



Dickensian

Episode 1

By
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GREEN
Shooting Script

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 1. CHRISTMAS EVE. 1100. 1

The whisper of snow in the air. The clatter of hooves on cobbles.

CUT TO:

2 INT. SATIS HOUSE. STUDY. DAY 1. 1100 2

A black lace gloved hand touches the back of an old and well used leather chair.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 1. 1100 3

The flare of a black horse's nostrils, the swish of a black plume on its head. Then we see the horse is pulling a hearse.

More hooves on cobbles as we hear the cry of a driver to "Hold" and the horse stops outside a set of impressive wrought iron gates.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SATIS HOUSE. LIBRARY STUDY. DAY 1. 1101 4

The lace gloved hand moves slowly across the back of the leather chair and we now see it's in front of a substantial desk. The touch is light, feminine against the masculinity of the chair - as though invoking a memory.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Amelia!

We now see the young and very beautiful **Miss Amelia Havisham** in a black mourning dress as she turns toward the door where her brother **Arthur Havisham** steps into view.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
The carriage is here.

Amelia looks at the desk, her late Father's spectacles, which she picks up, remembering him, before opening a drawer, placing them inside and closing it again. She then walks out of the study to follow Arthur.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SATIS HOUSE/EXT MARKET ST. DAY 1. 1102 5

Arthur and Amelia emerge from the grand house, the staff are assembled all wearing mourning clothes, as footmen stand at the carriage outside the gates. Arthur and Amelia get into the carriage and people watch as the procession pulls away and heads down Market Street. It's Christmas Eve, a whisper of snow in the air. Bustling activity, cobbled streets lined with shops and market stalls and people busy doing their last minute errands. Though everything seems to stop as the hearse makes its way down Market street towards the Three Cripples pub, people watch as the shadow of death moves slowly through them.

The black feathered plume, the flare of nostrils and hooves on cobbles.

CUT TO:

6 INT. GARRAWAY'S COFFEE SHOP. DAY 1. 1103 6

People seated at tables with tea and cakes. They too stop and watch as the hearse and following carriage pass the window.

CUT TO:

7 INT. MANTALINI'S. FRONT SHOP. DAY 1. 1104 7

Martha Cratchit adjusting the window display, watching as the hearse and carriage pass by.

CUT TO:

8 INT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. DAY 1. 1105 8

Jacob Marley stands in the doorway as the hearse and carriage slowly pass, as though it presents him with some awful premonition.

He's taken out of the moment by a cheery voice;

MRS GAMP (O.S.)
Morning, Mr Marley.

Marley turns to glower at the delightful, ruddy-faced bundle of chaos that is **Mrs Gamp**, carrying a covered dish.

MARLEY
(ungiving)
Good day Mrs Gamp.

(CONTINUED)

MRS GAMP
 (nods in direction of the
 departing hearse)
 Not for him it aint, though I dare
 say it's what we must all come to
 in the end.

MARLEY
 Indeed.

Marley looks at her with some distaste as she continues on her way. He sees BOY in the street and calls out to him:

MARLEY (CONT'D)
 Boy!

Boy sees him and runs across the street;

MARLEY (CONT'D)
 You know Mr Fagin? At the
 dockside?

The boy nods and Marley hands him the note.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
 Take this to him, quick as you can.

The boy looks at him, expectantly; Marley reacts, then with some reluctance, he takes out a farthing coin. The boy takes the coin, turns and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BUMBLES HOUSE/ THE THREE CRIPPLES. DAY 1. 1106 9

The boy runs down Market Street, almost colliding with a slightly dishevelled **Captain James Hawdon**, who emerges from The Three Cripples pub, with a few other men. Hawdon smiles through his hangover, as the Boy runs on towards the docks.

We go to the Bumbles house as Mr and Mrs Bumble come out of their front door. Two young urchins behind them, one holding a walking cane and a basket, the other an umbrella. Bumble takes the walking cane, Mrs Bumble the umbrella.

MRS BUMBLE
 Basket, Bumble!

Mr Bumble takes the basket from the urchin, then he scoots them both back inside the house with his cane and closes the door, turning to see Mrs Bumble already gone.

MRS BUMBLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Keep up Bumble!

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

Mr Bumble scurries after her

CUT TO:

9A

EXT. BARBARY HOUSE.

DAY 1.

1107

9A

Honoria Barbary is dressed in black, getting into a waiting carriage, helped by her Father, **Edward Barbary**.

EDWARD

Please give Arthur and Amelia my condolences, their Father was a good man, make sure they know I thought so.

Honoria nods then Edward closes the carriage door and watches as it trundles away. He looks back at his other daughter **Frances**, standing in the doorway. As pretty as Honoria, but trussed up and pinched, ungiving. They exchange a look, a secret, he avoids her stare. She goes back inside.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. DOCKSIDE ALLEY.

DAY 1.

