

SCRIPT TITLE

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A black and white, moody image of a vast field under a great sky, white clouds.

A man stands in the middle of the field, looking at us. He is in his 30s, strong, long dark coat. His name is NATHAN APPLEBY.

A breeze sweeps across the landscape, eases through the tall grass.

A long beat.

NATHAN

Can I move? I think there's a mouse
in my boot.

We're in colour now, and a woman is standing next to her Victorian tripod and camera.

CHARLOTTE APPLEBY is in her 30s, attractive, independent, playful.

CHARLOTTE

I took the photograph ages ago. I
was just looking at you.

A beat as NATHAN considers this. Then he breaks his pose and makes a dart for CHARLOTTE. She shrieks, turns and runs off across the field, fast and confident.

NATHAN has to run hard but eventually he catches up with CHARLOTTE and rugby tackles her until they disappear into the grass.

Somerset 1888

NATHAN pins the laughing CHARLOTTE to the ground, kisses her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Not now! We're late enough as it
is.

A beautiful country house, something between a large farmhouse and a small manor, sits in its landscape as it has done for hundreds of years.

The house has seen better days, it's paintwork cracked, a certain ramshackle charm.

It's mid-summer and the trees and grass are lush, swaying gently in a summer breeze.

Sheep graze in the meadow in front of the house.

Then we slowly pull out to reveal some of the farm workers - GIDEON, JACK, JOHN - dragging gnarled, dry branches to stack against an unlit bonfire.

Trapped inside a cage buried in the bonfire - a CROW.

Finally on top of the bonfire - a huge CORN DOLLY.

3

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/MOTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

3

The bedroom has a dark, early-Victorian feel of heavy, dusty drapes and dark furniture.

Nathan's mother, VICTORIA APPLEBY, lies in her bed. She is physically very frail, agitated.

VICTORIA

Where is he? Where is Nathan?

Her house maid, GWEN, busies herself in the room.

GWEN

They can't be far away, Miss, their bags have already arrived.

4

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - DUSK

4

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE walk hand in hand through the fields, until they are at the top of a rise:

The large, ancient farmhouse nestles in its soft landscape. A cluster of barns and outbuildings. Sheep. A dark, overgrown lake.

This is Chedzoy House. This is his home. We stay on NATHAN as he takes it all in, all the joys and sorrows, the past and future, that reside in that house.

He sees his mother's WORKERS preparing for the summer solstice celebration - angles on GIDEON, JOHN, GWEN, AGNES etc - as they set up stalls for food and drink.

CHARLIE playing with his little sister, AGNES, and his other siblings.

CHARLOTTE glances at her husband, sees the pleasure on his face. They walk down towards the house.

GIDEON wipes the sweat from his brow, blinks in the fading light. Sees the horseman approaching -

GIDEON

(Delighted)

Mr Nathan! Mr Nathan is home!

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE walk up towards the house. NATHAN has a smile and a wave for everyone. We can almost feel the tension fall from his shoulders.

AGNES
Welcome home, sir.

NATHAN
Thank you, Agnes. How's the cider,
Gideon?

GIDEON
Proper drop, sir.

GIDEON sees JOHN ROEBUCK, the ploughman and farm manager.

NATHAN
Good to see you, John.

JOHN is not a garrulous man but is obviously very fond of NATHAN.

5 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/HALLWAY - DUSK**

5

NATHAN lets himself into the dark entrance hall of the house, CHARLOTTE behind him.

The DOGS bound up to him, beside themselves to see him.

NATHAN looks up as GWEN comes downstairs.

NATHAN
How is she, Gwen?

GWEN
She's very weak and... very, very
strong, sir.

NATHAN smiles at CHARLOTTE, knows exactly what GWEN means.

6 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - NIGHT**

6

One of the biggest nights on this farm - the Summer Solstice celebrations.

There is music, cider, a pig roast.

A HOBBY HORSE chases CHILDREN.

We feature the middle class DENNING FAMILY: MATTHEW DENNING, parish vicar; his wife, MARY. Their lovely, lively, bright daughter HARRIET (16). She is wearing pretty but childish clothes, hair in ringlets.

There is JOHN ROEBUCK, quietly organising.

GIDEON, pouring a cider down his throat. His son, JACK.

GWEN, laughing out loud at some lewd joke.

AGNES and her children, including the dreamy CHARLIE and the mischievous BATHSHEBA.

PETER and MAUD HARE.

SIMON and LIZZIE MERRIFIELD, landlord and lady of the village pub.

7

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

CHARLOTTE looks down on all this activity with obvious pleasure.

Behind her NATHAN sits at his mother's bedside. She places a snow globe of Vienna on her bedside table.

VICTORIA

Tell me about Vienna.

NATHAN

I haven't come all this way to talk about me.

VICTORIA

You have to indulge me, I'm dying.

NATHAN

Mother.

(Softens)

They call Vienna the city of music and on every street you can hear Mozart and Beethoven. The university itself is a magnificent building on the Ringstrabe.

(Enthused)

But if the buildings are old the ideas are new and sharp, exciting -

Not really listening, VICTORIA touches her son's cheek -

VICTORIA

You look tired, Nathan. Stay for a few days, get some colour back in your cheeks.

NATHAN

I've got patients that need me.

VICTORIA

I need you. Your wife needs you. Two years married and no children, it's not right.

CHARLOTTE looks down at where JOHN, a torch in his hand burning bright in the summer night, looks up at the bedroom window.

CHARLOTTE
They're ready to light the bonfire.

VICTORIA
You do it, son. It's your turn now.

NATHAN kisses his mother tenderly on the cheek.

8

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - NIGHT

8

NATHAN comes out of the house, followed by CHARLOTTE.

This is an ancient celebration, it's beginnings lost in time.

NATHAN takes the torch from JOHN, walks towards the unlit bonfire.

People start to slow-clap in unison.

The HOBBY HORSE snorts and cavorts around NATHAN.

A glance from young HARRIET at the handsome, adored NATHAN.

NATHAN stands in front of the bonfire, holds the torch up high, the clapping getting louder, quicker, until...

NATHAN throws the torch into the bonfire and the dry wood catches at once, the bonfire bursting into flame.

Cheers from everybody. The music starts again, music for dancing.

NATHAN is offered a cup of cider. CHARLOTTE isn't offered one but takes one anyway.

They look at each other, knock cups, and take deep draughts of cider.

CHARLOTTE splutters hers out, it tastes vile to her. Not very ladylike but quickly endears her to the amused locals.

9

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

The last moments of VICTORIA APPLEBY's life. She listens to the familiar voices below, hears the laughter and music.

Her son is home. All is well with the world.

Then she notices the snow in the snow globe starts to move. Which isn't possible.

At the foot of her bed is a dark, indistinct shadow. A blur.
An indistinct evil.

As shadow gets nearer her dying eyes can just make out the
dark, foreboding shape of people. Ghosts. Looking at her.
Waiting.

VICTORIA's face contorts with terror. Do they say something
to her? Something we can't hear?

The old woman falls back on her pillow, but refuses to look
away.

VICTORIA
What do you want with him? You
leave him alone! You leave my son
alone!

VICTORIA APPLEBY is dead.

The snow settles in the snow globe.

10 **EXT. FIELD/TITLES SHOT - DAY**

10

Tall grass, golden on a golden day.

A single tree in the field, thick with green leaves and life.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

11 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - DAWN**

11

The detritus of the solstice celebrations.

The bonfire still smoking.

A HEDGEHOG sips from a cup lying on its side on the ground.

12 **EXT. FIELDS - DAWN**

12

NATHAN APPLEBY stands on land that has been in his family for
three hundred years.

The sky is blue and fresh.

He looks emotionally and physically exhausted, his eyes red
from crying.

NATHAN looks to see CHARLOTTE APPLEBY walking down from the
house towards him.

She never breaks stride, never takes her eyes from his.

She only stops when she is just a few feet from him. It breaks her heart to see the grief and uncertainty in his eyes.

CHARLOTTE
The answer is "yes".

NATHAN just looks at her for a moment.

NATHAN
My career. Your career. London.

CHARLOTTE
Home.

Then pulls her into an embrace of love and gratitude.

NATHAN
Home.

13

EXT. VICARAGE/GARDEN - DAY

13

Sunlight dapples through blossom in a pretty vicarage garden.

SIX WEEKS LATER

HARRIET DENNING sits at a garden table, working patiently at her sampler - "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." She looks tired than when we first saw her, a spark is missing.

Her father - REVEREND MATTHEW DENNING (40s) - frowns as he concentrates on writing his sermon.

His wife, MARY DENNING, is watering the garden.

HARRIET seems to fixate on the sparking water coming out of the watering-can, spilling into the dry earth.

DENNING
I wonder if I could use harvest as
the subject for Sunday's sermon?

MARY
Like you did last year. And the
year before that.

An affectionate look between DENNING and HARRIET.

HARRIET looks up. It is like she has seen something or someone in the dappled light at the foot of the garden. Something or someone that frightens her.

DENNING

(Happily writing)

*While the earth remaineth, seedtime
and harvest, and cold and heat, and
summer and winter, and day and
night shall not cease.*

HARRIET pricks her finger and it beads with blood.

She looks down at her finger.

When she looks up again her mother is looking at her with great concern.

MARY

Was he here?

14

INT. VICARAGE/HARRIET'S ROOM - NIGHT

14

A pretty bedroom, with the remnants of girlhood still clearly visible - stuffed toys. A rocking horse.

HARRIET is in her nightdress. She checks that the bedroom door is locked. Puts the key around her neck.

With great trepidation she checks the wardrobe. Just her clothes.

Breathing heavily with fear, she forces herself to look under her bed. Just a bed pan.

HARRIET moves to the window, looks out into the dark garden.

A wind blows the summer leaves.

She squints into the night, looking for someone. But there's nobody there.

With a sigh of relief HARRIET closes and bolts the shutters.

She sits in front of her mirror, starts combing out her long hair.

Then her own hand, her own fingers, start to clumsily explore her face.

Odd.

HARRIET looks down as her hand - her out-of-control hand - startles to circle her nipple through her nightshirt.

She looks back at the mirror. It's her own face looking back at. And yet - she knows - it's not her face any more.

15

INT. VICARAGE/DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

15

DENNING paces the floor as he argues with MARY.

