

# MOONFLOWER MURDERS

## EPISODE FOUR

WRITTEN BY | Anthony Horowitz  
*Adapted from his bestselling novel*

PINK AMENDS  
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1      **EXT. THE COTTAGE, BRANLOW HALL (2015) - DAY FB1, 18:00**      1

ESTABLISHING SHOT: This is the cottage where AIDEN and CECILY live. It's about 6.00pm.

CAPTION: The day before the wedding.

                         CECILY (O.S.)  
It was here. I know it was.

CUT TO:

2      **INT. KITCHEN, THE COTTAGE (2015) - DAY FB1, 18:00**      2

CECILY is quite distressed. She's searching the counter tops. AIDEN has just come in. There are already quite a lot of unopened wedding gifts in the room.

                         AIDEN  
What are you looking for?

                         CECILY  
The pen. My dad's pen. He leant it to me for tomorrow.

                         AIDEN  
Why do you need it?

                         CECILY  
(obvious)  
Something borrowed!

                         AIDEN  
(twigging)  
Cessy, relax. We can find something else.

                         CECILY  
But it was expensive and he'd never even used it. Who could have taken it?

AIDEN goes over to her and holds her arms... firm but loving.

                         AIDEN  
Cecily, calm down. You're just getting worked up about nothing. You're not having second thoughts, are you?

                         CECILY  
(smiling)  
No.

(CONTINUED)

2

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2

AIDEN

Then this is what we're going to do. We have the party this evening but first we're going to have a quiet drink, just the two of us and watch the sun come down. All right?

CECILY

I don't want to drink too much to-night.

AIDEN

One won't hurt you.

CUT TO:

3

**EXT. TERRACE, BRANLOW HALL (2015) - DAY FB1, 18:20**

3

CECILY and AIDEN are sitting together with drinks on the terrace.

CECILY

I wish dad had closed the hotel for the wedding.

AIDEN

We have weddings here all the time. No-one's ever complained.

CECILY

But this one's special.

AIDEN

I'm glad you think so.

CECILY

I can't believe that this time tomorrow, we'll be on our way to Antigua.

AIDEN

And married.

CECILY moves in for a kiss. But AIDEN suddenly pulls back, annoyed.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Oh God...

ANOTHER ANGLE. FRANK PARRIS is approaching. He has returned from his visit to Martin and Joanne. He's in a cheerful mood.

FRANK

Aiden.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

AIDEN  
(not pleased)  
Mr Parris! What can I do for you.

FRANK  
Well, you can start by introducing  
me to your lovely fiancée.

AIDEN  
Cecily, this is the guest I menti-  
oned to you. The one who didn't  
like his room.

CECILY  
Oh yes. I hope your new one's all  
right.

FRANK  
It's perfect. Well, almost perfect.

He hands AIDEN an electronic door-key.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This is for you.

AIDEN  
I'm sorry?

FRANK  
(to CECILY)  
It's not working.

CECILY  
Have you had it next to your phone?  
That can demagnetise them.

FRANK  
I don't think so. But I can see I'm  
intruding. Can I offer you my con-  
gratulations for tomorrow.

CECILY  
Thank you.

FRANK  
I understand there's a party this  
evening.

AIDEN  
I hope it won't disturb you.

FRANK  
Not at all. I'm actually going out.  
There's an opera being performed at  
Snape Malting.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

CECILY  
(puzzled)  
What opera is that?

FRANK  
Mozart. 'The Marriage of Figaro'.  
One of my favourites.

FRANK PARRIS walks away.

AIDEN  
What a creep.

CECILY  
You'd better get him a new key.

AIDEN slips the old key into his pocket.

AIDEN  
Sure.

CECILY  
There is one thing though...

AIDEN  
What's that.

CECILY  
The opera he mentioned. 'The Marriage of Figaro'.

AIDEN  
What about it?

CECILY  
I was looking at the programme just yesterday. And if he's going to Snape Malting tonight, he's wasting his time.  
(Beat)  
It's not on.

CUT TO:

4

**INT. ROOM 12, MOONFLOWER WING (2015) - DAY FB1, 18:30**

4

FRANK PARRIS lies on his back on the bed. He is listening to music - in his imagination. The music is from 'The Marriage of Figaro', perhaps the same clip that we heard Algernon playing in his car in Episode One, Scene 41A.

FRANK PARRIS smiles.

CUT TO:

5      **OPENING CREDITS**

5

CUT TO:

6      **EXT. CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 6, 11:00**

6

CRAIG is a wealthy and successful writer. He lives in a handsome, terraced house - somewhere like Chelsea or Notting Hill Gate.

SUSAN rings the doorbell. She has an overnight bag and a bunch of flowers.

The door opens and a smiling CRAIG ANDREWS appears. He's about SUSAN's age, extremely handsome and clearly doing well for himself. Casually but stylishly dressed. Full head of hair. Charming and likeable.

CRAIG

Susan - how wonderful to see you.

He embraces her - a kiss on her cheeks.

SUSAN

This is really kind of you.

CRAIG

Not at all. It's a pleasure...  
Where's your car?

SUSAN

In the bay round the corner.

CRAIG

Perfect. Come in...

SUSAN goes in.

CUT TO:

7      **INT. KITCHEN, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 6, 11:05**

7

CRAIG has shown SUSAN into a smart, modern kitchen with all the right gadgets. Open-plan into the living room. Expensive art on the walls. Not overstated - but again a hallmark of success.

As they come in...

CRAIG

How long did it take you to drive down?

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

SUSAN

Two hours.

CRAIG

Not bad. Are you still driving that MG?

SUSAN

I'm afraid so.

CRAIG

Can I get you a coffee?

SUSAN

I'd love one.

SUSAN is still holding the flowers. CRAIG becomes aware of them. A moment of awkwardness.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

These are for Louise.

CRAIG

Louise? God! Didn't I tell you?

SUSAN

What?

CRAIG

She's not here. We - um - went our separate ways.

SUSAN

Oh my God! When?

CRAIG

Last year.

SUSAN

You didn't say on the phone.

CRAIG

I assumed you knew.

SUSAN

No!

CRAIG

I feel embarrassed now. I hope you don't feel... I don't know... uncomfortable, staying here.

SUSAN

Not at all.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

CRAIG  
(half-joking)  
There's a Holiday Inn just up the  
road...

SUSAN  
No. It's fine. It's just that, you  
know, if I'd known...

She gestures with the now redundant flowers.

CRAIG  
I love flowers! Thank you. Look,  
why don't you check the room out  
and make yourself comfortable? It's  
the door first left at the top of  
the stairs. I'll make some coffee.

CUT TO:

8

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 6,  
11:20

8

ANGLE ON THE FLOWERS. In a vase.

LATER. SUSAN and CRAIG are sitting together. Coffee and  
biscuits. A smart, trendy living area with built-in kitchen.

