

September 13th, 2019

**BLACK NARCISSUS**

EPISODE #103

Written by

Amanda Coe

Based on the novel by Rumer Godden

No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or distributed by any means or quoted or published in any medium, without prior written consent of FX Productions, LLC. In no event, may any participant monetize or profit off the script in any way.  
© 2018 FX Productions, LLC. All rights reserved.

**Pretitle/Title sequence:**

1 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY/NIGHT. 1

The blizzard has subsided but the snow has settled thickly on the palace ... a light burns out ... as CLODAGH, soaked and exhausted, leads her equally exhausted horse over the terraces. She's relieved to be safe, though her feeling of failure predominates. Sense of hours having passed since the end of ep 1.

JOSEPH ANTHONY waiting anxiously for her at the front door as CLODAGH hands the reins over to PHUBA and heads inside.

CLODAGH

It's no good Joseph! It's impossible to see further than your hand ...I pray Sister Ruth and Father Roberts have both managed to find shelter -- we must ring the bell!

2 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. ENTRANCE. LATE DAY/NIGHT. CONTINUOUS 2

CLODAGH heading for the salon.

CLODAGH

-- At least they'll be able to hear it, and perhaps Mr Dean will come if he's able --

JOSEPH

But lemni, they are here.

CLODAGH'S moment of surprise before she arrives to find FATHER ROBERTS installed by the fire, getting dry and comfortable -- blankets and brandy administered by BRIONY. RUTH next to him, enjoying similar treatment. ADELA and BLANCHE present. CLODAGH'S surprise and delight.

CLODAGH

Thank God ... oh, dear Father --

FATHER ROBERTS

Sister Clodagh --

CLODAGH

-- thank God you're safe and sound!

She greets him [a little bow]. His warmth, as before -- now tinged with something else.

FATHER ROBERTS

The good Lord was looking out for me -- and Sister Ruth. For a mite like her to have dragged me all the way up here -- I don't know how she found the strength!

So CLODAGH can't take RUTH on about not following orders. RUTH'S private satisfaction.

CLODAGH

God must surely have come to her assistance. Bravely done, Sister Ruth.

BRIONY

Come and get warm, Sister Clodagh --

CLODAGH

I'm afraid I lost my way on the path --

FATHER ROBERTS

Yes, child...

CLODAGH

I'm sorry you haven't had a kinder start to your visit. And you, Sister Adela -- welcome to Mopu! It's so good to have you here with us at last.

ADELA is regarding her in cold disapproval, while FATHER ROBERTS emits a more in sorrow/concern-than-in-anger vibe ...RUTH ensconced between them, alive with a dangerous power. Despite RUTH'S demure demeanour, CLODAGH begins to get it.

ADELA

It seems, Sister Clodagh, the good Father and I have arrived not a moment too soon to bring succor to the community of St Faith.

All eyes on CLODAGH. On CLODAGH'S discomfort, and lurking guilt, RUTH'S glee. The tables turned.

**END PRETITLE.**

3

EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY.

3

[NEW DAY] Establisher. Snow beginning to melt.

CUT TO:

4 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CHAPEL. DAY.

4

FATHER ROBERTS offers communion, CLODAGH his wing man.

CLODAGH [V/O]  
*Dear Mother Dorothea, the community  
of St Faith is finally blessed to  
receive the offices and grace of  
Father Roberts...*

[ADELA eschews the basic-looking mat/cushion the other nuns use to insulate their knees from the stone floor as they pray.]

CLODAGH [V/O] (CONT'D)  
*... and to welcome Sister Adela  
among us.*

As it's ADELA'S turn with the host and wine, she does a full prostration on the cold floor of the chapel, arms outstretched so she makes a human crucifix -- it puts everyone else to shame.

CLODAGH [V/O] (CONT'D)  
*... We all rejoice in her Living  
Example.*

CUT TO:

5 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. ENTRANCE/SALON. DAY.

5

FATHER ROBERTS and ADELA take a tour of inspection, ADELA jotting notes in a notebook -- the 'local' nativity, the wall paintings ... Sense of ADELA as FATHER ROBERTS' disapproving lieutenant.

CUT TO:

6 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BATH HOUSE. DAY.

6

CLODAGH [V/O]  
*Together they give us fresh eyes to  
see how far we have all strayed  
from the path of righteousness in  
these months at the palace of Mopu.*

With evident distaste, ADELA finishes dismantling the little shrine ANGU has set up by the bath house door. She travels through the bath house, holding the bowl of milk and curds.

ANGLE ON: ANGU, about her business, clocks this.

ANGU  
It won't be my fault ...

CUT TO:

7 INT. HOUSE OF WOMEN. CHAPEL. DAY.

7

A makeshift screen made from a pinned-up hill blanket forms the confessional that divides seated FATHER ROBERTS from the kneeling nun making confession: CLODAGH. Her genuine soul searching.

CLODAGH  
Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It's been four months since my last confession...I have not kept custody of the eyes... I have fallen into doubts which I fear are a blasphemy against God ...I have committed the sins of pride, and anger. [PAINFUL BEAT] The sin of lust.

All this lands with FATHER ROBERTS.

FATHER ROBERTS  
Lust?

CLODAGH  
Lust of the body. [NOT QUITE GOING THERE] And another kind -- for the colours here, the light ... all of the beauty, every day. Is that covetousness, Father?

FATHER ROBERTS  
Of a sort.

CLODAGH  
For these and all my other sins that I cannot now remember, I am truly sorry, firmly resolve not to sin again, and humbly ask pardon of God and of you, father, advice, penance and absolution.

FATHER ROBERTS  
[TORN DISAPPROVAL] I must reflect on your penance, Clodagh...

CLODAGH

[TAKEN ABACK] Yes Father. Oh my God I am heartily sorry for having offended thee, and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pain of hell, but most of all because they offend thee, my God, who art all good and deserving of all my love.

FATHER ROBERTS

Give thanks to the Lord for he is good.

CLODAGH

His mercy endures forever.

A moment of uncertainty. CLODAGH crosses herself. Stands. As she leaves the 'confessional', RUTH is waiting to go in. Their unspoken conflict.

CUT TO:

8 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CHAPEL. DAY. 8

RUTH makes her confession. The picture of fervent penance.

RUTH

... I have committed the sin of anger. And envy of Sister Blanche, for being put in charge of the lace school.[SELF-SERVING EMOTION] I have watched my Sisters stray from the Rule and turned a blind eye, because it was easier not to speak out!

On FATHER ROBERTS. Concerned.

CUT TO:

9 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR. DAY. 9

CLODAGH, on the way [from chapel] to her office, encounters MR DEAN -- awkward, given their last encounter in ep 2. MR DEAN is stretched out on the floor, fixing something at ground level, causing an obstruction.

ANGLE ON:

ADELA, coming from the opposite direction, watches MR DEAN give a salute to let CLODAGH through -- she nods and steps over him.

CLODAGH is aware of ADELA'S disapproval as she approaches and passes.

CLODAGH  
God go with you, Sister Adela.

ADELA  
[DISAPPROVING] Sister Clodagh.

We stay with ADELA.

ADELA (CONT'D)  
Mr -- Dean, isn't it -- you're  
needed in the classroom.

On MR DEAN: ADELA'S a charmer!

CUT TO:

10 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SALON/VERANDAH. DAY. 10

Atmosphere in classroom newly regimented and subdued. ADELA supervises MR DEAN securing a new, higher screen that obscures DILIP RAI from the girls in the lace school. A furtive look between KANCHI and DILIP RAI: yikes ... as ADELA [ANGLE] clocks all the things she can disapprove of about MR DEAN: his hat, his clothes, his insolent directness.

MR DEAN  
High enough for you, Sister?

ADELA  
It will have to do.

BLANCHE receives a hug from toddler OM, which she happily reciprocates before seeing ADELA'S forbidding gaze ... BLANCHE disentangles herself and firmly ushers OM to his desk. ADELA'S horror at OM'S split trousers.

CUT TO:

11 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CLODAGH'S OFFICE. DAY. 11

FATHER ROBERTS heads inside with CLODAGH, taking up a place behind CLODAGH'S desk, appropriating her authority. CLODAGH subordinate. Chastened.

FATHER ROBERTS  
[SAD] I had such high hopes for you  
as Sister Superior, Clodagh.

CLODAGH feels his disappointment keenly.

FATHER ROBERTS (CONT'D)

In many respects you do appear to have created order from chaos ... but now I've seen the atmosphere here for myself I can begin to understand why Sister Philippa felt compelled to leave. I can't put my finger on it, but it's as though you're all somewhere else, somehow. Even in chapel.

CLODAGH

It's true there are distractions, Father, and there have been difficulties -- but we are finding our way. I really think we are, now. [DIFFERENT TACK] Sister Ruth --

FATHER ROBERTS

Yes ... Sister Ruth. This is another matter for concern.

CLODAGH

[RELIEF] I'm so glad you can see, Father Roberts -- she isn't well --

FATHER ROBERTS

She was robust enough to save me from the elements -- I may very well owe her my life.

CLODAGH

But her -- I fear her mind is fragile.

FATHER ROBERTS

Mmn. And yet she fears for *your* fragility Clodagh, for the spiritual health of what you're building here at St Faiths. She wrote to Mother Dorothea weeks ago with her concerns. Sister Philippa brought us the letter when she returned to Darjeeling.

