

DESPERATE REMEDIES

By

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Draft 1 Revs 3

Edited by Danielle Wager 02/11/21

1

EXT. STREET - DAY

1

CAPTION: 1871

CYTHEREA GRAYE, a young blonde woman, of around 18 years old, walks purposefully in the direction of the town hall.

Immediately opposite to which we see a small parish church complete with new spire, still in the process of being built.

Cytherea's bright lavender dress and grey bonnet stands out from the sea of drab blacks and browns worn by the rest of the CROWD as she walks up the steps toward the town hall.

Past the poster for the announced "Shakespeare Reading" event toward which she is headed.

2

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

2

Cytherea walks up the concert hall, and carefully selects an aisle seat so that she can get a good view out of the window.

The view being that of THREE WORKMEN and a middle-aged man in a suit, her FATHER, as they stand on the scaffolding of the partly finished church spire across the way.

CYTHEREA
(Sotto Voce.)
Careful Father!

The LECTURER walks out onto the stage and Cytherea, distracted, looks up at him instead.

However, as he gets out a book to introduce his reading, Cytherea surreptitiously glances up at her father again.

CYTHEREA
(Sotto Voce.)
Why does HE have to be up so high?

3

EXT. CHURCH SPIRE - DAY

3

The three workers place tiles onto the lathes around them as MR. GRAYE, Cytherea's father, inspects their efforts.

Sunlight streams down upon the spire as he addresses them.

MR. GRAYE
Yes, these here are alright, at
this level, but I think that, as we
go up higher we will need to...

He squints into the sunlight in order to get a better view of the spire, absent-mindedly, stepping back through a large gap in the scaffold as he does so.

He teeters precariously on the edge for a few seconds, frantically seeking to right himself.

The workers rush forward to help him as he almost recovers his footing, then overbalances plunging dramatically from the spire.

4 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

4

Cytherea sees him fall, and shoots to her feet with a gasp.

CYTHEREA

Father!

She falls, into a swoon, to be caught by the MIDDLE-AGED MAN, seated next to her.

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

5

Cytherea, half-conscious now, is carried from a carriage, up her house's front stairs, into the house.

As she is carried, she sees shafts of sunlight stream down through the clouds; also imagining the shafts of sunlight falling on the half-finished church spire from which her father has just fallen.

6 INT. GRAYE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

6

Cytherea sits with her older brother, OWEN, 19.

They are both dressed respectfully in black, as they go through the mound of paperwork on their late father's desk.

CYTHEREA

Is it bad?

Owen looks up from it and admits defeat.

OWEN

Cythy, by the time we've sold the house, paid off the mortgage and the loans... We'll have almost nothing left!

CYTHEREA

Poor Papa! If only life had been more kind to him.

OWEN

He once warned me not to love too quickly or too blindly.

CYTHEREA

Mama once said that a woman, my namesake, was the cause of all of Papa's misfortunes. I wonder where she is now?

OWEN

As she wasn't our dear departed mother, I suppose there's no point speculating.

Cytherea stands up with a sigh.

CYTHEREA

No. I suppose not. I still have some bacon left. If you want a toasted sandwich.

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

OWEN

Yes, please. And bucketfuls of tea.

He gestures to the mountain of paperwork in front of him.

OWEN

I'll need it as I try to make some sense of this.

Cytherea kisses him lightly on the forehead and goes out.

7

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

7

Owen studies the mountain of bills.

OWEN

(Quietly. To himself.)
What WILL become of us?

He puts them down quickly as his sister enters, with a tray of tea things.

CYTHEREA

Any luck?

OWEN

Not exactly.

CYTHEREA

Can you not just continue with Father's work as you are?

Owen slowly shakes his head at this.

OWEN

I'm getting no NEW work
in....Cythy. Would YOU give over
the building of your new shop, or
school, to an apprentice?

CYTHEREA

No, I suppose not. But what about
the work which Papa was already
contracted to do?

OWEN

I'm doing my best, but Papa had
only been training me for so long.
I can hardly be said to be an
architect already.

Cytherea pours the tea, and hands it to Owen.

OWEN

The tradesmen all know that we've
hit hard times, too. I've had
several of them hint darkly that
they suspect we'll renege on our
accounts, soon.

Owen paces the carpet restlessly in front of her.

OWEN

Because, of course, we penniless
orphans, are obviously not to be
trusted!

Cytherea looks a little concerned at this.

CYTHEREA

I don't think that they meant...

OWEN

Didn't they? You know, as well as
I, we've had acquaintances scuttle
past us in the street...

8

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - DAY

8

Cytherea and her brother shop together, with Owen holding the
basket as they walk past various market stalls in the street.

A fat, self-satisfied SHOPKEEPER stands on his doorstep,
talking to THREE WOMEN.

They stare rudely at Cytherea and her brother, then whisper,
judgmentally about them as they walk past.

Owen, hurt, at their behaviour, rallies as an ACQUAINTANCE
comes toward them in the street.

Owen reaches out to shake the man's hand.

OWEN (V.O.)
Ignoring us, as if we were
troublesome beggars...

The acquaintance, however, mumbles to himself, and scurries quickly away from them.

Two young TRADESMAN, at their father's stall, leer openly at Cytherea, to her face.

Owen, incensed, moves forward as if to remonstrate with them. Cytherea, however, reaches out to stop him.

9 INT. GRAYE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - EVENING

9

CYTHEREA
I've had no takers for the advert I
posted for musical pupils, either.

OWEN
I suspect that building up
customers for that sort of thing
takes years.

Owen ruefully shakes his head.

OWEN
Time which unfortunately, we just
do not have.

10 EXT. GRAY HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

10

Cytherea pours tea for Owen as he walks in, throwing himself down, exhausted, into a chair.

OWEN
Well! That's it! The last of
Father's contract work finished...
And four of his clients used his
demise to try to barter as to
price.

CYTHEREA
But their contracts...

Owen shrugs helplessly.

OWEN
They knew I hadn't a penny to
defend myself at law.

CYTHEREA

(Bitterly.)

... These people are supposed to be our friends and neighbours.

She hands the tea over to Owen, who sighs.

OWEN

I have written to an acquaintance of father's. Mr. Gradfield, an architect at Creston. Offering my services, as an apprentice. Perhaps if I serve out my apprenticeship I can get some work of my own. Pay off all our debts.

Cytherea sips gently at her tea.

CYTHEREA

So, it appears that we are to move then?

OWEN

(Sadly.)

It would seem so.

11 INT. GRAYE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

11

Cytherea, apron on, rolls out pastry in the kitchen as Owen comes in behind her with a letter.

OWEN

It seems that Mr. Gradfield is not in want of an apprentice.

Pause.

OWEN

He does, however need a general assistant... Of course, the pay will be worse.

Cytherea wipes her hands and attempts to console Owen. She puts an arm about his shoulder as he puts on a brave face.

OWEN

But no matter... I will write back an acceptance today.

CYTHEREA

And, I shall write to father's solicitor for a reference. Apply for jobs in the area once we are settled.

Owen nods sadly at this.

OWEN

I wish it wasn't necessary but...
At least this way we will finally
be free of father's debts....

- 12 INT./ EXT. GRAYE HOUSE/PAVEMENT OUTSIDE - DAY 12
- Cytherea and Owen carry shoulder bags and a suitcase, each as they struggle out of the door.
- Owen takes Cytherea's suitcase from her and manhandles it down the steps to the bottom. He then returns for his own.
- A HANSOM CAB DRIVER loads up the rest of their luggage.
- Cytherea turns and half smiles fondly back up at her father's house while Owen struggles with his case.
- Owen notices and gives her shoulder a gentle squeeze.
- They get into the cab together and Cytherea watches sadly as their old house recedes into the distance.
- 13 INT. TRAIN - DAY 13
- Cytherea and Owen sit in their carriage and watch as the train races along.
- The changing landscape unfolds before them.
- There are lots of sheep, boggy moors and fir plantations.
- Then undulating downs and increasing glimpses of the sea, which Cytherea finds herself absorbed, and even enlivened by.
- She points out various objects of interest to Owen.
- Until they arrive at Creston station and disembark.
- 14 INT. MR. GRADFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY 14
- Owen enters a busy office filled with young JOURNEYMEN and APPRENTICES drawing up plans for buildings.
- He asks one of them for directions to MR. GRADFIELD who is then fetched out of his private office.
- Mr. Gradfield shakes Owen's hand, and shows him where to sit.
- 15 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - LIVING ROOM - DAY 15
- Cytherea sits at the table and writes an advertisement which we then hear her read out loud:

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

Young Lady desirous of meeting
engagement as governess, or ladies
companion. Competent to teach
Music, English and French.
Satisfactory references. Address,
care of Post Office, Creston".

She then sits back in her chair with a sigh.

16 EXT. CRESTON BEACH - DAY

16

Cytherea walks along the sea.

She breathes deeply as she looks at the sky and the water
which surround her, then gives a little smile to herself as
she speeds up her walk.

Cytherea passes a YOUNG COUPLE, talking intently together.

The YOUNG MAN stops walking, taking the YOUNG WOMAN'S hand
which he puts flat onto his own chest.

The Young Woman hangs her head, shyly and nods her assent.

Cytherea smiles, as she passes at a distance, watching the
romantic proposal.

She holds her own wedding ring finger up in imitation and
examines it, almost as if musing who she herself might one
day marry.

17 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

17

A table for two, in the window area, is laid with ham salad,
with a tea set at the ready.

Cytherea puts the bread upon the table, just as Owen, her
brother returns from work.

She dashes over, kissing him on the cheek.

Owen slightly amused by this.

OWEN

Well this is a fine welcome...

She helps him off with his coat.

CYTHEREA

How did your first day go?... Was
Mr. Gradfield there to greet you?

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

OWEN

Yes, but then he went out most of the day. His head clerk was there though. A worthy fellow... Not private school educated, but very well-read nevertheless.

CYTHEREA

An 'officious clerkly' type then?

She smiles as she hands him his cup of tea.

OWEN

Oh no... More a melancholic one, I should say.

CYTHEREA

Married?

OWEN

No.

Cyntherea gently teases him.

CYTHEREA

How would you know?

Owen puts down his tea.

OWEN

There was a conversation in the office regarding preference for future wives.

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

OWEN

He said he wanted a 'child amongst pleasures' and a 'woman amongst pains'.

Cytherea not altogether sure what to make of this.

CYTHEREA

What an odd creature he must be!

18

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

18

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 POST MISTRESS nods and smiles at her.

Cytherea asks, via gesture, if any post has arrived for her, but the postmistress shakes her head.

Cytherea, a little daunted, nods, says, "Thank you" and then leaves.

19

INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

19

Owen and Cytherea have high tea again, at their table in the window.

Cytherea pours the tea as Owen eats.

OWEN

Springrove, our Surveyor, is from rather humble origins. His father is a farmer, or something.

Cytherea adds milk and sugar to Owen's tea.

CYTHEREA

And none the worse for that, I suppose?

OWEN

Oh, no... Quite the contrary. As we come down the hill, we shall continually be meeting people going up it, I suppose.

CYTHEREA

What does he look like?

OWEN

Oh... A bit Greekish... Not in that Mediterranean swarthy way, but like the statues. Yunno, with that straight Greek nose. And thick wavy hair. Blonde, in his case,

CYTHEREA

His 'ensemble' is striking then?

She hands Owen his teacup, fishing for more information.

OWEN

If you mean 'is he elegant?'....
No. He's rather a mess, in fact.
His necktie is usually askew and
he's always got his nose in a book.
When he's not working, that is....

CYTHEREA

... Novels?

She picks up her cutlery and starts in on her salad.

OWEN

Good heavens, no! It's usually the classics with him...and NOT in translation either! He knows Shakespeare by heart, including the footnotes. I'd HATE to come up against him in debate!.

Then, somewhat teasingly, as he notices his sister's sudden interest.

OWEN

He writes poetry, too, so I'm told. I'll ask if you can read some if you like>

20 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

20

Cytherea goes to the post office and enquires again.

The Post Mistress shakes her head. The answer is still "No".

21 INT. GRAY'S LODGINGS - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

21

Owen and Cytherea sit together as Cytherea reads a collection of papers, excitedly.

OWEN

I told you. Springrove's no fool, you know.

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

Perhaps... Either way it doesn't much matter, now.

Cytherea looks at him surprised.

OWEN

He's moving on to London in a fortnight, to seek out a new career.

Cytherea looks a little crestfallen at this.

CYTHEREA

Oh...I hadn't realised.

Owen, oblivious, picks up his book and continues reading.

22 EXT. CRESTON - STREET - DAY 22

The TOWN CRIER rings his bell and announces an 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 have come down to the coast for the boat excursion.

They toil up the hill and promenade across the slope.

Cytherea intermittently looking out to the harbour to see if the boat is ready, as Owen turns to her.

OWEN

Look, Cythy, there is a splendid medieval ruin at the head of this valley. It would only take another twenty minutes or so to reach it.

Cytherea, however is tired.

CYTHEREA

Another twenty minutes of hill climbing? No, thank you, Owen.

Owen sits her down on a nearby log.

OWEN

You stay here then, and I'll go and take a look for myself.

CYTHEREA

Don't be too long, Owen. The boat will be ready soon.

Owen walks rapidly away from her.

OWEN

You worry too much. I will be back in no time!

Cytherea watches him go and looks back at the boat in the harbour. She paces restlessly.

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

Cytherea becomes more anxious, walking faster now, as she looks up the hill for Owen.

The boat's second warning bell sounds and Cythy gathers up Owen's handkerchief of shells and lichen for him.

Then, after another desperate look uphill for Owen, hurries on down to the boat herself.

24 EXT. CRESTON/HARBOUR - EVENING

24

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

Cytherea, out of breath now, stands by the plank and looks worriedly back, then up at the ship.

CAPT. JACOBS
(Calls down to her.)
Miss, do 'ee board...?

He sees her anxious glance.

CAPT. JACOBS
Perhaps thee's waiting for someone?

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

She looks back again and then sees a MALE FIGURE approaching. An ELDERLY FEMALE PASSENGER becomes cross at this.

ELDERLY FEMALE PASSENGER
Well really!!... He 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 strike on the stony road, as he approaches.

CYTHEREA
I'll come up, now. He'll be here in just a few seconds... Really, he will!

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

Cytherea holds up her skirts and carefully mounts the thin, steep, gangplank.

