



RED PLANET PICTURES

Dickensian

Episode 3

By
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YELLOW
Shooting Script

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FANNY

Them alleys are no place to be
walking on your own at night, how
many times have I said it?

MRS GAMP

I heard his throat was cut.

FANNY

I heard he was stabbed, through the
heart, his innards strewn across
the cobbles.

MRS BUMBLE

Take my arm Bumble, I feel faint.

MRS GAMP

Mr Venus says there's an Inspector,
from a new police office called the
Detective... Investigating any what
knew Mr Marley.

FANNY

That will be the gentleman I saw
yesterday outside Scrooge and
Marley's.

MRS GAMP

Yes it will!
The one you thought was a murderer.

MRS BUMBLE

Murderer! Another one! Take me
home Bumble, we're besieged!

MR BUMBLE

Yes dear.
(nods at Mrs Gamp and
Fanny)
Ladies.

Fanny watches Mr Bumble shepherd a complaining Mrs Bumble
away, let them go as they pass Peter Cratchit waiting on the
pavement. Bob joins him.

BOB

Alright son?

Bob follows Peter's line of vision to see Nell and her
Grandfather step out of The Old Curiosity Shop. She's wearing
the yellow ribbon in her hair, sees Peter and they exchange a
smile. A wry smile from Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

I remember when I first went to ask
Grandfather James if I could take
your Mother out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

I got so tongue tied, telling him how hard working I was, he thought I was asking if I could clean the windows.

PETER

So what happened?

BOB

I ended up cleaning the windows.

Bob grins. Go back to Mrs Gamp and Fanny Biggetywitch.

MRS GAMP

Best be off, Mr Wegg is waiting. His leg's playing up again. Angry looking sores he said, kept him up all night.

FANNY

You and him seem to be getting very close.

MRS GAMP

Fanny Biggetywitch... To suggest I am disposed to enter into a romantic liaison with Mr Wegg as I'm draining the pus from his one good leg, is very insulting indeed and I'll thank you not to repeat it. Good day.

Mrs Gamp scurries away in a ball of moral indignation, leaving a less than impressed Fanny, who then sees Scrooge unlocking the counting house; she strides over to catch him by manoeuvring herself between Scrooge and the door.

FANNY

Morning Mr Scrooge.

SCROOGE

Miss Biggetywitch.

FANNY

I was most distressed to hear about Mr Marley's demise.

SCROOGE

Why? What was he to you?

FANNY

Well nothing now you ask, but you'd have to be very cold hearted not to mourn the loss of a person, even if he or she were no more than a passing acquaintance.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

SCROOGE

If you say so.

FANNY

I heard his innards were strewn
about...Scrooge goes inside and shuts the door, Bob appears and goes
in after him.

CUT TO:

3

INT. POLICE STATION. BUCKET'S OFFICE. DAY 3. 0810 3Desk Sergeant at Front Desk. Bucket looking at his notebook,
now open in front of him, his finger taps the name Nancy. He
then gets up and grabs his coat and hat.

CUT TO:

4

INT. THE THREE CRIPPLES. DAY 3. 0820 4Silas sits with his leg up on a stool, Mrs Gamp beside him
with a bowl of water, bathing his leg sores.

MRS GAMP

Never hear anyone say a good word
about him. They must have enough
suspects to go three times round St
Pauls...

SILAS

There'll be money at the heart of
it, sure as I've got woodworm.

MRS GAMP

You ought to take more care, sores
in your one good leg, worm in the
other, you'll not have any means to
stay upright soon.

SILAS

Mr Venus rubbed beeswax on it.
Worms can't abide beeswax.

MRS GAMP

I did have a thought about how you
smelled very sweet for a publican,
as you rolled up your trouser
leg...

A beat, Silas watching Mrs Gamp tending to his leg.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

SILAS

So how much is this attention going to cost me Mrs Gamp? If you don't mind me asking..

MRS GAMP

Mr Wegg! I'm horrified that you'd think I was disposed to take money from you.
Money should not be exchanged between friends.

A beat.