[CLODAGH'S suspicions confirmed].

CLODAGH

But that's part of it, Father. Sister Ruth has been determined to make an enemy of me. Her soul is troubled --

FATHER ROBERTS

She is not an easy personality, but you must remove the beam from your own eye, child. You are only as human as your Sister. Sister Dorothea did warn me -- 'what's good enough for the rest of us is never quite good enough for Sister Clodagh'.

CLODAGH

I know I can be too exacting, too full of pride -- this place has taught me a great deal about my failings. [GENUINELY CHASTENED] Every day teaches me more.

He ponders. His fondness for her.

FATHER ROBERTS

Very well. If Sister Ruth chafes your vanity, as it appears she does, your pride -- you must embrace her more tightly. Let her have the lace school again.

CLODAGH: WTF??

CLODAGH

But Father -- Sister Ruth can return to St Faiths when she's better, of course she can -- but you must take her back with you to Darjeeling, or I fear something awful will happen --

FATHER ROBERTS

Enough, Clodagh. [GENTLE] What kind of success will you have made of this community if it has no place for the troubled, or the difficult? I have given you your penance -- an act of generosity to Ruth. She will be your scourge and your test. Through the ministry of Christ may God give you your pardon and peace. Amen.

CLODAGH

[HAS TO ACCEPT IT] Amen.

On CLODAGH.

12 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BATH HOUSE. DAY. 12

RUTH is confiding to the uncovered mirror. Exhilarated.

RUTH  
She can't send me away.

She turns, fits her hands into the scratches around the door.  
An ecstasy and an invocation.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Tell me what you want ... tell me.

A glimpse of SRIMATI [via the mirror] smiling  
conspiratorially -- RUTH turns, her own smile in response.  
And then, as she goes to cover the mirror with its dust  
sheet, she sees at her feet ... a key.

13 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 13

[NEW DAY: TIME JUMP] Snow gone -- only the odd patch left on  
higher ground. A few snowdrops [planted by PHILIPPA] visible.  
FATHER ROBERTS ready to depart, in the company of a GUIDE --  
seen off by CLODAGH and all the other nuns. FATHER ROBERTS  
wishing RUTH an attentive goodbye.

RUTH  
God speed, Father Roberts.

FATHER ROBERTS  
Bless you, my child.

And now it's CLODAGH'S turn.

FATHER ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
God bless you, Clodagh. [A LOOK TO  
RUTH -- CLODAGH'S PENANCE] Use  
these weeks of Lent to dedicate  
yourselves with new rigour to the  
service of our Lord...

CLODAGH  
We have vowed to do so, Father.

[CLODAGH'S concern about RUTH.]

FATHER ROBERTS  
I only pray all will now be well at  
Mopu.

And off he goes. All watching. CLODAGH'S anxiety.

CUT TO:

RUTH approaches the closed door, a little furtive. No-one around, she has the key. A delicious moment for her as she tries it in the lock -- it works!!

ADELA

Sister Ruth, aren't you meant to be attending to your teaching duties?

ADELA approaches the length of the cells.

RUTH

Yes Sister Adela --

Wheeling around, withdrawing the key and attempting to hide it, she couldn't look guiltier.

ADELA

What are you doing?

RUTH

Nothing Sister --

ADELA

What have you got in your hand?  
Show me.

RUTH has to obey. Uncurls her hand to reveal the key.

RUTH

The door is locked.

ADELA

Whatever for?

RUTH

I don't know.

RUTH'S agony/anticipation ... as ADELA takes the key and unlocks the door, matter-of-factly flinging the room wide open [a puff of dust - years since it's been unlocked]. They both cough/sneeze.

ADELA

Tell the housekeeper this will have to be thoroughly cleaned. And take a chastisement for being in the sleeping quarters in teaching hours.

RUTH

But Sister Adela --

ADELA  
You are disobeying me, Sister Ruth?

RUTH  
No, Sister Adela. May the Lord  
forgive me.

The open door, the Aladdin's cave of Srimati's room [seen in pre-title, Ep 1]. RUTH'S huge curiosity.

CUT TO:

15 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR. DAY. 15

CLODAGH passes RUTH meekly scrubbing the floor on hands and knees. [We don't believe her meekness, or contrition.]

CLODAGH  
God go with you, Sister.

RUTH  
And with you.

CLODAGH holds out her hand for the brush. Her penance.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I have been given a chastisement.

CLODAGH  
It will be mine instead, Sister  
Ruth.

CLODAGH gets to her knees and scrubs. RUTH moves off. She's enjoying this.

CUT TO:

16 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SALON/VERANDAH. DAY. 16

RUTH takes up her place at the lace school [KANCHI + other girls present], as BLANCHE teaches the little ones -- she's really back in pole position. Enjoying her pomp.

17 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN. DAY. 17

CLODAGH leads everyone in saying grace over their lenten meal [lentils and beans], the main bowl brought to table by ANGU with pointed awareness of its meagre nature. The cold and discomfort. Morale is low. A new austerity in force. No eye contact, no connection between them. ADELA'S oppressive surveillance.

CLODAGH  
Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy  
gifts which we are about to receive  
from Thy bounty through Christ our  
Lord.

RUTH sits next to CLODAGH.

CLODAGH/NUNS  
... Amen.

CLODAGH stays ANGU'S hand at the serving spoon and makes a  
point of herself spooning RUTH'S ration on her plate -- her  
penance, again -- to serve RUTH. Pours her a cup of water.  
[RUTH'S satisfaction] as they all begin to eat, in silence.

MR DEAN  
Your priest left the most  
extraordinary missive at my  
bungalow Sister Clodagh --

MR DEAN enters, holding an open envelope. Reactions to this  
interruption/appearance.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)  
-- his parting shot, I presume!

BRIONY  
Let me get you a plate, Mr Dean --

[The nuns make ready to donate some of their food to MR  
DEAN.]

MR DEAN  
Stand down your spoon Sister Briony  
-- my belly is full. [TO CLODAGH]  
I'll wait in your office. Doesn't  
look like it'll take long.

And out he goes. Few beats.

ADELA  
That man seems to think being the  
General's agent means he can behave  
however he likes.

BRIONY  
Mr Dean's manners can be rough, but  
his heart's in the right place,  
Sister --

BLANCHE  
Oh yes Sister Adela, you wouldn't  
think it, but he's ever so kind --

ADELA

The devil comes in many disguises.

BRIONY, BLANCHE and CLODAGH chastened by this, as they eat on, uncomfortably... RUTH having her private thoughts about MR DEAN.

18

INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CLODAGH'S OFFICE. DAY.

18

MR DEAN waits, finishing a cigarette and glancing through stuff on CLODAGH'S desk, as CLODAGH enters [ADELA following].

MR DEAN

That priest of yours certainly seems to have been keeping you all on your toes --

ADELA

Really, to speak like that of a priest of God's holy church -- it's most disrespectful!

MR DEAN was expecting to speak to CLODAGH alone, but she's called on ADELA as chaperone [from now on she avoids being alone with MR DEAN].

MR DEAN

I am not a member of your church, Sister. And I give respect to those who earn it.

CLODAGH privately enjoys ADELA'S flattening but remains carefully distant as MR DEAN hands her the letter, on religious note-paper.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)

I presume he discussed this with you -- building your new chapel ... high-handed sort of fellow, Father Bob.

More outrage from ADELA as CLODAGH reads. MR DEAN enjoying his provocation.

CLODAGH

[CRISP] It seems entirely reasonable to me, Mr Dean. Father Roberts is asking if there's a man you can appoint to manage the building work, now the Mother House in Canstead wishes us to go ahead with the new building.

She hands the letter back. MR DEAN aware of the change in her.

MR DEAN  
Is this your doing?

A lot going on between them [following their significant encounter at the end of ep2]. MR DEAN trying to reach the 'new' CLODAGH, CLODAGH clamping down on it.

CLODAGH  
[YES] Surely it makes sense to delegate such a great deal of work. You have the tea factory to manage, after all.

Her message: I don't want you here. MR DEAN'S sensitivity to rejection from CLODAGH. ADELA'S quelling presence.

MR DEAN  
Right you are. If that's what you want I'll see what I can do.

ADELA  
I'll see you out, Mr Dean.

MR DEAN  
I know the way!

A moment to dwell on the wound then he's off -- ADELA follows him, nonetheless. CLODAGH holding everything back.

19 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY.

19

ADELA, escorting MR DEAN to the stable block whether he likes it or not, balks at the view of the SUNNYASI.

ADELA  
*There's* something you could be sorting out.

MR DEAN  
The Holy Man?

ADELA  
If that's what he calls himself. I'm surprised Sister Clodagh has put up with having him sat there in that ungodly state day in and day out. I was given to believe this is all the General's land.

MR DEAN  
The lease actually belongs to the  
General's brother.

ADELA  
Well whoever it belongs to, you  
must be able to have a word --

MR DEAN  
I'm afraid the Sunnyasi has taken a  
strict vow of silence, Sister ...  
[ADELA'S FRUSTRATION] The Sunnyasi  
is the General's brother. Kundra  
Rai.

ADELA gobsmacked.

ADELA  
Him?