1109

10

The boy runs through the dockside, the sounds of the river swirling around him, the whisper of snow still in the air, before darting down an alley and disappearing through an archway to an old wooden door.

CUT TO:

11

INT. FAGIN'S DEN.

DAY 1.

1110

11

Fagin's Den, a fire burning in a huge open grate. **Fagin** comes out from behind a woollen curtain strung across the room, carrying a large cast iron frying pan as the boy enters, holding the note.

FAGIN

Close the door, my dear. These old bones take more coal to warm up than they used to.

Fagin puts the huge frying pan in the fireplace as the boy closes the door and then steps forward with his note.

BOY

A note, sir, from Mr Marley.

Fagin takes the note, then studies the boy, dusting off the boy's shoulders, stroking his head.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

FAGIN

And did Mr Jacob Marley pay you for
your trouble?

BOY

A farthing, sir.

FAGIN

A farthing! For the best part of a
mile. And I bet you ran all the
way, my dear, did you not?

BOY

Mostly.

FAGIN

You ran a mile and delivered a note
still as crisp and as neatly folded
as the moment it was given to you.
Yet only paid a farthing?
And he calls himself a gentleman.

Fagin steps back to the large frying pan and takes out a sausage with his fingertips, presenting it grandly to the boy, who looks suitably impressed.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

You should have demanded a penny
and not settled for anything less.
(beat)
Mind my words the next time you're
sent here. A penny! Insist on it!

BOY

Yes, sir.

The boy takes the sausage with a grin, turns and leaves, Fagin watches him go, then opens the note and reads.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. DAY 1. 1245

12

People avoid the lean, hunched over figure of **Ebenezer Scrooge** as he strides along the street. Ignoring carol singers and their jangling hopeful charity box, their singing audibly quietens as he passes them.

He then stops at The Old Curiosity Shop, windows displaying all manner of curious merchandise, a sign on the door "*FAMILY ILLNESS - CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE*". But Scrooge peers through the window, looking into the shop and sees a single candle alight. His face clouds.

CUT TO:

13

INT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NELL'S BEDSIDE. DAY 1. 1250 13

A young girl, **Nell**, lays in bed, eyes closed, her **Grandfather** at her bedside, worry etched on his face. Mrs Gamp sits on a chair dipping a large chunk of bread into the bowl of stew she brought, which she then washes down with a glass of sherry. Nell's Grandfather glances at her.

GRANDFATHER

Please don't feel you have to stay
Mrs Gamp.

MRS GAMP

As I often says to them what
listens, dearie, there's something
circular in it all... And I saw
little Nell here into the world, so
I'm dispoged to see her out if it's
all the same.

Mrs Gamp crams in the last piece of soggy bread, then empties her glass of sherry to lubricate its passing. Grandfather forces an awkward polite smile, then holds Nell's hand.

CUT TO:

14

INT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. DAY 1. 1255 14

Marley at his desk, there is a similar desk opposite him which is empty. Silas Wegg stands in front of Marley's desk, watching as he counts a few coins and then scratches a note in the ledger.

MARLEY

More punctual next week if you
please Mr Wegg.

Silas looks down at the top of Marley's head, his distaste for him is clear as he turns and limps out. As he goes a face of **Bob Cratchit** peers around the corner. Bob sees his opportunity and gets up and walks to Marley's desk clutching an opened wage packet. Marley doesn't acknowledge him, but Bob clearly has something on his mind;

BOB

If I might have a word, sir?
(swallows, holds up wage
packet)
It's just, well I think there's
been an error, sir, with my wages.
There was only thirteen shillings
you see.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

MARLEY

There is no error, Cratchit.
 Your work has been slow, not up to
 scratch. Not fifteen shillings
 worth.

Bob hesitates, not sure what to say or do next, Marley looks up at him.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

I shall still expect your loan
 repayment to be paid on time and in
 full.

Marley glares at him, daring him to object. Bob is hurt and embarrassed as he makes his way back to his desk. The door opens and Scrooge enters taking off his hat, coat and scarf.

SCROOGE

Cratchit! Bring me the Curiosity
 Shop account!

Bob scurries over to Scrooge with the ledger, who opens it.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I saw a light and enquired in the
 Oyster Shop. They came back last
 night, though the old man's
 granddaughter is sick.

Scrooge's bony finger trails down a column of figures.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

And if I'm not mistaken, which I
 never am when it concerns my money
 in other people's pockets, they
 left with their debt unpaid.

(finds it)

Ha! There see, eight shillings
 and threepence!

Marley scrawls a note in his journal.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

And collect it before the child
 dies Jacob, before we find
 ourselves faced with drawn curtains
 and complaints about the cost of
 burial.

Scrooge hands the ledger back to a waiting Bob Cratchit.

