



JAMAICA INN
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JAMAICA INN

EPISODE 3

By Emma Frost

Based on the novel by Daphne du Maurier

PINK SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 EXT. CLIFF TOP/CLIFF PATH, CORNISH SHORE - DAWN - DAY 10 1

The distant crash and retreat of the waves, the wind whipping
as we share - *

- MARY's POV of dark sky above, thick with cloud, a cold
mizzle of rain falling directly into her eyes. Her face is
already shiny from the rain. *

She's lying in the back of the moving wagon, her cheek
scratched from being thrown in, her hands tied to the side
with rope. As she moves she winces at the sudden pain in her
wrists from its tightness. *

She turns to see JOSS and HARRY's dark backs sitting up front
as they bring the wagon to a stop in a dip that's hidden by
rocks and tussocky sandbanks.

MARY strains to see down a rocky, sand-banked gully to the
beach a long way down below, glimpsing THOMAS, ELI and
AMBROSE already there, like dark dots, moving silently across
white sand to shelter behind a big black rock. *

But JOSS is there before her, and we share his POV of her -

JOSS

Get out.

- he hoiks MARY out and holds her by the arm as he steers her
ahead of him, to edge her way down the gully.

HARRY untethers the horse to lead it down behind them.

MARY stumbles as she goes, JOSS behind her, inscrutable,
holding her arm, but her attention is drawn by -

- a giant buoy, beside the MEN, beached and silent. *

MARY is more urgent as her knowledge/memory of what's about
to happen shows on her face. *

JOSS says nothing, grim, but his grip is tighter, MARY's
distress showing as he forces her down the steep gully.

His face is blank and haunted, and he holds her before him
almost like a shield against what he is about to have to do.

2 EXT. BEACH/ShORE - DAWN - DAY 10

2

Black sea crashes onto rocks. Shingle screams and scatters as it's dragged out with the wave.

It's JOSS's POV as he steers MARY onto the tiny patch of stony beach between the rocks.

The breakers are not twenty yards away, and AMBROSE, THOMAS and ELI are huddled together for shelter against a jagged rock, lashed by the spray.

*

They look up as they see JOSS, surprised to see that MARY's with him -

*

-but with a silencing glance to them and the OTHERS he shoves her onto the shingle near the rocky wall and leaves her.

HARRY tethers the horse behind MARY, glancing at her as he passes and joins JOSS and the MEN, but MARY watches JOSS in horrified fascination.

We share his POV, still and tense as he stares out to sea, the weight of the world upon him, the wind whistling around driving the angry spray into his face, the endless rhythm of the breakers, thin and white along the shore.

As the mist above her begins to lift, MARY takes her eyes from JOSS and looks up above her, into the gully, the top of the cliffs assuming a solid form above her. And right at the top, MARY glimpses a faint pin-prick of light.

On MARY as she strains to see it through the mist as-

- it sways with the wind, like a small white eye in the darkness, dancing and curtsying, storm-tossed, as though kindled by the wind.

JOSS, on the beach, pays it no heed, his eyes still trained on the sea beyond the breakers, along with his MEN.

And suddenly MARY knows the reason, for as the mist parts between her and the light, she sees, with horror -

- that it's a giant lantern, swinging on the end of a long rope to emulate a ship's lantern out at sea.

Two MEN (CAKEY and TUBBY), swing it, but she can barely make them out at this distance.

*

*

On MARY's fear as, with a sliding of loose earth and stones beneath his feet, one of the men scurries down the cliff -

- and we ANGLE on JOSS as the man hurries over to him: CAKEY.

MARY watches as CAKEY jabs his finger towards the ocean. JOSS nods, galvanising the others into action -

- running towards the breakers, footsteps heavy on the shingle, their voices topping the crash of the sea.

We're with JOSS, tense and focused as he holds up his hand for silence, and they fan out along the shoreline like black crows against white sand.

MARY strains for what they are watching and, out of the darkness comes -

- another pin-prick of light.

This new light does not dance and waver, it dips low and is hidden, like a traveller weary of its burden, and then it rises, pointing to the sky as it draws towards the coast.

The shadowed outline of a hull emerges from the mist behind it, black spars like fingers spreading out above, the white sea combing the hull and hissing.

MARY's hypnotised as it draws closer, as though the flare upon the cliff holds it fascinated, a moth to a flame.

MARY stands and steps towards the waves -

*

MARY

Stop! Stop! Go back!

3 EXT. CLIFF - DAWN - DAY 10 3

POV from up on the cliff, where DAVEY, unseen by those below him on the beach, stands with his face to the wind, watching as the wind tosses MARY's words back at her, impotent.

DAVEY feels a surge of power as the air is rent with the tearing crunch of impact as the ship's hull hits the rocks.

4 EXT. BEACH/SHORE - DAWN - DAY 10 4

MARY's scream magnifies into the chorus cry of others, rising above the sea's roar, filling the air with terror and lament.

Carried on the wind comes the terrible splinter of wood, the shuddering groan of twisting, breaking timber.

MARY straining through the spray and rocks to see the black mass of the vessel-

5 EXT. SHIP/SEA - DAWN - DAY 10 5

- roll onto its side with a groan like a great flat turtle; the masts like threads of cotton, crumbling and falling.

- 6 EXT. BEACH/SHORE - DAWN - DAY 10 6
- JOSS's POV from the shore - clinging to the slippery, sloping surface of the turtle are little black dots that will not be thrown, clinging on like limpets -
- but as MARY watches, the shuddering mass beneath them -
 - breaks monstrosly in two, cleaving the air -
 - and they fall, one by one, without life or substance into the white tongues of the sea.
- 7 EXT. UNDER THE SEA - DAWN - DAY 10 7
- We're the SAILORS as we plunge into blackness, the crash of impact replaced by muffled other-worldliness -
- just bubbles -
 - billowing clothes - debris -
 - strange dark forms tumbling in the darkness -
 - crates marked 'East India Company' -
 - ghostly white faces of SAILORS and WOMEN that loom and gape.
- And in among them, WILL.
- He bursts to the surface, gasping for breath.
- 8 EXT. BEACH/SHORE - DAWN - DAY 10 8
- Stealth now gone, the WRECKERS run like madmen across the beach, yelling and demented in their success.
- JOSS casts a look up to the top of the cliff (knows that DAVEY's up there) then strides into the sea -
- snatching at the bobbing crates and barrels as though to vent some inner fury and self-hate - or else work himself up for what he's about to do.
- All the MEN are with him now - grabbing booty from the breakers. *
- CAKEY's brought the giant lantern down and MARY watches as he leaves it on the beach casting long, dark shadows and at JOSS's shout, he untethers the horse -
- and leads it towards the others in the surf.
- JOSS directs his MEN to drag their spoils onto a wooden palette on the shoreline -

- and CAKEY ropes it to the horse.

One barrel's broken open and some of the MEN cup the undiluted liquor into their hands, guzzle great mouthfuls, then race back into the sea with fire in their bellies.

From JOSS's POV we see the first SAILOR struggling through the sea towards the shore.

JOSS watches him -

- watched by MARY -

- but JOSS does nothing to assist the exhausted SAILOR's struggle.

MARY barely dares to breathe as the SAILOR stumbles from the waves, relief at reaching land palpable on his face, but -

- a moment, then JOSS nods to his MEN and they -

- grab the SAILOR and hold him under the waves to drown.

MARY

No!

*

JOSS turns to meet her eye, his look one of angry challenge, as though laying himself bare in all his darkness, sin and self-hate for her to judge him.

Tears run down MARY's face as she silently begs him to stop.

9 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAWN - DAY 10 9

DAVEY watches JOSS on the beach.

10 EXT. BEACH/ShORE - DAWN - DAY 10 10

JOSS strides over and pulls MARY to her feet.

*

MARY

What are you doing?!

- he marches her down to the shore, MARY nearly stumbling at the speed, as -

- the first SAILOR's dead body bobs up onto the shore.

JOSS and MARY's POV as WRECKERS cluster around it, their groping hands -

- stripping the dead MAN's clothes -

- pulling rings off his fingers -

*

- then leave him lolling naked in the tide's scum.

JOSS pulls MARY to him in a fury, as though he needs to drag her down to his own level -

JOSS
It's your turn next.

MARY reacts with horror as he pulls her closer, fury turning to desperation -

JOSS (CONT'D)
Think you're better than me, don't you? Well you'll kill the next or drown tonight yourself.

MARY
You're mad!

He shakes her, forcing her knee deep into the waves -

JOSS
Here, watch how Ambrose does it.

The next SAILOR has reached the shore, AMBROSE and HARRY seizing him the second his feet step on the sand -

MARY
No, don't touch him!

But AMBROSE and HARRY pay no heed, shoving the struggling MAN under the waves and holding him there -

-CAKEY, THOMAS and ELI to one side do the same to another as JOSS leans close -

JOSS
We've got to do it, see? Old King George has seen to that. 'Cause if any live when there's a wreck, the spoils all go to them. And dead men tell no tales.

Another emerges, staggering in the shallows -

JOSS (CONT'D)
There you go, nice easy one to start with.

He pushes MARY forward, forces her hand towards the WOMAN.

But MARY writhes and twists away from him with all her strength, but JOSS keeps hold of her, bitterly -

JOSS (CONT'D)
Oh we all think we can't do it first time. You have to shut your eyes, and force yourself.
(MORE)

JOSS (CONT'D)
 (but she struggles and
 resists)
 No? Won't do it, eh?

