

THE LITTLE STRANGER

by

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(Based on the novel by Sarah Waters)

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1 INT. FARADAY'S FLAT - MORNING - SUMMER 1948 1

A face in the bathroom mirror - DR FARADAY, 37, prepares himself for another long, difficult day. He glides a razor down his lathered cheek with meticulous attention, scraping off a stripe of soap, to reveal the clean, pink skin underneath. The telephone rings. He goes to answer it.

2 **OPENING CREDITS - "THE LITTLE STRANGER"** 2

3 INT/EXT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD NEAR HUNDREDS HALL - DAY 3

A still morning. Silence punctuated only by the hum of the car engine. Faraday is in his shirt sleeves, hands steady on the wheel. His jacket and doctor's bag are on the passenger seat beside him as he makes good speed down the winding road.

The car disappears around a wooded bend.

4 INT/ EXT. CAR/HUNDREDS HALL, GATES - DAY 4

Faraday's car in front of rickety gates that guard an overgrown drive. Faraday unlocks the gates, opens them wide. He's put out to find his hands stained with rust as he gets back into his car.

5 INT/EXT. CAR/HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVE - DAY 5

The car rolls down a tunnel of green.

6 INT/EXT. CAR/HUNDREDS HALL - DAY 6

Faraday stares. The house is a damp, dilapidated building, hemmed in all round by an overgrown garden.

ROD

Hello, who are you?

RODERICK AYRES walks towards Faraday, limping. His face is terribly disfigured by burns.

FARADAY

I'm Dr Faraday...

ROD

Oh... I was expecting Granger.
Roderick Ayres.

Faraday follows Roderick.

7 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, SIDE GARDEN - DAY 7

Faraday shadows Rod around the side of the dilapidated house. Down a weed-choked path, through a jungle of neglected plants...

FARADAY

It's one of your maids, I understand?

ROD

Ha! One of our maids, I like that!

At the corner Rod stops. Gestures to an entrance...

ROD (CONT'D)

Down the steps on your left. My sister'll fill you in.

He wheels away, leaving Faraday to it.

8 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, LOWER GROUND COURTYARD - DAY 8

Faraday descends the last steps, into cooler air.

9 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, BASEMENT/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE KITCHEN - DAY 9

A dark, gloomy room. Faraday enters the kitchen. Dusty service bells hang silent on the wall. Suddenly a dog barks furiously in the gloom. Faraday pulls away, alarmed.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Gyp! Gyp!

We see an old black Labrador GYP - noisy but hardly vicious. CAROLINE AYRES (AKA Caro, 25), hurries in, scruffy. Settles the dog.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Sorry, he thinks every stranger's come to cut our throats and make off with the last silver spoon.

FARADAY

Dr Faraday - Dr Granger's new partner...

She extends a firm hand to shake.

CAROLINE

Caroline Ayres. Betty's this way.

Faraday follows, struck by her ugly stride, taking in the mouldering walls.

10

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, BETTY'S ROOM - DAY

10

BETTY (14, looks younger) lies in bed, glum. Faraday reads the thermometer: normal.

FARADAY

Hm. Have you been sick at all, Betty?

Betty shakes her head.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

And is it a stabbing pain or a burning pain?

BETTY

It's like a burning pain with stabs in it?

FARADAY

Right, let's have a look at you.

Faraday peels back the sheets with delicacy, rolls up her nightie.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Just relax.

He touches Betty's belly:

BETTY

Oh! Ow! Owwwww!!!

Faraday considers, rolls down her nightie, grave. Then:

FARADAY

Could you leave us alone for a minute please, Miss Ayres?

CAROLINE

Yes. Of course. C'mon Gyp.

Caro goes. Betty gazes wanly at Faraday. But his eyes are fixed steady on her in return. Finally, she cracks -

FARADAY

Well?

BETTY

Oh, but I did feel poorly! I did.

She dissolves into tears.

BETTY (CONT'D)

And I just thought if I was bad enough, that they might send me home!

Faraday softens.

FARADAY

What is it? Is the work too hard?

Betty tries to contain her distress.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Are they unkind to you?

Betty can't hold back any longer - sobs uncontrollably.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Then what is it?

11 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - DAY

11

Gyp pants. Caro shushes him. She looks up from peeling vegetables, sees Faraday, already in the doorway...

FARADAY

Nothing serious. She'll be fine by tomorrow.

CAROLINE

Ha. Well thank you.

She dries her raw hands. Seems more irritated than concerned.

FARADAY

There's one other thing... It's a very big house. Betty's alone down here at night...

Caro's exasperation erupts as she understands...

CAROLINE

Oh, these silly girls!

FARADAY

You've lived here all your life, Miss Ayres. Perhaps you could reassure Betty. She's really awfully young.

Caro feels his reproach, is stung.

CAROLINE

Right... well let's find Roderick. You can tell him how much we owe you.

12 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 12

Faraday follows Caro into the hallway, taking in the detail of the journey. Caro pokes her head into the saloon, looking for Rod. Gyp is behind her.

CAROLINE

Rod?

13 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 13

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Roddy?

Faraday looks up the square spiral staircase, is dazzled by the sunlit glass dome at the top. His eyes adjust, and he sees the silk walls around him are faded, the mirrors dull and pocked, the mouldings broken, rotted.

MRS AYRES

How did you find the patient doctor?

Faraday takes in an astonishingly elegant woman - MRS AYRES. He recalls her from ancient memory:

FARADAY

Mrs Ayres...

CAROLINE

Mother, this is Dr Faraday. He thinks we're brutes.

FARADAY

A little under the weather. I imagine she'll be quite well by tomorrow.

MRS AYRES

You will observe a change in Betty, yet. This house works on people. Girls come here like specks of grit. Ten years later they leave as pearls.

Faraday's reaction is distinctly muted.

CAROLINE

I expect Dr Faraday's thinking Betty won't stick it out for ten years. Most girls would rather work in factories these days. And who can blame them?

FARADAY

As it happens, I was thinking of my mother. She was a maid here, before I was born.

He takes in their adjusted faces.

MRS AYRES

Well... I do hope she enjoyed her time.

Faraday baffles politely at the absurd notion.

CAROLINE

Right... Roderick. C'mon Gyp.

Caroline, Faraday and Mrs Ayres leave the entrance hall.

CAROLINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to Gyp)

Wait here please.

Faraday pauses by the door, looks back into the entrance hall.

14

EXT. HUNDREDS HALL - DAY - 1919

14

A wide shot of immaculate gardens rolling up to a stunning house, drenched in sunlight.

FARADAY (V.O.)

The first time I saw Hundreds was July 1919... An Empire Day fete, the Summer after the Great War.

A brave little amateur band playing RULE BRITANNIA as Union Jack bunting dances on the breeze. Village children dance about a maypole, weaving together their red, white and blue ribbons. Nearby, other villagers - in their threadbare Sunday best - sit for tea and sandwiches.

YOUNG FARADAY, a young red-haired boy (8), stands with his parents, watching it all go by. He's noticeably better turned out than the rest of the village kids, wears a kind of middle class drag - a smart white shirt with a tie, shorts and knee socks - that maroons him between the two social groups.

FARADAY (V.O.)

I had passed by its gates often enough, never imagining they would open to me, a common village boy.

We track past an Empire day float. People in fancy dress. An adult Britannia and kids dressed as exotic subject of empire as well as soldiers, sailors...

FARADAY (V.O.)
 There was bunting, and cake and all
 manner of games...

And beyond the float, we see - the Ayres family with their
 county set, taking tea up on a neat, slightly raised garden
 closer to the house. A couple of uniformed maids attend. A
 beautiful blonde girl, SUSAN AYRES (6) sits with her radiant
 mother, YOUNG MRS AYRES and other guests. Young Mrs Ayres
 takes Susan's arm. We see the depth of adoration between
 them...

FARADAY (V.O.)
 And at the heart of it, the Ayres
 family. So happy and handsome back
 then.

We see the house from Young Faraday's POV.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 But, it was the house itself, still
 in its glory, which somehow
 impressed me terribly.

Half a dozen children from the village stand facing front,
 impatient in the heat. Among them, Young Faraday. He waits as
 Young Mrs Ayres, her husband and the exquisite Susan make
 their way along the row.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 My mother had described the place
 often.

Young Faraday looks back at his mother, who smiles.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 But seeing it myself for the first
 time...? Nothing could have
 prepared me for the spell it cast
 that day.

Mrs Ayres reaches Young Faraday and bends down, impressed by
 his seriousness.

YOUNG MRS AYRES
 Aren't you smart?

Mrs Ayres pins a medal on his shirt.

They all pose for a group photograph - the Ayres family in
 front, Young Faraday and the other children behind them. At
 the last moment, Susan shifts her position, her mothers arm
 around her, blocking Young Faraday out of view.

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Nice and still please.

A flash as the photograph is taken.

15

INT/EXT. DR DAVID AND ANNE GRANGER'S HOUSE/ HUNDREDS HALL 15
DRIVEWAY/ROD'S BEDROOM - EVENING

DR GRANGER and Faraday seated in the Granger's living room. A
cosy feel to it.

DR GRANGER

It won't be as bad as you think.

ANNE

I sincerely hope you aren't
discussing supper.

Anne enters. Granger laugh. The two men stand to greet her.

DR GRANGER

The National Health Service.

They all sit back down.

FARADAY

Granger here'll be alright.
People like to look up to their
doctors. Last thing they want is
one of their own.

DR GRANGER

Rubbish. They want someone who'll
do the job.

ANNE

Besides, turns out you've friends
in high places... Peter said you'd
been out to Hundreds...

FARADAY

Mmm.

DR GRANGER

Can't believe I missed that call.

ANNE

How was it.

Faraday considers...

FARADAY

Place is a mess.

DR GRANGER

I had heard they were pigging it.
Can't get tradesmen - too many
unpaid bills.

FARADAY

Roderick handed me the shillings as
though they were his last...

ANNE

Oh poor boy. One moment you're an
air force hero...

Cut to: Exterior shot of Hundreds Hall. Roderick is on the driveway, limping towards the front door and entering the house.

ANNE (V.O.)

... then captain of a sinking ship.

FARADAY (V.O.)

He's still in a good deal of pain
with his leg.

Cut to: Roderick's room, that same night. Caroline, in her dressing gown, looks into Rod's room. He's lying on the bed, still dressed. She's tentative.

CAROLINE

Night Rod...

DR GRANGER (V.O.)

(a more confidential tone)
There was nervous trouble too,
apparently. When he came back.

ANNE (V.O.)

Hardly surprising...

No response. Caro gets closer. Rod's asleep, still clutching his whisky glass.

FARADAY (V.O.)

You didn't treat him?

DR GRANGER (V.O.)

Family closed ranks, very hush-hush
about it.

Caro gently pries the glass loose from Rod's hands, sets it down. She heads out of the room.

ANNE (V.O.)

No, they brought Caroline home to
nurse him. Rotten shame, really.
She was doing very well -
commissioned in the WAAF or the
Wrens...?

DR GRANGER (V.O.)

Awfully brainy girl.

Caro closes the door behind her.

- 16 EXT. FARADAY/GRANGER MEDICAL PRACTICE - EVENING 16
Faraday walks towards his practice, smoking. A door plate: 'Dr S Faraday' and 'Dr D Granger', consulting hours etc. Lets himself in.
- 17 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER MEDICAL PRACTICE - EVENING 17
Faraday passes through the medical practice, unlocks a door which leads to stairs. Climbs up to the private flat above.
- 18 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT - NIGHT 18
A framed photo of Faraday's parents. He empties his trouser pocket: four shiny shillings roll onto the tabletop.
- 19 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NEAR HUNDREDS HALL - DAY, DAYS LATER 19
Faraday's car drives along the winding country lanes.
- 20 INT/EXT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD NEAR LIDCOTE - DAY 20
Sunlight flashing between the trees as Faraday drives through the almost-Autumn landscape, trying to make up time. Just ahead, a horse-drawn cart, loaded with cut straw. He slows, but is soon stuck behind it. The cart is wide, the load unsteady.

Faraday resigns himself to a delay... until a small lane branches left. He quickly gears up, pulls off down it, determined to get ahead. Flies down the winding lane.

We see Caroline a bit farther along the road picking berries with Gyp.

Faraday's really gunning the car along now, enjoying the speed. He hurtles around a bend - and suddenly sees a dog, in the middle of the road. It's Gyp. A shriek of brakes as Faraday's car skids to a halt. Caro races out, concerned:
- CAROLINE
Gyp!
- She grabs hold of the dog.
- CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Gyp! Come here! What on earth do you think you're doing...
- FARADAY
(flustered)
I'm terribly sorry...
- He recognises Caroline.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Oh...

She squints to make out the driver... softens, surprised.

CAROLINE

Oh, it's you?

Faraday's embarrassed with himself.

FARADAY

I'm sorry I was racing a horse and cart...

Caroline's tension releases.

CAROLINE

Well no harm done... he's still-
he's still alive and kicking.

She laughs nervously.

21 INT/EXT. MOVING CAR/COUNTRY ROAD NEAR HUNDREDS HALL - DAY 21

Caroline sits in Faraday's passenger seat with Gyp at her feet. Opens her handkerchief: blackberries!

CAROLINE

Here, I mean to pay my fare...

She hands Faraday a large berry. He eats it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with the patient
you're visiting?

FARADAY

Whooping cough. I try to call in
twice a day.

CAROLINE

Goodness... you must be rolling in
it...

FARADAY

He's a club patient. I treat the
whole family for a few shillings a
year.

Caro shrinks slightly. Faraday smiles.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

How's Betty?

CAROLINE

Ah, well Rod fixed her up with a
wireless. Miracle cure.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Look, I-I meant to say, the day you came, we were ghastly, weren't we?

FARADAY

Not at all.

