1 EXT. SEA - NIGHT 1

Dark green ocean. Something thrashing - a tangle of white

limbs - two bodies - and a muffled rush of bubbles.

We don’t see faces, only white skin and a petticoat that

billows like an anemone -

- but as they flail in the gloom, clawing at each other, we

see that one is MARY, but is the male figure with her trying

to save or drown her?

MARY looks at him - unsure if he’s threatening her or

7 EXT. MOORS - DAY 7 7

A dark grey mist clings to the moors as MARY kicks across the grass, pulling her shawl around her against the chill.

It feels oppressive and matches her mood, her strides long and rhythmic, just walking and walking, barely aware of tinkling sheep bells in the distance, lost in misery.

8 EXT. MOORS / APPROACH TO ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 7 8

Up the hill on the approach to Altarnun, a pale sun is now breaking through, picking out the distant church.

The pealing of the church bells seems to call her, and she quickens up the hill, suddenly anxious to attend the service, in very great need of moral guidance.

We hear the CONGREGATION singing over as MARY nears.

CONGREGATION (V.O.)
The king of love my shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never;

9 INT. ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 7 9

The PEOPLE of Altarnun are poor, hungry, thin, the CHILDREN filthy, all of them desperate for deliverance and a miracle.

In spite of this, the mood inside the church is inspiring, full of frail hope and sincerity, the CONGREGATION’s eyes tilted up towards Christ on his cross -

- and FRANCIS DAVEY, magnetic in the pulpit, the brave smattering of holly, mistletoe and homemade Christmas decorations somehow tender and heartening.

CONGREGATION I nothing lack if I am his, and he
is mine forever.

As MARY slips in at the back, a few PEOPLE look up but she’s shy, knows no-one.

But as she enters a pew at the back and takes a hymn book, she glimpses dragoon LEGASSIK from episode one -

- and worse, sees ELI, and ducks her head, suddenly wondering if she’s done the wrong thing in coming.

CONGREGATION AND MARY
In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear Lord, beside me; thy rod and staff my comfort still, thy cross before to guide me.

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10 EXT. CHURCH, ALTARNUN - DAY 7 10

EVERYBODY tipping out, MARY watches them; HANNAH and DAVEY subsumed in the CROWD, PARISHIONERS flocking to talk to them. WILL and BETH appear beside MARY -

WILLIAM
Hello again. Enjoy the service?

MARY
Yes, I did. Very much.

BETH
Will’s off today.
(worried, smuggling)
To France.

MARY nods, oh. Gets it. WILL pulls BETH to him affectionately, nods surreptitiously re DAVEY and HANNAH -

WILLIAM
So you’d better sort that wedding dress ‘cause you’ll need it once I’m back.

BETH smiles and he steals a kiss, MARY averting her eyes.

Beyond the graveyard, on the road, a FARMER, with sheep fleeces piled up on a wagon, waves WILL over, and he nods and goes to join him, leaving BETH with MARY.

LEGASSIK and ELI are milling out too and MARY ducks her head to avoid ELI seeing her, but DAVEY approaches.

FRANCIS DAVEY I’m very glad you joined us, Mary.
We were hoping that you might. *

The ‘we’ refers to HANNAH who’s behind him, evidently shares the sentiment. MARY smiles, a little bashful.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D) Perhaps you’d like to help us?

He gestures to the church. MARY’s pleased to be asked.

11 EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY 7 11

MARY watches as a POOR MAN grabs his hand in gratitude, and bobs his head in respect. DAVEY catches MARY’s eye as he * smiles kindly to the MAN then extricates his hand.

BETH begins ladling out the stew to the grateful POOR and MARY and HANNAH hand out water, but MARY is intrigued and fascinated by HANNAH and DAVEY.

HANNAH sees her look, and nods re the POOR.

HANNAH
Without our alms the poor’d starve to death. Folk up-country don't care if we live or die.

MARY wonders at the cost -

MARY
You feed them every day?

HANNAH
Mr Davey does. He has more patience. I’d rather mend the pews * or reap the harvest.

MARY looks at HANNAH - seeing in her a kindred spirit.

As HANNAH turns to go back inside, MARY notices YOUNG THOMAS in the food queue, his plate held aloft, and she tenses to see one of the SMUGGLERS.

DAVEY catches her look of worry, and considers it. He moves away from the table to her -

FRANCIS DAVEY But? I think perhaps you didn't
come today only for the service, Mary?

MARY looks at him, her hesitation given it away -

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D) Come. There’s nothing that
confiding cannot help.

MARY can’t deny it. She needs to talk to someone.

12 INT. DAVEY’S OFFICE, CHURCH HOUSE, ALTARNUN - DAY 7 12

The vicarage has an air of peace. A log fire crackling in the hearth of DAVEY’s office and fresh flowers in a jug as MARY glances at a large woodcut on the wall.

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But really she’s distracted by the portion of the room

beyond, glimpsed through double doors, where DAVEY’s desk,

papers and books are in the shadows with an air of mystery.

*

DAVEY moves beside her, nodding to the woodcut he thinks

she’s looking at.

FRANCIS DAVEY

The ‘Ship of Fools’.

It’s an image of mad people in a boat, lost on a wild sea,

their faces twisted in torment and confusion.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D)

It’s an allegory from the bible; a

vessel of deranged humans cast out

on the sea without a captain. The

plight of the Godless.

MARY stares at their tortured faces in the small wooden boat.

DAVEY smiles kindly, gestures her to sit. The big soft

armchair seems to envelop her.

He takes another chair.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D)

What did you want to share with me,

Mary?

MARY

I… I don’t know if I should.

Beat.

FRANCIS DAVEY Mary, the smuggling at Jamaica Inn

is widely known. And mostly - (sighs, regretful) s detfuut

MARY
I said that I knew nothing. I lied - to save -

She falters, doesn’t want to admit who she was saving.

FRANCIS DAVEY
…your aunt, of course you did.

MARY doesn’t correct him, that she lied to save JEM too.

