

THE LAODICEAN

Draft 1, Rev. 1

Written by

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Based on The eponymous book by Thomas Hardy

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1

EXT. OLD CHURCH/GRAVEYARD - EVENING

1

The afternoon is just beginning to wane towards evening and a young man perches on a gravestone, sketching some of the details of the roof and tower.

GEORGE SOMERSET is a tall, slim, handsome man, in his late twenties. He is sensitive-looking, and has a short beard.

There is suddenly the sound of hymn singing, at a distance and Somerset puts up his head and listens.

He smiles and then starts picking up his scraps of paper and stuffing pens and his small pad in his pocket.

Somerset then sets off across the graveyard, heading for the lychgate.

2

EXT. FIELD/STILE - EVENING

2

The evening is crimsoning over, as Somerset comes to the stile opposite the church entrance.

He pauses a second, listening to the singing, and looking into the sun which is starting to set, and is reflected in the clouds on this windless, summer's evening.

Somerset then smiles, climbs the stile, and sets off down the field towards a little chapel which he can see in another field, in the valley, below.

3

EXT. CHAPEL GRAVEYARD - EVENING

3

Somerset strolls into the churchyard where he can see three young men going back and forwards from a well and through a side doorway, into the chapel, which is well lit.

The singing has just finished and Somerset approaches a YOUNG MAN.

SOMERSET

You are carrying a great deal of water.

YOUNG MAN

Yes. The cistern is leaking a little an' we mun' fill it up.

SOMERSET

Why are you doing this?

YOUNG MAN

There be a baptism, Zur an' if we
 don't get this cistern afilled, 'out
 ov ban', Mr. Woodwell will be
 someat 'crousty'.

The young man hurries away, though the door, with his comrades and Somerset retires a little away from the doorway, down to a window at the end of the wall, a little screened from the water door, by a shrub.

Somerset stands on a drainpipe cover arrangement, as it goes into the ground, and peers through the window, where he can see a bit of the congregation, which starts singing, again.

A brougham draws up and a young woman, PAULA POWER, dressed in half mourning, alights, followed by an older woman, her aunt, MRS. GOODMAN, carrying clothes.

Somerset peers around his shrub.

The women go into the side door and then Somerset climbs back up onto his viewing platform and peers back in.

4

INT. CHAPEL/TOP OF NAVE - EVENING

4

The congregation finishes singing and a young woman exits a nearby door and approaches the pool set in to the floor at the head of the nave/seating rows.

The young woman is very beautiful, self-possessed, and clad in a long white, opaque gown, which is contrasted against the other, dull congregation members.

The elderly baptist minister, MR. WOODWELL, comes forward, smiling and chivvies her towards the pool.

The young woman gets to the edge of the pool, breathes in, and then looks apprehensively down into the water.

She then slowly shakes her head, in consternation, and steps two paces back.

The minister comes forwards and remonstrates with her.

She answers quietly and shakes her head, again.

The minister expostulates, and then takes hold off her sleeve, attempting to pull her towards the brink of the pool.

The woman flashes up, haughtily, tugs her sleeve out of his grasp, in offence, turns and stalks back through the door.

The congregation burst out talking, shaking their heads and generally look horrified at such recalcitrance.

The minister, Mr. Woodwell, wipes his brow, remonstrates with the congregation, enters his pulpit and starts his sermon.

The minister waves his arms around agitatedly, and the blast of his oratory can be heard from outside, but not, generally, the exact words. The minister's frequent looks and pointings towards the young lady's exit show that the sermon is against her, particularly.

Somerset finally hears the loud ending words:

MR. WOODWELL

...and I say that thou art lukewarm,
as lukewarm as the Laodiceans and I
will spew thee out of my mouth!"

CONGREGATION

Amen!!

5 EXT. CHAPEL/GRAVEYARD - EVENING

5

Somerset hears a noise of the side door opening.

He peers, again around his shrub and sees the older woman carrying the clothes, again and followed by the younger, back in normal dress and wiping her eyes.

It is the beautiful, young, recalcitrant baptism candidate, and she is somewhat upset.

The two ladies remount into the brougham and it pulls away.

Somerset, gets down from his drainpipe and stands looking after them.

He then whistles quietly to himself a single appreciative toot and sets off walking towards the gate, into the, by now, beautifully red sunset.

6 EXT. LANE - EVENING

6

As Somerset walks along, he hears the single telegraph wire singing, overhead, in rising and dying falls. He follows it along the road until he passes a farm LABOURER returning home.

4.

SOMERSET

Good evening. Could you tell me if
I am on the correct road for
Sleeping-Green, please?

LABOURER

Oh, aye, Zur. You be following it
just a few moiles down, and then
Sleeping-Green be there.

SOMERSET

Thank you...Thanks. Good Evening.

The labourer tips his cap and nods his head

LABOURER

Zur!

Somerset walks on, occasionally looking up at the singing
wire, when it changes its tone.

Coming around a bend in the road, Somerset notices that the
telegraph wire suddenly leaves the road and sets off up a
driveway.

In a fit of curiosity, Somerset follows the wire up the
drive, a while.

Following the wire, still, he turns off onto a small path,
beneath it and eventually comes to the head of an ascent,
which shows a castle, below.

The castle, which is a small to medium one, shows a
delightful mixture of the ruined, the half remaining, and the
restored, inhabited portion. The ruined and the half remaining
portions are covered in ivy.

The door, at the other end of the causeway, which is above
the dried moat, is closed, and the wire soars over the
curtain wall and enters in at an arrow slit in the keep,
itself. There are several lit up windows in the keep.

Somerset follows the course of the wire with his eye and
smiles

SOMERSET

(Sotto voce)

Wonderful mix: the new and the old.

He turns back down the drive.

The following morning, Somerset re-arrives at the castle and, as he comes across the causeway, and enters through the main, now open door, is met by the PORTERESS who comes out of the gatehouse.

SOMERSET
Good Morning.

PORTERESS
Goo' Morning, Zur.

SOMERSET
Who is at home, please?

PORTERESS
Only Miss Stancy be 'ere.

Somerset smiles and nods.

He walks on past her.

Somerset crosses the outer ward and knocks at the big main door of the buildings opposite.

The door is opened by the BUTLER who nods, warily.

BUTLER
Good Morning Sir. May I be of assistance?

SOMERSET
Would you please present my compliments to Miss Stancy, and ask her if she would be so kind as to allow me to inspect and perhaps sketch the architecture of the more public portions of her castle, please? My name is Mr. Somerset.

BUTLER
Certainly, Sir. If you would please wait here.

The butler nods and closes the door again.

Somerset wanders up and down a little waiting.

The crows wheel overhead and caw loudly to each other. The day is bright and mild.

Somerset watches the porterness sweeping around the gatehouse exterior and an old labouring man exit one door, into the courtyard and enter another, carrying a big roll of electric cable.

8

INT. CASTLE - DAY

8

The butler returns, smiles and admits Somerset.

The butler leads Somerset through various rooms and then courteously leaves him to explore.

MONTAGE OF:

Somerset rambling through rooms full of piles of dusty furniture.

Somerset variously inspecting the portraits in the long gallery.

Somerset admiring some reordered rooms in which some medieval weapons have been cleaned and arranged on the walls, whilst another, very old man working man very slowly climbs some ladders, against the wall, carrying a roll of cable.

9

EXT. CASTLE/TERRACE - DAY

9

Somerset emerges on to one end of a terrace that goes around a corner.

He blinks in the bright light.

Somerset goes to the parapet and looks down to the view.

He smiles, breathes in and looks around at the woods, below, as the birds sing in the bright air.

Somerset then sets off along the terrace to explore. As he rounds the corner, he sees a young woman at the end, in a hat, who is half asleep, amongst some cushions, in a wall niche, in the sun.

The young woman, MISS. DE STANCY, suddenly gets up. She is short, rather buxom, and plain.

Somerset realizes that he has startled her, and starts to turn to retreat, but she vanishes in through a door, more swiftly than he.

10

INT. CASTLE/CORRIDOR - DAY

10

Somerset is tracing the outline of a vault when he realizes that there is a new wall which has cut the vault in half.

He attempts to open the door, in the new wall, but it is locked.

A maid come along the corridor, and, when he asks her something, shakes her head, and smiles.

She continues along the corridor, while Somerset, swiftly sketches the end of some corbelling, nearby, instead.

11

INT. CASTLE/CORRIDOR - LATER

11

A young female servant with keys, and accompanied by MISS. DE STANCY, comes along the corridor.

Miss. De Stancy, a small, plump, plain and fussy young woman smiles, a little awkwardly, at Somerset and gives him her hand. She speaks rapidly, fussily and breathlessly.

MISS. DE STANCY
(Anxiously and earnestly)
I'm Miss. De Stancy. I'm sorry
we've locked some rooms. This is
the plate room, you see....
(titters)

She gestures and the maid unlocks the room.

They all go in.

SOMERSET
Oh, this is very kind. I'm so sorry
to trouble you. I, I was just
inspecting the vaulting.

They look around the room which contains a few old chests and some dusty furniture.

MISS. DE STANCY
(Rapid and breathless)
We haven't been here, long. This is
why everything is in such a
dilapidated condition.... Would you
like to see the vault below?

Somerset nods and smiles.

SOMERSET
Thankyou. I would.... if, if that's
possible.

Miss. De Stancy smiles at him and turns out of the door.

12 INT. CASTLE/TRAVERSING - DAY

12

They all walk along corridors and through rooms with the maid
unlocking various doors for them.

They pass yet more portraits.

SOMERSET
Are these your ancestors?

Miss. De Stancy laughs

MISS. DE STANCY
(Fussily confiding)
They certainly are! ... But they're
gone from my family, now.

SOMERSET
Gone, Miss. De Stancy?

MISS. DE STANCY
Oh, yes!.... Castle and furniture
went ages ago, when Papa was very
young.

SOMERSET
But you still live here, do you
not?

MISS. DE STANCY
On and off, with my friend, who now
owns the castle, Paula Power. I do
go home to Papa, now and then,
though.
(Giggles)

SOMERSET
Miss Power?

MISS. DE STANCY
Yes. Her father made that, you
know.

She gestures out of the window to a plume of white steam in
the distance.

SOMERSET
Uhhh.... The woodland?

Miss. De Stancy giggles loud and long

MISS. DE STANCY
No!..... The railway! Mr.Power, the
great railway contractor!..... He
discovered the castle while
negotiating the land around here.

SOMERSET
Oh, so he bought it!

MISS. DE STANCY
Not straight away. He built the
Baptist chapel on the land, in the
valley, below, first.....
(Confidingly)
I'm afraid that Paula isn't quite
such a staunch Baptist as he was,
though.

SOMERSET
Ah! I begin to see.

MISS. DE STANCY
Yes..... Perhaps you heard..... She
gave mortal offence to the local
Baptists by refusing, at the very
last moment, to be baptised, I'm
afraid.... It was her father's wish,
you see and he.....

The maid nods and departs, as they open another door and
enter a room with Miss. De Stancy continuing her stream of
chatting and waving her hands round.

13 INT. CASTLE/BEDROOM SUITE - DAY

13

Miss. De Stancy goes into a big room which has partially-
opened, big double doors opening into a room which is clearly
being used as a bedroom, with blue and white silk swathed
around the room and articles of apparel, evident, on
furniture.

This first parlour, which they are in, is fit up in a recent
style with some beautiful pieces of furniture. There are
copies of various publications strewn around. There are lots
of satirical prints on the walls.

Miss. De Stancy gestures around.

MISS. DE STANCY

You see, Paula is not completely immured in the medieval. Although she really wishes to restore the castle, properly, she's actually quite a modern woman and..

SOMERSET

....Yes, of course, the railway..

MISS. DE STANCY

...AND her telegraph.... AND installing electricity. She admits that she is more Graeco than Gothic, in taste, but is determined to do her best with the restoration of her new home.

They hear the dinner gong sound

SOMERSET

Oh!..... I must get back for my own dinner! Would it be at all possible for me to return to sketch some masonry details, tomorrow, Miss Stancy?

MISS. DE STANCY

Yes, yes. Of course! It's so lovely to have the old castle being memorialised in drawings! I'm sure that Paula will....

Somerset nods and shakes her hand.

SOMERSET

.....Thank you. Thanks for a very enlightening tour. Your castle is magnificent in its detail and its intricacy.

MISS. DE STANCY

Thank YOU.... but it isn't 'mine', now, remember.
(She titters)

She smiles and nods, and he turns and leaves.

Somerset steps into the threshold and then looks, worriedly and puzzledly in both directions, up and down the corridor, twice.

Then he sighs, shrugs, picks one direction, and then sets off that way.

14 EXT. CASTLE/DRIVE - EVENING 14

Somerset walks up the drive, on a beautiful summer's early evening.

As he walks, he hears the telegraph wire singing, and smiles to himself.

He gains the rise and looks back, musingly, at the old castle, below.

15 INT. SLEEPING-GREEN INN - EVENING 15

Somerset is sitting at his table, having just finished dinner with the pots in front of him and the remains of the cheese board. He is drinking a glass of red wine.

The INNKEEPER bustles up and starts removing the dirty plates, piling them up into one pile on his arm.

SOMERSET

Thank you.

INNKEEPER

You been far, today, Zur?

SOMERSET

Oh, just sketching at the castle.....The Stancy's don't have much influence around here, now, do they?

INNKEEPER

No. They be very low on the ground, now....T'was gay manners and overspending what dunnit....At least that new Miss Power is making Miss Stancy her company-keeper. I hope t'will continue.

Somerset pours himself some more wine and sits back.

SOMERSET

Are there many Baptists in the neighbourhood?

INNKEEPER

Oh, indeed! You can be a telling o' this, as, whenever people be getting deep in their cups, they start a singing 'o them hymns, instead o' the saucy songs..... if you know what oi mean.

He waggles his eyebrows.

SOMERSET

Oh.... Er, how do you account for
there being so many Baptists, here?

INNKEEPER

Well, Zur, oi thinks that the local
people all convert to save on a
Christian burial for their
children... um!

He nods and walks off back to the kitchen door and Somerset
looks puzzled.

16

INT. CASTLE/HALLWAY - DAY

16

Somerset is standing sketching some architectural feature of
the stone, or wood, when Miss. De Stancy, in smart outdoor
apparel, hurries across the hall, en-route to the main
entrance.

She smiles at and addresses him.

MISS. DE STANCY

Good Morning, Mr. Somerset!.... I am
sorry that Miss Power has not yet
returned, but I popped over to see
my father, this morning, and he has
asked for the pleasure of your
acquaintance, as he is an admirer
of your father's paintings.

SOMERSET

Oh! That's very kind of him.

MISS. DE STANCY

He asked if you would be so very
kind as to give him your company
over lunch, today, at one o'clock?

SOMERSET

I am always delighted to find
friends where I had only expected
strangers, Miss. De Stancy. I shall
be most pleased to meet your
father.

He bows, slightly.

MISS. DE STANCY

Our house is over two miles away.
(Very earnestly)
(MORE)

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
 Could you possibly get there by
 yourself? Or I could come back
 for you, with the carriage, when I
 have done some of my shopping...? Or,
 perhaps....

SOMERSET
No, no! Of course. I can just
 walk over there. I like a
 ramble..... Er, where is the...

A FOOTMAN steps up and addresses Miss. De Stancy

FOOTMAN
Madam. A telegraph for you!

Miss. De Stancy turns back to Somerset

MISS. DE STANCY
 Oh! It's a good job I wasn't gone
 again!..... John seldom reads it
 right, if I am away.

She hurries, fussily away, beckoning Somerset to accompany
 her.

17

INT. CASTLE/TELEGRAPH ROOM - DAY

17

Miss. De Stancy and Somerset enter the room and go up to the
 table containing the telegraph gear.

Miss. De Stancy puts the earpiece to her ear and starts
 rapidly writing on some paper.

Somerset, moves, fractionally, so as not to seem to be spying
 on her communication.

Miss. De Stancy looks up and smiles

MISS. DE STANCY
 Oh, it's no secret..... It's about
 you.

SOMERSET
 Me?

She continues to scribble.

MISS. DE STANCY
 Yeesssss.....

She finishes, puts the ear piece down, glances up, and then
 reads from her paper.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
 "Direct that every facility be
 given to Mr. Somerset to visit any
 part of the castle he may wish to
 see. On my return I shall be glad
 to welcome him as the acquaintance
 of your relatives. I have two of
 his father's pictures".

Somerset looks at the telegraph equipment

SOMERSET
 Dear me!... The plot thickens!

He looks up

SOMERSET (CONT'D)
 How could she know about me?

Miss. De Stancy looks a bit embarrassed

MISS. DE STANCY
 Oh, I, I wrote, uh, telegraphed to
 her, this morning Oh! I'd
 better send John over to confirm
 lunch with my father.

She turns to leave and Somerset turns too.

She addresses him over her shoulder.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
 I shall join you and Father around
 two o'clock, when I've finished my
 shopping in Markton, Mr. Somerset
Um.... must get some pink ribbon...I
 wonder if....

SOMERSET
Thank you..... Thank you, Miss. De
 Stancy.

They both hurry out of the door.

Somerset is standing sketching at around midday, when he
 thinks to look at his fob watch.

He packs up his sketch pad and pencil into his pocket and
 turns away from the castle heading along the drive in the
 opposite way from that in which he usually came.

It is a beautiful, still day, in summer.

