



**JAMAICA INN**  
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# **JAMAICA INN**

EPISODE 2

**By Emma Frost**

**Based on the novel by Daphne du Maurier**

# PINK SHOOTING SCRIPT

**25th September 2013**

1 EXT. SEA - NIGHT 1

Dark green ocean. Something thrashing - a tangle of white limbs - two bodies - and a muffled rush of bubbles.

We don't see faces, only white skin and a petticoat that billows like an anemone -

- but as they flail in the gloom, clawing at each other, we see that one is MARY, but is the male figure with her trying to save or drown her?

MARY has no air left and desperately tilts her head towards the light as bubbles suddenly rip out of her mouth and she's about to drown when -

SLAM CUT TO:

1a INT. MARY'S ROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 6 1a

AUNT PATIENCE

Mary!

MARY wakes, disorientated. PATIENCE, in the doorway, nods her to come downstairs quickly.

2 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 6 2

Two dark wagons glide across the cobbles to a halt and JOSS steps towards them as MARY emerges, tired, from the inn to help.

ELI, THOMAS, CAKEY and TUBBY jump down and HARRY and AMBROSE appear behind JOSS, all of them removing a forbidden cargo of barrels from beneath the seaweed with practised speed, tossing them down the chain into the inn.

PATIENCE (her black eye almost gone) is near the door beside MARY, who now plays her part in mute obedience, seemingly having accepted that she's part of the operation, even though her drawn face says she isn't happy about it.

JOSS broods as he watches MARY, then suddenly raises his hand-

JOSS

Shhhht!

Everyone freezes to listen - as horses' hooves are faintly heard across the moors.

The MEN cock their pistols, awaiting his command. But the unseen HORSEMEN pass - and EVERYONE breathes again, JOSS motioning them to resume their work.

Wagons empty, CAKEY, TUBBY and THOMAS jump back aboard, and everyone but MARY follows JOSS back into the inn.

MARY watches as the wagons steal back out across the moor, ghostly hearses in the moonlight, but near a rocky outcrop -  
- a movement catches her eye, a shadow flitting.

MARY stiffens but it's gone. She hurries back into the inn.

3 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 6 3

MARY shuts the front door, glances in the front bar as she passes to see -

- JOSS overseeing HARRY, ELI and AMBROSE as they sort through the contraband.

4 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 6 4

In the flickering lamp-light, PATIENCE already has a barrel open and is carefully ladling out the liquor, filling a row of empty bottles with one part clear liquor to four parts water.

MARY enters, her eyes smarting from the smoky peat fire.

AUNT PATIENCE  
Here. Get the lid off that.

MARY takes the sealed jar PATIENCE offers out to her -

MARY  
What is it?

AUNT PATIENCE  
Caramel.  
(re liquor)  
It's straight out the still. Needs diluting and its colour adding. A few drops in each bottle.

MARY takes the long and narrow spoon that PATIENCE offers out to her, and uses it to dispense the runny, brown caramel into each bottle, where it instantly dissolves, turning each of them a convincing brandy colour.

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
Cork 'em when you're done.  
(nods, re corks)  
They're in the bar.

MARY passes the mangy cat to go and get them.

5 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 6 5

JOSS's shrewd POV of ELI as he tells him, AMBROSE and HARRY about the smuggling run tonight. JOSS is tense -

JOSS

The Revenue was on you then?

ELI

(shakes his head, isn't  
worried)

Not us especially. They was  
patrolling all down the coast -

HARRY

(agrees, not concerned)

Just want any Free Trader they can  
snatch.

(gestures money in his  
hand/their greed)

Get their money.

JOSS glances up as he sees that MARY's slipped into the room.  
We share his POV of her, continuing to the MEN in a low voice  
as she rummages behind the bar for the brandy corks.

JOSS

Was Legassik there as well?

ELI nods. But AMBROSE is anxious, shakes his head to JOSS -

AMBROSE

But the magistrate came straight to  
you, the moment he arrived in town,  
so someone's talking!

We intercut the glances between JOSS and MARY as she finds  
the corks but dallies, listening -

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Who was it warned you he was  
coming?

JOSS pauses for MARY to leave and reluctantly she heads out -

JOSS

Mind your own business.

AMBROSE is cowed.

6

INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - MORNING - DAY 7

6

MARY enters, PATIENCE been busy in her absence, and there's  
twenty or so bottles now need corking.

As MARY gets to it, JOSS appears. PATIENCE smiles, but JOSS  
is eyeing MARY -

JOSS

Like to hear me talk, do you?

MARY looks at him - unsure if he's threatening her or flirting, she reddens. PATIENCE is distracted, working -

AUNT PATIENCE  
Hmm... what's that, Joss?

JOSS ignores her, but moves very close to MARY and looks her in the face as he takes a corked bottle, making MARY uncomfortable.

PATIENCE's eyes are on the barrel as she rocks it -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
This one's empty, help me -

But JOSS has gone, and the front door sounds as he exits. PATIENCE bites back a sigh.

MARY glances through the window to see JOSS walking from the inn into the cold dawn air and onto the moors.

But she stiffens to see JEM appear, standing on the ridge of the hill, thinking he's unseen, waiting for his brother.

JOSS hands him the bottle of brandy in thanks or appeasement.

PATIENCE has a new barrel open and is sniffing its contents, tasting a drop and huffing annoyance -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
Tsk! Stinky booze!  
(explains to MARY)  
It's let in sea water. Help me get it out.

MARY steps forward to take the other side, but -

MARY  
When we're done, I'm going to church, Aunt Patience.

PATIENCE looks at her fearfully.

MARY (CONT'D)  
It's Sunday. You surely can't begrudge me that?

PATIENCE wants to, but reluctantly concedes.

AUNT PATIENCE  
Just don't forget that you're involved now.

MARY's face: how could she? MARY lifts the barrel.

7 EXT. MOORS - DAY 7 7

A dark grey mist clings to the moors as MARY kicks across the grass, pulling her shawl around her against the chill.

It feels oppressive and matches her mood, her strides long and rhythmic, just walking and walking, barely aware of tinkling sheep bells in the distance, lost in misery.

8 EXT. MOORS / APPROACH TO ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 7 8

Up the hill on the approach to Altarnun, a pale sun is now breaking through, picking out the distant church.

The pealing of the church bells seems to call her, and she quickens up the hill, suddenly anxious to attend the service, in very great need of moral guidance.

We hear the CONGREGATION singing over as MARY nears.

CONGREGATION (V.O.)  
*The king of love my shepherd is,  
whose goodness faileth never;*

9 INT. ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 7 9

The PEOPLE of Altarnun are poor, hungry, thin, the CHILDREN filthy, all of them desperate for deliverance and a miracle.

In spite of this, the mood inside the church is inspiring, full of frail hope and sincerity, the CONGREGATION's eyes tilted up towards Christ on his cross -

- and FRANCIS DAVEY, magnetic in the pulpit, the brave smattering of holly, mistletoe and homemade Christmas decorations somehow tender and heartening.

CONGREGATION  
*I nothing lack if I am his, and he  
is mine forever.*

As MARY slips in at the back, a few PEOPLE look up but she's shy, knows no-one.

But as she enters a pew at the back and takes a hymn book, she glimpses dragoon LEGASSIK from episode one -

- and worse, sees ELI, and ducks her head, suddenly wondering if she's done the wrong thing in coming.

CONGREGATION AND MARY  
*In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
thy cross before to guide me.*

But we ANGLE on BETH, near the front with WILL, and she's seen MARY and smiles.

MARY can't help smiling back relief at a friendly face, and HANNAH turns to see who BETH's smiling at and eyes MARY.

CONGREGATION

*Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
but yet in love he sought me;*

HANNAH nods MARY to join them, making it clear that she insists -

CONGREGATION (CONT'D)

*- and on his shoulder gently laid,  
and home, rejoicing, brought me.*

MARY is surprised to be included so does as she is told, joining them in their pew and HANNAH takes her hand and squeezes it encouragingly, keeping hold of it throughout the rest of the hymn even though her eyes are front to DAVEY.

CONGREGATION (CONT'D)

*And so through all the length of  
days, thy goodness faileth never;  
good shepherd, may I sing thy  
praise, within thy house forever.*

Hymn over, everyone sits for FRANCIS DAVEY's sermon.

FRANCIS DAVEY

'The Lord is our shepherd'. And yet you sit here, poor and hungry and you cannot feel his love. Many of you suffer greatly... You grieve or ache from war; you feel that you are lost in a dark wilderness.

MARY feels this last acutely. But she looks down at her hand being squeezed, such a kind gesture after everything she's been through and it almost makes her cry. Next to her HANNAH seems to sense the emotions MARY's going through.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

But I tell you this. If you will put your trust in God and Jesus, and in me, then He will lead you to green pastures and your suffering will have ending. 'My sheep will hear my voice'. That is His pledge to us. With obedience and humility, He will save you.

MARY lifts her eyes to the cross. HANNAH watches her.

10 EXT. CHURCH, ALTARNUN - DAY 7 10

EVERYBODY tipping out, MARY watches them; HANNAH and DAVEY subsumed in the CROWD, PARISHIONERS flocking to talk to them. WILL and BETH appear beside MARY -

WILLIAM

Hello again. Enjoy the service?

MARY

Yes, I did. Very much.

BETH

Will's off today.  
(worried, smuggling)  
To France.

MARY nods, oh. Gets it. WILL pulls BETH to him affectionately, nods surreptitiously re DAVEY and HANNAH -

WILLIAM

So you'd better sort that wedding dress 'cause you'll need it once I'm back.

BETH smiles and he steals a kiss, MARY averting her eyes.

Beyond the graveyard, on the road, a FARMER, with sheep fleeces piled up on a wagon, waves WILL over, and he nods and goes to join him, leaving BETH with MARY.