He grabs MARY's head and plunges it under the water -

11 EXT. UNDER WATER - DAWN - DAY 10 11
 - we're with MARY, under the black water, glooping bubbles as she struggles, desperate for air -

12 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAWN - DAY 10 12
 DAVEY's POV from the cliff-top as JOSS holds MARY under, nodding to TUBBY and CAKEY to take the WOMAN and they easily pull her under the water -

13 EXT. BEACH/ShORE - DAWN - DAY 10 13
 MARY splutters as JOSS lets her up, crying as she sees the other BODIES being stripped on the shingle, the WOMAN now under. JOSS has a wild desperation to him as he holds MARY -

JOSS
 You ready to help your uncle out now?

MARY
 I'll never do it! No matter what you do to me! I'll never murder!

Her words inflame him, he needs to bind her in with him, he needs to make her like him or else snuff her out as though she were she his own guilty conscience.

He shoves her under again, MARY struggling for her life.

14 EXT. SEA - DAWN - DAY 10 14
 POV of a struggling SAILOR swimming for land -
 - the black waves bobbing in his face, shadowy FIGURES on the shore he thinks are there for rescue.

Hope shows on WILL's face as he nears the breakers and tries to raise an arm towards the FIGURES on the beach -

WILL
 Help! Help me?

The waves rise in his face again. He keeps on swimming.

15 EXT. BEACH - DAWN - DAY 10 15

JOSS lets go and MARY splutters from the water again.

JOSS
You'll kill the next one or you
won't come up again, I swear to
God.

- but WILL is crawling from the waves and MARY sees him -

MARY
Will! Go back!

But WILL is confused as he crawls out of the waves,
breathless, and sees JOSS, instantly apologising -

WILL
We hit the rocks. I couldn't get
the barrels over -

But then he sees the carnage around him and his expression
changes as he realises it was all a set up -

MARY
(to JOSS)
Please, spare him? He's never done
a thing to you!

WILL
(re dead bodies,
horrified, to himself)
You're killing them..

JOSS tries to pull from MARY, but she hangs on, beseeching -

MARY
He told you about the ship himself!
I know you have a conscience. I
know there's good in you. There
must be.

JOSS looks at her as though her words reach him and pain him -

- but then, as though not allowing himself any further
thought on this, he shoves WILL down into the surf, and holds *
him there as WILL struggles and thrashes. *

MARY (CONT'D)
No! No..

MARY cries as he finally stops fighting and his body goes *
limp and lolls in the surf.

MARY sinks onto her knees.

As the MEN strip WILL of his clothes and pull a wedding ring (intended for BETH) from a string around his neck, JOSS looks suddenly weak with self-loathing.

He stares dully at MARY's crumpled form as though he can't bear that despite his threat to murder her, he still can't make her be like him and kill.

She is better than him. She just is. And her goodness destroys him. He's struggling to know what to do next when -

BOOM! ELI's chest explodes.

TUBBY

Hell! Joss!

ELI flies back dead into the surf and MARY stares, frozen as JOSS spins round to see red-coated DRAGOONS up on the cliffs. *

LEGASSIK leads them, even now aiming again with his pistol -

JOSS

Get the stuff up to the wagon!

16 EXT. CLIFF TOP - DAWN - DAY 10

16

DAVEY sees the DRAGOONS too but they don't see him, as they struggle to find a route down.

LEGASSIK

(to his DRAGOONS)

Get down there! Catch them!

The WRECKING gang have disappeared from vision (under the cliff) as the DRAGOONS start to pick their way down.

DAVEY slips away into the darkness.

17 EXT. BEACH/ShORE - DAWN - DAY 10

17

JOSS grabs MARY and they scramble up the beach with the spoils, kicking the horse into action to pull the palette -

- hiding behind its body as they their pistols from their belts and fire back towards the shots - *

- but the DRAGOONS are getting closer and -

- CAKEY gets shot in the head and falls dead -

- JOSS dragging MARY with him as he fires -

TUBBY's also shot and crumples as the others bolt for the safety of the overhanging cliff.

18 EXT. CLIFF PATH - DAWN - DAY 10 18

JOSS and his remaining MEN (HARRY, AMBROSE and THOMAS) drag the horse and their booty towards the shelter of an overhanging cave -

- just in time because as they look back out of the darkness, their POV of the DRAGOONS now running across the beach, but they can't see where the WRECKING GANG has gone.

JOSS knows they're safe. The other WRECKERS are heading further into the cave, towards some secret passageway.

JOSS pulls MARY after them into the darkness.

19 INT. CELL, LAUNCESTON JAIL - DAY 10 19

JEM stands in a dark and dirty cell, his face straining against the bars to see the sharp angle towards the door.

The door bangs - BASSATT coming, LEGASSIK with him.

JEM

Come on, Legassik! All this for a stolen horse?

BASSATT is straight over in his face and he's very wound up.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

A stolen horse might be what got you in here but ten dead bodies on a beach is what you'll hang for!

JEM

(genuinely confused)
What?

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

(heavy sarcasm)
Oh you know nothing of it. Of course you don't.

LEGASSIK

Last night your brother wrecked a ship and murdered all the sailors-

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

- six seamen dead, a woman too, and wrecking far as Padstow -

JEM

- you know I didn't do it then,
'cause I've been locked up here
since six last evening!

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

We know it was your brother's work
and we know that you're involved.

Beat. JEM shrugs a laugh, steps backwards.

JEM

It seems to me you don't know arse
else why you asking me?

But now it's BASSATT's turn to look triumphant.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

It isn't just a stolen horse we've
got on you. We've three we seized a
month ago when we caught some
smugglers at the beach. Remember
that? Those horses came from you.

*

LEGASSIK

One of 'em you stole from me
outside the inn in Launceston.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

So you've a choice to make. You can
turn King's evidence against your
brother.

(pause for effect)

Or you can pay the price for both
of you - and hang alone.

JEM can see they're serious. They know they've caught him.

20

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

20

The sound of water. But this time it's a gentle trickle,
timid and repetitive.

MARY opens her eyes, disorientated.

Her bleary POV of PATIENCE sitting on the bed beside her,
almost in silhouette against a single ineffective candle
that's behind her in the room - (the blind is down despite
daylight), and she gently washes MARY's wounds with a sponge
and bowl of water.

She wears the new lemon silk dress, her eyes red-rimmed and
tremulous from crying as she ventures a timid smile.

PATIENCE

You're with us then. Had me worried
for a while there.

MARY's memory suddenly returns - and she jolts to find herself back here and backs away.

MARY
Where is he?!

MARY looks around as though expecting to find the wrecking gang - and PATIENCE flinches.

But now MARY's strength and courage start to return.

MARY (CONT'D)
You know what happened? What they did?

PATIENCE twists her hands in worry, her eyes begging dumbly for forgiveness.

MARY pushes back the covers, finds herself just in her drawers and camisole.

PATIENCE
(feebly, trying not to rile her, hiding steel)
Mary, love, you need to rest -

But MARY snatches up a dress and starts to pull it on (the breeches and shirt of JEM's lie abandoned on a chair nearby.) Her anger makes her cruel as she glares at PATIENCE -

MARY
While you sat here, wishing him home safe, your husband held men down until they drowned. He betrayed a man he made a deal with! And they killed him.

*

- PATIENCE's warning finger for silence comes too late as JOSS pulls the door open, gun in hand, wired with fear.

JOSS
Did you hear something?

Sudden stillness, PATIENCE frozen, nervy, fearful -

PATIENCE
No. Did you?

MARY glares, half hate, half fear as -

MARY
I hope that it's the law come for you.

JOSS ignores her, stoops under the beam and moves to the window. Filthy and unwashed, the cut above his eye a livid scarlet, he looks a mess.

He lifts the blind a fraction and strains to see and hear.

JOSS

It's not the law I'm watching for.
Get downstairs. Both of you.

MARY glowers - but will wait her moment. She pulls the final fastenings of her dress closed and walks stiffly to the door.

21 INT. LANDING, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 21

MARY walks but JOSS catches her from behind, and thrusts her against the wall, beneath the candle stuck in the bracket so that the light falls on her cut, bruised face.

He takes her chin in his hand and holds it, looking into her face as though she were a mirror as he gently smooths along her wounds and scratches with delicate fingers.

MARY stares in loathing and disgust as he bends his face and -
- brings his lips to hover for an instant on top of MARY's. Is it sexual? Or some strange bonding of what they went through together? MARY shudders, unable to pull her face away but shuts her eyes to blot it out.

PATIENCE watches from the stair but lets it go, perhaps half understands it.

When MARY opens her eyes, JOSS has blown out the candle and is shambling down the stairs, his footsteps echoing through the empty inn. MARY has no idea what to make of it.

22 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 22

The outside door is bolted, the window barred and shuttered. The room lit by two candles which cast big black shadows.

PATIENCE watches as JOSS enters, squeezing his gun, nervous.

He moves restlessly to peer through a gap in the window boards, which allows a chink of dusty light to penetrate the gloom from outside. MARY also enters, stands in the doorway.

JOSS

He'll come. He's bound to come. *

PATIENCE

We need to make a run for it, Joss.

JOSS

And what if he's out there waiting for us?

(MORE)

JOSS (CONT'D)

He knows the party's over and he'll want to be damn sure there's no-one left alive to name him.

PATIENCE

Well we can't just sit here, can we? Rats in a trap?

JOSS

I ain't goin' on them moors!

PATIENCE moves to him to calm him, watched by MARY. *

PATIENCE

(to JOSS)

We can get across to Devon. Put the Tamar between us and him.

(JOSS isn't convinced)

But if we wait, the Magistrate'll come -

- but JOSS hears something -

JOSS

Shhht -!

JOSS lifts his hand for quiet and PATIENCE freezes to listen.

