

DESPERATE REMEDIES

Written by

Ann-Marie and Rose Goldthorp

Based on Thomas Hardy's novel, Desperate Remedies

Email Address: [info@swordsandclapboards.com](mailto:info@swordsandclapboards.com)  
Phone Number

1

INT. A SMALL CONSERVATORY - EVENING

1

A young man in evening dress is standing next to a young very beautiful, dark-haired woman, also in 1850'2 evening dress. They are standing near the window, alone.

The young man takes her hand, kisses it and murmurs

YOUNG MAN

My love-my darling, be my wife!

YOUNG WOMAN

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

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

YOUNG WOMAN

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

The young woman dashes out.

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

It reads:

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

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

1

EXT. STREET - DAY

1

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

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

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

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

2 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

2

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

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

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

CYTHEREA

(Sotto voce) Be CAREFUL Father!

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

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

Cytherea anxiously looks up at her father, again.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

(Sotto voce) Why do YOU have to go up there?

3 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE - DAY

3

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

The sunlight shafts down upon the spire.

The architect addresses the elder of the workers.

MR. GRAYE

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

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

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

4 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY 4

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

CYTHEREA

Father!

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

5 EXT. STREET - DAY 5

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Owen looks up from the papers.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

Cytherea stands up and sighs and smiles.

CYTHEREA

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

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

OWEN

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

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

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

7

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

OWEN

(Sotto voce)What WILL become of us,  
now?

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

Cytherea comes in carrying a tray

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

Wrestling, yes: getting anywhere,  
no!

CYTHEREA

Can you not continue with his work?

Owen smiles, sadly and slowly shakes his head.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

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

CYTHEREA

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

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

She proffers the plate.

Owen stops pacing and smiles down at her.

8

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - DAY

8

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

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

There is a fat, self-satisfied shopkeeper in his apron who is  
standing on his doorstep, talking to three women.

They stare rudely at Cytherea and her brother and then  
whisper, judgementally against them as Owen and her pass by.

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

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

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

Cytherea is outraged at the unkindness.

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

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

Owen storms away with Cytherea still clinging to his arm.  
They haven't done their shopping.

9

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

9

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

That's breaking contract!

Owen shrugs

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

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

Owen sighs

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

Ah!.....We'll be moving out of town, but I can't say that I'll be sad. I hardly hear from my two girlfriends, now.

(MORE)

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

They're too busy socializing and don't answer my notes. I suppose they think I'm too poor to come out.

OWEN

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

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

10

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

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

OWEN

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

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

CYTHEREA

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

Owen heaves a sigh of relief and nods his head

OWEN

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

Cytherea smiles at him.

CYTHEREA

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

- 11 EXT. MR. GRAYE'S HOUSE/PAVEMENT OUTSIDE - DAY 11
- The door opens and Cytherea and Owen struggle out with shoulder bags and carrying a suitcase, each.
- Owen takes Cytherea's suitcase and manhandles it down the steps to the bottom.
- He then returns for his own case, which is at the top of the stairs.
- Meanwhile, the hansom cab man is loading this first case.
- Cytherea struggles down the steps and emplaces her big shoulder bag into to cab and also emplaces her small carpet bag in, as well.
- She turns and half smiles back up at her father's house and nods sadly at it while Owen struggles with the other case.
- When Owen has got the case in, he comes over to Cytherea, puts his arms around her shoulders and squeezes them.
- He nods, encouragingly at her, and they get into the cab.
- Cytherea watches their house, sadly, as they drive away.
- 12 INT. TRAIN - DAY 12
- Cytherea and Owen are alone in their carriage and watch as the train races along and the landscape unfolds before them.
- There are lots of sheep, boggy moors and fir plantations.
- Then there are undulating downs and increasing glimpses of the sea, by which Cytherea is absorbed, and enlivened.
- She points out objects of interest to Owen.
- They arrive at Creston and disembark.
- 13 INT. MR. GRADFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY 13
- Owen enters a busy office with three journeymen and two apprentices busily drawing plans.
- He asks for Mr. Gradfield who is then fetched from his private office.
- Mr. Gradfield has forgotten Owen's coming, but shakes his hand and asks him to start on Monday, showing Owen where he is to sit.

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

Cytherea sit at the table and writes her advert:

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

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

She sits back, sighs and looks hopeful.

15 EXT. CRESTON BEACH - DAY 15

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

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

Cytherea comes upon a young couple, talking.

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

He asks the woman a question.

She hangs her head, shyly and quietly nods.

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

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

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

16 INT. GRAYE'S LODGING/LIVING ROOM. - DAY 16

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

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

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

OWEN  
Hello, Cythy.

She helps him off with his coat.

CYTHEREA

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

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

Is he an 'officious clerkly' type?

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

OWEN

Oh no..... Rather a melancholic type, I thought.

CYTHEREA

Married?

OWEN

No

CYTHEREA

How do you know?

OWEN

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

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

Cytherea widens her eyes, interrogatively

CYTHEREA

AND....?

OWEN

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

Cytherea starts pouring her own cup.

## CYTHEREA

What a 'musing' creature he must  
be!

17 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY 17

The bell tinkles as Cytherea enters the shop.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cytherea is pouring the tea and Owen is eating.

## OWEN

Springgrove's from rather humble origins. His father is a farmer, or something.

Cytherea milks and sugars Owen's tea.

## CYTHEREA

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

## OWEN

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

## CYTHEREA

What's he look like?

## OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

His 'tout ensemble' is striking?

She hands him his teacup

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

...Novels?

She picks up her cutlery and starts on her salad.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

How delicious!

OWEN

Who for?!

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

Hum.....(Mouth full)Any luck with responses to your advert?

CYTHEREA

Oh...No.

Cytherea looks a bit downcast, again.

19

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

19

Cytherea goes to the post office and enquires again.

The answer is still "No'.

20 EXT. THE SEA SHORE - DAY

20

Cytherea wanders along the shore.

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

He then takes the oars and they row away.

Cytherea stands watching them and smiles.

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

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

21

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

OWEN

Springgrove's no fool, you know.

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

What was that?

OWEN

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

Cytherea puts down the poem she was reading.

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

Cytherea looks crestfallen

CYTHEREA

Oh.....He is?

Owen picks up his book, again.

OWEN

Hum.....

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

CYTHEREA

Oh.

22 EXT. CRESTON/STREET - DAY 22

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

23 EXT. CRESTON/ HILL NEAR COAST - DAY 23

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

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

Owen turns to Cytherea

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

Owen sits her gently down on a log.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

Owen starts walking rapidly away.

OWEN

No! No time at all, Cythy!

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

Cytherea walks up and down.

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

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

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

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

24 EXT. CRESTON/HARBOUR - EVENING

24

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

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

CAPT. JACOBS

(Calls down) Now then Missie, do 'ee  
board.....Maybe thees  
awaiting someone?

CYTHEREA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

25

EXT. CRESTON HARBOUR/BOAT

25

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

Cytherea gains the deck and turns around to the man.

It is not Owen.

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

SPRINGROVE  
 How do you do, Captain.

Springrove turns to Cytherea and tips his hat.

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

His black tie is askew.

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

CYTHEREA  
Is he alright?

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

CYTHEREA  
Oh!

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

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

Cytherea smiles, shyly

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

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

The evening is very beautiful.

26 EXT. CRESTON HARBOUR - NIGHT

26

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

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

CYTHEREA  
Oh, thank you, Mr. Springrove.

SPRINGROVE  
Perhaps we might walk together?

He gestures the way.

CYTHEREA  
Yes...of course.

They walk off, together.

27 EXT. OUTSIDE CRESTON TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

27

They exit the station and stand outside.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She smiles, nods, turns and walks rapidly away.

SPRINGROVE  
(Sotto voce) DON'T forget me, hum?

He turns and softly follows her to ensure her safety.

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

28

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

He turns away.

SPRINGROVE

(Sotto voce)"One hope is too like  
despair for prudence to  
smother".....(laughs)and I DON'T  
think I have a HOPE....so prudence  
wouldn't, indeed, bother smothering  
it!

He walks off.

29

INT. GREY'S LODGINGS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

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

Owen suddenly enters the room.

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

So where did you stay?

OWEN

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

Owen yawns

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

Who?

OWEN

It was Cytherea.

CYTHEREA

Me?... My name?

OWEN

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

30 EXT.CRESTON/BEACH - DAY

30

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

CYTHEREA

So DID you get the story out of him?

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

Where?

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

Was the servant called Cytherea, then?

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

What? While she was coming around?

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

What happened, then?

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

That's strange, isn't it?!

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

OWEN

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

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

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

31

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

What?

CYTHEREA

Do you remember what poor papa once let drop?

(MORE)

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

That Cytherea was the name of his first sweetheart in Bloomsbury?... I'll bet that was the same woman

OWEN

Oh not likely.

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

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

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

CYTHEREA (V.O.)

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

Cytherea sits back and sighs.

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

Cytherea smiles and gets up.

CYTHEREA

Right.....Lunch!

32 EXT. CRESTON/PROMENADE - EVENING

32

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

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

Springfield walks on.

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

SPRINGFIELD

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

Cytherea looks up with pleasant surprise at Owen.

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

33 EXT. CRESTON/PIER - EVENING

33

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

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

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

Cytherea, blushes, smiles and looks away.

Owen gets in and the owner unfastens the painter.