MR DEAN  
He was a real general, a great one,  
by all accounts -- decorated many  
times over. Invited to the funeral  
of Queen Victoria, as well as the  
last couple of coronations ...But  
after the last war Kundra Rai  
decided the teachings of Buddha  
were the only things he held in any  
value. He gave his medals to Toda  
Rai -- along with everything else.  
Even so, I don't think you'll have  
much luck removing him.

MR DEAN goes into the stable, leaving ADELA to chew on this.

CUT TO:

20 INT/EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 20

CLODAGH watches MR DEAN'S departure, from her office window.  
She bows her head against the closed shutters at the window.  
Her private struggle.

FLASH TO:

21 FLASHBACK. INT. CLODAGH'S CHILDHOOD HOME. DAY. 21

CLODAGH closes the windows. Draws the curtains. The room shut  
up. A small suitcase on the bed.

CUT TO:

22 FLASHBACK. EXT. CLODAGH'S CHILDHOOD HOME. DAY. 22

*CLODAGH leaves the house, walking away to a waiting cart/car. The first appearance in F/B of the control we're so familiar with in the present. She is wearing the uniform of a novice. The sense of her departing her previous life. Sound mixes to O/S bell as ...*

23 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELLTOWER. DAY. 23

RUTH, ringing the bell for vespers, also watches MR DEAN go [along the path] ... All RUTH'S longing for him sublimated into her energetic tolling of the bell. That terrible drop into the valley.

24 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SRIMATI'S ROOM. DAY. 24

[NEW DAY] RUTH and ANGU sweep/clean SRIMATI'S room, following ADELA'S instructions. It provides a pretext for RUTH to explore this forbidden space, and ANGU to hold court.

RUTH

[HER OBSESSION] How was is that Mr Dean brought Kanchi to us, Angu? I know she's an orphan, but she has an uncle in the village --

ANGU

[HA!] Mr Dean is like a little boy who wants a candy. He licks it and then he doesn't want it any more. But he's spoiled it for anyone else.

It takes RUTH a beat or two to work this out. As ever, ANGU enjoys her naivety.

RUTH

Do you mean there was -- Mr Dean had carnal knowledge of her?

ANGU laughs -- what does she think? RUTH shocked/appalled. ANGU, unconcerned, continues to go through a trunk of vividly embroidered, luxurious clothes.

ANGLE ON: at the centre of the cloth ANGU holds up, the voluptuous female figure of Pavarti, the Hindu goddess. It's a family scene of her with her son Ganesh -- the arrangement reminiscent of a Catholic madonna and child ... RUTH stroking the gorgeously coloured fabric, seduced.

ANGU

My Dev Srimati had it made in France, by Jesus Christ ladies there -- Pavarti, the mother of the world, who is also Kali, the goddess who destroys ...

She points out the two, contrasting figures; one benignly sensual, the other terrifying.

RUTH

Two gods at once?

ANGU

She is many more than that, lemini - there is Lakshmi, she brings wealth, and Saraswati, learning -- there is no end to her power --

ANGU points out the other female figures, marginal decorations -- RUTH enraptured. She takes out another sari -- a different style/colour. The fabric is torn.

RUTH

And this one?

ANGU

This belonged to Dhanvi, Sister. She was one of the concubines here in the House of Women, very beautiful, very young...

Sadly, ANGU takes the sari and folds it away.

ANGU (CONT'D)

Dev Srimati got into her head that Dhanvi was the reason her lover had abandoned her, because he loved Dhanvi instead of her...

RUTH

Is that why Srimati -- committed such a mortal sin?

ANGU

My lady Srimati was very good, Sister. Always. But very sad ...the madness of love was in her.

On RUTH. She's beginning to know a bit about that.

CLODAGH [gaunt, cold] sits between DILIP and KANCHI, taking them through the catechism and the Nepali translation made by MR DEAN. Exquisite and horny torture for DILIP and KANCHI.

DILIP RAI

[READING] Of which must you take more care, your body or your soul? I must take care -- more care -- of my soul, for Christ has said, what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his own soul?

CLODAGH

Very good. Profit. Not Prof-et.

DILIP RAI

Profit.

CLODAGH

Kanchi?

Just at the moment KANCHI puts her forefinger on the page to trace the text, she manages to brush DILIP'S departing finger.

KANCHI

[READS] What must you do to save your soul?

CLODAGH clocks this. Dismisses what she clearly sees, and senses in the atmosphere. [in denial!]

KANCHI (CONT'D)

To save my soul I must worship God by Faith, Hope and Charity; that is, I must believe in him, I must hope in him, and I must love him with my whole heart ...

CUT TO:

The atmosphere peculiar to the bath house ... its screens made of drying sheets and shifts ...

KANCHI and DILIP RAI snog, amid the linen. She hands over a book, in English. It's 'The Invisible Man', by HG Wells.

KANCHI

[NEPALI] It was rather a stupid story, but quite exciting.  
[ENGLISH] Thank you.

DILIP RAI

[NEPALI] I have another. Sherlock Holmes... I haven't quite finished it ...

She kisses him. Full-on snog, fumbling at clothes. The book falls.

ANGLE ON:

ADELA, carrying a basket of laundry into the bath house, senses a disturbance among the hanging sheets.

ADELA

Who's that?

DILIP RAI

Sister!

He emerges. Flustered.

DILIP RAI (CONT'D)

[BUYING TIME] I was looking for Angu Ayah. Have you seen her? She isn't in the kitchen ...

ADELA

I don't know where she's got to.

DILIP RAI

She likes me to say goodbye. She is fond of me, you know. No matter -- good day to you Sister.

Off he goes, heading outside. ADELA, suspicious, forges through the hanging sheets, deeper into the bath house, pulling them out of her way. But no-one else is there [KANCHI has fled]. While she's doing this, CLODAGH enters behind her, also with laundry.

ADELA

His nibs says he was looking for Angu.

CLODAGH

He's the apple of her eye. She brought him up, you see, after his mother died.

ADELA has no interest in this, moves off to pile sheets. Dumping her own load of laundry into the bath they use for washing, CLODAGH spots the copy of 'The Invisible Man' on the ground. She picks it up, curious. Smiles at its rather vainglorious book plate identifying it as DILIP'S. CLODAGH turns the pages, quickly absorbed by the story [she won't have read a novel for many years]... She reads for a page -- then stops herself, dismayed/disgusted. As she goes to close the book, she discovers something tucked further inside. A piece of lace [made by KANCHI], used as a bookmark ... consternation. CLODAGH sees the internal door from the bath house is open [ie, KANCHI'S route of escape]. As ...

ANGLE ON: ADELA approaches again, to collect more sheets, making CLODAGH start guiltily and tuck the book into her habit [unseen by ADELA].

ADELA  
You can smell that scent he  
drenches himself in a mile off.

CLODAGH realises this is true.

CLODAGH  
'Black Narcissus' ...

ADELA  
Carbolic or coal tar is all anyone  
needs to keep themselves decent,  
man, woman or child.

CLODAGH is ostensibly focused on her chore with the laundry. But underlyingly perturbed.

CUT TO:

27 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR. LATE DAY. 27

CLODAGH watches KANCHI carry a pile of folded sheets/clothes, JOSEPH ANTHONY following with his own massive pile, both light-hearted, like siblings together.

Some of the linen drops from his pile, KANCHI goes to put it back.

KANCHI  
[NEPALI] You look like the  
mountain. Here, make me the  
mountain.

[JOSEPH piles up as many pieces of linen as he can on KANCHI'S load].

On CLODAGH: she can't think the worst of KANCHI. Or even if she does, bring herself to say anything.

CUT TO:

28 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CHAPEL. NIGHT.

28

CLODAGH leads prayers in the chapel. No-one now has a mat/cushion to kneel on ... [uncomfortable!] Everyone looking pinched. Rows of sandalled feet, as BRIONY shoots a yearning look at the hill boots donated by MR DEAN, lined up by the wall.

CLODAGH

O God, come to our aid.

NUNS

O Lord, make haste to help us.

CLODAGH

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

NUNS

Amen.

As CLODAGH stands to conclude, she sways off balance for a moment, light-headed. BRIONY goes to catch her.

BRIONY

Are you alright, Sister Clodagh?  
The fasting takes its toll...

CLODAGH

There would be no point to Lent without privation, Sister Briony. [HARDENING] We could all do better. A weakness in one is a weakness in all.

Everyone's faces watching her, ending in RUTH.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)

Tomorrow will be a day of silence, as will each Wednesday until the end of Lent. Apart from teaching duties, communication will be silent until matins on Thursday. This will help us all to listen without distraction to our inner conversation with God.

A flash of quickly suppressed dismay from BLANCHE -- she loves to talk. But ADELA approves.

CUT TO:

29 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN.' CLODAGH'S CELL. NIGHT. 29

Kneeling in her bedtime shift and bonnet, CLODAGH prays.

CLODAGH scourges herself, the knots drawing blood from her neck and shoulders. [She uses a small rope scourge, known as a 'discipline'].

CLODAGH

I have greatly sinned, in my thoughts and in my words, in what I have done and in what I have failed to do, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault...

30 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SRIMATI'S ROOM/CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 30

Later. [Dead of night. Everyone asleep.] Glimpses of the other sleeping nuns as the door to SRIMATI'S room opens. RUTH steps out.

