

THE LAST WOMAN TAKEN  
by  
LAWRENCE CLARKE

L. CLARKE  
PERTH  
W. AUSTRALIA

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A dark place. Space contains a stone sarcophagus. The lid is off. A man is looking into the coffin. He speaks to a second man standing in shadow nearby.

FIRST MAN

Another failure. She's beyond my reach.

SECOND MAN

Then she's mine for a few fleeting moments, my friend?

FIRST MAN

Yes. I need to rest for a while before starting to look again.

EXT. TREVANE HOUSE - MORNING

The house sits at the top of a steeply rising street. Through rainfall, the view down the hill shows Lake Windemere's expanse sweeping away to the west.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Thirty-two year old JEAN TREVANE, dressed in a business suit and standing at the sink looks through the kitchen window as she speaks.

JEAN TREVANE

I'll be out of your hair by tomorrow afternoon.

Thirty-four year old GREG TREVANE, in pygamas, sits at a breakfast bar sipping from a coffee mug.

GREG TREVANE

Whatever.

JEAN TREVANE

I've got a full day ahead, but if I start packing this evening after work, I can be out of your way by tomorrow. Early Saturday at the latest.

GREG TREVANE

That's it, then. I'll take a few days away from the books next week and organize valuations for this place.

Jean turns to face him.

JEAN TREVANE

And as we agreed, 50/50 settlement.

GREG TREVANE

Whatever.

JEAN TREVANE

Is that you're word of the day?

Greg carries his cup to the sink as Jean walks to the kitchen door.

GREG TREVANE

(with his back to Jean)

So, Darlin', got somebody lined up to stay with when you hit the big smoke?

Jean stops at the kitchen door and turns around as she slips her Winter coat on.

JEAN TREVANE

We should've split a year past when that type of remark began. Don't make snide hints that my leaving was pre-planned. It was forced on me by a selfish bastard who couldn't accept the truth.

She moves to go.

JEAN TREVANE

(continuing)

As it happens, I'm staying with a friend until the house sale is settled, then I'll get a place of my own and we'll split the chattels.

GREG TREVANE

Whatever.

JEAN TREVANE

Greg, as always, your taciturn nature is reflected in your vocabulary, or lack of it.

Greg pours himself another coffee.

JEAN TREVANE (O.S.)

Please, don't try to call me. I'm in court all day and my phone will be off. I have a meeting at 4pm with the senior partner.

The front door opens.

JEAN TREVANE (O.S.)

(continuing; she calls.)

Our failure doesn't mean I've stopped loving you.

EXT. CENTRAL LIVERPOOL - AFTERNOON

Camera shots of heavy traffic. Fade to a man in a dark coloured BMW saloon parked in the grounds of Derby House off Chapel Street.

MAN

(speaking softly to himself)

You are a dirty city. How your inhabitants can invent so much humour is beyond me. Give me the history and grace of Chester on any day.

He looks down to the passenger's seat where the photograph of a younger man lies. He looks up as Jean Trevane exits the Municipal Court building across the street, holding a briefcase and some files, and walks quickly along the crowded pavement.

MAN

(continuing; murmuring)

Mother.

He folds himself out of the driver's seat and crosses the road on an intersecting course. He stops a few feet before the approaching Jean

MAN

(continuing)

Well, my good Lord, JEAN CHAMBERS. I don't bloody believe it. What a pleasant surprise to run into you so far from our old stomping ground.

JEAN TREVANE

I'm terribly sorry, Sir. I'm sure I should know you but you've caught me at a disadvantage and, for the life of me, I can't place your face.

MAN

MARCUS SIMMISTER, 5th form Abington grammar. We took French and English Lit together; well, with 35 others.

JEAN TREVANE

Marcus? You look ... well ... different to what I'd've imagined.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

(chuckles)

Older, I think you mean. It's an unfortunate family trait that we age badly. The up side is that we tend to have long lives.

JEAN TREVANE

(smiles)

Honestly speaking, I wouldn't have recognized you in a thousand years. You've changed a lot from the young man I remember. I can see some similarities but ...

MARCUS SIMMISTER

On the other hand, you've hardly aged at all. Still the same swarthy beauty.

Marcus looks around before turning back to face Jean.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

(continuing)

Got time to join me in that little coffee shop there?

JEAN TREVANE

Marcus, I'm terribly sorry. I was due in a meeting with my boss 15 minutes ago and I really must dash.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

Not to worry, Jean, we each have our lives to live.

He takes out his wallet and removes a card which he hands to Jean.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

(continuing)

My local number is on there if you're free any time. Now, I'm going to sample the fare at that little spaghetti place I noticed down the street. I'll be there for an hour or so if you finish your meeting.

JEAN TREVANE

I tell you, it's tempting. I had to skip lunch because of work commitments and La Brochetta does serve nice food. When I finish I'll check to see if you're still there but don't wait around for me. If I don't see you, it's been nice running across your path again.

Jean proffers her hand but the man leans in and kisses her cheek.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

You take care, Jean Chambers, and it's been super to meet you again. Don't forget, you have my number.

Marcus squeezes her arm lightly and negotiates the traffic to cross the road towards La Brochetta.

FADE OUT:

EXT. LATER.

Greg walking the high ground above AMBLESIDE, his home village. He strolls deep in thought, his breath condensating in the cold air.

EXT. - TREVANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg's Landrover pulls up the steep driveway of his house. The garage door rises and he pulls into one side of an empty garage. He alights.

GREG TREVANE

(mutters)

Fuck it. You didn't waste too much time, Darlin'.

He unlocks a side door and walks through the laundry. On the way he throws the switch for the central heating. In the kitchen he puts a kettle on the gas ring. He enters the front hallway and Jean's heavy winter jacket still hangs on the hall stand. He goes upstairs to the main bedroom. Jean's half packed case lies on the bed. He opens a few drawers and checks the ensuite. All her personal stuff is there, neatly arranged. He is looking at his watch when the kettle begins to whistle. He returns to the kitchen and turns the gas off. He retrieves the phone hand set and dials a number.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

*You have reached the offices of  
Thurberry and Associates. Normal  
office hours are 8.30am to 5.00am.  
Thankyou for calling.*

Later, Greg sleeps in front of the television where a DVD plays quietly. He coughs and wakens. He rises and goes to the kitchen. He looks at a wall clock which says 10.50pm. He picks the handset from its wall cradle and dials.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

*You took your sweet time calling,  
Gregory. I understand now why she  
was leaving you.*

Greg talks calmly.

GREG TREVANE

May I speak with my wife if she's handy?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

*I apologize, Gregory, but she does not wish to speak with you at this time hence my answering her phone.*

Greg raises his voice.

GREG TREVANE

*Listen, you wanker, whoever you are, put her on! This may seem like a joke to you but I wish to know if she's coming home tonight to finish packing or is she out for the night. I want her to have the backbone to tell me herself.*

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

*She has instructed me to pass on her apologies. She will not be requiring her clothes, nor her personal possessions. She will definitely not be home tonight.*

Greg pauses, begins again.

GREG TREVANE

*Look, put her on the blower for a few seconds. I know you must think this is a real hoot at your end but, here, I'm battling to control anger and disappointment in her. This is unlike my wife. Now, I am asking you again. Please put her on the phone.*

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

*Can't do that and, I will tell you again, you deaf fuck, she will not be coming to the phone. You fluffed your chance, Gregory, and she doesn't want to hear from you again. Her cell will be out of service after this call. Now, enough of that nastiness, Gregory. Get on with your life and permit Jean to follow her own path. Goodnight, Sir.*

## TREVANE HOUSE - MORNING - KITCHEN

A village police constable is seated with Greg at a farmhouse kitchen table. The two men are holding mugs of tea. The constable is ANDY CHIPPLE, a lifelong friend of Greg's.

ANDY CHIPPLE

I know you're dog-tired, Greg, but let's go through it again before deciding what to do. First question. Why did you wait all night before contactin' us?

GREG TREVANE

As I was writing down what I remembered of the phone conversation, the seriousness diminished as the Glen-what-nots took hold, and I began to think maybe Jean really didn't want me bothering her if she was being unfaithful. I didn't want to appear like a fool if she showed up here today pretending she knew nothing about the call. But, in the sober light of morning, I've been ringing her phone since 7.30am with no joy. So I decided to call you.

Andy rises and carries his cup to the sink. He turns.

ANDY CHIPPLE

You two were in the throes of going your separate ways, Greg; correct?

Greg nods.

ANDY CHIPPLE

(continuing)

So where would she go if the disappearance is indeed her doing? What I mean is, does she know many people who'd put her up for the night without asking questions or contacting you?

GREG TREVANE

Her folks live too far away for going there to have been an option. Her boss knows the story. Maybe he put her up.

ANDY CHIPPLE

On this statement you wrote up, you say you don't think she'd be party to a prank like this, and knowing Jean as well as I do, I agree. You should've rung me last evening, you silly sod. Because you're my friend, I'm going to be blunt, and unofficial. She's got too much class to pull a stupid stunt like this, and if she's been abducted by this freak who talked to you, it's out of our league. We've lost 12 hours. I'm going to call Cumbria Detectives and get them involved. Okay by you?

GREG TREVANE

Yes. I've telephoned her work and she hasn't made an appearance as yet. I've told them to ring if she does.

KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING 6.00AM

Greg, sets the percolator going. The phone rings.

GREG TREVANE

Yeah.

PATRICK THURBERRY (O.S.)

*Greg, it's PAT THURBERRY, from the office. Sorry to ring so early, but I guessed you wouldn't be sleeping.*

GREG TREVANE

Morning, Pat. I expect the message was passed on?

PATRICK THURBERRY (O.S.)

*Yes, it was. The police came here yesterday evening and are coming in this morning to do staff interviews. Greg, I can't express my concern and sadness in strong enough terms; and I'm really sorry that you two went belly-up. That's the first thing.*

(more)

PATRICK THURBERRY (cont'd; O.S.)

*The second is that the police have impounded Jean's Beamer. It's obvious, if Jean was taken against her will, it was done in broad daylight nearby.*

GREG TREVANE

Yeah, I know about the car. I'd say, it's unimportant now. All the signs point to abduction but I'm hoping she's just taking a breather before facing the final goodbye.

PATRICK THURBERRY (O.S.)

*She's too dependable to drop off the radar on a whim. No-one else in the firm knows of your marriage problems and we'll keep it that way, as far as I'm concerned.*

GREG TREVANE

I appreciate that, Pat.

PATRICK THURBERRY (O.S.)

*Sorry again, and I'll say a small prayer for her and you. Bye, Greg.*

EXT. WALKING NEAR GRASMERE.

Lying snow makes the countryside white.

Greg Trevane trudges over a steep snow covered path below Howitzer Rock. He turns his head when he hears someone stumble and mumble behind him. An older man picks himself up from the slushy ground.

Greg walks down and holds out a helping hand to assist the older man.

The stranger begins brushing the damp snow from his clothes.

STRANGER

Thank you so much, Young Man. When I set out this morning, it was grey but dry.

When Greg does not respond, the stranger continues.

STRANGER

(continuing)

I've been exploring Cumbria for many years and there's still so much more to see. Like you, I prefer Winter walking. Quieter, if you get the drift.

GREG TREVANE

I'll ignore the pun. I'm always busy during the tourist season but, yes, I prefer the silence of Winter walking. Are you on a regular route or is this an aimless stroll like mine?

The two men fall into stride.

STRANGER

Always planned. Oh, I beg your pardon; I'm QUENTIN DERESSELL from north-west of Penrith.

They shake hands as Greg speaks.

GREG TREVANE

Greg Trevane from Ambleside.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Then you are not that far from home. I haven't ventured this far south for a fair while but I was on the track and decided to make the extra effort to skirt Helvellyn. I read years ago that Walter Scott climbed it in 1805 and I was gripped by the explorative urge to look at it before turning my nose for home.

GREG TREVANE

From the direction you were coming, I assume you were looking at Dove Cottage?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Good deduction, Young Man. Yes, the haunt of Wordsworth, Dequincy and Coleridge. My chief love is, in fact, history.

The two men walk off into the thickening snow fall.

INT - ENCLOSED SPACE.

Complete darkness. Jean Trevane has just come to and finds herself in a tightly confined space. The air in her small prison is frigid.

In the claustrophobic confines, she turns her head from one side to the other. She discovers the only other parts of her body she can move are her fingers and toes. She raises her head and bumps against a lid. She lies still. She begins to talk to herself.

JEAN TREVANE  
Simmister, Marcus Simmister.

A loud reedy male voice fills the icy air close to her ear.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
How clever, Mother, how very  
fucking heart wrenchingly clever.

She starts and passes out once more.

EXT. - CONTINUING ON THE HELVELYN

Quentin stops at one point and turns to Greg.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
Greg, I fully realize our  
conversation so far is holding  
only a small part of your  
attention. Would you like to  
unburden your worries on a  
stranger. Absolutely no offence  
meant.

GREG TREVANE  
None taken and I apologize.

They begin walking again.

GREG TREVANE  
(continuing)  
I have a taciturn father and a few  
drinking buddies. That aside,  
isn't that what family and friends  
are good for? How would my  
personal woes sound to someone  
I've just met, Quentin?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I can tell you're intelligent enough to realize it's often better to talk things over with someone outside your close group. Blood and friends tend to bring their own involvement and predjudices to the table which can often make well intentioned advice fall askew.

GREG TREVANE

Look, I think I've had my fill of snow and slush for today, so, if you're happy to retrace our steps back to where we part company, I'll give you an outline on the way. You can mount Dollywaggon on a drier day.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Sounds like a fair deal to me, Son.

The two men come into earshot at another location as they negotiate the slushy path.

GREG TREVANE

.....and the police believe she's been abducted. Don't worry, I've been cleared so you're not walking with a criminal.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

From listening closely to what you've told me and the nuances in your voice, I'm of the opinion that you still have a lot of feeling for this girl. So, then, the police aside, are you totally convinced of foul play?

GREG TREVANE

I think, no, perhaps I could say I'm 90% sure that something bad has happened. The remaining 10%, well, I did say some pretty nasty things over these past months and in all fairness, I wouldn't blame her for taking a sabbatical somewhere with a clear conscience.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

But you don't know her every thought, now do you, Greg? From what you've described, and without knowing the woman, your wife sounds to me like a smart, honourable woman. I seriously doubt that she would jeopardize her career even if the marriage is failing. Let's up your estimate to 100% and say, she has definitely been kidnapped.

GREG TREVANE

But kidnapping suggests a ransom and we don't possess the kind of cash a kidnapper would want. This is an abduction, for whatever reason.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

She's somewhere in deep trouble then.

EXT. SUNSET.

As the two men walk along the side of a narrow road.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

What do you do for a living, Greg?

GREG TREVANE

I work from home as an accountant, mainly doing my father's figures, and in Summer my friend, Ben Foley, and I have a boat hire business on Windemere.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Ah, a professional man, like myself, and just like me, two occupations.

GREG TREVANE

What professions do you follow?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I'm a history professor and lecture at campuses around the country by invitation. It's more of an enjoyable sideline.

(more)

QUENTIN DERESSELL (cont'd)  
I also hold a doctorate of  
criminal psychology.

GREG TREVANE  
Like mine, they're not exactly  
related fields, are they?

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
(almost in a whisper)  
I'm a two dimensional person, so  
I've been told. I love the  
intrigue and history of all Europe  
and wanted to share it with others  
through teaching. While taking my  
initial degree, I found I had a  
penchant for analyzing the actions  
of greater and lesser historical  
figures so, to gain some insight  
into their decisions and actions,  
I began studying psychology. It  
was, for me, an easy and stress-  
free degree in which to gain  
honours.

GREG TREVANE  
Whereas in my case, one is to  
relieve the boredom of the other.  
You appear to live for both. Have  
you utilized your second degree in  
a professional way?

Quentin chuckles and looks at Greg.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
Occasionally I assist the  
constabulary with a little  
profiling but only if they request  
my expertise.

Greg stops in the gloom and takes Quentin by the arm.

GREG TREVANE  
Maybe fate has sent you to me,  
Quentin.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
Son, from experience of affected  
family members, I can tell how  
you're feeling but, at this point  
in your wife's disappearance, I'd  
be of little value for a myriad of  
reasons.

(more)

QUENTIN DERESSELL (cont'd)

I don't involve myself in missing persons investigations. The case would've had to have reached the stage of a discovered body.

They walk on in silence before Quentin takes one of his gloves off and fishes inside his overcoat. He opens his wallet and removes a card.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(continuing)

For what it's worth, here's my card. When, or if, in your opinion, the police reach an impasse, and they consider there's enough gathered information for my involvement to make a difference, get them to give me a call. I warn you, though, there are those in the force who resent my intrusion since they have their own profilers these days.

A sign says, 'Patterdale Packhorse Track' and pans down again as the two men shake hands and part, walking in different directions.

EXT. - NIGHT

View of a large manor house at the base of a steeply rising fell. The house is shrouded in darkness. The wind whips through a few nearby trees.

INT. - A LARGE BEDROOM

Jean Trevane lies under a sheet in a large bed in an old style, high ceilinged, murkily lit bedroom. A man is removing a needle from her arm as she awakens with a moan. He is the same man who met her in Liverpool.

DAVID

Mother, it's time to prepare for breakfast. You've been on your back too long. Edward abhors waiting. Now, I've given you an appetiser; a shot of phencyclidine with just a dash of lysergic acid diethylamide. So it's time for porridge and black pudding.

He sweeps the sheet aside to reveal Jean's nakedness. He pulls her to a sitting position. Her head flops forward. He waits a moment and then forces her to her feet. Her legs buckle and he steadies her.

DAVID

(continuing)

I know you're seeing all sorts of vivid colour movement but that will pass as time wears on. I've run a bath for you, so let's hop to it.

Back in the room, David supports her as they exit to a wide passage and walk a short distance, through another door into a large bathroom. He leads her to a steaming bath and assists her to step in. He lowers her gently into the water. David wets her long dark hair and massages shampoo into her scalp.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mother's favourite.

As he scrubs her hair, he speaks in normal tones.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mother, at the breakfast table, don't you dare upset Edward. He doesn't want you here and will look for any excuse to have me send you away. If he does ask a question, answer politely. I really don't want to put you in your box again just yet, so behave.

LATER - ON THE STAIRS.

David helps Jean down the wide staircase.

JEAN TREVANE

(slurring her words.)

Who am I?

He whips his face around to stare at her.

DAVID

If my brother hears you asking that, you definitely won't last long, not very long at all. Eat breakfast and then we'll walk in the garden for a while.

INT. TREVANE HOUSE - MORNING

Greg unlocks the laundry door. His father, Mick, enters and walks past, through to the kitchen. Greg follows into the kitchen and goes to the prep bench where he busies himself making tea. His father sits down at the large table.

GREG TREVANE

And good morning to you as well,  
Mick.

MICK TREVANE

When was the last time you got  
more than a couple of hours kip?

Greg regards his father over the steaming mugs of tea on the bench.

GREG TREVANE

Don't remember but a safe guess  
would be the night before she  
disappeared. I'm surviving on cat-  
naps and baked beans.

MICK TREVANE

So, red eyes and a lot of farting.

MICK TREVANE

(continuing)

Any news?

GREG TREVANE

Not such that it'll gladden your  
heart. Two detectives are coming  
up from Liverpool CID today. Don't  
know why cause I've been  
interviewed at length. Including  
my initial statement, they must  
have a right dossier on me by now.  
Let's hope they're bringin'  
positive news for a change.

Greg moves to the table and sets a mug of tea before his father.

MICK TREVANE

Why didn't you tell me you two  
were partin'? I found out when I  
ran into Andy Chipple in the High  
Street.

(more)

MICK TREVANE (cont'd)  
 Bloodywell embarrassing when your  
 own son keeps something that  
 important from you. What did you  
 do to make her up and leave?

GREG TREVANE  
 I know where this line of talk is  
 headin'. You were closer to her  
 than you were to your flesh and  
 blood and I knew right well I'd  
 get a friggin' lecture about  
 seeing her out of my life. Knowing  
 you, you'd be thinkin' more about  
 how sad you'd be and not about how  
 I'm feelin'.

Mick takes a gulp of tea and reaches for a piece of toast.

MICK TREVANE  
 I'll let your insults fly past  
 because, as it happens, I didn't  
 come over to argue. I came here  
 because I have a suggestion to  
 make, or rather an offer.

He pauses, waiting for the disagreement.

GREG TREVANE  
 I'm all ears.

MICK TREVANE  
 And let me finish before you knock  
 me down. I have a really good  
 customer, a builder chap who buys  
 all his supplies at my outlets.  
 Now I didn't mention anything  
 about your relationship with Jean  
 but we were talkin' over a drink  
 and I mentioned I had a friend in  
 trouble but the police didn't seem  
 to be moving things along. It  
 turns out his brother's an ex-cop.  
 The brother, I forget his name for  
 the moment but the card's in my  
 van, has a private enquiry agency  
 with an office in Manchester.

GREG TREVANE  
 What's he gonna do, Mick? Really?  
 There's absolutely nothin' to work  
 with; even I know that.

(more)

GREG TREVANE (cont'd)

I've walked the area where she was last seen, as have a dozen detectives. We've talked to anybody concerned with that evening, and nothin's turned up. It's like she disappeared into thin air.

Mick pours another two mugs of tea and speaks from the bench.

MICK TREVANE

Has a witness appeal been made? No. Has the use of the media been made? No. Surely someone must have seen something in a main thoroughfare.

GREG TREVANE

Mick, the cops have a media liaison arm, they know what they're doin'. They don't want to go public yet. They're buying free investigation time before the poo hits the fan.

Mick sets his cup down loudly, spilling some on the table. His tone is angry.

MICK TREVANE

That's bollocks, and you know it. Get to Joe Public while it's still fresh in his or her mind. These three weeks of chasin' their tails could've cost the girl her life. Look, will you let me organize this guy? Will you stop me if I take matters into our hands?

