

THE INNOCENTS

FEBRUARY 1961

Property of



T H E I N N O C E N T S

Based on the story
"The Turn of the Screw"
by Henry James

Additional scenes and dialogue by
John Mortimer

Screenplay by
William Archibald
and Truman Capote

Revised Shooting Script
February 1961

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PERMANENT FILE

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T H E I N N O C E N T S

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SCREENPLAY

Based on

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

by

HENRY JAMES

February, 1961

Achilles Film Productions Ltd.,
9, Cavendish Square,
London, W.1.

THE INNOCENTS

The story is set in England in the mid-nineteenth century.

Over the black screen the SOUND of rain.

SLOW FADE IN:

1. EXT: CHURCHYARD: DAY: (LOCATION OR LOT):

1

LOW ANGLE - earth, a puddle, the rain falling steadily ...
CAMERA PANS ACROSS a jumble of "floral tributes" -
wreaths, bunches of flowers - already bedraggled, sad,
bruised by the rain, to a pile of earth. A SPADE suddenly
slices into it ... CAMERA PANS WITH SPADE as it swings to
an open grave (not seen). We see FEET: patent leather
boots; small women's feet under long skirts; a parson's
black boots emerging from under a cassock ... The spade
drops the earth with a small THUD.

Over this, the SOUND of the rain growing louder, and the
PARSON'S VOICE ...

PARSON'S VOICE (o.s.)
... he cometh up and is cut down like
a flower; he fleeth as it were a
shadow and never continueth ...

The NOISE of the rain grows louder, drowning his words.
Into the SOUND of rain, a BELL, rung slowly ...

DISSOLVE:

TITLES:

Behind TITLES we see

2. EXT: CHURCHYARD: (CRANE SHOT): DAY:

2

EXTREME LONG SHOT FROM HIGH ANGLE.

The group of people around the grave begins to disperse
in the direction of the lych gate of the churchyard.
One figure is left alone at the graveside - a slim woman
(MISS GIDDENS). She holds an umbrella. CAMERA MOVES
SLOWLY IN ...

She turns - CAMERA MOVING WITH HER - and starts

2. (continued)

2

towards the gate. The people ahead of her move aside to let her through. We see their reaction as she moves through them towards the gate, CAMERA FOLLOWING. It is a reaction of dislike, distaste, almost of fear ... She looks neither to right nor left.

As she reaches the lych gate, where a carriage is standing -

TITLES END:

CUT TO:

3. EXT: Lych Gate: Day:

3

BIG CLOSE-UP - A HORSE'S HEAD

rearing up. A shrill, sharp NEIGH ...

CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS

as she reacts, startled. Her face is drawn, pale, almost haggard. She pulls herself together, looks off and sees

GROUP SHOT - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

The PARSON, a fat woman (MRS GROSE) and a handsome middle aged man (the UNCLE). The PARSON is shaking hands with the UNCLE. He bows to MRS GROSE, goes off in direction of small gatehouse. The UNCLE moves off. MRS GROSE, dabbing her eyes, stops a moment at the gate.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as MISS GIDDENS approaches MRS GROSE, as if to speak. MRS GROSE, seeing her, turns away. MISS GIDDENS hesitates, then turns towards the UNCLE, moving forward as if to speak. He sees her. His handsome face freezes. He deliberately turns his back and enters the carriage.

CLOSE ON - THE UNCLE

his face set and disapproving. He gives an order (unheard) to the driver, pulls the carriage door. It SLAMS shut.

3. (continued)

3

CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS

alone and wet on the pavement ... the rain pouring down on her, her mouth still open with her words unsaid ...

DISSOLVE TO:

4. EXT: BLY HOUSE: DAY: RAIN: (LOCATION):

4

The sky is dark behind the house. The windows are shuttered. The rain is still pouring down as MISS GIDDENS walks up the steps and pushes open the front door.

5. INT: FRONT HALL: DAY:

5

Her FOOTSTEPS ECHO as she walks through. There are dust sheets on the furniture. The pictures are taken down. The portrait of the Uncle (which we will later see in the drawing room) is standing against the wall. We recognise the man we saw at the churchyard.

DISSOLVE TO:

6. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM, BLY HOUSE: DAY:

6

Her bags are packed and standing in the middle of the room. The beds are stripped, the curtains taken down. MISS GIDDENS shakes the rain off her umbrella and sits down at her table. She finds paper in a drawer. On the top sheet is a child's drawing of a pony. She looks at it a moment, puts it aside, finds a clean bit of paper and starts to write. As she does so, we hear:

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)
Dear Sir ... If you blame me - as you must - for the terrible happenings here at Bly - it can be no more than I blame myself. And yet, if you knew it all - how else could I have acted? I shall ask that of myself for the rest of my life. If you remember, when I first came to see you in answer to your advertisement, you said to me ...

DISSOLVE TO:

7. INT: UNCLE'S STUDY: DAY:

7

CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS.

But it is a younger, happier MISS GIDDENS, no longer bedraggled by rain, in her street clothes - sitting upright, a little tense, nervous ...

UNCLE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Miss Giddens - may I ask you a somewhat personal question?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

the large, beautifully panelled room, alive with the warmth of polished wood and the glow of the fire in the grate. A moneyed masculinity has hung the walls with rare old maps, a possibly too-fine taste has carpeted the floor, curtained the windows.

The UNCLE himself sits in f.g., back to camera, behind a leather-topped desk. MISS GIDDENS sits facing him. He is a handsome man in, perhaps, his early forties. A man of immense charm and attractiveness - "bold and pleasant, offhand and gay and kind".

MISS GIDDENS

(embarrassed though not displeased)

I may not answer it, sir.

UNCLE

Do you have - an imagination?

MISS GIDDENS

(laughing with surprise)

Oh, I can answer that! Yes.

UNCLE

Good. Truth is seldom understood by any but imaginative persons, and I want to speak quite truthfully.

(A pause, then)

I am a bachelor. But not, I might add, a lonely one. I spend a great deal of time abroad; as for my London life - well, it amuses me, but it is not the sort of amusement one could suitably share with children. In brief, Miss Giddens, I am a very selfish fellow, and the last man alive to have been suddenly, so awkwardly, saddled with two

7. (continued)

7

UNCLE (cont:)
orphaned infants. It is most
unfortunate, for I have no room for
them: neither mentally nor
emotionally.

(Shyly)
Does that seem quite heartless?

MISS GIDDENS
Honest. Not heartless.
(Lowering her eyes, frowning)
Then the children do not live with
you?

UNCLE
They are at my estate in Bly. A
rather large, a rather lonely place -
still, I'm sure you will agree that
the country is the proper thing for
children. I see from your letter -
(taking letter from desk)
- that you are, yourself, the
daughter of a country parson? And
that - yes, here it is -
(Reading)
"More than anything, I love
children."
(Gazing at her, coolly
flirtatious)
More than anything?

MISS GIDDENS
(embarrassed)
Yes.

UNCLE
(staring at her a moment)
How remarkable.
(Then)
I find the company of children much
too sophisticated for me; they
make me feel, oh, dreadfully coarse
and ignorant -

MISS GIDDENS
Are you speaking of your wards?

UNCLE
(with surprised realisation)
I suppose I must be. They are the
only children I've ever known. Not

7. (continued)

7

UNCLE (cont:)
that I really know them. Since their
parents died - a tragic accident in
India - little Miles and Flora -
attractive names, aren't they? - have
had only me. Poor brats - they need
more than a distant uncle. And they
need more than a governess.

(Rising from his desk;
moving towards MISS GIDDENS
as though he were going to
touch her)

They need affection. Love. Someone
who will belong to them, and to whom
they will belong. You, Miss Giddens.
I feel that you are that person.

The UNCLE looks directly into MISS GIDDENS' eyes. She
seems spellbound, then glances away.

MISS GIDDENS
Surely - surely there must have
been other applicants?

UNCLE
(moving away, pacing)
Again, Miss Giddens, I want to be
quite truthful. It is most
important that we absolutely under-
stand each other.

(Pause, then)
Yes, there were other applicants.
I've interviewed, oh, perhaps a
half-dozen. Either I found them
unsuitable; or - or they were
frightened.

MISS GIDDENS
Frightened?

UNCLE
(with a slight shrug)
By the prospect of a dull existence
on a remote country estate. In any
event, not one of these applicants
was willing to meet my main
condition.

As MISS GIDDENS looks at him questioningly:

7. (continued)

7

UNCLE

(continuing)

You see, Miss Giddens, the person I engage must solemnly promise to accept full and complete responsibility. She must never trouble me, never, never. Neither appeal nor complain nor write. Just take the whole thing over and leave me alone. What do you say, Miss Giddens?

MISS GIDDENS

Sir - you do realise this would be my first position?

UNCLE

(with coaxing charm)

What does that signify? If I trust you, if you trust me - ?

MISS GIDDENS

(stalling)

The children - they have had a governess before?

UNCLE

(brusquely)

Unfortunately.

(Then)

Not that there was anything wrong with Miss Jessel. On the contrary. She was an excellent governess; a most respectable person. The children quite liked her. Especially little Flora. Which reminds me, be careful not to broach the subject with Flora. She was so fond of Miss Jessel, and it did come as an appalling shock -

MISS GIDDENS

I'm not certain I understand you, sir.

UNCLE

She died.

(Then, indignant)

Just when I thought I had the situation settled, everything running smoothly, the confounded woman died.

7. (continued)

7

UNCLE (cont:)

(Sighing)

It was all very odd.

(As he takes out a pocket
watch and looks at it)

I was in Calcutta when it happened,
and have only now been able to seek
a replacement. Meantime, my nephew
had to be sent off to school - and
the girl, little Flora, is being
chaperoned by my housekeeper, Mrs.
Grose. A good woman - she's been
with my family for years - but not
quite -

(He hesitates, again
approaches MISS GIDDENS)

Help me, Miss Giddens. For truly
I am helpless.

(He holds out his hand)

Give me your hand. Give me your
promise.

MISS GIDDENS

(allowing him to take her
gloved hand)

Well, sir - if you're really sure -

UNCLE

Quite sure. And very grateful.

He continues to hold her hand. MISS GIDDENS is highly
conscious of this physical contact.

UNCLE

(continuing)

Only remember: you are in supreme
authority. No matter what happens,
you must handle it alone -

MISS GIDDENS

(removing her hand from his
with almost rude abruptness;
she is flattered, and
excited)

I'll try. I promise you that. I'll
do everything I can to keep them
happy.

DISSOLVE TO:

8. EXT: COUNTRYSIDE: DAY:

8

A carriage is whirling along a sun-dappled, wind-rustled lane enclosed by trees. The carriage is driven by an elderly man and is drawn by a slow-moving white horse.

9. INT: CARRIAGE: DAY: (PROCESS):

9

MISS GIDDENS is seated in the rear, surrounded by her luggage. Her expression is eager but a little apprehensive as she looks out at the passing countryside. Her gloved hands are clasped as tightly as a child's on its birthday. Suddenly she smiles delightedly as she sees:

10. EXT: COUNTRYSIDE: DAY:

10

MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V. (MOVING).

The atmosphere opens, the trees grow less dense. The images - sunlight through black oaks, scraps of dazzling sky, a silvery glimpse of rapid-rushing water - pass in an impressionistic blur. Suddenly, through a gap in the trees, we see, at an extreme distance - BLY HOUSE - beautiful, bathed in sunlight, surrounded by rolling lawns, massive trees.

11. INT: CARRIAGE: DAY: (PROCESS):

11

MISS GIDDENS opens the window to see better. The atmosphere has become airy - breezes brush at strands of hair that escape her hat. The open window allows her to see:

12. EXT: ENTRANCE TO GARDENS OF BLY HOUSE: DAY:

12

THE ARCHING IRON GATES THAT LEAD INTO THE GARDENS OF BLY - MISS GIDDENS P.O.V. (MOVING).

We see the coat-of-arms of Bly on the gates.

MISS GIDDENS VOICE (o.s.)
(excitedly)
Stop. Please stop!

13. EXT: CARRIAGE AND GATEWAY: DAY:

13

The carriage halts.

DRIVER

Anything wrong, miss?

MISS GIDDENS

(alighting from carriage,
and with a radiant,
relieved laugh)

Oh, no. It's all so right. If you
don't mind, I think I'll walk from
here.

DRIVER

(tipping his hat)

As you wish, miss.

He cracks his whip. The CRACK of the whip, like a
gunshot, startles a flock of roosting rooks. The birds
fly upwards, cawing. The carriage rolls on down the
drive.

14. EXT: THE GARDENS OF BLY: DAY:

14

MISS GIDDENS, making a delighted progress across
tree-shaded, flower-strewn lawns.

Leaves dance in the air, as she grasps at them, as
though they were butterflies.

She passes through a dark grove of trees, and comes to
another vista -

15. EXT: LAKE: DAY:

15

We hear, off-screen and far away, so that it seems a
sound made by wind, a VOICE calling:

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Flo - ra ... Flo - ra ...

And see - a pond of still water, ringed by willows.
At its furthest rim, a marble "folly" raises slim
pillars - a delicate temple, pale as ivory.

MISS GIDDENS moves to the edge of the pond.

16. EXT: SURFACE OF LAKE: DAY:

16

We see - MISS GIDDENS, REFLECTED in the mirror-like water.

And hear, again -

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Flo - ra ...

And underneath, a TUNE rises delicately: a wisp of melody, as though emanating from a music box.

Suddenly, a second REFLECTION appears on the surface of the water - ghostlike and beautiful: a child, a little girl. A breeze ruffles the water: the images are removed.

MISS GIDDENS turns: as she does so, the tune stops.

17. EXT: LAKESIDE: DAY:

17

MISS GIDDENS
(teasingly, but with a
warm smile)
Didn't you hear? Someone is calling
your name.

FLORA
(shyly)
No. I don't think so. I didn't
hear anyone.

MISS GIDDENS
Then aren't you Flora?

FLORA nods.

MISS GIDDENS
Well, I'm Miss Giddens.

FLORA
Yes, I know. You're my new
governess. I've been watching the
road - waiting for you. Are you
afraid of reptiles?

MISS GIDDENS
That rather depends. Why?

17. (continued)

17

FLORA

Because I've got one in my pocket,
and he's very eager to meet you.

MISS GIDDENS

In that case - by all means.

FLORA

(producing from the pocket
of her dress a small
tortoise)

His name is Rupert.

MISS GIDDENS

(laughing)

Oh, a tortoise.

FLORA

We love each other.

MISS GIDDENS

Yes, I can see that you are very
close.

FLORA

Very.

(As she redeposits the
tortoise in her pocket)

There now - you've met Miss Giddens.

18. EXT: GARDENS OF BLY: DAY:

18

FLORA

(chattering to MISS GIDDENS
as they move hand in hand
towards the house)

But Rupert isn't the only one. I
mean, ever since my uncle wrote,
we've all been waiting and waiting
for you to come. Oh, Mrs. Grose
has been excited. She's cleaned
and cleaned, and had all the windows
washed. One hundred and thirty four
windows!

19. EXT: REAR OF BLY HOUSE, TERRACE: DAY:

19

AS SEEN FROM THE P.O.V. OF THE APPROACHING FLORA AND
MISS GIDDENS.

A crowd of white pigeons, calling and flapping, issues
from the rooftops of the house and fills the sky,
which is darkening.

We see: MRS GROSE, a plumpish, pleasant-looking woman
of late middle age. She steps out of the doorway,
comes forward, a smiling, welcoming figure.

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
(excitedly calling)
Oh, Mrs. Grose! She's here - !

20. EXT: TERRACE: DAY:

20

FLORA
(as she hurries across
the terrace ahead of
MISS GIDDENS)
- She's here, and she isn't afraid
of reptiles!

MRS GROSE
(laughing, patting
FLORA's head)
And that's more than can be said
for me, isn't it?
(To MISS GIDDENS)
I'm glad to see you, Miss Giddens.
Really, I'm glad.

MISS GIDDENS
Thank you. You're very kind.