His track/large path enters a woodland, where Somerset sees a labourer removing a sign on the gate which says W De S and then replacing it with one saying PP.

Somerset smiles and nods as he walks past and through, into the wood.

He walks on through the old woods.

Somerset emerges from the wood, and looks at another new iron plaque, on the exit gate that, again, also says PP.

He steps out onto the highway, walks along a little and sees the small town of Markton, in the valley, below.

He smiles and nods to himself.

19 EXT. MARKTON - DAY

19

Somerset walks along a road and enters the town. He passes three detached, newish houses.

He then knocks and enquires at the fourth.

A woman answers him and gives directions to the next house, but one.

Somerset goes to the house, and reads the house sign: Myrtle Villa.

He smiles, gently to himself

SOMERSET
(Sotto voce)
How the mighty are fallen!

Somerset enters the path, goes up and knocks on the door.

20 INT. MYRTLE VILLA/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

20

Somerset is standing near to the burning fire.

A maid, having shown him in, curtsies and leaves.

The door then opens, and Miss. De Stancy takes a step in, while removing her gloves.

She smiles

MISS. DE STANCY

Oh, hello, Mr. Somerset. I see you made it, in the end.

SOMERSET

Yes, and what a lovely old wood!

MISS. DE STANCY

Yes, Papa had quite a few hundred acres. This has passed, whole, to Paula, of course, now I'll just send Papa in from the garden, and then wrestle with cook. She does terrible things to pork if left unsupervised!

She gestures to the sofa.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)

He won't be long!

SOMERSET

The cook?

MISS. DE STANCY

(Smiling))

No! Father!

(Giggles)

She vanishes and he sits.

SIR WILLIAM then enters, smiles and cordially shakes the hand of Somerset, who has arisen. Sir William is a tall, almost cadaverous oldish man with white hair.

They sit down and start conversing, as the clock ticks, the dog in front of the fire, scratches, and the fire crackles.

Then

SIR WILLIAM

....Yes.

He looks nervously towards the door, as if to check it, before speaking.

Sir William leans forward, confidently.

SIR WILLIAM (CONT'D)

She, poor girl, was to have married my nephew.

(MORE)

SIR WILLIAM (CONT'D)
His death was a sad blow to us all
..... Fortunately, Miss Power is now
keeping her company and helping to
distract my daughter from her
grief.

Somerset leans forwards and nods, concernedly and
sympathetically.

Miss. De Stancy pops her head around the door and both
'conspirators' look up, guiltily and smile, together.

She looks at them both, a bit suspiciously and then smiles

MISS. DE STANCY
Lunch?

They smile, nod and get up.

21

INT. MYRTLE VILLA/DINING ROOM - DAY

21

The maid brings in the serving dishes and puts them down on
the table.

The chatting party help themselves and they pass the serving
dishes up and down to each other. Miss. De Stancy sits in the
middle of the table, down one long side, and the gentlemen
sit at the ends.

SIR WILLIAM
Carrots? Well Mr.Somerset, you
are down here sketching for
professional purposes, then.

SOMERSET
Yes, Sir. Thank you.

Somerset takes the carrots, passed to him from Sir William,
via his daughter.

SIR WILLIAM
Success is a mixture of skill and
luck, you know.In your art, they're
are many opportunities.....you must
grasp them, Sir, grasp them!

SOMERSET
Well, if I see any to grasp, I will
certainly grasp them, Sir.

SIR WILLIAM
Potatoes? Yes, discover your
lucky star!

(MORE)

SIR WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You must make friends while fortune
smiles, and you have the
opportunity.

He passes the potatoes to Miss. De Stancy for Somerset

SOMERSET
I am certainly looking for it.

SIR WILLIAM
My daughter has unconsciously
followed this maxim and struck up a
warm friendship with Miss Power, at
the castle, you know.....Where's the
carrots gone?!

MISS. DE STANCY
Papa! You passed them down to Mr.
Somerset!

SIR WILLIAM
Well, pass them back! Pass them
back! Beans, Mr. Somerset?
..... Now Apple sauce!....
Apple sauce?!

Looks around, irritably

SIR WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Where's the apple sauce, for
goodness' sake?!

MISS. DE STANCY
It's directly next to you, Papa!

He looks down at it

SIR WILLIAM
What?.... Oh!..... Humph!

Miss. De Stancy smiles, embarrassedly, at Somerset.

Somerset is sitting with his feet on the fender in an empty
saloon.He's drinking some cider and musing.

The landlord is talking to someone in the other half of the
room behind an etched glass, partial partition, whereby
Somerset cannot see the landlord's interlocutor.

LANDLORD

Oi've often noticed that folks as
have failed have more maxims of how
to succeed at their fingertips than
most wealthy men, together!

INTERLOCUTOR

And he lost all by racing
speculation?

LANDLORD

Well, that and 'is spec'lations in
a silver mine and a watering place.

INTERLOCUTOR

The lot, egh?

LANDLORD

Well, the estate, that is..... 'E
lost the castle and contents at a
single game o' cards.... to a brewer,
a Mr. Wilkins.

INTERLOCUTOR

So the daughter's now a hired
companion to the present owner,
then, egh?

LANDLORD

Well, she mostly lives there and
she follers Miss Power around, like
a lost dog.....Whether Miss Power
loves 'er back, again, I can't say,
for she's as deep as the North
Star, she is!.....A real 'HAIRess',
she is.....a real 'un!

There is a scraping of a chair, as the interlocutor gets up
and there are murmurs as he leaves.

The door behind the bar closes, too.

SOMERSET

(Sotto voce)

Yes, but what's she LIKE?

The telegraph rings and Somerset hears it as he stands,
sketching, next to a middle-aged labouring man who is
knocking some nails into a piece of wood and measuring some
cable off a roll, with his tongue out, absently.

Miss. De Stancy is bending over the telegraph listening and writing when Somerset opens the door and looks in the room to see if anyone has answered its ring.

He raises his hand to show that he was just checking it had been answered, and he makes to leave, when Miss. De Stancy comes up to him, in the threshold.

She smiles and reads the message.

MISS. DE STANCY
It's another telegraph from
Paula...."Have returned to Markton.
Will be at the gate between four
and five" How thoughtful of
her, and.....

She turns her head and listens.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
.....Oh! Listen!

She runs across the telegram room to an arrow slit and looks out and down.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
Oh!.... She's down below! I can see a
bit of carriage!..... She's arrived
as we were speaking!

She walks back to Somerset

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
(Fussily)
The telegraph must have been
delayed!..... I wonder if she'll
want an early dinner... She'll have
missed lunch. Or perhaps she will
want afternoon tea, and then dinner
at the usual time?

Somerset shrugs and smiles

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
You must come down and meet her,
you know!

SOMERSET
Oh, I'm sure she's tired and won't
want to be invaded by strangers,
right away,

MISS. DE STANCY
No! No! Don't worry!..... We're
quite informal, here!

A footman comes along the corridor and presents a card on a tray.

Miss. De Stancy takes it and reads the card and then turns it over and reads the back.

The footman goes back along the corridor.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
Oh..... It's that photographer, Mr.
Dare. He says that Miss Power gave
him permission, before, to take
some photographs of the castle...
What do you think, Mr. Somerset?

Somerset smiles and shrugs, again.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
I've got to go and talk to cook.
Would you have a word with this
Mr.Dare, and, if you reckon that
he's acceptable, give him
permission to do his
photography?..... If you think
that he isn't the right sort,
though, of course, don't give it
him, hum?

SOMERSET
I'll, I'll do my best.

MISS. DE STANCY
Mrs. Goodman, Paula's aunt, usually
deals with this sort of thing, but
she's away, at the moment.

SOMERSET
I dare say it's alright.

MISS. DE STANCY
(Smiling)
Oh, thank you, Mr. Somerset! You're
so helpful...So very help.....

She hurries off along the corridor.

As Somerset enters, MR. DARE turns around from inspecting the fireplace, with his hands in the pocket of his coat-tails. He is a youthful-looking twenty year old, with a great deal of self assurance. His hair is parted in the middle and swings often in front of his face. He wears a few large, gaudy rings.

Somerset offers his hand and they shake.

SOMERSET

Somerset..... I've been asked to see you, as Miss Power is away, at the moment.

DARE

Dare!... I WAS given permission you know. I have my equipment and my assistant with me. I have lived in various countries, but it was in Canada that I invented my new photographic process, which I am now bent on making famous.

SOMERSET

Ah, well, I, I suppose that's alright, then... You're not proposing to sell these photographs, are you?

DARE

Oh, no. I'm a mere dilettante, and don't follow this art at the base dictation of what men call 'necessity'.

Dare waggles his eyebrows, in good humour

Somerset smiles

SOMERSET

Ah.... Nice... I'll, uh, leave you to it, then. Ask, er, ask one of the footmen if you need access to somewhere, perhaps...?

Somerset nods and turns away.

DARE

Thank you. Marvellous!..... Toodle-ooh!

Somerset is ambling along the path back to the inn, when he sees the back of a gazebo and the Baptist minister, Mr. Woodwell, standing further along the path, facing the entrance to a gazebo, and, incidentally, Somerset, as well.

Somerset slows to a halt, as Mr. Woodwell, seeing him, starts to include Somerset in his ongoing harangue, as well.

WOODWELL

You inflict injury upon our cause
with your lukewarm backsliding. The
lukewarmness of the Laodiceans.

An invisible voice is heard from the gazebo

PAULA

I'm, I'm sorry, but I just decline
to attend for the present, and have
already been baptised, anyway.

WOODWELL

I fear that your principles have
brought you into contact with the
Paedobaptists, good lady, but I
will here demolish their
arguments. Give me but three minutes
of debate, Madam.

PAULA

No, really....I, I can't, Mr.
Woodwell!

WOODWELL

(Carried away)
Perhaps, perhaps you, then Sir?

Somerset smiles and steps forwards.

SOMERSET

Sir, I accept your challenge to us.

They each sit down on nearby stones and then Somerset stands up, again, and casts a look into the gazebo.

There he sees the girl from the chapel, PAULA POWER. She is a beautiful and wears a pale blue gauzy dress and a large hat. Her hair is fair and curly.

Somerset smiles and nods to her.

Paula glances up at Somerset, in surprise and then looks down, into her lap, again, stroking her very small dog.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

So, Sir, um..... you admit of the assertion that Erastianism isn't necessarily compromised by Luke's words in Chapter six, verses eight to ten?

He sits back onto his stone, facing Mr. Woodwell.

WOODWELL

Indeed, Sir, but you could hardly assert that Luke is the one who favours the Anabaptists' cause when he said that "It is only by being.....".

They carry on the combat for quite a while; their voices dying away as their argument is finally subsumed by the sounds of the nearby stream and the birdsong.

Eventually, Woodwell testily waves his hand, in resignation and dismissal.

He gets up from off his stone

WOODWELL (CONT'D)

Have it as you will, Sir...Have it as you will! I leave the field to you and must return to prepare my next sermon.

He turns to Paula and bows, slightly.

WOODWELL (CONT'D)

Your service, Miss Power.

He turns and nods, stiffly, to Somerset

WOODWELL (CONT'D)

Sir!

Woodwell stalks off.

Somerset looks up, ruefully, at Paula, who smiles.

PAULA

Thank you for speaking so eloquently on my side, Sir. If your sermons match your performance today, you should have a great attendance of enthusiastic Baptist congregation.

SOMERSET

Thank you.....

(Smilingly)

I believe, however, that your own attendance at baptism was somewhat less enthusiastic, recently, Madam.

Paula sighs

PAULA

Yes.....Everyone knows, I suppose, but..... well..... be that as it may, however, I feel bad that Mr. Woodwell, who is a very kind, generous old man, has perhaps been unnecessarily wounded, just now.

SOMERSET

Oh, dear!..... I didn't realise that he was such a man... and I didn't realise that my debate was wounding him, either.

He gets up from his stone, smiles and nods.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

I do apologise..... I'll, I'll go and make my peace, immediately.

Paula smiles and nods.

PAULA

Do, Sir.

Somerset turns and rushes off after Mr. Woodwell.

He gets a little way into the wood, when he stops, and looks painedly, back in the direction of Paula.

He sighs, and rolls his eyes, realizing that he has lost his opportunity for a chat with Paula.

SOMERSET

Oh, well!

He turns and rushes on.

Somerset catches up with Mr. Woodwell in a glade.

He calls and waves to the man, who turns back.

Somerset apologies for his combativeness and explains that he didn't mean to offend.

He offers his hand, which the minister shakes.

They exchange a few more words and then the old man continues on, while Somerset looks after him.

27

EXT. CASTLE/GATEHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

27

Somerset is juggling his pencils and pads, as he enters under the gatehouse, into the outer ward.

A new landau rolls towards him containing Paula, in white with black ribbons, carrying a white parasol with black and white ribbons flying gaily from the top.

Paula is headed outwards towards the gate.

Somerset crimsons, but manages to nod, pleasantly.

Paula nods back, composedly and drives on.

Somerset walks on and knocks at the main keep door.

28

INT. CASTLE/OUTER ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

28

Somerset is just finishing descending some big stairs into the main front hall when he meets Miss. De Stancy at the foot. She is dressed for the outdoors.

MISS. DE STANCY
Good Morning, Mr. Somerset.

SOMERSET
Good Morning, Miss. De Stancy.

MISS. DE STANCY
We didn't think you'd be here,
today. Paula has gone to a
vegetable show at Markton and I'm
just about to join her.

The main door is suddenly opened and Paula walks back in.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
Oh, Paula!..... What has brought
you back?

PAULA
(Low, soft voice)
Oh, er, I just forgot something.

MISS. DE STANCY
Here is Mr. Somerset, the
architect.

SOMERSET
Ah..... Yes, I, um, had the pleasure
of, um, accidentally meeting with
Miss Power in the grounds,
yesterday.

PAULA
Yes, and I thought you were a young
preacher... How funny!..... We are
honoured, however, by your study of
our castle, Mr. Somerset. I have
two of your father's paintings in
it, somewhere.

SOMERSET
Ah!

PAULA
Charlotte, I must have a word with
cook.....

She turns to Somerset

PAULA (CONT'D)
We'll see you at lunch, Mr.
Somerset...

Paula turns and walks away, pursued by Miss. De Stancy

MISS. DE STANCY
.....But I thought we were going to
the vegetable.....

They vanish through the green baize door.

Through the still open front door, Somerset then sees the
carriage being driven from in front of the main door, back to
the stable block.

Two old labouring men, then traverse the hallway, supporting
a dazed middle-aged labourer between them, by the shoulders.

ELDERLY ELECTRICIAN 1
Oi TOLD 'e. Them cable 'ave to go
up and around, afore's they
descend!

The afflicted man groans. He is apparently not too injured,
but is a little shaky.

ELDERLY ELECTRICIAN 2
Will beer help-ee?

The other two nod vigorously.

29 INT. CASTLE/UPPER DISUSED ROOM - DAY 29

Somerset is sketching a window surround, when he hears the gong for lunch.

He puts down his pad, brushes his jacket off with his hands, attempts to straighten his unruly hair and bolts out of the room.

30 INT. CASTLE/DINING ROOM - DAY 30

As Somerset comes into the dining room, Paula is just entering through the French windows from the garden. She is a breath taking figure in fine marine green and white gauzes and resembles an eighteenth century figure from a painting.

There are four other people just sitting themselves at the table: Paula's Aunt, MRS GOODMAN; Miss. De Stancy; De Stancy; Mr. Woodwell, the minister, and another middle-aged male.

As Somerset makes his way to the empty place down one long side, he shakes hands with, and nods and smiles at Mr. Woodwell, who cordially responds.

Paula smiles at Somerset as she enters and plonks her large straw hat, unceremoniously down on a nearby table.

She indicates that Somerset is to sit next to her and, as he sits down, introduces him to the man on her other side, as she sits at the head of the table.

PAULA
Thank you for joining us, Mr.
Somerset. May I introduce you to my
aunt, Mrs. Goodman.

Somerset turns to smile at MRS. GOODMAN

SOMERSET
How do you do?

The aunt smiles back and nods to him.

MRS. GOODMAN
How do you do, Sir.

PAULA

And on my other side is the gentleman who used to be my father's architect, Mr. Havill.

The men smile at each other and nod.

The butler starts pouring the wine and the two footmen offer the toast and pate, from which the guests help themselves.

Mr. HAVILL is a thin, superior-looking type with greased down hair across his brow. He indicates to an old wooden screen across the room and offers comment. He has a nasal, loud, drawling voice a la Kenneth Williams

HAVILL

Fine old screen! As good a piece of C14TH carving that you will see in this part of the country, don't you think, Mr. Somerset.

He turns his head languorously, and dismissively in Somerset's direction.

SOMERSET

Oh..... um, don't you think it's C15th, perhaps....?

Havill looks sourly at him and then turns his head away and proceeds, loudly, to address the room.

HAVILL

I recently saw some workmen, in an church, smashing up a Perpendicular capital, with its mouldings wonderfully undercut, and using it as infill, for goodness sake!....

He turns back to look at Somerset

HAVILL (CONT'D)

.....Positive barbarians, don't you agree, Mr. Somerset?

Somerset puts down his toast.

SOMERSET

I, I suppose so, but, um..... if there was undercutting, then, I, well....I,
(Smiles, embarrassedly)
I suppose the capital was somewhat later than Perpendicular.

Havill stares hostilely at Somerset

HAVILL

Why?!