RUTH follows in SRIMATI'S footsteps as SRIMATI walks ahead of her -- glimpsed flash of SRIMATI'S bare foot, the sound of her tinkling ankle decoration, as RUTH is careful to place her own feet exactly in the place indicated by the sound, step by step.

CUT TO:

31 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CLODAGH'S CELL. NIGHT. 31

RUTH watches CLODAGH sleeping, standing close [we may get the feeling this is not the first time she's done this]. Blood blooms through the shoulders of CLODAGH'S white night shift. The scourge wounds on CLODAGH'S neck exposed, to RUTH'S curiosity. The scourge by CLODAGH'S bed.

RUTH touches her own neck, almost as though she expects to find the same wounds there. Circles her neck with her hands.

32 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CHAPEL. DAY. 32  
[NEW DAY] CLODAGH leads silent prayers: it's the day of  
silence ...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY. 33  
... Intense quiet, the sound of the wind. Peace. ADELA kneels  
by the crocuses/snowdrops now blooming in spring profusion  
[PHILIPPA'S legacy] -- she's nipping them out as though  
they're weeds [other gardening equipment to hand: the plan  
for vegetables]. MR DEAN approaches, from the terraces,  
noting the new atmosphere.

MR DEAN

Good day to you, Sister Adela! Is  
Clodagh about?

She gives him a baleful, silent glare. On he goes.

CUT TO:

34 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN. DAY. 34  
MR DEAN enters, to find BRIONY.

MR DEAN

Good God it's like the Marie  
Celeste -- what's going on?

BRIONY gestures, indicating the silent rule.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)

I thought I knew all of your rules  
by now... the stained glass has  
arrived Sister, for the chapel. The  
men delivering it seemed to think  
I'd ordered it for my bungalow --  
I've put them right.

News to BRIONY -- she heads out with MR DEAN.

ANGLE ON:

MR DEAN [O/S]

I take it this isn't the right time  
to speak to Sister Clodagh about  
this building manager your priest  
was so keen to appoint ...

RUTH enters -- she's been watching them from the door [as ep2 sc44]. Something has caught her eye ... a bright, fallen feather from MR DEAN'S hat is on the floor. She picks it up, twirls it against her lips.

35 INT/EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CLASSROOM. DAY. 35

[LATER] RUTH presides over the lace school, the secret feather in her hand, preoccupied by thoughts of MR DEAN. BLANCHE points out English vocabulary words on the blackboard, silently, for the children to copy in their books: a finger to her lips to remind them. The strange silence in the classroom.

DILIP RAI'S head goes up from his maths book, watching something outside.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BATH HOUSE. LATE DAY. 36

[DILIP RAI POV] KANCHI, with a glance up to the school room, enters the bathhouse below [carrying laundry].

BACK TO:

37 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CLASSROOM. LATE DAY. 37

DILIP RAI resumes his work, restless. After a few beats he leaves the classroom... KANCHI'S empty place in the lace school.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY. 38

CLODAGH supervising as BRIONY silently waves in a trio of NEPALI WORKMEN who bear crates of materials for the chapel sent from England [MR DEAN gone]....

... suddenly -- [O/S] screaming and shouting -- KANCHI screaming and ANGU haranguing her in Nepali.

CUT TO:

39 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BATH HOUSE. LATE DAY. 39

Chaos as CLODAGH enters to ANGU beating KANCHI and shouting at her ad lib [Nepali], DILIP RAI remonstrating.

CLODAGH'S exclamation of dismay: DILIP RAI and KANCHI have been disturbed in flagrante, some clothes discarded. Their fright and shame.

ANGU  
I will punish her Sister!

KANCHI  
[ENGLISH] Please Sister Clodagh!

CLODAGH puts her hand on ANGU to stop her. Signals to stop.

ANGU  
It's the only way, Sister. I knew  
this girl was no good --

CLODAGH shakes her head: no.

KANCHI  
Please, no!

DILIP RAI  
Angu Ayah you must stop! Sister  
Clodagh!

RUTH hovers by the door with a grimly satisfied ADELA.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. TRACK. LATE DAY. 40

DILIP RAI departs, chastened and humiliated. He rides away at speed [if possible].

CUT TO:

41 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN. LATE DAY. 41

Silent meal. RUTH fizzing with suppressed excitement at the chaos, as CLODAGH enters, takes her plate. Everyone wishes they could discuss what happened, looking to CLODAGH. She effortfully sets an impassive, serene example -- the day's rule of silence still in place. But she's in turmoil.

CUT TO:

42 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BATH HOUSE ANTECHAMBER. LATE DAY. 42

As ANGU watches, KANCHI mournfully finishes tying her few possessions -- including the catechism book -- into a bundle of cloth.

KANCHI  
[NEPALI] I love him, Angu Ayah.

ANGU  
[NEPALI] Then I pray you learn how  
to hate him.

On KANCHI. She can't imagine that. Suddenly relenting, ANGU  
gives her some bread for her journey.

KANCHI  
[NEPALI] Thank you.

ANGU  
[NEPALI] You should learn Dev  
Srimati's lesson -- don't make  
what's between a man's legs your  
idol. The precious things are here  
[HER HEART] and here [HER HEAD],  
stupid girl. [HEAD AGAIN] Far more  
precious.

[Her version of affection.]

CUT TO:

43 EXT. WOODS. LATE DAY.

43

Strong wind and bad weather as KANCHI trudges through the  
woods. She's apprehensive about the time of day -- the  
possibility of the bhut [ghost].

... Suddenly:

CLODAGH  
Kanchi!

CLODAGH runs after KANCHI -- observation of silence be  
damned.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
Kanchi -- come back!

KANCHI is amazed to see CLODAGH coming after her. CLODAGH  
reaches her.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
What you have done with the Young  
General is a sin, do you understand  
me? [A NOD] Fornication -- congress  
outside marriage is a mortal sin  
... [KANCHI DOESN'T UNDERSTAND] But  
Dilip Rai is at much as fault as  
you --

KANCHI  
No, Sister Clodagh. It is me.

CLODAGH  
It is both of you.

KANCHI can't believe she's saying this. She's not sure if it's good or bad, but she's moved by CLODAGH'S tender concern for her.

CUT TO:

44 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BATH HOUSE ANTECHAMBER. NIGHT. 44

KANCHI, bedraggled, is passed on by similarly windswept CLODAGH to a secretly delighted but outwardly skeptical ANGU.

45 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 45

Later [KANCHI asleep]. ANGU enters the kitchen, where CLODAGH stands in the dark, shivering[thoughts of the past]. Watches her for a moment.

ANGU  
I thought you were a ghost, Lemini.

ANGU takes her cigarette stub from behind her ear: she has plans.

ANGU (CONT'D)  
You should go to bed too.  
[CLODAGH'S GESTURE] I know, no talking ... no sleeping, no eating -  
- how are you meant to live?

On CLODAGH, touched by this quasi-maternal intervention. It brings tears to her eyes. A moment of vulnerability ANGU is surprised to witness. An unexpected flash of tenderness from her.

ANGU (CONT'D)  
Sit.

CUT TO:

46 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 46

Hot water poured from a kettle into a tin basin, as ANGU sponges CLODAGH'S frozen feet. The care almost more than CLODAGH can bear, but it's wonderful.

ANGU  
What use will you be to Jesus  
Christ with toes lost to frostbite?

A look. She gets the extent of CLODAGH'S anguish.

ANGU (CONT'D)  
This world is a bubble of froth.

On CLODAGH. Maybe it is.

CLODAGH  
[BREAKING SILENCE] Thank you, Angu  
Ayah.

47 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SALON. DAY.

47

[NEW DAY] School day underway, BLANCHE officiating. CLODAGH enters the classroom. She clocks that DILIP RAI'S desk is empty. A pang about this. She gives JOSEPH ANTHONY a handwritten note.

CLODAGH  
Joseph Anthony, could you take this  
for me? It can wait until after  
your lessons, thank you.

JOSEPH ANTHONY a little crestfallen he doesn't have an excuse to miss school. CLODAGH leaves -- watched by RUTH, from the verandah.

The note sits on JOSEPH ANTHONY'S desk as BLANCHE teaches [verbs and nouns -- 'doing words' and 'things'] Beside it, DILIP RAI'S eloquently empty place. RUTH'S POV, hyper-aware of the note. Unbearable curiosity as she pretends to look at MALI'S work.

RUTH  
It would be easier to mark the  
pattern for the pins ... let me get  
a pen.

On this pretext RUTH sidles from the verandah to the row where JOSEPH ANTHONY sits, getting closer to the note, tempted to snaffle it while JOSEPH ANTHONY'S concentration is on copying letters, head on his arm so he's looking the opposite way. The note is addressed to MR DEAN. But as RUTH'S hand begins to reach out, he looks up and gives her a charming smile. RUTH turns away, thwarted.

CUT TO:

INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR/SALON/ENTRANCE [TBC]. DAY. 48

The children released for the day, JOSEPH ANTHONY runs out with them, carrying the note for MR DEAN. RUTH watching.

ANGLE ON: BLANCHE detains JOSEPH, in passing. She and BRIONY are conferring with OM'S MUM, who has turned up with her baby [to collect OM], anxious.