BOB

We intend to collect while he tends
 his sick grand daughter? And on
 Christmas Eve?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

SCROOGE

Humbug! Will all things stop while
 she's ill? Will he not eat?
 Drink? Relieve himself? Step out
 for a breath of air?
 If all these things he'll do whilst
 his own flesh and blood lay sick in
 her bed, then why shouldn't we, who
 have no attachment, go about our
 business in similar fashion?

Scrooge takes his place at his desk and Bob sees Emily outside through the window, he glances at Scrooge and Marley then goes to the door.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. DAY 1. 1257 15

Snow still in the air as Bob opens the door, Emily hands him something wrapped in cloth.

EMILY

Brought you a pie for your lunch, I
 had one left over..

BOB

Thank you.

EMILY

Did you talk to him?

Bob nods

EMILY (CONT'D)

And?

It's clear from Bob's expression it didn't go well.

BOB

I've got a job, many haven't, we
 must be grateful.

Marley comes out.

MARLEY

Back to work, Cratchit.

Emily watches Marley stride away, then back at Bob.

BOB

I'd better get back. Thank you for
 the pie.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

He kisses her cheek and scurries back inside, Emily watches him go back to his desk, her heart breaking for him.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. SATIS HOUSE. DAY 1.

1300

16

Establishing. Carriages outside the house, mourners walking towards the front door.

CUT TO:

17

INT. SATIS HOUSE/DINING ROOM.

DAY 1.

1301

17

Mourners gathered in the dining room, small groups in quiet conversation as staff move amongst them with trays of refreshment. Arthur holding court. Amelia stands with Honoria.

AMELIA

The house feels so empty without him.

Honoria takes Amelia's hand.

HONORIA

And so it will for a while, but it will pass, I promise.

Honoria takes Amelia's hand as Arthur joins them.

ARTHUR

Honoria. Good of you to come.

HONORIA

How could I not?

ARTHUR

(condescending)

Your employers must be very understanding.

(to Amelia)

Amelia? We should spend some time with the shareholders.

It's clear that this is something of a dig at Honoria; Arthur then offers his arm to Amelia, who forces a smile at Honoria before walking away with her brother. They pass the lawyer Jaggers on their way to a group of shareholders.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

JAGGERS
A very sad day.

AMELIA
Thank you for coming, Mr Jaggers.

JAGGERS
Your Father was a remarkable man,
it is an honour to pay my respects.

ARTHUR
I assume you have retrieved my
Father's Will from your safe?

JAGGERS
I have. And I await your
instruction.

ARTHUR
My instructions are for it to be
read and implemented as soon as
possible.

JAGGERS
It's Christmas Eve, Arthur.
Perhaps the New Year would be more
appropriate?

ARTHUR
How am I to conduct my late
Father's business, or care for my
sister properly without my Father's
last wishes being publicly
expressed? We must do it today.

Jaggers looks at Amelia, who is not about to publicly
contradict her brother.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Shall we say five o'clock?

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

Jaggers can do nothing, but bow courteously and move away.
 Amelia smiles at Arthur, happy to watch him taking charge.

*
*

CUT TO:

18

INT. FAGIN'S DEN.

DAY 1.

1315 18

Fagin sitting at his desk, looking through valuables in an open cloth. He looks up as the door opens and a cheery **Nancy** bursts in, grinning; He covers the valuables.

NANCY (O.S.)
 Blue bottles! 'ands off your jewels!

FAGIN
 Oh very amusing Nancy, my dear,
 very amusing indeed, I dare say
 you'll be the death of me.

NANCY
 The making of you more like, what's up?

FAGIN
 Mr Jacob Marley has requested your company again this evening.
 Eight o'clock sharp.

Her mood suddenly changes as the prospect of Marley hits her;

FAGIN (CONT'D)
 I'll send Bill with you. He can walk you there, then wait and walk you back, make sure you're safe.

She nods, but Fagin senses her anxiety and puts a finger under her chin.

FAGIN (CONT'D)
 Us who have nothing are on a long road without a turn.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

She pecks him on the cheek then walks back to the door.

NANCY
Tell Bill I'll see him in the pub.

And she's gone as quickly as she came.

CUT TO:

19

OMITTED.

19

20

INT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.DAY 1.1320

20

Grandfather sits on the side of Nell's bed, she is deathly pale, her breathing laboured. A yellow canary twittering in a cage nearby as there's the rat a tat of a cane on the shop front door. Grandfather looks to Mrs Gamp but she is fast asleep, snoring in the chair. He gets up and leaves Nell's bedside. Mrs Gamp snoring.

It's Jacob Marley.

*

Marley moves amongst the curiosities, picking some up, baffled by their oddness or what use could be made of them.

*

*

Grandfather follows him.

*

GRANDFATHER
Your timing is questionable to say
the least, Mr Marley.

*

*

Marley spins the wheels of a small toy.

*

MARLEY
The wheels of commerce continue to turn, do they not? When the King himself died, the city barely missed a step.

*

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

The merest hint of a smile as the toy springs to life, a memory.