SOMERSET

Well, just that they, um... Didn't...
um..... Undercut during that
period...

Paula hastily intervenes

PAULA

.....I don't know about Perpendicular,
Mr. Havill, but it was so kind of
you to advise me about replacing
the Saxon parts of this castle, the
other day.

Havill leans back in his seat and drawls, smugly

HAVILL

Oh, I have no compunction regarding
replacement when it comes to wear
and tear...Out with the old and in
with the new, I say!

Paula turns to Somerset

PAULA

What do you say, Mr. Somerset?

SOMERSET

Well....Er, that the Saxons didn't
build castles and if there's a
single Saxon stone in this castle,
I'll eat my cat!

HAVILL

(Indignantly)

.....Eat your...?!

PAULA

.....Oh, look!

She points out of the window to Mr. Dare, with his assistant,
photographing the garden

PAULA (CONT'D)

There's that Mr. Dare I gave
permission to, to do some
photographing, recently....So, he
came, did he?

MISS. DE STANCY

Yes, but I asked Mr. Somerset to
vet him, first....Marauders at the
door, you know! (Titters)

PAULA

Well done, you two! Very
sensible..... He seems a rather
young man..... How funny! He looks
a bit like you, Charlotte, or, at
least..... The portraits in the
gallery.

Miss. De Stancy cranes to look

MISS. DE STANCY

Does he?...I think that maybe he does
and really, I.....

MRS. GOODMAN

.....I think him rather a rude young
man.....

(Shocked bridling)

He whistles!

They all turn to look again, en ensemble, through the window,
at Dare.

31 INT. CASTLE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

31

Paula is standing, saying goodbye to her guests, at the
drawing room door.

Somerset is sitting in an armchair.

PAULA

Thank you.... yes, goodbye....Thanks
for coming!....I'll just have a word
with Mr. Somerset, Aunt.....Thanks.

She closes the door and smiles at him as she sits on the
sofa.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Would you mind sitting at that
table over there, please? There's
some paper and pen, for if you want
to make notes.

SOMERSET

Notes?

PAULA

Um..... Have you actually started
your profession, yet, Mr. Somerset?

He gets up and goes to the indicated table

SOMERSET

Um.. yes. Well, I've finished my
studies and registered with the
Institute of British Architects.

PAULA

Good. I want to restore this
castle..... Would you do it?

SOMERSET

(Surprised and a bit
worried)

Me?

PAULA

You.

SOMERSET

The whole thing?

PAULA

Well...A lot of it..... Yes.

SOMERSET

Um...Well, um, yes, but..... But,
er, a budget must be decided upon,
certainlyErm..... Have you
considered, er, how much?

Paula shrugs, airily

PAULA

Oh, whatever's needful, really.....
Um, a hundred thousand, do you
think?..... Would that be sufficient?

Somerset falls into the indicated chair, rather heavily and
swallows.

SOMERSET

Pounds?

PAULA

Um!

SOMERSET

(Faintly)

Good grief!

Paula indicates the papers with her hand

PAULA

Well, perhaps you'd show me how you
would..... Think to do it.....?

Somerset remembers himself, stops gawping, nods and starts
furiously scribbling.

Paula comes over and looks over at his sketching.

She smiles.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Yes..... Ah yes, I see it.

Somerset looks up

SOMERSET

Miss Power, to be fair to Mr.
Havill, your father's old
architect, I, I think that perhaps
we should have a competition....you
know..... to be adjudged by the
institute.

PAULA

(Doubtfully)

Really?

Somerset shrugs

SOMERSET

It seems only fair to the
fellow..... Perhaps you could
begin by walking over the castle
and giving your requirements to
Havill and I, together, and then we
go away and draw up separate
proposals.

Paula shrugs, again and sits down in her armchair.

PAULA

Alright, then..... If we MUST.....I
offered the work to YOU, though.
.....

(Sighs)

I'll see you both, tomorrow at
10.00 am, then..... I'll send a
message over, now, to Mr. Havill.

Somerset stands up and bows, slightly.

SOMERSET
Thank you, Miss Power

Paula tilts her head up, slightly, and smiles.

PAULA
Thank YOU, Mr. Somerset.

32 INT./EXT. CORRIDOR/BATTLEMENTS - DAY

32

Paula, wearing a large, pleated silk-lined sun hat is walking along the corridor, with Somerset who is carrying a sketch pad and pencil.

Miss. De Stancy is walking behind.

SOMERSET
....And Havill?

Paula shrugs, brusquely

PAULA
I haven't decided to employ him....
If I do, I shall take him around,
independently, anyway.

She turns to Miss. De Stancy

PAULA (CONT'D)
Miss. De Stancy, remind me, later,
to hunt out a room for Mr.Somerset
to draw up his proposals in, will
you?

MISS. DE STANCY
Um, yes, yes, of course, of course!

They step out into the bright sunshine of the leads and walk along on the inside of a parapet.

PAULA
I WAS thinking of making a Greek
court of that cloister-garth
affair, but you probably think me a
Philistine for proposing it.If I
was the genuine heir to this
castle..... you know..... of
Charlotte's family, perhaps I would
think more properly..... you know,
more 'medievally'.

SOMERSET
No..... I....

There is a sudden cry from Miss. De Stancy

MISS. DE STANCY
Paula!... There's a handkerchief
 hanging from a window in the west
 turret!

Paula looks up at it and Miss. De Stancy hurries over to the
 parapet and stares at it.

SOMERSET
 Oh! That's just mine. Sorry, I
 forgot to remove it.

PAULA
 Why?

SOMERSET
 Well, I, I opened the door, stepped
 in, and then fell down the non-
 existent stairs..... I thought to tie
 it there to, um,
 (faint laugh)
 find a rescuer.

PAULA
 Whom did you think to attract?

SOMERSET
 You

PAULA
 Me?.....What, personally?

She looks, blushingly, at him.

SOMERSET
 (Smiling)
 I hoped for anybody.....
 (Suddenly seriously)
 I thought of you.

Paula smiles and looks away, embarrassedly

Miss. De Stancy comes back across.

MISS. DE STANCY
 That must be where that poor, poor
 man fell in, years ago, and then
 starved to death and then, and
 then..... What an escape, Mr.
 Somerset!!

Somerset shrugs

SOMERSET

Well, it was only for the
afternoon. Your footman... that very
big one, came and got me out with a
ladder.

Paula smiles

PAULA

Ah, Jenkins! I must reward him!.....
I am so sorry that you injured
yourself in my own home, Mr.
Somerset. I must put a notice on
that door, immediately!

SOMERSET

Oh, really..... It was nothing.....
just..... a little boredom.

Paula smiles and walks away.

PAULA

(Sighs)

Well, um..... now, I, I thought
that..... with these ramparts, we
could perhaps....

Somerset opens his small sketch pad and starts to scribble
and Miss. De Stancy follows, looking back, concernedly, at
the handkerchief.

33

INT./EXT. CASTLE - DAY

33

Montage of scenes of Paula walking about the various parts of
the castle with Somerset, but without Miss. De Stancy.

They are often in lively conversation, and often laughing and
gesticulating.

Paula is often seen peeping over Somerset's shoulder while he
sketches.

She then withdraws, quickly when he looks around at her,
admiringly.

Paula holds one end of his measuring tape for him, while he
enters the measurements on his pad.

Somerset takes her hand and runs it along a stone channel in
a wall, whilst explaining where it goes.

They then, suddenly, become a little self-conscious, and
Paula slowly withdraws said hand.

She blushes and smiles, and then continues the walk.

Somerset hangs back for a few seconds, admires her form and sighs.

It is a beautiful day and the sun shines in the garden and the courts. The woods stretch away to the distance in a heat haze.

Three elderly labourers are squabbling, whilst bent over in the corner of the rooftop, next to a parapet. They are measuring out a cable, rolling it out from a drum and trying to work out where it goes down through the roof: pointing, severally and scratching their heads.

34 INT. KING'S ARMS HOSTEL/SOMERSET'S RECEPTION ROOM - DAY 34

Somerset enters the open door, and is surprised to see someone in the office of his suite of rooms. It is the photographer, Dare.

Dare sees him and gets up

DARE

Ah, Somerset! I believe that this
is yours from the Architectural
World?

He waves a cut-out from a newspaper at Somerset.

Somerset goes across and sits at his desk. There are two envelopes on it.

Dare sits down, again.

SOMERSET

Indeed, Sir.

DARE

Well, I think that perhaps I would
serve your need for an assistant.

SOMERSET

Are you an architect's
draughtsman?...I thought that you
were a photographer!

DARE

I have some knowledge of the former
and effect the latter as a
dilettante.

Somerset looks down at the two envelopes

SOMERSET

Would you give me a minute, please?

Dare shrugs and gets out a snuff box, proceeding, affectedly, to help himself.

Somerset rapidly inspects the contents of the two envelopes, scowls and casts them aside as being useless.

Somerset looks up, again at Dare.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

How would you measure the front of a building with the greatest accuracy and despatch?

Dare shrugs airily

DARE

Running dimensions.

SOMERSET

And you have done this sort of work before?

DARE

Oh yes.....No problem.....No problem at all.

Somerset looks at the two useless applicant's letters.

SOMERSET

Well..... Well, then, um, come up to the castle, tomorrow. I'll meet you in the main court at nine.

Dare gets up, and nods.

DARE

Will do, Somerset

He turns to go

DARE (CONT'D)

Toddle-oo!

He walks out.

Somerset watches him and then starts on sorting all of his papers out, sighing as he does.

Through the window can be seen Dare who pulls out seven other envelopes from his pocket, smiles up at Somerset's room and deliberately tears these envelopes into little pieces.

Dare stuffs these envelope pieces into some shrubs which he passes, opens his eyes, widely, in mock innocence, and then smirks to himself as he walks on.

35

INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

35

Dare is working at a side desk, making drawings and Somerset is sorting out some sketches at the big, main desk.

DARE

You missed a dinner party for eighteen last night.... A grand affair.

SOMERSET

Oh.

DARE

Yes. The young lady wore enough sapphires and opals for a queen, I heard.

SOMERSET

I don't doubt.

Somerset sees a soft, blue feather on his desk, picks it up and muses, questioningly, over it.

There is a knock and Paula walks in.

Somerset drops the feather back onto the desk.

PAULA

Good Morning, Mr. Somerset. I'd like to see what you're considering for that peristyle we discussed.

Somerset stands up and looks at Dare

SOMERSET

Would you continue your work in the back office, please, Mr. Dare?

Dare nods, knowingly, gets up, and moves off through the door into the back office, closing the door.

Paula sits down, picks up the blue feather and idly plays with it.

Somerset sits back down, as well.

PAULA

I know why you didn't accept my dinner invitation..... You thought that, because it came late, you were only an after thought. But you're completely wrong, as it was because my aunt forgot to give it to you. Then, she posted it, which took too long, of course.

SOMERSET

Oh!

PAULA

Yes! And then I came up to your office to explain, after tea, but you'd gone.

Somerset stands up, again, moved.

SOMERSET

Oh, I'm, I'm so sorry!....

PAULA

.....Yes, and I'd asked everyone especially to meet my new architect.....

(forlornly)

and you weren't there!

SOMERSET

Oh....If, if I'd only known....I'm so...I'm.....

He stares in mute loss and appeal, at the lady he now loves

Paula looks up, in a playfully chiding manner, at him

PAULA

...You can only make amends by coming to my garden party, on the nineteenth.....

(Appealingly)

You will, won't you?

She stands up and looks at him

Somerset smiles

SOMERSET

Yes, yes....Of course....Wild horses....

PAULA

...Or peristyle drawings?....

She heads off to the door and so Somerset reaches it quickly and opens it for her.

SOMERSET
...No, no. Nothing!... I SHALL be
there!

He smiles, earnestly, into her eyes.

PAULA
Good, then.

She gives a little smile and goes out.

36

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

36

Somerset comes through the main door and joins Paula and her aunt and Miss. De Stancy, as they are wandering around inspecting the effigies and tombs.

Paula looks up.

PAULA
Oh, good morning, Mr.Somerset.Are
you come to sketch the tombs?

SOMERSET
No, I just popped over to condole
with you regarding that scoundrelly
anonymous article in the Dorset
Echo.

Miss. De Stancy breaks in, feelingly.

MISS. DE STANCY
Yes! It's disgusting accusing Paula
of barbarism just because she's
installing electric lights and
thinking of adding a Greek
colonnade...

PAULA
...I'm not doing the colonnade, now,
anyway. I'm going only, and
completely Perpendicular...

Her aunt leans in

MRS. GOODMAN
Gothic!

Somerset nods, and looks sympathetic

Paula's aunt and Miss. De Stancy wander off, back outside, through the door.

SOMERSET

I do think that this is even more reason for you to submit both of Havill's and my drawings to the Institute of Architects, Miss Power... as a competition.

Paula shrugs, reluctantly

PAULA

Alright... I'll, I'll have the building steward write the particulars out for him.

She taps a recumbent alabaster statue of a woman

PAULA (CONT'D)

I'd never have been thus accused if I had been one of these.

SOMERSET

She's quite perfect

PAULA

She's like Miss. De Stancy... I wish I was one of these!

SOMERSET

What, a De Stancy?

PAULA

Yes..... sort of! It's dreadful to be denounced as a barbarian. I want to be romantic and historical..... like in a Walter Scott novel!

She walks over to the large, old pew, puts her hand onto the small pew next to it and peers over the top of the old one.

PAULA (CONT'D)

If I WERE, I should have the old pew done up and sit here, in state.

Somerset comes up to her and risks something.

He puts his hand, quietly upon hers.

SOMERSET

Your family has that other nobility. The nobility of talent and enterprise.

Paula, smiles, slightly and gently disengages her hand.

PAULA

No, no..... Um, I'll go and see what
Miss. De Stancy and Aunty are
doing..... I'll leave you here.

She turns and hurries out.

Somerset stands watching her retreat, until a figure strolls
out from behind a nearby column with his hands in his
pockets.

Dare smirks at him.

SOMERSET

I thought I left you doing those
drawings.

DARE

Ah!....Almost finished them. Just
thought I'd come and look at some
monuments.... and then found two very
interesting people also looking at
them.

Somerset frowns

SOMERSET

How dare you!...And did you finish
those measurements?

Dare sighs, whimsically

DARE

Um..... 'Fraid not! I did badly, in
the morning, and worse, in the
afternoon.

He grins and shrugs

SOMERSET

Mr. Dare, I am dispensing with your
services. Kindly leave your address
and I shall send the cheque onto
you..... Your work, or rather, the
lack of it, has been most
disappointing.

Somerset turns and walks away, while Dare smiles, amusedly,
and puts his tongue in his cheek.

There is a party of around twenty people in the drawing room, in pale, silk and gauzy summer clothes, drinking champagne, chattering and laughing.

There are still some new arrivals whom Paula is greeting, near the door.

Somerset, in a morning suit and bright button hole, and carrying his hat, comes away from having greeted Paula and her aunt.

He goes to help himself to a glass of wine from a nearby table and, as he does, Mr. Havill comes up to him.

HAVILL

(Usual nasal drawl)

Well, Mr. Somerset. I see that we two are to be rivals.

SOMERSET

Well, we are in competition, yes.

HAVILL

I'm glad that the young lady saw sense at last.

SOMERSET

(Irritated)

SEN....!?!...(Coughs) Have you been briefed as to the particulars, Mr. Havill?

HAVILL

Um...Yesss, but.....I dare say..... not as thoroughly as YOU have been "briefed", eh?

Somerset, nettled, puts his wine glass down.

SOMERSET

I BEG your pardon.....?!

Havill swaps his empty glass for another full one from the collection of full glasses on the table.

He waves his other hand airily.

HAVILL

Oh, don't worry. I'm nothing, if not discrete...Discretion being the better part of....

SOMERSET
 (Increasingly maddened by
 Havill's veiled
 insinuations)
 WHAT, Mr. Havill? What is there to
 be "discrete" about?

Havill looks over at Miss. De Stancy

HAVILL
 Oh, I must just go and have a word
 with Miss. De Stancy....To the
 victor the laurels, egh, Somerset?
 The victor the laurels, egh?

He wanders off, leaving Somerset fuming.

38

EXT. CASTLE/GARDEN - DAY

38

The company, which has now swelled, a little, is spilling
 out, through the French windows, onto the big lawn where
 there is a drinks tent, with its walls rolled up, being
 manned by liveried footmen.

There is also a larger marquee, next to it, with its walls
 also looped up and the dance floor visible, within.

People stand around, in little knots, chatting and drinking.

There is a string quartet playing Mozart, in the corner, by
 some shrubs.

Paula comes up to Somerset and introduces him to various
 knots of people.

39

EXT. CASTLE/ANOTHER PART GARDEN - DAY

39

Havill is sitting on a bench, sipping champagne, when Dare
 comes and sits down next to him.

Dare takes out and hands over a wallet.

Havill takes it back, looking a bit puzzled.

HAVILL
 (Usual nasal drawl)
 Oh, thank you. Where did I....

DARE
It fell from your pocket in the
 drawing room.

HAVILL

Ah... Well, thanks again..... Dare,
isn't it?

DARE

Um, and you are the architect who
has been challenged by a rival, I
hear, and has been writing nasty
letters about this castle's owner's
taste in architecture.

Havill shoots to his feet.

HAVILL

How dare you impugn me, sir!

Dare sprawls back on the bench spreading out his legs and
admiring his own shoes.