A scratching sound can indeed be heard on the window pane behind the boards. Tap, tap, tap, like four fingers of a claw-like hand, scratching lightly and furtively to get in.

MARY's unnerved by it too, but PATIENCE steps back in fear, her frightened breath and the ever ticking clock in the hall the only other sounds.

JOSS cocks his gun. He edges silently to the window.

MARY looks from it to JOSS and PATIENCE; if it's the law she should cry out and alert them, but what if it isn't...? She's now almost as afraid of 'him' as JOSS and PATIENCE are.

JOSS suddenly springs forward, tears the shutter boards apart-

- light floods in, and they see the startled face of - HARRY.

JOSS (CONT'D)

You bloody fool! D'you want a bullet in your guts?

PATIENCE goes to unbolt the door to HARRY while JOSS replaces the window boards, plunging the room into gloom again.

HARRY enters, nodding obsequiously to the WOMEN and PATIENCE bolts the door again behind him.

HARRY

Missus. Mary.

(to JOSS)

I come to tell ye, the law ain't coming for you, Joss. I mean, they know it's ye but this man Bassatt's by the book. Prison warder told me. He's waiting on his evidence.

PATIENCE is relieved by this at least, and, to JOSS -

PATIENCE

So we could get away then!

HARRY smiles at her, yes -

HARRY

It's one chance in a million, but we got it, Joss.

They look hopefully at JOSS. But he's steely and silent -

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, if ye tell me where ye've hid the stuff, I'll take my share'n just be off -

(to PATIENCE)

- with a bite of bread, if ye got it for me, missus, I've not touched food since yesterday -

But JOSS cocks the gun at HARRY - MARY tensing.

JOSS

If my finger slips, you'll lose your windpipe, just like old Abe did in the end.

MARY reacts, first time she's heard JOSS acknowledge that ABE is dead. But HARRY is upset and confused.

HARRY

What ye doing Joss? I come this way to tell ye that we've got a chance.

JOSS

So why weren't you just strolling to my door and knocking, 'stead of scratching at the window like a robber in the night?

HARRY

(caught out)

Well! I thought... ye might be sleepin' -

JOSS

Sleeping? Did you? Or maybe this is
all a trick -
(he nods outside)
- and you've got someone outside
with you, and you'll let him in to
put a bullet in my heart.

PATIENCE's hand flutters to the throat, and she glances
beyond the window in fear.

JOSS never takes his eyes - or the gun - off HARRY as -

JOSS (CONT'D)

Patience. Get the man his bread.
And check the kitchen window, make
sure we ain't got no company.

But JOSS's eyes - and his gun - remain fixed on HARRY. A
moment - then PATIENCE goes.

23

EXT. BEACH/ShORE - DAY 10

23

An expanse of sea-washed, virgin sand. A POV straight down at
feet as they step across it, marking it with deep footprints -

- which come to rest beside a twisted body - ELI, lying
tangled with the battered body of a dead SAILOR. *

ANGLE on who we are - DAVEY. The first one of the clean up
party down the beach.

A little way behind him, surveying the scene with reticence
as they pick their way more slowly forward, are HANNAH and
some junior LAWMEN/TOWNSFOLK.

HANNAH looks dispassionately at the total of ten dead bodies:
six SAILORS, one WOMAN, and ELI, CAKEY and TUBBY.

DAVEY drinks in sea air, and to the sea, or to himself -

FRANCIS DAVEY

Poor souls.

24

INT. CELL, LAUNCESTON JAIL - DAY 10

24

JEM's still in his cell as BASSATT marches up to him sharply -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

Well, Merlyn? Have you thought
about it?

JEM

I didn't need to.

BASSATT smirks, thinks he's won -

JEM (CONT'D)

Whatever else he might have done,
Joss is my blood. So you can snap
my neck but I won't rat on him.

BASSATT glowers. Turns to march away -

JEM (CONT'D)

What I can give you -
(BASSATT turns back)
-is someone else. Above my brother.

BASSATT blows out through his nostrils - doesn't believe him -

JEM (CONT'D)

What? You think some ale-soused
oaf'd have the brains to outwit you
with all your men and horses?
Pretty low opinion of yourselves.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

(insists)

Joss Merlyn is the leader of this
racket -

JEM

So where's his haul then? 'Cause
every time you turn up at his inn,
you can't lay your hands on it. So
if you take my brother out there'll
be another sap to fill his shoes
and you'll be nowhere further
forward than where you started.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

(sarcasm, doesn't believe
him)

What's his name then? This 'King of
Smugglers'?

JEM

You let me out, I'll get the name -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

Ha!

JEM

- Joss'll tell me, if he knows it's
that or hang. But when you've got
him, the deal is me and Joss get
jail time. Not the noose.

BASSATT goes to walk away again, JEM pushes -

JEM (CONT'D)

If you'd any proof on Joss you'd be
there now, smashing in his door.

(MORE)

JEM (CONT'D)

I'm offering you a save of face and all the treasure. Weren't you sent down here to clean this up? So do it right.

BASSATT doesn't like it but he knows JEM's right.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

A loaded pistol's on your tail the whole way there and back. So much as blink and you're a dead man.

JEM hears him, but at least he's got a chance.

25 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

25

PATIENCE spools around the candlelit kitchen in a fluster, peering through the crack in the window boards and preparing a plate of bread and cheese.

MARY ducks in to join her, shuts the door and moves in close.

MARY

Aunt Patience, you and I must get the law. Whatever once my uncle may have been to you, he is inhuman now-

PATIENCE

(interrupts, viciously)
He is my husband. And you won't talk of him like that.

PATIENCE clutches the bread knife in her hand -

MARY

Then you will hang with him because your loyalty won't save him from the noose!

PATIENCE fixes her with a look - defiant, grand and proud.

PATIENCE

So be it then.

(laughs bitterly)
You wouldn't understand it, would you? With all your hi-falutin judgements. Love isn't something that you choose. Maybe when you've got a man yourself you'll know that.

PATIENCE thrusts the plate of bread and cheese at MARY and she turns to go. But PATIENCE grabs her arm.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

And Mary? You needn't think he'll let you leave.

(MORE)

PATIENCE (CONT'D)
 (threat)
 He'll kill you if you try to.

PATIENCE intends to cow her niece to obedience, but MARY holds her look with steel.

MARY
 I'm not afraid of him.

MARY shakes her arm free and exits.

26

INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

26

MARY returns, PATIENCE behind her, to find JOSS now there on his own. He swigs from his mug. PATIENCE looks around worried-

PATIENCE
 Where's Harry gone?

MARY puts the plate down uneasily, but there's no sign of a body and they would have heard the gun if he'd been shot.

JOSS peers out of the chink in the window boards, brooding-

JOSS
 He came to take the lot himself. He knew the catch on this is loose and thought that he could force it.

PATIENCE
 So has he gone then?
 (envious)
 Made a run for it?

JOSS doesn't answer. PATIENCE decides it's better not to ask. MARY's worried but knows she wouldn't get the truth if she asked. JOSS turns from the window to PATIENCE -

JOSS
 I've changed my mind. We'll go to Devon. Leave tonight.

PATIENCE moves to him in relief -

PATIENCE
 Oh thank you! Thank you Joss!

He's pleased to make her happy, turns to her with unexpected tenderness, and strokes her face.

JOSS
 I'll see that swine in hell before I'm beaten. You'll drive your own coach yet, you'll see, and wear big feathers in your bonnet.
 (dark joke)
 (MORE)

JOSS (CONT'D)
Perhaps I'll even go to church on
Sundays.

PATIENCE smiles her love at him.

MARY wonders at it as they kiss. She tries to sound casual -

MARY
If we're travelling tonight then my
aunt and I should rest. We'll do no
good just sitting here.

JOSS considers. Then cursorily nods MARY off upstairs.

JOSS
Your aunt here needs to pack.

MARY glances at her aunt, but nothing to be done. She exits.

PATIENCE glances after her suspiciously.

27 INT. LANDING, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 27

MARY reaches the landing, heading to her room, but eyes -

- PATIENCE coming up the stairs behind her, hostility on her
face that warns MARY not to try to turn her again. MARY goes -

28 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 28

- into her room and shuts the door. But instantly she hears
the key turning in the lock.

MARY grabs and rattles the handle to no avail -

MARY
Aunt Patience?!

She bangs on the door.

29 INT. LANDING, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 29

MARY (O.S.)
Aunt Patience?!

PATIENCE holds the bunch of keys in her hand.

30 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 30

PATIENCE (O.S.)
Just to see no harm comes to you.

MARY is thwarted.

31 EXT. MOORS / NEAR JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

31

JEM rides across the moors.

He glances round at LEGASSIK and another red-coated DRAGOON who are on his tail, their pistols drawn in readiness - but Jamaica Inn ahead is hovering into view.

JEM pulls his horse up to a stop.

LEGASSIK
(heavy sarcasm)
Problem, is there?

JEM gestures - they're the problem, obviously.

JEM
If he sees the two of you, he'll
think I've turned informer. You
need to stay back here.

*

LEGASSIK glares, really hates him. His fist closes around JEM's horse's reins. He can leave his horse in that case.

JEM has no choice. He slides down from his pony.

32 INT. BACK BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

32

PATIENCE on her hands and knees, wraps meagre possessions in a shawl and packs them in a box - a single candlestick, a cracked teapot, a faded muslin cap.

JOSS enters on his patrol of the inn and PATIENCE smiles up at him, holds a tiny, egg-shaped trinket pot out on her hand.

PATIENCE
I remember when you gave me this.

JOSS softens as he gently takes it and we share his POV of it. It has a hen painted delicately on one side, a cockerel on the other. He's regretful -

JOSS
Before 'he' had his hooks in us.

