

INT. ENGLISH VICTORIAN COURTROOM - NIGHT

It is April 1863. The courtroom, lit by gaslights, casts an eerie gloom. JUDGE MALTBY sits on the bench. LADY MASON, the defendant, a beautiful woman in her forties, sits in the first row. Her face is pale, expressionless.

JUDGE MALTBY  
Will the jury foreman please read  
the verdict.

The JURY FOREMAN stands and looks at a piece of paper.

JURY FOREMAN  
We find the defendant--

EXT. ORLEY FARM - SIX MONTHS EARLIER - DAY

Orley Farm, situated thirty miles from London, is a delightful piece of land that stretches for hundreds of acres. The buildings, because of additions and improvements, are picturesque but odd. The deceased owner has "contrived to give to the place the unmistakable appearance of an English gentleman's country-house."

The Dockwrath house is a field away. It is a nondescript house that has an attached office and numerous children running around it.

INT. DOCKWRATH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The small chaotic kitchen is filled with at least a dozen children of various ages, along with their mother, MIRIAM DOCKWRATH, a heavy-set, worn-out fortyish woman. There are so many kids in the small space that the effect is one of oozing children. All the children are eating, though some stand and others sit, either on a chair or on the floor. MIRIAM, who is standing by the stove, feeding two children, is distracted by toddler BESSIE DOCKWRATH who is eating soup with her hands.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Don't, Bessie.

BESSIE  
Sam has taken my spoon away, Mama.

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH, MIRIAM's fortyish husband, comes up behind MIRIAM and whispers in her ear.

DOCKWRATH  
I--

MIRIAM jumps, and the food goes flying.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I've got that woman on the hip now.  
I must see Mr. Mason immediately. I  
positively insist that you don't go  
to Orley Farm. D'ye hear?

MIRIAM nods and returns to the stove.

DOCKWRATH

(mumbling)

Take back my fields, will they?

INT. ORLEY FARM - STUDY - DAY

LUCIUS MASON, twentyish, is at his desk. He's studying an  
advertisement in the newspaper. LADY MASON, his mother,  
enters the room.

LUCIUS

Mother, the guano from Walker  
doesn't contain above thirty-two  
and a half hundredths of that which  
it ought to hold in a proportion of  
seventy-five percent of the whole.

LADY MASON

Doesn't it, Lucius?

LUCIUS

No. It's impossible to obtain  
results while working with such  
fictitious materials. Look at that  
bit of grass at the bottom of  
Greenwood's Hill.

LADY MASON

We've always had the heaviest  
hay crops in the parish off that  
meadow.

LUCIUS

I'll throw that and the three  
fields beyond it into one and then  
get Greenwood to let me have that  
bit of the hillside, giving him  
compensation of course--

LADY MASON

Dockwrath will want compensation.

LUCIUS

Samuel Dockwrath is an impertinent  
rascal. I'll throw those seventy

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS (cont'd)  
acres together, and then experiment  
with real guano I can only get in  
Liverpool.

LADY MASON  
Wait a little, Lucius.

LUCIUS  
We don't wait when we double our  
population every thirty-three  
years.

LADY MASON  
Shouldn't experimentation be done  
by those with large capital?

LUCIUS  
Capital is a bugbear. We need  
thought, mind, combination,  
knowledge. I don't possess these  
things, but I do endeavour to  
obtain them.

LADY MASON  
Shouldn't they come first?

LUCIUS  
Waiting again. Good manure will  
produce good crops. No danger in  
trying that first.

INT. SIR PEREGRINE'S - LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE ORME, a distinguished, energetic 70 year-old,  
sits erect in a leather chair in front of his desk. His  
grandson, PERRY ORME, twentyish, sits in a chair facing him.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Do you know, sir, that you're  
breaking your mother's heart?

PERRY  
I hope not.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I don't expect you to sacrifice  
your tastes for me, but I did think  
you loved your mother.

PERRY  
So I do--and you too.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

When I think what your father was  
at your age--how nobly--

(takes out handkerchief and  
wipes his eyes)

Do you think he spent his time in  
the pursuit of rats?

PERRY

I don't think he did, but you went  
to cockfights when you were young.

SIR PEREGRINE

I always went in the company of  
gentlemen--that is, when I did go,  
which was seldom. If you think that  
vermin slaughtering is a proper  
pursuit--

PERRY

But, sir, foxes are vermin also.

SIR PEREGRINE

I have only one alternative for  
you, sir--Will you give me your  
word of honour as a gentleman that  
you'll never again concern yourself  
in this disgusting pursuit?

PERRY

Never, grandfather?

SIR PEREGRINE

Two years?

PERRY

This is the fourth of October. Can  
you date it from the end of August,  
sir? The best of the matches come  
off in September.

SIR PEREGRINE

No, sir, I will date it from today.  
Will you give me your word of  
honour as a gentleman, for two  
years?

PERRY thinks about it.

PERRY

Very well, sir--two years.

SIR PEREGRINE takes out a small notebook and writes in it  
slowly.

EXT. THE CLEEVE STABLES - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE walks his horse out of the stables, mounts, and effortlessly rides toward Orley Farm.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE rides his horse to the front of the farmhouse.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY MASON greets SIR PEREGRINE.

LADY MASON  
Sir Peregrine, this is so kind of  
you.

SIR PEREGRINE  
What's the use of neighbours if  
they're not neighbourly?

SIR PEREGRINE takes LADY MASON'S hand.

LADY MASON  
I'll tell you why I'm troubling  
you. Lucius went off two days since  
to Liverpool.

SIR PEREGRINE only now releases LADY MASON'S hand. He motions for LADY MASON to sit and then does the same.

LADY MASON  
Lucius has taken to farming.

SIR PEREGRINE  
The life of a gentleman farmer  
isn't a bad one, though I would  
certainly have recommended a  
profession for him.

LADY MASON  
I urged him to go to the bar, but  
he has a will of his own. I fear  
that he'll spend more money on  
experiments than he can afford.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Experimental farming is an  
expensive amusement.

LADY MASON  
It is, and now he's gone to  
Liverpool to buy guano.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

Why couldn't he get his guano from Walker, as my man Symonds does?

LADY MASON

He says it's not good. He analyzed it, and--

SIR PEREGRINE

Fiddlestick! He'll bring himself to ruin--and you with him.

LADY MASON

Would you mind speaking to him?

SIR PEREGRINE

Have him come to The Cleeve, and we'll have it out after dinner.

EXT. GROBY PARK - DAY

Groby Park, seven miles from Leeds, is a flat area, devoid of most trees, except for some fir trees. On the road, there are two lodges, and between them is an a large ornamented gate which leads to the Mason mansion. It's an unremarkable neighborhood that is moneyed but lacking in taste.

As for JOSEPH MASON's house, "The house is Greek in its style of architecture--at least so the owner says; and if a portico with a pediment and seven Ionic columns makes a house Greek, the house in Groby Park undoubtedly is Greek."

INT. GROBY PARK HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

JOSEPH MASON and his wife, MRS. MASON, are both middle-aged and stern. MRS. MASON, once beautiful, still believes she is so. While they talk, CLARA, the cook, stands behind a doorway, listening.

JOSEPH MASON

I have an appointment tomorrow with someone from Hamworth and will need to offer the gentleman something to eat and drink.

MRS. MASON

Of course.

JOSEPH gives her a hard look. MRS. MASON averts her gaze.

JOSEPH MASON

Also, we need to give a nice Christmas gift to Mrs. Green for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON (cont'd)  
the girls' singing lessons. It's  
not an easy job, and she never  
complains.

MRS. MASON  
There are no regular lessons, and  
Mrs. Green uses my drawing room.  
She gets a great deal more than she  
gives.

JOSEPH MASON  
My dear, I need to compensate Mrs.  
Green.

MRS. MASON  
If you insist, we'll send her a  
hamper of apples. A basketful.

JOSEPH MASON  
Apples? Nonsense.

MRS. MASON  
I can't do money, my dear. I  
wouldn't offend the lady for all  
the world.

CLARA rolls her eyes.

JOSEPH MASON  
Buy them some handsome furniture.  
Get Jones from Leeds to send them  
some things for that little room of  
theirs that has nothing at all in  
it.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE rises and grabs his hat and riding stick.

LADY MASON  
Something else I'd like to mention.

SIR PEREGRINE  
(puts down his hat and riding  
stick)  
Surely.

LADY MASON  
Remember that terrible lawsuit?

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

As to Sir Joseph's will? I remember it well.

LADY MASON

I'll never forget how kind you and dear Mrs. Orme were.

SIR PEREGRINE

What about it now?

LADY MASON

I fear I'm going to have further trouble.

SIR PEREGRINE

That man at Groby Park is trying the case again? It's been twenty years.

LADY MASON

You know the attorney in Hamworth who married Miriam Usbech?

SIR PEREGRINE

Samuel Dockwrath. I don't think much of him. Isn't he a tenant of yours?

LADY MASON

Not anymore. Lucius took back the land, so he could farm it himself.

SIR PEREGRINE

(winces)

Ah, when a man has held land so long it shouldn't be taken away from him unless he doesn't pay his rent.

LADY MASON

Mr. Dockwrath paid his rent, and now he's determined to injure us.

SIR PEREGRINE

But what injury can Dockwrath cause you?

LADY MASON

I don't know, but he's gone down to Mr. Mason's place in Yorkshire, hoping these law proceedings will be brought again.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

How do you know this?

LADY MASON

His wife was with me yesterday.  
Something about some documents he  
found. Or didn't find--I don't  
understand--

SIR PEREGRINE

Mrs. Dockwrath went behind his  
back?

LADY MASON

Please don't think badly of her or  
me.

(quickly)

You think I've done wrong.

SIR PEREGRINE

Not wrong. Perhaps unwise.

LADY MASON

Promise me you won't desert me if  
all this trouble comes again.

SIR PEREGRINE

I won't desert you, Lady Mason. But  
pay no attention to Dockwrath. I  
don't know Mr. Mason of Groby Park,  
but it's unlikely he'll spend money  
on such an unpromising case.

LADY MASON

He'd do anything for vengeance.

SIR PEREGRINE

He won't throw away his money  
unless he's sure of his prey. The  
jury decided, and he never  
appealed.

LADY MASON

But it's impossible to know what he  
found.

SIR PEREGRINE

Could there be a later will that  
disinherits your son?

LADY MASON

No. Should I say anything to Mr.  
Furnival?

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

No. Do nothing and have no further conversations with Mrs. Dockwrath.

LADY MASON

I'll fear nothing now because you've promised that you'll still be my friend.

SIR PEREGRINE

I don't abandon those whom I regard with esteem and affection.

SIR PEREGRINE takes LADY MASON'S hand, bows, and kisses it.

LADY MASON

My dearest, dearest friend.

LADY MASON lifts SIR PEREGRINE'S hand to her lips and kisses it.

EXT. BULL INN - NIGHT

A steady drizzle falls in Leeds. TOWNSPEOPLE hustle along the street, bundled up, shivering, chilled to the bone.

INT. BULL INN - TAP ROOM - NIGHT

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH gets the attention of JAMES, the waiter.

DOCKWRATH

Please show me to the commercial room.

JAMES looks DOCKWRATH up and down.

JAMES

'Mercial, sir?

DOCKWRATH

Didn't you hear me say so?

JAMES hesitates, sighs, and then reluctantly motions DOCKWRATH to follow.

INT. BULL INN - COMMERCIAL ROOM - NIGHT

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH sits in the only armchair in front of the fire in the darkened well-appointed room. A cigar and glass of brandy sit beside him on a small table. DOCKWRATH has placed himself so the gas light falls from behind his head onto the Leeds and Halifax Chronicle newspaper he holds on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

A commotion of heavy, assured footsteps are heard off-screen, and then a deep, brusque voice is heard.

MOULDER

(OS)

Mary, my dear, what's the time of day with you?

BULL INN CHAMBERMAID

(OS)

Much about the old tune, Mr. Moulder.

MOULDER

(OS)

Time to look alive and keep moving. Will you have them boxes upstairs, Mr. Kantwise?

A muffled response is heard off-screen, and JAMES and two men, MOULDER and KANTWISE, enter the commercial room.

MOULDER is a short, fat man, brimming with self-confidence. KANTWISE is a small, square man who speaks with a sideways glance.

MOULDER

Who's the party, James?

JAMES

Gen'elman by the 8.22 down.

MOULDER

Commercial?

JAMES

He says so himself, anyways.

MOULDER

Gammon!

DOCKWRATH pulls his chair closer to the fire. MOULDER walks to the fire to warm himself.

MOULDER

Cold evening, sir, for the time of year.

DOCKWRATH

(keeps his eyes on the newspaper)

Coldish. Waiter, bring me a cigar.

The room turns quiet and tense.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH  
Waiter, d'ye hear?

MOULDER'S face turns red.

MOULDER  
Sir, I and this gentleman are going to have a bit of supper, and it ain't accustomed to smoke in commercial rooms during meals.

DOCKWRATH shoots MOULDER a hard glance.

KANTWISE  
You're wrong there, Mr. Moulder, ain't you?

MOULDER  
Wrong about what?

KANTWISE  
Well, as to smoking. It's nine o'clock, and if the gentleman--

MOULDER  
I don't care a brass farthing about the clock, but when I'm going to have a bit of steak with my tea, in my own room, I chooses to have it comfortable.

KANTWISE  
Goodness me, Mr. Moulder, how many times have I seen you sitting there with a pipe in your mouth, and half a dozen gents drinking their teas the while in this very room? When--

MOULDER  
Bother your rules. Has the gentleman any right to be in this room at all? Is he commercial, or is he miscellaneous?

KANTWISE  
You're on the square there, I must admit.

MOULDER  
James, is that gentleman commercial, or is he not?

JAMES hems and haws, and DOCKWRATH responds.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

Sir, I think you'll find it extremely difficult to define that word. In this enterprising country all men are more or less commercial.

KANTWISE

Hear, hear.

MOULDER

That's gammon.

DOCKWRATH

Gammon it may be, but taking the word in its broadest, strictest, and most intelligible sense, I'm a commercial gentleman and have a full right to public room.

KANTWISE

Well put.

MOULDER

(loudly)

Waiter, is this gent a commercial because if not--My compliments to Mr. Crump, and I wish to see him.

JAMES

Master's just stepped out.

MOULDER

Answer my question.

JAMES

The gent said he was 'mercial.

DOCKWRATH

Please don't bring the waiter into this discussion. I asked for the commercial room, and he showed me in.

MOULDER sniffs, and he and KANTWISE sit on the bench.

MOULDER

James, I'll have a little bit of steak with my tea. With the gravy in it. And a bit of fat, and a few slices of onion, thin mind, put on raw, not with all the taste fried out, and tell the cook if she don't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER (cont'd)  
do it as it, I'll be down into the  
kitchen and do it myself. You'll  
join me, Kantwise, eh?

KANTWISE  
Well, I think not. I dined at  
three, you know.

MOULDER  
(grunting)  
Bother.

INT. GROBY PARK - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLARA has been regaling two other servants, PEG and TINA,  
with her imitation of MRS. MASON. PEG and TINA are trying,  
without success, to keep from laughing.

PEG  
Apples? Apples!

CLARA  
(in MRS. MASON's voice)  
We could send her down a hamper of  
apples--that is, a basketful.

TINA  
Why not give the Greens some money?

CLARA  
(in MRS. MASON's voice)  
If you mean money, my dear, I  
couldn't do it. I wouldn't so  
offend a lady for all the world.  
(beat)  
Depend upon it, she gets a great  
deal more than she gives.

ALL are dying from trying to suppress their laughter.

INT. BULL INN - COMMERCIAL ROOM - NIGHT

The dinner dishes have been cleared. MOULDER lights up a  
pipe.

KANTWISE  
Did you ever hear anything of that  
Mr. Mason who lives near Bradford?

MOULDER  
I remember his father when I was a  
boy. Mason and Martock in the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER (cont'd)  
Old Jewry. Very good people they  
were too.

KANTWISE  
He's decently well off now, isn't  
he?

MOULDER  
I suppose he is. That place there  
by the roadside is all his own.  
Have you been at him with some of  
your rusty, rickety tables and  
chairs?

KANTWISE  
Mr. Moulder, you forget that there  
is a gentleman here who won't  
understand that you're joking. I  
was doing business at Groby Park,  
but I found the party uncommonly  
hard to deal with.

MOULDER  
Didn't complete the transaction?

KANTWISE  
Not exactly, but I intend to call  
again. He's close enough himself,  
but his lady, Mrs. M.! Lord love  
you, Mr. Moulder, that is a woman.

MOULDER takes a long drink. KANTWISE shakes his head and  
closes his eyes.

DOCKWRATH  
Begging your pardon, sir, were you  
talking about the Mr. Mason who  
lives in these parts?

KANTWISE  
Joseph Mason, Esq., of Groby Park.

DOCKWRATH  
Will I be likely to find him at  
home tomorrow?

KANTWISE  
Certainly, sir. Any personal  
acquaintance with Mr. Mason? If so,  
I meant nothing offensive by my  
allusion to the lady.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

The lady's nothing to me, sir, nor the gentleman either.

KANTWISE

I could join you in a gig or fly, sir, tomorrow, as far as Groby Park. I shall only take a few pieces with me, and they're no weight at all.

DOCKWRATH

My meeting with Mr. Mason is private.

KANTWISE

Of course. In another twenty years, sir, there won't be a wooden table in the country, unless it's with some poor person who can't afford to refurnish. Iron's the thing nowadays.

DOCKWRATH

I'm sure you know your business.

KANTWISE

(fast)

I can let you have a set of drawing room furniture for fifteen ten that you've never seen equaled in wood for three times the money, ornamented in the tastiest way, and fit for any lady's drawing room or boodoor [sic]. There's three tables, eight chairs, easy rocking-chair, music-stand, stool to match, and a pair of stand-up screens, all gilt in real Louey catorse, and it goes in three boxes. For fifteen ten and the boxes in.

(beat)

If ready money, the carriage paid.

KANTWISE gives DOCKWRATH a meaningful look.

DOCKWRATH

I'm afraid the articles aren't in my line.

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE

It's the tastiest present for a gentleman to make to his lady. Let me show you the articles, sir.

DOCKWRATH doesn't answer, but KANTWISE skips out of the room.

INT. BULL INN - COMMERCIAL ROOM - NIGHT

MOULDER is asleep. His head has fallen to the side, though the pipe is still between his teeth. DOCKWRATH is reading the paper. KANTWISE, JAMES, and a boot, JOE, trudge into the room, each carrying a box the size of a coffin on his shoulder. The boxes are deposited in different parts of the room.

KANTWISE hurries about the room with wonderful agility, unfastening the boxes, and taking out the contents. Meanwhile, JOE and JAMES assist with great curiosity. DOCKWRATH occasionally glances up at the activity.

Finally, KANTWISE recklessly throws aside the brown paper. With a practised hand, he puts together one article after another.

KANTWISE steps back to admire them.

KANTWISE

It's the real Louey catorse.

KANTWISE stoops down to work on the second table. It has a chess pattern with blue and light-pink squares. Its legs are similar to the first table. The third table is smaller.

One after another, he brings forth and screws up the chairs, stools, and sundry screens, and within a quarter of an hour he has put up the whole set. The red bird of paradise and the blue ground appear on all.

KANTWISE

There's nothing equal to that for the money, either in England or France.

DOCKWRATH

They're very nice.

KANTWISE

For fifteen ten, delivered, boxes included. There's nothing like iron. Look here, sir.

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE takes two of the pieces of brown paper which had been laid aside, carefully spreads one on the centre of the round table, and the other on the seat of one of the chairs. Then lightly poising himself on his toe, he steps on the chair, and then on the table. In that position, he skillfully brings his feet together and gracefully waves his hands over his head.

James and JOE stand by admiring with open mouths.

KANTWISE

I don't think any lady would allow  
you to stand on her rosewood or  
mahogany loo-table.

KANTWISE waves his arms abroad, still keeping his feet together in the same position.

MOULDER awakens.

MOULDER

Upon my word, I'd sooner you than  
me.

KANTWISE

I certainly shouldn't like to see  
you up here, Mr. Moulder. Joe, lend  
me your shoulder, there's a good  
fellow.

JOE helps KANTWISE off the table.

MOULDER

James, give me a bedcandle.

MOULDER gets up with some difficulty and toddles out of the room with JAMES and JOE.

DOCKWRATH

I think I'll go too.

KANTWISE

You'll let me put you up the set,  
eh?

DOCKWRATH

I'll think about it. Good night,  
sir. I'm much obliged to you.

DOCKWRATH leaves the room, and KANTWISE begins to disassemble the furniture.

EXT. GROBY PARK HOUSE- DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH rides up to the house in a gig, a two-wheeled cart pulled by a horse.

INT. GROBY PARK HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH is seated in a chair, across from JOSEPH MASON, who sits behind his desk.

DOCKWRATH

My name is Dockwrath, and I'm a solicitor. I live at Hamworth, and I married the daughter of old Mr. Usbech, who I'm sure you remember.

MASON barely nods.

DOCKWRATH

I was too young when you had that trial about Orley Farm to have anything to do with it myself, but I remember it well. I suppose, sir, you remember it too?

JOSEPH MASON

Yes, Mr. Dockwrath, I remember it well.

DOCKWRATH

My impression was always that there was something missing.

JOSEPH MASON

What sort of thing, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH

Some secret. I don't think that Round and Crook managed the matter well, Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

What do you want, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH

To see right done, Mr. Mason. I don't think your lawyers got to the bottom of it.

DOCKWRATH leans back, and the room is quiet for a few moments.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

Have you gotten to the bottom of it, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH

Mr. Usbech was your father's man of business for years upon years, and yet your lawyers didn't go through his papers.

JOSEPH MASON

Are these documents with you now?

DOCKWRATH

I never carry original documents. But...

DOCKWRATH pulls a letter-case out of his breast coat pocket. JOSEPH MASON leans forward.

DOCKWRATH

What do you think my journey down here will cost me?

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath, if you can help with the Orley Farm estate, I will see that you're compensated. Messrs. Round and Crook--

DOCKWRATH

I'll have nothing to do with Round and Crook.

JOSEPH MASON

Then, Mr. Dockwrath--

DOCKWRATH

But since you're a gentleman and man of honour, I'll tell you what I've found, and leave it to you to do what you think right about my expenses, time, and services.

DOCKWRATH pulls out a small piece of paper from the letter-case.

JOSEPH MASON

I prefer to read it myself.

DOCKWRATH

As you like, Mr. Mason.  
(hands MASON the piece of paper)

(CONTINUED)

It's a few dates and particulars,  
jotted down to assist my memory.

The following is written in neat handwriting on the  
half-sheet of paper:

Date of codicil. 14th July 1842.

Witnesses to the instrument. John Kenneby, Bridget  
Bolster, Jonathan Usbech. N.B. Jonathan Usbech died before  
the testator.

Mason and Martock. Deed of separation; dated 14th July 1842.

Executed at Orley Farm.

Witnesses John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster. Deed was  
prepared in the office of Jonathan Usbech, and probably  
executed in his presence.

JOSEPH MASON reads the paper several times.

DOCKWRATH

You don't see it, sir?

JOSEPH MASON

See what?

DOCKWRATH

The dates, to begin with.

JOSEPH MASON

I see that the dates are the  
same--the 14th of July in the same  
year.

DOCKWRATH

Well?

JOSEPH MASON

Well?

DOCKWRATH

John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster  
were witnesses to both. But it  
didn't come out in evidence that  
either of them recollected having  
been called on for two signatures  
on the same day.

JOSEPH MASON

The dates are the same, and the  
witnesses the same. So?

DOCKWRATH

The deed of separation is genuine.  
There's no doubt about that.

(beat)

Lady Mason is clever, and it's  
almost a pity that she should come  
to grief.

JOSEPH MASON

She's a common swindler.

DOCKWRATH

If it's anything, it's forgery.

JOSEPH MASON

I always felt sure that my father  
never intended to sign such a  
codicil as that.

DOCKWRATH

He never signed it, Mr. Mason. And  
the witnesses didn't witness two  
signatures on July 14.

JOSEPH MASON

You think not, eh?

DOCKWRATH

The girl Bolster would have  
remembered it, and would have said  
so. She was sharp enough.

JOSEPH MASON

Who wrote all the names then at the  
foot of the will?

DOCKWRATH

Who did write them?

The room goes quiet. DOCKWRATH picks up a penknife from the  
desk and plays with it.

JOSEPH MASON

What now, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH

Messrs. Round and Crook have  
neglected your business in a most  
shameful manner.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath, I'll think over this  
matter, and then I'll come up to  
town.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

You won't mention the matter to Round and Crook?

JOSEPH MASON

I think it will be better that I should mention it, and then see you afterwards.

DOCKWRATH

What about my expenses down here?

We hear a light tap at the study door, and MRS. MASON enters the room.

MRS. MASON

My dear, I didn't know that you were engaged.

JOSEPH MASON

I'm engaged.

MRS. MASON

I beg pardon. Is this the gentleman from Hamworth?

DOCKWRATH

Yes, ma'am. I'm the gentleman from Hamworth.

DOCKWRATH gets to his feet and bows.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath, Mrs. Mason.

MRS. MASON curtsies.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath will lunch with us, my dear.

MRS. MASON leaves. JOSEPH MASON waits a moment and then speaks to DOCKWRATH.

JOSEPH MASON

Will you take a tour about the place while lunch is getting ready?

INT. GROBY PARK - KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. MASON is meeting with CLARA concerning the lunch. CLARA is respectful and attentive. TINA is also in the room, peeling potatoes.

MRS. MASON

You understand what I want, Clara?

CLARA

Yes, ma'am. I'll let you know when it's ready.

MRS. MASON leaves the room. CLARA and TINA exchange a look.

EXT. GROBY PARK GARDENS - DAY

JOSEPH MASON and SAMUEL DOCKWRATH crunch as they walk along the terrace's gravel.

JOSEPH MASON

It's dreadful to think of. Twenty years.

JOSEPH shudders, and his face darkens with anger.

JOSEPH MASON

Damn her! Hanging wouldn't be bad enough for her.

DOCKWRATH

They can't hang her, Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

They've altered the laws, giving every encouragement to forgers, villains, and perjurers. Still, they can give her penal servitude for life and must do it.

DOCKWRATH

She's not convicted.

JOSEPH MASON

(growls)

*Damn her!*

HENRY, the GROBY PARK FOOTMAN, steps onto the terrace.

HENRY

Lunch is on the table, sir.

INT. GROBY PARK - DINING ROOM - DAY

DOCKWRATH is seated with JOSEPH MASON, MRS. MASON, and the MASON's daughters, DIANA, PENELOPE, and CREUSA. HENRY stands at attention. The handsome dining room is outfitted with heavy furniture, including a table for twelve. Three large covered dishes are also on the table. DOCKWRATH gazes hopefully at the dishes.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath, that is Miss Diana Mason, that Miss Creusa Mason, and this Penelope. Henry, remove the covers.

HENRY makes a great display of removing the covers. The largest dish, set in front of JOSEPH MASON, holds only two small drumsticks and some unidentifiable bone. The dish in front of MRS. MASON holds three morsels of blackened something, and in front of CREUSA is a dish containing three small potatoes.

A puzzled look crosses DOCKWRATH's face. JOSEPH's face darkens. MRS. MASON notices and forces a smile.

MRS. MASON

(points)

This is broiled ham, Mr. Dockwrath, and there is chicken at the other end. I think they call it devilled.

DOCKWRATH

Shall I assist the young ladies to anything first?

PENELOPE

(stiffly bows her head)

Nothing, thank you.

MRS. MASON

My daughters only eat bread and butter in the middle of the day. Creusa, my dear, will you give Mr. Dockwrath a potato? Mr. Mason, Mr. Dockwrath will probably take a bit of that chicken.

JOSEPH pokes around the dish with a fork.

JOSEPH MASON

(between his teeth)

I would recommend him to follow the girls' example, and confine himself

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON (cont'd)  
to the bread and butter. There's  
nothing here for him to eat.

MRS. MASON  
My dear.

JOSEPH MASON  
What is it you pretend to have in  
that dish?  
(angrily)  
What is it?

MRS. MASON  
Broiled ham, Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON  
Then let the ham be brought in.  
Diana, ring the bell.

DIANA doesn't move.

MRS. MASON  
But the ham isn't cooked, Mr.  
Mason. Broiled ham is always better  
when it hasn't been first boiled.

JOSEPH MASON  
Is there no cold meat in the house?

MRS. MASON  
(trembling)  
I'm afraid not. You don't like  
large joints yourself, Mr. Mason,  
and for ourselves we don't eat meat  
at luncheon.

JOSEPH MASON  
Nor anyone else here.

DOCKWRATH  
Don't mind me, Mr. Mason. I'm a  
poor fist at lunch.

MRS. MASON  
I'm sorry, Mr. Mason. If I'd known  
that an early dinner was required,  
it should have been provided,  
although the notice given was so  
short.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

We're quite regular at home at half-past five, and all I ever take in the middle of the day is a biscuit and a glass of sherry--or perhaps a bite of bread and cheese. Don't worry about me, Mrs. Mason.

PENELOPE, DIANA, and CREUSA rise from the table and leave the room single-file. In a moment, MRS. MASON rises.

MRS. MASON

The carriage has been ordered at three, Mr. M. Shall we have the pleasure of your company?

JOSEPH MASON

No.

MRS. MASON curtsies to DOCKWRATH and leaves the room.

DOCKWRATH

I may as well order my gig now.

JOSEPH MASON

I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Dockwrath, and I hope to see you in London shortly.

DOCKWRATH

You're determined to go to Round and Crook, I suppose?

JOSEPH MASON

Certainly.

DOCKWRATH

They'll throw you over again as sure as your name is Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath, you must allow me to judge that myself.

DOCKWRATH

I'm sure that a gentleman like you, Mr. Mason, will understand--

JOSEPH MASON

That I can't expect your services without paying for them. That will be fully explained to Messrs. Round and Crook.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

As long as I'm paid for what I do,  
I'm content.

EXT. GROBY PARK - DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH, riding in his gig outside the gate, waves at KANTWISE, who passes him in his gig, loaded with furniture boxes.

INT. BULL INN - COMMERCIAL ROOM - EVENING

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH is again in front of the fire, reading the newspaper. In a moment, KANTWISE strolls in.

DOCKWRATH

Any luck with Mrs. Mason?

KANTWISE

A wonderful woman that, Mr. Dockwrath. No particular friend of yours, you say?

DOCKWRATH

None in the least, Mr. Kantwise.

KANTWISE

Then she beats all that I've ever met.

KANTWISE shakes his head as though lost in wonder and admiration.

KANTWISE

What do you think she's done now?

DOCKWRATH

She didn't give you much to eat, I take it.

KANTWISE

She's made me sell her a set for twelve, seventeen, six. I lost money.

DOCKWRATH

Why'd you sell them at a loss?

KANTWISE

She got round me, badgering me, till I didn't know where I was. She wanted them as a present for the curate's wife.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

She got them for twelve, seventeen,  
six?

KANTWISE

They was strained, particularly the  
loo.

DOCKWRATH

You went through your gymnastics on  
them a little too often?

DOCKWRATH chuckles. KANTWISE doesn't.

INT. BULL INN - COMMERCIAL ROOM - NIGHT

The commercial room is now crowded with other businessmen,  
including KANTWISE, DOCKWRATH, MR. GAPE, and MR. SNENKELD.  
They're seated around the table for dinner. JAMES walks into  
the room, holding two bottles of sherry.

MOULDER

(to DOCKWRATH)

Sir, the honour of a glass of wine  
with you.

DOCKWRATH

Sir, I'm obliged by the honour, but  
I don't drink wine to my dinner.

MR. MOULDER bows his head solemnly, winks at SNENKELD, and  
takes a sip.

KANTWISE

(whispers into DOCKWRATH'S  
ear)

It's the rule of the room.

MR. SNENKELD

(to DOCKWRATH)

Sir, the honour of a glass of wine  
with you.

MR. GAPE

(to DOCKWRATH)

Sir, the honour of a glass of wine  
with you.

DOCKWRATH

I don't drink wine with my dinner.

(CONTINUED)

GAPE, SNENKELD, and MOULDER look at each other and wink. In a moment, JAMES brings in a cheese plate and a bottle of port wine. The bottle is passed around. DOCKWRATH passes it without pouring it in his glass.

DOCKWRATH

James, bring me a little brandy and water.

MOULDER

Half a moment, if you please, sir.  
(loudly)  
James, the dinner bill.

JAMES

Yes, sir.

MOULDER fills his glass again.

MOULDER

Gentlemen, the Queen.

MOULDER lifts his glass of port up to the light, shuts one eye, and swallows the contents.

KANTWISE

(whispers in DOCKWRATH's ear)  
I'm afraid they'll charge you for the wine.

DOCKWRATH stiffens but ignores him. JAMES returns.

MOULDER

Let's have it, James.

JAMES hands him the bill, and MOULDER looks it over.

MOULDER

Five shillings a head, gentlemen.  
You and I can make a pretty good guess as to the figure, eh, Snengkeld?

MOULDER puts down two half-crowns, as does SNENKELD and GAPE.

KANTWISE

(nervously, to DOCKWRATH)  
You and I will settle at the bar.

MOULDER

I like to see the dinner bill settled as soon as the dinner is eaten.

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE

I don't think I have the change.

MOULDER

(puts his hands in his trouser pockets)

I'll lend it to you.

KANTWISE slowly puts down five shillings. JAMES walks up to DOCKWRATH.

MOULDER

In commercial rooms, sir, the dinner bill is divided equally among all the gentlemen who sit down, and the figure generally comes to five shillings. That's about it, ain't it, James?

JAMES

That's the rule, sir, in all commercial rooms as I ever see.

DOCKWRATH

I shall pay two shillings for my dinner and sixpence for my beer.

DOCKWRATH puts down half a crown.

MOULDER

So, after forcing your way into this room, you refuse to abide by the rules of the room?

DOCKWRATH

I neither ordered that wine nor did I drink it.

DOCKWRATH tightens his mouth, leans back in his chair, and looks up into one corner of the ceiling.

KANTWISE

The gentleman certainly didn't drink the wine.

MOULDER

Gammon!

KANTWISE

Mr. Moulder, I don't exactly know what you mean by that word gammon, but it's objectionable. The gentleman didn't drink the wine. If

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE (cont'd)

what I say is correct, it can't be gammon.

MOULDER

Everybody at the table knows he didn't drink the wine. You had better pay your five shillings, and have no jaw about it. Mr.--

DOCKWRATH

My name is Dockwrath, and I'm a solicitor.

MOULDER

Last night you said you was commercial. Will you be good enough to tell us, Mr. Solicitor--for I didn't catch your name, except that it begins with a dock--and that's where most of your clients are to be found, I suppose--

KANTWISE

(holds up both hands)

Order, order, order.

DOCKWRATH

I've paid for what I've already had, and I don't mean to pay for what I've not had.

MOULDER

James, my compliments to Mr. Crump. I'll request his attendance for five minutes.

JAMES leaves the room. In a moment, MR. CRUMP enters the room. He's clean-shaven, about fifty, and dressed from head to foot in black. He has grizzly gray hair, which stands upright on his head. He smiles a frozen smile.

MOULDER

Mr. Crump, here has occurred a very unpleasant transaction.

MR. CRUMP

I know all about it, gentlemen. I assure you, gentlemen, that I'm sorry for anything that has disturbed the harmony of our dinner table.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

We must call upon you, Mr. Crump--

MR. CRUMP

If you allow me one moment, Mr. Moulder, and I'll tell you my suggestion. The gentlemen here, who I understand is a lawyer, doesn't wish to comply with the rules of the commercial room.

DOCKWRATH

I don't intend to pay for drink I didn't order.

MR. CRUMP

Exactly. And therefore, gentlemen, to get out of the difficulty, we'll presume, if you please, that the bill is paid.

MOULDER

The lawyer, as you call him, will have to leave the room.

MR. CRUMP

Perhaps he won't object to step over to the coffee-room on the other side.

DOCKWRATH

I won't leave under the circumstances.

MOULDER

Then you must be made.

DOCKWRATH

Let me see the man who'll make me.

MR. CRUMP

The fact is, the gentleman shouldn't have been showed into the room at all.

MR. CRUMP casts a hard look at JAMES.

JAMES

He said he was 'mercial.

DOCKWRATH

I'm a commercial lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

He must leave the room, or I shall leave the house.

MR. CRUMP

Gentlemen, gentlemen! If Mr. Moulder would allow me to suggest that the commercial gentlemen take their wine in the large drawing room upstairs, Mrs. C. will do her best to make it comfortable for them in five minutes.

MOULDER

If the other gentlemen are agreeable, I am.

The other men nod and rise, except for KANTWISE.

MR. GAPE

(to DOCKWRATH)

You ought to leave the room as you don't choose to abide by the rules.

DOCKWRATH

That's your opinion.

DOCKWRATH sinks further into the chair.

MOULDER

There, Mr. Crump--

MOULDER reaches into his pocket, pulls out a crown, and throws it on the table.

MOULDER

I shan't see you at a loss.

MR. CRUMP

Thank you, sir.

MR. CRUMP picks up the money.

MOULDER

I keep a little account for charity at home. I shall have the pleasure of writing down that I paid half a crown for a lawyer who couldn't afford to settle his own dinner bill.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I hope you'll find the large  
drawing room upstairs comfortable.

MOULDER, SNENKELD, and GAPE walk out of the room, with  
MOULDER in the lead. MR. CRUMP follows behind.

MR. CRUMP

(OS)

Gentlemen, I am sorry for this  
little accident, but a lawyer, you  
know--

MOULDER

(OS)

And such a lawyer, eh, Crump?

KANTWISE awkwardly rises.

KANTWISE

(backs out of the room)

Good night, sir.

DOCKWRATH is alone in the commercial room.

EXT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DAY

Harley Street is a fashionable London neighborhood.  
FURNIVAL's house is no exception.

LUCIUS MASON stands at the front door and knocks.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LUCIUS MASON sits in a chair across a table from the lady of  
the house, middle-aged MRS. KITTY FURNIVAL, and her  
beautiful young daughter, SOPHIA.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Mr. Furnival was supposed to be  
back in town this evening.

LUCIUS MASON

I suppose business keeps him.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Papa went down to Birmingham for  
some congress going on there.

LUCIUS MASON

All that must take a lot of time.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Yes, and Papa finds it a terrible bore.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Your papa likes it, Sophia.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

He doesn't like being away from home, Mama. He likes excitement, and success. Don't all men, Mr. Mason?

LUCIUS MASON

Men and women ought to.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Ah, but women have no sphere.

LUCIUS MASON

They have minds equal to those of men and should be able to have brilliant careers.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Women shouldn't have any spheres.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I don't agree with you, Mama.

MRS. FURNIVAL

The world is too fond of excitement and success. Men should make money in their profession, but if success means rampaging about, and never knowing what it is to sit quiet by the fireside, I would sooner manage without it.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

But, Mama, success isn't always rampageous.

LUCIUS MASON

Literary women who've achieved a name bear their honours quietly.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Some are as fond of gadding as the men. Old maids, unmarried people can do what they like, but married people have no business being enticed away from home.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Mama is all for a Darby and Joan  
life.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I'm not, my dear, but I do think  
life should be lived at home.

An awkward silence follows before LUCIUS speaks again.

LUCIUS MASON  
You know my mother, Mrs. Furnival?

MRS. FURNIVAL nods.

LUCIUS MASON  
I shall meet her in town tomorrow.  
She's coming up for some shopping.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Oh, indeed.

LUCIUS MASON  
And then we'll go back home  
together. I'm to meet her at the  
chemist's at the top of Chancery  
Lane.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Oh, indeed.

The FOOTMAN arrives with the tea.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

It's a few minutes later, and LUCIUS, MRS. FURNIVAL, and SOPHIA are enjoying tea. LUCIUS and SOPHIA have just shared a laugh, but MRS. FURNIVAL is quiet and withdrawn. In a moment, we hear a bell and then a knock, followed by off-screen footsteps.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
That's Papa.

LUCIUS MASON  
I haven't seen him since I returned  
from Germany. You must introduce  
me.

MR. FURNIVAL, a middle-aged, tall man, opens the door and walks into the room.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FURNIVAL  
How are you, Kitty?

MR. FURNIVAL holds out the forefinger of his right hand by way of greeting.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Sophie, my love.

MR. FURNIVAL kisses his daughter.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Lucius Mason. I'm very glad to see you. You're welcome in Harley Street, and I hope you'll be here often.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
He won't often find you at home, Mr. Furnival.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Not so often as I wish, but things will be better before long. How's your mother, Lucius?

LUCIUS MASON  
She's well, thank you, sir. I'm meeting her in town tomorrow, and then returning home with her.

MRS. FURNIVAL exchanges a quick glance with her husband, but he looks away.

MR. FURNIVAL  
She's to be in town, is she?

LUCIUS MASON  
Coming up for some shopping.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Oh, indeed.

There is another awkward silence.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I hope you've been enjoying yourself at Birmingham.

MR. FURNIVAL  
I didn't go for enjoyment. Women think that men have no purpose but amusement when they go about their daily work.

MR. FURNIVAL sinks into an armchair and opens a magazine.

INT. FURNIVAL'S LAW OFFICE CHAMBERS - THE NEXT MORNING

MR. FURNIVAL sits at his desk, gazing down at a pile of papers. The leather furniture is large and dusty. Heavy curtains hang on the windows. Once red, they're now brown, as are the carpet, books, and ceiling. The painted woodwork on the doors and windows are a darker brown.

The door is opened by FURNIVAL's assistant, MR. CRABWITZ.

MR. CRABWITZ  
Sir, Lady Mason is here to see you.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Please send her in, Crabwitz.

LADY MASON enters the room. She's dressed plainly but carefully. A veil covers her face.

LADY MASON lifts her veil. MR. FURNIVAL presses her hand.

LADY MASON  
I wouldn't have troubled you unless  
I was greatly troubled myself.

MR. FURNIVAL  
I'm sorry that you should be  
troubled.

MR. FURNIVAL takes the other armchair, opposite to her, and pulls his chair closer to hers.

MR FURNIVAL  
Lady Mason, I wish you hadn't told  
Lucius you were to be in London.

LADY MASON  
Have you seen him?

MR. FURNIVAL  
He was in Harley Street with the  
ladies yesterday. But it doesn't  
matter. Tell me what's troubling  
you.

MR. FURNIVAL takes LADY MASON's hand.

LADY MASON  
I learned from Miriam Dockwrath  
that her husband found out  
something about dates which the  
lawyers didn't know before.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FURNIVAL

Dates?

LADY MASON

He said the lawyers in Bedford  
Row--

MR. FURNIVAL

Round and Crook.

LADY MASON

Yes. He said they were idiots not  
to have found it, and then he went  
off to Groby Park. He came back,  
but I haven't seen Miriam since.

MR. FURNIVAL drops LADY MASON's hand and looks earnestly at  
the fire, while LADY MASON looks earnestly at him.

MR. FURNIVAL

Lucius shouldn't have disturbed  
that fellow about his fields.

LADY MASON

Would it be wise to let him have  
the land again?

MR. FURNIVAL

It'd be telling him and others that  
you're afraid of him. If he's  
obtained any valuable information,  
he can sell it for a higher price  
than the fields are worth.

LADY MASON

Would it be well if--I hardly know  
what I'm saying--but would it be  
wise to pay him anything, so as to  
keep him quiet?

MR. FURNIVAL

You mean buy him off?

LADY MASON

Compensate him for his land with an  
understanding, you know--

MR. FURNIVAL

It depends on what he has. But I  
don't think it's a good idea.  
Chances are that it's all  
moonshine.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

You think so?

MR. FURNIVAL

What could that man possibly have found among the old attorney's papers that might hurt your interests?

LADY MASON

I understand so little of these things.

MR. FURNIVAL

The questions were settled at the trial. Could he have made a later will?

LADY MASON

I'm sure he didn't. Usbech was his lawyer, and I don't believe he attended to any business after that day.

MR. FURNIVAL

What day?

LADY MASON

The 14th of July, the day he was with Sir Joseph.

MR. FURNIVAL

You're sure Dockwrath went to Groby Park?

LADY MASON

I have no doubt.

MR. FURNIVAL

All we can do is wait. Have you mentioned this to Sir Peregrine?

LADY MASON nods.

MR. FURNIVAL

You were right to go to Sir Peregrine. What did he say?

LADY MASON

He promised he wouldn't desert me if anything comes of it.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FURNIVAL  
You're lucky to have him as your  
neighbour.

LADY MASON  
And the advice of such a friend as  
you.

LADY MASON puts out her hand to MR. FURNIVAL.

MR. FURNIVAL  
It's my job to give advice.

MR. FURNIVAL smiles and takes LADY MASON's hand.

MR. FURNIVAL  
As I was saying, I don't think we  
should do anything now. Dockwrath  
is a vulgar, low-minded, revengeful  
fellow, and you should try to  
forget him.

LADY MASON  
I wish I could.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Round isn't a bad fellow. He was  
the junior partner at the time of  
the trial, and I know he persuaded  
Joseph Mason not to appeal. I'll  
find out if anything is being done.

MR. FURNIVAL rises from his chair.

LADY MASON  
(rising from her chair)  
If there is, you'll help me?

MR. FURNIVAL  
Of course.

LADY MASON brings her handkerchief to her wet eyes.

LADY MASON  
Thank you.

MR. FURNIVAL opens his arms.

MR. FURNIVAL  
No harm shall come to you.

LADY MASON

Will I hear from you after you've seen Mr. Round?

The door opens, and MR. CRABWITZ is there. However, before he has a chance to speak, MRS. FURNIVAL rushes into the room.

MR. CRABWITZ

(hurried)

Mrs. Furnival, if you please, sir.

MR. FURNIVAL steps back and lets his hands fall to his sides. LADY MASON also takes a step backward and then puts out her hand to MRS. FURNIVAL.

MRS. FURNIVAL

How do you do, Lady Mason? I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you very well. I did hear that you were in town shopping, but I didn't expect to find you here.

LADY MASON

I came up to see Mr. Furnival about some unfortunate law business.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Your son Lucius said shopping.

LADY MASON

That's what I told him. I didn't want him or anyone to know I had this new trouble. I'm sure this will be safe with you, dear Mrs. Furnival.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I shall say nothing, of course. I'm sorry I intruded. Mr. Furnival, as I happened to be in Holborn--at Mudie's for some books--I thought I'd stop in and ask whether you intend to dine at home today.

MR. FURNIVAL

I told you I was returning to Birmingham this afternoon. I'll dine there.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Very well. Good morning, Lady Mason. I hope you may be successful in your lawsuit.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL curtsies.

LADY MASON

I believe that I've said all that I need say, Mr. Furnival, so if Mrs. Furnival wishes--

LADY MASON gathers herself up as though ready to leave the room.

MR. FURNIVAL

I hardly know what Mrs. Furnival wishes.

MRS. FURNIVAL

My wishes are nothing, and I really am quite sorry that I came in.

MRS. FURNIVAL brusquely leaves the office, and the door slams shut.

LADY MASON

If Mrs. Furnival wished to speak to you on business, I'm not surprised she's angry.

MR. FURNIVAL

It's nothing.

LADY MASON

I trust you to make my peace with her.

MR. FURNIVAL

She won't think of it after today, and neither must you, Lady Mason.

LADY MASON

You're too kind. I know how much it is I ask of you.

MR. FURNIVAL

You were so brave and constant twenty years ago, when there really was cause for trembling.

LADY MASON

I was younger then. Men don't grow old as women do, who live alone and gather rust as they feed on their own thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FURNIVAL

I know no one whom time has touched  
so lightly as yourself, Lady  
Mason.

LADY MASON

Another lawsuit would kill me. If  
you can save me from that, even if  
it means buying off that ungrateful  
man--

MR. FURNIVAL

We can't do that. Do you want me to  
talk to Lucius?

LADY MASON

No. He'd glory in the fight,  
but I'm the one who would bear the  
brunt.

EXT. LEEDS TRAIN STATION - DAY

MOULDER, approaching the train on foot, sees DOCKWRATH and  
nods at him.

DOCKWRATH

Hope you were comfortable in the  
back drawing room.

MOULDER stares at DOCKWRATH in silence and then proceeds to  
the first class carriage.

EXT. MANSFIELD TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train coasts into the Mansfield station. MR. KANTWISE  
stands on the platform, next to his wooden boxes.

MOULDER sticks his head out the window.

MOULDER

Well, Kantwise, doing it cheap and  
nasty, eh?

KANTWISE

Not at all nasty, Mr. Moulder. I  
find myself among as respectable a  
class of society in second-class as  
you do in first. Perhaps a little  
better.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

MR. KANTWISE takes his seat next to MR. DOCKWRATH.

KANTWISE

I hope I have the pleasure of  
seeing you bobbish this morning,  
sir.

KANTWISE and DOCKWRATH shake hands.

DOCKWRATH

Tidy, thank you.

KANTWISE chuckles.

KANTWISE

I was delighted that you got the  
better of Moulder. A domineering  
party, isn't he?

(beat)

You'll allow me to put you up one  
of those drawing room sets?

DOCKWRATH

I'm afraid not. They're not strong  
enough where there are children.

KANTWISE

They're made for strength. They're  
the very things for children,  
because they don't break.

DOCKWRATH

But they bend horribly.

KANTWISE

You can turn the backs of them  
chairs nearly down to the ground,  
and they'll come straight again.  
Let me send you a set for your wife  
to look at. If she's not charmed,  
I'll eat them.

DOCKWRATH

Women are easily charmed.

KANTWISE

They know what they're about pretty  
well, as I dare say you've found  
out. I'll send express to Sheffield  
and have a completely new set put  
up for you.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

For twelve seventeen six, of course?

KANTWISE

Oh, dear no, Mr. Dockwrath. The lowest figure for ready money, delivered free, is fifteen ten.

DOCKWRATH

I couldn't think of paying more than Mrs. Mason.

KANTWISE

She merely wanted it as a present for the curate's wife. The table was quite sprung, and the music-stool wouldn't twist.

DOCKWRATH

You'll send them to me new?

KANTWISE

New from the manufactory.

DOCKWRATH

A table that you've never shown off on?

KANTWISE

Upon my honour. You'll find them in your drawing room on Tuesday next.

DOCKWRATH

Thirteen ten.

KANTWISE

I couldn't do it, Mr. Dockwrath.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

It is a few minutes later, and DOCKWRATH and KANTWISE are finishing their negotiations.

KANTWISE

Fourteen eleven.

DOCKWRATH and KANTWISE shake hands.

KANTWISE

Your lady will love them.

EXT. HOLBORN CHEMIST'S SHOP - DAY

LUCIUS, holding a parcel, stands outside the shop, waiting for LADY MASON's cab. It arrives, and she smiles at LUCIUS and offers him her hand. He steps into the cab with her.

INT. HANSOM CAB - DAY

LADY MASON

Was your trip to Liverpool successful?

LUCIUS MASON

I've made arrangements with the importers.

LADY MASON

Will it be cheaper, Lucius?

LUCIUS MASON

I hate bargains. A man who looks for bargains must be a dupe or a cheat, and is probably both.

LADY MASON

Then he's doubly unfortunate.

LUCIUS MASON

He's a cheat because he wants things for less than their value, and a dupe because he'll not get what he wants. I've made arrangements for a supply of a first-rate unadulterated article at its proper market price, and the results will be profitable.

LADY MASON

I spoke to Sir Peregrine about your endeavors, and he'd like you to dine with him.

LUCIUS MASON

I shall be delighted to dine with Sir Peregrine and pleased to talk to him about how he manages his land, but I won't be guided by an old-fashioned professor.

INT. FURNIVAL'S LAW OFFICE CHAMBERS - DAY

MR. FURNIVAL stares into the fireplace, deep in thought. In a moment, he walks to his desk and rings the bell to summon CRABWITZ. CRABWITZ opens the door.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Crabwitz, step over to Bedford Row,  
with my compliments, and find out  
old Mr. Round's address.

CRABWITZ doesn't move or speak.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Well.

MR. CRABWITZ  
Shall I send the porter's boy?

MR. FURNIVAL  
Go yourself. You're not busy. Why  
would I send the porter's boy?

MR. CRABWITZ  
Certainly I'll go if you wish--on  
this occasion, that is. But please  
excuse my saying--

MR. FURNIVAL  
Saying what?

MR. CRABWITZ  
I'm not exactly a messenger, sir.  
Of course I'll go now, as the other  
clerk isn't in.

MR. FURNIVAL  
Oh, you're too great a man to walk  
across to Bedford Row, are you?  
Give me my hat, and I'll go.

MR. CRABWITZ  
I didn't mean that. I'll step over  
to Bedford Row, of course--only I  
did think--

MR. FURNIVAL  
Think what?

MR. CRABWITZ  
That perhaps I was entitled to a  
little more respect, Mr. Furnival.  
It's for your sake as much as my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. CRABWITZ (cont'd)  
own that I speak, but if the  
gentlemen in the lane see me sent  
about like a lad of twenty, they'll  
think--

MR. FURNIVAL  
What will they think?

MR. CRABWITZ  
I don't know what they'll think,  
but it'll be disagreeable to my  
feelings. I did think, sir, that  
perhaps--

MR. FURNIVAL  
If your situation here doesn't suit  
you, you can leave tomorrow. I  
won't have any difficulty finding  
another man to take your place.

MR. CRABWITZ  
I'm sorry to hear you speak in that  
way, Mr. Furnival. Very  
sorry--after fifteen years, sir--

MR. FURNIVAL  
You find yourself too grand to walk  
to Bedford Row?

MR. CRABWITZ  
I'll go now, of course, Mr.  
Furnival.

MR. CRABWITZ closes the door and makes a face.

INT. HANSOM CAB - DAY

LADY MASON and LUCIUS MASON sit next to each other on their  
way to The Cleeve.

LADY MASON  
Lucius please do me a favour and be  
patient with Sir Peregrine.

LUCIUS MASON  
I'll be patient and respectable.

LADY MASON  
Sir Peregrine has been farming all  
his life.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

What are the results? He has three or four hundred acres of uncultivated land on his estate, all of which could grow wheat.

LADY MASON

I don't know anything about that.

LUCIUS MASON

I want to be a farmer, and you're sending me to school. But who is the teacher?

LADY MASON

Please listen to him without contradicting him. It's important to me that I not lose Sir Peregrine's friendship.

LUCIUS MASON

Such is England. Sir Peregrine is a man of family and a baronet, and Hamworth must bow down at his feet.

LADY MASON

It's important that you and I stand well in his sight.

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

The hansom cab, driven by CAB DRIVER and one horse, arrives at the front door of The Cleeve.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

The drawing room screams good breeding. Seated on the sofas are SIR PEREGRINE, his grandson PERRY ORME, and Sir Peregrine's fortyish widowed daughter-in-law, MRS. ORME.

LUCIUS MASON and LADY MASON sit across from them on two chairs.

SIR PEREGRINE

I hear you've been to Liverpool, Lucius.

LUCIUS MASON

Yes, sir. I returned yesterday.

SIR PEREGRINE

And what is the world doing at Liverpool?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

The world is wide awake there, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE

When the world has to make money  
it's always wide awake. But some  
men may be wide awake and yet make  
no money.

LUCIUS MASON

Better that, Sir Peregrine, than  
asleep when there's so much work to  
be done.

SIR PEREGRINE

A sleeping man does no harm.

PERRY ORME

What a comfortable doctrine to  
think of when the servant comes  
with the hot water at eight o'clock  
in the morning.

SIR PEREGRINE

It's one you study constantly, I  
fear.

The gong sounds for dinner.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

SIR PEREGRINE leads LADY MASON into the dining room, and  
LUCIUS MASON follows with MRS. ORME. Also in the dining  
room, we see the BUTLER, dressed in plainclothes, and two  
FOOTMEN in livery.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

A few minutes have passed, and the party has begun eating.