She grips tightly onto the rope banister as a man's footsteps rattle the gangplank hard upon her heels.

25 EXT. CRESTON HARBOUR/BOAT

25

Cytherea turns toward the man in relief.

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

Then realises, as she does so, that the man behind her is not, in fact, Owen.

CAPT. JACOBS
How do 'ee do, Mr. Springrove?

SPRINGROVE
Well, Captain. And you?

Springrove turns to Cytherea and tips his hat.

He is handsome. Taller than Owen, with thick blonde hair, and a good-humoured face.

His tie also slightly askew. Nevertheless he is striking.

SPRINGROVE
Have I the pleasure of addressing
Miss Graye...? I am Edward
Springrove, Owen's friend.

CYTHEREA
Is he alright?

SPRINGROVE
Oh, yes. Yes, just a little lame
from overwalking himself. He's
dropped down to Galworth Station,
which is nearer to where he wound
up. He said to tell you he will
catch the train home again.

CYTHEREA
Oh!

The music strikes up again as the boat pulls away.

SPRINGROVE
He sent me to keep you company and
escort you home safely... I do hope
that you don't think it too forward
of me?

Cytherea smiles a little shyly at this.

CYTHEREA
No! Of course... It's very...
considerate of you.

People begin dance upon the front deck, as Cytherea and Springrove stroll along the side of the boat.

They talk together as the sun sets and the boat pulls out into the harbour; Cytherea awkwardly tries to make small talk.

CYTHEREA
(Gestures.)
It is such a beautiful view...

Springrove turns to look at her.

SPRINGROVE
It is indeed.

26 EXT. CRESTON HARBOUR - NIGHT

26

Cytherea descends the gangplank, Springrove takes her hand for the last portion of it, as he turns to addresses her.

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

CYTHEREA
Thank you, Mr. Springrove.

SPRINGROVE
Perhaps we might walk together?

He gestures the way.

CYTHEREA
Yes... of course.

27 EXT. OUTSIDE CRESTON TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

27

They exit the station and stand outside of it.

SPRINGROVE
I'm sorry. It seems I may have
mistook the trains.

CYTHEREA
Owen will stay overnight and catch
the morning train down, I assume.

SPRINGROVE
Can I at least walk you to your
lodgings?

Cytherea a little more cautious around him now.

CYTHEREA
Really, its just round the corner.

She looks at a crestfallen Springrove.

CYTHEREA
Our landlady...

SPRINGROVE
Of course. Then, perhaps I can see
you again, sometime.... I'd hate to
think that you would forget me.

CYTHEREA

I can't imagine that. Thank you
once again, Mr. Springrove... Good
night.

SPRINGROVE

Good night.

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

28

Springrove follows Cytherea discretely at a distance, and
stands underneath a nearby doorway.

Springrove watches her safely back home, as she goes inside
the house, and a light appearing upstairs in the window.

SPRINGROVE

(Sotto voce.)

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

(Then, more jokingly.)

But I DON'T have any HOPE at all...
so prudence indeed, wouldn't bother
smothering it!

He smiles ruefully to himself, then turns and walks away.

29 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

Cytherea finishes her breakfast as Owen enters the room.

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

Yes. Thank you for sending him. But
why were you struck lame?

OWEN

I don't know... Overexertion
perhaps? It's gone again now
anyway.

CYTHEREA

But you found somewhere safe to
spend the night?

OWEN

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

Owen yawns.

CYTHEREA

You didn't get much sleep then?

OWEN

To tell you the truth, I did not. I was sleeping on the floor of the chap's bedroom where he made me up a pallet bed. He kept muttering a woman's name over and over again in his sleep.

CYTHEREA

What name?

OWEN

Cytherea.

CYTHEREA

My name? But why?

Owen shrugs.

OWEN

Who knows. It's a lovely morning. Shall we go take a walk along the beach?

30

EXT. CRESTON/BEACH - DAY

30

Cytherea and Owen walk along the beach arm-in-arm.

CYTHEREA

So DID you ever get the story out of him? The old railway guard?

OWEN

It turns out that he used to own a pub some time ago. One day he overheard a conversation between two women...

He pauses.

OWEN

A servant and an older, wealthier woman who introduced herself at first as Jane Taylor.

CYTHEREA

Where was this?

OWEN

Somewhere hereabouts he said. But, when the serving girl said that a certain man of their acquaintance had died, the older woman fell into a swoon.

CYTHEREA

This servant was Cytherea, then?

OWEN

No. The innkeeper rushed over to help the older woman and, in so doing, asked her her name again...

OWEN

To which she replied 'Cytherea...' Hardly a name you could forget.

CYTHEREA

What happened next?

OWEN

When she came round again, she gave the man money not to say anything about her being there, and to keep her name a secret. Then both she and the serving girl left.

CYTHEREA

You don't think...

By now they are at the water's edge and Owen bends down, and begins to take off his shoes.

OWEN

Let's paddle!

Cytherea smiles and starts to remove her own shoes too.

31

INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

31

Cytherea sits at the table, takes off her gloves as Owen sits near the fire.

CYTHEREA

Did you recognise anything else in connection with your story?

OWEN

Such as?

CYTHEREA

You remember what poor papa once told me?

OWEN

That Cytherea was the name of his
first true love?...

CYTHEREA

I'll bet it was the same woman!

OWEN

That seems...unlikely.

CYTHEREA

How so?... You said so yourself, it
is an unusual name...

OWEN

I guess we'll never know.

He abruptly changes the subject.

OWEN

Any response to your advertisement
as yet?

CYTHEREA

I'm afraid not... perhaps I should
try again?

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

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

"Nursery governess or Companion.
Young person wishes to hear of a
situation in either capacity.
Salary requirements modest.
Excellent needlewoman. Address: C.,
care of 3, Cross Street, Creston."

CYTHEREA

Would you like to come with me
while I post it?

Owen smiles.

OWEN

Why not? I am in need of another
walk.

32 EXT. CRESTON PROMENADE - EVENING

32

Cytherea and Owen walk and chat together, as they see
Springrove coming toward them.

He smiles, tips his hat and mimes 'How do you do?'.
They respond likewise and Springrove walks on.

However, a few moments later, they are startled by his sudden re-appearance again.

SPRINGROVE

I don't know if you two are interested, but there's a decent little boat hire, down here. I was wondering if you would care to join me for a QUICK pull across the bay.

Cytherea looks up at Owen in pleased surprise.

CYTHEREA

Oh yes, Owen.... Can we?

OWEN

We're in!

33 EXT. CRESTON PIER - EVENING

33

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

Springrove jumps in first and gives his hand to Cytherea.

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

Cytherea, blushes and looks away from him, as Owen also gets in to the boat and the OWNER unfastens the painter.

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

34 EXT. CRESTON - PIER AND BAY - MONTAGE

34

Various clips of the three of them as they wear different outfits, and embark on various rowing trips together.

35 EXT. CRESTON - PIER - EVENING

35

The three approach the boats once more, and Owen points to the kayaks.

OWEN

I want to try one of those.

SPRINGROVE

Then Cytherea and I will take a rowing boat.

Springrove gazes with fondness at Cytherea, who, full of smiles, blushes prettily as he helps her down into the boat.

They then pull away, after Owen.

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

36

The Grays finish their breakfast.

Owen wipes his mouth, and arises, getting his coat.

OWEN

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

Cytherea smiles.

CYTHEREA

Of course.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

He mentioned it yesterday.

Owen fetches his umbrella and hat.

OWEN

Have a good day then.

He kisses her on the top of her head as he departs.

37 MONTAGE

37

The day goes by slowly as Cytherea clears the pots; washes
and dresses.

She sweeps the floor; makes and eats lunch by herself.

Then washes some laundry then sits by the window and darns an
old sock of Owen's with a sigh.

Cytherea looks up. It is half past five.

Springrove walks jauntily past her window on his way back
from work, but seemingly does not look at her.

Cytherea cranes for sight of him as he walks down the street.

Then, suddenly, runs, gets her coat and hat, and dives down
the stairs. Following after him.

38 EXT. CRESTON - STREET AND PIER - DAY

38

Cytherea hurries, and half stumbles, to catch up with
Springrove, while holding on to her hat.

She suddenly bumps into somebody unexpectedly.

She looks up to discover that it is, indeed, Springrove who has now turned round and is heading, embarrassed, back toward her lodgings.

Cytherea blushes and looks down in embarrassment.

SPRINGROVE

Miss Graye!

There is an awkward pause between them.

SPRINGROVE

I...wondered if you might be
interested in...rowing with me?

Cytherea smiles.

SPRINGROVE

Let us 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.

Springrove takes her hand to gaze into her eyes.

SPRINGROVE

(Softly.)
Shall we?

Cytherea nods and Springrove pays, helps her down into a boat.

Springrove gives Cytherea the tiller and settles himself opposite her, so that he can look into her eyes, as they pull away gently into the water.

39

EXT. CRESTON BAY - EVENING

39

Springrove rows them out toward Laystead bay.

He gazes at Cytherea and she looks at him, then shyly looks away again.

They chat a little as they row out toward the nearby cliffs.

Then fall silent, as they approach the still water of the bay itself.

The water, though twenty feet deep, still a beautiful transparent blue with weeds and rocks clearly visible on the bottom.

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

He takes her hand, then as she turns to look up at him.

SPRINGROVE

(Whispers.)

May I?

He kisses her lightly at first and then more passionately as she kisses him back.

They sit for a while as Edward puts his arm around her.

SPRINGROVE

I love you, Cytherea... And I will tell your brother of my love. So that he will know that while I am in London I am working only to be worthy of you.

Cytherea smiles and nods at this.

Edward, however, pauses. A little pained.

SPRINGROVE

There is just one small impediment to our happiness...

Cytherea looks back at him alarmed.

SPRINGROVE

(Then quickly.)

... Nay... impediment is perhaps too strong a word for it. Nevertheless, there is something that I must resolve before you and I can be together.

Cytherea takes her hand slowly away from him.

CYTHEREA

You cannot tell me what it is?

SPRINGROVE

Not now. But do not alarm yourself, my love. I will meet with Owen at the train station and explain all.

Cytherea puts more distance between herself and Edward.

EDWARD

Is something the matter?

CYTHEREA

I think maybe we should head back.

Edward slightly confused.

EDWARD

As you wish...

Edward reseats himself and rows again toward shore.

Cytherea left a little apprehensive by his words.

40 EXT. CRESTON STREET - EVENING 40

Springgrove walks Cytherea back to her lodgings and holds her hand.

He bends to kiss her. Then strokes her cheek lovingly, gazing into her eyes.

SPRINGGROVE
Until my return, then?

Cytherea lets herself quietly into the house, as Springgrove walks off to meet her brother at the station.

41 EXT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - DOORWAY AND STREET - EVENING 41

Cytherea stands for a moment, in the doorway, in an agony of apprehension, then turns back, and follows Springgrove back down the promenade toward the station.

She stands a little way off, and watches from behind a lamppost, as he sits on a nearby bench waiting for Owen.

Springgrove then gets up restlessly and starts to pace.

Cytherea returns to her lodgings for fear of being seen.

42 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - CYTHEREA'S BEDROOM - EVENING 42

Cytherea lies asleep in bed, with a candle burning, as Owen steals into her room, and bends to kiss her on the cheek.

Cytherea sits up and suddenly exclaims.

CYTHEREA
He's gone!

OWEN
Not yet: early tomorrow. But he has told me all... You should have TOLD me, Cythy!

CYTHEREA
What exactly has he told you?

OWEN
Of your love for each other, of course. From beginning to end.

CYTHEREA
But nothing else...?

Owen looks at her confused. She seems... disappointed.

OWEN

What do you mean?

CYTHEREA

Nothing!... It does not matter.

Pause.

CYTHEREA

I have been thinking... I am going to advertise for employment again.

Owen takes off his coat.

OWEN

We tried that, Cythy. It's no use.

She hands him a new advert which is on her bedside table.

CYTHEREA

This one will be!

Owen reads it slowly to himself.

OWEN

A lady's maid!... No, Cythy!.
Imagine the disgrace! Our father
was an architect, you have been
educated...

CYTHEREA

... But am bereft of income, Owen!
I cannot rely upon other people. I
need to make my own way in the
world.

Owen still not entirely convinced.

CYTHEREA

... I am quite determined on this!

Owen smiles.

OWEN

So, I see...

He leans over to kiss her goodnight.

OWEN

Well, goodnight then!

CYTHEREA

Night, Owen.

And, with that he goes out.

43 INT. CRESTON - HOTEL - DAY

43

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

She sits herself on the stand chair against the wall, as the self-important WAITING GIRL turns to go

MAID

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

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

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

MAID (V.O.)

Shall I call her in NOW, Madam?

MISS ALDCLYFFE (V.O.)

(Commanding RP.)

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

Cytherea hears the girl's footsteps recede into the distance, then hears Miss Aldclyffe walk up and down a few times.

Cytherea waits, expectantly.

44 INT. HOTEL- ROOM - DAY

44

MISS ALDCLYFFE sits at a table where there is another stand chair, nearby. She is tall, slim and dark.

She is around mid-forties, but still very handsome, and wears a brown silk gown, lace shawl, and bonnet decorated with a few small cornflowers.

Eventually she calls through to Cytherea.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

You can come in now, girl!

Cytherea opens the interconnecting door and steps through.

Cytherea smiles and nods at Miss Aldclyffe.

Miss Aldclyffe, however, does not smile back.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

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 at a little distance.

CYTHEREA

I lived at home, madam. I have never been a servant before.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Then why did you advertise with such assurance?. It misleads people.

CYTHEREA

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE

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

CYTHEREA

I have no family but my brother, Madam.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Ugh... You deserve forgiveness for that, at any rate.

Miss Aldclyffe studies Cytherea's face.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Are you a good needlewoman?

CYTHEREA

I am considered to be, yes.

Miss Aldclyffe stands up.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

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 further details.

Then as Cytherea still hovers indecisively in the room.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Good day!

Cytherea departs, still pondering whether or not she has done the right thing.

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

There is a LIVERIED COACHMAN and a pony carriage at a little distance.

The liveried servant drinks from a hip flask which he puts down when he sees her. Then gets down to pick up her cases and put them in the carriage.

He is definitely a little inebriated.

COACHMAN
You Miss Graye?

CYTHEREA
Yes.

COACHMAN
Hello, then. Up ya get!

He helps her into the chaise and drives off.