DARE

(Sing-song irony)

Oh, that's easy....I just read the
page which fluttered from your
pocket book and is now lodged
firmly within my own pocket.

HAVILL

Well.... I..... It's a You see I
ha.....

DARE

...Oh, it's alright, Havill..... Do sit
down..... Look! You don't want
Somerset to win and neither do I.....
You want his architect's role for
yourself, and I want his lover's
role for another.

Havill sits down and looks interested.

HAVILL

Another?... Not yourself?

DARE

Good grief, no! The maid has yet to
be born who could seduce me and
it's certainly not that purse-
proud, young miss..... Anyway, she is
interested in the young pup,
Somerset.

HAVILL

I can't help you, there, and will
just have to do my own best in the
architecture competition.

Dare stands up

DARE

You're wrong there, Havill. You
will copy his drawings and then
improve on them a little.....
Meanwhile ummmmm I will have
to cause a coolness between them
both, I think.

Havill stands up

HAVILL

Copy his draw.....?

Dare gets out and swings some keys, tantalisingly, in the air

DARE

.....I have his office keys.

HAVILL

I say, Dare!... That's pretty
audacious!

Dare walks away

DARE

Nothing ventured ... !

40 INT. CASTLE/GARDEN MARQUEE - NIGHT

40

Around twenty four, or so dancers are dancing quadrilles and
there are another twenty, or so people standing watching, or
sitting at small tables around the periphery of the dance
floor.

Somerset espies Paula, who is, for once, not surrounded by
people talking with her.

He quickly approaches her

SOMERSET

Have you a dance for me, Miss
Power?

PAULA

Oh....I hardly feel at liberty.

SOMERSET

Why?

PAULA

My father never liked the idea

SOMERSET

Did he make you promise, on that point?

PAULA

Not actually "promise", but....

SOMERSET

...Then just this once?

She bites her lip

Somerset grabs her hand and draws her into a set which is just forming near to them.

He dances with her, ecstatically

She smiles a little at his enjoyment.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

This is the happiest moment I have ever known!..... Do you know why?...

Paula peers out through a gap in the tent opening, as they whirl by

PAULA

I think I saw some lightning.

The dance finishes and they retire to the back of the tent.

There is another flash of lightening and Paula lifts the tent 'backdoor' flap.

PAULA (CONT'D)

I must go to the drawing room. They will start to leave, shortly.

SOMERSET

Shall we go into the fresh air for a minute?

Paula nods.

PAULA

It's certainly getting stifling in here!

41 EXT. CASTLE/LAWN - NIGHT

41

Somerset and Paula wander out onto the lawn and start walking across its great expanse.

PAULA
I feel more at ease, now.

SOMERSET
So do I

PAULA
I mean because I saw my aunt go
into the tent and so I can
relinquish my responsibilities for
a minute.

SOMERSET
I meant something quite
different..... Can, can you guess
what?

Suddenly big drops of rain start to fall and they quickly become worse.

PAULA
Raining!

They dash for a convenient summer house by the lawn's edge.

42 INT. CASTLE/SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Somerset and Paula arrive, breathless and stand just within the threshold

SOMERSET
We cannot leave for the house, and
we cannot call for umbrellas. We
will stay here until it is over,
will we not?

PAULA
If you care to....um Agh!

SOMERSET
What?

Paula smiles, ruefully and wipes her head.

PAULA
Sorry, just some water on my head.

He takes her hand.

SOMERSET

Here. Move further inside.

They move further back and remain holding hands and watching the dancing going on through the half open tent flaps.

The rain carries on pelting down.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

May I, may I call you Paula?

PAULA

Well, um, occasionallyEr, in private.

SOMERSET

You do know I love you?

She gives an arch smile

PAULA

I can give a shrewd guess

SOMERSET

And will you love me?

Paula shrugs

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Don't you love me, in return?

PAULA

(Awkwardly)

You may love me, if you want.....I mean....I like to be loved.

Somerset leans towards her to kiss her.

PAULA (CONT'D)

No!

SOMERSET

Why not?

PAULA

No-one ever has!..... Look, we must go in. The rain has almost stopped and there is no need for this.

She leaves, rapidly and Somerset follows her.

A creditor stands in front of Havill's desk. Havill is standing on the other side.

CREDITOR

I tell you I will not renew for another three months. I want the debt settled, now!

HAVILL

There's really no nee...

The door opens and Dare strolls in.

DARE

....Just come to congratulate you on securing the great work!

The creditor looks up, interested.

CREDITOR

What work is that?

Dare sits himself, lounging, in another chair.

DARE

Why.... Stancy Castle, of course.... You sly devil, Havill. Your commission on that project must be five thousand, at least.

HAVILL

Oh, yes, well, hum....

CREDITOR

Five thou.... Paid down, of course?

HAVILL

Oh, of course! Of course!

CREDITOR

Um..... You said nothing of this to me.

HAVILL

Well, you wouldn't listen!

CREDITOR

Um..... Go on, then. You can have another three months....

He picks up his hat from the desk.

CREDITOR (CONT'D)

Let me know how the work goes.

He sets off for the door and Havill follows him

HAVILL

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

The creditor goes out and Havill closes the door.

He turns to Dare.

HAVILL (CONT'D)

I say! What on earth do you mean by hoaxing him like that?

DARE

Oh, he needed it. Just popped by to ask you to join me for dinner at The Bull, ce soir.

Havill looks out of the window, on the way back to his desk.

HAVILL

Oh, oh!.... Miss Power is here! She's calling by on her way to a few weeks in Brighton and wants to check I have everything I need for the competition.

DARE

Oh, you will....You will!

HAVILL

She can't see YOU here!....Look! Get out the back, now!

DARE

See you at the Bull at eight, then! Toddle-oo!

Dare strolls out, the back way, and Havill mops his face

Dare and Havill are in a cab.

Dare is examining his finger nails, nonchalantly, and Havill is speaking and gasping, somewhat. He is rather red in the face and a bit drunk.

HAVILL

I say, I drank rather a lot back there, without realizing it.

DARE

Well.... when the wife's away, the bachelors will play.

HAVILL

How we getting back?

DARE

The cab man's to wait for us, a little away.

HAVILL

I don't like it....What if we're caught?

DARE

Miss Powers and Miss. De Stancy are away in Brighton and, if Mrs. Goodman sees the light under the door, she will only think it Somerset working late..... He's got three assistant draughtsmen up from London to help him during the day, you know.

Dare knocks on the cab roof.

DARE (CONT'D)

Stop here!

He gets out, followed by Havill.

DARE (CONT'D)

Now follow me and get your sketch book ready.

Havill nods, uneasily, and pats his pocket.

He's a little unsteady on his feet.

45

INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

45

Dare is lighting the second candle which he then holds up to the drawings which are on the big table.

Havill is admiring the main drawing: a ground plan.

DARE

Any good?

HAVILL
Yes, the clever devil!

DARE
Will it take you hours to copy?

HAVILL
No... I've just seen how he has
solved the main enigma... Once
seen..... Clever devil!umm.....

DARE
.....So?!!

HAVILL
Oh, I just need to sketch this
ground plan bit, here.

Havill takes to sketching

HAVILL (CONT'D)
I should never have thought of it!!

DARE
One man has need of another, every
once in an while. I shall expect
you to help me, now, when I need,
it, egh?

Havill shrugs

HAVILL
(Absently)
Don't know how I can, but I suppose
so.

He scribbles, again, and Dare looks about warily, into the
surrounding darkness.

Dare pulls the blind down.

Their conspiracy is the only bit of light and noise to be
heard and seen in this portion of this big, old, very dark
castle.

46 EXT. CASTLE/PARK - DAY

46

Somerset is walking briskly, when, around a corner, he almost
bumps into CONSTABLE HAZE.

SOMERSET
Ah, good morning, officer.

CONSTABLE HAZE

Good morning, Mr. Somerset. I was just coming to see you to ask about an incident, last night.

SOMERSET

Oh?... What's that?

CONSTABLE HAZE

Well, just to say that, when I was doing my rounds of the neighbourhood, last night, I saw two men in your office up at the castle, here.

SOMERSET

That's funny, because I just paid off my three assistants....What ages were they?

CONSTABLE HAZE

Well before they pulled the blinds, I saw a young man and an older one.

SOMERSET

Good grief, surely not Dare and Havill?

CONSTABLE HAZE

Have you a photograph of this Dare chap?

SOMERSET

It's funny you should ask, but, yes, I have. He asked for a photograph of me and gave me one of himself. I have it somewhere in my lodgings in Markton. I'll look it out.

CONSTABLE HAZE

Righty ho, Sir....Bid you good day.

SOMERSET

Thank you, Constable....Thanks for this.

The constable tips his hat and walks on.

Somerset proceeds with his walk, when, a little further, he comes across Miss. De Stancy and a tall, dark-haired, handsome man in his late thirties, in a dark blue and black tweed suit, CAPTAIN DE STANCY.

MISS. DE STANCY
 Mr.Somerset ... how pleasant!
 Let me present to you my brother,
 Captain De Stancy of the Royal
 Horse Artillery.

Somerset smiles and shakes the man's hand.

SOMERSET
 How do you do?

MISS. DE STANCY
 You seem to be leaving us?

SOMERSET
 Yes, I've finished my drawings and
 so am just popping up, tomorrow, to
 visit my father, in London, for a
 few days.

The De Stancys turn back and ramble along with Somerset.

MISS. DE STANCY
 Well, we were just coming up to ask
 you if you would join us for dinner
 at my father's, tonight..... Would
 you give us that pleasure, Mr.
 Somerset, before you go up?

Somerset smiles

SOMERSET
 Well, I, I would be delighted to
 give MYSELF that pleasure,
 certainly.

Miss. De Stancy stops and shakes his hand

MISS. DE STANCY
 Well, then, we shall look forward
 to seeing you at seven, tonight, at
 Myrtle Villa...Thank you, Mr.,
 Somerset..... 'Til then....Au revoir!

She nods and smiles, and then, she and her brother turn
 around and walk on towards the castle.

Captain De Stancy is meditatively walking down the road,
 towards his father's villa, when, sitting on a wall, just
 twenty yards, beforehand, he sees Dare, who is idly kicking
 his feet.

Dare jumps off the wall and De Stancy looks up, in surprise and pleasure.

De Stancy takes Dare's hand in both of his own.

CAPTAIN

My dear lad! ... Where do you come from?

DARE

Southampton last, in common speech.

CAPTAIN

Have you come here to see me?

DARE

Entirely. I have wanted to see you, badly.

De Stancy smiles, affectionately.

CAPTAIN

Me, lad?

DARE

Yes. I'm rather out of cash, you know.

The captain is a bit disappointed

CAPTAIN

I'll, I'll do what I can, again, Willy, but it will not be much at present as I'm as poor as a church mouse, I'm afraid... I can't write you a cheque, as I've no pen.

DARE

Oh, that's no problem. Let's just walk over to the church. There's generally a pen and paper in the vestry.

They set off back down the road.

CAPTAIN

I intercepted and exchanged a photograph of you which Mr. Somerset gave to me to show Constable Haze, last night, as I was going to the station to see Haze about the barracks.

DARE

Oh, ho!... Using my photograph, is he?

CAPTAIN

Why would Somerset think that you had broken into his office.

DARE

Oh, he's just an idiot, who sacked me..... So, two can play that game...I have a copy of HIS photograph.

SOMERSET

(Gravely)

You worked for him?....I hope that this is nothing serious, Will?

DARE

Don't worry yourself about silly things, Pops.....Look!....It's this way.

He turns and mounts a stile and De Stancy follows him.

48

EXT. LANE - DAY

48

Dare and De Stancy have just stepped back out onto the lane which runs between Myrtle Villas and the church.

Dare is ruefully looking at the small cheque.

DARE

It's alright, Dad...I know that you did your best.

DE STANCY

I'll be able to add to it, shortly, when I've received my wage, Will.

DARE

(Airily)

Oh, don't worry about that!....I have a way which will mend your fortune.

De Stancy looks dubious

DARE (CONT'D)

The plan that I have arranged for you is in the nature of a marriage!

DE STANCY

(Surprised irony)

Oh, really?...And may this young scion be allowed to know the identity of his intended?

DARE

Oh, I've set my mind on Miss. De Stancy's friend, Paula. YOU must set your mind upon winning her, Papa..... It will mend all of our fortunes!

The captain becomes meditative

DE STANCY

I ought to have married your Mother, before they sent the regiment away, lad. The least I can do is respect her memory by not marrying again.

DARE

But what about your duty to her offspring, Father?

DE STANCY

Look, Will, I do my best by you. Perhaps if you'd get a job and keep it, I wouldn't need to keep subbing you.

DARE

Never mind my peccadilloes, but listen to my talk of Miss Power's ruby lips, her silken tresses, her....

DE STANCY

...Will! I've had enough of my accursed susceptibility on this subject.....

He frowns and looks away as they walk back to the villa.

DE STANCY (CONT'D)

After your mother died, in my absence, I made a vow to remain celibate. I have forsworn liquor, gambling and all light behaviour, since.

Dare tuts, in disbelief, and rolls his eyes

DARE

For twenty years!.... Look! You're in a good position, here... both to make your fortune and win yourself a goddess.....

DE STANCY

....I wish you were less calculating, Will...

DARE

...Pshagh! No-one knows I'm your son!.....(Smilingly)But I'm working for you, nonetheless, Pops!

Dare stops, claps his father on the shoulders, and then waves him on, down the road.

DARE (CONT'D)

I've taken lodgings in Markton., now, just down the road from your barracks, so I'll be seeing more of you.... Give it a thought, huh?

De Stancy smiles, uneasily and nods.

DE STANCY

I will see you soon, Will!

Will strolls off, whistling.

49

INT. MARKTON/HAVILL'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Dare strolls in, whistling.

Havill is sitting at his desk, reading.

DARE

Well, what news?

Havill picks up and waves a letter at Dare

HAVILL

It's a tie!.... The institute has tied us!..... Miss Power has returned to the castle and Somerset is still in London.

DARE

Well, he can remain there! The permanent absence of the beastly Somerset is desirable to you, architecturally, and me, matrimonially.

Dare plonks himself down in a chair

HAVILL

Who is the intended husband?

DARE

A certain Captain De Stancy, the one I pointed out to you, yesterday.....

(Lasciviously)

I want him to see Miss Power in the most love-kindling, passion-begetting way!

HAVILL

Humph!.... I don't know what YOUR interest is in all of this.

Dare waves his hand, airily.

DARE

I have my reasons, Havill..... My own reasons. Come on, you must be able to think of somewhere he could accidentally see her!....A bower, somewhere on the estate... that sort of thing.

HAVILL

Well..... There is the new gymnasium she has just had me design and build, for when it's raining....She's very clever on the ropes and bars.....Money can buy that sort of thing.....

DARE

.....and doubtless clad as scantily as a nymph, with marble arms and cheeks aglow!

HAVILL

I say, steady on, Dare!

DARE

I shall get him there, on the next morning it's raining!..... How deuced clever of the girl!..... Gymnastics! She obviously means to live to a hundred!.... He shall see her!.... If I've anything to do with it, he shall see her!!

Havill smiles uneasily.

50

EXT. CASTLE/SHRUBBERY NEAR BACK OF A BUILDING - DAY

50

De Stancy and Dare are standing under a tree, in the pouring rain wearing oilskins and carrying fishing tackle.

DE STANCY

I fear it's too wet even for the fish, today, boy. Besides, I think I'm coming down with a cold.

DARE

You need a little wine, to warm you up, dad.

DE STANCY

You know I've sworn off alcohol....

Dare whips out a hip flask

DARE

.....Yes, but this wine is medicinal....Do try it.

DE STANCY

Well, if it's to ward off a cold, I suppose.....

He takes and has a good swig of it.

De Stancy coughs a little, removes the bottle from his lips and regards it, ruefully.

DE STANCY (CONT'D)

Will!..... I suspect that this is three quarters brandy!

DARE

It warms, though, does it not?

Dare looks at his fob watch.

DARE (CONT'D)
(Mysteriously)
And I have something that will warm
you even more!

De Stancy frowns

DE STANCY
You're not up to your tricks,
again, are you?..... That's the rub
of it!... I'm too fond of you to
take a firmer stand with you.

Dare leads him round, by the sleeve to the back of the
building, just behind a shrub, and shows him a box, on the
floor, under a window.

Dare indicates for his father to stand on the box.

DARE
This is a curiosity the like of
which I reckon you've never seen,
before!

De Stancy sighs, reluctantly

DARE (CONT'D)
Go ON, then!

De Stancy reluctantly mounts and peers through the window.

He suddenly sees Paula doing her gymnastics in a pink body
stocking and becomes fixated.

She is bending, wheeling and undulating in the air, like a
goldfish in a bowl.

Paula's aunt and Miss. De Stancy are sitting on stools, at
one end, and De Stancy is looking from behind them.

De Stancy stares, rapturously, unable to stop himself.

Finally

DE STANCY
(Murmurs to himself)
And is this the end of my
vow?....What a beauty!

Dare smiles smugly to himself and waggles his eyebrows.

DARE
(To himself)
I must send him a hamper of wine to
toast the beautiful Miss Power
with!

51 INT. MYRTLE VILLA/UPPER HALLWAY AND BEDROOM - EVENING 51

Miss. De Stancy is just nearing the top of the stairs when she bumps into her brother, starting to come down.

