

DESPERATE REMEDIES

Written by

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Based on Thomas Hardy's novel, Desperate Remedies

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A young man in evening dress is standing next to a young very beautiful, dark-haired woman, also in 1850's evening dress. They are standing near the window, alone.

The young man takes her hand, kisses it and murmurs

YOUNG MAN

My love-my darling, be my wife!

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh!....Oh, but I can't! ...I had to...No! I have to tell!....Look!

She hands him over a small letter and he opens it, in dismay

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's all over!....I can't! It's ruined for me, now!

The young woman dashes out.

The young man looks up from the, letter, aghast.

It reads:

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

Goodbye forever, my love. Something divides us, eternally. I should have told you before, but your love was sweet...so sweet.....Forgive me!

A pretty, blonde, young woman of around eighteen is walking in the direction of the town hall which is immediately opposite to a small church with a new spire being built.

The small approaching crowd heading for the announced "Shakespeare Reading" is very dull and of largely elderly people wearing blacks and browns.

The young woman stands out with her lavender dress, her trim, shapely black jacket, and her grey gloves and bonnet with lavender ribbon piping and ribbons.

The young woman walks up the steps of the town hall after glancing at the event poster.

2 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

2

The attractive young woman, Cytherea Graye selects a side aisle, as she walks up the big concert hall, so that she can see out of the window.

Cytherea finds the view out of the window that she wants, looks anxiously at it and then sits slowly down.

The view is that of three working men and a middle aged man in a suit instructing them. They are on a scaffolding, around a partly finished spire on the church opposite to the town hall.

CYTHEREA
(Sotto voce)
Be CAREFUL Father!

The lecturer walks out from the wings onto the stage and Cytherea then looks at him.

The lecturer gets out a book and starts to introduce his reading.

Cytherea anxiously looks up at her father, again.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)
(Sotto voce)
Why do YOU have to go up there?

3 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE - DAY

3

There are the three workers, emplacing the tiles onto the laths and Mr. Graye, Cytherea's father, inspecting the effect.

The sunlight shafts down upon the spire.

The architect addresses the elder of the workers.

MR. GRAYE
Yes, these are alright at this level, but I think that, as we go up....um...

He tips his head back and squints through the sunlight to see better and then, absent-mindedly, steps back through where there is a gap in the crude scaffolding.

Mr. Grey teeters on the edge for a few seconds, frantically seeking to right himself, and then overbalances and plunges off the spire.

4 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

4

Cytherea, seeing the fall, shoots to her feet, gasps

CYTHEREA

Father!

She falls, in a faint, and is caught, mid fall, by the middle-aged man, next to her.

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

5

Cytherea is half conscious of being carried from a carriage, up her house's front stairs, and into the house.

As she is carried out of the carriage, she sees the shafts of sun streaming down between the clouds.

Her mind sees shafts of sunlight falling on church spires and then falling on the half-finished spire which her father has just fallen off.

6 INT. MR. GREYE'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

6

Cytherea and her brother, Owen, who is just a year older, around nineteen, are sitting at their dead father's desk. They are both dressed in black.

Owen is getting papers out of the drawers and looking at them.

Cytherea is sitting, listlessly, at ninety degrees to him, leaning her head on her hand.

Owen looks up from the papers.

OWEN

Cythy, by the time we have sold the house and repaid the mortgage and loans, we'll have almost nothing left!

CYTHEREA

Poor Papa! His failure in business, you know, sprang from his gloom and lassitude, which arose from his original, disheartening blow.

OWEN

He once warned me not to love too
blindly and to cultivate the art of
renunciation.

CYTHEREA

Mama once said that a WOMAN was
papa's ruin....Papa never told me
her name....I wonder where she is
now!

OWEN

Well, as she wasn't our OWN dear
departed mother, there's no point
in thinking about her.

Cytherea stands up and sighs.

CYTHEREA

I have some of the bacon left,
Owen..... Do you want a toasted
sandwich for supper?

Owen throws his handful of bills down and then throws himself
back in his chair.

OWEN

Oh, yes, please....and bucketfuls
of tea, my dear.

Cytherea bends over and kisses him on the top of his head and
goes out.

7

INT. MR. GRAYE'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - EVENING

7

Owen is worriedly studying some bills, when he hears the
footsteps of his sister.

OWEN

(Sotto voce)

What WILL become of us, now?

He stuffs the bills down the side of his chair cushion.

Cytherea comes in carrying a tray

She smiles, sits down and puts the tray on her elbow table.

CYTHEREA

Well, you can have your tea, now,
Owen, as you've spent all day
wrestling with Papa's work.

OWEN

Wrestling, yes: getting anywhere,
no!

CYTHEREA

Can you not continue with his work?

Owen smiles, sadly and slowly shakes his head.

OWEN

I'm getting no NEW work....Would
YOU give the building of your shop,
or school, to a nineteen year old?

CYTHEREA

But what about the work which Papa
had already contracted for?

OWEN

Hum! ... I'm doing my best, Cythy,
but Papa had only been teaching me
for twenty two months, so I can
hardly be said to have become an
architect, in that time.

Cytherea starts pouring the tea and handing it over to Owen,
who puts it on his occasional table.

CYTHEREA

The tradesmen know it, as well, and
I've had several of them hint
darkly to me that they suspect that
we'll be reneging on our accounts,
shortly.

Owen bursts to his feet and paces the sitting room carpet.

OWEN

Oh, YES ... YEESSSS Just
because those orphans have been
left penniless, they're obviously
to be distrusted because they are
bound to become thieves!

CYTHEREA

Oh, Owen ... I don't think they
meant...

OWEN

...Come off it, Cythy! You know
full well we've had acquaintances
scuttle past us in the street as if
we were troublesome beggars.

CYTHEREA

Hum I'm afraid that
I've had no takers about the advert
I placed for music pupils, either.

OWEN

I suspect that building up
customers takes years...and,
unfortunately, we don't have years.

CYTHEREA

Then we'll just have to see how you
do with Papa's business, Owen
There! Now stop fretting, sit down
and drink your tea Look! I've
baked you some scones.

She proffers the plate.

Owen stops pacing and smiles down at her.

8

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - DAY

8

Cytherea and her brother are shopping. Owen is holding the
basket.

There are various market stalls out in the street and various
people shopping and children playing.

There is a fat, self-satisfied shopkeeper in his apron who is
standing on his doorstep, talking to three women. They stare
rudely at Cytherea and her brother and then whisper,
judgementally against them as Owen and her pass by.

Owen looks back at them, hurt, by their behaviour.

A young, professional acquaintance of Owen's comes towards
them and Owen goes to shake his hand.

The acquaintance, however, doesn't take the hand, but
mumbles, pulls down his hat and hurries away.

Cytherea is outraged at the unkindness.

Further along the street, there are two young tradesmen who
are standing at their father's stall. They are smoking and
they leer outrightly at Cytherea, to her face.

Owen sees them and makes a quick movement to go over and
remonstrate with them, but Cytherea catches his arm and
pleads with him not to defend her thus.

Owen storms away with Cytherea still clinging to his arm.

They haven't done their shopping.

9

EXT. MR. GREYE'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - DAY

9

Cytherea is sitting pouring out the tea for Owen who walks in and throws himself into a chair.

OWEN

Well! That's it! Just finished the last of Father's contracts....and four of them used his demise to knock me down over pricing.

CYTHEREA

That's breaking contract!

Owen shrugs

OWEN

Yes, but they knew I hadn't a penny to defend myself at law.

CYTHEREA

(Bitterly) ... And they are supposed to be our neighbours and acquaintance!

She pours the milk, in the tea, sugars it, and hands the tea to Owen.

Owen sighs

OWEN

Well, then, Cythy, you won't be unhappy to hear that I have written to an acquaintance of our father's, a Mr. Gradfield, an architect at Creston..... you know, the little seaport. I'm offering him myself, as apprentice, for the remaining two years of my apprenticeship which I already half served under Father.

CYTHEREA

Ah! We'll be moving out of town, but I can't say that I'll be sad. I hardly hear from my two girlfriends, now. They're too busy socializing and don't answer my notes. I suppose they think I'm too poor to come out.

OWEN

We ARE, dear! But at least this continuation of my apprenticeship will give us some sort of income, and selling the house will clear the mortgage and the other debts that have accrued over these last nine months.

10 INT. MR. GREY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

10

Cytherea has her sleeves rolled up and an apron on. She is rolling out pastry.

Owen comes in, waving a letter and she looks up.

OWEN

Well, Mr. Gradfield doesn't want an apprentice, but he DOES want a general assistant for a few months, so I'm writing an acceptance back, today, Cythy!

Cytherea drops her pastry, grabs and wipes her hands on a cloth and kisses him on the cheek.

CYTHEREA

Then I shall write to father's old solicitor for a reference and, when we've moved into some sort of accommodation, shall apply for governess jobs in the area.

Owen heaves a sigh of relief and nods his head.

OWEN

At least we'll be rid of these debts....ours AND Papa's!

Cytherea smiles at him.

CYTHEREA

Poor Papa! Things will get easier, now, Owen.

11 EXT. MR. GRAYE'S HOUSE/PAVEMENT OUTSIDE - DAY

11

The door opens and Cytherea and Owen struggle out with shoulder bags and carrying a suitcase, each.

Owen takes Cytherea's suitcase and manhandles it down the steps to the bottom.

He then returns for his own case, which is at the top of the stairs.

Meanwhile, the hansom cab man is loading this first case.

Cytherea struggles down the steps and emplaces her big shoulder bag into to cab and also emplaces her small carpet bag in, as well.

She turns and half smiles back up at her father's house and nods sadly at it while Owen struggles with the other case.

When Owen has got the case in, he comes over to Cytherea, puts his arms around her shoulders and squeezes them.

He nods, encouragingly at her, and they get into the cab.

Cytherea watches their house, sadly, as they drive away.

12 INT. TRAIN - DAY

12

Cytherea and Owen are alone in their carriage and watch as the train races along and the landscape unfolds before them.

There are lots of sheep, boggy moors and fir plantations.

Then there are undulating downs and increasing glimpses of the sea, by which Cytherea is absorbed, and enlivened.

She points out objects of interest to Owen.

They arrive at Creston and disembark.

13 INT. MR. GRADFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Owen enters a busy office with three journeymen and two apprentices busily drawing plans.

He asks for Mr. Gradfield who is then fetched from his private office.

Mr. Gradfield has forgotten Owen's coming, but shakes his hand and asks him to start on Monday, showing Owen where he is to sit.

14 INT. THE GREYE'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

14

Cytherea sit at the table and writes her advert:

"A YOUNG LADY is desirous of meeting with an ENGAGEMENT as governess, or companion. She is competent to teach English, French and Music. Satisfactory references.

Address, C.G. Post Office, Creston".

She sits back, sighs and looks hopeful.

15

EXT. CRESTON BEACH - DAY

15

Cytherea descends the steps onto the beach and walks along by the sea.

She breathes in and looks around her at the sky and the water. She gives a little smile and speeds up her walk.

Cytherea comes upon a young couple, talking.

The young man stops walking, takes the young woman's hand and puts it flat onto his own chest.

He asks the woman a question.

She hangs her head, shyly and quietly nods.

Cytherea has, by this time, passed them, at a slight distance.

She smiles to herself, and holds her own left fourth finger up.

She waggles it, slightly, and muses upon whom will marry her.

16

INT. GRAYE'S LODGING/LIVING ROOM. - DAY

16

There is a little table for two, in the window area, laid with ham salad, and there is a tea set ready.

Cytherea is just finishing putting the bread on the table, when she hears her brother return from work.

She flies to let him in and kisses him on the cheek.

OWEN

Hello, Cythy.

She helps him off with his coat.

CYTHEREA

Good evening, Owen How did your first day go? ... Was Mr. Gradfield there?

They sit down at the table and Cytherea starts pouring the tea, while Owen picks up his cutlery.

OWEN

Mr. Gradfield wasn't in, but his head clerk was ... a worthy fellow. ...Not private school educated, but very well read.

CYTHEREA

Is he an 'officious clerkly' type?

She smiles, raises her eyebrows in humour, and hands him his cup of tea.

OWEN

Oh no Rather a melancholic type, I thought.

CYTHEREA

Married?

OWEN

No

CYTHEREA

How do you know?

OWEN

Because there was a conversation going on in the office about preferences for future wives.

Cytherea passes Owen his sliced bread and pushes the butter dish towards him.

Cytherea widens her eyes, interrogatively.

CYTHEREA

AND....?

OWEN

He wanted a 'child amongst pleasures and a woman amongst pains' I paraphrase.

Cytherea starts pouring her own cup.

CYTHEREA

What a musing creature he must be.

17 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

17

The bell tinkles as Cytherea enters the shop.

A well-dressed lady sweeps past her with a nod, as Cytherea goes up to the counter.

The lady goes out and the post mistress nods and smiles at Cytherea.

Cytherea asks if any post has arrived for herself, but the postmistress says 'No'.

Cytherea smiles, nods, says, "Thank you" and leaves.

18 INT. GREY'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

18

Owen and Cytherea are having their high tea, again, on the table in the window.

Cytherea is pouring the tea and Owen is eating.

OWEN

Springgrove's from rather humble origins. His father is a farmer, or something. Cytherea milks and sugars Owen's tea.

CYTHEREA

Well, he's none the worse for that, I suppose.

OWEN

Oh, no.....As we come down the hill, we shall continually be meeting people going up.

CYTHEREA

What's he look like?

OWEN

Oh ... a bit Greekish...not as in that Mediterranean swarthy, but like the statues ... yunno, with that straight Greek nose and thick wavy blonde, in his case, hair.

CYTHEREA

His tout ensemble is striking?

She hands him his teacup

OWEN

If you mean 'is he sartorially inclined?' No ... he's rather messy. His necktie is usually askew and he's usually got his nose in a book, when not working....

CYTHEREA

...Novels?

She picks up her cutlery and starts on her salad.

OWEN

Good grief, no! It's usually the classics ... and NOT in translation! He knows Shakespeare by heart, including the footnotes ... I'd HATE to come up against him in debate! He writes poetry, too, apparently.

CYTHEREA

How delicious!

OWEN

Who for?!

CYTHEREA

Erm hum, I mean ... er, I've never met a poet.

OWEN

Hum

(Mouth full)

Any luck with responses to your advert?

CYTHEREA

Oh...No.

Cytherea looks a bit downcast, again.

19

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

19

Cytherea goes to the post office and enquires again.

The answer is still "No'.

20

EXT. THE SEA SHORE - DAY

20

Cytherea wanders along the shore.

She sees some boats for hire and watches in interest, from a little distance, as a couple take to the sea, the young man helping the young lady down into the boat.

He then takes the oars and they row away.

Cytherea stands watching them and smiles.

She looks around the bright sky and the warm sunny day and the sparkling sea going out to the horizon.

21

INT. GRAY'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

21

Owen and Cytherea are sitting reading. Cytherea is reading a collection of papers, rather excitedly.

OWEN

Springrove's no fool, you know.

CYTHEREA

He can't be, to write such verses as these....They're really beautiful poems!

OWEN

No. I was referring to what he said when some of the fellows were talking of falling in love.

CYTRHEREA

What was that?

OWEN

Oh, he just pointed out that many a fellow has fallen in love without actually considering if the woman he has fallen in love with is the sort of woman with whom he would want to spend his life.

Cytherea puts down the poem she was reading.

CYTHEREA

Maybe he had to pay a penalty for rashness in some love affair.

OWEN

Perhaps but anyway it doesn't matter, now, as he's to move to London in a fortnight, to seek a career.

Cytherea looks crestfallen

CYTHEREA

Oh. He is?

Owen picks up his book, again.

OWEN

Hum.....

Cytherea looks down at the poem on her knee, sadly.

CYTHEREA

Oh.

22 EXT. CRESTON/STREET - DAY 22

The town crier rings his bell and announces the excursion by steamboat to Lewbourne Bay, as he walks up the hill.

23 EXT. CRESTON/ HILL NEAR COAST - DAY 23

It is a beautiful day and Owen and Cytherea, still in their weeds, have come down to the coast for the boat excursion.

They have toiled up the hill and are seen promenading across the slope of the hill, intermittently looking at the harbour to see if the boat has arrived.

Owen turns to Cytherea

OWEN

Look, Cythy, there is a splendid medieval ruin at the head of this valley and it will only take us another twenty minutes of scrambling to reach it.

CYTHEREA

Ugh! Another twenty minutes of hill climbing er, no thanks, Owen.

Owen sits her gently down on a log.

OWEN

Well you just rest here, and I'll have a quick pop up and look. It's an age until the boat's ready and they'll ring the bell, twice, anyway.

CYTHEREA

Well....Alright....But you won't be long, will you, Owen?

Owen starts walking rapidly away.

OWEN

No! No time at all, Cythy!

Cytherea watches him go and then looks back down at the boat in the harbour.

Cytherea walks up and down.

The first bell rings and violins and a harp start up, below, in the boat.