46 INT./EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY

46

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

SPRINGROVE (V.O.)
Your Edward thinks of you every day, my love. My getting on in my profession is solely for you. I also think that I see the way to solving the impediment which I talked of. More news on this, soon...

The Coachman interrupts her train of thought.

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

Cytherea quickly puts the letter away again.

CYTHEREA
Not exactly.

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

CYTHEREA
Is that the house?

COACHMAN
Oh, no, Miss! That be the old manor house! Nobody lives there anymore. Listen...

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

But also the noisy intermittent 'creak, souse, creak' of the old water pump.

COACHMAN

Those noises be enough to drive anyone mad.

He restarts the horse again and drives on still talking.

COACHMAN

That noise that you can hear is the old water pump Mr. Aldclyffe installed when he first got married.

CYTHEREA

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

COACHMAN

The master is too old now to take an interest. He's dyin' and then the mistress will take over and the whole house will be turned upside down.

CYTHEREA

You mean she will marry?

The coachman laughs.

COACHMAN

Not she... Too difficult!

Cytherea slightly worried by this.

CYTHEREA

Difficult, how, exactly?

COACHMAN

You'll know soon enough. She's had seven ladies' maids this twelve month. She screams at them, and they leave the next day...

He looks Cytherea up and down.

COACHMAN

'Tis hoped you'll please in dressen' her tonight.

CYTHEREA

What's tonight?

COACHMAN

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

He points to the neoclassical house up ahead

COACHMAN

See, Miss. That is Knapwater House!

Cytherea looks up at the house, which sits on terraced lawns, behind a large 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

I'm Mrs. Morris, the housekeeper...
Mrs. Graye, I believe?

Cytherea starts to speak.

CYTHEREA

Oh, I'm not marr...

She sees the Housekeeper's expression stops herself short.

CYTHEREA

Of course... Hello, Mrs. Morris.

47 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - SERVANTS WING / CORRIDOR - DAY 47

Cytherea carries her coat and hat as they walk along.

They see Miss Aldclyffe's carriage arrive, through a nearby window as they walk past.

CYTHEREA

Mrs Morris, whose are the sheep in
the park that I saw labelled E.S.?

MRS. MORRIS

Those belong to Farmer Springrove.
He recommended you to me when he
came through the other day. He's a
cider maker and keeps the Three
Tranthers' Inn near here.

CYTHEREA

Springrove...?

Cytherea looks thoughtful at this.

They walk on and a bell sounds.

MRS. MORRIS

That is Miss Aldclyffe's bell.

Cytherea does not move.

MRS. MORRIS
Well, go ON, then!. Why are you
still standing there?

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

MRS. MORRIS
Through the door ahead up the
stairs... Third door on the left!

Cytherea hurries away.

CYTHEREA
(Reminding herself.)
Now I must run when I am called.

48 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - MRS. ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM

48

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

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

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

Cytherea smiles and nods.

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

Finally, she looks up.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Goods grief, girl! That won't do at
all!... I look like an old dressed
doll!

Cytherea confused.

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

Miss Aldclyffe's hair is arranged beautifully, with flowers
inserted, appropriately but still she is not happy.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
No! No!... Far too late, for that
now!... My tiara! My tiara!

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

Cytherea hurries to get it and puts it on Miss Aldclyffe.

Miss Aldclyffe stares, sourly at her reflection in the mirror and puts on her evening gloves, then arises, and snatches up her fan and reticule.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
You may have a little dinner, then
hold yourself ready for undressing
me upon my return...

Then, from the doorway as she departs:

MISS ALDCLYFFE
You have made a poor opening show,
here, Ms Graye! Very poor indeed!

Cytherea sinks down, desolately upon the dressing stool.

49

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

49

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Bottom drawer of the chest of
drawers!

Cytherea steps in to the bedroom with these articles.

Miss Aldclyffe looks at a photo in a locket around her neck, which she then closes.

Cytherea goes to help her and Miss Aldclyffe scolds her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
I wear this always. Never take it
off!

However, then, seemingly feeling guilty as she sees Cytherea's hurt expression she continues.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
(Condescending.)
You may look at it. If you like...

Cytherea leans forward and looks into the locket. Startled to see within it a picture of her own father, when he was younger.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
It is a handsome face, is it not?

CYTHEREA
 (Covering quickly.)
 It is, Madam. And also a familiar
 one.

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 I lost him through surfeit of
 honesty about a small mistake I
 made in my youth...

Then, as Cytherea continues to stare at her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 Why do you stare so? Your face
 unsettles me. I don't usually
 confide in young gels!

Cytherea quickly looks away from her again.

Miss Aldclyffe sits down as Cytherea takes up a dressing
 gown, from a clotheshorse, ready to put it on her.

CYTHEREA
 Sorry Madam.

Miss Aldclyffe mutters to herself.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 My hair was a complete mess, this
 evening... I should never have
 taken you on without references. I
 have been deceived, as a
 consequence.

CYTHEREA
 I did NOT deceive you, Madam.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 You told an untruth about your
 experience. LIES, I say!

Cytherea opens her mouth to speak.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 You dare to contradict me?

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

Miss Aldclyffe shoots to her feet and raises her hand to
 Cytherea.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 I'LL show YOU I am a LADY!

Cytherea incensed by this bullying cries out.

CYTHEREA

Go ahead! Strike me! If you dare!

Miss Aldclyffe, confused, quickly drops her hand.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I wasn't GOING to strike you! Go to your room! Leave me at once!

Miss Aldclyffe sits down and puts up her hand to her brow.

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Halt!

Miss Aldclyffe looks up at Cytherea again, as her face comes closer, in the candlelight.

Suddenly she starts.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Graye!...Graye, you say?... You spell your name with an 'E'?

CYTHEREA

Yes, Madam.

Miss Aldclyffe looks at her more closely now.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

And what was your father's trade?

CYTHEREA

My father's PROFESSION was that of architect.

Miss Aldclyffe nervously pours herself a stiff whiskey from a decanter, nearby. She drains it quickly.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

And....your first name?

Cytherea hesitates here.

CYTHEREA

Cy...Cytherea, madam.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

You recognized the face in that locket then?

Cytherea looks away from her evasively at this.

CYTHEREA

With your permission I will leave
this house, tomorrow. Good night.

Cytherea leaves and Miss Aldclyffe pours herself another whiskey, with shaking hand, somewhat traumatised by this turn of events.

50 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - CYTHEREA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

50

Cytherea has the candle lit, and tries to sleep, when she hears a loud scratching at her door.

She sits bolt upright in the darkened room.

The scratching comes again and this time a whispered voice.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Cytherea!...Cytherea, my dear.
Please, open the door.

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

Miss Aldclyffe stands there, a thin shawl around her, and shivers.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I've come to apologise.

She is a little drunk, but seems penitent enough.

Cytherea feels sorry for her.

CYTHEREA

You look cold.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

May I join you in your bed?

Cytherea is reluctant, but gets back into her own bed as Miss Aldclyffe joins her on the other side.

She pulls Cytherea close, into the crook of her shoulder.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

You MUST forgive a rude, ill-
tempered, and lonely old lady...
Shall I go?

Cytherea a little uncomfortable here.

CYTHEREA

You needn't if you don't want to.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Kiss me to show that I am forgiven.

Cytherea reluctantly complies, and kisses her on the cheek.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I can't help loving you... You look so like him... And well, you know, you have my name!...

Miss Aldclyffe snuggles in closer beside her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Do you have a sweetheart?... ALL girls your age do.

Cytherea answers reluctantly.

CYTHEREA

Edward. A property surveyor.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Well, don't go trusting him. Men are all alike. They'll kiss you, like they have kissed others, then leave you when they've had their fill.

CYTHEREA

Edward is not like that!

MISS ALDCLYFFE

All men are, my dear. I've had hard experience of this. You will have to learn the hard way.

CYTHEREA

(Distressed.)

That is a cruel thing to say. I, I don't want to be your maid anymore!

She sits up and shifts away from Miss Aldclyffe who suddenly seems repentant.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Stay! Stay, little one!... I am only trying to protect you.

She takes Cytherea's hand.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I feel as if I was your Mama... I almost was... Or could have been at any rate. If you do not wish to be my maid, you must stay on as my companion.

Cytherea looks unsure about this.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Paid, of course. On an extra
quarter of your current salary.
What do you say?

CYTHEREA

I'll... I'll think about it. But,
please do not press me for an
answer tonight.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I won't. Now kiss your Mama for
otherwise she won't sleep.

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

Miss Aldclyffe sighs, then turns away and lies down.

Cytherea lies awake as Miss Aldclyffe beside her gently
snores.

However, after a while, she hears a strange rattling, animal
sound coming from a distance inside the old house.

The sound eventually dies away, but Cytherea lies awake for a
while, and listens for it in the gloom.

51

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - MORNING ROOM - DAY

51

Cytherea sits at the round table laid for breakfast as, in
the background, the housekeeper instructs a MAID as to the
proper laying of the dishes for the buffet.

Cytherea pours herself tea, as Mrs Morris walks over to her.

MRS. MORRIS

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

Cytherea puts down her cup of tea.

CYTHEREA

I am sorry to hear that.

MRS. MORRIS

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

CYTHEREA

Yes, yes.... Of course.

MRS. MORRIS
Please, help yourself to breakfast.

She gestures.

MRS. MORRIS
Madam also asks that you will
continue the embroidery in her work
box, in the drawing room. I've lit
a fire for you in there.

CYTHEREA
Thank you.

The housekeeper and maid both exit, and leave Cytherea to her
thoughts.

CYTHEREA
(Sotto voce.)
I heard him.... I heard the old man
dying in the night.

The thought makes her shudder as she looks out of the window
at the gardens outside.

52 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - GARDENS - DAY

52

Cytherea and Miss Aldclyffe slowly walk along the gravel
path, as Cytherea holds Miss Aldclyffe's small dog on a lead.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
... I don't know what I would have
done without you these last few
weeks. The loss of my father was
bad enough, but the funeral would
have had me tearing my hair out...

She looks meaningfully at Cytherea.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
If I had been left to myself...

Cytherea smiles and they walk on.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
I am now thinking, that if I have
to take over the running of the
estate, I may have some building
works done.... Your brother is an
architect in training, is he not?

CYTHEREA
Yes Madam, he works nearby...

MISS ALDCLYFFE
... Do call me Miss Aldclyffe!
You're not my ladies' maid now.

CYTHEREA
Yes, Miss Aldclyffe.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
And I shall call you Cytherea... It
is my own name, after all.

They walk on a little further, the wind causing Cytherea to
clutch on to her hat.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Your sweetheart an architect too,
didn't you say?

CYTHEREA
He does drawings, Miss Aldclyffe,
for bridges and buildings. But,
actually he is a surveyor.

Miss Aldclyffe smiles mischievously at Cytherea.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
You needn't play coy with me. I
have discovered who he is, you
know.

Cytherea a little surprised at this.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Edward Springrove. The son of the
landlord at the Three Tranter's
Inn. That is why his father
recommended you to me, is it not?

CYTHEREA
I...I don't know.

Miss Aldclyffe's expression changes here.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
You do know that Edward is engaged,
don't you?

They pass a nearby bench and Cytherea, who has gone pale, and
looks horrified, sinks down onto it.

CYTHEREA
No. I did not know that.

Mrs Aldclyffe turns to look at her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Although, I'm sure that such a
match can be broken off.

CYTHEREA
Oh no! Never! Not on my account!

Cytherea looks up at Miss Aldclyffe, as she wipes away tears.

CYTHEREA

To whom is he engaged?

Miss Aldclyffe sits down to commiserate with Cytherea.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

There, there. It is not your fault, child. You were too easily won, that's all! You should have made him declare himself before you let him kiss that pretty face of yours.

Then suddenly, more brightly:

MISS ALDCLYFFE

No matter. You stay out here and compose yourself. Then perhaps later you can go and collect our Ladies' Club subscriptions from Adelaide Hinton down in the valley. Mrs Morris will give you the address.

Cytherea nods sadly and hands the dog's lead to Miss Aldclyffe.

53

INT. ADELAIDE HINTON'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

53

ADELAIDE HINTON, about twenty-nine years of age, is rather pale and tall, but very self-possessed in manner, as she ushers Cytherea into her small drawing room.

The room itself is small, but genteel, and full of drawings, plants and books, a small fire burns in the grate.

Adelaide ushers Cytherea to an arm chair by the fire.

ADELAIDE

I'm so glad that you called. Come in! Come in!! 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 a house so far out of the village?

CYTHEREA

Not at all... Better than living in a town, I expect.

ADELAIDE

Indeed, and if there are any toads
that need removing, or similarly
'rustic jobs', Jane, my maid can do
it for me.

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

She hands the envelope to Cytherea and sits down again.

ADELAIDE

There you go. Miss Aldclyffe's
subscription.

CYTHEREA

Thank you, and I do so admire the
flowers in your garden!

ADELAIDE

Mr Springrove at the Tranters tends
them for me.

Adelaide sees her puzzled look at this.

ADELAIDE

I am engaged to be married to his
son, you know.

Cytherea pales and rearranges her bonnet, trying to hide
behind her sleeves, as Adelaide rearranges a pile of books
upon the table in front of her.

CYTHEREA

(Affecting disinterest)

You are to be married soon then?

ADELAIDE

Oh yes. In a couple of months, I
daresay.

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

She hands it to Cytherea to look at.

ADELAIDE

Isn't he handsome? Edward is my
cousin. I am most dreadfully fond
of him. Although, I do have to tell
him off sometimes though.

She leans in closer to Cytherea confiding.

ADELAIDE

I did hear that some giddy young
thing in Creston took a shine to
him for a couple of days.

Cytherea grips the photograph and tries not to cry.

ADELAIDE

He took her out rowing for an evening or two, but I am sure she read much more into it than was ever really there.

Cytherea mortified at this.

ADELAIDE

You know the type. Ready to fall in love with anyone, at the slightest hint of kindness.

CYTHEREA

(To herself.)

Indeed. I know them well...

Cytherea shoots to her feet, and quickly gathers her things.

CYTHEREA

I... I am afraid I must go.

Cytherea offers Adelaide back her photograph.

Adelaide disappointed but polite.

ADELAIDE

Already...? So soon?

CYTHEREA

I have MORE errands to run before I can go back to the house.

ADELAIDE

Well, it was nice meeting you. Here, let me show you out.

She places the photograph back on the desk and they move toward the door.