CAROLINE

No - we were. We've lost the trick of company. Mother won't have guests, with the house so shabby.

Faraday looks sceptical.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Are your parents still in the county?

FARADAY

My mother died some while ago. Father just last year. That's what brought me back, in fact.

22

INT/EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, ROAD OUTSIDE GATE/CAR - DAY

22

Faraday's car pulled up. Faraday and Caroline get out on either side. Caroline summons Gyp out.

CAROLINE

C'mon Gyp. That's it.
(to Faraday)
Are you sure you won't come up?

FARADAY

That's kind, but...

CAROLINE

Your patient. Well, Rod will be awfully jealous I had a ride. He loves your car.

Caroline goes to head back inside.

FARADAY

If you don't mind my saying... I'm surprised the RAF didn't make a better job of patching him up.

Caroline looks awkward for a moment, then a confidence:

CAROLINE

Ah, well I'm not sure he wanted to be patched up.

Faraday hears this.

FARADAY

Mmm.

A thought strikes Caro...

CAROLINE
Look, I know it's a cheek, but
could you talk to him?

FARADAY
I'm not a psychological doctor...

CAROLINE
No - he might listen to you...

But she sees Faraday's expression.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Sorry, shouldn't have asked...

Faraday feels badly now...

FARADAY
The matter of his leg... might he
be more open to treatment for that?

A connection between Faraday and Caroline... We become
conscious of the sound of LEAVES stirring around them.

CAROLINE
Yes... I'll ask him... thank you.

Caroline heads up towards the gate, Gyp at her heels.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
C'mon Gyp...

ROD (V.O.)
Caroline tells me this is a favour.

23

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, RODERICK'S ROOM - DAY

23

Rod watches, awkward, as Faraday unpacks and sets up a
complicated electrical contraption on Rod's desk.

FARADAY
Oh no. There's a mutual benefit -
you get the treatment, and I write
it up. Y'see, the accepted wisdom
is that induction coils are only
good for fresh injuries, but...
I've got a hunch.

Rod begins to get an impression of the machine.

ROD
Good lord - it's like something out
of Frankenstein!

FARADAY

Not as dramatic as it looks, I promise you.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

So, you work and sleep in here, then?

ROD

Yes, when I first came home, I couldn't be doing with stairs. I actually prefer it now. Helps me keep on top of things, you know.

Rod gestures to an intense jumble of papers on his desk. We see the entire room, which is a mess of clothes and books strewn everywhere, dirty tea cups and glasses, ashtrays etc.

FARADAY

Difficult times for estates like Hundreds.

ROD

Death duties at 75%? I'll say. Labour government won't be happy until we're begging for our lives on street corners. Perhaps you feel the same way, I don't know.

FARADAY

Why would I?

Rod backs off, ashamed.

ROD

No.

FARADAY

Would you mind..?

Rod moves out of the way, while Faraday moves piles of paper to make more room for his equipment.

ROD

Anyway, I'm selling some land to the council.

FARADAY

(surprised)
Selling land?

ROD

Just some scrub behind the sheep sheds. Bring in some power and water to the farm. Make a big difference to milking.

Faraday resumes work, switches on the apparatus. A ZIZZ of unearthed electricity.

ROD (CONT'D)

Christ.

FARADAY

Sit down please.

Rod complies, beaten by Faraday's professional authority. Faraday kneels beside him.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

It's actually a very gentle sensation. Might take away a little of your pain.

ROD

Right...

FARADAY

May I?

ROD

Yes.

Rod clenches as Faraday rolls up his trouser leg.

ROD (CONT'D)

I wouldn't bother, except I'm just so slow about the place. Can't keep up with the men.

We see Faraday register the extent of the injury.

ROD (CONT'D)

Pretty foul, isn't it...?

Faraday holds Rod's emotions, his steadiness comforting Rod.

FARADAY

I've seen worse.

Rod begins to trust... Faraday attaches the machine to his leg... Rod braces, anticipating real pain. He makes slight noises of discomfort, but adjusts quickly to it.

ROD

Not too bad actually... Sort of hotting up...

He leans into the sensation.

ROD (CONT'D)

Huh...

The machine sings and crackles, the current passing into Rod, via Faraday's hands, from the rickety surface-mounted socket... A low intermittent ZIZZ from the wiring in the background.

24 INT/EXT. HUNDREDS HALL DRIVE /RODERICK'S ROOM - HALF AN HOUR
LATER

Faraday, from the window in Rod's room, watches Caro and Rod walking in the garden. Rod definitely looks steadier. Faraday's attention quickens when he sees them laugh together, a whispered joke from which he's excluded.

25 INT/EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, CORRIDOR/ENTRANCE HALL - 1948/ 25
HUNDREDS HALL, EMPIRE DAY FETE - 1919

Faraday walks into the entrance hall, carrying his doctor's bag and box of equipment. He pauses by the stairs, unable to pass straight through, feeling the pull of the house.

CAROLINE

You're a wizard, Dr Faraday.

Caroline enters from the saloon. Faraday allows himself a quiet smile of satisfaction.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I really don't know how to thank you...

He considers, then, with slight hesitancy...

FARADAY

Well, perhaps you'd consider this an act of restitution.

Caroline puzzles. Placing down his box of equipment, he confesses:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

A long time ago, as a grubby-kneed boy, I snuck up and stole something from this house.

CAROLINE

Really?

FARADAY

One of your plaster acorns.

Faraday glances through to the central atrium - its mouldings. Caro's amazed.

CAROLINE

Oh, but that's too funny...

FARADAY

I don't know what came over me. I was such an obedient boy as a rule.

CAROLINE

You know what, Roddie and I have snapped off hundreds of the silly twiddly things. They were just asking to be vandalised.

FARADAY

I wasn't intending to vandalise. I was overwhelmed by admiration. Like a man stealing a lock of hair from the girl he's fallen blindly in love with! My mother almost died of shame when she found out.

CAROLINE

Did she make you own up?

FARADAY

Heavens, no. She burned it in the grate. We never spoke of it again, but I don't think she ever forgave me.

CAROLINE

Well you're forgiven now. I forgive you.

The mood settles a little.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It is queer isn't it? That you were here before Rod and me?

He hesitates, then:

FARADAY

There was a child here then...

Flashback to: The 1919 Empire Day Fete. We see from YOUNG FARADAY'S POV as Susan, stands in front of him for a photograph, blocking him out. Young Mrs Ayres has her arm around Susan.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Susan. Susan died before I was born.

FARADAY (V.O.)

Yes. I'm afraid I was horribly jealous of her. She seemed to have such a charmed existence. One can't see into the future.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
 Don't worry, Doctor. We're all
 jealous of Suki. Not just you.

Back to Hundreds Hall, 1948. Suddenly, something dark flashes
 fast overhead, startling them. A bird flies out of the front
 door. Gyp barks at it.

CAROLINE
 Swallow. They should be gone by
 now.

They head out.

26 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVE - DAY 26

Caroline and Faraday walk to his car now.

CAROLINE
 Are you off back to Lidcote?

FARADAY
 I've a patient in Edgeworth,
 another in Hawthend.

CAROLINE
 Why don't you cut across and use
 the East gate? It's much quicker.
 Do you know the way?

FARADAY
 I think so...

CAROLINE
 And look, would it help to use the
 park sometimes? As a shortcut?

FARADAY
 Thank you.

27 INT/EXT. CAR/HUNDREDS HALL, NURSERIES, PARKLAND 27

Faraday drives, allowing the surroundings to register now.
 He smiles...

28 INT. FARADAY'S FLAT, DAYS LATER 28

Faraday at his desk, writing up notes on Rod's treatment.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 The treatment continued to yield
 results over the weeks that
 followed... and a kind of
 relationship developed with poor
 Rod...

29 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, RODERICK'S ROOM - DAY 29

Faraday treating Rod with the same machine, using electric pulses.

FARADAY (V.O.)

I saw at close hand how utterly overwhelmed he was by the business of running Hundreds...

30 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVEWAY - DAY 30

Faraday sits in his car, watching the house. We see a longing in him...

FARADAY (V.O.)

I couldn't help feeling the house deserved better. And my heart went out to Caroline, in many ways so much more able, forced to watch it's continued decline...

31 EXT. STREET NEAR DR FARADAY'S SURGERY/DRESS SHOP - DAY 31

Faraday walks through town, buoyed by success.

FARADAY (V.O.)

...I resolved to help her as much as I could.

A dusty Rolls Royce is parked up. Ahead, Caro peers into a dress shop window.

FARADAY

Miss Ayres. What brings you to town?

CAROLINE

Ah, Doctor! Well, ah... Rod and mother are seeing the solicitor about the land sale. Thought I'd come for the ride. I never know when I'll get another chance.

FARADAY (V.O.)

So when she asked me if I would make up the numbers at a small affair to welcome new neighbours...

MRS AYRES (O.S.)

Oh, Caroline...

They look round - Mrs Ayres, worryingly animated. Rod hangs back. Rod shoots Caro a look.

ROD

They've been invited over.

Faraday hears Rod's dismay...

MRS AYRES

Can we manage?

Caroline - juggles amazement, horror...

CAROLINE

We'll have to won't we... Oh,
doctor, you'll come too, won't you?

Mrs Ayres seems uncomfortable at this prospect. But...

FARADAY (V.O.)

It really did seem the least I
could do.

Faraday smiles, managing a rush of conflicting emotions.

32 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT - RAINY NIGHT, A WEEK LATER 32

Faraday is finishing getting ready. He pulls his braces over the shoulders of his patched dress shirt and walks to his bedside table. He opens a drawer and takes out a cufflink. Searching for its pair, he sees at the bottom of the drawer... a bundle of tissue. The sight gives him pause. He unwraps it.

CU: an enamel badge, the badge Mrs Ayres pinned on him as a boy on Empire Day, 1919.

33 INT/EXT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD/HUNDREDS HALL DRIVE - NIGHT 33

A BOOM of THUNDER as Faraday negotiates the downpour, the road swimming ahead. He turns into the Hundreds drive, navigates blind as the rain drives down.

34 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL - NIGHT 34

Faraday stands in the pouring rain, rings the bell - again. He waits, considers, then reaches for the door handle.

35 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL/ATRIUM - 1948/1919 35

The hall softly lit, marble floor polished, flowers on every table. Faraday walks through.

FARADAY

Hello?

No response. Faraday takes it all in. Rain drums on the glass dome above the atrium. Faraday is drawn toward it...

Here, at the heart of the house, Faraday sees himself reflected in the mottled mirrors, hanging on the scarred walls... feels Hundreds' charged embrace...

CUT to: 1919. Young Faraday is stood in the entrance hall, looking into the mirror at the bottom of the stairs, his hands stroking the plaster acorns that adorn it...

Suddenly back to 1948: a SHRIEK and CRASH as Betty - in excessive formal uniform - jumps, surprised to see Faraday. She saves most of the tray, but a couple of glasses lie shattered on the floor.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Betty-

BETTY

Oh - I'm sorry, Doctor...

FARADAY

Let me help...

Faraday bends to help her pick up the glass...

BETTY

Everything's jumpy tonight!

Caroline calls:

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Betty? Are you alright?

36

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON - NIGHT

36

Faraday enters, is dazzled by the room - the chandelier ablaze. Gyp is reclining on a sofa.

CAROLINE

Oh, doctor, welcome...

Caroline is up a ladder, re-hanging the silk wall coverings.

FARADAY

Forgive me, I rang but...

CAROLINE

I'm afraid I've been pinning the house back together.

FARADAY

So I see...

He takes his coat off. She hurries down the ladder - clumsily made-up, in an ill-fitting evening dress.

CAROLINE

My darling brother's still in
Lidcote, arguing with the builder
about the land sale. I do hope
they're not drinking to seal the
deal. Oh speaking of which - help
yourself - if there are any glasses
left.

Betty, placing down what remains of the glasses on the
sideboard, bites her lip. Faraday smiles at her, whispers:

FARADAY

Pay no attention, and I think you
look very smart, Betty.

Faraday hands Betty his coat. She nods, grateful and scurries
away. Caroline folds the ladder... hides it behind a curtain.

CAROLINE

I should warn you the acoustics in
this room are uncanny. Every word
carries.

Faraday smiles. Caro sits down and lights a cigarette.
Faraday pours himself a drink.

FARADAY

You, Miss Ayres, look beautiful.

CAROLINE

He hasn't touched a drop yet, Gyp!
Pour for me too, would you?

37 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ATRIUM - NIGHT 37

The rain still drums. A sense of something connected to the
weather, biding its time. Then voices - guests entering, out
of the downpour... Betty takes their coats and shows them
into the saloon.

38 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON - NIGHT 38

The guests enter. Mrs Ayres, Caroline and Faraday stand to
receive them. Betty announces:

BETTY

Mr and Mrs Rossiter and Miss...

Betty struggles to remember MISS DABNEY's name.

MISS DABNEY

Dabney.
(to Mrs Ayres)
My dear...

Mrs Ayres and Caroline greet their guests, exchanging formal pleasantries. Faraday hangs back, out of place, uncertain. Mrs Ayres - excited but nervous - introduces Faraday to THE ROSSITERS (an older couple) and MISS DABNEY (also older).

MRS AYRES

- perhaps you know our Dr Faraday?

Faraday nods, still uncomfortable.

FARADAY

Good evening.

MR ROSSITER

Oh - I hope no one's unwell?

MRS AYRES

No! The Doctor is a guest...

MR ROSSITER

Ah... one of us!

They all laugh politely. Faraday bears the awkward moment, forcing a thin smile. The doorbell rings.

MR ROSSITER (CONT'D)

Will Roderick be joining us this evening?

39

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL/ATRIUM/SALOON - NIGHT 39

Faraday senses something, turns and sees a little blonde girl standing in the front hall. He catches his breath - but the spell is broken by the sound of DIANA and PETER BAKER-HYDE, and TONY MORLEY. They're in fashionable cocktail clothes.