SUSAN  
So what happened?

CRAIG  
Me and Louise? You know what it's  
like... being married to a writer.  
I'm not sure there's a more self-  
ish, inward-looking profession in  
the world. We had three good years.  
Then she met someone else.

SUSAN  
I'm sorry.

CRAIG  
Don't be. We're still friends and  
I'm very happy. This house. The  
books. I owe it all to you.

SUSAN  
That's not true.

CRAIG  
You found me. You encouraged me.  
And somehow you made the books... I  
don't know...

(CONTINUED)



8

CONTINUED:

8

SUSAN  
Best-sellers.

CRAIG  
Exactly.

SUSAN  
You and Alan Conway.

CRAIG  
I was sorry about Clover Books.

SUSAN  
Me too. I'm looking for another job.

CRAIG  
Anyone in their right mind would snap you up.

SUSAN  
Actually, I have an interview today.

CRAIG  
Who with?

SUSAN  
Parker Chance. Do you know them? They're an independent. Quite small but successful...

CRAIG  
I thought you were happy in Crete.

SUSAN  
I am. But I miss publishing.

CRAIG  
(a smile)  
I remember your office. Books piled floor to ceiling. Paperbacks, hardbacks, manuscripts, uncorrected proofs. Rushing around all those book fairs. Frankfurt, Bologna, Harrogate, Olympia. You made it seem like it was your whole life.

SUSAN  
That was the trouble. It was.

CRAIG  
What does Andreas think about all this?

(CONTINUED)

8

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8

SUSAN

It's not easy.

CRAIG

We've got so much to catch up on.  
Why don't we do it over supper? I  
know you're out today but there's a  
new bistro just round the corner if  
you're up for it. It's very  
informal...

SUSAN

I'd like that.

CRAIG

Oh - by the way, I've managed to  
track down your prisoner, Stefan  
Leonida. He's being held in HMP  
Weystone, in Norfolk.

SUSAN

Can you get me in?

CRAIG

I know the governor. Did you know  
that last year my books were the  
third most popular in prisons after  
James Patterson and Jeffrey Archer?

SUSAN

I'm not surprised.

CRAIG

Anyway, there are forms to fill in.  
Mr Leonida has to agree to a one-to-  
one. But basically, I've added you  
to their literacy programme and you  
can go in any time.

SUSAN

That's brilliant. Thank you.

CRAIG

I'm glad to help.

CUT TO:

9

**EXT. CAFE, ELOUNDA - DAY 6, 13:30 (LOCAL TIME)**

9

ANDREAS is sitting with his cousin, YANNIS, in a café overlooking the harbour. Traditional boats bobbing about. A scene from Paradise. The conversation is in Greek with subtitles.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*I'm thinking of selling the hotel.*

YANNIS

(in Greek)

*You can't! Who to?*

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*You!*

YANNIS

(in Greek)

*Me?*

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*I want you to buy my share.*

YANNIS

(in Greek)

*What are you talking about Andreas?  
I don't have the money.*

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*Find the money, Yannis. I can't do  
it without Susan. You know that.*

YANNIS

(in Greek)

*This isn't like you!*

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*I know! It's not me. But I need  
her. I'm miserable without her.*

YANNIS

(in Greek)

*She's put something in your coffee.*

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*I don't know! I'm going to England -  
tomorrow. I'm going to talk to her.  
And if she won't come back with me?  
Maybe I'll have to stay.*

YANNIS calls to a passing WAITER.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

YANNIS  
(in Greek)  
*Raki! A bottle!*

CUT TO:

10

**INT. RECEPTION, PARKER CHANCE BOOKS - DAY 6, 12:15**

10

The reception area of a glitzy, modern publishing house in central London. The company name (Parker Chance Books) in large letters. SUSAN, smartly dressed, is waiting in reception.

NATHAN PARKER is late thirties, hip, confident and - behind the welcoming smile - hard-edged.

NATHAN  
Susan. Sorry to keep you waiting.  
It's great to see you again. How  
are you?

SUSAN  
I'm good, thank you, Nathan.

NATHAN  
Come on up.

CUT TO:

11

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, PARKER CHANCE BOOKS - DAY 6, 12:20**

11

NATHAN PARKER faces SUSAN across a conference table that might have been designed to intimidate. Book posters on the walls. Awards etc.

Note: the two authors mentioned in this scene - Colleen Hoover and Lucy Foley - are both real.

NATHAN  
So you've been in Athens - how long  
is it now?

SUSAN  
A year. And actually it's Crete.

NATHAN  
Yes. That's right. And you're running a hotel. The Trifilli!

SUSAN  
Yes. It's Greek for clover. Andreas named it after...

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

NATHAN

...Clover Books.

(Beat)

I was very sorry to hear about what happened.

SUSAN

It was horrible.

NATHAN

I'm not even sure I know what did happen. There are so many rumours floating around.

SUSAN

Well, I didn't burn the place down if that's what you think.

NATHAN

Not at all.

A pause.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

So you want to come back.

SUSAN

That's why I'm here. I miss publishing. And I heard you were looking for a senior editor.

NATHAN

We might be. But if you don't mind, I'll say right from the off that I feel a little awkward interviewing you, Susan.

SUSAN

Is that what this is? An interview? I thought it was just a conversation between two friends, one of whom gave the other his first job in publishing fifteen years ago.

NATHAN

I'm still grateful.

SUSAN

You don't need to be. You did a brilliant job.

NATHAN

OK, then. As a friend, I'll be honest with you, Susan. I'd love to have you on board.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

NATHAN (CONT'D)

If it was my decision, you'd start tomorrow. But I have to talk to my partners. Persuade them...

SUSAN

Persuade them?

NATHAN

They don't know you.

SUSAN

But they know Alan Conway. Eighteen million copies sold. They've heard of the White Dagger series. They've read Craig Andrews.

NATHAN

Alan Conway's dead. White Dagger's out of print. And even Craig Andrews doesn't sell like he used to.

SUSAN

Well, that puts me in my place, I suppose.

NATHAN

I don't mean to do that. I'm just saying... You've been away for a year, Susan. And things have been changing very fast. The people. The industry.

SUSAN

You think I'm out-of-touch?

NATHAN

I didn't say that.

SUSAN

I think you implied it.

NATHAN

OK, then. Let me ask you something. Do you have an Instagram account?

SUSAN

No.

NATHAN

Are you on TikTok?

SUSAN

No.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

NATHAN

What did you think of the last Colleen Hoover?

SUSAN

Why do you ask?

NATHAN

Fourteen million copies sold. Mainly through BookTok.

SUSAN

I'm not on BookTok either.

NATHAN

That's what I mean. That's what I'm talking about.

SUSAN

What you're talking about is genre fiction. Romance. Fantasy. That's not my field. Colleen Hoover is brilliant, but are you really a fan?