Cytherea heartsick but trying her best not to cry.

54

EXT. THE THREE TRANTERS INN / FIELD OUTSIDE - DAY

54

Farmer Springrove, accompanied by a SMALL PEASANT, stands, giving instructions to FOUR MEN who walk the handles of a cider press, turning it round to produce cider.

He sees Cytherea approach up a lane and wipes his face and hands quickly on a large handkerchief and then his apron. Then hurries down to meet her, the small peasant in tow.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

I know your errand... 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

They do!

Cytherea smiles and nods while the other rustics slow their circling to stare agape at her prettiness.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

I were 'opin' that my son, Edward, could get away from 'is work, and come and help, but 'e couldn't get away from his surveyin'. But 'e'll be by to visit in a day or two.

PEASANT

No work for 'im 'ere ! Bless'im.

Farmer Springrove corrects him on this.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

There was a job going. With your employer, Miss Aldclyffe, in fact, but she as taken on a man, I'm tole.

PEASANT

A genulman in fact!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

He looks over to the apple grinders

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Go ON, lads!

The grinders restart, in a desultory fashion whilst still staring, all the while, at Cytherea.

CYTHEREA

He is engaged to be married then?

It starts to rain, a little.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Aye, to 'is cousin. They's been
betrothed since they was babbies!

PEASANT

But 'e don't seem 'alf as fond of
'er, as 'e was these days.

Farmer Springrove elbows him in the ribs at this.

PEASANT

.... Ow!

Farmer Springrove scrabbles around in his pocket and hands
over some coins.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

... For me subscription, Miss...
And if ya'd walk this way, now and
then, for a draft of cider, you'd
make an old man very happy.

PEASANT

Thou art a flower Miss... A flower!

The peasant nods his head.

Cytherea smiles and shakes Farmer Springrove's hand as she
opens up her umbrella.

CYTHEREA

Thank you, Farmer Springrove, for
your kind offer.

She hesitates a little and then.

CYTHEREA

Give my regards to your son.

She walks away, eyes closed against the rain, as if in pain.

55

EXT. KNAPWATER ESTATE - WOODS NEAR OLD HOUSE - DAY

55

Cytherea walks 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 spatters quietly, and in the stillness, Cytherea can
hear the creak and groan of the old water pump, and above
that the roar of the waterfall.

Cytherea sees a YOUNG MAN come out onto the terrace 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 not afraid of the storm?

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

She smiles, briefly at him and continues on walking.

He looks at her for a moment, then joins her, stepping from the Old House's lawn into the track which she is on.

CYTHEREA

I'm, I'm fine, thank you.

MANSTON

I suspect you are Miss Aldclyffe's companion... are you not?... I am Mr Manston, her new steward.

CYTHEREA

Oh, hel...

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

Manston grabs her hand and runs with her across the lawn.

MANSTON

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.

Manston laughs, easily.

MANSTON

Apologies for the lack of ceremony.... But, now that I have got you, I can give you my subscription, for Miss Aldclyffe.

He hands her some money and 'accidentally' strokes her fingers in so doing.

The wind and rain gusts into the porch and Cytherea's skirts begin to get wet.

MANSTON

Look... Why don't you come in for a moment, out of the rain?

He sees her dubious glance.

MANSTON

There is an old woman in the kitchen, supposed to be sorting the chattels out... I might even get some tea soon, if I am lucky.

Cytherea looks around at her surroundings.

CYTHEREA

I've never been into this house before.

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

MANSTON

Then I must show you the new parlour Miss Aldclyffe had made for me, and the organ inside which I created.

He pushes open the front door and gestures for her to go inside which she does.

56 INT. OLD HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY

56

Cytherea walks in to the parlour accompanied by Manston.

CYTHEREA

You have made an organ...yourself?

MANSTON

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

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

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

While he plays the storm rages outside and Cytherea looks out at the sky and occasionally up at the player.

She is clearly greatly moved by the Bach piece; gently swaying her head to it in time.

Eventually the storm outside stops and Manston finishes playing.

He turns to her as she snaps out of her listening demeanour.

MANSTON

You like music, then? Do you play
the piano yourself?

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

CYTHEREA

Yes....and I liked that very much.

MANSTON

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

CYTHEREA

Honestly there is no need.

MR MANSTON

I insist.

CYTHEREA

(Looks outside.)

Although, now I really must go.

She gets up, and Manston jumps up after her.

MANSTON

May I at least accompany you home?

CYTHEREA

Really that's not necessary. Thank
you, but I'm fine...

She hurries away and he follows her to the door.

57

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

57

Cytherea writes letters at a round table.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

Mr Manston, I find that I cannot
meet you tonight, by the waterfall
after all. The emotion that I felt
made me forgetful of realities. My
apologies. C. Graye.

She hesitates and looks out of the window a moment. Before
picking up her pen to write again.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

Dear Edward...

A letter which she quickly hides away as Miss Aldclyffe comes into the room.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Why were you so late, today, child?

CYTHEREA
I sheltered from the storm at the
Old Manor House.

Miss Aldclyffe frowns a little at this.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
I did not send you there.

CYTHEREA
No, but Mr. Manston came out of it,
and dragged me in out of the storm.

Miss Aldclyffe stops fanning and looks delighted at this.

CYTHEREA
He played me a lovely piece of Bach
organ music.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Did he say anything about ME,
child?

CYTHEREA
No.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
About himself and his origins then?

CYTHEREA
Only that they were somewhat
troubled.

Miss Aldclyffe stands.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Troubled?...Hummm...

She turns absentmindedly and walks out of the room.

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

Manston talks business with Miss Aldclyffe, in the drawing room at Knapwater, whilst looking over continually at Cytherea, who is a little irritated by his attentions.

Miss Aldclyffe and Cytherea come across Manston in the gardens and he talks with them both, whilst looking intently at Cytherea, who notices it, and so looks away.

Manston sits next to Cytherea and Miss Aldclyffe in church.

When Miss Aldclyffe sails out of the pew, at the end of the service, Manston offers his arm to Cytherea, who, somewhat reluctantly accepts.

All of the nearby parishioners turn to goggle and stare.

59

EXT. KNAPWATER GROUNDS/ WOODS - DAY

59

Springrove attempts to catch up to Cytherea as she walks back toward Knapwater House.

SPRINGROVE

Cytherea...

She keeps her head down and tries to avoid him.

SPRINGROVE

Miss Graye! Please! Wait!

CYTHEREA

I meant what I said in my letter...

She finally stops, turning to face him now.

CYTHEREA

It was cruel of you to steal that kiss from me.

CYTHEREA

Crueler still to talk of marriage when you knew that you were already engaged.

SPRINGROVE

I can explain...

CYTHEREA

I think it is for the best if we do not see each other again.

He reaches out for her hand to stop her.

SPRINGROVE

Do you really mean that? Some things... That kiss, for example, are not so easily forgotten.

A moment between them here.

Before Cytherea pulls abruptly away from him, and acknowledges the truth of his words.

CYTHEREA

Indeed. Sometimes, I wish they were.

Cytherea then walks calmly away from him.

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/WOODS - EVENING

Manston exits Knapwater House, just as Owen Graye is shown in to the house by the butler. Owen is limping a little.

The two men nod to each other and Manston looks after Owen, incensed, then addresses a gardener working in a nearby flowerbed.

MANSTON

You! Have you seen that man here before?

The man tips his invisible hat.

GARDENER

Oh aye, Zur. E's bin 'ere three, or four times afore to visit Miss Graye.

MANSTON

And does Miss Aldclyffe know about this?

GARDENER

Indeed, Zur.

MANSTON

She does not mind?

GARDENER

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

MANSTON

Her BROTH.....FOOL!

Manston turns abruptly and walks away.

MANSTON

IDIOT!

He walks on across the park and then through the woodlands.

As it gets dark, he stands on a small elevation, a train pulling slowly past him into the cutting, below.

He sees a WOMAN lean on her hand, by a small light, in the carriage window.

Manston frowns to himself, recognising her immediately.

MANSTON

Damn it! It will all come out, now!

Manston quickly then scurries away again.

60

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD - DAY

60

The WOMAN, seen in the carriage, the night before, walks down the long country lane from the railway station in the distance.

The woman hears talking behind her and ducks quickly into a small track on the other side of a hedge from which to eavesdrop on the following conversation.

Owen, still with a slight limp, talks with Cytherea.

CYTHEREA

It is still strange to live with a woman who was once so in love with our father...

She stops for a moment to regard Owen worriedly.

CYTHEREA

Owen, your limp has got worse.

Owen gestures airily.

OWEN

It comes and it goes.

Cytherea continues her conversation.

CYTHEREA

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

Owen shrugs.

CYTHEREA

And there is definitely something odd about her relationship with Manston.

The woman on the other side of the hedge perks up at the mention of Manston's name, paying even more attention now.

CYTHEREA

Something altogether too close and familiar between them.

OWEN

(Half joking.)

Perhaps she is in love with him? Maybe that's why she employed him...

Cytherea elbows him playfully in the ribs at this.

CYTHEREA

Don't joke. Besides she advertised,
openly for the position, so she
CAN'T have known him, can she?

Owen shrugs.

CYTHEREA

Anyway, she doesn't seem in the
least bit jealous of his attentions
toward me. If anything, she almost
encourages them.

Owen more sympathetic now.

OWEN

Is he pestering you much, Cythy?

The woman on the other side of the hedge continues listening.

CYTHEREA

Not exactly... He just happens to
'be around' an awful lot. Hovering,
in the background, You know?

She points to the woman now who now emerges furtively back
onto the main track, and continues on her way.

CYTHEREA

Do you suppose she came down on the
train from London?

OWEN

(Shrugs.)

I suppose.

61 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - MISS ALDCLYFFE'S ROOM - DAY

61

Miss Aldclyffe enters the door and takes a crumpled letter
out of her pocket.

She then walks over to the window to read it again.

MRS. MANSTON (V.O.)

... Being his lawful wife, I could
publish the fact, notwithstanding
his threats that it would be better
for me to wait.

However, I know that you will
oblige me in making Aenas receive
me into his home.

MRS. MANSTON (V.O.)
 Particularly as I also know of a
 peculiar transaction from your own
 past. One which explains your
 connection to him.

We BOTH suffer from his secrecy,
 and I beg you for your help in this
 matter. The last thing I would want
 would be any publicity or scandal
 attaching either to me, or to
 yourself in this matter.

I must add that my husband knows
 nothing of this letter. Nor need
 he, provided that you aid me in my
 request. Yours truly, Mrs. Manston.

Miss Aldclyffe screws up the letter in distaste, and throws
 it down angrily on to the floor.

62

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/LIBRARY - EVENING

62

Mrs Aldclyffe paces up and down, holding Mrs. Manston's
 letter as Manston comes in, and closes the door behind him.

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

Miss Aldclyffe smiles a small, sarcastic smile.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 I see you recognize the handwriting
 then?

Manston keeps calm and shrugs.

MANSTON
 My wife's, I would assume?

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 The same wife that you neglected to
 inform me of when you applied for
 this position?

Manston shrugs again at this.

MANSTON
 A youthful dalliance. An American
 actress working on the stage... I
 had tired of her long before ever I
 applied for this position.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

This will not DO, Aenas! If she is truly your wife, then you must live with her in good conscience, by all the laws of Christianity and common decency... What is this unfortunate woman's name?

Manston grimaces in distaste.

MANSTON

Eunice.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Then write to Eunice at once, and tell her that you will receive her here, at Knapwater, as your wife. This thing must be righted... before gossip rages out of control. You are not the only one whose reputation here is at stake.

Manston nods, sullenly at this.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Write it, now, and I will have it sent over by one of the stable boys to the sorting office at Creston.

She indicates the desk and pen and watches him.

Manston sits down grudgingly to write.

Then hands the missive to Miss Aldclyffe who takes it from him, sourly, and rings the bell.

63 INT. MANSTON'S DINING ROOM - DAY

63

Manston sits at the table eating his breakfast as his HOUSEKEEPER talks to him.

HOUSEKEEPER

I bin thinkin' abaat what ya said abaat being away at that land agent's for the Missus next week... If yer not back till next Monday'ow yer going to go up to Lunnon to collect that new wife o' yours?

MANSTON

I had almost forgot!... I will meet her at the station at Carriford, when she arrives instead!

HOUSEKEEPER

We're all dyin' to meet her...

The Housekeeper looks at him darkly as she continues.

HOUSEKEEPER
Seein' as 'ow you never menshuned
yer were married at all.

The Housekeeper continues looking at Manston as he gets up to fetch paper and pen.

MR MANSTON
Did I not?

The housekeeper watches him with hands on hips.

MR MANSTON
I will write her a letter now. That
will be all.

She huffily clears his tray away.

HOUSEKEEPER
(Muttered. Under breath.)
Yer welcome.

Manston, however is oblivious to this.

He looks up from his writing, depressed, and sighs.

MANSTON
(Sotto voce.)
Farewell forever then, my sweet
Cytherea!

64 EXT. KNAPWATER ESTATE - CARPENTER'S YARD - DAY

64

Manston strides into the yard, where there is a CARPENTER and his TWO APPRENTICES sort planks of wood.

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

He looks up at Manston's approach and motions the two lads to take their planks into the workshop which they do.

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

MANSTON
Um....

CARPENTER
Whoi didn't she a come wi' ye
afore, Zur? If you don' min' me
askin.

MANSTON

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

CARPENTER

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

MANSTON

Yes, fine. Now, um, have you got that waney ash that I wanted.

The carpenter half turns back towards the workshop.

CARPENTER

It be in 'ere, Zur!

He sets off, followed by Manston.

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

65

Manston eats his breakfast, as he talks with his housekeeper who unloads the tea tray and arranges the table for him.

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 til later this evening. I shall be back from Chettlewood by then.

HOUSEKEEPER

Umph!

And, with that, she goes out.

66 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - DAY

66

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

He glances upward at the window belonging to Cytherea.

A look of hopeless longing comes upon his face, his breathing heaves and his gig slows to a crawl.

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

67 EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION - EVENING 67

MRS MANSTON, thirty-three years old, and pretty-ish with light brown hair, gets out of the train and looks around her as the train pulls away.

She frowns, fiddles with her umbrella and walks up and down.

She walks to the far end of the platform, sighs and then stares down the platform.

Eventually, she pays a lurking porter.

He takes up her suitcase and they walk out of the station together.