Cytherea is anxious and walks faster, looking up the hill, intermittently, for Owen.

It is late afternoon and the sun is becoming orangey gold as it blazes upon the heather.

The boat's second bell now sounds and Cythy gathers up Owen's handkerchief of shells and lichen and, after another desperate look, uphill, hurries down to the boat.

24 EXT. CRESTON/HARBOUR - EVENING

24

Most of the passengers have boarded, via a long single plank, by the time Cytherea arrives.

Cytherea is out of breath, and stands by the plank looking back and then up at the ship.

CAPT. JACOBS

(Calls down)

Now then Missie, do 'ee board
..... Maybe thee's awaiting
someone?

CYTHEREA

My brother! He, he won't be
long!

She looks back again and then sees a male figure approaching.

ELDERLY FEMALE PASSENGER

Oh, really!! ... The man can't
possibly get here in the next ten
minutes!

The figure, which has plunged down from the valley, is now somewhat hidden by an escarpment, but they can hear his heels striking upon the stony road, as he approaches.

CYTHEREA
 I'll, I'll come up, now, because
 he'll be here in a second. ..sorry
 about this.

Captain Jacobs comes a little way down the plank and offers
 his hand.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)
 Thank you, but I'm fine...I'll,
 I'll just be careful.

Cytherea holds up her skirts and carefully mounts the steep,
 thin plank, holding onto the rope bannister.

Footsteps shake the plank and are upon to her heels, in a
 bound.

25

EXT. CRESTON HARBOUR/BOAT

25

CYTHEREA
 Owen! Where HAVE you been? You
 nearly missed the boat.

Cytherea gains the deck and turns around to the man.

It is not Owen.

CAPTAIN JACOB
 How do 'ee do, Mr. Springrove.

SPRINGROVE
 How do you do, Captain.

Springrove turns to Cytherea and tips his hat.

He is a handsome man: taller than Owen, with thick blonde
 hair, and a good humoured face.

His black tie is askew.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
 I hope I have the pleasure of
 addressing Miss Graye....I am
 Springrove, Owen's friend.

CYTHEREA
 Is he alright?

SPRINGROVE

Yes, just a little lame from
overwalking himself. He's dropped
down to Galworth Station, which is
much nearer to him, and will catch
the train home.

CYTHEREA

Oh!

The music strikes up, again as the boat pulls away.

SPRINGROVE

Owen sent me to keep you company
and escort you home.....I, I do
hope that you don't think me too
forward.

Cytherea smiles, shyly

CYTHEREA

No, no! Of course not..... It's
very kind of you.

People start dancing on the front deck, in the prow, and
Cytherea and Springrove stroll up and down the side deck,
talking, as the sun sets and the boat pulls out into the
harbour.

The evening is very beautiful.

26

EXT. CRESTON HARBOUR - NIGHT

26

As Cytherea descends the gangplank, Springrove taking her
hand for the last portion, he addresses her.

SPRINGROVE

I'll walk to the station and find
out what time Owen's train arrives.

CYTHEREA

Oh, thank you, Mr. Springrove.

SPRINGROVE

Perhaps we might walk together?

He gestures the way.

CYTHEREA

Yes...of course.

They walk off, together.

27 EXT. OUTSIDE CRESTON TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

27

They exit the station and stand outside.

SPRINGROVE

I'm so sorry, I messed up the trains.

CYTHEREA

Oh, don't worry. He'll stay overnight and catch the morning train.

SPRINGROVE

Will you be lonely without him? Can I walk you back to your lodgings?

CYTHEREA

Oh, no...really, we're just around the corner. We have a landlady....Thank you.

SPRINGROVE

Perhaps you'd let me see you, sometimes....I'd hate to think that you'd forget me.

CYTHEREA

Well....I'm afraid that I'm going away, so I don't thin....but, anyway, thanks again, Mr. Springrove.....Um, Good Evening.

She smiles, nods, turns and walks rapidly away.

SPRINGROVE

(Sotto voce)

DON'T forget me, hum?

He turns and softly follows her to ensure her safety.

28 EXT. CRESTON/OUTSIDE GRAYE'S LODGINGS - NIGHT

28

Springrove follows Cytherea back and stands under a doorway, seeing her enter the house and then turn on a light in an upper window.

He turns away.

SPRINGROVE

(Sotto voce)

"One hope is too like despair for prudence to smother".....

(MORE)

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

(laughs)

and I DON'T think I have a
HOPE....so prudence wouldn't,
indeed, bother smothering it!

He walks off.

29

INT. GREY'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

Cytherea is seated at the table in the window finishing her breakfast.

Owen suddenly enters the room.

He comes over to her and kisses her on the head as she rises to greet him.

OWEN

No don't get up Cythy, I've had my
breakfast. Sorry I couldn't meet
you. Was Springrove any help?.....
Nice fellow.

CYTHEREA

Oh yes. Thanks for sending him. But
why were you lame?

OWEN

I don't know..... nothing, gone now
anyway.

CYTHEREA

So where did you stay?

OWEN

I persuaded the keeper of the gate
house at the railway crossing to
take me in.

Owen yawns

CYTHEREA

You didn't get much sleep at the
gatehouse last night, I'll bet.

OWEN

To tell the truth, I didn't. I was
sleeping on the floor of the chap's
bedroom where he made me a rough
pallet. He kept muttering a name in
his sleep all night, and you'll
never guess whose name it was

CYTHEREA

Who?

OWEN

It was Cytherea.

CYTHEREA

Me?... My name?

OWEN

HmmmLook, it's a lovely Sunday morning. Put your coat on and we'll go a walk on the sands, hum?

30

EXT.CRESTON/BEACH - DAY

30

Cytherea and Owen are walking along, arm-in-arm.

CYTHEREA

So DID you get the story out of him?

OWEN

In the end, yes.....He used to have a pub and one day, a year, or so, ago, he overheard a conversation between two women, a servant girl and a older wealthy woman who had introduced herself as Jane Taylor.

CYTHEREA

Where?

OWEN

He just said "hereabouts". But, when the girl said that a certain man was dying, the woman fainted.

CYTHEREA

Was the servant called Cytherea, then?

OWEN

No. The innkeeper rushed in to help the older woman and, suspecting she had lied about her name, used the occasion to ask her, again.

CYTHEREA

What? While she was coming around?

OWEN

Yes and she murmured
Cytherea.....Hardly a name you
could forget.

CYTHEREA

What happened, then?

OWEN

Well when she came round, she gave
the man a load of money not to say
anything about her, or her name, to
anyone else. She and the girl then
left.

CYTHEREA

That's strange, isn't it?!

They have arrived near the water's edge and Owen bends down
and starts taking off his shoes.

OWEN

Um.....Come on, let's have
paddle!

Cytherea smiles, bends down and starts to remove her shoes.

31 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

31

Cytherea is sitting at the table, taking off her gloves and
Owen is sitting near the fireplace.

CYTHEREA

Don't you recognise anything else
in connection with the story

OWEN

What?

CYTHEREA

Do you remember what poor papa once
let drop? That Cytherea was the
name of his first sweetheart in
Bloomsbury?... I'll bet that was
the same woman

OWEN

Oh not likely.

CYTHEREA

How not likely Owen?..... If
papa had been alive, what a
wonderful, absorbing story this
would be for him.

OWEN

Well we'll never know anything
about it now, whether she was the
one or not..... Any
response to your advert yet?

CYTHEREA

No I am afraid not ... but perhaps
I could change my advert.....if
you make the tea!

Owen smiles, gets up and goes over to stoke up the fire and
then to get out the tea pot and fire kettle.

Cytherea gets out her writing paper from the nearby desk,
sits back at the table and writes

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

"Nursery governess or Useful
Companion. A young person wishes to
hear of a situation in either of
the above capacities. Salary very
moderate. She is a good
needlewoman. Address: C., 3, Cross
Street, Creston."

Cytherea sits back and sighs.

CYTHEREA

Do you want to come out with me,
this evening and post it?

OWEN

Yes. I'll need another walk. I get
cabin fever cooped up here in this
tiny lodging.

Cytherea smiles and gets up.

CYTHEREA

Right.....Lunch!

32

EXT. CRESTON/PROMENADE - EVENING

32

Cytherea and Owen are walking along, chatting, when they see
Springfield coming towards them.

He smiles, tips his hat and says 'How do you do?'. They respond similarly.

Springfield walks on.

A few steps later, they are arrested by Springfield's re-appearance and look a little surprised.

SPRINGFIELD

I don't know if you two are interested, but there's decent boat hire, here, and I...I was wondering if you would both be interested in a pull across the bay.

Cytherea looks up with pleasant surprise at Owen.

CYTHEREA

Oh yes, Owen....Let's!

OWEN

That sounds a laugh, Springfield....We're in!

33 EXT. CRESTON/PIER - EVENING

33

The party walk along the pier , descend and step into one of the gaily painted rowing boats for hire.

Springfield jumps in first and then gives his hand to Cytherea.

He seats her in the stern and puts the tiller ropes in her hand, smiling into her eyes.

Cytherea, blushes, smiles and looks away.

Owen gets in and the owner unfastens the painter.

They sheer off and row away into a beautiful, golden evening with a soft breeze.

Cytherea is steering.

34 EXT. CRESTON/PIER AND BAY - EVENING

34

Montage

Various clips of the three of them embarking and rowing on different occasions, wearing different outfits.

35 EXT. CRESTON/PIER - EVENING

35

The three are approaching the boats again, and Owen points at the kayaks.

He wants a go in a kayak.

They agree that Springfield will take Cytherea in a rowing boat and follow Owen, which they do.

Springfield gazes with fondness at Cytherea, who is full of smiles and blushes as they pull away, after Owen.

36 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

36

The Grays are just finishing breakfast.

Owen hastily wipes his mouth on his napkin, arises, gets his coat and starts putting it on.

Cytherea is still in her dressing gown.

OWEN

I'll be gone all day with this surveying job and I won't be back till very late....You'll be alright, won't you?

Cytherea smiles

CYTHEREA

Of course, silly.

OWEN

I won't be able to say goodbye to Springrove. He's off to his Father's, at the end of the day, before going on to London, later.

CYTHEREA

Well, we sort of mentioned it, yesterday, out rowing.

Owen fetches his hat and umbrella

OWEN

Yes, I suppose so.

He kisses her on the top of her head.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Have a good day, little Sis.

She looks up and blows him a kiss.

Owen goes out

Montage

The day goes slowly and Cytherea clears the pots; washes and dresses; sweeps the floor; makes and eats her lunch; washes some smalls and then sits by the window, sewing a sock of Owen's, desultorily.

Cytherea looks up.

It is half past five.

Shortly after, Springrove walks past, slowly, but does not look up.

Cytherea cranes after sight of him down the street.

Then she suddenly runs, gets her coat and hat, and dives down the stairs.

37 EXT. CRESTON STREET AND PIER - DAY

37

Cytherea is hurrying, half running, to catch up with Springrove, while holding on to her hat.

Suddenly she bumps into someone and looks up to discover that it is actually Springrove who has turned around and is heading back towards her lodgings.

Cytherea smiles, blushes and then looks down, in embarrassment.

CYTHEREA

Oh!

SPRINGROVE

Miss Graye!

He puts out his hand and she slowly takes it, in a shake.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

I, I wonder, should you like....I
mean would you be interested
in.....a row?

Cytherea smiles, again and looks a little perplexedly, sideways and down.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
 Come.... we'll go see what
 condition the sea is in.

He offers her his arm and she shyly takes it.

They arrive at the sea which is calm and beautiful.

Springfield takes her hand and gazes into her eyes.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
 (Softly)
 Shall we have a boat?

Cytherea nods, minutely and looks down.

Springrove pays and helps her into a boat.

Springrove gives Cytherea the tiller ropes and settles
 himself opposite to her.

He pulls away, gazing at her.

38 EXT. CRESTON BAY - EVENING

38

Edward Springrove rows them out towards the nearly opposite
 bay of Laystead Shore.

He gazes mutely at Cytherea and she looks back and then shyly
 looks away.

She looks at him, when she thinks him not looking, and then
 gets caught.

They chat a little as they row towards the cliffs near
 Laystead Shore.

They fall silent, and slow down as they approach the still
 water of the cliff near Laystead.

The water though twenty feet deep is a beautiful transparent
 blue with just a few weeds and rocks on the bottom.

Springrove ships the oars and moves to sit next to Cytherea.

He takes her hand and puts his other hand behind her head to
 turn her face towards his face.

SPRINGROVE
 (Whispers)
 May I?

CYTHEREA
 (Whispers)
 I...I.....We...

He kisses her lightly and then more passionately.

They sit awhile and nuzzle, tenderly.

SPRINGROVE
 I love you, Cytherea....I love you
 and will tell your brother of my
 love for you, that he will know
 that I will be working to be worthy
 of you, while I am away in London.

Cytherea smiles and nods her head.

Edward pauses and then looks a little pained

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
 There may just be a little
 impediment...but, no...that's a
 strong word.....It probably
 doesn't even exist.

CYTHEREA
 An impediment, Edward?..... Can't
 you tell me, now?

SPRINGROVE
 Not now, but don't alarm yourself,
 my love. I'll meet Owen at the
 station and explain everything.

CYTHEREA
 Oh!.....Alright.

Edward reseats himself and restarts to row.

Cytherea anxiously chews her lower lip.

They row back in the deepening twilight and Cytherea is
 apprehensive about his words.

39 EXT. CRESTON STREETS - EVENING

39

Edward walks Cytherea back to her lodgings, holding her hand
 all the way.

When they arrive there, he bends and kisses her and then
 strokes her cheek and gazes into her eyes.

She lets herself into the house.

He turns and walks off to meet Owen.

40 EXT. LODGING DOORWAY AND STREETS - EVENING 40

Cytherea stands in the porch, in an agony of apprehension.

She then turns back, and follows Springgrove down to the promenade.

She stands a little way off, watching him from behind a lamp post, as he sits on a bench waiting for Owen to walk past from the station.

When he gets up and starts to pace, however, she quickly returns to her lodgings for fear of being seen.

41 INT. GREYE'S LODGINGS/CYTHEREA'S BEDROOM - EVENING 41

Owen steals quietly into Cytherea's bedroom.

Cytherea is asleep on the bed, dressed, and there is a candle burning.

Owen bends over and kisses her on the cheek.

Cytherea jumps awake and sits up, suddenly, exclaiming half asleep

CYTHEREA
He's gone!

OWEN
Not yet: early tomorrow. He's told me all.....You should have TOLD me, Cythy!

Cytherea scrambles off the bed and stands next to him

CYTHEREA
We couldn't help it.....Owen, has he told you ALL?

OWEN
All your love, from beginning to end.

CYTHEREA
But not.....not...

OWEN
....What?

Cytherea pulls herself up

CYTHEREA

No...nothing!It's no
good worrying about things in the
future.It's things in the present
that count!

She smiles

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

I'm going to advertize again.

Owen takes off his coat.

OWEN

Oh, that's no use, Cythy.

She hands him a short advert she has written which is on her
bedside table.

CYTHEREA

This one will be!

Owen reads.

OWEN

A lady's maid!...Oh, no,
Cythy!...Such a disgrace!...Our
father was an architect and you
have been well educated.....

CYTHEREA

...but left bereft of income,
Owen..... Don't worry. We
need to make our livings,and we
have to start somewhere....

OWEN

....But it's so...

Cytherea takes of her jacket

CYTHEREA

.....I'm determined, so that's
that.....You had your dinner?

She sits on the side of the bed and starts removing her
shoes.

OWEN

Yes, don't worry.

CYTHEREA

Good..... Then off to bed with
you! I'm dropping back off to
sleep, myself.

Owen smiles

OWEN

Goodnight, Cythy!

CYTHEREA

Night, Owen.

He goes out.

42 INT. CRESTON/HOTEL - DAY

42

Cytherea is shown into a small, empty room on the first
floor.

She sits herself on the stand chair against the wall.

The self-important waiting girl turns to go

MAID

The landlady says that I'm to show
Mrs. Aldcliffe into the next room.
She'll call you when she's ready.

The girl looks deprecatingly at Cytherea's plain clothes and
then goes out.

Cytherea waits a while and then hears female boots and shoes
come along the corridor.

MAID (V.O.)

Shall I call her, Madam?

MRS. ALDCLIFFE (V.O.)

(Commanding RP)

No! I will.....You can go, now.

Cytherea hears the girl's footsteps recede and then hears
Mrs. Aldcliffe walking up and down, a few times.

Cytherea waits, expectantly.

43 INT. HOTEL/BEDROOM - DAY

43

Mrs. Aldclyffe sits at a table where there is another stand
chair, nearby. She is tall, slim and dark. Mrs Aldclyffe is
around mid-fourties, but still very handsome.

She wears a brown silk gown, and lace shawl, with a bonnet decorated with a few small cornflowers.

She calls through to Cytherea.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
You can come in, now, girl!

Cytherea opens the interconnecting door and steps through, quietly.