MRS GROSE
I expect you'd like a cup of tea.
(As she starts through
French windows)
But not you, Miss Flora. You know
you're not allowed in the house
with that toad - that turtle -
whatever it is.

MISS GIDDENS follows MRS GROSE into:

21. Deleted.

21

22/ INT: DRAWING ROOM: DAY:
23.

22/23

French windows open on to the terrace - a piano -
a large open hearth - a table bearing a silver tea
service. MISS GIDDENS looks around.

MISS GIDDENS

I had no idea - I never imagined -

Her eye is caught by a vase of beautiful flowers. She
puts out a hand to touch them as she passes - and at
her slight touch the petals seem to shiver off every
bloom.

MISS GIDDENS

Oh, I'm sorry -

MRS GROSE

(sweeping fallen petals
into her hand)

That's all right, miss - it's
always happening.

MISS GIDDENS

(looking around)

But really - I never imagined it
would be so beautiful.

MRS GROSE

We do our best. Though half the
rooms are empty now. Locked and
empty. All the same, it's too
big a job to keep clean. But
what I say is - it's a heaven for
children.

MISS GIDDENS

(looking out of the French
windows)

Yes. A heaven.

(Then)

What an enchanting child she is!

MRS GROSE

(nodding)

There's not another like her.
But mind you, she has her ways.
You have your work cut out.

22/ (continued)
23.

22/23

MISS GIDDENS
(good-humouredly)
I don't doubt. But she seems -
she certainly looks angelic.

MRS GROSE
Ay, and she is. Only she does
like to wander, get off by herself.
We're always hunting her -

MISS GIDDENS
(as she removes her bonnet)
Yes, I heard you. Just now. When
I was coming through the garden.
I heard you calling her name.

MRS GROSE
Not me, miss. Perhaps Anna. Or
the cook.

MISS GIDDENS
(slightly puzzled, as she
puts her bonnet on top
of the piano)
Well - someone.

MRS GROSE
Sit down, miss. Have your tea.

As MISS GIDDENS seats herself at the table:

MRS GROSE
(continuing)
It's getting a bit dark in here.
I'll ask Anna to fetch some lamps.

She goes out. MISS GIDDENS, at the table, starts to
pour tea, spreads a napkin, breaks in half a scone ...

While this is happening, FLORA appears in the French
windows, peers at MISS GIDDENS.

FLORA
(whispering)
Miss Giddens!

MISS GIDDENS looks at her.

FLORA
(continuing)
Has she gone?

22/ (continued)
23.

22/23

MISS GIDDENS
(smiling)
For the moment.

FLORA
(coming into the room,
and placing the tortoise
on the tea table)
You don't mind Rupert sharing a
bit of your cake, now do you?
(She crumbles a scone
for Rupert)

MISS GIDDENS
Watch out. He'll grow too fat
to fit your pocket.

FLORA
(tempting Rupert with
crumbs)
I have a pony, too.
(Then)
He isn't really mine. He belongs
to Miles. Miles is my brother,
you know. He's away at school.

MISS GIDDENS
I suppose you must miss him very
much.

FLORA
Well - but he will be coming home
soon.

MISS GIDDENS
Not, I should think, until the
holidays.

At this, FLORA smiles strangely. We hear approaching
FOOTSTEPS. FLORA snatches up the tortoise and puts
it in her pocket. MRS GROSE comes into the room,
carrying two lamps. A clock is CHIMING.

MRS GROSE
(as she enters)
Hear that, Miss Flora? Time
you went upstairs and got ready
for your bath.

22/ (continued)
23.

22/23

FLORA
(to MISS GIDDENS, as
she leaves the room)
Promise now, you won't go away?

MISS GIDDENS
(half laughing)
No, indeed. I expect to be here
for a very long time.
(With a sigh, to MRS
GROSE after FLORA
has left)
And to think what qualms I had.
I was so afraid -

MRS GROSE
Afraid, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
I couldn't make up my mind.
Should I accept this post or
shouldn't I? Should I?
Shouldn't I?

MRS GROSE
Well, miss - I'm sure I'm very
glad you did.

MISS GIDDENS
(smiles at her)
But, after all, I didn't have
much choice. Their uncle is -
most persuasive.

MRS GROSE
Oh, and don't I know! Many's
the time he's worked his magic
on me. Even when he was a boy
he could wrap you around his
finger. And the children, they're
the same way.

MISS GIDDENS
(rising from the table)
He doesn't come here very often?

MRS GROSE
He likes the town life. Well,
he always was a very popular
gentleman. And what's the good

22/ (continued)
23.

22/23

MRS GROSE (cont:)
of being popular down here with
only the children and the pigeons
and me - ?

MISS GIDDENS
(her back to MRS GROSE)
Mrs. Grose?

MRS GROSE
Yes, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
What was she like?

MRS GROSE
Who, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
The other governess - the one who
died.

MRS GROSE seriously weighs the question. During the
pause, ANNA, the maid, enters with two more lighted
lamps.

MRS GROSE
She was a young woman. Some
thought her pretty, and I suppose
she was. Though not as pretty
as you - not by half.

MISS GIDDENS
(smiling, somewhat
embarrassed)
He seems to prefer them young
and pretty.

MRS GROSE
(vehemently)
Oh, he did. He had the devil's
own eye.

MISS GIDDENS turns to look at her in surprise. MRS
GROSE catches herself, then:

MRS GROSE
I mean - that's his way - the
master's.

22/ (continued)
23.

22/23

MISS GIDDENS
But of whom did you speak first?

MRS GROSE
Why, the master, of course.

At this moment ANNA, in the process of placing a lamp on a table next to MRS GROSE, looks sideways at MRS GROSE. They exchange an uneasy glance.

MRS GROSE
(continuing)
There's nobody else, miss. Nobody at all.

DISSOLVE TO:

24. INT: MRS GROSE'S ROOM: DUSK:

24

CLOSE ON - FLORA'S BATH.

Water splashing. A Victorian hip-bath in front of a small fire. We hear SPLASHING, SCREAMS and GIGGLES from FLORA. She is thoroughly enjoying herself - splashing, playing, laughing ...

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL MRS GROSE soaping FLORA. MISS GIDDENS stands watching.

The room is small, neat, lamplit - full of china and portraits of Queen Victoria.

MRS GROSE
Careful, dear, or you'll splash
Miss Giddens.

FLORA gives a brilliant smile in MISS GIDDENS' direction. MRS GROSE rises, crosses to a chair near MISS GIDDENS where towels lie folded. As she picks one up:

MISS GIDDENS
And is the other one just as remarkable?
(Indicating the happily splashing FLORA)
I mean - is he, too, so enchanting?

24. (continued)

24

MRS GROSE
(smiling at her)
If you like this one, miss ...

MISS GIDDENS
Oh, I do.

MRS GROSE
Then you'll be quite carried away
by Master Miles.

FLORA
(in b.g., splashing happily,
almost singing)
Miles is coming! Miles is coming!

MISS GIDDENS
I must be carried away easily! I'm
afraid that's what happened to me in
London ...

MRS GROSE
(moving away and back to
FLORA)
I don't suppose you're the first. Nor
you won't be the last, neither.

FLORA has risen in the bath. As MRS GROSE wraps the
big towel around her she is still chanting:

FLORA
Miles is coming! Miles is coming!

MRS GROSE
Stuff and nonsense, miss! You know
very well Miles is at school.

As FLORA jiggles excitedly:

MRS GROSE
Now hold still ...

She rubs her briskly. We see the flushed, roguish
face, the childish limbs. Then, as FLORA emerges from
the towel:

MISS GIDDENS
Here, Flora ...

She takes the nightdress that has been hanging on the
fender and holds it out. FLORA runs to her from the
towel and MISS GIDDENS helps her into it. FLORA
looks down.

24. (continued)

24

FLORA

Look!

We see a line of small wet footsteps from the bath.

FLORA

Somebody's been here!

MISS GIDDENS

You silly goose - it was you!

She gets FLORA's dressing gown and buttons her into it. FLORA steps into her slippers. MRS GROSE is busy tidying up the bath.

The footsteps are drying and disappearing.

FLORA

They're vanishing ...

MISS GIDDENS

They're getting dry ...

FLORA

(laughing)

So am I - but I'm not vanishing.

(She looks down again)

Now you can't tell where I've walked.

You can't tell that, can you?

DISSOLVE TO:

25. INT: CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MRS GROSE'S ROOM: DUSK:

25

as FLORA and MISS GIDDENS emerge. MISS GIDDENS holds a candle. They start down the corridor, FLORA, in dressing gown and slippers, walking beside and a little in front of MISS GIDDENS, holding her hand as though leading her, and chattering ...

FLORA

I have a little bed in your room.
It's got curtains.

MISS GIDDENS

(smiling down at her
affectionately)

That's nice ...

25. (continued)

25

FLORA

Yes. Mrs. Grose wanted to give you a big room, but I said - she'll only be there when she's asleep. And big rooms get bigger at night.

(Looking up at her)

Do you know that?

MISS GIDDENS

Do they?

FLORA

Mrs. Grose doesn't know. She shuts her eyes in the dark! I think that's silly. I always look in the dark.

MISS GIDDENS

Do you? What do you see?

But FLORA doesn't answer. They walk on, past several doorways.

FLORA

There are lots of empty rooms. I said to Mrs. Grose, "I wish there was some way to sleep in several rooms at once." Mrs. Grose was quite startled by the thought.

They have reached a door. As FLORA starts to open it:

MISS GIDDENS

I don't wonder.

They enter:

26. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: DUSK:

26

A warm, comfortable room. Tall windows overlook the garden; their curtains are drawn back. There is a large four-poster bed, and another smaller bed with white curtains that can be pulled completely around it. FLORA runs towards this, releasing MISS GIDDENS' hand.

FLORA

(as she runs)

"Stuff and nonsense!" she said.

"Stuff and nonsense!"

26. (continued)

26

Reaching the small bed, she plops on her knees beside it.

FLORA
(continuing, with bowed
head and "tented" hands)
Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep -
(Breaks off, looks up
towards MISS GIDDEN)
Why can't Rupert sleep with me?

MISS GIDDENS
You might roll over and crush him.

FLORA
Crush a tortoise!?

MISS GIDDENS
Finish your prayers, dear.

FLORA
(head bowed again)
- If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
Amen.

A small breeze suddenly billows the thin white curtains around the bed as FLORA jumps into it. Giggling, she becomes entangled in the curtains.

FLORA
Look - I'm a cobweb.

MISS GIDDENS
(laughing)
No, you're not. Into bed with you.

FLORA
(as she slides between the
sheets)
Miss Giddens - where would the Lord
take my soul to?

MISS GIDDENS
To heaven.

FLORA
Are you certain?

26. (continued)

26

MISS GIDDENS

Yes. Because you're a very good girl.

FLORA

But I might not be. And if I weren't, then wouldn't the Lord just leave me here? To walk around? Isn't that what happens to - to some people?

Outside the window, from some far part of the darkening garden, we hear a distant small animal CRY. MISS GIDDENS starts, looks towards the window.

MISS GIDDENS

What was that?

FLORA does not answer. MISS GIDDENS moves to the window.

MISS GIDDENS

(continuing)

I'm sure something's been hurt! An animal -

FLORA

We must pretend we didn't hear it. That's what Mrs. Grose says.

MISS GIDDENS

Pretend - ?

CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS.

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Then we can't imagine things.

MISS GIDDENS

(at the window, looking out)

Sometimes we can't help - imagining things.

DISSOLVE TO:

27. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: NIGHT:

27

THE CURTAINS

hanging motionless at the window.

27. (continued)

27

The room is faintly moonlit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK into room, until we see CLOSE MISS GIDDENS, in bed, asleep. She moves restlessly, murmurs.

Behind her, we see the curtains around Flora's bed, which have been completely drawn since preceding scene, part. FLORA emerges. She tiptoes across the room and stares down at MISS GIDDENS with large, solemn eyes. Again, MISS GIDDENS stirs, murmurs.

Then, as CAMERA MOVES with her, FLORA goes to window, stands there. We see still clouds, a low moon in the sky.

THE WINDOW - NIGHT.

CAMERA REVERSE ANGLE, and we see FLORA in window.

CLOSE ON FLORA'S FACE. She begins softly to hum "Bring Me a Bonnet".

(Note: This is the tune previously heard at the lake, and later to be heard from the music box, and sung by Flora. The words and title quoted throughout script are subject to alteration.)

After a moment, she stops humming, and it is clear from her expression, a slight narrowing of the eyes and a small half-smile, that she has seen something in the garden: something she had expected to see.

Then, even more softly, and staring with rapt attention, she starts to hum again.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

28. EXT: TERRACE: MORNING:

28

It is a beautiful morning. MISS GIDDENS stands on the terrace, looking out over the dew-laden, sun-drenched gardens. Her face is alight with pleasure. O.s. we hear the SOUND OF FLORA'S VOICE singing at the piano:

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
O bring me a bonnet,
O bring me a bonnet,
O bring me a bonnet of bright rosy red ...

28. (continued)

28

MISS GIDDENS turns and starts down the terrace towards the sound ...

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
(continuing)
With white ribbons on it,
With white ribbons on it,
O bring me a bonnet to wear on my head ...

MISS GIDDENS has stopped - a sudden smile on her face - as she sees:

MED. SHOT - THE STONE DRYAD.

Between the dryad's upcurved arm and her head, a spider has spun its web - a veil of infinite transparency glistening with dewdrops.

But, almost immediately, MISS GIDDENS' attention is caught by something lying almost at her feet.

CLOSE ON - A DEAD NIGHTINGALE -

lying on its back, its wings spread awry.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as MISS GIDDENS stands looking at the bird a moment - her expression disturbed and slightly repelled.

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
(from inside drawing room)
Have you seen Miss Giddens, my lamb?

MISS GIDDENS calls:

MISS GIDDENS
(calling)
I'm out here, Mrs. Grose.

MRS GROSE comes out through the French windows on to the terrace, followed by FLORA. As she approaches MISS GIDDENS:

MRS GROSE
There are some letters for you, miss.

MISS GIDDENS
(taking them)
Thank you.

As MRS GROSE exits:

28. (continued)

28

FLORA
(to MISS GIDDENS)
Can I help you read them?

MISS GIDDENS
(smiling, hands letters
to FLORA)
If you like.

She sits on the bench, near the dead bird. FLORA sits
on her other side, studies the letters importantly.

FLORA
Which first?

MISS GIDDENS
(laughing)
How can I tell?

FLORA
Then I shall choose. Here ...
(Hands her a letter)

MISS GIDDENS
(taking it)
It's from my father.

As she opens the envelope, a small faded photograph
falls out on the ground. MISS GIDDENS picks it up.

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
Oh, look, dear - a picture of me and
my family together!

FLORA
Am I in it?

MISS GIDDENS
How could you be? It's my family.

FLORA looks a little crestfallen, then hands her the
other letter.

MISS GIDDENS
(looking at it)
It's from London.

FLORA
Is it from my uncle?

28. (continued)

28

MISS GIDDENS

I think so ...

(She starts to open it)

FLORA

You do look pleased. Is he coming to see us?

MISS GIDDENS has the letter open. It encloses an envelope, which she looks at. She sounds a little disappointed:

MISS GIDDENS

No, dear. He's just sending me a letter from Miles's school.

She has opened the second envelope and is reading the letter. She rises to her feet as though disturbed - then turns, looks at FLORA.

MISS GIDDENS

Flora ...

FLORA

(not looking up)

Yes, Miss Giddens dear?

MISS GIDDENS

Last night - didn't you say Miles was coming home?

But FLORA, as though she has not heard, looks down and sees the dead bird.

FLORA

(softly, bending down and,
without any fear, picking
up the dead bird)

Ah, what a pity. A poor nightingale.
Mrs. Grose's cat must have got it.

MISS GIDDENS looks at her a moment, then turns and goes off down the terrace as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

29. INT: CONSERVATORY: DAY:

29

Ornate glass walls - big leaves, wrought iron furniture, the feeling of unhealthy, steamy heat - even the leaves appear to be sweating.

MRS GROSE is arranging flowers in vases as MISS GIDDENS, very agitated, enters.