68 EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT 68

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 a crow flies away, calling, in the night air.

The creak, slosh, creak of the pump is heard.

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

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 Mrs Manston, as the wind moans lightly in the trees.

69 INT. THE THREE TRANTERS INN - NIGHT 69

There is a knock at the door and Effie, 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
 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
 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
 This IS a fine welcome!

70

INT. THE THREE TRANTERS INN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

70

Farmer Springrove enters the kitchen where his HOUSEKEEPER is
 tidying and the PORTER is finishing a glass of beer.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
 Still no sign of our Edward, then,
 Stan?

PORTER
 No, I didn't see 'im! Mind you, a
 were taken up wi' that Mrs.
 Manston.

HOUSEKEEPER
 He weren't there...to see 'is own
 wife 'ome!

PORTER

'Ouse were empty!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

PORTER

What... Mr. Manston?

FARMER SPRINGROVE

No!.... Edward!

The porter nods his head in realisation. Of course.

The housekeeper who is wiping down a surface, near the
window, looks out of it into the fields.

HOUSEKEEPER

That couch grass is still burnin',
yunno!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

Stan, the porter, swigs his dregs and departs.

71 EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT

71

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

One of them lands on the piggery's thatch roof.

The roof ignites and we hear the pigs within start to squeal.

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

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

72 EXT. END VILLAGE HIGH STREET - NIGHT - LATER

72

Edward Springrove, returns from the station later that night,
turns on to the Village High Street to find...

Chaos all around!

As, hearing the distressed shouts and squeals from the inn,
the occupants of the high street, emerge onto the road to
gawp, open-mouthed, at the blaze.

The inn now very much on fire.

The RECTOR, Mr Raunham, bursts out of the vicarage, still half dressed in his priestly attire.

SEVERAL MEN appear and then vanish around the back of a house, re-appearing with a pump and ladder device with a hose to try to quell the flames.

The Rector and men then dash down the road to the inn with their rudimentary fire-fighting device as Springrove tries frantically to get their attention.

SPRINGROVE

My father! Has anyone seen my
Father?

The Men shake their head as An OLD MAN runs past them, with blood streaming down his face.

A WOMAN shouts to the Rector as he dashes past.

WOMAN

The bells! Ring the bells!

The Rector dashes back to the nearby church and a cacophony of bells is soon heard, above the pig squeals, shouts of men, shrieks of women, and the crackle of the blaze.

A large chunk of blazing thatch slides off the roof, at one end and onto the floor.

73

EXT. THREE TRANTERS INN - NIGHT

73

The Rector shouts out instructions to the firefighting men about the pump's deployment.

A nearby WOMAN approaches Springrove and gestures to the fire.

WOMAN

Your father ran back in to the
flames!

Edward, appalled by this, makes as if to run in after him.

Just as the firefighting men rush out of the building, carrying the now unconscious Farmer Springrove between them.

The staircase of the inn collapses just behind them as soon they have pulled him clear.

They throw some water onto his face in a bid to rouse him, and he splutters to life and sits up.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

The woman...

SPRINGROVE

(Confused.)

What woman?

FARMER SPRINGROVE

The woman who came down by train...
Mrs Manston. I tried my best to get
to her, but...

He gets up and drunkenly staggers back towards the fire again
such that Edward and the others have to drag him forcibly
away.

The villagers around them empty houses, dragging their
furniture out into the street and nearby church to protect it
from the blaze.

Farmer Springrove slowly collapses down against the church
wall and begins to cry, as he church clock behind him,
strikes midnight in the background.

74

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION - NIGHT

74

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

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 toward the station.

PORTER

I carried the other cases for her
first to yer house and then t'
Three Tranters Inn in Carriford.

A labourer runs up suddenly, out of breath.

LABOURER

The three Tranters is burnt down!
Or at least it soon will be! Be you
Mr. Manston, Sir?

MANSTON

(Bad tempered.)

Yes. Why?

LABOURER

Then lend me a shillin', an I'll
tell thee the rest o' t' news?

MANSTON

I'll do no such thing.

LABOURER

Then I'll tell thee anyway, for
spite... Thy wife is cinder and
ashes... Dead! As thou will be too
one day!

He nods his head, half standing now in front of the gig.

MANSTON

Out of the way, man! Let me past!

Manston flicks the reins of the horse.

The labourer dives out of the way as Manston drives off.

75

EXT. CARRIFORD - OUTSIDE CHURCH - NIGHT

75

The inn is burnt to a pile of cinders with several of the
other nearby houses now badly burnt, as well.

However, the two fire engines are now finally having an
effect; as the fire comes gradually under some sort of
control.

The Rector instructs the VILLAGERS to take their rescued
furniture into the church for safekeeping, which they do.

Just as Manston pulls up outside of the gate.

He jumps down to address the Rector.

MANSTON

Where is she? My wife? Was she in
the fire?

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

RECTOR

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

MANSTON

Dead?!

RECTOR

It must have been instant, the roof
caved in and crushed her.

MANSTON

What was she even doing here?

RECTOR

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

Farmer Springgrove comes slowly over with a blanket around him. He looks traumatised by events.

MANSTON

Farmer Springgrove! How did my wife seem to you 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 tell you how sorry I am for your loss.

Farmer Springgrove sobs, trying to put an arm around Manston who brushes it roughly away.

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

The Rector looks helplessly at the two of them and then shakes his head, slowly, and sadly as what remains of the villagers finally exit the church.

The row of cottages next to the Three Transters now largely burnt to the ground with pumps still spraying water upon the remains of what is left.

The gargoyles on the roof regard the resultant carnage, and headstones in the churchyard gleam eerily, in the moonlight.

76

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

76

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

Edward Springgrove enters with his father.

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE

That poor, poor woman.... Poor Mr Manston, as well!

They walk up the central aisle and Farmer Springgrove pulls his son over to one side away from other people.

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

SPRINGROVE

But, surely the insurance...

Farmer Springgrove pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
 I weren't insured, Ted.... It 'ad
 run out. I was looking round, like!

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE
 Read the lease terms for me, Ted. I
 'aven't got my glasses.

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

Edward quickly reads the paper out loud to himself.

SPRINGROVE
 ... Shall yield up unto the said
 Gerald Aldclyffe, his heirs and
 assignees the inn, and row of said
 houses, and...

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

He looks over pityingly at his father.

SPRINGROVE
 Oh, Father... You are liable for
 the damages!... All of them!

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

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

He looks up as he sees Manston walk towards him.

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

Manston walks slowly past, looks keenly into the eyes of Edward, then stalks off down the main aisle.

SPRINGROVE
 Who is that, Father?

FARMER SPRINGROVE
 The bereaved husband. Mr. Manston.
 Miss Aldclyffe's new steward.

Edward stares at Manston's back, a little uneasy, as we see Manston now a small smile on his face.

77

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

77

Miss Aldclyffe comes down her front steps to meet Manston who has left his gig by the door while he waits by the nearest lawn.

She takes his arm, and then Manston and Miss Aldclyffe pace slowly around the lawns together, on the gravel walk.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I am sorry for your loss, Mr. Manston. Although she seemed from her letters a rather disagreeable sort of a woman. You must be sorry too?

Manston shrugs.

MANSTON

Sorry?... Only as at the death of a fellow human being. Another of god's creatures. She was...not a good woman.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I should be sorry to have to say that about MY late wife after her death!

Manston shrugs again.

MANSTON

I cannot be a hypocrite about it. I mean to court Cytherea now and I wish for you to help me.

Miss Aldclyffe rather shocked and taken aback by this.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

What makes you think that I shall?!

Manston grins, evilly back at her.

MANSTON

Because I know whose offspring I am... MOTHER! You brought me here on purpose to marry me to her, did you not?

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I had hoped to somehow bring about a union between you... yes...

She stops to stare abruptly at him.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

.... But, that was before I learned
you were married!

MANSTON

(Rather coldly.)

Well, now I am not. So, you can
help me. Yes?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Alas, she loves another.

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

MANSTON

Then Edward Springrove must be made
to marry his cousin, the woman to
whom he is already engaged.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

YOU can't force him to marry her.

MANSTON

.... No, but YOU can. Tell him the
girl is a particular friend of
yours and you wish for her marriage
to go ahead...

Miss Aldclyffe makes to interrupt him here.

MR MANSTON

That you are willing to forgive
Farmer Springrove his debt for the
burnt houses... But, only if the
marriage takes place immediately.

Miss Aldclyffe stops and shakes her head.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I can not interfere in Edward
Springrove's affairs.

Manston stares at her.

MANSTON

MY happiness is YOUR affair!
MOTHER! Or should be, if you wish
to avoid a scandal.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Are you...threatening me?

MANSTON

I simply seek to remind you of
where your loyalties lie.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 You know that I would always seek
 to work in your best interests,
 Aenas...

MANSTON
 Your neglect as I was brought up
 elsewhere would make me think
 otherwise...

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 I had to hide the fact of your
 existence from my father!

Manston stops and takes her hand.

MANSTON
 Then tell Edward Springrove what I
 propose. He will rush at the
 opportunity to save his father from
 ruin. Leaving the way clear for me.

Miss Aldclyffe now wavering slightly.

MANSTON
 At least this way you get to keep
 both your reputation and your
 dignity intact.

Miss Aldclyffe looks at him, sadly.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
 I'll do my best for you, Aeneas.

Manston drops her hands and smiles a manipulative smile.

MANSTON
 That is all I ask!

He bows and walks away from Miss Aldclyffe who looks worried.

78

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

78

The MAGISTRATE sits behind his desk on a podium at the
 inquest as a CLERK sits at a smaller desk, below.

A CONSTABLE stands to attention against a wall, nearby as in
 montage we see:

A series of WITNESSES answer questions from the magistrate.

Each witness of a different age, sex and dress, as befits
 their station in life. Some wave their arms and gesticulate.

The magistrate stands up and solemnly announces that:

MAGISTRATE

Mrs. Manston met with death, 'by accident', at The Three Tranters.

The audience all look at each other in pity.

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

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

They all look, pityingly, after him.

79

EXT. CARRIFORD - ROAD - DAY

79

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

Farmer Springrove nods, smiles, sadly, and tries to join Manston in his walk.

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 tha night.

(Then quickly.)

But, my suffering is as nought next to thine own!

MANSTON

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

Farmer Springrove becomes a little more agitated here.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Do you...perhaps know the cost of the replacement houses yet, Mr. Manston?

MANSTON

I'd have thought roughly six, or seven hundred pounds.

Farmer Springrove looks aghast at this.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

As much as that? Do you know if Miss Aldclyffe intends to hold me to it?

MANSTON

I believe she may be rather
peremptory with you, Mr.
Springrove.

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

MANSTON

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

He walks away into the park, leaving Farmer Springrove
distressed and twirling his cap, as he stares down at the
floor.

Farmer Springrove looks up at his son, Edward's, approach.

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 as
much as seven 'undred pounds!!...
We will be ruined, Edward...utterly
ruined!

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

SPRINGROVE

I will go see Miss Aldclyffe,
myself. See what can be done about
the matter.

Edward puts his hand upon his father's shoulder and gives it
a squeeze.

Farmer Springrove sets off back toward the village as a
concerned Edward watches him go.

80

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - WOODS / PARK - DAY

80

Edward frowns as he walks, in the autumnal woods, toward his
meeting with Miss Aldclyffe in the grounds of Knapwater
House.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Tis a sad misfortune for your
father, this fire. I hear that he
has recently let his insurance
slip.

SPRINGROVE

But, surely you won't demand full reparation, madam?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Mr. Springrove, I HAVE given much thought to this. I also have a dear young friend who has grown heart-sick at the delay of your nuptials to her.

SPRINGROVE

What business is this of your...?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Only that, should you hurry to fulfil your promise to your betrothed, I would happily overlook any damage wrought upon my properties by your father.

Springrove aghast at this.

SPRINGROVE

That is outrageous!

MISS ALDCLYFFE

What is? That I should support your poor fiance in her plight? Or that Cytherea, the woman you now have your fickle eye set upon, should be set free to love another, should she so wish?

Edward looks at her, deadly serious now.

SPRINGROVE

Who? Who are you talking about?

Miss Aldclyffe shrugs.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I believe that she harbours some affection toward Manston, my steward.

SPRINGROVE

Nonsense!

MISS ALDCLYFFE

He visits with her often at my house...

SPRINGROVE

That doesn't mean...

MISS ALDCLYFFE

And she spent time alone with him recently, listening to music with him at his home.

Springrove clearly greatly affected by this.

Miss Aldclyffe presses home her advantage.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

She wrote a note expressing her "great emotion" to him afterward.

Miss Aldclyffe leans forward now, ironically sympathizing.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I can share it, if you like? You are staying at your cousin's house now, with your father, are you not?

Edward nods dumbly.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Maybe that way you can decide for yourself.

Miss Aldclyffe stands up and unfurls her parasol.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

However, do remember, my offer only remains open for a short while. Do not test my patience, Mr. Springrove.

With that she stalks away from him, leaving a traumatised Springrove in her wake.

81 INT. ADELAIDE'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

81

Edward comes slowly and sadly into the room, where Adelaide is busy sewing. She stands up and comes toward him.

ADELAIDE

Any news?

Edward takes her hand, and squeezes it.

She pulls her hand away awkwardly.

ADELAIDE

Your father is upstairs worrying...
I'll fetch him and make us some tea.

Then, while Farmer Springrove and his son drink their tea.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
Rebuild ALL of them, Edward?

SPRINGROVE
It seems that we may have to,
Father.

Farmer Springrove mutters darkly to himself.

FARMER SPRINGROVE
We cannot afford that.

A doorbell sounds and Edward gets up to fetch a delivered letter from the front door.

He returns to the sitting room and sleepwalks towards the middle of the room, with the enclosed letter.

Edward opens it up and reads.

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 at it aghast.

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

SPRINGROVE
Father, when you next see Miss
Aldclyffe, tell her I am asking
Adelaide if she will have me this
Christmas.

Adelaide looks a little alarmed at this.

ADELAIDE
So soon?

Springrove glares at her accusingly.

SPRINGROVE
Miss Aldclyffe seems exceedingly
interested in your affairs. Perhaps
this way she will take pity on us!

Farmer Springrove looks up, in surprise, at the bitterness in his son's voice, as Edward himself hurries from the room.

Cytherea knocks and enters timidly.

She goes over to stand by the bed where Miss Aldclyffe stretches and yawns theatrically.