PERRY ORME

Have a bit more beef, Mason. If you  
will, I will.

LUCIUS passes the beef to PERRY without taking any.

SIR PEREGRINE

Mason, do you mean to hunt this  
season?

LUCIUS MASON

No.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

I would if I were you. You'll never know the fellows about here unless you do.

LUCIUS MASON

I can't afford the time nor the money.

PERRY ORME

It costs nothing to a fellow who has a place of his own, as you do.

LADY MASON

Lucius intends to be a farmer.

PERRY ORME

So do I. If I had two hundred acres of land, I wouldn't want anything else in the world.

SIR PEREGRINE

If that's so, I might make the best bargain at once that ever a man made. If I might take you at your word, Master Perry--

MRS. ORME

Please don't talk of it, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE

My dear, I promise it's only talk. Lady Mason, would you like more wine?

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME are seated next to each other on the sofa in the drawing room. Coffee cups are between them.

LADY MASON

How little changed your boy is.

MRS. ORME

He's a boy in many ways.

LADY MASON

I didn't mean to call him a boy in that sense.

MRS. ORME

But you're right. Your son is quite a man.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

His little bit of property is already his own, and he has no one like Sir Peregrine to look out for him. Necessity makes him manly.

MRS. ORME

He'll be marrying soon, I dare say.

LADY MASON

I hope not.

MRS. ORME

Would you not wish to see Lucius marry?

LADY MASON

I'd be afraid he wouldn't need me, but I don't want you to think I'm selfish.

MRS. ORME

I know you love him more than anything. I feel that way about Perry.

LADY MASON

But you're not alone with your boy. If he were to send me away, I'd have nothing.

MRS. ORME

Because Orley Farm belongs to him? But he wouldn't do that.

LADY MASON

How could he help it if his wife wished it? I wouldn't keep him single for that reason, but, still, it'd be a blow.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

SIR PEREGRINE, PERRY, and LUCIUS MASON are still seated at the table. SIR PEREGRINE arranges bottles of wine.

SIR PEREGRINE

Are you drinking claret?

LUCIUS MASON

No more wine for me, sir.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

No wine?

PERRY ORME

Why Mason, you'll never get on if that's the way with you.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll try at any rate.

PERRY ORME

(sings)

Water drinker, mooder thinker.

SIR PEREGRINE

Your mother tells me you're devoting all your energies to farming.

LUCIUS MASON

I hope to see what I can do with it. I intend to combine some other occupation with it.

SIR PEREGRINE

Two hundred acres of land will give you a good deal to do--if you mean to make money by it.

LUCIUS MASON

I hope to do that in the long run.

PERRY ORME

It seems the easiest thing in the world.

SIR PEREGRINE

You'll find out your mistake, Perry. Lucius, for a country gentleman there's no prettier amusement than experimental farming, but you must give up all idea of making money.

LUCIUS MASON

I can't afford that.

SIR PEREGRINE

That's why I take the liberty of speaking to you. I hope the great friendship which I feel for your mother will be allowed to stand as my excuse.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

I'm much obliged by your kindness,  
sir.

SIR PEREGRINE

You've been to Liverpool to buy  
guano?

LUCIUS MASON

Yes. That and some other things.  
There's a man there who's taken out  
a patent--

SIR PEREGRINE

My dear fellow, if you lay out your  
money in that way, you'll never see  
it again. Have you considered what  
your journey to Liverpool has cost  
you?

LUCIUS MASON

A man can't do any good, Sir  
Peregrine, by hoarding his capital.  
I don't think much of capital  
myself--

SIR PEREGRINE

Don't you? Some experience is  
perhaps desirable before any great  
outlay is made.

LUCIUS MASON

Experience is necessary and  
desirable if it were accessible,  
but it isn't.

SIR PEREGRINE

Long years, perhaps, devoted to  
such pursuits--

LUCIUS MASON

A man who's walked thirty miles a  
day for thirty years will probably  
know what sort of shoes will best  
suit his feet, and perhaps also the  
kind of food that will best support  
him, but there's little chance that  
he'll invent a quicker way to  
travel.

SIR PEREGRINE

But he'll have earned his wages  
honestly.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

If that were sufficient, we might  
all walk our thirty miles a day.  
But some of us must earn wages for  
other people, or the world will  
make no progress. Civilization  
consists in efforts made not for  
oneself but for others.

There is silence for a moment.

SIR PEREGRINE

If you won't take any more wine,  
we'll join the ladies.

PERRY ORME

He hasn't taken any at all.

PEREGRINE ORME pours himself another glass and empties it.

EXT. HAMWORTH - DAY

LADY MASON is riding in a phaeton, a small cart with one pony. Hamworth is a small village, particularly picturesque with rolling farms. LADY MASON stops in front of MRS. ARKWRIGHT's house, Mount Pleasant Villa. LADY MASON pulls onto the gravel sweep that divides Mrs. Arkwright's house from the street. MRS. ARKWRIGHT, middle-aged, greets LADY MASON outside.

LADY ARKWRIGHT

I'm glad to see you're coming up in  
the world.

LADY MASON

It was a present from Lucius, but  
I'll never feel at home in my own  
carriage.

LADY ARKWRIGHT

With his income and yours, I don't  
wonder that he insists upon it.  
It's quite proper--and just at the  
present moment peculiarly so.

LADY MASON is surprised by the comment.

INT. LADY ARKWRIGHT'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY MASON and LADY ARKWRIGHT drink tea.

LADY MASON

Why peculiarly so at the present moment?

LADY ARKWRIGHT

Because it shows that this foolish report which is going about has no foundation. People won't believe it for a moment when they see you out, about, and happy-like.

LADY MASON

What report, Mrs. Arkwright?

LADY ARKWRIGHT

Haven't you heard? Well, I'd hate to be the first to tell you.

LADY MASON

You might as well tell me now because you've worried me.

LADY ARKWRIGHT

People have been saying that Mr. Mason is bringing law proceedings again, but I don't believe it.

LADY MASON

People have said so?

LADY ARKWRIGHT

I wouldn't have brought it up--I thought for sure you'd heard it.

LADY MASON

(forces a smile)

No.

LADY ARKWRIGHT

We all know there's nothing to it, and having your pony chaise at this time will make everyone see that you're quite comfortable.

LADY MASON

Thank you, yes. The memory of that lawsuit is so terrible to me.

(CONTINUED)

LADY ARKWRIGHT

(regretful)

Of course. It's merely a report. It was Mrs. Whiting, the doctor's wife, who told me, and she's a great busybody.

LADY MASON

Dear Mrs. Arkwright, it doesn't matter in the least. Of course I don't expect people should hold their tongue on my account.

INT. HAMWORTH MARKET - DAY

LADY ARKWRIGHT enters the market and frantically looks around for a familiar face. She spots VIOLET AMES, an older woman who has just paid for her order.

LADY ARKWRIGHT

Dear, dear, dear, dear!

VIOLET AMES

What is it, Lady Arkwright?

LADY ARKWRIGHT

To think that she should be knocked in a heap by a few words.

VIOLET AMES

Who?

LADY ARKWRIGHT

Lady Mason. There must be something to it, or she wouldn't have looked so like a ghost.

VIOLET AMES

Whatever--

LADY ARKWRIGHT

(whispers)

I mentioned that I heard the Orley Farm case--

VIOLET AMES

--is starting up again.

(nods knowingly)

I heard that too.

LADY ARKWRIGHT

What will they do if Orley Farm is taken away from them?

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET AMES

It's too awful to think about.

INT. ORLEY FARM - STUDY - NIGHT

From the hall, LADY MASON looks in on LUCIUS MASON, who's working at his table. Books, piled on top of the table, include James Cowles Prichard's *Researches Into the Physical History of Man* and *Natural History of Man*, along with Robert Gordon Latham's *The Natural History of the Varieties of Mankind* and *Man and His Migrations*.

LUCIUS is oblivious to his mother as he copies illustrations of skulls. LADY MASON decides not to bother him and takes a step down the hall. Her movement catches his attention.

LUCIUS MASON

Isn't it interesting that the jaws of men born and bred in a hunter state should be differently formed than those of agricultural tribes?

LADY MASON wanders into the room.

LADY MASON

Are they?

LUCIUS MASON

The maxillary profile is quite different. You'll see this especially with the Mongolians, among the Tartar tribes. It seems to be very much the same difference as that between a man and a sheep, but Prichard makes no such remark. Look here at this fellow. It must have been intended that he'd eat nothing but flesh, and that raw, without any knife or fork.

LADY MASON

I don't suppose they had many knives or forks.

LUCIUS MASON

I believe that one could tell from a single tooth not only what food the owner was accustomed to eat, but what language he spoke.

(stares at a drawing)

It would have been impossible for the owner of such a jaw to have ground a grain of corn between his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON (cont'd)  
teeth or to have masticated a  
cabbage.

LADY MASON  
Lucius, I want you to leave that  
for a moment and speak to me.

LUCIUS MASON puts down his pencil and faces her.

LUCIUS MASON  
Here I am.

LADY MASON  
You've heard of the lawsuit which I  
had with your brother when you were  
an infant?

LUCIUS MASON  
I wish you wouldn't call that man  
my brother. He's one of the most  
detestable human beings who ever  
existed.

LADY MASON  
He's a hard man, but I don't think  
he'd do anything unjust.

LUCIUS MASON  
Why then did he try to rob me of my  
property?

LADY MASON  
Because he thought it should have  
been his.

LUCIUS MASON  
I was an infant, and you were a  
woman, and he thought he could rob  
us. I look upon him as a robber and  
a thief.

LADY MASON  
He's thinking of trying the case  
again.

LUCIUS MASON pushes his drawings and books from him with a  
vengeance.

LUCIUS MASON  
Why would they try it again?

LADY MASON

I'm afraid it's Samuel Dockwrath.  
(sighs)

Oh, how I wish Miriam had married that stupid clerk, John Kenneby, instead of Dockwrath. He says he's found something, and he's been to Groby Park.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll go to him tomorrow.

LADY MASON

Promise me you won't.

LUCIUS MASON

I won't allow such a man to tamper with my name. It's my business now.

LADY MASON

The best defence is silence. The matter grieves me, and I'm sure that for my sake you won't make it worse by starting a personal quarrel with such a man.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll go to Mr. Furnival and ask his advice.

LADY MASON

I've done that already, Lucius. That's why I went to town.

LUCIUS MASON

Why didn't you tell me?

LADY MASON

I wanted to spare you the pain. I'm telling you now because people in Hamworth are talking about it.

LUCIUS MASON

I won't let this burden fall on your shoulders. You fought the battle before, but I'll do it now.

LADY MASON

Lucius.

LUCIUS MASON

I shall.

INT. ROUND AND CROOK LAW OFFICE - DAY

A CLERK leads DOCKWRATH into a private room. A young man, MATTHEW ROUND, sits at his desk.

INT. MATTHEW ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND

Ah, Mr. Dockwrath. Will you have the goodness to sit down?

MATTHEW ROUND wheels his chair toward the fire, stretches out his legs, and points to a chair. DOCKWRATH seats himself and puts his hat on the floor.

MATTHEW ROUND

You've been down in Yorkshire with a client of ours, Mr. Dockwrath.

DOCKWRATH

Yes, I have.

MATTHEW ROUND

You're in the profession yourself, I believe.

DOCKWRATH

I'm an attorney.

MATTHEW ROUND

Wouldn't it have been better to come to us first?

DOCKWRATH

I think not. Your name, sir?

MATTHEW ROUND

My name is Round, Matthew Round. Mr. Crook is on holiday, and my father, Mr. Richard Round, is in Birmingham at a convention. Mr. Mason says you've found out something about that Orley Farm business.

DOCKWRATH

I have.

MATTHEW ROUND

What is it, Mr. Dockwrath?

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

It's rather a ticklish business,  
Mr. Round, a family affair.

MR. ROUND

Whose family?

DOCKWRATH

My family, and to a certain extent,  
Mr. Mason's family.

MATTHEW ROUND

I'm sure you didn't come all the  
way from Hamworth to tell us you  
know something but aren't going to  
tell us.

DOCKWRATH

Certainly not, Mr. Round. May I ask  
what Mr. Mason told you?

MATTHEW ROUND

I will read you a part of his  
letter--

(picks up letter and reads)

'Mr. Dockwrath is of opinion that  
the will under which the estate is  
now enjoyed is absolutely a  
forgery.'

(looks at DOCKWRATH)

DOCKWRATH

The codicil, of course.

MATTHEW ROUND

(continues to read)

'And he has in his possession  
documents which I have not seen,  
but which seem to me, as described,  
to go far to prove that this  
certainly must have been the case.'  
And then he goes on with a  
description of dates, although it's  
clear that he doesn't understand  
the matter himself--indeed he says  
as much.

(sets down letter and looks at  
DOCKWRATH)

We must see the documents before we  
can give our client any advice.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I won't produce them without knowing on what ground I stand.

MATTHEW ROUND

You want to be paid for the information. That's the long and short of it. Eh, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH

As a professional, I expect to be paid for my work, and I'm sure you expect the same. I'm every bit as much an attorney as you are.

MATTHEW ROUND

No doubt, but you're not Mr. Mason's attorney.

DOCKWRATH

That's as he pleases.

MATTHEW ROUND

Good morning to you, sir. I'll tell Mr. Mason that you've declined making any communication to us.

DOCKWRATH jumps up, grabbing his hat.

DOCKWRATH

I'm quite willing to tell you all I know, if you'll have the patience to hear it.

MATTHEW ROUND

I'm made of patience. Sit down again.

DOCKWRATH sits.

INT. MATTHEW ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH has finished telling MATTHEW ROUND the story.

MATTHEW ROUND

(looking at his notes)

I think I understand it all now, Mr. Dockwrath, and when we want you again, you'll hear from us. Samuel Dockwrath, is it? Thank you. Good day, Mr. Dockwrath.

INT. MR. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MR. CRABWITZ stands in front of FURNIVAL, who's warming himself by the fire.

CRABWITZ

Mr. Round is at Birmingham. Every one connected with the profession is at Birmingham, except--

FURNIVAL

The more fools they--

CRABWITZ

I'm thinking of going down myself this evening. I suppose I can be spared?

FURNIVAL

You too?

CRABWITZ

Why not me, Mr. Furnival? When all the profession is meeting together, why shouldn't I be there?

FURNIVAL

I don't deny your right to be Lord Chief Justice, if you can accomplish it. But you can't be Lord Chief Justice and my clerk at the same time. Nor can you be in my chambers if you're at Birmingham.

CRABWITZ

Then, sir, I'm afraid--

CRABWITZ hesitates.

FURNIVAL

Well?

CRABWITZ

I'll remain. But I must say I think it's rather hard.

FURNIVAL

Look here, Mr. Crabwitz. If you think my service is too hard, you'd better leave it.

EXT. EUSTIN SQUARE TRAIN STATION - DAY

MR. FURNIVAL boards the train.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER - MAIN HALL - DAY

The center is bustling with activity. MR. FURNIVAL smiles at MR. JOHNSON, a middle-aged man sitting in a leather chair.

FURNIVAL

Well, Johnson, what have you all been doing today?

JOHNSON

We've had a paper read by Von Bauhr. It lasted three hours.

FURNIVAL

Heavens! Von Bauhr is, I think, from Berlin.

JOHNSON

Yes, he and Dr. Slotacher. Slotacher is to read his paper the day after tomorrow.

FURNIVAL

I think I shall go to London again. But what did Von Bauhr say during those three hours?

JOHNSON

It was all in German, and I don't think anyone understood him, unless it was Boanerges. But I believe it was the old story about how the same man might be judge, advocate, and jury.

FURNIVAL

If men were perfect machines.

JOHNSON

And the machines had no hearts.

MR. FURNIVAL

What did Boanerges say? His answer didn't take three hours, I hope.

JOHNSON

Twenty minutes, but what he did say was lost on Von Bauhr, who understands as much English as I do German.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

I don't seem to have lost much by being away. By-the-by, do you know whether Round is here?

JOHNSON

Old Round? I saw him in the hall today yawning as though he'd burst.

MR. FURNIVAL nods and wanders off looking for Round. He doesn't get far when another barrister, MR. CHAFFANBRASS, calls out his name. He's an elderly man, small, with sharp eyes and bushy eyebrows, dirty in his attire and poor in his general appearance.

CHAFFANBRASS

Furnival, have you seen Judge Staveley?

FURNIVAL

Is he here?

CHAFFANBRASS

He must be. He's the only man who knows enough Italian to understand what that fat fellow from Florence will say tomorrow.

FURNIVAL

We're to have the Italian tomorrow, are we?

CHAFFANBRASS

Yes, and Staveley afterwards. It's as good as a play, only, like all plays, it's three times too long, and no one understands it.

FURNIVAL

Felix Graham does.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

I'm too old for a new gospel, with Felix Graham as an apostle.

FURNIVAL

They say that Boanerges thinks a great deal of him.

CHAFFANBRASS

That can't be true. Boanerges never thought much of anyone but himself. Well, I'm off to bed. I find a day

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS (cont'd)  
here ten times more fatiguing than  
the Old Bailey in July.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER - MAIN HALL - DAY

It is a few minutes later, and FURNIVAL has found MR.  
RICHARD ROUND sitting alone at a small table.

RICHARD ROUND  
(holding a cigar and glass of  
brandy)  
Looking for me, are you? Well, here  
I am. Or what's left of me. Were  
you in the hall today?

FURNIVAL  
No. I was in London.

RICHARD ROUND  
That accounts for your being so  
fresh.

FURNIVAL takes a seat next to ROUND.

FURNIVAL  
I've spoken with Lady Mary Mason  
and understand Joseph Mason has  
contacted you regarding that old  
Orley Farm case.

RICHARD ROUND  
Yes. I've received a letter from  
Mr. Mason.

FURNIVAL  
And your client wishes you to take  
up the case again?

RICHARD ROUND  
No doubt he does. He wasn't a man  
that I ever liked, Mr. Furnival,  
but he thinks that he's been ill  
used, and perhaps he was ill  
used--by his father.

FURNIVAL  
But why badger the life out of his  
father's widow twenty years after  
his father's death?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD ROUND

He thinks he has some new evidence. I haven't looked into the matter much myself. I did read the letter, but that was all, and then I handed it to my son. Mr. Mason said that some Hamworth attorney has been to him.

FURNIVAL

A low fellow whom you'd be ashamed to see in your office. He fancies that young Mason has injured him, and though he's received many benefits from Lady Mason, he's looking for revenge on her son.

RICHARD ROUND

We won't have anything to do with such a matter. It's not our line.

FURNIVAL

Of course it's not. Mr. Mason can't shake Lady Mason's title, or rather her son's title, to the property, but he might harass this unfortunate lady till he brings her to her grave.

RICHARD ROUND

That'd be a pity, for I believe she's still an uncommon pretty woman.

FURNIVAL

She's a very old friend of mine, and if I were to desert her now, she'd have no one to help her.

RICHARD ROUND

I'm sure you're very kind. But anything like this goes to my son now.

FURNIVAL

Look into this matter yourself, and talk it over with Mr. Mason. I don't know whether you remember the case, Mr. Round.

RICHARD ROUND

It was the codicil, wasn't it? Gave Orley Farm to Sir Joseph's infant

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD ROUND (cont'd)  
son and a couple thousand pounds to  
Miriam Usbech, old Usbech's  
daughter, from the widow's personal  
property.

FURNIVAL  
(nodding)  
Remember how thoroughly convinced  
you were that your client didn't  
have a leg to stand on.

RICHARD ROUND  
I insisted he not carry it before  
the Chancellor. If I remember  
right, it all turned on whether old  
Usbech, who'd signed as witness,  
was well enough to write his name.

FURNIVAL  
That was the point.

RICHARD ROUND  
And I think it was shown that he  
had himself signed a receipt on  
that very day--or the day after, or  
the day before. Something of that  
kind.

FURNIVAL  
Those were the facts. You know as  
well as any one living how great is  
the strength of twenty years of  
possession--

RICHARD ROUND  
It'd be strong on her side.

FURNIVAL  
Don't let your son run away with  
this. I dread such a trial on this  
poor lady's account.

RICHARD ROUND  
I shall never forget how composed  
Lady Mason was when old Bennett  
tried to shake her evidence. Do you  
remember how bothered he was?

FURNIVAL  
Bennett was an excellent lawyer.  
There are few better men at the bar  
nowadays.

RICHARD ROUND

You wouldn't have found him down here, Mr. Furnival, listening to a German lecture three hours long.

FURNIVAL

You'll look into the matter yourself, Mr. Round?

RICHARD ROUND

I will.

FURNIVAL

I shall take it as a great favour. I do hope that you'll be able to suggest to Mr. Mason that the matter should be allowed to rest.

INT. BIRMINGHAM HOTEL - HALLWAY - EVENING

FELIX GRAHAM stands outside his room at the top of a narrow flight of stairs. GRAHAM is tall, thin, unattractive, and slightly stooped. He's talking to AUGUSTUS STAVELEY, who is handsome, robust, and confident.

FELIX GRAHAM

(gesturing awkwardly)

I confess I'm getting rather tired of it. I think you are too.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I'm inclined to think that the same kind of thing must be endured before any improvement is made in anything.

FELIX GRAHAM

That all reformers have to undergo Von Bauhr?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

All of them that do any good. Von Bauhr's words were dry, no doubt.

FELIX GRAHAM

You understood them?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

A few here and there, for the first half-hour, came trembling home to my dull comprehension, and then--

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

You went to sleep.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

(yawning)

Good night, old fellow. Your governor is to give us his ideas tomorrow, and perhaps he'll be as bad to the Germans as your Von Bauhr was to us.

FELIX GRAHAM

Then I can only say that my governor will be very cruel to the Germans.

INT. ROUND AND CROOK'S OFFICE - EVENING

RICHARD ROUND is meeting with his son, MATTHEW ROUND.

RICHARD ROUND

I wanted a word with you about that Joseph Mason case.

(lowers his voice)

It's not the sort of business that we care for, Matt, and as for that fellow down in Yorkshire, I never liked him.

MATTHEW ROUND

I don't like him either, but the case has about it some remarkable points. It's necessary to look into it.

RICHARD ROUND

Look into it, but if there's nothing there--

MATTHEW ROUND

Understood.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM - MORNING

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY and FELIX GRAHAM walk away from the smoky city to the countryside.

EXT. OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM - MORNING

AUGUSTUS STALEY and FELIX GRAHAM have gotten away from the thickness of the Birmingham smoke and are seated on the top rung of a gate leading into a stubble field. STAVELEY is seated with a cigar in his mouth. GRAHAM is smoking a short pipe. A cold wind blows.

FELIX GRAHAM

Let's go back to town. My pipe is finished.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Fill another. I can't afford to throw away my cigar, and I hate walking and smoking. Do you really think our whole legal system is bad, rotten, and unjust?

FELIX GRAHAM

I do.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Yet we consider ourselves the greatest people in the world--and the most honest.

FELIX GRAHAM

We are, but laws have nothing to do with making people honest. Good laws won't make people honest, nor bad laws dishonest.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

But people who are dishonest in one trade will probably be dishonest in others. You go so far as to say that all English lawyers are rogues.

FELIX GRAHAM

I've never said that. I believe your father to be as honest a man as ever breathed.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

(lifts his hat)

Thank you, sir.

FELIX GRAHAM

And I hope that I'm an honest man. Let every lawyer go into court resolved to show the truth. A

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM (cont'd)

lawyer who doesn't do that has undertaken work which is unfit for a gentleman and impossible for an honest man.

(stands)

Now come back to breakfast, for I'm hungry and cold.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - COFFEEROOM - DAY

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY and FELIX GRAHAM are seated at a table, eating.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

These are uncommonly bad mutton chops.

FELIX GRAHAM

They seem to me much the same as other mutton chops.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

They're uneatable, and look at this for coffee.

(waves to get WAITER's attention)

Waiter, take this away, and have some made fresh.

WAITER

Yes, sir.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

And waiter--

WAITER

Yes, sir.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Coffee doesn't consist of an unlimited supply of lukewarm water poured over an infinitesimal proportion of chicory. That process, time-honoured in the hotel line, will not produce the beverage called coffee.

WAITER

Yes, sir.

The WAITER walks away.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

You give yourself so much trouble with no possible hope of an advantageous result.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

It's because we put up with bad things that hotel-keepers continue to give them to us. Three or four Frenchmen were dining with my father yesterday at the King's Head, and I had to sit at the bottom of the table. I declare to you that I literally blushed for my country.

AUGUSTUS and GRAHAM are quiet for a moment.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

By George, the finest girl in London is coming down to Noningsby at Christmas.

FELIX GRAHAM

Brought there expressly for your delectation, I suppose.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

She's not exactly my type. She's too much of a girl, but she has lots of money, and is very clever, and all that kind of thing.

FELIX GRAHAM

She sounds exactly your type.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

She's a daughter of old Furnival's, whom by-the-by I hate as I do poison. I don't understand why my governor asks him to Noningsby. But, old fellow, he can give his daughter five-and-twenty thousand pounds. Think of that.

INT. ROUND AND CROOKS - MATTHEW ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND, SAMUEL DOCKWRATH, and JOSEPH MASON are meeting.

MATTHEW ROUND

There's something in it, Mr. Mason, but I can't say that we're in a position to prove the point.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

It'll be proved.

JOSEPH MASON

It seems clear that she chose that day for her date because the two persons acted as witnesses to that other deed.

MATTHEW ROUND

That is our allegation. We may have some difficulty proving it.

JOSEPH MASON

Crafty, thieving swindler.

MATTHEW ROUND

She's been sharp enough if it's as we think.

INT. APOTHECARY SHOP - DAY

LUCIUS MASON stands at the counter.

SHOP CLERK

(low voice)

Don't know if you know about this, but there's a Mr. Dockwrath who's making grievous accusations against your mother. If it were my mother, I'd put a stop--

LUCIUS MASON

My mother and I can take care of our own affairs.

SHOP CLERK

Fine.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

LUCIUS MASON

There's no alternative but to bring action against this man. At least put it in the hands of a lawyer to--

LADY MASON

Let the matter pass.

LUCIUS MASON

But it won't pass.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON  
Leave it, and it will. You can't  
touch pitch without being defiled.

LUCIUS MASON  
The pitch has already touched me.  
I'm defiled.

LADY MASON bows her head and covers her face with her hands.

LUCIUS MASON  
I shall go to the man myself.

LADY MASON  
Please don't.

LUCIUS MASON  
I must do that or leave the  
country. It's impossible to live  
here, hearing things said of you,  
and do nothing to clear your name.

EXT. NONINGSBY - DAY

It's raining and gray. This is JUDGE STAVELEY's home, and it  
is decorated for Christmas.

INT. NONINGSBY - DAY

The cheerful, bright house is full of guests, including all  
the Staveleys. There is no more comfortable country-house  
than Noningsby. It's a new house from the cellar to the  
ceiling. All the rooms are of the proper proportion, and all  
the newest appliances for comfort have been attached to it.  
No one with money and taste at command could have created  
for himself one more delightful.

INT. NONINGSBY - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY stands in the hall with his mother, LADY  
STAVELEY.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
(whispers)  
I'd like to use this occasion to  
introduce Felix to Sophia Furnival.

LADY STAVELEY laughs and shakes her head. She turns to walk  
away.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
It'd be a splendid arrangement.

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY  
(turning to him)  
Nonsense, Gus. All I ask of you is  
that you don't fall in love with  
her yourself.

LADY STAVELEY hurries off.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lunch is served. Gathered around the table are PERRY ORME,  
SIR PEREGRINE ORME, MRS. ORME, MR. FURNIVAL, LADY STAVELEY,  
JUDGE STAVELEY, FELIX GRAHAM, MADELINE STAVELEY (19), AND  
SOPHIA FURNIVAL.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Eating meat in the middle of the  
day is an abomination. It's not  
civilized.

A SERVANT comes up behind PERRY ORME's chair.

SERVANT  
Mr. Mason is in the breakfast  
parlour and wishes to see you, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Who wishes to see you?

PERRY ORME  
(rising)  
Lucius Mason. I wonder what he  
wants.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Oh, Lucius.

LADY STAVELEY  
Ask him to lunch.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
Bring him in by all means. There's  
no telling how much we can learn  
from the great agriculturist.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
He's an ally of mine, and you  
mustn't laugh at him.

INT. NONINGSBY - BREAKFAST PARLOUR - DAY

LUCIUS MASON and PERRY ORME are engaged in an earnest conversation.

LUCIUS MASON

I need a favor, but I'm afraid it might cause you some trouble.

PERRY ORME

I don't mind that.

LUCIUS MASON

You've heard of this row about Joseph Mason and my mother?

PERRY ORME

The lawsuit? Oh yes. It's been spoken of at The Cleeve.

LUCIUS MASON

There's a man named Dockwrath in Hamworth who's accused my mother of forgery. I want a word with him. Will you accompany me?

PERRY ORME

I suppose he's not a man you can kick.

LUCIUS MASON

I'm afraid not. He's over forty years old, and has dozens of children. It's wrong to allow him to go on saying these frightful things, without showing him that we're not afraid of him.

PERRY ORME

Let's go at once.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - DAY

PERRY ORME hurries into the dining room.

PERRY ORME

Excuse me, but I must ride to Hamworth. I'll be back before dinner.

SIR PEREGRINE

You're going with young Mason?

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

Yes, sir. He wishes me to do something for him at Hamworth, and I can't refuse him.

LADY STAVELEY

(holds up hands in horror)  
You're not going to fight a duel!

MRS. ORME

Oh, Perry.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I should think that young Mason is not so foolish, and I'm sure that Peregrine Orme is not.

PERRY ORME

(laughs)  
I haven't heard anything of the kind.

MRS. ORME

Promise me, Perry.

PERRY ORME

My dearest mother, I have no more thought of it than you have.

LADY STAVELEY

You'll be back to dinner?

PERRY ORME

Certainly.

JUDGE STAVELEY

And tell Mr. Mason to return with you. We'll be delighted to see him.

PERRY exits the room.

SIR PEREGRINE

It's a scandalous state of things. Here's a question that was settled twenty years ago, and now it's brought up again by two brutes who want to wreak their vengeance on a poor widow.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Why doesn't she bring an action against the attorney?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

From what I've heard, the man wishes such action to be brought.

FURNIVAL

Poor Lady Mason.

SIR PEREGRINE

She's coming to The Cleeve when I return home, and will remain there till after Christmas.

FELIX GRAHAM

It's an interesting case.

JUDGE STAVELEY

The will and the codicil are both in the handwriting of the widow, who acted as an amanuensis not only for her husband but for the attorney. I don't doubt that it's produced suspicion in the mind of the claimant, but Usbech, the attorney who advised Sir Joseph, should have known better.

FELIX GRAHAM

It's one of those cases where the sufferer should be protected by her own innocence. No lawyer should agree to take up the cudgels against her.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I'm afraid she won't escape persecution from any such professional chivalry.

FURNIVAL

All that is moonshine.

FELIX GRAHAM

Any gentleman disgraces himself by lending a hand against her.

SIR PEREGRINE ORME

Upon my word, sir, I fully agree with you.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL, MRS. ORME, MADELINE STAVELEY, and LADY STAVELEY are drinking tea.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I haven't seen much of her, but what I did see I liked. She was at The Cleeve when I was staying there, if you remember, Mrs. Orme.

MRS. ORME nods.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Poor lady. I know Papa would move heaven and earth for her if he could.

LADY STAVELEY

I can't move heaven or earth, but if I thought that my calling on her would bring satisfaction to her--

MRS. ORME

It would, Lady Staveley. I can't tell you how warmly I regard her, nor how perfectly Sir Peregrine esteems her.

LADY STAVELEY

We'll drive over there next week, Madeline.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Yes, Mama. Everyone says she's very nice.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

It will be so kind of you, Lady Staveley.

MADELINE STAVELEY

(to Sophia)

Her son is clever, isn't he?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(shrugs)

People say so, but who's to tell whether a young man is clever or not?

(CONTINUED)

MADLINE STAVELEY

Some are much more clever than others. Don't you think?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

As some girls are so much prettier than others. But if Mr. Mason were to talk Greek to you, you wouldn't think him clever.

MADLINE STAVELEY

I wouldn't understand him.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

But you'd understand that he was a blockhead showing off his learning. You don't want him to be clever, you see. You want him agreeable.

MADLINE STAVELEY

I don't know that I want either.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I like stupid young men.

MADLINE STAVELEY

Now I know what you think of Augustus. We think he's clever. I don't know any man who makes himself more popular with young ladies.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Augustus sails about in the open sea, touching the most lovely capes and promontories, and is never driven to shore by weather. What a happy sailor he must be.

MADLINE STAVELEY

I think he's happy, and he makes others so.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

He ought to be made an admiral at once. But we shall hear some day of a terrible shipwreck.

MADLINE STAVELEY

I hope not.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

He'll return home with only two planks left, with all his glory and beauty broken and crumpled to pieces against some rock.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Why do you prophesy such terrible things for him?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I mean that he'll get married.

At that moment, the gentlemen come into the drawing room. AUGUSTUS sits next to SOPHIA FURNIVAL and begins a conversation.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I hope we're to have the honour of your company as far as Monkton Grange the day we meet there.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I shall be delighted. That is to say if a seat in the carriage can be spared for me.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

We'll mount you. I know you're a horsewoman. Madeline will ride also, and you'll meet the Miss Tristrams, the famous horsewomen.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

You don't mean that they go after the dogs, across the hedges.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Indeed they do.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Does Miss Staveley do that?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Madeline isn't good at a five-barred gate, and would make a very bad hand at a double ditch. If you're inclined to remain among the tame people, she'll be true to your side.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I shall certainly be one of the tame people, Mr. Staveley.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I think I shall be with you myself. I have only one horse that will jump well, and Graham will ride him. By-the-by, Miss Furnival, what do you think of my friend Graham?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Am I bound to have thought anything about him?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I have no doubt that you've composed in your own mind an essay on the character of everyone here.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

My essay upon him then is a very short one.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You must allow me to read it.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Like all my other essays of that kind, Mr. Staveley, it's been composed solely for my own use, and will be kept private.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I'm sorry for that, for if you would have shown me some of your essays, I would have been equally liberal with mine.

INT. SAMUEL DOCKWRATH'S OFFICE - DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH sits at his desk. ADAMS, DOCKWRATH'S CLERK, sits on the other side of the desk.

LUCIUS MASON and PERRY ORME enter the room.

DOCKWRATH

(to PERRY)

Keep your hat on your head, Mr. Orme. Gentlemen, what can I do for you?

LUCIUS MASON glances at ADAMS.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

We wish to see you in private, Mr. Dockwrath, for a few minutes--if it be convenient.

DOCKWRATH

Isn't this private enough? There's no one here but my confidential clerk.

LUCIUS MASON

If you could make it convenient--

DOCKWRATH

Mr. Mason, I can't make it convenient. You've brought Mr. Orme with you to hear what you've got to say, and I choose that my clerk shall remain to hear it also.

(beat)

I feel for you. I pity you. I do upon my word.

DOCKWRATH tilts his stool back and rests his knees against the edge of his desk. His hat is pulled down, and he looks at his visitors from under it. DOCKWRATH picks up a quill pen and cuts it into small pieces with his penknife.

LUCIUS MASON

Sir, I require no pity from you or any man.

PERRY ORME

He means to be impudent. You'd better come to the point with him.

LUCIUS MASON

I've come here to ask whether it's true that you're spreading reports about Lady Mason. If you're a man, you'll tell me the truth.

DOCKWRATH

I rather think I'm a man.

LUCIUS MASON

Lady Mason must be protected from such infamous lies, and it may be necessary to bring the matter into a court of law--

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

It will be necessary, Mr. Mason.

LUCIUS MASON

You admit that these reports come from you?

DOCKWRATH

The reports come from me. Is that manly?

DOCKWRATH pushes his hat off his nose and looks steadily into the face of MASON.

PERRY ORME

How on earth could you bring yourself to be guilty of such villainy?

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH

Highty-tighty. Since I have respect for your grandfather and mother, I'll give you and them a piece of advice, gratis. Don't let them get too thick with Lady Mason till they see how this matter goes.

LUCIUS MASON

Mr. Dockwrath, you're a mean, low, vile scoundrel.

DOCKWRATH

Adams, take a note of that. Don't mind what Mr. Orme said. He'll know the truth before long, and then he'll beg my pardon.

PERRY ORME

I look upon you as the greatest miscreant I've ever met.

DOCKWRATH

You'll change your mind, Mr. Orme, and then you'll find that you've met a worse miscreant than I. Did you get down those words, Adams?

ADAMS

I've got them.

DOCKWRATH

Read them.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

'Mr. Dockwrath, you are a mean,  
low, vile scoundrel.'

DOCKWRATH

And now, young gentlemen, I'm busy.  
Perhaps you'll allow me to wish you  
good morning.

LUCIUS MASON

You'll hear further from me.

DOCKWRATH

We shall be sure to hear of each  
other.

INT. NONINGSBY - SMOKING ROOM - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM, AUGUSTUS STAVELEY, and PERRY ORME relax in  
front of the fire.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Upon my word, Miss Furnival is a  
very clever girl.

PERRY ORME

And uncommonly handsome.

FELIX GRAHAM

They say she'll have lots of money.  
Staveley, perhaps you couldn't do  
better.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

She's not my style at all. But of  
course a man is obliged to be civil  
to girls in his own house.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DINING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The SERVANT dishes food onto the plates of LADY MASON and  
LUCIUS MASON.

LUCIUS MASON

Mother, I saw Mr. Dockwrath  
yesterday. I took Perry Orme with  
me and asked him whether he'd  
spread those reports. He  
acknowledged he had, and I told him  
he was a villain.

LADY MASON utters a long, low sigh.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

Mother, I'm sorry to grieve you, but I couldn't hold up my head in Hamworth--or anywhere--if I heard these things and didn't resent them.

LADY MASON

Ah, Lucius, if you knew the weakness of a woman.

LUCIUS MASON

There's nothing I wouldn't suffer. No cost I wouldn't undergo. If you would only say that you'll leave it to me.

LADY MASON

It can't be left to you. I've gone to Mr. Furnival. Please let him do his work.

INT. MR. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MR. CRABWITZ leads LUCIUS MASON into the room.

FURNIVAL

Crabwitz, run your eye over those papers, and let Mr. Bideawhile have them tomorrow morning, and, Crabwitz--

CRABWITZ

Yes, sir.

FURNIVAL

That opinion of Sir Richard's in the Ahatualpaca Mining Company--I haven't seen it, have I?

CRABWITZ

It's all ready, Mr. Furnival.

FURNIVAL

I will look at it in five minutes. And now, Lucius, my young friend, what can I do for you?

CRABWITZ leaves the room.

LUCIUS MASON

Mr. Furnival, I want to ask your advice about these dreadful reports

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON (cont'd)  
that are being spread on every side  
of Hamworth about my mother.

FURNIVAL  
Do nothing, and say nothing. You've  
already done and said too much.  
Your mother will leave soon for The  
Cleeve, and her association with  
those fine people will guard her.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE- DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL is seated on her sofa. Her friend, MISS MARTHA  
BIGGS is also in the room, seated on the other side of the  
fireplace, handling a loose sprawling mass of not very clean  
crochet-work. MRS. FURNIVAL opens a letter from MR. FURNIVAL  
and reads it. In a moment, MRS. FURNIVAL tosses the letter  
to MARTHA who reads it quickly.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I knew he'd stay away on Christmas  
day. He's staying at Noningsby.

MARTHA BIGGS  
On Christmas day. I didn't really  
think it possible. Dear, dear,  
dear. And then to throw it in your  
face that you said you didn't care  
about it.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Of course I said so. I wasn't going  
to ask him to come home as a  
favour. If he prefers to be with  
those people, it's fine with me.

MARTHA BIGGS  
Is there anyone special there?

MRS. FURNIVAL's eyes turn dark.

EXT. JOSEPH MASON GROBY PARK HOUSE - DAY

The house is decorated for Christmas.

INT. GROBY PARK HOUSE - UPSTAIRS CHAMBER - MORNING

The chamber, used for the singing lessons, has an old piano  
and Kantwise's furniture boxes. MRS. MASON, with the help of  
TINA, unpacks the boxes. She takes two of the chairs and  
puts them in a cupboard. MRS. MASON stares at the furniture  
for a moment and then takes another chair and puts it in a

(CONTINUED)

closet, already full of other junk that she can't bear to dispose of. Meanwhile, TINA struggles to screw in the top of the table.

TINA  
It's all smashed, ma'am.

MRS. MASON  
Nonsense, you simpleton.

MRS. MASON and TINA together try to screw in the table.

MRS. MASON  
I'll have the law on that rogue who sold me damaged goods.

INT. GROBY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

MRS. MASON is making the rounds of the kitchen with the CLARA. MRS. MASON spies the large, ample steak and hesitates. She turns, takes a few steps, stops, and comes back to the meat.

MRS. MASON  
Your master will never be able to carve such a mountain of meat as that.

CLARA  
Deed, an' it's he that will, ma'am.

MRS. MASON hands CLARA the knife. CLARA, holding the knife loosely, hesitates.

CLARA  
I couldn't do it, ma'am. I couldn't raily [sic].

MRS. MASON holds out her hand for the knife.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - CHRISTMAS DAY

The long, broad, breakfast table features a large group. JUDGE STAVELEY sits pre-eminent, looming large in an armchair and having a double space allotted to him. Others include MRS. ISABELLA ARBUTHNOT (the judge's married daughter), MR. ARBUTHNOT (her husband), MR. FURNIVAL, LUCIUS MASON, SOPHIA FURNIVAL, AUGUSTUS STAVELEY, LADY STAVELEY, MADELINE STAVELEY, and the ARBUTHNOT young children (CHARLIE, MARIAN).

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

(to AUGUSTUS)

You're wrong about him. He hasn't been to an English school, or English university, and therefore isn't like other young men, but he's well educated and clever. As for conceit, what man will do any good who isn't conceited?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

All the same, my dear fellow, I don't like Lucius Mason. And now, good people, what are you going to do about church?

JUDGE STAVELEY

I shall walk.

LADY STAVELEY

I shall go in the carriage.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

That disposes of two, and now it'll take half an hour to settle the rest.

EXT. GROBY PARK CHURCH - DAY

MRS. MASON and husband JOSEPH walk from their carriage up to the church. MRS. MASON sees MRS. GREEN and hurries over to her.

MRS. MASON

(smiling)

I wish you all the tidings of the season, Mrs. Green. We shall see you immediately after church.

MRS. GREEN

Oh, yes. Certainly.

MRS. MASON

And Mr. Green?

MRS. GREEN

He intends to do himself the pleasure.

MRS. MASON

Mind he comes, because we have a little ceremony to go through before we sit down to dinner.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE ON WAY TO NONINGSBY CHURCH - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL is in the carriage along with MRS. ARBUTHNOT and LADY STAVELEY. FELIX GRAHAM walks briskly over the crisp white frost alongside MADELINE STAVELEY.

FELIX GRAHAM

I can't help thinking that this Christmas Day of ours is a great mistake.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Oh, Mr. Graham.

FELIX GRAHAM

Don't regard me with horror, at least not with any special horror on this occasion.

MADELINE STAVELEY

But what you say is horrid.

FELIX GRAHAM

The part of Christmas Day which is sacred is by no means a mistake.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I'm glad you think that.

FELIX GRAHAM

The peculiar conviviality of the day is so ponderous. Its roast-beefiness oppresses one. There's always the flavour of the sweetmeat in the air.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You begrudge the children their snap-dragon. That's what it all means, Mr. Graham.

FELIX GRAHAM

Unpremeditated snap-dragon is dear to my soul, and I could expend myself in blindman's buff.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You shall then, after dinner. For of course you know that we all dine early.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

But blindman's buff at three, with  
snap-dragon at a quarter to  
four, charades at five, with wine  
and sweet cake at half-past  
six--that's our mistake. The big  
turkey and the mountain of beef,  
and the pudding weighing a  
hundredweight, oppress one's  
spirits. And then impart a memory  
of indigestion.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I don't agree with you.

FELIX GRAHAM

Isn't additional eating an ordinary  
Englishman's idea of Christmas Day?

MADELINE STAVELEY

It's not my idea.

FELIX GRAHAM

The ceremony is perpetuated by  
butchers and beersellers, with a  
helping hand from grocers. It's a  
material festival, and so  
grievously overdone.

They arrive at the small country church and enter it  
together.

INT. HAMWORTH CHURCH - CHRISTMAS DAY

The church is full. SIR PEREGRINE ORME steps aside and  
allows LADY MASON to walk into The Cleeve's pew. CHURCHGOERS  
whisper behind their hands and stare.

EXT. GROBY PARK CHURCH - DAY

MRS. MASON walks out of the church discussing Christmas  
dinner plans with MR. MASON.

MRS. MASON

Mince-pies and plum-pudding  
together are vulgar, my dear.

MR. MASON

I insist. And make sure there are  
five mince-pies.

EXT. NONINGSBY CHURCH - DAY

The country church services are now over, and people giddily stream out of the church's doors.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY hurries ahead to walk with SOPHIA FURNIVAL but finds her engaged in conversation with LUCIUS MASON. Disappointed, he walks until he's in front of the crowd where he's joined by PERRY ORME.

FELIX GRAHAM and MADELINE STAVELEY walk out of the church and hurry to join LUCIUS MASON and SOPHIA FURNIVAL.

FELIX GRAHAM

And now for the plum-pudding part of the arrangement.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Yes, Mr. Graham. Now for the plum-pudding and the blindman's buff.

Everyone continues walking back to Noningsby while the carriage rolls past them.

EXT. GROBY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

MR. and MRS. Green walk up to the house and are shown into the drawing room where they're greeted by MRS. MASON, PENELOPE, AND CREUSA.

MRS. MASON

Now we'll go upstairs, if you please. Mr. Green, you must come too. Dear Mrs. Green has been so very kind to my two girls, and now I have got a few articles--they are of the very newest fashion--and I hope that Mrs. Green will like them.

INT. GROBY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

MRS. MASON's voice can be heard coming up the stairs.

MRS. MASON

(OS)

There's a new fashion lately of metallic furniture. I don't know whether you've seen any.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GREEN

(OS)

No, ma'am. I haven't.

MRS. MASON, CREUSA, PENELOPE, MR. GREEN, and MRS. GREEN enter the room. MR. and MRS. GREEN react to the pile of furniture. An additional chair and the loo table have been removed from the set. The claw and leg of the table are present, but the top is folded up and lying on the floor. CREUSA keeps a stone face, but PENELOPE is distressed.

MRS. MASON

The Patent Steel Furniture Company makes it, and it's greatly in vogue for small rooms. Perhaps you'll allow me to present you with a set for your drawing room.

MRS. GREEN

I'm sure it's very kind of you.

MR. GREEN

Uncommonly so.

MRS. MASON

I hope you'll like the pattern. I'm told it's the prettiest. There's been some little accident with the screw of the table, but the village smith will put it to rights in five minutes. He lives so close to you that I didn't think it worthwhile to have him up here.

MRS. GREEN

(looking at the 'gift' with concern)

It's very nice.

MR. GREEN

Very nice indeed.

MRS. MASON

And they are the most convenient things in the world. When you change house you pack them all up again in those boxes. Wooden furniture takes up so much room, and is so lumberesome.

MRS. GREEN nods.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MASON

I'll have them all put up again and sent down in the cart tomorrow.

MR. GREEN

Thank you. That will be very kind.

INT. GROBY PARK - DRAWING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

MR. GREEN, MRS. MASON, and CREUSA come into the drawing room. PENELOPE and MRS. GREEN are further behind.

PENELOPE

(to MRS. GREEN, apologizing)  
You know Mama.

MRS. GREEN

The things are very nice.

PENELOPE

No, they're not, and you know they're not. They're perfectly worthless.

MRS. GREEN

But we don't want anything.

PENELOPE

No, and if there'd been no pretence of a gift it would have been very well. What will Mr. Green think?

MRS. GREEN

I rather think he likes iron chairs.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - DAY

The Christmas dinner--and it's been a feast--is coming to an end. The children are antsy to begin the games.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

(jumping out of her chair)  
And now we'll go into the schoolroom. Come along, Mr. Felix.

FELIX GRAHAM follows MARIAN.

INT. GROBY PARK - DINING ROOM - EVENING

MR. MASON's beef sirloin appears on the table, sadly mutilated. There are also four mince-pies (one is missing) and a small, thin plum pudding. MR. MASON's face darkens with anger. He looks across the table and meets the eyes of MRS. MASON. They hold the gaze. He trembles with anger, she with fear.

EXT. MOULDER HOUSE - DAY

This is MR. MOULDER's home in Great St. Helens. He and his wife are childless and live in lodgings over a wine-merchant's vaults.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - DAY

MOULDER is standing next to the dining room table with SNENKELD, KANTWISE, and Moulder's brother-in-law JOHN KENNEBY.

MOULDER

It's a prime 'un. I never saw such a bird in all my days.

SNENKELD

The turkey?

MOULDER

You didn't think it'd be a ostrich, did you?

SNENKELD

(laughs)

I didn't expect nothing but a turkey here on Christmas-day.

MOULDER

And nothing but a turkey you'll have, my boys. Can you eat turkey, Kantwise?

KANTWISE

My favorite food, Mr. Moulder. And thank you for inviting me.

MOULDER

You looked so lonely when I saw you last night. I never see such a bird in my life, certainly.

(CONTINUED)

SNENGKELD

From Norfolk, I suppose.

MOULDER

Swear to that. It weighed twenty-four pounds. I put it into the scales myself, and old Gibbetts let me have it for a guinea. The price marked on it was five-and-twenty. He's had it hanging for a fortnight, and I've been to see it wiped down with vinegar regular every morning. And now, my boys, it's done to a turn. I've been in the kitchen most of the time myself, and either I or Mrs. M. has never left it for a single moment.

MRS. MOULDER appears with the turkey.

SNENGKELD

(stands over it, eyeing it)  
By George, it is a bird.

KANTWISE

Uncommon nice it looks.

ALL sit down to dinner, except MOULDER, who expertly carves the bird. When he's finished, he utters a long sigh.

MOULDER

I shall never cut up such another bird as that.

MOULDER takes out a red handkerchief and wipes sweat from his face. His guests begin eating.

MOULDER

How does it taste?

SNENGKELD

(with his mouth full)  
Uncommon.

MRS. MOULDER

Like melted diamonds.

MOULDER

Ah, there's nothing like hanging of 'em long enough. It's that vinegar as done it.

INT. NONINGSBY - SCHOOLROOM - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM is seated in a chair in a corner of the room.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

Someone needs to get a handkerchief. Big enough so nobody should see the least bit in the whole world. Now mind you catch me, Mr. Felix.

FELIX GRAHAM

But how am I to find you when my eyes are blinded?

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

You can feel. You can put your hand on the top of my head. I mustn't speak, but I'm sure I shall laugh, and then you must guess that it's Marian.

FELIX GRAHAM

And you'll give me a big kiss?

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

When we're done playing.

The handkerchief has arrived, and MARIAN eagerly begins to wrap it around GRAHAM's head.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

I ain't big enough to reach round. You do it, Aunt Mad.

MARIAN hands the handkerchief to MADELINE STAVELEY, who hesitates before she does it.

LADY STAVELEY

I'll be the executioner, the more especially as I shall not take any other share in the ceremony. This shall be the chair of doom. Come here, Mr. Graham, and submit yourself to me.

LADY STAVELEY blindfolds GRAHAM. MARIAN whispers in GRAHAM's ear.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

Mind you remember green spirits and white, blue spirits and gray--

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM is twirled around. Several of the children, giggling, pull at his tails. GRAHAM finds MARIAN.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
 (to LADY STAVELEY)  
 I'm sure I didn't speak, or say a  
 word. Did I, Grandmama?

LADY STAVELEY puts the handkerchief over MARIAN'S eyes.

LADY STAVELEY  
 There are more ways of speaking  
 than one. You and Mr. Graham  
 understand each other, I think.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
 I was caught quite fairly, and now  
 lead me round and round.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE, MRS. ORME, and LADY MASON have just finished Christmas dinner. SIR PEREGRINE holds up his glass to offer a toast.

SIR PEREGRINE  
 Lady Mason, we'll drink to the  
 health of the absent boys. God  
 bless them.

MRS. ORME  
 (puts her handkerchief to her  
 eyes)  
 God bless them.

LADY MASON  
 God bless them both.

LADY MASON also puts her handkerchief to her eyes. In a moment, LADY MASON and MRS. ORME leave the room.

SIR PEREGRINE  
 (to his BUTLER)  
 Robert, let them have what port  
 wine they want in the servants'  
 hall--within measure.

ROBERT  
 Yes, Sir Peregrine.

SIR PEREGRINE  
 And, Robert, I shall not want you  
 again.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT  
Thank you, Sir Peregrine.

INT. NONINGSBY - SCHOOLROOM - DAY

Some time has passed. MADELINE STAVELEY now wears the blindfold and hones in on JUDGE STAVELEY, even though he's barricaded himself with children and chairs.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
That's Papa. I know by his watch chain, for I made it.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
I will never catch anybody, and will remain blind forever.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
But Grandpapa must. It's the game that he should be blinded when he's caught.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
Suppose the game was that we should be whipped when we're caught, and I was to catch you.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
I wouldn't play that game.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Papa, you must. Do--and catch Mr. Furnival.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
That's tempting. I've never been able to do that, though I've been trying for some years.

JUDGE STAVELEY is twirled around and sent on his way.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - EVENING

The dinner is finished. The tablecloth has been removed, and they're drinking port wine.

MRS. MOULDER  
Did you bring that letter with you, John?

JOHN KENNEBY  
Yes, and I've received another letter from another party on the same subject.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MOULDER  
Show it to Moulder and ask him.

KENNEBY brings out letters and hands one to MOULDER.

JOHN KENNEBY  
This one's from Round and Crook  
asking me to meet with them.

MOULDER quickly scans the letter and throws it down.

MOULDER  
This is law business. Don't go near  
them, John, if you ain't obliged.

JOHN KENNEBY  
I was a witness in a lawsuit years  
ago.  
(sighs)  
I was courting Miriam Usbech--

KENNEBY sighs again. He's never gotten over her.

JOHN KENNEBY  
--and for my trouble I found myself  
bullied in court despite my best  
efforts to tell the truth. The girl  
signed it certainly, for I handed  
her the pen. I remember it, as  
though it were yesterday.

MOULDER  
They are the very people we were  
talking of at Leeds.  
(turns to KANTWISE)  
Mason and Martock. Don't you  
remember how you went out to Groby  
Park to sell some of them iron  
gimcracks? That was old Mason's  
son. They're the same people.

KANTWISE  
Ah, I shouldn't wonder.

MOULDER  
And who's the other letter from?  
But dash my wigs, it's past six  
o'clock. Come, old girl, why don't  
you give us the tobacco and stuff?

MRS. MOULDER  
It ain't too far to fetch.

MRS. MOULDER puts the tobacco and alcohol on the table.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY

The other letter is from an enemy of mine named Dockwrath, who lives at Hamworth. He's an attorney too.

MOULDER

Dockwrath!

KANTWISE looks at KENNEBY and shuts his eyes.

SNENGKELD

That was the name of the man in the commercial room at the Bull.

MOULDER

He went out to Mason's at Groby Park that same day.

JOHN KENNEBY

It's the same man.

MOULDER

Let me tell you, John Kenneby. If they two be the same man, then the man who wrote that letter is as big a blackguard as there is.

MOULDER puffs hard on his pipe, takes a long pull at his drink, and drags open his waistcoat.

MOULDER

Kantwise, do you have anything to say?

KANTWISE

Not a word at present.

KENNEBY picks up the second letter.