PATIENCE understands his sadness. She melts in love for him, about to speak when JOSS stiffens, thinks he hears a sound.

Both listen, but there's silence. Then a gust of wind rattles the window and he relaxes, assumes that's what he heard.

JOSS hands her back the trinket, but -

JEM (O.S.)
Joss! Let me in!

JOSS cocks his gun as JEM bangs loudly again -

33 CUT 33 *

34 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 34

JEM is banging on the barred and bolted door -

JEM
It's me. Jem. *

35 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 35

JOSS moves into the kitchen, tense and wired.

JOSS
Get out of here -

INTER-CUT THEM:

JEM glances nervously behind him to where LEGASSIK and the DRAGOON are waiting on the hill, watching him like hawks.

JEM
(urgent, low voice)
You need to tell me who he is,
Joss. Whoever's got you by the
balls -

JOSS starts in fear to hear that JEM even knows about the gang-leader -

JEM (CONT'D)
- they're coming for you if you
don't -

JOSS
Who? Who's coming for me? What you
saying?

In anger and fear, JOSS fires at the door to drive him away -

- JEM only just leaps away in time, shocked at his brother -

JEM
Chrissake. You don't deserve my
bloody help, if that's the thanks I
get! I loaned you those damn horses
to stop you whining like a girl and
look at where it's got me! I've
been in jail all bloody night -

JOSS

So now you've come to save yourself
by ratting on me you muck-snipe
bastard!

JEM turns to see the LAWMEN on the hill, moving closer, and he holds his hand out to them, stopping them.

JOSS (CONT'D)

There's no-one that I'm working
for. You hear me? It's all been me
and no-one else and you say
different you're dead.

JEM sees that LEGASSIK and the DRAGOON are even closer and now possibly in earshot. He smiles pleasantly for their benefit, and nods towards the kitchen door as though he and JOSS are getting on fine -

JEM

Good. Thanks, Joss.

He nods reassurance to the LAWMEN then gestures he's just got to go round the side of the inn.

They stay their ground as he walks towards MARY's side.

36 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 36

MARY's at her window, strained to hear the row, but she steps back from the window just as -

- a shower of earth hits the pane, and she looks to see JEM standing directly below her porch.

JEM

Mary? Come and let me in.

MARY stares in hurt resentment.

MARY

I can't. Even if I wanted to. I'm
locked inside my room.

37 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 37

JEM is exasperated, doesn't understand what's going on here.

He looks at the building - runs his hands along the slate, testing them, feeling for rusted nails once used for creeper, that might afford a foothold. *

There isn't much, but finally he finds something and starts to climb. *

*

*

*

INTER-CUT THEM - as JEM climbs and swings himself onto the low roof of the jutting porch, wedging his body between it and the walls of the house - *

- his feet grip the slates as he hauls himself up the porch to reach a level with her window. *

He looks worn, eyes hollow as though he hasn't slept, still in the clothes from the fair last night. He doesn't smile.

MARY steps back, lets him wrench the window to climb inside. *

38

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

38

JEM climbs inside, but remembers where he left her. *

JEM *

I owe you an apology. I deserted you last night. *

MARY wants to pretend she doesn't care, but her vulnerability is too raw and her pain shows, as - *

MARY *

Where did you go? *

But now he can see her properly, he sees her face and reacts - *

JEM

Who did this to you?

He strokes the scratch that runs from her forehead to her chin, a bruise on her cheek beside it. MARY pulls away.

MARY

Who do you think?

JEM

You were with them? On the beach?

MARY

(yes, obviously)
So where were you?

JEM hears her reproach. He reaches out and takes her hand, pulls her to him, trying to explain and reconnect.

JEM

I've been in jail. Legassik caught me when I went downstairs to pay. I wish I could have spared you this.

MARY

(pulls away, suspicious)
They let you out though, soon
enough.

JEM

They wanted me to turn King's
evidence against my brother -
(MARY looks hopeful)
I've told them that I never will.
But if I bring them in the man Joss
answers to they might at least
spare me and him from swinging.

MARY digests this, pretending that the thought of JEM hanging
doesn't bother her. And that she isn't interested to know -

MARY

So? Who is he?

JEM looks slightly desperate.

JEM

I was hoping you'd tell me.

Not such a great plan then; MARY's not so impressed.

JEM (CONT'D)

It was you who told me there's
someone else. You must know who he
is?

MARY

I don't know any more than you do.
I saw his feet once in a storeroom.
And your brother thinks he's coming
here to kill him which is why the
inn's all barred and bolted.

JEM deflates. But then he's tender to her -

JEM

(sadness, rhetorical)
Why are you caught up in this?

He moves to her and strokes her face with affection, but she
pulls away, too proud -

MARY

Don't waste your sympathy on me. I
can look after myself.

JEM

You should be safely in your
husband's parlour, with your sewing
in your lap.

MARY pulls away, hurt.

MARY

That's not my life and never will be.

JEM

I hope it is, one day. When this is over I hope you'll wed a farmer and spend your days without a care.

MARY hears only rejection. As he reaches towards her she shakes him off, utterly hurt and emotionally confused by him, trying not to cry. *

MARY

(holding on to this)

All I know is that your brother needs to hang for what he's done.

A sudden gulf.

JEM

And all I know, is that I have to save him.

MARY sees, as he does, what this means; there's a million unsaid things between them, but they want completely different things.

JEM looks at her. MARY is too hurt and turns away. There's nothing more to say. JEM disappears out of the window.

39 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 39

JEM lands on the cobbles. With a heavy heart, he walks back out of the courtyard -

40 EXT. MOORS BEYOND COURTYARD - DAY 10 40

- to rejoin the LAW MEN on the hill.

LEGASSIK

Well? What's his name?

JEM mounts his horse and gestures off -

JEM

I'll take you to him.

As they look annoyed and follow, JEM knows that he's on borrowed time.

41 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 41

MARY'S POV as JEM rides off across the moors, followed by the LAW MEN. He's smaller and smaller, until he's gone.

She looks back at her room with resolution, snatches up her heavy hooded cloak for the cold and throws it out the window.

Then she climbs out after it; if JEM can do it, so can she.

42	CUT	42	*
43	CUT	43	*
44	EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10	44	
	MARY lands on the cobbles.		*
			CUT TO: *
	MARY leads the horse across the cobbles, glancing towards the inn to check that she's not seen.		*
	We watch from the courtyard as she reaches the moor, mounts and rides off, free.		*
45	CUT	45	*

46 EXT. BEACH/ShORE - DAY 10

46

The terrible carnage from last night. *

SAILORS' bodies. Dead WRECKERS. And in the sea the broken ship, black stick-figure TOWNSFOLK stripping the wreck like locusts, and scavenging wreckage from the shoreline. *

The bodies of the DEAD are being covered with cloth by AMBROSE and the smattering of TOWNSFOLK. *

ANGLE on BETH by the shoreline, sobbing over WILL's dead body, HANNAH with her. *

BETH
Will... Oh Will.

HANNAH
He's gone, Beth...

DAVEY lays his hands onto WILL's dead flesh, and touches his skin as though in blessing, WILL's open eyes seeming to stare at him in terror as DAVEY reaches out to close them. *

He wafts sweet smoke from a thurible of incense over WILL's face as he mutters a prayer -

FRANCIS DAVEY
Fear not. I am the first and last,
the beginning and the end. I hold
the keys of hell and death. I am
Alpha and Omega. The Almighty.

BETH sobs as he makes the sign of the cross then calls to AMBROSE and the TOWNSMEN.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)
Lift him onto the wagon.

BETH
He went for me. So we could marry.
It's my fault that he's dead! *

ANGLE on JEM as he arrives on the beach, quickly taking in the scene before him, ELI, CAKEY and TUBBY all laying dead. *

AMBROSE is working with other TOWNSFOLK, including HANNAH, to lift WILL's body onto the wagon, and JEM's stare alights on him. The only gang member at the scene who JEM can appeal to. *

LEGASSIK and the other DRAGOON can be seen in the distance, off their horses and also hurrying down to the beach on foot. *

JEM hurries over - *

JEM
Ambrose. I need to talk to you. *

AMBROSE looks alarmed to see JEM, fearing he's about to give him away as one of the smugglers. He hurriedly steps back from the others so that what JEM's saying cannot be heard by them over the sound of the crashing sea -

AMBROSE
Get away.
(in panic)
I don't even know you -

AMBROSE tries to walk away but JEM pursues him -

JEM
Do you know who Joss takes orders from?

AMBROSE
What?!

JEM
(grabs him in sudden desperation)
Don't make me ask in front of them.
(AMBROSE stops)
I know you're in it with my brother. Who's the man in charge?

AMBROSE
For God's sake, I'm a schoolteacher!

But HANNAH's seen JEM, marches up in sudden confrontation and pushes him -

HANNAH
Come to see your handiwork, have you?

JEM
What? I didn't do this -

But LEGASSIK and the DRAGOON are riding up behind him now and LEGASSIK is annoyed.

LEGASSIK
(sarcasm)
This one says he's gonna lead us to the 'real' ringleader!

*

DAVEY also steps up, his incense wafting in JEM's face.

JEM
(annoyed)
Which is what I'm doing.

HANNAH
(derision)
'Real ringleader! Think we're stupid? Everybody's known for years what you Merlyns've been up to. Trying to put the blame on someone else!

*

LEGASSIK and the DRAGOON slap manacles on JEM's wrists -

LEGASSIK
It's just a play for time. But we'll make sure they hang him nice and slow for this.

*

JEM
(as he's marched off)
My brother says he's going to the inn to kill him. At least think of the women.