Cytherea smiles and nods at Mrs. Aldclyffe.

Mrs. Aldclyffe does not smile back.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
My housekeeper pointed out your
advert to me, Miss Graye....Where
did you live, last?

She does not invite Cytherea to sit, so Cytherea remains standing, at a little distance.

CYTHEREA
I lived at home. I have never been
a servant.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
Then why did you advertize with
such assurance?....It misleads
people.

CYTHEREA
My brother told me to remove the
word "inexperienced", Madam.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
Your mother, or father knew what
was right, I suppose....?

CYTHEREA
I have no family but my brother,
Madam.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
Umph....You deserve forgiveness for
that, at any rate, child.

Mrs. Aldclyffe studies Cytherea's face

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
Are you a good needlewoman?

CYTHEREA
I am considered to be.

Mrs. Aldcliffe stands up

MRS. ALDCLIFFE
Then I shall write to your
referee.....It will be as well to
set yourself in readiness to come
on Monday.....I shall send a note
with the details.Good day!

She nods and sweeps out, leaving Cytherea alone in the room,
pondering.

44 EXT. OUTSIDE OF RAILWAY STATION - DAY

44

Cytherea, dressed plainly, in black, with a couple of cases,
comes out of the station and stands looking around.

There is a man and pony carriage at a little distance.

This liveried servant is drinking from a hip flask and when
he sees her, he gets down and picks up her cases and puts
them into the carriage.

He is a little inebriated.

COACHMAN
You Miss Graye?

CYTHEREA
Yes.

COACHMAN
Hello, then.....Up ya get!

He helps her into the chaise and drives off.

45 INT/EXT. PONY CARRIAGE - DAY

45

Cytherea gets a letter out from her inner jacket pocket and
she reads it.

SPRINGROVE (V.O.)
Mna mna mna...Your Edward thinks
of you every day and every night,
my love.

(MORE)

SPRINGROVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My getting on in my profession is
 all for you.....mna, mna,
 mna.....I think I see the way to
 solving that slight impediment, I
 mentioned, and hope to have news
 about it, soon.We....

COACHMAN
 ...That a love letter, there, Miss?

Cytherea hastily puts the letter away.

CYTHEREA
 Oh, nothing.

She looks up to see a ruined, grey Elizabethan house between
 the trees, on the left.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)
 Is that the house?

COACHMAN
 Oh, no! That be the old manor
 house!

CYTHEREA
 Does anyone live in it?

COACHMAN
 Oh no! Not now. Those noises would
 drive anyone wild.....now
 listen.

He stops the horse and they hear the sound of a rushing
 waterfall in the trees above.

The coachman drives on.

COACHMAN (CONT'D)
 The other noise which you can hear,
 is the old water pump which Mr.
 Aldcliffe installed when he first
 married. It don't half creak an
 all.

They now hear the 'creak, souse, creak' of the old pump.

CYTHEREA
 It certainly sounds dismal.....They
 should have the wheel greased.

COACHMAN
 Ah, the master is too old to take
 an interest.

(MORE)

COACHMAN (CONT'D)
 He's a dyin' and then the mistress
 will take over and the whole house
 will be turned inside out.

CYTHEREA
 You mean she will marry?

COACHMAN
 Not she....too difficult!

CYTHEREA
 How, difficult?

COACHMAN
 You'll know soon enough, Miss. She
 has had seven ladies' maids this
 twelve month. She screams at them,
 and then they leave the next
 day.....'Tis hoped you'll please in
 dressen her tonight.

CYTHEREA
 Why tonight?

COACHMAN
 'Tis her father's birthday and she
 has seventeen guests for dinner.

He points to the neo-classical house ahead

COACHMAN (CONT'D)
 See, Miss. That's Knapwater House,
 ahead!

Cytherea looks up at the house, sitting on terraces, behind a lake.

The track goes around the side of this large house with its lawns and lake, to the side buildings, and into a courtyard.

The carriage pulls up at a side door and the coachman helps Cytherea down, and unloads her cases.

There is a small, elderly woman at the door who smiles

MRS. MORRIS
 Good day. I'm Mrs. Morris.....Mrs.
 Graye, I believe?

CYTHEREA
 Oh, but I'm not marr... Oh, sorry,
 of course...hello, Mrs. Morris.

46 INT. HALLWAYS IN SERVANTS WING - DAY

46

Cytherea is carrying her coat and hat as they walk along.

They see Miss Aldclyffe's carriage arrive, through a window they are walking past.

CYTHEREA

Whose are the sheep in the park
labelled E.S., please, Mrs. Morris?

MRS. MORRIS

Oh, those belong to Farmer
Springrove who recommended you to
me when he came the other day. He's
a cidemaker and keeps the Three
Transters' Inn.

CYTHEREA

Oh....Farmer Springrove...

They walk on.

A bell sounds.

MRS. MORRIS

That's Mrs. Aldcliffe's bell.

CYTHEREA

Ah.

MRS. MORRIS

Well, go ON, then!.....Here!

She puts her arm out for Cytherea's coat and hat which
Cytherea hands over.

MRS. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Through the door ahead and on up
the stairs....

(Calling)

Then the third door on the left!

Cytherea is already hurrying away.

CYTHEREA

(Sotto voce)

Yes, I must run when called, now.

47 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MRS. ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

47

Cytherea puts the last white shoe on the white stockinged
foot of Mrs. Aldclyffe who is dressed for dinner.

Mrs. Aldclyffe indolently walks over to her dressing table and drops into the chair.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
I'm glad you've come. I suspect
that you may suit me.

Cytherea smiles and nods.

She brushes out Mrs. Aldclyffe's hair and then starts to arrange it, in her own style, while Mrs. Aldclyffe stares musingly at the floor.

Finally, she looks up, when the dressing is finished.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
Goods grief, girl! That won't
do!...I look like an old dressed
doll!

CYTHEREA
I'm sorry, Madam. Shall I reshape
your hair? Do you want a different
style?

Mrs. Aldclyffe's hair is arranged beautifully, with flowers inserted, appropriately.

Mrs. Aldclyffe looks around the room.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
No! No!....Far too late, for
messaging around, now!....My tiara!
My tiara!

She points to the item which is on the surface of a chest of drawers.

Cytherea hurries to get the tiara and puts it on Mrs. Aldclyffe.

Mrs. Aldclyffe stares, sourly at her in the mirror and puts her evening gloves on.

Mrs. Aldclyffe arises, and snatches her fan and reticule.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
You may have a little dinner, then
hold yourself ready for undressing
when I return.....You have made a
poor opening show, Graye!

She whisks out and poor Cytherea sinks down, desolately upon the dressing stool.

48

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

48

Cytherea helps Mrs. Aldclyffe out of her bum roll and outer petticoat, followed by her corset.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
Bottom drawer of the chest of
drawers!

Cytherea steps in to the bedroom with these articles.

When she returns, with a nightdress, Mrs. Aldclyffe is looking at a photograph in a locket around her neck, which she then closes.

Mrs. Aldclyffe turns abruptly around and looks at Cytherea.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
I wear this always....I don't take
it off.

She opens it.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
(Condescendingly)
You may look!

Cytherea leans forward and looks, and is startled: it is her father, when younger.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
It is a handsome face, is it not?

CYTHEREA
It is, Madam.

Mrs. Aldclyffe closes the locket, and stands up and puts her arms up for her nightdress, which Cytherea places on her.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
I lost him through excess of
honesty about a small mistake I
made in my early youth.....Your
name reminded me of things,
tonight....I don't usually confide
in young gels!.....

She sits down and Cytherea takes up the dressing gown, from a clothes horse, preparatory also to putting it on Mrs. Aldclyffe.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
 My hair looked a complete mess,
 this evening...I should never have
 taken you without taking up at
 least three references.
There..... I have been
 deceived, as a consequence.

CYTHEREA
 I did NOT deceive you, Madam.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 You told an untruth....LIES, I
 say!.....Do you contradict me?

CYTHEREA
 I would answer that remark if it
 were a lady's!

Mrs. Aldclyffe shoots to her feet.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 Not a lady?!

Shew raises her hand to Cytherea

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
 I'LL show YOU I'm a LADY!

Cytherea stung by this brutal show of bullying cries out
 defiantly

CYTHEREA
 I DARE you to touch me! Strike me
 if you dare!.....Go ON!.....Go ON!!

Mrs. Aldclyffe drops her hand.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 I, I wasn't GOING to strike you!
Go to your room!

She sits down and puts up her hand to her brow.

Cytherea angrily takes up a candle and advances to Mrs.
 Aldclyffe's table to get a light from one of the other
 candles.

Mrs. Aldclyffe looks up at her, as her face comes near, in
 the candlelight.

She starts

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
 Graye!...Graye?.....You spell your
 name with an 'E'?

CYTHEREA
 Yes, Madam

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 And what was your father's trade?

CYTHEREA
 My father's PROFESSION was that of
 architect.

Mrs. Aldclyffe nervously pours herself a stiff whisky from
 the decanter, nearby.

She tosses it off

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 And, and your first name?

CYTHEREA
 Cytherea

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 So you recognized the face in the
 locket?....Yes, I see you DID.

Cytherea slightly bows.

CYTHEREA
 With your permission I will leave
 the house, tomorrow, Mrs.
 Aldclyffe. ...Good night.

Cytherea leaves and Mrs. Aldclyffe pours another whisky, with
 shaking hands, somewhat traumatised.

49 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/CYTHEREA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

49

Cytherea has the candle lit, but is trying to sleep, when
 there is a scratching on her door and she sits, bolt upright
 in the dark room.

The scratching comes again and then a whispered voice

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 Cytherea! ...Cytherea, my dear.

Cytherea gets up and moves to the door, which she opens.

Mrs. Aldclyffe is standing there with a thin shawl around her, shivering.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
Can I come in, Cytherea?...I've
come to say sorry.

She is rather drunk, but seems penitent.

Mrs. Aldclyffe comes in and looks around

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I join you in bed?
It's snuggler there and I'm cold.

Cytherea looks reluctant, but gets back into her double bed on the other side, as Mrs. Aldclyffe throws off her shawl and climbs in.

She lies on her back and pulls Cytherea into the crook of her shoulder.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
You MUST forgive me for being rude
to you, my dear.I'm an ill-
tempered, lonely old woman....I'm
fourty-six, you know..Am
I in the way? Shall I go?

CYTHEREA
Oh..... you needn't if you don't
want to.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
Good. Now kiss me.

Cytherea reluctantly complies, kissing her on her cheek.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
I can't help loving you...you look
so like.....well, you know, you
have my name!...How old are you?

CYTHEREA
I am eighteen

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
What's your sweetheart called?...I
know you have one....ALL girls have
one....And what does he do?

CYTHEREA
He's Edward and, and.... he's a
surveyor.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

Well, don't you go trusting the man. He'll kiss you, like he's kissed others, and then leave you when he's had his fill.

CYTHEREA

No! He's not like that.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

I've had hard experience of this, my dear....He'll throw you off and you'll have to learn the hard way.

CYTHEREA

(Distressed)

That's a very cruel thing to say, Mrs. Aldclyffe.....I, I don't want to be your maid....or anyone's maid!

She sits up and shifts away from Mrs. Aldclyffe who is really quite addled with drink.

Mrs. Aldclyffe sits up, as well.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

Stay! Stay, little one!....I almost feel as if I was your Mama...I almost w.....Look, if you don't want to be a maid, you shan't....I will get another, and you can just be my paid companion for an extra quarter of your present wage....What do you say to that?

CYTHEREA

Oh.....then, I suppose I'll stay..... I think.....but please don't ask for an answer tonight.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

I won't. I won't.....Now kiss your Mama and you must sleep.

She extends her cheek for a kiss and Cytherea kisses her, again.

Mrs. Aldclyffe sighs, then turns away and lies down, so Cytherea does, also, after blowing out her candle.

Cytherea lies awake as Mrs., Aldclyffe gently snores.

After a little while, she hears a strange rattling, animal sound come from a distance in the old house.

This sound comes from a distance, along the corridor.

The sound gradually dies away, but poor Cytherea lies awake, still listening, in the gloom.

50

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MORNING ROOM - DAY

50

Cytherea is just sitting herself at the round table laid for breakfast and the housekeeper is instructing the maid as to the laying of the dishes on the buffet.

Cytherea pours herself some tea

MRS. MORRIS

Miss Graye, Madam has asked me to tell you that she has suffered a terrible blow in the night..... Mr. Aldclyffe has died.

Cytherea puts down her tea cup

CYTHEREA

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear this.

MRS. MORRIS

Madam says that she hopes that you will stay and keep her company, now, as she will have great need of a companion, with the funeral and everything.

CYTHEREA

Yes, yes....Of course, I will.

MRS. MORRIS

Now help yourself to breakfast

She gestures

MRS. MORRIS (CONT'D)

And then Madam asks that you will continue the embroidery in her work box, next to her armchair, in the drawing room.I've lit a fire in there, Miss.

CYTHEREA

Yes, thank you. I will....thank you.

The housekeeper and maid go away and leave Cytherea to her thoughts.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)
(Sotto voce)
I heard him....I heard him
dying.....in the night.

She muses over her tea and looks out of the window at the gardens.

51 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/ GARDENS - DAY

51

Cytherea and Mrs. Aldclyffe are slowly walking along the gravelled path and Cytherea is holding Mrs. Aldclyffe's dog on a lead.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
...yes, but I don't know what I
would have done without you these
last couple of weeks. The loss of
my father was bad enough, but the
funeral arrangements would have had
me tearing my hair out, if I had
been left to myself

Cytherea smiles and they walk on

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
I'm thinking, now that I have to
take over the running of the
estate, of having extensive
building works done.... Your
brother's an embryo architect isn't
he?

CYTHEREA
Yes Madam, he works nearby....

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
...Oh do call me Mrs Aldclyffe!
You're not a ladies maid now.

CYRTHAREA
Thank you Mrs Aldclyffe

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
And I shall call you Cytherea... My
own name.

They walk a little further the wind blows about them causing
Cytherea to clutch her hat

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
 Isn't your sweetheart an architect too?

CYTHEREA
 He does drawings, Mrs. Aldclyffe, for bridges and buildings, but he's actually a surveyor

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 Hmmm ... yes... I have discovered who he is, you know.

She smiles and looks teasingly at Cytherea

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
 He's Edward Springgrove isn't he? That's why his father, the landlord at the Three Tranter's Inn recommended your name to my house keeper, isn't it?

CYTHEREA
 Um yes... I suppose so.....I don't know.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 You know he is engaged, don't you? And the wedding is soon to take place?

They are passing a bench and Cytherea, who has gone pale and looks horrified, sinks down onto it, burying her face in her hands.

Mrs Aldclyffe stops and looks at her.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
 Oh! ... Don't be so foolish! I'm sure the match can be broken off

CYTHEREA
 Oh no! No! Not on my account!

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 Don't be such a little goose about such a trumpery affair as this.

Cytherea looks up at her, wiping away her tears.

CYTHEREA
 Who.... who is he engaged to?

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

Silly girl! You were too easily won!..... I'd have made him speak out before he should have kissed my pretty face for his pleasure!..... Now I've got to talk to Mrs. Morris about food. So you stay out here to compose yourself and then go and collect our Ladies' Club subscriptions from Adelaide Hinton down in the valley.

She puts out her hand and takes the dog's lead.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

She's in that little cottage that I showed you, near the wood on the way to church.

Mrs. Aldclyffe walks away and leaves poor Cytherea.

52

INT. ADELAID HINTON'S HOUSE / SITTING ROOM - DAY

52

Adelaide Hinton, about twenty nine years of age, is rather pale and tall, but very self possessed in manner.

Adelaide ushers Cytherea into her small drawing room.

The room is small, but genteel, and full of drawings, plants and books, with a small fire burning.

Adelaide ushers Cytherea to an overstuffed arm chair by the fire.

ADELAIDE

I'm so glad you called, come in come in. Do sit down..... Would you like some tea?

CYTHEREA

Oh no thank you. We had a late lunch.

ADELAIDE

I suppose you think it rather odd, for a young woman like me to keep on a house of my own, up here so far from the village and so near the woods.

CYTHEREA

Not at all.....It's better than living in a town.

ADELAIDE

If there are any toads that need removing, or similar 'rustic jobs', Jane, my maid does it.

Adelaide gets up and fetches a small envelope from the mantelpiece between two large arrangements of flowers.

She hands this envelope to Cytherea and sits down again.

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

There you go.

CYTHEREA

Thank you, Miss Hinton..... I do wonder how your flowers grow so well!

ADELAIDE

Mr Springrove at the Tranter's attends to my gardening. I am engaged to his son, you know.

Cytherea looks pale and arranges her bonnet trying to hide behind her sleeves.

Adelaide doesn't notice this. She is arranging a pile of books on a small table

CYTHEREA

(Affecting disinterest)

Will you be married soon?

ADELAIDE

Yes, in a couple of months, I should say.