DIANA

(to Gillian)

Gillian!

I hope no one minds...

Gyp pads through to investigate and GILLIAN (the little blonde girl) lets out a histrionic squeal and rushes to hide behind her mother. Diana gently admonishes her daughter.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Darling its only a dog.

BETTY

This way please.

Betty leads them through to the saloon.

BETTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mr and Mrs Baker-Hyde and Mr Morley.

DIANA (O.S.)
 (to Gillian)
 Now behave. You're not supposed to
 be here.

40 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON - NIGHT

40

The room has warmed up, not that the younger, more voluble guests are in the mix. It's a two-speed event though, with the earlier, older guests struggling to keep up. Gillian is petting Gyp.

DIANA
 And of course, my brother's with us
 most weekends.

Mrs Ayres pays Morley particular attention now...

MRS AYRES
 Perhaps he should move up here?

Gyp hurries through the guests, pursued by Gillian.

MORLEY
 If only I didn't have to work!

MRS ROSSITER
 What is it you do, Mr Morley?

MORLEY
 I'm in the ad business.

Mr Rossiter baffles a moment, then clarifies -

MR ROSSITER
 An accountant?

Morley laughs, delighted -

MORLEY
 No - advertising. It's an American
 outfit.

The Rossiters struggle to mask their bewilderment.

MRS ROSSITER
 Ah... America...

A slightly awkward pause.

MRS AYRES
 Gentlemen, please, sit down... Mr
 Morley...

Mrs Ayres steers a reluctant Mr Morley to the sofa where Caroline is sitting. Faraday suddenly understands - the two are being set up. Annoyance flares in him.

MRS ROSSITER
Dr Faraday, would you be a lamb and
see if Roderick will join us?

FARADAY
Of course.

Faraday absorbs the insult, pressure building in him.

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Faraday reaches Rod's door, knocks firmly.

FARADAY
Roderick...?

Faraday lets himself in. Closes the door behind him.

42

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, RODERICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

42

Rod is sat on his bed with a glass of scotch. He's tense,
tight lipped. His dress suit is laid out on the bed.

FARADAY
Roderick.

ROD
I'm not coming. Tell mother I'm
sorry.

He sees Rod is extremely anxious...

FARADAY
Look, Rod, put your drink down.
Just get dressed. You're the man of
the house.

ROD
I've told you, I won't.

FARADAY
(becoming irritated)
For God's sake...

ROD
I can't. I've got a bad feeling,
Faraday... A very bad feeling...
Christ, haven't you?

Rod's eyes fill. He's truly afraid. Faraday is wrong-
footed. Fear begins to seep into Faraday... Suddenly:

FARADAY
Stop. Stop that nonsense. Stop it
at once.

Rod is taken aback. Faraday turns to leave the room.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Now get dressed.

Rod hesitates, then begins to comply...

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON - NIGHT

Caroline and Tony are sitting together, making awkward small talk while Mrs Ayres chats with her other guests. Faraday watches Caroline. Gyp barrels through, pursued by Gillian.

GILLIAN
Gyp wait! Why won't he come and play with me?!

Gillian hangs back next to her mother, frustrated.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
He won't stay still!

But Gyp is now heading behind the curtains, hiding away.

DIANA
Well, perhaps you should stay still.

PETER BAKER-HYDE
Gillian, darling-

Gillian sips at Diana's drink. The older guests blanch...

MRS AYRES
Goodness! Is that allowed...?

DIANA
Well, I don't believe in rules just for the sake of them. Breeds all sorts of neuroses. You don't want them getting a complex.

Gillian has become the room's focus now...

GILLIAN
I never go to bed before midnight and I once smoked a cigarette.

The older guests laugh uncomfortably.

MRS ROSSITER
I hardly think Dr Faraday would approve of that!

Faraday's put on the spot, but gently fields the comment.

FARADAY

No. But then, my mother was very hot on rules.

Caro cuts across, pointedly:

CAROLINE

And it hasn't done him any harm.

Morley is shocked by her sour tone. Faraday is encouraged... Diana to the social rescue...

DIANA

Gillian, look at that beautiful piano...

MORLEY

It's a spinet, you Philistine.

CAROLINE

Actually it's a Flemish virginal.

He absorbs the correction, resentment building...

DIANA

Do play us something, Tony. As long as it's not too old and fragile?

Gillian takes herself off to join Gyp by the curtain.

GILLIAN (O.S.)

Gyp! Come on!

MORLEY

Let's see...

As Morley walks over, we hear Gillian continuing to croon over Gyp.

DIANA

Gillian dear, please leave that poor dog alone...

MRS ROSSITER

Where is Roderick...?

Morley presses a key - out of tune. He's thrilled by the discordance! Morley starts playing off-key music.

FARADAY

He'll... he'll be with us shortly, he's rather overdone it at the farm...

Mrs Rossiter expresses concern. Mrs Ayres placates her... Caroline, restless and unsure what to do with herself, stands up and lights a cigarette. Faraday pours himself a drink, shaking slightly, his eyes following Caroline...

MR BAKER-HYDE

(to Faraday)

Had no idea the son was so bad.
That why they keep you on hand?

FARADAY

I'm a guest here. Like you.

Morley plays on, a grating manic soundtrack.

MR BAKER-HYDE

Oh no, pal, I'm just making up the
numbers while my wife and our
hostess try matchmaking. Don't like
their chances. Tony may be a prize
ass, but he likes a pretty face...

Time stops: Faraday looks to Caroline. She has heard. The room swims as Faraday takes in this surreal social car crash, but then he suddenly anticipates something much worse - turns, just as we hear a piercing SQUEAL of terror and pain.

DIANA

- Gillian!

Gillian is pulled behind the curtain, squirming and wrestling against Gyp's attack. Diana and Morley race towards her. Gyp runs out the room.

44

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON/TRIUM/STAIRS - NIGHT

44

A jumble of raised voices. Faraday rushes out of the saloon, carrying Gillian. She is unrecognisable - what was once her face is a bloody mess, appallingly ravaged.

MR BAKER-HYDE

Christ... Christ... Gillian...

The Baker-Hydes follow, half-hysterical. Rod, just arriving, looks on, stunned. Mrs Ayres stands with him, watching in horror and disbelief.

MR BAKER-HYDE (CONT'D)

You can't mean to treat her here?

FARADAY

It's nine miles to the nearest
hospital. She's lost a lot of
blood.

Baker-Hyde holds open the door and Faraday heads down the service stairs. The Baker-Hydes follow...

FARADAY

(to Betty)

Clear the table.

Betty clears the table. Gillian is lowered onto the kitchen table, writhing, her face a blur of blood. Faraday holds her down. The Baker-Hydes stand over her, helpless. Mr Baker-Hyde sobs.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

(to Baker-Hyde)

Hold her still.

(to Betty)

Betty, I need boiling water.

Baker-Hyde holds his daughter still. Faraday takes out a cloth and holds it to her face, to stem the bleeding.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

(to Baker-Hyde)

Hold that there.

Baker-Hyde obeys, terrified. Gillian continues to writhe around in agony. Faraday rolls up his sleeves.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Mrs Baker-Hyde might want to wait upstairs.

DIANA

No, I'm staying...

MR BAKER-HYDE

Diana, do as he says...

Mrs Rossiter appears at her elbow, leads her away, distraught. Gillian continues to moan.

FARADAY

Betty - fetch the blankets.

Mr Rossiter enters with Faraday's doctors bag. Rossiter starts to frantically root through it. Faraday prepares a syringe. Morley enters.

MORLEY

Bloody dog should be shot!

But he stops short when he sees Faraday working. Faraday gives Gillian an injection of sedative.

46 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER 46

Faraday leans on the worktop, exhausted. He is alone in the kitchen now. Both his clothes and the room bear the bloody evidence of his work that night.

47 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE LITTLE PARLOUR - DAWN 47

Mrs Ayres and Caroline sit together. Rod sits alone, in the corner. Faraday enters, still badged with blood, carrying his coat.

MRS AYRES

The child will be terribly marked,
won't she?

Faraday says nothing. The answer is only too obvious.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

I don't understand why they had to
bring her? Surely they have a
nurse or a governess...

CAROLINE

Probably think a governess would
give her a complex. Well, she'll
have a complex now, won't she?

MRS AYRES

Oh, Caroline...

Caroline is unrepentant.

FARADAY

Good night.

Faraday leaves, numb.

48 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVE - DAWN 48

As Faraday walks towards his car, he senses someone behind him - turns - Rod has followed him out. Rod hangs back.

ROD

I tried to tell you, didn't I?

It's as much an appeal as an accusation. Faraday simply can't process any more. Gets into his car. Starts it up.

49 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - DAWN 49

Faraday sits, worn out, on his bed, fretful. His bloodied shirt and suit are on the floor beside him.

50 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 50

A knock at the door. Betty opens the door, admits Faraday.

BETTY

Miss Caroline's downstairs.

She stands back, hostile. Faraday hands her his coat and hat.

51 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - DAY 51

Caroline is curled up by the stove with Gyp.

CAROLINE

Came as soon as you could then?
We might have taken this to court,
you know! I should have found the
money, somehow!

FARADAY

With the child so injured it
wouldn't be decent.

Caroline hugs Gyp tight, her grief terrible.

CAROLINE

Take him. Everything else has gone,
why take not him too!

FARADAY

Caroline...

Caroline suddenly pushes Gyp away.

CAROLINE

Get away, you stupid dog.

She hurries out.

Moments later: Faraday carefully depresses the plunger on a syringe, injecting the dog... Gyp whimpers very slightly... Faraday gently shushes him.

FARADAY

Good dog...

The dog's breathing gets fainter. His eyes fade and close. A moment's pause.

52 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER PRACTICE, CONSULTING ROOM - DAY 52

DR GRANGER

Walk away, Faraday. Distance
yourself from the whole damn mess.

Faraday considers...

DR GRANGER (CONT'D)
The leg treatment must be almost
finished? Write up what you've
already done. Surely that's enough?

Faraday thinks, exhales heavily...

DR GRANGER (CONT'D)
(solicitous)
Seriously. People like the Ayres...
they'll run you bloody ragged if
you let them...

Faraday contemplates- this is sensible advice.

53 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - EVENING 53

Faraday in his kitchen. He dries and puts away his crockery.

54 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT - EVENING 54

Faraday sits in his armchair. Time is hanging heavy.

55 EXT. LIDCOTE - DAY, WEEKS LATER 55

Quiet except for a gentle wind, blowing autumnal leaves
across the square.

56 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER PRACTICE, CONSULTING ROOM - DAY 56

An elderly woman - MRS RAVENSDALE - breathes deeply as
Faraday sounds her chest... Her daughter looks on.

FARADAY
Yes, the problem is your heart, Mrs
Ravensdale. It's not doing its job
properly. And that's causing the
shortness of breath and the
swelling...

MRS RAVENSDALE
It couldn't be something I've
eaten?

Faraday shakes his head, kindly.

FARADAY
I'm afraid not.

- 57 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER PRACTICE, WAITING ROOM - DAY 57
- Four patients waiting, one of them a WOMAN with a SMALL CHILD and a BABY. Mrs Ravensdale and her daughter come out of the consulting room. Faraday hovers in the doorway. A BURLY MAN, looking sorry for himself, leans forward. Faraday nods:
- FARADAY
John...?
- The man heaves himself out of the seat...
- 58 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER PRACTICE, WAITING ROOM - DAY 58
- Patients are still sitting waiting.
- FARADAY
Mrs Evans. Come through please...
- The woman stands up, gathering her baby in her arms. She motions to her small child.
- MRS EVANS
Alfie - come on!
- 59 INT. FARADAY'S FLAT - EVENING 59
- Faraday, alone. He is writing up the day's notes at his desk, tired. His thoughts are interrupted by the sound of MEN SHOUTING in the street.
- He ignores it, then hears BREAKING GLASS and RAUCOUS LAUGHTER. He heads to the surgery door.
- 60 INT/EXT. FARADAY/GRANGER PRACTICE/LIDCOTE - EVENING 60
- A loose group of three men weaving away along the pavement, laughing. They're all drunk, but the fourth man they've left behind is staggering - it's Rod.
- ROD
(slurring his words)
Leave it! Go on! Go on... and
thanks a lot...
- Faraday steps outside to learn what the commotion is.
- 61 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER PRACTICE, CONSULTING ROOM - EVENING 61
- Faraday is seated. He motions for Rod to take the patient's chair.
- FARADAY
Please, sit down.

Rod limps over to the patients chair and takes a seat.

ROD

Thank you...

Rod reaches for the glass of water on Faraday's desk, takes a gulp, his mood labile.

FARADAY

So...?

Rod knows what he's asking and can hardly process the question. Faraday waits it out.

ROD

I just signed the contract with Babb, you see.

FARADAY

The land sale? That is good news.

Rod is bitter.

ROD

Yes. Yes, we ought to hang out the flags. The men are cock-a-hoop, of course... How are the mighty fallen, eh?

FARADAY

Just think how much better things will be now...

ROD

Hm. But they won't.

FARADAY

Come alone. I'm sure they will...

ROD

(frustrated)

Don't say that Faraday. You don't know what you're talking about.

Faraday absorbs Rod's reaction.

ROD (CONT'D)

I should catch them up... It's my round...

FARADAY

You'd be surprised how much of my job is just listening to people.

Rod takes him in, wondering. Then -

ROD

Hell...

He struggles against mounting distress:

FARADAY

Rod? Why don't you tell me what's going on? I've been concerned about you.

Rod shakes his head.

ROD

You wouldn't believe me.

FARADAY

Of course I would.

Rod struggles with himself...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

And I'm a doctor... Anything you tell me is in the strictest confidence.

Rod resists a moment longer, then:

ROD

There's a thing in the house.