GRANDATHER
(rejoining Marley)
I doubt the city would concern
itself with such a paltry amount as
eight shillings and threepence.

Marley's face clouds and he drops the toy without a thought, any humanity suddenly gone as he leans into Grandfather menacingly.

MARLEY
If the amount is so paltry, perhaps
the collection of it might be
achieved with less complaint.
(leans in with a hint of
menace)
Or would you prefer I sent a
ruffian to collect? Or a bailiff?

Grandfather backs away a little, unnerved by Marley's proximity.

GRANDATHER
My granddaughter is unwell sir!

MARLEY
Then pay your debt and go tend to
her.
(beat, his eyes flicker
toward the back of the
room)
Or would you have me visit her
myself?

An furious Grandfather takes out a small purse from a nearby drawer and thrusts coins at Marley who counts them. Grandfather 's eyes, burning with hatred, as he watches him. Marley then walks slowly to the door and looks back, somehow managing to make a festive greeting feel menacing. He thrusts the coins at Marley, standing between him and the curtain and Nell. Marley checks the coins then walks slowly to the door and looks back, somehow managing to make a festive greeting feel menacing.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas.

A furious Grandfather watches him go, fists clenched at his side.

CUT TO:

21 INT. SATIS HOUSE/STUDY DAY 1. 1335 21

The gentle hum of conversation from the dining room as Arthur enters the study and sits in his late Father's leather chair. He smiles. In his rightful place.

CUT TO:

22 INT. BILL'S ROOM. DAY 1. 1340 22

Bill Sikes sits at a wooden table, smoking a clay pipe and whittling a small piece of wood with a knife. Fagin enters.

FAGIN
You shouldn't leave your door open
like that Bill... Open to thieves..
and some worse than thieves, some
who'd murder you in your bed.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

BILL
What do you want, Fagin?

FAGIN
Nothing that will tax you, my dear,
just a spot of cash carrying.
Our friend Mr Marley wants to see
young Nancy again.

BILL
You didn't ought to send her to
him.

FAGIN
His money's as good as anyone
else's. Meet her in the pub and
take her there, make sure he pays.

BILL
There's quicker ways of taking his
money.

FAGIN
And quicker ways to get us hanged.
Eight o'clock. Sharp.

Bill scowls as Fagin leaves.

CUT TO:

23

INT. BARBARY HOUSE. DAY 1. 1342 23

Edward sitting quietly, a loud knocking on the door. He ignores it, head bowed, crippled with shame. A maid **ROSE** stands frozen to the spot, we assume at Edward's instruction.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. BARBARY HOUSE. DAY 1. 1343 24

Marley finally gives up and walks away.

CUT TO:

24A EXT. MARKET STREET. DUSK. DAY ONE 1600 24A

Honorina rushing back to the shop.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MANTALINI'S. FRONT SHOP/WORKROOM NIGHT 1. 1610 25

Honoria enters in a hurry to find Martha tidying one of the displays.

HONORIA
Sorry, Martha, I got away as quick
as I could.
(beat)
Have you eaten?

MARTHA
Not yet Miss.

HONORIA
(giving her a coin)
Then off you go and get yourself a
cake.

Martha smiles and heads out as Honoria takes off her coat and moves into the workroom.

CLOSE on the shop door, it opens very slowly and a male hand reaches up to stop the bell ringing. The door is then closed and locked behind whoever enters. **GO TO:** Honoria checking dresses on a rail, unaware that someone enters behind her. She's then grabbed from behind, she screams but then turns to see James Hawdon.

HONORIA (CONT'D)
James!

He kisses her.

HONORIA (CONT'D)
You smell of rum and tobacco.

HAWDON
It was a very long night.

HONORIA
Cards?

He grins and nibbles her neck.

HONORIA (CONT'D)
(pushes him away)
And did Lady Fortune join you last
night?

HAWDON
Ah... I think she believed that as
I already had you.... I was already
over blessed..

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

It's clear from Hawdon's face, he's broke. Honoria opens her mouth to speak, but he plants his mouth firmly on hers to prevent her doing so and pushes her back into the dresses.

CUT TO:

26

INT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. NIGHT 1.1646

26

Marley at his desk, managing to make his preparation of snuff look remarkably like a line of cocaine. Scrooge at a bookcase by the door.

MARLEY

Barbary wouldn't come to his door
but he was there, I could smell
him.

Marley sniffs hard at the snuff.

SCROOGE

Then call in the bailiff's, or
we'll have people thinking us soft;
without backbone or the courage of
our financial convictions.
He that makes himself a sheep shall
be eaten by the wolves!

MARLEY

Leave him to me.

Marley checks his watch, then stands and takes his coat.

SCROOGE

You're leaving?

MARLEY

I have company this evening.

A hint of distaste from Scrooge, knowing what that means.

SCROOGE

It's a wonder we still have a
business at all, when entertaining
takes precedence over commerce.