LEGASSIK and ELI are milling out too and MARY ducks her head to avoid ELI seeing her, but DAVEY approaches.

FRANCIS DAVEY

I'm very glad you joined us, Mary.  
We were hoping that you might.

\*

The 'we' refers to HANNAH who's behind him, evidently shares the sentiment. MARY smiles, a little bashful.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

Perhaps you'd like to help us?

He gestures to the church. MARY's pleased to be asked.

11 EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY 7 11

HANNAH and MARY have set up a table and a few benches, the EMACIATED POOR forming a quiet queue before it, but the door to the vicarage opens and -

- BETH emerges, carrying a stack of plates, DAVEY behind her, straining to carry a huge tureen of mutton stew which he sets onto the table.

He smiles beatifically to MARY and the POOR re the stew -



MARY watches as a POOR MAN grabs his hand in gratitude, and bobs his head in respect. DAVEY catches MARY's eye as he smiles kindly to the MAN then extricates his hand. \*

BETH begins ladling out the stew to the grateful POOR and MARY and HANNAH hand out water, but MARY is intrigued and fascinated by HANNAH and DAVEY.

HANNAH sees her look, and nods re the POOR.

HANNAH

Without our alms the poor'd starve  
to death. Folk up-country don't  
care if we live or die.

MARY wonders at the cost -

MARY

You feed them every day?

HANNAH

Mr Davey does. He has more  
patience. I'd rather mend the pews  
or reap the harvest. \*

MARY looks at HANNAH - seeing in her a kindred spirit.

As HANNAH turns to go back inside, MARY notices YOUNG THOMAS in the food queue, his plate held aloft, and she tenses to see one of the SMUGGLERS.

DAVEY catches her look of worry, and considers it. He moves away from the table to her -

FRANCIS DAVEY

But? I think perhaps you didn't  
come today only for the service,  
Mary?

MARY looks at him, her hesitation given it away -

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

Come. There's nothing that  
confiding cannot help.

MARY can't deny it. She needs to talk to someone.

12

INT. DAVEY'S OFFICE, CHURCH HOUSE, ALTARNUN - DAY 7

12

The vicarage has an air of peace. A log fire crackling in the hearth of DAVEY's office and fresh flowers in a jug as MARY glances at a large woodcut on the wall.

But really she's distracted by the portion of the room beyond, glimpsed through double doors, where DAVEY's desk, papers and books are in the shadows with an air of mystery. \*

DAVEY moves beside her, nodding to the woodcut he thinks she's looking at.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
The 'Ship of Fools'.

It's an image of mad people in a boat, lost on a wild sea, their faces twisted in torment and confusion.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
It's an allegory from the bible; a vessel of deranged humans cast out on the sea without a captain. The plight of the Godless.

MARY stares at their tortured faces in the small wooden boat. DAVEY smiles kindly, gestures her to sit. The big soft armchair seems to envelop her.

He takes another chair.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
What did you want to share with me, Mary?

MARY  
I... I don't know if I should.

Beat.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
Mary, the smuggling at Jamaica Inn is widely known. And mostly -  
(sighs, regretful)  
- it is tolerated. The people here use liquor like it is some ancient cure that will relieve them from their suffering. They are grateful to your uncle for supplying it.

MARY considers this. A beat, and then, small -

MARY  
I told a lie. To the magistrate.

DAVEY digests this for a second to make sense of it.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
He came about your uncle's dealings?

MARY

I said that I knew nothing. I lied -  
to save -

She falters, doesn't want to admit who she was saving.

FRANCIS DAVEY

..your aunt, of course you did.

MARY doesn't correct him, that she lied to save JEM too.

MARY

You're right that it's my aunt who  
worries me. Every night I'm  
frightened that he'll...

FRANCIS DAVEY

What? Don't be afraid, Mary. I've  
heard some stories in my time, not  
here in Altarnun, but Spain and  
Africa when I was a missionary.  
There are other worlds besides  
Jamaica Inn.

MARY summons her courage -

MARY

Mr Davey, the other night, I think  
my uncle killed a man.

She can see he doubts her, so she redoubles her efforts -

MARY (CONT'D)

I was hiding and I heard a noise -  
like choking - and then I saw a  
noose. His name was Abe. His wife  
was asking for him, last time that  
I came to Altarnun, so you know  
he's missing.

FRANCIS DAVEY

(knows different)

His wife has gone to join him in  
the town. He sent for her..

MARY

He can't have done! My uncle killed  
him.

HANNAH

Did you see a body?

MARY spins round, HANNAH's there behind her, in the doorway.

MARY shrugs, shakes her head, miserable, as HANNAH moves in,  
and remains standing.

MARY

No. I heard it though. And I can't bear it on my conscience.

HANNAH and DAVEY meet eyes. To MARY -

FRANCIS DAVEY

Mary, we've been -  
(hesitates to say it)  
- observing your uncle's dealings for some time. We're working with the law enforcers to try to gain some evidence of his crimes. The ones who can be trusted anyway.  
(regret)  
Many profit handsomely themselves, or else are in collusion.

MARY

Then... what should I do - ?

HANNAH

(to DAVEY)  
She should take care for her own skin's what she should do! Who knows what Merlyn's capable of?

MARY is slightly surprised by HANNAH's sharpness - evidently worried for her. But MARY has more -

MARY

My aunt says there's someone else above my uncle who tells him what to do.

Both of them turn to look at her in surprise.

MARY (CONT'D)

He was hiding in the inn the night that Abe was murdered.

HANNAH

Did you see him?

MARY

Only his feet.

HANNAH looks at DAVEY -

HANNAH

Someone else above him? Could it be Legassik? Or perhaps his brother Jem.

MARY reddens at this last, and is suddenly worried as -

MARY

You won't say anything, will you?  
He'd kill me if he knew I'd talked.

HANNAH

Of course we won't. And you should  
keep yourself well out of it -

FRANCIS DAVEY

(interrupts)

Perhaps Mary might be our ears and  
eyes?

(to MARY)

Given that you're living at the  
inn?

(to HANNAH)

She could help us to investigate  
her uncle? \*

HANNAH glares at DAVEY - evidently disagrees. But MARY makes  
no objection.

13

EXT. CHURCHYARD, ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 7

13

MARY exits the vicarage with HANNAH and we share her POV of  
dragoon LEGASSIK walking up to MR BASSATT, THE MAGISTRATE, in  
the street beyond and exchanging quiet words with him.

MARY

(re LEGASSIK)

Do you really think that it could  
be a riding officer?

HANNAH

(quiet to her)

I think my brother has been hasty.  
You're just a girl, it isn't right  
that you should risk -[getting  
involved] \*

MARY

I'd like to help.

HANNAH half nods, smiles tightly, very well then.

HANNAH watches as she goes. \*

14

INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 7

14

POV through the kitchen window; PATIENCE in the chicken coop,  
collecting eggs in her apron, tutting over the poor yield.

MARY turns back to the 'manikin' (two planks of wood nailed to form a cross, on a stand) on which she's stitching the smuggled yellow silk, helping PATIENCE to sew a new dress.

But really it's an excuse to watch her UNCLE, who -

- sits at the table (for warmth, it's near the fire) poring over coastal maps and various plans before him. He's a stressed and brooding presence, but he seems to trust MARY more, glancing up from time to time, ever conscious of her, and we share his POV as his eyes flit to her.

PATIENCE comes back in, MARY quickly pulling her gaze from her uncle's documents and looking back at the dress.

AUNT PATIENCE

Still not laying. Just three eggs again.

As PATIENCE puts them down, MARY smiles towards JOSS -

MARY

Uncle would you like them?

He looks at her. HARRY has arrived and hears this -

HARRY

She's a good girl, eh, Joss.

JOSS looks at MARY again, showing off in front of HARRY.

JOSS

Now she knows who's boss, perhaps.

He nods curtly to MARY that he'll have the eggs. MARY puts a pan over the fire, but HARRY intercepts her -

HARRY

I've a letter for ye, Miss Yellan, from the town. Mail coaches don't stop out 'ere no more.

(quiet, sly smile to her)

'cause of him..

MARY's unsure of his 'joke' and attempted complicity with her but she leave the pan on the fire and takes the letter.

JOSS nods HARRY over, MARY watching as JOSS mutters to him and traces his finger down the map -

JOSS

Here, they're sailing in this way, down here...

As HARRY leans to look at the map in surprise -

HARRY

What? That lad's ship?

- JOSS says something that we don't hear, and MARY is more interested in eavesdropping on them than her letter, which she opens without looking, her eyes still on them.

HARRY is surprised and worried to JOSS -

HARRY (CONT'D)  
But I didn't think we'd do another one so soon?

But PATIENCE is suddenly beside MARY -

AUNT PATIENCE  
Oh who's it from, Mary?!

JOSS looks up at MARY, and she hurriedly lowers her gaze to the letter -

MARY  
Ned. A boy from home. \*

She darts a glance at JOSS again, but his and HARRY's muttering is too low to hear.

AUNT PATIENCE  
Ned? He your sweetheart, is he?! \*

For a moment, it makes MARY sad -

MARY  
He would be, if I'd have him.

As the thought finally penetrates, she looks at the letter with a sudden rush of emotion, as a FLASH IMAGE breaks in -

15 EXT. WHEAT FIELD, NED'S FARM, DEVON - DAY 15 \*

Sunlight. Golden wheat. NED, from behind as he sweeps through it, walking away from us, hand trailing in the wheat; tall and wholesome and blond and handsome. \*

NED (V.O.)  
Marry me, Mary. \*

16 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 7 16 \*

MARY's POV of JOSS right in her face, snapping her from her reverie -

JOSS  
Where's them bloody eggs? \*

He takes the letter from her hands and glances at it, scanning to see who it's from and check it's not a threat. He chucks it aside as -

- MARY hurriedly takes the eggs and moves to the fire with them. The pan's now hot, and MARY breaks the eggs in.