MRS GAMP (CONT'D)

Of course, if you felt my kindness was worthy of a gin or two...

SILAS

Two gins it is then.

MRS GAMP

I'll get one of them now.

A look from Silas as Mrs Gamp leaves his leg and heads for the bottle of gin at the bar.

CUT TO:

5

INT. FAGIN'S DEN. DAY 3. 0840

5

Fagin sitting at his old desk with an eyeglass, inspecting items of jewelry which he takes from an opened handkerchief in front of him.

BUCKET (O.S.)

Good morning Fagin.

Fagin looks up. If he's shocked to see Inspector Bucket, he doesn't show it.

[As they speak, and without looking at them, Fagin slowly wraps the items of jewelry back in the handkerchief and then into the drawer.]

FAGIN

Inspector Bucket... You're very light on your feet, for a man of your stature if you don't mind me saying..

BUCKET

I've always found it to be a very useful trait in my line of work.

(CONTINUED)

FAGIN

(laughs)

Indeed my dear, very droll, very
droll indeed...

The jewelry now away, Fagin closes the drawer and smiles at
Bucket who knows full well the jewelry was probably stolen.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

It's so nice to see you after such
a long time. Some refreshment?

BUCKET

Do you know a man called Jacob
Marley?

FAGIN

May he rest in peace.
A terrible thing... The world is
full of thieves and cut throats.

A look from Bucket.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

No secrets in this part of town my
dear, other peoples business is a
currency all of its own...

BUCKET

I asked if you knew him.

FAGIN

I don't believe I ever made his
acquaintance.

BUCKET

Then can I ask where I might have
found you on Christmas Eve?
Say between nine and half past ten
o'clock?

FAGIN

Surely I'm not under suspicion
Inspector, I'm not a man of
violence, as you very well know.

BUCKET

I know all too well what you are
Fagin, would you like me to repeat
my question?

FAGIN

Between nine and ten thirty?
A bite to eat in the Three
Cripples, then here my dear, sat by
the fire.

(CONTINUED)

Bucket looks at the large woollen curtain partitioning the room, Fagin sees this.

BUCKET

Can anyone vouch for that?

Bucket slowly walks to the curtain.

FAGIN

Those that saw me in the Three Cripples, anyone who may have seen me walk home, because home is where I was.

BUCKET

Organising a girl called Nancy to send to Jacob Marley? A man you didn't know.

A look from Fagin - what does he know?

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Come Fagin, we know each other well enough do we not?

(beat)

A girl being sent to a man like Mr Marley, on your patch?

If it wasn't you who sent her, I'll wager you'd know who did.

(beat)

I could have a dozen constables here in the blink of an eye.

FAGIN

Nancy goes where she pleases.

Bucket then pulls the curtain aside. Nothing there. He looks back at Fagin.

BUCKET

You see much of Bill Sikes these days?

FAGIN

Sikes?

BUCKET

He looked after your girls from time to time didn't he? Delivered them where they had to go. Carried a wooden cosh as I recall.

FAGIN

I'm not really in that business any more.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

BUCKET

Except for this Nancy of course.

(beat)

I'd like to speak to her.

FAGIN

You know what these girls are like
Inspector, here today, gone
tomorrow and what with it being
Christmas and all, I'm not sure I
can find her.

Bucket walks back to Fagin, studies him and speaks quietly
but with unmistakable authority.

BUCKET

These constables I mentioned Fagin.
We could search this place inch by
inch, pull up a floorboard or
two... Who knows what we'd find.

(beat)

The girl is of less importance, I
don't doubt Mr Marley was alive and
well when she left him and bearing
in mind the anomalies of the
season, I'll give you a day or two
to locate her and have her come see
me.

But as for Bill Sikes...

(beat, leans in)

I'll have his address now if you
please...

OUT on Fagin, wondering how to get out of this corner he's
in.

CUT TO:

6

INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM. DAY 3. 0845

6

Arthur trying to press a shirt on a table, something he's
never done before. He slams down the flat iron in frustration
as Compeyson enters.

ARTHUR

I'm having to press my own clothes.
It's barbaric!