Faraday works to suppress any reaction.

62

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON

62

We roam the empty saloon, passing by the corner where Gillian was mauled by Gyp.

FARADAY (V.O.)

A thing?

ROD (V.O.)

It hates me. It always has... And ever since that... awful night... with the girl...

FARADAY (V.O.)

Go on...

ROD (V.O.)

(truly afraid)
... it wants me gone.

63

EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVEWAY - EVENING

63

Faraday is driving towards Hundreds Hall.

ROD (V.O.)

...I'm telling you.

Faraday enters, led by Betty. Our gaze darts about, swiftly registers: a table strewn with old photographs, soggy, stuck together. Mrs Ayres sits at the table, looking somewhat subdued, as she tries to peel apart the pictures without causing damage. Caroline helps.

BETTY

Dr Faraday.

MRS AYRES

Oh, Doctor, were we expecting you?

Caroline notes his flustered mood.

FARADAY

Forgive me, I was visiting a patient in the area...

CAROLINE

We've had a leak in the morning room. Got in the cupboards.

Mrs Ayres holds up a photograph - two men.

MRS AYRES

My brothers, doctor. Look... Within six months of this, the fighting had started and they were lost...

Faraday is drawn to a photograph - a large group shot, modestly framed. He takes hold of it, looks more closely, astonished: Empire Day. Front and centre, a beautiful little girl with a bow in her hair.

Mrs Ayres goes to take back the picture, protective. A moment before Faraday lets it go.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

Suki... like sweethearts, she and I...

Mrs Ayres notes how taken Faraday is by the photograph.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

You are right to be touched by this scene, Doctor. This was my little girl's last happy day. By night, she was already quite ill...

Caroline is exasperated by this talk.

CAROLINE

Mother - I've boxed up some old books to give to the Red Cross. I wonder if Dr Faraday might take them to Lidcote in his car.

Faraday is quickly back in the present.

FARADAY
Of course...

Caroline nods to Betty as she gets up.

CAROLINE
Betty.

Betty goes to sit with Mrs Ayres.

65

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE LITTLE PARLOUR - EVENING

65

Faraday seems genuinely unsettled, unsure of himself now.
Low voices, anxious not to be overheard.

FARADAY
I... I feel awkward coming...

CAROLINE
No don't - I'm so glad you did.

He takes a moment before -

FARADAY
I've just seen Rod in Lidcote.

CAROLINE
Oh God, is he in a bad way?

FARADAY
I'm concerned about his state of
mind...

Caroline's so relieved to have someone to talk to... Relaxes
slightly, sits down on the sofa.

CAROLINE
You're not the only one! Last
night he came up to my room so
upset. He said he could smell
smoke, but I couldn't smell
anything. It's like there's a
hoodoo on him!

FARADAY
It's nothing like that. War-shock.

CAROLINE
We must keep it from mother. The
land sale's already too much to
bear.

FARADAY
I'm inclined to agree.

CAROLINE

God knows how she'll cope when Babb
knocks down the wall...

FARADAY

Why on earth would Babb need to
knock down a wall?

CAROLINE

They wouldn't take the pasture.
Didn't Rod say? They'd only take
the grass-snake field.

Faraday staggers...

FARADAY

Surely you can't mean to break up
the park? There must be some
alternative?

CAROLINE

Believe me, he tried.

FARADAY

The sale must be stopped.

CAROLINE

What?

FARADAY

Rod's not of sound mind. This can
be overturned...

ROD

Ah, 'doctor'.

Faraday and Caroline freeze: Rod's in the doorway. His sense
of betrayal is clear.

ROD (CONT'D)

What's he been telling you? That
I'm cracked?

CAROLINE

No - of course not Roddy...

ROD

So much for confidentiality.

Rod heads for his room... Faraday follows...

FARADAY

Rod - I hadn't understood about
the land sale...

66

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, RODERICK'S ROOM - EVENING

66

Rod is already pouring a large whisky...

FARADAY

Rod. This is terribly serious.

ROD

Damn right. The mob will be at our door any moment, cutlasses between their teeth! You ought not to worry, Doctor - you are from pirate stock.

CAROLINE

Rod...

Faraday and Caroline unnerved as the chimney moans. Rod sees Faraday's reaction...

ROD

Oh yes, there'll be tricks tonight.

FARADAY

For God's sake, look at yourself!

Rod tilts his head, understanding something...

ROD

You're afraid... You can feel it, can't you...?

FARADAY

(to Caroline)

I'm sorry, Rod's in no fit state to be making irrevocable decisions.

ROD

You can feel it now. And you could feel it -

FARADAY

(to Caroline, speaking over Rod, ignoring him)

I'm going to ask Dr Granger for a second opinion and...

ROD

God damn! Who the fucking hell are you?

Rod rages, flings the fireside tools, clattering them across the room, setting Faraday back on his heels...

ROD (CONT'D)

This is my house and I'll do as I like with the damn place, and it isn't any business of yours!

(MORE)

ROD (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? You're not part of this family, you are no one! Now get out!

CAROLINE

Rod... please don't...

ROD

Get out of my house!

Faraday is overwhelmed by Rod's anger. Nods an attempt at reassurance to Caroline. Begins toward the door. Rod sits back on his bed, takes his jacket off, exhausted from his rage. Caroline looks at Rod, upset.

67 INT/EXT. FARADAY'S CAR/HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVE - EVENING 67

Faraday's car pulls away out of the drive.

68 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT - NIGHT 68

Faraday lights a cigarette, his hands shaking. The tobacco in Faraday's cigarette glows. He sits in his armchair, wrestling with his emotions... there's distress here, in a way we haven't seen before...

69 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, HALL/LANDING - NIGHT 69

The house is silent apart from a sound that is at first hard to place... We can hear Rod, muffled as if from a distance, pleading and shouting, clearly distressed.

ROD (O.S.)

What do you want...?

Distant crashing sounds.

ROD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Just leave her... please...

Caroline walks down the stairs in her nightdress, apprehensive.

CAROLINE

(unnerved)

Betty...!

She sees something going on in Rod's room.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Betty!

She rushes towards his room.

CAROLINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Roddy open the door... Roddy...!

70 INT. HUNDRED'S HALL, RODERICK'S ROOM - NIGHT 70

Rod ROARS, terrified, furious, trapped in the centre of the room.

Fire envelops his bookcase, suddenly leaps and spreads...

71 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, RODERICK'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 71

Smoke still hangs in the air... we see the walls greyed and sooty. Burnt books and paper everywhere.

Faraday, Caroline, Mrs Ayres and Betty look over the chaotic scene. The three women are still in their nightdresses. The ceiling is charred in several places.

Faraday surveys the damage.

FARADAY

I should never have left him here last night. You placed your trust in me, I let you down. I shan't do so again.

Mrs Ayres leaves, coughing. Betty follows her, leaving Faraday and Caroline alone.

72 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, LITTLE PARLOUR - DAY 72

Rod sits, exhausted, with Caroline. Faraday hovers in the doorway. He's soon joined by an imposing man we haven't met before: DR WARREN.

FARADAY

Rod. Doctor Warren's here.

ROD

I'm sorry Caroline. It's too strong for me.

FARADAY

(urging Rod along)
Rod...

Rod gets up and limps out of the room, followed by Dr Warren and Faraday.

73 INT/EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, LITTLE PARLOUR/DRIVE - DAY 73

Caroline watches through the window, too distressed, as Rod's suitcase is packed in the boot of a large, smart car.

Faraday and Mrs Ayres look on, solemn. Mrs Ayres rubs Rod's shoulder before Dr Warren helps him into the backseat.

ROD

This is a Humber. What a treat.
That's good.

Dr Warren gets in the front seat and the car drives away.

74

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

74

The Christmas table. Faraday and Caroline dish up as Mrs Ayres looks on, somewhat absent, distracted. Faraday hands a plate to Mrs Ayres.

FARADAY

Mrs Ayres...

CAROLINE

I hope its not too dry...

FARADAY

Looks perfect.

MRS AYRES

It does seem a shame Betty isn't here.

CAROLINE

But how nice for her father to have her home for Christmas...

Mrs Ayres seems unconvinced.

75

INT/EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE LITTLE PARLOUR, MOMENTS LATER/ 75
HUNDREDS HALL, EMPIRE DAY, 1919

Mrs Ayres dozes, book open in her lap. She seems older somehow. Caroline reads a magazine. Faraday reads the newspaper in the damask wing chair but his eyes drift over to the Empire Day photograph on the side table next to him. Susan.

Flashback to: Empire Day 1919. Young Mrs Ayres bends down and pins a badge to Young Faraday's lapel.

YOUNG MRS AYRES

Aren't you smart?

Back to: 1948. Faraday's reverie is interrupted by -

CAROLINE

Thanks for coming today. We'd never have survived these last months without you and Betty.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It would have been a grim day with Rod's chair empty.

FARADAY

Christmas is generally grim for ageing bachelors. I was very glad of an invitation that didn't make me feel like a charity case.

CAROLINE

God, no - we're the charity case! You were looking at the photograph.

FARADAY

Mm. You know I'm in it?

CAROLINE

No! Where?

Caroline hurries to look at the faded print: the house, a line of children, with Mrs Ayres and Susan posed in front.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Where? I can't see you...

FARADAY

That's the shoulder of my jacket...

We are back to 1919 again. Young Faraday's POV. Susan stands in front of him as the photograph is taken.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Ha! Upstaged by Susan.

Young Faraday looks downcast, disappointed to have been blocked out.

Back to: 1948.

CAROLINE

Just like the rest of us.

FARADAY

It was a grand day otherwise...

Caroline shivers...

CAROLINE

Shall we have tea to warm up?

FARADAY

Yes - and why don't I make it?

Caroline's not certain how to take this, but he smiles:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You stay there. Doctor's orders.

He heads for the hall.

76 INT/EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL/SIDE GARDEN - EMPIRE 76
DAY 1948/1919

Close up of the photograph. We find ourselves in 1919 again - the amateur band plays 'Rule Britannia'... Susan is hurrying along the grass towards the terrace with another little boy. Young Faraday watches after them.

Back to: 1948. Faraday crosses the hall, heads down the servants stairs.

77 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, SIDE GARDEN - DAY 1919 77

Susan and her friend are now briskly walking along the terrace. Faraday follows them a few steps behind, adjacently on the grass.

Susan disappears out of view, but Young Faraday stops and marvels at this newly revealed view of the house, its garden in full bloom. Young Faraday's mother comes to get him, takes his hand and starts to pull him away...

FARADAY (V.O.)

The Hall itself was out of bounds,
of course.

- but then A FRIENDLY MAID appears.

MAID

Elizabeth!

FARADAY (V.O.)

But as luck would have it, mother
still had friends among the
staff...

The maid warmly greets Young Faraday and his mother.

FARADAY (V.O.)

And so miraculously it came to pass-
I was admitted.

The maid holds up the ribbon cordoning off the terrace and the grass, allowing them through. She then leads them along the side of the house.

78 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - DAY 1948/1919 78

1948: Faraday pours hot water into the teapot.

FARADAY (V.O.)
I'm afraid I was spoiled
thoroughly, and given the most
fantastic treats.

1919: Young Faraday greedily eats the slops of melted ice
cream.

FARADAY (V.O.)
It was any small boy's dream...

Mrs Faraday helps the rest of the staff with a mountain of
washing up. Young Faraday is bored. Until - a BELL rings.
The maid looks to the service bells.

FARADAY (V.O.)
It made me feel, just for that
moment, a part of the life of the
house...

The maid sets off, on duty. Young Faraday sneaks off after
her...

FARADAY (V.O.)
Perhaps that explains, to some
degree at least, what happened
next...

- 79 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, PARLOUR STAIRS - DAY 1948/1919 79
Faraday walks towards the parlour stairs with a tray of tea.
Young Faraday looks around the corner, curious, following the
maid.
- 80 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, PARLOUR STAIRS/ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 80
1948/1919
Young Faraday heads up the parlour stairs towards the
entrance hall.
Faraday crosses the entrance hall with a tray of tea.
At the doorway to the entrance hall, Young Faraday looks down
at his toes, right on the line at which the stone floor turns
to marble. The line mocks, torments. He steps over into the
threshold...
- 81 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 1919 81
And now, Young Faraday steps out, stands dazzled by the
beauty of his surroundings, barely conscious of the fete
outside. We see Young Faraday standing at the bottom of the
stairs, looking up at the glass dome, bathed in golden light.

FARADAY (V.O.)

My smart clothes that day were all borrowed or begged... but there in that grand hall filled with marvellous things... I could not help imagining that I belonged... a proper little gentleman.

His fingers, drunk with admiration, trace the silk walls, the detailed mouldings, the perfectly wrought plaster acorns, as he gazes in the mirror, letting his imagination drift...

FARADAY (V.O.)

Of course, I was no such thing.

Reality seems to hit Young Faraday, and we see a shift in his mood, a festering resentment.

A kind of force of energy builds up suddenly around him, before he snaps off a plaster acorn. He beholds it in the palm of his hand.

82 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE LITTLE PARLOUR/ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 82
1948/1919

Faraday is back with Caroline. He stirs his cup of tea, staring ahead, remembering.

SUSAN (O.S.)

What are you doing there?

1919: Young Faraday gasps in surprise. Seeing her first in the mirror's reflection, Susan is in the saloon doorway, staring apprehensively at him.

Cut to replay: close up of Young Faraday's mottled reflection as he snaps off the plaster acorn.

He looks up, swiftly pocketing the plaster acorn.

We hear footsteps, as Elizabeth Faraday catches up with her son, humiliated at his disobedience. With gritted teeth, she bears down on him:

ELIZABETH FARADAY

Get over here! What are you doing?

Young Faraday goes to his mother, hangs his head, his face burning, overwhelmed with shame. She continues to berate him.

FARADAY (V.O.)

I left behind all such ambitions that day.