GREG TREVANE

Tell me this, Old Man, and I know how you and her had this cosy little father/daughter thing going, if I was missin' would you be so adamant in wanting to hire this guy?

Mick stares at Greg.

MICK TREVANE

Greg, I know we've got issues that need sortin', but that is a dirty question that doesn't deserve a civil answer. Can I hire him, or not?

GREG TREVANE

If it makes you feel better; you, Father. But don't bring him round here until the police have exhausted my fount of information.

MICK TREVANE

You don't make it easy for me to proffer a helping hand.

Greg rises from the table and lifts the mugs.

GREG TREVANE

Did you make it easy for me the night you gave your permission to turn of Robby's life support? Don't answer. I could also say, I had a good teacher and maybe that's where I went wrong in my marriage. Don't respond to that either.

Mick rises and walks to the laundry door on his way out. Greg stands and looks at his father's back.

The door bangs shut.

INT. - IN HER TOMB - IN DARKNESS.

Jean wakens inside the coffin-like structure once more.

As soon as she stirs, David's voice shrills in the tight space near her ear.

DAVID (O.S.)

Mother! You fucked up again at breakfast yesterday but Edward has agreed to persevere on the proviso that you will be the last in a long line of attempts. Don't fear, Mother; isolation is all part of the moulding process. Be strong; your life depends on it.

## EXT. THE RAVENGLASS WALK - MORNING

Greg and Quentin are exiting a small car park and walking towards one of the many tracks in the area.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Tell me a bit about your growing up here in The Lake District. A bit of family history.

GREG TREVANE

Where to begin. My mother passed away when I was 12. She was struck by a car in London. She was in repertory and was up there auditioning for a small part in a movie. Saddest time of my life up to this point. I loved her so much, and I'm not ashamed to say that.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

And neither should you be. A mother is the most important part of a young, adolescent's life.

GREG TREVANE

Mum never read bedtime stories to my brother and I. She acted them out around the bedroom. For a good year after she was gone, I could still hear her footsteps and laughter as I fell asleep.

Greg looks to the west and points.

GREG TREVANE

(continuing)

Over yonder, my brother and I fished in the Rothay and for Char in the Brathay. He went fishing alone one day, a few months after the tragedy of my mother's passing, and he never came home. The searchers found his body floating in the shallows of the Brathay the next day. My father, Mick, has never recovered from the double tragedy.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

If it'll make you feel better, we'll talk about Jean now.

(more)

QUENTIN DERESSELL (cont'd)  
Give me as much information as you  
can about her life, up to her  
going off the radar.

EXT. RAVENGLASS WALK - MID-MORNING

The two men come into earshot once more as Greg finishes his  
rememberances of Jean's life.

GREG TREVANE  
And that's the broad sum of what  
I know about her; minus a few  
personal things, of course.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
And I take it the police have a  
lot of this information?

GREG TREVANE  
Yes. For all the bloody good it's  
done. They're trawling through the  
names, checking everyone she knew,  
knows. Looking to see if there was  
any enmity. They're lookin' at the  
court cases she was handling but  
her work was mainly minor civil  
stuff.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
The stranger she chose to meet is  
obviously the key, so let's look  
at him.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
(continuing)  
You've said she's a tall woman  
with a good, healthy figure so he,  
if indeed it is a man and we must  
assume that, didn't just snatch  
her straight off the street. She  
would've fought back and the  
commotion would create interest  
from passers-by. I believe, for  
him to take such an open risk in  
selecting your wife, this is a  
type-cast abduction where she  
resembles someone who has spurned  
him. The police need to begin  
checking on other female  
disappearances in the recent past.

GREG TREVANE

They could be, for all I know. The buggers won't tell me much of anything. I get fobbed off every time I enquire about their progress. I even get the feeling I'm still on their suspect list.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Oh, you most certainly will be. She would've gone to meet you willingly and you're generally aware of her daily routine. You'll stay on their suspect list until some fact emerges that distances you from the crime. Tell the CID you've spoken with me and my opinion is that they should look for older, even cold, cases that are similar to this disappearance. If they do find such a crime, we're dealing with major stuff. They need to check back, not weeks or months, but years. If they only get one similar case, it's probably coincidence. If they get two, I'd be 70% sure it's Jean's kidnapper and, heaven forbid, if they come up with more than two, the odds go to 100%. Assuming they come up with three or more, and have bodies to go with the crimes, you, my dear boy, must prepare for the absolute worst.

INT. FENHURST MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A tall straight-backed man enters the great parlour of Fenhurst Manor. DAVID FENHURST, strikingly similar in looks and build to his brother and dressed all in black, is standing before a blazing fire. Above the high mantle hangs a large painting of a man in Tyrolean hunting dress. The second man addresses him.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(aka Edward)

Brother, let's sit before the fire. I have something to tell you.

David moves to a couch without speaking. Quentin goes to a sideboard and prepares two drinks. As he joins David he passes the drink across.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(continuing)

You know how I enjoy my walks  
around the District?

David waits, without acknowledging the question.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(continuing)

Well, over the last few weeks I've  
been walking in company with a  
young man and we've become  
friends. We share similar views  
and his conversation is  
intelligent and, at times,  
stimulating.

David chuckles.

DAVID

(in a similarly deep  
and resonant voice)

If it were not for the fact that  
I know you to be A-sexual, I would  
be concerned, Edward.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Your latest empty husk wandering  
the corridors of our home is  
involved.

David smiles then empties his glass.

DAVID

Am I to assume, by sheer  
coincidence, you've befriended Mr  
Trevane?

Quentin nods and David laughs.

DAVID

(continuing)

The fates, although having been  
cruel to us throughout our lives,  
have deemed to be kind this time.  
You can keep him at bay. Have you  
two discussed his wife's  
disappearance?

## QUENTIN DERESSELL

Yes, we have, at length. I like this young man, David, I really don't want to be a part of what you're doing to his wife because I expect she'll end up lying in that dark place along with all those other unfortunate failures.

David walks to the sideboard and pours himself another drink before returning to sit before the fire again.

## DAVID

This will be the last mother, as I promised. She is the strongest, both physically and mentally, of those 'failures' as you call them. They've led me to the point where I've refined my techniques and the drug doses. I promised you I would eventually bring Mother back into our lives. She has survived longer than all of the others and soon the drugging will stop.

David rises, crosses the room and into a wide passage. He passes across a wide entry hall and around the stairs before entering a modern, stainless steel appointed kitchen. He removes a plate of steak and a bowl of salad from the refrigerator and places them on a prep bench. He leaves the kitchen and walks down a second wide passage to a narrow, low-framed door that leads into a tight cloakroom. He places both hands on the rear, rough wall surface and pushes sideways. The whole wall panel shifts two inches, just enough for him to slip his long fingers into the gap and press a concealed button. The masonry panel slides silently open on a well hidden floor track. David moves through into total darkness and, sure-footedly, descends a long flight of steep metal steps. He flicks a switch to reveal a long-empty wine cellar with only the shelving racks left to hold the ghosts of the wine that was once in abundance there. Behind one of the racks is a steel trapdoor in the floor. He lifts this to reveal another long, steep set of steps that disappear down into the darkness. He climbs down and at the bottom throws another switch. Two high level rows of incandescent lights come alive and illuminate along the length of a great rock-hewn chamber, casting shadows into the recesses along one side. This great cathedral space is over 50 feet below the manor house. A film of moisture covers the badly troweled concrete floor. The space is 125 feet long and 50 feet wide. In each of the shadowed recesses sits a sarcophagus and there are 44 spaces. Mould and lichen cover the high ceiling and upper uneven walls. David walks to the very end of the space, to the last and most recently hewn sarcophagus.

With some effort, he swivels the stone lid and, in the dim light, looks down into the eyes of the woman who will be his new mother.

DAVID

(continuing)

It's time to feed, Mother, time to liquidate your organs. I'll lift you out, and being the reasonable son that I am, I'll give you time to get your circulation working.

Jean Trevane is removed from the sarcophagus. While holding David's arms to steady herself, she looks along the length of the chamber. David notices.

DAVID

(continuing)

They can't hurt you, Mother, they're sleeping forever. They failed where you will succeed.

A near naked Jean looks up at David with a confused look on her tear-stained face.

DAVID

(continuing)

Maybe if I show you just one, eh? Slip your shoes on. Come.

He guides Jean into another recess and pushes the coffin lid back. A man lies there, obviously alive and in limbo, but breathing shallowly. David pushes her away.

DAVID

(continuing)

Wrong one. My mistake.

He moves Jean to the very end of the row near the steps and partially removes the lid.

DAVID

(continuing)

This was the first mother I tried but I was a rank amateur in those days and she couldn't play the part. She went very quickly.

He pushes Jean to the edge of the receptacle and when she looks in she goes faint in David's arms. Inside lies the leathery, decaying body of a woman. The hair still appears lustrous in the dim lights, long and dark, like Jean's.

INT. - MAIN BATHROOM - LATER IN THE EVENING.

A bath has been run. Jean steps in and lowers herself into the warm water. In a matter-of-fact way David washes her all over as he talks.

DAVID

You see, Mother, all of your incarnations are down in my tomb room where you repose for the moment. Out of respect for the sacrifices they made, each woman is as comfortable as the dead can be. You will not be mistreated this time around as that fucking demon did to you all those years ago. When all is done, you will be Marrah again. You will think and act, and live out the years he took from you. You are the final incarnation so it is imperative that you stay alive and well.

As David applies a liberal amount of shampoo to her hair, Jean whispers.

JEAN TREVANE

What shall we prepare for dinner, Son?

DAVID

Why, your current favorite, Mother, a small prick, a steak, salad and yoghurt for desert.

INT. TREVANE HOUSE - MORNING

Two detectives sit facing Greg Trevane. The senior rank of the two is Detective Inspector ALEX DHALIM, a coffee skinned man of West Indian descent. The second man is Detective Sergeant CRAIG WYNTERS. Both are from Liverpool CID.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

I appreciate you've been dealing with other detectives, Mr Trevane, but since Mr Deressell offered his services, we've made some disturbing discoveries. So, let's get to our business this morning.

Dhalim opens a file and sets it on a coffee table in front of his seat.

GREG TREVANE

In the hope of a satisfactory association, call me Greg.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

Greg, it is. I believe you know Professor Deressell quite well.

GREG TREVANE

I know him.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

He has offered his expertise on your wife's case as we progress. Did you request that he intervene?

GREG TREVANE

I couldn't see that it would do any harm since he has broad and successful experience in this type of thing.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

He's a smart man who knows the system well.

GREG TREVANE

I appreciate that, Mr Dhalim, but if the police have their own experts and only call on him now and again, I would have to assume it's only in the most difficult of cases.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

I'll neither confirm or deny that to you; suffice to say that the Professor is held in high regard by The Met and a few other forces around the country. He is known to be reticent to take on just any case and his profiles are remarkably accurate as a rule.

Dhalim turns his attention to the file before him.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

(continuing)

I'm sure you understand, we're under no obligation to tell you anything other than news concerning your wife.

GREG TREVANE

I appreciate that, yes.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

We've spent two full days on our secure intranet, liaising with agencies across the U.K. It was amazing when we tabulated all the results of missing dark-haired woman in your wife's age bracket. At the Professor's bidding, we culled the list further to those where bodies have never been discovered and in so doing, it was found that the various police forces involved had never tied these disappearances together and that lack of co-operation is currently being rectified. Certainly the cases were dealt with, but in isolation and, in our defence, there's a reasonably viable reason for that. The abductions took place across every county in the England and over a period of 20 years.

Dhalim sits back, looking from Wynters to Greg, who becomes impatient.

GREG TREVANE

And?

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

And what? There are 42 counties in England alone and we've trimmed our list of missing women to 43; that's almost one per county.

GREG TREVANE

Which means you have a very sick individual on your hands or it's still a massive coincidence.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

Sarcasm is not required. Not only is he sick, he's patient, cunning and intelligent. If he's a serial killer he doesn't fit any pattern that we, or our profilers, know off. And why this particular target? As the Professor pointed out, this is a fixation complex; a deserting wife, a lost love, a dead mother. Scotland Yard are now involved as is every man and his dog down to the village bobby. It's only a matter of time until the cat's out of the bag.

GREG TREVANE

And then you have to catch it, Inspector.

INT. DOWN IN THE CRYPT - AFTERNOON

David has the top off Jean's sarcophagus and is talking softly to her.

DAVID

I appreciate that you're existing in a world of confusion and disorientation but believe me, it won't last too much longer. The craving will cease in a short time. Dear Edward has been invaluable with dosage amounts and I passed on your thanks. Still and withal, I fancy Jean Trevane is still in there ...

He taps her forehead.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
... buried deep in your  
subconscious.

Jean addresses him in a whisper.

JEAN TREVANE  
I need a bath, Son, and something  
to eat. I'm ravenous.

David produces a syringe and uncaps the needle.

DAVID  
Edward harbours a good measure of  
doubt concerning my work, but I  
know from bitter failure that we  
must finish the treatment. I'll  
give you this small jab, you have  
a sleep and I'll come back later  
to bring you up for ablutions and  
eats.

He administers the injection, swabs her arm and pushes the  
heavy lid closed.

INT. LATER IN THE SARCOPHAGUS.

The coffin's sides and bottom have been padded. Jean looks  
comfortable, lying in the dark with eyes closed.

What she sees is a mist strewn landscape. She can see  
distant, sparkling water and mountains. A whispered, accented  
female voice speaks to her.

FEMALE VOICE  
You will prevail because you will  
carry me home to this place below  
us. In time, we will be strong  
enough.

Jean returns to the dark of the coffin.

EXT. - WALKING WHINLATTER PASS - MORNING

On a rainy and misty morning, two men have stopped to drink  
from the fountain below Hanging Rock.

GREG TREVANE

You haven't mentioned your family, Quentin.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I'm a bachelor. My brother, whom I reside with, is also single. We have a place north of Bassenthwaite Lake and the Cumbrian Hills. As is most common at our age, we are orphans. You, my dear boy, are presently my closest friend. My sibling and I could be termed anti-social although I do have a practice in London.

Greg pats Quentin on the back as they walk away from the water fountain.

GREG TREVANE

I'm happy to count you as a friend. You've helped me no end in dealing with the situation.

EXT. SKIDDAW FOREST TRACK - CONTINUING THE WALK.

GREG TREVANE

The senior man, Dhalim, from Liverpool said he was happy for you to pass on titbits to me as the case progressed.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

You're a sly young dog, Greg, you know that would be unethical and illegal. What I will do is give you an insight into my opinion of the man the police are pursuing. He is a single, male loner. If he lives and works in the community, I would discount a pre-morbid temperament or an anxious personality otherwise he would've followed the classical serial killer type. That is the diminishing time line. There's a thing called the Guassian Curve which shows the distribution for the trait of anxiety.

(more)

QUENTIN DERESSELL (cont'd)

Most criminals are at the high end of the curve but this man seems to be at the lowest point. He is brilliantly organized and appears to research his targets thoroughly before striking.

The two men walk away from the camera, heads bowed.

INT. - TREVANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg opens his front door and Quentin enters, shaking Greg's hand as he does so. Quentin hands Greg a bottle of Glenfiddich.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Something to loosen tongues in the early evening, my young friend.

Already sitting or standing in the parlour are Ben Foley, Greg's summer business partner, and his wife, Dora, Mick, Alan Robbins and his small wife and Sam Hamilton, the PI hired by Mick.

Greg introduces Quentin around and it turns out Sam Hamilton has met the Professor before. There is a reserve between the two men that Greg notices.

Later in the evening, Quentin nods to Greg and the two men exit to the hallway.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(continuing)

May we go somewhere private to chat?

GREG TREVANE

Course. Follow me.

The two men ascend two flights of stairs to a dormer room which serves as Greg's home office. He closes the door and motions Quentin to a seat.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

The police have set up a large incident room in Custom House across the way from Central. The first thing noted on the case file is that the trail of abductions starts and ends here in Cumbria.

GREG TREVANE

Is that relevant?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Probably not, but one never knows. My opinion is, he could've chosen anywhere to start, providing he'd found a fitting target; but we'll let the police have their head.

Quentin rises but as the two men approach the door, he stops and faces Greg.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(continuing)

The man downstairs, Hamilton; I'll tell you now, your father may have made an error of judgment by hiring him. Somewhere he'll speak to you about me and he may cause ructions. That's all I'll say at this stage.

The two men descend the stairs to where Sam Hamilton, the PI, is standing in the hallway alone. He ignores Quentin who keeps walking on and into the parlour. Hamilton places a hand lightly on Greg's chest and addresses him.

SAM HAMILTON

Quick word, if I may, Greg?

GREG TREVANE

Okay, but very quick. I'm neglecting my friends.

Greg leads the other man along the hallway and into the kitchen. Greg leans on the prep bench and Hamilton stands facing him.

SAM HAMILTON

Professor Deressell.

GREG TREVANE

What about him?

SAM HAMILTON

Let me tell you a short tale. I was a DC in The Met 12 years ago when we crossed paths for the first time. I was part of a squad investigating the murder of four young men. The GAL scene in the area around Soho makes for easy pickings.

GREG TREVANE

I'm sure GAL is a clever acronym  
so tell me what it means.

SAM HAMILTON

Gay and lesbian.

GREG TREVANE

How quaint.

SAM HAMILTON

We ended up nabbing the bastard.  
He was a father of three young  
girls but had a penchant for  
teenage boys. His need escalated  
from B and D to murder. The  
Professor's profile was uncannily  
accurate and made me suspicious.  
Do you like the man?

GREG TREVANE

No, Mr Hamilton. I make a habit of  
befriending and inviting people I  
detest into my home to share an  
evening with my friends. You're  
here. What point is it your trying  
to make?

SAM HAMILTON

It was a pretty inane question,  
but, from experience, direct,  
obvious questions are the best way  
to begin.

GREG TREVANE

Okay. Yes, I count him among my  
friends.

Hamilton wanders across to the table and sits.

SAM HAMILTON

What I say now is confidential and  
I'll assume I have your word on  
that.

He pauses to let the statement sink in.

SAM HAMILTON

(continuing)

Your friend struck me from the  
first as an odd being.

(more)

SAM HAMILTON (cont'd)

Never married, lives up there in the wilds somewhere and appears to be very protective of his privacy. The only time he ventures forth is to his London practice or, occasionally, to assist the police.

Greg raises his hand in a gesture of 'halt'.

GREG TREVANE

I don't know where your information comes from but your not altogether correct. Did you know for instance that he's an honours history lecturer and frequently gives talks around the country. I'm amazed you didn't know that. I'm hoping, after your five minute involvement, you're not counting him as a suspect?

Sam smiles again as he rises from the chair and moves back across the open space to stand before Greg.

SAM HAMILTON

I know what he does. I was being frivolous. As far as I'm concerned, everyone in that age bracket is a suspect from now on. The professor fits my imagination of the man the police are looking for. Apart from age, he's fit, calm, well organized and super intelligent. The facts are that he lives alone in an isolated place, he's inveigled himself into the case, and he's become close to you, Greg.

GREG TREVANE

He doesn't live alone. He has a brother and part-time staff.

SAM HAMILTON

A brother? I was sure someone at the Yard told me he lived alone.

GREG TREVANE

David is the brother's name. And for what it's worth, I read Quentin as a man who is going out of his way to assist a friend, namely me. To even lightly imply he has something to do with my wife's abduction, or any of the others, is a fucking ludicrous suggestion.

Both men exit the kitchen and walk to the end of the hallway where Mick and Quentin chat in the parlour doorway. Quentin turns to face Hamilton as he arrives.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I would've judged you to be a career policeman, Mr Hamilton. What made you leave. Bribery? On the take? Violence? What?

Hamilton brushes past into the parlour.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

(continuing)

I was just telling your father about mine and Hamilton's history. I would guess he gave his version just now in the kitchen. For reasons known only to himself, he had the audacity to add my name to the list of suspects in the murder of four young men. Please remember, whatever transpires, you asked for my advice and help while I was looking to be no more than a new friend. I don't think Mr Hamilton and I should share the same space.

Quentin shakes the hands of both men and Greg lets him out through the front door. As he closes the door, Greg turns to Mick.

GREG TREVANE

Hope you're happy so far with your fat little investigator, Mick.

Greg walks into the parlour.

INT. PATRICK THURBERRY'S LAW OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Scene commences as Sam Hamilton is shown into Jean's boss's plush office. It is sumptuously decorated and well planned. A large desk sits in front of a picture window which looks down on the Liverpool CBD. A chesterfield and wet bar occupy one corner and a credenza the opposite corner. Hamilton walks forward, hand extended, with a broad smile.

SAM HAMILTON

Thank you for seeing me at such short notice, Mr Thurberry.

PATRICK THURBERRY

Anything I can do in the search for Jean is well worth the effort. Please, be seated.

The lawyer indicates a chair before his desk.

PATRICK THURBERRY

(continuing)

Coffee?

SAM HAMILTON

That'd be nice, thanks. I have a small request; well, two actually. Would you be good enough to close the blinds and douse the overhead lighting? Your desk lamp will be sufficient. Secondly, may we use the couch?

Thurberry looks slightly non-plussed but accedes to the dual requests as the office door opens and a young girl enters with a tray. He indicates she leave it on the coffee table in front of the chesterfield. She sets the coffee set down and leaves. Both men sit down and Pat pours the coffees.

SAM HAMILTON

(continuing)

I realize you've been questioned at length by the police, Patrick, but I have a few extra things I'd like to go over with you. If that's okay?

PATRICK THURBERRY

Fire away. I'll try to be of help but I think I've drained the knowledge fount concerning the day Jean went missing.

SAM HAMILTON

We'll see. This coffee is excellent. Bit more flavoursome than my Maxwell House.

Hamilton savours the drink for a moment before commencing his work.