NATHAN

I'm a fan of her sales. And some of the biggest writers in the world aren't writers in the old school sense. Not any more. They're influencers.

SUSAN

You don't really believe that. Yes, things have changed. Of course they have. But you know as well as I do that what sells books isn't social media in any shape or form. It's authors who can tell stories that mean something to peoples' lives. That's my world and if you want to make me feel that I'm Methuselah's great aunt, then all I can say is I'm disappointed in you because that's not who I am and it isn't how you were when you started out.

NATHAN

OK. Let me ask you something if you want to talk old school. We're publishing a crime novel by Lucy Foley.

SUSAN

She's very good.

(CONTINUED)

11

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11

NATHAN

Here's the cover. What do you think?

NATHAN produces a cover. The book is called 'The Last Weekend'. The image shows a dead body in the background (head and shoulders) with a hammer lying in a pool of blood.

SUSAN

It's a good title. I like the colours. But I'm not sure about the image.

NATHAN

Why not?

SUSAN

Because it's crass and it's clichéd and it's rather horrible. Lucy Foley is an intelligent writer. She needs this sort of an image like a hole in a head which, actually, is what it shows.

NATHAN

Our marketing team liked it.

SUSAN

They're wrong. Lucy's readers use their brains. They don't need to see them splattered over the page.

NATHAN

And it was my idea.

SUSAN

Well, I don't think it's a good one.

A pause. NATHAN and SUSAN glare at each other.

NATHAN

We'll let you know

SUSAN

I think you already have.

CUT TO:

12

**INT/EXT. TAXI/LONDON STREETS - DAY 6, 12:50**

12

SUSAN sits in the back of a taxi, knowing that she has blown her chances with Parker Chance.

CUT TO:



13

**INT. PRIVATE CLUB, LONDON - DAY 6, 13:00**

13

The TAXI has dropped SUSAN off at the same private club that Alan Conway went to in Magpie Murders.

CUT TO:

14

**INT. PRIVATE CLUB, LONDON - DAY 6, 13:05**

14

JAMES TAYLOR met SUSAN in Magpie Murders. He is now wealthy, established and happy, looking at a wine list while a WAITER stands to one side. He glances at SUSAN who is still seething after her failed interview.

JAMES

Are you OK?

SUSAN

I'm fine. I've just had a bad morning.

JAMES

Then I'll order something expensive. (to the WAITER) We'll have a bottle of the Chablis Premier Cru. (to SUSAN) I shouldn't be drinking at lunchtime. Richard will be mad with me.

SUSAN

Who's Richard?

JAMES

My current live-in. Actually, he's more than that. We're thinking of making it permanent. Marriage. God! Isn't that awful! I must be getting old.

SUSAN smiles and begins to relax.

SUSAN

You've done very well for yourself.

JAMES

You mean, Alan Conway did very well for me. I got two million for the house. Did you ever think I was the one who did him in?

SUSAN

You were my number one suspect.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

JAMES

I'm glad to hear it.

(Beat)

Poor Alan! Even after all this time, it's still hard to believe he was murdered. I wonder what he'd have thought of it? I suppose it would have helped sell books.

SUSAN

He'd have liked being in the news.

JAMES

That's right. And here he still is - his shadow hanging over us. Do you think we'll ever escape?

SUSAN

(a smile)

It's good to see you again, James.

The WAITER shows JAMES the bottle of Chablis.

JAMES

Yes. That's fine. Just pour it.

The WAITER sets about opening and pouring the wine.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And now a second murder. You never stop, do you?

SUSAN

The whole world believes a Romanian hotel worker killed Frank Parris. Cecily Treherne had her doubts and now she's disappeared. It may be that Alan hid something in his book, and you knew him better than anyone.

JAMES

I knew Frank Parris too.

SUSAN

Did you?

JAMES

God yes! In the bad old days, when I was working, he took me to bed maybe half a dozen times - at three hundred quid a pop. At least he was open about it. He wasn't married like so many of the men I met.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

SUSAN

Why did he need to pay for sex? Why couldn't he just have a partner?

JAMES

Monogamy didn't appeal to him. And to be honest, he wasn't a very nice man.

SUSAN

In what way?

JAMES

He liked to play games. You know - domination, humiliation, master, servant. Not at all my cup of tea although he was paying top whack so I didn't complain. And actually, I should be grateful to him. It was Frank who introduced me to Alan!

SUSAN

That was before Alan came out.

JAMES

Long before! Alan was gay, obviously, but he didn't want anyone to know it. He'd just finished his second book and he was married and he was terrified that if anyone found out about him it would ruin his career. It was Frank who changed that.

SUSAN

In what way?

JAMES

Frank was a sort of mentor to him, encouraging him to "explore his sexuality". I don't know how the two of them met each other but they had... and sometimes Alan would take me out to dinner... me and Frank. You know, this was Alan's club. We used to come here a lot.

SUSAN

So Frank introduced you to Alan to help him.

JAMES

Absolutely. I was part of his therapy.

CUT TO:

15

**INT. PRIVATE CLUB, LONDON (2013) - NIGHT FB4, 21:00**

15

FLASHBACK. Ten years ago, FRANK PARRIS is just finishing dinner in the same restaurant with a less confident ALAN CONWAY and a younger JAMES TAYLOR. The decor is the same as Episode 6, Scene 1.

JAMES (V.O.)

I quite liked Alan when I first met him. He was so unsure of himself. It was only much later - when his sales went ballistic - that he became a monster.

FRANK

For God's sake, Alan. You're gay. You like men. Why don't you just admit it?

CONWAY

I'm married. I have a son.

FRANK

And you think they don't suspect that maybe something isn't quite right? What do they think daddy's doing in London on his own half the time?

CONWAY

It's not just that. I work in a school!

FRANK

Alan - there are hundreds of gay teachers out there. It doesn't make them dangerous or predatory. You're just scared and you're making excuses and you don't see it, but you're damaging your own life. Be what you are! Be happy!

A ping on FRANK's phone. He looks at the screen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've got to dash. Leo's waiting for me outside.

CONWAY

Why didn't you invite him?

FRANK

I'm spending enough on him already without buying him dinner. Nice to see you again, James. You look after my friend.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

JAMES

I'm not just a commodity, you know.

FRANK

Actually, that's exactly what you are. But you're a very nice one.

FRANK gets up and leaves.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Have fun...

JAMES (V.O.)

That was the last time I saw Frank Parris...

CUT TO:

16 INT. PRIVATE CLUB, LONDON - DAY 6, 13:25

16

SUSAN and JAMES as before. JAMES points to the other side of the room.

JAMES

We were sitting at that table over there. Alan became a regular client of mine. Then we became an item. Finally he came out of the closet and of course nobody gave a damn. Welcome to the 21st century!