MARY
You're right that it's my aunt who worries me. Every night I’m frightened that he'll…

FRANCIS DAVEY
What? Don't be afraid, Mary. I’ve heard some stories in my time, not here in Altarnun, but Spain and Africa when I was a missionary. There are other worlds besides Jamaica Inn.

MARY summons her courage -

MARY
Mr Davey, the other night, I think my uncle killed a man.

She can see he doubts her, so she redoubles her efforts -

MARY (CONT’D) I was hiding and I heard a noise -
like choking - and then I saw a noose. His name was Abe. His wife was asking for him, last time that I came to Altarnun, so you know he's missing.

FRANCIS DAVEY (knows different) His wife has gone to join him in

the town. He sent for her…

MARY He can't have done! My uncle killed
him.

HANNAH
Did you see a body?

MARY spins round, HANNAH’s there behind her, in the doorway.

MARY shrugs, shakes her head, miserable, as HANNAH moves in, and remains standing.

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MARY
No. I heard it though. And I can't bear it on my conscience.

HANNAH and DAVEY meet eyes. To MARY -

FRANCIS DAVEY
Mary, we've been -
(hesitates to say it)
- observing your uncle’s dealings for some time. We’re working with the law enforcers to try to gain some evidence of his crimes. The ones who can be trusted anyway. (regret)
Many profit handsomely themselves, or else are in collusion.

MARY
Then… what should I do - ?

HANNAH
(to DAVEY)
She should take care for her own skin’s what she should do! Who knows what Merlyn's capable of?

MARY is slightly surprised by HANNAH’s sharpness - evidently worried for her. But MARY has more -

MARY
My aunt says there's someone else above my uncle who tells him what to do.

Both of them turn to look at her in surprise.

MARY (CONT’D) He was hiding in the inn the night
that Abe was murdered.

HANNAH Did you see him?

MARY Only his feet.

HANNAH looks at DAVEY -

HANNAH
Someone else above him? Could it be Legassik? Or perhaps his brother Jem.

MARY reddens at this last, and is suddenly worried as -

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MARY
You won't say anything, will you? He'd kill me if he knew I’d talked. HANNAH
Of course we won’t. And you should keep yourself well out of it - FRANCIS DAVEY
(interrupts)
Perhaps Mary might be our ears and eyes?
(to MARY)
Given that you’re living at the inn?
(to HANNAH)
She could help us to investigate her uncle? * HANNAH glares at DAVEY - evidently disagrees. But MARY makes no objection.
13 EXT. CHURCHYARD, ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 7 13 MARY exits the vicarage with HANNAH and we share her POV of dragoon LEGASSIK walking up to MR BASSATT, THE MAGISTRATE, in the street beyond and exchanging quiet words with him. MARY
(re LEGASSIK)
Do you really think that it could be a riding officer?

HANNAH (quiet to her) I think my brother has been hasty.
You’re just a girl, it isn’t right * that you should risk -[getting * involved] *

MARY I’d like to help.

HANNAH half nods, smiles tightly, very well then. HANNAH watches as she goes. * 14 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 7 14 POV through the kitchen window; PATIENCE in the chicken coop, collecting eggs in her apron, tutting over the poor yield.

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MARY turns back to the ‘manikin’ (two planks of wood nailed to form a cross, on a stand) on which she’s stitching the smuggled yellow silk, helping PATIENCE to sew a new dress.

But really it’s an excuse to watch her UNCLE, who -

- sits at the table (for warmth, it’s near the fire) poring over coastal maps and various plans before him. He’s a stressed and brooding presence, but he seems to trust MARY more, glancing up from time to time, ever conscious of her, and we share his POV as his eyes flit to her.

PATIENCE comes back in, MARY quickly pulling her gaze from her uncle’s documents and looking back at the dress.

AUNT PATIENCE
Still not laying. Just three eggs again.

As PATIENCE puts them down, MARY smiles towards JOSS -

MARY
Uncle would you like them?

He looks at her. HARRY has arrived and hears this -

HARRY
She's a good girl, eh, Joss.

JOSS looks at MARY again, showing off in front of HARRY.

JOSS
Now she knows who's boss, perhaps.

He nods curtly to MARY that he’ll have the eggs. MARY puts a pan over the fire, but HARRY intercepts her -

HARRY I've a letter for ye, Miss Yellan,
from the town. Mail coaches don't

stop out ‘ere no more. (quiet, sly smile to her)

- JOSS says something that we don’t hear, and MARY is more

interested in eavesdropping on them than her letter, which

she opens without looking, her eyes still on them.

HARRY is surprised and worried to JOSS -

HARRY (CONT’D)

But I didn’t think we’d do another

one so soon?

But PATIENCE is suddenly beside MARY -

AUNT PATIENCE

Oh who’s it from, Mary?!

JOSS looks up at MARY, and she hurriedly lowers her gaze to

the letter -

MARY

Ned. A boy from home.

*

She darts a glance at JOSS again, but his and HARRY’s

muttering is too low to hear.

AUNT PATIENCE

Ned? He your sweetheart, is he?!

*

For a moment, it makes MARY sad -

MARY

He would be, if I'd have him.

- MARY hurriedly takes the eggs and moves to the fire with

them. The pan‘s now hot, and MARY breaks the eggs in.

But HARRY is behind JOSS in worry -

HARRY

But I thought ye said we couldn’t

do another ‘til the Spring -

JOSS flares as he turns to HARRY-

JOSS

17 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 7 17

The sun is sinking as MARY slips out after JOSS. She runs

across the courtyard, crouches behind the stone wall, to wait

until he’s gone a safe distance.

We INTERCUT between them, with JOSS’s POV now as he strides

across the moors, darkly brooding and distracted.

MARY waits until he’s over the skyline and disappearing, then

she runs onto the moor after him.

18 EXT. GRASSY MOORS - DAY 7 18

JOSS walks, his long strides kicking tracks in the grass, his

expression serious, worried.