Adelaide gets up and fetches a photograph from a nearby table. It had been hidden by some more flowers.

She hands it to Cytherea

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

Isn't he handsome? He's my cousin. We were engaged before my father's death... I am very fond of him.....I have to tell him off, sometimes, however. I found out that a young giddy thing of a girl, who lived at Creston, took his fancy for a day or too. But I don't feel jealous at all.

Cytherea grips the photograph and tries not to cry.

Adelaide wanders around the tiny room arranging flowers

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

He's fond of rowing and he took her out on the bay, for an evening or two. I am sure she read more into it than was there..... you know the type, all shallowness and ready to fall in love, at the slightest hint of kindness.

Cytherea shoots to her feet with tears in her eyes.

CYTHEREA

She didn't and t'wasn't shallowness! Twas deep deceit on one side and entire confidence on the other.

She sticks the photograph out back at Adelaide who accepts it, confusedly.

ADELAIDE

Do you KNOW her? Or him, then?

CYTHEREA

(Embarrassed)

Yes, I know her.

ADELAIDE

Well, if my speaking lightly of any friend of yours has hurt your feelings.....

CYTHEREA

....Oh never mind, it doesn't matter Miss Hinton. It never does..... I, I have to go now. I have a few more places to call before I can go home.

ADELAIDE

Oh ... alright ... Here, let me show you to the door.....It was good of you to call.

She places the photograph on a desk and they move to the door.

Cytherea is heartsick.

53

EXT. THE THREE TRANTERS/FIELD OUTSIDE - DAY

53

Farmer Springrove, accompanied by a small peasant, is standing, giving instructions to four men who are walking the handles of a cider press around.

He sees Cytherea approach up a lane, wipes his face and hands on a large handkerchief and then his apron, and hurries towards her, accompanied by the peasant.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

I know your errand, er..... Miss
Graye, ain't it?

CYTHEREA

Yes. Good Morning, Mr. Springrove.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

We just be a grindin' down the
early pickthongs and griffins. They
rot as black as a chimney-crook,
if we keep 'em 'till the regulars
turn in.

PEASANT

Them's do!

Cytherea smiles and nods whilst the other rustics have slowed down their circling to a stop, and are standing, staring agape at her prettiness.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

I were 'opin' that my son, Edward,
could get away from 'is work, and
come and help with this' ere
grindin', but 'e couldn't get away
from his surveying, in the town.

PEASANT

No work 'ere!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

There was a job a going 'ere, with
your employer, Mrs. Aldridge, but
she as a taken on a new man.

PEASANT

A genulman!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Aye....My Edward don't push 'isself
forrard, enough.'Tis to be hoped
that his comin' marriage will give
him a spur, or two.

He looks over to the apple grinders

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
Go ON, lads!

The grinders restart, in a desultory fashion whilst still staring, agape.

It starts to rain, a little.

PEASANT
Aye, but 'im don't seem that overly
fond of 'er, these days.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
But them's been betrothed since
they's was almost babbies!....Oh!

He scrabbles in his pocket and hands over some coins.

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
...Me subscription, Miss....And if
ya'd walk this way, now and then,
for a draft of me cider, you'd make
an old man happy.

PEASANT
Thou art a flower....a flower!

The peasant nods his head

Cytherea smiles and shakes his hand.

She opens her umbrella

CYTHEREA
Thank you for this, Mister
Springrove and for your kind
invitation.

She walks away, further sick at heart, with her eyes closed,
in pain.

The rustics stop grinding and stare, agog, again, at her.

54

EXT. KNAPWATER ESTATE/WOODS NEAR OLD HOUSE - DAY

54

Cytherea is walking along the path which skirts the edge of
the woods, parallel with the lawns of the old manor house.

The clouds are dark and there is the rumble of thunder.

The house is a disused, partially ruinous, fire-blackened, Elizabethan house which lies next to its own terrace above its lawns.

The rain is still only spattering, quietly, in the stillness, and Cytherea can hear the creak and groan of the old pump, above the roar of the waterfall.

Cytherea sees a young man come out onto the terrace steps and look at the sky.

She puts her head down and hurries on, along the path.

The rain starts to get heavier.

She suddenly hears a low, educated voice near to her

MANSTON

Are you afraid of the storm?

Cytherea looks up, in surprise, to see an extremely handsome, young man, of around early thirties, with his black hair combed back and piercing dark eyes smiling at her.

She smiles, briefly and continues walking.

He looks admiringly at her face and form, and then he joins her, stepping from the Old House's lawn into the track which Cytherea is on.

CYTHEREA

No...I'm, I'm fine, thank you.

MANSON

I suspect you are Mrs. Aldclyffe's companion...are you?...I'm Manston, the new surveyor.

CYTHEREA

Oh, hel...

There is the most tremendous crash of lighting, next to them and the rain suddenly starts coming down torrentially.

Manson grabs her hand and starts to run with her across the lawn.

MANSON

Quick! Quick!.... This way!....Under the porch!

A tree crashes down in the wood and the lightning plays.

A strong wind gets up and they attain the porch.

Manson laughs, easily.

MANSON (CONT'D)
 Sorry for the lack of
 ceremony....But still, now that
 I've got you, I can give you my
 subscription, for Miss Aldclyffe.

He hands her some money and 'accidentally' strokes her
 fingers.

The wind is gusting the rain into the porch and Cytherea's
 skirts are getting wetted.

MANSON (CONT'D)
 Look...come in, out of the
 rain.....Don't worry, there's an
 old woman in the kitchen, supposed
 to be sorting the chattels out....I
 might even get some tea, soon.

Cytherea looks around

CYTHEREA
 I've never been in this house.

The wind, thunder and lightning are giving full vent, now.

MANSON
 Then I must show you the new
 parlour Miss Aldclyffe has had made
 for me, and the organ which I have
 made, which is in it.

He pushes open the front door and gestures inside, so she
 goes in.

55 INT. OLD HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

55

Cytherea walks in, accompanied by Manson

CYTHEREA
 You have made an organ....yourself?

MANSON
 Yes...and even PLAY it,
 too....Look, sit there and I shall
 play awhile, until the storm blows
 itself out.

He points to a solitary chair amongst the tumbled packing
 cases and then sits at said organ.

Cytherea sits down and Manson starts to play a stormy J.S.Bach prelude (Not Toccata and Fugue in D minor!).

He plays whilst the storm rages and Cytherea looks out at the sky and occasionally at the player.

She is moved by the magnificent Bach piece and gently sways her head in time.

Eventually the storm stops and Manson finishes.

He turns to her and she comes out of her rapt listening.

MANSON (CONT'D)
Did you like that? Do you play the piano?

He stares intensely into her eyes and Cytherea is somewhat discountenanced.

CYTHEREA
Um, yes....and I liked it very much.

MANSON
Then I shall copy it for you and bring it to.....the bottom of the waterfall at seven, tomorrow....I pass that way on my return from work.

CYTHEREA
Um, yes...I, I must go, now, though.

She gets up

Manson jumps up

MANSON
May I accompany you home?

CYTHEREA
No. That's really not necessary....Thank you. I'm fine, fine...

She hurries away and he follows her to the door.

Cytherea is by herself writing letters at the round table.

She writes one to Edward

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

Dear Edward,
I just write to say that you were
cruel to meet us so frequently and
to steal a kiss from me. Then to say
that you loved me, but could not
marry me as there was a problem,
was a further cruelty, as I never,
never can forget that kiss!
Yours truly,
Cytherea.

She seals this in an envelope and then gets another sheet of
paper out and starts writing, again.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

I find that I cannot meet you at
7.00 p.m., by the waterfall as I
promised. The emotion I felt made me
forgetful of realities.
C. Graye

As she has just sealed the second letter, Mrs. Aldclyffe
comes into the room.

Mrs. Aldclyffe sits down and picks up her fan.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

Why were you so late, this morning,
child?

CYTHEREA

I sheltered from the storm in the
Old House.

Mrs. Aldclyffe frowns

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

I didn't send you there.

CYTHEREA

No, but Mr. Manson came out,
grabbed my hand and dragged me out
of the storm.

Mrs. Aldclyffe stops fanning and suddenly looks delighted

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

What did he do?

CYTHEREA

He played a most lovely piece of
Bach on his new organ.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

Did he say anything about ME?

CYTHEREA

No

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

About himSELF?

CYTHEREA

Only that he was troubled

Mrs.Aldclyffe stands up

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

Troubled?.....Hummm.....

She turns and walks, absentmindedly out, fanning herself,
again.

57 I/E. MONTAGE: CHURCH/DRAWING ROOM/GARDENS - DAY

57

Manson salutes Mrs Aldclyffe and particularly Cytherea, as
they exit church.

Manson is talking business with Mrs. Aldclyffe, in the
drawing room, whilst continually looking over to Cytherea,
who is a little irritated by his attentions.

Mrs. Aldclyffe and Cytherea come across Manson in the gardens
and he talks with them both, whilst looking intently at
Cytherea, who keeps seeing him at it and so looks away.

Manson sits next to Cytherea and Mrs. Aldclyffe, in church.

When Mrs. Aldclyffe sails out of the pew, at the end, Manson
offers his arm to Cytherea, who, somewhat reluctantly, takes
it, as all of the parishioners goggle.

58 EXT. CONTINUOUS: KNAPWATER HOUSE/WOODS - EVENING

58

Manson exits Knapwater House, just as Owen Graye is being
shown in by the butler. Owen is limping.

They nod at each other and Manson looks after Owen, incensed.

Manson addresses the gardener working in the flower bed next
to the door.

MANSON

(Curtly)

Have you seen that man before?

The man tips his invisible hat.

GARDENER

Oh aye, Zur. E's bin 'ere three, or
four time before.

MANSON

And does Mrs. Aldclyffe know?

GARDENER

Indeed, Zur.

MANSON

And does she not mind?

GARDENER

Why should she mind about Miss
Graye's brother, Zur?

MANSON

Her BROTH.....FOOL!

Manson turns abruptly and walks away

MANSON (CONT'D)

IDIOT!

He walks on across the park and then through the woodlands. It
is getting darker.

As he stands on an small eminence, a train pulls slowly past
him in the cutting, below.

He sees a woman leaning on her hand, by a small light, in the
carriage window.

Manson frowns

MANSON (CONT'D)

Oh!...Damn it!.....

(Sighs)

It'll all come out, now!

The woman, seen in the carriage, the night before, is walking
down the long, country lane towards the railway station in
the distance.

She suddenly hears talking, behind her and ducks into a small track which leads to the other side of the hedge and then runs parallel with the road, so that she can continue walking while listening in to the followers' conversation.

Owen appears, with a slight limp. He is talking with his sister, Cytherea.

CYTHEREA

But don't you think I ought to tell her that I realize that she was in love with my father.

OWEN

No, I don't

CYTHEREA

Your limp IS getting worse, you know.

OWEN

No....It comes and goes.

CYTHEREA

It's an astounding quirk of fate, you must admit, though!

Owen shrugs.

OWEN

Just don't say anything....She might get mad!

CYTHEREA

No, I won't.....but there's also, something strange about her relationship with Manston.

OWEN

What?....She's in love with him?....Maybe that's why she employed him....

CYTHEREA

No...she advertised, openly, so she CAN'T have known him.....could she?.....She doesn't seem jealous of his attentions to me, though.

OWEN

Is he pestering you?

CYTHEREA

Well, not exactly...He's just there
a lot.

She points to a woman emerging from a track in the distance.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

Is that woman taking the London
train?

Owen shrugs

OWEN

I suppose so.

60

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MRS. ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - DAY

60

Mrs. Aldclyffe enters the door and takes the crumpled letter
from her pocket.

She walks over to the window and reads it again.

MRS. MANSON (V.O.)

...Of course, being his wife, I
could publish the fact,
notwithstanding his threats that it
would be better to wait...mnu mnu
mnu....You will oblige me by making
him receive me into his home.I know
that you will help me in this
matter as I know of a peculiar
transaction of your own from some
years ago...which means that I know
of BOTH sides of the story.....mnu
mnu mnu...We BOTH suffer from this
secrecy, and so I beg for your help
in this matter, as the last thing I
would want would be publicity and
scandal for myself, or for you, ads
well.....I must add that my husband
knows nothing of your matter, or of
this letter, either. Nor need he,
if you remember my request.
Truly, Mrs. Manson.

Mrs. Aldclyffe screws up the letter, again, and throws the
it to the floor.

She paces up and down.

Then she gets out some paper, sits down at her desk, and
writes.

61 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/LIBRARY - EVENING

61

Mrs Aldclyffe is pacing up and down, holding Mrs. Manston's letter.

Manston comes in and closes the door.

He walks up to her.

She exhibits the letter between her two fingers and he gives a small start; instantly recovering himself.

Mrs. Aldclyffe gives a small, sarcastic smile.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
I see you recognize the
handwriting?

Manston keeps calm and shrugs

MANSTON
My wife's

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
And I advertized for a bachelor
surveyor!

Manston shrugs again.

MANSTON
She's an American actress who was
busy working on stage....I'd tired
of her by the time I SAW the
advert.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
This won't DO!....If she is your
real wife, then you must live with
her in common Christianity and by
all laws of civilized society.
...What is her name?

MANSTON
Eunice.

MRS. ALDCLIFFE
Then write to Eunice, immediately,
and tell her that you will receive
her here, as your wife, next
Monday. ...This thing must be
righted and before people
find out!

Manston nods, sullenly.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 You may write it, now, and I will
 have it sent over by one of the
 stable boys to the main sorting
 office at Creston.

She indicates the desk and pen and sits in one of the arm
 chairs.

Manston sits down at the side of her desk and writes.

He then comes over and hands the missive to Mrs. Aldclyffe
 who takes it, sourly, and rings the bell.

62

INT. MANSTON'S DINING ROOM - DAY

62

Manston is starting to eat his breakfast.

His elderly housekeeper comes in with his tea tray, which she
 deposits upon the table and starts unloading.

HOUSEKEEPER
 Morning

MANSTON
 What?..Oh, hello.

HOUSEKEEPER
 I just bin thinkin' abaat what ya
 said abaat being away at that land
 agent's next week...I mean, if yer
 not back till next Monday DAY, 'ow
 yer going to go up to Lunnon to
 collect that new wife o' yours,
 then?

MANSTON
 Oh, good grief! I'd
 forgotten!..... I'll have to meet
 her at the station, here, when she
 arrives!

HOUSEKEEPER
 Aye, we're all wanting to see her,
 then, yunno....We didn't know as
 'ow yer were married.

Manston gets up and fetches a pen and paper from the nearby
 desk.

He returns to the dining table and starts scribbling.

The housekeeper watches him with her hands on her hips.

HOUSEKEEPER (CONT'D)
Yer WELCOME-like.

Manston looks up for a second

MANSTON
What?...Oh, yes.....thankyou.

The housekeeper sniffs, picks up her tray and leaves, while Manston continues his writing.

MANSTON (V.O.)
.....mnu mnu.."meet you at the
Carriford-Road Station, instead.
Your affectionate husband Aeneas
Manston".

He sits back, throws down his pen and pours himself some tea.

He slowly shakes his head, sighs and looks depressed.

MANSTON
(Sotto voce)
Goodbye, Cytherea!

63 EXT. KNAPWATER ESTATE/CARPENTER'S YARD - DAY

63

Manston strides into the yard, where there is a carpenter and his two apprentices sorting planks of wood.

The carpenter is removing selected planks from an upright pile, against a wall, and handing them to each of the two lads.

The carpenter looks up at Manston and motions the two lads to take their respective planks into the workshop which they do.

CARPENTER
Good Morning, Mr. Manston. We be
pleased to hear o' yer wife a
comin' over, now.

MANSTON
Um....

CARPENTER
Whoi didn't she a come wi' ye
afore, Zur?

MANSTON
Oh, just a family matter she had to
stay and sort out.

CARPENTER

Well, oi 'ope it's a sorted now un
all's shipshape, loik.

MANSTON

Yes, fine...yes...Now, um, have you
got that waney ash that I wanted to
have a look at?

The carpenter half turns back towards the workshop.

CARPENTER

Oh, it be in 'ere, Zur!

He sets off, followed by Manston.

64 INT. MANSTON'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

64

Manston is eating his breakfast and talking with his old
housekeeper who is unloading the tea tray and arranging pots
on the table.

MANSTON

Don't forget to lay a fire in my
wife's grate this afternoon to take
off the damp.

HOUSEKEEPER

(Huffily)

Yes, Sir.

MANSTON

I wrote to tell her that I wasn't
able to collect her from the
station until late, today, and I
shall be back from Chettlewood by
then.

HOUSEKEEPER

Umph!

She goes out

65 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/FRONT DRAG - DAY

65

Manston bowls along in his gig, and the track merges with
Knapwater's and he passes along in front of Knapwater House.

He looks up at an upper window

A look of hopeless expression of passionate love and sensuous anguish comes upon his face, his breathing heaves and his gig slows to a crawl.

