

Episode 2

By Tony Jordan

20th July 2015

Shooting Script

23-24 Warwick Street London W1B 5NQ

© Red Planet Pictures Limited 2015

FADE IN:

EXT. MARKET STREET. NIGHT/DAWN CHRISTMAS DAY 0755 1

1

The twinkling yellow lights, blurred at the edges through the smog but still piercing the inky blackness of the night. The night fades away to reveal the dawn of a new day. Christmas Day.... Church bells ring.

CUT TO:

2 <u>EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 2. 0800</u> 2

Church bells ringing, children playing in the snow as people make their way into church. Emily and Bob, shepherding their children into the church.

CUT TO.

3 <u>I NT. POLI CE STATI ON. CELLS. DAY 2. 0900</u> 3

A cold, bricked room, cells to one side. In the centre of the room is an old battered wooden table; with a sheet covering the cold dead body of Jacob Marley.

Beside it is a smaller table on which is a handkerchief, a few coins and Marley's distinctive pocket watch.

The sheet is pulled back to reveal the body.

Stepping into frame is Inspector Bucket, a substantial middle aged man wearing black trousers and black jacket which don't quite match despite being the same colour; collar and tie and holding a hat and a walking cane.

Beside him is Mr Venus, an altogether more dishevelled and eccentric looking man in his early forties and with a glum demeanor.

BUCKET

Mr Venus?

Mr Venus steps forward to look at the body, recoils slightly in recognition.

BUCKET (CONT'D) You know him?

MR VENUS I've had that face thrust in mine often enough. His name is Jacob Marley.

3

BUCKET And what in the world would cause Mr Marley here to thrust his face in yours?

MR VENUS Eleven shillings and sixpence. (off Bucket's look) At least that's what I borrowed, but Mr Marley here turned it into a debt three times that.

BUCKET

A moneyl ender?

MR VENUS I had cause to purchase the bones of a deformed primate for my collection.

BUCKET

(ignoring that and nods back to the body) If you please, Mr Venus...

Venus nods and walks around to the head, takes out his spectacles and puts them on before inspecting Marley's scalp.

MR VENUS A crack to the head, hit with some force.

BUCKET

From where?

MR VENUS I'd say from the front, to the side of the head, here... There's bruising above the ear. (beat) Long and narrow.

BUCKET

A cosh?

Mr Venus takes out a pair of tweezers, pulls out a distinctively shaped sliver of wood from the wound.

MR VENUS

Made of wood.

Inspector Bucket takes the tweezers and sliver of wood from Mr Venus, and studies it closely, it resembles a small misshapen crucifix.

Mr Venus looks down at Marley.

Di c4r. 838a33p 5090. 96 640. r SSON

CONTI NUED:

3

MR VENUS (CONT'D) Merry Christmas.

He pulls the sheet back over him

CUT TO.

4 INT. SATIS HOUSE. DINING ROOM DAY 2. 1030 4

A table being set for a very grand Christmas lunch by Mary the maid and a butler.

In the hallway, Amelia stands feeling very alone and waiting for a sign of her brother, Arthur.

CUT TO.

5 <u>EXT. THREE CRI PPLES PUB.</u> DAY. 2 1040 5

See the Public House with Arthur's window above.

CUT TO.

6 <u>I NT. ARTHUR'S ROOM DAY 2.</u> 1041 6

Arthur pacing.

ARTHUR

I know her. She'll expect me to be there for lunch

He turns to reveal a rather sparsely furnished room. Meriwether Compeyson adjusting his tie in the mirror.

> COMPEYSON Which, my dear Havisham, is precisely why you won't be going.

ARTHUR It's Christmas Day.

Compeyson turns to look at Arthur to make his point;

COMPEYSON You described your sister to me as headstrong. Wilful?

ARTHUR

Yes.

COMPEYSON No doubt because she is accustomed to getting what she wants. 3

Dickensian Ep 2- Shooting Script: Blue Amendments- 26.05.15 3A.

6 CONTI NUED:

6

ARTHUR Fat her dot ed on her.

EXT.	MARKET STREET.	DAY 2.	1051	9

Fanny and Mrs Gamp walking up Market Street.

9

FANNY I didn't know we were expected to take our own food.

MRS GAMP It's Christmas day, a few gifts that's all, to enter into the spirit.