COMPEYSON

Then find yourself a laundress for
heavens sake.

ARTHUR

Where?

(CONTINUED)

COMPEYSON

Ask someone.

ARTHUR

(beat)

Actually Compeyson, I've been thinking, maybe I should be at home, at Satis House.. I could be more useful there.

COMPEYSON

And have your shirts pressed for you?

(beat)

You've never been poor have you Havisham?

A moment, Compeyson's guard slips just a little, as he looks away, remembers something in his past;

*
*

COMPEYSON (CONT'D)

When you have nothing...
The one thing that burns into your soul more than the poverty itself is watching those around you with less wit, who have everything..
The injustice of it tears at your soul.

*

A beat, as he regains his composure, now turning back to engage fully with Arthur.

*
*

COMPEYSON (CONT'D)

No-one will give you what is rightfully yours Arthur, you must wrench it from those who have taken it from you.

*
*
*
*
*

(beat)

Become the hunter rather than the hunted.

*

Arthur glances at the abandoned shirt and flat iron and shakes his head. Compeyson smiles and pats him on the back.

*

COMPEYSON (CONT'D)

And to win over this sister of yours, I will need cash. She must view me as an equal, a man of means. Fifty should do it.

*

ARTHUR

Where am I to get my hands on that kind of money?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

COMPEYSON

I'm sure you'll think of something.
The hunter, not the hunted,
remember?

*
*
*

CUT TO:

7

EXT STREET/ EXT MANTALINIS . DAY 3. 0900

7

*

Honoraria is on her way at Mantalini's. Her enjoyment of the winter morning is spoiled by Frances, hot on her heels, persistent as ever...

*
*
*

FRANCES

*

Does Amelia Havisham know you are seeing your Captain?

HONORARIA

She is my friend.

FRANCES

And does she approve?

HONORARIA

True friends do not pass judgement on each other.

FRANCES

And if he isn't promoted and remains penniless, you will desist from seeing him?

HONORARIA

He will get his promotion, then he will call on father officially for his blessing.
Fortunately I don't need yours.

FRANCES

No you don't. You will do as you wish Honoraria, as always.
Since Mother died I have been expected to take her place running the house whilst you seem to be left to do as you please without a care in the world.

They arrive outside Mantalini's and Honoraria places a hand on the door..

*
*

HONORARIA

The role of Mother is one you took upon yourself, ignoring the fact that you lacked any of the qualities necessary to carry it out.

Honoraria strides into the shop letting the door swing to behind her leaving a fuming Frances standing in the street.

*
*

CUT TO:

8 CONTINUED:

8

The constables turn to look at Inspector Bucket. He nods and they all rush inside, Bucket strolls towards the lodgings.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BILL'S ROOM. DAY 3. 0906

9

Bill at his table, he looks up as the door crashes open, as he sees the four constables burst through, he stands and darts to his left, but they're on him before he gets far.

Bucket enters and stands in the doorway looking at Bill and the four constables, holding him down.

BUCKET
Let him up lads.

The constables look at each other, thinking that's not a great idea. Bucket picks up the upturned chair by the table.

BUCKET (CONT'D)
Come on, he knows he's not going
anywhere, sit him down here.

They lift Bill and sit him back at the table, he glares at Bucket, murder in his eyes. Bucket nods at them reassuringly and they slowly step back.

BILL
(glares at the Constables
around him)
You aint got no cause for all this.

BUCKET
Come now, you didn't expect me to
come looking for you on my own.

BILL
I wish you had...

A wry smile from Bucket. He sits down opposite Bill.

BUCKET
I need to ask you a few questions
is all. About Mr Jacob Marley.

BILL
I aint got nothing to say to you.

BUCKET
It's murder Bill. Someone will
hang. Lots of people more important
than me, aren't too fussy who.

Bucket stares deep into the malevolent eyes of Bill, then without turning away from Bill he addresses his constables..

(CONTINUED)

BUCKET (CONT'D)

When you came in here lads, I'm assuming Mr Sikes here didn't sit still and wait for you to jump on him.

(beat)

So which way did he move?

(beat)

To his left or to his right?