The room is full of objects - stuffed birds. A model of a brain. Bones. A microscope - the room of an intellectually curious man.

MARY

You let her read these books, most of which should not even be in a Christian household -

DENNING

Mary, if you would only read them yourself -

MARY

You fill her head with ideas and confusion and doubt -

DENNING

She has an alert and voracious mind, it must be fed.

MARY

She is a child!

DENNING

She is not a child! You can dress her in petticoats and ribbons all you like but you cannot stop her becoming a woman.

MARY tries to stop herself getting any angrier.

MARY

If you're saying that Harriet has a mental illness then we should see Appleby.

DENNING

(Uncomfortable)

I don't want to see Appleby.

MARY

Why on earth not?

DENNING

You know why not!

MARY

(Sparking)

She needs help. She's not eating, she only speaks when spoken to -

DENNING has heard something upstairs -

DENNING

Be quiet.

MARY

How dare you?!

DENNING puts his hand up for quiet. There! The sound of a GRUFF MAN'S VOICE coming from upstairs!

DENNING is already dashing out of the room -

16

INT. VICARAGE/CORRIDOR/BEDROOM - NIGHT

16

DENNING and MARY run upstairs, frantic.

DENNING

Harriet!

They try her door but the handle won't budge. The sound of the GRUFF MAN laughing.

MARY

Open the door!

DENNING tries his shoulder against the door but it is rock solid.

MARY (CONT'D)

(Frantic)

Harriet!

Then the door slowly opens.

To reveal the figure of HARRIET in her white nightdress, her back to them.

MARY (CONT'D)

Harriet?

Nothing.

HARRIET turns. Her hair is wild, her nightdress half open.

One hand is between her legs where she has clearly been touching herself.

MARY puts her hand to her mouth, deeply shocked.

DENNING

Harriet? My dear?

DENNING goes to put loving, protective arms around his daughter but she throws him away with tremendous strength -

HARRIET

(Gruff male voice)

Don't you touch me!

MARY acts on instinct, slapping her daughter's face, then immediately regretting it.

17

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/LANE - DAY

17

A huge, brand-new, gleaming TRACTION ENGINE - a strange and fabulous thing - is wedged in a narrow country lane.

Suspicious FARM WORKERS are pulling with ropes, pushing, a team of horses are being cajoled, but it's stuck fast.

The WOMEN and CHILDREN huddle together, unsettled, unhappy. One of the braver lads - CHARLIE - gets closer to investigate. Until his mother, AGNES, pulls him back by the ear.

CHARLOTTE APPLEBY stands with her hands on her hips.

CHARLOTTE

(Exasperated)

John, tell them to not just keep bashing forward. Go back and change the angle.

JOHN will do what he's told but it's clear he's not happy.

JOHN

Yes, Miss.

GWEN

(Dubious)

Ugly old thing, Miss, innim?

CHARLOTTE looks at GWEN, her house maid -

CHARLOTTE

I won't have you talk about John like that.

GWEN

You know what I mean, Miss. That.... thing.

CHARLOTTE

It is not ugly, Gwen, and it's certainly not old.

There are raised voices, gesticulations. Everybody hot and bothered.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Agnes, Gwen, go up to the house and get some water, everyone's half parched.

AGNES

Miss.

GWEN and AGNES are happy to escape work and walk up towards the house.

Exasperated, CHARLOTTE pushes back an escaped lock of hair -

CHARLOTTE

John?

JOHN

It's stuck good and proper, Miss.

CHARLOTTE sighs, this isn't going well. Takes in the situation -

CHARLOTTE

Pull up the hedge, we'll get it in that way.

One of the older workers steps forward - GIDEON.

GIDEON

(Doubtful)

The hedge, miss?

CHARLOTTE

Yes, the hedge, Gideon. Green thing, getting in the way.

GIDEON

Mr Nathan's great grandfather planted that hedge, Miss, I'm not sure he'd like it if we -

CHARLOTTE

(Sparkling)

Can you see Mr Nathan here?

GIDEON

No, Miss.

CHARLOTTE

Nor can I. Pull it up.

18

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

18

NATHAN sits in the half-decorated drawing room, listening to the REVEREND DENNING and MARY.

DENNING

Harriet has always been a bright and lovely child. Then we noticed her getting more and more remote from us. Subdued. It was all we could do to get her out of her bedroom.

NATHAN
When was this?

MARY
It was just after you arrived back
at Chedzoy, Mr Appleby.

NATHAN
Nathan, please.

MARY
I remember, because she was so
excited about meeting you at the
solstice celebrations.

NATHAN
She is at that difficult age
between childhood and womanhood.

DENNING
That's what we told ourselves, but
we've watched as the spark went
from her eyes.

19 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/PIGSTY - DAY**

19

HARRIET is happily playing with a little DUCKLING in a
trough.

She looks over at where AGNES is pumping water into a bucket.

GWEN takes advantage of this to splash cold water over her
face and arms.

HARRIET stares at GWEN's body, fascinated.

GWEN feels the girl's eyes on her and manages a smile - but
feels a bit disquieted.

20 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

20

DENNING hesitates, getting to the crux of the matter.

DENNING
Then - recently - she started to
pretend to speak like a man.

NATHAN
(Interested)
A man? What sort of man?

DENNING
I don't know. Just a generic,
rather ugly... man. She says words
and phrases that she could not
possibly know.

MARY
(Upset)
Sexual things, disgusting things.

A concerned NATHAN gets up, pours the distraught woman a glass of water.

NATHAN
Why have you come to me?

DENNING
I know you have had great success
with aberrant behaviour in London,
I thought that -

NATHAN
That work is behind me now, at
least in a practical sense. I owe
this farm and the people who depend
on it my fullest attention.

DENNING
(Disappointed)
We thought, perhaps, you would make
an exception.

21 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/PIGSTY - DAY**

21

HARRIET cradles the DUCKLING in her hand as she watches GWEN walk back towards the fields with her pails of water.

She looks down.

The drowned DUCKLING floats on the surface of the water.

22 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

22

NATHAN is being brusque but energetic.

NATHAN
Harriet is your only daughter and,
of course, you are concerned about
her. I must have seen a hundred
such sons and daughters brought to
me by loving, responsible parents -

DENNING
We are at our wit's end -

NATHAN
Her body is changing, her mind is
changing. She needs her parents to
sit down with her and talk of these
things much more than she needs a
psychologist -

MARY gets up, has had enough of this.

MARY
Then we will waste your time no
longer. Come, Matthew.

DENNING reluctantly gets up.

NATHAN
If her condition deteriorates
further, I am here. But I am sure
that will not be necessary.

DENNING and NATHAN look out of the window.

There is HARRIET, bright and breezy, waving back at them.

23

EXT. FARM/FIELD - DAY

23

A section of hedge has been ripped up, leaving an ugly gaping hole.

The great, gleaming TRACTION ENGINE is now on the edge of the field.

It's an odd, discordant image - this thing of polished steel in an ancient landscape. Unsettling.

The WORKERS stand around, very dubious about it all.

GIDEON suspiciously shuffles coal into a roaring furnace -

CHARLOTTE
All ready, Gideon?

JOHN finishes attaching the plough to a wire that leads to the back of the TRACTION ENGINE.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
John?

JOHN nods, not at all sure about this.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Stand on the plough, men!

JOHN and other dubious WORKERS stand on the huge, shining plough.

CHARLIE decides he's going to be one of the men -

AGNES
Not you, Charlie!

CHARLOTTE clambers up onto the platform of the traction engine.

GWEN

Are you sure this is wise, Miss?

CHARLOTTE

Carpe Diem.

GWEN

What, Miss?

CHARLOTTE releases a stop and the wire tightens, judders forward, the WORKERS hanging on tight.

GWEN puts her hands over her ears. Other WORKERS take a fearful step back.

CHARLOTTE is absolutely thrilled, hollers with delight.

CLOSE on those sharp, cold, pristine blades as they carve up the soil.

24 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - NIGHT**

24

The house silhouetted against the night sky. In one upstairs window a light glows orange.

25 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT**

25

NATHAN is at his desk, working out figures as he looks through old ledgers, his face illuminated by an oil lamp, a cigar burning in an ashtray.

CHARLOTTE is in a robe, hair down, cradling her camera.

She looks at him through her camera, watching where the shadows fall across his concentrated, intense face. She loves him.

CHARLOTTE

You look tired. Extremely desirable, but tired.

NATHAN

Go to bed, strumpet.

CHARLOTTE

I will. With you.

NATHAN

Let me just finish these accounts.

CHARLOTTE looks at the accounts.

CHARLOTTE

Are they bad?

NATHAN

Every letter I ever wrote to her I asked how the farm was doing and every time she wrote back to me she said it was fine.

CHARLOTTE

She probably didn't want to worry you.

NATHAN

I'm worried now.

CHARLOTTE

We can make it work, can't we? I love it here, we have to.

CHARLOTTE takes his cigar, rolls the smoke around her mouth and expertly spins it out.

NATHAN looks up at his wife, smiles at her, loves her enthusiasm.

NATHAN

You had a good day, didn't you?

CHARLOTTE

(Beaming)

I did, thank you for asking. You would have been proud of me.

NATHAN

I'm always proud of you.

CHARLOTTE

(Enthused)

There's lots to do, obviously. Even more to learn. But if we work hard and the weather holds and we get the harvest in - quicker and more efficient than anyone else because we have a traction engine - then we can take stock and see where we are and where we have to get to.

NATHAN

(Amused)

God, you're attractive when you talk about agricultural planning.

(Flourishing letter)

I had a good day, too. A publisher in London saying he would be extremely keen to read my manuscript when it is completed.

CHARLOTTE takes the letter and quickly scans.

CHARLOTTE
Then we are both extremely clever -

NATHAN
We are.

CHARLOTTE
- and I suggest we celebrate.

CHARLOTTE lets her curtain of hair fall over his face,
obscuring the page -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Come to bed.

NATHAN
You promise me you don't miss
London?

CHARLOTTE
No. Come to bed.

NATHAN
Or your work?

CHARLOTTE
No. Come to bed.

NATHAN
Soon.

CHARLOTTE sighs. She stands there looking at him. Considers.
Then starts to unbutton the front of her robe.

NATHAN laughs out loud, all his worries forgotten.

26 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - NIGHT**

26

The scullery is quiet and dark.