FANNY I've got half a pork pie.

MRS GAMP Where's the other half?

Silas Wegg comes from the back, adjusting his clothing having just been for a pee.

SILAS Ah.. Better out than in.

He sees Mrs Gamp and Fanny.

SI LAS (CONT'D) Mrs Gamp.. (sees Fanny) M ss Bigget ywitch.

She scowls at him

SILAS (CONT'D) What's she got her nose in now?

FANNY He's still there.

GRANDFATHER

Who is?

MRS GAMP

There was someone outside Scrooge and Marley's.

Take Fanny's POV as Bucket peers through Scrooge & Marley's window.

FANNY

He looks official, like he knows something the rest of us don't.. (beat) Though I watched a man hanged outside Newgate; walked to the gallows with the same air about him.. Cock sure of 'imself... And <u>he</u> was a murderer.

MRS GAMP

Heaven help us all, someone get her away from that window.

FANNY Don't blame me if we're all murdered in our beds..

CUT on her POV

1055 11

POV of Bob and Emily looking on as the children are opening their home made presents and excitedly comparing them with each others.

Gloves for Peter, a bonnet for Martha, a book for Belinda, a doll and train for the two young Cratchits respectively and a small blackboard and chalk for Tim

Bob glances at Emily then leans forward and reaches under the chair, straightening back up with a small box wrapped in pnn6vc

The children all gather round to admire Emily's chain. Bob beams with pride, but then as his wife and children chatter excitedly, Bob's face clouds, a hint of worry..

CUT TO.

12 <u>EXT. SCROOGE'S HOUSE.</u> DAY 2. <u>1100</u> 12

A cold, unwelcoming facade. Inspector Bucket on the doorstep, knocking.

Then a voice shouts from the other side of the door.

SCROCCE (O.S.) Can't a man enjoy his Christmas in peace?

The sound of lots of bolts and chains being unlocked and pushed across.

SCROOGE (V.O.) Without being continually pestered by people insisting on offering the seasons greetings and in doing so, ruining the only thing about Christmas Day worth having...

He yanks at the front door, opening it halfway to reveal Inspector Bucket.

SCROOGE

... which is the peace and quiet they so readily disturb!

SCROOGE

Then state your purpose.

BUCKET Murder Mr Scrooge. I am Inspector Bucket of the Detective and I'm here to talk of the murder of your partner. Mr Jacob Marley.

CUT TO.

13 <u>INT. BARBARY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM DAY 2. 1105</u> 13

Edward sits in his armchair, a very excited Honoria sits at his feet as he opens a Christmas gift - blue cuff links. He smiles.

HONORI A

I knew you'd like them

Edward lovingly strokes his daughter's head.

EDWARD

They're beautiful As are you.

EDWARD (CONT'D) Let me fetch your present.

HONORI A

No! I shall have it after dinner as always, but I promised Amelia, I'd call in to see her today and I wanted you to have yours before I left.

EDWARD

Because?

HONORI A

I thought you could wear them for dinner.

EDWARD

Then so I shall.

HONORI A

And you don't mind, my going to visit Amelia? I hate to leave you alone.

EDWARD

Frances will be back from church soon.

Dickensian Ep 2- Shooting Script: 11.

13 CONTI NUED:

13

Honoria stands and kisses her Father who smiles warmly as he watches her go, then his face clouds, real concern...

CUT TO.

14 EXT/INT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. DAY 2. 1110 14

A clank of keys as Scrooge unlocks the door before he and Inspector Bucket enter.

SCROOGE

One doesn't expect to be dragged out of one's own home by the police. On Christmas Day at that.

BUCKET

Hardly dragged Mr Scrooge, a polite request as I recall... And please be assured that Mrs Bucket is no more pleased about me being here than you are... But with the victim clearly being a gentleman, my superiors were keen that I at least establish his identity and speak to his next of kin.

SCROOGE

He had no next of kin.

BUCKET

No-one at all? Yet you said he finished work early yesterday?

SCROOGE

Indeed he did!

BUCKET

I assumed he had chores. Presents to buy and such like, what with it being Christmas Eve.

SCROOGE

Jacob Marley? Buying presents? Ha!

BUCKET

(beat) His desk?

