouble?

Beat.

DUNCAN
They keep getting lost in the maze.

A silence. Farleigh can't help but laugh at the absurdness. He's silenced by a look from Sir James.
SIR JAMES
(to Duncan)
And?

DUNCAN
May I send one of the gardeners to assist them?

SIR JAMES
Fine.

Duncan leaves. Elspeth starts to chatter. Hyper normal. Hysterically normal. Anything to keep the horror at bay.

ELSPETH
Oliver, darling. Why don't you tell us about last night?

OLIVER
Last night?

ELSPETH
Mmmm. Did you have a lovely time?

Oliver rises to the occasion: what else is there to do?

OLIVER
Yeah. It was wonderful. Thank you.

Farleigh watches, amazed and horrified.

ELSPETH
Oh good!
(to Sir James)
I think it was a hit, don't you darling?

SIR JAMES
Oh yes. A triumph.

ELSPETH
Yes the house looked good.

SIR JAMES
Beautiful.

OLIVER
And that cake was -

ELSPETH
Oh did you like it? I never had any in the end. That's always the way, isn't it? You end up running around so much you miss the actual party.
Duncan enters again.

SIR JAMES
(tight)
What now?

Duncan walks over and leans into Sir James' ear.

DUNCAN
(low)
May I be permitted to close the curtains, sir? The coroner is outside and may need to pass the window-

Sir James interrupts.

SIR JAMES
Yes. Thank you. Close them.

Farleigh looks as though he might throw up. Oliver tries to keep things going. His voice manic.

OLIVER
I don't normally like chocolate cake.

Duncan goes about shutting the curtains. The room gets darker with each curtain pulled.

ELSPETH
Yes it can be cloying, can't it?

OLIVER
But last night it was so light!

ELSPETH
Yes Lynn has always been an expert with cakes. Yes, cold hands apparently. You have to have cold hands.

OLIVER
I've heard that. So the butter doesn't melt.

Duncan is having trouble with the last curtain- it's quite a complicated procedure.

ELSPETH
Although I would think that applies more to pastry than it does to cake-
SIR JAMES
(exasperated)
Duncan, just get them closed, for
Christ's sake!

DUNCAN
Yes, I am trying, sir. I can’t -

Duncan gives the curtain a yank and the room is plunged into
darkness. Then, the sound of a squeaking gurney on the
gravel. An unbearable silence. Finally the sound of ambulance
doors closing shut.

A FOOTMAN, on the brink of tears, rushes away. They all
ignore him. Sir James tuts disapprovingly as he goes.

Farleigh is trying to keep it together. Trying not to cry.

Sir James picks up his fork and stabs at his pie.

FARLEIGH
Oh my God... May I be excused,
please?

SIR JAMES
No. We haven't finished lunch.

FARLEIGH
Lunch is cold. You want me just eat
it like nothing is happening?

Elspeth looks at him. The first glimmer of sadness.

ELSPETH
What else is there to do, darling?

FARLEIGH
Anything! Anything-

Sir James slams his fist onto the table, sending the glasses
and plates clattering.

SIR JAMES
(a terrible roar)
FARLEIGH WILL YOU BE QUIET? SIT
DOWN AND EAT THE BLOODY PIE. JUST
EAT IT. EAT IT AND SHUT UP. EAT THE
BLOODY PIE.

A shocked silence. Farleigh sits. Picks up his fork, crying.

Sir James takes a deep breath. Calms himself.
SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
You're not the only person here
with feelings. None of us wants
your bloody American feelings!

A long silence. Then-

OLIVER
(quiet)
I think it’s delicious.

FARLEIGH
(exploding)
What the fuck are you still doing
here?

An icy silence.

FARLEIGH (CONT’D)
Wait, does no one else find it
weird?.. No one else finds that
weird?

OLIVER
I wouldn’t throw stones if I was
you, Farleigh.

FARLEIGH
Excuse me?

VENETIA
Please stop.

SIR JAMES
What is he saying?