SUSAN

Tell me about Leo. Did you ever meet him?

JAMES

No. I'd heard his name mentioned quite a lot - on the circuit. Alan met him with Frank a couple of times and he used to say that Leo was much sexier than me... which is exactly the sort of thing he would say.

SUSAN

Nothing else?

JAMES

Not really.

SUSAN

You don't know where he came from?

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

JAMES

(remembering)

Actually, maybe I do... I have a feeling he was Australian.

SUSAN

Why do you say that?

JAMES

Alan made a joke about him once. He said Leo had just got back from Melbourne so he was probably in bed with jet-lag.

SUSAN

You know Alan's third book was dedicated to them. 'For Frank & Leo: In Remembrance.' What do you think that meant?

JAMES

Maybe Leo died. AIDS was still killing loads of young men, even in 2013. Five hundred a year. Leo disappeared off the scene and that could have been the reason why.

SUSAN

I take it you never read the book.

JAMES

I never read any of them until I was in them. And I only turned up in book number five. But I have got something that may help you...

JAMES produces a plastic bag.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I managed to dig these out for you. They're the notes Alan made when he was writing 'Atticus Pünd Takes The Case'.

SUSAN

That's exactly what I wanted. Thank you.

JAMES

It's even better than that. I found all the interviews he did when he visited the hotel.

SUSAN

Branlow Hall...

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

JAMES

Yes. He spoke to loads of people  
and they're all on memory sticks.  
Imagine that! You can actually hear  
Alan's voice again.

SUSAN

That'll be an experience.

JAMES

I'll bet. You can keep it all. I've  
had universities after me to let me  
have all his bits and pieces for  
their "archive" but they expect me  
to give it to them for nothing.  
It's no use to me.

JAMES raises his glass.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Anyway, I suppose we should have a  
toast to Alan.

SUSAN

No. To Richard and you. I hope  
you'll be happy together.

They clink glasses.

CUT TO:

17

**INT/EXT. ENTRANCE, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 6, 16:00**

17

CRAIG has opened the door and let SUSAN into the hallway. She  
is carrying the bag that JAMES gave her.

CRAIG

You're back early. Have you had a  
good day?

SUSAN

Well, it had its moments...

CRAIG

Can I get you some tea?

SUSAN

No. Thank you. Do you mind if I go  
straight up? I have some work to  
do.

CRAIG

No problem. Are you still OK for  
supper?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SUSAN

Yes. That'll be nice.

CRAIG

I booked a table for seven thirty.  
It's nothing very special but it's  
nearby.

SUSAN

Great.

CRAIG

I'll give you a shout at quarter  
past.

A smile. SUSAN makes her way upstairs.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BEDROOM, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 6, 16:10

18

SUSAN has taken out her copy of 'Atticus Pünd Takes The Case.' She opens the first page and looks at the dedication. 'For Frank & Leo: In Remembrance.'

She thinks for a moment, then looks through the documents that James gave her. Where to start? She looks at some of the photographs. Branlow Hall taken from different angles. CECILY (wearing the pendant with three stars). AIDEN. LAWRENCE and PAULINE. DEREK. And a close shot of LIAM looking slim and athletic in lycra.

She opens a notebook and sees the handwritten opening of the novel: 'Tawleigh was a picturesque village in the county of Devonshire, known for its lush countryside and cream teas. In the summer of 1954, its most famous resident was, without doubt, Melissa James, the British actress who had climbed to the very peak of the Hollywood heights...'

But SUSAN is more interested in the memory sticks. One is clearly labelled WEDDING SPEECH. She doesn't need it. She sees another. This one is labelled: LAWRENCE TREHERNE, 23 JULY 2015.

CONWAY (O.S.)

Do you mind if I record this?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Well, I don't know, really. Why do  
you want to?

CONWAY (O.S.)

I like to keep a note of what I'm  
doing. I take it you know who I am?

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED:

18

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
I can't say I do. I'm sorry.

CONWAY (O.S.)  
Alan Conway. It's the name on the  
reservation.

CUT TO:

19 INT. RECEPTION, BRANLOW HALL (2015) - DAY FB5, 16:00

19

FLASHBACK. This is ALAN CONWAY's visit to the hotel, six weeks after the FRANK PARRIS murder. CONWAY has just arrived. LAWRENCE is behind the reception desk.

LAWRENCE  
Yes, I have it here.

CONWAY  
Well, I'm a writer. You might have  
heard of me.

LAWRENCE  
Are you a journalist? It's been six weeks since the death of Mr Parris but we've still got journalists turning up all the time. Some of them have even booked rooms. I don't think we really have any more to say about what happened.

CONWAY forces himself not to lost his temper. A smile.

CONWAY  
I'm not a journalist. I used to teach at Woodbridge School - but I've just given in my notice and now I'm a full-time writer. Fiction. I write detective stories.

LAWRENCE  
(vague)  
Oh yes. I'm sorry. I don't have much time for literature.

CONWAY  
I was also a close friend of Frank Parris.

LAWRENCE  
I'm very sorry. We were all shocked by what happened. You can imagine.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

CONWAY

I'm thinking of writing a story  
based on what happened here.

LAWRENCE

A novel?

CONWAY

Yes.

LAWRENCE

I'm not sure I'd feel very com-  
fortable being in a book.

CONWAY

I wouldn't do that. I never put  
real people in my books - and  
certainly not without their  
permission!

CUT TO:

20

**INT. BEDROOM, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 6, 16:20**

20

SUSAN takes out the first memory-stick, searches for another  
one and inserts it into her laptop.

CONWAY (O.S.)

Interview with Cecily Treherne.  
24th July 2015.

CUT TO:

21

**INT. BAR, BRANLOW HALL (2015) - DAY FB6, 11:00**

21

ALAN CONWAY is meeting CECILY TREHERNE inside the hotel.

CONWAY

(insincere)

Can I start by saying how sorry I  
am to hear about what happened. And  
on your wedding day of all days!

CECILY

Thank you.

CONWAY

Did you manage to get away?

(Beat)

On honeymoon?

CECILY

No, we had to postpone. We hope to  
go to Antigua in a couple of weeks.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CONWAY

I'm sure it will be lovely when you get there.

CECILY

How well did you know Frank Parris, Mr Conway?

CONWAY

Alan, please. We were good friends. Although I hadn't seen him for a couple of years - after he went to Australia.

CECILY

Did he tell you he was coming back to this country?

CONWAY

No. I did hear about the collapse of his business. It was sad. Frank was a very generous man.

CECILY

He was quite a difficult guest.

CONWAY

In what way?

CECILY

He didn't like his room. He complained about the food. And I'd be interested to know... did he have a habit of making things up?

CONWAY

What do you mean?

CECILY

There were two things. First, he said his room key wasn't working. But later on we checked it and it was absolutely fine. And there was something else that was strange.