JOHN KENNEBY

Dockwrath and I knew each other when we were lads. He wants me to go to Hamworth to--

(picks up the letter and reads)

'have a little conversation...about a matter of considerable interest to both of us, and as I cannot expect you to undertake expense I enclose a money order for thirty shillings.'

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

He's in earnest at any rate.

SNENGKELD

No mistake about that.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME are sitting together.

MRS. ORME

I do hope the boys are happy. They have a nice party at Noningsby.

LADY MASON

Your boy will be happy, I'm sure.

MRS. ORME

Why not Lucius?

LADY MASON

This trouble weighs heavy on him.

MRS. ORME

Papa thinks nothing will come of it. I'd strive to forget it.

LADY MASON

I do strive.

INT. NONINGSBY - SCHOOLROOM - EVENING

More time has passed, and the room has darkened.

LADY STAVELEY

I believe it's too dark to--

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

And now for snap-dragon.

MADLINE STAVELEY

Exactly as you predicted, Mr. Graham. Blindman's buff at a quarter past three, and snap-dragon at five.

FELIX GRAHAM

I revoke every word that I uttered, for I was never more amused in my life.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY

And you'll be prepared to endure  
the wine and sweet cake when they  
come.

FELIX GRAHAM

Prepared to endure anything, and go  
through everything. We shall be  
allowed candles now, I suppose.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Snap-dragon by candlelight? It'd  
wash all the dragon out of it, and  
leave nothing but the snap. It's  
necessary that it should be played  
in the dark--or rather by its own  
lurid light.

FELIX GRAHAM

Oh, there's a lurid light, is  
there?

MADELINE STAVELEY

You shall see.

MADELINE turns to AUGUSTUS STAVELEY.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I think we must drop the ghost on  
this occasion.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You'll disgust them dreadfully if  
you do.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You can do ghost for them.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I can't act a ghost. Miss Furnival,  
you'd make a lovely ghost.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I shall be most happy to be useful.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT

(tugs at MADELINE)

Oh, Aunt Mad, you must be ghost.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You foolish little thing. We're  
going to have a beautiful  
ghost--a divine ghost.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
But we want Madeline to be the  
ghost. She's always ghost.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I only offered my poor services  
hoping to be useful. No one who  
ever lived could leave a worse  
ghost behind him than I should  
prove.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
We'll have two ghosts.

MARIAN is delighted.

INT. NONINGSBY - SCHOOLROOM - NIGHT

MADELINE STAVELEY and SOPHIA FURNIVAL, dressed in white  
sheets and veils, enter the darkened schoolroom. Each,  
illuminated, carries a tray with a large dish full of  
raisins and a blue fire blazing up from burnt brandy.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
(to FELIX GRAHAM)  
Isn't it grand?

FELIX GRAHAM  
Uncommonly grand.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
Which ghost do you think is the  
grandest? I'll tell you which ghost  
I like best. I like Aunt Mad the  
best, and I think she's the  
grandest too.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I think the same. To my mind, she's  
the grandest ghost I ever saw in my  
life.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
Is she indeed?

FELIX GRAHAM  
(picking up MARIAN)  
Now, Marian.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
But it'll burn, Mr. Felix. Look  
there. See. There are a great many  
at that end. You do it.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM  
I must have another kiss then.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
Yes. If you get five.

GRAHAM reaches into MADELINE's burning bowl and pulls out a handful of raisins.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
(stirring the bowl to keep the flames alive)  
If you take too many at a time I'll rap your knuckles with the spoon.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
The ghost shouldn't speak.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
The ghost must speak when such large hands invade the caldron.

GRAHAM quickly reaches into the bowl again, and his knuckles are rapped with a kitchen spoon. PERRY ORME watches with dismay. Meanwhile, LUCIUS MASON and AUGUSTUS STAVELEY flirt with SOPHIA FURNIVAL.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - NIGHT

The tobacco has been smoked, and the alcohol has been consumed.

MOULDER  
(to Kenneby)  
I don't think you should go to Hamworth or Bedford Row.

SNENKELD  
(shakes his head)  
There's too many at work to let the matter sleep. Go to Hamworth first and get the lay of it.

MOULDER  
Don't say more than you're obliged to.

MRS. MOULDER  
I don't like business talkings on Christmas night.

KANTWISE refills his glass and looks up at the ceiling. There's a moment of silence, and then MOULDER becomes philosophical.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

I'll tell you what my idea of death is. I ain't a bit afeard of it. My father was an honest man as did his duty by his employers, and he died with a bottle of brandy before him and a pipe in his mouth. I sha'n't live long myself--

MRS. MOULDER

Gracious, Moulder, don't.

MOULDER

'Cause I'm fat like he was, and I hope I die as he did. I've been honest to Hubbles and Grease. When I took to the old girl there, I insured my life, so she shouldn't want her wittles and drink--

MRS. MOULDER

Oh, M., don't.

MOULDER

I ain't afeard to die. Snengkeld, my old pal, hand us the brandy.

INT. GROBY PARK - GREEN COTTAGE - NIGHT

MR. and MRS. GREEN walk into their little modest cottage, look at each other, and breathe a sigh of relief.

MR. GREEN

At least we don't have to worry about being sick from richness tomorrow. And now, my dear, we'll have a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of beer.

They smile sweetly at each other.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

A game of the card game Commerce is just beginning. SOPHIA FURNIVAL sits next to AUGUSTUS STAVELEY.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(to AUGUSTUS)

I won't have any cheating tonight. I will take my chance, and if I die, I die. One can die but once.

Through a montage of games, we see SOPHIA 'die' not once but three times. LUCIUS MASON also 'dies.'

INT. NONINGSBY - 2ND DRAWING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

SOPHIA FURNIVAL and LUCIUS MASON sit in the same room, warming themselves by the fire.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Are you leaving tomorrow, Mr. Mason?

LUCIUS MASON

After breakfast. To my own house, where for some weeks to come I shall be absolutely alone.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Your mother is staying at The Cleeve.

LUCIUS MASON

Yes, but I wish with all my heart she were at Orley Farm.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Papa saw her yesterday at The Cleeve. I can't tell you how I grieve for her.

LUCIUS MASON

I wish she were in her own house. Her name has been disgraced--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

No, Mr. Mason, not disgraced.

LUCIUS MASON

Yes, disgraced. Even for myself, I feel it's wrong to be here.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

No one thinks your mother has done anything that she shouldn't have done.

LUCIUS MASON

So many people talk of her as though she's committed a great crime. Miss Furnival, I know she's innocent. I know it as surely as I know the fact of my own existence--

MISS FURNIVAL

We all feel the same.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

I've given my mother my counsel,  
and I regret to say that she  
differs from me.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Why don't you speak to Papa?

LUCIUS MASON

I did, and he rebuked me.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Not intentionally, I'm sure.  
I've heard him say that you're an  
excellent son.

LUCIUS MASON

He said I should leave it to such  
people as the Staveleys and the  
Ormes to guard her from ignominy  
and disgrace.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

The kindness of Mrs. Orme must be a  
great support to her.

LUCIUS MASON

Why shouldn't my kindness be a  
support to her? My desire is to  
meet that man in a court of law and  
thrust these falsehoods down his  
throat.

CHARLEY ARBUTHNOT

(OS)

Grandmama is dead. Oh, Grandmama,  
do have one of my lives. Look! I've  
got three.

LADY STAVELEY

(OS)

Thank you, my dears, but the  
natural term of my existence has  
come, and I won't rebel against  
fate.

CHARLEY ARBUTHNOT

(OS)

Oh, Grandmama, we'll let you have  
another grace.

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

(OS)

By no means, Charley.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

(OS)

About this time of the night suicide becomes common among the elders. Unfortunately for me, the pistol that I've been snapping at my own head for the last half-hour always hangs fire.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL and LUCIUS MASON smile at each other.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I sympathise with you most sincerely. I only wish my sympathy could be of more value.

LUCIUS MASON

It'll be invaluable if it's given from the first to the last of this sad affair.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I'll never turn away from you, Mr. Mason.

LUCIUS MASON

Then give me your hand on that, and remember that such a promise in my ears means much.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL hesitates for a brief moment, and then gives LUCIUS MASON her hand.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

There it is. And you may be sure that with me such a promise means something. And now I'll say good night.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL squeezes LUCIUS's hand and then rises.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll get you your candle.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

It is the night after Christmas. Furnival's butler, SPOONER, holds the door open, and MR. FURNIVAL stumbles in.

FURNIVAL  
Kitty, how are you?

MR. FURNIVAL stretches out his arms prepared for an embrace.

FURNIVAL  
Miss Biggs with you? I didn't know.  
How do you do, Miss Biggs?

FURNIVAL extends his hand to MARTHA BIGGS. MARTHA and MRS. FURNIVAL share a glance.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
It's rather lonely being here in this big room all by oneself. So I asked Martha Biggs to come over.

MARTHA BIGGS  
If I'm in the way, or if Mr. Furnival is going to stay at home for long--

FURNIVAL  
You're not in the way, and I'm not staying long.

MARTHA BIGGS  
I didn't know.

FURNIVAL  
You know now.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
You needn't be rude to my friend after she's been waiting tea for you till near eleven o'clock.

FURNIVAL  
I wasn't rude to your friend, and who asked you to wait tea?

MRS. FURNIVAL  
You expressly desired me to wait tea, Mr. Furnival. I've got your letter, and will show it you if you wish.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

Nonsense. I just said I should be home--

MRS. FURNIVAL

It's not nonsense, and I declare--Never mind. I'll get over it.

MRS. FURNIVAL begins sobbing. MARTHA BIGGS immediately gets up and comes behind the drawing room table to comfort her friend.

MARTHA BIGGS

Be calm, Mrs. Furnival, and you'll be better soon.

(reaches into her pocket)

Here's the hartshorn.

MRS. FURNIVAL

(crying, pushing the harshorn bottle away)

Never mind. Leave me alone.

FURNIVAL

May I be excused for asking what is really the matter? I'll be whipped if I know.

MARTHA shoots him a dirty look.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I wonder why you ever come near the place at all, I do.

MR. FURNIVAL

What place?

MRS. FURNIVAL

This house in which I'm obliged to live by myself, without a soul to speak to, unless Martha Biggs comes here.

MISS BIGGS

Which would be more frequent, only that I know I'm not welcome by everyone.

MRS. FURNIVAL

You hate it here. And you hate me too. There. Do you want your tea, Mr. Furnival? Or do you wish to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL (cont'd)  
keep the servants waiting out of  
their beds all night?

FURNIVAL  
Damn the servants.

MARTHA BIGGS  
Oh, laws!

SPOONER remains stoic.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Mr. Furnival, I'm ashamed of you.

FURNIVAL falls into his usual chair. MRS. FURNIVAL gives MARTHA BIGGS a signal. MARTHA BIGGS takes her bedcandle and leaves the room. Her footsteps can be heard in the hall. The steps stop for a moment when she reaches the stairs. There's a slight hesitation before she finally, reluctantly goes up the stairs.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Tom, we're not going on together as  
well as we should. Shouldn't we  
make a change before it's too late?

FURNIVAL  
What change?

MRS. FURNIVAL  
If you knew how wretched I am.  
You're breaking my heart. Why did I  
find that woman in your chamber?

FURNIVAL  
Kitty, you can't interfere with  
what I do or who I see in my  
chambers in Lincoln's Inn. If  
you're such a simpleton as to  
believe--

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Of course I'm a simpleton. Women  
always are.

FURNIVAL  
Listen to me, will you?

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Would you like me to give up this  
house for her, and go into lodgings  
somewhere? Oh dear, that things  
should ever have come to this.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

Come to what?

MRS. FURNIVAL

Tom, I can put up with a great deal. But when I know what you're doing with a nasty, sly, false woman like that, I won't bear it.

MRS. FURNIVAL rises from her seat and angrily hits the loo table in the middle of the room.

FURNIVAL

I didn't think it possible that you could be so silly. I won't endure this sort of usage.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Nor will I. As long as there was nothing absolutely wrong, I could put up with it for the sake of appearances, and because of Sophia. But, Mr. Furnival, I've made up my mind.

MRS. FURNIVAL rushes out of the room and up the stairs.

INT. FURNIVAL PRIVATE LAW OFFICE - DAY

It's the next morning. FURNIVAL is meeting with MATTHEW ROUND.

MATTHEW ROUND

We're pressed to go on with this, and if we don't, someone else will.

FURNIVAL

If I were you, I'd decline.

MATTHEW ROUND

You're looking to your client, not ours, sir. The whole case is very queer. We've written to the two witnesses, Bolster and Kenneby, to come up. I thought it right to tell you.

FURNIVAL

Thank you. What form do you think your proceedings will take?

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW ROUND  
Joseph Mason talks of indicting  
her. For forgery.

INT. FURNIVAL PRIVATE LAW OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND has left the office. FURNIVAL ponders his options for a moment and then rings for CRABWITZ, who appears at the door.

FURNIVAL  
Crabwitz, if you like, you can go  
away for a holiday.

CRABWITZ  
It's rather late in the season now,  
sir.

FURNIVAL  
I couldn't manage it earlier.  
Crabwitz, you've been an excellent  
servant, and I don't think I've  
been a bad master.

CRABWITZ  
I'm not complaining, sir.

FURNIVAL  
You're cross because I've kept you  
in town too long. Here's a cheque  
for fifty pounds.

FURNIVAL picks up the cheque from his desk and holds it out.

FURNIVAL  
Get out of town for a fortnight or  
so, and amuse yourself.

CRABWITZ  
I'm much obliged, sir.

CRABWITZ walks into the room, takes the cheque, and turns to leave.

FURNIVAL  
By-the-by, Crabwitz.

CRABWITZ  
Yes, sir.

FURNIVAL  
Have you heard of an attorney named  
Dockwrath?

(CONTINUED)

CRABWITZ

In London, Mr. Furnival?

FURNIVAL

No. He lives in Hamworth.

CRABWITZ

The one who's meddling in Lady  
Mason's affairs.

FURNIVAL

You've heard of that?

CRABWITZ

It's being talked about in the  
profession. Messrs. Round and  
Crook's leading young man was up  
here with me the other day, and he  
said a good deal about it.

FURNIVAL

He knows Dockwrath?

CRABWITZ

Dockwrath has been at their place  
of business pretty constant of  
late, and he and Mr. Matthew seem  
thick enough together.

FURNIVAL

Do they?

CRABWITZ

So Smart tells me.

FURNIVAL

You've never seen Dockwrath  
yourself, Crabwitz?

CRABWITZ

No, sir, I've never set eyes on the  
man.

MR. FURNIVAL thinks for a moment. CRABWITZ waits.

FURNIVAL

You don't know anyone in Hamworth,  
I suppose?

CRABWITZ

Not a soul, sir.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

I'll tell you why I ask. I strongly suspect that Dockwrath is at some foul play.

CRABWITZ

There's no doubting that, sir.

FURNIVAL

Do you think anything could be done by seeing him? Of course Lady Mason has nothing to worry about. Her son's estate is as safe as my hat, but--

CRABWITZ

The people at Round's think it isn't quite so safe, sir.

FURNIVAL

Then the people at Round's know nothing about it. But Lady Mason is so averse to legal proceedings that it's worth her while to have matters settled. You understand?

CRABWITZ

I understand. Wouldn't an attorney be the best person, sir?

FURNIVAL

Not just at present, Crabwitz. Lady Mason is a very dear friend of mine--

CRABWITZ

Yes, sir. We know that.

FURNIVAL

If you could make any pretence for running down to Hamworth--change of air, you know, for a week or so. It's beautiful country. And you might find out whether anything could be done, eh?

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

FURNIVAL arrives at The Cleeve in a Hamworth fly.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

FURNIVAL is bundled up in winter clothing. FURNIVAL and SIR PEREGRINE ORME shake hands.

FURNIVAL

Sir Peregrine, I've heard that Lady Mason is staying at The Cleeve.

SIR PEREGRINE

Yes. She's staying here, Mr. Furnival. Would you like to see her?

FURNIVAL

Before I leave I shall be glad to see her, Sir Peregrine, but I should first have a conversation with you.

SIR PEREGRINE

Of course.

FURNIVAL

As you know, Joseph Mason has made some noise about reopening that old Orley Farm case. I wish I could protect Lady Mason from that scoundrel--

SIR PEREGRINE

Let him do his worst, Mr. Furnival and let her remain tranquil. That's my advice to Lady Mason. He can't really injure her.

FURNIVAL

It's probable that he can do nothing, but nevertheless, Sir Peregrine--

SIR PEREGRINE

I don't know whether he can dispute the will, but if so, let him do it.

FURNIVAL

It's a little more than that.

(beat)

There's now talk of charging Lady Mason with forgery.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

Who dares to make that charge?

FURNIVAL

Joseph Mason.

SIR PEREGRINE

He's a mean, unmanly bastard. He wouldn't dare to make it against a man.

FURNIVAL

Unfortunately, it's now in the hands of respectable attorneys. And there's evidence that purports to support the charges.

SIR PEREGRINE ORME

Am I to understand, then, that you think--

FURNIVAL

I don't think anything injurious to the lady, but I fear that she's in jeopardy.

SIR PEREGRINE

Do you mean to say that an innocent person can be in danger in this country?

FURNIVAL

An innocent person, Sir Peregrine, can be in danger of annoyance and delay in proving innocence. We must remember that she's a woman, and therefore weaker than you or I.

SIR PEREGRINE

Yes, but still--do you intend to tell her all this?

FURNIVAL

Neither you nor I should keep her in the dark.

SIR PEREGRINE

Perhaps my attorneys, Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile could be enlisted. There are no more respectable men in the whole profession.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

They may be too respectable. Slow  
and Bideawhile don't undertake this  
sort of business.

SIR PEREGRINE

(reluctantly)

Do you wish to see her now?

FURNIVAL

She should be told.

SIR PEREGRINE rings the bell. The servant, JAMIE, comes in  
the room.

SIR PEREGRINE ORME

Please ask Lady Mason to come to  
the library. Tell her that Mr.  
Furnival is here.

EXT. HAMWORTH STATION - DAY

JOHN KENNEBY, grim-faced, gets off the train and starts down  
the lane on his way to Dockwrath's house.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

JAMIE has just told LADY MASON of SIR PEREGRINE's request.  
LADY MASON is pale as death and trembling. MRS. ORME looks  
at her with concern.

LADY MASON

I suppose I must go.

LADY MASON rises from her chair and supports herself by  
placing a hand on the table.

MRS. ORME

Mr. Furnival is a friend, isn't he?

LADY MASON

A kind friend, but--

MRS. ORME

They shall come in here if you  
like, dear.

LADY MASON

It won't do to seem so weak. What  
must you think of me to see me so?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

Such cruelty would kill me. I wonder at your strength rather than your weakness.

EXT. DOCKWRATH HOUSE - DAY

JOHN KENNEBY reluctantly forces himself to continue toward the house. He passes by Dockwrath's office door, continues to the private house door, steels himself, and nervously knocks. MIRIAM DOCKWRATH opens the door.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

John, who'd have thought of seeing you?

MIRIAM shifts a baby from one arm to the other and gives him her hand.

JOHN KENNEBY

It's a long time since we met.

KENNEBY glances inside the house and sees a passel of dirty kids.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

A long time. 'Deed it is. Why we've hardly seen each other since you used to be a courting of me, have we? John, why haven't you got a wife for yourself these many years? But come in.

MIRIAM opens the door wider and guides KENNEBY, who's now realized he dodged a huge bullet, into a little sitting room on the left-hand side of the passage.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

FURNIVAL and SIR PEREGRINE look toward the door as the handle turns. LADY MASON enters the room. MRS. ORME can be seen outside the door. The door closes.

FURNIVAL

Dear Lady Mason, I hope you're well.

SIR PEREGRINE helps LADY MASON to his chair.

SIR PEREGRINE

Mr. Furnival thinks it best that you should be made aware of steps being taken by Mr. Mason of Groby Park.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

Joseph Mason has instructed his lawyer to institute a criminal proceeding against you for having forged a codicil to your husband's will.

LADY MASON takes a deep breath and blinks.

SIR PEREGRINE

It's terrible to think of, but nobody can doubt how it'll end.

FURNIVAL

It has to do with the partnership deed signed on July 14, the same day as the codicil, and two witnesses. Kenneby and Bolster.

LADY MASON

I was with Sir Joseph, as far as I can remember, during the morning. In and out, Sir Peregrine, as you can understand.

SIR PEREGRINE nods sympathetically.

LADY MASON

Mr. Usbech had been there for many hours that day, probably from ten to two or three. So much business was transacted, but all I can remember is the affair of the will.

SIR PEREGRINE

No doubt these people witnessed both deeds. I can't conceive how that wretched man can be so silly as to spend his money on such a case as this.

FURNIVAL

He'd do anything for revenge.

INT. DOCKWRATH HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH points to the table and chairs purchased from Kantwise.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

You may venture to sit down upon them, though I can't say that I've ever tried myself.

(CONTINUED)

KENNEBY eyes the furniture suspiciously.

JOHN KENNEBY

They're nice I'm sure, but I don't think I've seen anything like them.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

Nobody has. But don't tell him--  
(nods with her head toward the office)

I had as nice a set of mahoganys as ever a woman could want, and bought with my own money too, John, but he's took them away to furnish some of his lodgings, and put these in their place.

SAM DOCKWRATH begins playing with the metal chair legs.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

Don't, Sam. You'll have 'em all twisted about nohows in no time if you use 'em in that way.

SAM DOCKWRATH

I wants to see the picture on the table.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

Drat the picture. It was hard, wasn't it, John, to see my own mahoganys, as I'd rubbed with my own hands till they was ever so bright, and as was bought with my own money too after Sir Joseph died, took away and them things brought here? Sam, if you twist that round any more, I'll box your ears.

JOHN KENNEBY

(still eyeing the furniture)  
They don't seem useful.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

It's cheatery. And that Dockwrath should be took in with 'em--he that's so sharp at everything--that's what surprises me. But laws, John, it isn't the sharp ones that gets the best off. You was never sharp, but you're as smirk and smooth as though you came

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH (cont'd)  
out of a band-box. I'm glad to see  
you, John, so I am.

MIRIAM lifts up her apron and wipes away a tear.

JOHN KENNEBY  
Is Mr. Dockwrath at home?

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Sam, run round and see if your  
father's in the office.

SAM runs off. Meanwhile, MOLLY DOCKWRATH plays too roughly  
with her younger sister, ELIZABETH.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Molly, do be quiet with your  
sister. I never see such a girl as  
you are for bothering. You didn't  
come down about business, did you,  
John?

JOHN KENNEBY  
I've been summoned by Mr. Dockwrath  
as to the Orley Farm trial.

SAM DOCKWRATH barges in.

SAM DOCKWRATH  
Papa has stepped out and will be  
back in half an hour.

MIRIAM sighs and motions KENNEBY to follow her.

INT. DOCKWRATH HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

MIRIAM leads KENNEBY into the room. MOLLY and SAM shyly  
follow.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
You can sit down there at any rate  
without it all crunching under  
you.

MIRIAM scoops a broken toy out of the seat of an old  
well-worn horse-hair bottomed armchair.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
I wouldn't trust myself on one of  
them, and so I told him, angry as  
it made him. But now about poor  
Lady Mason--Sam and Molly, go into  
the garden.

(CONTINUED)

SAM and MOLLY scramble out the door.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

They is so ready with their ears, John, and he contrives to get everything out of 'em. Isn't it dreadful, John, to think that they should come against her now, and the will all settled as it was twenty year ago? She was always a good friend to you, wasn't she?

JOHN KENNEBY

(nodding)

It's a dreadful affair, and the more I think of it the more dreadful it becomes.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

You won't say anything against her, will you? Don't go over to his side, John.

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't know about sides.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

He'll get himself into trouble with it. I do wish you'd tell him, for he can't hurt you if you stand up to him. If I speak--Lord bless you, I don't dare to call my soul my own for a week afterwards.

JOHN KENNEBY

Is he so very--

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

Dreadful, John. He's bid me never speak a word to her. But for all that I used till she went away down to The Cleeve yonder. They say that Sir Peregrine is going to make her his lady. If he does, Dockwrath and Joseph Mason will get the worst of it. I'm sure I hope they will, only he'll be twice as hard if he don't make money by it.

JOHN KENNEBY

Will he, now?

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

Indeed he will. You never knew anything like him for hardness if things go wrong.

SAM barges in.

SAM DOCKWRATH

Papa is back!

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

You'll come round and eat a bit of dinner with us?

(beat)

He must say something in the way of asking you, you know, and then say you'll come.

INT. THE CLEEVE - BREAKFAST PARLOUR - DAY

LADY MASON is in the parlour by herself. The door is slightly ajar. She sits in a chair by the table with her face in her hands. She hears the library door open and the muffled voices of SIR PEREGRINE and FURNIVAL. The front door closes, and wheels crunch on the gravel as the fly speeds away. Finally, the library door shuts behind SIR PEREGRINE.

INT. DOCKWRATH OFFICE - DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH and JOHN KENNEBY face each other over DOCKWRATH's desk. DOCKWRATH holds a writing instrument and hovers over a sheet of paper.

DOCKWRATH

Please tell me everything you remember about that day.

KENNEBY is taken aback.

INT. DOCKWRATH OFFICE - DAY

JOHN KENNEBY has finished giving his deposition. SAMUEL DOCKWRATH finishes writing and then spins the paper to KENNEBY.

DOCKWRATH

And now if you'll just sign that.

JOHN KENNEBY

A man should never write his own name unless he knows why.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

What would a judge say if you made such a statement as this, affecting the character of a woman like Lady Mason, and then refused to sign it? You'd never be able to hold up your head again.

JOHN KENNEBY

Wouldn't I?

KENNEBY reluctantly signs it.

JOHN KENNEBY

What about the other witness?

DOCKWRATH stares back at him.

JOHN KENNEBY

Bridget Bolster? Are you meeting with her too?

DOCKWRATH

She declined a meeting.

DOCKWRATH motions to a letter, envelope, and money order on his desk. (Bolster has written to DOCKWRATH and returned the money order.) JOHN KENNEBY reacts.

DOCKWRATH

Now we'll go to the Blue Posts--remember the Blue Posts?--and I'll stand a beef steak and a glass of brandy and water. I suppose you'll go back to London by the 3 P.M. train. We'll have lots of time.

JOHN KENNEBY

I must decline your invitation. It's been a long time since I've been to Hamworth, and I'd like to take a walk and renew my associations.

DOCKWRATH

If you prefer associations to the Blue Posts, I'll say good-bye to you. I don't understand it myself. We'll see each other at the trial.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY  
 (sighing)  
 Yes. We shall.

DOCKWRATH  
 Are you going into the house to see  
 her again?

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH moves his head toward the side of the house  
 where MIRIAM met with KENNEBY.

JOHN KENNEBY  
 I think I'll say good-bye.

DOCKWRATH  
 Don't talk to her about this  
 affair. Everything goes up to that  
 woman at Orley Farm.

INT. DOCKWRATH HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH and JOHN KENNEBY are talking near the fire.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
 He wanted you to go to the Blue  
 Posts, did he? It's like him. If  
 there's to be any money spent it's  
 anywhere but at home.

JOHN KENNEBY  
 But I ain't going.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
 He'll stand brandy and water to  
 half Hamworth when he thinks he can  
 get anything by it, but if you'll  
 believe me, John, though I've all  
 the fag of the house on me, and all  
 them children, I can't get a pint  
 of beer--not regular--betwixt  
 breakfast and bedtime.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

LADY MASON stands outside the door and knocks. This she does  
 so gently that at first there's no answer. Then she knocks  
 again, hardly louder but with a repeated rap.

SIR PEREGRINE  
 (OS)  
 Come in.

LADY MASON opens the door and stands in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON  
May I trouble you once more?

SIR PEREGRINE  
It's no trouble.

LADY MASON  
I don't know why you should be so good to me.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Because you're in great, undeserved grief. I will act for you as I would for a daughter.

LADY MASON  
You've heard now what they're accusing me of.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Yes.

SIR PEREGRINE walks to her.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I blush to think that there's a man in England, holding the position of a county magistrate, who can so forget all that is due to honesty, humanity, and self-respect.

LADY MASON  
You don't think that I'm guilty of this thing?

SIR PEREGRINE takes her hands in his and looks into her eyes.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Neither I nor Edith will ever think you guilty.

SIR PEREGRINE, still holding both her hands, tears up. LADY MASON looks down. Her head falls upon his shoulder.

SIR PEREGRINE  
My poor, ill-used dear.

LADY MASON withdraws one hand from his and presses a handkerchief to her face. SIR PEREGRINE slips his arm around her waist and kisses LADY MASON, surprising her.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

If I can lighten the load--

LADY MASON

Perhaps I should leave The Cleeve.  
I won't destroy the comfort of your  
home by the wretchedness of my  
position.

SIR PEREGRINE

Lady Mason, my house is altogether  
at your service. You won't leave  
till this cloud passes.

EXT. HAMWORTH - DAY

JOHN KENNEBY approaches Orley Farm's gate and looks up the avenue. He takes a few steps and then sees LUCIUS MASON in the distance. LUCIUS walks up and down, from the house towards the road, and back again, swinging a heavy stick in his hand. His hat is pressed down over his brows. KENNEBY changes his mind about going into town, returns to the gate, and heads down a side lane toward the train station.

EXT. MONKTON GRANGE - DAY

Monkton Grange is an old farmhouse, now hardly used as such. It still possesses the marks of ancient respectability and even of grandeur. It is approached from the high road by a long double avenue of elms. The road itself has become narrow, and the space between the side row of trees is covered by soft turf.

The old house itself is surrounded by a moat, dry indeed now for the most part, but nevertheless an evident moat, deep and well preserved, with a bridge over it which must once have been a drawbridge.

In front of the bridge, the old hounds sit upon their haunches, resting quietly round the horses of the huntsmen, while the young dogs move about. The sportsmen and ladies congregate by degrees, men from a distance in dog-carts generally arriving first. There is room here too in the open space for carriages, and there is one spot on which always stands old LORD ALSTON's chariot with the four posters.

LORD ALSTON is a tall thin man, bent with age. He is dressed from head to foot in a sportsman's garb, with a broad stiffly starched coloured handkerchief tied rigidly round his neck. It is with difficulty that he gets into his saddle. His SERVANT holds his rein and stirrup and gives him other slight assistance.

(CONTINUED)

LORD ALSTON

(to PERRY ORME)

Why isn't your grandfather here today? Tell him from me that if he fails us in this way, I shall think he's getting old.

PERRY ORME smiles.

A tidy little modern carriage bustles up the road, a brougham made for a pair of horses. In this, as it pulls up under the head tree of the avenue, are seated the two MISS TRISTRAMS (HARRIET and JULIA). They are good-looking, fair-haired girls, short in size, with bright gray eyes, and a short decisive mode of speaking.

The two girls sit in their carriage till the GROOM brings up their horses. Each steps for an instant on a SERVANT's hand, then settles herself on horseback.

The party from Noningsby consists of six or seven on horseback, besides those in the carriage.

GRAHAM is mounted on AUGUSTUS's horse.

FELIX GRAHAM

I give you fair warning, if I don't spare my own neck, you can't expect me to spare your horse's legs.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Do your worst. If you give him his head, and let him have his own way, he won't come to grief, whatever you may do.

PERRY ORME

(to MADELINE)

Are you riding today?

MADLINE STAVELEY

If you mean going across the fields with you and the Miss Tristrams, certainly not. I should come to grief at the first ditch.

FELIX GRAHAM

That is just what I shall do.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Then remain with us in the woods, and act as squire of dames. What on earth would Marian do if something happens to you?

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Dear Marian. She gave me a special commission to bring her the fox's tail. Foxes' tails are just like ladies.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Thank you, Mr. Graham. I've heard you make some pretty compliments, and that is about the prettiest.

FELIX GRAHAM

A faint heart will never win either the one or the other, Miss Staveley.

MADELINE STAVELEY

That will do very well. Under these circumstances. I'll accept the comparison.

HARRIET and JULIA TRISTRAM come up to shake hands with MADELINE STAVELEY and SOPHIA FURNIVAL.

HARRIET TRISTRAM

I'm so glad to see you. It's so nice to have some ladies out besides ourselves.

JULIA TRISTRAM

Do keep up with us. It's very open country about here, and anyone can ride it.

HARRIET TRISTRAM

Does your horse jump, Miss Furnival?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I really don't know, but I sincerely hope that if he does, he'll refrain today.

HARRIET TRISTRAM

Don't say so. It'll come as easy to you as going along the road.

The TRISTRAMS ride away. AUGUSTUS is nearby to JACOB, a huntsman, and MR. WILLIAMS, a local landowner.

MR. WILLIAMS

I believe we may be moving, Jacob.

JACOB looks at a large timepiece.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

The time be up.

The riders move slowly away from the grange, down a farm road which leads to Monkton Wood, distant from the old house by perhaps a quarter of a mile.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

May we go as far as the woods?  
Without being made to ride over  
hedges, I mean.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Oh, dear, yes, and ride about the  
woods half the day. It'll be an  
hour and a half before a fox will  
break, if he ever breaks.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

How tired you'll be of us. Now do  
say something pretty, Mr. Staveley.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

It's not my *métier*. We shall be  
tired, not of you, but of the  
thing. Galloping up and down the  
same cuts in the woods for an hour  
and a half is tiring.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(glancing at the Tristrams)  
Don't you think it nice seeing  
young ladies with so much hunting  
knowledge?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You want me to talk slander, but I  
won't do it. I admire the Miss  
Tristrams exceedingly, especially  
Julia.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Which is Julia?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

The youngest. That one riding by  
herself.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Why don't you go and express your  
admiration?

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Why don't we all express admiration  
and pour sweet praises into the  
ears of the lady who excites it?  
Because we're cowards, Miss  
Furnival, and fear such a weak  
thing as a woman.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I should hardly have thought that  
you'd suffer from such terror as  
that.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You don't know me, Miss Furnival.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

And Miss Julia Tristram is the lady  
who's excited it?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

If it be not she, it's some other  
fair votary of Diana at present  
riding into Monkton Wood.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

You're giving me a riddle to guess,  
and I never guess riddles. I won't  
even try. They all seem to be  
stopping.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

They're putting the hounds into  
covert. Now if you want to  
show yourself a good sportsman,  
look at your watch. You see that  
Julia Tristram has got hers in her  
hand.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Why?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

To time the hounds, to see how long  
they'll be before they find. In a  
great wood like this I don't care  
for being so accurate, but don't  
tell Julia Tristram. I shouldn't  
have a chance if she thought I was  
so slack.

(CONTINUED)

The hounds scatter themselves in the woods, and the party rides up the centre roadway towards a great circular opening in the middle of it. Some horsemen stand, while others linger at the gate.

We hear the shrill, sharp sound of a hound's voice, a single, eager, happy bark.

JULIA rides away, following the hounds. JACOB rides off in a different direction. PERRY follows JULIA, and GRAHAM follows PERRY.

At the end of the roadway, in the middle of the track, there is the gap. The second or further ditch is the more difficult obstacle, and there is no footing in the gap from which a horse can take his leap.

JULIA TRISTRAM confidently tackles it. Her horse goes well across on to the bank, poises himself there for a moment, and takes a second spring, carrying JULIA across into the further field with ease. In that field the dogs are now running close together.

PERRY follows--a little to the right of JULIA's passage, so that he has room for himself. He also goes well over. GRAHAM permits his horse to come close upon PERRY's track and to make his jump before PERRY's horse has taken his second spring.

PERRY  
(shouting)  
Have a care, or you'll shove me  
into the ditch!

GRAHAM gives his horse a pull as he prepares for his second spring. The outside ditch is broad and deep and well banked. GRAHAM, heeding PERRY's caution, attempts to stop the horse. The horse makes his jump but jumps short. He comes down with his knees against the further bank, throws GRAHAM, and then, struggling to right himself, rolls over him.

The horse gets to his feet, and GRAHAM jumps up and staggers a step or two towards the horse. He tries to raise his right arm and can't.

PERRY and JULIA look back. GRAHAM struggles to breathe.

JULIA  
(to PERRY)  
There's nothing wrong, I hope!

JULIA rides on.

PERRY  
(turning back his horse)  
Are you hurt, old fellow?

FELIX GRAHAM  
Not much.  
(smiles)  
There's something wrong about my  
arm--but don't wait.

PERRY  
Can you mount again?

FELIX GRAHAM  
Perhaps I'd better sit down.

PERRY jumps off his horse.

PERRY  
Here, you fellow, come and hold  
these horses.

A BOY who'd been following the riders scrambles over and  
takes the reins.

PERRY  
Sit down, Graham. I'm afraid you're  
hurt. Did he roll on you?

GRAHAM looks up at him, still smiling. His face is pale.  
Spittle forms on his lips. He tries to speak but can't.  
PERRY tries to raise GRAHAM's arm. GRAHAM shudders and  
shakes his head.

PERRY  
I fear it's broken.

GRAHAM nods and places his left hand on his chest. The dogs  
sound far away.

PERRY  
(to the BOY)  
Get on that horse. Ride to Farmer  
Griggs, and tell them to send  
someone here with a spring cart.

BOY  
(looks at PERRY's horse)  
But I hain't no good at riding.

PERRY  
Then run. Go through the woods. You  
know where Farmer Griggs lives. The  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY (cont'd)  
 first farm on the other side of the  
 grange. And if the cart is here in  
 half an hour, I'll give you a  
 sovereign.

The BOY climbs over the fence. Meanwhile, GRAHAM sits down  
 with his feet hanging into the ditch. PERRY kneels next to  
 him.

PERRY  
 I'm sorry I can't do more, but I  
 fear we must remain here till the  
 cart comes.

FELIX GRAHAM  
 (gasping)  
 I am--so--vexed--about your hunt.  
 Now the cart--is--sent for,  
 couldn't you--go on?

PERRY  
 Never mind me. When a fellow's hurt  
 he must do as he's told. You'd  
 better have a drop of sherry.

PERRY pickets the horses to two branches and gets out his  
 case of sherry, pours a small amount into the silver mug  
 attached to the apparatus, and supports GRAHAM while he  
 drinks.

PERRY  
 You'll be right as a trivet  
 by-and-by, only you'll have to make  
 Noningsby your headquarters for the  
 next six weeks.

INT. WOODS - DAY

The BOY runs through the woods and encounters three people  
 on horseback--JUDGE STAVELEY, MADELINE STAVELEY, and SOPHIA  
 FURNIVAL.

BOY  
 (out of breath)  
 There be a mon there be a'most  
 dead. I be asking for Farmer  
 Griggs' cart.

JUDGE  
 Who's injured?

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY

Is it Gus?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL puts her hand to her mouth. The three head toward the fence.

EXT. HAMWORTH - DAY

Hamworth is a pretty area with picturesque scenery.

EXT. RENTAL COTTAGE - DAY

The house is a small, modest cottage in Paradise Row, owned by SAMUEL DOCKWRATH and managed by MRS. TRUMP.

INT. RENTAL COTTAGE - DAY

The two-room cottage is modestly furnished. MR. CRABWITZ has recently arrived as a lodger and is in a pleasant discussion with MRS. TRUMP.

MR. CRABWITZ

I'm in the legal profession and have heard of Mr. Dockwrath, the owner of this lodge. I'd be very glad if the gentleman might come over and take a glass of brandy and water with me one evening.

MRS. TRUMP

And a very clever sharp gentleman he is.

MR. CRABWITZ

With a tolerably good business, I suppose?

MRS. TRUMP

Pretty fair for that, sir. But he do be turning his hand to everything. He's a mortal long family of his own, and he's need of it all.

INT. WOODS - DAY

PERRY hears the sound of horses and voices, looks up and sees JUDGE STAVELEY, MADELINE, and SOPHIA.

PERRY

It's the judge and two of the girls. Miss Staveley, I'm so glad you've come. Graham's had a bad

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY (cont'd)  
fall and hurt himself. You haven't  
a shawl, have you? The ground is so  
wet under him.

MADELINE STAVELEY makes a slight shriek. JUDGE STAVELEY  
doesn't hear, but SOPHIA FURNIVAL does.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Papa, can't you get over to him?

MADELINE pulls at her dress as though she's thinking of  
tearing off a piece for GRAHAM.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Can you hold my horse, dear?

JUDGE STAVELEY dismounts slowly. Burdened by a greatcoat, he  
has difficulty crossing the fence.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
(to SOPHIA)  
Could you hold the horse, and I'll  
go for a shawl?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I truly believe I cannot.

MADELINE disregards this and gallops towards the carriage.  
She makes her horse do its best, though her eyes are nearly  
blinded with tears.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
(shouting)  
Mama, give me a thick shawl. Mr.  
Graham has hurt himself in the  
field.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

PERRY and JUDGE STAVELEY offer comforting, mumbling words of  
encouragement to GRAHAM who's now even paler.

MADELINE STAVELEY gallops back and passes the cloak over to  
PERRY, who clambers up the bank to get it. The carriage has  
followed MADELINE, and there is a concourse of servants,  
horses, and ladies on the inside of the fence.

PERRY  
Where's that stupid farmer?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

We can't wait. We must get him across the ditches into the carriage.

PERRY

If Lady Staveley will let us do that.

JUDGE STAVELEY

The difficulty is not with Lady Staveley but with these nasty ditches.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT stands on the back seat of the carriage and holds the horses while the COACHMAN and FOOTMAN go into the field.

FELIX GRAHAM

It'd be better to let me lie here all day.

PERRY, the COACHMAN, and FOOTMAN struggle back with their burden. JUDGE STAVELEY brings up the rear with two hunting whips and Perry's cap.

JUDGE STAVELEY

How on earth anyone would think of riding over such a place as that!

GRAHAM is carefully laid on the back seat of the carriage. GRAHAM and MADELINE meet eyes, and he smiles. The carriage heads down the grassy road with MADELINE close to GRAHAM. SOPHIA is next to JUDGE STAVELEY. She notices his wet boots.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Poor Judge Staveley. How awful it is to have wet feet.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Miss Furnival, when a judge forgets himself and goes out hunting he has no right to expect anything better. What would your father have said had he seen me clambering up the bank with young Orme's hunting-cap between my teeth?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

He would have rushed to assist you.

INT. RENTAL COTTAGE - DAY

MR. CRABWITZ is finishing up his dinner. He hears a knock on the door.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Hello, sir. I hope you find  
everything comfortable.

MR. CRABWITZ opens the door and lets her in.

MR. CRABWITZ  
Yes. Thank you. Very nice. Is that  
Mrs. Dockwrath?

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Yes, sir. I'm Mrs. Dockwrath. As  
it's we who own the room, I looked  
in to see if anything's wanting.

MR. CRABWITZ  
You're very kind. Nothing is  
wanting. But I should be delighted  
to make your acquaintance if you'd  
stay for a moment. Might I ask you  
to take a chair?

MR. CRABWITZ motions to one.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Thank you. No, sir. I won't  
intrude.

MR. CRABWITZ  
Not at all, Mrs. Dockwrath. But the  
fact is, I'm a lawyer myself, and I  
should be so glad to meet your  
husband. I've heard a great deal of  
his name lately as to a rather  
famous case in which he's employed.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Not the Orley Farm case?

MR. CRABWITZ  
Exactly.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Is he going on with that, sir?

MR. CRABWITZ  
Isn't he? If I had such a wife as  
you, Mrs. Dockwrath, I shouldn't  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. CRABWITZ (cont'd)  
leave her in doubt as to what I was  
doing in my profession.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
I know nothing about it, Mr. Cooke,  
and don't want to know. But I do  
hope he'll drop it.

EXT. END OF RACE - DAY

Crowds have gathered at a farmhouse miles away from the  
accident. JULIA TRISTRAM seeks out AUGUSTUS STAVELEY.

JULIA TRISTRAM  
Mr. Staveley, your friend Mr.  
Graham fell while leaving the  
covert. I saw him rise to his legs,  
so I don't think he's seriously  
hurt. I hope I may comfort you by  
assuring you that your horse is  
none the worse.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
Poor Felix. He's lost a magnificent  
run. I suppose we're nine or ten  
miles from Monkton Grange now?

JULIA TRISTRAM  
Eleven if we're a yard.

AUGUSTUS starts to walk away, but as he passes people, he  
hears bits of gossip about Graham's fall.

HORSEMAN 1  
(whispers)  
I heard Graham's dead.

HORSEMAN 2  
Orme too. Graham rode over him and  
killed him.

HORSEMAN 3  
Graham and Orme are fine, but the  
two horses are dead.

HORSEMAN 4  
Graham's bones are all broken. He  
won't survive the night.

HORSEMAN 5  
Horses are dead. Graham is dead.

HARRIET TRISTRAM catches up with a grieving AUGUSTUS.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIET TRISTRAM

Don't believe it. In what condition Mr. Graham may be I won't say, but that your horse was safe and sound after he got over the fence, of that you may take my word.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING

Dr. POTTINGER stands outside FELIX GRAHAM's room and in a low voice delivers the news to LADY STAVELEY, JUDGE STAVELEY, and MADELINE STAVELEY.

DR. POTTINGER

The right arm is broken very favourably. But two ribs are broken rather unfavourably.

LADY STAVELEY

Might we summon Sir Jacob from Saville Row?

JUDGE STAVELEY

I don't know if that'll be necessary.

MADELINE stands to the side, listening. JUDGE STAVELEY and DR. POTTINGER walk away, and MADELINE goes to her mother.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Why won't they send for Sir Jacob?

LADY STAVELEY

Your papa doesn't think it necessary, my dear. It'd be very expensive, you know.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mama, would you let a man die because it cost a few pounds to cure him?

LADY STAVELEY

My dear, we all hope that Mr. Graham won't die--at any rate not at present. If there's any danger, you can be sure your papa will send for the best advice.

PERRY comes out of GRAHAM's room and closes the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

He's very jolly. Only he can't talk. One of the bones ran into him, but I believe he's all right.

MADELINE STAVELEY

That is so frightful. Don't you think he needs another doctor?

PERRY ORME

If I were him, I'd think one doctor enough.

MADELINE STAVELEY

If he should get worse, Mr. Orme--

PERRY ORME

I promise we'll bring Sir Jacob if he gets worse.

LADY STAVELEY heads to the stairs and sees SOPHIA FURNIVAL down the hall, taking in the scene.

LADY STAVELEY

(to SOPHIA)

She always thinks everyone is going to die. We had a cook here, three months since, who was very ill, and Madeline would never be easy till the doctor assured her that the poor woman's danger was altogether past.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

She's so warm-hearted.

INT. RENTAL COTTAGE - EVENING

MR. CRABWITZ and SAMUEL DOCKWRATH are enjoying a glass of brandy and water. SAMUEL lights a cigar.

DOCKWRATH

My missus tells me, sir, that you belong to the profession as well as myself.

MR. CRABWITZ

Yes. I'm a lawyer, Mr. Dockwrath.

DOCKWRATH

Practising in town as an attorney, sir?

(CONTINUED)

MR. CRABWITZ

Not as an attorney on my own hook exactly. I chiefly employ my time in getting up cases for barristers. There's a good deal done in that way.

DOCKWRATH

Indeed.

MR. CRABWITZ

We hear a great deal up in London about this Orley Farm case, and I hear your name connected with it. I had no idea when I was taking these lodgings that I was coming into a house belonging to that Mr. Dockwrath.

DOCKWRATH

The same party, sir.

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH blows smoke out of his mouth and looks up to the ceiling.

DOCKWRATH

I mean to go through with it. Young Mason--that's the son of the widow of the old man who made the will--

MR. CRABWITZ

Or rather who didn't make it, as you say.

DOCKWRATH

Sir Joseph made the will, but he didn't make the codicil that gave Orley Farm to the widow's son. Young Mason has no more right to the property than you have.

MR. CRABWITZ

Hasn't he now?

DOCKWRATH

I can prove it too.

MR. CRABWITZ

The general opinion in the profession is that Lady Mason will hold her own.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

People will find that they're much mistaken.

MR. CRABWITZ

I was talking to one of Round's young men about it, and I fancy they're not sanguine.

DOCKWRATH

I don't care a fig for Round or his young men. And old Furnival, big a man as he thinks himself, can't save her.

MR. CRABWITZ

Has he anything to do with it?

DOCKWRATH

My belief is that if it wasn't for that sly old fox she'd give up the battle, and be down on her narrow-bones asking for mercy.

MR. CRABWITZ

She'd have little chance of mercy, from what I hear of Joseph Mason.

DOCKWRATH

She'd have to give up the property of course. And even then I don't know whether he'd let her off.

(beat)

Tomorrow morning I have a meeting at Messrs. Round and Crook in Bedford Row with Joseph Mason and Bridget Bolster.

INT. NONINGSBY - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EVENING

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY hurries through the door. PERRY ORME meets him on his way upstairs.

PERRY ORME

Right arm and two ribs.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Is that all?

PERRY ORME

It's enough. The doctor's with him now. You can go up after the doctor has left.

INT. RENTAL COTTAGE - EVENING

CRABWITZ  
Bridget Bolster?

DOCKWRATH  
She was one of the witnesses--

CRABWITZ  
Ah.

DOCKWRATH  
I suspect she'll be willing to  
testify that she only signed one--

CRABWITZ  
Mr. Dockwrath, if I might advise  
you in the matter, I should stay  
away altogether. That's not your  
market. This poor devil of a  
woman--

DOCKWRATH  
She'll be poor enough before long.

CRABWITZ  
There can't be any gratification  
running her down.

DOCKWRATH  
But the justice of the thing.

CRABWITZ  
Bother. Who can say what  
is the justice or injustice of  
anything after twenty years of  
possession?  
(beat)  
There's a thousand pounds in your  
way as clear as daylight.

DOCKWRATH  
I don't see it myself, Mr. Cooke.

CRABWITZ  
This sort of thing is done every  
day. You have your father-in-law's  
office journal?

DOCKWRATH  
Safe enough.

(CONTINUED)

CRABWITZ

Burn it.

DOCKWRATH

I'd like to see the thousand pounds first.

CRABWITZ

The money will be forthcoming if the trial were dropped by next assizes.

DOCKWRATH thinks for a moment.

DOCKWRATH

You'd go shares in the business?

CRABWITZ

Nothing of the sort. If I got a trifle in the matter it wouldn't come out of your allowance.

DOCKWRATH thinks. CRABWITZ puffs smoke from his pipe.

DOCKWRATH

Do you have any personal interest in this matter?

CRABWITZ

None in the least--that is to say, none as yet.

DOCKWRATH

You didn't come down here with any view--

CRABWITZ

Nothing of the sort. But I'm well used to this kind of thing, Mr. Dockwrath.

DOCKWRATH hesitates.

DOCKWRATH

It wouldn't do, sir. I've begun this on public grounds, and I mean to carry it on. I'm the representative of the attorney for the late Sir Joseph Mason, and by heavens, Mr. Cooke, I'll do my duty.

CRABWITZ  
 (mixing another glass of  
 brandy and water)  
 I dare say you're right.

DOCKWRATH  
 I know I'm right, sir. When a man  
 knows he's right, he has inward  
 satisfaction in the feeling.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - EVENING

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY sits by FELIX GRAHAM's bed.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
 If you'd let him have his head he'd  
 never have come down like that.

FELIX GRAHAM  
 But he pulled off, I fancy, to  
 avoid riding over me.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
 Then he must have come too quick at  
 his leap. You should have steadied  
 him as he came to it.

LADY STAVELEY  
 (who has just entered the  
 room)  
 If you talk any more about the  
 horse, the hunt, or the accident,  
 neither of you shall stay in the  
 room.

INT. ROUND AND CROOK OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH is in his finest clothing. As he enters the  
 office, he sees BRIDGET BOLSTER, a respectable-looking  
 woman, sitting at the fire in the inner part of the outer  
 office. She is speaking to the CLERK.

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
 I'm head chambermaid at a large  
 hotel in the west of England.

HEAD CLERK  
 (feigning interest)  
 Ah.

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
 When that first case came about, I  
 was just an ignorant slip of a  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET BOLSTER (cont'd)  
girl, making eight pounds a year.  
But even then, I was able to speak  
my mind and tell the truth. Today  
is no different.

DOCKWRATH bows to the head clerk and passes on to Matthew Round's private room.

DOCKWRATH  
Mr. Matthew is inside, I suppose.

Without waiting for permission, DOCKWRATH knocks and then enters.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

It's the morning after Graham's accident. AUGUSTUS STAVELEY has just left Graham's room. MADELINE peeks outside her bedroom door.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Augustus, do tell me how he is.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
He's all right. Only he'll be as  
fretful as a porcupine, shut up  
there. Send for a batch of novels  
tomorrow. Novels are the only  
chance a man has when he's laid up  
like that.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

MRS. ORME enters the library, and SIR PEREGRINE rises to his feet and hurries to her.

SIR PEREGRINE  
(takes her hand and presses it  
between his own)  
Edith, my darling, I want to speak  
to you on business that concerns  
me. Can you give me half an hour?

MRS. ORME  
Of course I can. I'm a bad hand at  
business, but you know that.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Sit down, dear. No one can counsel  
me as well as you.

MRS. ORME sits. SIR PEREGRINE remains standing.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME  
Dearest father, I should be a poor  
councillor in anything.

SIR PEREGRINE  
It's about Lady Mason. We both love  
her dearly, don't we?

MRS. ORME  
I do.

SIR PEREGRINE  
And are glad to have her here?

MRS. ORME  
So glad.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Edith, I love her with my whole  
heart. I'd fain make her my wife.

MRS. ORME  
Your wife?

SIR PEREGRINE  
I haven't spoken to her yet. You've  
given up your whole life to me. If  
this thing will make you unhappy,  
it won't be done.

MRS. ORME  
It's your happiness of which I  
think. Will it make you happy?

SIR PEREGRINE  
It will enable me to befriend her  
more effectually.

MRS. ORME  
But will it make you happier?

SIR PEREGRINE  
I think it will.

MRS. ORME  
Then I will say nothing against it.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I have only one other person to  
tell. Perry must be told when he  
returns from Noningsby.

MRS. ORME stands and kisses his brow.

SIR PEREGRINE

Nothing that I do will injure his prospects or hamper him as regards money. If this marriage takes place, I can't do much for her in the way of money. She'll understand that. Will you ask her to come to me?

MRS. ORME leaves the library. SIR PEREGRINE turns his back to the fireplace and watches the door.

INT. ROUND AND CROOK'S OFFICE - MATTHEW ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND sits in a comfortable armchair. Opposite him is JOSEPH MASON. MASON shakes DOCKWRATH's hand, but MATTHEW waves without rising and motions DOCKWRATH to a chair.

DOCKWRATH

You begin to think I was right, eh, Mr. Mason?

MATTHEW ROUND

Don't let us triumph till we're out of the wood.

JOSEPH MASON

I intend to proceed in this matter. It's dreadful to think that in this free and enlightened country such an offender should be able to hold her head up so long without punishment and disgrace.

DOCKWRATH

That's exactly how I feel. The stones and trees of Hamworth cry out against her.

MATTHEW ROUND

Gentlemen, please let me explain what I propose to do.

JOSEPH MASON

Proceed, sir.

MATTHEW ROUND

Bridget Bolster is in the next room, and she's the witness on whom your case, Mr. Mason, most depends. Kenneby is less likely to prove a willing witness.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I can't go along with you there,  
Mr. Round.

MATTHEW ROUND

If this woman can't say with  
positive assurance that she signed  
two separate documents on that day,  
I recommend you drop the  
prosecution.

JOSEPH MASON

I'll never drop it.

MATTHEW ROUND

Do as you please. I've talked the  
matter over with my father and our  
other partner, and we won't go on  
with it unless your view is  
substantiated by this woman.

(beat)

Bolster is in the next room, and  
I'll take down the evidence she  
gives.

DOCKWRATH

In our presence, sir, or if Mr.  
Mason should decline, at any rate  
in mine.