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

Cytherea is steering.

34 EXT. CRESTON/PIER AND BAY - EVENING

34

Montage

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

35 EXT. CRESTON/PIER - EVENING 35

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

He wants a go in a kayak.

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

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

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

The Grayes are just finishing breakfast.

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

Cytherea is still in her dressing gown.

OWEN

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

Cytherea smiles

CYTHEREA

Of course, silly.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

Owen fetches his hat and umbrella

OWEN

Yes, I suppose so.

He kisses her on the top of her head.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Have a good day, little Sis.

She looks up and blows him a kiss.

Owen goes out

Montage

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

Cytherea looks up.

It is half past five.

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

Cytherea cranes after sight of him down the street.

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

37 EXT. CRESTON STREET AND PIER - DAY

37

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

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

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

CYTHEREA  
Oh!

SPRINGROVE  
Miss Graye!

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

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)  
I, I wonder, should you like....I  
mean would you be interested  
in.....a row?

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

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

He offers her his arm and she shyly takes it.

They arrive at the sea which is calm and beautiful.

Springfield takes her hand and gazes into her eyes.

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

Cytherea nods, minutely and looks down.

Springrove pays and helps her into a boat.

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

He pulls away, gazing at her.

38

EXT. CRESTON BAY - EVENING

38

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SPRINGROVE  
(Whispers) May I?

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

He kisses her lightly and then more passionately.

They sit awhile and nuzzle, tenderly.

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

Cytherea smiles and nods her head.

Edward pauses and then looks a little pained

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

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

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

CYTHEREA  
 Oh!.....Alright.

Edward reseats himself and restarts to row.

Cytherea anxiously chews her lower lip.

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

39 EXT. CRESTON STREETS - EVENING

39

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

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

She lets herself into the house.

He turns and walks off to meet Owen.

40 EXT. LODGING DOORWAY AND STREETS - EVENING 40

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

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

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

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

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

Owen steals quietly into Cytherea's bedroom.

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

Owen bends over and kisses her on the cheek.

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

CYTHEREA

He's gone!

OWEN

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

Cytherea scrambles off the bed and stands next to him

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

All your love, from beginning to end.

CYTHEREA

But not.....not....

OWEN

....What?

Cytherea pulls herself up

CYTHEREA

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

She smiles

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

I'm going to advertize again.

Owen takes off his coat.

OWEN

Oh, that's no use, Cythy.

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

CYTHEREA

This one will be!

Owen reads.

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

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

Cytherea takes of her jacket

CYTHEREA

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

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

OWEN

Yes, don't worry.

CYTHEREA

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

Owen smiles

OWEN

Goodnight, Cythy!

CYTHEREA

Night, Owen.

He goes out.

42 INT. CRESTON/HOTEL - DAY

42

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

She sits herself on the stand chair against the wall.

The self-important waiting girl turns to go

MAID

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

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

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

MAID (V.O.)

Shall I call her, Madam?

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (V.O.)

(Commanding RP)No! I will.....You  
can go, now.

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

Cytherea waits, expectantly.

43 INT. HOTEL/BEDROOM - DAY

43

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

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

She calls through to Cytherea.

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

Cytherea opens the interconnecting door and steps through, quietly.

Cytherea smiles and nods at Miss. Aldclyffe.

Miss. Aldclyffe does not smile back.

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

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Then why did you advertize 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  
Umph....You deserve forgiveness for that, at any rate, child.

Miss. Aldclyffe studies Cytherea's face

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

CYTHEREA  
I am considered to be.

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 the details.Good day!

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

44 EXT. OUTSIDE OF RAILWAY STATION - DAY 44

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

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

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

He is a little inebriated.

COACHMAN  
You Miss Graye?

CYTHEREA  
Yes.

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

He helps her into the chaise and drives off.

45 INT/EXT. PONY CARRIAGE - DAY 45

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

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

(MORE)

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

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

COACHMAN

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

Cytherea hastily puts the letter away.

CYTHEREA

Oh, nothing.

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

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

Is that the house?

COACHMAN

Oh, no! That be the old manor  
house!

CYTHEREA

Does anyone live in it?

COACHMAN

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

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

The coachman drives on.

COACHMAN (CONT'D)

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

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

CYTHEREA

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

COACHMAN

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

(MORE)

COACHMAN (CONT'D)

He's a dyin' and then the mistress  
will take over and the whole house  
will be turned inside out.

CYTHEREA

You mean she will marry?

COACHMAN

Not she....too difficult!

CYTHEREA

How, difficult?

COACHMAN

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

CYTHEREA

Why tonight?

COACHMAN

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

He points to the neo-classical house ahead

COACHMAN (CONT'D)

See, Miss. That's Knapwater House,  
ahead!

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

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

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

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

MRS. MORRIS

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

CYTHEREA

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

46

INT. HALLWAYS IN SERVANTS WING - DAY

46

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

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

CYTHEREA

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

MRS. MORRIS

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

CYTHEREA

Oh....Farmer Springrove...

They walk on.

A bell sounds.

MRS. MORRIS

That's Miss. Aldclyffe's bell.

CYTHEREA

Ah.

Cytherea does not move

MRS. MORRIS

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

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

MRS. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Through the door ahead and on up  
the stairs....(Calling)Then the  
third door on the left!

Cytherea is already hurrying away.

CYTHEREA

(Sotto voce) Yes, I must run when  
called, now.

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

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

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

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

Cytherea smiles and nods.

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

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

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

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

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

Miss. Aldclyffe looks around the room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

48

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

48

Cytherea helps 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.

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

Miss. Aldclyffe turns abruptly around and looks at Cytherea.

She shrugs

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

She opens it.

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

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

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

CYTHEREA  
 It is, Madam.

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

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

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

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

CYTHEREA  
 I did NOT deceive you, Madam.

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

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

Miss. Aldclyffe shoots to her feet.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
 Not a lady?!

She raises her hand to Cytherea

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

Cytherea stung by this brutal show of bullying cries out  
 defiantly

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

Miss. Aldclyffe drops her hand.

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

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

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

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

She starts

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

CYTHEREA  
Yes, Madam

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 whisky from the decanter, nearby.

She tosses it off

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
And.... and your first name?

CYTHEREA  
Cytherea

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

Cytherea slightly bows.

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

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

49

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/CYTHEREA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

49

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

The scratching comes again and then a whispered voice

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Cytherea!...Cytherea, my dear.

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

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

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

She is rather drunk, but seems penitent.

Miss. Aldclyffe comes in and looks around

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

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

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

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Good. Now kiss me.

Cytherea reluctantly complies, kissing her on her cheek.

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

CYTHEREA  
I am eighteen

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

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

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

CYTHEREA  
No! He's not like that!

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

CYTHEREA  
(Distressed)That's a very cruel  
thing to say, Miss.  
Aldclyffe.....I, I don't want  
to be your maid....or anyone's  
maid!

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

Miss. Aldclyffe sits up, as well.

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

CYTHEREA

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

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

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

Cytherea lies awake as Mrs., Aldclyffe gently snores.

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

This sound comes from a distance, along the corridor.

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

50

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MORNING ROOM - DAY

50

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

Cytherea pours herself some tea

MRS. MORRIS

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

Cytherea puts down her tea cup

CYTHEREA

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear this.

MRS. MORRIS

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

CYTHEREA

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

MRS. MORRIS  
Now help yourself to breakfast

She gestures

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

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

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

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

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

51 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/ GARDENS - DAY

51

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

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

Cytherea smiles and they walk on

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

CYTHEREA  
Yes Madam, he works nearby....

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

CYTHEREA  
 Thank you Mrs Aldclyffe

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

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

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

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

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

She smiles and looks teasingly at Cytherea

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

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

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

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

Mrs Aldclyffe stops and looks at her.

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

CYTHEREA

Oh no! No! Not on my account!

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Cytherea looks up at her, wiping away her tears.

CYTHEREA

Who.... who is he engaged to?

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

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

Miss. Aldclyffe walks away and leaves poor Cytherea.

52

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

52

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

Adelaide ushers Cytherea into her small drawing room.

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

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

ADELAIDE

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

CYTHEREA

Oh no thank you. We had a late lunch.

ADELAIDE

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

CYTHEREA

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

ADELAIDE

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

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

She hands this envelope to Cytherea and sits down again.

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

There you go.

CYTHEREA

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

ADELAIDE

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

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

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

CYTHEREA

(Affecting disinterest)Will you be married soon?

ADELAIDE

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

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

She hands it to Cytherea

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

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

Cytherea grips the photograph and tries not to cry.

Adelaide wanders around the tiny room arranging flowers

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

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

Cytherea shoots to her feet with tears in her eyes.

CYTHEREA

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

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

ADELAIDE

Do you KNOW her? Or him, then?

CYTHEREA

(Embarrassed)Yes, I know her.

ADELAIDE

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

CYTHEREA

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

ADELAIDE

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

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

Cytherea is heartsick.

53

EXT. THE THREE TRANTERS/FIELD OUTSIDE - DAY

53

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

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

CYTHEREA

Yes. Good Morning, Mr. Springrove.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

PEASANT

Them's do!

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

PEASANT

No work 'ere!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

PEASANT

A genulman!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

He looks over to the apple grinders

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

Go ON, lads!

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

It starts to rain, a little.

PEASANT

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

He scrabbles in his pocket and hands over some coins.