MISS GIDDENS
Here's a letter their uncle has
forwarded - without opening.

MRS GROSE turns, startled by the sharpness of her voice, as:

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
It's from Miles's school. He just
wrote on the envelope - "This is
from the headmaster. Deal with it,
without bothering me " ...

MRS GROSE
That's just his way. He -

MISS GIDDENS
But how am I to deal with it?
(Pause, then, bringing it
out with great deliberation)
Miles has been dismissed from school.

MRS GROSE
Dismissed - ?

MISS GIDDENS
Sent home. Expelled.

MRS GROSE
What has he done? What do the
gentlemen say?

MISS GIDDENS
They go into no details - they simply
say ... Here - read for yourself.
(She holds the letter out)

MRS GROSE
(steps back a pace, puts
her hands behind her)
It's no good, miss. I - I never
learned ...

29. (continued)

29

MISS GIDDENS
(seeing she cannot read)
I'm sorry - I didn't realise ...
(Looks back at letter in
momentary embarrassment)
They say that - that it is impossible
to keep him ...

MRS GROSE
(angrily)
Why?

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing her sentence)
... that he is - an injury to the
others.

MRS GROSE
Master Miles! Him an injury! Stuff
and nonsense! You might as well
think ill of Miss Flora, bless her.

MISS GIDDENS
But what am I to do? Am I to
question him when I meet him? Shall
I put it to him bluntly?

MRS GROSE
(coming towards her)
See him first, miss - then believe
it, if you can. It's too dreadful,
to say such cruel things.

MISS GIDDENS
You've never known him to be bad?

MRS GROSE
(stopping)
Never known him ... ? Oh, I don't
pretend that!

MISS GIDDENS
You mean you like a boy with a
little spirit. So do I. But not
to the degree to - contaminate.

MRS GROSE
(puzzled)
To - ?

MISS GIDDENS
To corrupt.

29. (continued)

29

MRS GROSE throws back her head and laughs loudly with a bold humour.

MRS GROSE
Oh, miss - are you afraid he'll
corrupt you?

Her laughter is infectious. Despite herself, MISS GIDDENS joins in, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

30. EXT: RAILWAY STATION: DAY:

30

A TRAIN

comes round a bend in the track and pants into the station. Doors open.

MISS GIDDENS and FLORA are on the platform.

FLORA is hopping up and down with excitement, holding MISS GIDDENS' hand. MISS GIDDENS is looking anxiously ahead.

FLORA
Miles is coming! Miles is coming!

Passangers are passing them on their way off the platform. FLORA shouts:

FLORA
Miles! Miles!

MISS GIDDENS suddenly, and in spite of herself, smiles.

THE PLATFORM - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

MILES is walking down the platform. He looks beautiful and magnificent as he walks out of the shadow into a patch of sunlight. He takes off his cap. The sun lights up his hair. He smiles with charming politeness. He arrives at MISS GIDDENS.

MISS GIDDENS
Miles ...

He puts out his hand and she shakes it.

30. (continued)

30

MILES

You're Miss Giddens, aren't you?
How do you do.

FLORA

She's our new governess, Miles.
She's awfully nice.

MISS GIDDENS

I hope Miles will agree with you.

MILES

(smiling)
You look nice, anyway.

MISS GIDDENS smiles back at him - almost with relief -
as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

31. INT: CARRIAGE: DAY: (PROCESS):

31

on the way to Bly. FLORA is sitting in front with the
driver.

MISS GIDDENS and MILES are seated in the back.

MILES

The sun - the air - how nice it is!
(Closing his eyes, and
resting his head against
the seat)
I've been longing for these holidays.

MISS GIDDENS

Holidays?

MILES

(opening his eyes)
Longing to see Bly and Flora and my
pony - and you. Flora wrote and told
me you were coming. I like getting
letters from Flora - lots and lots of
paper, but only three words on a page.
(Smiles at her)
I say, I do like your hat.

MISS GIDDENS

(pleased)
Thank you, Miles.

31. (continued)

31

MISS GIDDENS (cont:)
(Then, casually)
Was it a good term at school?

MILES
(with a small shrug, and
looking away)
I suppose.

A pause.

MISS GIDDENS
Then you weren't - unhappy there?

A pause. He does not answer.

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
Did you like the - other boys?

MILES
Most of them. But you can't like
everybody, can you?

MISS GIDDENS
No. Though one must try.
(Then)
And the masters - ?

MILES
(with another small shrug)
Nice enough. Not always too
understanding. But of course one
can't blame them.
(Looking at MISS GIDDENS,
smiling)
Some things are difficult to
understand.

MISS GIDDENS
What sort of things?

MILES
Oh - for example, why did God make
some of us so very plain - and
others, like you, so wonderfully
pretty?

MISS GIDDENS
And why are some of us, like you,
such deceitful flatterers?

31. (continued)

31

They both laugh, their LAUGHTER mingling, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

32. EXT: DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF BLY HOUSE: DAY:

32

The carriage stops as MRS GROSE comes out of the house towards it. MISS GIDDENS alights. MILES jumps out, runs over to MRS GROSE, hugs and kisses her.

MILES

Dear - dearest Mrs. Grose! It is nice to be home.

MRS GROSE

(holding him off, laughing)
Stop now! You'll have me all out of breath.

MILES looks around.

MILES

It's all just the same. Somehow - I don't know - I was afraid it might be different.

MRS GROSE

Nothing ever changes here. But you have, Master Miles -

(Speaking to MISS GIDDENS)

Why, he must have grown two inches!

(Turning back to MILES)

You're a bit thin, though. We'll have to fatten you up.

He smiles at her. FLORA comes running up.

FLORA

Oh, Miles - you haven't seen the pony!

MILES

(to MISS GIDDENS)

May we?

MISS GIDDENS

Of course.

The two CHILDREN run off in the direction of the paddock.

32. (continued)

32

The two women watch them, smiling. Then MRS GROSE turns to MISS GIDDENS.

MRS GROSE
Well, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
It's just as you told me - yes, charm seems to be the chief family trait.

MRS GROSE
And that cruel letter - ?

MISS GIDDENS
It must be a misunderstanding. A mistake.

MRS GROSE
Ay, a mistake. So what will you do?

MISS GIDDENS
Nothing - for the moment.

MRS GROSE
What will you say to Master Miles?

MISS GIDDENS
I'll have it out with him later. That can't be avoided. But not now. I shan't spoil his homecoming just because some silly school-master -

MRS GROSE
(relieved and delighted)
I'm with you, miss. I'm so thankful we're not to have trouble -

Impulsively, she embraces MISS GIDDENS.

MISS GIDDENS
(smiling at her affectionately)
What a comfort you are, dear Mrs. Grose.

And together the two women walk into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

33. INT: UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR: NIGHT:

33

MISS GIDDENS comes quietly out of her bedroom, closing the door behind her. She starts off down the corridor, a lighted candle in her hand. She hesitates outside a closed door, as if listening.

MILES'S VOICE
(from inside room)
I say - do come in.

MISS GIDDENS opens the door and enters -

34. INT: MILES'S BEDROOM: NIGHT:

34

It is a small, neat room. MILES lies in bed, his arms behind his head. He smiles at MISS GIDDENS as she enters.

MISS GIDDENS
How did you know I was there?

MILES
This is a very old house. Things creak. And anyway, I saw the light from your candle under the door. If ever you want to play ghost again - remember to blow out your candle.

MISS GIDDENS
You ought to be asleep.

MILES
I'm too excited.

MISS GIDDENS
(setting the candle on
the bedside table and
sitting on the edge of
the bed)
Excited?

MILES
By being home. By seeing my pony.
By meeting you.
(Then)
Besides, I like to lie awake.
It's really rather a habit.

MISS GIDDENS
A thoroughly bad one.

34. (continued)

34

MISS GIDDENS (cont:)

(Then)

But what do you think about - while
you're lying awake?

MILES

This. That. A world of things.

MISS GIDDENS

And tonight - were you perhaps
thinking about your school?

MILES

Oh, no. All that seems very far
away.

MISS GIDDENS

Miles - you know you will not be
allowed to go back? You know that,
don't you?

MILES

(he smiles: he takes her
hand, as though he were
consoling her)

Poor Miss Giddens. Today, in the
carriage - I felt so sorry for you.
All those little questions - you
didn't want to upset me, yet you
wanted to know.

MISS GIDDENS

(disarmed by his candour,
his peculiar sympathy:
and slightly angered)

Yes, I do want to know. I must
know why - why the school has taken
this action.

MILES

It really doesn't matter, does it?
After all, the holidays are almost
here.

MISS GIDDENS

It does matter. For a boy to be
expelled - well, it's not something
we can simply ignore. I must know
the reason.

34. (continued)

34

MILES

Then I'm afraid you'll have to ask them.

(Smiling at her)

I mean, I'm not a mind-reader. I can't tell what they think -

MISS GIDDENS

That won't do, Miles. Surely they told you -

MILES

But they didn't.

MISS GIDDENS

(rising)

Very well. I had hoped to handle this myself. But if you can't - if you won't help me - I'm left without choice: I shall have to write your uncle and tell him.

MILES

By all means. Not that he'll pay any attention. He never does. I don't suppose he cares very much - about me. Or Flora.

MISS GIDDENS

(touched: and she sits down again)

Miles, dear - you mustn't believe that. Your uncle - well, he has many responsibilities, and not enough time -

MILES

(finishing the sentence for her)

- To waste any on us.

(A small smile)

I understand. But it's a little sad, you know - when people don't have time for you.

MISS GIDDENS

I have time for you, Miles. And I do care. Deeply.

(Then)

If there's something wrong - if there's anything you want to tell me -

34. (continued)

34

MILES
(hesitates, then shakes
his head)
No. There's nothing.

MISS GIDDENS
(impulsively, and leaning
forward as if to embrace
him)
Miles - dear Miles. Can't you see
that I want to help you?

MILES looks at her. Then he lowers his eyes, bites his
lip.

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
Please - trust me.

Again he looks at her. His chin quivers - for a moment
it seems that he will either speak or start to cry. Then
- suddenly - there is a rush of wind at the window. The
curtains billow out into the room. The candle-flame
leaps unnaturally high. It flickers wildly, throwing
bizarre shadows.

MISS GIDDENS gasps.

Then the candle goes out. And MISS GIDDENS jumps to her
feet. She looks around the room, illumined now only by
moonlight.

The curtains hang still and unstirring at the window.
MILES lies in the bed, calm, bright-eyed.

MISS GIDDENS
The candle's gone out!

MILES
Don't be frightened. It was only
the wind, my dear. The wind blew
it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. EXT: GARDEN: DAY:

35

CLOSE SHOT - A CASCADE OF ROSE PETALS

falling from a bush as a HAND, armed with scissors, clips at flowers. The SOUND OF FLORA'S VOICE, singing, comes o.s.

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
With white ribbons on it,
With white ribbons on it ...

as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MED. SHOT - MISS GIDDENS cutting roses.

She is in a little glade - a grass carpeted part of the garden. The light is almost dazzling here: it strikes, whitely, the head of a stone cupid tangled in roses; it shoots beams from the water in a marble bird-bath, half hidden in uncut grass; there is a luminosity, a radiance that criss-crosses itself in the minute interweaving of dew-laden webs on the ground.

And all SOUNDS are heightened here: the cawing of rooks, the chirping of sparrows, the rustle of leaves. Above all, the light, faraway SINGING ...

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
(continuing)
O bring me a bonnet to wear on my head ...

MISS GIDDENS turns, listening, smiling.

She pulls at a great, curving branch, heavy with over-blown roses, that hangs above the stone cupid's head.

She reaches up, tries to get at a cluster of tightly-closed buds. Petals scatter. She makes a small SOUND of frustration, almost anger. She pulls at the branch, pushing it aside, holding it back ...

She stares down at what she has, unwittingly, revealed.

CLOSE SHOT - THE STONE CUPID.

It stands, its head tilted back, its infantile, toothless mouth widely smiling at her. In each of its outstretched hands it clasps another hand, but these other hands are broken at the wrists, the stone bodies belonging to them lie in the tall grass. A small foot, sole uppermost, juts up like a toadstool, a severed head lies with its nose pressed into the ground.

35. (continued)

35

Like a small, black tongue, a beetle appears between the parted lips of the standing cupid.

The branch of roses is released and swings back, scattering a curtain of petals.

CLOSE SHOT - MISS GIDDENS

her eyes closed in immediate revulsion, even as she hears:

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
(singing)
O bring me a bonnet,
O bring me a bonnet of bright, rosy red -

MISS GIDDENS opens her eyes, turns to call to Flora, but no sound comes from her. Instead, she remains transfixed staring, as:

ALL SOUND STOPS - as though the morning had lost its voice. Flora's song is cut off in the middle of a phrase, the harsh cawing of the rocks, the soft chirping of the sparrows - all drops into SILENCE.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ACROSS GARDENS - FROM MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

The wind has stopped. The garden is motionless. The atmosphere has the clarity of ice. All edges are sharply seen. The tall hedges are hard against the morning sunlight.

A WING OF THE HOUSE COMES INTO CAMERA.

CLOSE SHOT - MISS GIDDENS.

Her head is tilted back as though, against her will, she is being compelled to look at:

36. EXT: TOWER OF THE HOUSE: DAY:

36

LONG SHOT.

On the very top of the tower, within one of the angles, a MAN stands, his hands on the ledge, leaning forward to look directly down at MISS GIDDENS.

Or so it seems. But it is difficult to tell the shadow from the substance, for the morning sun is half eclipsed by the tower and its rays refract with intensity that:

37. EXT: GARDEN: DAY:

37

CLOSE UP - MISS GIDDENS.

She covers her eyes with her hands. In doing so, she drops the scissors.

CLOSE UP - THE SCISSORS FALLING

into the marble bird-bath in the grass.

The steel scissors flash down, splashing the water, striking the marble with a sharp SOUND.

As the steel hits the stone, ALL SOUND RETURNS - the rooks caw as they circle the sky, the sparrows chirp, the wind rustles the rose bushes, and, over all, the high airy SONG CONTINUES ...

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
... ribbons on it,
With white ribbons on it ...

MISS GIDDENS takes her hands from her eyes. She looks again at the tower.

38. EXT: THE TOWER: DAY:

38

LONG SHOT.

There is no one there.

39. EXT: GARDEN: DAY:

39

MED. SHOT - MISS GIDDENS -

as she moves swiftly through the garden towards the tower, all the while looking up at it.

40. EXT: THE TOWER: DAY:

40

LONG SHOT - FROM MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

It angles sharply, as though about to topple. A flight of birds cuts across her line of vision and exaggerates the illusion of overbalanced height.

41. EXT: THE TOWER DOOR: DAY: 41
- A heavy wooden door at the foot of the tower. MISS GIDDENS struggles to open it - the hinges are rusty, as though the door has not been opened for many years.
- She steps inside.
42. INT: THE TOWER: DAY: 42
- A large room, completely empty. A circular staircase made of stone.
- MISS GIDDENS moves to the foot of the staircase. Takes two steps up. Stops. Looks up.
43. INT: THE STAIRCASE: DAY: 43
- MISS GIDDENS P.O.V.
- Sunlight, falling through small, cut-out windows, filters down the winding stairs, sprinkling a pattern of darkness and sparkle on the cold grey stones.
- MISS GIDDENS starts up the staircase.
44. INT: THE STAIRCASE: DAY: 44
- MISS GIDDENS comes up the stairs from below and reaches:
45. INT: LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, A DOOR: DAY: 45
- As MISS GIDDENS reaches the landing she is confronted by another closed door. This one she need scarcely touch - it seems to swing open of its own accord.
- As it does so, we hear a SOUND OF WIND, of rustling wings and squawking pigeons.
- She steps out on to -

46. EXT: THE ROOF OF THE TOWER: DAY:

46

FROM MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

MILES is standing there, his back to the CAMERA. He seems a small figure against the immense backdrop of sky and clouds. He is surrounded by a fluttering array of pigeons - white pigeons flying about his head, sitting on his shoulders, scrambling for crumbs about his feet.