The drawing room is quiet and dark.

The study is quiet and dark. Charlotte's photographs leaned
against the wall - workers outside cottages. A pagan stone.

The corridors.

All is still.

27 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/NATHAN & CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

27

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE, asleep together.

Quiet.

Then - far off in the house - the sound of glass breaking.

NATHAN wakes with a start.

NATHAN checks that CHARLOTTE is sleeping, gets out of bed.

28 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

28

NATHAN walks out his bedroom when he again hears the noise of glass smashing downstairs.

He moves to the top of the stairs. Listens.

More glass smashing. Voices loud-whispering.

There is a cupboard at the end of the corridor and NATHAN takes an old cricket bat from it.

He walks quietly but quickly downstairs.

29 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/SCULLERY - NIGHT**

29

NATHAN sees lights moving under the door to the scullery. Bright lights, brighter than candles.

He lifts the cricket bat, takes a breath, throws the door open -

There is nobody there. No light, no people, just a dark scullery in the middle of the night.

NATHAN holds up the lamp and inspects every window. None of them are broken. Odd.

30 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/FIELD/RIVER - DAY**

30

NATHAN - stripped to the waist - is standing in the river, fixing a fence.

GIDEON hands NATHAN another nail.

NATHAN
The cattle have destroyed this
bank. What were you thinking of?

GIDEON
Your mother said not to touch a
thing, so we didn't.

NATHAN shakes his head in frustration.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
We're glad you're back, sir. Didn't
think we'd see you here again.

The TRACTION ENGINE pulls the plough across the field.

JOHN rides on the plough, face set and hard, the noise loud as the plough churns the land.

JOHN
(Singing/brave)
*So early in the morning, to harrow,
plough and sow;
And with a gentle cast, my boys,
we'll give the corn a throw.*

NATHAN
(Shouting)
It won't bite, John!

GIDEON
He looks like me on my wedding
night, sir.

Affectionate chortles at the much-liked JOHN'S so-serious expression.

Then GIDEON slips and goes under the water, back first.

It's not a deep river but GIDEON doesn't get up at first, it's as if his face is being held under water, his eyes getting wider with fear -

And then NATHAN reaches down and hauls him to his feet, GIDEON gasping in the air.

Now it's GIDEON's turn to be the brunt of the humour.

NATHAN
What on earth are you doing, man?

JOHN
(Shouting, from Traction
Engine)
Tis nice and dry up here, Gideon!

GIDEON takes it in good stead but he looks back at the river. What just happened there?

31 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

31

DECORATORS painting the walls a fresh, bright white undercoat.

Dust-wraps over furniture.

32 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY**

32

CHARLOTTE and GWEN are looking through piles of accumulated, dusty attic rubbish.

CHARLOTTE throws an old toy castle aside. A broken rocking-horse. A sledge.

CHARLOTTE
Doesn't look like anybody's been up
here in years.

GWEN
Nobody has, Miss.
(Looking around, pointed)
Mind you, 'twould make a lovely
nursery.

CHARLOTTE
I'm sure I don't know what you
mean.

GWEN
Is it true you used to take
photographs of Kings and Queens,
Miss?

CHARLOTTE
More debutantes and dogs, actually.

CHARLOTTE opens the lid of a large trunk, takes out a
beautiful, expensive dress -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Nathan's mother certainly had
expensive tastes! Look at this
dress.

CHARLOTTE holds it up against herself.

GWEN
(Awkward)
That didn't belong to Mr Nathan's
mother, Miss, that was ...

CHARLOTTE is momentarily taken aback, then recovers herself.

CHARLOTTE
Of course his first wife had good
taste. She married my husband,
didn't she?

Now GWEN takes out pretty, folded, blue baby clothes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
(Sad)
Gabriel.

She takes the clothes from GWEN, touches her cheek with them.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Did you know him?

GWEN

Not really. I used to hear a baby crying in the house... then one day there was no more crying.

Something else catches CHARLOTTE's interest. In the bottom of the trunk are lots of wildly scribbled drawings - of some sort of STICK WOMAN WITH A BOOK in her hand. A book that seems to be emanating rays of light.

CHARLOTTE shows the drawings to GWEN, who just shrugs - they mean nothing to her.

33

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/YARD - DAY

33

A bonfire blazes in the yard as WORKERS throw old, broken bits of furniture onto it.

NATHAN stands in the doorway, his back to the fire as he puts on a clean shirt, looking at a brand new headstone that reads:

VICTORIA APPLEBY

1820-1888

Husband Of Charles Appleby

Mother of Nathan

"He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." - John 11:25

NATHAN turns to see GIDEON standing there.

GIDEON

We'll get it down to the churchyard, sir, the earth has settled now.

NATHAN

Thank you, Gideon. Let me know when it's done.

GIDEON moves away and NATHAN watches as CHARLOTTE and GWEN laugh and throw rubbish from the attic onto the bonfire. He watches his wife. Lost in love for her.

CHARLOTTE feels NATHAN's eyes on her, turns and dazzles him with a smile -

CHARLOTTE

There you are! Tell me if there's anything of this you want to keep.

NATHAN walks towards his wife, kisses her on her surprised lips, peruses the junk -

NATHAN

Nothing.

NATHAN throws it all into the fire.

CHARLOTTE
What about these?

CHARLOTTE holds out a drawing of the Book Woman. NATHAN takes it, looks at it. He shrugs, it means nothing to him.

NATHAN throws the drawing on the bonfire, watches the flames lick away the Book Woman.

34

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/OUTBUILDINGS/LAKE - DUSK

34

NATHAN walks around his property, making sure everything is secure for the night, his upraised lamp throwing strange shadows.

His DOGS never far from his side.

He throws some feed to his pigs.

NATHAN notices something floating on the surface of the trough. A dead DUCKLING. Odd.

The DOGS start to growl. Something has spooked them.

NATHAN
What is it, boys?

NATHAN walks away from the house, towards the dark, open countryside.

He lifts the lamp, its yellow light making little impression on the night.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Who's there?

Nothing.

An OWL swoops and screeches out of the darkness, a white blur making NATHAN instinctively duck.

The DOGS bark.

The OWL sits on a post and looks at them.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
It's an owl, for God's sake.

Amused by his own fright, NATHAN strides back towards the house.

Over his shoulder, something white and out-of-focus in the darkness of the lake behind him.

35 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/NATHAN & CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 35

NATHAN starts to unbutton his shirt as he comes into the bedroom.

CHARLOTTE has fallen asleep with a book about pig husbandry still in her hand.

NATHAN gently removes it, makes his wife comfortable.

He goes to the shutters to close them and -

Something is in the lake! A person? A white shape?

NATHAN hurries from the room.

36 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/LAKE - NIGHT** 36

NATHAN runs out of the house, down towards the lake.

A woman is standing in the lake in a white nightdress, the water up to her chest, long hair fanning over her shoulders -

NATHAN
Harriet?
 (Shouting)
Harriet!

NATHAN's voice seems to break HARRIET out of a trance. She looks around her, completely confused.

She turns to see NATHAN looking at her, puts a pleading hand out towards him.

HARRIET
Help me. Please, help me.

NATHAN wades into the water towards her.

CHARLOTTE comes running down from the house.

NATHAN reaches the confused, upset HARRIET.

NATHAN
It's alright, it's alright.

NATHAN puts his arm around HARRIET and leads her towards the bank where CHARLOTTE is waiting with a blanket.

A sleepy GWEN starts hurrying down towards them from the house.

CHARLOTTE
 (To Nathan)
What's happened?

NATHAN delivers HARRIET to CHARLOTTE, who wraps the young woman in warm blankets.

NATHAN

(To Gwen)

Send one of the boys to the vicarage and tell them Harriet is quite safe and is spending the night with us.

HARRIET looks at NATHAN with big, grateful eyes.

CHARLOTTE not quite so happy at this development.

37 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/HARRIET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

37

A fire crackles in the small hearth.

HARRIET sits on the edge of her bed, tired, wan.

She turns and looks into the dressing-table mirror.

Again, the features of a man beneath her own reflection animate her features. Horrible.

The MAN smiles.

38 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/YARD - DAY**

38

CHARLOTTE is tossing feed to the chickens and ducks as NATHAN follows her.

CHARLOTTE

We've been down here five minutes and you've gone straight back to being a psychologist.

NATHAN

Hardly that. The girl is more troubled than I thought, that's all, she needs me -

CHARLOTTE

I need you! The farm needs you!

NATHAN

You saw her last night, I can't simply turn my back on her.

39 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/NATHAN & CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

39

HARRIET has entered the master bedroom, the bed still unmade.

She watches NATHAN and CHARLOTTE's conversation from the window, being careful not to be seen.

HARRIET picks up some of Charlotte's discarded underwear, puts it to her nose and inhales the scent as she watches them argue.

40 EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/YARD - DAY

40

CHARLOTTE sighs, turns to address NATHAN -

CHARLOTTE

You will do what you want to do,
you always do -

NATHAN

That's not fair -

CHARLOTTE

(Kind)

Do what you can for the girl, of course you must. But please do it quickly.

41 INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

41

HARRIET wonders around NATHAN's study, interested in all his books and objects.

HARRIET

Why would anyone give up London and psychology to come and live in this dull little piece of England?

NATHAN

Because it's my dull little piece
of England.

She comes across an iconic photograph of Nathan - standing in a field of tall grass, long coat, hatless, looking straight at us, the stars spinning overhead.

HARRIET

It's wonderful. Who took it?

NATHAN

My wife.

HARRIET

(Correcting him)

Your *second* wife.

NATHAN

Yes, my second wife.

She turns and smiles brightly at him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Sit down, Harriet.

HARRIET sits. NATHAN takes up a notebook.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
What happened last night?

HARRIET
What do you mean?

NATHAN
You walked the best part of a mile
in your bare feet to stand in my
lake. If I hadn't seen you from my
bedroom -

HARRIET
I don't remember.

NATHAN
You don't remember how you got
here?

HARRIET shakes her head.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Do you remember why you were
standing in the lake?

HARRIET says nothing but looks uncomfortable.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(Gently probing)
Harriet?

HARRIET
The man told me to.

This is the first time NATHAN has heard anyone speak of an
actual man.

NATHAN
What man?

HARRIET
The man who comes to me.

NATHAN
Who is he?