But HARRY is behind JOSS in worry -

HARRY

But I thought ye said we couldn't  
do another 'til the Spring -

JOSS flares as he turns to HARRY-

JOSS

It don't matter what I said! I'm  
sayin' something else now!

\*

- JOSS grabs HARRY by the throat, and MARY turns in fear, leaving her cooking. PATIENCE jumps in between the MEN -

AUNT PATIENCE

Joss, no, please!

JOSS is tense enough to snap HARRY's neck, but PATIENCE's beseeching gaze, finally makes him release his savage grip -

- and HARRY steps back gasping, afraid and very surprised at this uncharacteristic attack on him -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Harry, get out.

HARRY glares at JOSS and JOSS won't look at him -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)

(to HARRY)

Just go. GO.

HARRY glances at her, deliberating, then turns and goes, slamming the door behind him.

MARY exhales relief, turns back to the fire but -

JOSS

Don't you ever do that to me again!

- JOSS suddenly hits PATIENCE -

MARY

Stop it! Leave her alone.

MARY runs to help PATIENCE, but inexplicably it's PATIENCE who turns on her, and savagely slaps her away -

AUNT PATIENCE

Stay out of it. You don't  
understand him.

MARY recoils in confusion, and JOSS stops, suddenly spent and deflates in self-loathing as-



- PATIENCE struggles to her feet, and starts to comfort him, as though he's the one who's injured -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
There now. Here.

She cradles him, strokes his head, and he clings to her like a boy as he struggles not to sob.

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
You'll be alright. I'm here. I'm here.

MARY stares in utter confusion at the scene before her for a long beat; how can love and violence co-exist like this?

But smoke and angry spitting bring her back into the moment and she pulls the pan of burning eggs from the fire and it clatters to one side.

JOSS pulls himself together under PATIENCE's caress.

JOSS  
I've gotta talk to him.

MARY barely breathes in case she finds out who 'he' is.

AUNT PATIENCE  
(sudden fear)  
Oh no Joss. Not 'up there'? You can't! You know what he might do to you!

JOSS  
(spooked but)  
He won't.  
(bitter)  
Not while I'm useful to him.

But PATIENCE's fear doesn't abate, and even JOSS looks tense-

AUNT PATIENCE  
Please don't. Joss?

But he crosses the kitchen and strides out, leaving the back door gaping after him.

Only now does PATIENCE show her any pain, but she doesn't want any discussion with MARY, so she exits to the passageway and her footsteps go upstairs.

MARY exhales, assessing what just happened. Through the window JOSS strides over the moors. It might be now or never.

MARY rips off her apron, grabs her shawl and follows him.

17 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 7 17

The sun is sinking as MARY slips out after JOSS. She runs across the courtyard, crouches behind the stone wall, to wait until he's gone a safe distance.

We INTERCUT between them, with JOSS's POV now as he strides across the moors, darkly brooding and distracted.

MARY waits until he's over the skyline and disappearing, then she runs onto the moor after him.

18 EXT. GRASSY MOORS - DAY 7 18

JOSS walks, his long strides kicking tracks in the grass, his expression serious, worried.

MARY's feet move quickly through the grass behind him, her skirt hem trailing in the dew, following in his footsteps, her breath already ragged as she hurries to keep up.

At the ridge of the hill, JOSS vanishes behind the stones -

- MARY hurrying after him again, picking her way between the boulders and rough, tussocky grass, her task a difficult one - to stay unseen and yet keep up.

JOSS turns west towards the tors, not seeing MARY in the distance behind, looking like a little dark dot against the brown stretch of moor.

19 EXT. STONY MOORS - DAY 7 19

The landscape is bleaker, moorland given way to rocks and stones - as MARY scrambles forwards, JOSS's footprints impossible to track on this.

She's undeterred, but as she hurries after him, sheep bells sound in the distance as though a flock is suddenly disturbed, and MARY glimpses a shadow flit behind the tall stone hurlers up ahead.

She stops, spooked. But then she fixes her determination -

- and walks towards it, resolutely remaining on her own course behind her uncle and to hell with the shadow trying to scare her.

As her feet splash through a puddle, we cut to a POV watching her from behind the stones, a POV that can see JOSS moving up ahead and MARY picking her way behind him.

Oblivious to being spied on, MARY keeps on walking.

20 EXT. 'CHEESE RING', BODMIN MOOR - DAY 7 20

MARY rounds a corner and finds herself at the foot of the 'Cheese Ring' Tor.

She looks around, glimpses a movement ascending above her -  
- on JOSS as he tramps up through the black heather and boulders of the tor.

MARY's shock at the prospect of climbing 1300 feet is palpable, and she wipes her streaming face. But she's come this far so she starts to climb behind him -

- but her view of him is suddenly obscured by a jutting crag of granite, and it's impossible to tell the path he's taken - has he continued upwards, or found a trail around the tor?

MARY can only struggle her way up as best she can in the failing light, hoping for another glimpse of him.

21 EXT. TOP OF 'CHEESE RING' - EVENING 7 21

MARY's sweaty, dirty and exhausted, her hem in shreds from the peaks of jagged granite, slipping amongst the wet moss and stones, as she finally reaches the top of the tor.

She struggles to catch her breath, looking at the strange piled stones and out across the moors, dark night clouds banked above her, casting changing shadows on the plains as the sun finally sets behind them.

The only sound up here is the wind and her own breath, and occasional, distant tinkling of sheep bells.

But JOSS is nowhere to be seen, and MARY seems to be the only human inhabitant on the earth, with just the crashing, swelling sea in the distance. She's lost him.

22 SCENE OMITTED 22

23 EXT. SOGGY PLAIN, MOORS - NIGHT 7 23

The low lying plain stretches out in the dappled moonlight, soft and yellow from the winter rains, the ground soggy beneath her feet, as MARY walks, bats flying overhead.

Damp oozes into her shoes and her torn hem is bespattered with bog; she frowns as she hitches it up to press on.

But which way though? MARY's clearly lost her bearings and now a mist is settling in around her, and there's nothing that she recognises.

She keeps on walking, fog closing in around her but then, before her, she sees a light approaching through the mist.

MARY stops and barely dares to breathe - it's someone moving towards her with a lantern, but are they friend of foe?

A moment, as she hears the crunch and crack of their approaching footsteps, and then -

- a face leers out at her, mouth twisted in a smile that isn't friendly - CAKEY. MARY swallows, turns to her left - but coming that way is ELI, looking even more threatening.

Turning to her right she finds HARRY's there, his face also unsmiling as he stares at her and MARY stiffens fear. She's alone and vulnerable on the moors at night, the sexual threat hangs in the air and MARY's on the verge of bolting.

JEM

It's alright. I'll take care of her.

MARY spins to see JEM standing close behind her, dirty and unkempt, the other three now staring at him inscrutably.

But what does 'take care' mean? And was he with the MEN or has he followed to protect her? Impossible to say.

But the other three have melted into the mist and as she stares at JEM and tries not to show the attraction she feels, she's on her own with him.

24

EXT. STONY MOORS - NIGHT 7

24

The mist has cleared as MARY walks with JEM, who's sure-footed even though he has no light, and she struggles to keep up. He's edgier than she's seen him, glancing around.

JEM

What're you doing, miles away out here at night? They'd've had you in the heather.

MARY's flustered to be with him, her attraction to him flaring and she covers it with bravado -

MARY

They'd've had to knock me senseless first!

JEM

I'm sure they'd be quite happy. Women are all the same, conscious or otherwise.

MARY bristles, not sure if that's his view or what the others think. But she notices his sleeve and hand -

MARY

You've blood on you.

JEM looks - sees she's right. No explanation, he wipes it on his breeches, and stalks off as though he's rankled with her.

MARY follows him. \*

25 EXT. MOORS WITH SHEPHERD'S HUT NEAR BROOK - NIGHT 7 25

A rough stone shepherd's hut that's in a dip, smouldering embers of a fire outside, a few horses tied up at the nearby bubbling brook.

MARY follows JEM towards it, clearly where he's living.

JEM throws a log onto the fire and stokes it back to life, MARY standing nearby, unsure what to do.

JEM moves into the hut, and throws down a dead rabbit and a knife next to a few filthy vegetables.

JEM

I always say there's two things a woman should do by instinct - and cooking's one of 'em.

A moment. We expect MARY to demur - tell him to cook his own dinner - but although we sense that the thought crosses her mind, she says nothing and, after a beat - \*

- she takes a knife to prepare the food. \*

26 OMITTED ACTION NOW IN SC25 26

27 INT. SHEPHERD'S HUT NEAR BROOK - NIGHT 7- LATER 27

The rabbit stew is bubbling in the pan over the fire, MARY tending it, but really watching JEM as he dunks an old bucket in the stream and returns with it. \*

He dunks two mugs in the bucket to fill them, and hands one to MARY.

For a moment there is silence, each of them sipping their water, JEM standing, MARY crouching, cooking - self-conscious at the sense that they're playing house together.

MARY

Why are you living out here? I thought you had a house? \*

JEM

I'll tell you if you tell me what you were doing on the moors at night?

MARY doesn't answer. He thought as much. He glances to the door then seems to make the decision to relax. He sits.

JEM (CONT'D)

You should leave your aunt and come and look after me, you know.

MARY

Pfft! You wouldn't have the money that I'd ask!

He laughs.

JEM

Women are always mean. My mother used to keep hers hidden in a stocking.

He reaches to stick his finger in the stew.

MARY's about to tell him to take his hands away, it's hot but instead she suddenly sits back on her heels, indifferent.

MARY

You can serve yourself.

JEM looks at her but doesn't quibble. He ladles stew onto plates for both of them and hands her one.

He tastes it first and nods approval, starts to wolf it down. MARY picks at hers, not really interested in it, but damned if she's going to let him think she cooked it just for him -

MARY (CONT'D)

How long since your mother died?