SAM HAMILTON

(continuing)

Think deeply now, Patrick. Perhaps Mrs Trevane said to you, that last time she was in here, something like, 'he won't wait' or 'I'm late and don't want to keep him waiting'. Relax; take a sip of coffee. Perhaps close your eyes and think of that evening; where you were, like sitting behind your desk or standing close to Mrs Trevane. Picture her face, her long, dark hair, the tone of her voice, the smell of her perfume, how she was dressed.

Thurberry speaks softly while leaning back with eyes closed.

PATRICK THURBERRY

I see her with her hand on the door. I'd just cancelled our late confab and she's saying something as she turns to leave.

SAM HAMILTON

That's good work, Patrick. Take your time. She's at the door, ready to leave and what she said would've seemed mundane at the time, so the words weren't worth mentally underlining but they probably registered. So, what were those words?

Thurberry sits silently for a moment. The muted distant sound of traffic reaches the room. Thurberry's eyes remain closed. Then, in the gloom, his teeth gleam.

PATRICK THURBERRY

I find this hard to believe but I do remember something she said. I'm almost sure it was along the lines of 'he won't be in town long'. You're good, Mr Hamilton.

(more)

PATRICK THURBERRY (cont'd)  
That's the first time that phrase  
has come back to my mind.

Sam returns the smile.

SAM HAMILTON  
I'm sure during your busy work day  
you don't get that much time to  
sit back and reflect on things.  
Let's continue. Going on from  
where she was at the door. I'm  
sure she would've added something,  
after all she's leaving earlier  
than normal and probably felt you  
deserved the respect of a short  
explanation. Some small inane  
thing, added before she closed  
your door. A name, maybe.

Thurberry sits forward and laughs.

PATRICK THURBERRY  
Good God, this is amazing. A name.  
She did drop a name, by jove.  
Softly and quickly spoken but it  
was there. I'm afraid it's trapped  
in my aging brain for the moment.

SAM HAMILTON  
Sit back again, Patrick. Let's get  
her face up again on your mind's  
screen. 'I'm meeting this old  
friend, John, Andrew, James,  
Quentin, Greg, Phil, Mark'.

A moment passes before the lawyer sits forward again.

PATRICK THURBERRY  
Mark! No, Mike, Michael,  
Morris...shit, Simmister's the  
surname. Marcus, by fuck, Marcus  
Simmister; and get this, she may  
have said he was a school friend.

Hamilton stands up and offers the other man a hand to rise.  
He takes a small note pad from his side pocket and writes in  
it.

SAM HAMILTON  
Patrick, you did brilliantly well.  
Course, I'd've expected no less  
from a top lawyer such as yourself.

PATRICK THURBERRY

I'm aware that was a suggestive technique but more simple than any I know of and I want the secret of it.

Hamilton looks at the the other man for a moment.

SAM HAMILTON

I'll do a deal with you. I'll gift you the book I learned it out off in return for you keeping mum with the police for the moment. Only what we've discovered today, mind. The book is a short text book called, 'Switch off to switch on, Critical examination techniques explained' and is out of print. It's written by a psychanalyst who, coincidentally, is assisting the police on Jean's case.

PATRICK THURBERRY

Deal; I want that book.

INT. TREVANE HOUSE - MID-MORNING.

Greg sits in his dormer office with the computer running and a ledger plus other papers strewn across the desk. He gazes out of the window down the hill towards the lake. The first building before the village is his and Ben's boat shed and the boat yard sits beside it stacked with skiffs under tarpaulins for the winter period. He turns back to the desk, lifts a paper and attempts to read. He rubs a hand over his face and looks out of the window again. A small sedan pulls up his driveway. He appears almost relieved for the intrusion. Greg rises and goes downstairs. He reaches the door as the chimes sound. When he opens it, Sam Hamilton is standing there, grinning. Greg leaves the door and walks back towards the kitchen.

Hamilton closes the door and follows. He enters the kitchen and sits down at the table.

GREG TREVANE

Tea or coffee, Mr Hamilton?

SAM HAMILTON

I'd feel more comfortable if you called me Sam. And tea will be fine.

Greg puts the kettle on the hot plate and busies himself with the preparation.

SAM HAMILTON

(continuing)

Technically speaking, I should've gone to my employer first, your father, but I believe this information concerns you more.

GREG TREVANE

Negative or positive? The information?

SAM HAMILTON

I haven't got a handle on that yet. I know the name the man was using to nab your wife.

Greg carries the cups to the table and sits down.

GREG TREVANE

How in the name of hell could you know that? The police, with all their resources have gotten nowhere at all in six weeks and you unearth a name in no time. How?

SAM HAMILTON

That's not important right now. The name was that of an old school chum and I traced him to a town called Abbington, north of London.

GREG TREVANE

Jean's from there. Her folks still have a cottage on the outskirts, near the motorway. Sorry, go on.

SAM HAMILTON

Here's the real kicker. Marcus Simmister went missing eight months ago. I found out a bit about his background, got an address and went down there. The wife's a gentle soul and I didn't invent any stories. I told her I was lookin' into your wife's disappearance and how I thought it was a strange coincidence that her hubby, an old school chum, was missing as well.

(more)

SAM HAMILTON (cont'd)

He's a bank teller, a good sketch artist, a loving husband and definitely not a kidnapper. That was my judgement before I left. She agreed to keep my visit confidential for the time being.

GREG TREVANE

Does what you've discovered actually help us?

SAM HAMILTON

It could. I went to the school, Abbington Grammar, and had a meeting with the Head, Sonja Whitstowe. I told her about the two missing former students and she was only too happy to help my enquiries if she could. My guess was that whoever was pretending to be Marcus had to have had access to his school record, simply to converse about old times to put Jean at ease over coffee.

GREG TREVANE

And there'd be a record if that pretender had requested any information.

SAM HAMILTON

Correct. And there was. Someone posing as a DC called first and then swung by the school to pick up the ex-student's details. The story given was that Marcus was a cop and wanted to join a branch of the secret service so his life's history had to be checked. The school secretary dealt with it and Whitstowe only found out while I was there. Shit hit the fan on that score.

GREG TREVANE

And from there, the secretary gave you a description, I assume?

SAM HAMILTON

A good one but my guess is, a partial disguise would've been employed.

GREG TREVANE

You're taking these discoveries to the police, no doubt?

SAM HAMILTON

Am I fuck. If Simmister's name goes public tied to Jean's, your wife is a dead woman, and, at this juncture, I firmly believe she's alive for a reason.

INT. FENHURST MANOR - EVENING

At the grand dinner table in the dining room. Dinner is over. Seated at the end of the table, near a blazing fire, are David, Edward (Quentin) and Jean Trevane. Jean is dressed in 50's style clothing.

JEAN TREVANE

I saw a man.

DAVID

Pardon?

Jean answers haltingly.

JEAN TREVANE

There was a man walking near my stone.

DAVID

Oh, him. I forgot to feed him this morning. I'll do it before bedtime.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Now that Mother has raised the subject, what's to become of him? You can't have him wandering around down there.

DAVID

He's harmless. His brain is cooked. Maybe we should feed it to him.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Seriously, Brother, he must be malnourished. One day you'll go down there and find his corpse.

DAVID

I don't kill, Edward, but I know he's a loose end.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

When you say, you don't kill, how do you account for the multiple corpses down in that hellhole?

DAVID

That is not your concern, as I've stated numerous times over the years.

JEAN TREVANE

I know that sad man but who is the other man walking in the dark, sometimes?

David turns to Jean.

DAVID

Mother, you've been back in the land of the living for eight weeks now. If you wish to stay there, stop asking questions about things that don't concern you.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

What other man?

David turns his black eyes to Quentin.

DAVID

Brother, the time is coming when you'll know everything, but for now, let sleeping dogs lie. Now, Mother, fuck off to the kitchen and do the dishes.

Jean rises, collects a few cups on a tray and exits.

DAVID

(continuing)

I'm going to be merciful, Edward, I'm setting Simmister free.

Quentin looks alarmed.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Is that wise? If he has retained anything, the police will be knocking at the door in no time.

(more)

QUENTIN DERESSELL (cont'd)  
 Apart from murder and abduction,  
 there are the years of my  
 supplying you with a whole host of  
 drugs.

David rises and walks across the short space to warm his  
 hands by the fire. He speaks over his shoulder.

DAVID  
 As I said, Edward, his brain is  
 fried. If he survives a night  
 wandering aimlessly in Carlisle,  
 the authorities will no doubt find  
 out who he is, but he himself will  
 never again discover the person he  
 was or where he's been, thanks to  
 your chemicals. Marcus has  
 survived a lot and now I feel  
 mercy is deserved. Mother's warm  
 in her tomb and I've made the lid  
 easily removable; Marcus is  
 superfluous to my needs.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 And the other one she saw?

DAVID  
 There is no other one. Leave it at  
 that.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 Tread warily, Brother. Your  
 immoral behaviour could come back  
 to haunt us both. This woman is  
 different from the rest. Under  
 normal circumstances, she would,  
 intellectually, be our equal.

Quentin rises and they stand 10 feet apart, two tall figures  
 in firelight and candlelight. Shadows dance around them.

INT. TREVANE HOUSE - MID-MORNING.

The phone rings on Greg's office desk. He picks up.

GREG TREVANE  
 Yeah.

SAM HAMILTON (O.S.)  
 It's your friendly PI. Sometimes  
 being an ex-cop has its benefits.

GREG TREVANE

Okay, I'm hooked and I hope it's good news.

SAM HAMILTON (O.S.)

Not the best, but it's something. Marcus Simmister, the real one, has turned up out of the blue. A skeleton of what he used to be was found wandering the streets of Carlisle in rags.

Greg sits straighter, and sounds animated.

GREG TREVANE

Sweet Jesus. Has he said anything?

SAM HAMILTON (O.S.)

Sadly, he's virtually an intellectual vegetable. He's in Carlisle General under heavy guard. That's as far as my informer was willing to go.

GREG TREVANE

I'm going up there.

SAM HAMILTON (O.S.)

Don't do that, Greg, you'll kill it for both of us. No one is supposed to know about this outside of the task force, and my source will never trust me again.

EXT. SAM HAMILTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A wind-swept, brightly lit street and the frontage of a dilapidated two-storey building where a single light glows on the second floor.

INT. SAM HAMILTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The small office is cluttered with filing cabinets, a desk and two chairs. A small desk lamp is the only source of light in the room. Sam is behind the desk with his seat tilted back and his feet up. He is snoring. A wall clock shows the time as 12.45am. A file on his desk is titled with the name 'Trevane' in bold letters. Another man now occupies the facing seat. He is wearing a peaked cap and his face is in shadow. He leans forward and gives the desk a flat hand slap. Sam jerks forward and opens his eyes.

SAM HAMILTON

Who the hell are you? And how did you get past the alarm?

The man speaks softly and hoarsely.

STRANGER

You must excuse my voice. I haven't used it for a while. Forget the alarm; if I was of a mind, you would be dead by now, Mr Hamilton. And, as to who I am? Let's just say, I work for someone who is just beginning to be annoyed with your scratching in places where they don't think there's an itch.

SAM HAMILTON

I'll forego the unlawful breaking and entering if you tell me who sent you?

STRANGER

I'll ignore your stupid question. Let's get down to business. The Trevane woman's disappearance. We know you've heard about Marcus but he's the walking dead, so no threat there. What is a tad worrying is that you actually had his name where the police didn't. You even went to London and called in to his old school before visiting his wife. That tells us you are a possible threat. Who knows what other little, unimportant details you'll turn up. I've been sent to warn you off the case.

SAM HAMILTON

And if I said I don't take kindly to threats, from anyone.

STRANGER

That would be a shame, especially for that little, fat wife of your's; Janice, I'm led to believe her name is.

In the gloom, the man's hand disappears under his overcoat and when it reappears, it is holding a long, thin-bladed dirk.

STRANGER

(continuing)

This is my weapon of choice and I enjoy using it. I'd like nothing better than to do a bit of cutting on you but my handler is a man of mercy. This visit is to deliver the warning only. If I have to return here or to your home...well, need I explain?

Sam stands quickly but the other man has gripped his hand so quickly and with such force that the PI is staggered at the speed of the attack. His fingers are squeezed together painfully making him cry out and drop back to his chair. Again the man moves. This time with the opposite hand. Sam releases a sharp scream as he looks at his hand. There, under the beam of the lamp, blood flows freely from a long, narrow slash.

STRANGER

(continuing)

Imagine, Sam, one hundred cuts like that and worse, before I cut your throat. Leave well enough alone. The police are doing a fine job. Tell Greg that his wife is alive, healthy and happy in her new life. It was over between them anyway

The stranger rises and walks to the door. He turns.

STRANGER

(continuing)

I'll see myself out. If I were you, I'd get down to the infirmary for some stitches. Night, Sam.

## 1948

EXT. MANCHESTER - EVENING

The passing people are dressed for the period and the cars are 1948 vintage.

Camera shots of the front of a building proclaiming The Manchester Symphony in concert.

INT. INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM - EVENING

The final notes of the symphony and the crowd clap loudly.

Later, at an after-concert party, RODNEY FENHURST, a 34 year old bachelor, is introduced to MARRAH HROGGORTH, a beautiful, dark-haired, swarthy-skinned, 19 year old Danish girl. She is a guest second cello playing a season in Manchester. It is evident the two are instantly attracted to each other.

EXT. ON OPEN GRASSLAND - AFTERNOON

A summer view of the couple picnicing on the fell above Fenhurst Manor. Scenes of them walking, kissing and laughing.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN OF THE MANOR - AFTERNOON

A wedding ceremony with a small group of guests.

INT. IN FRANCIS FENHURST'S LIBRARY.

FRANCIS, Rodney's father, closes the study door. Rodney is seated before the desk. Francis settles his bulk behind the desk.

FRANCIS FENHURST

I wanted to have this private chat before you disappear to Florence and the Tyrol. It is concerning things that I have never burdened you with until now.

RODNEY FENHURST

I was expecting this conversation before the wedding.

FRANCIS FENHURST

Better late than never, Son, but I think, by now, you know what to do with a wife. This is more important than lust.

Francis smiles then swivels his chair and looks out of the window. A body of water can be seen in the background at the base of a valley. He turns back.

FRANCIS FENHURST

(continuing)

I was born here, in the manor, I was educated at Remfroy Grammar in Lincolnshire and, all the people you and I know in this land, look on us as thoroughly British. To the core, as they say. But my father, and his before him, raised us to be proud of our Austrian heritage, as you have been taught.

RODNEY FENHURST

What are you leading to, Father?  
I know where my national loyalty  
lies and that I will eventually  
take charge of the Ruhr factories.

FRANCIS FENHURST

Let me finish. You know of the  
family history already; great-  
grandfather Hoesrt, Bismarck and  
the Zollverein Free Trade Policy.  
The events of 1863 and 1864 are  
part of our history as is having  
to flee to this place when Hoerst  
was found out to be passing  
secrets to Prussia; even though it  
was done to save Austria. Prince  
Albert himself bequeathed us this  
remote estate after the  
intervention of my Templar  
brothers. The British were well  
aware of Hoerst's patriotic  
treachery. That is why our  
Tyrolean home remains in  
Fenehoerst hands to this day.

RODNEY FENHURST

Why did Albert agree to giving us  
the manor estate?

FRANCIS FENHURST

It was bequeathed to us in writing  
as a reward for helping to keep  
the British economy afloat and  
vibrant. It is a piece of Austria  
and you must always keep that at  
the forefront of the decisions you  
make. With the help of your  
Templar brothers, you will  
succeed. When you reach the  
cottage on your honeymoon, you  
will be contacted.

The men stand and formally shake hands before Francis lays a  
fatherly hand on Rodney's shoulder.

FRANCIS FENHURST

(continuing)

Go, be with your bride. Make an  
heir to be proud of, as I am of  
you.

EXT. - IN THE TYROL.

The newlyweds in Venice and Florence. The couple hiking the Alpine valleys, riding on the low pastures and dining in the mountain villages. A single storey white cottage perched on a steep slope below picturesque mountains and looking down on green lowlands.

Early one morning, a black saloon car arrives outside the Fenhurst cottage. A man alights and walks to the front door where he knocks. Rodney opens the door in pyjamas.

MAN

It is time for you to come down  
with me, Rochlar.

Rodney does not reply. He goes inside leaving the man at the door.

INT. THE FENOEHOERST COTTAGE.

Rodney takes a travel bag from the wardrobe and begins to lift some clothes from a chest of drawers. Marrah awakens and, as she rubs sleep from her eyes, she speaks.

MARRAH FENHURST

What are you doing, Rodney? Do we  
have to leave already?

Rodney goes to the bed, leans over and kisses her cheek.

RODNEY FENHURST

You, my love, will stay here. I'll  
be absent for a few days. You can  
walk over the hills and dine at  
Uncle Quentin's house. He'll be  
expecting you.

Rodney finishes packing. Camera shot of him boarding the car and driving off.

ONE YEAR LATER

INT. FENHURST MANOR - MID-MORNING.

Marrah stands by the bedroom window dressed in black and a profile shows she is heavily pregnant. Rodney stands behind her. A camera view down to the forecourt below shows mourners gathering and a hearse with the coffin already loaded.

MARRAH FENHURST

I'm only seven months into my confinement, Rodney, I can go on this two week tour without any ill effects to me or the baby.

RODNEY FENHURST

I absolutely forbid it. With Father's passing I have to assume full responsibility for the estate and that means everything and everyone connected with it. I need your presence here, not galivanting around the north-west strumming that damn cello.

MARRAH FENHURST

These constant disappearances have changed you, Rodney. Your patience is thin at best, and now you've taken to insulting my vocation as well.

Rodney crosses the large room and lifts the cased cello. He walks to the door and stops.

RODNEY FENHURST

You, dear wife, will remain here on the estate until the child is born and beyond. When the child reaches a fit and proper age, I may permit you to return to your music. Until that day, this block of wood will be locked away.

He leaves the room.

THREE MONTHS LATER.

INT. MARRAH'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Marrah is sitting up in bed breast feeding a young baby. Rodney enters the bedroom. Marrah speaks in a monotone.

MARRAH FENHURST

Is there any news of your mother?

Rodney sits on the edge of the bed.

RODNEY FENHURST

Not a word. Where could she have gone. We've turned the estate upside down and some of the staff are scouring Bassenthwaite Lake now. Her fragile mental state means she could've wandered anywhere.

Rodney looks towards the window then back to his wife.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

How is little Fredrik?

MARRAH FENHURST

Beautiful, as always. He'll grow to be a handsome and compassionate man. Perhaps a musician like his mother. He has a player's fingers.

MARRAH'S BEDROOM - IN DARKNESS - LATER.

Rodney enters quietly, crosses the floor in the gloom and pulls the bedclothes back.

RODNEY FENHURST

I think your body has had enough time to recover, My Dear, it's time to recommence your wifely duty and forget about motherly love for a short while.

Rodney pulls Marrah's gown open as she struggles out of sleep.

MARRAH FENHURST

I'm...I'm not ready yet...down there. You'll hurt me.

Rodney ignores her plea and the baby crying in the nursery. When he eventually rises, Marrah tries to get out of bed.

RODNEY FENHURST

Lie there. I'll attend to the child.

FENHURST MANOR - NEXT MORNING

It is the following morning as a bedraggled Marrah enters the nursery.

The child is tangled in his swaddling and does not appear to be breathing. Marrah screams, snatches the child up and runs along the passage to Rodney's room. He slips out of his bed, takes the child and, holding the infant's feet in one hand he turns him upside down and smacks the boy's back side smartly. Fredrik yelps and Rodney tosses him haphazardly onto the bed. He glares at Marrah as he lifts a dressing gown and leaves the room.

When Marrah comes down to breakfast, it is with the child in her arms. She sits down at the table and a maid pours her a cup of tea. When the two are alone, Marrah looks at her husband coldly.

MARRAH FENHURST

You are turning into something  
your father never was. What did we  
do to be deserving of so much ire?

Rodney looks up from whatever he is reading.

RODNEY FENHURST

You raise the son I gave you and  
he will grow up to inherit the  
riches and power I am forging now.  
Now, I'll be gone for a month and  
Hermann will look after you and  
the baby.

MARRAH FENHURST

You mean your lump of granite  
butler will guard your prisoners.

Rodney shrugs and goes back to reading. He speaks while still looking down at the documents before him.

RODNEY FENHURST

Of course, during my absence, to  
show I am not a tyrant, you may  
visit with your family in Denmark.

Marrah's face lights up with a mixture of surprize and happiness. She hugs the boy to her chest.

MARRAH FENHURST

You hear, little one, we are going  
to Eric's land to see poppy and  
mammy.

Rodney looks up.

RODNEY FENHURST

As usual, you didn't listen, Marrah. I said you may visit them. The child can come with me to our ancestral home.

MARRAH FENHURST

You wouldn't be so cruel to your own blood. A child as young as this needs his mother nearby constantly.

RODNEY FENHURST

The child will come with me.

MARRAH FENHURST

My parents raised me to see good in everyone, but you...you are an utterly cruel bastard. You don't need a wife and child. You would be better suited with a whore and a street urchin.

Rodney rises and lifts his papers.

RODNEY FENHURST

Be thankful for the fact that you're holding Fredrik or else you'd be sorry for that insult.

THE MANOR, A MONTH LATER, ON A COOL SUMMER NIGHT.

Herman carries a large trunk through the open entry. Marrah follows him in as Rodney exits the main parlour. He bends to kiss her cheek.

RODNEY FENHURST

Welcome home, my dear, how are my in-laws?

MARRAH FENHURST

As if you care. Where is my son?

Rodney smiles pleasantly.

RODNEY FENHURST

Our son, my dear, never forget that. He is well and in his nursery asleep.

Marrah turns to mount the stairs but Rodney grips her arm.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

Before you disappear, I have some associates here, and my mentor has expressed a desire to meet you. Come.

Because his voice is as pleasant and reasonable as that of the man she once loved, she allows herself to be guided into the parlour. Only firelight and candles illuminate the spacey room. A dozen men rise from seats around the room and bow. One man remains seated, facing a lightly built fire. He speaks softly with his back to her.