The constables not really understanding. Bill glares at Bucket but can't stop his eyes having just the slightest flicker to his left. A wry smile from Bucket who now looks in that direction, an old armchair by the fire. He stands and walks to the chair.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

I dare say when you saw these four big lumps coming through your door, you thought you might need a leveller eh Bill?

Bucket throws back a dark cloak/blanket which is hanging over the chair revealing an old battered, wooden cosh. He holds it up for Bill to see - a moment between them.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Lock him up and let him sweat for a bit, bore some of that swagger out of him.

(beat)

I have more calls to make, then I'll be back to question him.

Bucket leaves and the four policemen grab Bill.

CUT TO:

Arthur sits in a chair, his shirt looking very creased, all a bit tragic. Jaggars is pulling on his coat, ready to go out.

JAGGERS

But why do you need cash Arthur? You'll have your salary from the brewery, due each month. That's not insubstantial.

ARTHUR

Wages? Paid by my sister.

JAGGERS

You also own a ten per cent stake in the brewery.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

ARTHUR

I'm his son, it should all be mine.

JAGGERS

I feel obliged to ask again, why do you need the money?

On Arthur, he clearly can't say.

ARTHUR

I don't have to explain myself to you, I am not a child.

JAGGERS

No, but how am I to release funds without demonstrating good cause?

ARTHUR

I cannot always be at the mercy of my sister, it's impossible!

JAGGERS

She's the head of the company.

ARTHUR

That won't last, the board will never accept her, wait and see.

JAGGERS

Your father made provision for you that will reward hard work and honest endeavour.
You have a home and despite your misgivings, a sister who cares for you deeply.
If you were just to embrace your fathers wishes... Go home Arthur.

On Arthur - troubled, not knowing what to do...

CUT TO:

11

INT. SATIS HOUSE. DAY 3. 1000

11

Amelia in her father's study, looking very small and very out of her depth.

On the desk a photograph, A proud father with his two small children. A family united.

CUT TO:

12 INT. THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. DAY 3. 1005 12

Inspector Bucket stands with Grandfather. Nell puts a small suitcase on top of a trunk by the door and smiles at Grandfather.

 GRANDFATHER
 Thank you Nell.

She nods and moves away.

 BUCKET
 You're going away?

 GRANDFATHER
 I am visiting my nephew.

 BUCKET
 For long?

 GRANDFATHER
 A week or so.

Bucket looks over at Nell.

 GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
 My granddaughter knows more about
 the shop than I ever did.
 Please continue Inspector.

 BUCKET
 Mr Marley's journal shows he made a
 collection here on Christmas Eve.

 GRANDFATHER
 Yes he did.

 BUCKET
 How did he seem to you?

 GRANDFATHER
 "Seem"?

 BUCKET
 His mood?

 GRANDFATHER
 Black as always.

 BUCKET
 You disliked him?

 GRANDFATHER
 Intensely.

Bucket makes a note in his notebook, which Grandfather clearly finds a little disconcerting.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

BUCKET

Enough to take his life?

GRANDFATHER

Given the right circumstance,
perhaps. But though I do not mourn
him, I am not the man you're
looking for.

BUCKET

Even so. Can I ask where you were
Christmas Eve?

GRANDFATHER

Here.

BUCKET

(makes another note)
Alone?

LITTLE NELL

With me.

Bucket looks up at Nell who stands at her Grandfather's side.

LITTLE NELL (CONT'D)

I've been sick and he didn't leave
my side.

Bucket studies Grandfather and Little Nell.

CUT TO:

13

SCENE OMITTED.

13

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

14 MARKET STREET. DAY. 1009 14

CONT.

Honoria and Hawdon looking in the Jewellers window. They are relaxed, playful.

HONORIA
I'm not entirely sure I'm ready to
be an officers wife.

HAWDON
When my promotion comes, you'll
have no choice.

HONORIA
Won't I, now?

HAWDON
No, you'll have to do my bidding.
Follow orders like everyone else.

HONORIA
Except I'm not everyone else.

HAWDON
You'll tow the line, Miss Barbary
or I shall put you on report.

