



RED PLANET PICTURES

Dickensian

Episode 2

By
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YELLOW
Shooting Script

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FADE IN:

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

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

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 2. 0800 2

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

CUT TO:

3 INT. POLICE STATION. CELLS. DAY 2. 0900 3

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

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

The sheet is pulled back to reveal the body.

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

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

BUCKET

Mr Venus?

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

BUCKET (CONT'D)

You know him?

MR VENUS

I've had that face thrust in mine often enough.

His name is Jacob Marley.

(CONTINUED)

BUCKET

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

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

A moneylender?

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

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

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

MR VENUS

A crack to the head, hit with some
force.

BUCKET

From where?

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

A cosh?

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

MR VENUS

Made of wood.

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

Mr Venus looks down at Marley.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MR VENUS (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas.

He pulls the sheet back over him.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

5 EXT. THREE CRIPPLES PUB. DAY.2 1040 5

See the Public House with Arthur's window above.

CUT TO:

6 INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM. DAY 2. 1041 6

Arthur pacing.

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

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

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

ARTHUR
It's Christmas Day.

Compeyson turns to look at Arthur to make his point;

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

ARTHUR
Yes.

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

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
Father doted on her.

6

CONTINUED:

6

COMPEYSON

Then it's high time she learnt a
very valuable lesson...

(finishes adjusting his
tie)

That not all men will do her
bidding.

ARTHUR

The plan is simply for you to
ingratiate yourself with her,
become her friend, offer her
counsel..
Advise her to revoke the will.

COMPEYSON

You want what's rightfully yours?

ARTHUR

Yes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What will you say to her?

COMPEYSON

That I am troubled on discovering
that the man I struck in her
defence, was in fact her brother.
That I am keen to make amends, to
mediate in order to unite the
family.

(grandly)

In memory of her late Father and
the true spirit of Christmas.

ARTHUR

Be careful, she may be a girl, but
she's nobody's fool. She's still a
Havisham.

Compeyson stands back to admire himself in the mirror, then
looks back at Arthur and smiles.

COMPEYSON

Leave the goose to the fox Arthur,
I shall deliver her, once she's
been plucked...

CUT TO:

7

EXT. ALLEY. DAY 2.1042

7

Inspector Bucket walks along inspecting the alley, then stops
and squats down to inspect a clear smearing of blood beneath
melting snow..

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Then he stands, holding his back as he does so, clearly with some back pain, he looks around him, the area deserted. What happened here?

CUT TO:

8 OMITTED 8

9 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 2. 1051 9

Fanny and Mrs Gamp walking up Market Street.

FANNY

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

MRS GAMP

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

FANNY

I've got half a pork pie.

MRS GAMP

Where's the other half?

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

FANNY

Some I ate, some I used to bait the
rat traps. I trimmed it, make it
look like it was bought as an 'alf.

MRS GAMP

Mum's the word.

They pass Inspector Bucket outside Scrooge & Marley's and
reach the Old Curiosity Shop.

FANNY

If it's not eaten, I'm bringing it
back.

As they go inside the Old Curiosity Shop, Fanny is clearly
intrigued by Inspector Bucket.

GO TO: Inspector Bucket outside Scrooge & Marley's watching
children playing in the snow. He smiles, clearly enjoying
their youthful exuberance. Then his smile fades as he
remembers the job in hand and looks up at the Scrooge &
Marley sign above his head.

CUT TO:

10 EXT/ INT. THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. DAY 2 . 1052 10

Nell in a chair wrapped in a blanket as Mrs Gamp is being
given a glass of sherry by Grandfather, he then continues to
Fanny who at the front of the shop, straining to look out of
the window. Fanny takes the sherry from Grandfather and nods
at the cake tin and parcel on the table.

FANNY

(to Grandfather)

We've brought half a pork pie and a
cake to add to the festivities.

GRANDFATHER

Thank you and Merry Christmas.

FANNY

Not that having to bring
refreshment was made clear at the
time of the invitation.

GRANDFATHER

Well...

MRS GAMP

Take no notice of her, she's
not been much afflicted with
manners or good humour or much else
aside from sticking her Parish pick
axe in other people's business...

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

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

SILAS

Ah.. Better out than in.

He sees Mrs Gamp and Fanny.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Mrs Gamp..

(sees Fanny)

Miss Biggetywitch.