Marley steps out of the door, Scrooge now in the doorway.

MARLEY

You take your pleasure in a bowl of
slop and stale biscuit Ebenezer,
I'll take mine where I choose.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 1647 27

Marley comes out of the counting house, Scrooge behind him.

SCROOGE
Then take your pleasure, sir and
leave those who can, to tend to
business.

MARLEY
You'd like that wouldn't you
Ebenezer? To be finally rid of me?
To have it all to yourself?

GO TO: Nancy standing at a nearby stall, TAKE HER POV
looking over at Scrooge and Marley in the doorway of the
counting house.

SCROOGE
...then Jaggers shall settle it!

Nancy sees Scrooge watching Marley go, his face murderous.

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED. 28

29 EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 1649 29

Hawdon comes out from an alley beside Mantalini's. He grins
as he slips away through the Christmas eve shoppers. PULL
BACK to reveal we are watching him from the POV of Frances
who stands across the street, not a happy bunny... As she
turns away, pick up Bob Cratchit as he comes out of Scrooge &
Marley's, Scrooge locking the door. Carol singers louder
now.

BOB
Good night, Mr Scrooge.
(beat)
Merry Christmas.

SCROOGE
(walking away into the
night)
Humbug.

Bob watches him go, then looks across at the carol singers
and smiles before walking away.

Pick up **Peter Cratchit** standing across the street, shivering
in the cold, looking at the light in the Old Curiosity Shop. *

CUT TO:

30 INT. JAGGERS' & TULKINGHORN. JAGGERS' OFFICE. NIGHT 1. 1705 30

A clock reads 5 o'clock. Arthur and Amelia sit in front of Jaggers, who is reading from the Will in front of him.

JAGGERS

The sums allocated to charities are to be overseen by the practice. I have asked our clerk, Mr Heep, to see that the payments are made as set out by your father.

(to Amelia)

He was also insistent that you did not grieve formally beyond the date of his burial.

Amelia smiles.

JAGGERS (CONT'D)

Which now brings us to the last section, setting out your father's wishes for the remainder of the family estate, the brewery and the house.

(reads)

To the son of my second marriage, Arthur...

(beat)

I hereby bequeath a ten per cent share in the brewery, a holding that will provide him with a suitable income until he finds his own way in the world.

Arthur's smile fades, he looks confused, Jaggers is feeling uncomfortable, but continues.

JAGGERS (CONT'D)

(reads)

The remainder of the brewery, the family home and the rest of my estate, I hereby bequeath to my daughter, Amelia.

Arthur stunned. He looks at Jaggers in disbelief, then at Amelia, before jumping to his feet.

ARTHUR

No!

He turns on an equally shocked Amelia.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You knew about this!

AMELIA

No... I swear.

(CONTINUED)

JAGGERS

I'm sorry, but these were your Father's dying wishes, I wrote it exactly as he instructed.

ARTHUR

His dying wish was to disown me?

JAGGERS

The share in the brewery is considerable Arthur.

ARTHUR

Yet she gets everything else? So I am somehow lower than her? Why? Because I'm the son of a cook? A cook he married?

AMELIA

No...

ARTHUR

What then? Explain it to me.

Amelia has no answer;

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Then refuse to accept it!

JAGGERS

I must protest.

ARTHUR

(in Amelia's face)
Renounce it!

AMELIA

I can't, Arthur, not if it's what father wanted.

(glance at Jaggers)
Please, lets talk about this at home...

ARTHUR

Didn't you hear him? I have no home!

CUT TO:

Carol singers in the distance singing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" as a furious Arthur comes out and strides away.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

*

CUT TO:

32 INT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NELL'S BEDSIDE. NIGHT 1. 1710 32

Mrs Gamp and Grandfather looking on solemnly as the doctor is checking Nell's breathing with a mirror.
 The doctor then looks at Grandfather and motions for him to join him; They move to the other side of the room.

Meanwhile we're close on Mrs Gamp, who picks up the gin bottle and is pouring another cupful, when a hand grabs her wrist. She jumps, missing the cup and spilling the gin everywhere - she turns to see Nell looking at her smiling. In shock she downs what's left in the cup.

CUT TO:

33 INT. BARBARY HOUSE. HALL. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 1. 1720 33

Frances enters the drawing room to find Edward at his desk writing. A fire roaring in the grate.

EDWARD
 (brightly)
 Is it still snowing?

FRANCES
 A little.

Frances steels herself then walks closer to Edward.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 The East Indies Textile Company has
 ceased trading.
 (pause)
 I went to visit Mr Tulkinghorn.

EDWARD
 Without my permission?

FRANCES
 Problems do not tend to themselves
 if they're ignored father.
 (beat)
 Mr Tulkinghorn was very clear, the
 funds you were expecting, will not
 arrive.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

On Edward. Disaster.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Our debts are mounting and we face
ruin.

EDWARD
Nonsense... I will talk to the
bank.