Manston then suddenly recalls himself, flicks his horse whip and rides off shaking his head.

66 EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION - EVENING

66

Mrs. Manston, young, pretty woman gets out of the train and stands looking around.

The train pulls away.

The woman frowns, fiddles with her umbrella and walks up and down.

She walks to the far end, sighs and then stands staring down the platform.

Eventually, she pays a lurking porter and he takes up here suitcase and they walk out of the station.

67 EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

67

The porter stands behind Mrs. Manston as she repeatedly knocks at the old oak door.

The knocks resound in the old, partially ruined house and the crows fly away calling, in the night air.

Eventually, Mrs. Manston turns and makes an enquiry of the porter who points away from the house, answers and nods.

Mrs. Manston gives directions for the man to take her to The Three Tranters inn.

The porter picks up her luggage, again and walks off, followed by the woman.

The wind moans in the trees.

68 INT. THE THREE TRANTERS - NIGHT

68

There is a knock at the door and the maidservant goes to answer it.

She opens the door to Mrs. Manston who steps in, followed by the porter.

Farmer Springrove shouts through from a back room

FARMER SPRINGROVE (V.O.)
That our Edward, Effie?

EFFIE
No, Zur...It be a lady guest, loik!

FARMER SPRINGROVE (V.O.)
Then put her in the room we
prepared for Edward. There's a good
fire in there!

EFFIE
Yes Zur!

Effie takes Mrs. Manston up the stairs.

The porter brings up the baggage and then leaves, while the
maid turns down the sheets and lights the candles.

Mrs. Manston paces, angrily up and down the room.

The maid nods, smilingly and prepares to leave

EFFIE (CONT'D)
Be you a wantin' any dinner, Ma'am?

MRS. MANSTON
('American' accent)
No, No!...

She abruptly turns and paces away and Effie turns to go

Mrs. Manston then looks up

MRS. MANSTON (CONT'D)
Uh, stay! Yes, I'll have a
brandy....bring me a double,
please.

The maid nods, smiles and leaves.

After the door closes, Mrs Manston stands still, puts her
hands on her hips and frowns

MRS. MANSTON (CONT'D)
Well!.....This IS a fine welcome!!

Farmer Springgrove enters the kitchen where his housekeeper is
tidying up and the porter is finishing a glass of beer.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

So you saw no sign of our Edward,
then, Stan?

PORTER

No, I didn't see un! Mind you, a
were taken up wi the likes of that
Mrs. Manston.

HOUSEKEEPER

He weren't there...to see 'is wife!

PORTER

Ouse were empty!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Yes, well.....I'd better leave door
off t' latch in case 'e comes by t'
later train.

The housekeeper who was wiping down a surface, nearby the
window, looks out into the field.

HOUSEKEEPER

That couch grass is still a
burnin', yunno!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Aye, well, it'll burn itsen out,
sooner, or later.You get off,
now, Stan.

Stan swigs his dregs and gets up.

PORTER

Yup, I'll be off.

70

EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT

70

A couple of bits of burning fern waft over to the piggery.

One of the bits lands on the piggery thatch roof.

The roof ignites and we hear the pigs start squealing.

The piggery goes up in flames and sets fire to the adjacent
barn.

The barn starts to burn fiercely and the flames lick across
to the house's thatch roof, which then gets set alight.

71 EXT. END VILLAGE HIGH STREET - NIGHT

71

The occupants of the lower end of the village high street, hearing the shouts and squeals from the inn, emerge onto the road and stare at the blaze.

The rector comes out from his vicarage, half dressed in his priestly dress and stares down the lane.

His churchyard wall runs alongside of the Three Tranters land, down one side.

The rector then shouts and waves at several men and they vanish around the back of a house, re-appearing with a pump and ladder device with a hose.

The rector and men then dash down the road to the inn with their fire-fighting device.

An old man runs past with blood running down his face.

A woman shouts at the rector as he dashes past

WOMAN
Ring the bells backwards....the
bells....backwards!!

The rector dashes on and a cacophony of bells is heard, as well as the pig squeals, shouts of men and shrieks of women, along with the crackle of the blaze.

As the rector with fire engine approaches the inferno, he sees a big chunk of blazing thatch slide off the roof, at one end and hit the floor.

72 EXT. THREE TRANTERS - NIGHT

72

The rector starts giving instructions to the men about the pumps deployment.

A woman shouts over to the pumpers

WOMAN 1
Where's Mr. Springrove?!

MAN 1
I fancy 'e's gone inside!

WOMAN
Madness and folly!! ...What can 'e
save?

WOMAN 2

Good God!Find him! Help
here!...Help!!

The pumping men rush forward and push open the front door.

They grab Farmer Springgrove who is lying senseless just
there, immediately in the hall.

Just as they have dragged him well clear of the inn, the
staircase, inside, collapses.

They throw some water onto Farmer Springgrove to rouse him,
and he splutters and sits up.

MAN 1

Everyone's safe, now!

WOMAN 1

No!What about that woman?

FARMER SPRINGROVE

That lady! Oh, No! No! No!..... That
lady who came by train... Mrs
Manston. I went to get her out, but
I fell!!

He staggers up and drunkenly staggers back towards the house
again, but they grab him and pull him away.

The villagers sit Springgrove on the church wall along with
the rector to comfort and tend to him.

They then dash off and start emptying nearby houses, dragging
furniture out and carrying it away from the blaze, which has
largely collapsed the house, now.

The church clock strikes the hour of midnight.

73

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION/OUTSIDE - NIGHT

73

The porter peeps his head out of the station upon hearing
Manston's gig.

He comes out to greet Manston, nodding and smiling.

PORTER

Mrs. Manston came by the nine
o'clock train, Zur! Here be 'er
heavy trunk.

He jabs his thumb back at the station

PORTER (CONT'D)
 I carried the other cases for her
 to yer house and then t' Three
 Tranter's Inn.

A young man carrying a bag and an umbrella, exits the station, passes them and walks away, up the road to the village.

MANSTON
 Who's that?

PORTER
 That be Farmer Springrove's son,
 the architect's clerk, Edward
 Springrove.

A labourer runs up, out of breath

LABOURER
 Half of Carriford is burnt down, or
 will be!

PORTER
 Where? Why?

LABOURER
 You be Mr. Manston, Sir?

MANSTON
 Yes. Why?

LABOURER
 Will you lend me a shillin', Zur,
 then I'll tell thee the rest o' t'
 news?

MANSTON
 No.

LABOURER
 Then I'll tell thee, anyway....Thy
 wife is a cinder...Dead!....As thou
 will be one day!

He nods his head in a triumph of spite.

He is half standing in front of the gig.

MANSTON
 (Calmly)
 That will do. Let me drive on.

Manston flicks the reins of the horse.

The labourer dives out of the way and Manston drives away.

The labourer gawks at Manston's coolness and exchanges stares with the porter.

74

EXT. CARRIFORD/OUTSIDE CHURCH - NIGHT

74

The inn is burnt down to a pile of cinders and several of the other nearby houses are badly burnt, as well, but the two fire engines are now having an effect and the burning is slowing.

The rector is instructing the villagers to take their rescued furniture into the church for safety, which they do.

Manston pulls up outside of the lych gate.

He jumps down and addresses the rector.

MANSTON

(Hoarsely)

Was she burnt?

The rector kindly takes his elbow and steers him away from the group of villagers going in and out of the church.

RECTOR

She is dead....but, but she died quickly, thank God!

MANSTON

Dead?!

RECTOR

It must have been instant, as the roof caved in and crushed her. Instant, you know...Instant!

MANSTON

Why was she here?

RECTOR

Apparently she found your house locked, and so came here so as to have somewhere to spend the night.

Farmer Springrove comes slowly over with a blanket around him. He is looking depressed.

MANSTON

Farmer Springrove! How did my wife seem when she arrived?

FARMER SPRINGROVE
 She were fair put out about the
 house being locked, Zur!...I'm
 sorry, Mr. Manston...I can't, can't
 say how sorry (Sobs)

Farmer Springrove turns away and sobs some more.

Manston turns and walks slowly away in the other direction,
 entering under the lychgate and then walking around the back
 of the church

The rector looks helplessly at the two of them and then
 shakes his head, slowly, and sadly.

The remains of the villagers finally finish exiting the
 church.

The row of cottages next to the Three Tranters is now largely
 burnt to the ground and the pumps are still playing upon the
 remains of the last one.

The gargoyles on the roof regard the resultant carnage, and
 head stones in the churchyard glow whitely, in the moonlight.

75

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

75

Manston enters the door and walks to a pew in the side aisle.

Edward Springrove enters the door with his father.

Farmer Springrove and he take a candle each from the font and
 light them from the one burning there.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
 The poor, poor woman....Poor
 Mr. Manston, as well!

They walk up the central aisle and turn into the side aisle,
 before the chancel.

They head towards a bureau amongst a pile of other 'hastily
 thrown in' furniture.

Farmer Springrove opens the bureau and withdraws a piece of
 paper.

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
 I weren't insured, Ted....It 'ad
 run out and I was looking round,
 like!

He proffers the paper to Edward and wipes his sleeve across his eyes, distressed.

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
Read the lease terms, Ted. I, I
'aven't got me glasses.

Manston is leaning against and behind an opposite aisle pillar and straining to listen to them.

Edward quickly reads the paper

SPRINGROVE
Mnu, mnu.....mnu, shall yield up
unto the said Gerald Aldclyffe, his
heirs and assignees the inn, and
row of said houses, when mnu,
mnu.....

Edward's hand holding the paper falls to his side.

He looks pityingly at his father.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
Oh, Father....You are liable for
the damages!....For all of them!

Farmer Springrove's hand goes to his head, in horror and he totters off towards the main nave, in front on the altar.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
God Save us, Son! We are
undone....undone!

He looks up as he sees Manston walking towards him.

Farmer Springrove instinctively stands back and gives way to the bereaved man.

Manston walks slowly past them and looks keenly into the eyes of Edward.

Manston walks off down the main aisle.

SPRINGROVE
Who is that, Father?

FARMER SPRINGROVE
That's the bereaved husband... Mr.
Manston.... Mrs. Aldclyffe's
steward.

Edward stares at Manston's back, uneasily.

76

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/THE LAWNS IN FRONT - DAY

76

Mrs. Aldclyffe comes down her front steps to meet Manston who has left his gig standing by the door and is waiting a little way out by the nearest lawn.

She shakes his hand, and then Manston and Mrs. Aldclyffe pace slowly around the lawns, on the gravel walks.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

I am sorry for your loss, Mr.
Manston.....Are you REALLY sorry
for her death, though?....I, I've
been watching you with Cytherea.

Manston shrugs.

MANSTON

Sorry?.....Only as at the violent
death of another human
being.....she wasn't a good woman,
though.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

I should be sorry to say that about
MY dead wife!

Manston shrugs again.

MANSTON

I can't be a hypocrite..... I
wish to court Cytherea and wish you
to help me.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

And what makes you think I shall?!

Manston grins, evilly.

MANSTON

Because I know whose offspring I
am.....MOTHER! You brought me
here to marry me to Cytherea,
didn't you!

Mrs. Aldclyffe smiles sadly and looks down and to the side.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

So.....Your wife broke her promise
to me....She told you!.....
(Sighs)
Yes, I did hope to bring you
together..

She stops and turns to stare at him

MRS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
Until I learnt that you were
 already married!

MANSTON
 Well, now I'm not!..... So you can
 help me!

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 But she loves another.

Manston smiles and walks on and she hurries to catch up.

MANSTON
 Oh, but Edward Springrove must be
 made to marry the woman I've just
 heard that he is already engaged
 to.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 He got engaged as a boy,
 practically, and wishes, now, to
 break it off, I believe.....YOU
 can't MAKE him marry his cousin....

MANSTON
No, but YOU can. You can tell
 him that the girl is a particular
 friend of yours and is heart sick,
 so you wish her marriage to go
 ahead.....So much so, that you are
 willing to forgive Farmer
 Springford his row of burnt houses,
 if the marriage is immediate.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 But I can't interfere in Edward
 Springrove's affair.

Manston stares at her

MANSTON
 MY love must be made YOUR
 affair!.....MOTHER!

MRS. ALDCLYFFE
 Are you threatening me?....Why? You
 know I would work in your interest,
 anyway?

MANSTON

Your neglect of me for years has
led me to think otherwise....

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

...But I had to hide you from my
father!

Manston stops and takes her hand.

MANSTON

Look, just take Edward aside and
tell him your proposal. He will
then rush to save his father from
ruin. Then you can get him to write
to Cytherea and explain that he is
immediately to be married.....and
SO your secret will CONTINUE a
secret, Mother.

Mrs. Aldclyffe looks up at him, sadly.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

I'll do my best, Aeneas.

Manston drops her hands and smiles.

He nods his head.

MANSTON

And then, she will be mine!

He bows and walks away and Mrs. Aldclyffe puts her two hands
up to her mouth and looks worried.

77 INT. TRAVELLER'S REST INN/MAIN ROOM - DAY

77

The magistrate sits behind his desk on a podium and another
clerk sits at a smaller desk, below.

A constable stands to attention against a wall, nearby.

Montage

A series of witnesses come in and answer questions from the
magistrate.

Each witness is of a different age, sex and dress, and they
each wave their arms around, or not, as is appropriate to
their character and condition.

The magistrate stands up and solemnly announces that Mrs.
Manston met her death, accidentally, at The Three Tranters.

All the audience look at each other in pity.

They shake their heads in horror and then all look over at Manston who bows his head and puts his hand to his head.

Manston gets up, heavily and walks alone down the central corridor left by the audience.

They all look, pityingly after him.

78

EXT. CARRIFORD/A ROAD - DAY

78

As Manston turns off the High Street and takes the road back to Knapwater House Park, he finds Farmer Springrove there, waiting for him, twirling his cap around.

Springrove nods, smiles, sadly, and turns to join Manston in his walking.

MANSTON

This is a sad affair for everyone,
Mr. Springrove.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

'Tis quite a misery to me....Every
morning, I don't know as 'ow I
shall live thro ta the
night.....But, Mr. Manston, my
suffering is as nought to
thine....nought!

MANSTON

Indeed, a death is nought to loss
of possessions, but still I can
commiserate you.

Farmer Springrove becomes a little more agitated.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Um.....Er, do you maybe know the
cost of the replacement of the
houses, Mr. Manston?

MANSTON

I have roughly thought six, or
seven hundred pounds.

Springrove looks aghast.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Anddo you know how Mrs.
Aldclyffe intends to treat me?

MANSTON

I believe she will be rather
peremptory, Mr. Springrove.

Manston arrives at the stile into the park and starts to step over it.

MANSTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but.....I must go and
mourn....Good Day.

He walks away into the park, leaving the old man distressed and twirling his cap, staring at the floor.

There is a sound and he looks up.

Edward is approaching.

SPRINGROVE

Here you are, Father. I came to
meet you, but you'd gone.

Farmer Springrove puts his hand on Edward's shoulder.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Manston said as 'ow she intends to
demand full reparation...maybe
seven 'undred pounds!!.....We
are ruined, Edward....utterly
ruined!

He turns and walks away, in distress, but Edward runs after him.

SPRINGROVE

Nonsense, Father!He knows
nothing about it!I'll see Mrs.
Aldclyffe, myselfDon't you
go worrying yourself! ...I'll go
now.

Edward puts his hand on his father's shoulder and squeezes it, encouragingly.

Farmer Springrove sets off back towards the village and Edward watches him go.

Edward then steps over the stile and enters the path into the wood around the parkland.

79

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/WOODS IN PARK - DAY

79

Edward is frowning and walking along the path, in the early autumnal woods, towards the house when he comes across Miss Aldclyffe.

He nods and she comes up to him, nodding, as well.

MRS. ALDCLYFFE

It is a sad misfortune for your father, this fire....and I hear, as well, that he has recently let his insurance slip.

SPRINGROVE

You won't surely demand the hundred percent reparation, madam?

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Well, Mr. Springrove, I HAVE given some thought to this....I also have a dear young friend who has become heart-sick at the continued delaying of her nuptials to you.

SPRINGROVE

What is my OWN business to YOU, Miss. Aldclyffe?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Only that, should you hurry and fulfil your promise to your betrothed, I would be willing to overlook the terrible damage that was wrought upon my property by the negligence and bad business practises of your father.

Springrove looks shocked

SPRINGROVE

What?!.....This is outrageous!

MISS ALDCLYFFE

What is? That I should support your poor fiancé, or that Cytherea, the new woman you now have your fickle eye on, should love another?

Edward suddenly calms and looks deadly serious.

SPRINGROVE

Who?

Miss Aldclyffe shrugs

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Manston, my steward.

SPRINGROVE
Nonsense!

MISS ALDCLYFFE
It may be nonsense to you, but he is frequently at my house, with Cytherea and I.And she spent a happy hour singing and playing with him, alone, in his house, recently.