MARY’s feet move quickly through the grass behind him, her

skirt hem trailing in the dew, following in his footsteps,

her breath already ragged as she hurries to keep up.

At the ridge of the hill, JOSS vanishes behind the stones -

- MARY hurrying after him again, picking her way between the

boulders and rough, tussocky grass, her task a difficult one -

to stay unseen and yet keep up.

JOSS turns west towards the tors, not seeing MARY in the

distance behind, looking like a little dark dot against the

brown stretch of moor.

19 EXT. STONY MOORS - DAY 7 19

The landscape is bleaker, moorland given way to rocks and

stones - as MARY scrambles forwards, JOSS’s footprints

impossible to track on this.

She’s undeterred, but as she hurries after him, sheep bells

sound in the distance as though a flock is suddenly

disturbed, and MARY glimpses a shadow flit behind the tall

stone hurlers up ahead.

She stops, spooked. But then she fixes her determination -

- and walks towards it, resolutely remaining on her own

course behind her uncle and to hell with the shadow trying to

scare her.

As her feet splash through a puddle, we cut to a POV watching

her from behind the stones, a POV that can see JOSS moving up

ahead and MARY picking her way behind him.

Oblivious to being spied on, MARY keeps on walking.

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20 EXT. ‘CHEESE RING’, BODMIN MOOR - DAY 7 20

MARY rounds a corner and finds herself at the foot of the

‘Cheese Ring’ Tor.

She looks around, glimpses a movement ascending above her -

MARY

You've blood on you.

JEM looks - sees she’s right. No explanation, he wipes it on

his breeches, and stalks off as though he’s rankled with her.

MARY follows him. *

25 EXT. MOORS WITH SHEPHERD’S HUT NEAR BROOK - NIGHT 7 25

A rough stone shepherd's hut that’s in a dip, smouldering

embers of a fire outside, a few horses tied up at the nearby

bubbling brook.

MARY follows JEM towards it, clearly where he’s living.

JEM throws a log onto the fire and stokes it back to life,

MARY standing nearby, unsure what to do.

JEM moves into the hut, and throws down a dead rabbit and a

knife next to a few filthy vegetables.

JEM

I always say there's two things a

woman should do by instinct - and

cooking's one of 'em.

A moment. We expect MARY to demur - tell him to cook his own

dinner - but although we sense that the thought crosses her

mind, she says nothing and, after a beat - *

- she takes a knife to prepare the food. *

26 OMITTED ACTION NOW IN SC25 26

27 INT. SHEPHERD’S HUT NEAR BROOK - NIGHT 7- LATER 27

The rabbit stew is bubbling in the pan over the fire, MARY *

tending it, but really watching JEM as he dunks an old bucket

in the stream and returns with it.

He dunks two mugs in the bucket to fill them, and hands one

to MARY.

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For a moment there is silence, each of them sipping their water, JEM standing, MARY crouching, cooking - self-conscious at the sense that they’re playing house together. MARY
Why are you living out here? I * thought you had a house? JEM
I'll tell you if you tell me what you were doing on the moors at night?
MARY doesn’t answer. He thought as much. He glances to the door then seems to make the decision to relax. He sits. JEM (CONT’D)
You should leave your aunt and come and look after me, you know. MARY
Pfft! You wouldn't have the money that I’d ask!
He laughs.
JEM
Women are always mean. My mother used to keep hers hidden in a stocking.
He reaches to stick his finger in the stew. MARY’s about to tell him to take his hands away, it’s hot but instead she suddenly sits back on her heels, indifferent.

MARY You can serve yourself.

JEM looks at her but doesn’t quibble. He ladles stew onto plates for both of them and hands her one. He tastes it first and nods approval, starts to wolf it down.

JEM (CONT’D)
He left his savings to a woman across the Tamar, but my mother stood by that man all her life. MARY listens to this, pondering it, but says nothing. JEM (CONT’D)
When he was gone she turned religious, used to pray all bloody day. I couldn't stand it, so I cleared off, soon as I could, went off to war.
MARY
I suppose I should be grateful that my parents were so good to me. JEM
There’s only you?
MARY
My father died when I was four. (beat, pointed)
Smugglers murdered him. JEM
So how is my brother? And Jamaica Inn. Did the Magistrate arrest him? She fixes him with a look -

MARY You know he didn’t, ‘cause you’ve
seen your brother since. JEM didn’t know she knew that, one up to MARY. He’s finished his food, leaves the plate to one side.

MARY (CONT’D) In fact, the Magistrate was asking
after you. But I said I hadn't seen you.

JEM Ah, you can do as you’re told then!

Point back to JEM. He stands, stretching his legs. MARY
It seemed less trouble at the time. I dare say if I'd thought about it, I'd’ve told him where you were. But seeing as I didn’t, you can tell me what you've got to hide. MARY also stands, a little confrontational. JEM nods outside towards the stream -

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JEM

Well, that horse belongs to him,

for one. I stole it from his trap

last Thursday. He’d have my head

for that alone.

MARY

JEM

What’s wrong? Don't you like

excitement?

He reaches out a finger, and traces it down the neckline of

her dress.

MARY can’t answer, doesn’t stop him even though she knows she

should, burning with desire for him. His touch is thrilling

and forbidden; not sentimental or respectful as a kiss would

be, but rudely sexual -

JEM (CONT’D)

Come. Come to market.

- he loops his finger in her neckline and tugs as though to

rip it. Still she doesn’t stop him, is in his power, and now

his hand slides further down until it's almost on her breast -

- MARY pulls free just in time. She’s flushing.

MARY

'Come to market'? With a man who's

mired in -

JEM

What?

He pulls her back to him defensively, her face now an inch

from his own - half threatening, perhaps cruel -

JEM (CONT’D)

What am I mired in, Mary?

She’s suddenly fearful, he’s hurting her. JEM realises, and

lets her go. He doesn’t meet her eye.

JEM (CONT’D) Come on. I'll take you back.

