

MARGARET:

We can trace our family back to William the Conqueror. He gave this land to his cousin, William Bernay in 1068, made him a Duke and we have lived here ever since. The house as it stands now was built in the sixteenth century although as you can imagine it has been added to many times over the years; most notably around the Restoration when the west wing was built by a certain Christopher Wren.

Naturally, the family has been through many ups and downs over the centuries. The interregnum of course and various Labour governments and we have had our own fair share of scandal but I am very proud of the fact we have never ever

had to open our doors to the public. Let me tel1ETQq0.000008870 9 34 reW'n

@
..... \ 'U 'o 'h

MARGARET: Xander!

XANDER: ARGH!..... Mummy what are you doing here?

MARGARET: This is my bedroom.

XANDER: Is it? I thought I was.....

MARGARET: @ @
disturbed by my own son.... who is drunk!

XANDER: @ = ‡
you try this Xander .. @

MARGARET: Drunk!

XANDER: Sor 'U '@

MARGARET: Go!

XANDER: ' '@'

MARGARET: (.....) As you have probably guessed, that was my son,
Xander '@ '@
..... \ '@
..... " =

what he should be focussing on. But no.....The boy is a wastrel

and a fool. He
imagine such a thing. Once upon a time the aristocracy would
send the idiot of the family into the church....now they seem
to drift into the media. I could blame his father and do you
know....I think I will @
of him, Oliver Norman Bernay. I would put the title, Duke in
front of his name if I thought he deserved to keep it. Like his
son, the man was a drunken fool, cavorting in town and
lording it over the boys at th

My lawyers told us we had a choice. We either paid millions in
fines and compensation or Oliver went to prison. So naturally,
Oliver went to prison. Ten years but as I keep telling

MARGARET: Ah, you have decided to rise. Good morning.

XANDER: Have I missed breakfast?

MARGARET: '... @ ... U 'h ...

XANDER

heart broken. I suggest you go to your den of gambling and buy it back. It can come out of your trust fund.

XANDER: Yes Mummy. But I think Mr Sweet likes it so I....

MARGARET: I hope you feel ashamed boy.

XANDER: I do Mummy.

MARGARET: Loosing the odd thousand pounds is one thing but when it comes to heirlooms then you need to look at yourself and think; do I want to be the sort of person that cannot be trusted or loved by his own family.

MARGARET: \

XANDER: Why does Mrs Popov never answer the door?

MARGARET: o ion people. If I could
@

XANDER: @

MARGARET: @ =
†

What about breakfast?

XANDER: @ 'take a piece of toast. Just going for a quiet stroll. Gather
'u @ 'U

(EXT) _____

XANDER: PULL!

XANDER: Bullseye! Nothing better than a feeling the kick of a 12 bore first thing in the morning. Makes me feel like I can do anything. @ # † beaches. We shall fight them...somewhere else....U turn if you @ 'h

XANDER: Bullseye! I could do this all day. But I have a day job now you know. Bernay u o † and shooting. Bloody hard work though I can tell you. Had to go to the office twice last week. Mummy thinks work is vulgar @ ng at it. She thinks I should be learning how to run the estate as she calls it u o about me ending up like) @ † apart from last night when Mr Sweet took me for a grand and

the Bristol. I just had one too many cheeky

Pull!

GROWER AND TWO GUNS 26q0.00887 9

MARGARET:

XANDER: U @

MARTGARET: The Priest hole Xander and think what you have done. I shall see you in the morning.

MARGARET: 7 @ nd who could with such news lying so heavy and fresh.... Oh to think Bernay House could be lost forever over a deck of cards. Lost by my own son. The fruit of my womb. Oh what a mess we are in.... I knew I should have had an abortion.

Nine Hundred years of history wiped out over the turn of a

@ U \ @ @ could send Mr Popov to steal the deeds back or maybe he

. \ @ U h = @

verge of losing the only thing with any meaning in my life.

Bernay House must be kept for future generations of the

. U Xander

. possible

.)

.

rebuild the empire. Right.....Calm and... Think....Think! Come

..... u ‡ at a

MARGARET: Especially as I will be gambling with your Trust fund.

XANDER: " 'U "

MARGARET: I set it up for the heir to Bernay House and the Dukedom not a whimpering coward. Gird your loins and show some support.

XANDER: Yes Mummy.

MARGARET: \ @

XANDER: Shall I get the cards and help you practise?

MARGARET: u 7
visor of your fathers. I do like to look the part.

XANDER: Yes Mummy.

XANDER: o @ @
give her half an hour and then call the police. I hope Mr Sweet

I sometimes wish I was from the lower orders like George
Allen or someone. Life might have been easier. All this
responsibility and pressure. I suppose I shall just have to wait
here for Mr Sweet to come and take over the house and rape
me of my t
a deck of cards or a glass of whisky? And now I shall be hurled
out onto the cold street with just a Rolex and a Television
company to my name.

MARGARET: (Spinning around. Move out of

XANDER: Mummy. Have you been drinking?

MARGARET: For the game to mean anything one must have a whet whistle

XANDER: Pardon?

MARGARET: Well, what an unusual evening. Do you know, there was a
fellow there who had been to a comprehensive school?
Imagine.

MARGARET:

XANDER:

You beat him Mummy!