They meet on the landing.

De Stancy is quite transformed from the former, unsmiling severe man who he was.

MISS. DE STANCY
Is Papa alright?

DE STANCY
Yes. He's just having an early night.

MISS. DE STANCY
Ah.... I'm just going to take my bath before going over to Paula's.

DE STANCY
Yes ... Paula's Um, Lottie.....
Would you take me over, with you?....You know, to meet Miss Power?

MISS. DE STANCY
I thought you were a misogynist and didn't care for women's company?
Really, Will, I th.....

De Stancy smiles

DE STANCY
.....I hope that you didn't tell Miss Power that?

MISS. DE STANCY
Well, I had to account for your continued absence and, an....

DE STANCY
.....Well, now you'll have to account for my presence, because I have fallen in love with her, and naturally wish for her acquaintance.

MISS. DE STANCY
IN LO...!?

She looks around, furtively and ushers him, urgently through into her bedroom, where the bath is ready by the fire.

Miss. De Stancy worriedly looks out and listens for her father.

She turns to her brother.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)
(Fussily worried
whispering)
Well, I don't know how that can be
when you've never met her, but.....
anyway Mr. Somerset is in love
with her, and, an....

DE STANCY
.....Somerset?!

MISS. DE STANCY
Yes! Don't you remember? He came to
dinner with us a few weeks
ago.....He's, he's, um..... restoring
the castle.

She colours and looks embarrassedly away.

De Stancy notices her confusion

DE STANCY
Oh....THAT Somerset.....
(Amusedly fishing)
You must see quite a bit of him,
then, Lottie.

MISS. DE STANCY
Um, yes...um... a bit...

DE STANCY
....And have fallen in love with
him, yourself..... You HAVE,
haven't you?

MISS. DE STANCY
Well, he, he's in love with
Paula...but, but....

De Stancy puts his arm around his sister's shoulders and gives a squeeze.

DE STANCY
So are you, with him and
 so am I..... with Paula!

Miss. De Stancy looks confusedly around, mortified.

Her brother turns her to face him.

DE STANCY (CONT'D)
 So.... We're allies in this
 competition.

MISS. DE STANCY
 It's not a competition, Will! I
 will force myself on NO man
but..... I WILL take you along
 with me for dinner at Paula's.....
 if you like.

De Stancy smiles and kisses her on the forehead.

DE STANCY
 There's a girl! ... There's my
 little Lottie!

Miss. De Stancy gives a pained smile and starts to bundle
 him, fussily, out of her room.

MISS. DE STANCY
 Now I need my bath!

DE STANCY
 And I my best necktie and pomade!
 ...Oh!..... Is Miss Power a severe
 pietist, or precision..... or is
 she a compromising young lady?

MISS. DE STANCY
 IF you mean her morals,
 William...She is severe and
 Uncompromising..

DE STANCY
 Ah!.....
 (Thinks)
 No pomade, then!

He strides off down the corridor.

De Stancy and his sister walk through the woods from Markton.
 It is cold and windy.

They are well wrapped up and walk briskly, from the woods, along the path in the park, and then out onto the causeway.

53

INT. CASTLE/LONG GALLERY - NIGHT

53

Paula, dressed in a black, velvet gown is pacing, slowly up and down the gallery, where there is a fire lit. The wind is moaning, outside.

Miss. De Stancy appears and Paula smiles and kisses her.

PAULA

Where HAVE you been, my dear?

MISS. DE STANCY

Sorry to hold dinner up, Paula, but my brother suddenly expressed a wish to meet you and....I hope you will forgive me, but I brought him along

(Titters).)

PAULA

Oh, don't worry, I told Jenkins to tell cook to take another hour, so there's no rush.....Is he in the drawing room?

MISS. DE STANCY

No..... He's h....

De Stancy steps out from behind the door curtain and they both look up at him.

He is wearing full mess and he bows, militarily.

MISS. DE STANCY (CONT'D)

Oh, Paula.... Can I present my brother to you.... Captain De Stancy?

De Stancy comes forward, takes her hand and bows again over it.

PAULA

Good Evening, Captain De Stancy.

DE STANCY

At your service, Madam. I hope that you forgive my turning up without an invitation.

PAULA

Oh, of course! No member of Miss. De Stancy's family needs wait for an invitation. You must stay to dinner and spend the night here, as it will be far too dangerous to fight your way back through the wood, in the pitch black.

The captain bows again.

DE STANCY

Thank you, Ma'am.

Paula quickly looks around at the portraits on the walls.

PAULA

It's quite astonishing, your resemblance to your ancestors... especially in your uniformPerhaps you would tell me some of their histories, before dinner?

DE STANCY

Well..... I shall do my poor best.

Paula smiles, takes Miss. De Stancy's arm and, accompanied by the captain, they make their way from picture to picture, with De Stancy giving a little talk on each.

Paula, particularly regards the young military men and smilingly compares them with De Stancy, moving her face from one portrait to the live other, and back.

De Stancy frequently looks at Paula, riveted by her beauty.

He offers to photograph the paintings, which offer, Paula accepts.

Jenkins, the big footman enters and approaches Paula.

JENKINS

Madam, Mr. Dare is in the drawing room and begs leave to present you with some copies of the castle views.

PAULA

Oh! ... Thank you Jenkins. Will you tell Mr Dare that we are coming, please?

Jenkins bows, slightly

JENKINS
Certainly, Madam.

He processes, majestically away, and the group, after Paula looks interrogatively at them, follows him.

54 INT. CASTLE/DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

54

They enter the room.

Miss. De Stancy sits her brother next to her on the sofa, and Paula goes up to and shakes hands with Dare.

DARE
I hope that you will forgive the liberty, Miss Power, but I thought I would bring along some copies of the photographs which I have taken using my new method.

He opens a cardboard portfolio and spreads some photographs out on a circular table.

Paula moves them about, a little, and looks at them.

PAULA
Oh! ... They're marvellous! Thank youExcellent!Do come and have a look, Charlotte!

Miss. De Stancy and De Stancy come to the table and regard the photos.

PAULA (CONT'D)
(To Dare)
I'm so glad that this wonderful old building has been recorded before we started the alteration work. Captain De Stancy has also just agreed to take a photographic inventory of the various hundreds of painting around the castle, as well.

DARE
Ah, then perhaps I could offer my poor help to him along with my new method of photographing in poor light.

He surreptitiously boggles his eyes at De Stancy, who takes the hint.

DE STANCY

Oh... hum, yes...Um, this would be of great help.

Paula turns back to Dare

PAULA

Well, if you have this time free to work with Captain De Stancy, Mr. Dare, we would be very grateful

Dare bows

DARE

My pleasure, Madam!

Paula smiles.

PAULA

Thank you.

The gong sounds

PAULA (CONT'D)

Will you join us for dinner, Mr. Dare?

De Stancy looks a furious "No" at Dare who, injuredly, aside, takes the hint and looks back to Paula

DARE

Thank you. I'm afraid that I have a prior engagement, but I shall be glad to return tomorrow morning, to assist this brave officer.

PAULA

Thank you ... Excellent Good Evening, then, Mr. Dare.

Dare bows and leaves.

55

INT. CASTLE/GREAT ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

55

Dare has his camera on a tripod and De Stancy is instructing Dare about at what angle to take the photograph of an oil painting.

Paula walks through the hall and both men smile and incline their heads.

PAULA

Good Morning, gentlemen

MEN

Good Morning.

PAULA

I see that you have moved onto the hallway, now.

DE STANCY

Well we've certainly captured the gallery ones, quite effectively, I think.

PAULA

Yes, I liked your approach.

Dare moves discretely away and begins to 'examine' a painting at the far side of the hall.

PAULA (CONT'D)

What do you want all of these photographs for?

DE STANCY

I thought I'd take them with me on campaign as something to distract me, of an evening.

PAULA

Do you need my help with anything, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Well, I was just wondering, if I might add something to complete my military distraction.

PAULA

What?

DE STANCY

You.

PAULA

(Coolly)

I'm sorry?

DE STANCY

I, I mean a photograph of that painting of you in the big drawing room.

PAULA

Me?

DE STANCY

Yes. It would help a great deal to cheer me, in.....

PAULA

(Seriously)

Captain De Stancy, I think you go too far!

De Stancy bows

DE STANCY

I do apologize if I have offended, it's just that that particular painting so captures your look and.....

PAULA

.....It's only there because my aunt requested it for her birthday....I will see you at lunchtime, Captain.

She smiles faintly and walks on.

Dare ambles up to De Stancy's side, with his hands in his pockets.

DE STANCY

Oh, it's hopeless!....I don't stand a chance and that blasted architect will be back, soon!

DARE

Courage, mon brave! I shall consider how to prolong that architect's stay....I'll go and have a word with Havill during lunch.

He nods and departs.

56 EXT. MARKTON/SIDE STREET WITH HAVILL'S OFFICE - DAY 56

Dare approaches Havill's office, with surprise, when he sees three men carrying out a desk and loading it, along with other belongings, already there, onto a cart.

Three locals stand there staring

He reads a large auction notice on the door and pokes his head inside.

Dare then withdraws his head and addresses the bailiffs

DARE

Do you know where Mr. Havill is?

A BAILIFF straightens up and tips his cap to Dare while his colleagues carry on struggling with the desk.

BAILIFF

'E be at 'ome, Zur, a struggling with his wife.

DARE

Is she ill?

BAILIFF

Well.... she be none too 'appy with 'is bankruptcy....No wife be, zur! She be in a full pelt!

DARE

No! ... No, indeed Thank you.

He turns and hurries off.

57

INT. CASTLE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

57

Paula, Mrs. Goodman, Miss. De Stancy and De Stancy are chatting over coffee, when Dare is shown in.

He smiles and nods.

PAULA

Ah, welcome back, Mr. Dare. We missed you at lunch, but the captain said that you had popped into town.

Paula indicates a chair and he sits.

DARE

Yes, I did, but I saw a very distressing thing.

MISS. DE STANCY

Oh! What?

DARE

The bailiffs were in Mr. Havill's office and he is to declare bankruptcy!

PAULA

Oh, the poor man! He was my father's architect.....

(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)

Although I didn't promise it,
somehow, he thought he would get
the work of the restoration.

DARE

Um Apparently, he borrowed
upon the expectation of getting the
castle work and now, of course.....

Dare shrugs

PAULA

...I haven't actually offered the
work to Mr. Somerset, but, but I
was intending to do that...

MISS. DE STANCY

...It is very sad!

PAULA

Um... yessss....

DE STANCY

Perhaps I could suggest a remedy?

Paula looks up at him

DE STANCY (CONT'D)

You could give Havill the first
half of the work, immediately, and
then, when he has half finished,
give the rest to Mr. Somerset!

PAULA

Ah!

Paula stands up and goes to ring the bell pull

PAULA (CONT'D)

Yes ... Good idea Poor man!
I shall send a note for him to come
up and receive his commission,
immediately.

She suddenly thinks, frowns, looks away, a little, and sighs
to herself.

Dare smirks at their success to De Stancy, who looks away.

Mr. Havill comes in and Paula rises and receives him
graciously, shaking his hand.

She talks, briefly and hands him his instructions and a cheque for which he is very grateful.

He smiles, nods and turns to go, when Paula suddenly seems to remember something.

PAULA

Oh! I suppose you'll be two, or three months, then, in doing the work, Mr. Havill?

Mr. Havill shakes his head, pityingly and tolerantly,

HAVILL

(Usual nasal drawl)
Good grief, my dear! At least a year!.....At the very least!

He smiles, gives a half bow, and leaves

PAULA

(To herself)
Oh!.....A Year!!.....Oh, nohhh....
(Sighs)
What have I done?...Tut!

She sighs and looks glum.

59 INT. CASTLE/GALLERY - DAY

59

Paula stalks through the gallery.

When Dare and De Stancy hear her coming, they 'set to' with great concentration at their photographing of her own painting, which they have taken down from her drawing room wall and laid flat on a table.

De Stancy looks up at her.

DE STANCY

Than you for eventually giving me permission to copy this, Miss Power. I have already taken one copyWould you like to see it?

PAULA

(Icily)
No, thank you.I have no wish to see myself.

She stalks off.

DARE
 (In an undertone)
 I think it's going to be uphill
 work, you know!

DE STANCY
 True, but now that Somerset's out
 of the way for at least a year, I
 have plenty of time to win her
 around!

Dare grins

DARE
 So you have! ... In that case, you
 can come and take a dip in the pool
 in the woods with me, this
 afternoon, Pater It's so
 wretched hot!

DE STANCY
 Swim? In the.....? I've got no costume
 with me!

DARE
 Who needs costumes?!

DE STANCY
 (Puzzled)
 Well...I... I...

60 INT. LONDON/SOMERSET'S CHAMBERS - DAY

60

Somerset sits at his desk, looking at the two pieces of post
 he has opened and read. There was nothing from Paula.

There is the letter announcing the competition draw from the
 institute, also on his desk, and Somerset again picks it up.

He goes to the window and rereads it, shakes his head and
 looks out of the window.

SOMERSET
 (To himself)
 If you choose him, you will have
 rejected your lover, my dear!
 Oh! Why did I suggest
 that stupid competition?!

He sighs.

61 INT. BAPTIST CHAPEL - DAY

61

There is a small congregation for the early service and Mr. Havill is sitting near the front.

The minister, Mr. Woodwell, mounts the pulpit and starts his sermon.

MR. WOODWELL

My sermon, today, is on the subject
of deceit! ... Deception and envy!
Mnu, mnu.....

Mr. Havill's face is one of startlement. He thinks that surely Mr. Woodwell can't know of what he, Havill, did, can he?

As the condemnations and mighty gesticulations of Woodwell proceed, Havill becomes increasingly uncomfortable.

Havill looks around at the faces of the congregation.

Eventually, Havill gets up and scurries out of the chapel, to the tutting of the other ladies in the pew, whom he pushes past.

Mr. Woodwell looks up.

He wonders if Havill's departure is due to his bad sermonising.

62 INT. CASTLE/TELEGRAPH ROOM - DAY

62

Paula walks briskly through the door, followed by Miss. De Stancy.

MISS. DE STANCY

Whom are you going to telegraph,
Paula?

PAULA

My architect

MISS. DE STANCY

Mr. Havill?

PAULA

No.... Mr. Somerset

Paula sits down and starts tapping on her machine

MISS. DE STANCY

But....

Paula gestures to the letter delivered that morning from Havill, which is lying crumpled on the table where she has just thrown it.

PAULA

.....Mr. Havill has resigned. I have no choice.

Miss. De Stancy reads and looks chagrined

Paula sends off the telegram which reads:

"Miss Power, Stancy Castle to G. Somerset, Esq.:— Your design is accepted in its entirety. It will be necessary to begin, soon. I wish to see and consult with you on the matter about the 10th instant".

Paula gets up and walks to the window, looking out, to hide her small, pleased smile from Miss. De Stancy.

63

EXT. CASTLE/TERRACE — DAY

63

Captain De Stancy is walking up and down the terrace admiring the view and smoking.

A window opens in the wall, above and a head pops out: that of De Stancy's sister.

De Stancy looks up

DE STANCY

Morning, Lotty!....What news have you?

MISS. DE STANCY

Hello, Will. Um, just a bit of news. Mr. Havill has resigned and Paula has just telegraphed for Mr. Somerset to come up and get going.

DE STANCY

When?

MISS. DE STANCY

The tenth, I think.

De Stancy looks away in exasperation

DE STANCY

Drat it!

Miss. De Stancy looks rueful and quickly withdraws.

De Stancy strolls, thoughtfully back in to the room where Dare is just looking up from his camera which is trained on yet another painting.

DARE

I heard every word.....We must do something!

DE STANCY

Oh for goodness sake, Will, let me alone!

He stalks away

DARE

That's easy for you, Dad! Tonight you dine in mess with your full four courses, while I nibble on a few herbs, without a stiver to my name.

De Stancy turns and walks back, emptying his pocket of coins onto a small table.

DE STANCY

Uh! ... Right! Here you are, Will! Take these. I'll find some more, tomorrow

(Sighs)

You keep me as poor as a crow!

De Stancy turns to leave, again, when Dare suddenly speaks, excitedly.

DARE

Captain! He's coming on the tenth they said! ... Well! Remember what she's fixed for the sixth?....With luck and a bold heart what mayn't you do in that time?!

De Stancy looks around and his face softens, a little

DE STANCY

Oh, the sixth!....Yes!....

(Smilingly)

Maybe the game is not up, after all!

65

EXT. LONDON/SHOP EXTERIOR - DAY

65

Somerset is walking, preoccupiedly along when he suddenly sees Paula and her maid, on the pavement, just ahead, and starting to turn towards a shop entry.

SOMERSET

Miss Power!

Paula looks up and smiles

PAULA

Mister Somerset! What a pleasant surprise!

The lady's maid steps a little away so as to give them some privacy.

PAULA (CONT'D)

I have just popped up to London so as to make a few small purchases before the Hunt Ball, tonight...Have they invited you?

SOMERSET

(Gloomily)

Hunt Ball?..... No.....Are you glad you're going?

PAULA

Not so very glad

SOMERSET

Well....

(Smilingly)

Thanks for that....If it means that you will miss me!

He leans in towards her, a little.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

When will you assure me of something in return for that which I assured you that evening, in the rain?

Paula looks a bit embarrassed

PAULA

Not before you have built the castle I haven't even spoken to my aunt, yet.....