HANNAH shoots DAVEY an anxious look as JEM is lead away.

Behind them the TOWNSFOLK are pulling the wagon of dead BODIES up the beach towards DAVEY's waiting horse.

WILL is on it and BETH cries as she follows in their wake.

MARY rides, her cloak billowing in the wind.

Low clouds cast moving shadows on the moors before her, and tinkling sheep fan out in her horse's wake, but she has no time to wonder about the 'ghost' shepherd now.

The village of Altarnun is up the hill before her.

48 EXT. VICARAGE - DAY 10 48

MARY rides to the vicarage and dismounts. She knocks on the door.

MARY
Mr Davey? Hannah?

But no-one answers.

49 INT. ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 10 49

The church is empty; the green-tinged light from the stained glass windows tints MARY's skin as she enters, making her look as though she's underwater.

MARY
Mr Davey?

But her voice echoes into the stillness - no-one's there.

50 INT. BACK BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 50

PATIENCE is packing, but she glimpses a shadow passing the crack in the window board.

She stops, for a second doubting it, but then she hears a faint sound elsewhere in the inn and suddenly she's scared.

PATIENCE
(hoarse whisper)
Joss?

PATIENCE stands. But from the passageway there's a breeze as someone enters.

Her hair and silk dress waft and suddenly she's petrified.

51 EXT. MOORS (TOWARDS LAUNCESTON/NORTH HILL) - DAY 10 51

MARY rides across a vast, never ending landscape of the moors, exhausted now and bedraggled, ridden a long way.

52 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF LAUNCESTON/NORTH HILL - DAY 10 52

ANGLE on the MAGISTRATE's house as MARY rides up.

She dismounts, looks at her dishevelled state, but no time to worry, hurries to the door and pulls the long bell-rope.

The door opens - a SERVANT.

MARY

Please, is the Magistrate at home?

MRS BASSATT hears and comes to the door.

MRS BASSATT

My husband is away on the King's business.

MARY looks defeated and exhausted. MRS BASSATT sees -

MRS BASSATT (CONT'D)

I expect him back before too long?

MARY

Please, tell him Mary Yellan has proof about Joss Merlyn. Please send him to Jamaica Inn as soon as he is able.

*
*
*

And with that, MARY turns and hurries back to her horse, watched by a surprised MRS BASSATT.

53 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

53

The courtyard is still and quiet as MARY enters. The inn's still barred and bolted, the wagon as yet unloaded.

MARY tiptoes forward and peers in through the crack to the front bar - nothing.

She gently tries the kitchen door but to her surprise, it swings open revealing an empty kitchen.

MARY hesitates on the threshold. Something isn't right.

54 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10

54

MARY slowly edges in. The candle that was lit has burnt to nothing, and the kitchen glows faint red, the only light now from the dying embers of the fire, which illuminates a pile of blankets, ready to be rolled but eerily abandoned.

The silence feels oppressive and unnatural, her own movements seem to resonate too loudly and she's afraid to go on.

But she forces herself into the darkness of the passageway.

- 55 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 55
- MARY edges along the long passageway.
- She glances in the front bar which is in blackness but nothing stirs.
- In the back bar, a stubby, almost melted candle is on the floor, illuminating PATIENCE's abandoned packing.
- 56 INT. BACK BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 56
- MARY tiptoes in, glancing behind her, spooked, and picks up the candle. There's no-one here.
- 57 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 57
- The candle flickers and throws shadows as MARY resumes edging along the corridor.
- She thinks she hears a sound and stops, tense and fearful. But - nothing. Not even the ever ticking clock breaks the silence.
- MARY turns a corner, where the passage branches and now she sees the reason for the clock's silence.
- It has toppled forward and fallen on its face and lies smashed on the flagstones.
- Beside it, JOSS is sprawled out, face down in a pool of fresh red blood - his eyes startled and still open.
- MARY stares, hardly believing her eyes. Multiple livid stab wounds are in his back - he's unmoving and very dead. He clearly grabbed the hall clock as he fell.
- The bile rises in her throat, but she is transfixed with horror. In the candlelight, a spider runs across JOSS's dead hand and MARY stares, frozen, at the movement.
- Every impulse is to turn and flee, but she fights it, straining into the gloom to check the murderer isn't there. The silence is terrifying, but her eyes go to the stairs, into a darkness that not even her candle can penetrate.
- MARY's feet step forward, slowly start to creak upstairs.
- 58 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY 10 58
- The corridor is long and dark. MARY glances behind her, too deep into the inn now to escape if anyone is hiding here.

Determined not to panic, MARY looks ahead, steeling herself for the horrors to come. *

59 INT. JOSS AND PATIENCE'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 59

Like the rest of the inn, the room is shuttered and dark, the only light seeping in through cracks in the shutters.

As MARY strains to scan the room, all is still and silent, but then she catches sight of someone sitting on the floor the other side of the bed and she freezes.

MARY
(barely a whisper)
Aunt Patience?

But the figures doesn't move and MARY moves in further to see - her AUNT sitting on the floor as though she'd tried to hide. Her posture is unnatural, legs splayed, and her eyes open and glassy, her new, lemon silk dress stained red with blood and punctured with a single stab wound. *

MARY (CONT'D)
Oh no, no.

MARY sinks to her knees, but she's paralysed with terror, straining in the silence in case the murderer is still here.

60 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 60

POV from the courtyard as four horses' thunder across the moors towards it.

As they enter the riders are revealed as BASSATT and LEGASSIK, with two other DRAGOONS.

As they dismount, MARY walks unsteadily from the inn in shock. BASSATT reacts her to appearance-

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
What the hell has happened here?

MARY stares at him, her face pale.

MARY
They're dead. It's too late.

61 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 10 - LATER 61

POV across the familiar moors - the sound of boards being pulled off and windows being flung open behind her - *

- as MARY sits on the water trough trying to come to terms.

The MEN are searching the courtyard and outbuildings, pistols at the ready, as BASSATT exits the inn, heading to MARY but -

LEGASSIK (O.C.)
Come to heel there! Hands up.

- someone has been found in a storeroom with an outside door, and MARY and BASSATT turn -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
Who is he? Have you found the villain?

HARRY is frogmarched out by LEGASSIK - blinking in the light. MARY confused to see him.

HARRY
I ain't done nothing. I bin locked in.

LEGASSIK
Door was locked from the outside. It wasn't him.

BASSATT is vexed by this continuing confusion -

HARRY
The landlord put me there, Joss Merlyn. She'll tell ye. She went to get us bread and then he locked me in a storeroom.

MARY doesn't demur, so BASSATT takes it that she agrees.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
Are you aware the landlord's dead, and so's his wife? Both stabbed to death?

From HARRY's face he obviously wasn't. He shakes his head, more bothered by JOSS's death than we'd expect. These two were friends and partners for a long time.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT (CONT'D)
We're told that there's a man Joss Merlyn took his orders from. Do you know his name?

HARRY shakes his head again, first he knew of this.

BASSATT is vexed at his own failure.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT (CONT'D)
And you didn't hear the murderer at his work?

HARRY

I heard a man's voice. And a crash.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

Who was it? Did you know him?

HARRY shakes his head, still shocked.

HARRY

I don't know nothing 'bout no other man.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

Jem Merlyn did.

(glares at LEGASSIK)

He warned us this might happen. And now it's too damn late.

He looks at MARY - shakes his head.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT (CONT'D)

This is no place for a girl to be.

Is there somewhere we can take you?

MARY looks at him, her thoughts clearing until they fasten on to the obvious port in the storm.

62 INT. WAGON/ EXT. VICARAGE - DAY 10 62

Wide shot of the vicarage, DAVEY standing at the door, as the MAGISTRATE accompanies MARY towards him. *

The two MEN exchange a few unheard words, HANNAH now behind DAVEY at the door as she listens in. *

Then the MAGISTRATE nods goodbye, and goes. *

DAVEY steps back to allow MARY inside. *

63 INT. HALLWAY, VICARAGE - DAY 10 63

MARY follows DAVEY in. *

MARY

I'm sorry to impose on you.

The sound of scraping as something's hastily moved in another room and MARY stops at the odd sound.

HANNAH appears in a doorway.

HANNAH
We're sorry for your loss.

MARY offers a thin smile.

FRANCIS DAVEY
We're glad you came here, Mary.

DAVEY beckons her through into his parlour. MARY is vaguely aware of a tenseness to their body language that creates the sense of having caught them in the middle of something private or secret. *
*

64 INT. DAVEY'S PARLOUR AND OFFICE, VICARAGE - DAY 10 64

DAVEY ushers MARY in -

FRANCIS DAVEY
Please sit. You've had a terrible shock.

MARY's POV of the cold room, no fire in the grate this time.

DAVEY watches her.

HANNAH enters, holds out a plate of food and a drink.

HANNAH
Here.
(re the drink)
It will help you to sleep.

MARY takes them. Sits. She drinks, watched by HANNAH.

MARY
What will happen to my aunt?

FRANCIS DAVEY
They will both be brought here to be buried.

HANNAH
You've no idea who the murderer may be?

MARY doesn't. She finishes the drink. HANNAH takes the glass and exits.

FRANCIS DAVEY

The magistrate believes he is a local man as he travelled to and from the inn in stealth, possibly in the silence of the night when you and your aunt were sleeping.

For MARY it's a horrible thought. She looks away.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

He intends to question every man within ten miles, so the net will close around the murderer and if he tarries long he will be caught.

HANNAH's in the doorway again, wants him -

HANNAH

Mr Davey?

HANNAH nods him out and DAVEY excuses himself, leaving the door ajar.

MARY puts her plate down. Something isn't right here but her head's already starting to fog. She stands and edges to where she can see through the crack in the door.