MAN

Come here, Child, sit beside me for a few moments.

The accent is thick. Rodney walks her across the room to the setee where he sits her down.

MAN

(continuing)

Look at me, young woman, and tell me you know who I am.

Marrah turns her head to the face illuminated by firelight. The hair is grey and close-cropped, the moustache is gone but the black eyes glitter. Marrah answers hoarsely.

MARRAH FENHURST

I know who you were.

She is afforded the ghost of a smile.

MAN

A considered reply, Child, and an accurate observation. Had it not been for my friends and Hermann, I would not be sitting here. You see, my dear, the devil came and took me in his embrace. He used me and then returned to hell.

He turns to look into the fire.

MAN

(continuing)

If you could ask my mother what I was like as a child, she would tell you I was a quiet, well behaved, studious boy.

He turns his eyes on Marrah again.

MAN

(continuing)

I was a choir boy, you know. Then in the Winter of 1918 something gripped my soul. From there on my intellect was not my own. I only retain superficial memories of the years between 1919 and 1945. Strangely, I have the clearest memories of my childhood in Braunau; of Paula, Alois, Angela and my mother, Klara. I was human then and I failed to reach the summit.

He turns back to the fire again.

MAN

(continuing)

My blood still carries the seed we must plant if our work is to progress. The mind of your son, Fredrik, has been requested.

Marrah stands and moves backwards towards the door. She stares around the room and then at Rodney.

MARRAH FENHURST

You, and these poor demented fools, are as mad as this thing sitting here. Demons are for Dante and the opera. They exist in the imagination of idiots like this one here.

Marrah is pointing at the man's back. She turns on her heel and leaves the room. She crosses the grand entry gallery and mounts the stairs. The man's words, spoken in Danish, whoosh out of the room.

MAN

Your native country capitulated in 15 hours, Woman. Do you consider you can stop the forces of hell.

THE NURSERY - LATER IN THE EVENING.

Marrah lifts her son and kisses him. She runs to her bedroom and fetches her overnight bag, still packed. She dashes back to the nursery and snatches the child up. She walks to the rear of the second floor and down a narrow set of servant stairs, mumbling softly to Fredrik.

She goes across the grand ballroom and out onto the patio where the bull, Hermann, stands with arms folded, blocking her escape.

MARRAH FENHURST

Hermann, please, have some pity.  
In the name of all that is  
merciful, you must see that I have  
to get the child away from this  
hellhole.

The squat, broad man stands stock still and she thinks there is a chance so she makes a move towards the garden and freedom. Rodney speaks from the shadows beneath a balcony as he walks onto the moonlit patio.

RODNEY FENHURST

You've severely embarrassed me in  
front of a great man. You don't  
have the sense to see that now  
you've met and rejected him, there  
can never be any freedom for you.  
From this time forward, you will  
exist below the ground where you  
will not need to be guarded every  
hour of the day. Take her below,  
Hermann.

Later in the cavern below, Marrah cries as she kisses the wailing child. Rodney forces Fredrik out of her arms. Rodney and Hermann, with the boy, leave the chamber. Marrah stands in the utter blackness weeping bitterly.

INT. FENHURST MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rodney is seated and is speaking with two detectives.

DS MITCHELL

We're informed you've been to  
Denmark looking for your wife and  
accusing her family of harbouring  
her. Correct?

Rodney look forthrightly at Mitchell.

RODNEY FENHURST

Tell me, Sir, what would you do in  
my position? My wife's been gone  
for some weeks and the only place  
I know of where she would go  
voluntarily is her family home.

DC BARKER

Mr Fenhurst, you can't enter a sovereign country and threaten its citizens. We appreciate you want to find your wife but that's not the way to go about it. How is the baby?

RODNEY FENHURST

He's a little trooper, that boy, but he badly needs his mother.

Mitchell opens his notebook and checks something.

DS MITCHELL

Your mother went missing some months ago, shortly after the death of your father. Is it coincidence that your wife is now missing?

RODNEY FENHURST

Be careful what you say, Detective. If you check with her doctor and our local bobby, you'll see that mother went wandering off at regular intervals. She suffered from dementia. Bassenthwaite Lake was the last place we found her wandering.

Mitchell goes back to his notes again before looking up.

DS MITCHELL

So, Sir, let's go back to the beginning for a moment or two. When we went across and interviewed your wife's father, he claimed, from her appearance and demeanour, she was being ill treated. What would you answer to that?

RODNEY FENHURST

Again, as I told the Carlisle Police, she had a bad winter after the birth. She was ill with influenza, then she had a problem with lactating and a few other things thrown in. The police have all the doctor's reports.

DC BARKER

And that would be the foreign chappie. You know full well he is not permitted to practice in England and his medical reports carry no weight.

RODNEY FENHURST

He's a close family friend and he stayed here from early December until late February. He'll be back next Summer in case you wish to arrest him. To me a trained doctor should be a doctor anywhere.

Barker looks across to Mitchell who takes the reins again.

DS MITCHELL

Would you mind if we wandered the house and grounds again tomorrow with a few extra men?

RODNEY FENHURST

I would welcome it, Sir. Wander for as long as you like and dig wherever you feel you must. Do as you see fit to get rid of suspicions concerning my wife and my mother. Then set about the real work of finding them.

Mitchell indicates across to the door without acknowledging the remarks.

DS MITCHELL

One last observation and question, Sir. We noted on our previous visit that your son does not have a nanny. In fact, where once there were a good many house and ground staff, there remains now your man servant. Why would that be?

RODNEY FENHURST

I assure you, all those people are contactable. The boy is well looked after by Hermann and myself. I decided to give part-time employment to the local population as regards cleaning and gardening etc. That way we save money on live-in staff. I would've thought that was nobody's business but ours.

The detectives rise, followed by Rodney.

DS MITCHELL

Thanks for your time, Mr Fenhurst,  
we'll see ourselves out.

INT. DOWN IN THE CRYPT - AFTERNOON

Rodney passes rolls of cable and other equipment down the upper steps to Hermann who stacks them in the wine cellar. Bare globes burn around the walls. Rodney speaks loudly from the top of the stairs.

RODNEY FENHURST

Once we wire lighting in her new home, I'll let her hold the boy for a short while.

Hermann's voice is a growl.

HERMANN

Your wife is badly in need of a bath, Rodney. Will we plumb hot water down there as well?

RODNEY FENHURST

I considered it but plumbing pipework is traceable. There's a large, cast iron tub in the laundry. If you carried Adolf for 10 miles wrapped in a bundle of wood, I'm sure you can carry a heavy tub down below. I'll drop a hose down each time we need to fill the thing, and you'll light a fire under it.

Rodney ascends down to the low chamber. At the far end, his torch beam picks her out. She sits on a small bed, head down. She does not acknowledge his presence. A cement floor has been laid over the natural rock. Apart from the bed, there is a small cupd. An ablution bucket sits on the main floor. He walks to Marrah who begins coughing. Her clothes, and the blanket that enfolds her, are filthy, as is her once lustrous hair.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

Today, my dear, Hermann will commence bathing you once a week and he will bring a fresh change of clothes at that time. They won't be your favourites. We had to destroy a great deal. Tomorrow, a treat for you. Fredrik will visit.

Rodney shouts.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

Hermann!

The servant appears.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

During the next week, I want you to excate a narrow hole, deep enough to place a comode over. A dry toilet. Once a week you will pour some diluted acid into it. Have you anything you wish to say to me, my dear?

Marrah stares at her husband for a moment.

MARRAH FENHURST

You will pay with your life for this act of cruelty. I will see the light again, but you will always walk in darkness. I curse you with every living fibre of my being.

RODNEY FENHURST

You are a wilful and disobedient vixen. You should thank me for sparing your life. Fredrick's mentor wanted you dead. Hermann, you go on up top now.

Hermann melts into the darkness. Rodney sets his torch on the cabinet.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

Filth or not, lift your dress, my dear, you are still my wife and there is one duty you can still perform for me.

Rodney begins unbuckling his belt.

INT. MARRAH IN THE LOWEST CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

Marrah is holding her eight month old child. Five months have passed since she was imprisoned. She talks to herself constantly. Marrah talks to her son who stares back at her unsmiling.

MARRAH FENHURST

You must know, young Fredrik, the demon who raises you will pay for his sins. When that happens, you and I will fly far away from this place. I will take you to the land of Eric, the place of my ancestors, and there we'll live the life we should be living now.

MARRAH IN THE LOWEST CHAMBER - LATER IN THE EVENING.

Rodney comes storming into her area of the great chamber weilding a riding crop. He throws her on the threadbare mattress and rips the back of her dress away. He whips her until blood is drawn. While he weilds the crop he shouts at her.

RODNEY FENHURST

Do not fill the next Furheur's immature mind with senseless, domestic rubbish or dreams that will never come to fruition! Do you understand!

Marrah nods through her tears.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

Then say it, 'I understand', say it!

MARRAH FENHURST

I...under...stand.

Rodney storms past to where Hermann stands in the shadows.

RODNEY FENHURST

Clean her up and make sure she  
doesn't get any infection in her  
wounds.

He mounts the stairs.

NINE YEARS LATER - FENHURST DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A meeting where Rodney and his associates sit around a candlelit table chatting informally. At the head of the table sits their one time leader. He looks pale and thin. Hermann enters the room guiding the 10 year old Fredrick to Adolf's side and sitting him down. Adolf smiles and pats the boy's shoulder.

ADOLF

Look at this boy, Gentlemen,  
young, strong and bright-eyed.

He turns his eyes to Fredrik.

ADOLF

(continuing; in  
accented English)

You are our future, my young  
friend. The mantle will be yours  
to carry after tonight. On this  
momentous occasion the world will  
turn and you will give a home to  
the forces of Hades. Hermann!  
Guide our good doctor to the set  
place to prepare for the young man.

RODNEY'S BEDROOM - LATER IN THE EVENING.

Two single cots sit side by side in a corner of the large room. Hermann enters the room ahead of the doctor. Rodney follows holding Fredrik by the hand. Adolf is last to enter. He goes straight to one of the cots and lies down on white linen. Rodney lifts Fredrik and lays him gently on the other cot. Hermann smiles encouragingly at the boy and brushes his hand across Fredrik's hair. The doctor, without ceremony, bares Adolf's left arm and Fredrik's right arm. He applies rubber tourniquets to the upper arms. Quickly, he pierces the man's arm and, as the needle goes into the boy's small vein, the child cries out.

40 MINUTES LATER

The transfusion is complete. Hermann carries his greatest love, Adolf, to a waiting car and the small man is whisked away.

90 MINUTES LATER

Rodney dashes down the staircase.

RODNEY FENHURST

Hermann! Bring the car to the front door. We have to get Fredrik across to Carlisle Hospital. Quickly, man.

Hermann rushes out and a moment later skids to a stop in the Bentley. Rodney slides into the back seat holding his son. The car speeds off out of the estate.

CARLISLE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY.

A young male intern addresses Rodney as he and another doctor bend over an unconscious Fredrik.

DR MASTERS

I'm not sure what to tell you, Mr Fenhurst. I've taken a sample of stomach fluid which is being analyzed as we speak and we're taking him down now to run a few tests on his kidneys and liver. Does he suffer from any serious allergy or has he eaten anything out of the ordinary?

RODNEY FENHURST

No, on both counts. Is he in...what I mean is, is his condition life threatening?

DR MASTERS

I honestly can't say. Professor Whitley is on his way up from Liverpool and he'll look at the test results and, of course, your son. Tell me, is your son anemic?

The doctor asks this while removing the cotton pad from Fredrik's arm.

RODNEY FENHURST

Yes, sadly, he is. He had a transfusion earlier in the day and then this happened.

DR MASTERS

Mr Fenhurst, why, in heavens name, would you not tell us this as soon as you arrived? Now I am almost certain, this is a blood related disorder. Where did this transfusion take place?

RODNEY FENHURST

At home, in septic surroundings. My personal physician carried out the procedure. There were no risks.

DR MASTERS

No risks? This is not the 17th or the 18th century. From the skin discoloration and other small signs, it's now my guess, your son's been transfused with the wrong blood type. This is hospital work, Sir, not a domestic chore. We have his blood type so we'll take immediate action to clean his system and give him the proper blood.

RODNEY FENHURST

No. We'll wait a while. This has happened before. He'll come around. You'll see.

The specialist arrives. They converse in low tones, and the professor glares daggers at Rodney.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

You can whisper all you like but I know what's best for him. We'll wait for a while, or I'll remove him from your care.

PROFESSOR

On your head, Fenhurst. If this boy dies, there will be criminal charges.

The professor turns to the doctor.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

Set up an infusing alkaline drip  
and administer a diuretic.

The doctor and the attending nurse begin the work as the professor turns to Rodney.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

Let me make this as clear as I can to a layman. Whoever the donor was, his red blood cells are agglutinating and clogging the small vessels around the body. He is unconscious because the oxygen-carrying capability of his and the infused cells has been seriously depleted. If the haemoglobin gets into the kidneys in any quantity it will cause renal failure and death. Now, do you understand why hospital based treatment is necessary?

RODNEY FENHURST

I apologize. It will never happen again. We're very private people and avoid the world at large.

PROFESSOR

Let's hope, Fenhurst, that you're introversion doesn't cost more than you can bear.

TWO YEARS LATER - LOW CHAMBER - MORNING.

The lights come on in the low chamber. The camera pans around the huge space and comes to rest on Marrah who sits on the edge of her cot with a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. She is humming softly to herself. She raises her head when she hears the footfalls on the steps. First, Hermann comes down with the boy clinging around his neck, followed by Rodney. The three walk to her.

RODNEY FENHURST

Good day, my dear. I appreciate I haven't been down to see you for a long time but today is a special day. Young Fredrik departs for Remfroy Grammar in Lincolnshire and, although he also has not been down here for some time, I thought it fitting that he farewell his mother before he steps into the World.

MARRAH FENHURST

Would you like me to play my cello for you before you go on your journey, Little Fredrik?

Fredrik looks up at his father. Rodney nods.

FREDRIK

That would be nice, Mother.

Marrah spreads her legs as if there is a cello between them. She hums as an imaginary bow is swept gracefully across the phantom strings. She fingers precisely. The three visitors stand silently until she finishes her piece before clapping politely. She rises and takes a curtsy.

MARRAH FENHURST

What about the other one, Demon, the one you've only permitted me to see once? Will he go to school as well?

RODNEY FENHURST

Edward has been gone from this house for a long time. He lives in...he resides on the continent with a good family.

Marrah sits down on the cot again.

MARRAH FENHURST

Ah, yes. A mother and a decent father. More than this one had, I presume. Young man, can you see how sick your father is? You may end up down here in the dark with me.

Rodney turns the boy away and heads for the stairs.

MARRAH FENHURST  
 (continuing; calls  
 out,)

Young Fredrik! To avoid my trials  
 and keep the money and the estate,  
 you must kill the devil. I will be  
 gone when you return. You will  
 need to find me and take me home.  
 That is the oath I pass to you.  
 God look after you.

30 minutes later. Marrah is lying on her bed with a whip  
 marked back and Hermann is gently applying a balm.

PARLOUR - NEXT MORNING

Suitcases stand in the entry hall near the main door. In the  
 parlour Rodney is seated before an unlit fire. Fredrik sits  
 on an adjacent couch.

RODNEY FENHURST  
 You'll do well at Remfroy,  
 Fredrik. Your tutors have told me  
 more than a few times over the  
 years that you are a good student.  
 Is there anything you wish to say  
 before Hermann drives you down to  
 the countryside of Hereward the  
 Wake.

FREDRIK  
 If you mean about mother, I  
 understand that she is insane and  
 needs to be kept isolated, but why  
 in that dark, horrible place?

RODNEY FENHURST  
 We've been through this before,  
 Fredrik. She has violent episodes  
 and could hurt someone in a  
 hospital. When you are at school  
 you will maintain that your mother  
 is dead. Is that clear?

Fredrik nods before posing a question.

FREDRIK  
 Father, why did mother call you  
 demon?

RODNEY FENHURST

Who can say what she sees through  
the eyes of insanity, Son.

A car horn sounds.

RODNEY FENHURST

(continuing)

There's Hermann with the car. Time  
for your next big step.

FREDRIK

Just one more thing before I go,  
Father. Through the years I've had  
to spend time in that horrible  
place, mother has not once been  
violent or threatening to me. My  
question is, if you love her, why  
do you make her angry, and Hermann  
and I do not? If she is truly  
insane, would she not be angry at  
everyone?

Rodney chooses to ignore what Fredrik has said.

RODNEY FENHURST

Go help Hermann with your  
suitcases. I'll see you at the  
completion of the school year.  
Remember my warning. Off with you  
now.

EIGHT YEARS LATER.

EXT. - THE AUSTRIAN TYROL - EVENING

The Austrian Alps. It is evening and an outdoor party is in  
full swing. A late-middle aged man has gathered the guests  
onto the front lawn before a large Alpine house. He climbs  
onto a dias where a band has been playing. He holds up his  
hands for quiet. He speaks in Austrian.

KESSLER

Good evening, my friends, and  
thank you for coming along to wish  
Edward a happy birthday and God  
speed, as he journeys on to the  
next phase of his life. Although,  
as most of you know, I am but his  
foster parent, it prides me to  
call him son.

There comes a burst of enthusiastic applause. Kessler waits  
until it has stopped.

KESSELER

(continuing)

Edward has been with me almost since birth because of family tragedy. He has truly been a light in my, and my late wife's, life. My son will be leaving soon to study at Oxford.

As Kessler announces this, the camera pans across the cheering crowd to Edward standing among a group of young people. When people have returned to partying the two men find a seat away from the noise.

KESSELER

(continuing)

Tonight is the time to tell you the whole story, young man.

EDWARD

This does not sound good, Father.

KESSELER

Don't worry, Edward, it's not bad news but something that will herald a change in your life. Your position at Oxford was assured and paid for many years ago. It was a wish of your late blood father's that your higher education be completed there.

A drink tray is offered and they each take a glass of champagne.

KESSELER

(continuing)

You already know of the passing of your mother, Marrah, from Tuberculosis shortly after your birth.

The Fenhurst fortune is massive and it was placed at Fredrik's discretion on the understanding that when you returned to the family home, half would be yours. The estate has become somewhat insular over the years. I believe that is still the case although I can't confirm it. When you have completed your university education you must make the trip north to claim your inheritance.

EDWARD

Half of anything I receive will be yours, Father.

Kessler drapes an arm across the young man's shoulders.

KESSLER

As I said, I've always tried to be truthful with you, Edward. God alone knows the lies I've lived with in other times and places. I was well paid by your blood father to raise you and you have been a joy to me. Your success will be a final reward for me.

Kessler removes his arm and touches the boy's cheek. Edward turns to face him. Kessler has a sad look on his face.

EDWARD

There's something else, isn't there?

KESSLER

When you came here, you were a babe-in-arms. My wife and I knew nothing of your family medical history. At three years of age you had an epileptic fit and another soon after. Drugs were in their infancy and unreliable so between your father and I, we decided to try something more radical. Following the recommendation of a mutual doctor friend, you underwent an operation called a cerebral commissurotomy. As far as I can gauge, it was successful.

The camera pans up to the darkening Alpine outline.

FADE OUT:

TEN YEARS LATER.

EXT. NORTH-WESTERN LAKE DISTRICT - MID-MORNING

Scene of a rugged valley side above Honister Pass and across the green windswept fells of Calbeck and Uldale. The Summer sun sparkles on Bassenthwaite Lake.

An older Edward alights from an aged Ford Anglia in a small car park on the outskirts of Keswick. He spreads a map on the bonnet and studies it. He looks at the written page attached to the map for a moment, looks around and eventually takes a rucksack from the car before locking the doors and setting off north.

EXT. A STEEP SIDED PATH - NIGHT

Edward negotiates the path by torchlight, stumbling often on loose gravel. He stops and buttons his light Summer coat. A male voice drifts out of the July night.

VOICE (O.S.)

You are trespassing in dangerous country. If I were you I would turn around and go back from whence I came before I fell and broke my leg.

Edward addresses the darkness with a steady voice.

EDWARD

Show yourself, man, I simply need directions.

VOICE (O.S.)

Switch the torch off, trespasser.

Edward does as bid and a dark shape unfolds out of the long summer grass.

STRANGER

What are you doing wandering on Fenhurst land at midnight?

EDWARD

I was lost but if this is part of the Fenhurst Estate, it is where I want to be.

STRANGER

And what name do you go by, Trespasser?

EDWARD

Edward Fenhurst. And you are?

There is a moment's silence and when the stranger speaks again, his vocal demeanour has changed to a more hospitable tone.

STRANGER

Well, Edward, let me guide you to the great house. Come, up over the hill and leave the path for the five minute tourists. I think this may annoy you, but there is a road in and out of the estate. Someone could have driven you up here.

The tall stranger strides up a steep slope as if it were level ground. Edward follows. He is well out of breath when he addresses the stranger again.

EDWARD

My Anglia is parked this side of Keswick. I was using an old set of directions. My I ask your name, friend?

The stranger, 20 feet away at the summit of another slope, stops to let Edward catch up.

STRANGER

Turn your torch to my face.

Edward shines his torch as bid.

EDWARD

Fredrik?

FREDRIK

None other, Brother. But not Fredrik now. I use my middle name, David. That poor boy, Fredrik, was a failure in the grand quest. My quest these days is to fulfill a promise. I assume you are here to claim what is yours by birthright?

EDWARD

I am.

FREDRIK / DAVID

Well, Brother, you certainly have an entitlement, but it's at my discretion. I had to earn mine and you will do the same. Mother will insist.

David turns again and strides off into the darkness. Edward follows. They come to the brow of a fell. The manor house materializes out of the upper moorland night. Edward comes up beside his brother.

The moon is high to his right and the huge bulk of the manor throws eerie shadows across the surrounding lawns. David starts down towards the house and calls back.