She scowls at him.

SILAS (CONT'D)

What's she got her nose in now?

FANNY

He's still there.

GRANDFATHER

Who is?

MRS GAMP

There was someone outside Scrooge and Marley's.

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

FANNY

He looks official, like he knows something the rest of us don't..

(beat)

Though I watched a man hanged outside Newgate; walked to the gallows with the same air about him... Cock sure of 'imself... And he was a murderer.

MRS GAMP

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

FANNY

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

OUT on her POV of Bucket.

CUT TO:

INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. DAY 2.

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

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

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

BOB
Merry Christmas.

An excited Emily grins broadly as she takes the present, unwrapping it finds a jewelry box, she opens it to reveal a garnet chain. She looks at Bob. Puzzled.

BOB (CONT'D)
Don't you like it?

EMILY
Well yes... Of course I do...
But... How did we ever afford it?

Bob helps her take the chain out and put it around her neck.

BOB

That's not for you to worry about my love, all you need do, is to wear it...

(looks into Emily's soul)

And remember that it was given to you by a man who knows himself to be the luckiest man in the whole of London.

EMILY
I only knitted you a scarf.

BOB
No, you knitted me a wonderful
scarf.

Emily kisses Bob on the cheek. A moment between them, then she turns to the children.

EMILY
Girls... See what your father has
bought me!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

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

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SCROOGE'S HOUSE. DAY 2. 1100 12

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

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

SCROOGE (O.S.)

Can't a man enjoy his Christmas in peace?

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

SCROOGE (V.O.)

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

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

SCROOGE

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

BUCKET

Mr Scrooge?

SCROOGE

If you intend to sing sir, I shall fetch a bucket of water as I would for a cat...

If it's charity you seek, then you should know there are workhouses and treadmills for the poor.

If you are simply disturbing me to offer greetings of the season, I say, humbug sir!

BUCKET

I'm here neither to sing, nor collect for charity and although it's not my primary purpose for calling, I do indeed offer you greetings of the season..

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCROOGE

Then state your purpose.

BUCKET

Murder Mr Scrooge.

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

CUT TO:

13 INT. BARBARY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 2. 1105 13

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

HONORIA

I knew you'd like them.

Edward lovingly strokes his daughter's head.

EDWARD

They're beautiful As are you.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Let me fetch your present.

HONORIA

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

EDWARD

Because?

HONORIA

I thought you could wear them for
dinner.

EDWARD

Then so I shall.

HONORIA

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

EDWARD

Frances will be back from church
soon.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

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

CUT TO:

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

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

SCROOGE

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

BUCKET

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

SCROOGE

He had no next of kin.

BUCKET

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

SCROOGE

Indeed he did!

BUCKET

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

SCROOGE

Jacob Marley? Buying presents?
Ha!

BUCKET

(beat)
His desk?

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

BUCKET (CONT'D)

This is his journal?

(CONTINUED)

SCROOGE

Yes.

BUCKET

May I?

SCROOGE

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

Bucket opens the diary at Christmas Eve.

BUCKET

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

SCROOGE

He had a debt to collect.

BUCKET

Which he collected?

SCROOGE

Yes he did.

BUCKET

(consults journal)

Then the evening. Someone called
Nancy? At eight o'clock...
Then a later entry, shown simply as
the letter C...

SCROOGE

Jacob kept his own counsel, it
could be a name.
Or at times he used the letter C to
note that a collection had been
made.

BUCKET

Yet it's set alone Mr Scrooge, not
beside a name or a premises.

SCROOGE

I cannot answer for Jacob's
shoddiness.

BUCKET

And this... Nancy? Who might that
be?

SCROOGE

(tentatively)

I understand he had arranged for
...company.

(CONTINUED)

BUCKET
Female company.

SCROOGE
Yes.

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

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

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

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

(beat)
So was he robbed?

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

SCROOGE
And his wallet?

BUCKET
No wallet was found. You believe he carried one?

SCROOGE
I never saw him without it.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

BUCKET

(beat)

If I might say, Mr Scrooge, you don't seem too troubled by the sudden and somewhat tragic loss of your partner.

SCROOGE

If you make it your mission to seek out someone to shed a tear for Jacob Marley, I fear you will be sorely disappointed.

BUCKET

And on that very subject, Mr Scrooge, if you can think of no-one who would wish him well particularly... Could you think of anyone who would wish him ill...