HARRIET looks away, doesn't want to say any more.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Does he have a name?

Nothing.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Why would he want you to stand in
the lake?

Nothing.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Is this the same man who touched
you?

HARRIET
(Bright)
Do you think she would take my
portrait?

42

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

42

The WORKERS are in the field, still unsure of the Traction Engine as CHARLOTTE shows JOHN how to start it up.

GWEN is flirting with the TINKER, who is grinding blades and scythes in readiness for the harvest.

GWEN
Nice and sharp, mind, not like last
year's rubbish.

TINKER
I don't recall you complaining too
much.

CHARLOTTE appears, surveys the scene. HARRIET is next to her.

CHARLOTTE
You don't have to work, Harriet,
what will your parents think of me?

HARRIET
I want to. I only ever do is
needlework and read.

CHARLOTTE sees GWEN flirting with the TINKER. So does
HARRIET.

CHARLOTTE
When you're ready, Gwen.

GWEN
Sorry, Miss, he do be so slow.
(Under her breath, to
Tinker)
That's why I like him.

43

INT. VICARAGE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

43

DENNING and MARY look at each other, upset by the questions
NATHAN is asking them.

DENNING

She has pretended to speak in a man's voice, yes. But there is no "man" inside her.

MARY

She is very astute and intelligent, Mr Appleby -

NATHAN

Nathan, please.

MARY

Are you sure she hasn't told you something she thought you might like to hear?

NATHAN

Has she had any sort of emotional attachment to any boy or man -

DENNING

No!

NATHAN

Nothing sexual?

MARY

(Shocked)

No! She is the child of a respected reverend -

NATHAN

(Gentle)

She may be many things, Mary, but "child" is no longer one of them.

DENNING

(Calming)

You have my word on it, she has had no... relationships with any sort of man.

NATHAN

Would you say she has a good imagination?

MARY

Yes.

NATHAN

Does she write poetry? A novel?

DENNING

Not to our knowledge.

NATHAN

Does she keep a journal?

DENNING and MARY look at each other.

MARY
I don't think so, but it's a possibility.

NATHAN
May I look in her room?

44

INT. VICARAGE/HARRIET'S BEDROOM - DAY

44

A guilty looking DENNING watches as NATHAN looks through the books on Harriet's bedside table.

NATHAN
(Reading)
Zola. Ibsen.
(Really surprised)
Engels?

DENNING
We're interested in ideas, my daughter and I. She is a remarkable child, Appleby. Until these last weeks she was a dream of what a daughter could be.

NATHAN pulls back the rug to reveal the bare floorboards. He taps the boards. Nothing.

DENNING (CONT'D)
What on earth are you doing?

NATHAN
Something is troubling her. Or somebody.

He tries the wainscotting. A piece of it feels lighter, hollower, than the rest of it.

NATHAN takes out a pen-knife and gently works the wainscotting away from the wall.

To reveal several cylindrical cardboard tubes.

DENNING
What are they?

Then NATHAN pulls away some wooden panelling - to reveal lots more cylinders and the cylinder player itself.

45

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT

45

NATHAN is exploring the cylinders as an intrigued CHARLOTTE looks on.

NATHAN

It's a phonograph. I've heard of them but never actually seen one.

NATHAN struggles to make sense of how the machine works.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

They have an audio recording engraved on the wax cylinder, which can be reproduced when played on this mechanical phonograph. Somehow...

CHARLOTTE reaches forward and pushes a lever and the cylinder starts to turn!

It's just static at first but then, remarkably distinct, the recorded voice of Gideon...

PHONOGRAPH

(Gideon's Voice)

Since my time at Chedzoy... which is all my life... we've mostly favoured Tremlett.

CHARLOTTE

(Excited)

It's Gideon!

PHONOGRAPH

(Gideon's voice)

There was something of a change to Yarlinton Mill in the 1860s then back to Tremlett. Now, Mrs Appleby do mention trying the Dabinette....

NATHAN stops the machine, takes out the cylinder.

NATHAN

One of the greatest inventions of our age and Gideon is talking cider apple varieties.

CHARLOTTE hands him another cylinder and NATHAN positions it in the phonograph.

CHARLOTTE

(Amazed)

You could be dead and buried a hundred years and people could still hear what your voice sounded like.

NATHAN starts the next cylinder. It's a voice he knows very well and it takes his breath away...

PHONOGRAPH

(Victoria's voice)

Nathan is everything a mother could ever want in a son. He is one of those rare men who can walk into a room and everyone in it feels a little bit taller, a little bit happier.

CHARLOTTE puts her hand over her husband's, sees how touched he is by his mother's words.

PHONOGRAPH (CONT'D)

(Victoria's voice)

He is affectionate, steadfast, kind. Too kind, I sometimes think.

NATHAN turns off the machine, brushes a tear from his cheek.

46

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

46

Tall grass sways under a dark blue summer sky.

In a tiny clearing in the middle of the grass, GWEN is enthusiastically astride the TINKER.

TINKER

Gwyneth, Gwyneth...

GWEN

"Gwen", you bastard.

But she doesn't care, quite happy to take her pleasure where and when she can.

Then something makes her stop and she stares into the forest of dark grass.

TINKER

Don't stop, woman!

GWEN

Ssshhhhh! I think someone's watching us.

A beat as they listen.

Something is coming towards them through the grass...

A small ROE DEER walks out of the grass. Sees them, bolts.

GWEN and the TINKER laugh at their foolishness, then get straight back to it.

47 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/LAKE - NIGHT**

47

HARRIET lies against a tree, breathing heavily, aroused at what she has seen.

She takes out a small mirror, looks at herself.

The MAN's leering face is stronger now, starting to dominate her features.

48 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT**

48

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE are going through the seemingly endless cylinders.

CHARLOTTE

Try this one.

NATHAN

There must be recordings of everyone who lived and worked on the farm.

NATHAN puts another cylinder in the machine. Then the gruff, bitter voice of a man fills the room

PHONOGRAPH

(Abel's voice)

I work for you, that's all, you don't own me. I'll speak when I want to speak.... My name is Abel North.

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE look at each other - unpleasant voice.

PHONOGRAPH (CONT'D)

The people in this village wouldn't spit on me if I was on fire, truth be told. And nor I them. Bunch of wretches and vagrants every one.

CHARLOTTE

Who is it?

NATHAN shakes his head, doesn't know.

PHONOGRAPH

(Abel's voice)

Except for the wenches. The young ones. Like fresh fruit waiting to be plucked. I'm the man to pluck 'em.

CHARLOTTE

Turn it off, Nathan, it's horrible.

PHONOGRAPH

(Abel's voice. He starts
to laugh, triggers an
ugly smoker's cough)

*I'll pluck 'em alright. I'll take
'em down Cock Lane.*

(Kind male voice)

That's enough, Abel.

(Abel's voice)

You won't bury me, you'll see...

The cylinder is stuck, starts to repeat itself -

PHONOGRAPH (CONT'D)

(Abel's voice)

Bury me... bury me... bury me...

NATHAN becomes aware of someone standing in the doorway of the study. It's HARRIET.

She looks dishevelled, haunted, exhausted.

49 **EXT. VILLAGE/WHEATSHEAF PUB - NIGHT**

49

The paint-peeling sign of The Wheatsheaf creaks on the breeze.

50 **INT. VILLAGE/WHEATSHEAF PUB - NIGHT**

50

The landlord and his wife - SIMON & LIZZIE MERRIFIELD - working behind the bar.

The pub is quiet at this late hour, a murmur of conversation.

JOHN is on his own at a table, pensive.

NATHAN is at a corner table with GIDEON.

GIDEON

The Reverend before this one -
Reverend James, twas - he had one
of them recording machines. He
wanted to get our voices down on
it, sir, said it twas a thing of
record.

NATHAN

Who is Abel North?

It's obviously not a name that GIDEON likes to hear. He lowers his voice...

GIDEON

Abel North was the meanest, most
godless man it was ever my
misfortune to share a flagon with.
You remember Abel North, John?

Nothing from JOHN.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

His father was one of them baptist
preachers, travelling around and
dunking folk. He was hard on Abel,
that I do know - whipped him like a
dog.

NATHAN

Where is Abel now?

GIDEON

In Hell, if the Devil will have
him.

NATHAN

Dead?

GIDEON

He was a handsome fellow and the
girls did like him... until the
cancer ate away at him. Reverend
James took pity on Abel, said 'twas
his Christian duty to put a roof
over his head -

NATHAN

So Abel spent his last years in the
vicarage?

GIDEON

And died here. Didn't go gentle
neither, screaming and cussing into
the next life, face eaten away with
disease.

NATHAN

Which was his room, Gideon, do you
know?

GIDEON

I believe twas the one Miss Harriet
has now, sir.

51

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - NIGHT

51

NATHAN is making his way back from the pub, sees that there
is a light coming from his study window.

He hears a noise behind him. Stops. Turns.

NATHAN listens intently but it's just a breeze on a summer's night.

He turns and -

JOHN is standing right in front of him, makes NATHAN jump.

NATHAN
Jesus Christ, John!

JOHN
I heard you talking about Abel
North, sir.

NATHAN
What of him?

JOHN
One night when he was in his cups
in The Wheatsheaf... he did boast
of something.

NATHAN
What did he boast of?

JOHN looks around, lowers his voice.

JOHN
He said he killed three young
women, sir. One a prostitute, the
other two from the poor house.

NATHAN
Did you believe him?

JOHN nods.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Did you tell anyone?

JOHN
There was no evidence, sir. And
when he was sober next day he
denied it all. But his eyes... they
were laughing at me.

NATHAN lets himself into the house, bolts the door behind him.

He then hears the sound of a gruff male voice coming from upstairs.

53 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

53

NATHAN walks slowly, quietly, down the corridor. He holds his lamp up, throwing odd shadows in the old house.

Everything is silent now.

Then that VOICE, dark and gruff, almost in his ear - it's coming from Harriet's room.

NATHAN

Harriet!

NATHAN opens the door -

54 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

54

- and walks into the bedroom, still holding his lamp up.

NATHAN

Harriet?

HARRIET stirs in her bed, asleep.

NATHAN holds his lamp to each dark corner of the room - no sign of anyone.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

Harriet?

HARRIET sleeps.