DAVID

Behold, the house of the wicked,  
Edward! Welcome to Fenhurst Manor!

FENHURST MANOR - LATE

David and Edward enter through a gate, across an enclosed rear yard, up some steps and through a laundry into a modernly appointed kitchen. From there they follow a wide passage which opens onto one side of the great entry hallway and atrium. To their right, a wide staircase rises into darkness. Edward follows David across the tiled hallway and into a large parlour. Three bay windows adorn two of the walls. The 12 foot high ceiling looks down on a room dominated by a huge fireplace and high mantle. The room is candlelit and shadows dance on the four walls giving a macabre life to the hanging portraits.

DAVID

Hermann!

David has called at the top of his voice.

DAVID

(continuing)

Sit, Brother.

Edward sinks gratefully into a large armchair beside the hearth; the fire unlit now that Winter is months away.

Hermann appears in the doorway carrying an oil lamp. He is slightly stooped now but his bulk still fills the door's width.

HERMANN

You summoned me, David?

David indicates Edward.

HERMANN

(continuing)

Ah, the prodigal returns. Welcome home, Edward.

EDWARD

Good evening, Hermann. Nice to see you again.

DAVID

Don't start your tenure by lying, Brother. You were too young when you were evicted. Hermann, gather up some food scraps and set a bed for him. Give him father's suite. The demon's ghost can keep him company.

Edward eats pasta and drinks a glass of wine, alone at a steel kitchen bench. Hermann enters carrying the oil lamp and an armful of fresh linen.

EDWARD

Isn't the house connected to the power grid?

HERMANN

No. We two don't need it except for cleaning and bathing which we mainly do in the daylight. And since we are off the grid we generate our own power.

EDWARD

Where's the generator?

The question is asked as more of a conversation piece rather than a genuine enquiry. Hermann sets the lamp on the bench and sits on an adjacent stool.

HERMANN

On Fenhurst land there is an adandoned mine we have access to and it holds the generator. In the event we need to charge up our battery system, the starting switch is here in the house. Come, I'll show you to Rodney's suite.

At the second floor level, Hermann stops before a door and hands Edward the lamp.

HERMANN

(continuing)

We do not go in there, Edward. Goodnight.

Hermann waddles back to the stairs.

Edward enters the past. The bed is massive and of early 40's design.

He turns the lamp up full and lights the thick candles in holders around the walls. The room contains a large fireplace, armchairs, stools and french windows leading to a wide balcony. He makes the bed up and removes his clothes. A narrow door beside the bedhead leads to a bathroom. The water is lukewarm. He fills the sink and washes himself all over. He looks in the closet at the clothing. Everything is dust-covered so he finds clean underwear in his rucksack. He extinguishes the candles and turns the lamp to low before climbing into the superbly comfortable bed.

#### BREAKFAST - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

The Summer sun streaming through the high french doors of the east facing room reveal a thick mantle of dust covering every surface except the bed. On the balcony, Edward is sniffing the fresh northerly wind. Clouds skud along below a pale blue sky. Edward's Ford Anglia sits in the forecourt at the head of a narrow gravel road. He re-enters the room and opens a bedside drawer to see his keys are gone.

On his journey downstairs he takes note of the dust clinging to the bannister rails. He enters the large, clean kitchen. David and Hermann are sitting at a heavy, timber table eating breakfast.

HERMANN

Your breakfast is in the oven,  
Edward.

Edward fetches the hot plate, sits down and pours himself a cup of tea.

DAVID

We'll converse as we walk the  
fells later, Brother.

#### WALKING LATER.

The two men set out across what remains of the once impressive gardens, and up the nearest rise. Camera shows them on a valley side above the Caldew River then climbing Carrock Fell to the old fort and later passing the abandoned tungsten mine.

DAVID

Do you even vaguely remember  
father, Edward?

EDWARD

I only know what my stepfather  
told me. He was tall and broad at  
the shoulder, like us, but was  
fair-haired where we are dark.

DAVID

Our mothers colouring.

EDWARD

Tell me a bit about her. I only  
know she died of TB.

David laughs.

DAVID

She was in bad health, but it had  
nothing to do with TB.

The men fall silent for a few moments before the conversation  
begins again.

DAVID

(continuing)

Father was, how shall I put this,  
a cruel, pitiless bastard would be  
one way but he was more than that.  
Mother may as well have died  
directly at his hands and he was  
responsible for almost killing me.  
He had this unwavering faith in  
another sick, demented idiot, his  
mentor. Two years of penecillan  
and arsenic, and still there's  
something foreign inhabiting me.

Edward starts to say something but David holds his hand up.

DAVID

(continuing)

Don't ask, Brother, for I couldn't  
answer. A warning, don't attempt  
to psychoanalyse me at any time.  
Father set my ship of life on a  
particular course but the wind  
changed when I attended Remfroy,  
and it blew me back to Mother.

The two men turn towards Skiddaw.

LATER.

DAVID

(continuing)

...to boarding school and when I returned I was taken down to mother's den. She lay in a stone coffin, cold and decrepit. Hermann told me later she had found a piece of shale, sharpened it on the rock wall and slit her wrists to escape. Our bastard of a father thought it best to let her rot in the eternal darkness. Edward, we need the love of a mother to live with some semblance of normality.

EDWARD

To say, I'm utterly confused, would be an understatement.

DAVID

It's not important just yet. And don't go assuming that I'm unaware of my mental fragility. I'm a depressive neurotic. I feel in some way responsible for the death of Marrah and I've reacted in a way that could never have sent me forward as a normal person.

EDWARD

I'd like to analyze you if you let me.

DAVID

I, Dear Brother, have no interest in that scenario. I simply require maternal love to ignite my normality.

EDWARD

What happened to Rodney?

DAVID

I killed him. It was a hollow victory for her. But for my part, as I watched him bounce down the stairs, I felt relief.

David points ahead.

DAVID

(continuing)

Come, let's walk on to Keswick, lunch there and take the afternoon bus back round the east side of Bassenthwaite Lake. We can drop off 20 minutes walk from home. Tonight, we'll go below and visit with mother before we talk of the inheritance.

They walk away.

INT - KITCHEN - DUSK

The three men have finished supper and sit at the kitchen table sipping wine. David finishes his half glass in a gulp and stands.

DAVID

Wait here with Herman, Edward.  
I'll be back.

David exits the kitchen. Hermann pours the wine for Edward and himself. Edward looks at him.

EDWARD

How old are you Hermann, if you don't mind me asking?

HERMANN

I think I'm 63 or thereabouts. Why?

EDWARD

David won't have you around forever. What will he do when he's on his own?

HERMANN

He'll have you, Edward. We knew you would return someday.

EDWARD

I couldn't envisage spending my years in this god-forsaken wilderness. If I had to live in high country I'd prefer the order and magnificence of the Tyrol.

HERMANN

I was born and raised in the Bavarian Alps but this place grows on you like a wart.

DAVID

Brother!

HERMANN

Go to the cloakroom under the stairs. The rear wall panel will be open. David will have the lights turned on but be careful. The stone steps are steep and the floors can be treacherous.

INT - BELOW THE HOUSE - A WHILE LATER.

Edward finds the cloakroom and the panel. He steps carefully, holding tight to a rusted iron balustrade. He reaches the upperchamber where empty wine racks decay. He can hear hammering from far below and finds the steel trapdoor. Another steep set of steps and he is far below the house in a cathedral sized cave. Thirty feet away, David, in a recess, is hacking at the rock wall. It is one of ten indentations to one side of the cavern. The facing wall is rough hewn and vertical.

EDWARD

What in heaven's name are you doing, Brother?

David stands, leans his pick against the wall and steps into the light.

DAVID

It's called preparation, Edward. Come. It's time to meet the one who bore you into this world of sin and punishment.

David strides off surefootedly to the furthest end of the cavern and Edward follows. At the base of the rear wall David rolls a huge boulder out of the way to reveal an opening 30 inches high and two feet wide. They crawl through into a low tunnel. As they walk the ceiling gets higher until they can walk at their full height. David clicks a torch on.

DAVID

(continuing)

Tread carefully. We're coming to a circular hole.

David shines the torch down a wide hole in the passage floor. He kneels and swings onto a steel ladder bolted to another lower wall. Edward follows. The ladder descends another 20 feet to an uneven stone floor. Bare light globes burn dimly around the walls of a cave a third the size of the great cavern above. In a far corner a large generator hums and nearby a stone sarcophagus sits on a level rock seating.

DAVID

(continuing)

We're in the bowels of the earth, 200 feet below the house. Over there is another short tunnel. This was a private mine excavation a century ago but was of low yield. It was sealed from above and time, as well as earth movement and subsidance, has well and truly hidden the entrance. Only a narrow vent remains and it is well concealed.

The two men pick their way across the uneven and slippery, rock floor. They stop beside the sarcophagus. David speaks softly as he slides the heavy lid off and stands it against the coffin.

DAVID

(continuing)

Hermann, in another life, was a stone mason. He fashioned this lovely container and, over the ensuing years, has been teaching me the rudiments of his skill.

David leans over the open coffin, still speaking softly.

DAVID

(continuing)

Come hither, Brother, and meet this innocent saint. Behold, thy mother, Son.

Edward walks forward hesitantly. He looks into the coffin and rears back. David catches the nape of his neck in a powerful grip and pushes his face back to the horror in the coffin. The soft voice is replaced by a growling, angry tone.

DAVID

(continuing)

Look at her, Edward! Then look to me. Did he not deserve to die?

(more)

DAVID (cont'd)

She lies here in continual darkness and silence because of that tyrannical, fucking excuse for a human being. I will never be free of this conscience and feeling of inadequacy until my mission is complete. You, Edward, will get your inheritance only on the proviso that you help me reach that conclusion.

The body has desiccated but not completely rotted. The thing in the coffin is still recognizable as a woman. The black hair has been combed out and lies across the leathery breasts. The wrists are turned up at the body sides and display the deep slash marks in the wrinkled skin. They are numerous and frantic.

DAVID

(continuing)

In the years after I done for Rodney, I used his riches and influence to find all of his cronies and I had them killed as well. I never was able to find the little shit who made me sick but I slew his doctor with my own hands a decade ago.

David smiles across at Edward in the muted light. Edward's eyes are wide with shock.

DAVID

(continuing)

Calm yourself, Brother, you are safe because you're innocent. I'm sane, perhaps imbalanced, but sane.

EDWARD

What is this mission you mentioned, David?

DAVID

I told you; we need a mother to regain and rekindle our brotherly bond. You, the innocent with your university qualifications, will work in the world while I hunt for Marrah.

David moves closer to Edward and puts a hand on his brother's shoulder.

DAVID

(continuing)

We need each other, Edward.  
Herman's amazing strength has been  
invaluable during the excavation  
years but he's aging now and close  
to the time for him to retire.  
When we find mother and we're sure  
it's her, you'll be given access  
to all that's your's by birthright.

Edward looks at David for a moment.

EDWARD

Let me see if I've gauged your  
intention correctly, David. You  
intend to kidnap some innocent  
woman and brainwash her into  
thinking she's our mother. You're  
insane. I need no part of father's  
testament to get by in life.

David's eyes blaze but he speaks in an even, unruffled tone  
of voice.

DAVID

Ah, but I need you, Brother. If  
you agree to stay here, your  
foster parents and close friends  
will remain in the land of the  
living. With father's fortune at  
my fingertips, I can get to anyone  
and I swear, if you do not help  
me, they will all die eventually.

Edward stands looking into the other's eyes for a moment  
before lowering his head.

EDWARD

I'm not a murderer or a kidnapper.  
I was simply here to claim what  
I'm told is mine.

David smiles and his threatening manner disappears. His tone  
becomes friendly.

DAVID

This isn't about murder. There'll  
be no intentional killing. You  
have my word on that. Your tasks  
will be simple compared to what  
confronts me.

(more)

DAVID (cont'd)

You'll start by joining a medical practice before setting up your own. When you have a practice, you'll supply me with the drugs to tinker with a sane person's mind. That's your part.

David walks away a short distance and turns.

DAVID

(continuing)

Firstly, we must select a new name and make this estate your home address. I have a paid contact who has friends in government and the name we select will be entered in the national birth registry. My friend will arrange for your qualifications to be listed in your new name.

EDWARD

I'm legally registered as Edward Kessler, a new British citizen.

DAVID

That'll be the easiest of things to bury, as will adding your chosen name to your qualifications.

David returns to the coffin and the two men replace the lid. David then embraces his brother.

DAVID

(continuing)

Welcome to the world of Fenhurst sanity, my dear brother Edward.

Edward steps away from the embrace with a sigh.

EDWARD

I'd like to go upstairs now. I have a banging headache.

DAVID

Take the torch and be careful making your way back. You're valuable to me and I've waited a long time for your return. I'll be up later.

Edward makes his way up the ladder but before he goes through the hole, David's voice cuts across the space,

DAVID

(continuing)

And, Edward, this will be the one and only time you will ever be permitted below the house. This is the domain of the cursed. You, Brother, must be clean and guilt-free to exist and work in the world.

INT - LATER IN THE EVENING - BY CANDLELIGHT.

Hermann pours Edward a glass of whiskey and both men seat themselves in armchairs. Hermann proceeds to tell Edward about Marrah and what happened to her.

HERMANN

I washed her and dressed her in her best clothes. I laid her in the home she occupies now. I made a terrible mistake all those years ago. I should have let her go that night. I am as guilty as your father.

EDWARD

How did David kill my father?  
Indeed, did he?

HERMANN

Let me first say something. In your mother's case, I soothed her wounds under orders from Rodney but, over time, her gentleness had an effect on me. I remain faithful to David because he was the one I was sent here to safeguard. He carries my master's blood and what came with that. David did kill your father and I drove him back to his school that same night. On my way home I stopped in Keswick and made an anonymous call to the police. I made out that I was a robber and there had been an unfortuante accident. I rushed home and hid below with Marrah.

Hermann sips his drink and leans forward.

HERMANN

(continuing)

Here's how it happened. On the night in question...

*Here, portray this action from the past. A woman stealthily climbs the staircase before she calls out,*

WOMAN

*Rodney, I'm back to take Fredrik and return to the Land of Eric, as I promised him I would.*

*Rodney bursts out of his bedroom. Down at a lower level, Hermann stands in the shadows watching the drama. The woman has long black hair and is slimly built and tall like Marrah. Rodney stops in the passage for a moment and then rushes at the woman. He trips and falls down the stairs where he comes to rest on a landing at the woman figure's feet. He raises his head as the figure raises a club and cracks Rodney full in the face before throwing him down another flight. The woman walks past Hermann and nods. She walks to Rodney and clubs him again and again before Hermann intervenes and pulls her away. The figure removes the shawl and wig to reveal David.*

DAVID

*I think mother would be proud of her son. Hermann, will you drive me back to school?*

The action comes back to Hermann and Edward.

HERMANN

He had strung a wire from newel to newel at the top of the stairs. He saw out his schooldays as a good, but not brilliant, student. We settled down and have lived much as you find us now.

EDWARD

Surely the authorities would've searched for an heir, a co-owner? I mean, David said our births were unregistered. How did he keep the house. His acceptance to boarding school and his fees, what of them?

HERMANN

Good questions. The answers will keep you here long after I'm gone, Edward.

He drains his glass, lifts the bottle from a coffee table and refills the two.

HERMANN

(continuing)

Your father was a wicked man, not a stupid one. He was a sterling businessman. He sold the estate in 1959. The sale was entered into public record and the originals were retained by Rodney. They remain, wrapped in linen and sealed in plastic. They lie under Marrah's body. The new owner never took delivery, never entered the estate, let alone the house. He is Austrian but because of a half-English heritage he has partiality and can own or purchase property under some obscure British law. He was a senior SS officer during the war and spent three years on the staff at Buchenwald. He preferred to rape and murder those with no defence. You know him well, Edward. Oberlieutner Quentin Deiter Kessler, your foster father.

Edward sits unmoving, staring towards the black beyond the large parlour window. His voice sounds robotic when he eventually speaks.

EDWARD

While I find this hard to believe since he wanted no part of my inheritance, is there proof of your claim?

Hermann grunts derisively.

HERMANN

Your father paid him well. If you wish to see all the papers, roll the corpse. He received a large monthly fee to raise you. David took the name Kessler to his grammar school. Quentin came to England for the coronial enquiry. He told the court that he had permitted the Fenhurst man to reside in the house.

(more)

HERMANN (cont'd)

Rodney had hidden all the money and investments overseas and, as far as the police and the coroner's office were concerned, he possessed little of value. Kessler said he was being charitable to the Fenhursts. Three years later, Rodney was dead. You were 11 and David was 13. I continued sending the money to Kessler every month until you went to University, and there it was David who kept your bank account topped up, not Kessler.

Hermann empties his glass and struggles to his feet.

HERMANN

(continuing)

One final thing, Edward, you are actually a more special being than David. Kessler told me you have a gift that even you don't know about yet. Now, go to bed. You are home.

EDWARD

Home to do what is expected of me for the sake of a murdered father, an undead mother and an insane brother.

Edward rises as well and walks to the door.

EDWARD

(continuing)

Goodnight, Hermann, thank you.

INT - NEAR WINTER'S END - AFTER BREAKFAST

David, Edward and Hermann are sipping the last of their morning cups of tea.

DAVID

All my preparations are complete, Brother. I thank you for the risks you've taken in procuring the necessary narcotics. I leave today to bring mother home and begin the process.

(more)

DAVID (cont'd)  
Meanwhile, you're off to London to  
cure insanity in the populace.

Edward nods slightly.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
I want you to pack with a view to  
staying in the capitol for a  
month. Hopefully, the sculpting of  
mother's mind will be well under  
way.

Edward pours another cup of tea and as he adds sugar, he  
looks across at his brother.

EDWARD  
The sculpting of another's mind,  
you mean.

DAVID  
Whatever. Speaking of another; I  
came upon a new friend, by  
accident, you might say. He's what  
I might term, a surprizing bonus,  
but a tad frightening, even for me.

EDWARD  
Was he here on the night Rodney  
was murdered, Hermann?

HERMANN  
No. He was on the continent.

Hermann busies himself collecting the dishes. David turns to  
Edward with a smile.

DAVID  
Tell me, Edward, when you were  
down at Oxford, did you get a  
chance to study neuropeptides?

EDWARD  
No, but I read some material  
during my second year. The  
findings and theories were pretty  
vague a decade ago.

DAVID

I don't have your intellectual capacity, Brother, but, in the great library, I recently read through the theories and experiments of Barker, Wolstencroft, Gainer and Cooper. The way I see it, what they claim is that body cells have receptors and peptides can travel through the body to a receptor. There's no point in me telling you about neurones in a synaptic cleft acting on other neurones. In some circles it's widely accepted that these travelling peptides can alter the physical make-up of a human body for short periods of time.

EDWARD

You're referring to neurotransmitter technology, and what you've just claimed is, at best, hypothetical conjecture.

EXT - THE MANOR - 1981 AND ONWARDS.

Edward's BMW parks in front of the house on a grey, mid-Spring day. David waits on the steps. He calls to Edward.

DAVID

Welcome home, Brother. I trust your months sojourn in London did not diminish your love of home.

Edward looks at his brother.

EDWARD

I value a sense of humour in anyone, David, but don't take joke making up as a sideline. Where's Hermann? He's usually out by now to carry the cases.

DAVID

He up and resigned on me. He's retired back to Germany.

Edward's expression is now one of surprize but he says nothing about it. They talk as each hefts a case up the steps into the house.

EDWARD

And your grand quest? Was it successful?

DAVID

She lasted nearly three weeks, but she was not the one. I had to send her away. On that topic, I'll need another shipment of narcotics. More hallucinogens this time. I fancy from this failure, my course of action will be a matter of trial and error rather than successful medical transmogrification.

Edwards stops at his bedroom and David walks on. He talks loudly, back over his shoulder.

DAVID

(continuing)

The years will pass, Brother, and we will age together. Let's hope we do so with Marrah.

### ACT THREE

INT - PRESENT TIME - EARLY MORNING IN THE TREVANE HOUSE.

Greg is lying on the couch, unkempt and unshaven, when he is awakened by a metallic banging in the kitchen. He struggles to swing his legs off the couch and sit upright. He shuffles into the kitchen where he finds his father, Mick, in the act of frying bacon.

MICK TREVANE

You look like shit.

GREG TREVANE

Morning to you as well, Mick.

Greg drops onto a stool as he yawns. Mick slides a mug of coffee in front of him and he sips. He returns to the hotplate where he is frying bacon.

MICK TREVANE

Want a bacon sandwich?

GREG TREVANE

The smell alone is making me  
queezy but I know I need some fuel.

Mick carries a plate to the prep bench, butters toast and makes the sandwiches. Greg takes a bite. He takes another bite.

GREG TREVANE

(continuing)

Not bad, not bad at all.

MICK TREVANE

I see you've regressed to couch  
sleeping. Not a good sign.

GREG TREVANE

Last night, the police found a man  
who was abducted a year ago.

MICK TREVANE

The Marcus fella lying in Carlisle  
hospital, you mean?

GREG TREVANE

How in hell did...oh, yeah, Sam  
Hamilton of course.

MICK TREVANE

I hired him. He feels an  
obligation to report to his  
employer. That's why I'm here this  
morning. To share the good news.

The phone rings and Mick walks across the kitchen. He comes back to Greg holding the handset which he proffers.

MICK TREVANE

(continuing)

Speak of the devil.

GREG TREVANE

Sam, it's Greg.

*SAM HAMILTON (O.S.)*

*I was warned off your case late  
last night and I was cut to  
underline the warning.*

GREG TREVANE

Christ!

Mick holds out his hands and mouths, 'what'.

GREG TREVANE  
(continuing)

How badly?