JEM

Eleven years this Christmas. My father went when I was six, he swung at Exeter for killing a man in a brawl... Not that I was sad about it, he used to beat us half to death. My mother too.

MARY listens, JEM oblivious as he eats -

JEM (CONT'D)

He left his savings to a woman  
across the Tamar, but my mother  
stood by that man all her life.

MARY listens to this, pondering it, but says nothing.

JEM (CONT'D)

When he was gone she turned  
religious, used to pray all bloody  
day. I couldn't stand it, so I  
cleared off, soon as I could, went  
off to war.

MARY

I suppose I should be grateful that  
my parents were so good to me.

JEM

There's only you?

MARY

My father died when I was four.  
(beat, pointed)  
Smugglers murdered him.

JEM

So how is my brother? And Jamaica  
Inn. Did the Magistrate arrest him?

She fixes him with a look -

MARY

You know he didn't, 'cause you've  
seen your brother since.

JEM didn't know she knew that, one up to MARY. He's finished  
his food, leaves the plate to one side.

MARY (CONT'D)

In fact, the Magistrate was asking  
after you. But I said I hadn't seen  
you.

JEM

Ah, you can do as you're told then!

Point back to JEM. He stands, stretching his legs.

MARY

It seemed less trouble at the time.  
I dare say if I'd thought about it,  
I'd've told him where you were. But  
seeing as I didn't, you can tell me  
what you've got to hide.

MARY also stands, a little confrontational. JEM nods outside  
towards the stream -

JEM

Well, that horse belongs to him,  
for one. I stole it from his trap  
last Thursday. He'd have my head  
for that alone.

MARY

But he came out to the inn before  
last Thursday, so what else have  
you done?

JEM looks at her, but says nothing. It emboldens her, and she  
straightens, looking challengingly at him.

MARY (CONT'D)

I know that there's another man who  
gives my uncle orders. Is it you?

JEM is surprised. But for now he files this new information,  
more interested in what MARY thinks of him.

JEM

What do you think?

He's standing closer to her now, something vaguely  
threatening in it, but MARY looks at him defiantly -

MARY

I think that there's no tenderness  
in you. You're rude. You have a  
cruel streak. And you're a thief  
who stands for everything I  
despise.

A beat.

JEM

And yet you like me.

MARY

I do not l - [like you]

- but he pulls her suddenly towards him, almost nose to nose,  
whispers in her ear.

JEM

Come to market with me on Christmas  
eve. Come to Launceston and help me  
sell the horse.

He leans close, hot breath on her neck but his lips don't  
touch her skin, even though he can tell she yearns for it.

MARY

What, and get caught with you?

He's still at her neck, fingers in the back of her hair -



JEM  
 What's wrong? Don't you like  
 excitement?

He reaches out a finger, and traces it down the neckline of her dress.

MARY can't answer, doesn't stop him even though she knows she should, burning with desire for him. His touch is thrilling and forbidden; not sentimental or respectful as a kiss would be, but rudely sexual -

JEM (CONT'D)  
 Come. Come to market.

- he loops his finger in her neckline and tugs as though to rip it. Still she doesn't stop him, is in his power, and now his hand slides further down until it's almost on her breast -

- MARY pulls free just in time. She's flushing.

MARY  
 'Come to market'? With a man who's  
 mired in -

JEM  
 What?

He pulls her back to him defensively, her face now an inch from his own - half threatening, perhaps cruel -

JEM (CONT'D)  
 What am I mired in, Mary?

She's suddenly fearful, he's hurting her. JEM realises, and lets her go. He doesn't meet her eye.

JEM (CONT'D)  
 Come on. I'll take you back.

28 EXT. MOORS / APPROACH TO JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 7 28

Horse's hooves thundering over the dark ground, MARY holding onto JEM, her arms around him, closer than they need to be, the wind raking back her hair.

In the distance looms the inn, a single candle burning at the window. JEM starts to slow the horse.

29 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 7 29

The horse clops quietly in, and JEM helps MARY down. The inn is almost in darkness, suggesting the others are in bed.

JEM

I'll come by here at ten on  
Christmas Eve. Meet me at the road.

MARY looks at him - the CAT is rubbing itself against his leg. Just as it did the gang leader. She looks away.

MARY

I won't be there.

JEM watches as she goes inside. She doesn't look back at him.

30 INT. MARY'S ROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 7 30

MARY enters her room and quietly shuts the door.

She moves to her blind and peers, unseen, around it, spying as JEM gets back onto his horse and leaves the courtyard.

As he kicks his horse and rides back out across the moor, her finger traces slowly around her neckline, remembering his touch and burning for him.

On a little desk beneath the window, FRANK's letter ripples in a draught, as though it's seeking her attention.

MARY does not even notice; only has eyes for the handsome horseman riding off into the darkness.

31 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 31

Sudden noise and brightness. PATIENCE busy in the kitchen as MARY enters from the passageway.

Her POV of JOSS asleep at the kitchen table, an empty bottle on its side beneath his arm. Only while he's sleeping does he look at all at peace.

PATIENCE drapes a blanket around him, and pushes another under his head in concern.

AUNT PATIENCE

He was drinking half the night. He  
couldn't sleep.

(she nods to MARY)

Come on. We can get things done.

She heads out briskly into the courtyard.

32 EXT. STABLES, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 32

PATIENCE fills a bucket from the almost empty water trough, hands it to MARY with a nod to the horse in his stable stall-

AUNT PATIENCE

Wash him, get the grease off. Don't want to be caught for that on top of everything else.

MARY

Why? Is my uncle planning something?

PATIENCE 'doesn't hear' her, changes the subject -

AUNT PATIENCE

I was worried where you'd got to last night.

Beat.

MARY

I got lost on the moors. I - Jem Merlyn brought me home.

PATIENCE stiffens, partly because she hears MARY's interest in her voice. She's edgy, very wary of this -

AUNT PATIENCE

Jem Merlyn, eh?

MARY

I was lost and he was kind enough to -

(off PATIENCE's look)

Why do you dislike him so much, Aunt Patience?

AUNT PATIENCE

Never said I did.

MARY

You're scared of him then.

AUNT PATIENCE

Well if that's what lights your candle...

\*

- but JOSS is suddenly howling from the kitchen in his sleep. PATIENCE's love for him is clear.

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)

He has bad dreams.

(she hurries to the inn)

When you've done the horse, you can fetch more water for the trough.

But her mind is miles away, and fleetingly she touches her neck again, daydreaming about JEM.

34 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 34

PATIENCE tends to JOSS, who's shivering and sobbing in his sleep, tormented by some terrible guilt or memory.

PATIENCE sponges his forehead and smooths his hair, crooning to him as though he were a child.

35 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 35

MARY tips the water into the trough. She heads to the inn.

36 SCENE OMITTED 36

37 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 37

MARY heads back in but -

AUNT PATIENCE

(cowed)

This here is Mr Davey. Vicar of Altarnun church. My niece Mary.

DAVEY feigns faint recognition as he turns to MARY -

FRANCIS DAVEY

I believe you came to my sermon last week, Mary?

MARY

Yes, sir. I did.

A beat. In response to DAVEY's being here -

FRANCIS DAVEY

I was nearby on the road and I heard an awful screaming.

PATIENCE tenses but he lays his hand on JOSS's arm, concerned-

AUNT PATIENCE

I've told Mr Davey we're alright. We don't need nothing.

DAVEY looks at MARY, as though she is his real reason for coming here today.

FRANCIS DAVEY

And you Mary? Do you need anything?

PATIENCE signals a warning look, MARY glances at her.

MARY

No. Thank you, sir.

DAVEY nods.

FRANCIS DAVEY

Well I'll be on my way then.

As he exits through the front door this time, PATIENCE looks \*  
anxious. MARY watches DAVEY go.

38 EXT. MOORS OUTSIDE JAMAICA INN - EVENING 38

A low wind blows across the moors in the failing light.

39 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 8 39

PATIENCE and MARY sew the almost finished dress together,  
PATIENCE quaffing from a mug of brandy, now half drunk  
herself. JOSS is still out cold at the table.

AUNT PATIENCE

You're good at that. Got nimble  
fingers. Like your mother had.

MARY manages a rueful smile, misses her. PATIENCE moves to \*  
the table where JOSS remains sprawled out and still  
unconscious. She strokes him.

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)

It's not his fault, you know. He's  
being pushed too hard. Scared half  
senseless.

She pours herself another generous brandy from the bottle  
beside him, then strokes JOSS's head again.

MARY glances at her, tries to sound casual as she sews -

MARY

By who?

PATIENCE looks up but doesn't answer. She smiles at MARY, and  
moves to stroke her face.

AUNT PATIENCE

Oh, sometimes Mary, you look so  
much like your father.

MARY feels a sudden rush of emotion.

MARY

Do I?

AUNT PATIENCE

You don't remember him, I suppose?  
Only what your mother told you.

MARY

I know that he was kind and good. I  
wish he was still here.

PATIENCE looks at her a moment with what seems a tinge of sadness, but, perhaps because she's a bit drunk, she sighs and shakes her head with tiredness.

AUNT PATIENCE

Oh! I'm off to bed. You coming?

MARY

No. Not yet.

MARY's slightly dampened by the reference to her father, and disappointed that PATIENCE didn't say more.

But PATIENCE is oblivious, smiles her love as she passes JOSS-

AUNT PATIENCE

He'll sleep now 'til the morning.

She kisses his head like a doting mother, then weaves into the passageway, her brandy still in hand.

MARY waits until she hears her footfalls go upstairs.

She edges to the table and - eyes on JOSS in case he wakes, slowly opens the drawer.

Nothing, just a few old corks. MARY frowns and shuts the drawer again, and JOSS doesn't stir.

She tiptoes past him into the passageway.