SCROOGE

One? I can think of a hundred, sir.

BUCKET

He wasn't well liked?

SCROOGE

He was a moneylender. Well liked enough at the start of the arrangement, despised at the end.

(beat)

Your problem will not be discovering who hated Jacob Marley enough to kill him, but rather finding someone who didn't...

On Bucket, this might be a bigger job than he thought...

CUT TO:

15

INT. BARBARY HOUSE. HALL. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 2. 1115 15

Frances enters carrying a bible and some Temperance leaflets, she glances into the dining room to see an incredibly lavish Christmas table being set, she frowns.

She walks through to find Edward is at his desk, a pile of official looking letters, he studies papers closely as Frances takes off her coat, gloves and bonnet.

FRANCES

(looks around)

Where is Honoria?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

Satis House. She's gone to visit Amelia.

FRANCES

Have you told her of our predicament yet?

EDWARD

No.

FRANCES

Can I ask why not?

EDWARD

She's not like you Frances, she's not as robust, it would upset her.

FRANCES

Is she not part of this family?

EDWARD

Of course she is.

FRANCES

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

EDWARD

Why upset her and on Christmas Day, when there might yet be no need?

(holds up inventory)

I hold some stock that still has value.

FRANCES

On the other side of the world.

EDWARD

If I can find a buyer. It could be transported

FRANCES

And if it can't?

Silence. That possibility hangs in the air.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Will you still protect Honoria when we are begging in the street?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Edward slumps, deflated; Frances turns on her heels and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MARKET STREET. DAY 2. 1116 16

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

Let him go; Then as Inspector Bucket walks away down market street; Scrooge watches him go, then pick up Grandfather and Silas Wegg who watch him from the window of the shop, then Bob Cratchit at the water pump, and finally as Bucket turns the corner, the POV of a menacing Bill Sikes who watches Bucket pass from a nearby alley; **MID EP HOOK.**

CUT TO:

17 INT. SATIS HOUSE/RECEPTION HALL/DRAWING ROOM. DAY 2. 1125 17

Amelia is welcoming Honoria and James, Mary takes their coats before Amelia leads them into the drawing room.

AMELIA

Thank heavens you're here, I was starting to think I must spend Christmas alone.

(she looks at James)

Captain Hawdon.

JAMES

Miss Havisham.

HONORIA

(sotto)

Thank you for inviting us, I'm not sure we could have seen each other today if you hadn't..

(beat)

Where's Arthur?

AMELIA

I haven't seen him since yesterday. I fear he's not coming.

HONORIA

I don't understand.

AMELIA

We had the reading of father's will. He bequeathed Arthur only a portion of the brewery with instructions to manage it.

(CONTINUED)

HONORIA

And everything else left to you?

Amelia nods.

HONORIA (CONT'D)

He must have been furious.

AMELIA

Enough to shout at me in the street.

(beat)

Without the kindness of a stranger
I dread to think what might have happened.

HONORIA

A stranger?

AMELIA

A gentleman was passing, he came to my aid.

HONORIA

Handsome?

AMELIA

That's hardly the point.

(off Honoria's look)

I didn't notice.

Honoria laughs.

HONORIA

Was he so handsome he rendered you sightless?

JAMES

Er... I am here you know.

HONORIA

Poor James, he's feeling unloved.

JAMES

Two women to myself and they talk about someone else.

HONORIA

Then we must stop.

AMELIA

I'm sorry, I will give you both my undivided attention and we shall begin Christmas in earnest.
A glass of sherry.

Amelia moves to ring the bell for drinks, Honoria joins her.

(CONTINUED)

HONORIA

You look wonderful.
(leans in,
conspiratorially)
Shouldn't you be wearing black?

Amelia scoops up her dog, Jip.

AMELIA

It was Father's wish that I should
wear black to his funeral but no
longer.

HONORIA

God bless him for that, but what
will people say?

AMELIA

I will respect his wishes, though I
fear it may not make me very
popular.

Mary enters with a tray of drinks and sweetmeats which she
places on the table. Honoria smiles and takes a glass of
sherry as the maid turns to Amelia with a calling card.

MARY

Excuse me ma'am, you have a caller.

Amelia glances at Honoria, then takes the card and reads;

HONORIA

Who is it?

AMELIA

The stranger I told you about.
(to Mary)
Did he say what he wanted?