MATTHEW ROUND

By no means, Mr. Dockwrath.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Dockwrath should hear her  
story.

MATTHEW ROUND

He certainly won't do so in this  
house or in conjunction with me. It  
now remains for Mr. Mason to say  
whether he wishes to employ our  
firm in this matter or not.

JOSEPH MASON

Of course I wish you to conduct it.

MATTHEW ROUND

Then I must do my business. I have  
reason to believe that no one has  
yet tampered with this woman--  
(looks hard at DOCKWRATH)  
though attempts have probably been  
made.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I don't know who'd tamper with her, unless it's Lady Mason, whom I must say you seem anxious to protect.

MATTHEW ROUND

Another word like that, sir, and I shall be compelled to ask you to leave the house.

MATTHEW stands and gathers up a batch of papers.

MATTHEW ROUND

I shall be sorry, gentlemen, to keep you here, but you'll find the morning papers on the table.

INT. NONINGSBY - 2ND DRAWING ROOM - DAY

PERRY and MADELINE stand in the drawing room. PERRY gazes at MADELINE earnestly.

PERRY ORME

I shall be leaving Noningsby tomorrow, Miss Staveley.

MADELINE STAVELEY

We shall be sorry. What will Mr. Graham and Augustus do without you?

PERRY ORME

Poor Graham. He won't be about for weeks to come.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You don't think he's worse, do you?

PERRY ORME

He's quite well, only they won't let him be moved. But Lady Staveley's house has been turned upside down, and it's time that some part of the trouble should cease.

LADY STAVELEY

Mama doesn't mind.

PERRY ORME

Nevertheless, Miss Staveley, I must go tomorrow.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME (cont'd)  
It'll depend entirely on you  
whether I may have the happiness of  
returning soon to Noningsby.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
On me, Mr. Orme?

PERRY ORME  
I don't know how to speak properly,  
but I believe I may as well say it  
at once. I have come here to tell  
you that I love you and ask you to  
be my wife.

MADELINE's mouth is open. She says nothing for a long time.

PERRY ORME  
(stretches out his hand to  
her)  
Madeline, there is my hand. If it's  
possible, give me yours.

MADELINE remains speechless.

PERRY ORME  
I know that I haven't said what I  
had to say gracefully.

MADELINE sits on the sofa, avoiding his hand. PERRY follows  
her to the sofa and stands in front of her.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
(whispers)  
Mr. Orme, what's made you do this?

PERRY ORME  
What's made me tell you that I love  
you?

MADELINE STAVELEY  
You can't be in earnest.

PERRY ORME  
By heavens, Miss Staveley, no man  
who's said the same words was ever  
more in earnest. Do you doubt me  
when I tell you that I love you?

MADELINE STAVELEY  
I'm so sorry.

They stare at each other until MADELINE turns her head.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

Will you not tell me whether it shall be so?

MADELINE STAVELEY

No--no--no.

PERRY ORME

You mean that you can't love me.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mr. Orme, I'm sorry. Don't speak as though you're angry with me.

PERRY ORME

But you can't love me?

(beat)

Is it that, Miss Staveley? If you say that with positive assurance, I won't trouble you any longer.

MADELINE STAVELEY

No.

PERRY ORME

Do you mean that you can't love me? Or may I come--May I speak to you again--

MADELINE STAVELEY

No. I can answer you now. It grieves me to the heart. I know you are so good. But, Mr. Orme--

PERRY ORME

Well--

MADELINE STAVELEY

It can never be.

PERRY ORME

Must I take that as your answer?

MADELINE STAVELEY

I can make no other.

PERRY ORME

I'm not flattered.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mr. Orme, don't make me more unhappy--

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

Perhaps I'm too late.  
Perhaps--Never mind. Good-bye, Miss  
Staveley. I shall go at once now.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You won't stay for dinner?

PERRY ORME

Why should I stay? Do you think I  
could sit down at the table with  
you? I will ask your brother to  
explain my going. Good-bye.

They mechanically shake hands, and PERRY leaves the room.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE continues to stare at the door. Light  
footsteps are heard in the hall. A gentle hand knocks on the  
door, and then LADY MASON is standing in the room.

SIR PEREGRINE

Dear Lady Mason, it's very kind of  
you to come to me.

SIR PEREGRINE walks across the room to greet her.

LADY MASON

It'd be my duty to come to you, if  
it were half across the  
kingdom--and my pleasure also.

SIR PEREGRINE

Lady Mason, I'm an old man. But I'm  
not too old to love you. Can you  
accept the love of an old man like  
me?

LADY MASON

You mean more than the love of a  
most valued friend?

SIR PEREGRINE

Much more. I mean the love of a  
husband for his wife, of a wife  
for her husband.

LADY MASON

Sir Peregrine, think of the sorrow  
that would come to you and yours,  
if my enemies should prevail.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE  
They shall not prevail.

LADY MASON  
I should die here at your feet if I  
thought they could prevail. But I  
should die twenty deaths were I to  
drag you with me into disgrace.

LADY MASON's eyes tear up.

SIR PEREGRINE  
(strokes her hair)  
Will you give me the right to  
stand there with you and  
defend you against the tongues  
of wicked men?

LADY MASON  
It'd be better if you'd never seen  
me.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Not so, dearest. Answer me out of  
your heart. If you take me for your  
husband, I'll stand by you as your  
husband.

LADY MASON  
If you wish it, Sir Peregrine.

SIR PEREGRINE kisses her.

SIR PEREGRINE  
My own one. Will you tell Edith, or  
shall I? She expects it.

LADY MASON  
You tell her, please. I must be  
alone for a while.

SIR PEREGRINE nods, and LADY MASON leaves the library. SIR  
PEREGRINE rings the bell.

INT. MATTHEW ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND has been out of the office for a few minutes.  
DOCKWRATH scoots closer to JOSEPH MASON.

DOCKWRATH  
(whispers)  
He's determined to get that woman  
off.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

(sternly)

I believe him to be an honest man.

DOCKWRATH

Would you believe, Mr. Mason, that only last night I had a thousand pounds offered me to hold my tongue about this affair?

JOSEPH looks unconvinced.

DOCKWRATH

A thousand pounds, Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

Do you mean to say that the offer came from this firm?

DOCKWRATH

Hush, Mr. Mason. The walls hear and talk in such a place as this. The man who offered it was full of the doubt that Round feels.

JOSEPH MASON

What answer did you make to the man?

DOCKWRATH

(motions with his thumb over his shoulder)

I just put my thumb this way over my shoulder. If I can't carry on without bribery and corruption, I won't carry on at all. He called at the wrong house with that dodge.

JOSEPH MASON

You think he was an emissary from Messrs. Round and Crook?

DOCKWRATH

Hush. For heaven's sake, Mr. Mason, do be a little lower. These people are determined to save that woman.

JOSEPH MASON

Am I at liberty to mention that offer of a thousand pounds?

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

To Matt Round? Certainly not, Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

Very well, sir.

JOSEPH picks up a newspaper and turns his body away from DOCKWRATH'S.

INT. MATTHEW ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND re-enters his office with slow, deliberate steps. He stops at the hearth rug and leans his back against the mantelpiece.

MATTHEW ROUND

Gentlemen, I've examined the woman, and have her deposition.

JOSEPH MASON

What does she say?

DOCKWRATH

Come, out with it, sir. Did she or didn't she sign two documents on that day?

MATTHEW ROUND

(turns to JOSEPH)

Mr. Mason, her statement, as far as it goes, fully corroborates your view of the case.

DOCKWRATH

Oh, it does, does it?

JOSEPH MASON

And she's the only important witness?

MATTHEW ROUND

I never said that. Your case would break down unless her evidence supported it. It does support it, but you'll need more than that.

JOSEPH MASON

She remembers it all then?

MATTHEW ROUND

She's a remarkably clear-headed woman, and apparently does remember

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW ROUND (cont'd)  
a great deal. But her remembrance chiefly and most strongly goes to this--she witnessed only one deed.

JOSEPH MASON  
She can prove that?

MATTHEW ROUND  
She declares that she never signed but one deed in her entire life. And that old Mr. Usbech told her it was about a partnership.

DOCKWRATH  
He did, did he?

DOCKWRATH rises from his chair and claps his hands.

DOCKWRATH  
I don't think we shall want more than that, Mr. Mason.

MATTHEW ROUND  
Mr. Dockwrath, I won't put up with such conduct here. If you wish to rejoice, you must go elsewhere.

JOSEPH MASON  
What do we do now?

MATTHEW ROUND  
I must consult with my partner.

DOCKWRATH  
But she'll escape.

MATTHEW ROUND  
She won't escape.

EXT. ROUND AND CROOK'S OFFICE - DAY

JOSEPH MASON and SAMUEL DOCKWRATH walk out of the office together. They take the passage leading into Red Lion Square. DOCKWRATH links his arm with that of a reluctant JOSEPH.

DOCKWRATH  
Did you ever see anything like that, sir?

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

Like what?

DOCKWRATH

That Round. He deserves to have his name struck from the rolls. Isn't it clear that he's doing all in his power to bring that wretched woman off?

JOSEPH MASON

But he expressly admitted that Bolster's evidence is conclusive.

DOCKWRATH

He was so driven into a corner that he couldn't help admitting it. But he intends that you shall be beaten. When notes for a thousand pounds are flying here and there, it isn't every lawyer who will let them pass without opening his hand.

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Round wouldn't take a bribe.

DOCKWRATH

Wouldn't he? I haven't got an estate of twelve hundred a year depending on it. But remember this--if she escapes now, Orley Farm is gone forever.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - EVENING

MADELINE STAVELEY sits at the table with JUDGE STAVELEY, SOPHIA FURNIVAL, LADY STAVELEY, MRS. ISABELLA ARBUTHNOT, and MR. ARBUTHNOT. AUGUSTUS, walks into the dining room. MADELINE furtively glances at PERRY ORME's empty place.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Upon my word, I'm very sorry. What made him go off so suddenly? I hope nobody's ill at The Cleeve.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Nothing of that sort. His grandfather wants him, and Orme thought he might as well start at once. He was always a sudden harum-scarum fellow like that.

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

He's a very pleasant, nice young man and never gives himself any airs. I like him exceedingly.

MADELINE keeps her head down.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

Voices drift in from the dining room, but MADELINE has settled upon the sofa alone, pretending to read a book.

In a moment, JUDGE STAVELEY, LADY STAVELEY, and MRS. ARBUTHNOT join her in the drawing room.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Are you ready for your tea, Papa?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Please, Madeline.

MADELINE scrambles into the kitchen and prepares the tea. She carries the teapot and urn to the tea table, pours her father a cup, and hands it to him. LADY STAVELEY keeps a wary eye on her.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Is anything the matter with my Madeline?

He takes hold of the hand that was holding the tea.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I have got a headache, Papa.

JUDGE STAVELEY

A headache, dear. That's not usual with you.

LADY STAVELEY

She hasn't been well all evening. You'd better go, my dear, if you're suffering. Isabella, I'm sure, will pour out the tea for us.

MADELINE hurries away, upstairs to her room.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING

MADELINE passes along the corridor. MRS. BAKER, the old nurse, comes out of FELIX GRAHAM's room. MRS. BAKER is in the doorway when MADELINE attempts to pass by on tiptoe.

MRS. BAKER

He's a deal better now, Miss Madeline, so you needn't be afeard of disturbing--ain't you, Mr. Graham?

FELIX GRAHAM

(from behind the door)

Indeed I am. I only wish they'd let me get up and go downstairs. Is that Miss Staveley, Mrs. Baker?

MRS. BAKER

Yes, sure. Come, my dear, he's got his dressing-gown on, and you may come to the door and ask him how he does.

MADELINE moves to the doorway and averts her eyes.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I'm glad to hear that you're so much better, Mr. Graham.

FELIX GRAHAM

Thank you, Miss Staveley. I shall never know how to express what I feel for you all.

MRS. BAKER

And there's none of 'em have been more anxious about you than she, I can tell you, and none of 'em ain't kinder-hearteder [sic].

MADELINE STAVELEY

I hope you'll be up soon and be able to come down to the drawing room.

MADELINE looks up to see GRAHAM. He's pale and thin.

FELIX GRAHAM

All the others come and visit me, but I've only heard the sounds of your footsteps as you pass by.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BAKER

And yet she always walks like a mouse.

FELIX GRAHAM

But I've always heard them. I hope Marian thanked you for the books. She told me how you'd gotten them for me.

MADELINE STAVELEY

She shouldn't have said anything. It was Augustus who thought of them.

FELIX GRAHAM

Marian comes to me four or five times a day. I don't know what I'd do without her.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I hope she's not noisy.

MRS. BAKER

Laws, miss, he don't care for noise now, only he ain't good at moving yet, and won't be for some while.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Pray take care of yourself, Mr. Graham. We're all anxious for your recovery. Good night, Mr. Graham.

MADELINE backs out of the doorway and continues down the hall to her mother's dressing room.

INT. NONINGSBY - LADY STAVELEY'S DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

MADELINE sits in a chair and stares into the fireplace. In a moment, LADY STAVELEY enters.

LADY STAVELEY

Madeline, are you still here? I hoped you'd be in bed before this.

MADELINE STAVELEY

My headache is gone now, Mama, and I waited because--

LADY STAVELEY

Well, dear, because what?

LADY STAVELEY smooths MADELINE's hair and sits on the sofa next to MADELINE's chair.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mr. Orme--He said--

LADY STAVELEY

Come to me, Madeline, and sit here.

LADY STAVELEY makes room beside her on the sofa. MADELINE hurries over and leans her head on her mother's shoulder.

LADY STAVELEY

Well, darling, what did Mr. Orme say? Did he tell you that he loved you?

MADELINE STAVELEY

Yes, Mama.

LADY STAVELEY

And you answered him--

MADELINE STAVELEY

I could only tell him--

LADY STAVELEY

Poor fellow. But, Madeline, isn't he an excellent young man? Looking at the offer as a mother--I could have been well pleased--

MADELINE STAVELEY

But I couldn't.

LADY STAVELEY

Well, love, that'll be the end of it. At least for the present.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I'm sorry he's unhappy. I know that he's good.

LADY STAVELEY

Yes, he is good. Your father likes him, and Augustus. I would never say a word to persuade you, but maybe he's flurried you by the suddenness of his offer, and that--

MADELINE STAVELEY

I don't love him.

LADY STAVELEY

Now that you know what his wishes are, perhaps you may learn--

(CONTINUED)

MADLINE STAVELEY

I have refused him, and he's gone away.

LADY STAVELEY

Young gentlemen under such circumstances sometimes come back again.

MADLINE STAVELEY

He won't come back, Mama, because I told him plainly.

LADY STAVELEY

But if he should, and if you should then think differently towards him--

MADLINE STAVELEY

No.

LADY STAVELEY

But if you should, the marriage would be in all respects prudent. But the heart must speak for itself.

MADLINE STAVELEY

I know that I shall never love him, not in that way.

LADY STAVELEY kisses MADLINE.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

PERRY ORME

Marry Lady Mason?!

MRS. ORME

Yes, Peregrine. Why shouldn't he do so if they both wish it?

PERRY ORME

Many reasons. Too many to count.

MRS. ORME

You're not injured in any way, at least as far as inheritance.

PERRY ORME

I'm not thinking of the money, Mother. I wish he wouldn't marry this woman.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

Woman, Peregrine? You shouldn't speak that way of a friend whom I dearly love.

PERRY ORME

She's a woman all the same.

MRS. ORME

Your grandfather asked for my assent, and I thought it right to give it. Remember how good he is to us both. Say that you congratulate him.

PERRY ORME

But I don't.

MRS. ORME

Peregrine--

PERRY ORME

I'll leave the house altogether and go away.

MRS. ORME

How can you speak that way? He's waiting now. Pray, be kind in your manner to him.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

It's a bitter cold day. LUCIUS MASON and FARMER GREENWOOD are slogging through the sloppy and half-frozen fields.

LUCIUS MASON

I have an idea that the agricultural world is backward.

FARMER GREENWOOD

How's that, sir?

LUCIUS MASON

It hasn't kept up with the modern world. I have some experiments I'd like to try.

FARMER GREENWOOD is respectful but noncommittal.

FARMER GREENWOOD

I'm afraid the experiments will have to wait, sir. It'll be at least a couple months before the ground is soft enough--

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON  
I know. I'm just eager to do something.

FARMER GREENWOOD  
It'd be wasted labor now, sir.

LUCIUS MASON sighs.

INT. THE CLEEVE - SIR PEREGRINE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

PERRY ORME knocks and enters SIR PEREGRINE's dressing room.

PERRY ORME  
Good morning, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Good morning, Peregrine. Have you talked to your mother?

PERRY ORME  
Yes.

SIR PEREGRINE  
And she told you what it is that I propose to do?

PERRY ORME  
Yes, sir. She told me.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I hope you understand, my boy, that it won't in any way affect your own interests injuriously.

PERRY ORME  
I don't care about that, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE  
But I do, Peregrine. Having seen to that, I have a right to please myself in this matter.

PERRY ORME  
Yes, sir. I know you have the right.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Especially since I can benefit others. Are you aware that your mother has given her consent?

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME  
She'd agree to anything.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Peregrine, that's not the way you  
should speak of your mother.

The room becomes silent.

SIR PEREGRINE  
All I will ask is that you treat  
Lady Mason in a manner befitting  
the position in which I intend to  
place her.

PERRY ORME  
If you think it'll be more  
comfortable, sir, I'll leave The  
Cleeve for a time.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I hope that won't be necessary. Why  
should it? Or at any rate, not as  
yet.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE stands at the head of the table, holding The Book of Prayers. The SERVANTS arrange themselves besides their chairs, while LADY MASON and MRS. ORME look on. PERRY ORME enters the dining room, shakes LADY MASON's hand without looking at her, and takes his place in his accustomed corner. Everyone kneels.

SIR PEREGRINE  
reading from The Book of Prayers

When the reading is finished, SIR PEREGRINE closes the book and carefully hands it to one of the servants. LADY MASON sits next to MRS. ORME and positions herself so that a large urn obstructs her view of PERRY.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MRS. ARBUTHNOT and MADELINE are discussing Felix Graham. MADELINE is at the window.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
The doctor says he's doing quite  
well.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Did you hear him?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
I heard him myself. But he says he ought to remain here for the next fortnight--if Mama will permit it.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Of course she'll permit it.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
Papa and Mama will be very happy that he should stay here. But, Mad, my darling--

MRS. ARBUTHNOT comes up close and puts her arm around her sister's waist.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
Mama would be more comfortable with his remaining here if your charity towards him were, how shall I say, less demonstrative.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
What do you mean, Isabella?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
Dearest, dearest. You mustn't be angry with me.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Tell me what you mean.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
He's a young man. People see with such unkind eyes, and hear with such scandal-loving ears. There is that Miss Furnival--

MADELINE STAVELEY  
I don't care what she thinks.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
Nor do I. But some might.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
People are cold and shallow and heartless. I can't know that a fellow-creature is suffering in the house without caring whether he lives or dies.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
There's no danger now.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
I'm glad to hear it. Though I know very well that there must be danger after such a terrible accident as that.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
The doctor says there's none.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
At any rate I won't--

MADELINE turns her head and puts her handkerchief to her face.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
Don't be angry with me, dear.

MADELINE shakes her head and hides her face.

INT. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

FURNIVAL  
Nothing can be done down there?

CRABWITZ  
Nothing at all, sir.

FURNIVAL  
If the matter could have been arranged at a reasonable cost, without annoyance to my friend Lady Mason, I should have been glad, but, on the whole, it'll perhaps be better that the law should take its course.

CRABWITZ  
Mr. Furnival, I went so far as to offer a thousand pounds.

FURNIVAL  
They'll think we're afraid of them.

CRABWITZ  
He doesn't know the offer came from our side. But I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Furnival--I suppose I may speak my mind.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

Yes, but remember this, Crabwitz, Lady Mason is no more in danger of losing the property than you are.

CRABWITZ

My opinion is this, Mr. Furnival, that Sir Joseph never made that codicil.

FURNIVAL

What makes you think so?

CRABWITZ

It's clear there was another deed executed that day, witnessed by Bolster and Kenneby. Had there been two documents for them to witness, they would have remembered it so soon after the occurrence.

FURNIVAL

Crabwitz, I differ from you. Keep your opinion to yourself. I've no doubt you did the best for us down at Hamworth, and I'm obliged to you.

FURNIVAL turns his back to CRABWITZ and shuffles through papers on the table. CRABWITZ leaves.

INT. CHAFFANBRASS CHAMBERS - DAY

The chambers in Ely Place include two gloomy, dark, panelled rooms. FURNIVAL is meeting with CHAFFANBRASS.

CHAFFANBRASS

Mr. Furnival, someone must be in trouble, I suppose?

FURNIVAL

Someone is in trouble.

INT. CHAFFANBRASS CHAMBERS - DAY

FURNIVAL has told CHAFFANBRASS the story.

CHAFFANBRASS

Clever woman.

FURNIVAL

An uncommonly sweet creature too.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

What can I do for you?

FURNIVAL

I should be very glad to have your advice, and then--Of course I must lead in defending her--unless it were well that I should put the case altogether in your hands.

CHAFFANBRASS

I couldn't give the time to it. My heart isn't in it, as yours is. Where will it be?

FURNIVAL

At Alston, I suppose.

CHAFFANBRASS

At the Spring assizes. That will be--Let me see. About the 10th of March.

FURNIVAL

We might get it postponed till the summer. Round is not at all hot about it.

CHAFFANBRASS

Would we gain anything by that? As far as my experience goes, the sooner a man is tried the better--always.

FURNIVAL

What do you think about it, Chaffanbrass? Twenty years of possession. Think of that.

CHAFFANBRASS

That's what Mason, the man down in Yorkshire, is thinking. There's no doubt about that partnership deed?

FURNIVAL

I fear not.

CHAFFANBRASS

I remember the case, though it was twenty years ago, and I had nothing to do with it. I remember thinking that Lady Mason was a clever woman, and that Round and Crook were rather slow.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

He's a brute, is that fellow, Mason of Groby Park.

CHAFFANBRASS

She's uncommonly pretty, isn't she?

FURNIVAL

She's a pretty woman.

CHAFFANBRASS

A widow with one son, isn't she?

FURNIVAL

Yes, and she's done her duty admirably since her husband's death. You'll find too that she has the sympathies of all the best people. She's staying now at the house of Sir Peregrine Orme, who would do anything for her.

CHAFFANBRASS

Anything, would he?

FURNIVAL

And the Staveleys know her. The judge is convinced of her innocence.

CHAFFANBRASS

Is he? You can make Staveley believe everything in a drawing room or over a glass of wine, but I'll be hanged if I can ever get him to believe anything when he's on the bench.

FURNIVAL

But the countenance of such people will be of great use to her down there.

CHAFFANBRASS

A pretty woman like that should have everything smooth, shouldn't she? By-the-by, who's her attorney? You couldn't have a better man than old Solomon Aram.

FURNIVAL

Isn't he a Jew?

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

Upon my word, I don't know. He's an attorney, and that's enough for me.

FURNIVAL

Felix Graham is interested in the case, and is as firmly convinced of her innocence as I am.

CHAFFANBRASS

I've heard that man talk more nonsense in one hour than Ive heard since I first put a cotton gown on my back. He doesn't understand the duty which a professional man owes his client.

FURNIVAL

I don't like him, but he's clever.

CHAFFANBRASS

If he goes into the case and then turns against us or drops it, I shall turn against him and drop him.

FURNIVAL

Heaven help him in such a case as that.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM is holding a letter from MARY SNOW. AUGUSTUS nods at it.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You know you don't love her.

FELIX GRAHAM

I know no such thing. I do love her.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Yes, as I love my niece Marian, or old Aunt Bessy, who always supplied me with sugar-candy when I was a boy.

FELIX GRAHAM

I've supplied Mary with her sugar-candy, and the love thus engendered is the stronger.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You aren't in love with her, and never will be, and if you marry her you'll commit a great sin.

FELIX GRAHAM

How moral you've grown.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I'm not a bit moral. I know when a man is in love with a girl. You're not in love with Mary Snow. If you marry her, you're done for life.

FELIX GRAHAM

You mean your royal highness will drop me.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

My dropping or not dropping you won't alter your life. You should look for money and connection.

FELIX GRAHAM

Sophia Furnival, for instance.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

She wouldn't suit you. I see that now.

FELIX GRAHAM

She's a fine girl, and you're welcome to the hatful of money, if you can get it.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I'm not thinking of Sophia Furnival anymore than you are. But if I did, it'd be a proper marriage.

INT. MRS. THOMAS' HOME - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

MARY SNOW, a pretty 18 year old girl, and MRS. THOMAS, a tired-looking 40 year old woman, are drinking tea in Mrs. Thomas' house in Peckham. MARY opens GRAHAM's letter and then reads the letter aloud.

MARY SNOW

(stiffly)

Dearest Mary, I am doing better and better, and I hope I shall see you in about a fortnight. Quite right in giving the money to your father. Stick to the French. Your own F.G.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. THOMAS

It's very good of him to write to you while he's in such a state.

MARY SNOW

Very good indeed.

MARY sets the note on the table and picks up the book she's reading, Samuel Johnson's *Rasselas*.

MRS. THOMAS

Mary, I do hope you love Mr. Graham with all your heart and all your strength.

MARY SNOW

Indeed I do.

MARY glances down at her book while her finger keeps her place.

MRS. THOMAS

You would be wicked if you didn't.

MARY SNOW

I shall do all I can to please him, Mrs. Thomas. He says I was right to give Papa that money.

MARY makes another attempt to read her book.

MRS. THOMAS

About your own stockings, Mary. Nothing is so useful to a young woman in your position as a habit of darning neat. I'm sometimes afraid that you don't like darning.

MARY SNOW

Oh, but I do.

MRS. THOMAS

Because I thought you'd look at Jane Robinson's and Julia Wright's which are lying there in the basket. I did Rebecca's myself before tea, till my old eyes were sore.

MARY SNOW

Why didn't you ask me to do them if you wanted?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. THOMAS

It's only for the practice it'll give you.

MARY SNOW

I'm always practising something.

MARY puts down her book and drags the darning basket up to the table.

MARY SNOW

(looking at the basket,  
depressed)

Mrs. Thomas, it's impossible to mend these. They're all darn.

MRS. THOMAS

Give them to me. Never mind them, Mary. I remember now that you were doing your own before dinner.

MARY SNOW

(sulkily, sliding the basket  
to MRS. THOMAS)

Of course I was. And as for practice, I don't suppose he'll want me to do more of that than anything else.

MRS. THOMAS

Well, dear, put them by.

MARY sets the darning basket on the floor and picks up her book again.

MRS. THOMAS

I suppose, Mary, the marriage will be some time in the spring of next year.

MARY SNOW

I suppose it will.

MRS. THOMAS

I wonder where you'll go to live.

MARY SNOW

He's never said anything about that.

MRS. THOMAS

I'm sure it'll be a long way away from Peckham.

INT. MRS. THOMAS' HOME - MARY SNOW'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

MARY SNOW is in bed but not asleep. She hears footsteps come down the hall and then...

SARAH  
(whispers behind the door)  
Miss Mary. I've something to say.

MARY scrambles out of bed and opens the door. SARAH, the maid, nods at her knowingly.

SARAH  
I've got a letter from him.

SARAH hands MARY a little green envelope.

MARY SNOW  
(not yet taking the envelope)  
Sarah, I told you no.

SARAH  
But he did so beg and pray.  
Besides, miss, as he says hisself  
he must have his answer. Any  
gen'leman, he says, 'as a right to  
a answer. And if you'd a seed him  
yourself, I'm sure you'd have took  
it. He did look so nice with a blue  
and gold hankercher round his neck.  
He was a-going to the the-a-tre he  
said.

MARY SNOW  
Who was going with him, Sarah?

SARAH  
No one. Only his Mama and sister.  
He's all right--he is.

MARY takes the envelope.

SARAH  
I'll come for the answer when  
you're settling the room after  
breakfast tomorrow?

MARY SNOW  
I don't know. I sha'n't send any  
answer at all. But, Sarah, for  
heaven's sake, don't say a word  
about it.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Laws love you, miss. I wouldn't,  
not for worlds of gold.

SARAH leaves, and MARY closes the door. She begins reading the letter.

MARY SNOW

(with real pain)

'Angel of light! But cold as your  
own fair name.'

MARY sighs and clutches the letter to her breast. In a moment, she looks at it again.

MARY SNOW

(repeats)

'Angel of light! But cold as your  
own fair name.' Uggggh.

MARY swoons.

INT. ORLY FARM - STUDY - DAY

LUCIUS MASON sits at his desk. His books are before him, along with a human jawbone and skull. His guano bills are lying on the table, next to a philosophical German treatise on agriculture.

The HOUSEMAID stands in his doorway.

ORLEY FARM HOUSEMAID

Sir, there's a young girl from The  
Cleeve with a letter from Lady  
Mason.

LUCIUS MASON

Show her in.

In a moment, the HOUSEMAID returns with a young girl, DAISY, who nervously holds a letter. He holds out his hand, and she shyly hands it to him, curtseying at the same time. LUCIUS opens the letter and reads.

LUCIUS throws down the letter and rises from his chair.

LUCIUS MASON

(muttering)

Marry Sir Peregrine?!

LUCIUS paces around the room, oblivious to DAISY who gazes at him anxiously. In a moment, LUCIUS picks up the letter and reads it again quickly. LUCIUS sits at his desk and scribbles a response. He puts the note in an envelope and hands it to DAISY.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY MASON is with DAISY and MRS. ORME as she begins to read LUCIUS' letter. MRS. ORME fusses over DAISY.

MRS. ORME

Was it too terribly cold, Daisy?

DAISY

No, ma'am. I ran fast, so the cold couldn't catch me.

MRS. ORME chuckles and looks over at LADY MASON, whose face has darkened.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DINING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Just before LUCIUS MASON sits down to his breakfast, he hears the sound of a horse clomping about outside. LUCIUS glances out the window and leaves the kitchen.

INT. ORLEY FARM - SITTING ROOM - DAY

LUCIUS MASON stands in the middle of the room. In a moment, PERRY ORME enters the sitting room, after being shown in by the SERVANT. PERRY shakes LUCIUS's hand and waits until the SERVANT shuts the door.

PERRY ORME

Mason, you've heard?

LUCIUS hesitates before finally answering.

LUCIUS MASON

I've heard.

PERRY ORME

You don't approve of it?

LUCIUS MASON

Of course I don't approve of it.

PERRY ORME

Nor by heavens do I. Will you see her, and talk to her, and tell her how wrong it is?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

You have no right to blame her. Why not speak to your grandfather?

PERRY ORME

I have. No one has any influence over him, but my mother--and now your mother.

LUCIUS MASON

What does Mrs. Orme say?

PERRY ORME

She must disapprove of it, though she'd rather burn off both her hands than displease my grandfather. She says that he asked her and that she consented.

LUCIUS MASON

It's for her and you to prevent this.

PERRY ORME

It's for your mother to prevent it. He's over seventy, and, as he says himself, he won't burden the estate with a new jointure. Why should she do it?

LUCIUS MASON

You're wronging her there. She won't marry him for what she can get.

PERRY ORME

Then why do it?

LUCIUS MASON

These troubles about the lawsuit have turned her head, and she's put herself entirely into his hands. I think she's wrong, but I don't know that I can help.

PERRY ORME

All the world will turn against her if she marries him.

LUCIUS and PERRY glare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

You wrong my mother very much in this matter, and lay all the blame. You're in the house and can speak to him--and her. I can't do either.

PERRY ORME

Whether she's to blame or not, it's our duty to prevent such a marriage. Think what people will say.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MRS. BAKER taps MADELINE STAVELEY, who is reading a book, on her shoulder.

MRS. BAKER

He's better, my darling, but it'd be cruel to move him.

MADLINE STAVELEY

Who talks of moving him?

MRS. BAKER

He talks of it himself, and the doctor said if we want to get rid of him, it won't be the death of him.

MADLINE STAVELEY

Who wants to get rid of him?

MRS. BAKER

I don't. He's as nice a young gentleman as ever I sat beside the bed of, and he's full of spirit, he is.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

PERRY ORME sits in an armchair in front of the fire, staring into it. The room is dark. PERRY is almost asleep when he hears the rustle of a woman's garment. He looks around and sees LADY MASON.

LADY MASON quietly makes her way in the dark to a chair which she frequently occupies, between the fire and one of the windows. When she passes PERRY, her dress brushes against him.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

Lady Mason, it's almost dark. Shall I ring for candles for you?

Startled, LADY MASON speaks quickly.

LADY MASON

I beg your pardon. No, thank you. I'll go up to my room.

PERRY ORME

If you're not in a hurry, would you mind staying for a few minutes?

LADY MASON

(trembling)  
Certainly not.

PERRY ORME

I'd better light a candle.

PERRY finds a candle on the corner of the mantelpiece and lights it. The candle casts an eerie gloom.

PERRY ORME

Won't you sit for a few minutes?

LADY MASON reluctantly sits.

PERRY ORME

I'll just shut the door, if you don't mind.

PERRY shuts the door and returns to his chair.

PERRY ORME

I hope you won't think me uncivil, Lady Mason, for speaking about this affair.

LADY MASON

Mr. Orme, I'm sure you won't be uncivil to me.

PERRY ORME

I can't help feeling great concern. Lady Mason, this marriage will make me very unhappy.

LADY MASON

I shall be so unhappy if I make others unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

You will then--I can assure you of that. It's not only me, but your own son. I was up with him today, and he thinks the same as I do.

LADY MASON

He and I think differently about all this.

PERRY ORME

You can't expect that anyone will like this marriage.

LADY MASON

Your mother doesn't object.

PERRY ORME

She wouldn't object to having her head cut off if anyone wanted it who she cared about. Look at the common sense of it. What does the world always say when an old man marries a young woman?

LADY MASON

But I'm not--

PERRY ORME

Think what people will say of him. If it was your father, and if he had been at the top of the tree all his life, how would you like to see him get a fall, and be laughed at as though he were in the mud just when he was too old ever to get up again?

PERRY gets out of his chair, pokes at the fire, and sits again.

PERRY ORME

It's such a deuce of a thing, Lady Mason, that you mustn't be angry with me for speaking out. You'll injure him in the eyes of all his friends.

LADY MASON

Then I won't do it. I'll tell him that I can't. Anything will be better than bringing him to sorrow or disgrace.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

Really?

LADY MASON

From the first to the last, my only desire has been to obey your grandfather. I didn't seek this marriage. If you were in my place, you'd know how difficult it is to refuse.

PERRY gets up again and pokes at the fire.

PERRY ORME

So you'll talk--

LADY MASON

I'll talk to him.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PERRY ORME is in a cheerful mood. MRS. ORME and LADY MASON have left the table, and it's only PERRY and SIR PEREGRINE.

PERRY ORME

That was a nasty accident that Graham had going out of Monkton Grange. I suppose you heard about it, sir?

SIR PEREGRINE

The first tidings we heard were that he was dead.

SIR PEREGRINE fills his glass.

PERRY ORME

He's not dead. He was just behind me, and I had to wait for him. I lost the run, and had to see Harriet Tristram go away with the best lead anyone has had this year.

SIR PEREGRINE

I hope you don't think too much about Harriet Tristram.

PERRY ORME

I think she goes uncommonly well to hounds.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

That may be, but I don't wish to see you pin your happiness on a lady who's celebrated chiefly for going well to hounds.

PERRY ORME

You mean marry her? I wouldn't marry her if she owned every fox-cover in the county.

SIR PEREGRINE

You're quite right, my boy. It's not what a man wants in a wife.

PERRY ORME

No.

PERRY pours himself another glass.

SIR PEREGRINE

Your mother would be glad that you should marry, and so would I, if you married well.

PERRY ORME

I don't think much of marrying for money.

SIR PEREGRINE

Nor do I, Peregrine. I think very little of it.

PERRY ORME

Nor about being of high birth.

SIR PEREGRINE

It would make me unhappy if you were to marry below your own rank.

PERRY ORME

My own rank?

SIR PEREGRINE

Any girl whose father isn't a gentleman, and whose mother isn't a lady, and of whose education among ladies you couldn't feel certain.

PERRY ORME

I could be quite certain about her.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Harriet Tristram?

PERRY ORME  
Certainly not.

PERRY takes a long sip.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I'm going to do what many people  
will call a foolish thing.

PENELOPE  
You mean about Lady Mason.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Yes. If you married, I'd divide the  
property with you. I should like to  
keep the old house myself, till I  
die.

PERRY ORME  
I wouldn't consent to live in it  
unless I did so as your guest.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Until your marriage I'll settle on  
you a thousand a year, but it'd  
make me happy if I thought it  
likely that you'd marry soon. Who  
do you have in mind?

PERRY ORME  
Madeline Staveley.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Then, my boy, you're thinking of  
the prettiest girl and the  
best-bred lady in the county.  
Here's her health.

SIR PEREGRINE pours another glass.

SIR PEREGRINE  
You've named a woman whom I'd be  
proud to see you bring home. And  
your mother's opinion of her is the  
same as mine.

SIR PEREGRINE sips with triumph.

PERRY ORME

She's a very nice girl.

SIR PEREGRINE

The man who wins her may consider himself to be a lucky fellow. If I'm not mistaken, Miss Staveley will have something of her own. I think that Arbuthnot got ten thousand pounds.

PERRY ORME

I don't know, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE

I think he did, or if he didn't get it all, the remainder is settled on him. The judge isn't a man to behave better to one child than to another.

PERRY ORME

I suppose not.

SIR PEREGRINE

Your mother will be pleased when she hears this.

PERRY ORME

I don't know that there's anything in it to please her. I only said that I admired Miss Staveley.

SIR PEREGRINE

Propose to her at once. You've been staying in the same house with her, and--

PERRY ORME

I have proposed to her.

SIR PEREGRINE

Well?

PERRY ORME

She's refused me.

SIR PEREGRINE

Have you spoken to her father or mother?

PERRY ORME

She told me plainly she didn't care for me. Of course I should have asked her father. As to Lady Staveley, she and I got on uncommonly well. I'm inclined to think that she wouldn't object.

SIR PEREGRINE

It would be a nice match for them. I dare say she wouldn't have objected.

SIR PEREGRINE and PERRY remain quiet and stare at the fire.

SIR PEREGRINE

You must try again.

PERRY ORME

I don't think it'll do any good. She cares for someone else.

SIR PEREGRINE

Who?

PERRY ORME

A fellow that's there. The man who broke his arm.

SIR PEREGRINE

Young ladies are prone to alter their minds on such matters.

INT. NONINGSBY - LADY STAVELEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

An agitated MADELINE STAVELEY knocks on her mother's door and then lets herself in.

LADY STAVELEY is being dressed by her MAID.

LADY STAVELEY

What is it, dear?

MADELINE STAVELEY

Surely you won't let Mr. Graham be sent out of the house in his present state.

LADY STAVELEY

Who said anything about sending him away. Of course, at some point he'll leave, but--

(CONTINUED)

MADLINE STAVELEY

(tearing up)

Imagine how awful we should feel if he went away before he was ready and *died*.

INT. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MATTHEW ROUND is meeting with MR. FURNIVAL.

MATTHEW ROUND

You've asked for advance notice. I haven't yet received the written opinion of Sir Richard Leatherham, but I'm obliged to inform you that our firm is of the opinion that an action must be brought for perjury.

FURNIVAL

Perjury?

MATTHEW ROUND

Yes. We wish to be as little harsh as possible. But if we convict her of having sworn falsely when she gave evidence as to having copied the codicil herself, and having seen it witnessed by the pretended witnesses--in that case the property would go back.

FURNIVAL

As for the trial, the sooner the better as far as we're concerned.

MATTHEW ROUND

If you mean that, I'll see that there shall be no unnecessary delay.

FURNIVAL

I do mean it. The sooner the better, Mr. Round.

MR. FURNIVAL escorts MATTHEW out of the office. In a moment, he rings for MR. CRABWITZ.

FURNIVAL

I want you to arrange a meeting between Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram.

(CONTINUED)

CRABWITZ

Won't it look rather--You know what I mean, sir?

MR. FURNIVAL

We must fight these people with their own weapons.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

FURNIVAL and SIR PEREGRINE have been discussing Lady Mason's case.

FURNIVAL

Mr. Chaffanbrass from the Old Bailey and Mr. Solomon Aram from Bucklersbury are to be retained for the defence of Lady Mason.

SIR PEREGRINE

The gentlemen are no doubt very clever in criminal concerns, but surely, in Lady Mason's case, such assistance is hardly needed. Wouldn't it be better to consult Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile?

FURNIVAL

I met with them, Sir Peregrine, and they weren't eager to take the case. Also, in combat with the devil one must use the devil's weapons. It'd be well to trust those who know how to break down and crush a lying witness.

SIR PEREGRINE

Falsehood and fraud can't prevail.

FURNIVAL

Sometimes they do.

SIR PEREGRINE

Mr. Furnival, I have some news. Lady Mason and I are to be married.

FURNIVAL

(throws himself back in his chair)

Indeed.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

Yes, Mr. Furnival.

FURNIVAL

Oh, indeed.

FURNIVAL stiffens and becomes cool.

SIR PEREGRINE

I trust that my support, standing in the position of husband, will be more serviceable to her than it could otherwise have been in this trial.

FURNIVAL

No doubt.

FURNIVAL stands and readies to leave.

SIR PEREGRINE

You won't see Lady Mason?

FURNIVAL

I don't want to trouble her. You of course will explain to her how the case stands. You're aware that the offence is one for which bail will be taken. I propose yourself and her son.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

LADY STAVELEY comes down the hall from her bedroom. She stops at FELIX GRAHAM's room when she realizes the door is open. She hurries down the hall until she finds MRS. BAKER in another room.

LADY STAVELEY

Baker, why do you leave that door open?

MRS. BAKER

I think it sweetens the room, my lady.

LADY STAVELEY

Nonsense. Every sound in the house must be heard. Keep it shut, if you please.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BAKER

Yes, my lady.

LADY STAVELEY

And, Baker, how can you be so foolish as to be talking to Miss Madeline about Mr. Graham's arm?

MRS. BAKER

I, my lady?

LADY STAVELEY

When you know that the least thing frightens her. Don't you remember how ill it made her when Roger had that accident?

MRS. BAKER

She fainted.

LADY STAVELEY

Yes.

(shudders)

Yes, she did.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

MRS. BAKER hands FELIX GRAHAM two letters.

MRS. BAKER

You're a popular fellow today, Mr. Graham.

MRS. BAKER leaves. GRAHAM starts reading the letter from MRS. THOMAS. As he reads, his face turns from puzzlement to horror. He quickly flips through the pages and sees there are three pages of small handwriting. He reads quickly and then picks up the letter from MARY SNOW which he also reads. GRAHAM sinks into his pillow.

INT. NONINGSBY - SERVANTS' QUARTERS - DAY

MRS. BAKER comes down the hall to the servants' quarters. She is stopped by a young maid, ETHEL.

ETHEL

Is it true that Mr. Graham is leaving?

MRS. BAKER

I certainly hope not. I don't believe he's well.

ETHEL makes a face.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BAKER

Mr. Felix Graham is a very nice young man, in spite of his not being exactly handsomelike about the physgognomy.

YOUNG MAID

I like Mr. Peregrine Orme. He's handsome, and he's funny.

MRS. BAKER

Mr. Graham is funny too. And not so stuck on himself like Mr. Orme.

They hear LADY STAVELEY's footsteps and hurry away.

INT. NONINGSBY - 2ND DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY enters the room where SOPHIA FURNIVAL and AUGUSTUS STAVELEY are conversing. AUGUSTUS reacts as though he's been caught.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Are you waiting for your carriage, Mother?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(smoothly)

Lady Staveley, why doesn't your son go and hunt, or shoot, or fish, instead of staying in the house all day? It seems to me that his time is so heavy on his hands that he will almost have to hang himself.

LADY STAVELEY

(icily)

I'm sure I can't tell.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Gentlemen in the house in the morning always look so unfortunate. You've been endeavouring to make yourself agreeable, but you've been yawning.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Do you suppose then that men never sit still in the morning?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Oh, in their chambers, yes, or on the bench, and perhaps also behind

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL (cont'd)  
counters, but they seldom do so in  
a drawing room. You've been  
fidgeting about with the poker till  
you've destroyed the look of the  
fireplace.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
I'll go and fidget upstairs with  
Graham.

AUGUSTUS leaves the room, and LADY STAVELEY sits and takes  
up her work. SOPHIA picks up an Anthony Trollope novel and  
begins reading.

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

LORD ALSTON'S magnificent carriage pulls up to the front  
door of The Cleeve.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

LORD ALSTON and SIR PEREGRINE are deep in conversation.

LORD ALSTON  
Ill-advised. Foolish. Ridiculous.  
Orme, my dear fellow, it's my duty,  
as an old friend, to tell you this.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Then, Lord Alston, you've done your  
duty.

LORD ALSTON  
Not while a hope remains that I may  
prevent this marriage.

SIR PEREGRINE  
There's ground for no such hope on  
your part, and the expression of  
such a hope to me is greatly  
wanting in courtesy.

LORD ALSTON  
You and I have nearly come to the  
end of our tether here. Our careers  
have been run. We haven't disgraced  
those who preceded us.

SIR PEREGRINE  
With God's blessing, I will do  
nothing to disgrace my family.

(CONTINUED)

LORD ALSTON

Orme, I know that you're doing this from a feeling of charity to that lady.

SIR PEREGRINE

I'm doing it, Lord Alston, because it pleases me.

LORD ALSTON

Suppose that your grandson was making an offer of his hand to the daughter of some nobleman, how would it affect his hopes if it were known that you at the time had married a lady whose misfortune made it necessary that she should stand at the bar in a criminal court?

SIR PEREGRINE

Lord Alston, I trust that my grandson may never rest his hopes on any woman whose heart could be hardened against him by such a thought as that.

LORD ALSTON

But what if she should be guilty?

SIR PEREGRINE

This conversation has gone far enough. There are some surmises to which I can't listen, even from Lord Alston.

LORD ALSTON sighs.

LORD ALSTON

I've endeavoured to do a friendly duty by my oldest and dearest friend.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME tensely sit, avoiding each other's eyes. In a moment, Lord Alston's carriage wheels are heard grating over the gravel. LADY MASON and MRS. ORME stare at each other.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY enters the room and sees FELIX GRAHAM reading the two letters.

FELIX GRAHAM

I think I shall be off tomorrow,  
old boy.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

What on earth makes you so  
impatient? You've nothing to do. No  
one wants to see you, and no one  
here wants to get rid of you.

FELIX GRAHAM

I have something to do, and someone  
does want to see me. I've got a  
letter from Mary here, and another  
from Mrs. Thomas.

GRAHAM holds up the letters.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Mary's duenna--the artist who's  
supposed to be moulding the wife.  
It's just like a woman, to require  
a man's attendance exactly when  
he's unable to move.

FELIX GRAHAM

I don't know what on earth has  
happened. Mary is praying to be  
forgiven and saying that it's not  
her fault, and Mrs. Thomas is full  
of apologies, declaring that her  
conscience forces her to tell  
everything, and yet, between them,  
I don't know what's happened.

GRAHAM picks up the two letters and reads them again.

FELIX GRAHAM

There seems something frightful to  
me about marrying a girl in a few  
months' time who writes to me in  
this sort of cold, formal way.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

It's the proper moulded-wife style.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Staveley, if you can talk to me seriously for five minutes, I shall be obliged to you. If that's impossible, say so, and I'll drop the matter.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Go on.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'm beginning to have doubts about this dear girl.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I've had doubts for some time.

FELIX GRAHAM

What if she doesn't love me? What if she wants to be released from this engagement? How am I to find out?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You can't know much of the inside of her heart. The fact is you wish to escape from this bondage.

FELIX GRAHAM

Not unless I thought she regarded it as bondage too. I believe that at the present moment such a marriage would be, for me, the safest step I could take.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Safe as against what danger?

FELIX GRAHAM

All dangers. How, if I should learn to love another woman, someone utterly out of my reach, while I'm still betrothed to her?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I rarely flatter you, Graham, and don't mean to do it now, but no girl ought to be out of your reach. You have talent, position, birth, and gifts of nature, which should make you equal to any lady.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

No girl, you say, ought to be out of my reach. If the girl were one Miss Staveley, should she be regarded as out of my reach?

AUGUSTUS gets up from the bed and goes to the window.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

A man doesn't talk about his own sister.

(beat)

I know you don't mean anything.

FELIX GRAHAM

I mean a great deal. What would you say if you learned that I was a suitor for her hand?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Do you intend to propose to her?

FELIX GRAHAM

It's not my intention to propose to her.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Then we'd better not speak of her.

FELIX GRAHAM

It'll be better for me--better for us all--that I should leave. I understand your feelings when you declare that a man doesn't like to talk of his own sister, and therefore we won't talk of your sister.

AUGUSTUS sits on the bed, this time closer to GRAHAM.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

It never occurred to me. And she?

FELIX GRAHAM

She knows no more of it than that bed-post. The injury, such as there is, is all on one side. But I'll tell you who suspects it.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Baker?

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Your mother. She'd prefer I recover my strength elsewhere.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You've done nothing to betray yourself.

FELIX GRAHAM

A mother's ears are sharp. Tell her that I'm thinking of getting up to London tomorrow, and see how she takes it.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

There's no reason why you shouldn't stay here.

FELIX GRAHAM

Thank you, no. I shall certainly start tomorrow. I've made an ass of myself, and the sooner I get away the better. And, Staveley, what we've now said can't be forgotten, but when we next meet, and ever after, let it be as though it were forgotten.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MADELINE is staring out the window, arms crossed. AUGUSTUS, who's been looking for her, comes up behind her. Startled, MADELINE turns.

MADELINE

It isn't true that he's to go tomorrow morning, Gus, is it?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Graham? Well, he says that he will. He's anxious to get to London, and no doubt he finds it stupid enough lying there and doing nothing.

MADELINE

He thinks he's a trouble and all that, and therefore he wants to go. But you know Mama doesn't mind about trouble of that kind, and what should we think of it afterwards if anything bad was to happen to your friend because we allowed him to leave the house

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE (cont'd)

before he was in a fit state to be moved?

AUGUSTUS looks closely at MADELINE. She lowers her eyes.

MADELINE

You're looking at me because I don't want you to let them send Mr. Graham away. If it was old Mr. Furnival I shouldn't like them to turn him out of this house when he was in such a state as that.

AUGUSTUS

Did I look at you, Mad? Well, I believe I did. We are to have no secrets, are we?

MADELINE

No.

AUGUSTUS

Felix Graham is my friend, my special friend, and I hope you will always like my friends. But--

MADELINE

Well?

AUGUSTUS

You know what I mean, Mad.

MADELINE

Yes.

AUGUSTUS

That is all, dearest.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. GRAHAM slowly awakens. The door opens.

MRS. BAKER

Lord love you, Mr. Graham, how you've slept. If I haven't just sent your dinner down again to keep hot. Such a beautiful pheasant, and the bread sauce'll be lumpy now, for all the world like pap.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Never mind the bread sauce, Mrs. Baker, the pheasant's the thing.

MRS. BAKER

And her ladyship's been here, Mr. Graham, only she wouldn't have you woke. She won't hear of your being moved tomorrow, nor yet won't the judge. There was a rumpus downstairs when Mr. Augustus as much as mentioned it. I know one who--

FELIX GRAHAM

You know one who--you were saying?

MRS. BAKER

Never mind--It ain't one more than another, but it's all. You ain't to leave tomorrow, so you may just give it over. I'll go get that pheasant.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MR. FURNIVAL, MARTHA BIGGS, and MRS. FURNIVAL are eating dinner. The room is tense, and the only sounds are that of eating and moving forks across plates.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM finishes his pheasant, mashed potatoes, and bread sauce with relish. MRS. BAKER watches with delight.

MRS. BAKER

Bread sauce is so ticklish. A simmer too much and it's clean done for.

FELIX GRAHAM

Delicious. Marvelous. The Staveleys are lucky to have you.

Smiling, MRS. BAKER pours GRAHAM a glass of sherry, hands it to him, and picks up his tray.

MRS. BAKER

I worked for my lady's mother and came here when she married the judge. They didn't think much of him when he came a-courting in those days.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

He was only a practising barrister then.

MRS. BAKER

Oh, yes. They didn't want her to have nothing to say to Mr. Staveley at first, but she made up her mind, and though she wasn't one of them as has many words, like Miss Furnival down there, there was no turning her.

FELIX GRAHAM

Did she marry against their wish?

MRS. BAKER

She just made up her own mind and bided. And now I don't know whether she hasn't done about the best of 'em all. Them Oliphants is full of money. That was Miss Louisa, who came next. But, Lord love you, Mr. Graham, he's so crammed with gout as he can't ever put a foot to the ground, and as cross as--Then the girls is all plain, and young Mr. Oliphant, the son--why he never so much as speaks to his own father, and though they're rolling in money, they say he can't pay for the coat on his back. Now our Mr. Augustus, unless it is that he won't come down to morning prayers and always keeps the dinner waiting, I don't think there's ever a black look between him and his papa. And as for Miss Madeline--she's the gem of the four families. Everybody gives that up to her.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

MARTHA BIGGS and MRS. FURNIVAL sit in the drawing room. They each have a novel in front of them and knitting work in their laps, but they're both thinking.

In a moment, FURNIVAL walks across the drawing room and sits in an armchair by the table. He picks up the newspaper. MRS. FURNIVAL picks up her needle and furiously knits. MARTHA BIGGS picks up her novel and reads.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Would you like some tea?

FURNIVAL  
Of course I shall--when you have  
it.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Don't mind us.

MARTHA BIGGS  
Pray don't mind me. Don't let me be  
in the way.

FURNIVAL  
I won't.

MARTHA BIGGS jumps up in her chair as though she's been  
injured.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
You needn't be rude to a lady in  
your own house, because she's my  
friend.

FURNIVAL  
Bother. If we're going to have tea,  
let us have it.

MRS. FURNIVAL signals with a glance to MARTHA BIGGS to  
leave.

MARTHA BIGGS  
I don't think I'll mind about tea  
tonight. My head aches dreadful,  
and I shall be better in bed. Good  
night, Mrs. Furnival.

MARTHA BIGGS takes her candle and leaves the room. MR. and  
MRS. FURNIVAL listen to MARTHA BIGGS' reluctant footsteps  
and then the door closing upstairs. MRS. FURNIVAL stands and  
goes to her husband's side.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Tom.

FURNIVAL takes his eyes off his newspaper and glances at  
MRS. FURNIVAL

FURNIVAL  
I'll have no nonsense, Kitty. If  
you have anything to say, say it.

MRS. FURNIVAL

You're disgracing yourself and me.  
I won't remain in this house to be  
a witness to it.

FURNIVAL

Then you may leave the house. I'll  
not be told in my own drawing room,  
even by you, that I'm disgracing  
myself.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Why do you go after that woman? All  
the world is talking of you. At  
your age too. You ought to be  
ashamed of yourself.

FURNIVAL

I can't stand this--  
(throws the newspaper on the  
floor)  
--and, by heavens, I won't stand  
it. Kitty, the devil must have  
entered into you to drive you mad.

MRS. FURNIVAL

The devil in the shape of drink and  
lust has entered into you. I won't  
consent to live with you while such  
deeds as these are being done.

MRS. FURNIVAL storms out of the room.

INT. NONINGSBY - STAVELEY MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUDGE STAVELEY steps in front of his wife and leans in.

JUDGE STAVELEY

My dear, please explain the  
intrigue concerning Mr. Graham.

LADY STAVELEY hems and haws.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Out with it.

LADY STAVELEY

The darling girl is so anxious  
about him, that I'm afraid.

JUDGE STAVELEY

He's by no means a bad sort of man,  
my love.