SAM HAMILTON

*Six stitches long on my hand. The guy was strong and I got the feeling he meant what he said. Look, Greg, I'm driving up to Liverpool this morning to give the task force what I've got, and then I'm takin' the warning to heart. I'll send my final account to Mick. This isn't cowardice. The wife is on my back and mouthing veiled threats about going to her mother's. You know how it is, Boss.*

GREG TREVANE

I understand, Sam, and I would've advised the same course of action. Will you include a full report about what happened last night?

SAM HAMILTON

*That and a copy of everything else will be sent to Mick. I'm sorry to do this. Last thing, phone me anytime if you need to pick my brains free of charge. Got to go.*

GREG TREVANE

Thanks for your efforts and good luck.

Greg hands the phone to his father.

MICK TREVANE

Well?

GREG TREVANE

He called me Boss. You're on the outer.

INT - FENHURST MANOR - EARLY MORNING

Quentin is sitting at a small bureau, writing. The grey light of morning leaks through the French doors. There is a light knock on the door. He rises and opens it. Jean Trevane is standing at the other side of the passage with her head down. Quentin speaks gently to her.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
What is it, My Dear?

JEAN TREVANE  
Son says it's breakfast time.

She shuffles off slowly to the small rear stairs that lead up to what was once Marrah's suite.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

David sits at the breakfast table wolfing down porridge. When finished, he looks across at Quentin and smiles.

DAVID  
We're on the road to success at last, Brother. Mother's 50% complete. This one has passed beyond the worst where all the others have failed. We're sailing in unchartered waters now. In less than a month she'll be weaned off everything.

David butters some toast and pours his tea.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
I'd like to meet your new friend. Invite him to dine with us one evening.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
And that sad thing upstairs? I assume she'll be down in your horror hall if Greg comes.

David laughs.

DAVID  
No, we'll introduce them and see if they hit it off.

David rises from the table as Edward pours himself tea.

EXT - WALKING ABOVE THE BRATHAY - MORNING

Pan in as Greg and Quentin set off on their morning walk. Camera shots of locations along their walk.

Crossing the Skelwith Bridge, on the Coniston Road and on High Park Woods Track. The two men stop below the 100 feet high Colworth Force waterfall.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Did Mr Hamilton remind the police of his suspicions towards me all those years ago?

GREG TREVANE

I wouldn't know, Quentin, and he hasn't said anything to me.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

In my capacity as part-time adviser to the task force, I went up to Carlisle Hospital to see the escapee, Mr Simmister. I don't think he'll be of any value in finding your wife. He's incoherent and totally disorientated.

Greg stops and looks at Quentin.

GREG TREVANE

Who told you he had escaped and was there, at the hospital?

Quentin hesitates, looks away and back.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I received a call at home from a detective. His name escapes me now. Is it important?

Greg begins walking again.

GREG TREVANE

No, not really, but I was under the impression that the escape and Simmister's location were to be a closely guarded secret. I found out through an informant.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

You mean Sam Hamilton. What are you getting at, Greg? You don't think I'm involved with your wife's disappearance, do you?

GREG TREVANE

Of course not, but I'd like to know who's passing out information.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Here's the thing, Son, I could ring any one of the investigators and they'd pass on that information. After all, I'm working for them.

The camera pans away as the two men approach Stang End along a muddy track.

INT - TREVANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg is lying on top of the bed in a towelling robe. The room is in semi-dark. Camera shows the bedside clock-radio standing at 11.15pm. The phone rings and brings him awake. He reaches out and lifts the handset.

GREG TREVANE

Yeah?

VOICE (O.S.)

*Gregory.*

Greg swings off the bed, wide awake.

VOICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

*I want to meet you alone. Game?*

It is the same voice he heard on the night of his wife's taking.

GREG TREVANE

Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)

*No stupid moves. No cops. That would be a death sentence for Jean. Come alone and unarmed.*

GREG TREVANE

Where?

VOICE

*Just before Loweswater there's a lane below High Cross. Do you know it?*

GREG TREVANE

I know it.

VOICE (O.S.)

*I know you do. Drive into the village and park your vehicle 100 yards from your father's place. Walk back to the lane and down towards Dub Beck. I'll join you along the way. Be on the lane in 45 minutes.*

The line goes dead. Greg sits for a moment before standing up from the bed, dressing and going downstairs. He snatches his keys off the hall table, walks through to the laundry and into the garage.

EXT - THE DRIVE TO LOWESWATER - LATER IN DARKNESS

Greg's Landrover skirts Buttermere and Crummock Water before stopping in Loweswater. He parks, walks past his father's cottage to the lane and begins the descent to Dub Beck. Almost immediately footsteps fall in behind him.

The voice that drifts to him in the darkness is hoarse but menacing.

STRANGER

Don't turn round. There's a 9mm pistol pointed at your back. Don't speak until I tell you. Nod that you understand.

Greg nods. As he walks, the dark, blurred form comes nearer with each step. When the man is close behind, he speaks again.

STRANGER

(continuing)

Good. Do as you're told and you're in no danger. Has the fat PI quit as ordered?

GREG TREVANE

Yes.

STRANGER

I almost had to kill him a long time ago. He was creating problems for a friend of mine. A story for another time, Greg. Let's get to the subject you're most interested in, namely, Jean. She's alive and in fine fettle. I give you my word on that.

(more)

STRANGER (cont'd)

Sadly for you, she will not be coming home ever but that shouldn't worry you. She told my employer over coffee that her marriage had failed and she was in the act of leaving anyway.

GREG TREVANE

How much will it take to get her back safely?

STRANGER

You're not listening. She's not coming home to you. And there is the fact that my employer doesn't need the scrapings that you're capable of gathering together. Let's move on. I see Mr Plod has moved Marcus Simmister to a more secure location. Believe me, if I wanted him badly enough, I could get him, but I know for a fact he's ga-ga.

Greg stops as does the man behind him. He keeps looking ahead.

GREG TREVANE

I failed her, I know that. I won't fail her again. She's being held against her will and I won't stop until I find her or I'm dead.

The man nudges Greg with the barrel of his gun and Greg commences walking again.

GREG TREVANE

(continuing)

I just can't grasp why she is so important to you people.

STRANGER

As I understand it, the base character is unimportant. Her intellect and physical make-up are. She'll survive albeit as a new person.

GREG TREVANE

So forty-odd woman were murdered before you found the one that fitted your specifications.

STRANGER

Not at all. The introductory drugs killed some before the doses were perfected. Others lost their minds and I had to dispose of them; humanely, of course.

Greg glances back to see the gleam of white teeth before a tap on the back of his head makes him face front again.

STRANGER

(continuing)

Your ex-wife is in sterling health, loves her accommodation and does not remember a single thing about her former life. Out of compassion, if my employer lets you talk with the new woman by phone, will you drop your search.

GREG TREVANE

How will I know its my wife.

STRANGER

While you'll be talking to a stranger, I'm sure you'll recognize her voice.

GREG TREVANE

I'm sorry, but I can't do it. If I can't talk to the wife who knows who she is, then you can forget it. If you don't shoot me now I'll keep hunting until I find her.

Greg spins around to find the lane deserted. He stands looking back from where he had walked as darkness shrouds him.

INT. TREVANE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Greg and DS Wynters are in the act of sitting down in the parlour. When they are seated, Wynters begins gravely.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

We believe Sam Hamilton was employed by you in the hope of tracing your wife?

GREG TREVANE

Hired my father, not me.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Oh. Sorry about that. But he was working on your case; correct?

GREG TREVANE

Up until two days ago, yes. No offence, but he was making more progress than your task force.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Why did he pull the pin?

GREG TREVANE

He had a late night visitor who threatened him with physical harm. What are you leading up to, Mr Wynters?

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

He was murdered in his bed last night, as was his wife.

GREG TREVANE

Oh, Sweet Jesus.

Greg lowers his head into his hands, rubs his face and looks back to the detective.

GREG TREVANE

(continuing)

How...?

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Confidential at present. I'm here to ask if you've been threatened? And to arrange protection if you have.

GREG TREVANE

No, I haven't. The last time I spoke to Sam he said he was sending his whole file to you people in Liverpool.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Yes, we received it this morning. We're looking it over carefully and tying his information to what we already have.

GREG TREVANE

I just can't believe that someone would do that.

(more)

GREG TREVANE (cont'd)

What about Simmister? He'd have to be on the list of those in danger.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

He's well hidden and the good news there is that he's making a small amount of progress. Mr Hamilton must have made some important progress himself, perhaps a discovery that threatened the person responsible for your wife's kidnapping. Did he send you anything or did he mention any names when you last talked with him.

GREG TREVANE

Not a thing. He just called to say his wife had threatened to leave if he didn't resign from the case.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Okay, Mr Trevane, that's all for now. Change your locks and your pin if you have electronic security. This killer walked straight past a four number pin at the Hamilton's place so he uses sophisticated gadgetry. Last thing. You have our email address so be a good chap and type up as much as you can remember of your conversation with Mr Hamilton. Thanks for your time.

Wynters rises and Greg sees him to the front door. He comes inside and climbs the stairs into the master bedroom. On the bed there is a buff envelope. The camera moves in to show the sender as Sam Hamilton. Greg sits down, looking out the window for a moment before opening the package.

INT - FENHURST MANOR DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON.

Jean is sitting on a dining chair while David is on the couch facing her. He is removing a hypodermic from her thigh. He smiles encouragingly. Off to their side, sitting on a stand is a cello.

DAVID

What is your name?

Jean turns her head slowly and looks out of the window. David waits a moment before tapping her face.

DAVID

(continuing)

Look at me. If you get these questions correct, you may walk in the garden later.

Jean turns to him slowly.

JEAN TREVANE

Mother.

He releases an exasperated sigh.

DAVID

Yes, yes, we're beyond that now. What is your name. Come on, Mother, what is your name?

He grips her arm and shakes her. Jean looks back to the window as David reaches for his fathers riding crop.

JEAN TREVANE

Marrah, my name is Marrah.

He jumps up and jigs around the room. He returns to sit before her with a smile on his face.

DAVID

Seven weeks, Mother, seven weeks and you've come so far. The drugs are all but over. You are having a long and soothing, warm bath tonight. And guess what? I've insulated your side padding this morning and installed a more efficient heater.

David's jaw drops when she speaks a whole sentence coherently.

JEAN TREVANE

Why can't I sleep in the large bed near where I bathe?

He takes her face in his hands.

DAVID

I fully appreciate you don't inhabit the best of places and now that I see your mind is beginning to function logically again, I'll be honest with you at all times. You will have a bed soon but you must sleep below for two reasons. The first is in case we have uninvited guests, like the police. The second is more complicated. It has to do with ridding your system of narcotics and reaching beyond consciousness. Non-drug isolation is the next phase. You, my dear, are a mental giant when compared to the failures sleeping below.

Jean looks at the cello.

JEAN TREVANE

I think I played this beautiful thing long, long ago. Rodney took it away.

David stares in utter surprize.

DAVID

Do...do you...think you can remember how to play?

He lifts the cello and Jean moves forward on the chair to accept its bulk. She closes her eyes and caresses the instrument. Her fingers are positioned correctly on the bow.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mother, be so careful. You are holding a 1714 made Stradivarius from the Cremonese workshop. Not the Ex-Prince Gursky but almost as good.

Jean sets the bow to the strings and draws. The note is pure and the second note is associated, then the third. A tear drops down her cheek and, remarkably, there is water in David's eyes. The fourth note is scratchy and unassociated. Jean tuts and withdraws the bow.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mother, I think I need you to listen to organized music.

(more)

DAVID (cont'd)

You've exceeded my greatest expectations today but I think twenty minutes of Adagio Molto e Cantabile will let you hear the necessary progressions that are not quite awakened yet in there.

He taps her head gently then takes the cello from her and sets it reverently on the stand. They leave the room.

INT - TREVANE HOUSE - BREAKFAST

Mick Trevane is in the act of carrying two plates of breakfast to the kitchen table. Greg is pouring tea and appears sullen.

MICK TREVANE

It's been nearly a week since Sam's death. Is it still on your mind?

GREG TREVANE

Stupid question. Of course it is, but that's not entirely what's bothering me.

MICK TREVANE

Well, spit it out, Boy.

GREG TREVANE

Don't call me boy. You know how much I detest that.

MICK TREVANE

Son, then.

GREG TREVANE

Try Greg. It's too late for endearing names.

MICK TREVANE

Stop actin' like a spoiled brat. What's the cob-on in aid of?

GREG TREVANE

The day they told me about Sam, I received the report that I thought would've been sent to you. He included a copy of the file he kept when he investigated Quentin.

MICK TREVANE

And?

Greg rises from the table and leaves the room for a moment. He returns with the buff envelope in his hand. He hands Mick the report on Jean's disappearance and keeps a stapled document himself. He waves it in the air as he speaks.

GREG TREVANE

This here report, concerning Quentin, would be grounds for slander if it fell into the wrong hands.

MICK TREVANE

What's it say?

GREG TREVANE

Its based on not much more than gut feeling. Apparently the Fenhursts hire contract staff from time to time to do work in the house and in the gardens. A contract cleaner claims she heard a woman scream at one stage but couldn't be 100% sure. Following on from that, he goes on to say that the degrees are undoubtedly genuine but before Quentin left university Sam couldn't find any record of a Quentin Edward Deressell. The only name he uncovered, after cross-referencing the university time and the subjects, was an Edward Kessler, an Austrian student on a scholarship. Sam wrote that Quentin's birth address is registered as Fenhurst Manor so he makes the assumption that Marrah Fenhurst is the professor's birth mother. He asks, why the change of name?

Greg looks down and turns a page.

GREG TREVANE

(continuing)

This part is probably the most interesting. Marrah Fenhurst went missing in the early fifties and was never found. Her mother-in-law went missing around the same time.

(more)

GREG TREVANE (cont'd)

She, too, was never located. The police at the time could find nothing to pin on Rodney Fenhurst.

MICK TREVANE

That report may have nothing to do with Jean but, you've got to admit, it's bloody strange.

GREG TREVANE

Strange as it may be, the disappearance seems to have occurred before Quentin was born, so my question is, and it should've been obvious to every man and his dog to ask this, where did Quentin come from? Was he adopted by Rodney? Why? He had David. When did Quentin arrive on the scene?

MICK TREVANE

I take it Rodney's long dead so we can't ask him.

GREG TREVANE

Another strange happening. Rodney was murdered by burglars in 1963, according to Sam's report. David was away at boarding school and the house was empty except for Rodney.

MICK TREVANE

And you still maintain there's no smell from all this?

GREG TREVANE

I'm maintaining it doesn't tie Quentin to Jean's abduction.

MICK TREVANE

Are you goin' to hand that report to the police?

GREG TREVANE

I'd imagine there's a copy of this buried somewhere in Scotland Yard. Let them plod along. We'll look into this ourselves.

MICK TREVANE

Dangerous game, considering we  
have a maniac on the loose.

GREG TREVANE

Yes. And I've met him.

Mick rises suddenly from the table slopping tea on it.

MICK TREVANE

What!

INT - FENHURST PARLOUR - EVENING.

Quentin enters as David is stoking the fire.

DAVID

Welcome home, Brother, how was the  
tour of the north-east?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

The lectures went off without a  
hitch but the weather, as you'd  
expect from that area, was wet and  
miserable.

Quentin sits down before the fire and David remains standing.  
Jean shuffles in studiously balancing a cup and saucer. She  
proffers it to Quentin who has a surprized look on his face.  
Her deadpan look is almost gone.

DAVID

In your month away, there have  
been astounding developments. As  
you will witness in a moment,  
Mother has progressed beyond my  
wildest imaginings.

Jean sits down and looks into the fire. Her hair shines and  
her clothes are those that were once worn by Marrah.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

It irks me to say this, David, but  
there is something of a  
resemblance to the old photographs  
of Marrah. That doesn't stop me  
feeling a tinge of pity for Greg  
Trevane.

DAVID

He will survive and eventually move on with his life. Put him aside, Brother, and look around the room.

Quentin immediately sees the cello sitting in a corner.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Why is that out of the safe. Is this poor woman going to scratch out a few notes for us on a two million pound treasure?

Jean speaks clearly and concisely without turning her head.

JEAN TREVANE

Edward, you're being cynical. Would you like to hear something?

Quentin sits immobile. He nods his head numbly. Jean rises and walks to the corner, lifts the cello and positions herself on a piano stool. She raises the bow and begins to play. The notes are pure and classical and the two men listen for ten minutes until she stops.

JEAN TREVANE

(continuing)

Fredrik, may I use your music player to listen again to this piece. It's been so long and the sequence is hazy.

David swings his arm in a be-my-guest motion. Jean departs.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

That was part of the Allegro from 9.

DAVID

With minor variations here and there. What do you think?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I think it's bloody astounding that she can even bow the instrument.

David laughs.

DAVID

It took half a dozen beginners music books for her to grasp note making and progressions. She practically swallowed it up. I don't want to be over-confidant, Brother, but I think I may've succeeded. In six months she will be Marrah.

Quentin rises, as he drains his cup.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Tread carefully, Brother. I appreciate you're using the sarcophagus as an isolation tank and sensory deprivation technique. 1954 is long gone as is that mind control technique. If I recall, there was another theory, where your type of long term deprivation opened a part of the mind that has lain dormant in homo erectus for a million years. A theory, as I said.

DAVID

And a nonsense theory. I'm moulding not regressing the woman.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

The greatest battle she will fight arises from your method. That is schizophrenia.

DAVID

There's a little bit of that is us all, Brother. When is Trevane coming to dinner?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

On Saturday evening. I've hired two maids from the service in Carlisle and the foods coming up from Keswick. Make sure-

DAVID

She'll be below, Brother, don't fret.

INT - DINNER AT THE MANOR - LATE EVENING.

Greg's vehicle follows the narrow roads north. The car turns into an almost hidden entry to the estate. The single, cinder track driveway contains numerous ruts and holes. The car makes its way up rising ground between tall conifers and over low fells before a small valley sweeps out before it in the gathering gloom. Beyond the car the brooding front facade of the Fenhurst monolith sits 75 feet above the valley floor. The narrow lane splits as it rises up the slope. The open garden land within 100 feet of the house is well tended. At the front of the house is a pebbled square at the base of five wide limestone steps. The steps rise up to an entry portico framed by four Corinthian columns, complete with Doric capitals. Greg, Mick and Andy Chipple climb the steps. Mick speaks softly as Greg raps the brass knocker against the door.

MICK TREVANE

Intimidating and ugly. I hope someone shot the architect. The setting would be nice in Summer, though.

As the door swings inwards, light spills out on the three men. A young woman in a black and white maid greets them.

MAID 1

Good evening, Gentlemen, please come in. The coat stand is just there.

The guests enter the great mosaic tiled entry hall and stop to stare. The open hallway rises three stories above the men to a domed skylight. Frost obscures the gloomy sky. The place is mutely lit and, under the hanging and wall mounted lights, the globes waver in intensity. Mick talks softly.

MICK TREVANE

Generator.

The three men are led down one of the passages past dark panelled walls.

MICK TREVANE

(continuing; in a murmur.)

She's here, Boy. Somewhere in this hellhole. I feel it.

GREG TREVANE

How many times have I told you not to ca-

Quentin strides from a nearby room and interrupts Greg. He comes forward to greet them, hand out.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 Gregory of Ambleside and his  
 entourage. Mr Trevane, Mick, nice  
 to meet you again, Sir, under more  
 sociable circumstances. And  
 Constable Chipple, of course.

Quentin shakes their hands.

ANDY CHIPPLE  
 Call me Andy, Sir.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 Done deal, Andy. Let's away to the  
 parlour and some heat.

He leads them into a spacious room where armchairs are arranged before a roaring fire in the great fireplace.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 (continuing)  
 Drinks, Gentlemen?

Whiskeys are the order of the day. Quentin walks to the door and rings a small bell. A maid serves them drinks from a trolley.

GREG TREVANE  
 This is an imposing place, Quentin.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 In truth, young man, it is  
 seriously run down. The land,  
 apart from the front garden, is  
 wild, and we like it that way.  
 Inside, we keep the areas we use  
 clean and habitable but the rest  
 is slowly rotting away.

Heads turn as a deep voice speaks from the doorway.

DAVID  
 Very eloquently put, Brother.

Quentin stands, followed by the three guests.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
 Gentlemen, meet my brother, David.  
 David this is Andy, Mick and my  
 friend, Greg.

They shake hands.

DAVID

Greg, my brother has told me a lot about you. First let me express my deepest sympathy at the loss...sorry, the disappearance of your good lady.

GREG TREVANE

Thankyou, David, I appreciate it.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I was genuinely shocked and saddened to hear about Sam Hamilton. We may have had our differences but I would never have wished harm come to him or his wife. Terrible business.

DAVID

Any form of policing, either private or public, is dangerous. Is that not an accurate assumption, Constable?

ANDY CHIPPLE

Fairly. I don't think death was on Sam's mind, though.

INT - THE STUDY - AFTER DINNER

David stands from the dinner table.

DAVID

Gentlemen, let us show you our pride and joy and my mother's first love.

He guides the three visitors along another passage to the study. Quentin remains behind at the table.

The furniture is covered in dust. David slides a wall panel aside to reveal a door sized stainless steel safe. He spins the combination, enters and carries out a cello case. He opens the case and delicately removes the instrument. He stands it upright. He addresses the visitors with pride.

DAVID

(continuing)

This is a two million pound Stradivarius dating from the early 18th century. Very few will see something like this in their lives, let alone play it.

Greg, nearest to the instrument, leans closer. A long, dark strand of hair is caught in a string key. David looks down and spots what Greg has noticed. He pulls the hair strand free.

DAVID

(continuing)

Occasionally I play. In memory of my mother. The bow is horse hair, usually bleached but not always. These stray strands are a bloody nuisance.

INT - DOWN IN THE CRYPT - AT THE SAME TIME

Jean Trevane lies 150 feet from her husband's side. She lies in the close, warm confines of her sarcophagus. Her eyes are closed, her breathing is shallow.