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

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

PEASANT

Thou art a flower....a flower!

The peasant nods his head

Cytherea smiles and shakes Farmer Springrove's hand.

She opens her umbrella

CYTHEREA

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

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

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

54

EXT. KNAPWATER ESTATE/WOODS NEAR OLD HOUSE - DAY

54

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

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

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

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

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

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

The rain starts to get heavier.

She suddenly hears a low, educated voice near to her

MR. MANSTON

Are you afraid of the storm?

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

She smiles, briefly and continues walking.

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

CYTHEREA

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

MR. MANSTON

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

CYTHEREA

Oh, hel...

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

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

MR. 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.

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

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

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

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

Cytherea looks around

CYTHEREA  
I've never been in this house.

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

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

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

55

INT. OLD HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

55

Cytherea walks in, accompanied by Manston

CYTHEREA

You have made an organ....yourself?

MR. MANSTON

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

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

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

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

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

Eventually the storm stops and Manston finishes.

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

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)

Did you like that? Do you play the piano?

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

CYTHEREA

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

MR. MANSTON

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

CYTHEREA

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

She gets up

Manston jumps up

MR. MANSTON  
May I accompany you home?

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

She hurries away and he follows her to the door.

56

INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

56

Cytherea is by herself writing letters at the round table.

She writes one to Edward

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

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

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

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

Miss. Aldclyffe sits down and picks up her fan.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Why were you so late, this morning,  
child?

CYTHEREA  
I sheltered from the storm in the  
Old House.

Miss. Aldclyffe frowns

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
I didn't send you there.

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

Miss. Aldclyffe stops fanning and suddenly looks delighted

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
What did he do?

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Did he say anything about ME?

CYTHEREA  
No

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
About himSELF?

CYTHEREA  
Only that he was troubled

Mrs. Aldclyffe stands up

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Troubled?.....Hummm.....

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

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

57

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

Manston is talking business with Miss. Aldclyffe, in the  
drawing room, whilst continually looking over to 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 keeps seeing him at 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, Manston offers his arm to Cytherea, who, somewhat reluctantly, takes it, as all of the parishioners goggle and whisper.

58 EXT. CONTINUOUS: KNAPWATER HOUSE/WOODS - EVENING 58

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

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

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

MR. MANSTON  
(Curtly)Have you seen that man  
before?

The man tips his invisible hat.

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

MR. MANSTON  
And does Miss. Aldclyffe know?

GARDENER  
Indeed, Zur.

MR. MANSTON  
And does she not mind?

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

MR. MANSTON  
Her BROTH.....FOOL!

Manston turns abruptly and walks away

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)  
IDIOT!

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

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

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

Manston frowns

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)  
Oh!...Damn it!.....(Sighs)It'll  
all come out, now!

59

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD - DAY

59

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

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

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

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

OWEN  
No, I don't!

CYTHEREA  
Your limp IS getting worse, you  
know.

OWEN  
No....It comes and goes.

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

Owen shrugs

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

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

OWEN

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

CYTHEREA

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

OWEN

Is he pestering you?

CYTHEREA

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

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

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

Is that woman taking the London  
train?

Owen shrugs

OWEN

I suppose so.

60 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MISS. ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - DAY 60

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

She walks over to the window and reads it again.

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

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

She paces up and down.

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

61 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/LIBRARY - EVENING

61

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

Manston comes in and closes the door.

He walks up to her.

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

Miss. Aldclyffe gives a small, sarcastic smile.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
 I see you recognize the  
 handwriting?

Manston keeps calm and shrugs

MR. MANSTON  
 My wife's

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
 And I advertized for a bachelor  
 surveyor!

Manston shrugs again.

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

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

MR. MANSTON  
 Eunice.

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

Manston nods, sullenly.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)  
 You may write it, now, and I will  
 have it sent over by one of the  
 stable boys to the main sorting  
 office at Creston.

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

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

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

62 INT. MANSTON'S DINING ROOM - DAY

62

Manston is starting to eat his breakfast.

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

HOUSEKEEPER

Morning

MR. MANSTON

What?..Oh, hello.

HOUSEKEEPER

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

MR. MANSTON

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

HOUSEKEEPER

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

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

He returns to the dining table and starts scribbling.

The housekeeper watches him with her hands on her hips.

HOUSEKEEPER (CONT'D)

Yer WELCOME-like.

Manston looks up for a second

MR. MANSTON

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

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

MR. MANSTON (V.O.)

.....mnu mnu.."meet you at the Carriford-Road Station, instead. Your affectionate husband Aeneas Manston".

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

He slowly shakes his head, sighs and looks depressed.

MR. MANSTON  
(Sotto voce) Goodbye, Cytherea!

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

63

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

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

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

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

MR. MANSTON  
Um....

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

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

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

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

The carpenter half turns back towards the workshop.

CARPENTER  
Oh, it be in 'ere, Zur!

He sets off, followed by Manston.

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

64

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

MR. MANSTON

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

HOUSEKEEPER

(Huffily) Yes, Sir.

MR. MANSTON

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

HOUSEKEEPER

Umph!

She goes out

65 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/FRONT DRAG - DAY

65

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

He looks up at an upper window

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

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

66 EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION - EVENING

66

Mrs. Manston, thirty three year old, prettyish woman with  
light brown hair, gets out of the train and stands looking  
around.

The train pulls away.

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

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

Eventually, she pays a lurking porter.

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

67 EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

67

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

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

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

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

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

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

The wind moans in the trees.

68 INT. THE THREE TRANTERS - NIGHT

68

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

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

Farmer Springrove shouts through from a back room

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

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

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

EFFIE  
Yes Zur!

Effie takes Mrs. Manston up the stairs.

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

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

The maid nods, smilingly and prepares to leave

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

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

She abruptly turns and paces away and Effie turns to go  
Mrs. Manston then looks up

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

The maid nods, smiles and leaves.

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

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

69 INT. THE THREE TRANTERS/KITCHEN - NIGHT

69

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

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

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

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

PORTER  
'Ouse were empty!

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

PORTER  
What...Mr. Manston staying 'ere?

FARMER SPRINGROVE  
No!....Edward!

The porter nods his head in realisation

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

HOUSEKEEPER  
That couch grass is still a  
burnin', yunno!

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

Stan swigs his dregs and gets up.

PORTER  
Yup, I'll be off.

70 EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT

70

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

One of the bits lands on the piggery thatch roof.

The roof ignites and we hear the pigs start squealing.

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

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

71 EXT. END VILLAGE HIGH STREET - NIGHT

71

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

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

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

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

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

An old man runs towards and past them, with blood running down his face.

A woman shouts at the rector as he dashes past

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

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

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

72

EXT. THREE TRANTERS - NIGHT

72

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

A woman shouts over to the pumpers

WOMAN 1  
Where's Mr. Springrove?!

MAN 1  
I fancy 'e's gone inside!

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

WOMAN 2  
Good God!.....Find him! Help  
here!...Help!!

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

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

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

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

MAN 1  
Everyone's safe, now!

WOMAN 1  
No!....What about that woman?

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

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

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

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

The church clock strikes the hour of midnight.

73

EXT. CARRIFORD ROAD STATION/OUTSIDE - NIGHT

73

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

He comes out to greet Manston, nodding and smiling.

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

He jabs his thumb back at the station

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

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

MR. MANSTON  
Who's that?

PORTER

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

A labourer runs up, out of breath

LABOURER

Half of Carriford is burnt down, or  
will be!

PORTER

Where? Why?

LABOURER

You be Mr. Manston, Sir?

MR. MANSTON

Yes. Why?

LABOURER

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

MR. MANSTON

No.

LABOURER

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

He nods his head in a triumph of spite.

He is half standing in front of the gig.

MR. MANSTON

(Calmly)That will do....Out of the  
way! Let me drive on.

Manston flicks the reins of the horse.

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

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

74

EXT. CARRIFORD/OUTSIDE CHURCH - NIGHT

74

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

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

Manston pulls up outside of the lych gate.

He jumps down and addresses the rector.

MR. MANSTON  
(Hoarsely) Was she burnt?

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

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

MR. MANSTON  
Dead?!

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

MR. MANSTON  
Why was she here?

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

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

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

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

Farmer Springrove turns away and sobs some more.

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

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

The remains of the villagers finally finish exiting the church.

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

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

75

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

75

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

Edward Springrove then enters the door with his father.

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

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

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

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

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

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

Read the lease terms, Ted. I, I  
'aven't got me glasses.

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

Edward quickly reads the paper

## SPRINGROVE

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

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

He looks pityingly at his father.

## SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

Oh, Father....You are liable for  
 the damages!....For all of them!

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

## FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

He looks up as he sees Manston walking towards him.

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

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

Manston walks off down the main aisle.

## SPRINGROVE

Who is that, Father?

## FARMER SPRINGROVE

That's the bereaved husband...Mr.  
 Manston....Miss. Aldclyffe's  
 steward.

Edward stares at Manston's back, uneasily.

76

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/THE LAWNS IN FRONT - DAY

76

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Manston shrugs.

MR. MANSTON

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Manston shrugs again.

MR. MANSTON

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

And what makes you think I shall?!

Manston grins, evilly.

MR. MANSTON

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

She stops and turns to stare at him

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

....Until I learnt that you were already married!

MR. MANSTON

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
But she loves another.