MARY

No ma'am..

HONORIA

You must see him!

A beat, Amelia looks at the card again.

GO TO: Compeyson waiting, he notices that his shirt cuffs
are fraying and tucks the cuff into his coat out of sight.
He turns as Amelia joins him.

AMELIA

Mr Compeyson?

COMPEYSON

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

AMELIA

On Christmas Day?

COMPEYSON

Yes, in fact that's rather the point.

AMELIA

Oh?

COMPEYSON

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

AMELIA

How so?

COMPEYSON

I've since learnt that the young man I struck, was in fact your brother..

It seems I have unwittingly involved myself in a family dispute.

(beat)

And family is so important. Particularly at this time of year even more so as I understand that your father recently passed?

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

AMELIA

Yes.

COMPEYSON

Then with your permission I would like to make amends.

AMELIA

And how do you propose to do that?

COMPEYSON

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

AMELIA

My brother isn't here.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

COMPEYSON

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

AMELIA

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

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

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(to Compeyson)

Thank you so much for taking the
 time to call, it was very kind of
 you.

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

COMPEYSON

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

AMELIA

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

Stay with Compeyson as she closes the front door on him.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. SATIS HOUSE. DAY 2. 1130

18

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

CUT TO:

19 INT. SATIS HOUSE. DAY 2. 1131 19

Honoria steps into the hallway to join Amelia.

 HONORIA
Well?

 AMELIA
He offered to mediate. To talk to
Arthur on my behalf.

 HONORIA
And you turned him away?

 AMELIA
Yes I did.
 (beat)
I don't need a man to solve my
problems for me.

 HONORIA
There's hope for you yet!

The two women stride back into the drawing room.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. SATIS HOUSE. DAY 2. 1132 20

Compeyson standing at the wrought iron gates as they are
closed by footmen.

Compeyson surveys Satis House, a wry smile forms - the game
is on.

CUT TO:

20A EXT. MR VENUS TAXIDERMIST. DAY 2. 1214 20A

Establishing.

CUT TO:

21 INT. TAXIDERMIST. DAY 2. 1215 21

Inspector Bucket sits with Mr Venus in his shop, a cup of tea
and a mince pie in front of him. Mr Venus stirs his tea with
a small bone.

 BUCKET
 (trying to ignore the
 bone)
This is very kind of you Mr Venus.

(CONTINUED)

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

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

MR VENUS

So you'll be heading home then?

BUCKET

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

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

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

MR VENUS

"Investigate"?

BUCKET

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

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

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

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

MR VENUS

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

BUCKET

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

MR VENUS

So he was robbed?

BUCKET

Perhaps.

(beat)

According to his journal, he had an
appointment. Eight at night at his
house and although I'll need it
confirmed, I've allowed an hour,
give or take... And the body was
discovered just before eleven.

(beat)

So, if my mathematics haven't let
me down, I believe Mr Jacob Marley
was murdered between nine and half
past ten on Christmas Eve.

MR VENUS

That's very impressive detecting
Mr Bucket.

Bucket stands, drains his tea cup.

BUCKET

It's a start Mr Venus, no more.
Just a start.

(beat)

Merry Christmas to you.

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

CUT TO:

22

EXT. DOCKSIDE ALLEYWAY DAY 21220

22

*

Fagin exchanges cash for a small bundle with a rough looking
character. *

*

The rough looking character walks away but sees Bill Sikes at
the end of the alley and gives him a wide berth, eyes down. *

*

Fagin sees Bill. *

*

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

FAGIN

Bill my dear, working on Christmas
Day? Not dining with the Lord Mayor
and his wife?

*
*
*
*

BILL

They asked, but I turned 'em down.

*
*

FAGIN

So you came to find me instead?
I'm honoured.
You got something for me?

*
*
*
*

BILL

Nothing to sell.

*
*

FAGIN

Then what?

*
*

BILL

Thought you might be interested in
who I've just seen...

*
*
*

OUT on Fagin

*

CUT TO:

*

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

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

John Bagnet is watching as Martha opens her present.

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

 BOB
 A horse.

Tim shakes head.

 BOB (CONT'D)
 A monster?

 TIM
 It's you!

 BOB
 (feigns shock)
 What?