(CONTINUED)

HONORIA

No seriously, this isn't going to work, I might be persuaded to be the good little wife in public for the sake of appearances, but once we're at home it will have to be a different matter.

14

CONTINUED:

14

HAWDON

Nonsense. My word will be law.

HONORIA

Is that so?

HAWDON

Yes it is.

HONORIA

In that case...

She scrapes a handful of snow from the shop window ledge and begins to form a snowball.

HAWDON

You wouldn't dare...

HONORIA

No?

She throws the snowball in his face and scurries away. He catches her, his face and hair full of snow and grabs her as a very stuffy looking couple pass, looking at them disapprovingly. They compose themselves.

HAWDON

Please excuse my future wife, she's quite wild.. But don't worry, I shall tame her!

The stuffy couple are NOT amused, they turn away as Hawdon and Honoria giggle.

CUT TO:

15

EXT/INT. BARBARY HOUSE. DAY 3. 1215 15

Door knocking. Frances coming down the stairs as Rose opens the door.

SERGEANT GEORGE (O.S.)

May I see Miss Barbary? It's a matter of some urgency..

Frances joins Rose at the front door to see an agitated young man in uniform. **Sergeant George.**

FRANCES

It's alright Rose, I'll deal with this.

Rose moves away.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

SERGEANT GEORGE

Begging your pardon ma'am, I'm
looking for Captain Hawdon. Only
he confided in me that he was
calling on Miss Barbary today and I
have urgent need of him.

FRANCES

He said he'd be here? At the house?

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT GEORGE

No ma'am. As it's a matter of some importance I took it on myself to call and ask if his whereabouts were known.

FRANCES

No they are not.

SERGEANT GEORGE

Then I am sorry for troubling you ma'am. Miss...

Sergeant George steps away, Frances is suddenly intrigued;

FRANCES

You say it's important?

SERGEANT GEORGE

Indeed it is Miss.

FRANCES

Then perhaps you'd like to leave a message.

Frances waits, George realises he has to tell her now;

SERGEANT GEORGE

It's Colonel Mortimer you see Miss, a change of plan, we've now had word that he will be at the barracks for an hour or two until six o'clock this evening.

FRANCES

That's it?

SERGEANT GEORGE

Yes ma'am, the Captain will understand.

The Sergeant again moves to go, Frances feels she needs to know more.

FRANCES

No wait.

Sergeant George looks back.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

If it's as important as you say, I'm keen to give him the message properly and promptly on his return.. Yet I'm unsure as to the nature of the Colonel's visit...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

FRANCES (CONT'D)

The Captain is very dear to me you see.

Sergeant George smiles and relaxes.

SERGEANT GEORGE

It's well known that the Colonel likes Captain Hawdon and also that he has a commission to offer before leaving to go to the colonies.

(leans in a little,
conspiratorial)

So you see if the Captain can get to the barracks before six, well it would serve him very well indeed.

Sergeant George takes a slip of paper from his pocket.

SERGEANT GEORGE (CONT'D)

I wrote him a note to say as much.

FRANCES

(taking the note)

Then I shall ensure the Captain gets it, the very second I see him.

SERGEANT GEORGE

Thank you Miss. Good day to you.

FRANCES

Good day.

Sergeant George leaves. Frances watches him go.

CUT TO:

16

INT. TAXIDERMIST. DAY 3. 1230

16

Mr Venus with the distinctive sliver of wood under a magnifying glass and the cosh taken from Bill. Inspector Bucket looks on.

MR VENUS

Sorry Mr Bucket, it didn't come from here. There's just about everything else on here, blood, bits of hair, even a bit of bone, but no chip out of it what matches.

(beat)

Maybe he's got another cosh tucked away.. But this isn't the one used to murder Jacob Marley.

On Bucket, not overjoyed at the news.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 3. 1235 17

Honorita and Captain James stop outside Mantalini's.

HONORIA

I hate having to snatch time here and there.

JAMES

Soon, we'll never be apart. You'll be my wife and we'll travel the world, to the colonies. India! You'll ride an elephant at sunset.