40

INT. BACK BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 8

40

MARY slips quietly in and looks around. The bar seems like the only hiding place, so she moves behind it to search.

Just bottles, mugs... but then she glimpses something stuffed behind two barrels and she reaches out and draws out a sheaf of scrolled up papers.

MARY straightens, starts to untie the string around them - it's definitely the maps and charts and plans but -

JOSS

Who's there?

- JOSS is suddenly rocking in the doorway, holding the frame to steady himself, a mad look in his bloodshot eyes, his voice a strained, hoarse, fearful whisper.

But although MARY quickly ties the scroll again and reaches under the bar to hide it, JOSS's eyes are fixed somewhere in the middle distance and not on her at all.

MARY edges out into the room. The door's still blocked. But suddenly JOSS swings out at her -

JOSS (CONT'D)  
Put that knife down!

MARY leaps back in fear -

MARY  
Uncle Joss?! It's me, Mary.

He freezes at her voice, but still seems not to see her.

JOSS  
Mary? Where've they gone?

MARY  
There's no-one here. Just me.

He waits as though he's listening to something she can't hear. Then he deflates with relief and sinks into to a chair.

JOSS  
Dreams. Just dreams. Fetch me some brandy.

She almost demurs but checks herself - in this mood it's possible that she'll learn something.

She goes behind the bar and pours a mug of brandy. She hands it to him and he drinks deeply with satisfaction.

JOSS (CONT'D)  
Aah. They pay gold for this up country. King George himself hasn't better brandy in his cellar. And what do I pay? Not a sixpence.

He laughs, MARY struggling to understand what he means.

JOSS (CONT'D)  
It's a man's game though, I'll tell you that. I've killed men with my bare hands, Mary, trampled them under water, beaten them with rocks and never thought a thing about it. But when I drink I see 'em. Faces staring at me, eyes chewed by the fish, flesh hanging off in ribbons.

MARY  
(softly, almost a whisper)  
I don't understand you?

He takes her hand and we share her POV of his big, calloused hand and her small one laid inside it. He sets the scene -

JOSS

Maybe it's a night with grey fog on the water. You row out to the bell-buoys and wrap their tongues in flannel so they can't toll out no warning. And outside the bay, there's a ship who's listenin' for 'em.

(he waits, and listens)

But all she hears is silence. And then she sees this one big light, swinging side to side...

On MARY as she starts to realise what he's saying -

JOSS (CONT'D)

And she thinks it's on a mast and there's another ship 'tween her and shore with miles of sea to go. So in she comes. We hear her scraping as she hits the rocks... and they're screaming as the ship breaks up, and struggling for shore, 'cept better that they swam the other way. 'Cause there we are, our clubs in hand, and we break their bones and drown 'em 'til they're dead.

MARY's numb with the awful truth of what he does -

MARY

You wreck the ships on purpose?!

JOSS

Murder all the sailors. Women and children too, if they be there.

\*

MARY backs away -

JOSS (CONT'D)

Monster, am I? You judge me!

(catches her arm)

You, who don't even know the half of it! 'Spose you think you're too good for me?!

\*

MARY

I am too good. And if your conscience didn't trouble you, you wouldn't have such nightmares!

(wrenches away from him)

You'll hang for this.



JOSS  
What, the way your father did?

MARY  
My father was a good man. It was  
smugglers who killed him!

JOSS  
(right in her face)  
Your father was a smuggler himself!

MARY recoils, PATIENCE in the doorway also hearing this -

JOSS (CONT'D)  
It was the law what killed him.

MARY  
That isn't true!

JOSS  
You tell her, Patience. Tell the  
fool girl who her precious father  
was.

MARY's face falls as she turns to PATIENCE - but her aunt  
won't meet her eye. Her silence says it all.

MARY is devastated. Her whole sense of identity is shattered.  
JOSS is edgy. Feeling guilty to have hurt her.

JOSS (CONT'D)  
So don't you judge me. You're just  
the same as us.

On MARY - the bottom fallen out of her world.

DARKNESS.

\*

41 SCENE OMITTED 41

42 OMITTED 42

43 EXT. MOORS - DAY 9 43

Low on the moors, fast moving cloud, the weather changeable.  
We hold on Jamaica Inn, silent and dark and isolated.

44 INT. MARY'S ROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 9 44

On MARY, dull and listless.

She turns and eyes her reflection in the battered looking-glass with dislike.

Her aunt is heard, calling simperingly down the landing -

AUNT PATIENCE (O.S.)  
Mary? Will you have some breakfast?

MARY ignores her. She turns the looking glass face down. She seems broken.

45 EXT. MOORS OUTSIDE JAMAICA INN- DAY 9 45

MARY trudges, unseeing, through the rough grass in defiance and self loathing.

The moors stretch out around her. She heads for the road.

46 SCENE OMITTED 46

47 EXT. TRACK ROAD, NEAR JAMAICA INN - DAY 9 47

MARY reaches the frosty road where JEM told her to wait. She stops, but is still lost in her thoughts. A long moment of her waiting.

But suddenly, there he is. JEM. Riding towards her in his wagon. The way to drown out all her thoughts and feelings, to lose herself and stop existing.

MARY's face flames colour as he rides up with a grin, pleased to see her, raising his whip in a sign of welcome.

JEM  
You came then! A happy Christmas to  
you, Mary Yellan.

He holds out his hand to her -

MARY doesn't take it, dark as she climbs in beside him, takes the reins, and shakes them so the horse trots on. JEM is deflated.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Well. That's not the greeting I was  
hoping for!

MARY  
(a beat)  
Mother and I used to ride to market  
- and we always laughed, no matter  
how bad things were.

But she's reining in the pony too tightly and JEM sees -

JEM

Give him his head, can't you?  
You'll throttle him like that.  
(she relaxes her hold)  
So what's the matter with you? I  
thought I'd ride to Launceston with  
a pretty girl beside me but you've  
a face as long as the Dozmary pool.  
What's happened at Jamaica Inn?

MARY

Nothing any different.

JEM

Ah, I know. You've been thinking of  
me so hard you couldn't sleep?

MARY

Yes, I thought about you once. I  
wondered who would hang first, you  
or your brother.

A beat. Reluctantly she gives voice to it -

MARY (CONT'D)

He drank himself into a stupor.  
(hesitates)  
He told me that he wrecks ships and  
murders people.

Clearly he already knew that and it worries her. He nods.

JEM

Ah. So what will you do? Will you  
tell the law?

MARY

I've not decided. I have my aunt to  
think of.  
(testing him)  
Anyway I shan't tell you, you're in  
it with him. I haven't noticed you  
deny it yet.

He registers her judgement.

JEM

If that's what you think then why  
are you here?

She glances at him, but admits a dark truth that she hates  
herself for -

MARY

For the sake of your bright eyes,  
Jem Merlyn.

He's pleased and surprised that she's admitted it. But MARY hates herself even more as she acknowledges what she feels to be the truth-

MARY (CONT'D)

And perhaps because I am no better.  
My father wasn't good and decent,  
he was a violent man who hung for  
it. Your brother told me.

JEM considers this as the wagon rumbles on.

JEM

So that's what's put you in this  
stink is it?

MARY

(yes)  
I feel that everything's a lie.  
Your brother's stolen everything I  
thought I knew about myself.

JEM

Well that's alright. Be someone  
else then. I can't be Jem Merlyn  
today, not if the law's about, so  
we'll play a game. You can be  
anyone you want, as long as it's  
not dreary. And as long as you  
start smiling.

He nudges her. And nudges her again. And MARY can't help it, concedes a smile, her mood beginning to thaw under his charm.

JEM's pleased, that's much more like it.

The wagon rattles on across the moors.

48 EXT. SHEPHERD'S HUT, MOORS - DAY 9

48

The wagon arrives at JEM's hut, and he hops out, heading for the stolen horse at the brook.

JEM

Right, let's get him in disguise.

MARY watches as he moves to the horse and takes a nearby pot of ink or black grease. He kneels on the ground, and with a rag starts to blacken the horse's one white sock.

Hanging outside the hut to dry are a pair of JEM's breeches and some other clothes.

She moves to them and touches them, an idea forming, then glances back at the horse's transformation. She smiles.

JEM is busy with his rag, whistling as he finishes colouring the sock, checks the slit in the horse's ear, and tethers him to the wagon.

He startles when a boy shyly appears beside him. He realises it's MARY - but she's wearing one of his shirts, her hair tucked inside it to look short, his breeches on her bottom half. She looks cute as hell.

There's a brave defiance to her, but a shyness too, she needs him to go along with it.

MARY

If I can be anyone today, I'll be a boy.

He's amused and challenged, likes her spirit.

JEM

I like it.

MARY is relieved. The adrenaline of dressing up is turning her former angst to a reckless determination to lose herself and just have fun today.

She throws the dress she was wearing into the back of the wagon.

49

EXT. MOORS TOWARDS LAUNCESTON - DAY 9

49

MARY and JEM look like peas in a pod as they rumble across the moors in the wagon, JEM now got the reins, the trotting pony pulling them, the stolen one behind in tow.

As they reach the high road, rain clouds sweep across the sky, threatening and low, but no rain falls yet and the hills that rise up in the distance are free of mist.

They're easy in each other's company, and as MARY looks out over the moors, JEM points things out to her, loves this darkly beautiful landscape.

He darts sly glances at her; she's even prettier dressed as a boy and it's clear he likes her.

MARY sees him look and lets him. Giving in to freedom.

We're WIDE on them now, riding the tiny wagon across great moors that seem to go on forever. The dark rain clouds meet the moors at the horizon, so it's impossible to tell the land from sky or sea, or where the moors end.

The air is full of static, and MARY seems to meld with JEM, their separate identities gone, and gender definitions too; they're as unboundaried as the moors around them as they clop away from us.