*In her mind. At first black, then a grey mist, and out of the mist a face materialises. The eyes regard her and the mouth fashions a warm smile.*

MARRAH FENHURST

*You and I are one now, Child, you have crossed the abyss. Fredrik will never take me home but you will. You will carry me to the light and bear me across Zealand to my home. First, we have things to do, plans to make and action to take so that all can be put to right. And all these other poor souls must go home.*

Inside the coffin Jean's eyes pop open. The camera follows as she swivels the lid and climbs down to the floor. She finds David's record player on the tattered bed sitting on a sheet of plastic. An electrical chord snakes across the floor and up the steps. She places a record on the old machine and watches in fascination as the disc drops and the arm jerks across to settle gently in place. The undulating current from the generator affects the consistent flow of notes and tonal quality of the music.

40 MINUTES LATER - JEAN DANCING MERRILY.

She is dancing to The Trout and Who is Sylvia. Jean is dressed in woolen pyjamas and Marrah's long moth-eaten fur coat. She wanders around the massive space moving her arms gracefully in time with the music. She moves as far as the end wall as she often does and pushes at the large stone as she often does.

She returns to the bed. She commences bowing an invisible instrument in time to the music. She stops and looks back at the huge stone, frowning. She stops bowing when the music finishes and returns to her coffin. She settles down in the warmth with a small sigh and closes her eyes.

*The woman's face returns in her mind's eye.*

MARRAH FENHURST

*You are doing all the things I did, Little One, I am moving with you and in you. I am the strength and the music; you are the saviour. We are almost one. You have to come to me. Another cello waits beyond the stone. Together we must move the stone and you will come down to me. I will play with your fingers before we reach for the light.*

Back inside the coffin, a resolute smile ghosts across her face.

INT - FENHURST PARLOUR - AFTER DINNER

The men are back seated before the fire.

GREG TREVANE

May I use your bathroom?

David stands immediately.

DAVID

Come, you can use the small bathroom off the laundry. I'll guide you rather than try to give you directions. If you were to get lost and never found we may have to suffer the accusations and inuendo that have plagued this house for 50 years.

David leads Greg across the hall and through a modernly appointed kitchen, down a few steps and into the laundry where a narrow door leads to a bathroom. David looks at Greg, waves him in and walks off.

Greg is at the toilet bowl relieving himself when he raises his head. The muted soft sound of classical music can be heard. He finishes, washes his hands but, instead of returning, he opens the external door and steps onto a narrow porch. He walks down some steps into a drying courtyard, crosses to a gate and walks into the open. The music still sounds distant in the frigid night. He walks. At 250 feet from the house, standing at the top of a mound, the music still sounds faintly but clearly. He is trying to gauge the direction when David's voice cuts through the air.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mr Trevane, what are you doing out here?

GREG TREVANE

I can hear music and I'm intrigued as to where it originates.

David walks easily up the mound to stand beside him.

DAVID

Ghost music is what we call it. You could walk another 500 feet and the volume will not waver. A trick of the fells. We think it drifts across Bassenthwaite Lake and up through the valley, possibly from Keswick.

GREG TREVANE

Strange occurrence.

Greg looks around, listening. David moves closer.

DAVID

I know you have doubts about us because of our history but my brother likes you. We don't make friends or acquaintances for that exact reason, doubt, so you should feel honoured. Don't shit on a genuine pal. For myself, I don't, in all honesty, give a flying fuck about you, your friends or your missing wife.

(more)

DAVID (cont'd)

You have been permitted to break  
bread with us because I am duty  
bound to my younger sibling and he  
requested it.

David strides off.

INT - LATER - STUDY AND PARLOUR

Quentin enters the house and immediately hears the haunting cello. He stops for a few moments to listen, shaking his head in wonderment. He closes the front door quietly and walks to the study. He stands by the door. Jean is alone. The room is frigid and Quentin can see her breath condensing in the cold air. He walks to her side and kneels down, looking up into her eyes.

JEAN TREVANE

Is this playing upsetting you,  
Edward?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

N...no. It's beautiful, Mother,  
but would it not be more  
comfortable in the warmth of the  
drawing room?

Jean stands and places the cello in the case before lifting her stool and walking off. She returns and retrieves the cello and bow. Quentin follows her into the warmer room. She makes herself comfortable and raises the bow to the strings. Before she can start, David strides into the room.

DAVID

Put that fucking thing away and  
get down below!

Jean ignores him and draws the bow across the strings. David strides across the room and slaps her hard on the back of the head.

DAVID

(continuing)

Are you fucking deaf, Mole! Put  
the fucker away!

Jean sets the instrument gently on the carpet and rises to face David. In the firelight there is a difference reflected in her features. She speaks with an accent.

JEAN TREVANE

Fredrik, what happened to you. You were such a sweet child. What did they do to that innocent little boy? Rodney and his sick friends?

David and Quentin look at each other with shock mirrored on each face. When David speaks, his voice is gentle and apologetic.

DAVID

Mother, I'm so sorry. I've had a stressful evening. Please forgive me.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Mother, where did you uncover the name Rodney?

Jean turns to look at and address Quentin.

JEAN TREVANE

Edward, how could I not remember the name of the animal who imprisoned me in my dark domain. I am not a Fenhurst. I am proudly a Hrrogorth.

DAVID

Again, I am truly sorry. It will never happen again. I give you my word. Now, Edward and I need to talk. Could I ask you to set your cello aside for a moment and make us some coffee?

Jean chuckles softly.

JEAN TREVANE

Of course. You see, Fredrik, how it is better to ask nicely. Leave the violence and ignorance to the Nazi bullies your father mixed with.

Jean carefully cases the cello and departs. David slumps into an armchair beside his brother.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

She has found something; a diary or notes; some record of what went on when we were boys.

DAVID

All records of that time lie  
beneath Marrah's body and this one  
could never move the stone.  
Nowadays I have to use a crowbar  
to lever it myself.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I am not going to accept that  
there is something supernatural  
going on here. She has found  
something and is giving you a  
taste of your own medicine.

DAVID

No, no, Brother. It was the light  
chuckle. You wouldn't remember it  
but I do. When I went down to  
visit her, it was almost her  
calling card.

Jean returns with the coffee.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mother, where did you discover the  
name Fredrik?

Jean looks at him blankly and then at Quentin. The confusion  
in her face is real.

DAVID

(continuing)

Mother, you're not in trouble. In  
fact, the reverse, but we would  
like to know if you read our  
names, Fredrik and Edward,  
somewhere in the house.

Jean's face now shows a hint of fear and she remains  
motionless.

JEAN TREVANE

I would like to go down now,  
please.

Quentin takes the tray as David rises and accompanies her to  
the cloakroom and below. When she is positioned he is about  
to ask her the same question when she speaks.

JEAN TREVANE  
(continuing)

If you ever strike me again, not only will I strike back but I will make sure this poor child does not survive her ordeal. Now close the lid.

Numbly he does her bidding before wandering back to the parlour.

QUENTIN DERESSELL  
You look strange, David.

David looks into the flames.

DAVID  
I have a nagging suspicion I may have reached beyond the stage of controlling Jean Trevane.

INT. - TREVANE HOUSE - LATE.

The three men are seated at the table with mugs in front of them. They are in conversation.

ANDY CHIPPLE  
Can't see music travelling all the way from Keswick up to the manor, Mate.

GREG TREVANE  
Then the house is the only other place it could've come from.

MICK TREVANE  
Not necessarily. That country up there is dotted with abandoned graphite workings. They're all sealed now but the sound could've been coming up through a vent hole. It could be a mineshaft that's sealed but accessible from somewhere else, like the basement of the manor.

GREG TREVANE  
I think we're grasping at straws to find reasons why the brothers are guilty.

ANDY CHIPPLE

I saw the hair as soon as he  
lifted the instrument.

GREG TREVANE

Again, you cant arrest somebody on  
the strength of a dark strand.

MICK TREVANE

Course you can. DNA, Bo...Greg.

ANDY CHIPPLE

The law would disagree with the  
taking of it without a legal  
search warrant.

GREG TREVANE

It's a moot point now. I think  
we're making too much of this  
because David's a proper asshole.

MICK TREVANE

I have an idea which Constable  
Chipple may not want to hear.

Andy looks at Mick, then to Greg. He smiles and stands.

ANDY CHIPPLE

It's past my bedtime anyway.  
Whatever this idea is, don't get  
yourselves in trouble with the  
law. I'll see myself out.

He walks out of the kitchen after 'goodnights'.

GREG TREVANE

Well, Mick, spit it out.

MICK TREVANE

It's simple. North of the house  
there's high ground and a few  
trees and bushes. We take night  
about watching the windows. If  
she's in there I bet we'll see  
some evidence. A female shadow  
crossing a window or her walking  
outside for some reason. Maybe the  
brothers doing suspicious things.  
I'm not sure.

GREG TREVANE

I can't believe I'm saying this  
but I think you're right.

(more)

GREG TREVANE (cont'd)

All our evidence is circumstantial at best, as the police would say, but I called Dhalim yesterday and he was non-committal. All he'd say was that the investigation was progressing. Progressing my ass.

While Greg is speaking, Mick opens Hamilton's report which is lying on the table. He flips through and comes to a page. He jabs his finger at it.

MICK TREVANE

I read this twice yesterday. Now, it came back to mind after you mentioned the classical music. Sam's contact at the Yard said the first three women taken were professional musicians of little note; and that's not a pun. Here's the bit that came to my mind earlier. The first woman, abducted in 1984, was a Cornwall based cello player. Marrah Fenhurst was a gifted cello player according to this report and David even showed us her instrument tonight. How the bloody hell has this been missed?

GREG TREVANE

Wear thermals and three layers of clothing, one waterproof. Take a thermos of tea, some sarnies and binoculars. Maybe a hunting rifle might be good.

MICK TREVANE

Comedy was never your strong point. If I don't phone you with some startling information tomorrow night, I'll be here for brekkers on Monday morning, early.

INT - FENHURST MANOR - NIGHT

Jean sits, staring into the fire. David enters and sits on a facing armchair. Shadows dance on the walls from fire and candlelight.

DAVID

I require you do something that will help all of us and it must be done tonight.

JEAN TREVANE

All of us, Fredrik? Where is Edward?

DAVID

Edward is sleeping. I gave him a sedative because he's overtired.

JEAN TREVANE

What is it you would have me do?

DAVID

I want you to make a phone call. When I reach the person, I will hand you the phone and you will say, 'I am not that person anymore, Greg, please get on with your life and let me live mine'. Are you able to remember that?

JEAN TREVANE

If I can remember a page of note progressions I think I can remember a single sentence. Who is Greg?

DAVID

That is not your concern.

EXT - MICK TREVANE - AT THE SAME TIME

Mick is lying on a folded tarpaulin with field glasses to his eyes. The camera shows the house to be in almost total darkness except for dancing light in one room. A light comes on at the side of the house and two people emerge.

MICK TREVANE

(whispers.)

Oh-hoh, action.

DAVID AND JEAN - AT THE SAME TIME

They walk out of the courtyard and up the fell where Greg had stood the previous night.

JEAN TREVANE

Why must we be out in the cold,  
Fredrik?

DAVID

Because I can't get a signal  
inside on this bloody mobile thing  
Edward gave me.

He begins pressing numbers and holds the phone to his ear.

DAVID

(continuing)  
That's better. It's ringing.

MICK TREVANE - AT THE SAME TIME

Mick raises the glasses and focusses on the two people on the  
fell 200 feet away below. The female turns.

MICK TREVANE

Sweet Jesus above, we were right.

He fumbles in his parka and pulls out a mobile phone he  
presses quick call. He gets the engaged signal.

MICK TREVANE

(continuing)  
Fuck, Greg, who're you calling at  
midnight.

He keeps trying.

DAVID AND JEAN - AT THE SAME TIME

David lowers his voice to little more than a whisper as he  
talks into the phone.

DAVID

As promised by my employee, Greg,  
your wife will address you now.  
You will not speak to her. She  
will give you one sentence and  
that will be that. When she is  
finished I want you to give up  
your search. Neither of us want  
anyone else to die because of your  
pig-headedness.

David hands the phone to Jean.

JEAN TREVANE

Hello. Jean is sleeping inside me.  
Maybe one day she will come home  
but I ne-

David snatches the phone away angrily.

DAVID

Trevane, ignore that outburst.  
What she meant to say is that she  
is not that person anymore and you  
should get on with your life.

He clicks the phone off, drops it on the ground and damages  
it beyond repair.

MICK TREVANE - AROUND THE SAME MOMENT.

The phone rings at last but before it is answered it is  
snatched away. Mick rolls over. A tall, hooded figure stands  
above him. In the shadow of the trees he can't make out the  
face. The voice is gruff.

STRANGER

Do you know who I am?

MICK TREVANE

At a guess, the person who killed  
Sam Hamilton and his wife and  
threatened my son; probably  
abducted Jean.

The hooded figure chuckles as he drops his knees onto Micks  
chest.

STRANGER

Two out of three; I'll give you a  
pass. Unfortunately, you know  
practically all by the simple act  
of seeing and recognizing the  
woman. Sam wasn't as close as you  
but he had to be stopped. Know  
what, this is the part I come  
alive for.

The blade flashes blindingly fast and blood spurts from  
Micks throat.

DAVID AND JEAN - BACK INSIDE

David takes Jean to the cloakroom and slides the panel open.

DAVID

Down you go. No cello for a week.

JEAN TREVANE

You, Fredrik, are the incarnation  
of your father.

INT - LIVERPOOL CIB - AFTERNOON

D.I. DHALIM'S OFFICE

Greg sits facing Dhalim with D.S. Wynters to one side of the desk and Andy Chipple (in uniform) to the other.

GREG TREVANE

I fully realise it was unlawful  
but it's a simple case of  
trespassing. I'm telling you, my  
father did not come home last  
night and I fear for his safety.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

You said you and your father  
concocted this theory that the  
Fenhursts are possibly guilty of  
abducting your wife. He was there  
to spy on them, correct?

GREG TREVANE

How many friggin' times have I got  
to go through this. I admit it,  
yes, we were spying on the  
brothers. Now drop that and tell  
me what you are going to do about  
finding my father.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

The form you filled out is already  
with missing persons. Were you a  
party to this collusion, Constable?

GREG TREVANE

No, he wasn't. The three of us had  
dinner with Quentin and Edward but  
Andy left before my dad and I made  
any plans.

(more)

GREG TREVANE (cont'd)

Now, I've told you everything about the night we spent there, at the manor. The music, David's attitude, the cello and how it's related to one of the missing women you're task force was set up to find. You've got my extended copy of Sam Hamilton's report.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

The best I can say at this stage is that we'll send two detectives up to the Fenhurst place to question the brothers. We'll apply to the assizes for a warrant to search their home and land, again. We certainly won't go up there with guns blazing.

GREG TREVANE

If my father doesn't show up by this evening, I certainly will.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

That would be foolish. It could ruin our chances if they are guilty and could put you behind bars.

GREG TREVANE

You people may like sitting here in your cosy offices with your thumbs up your asses but I am going to act.

Greg rises and strides to the door. Camera follows as he walks to a multi-storey carpark, then shows him arriving at his car. He starts the engine as Andy arrives and gets in.

ANDY CHIPPLE

Quentin has resigned from the task force. They also told me just then that Marcus Simmister has disappeared again. Apparently he was just beginning to recover in that nursing home in Devon or Dorset when he up and vanished.

GREG TREVANE

I'd want to fucking vanish if this lot were guarding me.

INT - BELOW THE HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

Jean lies in a deep sleep. The soft voice speaks in her mind.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Rise up, Child. Lying in the dark corner near the stone is Fredrik's moving bar. It is time to move the stone and come to me. I wait below in the dimness of my prison.*

Jean's eyes open. She swivels the lid and manoeuvres herself onto the two-step ladder. She steps into Marrah's walking shoes and dons the old fur coat before walking into the shadows at the back of the cavern. She finds the long levering crowbar and moves to where the stone blocks the opening to the tunnel. A groove has been worn in the rock surface from years of moving the stone. She slides the bar along the groove as far under the stone as it will go. Her face reflects nervousness but, for the first time, the voice speaks to her beyond sleep.

MARRAH FENHURST

*Child, relax for a moment. Such a thing as nerves will drain strength.*

Jean waits a moment then tests the resistance in the bar. She sighs resignedly.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Think like this, Child, this is not only your strength. We are two, and now one as Fredrik believes. Together we will open Hell's gateway. Now, I am here and both our hands are together on the steel. Feel my hands on yours, feel my added strength.*

The stone begins to roll and leaves a gap wide enough for Jean to squeeze through.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Well done. Now, quickly, come to me. Beware of the opening.*

Jean uses touch in the pitch blackness. As the tunnel becomes higher, she can run her hands along the wall. She sees the muted light outlining the hole. Jean descends the ladder into a golden light cast by a few incandescent globes.

Her eyes light immediately on the cello case leaning against the sarcophagus. She crosses the uneven floor and lays her hand on the cello case.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Lay the case down and take the instrument out. This was my concert instrument. It is pure, not like the nazi gift you play upstairs. We will play together for a while. My spirit will guide your beautiful hands.*

Jean lays the case down and removes the cello. She wipes the old strings with her coat before finding a small outcropping of rock. She sits and positions the instrument. It takes her but a few moments to tune up then music issues from beneath her fingers.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Ahh, the Proem to Carl August Neilsen's Maskarade. I am crying as we play, Child. This is my most favoured piece. For reasons only he knows, God has treated you poorly but he has sent you to me, and together we will do what has to be done. Oh, My Dear One, I am flying over Eric's land. Our hands are taking me home for a short while. Today, we are two who have become one, Jean Chambers. You and I, we are one forever.*

When Jean stops playing, Marrah speaks again.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Come to me now, Child.*

Jean sets the cello back in the case. She forces the heavy stone lid to one side. Through Jean's eyes a strikingly beautiful woman lies in peaceful repose, eyes closed to the intrusion of the small world her body occupies.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Push the lid completely away and roll the body on one side. Beneath the shroud you will find some papers.*

(more)

MARRAH FENHURST (cont'd)

*Take them when you leave for you  
will not be down here for a while.*

Jean pushes the lid so that it overbalances and one end drops to the floor while the other leans against the coffin. She moves the body and takes the thick wad of tightly wrapped documents. Gently, she repositions the body.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*Well done, Child. Now together, we  
will lift the top back into  
position.*

With great effort, Jean replaces the lid. She places the cello case as it was when she arrived. She looks around to locate the ladder and sees another tunnel entrance in the man-made cave. Her own curiosity forces her to investigate. As the camera follows she enters the tunnel. With borrowed light from the cave she can make out columns and beams. It is a mine excavation tunnel with a short length of narrow gauge railway at its centre. Any glow from the light runs out after 75 feet and there she stumbles on Herman's massive bones, picked clean by rats and time. The front part of the skull has been smashed.

MARRAH FENHURST

(continuing)

*He paid the price of loyalty to a  
despot, although he was not an  
evil person himself. He ended his  
stay in the world as rat fodder.  
Do not venture into the dark. The  
other evil that dwells in the  
house above has left some of his  
handiwork there. Now, take the  
package and go up. You will know  
what to do when the time comes.*

Jean walks to the ladder.

EXT - NORTH-EAST ZEALAND - THE HRROGORTH HOUSE

In a room an old man is talking to his daughter.

OLD MAN

*In all my life, nothing  
supernatural has happened to me.  
Never have I seen a ghost or a  
spaceship or anything else.*

(more)

OLD MAN (cont'd)

I have witnessed the natural world and the ordinary occurrences around me. Lately, that has changed, and it worries me. I have this recurring dream and I am sure the promises in the dream will come true. I worry that I am going senile.

DAUGHTER

Poppa, you're 82 years old. It's normal for the mind to wander when it is so full of memories. Age allows you that privelege, but because you've had a life of hard work, that activity and stimuli will guarantee you will never be senile.

OLD MAN

In my dream, I'm in a dark, dark place and a voice calls me from the deepest shadow. It's the angelic voice of my long lost sister Marrah. She tells me not to be frightened and I relax. She was a great musician until she met the devil himself. We know he took her life away, but it was impossible to prove.

DAUGHTER

We, the whole family, know the story well. What happens in your dream?

OLD MAN

She speaks out of the shadows and tells me she will be carried up to the light and her saviour will bring her home to Denmark, to the land of Eric the Bluetooth. I am to watch for her return. And then I see the sun shining into this very room and it glints off silver. I'm not sure what that means but I am sure she will come home before I go to be with your mother.

DAUGHTER

You are as strong and healthy as a Viking warrior. You have a few years to go. Aunt Marrah was a very beautiful woman and I know it broke many hearts when she disappeared but, Poppa, don't spend these final years taking your dreams too seriously. You have children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to fill your life.

EXT - FENHURST MANOR - MORNING

FORECOURT

Greg jumps from his Landrover and bounds up the steps. He bangs the knocker on the door in a continuous movement until David opens.

DAVID

What in hell...

GREG TREVANE

Where is my father, you fuck?

DAVID

What are you talking about.

Greg pushes David aside and walks into the hall, shouting.

GREG TREVANE

Mick! Dad! It's Greg!

DAVID

Shout all day, Trevane. I don't have your daddy. Why would you think that...ah, wait, you think we took your wife. Correct?

Greg swings around and gets right into David's space.

GREG TREVANE

I don't think. I know. And the police know. Mick was on your estate on Sunday night and he found something out that has put him in mortal danger.

(more)

GREG TREVANE (cont'd)

A warrant will be served today and I'm certain something will be found this time. If the authorities don't find it, I will.

David laughs and Greg punches him hard in the head. David reels back but keeps his feet. He wipes blood at his nose.

DAVID

That was a mistake, Trevane. Now you'll be the one in trouble with the law. You witnessed the assault, Brother?

Greg swings around to see Quentin standing at the parlour door.

GREG TREVANE

Ah, yes, the true friend. You're a complete fucking disappointment. Because I walk the Lake District, you inveigled your way into my life and the police investigation to keep tabs on the gathering of information. You'll both go down for this, that's a promise.