SPRINGROVE
That doesn't mean anything.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Perhaps....but the note she wrote him, talking of her "great emotion", certainly does mean something....to anyone who knows of these things

Poor Springrove looks stunned and chagrined

Miss Aldclyffe leans forward, ironically sympathizing.

MISS ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
I'll send the note to your cousin's house, where I believe you father and you are staying.....then you can decide for yourself.

She stands up and unfurls her parasol.

MISS ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
My kind offer to you and your father only remains open for a short while, Mr. Springrove, so I shouldn't delay, if I were you!...Good Day!

She stalks off, leaving the woods, by the path, behind him.

Springrove looks like he has been shot and puts his hand to his brow, in mental pain.

80 INT. ADELAIDE'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - DAY

80

Edward comes slowly and sadly into the room, where Adelaide is sewing.

She stands up and comes forward.

ADELAIDE

Any news? I hope it won't kill poor
Uncle....He's the only relative you
and I have in the world!

Edward sadly smiles, takes her hand squeezes and pats it.

He then lets it drop.

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

He's upstairs....I'll just fetch him
and then make some tea.

Later, while Farmer Springrove and his son are drinking tea.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

....What? Build ALL of them,
Edward?

SPRINGROVE

It seems likely that we may have
to, Father.

A door bell sounds and Edward gets up and fetches the delivered letter from the front door.

He returns to the sitting room and sleepwalks towards the middle of the room, opening the enclosed note from within the letter.

Edward opens it and reads it

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

I find that I cannot meet you at
seven o'clock by the waterfall as I
promised. The emotion I felt made
me forgetful of realities.
C. Graye

Edward's hand drops and he looks aghast.

He suddenly screws the paper up and puts it in his pocket.

SPRINGROVE

Father, when you see Miss Aldclyffe
next, tell her that I'm asking
Adelaide if she will have me next
Christmas.....Miss Aldclyffe is
interested in Adelaide's affairs.

Farmer Springrove looks up, in surprise at the tone of his
voice, and Edward hurries from the room, in distress.

81 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MISS ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - DAY 81

Cytherea knocks and enters the bedroom, timidly.

She goes over to stand by the bed where Miss. Aldclyffe is
stretching and yawning, rather pretentiously.

CYTHEREA

Your maid said that you wanted to
see me, Miss Aldclyffe.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Did she?....Oh, well, now that
you're here, you can open the post
bag, child.

She gestures to the bag on the table.

Cytherea goes over to the bag, sits down on the nearby chair,
looks in, and withdraws the only letter there.

With a start, she recognises Edward's hand.

Cytherea tears open the letter and avidly reads the note.

SPRINGROVE (V.O.)

Mnu, mnu, mnu...

Miss Springrove leans forward, eagerly, from her bed.

SPRINGROVE

...but you speak truly. That we
never meet again is the wisest and
only proper course. That I regret
the past as much as you do,
yourself, it is hardly necessary
for me to say.
Sincerely, Edward.

Cytherea falls back in her chair, a look of anguish on her
face.

Miss Aldclyffe sits back on her pillows, a little abashed at the level of pain she has caused.

82 INT/EXT. CARRIFORD/KNAPWATER HOUSE - DAY

82

Montage in which the seasons change from late November to May. (Blossoms..bulbs..women's clothes, trees, etc).

Manston begins off, when in Cytherea's company, in an appropriately sombre, bereaved mood. His manner is merely civil.

Through the five shots, his manner becomes friendly and deferential, until they can talk in a light-hearted, easy-going manner.

Manston does not, however, show any signs of love-making and so Cytherea begins to feel safe with him:

Coming out of church with Miss Aldclyffe (cold and windy);

Meeting on Carriford High Street, with Cytherea, alone (cold);

Taking tea, in the drawing room, with Miss Aldclyffe (snow on windows, shawls, fire, etc)

Listening to Manston's organ playing, at the Old House with Miss Aldclyffe. He finishes and the ladies smile and applaud (fire burning, spring bulbs on table?);

Cytherea, alone, meeting Manston coming the other way, in the Knapwater Park's woodland, his turning and joining her walk and them chatting, easily (Spring: new leaves, sound of cuckoo, etc).

83 EXT. KNPWATER HOUSE/LAKE IN GARDENS - DAY

83

Miss Aldclyffe and Cytherea stroll down towards the lake. It is a beautiful day.

As they stand by the lakeside, some geese/swans swim towards them.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Ah...these remind me of something.

CYHEREA

Of what?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Of a human being who involuntarily comes towards yourself.

Cytherea starts and looks closely at Miss Aldclyffe

CYTHEREA

Who?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Mr. Manston

CYTHEREA

But his poor wife has only been
dead these six months!

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Ah, but one can't control whom one
falls in love with. He is
attempting to conceal it, but I can
see that he feels it very
intensely.

CYTHEREA

I, I suppose it's not his fault, if
it's crept up on him.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I believe that his wife was a
rather rough actress sort who was a
great burden to him.

CYTHEREA

Oh, then I suppose that her death
wasn't too much of a loss to him.

Miss. Aldclyffe starts off walking around the lake and
Cytherea accompanies her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

This may become a great good to you
both.

Cytherea looks at her in dismay and Miss Aldclyffe opens her
eyes and looks back at Cytherea.

MISS ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

Well...compare Mr. Manston's
honourable conduct towards his wife
and you, with that young Springrove
with his fiancé and yourself....and
then see which appears the more
worthy of your thoughts.

Cytherea looks distressed and gets out her handkerchief and
starts sniffing.

CYTHEREA

I, I'm sorry...I, I just remembered
something I have to get in my
bedroom...sorry..I'll just..

She turns and hurries away.

Miss Aldclyffe smiles a little to herself and watches
Cytherea's back.

84

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/FRONT DRIVE - DAY

84

Miss Aldclyffe has sent Cytherea on an errand and she is to
be accompanied by Manston.

They are just walking away from the house, with Cytherea
holding a basket and a shopping list, which she is looking
at, and then folding and putting away in her reticule.

Miss. Aldclyffe smiles and waves goodbye, from the steps.

Before they have gone far around the bend, Manston, half
jokingly, seizes her hand, and makes a half joking,
histrionic proposal of marriage to Cytherea who, similarly,
half-jokingly pushes him away with a smile and a joking
rebuff.

He melodramatically holds his hand to his heart and rolls his
eyes in melodramatic distress.

Cytherea smiles, embarrassedly, and walks on.

She doesn't see the look of anger on Manston's face as he
stares at her from behind.

85

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

85

Mrs. Aldclyffe smiles, puts her napkin on the table, having
finished her breakfast.

She nods and leaves the room.

Cytherea pours herself another tea and opens her letter from
her brother, Owen.

Her face changes to one of dismay, as she reads it.

OWEN (V.O.)

Darling Sis,
Please don't be alarmed by my
writing.

(MORE)

OWEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm sure it will all come alright, soon, but I felt that I had to tell you that I can no longer work, as my leg has become too bad. It's that wretched lower left leg. The doctors aren't too sure of the cause, but, as they suspect rheumatism, are giving me blisters and plasters, etc.

Do write me a line.

Your loving brother, Owen.

Cytherea shoots to her feet, still holding the letter and races out of the room.

86 INT. CRESTON/OWEN'S LODGING BEDROOM - DAY

86

Montage

Three different visits from Cytherea wearing different outfits.

Owen is in bed, or in his arm chair, in a dressing gown, with his leg plastered up. He is in pain and somewhat depressed.

Cytherea is variously holding his hand, or doing little tasks for him.

They talk, desultorily, together.

87 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDENS - DAY

87

Miss Aldclyffe is sitting on a bench reading a book, in the sunshine.

Cytherea comes out of the front door, with another letter and hurries towards Miss Aldclyffe.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

You look unhappy, my dear!

Cytherea sits down next to Miss Aldclyffe

CYTHEREA

Yes. I'm afraid that Owen is worse. Can, can I go to him, please?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Certainly, my dear, and if there is any way in which I can help, do say.

CYTHEREA
 Thank you...certainly, Miss
 Aldclyffe.... I will.

She gets up and turns to hurry away, but Miss Aldclyffe
 addresses her, again.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 Um, Cytherea!.....I believe that
 you turned down Mr. Manston's
 offer, again!

CYTHEREA
 Yes, Ma'am.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 Tut, tut!..Now take my advice and
 take him, before he changes his
 mind.....Look...If you please me
 by accepting Mr.Manston before the
 end of the year, I will take
 especial care of your
 brother....Hospital bills, and all
 that sort of thing. Sickness is
 very expensive, my dear....

Cytherea turns slowly and sadly away.

MISS ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
Are you listening, Cytherea?

CYTHEREA
 Yes.....

Cytherea walks sadly away.

88 INT. CRESTON/OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

88

Owen is sitting *en dishabille* at his desk, writing. He looks
 very pale, thin and in pain.

OWEN (V.O.)
 Dear Sis,
 Thanks for visiting me last
 weekend. This is just a note to say
 that the surgeons found out a small
 tumour in my leg, the day after you
 left, and I immediately underwent a
 surgical procedure to remove it,
 three days ago....with chloroform,
 thank goodness!

(MORE)

OWEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I asked them when I could walk again, but they would not say whether it was half, or a whole year.
 Could you possibly run down and see me again, little Sis, for the days drag on so drearily and I certainly could do with some painkillers? I should really like to see your pretty face to cheer me up.

He drops the pen and his hand drops to his side.

He shifts in his chair, to accommodate his heavily bandaged leg and winces.

89 EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION/OUTSIDE OF FRONT DOOR - EVENING 89

Cytherea sadly exits the station with a small bag, as well as her reticule.

Manston is standing there, waiting for her and he smiles, and springs forward to take her bag.

MANSTON
 Miss Aldclyffe said that you would be returning by this train. Do you mind if I accompany you?

Cytherea sadly shrugs

CYTHEREA
 No.

They walk awhile, in silence.

MANSTON
 Miss Graye, I will not mince matters with you. I love you! You know it.....Forgive me, for I cannot help it. Consent to be my wife, at any time and you shall find your brother well provided for.

Cytherea speeds up and looks away.

CYTHEREA
 (Coldly)
 I do not love you, Mr. Manston.

MANSTON
 Why not?

CYTHEREA

I cannot love such a selfish being
who uses my desperation as a tool
for bargaining!....Yours is not a
disinterested love....It's...it's
an animal one!

Manston, struck with her perceptive analysis, stands still,
with shock, and she walks on, alone.

MANSTON

(Calling after her)

I will call on him!...Yes, I will!
I'll go to Creston!

90

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/FRONT DRIVE - EVENING

90

Manston is loading up a box into his gig, outside of the
house, when Cytherea arrives in her outdoor clothes and
carrying a bag.

Manston sees her, smiles, and hurries to take the bag from
her, which he emplaces on the top of the steps.

Cytherea half smiles, embarrassedly at him and nods.

MANSTON

Back from poor Owen, again, I see?

CYTHEREA

Hello, Mr. Manston....um,
yes,.....um, I have to thank you
for visiting Owen and bringing him
some supplies....that was.... very
kind of you.

MANSTON

I'm sorry for letting it seem that
my help of your brother was
dependent upon your kindness to
me....I didn't really mean
that....It was just the impulse of
the moment.I love you too devotedly
to be anything but kind to your
brother!

CYTHEREA

(Quietly)

Thank you.

She nods her head and starts to leave for the house when he
catches hold of her hand.

MANSTON

Miss Graye, Cytherea, I will do
anything to give you
pleasure.....Indeed I will!

Cytherea doesn't withdraw her hand, so he bends his head,
kisses it and then stares at her.

She then pulls it back, sadly, and painedly, turns and enters
the house.

91

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

91

Miss Aldclyffe and Cytherea are both smartly dressed for
church and finishing their breakfasts. Miss Aldclyffe is in
grey and Cytherea in lavender.

Cytherea has a letter in her hand and Miss Aldclyffe is just
arising from the table.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Now read your letter quickly, dear.
We mustn't be late for church.

CYTHEREA

No, I won't be a minute, Miss
Aldclyffe.

Miss Aldclyffe sweeps out and Cytherea opens and reads the
letter.

OWEN (V.O.)

Dear Cytherea,
I have received a frank and
friendly letter from Manston
explaining the position that he
hopes to stand in with regard to
you. Can't you love him?...Do try,
for he is good and talented. I am
sure that marriage will be better
than staying as Miss Aldclyffe's
lackey for the rest of your
life.....Don't go against your
heart, Cytherea, but do be wise.
Ever affectionately yours, Owen.

Cytherea stands up, folds the letter and puts it in her
pocket.

She is heart sick, and turns away slowly towards the door.

92

INT. CARRIFORD/CHURCH - DAY

92

Cytherea is coming out of her pew and Miss Aldclyffe is lingering, talking with a neighbour.

Manston has hurried down to meet Cytherea as she exits the pew.

He takes her arm, although she is somewhat stiff and unaccommodating.

He walks her down the nave and off to the left into a side aisle.

MANSTON

Would you mind turning this way
until Miss Aldclyffe has passed?

Cytherea sadly nods her assent.

The Miss Aldclyffe and congregation leave, and the organ stops.

Cytherea has left his arm and is looking at some flowers in a side chapel.

Manston takes her hands and looks at her, pointedly.

MANSTON (CONT'D)

I have been wondering if it could
not be managed for your brother to
get away from Creston and come and
stay with me. Then he would only be
down the road from you and you
could care for him,
regularly....How pleasant it would
be!

CYTHEREA

(Neutrally) It would.

He comes in closer and holds one hand more tightly, up to his face, with both hands, while relinquishing the other.

Cytherea turns her face away

MANSTON

Cytherea, I want him there! I want
him to be my brother!

He leans his face in close to hers

MANSTON (CONT'D)
 Make it so, my love!...Oh Cytherea,
 my darling love...come and be my
 wife!

Cytherea turns back to him and speaks firmly and resignedly

CYTHEREA
 Alright, I will.

MANSTON
 Next month?

CYTHEREA
 No, not next month..... or, or the
 one after.

MANSTON
 Christmas Day then, say?

Cytherea shrugs

CYTHEREA
 (Sadly)
 I don't mind.

MANSTON
 Oh you darling!

He goes to put a kiss on her lips, but she puts her hand in
 front of her mouth.

CYTHEREA
 Not here!.....We're.....
 (Has an inspiration)
 we're too near God!

MANSTON
 Too near.....? Oh!.....
 Alright...yes..

He leads her towards the entrance.

She stops, before they exit and looks up at him.

CYTHEREA
 I meant 'Old' Christmas Day

MANSTON
 That's another fortnight on, then!

Cytherea turns her head.

CYTHEREA
Is that a problem?

MANSTON
No!...Oh, no!...I can
wait....Yes...Old Christmas Day it
is, then.

They walk arm-in-arm out of the door.

93 EXT. OUTSIDE OF CHURCH - DAY

93

As Manston and Cytherea emerge, as a married couple, Manston is engaged by a small knot of people who come forward to shake his hand and congratulate him.

He relinquishes Cytherea's arm.

Cytherea looks off to one side, sadly, and sees, there, half hidden by a shrub, Springrove, looking ghastly, pale and tortured.

He looks agonizedly at her.

Cytherea looks shocked.

CYTHEREA
(Calls out) He's
dying!....Dying!....O God save us!

She begins to faint, but Manston hears her, turns, and catches her.

Her bridesmaid applies smelling salts and Cytherea recovers.

Manston stands her up, again and the bridesmaid applies the smelling salts, again.

Owen pushes forward.

MANSTON
(To Owen)
What did she say?!

Owen shrugs, angrily, as he actually heard the words.

OWEN
Nothing!

Manston and Cytherea process onwards amongst the plaudits and Owen angrily parts and looks in the shrubs.

There is no-one there.

94

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDEN - DAY

94

Owen has tight hold of his sister's arm, in the doorway of the house from where we hear the clink of glasses and chatter.

They are both still in wedding finery

He is vehemently talking with her, in an undertone.

OWEN

You MUST forget him! You are a married woman, now!...I'm ashamed of you hankering after another man!

CYTHEREA

(Distressed)

I thought that I had got over Edward, as he was to marry another, but when I saw him so agonized, today, I was forced to admit it to myself....I STILL love him, Owen! And HE loves ME!

Owen looks angry and shakes her arms

OWEN

Cytherea!!..... You MUST not bring disgrace on yourself, Manston, or on your family, as well!....Try thinking of other people!.....Forget him!

Cytherea breaks away from him and looks down.

CYTHEREA

Sorry, Owen.....

(Quietly)

I'll, I'll do my best.....I can only do THAT, now, can't I.

She walks away, down to the edge of the stream at the far side of the garden.

She turns and walks along the bank, somewhat hidden from the house, by the shrubbery.

Suddenly she sees Edward across the little stream.

She starts

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

Edward!

SPRINGROVE

Sorry, Cytherea...I didn't mean to startle you at church. I just tried to see you before church, but I was too late...I'm free! My cousin has jilted me for a rich man!....She's run off and married him!

CYTHEREA

Free?....