HONORIA

You really think all that can happen?

JAMES

I'll make it so.

They're aware they are in public and people are passing, but are yearning for physical contact.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I ache for you, every second of
every minute of every hour of every
day.

He takes her hand and kisses it, staring into her eyes.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM. DAY 3. 1236 18

Arthur staring out of the window as there's a knock at the door. He strides to open it. He's shocked to see Amelia.

AMELIA

Arthur.

ARTHUR

What are you doing here?

AMELIA

Aren't you going to ask me in?

Arthur taken aback as Amelia sweeps past him, leaving him to close the door behind her. Amelia looks around the room.

ARTHUR

I'm afraid it's not what you're used to.

AMELIA

Nor you.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

To what do I owe the pleasure,
sister?

AMELIA

Perhaps I could bring myself to
understand why you may be angry
with father, but it's beyond me why
you act with such hostility toward
me.

ARTHUR

You wonder why I'm hostile, when
you now have everything that is
mine by right?

AMELIA

It was father's last wish that I
inherit, what am I to do?

ARTHUR

Give it to me!

AMELIA

And go against father's dying
wishes? You ask too much.

ARTHUR

Then why are you here? Just to
revel in my misery?

AMELIA

I'm here to ask you to come home.

ARTHUR

I don't have a home.

AMELIA

We both know that's not true.

A moment between them, is Arthur wavering;

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Perhaps we can also discuss your
salary from the brewery, make
things more comfortable for you.

ARTHUR

(the moment gone, he
laughs, incredulous)
So that's why you came?
To offer me charity!
The crumbs from your table?

AMELIA

It doesn't have to be like this
Arthur.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

ARTHUR

Then give me what's mine.

AMELIA

I cannot.

A moment between them, before Arthur wrenches the door open.

ARTHUR

Then get out!

Amelia studies Arthur, he is angry. Without a word she passes him and out.

CUT TO:

19

INT. THREE CRIPPLES. DAY 3. 1330

19

Mr Bumble is sitting in a chair by the fire, talking to Mrs Gamp.

MR BUMBLE

With all the talk of murderers roaming the streets Mrs Bumble has worn herself out and is sleeping, which is a state I find very acceptable.

MRS GAMP

On account of the peace and quiet her sleeping provides no doubt.

MR BUMBLE

Mrs Bumble is a very passionate woman in every respect, but mostly she is very passionate about giving instruction and insisting those instructions are carried out to the letter. Which can be very tiring not only to her what is supplying that passionate entreaty but also to him what is in receipt of it.

MRS GAMP

You have the patience of a saint Mr Bumble, I've often said it... You warm yourself by the fire and let me fetch you a drink.

Mrs Gamp gets to her feet.

MR BUMBLE

Thank you Mrs Gamp, your nursing capacity knows no bounds. A small ale will suffice.

(CONTINUED)

Bumble places a coin in her hand, but her hand doesn't move, she smiles sweetly at Mr Bumble, who quickly gets the message.

MR BUMBLE (CONT'D)

Can I tempt you to join me?

MRS GAMP

Mr Bumble! Drinking during the day, in the company of a married gentleman? In a public place, for everyone to see and to risk them what sees to jump to conclusions what are untrue and without foundation? To risk my good name and my standing in the community for the sake of a shot of gin?

(beat)

I'd better make it just the one.

Bumble goes back to his purse; GO TO: Silas Wegg at the bar with Inspector Bucket.

SILAS

Mr Fagin and Mr Scrooge were definitely in here, I served 'em meself...
Bill Sikes too, but he left before the other two as I recall...

BUCKET

Time?

SILAS

Hard to say, we were busy Christmas Eve, one hour merges into another.

BUCKET

I don't doubt it Mr Wegg and I don't wish to tax you more than I must, but if I were to say to you that Bill Sikes left here just before eight o'clock, how much later than that would you say Mr Scrooge or Mr Fagin left? Could that have been before half past ten o'clock?

SILAS

Could have been.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. DAY 3. 1415 20

Edward Barbary sits in front of Scrooge who counts the bank notes in front of him.