DAVID

Trevane, I advise you to leave and let the police handle whatever complaints you have.

GREG TREVANE

I'll leave the house but I'm going to walk your land. Try to stop me; I'd love that.

Greg storms out, jumps in his car and drives away.

EXT - ON THE FELLS - AT THE SAME TIME

Jean Trevane stands looking far down below to the manor. She appears confused. She turns and runs down the opposite side of the steep slope and keeps running.

ON AN ADJACENT FELL - AT THE SAME TIME.

A man wanders aimlessly along the ridge looking around. A knife is tucked in his belt.

He sees Jean running in the distance and starts off after her.

JEAN - AT THE SAME TIME

She stumbles and rolls down the slope before coming to a stop in the long winter grass. She sees the man approaching and tries to rise. He calls her name.

MAN

Jean! Jean Chambers!

Jean runs out of energy and plops down on the wet ground. The man walks to her. He is almost breathless, sodden and bedraggled. He sits down.

MAN

(continuing)

I remembered enough to find this place. I remember you and your name from a dream I had recently. I'm told my name was Marcus Simmister.

Jean looks at him with a frightened expression.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

(speaking softly.)

Don't be frightened, Jean, I wouldn't hurt you. I've come here to find the men who hurt all those souls below.

INT. - FENHURST MANOR LATER

David storms into the parlour. Quentin rises and addresses him.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

What did you do to Mick Trevane?

DAVID

That is unimportant right now, but I did not touch the man. Jean Trevane is gone. She was below in her coffin and now she's gone. The stone to the lower cavern has been moved, the lid was partly off Marrah's sarcophagus and the family papers are gone as well. I searched the whole of the lower chambers and she's not there.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I'd like to say she duped us,  
David, but I don't think that's  
the whole story. What now?

DAVID

I need to send someone out on the  
fells to find her before she gets  
off our land. Brother, sit and  
close your eyes for a moment.

Quentin looks confused but does as bidden. David puts his arm  
around Quentins shoulders while producing a hypodermic. He  
pushes it into Quentin's upper arm and holds his brother  
still while he pushes the plunger. Quentin struggles to his  
feet.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

What in hell's name have you done  
to me.

David sits back.

DAVID

When I need my employee I usually  
slip something into your pre-  
bedtime drink but circumstances  
dictate that I am in need of a  
daytime presence. You are the man  
with two brains and two  
characters. I was experimenting  
with the drugs early in the piece  
and injected you. I found Theodore  
almost by accident. You, dear  
Brother, are my killing machine.

Quentin is shaking his head. He collapses onto the couch and  
rolls into a ball as subtle physical changes take place. When  
he straightens, his face is more angular, he appears taller  
and his eyes are black pools.

THEODORE RUMM

I heard. What do you want me to do?

DAVID

Find the woman but don't kill her.  
If you see Trevane on your travels  
you can do what you like with him.  
Take the four wheel drive. She'll  
be in open country on our land.

THEODORE RUMM

Can I harm her?

DAVID

No broken bones or cuts. Do whatever else you like but bring her back. What happened to Mick Trevane.

Rumm smiles.

THEODORE RUMM

I cut his throat. He's visiting with Hermann now.

DAVID

I have a feeling it may be close to the time to leave this house of pain and suffering.

FADE OUT:

EXT - ON THE ESTATE - AT THE SAME TIME

Greg has parked on a side road. He is tying his hiking boots. When done, he opens the rear door to retrieve a warm jacket. There, on the seat, sits a bulky, plastic-wrapped package. He leaves it there and walks off, climbs over a low stile and onto Fenhurst land past a sign that states, 'Trespassers Prosecuted'.

He trudges off up rising ground towards the fells nearest to the manor. When he reaches the top he looks around for a typical hiding place where the house can be viewed. He walks around and between trees and bushes. The camera fades and comes back as he is still looking. Then he stops. He has found a place at the line of the scrub where the grass has been flattened. He kneels down and looks at the ground. Camera shows nothing else. He looks to the side and puts his hand under a bramble bush which he raises. There are a few remaining dark red spots not washed away by rain. It is blood.

GREG TREVANE

Oh, God. Dad, what did they do to you? Fuckers! This is over.

Greg storms down the hill and runs to his car. He roars off.

EXT - ON FENHURST LAND, LATER.

Two figures walk slowly and aimlessly along a muddy track. They are only a short distance from the manor. A four wheel drive comes bouncing along and stops below them. Theodore Rumm emerges with a wicked grin.

THEODORE RUMM

Well, fuck-a-duck, talk about two  
birds with one stone.

The dirk comes into view as Rumm walks around the vehicle.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

The man who walks in the shadows.

Jean looks completely lost and frightened. Marcus withdraws a long bladed kitchen knife from his belt. Rumm talks in his hoarse, throaty voice and smiles.

THEODORE RUMM

You know, I've killed many times,  
Marcus, but I've never had a knife  
fight. I've shot a few, choked a  
few and stabbed a few but I use  
the element of surprize. This will  
be fun.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

Run, Jean Chambers, run as fast as  
you can.

Jean needs no second bidding as she takes off up the steep slope they stand on. Rum moves to pursue her but Marcus steps into his path.

THEODORE RUMM

Well, she can wait until later  
since she's headed for the house.  
You're a kill, she's only a  
capture.

He slashes at Marcus and catches the gentler man high on the arm. Marcus yelps but drives forward. His knife goes in above the hip and Rumm screams in pain. He drops to one knee but his arm comes up as he jumps towards Marcus. The dirk enters the armpit and hits bone. Marcus falls back and runs down the slope while Rumm staggers upwards. He collapses before he reaches the top. He looks down and sees Marcus climbing the other side of the narrow valley they are in. Rumm staggers to the car, bleeding profusely, and turns it around. He heads back to the manor.

EXT - WHINLATTER PASS - AT THE SAME TIME

Greg is driving fast across Whinlatter Pass. He sees a police vehicle approaching. He flashes his lights and waves his arm out of the window before doing a 'U' turn to pull in behind the police car. He jumps out and runs to the vehicle.

It contains a uniformed driver, D.I. Dhalim and D.S. Wynters. Dhalim alights. Greg hands him the bulky package.

GREG TREVANE

This I found on my back seat after I left the manor. I would guess it belongs to the Fenhursts. I found blood up on the fell above the manor. I'll bet it's my fathers. This has got to end. They've got to be stopped.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

We're on our way there now. We were granted a search warrant for the house and grounds. Not to look for your wife, you understand, but to search for your father.

GREG TREVANE

Does it fucking matter? Find one and the rest of the case will solve itself. And I'm coming with you.

Dhalim raises a hand but Greg has already turned and is striding towards his car.

INT - FENHURST HALLWAY

Quentin stumbles through the door leaving a bloody footprint on the floor. David stands at the base of the stairs.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

What did you do to me? I remember the needle and now I've just come to in the front seat of your vehicle. I've been stabbed and I think the venal artery's been nicked. Who did this, David?

DAVID

I can only hazard a guess, Brother. Trevane is the most likely suspect.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

There's a police car coming up the drive.

DAVID

Damnation. Quick. We need to go down below.

David walks quickly to Quentin and takes him in a fireman's lift. Quentin moans loudly as David rushes off down a passage to the cloakroom.

Seconds later, a call comes from beyond the partly ajar door.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM  
Hello in there. Anyone home.

The detective pushes the front door wider and sees the bloody footprints. He signals the others inside.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM  
(continuing)  
This blood is fresh so they're round somewhere. Mr Trevane, this is police business now. Stay outside.

GREG TREVANE  
No fucking way. My father led you here and my wife is here somewhere as well, and I mean to find both of them.

Greg skirts the blood and the policemen and dashes off down a passage.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS  
At least he's not screaming at the top of his lungs, Sir.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM  
Constable, radio Liverpool and tell them I said to get a S.W.A.T. Team up here asap. Craig, we'll take a different passage. Come on.

EXT - APPROACHING THE HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Jean is supporting the wounded man. One side of his shirt is soaked in his blood. When they reach the steps he slides from her grasp and leans backwards against the stone.

MARCUS SIMMISTER  
Jea...Jean, that's a police car.

He points. The constable has seen them and comes running across the courtyard. He looks at the wound.

CONSTABLE

I'll call an ambulance to come  
from Keswick.

Marcus looks up at the facade as the constable returns to the police vehicle.

MARCUS SIMMISTER

And this is the place that fills  
my nightmares. The place to where  
I had to return to help the  
others. I heard their whispers,  
Jean, their cries.

Jean continues to look disorientated and frightened but, hesitantly, she climbs the steps. When she walks through the door into the hallway, her whole demeanour changes. She looks around and picks the study to enter. She spins the combination lock on the safe adeptly and removes the cello. When she lifts it from the case and settles on a stool with the instrument in place, a small sigh escapes her lips. She begins to bow. As she plays, the door opens slowly. Her eyes are closed. Greg stands there with tears running down his face. He has found his wife alive. Jean stops and looks around. She smiles and when she speaks it is with an accent and not quite her voice.

JEAN TREVANE

You have come for the child. You  
are the man who kept her alive  
until I blew my spirit into her.

GREG TREVANE

Yes, I've come to take her home,  
if that's okay?

JEAN TREVANE

This brave girl and I have some  
tasks to finish but you may stay  
nearby. She will need you when she  
carries me to Zealand. Once she  
leaves the house of the damned she  
will remember little of her  
ordeal. She loves you deeply. You  
must return that love because, now  
that she has given me salvation,  
I will give her a gift from heaven.

The detectives enter the study.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Jesus, your wife.

Greg smiles.

GREG TREVANE

No, not Jesus, try Jean, or at this stage, I think Marrah would suffice.

The detectives look at each other. Greg smiles as Jean puts the cello away.

GREG TREVANE

(continuing)

Doesn't matter right now. Did you find David and Quentin?

JEAN TREVANE

Do you not mean Fredrik and Edward?

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

The brothers Fenhurst, Mrs Trevane. Is there somewhere else they would hide within the house?

JEAN TREVANE

Oh, yes. Follow me and I'll show you. All the lost and sad women can go home now.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

You have my absolute word of honour on that.

Jean leads them to the cloakroom, slips the lock and the wall panel opens. She throws a switch and warns them to be careful on the steps. They descend to the lowest level. The strung lighting shows the multiple recesses holding the sarcophagi.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS

Good Lord above. They're all here. No wonder they were never found.

JEAN TREVANE

The brothers will be down one more level.

They pass by the stone which has been rolled aside. She leads them to the hole and the ladder. When they go down, Quentin lies at the base unconscious.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

Professor Deressell. He must have fallen in his haste.

JEAN TREVANE

No. Marcus stabbed him when Edward was the dark man.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS  
 You mean Marcus, as in Marcus  
 Simmister.

Jean nods.

JEAN TREVANE  
 He saved this child's life as Greg  
 has saved her by not giving up.  
 Greg, your joy will be tempered by  
 tragedy.

GREG TREVANE  
 My father is down here, isn't he?

JEAN TREVANE  
 Sadly, yes, his earthly body is  
 here but he will be at peace  
 elsewhere when this is all done.

Tears form in Greg's eyes.

David is nowhere to be seen. The coffin lid is open and when  
 the men check it, the body has been disturbed.

JEAN TREVANE  
 (continuing)  
 This is Marrah Hrrogorth. Fredrik  
 has turned the corpse looking for  
 the family documents. She will  
 never again have the name Fenhurst  
 attached to her. There is a mine  
 shaft. David may be there.

Greg stays with Jean while the detectives enter the cave.  
 They return.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM  
 There's a flue at the back of the  
 tunnel and it goes up a long way.  
 I think he's gone.

D.S. CRAIG WYNTERS  
 Mr Trevane there are bones in  
 there, human bones but also a body.

Jean puts her arm around Greg and lays her head on his  
 shoulder.

JEAN TREVANE  
 It is him. As I said, joy tempered  
 with tragedy. I will thank him for  
 his sacrifice when we meet in the  
 air.

Quentin has come to and speaks from the base of the ladder.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Ah, Dear Boy, I am so sorry. I never meant to hurt anyone. It was a coincidence that your wife was taken and I met you; I swear that. I fear I am what I treat in other people. Ironic, wouldn't you say.

He keels over again.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

Okay, let's get organized. Greg, you take your wife up top and we'll organize ambulances and the CSI people. Start getting this place cleaned out.

JEAN TREVANE

You talk as if this is so much rubbish to collect. There are souls here in torment. Respect the dead, Sir. And I will not leave until this body rests in the house of my brother. And there will be no cutting.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

I apologise profusely. No insult was meant. I should've chosen my words more carefully.

GREG TREVANE

Spoken like the Jean I fell in love with.

She turns and smiles at him and this time it is a glimpse of his wife. He smiles back through tears of loss.

A TRIP TO ERIC'S LAND - TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. NEILLS HRROGORTH'S COTTAGE

The metallic travel coffin is loaded in Manchester and flown to Copenhagen. A hearse drives on different roads. Eventually it stops outside the Hrrogorth cottage. The coffin slides onto a guerny. Marrah's brother waits by the gate. The camera pans in to show tears on his face. Jean climbs from the hearse and approaches him.

NEILLS HRROGORTH

You are the woman from my dreams.  
 You watched over her, you  
 harboured her soul and you kept a  
 promise. If it is within my power,  
 I will set aside a place for you  
 in Paradise, young woman.

He hugs her tightly. They walk up the pathway followed by Greg and the two funeral directors wheeling the coffin. Neills indicates a place in the parlour by a window. The concert cello, which accompanied the coffin, is placed on a stand. The old man stands with his hand resting on the silver coffin surface mumbling in his native tongue. The low evening sun shines through the window and glints off the silver. Jean whispers to Greg.

JEAN TREVANE

She is in the light at last. She's  
 at peace. I feel it

INT. - THREE MONTHS LATER - CHURCH

Greg rises and walks to the pulpit to stand before a large congregation.

GREG TREVANE

My lovely wife and I decided to wait these three months before having this memorial service for my dad. At the time of his death there was too much happening and Jean was traumatized. So we waited until mid-Summer to say goodbye officially. Mick and I had a difficult relationship for most of our time together and we found it hard to show emotion to each other but I never doubted his love for me. Up until the happenings of last Winter and Spring I was following in his taciturn footsteps but I'm trying to change that. Mick's contribution to Jean's salvation can never be understated. He gave his life, after all, in the process of finding her. He was a successful local businessman who came to the Lake.....

## THE TREVANE PARLOUR - LATER

A large crate has been delivered to the house and is accompanied by a letter in a bold script. Jean opens the letter and reads aloud.

JEAN TREVANE

*Little One, this, my concert cello, is yours. You may not be able to play but do with it what you will. Whatever you do, I know it will be honest. My earthly body rests in a place where, when the sun shines, it lights the surrounding ground. I walk in the light with the gods of my ancestors and, even on the darkest days that Zealand can produce, it is always bright and beautiful here. Be safe, Child, and nurture what I have given you and your wonderful man.*

Jean sits and holds the note to her heart.

JEAN TREVANE

(continuing)

I remember little pieces here and there but mostly that time is blank. I do still feel her somewhere inside. The instrument will go to some struggling musician who could never afford such a thing of beauty but has the talent to use it.

GREG TREVANE

That's a marvellous gesture, and one Marrah would've appreciated. We'll contact a few of the Northern orchestras. Someone will give us guidance.

JEAN TREVANE

Patrick Thurberry is coming to lunch tomorrow; something I'm not looking forward to. I'm not interested in practicing law anymore. I want to be here at home. I want to be here with you. I remember loving the big places but they don't draw me anymore either.

(more)

JEAN TREVANE (cont'd)  
 Except, we need to go into  
 Liverpool and pick out furniture  
 and clothes.

GREG TREVANE  
 Why would we need furniture, and  
 you have a packed wardrobe but  
 still wear your favourites  
 constantly.

JEAN TREVANE  
 For a start, I'll be needing  
 bigger waistlines, a lot of little  
 clothes and the spare room will  
 need re-decorating. Work it out,  
 Dopey.

GREG TREVANE  
 If someone else was saying this,  
 I'd say congratulations, but we've  
 been down this road so many times.

JEAN TREVANE  
 Do you want me to read the note  
 again. The bit that says, 'nurture  
 what I have given you'? I'm three  
 months pregnant with your child  
 and the doctor says everything is  
 normal.

Greg looks at her seriously for a moment then a smile creases  
 his face. He whoops and jumps in the air before hugging Jean.

JEAN TREVANE  
 (continuing)  
 I want your agreement that a girl  
 will be named Marrah and a boy,  
 Michael.

She whispers in his ear as they hold each other.

JEAN TREVANE  
 (continuing)  
 She will not be permitted to play  
 the cello.

Greg tilts his head back to look at her. She can't hold her  
 mischievous laughter at bay.

INT - INSTITUTION FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - 3 MONTHS  
 LATER

## INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Quentin sits quietly at a small table. The room also contains easy chairs. Outside in the corridor stand D.I. Dhalim, a doctor and a fully armed SWAT officer.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

So far we've seen nothing of this alter-ego that Simmister and Mrs Trevane claim attacked them. Mrs Trevane calls the other side of the character, The Dark Man and says she thinks, thinks mind you, that he may've been responsible for doing away with some of the women. In the family papers the operation he underwent is described but that means nothing. We need to see the change before we can question him or fully commit him to your care, Dr Irvine.

The two men enter the room and sit down on the other side of the table. The doctor speaks.

GRAEME IRVINE

Professor, this is a standard quarterly interview. May we move to the easy chairs where we'll be more comfortable.

The doctor and Quentin move to the armchairs. Dhalim lowers the lighting until the doctor holds his hand up. The doctor talks quietly.

GRAEME IRVINE

(continuing)

In the time you've been with us, there's been no hint of untoward behaviour that is why there are no restraints. We wish you to see that we want to treat you with the respect deserving of a full professor. I also wish to thank you for allowing us to inject you with a small sedative. I assume you are relaxed now and ready to begin?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Very relaxed, Mr Irvine, begin your examination.

Irvine clicks a pen and opens his notebook.

GRAEME IRVINE

Since being in our care, have you had any violent urges?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

Doesn't my record speak for itself? We are both well aware of bi-polarity. I would wager that the numerous scans you've taken show no increased activity. The medication does the trick, so to speak. Thus far, no urges.

GRAEME IRVINE

Do you feel this other side of your psyche has been banished?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

I never knew he was there. How can I tell you if he's gone?

GRAEME IRVINE

Do you feel you're ready to mix with the other patients?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

That is for you to judge, not I. I do have talents you could use.

GRAEME IRVINE

Do you think about your brother?

QUENTIN DERESSELL

David? How is that madman?

GRAEME IRVINE

He's doing fine and sends his regards.

Dhalim looks up as the voice changes in pitch and modulation. The figure in the dim light looks subtly different.

QUENTIN DERESSELL

A doctor should never lie to a patient. You should know that. Let me be blunt. When it comes to psychology, you're not in the same fucking ballpark as Edward. I've been here since you pricked me, you charlatin.

Irvine looks confused for a moment. Dhalim nods to the window and it slides silently open an inch. Rumm reaches out so fast it takes the doctor by surprize.

He lifts the pen and moves behind the armchair while maintaining a tight grip on Irvines neck. The pen hovers over the eye.

RUMM

I think this is called a Mexican stand-off, Inspector. Why are you here, anyway.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

We still want your brother.

THEODORE RUMM

Not my brother but a kindred spirit all the same. That said, I am not such a fool as to think I can stand here indefinitely, and I know you will not let me walk free. I think I'll kill this fat little man to satisfy my need; then I'll go to sleep and you can have Edward.

Rumm smiles as Dhalim turns to the window and hardly raises his voice.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

Shoot him.

A look of surprize crosses Rumm's angular face. He is standing side on to the observation window. He sees the barrel at the last moment and tries to turn the bulky body he has gripped. The marksman fires and a red mist of blood explodes from Rumms head. Dhalim walks forward and kneels by the body while Irvine collapses into his chair trembling. Dhalim whispers.

D.I. ALEX DHALIM

(continuing)

So very sorry, Professor. I know you were innocent. Sleep peacefully.

FADE OUT:

EXT - MIAMI BEACH FRONT - MID-DAY

IN THE SHADE OF PALM TREES

A white, sandy, Miami beach with rollers breaking on the shore. There are bathers, surfers and those cavorting in the sand. A middle-aged man lies on a deck lounge watching the passing parade. Another man of his age passes. When he has passed, the deck lounge man removes his glasses.

He rises and follows the other man. As he passes he bumps the other's shoulder.

DAVID

So sorry. I was in a dre...Are you...no...you're not Brad Stanton, are you?

BRAD STANTON

Yes I am. Have we met?

DAVID

Harry, Harry Beauchamp. We attended Illinois State together.

David's soft, drawling mid-west accent is flawless. Harry grips his hand and shakes.

BRAD STANTON

Jeez, Harry, I would never've recognized you. You livin' down this way now too.

DAVID

Naw, here on holiday. I bought a small spread in Arkansas. What about you?

BRAD STANTON

I got lucky. I made enough to retire early. I like the heat and the half-naked women. Say, I'm havin' some folks round tomorrow night. Maybe you could drop over for a drink? Bring a wife or a partner if you like.

DAVID

Sounds great. Y'know, Brad, you ended up lookin' more like a young version of my father than me.

The men laugh and walk off along the beach front.

INT - A BARN SOMEWHERE.

A sprawling farmhouse sits near a huge barn. Inside the barn is a floor trap door. A long flight of stairs leads downwards in darkness and into a deep basement. Two open coffins sit side by side. In one lies the body of the real Harry Beauchamp. In the other lies a semi-conscious Brad Stanton. David is kneeling beside this coffin. He hold a syringe.

DAVID  
Now, tell me who you are.

BRAD STANTON  
Father.

DAVID  
That's right. And for what you  
fucking did to me, my mother and  
my brother, your punishment is  
just beginning.

THE END.