EXT. MOORS / APPE

JEM

I’ll come by here at ten on

Christmas Eve. Meet me at the road.

MARY looks at him - the CAT is rubbing itself against his

leg. Just as it did the gang leader. She looks away.

MARY

I won't be there.

AUNT PATIENCE

Wash him, get the grease off. Don’t

want to be caught for that on top

of everything else.

MARY

Why? Is my uncle planning

something?

PATIENCE ‘doesn’t hear’ her, changes the subject -

AUNT PATIENCE

I was worried where you’d got to

last night.

Beat.

MARY

I got lost on the moors. I - Jem

Merlyn brought me home.

PATIENCE stiffens, partly because she hears MARY’s interest

in her voice. She’s edgy, very wary of this -

AUNT PATIENCE

Jem Merlyn, eh?

MARY

I was lost and he was kind enough

to -

(off PATIENCE’s look)

Why do you dislike him so much,

AUNT

But her mind is miles away, and fleetingly she touches her neck again, daydreaming about JEM.

34 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 34

PATIENCE tends to JOSS, who’s shivering and sobbing in his sleep, tormented by some terrible guilt or memory.

PATIENCE sponges his forehead and smooths his hair, crooning to him as though he were a child.

35 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 35

MARY tips the water into the trough. She heads to the inn.

36 SCENE OMITTED 36

37 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 8 37

MARY heads back in but -

AUNT PATIENCE
(cowed)
This here is Mr Davey. Vicar of Altarnun church. My niece Mary.

DAVEY feigns faint recognition as he turns to MARY -

FRANCIS DAVEY I believe you came to my sermon
last week, Mary?

MARY Yes, sir. I did.

A beat. In response to DAVEY’s being here -

FRANCIS DAVEY I was nearby on the road and I
heard an awful screaming.

PATIENCE tenses but he lays his hand on JOSS’s arm, concerned-

AUNT PATIENCE I’ve told Mr Davey we’re alright.
We don’t need nothing.

DAVEY looks at MARY, as though she is his real reason for coming here today.

FRANCIS DAVEY
And you Mary? Do you need anything?

PATIENCE signals a warning look, MARY glances at her.

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MARY
No. Thank you, sir.

DAVEY nods.

FRANCIS DAVEY
Well I’ll be on my way then.

As he exits through the front door this time, PATIENCE looks * anxious. MARY watches DAVEY go.

38 EXT. MOORS OUTSIDE JAMAICA INN - EVENING 38

A low wind blows across the moors in the failing light.

39 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 8 39

PATIENCE and MARY sew the almost finished dress together, PATIENCE quaffing from a mug of brandy, now half drunk herself. JOSS is still out cold at the table.

AUNT PATIENCE
You’re good at that. Got nimble fingers. Like your mother had.

MARY manages a rueful smile, misses her. PATIENCE moves to * the table where JOSS remains sprawled out and still unconscious. She strokes him.

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT’D) It’s not his fault, you know. He’s being pushed too hard. Scared half senseless.

She pours herself another generous brandy from the bottle beside him, then strokes JOSS’s head again.

MARY glances at her, tries to sound casual as she sews -

MARY By who?

PATIENCE looks up but doesn’t answer. She smiles at MARY, and moves to stroke her face.

AUNT PATIENCE Oh, sometimes Mary, you look so
much like your father.

MARY feels a sudden rush of emotion.

MARY
Do I?

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AUNT PATIENCE

You don’t remember him, I suppose?

Only what your mother told you.

MARY

I know that he was kind and good. I

wish he was still here.

PATIENCE looks at her a moment with what seems a tinge of

sadness, but, perhaps because she’s a bit drunk, she sighs

and shakes her head with tiredness.

AUNT PATIENCE

Oh! I’m off to bed. You coming?

MARY

No. Not yet.

MARY’s slightly dampened by the reference to her father, and

disappointed that PATIENCE didn’t say more.

But PATIENCE is oblivious, smiles her love as she passes JOSS-

AUNT PATIENCE

He’ll sleep now ‘til the morning.

She kisses his head like a doting mother, then weaves into

the passageway, her brandy still in hand.

MARY waits until she hears her footfalls go upstairs.

But although MARY quickly ties the scroll again and reaches under the bar to hide it, JOSS’s eyes are fixed somewhere in the middle distance and not on her at all.

MARY edges out into the room. The door’s still blocked. But suddenly JOSS swings out at her -

JOSS (CONT’D)
Put that knife down!

MARY leaps back in fear -

MARY
Uncle Joss?! It’s me, Mary.

He freezes at her voice, but still seems not to see her.

JOSS
Mary? Where’ve they gone?

MARY
There’s no-one here. Just me.

He waits as though he’s listening to something she can’t hear. Then he deflates with relief and sinks into to a chair.

JOSS
Dreams. Just dreams. Fetch me some brandy.

She almost demurs but checks herself - in this mood it’s possible that she’ll learn something.

She goes behind the bar and pours a mug of brandy. She hands it to him and he drinks deeply with satisfaction.

JOSS (CONT’D) Aah. They pay gold for this up
country. King George himself hasn’t better brandy in his cellar. And what do I pay? Not a sixpence.

He laughs, MARY struggling to understand what he means.

JOSS (CONT’D) It’s a man’s game though, I’ll tell
you that. I've killed men with my bare hands, Mary, trampled them under water, beaten them with rocks and never thought a thing about it. But when I drink I see ‘em. Faces staring at me, eyes chewed by the fish, flesh hanging off in ribbons.

MARY
(softly, almost a whisper) I don’t understand you?

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He takes her hand and we share her POV of his big, calloused hand and her small one laid inside it. He sets the scene -

JOSS
Maybe it's a night with grey fog on the water. You row out to the bell-buoys and wrap their tongues in flannel so they can’t toll out no warning. And outside the bay, there's a ship who’s listenin’ for ‘em.
(he waits, and listens) But all she hears is silence. And then she sees this one big light, swinging side to side…

On MARY as she starts to realise what he’s saying -

JOSS (CONT’D)
And she thinks it's on a mast and there's another ship 'tween her and shore with miles of sea to go. So in she comes. We hear her scraping as she hits the rocks… and they’re screaming as the ship breaks up, and struggling for shore, ‘cept better that they swam the other way. ‘Cause there we are, our clubs in hand, and we break their bones and drown ‘em ‘til they’re dead.