CYTHEREA

You wanted to see me, Miss
Aldclyffe?

Miss Aldclyffe gestures to some correspondence on the table.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I wondered if you had heard the
news. It seems that young Edward
Springrove's wedding is to be
brought forward.

Cytherea reads the note, as Miss Springrove leans forward,
eagerly, from her bed, watching her reaction.

Cytherea tries to conceal her anguish but does not succeed.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Is anything wrong, my child?

83

MONTAGE

83

The seasons change from late November through to May.

The passage of time shown through blossoms... bulbs...
women's clothing, trees regaining their leaves, etc. in the
background behind them as:

Cytherea comes out of church with Miss Aldclyffe and they
meet with Manston on a cold and windy day;

Manston meets on Carriford High Street, with Cytherea, who is
alone;

Manston and Cytherea take tea together, in the drawing room,
with Miss Aldclyffe. (Snow on windows, shawls, roaring fire,
etc.)

Cytherea listens to Manston's organ music, at the Old House
with Miss Aldclyffe. He finishes his recital and the ladies
smile and applaud. A fire burning in the grate, which
gradually gives way to a display of spring bulbs on table;

And finally Cytherea, alone, meets Manston coming the other
way, in Knapwater Park's woodland. He turns and joins her on
her walk and they chat, easily. (Spring: new leaves, sound of
cuckoo, etc. behind them).

Manston beginning in an appropriately sombre and bereaved
mood. His manner toward Cytherea at first merely civil.

However, he becomes progressively more friendly and
deferential toward her, until they talk in a light-hearted
and easy-going manner together at the end.

Manston is friendly, not showing any open signs of courtship toward her, such that Cytherea gradually begins to feel safe in his presence.

84

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - GARDENS / LAKE - DAY

84

Miss Aldclyffe and Cytherea stroll down towards the lake on a beautiful spring day.

They stand by the lakeside and feed some geese and swans which swim toward them.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

These remind me of something else.

CYHEREA

Of what?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Of a human being who comes involuntarily toward yourself.

Cytherea starts and looks closely at Miss Aldclyffe.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I mean Mr. Manston, of course.

CYHEREA

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE

One cannot control who one falls in love with. He is attempting to conceal it, but I can see that he feels deeply for you.

Cytherea looks a little uncomfortable at this.

CYHEREA

I am sure that you are mistaken.

Miss Aldclyffe walks around the lake and Cytherea accompanies her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Am I though?

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

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Compare Mr. Manston's honourable conduct towards you, with that of young Springrove and see who is more worthy of your thoughts.

CYTHEREA

I... I have to get something from
my room.

She turns and hurries away.

Miss Aldclyffe smiles a little to herself as she watches
Cytherea's retreating back.

85

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - DAY

85

Miss Aldclyffe has sent Cytherea on an errand on which she is
accompanied by Manston.

They walk away from the house, Cytherea holding a basket and
a shopping list.

Miss Aldclyffe smiles and waves goodbye at them, from the
steps, but Cytherea seems uncomfortable about this.

Manston picks up on this.

MANSTON

Is anything the matter?

CYTHEREA

Nothing, only...

MANSTON

Only what?

CYTHEREA

Miss Aldclyffe said the strangest
thing the other day. She said that
you might have feelings for me.

MANSTON

Would that be so bad?

Manston, half jokingly, seizes her hand, and goes down on one
knee, miming a histrionic proposal of marriage.

Cytherea amused by this, pushes him away with a smile.

CYTHEREA

Stop it...

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

Cytherea smiles embarrassed, shakes her head and walks on.

She does not see the look of anger on Manston's face as he
stares longingly at her from behind.

86 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

86

Miss Aldclyffe puts her napkin down on the table, having finished her breakfast.

Cytherea pours herself another cup of tea and opens her letter from, Owen, her face changing to one of dismay as she reads it.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
What is wrong, my child?

CYTHEREA
My brother, Owen. He is unwell. His leg has become so bad he can no longer work. He asks if I can visit him.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
Then you must go to him at once.

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

87 MONTAGE

87

Cytherea, wears three different outfits, pays a series of visits to her brother Owen, at Creston.

Owen sat in bed, or in his arm chair, wearing a dressing gown, with his leg up in plaster.

Obviously in pain and somewhat depressed.

Cytherea holds his hand, performing little tasks for him, as they talk, desultorily, together.

88 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - GARDENS - DAY

88

Miss Aldclyffe reads a book, outdoors, in the sunshine.

Cytherea comes out of the front door, with another letter and hurries toward her.

MISS ALDCLYFFE
You look unhappy, my dear!

Cytherea sits down next to her.

CYTHEREA
I am afraid that Owen is still worse. May I visit with him again?

MISS ALDCLYFFE

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

CYTHEREA

Thank you, Miss Aldclyffe. I will.

She turns away, but Miss Aldclyffe addresses her again.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Have you given any more thought to the matter we discussed...

Cytherea looks at her perplexed.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Mr Manston's proposal to you. If you were to marry him I would take especial care of your brother. Doctor's bills can be very expensive you know...

CYTHEREA

(Evasive.)

I am sure it won't come to that.

Nevertheless, Cytherea still looks worried as she walks hurriedly away from her.

89

INT. CRESTON - OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

89

Owen writes at his desk. He looks pale and wan.

OWEN (V.O.)

Dear Cythie, Thank you for visiting me this last weekend. This is just to say that the surgeons have found a small tumour in my leg. I underwent a surgical procedure to remove it, three days ago....with chloroform, thank goodness! However, when I asked them when I would be likely to walk again, they could not say if it would be a half, or even a whole year hence. If you could come down and see me again it would make all the difference. The days drag on so when I am alone and I certainly could do with more painkillers as well as the pleasure of your company.

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

He shifts about uncomfortably in his chair, with his now heavily bandaged leg in front of him and winces.

90

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION / ROAD - EVENING

90

Cytherea exits the station with a small bag, and her reticule.

Manston stands, and waits for her. He smiles, and springs forward, offering to help with her bag.

MANSTON

Miss Aldclyffe said that you would be returning by this train. Do you mind if I accompany you?

CYTHEREA

I suppose not.

They walk together a while, in silence.

MANSTON

Miss Graye, I will not mince words with you. I love you! Consent to be my wife and you shall find both yourself and your brother well provided for.

Cytherea speeds up and looks away from him.

CYTHEREA

I do not love you, Mr. Manston. I cannot love a man who uses my concern for my brother as a bargaining tool.

MANSTON

That's not what I...

CYTHEREA

Yours is not a disinterested love, Mr Manston. It is an animal one. It will not last!

Manston, struck with her perceptive analysis, stands still, with shock, and she walks on from him, down the road, alone.

MANSTON

(Calling out after her.)

You are wrong, you know! I will call on him! I will go to Creston to visit your brother!

91

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - EVENING

91

Manston loads a box up into his gig, outside of the house, as Cytherea arrives in her outdoor clothes carrying a bag.

Manston sees her, and smiles, hurrying over to help.

Cytherea smiles at him, embarrassed and nods.

MANSTON

Back from visiting poor Owen,
again, I see?

CYTHEREA

Yes, Mr. Manston. And I have you to
thank you for bringing him
supplies.

MANSTON

I am sorry for letting it seem that
my concern was dependent upon YOUR
regard. 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

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 turns to enter the house.

92

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

92

Miss Aldclyffe and Cytherea both smartly dressed for church
finish their breakfast.

Cytherea has a letter in her hand as Miss Aldclyffe arises
from the table.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Now read your letter quickly, dear.
We must not be late for church.

CYTHEREA

I won't be a minute.

Miss Aldclyffe sweeps out as Cytherea reads the letter.

OWEN (V.O.)

Dear Cytherea, I have received a frank and friendly letter from Manston explaining the position in which he hopes to stand in regard to yourself. Can you find it in yourself to accept him? Do try, for he seems to be good, and talented man. And, I am sure that marriage will be better for you than staying as Miss Aldclyffe's lackey for the rest of your days. Don't go against your heart, dear Cytherea, but please, do be wise. Affectionately yours. Your brother, Owen.

Cytherea stands, folds the letter and puts it in her pocket, then turns slowly to the door.

93

INT. CARRIFORD - CHURCH - DAY

93

Miss Aldclyffe lingers, talking with a NEIGHBOUR as Cytherea comes out of her pew, and Manston hurrying down to greet her.

He takes her arm, although she seems somewhat stiff and unaccommodating. They walk down the nave and off together into a side aisle.

MANSTON

Would you mind turning this way until Miss Aldclyffe has passed?

Cytherea quietly nods her assent.

Miss Aldclyffe and congregation leave, and the organ stops.

Manston takes her hands and looks at her, pointedly.

MANSTON

I have been wondering if it could not be managed for your brother to get away from Creston and come to stay with me for a while. Then he would only be down the road and you could see him, regularly. If that would be pleasant to you?

CYTHEREA

It would.

He comes in closer, holds one of her hands more tightly, up to his own face, while relinquishing the other.

Cytherea turns her face away.

MANSTON

Cytherea, I want him there! I want him under my roof as my brother!

He leans his face in close to hers.

MANSTON

Make it so, my love!. Cytherea, my darling... Consent to be my wife!

Cytherea turns and speaks resignedly to him.

CYTHEREA

I will.

MANSTON

When? Next month?

She panics a little.

CYTHEREA

Nay, not next month... Or, yet the month after.

MANSTON

Christmas Day then, my love?

Cytherea shrugs.

CYTHEREA

As you wish.

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 are...

She looks around for inspiration.

CYTHEREA

Too near to God!

She gestures around at their surroundings.

MANSTON

Too near....? Oh!...

He moves further away and leads her toward the entrance.

She stops, before they exit and looks up at him.

CYTHEREA

I meant 'Old' Christmas Day.

MANSTON
Another fortnight hence?

Cytherea turns her head.

MANSTON
I can wait. Old Christmas Day it
shall be.

They walk out of the door together arm-in-arm.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. CARRIFORD - CHURCH - DAY

94

Manston and Cytherea emerge once more from the church, this time as a married couple.

Manston engaged by a small knot of people who come forward to shake his hand and congratulate him.

He relinquishes Cytherea's arm.

Cytherea looks sadly off to one side and sees, half hidden by a shrub, Springrove, who looks ghastly.

Half pale and tortured as he looks agonizedly at her.

Cytherea shocked by his appearance.

Is this his ghost she sees before her?

CYTHEREA
God save us! Edward! He's dying!

She begins to faint, but Manston turns, and catches her.

Cytherea sees the shafts of sun light fall on her from the edge of the church spire and remembers her father falling from the spire of his workplace.

Her bridesmaid applies smelling salts and Cytherea recovers.

Manston stands her up, as 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. It does not matter.

Manston and Cytherea process onwards through the crowd as Owen angrily parts and looks inside the nearby shrubs.

There is nobody there.

95

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

95

Owen keeps tight hold of his sister's arm, in the doorway of the house from which we, indoors, can hear the clink of glasses and chatter.

He talks vehemently with her, in an undertone.

OWEN

You MUST forget him! You are a married woman now!... I'm ashamed at you hankering after another man!

CYTHEREA

I thought that I had got over Edward, but when I saw him looking so agonized, today... I am forced to admit... I STILL love him, Owen! And HE loves ME! Why else would he be here?

Owen is angry and shakes her by the arms.

OWEN

Cytherea!! You MUST not bring disgrace upon yourself, Manston, or on your family! Try thinking of other people for a change!

Cytherea breaks away from him and looks down guiltily.

CYTHEREA

I'm Sorry, Owen... I will do my best. It is all I can do.

She walks away, down to the edge of the stream at the far side of the garden, then walks along the bank, somewhat hidden from the house, by shrubbery.

She spies Edward across the stream.

CYTHEREA

Edward!

She starts as he turns to face her.

SPRINGROVE

Cytherea... I didn't mean to startle you. I tried to see you before the ceremony, but I was too late.

SPRINGROVE

My cousin has jilted me and run off
with a rich man! It would appear
that I am free.

CYTHEREA

Not married then?

SPRINGROVE

How COULD you marry a man like
Manston, though?

CYTHEREA

I never loved him! I love only you!

SPRINGROVE

Miss Aldclyffe showed me a letter
from you telling of your 'great
emotion' at meeting with him...

CYTHEREA

... For Bach's organ music! Never
for the man himself! Is this why
you wrote me off so quickly?

SPRINGROVE

I believed that you were happy to
marry him. I was told by Miss
Aldclyffe my marriage to Adelaide
would cancel out my father's debt.

CYTHEREA

Why, then, we have been tricked
apart! But, what can we do about it
now? I am married. You must forget
me, my love!

SPRINGROVE

Forget you? How? I wish that I
could hold you just this once!

He reaches out his hand across the stream and she grasps it.

CYTHEREA

Edward!

She suddenly remembers herself and breaks away.

CYTHEREA

I cannot! Go! Go!

She runs back through the garden toward the French windows.

Manston comes out and frowns at her.

MANSTON

Where have you been?. The carriage
is waiting for us outside!

Cytherea nods miserably.

CYTHEREA

I... I just needed a moment.

And with that she goes miserably back inside.

96

EXT. CARRIFORD - DAIRY BARN - DAY

96

A row of cows stand their heads down, eating grass.

Owen leans on the fence rail, and watches as a MAN unloads small hay bales from a cart near the entrance, piling them up near to the door.

A DAIRYMAN milking a cow, also, stands nearby.

He looks up, sees Owen, and addresses him directly.

DAIRYMAN

You not 'eard the news then?

OWEN

What news?

DAIRYMAN

It concerns your family an' all.

OWEN

How so?

DAIRYMAN

A railway porter has come forward to say that he see'd Manston's wife a leavin' Carriford, the night of the fire. She paid 'im to keep quiet about it, she did!

OWEN

What?!

Springrove scurries across the field toward Owen.

As the Rector, Parson Raunham, also comes through the rectory gate, nearby, to join them.

SPRINGROVE

I take it then, that you have heard? It would seem that your sister is not legally married after all! Manston's first wife may be yet living!

Owen eyes Springrove suspiciously, but Raunham hurries up to Owen, and grasps him by the hand.

RAUNHAM

It's true, my boy! You must come with me and we must take a deposition from the man who says he saw her. I will make a copy of it for you to present to Manston.

SPRINGROVE

They will be in Southampton by then! I must catch up to them. I know the place like the back of my hand...