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)
(raised against the sound of
the wind)

Miles!

MILES turns around, apparently startled. We see that he is holding a half-loaf of bread. The pigeons whirl and scatter.

MILES
Oh, I say - have you been looking
for me? Is it time for luncheon?

CAMERA FOLLOWS MISS GIDDENS as she approaches MILES. The wind stirs her clothes, she clutches the brim of her bonnet.

MISS GIDDENS
Miles - how long have you been here?

MILES
How long? I don't know. Twenty
minutes. Or half an hour.

He crumbles more bread, and the hungry pigeons return to him, hovering like humming birds at his bread-filled fingers, and again settling on his shoulders.

MILES
(continuing)
I came to feed the pigeons.

MISS GIDDENS
(rather relieved)
Then you must have seen him.

MILES
Who?

MISS GIDDENS
The man who was standing here on
the tower.

A pause.

46. (continued)

46

MILES
 (He looks at her, then
 shakes his head)
I've been quite alone -

With a laugh, and as he squats down on his haunches to scatter more crumbs among the strutting pigeons:

MILES
 (continuing)
- Except for my greedy friends.

A pause.

MISS GIDDENS
 (looking down at him: then,
 rather shaken and as though
 asking herself a question)
That can't be true -

He raises his eyes, looks up at her as she repeats:

MISS GIDDENS
That can't be true? Not ten minutes
ago I saw - I thought I saw - a man.
 (She moves towards the
 tower's balustrade)
He was standing exactly here.

MILES
 (rising and joining her
 at the balustrade)
Perhaps it was me.

MISS GIDDENS
It was a man. And he was looking
at me.

MILES
 (frowning, seeming to
 take the problem with
 utmost seriousness)
Ten minutes ago - ?

MISS GIDDENS
Yes.

MILES
Then you must have imagined it.
Or else -

46. (continued)

46

MILES (cont.)

(smiling)

Oh dear, I do hope you won't have
to wear spectacles. You're much
too pretty for that.

MISS GIDDENS

(almost convinced that she
has been mistaken: smiling
thinly and pressing finger-
tips to her eyes)

I suppose I'm just tired. I haven't
been sleeping very well.

MILES

I know.

MISS GIDDENS

(surprised)

Do you?

MILES

Flora told me. She said you make
"little moans and groans" all night.
(shrugging)

Of course, one never knows whether
to believe Flora. She invents
things - she imagines them.

MISS GIDDENS

You mean - like poor silly Miss Giddens?

MILES laughs: a cloud of pigeons rises around them as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

47. INT: DRAWING ROOM: DAY:

47

MISS GIDDENS is arranging a bowl of mixed flowers.

MRS. GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)

By any chance, miss - would these be
yours -?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL -

MRS GROSE is crossing the room towards MISS GIDDENS.

47. (continued)

47.

MRS. GROSE

(holding out a pair of
scissors)

The scissors. The gardener brought
them up. He said he found them in
the bird-bath -

MISS GIDDENS

(taking the scissors from
her)

In the bird-bath?

(then, remembering and
slightly embarrassed)

Yes - of course. I dropped them this
morning when -

(she pauses, as though
seeing again the vision
of the man on the tower)

- while I was cutting roses.

MRS. GROSE

(amused, but mildly in-
credulous)

And just left them there? In the
bird-bath?

MISS GIDDENS

I'm afraid this isn't altogether my
day. I seem to be at sixes and sevens -

47. (continued)

47

MRS GROSE

Well, miss - you've never been away from home before.

(She starts to dust the furniture with a feather duster)

A strange place, new responsibilities - it takes a bit of getting used to.

MISS GIDDENS

(moving towards the piano)

No. I feel quite at home.

(Then, as though trying to convince herself)

I'm very happy - really.

(She strikes a note on the piano: then)

Mrs. Grose -

(strikes another note)

- is there anyone living here that I don't know about?

(Strikes another note)

MRS GROSE

Living here?

MISS GIDDENS

In the house.

(Strikes a full chord: then, as she moves away from the piano towards the open French windows)

I mean - I've met the two maids, and the cook, and her husband, the gardener. But I was wondering if - if perhaps there was someone I hadn't met?

MRS GROSE

(with a short, curt laugh, swiping a chair with her duster)

Bless you, I wish there was! We could use another pair of hands around here!

FLORA appears at the French windows. She is flushed and breathless, as though she has been running hard.

FLORA

(to MISS GIDDENS)

Oh, hurry! Do come! You must see -

47. (continued)

47

She extends her hand to MISS GIDDENS.

MISS GIDDENS
(as she takes FLORA's hand)
See what, Flora?

As she gently pulls MISS GIDDENS through the window and on to the terrace:

FLORA
Miles! He's giving an exhibition.
Please hurry - you must see - he's awfully brave.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. EXT: THE PADDOCK: DAY:

48

A big patch of grass, with dark woods on one side.
OVER it comes MILES'S excited SHOUTS:

MILES'S VOICE (o.s.)
Watch me! Watch me! Watch me!

He canters INTO SHOT, on the pony. He's riding bareback, clutching the mane. He kicks the pony and it begins to gallop round and round the paddock.

MILES
Watch!

His call has become more strident and more urgent - more than just the showing-off of a little boy.

MILES
All right ... You dare me! All right then. Watch!

He lifts his hands from the mane and rides with his arms stretched out.

49. EXT: EDGE OF WOOD: DAY:

49

A BIG FALLEN TREE.

MILES clings to the mane again and shouts:

49. (continued)

49

MILES
All right. Now I'll do it! Now
watch this! Watch this ... you ...

He kicks the pony and it clears the tree in a great jump.

50. EXT: THE SILENT WOOD: DAY:

50

From it comes a SOUND like clapping - hands clapping ...
But the SOUND merges into the cawing of rooks which
suddenly fly up from the trees. OVER this comes the
CRY of MISS GIDDENS:

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)
Miles ...

51. EXT: MEADOW: DAY:

51

ANOTHER ANGLE - MISS GIDDENS AND FLORA

standing hand in hand at the other side of the paddock.

MILES pulls in the pony and it walks towards them.

MILES
Do you think that jump's too
dangerous?

MISS GIDDENS
Yes. I do ...

MILES
I've been thinking about it all the
term ... I just had to do it, you
see.

(He smiles at her)
I didn't know you were watching.

They start off towards the house, MILES, like a king,
riding slowly on the pony, MISS GIDDENS walking alongside
him. FLORA, picking flowers and threading them in the
pony's mane, walks on the other side. Peace, and the
beauty of the house in the b.g.

DISSOLVE TO:

52. INT: DRAWING ROOM: EVENING: LAMPLIGHT:

52

CLOSE UP - CHILD'S DRAWING OF A PONY.

It is the same drawing we saw in the opening sequence on MISS GIDDENS' desk. MILES' HAND COMES INTO FRAME, adds a line to it as:

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)
Do look, Miss Giddens. I can draw,
too.

CAMERA TILTS UP AND PULLS BACK - to reveal FLORA rising from the floor and crossing to MISS GIDDENS, who sits by the fire, sewing. On the rug nearby MILES is sprawled, and the floor is littered with paper, crayons, etc.

FLORA
(handing MISS GIDDENS
her drawing)
Miles isn't the only one who can
draw -

MISS GIDDENS
(looks at FLORA'S draw-
ing, is puzzled by it,
turns it this way and that;
then, with a radiant smile)
Ah, now I see. Lovely. Lovely. It's
a vase full of flowers.

FLORA
Goodness, no.
(leaning close to MISS
GIDDENS, and pointing
at the picture)
It's a thunderstorm. See the clouds -
and the lightning -

MISS GIDDENS
Well, dear - it's certainly very
original. Perhaps you'll grow up
to be a famous artist.

FLORA
(to MILES, triumphantly)
Did you hear that, Miles -?

52. (continued)

52.

MILES

(as he yawns)
Yes, dear. But Miss Giddens is
merely being polite.

(then)

Tell me, Miss Giddens -- what do
you think I might grow up to be?

MISS GIDDENS

Anything you wanted to -

MILES

(in a dreamy voice)
But there's nothing I want to
be except what I am: a boy
living at Bly. If only every-
thing could go on just as it is -
I love this house.

(looking at MISS
GIDDENS)

Don't you, Miss Giddens?

MISS GIDDENS

(smiles at him)
It's quite beautiful. And so large -

FLORA

I expect it's the biggest house in
England. In the whole world, ac-
tually.

MISS GIDDENS

(smiling)
Well, perhaps not the whole world

MILES

Your house - where you used to live -
was that a big house too?

MISS GIDDENS

No, rather small, I'm afraid.

FLORA

(interested)
How small?

MISS GIDDENS

Very small.

52. (continued)

52.

MILES

Too small for you to have - secrets?

And he looks up, under his lashes, at FLORA. A flicker of something passes between the two children, unnoticed by MISS GIDDENS.

MISS GIDDENS

(laughing)

Well, secrets were a bit - difficult.

FLORA

But possible.

MISS GIDDENS

Not for long. Secrets require a privacy our little home could not provide.

FLORA

Did you play games - in your house?

MISS GIDDENS

We had to be quiet, usually, because my father was working on his sermon. But if he went out, we'd play hide and seek, all over the house ...

FLORA

Oh, lovely!

MILES

Let's do that!

MISS GIDDENS

All right. You hide, and I'll seek.

MILES scrambles to his feet.

FLORA

We can go all over the house, can't we? Everywhere, I mean?

MISS GIDDENS

I should think so.

They scamper out, and we hear their FOOTSTEPS running up the stairs. Left alone, MISS GIDDENS smiles, returns to her sewing

52. (continued)

52

MRS. GROSE enters from hallway.

MRS GROSE
(looking around)
Oh Where are the children?
It's their bedtime.

MISS GIDDENS
(apologetically)
Yes, I know. But I thought: one
little game - then right to bed
they'll go.

MRS. GROSE
(smiling as she goes
to tidy the papers, etc.
from the rug)
I see they've won you over already,
miss.

MISS GIDDENS
(smiling back)
They have indeed!

As she speaks, we hear o.s. a faint faraway CALL:

MILES' VOICE (o.s.)
Miss ... Gidd ... ens!

And MISS GIDDENS rises, putting down her sewing, and goes
over to the hall, calling:

MISS GIDDENS
(calling back)
I'm ... com ... ing!

DISSOLVE TO:

53. INT: FIRST UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR: NIGHT:

53

as MISS GIDDENS hurries along it.

We see doors, half opened or shut, of rooms on either side.
The pale light of a lamp from a wall bracket. The light
flickers as MISS GIDDENS goes by.

54. INT: SECOND CORRIDOR: NIGHT:

54

She turns the corner into another corridor. Moonlight is filtering down from a skylight. She hears:

MILES'S VOICE (o.s.)
(faintly, calling)
Miss Gidd ... ens ... !

MISS GIDDENS catches a glimpse of swift movement at the dark end of the corridor - as of a hand, or the edge of a skirt turning the corner and gone from sight.

MISS GIDDENS
(in a whisper, calling)
Flora - ?

But whatever she saw is gone.

All at once, she notices what appears to be the cave-like darkness of an open door. Reaching it, she finds the beginning of

A FLIGHT OF NARROW ATTIC STAIRS.

They are uncarpeted. Her shoes make a sharp SOUND as she runs up and into:

55. INT: BARE PASSAGEWAY: NIGHT:

55

over which the ceiling slopes in gabled angles under the roof.

And, beyond an oaken beam, a half opened door leads into what seems to be a brightly lighted room.

But when she gets to this doorway it is moonlight that greets her from windows that spot the walls like transparent postage stamps.

56. INT: ATTIC: NIGHT:

56

A storage place, cluttered with broken toys, barrels out of which old curtains hang, small tables upside down, and a glittering sequence of small brass bells strung along a wall ...

On the floor, rolled carpets lie across each other like logs. In a corner, packets of letters emerge from an overturned box.

56. (continued)

56

In turning, MISS GIDDENS knocks against a rocking horse that begins to GALLOP, loudly, and must be stopped. So she puts out her hand to stop it, and starts instead a little MUSIC BOX which, knocked to the floor, opens and plays the faint tinkling MELODY of "Bring Me a Bonnet". The suddenness of the music and her recognition of the tune Flora always sings startle MISS GIDDENS for a moment. She bends down to stop it - and as she does so her attention is caught by the sparkle of glass on the floor nearby. It is a small miniature. She picks it up and looks at it, as best she can, in the moonlight.

INSERT - THE MINIATURE IN MISS GIDDENS' HAND.

It is of a man - barely seen because of the dust on its cracked glass.

MISS GIDDENS stands alone in the empty, moonlit attic, looking at the miniature.

A cupboard door behind her begins to open slowly. The crack of the door opening grows wider.

MISS GIDDENS feels the movement behind her, and stiffens. The cupboard door CREAKS. She gives a little CRY of fear.

A pair of arms are thrown around her ... she drops the miniature. She is looking into MILES's laughing face. He whispers excitedly:

MILES

You'd never have found me - if I hadn't
pounced on you!

He holds her tight. They both whisper.

MILES

Did I frighten you?

MISS GIDDENS

(laughing with relief)
A bit.

MILES

I made it too easy. By pouncing ...
Now - you're my prisoner.
(He holds her tighter)

MISS GIDDENS

Yes. Now - let me go, Miles.

56. (continued)

56

MILES

Why?

MISS GIDDENS

You're hurting me.

MILES

Am I?

MISS GIDDENS

(again)

You're hurting me!

MILES

Am I?

MISS GIDDENS

Yes. Let me go. Please.

MILES

But why?

MISS GIDDENS

(trying to free herself,
but laughing - her voice
as hushed as his)

I've told you - you're hurting me.
Now - let me go. I mean it.

MILES

Do you - ?

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)

I've found it!

MILES releases MISS GIDDENS as:

CLOSE UP - FLORA

in doorway. She moves across to music box. CAMERA
MOVES WITH HER.

CLOSE UP - MISS GIDDENS

as MILES releases her, turning to him.

CLOSE UP - MILES.

He smiles at her - a flushed, excited, childish smile.

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)

I've missed it so! Mrs. Grose must
have hidden it here!

56. (continued)

56

CLOSE UP - MISS GIDDENS.

She is as flushed as MILES is. She frowns, even as she smiles.

There is a sharp CLICK o.s. as the music box is shut. The MELODY STOPS. Then the SOUND of the box being rewound.

CAMERA PULLS AWAY TO SHOW - MISS GIDDENS, MILES AND FLORA as FLORA rewinds box.

MILES

Now it's your turn.

MISS GIDDENS

Is it?

FLORA

You must go and hide.

MISS GIDDENS

Must I?

MILES

Anywhere you like. We'll count a hundred!

As MISS GIDDENS turns to leave:

DISSOLVE TO:

57. INT: CORRIDOR: NIGHT:

57

CLOSE ON MISS GIDDENS - CAMERA MOVING WITH HER

as she moves along corridor. The closed doors pass like dim signposts as she goes swiftly around the corner and down the other corridor that leads to the landing, seeing ahead of her - hardly noticing - the flickering of the lamp on its wall bracket. She comes to the landing, stopping for a moment, turning, as she heard the faint, far SOUND OF THE MUSIC BOX playing again ...

58. INT: FRONT HALL AND STAIRCASE: NIGHT:

58

She goes down the staircase, across the front hallway and into:

59. INT: DRAWING ROOM: NIGHT:

59

causing, by her swiftness, a draught that shakes down the petals of a rose in a vase by the door. She looks around for somewhere to hide. It is bright, silent but cheerful. She stands behind the door ... but that's too easy for them.

She changes her mind. She looks around. A sudden breeze blows the curtains in front of the French windows. She crosses to them, pulls the window shut. We see her REFLECTION in the glass. She slides herself behind one of the curtains, turns to face the room, closing the curtain around her. Her feet are sticking out, and she pulls them back behind the curtain. She turns to pull the other curtain closed, but before she can do so she sees:

60. THROUGH THE WINDOW, MINGLED WITH THE REFLECTED ROOM
AND THE REALITY OF THE MOONLIT GARDEN, A MAN

60

standing casually, looking at her with a peculiar insolence.