Cut back to a close up of Young Faraday snapping the plaster acorn and holding it in his hand.

Elizabeth Faraday slaps her son punishingly hard across the face. As he twists away, she drags him off down the parlour stairs. He catches sight of Susan, smiling, in the doorway as he is pulled away.

FARADAY (V.O.)

Funny. A small thing. So many years ago.

Cut to replay: of Young Faraday's face as he snaps off the plaster acorn.

Back to 1948: Caroline is looking up from her magazine, listening intently.

FARADAY

Yet the memory's quite fresh.

83

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - MORNING

83

MRS BLUNDELL watches, tense.

FARADAY

Sit up please, Alan.

ALAN, Mrs Blundell's son, sits up in bed.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Chin up. Now, let's see if there's been any improvement...

Dr Faraday removes a patch from Alan's eye.

Alan's POV: Faraday's face, blurred. Faraday's face gradually becomes clearer.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Open if you can. Open.

MRS BLUNDELL

Can you see who it is, Alan?

As Alan's vision pulls into focus, he nods... Mrs Blundell is delighted.

FARADAY

Well, well, well.

MRS BLUNDELL

How wonderful! Thank you.

FARADAY

Good.

Faraday smiles.

Faraday follows Caroline. She wears a coat, buttoned tight, which shows up the flare of her hips and bust.

Faraday sees the works, braces: a great breach in the wall beyond which men push spades, barrows. The foundations are marked with posts and string as far as the eye can see. Faraday takes in the aesthetic atrocity.

FARADAY

Good lord.

CAROLINE

Twenty four houses in both fields.
Most of them already spoken for.

FARADAY

What a terrible shame.

CAROLINE

Oh, I don't know... People have to
live somewhere.

A barrel-chested man in his fifties heads towards them. MAURICE BABB. He shakes Faraday's hand, raises his hat to Caroline.

BABB

Dr Faraday...

FARADAY

Mr Babb...

BABB

I knew you'd be down Miss Ayres,
every day like clockwork. She puts
my foreman to shame!

CAROLINE

I've promised Dr Faraday the tour.

Mr Babb shows them around a 'house'.

BABB

Right. Well, come on then. So, the
lounge, fitted kitchen - gas stove,
electric points. Bathroom with a
built-in tub...

CAROLINE

Gosh. Think what a difference this
would make to people.

BABB

There'll be nothing t'beat these in
the way of air and drainage...

85

EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, GRASS SNAKE FIELD - DAY

85

Faraday follows Caroline back towards Hundreds Hall.

FARADAY

You're right about the houses. My mother would've liked one. She might be alive and living in one if she hadn't worked herself into an early grave to get me an education...

CAROLINE

I'm sure she was very proud of you. Your father too...

FARADAY

All I learned was to be ashamed of them... God, what an utter wet blanket I'm being. You must be wishing I hadn't called by!

CAROLINE

Not at all - I'm grateful. I get so lonely sometimes without Roddie. These short days don't help. They just make me want to get out.

FARADAY

Out where?

CAROLINE

Oh, well I'm not fussy! You know, just to be where people are for a while.

Faraday considers...

FARADAY

When you say you're not fussy...?

Caro looks intrigued...

86

INT. HOSPITAL, LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

86

Bunting and coloured lamps hang low. A band plays, couples dance. People cluster at the edge of the room, or at the trestle bar. A large punch bowl dominates the party. Faraday pours himself a cup of noxious yellow punch while Caroline sips hers nervously. She's dressed up and thrilled to be out.

CAROLINE

Right, I want all the scandal: who's killed the most patients, which doctors are going to bed with which nurses...

They're interrupted...

BLAND

Faraday...

FARADAY

Ah. Bland...

BLAND

You can't be thinking of taking
that down unadulterated?

BLAND produces a small (unmarked) bottle of liqueur...

BLAND (CONT'D)

Here - fresh from the test tube!

He pours it into the punch, then wheels away...

CAROLINE

Cheers...

She raises her cup... they cheers and both try it, recoil.
They make their way across the room, passing an older
consultant, HEWITT:

HEWITT

Ah, Faraday - well done on that
paper of yours- hope it goes down
well in London...

FARADAY

Thank you Hewitt, that's kind of
you...

Hewitt moves on, through the crowd...

CAROLINE

Goodness. You're quite the
somebody. London!

FARADAY

Not at all. And I haven't even
accepted the invitation yet.

CAROLINE

Gosh, why wouldn't you?

The band starts playing a new song, more upbeat.

FARADAY

Come on - let's find you someone to
dance with...

CAROLINE

Oh no, no no - they'll all be
longing for a turn with some pretty
young nurse... You and I can dance,
can't we?

Caroline takes their drinks and puts them to the side. The dance floor crowd parts unwillingly to admit Faraday and Caroline. They put up their arms, self-conscious.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I suddenly feel nervous.

FARADAY

Close your eyes.

She does. Faraday admires her face, then swiftly guides her onto the floor in a quickstep. Caro's eyes open...

CAROLINE

Oh, you dance very well...

FARADAY

You too.

CAROLINE

Father taught me when I was
small... Am I talking too much?

FARADAY

Talk all you like.

He starts to smile.

CAROLINE

What are you grinning about? You
look like a dancer in a contest.
Have they pinned a number to your
back?

She pulls closer, so she can pretend to look for it over his shoulder. Faraday smiles all the more as they dance on, very much in sync now.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Oh, there's Dr Seeley - look at his
bow-tie... whizz me round so you
can take a look. You do know his
nickname's 'The Octopus'? Always
terribly keen to give girls a lift
home. Hands everywhere...

They both laugh. He dances her away, entertained...

Later: Faraday and Caroline catch their breath, making their way away from the dance floor. Granger appears...

DR GRANGER

Faraday.

Faraday stops short a moment, then:

FARADAY

Ah, Caroline, you know David
Granger, and this is...

Anne shakes hands with Caroline, smiling broadly.

ANNE

Anne Granger.

CAROLINE

Caroline Ayres.

ANNE

Lovely to meet you.

CAROLINE

You too.

ANNE

Let me introduce our friend...

But before she can, Caro's face brightens:

CAROLINE

Brenda?!

A vivacious young woman.

BRENDA

Oh, I can't believe it!

Caro embraces BRENDA, excited, laughing.

CAROLINE

God, Brenda and I knew each other
years ago - back in the war. (to
Brenda)
How are you...!

Granger smiles at Faraday.

ANNE

No introduction needed...

Later: Faraday sits with the Grangers, smoking. He watches Caroline and Brenda dance, tense. She seems younger, more abandoned. All the dancers seem loosened up with liquor.

DR GRANGER

Good to see Caroline out and
about... She's a super girl.

Faraday nods. The song ends. A sudden piercing WHINE of feedback and Bland announces:

BLAND

Ladies and gentlemen, please take the floor for a Paul Jones... Now don't be shy...

ANNE

There's your chance to join her - come on...

DR GRANGER

Come on!

FARADAY

Oh, no...

DR GRANGER

Come on, Faraday! In for a penny...

Granger drunkenly jostles Faraday onto the dance floor.

BLAND

Ladies on the outside...

Male and female dancers join separate rings and circle about... Faraday and Caroline seem almost to reconnect, but then the circles whirl them apart again.

Then Caroline approaches, but flies past at speed, calls to him laughing:

CAROLINE

This is murder...

At last she looks likely to land in front of him, but is barged a little to the left, and faced with Seeley ('The Octopus'). He's already panting and shiny with sweat.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Oh... hello Seeley, how are you...?

SEELEY

Looking as pretty as a peach!

CAROLINE

Thank you...!

Caro gives Faraday a comical look as Seeley takes hold and foxtrots her away. He dances with a NURSE, shadowing them on the floor. When the dance breaks into circles again, Faraday withdraws to the punch bar. He watches Caroline couple up with the young man in horn-rimmed spectacles. He's surprised by:

SEELEY

Nights like this I feel my age.

He mops his scarlet face and neck with a handkerchief.

SEELEY (CONT'D)

Good dancer, Caroline Ayres. She's got hips and she knows what to do with them... Pity she hasn't the looks to match.

Faraday is angered by this remark.

SEELEY (CONT'D)

Don't let that stop you. Girl like that needs an outlet.

Faraday is aghast.

SEELEY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, everyone knows how much time you've been spending time out there.

FARADAY

Do they indeed?

SEELEY

I'm telling you, Faraday - make your move tonight. Before that fool in the horn-rimmed glasses makes his...

Faraday looks over. Caroline is aglow with exertion and excitement as she dances with the young man in horn-rimmed spectacles, hair untidy about her face.

Seeley takes this moment to move on.

SEELEY (CONT'D)

Valerie, darling!

Faraday is left there, glowering.

87

INT/EXT. CAR/ROAD ON EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

87

Faraday drives along, the night is pitch black but for his car lights. Caroline chafes her cold legs under a blanket as Faraday drives. Then reaches into her handbag for cigarettes.

CAROLINE

Shall I light you one?

FARADAY

I can light my own...

CAROLINE

Oh, come on, let me. Like they do in the pictures.

A match flares and Faraday sees Caro light two cigarettes. She passes one across... he lifts his hand for it, but:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

No no no - hands on the wheel.
It's icy, remember.

Reluctantly, he settles his hand back down. She nudges the cigarette between his lips, concentrating hard. She laughs.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

There.

He takes a drag, holds it in his hand, at the wheel. Soon:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Don't much like Brenda.

FARADAY

I'd never have guessed.

CAROLINE

She thought you and I were... 'at it', y'know?

Faraday is appalled.

FARADAY

I hope you put her swiftly right.

She looks at him smirking.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Did you?

His anger punctures Caro's bubble.

CAROLINE

I told her the truth. A friend of
the family, being kind.
God, my feet are perished.

She kicks off her shoes, swings her stockinged feet into the gap between them, rubs them, still holding the half-smoked lipstick-smudged cigarette. Writes her initials, 'C.A.' on her misted-up window. Faraday looks away, focusing on the drive. The road spools on, ahead of him.

Caroline yawns, curls into herself. She withdraws into her blanket, closes her eyes. He drives on.

Moonlight strobes the car interior as Faraday drives down a tree-flanked road. He glances down at Caroline's partially exposed stockinged legs while she is asleep. Distracted, he hits a pothole, and Caro slowly rouses...

CAROLINE

...oh sh-

FARADAY

It's not long now.

She seems downcast. Shivers, then, quite serious:

CAROLINE

I don't want to go home. Take me
somewhere else, can't you..?

FARADAY

It's past two o'clock..!

CAROLINE

... go for a walk?

The turning is moments away...

FARADAY

In dancing shoes..?

CAROLINE

Please, Faraday...

She touches his arm. Faraday's wrong footed...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I don't want to go home yet...

Faraday turns in, through the Hundreds gates, to Caroline's chagrin, but then suddenly veers off the road into the woods.

89

INT/EXT. CAR/WOODS ALONG HUNDREDS DRIVE - NIGHT

89

Faraday cuts the engine. The headlamps fade, plunging them into darkness. Silence fills the car. They sit, paralysed with self-consciousness.

Eventually, Faraday lays a hand on one of Caroline's feet. She shivers, but doesn't respond further.

Slowly, his fingers travel up her unresisting stockinged leg... reach her thigh... Caroline gasps... Faraday's face is quickly on hers, both of them terrified as his fingers undo the buttons of her dress... Falters for a moment, but then Caroline moves urgently toward him... Faraday's on top of her. A period of frenzied grappling... then more of a struggle. We see now Caroline is trying to get away...

CAROLINE

Sorry, sorry, I can't...
(panicking)
Can't can't can't -

FARADAY

For God's sake... I thought you wanted to...

CAROLINE

So did I.

Faraday absorbs this, appalled. She gets her door open.

FARADAY

Wait - Caroline. Please, Caroline, wait...

But she bolts into the dark night. Her footsteps fade into silence. Faraday watches after her, bereft, full of dark longing... He slams his car door in anger.

90 INT. FARADAY/GRAHAM MEDICAL PRACTICE, CONSULTING ROOM - 90
LATER THAT NIGHT

Faraday has arrived home. He stands perfectly still, with his eyes closed. Utterly humiliated and infuriated over what has happened.

91 INT. SMALL, BADLY LIT CONFERENCE ROOM, LONDON - DAY 91

Faraday presents his paper... contained, serious.

FARADAY

After approximately 15 minutes of the current being applied to the leg, the patient's pulse-rate rose, as had been anticipated, and there was a slight fall in blood-pressure. There was no pain associated with the procedure, and afterwards a marked increase in general mobility of the joint was observed.

A young Scottish doctor - DR CALDER - listens attentively.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

The positive effects diminished over time...

92 INT. LONDON PUB - NIGHT 92

Faraday nurses his pint, ill-at-ease. Calder chats, open, friendly...

DR CALDER

Yes, we've got some really interesting work here. You should think about staying on.

FARADAY
I'm flattered they asked, but...

DR CALDER
So, where did you train?

FARADAY
Up in Birmingham. Stayed on there
for a while, then got seconded to a
military hospital in Plymouth -
after we pulled out of Dieppe.

DR CALDER
Must've been busy...

FARADAY
Hellish. I'm at a practice in
Warwickshire now. It's a backwater,
really...

A barman brings over two more pints.

DR CALDER
(to barman)
Cheers.
(to Faraday)
So...? Are you a family man or...?

FARADAY
No...

DR CALDER
Well. For heaven's sake. Move to
London. What's stopping you?

Faraday puzzles, the question harder than it should be.

DR CALDER (CONT'D)
(to another conference attendee)
Charles, don't you think Faraday
should move to London?

93 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT - DAY

93

Faraday stares out the window at the rain, listening to light
classical music, played on his gramophone. There's a knock at
the door.

FARADAY
Yes...?

He turns down off music. Now Granger's in the room - his eyes
scan the place briefly.