FARLEIGH
I..I've no idea.

OLIVER
What I'm saying is that I'd feel
guilty too...

FARLEIGH
Guilty?

OLIVER
If I was the one racking up lines
the night someone died.

Farleigh stares back at him.

FARLEIGH
Fuck you.
But Farleigh falters.

    OLIVER
    That's not a denial.

    SIR JAMES
    Is that true?

Sir James, pale with fury, nods over at DUNCAN.

    SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
    Search Farleigh's room.

    FARLEIGH
    (crying)
    ...No...

Farleigh crumples into his chair.

    SIR JAMES
    Get out.

    FARLEIGH
    ...No, wait -

    ELSPETH
    What's happening?

    FARLEIGH
    Aunt Elspeth... Elspeth...

    SIR JAMES
    Don’t you dare look at her!...

She doesn't look at him. She'll never look at him again.

    SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
    Get out.

Farleigh looks searchingly at the faces around the table. No one will catch his eye. Not even Oliver.

    SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
    I won't mention this to the police.
    That's all you get. Nothing more.
    Ever again.

One final moment, and he leaves.

Sir James picks up his knife and fork, and resumes eating.

*MONTAGE*
EXT. SALTBURN - TREE AVENUE - DAY

The day of the funeral and the family and Oliver make their way to the family chapel on the grounds.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The small service. Only OLIVER, ELSPETH, SIR JAMES and VENETIA are present with a handful of other family members.

The coffin- simple and decorated with meadow flowers- sits at the front as the vicar reads the eulogy.

EXT. CHAPEL - GRAVEYARD - DAY

The coffin is lowered into the ground. Elspeth cries into Oliver's shoulder. Sir James stony faced. Venetia tranquilized into oblivion.

EXT. CHAPEL - GRAVEYARD - LATER

Oliver follows the family out of the graveyard. Sir James turns and puts his hand on Oliver's shoulder firmly.

SIR JAMES

See you back at the house, Oliver.

The family walk on ahead, leaving Oliver behind with the rest of the mourners.

EXT. SALTBURN - BRIDGE - DAY

Sir James, Elspeth and Venetia stand on a bridge over a little stream.

Elspeth holds the pebble with Felix's name engraved onto it. She can't let go of it. Gently, Sir James takes it from her. And throws it into the water.

Oliver, hidden, watches as the pebble hits the water.

EXT. CHAPEL - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Oliver is alone at Felix's grave. He sinks to his knees, weeping, clinging to the gravestone as though it is Felix himself. His hands clutching at the freshly dug earth.

He lies down. Stroking the earth where Felix’s face might be.
Then slowly, weeping, he undresses...

END OF MONTAGE

INT. LIBRARY - SALTBURN - EVENING

Sir James, Elspeth, Venetia and Oliver sit in the library.


SIR JAMES
The vicar did well.

ELSPETH
Yes. So much nicer than his father.

The small talk is agonizing, and the only thing keeping them afloat.

SIR JAMES
Oh he was alright. Just a little old fashioned.

ELSPETH
Extremely old fashioned! Do you remember Felix's Christening? "You can't possibly have River as a middle name!" Do you remember?

Sir James chuckles.

SIR JAMES
I remember you giving him what for.

Elspeth drifts briefly into reality.

ELSPETH
Doesn't matter now. Doesn't matter what his middle name is now.

SIR JAMES
Darling.

ELSPETH
He was right. River is quite silly. But I suppose you don't pick your child's name imagining one day you'll have to think about what it will look like carved on a headstone. Choose a font...

She peters out, her toes touching the abyss, if she falls in she'll never get out.
OLIVER
What font did you choose?

Beat.

ELSPETH
Times New Roman. On local stone.
It'll be good I think.

OLIVER
Yeah. Yeah. It’s a good choice.
Solid.

Venetia laughs, scornfully. Oliver gets up.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
I'll leave you.

ELSPETH
You're not going anywhere, Oliver darling?

OLIVER
I...was just going upstairs.