She freezes for a moment, then becomes aware that the MAN is staring past her into the room.

After a moment, he takes slow, assured steps backwards. As she struggles with the catch to open the window, the figure vanishes.

The garden is empty, and only her own REFLECTION confronts her.

61. INT: DRAWING ROOM: NIGHT:

61

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Miss - whatever are you doing there,
miss?

And MRS GROSE'S REFLECTION appears on the window beside her own.

MRS GROSE - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

MRS GROSE
Heavens, child! Why, you're white
as milk!

MISS GIDDENS tries to speak and can't.

61. (continued)

61

MRS. GROSE
(continuing)
Are you ill?

MISS GIDDENS
(her voice shaking)
I saw him. Don't tell me I didn't.
Because I did. I saw him staring -

MRS. GROSE
Who, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
The same man. The man on the tower!

MRS. GROSE
The tower?

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
But now, just now, he was staring past
me, into the house, as if he were -
hunting someone.

MRS. GROSE
But what's he like, miss -?

MISS GIDDENS
(as she shudders and puts
her hand over her face)
He - he has dark, curling hair. And
the coldest, the hardest, eyes

MRS. GROSE
(as though she has suffered
a shock of recognition)
And is he - would you say he was very
handsome?

MISS GIDDENS
(removing her hands from
her face)
Yes. Yes. Handsome. Handsome - and
obscene.

(then)
Listen, I've seen his face before.
Yes, and he - I know where I saw him!
A picture. There's a picture of him -

61. (continued)

61

She starts towards the door, MRS GROSE following, and into the hall as:

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
A miniature with a cracked glass.
In the attic -

62. INT: FRONT HALL AND STAIRCASE: NIGHT:

62

SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRCASE.

MISS GIDDENS runs up the stairs TOWARDS CAMERA. MRS GROSE is in the hall below her.

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing)
I'll show you ...

MRS GROSE
It can't be ...

MISS GIDDENS runs up a few more steps, then, realising what MRS GROSE has just said, stops - IN CLOSE UP - and turning, looks down the stairwell at MRS GROSE.

MISS GIDDENS
You know him?

MRS GROSE
(almost a whisper)
Quint.

MISS GIDDENS
Quint?

MRS GROSE
Peter Quint. His own man - his valet - when the master was here. When the master left - Quint was alone ...

MISS GIDDENS
Alone?

MRS GROSE
Alone with us - in charge.

MISS GIDDENS
And then - ?

62. (continued)

62

MRS GROSE

He went.

MISS GIDDENS

Went where?

MRS GROSE

God knows where. He died.

Standing on the stairs, MISS GIDDENS almost screams:

MISS GIDDENS

He died!?

She claps her hand over her mouth. As she does so, suddenly we hear the SOUND OF THE MUSIC BOX and the CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER. She turns and looks up.

63. INT: STAIRCASE: NIGHT:

63

THE CHILDREN

laughing down at her from the top of the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: DAY:

64

It is a beautiful morning, the sun is streaming through the bedroom window. MISS GIDDENS is pacing up and down the room. Her face is strained and she obviously has not slept. She looks out of the window and sees a beautiful calm summer day. She goes over to her writing desk and we see on it many attempts at a letter addressed to the Uncle. She scans through the last attempt and impulsively screws it up and throws it into the wastepaper basket.

From outside the window we hear a CHILD'S SCREAM.

In fright MISS GIDDENS rushes to the window. She sees nothing but hears EXCITED SHOUTS from round the corner of the terrace. MISS GIDDENS turns and runs out of the room.

65. INT: UPPER HALL AND STAIRWAY: DAY:

65

MISS GIDDENS runs along the corridor almost in panic and down the stairs as the SHOUTS continue o.s.

66. INT: FRONT HALL: DAY:

66

As she approaches the open front door she stops short and we see:

67. EXT: DRIVEWAY AT FRONT OF HOUSE: DAY:

67

MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

In the driveway in front of the house a small carriage is drawn up. In f.g. stands a man with his back to CAMERA. MILES stands on one side of him. FLORA is dancing up and down on the other. The man picks her up and turns - and we see it is the UNCLE.

MISS GIDDENS, patting her hair in place, and with an expression combining relief and pleasure, comes out of the house. The UNCLE, seeing her, releases FLORA and comes towards her smiling.

UNCLE

Ah, Miss Giddens - the perfect, the impeccable governess - how goes it, my dear? These rascals running you ragged?

(Not waiting for a reply,
he takes her hand)

May I present - Mademoiselle du Valais.

For the first time MISS GIDDENS notices that a young woman, extra-chic, very beautiful but rather hard and glittery, is sitting in the carriage.

UNCLE

(continuing, to MILE
DU VALAIS)

Ma chere, voici l'institutrice des enfants. C'est une etre assez jolie, n'est-ce pas?

MILE DU VALAIS, with a bored expression and drooping eyelids, inclines her head most condescendingly, a gesture MISS GIDDENS acknowledges with a perfunctory curtsy, after which she turns away with awkward haste.

MISS GIDDENS

I must tell Mrs. Grose to have rooms prepared. We never expected -

67. (continued)

67

UNCLE

(with a hand on her arm)
Oh, that won't be necessary. This
is the merest pop-in, pop-out -

MISS GIDDENS

(so disappointed she can
scarcely raise her voice
above a whisper)
You mean you're not staying - ?

UNCLE

(with a little mock bow)
I'm flattered - that you should
sound so regretful.

(Then)

But you see, this was just a sudden
spur-of-the-moment jaunt.
Mademoiselle is an old friend, and
I wanted her to see a bit of our
countryside - she's never been to
England before.

(Consulting a pocket
watch)

But of course - so typical of me -
I didn't allow enough time. And
now, if we don't hurry, we shall
miss our connection back to London.

MISS GIDDENS

(forced by her sense of
frustration into a tone
mildly sarcastic)
Would that be such a disaster?

UNCLE

(grinning as he throws
an arm around MILES's
shoulder)
Overwhelming. I have a party of
twelve coming to dinner.

MISS GIDDENS

I'm sorry. I had hoped - it would
have meant a great deal to the
children -

She stops, slightly embarrassed.

UNCLE

(rapidly, vaguely)
Yes, well, I'm leaving for Paris
tomorrow. Perhaps, when I return,

67. (continued)

67

UNCLE (cont:)
we might have a little house party.
Say around the Christmas holidays -
 (as he rumples MILES's
 hair)
- when this elegant youth is home
again.

MISS GIDDENS starts to speak. Before she can do so -

FLORA
 (pulling at the UNCLE's
 arm)
You can't go yet. Without seeing
anything. Don't you want to see
Miles ride his pony? They go so
fast, they go like the wind -

MILES
 (gently, a little sadly)
Don't, Flora. Never beg. It's not
polite.

FLORA
 (tears springing to her
 eyes as she appeals to
 the UNCLE)
Am I begging, Uncle Charles? I'm
not begging, am I? I just want
you to stay.

UNCLE
How I wish I could.
 (Stoops to kiss FLORA)
Now no tears, my darling: you'll
stain your angel face.

MILLE DU VALAIS
 (exasperated)
Charles! Charles! C'est ridicule
- nous allons manquer le train -

UNCLE
 (to MILLE DU VALAIS, as
 he gets into the carriage)
Ayez un peu de patience, ma chere.
Ou je te quitte ou je t'ai trouve -
faisant le trottoir.

MISS GIDDENS
 (clinging to the side of
 the carriage)
Please - before you go - there's

67. (continued)

67

MISS GIDDENS (cont:)
something terribly important -

UNCLE
(smiling)
Now, Miss Giddens. Really, my
dear.
(He wags a finger at
her)
Aren't you forgetting the terms of
our agreement? A promise is a
promise.

MISS GIDDENS
Please, sir - if you could just
spare a moment: I'm sure you will
forgive me once you understand the
necessity -

UNCLE
(a frown, a really cross
expression flitting
across his face)
I doubt that very much.
(Then, resignedly)
All right. Let's hear. Out with
it.

MISS GIDDENS nervously glances at the CHILDREN, who are
huddled beside her. Obviously she cannot talk to the
UNCLE in their presence.

MISS GIDDENS
It's - it's rather complicated.
If I might speak with you alone -

UNCLE
But we are alone. Never mind my
friend here. She understands not a
word of English.

A long pause.

MISS GIDDENS tries, with glances, to indicate that it is
the presence of the CHILDREN that hinders her. The
UNCLE seems quite oblivious to this: but not FLORA and
MILES, who are watching MISS GIDDENS with solemn
intensity - they know why she does not speak.

UNCLE
(continuing)
Well, Miss Giddens. Come now.

67. (continued)

67

UNCLE (cont:)
Have you something to say? Or
haven't you?

MISS GIDDENS
(realising she is
thoroughly trapped,
defeated)
Forgive me, sir. It was - it was
nothing.

UNCLE
(slapping his thigh)
Ha!
(Then, now again in
roaring good spirits)
Women! You women are the
confoundest crowd. All this bother,
and then she tells me it's nothing.
Ha! Of course it was nothing.
What else could it be?
(Pats MISS GIDDENS:
hand)
But bless you, my dear. You're
doing beautifully. I've never
seen the children looking happier.
Healthier.

He signals to the coachman. As the carriage starts to
move, he calls to the children:

UNCLE
(continuing)
Take care. Give my love to Mrs.
Grose. Tell her I'll be here for
Christmas -

He waves, and his voice recedes as the carriage rolls
down the drive.

68. EXT: FRONT OF HOUSE: DAY:

68

MISS GIDDENS, FLORA, MILES, all with backs to CAMERA,
as they stand clustered together watching the carriage
disappear. A forlorn trio; a small, sad tableau.

Then - they turn around, and as they MOVE FORWARD INTO
CAMERA -

68. (continued)

68

FLORA
(taking MISS GIDDENS'
hand, and as she looks
at the sky)
Oh dear, I think it's going to
rain. The pretty lady will get
wet.

MILES
(taking MISS GIDDENS'
other hand and smiling
at her)
We rather hope she does - don't we,
Miss Giddens?

DISSOLVE TO:

69. INT: SCHOOLROOM: DAY:

69

A RAIN-SPATTERED WINDOW.

A bare room with desks, maps and a globe. The CHILDREN are drawing, with unbearable SQUEAKS, on their slates. The SOUND OF RAIN mingles with the SQUEAKS. MISS GIDDENS is working at her embroidery in a rocking chair in a corner of the room. She looks tense, weary. Every stab of her needle shows the tension under which she now exists.

MISS GIDDENS
Miles dear - your pencil does have
a terrible squeak.

MILES
It does, doesn't it. But I can't
help it, you know.

FLORA
Can't you? I thought you were
doing it on purpose. I wish I
could ...

And she tries - and succeeds. MISS GIDDENS winces ...

MISS GIDDENS
Flora - please!

FLORA
What's the matter, Miss Giddens
dear?

69. (continued)

69

MISS GIDDENS

I don't know ... I've got a head-
ache. I'm sorry.

FLORA gets up and puts her hand on MISS GIDDENS' head.

FLORA

(to MILES)

I do believe Miss Giddens has a
fever.

MILES

(getting up)

Has she? May I get you a cup of
tea, Miss Giddens dear? Or a
plaster?

MISS GIDDENS

(laughing, though nearer
tears)

A plaster?

FLORA

(interested)

Where would she wear it, I wonder?
On her head?

(She starts to chant)

O bring me a bonnet ...

The CHILDREN dissolve into helpless giggles. Despite
herself, MISS GIDDENS laughs with them. But her laugh
stops - on a little wince of pain. FLORA is immediately
contrite.

FLORA

Poor Miss Giddens. We're being
naughty, aren't we?

MISS GIDDENS reaches out impulsively, draws FLORA to her.

MISS GIDDENS

No, of course not. Oh dear, what
a grumpy old governess you have!

FLORA

(kissing her with charming
affection)

You're not grumpy at all! Is she,
Miles?

MILES

Of course she isn't. Though I
wouldn't wonder if she were ...

69. (continued)

69

FLORA
Nor would I - with everything so
horrible.

MISS GIDDENS
(hardly able to breathe)
Horrible - ?

FLORA
(softly)
Why, yes - you know.
(Smiling at her)
The rain - not being able to go
out in the garden - Miles's squeaky
pencil - and me. I wasn't even
trying to be good!

MISS GIDDENS
(almost crying with
relief)
But you are good! You both are!

MILES
Let's entertain Miss Giddens,
Flora!

FLORA
Oh, what a heavenly idea!
(She jumps up and down)

MILES
We'll dress up!

FLORA
(to MISS GIDDENS)
May we?

MISS GIDDENS
(smiling, rising to her
feet)
Of course you may.

MILES
Come along then, Flora.

He takes her hand. They start out into:

70. INT: UPSTAIRS LANDING AND CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SCHOOLROOM:
DAY:

70

MISS GIDDENS
(following them out)
Where are you going?

FLORA is already skipping off down the corridor. MILES stops and turns to MISS GIDDENS.

MILES
To dress up - didn't you say we might?

MISS GIDDENS
I'll - I'll go with you.

MILES
But then you'd know what we were -
and there'd be no surprise.

And he goes off, following FLORA down the corridor.

MILES
(calling back over his
shoulder as he goes)
Now, you wait for us downstairs ...
We won't be long.

The CHILDREN disappear in the shadows of the corridor. MISS GIDDENS stands hesitating, not sure whether to follow them or not.

MISS GIDDENS
(almost to herself)
I've let them go ...

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Go where, miss?

MISS GIDDENS turns and sees:

71. INT: UPSTAIRS LANDING AND CORRIDOR: DAY:

71

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MRS GROSE -

who has just emerged from one of the rooms near the head of the staircase.

MISS GIDDENS
Upstairs - to the attic perhaps -
alone ...

71. (continued)

71

MRS GROSE

Oh, is that all, miss. They'll come to no harm.

She starts down the staircase. MISS GIDDENS follows her.

72. INT: FRONT HALL AND STAIRCASE: DUSK:

72

MISS GIDDENS

But I can't - I can't leave them alone. Not after the other night -

MRS GROSE

As for the other night, miss - put that out of your mind. Pretend it was part of a dream - which perhaps it was.

MISS GIDDENS

(almost in tears)

If only you knew how hard I've tried to believe that. Convince myself it was only the darkness - a trick of light - an illusion - something the daylight would explain. But it hasn't, it's only made it more real. I know I saw him. A man. Something that once was a man looked at me. Looked at me from its grave!

They have reached the foot of the stairs. MISS GIDDENS puts a hand on MRS GROSE's sleeve.

MISS GIDDENS

(continuing)

And if it isn't true - if I didn't see him - then how could I have described him so accurately?

MRS GROSE

(as though seeing a point)

Well, the fact is - you did see his picture.

(Then, soothingly)

No, really, miss. You're just upsetting yourself over nothing.

MISS GIDDENS

(ignoring MRS GROSE's innuendo)

Tell me - how did he die?

72. (continued)

72

MRS GROSE

Quint?

She moves to the big windows of the hallway, overlooking the terrace.

MRS GROSE

(continuing)

Out there, miss - on those very steps -

73. And as she speaks, we SEE THE TERRACE STEPS through the window, under the lowering sky. The rain has stopped, but the steps shine sleekly in the grey light.

73

74. INT: FRONT HALL AND STAIRCASE: DUSK:

74

MRS GROSE

(continuing)

It was winter - the coldest, blackest winter's night. The steps were icy. And Quint, he must have come home late, after we were all abed. Late, and full of drink. There was a wound on his head, like he'd slipped, like he'd fallen out there in the dark -

(Turns to MISS GIDDENS)

I can't forget his eyes. They were open... Filled with surprise. With pain. Like the eyes of a fox I saw once. A fox the dogs had hunted down -

MISS GIDDENS

But - it was an accident?

MRS GROSE

He was a peculiar man. There were things in his life - that could account for violence done him. Vicious things -

(Moving away from the window)

Well, it doesn't do to speak ill of the dead.