CONWAY

What was that?

CECILY

He told everyone he was going to the opera... to see 'The Marriage of Figaro' in Snape. He made a big thing of it. But it was nonsense. I actually double-checked and it wasn't on.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CONWAY

Figaro.

CONWAY writes down the word and circles it. This is the same page of notes that SUSAN saw in Scene 18.

CECILY

Why do you want to know all this,  
Alan?

CONWAY

To be honest, I've been a bit stuck  
on my next book and I thought it  
might give me a few ideas. Not that  
I'm going to write about any of  
you. I'm setting my new book in  
Devon.

(Beat)

Tell me about Stefan Leonida.

CECILY

He's in remand. His trial's coming  
up in a few months.

CONWAY

Do you think he did it?

CECILY

Well, there was money in his room.  
And Derek saw him in the corridor,  
the night it happened.

CONWAY

Derek is your night manager.

CECILY

Yes. But it's all irrelevant. The  
police tell me he's made a full  
confession.

CONWAY

You don't sound so sure.

CECILY

I liked Stefan. I trusted him.

CONWAY

He had a criminal record.

CECILY

He wasn't the only young offender  
working in the hotel. My father was  
running a programme...

CONWAY

So who else was there?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CECILY

I don't think it's fair to give out names.

CONWAY

No. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked.

AIDEN (O.S.)

Cecily...?

AIDEN has entered the bar and walks towards them.

CECILY

(to CONWAY)

This is my husband, Aiden.

CONWAY

Yes. We've met.

AIDEN

I showed Mr Conway to his room. (to CONWAY) I hope it's all right.

CONWAY

It's fine, thank you.

CECILY

Alan's been asking me about the murder.

AIDEN

Yes. You also talked to Lawrence.

CONWAY

We had a brief chat.

AIDEN

Forgive me, Mr Conway. I know who you are and what you write but it's my job to look after the interests of the hotel and all in all I don't think we need any more publicity.

CONWAY

I don't really think you can stop me writing what I want to.

AIDEN

No. But I can politely ask you to stop asking intrusive questions.

CONWAY smiles.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CONWAY  
No offence meant...

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. CHURCH LODGE (1954) - NIGHT AP4, 21:30**

22

ESTABLISHING SHOT. A rumble of thunder and a flicker of lightning might be too melodramatic but it reflects ALAN CONWAY's mood as he re-imagines Aiden as ALGERNON MARSH.

CONWAY (V.O.)  
Algernon Marsh had no decency, no  
scruples and no loyalty to anyone.

The CAMERA closes in and we see ALGERNON on the other side of the window, in the sitting room. Talking to LEONARD COLLINS.

CONWAY (V.O.)  
This was something his brother-in-  
law, Dr Leonard Collins, was about  
to discover.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. SITTING ROOM, CHURCH LODGE (1954) - NIGHT AP4, 21:30**

23

ALGERNON is confronting LEONARD COLLINS in his home in Tawleigh village. ALGERNON has found the letter that we last saw in Episode One, Scene 46.

ALGERNON  
You're a swine, Leonard. You  
weren't going to tell me!

COLLINS  
How dare you search through my  
desk.

ALGERNON  
I was looking for the bus time-  
table. And this is what I found.

He reads from the letter.

ALGERNON (CONT'D)  
The last will and testament of Cla-  
rissa Marsh late of Brooklyn, New  
York. Nine hundred and eighty thou-  
sand pounds!

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

COLLINS

She left it to Samantha. Not to you.

ALGERNON

She was my aunt too!

COLLINS

She saw you for what you were, Algernon. And so did Melissa. Those shares you were selling her - they weren't worth the paper they were printed on.

ALGERNON

How do you know?

COLLINS

She told me. She knew you were lying to her.

ALGERNON

(sly)

Well, you'd know a thing or two about lying, wouldn't you, Leonard.

COLLINS

I don't know what you're talking about!

ALGERNON was actually referring to something in COLLINS' past. But his eyes fall on the letter again.

ALGERNON

Nine hundred and eighty thousand pounds!

COLLINS

She didn't want you to have the money and there's nothing you can do about it.

ALGERNON

That's where you might be wrong. You can talk to Samantha. You can persuade her to divide it two ways. Fifty-fifty.

COLLINS

Why in God's name would I do that?

ALGERNON

Because there are things Melissa told me about you, Leonard. Things that might make my sister see you in a very different light.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

COLLINS

Are you threatening me?

ALGERNON

Do you know, I think I might be.  
Where's Samantha now? In church!  
That might be a good place for a  
little chat.

COLLINS

You stay out of my life, Algernon.  
I'm warning you...

ALGERNON

Fifty-fifty, Leonard. You'd better  
use that silver tongue of yours  
because I'm not leaving Tawleigh  
without it.

CUT TO:

24

**INT. BISTRO, LONDON - EVENING 6, 21:30**

24

SUSAN and CRAIG are nearing the end of a friendly, boozy  
supper in a local bistro. CRAIG pours the last few drops of a  
bottle of wine as SUSAN talks.

SUSAN

So eight years ago, six weeks after  
the wedding, Alan Conway visits  
Branlow Hall. He talks to Lawrence,  
to Aiden and Cecily, to Derek - and  
he must have met Derek's mother too  
because she's in the book. He turns  
them all into caricatures.

The bottle is empty.

CRAIG

Shall we get another one?

SUSAN

God! Have we finished it?

CRAIG

I think it's been that sort of day.

SUSAN

Just a glass.

CRAIG signals the WAITER, waving a finger at the two glasses  
to signal more.

(CONTINUED)



24

CONTINUED:

24

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He must have known who killed Frank Parris.

CRAIG

It might have been Stefan... what was his name again?

SUSAN

Leonida. But if it was Stefan, it would be an open and shut case. DS Locke would have actually got it right for once and that wouldn't have interested Alan.

CRAIG

It's quite a puzzle.

SUSAN

Why did Alan have to be so bloody inscrutable?

CRAIG

I love that word. Inscrutable. It's so Edgar Wallace!

SUSAN

God - don't tell me you used to read him.

CRAIG

Pulp fiction! I loved him. When I was about five.

They're both a little drunk. An attraction between them.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Do you have to go back to Suffolk tomorrow?

SUSAN

I'm working for the Trehernes. I'm on their payroll.

CRAIG

Will they miss you one more day?

A pause. SUSAN is enjoying the evening, tempted.

SUSAN

No. I need to see Katie again. I'm worried about her. There's something she's not telling me and I said we'd have supper.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

CRAIG

Do you really want to spend your  
whole life surrounded by mystery?

SUSAN

No!

CRAIG

Then stay! You've got all those  
memory sticks to go through. And  
I'll be honest. It's great to see  
you again.

SUSAN smiles, tempted. The WAITER serves two more glasses of  
wine.