FRANCES
They will hear the news themselves
soon enough.
(beat)
We must tell Honoria.

HONORIA (O.S.)
Tell me what?

Frances turns to see Honoria handing her coat and hat to the maid, Edward stands.

EDWARD
Business my dear, nothing for you
to worry about!

FRANCES
Father.

EDWARD
It's Christmas! And so we shall
not concern ourselves with anything
else.

CUT TO:

34 INT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NIGHT 1. (SCENE CONT) 1721 34

Grandfather is showing out the rather bewildered Doctor, before rejoining Mrs Gamp and Nell, who's now sitting up in bed. He sits on the edge of her bed and holds her hand.

MRS GAMP
It's a miracle, that's what it is.

GRANDFATHER
It certainly feels that way.

MRS GAMP
I feel disopoged to celebrate.
I'll fetch a fresh bottle.

She scurries out, but then there's a terrible crash from beyond the curtain.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

MRS GAMP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nothing broke.

CUT TO:

35

INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1.

1725

35

A mass of activity as **Emily Cratchit** and the children scurry around the tiny house in a well choreographed Christmas Eve frenzy. Emily and her six children; **Martha, Belinda, the twins and Tiny Tim** navigate the space as puddings are being boiled, presents wrapped in old paper and decorations of ivy and green leaves being hung. Helping Martha is her fiance, **John Bagnet**, an anxious and eager to please young man.

EMILY
Hurry up and finish the decorations, your father will be home soon. Where's Peter?

PETER (O.S.)
Here!

Peter is coming through the back door, taking off his coat.

MARTHA
Will he have the goose?

EMILY
Yes he will.

TIM
Will it be as fat as Mrs Bumble?

EMILY
Fatter. And I've asked him to bring chestnuts.

TIM
Can we roast them on the fire?

CUT TO:

36

EXT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. (SCENE CONT) 1726 36

Snow starting to fall heavily now as Bob is walking along the street on his way home carrying a box with an old bit of sack cloth on top. He stops outside the window and looks inside at his family preparing for Christmas. Everything he holds dear under one roof.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. (SCENE CONT) 1727 37

The children all look excited as the front door opens.

MARTHA
He's home!

Everyone rushes around Bob excitedly.

EMILY
Let him through the door then...

BOB
That's quite a welcome, though I
wonder if it's for me or for the
goose...

Tim and the twins chant "You, You, You"...

EMILY
Peter! Take your father's coat.

Bob takes off his coat, scarf and hat which is spirited away.
He sees John standing next to Martha, eager for
acknowledgement.

BOB
John, very good to see you.

JOHN
Likewise, Mr Cratchit, sir.

Martha purrs at the two most important men in her life
interacting.

TIM
Did you remember the chestnuts?

Bob stops and puts a horrified hand to his mouth - everyone
looks on, wide eyed... Tim, open mouthed, horror... Until Bob
laughs, it was a joke. The best joke ever... He carries the
box to the table.

BOB
I know better than to forget your
Mother's instructions.

Emily strokes his arm, then everyone waits as Bob moves to
the box and gets ready to take away the sack cloth covering
it. With a theatrical "swish" he removes it - and the
entire family lean over to see... The smallest goose known to
man, surrounded by vegetables and a dozen chestnuts.

EMILY
Look at that, it's a Christmas
feast fit for a King. Or something
better than a King. Your father.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

The children all get excited again and make a fuss of Bob. Emily looks down at the contents of the box, knowing she has to stretch it to a meal for nine. She then sees Tim's expectant little face looking up at her, full of wonder.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Let's get these chestnuts roasting.

A look between Emily and Bob - he smiles, a shared moment between them, before she takes tiny Tim to the fire with his chestnuts and an iron pan. Bob looking at his family, his home, the best place to be in the world.

CUT TO:

38 EXT/INT. THREE Cripples PUB. NIGHT 1. 1900 38

Snow still falling heavily, carol singers still singing in the distance as a menacing figure steps out of the shadows and walks towards The Three Cripples pub. Two strong hands push open the door to reveal an explosion of sound and colour beyond. The hands belong to Bill Sikes; he surveys the pub and walks inside.

Mr Bumble holds court at the bar.

MR BUMBLE
They're little more than savages, diminutive savages perhaps, but savages just the same, yet society demands they be fed and clothed and put to work, so fed, clothed and put to work they shall be.

Mrs Gamp nurses a gin at a table. Landlord Silas Wegg comes back into the bar from the back with a tray full of empty glasses and tankards. He hands the tray to a young serving girl, **Daisy**.

SILAS
Daisy! Fill these up and take them back up to Mr Pickwick and his guests will you? Quick as you like.

Bill looking for Nancy. Silas sits on his stool behind the bar, Scrooge sits nearby, alone at a table, picking at a piece of fish and bread. Across the other side, a brooding and morose Arthur Havisham nursing his drink in the corner.