DR GRANGER
Welcome back.

FARADAY
Is everything alright?

DR GRANGER
Absolutely. Just curious about how
it went? The bright lights, all
that?

Faraday shows little enthusiasm.

FARADAY
... yes. Interesting.

Granger despairs... Faraday sees this.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Sorry - rather a difficult first
day back. Thirteen year old over in
Illescote. Pregnant, until her
father beat it out of her.

Granger's genuinely sympathetic.

DR GRANGER
God, grim. Sorry, Faraday.

FARADAY
One feels so useless. I rather
wonder why I bothered coming back.

DR GRANGER
Oh, don't say that.

An awkward pause.

DR GRANGER (CONT'D)
I missed you. ...And, Caroline
called a couple of days ago...

Faraday misses a beat.

DR GRANGER (CONT'D)
Mrs Ayres had some kind of... well,
turn. They weren't awfully
forthcoming about it. I couldn't
find much wrong with her.

FARADAY
You went to Hundreds..?

DR GRANGER
I did.

DR GRANGER (V.O.)
 ... I tell you, I couldn't leave
 fast enough. I feel for Caroline -
 stuck out there.

Caroline looks up from her papers.

DR GRANGER (V.O.)
 She's the best of the bunch by a
 mile....

95 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, DRIVEWAY - DAY 95

Faraday steps out of his car and approaches the house. A new sense of impending combat between them. Caroline meets him on the driveway. She and Faraday hesitate - both uncomfortable.

CAROLINE
 Doctor, I want -

But he stops her embarrassed apology before it starts:

FARADAY
 Miss Ayres... Can we - please -
 start again?

Caroline smiles, hugely relieved.

96 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, HALL - DAY 96

Caroline and Faraday walk through.

FARADAY
 So tell me what happened.

CAROLINE
 Don't really know... I feel silly
 now...

97 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE SALOON - DAY 97

Faraday follows Caroline into the ominously familiar room.

CAROLINE
 We don't come in here often - you
 know... not any more.

Faraday's eyes scan the room.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 But we were checking for leaks and
 we heard a... it sounds stupid but
 we heard a sort of knocking sound.
 Down there.

She points again to the same corner. Caroline goes to the table in the corner, pulling it out, showing Faraday the marks on the wall behind, crouching next to them. He chills.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

We found these marks... You know, I thought it must have been that little girl at first. But Betty cleaned up... you know, after. She would have noticed.

Caroline rubs at the marks. We see a row of childish 'S's. Faraday grows tense.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

They won't come off.

He's disconcerted... The disquiet is contagious... Caroline reveals her real concern.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

That's not all...

98

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, STAIRCASE/LANDING - DAY

98

They climb the stairs together.

CAROLINE

Mother was woken by something in the night. She thought a bird had got in. She called Betty and they searched her dressing room for it.

From above - two voices, one young, one older - giggling... The house humming with atmosphere again... Faraday takes in the layout of the landing. Glances up to the floor above. More laughter from Mrs Ayres' room.

BETTY (O.S.)

I love this one!

MRS AYRES (O.S.)

You know what, that was my favourite when I was your age... go on, try it!

Caroline leads him to her mother's bedroom

99

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, MRS AYRES' ROOM - DAY

99

There are clothes strewn about the place. Faraday's eyes dart, taking it in. He barely notices, on the bedside table, a silver-framed photograph of Susan.

Betty wears a sequinned capelet over her uniform. Mrs Ayres looks unusually spry, holds an armful of party dresses.

MRS AYRES

Oh, Dr Faraday! Look at us...

Before he can respond, she spots something else, delighted -

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

Wait, now, Betty, go on!

She holds up an elaborate orange silk dressing gown.

BETTY

Oh madam... Shall I..?

Betty quickly slips it on. Mrs Ayres notes Faraday's face.

MRS AYRES

The Doctor disapproves of our
frivolity.

FARADAY

No, I'm happy to see you looking so
well. Caroline told me you'd been
unsettled.

Mrs Ayres darkens a little. Betty takes off the fancy
clothes.

MRS AYRES

Ah, you mean after my discovery?

FARADAY

Might I see...?

Mrs Ayres leads Faraday into the dressing room, Caroline
following behind.

100

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

100

Faraday sees a patch of wall, his eyes narrow, Caroline
watches his reaction closely... We see now: more scribbled
'S' shapes on the wall, along the furniture... Faraday
begins to investigate further, pushing hanging dresses aside.

Faraday pauses for a moment, then reveals what he has found:
Mrs Ayres glows with anticipation. Faraday pushes more
dresses aside and we see: more S shapes, then "SU" written
several times... then, finally... "SUKI".

MRS AYRES (O.S.)

Suki.

Faraday turns, unnerved, to find Mrs Ayres standing firm:

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

After all this time I didn't
suppose there was much trace of her
left...

She touches her breast lightly... Her conviction is palpable. Caroline quickly leaves the room, upset.

101 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - DAY

101

Caroline, still extremely tense, throws herself into domestic activity. An egg is boiling in a pan on the stove. Little bubbles form quickly around it. Caroline stokes the machine with more coal.

Faraday enters. Caroline meets his gaze, then gets on with her work.

FARADAY

Your mother's heart rate is a little elevated, its hardly surprising. Otherwise, she's in perfect health.

CAROLINE

Oh for God's sake, Faraday!

FARADAY

Right, shall I explain what happened?

Sitting down at the table, he continues- for his own benefit as much as Caroline's.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Look, the marks downstairs you found by accident, yes...? But they triggered a buried memory for your mother. So she remembered the others.

CAROLINE

And the new marks today...?

FARADAY

They're not new. Those marks, whilst disturbing - even I felt that - they're nothing more than they appear.

CAROLINE

But what about the knocking sound?

Caroline stands facing Faraday, tense.

FARADAY

It's the heating pipes, I imagine...

CAROLINE

We haven't had the heating on for months...

FARADAY

(exasperated)

Then the pipes contracting in the cold! Caroline you mustn't let this business get inside you. It can all be explained.

Caroline exhales, suddenly grateful. She sits down heavily, next to Faraday.

CAROLINE

Oh, Faraday, I'm so glad you're here... When I'm alone, I can't tell any more. Whenever you go away, something horrible happens!

FARADAY

Dear girl...

The moment is too full...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

There's some talk of my going back. Permanently.

Caroline's gaze quickens... the prospect is thrilling -

CAROLINE

To live in London?

FARADAY

But I should have to think about what I was leaving behind...

CAROLINE

Ha! Not much! Lidcote would seem like a bad dream in no time-

FARADAY

I meant in terms of you and me.

Caroline looks away, embarrassed...

CAROLINE

Well, look, Faraday, that time in the car... I... I behaved like a fool.

FARADAY

I was the fool...

CAROLINE

No...

FARADAY

Caroline, I've missed you... I've missed you like hell... God, what a bloody idiot you've made of me...

(MORE)

FARADAY (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have left you. I won't
do it again.

Faraday takes Caroline's grubby hand.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Look, you perfect child...

He examines her mucky hands.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
There'll be no more of this sort of
thing, you know, once we're
married. You're not a skivvy!

Caroline is stunned.

CAROLINE
Faraday, wait...

But Faraday presses on:

FARADAY
Just say yes, Caroline. Just say
yes... What this house needs is a
big dose of happiness!

Caroline can hardly take it all in, but nods her agreement,
bewildered... wanting so much to want this. Then she
remembers herself... The egg begins to rattle in the pan.

CAROLINE
Oh -

Her mother's boiled egg. She quickly picks it up, glances
back at Faraday in shy apology, takes it upstairs. Faraday
can hardly believe what's transpired...

102

INT. DR DAVID AND ANNE GRANGER'S HOUSE - EVENING

102

Celebration drinks. Granger's pleased, Anne seems cautious.

FARADAY
We haven't announced it formally
yet because Caroline's shy. And
there's the question of Mrs
Ayres...

DR GRANGER
Have you told her...?

FARADAY
We didn't want to worry her before
we'd clarified our plans.

ANNE
Do you think she'll approve?

FARADAY

I think she'll be delighted.

DR GRANGER

Well. It's terrific news.
Congratulations.

They raise their glasses. Faraday seems dangerously upbeat.

103 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, GARDEN - DAY 103

Caroline and Faraday walk through the garden, holding hands.

104 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, GARDEN - DAY 104

Caroline and Faraday sit on a little stone bench in an alcove, contentedly reading their books.

105 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, DINING ROOM - DAY 105

Caroline sits at the table, poring over documents relating to the house. Faraday hovers behind her. He suddenly embraces her from behind, playful...

FARADAY

What are you up to...?

CAROLINE

Writing to Roderick.

FARADAY

Have you told him? About us?

Faraday goes to kiss her neck. She pulls away from him, annoyed, uncomfortable.

CAROLINE

Betty could come in any moment!

FARADAY

She'll have to get used to catching us kissing. She'll be bringing us eggs and bacon in bed in the mornings.

Caroline's wrong footed...

CAROLINE

But if we were married, it won't be here?

FARADAY

You wouldn't rather live above the surgery? And we can hardly abandon your mother...

CAROLINE
 You can't think she'll accept us
 living with her! In any case,
 what about London...?

FARADAY
 London? I turned down the position
 to stay here with you.

Caroline is stunned.

CAROLINE
 You never said you did that...

FARADAY
 I thought it was obvious. Look,
 don't worry about your mother.
 She'll come around.

CAROLINE
 She won't.

FARADAY
 She will. She'll have to!

We hear the door opening.

CAROLINE
 Betty, what are you doing here?

Betty, nonplussed in the doorway...

BETTY
 Well, you rang for me, miss...

CAROLINE
 I did not. It must have been
 mother.

BETTY
 Well Mrs Ayres is upstairs. It was
this bell that rung...

CAROLINE
 Rang itself did it?

Betty's bewildered...

BETTY
 I don't know, but...

CAROLINE
 Go and see what she wants.

Betty huffs, aggrieved.

BETTY

Oh, and by the way, all the water's gone brown.

She stomps off. Caroline sighs.

CAROLINE

Babb must have hit a pipe.

FARADAY

You have it your way - for now!

Faraday gets up to leave.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

I'll go and check on Babb.

He gives her shoulder a squeeze as he goes. Caroline is unresponsive. She sits alone, looking deeply discomfited.

106 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, SIDE GARDEN - DAY 106

Faraday crosses the garden, heading towards the building site. His equilibrium has been disturbed.

107 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - DAY 107

Caroline and Betty watch... A bell rings.

BETTY

Told you - Dining Room. See...

Caroline puzzles.

CAROLINE

Mother might have woken up... go and see if she needs anything.

Betty heads off to check but then another bell sounds:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Betty...?

Betty comes back... Sees Caroline engrossed by the bells.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

That was mother's bedroom.

The Dining Room bell rings again, joined by Mrs Ayres' and now Rod's room... all ringing at once. Caroline searches frantically on the table, finds a knife, stands on a chair to reach the junction box...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Damn it, come on...

The bells ring on as Caroline unscrews the side of the box... As she gets the panel loose, they fall silent - and a mess of fluff and shredded paper falls to the floor... Caroline reels with disgust and relief...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Eugh!

She slams the panel shut.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Mice...

Mrs Ayres arrives.

MRS AYRES

What's all this noise...?

Caroline jumps back down and catches her breath.

CAROLINE

Mice. There's some poison at the farm. I'll run and get some.

Caroline nods to Betty to keep an eye on Mrs Ayres, then leaves them alone together...

Mrs Ayres gazes up at the bells, perplexed. Then the nursery bell starts to ring...

MRS AYRES

... nursery?

BETTY

It's just them mice, madam.

But Mrs Ayres is not convinced. Her eyes move to a dusty length of rubber tubing hanging from the wall. The old speaking tube. She approaches it...

Mrs Ayres puts it to her ear and listens... Her face changes. Betty doesn't like this development. Mrs Ayres beckons for Betty to come and try.

MRS AYRES

Come-come! Come listen.

Reluctantly, Betty approaches. Puts the tube to her ear.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

What do you hear.

Betty's eyes are wide with fear.

BETTY

I don't know.

Mrs Ayres puts the speaking tube back.

MRS AYRES
We must check upstairs.

Mrs Ayres is off...

BETTY
Well, let's wait for Miss
Caroline...

Betty has no choice but to follow...

108 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, STAIRCASE, FIRST FLOOR - DAY 108

Mrs Ayres climbs, keen to get up the stairs, though anxious of what might be waiting... Betty follows a couple of steps behind.

BETTY
Madam, wait...

She's on the second floor now, the bedrooms left behind. The landing throbs with energy. A few steps from the top, Betty hangs back...

BETTY (CONT'D)
Please let's wait for Miss
Caroline...

The ceilings are low, the corridors narrow... Mrs Ayres looks back at a nervous Betty...

MRS AYRES
You stay if you like. What have I
to fear in a nursery?

And she heads off, through the arch to the nursery door. Betty is now frightened. Hovers, afraid to follow...

109 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, NURSERY - DAY 109

Mrs Ayres enters, surveys the room. The floorboards are dusty, the wallpaper peeling and stained. The dusty speaking tube swings lightly to and fro, from the chimney breast. Mrs Ayres looks about. She picks up the speaking tube and holds it to her ear.

From the tube: a sound, like rustling at first...

MRS AYRES
Susan...?

...then more clearly, a loud hissing, like the rattle of breath in a constricted throat... Mrs Ayres, scared, puts the tube back hurriedly, her hands shaking.

Suddenly, the door slams behind her.

Mrs Ayres hurries over, tries the door - locked. She tries again, rattling the handle, upset now.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)
Betty...? Betty! Betty...!

She hears footsteps hurrying outside... relief! The footsteps draw near, before going away again.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)
Betty - unlock the door! Betty-

Mrs Ayres hammers angrily on the door...