BLANCHE

Joseph can you help me --

JOSEPH

I am extremely helpful, Sister.

OM'S MUM

[NEPALI] Can she give him medicine to make him wake up?

JOSEPH

She wants medicine for Om's baby brother, lemini.

BLANCHE'S reaction shows something is terribly wrong with the baby. She attempts subtlety.

BLANCHE

We have no medicine, tell her. She's keeping him warm, and feeding regularly, that's the thing to do.

JOSEPH translates. OM'S MUM responds.

JOSEPH

He has stopped feeding.

BLANCHE

Then maybe he needs to sleep. Sleep is the best medicine.

OM'S MUM appeals directly to BLANCHE.

OM'S MUM

[NEPALI] Why are you here, if not to help? Please, Sister.

BLANCHE struggles with this, remembering the 'no intervention' policy.

BLANCHE

There's nothing I can do. Tell her Joseph. Tell her I'm very sorry.

BLANCHE gives the baby back to OM'S MUM, who is equally distressed, as JOSEPH runs off, on his errand with the note.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. DAY. 49

JOSEPH [double -- usefully wearing a hat/muffled up against the spring cold!] runs up to the bungalow with the note.

CUT TO:

50 INT. KITCHEN. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY. 50

Supper. The inevitable Lenten beans and lentils. BLANCHE'S upset the last thing they all need.

BLANCHE

Dear little Om was so excited not to be the youngest any more ...

ADELA

They have babies like flies, these people. The mother will be carrying another one before you can say Jack Robinson.

CLODAGH

Every soul is precious in God's sight, Sister Adela.

ADELA doesn't take kindly to this implicit rebuke.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)

[FOR BLANCHE] You must pray for Om, and his brother. The worst may not happen, Sister Blanche. Om's such a robust little thing, surely his brother will be the same.

This isn't much consolation to BLANCHE. Amid the gloom, JOSEPH enters with a note.

JOSEPH

Mr Dean says he has no time today to see you Lemini -- he sent this to explain you --

CLODAGH

Thank you Joseph.

CLODAGH takes the note, tucks it into her habit to read later [ie, not at the table]. A lot on her mind.

RUTH agog at the note as CLODAGH dutifully pours her a glass of water from the jug. RUTH shoots a shit-stirring look at ADELA.

ADELA

Mr Dean?

CLODAGH

I have asked his advice about what to do about Kanchi and the Young General.

ADELA

Advice! It seems perfectly clear to me Sister Clodagh. The girl is clearly no good. She must be made an example of and sent away.

CLODAGH

I disagree, Sister. This is a place for women, not for men. If anyone should leave, it's Dilip Rai.

A stand off.

ADELA

Well, since the young rogue hasn't had the courage to show his face since we caught him, it doesn't look like you'll be needing to bother with that.

CLODAGH

Which is precisely why I have sought advice, Sister Adela. To have some certainty.

51 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY.

51

[NEW DAY] TODA RAI and his entourage arrive. DILIP RAI is part of the party, trailing behind with a deeply hangdog air. Also MR DEAN. CLODAGH there to greet them. Standing firm. A look from CLODAGH to MR DEAN for guidance/support. All very tense.

CLODAGH

Welcome, Excellency. I hope your travels were pleasant.

TODA RAI

Most pleasant, thank you Sister Clodagh. This is an unfortunate business to return to.

CLODAGH  
I'm very sorry to trouble you with  
it, Highness.

As they go in ... an aside from MR DEAN to CLODAGH [clocked  
by RUTH and ADELA].

MR DEAN  
[ASIDE] I've said what I can, but  
you'll have to play it by ear.

CUT TO:

52 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SALON. DAY.

52

A ceremonial atmosphere. TODA RAI and entourage arrayed with  
similar accoutrements of hospitality as for their visit in Ep  
1 -- just tea, this time. MR DEAN, CLODAGH and the other nuns  
-- BLANCHE a bit bleary, RUTH fixated on MR DEAN.

TODA RAI  
This is a matter of some delicacy,  
Sister Clodagh. Although you know,  
the girl is of the lowest caste.  
Dilip Rai wishes to say something  
to you.

TODA RAI indicates DILIP RAI should come forward. DILIP RAI  
sullenly contrite. He can't meet CLODAGH'S eye.

DILIP RAI  
[ROTE] Please forgive me, Superior  
Sister. Teaching Sisters. I am very  
sorry that I have broken your  
rules. I would like to return to  
you for my education.

CLODAGH  
But really, I don't see how --

TODA RAI  
The girl must be dismissed.

[ADELA'S satisfaction]. CLODAGH knows she has to choose her  
words carefully.

CLODAGH  
Kanchi's an orphan, Your Excellency  
-- as I'm sure Mr Dean has said to  
you, it is our duty as an order to  
care for the motherless. I'm sorry,  
but there it is. I must insist.

MR DEAN wincing at CLODAGH'S audacity. A beat or two of stoniness from TODA RAI. Everyone holding their breath.

TODA RAI  
Very well. Summon the girl, please.

CUT TO:

KANCHI meekly enters, escorted by ANGU [who has been listening at the door] -- and abases herself in front of TODA RAI. CLODAGH finding it all difficult. The General nods to his number 2 [PRATRAP], who hands him an ornate flail -- somewhat reminiscent of the scourge we've seen CLODAGH use against herself in sc29. The General in turn hands the flail to DILIP RAI. An awful moment for DILIP RAI.

TODA RAI (CONT'D)  
Three strokes.

CLODAGH is about to object but MR DEAN reaches his hand out to restrain her. ADELA clocks this.

MR DEAN  
[UNDERTONE] No.

For CLODAGH, it's like being burned by the contact.

TODA RAI  
Three strokes and the girl may stay.

KANCHI'S look to DILIP RAI. A moment as DILIP RAI considers defiance.

ANGU  
Be a man! ... be a man...

MR DEAN hangs on to CLODAGH'S arm/hand [taboo, this], as DILIP RAI gives the kneeling KANCHI three strokes of the whip across her shoulders.

KANCHI weeps. There are tears in DILIP RAI'S eyes. The ritual humiliation is worse than the pain of the blows. But it's awful, for everyone present.

Except RUTH, who finds the whole thing arousing. Each blow releases something in her she can't possibly understand.

And she watches [as does ADELA!] as CLODAGH withdraws her arm/hand from MR DEAN...

ANGLE ON: DILIP RAI, tormented, watches ANGU lead KANCHI past him, out of the room. A last look of love and pain between them: her sorrow, that he could do this to her.

DILIP RAI is the first to look away, totally ashamed. We understand the punishment has been of him, as much as her. Awful.

MIX TO:

53 INT. SALON. HOUSE OF WOMEN. DAY. 53

Everyone gone [their departing voices O/S]. RUTH alone lingers, still galvanised by the punishment she's witnessed.

She sees, as though coming out of a dream, MR DEAN'S hat, forgotten on a chair. She takes the feather we saw in sc34 from her habit, kisses it -- puts it back in his hat band. MR DEAN enters, on the look out for the hat.

MR DEAN  
Aha! Couldn't do without Old Feltie  
... Sister Ruth.

RUTH remains silent -- hands him the hat.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

MR DEAN goes, more discomfited by RUTH than ever. On RUTH. The crumbs of his attention a banquet to her. A dangerous energy she's barely containing.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 54

TODA RAI takes his leave from CLODAGH, just the two of them touring the site of the chapel [stacked materials, in preparation for building]. CLODAGH, furious and upset, strives for her most serene professional mode.

TODA RAI  
I am glad there will be a new  
building here Sister Clodagh. I  
admire all faith. It brings order  
to the world.

They have a view of the SUNNYASI, across the courtyard. TODA RAI aware, if unaffected, by CLODAGH'S feelings about the punishment.

TODA RAI (CONT'D)  
Today we have restored order. I did  
not like it, but it had to be done.  
My brother is wiser than I, but I  
am unable to call upon his advice.

They watch the SUNNYASI, his perfect, composed impassivity.

TODA RAI (CONT'D)

'There is no fire like lust, and no chains like those of hate. There is no net like illusion, and no rushing torrent like desire... The greatest of victories is the victory over oneself.' Do you know the Dhammapada, Sister Clodagh -- the teachings of Buddha?

CLODAGH

No, Excellency ... but some of our own theologians, they teach that hell isn't a pit filled with fire -- it's having to endure oneself forever and ever with no escape.

TODA RAI

Yes, that is far more terrible. [SUNNYASI] My brother has no self left. He may be fortunate, or unfortunate. I cannot tell.

They have wended their way back to the entourage [near the stable side], where DILIP RAI waits. TODA RAI ready to go.

TODA RAI (CONT'D)

The girl, Sister Clodagh ...

CLODAGH

Kanchi.

TODA RAI

She may serve as a concubine if Dilip Rai chooses. It might be the best arrangement all round.

On CLODAGH -- not as far as she's concerned!

TODA RAI and his entourage leave. Off they all go, save MR DEAN [who has joined the group at some point during CLODAGH/TODA's conversation] ... once TODA RAI is out of sight CLODAGH can finally let her emotions show.

MR DEAN

That had to be done, I'm afraid. Not least for you to preserve the respect of everyone else around here. You don't want them thinking your rules don't count.