MARY’s numb with the awful truth of what he does -

MARY You wreck the ships on purpose?!

JOSS Murder all the sailors. Women and
children too, if they be there. *

MARY backs away -

JOSS (CONT’D) Monster, am I? You judge me! * (catches her arm) You, who don’t even know the half

of it! ‘Spose you think you’re too good for me?!

MARY
I am too good. And if your conscience didn’t trouble you, you wouldn’t have such nightmares! (wrenches away from him) You’ll hang for this.

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JOSS

What, the way your father did?

MARY

My father was a good man. It was

smugglers who killed him!

JOSS

(right in her face)

Your father was a smuggler himself!

MARY recoils, PATIENCE in the doorway also hearing this -

JOSS (CONT’D)

It was the law what killed him.

MARY

That isn’t true!

JOSS

You tell her, Patience. Tell the

fool girl who her precious father

was.

MARY’s face falls as she turns to PATIENCE - but her aunt

won’t meet her eye. Her silence says it all.

MARY is devastated. Her whole sense of identity is shattered.

JOSS is edgy. Feeling guilty to have hurt her.

JOSS (CONT’D)

So don’t you judge me. You’re just

the same as us.

On MARY - the bottom fallen out of her world.

DARKNESS. *

41 SCENE OMITTED 41

42 OMITTED 42

43 EXT. MOORS - DAY 9 43

Low on the moors, fast moving cloud, the weather changeable.

We hold on Jamaica Inn, silent and dark and isolated.

44 INT. MARY’S ROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 9 44

On MARY, dull and listless.

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She turns and eyes her reflection in the battered looking-glass with dislike.

Her aunt is heard, calling simperingly down the landing -

AUNT PATIENCE (O.S.)
Mary? Will you have some breakfast?

MARY ignores her. She turns the looking glass face down. She seems broken.

45 EXT. MOORS OUTSIDE JAMAICA INN- DAY 9 45

MARY trudges, unseeing, through the rough grass in defiance and self loathing.

The moors stretch out around her. She heads for the road.

46 SCENE OMITTED 46

47 EXT. TRACK ROAD, NEAR JAMAICA INN - DAY 9 47

MARY reaches the frosty road where JEM told her to wait. She stops, but is still lost in her thoughts. A long moment of her waiting.

But suddenly, there he is. JEM. Riding towards her in his wagon. The way to drown out all her thoughts and feelings, to lose herself and stop existing.

MARY’s face flames colour as he rides up with a grin, pleased to see her, raising his whip in a sign of welcome.

JEM You came then! A happy Christmas to
you, Mary Yellan.

He holds out his hand to her -

MARY doesn’t take it, dark as she climbs in beside him, takes the reins, and shakes them so the horse trots on. JEM is deflated.

JEM (CONT’D) Well. That's not the greeting I was
hoping for!

MARY
(a beat)
Mother and I used to ride to market
- and we always laughed, no matter how bad things were.

But she’s reining in the pony too tightly and JEM sees -

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JEM
Give him his head, can't you? You’ll throttle him like that. (she relaxes her hold) So what's the matter with you? I thought I'd ride to Launceston with a pretty girl beside me but you’ve a face as long as the Dozmary pool. What's happened at Jamaica Inn?

MARY
Nothing any different.

JEM
Ah, I know. You’ve been thinking of me so hard you couldn’t sleep?

MARY
Yes, I thought about you once. I wondered who would hang first, you or your brother.

A beat. Reluctantly she gives voice to it -

MARY (CONT’D)
He drank himself into a stupor. (hesitates)
He told me that he wrecks ships and murders people.

Clearly he already knew that and it worries her. He nods.

JEM Ah. So what will you do? Will you
tell the law?

MARY I’ve not decided. I have my aunt to

think of. (testing him) Anyway I shan’t tell you, you're in

it with him. I haven't noticed you deny it yet.

He registers her judgement.

JEM If that's what you think then why
are you here?

She glances at him, but admits a dark truth that she hates herself for -

MARY
For the sake of your bright eyes, Jem Merlyn.

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He’s pleased and surprised that she’s admitted it. But MARY

hates herself even more as she acknowledges what she feels to

be the truth-

MARY (CONT’D)

And perhaps because I am no better.

My father wasn't good and decent,

he was a violent man who hung for

it. Your brother told me.

JEM considers this as the wagon rumbles on.

JEM

So that’s what’s put you in this

stink is it?

MARY

(yes)

I feel that everything’s a lie.

Your brother’s stolen everything I

thought I knew about myself.

JEM

Well that’s alright. Be someone

else then. I can’t be Jem Merlyn

today, not if the law’s about, so

JEM is busy with his rag, whistling as he finishes colouring

the sock, checks the slit in the horse’s ear, and tethers him

to the wagon.

He startles when a boy shyly appears beside him. He realises

it’s MARY - but she’s wearing one of his shirts, her hair

tucked inside it to look short, his breeches on her bottom

half. She looks cute as hell.

There’s a brave defiance to her, but a shyness too, she needs

him to go along with it.

MARY

If I can be anyone today, I’ll be a

boy.

He’s amused and challenged, likes her spirit.

JEM

I like it.

MARY is relieved. The adrenaline of dressing up is turning

her former angst to a reckless determination to lose herself

and just have fun today.

She throws the dress she was wearing into the back of the

wagon.

49 EXT. MOORS TOWARDS LAUNCESTON - DAY 9 49

MARY and JEM look like peas in a pod as they rumble across

the moors in the wagon, JEM now got the reins, the trotting

pony pulling them, the stolen one behind in tow.