ELSPETH
But you're not leaving us? You're not leaving Saltburn?

Oliver glances over at Venetia and Sir James, catching the tail end of a look between them.

INT. FELIX'S BATHROOM - SALTBURN - NIGHT

Venetia is blind drunk. In the bath. Oliver walks in.

OLIVER
Ah! Sorry!

She sneers at him.

VENETIA
Your politeness is so grating. Do you know that?

He takes her anger for provocation.

OLIVER
I'm sorry.
VENETIA
You're always sorry. Always
flinching away like a little
fucking serf.

He comes over to the bath. Slips his hand in the water. Is
this a game?

VENETIA (CONT'D)
I saw you. Sobbing in the church at
the funeral. I watched you weeping
away and I just...I felt so sorry
for you. So sorry. But then I
remembered... And I started
laughing. And then I couldn't stop
laughing. Because I remembered
that...That you only knew him
for...six months? You hardly knew
him, Ollie. You have nothing to do
with him, with us, with here.
Nothing at all. You're just a
stranger!

OLIVER
It's very late.

VENETIA
Yet here you are. Right in the
middle of it all.
(she wags her finger)
Stranger fucking danger.

OLIVER
Yeah, I'm going to bed.

VENETIA
Ollie, you know what daddy's
started to call you?
(beat)
"Spiderman".

Oliver smiles patiently.

OLIVER
Really?

VENETIA
Because you're always skulking
around. Weaving your spidery,
Olivery web.

OLIVER
Goodnight. Drink some water.
She laughs.

VENETIA
Hey, Ollie, Ollie, don't be upset.
I don't think you're a spider.
(beat)
I think you're a moth. I'm right,
aren't I! Quiet. Harmless. Drawn to
shiny things. Batting up against
the window...

She raps her palm against his cheek: bat, bat, bat.

VENETIA (CONT'D)
...Just desperate to get in. Well
you've done it now. You've made
your holes in everything. You'll
eat us from the inside out.

OLIVER
You've drunk way too much.

VENETIA
Yeah.

Venitia, a sudden realization -

VENETIA (CONT'D)
Isn't that his aftershave?

Oliver stops. Shit. It is. Before Oliver can stand she grabs
him by the collar.

VENETIA (CONT'D)
You are a fucking freak! I bet
you're wearing his underwear too,
aren't you? You disgusting little
nobody. Oh my god. You ate him
right up. And you licked the
fucking plate.

They stare into each other, their faces inches apart.
And then Oliver kisses her.
For a moment she kisses him back. Then pulls away, disgusted.

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

Present day. Oliver takes a drag of his cigarette.
OLDER OLIVER
It broke her completely. She said it herself. She couldn’t live without him.

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Oliver sleepily walks into the bathroom. As he steps onto the marble, he stops, and looks down.

The floor is slippery with blood. He looks up: the bathtub is full of blood. The razor blades from his razor on the edge of the tub. Venetia has sunk below the water, only the top of her head is showing, her hair floating around her.

EXT. SALTBURN - BRIDGE - DAY

Sir James, Elspeth and Oliver are in black. Elspeth hardly more than a ghost. Sir James in a state of total disbelief.

INT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Underwater: the pebble with Venetia's name sinks.

INT. SALTBURN - STUDY - EVENING

Oliver enters Sir James’s study, sits. Sir James is clearly agitated, trying to keep calm. Be business-like.

SIR JAMES
Thank you for coming to see me.

OLIVER
Is everything alright?

A beat.

SIR JAMES
How long are you planning on staying with us? Because Elspeth won't let you go.

OLIVER
Um, I'm happy to stay as long as she needs me to.

Sir James gives a pallid smile.
SIR JAMES
Very kind of you. But I'm not sure
that's good for her. Or us. I think
it's time, Oliver, for you to go
home. Discreetly. Tonight. To cause
her the least anxiety. I hope you
understand.

Oliver hesitates.

OLIVER
I'd go in a heartbeat if I could. I
just don't think I can leave her in
this state.