SOMERSET

...But everything still stands as usual?

Paula nods and smiles.

PAULA

Yes... .. Now not a word more. I have to see the jeweller and then race home.

Somerset bows his head and looks earnest

SOMERSET

I will see you on the tenth, then.

Paula smiles and nods.

Her maid comes up to join them

PAULA

Yes.

Paula and her maid go into the shop.

66 INT. LONDON/SOMERSET'S CHAMBERS - DAY

66

Somerset comes in the door, and starts to remove his jacket, when he sees a letter on his table.

He picks it up and reads the address.

It was addressed to Mr. Somerset, Esq., c/o The King's Arms Hotel, Markton. This address was then scratched out and re-addressed to his London chambers.

Somerset feverishly opens the envelope, takes out and reads and invitation to the Hunt Ball, being held at Markton Town Hall.

SOMERSET

Oh, no! ...To think I should be served this trick a second time!.....

(Thoughtfully)

Ummmm....

He looks at the clock and it's five o'clock.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

....A train at six....should get there around midnight!.....Suitcase!

He suddenly dashes into his bedroom.

67

INT. MARKTON TOWN HALL/BALLROOM - NIGHT

67

Somerset, in full evening dress, enters the ballroom and, as he makes his way through the crowd, suddenly sees the crowd part, with a party coming towards him.

This comprises De Stancy, supporting his half fainting sister, with Paula, on Miss. De Stancy's other side. Mrs. Goodman is also holding Miss. De Stancy's fan and card, as well as her own and her reticule.

The party is heading towards them and Somerset hails them.

SOMERSET

Miss Power! Mrs. Goodman! Is Miss.
De Stancy not well?

DE STANCY

My sister is just a little faint...
Too stuffy in here!

PAULA

We're taking her back to her
father's house.

SOMERSET

I'm, I'm sorry I was late, the
letter came too....

PAULA

.....That's alright, Mr. Somerset. I
will see you soon, anyway.....Good
evening.

The party goes out

Somerset stares at their departing selves and slumps

SOMERSET

Ughhhhhh!

He puts his hands in his pockets, disconsolately, and wanders out into a corridor, walking along it a little way.

He then sees a poster on the wall and stops to read it, with interest.

STANCY CASTLE. By kind permission of Miss Power, A PLAY will shortly be performed at the above castle in aid of the funds of the county hospital by the OFFICERS of the ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, MARKTON BARRACKS, assisted by several local ladies.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Oh!.....

(Ironically)

Great fun!

A late middle-aged DANCER pokes her face over his shoulder and then taps him with her fan.

Somerset turns around

DANCER

I see that you are eyeing our performance. The play is to be Love's Labours Lost and the heroine is to be Miss Power She'll be a marvellous draw for our hospital funds!

SOMERSET

And who is to play the hero?

DANCER

Oh, I imagine that that will be Captain Stancy. He was the originator of this wonderful idea, you know!

SOMERSET

(Ironically)

Yes.....He would be.

He gives a spectral smile.

68

EXT. CASTLE/GARDEN - DAY

68

Somerset and Paula are walking down a long path. Paula has her parasol and her small dog is walking with them.

PAULA

Oh, that's good then, as once you have finished these small details, you can begin the work.

SOMERSET

Yes, I.....

They come across a young, somewhat more smartly-dressed ARTISAN instructing two elderly electrical WORKERS about how to effect the electrical works.

ARTISAN

.....And don't 'ee forget that them cablings have to keep their jackets on, or the electric escapes and you don't want that no how!

WORKER 1

There bain't no reason fer to ballyrag us,zur. We know as that elegitric has got to be kept warm, loike!

ARTISAN

An' don't 'ee faddle 'em tight together, either!

WORKER 1

No, Zur.

The artisan looks up and sees his employer approaching.

He smiles, tips his cap and hurries off, the other way.

The two walkers don't see Paula and Somerset approaching as they are too pre-occupied.

WORKER 1 (CONT'D)

You'd think as he thort oi gannywedged them cables a purpose!

WORKER 2

S'no use amakin' a fantod! Ee's the dabster!

WORKER 1

Aye, but 'ee's so tilty wi' me, as 'e 'as me all joppity-joppety.

His colleague shrugs

They walk off

Somerset and Paula who have paused in their walk, so as not to invade these workers' conversation, smile, and continue their walk as the workers go off down another path.

PAULA

Did you stay long after we left?

SOMERSET

Only long enough to read about your play.

PAULA

It's not fully agreed yet, but I shall only play the princess if Mr. Mild plays the King of Navarre.

SOMERSET

(Murmurs)

Why, why do you play at all?

PAULA

My father always supported the hospital.

Somerset takes her hand and squeezes it.

SOMERSET

Are we not engaged, Paula?

Paula gently disengages her hand and shakes her head.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Come!...Just let me tell your aunt.

PAULA

No!...Not yet....I have to....

She looks up as her aunt appears on the party, ahead.

PAULA (CONT'D)

...Oh, look! There she is! I wonder if she has any news of Miss. De Stancy... I'll see you later, Mr. Somerset!

She hurries away, in a cloud of organza, together with her dog.

The room is dimly lit and the audience for Love's Labours Lost is largely assembled when Somerset comes in and looks about him for a place.

He espies Mrs. Goodman who gestures to him to join her in his reserved seat next to her.

Somerset goes to join her and, as he sits, the curtain opens and the King of Navvare stalks on and starts declaiming. It is De Stancy.

Somerset is shocked and turns to Paula's aunt.

SOMERSET
I thought that Mr. Mild was to have
been the king?!

MRS. GOODMAN
He was, but he got the nerves!

SOMERSET
Does Miss Power know of this
change?

MRS. GOODMAN
(Ruefully)
I think she's only just found out.

70

INT. CASTLE/STAGE - NIGHT

70

Paula comes onto the stage, in costume

DE STANCY
Fair Princess, welcome to the court
of Navarre.

PAULA
"Fair" I give you back again: and
welcome, I have not yet.

She strolls about the stage, in a somewhat detached manner,
while the king talks to her, with her occasionally answering
and nodding her head.

He gets out a beautiful diamond necklace from a box on a
table, and asks to put it on her, which she allows, drawing
near.

He fastens the necklace on her, stands back to admire, and
exclaims at her beauty, bowing low.

Paula nods her head, in mild exasperation and turns to walk
away, a little.

De Stancy grabs her hand, to prevent her moving, and declaims

DE STANCY
Oh then, dear Saint, let lips do
what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith
turn to despair.
Then move not, while my prayer's
effect I take.

(MORE)

DE STANCY (CONT'D)

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin
is purged!

De Stancy bends over her and she leans back a little, hidden from sight.

There is a long, rude, kissing sound from someone in the audience, followed by applause, whistling and cat calls.

De Stancy stands up, again and Paula rights herself, adjusting her hair and looking very blushing and embarrassed.

A serving maid enters onto the stage with a message and the play continues.

71 INT. CASTLE/DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

71

There is a large, weather-beaten, but smartly dressed, man in his early sixties, MR. ABNER POWER, leaning against the panelling near to the back door, next to the landlord at Sleeping-Green.

Power turns to the landlord

POWER

Who's the king?

LANDLORD

Oh, it's Captain De Stancy, Zur,
William De Stacy's son, who used to
own this property.

POWER

Baronet, or knight?

LANDLORD

Baronet...but lost most everything,
now!

POWER

So if she has the money, and him
the name and blood, 't'would make a
pretty match between them, heh?

LANDLORD

That's what the drawlatcheten say
abun the chimleys, Zur!

Power smiles

POWER

They do, do they?

He nods his departure, turns and leaves as the final clapping starts.

72 INT. CASTLE/ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT

72

The door of an ante-room is open, and, as Somerset hurries past, he sees Paula removing her tiara and putting it onto a table, through the wide-opened door.

Somerset steps timidly into the threshold.

SOMERSET
Miss Power!

She looks up, sees him.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)
Congratulations on your
performance.

She comes up to him, with a social air.

PAULA
You thought it well done?

SOMERSET
(Ironically)
It was startlingly done.
Especially the part with Romeo's
speeches to Juliet thrown in ...to
your Love's Labours Lost.

PAULA
Yes!....
(Ruefully)
Silly man! I'd no idea he was going
to do that.

SOMERSET
So he..... he kissed you?

Paula moves away and waves her hand, airily

PAULA
Only the air before my face.

SOMERSET
So will you let me, then?

Paula smiles

PAULA
Well the air, but not my face!

Somerset turns away, somewhat. He is in despair.

SOMERSET

How can you be so off-hand! I love you wildly and desperately, Paula and you know it well.

PAULA

(Softly)

I have never denied knowing it.

SOMERSET

But are you going to let him do that again, in tomorrow's performance?

Paula smiles

PAULA

No I shall sort something out. Look, come tomorrow morning, and I will have a chat with you, in the Pleasance...as long as you promise not to badger me about You know.

SOMERSET

Yes, yes, I will I mean I won't!

MRS. GOODMAN (V.O.)

Paula?! Are you there?

Paula bundles him out of a small back door, in the chamber, which enters upon the turret and, as he descends the stairs, she calls

PAULA

Tomorrow!

SOMERSET (V.O.)

Yes, my love!

She smiles and closes the door at the top of the stairs.

Somerset wanders, in love and dreamily, pre-occupied along the path.

He accidentally tramps through the knot garden hedging.

He trips, and looks where he is, that is, in the middle of a knot garden bed.

He looks guiltily around and steps back onto the footpath.

73 INT. CASTLE/TELEGRAPH ROOM - DAY

73

Paula is using the telegraph, sitting at the table near the window.

She writes down the message, from the chattering telegraph

"Miss Barbara Bell of the Regent's Theatre could come. Quite competent. Her terms would be twenty five guineas".

Paula reads and then thinks for a minute.

She then writes:

"Terms are satisfactory. Please send".

Paula then taps out this message and gets up and paces the room, looking out of the window.

A minute later, the telegraph chatters back.

Paula sits down, writes out, and then reads the message:

"Miss Bell starts by the twelve o'clock train".

She smiles, nods, gets up and goes to look out of the window.

Paula sees Somerset walking down, below, in the garden, so she turns and leaves.

74 EXT. CASTLE/GARDEN - DAY

74

Paula approaches Somerset who is pacing.

He looks up and smiles.

SOMERSET

Good morning. Do you still wish to consult me, Miss Power?

PAULA

About the building, perhaps, but not about the play.

Somerset's face falls and he merely bows.

They turn and walk along the path around this pleasure.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

You mistake me ... as usual I am not acting tonight!

SOMERSET

Oh! Forgive my momentary
doubt, my love!

PAULA

I've engaged a London actress, but
you mustn't tell Captain Stancy...

SOMERSET

....Or he won't play his part?

Paula smiles

PAULA

We can assume so..... Now you must
play my confederate and meet Miss
Bell, my replacement actress, off
the four o'clock train. See her
straight into the carriage and
don't let her be seen in the town
.....Could you have a word with
Beeves, now, please, about the
carriage?

Somerset bows and smiles

SOMERSET

Yours to command, my lady!

He turns and walks smartly out of the garden.

As he approached the gateway, an older weather-beaten man,
Mr. Power, pushes himself off the gateway jamb, from where he
has been regarding Somerset and Paula and walks past
Somerset.

As he walks past, Mr. Power closely scrutinises Somerset
rudely.

As Somerset goes out of the gateway, he sees this, to him,
unknown man talking earnestly with Paula.

75

INT. CASTLE/DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

75

The stage is being dismantled by a couple of labourers. Paula
is talking animatedly with her aunt, Miss. De Stancy, the
elderly strange gentleman: Mr. Power, a couple of actors, and
Captain De Stancy. They are variously either in costume, or
in evening clothes.

Somerset, also in evening clothes, makes his way, hesitantly
from his seat back in the seating area.

The audience has now largely departed, with a remaining few just collecting and donning their wraps, etc..

Paula turns towards Somerset, smiles, and indicates Mr. Power.

PAULA

Mr. Somerset! Please let me present my uncle, Mr. Abe Power. He has been supposed dead for nearly ten years, now..... by all of us.

Mr. Power nods, slightly, with a sour face, and looks from De Stancy to Somerset; comparing them.

MR. POWER

Yes, but that was because of my long illness and my fancied neglect of my letters....

PAULA

(Smiling)

For which my father was not to blame as he didn't receive them.....

MR. POWER

.....No, no, my dear...not his fault.

SOMERSET

I suppose that you have great pleasure in returning at last, Sir.

Power shrugs

MR. POWER

Not bothered, either way. Now I'm back, though, I just want to see my niece happy and settled.

DE STANCY

I hope you find her the former, Sir?

Power completely turns his back on Somerset and half throws his answer back over his shoulder

MR. POWER

Yes, but I think that she needs more company and amusement to keep her cheerful.....

Power then starts a lively conversation with De Stancy.

Paula is laughing with several of the actors, and so Somerset, after regarding the back of Power for a while, and then vainly attempting to gain the attention of Paula, gives up and walks away.

76 INT. CASTLE/MONTAGE OF ROOMS - DAY

76

Somerset is sitting at his desk with several of his master carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, etc standing up around him. He is pointing and explaining his drawings to them.

Somerset is out on the leads, explaining and pointing to part of the parapet, to the mason, when he sees Paula, together with her uncle and De Stancy, get into the carriage, below.

Somerset comes into the gallery, with plans in his hand, and he sees Paula, laughing with De Stancy and her uncle, and walking out at the other end of the gallery. He starts to call to them, but they've gone.

Somerset is poring over a plan, in an ante room, when Mrs. Goodman walks through with a couple of books in her hand. She asks after him, smiles and pats him on the shoulder, in encouragement.

She leaves and Somerset stares, anxiously after her.

77 INT. MARKTON KINGS ARMS/SOMERSET'S CHAMBERS - DAY

77

Somerset is sitting, looking out of the window, musing.

There is a knock and the maid enters carrying a tray with a couple of newspapers on it.

She gives a nod of her head and puts the tray on Somerset's table, nearby.

She wipes the papers down, a bit, with the edge of her apron.

INNKEEPER'S MAID

The pony carriage for the castle be
around, in a moment, Zur, and your
papers be 'ere for you.... Sorry
'ems a bit blatch!

SOMERSET

Thank you.

She nods and goes out.

Somerset leans forward, languorously reaches out, and reads a big article on the front page:

SOMERSET (V.O.)

We are reliably informed that a marriage is likely to be arranged between Cptn. De Stancy, only surviving son of Sir William De Stancy, Baronet, and Paula, only daughter of the late John Power, Esq., M.P., of Stancy Castle.

Somerset, open-mouthed, with horror, drops the paper back on the table and falls back into his chair.

SOMERSET

Oh, what?!...De Stancy?!...De Stancy?!!

He looks agonizedly around.

78 INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S OFFICES AND ANTE-CORRIDOR - DAY 78

Somerset gives instructions to various master workers and they set out to work on their various portions of the castle.

Somerset gazes, glassily, at his latest sketches, lying loose on his desk.

He suddenly sweeps them away, gets up and leaves that portion of his office, stepping through the open archway into an ante-corridor.

Somerset paces furiously up and down.

He suddenly hears footsteps and looks up to see Paula coming towards him.

She is brandishing a newspaper and stops, in front of him.

Somerset stops

PAULA

Good Morning, Mr. Somerset.

SOMERSET

(Dully)

'Lo

Paula hands him a folded section of her paper, pointing to a spot.

PAULA

Read!

She, herself, then proceeds to pace, angrily, up and down the immediate small corridor.

Somerset reads and then looks up at her, a little hopeful.

SOMERSET
You're not marrying him, then?

PAULA
Of course not! That's why I had that wicked lie countered, in the following edition.

SOMERSET
Who on earth had it put in?

Paula shrugs

PAULA
No idea... the idiot!

Somerset smiles

SOMERSET
So there's, there's still a chance that you might be mine...?

Paula comes to a halt near to him, and gives a deprecating smile.

PAULA
....Well, um, not, immediately..

SOMERSET
Why? Have you change.....

PAULA
...My uncle wishes my aunt and I to go to Nice with him for the spring, while you make all your messes, here.

SOMERSET
Your uncle?

PAULA
Yes I'll probably take Miss. De Stancy, as well.

Somerset looks down, disappointedly

SOMERSET
Oh...

PAULA

(Archly)

You don't begrudge me a little
pleasure just because you won't be
there, now, do you?

SOMERSET

Oh, no! ... Of course not Does
your uncle guess anything about
us. Do you wish him to be told, yet?

PAULA

Yes, to the first and NO to the
second.

SOMERSET

(Depressedly)

Can't I even write?

PAULA

(Archly)

Now, "George"... You see I use your
Christian name! You may find
that you have to telegraph me, or
write, 'on business', and you may
perhaps find that you may want to
add the odd personal
postscript of some sort.....?

She smiles, impishly and hands him a slip of paper

PAULA (CONT'D)

This will be our address.

She starts to turn, about to withdraw

SOMERSET

When do you leave?

PAULA

The day after tomorrow

SOMERSET

The day after....!

She starts to walk away, and just turns her head back to him

PAULA

Courage, mon brave!

She is gone around the corner

SOMERSET

Good bye, my dearest!

79

INT. CASTLE/MAIN HALL - DAY

79

Two carriages are drawn up outside of the main door and Uncle Abe is giving instructions to the maids, footman, and valet who are to accompany the party to Nice.