NATHAN takes up her unfinished sampler - "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

NATHAN holds the lamp so he can look into the girl's sleeping face. Is she really asleep?

A beat as he almost tries to wait her out. She doesn't stir.

Then he leaves the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

55 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

55

NATHAN stands with his back to the door, listening for any sound or movement from Harriet's bedroom.

56 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

56

HARRIET sits up in bed, clearly wide awake. She knows that Nathan is on the other side of the door.

57 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

57

There is no noise from the bedroom.

NATHAN gives up, walks down the corridor towards his own bedroom.

58 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

58

HARRIET looks in the mirror above her dressing table.

A sneer on her face - or rather on Abel North's face.

59 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

59

HARRIET and NATHAN sit around a table in the drawing room, the cylinders between them.

HARRIET looks tired, bags under her eyes.

NATHAN

What was it like when you first heard a cylinder? You must have jumped out of your skin, I know I did.

HARRIET

I have heard played a cylinder.

NATHAN

What interests me is, out of all the different voices you could have chosen, you chose Abel North.

(Gentle)

Why was that, Harriet?

HARRIET

I chose nobody.

NATHAN

Abel North's voice is very distinctive -

HARRIET looks straight into his eyes -

HARRIET

Are you calling me a liar?

NATHAN

No.

HARRIET

Then I will tell you one more time - I have never seen any of this before in my life.

They look at each other, an early battle of wills.

NATHAN
Do you ride?

60

EXT. FARM/FIELD - DAY

60

The TINKER drives his waggon down a rickety lane, away from the farm.

The TRACTION ENGINE is doing its work, helping the WORKERS bring in the harvest.

JOHN is on the plough, getting the hang of it now.

JOHN
(Singing)
*Which makes the valleys thick to
stand, with corn to fill the
reaper's hand: All this, you well
may understand,
Comes from the ploughing boy.*

GIDEON, young CHARLIE, and other men standing on the plough for ballast and steering.

CHARLOTTE is setting up her camera. Glances sideways at the glowing GWEN.

CHARLOTTE
Are you alright, Gwen?

GWEN
Never been happier, Miss.

CHARLOTTE
(Mischievous)
Only you seem to be walking with a slight limp.

GWEN
(Colours)
No, miss.

CHARLOTTE sees NATHAN riding away from the house with HARRIET - it's not a sight that comforts her.

CHARLIE is mucking about, moving from one giant prong of the plough to another.

CHARLOTTE
What is that boy doing?

GWEN
Charlie. Lives in a world of his own, that one.

CHARLOTTE looks in her camera at the TRACTION ENGINE and plough - just as CHARLIE stumbles and falls under the prongs of the plough.

CHARLOTTE

Charlie!

GIDEON waves for JOHN to stop the TRACTION ENGINE but the plough is already spitting CHARLIE out of the back, his body limp and torn.

CHARLOTTE and the OTHERS run towards the stricken BOY -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It's alright, Charlie, it's alright. Let me see.

Blood is pouring from a bad gash in his leg, he is muddy and scratched and shaken.

61

EXT. MOORS - DAY

61

NATHAN and HARRIET walk their horses high up on the moorland, the lush countryside spread out below them.

HARRIET loves being treated like an adult and some of her old spirit returns.

NATHAN

When the man comes to you... is he inside you?

HARRIET nods.

HARRIET

We're both there but he is stronger.

NATHAN

What does it feel like?

HARRIET

He's very angry, I can feel that. Bitter. And sometimes - just for a moment - I feel that he is very sad.

NATHAN

Do you like this man. Harriet?

HARRIET shakes her head.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Shall we get rid of him?

HARRIET smiles. Nods.

Something catches NATHAN's eye. There, climbing high up into the blue sky, is a JET PLANE.

NATHAN is transfixed, has no idea what it is -

HARRIET

Is it unladylike to be extremely hungry?

NATHAN looks back into sky. The Jet plane has gone.

62

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/SCULLERY - DAY

62

CHARLOTTE cleans CHARLIE's wounds.

GWEN looking on.

CHARLOTTE

That's my brave boy. I think there'll be a reward in this for you. What have we got, Gwen?

GWEN

Nice shiny apple?

CHARLOTTE

An apple? He's had Cheddar Gorge carved into his leg and you want to give him an apple? Haven't we got some of those French bonbons left?

GWEN

I do believe we have, Miss.

CHARLOTTE

(To Charlie)

And I think you'd best work in the house for a few days. Would you like that, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(Blurting)

Are you gonna make us leave the cottage, Miss?

CHARLOTTE

What?

CHARLIE

Our mother says that now the machine is here you won't have no need of us no more.

GWEN

(To Charlie)

Don't be such an ungrateful brat.

CHARLOTTE
Nothing's been decided yet,
Charlie.

CHARLIE
Only I'm the head of our family,
miss, and I do need to know -

GWEN
Stick a bonbon in his gob, Miss,
that'll shut the soft sod up -

CHARLOTTE looks down into the boy's troubled eyes and it makes her uneasy.

63

EXT. MOORS - DAY

63

NATHAN and HARRIET picnic under a tree, next to a burbling stream.

NATHAN letting the sunlight fracture in his glass of cider.

He hands a glass to HARRIET.

HARRIET
My mother doesn't allow strong
drink.

NATHAN considers this...

NATHAN
(Shouting)
Mrs Denning?! Mrs Denning?! No,
definitely not here.

HARRIET takes the cider, laughing. Starting to fall for this man a little.

HARRIET
Tell me about your patients in
London.

NATHAN
What would you like to know?

HARRIET
Were they all as mad as me?

NATHAN
That presupposes you're mad. And
you're not.

HARRIET
Seriously. What sort of people were
they?

NATHAN

All sorts. Rich and poor, old and young. But all were troubled, or had got themselves lost in some way.

NATHAN takes a coin out of his pocket, absently turning it in his fingers.

HARRIET watches, fascinated by the fast-moving coin.

HARRIET

Lost?

NATHAN

We live in exciting times, Harriet. New technologies, new sciences, new industries. Perhaps the greatest age there has ever been.

HARRIET

But.

NATHAN smiles at her quick mind -

NATHAN

For hundreds of years each of us knew our exact place in the universe. We knew our God, we knew our position in life, our place in the world. We knew what life was for and where we would go when we died. And then one day...

HARRIET

Mr Darwin wrote his book.

NATHAN

Indeed he did. You've read it?

HARRIET

My father gave it to me.

(Teasing)

Even clergymen can be curious.

NATHAN laughs out loud at this.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

He says he sees it in his own parishioners every week. Centuries of no questions and now... questions everywhere.

NATHAN

(Impressed)

Exactly.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

The old certainties are gone and people look for meaning elsewhere - spiritualism, mediums, mesmerism, the supernatural - and some of those people got damaged and became my patients.

NATHAN spins the coin into the air, catches it in his jacket pocket.

HARRIET

Do you believe in ghosts?

NATHAN

Ghosts?

NATHAN walks over to the stream, cups the clear water into his hands and splashes it over his face.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I believe in an open and scientific mind. I've certainly seen people haunted - but only by an aspect of themselves, never by a ghost.

NATHAN turns to see that HARRIET is on her back, fitting.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Harriet!

It's as if HARRIET is suffocating, as if the very air is drowning her.

NATHAN opens her mouth, makes sure she's not swallowing her tongue.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Back you come, Harriet. Back you come.

Slowly, the shaking stops and HARRIET opens her eyes, looks at NATHAN. Her eyes are narrow, bitter.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(Relieved)

You had me worried for a minute, there.

HARRIET

(Abel's voice)

You should be worried.

NATHAN takes a step back, shocked by the horrible voice, the direct inter-reaction.

64

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/GWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

64

In a modest servant's room at the top of the house, GWEN is standing naked in a tiny metal bath.

She pours water over herself from a jug, humming to herself as she washes, perhaps remembering her Tinker.

Then she sees someone in her mirror, staring at her.

GWEN screams, covers herself up, turns around to see HARRIET standing there.

HARRIET

Sorry, Gwen, I didn't mean to startle you.

GWEN

What are you doing here?

HARRIET

Looking for Mr Appleby.

GWEN

He's not in here, is he?

HARRIET lingers, stretching the moment into discomfort, looking at GWEN.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Is there something else, Miss Harriet?

HARRIET smiles. Then is gone.

Out on GWEN, feels very uncomfortable.

65

INT. FARM/NATHAN & CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

65

NATHAN is in bed smoking and making notes as CHARLOTTE busies herself behind her camera.

NATHAN

I think she's frightened of her sexuality, she listened to the cylinders, and created this unpleasant male alter ego to justify her fears.

CHARLOTTE ties a piece of string from her toe to her flash pan, carefully backs up until she's in bed with NATHAN.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What exactly are you doing?

CHARLOTTE
 Something for us to look at when
 we're old and toothless.

She tousles up their hair, undoes a few buttons.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 Try and look overwhelmed with lust.

NATHAN makes a lusty face which makes CHARLOTTE laugh out loud.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 What was that?

CHARLOTTE stops laughing, looks seriously into her husband's eyes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 We're responsible for all these
 people.

NATHAN
 Yes, we are. Starting to miss your
 debutantes?

CHARLOTTE
 Never.

They kiss. A proper, urgent kiss.

CHARLOTTE forgets the string, her foot goes up and FLASH, the powder explodes.

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE laugh at the absurdity of it all.

66

EXT - FIELDS - NIGHT

66

GIDEON, JOHN, GWEN, AGNES and some of the other WORKERS
 circle around the TRACTION ENGINE, very serious.

NATHAN is under the machine, an annoyed CHARLOTTE pacing.

NATHAN
 Someone's taken a hammer to it, the
 piston is sheared right off.

CHARLOTTE
 Who would do such a stupid thing?

The WORKERS look at their feet.

NATHAN gets out from under the Traction Engine, cleans his
 hands, sees at once that this is a difficult situation -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We sold our house in London so we could afford this. To make things better.

NATHAN

Gideon, go and get the blacksmith -

CHARLOTTE

Do you know anything about this, John?

The WORKERS flinch at this, JOHN is a popular and respected elder.

JOHN looks CHARLOTTE squarely in the eye.

JOHN

I hate that thing, Mrs Appleby, with all my heart. It will one day take my job as it has already taken my pride -

NATHAN

Come, John -

JOHN

But I have lived and worked here all my life and I would never hurt this place. Never.