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

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

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

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

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

Manston stares at her

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

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

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

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

Manston stops and takes her hand.

MR. MANSTON

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

Miss. Aldclyffe looks up at him, sadly.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

I'll do my best, Aeneas.

Manston drops her hands and smiles.

He nods his head.

MR. MANSTON

And then, she will be mine!

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

77

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

77

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

A constable stands to attention against a wall, nearby.

Montage

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

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

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

All the audience look at each other in pity.

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

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

They all look, pityingly after him.

78 EXT. CARRIFORD/A ROAD - DAY

78

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

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

MR. MANSTON

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

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

MR. MANSTON

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

Farmer Springrove becomes a little more agitated.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

MR. MANSTON

I have roughly thought six, or  
seven hundred pounds.

Springrove looks aghast.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

And .....do you know how Miss.  
Aldclyffe intends to treat me?

MR. MANSTON

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

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

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)

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

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

There is a sound and he looks up.

Edward is approaching.

SPRINGROVE

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

Farmer Springrove puts his hand on Edward's shoulder.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

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

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

SPRINGROVE

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

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

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

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

79

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/WOODS IN PARK - DAY

79

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

SPRINGROVE

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

SPRINGROVE

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Springrove looks shocked

SPRINGROVE

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Edward suddenly calms and looks deadly serious.

SPRINGROVE

Who?

Miss. Aldclyffe shrugs

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Manston, my steward.

SPRINGROVE

Nonsense!

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

SPRINGROVE

That doesn't mean anything.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Poor Springrove looks stunned and chagrined

Miss. Aldclyffe leans forward, ironically sympathizing.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

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

She stands up and unfurls her parasol.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

80

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

She stands up and comes forward.

ADELAIDE

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

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

He then lets it drop.

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

SPRINGROVE  
 It seems likely that we may have  
 to, Father.

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

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

Edward opens it and reads it

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

Edward's hand drops and he looks aghast.

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

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

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

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

Cytherea knocks and enters the bedroom, timidly.

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

She gestures to the bag on the table.

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

With a start, she recognises Edward's hand.

Cytherea tears open the letter and avidly reads the note.

SPRINGROVE (V.O.)

Mnu, mnu, mnu...

Miss Springrove leans forward, eagerly, from her bed.

SPRINGROVE

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

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

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

82

INT/EXT. CARRIFORD/KNAPWATER HOUSE - DAY

82

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

83

EXT. KNPAWATER HOUSE/LAKE IN GARDENS - DAY

83

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Ah...these remind me of something.

CYTHEREA

Of what?

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Of a human being who involuntarily comes towards yourself.

Cytherea starts and looks closely at Miss. Aldclyffe

CYTHEREA

Who?

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Mr. Manston

CYTHEREA

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

CYTHEREA

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

CYTHEREA

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

This may become a great good to you both.

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

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

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

CYTHEREA

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

She turns and hurries away.

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

84 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/FRONT DRIVE - DAY

84

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

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

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

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

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

Cytherea smiles, embarrassedly, and walks on.

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

85 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY 85

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

She nods and leaves the room.

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

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

OWEN (V.O.)

Darling Sis,  
Please don't be alarmed by my writing. I'm sure it will all come alright, soon, but I felt that I had to tell you that I can no longer work, as my leg has become too bad. It's that wretched lower left leg. The doctors aren't too sure of the cause, but, as they suspect rheumatism, are giving me blisters and plasters, etc. Do write me a line. Your loving brother, Owen.

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

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

Montage

Three different visits from Cytherea wearing different outfits.

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

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

They talk, desultorily, together.

87

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDENS - DAY

87

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

You look unhappy, my dear!

Cytherea sits down next to Miss. Aldclyffe

CYTHEREA

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

CYTHEREA

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

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

CYTHEREA

Yes, Ma'am.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Cytherea turns slowly and sadly away.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)

.....Are you listening, Cytherea?

CYTHEREA

Yes.....

Cytherea walks sadly away.

88

INT. CRESTON/OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

88

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

OWEN (V.O.)

Dear Sis,  
Thanks for visiting me last weekend.This is just a note to say that the surgeons found out a small tumour in my leg, the day after you left, and I immediately underwent a surgical procedure to remove it, three days ago....with chloroform, thank goodness!  
I asked them when I could walk again, but they would not say whether it was half, or a whole year.  
Could you possibly run down and see me again, little Sis, for the days drag on so drearily and I certainly could do with some painkillers? I should really like to see your pretty face to cheer me up.

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

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

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

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

Manston is standing there, waiting for her and he smiles, and springs forward to take her bag.

MR. MANSTON

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

Cytherea sadly shrugs

CYTHEREA

No.

They walk awhile, in silence.

MR. MANSTON

Miss Graye, I will not mince matters with you. I love you! You know it.....Forgive me, for I cannot help it.Consent to be my wife, at any time and you shall find your brother well provided for.

Cytherea speeds up and looks away.

CYTHEREA

(Coldly)I do not love you, Mr. Manston.

MR. MANSTON

Why not?

CYTHEREA

I cannot love such a selfish being who uses my desperation as a tool for bargaining!....Yours is not a disinterested love....It's...it's an animal one!

Manston, struck with her perceptive analysis, stands still, with shock, and she walks on, alone.

MR. MANSTON

(Calling after her) I will call on him!...Yes, I will! I'll go to Creston!

90 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/FRONT DRIVE - EVENING

90

Manston is loading up a box into his gig, outside of the house, when Cytherea arrives in her outdoor clothes and carrying a bag.

Manston sees her, smiles, and hurries to take the bag from her, which he emplaces on the top of the steps.

Cytherea half smiles, embarrassedly at him and nods.

MR. MANSTON

Back from poor Owen, again, I see?

CYTHEREA

Hello, Mr. Manston....um,  
yes,.....um, I have to thank you  
for visiting Owen and bringing him  
some supplies....that was.... very  
kind of you.

MR. MANSTON

I'm sorry for letting it seem that  
my help of your brother was  
dependent upon YOUR kindness to  
ME...I didn't really mean  
that....It was just the impulse of  
the moment.I love you too devotedly  
to be anything but kind to your  
brother!

CYTHEREA

(Quietly)Thank you.

She nods her head and starts to leave for the house when he catches hold of her hand.

MR. MANSTON

Miss Graye, Cytherea, I will do  
anything to give you  
pleasure.....Indeed I will!

Cytherea doesn't withdraw her hand, so he bends his head,  
kisses it and then stares at her.

She then pulls it back, sadly, and painedly, turns and enters  
the house.

91 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

91

Miss. Aldclyffe and Cytherea are both smartly dressed for  
church and finishing their breakfasts. Miss. Aldclyffe is in  
grey and Cytherea in lavender.

Cytherea has a letter in her hand and Miss. Aldclyffe is just arising from the table.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

Now read your letter quickly, dear.  
We mustn't be late for church.

CYTHEREA

No, I won't be a minute, Miss.  
Aldclyffe.

Miss. Aldclyffe sweeps out and Cytherea opens and reads the letter.

OWEN (V.O.)

Dear Cytherea,  
I have received a frank and friendly letter from Manston explaining the position that he hopes to stand in with regard to you. Can't you love him?...Do try, for he is good and talented. I am sure that marriage will be better than staying as Miss. Aldclyffe's lackey for the rest of your life.....Don't go against your heart, Cytherea, but do be wise.  
Ever affectionately yours, Owen.

Cytherea stands up, folds the letter and puts it in her pocket.

She is heart sick, and turns away slowly towards the door.

92

INT. CARRIFORD/CHURCH - DAY

92

Cytherea is coming out of her pew and Miss. Aldclyffe is lingering, talking with a neighbour.

Manston has hurried down to meet Cytherea as she exits the pew.

He takes her arm, although she is somewhat stiff and unaccomodating.

He walks her down the nave and off to the left into a side aisle.

MR. MANSTON

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

Cytherea sadly nods her assent.

The Miss. Aldclyffe and congregation leave, and the organ stops.

Cytherea has left his arm and is looking at some flowers in a side chapel.

Manston takes her hands and looks at her, pointedly.

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)

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

CYTHEREA

(Neutrally) It would.

He comes in closer and holds one hand more tightly, up to his face, with both hands, while relinquishing the other.

Cytherea turns her face away

MR. MANSTON

Cytherea, I want him there! I want him to be my brother!

He leans his face in close to hers

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)

Make it so, my love!...Oh Cytherea, my darling love...come and be my wife!

Cytherea turns back to him and speaks firmly and resignedly

CYTHEREA

Alright, I will.

MR. MANSTON

Next month?

CYTHEREA

No, not next month..... or, or the one after.

MR. MANSTON

Christmas Day then, say?

Cytherea shrugs

CYTHEREA  
(Sadly) I don't mind.

MR. MANSTON  
Oh you darling!

He goes to put a kiss on her lips, but she puts her hand in front of her mouth.

CYTHEREA  
Not here!.....We're.....(Has an inspiration)we're too near God!

MR. MANSTON  
Too near....? Oh!....  
Alright...yes..

He leads her towards the entrance.

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

CYTHEREA  
I meant 'Old' Christmas Day

MR. MANSTON  
That's another fortnight on, then!

Cytherea turns her head.

CYTHEREA  
Is that a problem?

MR. MANSTON  
No!...Oh, no!...I can  
wait....Yes...Old Christmas Day it  
is, then.