CUT TO:

39 INT. JAGGERS' & TULKINGHORN. JAGGERS OFFICE. NIGHT 1. 1950 39

Amelia with a handkerchief, clearly having cried. Jaggers offers her a glass of water.

AMELIA

Perhaps Arthur is right, I should consider renouncing father's Will.

JAGGERS

I urge you not to do anything you may come to regret.
Your father was of sound mind, to ignore the terms of his will, would be to go against his wishes.

OUT on Amelia, knowing that to be true;

CUT TO:

40 EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 1952 40

Nancy walks towards the Three Cripples. As she does so she passes the toy shop and stops to look in the window. She catches her reflection in the glass. The painted face looking back at her, amidst reflections of toys, a lost childhood...

CUT TO:

41 INT. THREE Cripples PUB. NIGHT 1. 1953 41

Bumble still holding court as Mrs Bumble enters and escorts him out, to cheers from other customers, they pass Fagin, who sits at a corner table with a small tankard. Arthur, still sitting alone, agitated, still furious, checks his pocket watch - a little before 8pm. He downs his glass, mind still racing. He sees the "Boy" collecting empty glasses.

ARTHUR

Boy! Here!

Arthur scribbles a note as the boy joins him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Do you know Narrow Street?
The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters
Tavern...

Pick up Nancy as she enters, Fagin watches as she joins Bill, who glares at Fagin before leading her out.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED

42 *

43 EXT. MARLEY'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. 2000

43

Bill Sikes and Nancy stand at Marley's front door, which opens, sending light into the street as Marley opens it.

MARLEY

I ordered a girl, not a girl and an ape.

Bill edges forward, Nancy steps in front of him.

NANCY

Bill's just making sure I got here safe, sir.

BILL

I'm to take Mr Fagin his money.

Marley looks at Bill with disdain, then drops coins into his hand, before pulling Nancy inside and slamming the door. Bill looks down at the coins in his hand then walks away and stops opposite the house, to wait, hating every second...

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED

44 *

45 **EXT. COURTS AND LEGAL BUILDING.** **NIGHT 1. 2045** 45

The snow abates, just a whisper in the air now as people hurry home to be with their families on Christmas Eve. Amelia comes out of the legal building.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
There she is, my darling, sweet,
loyal sister...

She looks to see Arthur stumbling towards her. She glances around, then steps towards him.

AMELIA
I have no wish to argue with you in
the street Arthur.

ARTHUR
Why? Don't you want people to know
that you've stolen everything from
me?

AMELIA
Not here!

He grabs her by the arm and drags her further down the street where it's darker, more dangerous...

ARTHUR
Yes here!

AMELIA
Arthur, stop it.

ARTHUR
Remember my place, you mean?

AMELIA
No!

He pulls her further down the street and snatches the whip from a parked carriage driver, the horses spook a little with the driver struggling to hold them steady.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Arthur, please! Why are you doing
this?

ARTHUR
Because you're a spoilt little
brat, spoilt for the want of a good
beating, well maybe it's time you
had one!

Still holding her arm, he raises the whip.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

AMELIA
Let go of me!

A handsome, well-dressed young man, **Meriwether Compeyson**, steps out of an alleyway and runs across the street to grab Arthur by the shoulder.

COMPEYSON
Sir!

Arthur turns to see Compeyson and takes a drunken swing at him. He side steps easily.

COMPEYSON (CONT'D)
I have no wish to fight you.
Though you're hardly in any state
to do so, if I did.
(to Amelia)
May I be of some assistance Miss?

ARTHUR
Why don't you keep your nose out of
other people's business?

Arthur lurches forward at Compeyson, who avoids the swing and punches Arthur on the jaw, sending him to the ground. Compeyson steps toward him again, leaning over him. *

AMELIA
No more please!
(beat)
You may escort me home.

Compeyson glares at Arthur in the gutter nursing a bloodied mouth. Arthur looks at Amelia, but she avoids eye contact. He struggles to his feet eyes burning embarrassment and anger. He starts to back away, then turns and runs off into the night. Amelia heartbroken.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. MARLEY'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. 2053

46 *

Bill stands outside in the snow. The door opens and a subdued Nancy appears and joins Bill, keeping her face hidden from him. *

He puts his hand under her chin and lifts her face to see her cheek is bruised.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

His face clouds and he looks up at the doorway, to see Marley. The two men exchange a look before Marley closes the door.

NANCY

Leave it, Bill, I'm all right, just get me 'ome... please.

She leads him away, Bill looks over his shoulder at the house as they go.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. SATIS HOUSE. NIGHT 1.

2055

47

*

Compeyson and Amelia stand at the front door to Satis House. A butler waiting at the open front door. A footman stands nearby with a lantern.

AMELIA

You've been very kind. Thank you.

COMPEYSON

I have always found that the best way to protect yourself from other people's bad manners is by a conspicuous display of your own, hopefully good ones.