The servants are carrying out the luggage and Miss. De Stancy is anxiously discussing something with Mrs. Goodman.

Somerset comes out of a side door and addresses Paula who is standing there, watching the activities, serenely beautiful in her spring pastel costume.

SOMERSET

You will write soon?

PAULA

Telegraphing will be quicker.

Uncle Abe comes towards Paula, and looks suspiciously at Somerset.

SOMERSET

Be true to me!

Somerset turns quickly away and addresses Mrs. Goodman who nods, smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

80

EXT. CASTLE/STEPS - DAY

80

The party streams down the steps and enters the two carriages for servants and masters.

There is a postillion and carriage man for each carriage.

Somerset manages to get in front of Uncle Abe, to be able to hand Paula into her carriage, as well as Miss. De Stancy.

Abe hands in Mrs. Goodman and then also enters the carriage, himself.

The women all wave and shout adieu.

Somerset walks back up the steps and waves again, as the carriages disappear around the sweep and through the gates.

Somerset looks after the carriages and sighs.

81

INT. MR. WOODWELL'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

81

Mr. Woodwell is sitting near the fire and drinking some tea, with Somerset.

WOODWELL

Yes, it really is very kind of you to come. I wished to sort out some charity affair of Miss Power's father, but now they've gone I went to the station, but couldn't get near to her, as she was being monopolised by a gentleman.

SOMERSET

A gentleman?

WOODWELL

Yes, Captain De Stancy....

(Anxiously)

I fear that the Anglican influence is becoming strong over a certain member of our Baptist congregation ...Could you perhaps give me her address in Nice, please, Mr. Somerset, and I'll write to her, in France, about the charity?

SOMERSET

Yes, yes. I'll send it over.

WOODWELL

(Thoughtfully)

Of course..... The Anglican influence will be complete when the captain marries Miss Power.

SOMERSET

Miss Power flatly contradicted that in the newspaper, Mr. Woodwell!

WOODWELL

Ummm Well, well! ... We shall all know in the Lord's good time.

He indicates towards the nearby tea tray

WOODWELL (CONT'D)

More tea?

Somerset shakes his head, sadly.

Somerset is standing talking with an EDITOR who is standing behind the high counter.

SOMERSET

Yes, but why did your reporter
write that article about Miss
Power?

EDITOR

Apparently he shared a fly back
from the performance with a man who
told him about the likelihood of
marriage.

SOMERSET

What did this man look like?

EDITOR

Ooh...late middle aged, with a very
weather beaten, cracked and lined
face..... and a big beard.

SOMERSET

(To himself)

Power!....

(To editor)

Thank you.

Somerset nods and heads to the door.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

(To himself)

First this, and now taking her
away! So, that's what he
thinks of me!

He sighs

83

INT. CASTLE/MONTAGE - DAY

83

Somerset is doing his drawing.

Somerset is asking a footman about if there have been any
telegrams. There haven't.

Somerset is giving instruction to three of his workers.

He is in the telegram room and asking the young footman,
there, if there has been any messages. There haven't.

Somerset is refereeing an quarrel between two of his masons,
and three 'electrical artisans'/elderly ex-peasants. The
former masons are outraged and pointing out that the
electricians have blithely nailed trailing festoons of wires
over the area which they are half way through plastering.

Somerset is anxiously pacing the telegraph room, alone, when the message arrives from Paula, which he rapidly transcribes:

"Am settled at given address. Can now attend to building enquiries".

Somerset snatches up a pen and writes:

"Will send particulars. Always the same".

He then picks up the telegraph machine and starts clicking the message out.

Somerset then sits back in his chair and sighs.

84 INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S OFFICE - DAY 84

Somerset regards his sketch of the finished front elevation of the castle, smiles and nods to himself.

He picks up his letter, which he has just written and puts it, together with his sketch, into an envelope.

Somerset addresses it to Paula Power, c/o. Hotel Nice, Nice, France.

He sits back and chews his lips, thoughtfully.

85 EXT. CASTLE/THRESHOLD AND OUTER WARD OF KEEP - DAY 85

Somerset is standing on the outside of the door and just about to close it behind himself, when JENKINS, calls out and hands him a letter on a salver.

JENKINS
Mr. Somerset, Sir! ... Your post!

SOMERSET
Oh! Thank you.

Somerset smiles and takes the letter.

He continues on down the steps, and across the ward.

He reads, eagerly

PAULA (V.O.)

My Dear Mr. Somerset,
 Thank you for your letter and
 sketch which both showed your work
 and your intentions. I feel every
 confidence in you and am quite sure
 that the restoration is in good
 hands. In this opinion both my uncle
 and aunt coincide.
 I am sorry that you are aggrieved
 about there having been a fortnight
 before I wrote, but our progress
 was slow and I wanted to be
 settled, so as to be able to
 confirm our arrival.
 Just one point, though, if I may,
 please do not write unless you have
 something specific to say, and then
 write any, you know, 'postscripts',
 on a separate piece of paper as my
 uncle naturally demands sight of
 your work report.
 Sincerely yours,
 Paula Power.

Somerset shrugs and looks a bit hopeless

SOMERSET

Separate paper it must be, then!

86 INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S OFFICE AND TELEGRAPH ROOM - DAY 86

Somerset is explaining his plans to one of his mason's.

Somerset is writing a letter to Paula, "My Dear Miss Power",
 with a goofy smile on his face.

Somerset is addressing a group of four employees and
 explaining some drawings which he has fastened to the wall.

Somerset is pacing anxiously, up and down the ante-corridor
 of his office, through the arch.

Somerset is depressedly writing a letter which he then picks
 up off the desk and walks out of the office with.

87 EXT. CASTLE/PLEASANCE - EVENING 87

Somerset walks along the path, as the sun just begins to set,
 and reads, quietly muttering parts and then reading portions
 aloud, from the letter which he has just written.

SOMERSET

... But to speak more solemnly,
 matters grow very serious with us,
 Paula - at least with me, and there
 are times when this restraint is
 unbearable. Your perhaps tender
 railleries become, in a letter,
 cruel sarcasm... mnu, mnu...

He walks off, disconsolately, down the path.

88

INT. MARKTON/INN - DAY

88

Somerset is just finishing his breakfast when the maid comes in, nods and hands him a letter from her pocket.

He smiles, nods and opens it.

Somerset reads the letter, semi-mutteringly, to himself

PAULA (V.O.)

Mnu, mnu, mnu.....I am almost angry
 with you, George, for being vexed
 because I will not make you a
 formal confession. Why should the
 verbal "I love you" be such a
 precious phrase? You have
 discovered my regard for you...What
 more can you desire?
 Anyway, my uncle is displeased with
 my frequent correspondence with
 you. I don't wish to anger him, as
 I have only just found a new
 relative. So, I am writing to ask
 you only to contact me by
 telegraph, while I am away.....
 There now, don't flush and call me
 names. Hope ever, and understand
 that I cannot speak more plainly at
 this time.
 Goodbye,
 Paula.

Somerset goes to his desk, and snatches up a pen and paper.

He starts to write, and then stops and throws down his pen.

SOMERSET

Oh, no!....

He rolls his eyes and sighs

SOMERSET (CONT'D)
Telegram!!

He jumps up, dons his scarf, coat and hat, and then dashes from the room.

89 INT. CASTLE/TELEGRAPH ROOM/MAIN HALL - DAY/EVENING 89

Montage:

Somerset is sending a telegraph.

Somerset is asking a passing maid, in the hallway if they're has been a telegram. She smiles and says "No".

Somerset is sending another telegram, one early evening.

Somerset opens the telegraph room door, sticks his nose in, spies the HOUSEKEEPER sending a message, and asks if there has been any answer to his own. The housekeeper says "no".

Somerset is in his office, finishing a letter to Paula.

SOMERSET (V.O.)
 ...Then do write, Paula, or at least
 telegraph, as you proposed.
 Otherwise, I am resolved to take
 your silence as a signal for
 discontinuing our avowals, to treat
 your fair words as wind, and to
 write to you no more.

Somerset signs his name.

He sighs, deeply, sadly sits back, and then folds the letter.

90 EXT. MARKTON/HIGH ROAD NEAR MYRTLE VILLA - EVENING 90

Somerset is returning back to his inn, with a small briefcase in his hand.

He walks past Myrtle villa where he sees Sir William, weeding in his garden.

SOMERSET
 Good Evening, Sir William.

Sir William straightens up

SIR WILLIAM
 Ah! Good Evening, Sir. Do you
 return to your quarters?

SOMERSET

Yes!

SIR WILLIAM

I am much alone, these days, and would wish that my daughter would return to hers.

SOMERSET

I suppose that she is still enjoying Nice, together with Miss Power.

SIR WILLIAM

Yes. She offers to return at the drop of a hat, but, strange to say, I miss my son even more!

SOMERSET

Has the regiment moved off, Sir?

Sir William gathers up his gloves and trowel prior to returning to the house.

SIR WILLIAM

Oh, no. He has gone to join his sister at Nice.

Somerset is aghast

SOMERSET

Nice?!

SIR WILLIAM

Um...He has some time owing him...(Confidentially)I think that he proposes to use this time to his advantage and exercise his skill in gallantry.

SOMERSET

Gallantry?

SIR WILLIAM

Yes....

(Suppressed excitement)

There are little signs that my son will be returning to Stancy castle by dint of marrying its owner.

He nods, mysteriously.

SOMERSET
(Weakly)
Miss Miss Power?!

SIR WILLIAM
Um Well, I've to go in to
dinner now, or Millie will
complain. Please excuse me, Mr.
Somerset. I'm sure your dinner is
awaiting you, as well.

SOMERSET
(Distractedly)
Yes.... Waiting....yes!

Sir William turns away.

SIR WILLIAM
Good Evening, then.

He walks away.

SOMERSET
Good Evening.

Somerset walks away, stunned at this news.

91 INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S OFFICE - DAY

91

Somerset is rapidly gathering up plans and shoving them in
cupboards.

The FOREMAN comes in and closes the door behind him.

FOREMAN
You wanted me, Zur?

SOMERSET
Yes. I just have to pop over to
Nice for a week, or so, and need
you to keep an eye on Fred, Stan
and Theodore. Tell them they're not
to row with the electric workers.

FOREMAN
Oi'll zertyainly keep 'em up to the
mark, Zur....You asee-in' Miss
Power, then Zur?

SOMERSET

Yes. I need, to to discuss some building issues. I've telegraphed her the news of my arrival. I leave tonight.

The foreman nods and tips his cap.

FOREMAN

Roight, then. Don't you worry, Mister Zomerset. There'll be nay gwains-on, under moi watch, and there'll be no-one found in a drinky state, noither!

Somerset smiles and pats the foreman's shoulder.

SOMERSET

Thanks.

The foreman marches out.

Somerset sighs and pushes papers around, disconsolately, on his desk.

He then collapses into a chair and stares.

92 INT/EXT. MONTAGE - NIGHT/DAY

92

Somerset comes into a waiting room, carrying his hold-all, where there are another four middle-aged and elderly people dressed in black waiting to catch the train. He sits down. The sign over the door says "No Spitting". There is the sound of steam trains.

Somerset comes into another waiting room where there are another four people, also dressed in black and brown. There is also a "No Spitting" sign and the sound of big ships arriving and dockers shouting, in the distance.

Somerset comes into another waiting room, with three ladies dressed in bright jewel colours and big, fin-de-siecle hats. A gentleman is using a long cigarette holder and lounging elegantly in his embroidered waistcoat. A wall sign says "Ne Cracher". There is the sound of steam trains.

93 INT. HOTEL DE NICE - DAY

93

The lobby is quite quiet and Somerset goes up to the reception and interrogates the receptionist.

The RECEPTIONIST shrugs.

RECEPTIONIST
They left Nice, yesterday,
Monsieur.

SOMERSET
But where have they gone?

RECEPTIONIST
Hotel de Monte Carlo

SOMERSET
Monte...?!?

RECEPTIONIST
.....Miss Power's friend...she want to
see the casino.

The receptionist shrugs, again, and turns away.

Somerset looks irritated, sighs, and turns away.

94 INT. CASINO FOYER - DAY

94

William Dare is walking rapidly through the foyer when he
sees Somerset heading towards him.

SOMERSET
(Surprised)
Dare! Is this you?

Dare shrugs

DARE
Absolutely not.

SOMERSET
Are you with Power's party?

DARE
Absolutely not.

SOMERSET
Do you know where they've gone?

More shrugs

DARE
Absolutely not.

SOMERSET
Surely you must have seen them, in
Nice...?

DARE
Depends

SOMERSET
On what?

DARE
On whether you lend me five hundred francs, or not.

SOMERSET
Five hundr..... ? ... Well, I could find a few francs, but will only lend it you if you leave this place and we go back to the hotel.

He takes Dare's arms and starts to steer him to the door, but Dare shakes him off

DARE
But I want it for the tables!

SOMERSET
Doubtless!...But I'M not financing your habit.

Somerset looks interrogatives at Dare, who pushes out his lower lip and stares, irritatedly at the floor.

Somerset shrugs and turns to go.

Dare looks up.

DARE
(Sneers)
Run off after your lady love, then!

Somerset irritatedly walks on.

Dare walks up to the desk.

He takes up a telegram slip and writes on it:

G. Somerset, Nice, to Miss Power, Grand Hotel, Genoa.

"Have lost all money at Monte Carlo. Have learned that Capt. De Stancy returns here, tomorrow. Please send one hundred pounds by him and save me from disgrace. Will await him at eleven o'clock and four, on the Pont-Neuf."

Captain De Stancy is pacing up and down.

He sees Paula enter the allee and come towards him.

De Stancy hurries to join her and gives a short, military bow.

He indicates towards a bench which she refuses with a curt shake of these head.

Paula agitatedly walks off down the allee and De Stancy joins her.

PAULA
You leave for Nice, early tomorrow,
do you not?

DE STANCY
Indeed, Miss Power.

PAULA
Would you do me a favour, please?

She stops and turns towards him

He bows more deeply

DE STANCY
An honour, Madam.

She hands him a small bag of money.

PAULA
Would you please give this to, to
Mr Mr. Somerset on the Pont-
Neuf, tomorrow, at either eleven,
or four o'clock?

DE STANCY
Mr Somerset?

PAULA
(Suppressed irritation and
disappointment)
Yes.... He, he has ... money problems.

Somerset raises his eyebrow

DE STANCY
What? "Visiting Monte Carlo" money
problems?

Paula draws herself up, offended.

PAULA
That will do, Captain!

He bows

DE STANCY
I exist but to serve you, madam!

PAULA
Thank you ... Thank you for this.

She puts her head down, nods and hurries away.

DE STANCY
Ho, ho!...Gambling problems, egh?
He strolls off, tossing the bag of coins, in his hand.

96

EXT. NICE/PONT-NEUF - DAY

96

De Stancy strolls along the bridge.
He turns around and looks at passers-by on either side.
De Stancy leans on one elbow on one side of the bridge's railings.
Suddenly, a hand is placed firmly on his shoulder.
He startles and wipes around, to see his son, Dare.

DE STANCY
Oh! You still here Will? Look, I have an engagement. You can see me at the hotel this evening.

DARE
I shall fly like a rocket once you have given me the hundred pounds, Papa.

DE STANCY
Give you ...?!

DARE
Um ... I keep the appointment instead of the other chap.

DE STANCY
But ... But..... how do you know about this thing?

Dare shrugs, and walks off.

De Stancy Pursues him.

DE STANCY (CONT'D)
(Airily)
Oh ... I have seen him.

De Stancy grabs Dare's shoulders and regards him steadily.

DE STANCY (CONT'D)
Will! This is too sudden, and too
strange.

DARE
Are you going to hand over the
money, or not, Pater?

De Stancy walks off, and answers over his shoulder

DE STANCY
No, but I AM going to make
enquiries.

DARE
Captain, you are entirely without
natural affection!

Dare puts his hand out for the bag, and continues pursuing De Stancy, who is now marching briskly away.

DE STANCY
I promised to deliver this into the
hand of the man about whom you
obviously know.

Dare swings around and stands directly in De Stacy's path, which his hands open his hips.

DARE
Alright Look, Pater, if you
can just give me ten pounds, I
shall pay my rent here, and scarper
off back home.

De Stancy closes his eyes in irritation, and slowly shakes his head.

He mechanically takes out a ten pound note and hands it to his son.

Dare snatches the note with a smile, and turns to hurry off across the road.

He shouts back.

DARE (CONT'D)
Thanks Captain! See you back home!

De Stancy is still standing, with closed eyes, shaking his head in irritation.

97 INT. STRASBURG/HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

97

Paula, dressed in lacy deshabelle, is lounging on a chaise-longue.

Miss. De Stancy De Stancy is seated looking out of the window.

PAULA

Why did he leave England at all just now?

MISS. DE STANCY

Perhaps it was to see you.

PAULA

He should have waited, and not raced off on such a hare-brained holiday, halfway through the building works.

De Stancy comes into the room, holding the bag of money, which he puts onto the table next to Paula.

Miss. De Stancy comes over and kisses his cheek.

Paula smiles and nods at him.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Did you manage your business, Captain?

DE STANCY

Yes, but..... about that other business, Somerset wasn't there.

PAULA

Did you wait long?

DE STANCY

No, no. That Mr. Dare turned up and told me the Mr. Somerset had gone on the St. Remo, and could not keep the appointment.

Paula gets up and walks to the window. She looks out with deep disappointment.