MARY's POV of HANNAH and DAVEY muttering quietly, then HANNAH is clearly telling DAVEY off, arguing with him, though he remains serene and won't be drawn.

MARY sees that there are packing cases on the hallway floor that she didn't notice on her way in.

Something sickens in MARY's stomach as it dawns on her why they might be leaving.

She steps back suddenly, turns to look back into the room.

As low voices continue without, MARY looks at the walls - *

- a painting of Christ holding a lantern in the gloom -

- and the etching of the Ship of Fools, the passengers' faces gurning in horror and distress.

MARY is uncomfortable. The room no longer feels welcoming.

Her eyes alight on the area beyond the slightly open double doors at the end. DAVEY's desk can be glimpsed in the shadows.

MARY knows she shouldn't but she moves towards the double doors. DAVEY still isn't coming. MARY moves inside to stand before DAVEY's desk.

A second as she hesitates. The desk drawer is fractionally ajar.

She looks at it a moment, then slowly starts to ease it open.

She glances up to check that DAVEY isn't coming, then looks down again to see the drawer now completely open and right before her is -

- WILL's ring, still on its chain. *

The wedding ring for BETH that the WRECKERS ripped from his neck when was dead.

The gang-leader and murderer is DAVEY.

But he's suddenly in the double doors and MARY shuts the drawer with guilt and flushes.

DAVEY looks at her, then indicates her plate back in the first half of the room.

FRANCIS DAVEY
You've hardly eaten.

MARY tries to hide her fear as she moves away from the desk.

MARY
I'm - not hungry.

He considers her then steps back, and sinks in the armchair.

MARY moves cautiously back to the front half of the room where he sits. A long beat of silence as he ponders.

FRANCIS DAVEY
It's a pity for us all that the barred room proves the pedlar Harry innocent. He would have been a scapegoat and saved us all a great deal of trouble.

MARY
I... don't understand you?

He smiles knowingly, knows she does.

FRANCIS DAVEY
There's no longer any need for pretence between us, Mary. We can be frank now. You know that it was I who killed your uncle and your aunt.

On MARY horrified. Afraid.

But then suddenly a wave of tiredness. HANNAH is now in the doorway too.

HANNAH
That's right. You sleep now.

65 INT. CELL, LAUNCESTON JAIL - DAY 10 65

JEM is in his cell, his manacled wrists in front of him. He looks up as LEGASSIK appears, with HARRY, also manacled, and unlocks the cell.

But HARRY sees JEM he flinches the bad news.

HARRY
I'm sorry, Jem. He's gone. He's
stabbed. He's dead, Jem.

JEM reels. LEGASSIK clearly has no sympathy as he forces HARRY into the cell with JEM.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Mrs Merlyn too.

JEM
And Mary?

HARRY
She's safe. She's with the vicar.

JEM's relieved. LEGASSIK locks them in. Goes.

66 INT. CELL, LAUNCESTON JAIL - DAY 10 66

JEM and HARRY in their cell, cold, uncomfortable and bored.

HARRY
We're done for if they take us up
to London. The King'll make us
swing at Newgate 'fore the gentry.

*

JEM's still dark and listless.

JEM
I wouldn't care. If I could take
him with me. Whoever killed my
brother.

HARRY's sorry, wishes he could help.

HARRY
I would've saved him if I could,
Jem. He was my friend, all's said
and done.

JEM
There must be something that you
heard? Or saw? He'd have to come
right past you in that storeroom.

HARRY hesitates, and JEM sees it -

JEM (CONT'D)

What?

HARRY

(reluctant)

I didn't like to say before, in 'case he thought me daft. But there's a tiny crack and after I heard - well, Mrs Merlyn screamin', I put my eye to it.

JEM

And?

HARRY

I see this person dressed in black.

But now HARRY's in the moment, remembering -

HARRY (CONT'D)

And I smell this...ain't perfume. But sweet and sickly.

A second - now JEM's got it -

JEM

Incense. You smelt incense.

But his shock grows as he suddenly remember that MARY is with DAVEY. JEM impotently clutches the bars of the jail cell.

JEM (CONT'D)

Legassik?!!

67 EXT. MOORS / FOOT OF ROUGHTOR - DAY 10 67

DAVEY's carriage is a tiny black beetle as it crawls across the moors to the foot of Roughtor.

68 INT. DAVEY'S CARRIAGE - DAY 10 68

MARY is asleep, her head on HANNAH's lap in the back of the rumbling carriage, her heavy, hooded cloak around her.

HANNAH watches her dispassionately as the carriage stops.

69 EXT. MOORS/INT. DAVEY'S CARRIAGE - DAY 10 69

DAVEY steps down from the driver's seat, opens the carriage.

FRANCIS DAVEY

Mary?

HANNAH
 (to MARY)
 Wake up.

MARY wakes and recoils to see she's in the middle of nowhere.

MARY
 Where am I?

He pulls her from the carriage, and she recoils at the isolation and his proximity.

FRANCIS DAVEY
 You needn't fear. I've not the mind
 nor will to touch you.

HANNAH has got out behind her, and is now climbing into the driving seat of the carriage.

MARY looks at her in betrayal and disbelief.

MARY
 How could you? You knew what he was
 doing. Or you helped him!

HANNAH
 Of course I did.
 (to DAVEY)
 I'll go and arrange our passage.

DAVEY steers MARY towards the tor, indicating its heights -

FRANCIS DAVEY
 Come. I promised you I'd show you
 God, I think.

Behind them, HANNAH climbs on the front of the carriage, shakes the horse's reins and rides it away.

70

INT. CELL/CORRIDOR, LAUNCESTON JAIL - DAY 10

70

LEGASSIK walks nonchalantly down the corridor, come to get them out anyway as he unlocks the cell -

JEM
 (agitated)
 It's Davey. He's the murderer.
 Harry saw him through the door.

LEGASSIK mutters an insult under his breath, doesn't believe him. He shoves JEM out of the cell, and pulls HARRY to follow-

JEM (CONT'D)
 Mary Yellan's with him now and
 she's in danger.

LEGASSIK doesn't believe a word of it, shoves them down the corridor unlocking the doors as he goes -

LEGASSIK
 (re HARRY)
 Oh yeah? He just 'forgot' to
 mention it before then, did he?

JEM's had enough. He looks at his manacled wrists and -

- SWINGS at LEGASSIK, socking him right in the face. His fear for MARY and grief about his brother giving him a surge of super-human strength and LEGASSIK goes over, out cold.

HARRY
 (surprised at JEM)
 Bloody hell.

JEM kneels on LEGASSIK in case he comes round and nods urgently towards his key ring -

JEM
 Here, get the keys.

JEM holds his bound wrists out to HARRY, who finds the right key and unlocks the cuffs.

They fall to the floor and JEM snatches LEGASSIK's pistol.

HARRY
 Jem?!

JEM turns and undoes HARRY's cuffs. And then he's gone. *

71 EXT. ROUGHTOR - DAY 10

71

The sun is sinking in the sky as DAVEY nudges MARY before him up the Tor as they climb the crumbling stones and grass tussocks.

MARY's silent, tense and terrified, glancing back at him, hoping for an opportunity to run. DAVEY is aware of this and utterly in control.

MARY
 I thought a man of God was meant to
 give up worldly goods not kill for
 them.

DAVEY smiles, interested in her rhetoric and reproach.

FRANCIS DAVEY
 The bounty from the wreckings was
 used to feed the poor.

MARY's unimpressed.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

It was you who said your uncle talks when he is drunk. You told me I should kill him.

MARY

I told you you should bring the law on him! You can't blame me for what you did!

FRANCIS DAVEY

And if the law had come they would have hung him. What difference then if I should do it sooner?

MARY

Because you're the one who made him kill! And my aunt was innocent!

FRANCIS DAVEY

Your aunt was with your uncle as surely as if she'd smashed those sailors skulls in on her own. Come, Mary Yellan, you cannot be naive on that.

MARY

You think you are God and life and death are yours to give and take.

FRANCIS DAVEY

I like that I revolt you. There is a dash of fire about you that the women of old possessed.

MARY

And yet you would have killed me too, if I'd been at the inn.

FRANCIS DAVEY

No. We'd still be here and climbing Roughtor.

MARY is uneasy at this. But he nods her towards the summit, where a monstrosly shaped granite outcrop is tortured and twisted into a facade. Reluctantly she heads up.

72

EXT. TOP OF ROUGHTOR - DAY 10

72

In different circumstances it would be beautiful, the view breathtaking.

DAVEY drinks it in.

FRANCIS DAVEY

I was born with a grudge against the age, Mary Yellan.

*

But DAVEY's in his element, looking out across the moors.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)
Peace is very hard to find these days. The silence is gone, even on the moors.

MARY watches him.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)
I thought to find it in the Christian church but the dogma sickened me. It's built on lies and hate and greed and its followers are like sheep, unquestioning and stupid. Christ is just a puppet, created by man himself. But the old pagan barbarism is honest and clean.

DAVEY looks at MARY, vulnerable and in his power.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)
The Druids understood human sacrifice. One soul for many.

It's impossible to escape the thought that MARY is to be his sacrifice. Her eyes search the moors in the fading light, but there is no-one to save her. She's alone with a madman.

73 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY 10

73

HANNAH is gathering portable valuables for a journey - packing them in a bag, when -

- CLICK.

JEM
Where's Mary Yellan?

JEM is standing beside her, holding a gun to her head.

74 EXT. TOP OF ROUGHTOR - DAY 10

74

DAVEY guides MARY across the top of the tor, but the ground is treacherous and uneven, and as she picks her way across it we share her POV of -

- a mass of brittle sticks and splitters, but they're white.