As they reach the high road, rain clouds sweep across the

sky, threatening and low, but no rain falls yet and the hills

that rise up in the distance are free of mist.

They’re easy in each other’s company, and as MARY looks out

over the moors, JEM points things out to her, loves this

darkly beautiful landscape.

He darts sly glances at her; she’s even prettier dressed as a

boy and it’s clear he likes her.

MARY sees him look and lets him. Giving in to freedom.

We’re WIDE on them now, riding the tiny wagon across great

moors that seem to go on forever. The dark rain clouds meet

the moors at the horizon, so it’s impossible to tell the land

from sky or sea, or where the moors end.

The air is full of static, and MARY seems to meld with JEM,

their separate identities gone, and gender definitions too;

they’re as unboundaried as the moors around them as they clop

away from us.

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50 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MARKET, LAUNCESTON - DAY 9 50 The streets of Launceston are busy with colour, life and fiddle music; PEOPLE doing their best to get into the Christmas spirit, occasional bits of holly on the little shops, a selection of market stalls. Even occasional GENTRY rub shoulders with the COUNTRY-WOMEN and APPRENTICE BOYS. As JEM leads the horse through, MARY beside him, we hear * turkeys and geese scratching at their wooden pen, in the middle of the market and MARY is comforted by the familiarity and good cheer which reminds her of home. But JEM eyes a GENTLEMAN in a powder grey greatcoat, preening * as he lifts his eye glass and struts vainly like a turkey- * cock himself.
JEM
(sotto voce)
There’s our turkey for tomorrow. MARY looks at the MAN and manages a smile, but a LADY in a feathered hat and blue velvet cape follows him and JEM winces * and ducks out of sight. * JEM (CONT’D)
The woman with him’s Mrs Bassatt. Magistrate’s wife.
MARY’s horrified - glances at the horse with them, hoping MRS * BASSATT doesn’t look at it. She doesn’t - just follows her companion into the warmth of The Fleece Inn.
But it’s dampened MARY’s spirits again as she suddenly remembers the high stakes that are in play. JEM points towards the cobbled main square, where a roped corral has been constructed for the sale of livestock.

JEM (CONT’D) That’s where we need to be.

MARY glances behind in worry as they head towards it. *

51 EXT. OPEN STABLING AREA/ROAD TO SQUARE- DAY 9 51 JEM leads the stolen horse towards the roped corral. * MARY
But what if Bassatt’s here as well? Aren’t you scared that you’ll be caught?

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JEM

Caught for what? He lost a horse

with one white sock, a long mane

and a diamond mark. This one’s legs

are black right down, his mane is

clipped and his ear mark is a slit.

MARY

Oh! If it’s so easy I don't know

why we didn’t ride here with a

HANNAH

You’ll need to finish it if Will

gets home tomorrow.

MARY watches as BETH casts one last look back at her, and all

three of them disappear into the crowd.

MARY is relieved that BETH didn’t expose her. She turns her *

attention back to JEM, as across the corral, various MEN

enquire about the horse but find the price too rich. They

shake their heads and walk away.

But a woman’s voice behind MARY and a high affected laugh.

MARY’s POV of MRS BASSATT and her COMPANION.

MRS BASSATT

Oh look James! That pony holds his

head just like poor Beauty did.

MARY throws a horrified glance to JEM, as MRS BASSATT’s

companion puts up his eye glass and stares.

MRS BASSATT (CONT’D)

What a nuisance Roger isn’t here!

JAMES

Do you want to buy him?

MRS BASSATT

He’d be such a lovely present for

the children! They’ve been

devastated since poor beauty wnSSATT4otf7ecughts5 AeJw 2 cm BT

MRS BASSATT

Oh he’s absolutely perfect then!

MRS BASSATT turns to MARY, thinks her a boy -

MRS BASSATT (CONT’D)

I’m sorry but your master must

wait.

(to JEM)

I’ll pay your price -

(re MARY)

-and extra for his disappointment.

She hands MARY five guineas - but JEM pretends he’s still

conflicted at letting MARY down -

JEM

I gave my word on twenty five

guineas.

MRS BASSATT

I’ll give you thirty. I’m Mrs

Bassatt from North Hill. The

Magistrate’s my husband. Please

don’t be obstinate.

(she takes the money from

her purse, holds it out)

Here, take the money. My coachman

shall take care of him.

She nods her COACHMAN over to them.

JEM acts a further beat of moral conscience - then sweeps his

hat off with a low bow.

JEM

*

53 OMITTED 53

54 EXT. MARKET, LAUNCESTON - EVENING 9 54

JEM leads her through the crowded market by the hand, MARY

whispering in his ear -

MARY

You should be hanged, Jem Merlyn!

Selling a horse to the very woman

you stole it from!

But he grins and catches her to him, the torches around them

in the failing light cast strange lights on their faces -

JEM

As they start to break up, he moves among them, touching hands, and encouraging them to his church for services.

JEM
(to MARY re DAVEY)
It is a miracle if he’s so much to eat that he can give it away for free.

MARY looks at him, then drinks again.

The wind gets up and the canopy above them billows, paper and ribbons and bits of wood from the now empty market stalls clattering down the street.

And suddenly rain tips down. In the street, DAVEY retreats with dignity for shelter, as EVERYONE else starts running, hither and thither.

JEM surveys the scene as he drinks -

JEM (CONT’D)
We can’t ride home in this. We’ll have to spend the night here.

MARY gives him a look, assumes he’s joking.

MARY
Very likely. We’ll wait for it to clear.

JEM
Come on, Mary. I’ve money for a

room. (off her stony look) God, you’re hard as flint! I’m not

surprised my brother’s hit the bottle with you there.

MARY bristles, stung by this -

JEM (CONT’D) Fine, I’ll buy you a ring if it
makes you feel more respectable! It’s not often I have money enough in my pocket to make the offer.

But he’s offended and insulted her, and she’s spiky -

MARY
How many wives do you happen to have then?