CUT TO:

25

**EXT. CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - NIGHT 6, 22:30**

25

A slightly tipsy SUSAN and CRAIG walk towards the house.

SUSAN

She's always been the sensible one.

CRAIG

Is she older than you?

SUSAN

Younger! But Katie's married, two  
children, a sensible job. There's  
a part of me that's always envied  
her.

CRAIG

I would have said Crete was much  
more of an adventure.

SUSAN

I thought it would be. It hasn't  
worked out that way.

They have reached the front door. CRAIG fumbles for the keys.

CRAIG

How about one for the road?

SUSAN

Why not?

CUT TO:

26

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - NIGHT 6,  
22:45

26

CRAIG and SUSAN sitting together on a sofa with whiskies. Low lighting. SUSAN's clutch bag next to her.

CRAIG  
Will you go back?

SUSAN  
Where?

CRAIG  
Crete.

SUSAN  
I don't know. I don't think so.

CRAIG  
I'm sorry.

SUSAN  
Don't be.

CRAIG  
No. You're right. You need to get back to editing. My books were much better when you were working on them.

SUSAN  
That's not true.

CRAIG  
You should tell Parker Chance that if they give you a job, I'll come over to them.

SUSAN  
(not true)  
I'm sure they'd like that.

CRAIG  
I've really missed you.

A pause. Then CRAIG moves in to kiss SUSAN. There's something quite crude and offensive about the move. She backs away.

SUSAN  
What are you doing?

CRAIG  
Don't tell me I've offended you!

SUSAN  
You haven't offended me. But...

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

CRAIG  
(annoyed)  
What?

SUSAN  
Craig - I'm very grateful to you.  
But I'm still with Andreas.

CRAIG  
But you just told me...

SUSAN  
No!

CRAIG  
Oh come on! You're fed up with  
Crete. You're fed up with the  
hotel...

SUSAN  
But I'm not fed up with him!

CRAIG  
Then why have you been leading me  
on?

SUSAN  
What?

CRAIG is slightly drunk and behaving badly. SUSAN is shocked  
back into soberness.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Craig, I'm sorry. You've completely  
misread this.

CRAIG  
I don't think I have.

SUSAN  
I didn't come here to...

She makes a decision.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I'm going to leave.

CRAIG  
You can't leave. You're too drunk  
to drive.

SUSAN  
I'll get a cab.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

SUSAN grabs her bag and leaves the room. She doesn't notice that she has left her MOBILE PHONE on the sofa.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 6, 23:15 27

SUSAN flags down a taxi, carrying her clutch bag with the notes and memory sticks, and her overnight bag.

CUT TO:

27A INT. HOLIDAY INN, LONDON - NIGHT 6, 23:25 27A

SUSAN rummages feverishly in her bag, watched by a young RECEPTIONIST.

SUSAN  
Oh God. My phone! I think I just left it in the cab.

The end of a perfectly awful day.

CUT TO:

28 INT. BEDROOM, HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT 6, 23:35 28

SUSAN closes the door behind her and drops her bags. She's actually quite upset about what's happened.

She sits down heavily on the bed and falls backwards, crashing out.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. HOLIDAY INN, LONDON - DAY 7, 8:30 29

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The hotel the following morning

CUT TO:

30 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM, HOLIDAY INN - DAY, 8:30 30

Nursing a slight hangover, SUSAN is sitting at a table on her own, drinking a cup of strong, black coffee.

The book - 'Atticus Pünd Takes The Case' - is beside her. Almost reluctantly, she grabs it and opens it. The work must go on! She begins to read.

CUT TO:

31      **EXT. THE RED LION, TAWLEIGH (1954) - NIGHT AP4, 20:10**

31

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The pub sign swings in the wind.

CHUBB (O.S.)

I have to say, this is very good of  
you, Mr Pünd.

CUT TO:

32      **INT. THE RED LION, TAWLEIGH (1954) - NIGHT AP4, 20:10**

32

PÜND, CHUBB and MADELINE CAIN are having dinner together.

PÜND

The pleasure is mine, Detective In-  
specter. It is one of the benefits  
of being a private investigator  
that it is the client who will pay!

MADELINE

I'll send the bill to Mr Schultz.

CHUBB

And who is that?

MADELINE

He was Melissa James' agent.

PÜND

Her American agent. It is he who  
employed me.

CHUBB

Well, I'm glad you're here. This  
case is a right puzzler, and no  
mistake. Nothing makes any sense.

PÜND

I do not agree. It is certainly, on  
one level, complicated. But on an-  
other, everything is straightfor-  
ward.

CHUBB

Go on, then.

PÜND

No fewer than seven people might  
have wished to kill Melissa James,  
and all of them for the most ordi-  
nary reasons.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

MADELINE

Lance and Maureen Gardner. She knew they were defrauding her.

PÜND

Indeed so. And perhaps unwisely she had informed them that she wanted her financial adviser to look into the accounts of the Moonflower Hotel.

MADELINE

Phyllis Chandler and that ghastly son of hers. A Peeping Tom of all things!

PÜND

Ah yes. That was an unpleasant business she had discovered and if Miss James had gone to the police, Eric Chandler would almost certainly have been arrested.

CHUBB

You think his mother was protecting him?

PÜND

It is possible. And then there is Algernon Marsh.

MADELINE

A nasty piece of work.

PÜND

Also cheating her, in his case with an investment that is almost certainly valueless.

MADELINE

Oscar Berlin.

PÜND

She had decided not to appear in his film. This would have ruined him.

CHUBB

And John Spencer. Now, that's where I'd put my money, Mr Pünd.

PÜND

You think he knew that Miss James was having an affair?

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

CHUBB

The jealous husband who strangles his wife. It's just like Shakespeare. Othello! He strangled Desdemona for exactly that reason.

PÜND

The motivation is clear. But it is the order of events that perplexes. At 6.28pm, Melissa James is alone in the house. The Chandlers have the night off. Her husband is at the opera. But then she calls Dr Collins. She is in tears, in fear of her life.

CHUBB

She makes the call from downstairs.

PÜND

So it would seem. She tells Dr Collins that there is an intruder in the house and she says quite distinctly that "he wants to kill me".

MADELINE

The call is overheard by his wife.

PÜND

That is correct. I wonder only why she then returns to her bedroom. If Miss James believed herself to be in danger why did she not leave the house?

MADELINE

I know you'll find out who did this, Mr Pünd and - forgive me for saying this - but I hope they hang.

CHUBB

I'd say that's unlikely, Miss Cain.

MADELINE

You think Mr Pünd won't solve the case?

CHUBB

I'm sure he will. But the death penalty's all too rare these days. Judges no longer have the appetite for it. And they're actually talking about changing the law. More's the pity in my view. What do you say, Mr Pünd?