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

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

 PETER
 Thought I'd see if there's a
 snowball fight, try out my new
 gloves.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

BOB

(laughs)

Well if you find one, let me know!
I do love a snowball fight!

EMILY

(from kitchen)

I'll be serving up in half an hour!

PETER

I'll be back.

And Peter makes his way out.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE/MARKET STREET. DAY 2. 1347 24

Peter steps outside as Compeyson strides past him. He walks through the alley and as he steps into market street he's passed by Inspector Bucket.

BUCKET

Merry Christmas!

PETER

Merry Christmas, sir.

As Inspector Bucket continues towards the Old Curiosity Shop and gently knocks on the door. A moment before Nell opens the door, wrapped in a woollen shawl..

LITTLE NELL

Peter?

He takes out the small wrapped gift from his pocket.

PETER

I bought you a present.

He hands it to her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas.

She smiles and opens the present, taking out the yellow ribbon.

PETER (CONT'D)

Not sure you could be any prettier,
but Mother says that ribbon in a
girl's hair is very fetching.

LITTLE NELL

Then I'll wear it and hope she's
not disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

PETER

She won't be.

A beat.

LITTLE NELL

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

PETER

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

LITTLE NELL

My very own guardian angel.

Peter smiles awkwardly and looks at his shoes.

LITTLE NELL (CONT'D)

I can't take a gift without giving
one.

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

LITTLE NELL (CONT'D)

Sorry it wasn't wrapped.

If Peter were any happier, he would burst.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Nell! In from the cold!

LITTLE NELL

Coming!

(to Peter)

I have to go..

Merry Christmas Peter...

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

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

CUT TO:

25

EXT. BARBARY HOUSE. DAY 2. 1349

25

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

HONORIA

I wish you could come in with me.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

Then this Colonel Mortimer has
excellent taste!

The gaze into each others eyes, loving each other.

CUT TO:

26	<u>INT. BARBARY HOUSE.</u>	<u>DAY 2.</u>	1350	26
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Take Frances' POV from a window, watching as Honoria and James furtively kiss, before parting and Honoria runs to the house.

CUT TO:

27 INT. BARBARY HOUSE/ HALL/DINING ROOM DAY 2. 1351 27

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

FRANCES (O.S.)

You're late.

Honorìa turns to see Frances.

HONORIA

Well, I'm here now.

FRANCES

How was Amelia Havisham?

HONORIA

As well as might be expected.

Honoraria moves to walk into the drawing room.

FRANCES

And Captain Hawdon?

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

Honoriam stops.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I saw you.

(beat)

Like mongrels in the street.

Shameful.

Honoriam looks back at Frances.

HONORIAM

He will be gain his promotion soon,
earn a respectable wage. Then he
will come to speak to Father.

Before Frances can respond, Edward appears;

EDWARD

Am I to eat Christmas dinner alone?

HONORIAM

No father.

The two sisters follow Edward inside where the Christmas table is set, Edward hands Honoriam a glass. Frances, who doesn't drink, looks on.

EDWARD

A toast. My two beautiful
daughters...

He glances at Frances.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Let the New Year bring what it may,
But for today, in memory of your
Mother... Let there be nothing in
the Barbary house but laughter.

A beaming Honoriam raises her glass.

HONORIAM

Hear, hear. Happy Christmas!

Edward raises his glass too. Frances, sour faced.

CUT TO:

28

INT. POLICE STATION. CELLS. NIGHT 2. 1600

28

The body of Jacob Marley on the table, covered with a sheet.

CUT TO:

29 INT. FAGIN'S DEN. NIGHT 2. 1605 29

A concerned Fagin sits alone, troubled.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CRATCHIT'S HOUSE. NIGHT 2 1610 30

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

CUT TO:

31 INT. SCROOGE & MARLEY'S. NIGHT 2. 1630 31

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

CUT TO:

32 INT. THREE CRIPPLES. NIGHT 2. 1645 32

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

CUT TO:

33 INT. BARBARY HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 2. 1700 33

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

EDWARD

Presents..

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

CUT TO:

34 EXT. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NIGHT 2. 1705 34

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

CUT TO:

35 INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM. NIGHT 2. 1715 35

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

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

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

 ARTHUR
And you find that amusing,
because..?

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

He turns to look at Arthur, smirking;

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

On Arthur, a little concerned by this change.

CUT TO:

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

Amelia Havisham sits alone at her Christmas table.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE TWO