CHARLOTTE is stilled by this man's quiet dignity.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry, it was never my intention to -

JOHN turns and walks away from this situation.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Please, John.

JOHN stops. Turns back to face her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I am new here and I will make mistakes.

JOHN is touched and humbled by this.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We cannot use the traction engine today, so what must we do instead?

JOHN looks to NATHAN in deference. NATHAN nods his permission.

JOHN

I'll hitch up the horses, Miss, and finish up Lower Field. Those people I don't need can get the root crop sown and then prepare for harvest.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you, John.

Only now does NATHAN notice that HARRIET is hanging back in the shadows, taking it all in.

67

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

67

HARRIET and NATHAN sit in the drawing room.

She looks very tired, wan.

NATHAN

We have to start making some progress, Harriet. Because soon somebody is going to say you need more help than I can give you -

HARRIET

No -

NATHAN

And they will take you away from me.

HARRIET

(Upset)

No, I'm staying here with you.

NATHAN

Then you must help me.

HARRIET

(Desperate)

How?

NATHAN takes a moment.

NATHAN

Your body is changing, Harriet -

HARRIET is angered by this approach.

HARRIET

Is that the best you can do?

NATHAN

You are feeling new urges, new desires. It's not easy for you to express them, given your upbringing and situation -

HARRIET

You're shaming me. Is that part of your technique?

NATHAN

Some days you will feel that nobody will ever love you, that you're not worthy, you're unattractive -

HARRIET

Do you think I'm unattractive, Nathan?

A beat as they look at each other, a battle of wills.

NATHAN

I think I can help you, but I can only help you if you trust me.

HARRIET

You can only help me if you believe me.

NATHAN

Abel North is a symptom, he's not the cause.

HARRIET

He is a ghost.

NATHAN

No.

HARRIET

He's a ghost and he's inside me and he is going to kill me.

NATHAN

No.

HARRIET

(Upset)

And there is nothing you can do about it.

A long beat as NATHAN studies her face, which is strong, looks straight back at him -

A sudden KNOCK on the window makes them both jump.

It's GIDEON -

GIDEON

You wanted to know when 'twas in place, sir.

NATHAN

Thank you, Gideon.

GIDEON moves away from the window.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I have to go somewhere now and I'd
rather not be alone. Would you come
with me, Harriet?

HARRIET nods, flattered to be asked.

68

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

68

NATHAN and HARRIET approach a pretty church on the edge of
the small Somerset village of Chedzoy.

NATHAN opens a gate, lets HARRIET into the graveyard.

HARRIET
Were you baptised here?

NATHAN
I was. No doubt I'll be buried
here.

HARRIET
In your dull little bit of
Somersetshire.

NATHAN
Exactly.

A breeze pushes the branches of the yew trees.

NATHAN and HARRIET start to pick their way through the
gravestones.

HARRIET
(Rural Old Lady's Voice)
I'll just sit down here -

NATHAN
Sorry, Harriet, what did you say?

HARRIET
(Rural Old Lady's Voice)
*Little bit of pain in my stomach.
I'll be right as rain in a moment -*

The voice chills NATHAN's blood.

He turns to look at HARRIET.

NATHAN
Harriet.

HARRIET
(Rural Small Boy's Voice)
My throat hurts... tis true sore...
(MORE)

HARRIET (CONT'D)
*make us some honey and lemon, our
 mother....*

NATHAN looks down at a nearby gravestone - that of a boy who died, aged 8.

NATHAN
 (Gentle)
 Harriet -

HARRIET
 (Posh Older Man)
*Battle. Yes. With comrades, that's
 how I thought it would happen.
 Never thought I would have to do it
 on my own. Scary, actually. Bloody
 scary...*

NATHAN steps towards HARRIET, very gently -

NATHAN
 Harriet. It's me, Nathan.

NATHAN puts his hands on HARRIET's shoulders -

She cackles in his face with ABEL NORTH'S VOICE -

HARRIET
 (Gruff Male Voice)
Fancy a walk down Cock Lane?

NATHAN
 (Firm)
 Harriet! Enough!

HARRIET stumbles. She saves herself by putting her hand on a brand new gravestone -

HARRIET
 (Victoria's Voice)
Nathan. Nathan.

NATHAN's blood chills. It's his mother's gravestone -

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 (Victoria's Voice)
You work too hard, Nathan -

NATHAN
 That's enough, Harriet -

HARRIET
 (Victoria's Voice)
You can't heal everybody -

NATHAN
 (Angry)
 Shut up!

HARRIET
 (Victoria's Voice)
*Its because I love you, son. Always
 remember that.*
 (Laughing Gruff Male
 Voice)
I love you, I love you.

NATHAN steps towards HARRIET, close to violence -

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 (Victoria's Voice)
*What do you want with him? You
 leave him alone! You leave my son
 alone!*

Suddenly HARRIET is back, her eyes confused and upset. Sees the wild-eyed NATHAN staring at her.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 Don't hurt me! Please, don't hurt
 me.

NATHAN
 (Firm, gentle)
 I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm
 sorry.

NATHAN puts his arms around her. She struggles at first, her body almost fitting, but NATHAN holds her tight and slowly the madness seems to seep out of her.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 We will conquer this, Harriet.
 Together.

HARRIET looks up into those kind, strong eyes.

HARRIET kisses NATHAN firmly on the lips, pushing her mouth against his.

NATHAN tries to push her off but she is strong and he has to use a lot of force to push her away -

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 No, Hattie.

But HARRIET is incredibly strong and determined a man's strength. She takes NATHAN's hand and pushes it against her breasts -

HARRIET
 (Gruff Male Voice)
*Take her down Cock Lane, you know
 you want to.*

HARRIET puts her hand between his legs and, disgusted, NATHAN pushes her fiercely away.

They look at each other, panting, confused.

HARRIET smiles. Then head-butts NATHAN.

He holds his nose in agony, blood dripping from it.

When he looks up HARRIET has gone.

NATHAN
(After her)
Harriet!

69

EXT. FIELD - DAY

69

It's a hot day for the WORKERS in the field.

GWEN, GIDEON, AGNES, CHARLIE et al sowing next year's root crop.

The HORSES are tethered to the plough but are not working.

AGNES
(To Gwen)
What's the new missus like to work for, then?

GWEN
She's not shy and retiring, I can tell you that. But I think she's got a good heart.

GIDEON
She certainly fills her clothes very pleasantly.

Laughter.

GWEN
Gideon, shame on you!

JOHN walks by them, walking all over their ploughed earth.

GWEN (CONT'D)
(Annoyed)
Don't mind us, John, you just carry on.

70

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - DAY

70

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE walk around the farm outbuildings, looking for Harriet. NATHAN is very agitated, very shaken.

CHARLOTTE
(Shouting)
Harriet!

NATHAN
She spoke to me.

CHARLOTTE
Who did? Harriet?

NATHAN
My mother.

CHARLOTTE turns and looks at NATHAN, very troubled by this development.

CHARLOTTE
Your mother is dead, Nathan.

NATHAN
I know, I know. It sounded so like
her -

CHARLOTTE
It was not her.

NATHAN knows how it must sound, but -

NATHAN
She said things that only mother
would say.

CHARLOTTE
(Angry)
We find this girl and we get her
out of our lives.

71 **EXT - FARM/FIELD - DAY**

71

JOHN walks into the middle of the field. He takes an apple
out of his pocket.

The HORSES can smell the fruit on a hot day. Their collars
and harness jingle with expectation.

72 **EXT. FARM/FIELD - DAY**

72

NATHAN looks out over his land, to where JOHN stands in the
middle of the field. He raises his hand, showing the horses
the fruit.

NATHAN
What's he doing?

CHARLOTTE
There she is! Over there!
(Waving)
Harriet!

HARRIET stands to one side of the field, looking up them, has been crying.

JOHN holds up the apples, talking to the HORSES, encouraging them forward -

JOHN
Come on, my beauties. Walk on.

The HORSES start to move towards JOHN, dragging the plough behind them -

The HORSES are nearing a trot now, frustrated, as JOHN walks backwards, holding the apples aloft.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Come. Walk on.

NATHAN instinctively knows something is wrong, starts walking quickly down from the farm -

NATHAN
John! John!

Blades curve and bump over the earth.

NATHAN is almost there, running across the field, seeing the horses crashing towards JOHN -

NATHAN (CONT'D)
John!

JOHN stands still, closes his eyes.

The HORSES are moving too quickly to stop and JOHN's body is obliterated beneath hoofs and plough.

NATHAN sees the shock-waves of fear and horror in the faces of the WORKERS as they run to the body of their dead friend, a man they have known all their lives.

He also sees HARRIET standing there. Expressionless.

73

INT. CHEDZOY FARM/DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

73

Both NATHAN and CHARLOTTE are devastated by what has happened.

NATHAN
Perhaps he was ill. Or in debt. But if he was in trouble, why didn't he come to me?

CHARLOTTE
I practically accused him of sabotaging that stupid machine.

NATHAN

He would have gone to my mother,
I'm sure of it.

CHARLOTTE

Has he worked here long?

NATHAN

He's been our farm manager since
his father died. Three generations
of Roebucks have ploughed these
fields.

CHARLOTTE

(Desperate)

Was it because of us?

NATHAN

He was a strong man, a private man.
What he did today... I just don't
understand it.

74

INT. VILLAGE/WHEATSHEAF PUB - NIGHT

74

GIDEON and all the WORKERS are in the pub.

The landlord and his wife - SIMON & LIZZIE MERRIFIELD -
working behind the bar.

John's body is in a crude, closed coffin, balanced on to
chairs.

GIDEON, AGNES, GWEN, JACK etc

The atmosphere is terrible, shocked.

75

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/FIELD - NIGHT

75

The blades of the PLOUGH, still dark with John's blood.

NATHAN stands in his dark field, feels the need to be here.
Why are these things happening?

His DOGS uneasy at his side.

76

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

76

NATHAN enters his house.

He hears a strange noise coming from the house. We will know
it as a TELEVISION COMMENTARY ON A CONTEMPORARY FOOTBALL
MATCH but to NATHAN it will be an ugly, discordant, strange
noise.

He turns a corner. A blue light is coming from one of the rooms. The sound of MEN SHOUTING.