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

But he's got nothing--literally nothing.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Neither had I, when I went a wooing, but, nevertheless, I managed to have it all my own way.

LADY STAVELEY

You don't mean really to make a comparison? In the first place, you were at the top of your profession.

JUDGE STAVELEY

If so I must have achieved that distinction at a very early age.

(beat)

He's a clever young man, my dear. You may be sure of that.

LADY STAVELEY

But he's got nothing, and he's so uncommonly plain.

JUDGE STAVELEY kisses LADY STAVELEY.

INT. NONINGSBY - 2ND DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

SOPHIA FURNIVAL and AUGUSTUS STAVELEY are laughing at something when LADY STAVELEY walks by and shakes her head. MADELINE STAVELEY, arms crossed, is again staring out the window. JUDGE STAVELEY gets her attention and motions MADELINE to follow him.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

JUDGE STAVELEY puts his arm around MADELINE STAVELEY's waist and pulls her close to him.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I'd like a few words with you.

MADELINE sits reluctantly on the sofa.

JUDGE STAVELEY

My darling, I want to ask you one or two questions about Mr. Graham.

MADELINE STAVELEY

(reddens)

Yes, Papa.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

Has Mr. Graham ever spoken to you  
as a lover.

MADLINE STAVELEY

Never, Papa.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Because under the circumstances of  
his present stay here, his doing  
so would, I think, have been  
ungenerous.

MADLINE STAVELEY

He never has, Papa--not a single  
word.

JUDGE STAVELEY

And you have no reason to regard  
him in that light.

MADLINE STAVELEY

No.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Because your mama thinks that  
you're more anxious about him than  
you would be about an ordinary  
visitor.

MADLINE STAVELEY

Does she?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Has any one else spoken to you  
about Mr. Graham?

MADLINE STAVELEY

Augustus did and Isabella.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I suppose they thought the same.

MADLINE STAVELEY

I suppose they did.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Remember this always--that my only  
wishes respecting you, and your  
mother's wishes also, are to see  
you happy and good.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I'm very happy, Papa.

JUDGE STAVELEY

And very good also.

JUDGE STAVELEY kisses MADELINE, and they leave the room together.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

FURNIVAL sits alone at the table, eating his breakfast. BEATRICE, an elderly servant, enters the room and gravely makes an announcement.

BEATRICE

Missus would not come down to breakfast this morning. And Miss Biggs says, sir, that if you please, you're not to wait for her.

FURNIVAL

Very well, that'll do.

FURNIVAL fiercely eats a piece of bacon. In a moment, SPOONER, the butler, comes in with the morning mail. FURNIVAL shuffles through it and stops when he gets to a letter with a Hamworth postmark. FURNIVAL sighs. He opens it, reads it quickly, sighs again, and puts the letter in his breast pocket.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

JUDGE STAVELEY stands next to FELIX GRAHAM's bed.

JUDGE STAVELEY

We'll get you downstairs into the drawing room, and see how you get on there by the next few days.

FELIX GRAHAM

I shall be only too happy.

JUDGE STAVELEY

And now perhaps you'll be strong enough to say a few words about business.

FELIX GRAHAM

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

You've heard of this Orley Farm case, in which our neighbour Lady Mason is concerned.

FELIX GRAHAM

We were all talking of it at your table--I think it was the night, or a night or two, before my accident.

JUDGE STAVELEY

It's now been decided on the part of Joseph Mason, the husband's eldest son, that she shall be indicted for perjury.

FELIX GRAHAM

How can she be guilty of perjury?

JUDGE STAVELEY

In swearing that she'd been present when her husband and the three witnesses executed the deed. Furnival wants you to be engaged on the defence as junior counsel.

FELIX GRAHAM

With himself?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Yes, with himself and with Mr. Chaffanbrass.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mr. Chaffanbrass? Will that be well, Judge, do you think?

JUDGE STAVELEY

It may be wise in a case like this to have a barrister who's perhaps unequalled in his power of cross-examining a witness.

FELIX GRAHAM

Does his power consist in making a witness speak the truth, or in making him conceal it?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Perhaps both. Mr. Furnival suspects that witnesses will be suborned to give false evidence--

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Surely the Rounds would have nothing to do with such a matter as that.

JUDGE STAVELEY

They take the evidence as it's brought to them. One of the witnesses to the codicil in question will swear that the signature to the document isn't her signature.

FELIX GRAHAM

A woman?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Yes, a woman. In such a case it may be allowable to employ such a man as Mr. Chaffanbrass. And another man, Mr. Solomon Aram.

FELIX GRAHAM

Solomon Aram, too? The Old Bailey will be left bare.

JUDGE STAVELEY

The shining lights will certainly be down at Alston. Under those circumstances, will you undertake the case?

FELIX GRAHAM

Would you? In my place?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Yes. If I were fully convinced of the innocence of my client at the beginning.

FELIX GRAHAM

But what if I were driven to change my opinion as the thing progressed?

JUDGE STAVELEY

You must go on, of course.

FELIX GRAHAM

Can I have a day or two to think of it?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

Yes. If I were a young man in your position, I'd take up the case \_con amore\_, for the sake of beauty and womanhood.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

FURNIVAL puts on his greatcoat with the help of SPOONER.  
BEATRICE appears in the hall.

BEATRICE

Missus desires me to ask whether you'll be pleased to dine at home today? Because missus says she shall be out this evening herself.

FURNIVAL

Where is she going?

BEATRICE

Missus didn't tell me, sir.

FURNIVAL emits a low growl.

FURNIVAL

I shall not dine at home.

FURNIVAL hurries out the door. Once the door closes, SPOONER turns to BEATRICE.

SPOONER

Missus is aggravating.

BEATRICE

You don't know what cause she has.

SPOONER

I believe it's all nonsense, I do--feminine fancies and vagaries of the weaker sex.

BEATRICE

If he don't look out, he'll find missus'll be too much for him. What'd he do if she were to go away from him?

SPOONER

Live twice as jolly.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MARTHA BIGGS and MRS. FURNIVAL sit disconsolately next to each.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I shall leave this house  
today--immediately after breakfast.

MARTHA BIGGS  
You'll be quite right, my dear.  
Will you sleep away from this?

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I won't eat, sleep, nor stay  
here till I know that all this is  
at an end. I feel as though I'll  
burst.

MARTHA BIGGS  
Dearest Kitty, if true sympathy can  
be of service to you--

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I wonder whether I can get  
respectable lodgings in Red Lion  
Square for a week?

MARTHA BIGGS  
I'd love to have you stay with me  
in my father's house, but he's an  
old man, and--

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Perhaps you could find lodgings  
near your house.

MARTHA BIGGS  
That's a wonderful idea.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I have some things I need to take  
care of. We'll meet at three in the  
Red Lion Square drawing room.

MARTHA BIGGS  
And about dinner, dear?

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I'll get something at a  
pastrycook's.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA BIGGS  
And your clothes, dear?

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Beatrice will see about them. She  
knows.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL finishes writing a letter to her husband. She fastens it, then pulls one of the heavy dining room chairs over against the fire. Her hair is rough, and her face is red. Her collar is crooked. She snuffles.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL, dressed in her bonnet and shawl passes SPOONER, who holds the front door open. SPOONER watches her get into a cab. BEATRICE joins him at the door.

SPOONER  
She'll never put her foot inside  
this hall door again.

BEATRICE  
She will and be a happier woman  
than ever she's been since the  
house was took.

SPOONER  
If I know master, he's not the man  
to get rid of an old woman, easy  
like that, and then 'ave her back  
agin.

Disgusted, BEATRICE walks away from SPOONER.

INT. MR. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

FURNIVAL glances at his clock. It's one o'clock. We hear a timid knock on his door. The juvenile clerk, CHARLES, opens the door for LADY MASON. She's dressed in black and wears a thick black veil that covers her face.

FURNIVAL comes forward and takes her hand, muttering words of ordinary salutation. He leads her to a chair. She sits and then puts her trembling hand on the table.

FURNIVAL  
I got your letter this morning.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

Yes.

LADY MASON lifts her veil. She's pale and utterly beautiful.

FURNIVAL

Lady Mason, you and I had better speak openly to each other about this.

LADY MASON

Yes.

Aware that she's trembling, she takes her hand off the table.

FURNIVAL

I vexed you because I didn't see you at The Cleeve the other day.

LADY MASON

I thought you were angry with me.

FURNIVAL

I was. But your letter has removed that feeling. This engagement was forced upon you, and I understand--do I not?--that the engagement won't be carried out?

LADY MASON remains quiet.

FURNIVAL

Because, under no circumstances could I--

LADY MASON

I don't wish to marry him. I have resolved to tell him so.

FURNIVAL

It would create in men's minds such a strong impression against you, were you to marry him at this moment.

LADY MASON

I'll go down there, and tell him that it must not be so. But may I stay at The Cleeve?

FURNIVAL, softening toward her, leans forward.

MR. FURNIVAL

Very much depends on maintaining  
your present position and standing.  
Don't leave The Cleeve, unless  
remaining there will be  
disagreeable to Sir Peregrine.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY and MRS. ARBUTHNOT are in the drawing room,  
speaking to SIR PEREGRINE and MRS. ORME.

LADY STAVELEY

We're so sorry we missed her. I  
must trust to you, Mrs. Orme, to  
make all that understood.

MRS. ORME

Of course. I'll tell her you were  
here.

SIR PEREGRINE

Edith, I'd like a word with Lady  
Staveley.

MRS. ORME

Of course.

MRS. ORME leaves, and SIR PEREGRINE draws closer to LADY  
STAVELEY.

SIR PEREGRINE

Lady Staveley, I've proposed to  
Lady Mason, and she's accepted. I  
think it better that it should be  
known. If the connection can be of  
any service to her, she should reap  
that benefit now, when some people  
are treating her name with a  
barbarity which I believe to be  
almost unparalleled in this  
country.

LADY STAVELEY

(recovering)

I congratulate you both.

EXT. MR. FURNIVAL'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

LADY MASON passes down the dark passage into the New Square by the old gate of the Chancellor's Court. She passes MRS. FURNIVAL, who eyes her savagely. However, LADY MASON is too distracted to notice.

EXT. STAVELEY CARRIAGE - DAY

The carriage carrying LADY STAVELEY and MRS. ARBUTHNOT pulls away from The Cleeve.

LADY STAVELEY  
Married.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT giggles.

LADY STAVELEY  
You won't be the only one laughing.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
He's so old!

LADY STAVELEY  
Not too old to think--oh, she must have bewitched him. Ridiculous.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
There will be many words used to describe this union.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - DAY

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY sits on the bedside.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
I wish I were thought good enough for the chance. I'd work for Lady Mason as I never could work again for any fee that could be offered me.

FELIX GRAHAM  
So would I, but I don't like my fellow-labourers. I suppose there's no possible doubt as to her innocence?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
My father has no doubt. Furnival has no doubt. Sir Peregrine has no doubt, who, by-the-by, is going to marry her.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Nonsense.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

He's taken up her case with a vengeance.

FELIX GRAHAM

It makes me think him a fool, and her a clever woman.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY stands.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You're to drink tea downstairs tonight. Your first appearance after your accident has been duly announced to the public, and you are anxiously expected.

EXT. MARTHA BIGGS HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

MARTHA BIGGS has just opened her front door. Her eyes, mouth, arms, and heart are all open. MRS. FURNIVAL stands on the doorstep.

MARTHA BIGGS

Well!

MRS. FURNIVAL

Have you got me the lodgings?

MARTHA BIGGS

Yes, close by in Orange Street. I'm afraid you'll find them dull.

MRS. FURNIVAL

They can't possibly be more dull than Harley Street.

MARTHA BIGGS

And I shall be near you, sha'n't I?

MRS. FURNIVAL

Umph. I might as well go there at once and get myself settled.

## INT. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

FURNIVAL fingers a letter from his wife. He doesn't want to open it. He tosses it down. Then picks it up. He flaps it about. Finally, he opens it and reads it, shaking his head. During the VO, we see a montage of a devastated MRS. FURNIVAL setting up her new lodging.

MRS. FURNIVAL

(VO)

MY DEAREST TOM, I cannot stand this any longer, so I have thought it best to leave the house and go away. I am very sorry to be forced to such a step as this, and would have put up with a good deal first, but there are some things which I cannot put up with and won't. I know that a woman has to obey her husband, and I have always obeyed you, and thought it no hardship even when I was left so much alone, but a woman is not to see a slut brought in under her very nose, and I won't put up with it. Oh, Tom, I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street! Send me a line to say that you won't see her anymore, and I'll come back to Harley Street at once. If you can't bring yourself to do that, you--and--I--must--part. I can put up with a great deal, but I can't put up with that and won't. Your affectionate loving wife, C.  
FURNIVAL.

FURNIVAL shakes his head and sighs. He takes out writing paper and a pen.

## INT. MRS. FURNIVAL'S LODGINGS - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL holds a letter from her husband. She adjusts herself and begins to read. As she reads, tears begin to run down her cheeks. By the time she finishes the letter, she is sobbing.

FURNIVAL

(VO)

DEAR KITTY, I think you are very foolish. If regard for me had not kept you at home, some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL (cont'd)

consideration with reference to Sophia should have done so. What you say about that poor lady at Orley Farm is too absurd for me to answer. If you would have spoken to me about her, I would have told you that which would have set your mind at rest, at any rate as regards her. I cannot do this in a letter, nor could I do it in the presence of your friend, Miss Biggs. I hope you will come back at once, but I shall not add to the absurdity of your leaving your own house by any attempt to bring you back again by force. As you must want money I enclose a check for fifty pounds. I hope you will be back before you want more, but if not I will send it as soon as you ask for it. Yours affectionately as always, T.  
FURNIVAL.

INT. NONINGSBY - FELIX GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. BAKER anxiously watches FELIX GRAHAM eat his dinner--sweetbread and a dish of sea-kale.

MRS. BAKER

I had to fight with the gardener for that like anything. Dear me! What's the use of a garden I say--or of a gardener neither, if you don't have garden stuff? It's not to look at. Do finish it now--after all the trouble I had, standing over him in the cold while he cut it.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mrs. Baker, why'd you do that?

MRS. BAKER

He thought to perish me, making believe it took him so long to get at it, but I'm not so easy perished. Miss Madeline see'd me as I was coming in, and asked me what I'd been doing.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

I hope you didn't tell her that I  
couldn't live without sea-kale?

MRS. BAKER

I told her that I meant to give you  
your dinner comfortable as long  
as you had it up here, and she  
said--but laws, Mr. Graham, you  
don't care what a young lady says  
to an old woman like me. You'll see  
her yourself this evening, and then  
you can tell her whether or no  
the sea-kale was worth the eating.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY helps FELIX GRAHAM out of his bedroom and  
down the stairs. GRAHAM hesitates before he enters the  
drawing room.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM enters the drawing room. LADY STAVELEY, JUDGE  
STAVELEY, SOPHIA FURNIVAL, MRS. ARBUTHNOT, and MARIAN  
ARBUTHNOT warmly greet him.

LADY STAVELEY

Here's an armchair, Mr. Graham,  
kept expressly for you, near the  
fire. I'm extremely glad to see you  
well enough to fill it.

GRAHAM sits.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Welcome, sir. I compliment you and  
Pottinger upon your quick recovery,  
but allow me to tell you that you  
don't yet look a man fit to rough  
it alone in London.

FELIX GRAHAM

I feel very well, sir.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Hello, Mr. Graham. So good to see  
you up.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I hope you're not in pain, Mr.  
Graham.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM  
(grimacing)  
I'm much better, Miss Furnival.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT approaches him cautiously.

MARIAN ARBUTHNOT  
Mr. Felix, I was so unhappy when  
your bones were broken. I do hope  
they won't break again.

MADELINE STAVELEY enters the room from the hall and  
approaches GRAHAM. He starts to stand, but she motions him  
to stay down.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Don't move, Mr. Graham. I'm very  
glad to see you once more  
downstairs.

MADELINE gives GRAHAM her hand.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Very, very glad. But I do hope  
you'll get stronger before you  
venture out.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL, JUDGE STAVELEY, and LADY STAVELEY watch her  
carefully. MADELINE starts pouring tea into the cups. Her  
hand trembles.

LADY STAVELEY  
We were talking about Lady Mason.  
It's true that there will be a  
marriage between her and Sir  
Peregrine Orme.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
I have no patience with her. She  
must know that such a marriage at  
his age is ridiculous and injurious  
to the whole family.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I don't know that she's more to  
blame than any other lady who  
marries a gentleman thirty years  
older than herself.

LADY STAVELEY  
You would if you'd known Sir  
Peregrine as long as I have. My  
sympathies for Lady Mason would be  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY (cont'd)  
warmer if she refrained from using  
her power over an old gentleman  
like Sir Peregrine.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
I don't see what else she was to  
do. If Sir Peregrine asked her, how  
could she refuse?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
According to that, Papa, every lady  
must marry any gentleman who asks  
her.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Sir Peregrine shouldn't have asked  
her.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I agree. Unless he did it under an  
impression that he could fight for  
her better as her husband than  
simply as a friend.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
I feel sure that's what he did  
think.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - EVENING

MRS. MOULDER and JOHN KENNEBY are engaged in a discussion.

MRS. MOULDER  
She's as sweet a temper, John, as  
ever stirred a lump of sugar in  
her tea. 'She's always the same,'  
Smiley said to me many a day. And  
what can a man want more than that?

JOHN KENNEBY  
That's true.

MRS. MOULDER  
And then as to her habits--I never  
knew her take a drop. She  
likes things comfortable--and why  
shouldn't she, with two hundred a  
year of her own coming out of the  
Kingsland Road brick-fields? As for  
dress, her things is beautiful, and  
she is the woman that takes care  
of 'em. Why, I remember an Irish

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MOULDER (cont'd)  
tabinet as Smiley gave her. If that  
tabinet is as much as turned yet,  
why, I'll eat it. And then, the  
best of it is, she'll have you  
tomorrow. Indeed she will, or  
tonight, if you'll ask her.  
Goodness gracious! If there ain't  
Moulder.

MRS. MOULDER jumps from her feet, pokes the fire, empties  
MOULDER's armchair, and hurries out to the landing at the  
top of the stairs. We hear loud wheezing, and then MR.  
MOULDER, enveloped from head to foot in coats and  
comforters, makes his appearance.

MRS. MOULDER  
How are you?

MOULDER  
I'm uncommon cold. You would be  
too, if you'd come up from Leeds.  
What, John, are you there? The two  
of you are making yourself snug  
enough, I suppose, with something  
hot?

MRS. MOULDER  
Not a drop he's had since he's been  
in the house.  
(tentative)  
Mrs. Smiley is coming in tonight,  
Moulder.

MOULDER  
The devil she is! There's always  
something of that kind when I gets  
home tired out, and wants to be  
comfortable. What on earth is she  
coming here for this time of night?

MRS. MOULDER  
Moulder, you know.

MOULDER  
I only know this, that when a man's  
used up with business he don't want  
to have any of that nonsense under  
his nose.

JOHN KENNEBY  
If you mean me--

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

I don't mean you. Here, take my coats, will you? And let me have a pair of slippers.

MRS. MOULDER scurries about, doing everything MOULDER has asked of her.

MOULDER

If Mrs. Smiley thinks I'm going to change my pants, or--

MRS. MOULDER

Laws, Moulder, she don't expect that.

MOULDER

She won't get it. Here's John dressed up as if he was going to a box in the the-atre. And you--why should you be going to expense, and knocking out things that costs money, because Mother Smiley's coming? I'll Smiley her.

MRS. MOULDER

What's it to be, M.? There's a lovely chop downstairs, and there's nothing so quick as that.

(beat)

There's a 'am in beautiful cut.

MOULDER stares at the fire and runs his fat fingers through his hair.

MOULDER

Mrs. Smiley. I remember when she was kitchen-maid at old Pott's.

MRS. MOULDER

She ain't nobody's kitchen-maid now.

MOULDER

I never could make out when it was that Smiley married her--that is, if he ever did.

MRS. MOULDER

Of course he married her. I remember the wedding as if it was yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

Are you going to keep me here all night without anything? Let me have some whisky--hot.

MRS. MOULDER

You'll take some solids with it, Moulder?

MOULDER

Do as you're bid, will you, and give me the whisky. Are you telling me when I'm to eat and drink?

MRS. MOULDER gets the whisky and hot water, lemon and sugar, and sets the things beside MOULDER, and then she retires to the sofa. KENNEBY sits silently looking on.

MOULDER

If you've a mind to help yourself, John, I suppose you'll do it.

JOHN KENNEBY

None for me just at present, thank'ee.

MOULDER

I suppose you wouldn't swallow nothing less than wine in them togs?

MOULDER raises his glass to his lips.

MOULDER

Here's better luck.

Moulder swallows his glass of hot toddy fast, and then mixes another. His bloodshot eyes stare at the fire. He alternates between thrusting his hands into his pockets and taking drinks. MOULDER finishes the second glass. MOULDER grasps the whisky bottle for the third time. MRS. MOULDER sits anxiously behind him.

MRS. MOULDER

It's going over the table, M.

MOULDER

Damn the table!

MOULDER'S head falls forward on his chest. He's fast asleep with the bottle in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MOULDER  
(whispers)  
Put your hand to it, John.

KENNEBY hesitates and gives her a look.

MRS. MOULDER  
He'll let it go easy if you put  
your hand to it.

KENNEBY delicately removes the bottle from MOULDER's hand  
and sets it on the dining table.

JOHN KENNEBY  
We need to move him.

MRS. MOULDER  
We'll try. I've done it before, and  
he's never stirred. Come here, just  
behind.

KENNEBY and MRS. MOULDER pull at the chair.

MRS. MOULDER  
The casters is good. Laws! Ain't he  
heavy?

KENNEBY and MRS. MOULDER slowly drag MOULDER back. He grunts  
out some half-pronounced threat as they move him.

JOHN KENNEBY  
You won't let her come up, will  
you?

MRS. MOULDER  
Why not? She knows what men is as  
well I do. Smiley wasn't that way  
often, I believe, but he was awful  
when he was. He wouldn't sleep it  
off, quite innocent, like that, but  
would break everything about the  
place, and then cry like a child  
after it.

The bell rings. KENNEBY goes downstairs and returns with  
MRS. SMILEY. She enters the room, bristling with silk. MRS.  
SMILEY is a firm set, healthy-looking woman of about forty.  
She has large, dark, glassy eyes, which are bright without  
sparkling. Her cheeks are very red. Her black wiry hair ends  
in short crisp curls, which sit close to her head and look  
like a wig. Her mouth is small, and her lips thin, and they  
give to her face a look of sharpness that isn't quite  
agreeable. Nevertheless she's not a bad-looking woman.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY  
Moulder's asleep, is he?

MRS. MOULDER  
He ain't just very well.  
(winks)  
He's tired after a long journey.

MRS. SMILEY looks down at MOULDER and understands everything at a glance.

MRS. MOULDER  
It's as much fatigue as anything.

MRS. SMILEY  
(shakes her head)  
If he fatigues himself so much as that, he'll soon be off the hooks.

MRS. MOULDER  
I've known worse cases than him, my dear.

MRS. SMILEY  
You're mistook if you mean Smiley.  
It was 'sepilus as took him off.

MRS. MOULDER  
John, help her off with her bonnet and shawl, while I get the tea things.

KENNEBY follows her order. MRS. MOULDER goes downstairs.

MRS. SMILEY  
Mr. Kenneby, how do you find yourself in this cold weather?  
Dear, how he do snore, don't he?

JOHN KENNEBY  
Yes, he does rather.

MRS. MOULDER returns with the tea, muffins, chops, and ham.  
MRS. SMILEY covers her Irish tabinet with one of MOULDER's large handkerchiefs.

MRS. SMILEY  
(chewing on a muffin)  
We sha'n't wake him, shall we?

MRS. MOULDER  
Not till he wakes natural, of hisself.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY

He'll be a bit patchy, won't he?

MRS. MOULDER

Just for a while. Tomorrow morning, he'll be just as sweet as sweet. It don't hang about him, sullen-like.

MRS. MOULDER sets sugar, spirits, and hot water on the table.

MRS. MOULDER

John, what is it you've got to say to her?

MRS. SMILEY

Nothing I'm sure as I'd think of listening to.

MRS. MOULDER

Try her, John.

MRS. SMILEY

I've the greatest respect in life for Mr. Kenneby, and always did have. If you must have anything to do with men, a quiet man is the man for me any day.

MRS. MOULDER

Well, John?

MRS. SMILEY

Mrs. Moulder, keep to yourself, and we shall do very well. Laws, how he do snore. When his head goes bobbing that way I do fear he'll have a fit.

MRS. MOULDER

He won't. Well, John?

JOHN KENNEBY

I shall be very happy, if she likes it. She says that she respects me, and I've a great respect for her. I always had, even when Mr. Smiley was alive.

MRS. SMILEY

It's very good of you to say so.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MOULDER

Enough's enough between friends any day. Give her your hand, John.

JOHN KENNEBY

In such a matter as this, where the hearts are concerned--

MRS. SMILEY

You didn't say anything about hearts yet.

JOHN KENNEBY

Didn't I? Then it was an omission on my part. When the hearts are concerned, everything should be honest and above-board.

MRS. MOULDER

Of course, and I'm sure she don't suspect nothing else.

JOHN KENNEBY

I've had my object, and though she's been another's, still I've kept her image on my heart.

MRS. MOULDER

But it ain't there any longer. He's speaking of twenty years ago, Mrs. Smiley.

MRS. SMILEY

It's quite beautiful to hear him. Go on, Mr. Kenneby.

JOHN KENNEBY

The years are gone by as though they was nothing, and still I've had her image on my heart. I've seen her recently.

MRS. SMILEY

Her gentleman's still alive, ain't he?

MRS. MOULDER

And likely to live.

JOHN KENNEBY

I've seen her, and now I'm free to wed another.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY  
(to MRS. MOULDER)  
He's spoke quite handsome, and I  
don't know that any woman has a  
right to expect more.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

MRS. ORME, PERRY ORME, SIR PEREGRINE, and LADY MASON are assembled at the table for breakfast. LADY MASON and MRS. ORME are quietly, somberly eating their toast.

SIR PEREGRINE  
(cheerfully)  
Perry, ride with me through the  
woods after breakfast.

LADY MASON  
Sir Peregrine, I'd like to say a  
few words to you in the library  
after breakfast.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Place aux dames. Peregrine, the  
horses can wait.

PERRY looks at MRS. ORME, but her eyes are glued on the teapot. He looks next at LADY MASON, but she's staring at her plate while she tries to eat.

PERRY  
Dreary weather.

SIR PEREGRINE  
It's been far worse in January.

SIR PEREGRINE rises from his chair.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Lady Mason.

SIR PEREGRINE opens the door for LADY MASON, hurries across the hall, opens the library door for her, and holds it till she passes.

INT. THE CLEEVE LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE takes LADY MASON'S hand and puts his right arm across her waist.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Has anything disturbed you?

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

There's much that disturbs me. I've done wrong, and I've come here to undo it. Please don't be angry with me.

SIR PEREGRINE

I don't think that I shall be angry with you, but what is it, dearest?

LADY MASON hesitates.

SIR PEREGRINE

Mary, what is it? Is it about the trial? Have you seen Mr. Furnival again?

LADY MASON

It's not about the trial.

SIR PEREGRINE

What is it then?

LADY MASON

Sir Peregrine, it's impossible that we should be married.

SIR PEREGRINE

Why?

SIR PEREGRINE releases his arm from hers and examines her.

LADY MASON

It can't be.

SIR PEREGRINE

Why, Lady Mason?

LADY MASON

It can't be.

SIR PEREGRINE

Is that all that you intend to tell me? Have I done anything to offend you?

LADY MASON

The offence is on the other side--

SIR PEREGRINE

Then, my dear--

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

A marriage on your part would be a terrible sacrifice. You'd be throwing away your great rank--

SIR PEREGRINE

It's not as though I married a kitchen-maid instead of a lady who's my equal in social life.

LADY MASON

I shouldn't have said rank. You can't lose that. Your station in the world, the respect of all around you, the--

SIR PEREGRINE

Who's been telling you this?

LADY MASON

My own heart which is full of gratitude and love for you.

SIR PEREGRINE

You haven't seen Lord Alston?

LADY MASON

No.

SIR PEREGRINE

Has Peregrine been speaking to you?

LADY MASON

He has spoken to me.

SIR PEREGRINE

Telling you to say this to me. Then he's an ungrateful boy.

LADY MASON

I see the evil that I've done. Why did I ever come into the house to make quarrels between you?

SIR PEREGRINE

Dearest Mary, you must be guided by me now. This matter has gone too far, unless you say that you have an aversion to the marriage.

LADY MASON

No.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

Under those circumstances, I have a right to say that the marriage must go on.

LADY MASON

No.

SIR PEREGRINE

But I say it must. Sit down, Mary.

LADY MASON sits. SIR PEREGRINE leans over her.

SIR PEREGRINE

I'm an old man with not many more years. For the world's talk, which will last some month or two, I care nothing.

SIR PEREGRINE holds out his hand to LADY MASON, and she takes it.

SIR PEREGRINE

I shall gratify my own heart, and also serve you in your great troubles.

LADY MASON

Sir Peregrine.

LADY MASON tries to look at him but can't.

SIR PEREGRINE

Well, my love?

LADY MASON

Sir Peregrine, I'm guilty.

SIR PEREGRINE

Guilty of what?

LADY MASON

Guilty of all this with which they charge me.

SIR PEREGRINE is bewildered.

SIR PEREGRINE

I don't understand.

LADY MASON

I did it.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

Did what?

LADY MASON

I forged the will.

SIR PEREGRINE

With your own hands?

LADY MASON

Yes. When he wouldn't do justice to my baby, when he talked of that other being the head of his house, I did it. During the night.

SIR PEREGRINE

And you wrote the names yourself?

LADY MASON

I wrote them all.

SIR PEREGRINE turns away and walks to the window.

SIR PEREGRINE

If this can really be true--

LADY MASON

It's true.

SIR PEREGRINE

Then I fear this must be over between you and me.

LADY MASON

It must be over. If you must tell all the world, do so.

SIR PEREGRINE

It won't be my business to be an informer.

LADY MASON

I must leave the house. If there be no place open to me but a gaol I will do that. I'll go now and get my things removed at once.

LADY MASON starts to walk out of the room, but SIR PEREGRINE stops her, taking her by the hand.

SIR PEREGRINE

Your husband knew nothing of it?

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON  
Nothing. I'll go now.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Where will you go?

LADY MASON  
(brushes back her hair)  
Orley Farm.

SIR PEREGRINE  
You must remain here at present. I  
will endeavour to think what may be  
the best.  
(beat)  
You must not see Edith again. I  
will tell her.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

LADY MASON staggers down the hall. DAISY, the servant girl, sees her and gasps. LADY MASON stops and stares at her. DAISY, who'd been on her way to the kitchen, is frozen. LADY MASON tries to say something but finally emits a dark, mournful sigh and continues on her way.

INT. THE CLEEVE -LADY MASON'S ROOM - DAY

LADY MASON enters the room and closes the door behind her. There's no fire, and LADY MASON, shivering, grabs a shawl. She sits near the bedside, but, in a moment, gets up and locks the door. Footsteps are heard in the hall. Someone tries to open the door.

LADY MASON  
I'm using my chamber at the moment.

GERTIE  
Lady Mason, do you want us to light  
the fire?

LADY MASON  
(barely able to talk because  
her teeth are chattering)  
No. I'm not cold.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LADY MASON'S ROOM - DAY

Two hours have gone by, and LADY MASON hasn't moved. She recognizes footsteps in the hall, and her face shows relief. The footsteps stop at the door, and then there is a quick, low knock. LADY MASON hurries to the door and turns the key. In a moment, MRS. ORME is in the room.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

You have no fire? Oh, this is dreadful. My poor, poor dear.

MRS. ORME takes hold of both LADY MASON's hands.

MRS. ORME

You're frightfully cold.

LADY MASON

Has he told you?

MRS. ORME

He's told me.

LADY MASON

That I could die.

MRS. ORME

You mustn't say that. That would be wicked. You're ill with the cold.

MRS. ORME leads LADY MASON out of her room, and the two walk quickly down the passage to the head of the front stairs, and from there to MRS. ORME's room.

INT. THE CLEEVE - MRS. ORME'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

As soon as the door is closed, MRS. ORME places LADY MASON in an armchair which she wheels up to the front of the fire. MRS. ORME seats herself on a stool at LADY MASON's feet, and chafes her hands within her own. She adjusts a shawl around her shoulders, makes LADY MASON stretch out her feet towards the fire, and then sits close to her.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

SIR PEREGRINE and PERRY stand together with their backs to the fire. The room is dark. MRS. ORME enters.

MRS. ORME

I see that I'm disturbing you. I didn't know you were together.

MRS. ORME backs out.

SIR PEREGRINE

Don't go, Edith. I've told him that all is over now between me and Lady Mason.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME  
(tentative)  
He'd be unhappy if he distressed  
you.

SIR PEREGRINE  
(puts his hand on PERRY'S  
shoulder)  
There's nothing wrong between him  
and me. But, Perry, have you told  
your mother anything about the  
other matter?

PERRY ORME  
No, sir. Not yet. We won't mind  
that just now.

MRS. ORME  
If you're done with Perry, I'd be  
glad to speak to you for a minute  
or two.

PERRY  
Yes, we're done.

PERRY leaves.

MRS. ORME  
You've told him.

SIR PEREGRINE  
I've told him that there will be no  
marriage. He conceives that this  
has been done at her instance.

MRS. ORME  
And so it has. Nobody must know of  
this. Nobody but you and I.

SIR PEREGRINE  
All the world, I fear, will know it  
soon.

MRS. ORME  
Why should the world know it? If  
she hadn't told us, we wouldn't  
know.

SIR PEREGRINE  
But, Edith, the property.

MRS. ORME

Let her give that up--after a while, when all this has passed. It won't hurt that man to be without it a little longer.

SIR PEREGRINE

But it's not hers. It belongs to her son. There's been continual theft from year to year. Still going on.

MRS. ORME

It wasn't done for herself.

SIR PEREGRINE

All sin is selfish. Her object was the aggrandisement of her own child. When she couldn't accomplish it honestly, she did it by fraud.

MRS. ORME presses SIR PEREGRINE's arm and looks up into his face.

MRS. ORME

Mr. Furnival thinks she'll gain the day at this trial.

SIR PEREGRINE

But Mr. Furnival doesn't know the truth.

MRS. ORME

Nor will the judge, the lawyers, and all the rest. If they can prove it, let them.

MRS. ORME slaps her hand on the table, startling SIR PEREGRINE.

MRS. ORME

Why do you know the truth? Her generosity. It'd be base if we forget that. If she can escape, let the property be given up after.

INT. THE CLEEVE - KITCHEN - EVENING

MRS. ORME steps into the kitchen and the servants snap to attention. The head maid, MRS. RICH, hurries to MRS. ORME.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. RICH

Mrs. Orme, what a pleasant surprise. What can I--

MRS. ORME

Mrs. Rich, might I have a private word?

MRS. ORME and MRS. RICH move away from the kitchen and into the hall. MRS. ORME laughs nervously.

MRS. ORME

Oh my. Where do I begin?

MRS. RICH looks at her with wide eyes.

MRS. ORME

Sir Peregrine and Lady Mason have decided that there will be no marriage. But we still have fond, warm feelings for Lady Mason. She isn't feeling well, so we must do what we can to make her feel comfortable.

MRS. RICH

She isn't leaving The Cleeve, ma'am?

MRS. ORME

She'll remain a guest, and Sir Peregrine and I want her to receive attention and care.

MRS. RICH

I understand, Mrs. Orme.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

PERRY

Would you care to ride today, sir?

SIR PEREGRINE looks much older and far less cheerful since we last saw him. He smiles sadly.

SIR PEREGRINE

Not today, Peregrine.

INT. MRS. FURNIVAL'S LODGINGS - NIGHT

MRS. FURNIVAL and MARTHA BIGGS sit across from each other in the shabby room. MRS. FURNIVAL looks worn out and upset.

MARTHA BIGGS

You're really going to Orley Farm?

MRS. FURNIVAL

I am.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY

It's the next morning. MARTHA BIGGS is seeing off MRS. FURNIVAL.

MARTHA BIGGS

Your object is to save him and to shame her out of her vile conduct. Follow the servant in and don't give them a moment to think. That's my advice.

MRS. FURNIVAL says nothing.

MARTHA BIGGS

I suppose you'll come up to us this evening?

MRS. FURNIVAL

Not this evening. I shall be so tired.

The train starts.

MARTHA BIGGS

(yelling after her)

Then I shall come down to you.

INT. DOCKWRATH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH is in the kitchen with her brood. SAMUEL DOCKWRATH walks in cheerfully.

DOCKWRATH

It's been decided that Lady Mason should be charged with perjury.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

(taken aback)

The judges have said so?

(CONTINUED)

## DOCKWRATH

I wonder whether she ever thinks  
now of those fields which she took  
away from me.

Satisfied, SAMUEL walks out the door. MIRIAM watches him out the window until he goes into his office, then puts on her bonnet and hurries out of the house, in the direction of Orley Farm.

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

PERRY rides out of the stable and heads toward Alston. He doesn't take the road, but goes through The Cleeve woods, on to the common. He steers the horse to the left and rides to the top of the rise from Crutchley Bottom. He turns to the right, and puts his horse into a gallop, riding along the open ground till he comes to an enclosure into which he leaps.

Perry makes his way through a farm gate into a country lane. He presses his horse, till he finds himself divided from the end of a large wood by one field. He rides up to the ditch that almost killed Felix Graham, brings his horse to a halt, and stares at the ditch. He then looks at the fence and quickly turns his horse. Without giving the horse time to steady himself, he rams him at the fence, pressing him at the spot where Graham fell.

The horse jumps at the bank, without pausing. For a moment he strives to make good his footing, still clinging with his fore feet, and then slowly comes down backwards into the ditch, then regains his feet, and drags himself with an effort from the mud, making his way back into the field. Now that he is again in the field, PERRY strikes him with his whip, and once more pushes him at the fence. The horse goes at it bravely, slightly swerving from the fatal spot to which Peregrine has endeavoured once more to guide him. He leaps with a full spring from the unworn turf, and, barely touches the bank, landing himself and his master lightly within the precincts of the woods.

PERRY  
(disappointed)

Ah.

PERRY rides down slowly through the woods and then rides by Monkton Grange farm, round the moat, and down the avenue. Before long, he stands at the Noningsby gate. A WOMAN AT THE LODGE opens the gate, and he rides in.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME  
(shouting)  
Is anyone at home today?

WOMAN AT THE LODGE  
The judge and Mr. Augustus are gone  
to London, but my lady and other  
ladies are in the house.

PERRY ORME  
Is Mr. Graham still here?

WOMAN AT THE LODGE  
Mr. Graham hasn't gone.

PERRY ORME  
Do you know when he's leaving.

WOMAN AT THE LODGE  
I don't know, sir.

PERRY nods and rides around to the stables, where he gives  
up his horse to a GROOM.

EXT. HAMWORTH STATION - DAY

The train comes into the station. MRS. FURNIVAL gets off the  
train and walks up to one of the fly drivers.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Do you know where Orley Farm is?

HAMWORTH FLY DRIVER  
'Course I do, ma'am.

MRS. FURNIVAL gets in the fly, and it gallops away from the  
station.

EXT. NONINGSBY - BOOK ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY sweeps into the room and greets PERRY ORME.

LADY STAVELEY  
My dear Mr. Orme. I'm delighted to  
see you, but what made you run away  
from us so suddenly?

PERRY ORME  
Lady Staveley, has your daughter  
told you anything?

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

Madeline?

PERRY ORME

Has she said anything to you about me?

LADY STAVELEY

Well, yes, she has. Will you sit down, Mr. Orme, and then we shall be more comfortable. She's told me what passed between you.

PERRY seats himself far back on the sofa, and holds his hat between his knees, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

PERRY ORME

Yet you're surprised that I left. You must have known--

LADY STAVELEY

Tell me frankly, what is it you think I can do for you?

PERRY ORME

Do I have any chance?

LADY STAVELEY

What can I say, Mr. Orme?

PERRY ORME

I was a fool for coming here. I could knock my own head off, for having made such an ass of myself.

LADY STAVELEY

No one here thinks that of you, Mr. Orme. You did her much honour.

PERRY ORME

(turns away)

Psha!

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH walks up to the front door and knocks. In a moment, LUCIUS MASON answers the door.

LUCIUS MASON

My mother is staying at The Cleeve.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

I know. I must warn you both that my husband says there will be charges brought against Lady Mason.

LUCIUS MASON

Whether there are or aren't is no concern of mine.

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH

But she ought to do something. There's no believing how bitter Samuel is about it.

LUCIUS MASON

He can be as bitter as he likes, Mrs. Dockwrath. I'm not her adviser.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL thrusts her face close to the window.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Isn't that Mr. Orme's horse?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

A groom has probably come over with a note.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Very likely.

MADELINE remains quiet.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL has reached her destination.

HAMWORTH FLY DRIVER

This is Orley Farm, ma'am.

The HAMWORTH FLY DRIVER stops at the gate.

HAMWORTH FLY DRIVER

Shall I drive up?

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH, who has left the farmhouse, opens the gate and gives a hard look to the fly.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Perhaps this lady could tell me.  
(calling out)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL (cont'd)  
Is this where Lady Mason lives?

MIRIAM DOCKWRATH  
Lady Mason isn't home and hasn't been for weeks. She's staying with friends at The Cleeve. But in order to get there you'll have to go back through Hamworth and round by the high road.

HAMWORTH FLY DRIVER  
I knows the way well enough, Mrs. Dockwrath.

INT. NONINGSBY - BOOK ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY  
We all like you, and know how good you are. As to worldly station, you stand above her.

PERRY ORME  
Psha!

LADY STAVELEY  
Had my girl come to me telling me that you'd proposed to her, and telling me also that she felt she might probably like you, I should have been very happy to hear it.

LADY STAVELEY puts out her hand to him.

PERRY ORME  
(disregarding the hand)  
But what did she say?

LADY STAVELEY  
She doesn't regard you as she must regard the man to whom she will pledge her heart.

PERRY ORME  
She could never love me?

PERRY stands and looks down into Lady Staveley's face.

LADY STAVELEY  
Never is a long word, Mr. Orme.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

If it be so, tell me at once. I shall be better anywhere out of the county.

LADY STAVELEY

I can't say that you have no hope.

PERRY ORME

(relieved)

You think then that there's a chance?

LADY STAVELEY

If you sit down for a minute or two, I'll tell you exactly what I think.

PERRY sits.

LADY STAVELEY

She speaks of the matter as though it were over.

PERRY ORME

I knew it was so.

LADY STAVELEY

Many young ladies have married the gentlemen whom they refused, and have learned to love them with all their hearts.

PERRY ORME

She isn't like other girls.

LADY STAVELEY

She's a great deal better than many, but nevertheless she may be like others in that respect. I wouldn't give you hopes which I believe to be false, but if you're anxious in the matter--

PERRY ORME

I'm as anxious about it as I am about my soul.

LADY STAVELEY

I advise you to wait then.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

And see her become the wife of  
someone else.

LADY STAVELEY

As you both are so very young, I  
think that you might wait with  
patience--say for a year. Then come  
to Noningsby again, and try your  
fortune once more.

PERRY ORME

Does she care for anyone else?

LADY STAVELEY

You don't have a right to ask such  
a question.

PERRY ORME

I beg your pardon, Lady Staveley.  
(reddens)  
I didn't intend--

LADY STAVELEY

All that a mother can and ought to  
do, I will do for you. I should be  
rejoiced to have you for my  
son-in-law.

PERRY ORME

I'm much obliged to you.

LADY STAVELEY

Spend next Christmas at Noningsby.  
You'll both be older and perhaps  
know your minds better.

PERRY ORME

That's a year.

LADY STAVELEY

A year isn't long. If you'd like to  
go into the drawing room, I'm sure  
they'll be glad to see you.

PERRY ORME

You don't know, Lady Staveley, what  
a fool I should make myself.

LADY STAVELEY

You should be more moderate in your  
feelings, Mr. Orme.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

You wouldn't be moderate if Noningsby were on fire, or if you thought the judge was going to die.

LADY STAVELEY

Good gracious, Mr. Orme.

PERRY ORME

A man can't be moderate when he feels that he should like to break his own neck. I tried to do it today.

LADY STAVELEY

Oh, Mr. Orme.

PERRY ORME

It's only happy people and those who do some good in the world who die. Good-bye, Lady Staveley. I'll come back next Christmas--if it isn't settled before then.

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

The HAMWORTH FLY DRIVER pulls his vehicle up to The Cleeve. MRS. FURNIVAL gets out of the fly and walks up to the door and knocks. It's answered by a servant.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I'm here to see Lady Mason.

SERVANT

Lady Mason isn't well. I'll ask Mrs. Orme to speak with you.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL nervously waits. In a moment, MRS. ORME swoops in.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I am Mrs. Furnival.

MRS. ORME

Please sit down.

MRS. FURNIVAL reluctantly sits.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL

I have come here to see Lady Mason on some business--not of a very pleasant nature. I don't want to trouble you with it.

MRS. ORME

(puzzled)

Is it about the trial?

MRS. FURNIVAL

(confused)

There's really a lawsuit going on?

MRS. ORME

A lawsuit?

MRS. FURNIVAL

You said something about a trial. Mrs. Orme, pray don't deceive me. I'm a very unhappy woman.

MRS. ORME

Why should I deceive you?

MRS. FURNIVAL

Why should you?

MRS. ORME

Indeed I won't, Mrs. Furnival. I thought you knew all about it since Mr. Furnival manages Lady Mason's law business.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I know nothing whatsoever about Lady Mason's affairs and didn't believe there was any trial or lawsuit.

(beat)

It's--I suspect my husband Tom and Lady Mason...

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

MADELINE, who's been looking for her mother, finds her in the drawing room.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mama, Mr. Orme was here today, was he not?

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

Yes, my love.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I thought so.

LADY STAVELEY

He told me the match between his grandfather and Lady Mason is at an end. I was glad to hear it, for I thought that Sir Peregrine was doing a foolish thing.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Did he say anything about me?

LADY STAVELEY

He did.

MADELINE STAVELEY

He understands that what he wants can never happen?

LADY STAVELEY

He wants it.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I hope you told him that it can never be.

LADY STAVELEY

Why be so certain about it? Why not leave it to time?

MADELINE STAVELEY

As long as he understand that it can never be.

LADY STAVELEY

Never is a very long word.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I like Mr. Orme as a friend, but it's impossible that he and I will ever be anything else to each other.

LADY STAVELEY

I don't see that it's so impossible.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY  
It's impossible.

LADY STAVELEY makes a face and shrugs.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Quite, quite impossible. I have no  
love to give him. You know who I  
love.

MADELINE puts her head on LADY STAVELEY'S shoulder.

LADY STAVELEY kisses MADELINE and smooths her hair.

LADY STAVELEY  
He hasn't a shilling in the world.  
I don't think he's a marrying man  
at all.  
(beat)  
Poor Mr. Orme. He's such an  
excellent young man. I wish there  
were no such things as young men at  
all.  
(glances out the window and  
sees AUGUSTUS and SOPHIA  
walking together)  
There's Augustus making a fool of  
himself.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MRS. FURNIVAL and MRS. ORME have been in a discussion for  
some time.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I've been through a time. If I'm  
wrong --

MRS. ORME  
It's a mistake, Mrs. Furnival.  
There are reasons which make me  
quite sure of it.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Why should she always be at his  
chambers? I've seen her there  
twice, Mrs. Orme.

MRS. ORME  
I would think nothing of it if  
you'd seen her there every day.  
It's likely she'll be tried for  
perjury. Poor lady. It'd break your  
heart if you were to see her.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Poor creature.

MRS. ORME  
She's had to depend a great deal upon Mr. Furnival for advice. Indeed anybody would be kind to her who saw her in her suffering. I'm sure you would, Mrs. Furnival.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Dear, dear.

MRS. ORME  
It's such a dreadful position for a lady.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
What a wicked man that other Mr. Mason must be. That was settled years ago. Horrid, cruel man.  
(stands)  
Perhaps, Mrs. Orme, I've been foolish.

MRS. ORME  
You've been mistaken, Mrs. Furnival.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I think I have. Perhaps you won't say anything about my coming here.

MRS. ORME  
Of course.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

An astonished SPOONER lets MRS. FURNIVAL in.

SPOONER  
Master is at home--all alone in the dining room.

MRS. FURNIVAL stands in the hall and looks at the door between her and her husband. She looks up at the second floor, takes a step, changes her mind, and opens the dining room door.

FURNIVAL sits gloomily in his armchair in front of the fire. He's unaware of her presence. MRS. FURNIVAL walks up to her husband.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL  
(in a low voice)  
Tom, I've come back again.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY and SOPHIA FURNIVAL are face to face.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I'm returning to London tomorrow.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
I'm not sorry.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Mr. Staveley, you needn't have said  
so.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
I can't stand this kind of thing  
any longer. I suppose I must not  
see you in the morning--alone?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I suppose not. If I can get down to  
prayers after having all my things  
packed up, it'll be as much as I  
can do.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
If I begged for half an hour as a  
last kindness--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I shouldn't grant it. Ask your  
mother whether such a request would  
be reasonable.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
Psha!

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
It's not psha. Half-hours between  
young ladies and young gentlemen  
before breakfast are serious  
things.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
I'm serious.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Under no possible circumstances--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Bless me, Mr. Staveley, how solemn you are. One would think I was going to Jeddo, whereas I'm going to Harley Street.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

May I come and see you there?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Of course. You'd be uncivil if you didn't.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Very well. Then I'll say good-night--and good-bye.

AUGUSTUS squeezes her hand and leaves.

INT. NONINGSBY - LADY STAVELEY'S SITTING ROOM - EVENING

It is just before bedtime, and JUDGE STAVELEY and LADY STAVELEY are engaged in a discussion.

LADY STAVELEY

He's ugly.

JUDGE STAVELEY

He's certainly not handsome.

LADY STAVELEY

He's the ugliest young man I know.

JUDGE STAVELEY

He looks very well in his wig.

LADY STAVELEY

Madeline will not see him in a wig, nor anybody else, seeing the way he goes on about his profession. What can we do about it?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Nothing. Mr. Graham has some unusual ideas about law, and I grant you that he's plain--

LADY STAVELEY

The plainest young man I ever saw. I can't understand Madeline.

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

She's judged not with her eyes, but with her understanding. Mr. Orme is a fine young fellow, and will make a good husband some day.

LADY STAVELEY

The Cleeve is only seven miles away.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I'm proud of Madeline. She prefers mind to matter.

LADY STAVELEY

Matter!

JUDGE STAVELEY

Wit and intellect and power of expression have gone further with her than good looks and rank and worldly prosperity. I love her more for it.

LADY STAVELEY

I like wit and genius and all that sort of thing.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Otherwise you wouldn't have taken me, my dear.

LADY STAVELEY

You were the handsomest man of your day. That's why I fell in love with you.

JUDGE STAVELEY

The compliment is a poor one.

LADY STAVELEY

Wit and genius are none the better for being ugly. And wit and genius should know how to butter their own bread before they think of taking a wife.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

A relieved FURNIVAL turns and faces MRS. FURNIVAL.

FURNIVAL

I'm very glad to see you. I am indeed.

FURNIVAL gets up and holds out his hand to her.

FURNIVAL

I really never knew why you went away.

MRS. FURNIVAL

You know why I went. But--

FURNIVAL

I'll be shot if I did.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I didn't like Lady Mason going to your chambers.

FURNIVAL

Psha!

MRS. FURNIVAL

I was wrong, Tom.

FURNIVAL

Of course you were, Kitty.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I've come back again, and I beg your pardon--about the lady.

FURNIVAL

Very well. There's an end of it.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Tom, I've been provoked. How often have you been home to dinner?

FURNIVAL

I shall be more at home now, Kitty.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Then I'll not say another word. As for Martha Biggs--

(CONTINUED)

MR. FURNIVAL

Is she come back too?

MRS. FURNIVAL

She's in Red Lion Square. I never had her here except when you wouldn't dine at home. I wonder whether you know how lonely it is to sit down to dinner all by oneself.

MR. FURNIVAL

I do it every other day of my life, and I never think of sending for Martha Biggs. I promise you that.

INT. MARTHA BIGGS HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

A cab, loaded with MRS. FURNIVAL's things, waits for BEATRICE as she talks to MARTHA BIGGS at her door.

MARTHA BIGGS

Well I never.

BEATRICE

They're quite loving, I can assure you.

MARTHA BIGGS

It'll never last--never.

BEATRICE

So I'll say good-night if you please, Miss Biggs.

MARTHA BIGGS

I think she might have come here before she went there, especially as it wasn't anything out of her way.

BEATRICE

Missus didn't think of that.

MARTHA BIGGS

She used to know the way about these parts well enough. But give her my love, Beatrice.

BEATRICE returns to her cab. MARTHA BIGGS is again alone, and she sighs deeply.

INT. THE CLEEVE - MRS. ORME'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. ORME and LADY MASON sit close together. LADY MASON holds writing paper and a pen. They're in the midst of writing a letter to LUCIUS MASON.

MRS. ORME  
(dictating)  
'I remain at The Cleeve with my  
friends.'

LADY MASON  
That's good.

LADY MASON writes on a piece of paper. She hesitates.

LADY MASON  
I remain here with my *dear--dearest*  
friends.  
(sighing)  
I have no right to use such  
language.

MRS. ORME  
Yes, of me you may, certainly.

INT. ORLEY FARM - STUDY - DAY

LUCIUS MASON, expressionless, holds the letter from his mother.

LADY MASON  
(VO)  
DEAREST LUCIUS, All is over between  
me and Sir Peregrine. I write to  
tell you this without losing an  
hour. For the present I remain here  
with my dearest friends. Your own  
affectionate mother, M. MASON.

INT. THE CLEEVE - MRS. ORME'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

LADY MASON opens the letter from LUCIUS MASON. MRS. ORME hovers behind her, reading.

LUCIUS MASON  
(VO)  
DEAREST MOTHER, I am greatly  
rejoiced that it is so. Your  
affectionate son, L. M.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME  
(shivering)  
Well.

EXT. NONINGSBY - MORNING

MRS. BAKER and LADY STAVELEY watch and wave as SOPHIA FURNIVAL's carriage leaves.

LADY STAVELEY  
A nasty, sly thing.

MRS. BAKER  
Sly enough, my lady, but our Mr. Augustus will be one too many for her. Deary me, to think of her having the imperance to think of him.

LADY STAVELEY  
She is not quite real.

MRS. BAKER knowingly nods.

INT. NONINGSBY - JUDGE'S STUDY - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM has just entered JUDGE STAVELEY's study.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I have come about two things.

JUDGE STAVELEY points to a chair, and GRAHAM sits.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Two or ten, I shall be very happy.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I will take business first.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
And then pleasure will be the sweeter afterwards.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I've been thinking a great deal about Lady Mason's case. I've read all the papers, old and new, which Mr. Furnival has sent me. I don't suppose it possible that she can be guilty of any fraud or deception.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

I believe her to be free from all guilt in the matter, but I haven't gone into the matter as you've done.

FELIX GRAHAM

I don't like having dealings with Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram.

JUDGE STAVELEY

We'd be badly off without such men as Chaffanbrass and Aram.

FELIX GRAHAM

So we should without chimney-sweepers and scavengers.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Graham, my dear fellow, judge not that you be not judged. As you grow older, your opinion will be more lenient and more just. Don't be angry with me for taking this liberty with you.

FELIX GRAHAM

I value it. I'll let Mr. Furnival know that I'll take the case.

JUDGE STAVELEY nods.