50 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MARKET, LAUNCESTON - DAY 9 50

The streets of Launceston are busy with colour, life and fiddle music; PEOPLE doing their best to get into the Christmas spirit, occasional bits of holly on the little shops, a selection of market stalls. Even occasional GENTRY rub shoulders with the COUNTRY-WOMEN and APPRENTICE BOYS.

As JEM leads the horse through, MARY beside him, we hear turkeys and geese scratching at their wooden pen, in the middle of the market and MARY is comforted by the familiarity and good cheer which reminds her of home. \*

But JEM eyes a GENTLEMAN in a powder grey greatcoat, preening as he lifts his eye glass and struts vainly like a turkey-cock himself. \*

JEM  
(sotto voce)  
There's our turkey for tomorrow.

MARY looks at the MAN and manages a smile, but a LADY in a feathered hat and blue velvet cape follows him and JEM winces and ducks out of sight. \*

JEM (CONT'D)  
The woman with him's Mrs Bassatt.  
Magistrate's wife.

MARY's horrified - glances at the horse with them, hoping MRS BASSATT doesn't look at it. \*

She doesn't - just follows her companion into the warmth of The Fleece Inn.

But it's dampened MARY's spirits again as she suddenly remembers the high stakes that are in play.

JEM points towards the cobbled main square, where a roped corral has been constructed for the sale of livestock.

JEM (CONT'D)  
That's where we need to be.

MARY glances behind in worry as they head towards it. \*

51 EXT. OPEN STABLING AREA/ROAD TO SQUARE- DAY 9 51

JEM leads the stolen horse towards the roped corral. \*

MARY  
But what if Bassatt's here as well?  
Aren't you scared that you'll be caught?

JEM

Caught for what? He lost a horse with one white sock, a long mane and a diamond mark. This one's legs are black right down, his mane is clipped and his ear mark is a slit.

MARY

Oh! If it's so easy I don't know why we didn't ride here with a powdered footman on our coach.

JEM

Ah see, I make the money but then I spend it. Never had the head for figures. 'Cept perhaps a woman's.

He's grinning at a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN who's passing, and she flashes him a smile back that's loaded with shared knowledge - making MARY glower. Presumably she's slept with him.

MARY

I'm not sure it's your head you're using there, is it?

JEM's amused at her spiky jealousy, but MARY remembers she's playing with fire. Should she trust this dangerous charmer?

JEM turns his hat to the back of his head and whistles as he leads the horse away from her into the corral.

52

EXT. CORRAL, MAIN SQUARE, LAUNCESTON - DAY 9

52

MARY watches on the sidelines as JEM parades his horse.

A FLASHY LOOKING DEALER standing near to MARY, beckons JEM -

FLASHY DEALER

You there? Let me see.

JEM

He's eighteen guineas.

Clearly steep. JEM brings him to be scrutinized. But a little LYNX-EYED MAN whispers something in the DEALER's ear -

FLASHY DEALER

Where d'you get him from? He was never bred on the moors, not with a head and shoulders like that.

MARY hears and sickens but JEM lies without blinking -

JEM

He was foaled at Callington, I bought him as a yearling from old Tim Bray. The dam was Irish bred.

The FLASHY DEALER considers, but LYNX-EYED man demurs -

LYNX-EYED MAN

I wouldn't touch him if I were you.

(to JEM)

Where's your mark?

JEM

You're sharp, aren't you? Anyone would think I'd stolen him.

But he shows them the ear slit. The two MEN consult together, seeming to disagree, and the word 'fake' is heard.

MARY shoots JEM a worried look; he remains unperturbed.

LYNX-EYED MAN

It's a good thing for you that Tim Bray's gone to Dorset.

(to the FLASHY DEALER)

Come on, or you'll land yourself in trouble.

The LYNX-EYED MAN elbows back through the CROWD, the FLASHY DEALER sighs, and throws his hands out in reluctant defeat and follows his friend.

JEM whistles, not remotely worried, and parades the horse around again.

MARY's anxiety is rising. She glances across the CROWD and glimpses constable ELI, and AMBROSE with his WIFE and SON.

The other way is HARRY. And among a splash of red/blue coats moving through is LEGASSIK.

MARY tenses, any of them could be the gang leader.

BETH

Mary?!

BETH is through the crowd, gawping amused astonishment at MARY's outfit and MARY grins -

- but behind BETH is HANNAH, and DAVEY following on behind with PEOPLE nodding respect and awe to him.

MARY hastily puts a finger to her lips and shakes her head to BETH, don't bring them over - she doesn't want DAVEY or HANNAH to know she's dressed like this or see her with JEM.

BETH keeps her secret, turns to HANNAH -

BETH (CONT'D)

Look, that ribbon's perfect for my wedding gown.

BETH leads her off and as they go -



HANNAH

You'll need to finish it if Will  
gets home tomorrow.

MARY watches as BETH casts one last look back at her, and all three of them disappear into the crowd.

MARY is relieved that BETH didn't expose her. She turns her attention back to JEM, as across the corral, various MEN enquire about the horse but find the price too rich. They shake their heads and walk away. \*

But a woman's voice behind MARY and a high affected laugh.

MARY's POV of MRS BASSATT and her COMPANION.

MRS BASSATT

Oh look James! That pony holds his  
head just like poor Beauty did.

MARY throws a horrified glance to JEM, as MRS BASSATT's companion puts up his eye glass and stares.

MRS BASSATT (CONT'D)

What a nuisance Roger isn't here!

JAMES

Do you want to buy him?

MRS BASSATT

He'd be such a lovely present for  
the children! They've been  
devastated since poor beauty went.

We watch from MARY's worried POV as he struts forward, calls to JEM who's feigning oblivion -

JAMES

You there? Fellow? How much for  
that pony?

JEM

He's not for sale. He's promised to  
my friend there.

MARY ducks her head down, reddening, as JEM points to her. Can't believe he's getting her into it with him. JEM's breezy, carries on casually to MRS BASSATT -

JEM (CONT'D)

Besides he wouldn't carry you, he's  
used to being ridden by children.

MARY shocked at his gall, making MRS BASSATT want the horse even more!

MRS BASSATT

Oh he's absolutely perfect then!

MRS BASSATT turns to MARY, thinks her a boy -

MRS BASSATT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but your master must wait.

(to JEM)

I'll pay your price -

(re MARY)

-and extra for his disappointment.

She hands MARY five guineas - but JEM pretends he's still conflicted at letting MARY down -

JEM

I gave my word on twenty five guineas.

MRS BASSATT

I'll give you thirty. I'm Mrs Bassatt from North Hill. The Magistrate's my husband. Please don't be obstinate.

(she takes the money from her purse, holds it out)

Here, take the money. My coachman shall take care of him.

She nods her COACHMAN over to them.

JEM acts a further beat of moral conscience - then sweeps his hat off with a low bow.

JEM

Then I hope that Mr Bassatt will be pleased with your new purchase.

She nods parting and leaves, sotto voce to JAMES as she goes-

MRS BASSATT

Of course he's really nothing like our Beauty. He was a thoroughbred and three or four hands higher. But he'll please the children...

...and then they're gone.

\*

\*

53 OMITTED 53

54 EXT. MARKET, LAUNCESTON - EVENING 9 54

JEM leads her through the crowded market by the hand, MARY whispering in his ear -

MARY

You should be hanged, Jem Merlyn!  
Selling a horse to the very woman  
you stole it from!

But he grins and catches her to him, the torches around them in the failing light cast strange lights on their faces -

JEM

You're glad you came now, though,  
aren't you?

MARY

Yes.

The colour and hum of voices around them makes it seem as though Launceston smiles with them, and MARY looks into JEM's face, quite reckless now.

A second, where it seems that they will kiss - but then MARY remembers who or what he might be, and her gaiety flickers.

JEM sees, but doesn't want her spirits dampened.

JEM

Come on, I'll buy you a present.

He whisks her off the other way.

55 EXT. MARKET STALLS, LAUNCESTON -EVENING 9 55

MARY's POV of PEOPLE and colour as JEM leads her through. Everyone seems happy, free, it's party time.

JEM pulls MARY to a stall and picks up a crimson shawl and holds it up to see if it will suit her. He nods satisfaction.

MARY wraps the shawl her boy's outfit as JEM hands over the money. She grins at her strange outfit.

\*

MARY  
How do I look?

JEM  
(gorgeous)  
Like you need a drink.

He leads her off again, through the throng that's beginning to thin, rain now spitting but neither of them notices.

56

EXT. TINY MAKESHIFT BEER TENT, MARKET - EVENING 9

56

Two beer barrels, with a board across the top, form a tiny, makeshift bar under a stripy canopy that's held up by a couple of wooden poles. The whole thing is barely bigger than a market stall and highly improvised as JEM waits in the gaggle to be served.

MARY watches him from a little way off, chatty and charming with the BARMAID. She notes the MEN around him with their mugs of beer; sees the brandy being poured is from her uncle's smuggling ring.

Many of the MEN squeezed under the flapping awning are drunk and rowdy, spilling booze and yelling, and some of the worst she recognises from the inn - CAKEY, ELI and TUBBY. Even little THOMAS is half cut.

MARY slides her shawl off, keeps her head down, grateful she's mistaken for a boy in this outfit in the shadowy tent.

But still, she witnesses ELI doffs his cap to JEM with sincerity and possibly fear, the spectre looming again of whether JEM could be the gangle leader.

A voice in the square beyond; we share MARY's POV of -

- DAVEY raising his voice to the CROWD, but it's more like he's talking to them than preaching.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
When the feast of the Passover was  
nigh, Jesus lifted up his eyes and  
saw a great company come unto him,  
and he saith unto Philip, Whence  
shall we buy bread, that these may  
eat?

A wagon passes too close and splashes him with mud. MARY feels uncomfortable for him and shrinks into herself, ashamed to be in here and doesn't want him to see her.