SIR JAMES
It would be best if the family was
able to grieve in private.

OLIVER
I understand, I agree, I agree! But
I just think it's better if I stay,
just for the time being. I want to
do what's right for her.

SIR JAMES
You won't go?

OLIVER
I don't see how I can!

Sir James nods. Then opens a desk drawer, and gets out a
cheque book.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

SIR JAMES
How much?

OLIVER
Excuse me?

SIR JAMES
How much for you to leave, and
never come back. To cease all
contact with my wife.

OLIVER
Why?

SIR JAMES
Because we all have to move on.
(beat)
(MORE)
SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
I know you live under somewhat
difficult circumstances. But this
would be a fresh start for you too.

OLIVER
Why are you doing this?

His pen is poised above the cheque book.

SIR JAMES
How. Much?

A beat.

SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
(a gasp)
How much?..

James steels himself. Again he asks:

SIR JAMES (CONT’D)
How much?

INT. DARK ROOM - EVENING

Oliver looks resentfully at the floor.

INT. BACK DOOR - EVENING

Oliver leaves via the back door. Duncan emotionlessly
watching sentry.

EXT. SALTBURN - DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver carries his suitcase towards the waiting taxi. He
can't bear to look back.

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

Present day. Oliver thinking about that walk. About the
cruelty of it. He snuffs out a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER’S FLAT - DAY

SIX MONTHS EARLIER:
Oliver arrives home to a small, damp basement flat. The furniture is beautiful, expensive, but crammed in: we get the feeling he has downsized.

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVER'S FLAT - DAY

Oliver reads the newspaper, eating a slice of toast neatly. He notices something in the paper. An obituary:


Oliver chews his toast thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHELSEA CAFE - DAY - SIX MONTHS EARLIER

Elspeth crosses the street, older now, but still wildly beautiful. She enters the cafe.

EXT. CHELSEA CAFE - DAY - SIX MONTHS EARLIER

As Elspeth waits for her order, she looks up into the mirror behind the counter and notices Older Oliver in a seat working from his laptop.

ELSPETH

Oliver?...

She turns. Indeed, it’s him. He is immaculate, shaved, hair tousled, cashmere jumper.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)

Oliver?

He looks up.

OLDER OLIVER

Elspeth! My god!

He stands as she rushes over. She clings to him, half-hugging, half-drowning.

ELSPETH

Oh Ollie! Oh how handsome you look! I can’t believe it...But you’re all grown up, you’re...

(beat)

Of course you’re grown up. Of course, silly of me, of course you grew up.

(MORE)
ELSPEITH (CONT’D)
(she stops herself)
Sorry. I'm all over the place at the moment.

OLDER OLIVER
I read the news about Sir James.
I'm so dreadfully sorry.

Elspeth bites her lip.

ELSPEITH
I was surprised he waited so long, in a way, you know. Still, it was a terrible shock.

She looks as though she might cry, but she swallows it down.

ELSPEITH (CONT’D)
It’s so funny to see you! I’ve actually just bought a little flat nearby.

OLDER OLIVER
Oh, what are the odds!

ELSPEITH
Saltburn suddenly seemed so big and far away...

OLDER OLIVER
(fondly)
How is Saltburn? Is Duncan still there?

ELSPEITH
Oh God, he’s still there. Oh, everything’s the same. Exactly. Exactly the same as when you left it.

She trails off.

OLDER OLIVER
I'm glad.

ELSPEITH
Ollie, I didn’t like it, the way James treated you. And I wanted to say something.

OLDER OLIVER
Oh, it was a long time ago.
ELSPETH
No, but it's not to me. You see,
I've thought about it a lot. And...
You have to remember that he wasn't
in his right mind then. After
everything that happened. And he...
You do forgive him? You do
understand?

A moment.

OLDER OLIVER
Of course.

She doesn't quite believe him, but nods anyway.

ELSPETH
Have you been happy?

Oliver hesitates a little. This is a question he genuinely
doesn't know how to answer. So he answers honestly.