(CONTINUED)



32

CONTINUED:

32

PÜND

I have seen too much death in my lifetime, Detective Inspector. It is my belief that to kill the killer is to descend to his, or to her, level.

MADELINE

But to think that someone could kill a woman as talented as Melissa James and get away with it...!

CHUBB

I agree with Miss Cain.

PÜND

Then we must see that at least they are apprehended.

With a smile - and a sense of achievement - CHUBB draws a newspaper clipping from his pocket.

CHUBB

Well, I have one piece of information that may be of help, Mr Pünd.

PÜND takes the clipping. A local paper and a headline. OPERA SINGER HURT IN HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT. "The well known baritone - Mr Henry Dickson - was left badly injured at the side of the road outside Barnstaple. Mr Dickson was enjoying a country walk before his performance..."

CHUBB (CONT'D)

I did as you said and checked out that theatre in Barnstaple. The night that John Spencer claims he went to 'The Marriage of Figaro'...

PÜND

...the lead singer was struck down by a driver who did not stop.

CHUBB

And the performance was cancelled. So wherever he was, Mr Spencer wasn't there!

PÜND considers.

CUT TO:

33

**INT. BREAKFAST ROOM, HOLIDAY INN - DAY 7, 9:00**

33

SUSAN is still reading the book but now she addresses someone who has joined her at the table.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

SUSAN

I just don't get it. What's so important about 'The Marriage of Figaro'? It's an opera!

PÜND (O.S.)

You don't like opera?

SUSAN

I've never really got it. The stories are so ridiculous. And miserable. Women throwing themselves off castle walls or dying of consumption.

ANOTHER ANGLE. PÜND is sitting at the table with SUSAN, a touch incongruous in the harsh, modern setting.

PÜND

'Carmen' and 'La Bohème'.

SUSAN

(surprised)

You're a fan?

PÜND

I went often to the Vienna State Opera House. This was before it was destroyed in the war.

A smile from SUSAN. That's something about PÜND she didn't know.

SUSAN

Will you have some breakfast?

PÜND

I think not.

SUSAN

I shouldn't have come.

PÜND

To London?

SUSAN

To England.

PÜND

But you have made progress.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

SUSAN

Well, yes. I've blown my one chance of returning to publishing which means I'll probably spend the rest of my life changing beds and shouting at waiters in a language I can't even speak.

PÜND

But you are closer, perhaps to discovering the truth.

SUSAN

Why did Frank Parris go to the hotel? He lied about his key not working, and then again...

PÜND

The opera.

SUSAN

John Spencer did exactly the same in the book.

(Beat)

But if he didn't go to the opera, where did he go?

PÜND

That is perhaps not the question you should be asking.

SUSAN

And what is?

But PÜND is no longer there. SUSAN addresses an empty space.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

When's the next flight back to Crete?

CUT TO:

34

**EXT. TAXI DROP-OFF, TRIFILLI HOTEL - DAY 7, 11:15 (LOCAL TIME)**

34

ANDREAS is talking to VANGELIS (in Greek, with subtitles). He's leaving for England, carrying a small suitcase.

ANDREAS

(in Greek)

*Two days. Three days and I'll be back. You can manage without me.*

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

VANGELIS  
(in Greek)  
*We can't even manage with you.*

ANDREAS  
(in Greek)  
*Just do what you can.*

ANOTHER ANGLE. The TAXI that took SUSAN to the airport pulls into the hotel. ANDREAS signals for it to wait, then takes out his phone. Speed dials.

CUT TO:

35 **INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, CRAIG ANDREWS' HOUSE - DAY 7, 9:15**<sup>35</sup>

A sullen CRAIG is having breakfast. He hears the phone ring. A moment's puzzlement. Then he sees Susan's mobile on the sofa and realises it's hers. A brief pause. Then he answers it.

Cutting between London and Crete.

CRAIG  
Yes?

ANDREAS  
(puzzled)  
Who is this?

The accent tells CRAIG who is at the other end.

CRAIG  
This is Craig Andrews.

ANDREAS knows the name.

ANDREAS  
I'm sorry. Can I speak to Susan Rye-  
land?

CRAIG, bruised by what happened the night before, makes a decision.

CRAIG  
She's not here, I'm afraid. She was  
here last night - and she left her  
phone.

ANGLE ON ANDREAS. He takes in this information. He's not sure what to say.

The TAXI is waiting to take him.

CUT TO:

36        **EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY 7, 10:00**        36

SUSAN drives back to Suffolk.

CUT TO:

37        **EXT. WOODBRIDGE - DAY 7, 12:00**        37

SUSAN drives through Woodbridge.

CUT TO:

38        **EXT. KATIE'S HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE - DAY 7, 12:05**        38

SUSAN has driven to her sister's house. She is astonished to see a SALE AGREED sign outside the house. She drives up to the front door and stops.

CUT TO:

39        **EXT. CLARENCE KEEP, TAWLEIGH (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:30**        39

Exactly the same trajectory, the same curve. CHUBB drives up to the entrance of the house and stops. PÜND and MADELINE in the back.

CUT TO:

40        **EXT. KATIE'S HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE - DAY 7, 12:05**        40

SUSAN rings the doorbell. No answer.

CUT TO:

41        **EXT. CLARENCE KEEP, TAWLEIGH (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:30**        41

CHUBB rings the doorbell. PÜND and MADELINE are with him. But in this case, the door is opened by a nervous PHYLLIS CHANDLER.

PHYLLIS

Sir?

CUT TO:

42        **INT. LIVING ROOM, CLARENCE KEEP (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:35**        42

But CHUBB is not here to arrest Eric. He confronts JOHN SPENCER with PÜND and MADELINE as witnesses.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

MADELINE has a seat facing the window which looks onto the back of the house. SPENCER is dressed but wearing slippers.

CHUBB

How are you bearing up, Mr Spencer? \*

SPENCER

Not so bad, thank you. Do you have any news? \*

CHUBB

(grim)

Yes, sir. We do.

SPENCER

You've made an arrest?

CHUBB

We're about to. We just have a few questions if you don't mind.

SPENCER

Of course. Anything.

CHUBB leaves the sensitive questions to PÜND.

PÜND

Mr Spencer, although it is painful to ask you this, I am afraid even so, it is necessary.

(Beat)

Were you aware that your wife was having an affair?

Silence.

CHUBB

We do need an answer, sir.

SPENCER

(with difficulty)

I didn't know. But I'm not surprised.

CHUBB

What exactly do you mean by that, sir?

SPENCER

We come from different worlds. She said that to me once. My family owns land in Cornwall. Actually, they own most of Cornwall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I met Melissa when she was shooting there. I fell head over heels in love with her. But it would never have worked. My father cut me off when he heard about the relationship. To him, an actress was one step above a streetwalker. And after that I was dependent on her. I had no income and very soon she tired of me. I suppose it was inevitable.