JUDGE STAVELEY

And now for the pleasure.

FELIX GRAHAM

(fidgeting)

I don't know about pleasure. Nothing on earth can exceed Lady Staveley's kindness to me, and yours, and that of the whole family since my unfortunate accident.

JUDGE STAVELEY

We like you, but we would have done as much even if we hadn't.

FELIX GRAHAM

I've fallen in love with Madeline.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Indeed.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

I wish to go away at the earliest possible time.

JUDGE STAVELEY

You're right to wish to leave us.

FELIX GRAHAM

I shall go first thing tomorrow morning--

JUDGE STAVELEY

Have you spoken to Madeline?

FELIX GRAHAM

Not a word.

JUDGE STAVELEY

May I presume you don't intend to?

GRAHAM stands and paces the length of the room.

FELIX GRAHAM

Upon my word, Judge, I won't answer for myself if I remain here.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Mr. Graham, you've behaved well in this matter. I'd be proud to own you as my son-in-law, but I'm bound to regard the welfare of my daughter. Your means are small.

FELIX GRAHAM

Very small indeed.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Remain here two or three days longer, till you're fit to travel, and don't say anything to my daughter. Come to me again in three months. If you still hold the same mind, I'll tell you then whether you can address my child as a suitor.

JUDGE STAVELEY and GRAHAM shake hands.

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

A post-chaise carriage arrives outside The Cleeve. FURNIVAL gets out, but before he can reach the door, LADY MASON comes outside, and with FURNIVAL's help, gets into the vehicle.

EXT. DODDINGHURST - DAY

DODDINGHURST is a little village, five miles away from The Cleeve. The carriage comes into view.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

The carriage eases to a stop in front of the magistrate building. FURNIVAL leans over to LADY MASON.

FURNIVAL

It's necessary that Mr. Aram see you once or twice before the trial.

LADY MASON

Can't it be done through you?

FURNIVAL

We've engaged the services of Mr. Aram because he understands difficulties of this sort better than any other man in the profession. Now let me introduce you to him.

SOLOMON ARAM approaches the carriage. He's a good-looking man of forty, perhaps rather over-dressed, but bearing no other sign of vulgarity. He has black hair and a well-formed face.

MR. ARAM raises his hat and bows as FURNIVAL performs the ceremony of introduction. This is done while LADY MASON is still seated in the carriage, and as LUCIUS waits at the door to hand her down into the house where the magistrates are sitting.

MR. ARAM

I'm delighted to have the honour of making your acquaintance.

LADY MASON mutters something inaudible.

MR. ARAM

We shall pull through this little difficulty without any ultimate damage whatsoever.

LADY MASON steps down, and lowering her dark veil, walks into the building.

EXT. DODDINGHURST - DAY

It's an hour or so later. LADY MASON comes out of the building with FURNIVAL. LUCIUS MASON comes forward to hand her from the post-chaise in which she arrived. LADY MASON kisses him.

FURNIVAL

Your mother will return to Orley Farm in two days. She thinks it best that she be at home from this time to the day of the trial. Sir Peregrine agrees with her.

LUCIUS MASON

I agree as well.

FURNIVAL

There's no disagreement between your mother and the family at The Cleeve, though the marriage has been laid aside.

LUCIUS MASON

Of course.

FURNIVAL

If you'd like, you can take my seat and accompany Lady Mason back to The Cleeve.

LUCIUS MASON

Thank you, but I don't care to go to The Cleeve.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL has returned to her home and is making the rounds about the house gathering gossip. She finds SPOONER in the butler's pantry, writing down inventory.

SPOONER

Ah, you've returned. You were greatly missed, Miss Furnival.  
(slyly)  
Interesting times. Interesting times.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I understand all was not calm,  
Spooner.

SPOONER  
Frankly, it was too much  
excitement.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Poor Mama.

SPOONER  
I think your father had the worst  
of it.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I always know which side you're on  
in the war of the sexes, Spooner.

INT. THE CLEEVE - MRS. ORME'S SITTING ROOM - MORNING

It's two days later--the day when LADY MASON will leave The Cleeve. MRS. ORME and LADY MASON have been discussing the arrangements.

MRS. ORME  
Sir Peregrine will walk downstairs  
with you and hand you down through  
the hall into the carriage. It'll  
show the servants that he still  
respects and esteems you.

SIR PEREGRINE comes in the room. LADY MASON leans against the table, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

SIR PEREGRINE puts out his hand to her. LADY MASON allows him to touch her fingers.

MRS. ORME  
Perhaps I'd better not come down.  
It'll be easier to say good-bye  
here. God bless you and preserve  
you. You shall not go without a  
kiss.

MRS. ORME puts out her arms. LADY MASON hesitates, and then they embrace.

MRS. ORME  
I shall come and see you often,  
almost daily. My father is waiting  
now, dear, and you'd better go.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE has turned to the window, shading his eyes with his hand. He steps forward and offers LADY MASON his arm.

SIR PEREGRINE leads her down the stairs, across the hall, out the door, and puts her into the carriage. The servants are standing around, officiously offering their aid. SIR PEREGRINE solemnly walks back through his own servants to the library without betraying to them the depth of his sorrow.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL and MRS. FURNIVAL are relaxing and gossiping.

MRS. FURNIVAL

She and Sir Peregrine were really to be married?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

There's no doubt whatsoever that they were engaged. Sir Peregrine told Lady Staveley so himself.

MRS. FURNIVAL

And it's all broken off again?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

This is what happened. Lord Alston, who lives near Noningsby, is a very old friend of Sir Peregrine's. When he heard of it he went to The Cleeve--I know this for certain--and talked Sir Peregrine out of it.

MRS. FURNIVAL

After he'd made her the offer?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I believe Mrs. Orme arranged it all. Lady Mason behaved very well all through, though they say bitter things against her at Noningsby.

MRS. FURNIVAL

Poor thing.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I really don't not see why Sir Peregrine shouldn't have married her if he pleased.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FURNIVAL  
He's rather old, my dear.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
People don't think so much about that nowadays. If he wanted it, and she too, who had a right to say anything? A man with any spirit would have turned Lord Alston out of the house.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
What about the trial, Sophia?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
There's no doubt it'll go on. But they all say that it's the most unjust thing in the world, and that she'll be proved innocent. I heard the judge say so myself.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Why are they allowed to try her then?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Ask Papa.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
I don't like to bother your papa about law business. But won't she have to go and sit in the court, with all the people staring at her?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
It won't kill her. If I was sure that I was in the right, I could hold up my head against all that. But they say that she's crushed to the earth.

MRS. FURNIVAL  
Poor thing. I wish I could do something for her.

INT. MRS. THOMAS' HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

MARY SNOW and MRS. THOMAS have been arguing.

MRS. THOMAS  
Mary, I've done it all for the best.

(CONTINUED)

MARY SNOW

No, Mrs. Thomas, you didn't. You did it for the worst.

EXT. MRS. THOMAS' HOME - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM is driven up to the door in a cab. His arm is still in a sling, and he moves slowly.

INT. MRS. THOMAS' HOME - PARLOR - DAY

When FELIX GRAHAM enters the room with MARY SNOW and MRS. THOMAS, there's no sign the two women have been arguing. They both rush to him with comforting words.

MARY SNOW

Mr. Graham, does it hurt? It looks so painful.

MRS. THOMAS

Are you sure you should be up and about?

FELIX GRAHAM

I'm all right. I sha'n't go hunting again in a hurry. You may be sure of that.

MRS. THOMAS

We're all thankful that Providence saved you.

FELIX GRAHAM

Have you seen your father lately, Mary?

MARY SNOW

Not since I wrote to you about the money that he borrowed.

MRS. THOMAS

I told her that she shouldn't have given it to him.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mary was quite right. Who could refuse assistance to a father in distress?

MARY takes out her handkerchief and tears up.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. THOMAS

But it would never do that he should be a drain in that way. He'd feel that if he had any feeling.

MARY SNOW

So he has. And you're driven close enough yourself sometimes, Mrs. Thomas. There's days when you'd like to borrow nineteen and sixpence if anyone would lend it you.

MRS. THOMAS

Very well. I've endeavoured to do my duty, and very hard it's been.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mrs. Thomas, I should like to speak to Mary alone for a few minutes if you could allow it.

MRS. THOMAS

Certainly, by all means.

MRS. THOMAS collects a basket of darning and leaves the room. Now alone with GRAHAM, MARY turns pale and perfectly still. She stares at GRAHAM. He takes her hand.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mary, I trust that I may never cause you any unhappiness.

MARY SNOW

Mr. Graham, I'm sure that you never will. It's I that's been bad to you.

FELIX GRAHAM

No, Mary, I don't think you've been bad at all.

MARY SNOW

I suppose she was right to tell, only--

FELIX GRAHAM

Mary, I'm not angry with you. If I pledge myself to tell you the truth in everything, will you be equally frank with me?

(CONTINUED)

MARY SNOW

Yes.

FELIX GRAHAM

Have you ever thought that you and I wouldn't make each other happy if we were married?

MARY SNOW

I never thought that.

FELIX GRAHAM

It's never occurred to you that though we might love each other very warmly as friends, we might not suit each other as man and wife?

MARY SNOW

I mean to do the very best I can.

FELIX GRAHAM

It shouldn't be a question of doing the best you can. Between man and wife, there should be no need of such effort. It should be a labour of love.

MARY SNOW

I'll labour as hard as I can.

GRAHAM sighs.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mary, what's the name of the gentleman whom you met out of doors?

MARY SNOW

Albert Fitzallen.

FELIX GRAHAM

And you're fond of him?

MARY SNOW

No.

FELIX GRAHAM

Are you not? Then why did you consent to that secret meeting?

(CONTINUED)

MARY SNOW

I didn't tell him to write me or come looking for me. But then I thought when he sent me that letter that he didn't know--about you I mean, and so I thought I'd better tell him. That's why I went.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mrs. Thomas could have told him.

MARY SNOW

I don't like Mrs. Thomas. She's behaved very bad to me. You don't half know her.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'll ask you one more question, Mary, and before answering it, I want to make you believe that my only object is to ascertain how I may make you happy. When you met this gentleman, did you tell him nothing else except that you were engaged to me? Did you say nothing to him as to your feelings toward him?

MARY SNOW

I told him it was wrong of him to write me that letter.

FELIX GRAHAM

What else did you tell him?

MARY SNOW

Mr. Graham, I'll never write a line to him--or look at him. And if he sends anything I'll send it to you. I did let him take my hand, and he kissed me--once. I've told it all now. I ain't a bad girl, whatever she may say of me.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'm sure you're not a bad girl.

MARY SNOW

I didn't mean anything, and I couldn't help it.

MARY begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

MARY SNOW

I shouldn't have gone to see him.

FELIX GRAHAM

What you should have done was to have told me openly that you liked this young gentleman.

MARY SNOW

I don't ever want to see him again.

FELIX GRAHAM

Look here, Mary.

GRAHAM drops her hand and takes a chair opposite hers.

FELIX GRAHAM

I take it that you do like this young gentleman. If so, it'd be wicked for you to marry me.

MARY SNOW

Mr. Graham--

FELIX GRAHAM

There's nothing wicked in your liking him. You've been taught to regard me rather as a master than as a lover.

MARY SNOW

Mr. Graham, I won't even think of Al--

FELIX GRAHAM

I want you to think of him, that is, if he's worth thinking of.

MARY SNOW

He's a very good young man.

FELIX GRAHAM

If he's a good young man, and if he loves you well enough to marry you, wouldn't you be happier as his wife? Speak the truth, Mary.

MARY cannot speak.

FELIX GRAHAM

Surely you know the state of your own heart, Mary? My only object is to secure your happiness--the happiness of both of us.

(CONTINUED)

MARY SNOW

I'll do anything you please.

FELIX GRAHAM

A marriage between us wouldn't make either of us content. I can't say what sort of a young man Mr. Fitzallen may be, but if I find that he's fit to take care of you, and that he has means to support you--with such little help as I can give--I shall be happy to promote such an arrangement.

MARY SNOW

I'll do anything you please.

FELIX GRAHAM

Perhaps you'd better mention it to Mrs. Thomas.

MARY SNOW

I'd rather not talk to her. I don't love her a bit.

FELIX GRAHAM

I won't press it on you if you don't wish it. Have I your permission to speak to Mr. Fitzallen, and, if he approves, to speak to his mother?

MARY SNOW

I'll do anything you think best, Mr. Graham.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL is alone in the drawing room on Harley Street. She hears a double knock on the door. SPOONER answers, and LUCIUS MASON is led inside.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Lucius, how wonderful to see you again.

LUCIUS MASON

Remember how we parted at Noningsby?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I don't easily forget words such as were spoken then.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

You said you'd never turn away from me.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Nor will I--that is with reference to the matter to which we were speaking.

LUCIUS MASON

Is our friendship confined to one subject?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

By no means. Friendship between true friends must extend to all affairs of life. I'm quite sure you understand me.

LUCIUS MASON

I understand you. I knew when I pressed your hand that night, I pressed the hand of a friend--nothing more.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Quite so.

LUCIUS MASON

I've suffered a great deal since then. You know that my mother has been staying at The Cleeve?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I believe she left it only a day or two ago.

LUCIUS MASON

And you heard perhaps--I hardly know how to tell you, if you haven't heard it.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

If you mean about Sir Peregrine, I've heard.

LUCIUS MASON

All the world has.

LUCIUS begins to pace.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

Miss Furnival, you've never known what it is to blush for a parent.

SOPHIA smiles.

LUCIUS MASON

People say that Sir Peregrine sent her away because he thinks her guilty.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Once the trial starts, all these troubles will end.

LUCIUS MASON

Miss Furnival, the worst of it is that I'm unable to comfort her.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

That should be your only task.

LUCIUS MASON

She's wrong in what she's doing, thoroughly, absolutely wrong. She's about her a parcel of lawyers. You know I don't mean your father.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Hasn't he advised it?

LUCIUS MASON

If so, he's wrong. They're the scum of the gaols, men who live by rescuing felons from punishment they deserve.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Don't be hard on her, Mr. Mason. She's not as strong as you.

LUCIUS takes out his handkerchief and wipes his eyes.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I wish I could comfort you.

SOPHIA gets up from her chair.

LUCIUS MASON

You can.

LUCIUS comes closer to SOPHIA.

LUCIUS MASON

You and you only can do so. I have  
no one whom I can love, and it's  
hard to bear.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

If my warmest sympathy can be of  
service to you--

LUCIUS MASON

It's your love I want.  
(takes her hand)  
So that I may look on you as my  
wife. There's my hand. Will you  
take it and give me yours?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

There is my hand.

They stand holding each other, palm to palm.

LUCIUS MASON

And with it your heart?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

And with it my heart.

LUCIUS MASON

Will you come to Orley Farm and be  
a friend to my mother?

SOPHIA hesitates.

LUCIUS MASON

Will you accompany her to the trial  
and--

SOPHIA's mind is clicking on all cylinders, thinking of the  
implications of LUCIUS's requests.

LUCIUS MASON

If you're my wife you must be her  
daughter.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Can we think that she wishes me  
there?

LUCIUS MASON

She'll learn to have such a wish.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Since my father's defending her,  
perhaps he might object to my being  
there.

LUCIUS MASON  
I don't see--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
I must obey my father. And I can't  
avert him from his cause while the  
trial is pending.

LUCIUS MASON  
But you'll think about it?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Yes.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE, looking older and more frail, has summoned  
MRS. ORME.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Sit down, Edith. I find that the  
assizes will be here, in Alston, at  
the end of next month.

MRS. ORME  
So soon as that, father?

SIR PEREGRINE  
Yes. The judges will come in on the  
25th of March.

MRS. ORME  
This is very sudden. But, Father,  
won't it be best for her that it  
should be over?

SIR PEREGRINE  
It'll be terrible to all if she's  
condemned.

MRS. ORME  
But Mr. Furnival--

SIR PEREGRINE  
Mr. Furnival is a lawyer and will  
not say so, but when he speaks of  
her, I know he expects it.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

But she escaped before.

SIR PEREGRINE

By perjury, Edith. An old poet said that the wicked man rarely escapes at last. I think, my dear, that I'd better see Mr. Round.

MRS. ORME

You won't tell him?

SIR PEREGRINE

No. I'm not authorised to do that.

MRS. ORME

But he'll entice it from you. He's a lawyer, and will wind it out from a plain, chivalrous man of truth and honour.

SIR PEREGRINE

I believe Mr. Round is a good man.

MRS. ORME

But if he asks you, what will you say?

SIR PEREGRINE

I'll tell him to ask me no such question.

SIR PEREGRINE walks to the window.

MRS. ORME

Don't think me unkind.

SIR PEREGRINE

(with a thick voice)

You're not unkind.

EXT. LONDON TRAIN STATION - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE, old and feeble, comes off the train and gets in a cab.

SIR PEREGRINE

(to driver)

Bedford Row.

INT. ROUND AND CROOK'S OFFICE - MR. ROUND'S OFFICE - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE and MR. ROUND are meeting.

MR. ROUND

I'm very sorry about this entire affair, Sir Peregrine. The case is not in my hands personally.

SIR PEREGRINE

Mr. Round, do you think it's possible that the trial could be abandoned?

MR. ROUND

Mason thinks the property is his, and is determined to make another struggle for it. I'm not in a position to have any opinion of my own--

SIR PEREGRINE

I understand. Your firm is bound to do the best it can for its client.

(beat)

Mr. Round, I know I'm quite safe with you.

MR. ROUND

Sir Peregrine, you must remember that I'm the attorney for the other side.

SIR PEREGRINE

But still, isn't it possible that we might come to some compromise?

MR. ROUND

By giving up part of the property?

SIR PEREGRINE

By giving up all the property.

MR. ROUND emits a low whistle.

SIR PEREGRINE

Better that, at once, than that she should die broken-hearted.

There's a long silence between the two men. Then MR. ROUND turns himself round in his chair to face SIR PEREGRINE more fully.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ROUND

I'm Mr. Mason's attorney, but as regards this interview, I won't hold myself as being in that position. What you've said shall be as though it hadn't been said, but--

SIR PEREGRINE

If I've said anything that I ought not to have said--

MR. ROUND

The fault is mine, if there is a fault.

SIR PEREGRINE

Mr. Round, I offer you my apology from the bottom of my heart.

MR. ROUND

You shall offer me no apology, nor will I accept any. I know no words strong enough to convey to you my esteem and respect for your character.

SIR PEREGRINE

Sir.

MR. ROUND

If any compromise is contemplated, it should be arranged by Mr. Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass, and the terms should be settled between Mr. Aram and my son. But I can't say that I see any possibility. It isn't however for me to advise. You'd better see Mr. Furnival.

SIR PEREGRINE

Ah. Again, I apologize.

MR. ROUND

Nothing more should be said between us on the subject of Lady Mason.

SIR PEREGRINE collects his hat and gloves and slowly walks out of the office and down to his cab. MR. ROUND watches him from the window.

EXT. APOTHECARY SHOP - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM walks past the apothecary shop and sees a young man, ALBERT FITZALLEN, working a pestle. He's a pale-faced, light-haired youth, with an incipient moustache. His hair is parted in equal divisions over his forehead. He wears elaborate shirt-cuffs elaborately turned back and a white apron tied round him. GRAHAM walks into the shop. It's empty except for FITZALLEN.

INT. APOTHECARY SHOP - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM  
Are you Albert?

ALBERT FITZALLEN  
Yes, sir, my name is Albert  
Fitzallen.

ALBERT comes out from behind the counter.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I'd like a word with you. Could you  
please step outside with me?

ALBERT FITZALLEN  
Is it in a medical way?

FELIX GRAHAM  
It's of a private nature.

FITZALLEN pulls off his apron, wipes his hands on a thoroughly medicated towel, and calls into an inner room.

ALBERT FITZALLEN  
Sir, I need to step out for a  
minute. I'll be back.

A murmured reply is heard from the inner room. ALBERT and GRAHAM walk out of the shop together.

EXT. CAUSEWAY OUTSIDE OF APOTHECARY SHOP - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM and ALBERT FITZALLEN walk side by side.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I believe you know Miss Snow.

ALBERT FITZALLEN  
(draws himself up)  
I have the honour of knowing Miss  
Snow.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

I also know her. My name is Felix Graham--

ALBERT FITZALLEN

Oh, sir, very well.

FITZALLEN takes on a look of decided hostility.

ALBERT FITZALLEN

If you have anything to say to me, sir, I'm quite prepared to listen to you and answer you. I've heard your name mentioned by Miss Snow.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mary has told me what has passed between you. You may regard me, Mr. Fitzallen, as Mary's best and surest friend.

ALBERT FITZALLEN

I'm aware of that. But, Mr. Graham, friendship is one thing, and the warm love of a devoted bosom is another.

FELIX GRAHAM

Quite so.

ALBERT FITZALLEN

Far be it from me to make any boast that I've gained a place in that lady's affections. I'm existing only on hope.

(hits himself with a closed fist on his shirt-front)

If you desire to make such hope a cause of quarrel, I've nothing to say against it.

FELIX GRAHAM

By no means.

ALBERT FITZALLEN

Then we understand that the arena of love is open to us both. I don't fail to appreciate the immense advantages which you enjoy in this struggle.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

If you marry Mary Snow, what means have you of maintaining her? Would your mother receive her into her house?

ALBERT FITZALLEN

(open-mouthed)

Eh?

FELIX GRAHAM

Of course, you mean honestly by dear Mary.

ALBERT FITZALLEN

Oh, sir, yes, on the honour of a gentleman. My intentions, sir, are--Mr. Graham, I love that young lady. Then you don't mean to marry her yourself, eh, Mr. Graham?

FELIX GRAHAM

No, Mr. Fitzallen, I don't. And now, if you'll confide in me, we'll talk over your prospects.

ALBERT FITZALLEN

The course is open to me?

FELIX GRAHAM

Yes. Any chance your boss would be interested in a partnership?

ALBERT FITZALLEN

Old Balsam has a son of his own, but he don't take to it at all. He's gone into wine and spirits, but he don't sell half as much as he drinks.

FELIX GRAHAM

Is your mother aware of Mary?

ALBERT FITZALLEN

(blushing)

Mother has heard of it, but I don't exactly know how. I may call on Mary?

FELIX GRAHAM

I have no authority there. Mrs. Thomas might be found to be a dragon still. It might be better to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM (cont'd)  
wait till I talk to Mary's  
father and then, if all things go  
well...

INT. APOTHECARY SHOP - DAY

ALBERT FITZALLEN retakes his place behind the counter. He's thoughtful but not entirely happy.

INT. FITZALLEN HOME - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM and MRS. FITZALLEN are meeting over tea.

MRS. FITZALLEN  
Six hundred pounds! You're very  
kind, Mr. Graham. Very kind indeed.

FELIX GRAHAM  
And your feelings about Mary?

MRS. FITZALLEN  
She's very pretty. And modest too.  
Albert certainly seems warmly  
attached. Six hundred pounds would  
tempt Mr. Balsam into a  
partnership. Or perhaps five  
hundred and leave one hundred for  
furniture.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - EVENING

SIR PEREGRINE, looking older and paler, has summoned MRS. ORME.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Edith, I've seen Mr. Round. We can  
do nothing for her there.

MRS. ORME  
I feared not.

SIR PEREGRINE  
(whispering)  
We can do nothing for her.

INT. THE TEMPLE - FELIX GRAHAM'S CHAMBERS - DAY

MR. SNOW, Mary's father, has been summoned. He's a dreadful sight. Watery eyes, pimpled nose, fallen cheeks, slobbered mouth, uncombed hair, scraggly beard. His gait is uneven.

SNOW twirls his hat and shifts his feet.

(CONTINUED)

SNOW

You're going to throw that young girl over, Mr. Graham?

FELIX GRAHAM

I mean to say no such thing. I shall do for her all that's in my power. And if that isn't as much as she deserves, it will, at any rate, be more than you deserve for her.

SNOW

You won't marry her?

FELIX GRAHAM

I shall not marry her. Nor does she wish it. I trust that she will be engaged, with my full approbation--

SNOW

(slurring his words)

What the deuce, sir, is your full approbation to me? Look here, Mr. Gorm [sic], perhaps you forget that you wrote me this letter when I allowed you to have the charge of that young girl?

SNOW reaches into his breast pocket and takes out a greasy pocket-book, and displays to GRAHAM the much-worn letter--holding it at a distance, so it shouldn't be torn from his hands.

SNOW

Do you think, sir, I would have given up my child if I didn't know she was to be married respectable? My child is as dear to me as another man's.

FELIX GRAHAM

I hope she is. And you're a very lucky fellow to have her so well provided for. I've told you all I've got to say, and now you may go.

SNOW

Mr. Gorm!

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

I've nothing more to say. Your child shall be taken care of.

SNOW

That's what I call pretty cool on the part of any gen'leman. And you're to break your word--a regular breach of promise, and nothing ain't to come of it. What do you think I took this letter for?

FELIX GRAHAM

You took it, I hope, for Mary's protection.

SNOW

And, by God, she'll be protected.

FELIX GRAHAM

Undoubtedly. For the present, I'll protect her, and I hope that soon a husband will do so who will love her. Now, Mr. Snow, I've told you all I've got to say, and I must trouble you to leave.

SNOW

And what am I to do with myself, Mr. Gorm?

FELIX GRAHAM

Work.

SNOW

That's all very well.

FELIX GRAHAM

You'll find it well to do it, too. Work and don't drink. You hardly think that if I'd married your daughter I should have found myself obliged to support you in idleness?

SNOW

It would have been a great comfort in my old age to have had a daughter's house to go to.

FELIX GRAHAM

Please don't make me turn you out.

(CONTINUED)

SNOW

Lend me a sovereign--

FELIX GRAHAM

No.

SNOW

Half a crown.

EXT. FELIX GRAHAM'S CHAMBERS - DAY

SNOW is shoved outside. He stumbles and then stares back at the building with hatred.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MADELINE STAVELEY walks into the room as MRS. BAKER is on her way out.

MRS. BAKER

We're very lonely, ain't we, miss, without Mr. Graham to look after?

MADELINE STAVELEY

I'm sure we're all very glad that he's recovered.

MRS. BAKER

He's such a nice gentleman. Where there's one better, there's twenty worse, and as full of cleverness as an egg's full of meat.

(beat)

At any rate, Miss Madeline, you ought to say a word for him, for he used to worship the sound of your voice. I've known him lay there and listen, listen, listen, for your footfall.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You shouldn't talk such nonsense to me, and I beg you won't again.

MADELINE sits down hard and picks up an article about Florence Nightingale.

MRS. BAKER leaves the room as LADY STAVELEY enters, and they share a glance.

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

Madeline, I think you should get a new dress for the ball.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I'm not going.

LADY STAVELEY

Not going?

MADELINE STAVELEY

It doesn't interest me. I wonder what Florence Nightingale would think of it.

LADY STAVELEY

In my opinion, that poor woman would be better off if she put effort into marrying.

MADELINE STAVELEY

But then she wouldn't be able to do her good works.

LADY STAVELEY

I truly don't believe that woman understands what a woman's duty is.

MADELINE returns to her reading.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY and MADELINE STAVELEY are eating alone. MADELINE's plate only has potatoes and sea-kale.

LADY STAVELEY

My dear, you'll be ill if you don't eat some meat. You used to like minced veal.

MADELINE STAVELEY

So I do, but I won't have any today, Mama, thank you.

INT. NONINGSBY - LADY STAVELEY'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY is discussing the situation with JUDGE STAVELEY.

LADY STAVELEY

Even Felix Graham would be better than no son-in law. Bad as he might be, he can come here if he pleases.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

If they're both fond of each other,  
they'd better marry.

LADY STAVELEY

It's terrible to think of them  
having no income.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Graham will fall on his legs at  
last.

LADY STAVELEY

He's a very long time before he  
begins to use them. And then you  
know The Cleeve is such a nice  
property, and Mr. Orme is--

JUDGE STAVELEY

My love, it seems that she doesn't  
like Mr. Orme.

LADY STAVELEY

But if she would only wait, she  
might like him. He's such a  
handsome young man.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I don't think his beauty will do  
it.

LADY STAVELEY

I don't suppose she cares for that  
sort of thing. But I'm sure of  
this, if she were to go and  
make a Florence Nightingale of  
herself, it'd break my heart. I  
should never hold up my head again.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

JUDGE STAVELEY pops his head into the room and catches  
MADELINE's eye.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Madeline, please join me for a  
walk. It's warmer than usual.

MADELINE puts down the magazine.

EXT. NONINGSBY - DAY

JUDGE STAVELEY and MADELINE STAVELEY walk arm in arm through the Noningsby grounds.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Papa, what have you heard of the gallery that will be built at Charing Cross?

JUDGE STAVELEY  
I hear that it won't be built.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Oh.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Have you read any interesting books lately?

MADELINE STAVELEY  
I'm enjoying the new Collins, but I'm dying for the Oliphant to come out.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
I suppose you've heard about that article that was in a certain quarterly--a paper on a grave subject, which has been much discussed--

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Of course.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Do you know who wrote it?

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Was it Mr. Teague?

JUDGE STAVELEY  
No. It wasn't Mr. Teague.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
I can't guess.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Felix Graham. It's uncommonly clever, and yet there are a great many people who abuse it.

MADELINE stops walking.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

Mr. Graham is clever but impractical. He won't take the world as he finds it. While we're mending it, we must live in it.

JUDGE STAVELEY gives her a sideways glance.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I want you, Augustus, and Isabella happy. High position and a plentiful income are great blessings in this world, but there are things much sweeter.

MADELINE leans into her father.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I would never blush to see my girl the wife of a poor man whom she loved, but I'd be stricken to the core of my heart if I knew that she'd become the wife of a rich man whom she didn't love. If you love this man, let him come.

MADELINE STAVELEY

But he's never spoken to me, Papa.

JUDGE STAVELEY

He's told me so himself. Young Mr. Orme would have been your mother's favourite--

MADELINE STAVELEY

Papa, that's impossible.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I only mention his name because I want you to understand that you may speak to your mama quite openly on the subject. He's a fine young fellow, is Peregrine Orme, but that's no reason you should marry him if you don't like him.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I could never like him in that way.

JUDGE STAVELEY

That's the end of it, and I'm sorry for him. When Master Graham's ribs, arms, and collar bones are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY (cont'd)  
stronger, shall we ask him to come  
back to Noningsby?

MADELINE STAVELEY  
If you please, Papa.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
We'll have him here for the assize  
week. Poor fellow, with  
Chaffanbrass to watch him on his  
own side, and Leatherham on the  
other, I don't envy him his  
position.

JUDGE STAVELEY and MADELINE turn and head for home.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
Papa, is that review you were  
speaking of here at Noningsby?

JUDGE STAVELEY  
You'll find it on my study table,  
but remember, Madeline, I don't  
half go along with him.

INT. THE CLEEVE - STABLE - DAY

PERRY returns from a ride and hands the horse reins to the  
GROOM, JACK. As he turns to go inside, the GROOM clears his  
throat. PERRY turns to him.

GROOM  
Sir?

PERRY  
What is it, Jack?

GROOM  
Is Sir Peregrine well?

PERRY  
(surprised)  
Yes. As far as I know.

GROOM  
We haven't seen him in several  
days. And before that, I couldn't  
interest him in riding. The woodman  
told him about the young  
coppices--he's usually excited  
about that, but--

(CONTINUED)

PERRY

Don't worry, Jack. I'll get him out  
for a ride.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

PERRY comes inside and notices his grandfather's hat is up  
on its customary peg. PERRY walks to the library and knocks  
on the door.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE, who's been sitting quietly, staring at the  
fire, reacts slowly to the knock. In a moment, PERRY opens  
the door.

PERRY

May I come in, sir?

SIR PEREGRINE

(trying to sound cheeful)  
Of course, Peregrine. Come in.

PERRY

Let's go for a ride this afternoon.  
There's a--

SIR PEREGRINE shakes his head.

PERRY

Are you not well?

SIR PEREGRINE is quiet for a long time, trying to control  
his emotions.

SIR PEREGRINE

I've had a blow. Peregrine. I'm too  
old and weak to bear up against it.  
I've lived my life. I have great  
joy that you're left behind to take  
my place.

(forcing a smile)

How are things going at Noningsby?

PERRY

Lady Staveley advised me to wait.

SIR PEREGRINE

Do as she tells you.

PERRY

If there's anything I hate in this  
world, it's waiting.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

You're both very young.

PERRY

Why isn't a fellow to be happy when he's young as well as when he's old?

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

MRS. ORME and LADY MASON are involved in a discussion in an upstairs room. LADY MASON is seated in a large old-fashioned armchair. The table is by her side. She sits leaning with her elbow on her arm, supporting her face with her hand. MRS. ORME sits opposite to her, so close that she might look into her face and watch every movement of her eyes.

LADY MASON

(in a low voice)

When my father died he was bankrupt and owed a large sum to Sir Joseph. I was an asset of the estate.

(beat)

He was his son as much as that other one. Up to the very hour of his death, I never asked him to spend a shilling on my own account. But I asked him to do this thing for his child. He was angry and said he wouldn't break his promise for the brat. I told him that I myself would cause it to be done.

MRS. ORME

You told him?

LADY MASON

I did. I told him that Orley Farm should belong to our babe.

MRS. ORME

What did he say?

LADY MASON

He bade me beware of my soul. I won't shock you with my answer.

MRS. ORME

Have you met with Mr. Aram?

LADY MASON

He was here a few days ago, and we met for an hour.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)  
He knows the truth. I'm sure of it.

MRS. ORME  
Did he ask you?

LADY MASON  
He asked of little things that happened at the time, but from his manner I'm am sure he knows. He says that I'll escape.

MRS. ORME  
Did he say 'escape'?

LADY MASON  
Not that word, but it was the same thing. He spoke to Lucius. I saw them on the lawn together.

MRS. ORME  
You don't know what he said to him?

LADY MASON  
Lucius won't speak to me, and I can't ask him.

MRS. ORME  
You must tell Lucius.

LADY MASON  
He won't understand.

MRS. ORME  
Unless you tell him everything.

LADY MASON  
(turning away her head)  
It's impossible.

MRS. ORME  
Dear Lady Mason, don't turn from me in that way. It's for your sake--because I love you, that I press you to do this. If he knew it all--

LADY MASON  
Could you tell your son such a tale?

MRS. ORME is silenced for a moment by LADY MASON's anger.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

I think I could, if--

LADY MASON

Till he lay in my arms, I'd loved nothing. When my parents bade me marry the old man because he was rich, I obeyed them, not caring for his riches, but knowing that it behoved me to relieve them of the burden. He was kinder to me than they'd been, and I did the best I could. He told me that when he died I should have the means to live, and that was enough. But then came my baby. Why shouldn't this other child also be his father's heir? Wasn't he as well born as they?

MRS. ORME

You must tell Lucius.

LADY MASON

I can't.

MRS. ORME

I'll do it for you.

LADY MASON

(takes MRS. ORME by both arms)  
No. Say that you won't.

MRS. ORME

I won't unless you bid me.

LADY MASON

I don't bid you.

MRS. ORME stands.

LADY MASON

You'll come tomorrow?

MRS. ORME

Yes. Certainly.

LADY MASON

Because I fear that I've offended you.

MRS. ORME

No.

LADY MASON kisses Mrs. ORME'S hands and forehead. Then MRS. ORME leaves.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

MRS. ORME steps outside and finds LUCIUS MASON, standing alone on the front door steps.

MRS. ORME  
 (offers her hand)  
 I hope all this doesn't trouble you  
 much, Mr. Mason.

LUCIUS MASON  
 I'm unhappy, but not too much so to  
 thank you for your most unusual  
 kindness to my poor mother.

LUCIUS accompanies her around the house on to the lawn, from where a path leads through shrubbery on to the road which will take MRS. ORME by the village of Coldharbour to The Cleeve.

MRS. ORME  
 Mr. Mason, don't suppose that I  
 presume to interfere between you  
 and your mother. But I think you  
 might comfort her if you'd talk  
 freely about all this.

LUCIUS MASON  
 It's impossible. When the trial is  
 over, and the world knows she's  
 innocent, when people shall see how  
 cruelly she's been used--

MRS. ORME  
 The future is in the hands of God,  
 Mr. Mason, but for the present--

LUCIUS MASON  
 This will soon be over, and then  
 she and I will once again  
 understand each other. Good  
 morning, Mrs. Orme, and pray  
 believe I appreciate all that  
 you're doing for her.

LUCIUS lifts his hat and walks away. LADY MASON anxiously watches them from her window. In a moment, LUCIUS stands idly on the terrace swinging his stick as he looks down the hill toward the orchard below him.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE rings his bell. The SERVANT arrives.

SIR PEREGRINE

Please let Mr. Peregrine know that  
I need to speak with him.

SERVANT

Mr. Peregrine is out at the moment.

SIR PEREGRINE

When he returns, tell him I must  
see him. Also, tell Mrs. Orme, with  
my compliments, that if it doesn't  
put her to inconvenience, we'll not  
dine till seven.

INT. THE CLEEVE - KITCHEN - DAY

The COOK has just been told by the SERVANT the news about  
dinner.

COOK

(frustrated)

The compliments ought to have been  
sent to me.

COOK looks over her kitchen with bewilderment.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - EVENING

PERRY enters the room with his thick boots and muddy  
gaiters.

SIR PEREGRINE

Sit down, Peregrine. I've been  
thinking of something.

PERRY

Samson and I've been cutting down  
trees all day. You've no idea how  
the water lies down in the bottom  
there. It's a sin not to drain it.

SIR PEREGRINE

Any sins of that kind, my boy,  
shall lie on your head. I wash my  
hands of them.

PERRY

I'll go to work at once then.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

You must go to work on more than that, Peregrine. Don't think I'm doing this because I'm unhappy.

PERRY

Doing what?

SIR PEREGRINE

I can't get out as I used to do, and don't care to meet people about business.

PERRY

I never knew you more clear-headed in my life, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE

What I intend to do is give up the property into your hands at Lady Day. You shall be master of The Cleeve from that time forth.

PERRY

Sir?

SIR PEREGRINE

The truth is, you desire employment, and I don't. So now, my boy, you may go to work and drain wherever you like.

PERRY

I won't hear of such a thing.

SIR PEREGRINE

I've quite made up my mind.

PERRY

It's because you tried to do something good and noble and--

SIR PEREGRINE

We won't talk about that. Some day, perhaps, when we're sitting here together over the fire, I shall be better able to talk about this, but not now, Perry. Suppose you dress for dinner. I've already told your mother.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY

You're wrong in this, sir, if ever  
you were wrong in your life.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - EVENING

JOHN KENNEBY, MRS. SMILEY, MR. MOULDER, AND MRS. MOULDER  
have just finished a supper party, and the four sit round  
the fire with glasses of hot toddy at their elbows. MR.  
MOULDER occasionally smokes his pipe.

JOHN KENNEBY

I shall endeavour to speak the  
truth.

MOULDER

The truth, the whole truth, and  
nothing but the truth.

JOHN KENNEBY

Yes, Moulder, that will be my  
endeavour, and then I may lay my  
hand upon my bosom and know that I  
have done my duty by my country.

MRS. SMILEY

Quite right, John. Them's the  
sentiments of a man.

MRS. MOULDER

They'll get nothing but the truth  
out of John, not if he knows it.

MOULDER

Lord bless you, John, they'll turn  
you round their finger like a bit  
of red tape. What do they care for  
truth?

JOHN KENNEBY

But I care, Moulder. I don't  
suppose they can make me tell  
falsehoods if I don't wish it.

MRS. SMILEY

Not if you're the man I take you to  
be.

MOULDER

Gammon!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY

Mr. Moulder, that's an objectionable word. If John Kenneby is the man I take him to be, he won't say no more than the truth, nor yet no less. Now that isn't gammon--if I know what gammon is.

JOHN KENNEBY

I shall do my best and then throw myself upon Providence.

MRS. MOULDER

And take a little drop of something comfortable in your pocket, so as to sperrit you up a little when your name's called.

MOULDER

Sperrit him up? I suppose he'll be standing in that box the best part of a day. I knowed a man was a witness. It was a case of horse-stealing, and the man who was the witness was the man who'd took the horse.

MRS. SMILEY

He was witness against hisself?

MOULDER

No. He'd paid for it. That is to say, either he had or he hadn't. That was what they wanted to get out of him, and I'm blessed if he didn't take 'em till the judge wouldn't set there any longer. And then they hadn't got it out of him.

MRS. SMILEY

But John Kenneby ain't one of that sort.

JOHN KENNEBY

That man didn't want to unbosom himself.

MOULDER

The likes of him seldom do like to unbosom themselves.

MRS. MOULDER

You mean to act honest, John.

JOHN KENNEBY

I always did, Mary Anne.

MOULDER

I'll tell you what it is. As Mrs. Smiley don't like it, I won't say anything more about gammon--not just at present, that is.

MRS. SMILEY

I've no objection to gammon, Mr. Moulder, when properly used, but I look on it as disrespectful, and seeing the position which I hold as regards John Kenneby, anything disrespectful to him is hurtful to my feelings.

MOULDER

John, I'll tell you what it is. You've no more chance of being allowed to speak freely there than if you was in church. What are them fellows paid for if you're to say whatever you please out in your own way?

MRS. MOULDER

He only wants to say the truth, M.

MOULDER

Truth be--

MRS. SMILEY

Mr. Moulder, there's ladies by, if you'll please to remember.

MOULDER

One fellow will make you tell it his way first, and then another one will make you tell it his way, and it's odds but what the first one will be at you again after that, till you won't know whether you stand on your heels or your head.

MRS. MOULDER

That can't be right.

MOULDER

They're paid for it. It's their duties, just as it's my duty to sell Hubbles and Grease's sugar.

JOHN KENNEBY

But the truth, Moulder--

MOULDER

Look here, John, you'll see a little fellow in a wig, and he'll get up, and there'll be a man in the box before him--some swell dressed up to his eyes, who thinks no end of strong beer of himself, and in about ten minutes he'll be as flabby as wet paper, and he'll say just anything that that little fellow wants him to say. That's power, mind you, and I call it beautiful.

MRS. SMILEY

But it ain't justice.

MOULDER

It is justice. You can have it if you choose to pay for it, and so can I. If I buy a greatcoat against the winter, and you go out at night without having one, is it injustice because you're perished by the cold while I'm warm as toast. I say it's a grand thing to live in a country where one can buy a greatcoat.

The door rings.

MOULDER

Who on earth is that?

MRS. SMILEY

I hope it ain't no stranger. Situated as John and I are now, strangers is so disagreeable.

The door is opened by the MAID-SERVANT, and MR. KANTWISE is shown into the room.

MOULDER

Halloo, Kantwise! I thought you were down somewhere among the iron foundries?

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE

So I was, Mr. Moulder, but I came up yesterday. Mrs. Moulder, allow me to have the honour. I hope I see you quite well, but looking at you I need not ask. Mr. Kenneby, sir, your very humble servant. The day's coming on fast, isn't it, Mr. Kenneby? Ma'am, I believe I haven't the pleasure of being acquainted.

MRS. MOULDER

Mrs. Smiley, Mr. Kantwise. Mr. Kantwise, Mrs. Smiley.

KANTWISE

Quite delighted, I'm sure.

MOULDER

Smiley as is, and Kenneby as will be this day three weeks.

Everyone smiles.

KANTWISE

I thought I should find Mr. Kenneby here.

MOULDER

Make yourself at home.

KANTWISE

I've just parted from Mr. Dockwrath.

MOULDER

Then you've parted from a very low-lived party, let me tell you that.

KANTWISE

That may be. But I think you'll all agree on this. That at the present moment Mr. Dockwrath fills a conspicuous place in the public eye.

MRS. SMILEY

By no means so conspicuous as John Kenneby, if I may be allowed to hold an opinion.

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE

That may be, ma'am. I've just parted with him at Gray's Inn Lane, and he says that it's all up now with Lady Mason.

MOULDER

Will he bet two to one? Because, if so, I'll take it--only I must see the money down.

KANTWISE

I don't know what he'll bet, Mr. Moulder. Only he says it's all up with her.

MOULDER

Will he back his side, even-handed?

KANTWISE

I ain't a betting man, Mr. Moulder. And on such a matter as this, touching the liberty and almost life of a lady whom I've had the honour of seeing, and acquainted as I am with the lady of the other party, Mrs. Mason of Groby Park, I should rather, if it's no offence to you, decline the subject of betting.

MOULDER

Bother!

MRS. MOULDER

Now M., in your own house, you know!

MOULDER

Never mind that. Go on, Kantwise. What were you were saying about Dockwrath?

KANTWISE

I thought you'd like to know what they were doing, particularly Mr. Kenneby. I do hear that they mean to be uncommonly hard upon him.

KENNEBY shifts uneasily in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY

I can't understand it. How is anyone to put words into my mouth if I don't choose to speak? There's John's waistcoat is silk.

Everyone but KANTWISE looks at KENNEBY's waistcoat and nods.

MRS. SMILEY

Do you mean to say that all the barristers in London will make me say that it's made of cloth? It's nothing short of ridic'lous. If he allows hisself to be hocused in that way, I don't know but what I shall be ashamed.

KANTWISE

So it is, ma'am, only this, you know, if I hocus you, why you hocus me in return, so it isn't so very unfair.

MOULDER

It's the fairest thing that is. It's the bulwark of the British Constitution.

JOHN KENNEBY

Being badgered and browbeat?

MOULDER

Trial by jury. And how can you have trial by jury if the witnesses aren't cross-questioned?

KANTWISE

Mr. Dockwrath was summoned to Bedford Row where they held a council of war together with Mr. Joseph Mason and Mr. Matthew Round. Dockwrath says that Mr. Round now acknowledges that he was right all along. And there is no doubt in Bedford Row as to the verdict. That woman Bolster is quite clear that that she only signed one deed.

JOHN KENNEBY

I shall say nothing here.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY  
Quite right, John.

MOULDER  
I'll lay an even bet she's  
acquitted. And I'll do it in a  
ten-p'und note.

JOHN KENNEBY  
(to MOULDER)  
Why don't you come down with me?  
I'd like the support.

MOULDER  
What can I do? I can't stop the  
fellow's gab.

JOHN KENNEBY  
It would mean a lot to me.

MOULDER spreads his hands, agreeing.

MRS. SMILEY  
I wish it was me. I'd let the  
barrister know what was what  
when he came to knock me about.

JOHN KENNEBY looks scared to death.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

MRS. ORME looks up when SIR PEREGRINE enters the room.

SIR PEREGRINE  
There's Peregrine been lecturing me about draining.

MRS. ORME  
Lecturing you?

SIR PEREGRINE  
And he's right, too. He'll make a  
better farmer than Lucius Mason.  
It's the very thing that he's fit  
for.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - NIGHT

MR. and MRS. MOULDER are straightening up after KANTWISE and MRS. SMILEY have left. MRS. MOULDER shakes her head.

MRS. MOULDER  
If you meant to frighten him, you  
did a good job.

MOULDER  
Wasn't it better that he know  
what's in store for him?

EXT. NONINGSBY - DAY

PERRY ORME rides up to Noningsby.

INT. NONINGSBY - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The SERVANT answers the door.

PERRY ORME  
I'd like to speak with the judge.

SERVANT  
Judge Staveley is out. He'll return  
home for dinner. Would you like to  
speak with Lady Staveley?

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LADY STAVELEY sweeps into the room and greets PERRY.

PERRY ORME  
I wanted to speak with the judge  
about some recent property  
decisions my grandfather has made,  
but I understand he's not here. I  
also wanted to speak with him  
about--

LADY STAVELEY's face changes.

PERRY ORME  
Is there any chance for me?

LADY STAVELEY  
(takes him by the hand)  
I wish it could be different.

PERRY ORME  
There's no hope then?

(CONTINUED)

LADY STAVELEY

I should be wicked to deceive you.  
There's no hope.

PERRY's eyes water, and a tear comes down LADY STAVELEY's cheek.

PERRY ORME

I know how to take an answer. I'm obliged.

LADY STAVELEY

She feels that you've done her great honour.

PERRY ORME

Psha! Honour! But never mind--Good-bye, Lady Staveley.

LADY STAVELEY

Will you not see her?

PERRY ORME

No. Give her my love--my best love--

LADY STAVELEY

I will.

PERRY ORME

And tell her that I hope she may be happy, and make some fellow happy who is more fortunate than I am. I shall get out of the way.

INT. THE TEMPLE - FELIX GRAHAM'S CHAMBERS - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM has just returned to his office when he sees a letter from Noningsby on his desk. He carefully opens it.

JUDGE STAVELEY

(VO)

DEAR GRAHAM, As you are coming down to Alston, special in Lady Mason's case, you may as well come and stay here. Lady Staveley bids me say that she will be delighted. Your elder brethren will no doubt go back to London each night, so that you will not be expected to remain with them.

GRAHAM reads the letter again. His look of surprise turns to happiness.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

SPOONER carefully examines the letters that have arrived.  
BEATRICE hovers.

BEATRICE  
Anything interesting?

SPOONER shrugs and hands the letters to BEATRICE. SOPHIA walks in, and BEATRICE sorts through the envelopes, handing SOPHIA one from LUCIUS MASON.

SOPHIA walks through the house and goes out the back door.

EXT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DAY

SOPHIA, walking through the garden, is on the second page of the letter when we begin to hear LUCIUS's voice.

LUCIUS MASON  
(VO)  
When all this is over, I think I shall sell this place. What is there to bind me--to bind me or you to Orley Farm? Sometimes I have thought that I could be happy here, devoting myself to agriculture--

SOPHIA stops in her tracks.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Fiddlesticks!

SOPHIA begins walking again.

LUCIUS MASON  
(VO)  
--and doing something to lessen the dense ignorance of those around me, but for such work as that a man should be able to extend himself over a larger surface than that which I can influence. My dream of happiness now carries me away from this to other countries--to the sunny south. Could you be happy there? A friend of mine whom I well knew in Germany, has a villa on the Lake of Como--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL  
Indeed, sir, I'll do no such thing.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

(VO)

--and there I think we might forget all this annoyance. I shall not write again now till the trial is over. Yours, L. M.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

SOPHIA FURNIVAL sits at the writing desk, answering LUCIUS's letter.

There's a knock on the door.

BEATRICE

Miss Sophia, Mr. Augustus Staveley is here to see you.

SOPHIA rises from the table and gracefully slips the letter under the cover of the desk.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

And how are they all at Noningsby, Augustus?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Dear Noningsby is nearly deserted. There's no one there but my mother and Madeline.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Mr. Graham was still there when I left.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

He came away shortly afterwards, as soon as his arm would allow him.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

What a happy accident that was for him, Mr. Staveley.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Breaking ribs, his arm, and his collar-bone? I thought it unhappy.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I call it a happy accident which gives a gentleman an opportunity to spend six weeks under the same roof with the lady of his love. I'm by no means sure that he didn't break his bones on purpose.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Perhaps then, Miss Furnival, I should get myself run over outside here. I could get one of Pickford's vans, or a dray from Barclay and Perkins'.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

It wouldn't do any good, Mr. Staveley. Those very charitable middle-aged ladies opposite, the Miss Mac Codies, would have you into their house in no time, and when you woke from your first swoon, you'd find yourself in their best bedroom, with one on each side of you.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

And you in the meantime--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I'd inquire after you every morning at ten o'clock--in Mama's name. 'Mrs. Furnival's compliments, and hopes Mr. Staveley will recover the use of his legs.' And the man would bring back word: 'The doctor hopes he may, miss; but his left eye is gone forever.' Not everyone can tumble discreetly. I fancy you would only disfigure yourself.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

When we were at Noningsby together, I ventured to tell you what I felt for you--

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Did you? If your feelings were anything beyond the common, I don't remember.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

And then you affected to believe that I wasn't in earnest.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

You must excuse me if I affect to believe the same thing of you still.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Will you let me have an answer?  
Sophia--

AUGUSTUS steps closer, with a sincere look in his eyes.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I have at any rate done nothing to  
deserve your scorn.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

You come here with soft words which  
run easily from your tongue,  
feeling sure that I shall be proud  
in heart when I hear them whispered  
into my ears, and now you pretend  
to be angry because I don't show  
you that I'm elated. Isn't it  
probable that I should treat with  
scorn anything you might say to me  
seriously?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

How shall I put my words to make  
them sound seriously to you? Do you  
want me to kneel at your feet, as  
our grandfathers used to do?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Certainly not. Our grandmothers  
were stupid to desire that.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

If I put my hand on my heart, will  
you believe me better?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Not in the least. Little depends on  
the words that are uttered. When  
heart has spoken to heart, or even  
head to head, no speaking is  
necessary.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

My heart hasn't spoken to yours?

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

No. I suppose you think you like  
me?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Sophia, I love you well enough to  
make you my wife tomorrow.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Yes, and be tired of your bargain the next day. You're inclined to play at marriage.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I'll be angry if I don't get an answer.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Today? If I'm driven to decide this morning, great as the honour is, I must decline it. I'm unable to trust my happiness altogether in your hands.

INT. MR. ARAM'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

ARAM and CHAFFANBRASS are meeting in ARAM's private room in Bucklersbury. Aram rents the first floor of a house over an eating establishment. He has no great paraphernalia of books and boxes and clerks' desks. THREE CLERKS sit in one room, and he sits behind it. The room in which Mr. Aram now sits is furnished with more attention to comfort than is usual in lawyers' chambers. Mr. CHAFFANBRASS is at present lying, with his feet up, on a sofa against the wall. Mr. ARAM fills an easy lounging-chair. Law papers are scattered on the library table. On the whole, Mr. Aram's private room is smart and attractive. ARAM and CHAFFANBRASS are going over the details of the trial.

MR. ARAM

I'm strongly of the opinion that Lady Mason will be acquitted, mainly because of my great confidence in you, Mr. Chaffanbrass.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

(shaking his head)

Things aren't what they used to be.

MR. ARAM

That may be so in the city, but you won't find a city jury down at Alston.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

It's the judges. It usedn't to be so. When a man has the last word, and will take the trouble to use it, that's everything. Do you know the Hamworth people?

(CONTINUED)

MR. ARAM

Yes. But I don't think it'll matter who is or isn't on the jury.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

Why?

MR. ARAM

If those two witnesses break down, Kenneby and Bolster, no jury can convict her. And if they don't--

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

Then no jury can acquit her.

MR. ARAM

From what I hear, Mr. Chaffanbrass, I don't think either of these stand a chance if they both come into your hands.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

But they won't both come into my hands.

MR. ARAM

Ah. That's where we shall fail. Mr. Furnival is a great man, no doubt.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

A very great man, in his way.

MR. ARAM

But if he lets one of those two slip through his fingers, the thing's over.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

If they're both ready to swear in their direct evidence that they only signed one deed on that day, no vacillation afterwards would have any effect on the judge.

MR. ARAM

If the matter was altogether in your hands, I should have no fear. If it could be managed, it'd be a great thing.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS

Professional etiquette requires that cross-examination of the two

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. CHAFFANBRASS (cont'd)  
most important witnesses not be left in the hands of the same barrister. If we were to go out of the usual course, the gentlemen on the other side would surely notice.

MR. ARAM  
Which shall it be then?

MR. CHAFFANBRASS  
I'm indifferent. If the memory of either of these two persons is doubtful, Furnival will discover it.

MR. ARAM  
I'd let him take the man.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS  
Just as you please, Aram. Well, we must be off. Let one of your fellows get a cab.

INT. FURNIVAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

FURNIVAL and FELIX GRAHAM are discussing Lady Mason's case while waiting for the arrival of Aram and Chaffanbrass.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I suppose there's no doubt as to her innocence?

FURNIVAL  
Eh?

FELIX GRAHAM  
I suppose we may take it for granted that Lady Mason is really innocent, that is, free from all falsehood or fraud in this matter?

FURNIVAL  
Presume we take that for granted.