Amelia opens her purse, hands Compeyson a card.

AMELIA

Allow me to at least offer you a carriage home, Mr...?

COMPEYSON

Compeyson. Meriwether Compeyson.
(beat)
But I'm happy to walk.

Compeyson smiles warmly. Amelia nods and offers her hand.

COMPEYSON (CONT'D)

Good night.

(beat, he looks down at
her card)

Miss Havisham.

Compeyson kisses her hand, then watches as she enters Satis House. He then walks back along the drive as two footmen close the wrought iron gates behind him.

He looks at the card again, then turns and walks away, passing a brass sign for SATIS HOUSE.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. MARLEY'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. 2058 48 *

Jacob Marley steps out of his house, he looks around, then strides away into the night. *

CUT TO:

48A INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. 2058 48A *

All the children in their night clothes sharing the chestnuts in front of the fire. Martha, sitting quietly and lovingly with John. Bob is pulling his coat back on. *

BOB
Time for my Christmas Eve stroll...
The traders will be long gone,

EMILY
See if they've left any mistletoe.

Bob nods, they kiss and he leaves. Emily turns to look at the children, just a hint of concern in her face. *

CUT TO:

48B EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 2059 48B *

Marley walking through our streets, passing the Three Cripples pub, he stops at the entrance to an alley and checks his pocket watch. As he heads down the alley a church bell in the distance starts to chime 9pm. *

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED 49 *

50 INT. THREE CRIPPLES PUB. NIGHT 1. 2100 50 *

The pub getting rowdier, a piano playing now.

Through the noisy pub the faint sound of a church bell in the distance... Two... *

Daisy busy serving, looking around for Silas, but his stool behind the bar is empty, he's not there.

CUT TO:

50A EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 2100 50A *

Silas steps out of the side door, the church bell rings in the distance. *
the distance. *

CUT TO: *

50B EXT. FAGIN'S LAIR. NIGHT 1 2100 50B *

Church bell chimes in the distance. Fagin at the top of his stairs with a candle which illuminates his face, he blows it out and exits. *
*
*

CUT TO: *

50C OMITTED 50C *

CUT TO: *

50D EXT. DOCKS ALLEY NIGHT 1. 2100 50D *

Marley at the head of the tunnel walking towards us. *

CUT TO: *

50E EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT 1. 2100 50E *

Bill Sikes turns in an alley. Church bell rings. *

CUT TO: *

50F EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 2100 50F *

Bob picking up a bit of mistletoe beside a closed up market stall, hears the bell chime and looks up. *
*

CUT TO: *

50G EXT. MUDGUT STREET - TOWARDS BILL'S NIGHT 1. 2100 50G *

Scrooge heads down Mudgut Street into the night. Church bell chimes. *
*

CUT TO: *

50H EXT. DOCKS ALLEY NIGHT 1. 2100 50H *
 Marley arrives at the end of the tunnel and turns towards the docks. *
 *
 CUT TO: *

50I EXT. BARBARY HOUSE. NIGHT 1 2100 50I *
 Edward steps outside, closing the door quietly behind him as the church bell chimes. *
 *
 CUT TO: *

50J EXT. DOCKS NIGHT 1 2100 50J *
 The last chime... Nine... Marley at the entrance to the alley, takes one last look at his pocket watch before he puts it away, then glances around. *
 *
 CUT TO: *

51 OMITTED 51 *

52 OMITTED 52 *

52A EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 1. 2129 52A *
 Establishing. A few people rushing home late on Christmas Eve. *
 *
 53 INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1. 2130 53 *
 Bob enters from outside as Emily enters from the back yard with a bucket of coal wearing a shawl. She puts the coal down and shrugs off her shawl, untying her apron and joining him as he opens the bag to produce a couple of sorry looking oranges and a sprig of mistletoe.
 CUT TO:

54 EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT. 54

Arthur Havisham leans against a wall, dishevelled, bloodied, beaten, alone... He leans forward to spit. A shock of red blood in the snow.

He wipes his mouth with his sleeve, smearing blood from his lip. He unscrews the hip flask he's holding and takes a swig.

The brandy hurts his lip, he touches it.

ARTHUR
You didn't have to hit me quite so hard.

He hands his hip flask to his left. Widen to reveal Compeyson who takes the hip flask.

COMPEYSON
You told me to be convincing.

As Compeyson swigs from the flask...revenge in Arthur's eyes.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT. 55

A lantern moving towards us in a long alley, a gentle swing as it moves towards us.

Eventually we see its held by a young boy.

He turns into Dockside alley and stops suddenly, lifting his lantern, there's something blocking his way.

The orange glow of the lantern gradually illuminates the dark shape on the floor at his feet until it rests on the cold dead face of Jacob Marley, his lifeless eyes staring back at him... A bloody wound on his head.

The boy gasps, shocked - He drops the lantern snapping us to BLACK

END OF EPISODE ONE