CLODAGH

For a man who likes so much to play the rebel I've noticed you're exceedingly resigned to abiding by the General's rules. I suppose it helps that he pays the wages that buy you your whisky --

MR DEAN

Clodagh --

CLODAGH

*Sister* Clodagh. That wasn't right. None of it is right!

MR DEAN is affected, provoked.

MR DEAN

What would you have me do?

CLODAGH

[MORE MODERATELY] You could have spoken up. At least tried to save Kanchi.

MR DEAN

That's your creed *Sister*, a belief in salvation. I lost my faith in all that a very long time ago. I can't even save myself -- I've never claimed otherwise. It's the way of the world --

CLODAGH

We make the world!

MR DEAN

I thought God made it!

Touché.

CLODAGH

How marvellous it is for you here... all privilege and no responsibility.

MR DEAN

I didn't ask any of you to nail me up on the cross, *Sister* Clodagh. So don't blame me for not being Jesus Christ.

Mutual anger.

ANGLE ON:

They're watched by RUTH. Responding to the current of emotion between them. Delighted by the discord.

55 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY. 55

Sundown establisher. The SUNNYASI ...

56 INT. KITCHEN. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY. 56

The inevitable Lenten beans and lentils. Everyone miserable, tense in different ways. BLANCHE unable to eat once more. CLODAGH still pissed off. KANCHI abject as she serves at the table. Finally, ADELA breaks the silence.

ADELA

We had regular floggings in Canton.  
It's the only way they learn.

CLODAGH

Perhaps if you had spared the rod  
occasionally, Sister, there  
wouldn't have been an uprising.

More beats of tension.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)

I apologise, that was uncalled for.  
[BEAT. BLANCHE'S ANGST. ] It's your  
duty to try to break your fast,  
Sister Blanche.

BLANCHE

I'm sorry, Sister Clodagh.

CLODAGH

You said there's been no more news.

BLANCHE struggles on, for a few beats, tearful.

RUTH

It's not Om she's sorry for, it's  
herself. She wants to have a baby  
of her own.

This is very shocking to the others. Not least RUTH'S insolently conversational tone -- the flogging has released something in her.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You know it's true! The way she  
looks at them, like she's longing  
to take a bite out of them...

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

She wants a baby more than anything  
in the world, and now she never  
will.

On BLANCHE. This is unbearable to hear.

CLODAGH

Sister Ruth.

RUTH

This is inedible.

She gets up from the table and leaves the room. Alarm all  
round, as CLODAGH goes after her.

57 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR. LATE DAY. CONTINUOUS. 57

CLODAGH

Sister Ruth!

RUTH ignores her, continues to head off, CLODAGH pursuing.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

RUTH

What do you care?

CLODAGH

You are forbidden to speak in this  
way!

RUTH

The truth, you mean? The truth is  
meant to bring us closer to God,  
isn't that right? But we don't  
allow the truth here ...

CLODAGH

You have suffered, Sister. I  
thought you were better, prayed for  
it, but I see now you aren't.

RUTH

I don't want your prayers.  
[CLODAGH'S SHOCK] I don't! [BEAT]  
You watch me, but she watches you.  
Srimati knows what you are ...

CLODAGH

It has been a testing day for all  
of us -- this place isn't good for  
you --

This is the first thing that gets RUTH agitated.

RUTH

Oh, no -- you're not sending me away! Father Roberts and Mother Dorothea won't let you push me out! Father Roberts warned you, but you've taken no notice!

The other nuns [and ANGU] have followed to listen/help. RUTH clocks their presence and ramps up a gear, eager for ADELA'S attention in particular.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Sending notes to Mr Dean, touching him -- we'll see who gets sent back to Darjeeling! Your precious vocation -- it's not a vocation at all! It's bullying and selfishness and rotten to its heart! Mr Dean can see what you're like -- no wonder he doesn't want you! Well you can stop taking that out on all of us --

BRIONY advances and matter-of-factly chucks her cup of water in RUTH'S face. Her tactic for hysteria. CLODAGH shocked by all this.

BRIONY

Bed. [FOR CLODAGH] It's the fasting, and the spring air. She's just not strong enough.

She manhandles RUTH away, not without a struggle.

BRIONY (CONT'D)

We'll have you right as rain, Sister Ruth. It's the thin air, that's all it is, and not enough to eat. Your system's not suited for it.

RUTH

Srimati can see -- [TO ADELA] she can see what you refuse to, you dried-up old bitch!

On ADELA, as she watches RUTH being led away. All of them shocked, and a bit frightened by RUTH'S outburst.

CUT TO:

BRIONY has chivvied RUTH on to her bed -- proffers one of her sedative powders in a fold of paper.

BRIONY  
This'll help you sleep for a good  
few hours ... nothing like a proper  
sleep. You're worn out.

RUTH resists, mouth clamped shut. BRIONY holds her, tries to separate her teeth, force the powder into her mouth -- a physical struggle. BRIONY'S up close, her greater strength bound to prevail ...

RUTH  
Do you like touching me, Sister  
Briony?

BRIONY recoils. Her deeply buried truth.

BRIONY  
The devil is in you, Sister.

She hurries out. On RUTH, relishing the disruption. [SRIMATI approves.] RUTH tips the sedative powder out of her cell window, into the wind.

CUT TO:

The distortions of candlelight. Disquiet as the nuns, without RUTH, endure 'recreation'. BRIONY utterly poleaxed by her scene with RUTH. BLANCHE still tremulous about the baby. CLODAGH, struggling to set an example, is aware of tremendous disapproval emanating from ADELA.

CLODAGH  
Sister Adela. Is there something  
you want to say?

ADELA  
Perhaps it's better said privately.

CLODAGH  
We are a community. A grievance  
that festers infects us all.

ADELA  
Very well. I think Sister Ruth is  
right -- I think you've fallen into  
bad ways with Mr Dean, Sister  
Clodagh.

BLANCHE and BRIONY jolted from their preoccupations.

CLODAGH

If you have an accusation, please voice it plainly.

ADELA

Your behaviour with him is not fitting to a religious. I saw it today, and so did Sister Ruth. I have seen it many times, now. You are over-familiar with him. As a man. Since I have no proof of anything else I can make no accusation. [BEAT. UNABLE TO RESIST] But it's part of an atmosphere of licentiousness that's as plain as the nose on your face. For you to teach that girl and the Young General together... it's no wonder they strayed into sin. I wouldn't be surprised if you had more than an inkling of what they were up to --

CLODAGH didn't see this one coming -- AND IT'S TRUE!! During this outburst, a steady drumbeat has started O/S its sound carrying in from outside.

BRIONY

[SHOCKED] Sister Adela, how can you say such things --

ADELA

I'm not so green as I'm cabbage looking, Sister Briony. [TO CLODAGH] Or are you denying you saw the boy and girl were becoming close, Sister?

CLODAGH can't. BRIONY is shocked by her hesitation.

BLANCHE

[DISTRESS] Oh God, can't you hear? Drums!

BLANCHE opens the window. The wind, the louder, constant drumbeat.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

It must mean he's dead! Om's brother is dead!

Everyone's distress. They have to tend to BLANCHE.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 60

[NEW DAY] Morning. The bell, rung by ADELA. Everywhere is peaceful, empty [shots EXT/INT]. But the drum beats continue [as they do now through all scenes up to Sc.83].

Where there have been a couple of WORKMEN unloading the building materials for the chapel in previous scenes, there are just the building materials, tools abandoned.

CUT TO:

61 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 61

BRIONY carries a modest breakfast tray to RUTH'S cell. She hovers at the door with it, unwilling to go further after RUTH'S provocation the previous night.

BRIONY

God be with you Sister. [NO RESPONSE] Sister Clodagh says you are exempt from fasting today. And prayers...

She leaves the tray on the floor, relieved to hurry away.

CUT TO:

62 INT/EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CLASSROOM/TERRACE. DAY. 62

BLANCHE and JOSEPH ANTHONY survey rows of empty desks [including DILIP RAI'S]. The lace-making stations also vacant.

CUT TO:

63 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CHAPEL. DAY. 63

BRIONY and CLODAGH.

CLODAGH

It must be a day of mourning for the whole village.

BRIONY

Poor little mite.

CLODAGH

We can only offer our prayers...

CLODAGH lights a candle. Something building in her.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)

What Sister Adela said last night, Sister Briony -- she is right. I have let myself become too familiar with Mr Dean. [BRIONY'S SURPRISE] Not licentiousness. But there is a sympathy in him ... he reminds me of a boy I knew long ago.

BRIONY

Was it -- was he killed in the war, Sister Clodagh?

On CLODAGH.

CLODAGH

No.

Somewhere it's hard for her to go.

BRIONY

Oh. [BEAT. GENTLE] Being jilted, isn't that what they call it? It's a familiar path, Sister Clodagh. A broken heart...[HER OWN VERY SECRET HEARTBREAK, SOMEWHERE] a love that cannot be.

CLODAGH finds BRIONY'S sympathy almost unbearable. The thing she's never wanted to admit.

CLODAGH

Yes. I suppose it is.

MIX TO:

64 INT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. DAY.

64

MR DEAN sleeping in his chair [didn't make it to bed the night before, following his row with CLODAGH], a bottle not far away. An insistent knocking at the front door O/S.