FELIX GRAHAM  
But you yourself, Mr. Furnival. You've been concerned in this matter from the beginning, so therefore I have no hesitation in asking you.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

I have no doubt, none in the least.

The CLERK knocks on the door.

CLERK

Sir, Mr. Aram and Mr. Chaffanbrass  
are on their way up.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

MR. ARAM has finished meeting with LADY MASON and now speaks  
with MRS. ORME on the front porch.

MR. ARAM

We can't expect the trial will be  
over in one day, ma'am. She'll  
continue to be on bail, and can  
return home. I'll see that she's  
not annoyed as she leaves town.

MRS. ORME

Annoyed?

MR. ARAM

By the people I mean.

MRS. ORME

Will there be anything of that,  
sir? I shall be with her, you know.

MR. ARAM

They'll want to have a look at her  
of course, but Mrs. Orme, we'll  
see that you're not annoyed.

MRS. ORME

How many days will it be, sir?

MR. ARAM

Perhaps two--perhaps three. It may  
run all the week. Of course you  
know, Mrs. Orme, when the trial is  
over, if it should go against us,  
then you must return alone.

INT. ORLY FARM - DINING ROOM - DAY

LUCIUS MASON and LADY MASON quietly eat dinner.

LUCIUS MASON

Mother, things between us aren't as  
they should be.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

Lucius, I know you've never had an unkind thought in your heart towards me.

LUCIUS MASON

Never, Mother. How could I? But for the last three months we've been like strangers. You didn't trust me, but I wish there be no unpleasant feeling between us tomorrow. I know how pure and innocent you are--

LADY MASON

No, Lucius.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll go into the court with you tomorrow. They shall see that there's no quarrel between us.

LADY MASON leans forward and thinks about telling him the truth. Instead, she strokes his cheeks and kisses him.

LADY MASON

You don't understand how weak a woman can be. It shall be tomorrow as you will have it.

LUCIUS MASON

When this is over, Mother, we'll go away. If you wish to live elsewhere, I'll sell the property. We'll go abroad for a while.

LADY MASON

Yes.

INT. NONINGSBY - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EVENING

It is the evening before the trial, and FELIX GRAHAM has arrived for dinner. He finds JUDGE STAVELEY in the hall.

JUDGE STAVELEY

A pretty fellow you are. It's dinner-time already, and of course you take an hour to dress.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mr. Aram--

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

Oh, yes, Mr. Aram. I'll give you fifteen minutes, but not a moment more.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING

Just as FELIX GRAHAM is about to enter his bedroom to dress, he sees MRS. BAKER.

MRS. BAKER

(delighted)

Oh, Mr. Graham! And how are you, sir?

FELIX GRAHAM

Quite strong again.

MRS. BAKER

So you are, I do declare. I'll say this, Mr. Graham, for wholesomeness of flesh you beat anything I ever come nigh.

FELIX GRAHAM

It was your good nursing, Mrs. Baker.

MRS. BAKER

We did take care of you. Do you remember the pheasant, Mr. Graham?

FELIX GRAHAM

I should think so.

MRS. BAKER

And the sea-kale, Mr. Graham. Laws! The row I had with John Gardener about that!

GRAHAM good-humouredly pushes her out of the room.

FELIX GRAHAM

Judge Staveley has told me I'd better hurry.

MRS. BAKER

It won't do for you to take up Mr. Augustus's tricks in the house yet, will it?

The door closes, and GRAHAM hurries to dress for dinner.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - EVENING

FELIX GRAHAM comes down the stairs and greets LADY STAVELEY, JUDGE STAVELEY, and MADELINE STAVELEY.

LADY STAVELEY  
So good to see you looking well,  
Mr. Graham.

GRAHAM shakes MADELINE's hand without looking at her. JUDGE STAVELEY looks away.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
And now we'll go to dinner. Give  
your arm that isn't broken to Lady  
Staveley. Augustus will be in  
Alston tomorrow when the court is  
opened. That is if he finds it  
possible to get up so soon, but  
today he has some engagements in  
town.

The party walks into the dining room.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner is over, and FELIX GRAHAM and JUDGE STAVELEY are the only two remaining in the room.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Graham, you acted as an honest man  
when you were last here. Lady  
Staveley and I've discussed the  
matter, and you're at liberty to  
address yourself to Madeline if you  
please.

FELIX GRAHAM  
My dear judge--

JUDGE STAVELEY  
Of course you understand that I'm  
not answering for her. You must  
fight your own battle there.

FELIX GRAHAM  
Of course I shall ask her.

JUDGE STAVELEY  
She'll have five thousand pounds on  
her marriage, settled upon herself  
and her children--and as much more  
when I die, settled in the same  
way. Now fill your glass.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM fills his glass. There is silence while the two men drink.

FELIX GRAHAM

After all that we said and did at Birmingham, it's odd that I should so soon find myself joined with Mr. Furnival.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Not at all odd. You must take up your profession as others have taken it up before you. Very many young men dream of a Themis fit for Utopia. You've slept somewhat longer than others, and your dreams have been more vivid.

FELIX GRAHAM

I wake to find myself leagued with the Empson and Dudley of our latter-day law courts.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Fie, Graham, fie. Don't allow yourself to speak in that tone of men whom you know to be zealous advocates.

FELIX GRAHAM

I beg your pardon for nicknaming them. I've never seen Mr. Chaffanbrass in court.

JUDGE STAVELEY

The more shame for you, never to have gone to the court in which he practises.

FELIX GRAHAM

Have you seen him at a country assize town before, Judge?

JUDGE STAVELEY

Chaffanbrass? I don't remember that I have.

FELIX GRAHAM

His coming down in this way is quite unusual, I take it.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

Rather so, I should say. The Old Bailey is his own ground.

FELIX GRAHAM

Why should they think it necessary?

JUDGE STAVELEY

It'd be for me to ask you that, seeing that you're one of the counsel. I'd sooner discuss the matter with you after the verdict than before it. Come. We'll go into the drawing room.

The two men walk out of the room together.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM -NIGHT

JUDGE STAVELEY settles into a chair and picks up a novel.

LADY STAVELEY

Aren't you planning to visit with the company?

JUDGE STAVELEY

I don't regard Graham as company.

In a moment, LADY STAVELEY closes her eyes and appears to fall asleep. GRAHAM and MADELINE awkwardly avoid each other's eyes. She busies herself stitching a collar.

FELIX GRAHAM

Your brother will be down tomorrow.

MADELINE STAVELEY

He's to go direct to Alston. He'll be here in the evening for dinner.

FELIX GRAHAM

I suppose we'll be late tomorrow.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Papa is always late when the assizes are going on.

FELIX GRAHAM

Alston isn't very far.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Only two miles.

The conversation dwindles to nothing.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

JOSEPH MASON, JOHN KENNEBY, MR. MOULDER, and SAMUEL DOCKWRATH approach the station.

DOCKWRATH

(pulls JOSEPH MASON aside)  
I'd ride with you in first class, sir, but I think it best I remain with Kenneby. He might jump out of the carriage and destroy himself.

JOSEPH MASON

If he had any of the feelings of an Englishman within his breast, he'd be anxious to give assistance towards the punishment of such a criminal as that.

DOCKWRATH

He has only the feelings of a tomtit.

DOCKWRATH sees BRIDGET BOLSTER approach.

DOCKWRATH

Mrs. Bolster, and how do you find yourself?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Dockwrath. I sha'n't be sorry to have a bit of something to my tea.

DOCKWRATH

And you shall have something to your tea. What's it to be?

MOULDER

A steak's as good as anything at these places.

DOCKWRATH

Or some ham and eggs.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Kidneys is nice.

DOCKWRATH

What do you say, Kenneby?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY

I have no appetite. I'll take a little brandy-and-water.

INT. TRAIN STATION RESTAURANT - DAY

DOCKWRATH, MASON, KENNEBY, BOLSTER, and MOULDER are seated, eating their food.

JOHN KENNEBY

They can't do anything to one if one do one's best?

DOCKWRATH

Of course they can't.

MOULDER

It ain't what they do, but what they say, and then everybody is looking at you. I remember a case when I was young on the road. It was at Nottingham. There'd been some sugars delivered, and the rats had got at it. I'm blessed if they didn't ask me backwards and forwards so often that I forgot whether they was seconds or thirds, though I'd sold the goods myself. And then the lawyer said he'd have me prosecuted for perjury. I ain't so green now by a good deal.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I'm sure you're not, Mr. Moulder.

MOULDER

After that I met that lawyer in the street, and was ashamed to look him in the face. I'm blessed if he didn't come up and shake hands with me, and tell me that he knew all along that his client hadn't a leg to stand on. Now I call that beautiful.

JOHN KENNEBY

Beautiful?

MOULDER

He fought that battle just as if he was sure of winning, though he knew he was going to lose. Give me the man that can fight a losing battle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER (cont'd)  
Anybody can play whist with four by honours in his own hands.

DOCKWRATH  
I don't object to four by honours either, and that's the game we'll play tomorrow.

MOULDER  
And lose the rubber after all.

DOCKWRATH  
No. If I know anything of my own profession--

MOULDER  
Humph!

DOCKWRATH  
Lady Mason has no more chance of escape than that bit of muffin has.

MOULDER stuffs the remainder of the muffin into his mouth. He chews and chews, then picks up the remaining gravy on the blade of the knife, along with the pickle particles, and eats this too. Finally,

MOULDER  
My opinion differs. There's a ten-pound note--  
(pulls the note out of his pocket)  
I'll put that in John Kenneby's hands, and do you cover it?

JOHN KENNEBY  
I decline to have anything to do with it.

MOULDER  
Two ten-pound notes won't burn a hole in your pocket.

JOHN KENNEBY  
Suppose I should be asked a question about it?

DOCKWRATH  
Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Kenneby. I'm not going to bet.

MOULDER

You ain't, ain't you?

DOCKWRATH

Certainly not, Mr. Moulder. If you understood professional matters better, you'd know that a professional gentleman couldn't make a bet as to a case partly in his own hands without great impropriety.

MOULDER repockets his ten-pound note and laughs a long, low chuckle. BRIDGET BOLSTER is entertained.

INT. THE CLEEVE - BREAKFAST PARLOR - DAY

It's the morning of the first day of the trial. MRS. ORME, PERRY, and SIR PEREGRINE are in the breakfast parlour. She's drinking a cup of tea.

SIR PEREGRINE

Edith, my dear, you'd better eat something.

MRS. ORME

Yes, Father.

MRS. ORME lifts a piece of bread to her mouth.

SIR PEREGRINE

You must take something with you, or you'll be faint in the court. Have you thought how many hours you'll be there?

PERRY

I'll see to that.

MRS. ORME

Will you be there, Perry?

PERRY

Of course I shall. I'll see that you have what you want.

SIR PEREGRINE

But how will you get in, my boy?

PERRY

I've spoken to the sheriff already. There's no knowing what may turn up, so you may be sure that I'm near you.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME finishes her cup of tea and stands.

MRS. ORME  
Is the carriage here, Perry?

PERRY  
It's at the door.

MRS. ORME  
Good-bye, Father.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Good-bye, Edith. God bless you, and  
give you strength to bear it. And,  
Edith--

MRS. ORME  
Sir?

MRS. ORME holds SIR PEREGRINE's hand while he whispers to her.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Say to her a word of kindness from  
me. Tell her that I've forgiven  
her.

MRS. ORME  
Yes, Father, I will.

PERRY has carefully observed this. They walk outside, and SIR PEREGRINE hands MRS. ORME into the carriage.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - DAY

MRS. ORME's carriage arrives, and MR. ARAM is outside to greet her. He helps her out of the carriage and into his own.

MR. ARAM  
I'm sorry to say that Lady Mason's  
son is to accompany us.

MRS. ORME  
She didn't tell me.

MR. ARAM  
It was arranged between them last  
night, and it's unfortunate.

MRS. ORME  
Why is it unfortunate, sir?

(CONTINUED)

MR. ARAM

Things will be said which would drive me mad if they were said about my mother. Then if they find her guilty--How is he to sit there and hear the judge's charge--and then the verdict, and the sentence.

MRS. ORME

But all that won't come today, will it, sir?

MR. ARAM

Not the charge or the verdict. But he shouldn't be there.

LADY MASON appears at the door, leaning on LUCIUS MASON's arm. She's dressed head to foot in black and wears a thick black veil over her face. MR. ARAM holds the carriage-door open. LADY MASON steps up into the carriage. LUCIUS bows to MRS. ORME and assists his mother. Then he follows her into the carriage and sits. MR. ARAM shuts the door and pulls himself up to the box beside the driver.

MRS. ORME holds out her hand, and LADY MASON takes it. The carriage starts.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

They've gone about a mile when LADY MASON speaks.

LADY MASON

I didn't know yesterday that Lucius would come, or I would have told you.

LUCIUS MASON

I hope it doesn't inconvenience you.

MRS. ORME

By no means.

LUCIUS MASON

I couldn't let my mother go out without me on such an occasion. But I'm grateful to you, Mrs. Orme, for coming also.

MRS. ORME

I thought it'd be better for her to have some lady with her.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON  
Yes, it's much better.

INT. TRAIN STATION RESTAURANT - MORNING

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH and JOSEPH MASON stand near the door.  
MOULDER, KENNEBY, and BRIDGET BOLSTER are finishing their  
breakfast.

JOSEPH MASON  
I regret not listening to you, Mr.  
Dockwrath. I worry that Round and  
Crook haven't done a good job for  
me. Perhaps I should fire them  
and--

DOCKWRATH  
We mustn't do that now. If we did,  
the whole thing would be delayed.

JOSEPH MASON  
When Lucius Mason is expelled from  
Orley Farm, you'll become tenant  
again to your two fields. If we  
win.

DOCKWRATH  
We'll win. There's no screw loose  
that I can find.

JOSEPH MASON  
Will that man, Kenneby, be able to  
speak?

DOCKWRATH  
I think he will, as corroborating  
the woman Bolster.

JOSEPH MASON  
They can't make her say that she  
signed two deeds if she's willing  
to tell the truth. There's no  
danger, you think, that she's been  
tampered with, that she's taken  
money.

DOCKWRATH  
There's been nothing of that.

JOSEPH MASON  
They'd do anything, you know.  
Solomon Aram! He's been used to it  
all his life.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I'm too sharp for them. There isn't one of them who doesn't know we'll get a verdict.

JOSEPH MASON

I've set my heart upon this. It'll kill me if I'm beaten. Twenty years, Dockwrath! And now they say she'll be imprisoned for twelve months.

DOCKWRATH

She'll get more than that, Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

I know what they would have done to her thirty years ago, when the country was in earnest about such matters. What did they do to Fauntleroy?

DOCKWRATH

Hung 'im. Things have changed since then, ain't they? I'll meet you in the hall, Mr. Mason, in twenty minutes from this time.

EXT. ALSTON COURTHOUSE - DAY

There is a festive atmosphere. Crowds have formed at the doors. LADY MASON's carriage comes into view and pulls up to the door. The crowd's noise becomes noisier, buzzier. MR. ARAM jumps from his seat and directs POLICEMEN and SHERIFF'S SERVANTS to make way for the ladies to walk up to the door.

MR. ARAM hustles MRS. ORME, LUCIUS MASON, and LADY MASON inside the building. LUCIUS offers his arm to his mother, and she takes it till she goes through the door into the hall. MR. ARAM also has, with some hesitation, offered his arm to MRS. ORME, but she's managed, without speaking, to decline it. In the hall, however, when all the crowd of gazers has turned their eyes upon them and are only kept off from pressing on them by the policemen and sheriff's officers, LADY MASON suddenly drops her son's arm and puts out her hand for MRS. ORME.

MR. ARAM is now in front of them, and they follow him into the body of the court. The veils of both women are down. They walk up through the crowded way, and LUCIUS follows them.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

MRS. ORME, LUCIUS MASON, and LADY MASON are seated on a bench, with a slight standing desk before them, as though seated in a narrow pew. JUDGE MALTBY is on the bench. Up above the ladies, on the same seat, are the THREE BARRISTERS employed on Lady Mason's behalf; nearest to the judge is MR. FURNIVAL; then FELIX GRAHAM, and below him sits MR. CHAFFANBRASS. LUCIUS sits next to MR. CHAFFANBRASS, and his mother sits between him and MRS. ORME. On the bench below them, immediately facing a large table which is placed in the centre of the court, sits MR. ARAM and his CLERK. Just about everyone in the courtroom is staring at LADY MASON.

LADY MASON raises her veil as soon as she's seated. There's a low murmur in the courtroom. Never have LADY MASON's clothes been better made, or worn with a better grace, but they are all black, from her bonnet-ribbon down to her boots, and are put on without any attempt at finery or smartness. She's never looked better than she does now, and MR. FURNIVAL, when his eyes catches her as she turns her head round towards the judge, is startled. Her face is very pale, and somewhat hard.

LADY MASON's gaze falls on the face of JOSEPH MASON. He sits opposite to her, and stares at her. She looks at him steadily. His eyes fall gradually down, and when he raises them again she's no longer looking at him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial has begun.

SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM  
As to the charge of perjury, how do  
you plead?

LADY MASON  
Not guilty.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial has progressed, and a jury has been chosen. SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM, the solicitor-general, discusses the circumstances of the case in a low mumble that is mainly inaudible. During his speech, LADY MASON, JOSEPH MASON, and FELIX GRAHAM listen intently. Mr. Chaffanbrass, not so much.

SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM  
The deed done by this lady was not  
done with any view of  
self-aggrandisement, but was  
brought about by a lamentable,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM (cont'd)  
 infatuated idea that she might in  
 this way do that justice to her  
 child which that child's father had  
 refused to do.

LUCIUS MASON lifts his clenched hand and slams it down on the raised desk in front of him. SIR RICHARD looks over at him.

SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM  
 I know the merits of that young  
 man. I'm told that he's a  
 gentleman, good, industrious, and  
 high-spirited. I wish he weren't  
 here. I wish with all my heart he  
 weren't here.

SIR RICHARD wipes away a tear. LUCIUS covers his face for a moment, then looks up again, turns his eyes slowly round the entire court, and then grasps his mother's arm. LADY MASON remains stoic.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

After a short recess, the trial has begun again. MR. STEELYARD, part of the prosecution team, is examining SAMUEL DOCKWRATH.

DOCKWRATH  
 When I discovered the documents, I  
 made a trip down to Mr. Mason in  
 Yorkshire, and the present trial is  
 the result of my care and  
 intelligence.

MR. STEELYARD  
 Thank you, Mr. Dockwrath.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS meekly rises from his bench. He smiles kindly and fidgets with his papers. He arranges his wig, bringing it over his forehead. DOCKWRATH leans forward, looking fierce.

CHAFFANBRASS  
 I believe you were a tenant of Lady  
 Mason's at one time, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH  
 I was, and she turned me out. If  
 you'll allow me, I'll tell you how  
 all that happened, and how I was  
 angered by the usage I received.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

Do. That'll be very kind of you. When I have learned all that, and one other little circumstance of the same nature, I don't think I shall trouble you anymore.

DOCKWRATH

When I lost the two fields, I became angry. And that anger induced me to do what I'd long thought of doing, namely, search among the papers of Mr. Usbech, with the view of ascertaining what might be the real truth as regarded that doubtful codicil.

CHAFFANBRASS

And you found what you searched for, Mr. Dockwrath?

DOCKWRATH

I did.

CHAFFANBRASS

Without very much delay, apparently?

DOCKWRATH

It took two or three days.

CHAFFANBRASS

But you found exactly what you wanted?

DOCKWRATH

I found what I expected to find.

CHAFFANBRASS

Although all those papers had been subjected to the scrutiny of Messrs. Round and Crook at that other trial twenty years ago?

DOCKWRATH

I was sharper than them, Mr. Chaffanbrass.

CHAFFANBRASS

So I perceive. It'll be long, I think, before my old friends Round and Crook, are as sharp as you are, Mr. Dockwrath.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I agree with you, Mr. Chaffanbrass.

CHAFFANBRASS

And what wrinkles they must have learned from you. I quite envy Round and Crook having you alongside them.

DOCKWRATH

I know nothing about that, sir.

CHAFFANBRASS

I dare say you don't--but they'll remember it. When you'd turned over your father-in-law's papers for three days you found what you looked for?

DOCKWRATH

Yes, I did.

CHAFFANBRASS

You were sure that you'd find it before you began, eh?

DOCKWRATH

I expected that something would turn up.

CHAFFANBRASS

I have no doubt you did--and something has turned up. That gentleman sitting next to you there--who is he?

DOCKWRATH

Joseph Mason, Esquire, of Groby Park.

CHAFFANBRASS

So I thought. It is he who's to have Orley Farm, if Lady Mason and her son should lose it?

DOCKWRATH

He would be the heir.

CHAFFANBRASS

Exactly. How pleasant it must be to find yourself on such affectionate terms with the heir. And when he comes into his inheritance, who is to be tenant?

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH hesitates.

CHAFFANBRASS

Come, sir, out with it. You've been plain-spoken hitherto. Don't let the jury think that your heart is failing you at last.

DOCKWRATH

There's no reason why my heart should fail me.

CHAFFANBRASS

I must differ from you there, Mr. Dockwrath. But never mind that. Who is to be the tenant of Orley Farm when my client has been deprived of it?

DOCKWRATH

I am.

CHAFFANBRASS

And you were turned out from those two fields when young Mason came home from Germany?

DOCKWRATH

I was.

CHAFFANBRASS

You immediately went to work and discovered this document?

DOCKWRATH

I did.

CHAFFANBRASS

You put up Joseph Mason to this trial?

DOCKWRATH

I told him my opinion.

CHAFFANBRASS

And if the result be successful, you're to be put in possession of the land.

DOCKWRATH

I shall become Mr. Mason's tenant at Orley Farm.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

You'll become Mr. Mason's tenant at Orley Farm. Upon my word, Mr. Dockwrath, you've made my work uncommonly easy for me. I don't have anything else to ask you.

CHAFFANBRASS sits down and looks up at the jury and shrugs. DOCKWRATH leaves the jury box and returns to his seat. He tries to appear indifferent, but swaggers, and is conscious that he swaggers. By the time he sits, he looks defeated.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The next witness is MR. TORRINGTON. He's an old man with a walking cane and a tremor. He's examined by SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM.

SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM

Your testimony is that the deed is genuine.

TORRINGTON

Yes. The deed is genuine.

SIR RICHARD hands the deed up into the jury box, and the TWELVE JURORS examine it.

FELIX GRAHAM now rises. TORRINGTON'S cane raps against the box due to the tremors. CHAFFANBRASS shoots a meaningful look at GRAHAM, who ignores it.

FELIX GRAHAM

How old are you sir?

TORRINGTON

I am over seventy.

FELIX GRAHAM

Mr. Torrington, will you tell me whether you're a friend of Mr. Dockwrath's, or have had any previous acquaintance with him?

TORRINGTON

No.

FELIX GRAHAM

You've had no acquaintance with Mr. Dockwrath until he came to you on the matter of the partnership deed?

(CONTINUED)

TORRINGTON

No.

FELIX GRAHAM

Have you ever had a meal with him?

TORRINGTON

No.

FELIX GRAHAM

Have you had any conversations of a confidential nature.

TORRINGTON

No.

FELIX GRAHAM

That will do, Mr. Torrington.

GRAHAM returns to his seat and again exchanges glances with an exasperated CHAFFANBRASS.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The gavel sounds, and the trial is adjourned for the day. LADY MASON and MRS. ORME keep their seats while the crowd disperses. PERRY ORME and LUCIUS MASON remain with them. LADY MASON is openly stared at, but she successfully appears indifferent. MR. ARAM walks over and whispers instructions to LADY MASON.

In a moment, they all walk through the courtroom and out into the hall. MRS. ORME leans in and whispers to PERRY.

MRS. ORME

I'll stay with her tonight. Remain with your grandfather. And, Peregrine, don't talk too much about the trial.

PERRY ORME

Why?

MRS. ORME

It would only harass him at the present moment.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME are now outside the courthouse. LUCIUS MASON helps his mother into the carriage, and then PERRY hands his mother into it.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE MALTBY and JUDGE STAVELEY occupy the Noningsby carriage and ride off together. FELIX GRAHAM is in a dog-cart that is driven by AUGUSTUS STAVELEY.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Well, old boy, you didn't soil your conscience by bullying that fellow.

FELIX GRAHAM

(tersely)

I did not.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Chaffanbrass made an uncommonly ugly show of the Hamworth attorney.

GRAHAM doesn't respond.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

If I were on the jury, I wouldn't believe a single word that came from that fellow's mouth.

FELIX GRAHAM

Staveley, you'll oblige me greatly if you don't speak of the trial till it's over.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I beg your pardon.

FELIX GRAHAM

Nothing can be more natural than that you and I should discuss it together, but there are reasons, which I will explain to you afterwards, why I'd rather not do so.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

I'll not say another word.

GRAHAM and AUGUSTUS are silent until they reach the Noningsby wall.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
Is that other subject taboo also?

FELIX GRAHAM  
What other subject?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
My sister Madeline.

FELIX GRAHAM  
(reddening)  
It's for you to decide whether  
there should be silence between us.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
I don't wish that there should be  
any secret between us.

FELIX GRAHAM  
Then there shall be none. It's my  
intention to make an offer to  
her before I leave Noningsby. I can  
assure you for your satisfaction,  
that my hopes don't run high.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
For my satisfaction, Felix? I don't  
know why you should suppose me  
to be anxious that you fail.

AUGUSTUS stops the cart at the hall-door.

INT. NONINGSBY - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

MADELINE STAVELEY meets AUGUSTUS and GRAHAM in the hall.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
(to AUGUSTUS)  
Papa has been home a quarter of an  
hour.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY  
Yes, he had the pull of us by  
having his carriage ready. We had  
to wait for the ostler.

MADELINE STAVELEY  
He says that if you're not ready in  
ten minutes he'll go to dinner  
without you. Mama and I are  
dressed.

MADELINE twirls around and smiles at GRAHAM.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

Ten minutes will be quite enough  
for me.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Mad, do send someone to help me  
unpack.

AUGUSTUS and GRAHAM hurry off to dress. GRAHAM runs up the  
stairs, taking three steps at a time.

INT. THE CLEEVE - BACK HALL - DAY

PERRY ORME enters the house through the back entrance from  
the stables. He sees SIR PEREGRINE standing in the hall,  
outside the library.

SIR PEREGRINE

What's happened?

PERRY ORME

It's not over. They say it'll last  
three days.

SIR PEREGRINE

Come in, Perry.

SIR PEREGRINE motions PERRY to come in the room and shuts  
the door, worried that the servants might hear.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

Concerned, SIR PEREGRINE stands close to PERRY.

SIR PEREGRINE

How far has it gone?

PERRY ORME

Sir Richard Leatherham told us the  
accusation they make against her,  
and then they examined Dockwrath  
and one or two others.

SIR PEREGRINE

And Lady Mason, how does she bear  
it?

PERRY ORME

Very well. She doesn't seem nearly  
as nervous as she was while staying  
with us.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

She's a wonderful woman. So she bears up. And your mother?

PERRY ORME

I don't think she likes it.

SIR PEREGRINE

Who could like such a task as that?

PERRY ORME

But she'll go through with it.

SIR PEREGRINE

I'm sure she will. And the judge said nothing, I suppose?

PERRY ORME

Very little, sir.

SIR PEREGRINE wearily sits down in his armchair.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

FELIX GRAHAM enters the room. JUDGE MALTBY, JUDGE STAVELEY, LADY STAVELEY, and MADELINE are already sitting. GRAHAM takes his place on the corner of the rug.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Ring the bell, Graham. Augustus will be down about supper-time.

The bell is rung, and dinner is ordered.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Papa ought to remember that he got his carriage first at Alston.

JUDGE STAVELEY

I heard the wheels of the gig. They were just two minutes after us.

LADY STAVELEY

I don't think Augustus takes longer than other young men.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Look at Graham. He doesn't have the use of all his limbs, for he broke half a dozen of them a month ago, and yet he's ready. Brother Maltby, give your arm to Lady Staveley. Graham, if you'll take Madeline, I'll follow alone.

INT. NONINGSBY - DINING ROOM - EVENING

GRAHAM presses MADELINE's hand as they walk into the dining room. JUDGE STAVELEY mumbles a short grace, and the party sits.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Is your arm quite strong again?

AUGUSTUS bursts into the dining room.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Fifteen minutes to the second, and I think that an unfair advantage has been taken of me. But what can a juvenile barrister expect in the presence of two judges?

MADELINE STAVELEY

(whispers to GRAHAM)

Do you know, Mr. Graham, that Mrs. Baker says you've cut her since you got well.

FELIX GRAHAM

How can she say anything so untrue? I saw her for a moment yesterday and spoke to her.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Ah, but she expects you to go back over all the old ground, how you were brought in helpless, how the doctor came to you, and how you took all the messes she prepared for you like a good boy. I'm afraid, Mr. Graham, you don't understand old women.

JUDGE MALTBY

When I was a young man, I never had an opportunity to break my ribs out hunting.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Perhaps if you had, you might have used it with more effect than my friend here, and deprived the age of one of its brightest lights, and the bench of one of its most splendid ornaments.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE STAVELEY

Hear, hear, hear.

LADY STAVELEY

Augustus is coming out in a new character.

JUDGE MALTBY

If I remember right, my father would have thought I was mad had I talked of going out hunting. Did you hunt, Staveley?

JUDGE STAVELEY makes a face.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SIR PEREGRINE and PERRY ORME dine together. However, neither says anything, both seemingly aware of the servants' keen interest.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

SIR PEREGRINE and PERRY ORME sit in front of the fire.

SIR PEREGRINE

Was your mother very tired?

PERRY ORME

She did look fagged while sitting in court, but nothing could have turned her from it.

SIR PEREGRINE

She thought it was her duty to that poor lady. But Lady Mason bore it better, you say?

PERRY ORME

She bears it well, considering her position.

SIR PEREGRINE

The solicitor-general, when he opened, was he severe to her?

PERRY ORME

I don't think he wished to be severe.

SIR PEREGRINE

But he made it strong against her.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

The story, as he told it, was very strong against her. Or it would be if we were to believe all that he stated.

SIR PEREGRINE

You couldn't see how the jury took it?

PERRY ORME

I didn't look at them. I was thinking more of her and Lucius.

SIR PEREGRINE

Lucius was there?

PERRY ORME

Yes. He sat next to her. And Sir Richard said, while he was telling the story, that he wished her son wasn't there to hear it.

SIR PEREGRINE

Poor fellow. It would have been better for him to stay away.

PERRY ORME

And yet had it been my mother--

SIR PEREGRINE

It couldn't have been your mother. There will be two days more?

PERRY ORME

So said Aram, the attorney.

SIR PEREGRINE

It'd be dreadful for a man, but for a woman the burden is terrible. Perry, what do you think?

PERRY ORME

I was altogether on her side till I heard Sir Richard Leatherham.

SIR PEREGRINE

And then?

PERRY ORME

I don't know what to think. When Mr. Chaffanbrass got up to examine Dockwrath, he seemed to be just as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME (cont'd)  
confident on his side as the other  
fellow had been. I don't think I'll  
have any more wine, sir, thank you.

SIR PEREGRINE remains frozen for a moment. Then he becomes  
pained.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Ah, me. Poor woman.

PERRY ORME  
Will you come into the other room,  
sir?

SIR PEREGRINE  
Yes. If you like.

SIR PEREGRINE weakly rises and follows PERRY.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM reaches his door, just as MRS. BAKER is coming  
out.

MRS. BAKER  
I was just looking if everything  
was right. It seems natural to come  
and look after you.

FELIX GRAHAM  
And it's quite as natural for me to  
be looked after.

MRS. BAKER  
When you get well, you go away, and  
then there's no more about it. I  
always begrudge seeing you get well  
for that reason.

FELIX GRAHAM  
When you have a man in your power  
you like to keep him there.

MRS. BAKER  
That's the way with the women. I  
hope we shall see one of them tying  
you by the leg altogether before  
long.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I don't know anything about that.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BAKER

How do you think our Miss Madeline is looking? She wasn't well after you went away.

FELIX GRAHAM

Has she been ill?

MRS. BAKER

Not ill, not so that she came into my hands. She's looking herself again now, isn't she?

FELIX GRAHAM

She's looking, as she always does, uncommonly well.

MRS. BAKER

How angry her ladyship was with me--as though it were my fault. My lady ought to have remembered her own young days, for it was just the same thing with her. She had her own way, and so will Miss Madeline.

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

A second bed has been prepared in Lady Mason's room, and into this chamber they both go. MRS. ORME, as soon as she enters, turns and holds out both her hands in order that she might comfort LADY MASON by taking hers, but LADY MASON, when she closes the door, stands for a moment with her face towards the wall. Then slowly moving round, with her two hands clasped together, she sinks on her knees at MRS. ORME's feet, and hides her face in the skirt of MRS. ORME's dress.

LADY MASON

How do you not hate me for my guilt? Mrs. Orme, I wish he knew it.

MRS. ORME

He shall know tonight, if you allow me to tell him.

LADY MASON

It would kill me to bear his looks.

MRS. ORME

He'd forgive you if he knew it all. You meant him no harm.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

But I've ruined him. He's as proud as your boy, and could he bear to think that his whole life would be disgraced by his mother's crime?

MRS. ORME

Had I been so unfortunate, he would have forgiven me.

LADY MASON stands and paces around the room, holding her hair back with her hands.

MRS. ORME

You've acknowledged that he must know it sooner or later.

LADY MASON

This isn't the time.

MRS. ORME

It'd keep him away from the court.

LADY MASON

I shall never see him again.

MRS. ORME

He wouldn't do that.

LADY MASON

Do you ever watch him and see the pride in his eye? He's never known disgrace, and now I, his mother, have brought him to this.

MRS. ORME

Let me tell him tomorrow night.

LADY MASON, resigned, half nods.

INT. NONINGSBY - THE NEXT MORNING

Everyone is hustling about. GRAHAM roams through the house until he finds MADELINE in the breakfast parlour.

INT. NONINGSBY - BREAKFAST PARLOR - MORNING

FELIX GRAHAM

Miss Staveley, will it be possible that I should speak to you alone this evening?

MADELINE blushes a deep red.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM  
Is it too much to ask?

MADELINE STAVLEY  
No.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I'll leave the dining room soon  
after you've done so--

JUDGE STAVELEY and JUDGE MALTBY come into the room,  
silencing GRAHAM and MADELINE.

EXT. ALSTON COURTHOUSE - DAY

It's the second day of the trial, and crowds are again  
gathered outside the doors.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

LADY MASON has taken her seat. Dressed in black again, her  
veil is raised. MRS. ORME is on one side of her, and LUCIUS  
MASON is on the other. FURNIVAL sits nearest JUDGE MALTBY,  
and MR. ARAM occupies the intermediate bench, placing  
himself so he can communicate either with his client or with  
the barristers.

JOHN KENNEBY mounts the steps up to the box as though he  
were going to his own execution. SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM  
takes his place and begins his examination.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JOHN KENNEBY has been testifying for some time.

JOHN KENNEBY  
(timidly, soft-spoken)  
I do remember the day I met old  
Usbech and Bridget Bolster and Lady  
Mason in Sir Joseph's chamber. I  
witnessed a signature.

JUDGE MALTBY  
Please speak up.

KENNEBY is upset.

JOHN KENNEBY  
(even more soft-spoken)  
I witnessed a signature by Sir  
Joseph, but I only witnessed one on  
that day.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE MALTBY  
(impatient)  
The jury cannot hear you!

KENNEBY sinks into his seat.

JOHN KENNEBY  
(trying to sound louder)  
Sir Joseph signed only one document  
on that day.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

It's now FURNIVAL's turn.

FURNIVAL  
Mr. Kenneby, I'll ask you a few  
questions.

JOHN KENNEBY trembles.

FURNIVAL  
You remember the old trial?

JOHN KENNEBY  
Yes. I do.

JUDGE MALTBY  
It's necessary that the jury hear  
you, and if you look at them and  
speak to them, they'd stand a  
better chance.

KENNEBY allows his eyes to travel up to the jury box,  
but they fall again.

FURNIVAL  
You remember the trial?

JOHN KENNEBY  
(whispers)  
Yes, sir, I remember it.

FURNIVAL  
Do you remember my asking you then  
whether you'd been in the habit of  
witnessing Sir Joseph Mason's  
signature?

JOHN KENNEBY  
Did you ask me that, sir?

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

That's the question which I put to you. Do you remember my doing so?

JOHN KENNEBY

I dare say you did, sir.

FURNIVAL

I did, and I will now read your answer. We shall give the jury a copy of the proceedings of that trial, my lord, when we have proved it, as of course we intend to do. You said on that occasion that you were sure you'd witnessed three signatures of Sir Joseph's that summer--that you had probably witnessed three in July, that you were quite sure you had witnessed three in one week in July, that you were nearly sure you'd witnessed three in one day, that you could not tell what day that might have been, and that you had been used as a witness so often that you really didn't remember anything about it. Can you say whether that was the purport of the evidence you gave then?

JOHN KENNEBY

If it's down there--

FURNIVAL

It's down here. I've read it.

JOHN KENNEBY

I suppose it's all right.

JUDGE MALTBY

(harshly)

I must trouble you to speak out. I can't hear you, and it's impossible that the jury should do so.

Thick drops of perspiration form on KENNEBY's brow.

FURNIVAL

That's the evidence you gave in the former trial. May the jury presume that you spoke the truth to the best of your knowledge?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY

I tried to speak the truth, sir.

FURNIVAL

You tried to speak the truth? Do you mean to say that you failed?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think I failed.

FURNIVAL

When you told the jury that you were nearly sure that you'd witnessed three signatures of Sir Joseph's in one day, that was truth?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think I ever did.

FURNIVAL

Ever did what?

JOHN KENNEBY

Witness three papers in one day.

FURNIVAL

You don't think you ever did?

JOHN KENNEBY

I might have.

FURNIVAL

But then, at that trial, about twelve months after the man's death, you were nearly sure you'd done so.

JOHN KENNEBY

Was I?

FURNIVAL

So you told the jury.

JOHN KENNEBY

Then I did, sir.

FURNIVAL

Then you did what?

JOHN KENNEBY

Did witness all those papers.

(CONTINUED)

FURNIVAL

It's probable you witnessed three signatures on the same day?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think that.

FURNIVAL

Then what do you think?

JOHN KENNEBY

It's so long ago, sir, that I really don't know.

FURNIVAL

Exactly. It's so long ago that you can't depend on your memory.

JOHN KENNEBY

I suppose I can't, sir.

FURNIVAL

But you just now told the gentleman who examined you on the other side, that you're quite sure you didn't witness two deeds on the day he named, the 14th of July. Now, seeing that you doubt your own memory, do you wish to correct that statement?

JOHN KENNEBY

I suppose I do.

FURNIVAL

What correction do you wish to make?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think I did.

FURNIVAL

Don't think you did what?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think I signed two--

JUDGE MALTBY

I really can't hear the witness.

FURNIVAL

(loudly)

You must speak louder.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY

I mean to do it as well as I can.

FURNIVAL

I believe you do, but you must be very careful to state nothing as a certainty, of the certainty of which you're not sure. Are you certain that on that day you didn't witness two deeds?

JOHN KENNEBY

I think so.

FURNIVAL

Yet you weren't certain twenty years ago, when the fact was so much nearer to you?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't remember.

FURNIVAL

You don't remember whether you were certain twelve months after the occurrence, but you think you're certain now?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think I signed two.

FURNIVAL

It is, then, only a matter of thinking?

JOHN KENNEBY

No.

FURNIVAL

You might have signed two?

JOHN KENNEBY

I certainly might have done so.

FURNIVAL

What you mean to tell the jury is this, that you have no remembrance of signing twice on that special day, although you know that you have acted as witness on behalf of Sir Joseph Mason more than twice on the same day?

JOHN KENNEBY

Yes.

FURNIVAL

That is the intended purport of your evidence?

JOHN KENNEBY

Yes, sir.

KENNEBY wipes his brow.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

FURNIVAL is still cross-examining JOHN KENNEBY, who appears paler and sweatier.

FURNIVAL

Mr. Usbech was certainly in the room on that day?

JOHN KENNEBY

Yes, he was there.

FURNIVAL

And knew what you were all doing, I suppose?

JOHN KENNEBY

I suppose he knew.

FURNIVAL

I presume it was he who explained to you the nature of the deed you were to witness?

JOHN KENNEBY

I dare say he did.

FURNIVAL

As he was the lawyer, that would be natural.

JOHN KENNEBY

I suppose it would.

FURNIVAL

You don't remember the nature of that special deed, as explained to you on the day when Bridget Bolster was in the room?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY

No, I don't.

FURNIVAL

It might have been a will?

JOHN KENNEBY

It might. I did sign one or two wills for Sir Joseph, I think.

FURNIVAL

As to this individual document, Mr. Usbech might have signed it in your presence?

JOHN KENNEBY

He might have done so.

FURNIVAL

Now, on your oath, Kenneby, is your memory strong enough to enable you to give the jury any information on this subject upon which they may firmly rely in convicting that unfortunate lady of the terrible crime laid to her charge.

KENNEBY glances around and fixes his eyes upon LADY MASON's face.

FURNIVAL

Think a moment before you answer, and deal with her as you would wish another should deal with you if you were so situated. Can you say that you remember that Usbech didn't sign it?

JOHN KENNEBY

I don't think he did.

FURNIVAL

But he might have done so?

JOHN KENNEBY

He might.

FURNIVAL

You don't remember that he did do so?

JOHN KENNEBY  
Certainly not.

FURNIVAL  
And that is the extent of what you mean to say?

FURNIVAL  
Yes, sir.

JUDGE MALTBY  
Do you mean to say that you have no memory on the matter whatever? You simply don't remember whether Usbech did or didn't sign it?

Sweat pours down JOHN's face.

JOHN KENNEBY  
I don't think he signed it.

JUDGE MALTBY  
Why do you think he didn't, seeing that his name is there?

JOHN KENNEBY  
I didn't see him.

JUDGE MALTBY  
Do you mean that you didn't see him, or that you don't remember that you saw him?

JOHN KENNEBY  
I don't remember that I saw him.

JUDGE MALTBY  
But you may have done so? He may have signed, and you may have seen him do so, only you don't remember it?

JOHN KENNEBY  
Yes, my lord.

JOSEPH MASON shoots KENNEBY a look blacker than thunder. DOCKWRATH leans in and whispers in MASON's ear.

DOCKWRATH  
I knew all along that we must depend chiefly upon Bolster.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

BRIDGET BOLSTER is now on the stand. SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM is examining her.

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
I've never witnessed but one  
signature in my life, and that one  
was in Sir Joseph's room.

SIR RICHARD LEATHERHAM  
Did anyone explain the document to  
you?

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
I'm sure someone did, but I was  
young and giddy then, and what went  
in one ear went out another. I  
don't remember Mr. Usbech signing,  
but he might have done so. I don't  
think he did, though. I don't know  
which signature is my right one,  
but I know both aren't mine.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

It's now CHAFFANBRASS' turn. He rises, pushes back his small wig from his forehead, thrusts it rather on one side, and then, with his chin thrown forward, and a wicked, ill-meaning smile, he looks at BOLSTER for some moments before he speaks. She glances at him, and instantly fixes her eyes back upon the canopy. She then folds her hands one on the other upon the rail before her, compresses her lips, and waits patiently.

CHAFFANBRASS  
You say you're a chambermaid?

The question startles BOLSTER, but she tries to recover.

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
Yes, I am, sir, at Palmer's  
Imperial Hotel, Plymouth,  
Devonshire, and have been for  
nineteen years, upper and under.

CHAFFANBRASS  
Upper and under? What do upper and  
under mean?

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
When I was under, I had another  
above me, and now, as I'm upper,  
why there's others under me.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

You hadn't begun being chambermaid, when you signed these documents?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I signed only one of 'em.

CHAFFANBRASS

Well, one of them. You hadn't begun being chambermaid then?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

No. I hadn't. I was housemaid at Orley Farm.

CHAFFANBRASS

Were you upper or under there?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I believe I was both, that is, the cook was upper in the house.

CHAFFANBRASS

The cook was upper. Why wasn't she called to sign her name?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

That I can't say. She was a very decent woman, that I can say, and her name was Martha Mullens.

CHAFFANBRASS

Bridget Bolster, if I understand you, you've sworn that on the 14th of July you only signed one of these documents.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I only signed once, sir. I didn't say nothing about the 14th of July, because I don't remember.

CHAFFANBRASS

But when you signed the one deed, you didn't sign any other?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Neither then nor never.

CHAFFANBRASS

Do you know the offence for which Lady Mason is being tried?

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
I ain't sure. It's for doing  
something about the will.

CHAFFANBRASS  
No, woman, it is not.

BOLSTER jumps in her chair.

CHAFFANBRASS  
(looks at opposing lawyers)  
No one has dared to accuse her of  
that. The charge they've brought  
forward against her is that of  
perjury, of having given false  
evidence twenty years ago in a  
court of law. Now look here,  
Bridget Bolster. Look at me, I say.

BOLSTER looks at him for a moment, and then turns her eyes  
back to the canopy.

CHAFFANBRASS  
As sure as you're a living woman,  
you shall be placed there and tried  
for the same offence, for perjury,  
if you tell me a falsehood  
respecting this matter.

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
I won't say nothing but what's  
right.

CHAFFANBRASS  
You'd better not. Now look at these  
two signatures--

CHAFFANBRASS hands her the deed and codicil.

CHAFFANBRASS  
Which of those signatures is the  
one which you didn't sign?

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
I can't say, sir.

CHAFFANBRASS  
Did you write that further one?

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
I can't say, sir.

CHAFFANBRASS

Look at it, woman, before you  
answer me.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

(looking at it)

I can't say, sir.

CHAFFANBRASS

And now look at the other. Did you  
write that?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

(looking down)

I can't say, sir.

CHAFFANBRASS

Will you swear that you wrote  
either?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I did write one once.

CHAFFANBRASS

Don't prevaricate with me, woman.  
Were either of those signatures  
written by you?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I suppose that one was.

CHAFFANBRASS

Will you swear that you wrote  
either the one or the other?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I'll swear I did write one, once.

CHAFFANBRASS

You can read, can't you?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Oh, yes, I can read.

CHAFFANBRASS

Then look at them. Will you swear  
that you wrote either of those?

BOLSTER looks at them for a long time.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Not if there's another anywhere  
else.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

Another anywhere else? What do you mean by another?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

If you've got another that anybody else has done, I won't say which of the three is mine. But I did one, and I didn't do no more.

CHAFFANBRASS

Do you remember if Usbech was present?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Oh, yes, he was present.

CHAFFANBRASS

Did you see him sign the deed?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I don't remember him signing it. I know he was cram full of gout, but I don't remember nothing more.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

CHAFFANBRASS has continued his cross-examination of BRIDGET BOLSTER.

CHAFFANBRASS

Are you paying for your lodging?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

No.

CHAFFANBRASS

And your breakfast this morning, did you pay for that?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

No.

CHAFFANBRASS

What did you eat for breakfast?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

Beefcakes, suasages, and pigs fry.

CHAFFANBRASS

And what did you drink?

BOLSTER hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CHAFFANBRASS

Do you remember what you drank?

BRIDGET BOLSTER

A small glass of brandy. When one has to be badgered like this, one wants a drop of something more than ordinary.

INT. COURTROOM - EVENING

The trial has finished with the witnesses.

JUDGE MALTBY

Mr. Furnival, would you like to address the jury this evening or wait till the morning?

FURNIVAL

If your lordship will sit till seven o'clock, I think I can undertake to finish what remarks I shall have to make by that time.

JUDGE MALTBY

I shouldn't mind sitting till nine for the pleasure of hearing Mr. Furnival.

FURNIVAL

Gentlemen of the jury, I never rose to plead a client's cause with more confidence than I now feel in pleading that of my friend Lady Mason. Twenty years ago I was engaged in defending her rights in this matter, and I then succeeded. I little thought at that time that I should be called on after so long an interval to renew my work. I little thought that the pertinacity of her opponent would hold out for such a period. I compliment him on the firmness of his character, on that equable temperament which has enabled him to sit through all this trial, and to look without dismay on the unfortunate lady whom he has considered it to be his duty to accuse of perjury. I didn't think that I should live to fight this battle again. But so it is...

INT. COURTROOM - EVENING

Three hours have passed, and FURNIVAL is still going strong.

FURNIVAL

Look at her, as she sits there!  
That she, at the age of twenty, or  
not much more--she who had so well  
performed the duties of her young  
life, that she should have forged  
a will--have traced one signature  
after another in such a manner as  
to have deceived all those lawyers  
who were on her track immediately  
after her husband's death. For,  
mark you, if this be true, with  
her own hand she must have done it!  
There was no accomplice there. Look  
at her! Was she a forger? Was she a  
woman to deceive the sharp  
bloodhounds of the law? Could she,  
with that young baby on her bosom,  
have wrested from such as him--

(points at JOSEPH MASON)

And what has been the object of  
this terrible persecution--of the  
dreadful punishment which has been  
inflicted on this poor lady? For  
remember, though you cannot  
pronounce her guilty, her  
sufferings have been terribly  
severe. Think what it must have  
been for a woman with habits such  
as hers, to have looked forward for  
long, long weeks to such a  
martyrdom as this! Think what she  
must have suffered in being dragged  
here and subjected to the gaze of  
all the county as a suspected  
felon! Think what must have been  
her feelings when I told her, not  
knowing how deep an ingenuity might  
be practised against her, that I  
must counsel her to call to her aid  
the unequalled talents of my friend  
Mr. Chaffanbrass--

CHAFFANBRASS

(loud whisper)

--Unequalled no longer, but  
far surpassed.

INT. COURTROOM - EVENING

FURNIVAL, near exhaustion, wraps up the case.

FURNIVAL

And now I shall leave my client's case in your hands. As to the verdict, I have no apprehension. You know as well as I do that she hasn't been guilty of this terrible crime. That you will so pronounce I don't for a moment doubt. But I do hope that that verdict will be accompanied by some expression on your part which may show to the world at large how great has been the wickedness displayed in the accusation.

Everyone but FURNIVAL looks at LADY MASON. Even JUDGE MALTBY looks over his spectacles at her. LADY MASON bears it without flinching. MRS. ORME holds her twitching hand. FURNIVAL sits.

INT. COURTROOM - EVENING

LADY MASON is led out of the courtroom by LUCIUS MASON. MRS. ORME is being led by PERRY ORME when MR. ARAM suddenly appears and gently touches her arm. MRS. ORME glances at him.

MRS. ORME

Sir?

MR. ARAM

(whispering)

Don't let her be over-confident. All that may go for nothing with a jury.

MR. ARAM lifts his hat and walks away.

INT. ALSTON HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

JOSEPH MASON paces in his room. He suddenly stops and strikes the table with his clenched fist.

JOSEPH MASON

By heavens, they'll escape again!

DOCKWRATH

The jury aren't such fools as to take all that for gospel.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

I suppose it'll cost me hundreds of pounds.

DOCKWRATH

Orley Farm will pay for it all.

JOSEPH MASON shakes his head.

JOSEPH MASON

If it could only be left to the judge. This British palladium of an unanimous jury is more evil than good.

DOCKWRATH shrugs.

EXT. HAMWORTH CARRIAGE - EVENING

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME are riding back from the courthouse. Both look fatigued. LUCIUS MASON is fired up.

LUCIUS MASON

I can't understand why all that shouldn't have been said before.

MRS. ORME

I suppose there was no opportunity before the trial.

LUCIUS MASON

It's monstrous that my mother should have been subjected to this accusation for months and that no one till now should have spoken out to show how impossible it is that she should have been guilty.

LADY MASON

Lucius, you don't understand.

LUCIUS MASON

And I hope I never may. Why didn't the jury get up in their seats at once and pronounce their verdict when Mr. Furnival's speech was over? Don't you agree, Mrs. Orme?

LADY MASON

We're weary. Don't speak to us now. Let us rest till we're at home.

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME close their eyes.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - NIGHT

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME walk wearily from the carriage inside the house. LUCIUS MASON cheerfully walks into the house.

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S CHAMBER - DAY

LADY MASON's bonnet is off and lying by her side. She's seated in a large armchair, holding both hands to the side of her head. No attempt had been made to smooth her hair or remove the dust and soil. She's haggard and disheveled.

LADY MASON  
You haven't told him?

MRS. ORME  
Not yet.

The room goes silent. MRS. ORME stands at the back of LADY MASON's chair with her hand on her shoulder.

MRS. ORME  
Shall I go now, dear?

LADY MASON  
Stay a moment.

MRS. ORME  
You'll find that you'll be stronger  
and better able to bear it when  
it's done.  
(beat)  
It'll be a blow, of course.

LADY MASON  
It'll strike him to the ground,  
Mrs. Orme. I shall have murdered  
him.

MRS. ORME  
He's a man, and will bear it as a  
man should. Shall I do anything for  
you before I go?

LADY MASON  
Stay a moment. Why must it be  
tonight?

MRS. ORME  
He mustn't be in court tomorrow.

There's a knock on the door, and a GIRL enters with a decanter, two wine glasses, butter, and two slices of bread.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME  
(pours a glass of wine)  
You must drink this.

LADY MASON  
And you?

MRS. ORME  
I'll take some too.

MRS. ORME takes a drink.

MRS. ORME  
There. I shall be stronger now.  
Nay, Lady Mason, you shall drink  
it. And now if you'll take my  
advice you'll go to bed.

LADY MASON  
You'll come to me again?

MRS. ORME  
When it's over.

LADY MASON  
He's not to come. I can't see him  
once he knows.

MRS. ORME  
Not to hear him say that he  
forgives you?

LADY MASON  
He won't forgive me. You don't know  
him. Could you bear to look  
at your boy if you'd disgraced him?

MRS. ORME  
He wouldn't desert me. Nor will  
Lucius desert you. Shall I go now?

LADY MASON  
I wish I were in my grave.

MRS. ORME bends over her and kisses her, presses both her hands, and kisses her again. Then she silently creeps out of the room and makes her way once more, slowly, down the stairs.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM walks into the drawing room where LADY STAVELEY is alone.

LADY STAVELEY  
The trial's not over yet, Mr. Graham?

FELIX GRAHAM  
No. There'll be another day of it.

LADY STAVELEY  
What will be the verdict? Is it possible that she really forged the will?

FELIX GRAHAM  
You know that I'm one of her counsel, Lady Staveley?

LADY STAVELEY  
I should have remembered that, and been more discreet. If you're looking for Madeline, Mr. Graham, I think she's in the library.

FELIX GRAHAM  
Thank you--in the library.

GRAHAM walks out of the drawing room and back into the hall.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

LUCIUS MASON is standing with his back to the fire, leaning against the mantelpiece. LUCIUS sees MRS. ORME.

LUCIUS MASON  
Is she coming down?

MRS. ORME  
She won't come down tonight. I have something that I must tell you.

LUCIUS MASON  
Is she ill? Has it been too much for her?

MRS. ORME  
I hardly know how to do what I've undertaken. Mr. Mason--

MRS. ORME hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

Is it anything about the trial?

MRS. ORME

If it were possible that I could spare you, I'd do so. If there were any escape--

LUCIUS MASON

(frightened)

What is it? I'm a man and can bear it, whatever it is.

MRS. ORME

Mr. Mason, the codacil that gave you the property--

LUCIUS MASON

Yes.

MRS. ORME

It wasn't done by your father.

LUCIUS MASON

Who says so?

MRS. ORME

It wasn't done by him, nor by those other people who were in court today.

LUCIUS MASON

If my father didn't sign it, it's a forgery, and who forged it? My mother must have known.

MRS. ORME

Yes.

LUCIUS MASON

She knew it was a forgery?

MRS. ORME

She knew.

LUCIUS MASON

She's told you?