MARY gasps in horror as she suddenly realises they're human bones.

MARY
No. No.

DAVEY catches hold of MARY as she tries to scramble back away from them, but as she does so -

- her gaze alights on something hidden in the shadows beneath a rocky overhang.

Four bony figures, huddled or lying together, unmoving and silent in a broken boat. But two of them, in ragged red Dragoon's jackets, are almost skeletons but have sheep's skulls instead of heads, and sheep skins on their bony backs. It's a macabre, glimpsed 'Ship Of Fools' and MARY realises that the other two, most newly dead, are ABE and his WIFE.

Green tinged with verdigris from the copper ore in the land, and covered in a film of algae from the elements, from a distance they would blend in with the rocks. It looks like it's a wreck at the bottom of the sea, and is a visual echo - a fetishizing - of the shipwrecks on the shore below.

DAVEY enjoys her horror as he holds her fast. *

FRANCIS DAVEY
My ship of fools.

MARY
Oh god.

DAVEY analyses her reaction as he takes a cord/his belt and binds her wrists in front of her, knowing know she'll bolt at any opportunity-

FRANCIS DAVEY
Ah Mary, you've been so sure of right and wrong but perhaps it hides some deeper fear of who you really are? Or fear of your desires? Jem Merlyn stirred a storm in you, I think, and it's torn through all your certainty.
(trying to make her see)
Which means that you are free.

He's happy for her. MARY is now bound, but still with bones and murder and on her own trajectory -

MARY
You hide behind the cross and people trust you, but everything about you is a lie.

MARY has seen the heart of DAVEY and he's ready to show his hand, charming as -

FRANCIS DAVEY
Come with me, Mary. I'll show you Spain and Africa. You'll be a millstone around my neck but I'll like you all the more for it.
(MORE)

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

You'll cast aside the man-made laws
you sucked into your system as a
child, and I'll teach you how to
live, as men and women have not
lived for four thousand years.

MARY

There's not a thing that you could
teach me.

FRANCIS DAVEY

But I have already. I've taught you
that you have been wrong. In
trusting me because I wear this
cloth. And so you've learned that
truth cannot be found in trappings
but only from within.

He moves to touch her heart, intense, convincing -

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

You will forget these moors, and
Jamaica Inn, and your tears on the
road from Launceston. If only you
will trust in here.

DAVEY's mesmeric and convincing. MARY looks where he touches
her.

75

EXT. ROUGHTOR - DAY 10

75

The first lights of dawn are showing in the sky as JEM pushes
HANNAH roughly up the tor before him, his pistol to her.

But she taunts him fearlessly, enjoying the relief of showing
her true colours -

HANNAH

Your brother used to twist his hat
in hand to us, like he was a boy.
The 'terror of the countryside',
but to us he was a snivelling
child.

JEM tightens his grip on her, and shoves the gun in harder.

JEM

Shut up.

HANNAH

It was his vanity that kept us
safe. The more notorious we made
him, the better pleased he was.

JEM

You didn't know him. You made him
suffer.

HANNAH

I bet you'll beg even more than he did at the end. And that stupid girl can watch you die, if she isn't already in a dozen pieces.

JEM jabs the gun into her again. He's struggling not to rise to it. HANNAH seems to be enjoying her power over him.

JEM

(calls)
Davey?!

76 EXT. TOP OF ROUGHTOR - DAY 10

76

DAVEY and MARY look up at the sound of JEM's voice -

JEM (O.S.)

Davey? Where are you?

MARY moves away from DAVEY's hand.

MARY

Jem?

DAVEY climbs part-way up a rock that is his vantage point but also his protection and we share his POV of -

- JEM, with HANNAH before him a shield, gun to her head, as he slowly ascends the tor.

He's still some distance away and intermittently shrouded by the mist, but he stops as he hears MARY's voice and works out where she and DAVEY are. HANNAH's cross to hear MARY's voice -

HANNAH

You should've killed her. Do it now.

JEM yanks HANNAH behind a boulder, pistol still to her head as he yells up -

JEM (CALLS)

Mary? Are you hurt?

INTER-CUT them as -

MARY stays still, looking at DAVEY -

MARY

No. I'm not hurt.

DAVEY watches MARY, thinks she's in his power.

JEM's agitated. Doesn't know what to do. Calls -

JEM
I know you killed my brother,
Davey. So now I've got your sister.

JEM thrusts HANNAH out so she's visible from the top of the tor, while he stays behind his rock, his gun to her head.

HANNAH
(calls)
He won't shoot me. He hasn't got
the courage.

On DAVEY and his POV as he looks at HANNAH and calmly considers his options, but he's still more interested in MARY and whether he's persuaded her.

HANNAH struggles to free herself in vain.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
He'll kill you both and feed you to
the birds.

JEM shoves the gun into the side of her head.

JEM
Keep still.
(calls to DAVEY)
I'll make a deal with you. Send
Mary out and I'll let your sister
go. Both of you can leave unharmed.

FRANCIS DAVEY
(calls back)
Mary and I are engaged in
conversation. We have an
understanding.

It's said as much for MARY's benefit, a question to her -
- but the tension is showing for JEM. He rubs his face,
doesn't know what to do. HANNAH also looks tense for the
first time, questioning her brother.

HANNAH
Francis? Kill her. Do it.

JEM edges out. We share his POV towards the top of the tor.
He can't see anyone.

DAVEY is still intense with MARY but she looks at him and,
with courage, laughs at him.

MARY
You're a fool. You can't think I
could understand you? I pity you.

Though DAVEY barely moves, he feels the rejection and
humiliation acutely. He thought he would have turned her.

He reaches inside his coat and produces a gun. MARY freezes. His face is very hard and it seems that he will shoot her.

MARY is afraid, but calls -

MARY (CONT'D)
Jem, he's got a gun.

Stakes are ratcheting up. JEM's sweating -

JEM
Davey? I'm going to let your sister go. But first send Mary out to me.

DAVEY stares at MARY and she watches him intensely, still unsure if she's about to be shot.

On JEM, getting no answer. Utterly stressed:

JEM (CONT'D)
Davey? Did you hear me?

DAVEY holds the gun, still dealing with MARY's rejection. But finally he takes his eyes off MARY and turns to look around the rock, gun in hand.

JEM also peers around his rock, about to try to get further up the tor but -

CRACK!

A bullet flies too near for comfort and he jerks back round. HANNAH sneers contempt.

HANNAH
You don't think you can beat him, do you? You're vain just like your brother was.

JEM curses silently. And weighs it up. He calls -

JEM
Davey? I'm letting Hannah go. I want you to send Mary out.

*

JEM isn't sure if this is the right move. But slowly he releases his grip and -

- HANNAH moves away, scrambling up towards her brother with a look of triumph on her face.

But JEM is watching anxiously and there isn't any sign of MARY. He steps out from behind the rock -

JEM (CONT'D)
Davey? Hannah's free. Send Mary out!

*
*

HANNAH is now almost at the top but she calls out -

HANNAH
Davey? Shoot him now! Quickly!

Sudden gunfire round at JEM from DAVEY. It's too close, and he whips back in - returning the medley of quick-fire shots aiming towards DAVEY but -

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Francis...

JEM hears her cry with horror. Peers around to see that he's hit HANNAH instead and she's on her knees, blood pouring from her back.

DAVEY also watches, and we share his POV as his sister slowly dies between them, in a no-man's land of rock.

Her breathing has stopped and JEM can see that HANNAH's dead. And now he's in a sweat. The threat to MARY is clear.

DAVEY turns to MARY as though it's her fault.

FRANCIS DAVEY
My sister's dead.

We stay on DAVEY, digesting this and what it means, looking at MARY. She fears that now he'll surely kill her -

*

JEM (O.S.)
(calls)
Davey. Mary is an innocent in this.
I'll take her place but let her go.

*

*

*

DAVEY hears JEM's offer.

JEM (CONT'D)
(calls)
Davey? Kill me instead. Please.

*

*

*

Off of JEM's offer, DAVEY speaks with quiet sadness to MARY.

*

FRANCIS DAVEY
Now he has killed my sister he will
sacrifice his life for you. Would
you have me accept his offer?

*

MARY
You know you can't escape from
here. They will catch you, and
you'll be brought to justice. You
are not special. You're just a man.

*

*

*

*

*

DAVEY barely reacts, but it hurts him deeply.

*

FRANCIS DAVEY

I shan't escape. But one of us must
die here first.

*
*

MARY stiffens - he holds the gun out. This is the moment. She waits. DAVEY is still pointing the gun.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)
Who do you choose? Yourself? Jem
Merlyn? Or me?

Not what MARY was expecting at all.

MARY
What do you mean?

FRANCIS DAVEY
There is no law here with us now. *
There's you, and I, and him. Will *
you leave it up to fate? Refuse
responsibility? Or will you choose *
who lives or dies? If I am just a *
man then it's you who must be God. *
Who do you choose? *

So DAVEY's final triumph is to see what MARY's made of. MARY understands him well enough to know he's serious. DAVEY watches her wrestling with it.

DAVEY suddenly turns and fires around the rock -

JEM's shot in the arm, cries out, recoils behind his rock.

MARY hears his cry, and the urgency intensifies as DAVEY turns back.

MARY
You. *
(defiant) *
You must die.

DAVEY smiles, impressed, proud, glad she didn't chicken out, the only consolation to her rejection.

FRANCIS DAVEY
See, Mary? I was right about you.
You are not one of the sheep.

MARY stares, unsure what he'll do with her decree.

DAVEY maintains eye contact with her and slowly edges up the rock. His feet step up it backwards, eyes still trained on MARY until he nears the top.