But DAVEY is confident and magnetic and some POOR VILLAGERS have begun to gather to listen to him.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
His disciple Andrew, saith unto  
him, A lad here has five barley  
loaves, and two small fishes: but  
what are they among so many?

He reveals a basket of bread and fish.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
And Jesus said, Make the men sit  
down.

The hungry POOR gather more closely around. \*

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
And Jesus took the loaves and when  
he had given thanks, he gave them  
to the multitude of five thousand;  
and likewise with the fishes.

He starts to move among them, distributing the food.

JEM  
Here.

JEM is beside MARY, handing her a drink. She peers at it.

MARY  
What is it?

JEM  
Ale.

He's amused by her hesitation.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Why? Don't you drink?

She looks at him with challenge - and then drinks it down,  
maintaining eye contact with him over the brim of the cup in  
challenge, huge bravado.

JEM laughs. Reacts to the look on her face at the  
weird/horrible taste when she finally stops for breath.

He drinks his own thirstily and squeezes her hand, the touch  
making her melt.

Across the way, DAVEY is still going strong and JEM watches -

FRANCIS DAVEY  
And when those men saw the miracle  
that Jesus did, they knew he was a  
prophet.

The grateful POOR clearly think that DAVEY is a prophet, for  
coming here and feeding them for free.

As they start to break up, he moves among them, touching hands, and encouraging them to his church for services.

JEM

(to MARY re DAVEY)

It is a miracle if he's so much to eat that he can give it away for free.

MARY looks at him, then drinks again.

The wind gets up and the canopy above them billows, paper and ribbons and bits of wood from the now empty market stalls clattering down the street.

And suddenly rain tips down. In the street, DAVEY retreats with dignity for shelter, as EVERYONE else starts running, hither and thither.

JEM surveys the scene as he drinks -

JEM (CONT'D)

We can't ride home in this. We'll have to spend the night here.

MARY gives him a look, assumes he's joking.

MARY

Very likely. We'll wait for it to clear.

JEM

Come on, Mary. I've money for a room.

(off her stony look)

God, you're hard as flint! I'm not surprised my brother's hit the bottle with you there.

MARY bristles, stung by this -

JEM (CONT'D)

Fine, I'll buy you a ring if it makes you feel more respectable! It's not often I have money enough in my pocket to make the offer.

But he's offended and insulted her, and she's spiky -

MARY

How many wives do you happen to have then?

JEM doesn't understand how this has suddenly gone so wrong, so makes it up, suddenly self-destructive -

JEM

Six or seven, scattered over  
Cornwall. I don't count the ones  
across the Tamar.

MARY

That's wives enough for any man  
then.

She thumps down her mug on an upturned barrel, and marches  
out into the rain, suddenly angry with him.

57

EXT. EMPTY MARKET - NIGHT 9

57

Rain pours on the skeletal market stalls, as MARY stalks out  
into the empty square. JEM chases after her.

JEM

Mary? Don't let's fight.

He catches her, and pulls her into a shop doorway for  
shelter, then stands with his back to the rain as a screen.

MARY

I suppose you think I'll go to bed  
with you 'cause all I am's a  
barmaid at Jamaica Inn.

JEM

Of course not.

He reaches out to stroke her face, and she calms.

Stroking turns to gentle caressing; he pulls her wet hair out  
from her shirt and starts to play with it, stroking her neck  
with the tips of his fingers.

MARY feels his touch acutely and reacts to it - wanting it  
although it pains her - trying to resist as he moves closer,  
breath on her face as he whispers -

JEM (CONT'D)

Pretend that you're in love with  
me, can't you? You'd stay with me  
then.

MARY can't bear the irony; she is in love and painfully  
tempted -

MARY

I wish that I could stay with you,  
and then forget it by tomorrow, as  
I'm sure you would. But I can't.

JEM

Today doesn't exist, we made it up.  
And tomorrow it'll be gone, just  
like the Christmas fair..

He's touching her and she's giving in to it -

MARY

(quiet, almost sweet talk)  
I didn't look for this. And I don't  
want it.

But in contradiction to her words, she suddenly reaches out  
and finally, for the first time, kisses him with abandon.

We hold on them kissing like their lives depend on it.

- 58 CUT 58 \*
- 59 INT. RECEPTION, THE FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 59
- JEM leads MARY by the hand into the inn; her hair's now down  
her back and several CUSTOMERS stare to see a girl dressed  
like a boy, and look disapproving. MARY steps back, shyly.
- The reception is busy, the INNKEEPER's distracted with  
CUSTOMERS booking or paying, so JEM nods MARY to the stairs.
- He holds her hand and leads her up.
- 60 INT. LANDING, FLEECE INN - NIGHT 9 60
- JEM moves down the corridor, trying doors.
- Locked. Locked.
- Not locked but someone screams/yells and MARY grimaces a  
smile as he hurriedly pulls the door back shut.
- Finally he finds a door that opens, and no-one is inside. He  
pulls her in behind him.
- 61 INT. BEDROOM, FLEECE INN - NIGHT 9 61
- A lamp dances candlelight in the corner of the small double  
bedroom, and noise bleeds in from the street outside.
- As JEM shuts the door, there's no key in the lock, but it  
will have to do. He pulls her close to him, strokes back her  
hair and looks at her with sincerity.



JEM

You're different, Mary.

She tries to read his face, wants to believe him as he continues to stroke her hair.

In response, MARY reaches up and kisses him with tenderness and passion - doesn't even care any more, she just wants him.

He pushes his body against her, pinning her against the wall.

They hold each other's faces as they kiss, then she starts to take his shirt off -

- making him stop for a second in surprise and smile.

MARY

What?

She runs her hands all over his now bare chest, kissing it as though his skin could feed her.

But he hasn't answered, so after a few more seconds caressing him she stops and looks up into his face, questioningly.

He smiles in surprise and desire -

JEM

You really want me.

She sees his surprise at her deep, assertive passion - expected her to acquiesce, be passive, give in as though for his sake. And perhaps deep down he doesn't think much of himself and can't believe she cares for him.

MARY falls to kissing and touching him again -

MARY

I do. I do.

He raises her chin, and kisses her, then picks her up and carries her to the bed.

He unbuttons her shirt, and then her breeches, touching and kissing, the need for each other's bodies growing.

MARY reaches to help him get the breeches off her but -

- THWACK! The door whacks open -

- MARY clutches her clothes to cover herself and -

- looks to see the INNKEEPER standing there, very hostile.

JEM glances at him, but waits for MARY to cover herself before he stands. Jokes at the INNKEEPERS's expense -

JEM

I think perhaps I need to pay! Back  
in a minute.

\*

MARY waits as he follows the INNKEEPER out.

62 INT. RECEPTION, THE FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 62

JEM follows the INNKEEPER downstairs, rooting in his pockets -

JEM

Half a guinea, isn't it?

It's clearly not his first time here, but as JEM counts out the money, the LANDLORD interrupts.

INNKEEPER

I'll not take your money, Mr  
Merlyn.

JEM looks up. Is the INNKEEPER's expression respect, fear, or something else?

He nods to the door; JEM turns to see LEGASSIK.

63 INT. BEDROOM, FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 63

MARY waits, expectant with desire.

She moves to the window, looks outside through the dirty panes. The rain's still falling, PEOPLE running, the remains of the market drowned.

MARY looks down at her shirt and breeches, and laughs inwardly, suddenly they feel inappropriate for what she's about to do.

Unsure what to do with herself - and a glance at the bed suggests it would be too forward to arrange herself on that -

- she sits in a chair, and idly watches as a moth flutters against the window pane, trying to get to the light.

The sound of the door, and MARY turns but it's the INNKEEPER.

INNKEEPER

He's gone. Clear out.

MARY doesn't understand - but he sneers a smile -

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Maybe he was hoping for something  
else under them breeches.

64 SCENE OMITTED

64

65 CUT 65 \*

66 EXT. MAIN STREET, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 66

MARY clutches her shawl around her as she steps out, confused and humiliated, into the dark, empty streets. There's no sign of JEM. \*

She huddles against the rain, cold and quickly soaked to the skin with no idea how to get home, her desperation showing. \*

Wide on her, a lonely figure heading down the street. Doesn't know where to go or what to do.

But then someone exits a house up ahead, sees her -

HANNAH

Mary?

MARY turns as HANNAH walks over. MARY is relieved.

MARY

Oh Hannah!

HANNAH stares at MARY in confusion, not least at her strange outfit -

HANNAH

Whatever's happened to you?

MARY

I'm such a fool!

HANNAH can only hold MARY as she starts to cry.

CUT TO:

HANNAH steers MARY along the deserted main street, towards her waiting carriage.

HANNAH

So will you tell me what has happened?

MARY is grateful for HANNAH's rescue but hesitates to tell her out of shame and guilt.

MARY

I can't. You'll think me very stupid.

HANNAH

I won't.  
(more is needed)  
You're anything but stupid, Mary.

MARY looks at HANNAH's steady, stable expression. A mother figure perhaps.

MARY

I... came to Launceston with a man.  
But he left me in a bedroom at the inn. He made sure that I'd have him then he left me.

\*

A beat.

HANNAH

So who is he, this man?

HANNAH waits, but guesses shrewdly with disapproval -

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Jem Merlyn, I suppose?

MARY winces. HANNAH guessing only compounds her self-disgust and humiliation, and MARY is distressed at her emotions as she admits, partly to herself, with shock -

\*

\*

MARY

I care for him! I wish that I could tear out how I feel about him and trample it in the dirt.

\*

HANNAH

(studies her)  
You're all at sea. Love's the curse of too many women. To fear nothing, and desire nothing, that's what it is to be free, Mary.

MARY looks at HANNAH, wondering at her.

MARY

Was there never anyone you cared for? You never married?

HANNAH smiles enigmatically -

HANNAH

It wasn't God's path for me.

HANNAH has a slight air of superiority. MARY considers this.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
There's Mr Davey.