Scrooge points at Marley's desk, Inspector Bucket opens the drawers and lifts out a book.

BUCKET (CONT'D) This is his journal? SCROOGE

Yes.

BUCKET

May I?

SCROOGE

Well he won't be needing it anymore, will he.

Bucket opens the diary at Christmas Eve.

BUCKET

There are three entries here for yesterday, The Old Curiosity Shop?

SCROOGE He had a debt to collect.

BUCKET Which he collected?

SCROOGE

Yes he did.

BUCKET (consults journal) Then the evening. Someone called Nancy? At eight o'clock...

BUCKET Femal e company.

SCROOGE

Yes.

BUCKET

And when you say "arranged", do l understand that to be a financial arrangement?

Scrooge nods as Bucket takes out a small black book and makes notes. He writes "Nancy" and the letter "C" with a question mark.

> BUCKET (CONT'D) I don't suppose you'd know where I might find this Nancy?

SCROOGE

Why should I? We were not partners in all things sir, I can assure you. (beat)

So was he robbed?

BUCKET

That's difficult to say, not knowing what he would normally carry on his person. Though he was still in possession of a pocket watch.

SCROOGE

And his wallet?

BUCKET

No wallet was found. You believe he carried one?

SCROOGE I never saw him without it.

BUCKET

Yet what kind of thief would take a wallet, yet leave a pocket watch? (beat) Could you describe this wallet for

me?

SCROOGE

Brown leather and in the interests of vanity, he had them marked with his initials. JM in brass studs I believe.

15

EDWARD Satis House. She's gone to visit Amelia.

FRANCES Have you told her of our predicament yet?

EDWARD

No.

FRANCES Can I ask why not?

EDWARD She's not like you Frances, she's

not as robust, it would upset her.

FRANCES

Is she not part of this family?

EDWARD

Of course she is.

FRANCES

Then she should know that we face financial ruin, should she not? Isn't that what families do Father? Share their burdens? You ruin her, she has no sense of responsibility.

EDWARD

Why upset her and on Christmas Day, when there might yet be no need? (holds up inventory) I hold some stock that still has

value.

FRANCES On the other side of the world.

EDWARD

If I can find a buyer. It could be transported

FRANCES

And if it can't?

Silence. That possibility hangs in the air.

FRANCES (CONT'D) Will you still protect Honoria when we are begging in the street? Edward slumps, deflated; Frances turns on her heels and leaves the room

CUT TO.

16 <u>EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 2. 1116</u> 16

Inspector Bucket comes out of the counting house, putting on his hat before walking away.

Let him go; Then as Inspector Bucket walks away down market street; Scrooge watches him go, then pick up Grandfather and Silas Wegg HONORI A

HONORIA You look wonderful.

17

COMPEYSON

M ss Havisham Please forgive the intrusion but I felt I had to see you.

AMELIA On Christmas Day?

COMPEYSON

Yes, in fact that's rather the point.

AMELI A

Ch?

COMPEYSON

I have discovered that in my eagerness to protect you yesterday evening, I may have made a terrible mistake.

AMELI A

How so?

COMPEYSON

l've since learnt that the young man I struck, was in fact your brother.. It seems I have unwittingly involved myself in a family dispute. (beat) And family is so important. Particularly at this time of year even more so as I understand that your father recently passed?

Amelia reacts to the reminder of her Father's death.

AMELI A

Yes.

COMPEYSON Then with your permission I would like to make amends.

AMELIA And how do you propose to do that?

COMPEYSON I am here to ask his.... And your forgiveness.

AMELIA My brother isn't here.

COMPEYSON If I am the cause of his absence then you must allow me to act as a mediary, to call on him and see if the rift can't be healed. It is Christmas after all.

AMELIA Yes it is and I have guests waiting.. (beat) Mary! The door if you please.

Mary hands Compeyson his hat and coat then opens the door.

AMELIA (CONT'D) (to Compeyson) Thank you so much for taking the time to call, it was very kind of you.

She moves to the door, making it clear that it's time for Compeyson to leave, he walks to the doorway and looks back at her.

> COMPEYSON But we're yet to discuss our strategy. Your brother? A reconciliation.

AMELI A

Mr Compeyson. Much as I applaud your good intentions, what on earth could I or anyone else have said or done to give you the impression that I would ask a total stranger to involve himself in my family business? Arthur and I will no doubt resolve our differences as we have always done and without the need for a mediary. Good day and Merry Christmas.