MR DEAN

Alright!

He stumbles to answer the door.

CUT TO:

MR DEAN faces his MANAGER from the factory and a small huddle of VILLAGE WOMEN, including OM'S [grieving] MOTHER. She hands MR DEAN a small brown glass bottle -- a medicine bottle. A highly serious, anxious atmosphere. MR DEAN sniffs the bottle, pours a little out and rubs it between his fingers. Then, making a gesture, he holds the bottle to his lips and drinks a slug of it -- ta da! -- as the group watches, solemn.

CUT TO:

MR DEAN puts the bottle down on the desk in front of CLODAGH. BLANCHE weeping beside her. MR DEAN very grim.

CLODAGH

Oh, Sister Blanche ...

BLANCHE

I had to do something -- Om's mother was so desperate! I just gave her the oil to rub on his tummy to make him more comfortable -- that's all -- nothing to harm the poor little soul!

MR DEAN

If you saw the baby was going to die you should have known ...

BLANCHE

But it wasn't medicine. It wasn't, Sister Clodagh! I swear! I wouldn't have harmed him for the world!

She's inconsolable -- MR DEAN can see there's no point in continuing. MR DEAN puts a pistol on the desk, and some shells for it from his pocket.

MR DEAN

I haven't used it since I left the army, but I've kept it in working order. Do you know how to use it?

[CLODAGH nods.]

CLODAGH

I hardly think this is necessary.

MR DEAN

Lets hope it isn't. I've tried to convince everyone you played no part in the child's death. It may all blow over or you may be facing some kind of reprisal. I can't stay, it's a packing day at the factory. Keep a look out. I'll see about sending a man -- though I doubt anyone can be persuaded to help you. I'll try to come up myself once it starts to get dark.

All this shocking to CLODAGH. But she takes it on the chin.  
Fresh grief from BLANCHE.

67 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR. DAY.

67

CLODAGH seeing MR DEAN out.

CLODAGH

Will the children come back, after this?

[She means 'ever'].

MR DEAN

I shouldn't think so.

CLODAGH

That's it then. I have failed, entirely.

MR DEAN

You're too harsh on yourself ... you can hardly blame yourself for Sister Blanche --

CLODAGH

Sister Blanche, Sister Philippa, Sister Ruth... I should have known. As soon as we arrived, when the memories started ...[BEAT] My vocation is hollow, Mr Dean. Sister Ruth has seen it. And so has this house --

MR DEAN

Sister Ruth is no judge of anything, Sister Clodagh --

CLODAGH

But it's true. [BEAT] I've managed to keep it secret from myself, all these years ... but not from God. I didn't enter the order because I was truly called. It was Con.

MR DEAN

A man --

CLODAGH

A boy. Just a boy... They don't prepare us! They teach us desire belongs to you, that we're vessels for your desire. But our own desire ... I knew it was wrong. A mortal sin, out of wedlock. The church, my parents. But the wildness in me, and the wildness in him... it was wonderful.

On MR DEAN. Surprised and affected.

MR DEAN

They forced you into the convent?

CLODAGH

I chose it. I was already at school there, it wasn't uncommon for girls to find they had a vocation. We were the lucky ones... [PAINFUL] Con didn't want me. Not as a wife... He took a boat to America, to escape the war and make his way in the world. And I entered the order. I couldn't bear it, you see. Being just like any other girl in the village. With a shabby little story to tell.

MR DEAN

[LOVING] There are worse sins, whatever your church tells you.

CLODAGH

I know that. Pride though -- it blinds you to all the others. It blinds you to yourself.

MR DEAN

[BEAT] Despair blinds you to everything except yourself.

She gets he's talking about himself. And the route their connection offers out of this: what they could be to each other. All the love between them.

68 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CHAPEL. LATE DAY. 68

BLANCHE silently distraught through the prayers, led by CLODAGH [RUTH still absent, assumed in bed]. BRIONY subdued.

CLODAGH  
Thy word, O Lord, will endure for ever.

NUNS  
Thy word, O Lord, will endure for ever.

CLODAGH  
Thy truth will last from age to age.

NUNS  
Thy word, O Lord, will endure for ever.

CUT TO:

69 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY. 69

The deserted house, darkness falling. The frightening atmosphere of isolation, the house closing in on itself. The drums ... as BLANCHE leaves another tray outside RUTH'S closed door, removing the untouched breakfast tray.

CLODAGH [V/O]  
Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

NUNS [V/O]  
Thy word, O Lord, will endure for ever.

70 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. NUNS CELLS. LATE DAY. 70

... and we see: Ruth's empty bed.

71 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SRIMATI'S ROOM. NIGHT. 71

RUTH takes out the contents of the chest - the tapestries, the sari silks.

Experimenting with the saris, enjoying the sensuality and colour of the fabrics. Bangles she tries on her arm, other jewelry... kohl, for her eyes.

The images of the goddess on the tapestries:  
Shakti/Pavarti/Kali/Lakshmi/Saraswati...

RUTH

The mother, the daughter, the ghost  
... the holy ghost!

[SRIMATI'S laughter], RUTH showing off for her.

CUT TO:

72 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY/NIGHT. 72

BRIONY & BLANCHE sleeping as RUTH, dressed in SRIMATI'S robes and jewellery, slips past...

73 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. LATE DAY/NIGHT. 73

... And escapes the palace ...

74 EXT. WOODS. LATE DAY/NIGHT. 74

RUTH'S fraught, intent progress towards MR DEAN'S house ...the woods, the path, the glacier, the drums ... we see she's become someone else entirely.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELL TOWER. NIGHT. 75

Hyper-alert, CLODAGH sits vigil. The drums beating. Their isolation. Her dark night of the soul. A sudden noise makes her start.

ADELA

I learned how to shoot in China, if  
you wish to rest, Sister.

ADELA has MR DEAN'S pistol.

CLODAGH

Thank you, Sister. I said I'll keep  
vigil till the Angelus. Please try  
to sleep.

ADELA

You should keep it with you.

ADELA offers CLODAGH the gun. CLODAGH rejects it.

CLODAGH  
I can't believe the villagers would really do us any harm. Perhaps we've chosen to fear them instead of accepting they're as indifferent to us as the mountain. [HER OWN STUFF] Better hate, than indifference. Better a vengeful God than an absent one.

ADELA  
God is never absent, Sister Clodagh. But this is a wicked place.

CLODAGH  
The fault is in us, not Mopu, or the House of Women.

ADELA  
Then you should use the time to pray.

ADELA goes inside, with the gun. On CLODAGH, facing the -- literal -- abyss.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. NIGHT. 76

MR DEAN arrives back from the factory, weary. The medicine bottle still on the step to remind him. He sees the door is open.

CUT TO:

77 INT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. NIGHT. 77

MR DEAN takes up a rifle. He opens a drawer, checks it for cartridges, which he pockets -- hearing a noise further inside, he reacts. The rifle ready.

MR DEAN  
[NEPALI] Who is it? Show yourself.

A whimper of fright, as MR DEAN aims the rifle at the transformed RUTH, appearing from the bedroom. Realising RUTH is in a place far from reality, MR DEAN adopts a jocular, normalising tone.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)

Sister Ruth. What's this, a fancy dress show?

RUTH

I had no other clothes. I've left -- I've left the order.

MR DEAN

I see. [BEAT] Have you come to ask for a job at the tea factory? [HASN'T OCCURRED TO HER] The world's a harsh place Sister, especially if you've never had to put food in your belly.

RUTH

... I've been waiting for you, Mr Dean. I hadn't thought ... I've always worked hard, in the order, at all sorts of things.

MR DEAN

It seems you haven't thought it through very clearly. You can't be the first nun to have second thoughts. Surely there must be some sort of procedure to follow -- shouldn't you talk it over with Sister Clodagh?

RUTH

Sister Clodagh hates me! They all do. They'll try to say I'm unwell ... tell lies about me...

She's looking at the gun as though it mesmerises her. MR DEAN cocks it, with deliberation takes out the bullets. Wondering what to do. [A clock on the wall, it's past midnight.]

MR DEAN

You must be tired, trekking all this way ... why don't you rest for a while?

He gestures to a chair/divan.

RUTH

Thank you. You've always been so kind to me -- thank you, thank you -  
-

She reaches for him, to kiss his hands. Abject, adoring -- his horror at this. He snatches his hand away.

MR DEAN

You mustn't [do that] --

RUTH

Why not? I love you. I want to be with you always. I've loved you ever since I came to Mopu. I don't expect you to love me back, but I'll do whatever you want... I could stay here, I could keep house for you!

MR DEAN

That's impossible, you must see that. [GENTLE] Sister Ruth, let me take you back to the convent.

She won't let go of him.

RUTH

If you take me back, Sister Clodagh will kill me! She'll do anything to keep you from me! She's mad!

MR DEAN'S mind racing.

MR DEAN

Alright --!

He's desperate to get away, his POV of the door.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me, I can only help you if you listen to me.

RUTH

I'll always listen to you.

MR DEAN

Good. It's late. We can both think about the future tomorrow, with a clearer head.

RUTH

You mean I can stay?