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

93 EXT. OUTSIDE OF CHURCH - DAY

93

As Manston and Cytherea emerge, as a married couple, Manston is engaged by a small knot of people who come forward to shake his hand and congratulate him.

He relinquishes Cytherea's arm.

Cytherea looks off to one side, sadly, and sees, there, half hidden by a shrub, Springrove, looking ghastly, pale and tortured.

He looks agonizedly at her.

Cytherea looks shocked.

CYTHEREA  
 (Calls out) He's  
 dying!....Dying!...O God save us!

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

Cytherea sees the shafts of sun light falling 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, again and the bridesmaid applies the smelling salts, again.

Owen pushes forward.

MR. MANSTON  
 (To Owen) What did she say?!

Owen shrugs, angrily, as he actually heard the words.

OWEN  
 Nothing!

Manston and Cytherea process onwards amongst the plaudits and Owen angrily parts and looks in the shrubs.

There is no-one there.

94 EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDEN - DAY

94

Owen has tight hold of his sister's arm, in the doorway of the house from where we hear the clink of glasses and chatter.

They are both still in wedding finery

He is vehemently talking with her, in an undertone.

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

CYTHEREA

(Distressed) I thought that I had got over Edward, as he was to marry another, but when I saw him so agonized, today, I was forced to admit it to myself....I STILL love him, Owen! And HE loves ME!

Owen looks angry and shakes her arms

OWEN

Cytherea!!..... You MUST not bring disgrace on yourself, Manston, or on your family, as well!....Try thinking of other people!.....Forget him!

Cytherea breaks away from him and looks down.

CYTHEREA

Sorry, Owen.....(Quietly) I'll, I'll do my best.....I can only do THAT, now, can't I.

She walks away, down to the edge of the stream at the far side of the garden.

She turns and walks along the bank, somewhat hidden from the house, by the shrubbery.

Suddenly she sees Edward across the little stream.

She starts

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

Edward!

SPRINGROVE

Sorry, Cytherea...I didn't mean to startle you at church. I just tried to see you before church, but I was too late...I'm free! My cousin has jilted me for a rich man!....She's run off and married him!

CYTHEREA

Free?....(Fainter) Not married?

SPRINGROVE

How COULD you suddenly fall for a man like Springrove, though?

CYTHEREA

I never loved him!....I love  
you!...Always you!

SPRINGROVE

But Miss. Aldclyffe showed me a  
letter you wrote to him telling of  
your emotion...

CYTHEREA

...Yes...at the playing of Bach's  
organ music!...But you were quick  
enough to write me off, when YOU  
wrote, that...

SPRINGROVE

....I was answering your dismissal,  
believed you were to marry Manston,  
and had then been told that my  
immediate marriage to Eunice would  
discount some of my poor father's  
terrible debts to Miss.  
Aldclyffe....

CYTHEREA

...Oh, Heavens!.....We have  
been tricked apart!... There have  
been plans against us, my  
dear....and now we have just  
to...to... live out our lives in  
misery...well, MY life!  
.....You must forget me, my  
love!

SPRINGROVE

Forget you?!.....Oh, I wish I  
could touch you just once, darling!

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

CYTHEREA

(Cries) Edward!

SPRINGROVE

My Cytherea!...My stolen pet lamb!

She suddenly recalls herself and she breaks away.

CYTHEREA

I can't stay!....Go! Go!

She runs back through the garden to the French windows.

Manston comes out and frowns at her.

MR. MANSTON

Where have you been?...We have to go! The carriage is waiting for our train!

Cytherea nods her head miserably and rushes indoors.

95

EXT. OUTSIDE OF DAIRY BARN - DAY

95

We see the behinds of a couple of cows with their heads down, eating.

Owen is leaning on the fence rail, watching a man unloading small hay bales from a cart near the entrance and piling them up near to the door.

A dairyman is milking a cow, nearby, also.

He looks up, sees Owen, and addresses him.

DAIRYMAN

You not 'eard about this confessing, then?

OWEN

No...Who?..... Should I?

DAIRYMAN

It be about you, an' all.

OWEN

Me?

DAIRYMAN

Well, MISS Graye....The railway porter see'd Manston's wife leave Carriford, on the night of the fire, but she paid 'im to keep quiet, she did!

OWEN

She WHAT?!

Springrove is seen hurrying across the field, nearby towards Owen.

The rector, Parson Raunham, comes through the rectory gate, nearby, and hurries up to Owen, just beaten by Springrove who calls, as he arrives.

SPRINGROVE

Your sister is not legally married!  
His first wife is still living!

Raunham hurries up to Owen and grasps his hand pumping it sympathetically.

RAUNHAM

It's too true, my boy! You must come with me and we must take a deposition from the man who saw Manston's wife leave. Then I will countersign it and take a copy for you to present to Mr. Manston.

SPRINGROVE

They'll be in Southampton by then!...I'll go and catch them up. I know the place like the back of my hand and you don't, Owen.

OWEN

(Coldly) I hardly think that you are in a position to interfere, Springrove.

RAUNHAM

Mr. Manston is an honest, respectable man. This will come as a blow to him. You go to the station and telegraph all of the better hotels in Southampton, Mr. Springrove, and Mr. Graye will leave for Southampton as soon as he has this affidavit.

SPRINGROVE

Certainly....Yes!

The rector and Graye set off for the rectory, and Springrove hurries away to the station.

96

INT. CARRIFORD RAILWAY STATION/TICKET OFFICE - DAY

96

Springrove rushes in, breathlessly.

SPRINGROVE

Could I send some telegraphs, please?

The ticket collector shakes his head.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Oh, can't do that, Sir.

SPRINGROVE

Why ever not?!

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Machine's broken, I'm afraid.

There is the sound of a train hooting and Springrove looks through the open door at it.

SPRINGROVE  
Is that a Southampton train?

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Yes, it be the....

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

97 EXT. SOUTHAMPTON STATION - EVENING 97

Springrove jumps off the train, as it arrives, and looks at the station clock.

He approaches two porters and asks them a question: if they have seen a young couple and where did they go.

They shrug their shoulders, so Springrove hurries away out of the station.

98 INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOTELS - EVENING 98

Montage:

Springrove visits four different hotels to enquire about a young couple.

99 INT. HOTEL - EVENING 99

A middle-aged woman, behind the reception desk is talking with Springrove.

HOTELIER  
...Oh, yes. They've taken suite no.13. The lady is in, but the gentleman has gone out....Shall I say who...

Springrove hurries past her to the steps

SPRINGROVE  
No!...No!...Just some family news!

He races upstairs to find no. 13.

100 INT. HOTEL/SUITE 13 - EVENING

100

Springrove knocks and takes a step through the half open door.

Cytherea is sitting by the fire, despondently, with her head on her hand, the arm of which is on the table.

SPRINGROVE  
(Softly)Cytherea!

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

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)  
You're not his wife, Cytherea! Come away...He has a wife, living!

Cytherea leaps up

CYTHEREA  
Not his wife?!...Oh! Edward it's YOU!

SPRINGROVE  
Has Manston ever shown you proof of the death of his wife?

CYTHEREA  
Well, no!....Never!...Where is my brother? Where is Owen?

SPRINGROVE  
He is coming with proof of a wife's existence by the next train.

Cytherea remembers herself, snatches up her bonnet and cloak and starts putting them on.

CYTHEREA  
I can't come with you, can I?...They'll say.....Edward, he's just gone out to post a letter. He'll be...

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

Springrove hears her asking for another room.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)  
I must have a private room....Quite private, immediately, please!...Immediately!

HOTELIER (V.O.)  
 (Surprised) Yes, Madam. Here are  
 the keys to number twelve, if you  
 like, Madam, but I don't thin....

CYTHEREA (V.O.)  
 ...Thank you!

101 INT. HOTEL/CORRIDOR - EVENING

101

Springrove steps out into the corridor, as Cytherea races past.

CYTHEREA (V.O.)  
 (Sobbing) Thanks, Edward, but I  
 will see no-one....no-one, but my  
 brother!

She runs into this next door room and slams the door.

SPRINGROVE  
 (Speaking to the door)It's  
 alright,Cytherea! He'll be here,  
 directly. I shall go and meet him  
 at the station.

CYTHEREA  
 Yes, Go! Go!....He'll be back any  
 minute....No-one shall speak to me!  
 No-one!

She locks the door and Edward hears her sobbing.

He turns away and hurries downstairs, past the astonished hotelier.

102 INT. HOTEL/MANSTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

102

Manston, and Owen are standing facing each other across the hearthrug.

Owen has his outdoor clothes on and has Cytherea holding on around his neck, as if in safety.

Manston is frowning at them both.

He steps forward, menacingly

MR. MANSTON  
 She shall not go with you unless  
 you can prove that she is not my  
 wife!

Owen brandishes the affidavit

OWEN  
THIS is proof!

MR. MANSTON  
I will have my rights!

CYTHEREA  
Don't make me stay with him, Owen!!

OWEN  
I will call for a lawyer!

He starts limping around, picking up Cytherea's things from around the room, with Cytherea hovering near him, and then assisting him.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile, to preserve my sister's reputation, she shall come with me.

Manston comes up to Cytherea and takes her arm, which she shrinks off.

MR. MANSTON  
(Coaxingly) Do you really wish to go back with him, dearest, and leave your poor husband, lonely?