(Fainter)

Not married?

SPRINGROVE

How COULD you suddenly fall for a man like Springrove, though?

CYTHEREA

I never loved him!....I love you!...Always you!

SPRINGROVE

But Miss. Aldclyffe showed me a letter you wrote to him telling of your emotion...

CYTHEREA

...Yes...at the playing of Bach's organ music!...But you were quick enough to write me off, when you wrote, that...

SPRINGROVE

....I was answering your dismissal, believed you were to marry Manston, and had then been told that my immediate marriage to Eunice would discount some of my poor father's terrible debts to Miss Aldclyffe....

CYTHEREA

...Oh, Heavens!.....We have been tricked apart!... There have been plans against us, my dear....and now we have just to live out our lives in misery...well, MY life!
.....You must forget me, my love!

SPRINGROVE

Forget you?!.....Oh, I wish I could touch you just once, darling!

He reaches out his hand across the stream and she grasps it.

CYTHEREA

(Cries)

Edward!

SPRINGROVE

My Cytherea!...My stolen pet lamb!

She suddenly recalls herself and she breaks away.

CYTHEREA

I can't stay!....Go! Go!

She runs back through the garden to the French windows.

Manston comes out and frowns at her.

MANSTON

Where have you been?...We have to go! The carriage is waiting for our train!

Cytherea nods her head miserably and rushes indoors.

95

EXT. OUTSIDE OF DAIRY BARN - DAY

95

We see the behinds of a couple of cows with their heads down, eating.

Owen is leaning on the fence rail, watching a man unloading small hay bales from a cart near the entrance and piling them up near to the door.

A dairyman is milking a cow, nearby, also.

He looks up, sees Owen, and addresses him.

DAIRYMAN

You not 'eard about this confessing, then?

OWEN

No..... Should I?

DAIRYMAN

It be about you, an' all.

OWEN

Me?

DAIRYMAN

Well, MISS Graye....The railway
porter see'd Manston's wife leave
Carriford, on the night of the
fire, but she paid 'im to keep
quiet, she did!

OWEN

She WHAT?!

Springrove is seen hurrying across the field, nearby towards
Owen.

The rector, Parson Raunham, comes through the rectory gate,
nearby, and hurries up to Owen, just beaten by Springrove who
calls, as he arrives.

SPRINGROVE

Your sister is not legally married!
His first wife is still living!

Raunham hurries up to Owen and grasps his hand pumping it
sympathetically.

RAUNHAM

It's too true, my boy! You must
come with me and we must take a
deposition from the man who saw
Manston's wife leave. Then I will
countersign it and take a copy for
you to present to Mr. Manston.

SPRINGROVE

They'll be in Southampton by then!
...I'll go and catch them up. I know
the place like the back of my hand
and you don't, Owen.

OWEN

(Coldly)

I hardly think that you are in a
position to interfere, Springrove.

RAUNHAM

Mr. Manston is an honest,
respectable man. This will come as
a blow to him. You go to the station
and telegraph all of the better
hotels in Southampton, Mr.
Springrove, and Mr. Graye will
leave for Southampton as soon as he
has this affidavit.

SPRINGROVE
Certainly....Yes!

The rector and Graye set off for the rectory, and Springrove hurries away to the station.

96 INT. CARRIFORD RAILWAY STATION/TICKET OFFICE - DAY 96

Springrove rushes in, breathlessly.

SPRINGROVE
Could I send some telegraphs,
please?

The ticket collector shakes his head.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Oh, can't do that, Sir.

SPRINGROVE
Why ever not?!

TICKET COLLECTOR
Machine's broken, I'm afraid.

There is the sound of a train hooting and Springrove looks through the open door at it.

SPRINGROVE
Is that a Southampton train?

TICKET COLLECTOR
Yes, it be the....

The train starts to pull away and Springrove races through the door, across the platform, opens the train door and jumps in, closing it.

97 EXT. SOUTHAMPTON STATION - EVENING 97

Springrove jumps off the train, as it arrives, and looks at the station clock.

He approaches two porters and asks them a question: if they have seen a young couple and where did they go.

They shrug their shoulders, so Springrove hurries away out of the station.

98 INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOTELS - EVENING 98

Montage:

Springrove visits four different hotels to enquire about a young couple.

99 INT. HOTEL - EVENING 99

A middle-aged woman, behind the reception desk is talking with Springrove.

HOTELIER

...Oh, yes. They've taken suite no.13. The lady is in, but the gentleman has gone out....Shall I say who...

Springrove hurries past her to the steps

SPRINGROVE

No! ...No! ...Just some family news!

He races upstairs to find no. 13.

100 INT. HOTEL/SUITE 13 - EVENING 100

Springrove knocks and takes a step through the half open door.

Cytherea is sitting by the fire, despondently, with her head on her hand, the arm of which is on the table.

SPRINGROVE

(Softly)

Cytherea!

She turns her head, puzzled at the voice, and is amazed.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

You're not his wife, Cytherea! Come away...He has a wife, living!

Cytherea leaps up

CYTHEREA

Not his wife?! ...Oh! Edward it's YOU!

SPRINGROVE

Has Manston ever shown you proof of
the death of his wife?

CYTHEREA

Well, no!Never!...Where is my
brother? Where is Owen?

SPRINGROVE

He is coming with proof of a wife's
existence by the next train.

Cytherea remembers herself, snatches up her bonnet and cloak
and starts putting them on.

CYTHEREA

I can't come with you, can
I?...They'll say.....Edward, he's
just gone out to post a letter.
He'll be...

She runs past him, along the corridor and down the stairs.

Springrove hears her asking for another room.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

I must have a private room....Quite
private, immediately,
please!...Immediately!

HOTELIER (V.O.)

(Surprised)

Yes, Madam. Here are the keys to
number twelve, if you like, Madam,
but I don't thin....

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

...Thank you.

101 INT. HOTEL/CORRIDOR - EVENING

101

Springrove steps out into the corridor, as Cytherea races
past.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

(Sobbing)

Thanks, Edward, but I will see no-
one....no-one, but my brother!

She runs into this next door room and slams the door.

SPRINGROVE

(Speaking to the door)

It's alright, Cytherea! He'll be here, directly. I shall go and meet him at the station.

CYTHEREA

Yes, Go! Go!....He'll be back any minute....No-one shall speak to me! No-one!

She locks the door and Edward hears her sobbing.

He turns away and hurries downstairs, past the astonished hotelier.

102 INT. HOTEL/MANSTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

102

Manston, and Owen are standing facing each other across the hearthrug.

Owen has his outdoor clothes on and has Cytherea holding on around his neck, as if in safety.

Manston is frowning at them both.

He steps forward, menacingly

MANSTON

She shall not go with you unless you can prove that she is not my wife!

Owen brandishes the affidavit

OWEN

THIS is proof!

MANSTON

I will have my rights!

CYTHEREA

Don't make me stay with him, Owen!!

OWEN

I will call for a lawyer!

He starts limping around, picking up Cytherea's things from around the room, with Cytherea hovering near him, and then assisting him.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Meanwhile, to preserve my sister's
reputation, she shall come with me.

Manston comes up to Cytherea and takes her arm, which she
shrinks off.

MANSTON
(Coaxingly)
Do you really wish to go back with
him, dearest, and leave your poor
husband, lonely?

Cytherea looks away

CYTHEREA
I'll go back with Owen.

Cytherea moves towards the door, when there is a knock and
she opens it.

The servant hands a note to Cytherea, entitled "For Owen"
She quickly reads it to herself.

SPRINGROVE (V.O.)
I have gone back by the mail train.
It is better that I am out of the
way. There is a room reserved for
you both at the Adelphi Hotel and a
hansom cab waiting outside....God
speed! Edward.

CYTHEREA
(To Owen)
There is a cab waiting.

OWEN
I will send for her big bags,
Manston. You will be furnished with
further information and my lawyer
will want yours, as well.

MANSTON
Very well, but I will have you
know, Cytherea, that I am as
innocent in deception as you are
yourself....Do you believe me?

Cytherea looks down

CYTHEREA
(Dully)
Yes.

OWEN
Come on, Sister!

He turns and they go out.

103 INT. CARRIFORD RECTORY/STUDY - DAY

103

The rector leans forward across the rug to pour out some more sherry into Manston's out held glass. They are both sitting by the lit fire.

MANSTON
Have they not found the porter,
yet?

RAUNHAM
I'm sorry, they've not. When I
returned from seeing Owen off for
Southampton, the man had scarpered.
.....My fault. I should have set a
guard on him.

MANSTON
So what can I do?

RAUNHAM
Surely you have been advertising
this last week?

Manston gets up, puts his glass down on his elbow table and starts pacing.

MANSTON
No...not yet!I just want to
know how my Cytherea is.

RAUNHAM
Ah. ..Yes. ..well, I believe that
the poor lady is really rather
unwell, at the moment.

Manston stops, abruptly.

He empties his schooner and puts it down.

MANSTON
I must go to her!

Mr. Raunham stands up and puts his glass down, as well.

He puts his hand on Manston's shoulder.

RAUNHAM

No, Sir! That is not your place....especially in a small town like this. You must be seen to act above suspicion....

MANSTON

...But I..

RAUNHAM

...YOUR work is to ascertain, as quickly as possible, the truth regarding the existence of your wife, Mr. Manston.

Manston accepts the advice and slowly, resignedly, nods his head.

104 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDENS - EVENING

104

Miss Aldclyffe and the rector are returning across the lawn from an after dinner ramble, when they see Manston coming out of the house with a couple of papers.

He is about to get back into his gig, which is standing at the foot of the steps when they accost him.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Good Evening, Mr.
Manston.....Dawson gave you my
signed papers, then?

Manson hastily and perfunctorily shakes their hands.

MANSTON

Yes, I thought, I'd collect them on my way back from London.

RAUNHAM

Any luck finding your wife.

MANSTON

Not a hope. I've gone to all of our old haunts there and in Liverpool, yesterday.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Have you advertised?

MANSTON

Yes. .The Times, the Telegraph and the Standard...twice!

RAUNHAM
Ah!...Well, I th...

Manson climbs into the gig and takes up the reins.

MANSON
....Sorry, Raunham...I'm dog-
tired.....I must go lie down.

He nods to Raunham and then to Miss Aldclyffe

MANSTON
Good Evening....Miss Aldclyffe!

He drives off.

105 INT. MR. RAUNHAM'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

105

Mr. Raunham is sitting behind his desk with Manson sitting on a stand chair at an angle to him.

Manston suddenly stands up.

MANSTON
I cannot try any further, rector.
...I don't love her, but I DO love
Cytherea.

RAUNHAM
But you will do your duty, at
least?!

MANSTON
If ever man on the face of the
earth did his duty to his absent
wife, I have done mine.

He picks up his hat and gloves from the desk and then seems struck by a thought.

MANSTON (CONT'D)
So your actual advice is that I
should still....advertise, yet
again?

The rector stands up and shakes his hand.

RAUNHAM
Um...yes. I DO think it might be an
idea, Mr. Manson.

Manson sighs and turns away

MANSON

Alright, I'll place another round
of adverts in the
papers.....Thanks, Rector.

Manson walks out and Raunham sits down, takes a fresh sheet
of paper and starts to write.

RAUNHAM (V.O.)

Memorandum of events: Jan. 25.

Third visit from Manston.

Peculiarities:

- 1) Manson seemed convinced he would
never see wife again
- 2) Manson seems now unbothered
about hiding his interest in
Cytherea
- 3) He was unable to hide his
eagerness that I should advise him
to advertise again....strange when
he is so uninterested in the
outcome!

Mr. Raunham puts down his pen, looks up and into the fire.

106

INT. OLD HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

106

Manston is sitting having breakfast with his friend, Dickson,
a small, plump, nattily dressed man who is chattering away.

DICKSON

....'Though I must say, it's very
kind of you to ask me....I haven't
heard from you in quite a while,
now.

The old housekeeper brings in Manston's post on a salver and
puts it down next to him.

Manston ignores her, but stops buttering his toast and opens
the letter.

He reads it, while Dickson glances at him, interrogatively,
drinking his tea.

Manston grunts and then throws the letter across to Dickson
to read, which he does.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 Ummmm.....so your wife's
 turned up, then,
 egh?.....ummmm, bit funny
 leaving her watch and keys
 behind!....Oh, so she saw the fire
 from the lane when she was leaving
 for the train, did
 she?.....And she saw your
 adverts.....(Whistles)....Phew!

He pushes back his chair and takes his cup and saucer over to
 the window looking out.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 It's going to rain, you
 know!.....So you're going
 to have to tell your new sort of
 wife about the old one, then, egh?

Manston drinks his tea

MANSTON
 Umph!

DICKSON
 Always thought that you weren't too
 keen on the first wife, anyway,
 though...were you?

MANSON
 That's neither here, nor there.
 ...It's a point of honour to do as
 I am doing and there's an end of
 it.I'll bring her up here.

Dickson carries on looking out of the window and rocks on his
 toes, musingly, nodding his head.

DICKSON
 Fancy my being here during this
 discovery!

He puts his cups down.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 I'll put some boots on for that
 rough shooting, then, egh?

He goes out and Manston buries his face in his hands, shaking
 his head.

MANSTON
 Oh, Cytherea!

He removes his hands and presents an agonised face, looking out of the window.

MANSTON (CONT'D)
Oh, my lost one!

107 EXT. CARRIFORD - DAY

107

Montage

Manston exits the station carrying a large bag and a woman on his arm. She is about thirty, dark haired and handsome in a brassy way. Her costume is a little de trop. A young army officer goes up the steps and passes them. He gives the woman an admiring glance, which she receives in a self conscious, pert, flirtatious manner. Manston sees this but doesn't care.

Manston is walking along the high street with his wife and the passers-by are ogling them.

Manson is in the drapers' introducing his wife to the draper and his wife who are smiling and shaking hands.

Manson and his wife are having afternoon tea with a smiling Miss Aldclyffe.

108 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE - DAY

108

Owen and Cytherea pull up in a small cart outside of a rural cottage. Their luggage is in the cart behind them.

Owen smiles and hands Cytherea down.

OWEN
Well, Sis. ..welcome to our new lodgings!

Cytherea smiles and looks around.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Now that I've got my promotion, with this PALCHURCH work, and you don't have to work anymore, you will be able to regain some sort of equanimity, Cythy.

Cytherea kisses him.

CYTHEREA

You're always a dear, Owen. I'm just so glad that your leg is on the mend after that horrid operation.

He smiles and goes to fetch the luggage from the rear of the cart.

Cytherea picks up her carpet bag.

109

EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/SHED - DAY

109

Owen is sitting on a bench outside of the shed and smoking, in the sunshine.

Edward comes riding up and hails Owen, cheerfully.

SPRINGROVE

Owen, my man! How ARE you?

OWEN

Better for seeing you!...Come in and I'll put the kettle on.

Edward gets off his horse and ties its bridle to the shed door handle.

SPRINGROVE

Well, I won't... IF you don't mind....I've actually come to ask your sister if....well.... now that she's free, if, er, if she will have me....as, as her husband.

He looks steadily at Owen who stands up.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

Do you think she still loves me?

Owen looks wary and shrugs his shoulders.

OWEN

Oh, I ... I can't say, really.

SPRINGROVE

Can you call her down, so that I can ask her, please?

OWEN

Well you can always try.

He nods and goes to get Cytherea.

Cytherea comes out alone and Springrove takes her hand, sits her on the bench and asks her to marry him.

Cytherea looks forlorn, slowly shakes her head, starts crying and then smiles, sadly, and slowly strokes his face.

She explains that she feels tainted.

Springrove gently kisses away the tears, and tries earnestly to dissuade her from her decision, but she is adamant and stands up, eventually returning inside.

Edward stands and looks crushed

Owen then re-emerges and looks questioningly at Springrove

OWEN (CONT'D)

Well?

SPRINGROVE

She loves me still and would have me, I think, were it not that she feels....feels tainted, in the eyes of the world, for goodness sakes!

Owen sits down on the bench while Edward paces.

OWEN

Tainted?! ...I suppose so!.....I do think Manston meant well, however, and didn't, indeed, know of the existence of his first wife....

SPRINGROVE

...Ugh, THERE I believe you to be misled. There is something rotten here, you know.

Owen looks up, surprised.

OWEN

What?

SPRINGROVE

Miss Aldclyffe supported Manston's suit by telling my father that she would let him off the burnt houses' debt if I immediately married my cousin, Eunice!

OWEN

What on earth is it to her?!

SPRINGROVE

That's not ALL! Manston received a letter through the Carriford post office from a postmark of the place where his new wife lived and which the post mistress positively identifies as his wife's hand.

OWEN

So?

SPRINGROVE

He received this letter BEFORE he again, finally advertised....WHY advertize when you KNOW your wife is ALIVE?

Owen slowly and confusedly gets up.

OWEN

Wha.....?!...I must look into this, Springrove!....I must.
.....Look, you go home and I'll start rooting around....Thanks for this.Poor Cythy mustn't be left in this state where she feels that everyone is regarding her as tainted....