JEM doesn’t understand how this has suddenly gone so wrong, so makes it up, suddenly self-destructive -

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JEM
Six or seven, scattered over Cornwall. I don’t count the ones across the Tamar.

MARY
That’s wives enough for any man then.

She thumps down her mug on an upturned barrel, and marches out into the rain, suddenly angry with him.

57 EXT. EMPTY MARKET - NIGHT 9 57

Rain pours on the skeletal market stalls, as MARY stalks out into the empty square. JEM chases after her.

JEM
Mary? Don’t let’s fight.

He catches her, and pulls her into a shop doorway for shelter, then stands with his back to the rain as a screen.

MARY
I suppose you think I’ll go to bed with you ‘cause all I am’s a barmaid at Jamaica Inn.

JEM
Of course not.

He reaches out to stroke her face, and she calms.

Stroking turns to gentle caressing; he pulls her wet hair out from her shirt and starts to play with it, stroking her neck with the tips of his fingers.

MARY feels his touch acutely and reacts to it - wanting it although it pains her - trying to resist as he moves closer, breath on her face as he whispers -

JEM (CONT’D) Pretend that you’re in love with
me, can’t you? You’d stay with me then.

MARY can’t bear the irony; she is in love and painfully tempted -

MARY
I wish that I could stay with you, and then forget it by tomorrow, as I’m sure you would. But I can’t.

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JEM

Today doesn't exist, we made it up.

And tomorrow it’ll be gone, just

like the Christmas fair…

He’s touching her and she’s giving in to it -

MARY

(quiet, almost sweet talk)

I didn’t look for this. And I don’t

want it.

But in contradiction to her words, she suddenly reaches out

and finally, for the first time, kisses him with abandon.

We hold on them kissing like their lives depend on it.

58 CUT 58

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59 INT. RECEPTION, THE FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 59

JEM leads MARY by the hand into the innn; her hair’s now down

*

her back and several CUSTOMERS stare to see a girl dressed

like a boy, and look disapproving. MARY steps back, shyly.

The reception is busy, the INNKEEPER’s distracted with

CUSTOMERS booking or paying, so JEM nods MARY to the stairs.

He holds her hand and leads her up.

60 INT. LANDING, FLEECE INN - NIGHT 9 60

JEM moves down the corridor, trying doors.

Locked. Locked.

Not locked but someone screams/yells and MARY grimaces a

smile as he hurriedly pulls the door back shut.

Finally he finds a door that opens, and no-one is inside. He

pulls her in behind him.

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JEM
You’re different, Mary. She tries to read his face, wants to believe him as he continues to stroke her hair. In response, MARY reaches up and kisses him with tenderness and passion - doesn’t even care any more, she just wants him. He pushes his body against her, pinning her against the wall. They hold each other’s faces as they kiss, then she starts to take his shirt off -
- making him stop for a second in surprise and smile. MARY
What?
She runs her hands all over his now bare chest, kissing it as though his skin could feed her. But he hasn’t answered, so after a few more seconds caressing him she stops and looks up into his face, questioningly. He smiles in surprise and desire - JEM
You really want me.
She sees his surprise at her deep, assertive passion - expected her to acquiesce, be passive, give in as though for his sake. And perhaps deep down he doesn’t think much of himself and can’t believe she cares for him. MARY falls to kissing and touching him again -

MARY I do. I do.

He raises her chin, and kisses her, then picks her up and carries her to the bed. He unbuttons her shirt, and then her breeches, touching and kissing, the need for each other’s bodies growing. MARY reaches to help him get the breeches off her but -
- THWACK! The door whacks open -
- MARY clutches her clothes to cover herself and -
- looks to see the INNKEEPER standing there, very hostile. JEM glances at him, but waits for MARY to cover herself before he stands. Jokes at the INNKEEPERS’s expense -

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JEM
I think perhaps I need to pay! Back * in a minute.
MARY waits as he follows the INNKEEPER out.

62 INT. RECEPTION, THE FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 62 JEM follows the INNKEEPER downstairs, rooting in his pockets - JEM
Half a guinea, isn’t it? It’s clearly not his first time here, but as JEM counts out the money, the LANDLORD interrupts. INNKEEPER
I’ll not take your money, Mr Merlyn.
JEM looks up. Is the INNKEEPER’s expression respect, fear, or something else?
He nods to the door; JEM turns to see LEGASSIK.

63 INT. BEDROOM, FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 63 MARY waits, expectant with desire. She moves to the window, looks outside through the dirty panes. The rain’s still falling, PEOPLE running, the remains of the market drowned. MARY looks down at her shirt and breeches, and laughs inwardly, suddenly they feel inappropriate for what she’s about to do.
Unsure what to do with herself - and a glance at the bed suggests it would be too forward to arrange herself on that -
- she sits in a chair, and idly watches as a moth flutters against the window pane, trying to get to the light. The sound of the door, and MARY turns but it's the INNKEEPER.

INNKEEPER He’s gone. Clear out.

MARY doesn’t understand - but he sneers a smile - INNKEEPER (CONT’D)
Maybe he was hoping for something else under them breeches.

64 SCENE OMITTED 64

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65 CUT 65

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66 EXT. MAIN STREET, LAUNCESTON - NIGHT 9 66

MARY clutches her shawl around her as she steps out, confused

*

and humiliated, into the dark, empty streets. There’s no sign

*

of JEM.

*

She huddles against the rain, cold and quickly soaked to the

*

MARY is grateful for HANNAH’s rescue but hesitates to tell

her out of shame and guilt.

MARY

I can’t. You’ll think me very

stupid.

HANNAH

I won’t.

(more is needed)

You’re anything but stupid, Mary.

MARY looks at HANNAH’s steady, stable expression. A mother

figure perhaps.

MARY

I… came to Launceston with a man.

But he left me in a bedroom at the

inn. He made sure that I’d have

him then he left me. *

A beat.

HANNAH

So who is he, this man?

HANNAH waits, but guesses shrewdly with disapproval -

HANNAH (CONT’D)

Jem Merlyn, I suppose?