MR DEAN

You can rest in there --

[The bedroom. He moves her towards it]

RUTH

I'll do whatever you want. What you did with Kanchi --

And now she tries to put his hand on her breast. He recoils, pulls away. Her distress/confusion.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
It's because you love her, isn't it? You love Sister Clodagh.

MR DEAN  
I don't love anybody!

A visceral power to this rejection.

MR DEAN (CONT'D)  
[COAXING] Just try to sleep, Sister ... we'll think of something. Together.

RUTH concedes. Goes into the bedroom.

RUTH  
Together.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELL TOWER. NIGHT. 78

CLODAGH keeps watch. A prayer muttered under her breath, like a charm.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. NIGHT. 79

RUTH asleep on the bed, a child-like sleep of exhaustion.

ANGLE ON. MR DEAN shuts the door and -- trying to be as silent as possible -- locks/bars it.

80 INT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. 80

MR DEAN takes a deep slug from his already plundered whisky bottle ... knackered, pissed, emotional. The drums getting to him. He stumbles against something left on the floor. The drink has made him clumsy.

MR DEAN  
... [IN EXTREMIS] I don't fucking love anybody!

CUT TO:

81 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

81

A dim lantern lights a path for someone moving through the house, throwing up distortions and shadows ...

A roar from ANGU, armed with an axe or shovel. JOSEPH ANTHONY jumps back and drops the lantern, spooked. He's carrying his bed roll.

CUT TO:

82 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

82

ANGU helps JOSEPH make up his bed roll in the kitchen [ANGU secretly quite pleased by the company].

ANGU

A bhut would have nothing to do with a scrap like you.

JOSEPH

I know, Angu Ayah, Sister Ruth said this to me before when I was frightened -- she shouted me that Dev Srimati was a good lady, who wished only to harm herself.

ANGU

Is that what the Sister told you? What else did the foolish creature say?

JOSEPH

Dev Srimati threw herself down the mountain. The great sin of suicide.

ANGU

That's not what happened at all!

As JOSEPH settles into bed, ANGU attends to a roll-up.

ANGU (CONT'D (CONT'D)

['ONCE UPON A TIME'] The night my lady died, Dhanvi found her out in the storm, weeping for her lover. Srimati blamed Dhanvi for everything, all the ills that had poisoned her mind ... And all her love turned to hate. It wasn't herself the princess wished to kill...

JOSEPH  
She wanted to kill Dhanvi?

MIX TO:

83 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELL TOWER. NIGHT/DAY. 83

The tiniest glimmer of first light in the sky, as CLODAGH keeps watch. And we're watching HER.

ANGU [O/S]  
Yes.

Drums continue. CLODAGH'S head drops, waking her.  
Was that another noise, out in the darkness?

CLODAGH  
God be with you! [NO RESPONSE]  
Lord be our guide and our protector  
...watch over us, protect us from  
evil ...

The rooms and views of the palace, its atmosphere and secrets, as the darkness begins to lift into dawn. We follow SRIMATI'S route through the house [as pre-title Ep 1] ... but is it SRIMATI we're watching, or RUTH?

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
... keep us free from harm to body  
and soul. Support us with thy  
grace, keep us always mindful of  
thy presence and love.

... Dawn. The mountain is ... 'stained with brilliant flowery pink; the pink of spring, of hill crocuses and almond trees and girlish cotton clothes'. The drums stop.

84 INT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. DAY. 84

MR DEAN wakes, alerted by the stopping of the drums. What's going on? [The locked bedroom door.] Bleary, still half-pissed, he goes outside to check what's happening. CLODAGH'S safety on his mind.

INTERCUT:

85 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELL TOWER. DAY. 85

CLODAGH  
Thank God ... oh thank God.

Beats of CLODAGH'S relief -- they've made it through the night. She goes to ring the bell. Sun coming up.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus, through the most pure heart of Mary, I offer thee all my prayers, works and sufferings of this day ...

INTERCUT:

86 EXT. MR DEAN'S BUNGALOW. DAY. 86

[The bell] MR DEAN sees the bedroom window smashed and unlatched, a scarf left behind -- a route of escape for RUTH. His alarmed look up to the palace as ...

87 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELL TOWER. DAY. 87

CLODAGH feels a weight at her foot. A hand, heavy with rings and bangles -- SRIMATI. CLODAGH screams. And so does RUTH, primally, animalistically. RUTH intent on doing CLODAGH harm.

CLODAGH struggles wildly to keep her balance and not to fall off the edge. Now she sees RUTH'S wild, desperate face. Beats of their struggle, CLODAGH attempting to force them both back from the edge, boots slipping, CLODAGH 'swaying above the gulf'.

At the last moment CLODAGH uses the momentum to scabble free of the abyss, back on to solid ground. A beat -- RUTH, on the bell block with her back to the precipice. She locks eyes with CLODAGH: look what you made me do.

CLODAGH

No!

Deliberately, suicidally, RUTH steps back off the edge.

CLODAGH'S scream, as she flails to catch RUTH, but it's too late: RUTH seems 'to fall into the sky' ...

SHOT: MR DEAN, from the track, sees this -- his own cry.

SHOT: RUTH'S landing, far below. [*'She had fallen where they had been cutting the bamboos. Her hand and veil were flung out curiously sideways. A spike had driven through her chest, holding her up with her head hanging down.'*]

On CLODAGH. The horror.

88 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. BELL TOWER. DAY. 88

[NEW DAY] The bell block, silent and empty. Below, the footprint of the never-to-be-realised chapel. The statue of St Faith, dislodged from its place by the door.

ADELA supervises the loading of boxes on to ponies for the journey [GUIDES/WORKMEN].

89 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 89

An elegiac atmosphere. CLODAGH, BRIONY, BLANCHE pack: shots of the cleared-out palace.

CUT TO:

90 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. KITCHEN DAY. 90

BRIONY unlocks the beautifully organised cupboards, leaves the doors hanging open. She unhooks her key, leaves it on the side table. Emotional.

CUT TO:

91 INT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. SALON. DAY. 91

BLANCHE presents JOSEPH with the pointer RUTH used for teaching. He accepts it with solemn gratitude. KANCHI present, behind the teacher's desk. The books -- primers etc around her. [The sense that the mantle of the school has now fallen on her and JOSEPH].

CUT TO:

92 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 92

The nuns are ready to leave [horses loaded by the stables with GUIDES]. Moments of farewell. A tenderly affectionate farewell between KANCHI and CLODAGH [all looks, no touching]. JOSEPH gives BLANCHE a fierce hug that brings tears to her eyes. BLANCHE'S look to CLODAGH -- dare she reciprocate? CLODAGH nods yes. Finally ...

CLODAGH

Thank you for everything, Angu  
Ayah.

ANGU  
[BURIED AFFECTION] You should go,  
madam, before the sun gets too high  
and fries you all like your  
sausages.

They begin their journey. ANGU watching with KANCHI and  
JOSEPH.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. TRACK/WOODS [TBC]. DAY. 93

The nuns and GUIDES, heading down, encounter MR DEAN on his  
way up.

CLODAGH  
One moment Sister Adela.

ANGLE ON: ADELA watches, disapproving, as CLODAGH and MR DEAN  
join each other. A moment of privacy. Their view of where  
RUTH fell.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
Angu says that she'll look after  
Sister Ruth's grave.

MR DEAN  
It's the sort of thing Angu's  
rather conscientious about. Don't  
worry. [BEAT] Better for you to  
forget it.

CLODAGH  
I'll never forget. It would be  
wrong to, as though her -- Sister  
Ruth's life had gone for nothing.

A last look round, for CLODAGH. The SUNNYASI, and the  
mountain.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
It will live in me forever. [HIM]  
Every moment of it.

MR DEAN  
Do you know where they'll send you?

CLODAGH  
No. I shan't be a Sister Superior,  
just part of one of our  
communities. Mother Dorothea has  
actually been quite kind to me ...

(MORE)

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
kinder than she's ever been. I will  
follow the will of God.

MR DEAN can see CLODAGH is genuinely okay with this. A change  
in her.

CLODAGH (CONT'D)  
Good bye, Mr Dean.

The last look between MR DEAN and CLODAGH.

MR DEAN  
[GENUINE] God go with you, Sister  
Clodagh.

CUT TO:

MR DEAN watches as the party files past.

BRIONY  
God bless you, Mr Dean. Thank you  
for all you've done for us.

MR DEAN  
Take care, Sister Briony!

CLODAGH is the last to pass. Defying what ADELA might think,  
CLODAGH leans to speak confidentially for the last time.

CLODAGH  
[FOR HIM] Katherine. My name was  
Katherine.

A look -- all CLODAGH feels, and knows he does. And off they  
go. MR DEAN profoundly touched by this tribute, aware of its  
value ... as the caravan leaves Mopu. A spot or two of rain.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. TRACK. DAY. 94

Drizzling now. ANGU tends the spot where RUTH rests ... her  
grave with its home-made cross, next to SRIMATI'S...

95 EXT. 'HOUSE OF WOMEN'. DAY. 95

And the rains, torrential now, wash away everything planted  
in the garden, St Faith's statue fallen in the mud, cracked  
and forgotten.

**ENDS**

*No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or distributed by any means or quoted or published in any medium, without prior written consent of FX Productions, LLC. In no event, may any participant monetize or profit off the script in any way. © 2018 FX Productions, LLC. All rights reserved.*