A pause.

74. (continued)

74

MISS GIDDENS

The children - never mention him.

MRS GROSE

(firmly)

No, and neither must you. Not to them. You see, miss, it was Master Miles that found him.

(Puts her hands over her ears, as though to shut out a remembered sound)

Oh, the poor little boy. If you could have heard his screams - seen how he clung to him, begged him to speak. Oh, the poor little boy - he worshipped Quint.

MISS GIDDENS

(spacing her words
incredulously)

Worshipped - that - man? Miles?

MRS GROSE

And who's to blame him? A lonely boy with no father. No man around -

(Then, with disgust)

Quint took advantage, that's all. It made me sick - the way Master Miles trotted after him - like a little dog. Ay, they were always together -

MILES'S VOICE (o.s.)

Quiet, everyone! The entertainment is about to commence!

MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE look towards the stairs.

MRS GROSE

(smiling with relief)

Look, miss -

75. INT: FRONT HALL AND STAIRCASE: DUSK:

75

FLORA has dressed herself in what appears to be an old curtain - a heavily brocaded cloth that gleams about her shoulders. It is caught at her waist by a ribbon and allowed to fall behind her in a long train. On her head she wears a pin-cushion. She carries the music box.

75. (continued)

75

MILES has wound some shining material about his head to form a turban. In one hand he has gathered up the end of FLORA's train - in his other hand he carries a lighted candelabra.

The music box plays its little TUNE.

They come down the stairs slowly - as though part of an outlandishly costumed masque. As they near the foot of the stairs, they stop.

FLORA
(to MISS GIDDENS)
I've borrowed your pin-cushion,
if you don't mind ...

She and MILES bow low to each other. Then:

FLORA
Miss Giddens dear? Would you sit -
there?
(She gestures airily at a
chair)
And Mrs. Grose? Will you - ?
(Waves to another chair)

MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE obey in silence. They sit, stiffly, hardly visible in the light of the candelabra.

FLORA
Now, Miles shall sing for you.

MILES, still holding the candelabra, bows to FLORA, then to MISS GIDDENS, then to MRS GROSE. He starts to sing ...

MILES
(singing)
What shall I sing
To my Lord from my window?
What shall I sing?
For my Lord will not stay -
What shall I sing?
For my Lord will not listen -
Where shall I go?
For my Lord is away ...

Whom shall I love
When the moon is arisen?
Gone is my Lord
And the grave is his prison ...

75. (continued)

75

As he sings, he moves slowly down the staircase into the hall. MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE watch him, without moving. He moves slowly over to the window overlooking the terrace.

MILES
(singing)
What shall I say
When my Lord comes a-calling?
What shall I say
When he knocks on my door?
What shall I say
When his feet enter softly
Leaving the marks
Of his grave on my floor?

Reaching the window, he pushes it open slowly ...

MILES
(singing)
Enter, my Lord!
Come from your prison!
Come from your grave
For the moon is arisen!

The candles flutter in the wind.

MILES is standing still and calm in front of the open window.

TWO-SHOT - MISS GIDDENS AND MRS GROSE.

MISS GIDDENS is staring at MILES, almost with a look of horror. But MRS GROSE is smiling fondly and proudly towards MILES. MISS GIDDENS puts her hand on MRS GROSE's arm - her fingers digging into her ...

MISS GIDDENS
(a harsh whisper)
Look at that ...

MRS GROSE
(blankly, turning to her)
What, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
I've been trying to protect him, and
now ...
(She shrinks back in her
chair)
What - if he knows?
(Her voice rises slightly)
If Miles - knows!

75. (continued)

75

But MRS GROSE looks at her in amazement and complete incomprehension.

CLOSE UP - FLORA -

on the stairs. She turns towards MISS GIDDENS - her eyes wide, innocent.

FLORA

Knows - what, Miss Giddens dear?

DISSOLVE TO:

76. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: DUSK:

76

MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE confront each other. O.s., intermingled with the soft DRIPPING of rainwater from the eaves, we hear from below intermittent SOUNDS of music, singing, children's laughter.

MISS GIDDENS

You think I'm imagining it? And yet - just now - you yourself saw and heard Miles -

MRS GROSE

Playing a game -

A pause. Then:

MISS GIDDENS

You told me Quint spoiled Miles ...

MRS GROSE

Master Miles isn't to blame for that.

MISS GIDDENS

Couldn't you have interfered?

MRS GROSE

I wasn't in charge, miss. It's not for me to question the master's arrangements. It was the master put Quint in charge here. And besides -

MISS GIDDENS

Besides - ?

76. (continued)

76

MRS GROSE

No one could go against Quint. You didn't know him, miss. Such power he had over people.

MISS GIDDENS

I see. You were afraid of him. But Miss Jessel - after all, she was in the superior position. Couldn't she have done something?

MRS GROSE

(scornfully)

Miss Jessel! You might not have thought it at first, her being an educated young lady, but deep down there was no difference between them. They were two of a kind, her and Quint. Close as peas in a pod, that pair.

MISS GIDDENS

You mean -

But even as she speaks, the SOUNDS from below become shriller - there is a WAIL of childish rage - and MRS GROSE starts up.

MRS GROSE

There - I knew they'd get over-excited! It's long past their bedtime.

She starts to go. MISS GIDDENS moves as though to detain her.

MISS GIDDENS

But what did you mean - about Quint and Miss Jessel?

MRS GROSE

(in doorway)

Look, miss. They're dead. Gone. There's no point in telling tales of what's over and done with.

And she goes out.

MISS GIDDENS, alone, turns to the window.

MISS GIDDENS

(a small, low voice)

Over and done with ...

76. (continued)

76

She leans forward, pressing her forehead against the coolness of the rain-streaked glass.

MISS GIDDENS
(continuing, the same low voice)

...But is it?

And she sees:

77. EXT. THE GARDEN: DUSK: (STUDIO)

77

SHOOTING DOWN THROUGH WINDOW - FROM MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

The marble figures of the man and woman, their arms entwined within the little square of hedges beneath the window. Their wet, chiselled nakedness shines against the dark carpet of grass, caught for a moment in the oblong of lamplight from the window, as:

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

78. EXT: THE LAKE: DAY:

78

SHOOTING UP AT SKY.

A sunny and cloudless sky. We hear the soft LAPPING of water, the SOUND of birds

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE FOLLY -

a little circular building, similar to a gemple in design, its arched roof supported by slim white columns. It is open to the air on all sides. The day is still, calm - there is no breeze

MISS GIDDENS sits in the folly in f.g., the remnants of a picnic nearby. We can hear and see FLORA and MILES at the lake's edge, by a small rowing boat, in b.g. Their VOICES carry in the clear air.

FLORA
But I want to row the boat!

MILES
Silly! You know you can't ...

FLORA
(turning, calling)
Miss Giddens - tell Miles to let me row.

78. (continued)

78

MISS GIDDENS

I will - when you're a little older.
It's too heavy for you now.

MILES pushes off and starts rowing. (During the ensuing scene, he rows away and out of sight.) FLORA comes over to MISS GIDDENS.

FLORA

I don't care. I've got my own boat,
anyway.

She picks up a small toy sail-boat lying near MISS GIDDENS' feet, and taking it to the water's edge squats beside it as:

MISS GIDDENS

(drowsily content)

Hmm. Heavenly warm sun - it's almost
hot.

She looks around her and her eye is caught by:

79. INT: ROOF OF FOLLY: DAY:

79

MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

A tangle of cobwebs in the roof above - twigs and leaves snarled in the web. As she looks, a leaf drifts lazily down towards her.....

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)

I like it when it's hot.

80. Deleted.

80.

81. EXT: THE LAKE: DAY:

81.

MISS GIDDENS AND FLORA.

As she watches the little boat, FLORA starts to hum her song.
(By now, MILES has rowed out of shot)

MISS GIDDENS

Flora - where did you learn that song?

FLORA

I don't think I remember.

MISS GIDDENS

Isn't it the tune from the music box?

81. (continued)

81

FLORA, pushing at her boat, trying to get it to move, doesn't answer. She continues to hum

MISS GIDDENS
(after a moment)
It is, isn't it?

FLORA still seems not to have heard. She continues humming.

MISS GIDDENS' eyes follow the movement of the boat. A sudden strange HUSH OF SILENCE overwhelms the scene. FLORA's humming is cut off. And MISS GIDDENS suddenly becomes aware of a reflection in the water beyond the boat. She lifts her head sharply, looking above FLORA's head, and sees:

82. EXT: LAKESIDE: DAY:

82

FROM MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

A WOMAN in black - young, pale and beautiful - is standing quietly looking at them. The grass, moved by the wind, is blowing against her long skirt - trailing vines and creepers from the trees blow across her, partly obscuring her figure ...

83. CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS:

83

Her whisper sounds oddly in the strange silence:

MISS GIDDENS
(whispering)
Flora

84. CLOSE ON - FLORA:

84

She doesn't answer. She is smiling slightly.

85. ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MISS GIDDENS, FLORA AND THE WOMAN:

The WOMAN steps back a pace.

86. MISS GIDDENS:

Again she whispers - tensely:

MISS GIDDENS
Who is that?

87. TWO-SHOT - FLORA AND MISS GIDDENS

87

FLORA looks up at MISS GIDDENS. As she does so, ALL SOUND STARTS AGAIN.

FLORA

Where?

MISS GIDDENS

(pointing)

Over there!

FLORA looks around. We see:

88. THE LAKESIDE - FROM FLORA'S P.O.V:

88

The empty grass - the lakeside empty A breeze rustling and rippling through the grass -

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Do look, Miss Giddens - what lovely shadows the wind makes on the grass.

89. CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS:

89

Her eyes are full of tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. INT: DRAWING ROOM: DUSK:

90

MISS GIDDENS sits alone in the darkened room. MRS. GROSE comes in and, not seeing her, goes to light the lamp. As she turns from doing so, she sees MISS GIDDENS, gives a start.

MRS. GROSE

(hand on breast)

Goodness, miss! Gave me a bit of a turn you did - sitting there in the dark.

(she looks around)

And where are the children?

MISS GIDDENS

Upstairs. With Anna. I wanted to be by myself for a while - to think.

MRS. GROSE

(laughing as she goes to light another lamp)

Well, miss - I'm sure a little light will make your thoughts more cheerful.

90. (continued)

90

MISS GIDDENS
(quietly)
Mrs. Grose - there are two of them.

MRS. GROSE
(blankly)
I beg your pardon -?

MISS GIDDENS
Two of those - abominations. Today -
down by the lake - there in the broad
sunlight - I saw the other one.

MRS. GROSE
The other one?

MISS GIDDENS
A woman in black.
(leaning forward)
Miss Jessel!

MRS. GROSE
(still not understanding)
But Miss Jessel is dead. She died -
why, almost a year ago.

MISS GIDDENS
(with a quietly bitter,
ironic laugh)
Almost a year ago. Almost a year
ago.

(a pause; then, quietly)
Flora saw her too.

MRS. GROSE
Did she tell you so?

MISS GIDDENS
(as though impatient with
MRS. GROSE's naivete)
Of course not. She lied to me. Well -
it amounted to a lie.

MRS. GROSE
Now, miss - I've never known either
of the children to tell lies. Why
would they?

90. (continued)

90

MISS GIDDENS

(rising from her chair)

Why? Because they're both playing - or being made to play - some monstrous game. I can't pretend I understand its purpose - I only know that it's happening, something secretive and whispery and - indecent.

(desperately)

I tell you - believe me! - the children are in dreadful danger -

MRS. GROSE turns up the lamp. In the sudden brightness, the strain, the utter fatigue on MISS GIDDENS' face is harshly exposed.

MRS. GROSE

(solemnly studies MISS GIDDENS' face as though trying to make up her mind: then)

But what are we to do -?

MISS GIDDENS

(in a tentative voice, almost shyly)

Then you do believe me? You don't think I'm imagining it?

MRS. GROSE

(with calm sincerity)

I believe you, miss.

MISS GIDDENS

Oh, thank God ... Thank God!

Then, as MRS. GROSE embraces her:

MISS GIDDENS

(continuing)

I've been so frightened - I've felt so alone. But together, with you to help me -

MRS. GROSE

I'll help you, miss. If you'll tell me how.

MISS GIDDENS

(moving away from MRS. GROSE: thoughtful, as though plotting a strategy)

We must try to learn what it is those - those horrors want.

(then)

90. (continued)

90

MISS GIDDENS

(continuing)

Think, Mrs. Grose. The answer must
be in the past -

(then, when MRS. GROSE
doesn't at once reply)

Were Quint and Miss Jessel - in love?

MRS. GROSE does not answer.

MISS GIDDENS

(continuing)

They were in love, weren't they?

MRS. GROSE

(suddenly bursting out)

Love? I suppose that's what she
called it. It was more like a
sickness, a fever that leaves a
body burned-out and dry -

(she sits down)

There was no cruelty she wouldn't
suffer. If he struck her - yes,
and I've seen him knock her to the
floor - she'd look at him as though
she wanted the weight of his hand.
No pride, no shame: crawl to him
on her knees, she would, and him
laughing at her - such a savage
laugh he had ...

(then)

It hurts me to remember. Bad she
was, but no woman could have suffered
more. A person ought to keep quiet
about it -

MISS GIDDENS

You must tell me -

MRS. GROSE

(deeply embarrassed,
distressed)

Ah, miss. There's things I've seen
I'm ashamed to say -

MISS GIDDENS

(determined)

Go on -

MRS. GROSE

Rooms - used by daylight - as though
they were dark woods -

90. (continued)

90

MISS GIDDENS
They didn't care that you saw them?

MRS. GROSE shakes her head.

MISS GIDDENS
And the children?

A pause.

MRS. GROSE
I can't say, miss. I don't know
what the children saw. But they used
to follow Quint and Miss Jessel -
trail along behind them, hand in
hand, whispering. There was too much
whispering in this house, miss.

MISS GIDDENS
(as though speaking to
herself)
Yes, I can imagine. I can imagine the
sort of things they whispered about.
Quint. Miles. I can hear them
together -

MRS. GROSE
(reprovingly)
There was nothing wrong in Master
Miles wanting to be with Quint.
Quint taught him to ride, took him
walking: the poor lad needed someone to -

MISS GIDDENS
- To corrupt him !

MRS. GROSE
(on the defensive, and
rather pitiful)
Master Miles is a good boy, miss.
There's nothing wicked in him.

MISS GIDDENS
Unless he's deceiving us. Unless
they're both deceiving us. The innocents!

MRS. GROSE
(offended, as she rises)
Innocents they are, miss! It's not
fair, you have no right to accuse them -

90. (continued)

90

MISS GIDDENS

Forgive me, Mrs. Grose. I'm not accusing - I'm only trying to - to put it together. To understand.

(a pause: she looks into the fire; then)

Tell me this: were the children happy?

MRS. GROSE

They seemed to be. The same as now. But I did wonder sometimes whether those two really cared for them. Or if they weren't just - using them.

MISS GIDDENS

(again rather to herself and as though another piece of the puzzle has fallen into place)

Using them. Yes. Of course they were. And still are.

(then)

And in the end, what happened to her? Miss Jessel?

MRS. GROSE

(after a deep sigh)

Ah, that was pitiful. When Quint was found - she went into blackest mourning. Her, that ought to have hated the man. She grieved till there was something crazy in her eyes. Never ate. Never slept. I used to hear her all over the house, wandering, sobbing. It couldn't go on - she died, finally.

MISS GIDDENS

Here? at Bly?

MRS. GROSE nods.

MISS GIDDENS

(continuing)

Of what did she die?

MRS. GROSE

I suppose you might say - a broken heart.

MISS GIDDENS is about to speak again when the maid, ANNA, enters.

90. (continued)

90

ANNA

They're in bed now, miss - all scrubbed and nice. Waiting for you to hear their prayers.

MISS GIDDENS

Thank you, Anna. I'll be along in a minute -

ANNA leaves.

MISS GIDDENS

(turning again to MRS. GROSE)
Before I go, there's one thing more -

MRS. GROSE

Yes, miss?