Stay with Compeyson as she closes the front door on him

CUT TO.

18 <u>EXT. SATI S HOUSE.</u> DAY 2. 1130 18

Outside, facing the closed door is a rather shocked Meriwether Compeyson.

CUT TO.

MR VENUS

I don't much celebrate Christmas Inspector, nor much else really. But I do have a liking for mince pies.

BUCKET

Well it's filled a gap until I get home to Mrs Bucket and that's for sure.

MR VENUS

So you'll be heading home then?

BUCKET

I have the victim's name and have ascertained he has no next of kin as my superiors requested.

MR VENUS

So if I might ask, what's this new detecting thing I've been hearing so much about?

BUCKET

We have a new department. To be called "The Detective", more than just keeping the peace, we are to be sent out to investigate crimes.

MR VENUS

"I nvest i gat e"?

BUCKET

To gather evidence and to track down the perpetrator of the crime. (beat) We are to be called "detectives".

MR VENUS

Well I've never heard of such a thing. (beat) You think it'll catch on?

BUCKET

Well, I think that might depend on how I do finding the person who killed Mr Marley. (beat) Though there's not much more can be done today and if I'm not back to carve the bird, Mrs Bucket will not be best pleased.

(CONTI NUED)

MR VENUS

So you aint got no thoughts about who killed him yet then?

BUCKET

No thoughts as I'm ready to share just yet Mr Venus, but I have learnt he was carrying a wallet that wasn't to be found.

MR VENUS

So he was robbed?

BUCKET

Per haps. (beat)

According to his journal, he had an appointment. Eight at night at his house and although l'II need it confirmed, l've allowed an hour, give or take... And the body was discovered just before eleven. (beat) So, if my mathematics haven't let me down, I believe Mr Jacob Marley was murdered between nine and half past ten on Christmas Eve.

MR VENUS

That's very impressive detectiving Mr Bucket.

Bucket stands, drains his tea cup.

BUCKET It's a start Mr Venus, no more. Just a start. (beat) Merry Christmas to you.

Bucket tips his hat and leaves, Mr Venus sucks the tea off the bone.

CUT TO:

22 <u>EXT. DOCKSI DE ALLEYWAY DAY 2</u> 1220 22 *

Dickensian Ep 2- Shooting Script: Yellow Amendments - 20.07.15 23A.

22 CONTI NUED:

FAGIN Bill my dear, working on Christmas Day? Not dining with the Lord Mayor and his wife?		* * *
BILL They asked, but I turned 'em down.		*
FAGIN So you came to find me instead? I'm honoured. You got something for me?		* * *
BILL Nothing to sell.		*
FAGIN Then what?		*
BILL Thought you might be interested in who l've just seen		* * *
OUT on Fagi n		
	Ουτ το.	*

23

23 INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. DAY 2. 1345

Emily is busy at the steamy and sizzling range; she's counting potatoes to make sure there's enough. She worries about the amount of food she needs to make go round...

John Bagnet is watching as Martha opens her present.

Belinda and the young Cratchits are laying the table, Bob is drawing with Tim on his new blackboard. Tim shows Bob his picture.

BOB

A horse.

Tim shakes head.

BOB (CONT'D) A monster? TIM It's you! BOB (feigns shock) What?

Tim giggles - Then go to Peter who is sitting alone, secretly wrapping a short length of yellow ribbon in paper, he glances at everyone, sees they're all occupied, then puts it in his pocket. He then stands and grabs his jacket, new gloves and cap and moves to the door.

> BOB (CONT'D) (seeing him) You off out son?

PETER Thought l'd see if there's a snowball fight, try out my new gloves. BOB (laughs)

24

PETER She won't be.

A beat.

LI TTLE NELL

Grandfather said you called a lot, asking to see me. Even waited outside.

PETER I thought if I were close and there were errands to run...

LITTLE NELL My very own guardian angel.

Peter smiles awkwardly and looks at his shoes.

LITTLE NELL (CONT'D) I can't take a gift without giving one.

Peter looks a little bemused, but Nell glances from side to side, then kisses him on the cheek.

LITTLE NELL (CONT'D) Sorry it wasn't wrapped.