SPRINGROVE

...A conviction for bigamy would clear THAT!

Owen shakes Edward's hand and nods his head.

OWEN

It would, indeed!Thanks for this, Springrove...thanks.

Springrove smiles, grimly, nods and goes to unfasten his horse's bridle.

110 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

110

Owen comes back indoors and Cytherea is sitting by the fire, where he joins her.

CYTHEREA

Has he gone?

OWEN

Yeshe seems to think that Manston knew that his wife was still alive and was therefore a bigamist when he married you.

CYTHEREA

Oh.....good grief!

OWEN

We can't afford a solicitor, at present, and so must do the leg work ourselves, Cythy.

CYTHEREA

What sort?

OWEN

Well ...we need to find out where his wife lived when he came to live here.....The post mistress says he never posted his letters in the parish, deliberately, and so we don't know where his wife was.

Cytherea gets up and starts to pace.

CYTHEREA

Oh, I know! ...There will be mention of her address in the newspaper's reporting of the inquest.

OWEN

Yes!...Clever girl!...I can't take time off to visit the newspaper office to see their archives, though....I'm very busy with this new work.

CYTHEREA

That's alright. Mr. Raunham, the rector, used to collect the papers and hold on to them, for the parish. He keeps them in his study.

OWEN

Are you alright for visiting him and asking to see them, then?

He stands up

Cytherea smiles

CYTHEREA

Oh, yes....Mr. Raunham has always been rather disposed in my favour, bless him! I'm sure he'll let me see his file of the Chronicles.

She gets up, goes over to the food cupboards and starts getting vegetables, knives and a board out on to the table.

OWEN

Good! Then you pop over tomorrow, Cythy and find out the previous address of this wife, then, huh?

CYTHEREA

I will, Owen.

He starts to go out.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

It's lunch in half an hour.

He smiles, takes up his hat and goes out while she starts chopping vegetables.

111 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

111

Owen is writing at his desk.

He sits back and silently reads his letter

OWEN (V.O.)

My Dear Springrove,
I hope that this finds you well. I shall have to leave the next steps to you, in London for that's where Mrs. Manston was. Cytherea failed to find the address in the Chronicle's back copies, but I managed to get it out of the reporting clerk in Froominster. The address is on the enclosed slip. The really strange thing that occurred, here, however, is that your father, whom Cythy met in Carriford, said that Manston had got your street name from him, in London. What this means I have no idea.....Anyway, do you go along as soon as you can, however, to talk to this old/new Mrs. Manston's landlords and neighbours.

(MORE)

OWEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They might have some sort of news,
or information.
Your grateful friend,
Owen.

EXT. LONDON/LODGING HOUSE FRONT PATH AND DOOR - DAY
Springgrove is talking with the landlady, who is standing on her front doorstep.

LANDLADY

As I say, I only recently took over
from Mr. Brown, so only saw this
Mrs. Manston once, last week, when
they came to ask a couple of things
and leave their forwarding
address...you're his employer's
clerk you say?

SPRINGGROVE

Yes, we took the original letting
for him and just wanted to check
that the whole thing is wrapped up,
now.

LANDLADY

She did seem a retiring sort of
body and kept hid behind the
gentleman. She seemed not to know
of the sewing box and trash that I
asked if she wanted to take away
with her, and seemed quite happy
for me to throw it away...Now, I'm
not too sure, however, and perhaps
I should have made her take it.

SPRINGGROVE

Oh, that's no problem, I'm going
over to Carriford with some papers
for him in a few days and can drop
it off, if you wish.

The landlady nods and turns back into the hallway behind her.

LANDLADY

Here it is, then lovey....It's one
less thing for me to think about.

SPRINGGROVE

Thank you....Good Evening.

He smiles, takes the box and turns away.

113 INT. SPRINGROVE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

113

Springrove comes into the room, disrobes, sits down and examines the work box.

He leaves the curtains open and doesn't see a figure, outside, watching him. It is Manston, wrapped up in a big coat, with hat, high collar and scarf.

Springrove opens the box, turns it around and finds a small partially hidden drawer, which he also opens.

He pulls out of the drawer a slip of paper with a poem on it, and a photograph of a young woman, together with a small myrtle twig.

He reads the poem and smiles and shrugs.

EUNICE

Whoso for hours or lengthy days
Shall catch her aspect's changeful
rays,
Then turn away, can none recall
Beyond a galaxy of all
In hazy portraiture;
Lit by the light of azure eyes
Like summer days by summer skies:
Her sweet transitions seem to be
A kind of pictured melody
And not a set contour.
AE. M.

He dashes off a brief note and puts it, the poem, the photograph and the twig into an envelope, seals it, and addresses it to "Mr. Graye, of Church Cottage, Palchurch".

Springrove leaves the room.

114 EXT. A PALCHURCH LANE, JUST OUTSIDE OF THE VILLAGE - DAY 114

The postman comes into the village and comes across Manston who is dallying on the road.

Manston comes up to him

MANSTON

Ah! Mr. Postman! Could you tell me
where a Mr. Graye lodges, please?

POSTMAN

Oh, Oi don't be a knowin' o' that.

He gets a couple of Palchurch letters out and reads their addresses.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
But I AM to leave a Mr. Graye's
letters with the vicar here,
however.

He smiles, puts Graye's letter in the vicar's postbox and leaves.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
Good day to ya, Zur!

Manston smiles at his departure and lurks around another minute, until the man has gone.

Manson then puts his hand into the letterbox, whips out the letter, puts it in his pocket and has a quick look around that no-one saw him.

He then walks rapidly away.

115 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE - DAY

115

Owen comes into the house opening a letter and reading it.

Cytherea is sitting sewing, by the fire.

She looks up.

OWEN
Look! It's from Springrove. He says
that these were left behind by Mrs.
Manston.

He sits down at the table, and puts Springfield's note down, which Cytherea picks up and reads while Owen shakes out the photograph, twig and poem on to the table.

Owen picks up and looks at the photo

OWEN (CONT'D)
Well, that's the Mrs. Manston he's
got with him...We've all seen her.

He picks up and reads the poem.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Humph...a poem to his wife, Eunice.
.....Hummm. ..she had blue
eyes....azure blue!

Cytherea puts down the note and snatches the poem, reading it.

CYTHEREA

Oh no.... she doesn't!....Mrs.
Morris, the housekeeper said that
her eyes are black.

OWEN

Well, she must be mistaken, then.

CYTHEREA

I can't believe that Mrs.Morris is
wrong....Women don't make that sort
O.....

Cytherea suddenly puts her hand over her mouth and sinks down in a chair, her face ashen.

OWEN

Anyone would think that you thought
that Manston could change the eyes
of a woman, to hear you!

CYTHEREA

Yes.

OWEN

Yes?

CYTHEREA

By changing the woman, herself!
.....Oh, NO!.....O help me! The
wife WAS burnt and this means I AM
his wife.

She looks agonised and puts her hand to her head.

Owen pats her head

OWEN

Don't worry Cythy! We'll get to the
bottom of this. I'll write to ask
Springrove to go and make more
enquiries with Mrs. Manston's old
neighbours about her eyes and I'll
get a good look at her in church,
tomorrow....I'll just walk over to
Carriford.My leg needs the
excercise, now it's better.

Cytherea nods her bowed head.

116

EXT. CARRIFORD/ROAD OUTSIDE OF OLD HOUSE - DAY

116

Owen is sauntering about at a short distance from the house's exit, and keeping an eye upon it. He sees two figures appear and melts back into the roadside trees.

Manston, in workaday clothes, turns away and walks in the opposite direction from him, but Mrs. Manston, in her Sunday finery, comes in the direction of Owen, who slips from the trees, rounds the bend in the road and stands, looking puzzled, at the crossroads.

As Mrs. Manston approaches him, Owen asks

OWEN

Excuse me, Madam, but could you tell me the way to Froominster, please?

MRS. MANSTON

The second on the right.

Owen cups his ear and looks confused

OWEN

I'm sorry?

The woman comes nearer

MRS. MANSTON

Second on the right!

Owen shakes his head

OWEN

I'm afraid I'm a little deaf.

The woman comes right up to him, fixes her eyes on his face and speaks loudly, and exasperatedly.

MRS. MANSTON

Second on the right!

Owen sees that her eyes are black and he steps back, a little thrown, staring at her.

The woman sees that he is surprised and becomes furtive.

She puts her hand up and pats her pale brown hair and Owen notices that it is a wig, as there is black hair escaping at the side of the nape.

He recovers himself

OWEN

Oh! ...Thank you, Madam...Thank
you.

MRS. MANSTON

Good Day.

She turns away, quickly and walks quickly away.

Owen stands, stunned.

He collects himself

OWEN

The rector...I'll write to Mr.
Raunham!

117 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/FRONT PATH - DAY

117

Mr. Raunham rides up on his horse and reads the cottage name.

He dismounts, and ties his horse to the fence.

The door opens and Owen comes down the path.

Cytherea appears, timidly at the threshold behind him.

Owen smiles, shakes the rector's hand and brings him into the
cottage.

118 INT. CARRIFORD RECTORY/STUDY - EVENING

118

The rector is sitting by the fire, having removed his jacket.
He is just struggling to remove his boots, when a servant
comes in.

MAID

Young Mr. Springrove from London
sends his apology for the late
hour, but asks could you possibly
see him, Sir.

RAUNHAM

Young Springrove?...Yes, yes, of
course!Bring him in!

Springrove comes in, carrying a bag, wearing a grey cloak and
looking excited.

The rector stands up, with one boot on and shakes his hand.

RAUNHAM (CONT'D)

You must have a glass of something warming!...Sit down, my boy. Sit down!

SPRINGROVE

No, Sir. This is most urgent! I come to you as not only the rector of the parish, but also as the local magistrate.

Raunham sits down, again, and wrestles with the removal of his second boot.

RAUNHAM

This sounds serious!

SPRINGROVE

I have just come from London, where I have been making enquiry...

RAUNHAM

...About the Grayes?

SPRINGROVE

Well...FOR the Grayes: ABOUT the Manston's.

RAUNHAM

Ah.

He removes the second boot, with a relieved sigh, and chucks it away to the side of his chair, then looking up, enquiringly, at Springrove.

SPRINGROVE

Mrs. Manston is NOT Mrs. Manston! I can prove that she is somebody else - that her name is Anne Seaway.

RAUNHAM

Well good grief!...I have just returned from the Graye's and they have confirmed that this new Mrs. Manston has the wrong coloured eyes from a poem that Manston wrote to his original wife....and they then told me about his writing the adverts after his having received a letter from her....and now you arrive!

He stands up and presses Springrove into a chair, by his shoulder.

RAUNHAM (CONT'D)

Well, you can tell me all, and I will make a memorandum of it, and make some enquiries, but only on condition that you allow the two of us a little sherry and some biscuits, which this old man needs after hard travel, even if you insist that your youth does not!

Springrove, smiles, impatiently and nods, whilst the rector rings the bell.

119 INT. THE OLD HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - EVENING

119

Manston is sitting gloomily writing at the table and his wife is pacing, agitatedly.

She turns to him poutingly

MRS MANSTON

...Well it's very fishy how, having married and being soooo in love with that Cytherea, a few days later, you're knocking at MY door and making passionate declarations to ME.

MANSTON

I was lonely and needed a companion, and you were happy enough to share my bed and board for free!

MRS MANSTON

Yes, well, everyone thinks I AM your wife, so it's as good as, I suppose.....but you're obviously up to something...why have me impersonate her?...How do you know that Eunice won't turn up and ruin all your plans?

MANSTON

She can't because she's burnt!

Mrs. Manston returns to her arm chair by the fire.

MRS MANSTON

Not only do I not know WHY I am to impersonate your wife, but I also don't know what hold you have over Miss Aldclyffe.....I ain't done the old biddy any harm, but she avoids me like the plague...as if I was 'in' on a secret about her.....What's that you're writing?

MANSTON

The local magistrate, Raunham, the rector, and Owen Graye want satisfaction that all is "legally clear" for Cytherea.

MRS MANSTON

(Sneeringly pleading tone)
Cytherea! Cytherea!

Manston leaps up

MANSTON

Shut up! Shut up, do you hear?!.....God I wish I were DEAD-DEAD!

He slams out of the room.

120 EXT. OLD HOUSE/OUTSIDE - NIGHT

120

Edward is standing, wrapped up, in the dark, under a tree, outside of the Old house, at Knapwater.

Then curtains are not drawn and he sees Manston slam out of the sitting room.

He hears the front door beginning to open and he steps back into the trees.

Edward sees Manston come hurriedly out of the front door of the house, putting on his jacket.

Edward follows Manston, as he sets off in the direction of the Old Mill.

The noise of the water gets louder, together with the wheeze of the pump, as they approach the derelict mill.

Edward sees Manston go into a side room in the mill, near the wheel and then, in a few minutes, he re-appears, dragging something heavy, wrapped in a sack.

Again, Springrove hides behind a tree, and watches as Manston drops the heavy bag down into the well of the now motionless wheel.

121 EXT. OLD HOUSE/MILL - DAY 121

In the dawn of the early light, Edward leads the rector and four constables to the mill and the constables drag the bag out of the mill wheel hole.

The bag is opened and it contains a young woman, in her mid thirties, in an advanced state of decay.

The rector and Edward look horrified and disgusted.

The rector nods at Edward and then gives instructions to everyone.

They leave, in three groups.

122 EXT/INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY 122

Mr Raunham, with a constable, knocks at the Old House's door, several times.

Manston comes running down from his bedroom, putting his jacket on.

He runs out of the back door, where Edward grabs him.

There is a fight and Edward gets punched in the face.

Edward punches Manston harder and Manston goes down.

Edward is just hauling Manston to his feet when two of the constables appear and clap handcuffs on Manston.

123 EXT. FROMINSTER/STREET - DAY 123

Farmer Springrove is standing talking to his friend Farmer Baker, when a cart goes past, with a young man walking alongside of it. The cart contains a coffin.

FARMER BAKER

'Tis what we shall all come to!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

True, neighbour ... true. And a fine frame of a man he were, too.

The cart stops outside of the county's jail and the driver gets down, and comes around to the back of the cart.

The carpenters pick up the coffin and walk up to the gates. They ring the the bell and wait.

A boy walks past, whistling.

Farmer Springrove addresses him.

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)
'Ere, lad! Do you know the name of
the man who is dead?

BOY
Yes. 'Tis all over the
town...surely you know, Mr.
Springrove? Mr Manston hung
'isself, this morning....'e as was
Miss Aldclyffe's steward!...He done
killed 'isself....dead, after
confessing 'e murdered 'is wife!

The boy nods, wide-eyed with grim horror and walks on.

Farmer Baker turns and nods to Farmer Springrove.

FARMER BAKER
That little Graye girl is lucky,
then!... 'E'll 'ave done it so as to
free himself to get 'er!

Farmer Springrove also nods his head.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
That were a close call for poor
Miss Graye, then!....A close call,
indeed!..... 'An now Miss
Aldclyffe will be without a
steward.....I mun akse 'er if she
mun want our Edward.

FARMER BAKER
Aye!....She'll 'ave need!

124 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MISS ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - DAY 124

Miss Aldclyffe is laying in bed, looking very ill.

Her face is somewhat down towards one side after a stroke and she speaks with difficulty.

Cytherea is seated wearing dark, outdoor clothes. She has been crying, as they have been talking.

Cytherea stands up to go, but Miss Aldclyffe does not relinquish Cytherea's hand.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
You DO forgive me, then, dear?

CYTHEREA
Yes!...I am only sorry that I didn't visit you before....No-one told me that you had had apoplexy....I'm so sorry.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
I wanted you to marry my son as I had hoped to right the wrong that I did your father by making you, in effect, my heir.

Cytherea takes a step back and is embarrassed.

She puts her hand up, in protest.

CYTHEREA
Really, Miss Aldclyffe! It's alright....I, I know that you meant well, now. It's alright...

Miss Aldclyffe half lifts herself up and reaches out, again for Cytherea's hand, which Cytherea gives to her, again.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
....It's all been my fault!....What you went through!....But never mind, I shall right things, Cytherea!....I SHALL!

She falls back weakly, relinquishing Cytherea's hand.

She rings a little bell on her side table for her maid.

MISS ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)
(Weakly)
You are STILL to be my heir, dear...
(more weakly)
STILL my heir.

Cytherea looks up at the nurse who suddenly comes briskly into the room.

125

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/LAKE - DAY

125

Cytherea is dressed in a light, floaty, pastel coloured gown and holding her husband, Edward's hand.

They walk down the slope, towards the lake and Edward hands her into a rowing boat.

They row out a little and then he ships the oars and they come to a halt.

Edward gets off his bench and comes to sit next to Cytherea.

Just like during their first kiss, he puts his hand on her far cheek and gently turns her face towards himself, and then he kisses her.

Cytherea returns the kiss and they embrace.