OLDER OLIVER
Not really. You?

Elspeth smiles bravely.

ELSPETH
Not really.

BARISTA (O.S.)
Flat white!

Elspeth turns. Her order is ready. She doubles back for the
counter, grabs it. On her way to the door –

ELSPETH
Come up and stay. At Saltburn. The
coast is clear now, isn't it?

INT. DARK ROOM – DAY

Present Day:

OLDER OLIVER
I can honestly say that these last
few months have been the happiest
of my life. It’s just such a shame
you got so ill.

We finally reveal where Oliver has been sitting all along: in
Elspeth's bedroom at Saltburn. Elspeth is hooked up to a
ventilator. Unconscious. Oliver has been talking to her.
He stands over her bed and blows a stream of cigarette smoke into Elspeth's ventilated, unconscious face.

OLDER OLIVER (CONT'D)
But it’s been a privilege to look after you.

EXT. GREAT HALL - DAY

MONTAGE: Elspeth is in a wheelchair, being pushed by Oliver.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
Just as it will be a privilege to look after Saltburn. So thank you, for trusting me.

INT. STUDY - SALTBURN - NIGHT

MONTAGE: Elspeth sits in the study with her LAWYER, finalizing her new will.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I promise I will look after this house just as Felix would have.

Oliver watches from the next room, unseen.

INT. ELSPETH’S BEDROOM - DAY

Oliver hovers over Elspeth’s unconscious face.

OLDER OLIVER
We got there in the end, didn’t we? Somehow. Thank God.

He paces the room.

OLDER OLIVER (CONT’D)
After all those terrible, terrible accidents... But... is there really ever such a thing as an accident, Elspeth?

He clicks a button that lowers her mechanized homecare bed.

OLDER OLIVER (CONT’D)
I don’t know... Accidents are for people like you. For the rest of us, there’s work.

Oliver slips off his jacket.
OLDER OLIVER (CONT’D)
And unlike you, I actually know how to work.

MONTAGE:

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE - OLIVER'S ROOM

FLASHBACK 2007: Oliver sees Felix, Farleigh, and the Alpha Hotties for the first time.

INT. WEBBE COLLEGE- BIKE SHED - DAY

FLASHBACK 2007: Oliver punctures Felix's bicycle with a pin.

EXT. CHERWELL RIVER PATH - DAY

FLASHBACK 2007: Oliver rides up innocently beside Felix.

INT. KING'S ARMS - BAR - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: Oliver is arguing with the barman.

OLIVER
Please, I... I don’t have any money.

CLOSE UP: In his wallet, we see a stack of twenties, untouched.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Could I just pay you tomorrow?

Felix comes to save him.

INT. SALTBURN - FARLEIGH’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: Oliver in bed with Farleigh the night after karaoke. Farleigh fast asleep, Oliver reaches for his phone.

OLIVER (O.S.)
What actually happened?

FELIX (O.S.)
He sent an email to Sotheby’s to say that he’d “come by” some Palissy plates.
INT. CHELSEA CAFE - DAY

FLASHBACK SIX MONTHS AGO: Elspeth paying at the register when she notices Oliver “working” from his laptop in the mirror.

ELSPETH (O.S.)
I’ve actually just bought a little flat nearby.

CLOSE UP: On his laptop, Oliver types gibberish onto an open Word document.

ELSPETH (CONT’D)
Oliver?

INT. SALTBURN - ELSPETH’S ROOM - DAY

Oliver hangs up his jacket. Begins rolling up his sleeves.

OLDER OLIVER
I wasn’t in love with him. I know everyone thought I was. But I wasn’t.

SERIES OF SHOTS, Oliver’s POV of Felix --

FLASHBACK 2007:

- Felix sunbathes at Saltburn.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
I loved him.

- Felix smiles at Oliver back at Oxford.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)

- Oliver watches Felix and Annabel undress each other.

- Felix on the dance floor at the Oxford nightclub.