PAULA

Thank you, Captain.....I, I am sorry,
but, I have a bit of a headache.

De Stancy bows.

DE STANCY

I am sorry to hear this. Perhaps I
will see you later in the day,
ladies.

He turns and walks out.

PAULA

(to herself)

The man is either addlebrained, or
venal.

(wry laugh to herself)

But what is that to me?

She shakes her head slowly.

98

INT. STRASBURGH CATHEDRAL/SIDE ISLE - DAY

98

Paula is standing meditatively, picking the base of one of
the pillars with her parasol.

There are three, or four other people in the cathedral, at a
distance from her.

De Stancy moves up to join her.

Paula looks up at him briefly.

PAULA

If it were not for this cathedral,
I would not like this city at all.
Luckily, we are going on to Baden
tomorrow.

DE STANCY

Yes. Your uncle has asked me to keep
you company.

PAULA

And shall you?

DE STANCY

Oh yes. What better than exploring
Europe with friends, including the
one we most admire in the world.

PAULA

That sounds perilously like love-making.

DE STANCY

'tis love indeed!

PAULA

We are in a cathedral, remember, Captain De Stancy, and should not keep up a secular conversation.

The cathedral clock sounds.

PAULA (CONT'D)

There, the clock is striking. My aunt and Charlotte will have seen their little mechanical display by now. Could you please ask them to join me here, as I particularly wish to show them a little jewel of a Caravaggio.

De Stancy bows.

DE STANCY

My pleasure, Madam.

He turns and marches off

Paula watches his retreating military form with a somewhat admiring glance.

99

EXT./INT. VARIOUS - DAY

99

Paula is looking in a shop window when De Stancy comes up to join them. He bows, turns and offers his two arms for them to take. The group of three then walks off up the hill.

Miss. De Stancy and De Stancy come into the museum, where Paula is bending over and inspecting the contents of a display case with her uncle. Miss. De Stancy addresses Mr. Power and De Stancy takes Paula's arm and walks her away.

Paula is sitting in a cafe, with Mrs. Goodman and De Stancy. Her aunt goes to make a purchase and Paula puts down the water glass from which she has been sipping. De Stancy picks it up, pours some more water into it, and purposely drinks from it, at the exact place from where she had drunk. Paula rolls her eyes.

De Stancy and Paula are walking along, talking. De Stancy is paying her compliments, but Paula is not really accepting them. She nods, coolly, and looks away at the flowers. De Stancy asks her a question, and she answers it gravely, nodding her head, slowly. She then smiles, gently, puts up her parasol, and turns away up another smaller path, by herself.

100

EXT. STRASBURG/OUTSIDE CAFE - DAY

100

De Stancy is walking along the pavement, when he spies his son drinking some wine, at a small table.

De Stancy looks at Dare, in surprise, and sits down next to him.

DE STANCY

I thought you were going home!

DARE

Oh! Just made a pile on the black jack tables and so have just booked in at your hotel for a few days.

He pokes at a bag on the floor near to him and it chinks.

He smiles and waggles his eyebrows.

DARE (CONT'D)

Shall I lend you five pounds?

DE STANCY

For goodness sake! Stop this gambling, Will! You have no income and I am poverty-stricken.

Dare smiles and elbows him in the ribs.

DARE

But not for long!

He gets up, leaves some money on the table and strolls off, with De Stancy joining him

DE STANCY

She's telegraphed him to come and join us, you know.....It WAS you, wasn't it?

DARE

(Ironically innocent)

Moi? Oh, go on, then
I'll come clean, gov.... 'Twas I!

He histrionically puts his hand on his chest.

De Stancy groans.

DE STANCY

Good grief, Boy! You'll be the death of me!

Dare puts his arm in his father's and raises his eyebrows in faux-injured pride.

DARE

Well, if you're going to take it like that... although all is fair in love and war..... I shan't tell you of my next jape on Somerset.

De Stancy stands and faces Dare.

DE STANCY

I don't want to hear it, Will! Just stop 'working' on my behalf, will you? It does no good and it's, it's dishonourable!

They pass Paula and Miss. De Stancy, who are on the other side of the road.

The women smile and wave, as they go into a drapers.

DE STANCY (CONT'D)

And now you've been seen!

DARE

I know when I'm not wanted.

(Pretend sob)

I shall go drown my sorrows in a decent bottle of champagne and a steam bath.

He digs his father in the ribs, again.

DARE (CONT'D)

See ya later, Pater!

He strolls away, carrying his bag and, twirling his walking cane.

Miss. De Stancy is sitting sewing near the fireplace

Sitting opposite to her, Mr. Power is sitting, reading the newspaper.

Paula is sitting further away, near the window, next to a work table. She is drumming her fingers on the work table in an irritated manner.

De Stancy enters, smiles at the party, and heads towards an armchair, which has an opened book lying on it.

PAULA

Oh, Captain. I've just sent for Mr. Dare, whom we saw with you. My uncle found out that he is staying in this very hotel. We thought that perhaps he could shed some light on Mr. Somerset's actions.

DE STANCY

Oh ... Um.

De Stancy sits down.

The door opens and Jenkins announces an arrival.

JENKINS

Mr. Dare, Madam.

Dare comes into the middle of the room.

Jenkins goes out.

MR. POWER

Mr. Dare, we are anxious to know something of Miss Power's architect, whom we believe you have seen lately.

DARE

Yes, Sir.

MR. POWER

Where did you see him?

DARE

Just for half an hour at the casino at Monte Carlo.

De Stancy gets up, and leaves the room.

PAULA

What date was that, please?

DARE

Um ... It was April the ...

He pats his pockets and withdraws a silk handkerchief and a small diary. A photograph tumbles out of the handkerchief to the floor. Miss. De Stancy, looking at it, suddenly exclaims.

MISS. DE STANCY

(shocked)

Oh!

Paula, interested in the cause of Miss De Stancy's outcry, bends down, picks up, and looks at the photo.

It is a photo of Somerset, grimacing, and appearing to be in an advanced state of inebriation.

Paula looks shocked, and then resentful, and tosses the photograph lightly onto the work table.

Mr. Power comes over to the table, looks at the photograph, and hands it back to the young man, with a queer smile on his face.

DARE

(low voice to Mr.Power)

I am so sorry. I thought I had destroyed it.

MISS. DE STANCY

He seemed to be most terribly drunk
... Oh dear!

Paula goes over to look out of the window.

PAULA

(carelessly)

It is a pity a professional man
should make himself so ludicrous.

MR. POWER

I should scarcely have expected
that from him.

Paula walks back to her chair by the work table and picks up some sewing.

PAULA

Hah! You don't know the half of it,
Uncle!

She looks up at Dare.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Thank you Mr. Dare. We're so sorry
to have troubled you.

Dare gives a small nod of his head.

DARE
Not at all, Madam. It's my
pleasure.

He nods again, and walks out.

The silence in the room is deafening, and the mantle clock
sounds very loud.

102 INT. STRASBURG HOTEL/PUBLIC SALON - DAY

102

De Stancy and Dare are sitting at a small table which looks
out onto the main reception hall. They are drinking wine.

Dare sees Somerset arrive with his bag, and go to enquire at
reception.

DARE
Uh Oh!

De Stancy looks up, and sees Somerset. His face falls. He
puts his wine back on the table.

Dare stands up quickly.

DARE (CONT'D)
Well, I'll, um, be off now, Captain
... back to England, as you advised.

The both see Somerset walking up the stairs.

DE STANCY
Will, I am greatly disappointed in
you. You have done a foolish thing
and now must suffer the
consequences.

Dare shrugs.

DARE
Piffle! He may have gone up to
them, but he's going to come down,
jolly quickly, with a flea in his
ear. See you back at Markton,
Pater.

He smiles and leaves in haste.

Jenkins opens the door.

JENKINS
Mr. Somerset, Madam.

Somerset comes forward, towards the work table.

MISS. DE STANCY
(weakly)
Hello, Mr. Somerset

SOMERSET
Good Morning

Mr. Somerset bows slightly to Miss. De Stancy, Paula, and Abe.

Paula smiles, brightly, and ironically.

PAULA
There must be something terribly
urgent about the building works, to
have dragged you across Europe, Mr.
Somerset!

SOMERSET
Well, I did have to stay a day, or
so each, at Genoa, San Remo, and
Mentone.

PAULA
(Coldly)
I don't require your itinerary.

Somerset gets his drawings out of his small briefcase and
spreads them on the table before her.

He then brokenly whispers

SOMERSET
Do you speak seriously?

Paula pushes the sketches away from her.

Paula gets up, and looking glassily, at the tip of one of
Somerset's ears, answers.

PAULA
Um... they'll do. If you have a pen,
I can sign-off the permission
chitty.

Somerset gives her a pen from his pocket.

Paula hastily signs the chit, and walks away to stand by the window.

SOMERSET

Thank you, Miss Power.

He looks agonized, in puzzlement at her back.

Somerset scoops the sketches and chitty into his briefcase, and turns to go.

Mr. Power from over the top of his newspaper.

MR. POWER

Well now, thanks for those details, Mr. Somerset. It will be good to see the changes when we get back.

SOMERSET

Thank you, thank you.

Somerset bows and leaves, in confusion.

The members of the party resume their activities in the quiet room.

A minute later, Mrs. Goodman bustles in. She proceeds to remove her bonnet and jacket, while talking to Paula.

MRS. GOODMAN

I just passed that nice Mr. Somerset. Why haven't you asked him for dinner dear?

PAULA

I don't want him here.

MRS. GOODMAN

Well that's a bit strange, Paula. It was only a week, or so ago, that you said that you would not object to marrying him.

PAULA

It's a mistake. I meant the other one.

MRS. GOODMAN

What? Captain De Stancy?

PAULA

Yes.

Mrs. Goodman rears her head back and makes astounded eyes.

MRS. GOODMAN

Humph!

She picks up her jacket and hat and vanishes through, into one of the bedrooms.

Paula looks around, and is perturbed to find that De Stancy is standing in the middle of the room, and had heard her avowal.

She looks away, and quickly walks to the window at far end of the large drawing room.

De Stancy hastily follows her.

DE STANCY

(whispers)

I am eternally grateful to you for avowing that I have won favour, at last.

Paula is somewhat reserved.

PAULA

I didn't know you were there.

DE STANCY

Yes, but, can I take you at your word?

PAULA

I suppose so..... as a lover on probation - no more.

DE STANCY

Would it be presumptuous to expect more, within a few weeks?

Paula looks away to some flowers on a table.

PAULA

(Coolly)

It would indeed.

Montage:

Somerset sits in his train seat, looking despondently out of the window.

The servants are just finishing loading the carriages and Mr. Power is helping the ladies into their carriage, as well.

Somerset is lugging his bags along a platform, in a depressed manner.

Paula's party are sitting in a waiting room, with four gaily dressed fin de siècle-hatted people. There is a sign on the wall saying "Ne cracher!" Big steam ships can be heard hooting, outside. De Stancy fusses, helping Paula with her cape and small bag.

Somerset is sadly packing some of his papers from his castle office, into a box.

Paula's party are sitting in another waiting room, with four other people dressed in somber black. The sign now says "No spitting" and the sound of steam trains puffing and hooting, is to be heard. De Stancy attempts to help Paula with her bag, but is rebuffed, irritably.

105 INT. COTTAGE/BEDROOM - EVENING

105

Somerset is coughing and wearing his pyjamas and dressing gown, as he comes into the room, carrying a cup of tea.

He looks very miserable and puts his tea on his bedside table.

He takes out and wraps a scarf around his head, before disrobing and climbing into bed.

He blows his nose on a big hanky and sips the remains of his tea, while still coughing on and off.

He sighs and looks off across the room through the window.

106 INT. CASTLE/SOMERSET'S OFFICE - DAY

106

The foreman is sitting at Somerset's desk, writing, when Paula comes in.

The foreman shoots to his feet and tips his invisible cap.

FOREMAN

Morning, Ma'am.

PAULA

Good Morning...Where is Mr. Somerset, please?

FOREMAN

Oh the work be nearly finished,
Ma'am, so 'e just be a coming in,
so as to check I'm seeing ta'
limners... Oh, and them blighted
ellegitricians.

PAULA

Is he still lodging in Markton?

FOREMAN

No, Ma'am, just outside at Rose
cottage, on the low road ta'
Wweekum, han'pat the church.'E's
bin a great deal twanketen these
last couple o' days.

Paula nods pre-occupiedly and chews her lip.

PAULA

Yes, well, thank you.

She goes out.

107

EXT. CASTLE/GARDEN - DAY

107

Mrs. Goodman is sitting sewing in a bower.

Paula strolls in, absently and sits down, nearish to her.

PAULA

Mr. Somerset has moved out now

MRS. GOODMAN

Um

PAULA

I suppose that it is because he is
nearly finished.

MRS. GOODMAN

Ummmm

Paula shrugs, airily

PAULA

Well... What is that to m..

Mrs Goodman puts down her sewing and turns to face Paula.

MRS. GOODMAN
I'm afraid that I must tell
 you, my dear, that you were totally
 wrong about Mr. Somerset!

PAULA
 (Surprised)
 Wrong?

MRS. GOODMAN
 Yes, your uncle confided to me,
 yesterday, that he suspects that
 Mr. Dare falsified that photograph
 with his new photographic methods.
 Your uncle has seen others of that
 type, before.

Paula shoots to her feet.

PAULA
 Falsified?

MRS. GOODMAN
 Yes, and because of this, I
 telegraphed the Monaco casino and
 apparently, the telegraph, which
 was sent, begging for money came
 from a short, blonde youth in his
 late teen years: not a tall young
 man with brown hair I fear it
 was sent by that Mr. Dare, Paula.

PAULA
 Not Mr. Som...? Excuse me, Aunt.

Paula tears off.

108 INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

108

Somerset is lying on the sofa, in his dressing gown, with his
 scarf around his head, when Paula comes quietly in.

He whips off his scarf and attempts to sit up, while she
 closes the door behind her.

Paula pushes him back down and sits down, on the floor, next
 to him.

She takes his hand

Somerset looks amazed.

PAULA

No!.... Rest. You're poorly and I have come to apologise.

Somerset sniffs and looks even more amazed.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Falsehoods were practised on me which made me think badly of you, George, and I have come to apologise for what must have seemed unwonted cruelty.

SOMERSET

Falsehoods?

PAULA

Yes ... too complicated to explain, just now, but I have come here to see if you are still con amour with me...

SOMERSET

Paula, I have lain here for the last couple of days and thought, if you will forgive me, of the great disparity between us: a poor man and a rich lady I could, couldn't take advantage of you.

Paula stands up

PAULA

The only advantage is to me, with such a gallant knight as you I will not give you this choice, again, George. If you want to marry me as you once did, I am here to be asked!

Somerset slowly smiles, throws off his covers, gets up and comes towards her.

He takes hold of her shoulders, gently, and leans towards her to kiss her, but she escapes from his grasp and runs around the sofa.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Agh, bugs! Bugs! I'm not having a streaming nose and red piggy eyes on my honeymoon.

Somerset heads off around the sofa, again.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Paula and George come out of the church dressed in bridal clothes. They are wreathed in smiles.

There are about 30 people milling around the church path to the lych gate. These people, along with Mrs. Goodman, and Miss. De Stancy throw rice at the pair.

The church bells are ringing.

De Stancy and Uncle Abe watch as Paula and George get into the carriage.

They drive away as Mrs. Goodman and Miss. De Stancy sniff, dab their noses, and wave with their handkerchiefs.

INT. WELSH HOTEL/BEDROOM - DAY

Paula is seated, finishing her breakfast tea, at the breakfast tea, near the window.

Somerset is in trousers and shirt, sitting on the bed, pulling on a sock.

Paula opens a letter and starts reading.

PAULA

I'll just read this, from Aunty,
before we set of up Pen Y Fan,
(pronounced Pen Uh Van)
Darling.

SOMERSET

Of course, my love.

PAULA

Mnu ... Mnu ... Mnu ... Oh!... Aunty has
moved back in with my uncle, into
their old family home. Mnu... Mnu...
Mnu ... Good grief! Charlotte has
gone to be a nun! One of those new-
type of Anglican nuns. Gosh. That
was terribly sudden!

Somerset start putting his shoes on

SOMERSET

Hm, it is ... How strange!

Paula suddenly shoots to her feet.

PAULA

Good grief! And a lot of the castle
has burned down.

Somerset shoots to his feet.

SOMERSET

All my work!?

Paula comes around and sits next to him on the bed.

PAULA

Don't worry Darling, the castle was
insured, so we can rebuild it.

Somerset turns to her

SOMERSET

Yes, it does rather depend on how
much of it is left.

EXT. CASTLE/ FRONT HILL - DAY

Paula and George holding hands walk up the knoll to the top,
from where they can see the castle.

PAULA

I just wanted to come here to look
at the poor old castle from the
top, to see the full extent of the
damage. I' just none of the
servants, nor your workers, were
hurt. I'm afraid, it looks like
there's going to be considerable
new building, isn't there?

Somerset pulls her to his side, and lays his head on the top
of hers.

SOMERSET

Never mind, my dear. In marrying
this particular architect, you got
someone who can marry the old with
the new.

She looks up at him.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

And hopefully can make an
harmonious whole, out of the two.

Paula reaches up and throws her arms around his neck.

129.

She kisses him.

PAULA

Oh George! You're better than an
old castle, any day!