 SCROOGE
The funds you were expecting
arrived?

 EDWARD
You have seven pounds in your hand
sir.

 SCROOGE
And another forty that isn't.

 EDWARD
You'll have the rest when I have
it.

 SCROOGE
You talk about the repayment of
your loan as something that will
happen at your convenience and not
according to the terms we agreed.
I will see the rest or you shall
see the bailiff.

 EDWARD
How dare you speak to me like that?

 SCROOGE
If you prefer polite conversation
over tea and dilled cucumber
sandwiches, perhaps you would be
better placed asking your bankers
to lend you money?

Edward avoids eye contact with Scrooge.

 SCROOGE (CONT'D)
I thought not. Good day, sir.

Edward glares at Scrooge before leaving, passing Arthur on his way in. Scrooge looks Arthur up and down.

 SCROOGE (CONT'D)
So what brings a Havisham to my
humble establishment?

 ARTHUR
A loan.

 SCROOGE
Security?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

ARTHUR

I have a stake in the Havisham
brewery.

Scrooge's eyes glisten...

CUT TO:

21 EXT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NIGHT 3. 1615 21

Peter fresh from work, smooths down his hair and adjusts himself, before raising his hand to enter the Old Curiosity Shop. Before he does so, the door opens and he finds himself face to face with Nell's Grandfather.

CUT TO:

22 INT. POLICE STATION. CELLS. NIGHT 3. 1620 22

Bill sits alone, not looking particularly uncomfortable, giving the sense its not the first police cell he's inhabited. He doesn't even look up at the clang of keys or when Bucket appears with two Constables. The Constables stay in case they're needed, Bucket steps up to sit beside Bill.

BUCKET

Well you've had a good while to think. Is there anything you'd like to tell me?

Bill looks up now, glaring at Bucket.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Like to grab hold of my head and push it through that wall Bill wouldn't you?

(beat)

Temper you see, I've got one meself, though Mrs Bucket has rounded the edge off it over the years.

(beat)

I know you dropped a girl called Nancy off at Jacob Marley's at eight o'clock, picked her up again. What time?

BILL

Nine.

BUCKET

And where did you go from then until half past ten?

BILL

For a drink.

BUCKET

Where?

BILL

Can't remember.

A look from Bucket, he decides to change tack.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

BUCKET

Tell me about this Nancy, Bill..
Pretty is she?

Bill reacts for the first time at the mention of Nancy.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

It's a crying shame it is.
Sending a young girl to a man like
that.
Not a nice man by all accounts.

Bucket watches Bill's fists tighten, anger rising.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Hate to think of it.
(beat, then quietly)
Is that why you done him Bill? Did
he hurt her? After you dropped her
off home, you went back didn't you?
You saw him leave the house and
followed him. Down towards the
docks, waiting for your moment,
then he turned down that alley..
Out of sight and you saw your
chance! Didn't you Bill?

A beat.

BILL

No. And you've got no proof I did.
Cos if you did you wouldn't be here
still talking to me...

(beat)

I got witnesses that will swear
they saw me somewhere else when
Marley got what was coming to him.
So if you've got something, then
let's you and me do a little dance
for the beak in the morning.
But if you haven't, then I want to
be sleeping in my own bed tonight.

OUT on Bucket.

CUT TO:

23

INT. BARBARY HOUSE. HALL . NIGHT 3. 1630 23

A slightly flushed Honoria enters the hallway and takes off
her hat and coat. Frances appears on the stairs.

FRANCES

You're home.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

HONORIA

So it would seem.

FRANCES

Your Captain has returned to his barracks?

HONORIA

No, he's not due back until tomorrow, why do you ask?

FRANCES

I was being polite, I'm sorry, it won't happen again.

HONORIA

Please Frances, I have no wish to argue with you.

(beat)

Were there any callers for me?

FRANCES

None.

Frances watches as Honoria walks out of the hallway.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT 3. 1700

24

Bob walks home in good spirits, as the Old Curiosity Shop comes into view he looks across to see a very glum looking Peter inside, cleaning the windows. Bob grins broadly, before continuing on his way, let him go and pick up Bill Sikes who steps out of the shadows.