MARY winces. HANNAH guessing only compounds her self-disgust

and humiliation, and MARY is distressed at her emotions as * she admits, partly to herself, with shock - *

MARY I care for him! I wish that I could * tear out how I feel about him and

trample it in the dirt.

HANNAH (studies her) You’re all at sea. Love’s the curse

of too many women. To fear nothing,

and desire nothing, that’s what it

is to be free, Mary.

MARY looks at HANNAH, wondering at her.

MARY

Was there never anyone you cared

for? You never married?

HANNAH smiles enigmatically -

HANNAH

It wasn’t God’s path for me.

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HANNAH has a slight air of superiority. MARY considers this.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

There’s Mr Davey.

As HANNAH nods up ahead we share MARY’s POV of DAVEY standing

beside the carriage, waiting.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

We’ll drop you back.

With DAVEY’s POV as he looks back at MARY, curious and

FRANCIS DAVEY
To flout what is expected of us and cast aside the customs of the age requires great strength. MARY is surprised. HANNAH stares at him. MARY doesn’t see HANNAH’s face as, to DAVEY - MARY
And yet I’ve shown the weakness of a woman.
We’re on DAVEY still turned away, but he smiles enigmatically to himself, disagrees - FRANCIS DAVEY
You followed your desires and they were thwarted. Would you feel differently if the man in question had remained to carry out the act? MARY is embarrassed by his frankness. And feels guilty because he’s right. She would feel different. She takes the blanket from HANNAH and wraps it around herself.
MARY
I suppose I should be grateful that he left. I hate myself for how I feel about him. I’m frightened that I’ll end up like my aunt, an empty

shadow. (suddenly emphatic) I don’t want to be like all those

other girls, just -
DAVEY turns back to her, intense - HANNAH watches him -

FRANCIS DAVEY What? Mary?

MARY doesn’t answer. DAVEY knows -

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D) You judge them for their obedience * and acquiescence. You feel yourself

as different. And yet you fear you’ll be rejected if you show it. MARY looks at him, curious that he would understand. Grateful that he does and doesn’t judge her. HANNAH
(chilly)
You leave her be. She’s just a normal girl. She isn’t different.

FRANCIS DAVEY
(ignores her)
How old are you, Mary Yellan?

MARY
Twenty.

FRANCIS DAVEY
You’re nothing but a chicken with the broken shell still around you. You’ll come through your little crisis. You have no need to shed tears over a man encountered once or twice. *

MARY wraps the blanket closer around herself, wondering what he means. Hoping he is right.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D) You will forget him and his stolen * horse very soon and you will learn * the things that really matter.

HANNAH seems slightly annoyed with him. MARY tries to believe him. She remembers what the bigger stakes at play here are.

MARY
Mr Davey, I found out that my uncle is a wrecker. He lures ships in with false lights, then murders all the crew.

DAVEY imperceptibly stiffens, as does HANNAH. MARY thinks he doesn’t believe her so-

MARY (CONT’D) He was drunk last night. He told me
everything.

A beat. HANNAH and DAVEY surreptitiously exchange a glance. MARY misses it.

FRANCIS DAVEY So the landlord talks when he is
drunk, does he?

MARY Yes sir.

HANNAH tries to sound casual -

HANNAH
Have you told anyone else?

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MARY

Jem Merlyn knows.

(chagrin)

He knew already.

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT’D)

If you knew them as I do and had

seen their every mood, you’d feel

the same.

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(MORE)

JOSS is frozen, steeling himself. PATIENCE still stressing -

AUNT PATIENCE (CONT’D)

He’s just a boy.

He flinches. Then lifts his glass in sorrow and memorial - *

PATIENCE watches them in worry.

71 SCENE OMITTED 71

72 MOVED TO FORM PART OF 67 72

73 EXT. MOORS/JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 9 73

MARY’s dressed again as she pads quietly up a thin dirt track.

The hulking form of Jamaica Inn is silhouetted a little way off against the inky night sky but as MARY walks towards it -

- someone suddenly grabs her from behind.

She struggles, wrenches round to see JOSS, with HARRY behind him. But JOSS is utterly shocked to see that it’s her (he’d mistaken her for a boy)-

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But then his eyes move to the tiny distant carriage rumbling away and the clothes she’s in, suspecting sex -

JOSS
Where have you been?

MARY reddens as she sees he thinks she’s been having sex.

MARY
It’s not your business where I’ve been.

*

HARRY Maybe she’s been talking?

MARY seizes on this instead -

MARY I have and I’ve told everyone about
you.

JOSS Oh

JOSS
You think you know it all don’t you? You don’t know nothing. He grabs her - half to shake her, half desirous of her. JOSS (CONT’D)
You want to wear man’s clothes? Then do man’s work. You’re coming to a wrecking.
He grabs her and drags her towards the waiting wagon. *

73a INT. DAVEY AND HANNAH’S COACH - NIGHT 9 73a A long moment as the coach rumbles on. HANNAH looks at DAVEY but seems to have come to some kind of resolution. HANNAH
We have to leave then. We’ll move on somewhere else.
DAVEY says nothing. HANNAH looks at him shrewdly. Then with determined relief -
HANNAH (CONT’D)
Perhaps it’s for the best. For a long beat, DAVEY doesn’t answer. Something else on his mind and as she studies him. Her read of him worries her.

FRANCIS DAVEY There’s still tonight.

DAVEY bangs on the side of the coach, signalling it to stop. It isn’t the answer HANNAH wanted.

74 EXT. MOORS NEAR THE CLIFF TOP - NIGHT 9 74 The coach has stopped in the darkness and DAVEY gets out. As it glides noiselessly away, DAVEY is left alone in the black expanse of the moors. He tips his face up to the sky, drinking in a deep breath, seeking succour and in his element as the rain and wind and darkness lash and envelop him. His big black cloak flaps in the wind as he starts to walk towards the cliff edge and the sea. FADE TO BLACK.

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