NATHAN looks down at his DOGS - they show no signs of hearing anything untoward.

NATHAN reaches the door. What is going on behind it?

He wets his dry lips, summons up his courage, and pushes the door open.

It's just the dining room. Dark. Empty. Silent.

Really strange.

NATHAN turns and is face to face with HARRIET. Her wrists are ragged, blood dripping from wounds.

NATHAN
(Worried)
Oh my God, Harriet.

HARRIET
(Shocked)
What did you do, Nathan?

HARRIET collapses.

77

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/HARRIET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

77

HARRIET lies on her back on her bed, white as a sheet, catatonic.

CHARLOTTE ensures the bandages around her wrists are clean and secure as NATHAN helps her swallow a pill

NATHAN
This will help you sleep.

HARRIET does not answer.

NATHAN and CHARLOTTE leave the bedroom.

78

INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

78

He hates doing it, but NATHAN locks the bedroom door.

CHARLOTTE
The girl needs proper care.
Doctors, perhaps an asylum -

NATHAN
No -

CHARLOTTE

She is hurting herself! How long
before she hurts someone else?

NATHAN

She was entrusted to my care and I
will do my best for her.

CHARLOTTE

Is this empathy, Nathan, or is this
arrogance? Because from where I'm
standing...

NATHAN

I'll send for her parents in the
morning. If they agree with you...
I'll send her to my colleagues in
London.

79 **EXT. FIELD - DAWN**

79

Dawn breaks over the farm.

The blood on the plough is now thick with ANTS.

80 **EXT. FIELDS - DAY**

80

An anxious CHARLOTTE stands alone in the half-cut field of
grass.

The scythes are leant up against bales. Nobody is there.

A long beat.

Then CHARLOTTE looks up to see her WORKERS - GIDEON, AGNES,
JACK et al - silently arriving for their day's graft.

It is a scene as old as the farm itself and moves CHARLOTTE
greatly.

AGNES

Morning, miss.

CHARLOTTE

They came.

AGNES

Of course we came, miss. This is
what we do.

81 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

81

NATHAN stands in the middle of the room, watching a SERVANT
clean off a bloody drawing that Harriet must have done on the
whitewashed wall.

It appears to be a STICK WOMAN WITH A BOOK OF LIGHT.

82 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/STUDY - DAY**

82

An energised NATHAN picks pushes little nicks flat on one of the cylinders -

 PHONOGRAPH
 (Abel's voice)
 Bury me... bury me... bury me...

Then the cylinder jumps over the glitch and -

 PHONOGRAPH (CONT'D)
 (Abel's voice)
 *No river for the likes of you, he
 said. Wretched boy. Evil boy. Never
 a river for you...*

NATHAN hears the sound of a carriage outside, goes to the window. It's the DENNINGS.

83 **INT. FARM/CORRIDOR/GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING**

83

CHARLIE is walking along the corridor, loaded down with wood for the bedroom fires.

 HARRIET
 (Out Of Vision)
 Charlie!

CHARLIE stops.

 HARRIET (CONT'D)
 (OOV)
 Charlie! In here!

CHARLIE puts his ear to her door.

 CHARLIE
 Miss Harriet?

 HARRIET
 Unlock the door, Charlie, there's a
 love.

 CHARLIE
 (Not sure)
 Why is the door locked, Miss?

 HARRIET
 To stop me sleep-walking. But it's
 daytime now.

CHARLIE isn't sure he's meant to do this -

HARRIET (CONT'D)
Please, Charlie.

CHARLIE unlocks the door and watches as it slowly opens to reveal HARRIET standing there.

She smiles - but we know that Abel is inside her.

84

EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - DAY

84

NATHAN helps MARY out of the carriage, followed by DENNING.

DENNING
What is this about, Appleby?

NATHAN
Harriet's condition has
deteriorated.

CHARLOTTE walks up from the fields.

CHARLOTTE
Last night she harmed herself.

MARY and DENNING exchange an appalled look.

MARY
Take me to her.

NATHAN
It was a cry for help. The way to
help her is to hold our nerve.

MARY
(Fierce)
Take me to her.

CHARLOTTE
She's upstairs, follow me.

CHARLIE comes up as they start walking towards the house -

CHARLIE
Begging your pardon, sir -

NATHAN
Not now, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Only she's not upstairs, sir, if
you do mean Miss Harriet.

85

EXT. RIVER - DAY

85

GWEN is kneeling on the bank of the river, scrubbing and soaping bedsheets on a board.

Someone is watching her intently.

GWEN seems happy, singing to herself as she works.

Someone is looking at the swell of GWEN's breasts, the curve of her buttocks as she works.

GWEN feels eyes on her, looks behind her. It's HARRIET.

GWEN
(Relieved)
What is wrong with you, Miss
Harriet! I nearly went to meet my
Maker, I did.

GWEN wipes her brow, gets back to work.

There's nothing from HARRIET so GWEN turns and looks at the bank - but HARRIET is not there.

Relieved, GWEN turns back and -

Standing in the river next to her is HARRIET.

HARRIET
(Abel's Voice)
Take her down Cock Lane.

With that HARRIET pushes GWEN under, one arm under her back, one pushing the terrified woman's head under - and keeping it under.

GWEN's eyes are wide in terror... then starting to dim as consciousness ebbs out of her.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
(Abel's Voice, muttering)
*He that believeth and is baptized
shall be saved; but he that
believeth not shall be damned.*

Suddenly NATHAN is there, crashing into the water. He struggles with HARRIET but just manages to pull the gasping GWEN out of the river.

HARRIET looks completely confused - what is happening?

Up on the bank DENNING and MARY are looking down at their daughter, appalled by what they have just witnessed.

NATHAN addresses a clearly traumatised DENNING and MARY.

CHARLOTTE offers them tea, tries to calm them.

NATHAN

There have been cases of double or even triple consciousness. Different personalities existing in a host sensibility.

DENNING

What generates them?

NATHAN

Perhaps trauma, perhaps epilepsy. She is a very intelligent young woman, imaginative. She's confused and excited by her changing body and changing emotions -

MARY

Must you talk of her in such a way?

NATHAN

She came across the cylinders your predecessor made. Abel North, a man of lust and appetite and immorality.

CHARLOTTE

She can address subjects through Abel that she cannot address as Harriet?

MARY

This is hokum and I will not have it.

DENNING

Can you help her, that is the only question here.

NATHAN

I would like your permission to hypnotise Harriet.

DENNING

(Appalled)

Hypnotise?

MARY

Are you a doctor or a fairground turn, Mr Appleby?

(Brusque)

Thank you both for your time and patience -

CHARLOTTE

(Genuine)

Listen to him, Mary. If anyone can help Harriet...

NATHAN

If I can destroy the consciousness
that Harriet knows as Abel North
then perhaps we can get your
daughter back.

MARY

What is the alternative?

NATHAN

The asylum. Do not go down that
road, I beg you.

DENNING

Is it dangerous?

A beat as NATHAN considers.

NATHAN

Yes.

87

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

87

The WORKERS are in the field.

AGNES looks over at the house, sees the curtains being drawn
in the middle of a sunny morning.

GIDEON also sees this. They share a perturbed look before
getting back to work.

88

INR. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

88

NATHAN draws the last of the curtains, just a few lamps
illuminating the gloom.

The tired HARRIET sits patiently and waits.

NATHAN

Hypnotism is simply a way of
relaxing someone so that they can
access hidden feelings or memories.

HARRIET

Or Abel North?

NATHAN

There is no Abel North. What you
think of as Abel North is a
splinter of your own personality,
exaggerated and unbalancing the
whole.

HARRIET looks unconvinced.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I am going to relax you, to try and
take you back and find the moment
of trauma that made your
consciousness create Abel North.

HARRIET looks up into his strong, certain face.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Remember. This is your mind, your
body.

He takes out a gold fob watch.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
This was my father's. I remember
playing with it in this very room.

NATHAN lets the watch swing slowly, its shiny surface
catching the lamplight.

He positions it so it is swinging just above HARRIET's eye-
line, so she has to look up slightly.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I want you to concentrate on the
watch.

HARRIET does as she is told.

The room is dark, silent.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Look steadily at the watch,
Harriet. Let everything else fade
away.

HARRIET's pupils start to dilate.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Close your eyes.

HARRIET fights to keep her eyes open.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Relax. Just listen to my voice.
Your eyelids are getting heavy.

HARRIET closes her eyes.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes closed and shut out
all the light. Shut out everything
except for the sound of my voice.

NATHAN puts his watch away.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 Let all your worries and stresses
 fall from your shoulders. Feel them
 dripping away from the end of your
 fingers.

HARRIET limps forward, shoulders and arms relaxed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 I'm going to count to five and at
 the sound of each number you will
 be deeper. Safer. One, two,
 three...

NATHAN walks to the dividing door -

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 Four, five.

He turns the key in the lock.

89 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM/ANNEX - DAY** 89

DENNING - sitting nervously with MARY and CHARLOTTE - starts
 at the sound of the key being turned.

DENNING
 Is that strictly necessary?

90 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 90

NATHAN sits leaning in towards the hypnotised HARRIET.

NATHAN
 Remember a day before Abel North
 existed. The last moment you
 remember being completely happy.
 Can you do that for me?

HARRIET nods.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 What can you see?

HARRIET
 I'm in my father's study. He's
 reading his sermon to me and I'm
 teasing him.

HARRIET smiles at the memory.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 Then my mother comes into the room.
 Her cheeks are flushed and she's
 excited although she pretends not
 to be.

NATHAN
Why is she excited?

HARRIET
Because you are moving into Chedzoy House. The whole village is excited.

NATHAN is touched by this.

NATHAN
Can you remember when that happy day got compromised? When the happiness was darkened?

Nothing from HARRIET.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Can you remember the first time you saw Abel North?

HARRIET nods, serious now.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Where were you?

HARRIET
In my bedroom, getting undressed for bed. I saw his face in my mirror.

NATHAN
Was this later the same day that your father read his sermon to you?

HARRIET nods.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
What happened between those two memories, Harriet?

HARRIET
Nothing.

NATHAN
Nothing? Are you sure?

Nothing from HARRIET.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
When did you discover the cylinders? Were they in your room the whole time?

HARRIET
I never discovered the cylinders.

NATHAN feels she is resisting him. He decides to change tack, to try something more risky.