Cytherea looks away

CYTHEREA  
I'll go back with Owen.

Cytherea moves towards the door, when there is a knock and she opens it.

The servant hands a note to Cytherea, entitled "For Owen"

She quickly reads it to herself.

SPRINGROVE (V.O.)  
I have gone back by the mail train. It is better that I am out of the way. There is a room reserved for you both at the Adelphi Hotel and a hansom cab waiting outside....God speed! Edward.

CYTHEREA  
(To Owen) There is a cab waiting.

OWEN

I will send for her big bags,  
Manston. You will be furnished with  
further information and my lawyer  
will want yours, as well.

MR. MANSTON

Very well, but I will have you  
know, Cytherea, that I am as  
innocent in deception as you are  
yourself....Do you believe me?

Cytherea looks down

CYTHEREA

(Dully)Yes.

OWEN

Come on, Sister!

He turns and they go out.

103 INT. CARRIFORD RECTORY/STUDY - DAY

103

The rector leans forward across the rug to pour out some more  
sherry into Manston's out held glass.They are both sitting by  
the lit fire.

MR. MANSTON

Have they not found the porter,  
yet?

RAUNHAM

I'm sorry, they've not. When I  
returned from seeing Owen off for  
Southampton, the man had  
scarpered.....My fault. I should  
have set a guard on him.

MR. MANSTON

So what can I do?

RAUNHAM

Surely you have been advertising  
this last week?

Manston gets up, puts his glass down on his elbow table and  
starts pacing.

MR. MANSTON

No...not yet!....I just want to  
know how my Cytherea is.

RAUNHAM

Ah...Yes...well, I believe that the poor lady is really rather unwell, at the moment.

Manston stops, abruptly.

He empties his schooner and puts it down.

MR. MANSTON

I must go to her!

Mr. Raunham stands up and puts his glass down, as well.

He puts his hand on Manston's shoulder.

RAUNHAM

No, Sir! That is not your place....especially in a small town like this. You must be seen to act above suspicion....

MR. MANSTON

...But I..

RAUNHAM

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

Manston accepts the advice and slowly, resignedly, nods his head.

104

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/GARDENS - EVENING

104

Miss. Aldclyffe and the rector are returning across the lawn from an after dinner ramble, when they see Manston coming out of the house with a couple of papers.

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

MISS. ALDCLYFFE

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

Manston hastily and perfunctorily shakes their hands.

MR. MANSTON

Yes, I thought, I'd collect them on my way back from London.

RAUNHAM  
Any luck finding your wife.

MR. MANSTON  
Not a hope. I've gone to all of our  
old haunts there..... and in  
Liverpool, yesterday.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
Have you advertised?

MR. MANSTON  
Yes..The Times, the Telegraph and  
the Standard...twice!

RAUNHAM  
Ah!...Well, I th...

Manston climbs into the gig and takes up the reins.

MR. MANSTON  
....Sorry, Mr. Raunham...I'm dog-  
tired.....I must go lie down.

He nods to Raunham and then to Miss. Aldclyffe

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)  
Good Evening....Miss. Aldclyffe!

He drives off.

105 INT. MR. RAUNHAM'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

105

Mr. Raunham is sitting behind his desk with Manston sitting  
on a stand chair at an angle to him.

Manston suddenly stands up.

MR. MANSTON  
I cannot try any further,  
rector....I don't love her, but I  
DO love Cytherea.

RAUNHAM  
But you will do your duty, at  
least?!

MR. MANSTON  
If ever man on the face of the  
earth did his duty to his absent  
wife, I have done mine.

He picks up his hat and gloves from the desk and then seems struck by a thought.

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)  
So your actual advice is that I should still....advertise, yet again?

The rector stands up and shakes his hand.

RAUNHAM  
Um...yes. I DO think it might be an idea, Mr. Manston.

Manston sighs and turns away

MR. MANSTON  
Alright, I'll place ANOTHER round of adverts in the papers.....Thanks, Rector.

Manston walks out and Raunham sits down, takes a fresh sheet of paper and starts to write.

RAUNHAM (V.O.)  
Memorandum of events: Jan. 25.

Third visit from Manston.  
Peculiarities:  
1) Manston seemed convinced he would never see wife again  
2) Manston seems now unbothered about hiding his interest in Cytherea  
3) He was unable to hide his eagerness that I should advise him to advertise again....strange when he is so uninterested in the outcome!

Mr. Raunham puts down his pen, looks up and into the fire.

106 INT. OLD HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

106

Manston is sitting having breakfast with his friend, Dickson, a small, plump, nattily dressed man who is chattering away.

DICKSON  
....'Though I must say, it's very kind of you to ask me....I haven't heard from you in quite a while, now.

The old housekeeper brings in Manston's post on a salver and puts it down next to him.

Manston ignores her, but stops buttering his toast and opens the letter.

He reads it, while Dickson glances at him, interrogatively, drinking his tea.

Manston grunts and then throws the letter across to Dickson to read, which he does.

DICKSON (CONT'D)  
 Ummmm.....so your wife's  
 turned up, then,  
 egh?.....ummmm, bit funny  
 leaving her watch and keys  
 behind!....Oh, so she saw the fire  
 from the lane when she was leaving  
 for the train, did  
 she?.....And she saw your  
 adverts.....(Whistles)....Phew!

He pushes back his chair and takes his cup and saucer over to the window looking out.

DICKSON (CONT'D)  
 It's going to rain, you  
 know!.....So you're going  
 to have to tell your new sort of  
 wife about the old one, then, egh?

Manston drinks his tea

MR. MANSTON  
 Umph!

DICKSON  
 Always thought that you weren't too  
 keen on the first wife, anyway,  
 though...were you?

MR. MANSTON  
 That's neither here, nor  
 there....It's a point of honour to  
 do as I am doing and there's an end  
 of it.I'll bring her up here.

Dickson carries on looking out of the window and rocks on his toes, musingly, nodding his head.

DICKSON  
 Fancy my being here during this  
 discovery!

He puts his cups down.

DICKSON (CONT'D)  
I'll put some boots on for that  
rough shooting, then, egh?

He goes out and Manston buries his face in his hands, shaking his head.

MR. MANSTON  
Oh, Cytherea!

He removes his hands and presents an agonised face, looking out of the window.

MR. MANSTON (CONT'D)  
Oh, my lost one!

107 EXT. CARRIFORD - DAY

107

Montage

Manston exits the station carrying a large bag and a woman on his arm. She is about thirty, dark haired and handsome in a brassy way. Her costume is a little de trop. A young army officer goes up the steps and passes them. He gives the woman an admiring glance, which she receives in a self conscious, pert, flirtatious manner. Manston sees this but doesn't care.

Manston is walking along the high street with his wife and the passersby are ogling them.

Manston is in the drapers' introducing his wife to the draper and his wife who are smiling and shaking hands.

Manston and his wife are having afternoon tea with a smiling Miss. Aldclyffe.

108 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE - DAY

108

Owen and Cytherea pull up in a small cart outside of a rural cottage. Their luggage is in the cart behind them.

Owen smiles and hands Cytherea down.

OWEN  
Well, Sis...welcome to our new  
lodgings!

Cytherea smiles and looks around.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Now that I've got my promotion,  
with this PALCHURCH work, and you  
don't have to work anymore, you  
will be able to regain some sort of  
equanimity, Cythy.

Cytherea kisses him.

CYTHEREA

You're always a dear, Owen. I'm  
just so glad that your leg is on  
the mend after that horrid  
operation.

He smiles and goes to fetch the luggage from the rear of the  
cart.

Cytherea picks up her carpet bag.

109 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/SHED - DAY

109

Owen is sitting on a bench outside of the shed and smoking,  
in the sunshine.

Edward comes riding up and hails Owen, cheerfully.

SPRINGROVE

Owen, my man! How ARE you?

OWEN

Better for seeing you!...Come in  
and I'll put the kettle on.

Edward gets off his horse and ties its bridle to the shed  
door handle.

SPRINGROVE

Well, I won't... IF you don't  
mind....I've actually come to ask  
your sister if....well.... now that  
she's free,if, er,if she will have  
me....as, as her husband.

He looks steadily at Owen who stands up.

SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

Do you think she still loves me?

Owen looks wary and shrugs his shoulders.

OWEN

Oh, I...I can't say, really.

SPRINGROVE

Can you call her down, so that I  
can ask her, please?

OWEN

Well you can always try.

He nods and goes to get Cytherea.

Cytherea comes out alone and Springrove stands up, takes her hand, sits her on the bench, sits down by her and asks her to marry him.

Cytherea looks forlorn, slowly shakes her head, starts crying and then smiles, sadly, and slowly strokes his face.

She explains that she feels tainted.

Springrove gently kisses away the tears, and tries earnestly to dissuade her from her decision, but she is adamant and stands up, eventually returning inside.

Edward stands and looks crushed

Owen then re-emerges and looks questioningly at Springrove

OWEN (CONT'D)

Well?

SPRINGROVE

She loves me still and would have me, I think, were it not that she feels....feels tainted, in the eyes of the world, for goodness sakes!

Owen sits down on the bench while Edward paces.

OWEN

Tainted?!...I suppose so!.....I do think Manston meant well, however, and didn't, indeed, know of the existence of his first wife....

SPRINGROVE

...Ugh, THERE I believe you to be misled. There is something rotten here, you know.

