

SALTBURN

Written by

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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

**2007.** Oliver, sitting on the floor of Felix's room, writing his own essay, looking up as Felix reads his book on the windowsill.

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.

BACK TO:

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-

**SALTBURN**

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 FARLEIGH, 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-

FARLEIGH

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. Prescott?

PROFESSOR WARE  
...Yeah, where?

OLIVER  
Prescot. Merseyside.

PROFESSOR WARE  
Ah. Never been. Never been...  
Prescot. Hmmm.

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 sappy 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)  
HmMMM?

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 sat! 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

Latin. Water polo. Child abuse.

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

Dealing? Sounds awful. Really.

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 chirpsing her for a 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 walk 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. SALT BURN - 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. SALT BURN - 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 reilly...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 reverie 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 overstayed 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 Prescott.

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

Elsbeth 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?

Venetia 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.

Elsbeth 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?

Elsbeth 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.

VENITIA

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 slump 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?

Elsbeth 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:

Venetia 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. Venetia chuckles. And Oliver disappears under her skirt.

INT. SALTBURN - WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

From his bedroom, Farleigh has been watching Venetia 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 lounge 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 Venetia?

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 Venetia, 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 gasps. Shocked. Appalled.

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... Venitia...

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.

Elsbeth 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. FARLEIGH'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.

FARLEIGH

What the fuck are you doing?

OLIVER

What do you think I'm doing?

They stare at each other.

FARLEIGH

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?

Farleigh stares back at him. He fucking loathes him. But.

FARLEIGH

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: Prescott. 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 piece.

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

Elsbeth walks through the maze.

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

On Elsbeth's face as she sees him.

EXT. SALTBURN - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Oliver turns as he hears Elsbeth'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 -

Elsbeth 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?

Elsbeth 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.

Shoes kicked off. Still in black. Venetia chain smokes.

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.

Venetia, 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:

SIR JAMES CATTON, LANDOWNER AND ART COLLECTOR 1953-2020.

Oliver chews his toast thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHELSEA CAFE - DAY - SIX MONTHS EARLIER

Elsbeth 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

Elsbeth! 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)

ELSPETH (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.

Elsbeth bites her lip.

ELSPETH

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.

ELSPETH (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!

ELSPETH

Saltburn suddenly seemed so big and far away...

OLDER OLIVER

(fondly)

How is Saltburn? Is Duncan still there?

ELSPETH

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.

ELSPETH

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?

Elsbeth smiles bravely.

ELSPETH

Not really.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Flat white!

Elsbeth 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 Elsbeth's bedroom at Saltburn. Elsbeth 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.)  
I loved him. By God, I loved him.

- 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 - ELSPETH'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 - ELSPETH'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