NATHAN
Let me speak to him, Harriet. Let
me speak to Abel North.

91 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - DAY** 91

A dark cloud covers the sun.

Shadow falls across the land.

A wind picks up, rattles the branches, hisses through the grass.

The DOGS prick up their ears, sensing something.

92 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM/ANNEX - DAY** 92

A cup and saucer trembles on the table, watched by CHARLOTTE, DENNING and MARY.

93 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 93

NATHAN leans forward so he is closer to HARRIET.

NATHAN
Will he come out and speak to me?

Nothing.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Is that because Abel North is a
coward? Abhorred, despised. Pitied.

HARRIET lifts her head, eyes still closed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Or is it because...
(Into her ear)
He. Does. Not. Exist.

HARRIET spits all over NATHAN's face.

HARRIET laughs in that horrible, dead smoker's voice.

94 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM/ANNEX - DAY** 94

MARY stands up this noise, agitated.

MARY
What's happening in there?

95 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

95

NATHAN wipes his face clean.

NATHAN
(Victorious)
Here he is.

HARRIET cackles to herself, starts to touch her own breasts.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Speak to me, Abel. Be a man. Can
you be a man? Do you know how to do
that? Do you know how it feels?
(In Harriet's face)
Be a man!

HARRIET growls at NATHAN like an angry animal.

The atmosphere in the room is getting compressed, intense, the glasses and cutlery shivering.

It's starting to hurt NATHAN's ears, this pressure in the room.

96 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM/ANNEX - DAY**

96

A dribble of blood trickles out of MARY's ear.

DENNING is quickly at her side, dabbing the blood away.

CHARLOTTE goes to the door, lays her hands on it, very concerned now.

97 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

97

NATHAN is intense, driven, relentless.

HARRIET
Tell me about your father, Abel.

A low, guttural growl from HARRIET.

NATHAN
He was a preacher. A man of God.
Was he a kind man?
(Leaning forward)
Or was he a cruel man?

Nothing.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
What is life for, Abel?

No words from HARRIET but her head cocks, listening.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 Some men would say it's to glorify
 God, some would say it's the making
 and spending of riches. Some would
 say it's about family, some
 adventure, some the pursuit of
 happiness.

(Almost a whisper)
 I know what life is for.

He has HARRIET's complete attention now.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 Love. Life is for love.

HARRIET swings her arm out, smashes a lamp, shouts out in
 Abel's angry voice.

98 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM/ANNEX - DAY** 98

DENNING is thumping on the door now, has had enough.

DENNING
 Open the door, man!

99 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 99

NATHAN
 Imagine a life without love? What a
 bleak and desolate prospect is
 that?

HARRIET
 (Rural Old Lady's Voice)
Little bit of pain in my stomach.
I'll be right as rain in a moment -

NATHAN
 But you don't need to imagine it,
 do you? You lived it.

HARRIET
 (Posh Older Man)
Never thought I would have to do it
on my own. Scary, actually. Bloody
scary...

NATHAN
 He loved God, he loved the people
 he baptised, but he didn't love
 you, Abel. He hated you. He
 despised you.

HARRIET turns and looks at NATHAN.

Tears start to run down her cheek. Tears of blood.

HARRIET
Help me. Please help me.

NATHAN is dumbfounded, the wind momentarily ripped from his sails -

DENNING shatters the lock and stumbles into the room, followed by CHARLOTTE and MARY.

They are shocked to the core at what they see.

MARY
(To Nathan)
What are you doing?
(Gentle)
Harriet? Darling?

MARY touches HARRIET. MARY is flung with tremendous force across the room and into the door.

DENNING goes to his wife's aid, appalled.

NATHAN
I'm going to wake you up now,
Harriet. When I get to the number
five you will be wide awake,
refreshed, alert...

HARRIET
(Victoria's voice)
*What do you want with him? You
leave him alone!*

NATHAN
One, two...

HARRIET
(Victoria's voice)
You leave my son alone!

NATHAN
Three...

CHARLOTTE
Four...

The pressure is so intense in the room that it almost seems to warp the very air. Blood starts to dribble out of their ears, nostrils -

NATHAN
Five. You are awake.

But HARRIET is not awake. Her head starts to tremble -

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You are awake, Harriet -

A glass lampshade shatters -

DENNING
Get her back, man!

NATHAN
Your mind, your body -

HARRIET's body seems to curve back on itself, as if her back will break -

It's a terrible, shocking sight.

DENNING
Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.

HARRIET turns her attention to DENNING.

HARRIET
(Abel's voice)
You'll never bury me.

DENNING
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
in earth, as it is in heaven.

HARRIET
(Abel's voice)
You'll never bury me.

NATHAN
Why? Why won't he bury you?

HARRIET looks at NATHAN with Abel contempt... then shuts down. Falls forward. Slumps to the floor.

MARY
Harriet?

CHARLOTTE is also at the girl's side, takes her pulse - she looks up at NATHAN, really worried now.

DENNING
(To Nathan)
What have you done?!

MARY
Harriet. Harriet.

Nothing from the fading HARRIET.

DENNING takes a jug of water, throws it over his daughter's face.

HARRIET
 (Abel's Voice, very weak)
*He that believeth and is baptized
 shall be saved...*

The penny drops for NATHAN.

He roughly picks HARRIET up in his arms -

MARY
 What are you doing?!

100 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/LAKE - DAY**

100

NATHAN runs out of the house with HARRIET in his arms.

DENNING, MARY and CHARLOTTE running behind him.

The WORKERS look up from their labour, shocked by this sight.

MARY
 Stop him! Stop him!

NATHAN walks straight into the lake.

Even CHARLOTTE is shocked by his behaviour -

CHARLOTTE
 Nathan?

NATHAN
 Abel North was never baptised.
 (To Denning)
 Get in.

DENNING hesitates, this is all too weird -

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 Do it!

DENNING wades into the lake, puts arm under his daughter's back -

DENNING
 Heavenly Father, bless this water,
 that whoever is washed in it may be
 made one with Christ.

DENNING lowers HARRIET under the water.

DENNING (CONT'D)
 I baptize you in the name of the
 Father, and of the Son, and of the
 Holy Spirit.

Nothing.

MARY
She's drowning!

NATHAN
Wait!

Does NATHAN momentarily see the outline of Abel's face through the distortion of the water?

And then HARRIET opens her eyes!

She splutters out of the water, upset and confused, sees her father standing next to her -

HARRIET
Father?

She throws her arms around DENNING, holds him tight.

DENNING is incredibly moved to have his daughter hugging him. He looks up at MARY with tears of relief and joy - their daughter is back.

101 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/NATHAN & CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY** 101

CHARLOTTE and NATHAN are putting on dark, formal, mourning clothes. Although they are dressing for a funeral there is a casual sensuality about the scene.

NATHAN
Dull living in the shires, isn't it?

CHARLOTTE looks into the eyes of her loved, troubled husband.

CHARLOTTE
Are you alright?

NATHAN
What did we see, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE
A troubled girl who is less troubled now, I hope.

NATHAN
Did we have a glimpse beyond the veil?

CHARLOTTE
I don't know. And you know something? I don't need to know.

Charlotte takes his face and kisses him on the lips.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 (Serious)
 Choose life, Nathan. Choose me.

102 **EXT. CHURCH/GRAVEYARD - DAY**

102

NATHAN stands in front of a fresh grave, the coffin new and basic.

The entire village has turned out - CHARLOTTE, JACK, GWEN, GIDEON, SIMON, LIZZIE, AGNES, CHARLIE.

DENNING
 (Starts singing)
*Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
 In light inaccessible hid from our
 eyes...*

MARY is there, standing proudly next to the radiant HARRIET.

The CONGREGATION start droning along, going-through-the-Protestant-motions -

ALL
 (Singing)
*Most blessed, most glorious, the
 Ancient of Days,
 Almighty, victorious, thy great
 Name we praise...*

Then we hear another voice singing a quite different song, a strong voice, going against the grain. The voice of NATHAN APPLEBY -

NATHAN
 (Singing)
*So early in the morning, to harrow,
 plough and sow;
 And with a gentle cast, my boys,
 we'll give the corn a throw.*

One by one the others stop singing the hymn, look at NATHAN as he belts out the old folk song -

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 (Singing)
*Which makes the valleys thick to
 stand, with corn to fill the
 reaper's hand: All this, you well
 may understand,
 Comes from the ploughing boy.*

GIDEON joins in with NATHAN first. Until, one by one, all the village join in with NATHAN. They are energised, moved, spirits raised, united in song to John, to themselves -

ALL
 (Singing)
*Now the corn it is a-growing, and
 seed time that's all o'er
 Our master he does welcome us and
 unlocks the cellar door.*

CHARLOTTE puts her hand in NATHAN's.

ALL (CONT'D)
 (Singing)
*With cake and ale we have our fill
 Because we've done our work so
 well, There's none here can excel
 the skill,
 Of a brave ploughing boy.*

103 **EXT. CHEDZOY HOUSE - NIGHT** 103

A clear night, a blanket of stars above Chedzoy House.

104 **INT. CHEDZOY HOUSE/NATHAN & CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 104

NATHAN turns in his sleep, wakes.

He sees the faintest glow beneath the bedroom door.

CHARLOTTE sleeps soundly at his side.

NATHAN gets softly out of bed so as not to wake her, opens the bedroom door -

105 **INT. HOUSE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 105

NATHAN walks down the corridor. Silence now in the house.

The DOOR down the far end of the corridor is glowing around its edges. A sort of blueish glow.

NATHAN gets closer, every muscle and sense tight with tension.

Then it starts to slowly - very slowly - open.

NATHAN freezes, watching the door.

A YOUNG WOMAN is standing there. Bra. Pants. Piercings. Tattoos. She's moving her finger over an iPad screen, the light illuminating her face.

With a lurch of his heart NATHAN recognises the figure from Harriet's blood drawing, from the drawing Charlotte showed him.

The YOUNG WOMAN looks up, seems to stare straight at us/NATHAN.

JAX

Nathan Appleby. Is that you?

A noise behind him makes NATHAN turn. It's CHARLOTTE, rubbing tired eyes.

CHARLOTTE

Why are you up?

NATHAN looks back. The YOUNG WOMAN has gone.

Out on NATHAN - what on earth is happening here?

END OF EPISODE ONE