CUT TO:

25

INT. BARBARY HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 3 1759.

25

Honoria, Frances and Edward have just finished a meal. Frances has her bible beside her.

FRANCES

Honoria, now Christmas Day is out of the way, we've been meaning to talk to you... About father's business interests...

EDWARD

(looking up)

Frances, no...

FRANCES

She has a right to know.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

HONORIA

Know what?

FRANCES

We are facing ruin.

Honoraria looks at her father who bows his head.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Our suppliers in the East Indies
have ceased trading, a month after
we had paid in advance for an
extremely large order.

EDWARD

All is not lost, there may still be
some stock..

FRANCES

We have no money, our Christmas was
purchased with a loan from Scrooge
and Marley.

(beat)

Father had hoped to protect you,
but I'm sure you would want to
share the burden.

HONORIA

(looks at Edward)

Of course I would!

Frances stands and picks up her bible;

FRANCES

Excellent. Then I shall leave
father to explain everything to you
himself..

Frances turns as the small clock on the sideboard chimes six
o'clock, she allows herself just the faintest of smiles,
before leaving the room.

CUT TO:

26

INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM. NIGHT 3. 1805

26

Compeyson sits in the chair, a little agitated. He stands
eagerly as the door opens to reveal Arthur.

COMPEYSON

Arthur, where have you been, I've
been waiting hours!

ARTHUR

(calmly)

You set me a task did you not?

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

Compeyson reacts, avaricious, suddenly interested;

COMPEYSON

And?

A moment between them, before Arthur takes out a large envelope from under his jacket and hands it to Compeyson who opens it and takes out a huge bundle of bank notes, he looks up at Arthur in wonder.

ARTHUR

Use it as you will.

(beat)

I want every penny back that belongs to me.

CUT TO:

27

INT. FAGIN'S DEN. NIGHT 3. 1810 27

Fagin comes out from behind the woollen curtain to find Bill Sikes staring at him, oozing menace. Fagin immediately warm, and amiable.

FAGIN

Bill my dear, thank goodness, I've been trying to get word to you all day.

BILL

Is that right?

FAGIN

I thought you needed to know, Inspector Bucket is looking for you.

BILL

Here was he?

FAGIN

A fleeting visit.

BILL

Funny he came here looking, when all the time he knew where I lived.

FAGIN

He did?

BILL

Must have done, on account of him kicking my door in.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

BILL (CONT'D)

Unless of course he only found out
where I lived after he'd been here.

FAGIN

I'd mind what you're saying Bill,
you shouldn't go accusing people of
things like that...

BILL

Sell me down the river did you
Fagin?

FAGIN

You've had a very difficult day my
dear, I can see that... Come and
warm yourself by the fire, see if I
can't find you a drop of something.

Bill steps in to Fagin with a real air of menace.

BILL

How about I crack open your skull
and see if the lies fall out...

Bill moves forward just an inch further then stops and looks
down. Fagin is holding a cut throat razor to his heart.

Fagin's expression changes, now it's him who has the menace..

FAGIN

Have you forgotten who I am Bill?
In your rage? Forgotten the order
of things my dear?
(beat, he leans in; sotto)
You threaten me again and I'll gut
you like a fish and feed you to the
rats.

A moment between them, Bill clearly weighing up his chances.

FAGIN (CONT'D)

Now or never Bill...

A moment, then Bill spins on his heels and walks out.

On Fagin, no sign of concern as he puts his blade back under
his coat. He moves away behind the curtain, he passes a
small wooden box, which had been covered by cloth, but the
cloth is moved by Fagin's coat as he passes.

Let Fagin go and PAN DOWN to the wooden box, now revealed as
a box of wallets, there on the top is a brown leather wallet
with the initials J.M in brass studded letters....

CUT TO:

28 INT. BARBARY'S HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 3. 1815 28

Frances opens her bible and takes Sergeant George's note, she glances over her shoulder towards the dining room before holding it over a candle, watching it burn, before throwing it into the fire.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE THREE