ANGLE - JEM is clutching the gunshot wound in his arm as he looks around the rock to see -

- DAVEY's dark form appears at the top of the boulder, spreading his arms open wide, his back like a target, the gun hanging limp in one hand.

JEM hesitates, confused by what DAVEY's doing, wants to check it isn't a trick to harm MARY.

JEM

Mary?

On MARY incredulously watching DAVEY who doesn't turn towards JEM, but keeps his eyes fixed on MARY, a hint of a smile on his lips.

MARY

I'm safe.

CRACK!

MARY reacts to the bullet more than DAVEY does, as -

- for a second, DAVEY is perfectly still, suspended on the rock, outlined against the sky, his arms flung open as though for flight, his eyes still trained on MARY in a terrible intimacy of death.

MARY watches as his eyes close -

- then he falls lifelessly through the air.

We watch from JEM's POV as DAVEY smashes down the granite to land on wet, dank heather.

On MARY, resolute and certain that his death was justice, despite her responsibility in it.

All that's left is the sound of baaing, tinkling sheep, and distant waves on the wind.

77 CUT 77

78 INT. PARLOUR, BASSATT'S HOUSE - DAY 11 78

An unfamiliar, stultifying parlour with no light, crammed with ornaments and doilies, chinking china tea cups. The regular tick-tick-tick of a clock.

MARY sits in a chair by the small fire, unmoving, alone with her thoughts. A moment, then MRS BASSATT enters.

MRS BASSATT

Mary. There's someone here to see you.

MARY looks up, hoping that it's JEM, but -

NED

Hello Mary.

*

NED's blonde shock of hair even blonder now, his rude farm-boy health somehow incongruous, his eyes full of love for her as he twists his cap in his hands like a boy. *

MRS BASSATT nods encouragement to NED, then slips out. *

NED settles nervously on the seat beside her and takes MARY's hand. *

Her face forms a watery smile but tears run down her cheeks at his reminder of the simple innocence from home.

79 INT. ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 12

79

A small gathering of TOWNSFOLK around two rough hewn open coffins. One containing Joss Merlyn, the other, Patience Merlyn. Peaceful in death.

MARY is the only relation. She steps up and places a posy on her AUNT's breast, along with the egg-shaped trinket box that PATIENCE loved.

MARY steps back, joining NED. He squeezes her hand. *

As a CHURCH FUNCTIONARY steps forward to fasten lids on the coffins, BASSATT and his WIFE behind MARY, mutter sotto voce.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
His brother isn't here, I see.

MRS BASSATT
The man is godless, can you be surprised?

MARY glances sideways at them, says nothing.

80 INT. PARLOUR, BASSATT HOUSE - DAY 12

80

We're back in the stultifying parlour.

One tiny picture window holds the moors constricted in its frame; they beckon MARY, visceral and magnetic.

NED
Your farm's been taken over by new folks. But my mother says that you're to come and stop with us. *

The BASSATTS smile encouragement at this, approve of him - as the doorbell jangles distantly.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
How much land does your family have?

A MAID enters, interrupting.

She glances at MARY then looks MRS BASSATT with an uncomfortable look in response to another attempted visit from an unwelcome guest.

MRS BASSATT knows immediately who it is and bites back sharp annoyance -

MRS BASSATT
Tell him we're not home thank you -

But MARY's seen this dance and guessed it's JEM. She is already standing.

MARY
I'll talk to him.

MRS BASSATT's thwarted; NED pleasantly oblivious, smiling round as MARY exits the room. *

81 EXT. MOORS OUTSIDE BASSATT'S HOUSE - DAY 12 81

JEM stands beside his horse, for once a little bashful, his arm still bound with a bandage on his gun shot wound.

MARY considers him with new objectivity as she approaches.

MARY
You didn't come to the funeral.

JEM
(shrugs)
I said goodbye in my own way.

She nods. Aware of twitching blinds behind them from the BASSATT's house, they start to walk a little further away.

JEM (CONT'D)
I came to see you. They wouldn't let me in.

MARY half nods, knows. Beat.

MARY
Thank you. For... helping me.

JEM nods. But he hopes this next isn't true -

JEM
There's a rumour you're to stay here with the Bassatts, play nanny to their children -

MARY
(interrupts)
I'm going home, Jem. *

Even worse and it's a shock, although he tries to hide it.

MARY (CONT'D)

I want to smell the river. Be back
in my own fields. *

JEM

(pushes her)
- well go on then. You'll get there
by tomorrow if you hurry.

MARY twists away from him, and in the silence he's ashamed of
his bitterness.

MARY

You're harsh today.

JEM

(slaps his horse, trying
to hide his hurt)
I'm harsh to all my horses too; it
doesn't mean I love them any less.

But he's given himself away. MARY's curious -

MARY

You've never loved anything in your
life -

JEM

I haven't had much use for the
word, that's all.

Showing vulnerability and emotions is hard for him. For a
moment, he braves meeting her eye, hoping she'll respond.

MARY

What will you do?

Not the response he wanted - he hoped she might talk love.
And the fact that she didn't tells him there's no hope. A
moment, then he covers with a shrug.

JEM

Roam God's country, same as always.

Beat. It pains him but he has to risk it -

JEM (CONT'D)

If you were a man, I'd ask you to
come with me. We could travel the
road together -

MARY

- and if you were a woman, I'd have
you run the farm with me. And you'd
be grateful for the peace.

JEM

God damn it Mary, that's no life for anyone! Living in a box, and if your neighbour's potatoes are bigger than yours it's hell to pay!

MARY

(simply, with acceptance)
I can't survive you, Jem. We speak a different language you and I.

He looks at her with regret - realising it's over then.

JEM

(black humour)
Well the way I live, they'll probably hang me anyway.

JEM suddenly takes her face in his hands and kisses it -
- and now she sees that he's laughing in exasperation at her.

JEM (CONT'D)

When you're an old maid in mittens, you'll remember that. 'He stole horses', you'll say to yourself, and he didn't care for women; and if it wasn't for my pride I'd be there with him now.

MARY smiles genuinely, but tells him, softly -

MARY

It isn't pride. I want my home.

There's nothing else to say.

82 INT. HALLWAY, BASSATT'S HOUSE - DAY 12

82

MARY enters. She shuts the door and watches through the small window as JEM rides away.

There are murmured voices from the parlour -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT (O.S.)

He's a wrong'un's what he is.

MRS BASSATT (O.S.)

They say there's never been a Merlyn who has come to any good.

MARY pauses to listen -

83 INT. PARLOUR, BASSATT HOUSE - DAY 12

83

The MAGISTRATE, his WIFE and NED are still drinking tea.

*

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

He'd be in jail now if it weren't
for me, but did I get one word of
thanks?

NED

But - does she care for him?

MRS BASSATT

Of course she doesn't -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

- the man's a filthy gypsy.

84 INT. HALLWAY, BASSATT'S HOUSE - DAY 12

84

MARY listening as before -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT (O.S.)

What you must realise is that
Mary's... had a terrible ordeal -

MRS BASSATT (O.S.)

- which would destroy the mind of
any woman.

MAGISTRATE BASSATT (O.S.)

They are not made for it.
(terrible sin, low voice)
The girl is not herself.

MARY frowns as she hears this.

She looks out over the moors; shadows skitting across them,
beautiful and magnetic - while the petty sound of tea cups
continues in the room beyond.

MRS BASSATT (O.S.)

(louder)

I'm sure I've got some ribbons you
can take to dress her bonnet.

That's it. Her mind's made up.

85 EXT. BASSATT'S COURTYARD - DAY 12

85

MARY steals out, unseen, pulling her shawl around her. She
heads straight to the stables.

86 INT. BASSATT'S STABLES - DAY 12

86

BEAUTY, the horse that JEM stole and sold at market, is in
his stall, his one white sock restored to gleaming glory.

MARY can't help grinning as she quietly leads him out.

87 EXT. MOORS - DAY 12 87

MARY rides astride her stolen horse, skirt hitched up, JEM's breeches underneath so she can ride with freedom, like a man.

Tossing her hair back and laughing with the joy of it, MARY is exhilarated and completely certain of her decision.

88 EXT. MOORS/RIVER TAMAR - DAY 12 88

JEM rides slowly, his horse encumbered with two saddlebags of his possessions, moving at a crawl.

His POV as he approaches a crossroads towards Devon. He turns and looks back across the moors in fond farewell but- *

- sees another horse approaching at a gallop. MARY grins as she rides up, far freer than he is, unencumbered by possessions and patting her horse's neck.

MARY

There you are.

(catches her breath)

Where are we headed?

JEM blinks surprise. A beat, then he tests her, needs to make sure they understand each other -

JEM

I shan't be kept in a house you know. Or tied to a patch of land.

MARY

And I shan't accept your thieving, so we'll have to live on honest work.

A beat. Then, he grins -

JEM

We've interesting times ahead of us then.

But both realise what they're saying to each other.

JEM takes the road away from Cornwall, MARY trotting beside him. JEM glances at her - *

JEM (CONT'D)

So do I have your heart, Mary Yellan?

She hesitates at his bare-faced cheek. But then, with humour -

MARY

I think you do, Jem Merlyn. *

But more serious as she corrects herself - *

MARY (CONT'D) *

I know you do. Because - *

MARY's hand brushes where her heart is as she softly and deliberately quotes DAVEY - *

MARY (CONT'D)

- I trust in here. *

JEM doesn't entirely understand. But he's pleased anyway. He kicks his horse on, picking its way away from us. *

MARY looks at him, and back at the moors. Then she follows JEM towards Devon. *

- *the end* -