As HANNAH nods up ahead we share MARY's POV of DAVEY standing beside the carriage, waiting.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
We'll drop you back.

With DAVEY's POV as he looks back at MARY, curious and interested to see her attire.

67

INT. DAVEY AND HANNAH'S COACH - NIGHT 9

67

As the coach moves off, MARY shrinks into the corner, cold and small and vulnerable. HANNAH is beside her, but nods to DAVEY, re under his seat.

HANNAH  
Mr Davey. See if there's a blanket.

But DAVEY ignores her, continues to appraise MARY, and HANNAH \*  
tuts and reaches forwards to get it herself.

MARY is self-conscious, assumes he's judging her, looks down. \*

MARY  
I'm sure you're disappointed in me.  
I'm disappointed in myself.

HANNAH's found the blanket, shakes it out.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
Tonight I see a different Mary  
Yellan.

HANNAH lifts the blanket to shield MARY in the corner -

HANNAH  
Here. Get out of those wet clothes  
now.

MARY hesitates, looking at DAVEY, but after a second he takes the cue and turns his face away.

MARY  
Thank you.

MARY starts to wriggle from her wet clothes.

DAVEY is turned away, but we now see that actually he's intrigued and excited by this new MARY.

FRANCIS DAVEY

To flout what is expected of us and  
cast aside the customs of the age  
requires great strength.

MARY is surprised. HANNAH stares at him. MARY doesn't see  
HANNAH's face as, to DAVEY -

MARY

And yet I've shown the weakness of  
a woman.

We're on DAVEY still turned away, but he smiles enigmatically  
to himself, disagrees -

FRANCIS DAVEY

You followed your desires and they  
were thwarted. Would you feel  
differently if the man in question  
had remained to carry out the act?

MARY is embarrassed by his frankness. And feels guilty  
because he's right. She would feel different.

She takes the blanket from HANNAH and wraps it around  
herself.

MARY

I suppose I should be grateful that  
he left. I hate myself for how I  
feel about him. I'm frightened that  
I'll end up like my aunt, an empty  
shadow.

(suddenly emphatic)

I don't want to be like all those  
other girls, just -

DAVEY turns back to her, intense - HANNAH watches him -

FRANCIS DAVEY

What? Mary?

MARY doesn't answer. DAVEY knows -

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

You judge them for their obedience  
and acquiescence. You feel yourself  
as different. And yet you fear  
you'll be rejected if you show it.

\*

MARY looks at him, curious that he would understand. Grateful  
that he does and doesn't judge her.

HANNAH

(chilly)

You leave her be. She's just a  
normal girl. She isn't different.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
(ignores her)  
How old are you, Mary Yellan?

MARY  
Twenty.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
You're nothing but a chicken with  
the broken shell still around you.  
You'll come through your little  
crisis. You have no need to shed  
tears over a man encountered once  
or twice. \*

MARY wraps the blanket closer around herself, wondering what  
he means. Hoping he is right.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
You will forget him and his stolen  
horse very soon and you will learn  
the things that really matter. \*

HANNAH seems slightly annoyed with him. MARY tries to believe  
him. She remembers what the bigger stakes at play here are.

MARY  
Mr Davey, I found out that my uncle  
is a wrecker. He lures ships in  
with false lights, then murders all  
the crew.

DAVEY imperceptibly stiffens, as does HANNAH. MARY thinks he  
doesn't believe her so-

MARY (CONT'D)  
He was drunk last night. He told me  
everything.

A beat. HANNAH and DAVEY surreptitiously exchange a glance.  
MARY misses it.

FRANCIS DAVEY  
So the landlord talks when he is  
drunk, does he?

MARY  
Yes sir.

HANNAH tries to sound casual -

HANNAH  
Have you told anyone else?

MARY  
Jem Merlyn knows.  
(chagrin)  
He knew already.

A beat. DAVEY and HANNAH shroud their eyes and reactions.

MARY (CONT'D)  
So will you... bring the magistrate?

DAVEY's news is significant. He glances at HANNAH -

FRANCIS DAVEY  
I've spent this very evening with  
the Magistrate and Customs  
officers. \*

HANNAH hears his tone of voice - this is something important.  
She looks sharply at him. As DAVEY continues his words are  
more for HANNAH's information than MARY's -

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
(hidden regret)  
They have confirmed the King is  
sending down a coastguard. There  
will be watchers on the cliffs in a  
chain that will be very hard to  
break. Wrecking will cease. \*  
Smugglers must leave or perish.

HANNAH's frozen. It's a bombshell.

MARY, beside her, doesn't see her reaction. For a second  
there's just the sound of wooden wheels on the stoney road.

MARY  
(pleased)  
Then... my uncle will be caught? And  
the others in his gang?

FRANCIS DAVEY  
If there is evidence.

MARY is relieved. But it's shocking news for HANNAH. Their  
world is over. She sits back in her seat, breaking eye  
contact with him.

DAVEY reaches to the window, and pulls it down. Cold air  
streams in, blows his hair, and he drinks it in.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
I love these moors.

He glances at MARY, sharing something with her -



FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

If you knew them as I do and had  
seen their every mood, you'd feel  
the same.

(MORE)

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 They're like survivors of another  
 time. Climb Roughtor before sunrise  
 and listen to the wind crying  
 through the stones. Then you'll  
 feel God.

HANNAH glances at him, but is distracted with digesting the \*  
 bombshell he has dealt. MARY wishes she could understand him. \*  
 Then she has a new thought -

MARY  
 Please, would you drop me at the  
 turning to the inn? I'd like to go  
 back in without my uncle seeing me.

She glances at HANNAH for approval. HANNAH's forced to pull  
 herself together, forces on a smile.

HANNAH  
 Of course.

The smile slides from her face the moment MARY looks away.  
 The coach continues on.

68

INT. BACK BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 9

68

JOSS checks and loads pistols, tension etched on his face.  
 PATIENCE hovering in the doorway, scared -

AUNT PATIENCE  
 Joss?

He moves to the bar, pours another huge mug of brandy -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
 Don't do it, Joss.

JOSS  
 (turns)  
 Well what d'you want me to do?!

He clearly doesn't want to do it either.

JOSS (CONT'D)  
 Want me to tell him I won't? Want \*  
 me to say no to him?

PATIENCE recoils, frightened by the very idea. Her fear just  
 makes him all the more desperate -

JOSS (CONT'D)  
 D'you want me to say you said so?

AUNT PATIENCE  
 No.

JOSS is frozen, steeling himself. PATIENCE still stressing -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
He's just a boy.

He flinches. Then lifts his glass in sorrow and memorial -  
downs his brandy, but the taste is bitter. \*

69 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 9

69

JOSS heads down with the pistols. PATIENCE hurries after him -

AUNT PATIENCE  
Well, maybe you could say you  
missed the ship?

JOSS stops. He glances into the front bar, not wanting  
whoever's in there to hear. \*

He looks at PATIENCE to stress how ridiculous a suggestion  
this is. PATIENCE sees his look. \*

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
(feeble, desperate)  
Couldn't you say that, Jossey? \*

JOSS softens towards her -

JOSS  
This is the last one. The last.

But we catch his face as he heads into the front bar, and we  
can see that he doesn't even entirely believe that himself.

70 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 9

70

HARRY is studying the maps and charts laid out across a  
table, but looks up as JOSS enters with the pistols. \*

JOSS holds HARRY's eye for a second: fear? Resentment?  
Apprehension? \*

HARRY moves to some wooden bats and other weapons by the  
outside door - takes some.

JOSS  
Let's go.

PATIENCE watches them in worry.

71 SCENE OMITTED 71

72 MOVED TO FORM PART OF 67 72

73 EXT. MOORS/JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 9 73

MARY's dressed again as she pads quietly up a thin dirt track.

The hulking form of Jamaica Inn is silhouetted a little way off against the inky night sky but as MARY walks towards it -  
- someone suddenly grabs her from behind.

She struggles, wrenches round to see JOSS, with HARRY behind him. But JOSS is utterly shocked to see that it's her (he'd mistaken her for a boy)-

\*

But then his eyes move to the tiny distant carriage rumbling away and the clothes she's in, suspecting sex -

JOSS  
Where have you been?

MARY reddens as she sees he thinks she's been having sex.

MARY  
It's not your business where I've been.

\*

HARRY  
Maybe she's been talking?

MARY seizes on this instead -

MARY  
I have and I've told everyone about you.

JOSS  
Oh you can't hurt me, Mary.

MARY  
You're a murderer and a thief.

JOSS

You think you know it all don't  
you? You don't know nothing.

He grabs her - half to shake her, half desirous of her.

JOSS (CONT'D)

You want to wear man's clothes?  
Then do man's work. You're coming  
to a wrecking.

He grabs her and drags her towards the waiting wagon. \*

73a

INT. DAVEY AND HANNAH'S COACH - NIGHT 9

73a

A long moment as the coach rumbles on. HANNAH looks at DAVEY but seems to have come to some kind of resolution.

HANNAH

We have to leave then. We'll move  
on somewhere else.

DAVEY says nothing. HANNAH looks at him shrewdly. Then with determined relief -

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's for the best.

For a long beat, DAVEY doesn't answer. Something else on his mind and as she studies him. Her read of him worries her.

FRANCIS DAVEY

There's still tonight.

DAVEY bangs on the side of the coach, signalling it to stop. It isn't the answer HANNAH wanted.

74

EXT. MOORS NEAR THE CLIFF TOP - NIGHT 9

74

The coach has stopped in the darkness and DAVEY gets out.

As it glides noiselessly away, DAVEY is left alone in the black expanse of the moors.

He tips his face up to the sky, drinking in a deep breath, seeking succour and in his element as the rain and wind and darkness lash and envelop him.

His big black cloak flaps in the wind as he starts to walk towards the cliff edge and the sea.

FADE TO BLACK.