Owen looks up, surprised.

OWEN

What?

SPRINGROVE

Miss. Aldclyffe supported Manston's suit by telling my father that she would let him off the burnt houses' debt if I immediately married my cousin, Adelaide!

OWEN

What on earth is it to her?!

SPRINGROVE

That's not ALL! Manston received a letter through the Carriford post office from a postmark of the place where his new wife lived and which the post mistress positively identifies as his wife's hand.

OWEN

So?

SPRINGROVE

He received this letter BEFORE he again, finally advertised....WHY advertize when you KNOW your wife is ALIVE?

Owen slowly and confusedly gets up.

OWEN

Wha.....?!...I must look into this, Springrove!....I must.....Look, you go home and I'll start rooting around....Thanks for this.....Poor Cythy mustn't be left in this state where she feels that everyone is regarding her as tainted....

SPRINGROVE

...A conviction for bigamy would clear THAT!

Owen shakes Edward's hand and nods his head.

OWEN

It would, indeed!Thanks for this, Springrove...thanks.

Springrove smiles, grimly,nods and goes to unfasten his horse's bridle.

110 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

110

Owen comes back indoors and Cytherea is sitting by the fire, where he joins her.

CYTHEREA

Has he gone?

OWEN

Yes....he seems to think that Manston knew that his wife was still alive and was therefore a bigamist when he married you.

CYTHEREA

Oh.....good grief!

OWEN

We can't afford a solicitor, at present, and so must do the leg work ourselves, Cythy.

CYTHEREA

What sort?

OWEN

Well...we need to find out where his wife lived when he came to live here.....The post mistress says he never posted his letters in the parish, deliberately, and so we don't know where his wife was.

Cytherea gets up and starts to pace.

CYTHEREA

Oh, I know!...There will be mention of her address in the newspaper's reporting of the inquest.

OWEN

Yes!...Clever girl!...I can't take time off to visit the newspaper office to see their archives, though....I'm very busy with this new work.

CYTHEREA

That's alright. Mr. Raunham, the rector, used to collect the papers and hold on to them, for the parish. He keeps them in his study.

OWEN

Are you alright for visiting him  
and asking to see them, then?

He stands up

Cytherea smiles

CYTHEREA

Oh, yes....Mr. Raunham has always  
been rather disposed in my favour,  
bless him! I'm sure he'll let me  
see his file of the Chronicles.

She gets up, goes over to the food cupboards and starts  
getting vegetables, knives and a board out on to the table.

OWEN

Good! Then you pop over tomorrow,  
Cythy and find out the previous  
address of this wife, then, huh?

CYTHEREA

I will, Owen.

He starts to go out.

CYTHEREA (CONT'D)

It's lunch in half an hour.

He smiles, takes up his hat and goes out while she starts  
chopping vegetables.

111 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

111

Owen is writing at his desk.

He sits back and silently reads his letter

OWEN (V.O.)

My Dear Springrove,  
I hope that this finds you well. I  
shall have to leave the next steps  
to you, in London for that's where  
Mrs. Manston was.  
Cytherea failed to find the address  
in the Chronicle's back copies, but  
I managed to get it out of the  
reporting clerk in Froominster.  
The address is on the enclosed  
slip.

(MORE)

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

The really strange thing that occurred, here, however, is that your father, whom Cythy met in Carriford, said that Manston had got your street name from him, in London. What this means I have no idea.....Anyway, do you go along as soon as you can, however, to talk to this old/new Mrs. Manston's landlords and neighbours. They might have some sort of news, or information.  
Your grateful friend,  
Owen.

EXT. LONDON/LODGING HOUSE FRONT PATH AND DOOR - DAY  
Springrove is talking with the landlady, who is standing on her front doorstep.

LANDLADY

As I say, I only recently took over from Mr. Brown, so only saw this Mrs. Manston once, last week, when they came to ask a couple of things and leave their forwarding address...you're his employer's clerk you say?

SPRINGROVE

Yes, we took the original letting for him and just wanted to check that the whole thing is wrapped up, now.

LANDLADY

She did seem a retiring sort of body and kept hid behind the gentleman. She seemed not to know of the sewing box and trash that I asked if she wanted to take away with her, and seemed quite happy for me to throw it away...Now, I'm not too sure, however, and perhaps I should have made her take it.

SPRINGROVE

Oh, that's no problem, I'm going over to Carriford with some papers for him in a few days and can drop it off, if you wish.

The landlady nods and turns back into the hallway behind her.

LANDLADY

Here it is, then lovey....It's one  
less thing for me to think about.

SPRINGROVE

Thank you....Good Evening.

He smiles, takes the box and turns away.

113 INT. SPRINGROVE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

113

Springrove comes into the room, disrobes, sits down and  
examines the work box.

He leaves the curtains open and doesn't see a figure,  
outside, watching him.It is Manston, wrapped up in a big  
coat, with hat,high collar and scarf.

Springrove opens the box, turns it around and finds a small  
partially hidden drawer, which he also opens.

He pulls out of the drawer a slip of paper with a poem on  
it,and a photograph of a young woman, together with a small  
myrtle twig.

He reads the poem and smiles and shrugs.

EUNICE

Whoso for hours or lengthy days  
Shall catch her aspect's changeful  
rays,  
Then turn away, can none recall  
Beyond a galaxy of all  
In hazy portraiture;  
Lit by the light of azure eyes  
Like summer days by summer skies:  
Her sweet transitions seem to be  
A kind of pictured melody  
And not a set contour.  
AE. M.

He dashes off a brief note and puts it,the poem, the  
photograph and the twig into an envelope, seals it, and  
addresses it to "Mr. Graye, of Church Cottage, Palchurch".

Springrove leaves the room.

114 EXT. A PALCHURCH LANE, JUST OUTSIDE OF THE VILLAGE - DAY 114

The postman comes into the village and comes across Manston  
who is dallying on the road.

Manston comes up to him

MR. MANSTON

Ah! Mr. Postman! Could you tell me where a Mr. Graye lodges, please?

POSTMAN

Oh, Oi don't be a knowin' o' that.

He gets a couple of Palchurch letters out and reads their addresses.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

But I AM to leave a Mr. Graye's letters with the vicar here, however.

He smiles, puts Graye's letter in the vicar's postbox and leaves.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

Good day to ya, Zur!

Manston smiles at his departure and lurks around another minute, until the man has gone.

Manston then puts his hand into the letterbox, whips out the letter, puts it in his pocket and has a quick look around that no-one saw him.

He then walks rapidly away.

115 INT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE - DAY

115

Owen comes into the house opening a letter and reading it.

Cytherea is sitting sewing, by the fire.

She looks up.

OWEN

Look! It's from Springrove. He says that these were left behind by Mrs. Manston.

He sits down at the table, and puts Springfield's note down, which Cytherea picks up and reads while Owen shakes out the photograph, twig and poem on to the table.

Owen picks up and looks at the photo....It is a different one: of the 'new wife'.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Well, that's the Mrs. Manston he's got with him...We've all seen her.

He picks up and reads the poem.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Humph...a poem to his wife,  
Eunice.....Hummm...she had  
blue eyes....azure blue!

Cytherea puts down the note and snatches the poem, reading it.

CYTHEREA

Oh no.... she doesn't!....Mrs.  
Morris, the housekeeper said that  
her eyes are black.

OWEN

Well, she must be mistaken, then.

CYTHEREA

I can't believe that Mrs.Morris is  
wrong....Women don't make that sort  
o.....

Cytherea suddenly puts her hand over her mouth and sinks down in a chair, her face ashen.

OWEN

Anyone would think that you thought  
that Manston could change the eyes  
of a woman, to hear you!

CYTHEREA

Yes.

OWEN

Yes?

CYTHEREA

By changing the woman,  
herself!.....Oh, NO!.....O help  
me! The wife WAS burnt and this  
means I AM his wife.

She looks agonised and puts her hand to her head.

Owen pats her head

OWEN

Don't worry Cythy! We'll get to the  
bottom of this.

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'll write to ask Springrove to go and make more enquiries with Mrs. Manston's old neighbours about her eyes and I'll get a good look at her in church, tomorrow....I'll just walk over to Carriford. My leg needs the excersize, now it's better.

Cytherea nods her bowed head.

116

EXT. CARRIFORD/ROAD OUTSIDE OF OLD HOUSE - DAY

116

Owen is sauntering about at a short distance from the house's exit, and keeping an eye upon it. He sees two figures appear and melts back into the roadside trees.

Manston, in workaday clothes, turns away and walks in the opposite direction from him, but Mrs. Manston, in her Sunday finery, comes in the direction of Owen, who slips from the trees, rounds the bend in the road and stands, looking puzzled, at the crossroads.

As Mrs. Manston approaches him, Owen asks

OWEN

Excuse me, Madam, but could you tell me the way to Froominster, please?

MRS. MANSTON

The second on the right.

Owen cups his ear and looks confused

OWEN

I'm sorry?

The woman comes nearer

MRS. MANSTON

Second on the right!

Owen shakes his head

OWEN

I'm afraid I'm a little deaf.

The woman comes right up to him, fixes her eyes on his face and speaks loudly, and exasperatedly.

MRS. MANSTON

Second on the right!

Owen sees that her eyes are black and he steps back, a little thrown, staring at her.

The woman sees that he is surprised and becomes furtive.