INT. SALTBURN - ELSPETH’S ROOM - DAY

Oliver finishes rolling up his sleeves.

OLDER OLIVER
But sometimes I... hated him.

A SERIES OF SHOTS --

Now we turn around to Oliver, and on his face:
A look of unguarded loathing.

INT. SALTBURN - BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: the night Felix tells Oliver to leave. Oliver crying in the hall as Felix walks away.

EXT. CHAPEL - GRAVEYARD - DAY

FLASHBACK 2007: the day of Felix’s funeral. Oliver clinging to his gravestone.

INT. SALTBURN - FELIX’S BATHROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: the night Oliver watched Felix masturbating in the bath. Oliver’s face in the water as it circles the drain.

INT. SALTBURN - ELSPETH’S BEDROOM - DAY

Oliver staring down at an unconscious Elspeth.

OLDER OLIVER
I hated him. Yeah, I hated him.

He crouches down at the end of her bed, putting his face at the base of the blanket covering her.

OLDER OLIVER (CONT’D)
I hated all of you.

He pulls the blanket and exposes her body.

OLDER OLIVER (CONT’D)
And you made it so easy. Spoiled dogs sleeping belly-up.

He climbs on top of her.

EXT. SALTBURN - MAZE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: the night of the party, Oliver pours a vial of drugs into the champagne bottle and swills it around.

OLDER OLIVER (V.O.)
No natural predators.
EXT. SALTBURN - MAZE CENTER - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: the moment Oliver turns to throw up and hands Felix the bottle. Oliver waits, hunched over, feigning sickness, until Felix drinks it.

EXT. SALTBURN - LAKE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: Oliver throws the bottle into the lake.

INT. SALTBURN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: The night Venetia dies. She is passed out in the bath. Oliver watches her.

Oliver quietly takes the blades out of his razor and places them on the side of the bath next to her.

INT. SALTBURN - ELPETH’S ROOM - DAY

Oliver hovering over an unconscious Elspeth. He smiles.

OLDER OLIVER
Well... Almost none.

His hand inches towards her face.

EXT. SALTBURN - MAZE CENTER - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: Felix collapses after drinking the champagne.

INT. SALTBURN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK 2007: Blood all over the bathroom the morning Venetia was found.

INT. SALTBURN - ELPETH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Oliver disconnects Elspeth’s breathing apparatus. Air hisses out.

Then, in one violent jerk of his arm, he yanks the breathing tube all the way out of her esophagus and tosses it onto the floor.

Elspeth’s eyes snap open. Her body starts to shake.
Oliver climbs on top of her, watching as she writhes on the bed. Eventually, she takes her final breath.

Oliver leans down, rests his head on her chest.

He reaches for her hand and drapes her lifeless arm around his back as if she’s giving him a hug.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALTBURN CHAPEL - DAY

Days later. Oliver cries at Elspeth's fresh grave which has been dug next to three others: Sir James, Venitia, and Felix.

He looks up to see Duncan’s silhouette staring down at him from the hill above. He can deal with that later.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALTBURN - DAY

A new day. The sun shines down on the vast and beautiful Saltburn house.

INT. SALTBURN - MISC ROOMS - DAY

Sophie Ellis Bextor's "Murder on the Dancefloor" echoes through the empty house.

INT. KINGS BEDROOM - MORNING

Oliver wakes up, naked in his new bedroom. The Kings Bedroom. There’s a new master in town now.

He leaps out of bed and dances out of the room.

INT. STATE ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Dancing naked through the state rooms, the part of the house in which he now resides. The inverse of the tour Felix first took him on. King of all he surveys. He walks over to a table, looks fondly at a picture frame: a photo of him and Felix, and snorts a line of cocaine.

He dances all the way through the hallway into the-
INT. GREAT HALL - SALTBURN - CONTINUOUS

Where he dances over to the center table, where the Catton Family Players music box is. On top sit the family pebbles. James, Elspeth, Felix and Venetia, all neat in a row.

He straightens one. Just right!

BLACKOUT.

THE END