PÜND

But you still loved her.

SPENCER

She was everything to me.

CHUBB

We found a letter. It's written in her hand...

CHUBB takes out the letter that the Gardners gave to PÜND in Episode Three, Scene 15.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

(reading)

"My darling, darling. I can't go on living this lie any more. I simply can't. We have to be brave and tell the world about the love we share."

He pauses.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea who this might have been written to?

SPENCER

Of course I don't. I have no idea at all.

(Beat)

Do you mind...?

He reaches for a silver cigarette box. We notice the MGM logo (a lion's head) inscribed on the lid. A present for Melissa. He takes out a cigarette and lights it.

CHUBB

Mr Spencer, on the night of your wife's death, you told us you were at the opera, attending a performance of 'The Marriage of Figaro'.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

SPENCER

That's right. Melissa was meant to come with me but she changed her mind.

CHUBB

So you went alone.

SPENCER

Yes.

CHUBB

Did you enjoy it?

SPENCER

Yes. No! Why are you asking me that?

CHUBB's big moment.

CHUBB

Because on the night in question, the opera was cancelled, sir. You couldn't have gone to it.

He lets this sink in.

CHUBB (CONT'D)

So where were you?

Silence.

CUT TO:

43

**INT. HALLWAY, CLARENCE KEEP (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:40**

43

ERIC CHANDLER is standing in front of a poster for 'The Wizard of Oz' [that shows the cowardly lion](#) (1939). PHYLLIS is with him. Trying to hear what's going on in the living room. \*

ERIC

Why are they here?

PHYLLIS

(hard)

They didn't say.

ERIC

What do they want?

PHYLLIS

What do you think they want?

(CONTINUED)



43

CONTINUED:

43

ERIC is terrified.

CUT TO:

44

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLARENCE KEEP (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:45

44

The scene continues. PÜND, CHUBB, MADELINE and JOHN SPENCER.

PÜND

It would not be wise to tell us  
further untruths, Mr Spencer. It is  
too late now for that.

SPENCER

(heavy)  
I was here.

CHUBB

You never left?

SPENCER

No, I left. I drove as far as the  
village. But I was in no mood for  
the opera. I came back.

PÜND

And you confronted your wife.

SPENCER

We had a terrible row. She told me  
she was leaving me.

PÜND

And...?

CHUBB

You murdered her.

SPENCER

Yes. I strangled her in the bed-  
room.

SPENCER buries his head in his hands.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Thank God it's over! You won't be-  
lieve it but it's all I've wanted.  
Just for it to be over. I'll make a  
full confession. I'll tell you  
everything. Am I under arrest?

CHUBB

If you'll come with me, sir, we'll  
formally charge you when we get to  
the station.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

SPENCER

May I go upstairs to get my shoes  
and a jacket?

CHUBB glances at PÜND. No reason why not.

CHUBB

Of course, sir. We'll wait for you  
here.

SPENCER

Thank you. You have no idea how  
sorry I am. How much I hate my-  
self. I couldn't have lived with  
this any longer.

SPENCER leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

MADELINE

Forgive me, Detective Inspector.  
But is that wise? He could make a  
run for it!

CHUBB

I don't think so, Miss Cain. I have  
two men outside.

PÜND

It is interesting, though. There is  
so much that is not right.

CHUBB

In what way?

PÜND

The argument. Was it here or was it  
in the bedroom?

MADELINE

Maybe it happened here and he foll-  
owed her up.

PÜND

But if he had been angry with her,  
violent even, why did she not lock  
the door? Better still - and it is  
a question I have asked before -  
why did she not leave the house?

CHUBB

I agree there are plenty of ques-  
tions we still have to ask, Mr Pünd.  
That's why I'm taking him down to  
the station. But you heard him. We  
had him bang to rights and he con-  
fessed. You can't argue with that!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MADELINE  
(alarmed)  
Mr Pünd!

MADELINE points at the garden window and we get a glimpse of a figure outside. Somebody looking in. They had their hand against the window pane and that partially concealed their face. And they've gone before they can be seen.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
There's someone outside!

CHUBB  
She's right. I saw them too!

PÜND  
But who...?

CHUBB is already on his way out of the room.

CHUBB  
That's what I mean to find out.

PÜND  
(to MADELINE)  
You wait here.

PÜND follows CHUBB out of the room.

CUT TO:

45 **INT. HALLWAY, CLARENCE KEEP, (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:55**

45

CHUBB and PÜND cross the hallway and go out through the front door.

CUT TO:

46 **EXT. CLARENCE KEEP, TAWLEIGH (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:55**

46

CHUBB and PÜND come out of the house. The two POLICEMEN are still waiting.

CHUBB  
Did either of you two see anything?

POLICEMAN  
No, sir.

CHUBB  
There's an intruder in the grounds.  
One of you stay here and make sure  
Mr Spencer doesn't leave. And you,  
round the other way.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

CHUBB and PÜND set off round the side of the house. One of the POLICEMAN goes round the house in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

47

**EXT. REAR OF HOUSE, CLARENCE KEEP, (1954) - DAY AP5, 9:55**

47

CHUBB and PÜND hurry round.

PÜND

There is no-one.

CHUBB notices the door.

CHUBB

Where does that go?

PÜND

I think, into the kitchen...?

The second POLICEMAN appears from the other direction.

POLICEMAN

Nothing, sir.

CHUBB

(to the POLICEMAN)

Take a look around. There was definitely someone here. I think a man.

The POLICEMAN searches. PÜND and CHUBB go back into the house through the kitchen door.

CUT TO:

48

**INT. KITCHEN, CLARENCE KEEP (1954) - DAY AP5, 10:00**

48

PHYLLIS CHANDLER is cooking. ERIC is sitting at the table - and although CHUBB doesn't notice it (and nor should we), PÜND sees that ERIC has mud on his shoes.

CHUBB

Has anyone come in here?

PHYLLIS

No, sir.

CHUBB

And neither of you have been out?

PHYLLIS

(lying)

No, sir. We've been here all the time.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

And then a scream. Loud, piercing, terrified.

CHUBB

What now?

CUT TO:

49 **INT. HALLWAY, CLARENCE KEEP (1954) - DAY AP5, 10:00**

49

It is MADELINE CAIN who is screaming. She is at the foot of the stairs, looking up. JOHN SPENCER (now wearing shoes and jacket) has been stabbed with the Turkish dagger that MADELINE had noticed in Episode Two, Scene 29. The hilt is sticking out of his stomach. He's clutching the wound, staggering down the stairs towards MADELINE.

The front door opens and the first POLICEMAN enters. CHUBB, with PÜND close by, enters from the kitchen.

SPENCER staggers down the last steps and collapses into MADELINE CAIN's arms.

**END OF EPISODE**