If Peter were any happier, he would burst.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.) Nell! In from the cold!

LI TTLE NELL

Coming! (to Peter) I have to go.. Merry Christmas Peter...

She scurries back inside and closes the door, Peter's grin stretches from ear to ear.

Very excited and holding his recently kissed cheek, he heads back towards his home.

CUT TO.

25 <u>EXT. BARBARY HOUSE.</u> DAY 2. 1349 25

Honoria and Captain James stop on the corner of the street and kiss.

HONORIA I wish you could come in with me.

25

JAMES

When I have my promotion, I'll call on your Father and ask... No <u>demand</u> his permission to call on you.

HONORIA I hope it's soon, I can't bear not to be with you.

JAMES Soon. I promise. Colonel Mortimer is sure to visit the barracks by the end of the month, before he leaves for the colonies. I know he thinks well of me.

HONORIA Then this Colonel Mortimer has excellent taste!

The gaze into each others eyes, loving each other.

CUT TO.

26 <u>I NT. BARBARY HOUSE.</u> DAY 2. 1350 26

Take Frances' POV from a window, watching as Honoria and James furtively kiss, before parting and Honoria runs to the house.

CUT TO.

27 <u>I NT. BARBARY HOUSE/ HALL/ DI NI NG ROOM DAY 2. 1351</u> 27

Honoria enters, taking off hat and coat in the hallway.

FRANCES (O.S.)

You're late.

Honoria turns to see Frances.

HONORIA Well, I'm here now.

FRANCES How was Amelia Havisham?

HONORIA

As well as might be expected.

Honoria moves to walk into the drawing room

FRANCES And Captain Hawdon?

(CONTI NUED)

Honoria stops.

29 <u>I NT. FAGI N'S DEN. NI GHT 2. 1605</u> 29

A concerned Fagin sits alone, troubled.

CUT TO.

30 <u>I NT. CRATCHI T' S HOUSE. NI GHT 2 1610</u> 30

Cratchit family Christmas dinner. John Bagnet beside Martha as everyone is gathered around the table watching as Bob attempts to make a ceremony out of carving the very small bird. Bob looks up at his wife Emily, who touches her new necklace in acknowledgment of her gift.

CUT TO.

31 I NT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. NIGHT 2. 1630 31

Scrooge sits alone in his chair, deep in his own thoughts.

CUT TO.

32 <u>I NT. THREE CRI PPLES.</u> NI GHT 2. 1645 32

On Silas, looking a little furtive as he comes up from the cellar. He paints on a smile and limps over to serve a customer. Let him go and pick up a thoughtful Bill sitting at the bar with a drink.

CUT TO.

33 <u>I NT. BARBARY HOUSE. DI NI NG ROOM NI GHT 2. 1700</u> 33

Frances and Honoria at the dining table, Edward is opening a bureau.

EDWARD

Presents..

He opens a drawer and lifts out two wrapped gifts - as he does so we see a bundle of bank notes. He glances around to make sure that the girls didn't see the money, then with a worried look, closes the drawer again.

CUT TO.

34 <u>EXT. OLD CURI OSI TY SHOP. NI GHT 2.</u> 1705 34

Grandfather closing the shop, looking out into the night before pulling down a blind.

CUT TO.

 35
 I NT.
 ARTHUR' S ROOM
 NI GHT 2.
 1715
 35

Compeyson is pouring himself a large brandy as Arthur looks on.

ARTHUR You still haven't told me what she said? Is she contrite? Conscience stricken? Did she beg for me to go home?

COMPEYSON

No. (beat) She threw me out. (laughs) Without so much as a by your leave, she showed me the damm door. (laughs again) Closed it in my face.

ARTHUR And you find that amusing, because..?

COMPEYSON Because my dear Havisham, it means the chase is on and I'll wager not an easy one at that..

He turns to look at Arthur, smirking;

COMPEYSON (CONT'D) So in the well-honoured tradition of "to the victor the spoils", damn simply gaining her ear. I intend to take her for <u>everything.</u> Every penny.

On Arthur, a little concerned by this change.

CUT TO.

INT. SATIS HOUSE. DINING ROOM NIGHT 2. 1720 36

Amelia Havisham sits alone at her Christmas table.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPI SODE TWO

36