MRS. ORME

She's told me.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

She's mad. This has been too much for her. Let me go to her, Mrs. Orme.

MRS. ORME

You mustn't go to her.

MRS. ORME blocks his path.

MRS. ORME

She isn't mad--not now.

LUCIUS MASON

If it's a forgery, who did it?

MRS. ORME looks at the ground.

LUCIUS MASON

Whose hand wrote my father's name?

MRS. ORME

You must be merciful.

LUCIUS MASON

Merciful to whom?

MRS. ORME

Your mother.

MRS. ORME approaches him and takes both of his hands in hers, and then looks into his face. LUCIUS' face is taut with emotion.

LUCIUS MASON

My mother forged it?

(beat)

Woman, it's a lie.

LUCIUS tears his hands from her, shakes her off, and quickly strides away before throwing himself on a sofa in the furthest part of the room.

MRS. ORME walks to him and stands over him. He lays with his face turned away from her.

MRS. ORME

Mr. Mason, you said you'd bear this like a man.

LUCIUS doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

Years and years ago, when you were a baby, she thought your father was unjust to you. To remedy that injustice, she did this thing.

LUCIUS MASON

Forged his name?

LUCIUS faces her.

MRS. ORME

How I wish it weren't true. Forgive her. It was years ago, and she's repented. Sir Peregrine has forgiven her. So have I.

INT. NONINGSBY - LIBRARY - NIGHT

MADELINE STAVELEY is seated when FELIX GRAHAM enters. Her back is to him, but when she hears him she rises, and, after pausing for a moment, steps forward to meet him.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You said you wanted to speak to me alone, so Mama said I'd better come in here.

FELIX GRAHAM

Miss Staveley, your father knows my intention.

MADELINE lowers her gaze to the ground.

FELIX GRAHAM

In asking you to see me alone, I'm risking all that I most value.

GRAHAM hesitates. MADELINE keeps her eyes on the ground.

FELIX GRAHAM

You must guess my purpose. If you take my hand, you need not doubt that you have my heart with it.

GRAHAM holds out his broad right hand. MADELINE slowly raises her little hand and allows her soft slight fingers to rest upon his open palm.

FELIX GRAHAM

Madeline, my own Madeline.

GRAHAM draws her to his breast and folds her into his arms.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. ORME has told LUCIUS MASON the whole story.

MRS. ORME  
She wrote it herself, in the night.

LUCIUS MASON  
All the names herself?

MRS. ORME  
Yes, all.

LUCIUS MASON  
Mrs. Orme, that you believe it I  
don't doubt, but I can't. I'll go  
to her myself.

MRS. ORME again prevents LUCIUS from going upstairs.

MRS. ORME  
Not till you say that you'll  
forgive her and be gentle with her.  
And not tonight. We'll be up early  
in the morning. You can see her  
before we go.

LUCIUS MASON  
(unconvincing)  
I don't believe it.

MRS. ORME  
While we still hope the jury may  
acquit her, the property must be  
abandoned.

LUCIUS MASON  
I'll leave the house this night if  
you wish.

MRS. ORME  
When it's all over, then let it be  
done. Mr. Mason, you'll go away  
with her, won't you?

LUCIUS hesitates.

LUCIUS MASON  
Mrs. Orme, it's impossible to say  
what I may do.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME

I must go back up to her. Promise me you won't see her tonight.

LUCIUS reluctantly nods, and MRS. ORME goes back upstairs.

INT. NONINGSBY - LIBRARY - NIGHT

MADELINE and GRAHAM are still embracing. MADELINE finally steps away.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Do go in now. You mustn't wait any longer.

FELIX GRAHAM

And you'll come in presently.

MADELINE STAVELEY

It's already nearly eleven. No, I won't show myself again tonight. Mama will soon come up to me. Good-night, Felix. Go now, and I'll follow you.

FELIX GRAHAM

There's one other thing I must tell you.

MADELINE gives him a puzzled look.

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

LADY MASON is lying on her bed. The room is dark. MRS. ORME shuffles into the room with her candle.

LADY MASON

Does he know?

INT. NONINGSBY - LIBRARY - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM has just told MADELINE STAVELEY the Mary Snow story.

MADELINE STAVELEY

We'll look after Mary Snow, even when she becomes Mrs. Albert Fitzallen. But I don't think I should like that Mrs. Thomas.

FELIX GRAHAM

You would have mended the stockings for her all the same.

(CONTINUED)

MADLINE STAVELEY

Yes, I would have done that, and so did Miss Snow. But I would have kept my box locked. She should never have seen my letters.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM enters the drawing room. LADY STAVELEY and JUDGE STAVELEY are there, with teacups beside them. AUGUSTUS STAVELEY stands with his back to the fire. GRAHAM walks up to the circle, and takes a chair.

MRS. BAKER enters the room and whispers to LADY STAVELEY.

LADY STAVELEY

Ah, yes. I must wish you good night, Mr. Graham.

LADY STAVELEY takes GRAHAM's hand and presses it warmly. She leaves and closes the door.

FELIX GRAHAM

(to JUDGE STAVELEY)

I've proposed to your daughter, and she's accepted me.

GRAHAM rises from his chair.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Then, my boy, I hope you'll make her a good husband.

JUDGE STAVELEY rises and gives GRAHAM his hand.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'll try to do so. I can't but feel, however, how little right I had to ask her, seeing that I'm likely to be so poor a man.

JUDGE STAVELEY

We'll talk of that another time. At present we'll only sing your triumphs--So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, there never was a knight like the young Lochinvar.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Felix, my dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX GRAHAM

I need hardly tell you, that I regard myself as the most fortunate man in the world.

JUDGE STAVELEY

Quite unnecessary. On such occasions, that's taken as a matter of course.

INT. NONINGSBY - LADY STAVELEY'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

MADELINE has been waiting for LADY STAVELEY.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mama, you must love him.

LADY STAVELEY

Yes, my dear, of course I shall love him now. Your papa says that he's very clever.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Papa liked him from the very first.

LADY STAVELEY

I suppose clever people are the best--that is to say, if they're good.

MADELINE STAVELEY

And isn't he good?

LADY STAVELEY

I hope so. Indeed, I'm sure he is. Mr. Orme was a very good young man too, but it's no good talking about him now.

MADELINE rolls her eyes.

LADY STAVELEY

Very well, my dear. It's over now. All that I looked for was your happiness.

MADELINE STAVELEY

I know that, Mama, and indeed I'm very happy.

INT. NONINGSBY - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM is on his way to his room when LADY STAVELEY opens her door.

LADY STAVELEY

Mr. Graham.

FELIX GRAHAM

She's told you.

LADY STAVELEY

We don't have many secrets in this house. I congratulate you with all my heart, and I think you've got the very best girl in all the world.

FELIX GRAHAM

I know how fortunate I am.

LADY STAVELEY

I'm sure you'll be good to her.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'll endeavour to be so.

LADY STAVELEY

A man must be very bad indeed who would be bad to her, and I don't think that of you. It's a great thing, Mr. Graham, that Madeline should have loved a man of whom her Papa is so fond.

FELIX GRAHAM

I hope that Madeline's mother will receive me as kindly as Madeline's father.

GRAHAM takes LADY STAVELEY's hand and presses it.

LADY STAVELEY

I'll love you dearly if you'll let me. My girls' husbands are the same to me as sons.

LADY STAVELEY puts up her face, and GRAHAM kisses it.

INT. NONINGSBY - AUGUSTUS' ROOM - NIGHT

FELIX GRAHAM and AUGUSTUS STAVELEY are sitting by the fire. There's a knock on the door, and MRS. BAKER enters.

MRS. BAKER

So it's all settled, Mr. Felix.

FELIX GRAHAM

Yes. All settled.

MRS. BAKER

Didn't I know it all along which way the wind was blowing. Lord love you, Mr. Graham, when you came in here all of a smash-like, I knew it wasn't for nothing.

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You think he did it on purpose.

MRS. BAKER

Of course he did it on purpose. He's been a-thinking of it ever since Christmas night. But now, Mr. Graham, if you don't treat our Miss Madeline well--

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

That's just what I've been telling him.

MRS. BAKER leaves.

FELIX GRAHAM

Now that it's done--

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

You wish it were undone.

FELIX GRAHAM

I will never wish that. I'm astonished at my own impudence almost as much as at my success. Why should your father have welcomed me to his house as his son-in-law, seeing how poor are my prospects?

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY

Because he's so different from other men. I have no doubt that he's proud of Madeline for having

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTUS STAVELEY (cont'd)  
liked a man with an ugly face and  
no money.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Time has passed, and MRS. ORME again returns downstairs.  
LUCIUS MASON no longer doubts her.

LUCIUS MASON  
I understand that I have to give up  
Orley Farm. I'll go and hide  
myself, and as for her--

MRS. ORME  
You'll go away with her if the jury  
doesn't say she's guilty. If they  
do, you'll come back for her, when  
the time of her punishment is over.  
She's still your mother, Mr. Mason.  
Good-night.

MRS. ORME gives him her hand.

LUCIUS MASON  
Good-night. In my madness I spoke  
to you tonight like a brute.

MRS. ORME  
It was nothing.

MRS. ORME presses his hand and goes upstairs. LUCIUS stands  
for a while, perfectly motionless in the dining room, and  
then walks into the hall. He opens the front door, takes his  
hat, and walks out into the night.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - NIGHT

It's a cold and dark night. LUCIUS MASON leaves the door  
open and walks down to the road and then to the gate. LUCIUS  
leans upon the gate, realizing the farm will soon be gone.  
In a moment, LUCIUS walks back inside and bolts the lock.

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S CHAMBER - MORNING

MRS. ORME is up early on the last day of the trial. She  
dresses herself in the dark before LADY MASON is awake.

Just as she finishes, LADY MASON raises her head from the  
pillow.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

You haven't told him. He doesn't know.

MRS. ORME doesn't answer.

LADY MASON

(sinks back into the pillow)  
He knows it all.

MRS. ORME

He'll come and see you, and when that's over, you'll be more comfortable than you've been for years.

MRS. ORME walks downstairs.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DINING ROOM - MORNING

LUCIUS MASON is seated at the breakfast table with his head resting on his arm. His face is pale and haggard, and his hair is uncombed.

MRS. ORME

(gently)

How are you this morning, Mr. Mason?

LUCIUS MASON

I didn't put an end to my life last night, so I suppose I'll live and bear it. Does she expect to see me?

MRS. ORME

I told her you'd see her this morning.

LUCIUS MASON

What shall I say?

MRS. ORME

Tell her that you forgive her.

LUCIUS MASON

It'd be a lie. I loved my mother and esteemed her as a pure and excellent woman. How can I forgive her for destroying those feelings?

MRS. ORME

There should be nothing that a son won't forgive his mother.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS MASON

In the course of years, I shall  
forgive her. I hope. But to say  
that I can forgive her now would be  
a farce. She's broken my heart,  
Mrs. Orme.

MRS. ORME nods at LUCIUS MASON.

MRS. ORME

You'll find her dressed now, Mr.  
Mason, but I beg you to be  
merciful. Go now, and remember that  
harshness to any woman is unmanly.

LUCIUS slowly climbs the stairs.

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S CHAMBER - MORNING

LADY MASON is waiting for LUCIUS MASON. When he opens the  
door, her eyes are fixed upon the door, and her hands are  
clasped together. LUCIUS closes the door.

LADY MASON

My boy.

LADY MASON can't speak. Tears run down her face.

LUCIUS MASON

Mother, I--

LADY MASON

Your words will kill me. Will you  
ever forgive me?

LUCIUS MASON

Mother, it's all over here.

LADY MASON

Yes.

LUCIUS MASON

I can't say where or when we'll go.  
We must wait till this day ends.

LADY MASON

It's nothing to me whether or not  
they say I'm guilty.

LUCIUS MASON

Our lot, Mother, must be together.

(CONTINUED)

LADY MASON

I won't ask you to forgive me.

LUCIUS MASON

I have no right to condemn or forgive. I accept my position as it's been made for me, and will endeavour to do my duty.

LADY MASON approaches LUCIUS.

LADY MASON

Will you give me your hand, Lucius?

LUCIUS MASON

(reaches out to her)

I will stand by you through it all.

(beat)

It's time. Mrs. Orme thinks it better that I not accompany you.

LADY MASON

You mustn't hear them proclaim my guilt in court.

LUCIUS MASON

Had I known this before, I wouldn't have gone. It was to testify my belief in your innocence, nay, my conviction--

LADY MASON

Lucius, spare me.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll speak of it no more. I'll be here tonight when you come back.

LADY MASON

If they say I'm guilty, I won't come back.

LUCIUS MASON

I'll come to you--in the morning if they'll let me. But, Mother, in any case I must leave this house tomorrow.

LUCIUS squeezes her hand and leaves.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SAMUEL DOCKWRATH and JOSEPH MASON gaze at LADY MASON and MRS. ORME as they come into court and realize LUCIUS MASON isn't with them.

JOSEPH MASON  
Odd that her son isn't here today.

DOCKWRATH  
He dare not face the verdict.

PERRY ORME leads LADY MASON. MR. ARAM walks beside MRS. ORME and whispers in her ear.

MR. ARAM  
I'm glad that her son hasn't come today. He's done all the good that he can do, and as there's only the judge's charge to hear, the jury won't notice his absence. Of course we hope for the best, Mrs Orme, but it's doubtful.

FELIX GRAHAM takes his place next to CHAFFANBRASS, who gives him an ugly look.

FELIX GRAHAM  
Good morning, Mr. Chaffanbrass.

CHAFFANBRASS ignores him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The proceedings have begun, and JUDGE MALTBY is addressing the jury. While JUDGE MALTBY speaks, we see scenes from the night LADY MASON forged the will.

JUDGE MALTBY  
This case hung altogether upon the evidence of Kenneby and the woman Bolster. Take it as proved that Lady Mason at the former trial had sworn that she had been present when her husband signed the codicil and had seen the different signatures affixed to it. You may also take it as proved, that that other deed--the deed purporting to close a partnership between Sir Joseph Mason and Mr. Martock--had been executed on the 14th of July, and that it had been signed by Sir

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE MALTBY (cont'd)  
Joseph, and also by those two  
surviving witnesses, Kenneby and  
Bolster.

INT. ORLEY FARM - 21 YEARS AGO - SIR JOSEPH'S CHAMBER -  
NIGHT

We see YOUNG LADY MASON in a darkened room, seated next to a  
sleeping, aged SIR JOSEPH MASON. She's holding BABY LUCIUS  
MASON. She strokes the face of BABY LUCIUS and glances at  
SIR JOSEPH. He's an elderly man, open-mouthed, and snoring  
loudly.

JUDGE MALTBY  
(VO)  
The question, therefore, for your  
consideration has narrowed itself  
to this: had two deeds been  
executed by Sir Joseph Mason, both  
bearing the same date?

OLD USBECH sticks his head in the chamber and gets YOUNG  
LADY MASON's attention. He is an old, half-dead man who is  
stooped and obviously in pain. He motions her to come out of  
the room. YOUNG LADY MASON carries BABY LUCIUS out of the  
room.

INT. ORLEY FARM - 21 YEARS AGO - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

OLD USBECH and YOUNG LADY MASON sit across from each other.  
Both have concerned looks.

OLD USBECH  
(whispering)  
This is fair, Lady Mason.

JUDGE MALTBY  
(VO)  
If this had not been done, and if  
that deed with reference to the  
partnership were a true deed, then  
must the other be false and  
fraudulent, and if false and  
fraudulent, then must Lady Mason  
have sworn falsely, and been guilty  
of that perjury with which she is  
now charged. There might, perhaps,  
be one loophole to this argument by  
which an escape was possible.  
Though both deeds bore the date of  
14th July, there might have been  
error in this. It was possible,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE MALTBY (cont'd)  
though no doubt singular, that that  
date should have been inserted in  
the partnership deed, and the deed  
itself be executed afterwards.

OLD USBECH  
It will stand up to scrutiny...as  
long as you make the other  
signatures look true.

OLD USBECH signs the document.

JUDGE MALTBY  
(VO)  
But then the woman Bolster told  
them that she had been called to  
act as witness but once in her  
life, and if they believed her in  
that statement, the possibility of  
error as to the date would be of  
little or no avail on behalf of  
Lady Mason.

YOUNG LADY MASON  
No one will question Miriam's  
inheritance, Mr. Usbech?

OLD USBECH  
People know Sir Joseph is fond of  
her. It gives it more validity than  
if the codicil only provided for  
your son.

YOUNG LADY MASON looks at OLD USBECH with gratitude. She  
glances down at the document.

YOUNG LADY MASON  
Two thousand pounds--

OLD USBECH  
Will give her an opportunity that I  
can't. I hope she makes good use of  
it, but neither of us can control  
what happens after we do this.  
(shrugs)  
Sometimes it's better to do  
something than nothing.

YOUNG LADY MASON carefully traces the signatures. She does  
all of this without expression or hesitation.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE MALTBY

(VO)

I cannot say that adequate ground has been shown for charging Bolster with swearing falsely. No doubt she has been obstinate in her method of giving her testimony, but that might have arisen from an honest resolution on her part not to allow herself to be shaken. The value of her testimony must, however, be judged by the jury. As regards Kenneby, the man has been very stupid. No one who has heard him would accuse him for a moment of having intended to swear falsely, but you might perhaps think that the testimony of such a man cannot be taken as having much value with reference to circumstances which happened more than twenty years since.

YOUNG LADY MASON carefully examines the codicil. She passes it to OLD USBECH. He reads it by putting his eyes almost directly on the page. After a moment, he brings up his head and nods at YOUNG LADY MASON.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE MALTBY

Now the jury will retire to consider their verdict.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

MRS. ORME and LADY MASON are waiting to hear from the jury. MR. ARAM is with them as is PERRY ORME.

MR. ARAM

His lordship's charge was very good.

PERRY ORME

Was it?

MR. ARAM

And very much in our favour.

MRS. ORME

You think then that--

(CONTINUED)

MR. ARAM

Yes, I do. I think we shall have a verdict. I wouldn't say so before Lady Mason if my opinion wasn't strong.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

CHAFFANBRASS and FELIX GRAHAM are in the courtroom gathering up their things.

CHAFFANBRASS

Mr. Graham, you're too great for this kind of work. If I were you, I'd keep out of it.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'm very much of the same way of thinking, Mr. Chaffanbrass.

CHAFFANBRASS

If a man undertakes a duty, he should do it. That's my opinion, though I confess it's a little old fashioned, especially if he takes money for it, Mr. Graham.

CHAFFANBRASS glowers at GRAHAM with his fierce eyes, nods his head, and leaves.

INT. COURTHOUSE WAITING ROOM - EVENING

MRS. ORME and LADY MASON continue to wait for the verdict. PERRY ORME is also with them. MR. ARAM comes in the room.

MR. ARAM

They say that there's eight and four, but there's no saying how true that may be.

PERRY ORME

Eight and four?

MR. ARAM

Eight to acquit, and four for guilty. If so, we're safe, at any rate, till the next assizes.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

It's now eight o'clock. MR. ARAM rushes into the room.

MR. ARAM  
The jury has sent for the judge.

MRS. ORME  
Must we go into court again?

MR. ARAM  
Lady Mason must.

MRS. ORME  
Then of course I shall go with her.  
Are you ready now, dear?

LADY MASON is silent, terrified, but she nods, and they leave the room.

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

Gas-lights are lit, but the room is dim. The jury is already in place. MRS. ORME and LADY MASON are on their bench. JUDGE MALTBY is in his usual place.

JURY FOREMAN  
Not guilty, my lord.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - NIGHT

A MESSENGER rides onto Orley Farm. LUCIUS MASON charges out the front door.

MESSENGER  
(shouts)  
Not guilty, my lord.

LUCIUS walks back inside.

INT. ORLEY FARM - STUDY - NIGHT

LUCIUS MASON finishes writing a letter. He puts it in an envelope and starts writing a second letter.

INT. ORLEY FARM - STUDY - NIGHT

LUCIUS MASON is still writing the second letter when MRS. ORME and LADY MASON return to Orley Farm. The letter has many corrections. LUCIUS sees them out the window and puts away the letter.

INT. ORLEY FARM - LADY MASON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

LADY MASON and MRS. ORME are back in their room. There's the sound of wheels heard on the gravel, and MRS. ORME gets up from her seat.

MRS. ORME

There's Perry with the carriage. If I could do you good, I'd stay.

LADY MASON

Of course you must go. Sir Peregrine needs you.

They embrace.

MRS. ORME

I'll write to you regularly.

LADY MASON

Mrs. Orme, tell him this. Never in my life have I loved any man as well as I've loved him and as I do love him. That on my knees I beg his pardon for the wrong I've done him.

(beat)

When the time came, I wasn't quite a devil to drag him down with me to utter destruction.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

PERRY ORME stands inside the door, waiting for MRS. ORME.

PERRY ORME

You'll let it, I suppose.

LUCIUS MASON

It won't be mine to let. It belongs to my brother.

PERRY makes a face but doesn't say anything.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. ORME comes downstairs.

PERRY ORME

Mother, the carriage is here.

MRS. ORME turns to LUCIUS.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ORME  
Good-bye, Mr. Mason.

LUCIUS MASON  
God bless you, Mrs. Orme. I know  
how good you've been to us.

MRS. ORME  
(giving him her hand)  
My last request to you, is to beg  
that you be tender to your mother.

LUCIUS MASON  
I'll do my best.

MRS. ORME  
All her sufferings and your own,  
have come from her great love for  
you.

LUCIUS MASON  
That I know and feel, but had her  
ambition for me been less, it would  
have been better for both of us.

EXT. ORLEY FARM - NIGHT

The carriage takes MRS. ORME and PERRY away.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

MRS. ORME and PERRY ORME come inside the hall. SIR PEREGRINE  
is waiting for them. He puts his arm round his  
daughter-in-law's waist, and stoops down to kiss her cheek.  
She suddenly sees what he's become--a worn-out, tottering  
old man. He's already heard the news.

PERRY ORME  
Mother, I shall see you upstairs  
before you go to bed.

SIR PEREGRINE  
Don't keep her up. Remember all  
that she's gone through.

PERRY leaves the room.

MRS. ORME  
She asked me to give you a message.

INT. THE CLEEVE - PERRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

PERRY sits on the bed and sighs. He looks out his window and sees Orley Farm.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

MRS. ORME has finished her message to SIR PEREGRINE. He is sitting.

MRS. ORME

I've told you everything as she told me. Perhaps I'm wrong.

SIR PEREGRINE

No.

MRS. ORME

Coming at such a moment, her words seem to be almost sacred.

SIR PEREGRINE

They are sacred. Poor soul. Her son knows it all now. I couldn't have told him.

MRS. ORME

If it'd been required of you, you would.

SIR PEREGRINE

It would have killed me. But a woman can do things for which a man's courage would never be sufficient. He'll give up the place?

MRS. ORME

Tomorrow he'll do so. They'll go to London, and she'll never see Orley Farm again.

(beat)

She did a great crime.

SIR PEREGRINE

Yes.

MRS. ORME

But if a crime can be excused on account of its motives--

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

It can't, my dear.

MRS. ORME

Yet how can one help loving her?  
For myself, I shall love her  
always.

SIR PEREGRINE

I loved her well--better than I'd  
ever thought to love anyone again.  
She was a woman for a man to have  
loved to madness.

SIR PEREGRINE rises to his feet, showing some of his old energy.

SIR PEREGRINE

It's foolish for an old man to say,  
but I did love her. I love her  
still.

MRS. ORME

It's all over now.

There's a long silence.

SIR PEREGRINE

It's over.

They're both in tears.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. FURNIVAL and SOPHIA FURNIVAL are discussing the day's events.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I'm so glad she's free. I'm sure it  
was Papa's doing.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

I believe Papa never thought she  
was guilty for a moment.

MRS. FURNIVAL

I don't know, my dear. Your papa  
never talks of clients for whom  
he's engaged. But what a thing it  
is for Lucius. He would have lost  
every acre of the property.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Yes. It's a great thing for him,  
certainly.

INT. ORLEY FARM - DRAWING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

It's the morning after the verdict. MR. FURNIVAL has just arrived at Orley Farm. FURNIVAL and LUCIUS MASON are having a discussion.

LUCIUS MASON

We needn't talk about it, Mr.  
Furnival. It must be so.

FURNIVAL

You've discussed the matter with  
your mother?

LUCIUS MASON

She's quite aware of my intention.  
She's prepared to leave the place  
forever.

FURNIVAL

But the income--

LUCIUS MASON

Belongs to my brother Joseph. Mr.  
Furnival, if you can't arrange this  
for me, I must go to Mr. Round.

FURNIVAL

(shrugs)

I'll do your bidding.

INT. ALSTON HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

JOSEPH MASON and SAMUEL DOCKWRATH are seated together in MR. MASON's lodgings.

DOCKWRATH

I should have done my duty by you,  
Mr. Mason, which those men have  
not, and you would at this moment  
be the owner of Orley Farm.

JOSEPH MASON gives DOCKWRATH a look.

JOSEPH MASON

The firm bears the highest name in  
the profession, sir, and I had just  
grounds for trusting them.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

What has come of your just grounds,  
Mr. Mason? Round and Crook have  
been hand and glove with old  
Furnival through the whole  
transaction.

JOSEPH MASON

I'll move for a new trial.

DOCKWRATH

This is a criminal prosecution.  
She's free of you forever, and  
Orley Farm will belong to that son  
of hers till he chooses to sell it.  
It's a pity.

JOSEPH MASON

I've been damnably robbed, that's  
all I know.

DOCKWRATH

The worst of it is, the costs will  
be so heavy. You'll be going down  
to Yorkshire soon I suppose, sir.

JOSEPH MASON

I don't know where I'll go.

DOCKWRATH

I don't want to press for my money  
now, but I'll be glad to know when  
I'm to get it.

JOSEPH MASON

If you have any claim on me, Mr.  
Dockwrath, send it to Mr. Round.

DOCKWRATH

If I have any claim? What do you  
mean by that, sir? I shall send  
nothing to Mr. Round. I've had  
quite enough of Mr. Round. It's not  
my fault that you've failed.

JOSEPH MASON

(growling)

I have nothing to say upon the  
subject, Mr. Dockwrath.

DOCKWRATH

But, by heaven, something must be  
said. I haven't worked like a slave  
for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

I shall pay nothing except through my regular lawyers. Send your account to me if you please, but I shall send it on to Mr. Round without looking at it.

DOCKWRATH

That's your gratitude. Very well, Mr. Mason. I think you'll find--

There's a knock on the door. The LODGING-HOUSE SERVANT hands a note to JOSEPH MASON.

LODGING-HOUSE SERVANT

The gentlemen's messenger is waiting, sir.

DOCKWRATH watches JOSEPH MASON read the note.

LODGING-HOUSE SERVANT

If you please, sir, I was to wait for an answer.

JOSEPH MASON hands the letter to DOCKWRATH.

JOSEPH MASON

Look at that.

DOCKWRATH reads quickly and then looks at JOSEPH MASON.

DOCKWRATH

You must see Mr. Furnival, by all means. But--

JOSEPH MASON

But what?

DOCKWRATH

In your place I shouldn't see him in the presence of Mr. Round, unless I was attended by an adviser on whom I could rely.

JOSEPH MASON quickly writes a note. DOCKWRATH leans over and reads it.

DOCKWRATH

I think you're quite right.

JOSEPH MASON

I shall go alone.

(CONTINUED)

DOCKWRATH

I can't say what may be the nature of the communication, but if it's anything touching the property, you will no doubt jeopardise your own interests by your imprudence.

JOSEPH MASON

Good morning, Mr. Dockwrath.

DOCKWRATH

Good morning, sir. You'll hear from me shortly. I don't know that I've ever come across a gentleman who's behaved himself worse than you.

INT. ROUND AND CROOK'S OFFICE - DAY

JOSEPH MASON walks into the Bedford Row office.

CLERK

Mr. Furnival is with Mr. Round, and will see you in two minutes.

JOSEPH MASON is shown into the dingy office waiting-room, where he sits with his hat in hand.

INT. ROUND'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Old MR. ROUND is having a discussion with MR. FURNIVAL

MR. ROUND

When Sir Peregrine visited me several weeks ago, well, I knew which way the wind blew.

FURNIVAL

She must have told him everything.

MR. ROUND

No doubt. At any rate he knew it all. I promised to hold my tongue, and I kept my promise. Matt knows nothing about it to this day.

CLERK

(sticks his head in the doorway)

Sir, Mr. Mason of Groby Park has arrived.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ROUND  
(to FURNIVAL)  
And now, I suppose, my fortunate  
client may come in.

JOSEPH MASON is led into the office. MR. ROUND shakes his  
hand.

MR. ROUND  
Mr. Mason, Mr. Furnival. You know  
each other very well by name,  
gentlemen.

JOSEPH MASON  
(stiffly)  
I've heard of him.

MR. ROUND  
All the world has heard of him. He  
hasn't hid his light under a  
bushel.

FURNIVAL  
Mr. Mason, I have a communication  
to make to you, very unusual in its  
nature, and of great importance.  
It's one which I believe you will  
regard as being of considerable  
importance to yourself, and which  
is of still higher moment to my  
friend, Lady Mason.

JOSEPH MASON  
Lady Mason, sir--

FURNIVAL puts up his hand.

FURNIVAL  
Allow me to interrupt you, Mr.  
Mason. Hear me before you commit  
yourself to any expression as to  
your relative.

JOSEPH MASON  
She's no relative of mine.

FURNIVAL  
But her son is. Mr. Mason, my  
client Lady Mason, and her son  
Lucius Mason, are prepared to make  
over to you the full possession of  
the estate which they've held under  
the name of Orley Farm.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

Mr. Furnival, I'll have no dealings with that woman.

FURNIVAL

Your father's widow, sir, is an unhappy lady, who's now doing her best to atone for the only fault of which I believe her to have been guilty. Your half-brother Lucius Mason has instructed me to make over to you the possession of Orley Farm.

(looks at MR. ROUND)

I presume your client will understand me now.

MR. ROUND

The estate is yours, Mr. Mason. You have nothing to do but take possession of it.

JOSEPH MASON

What do you mean?

MR. ROUND

Exactly what I say. Your half-brother Lucius surrenders to you the estate.

JOSEPH MASON

Without payment?

FURNIVAL

Yes, without payment. You will of course absolve him from all liability on account of the proceeds of the property while in his hands.

MR. ROUND

That will be a matter of course.

JOSEPH MASON

She's robbed me! The will was forged after all.

MR. ROUND

Mr. Mason, if you have a spark of generosity in you, you'll accept the offer without question. You can't do yourself any good--nor can you do that poor lady any harm.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH MASON

I knew it was so.

(agitated)

I ask you, as my lawyer, Mr.  
Round--didn't she forge the will?

MR. ROUND

I shall answer no such question,  
Mr. Mason.

JOSEPH MASON

Then by heavens, I'll expose you.  
If I spend the whole value of the  
estate in doing it, I'll expose  
you, and have her punished yet. The  
slippery villain. For twenty years  
she's robbed me.

FURNIVAL

Mr. Mason, you're forgetting  
yourself. You've got the property.

JOSEPH MASON

I want her punished and those who  
assisted her. I knew she'd done it.  
Dockwrath knew it. Had I trusted  
him, she'd be in gaol.

MR. ROUND

You can't do anything to her.

JOSEPH MASON

I'll try. You've been my attorney,  
and you're bound to tell what you  
know. And I'll make you tell, sir.

MR. ROUND

Upon my word, this is beyond  
bearing. Mr. Mason, I must trouble  
you to walk out of my office.

MR. ROUND rings the bell. The CLERK steps into the office.

MR. ROUND

Tell Mr. Matt I want to see him.

JOSEPH MASON storms out of the office. MATTHEW ROUND steps  
into the office.

MR. ROUND

Matt, I don't interfere with you in  
many things, but on this I must  
insist. As long as my name is in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. ROUND (cont'd)  
the firm, Mr. Joseph Mason of Groby  
shall not be among our customers.

## FURNIVAL

The man's a fool. The end of all  
that will be that two years will go  
by before he gets his property. In  
the meantime, the house and all  
about it will go to ruin.

## INT. MOULDER HOUSE - NIGHT

It's two days after the trial, and MR. and MRS. MOULDER are  
preparing for a supper party following the verdict.

## MRS. MOULDER

Laws, M., a chambermaid from an  
inn? What will Mrs. Smiley say?

## MOULDER

I ain't going to trouble myself  
with what Mother Smiley may say. If  
she don't like it, she may do the  
other thing. What was she herself  
when you first knew her?

## MRS. MOULDER

Yes, Moulder, but then money do  
make a difference, you know.

## INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

SPOONER catches SOPHIA's eye and holds up a letter for her  
from LUCIUS MASON.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL takes the letter and escapes SPOONER's  
prying eyes by walking upstairs to her room. She begins  
reading it as she walks down the hall.

## INT. MOULDER HOUSE - NIGHT

The party is going strong. BRIDGET BOLSTER, JOHN KENNEBY  
(miserable-looking), MR. KANTWISE, MOULDER and MRS. MOULDER  
are present. BOLSTER is seated in a chair at one corner of  
the fire. MRS. MOULDER occupies one end of the sofa  
opposite, leaving the place of honour at the other end for  
MRS. SMILEY when she arrives. MOULDER sits in front of the  
fire in his own easy chair, and SNENKELD and KANTWISE are  
on each side of him.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

Witnesses are supposed to be abused.

JOHN KENNEBY

I tried to tell the truth, and I proved myself an ass.

MOULDER

(loudly)

A jury of her countrymen has found her innocent, and anyone who says she's guilty after that is a libeller and a coward.

SNENKELD

Of course she's innocent, from the moment the words was spoken by the foreman. If any newspaper was to say she wasn't she'd have her action.

KANTWISE

That's all very well...

(looks up at the ceiling with his eyes half-closed)

What'll you bet me, Mr. Moulder, that Joseph Mason don't get the property?

MOULDER

Gammon!

KANTWISE

Well, it may be gammon, but you'll see.

There's a knock on the door.

SERVANT

Mrs. Smiley is here, ma'am.

MRS. SMILEY sails into the room.

MRS. SMILEY

Gentlemen, gentlemen. Upon my word, one hears all you say ever so far down the street.

MOULDER

I don't care if they hear it right away to the Mansion House.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY is welcomed. Her bonnet and umbrella are taken from her by MRS. MOULDER.

MRS. MOULDER  
Please take a seat--Mrs. Smiley...  
(points to BRIDGET)  
This is Bridget Bolster.

MRS. SMILEY  
Oh, Mrs. Bolster, the witness!

BRIDGET BOLSTER  
Yes, ma'am. I was the witness as  
had never signed but once.

BOLSTER stands and curtsies. Then she sits and folds her hands one over the other on her lap.

MRS. SMILEY  
Indeed! But where's the other  
witness, Mrs. Moulder? He's the one  
who's a deal more interesting to  
me. Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MOULDER  
John's here. John, why don't you  
show yourself?

MOULDER  
He's alive, and that's about all  
you can say for him.

MRS. SMILEY  
What's there been to kill him?  
John, I must say you're rather  
backward in coming forward,  
considering what there's been  
between us. You might have come and  
taken my shawl, I'm thinking.

JOHN KENNEBY  
(gloomily)  
Yes, I might. I hope I see you  
pretty well, Mrs. Smiley.

MRS. SMILEY  
Pretty bobbish, thank you. Only I  
think it might have been Maria  
between friends like us.

MRS. MOULDER  
(whispers)  
He's sadly put about by this trial.

MRS. SMILEY

You didn't want her found guilty,  
did you, John?

MOULDER

I'm sure he didn't. Why it was the  
way he gave his evidence that  
brought her off.

JOHN KENNEBY

It wasn't my wish to bring her off,  
nor was it my wish to make her  
guilty. I wanted to tell the truth  
and do my duty. But it was no use.  
It never is any use.

MOULDER

I think you did very well.

KANTWISE

I'm sure Lady Mason is much obliged  
to you.

JOHN KENNEBY

Speaking for myself, I must say I  
don't like it.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

But the paper as we signed wasn't  
the old gentleman's will--no more  
than this is--

(lifts up her apron)

I'm rightly sure of that.

MOULDER

Wasn't the old gentleman's will? I  
say it was. You never dared say as  
much as that in court.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I wasn't asked.

MOULDER

You weren't asked! Yes, you was  
asked often enough.

KANTWISE

Mrs. Bolster's right in what she  
says as sure as your name's  
Moulder.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

Then as sure as my name's Moulder, she's wrong. I suppose we're to think that a chap like you knows more about it than the jury. We all know who your friend is in the matter.

MRS. SMILEY

John, nobody can know the truth of this as well as you. You've been as close as wax. That's done and over, and let us hear among friends how the matter really was.

The room goes silent.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

It's later that night. SOPHIA again reads LUCIUS MASON'S letter. She grips it hard and sits on a chair in the hall.

LUCIUS MASON

(VO)

I'm bound to relinquish to my brother-in-law my title to Orley Farm.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(murmuring)

Why should he be so bound, unless--

LUCIUS MASON

(VO)

Yes, Sophia, I'm a beggar.

SOPHIA takes out her handkerchief and presses it to her eyes. Then, she puts it back in her pocket, refolds the letter, and puts it in the same pocket.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - NIGHT

MRS. SMILEY is staring at JOHN KENNEBY.

MRS. SMILEY

(sweetly)

Come, my dear. There can't be any harm now, can there?

MOULDER

Out with it, John. You're honest, anyways.

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE

Mr. Kenneby can speak if he likes, no doubt, though maybe it mayn't be pleasant to him to do so after all that's come and gone.

MRS. MOULDER

There's nothing that's come and gone that need make our John hold his tongue. He mayn't be just as bright as some of those lawyers, but he's a deal more true-hearted.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

But he can't say as how it was the old gentleman's will as we signed. I'm well assured of that.

KENNEBY remains silent.

MRS. SMILEY

Come, lovey.

MRS. SMILEY puts forth her hand and gives his arm a tender squeeze.

MOULDER

If you've anything to say to clear that woman's character, you owe it to society to say it because she's a woman, and her enemies is villains.

Again, the room goes silent.

MRS. SMILEY

(solemnly)

I think it'll go with him to his grave.

SNENGKELD

I shouldn't wonder.

MOULDER

Then he must give up all idea of taking a wife.

MRS. SMILEY

He won't do that.

MRS. MOULDER

Will you, John?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KENNEBY

There's no knowing what may happen to me in this world, but sometimes I almost think I ain't fit to live in it.

MRS. MOULDER

You'll make him fit, won't you, my dear?

MRS. SMILEY

I don't know what to say about it. If Mr. Kenneby ain't willing, I'm not the woman to bind him to his word, because I've had his promise over and over again, and could prove it by a number of witnesses before any jury in the land. I'm an independent woman as needn't be beholden to any man, and I should never think of damages. Anyways, if Mr. Kenneby--

MRS. MOULDER

Why don't you speak to her, John?

JOHN KENNEBY

What am I to say?

KENNEBY, sitting between MRS. MOULDER and MRS. SMILEY, thrusts himself forth from between the ample folds of the two ladies' dresses.

JOHN KENNEBY

I'm a blighted man, one on whom the finger of scorn has been pointed. His lordship said I was stupid, and perhaps I am.

MRS. MOULDER

She don't think nothing of that, John.

MRS. SMILEY

Certainly not.

SNENKELD

As long as a man can pay twenty shillings in the pound and a trifle over, what does it matter if all the judges in the land was to call him stupid?

(CONTINUED)

KANTWISE

Stupid is as stupid does.

MOULDER

Stupid be damned.

MRS. SMILEY

Mr. Moulder, there's ladies present.

MRS. MOULDER

Come, John, rouse yourself. Nobody here thinks the worse of you for what the judge said.

MRS. SMILEY

Certainly not. I'll say my mind. I'm accustomed to speak freely before friends, and as we are all friends here, why should I be ashamed?

MOULDER

Nobody says you are.

MRS. SMILEY

Why should I? I can pay my way, and do what I like with my own, and has people to mind me when I speak, and needn't mind nobody else myself, and that's more than everybody can say. Here's John Kenneby and I, is engaged as man and wife. He won't say as it's not so, I'll be bound.

JOHN KENNEBY

I'm engaged. I know.

MRS. SMILEY

When I accepted John Kenneby's hand and heart--and well I remember the beauteous language in which he expressed his feelings, and always shall--I told him, that I respected him as a man that would do his duty by a woman, though perhaps he mightn't be so cute in the way of having much to say for himself as some others. Now that he's been put upon by them lawyers, I'm not the woman to turn my back upon him.

(CONTINUED)

MOULDER

That you're not.

MRS. SMILEY

No, I ain't, Mr. Moulder, and so,  
John, there's my hand again, and  
you're free to take it if you like.

MRS. SMILEY puts her hand almost into his lap.

MRS. MOULDER

Take it, John!

KENNEBY raises his right arm slightly, but then hesitates,  
and allows it to fall again between himself and MRS.  
MOULDER.

MRS. MOULDER

Come, John, you know you mean it.

With both her hands, MRS. MOULDER lifts his one hand and  
places it within the grasp of MRS. SMILEY's, which is still  
hanging in the air.

JOHN KENNEBY

I know I'm engaged.

MOULDER

There's no mistake about it.

MRS. SMILEY reddens.

MRS. SMILEY

There needn't be none. I'm not the  
woman to go back from my word.  
There's my hand, John, and I don't  
care though all the world hears me  
say so.

KENNEBY and MRS. SMILEY sit hand in hand for some seconds,  
during which poor KENNEBY is unable to escape from the grasp  
of his bride-elect.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

(interrupting the silence)

But he can't say as how it was the  
old gentlemen's will we signed.

KANTWISE

Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you  
something that will surprise you.  
Something that'll make all your  
hairs stand on end.

(CONTINUED)

The room grows quiet. KANTWISE pauses and looks around. It is at this moment that KENNEBY succeeds in getting his hand once more to himself.

KANTWISE

Lady Mason has confessed her guilt.

The room gasps.

MRS. MOULDER

You don't say so.

MRS. SMILEY

What guilt, Mr. Kantwise?

KANTWISE

She forged the will.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

I knew that all along.

MOULDER

I'm damned, if I believe it.

KANTWISE

She and young Mason have already left Orley Farm and given it all up into Joseph Mason's hands.

SNENKELD

But didn't she get a verdict?

KANTWISE

Yes, she got a verdict. There's no doubt on earth about that.

MOULDER

I don't believe a word of it. I'll bet a hat that Kantwise got it from Dockwrath.

KANTWISE

I did indeed get it from Dockwrath.

BRIDGET BOLSTER

(triumphant)

I know'd very well that I never did it twice.

BOLSTER sits down to the supper table and picks up a sausage.

INT. FURNIVAL HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

FURNIVAL has returned home. SOPHIA FURNIVAL meets him in the drawing room.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Papa, what will Mr. Lucius Mason do now? Will he remain at Orley Farm?

MR. FURNIVAL

No, my dear. He'll leave Orley Farm, and, I think, go abroad with his mother.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

Who will have Orley Farm?

MR. FURNIVAL

His brother Joseph, I believe.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

What will Lucius have?

MR. FURNIVAL

I don't know that he'll have anything. His mother has an income of her own, and he, I suppose, will go into some profession.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

That's very sad for him.

FURNIVAL shrugs.

INT. GROBY PARK HOUSE - MRS. MASON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

MRS. MASON'S bedroom is nicely furnished. A candle barely illuminates the room enough for us to see that a woman is standing in the far corner. Her back is to us, and her head and body are frantically bobbing and shaking. It's an odd sight. After a moment, we realize she is devouring large pieces of meat and cake. A nearby open drawer is crammed with other delicacies.

INT. MOULDER HOUSE - NIGHT

Supper has been eaten, and the partiers are now drinking. MRS. SMILEY shakes her head as she sits in front of a steaming glass of rum and water.

MRS. SMILEY

It's a terrible thing. Terrible indeed, ain't it, John? I do wish

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SMILEY (cont'd)  
 now I'd gone down and see'd her, I  
 do indeed. Don't you, Mrs. Moulder?

MRS. MOULDER  
 If all this is true, I should like  
 just to have had a peep at her.

MRS. SMILEY  
 At any rate, we shall have pictures  
 of her in all the papers.

INT. LUCIUS MASON'S LODGINGS - EVENING

It's several days after the trial, and LUCIUS MASON and LADY MASON are now living near Finsbury Circus. SOPHIA's letter has been redirected from Hamworth to a post office in their neighborhood. A MESSENGER brings the letter to him. LUCIUS reads it in silence.

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(VO)

MY DEAR MR. MASON, I need hardly tell you that I was grieved to the heart by the tidings conveyed in your letter. I will not attempt to guess at the cause which induces you to give up to your brother the property which you were always taught to regard as your own...I think you are right in saying, with reference to our mutual regard for each other, that neither should be held as having any claim upon the other. Under present circumstances, any such claim would be very silly. Nothing would hamper you in your future career so much as a long marriage engagement, and for myself, I am aware that the sorrow and solicitude thence arising would be more than I could support. Apart from this, also, I feel certain that I should never obtain my father's sanction for such an engagement, nor could I make it, unless he sanctioned it...I need hardly bid you remember that you have no more affectionate friend Than yours always most sincerely,  
 SOPHIA FURNIVAL.

LUCIUS crushes the letter with his hand. He throws it violently into the fire.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA FURNIVAL

(VO)

P.S.--I believe that a meeting between us at the present moment would only cause pain to both of us. It might drive you to speak of things which should be wrapped in silence. At any rate, I am sure that you will not press it on me.

LADY MASON

I hope there's nothing further to distress you, Lucius.

LUCIUS MASON

Nothing that matters.

EXT. NONINGSBY - DAY

FELIX GRAHAM and MADELINE STAVELEY walk arm in arm through the garden, glorying in the spring-time weather.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Papa would like it if you'd give up your writing, and think of nothing but the law.

FELIX GRAHAM

My compliments to the fox, but let me remind you of the fox who's lost his tail and thought it well that other foxes should dress themselves as he was dressed.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Papa looks very well without his tail. But you shall wear yours all the same, if you like.

A MAID catches up to the couple.

MAID

Ma'am, there's a gentleman in the house who wishes to see you.

MADELINE STAVELEY

A gentleman?

MAID

Mr. Orme, Miss. My lady told me to ask you up if you were anywhere near.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY

I suppose I must go.

MADELINE and GRAHAM share an understanding glance.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Will you come in?

FELIX GRAHAM

I think not. But he's a splendid fellow, and to me was a staunch friend. If I can catch him as he comes out, I'll speak to him.

INT. NONINGSBY - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MADELINE reluctantly walks through the hall into the drawing room, with her hat and gloves still on. LADY STAVELEY is seated on the sofa, and PERRY ORME stands before her. MADELINE walks up up to him, blushing, with an extended hand and a kindly welcome.

PERRY ORME

How do you do, Miss Staveley? I'm leaving The Cleeve for a long time and have come to say good-bye to Lady Staveley and you.

MADELINE STAVELEY

You're going away, Mr. Orme?

PERRY ORME

Yes, I shall go abroad--to Central Africa, I think. It seems a wild sort of place with plenty of animals to kill.

MADELINE STAVELEY

But isn't it dangerous?

PERRY ORME

I don't think so. People always come back alive. I've a sort of idea that nothing will kill me. At any rate, I couldn't stay here.

LADY STAVELEY

Madeline, dear, I've told Mr. Orme that you've accepted Mr. Graham. We shall always look upon him as a very dear friend, if he'll allow us.

PERRY takes MADELINE'S hand.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

Miss Staveley, I've wished for but one thing in my life, and for that I would have given all that I have in the world. I know that I can't have it, and that I'm not fit to have it.

MADELINE STAVELEY

Mr. Orme, it's not that.

PERRY ORME

It is that. I knew you before Graham did, and loved you quite as soon. I believe I told you before he did.

LADY STAVELEY

Marriages, they say, are planned in heaven.

PERRY ORME

Perhaps they are. I only wish this one hadn't been planned there. I wish I'd fallen in love with some foolish chit with as little wit as I have myself.

LADY STAVELEY

I hope you'll fall in love with some very nice girl, and that we shall know and love her very much.

PERRY ORME

I dare say I shall marry some day. I feel now as though I'd like to break my neck, but I don't suppose I shall. Good-bye, Lady Staveley.

LADY STAVELEY

Good-bye, Mr. Orme, and may you be happy.

PERRY ORME

Good-bye, Madeline. I shall never call you so again, except to myself. I do wish you may be happy. As for him, he's taken away all that I wanted to win.

PERRY has tears in his eyes. He presses MADELINE's hand, turns, and abruptly leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE STAVELEY  
(tearful, mumbling)  
Good-bye, Mr. Orme.

EXT. NONINGSBY - DAY

PERRY ORME walks out to the stables and gets on his horse. He slowly rides down the avenue towards the gate, still fighting back tears. He sees FELIX GRAHAM by the road. GRAHAM walks toward him.

FELIX GRAHAM  
Orme, I heard you were in the house, and have come to shake hands with you. I suppose you've heard what's taken place. Will you shake hands with me?

PERRY ORME  
I will not.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I'm sorry for that, for we were good friends, and I owe you much for your kindness. It was a fair stand-up fight, and you shouldn't be angry.

PERRY ORME  
I'm angry, and I don't want your friendship. Go and tell her that I say so, if you like.

FELIX GRAHAM  
I won't do that.

PERRY ORME  
I wish with all my heart that we had both killed ourselves at that bank.

FELIX GRAHAM  
For shame, Orme.

PERRY ORME  
Very well, sir. Let it be for shame.

PERRY rides through the gate, but before he's gone a few yards down the road his better feelings return, and he rides back to GRAHAM.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY ORME

I'm unhappy and sore at heart. You mustn't mind the words I spoke just now.

FELIX GRAHAM

I'm sure you didn't mean them.

GRAHAM puts his hand on the horse's mane.

PERRY ORME

I did mean them then, but I don't mean them now. Of course you'll be happy with her. I suppose you won't die, and give a fellow another chance.

FELIX GRAHAM

Not if I can help it.

PERRY ORME

I don't wish you any evil. I do wish you hadn't come to Noningsby, that's all. Good-bye to you.

They shake hands.

INT. THE CLEEVE - DINING ROOM - DAY

It is three weeks later. SIR PEREGRINE and MRS. ORME are eating breakfast.

SIR PEREGRINE

That letter you got this morning, my dear, was it not from Lady Mason?

MRS. ORME

It was from Lady Mason, Father. They leave on Thursday.

SIR PEREGRINE

So soon as that.

SIR PEREGRINE remains silent for a while.

MRS. ORME

You may read it, sir, if you like.

MRS. ORME hands him the letter. SIR PEREGRINE lights up. He reads it. And then reads it again. He stands, turns his back to MRS. ORME, and rubs his eyes with the back of his hand, gradually raising his handkerchief to his face. Finally, he turns around.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

(handing the letter back)

Thank you. Edith, to me she's the same as though she'd never done that deed. Aren't we all sinners?

MRS. ORME

I trust that she'll bear her present lot for a few years, and then, perhaps--

SIR PEREGRINE

I shall be in my grave. A few months will do that.

MRS. ORME

Oh, sir. It'll be much better for her to be away from London. While she's there, she never ventures even into the street.

SIR PEREGRINE

I shall see her before she goes.

MRS. ORME

Is that wise, sir?

SIR PEREGRINE

It may be foolish, but I shall see her. I've never bidden her farewell. I haven't spoken to her since that day when she behaved so generously.

MRS. ORME

I don't think she expects it.

SIR PEREGRINE

She expects nothing for herself. Had it been in her nature to expect such a visit, I shouldn't have been anxious to make it. I'll go tomorrow. She's always at home, you say?

MRS. ORME

Always.

SIR PEREGRINE

And, Lucius--

MRS. ORME

You won't find him there in the daytime. I'll write her a note. Are you sure you might not be overcome by tenderness and ask her to be your wife again?

SIR PEREGRINE

I won't do that. You have my word.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

It's the next morning. SIR PEREGRINE has traveled to London. He approaches LUCIUS MASON's lodgings, near Finsbury Circus.

INT. LUCIUS MASON'S LODGINGS - DAY

LADY MASON, alone in her dingy room, opens the door to SIR PEREGRINE. Her eyes are on the ground, and her hands are folded. She allows him to step inside and closes the door.

LADY MASON

Sir Peregrine, I didn't expect this kindness.

SIR PEREGRINE

We've known each other too well to allow our parting without a word. I'm an old man, and it'll probably be forever.

LADY MASON gives him her hand and gradually lifts her eyes to his face.

LADY MASON

It'll be forever. I won't come back.

SIR PEREGRINE

Edith tells me you leave on Thursday.

LADY MASON

Yes, sir.

LADY MASON removes her hand from his and motions him to sit. She sits across from him.

LADY MASON

Lucius isn't here. He never remains at home after breakfast. He has much to settle as to our journey, and then he has his lawyers to see.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

Give him my regards, and tell him  
that I trust that he may prosper.

LADY MASON

Thank you. It's very kind of you to  
think of him.

SIR PEREGRINE

I've always thought highly of him.

LADY MASON

I've ruined him.

SIR PEREGRINE

He has his youth, his intellect,  
and his education. If such a one as  
he can't earn his bread in the  
world, who can?

LADY MASON

Though I still live, eat, and  
sleep, I think of what I've done  
always. Those thoughts are ashes to  
me, and they're bitter between my  
teeth.

SIR PEREGRINE

(moves closer to her)

Mary, if his heart is as true as  
mine, he won't remember these  
things against you.

LADY MASON

It's my memory, not his, that's my  
punishment.

SIR PEREGRINE

(takes her hand)

I wish that I could comfort you.

LADY MASON

I brought you trouble and misery.

SIR PEREGRINE

No, my love, no. Only the misery  
that I shall no longer be near you.  
Were I alone in the world, I would  
still beg you to go back with me.

LADY MASON

It can't be.

(CONTINUED)

SIR PEREGRINE

I've learned to love you too well,  
and don't know how to part with  
you.

LADY MASON

I should never have put my foot  
over your threshold.

SIR PEREGRINE

I wish I might hear its light step  
again upon my floors.

LADY MASON

No one ever again shall rejoice to  
hear either my step or my voice, or  
to see my form, or to grasp my  
hand. The world is over for me, and  
may God soon grant me relief from  
my sorrow. But to you, in return  
for your goodness--

SIR PEREGRINE

For my love.

LADY MASON

I could have loved you with all my  
heart had it been permitted. I bade  
her tell you so from me.

SIR PEREGRINE

She told me.

LADY MASON

I've known little love. Sir Joseph  
was my master rather than my  
husband. He was a good master, and  
I served him truly, except in that  
one thing. But I never loved him.

(abruptly)

I'm wrong to talk of this. May God  
bless you, Sir Peregrine. It'll be  
well for both of us now that you  
should leave me.

SIR PEREGRINE

May God bless you, Mary, and  
preserve you, and give back to you  
the comforts of a quiet spirit, and  
a heart at rest. Till you hear that  
I'm under the ground you'll know  
that there's one living soul who  
loves you well.

SIR PEREGRINE takes her in his arms, twice kisses her on the forehead, and leaves.

INT. THE CLEEVE - LIBRARY - DAY

SIR PEREGRINE, smaller and frailer, sits in his armchair by the fire, waiting for death.

EXT. THE CLEEVE - DAY

The CAMERA soars above The Cleeve and then down to Orley Farm. It's abandoned, unattended, and quiet.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

LADY MASON and LUCIUS MASON board the ship bound to Germany. LUCIUS helps his mother up the stairs. LADY MASON has no expression on her face.

EXT. SHIP - DAY

The ship has left the port. LADY MASON stands on the deck, gripping the rails. She faces toward Germany. Again, there's no expression on her face.

THE END