MISS GIDDENS

Our local Vicar - what sort of man is he?

MRS. GROSE

(surprised)

The Reverend Fennell? Why, he's a very fine sort of gentleman.

(then, as though suddenly
divining the reason behind the question)

But, miss - I wouldn't do that. I mean, if you were thinking of discussing with the Vicar - what we've been discussing: well, I wouldn't.

MISS GIDDENS

Why not?

MRS. GROSE

(confused and upset)

It might cause talk, a scandal.

MISS GIDDENS

And haven't we worse to fear than a scandal?

MRS. GROSE

But, miss - what good will it do?
Telling the Vicar our - our secrets?
He can't help us.

MISS GIDDENS

(quietly)

He's perhaps the only person who can.

DISSOLVE TO:

91. INT: DRAWING ROOM: NIGHT

91

MISS GIDDENS is sitting alone by the fire, reading her Bible. She is in her dressing-gown, her hair hanging loose down her back. It is late at night. Suddenly, she seems to hear, very faintly, the SOUND OF A PIANO, playing the "Bring Me a Bonnet" melody. She lifts her head sharply - and the SOUND is gone. She shakes her head, looks down at the Bible again. After a moment, she sighs, puts a marker in the book, closes it and stares into the fire. The wind is SIGHING down the chimney - it sounds to her like someone WHISPERING. She picks up the poker and pokes the dying fire. As she does so, it flames up - the SOUND changes - becomes for a moment like the LAUGHTER described by Mrs. Grose. She looks around nervously. The LAUGHTER STOPS. She gets up, picks up the lamp and crosses to the door

92. INT: FRONT HALLWAY: NIGHT

92

MISS GIDDENS crosses the hall, her FOOTSTEPS SOUNDING on the marble. She reaches the stairs, starts up them. The noise of her gown RUSTLING on the steps sounds again like WHISPERING. She stops - frozen for a moment.

The house is ABSOLUTELY QUIET.

She nerves herself with an effort and goes on up the stairs.

93. INT: UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR: NIGHT

93

MISS GIDDENS walks along, holding the lamp. She passes the closed doors of the empty rooms. She stops again - as the SOUND OF LAUGHTER comes again, as from one of the

93. (continued)

93

rooms. She moves to a door - tries it. It is locked.

The LAUGHTER STOPS. She takes a step forward. A board CREAKS. Her skirt RUSTLES ... a WOMAN'S VOICE seems to be WHISPERING. This time we can half hear the words

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
(whispering)
Love me ... please ... love me ...
love me ...

MISS GIDDENS' hand is shaking - the shade of the lamp SOUNDS raspingly against the glass. As though with the SOUND, there comes again the harsh LAUGHTER. MISS GIDDENS looks around. We see:

94. THE EMPTY WALLS AND CORNERS - FROM HER P.O.V.

94

All is SILENT.

95. ANOTHER ANGLE:

95

as MISS GIDDENS walks further down the corridor. Somewhere in the house there's the SOUND of a door SLAMMING. She stops again, as she hears VOICES, strangely distorted ...

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Haven't they taught you ... ? Knock
before you enter!

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
(sleepy and sensual)
Knock before you enter ...

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
(ending in laughter)
Knock before you enter ... !

His LAUGH blends into the shrill SOUND OF CHILDREN LAUGHING. Then SILENCE.

MISS GIDDENS walks slowly forward. She turns a bend in the corridor. She sees:

96. INT: SECOND CORRIDOR: NIGHT: 96
A BLIND CORD
tapping against a window. And, in rhythm with it:
WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Love me ... love me ... love me ...
97. INT: SECOND CORRIDOR: NIGHT: 97
ANOTHER ANGLE.
The SOUND of the wind rising around the house. And
with it the SOUND, very distant, of a WOMAN SOBBING.
It seems to mingle with CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.
MISS GIDDENS begins to run with the lamp. The flame
shoots up. Her bedroom door is closed. She opens it
and rushes in.
98. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: NIGHT: 98
She SLAMS the door behind her. There is sudden complete
SILENCE, as she looks wildly around.
99. MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.: 99
The moonlit room. Flora's small, tumbled bed is empty.
At the window, the wind blows the curtains ...
100. ANOTHER ANGLE: 100
as MISS GIDDENS puts down the lamp and crosses the room.
She pulls back the curtains. FLORA, in her nightdress,
is kneeling on the window seat, staring out of the window.
MISS GIDDENS
(softly)
Flora ...
FLORA turns. The moonlight, streaming in through the
window, glistens in her long hair, catches her
enchanted smile ...

100. (continued)

100

FLORA

Somebody is walking in the garden.

She slides off the window seat as MISS GIDDENS moves past her to the window, and sees:

101. EXT: THE GARDEN: NIGHT:

101

THROUGH WINDOW - SHOOTING DOWN.

Next to the statue of the man and woman a figure is standing in the brilliant moonlight, looking up ... It is MILES.

102. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: NIGHT:

102

MISS GIDDENS at the window.

At first it seems to her as though he is looking at her, but then she realises he is looking high up at something above her. She cranes out of the window and sees, above her:

103. THE TOWER - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.:

103

From her ANGLE she cannot see the top or whether there is anybody there. As she moves back:

104. INT: MISS GIDDENS' BEDROOM: NIGHT:

104

MISS GIDDENS at window.

MISS GIDDENS

(calls)

Miles ...

She turns away and starts, hurriedly, across the room. As she does so, she sees FLORA in bed, the sheets pulled up to her chin, her eyes bright with excitement ...

DISSOLVE TO:

105. INT: HALLWAY: NIGHT:

105

Moonlight streams in through the window. MISS GIDDENS runs down the staircase and opens the door.

MILES, in his nightgown and bathrobe, is standing in the doorway. He smiles at her.

MISS GIDDENS

Miles!

He steps through the door, into the hall. The door swings shut.

MISS GIDDENS

What were you looking at?

MILES

(innocently)

When?

MISS GIDDENS

(ignoring this)

You were looking up at the tower!
You saw something ...

MILES

(smiling)

Of course I did.

MISS GIDDENS

What did you see?

MILES

Only you, Miss Giddens. I was waiting for you.

MISS GIDDENS

Waiting?

MILES

Oh, I knew you'd look out.

(laughs)

Don't you want to know why?

MISS GIDDENS looks at him wearily.

MILES

(continuing, eagerly)

I'll tell you the real true reason -
but I wonder if you'll understand.

MISS GIDDENS

I'll try.

MILES

Well, put me back to bed then, if you're not too cross. Are you cross?

105. (continued)

105

MISS GIDDENS

Yes.

MILES

I thought you would be. Come on ...
I'll tell you when I'm in bed.

He leads her across the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. INT: MILES' ROOM: NIGHT:

106

A candle is burning by the bed in his small, neat room. MILES is lying on top of the bed, but outside the covers. He is still wearing his bathrobe; he keeps it hugged close to him, and one hand inside the robe, as though he were concealing something, holding it against his heart.

MILES

Well, now ...
(he smiles at MISS GIDDENS)

MISS GIDDENS

Yes?

MILES

I wanted you to think me bad. For a change.

MISS GIDDENS

(she is on the verge of tears)

For a change?

MILES

Well, I thought I might be becoming a bore.

MISS GIDDENS

Miles! Tell me the truth.

MILES

But I am. I mean - good children do get a bit boring, don't they -?

MISS GIDDENS bites her lip, shakes her head, not quite convinced

MILES

(continuing)

So I thought - why not go out tonight and traipse about in my bare feet.

(looks down at his bare feet and wiggles them)

106. (continued)

106

MILES
(continuing)
Which was a shocking thing to do, wasn't it?

MISS GIDDENS
(starting a weak smile)
Very shocking -

MILES
Well - that was our plan. Flora and I arranged it together. But we giggled so - I was sure you must have heard.

MISS GIDDENS, realising this might be what she did, in fact, hear, sighs with relief.

MISS GIDDENS
I heard - something. Yes.

MILES
I told her to go to the window. Then you'd be bound to look out and see me. Flora's been bad as well.

All during this scene, MILES hand has been moving inside his robe, as if caressing an object pressed against his heart. Now MISS GIDDENS becomes aware of this odd, secretive movement.

MISS GIDDENS
Miles - what are you hiding there?

MILES
Hiding?

MISS GIDDENS
(placing a hand over her heart)
There - under your robe.

CLOSE UP - MILES

MILES
I'm not hiding it. I'm keeping it warm.
(he loosens his robe, and
we see that he is holding
a pigeon)
I found it just now - one of my pigeons.
And I couldn't - could I? - leave it out
there in the cold?
(he strokes its feathers)

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)
But Miles - it's neck - it looks as if -

106. (continued)

106

MILES

Someone had broken it?

(then)

Yes, poor thing. I'll bury it tomorrow.

(he opens his arms wide;

he smiles)

Kiss me goodnight, Miss Giddens.

DISSOLVE TO:

107. EXT: GARDEN: DAY:

107

CLOSE ON - THE TORTOISE IN A BOWL OF WATER

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL FLORA, who is lathering it busily. She is very serious and absorbed in her task. Nearby, MISS GIDDENS sits on a bench, laughing at her. FLORA rinses the tortoise and places him gently on the bench beside MISS GIDDENS to dry.

MILES comes up, holding a bunch of wild flowers. He presents them to MISS GIDDENS with a little bow. She inclines her head graciously, with a smile.

MILES catches FLORA's hand and together the two children run off across the lawn towards the house. MISS GIDDENS looks after them, then rises and follows.

107. (continued)

107

The CHILDREN have run on now in front of MISS GIDDENS, hand in hand. MISS GIDDENS pauses in the middle of the lawn. She stands in the same position as Miles stood the night before, looking up at the roof of the house, shading her eyes against the sun. There is nothing there except the pigeons. Two or three fly up at a SHOUT from the CHILDREN.

DISSOL

108. EXT: THE TERRACE: DAY:

108

THE CHILDREN.

They are walking along, talking earnestly together - MILES with his arm around FLORA - past the statues on the terrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

109. INT: SCHOOLROOM: DAY:

109

CLOSE ON - A PILE OF MAGAZINES

on the floor. We see SCISSORS snipping around a drawing of a woman in a black dress.

THE CAMERA PANS UP TO TAKE IN MILES AND FLORA whispering secretly as they cut out. FLORA giggles. The door opens behind them and MISS GIDDENS is standing watching them.

DISSOLVE TO:

110. EXT: THE FOLLY: DAY:

110

The trees by the lake are shedding their leaves. MILES and FLORA are playing at the edge of the water. MISS GIDDENS, seated inside the folly, appears to be reading a book but is, in fact, watching them. They are again whispering secrets to each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

111. EXT: PADDOCK: DAY:

111

MILES is riding his pony. He comes cantering PAST CAMERA, jumps off the pony with a SHRIEK, and lands on FLORA. They roll over in the grass LAUGHING.

DISSOLVE TO:

112. EXT: SECTION OF TERRACE: DAY:

112

MISS GIDDENS is walking along the leaf-strewn terrace. She turns the corner and sees the two little figures of FLORA and MILES, sitting near the dryad. They are whispering. As she approaches, she seems to hear:

FLORA
(whispering)
Love me ... love me ... love me ...

MILES grins. They look up and see MISS GIDDENS. She stands quite still, looking at them.

DISSOLVE TO:

113. EXT: FIELD ON WAY TO CHURCH: MORNING:

113

We hear the SOUND OF A CHURCH BELL. MILES and FLORA, hand in hand and whispering, are walking along a foot-path leading to a church visible in the distance; FLORA is clutching a handful of wild flowers. It is a windy, wintry-looking morning, and the tall grass waves in the breeze.

MRS GROSE and MISS GIDDENS are walking together behind the children.

MISS GIDDENS
(as though coming to the
end of a discussion with
MRS GROSE)
No, I've made up my mind. At the end
of service I shall stay behind and
speak to the Vicar. I'm sorry you
disagree, but I've reached the point
where - well, what else can I do?

MRS GROSE
You could write to the master.
Ask him to come here -

113. (continued)

113

MISS GIDDENS

He wouldn't. He'd only laugh.
Think it was some stupid trick to
get him to notice me. And how -
what could I tell him?

MRS GROSE

(quietly)

The truth, miss. As you believe it
to be.

MISS GIDDENS

(stopping suddenly)

The truth? I can't imagine him
accepting it. Accepting that his
house is poisoned. That the children
are a pair of calculating liars.
That they have friends who would
frighten them out of their lives if
they weren't deeply, forever bound
to them -

(As she walks on)

No, he'd think me certifiably -

114. EXT: Lych Gate, Village Church: Day:

114

THE CHILDREN IN FRONT - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

MILES and FLORA are walking hand in hand. They turn
into the churchyard gate, through which the SERVANTS
- ahead of them - have already passed.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the churchyard wall. On the outside of
it, the side facing the long, rough grass of the field,
a plain stone is let into the wall. On it, we see the
name written: "MARY JESSEL".

The CHURCH BELL HAS STOPPED.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE.

MISS GIDDENS stops short, looking at the stone.

MISS GIDDENS

(whispering)

She - buried here - ?

MRS GROSE

Yes, miss. She was alone in the
world. With no family to claim
her.

114. (continued)

114

And she goes on, through the gate.

MISS GIDDENS

(not moving)

But here? Not in the churchyard?
Out here?

But MRS GROSE is already walking up the path and into the church.

115. EXT: THE DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH: DAY:

115

SHOOTING THROUGH TO INT. CHURCH.

The ORGAN is playing and the congregation are settling into their seats. MISS GIDDENS catches MRS GROSE up by the doorway.

MISS GIDDENS

(whispering)

Why not in the churchyard? Tell me!

MRS GROSE

Sssh ...

MRS GROSE goes to the pew and sits next to MILES and FLORA. She sinks on her knees and covers her face. MISS GIDDENS, following, sits beside her, on the outside of the pew, nearest the aisle.

116. INT: CHURCH: DAY:

116

MISS GIDDENS sinks to her knees for a moment. The CHOIR, singing and in surplices, are coming up the aisle.

The congregation rises with a CLATTER as the VICAR follows the CHOIR up the aisle. MISS GIDDENS, as she rises, turns to MRS GROSE again and whispers:

MISS GIDDENS

Why ... ?

She sees the face of MILES, looking at her from the other side of MRS GROSE. She turns her eyes away and looks up at the roof of the church.

117. CLOSE SHOT - ROOF OF CHURCH, TWO CRUDELY CARVED ANGELS:

117

OVER this, the VOICE OF THE VICAR as he intones:

VICAR'S VOICE (o.s.)

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us, but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness ... " Let us pray ...

Again a CLATTER as they kneel. Through the following scene, the VICAR'S VOICE is heard distantly, together with the MURMUR of the congregation, repeating ...

VICAR'S VOICE (o.s.)

(continuing)

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep ... We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts ... We have offended against Thy holy laws ... "

as we see:

118. FLORA - KNEELING:

118

She peeps through her bouquet of wild flowers at MILES, who is kneeling beside her, and smiles.

PAN ALONG THE ROW TO MILES, who opens his fingers and smiles back at FLORA - to MRS GROSE kneeling with her eyes shut - to MISS GIDDENS, who again whispers urgently, almost hysterical:

MISS GIDDENS

Answer me! Why is she outside?

MRS GROSE, opening her eyes, turns to her.

MRS GROSE

(a matter-of-fact whisper)

She couldn't be in consecrated ground.
She put an end to herself in wickedness.

The PRAYER ENDS. They rise as the ORGAN begins to play.

118. (continued)

118

MISS GIDDENS
In wickedness!

MRS GROSE
She was found -

BIG CLOSE UP - MRS GROSE.

MRS GROSE
(continuing)
- hanging -

The SINGING of a hymn starts, with a burst of NOISE.

MISS GIDDENS -

her eyes wide and pained, and the back of her hand
pressed across her mouth, as though to stifle a scream.

All around her we see the congregation singing the
hymn.

