



Dickensian

Episode 3

By
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YELLOW
Shooting Script

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FADE IN:

1 INT. POLICE STATION . BUCKET'S OFFICE. DAY 3. 0755 1

Desk sergeant and another uniformed constable at the front desk looking over quizzically at Inspector Bucket who sits in the corner at his desk alone, his notebook beside him, with a pair of tweezers and a magnifying glass, he is studying the small oddly shaped sliver of wood retrieved from Jacob Marley's scalp.

MRS BUMBLE (V.O.)
You hear that Bumble? Murdered!

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 3. 0756 2

A cake stall, as Mr and Mrs Bumble hold court with Mrs Gamp and Fanny. Mrs Bumble testing the cakes as she talks.

MR BUMBLE
Yes my love, a terrible business.

MRS BUMBLE
A moneylender! Murdered. Not two streets away.
This is what you meant was it?
When you promised my father you would keep me in the style to which I'd become accustomed?
You think that's what I'm accustomed to, do you Bumble?
Living amongst murderers?

MR BUMBLE
No my sweet... though it was a pledge I made some twenty years ago...

MRS BUMBLE
Life Bumble! Til death us do part was the vow as I recall.
Or perhaps that's what you want?
Is that it Bumble? You want me to be murdered? To be rid of me?

Just a flicker of something behind the eyes of Mr Bumble.

MR BUMBLE
No dear heart. How could I survive without you? I doubt I could get through a single day without your very clear and concise instruction.

(CONTINUED)

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)

2

CONTINUED:

2

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 manoeuvering 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 3

Desk 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 4

Silas 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)

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 dispoged 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:

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)

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)

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:

INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM. DAY 3. 0845

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)

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 *

Honoria 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?

*

HONORIA

She is my friend.

FRANCES

And does she approve?

HONORIA

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?

HONORIA

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 Honoria, 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 Mantalinis' and Honoria places a hand on the door..

*
*

HONORIA

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.

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

*
*

CUT TO:

8

EXT. DOCKSIDE ALLEY.

DAY 3.

0905

8

Bucket and three constables scurry along the long alley towards the docks and Bill Sikes' lodgings.

(CONTINUED)

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

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S ROOM. DAY 3. 0906

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:

10 INT. JAGGERS' OFFICE. DAY 3. 0945 10

Arthur sits in a chair, his shirt looking very creased, all a bit tragic. Jaggers 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)

14

CONTINUED:

14

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

15

CONTINUED:

15

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

Honoria 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)

19

CONTINUED:

19

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

Honorria, 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.

Honorria 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