She puts her hand up and pats her pale brown hair and Owen notices that it is a wig, as there is black hair escaping at the side of the nape.

He recovers himself

OWEN

Oh!...Thank you, Madam...Thank you.

MRS. MANSTON

Good Day.

She turns away, quickly and walks quickly away.

Owen stands, stunned.

He collects himself

OWEN

The rector...I'll write to Mr. Raunham!

117 EXT. PALCHURCH COTTAGE/FRONT PATH - DAY 117

Mr. Raunham rides up on his horse and reads the cottage name.

He dismounts, and ties his horse to the fence.

The door opens and Owen comes down the path.

Cytherea appears, timidly at the threshold behind him.

Owen smiles, shakes the rector's hand and brings him into the cottage.

118 INT. CARRIFORD RECTORY/STUDY - EVENING 118

The rector is sitting by the fire, having removed his jacket. He is just struggling to remove his boots, when a servant comes in.

MAID

Young Mr. Springrove from London sends his apology for the late hour, but asks could you possibly see him, Sir.

RAUNHAM  
 Young Springrove?...Yes, yes, of  
 course!....Bring him in!

Springrove comes in, carrying a bag, wearing a grey cloak and  
 looking excited.

The rector stands up, with one boot on and shakes his hand.

RAUNHAM (CONT'D)  
 You must have a glass of something  
 warming!...Sit down, my boy. Sit  
 down!

SPRINGROVE  
 No, Sir. This is most urgent! I  
 come to you as not only the rector  
 of the parish, but also as the  
 local magistrate.

Raunham sits down, again, and wrestles with the removal of  
 his second boot.

RAUNHAM  
 This sounds serious!

SPRINGROVE  
 I have just come from London, where  
 I have been making enquiry...

RAUNHAM  
 ...About the Grayes?

SPRINGROVE  
 Well...FOR the Grayes: ABOUT the  
 Manston's.

RAUNHAM  
 Ah.

He removes the second boot, with a relieved sigh, and chucks  
 it away to the side of his chair, then looking up,  
 enquiringly, at Springrove.

SPRINGROVE  
 Mrs. Manston is NOT Mrs. Manston! I  
 can prove that she is somebody else  
 - that her name is Anne Seaway.

RAUNHAM

Well good grief!...I have just returned from the Grayes and they have confirmed that this new Mrs. `Manston has the wrong coloured eyes from a poem that Manston wrote to his original wife....and they then told me about his writing the adverts after his having received a letter from her....and now you arrive!

He stands up and presses Springrove into a chair, by his shoulder.

RAUNHAM (CONT'D)

Well, you can tell me all, and I will make a memorandum of it, and make some enquiries, but only on condition that you allow the two of us a little sherry and some biscuits, which this old man needs after hard travel, even if you insist that your youth does not!

Springrove, smiles, impatiently and nods, whilst the rector rings the bell.

119

INT. THE OLD HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - EVENING

119

Manston is sitting gloomily writing at the table and his wife is pacing, agitatedly.

She turns to him poutingly

MRS. MANSTON

...Well it's very fishy how, having married and being soooo in love with that Cytherea, a few days later, you're knocking at MY door and making passionate declarations to ME.

MR. MANSTON

I was lonely and needed a companion, and you were happy enough to share my bed and board for free!

MRS. MANSTON

Yes, well, everyone thinks I AM your wife, so it's as good as, I suppose.....but you're obviously up to something...why have me impersonate her?...How do you know that Eunice won't turn up and ruin all your plans?

MR. MANSTON

She can't because she's burnt!

Mrs. Manston returns to her arm chair by the fire.

MRS. MANSTON

Not only do I not know WHY I am to impersonate your wife, but I also don't know what hold you have over Miss. Aldclyffe.....I ain't done the old biddy any harm, but she avoids me like the plague...as if I was 'in' on a secret about her.....What's that you're writing?

MR. MANSTON

The local magistrate, Raunham, the rector, and Owen Graye want satisfaction that all is "legally clear" for Cytherea.

MRS. MANSTON

(Sneeringly pleading tone)  
Cytherea! Cytherea!

Manston leaps up

MR. MANSTON

Shut up! Shut up, do you hear?!.....God I wish I were DEAD....DEAD!

He slams out of the room.

120 EXT. OLD HOUSE/OUTSIDE - NIGHT

120

Edward is standing, wrapped up, in the dark, under a tree, outside of the Old house, at Knapwater.

Then curtains are not drawn and he sees Manston slam out of the sitting room.

He hears the front door beginning to open and he steps back into the trees.

Edward sees Manston come hurriedly out of the front door of the house, putting on his jacket.

Edward follows Manston, as he sets off in the direction of the Old Mill.

The noise of the water gets louder, together with the wheeze of the pump, as they approach the derelict mill.

Edward sees Manston go into a side room in the mill, near the wheel and then, in a few minutes, he re-appears, dragging something heavy, wrapped in a sack.

Again, Springrove hides behind a tree, and watches as Manston drops the heavy bag down into the well of the now motionless wheel.

121 EXT. OLD HOUSE/MILL - DAY

121

In the dawn of the early light, Edward leads the rector and four constables to the mill and the constables drag the bag out of the mill wheel hole.

The bag is opened and it contains a young woman, in her mid thirties, in an advanced state of decay.

The rector and Edward look horrified and disgusted.

The rector nods at Edward and then gives instructions to everyone.

They leave, in three groups.

122 EXT/INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

122

Mr Raunham, with a constable, knocks at the Old House's door, several times.

Manston comes running down from his bedroom, putting his jacket on.

He runs out of the back door, where Edward grabs him.

There is a fight and Edward gets punched in the face.

Edward punches Manston harder and Manston goes down.

Edward is just hauling Manston to his feet when two of the constables appear and clap handcuffs on Manston.

123 EXT. FROOMINSTER/STREET - DAY

123

Farmer Springrove is standing talking to his friend Farmer Baker, when a cart goes past, with a young man walking alongside of it. The cart contains a coffin.

FARMER BAKER

'Tis what we shall all come to!

FARMER SPRINGROVE

True, neighbour...true. And a fine  
frame of a man he were,  
too.....That coffin's a big 'un!

The cart stops outside of the county's jail and the driver gets down, and comes around to the back of the cart.

The carpenters pick up the coffin and walk up to the gates. They ring the the bell and wait.

A boy walks past, whistling.

Farmer Springrove addresses him.

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)

'Ere, lad! Do you know the name of  
the man who is dead?

BOY

Yes."Tis all over the town...surely  
you know, Mr. Springrove? Mr  
Manston hung 'isself, this  
morning....'e as was Miss.  
Aldclyffe's steward!...He done  
killed 'isself....dead, after  
confessing 'e murdered 'is wife!

The boy nods, wide-eyed with grim horror and walks on.

Farmer Baker turns and nods to Farmer Springrove.

FARMER BAKER

That little Graye girl is lucky,  
then!...'E'll 'ave done it so as to  
free himself to get 'er!

Farmer Springrove also nods his head.

FARMER SPRINGROVE

That were a close call for poor  
Miss Graye, then!....A close call,  
indeed!.....'An now Miss.

(MORE)

FARMER SPRINGROVE (CONT'D)  
 Aldclyffe will be without a  
 steward.....I mun akse 'er if she  
 mun want our Edward.

FARMER BAKER  
 Aye!....She'll 'ave need!

124 INT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/MISS. ALDCLYFFE'S BEDROOM - DAY 124

Miss. Aldclyffe is laying in bed, looking very ill.

Her face is somewhat down towards one side after a stroke and she speaks with difficulty.

Cytherea is seated wearing dark, outdoor clothes. She has been crying, as they have been talking.

Cytherea stands up to go, but Miss. Aldclyffe does not relinquish Cytherea's hand.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
 You DO forgive me, then, dear?

CYTHEREA  
 Yes!...I am only sorry that I  
 didn't visit you before....No-one  
 told me that you had had  
 apoplexy....I'm so sorry.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
 I wanted you to marry my son as I  
 had hoped to right the wrong that I  
 did your father by making you, in  
 effect, my heir.

Cytherea takes a step back and is embarrassed.

She puts her hand up, in protest.

CYTHEREA  
 Really, Miss. Aldclyffe! It's  
 alright....I, I know that you meant  
 well, now. It's alright...

Miss. Aldclyffe half lifts herself up and reaches out, again for Cytherea's hand, which Cytherea gives to her, again.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE  
 ....It's all been my fault!....What  
 you went through!....But never  
 mind, I shall right things,  
 Cytherea!....I SHALL!

She falls back weakly, relinquishing Cytherea's hand.

She rings a little bell on her side table for her maid.

MISS. ALDCLYFFE (CONT'D)  
 (Weakly) You are STILL to be my  
 heir, dear... (more weakly) STILL my  
 heir.

Cytherea looks up at the nurse who suddenly comes briskly into the room.

125

EXT. KNAPWATER HOUSE/LAKE - DAY

125

Cytherea is dressed in a light, floaty, pastel coloured gown and holding her husband, Edward's hand.

They walk down the slope, towards the lake and Edward hands her into a rowing boat.

They row out a little and then he ships the oars and they come to a halt.

Edward gets off his bench and comes to sit next to Cytherea.

Just like during their first kiss, he puts his hand on her far cheek and gently turns her face towards himself, and then he kisses her.

Cytherea returns the kiss and they embrace.