

Philomena – Scene 2

(Have a bag of food, hotdogs/burgers for the two scene to mesh)

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

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

PHILOMENA: I can see that. He's tall even sitting down. They both fall silent for a moment.

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

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

MARTIN : Stop there. I'm going to take your photograph. He gets out his camera. He fiddles with a setting.

PHILOMENA: Is this for the article?

MARTIN: Erm, yeh.

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

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

PHILOMENA: What does that mean?

MARTIN: It means you don't get something for nothing. (Lining up picture.) I won't write anything you're unhappy with. Just the truth.

PHILOMENA: That's the thing I'm worried about. (Posing for picture.) Should I smile or should I be serious?

MARTIN: Let's do one happy, one not so happy, then we're covered. (Poised to take it) Ready...

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

MARTIN (cont'd) Great.

(They go to a park bench, PHILOMENA is working her way steadily through a huge hotdog with onions and fries.)

PHILOMENA : If you want chips here, by the way Martin, you have to ask for French Fries. Because if you ask for chips they'll just bring you crisps. And if you ask for crisps... well, I don't know what they'll bring you.

MARTIN: Yes, it can be very confusing.

PHILOMENA: I'm getting scared... now we're getting closer. All these years, wondering whether Anthony was in trouble, or in prison... or goodness knows what. As long as I didn't know, I could always tell myself that he was happy somewhere, and he was doing all right. But what if he died in Vietnam? Or came back with no legs, or lived on the street...

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

(She nods. Takes a slurp of her milk shake. They are further away, walking near some trees.)

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

MARTIN: Obese?

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

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

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

(Martin escorts Philomena back to the hotel)

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

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

MARTIN: No, thank you.

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

MARTIN: I dial 7534 for your room.

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

MARTIN: I won't. But thank you.

PHILOMENA: Good night Martin.

MARTIN: Good night.