Owen reaches out tersely to stop him.

OWEN

I hardly think you are in a position...

RAUNHAM

Mr. Manston is an honest, law-abiding man. This will come as a shock to him too!

RAUNHAM

(To Springrove.)

You must go to the station and telegraph all of the better hotels and find out where they are staying. Mr. Graye will leave for Southampton as soon as we have the man's affidavit.

SPRINGROVE

Certainly.... Yes!

The Rector and Owen set off for the rectory, and Springrove hurries away to the station.

97

INT. CARRIFORD RAILWAY STATION - TICKET OFFICE - DAY

97

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 outside, on the platform, and Springrove looks through the open door at it, thinking quickly.

SPRINGROVE

Then one return ticket to
Southampton, if you please.

The train starts to pull away and Springrove races through the door, across the platform, and jumps on to it.

98 EXT. SOUTHAMPTON STATION - EVENING 98

Springrove looks up at the station clock.

Then approaches a nearby PORTER to ask if they have seen the couple go by.

The porter shrugs and shakes his head so Springrove hurries away out of the station.

99 MONTAGE 99

Springrove visits various different hotels in Southampton to enquire about Manston and Cytherea but to no avail.

100 INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOTEL - EVENING 100

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, behind reception talks with Springrove.

HOTELIER

... Oh, yes. They've taken suite
no.13. The lady is in right now
but...

Springrove hurries past her to the steps.

HOTELIER

(Shouted up after him.)
Sir! The gentleman has gone out....

Springrove races upstairs, heedless, to find room no. 13.

101 INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOTEL - SUITE 13 - EVENING 101

Springrove takes a step through the half open door.

Cytherea sits by the fire, despondent, her head in her hands.

SPRINGROVE

(Softly.)
Cytherea!

She turns her head, puzzled at the voice, and is amazed.

CYTHEREA

Edward!

SPRINGROVE

You are not his wife, Cytherea!
Come away with me... He has a wife,
yet living!

Cytherea leaps up, but then stops and doubts herself.

CYTHEREA

How can that be?

SPRINGROVE

Has Manston ever shown you any
proofs of his wife's death?

CYTHEREA

Well, no...but...

Edward tries to lead her toward the door.

SPRINGROVE

Owen comes by the next train with
proof of her continued existence.

Cytherea remembers herself abruptly, and stops.

CYTHEREA

Then I must wait here for him...

SPRINGROVE

But...

CYTHEREA

I cannot go with you. What would
people say? Manston has gone out to
post a letter. He may be back at
any minute...

She runs past him, along the corridor and down the stairs.

Springrove hears her out of sight asking for another room.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

I must have a private room... Quite
private, immediately, and at once!

HOTELIER (V.O.)

(Surprised.)

Here are the keys to number twelve,
Miss, but...

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

(With relief.)

... Thank you!

102 INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOTEL - CORRIDOR - EVENING 102

Springrove steps into the corridor, as Cytherea rushes past.

CYTHEREA

I will see no-one but my brother
until he arrives! He will know what
to do for the best!

She runs into the new room, and closes the door behind her.

SPRINGROVE

(Speaking to the door.)
Owen will be here, directly. I will
go and meet him at the station.

CYTHEREA

Yes, Go!

She locks the door and Edward hears her sob loudly inside.

He turns guiltily away from the door and hurries down the
stairs, past the astonished hotelier.

103 INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOTEL - MANSTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 103

Manston and Owen face each other across the hearthrug.

Owen has his outdoor clothes on and has Cytherea holds on to
him around his neck, as if for dear life.

Manston frowns menacingly at them both and steps forward.

MANSTON

She shall not go with you unless
you can prove that legally she is
not my wife!

Owen brandishes the legal affidavit.

OWEN

Here is the proof!

MANSTON

I will have my rights!

CYTHEREA

Don't make me stay with him!

OWEN

I shall call for a lawyer.

Owen limping, picks up Cytherea's things, with Cytherea
hovering nearby, assisting him.

OWEN

Meanwhile, to preserve my sister's reputation, she shall come with me.

Manston comes up and takes hold of Cytherea's arm, from which she shrinks away.

MANSTON

Do you really wish to leave your husband, lonely on his wedding night?

Cytherea shrugs him off.

CYTHEREA

I shall go back with Owen.

There is a knock at the door and Cytherea opens it.

The servant hands her a note which reads "For Cytherea".

She quickly reads it to herself.

CYTHEREA

(To Owen.)

There is a cab waiting for us outside and a room at a hotel. Edward has paid for it.

OWEN

I will send for her bags later.

Manston backs down grudgingly.

MANSTON

Very well. But Cytherea, if my wife is still alive, I would have you know, I am as innocent in this deception as yourself.

He looks at her beseechingly.

MANSTON

You do believe me? Don't you?

Cytherea looks down, and avoids his eye.

OWEN

Come, Sister!

Owen turns away from him and they go out.

The Rector leans forward to pour more sherry into Manston's outstretched glass.

The two of them sit in front of the fire.

MANSTON

Have they found the porter, yet?
The man who says he saw my wife?

105 EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION - NIGHT

105

Manston accost a FRIGHTENED LOOKING MAN in a railway porter's uniform.

Pushing him violently up against a wall.

106 INT. CARRIFORD RECTORY/STUDY - DAY

106

RAUNHAM

I'm afraid it would seem that he
has disappeared...

He looks searchingly at Manston.

RAUNHAM

However, we do have his sworn
statement which we will need to
investigate...

MANSTON

What can I do to be of assistance?

Raunham a little surprised at this.

RAUNHAM

Surely you have been searching and
advertising for your wife this last
week?

Manston gets up, and starts restlessly pacing.

MANSTON

Not yet!... I wanted to know how
Cytherea was first.

RAUNHAM

I believe the poor lady is unwell,
at home at the moment.

Manston stops, empties his schooner, and puts it down on the table.

MANSTON

All the more reason I should go to
her then!

Mr. Raunham places a restraining hand on Manston's shoulder.

RAUNHAM

That is not your place... In a small town like this. You must be seen to do the right thing.

MANSTON

(Irritatedly.)

... Which is?

RAUNHAM

...YOUR work is to ascertain, as quickly as possible, the truth regarding the continued existence of your first wife.

Manston slowly, and resignedly, nods his head.

107

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDENS - EVENING

107

Miss Aldclyffe and the Rector return across the lawn from a walk, when they see Manston exit the house, in front of them, carrying a bundle of papers.

He is about to get back into his gig, at the foot of the steps, when they accost him.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Good Evening, Mr. Manston. Dawson gave you my papers then?

Manston hastily and perfunctorily shakes their hands.

MANSTON

Yes, I thought that I would collect them on my way back from London.

RAUNHAM

Any luck in finding your first wife?

MANSTON

None at all. I have gone to all of our old haunts both there... and in Liverpool. But there is not much I can do if, for whatever reason, she does not wish to be found.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Have you advertised?

MANSTON

Yes... In The Times, the Telegraph and the Standard...twice!

RAUNHAM

Well then, I thin...

Manston climbs into the gig and takes up the reins.

MANSTON

....I am sorry, Mr. Raunham... I must go home and lie down. I am tired out from my endeavours...

He nods to Raunham and then to Miss Aldclyffe

MANSTON

Sir!... Miss Aldclyffe!

Then abruptly he drives away.

108

INT. MR. RAUNHAM'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

108

Mr. Raunham sits behind his desk as Manston stands up suddenly.

MANSTON

I cannot try any further, Rector... I do not love my first wife. I DO, however, love Cytherea.

RAUNHAM

But you will do your duty by your first wife, at least?!

MANSTON

If ever man on the face of the earth did 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 sudden thought.

MANSTON

Yet, your advice would be that I should advertise again?

The Rector stands up and shakes Manston's hand.

RAUNHAM

I think it might be a thought, Mr. Manston.

Manston sighs and turns away.

MANSTON

Very well then. I will place one last advert in the papers.

Manston walks out and Raunham sits back down at his desk.

He takes out a sheet of blank paper and begins to write.

RAUNHAM (V.O.)

Memorandum of events: Jan. 25.

Third visit from Manston.

Peculiarities noticed: 1.) Manston seemed convinced he would never see wife again. 2.) Manston now seems unbothered about hiding his interest in Cytherea 3.) He was unable to hide his eagerness that I should advise him to advertise for his first wife one last time.... Strange when he is supposedly so uninterested in the outcome!

Mr. Raunham puts down his pen, and gazes into the fire.

109 INT. OLD HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

109

Manston sits, having breakfast with his old school friend, DICKSON, a plump, rather nattily dressed fellow who chats away at him.

DICKSON

... I must say, it's very kind of you to ask me here... I haven't heard from you in quite some while, now.

The housekeeper brings in Manston's post on a silver salver and puts it down in front of him.

Manston ignores her, but stops buttering his toast and opens up the first letter.

He reads it, with interest, as Dickson glances up at him, still drinking his tea.

Manston then shoves the letter across to Dickson to read.

DICKSON

So your wife has turned up again, eh? She says that she saw the fire from a distance as she was leaving for the train. A bit funny her heading off so suddenly like that! Lucky that she saw your advertisement, eh?... You must be relieved?

Manston, however, does not exactly look thrilled.

DICKSON

Well, not relieved exactly, but...

Dickson pushes back his chair and takes his cup and saucer over to the window to look out of it.

DICKSON

Looks like you're going to have to break the news to your new sort of wife about the return of old one, though, eh?

Manston drinks his tea.

DICKSON

Then again you never were very keen on the first Mrs Manston, were you?

Manston puts down his cup.

MANSTON

That is neither here nor there. If she exists then I am still legally married to her. It is a matter of principle. I shall send for her to come here at once.

Dickson looks out of the window, musing.

DICKSON

Fancy my being here to witness all this!

He puts his cup down uncomfortable as Manston glares at him.

DICKSON

I'll put some boots on for that shooting you promised me, eh?

Dickson goes out of the room and Manston buries his head in his hands, and slowly sinks down into despair.

110 EXT. CARRIFORD - DAY - MONTAGE

110

Manston exits the station, carrying a large bag, with a woman, MRS MANSTON, now on his arm.

She is about thirty, dark haired and handsome in a brassy sort of a way, although her attire is perhaps somewhat attention seeking.

A YOUNG ARMY OFFICER passes and gives the woman an admiring glance which she receives in a pert and flirtatious manner.

However, if Manston notices this he does not seem to care.

Manston walks along the high street with his wife, as the PASSERSBY all ogle at them.

Manston then goes into the drapers' shop and introduces the woman to both the SHOPKEEPER and his WIFE who both smile and shake her hand.

Manston and his wife then have afternoon tea, on the lawn, later with a smiling Miss Aldclyffe.

111 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE - DAY

111

Meanwhile, Owen and Cytherea pull up in a small cart outside of a rural cottage, their new home.

Their luggage piled high in the cart behind them.

Owen smiles and hands Cytherea down.

OWEN

Welcome to our new abode!

Cytherea smiles and looks around.

CYTHEREA

It is beautiful.

OWEN

Now that I have my promotion, with this PALCHURCH job, you won't have to work anymore. We will, at last, be able to gain some sort of equanimity again.

Cytherea kisses him but does not seem so sure.

CYTHEREA

I'm just glad that your leg is on the mend.

He smiles and goes to fetch the luggage from the cart, as Cytherea, herself, picks up her carpet bag to go inside.

112 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/SHED - DAY

112

Owen sits on a bench, outside the shed, smoking in the sunshine.

He looks up as Edward rides over and hails him cheerfully.

SPRINGROVE

Owen! How ARE you old man?

OWEN

All the better for seeing you! Come in, I'll put the kettle on!

Edward gets down off his horse and ties its bridle to the shed door handle.

SPRINGROVE

I won't stay...IF you don't mind.
I've actually come to talk to your
sister.

He looks steadily at Owen who nods and goes inside to fetch Cytherea.

Cytherea comes out and Springgrove takes her hand; sitting her down gently on the bench in front of him, as he goes down on one knee in front of her.

Producing... A wedding ring.

Cytherea looks at him forlornly, and slowly shakes her head.

CYTHEREA

Edward...! I couldn't. Not with all
of this still hanging over me.

SPRINGROVE

But...

He strokes her face gently but she pulls away from him.

CYTHEREA

I feel somehow tainted by it all.
You deserve a wife whose reputation
is still intact.

Then, as she turns to walk away from him.

CYTHEREA

I do believe that Manston meant
well in all of this, but...

She shrugs, and Springgrove becomes more animated now.

SPRINGROVE

There I believe you to be mistaken!

She looks at him. Surprised by this sudden outburst.

SPRINGROVE

Or misled at any rate. There is
definitely something underhand
going on here.

CYTHEREA

How so?

SPRINGROVE

Miss Aldclyffe clearly supported
Manston's initial suit of you.
Telling me she would let my father
off his debt were I to marry
elsewhere!

He pauses, thinking about it more.

SPRINGROVE

And Manston received a letter from
the area where his wife lived.
BEFORE he advertised for her again.
WHY advertise at all if he already
knew that she was still ALIVE?

He takes hold of Cytherea's hand.

SPRINGROVE

The man is a bigamist, Cytherea.
I'm sure of it.

Cytherea daring to hope a little now.

SPRINGROVE

We just need to prove it.

Then, as Springrove goes over to unfasten his horse.

SPRINGROVE

I will make enquiries at his wife's
old lodgings up in London. You see
what you can discover here.

Cytherea nods earnestly at this as he gets up on his horse.

SPRINGROVE

We will fix this for you, Cytherea.
I promise you that!

113 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

113

Cytherea goes back into the house again.

Owen is relieved to see her looking more cheerful; a little
more like her old self again.

114 EXT. LONDON/LODGING HOUSE FRONT PATH AND DOOR - DAY

114

Springrove talks with a LANDLADY in London, who stands on her
front doorstep.

LANDLADY

I only recently took over from Mr.
Brown. I only saw this Mrs. Manston
once, last week, when they came to
collect a few things and leave a
forwarding address.

She eyes Springrove suspiciously.

LANDLADY

You're his employer's clerk, you say?

SPRINGROVE

That's right. We took out the original letting for him. Just wanted to make sure the whole thing is wrapped up.

LANDLADY

Well, they are all paid up. Mrs Manston seemed a retiring sort of body and hid behind the gentleman most of the time. There was one strange thing about them though...

SPRINGROVE

What's that?