We see the other side of the door. The camera rushes towards it.

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)
Unlock-the-door...! Betty! B-

And now a thunderous hammering comes from the other side of the door. She backs away from it, scarcely daring to breathe... Then a shrieking whistle behind her: the speaking tube. She cups her head in her hands, screaming, but she cannot be heard over the din.

110 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, LANDING/ARCH - DAY 110

From the second floor landing, we see the closed door of the nursery. It is incredibly still and silent. You cannot hear what is going on inside the room.

111 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, NURSERY - DAY, MOMENTS LATER 111

Mrs Ayres is huddled on the floor in the now silent room, sobbing.

The hammering on the door starts up again... Mrs Ayres is trembling with the hammering sound.

MRS AYRES
... Caro...!

Again, she is drowned out by the noise. Desperate, she runs to the window, tries to open it, but it's painted shut. She beats on the window, screaming- suddenly the pane gives. We hear the sound of glass shattering, cutting into flesh.

112 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, SIDE GARDEN - DAY 112

Nursery Window POV: Caroline and Betty look up and see Mrs Ayres at the window. The two women run...

113 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, STAIRCASE/LANDING/NURSERY - DAY 113

Caroline and Betty race along the landing, down the corridor... Caro finds the nursery door unlocked, enters -

114 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, NURSERY - DAY 114

A bloodied Mrs Ayres is curled up on the floor, still quaking, her hands and wrists horribly slashed... The room screaming silently with distress.

115 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, NURSERY - DAY, LATER 115

Faraday enters, looks around the becalmed room.

He takes in the broken window, the glass, the blood. The speaking tube hangs lifeless. He approaches it. Nervous, in spite of himself, he lifts it, examines it, puts it to his ear...

Hears only an empty hiss. But then he feels something... a presence in the room... He investigates, his senses quivering... walks out to the landing, his breathing audible, brow taut. There's something uneasy about the place...

116 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, STAIRCASE/LANDING - DAY 116

Faraday emerges and stands by the banisters, gloomy, contemplating what he has just seen. He looks down... we see the two staircases below him.

117 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, MRS AYRES' ROOM - DAY 117

Caroline sits stroking her mother's hair. Betty looks on. The framed photograph of Susan on the bedside table.

CAROLINE

(hushed voice)

Rod was right, there's something in this house that hates us...

FARADAY

It's nonsense Caroline...

CAROLINE

No we're so changed. From even a year ago.

BETTY

(to Faraday)

I knew this house had summat bad!

(to Faraday)

I told you.

CAROLINE

When did you tell him?

BETTY

First time. I felt it. Mrs Ayres believes me.

Faraday folds his arms, fury building.

FARADAY

- you told Mrs Ayres...?

BETTY

She said it was a ghost, and not to worry. It wouldn't do no harm.

FARADAY

No harm? Does this look like 'no harm' to you, Betty?

CAROLINE

No one's blaming you, Betty. You've been very brave.

Betty leaves, starting to cry.

MRS AYRES

I failed her, my beautiful girl... I wanted her so desperately, but when she came... I was afraid...

FARADAY

Mrs Ayres, your mind is playing tricks. You need to rest.

Something about his solicitude makes Mrs Ayres nervous...

MRS AYRES

I'm not an invalid.

FARADAY

I'm the doctor here, you must allow me to decide who the invalids are.

MRS AYRES

And you must remember whose house this is.

CAROLINE

Stop... stop... please.

Faraday and Mrs Ayres exhale.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, mama.

Mrs Ayres turns to her, nonplussed...

MRS AYRES

What have you to be sorry for?

She reaches for Caroline, sincere. Caroline holds her hand. Faraday looks on. The bond between the women renewed...

118 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OPERATING THEATRE - DUSK 118

Faraday leans against the wall, exhausted, smoking. Seeley passes, observes him. Faraday doesn't notice..

SEELEY

Difficult job?

FARADAY

Seeley... A routine tonsillectomy.
I made a pig's ear of it.

SEELEY

Too many night calls -I know the
feeling.

Faraday feels the heat of Seeley's curiosity, the warmth of his concern...

SEELEY (CONT'D)

Are you finished for the day?

119 INT. COUNTRY PUB- NIGHT, 1948/HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE 119
HALL/ATRIUM - DAY 1919

The men drink. Tiredness and gratitude sweep over Faraday.

FARADAY

I just feel things are out of
control. This business seems almost
contagious.

SEELEY

I was medical officer at a girls'
school for a while. One time there
was this fashion for fainting.
Girls going down like ninepins.
Eventually their mistresses too.

FARADAY

That's just it. I don't know where
it will end. Caroline's begun to
believe there's something
supernatural involved...

Seeley laughs, entertained at this prospect.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
 Some malevolent force in the house.
 It's madness, I know. But...
 I'm beginning to wonder myself.

Seeley leans forward, interested.

SEELEY
 What exactly are you saying?

Faraday marshals his ideas...

FARADAY
 We all subscribe to the general
 principle... of a conscious
 personality

Cut to: Hundreds Hall, we follow the camera as it goes around
 the house, empty, gloomy.

FARADAY (V.O) (CONT'D)
 ...with a sort of dream-self
 attached...?

SEELEY (V.O.)
 (his curiosity piqued)
 You're suggesting this subconscious
 self could somehow...?

FARADAY (V.O.)
 Detach. Under sufficient pressure.
 Become mischievous. Or malign.

1919: Young Faraday gazes at himself in the mirror in the
 entrance hall, clenching the plaster acorn in his fist.

SEELEY
 Acting out all the nasty impulses
 the conscious mind wants hidden...?

Young Faraday scrunches his face up, as if in pain. Again
 this pulsing energy pervades. Cut back to close up his hand
 snapping off the plaster acorn.

Young Faraday stands at the bottom of the stairs, gazing
 upwards toward the glass dome.

Back to the pub, 1948.

SEELEY (CONT'D)
 Isn't that the old theory of the
 poltergeist?

FARADAY
 Oh God - there isn't an ounce of
 science in it, I know...

SEELEY

Well, not so fast... You might be on to something. What if science has yet to find a way to measure such things? Look at my fainting females...

Seeley holds Faraday's gaze... Until -

SEELEY (CONT'D)

It is generally women at the root of this stuff, of course. Don't they have some young housemaid? Stuck out at Hundreds, no one to flirt with..?

FARADAY

Betty's a child still...

SEELEY

Mmm - children are capable of the most intense desire.

Faraday doesn't like this idea...

120

EXT. HUNDREDS HALL, SIDE GARDEN - DAY

120

A snowy day, profoundly quiet. Faraday and Mrs Ayres walk into shot in the snowy garden. A tension between them.

MRS AYRES

Thank you for walking me.

FARADAY

I'm very much enjoying it.

MRS AYRES

You know, I'm never left alone. I suppose that's on your orders... No matter. I have something I want to say- before Caroline gets back...

She considers, then:

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

You must take her away from here.

FARADAY

I shall do no such thing.

MRS AYRES

Yes. Leave Susan and me alone together.

FARADAY

'Susan' is a memory. We've agreed that, haven't we?

She looks directly at Faraday, intense, resolute.

MRS AYRES

How innocent you are.

Faraday's decidedly unnerved...

MRS AYRES (CONT'D)

She's with me all the time. She's here with me now...

FARADAY

Please stop this...

MRS AYRES

She belongs here, you do not.

FARADAY

Mrs Ayres...

He rests his hand on her shoulder - a rush of energy. She turns away. Her face betrays utter shock, her hand flies to her collar, face creases with pain...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

What is it...?

Faraday pulls her back to face him. She moves her hand away: blood seeps through her silk blouse, spreads rapidly. He pulls open the blouse... finds a long deep scratch.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

How did you do this?

MRS AYRES

My little girl is upset.

121 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, MRS AYRES' BEDROOM - DAY

121

Faraday and Mrs Ayres, still in their coats, enter. Faraday moves with urgency.

FARADAY

Will you take this off please?

Mrs Ayres removes her coat, in a calm stupor.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Sit down.

She sits on her bed. Faraday rings at the servants bell.

MRS AYRES

The cords were cut. Don't you remember? When Susan was playing such tricks on us...

She GASPS suddenly and her hand flies to her arm... another bloodstain seeps through the blouse... Then her chest... She seems strangely elated by this. We see she still has light dressings on her wrists from the nursery incident.

FARADAY

Let me see... stop... stop - stop it!

(calling out for help)

Betty! ... Stop...!

Losing his temper, Faraday grabs her arm as she writhes, defiant. Mrs Ayres struggles against him, groaning in pain.

Later: Mrs Ayres is lying down now, sedated, asleep. Faraday dabs cotton wool on her arm, where he has injected her. He glances at the photograph of Susan on her bedside cabinet.

122

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE LITTLE PARLOUR - DAY

122

Caroline smokes, angular, distraught.

CAROLINE

I'm going to check on her...

FARADAY

Let her sleep- she's still under the Veronal.

Caroline glowers at him, resentful.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

I'd like to bring in a psychiatrist.

CAROLINE

First Roddie. Now her. How long before it's my turn?

FARADAY

That's absurd...

CAROLINE

My mother would rather die than bring any more shame upon this family!

FARADAY

I won't abandon her to her delusions for the sake of class pride!

CAROLINE

No, Faraday. Do you understand - I forbid it!

Faraday digests this new determination in Caroline.

She leaves. Faraday for a moment seems childlike and helpless, welling up...

123 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, MRS AYRES' BEDROOM - DAY 123

Mrs Ayres lies in bed, propped up on pillows, staring blankly ahead. We hear someone try to get in but the door is locked. The photograph of Susan is no longer on her bedside cabinet, but is now lying next to her on her duvet. The glass in the frame is cracked.

Mrs Ayres looks helpless yet resolved, turning her gaze to the photograph of Susan.

124 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON - DAY 124

Faraday sits alone, miserable, hands clasped, staring into nothingness. The room feels cold and empty.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Faraday!

Faraday looks around.

125 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, STAIRS/LANDING - DAY 125

Faraday is walking up the stairs. Caroline and Betty are waiting for him on the landing.

CAROLINE

Did you lock her in?

FARADAY

What?

Caroline tries the door again, panic rising...

CAROLINE

Mother?

No reply... she bangs on the door. Faraday joins her...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Mother, open the door...

FARADAY

Mrs Ayres...!

Faraday heaves himself against the door, breaking it open...

126 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, MRS AYRES' BEDROOM - DAY 126

Faraday, Caroline and Betty burst in. Faraday heads straight to the bedside. Betty freezes in the doorway, shocked, tearful.

CAROLINE

What have you done Mama? What have you done...? What have you done?!

Caroline starts to cry, puts her hands to her mouth, breathing heavily. Faraday checks for a pulse on Mrs Ayres.

We see Mrs Ayres lying dead in a bloodstained bed, eyes shut, strangely at peace. Her wrists are exposed for all to see - un-bandaged, the nursery cuts violently reopened with shards of glass. The framed photograph of Susan lies smashed next to her still.

127 EXT. CHURCH, AYRES FAMILY PLOT - AFTERNOON 127

A crowd gathered. Caroline standing shakily at the graveside. The minister intones. Faraday and Rod stand either side of her.

128 EXT CHURCH, STREET - AFTERNOON 128

Mr Rossiter unburdens himself on Faraday:

MR ROSSITER

We mean to ask Caroline to come and stay with us. Well she can't be allowed to remain all alone in that unhappy house...

Faraday looks to Caroline. She stands by the clinic car with Mrs Rossiter and AUNT CISSIE, waiting to say goodbye to Rod.

FARADAY

She isn't all alone. She has me.

He crosses to Caroline.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You've been very brave today, Rod.

Caroline hugs Rod. Speaks to Faraday, over her shoulder:

ROD

Get Caroline out. She'll be next.

Caroline steps back, shaken. Rod gets into the car. The MALE NURSE comes and sits beside him in the car.

129 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, WAKE - AFTERNOON

129

A small, miserable event. Mrs Rossiter and Miss Dabney dog Caroline. Aunt Cissie is sat talking to Faraday, who is stood next to her. He is distracted, watching Caroline.

AUNT CISSIE

We had such fun here in the old days. I used to visit quite often, but unfortunately my health hasn't allowed that lately...

FARADAY

I'm sorry to hear that.

AUNT CISSIE

I'm afraid I can't remember your name doctor.

FARADAY

Faraday.

AUNT CISSIE

Ah... no, I don't believe my sister ever mentioned you...

An awkward moment. Faraday smiles a thin smile.

130 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, THE LITTLE PARLOUR - EVENING

130

Faraday's face, again. Now he is watching over Caroline - her eyes closed, motionless on the sofa.

She stirs, looks up, breaking some kind of spell. Faraday smiles.

FARADAY

I've been watching you.

Caroline rouses.

CAROLINE

That can't have been terribly interesting. It must be late... You should go.

FARADAY

Not until you eat something.

He pours soup from a flask into a bowl.

CAROLINE

Oh, I couldn't.

FARADAY

You must.

CAROLINE
I will eat, I promise. But later.
Thank you for today.

FARADAY
Caroline...?

Faraday sits next to her on the sofa.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Tell me just one thing... When may
we be married?

CAROLINE
Please I'm so tired...

FARADAY
I want to be here. With you.

He rests his hands on her ankles.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
I've been patient, haven't I?

CAROLINE
But so soon after Mother's death...

FARADAY
She'd want to know you were being
looked after. A month is long
enough to sort everything out.

CAROLINE
But we have so much to discuss...

FARADAY
I know. You'll need bridesmaids -
and something to wear!

CAROLINE
No - I don't want a fuss... I have
plenty of dresses...

FARADAY
Six weeks. From today.

Finally -

CAROLINE
Yes. Yes alright.

FARADAY
Yes...?

CAROLINE
Only please just let me sleep...

She curls away from him, terribly sad...