LANDLADY

The lady seemed not to know anything about the sewing box and other effects which had been left behind. There was a particularly fine sewing box, which I asked if she wanted as I didn't have the heart to throw it away...

Springrove senses an opportunity.

SPRINGROVE

I could take it. I'm going over to Carriford with some papers for him in a couple of days. I can drop it off to her, if you'd like?

The landlady nods and turns back into the hallway behind her.

LANDLADY

Here you are. One less thing for me to worry about.

She hands him a rather ornate lady's sewing/ work box and a few other personal articles then turns away.

Springrove smiles to himself.

115 INT. SPRINGROVE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

115

Springrove sits down to examine the work box in more detail.

He leaves the curtains open and does not see a mysterious figure, outside, watching him.

It is Manston, wrapped up in a large coat, with hat, high collar and scarf.

Springrove opens the box, turns it around and finds a small partially hidden drawer within it, 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 to himself and smiles.

Springrove dashes off a brief note and puts it, the poem, the photograph and the twig into an envelope, seals it, and addresses it to "Miss. Graye, of Church Cottage, Palchurch".

A watching Manston ducks down quickly out of the way as Springrove stands up to leave the room.

116 EXT. A PALCHURCH LANE, JUST OUTSIDE OF THE VILLAGE 116

The postman comes into the village and comes across Manston as he dallies on the road.

Manston approaches him.

MANSTON

You, sir! Could you tell me where the Grayes now reside.

POSTMAN

Oh, Oi don't be a knowin' that.

He gets a couple of Palchurch letters out and reads off their addresses.

POSTMAN

But, I AM to leave a Mr. Graye's letters with the vicar here at the church. So they must be somewhere nearby.

He puts Graye's letter into the vicar's postbox and leaves.

Manston smiles as he departs.

117 INT. FRONT ROOM - PALCHURCH COTTAGE - DAY 117

Cytherea comes in, opening up a letter and reading it as Owen looks up from his book.

OWEN

What's that?

CYTHEREA

I went to collect the post. It is a letter from Springrove. He says these items were left behind in London by Mrs. Manston.

She spreads out both the photograph, the twig and a poem onto the table along with Springrove's letter.

Owen picks up the photograph and squints at it a little bit.

It is a different one: of the 'new wife'.

OWEN

Well it could be her, I suppose...

He picks up and reads the poem next to it.

OWEN

A poem to Manston's wife, Eunice...
In praise of her 'fine blue eyes'!

Cytherea puts the note down and snatches up the poem instead.

CYTHEREA

Blue you say? Mrs. Morris, the
housekeeper swore her eyes are
black.

OWEN

Well, she must be mistaken, then.

CYTHEREA

Women don't make that kind of
mistake... Unless...

Cytherea suddenly puts her hand over her mouth and sinks down in a chair, her face now ashen.

OWEN

What? Anybody would think you
thought Manston a master of dark
arts. That he could change the eye
colour of a woman just like that!

CYTHEREA

No... He could not. He could change
the woman herself though.

A slight pause here as this sinks in.

CYTHEREA

What if the new Mrs Manston isn't
who we think her to be at all?

Owen somewhat confused by this.

OWEN

Eh?

CYTHEREA

But if his first wife did truly die
in the fire... Why lie?

CYTHEREA

It would mean he and I are truly married after all.

Cytherea can't quite decide which fate is worse.

She gets up suddenly, and grabs hold of her coat.

OWEN

Where are you going?

CYTHEREA

I need to check something.

And, with that, she departs.

118

EXT. CARRIFORD/ROAD OUTSIDE OF OLD HOUSE - DAY

118

Cytherea stands a short distance from the house's exit, to keep an eye on it.

She sees two figures emerge and melts back into the trees at the roadside in order to avoid being spotted by them.

One figure, Manston, now in workday clothes, turns and walks in the opposite direction.

However, Mrs. Manston, in her Sunday best, comes in the direction of Cytherea, who slips out from behind the trees, and approaches her just as she rounds the bend.

CYTHEREA

Excuse me, Miss. But is this the way to Froominster?

MRS. MANSTON

You want the second road on the right.

Cytherea looks at the woman but is not quite close enough yet to find out what she wants to know.

She feigns confusion.

CYTHEREA

The first road you say? I can't quite hear you. I am a little deaf.

The woman comes right up to Cytherea, fixes her eyes on her face and speaks loudly, and exasperatedly.

MRS. MANSTON

Second, I said... Second!

Cytherea can see quite clearly now, that the woman's eyes are indeed dark. She steps back from her, a little thrown.

CYTHEREA
Thank you, kindly...

The Woman puts her hand up nervously and pats at her pale brown hair.

Cytherea notices that it is a wig, with black hair escaping at the side of it, to the nape.

MRS. MANSTON
(Quickly.)
Good Day to you.

She walks quickly away from Cytherea.

119 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM - DAY 119

Cytherea re-enters the house now visibly distressed.

OWEN
What is the matter?

CYTHEREA
The Rector... We must send for the Rector at once!

120 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/FRONT PATH - DAY 120

Mr. Raunham rides up on his horse and reads the cottage name.

He dismounts, and ties his horse to the fence.

The door opens as both Owen and Cytherea come down the path to greet him and beckon him inside.

121 INT. CARRIFORD RECTORY/STUDY - EVENING 121

The Rector sits beside the fire, having removed his jacket.

He struggles to remove his boots, as a MAIDSERVANT comes in.

MAID
Master Springrove from London
apologises for the lateness of the
hour, but asks if he could speak
with you urgently.

RAUNHAM
Young Springrove?... Yes, of
course! Send him in!

Springrove comes in, wearing a grey cloak, carrying a bag. He looks tired but excited.

The Rector stands up, one boot still on, to shake his hand.

RAUNHAM

Sit down, my boy. Sit down! You must have a glass of something!

SPRINGROVE

No, Sir. No time for that! I come to you not as not only the Rector, but also as the local magistrate.

Raunham sits down, again, and wrestles with the removal of his second boot.

SPRINGROVE

I have just come from London, where I have been making enquiry...

RAUNHAM

... About the Grayes?

SPRINGROVE

FOR the Grayes. But ABOUT the Manston's, Sir.

RAUNHAM

Ah...

He removes the second boot, with a relieved sigh, and chucks it to the side of his chair.

Then looks up at Springrove enquiringly.

SPRINGROVE

Our Mrs. Manston is NOT the real Mrs. Manston! I have reason to believe that she is someone else entirely! A tavern girl, called Anne Seaway.

He hands Raunham a document as proof. He does not react.

SPRINGROVE

Forgive me, but you do not seem at all surprised.

RAUNHAM

Interestingly, I have just returned from the Grayes. Where they too postulated that our Mrs Manston may, in fact, be an imposter. Based upon the eye colour in a poem that Manston wrote for her some time ago.

Pause.

RAUNHAM

Cytherea also mentioned his writing
adverts for his wife some time
after already knowing of her
whereabouts... Now you come to me
with this!

He presses Springrove down into a chair, by his shoulder.

RAUNHAM

I will make a memorandum of it all,
and begin some official enquiries.

Springrove starts to speak.

SPRINGROVE

But Sir...

Raunham raises a warning finger.

RAUNHAM

But only on condition that you
allow us both a little dry sherry
and some biscuits first. Which this
old man sorely needs after his
travails, even if you, in your
youth, do not!

Springrove, sighs impatiently, but eventually nods his
assent, as the Rector reaches out to ring the bell.

122

INT. THE OLD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - EVENING

122

Manston sits, gloomily, writing at the table, as Mrs Manston,
or at least, ANNE SEAWAY, her impersonator, as we now know
her, paces agitatedly in front of him.

ANNE SEAWAY

Why am I here, Aenas?

MANSTON

I told you I was lonely and in need
of a companion. You were happy
enough to share my bed and lodgings
in London!

ANNE SEAWAY

That was different. Why must
everyone here now assume me to be
your wife?

MANSTON

Patience. We just need to keep up
the pretence a little longer.

She walks away from him.

ANNE SEAWAY

But, why must I impersonate her at all?...

She paces restlessly.

ANNE SEAWAY

How do we know that the real Eunice won't suddenly return and see us both in jail?

Manston loses his temper at this.

MANSTON

She won't! I told you she perished the night of the fire!

ANNE SEAWAY

How can you be so sure? That railway porter said he saw her afterwards. Unless...

She slowly backs away from him, as she begins to understand.

ANNE SEAWAY

You did it! You killed her after the fire!

123

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

123

Manston tussles violently with the original Mrs Manston, in the shadows outside of the train station.

MR MANSTON

Why did you have to come back and spoil everything?

MRS. MANSTON

Aenas! Let go! Release me!

He grabs hold of her neck, silencing her once and for all.

124

INT. OLD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - EVENING - PRESENT

124

Anne Seaway moves away from Manston, quickly snatches up a poker from the fire in order to defend herself.

ANNE SEAWAY

You! ... You, stay away from me!

A thwarted Manston grabs his coat and storms into the night.

125 EXT. OLD HOUSE/ MILL - NIGHT

125

Edward, hidden in darkness, underneath a nearby tree, hears raised voices, and watches as Manston leaves the house.

Edward follows Manston, as he walks quickly and purposefully, in the direction of the Old Mill, searching for something.

Both the noise of the water, and the wheezing of the old pump, growing ever louder as they approach.

Edward sees Manston go inside a side room, near the base of the wheel of the mill, then, within a few moments, re-appear again.

This time dragging something large and heavy, wrapped inside of an old sack behind him.

Springrove quickly hides back behind the tree, in order to avoid detection, and watches as Manston drops the heavy sack down into the well beside the now motionless mill wheel.

The noises from the mill stop abruptly.

SPRINGROVE

Stop!

Edward attempts to intervene. He grabs hold of Manston, who punches him, knocking him to the ground.

Manston then flees into the night.

126 EXT. OLD HOUSE/MILL - DAY

126

In the early hours next morning, Edward leads both Mr Raunham, the Rector, and FOUR POLICE CONSTABLES back to the mill with him.

He then watches as the constables drag the sack out of the mill wheel hole.

The sack is opened, in front of him, to reveal the body of a young woman, in her mid thirties, now in quite an advanced state of decay.

The original Mrs Manston.

The Rector and Edward look on in dismay.

RAUNHAM

The woman he lives with says that
Manston didn't go home last night.
Is there anywhere else you can
think of that he might go?

Springrove looks up worriedly as he realises.

SPRINGROVE
My God! Cytherea!

127 INT./ EXT. GRAYE LODGINGS - DAY

127

Cytherea, terrified, leans against the bolted door of her lodgings as a disheveled Manston shakes and rattles at it from outside for entry.

MANSTON
Cytherea, Open up this door at once! I am your husband after all!

CYTHEREA
If you wish to speak to me you must wait until my brother comes home!

Then, as he still refuses to leave.

CYTHEREA
I now what you have done...

MANSTON
All that I have done has been for want of you! I cannot live without you Cytherea.

Manston picks up a rock, and uses it to break open the window near the door, reaching through it to open up the casement.

MANSTON
Alas, I can wait for you no longer.

A panicked Cytherea attempts to close the shutters on his hand as Manston reels back from her in pain.

MANSTON
Damn you!

Cytherea runs through into the kitchen to evade him.

128 INT. GRAYE'S LODGINGS - KITCHEN/PANTRY - DAY

128

Before, realising, only too late, that Manston too has circled round to the back of the house, gaining access through the back door which she has left unlocked.

MANSTON
One way or another, you shall be mine!

He reaches for Cytherea, grabbing hold of her by the throat.

However, his triumph is short-lived, as a pair of strong male arms grab him roughly from behind, making him let go.

It is Springrove!

The two men struggle together on the floor, as Cytherea runs back through the house.

She unbolts the front door and runs out of it into the street shouting for help.

CYTHEREA

Help! O, help!

She attracts the nearby Police Constables who have followed Springrove and now rush quickly to his aid, helping him to subdue, and then handcuff the struggling Manston.

129 EXT. FROOMINSTER - STREET - DAY

129

Farmer Springrove talks with his friend FARMER BAKER, as a funeral cart, complete with coffin, goes past.

FARMER BAKER

'Tis what we shall all come to eventually I suppose!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

True...true. And a fine figure of a man too. If the size of that coffin is anything to go by.

The cart stops outside the county's jail and Farmer Springrove addresses a small boy stands nearby.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

'Ere, lad! Do you know the name of the man here who is dead?

BOY

Tis Mr Manston, Sir. He that was Miss Aldclyffe's steward. He hung 'isself, in jail to cheat the gallows this mornin'. But not before confessin' to the murder of 'is first wife!

The boy walks on as Farmer Baker turns to Farmer Springrove.

FARMER BAKER

Sounds like yon' young Graye girl had a lucky escape!

Farmer Springrove nods his head sagely at this.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

Indeed. An' now Miss Aldclyffe will be in need a new steward. I mus' akse 'er if she may consider our Edward for the position.

FARMER BAKER

After that funny turn of hers
'appen she'll 'ave need!

130 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - MISS ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - DAY 130

Miss Aldclyffe lies in her bed, looking pale and ill.
Her face somewhat downturned at one corner after a stroke.
She speaks with some difficulty as Cytherea sits nearby.
Cytherea stands up to leave, but Miss Aldclyffe will not
relinquish her hand.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

Do you forgive me, my child?

CYTHEREA

Of course. I am only sorry I didn't
visit you sooner. Nobody told me
about your condition...

Miss Aldclyffe clutches ever harder at her hand.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I wanted you to marry Aenas to
right the wrong I did your father.

Cytherea takes a step back, a little embarrassed by this.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

I didn't know that he...my boy...

Miss Aldclyffe reaches for Cytherea's hand.

CYTHEREA

Please, Miss Aldclyffe! Rest now.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

But, I shall set things right.

She falls back weakly, and relinquishes Cytherea's hand.

MISS ALDCLYFFE

You are STILL my heir child...
Still my heir...

CYTHEREA

Miss Aldclyffe?

A NURSE rushes quickly into the room to tend to her.

131 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE - LAKE - DAY

131

Cytherea, now more prosperous is dressed in a floaty, pastel-coloured gown, as she holds tightly on to Edward's hand.

They walk down a slope, toward the lake at Knapwater together, Edward helps her down into a small rowing boat.

They row out a little way and he ships the oars so that they come to a halt.

Edward gets down on one knee, and offers Cytherea a ring.

Cytherea looks down at him and smiles.