131

INT. HUNDREDS HALL, KITCHEN - SAME EVENING

131

Faraday sits with Betty eating soup. He's full of his new secret.

FARADAY

The last time I sat down to eat at this table, Betty, I was eight years old. My mother was with me - standing just over there.

BETTY

That's a funny thought...

FARADAY

Never guessed I'd be back here-like this. Wish she'd lived to see it. My father too.

Betty considers this, then:

BETTY

My father wants me to go back home. He's on at me something terrible.

Faraday's stiffens.

FARADAY

You and I are all Miss Caroline has left. I need you to help look after her...

BETTY

He thinks there's a curse on the 'ouse after... madam.

FARADAY

I think we all feel a little bit that way.

BETTY

Miss Caroline says that I should sleep upstairs now. I think she's frightened by herself.

Faraday mulls, then can't resist:

FARADAY

What if I told you that she wouldn't be by herself much longer? That Miss Caroline were soon to be married...

BETTY

Married...?

Betty's confused...

FARADAY

Mmm.

The penny drops... She's overwhelmed... thrilled...

BETTY

Oh doctor... when?

FARADAY

Very soon. And I'm going to need your help.

Betty is thrilled. An air of excited conspiracy between them.

132 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER MEDICAL PRACTICE - DAY 132

Faraday blocks out a page in the diary - 'no appointments'.

133 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT - MORNING, A FEW DAYS LATER 133

One of Caroline's dresses has been laid out on Faraday's bed. Faraday is tying his tie, looking at it, imagining...

134 EXT. LIDCOTE - MORNING 134

Faraday heads toward the dress shop, carrying the dress.

135 INT. DRESS SHOP, LIDCOTE - MORNING 135

FARADAY

I... brought something for you to copy...

He produces the dress. The ASSISTANT looks on, approving.

ASSISTANT

You say the lady's 'indisposed'. Will she be able to walk?

FARADAY

Yes. It's nothing serious.

ASSISTANT

Ah.

136 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, SALOON - DAY 136

Faraday enters. Caroline sits at the table, smoking.

FARADAY

Caroline! Cooped up inside on this lovely day - you'll be absolutely kippered.

He brings in a box.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

This is flying in the face of convention, I know, but...

He lays the box in front of her on the table. She regards it with no relish. He lifts the lid, pulls back tissue paper.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

I had it made to match one of your others. Betty helped. We've been quite the secret agents...

Caroline struggles with sight of the dress.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Something for your head and hands, too, of course...

He pulls a shagreen box from his pocket.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

And lastly...

He opens the shagreen box. The ring gleams.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

This was my mother's...

CAROLINE

Sorry, I can't do this.

Faraday is surprised to see how unsettled she is. He closes the box and puts it down. He re-wraps the dress in tissue paper and closes the other box.

FARADAY

Forgive me - I've sprung it on you. We'll look at these later. Or in private if you'd prefer...?

CAROLINE

No - I mean, I can't do any of it. I can't marry you.

Faraday sits across from her.

FARADAY

Caroline...

CAROLINE

I'm sorry. I like you very much,
and I'm so grateful, but I... I...

Faraday can't adjust.

FARADAY

Darling - you're confused.

CAROLINE

No I'm seeing very clearly.

FARADAY

Please - you're tired.

CAROLINE

Stop saying that - sometimes I
think you want me to be tired.

Faraday's appalled...

FARADAY

You know I want you to be happy!

CAROLINE

And I can't be happy if I marry
you.

Faraday racks his brain... desperation rising...

FARADAY

We don't have to be husband and
wife right away - if that's the
problem...

CAROLINE

God, can't you see - this whole
thing between us, it's never been
real! I'm going away. I've put the
estate up for sale.

FARADAY

You can't. It's not yours to sell.

CAROLINE

Hepton's already drawn up the
papers. I've had power of attorney
since Rod was first ill. When he
gets better, he can join me.

FARADAY

Join you where...?

CAROLINE

I'll go up to London as soon as I
can, then... Canada or America.

FARADAY
(scoffs)

Canada.

CAROLINE

But I will go. Before it's too
late.

Faraday looks down, fiddling with the shagreen box.

137 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER MEDICAL PRACTICE - EVENING 137

Faraday sits at his desk, on the telephone. A bottle of
sherry in front of him.

FARADAY

Anne, I'm sorry, do you think David
could take my evening surgery...?
No, it's rather a violent stomach
thing I'm afraid... I really would
be most grateful... Thank you.

He hangs up. He downs a glass of sherry. Goes to pour himself
another...

138 INT. FARADAY'S FLAT - DAY, DAYS LATER 138

Faraday sits alone at his table, in his dressing gown, a pot
of tea in front of him. Tears in his eyes, he looks utterly
devastated.

FARADAY (V.O.)

The next few days were a sort of
blur...

139 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, ENTRANCE HALL/SALOON - DAY 139

The Entrance Hall is dark and empty. Lots of packing boxes.

FARADAY (V.O.)

...a bad dream from which I was
slow to wake.

We see Caroline and Betty packing up the Saloon.

FARADAY (V.O.)

Hundreds Hall was lost to me. As
was Caroline.

140 INT. FARADAY'S FLAT - EVENING 140

Faraday sits at his desk, writing a 'Next of Kin letter'.
Through the window, we can see pouring rain.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 There was, no doubt, fun at my
 expense in Lidcote.

Faraday crosses out appointments in his book, including the
 day where he wrote 'No Appointments'.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 That would teach me to look outside
 my class.

He closes his appointment book, places it to the side, and
 pulls over a meagre looking sandwich.

FARADAY (V.O.)
 I did, for a time, consider
 leaving, but, a man cannot outrun
 himself.

He takes a bite.

141 INT. DR FARADAY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 141

Faraday, sound asleep. Then - an urgent knocking.

COTTAGER (O.S.)
 Doctor...? Dr Faraday!

142 INT. GRIM COTTAGE - NIGHT 142

Faraday follows a COTTAGER into a grim room, his eyes
 adjusting to the gloom. He identifies and approaches the
 patient - a man on a straw palliasse.

The patient's face is slick with sweat, his teeth chatter.
 Faraday peels back the dirty coat that's laid over him.

Faraday opens his bag, takes out his stethoscope and places
 it on the man's chest.

143 INT/EXT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD NEAR HUNDREDS HALL - NIGHT 143

Faraday drives, exhausted, utterly despondent. He approaches
 the gates and swiftly turns in, drives on a little way up
 towards the house and pulls off into the wood.

144 INT/EXT. CAR/WOODS ALONG HUNDREDS DRIVE - NIGHT 144

The moon is bright. We begin to hear the deep old silence of
 the wood and everything in it - living, rotting, changing.
 Faraday begins to shake. Closes his eyes against a rush of
 emotion, wrestles with it...

He starts hammering his dash board and steering wheel, beating at anything within his reach, in an all-consuming rage.

145 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, LANDING/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 145

Under the glass dome, walls and floor throb. We're looking down onto the first landing. A light comes on...

Caroline appears on the first floor landing in a white nightdress. She looks up, curious... a thudding sound upstairs...

Caroline climbs to the next landing in pursuit of it.

Caroline heads along the second floor landing... we pull back into the nursery...

Caroline hears a creaking, a door opening and closing again... She looks in...

146 INT. CAR/WOODS ALONG HUNDREDS DRIVE - DAWN 146

Faraday starts awake, disorientated. Birds sing. He's in the drivers seat of his car. The windows are steamed up. Caroline's initials, 'C.A.', have reappeared on the steamed up passenger window. Faraday slowly turns on his engine.

147 INT/EXT. CAR/STREET NEAR DR FARADAY'S SURGERY - DAWN 147

Faraday drives into Lidcote, washed-out.

148 INT. FARADAY/GRANGER MEDICAL PRACTICE, WAITING ROOM - DAWN 148

Faraday enters - finds David Granger waiting. Instantly reads bad news in his face...

149 INT. FARADAY'S FLAT - 6.15AM/ HUNDREDS HALL ENTRANCE HALL/149 ATRIUM - THREE HOURS EARLIER

We look through from the entrance hall, see Dr Granger in the atrium, comforting Betty.

DR GRANGER (V.O.)

The call came some time around three. It was Betty, in a dreadful state, wanting you I suppose- but the exchange passed her to me.

Cut back to Faraday/Granger medical practice.

FARADAY

House call in Edgeworth.

Faraday sits devastated.

DR GRANGER

It would have been instant. There's
nothing you could've done.

Faraday struggles to take it in. Stares down at his ink blotter on his desk. We see now that it is covered in little scribbled S shapes where Faraday has jump-started his fountain pen.

CORONER RIDDELL (V.O.)

The court calls Miss Elizabeth
Walker.

150 INT. CORONER RIDDELL'S COURT, LEAMINGTON - DAY 150

Faraday sits, still dazed. Seely, Dr Granger, Aunt Cissie, the Rossiters and Miss Dabney are there.

Betty's in the stand, almost unrecognisable out of uniform - hair brushed long, little heels, seamed stockings.

BETTY

We went to bed early that night,
Miss Ayres and me. We'd been
cleaning all day, we were tired.

CORONER RIDDELL

And did Miss Ayres seem to you to
be in low spirits?

Betty shakes her head.

BETTY

Not at all. She was happy -
looking forward to leaving...

Faraday looks down...

CORONER RIDDELL

So you went to your room and you
heard nothing more until...

BETTY

About half past two - creak on the
stairs...

151 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, STAIRCASE/UPPER LANDING - SEVERAL NIGHTS
PREVIOUS/ CORONER RIDDELL'S COURT, LEAMINGTON - DAY

We see the landing of Hundreds Hall. It is dark, still.

BETTY (V.O.)

...At first I was frightened...

Caroline, in her nightdress, begins climbing toward the second floor... Looking for something... someone?

CORONER RIDDELL(V.O.)
Frightened? Because...?

BETTY (V.O.)
Big house, sir, and - and
sometimes...

Caroline seems to follow something toward the nursery...

BETTY (V.O.)
Well, it's lonely and dark. Then I
realised the steps were Miss
Ayres'. Her room was just opposite.
So I wasn't worried then.
Except...

Caroline continues walking towards the nursery.

CORONER RIDDELL (V.O.)
Except...?

BETTY (V.O.)
Except they were going up, to the
second floor. There's no reason to
go up there.

Caroline stands in the doorway of the nursery.

BETTY (V.O.)
It's empty, locked up.

Caroline walks away, back out onto the landing. Betty, in her nightdress, looks up from the first floor, sees Caroline on the second...

Close up on Caroline, as we hear the familiar thumping sound, this time very faint. The camera goes to the nursery door. Caroline looks back through the archway into the nursery.

BETTY (V.O.)
And... and... then I heard her stop-

Caroline looks around, as if she's seen something.

Back to Coroner Riddell's Court. Betty is crying now.

BETTY
- and make a sound...

Betty looks down.

Back to Caroline at Hundreds. We read her astonished face, see terror, but also understanding - at last -

CAROLINE

You...

Back to Coronor Riddell's Court. Close up of Faraday's face.
Switch back to Caroline at Hundreds.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

... you.

Caroline staggers back, away from us, against the landing banister... and then, Caroline falls, turning in the air, limbs flailing to save themselves, a swimmer drowning in moonlight...

A terrible CRUNCHING sound as Caroline lands. Betty races down the stairs towards her, tries in vain to see if she is alive, cries in shock...

Caroline's body. The pool of blood, her eyes fixed upward...

We look upwards - the glass cupola hangs over her up above. We then look down from the top of the stairs, see Caroline's body sprawled at the bottom.

BETTY

Caroline...

CORONER RIDDELL (O.S.)

Dr Faraday...?

152 INT. CORONER RIDDELL'S COURT, LEAMINGTON - DAY 152

Faraday's face, shaky in the stand, looks up...

CORONER RIDDELL

Dr Faraday. Would you support a verdict of "suicide whilst of unsound mind".

Faraday struggles with himself for a moment, then, finally:

FARADAY

I believe... based on my dealings with Miss Ayres in the last weeks of her life... that her mind had become clouded... her death may indeed have been a suicide.

CORONER RIDDELL

Thank you, Dr Faraday.

153 EXT. HUNDREDS HALL - DAY, THREE YEARS LATER 153

Sweeping shot of the house and grounds. A beautiful spring day. Birds singing. There is a lightness to the place.

154 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, NURSERY/HALL/ATRIUM/SALOON/LITTLE PARLOUR - DAY 154

Hundreds Hall is empty inside, apart from dried leaves on the floors, gently shifted by a wind that finds its way in from somewhere. A bucket in the parlour catches drips from the ceiling. A fallen chandelier lies wrecked in the saloon. Faraday walks to the nursery, keys in one hand, a bucket in the other.

Faraday enters the nursery. He places the bucket under a stained patch in the ceiling. He looks out of the window, at the council houses.

He leaves the nursery and descends the stairs, closing the door behind him. We see the bedrooms, all completely empty.

Faraday stands in the empty saloon.

FARADAY (V.O.)

The first time I saw Hundreds Hall was July 1919. I'd passed by its gates often enough, but never imagined they would open to me, a common village boy.

Faraday checks that a window is firmly locked. Then goes to the entrance hall. There is that faint thumping sound again. He gazes into the mirror, just as he did as a child.

FARADAY (V.O.)

Oh, the whole world of Hundreds impressed me terribly, my mother had described it often- but nothing could have prepared me for the spell it cast that day...

He continues gazing into the mirror. The scarred moulding from which he stole the acorn beneath it, unobserved... His eyes unreadable, his mind a blank. Eventually he walks away.

155 INT. HUNDREDS HALL, LANDING 155

Young Faraday stands by the bannisters on the leafy second floor landing, in a sad trance, frightened. He looks down, a single tear rolling down his cheek. He looks at what is beneath him, before slowly returning to the nursery.

ENDS