DISSOLVE TO:

119. INT: THE VICAR'S STUDY: DAY:

119

A small, book-filled, dark-panelled room with diamond-
paned windows. MISS GIDDENS is seated in a chair
beside a desk, talking to the VICAR.

120. EXT: Lych Gate, Village Church: Day:

120

We see MISS GIDDENS approach the churchyard gate. She opens it, steps out on to the path, and stops to look again at the stone on which is written: "MARY JESSEL".

And she sees, propped against the stone, a little bouquet of wild flowers: the bouquet we have earlier seen FLORA carrying.

MISS GIDDENS reaches for the flowers, holds them for a moment in her hand, then throws them away.

CLOSE UP - FLOWERS -

scattered on the ground.

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)
(an angry whisper)
Flora -

DISSOLVE TO:

121. INT: MISS GIDDENS' Bedroom: Day:

121

The bedroom door is open. There is a suitcase on the bed, and MISS GIDDENS, still in her Sunday clothes, is busily packing it. MRS GROSE is helping her.

MRS GROSE
(bringing garments from
a bureau drawer)
I wish you wouldn't, miss. It seems
wrong somehow - your hurrying off
like this -

MISS GIDDENS
I'm left with no choice.
(Taking the garments MRS
GROSE has fetched)
Thank you, Mrs. Grose.
(As she refolds the
garments and puts them
in her suitcase)
No, none. If the Vicar had believed
me - but he didn't. So - there's
nothing to be done. Except go to
their uncle at once. Tell him
everything. Force him to understand -

121. (continued)

121

MISS GIDDENS (cont:)
(She closes the suitcase)
I mustn't miss the London train.
Have you ordered the carriage?

MRS GROSE
(as she goes out the door)
I did, miss. I'll just see if it's
come round -

MISS GIDDENS examines her pale reflection in the long mirror; adjusts her bonnet, fusses a moment with her hair. Then, turning back, she picks up her bag and goes out.

122. INT: SCHOOLROOM: MORNING:

122

MISS GIDDENS comes quickly into the room with her bag. She puts the bag down and goes to a shelf of books near the door. She starts to look through them. In doing so, she knocks a few books down.

In the CLATTER she hears the SOUND OF A WOMAN SOBBING, harsh and loud. Then SILENCE.

She stands frozen, too terrified to look round. Then, very slowly, she forces herself to turn and look.

123. THE LONG SCHOOLROOM - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

123

It is very QUIET. A beam of sunlight from the window falls straight on to the governess's desk at the end of the room. Specks of dust are dancing in the sunlight, making the area of the desk bright, but misty and confused. MISS JESSEL is sitting at the desk, her face in her hands, her shoulders shaking.

Slowly, she raises her head. Her face is thin, haggard

124. CLOSE SHOT - MISS GIDDENS:

124

staring.

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
(calling from hallway below)
Miss Giddens ...

124. (continued)

124

ANOTHER ANGLE -

as MISS GIDDENS stares as though hypnotised at the desk.
There is no longer anyone there.

She crosses to it. On it lies an open exercise book,
showing Flora's round, childish writing. The ink is
blurred in places as though by tears. MISS GIDDENS
touches one of the stains with a finger. It is still
wet.

125. INT: STAIRCASE AND UPPER LANDING: MORNING:

125

MRS GROSE is hurrying up the stairs. She goes to
Miss Giddens' bedroom - the door still stands open.
She looks in at the empty room, calls:

MRS GROSE
Miss Giddens ...

There is no answer. Her face anxious, MRS GROSE turns
and crosses to the closed door of the schoolroom. She
knocks on it.

MRS GROSE
Miss Giddens ...

Again, no answer. She opens the door and goes in.

126. INT: SCHOOLROOM: MORNING:

126

as MRS GROSE enters. The figure of a woman in black
is seated at the desk, her head in her hands.

She looks up and we see that it is MISS GIDDENS.

MRS GROSE
Miss - the carriage is waiting.

MISS GIDDENS
I shan't be using it. Everything
has changed.

MRS GROSE
How so, miss? Are you ill?

126. (continued)

126

MISS GIDDENS
(rising from the desk; and
speaking quickly, as though
buoyed up by a new
determination)
Where are the children?

MRS GROSE
Anna's giving them elevenses.

MISS GIDDENS
From now on, they must never be out
of our sight. We can't take the
slightest chance -

MRS GROSE
Of what, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
(rapping the desk with
her knuckles)
She was here!
(Then)
She was waiting for me. She spoke.

MRS GROSE
She spoke?

MISS GIDDENS
It came to that.
(A pause, then)
I could feel pity for her - if she
herself were not so pitiless. And
hungry. Hungry for him. His arms.
His lips. But she can only reach
him - they can only reach each
other - by entering the souls of the
children, possessing them. The
children are possessed - they live
and know and share this hell!

MRS GROSE
You must tell the master.

MISS GIDDENS
It's too late. I can't go now - and
leave the children to be finally and
forever possessed. Corrupted.

MRS GROSE
Then what will you do, miss?

126. (continued)

126

MISS GIDDENS has crossed the room and now stops in front of her.

MISS GIDDENS

(confidently)

I shall write to him. But even if he chooses to ignore me - well, with or without his help, I think I know how we can save them -

MRS. GROSE

Yes, miss - ?

MISS GIDDENS

(exhilarated by her own determination)

They must be made to admit what's happening! One word of the truth from these children, and the dream would end, the spell be broken. One word of truth - and we can cast out those devils forever.

MRS. GROSE

(slowly)

I pray to God you're right, miss.

But her face is troubled with fearfulness, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

127. INT: DRAWING ROOM: AFTERNOON:

127

A hot, grey, thundery afternoon. (The SOUND OF A PIANO HAS STARTED THROUGH DISSOLVE - playing "Bring Me a Bonnet".) MISS GIDDENS is sitting at a small writing desk, writing a letter. MILES is sitting at the piano. FLORA is lying on the floor, looking at the pictures in a big book. During the ensuing dialogue, the CAMERA WILL SHIFT TO EXCLUDE FLORA.

MILES

Are you writing to your sister, Miss Giddens?

MISS GIDDENS

No, Miles. To your uncle.

MILES smiles a little and goes on playing.

127. (continued)

127

MILES

I knew you would, finally.

MISS GIDDENS

Did you?

MILES

(passing it off lightly
as though it were a joke)

I suppose you're telling him what a naughty
boy I've been.

MISS GIDDENS

(writing, not looking up)

It concerns you in part - yes.

MILES

(still playing)

Well, do be sure and give him my love.

MISS GIDDENS

(as she seals the envelope)

Miles - isn't that the tune Flora's always
singing?

MILES

Do you like it?

MISS GIDDENS puts the sealed envelope down on the desk,
leans back, closing her eyes as if relaxing for a moment.
MILES continues to play. The room is quiet, except for
the SOUND OF THE PIANO

MISS GIDDENS opens her eyes suddenly, and looks around
the room. She sees FLORA has gone. She starts up.

MISS GIDDENS

Where's Flora?

Even as she speaks, she is making for the door.

127. (continued)

127

MILES
(innocently, towards her
disappearing figure)
Isn't she here?
(Without waiting for an
answer)
Shall I play you something else?

But MISS GIDDENS has gone. We STAY ON MILES for a moment

128. INT: UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR AND LANDING: DAY:

128

MISS GIDDENS comes running up the stairs. As she reaches
the landing:

MISS GIDDENS
(calling)
Flora ... !

There is no answer. She rushes to Mrs. Grose's room and
opens the door.

129. INT: MRS GROSE'S ROOM: DAY:

129

MRS GROSE is sleeping in a chair by the fire, the
kitchen cat curled up on her lap. MISS GIDDENS hurries
to her.

MISS GIDDENS
Mrs. Grose!

MRS GROSE wakes with a start.

MISS GIDDENS
Flora - she's gone ...

MRS GROSE
Where?

MISS GIDDENS
With her, of course. Miles planned
it beautifully.

MRS GROSE
He planned it?

MISS GIDDENS
Oh, yes. It was very clever!
Quick! We must find her!

129. (continued)

129

MRS GROSE gets up - the cat jumps from her lap.

MRS GROSE
Where do we look, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
By the lake, where we picnic. That's
where Miss Jessel ... joined us that
day.

DISSOLVE TO:

130. EXT: LANDING STAGE: DAY: (LOCATION OR LOT):

130

A small wooden platform, jutting out of the reeds. The first small drops of rain prick the surface of the pond. The boat-line hangs down into the water. The boat is gone.

MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE arrive at the landing stage.

MISS GIDDENS
You see? She's taken the boat.

MRS GROSE
All alone, miss - that child?

MISS GIDDENS
She's not alone. And at such times
she's not a child. She's an old,
old woman ...
(She turns)
Come!

She starts off along the path that rims the lake and leads us to the folly on the far side. MRS GROSE follows, more slowly.

131. EXT: THE FOLLY: DAY:

131

LONG SHOT - MISS GIDDENS' (MOVING) P.O.V.

seen through the thick curtain of willows that surround it. Almost a part of the light wind and scattered raindrops, the faint MELODY of the music box is heard.

131. (continued)

131

ANOTHER ANGLE

as, parting the low, sweeping willow branches, MISS GIDDENS sees:

132. THE FOLLY - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

132

FLORA is sitting on the marble floor. Dried leaves shift around her, almost languidly, in the slight breeze. Beside her are scissors, a scrapbook, and some pages of pictures half cut out. Close to her, the music box, its lid open, its MELODY airily playing. She sits quite still. But her stillness seems to come from no more than a childish reverie. She is smiling slightly.

The rain is a little heavier, as the wind becomes somewhat more than a breeze.

MISS GIDDENS VOICE (o.s.)
(softly)
Flora ... ?

FLORA's head turns, with a swiftness. She looks STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA.

FLORA
(softly)
Oh, there you are. I thought
someone was watching me.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE BOTH.

MISS GIDDENS
Who did you think it was?

FLORA
Well, it wouldn't be Mrs. Grose
because she's there.

She nods in direction of MRS GROSE'S VOICE, as we hear:

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
(calling)
Miss Flora ... ?

MISS GIDDENS
Flora ...

A little black insect drops from the ceiling on to

132. (continued)

132

FLORA's lap. She picks it up, looking up at the roof as she does so.

FLORA
(delightedly)
Oh, look! A dead beetle! Do you suppose there are any more up there?
(Then, looking at her)
Why, Miss Giddens - you came out without your hat!

MISS GIDDENS
So did you, Flora. And how did you get here, dear?

FLORA
In the boat.

MISS GIDDENS
When did you learn to row, Flora?

FLORA
Miles taught me.

MISS GIDDENS MOVES INTO A CLOSE TWO-SHOT.

MISS GIDDENS
Why did you come here?

FLORA
To cut out pictures for my scrap-book.
(Smiling)
And to be quiet.
(Picks up page of pictures)
Isn't it odd? Under this picture of a porcupine is printed "Hysterix cristata". But I say it's a porcupine. So I shall write "porcupine" under it. Don't you think?

MISS GIDDENS
Who gave you that music box?

FLORA
(not looking up)
I don't think I remember ...

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
(calling, nearer now)
Miss Flora ...

132. (continued)

132

FLORA

(looking up with a smile)
Oh, yes. I do. It was Mrs. Grose.

MISS GIDDENS

It was not.

FLORA

Wasn't it, Miss Giddens dear?

MISS GIDDENS leans down and says, firmly:

MISS GIDDENS

Where, my pet, is Miss Jessel?

FLORA looks up at her as though in astonishment. MISS GIDDENS suddenly pulls FLORA to her feet and starts to shake her.

MISS GIDDENS

Where is she, Flora?

There is a sudden CRACK OF THUNDER, and the RAIN comes pelting down. MRS GROSE ENTERS PICTURE suddenly in b.g.

MRS GROSE

(a shout)
Stop it, miss! Stop it!

MISS GIDDENS, her face close to FLORA's, looks towards the lake and says, almost triumphantly:

MISS GIDDENS

Look, Flora - look!

133. EXT: LAKESIDE - MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.:

133

The RAIN is falling around us in a sudden MIST. MISS JESSEL is standing where she was before, looking directly towards us.

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)

There! You know you can see her!

FLORA'S VOICE (o.s.)

(beginning to scream)
I can't! I can't!

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)

Look! She's there!

134. EXT: FOLLY: DAY:

134

CLOSE ON - FLORA -

struggling in MISS GIDDENS' grasp.

FLORA
(her scream rising)
Stop it! I'm frightened!

MRS GROSE COMES RUNNING INTO SHOT and puts her arms
around FLORA.

MRS GROSE
Stop it, miss!

CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS -

as she looks up at MRS GROSE.

MISS GIDDENS
Look! You can see her! You must!

CLOSE THREE-SHOT.

MISS GIDDENS and MRS GROSE, both holding the child,
look towards the further bank.

135. EXT: LAKESIDE - THEIR P.O.V.

135

It is quite empty. The RAIN is streaming down, the
MIST rising.

136. EXT: FOLLY: CLOSE THREE-SHOT:

136

FLORA has pulled loose from MISS GIDDENS' hands. She
clings to MRS GROSE'S skirts.

MRS GROSE
Hush, child. She's not there. How
could she be? She's dead and buried.
Hush, my lamb.

CLOSE UP - FLORA -

her face distorted with hatred, as she turns on MISS
GIDDENS and shouts:

136. (continued)

136

FLORA
(shouting)
I can't see anything! I've never
seen anything! You're cruel!
You're wicked! I hate you! I hate
you! I hate you!

She turns again to MRS GROSE, holding tightly to her
hand.

FLORA
(continuing)
Take me away from her! She's cruel!
Take me away! Please! Take me
away! She says horrid things!
Don't look at her!

She buries her head in MRS GROSE's skirt.

FLORA
(continuing)
Don't look at her. She frightens
me so!

MRS GROSE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Come, child, come in now.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MRS GROSE, FLORA, MISS GIDDENS.

MRS GROSE puts her arm around FLORA's shoulder and leads
the sobbing child away down the path.

CAMERA MOVES BACK WITH THEM, leaving MISS GIDDENS
standing by the lake.

MRS GROSE and FLORA walk towards us OUT OF FRAME. MISS
GIDDENS is left standing alone by the lakeside, a sad
and diminishing figure - standing almost as Miss Jessel
stood, with the bracken blowing against her skirt and
the RAIN falling.

DISSOLVE TO:

137. INT: DRAWING ROOM: LATE AFTERNOON:

137

The lamps are lit and the fire is lighted. In the distance, o.s., we can hear the HYSTERICAL CRYING OF FLORA.

MISS GIDDENS is sitting sadly by the fireside, looking at the flames. The door opens. She looks up and smiles sadly as MILES comes in. He sits down on the other side of the fireplace. There is a long pause.

A log falls in the fire, sending up a shower of sparks. MILES's face is lit up, smiling ...

MILES

I like it - when the fire does that,
don't you?

MISS GIDDENS nods and puts out her hands to warm them. They are both leaning forward, towards the fire, and their silence at this moment has achieved a sort of intimacy.

It is broken by a SOUND from upstairs, the distant SOUND of FLORA SHOUTING. MISS GIDDENS looks up.

DISSOLVE TO:

138. INT: UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR: NIGHT:

138

A bedroom door is open and we can hear FLORA'S VOICE SHOUTING o.s. The voice, although still recognisable as FLORA's, has a strange quality of stridency and depth. With it, we can hear the soft comforting MURMUR OF MRS GROSE'S VOICE.

MISS GIDDENS COMES INTO FRAME and stands, tense, by the door. After a second the SHOUTING STOPS. MRS GROSE, worried and upset, comes out and closes the door softly behind her.

MRS GROSE

I've never known the equal! Never -
(she looks hard at MISS
GIDDENS)
- it's beyond all nature -

MISS GIDDENS

Now do you believe me? Now that
you've seen?

138. (continued)

138

MRS GROSE
Now that I've heard.
(Then)
In all my years, and I've known a
vile tongue or two in my time - never
have I heard such obscenities -

MISS GIDDENS takes in a breath. MRS GROSE pauses and
looks at her.

MRS GROSE
That pleases you, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
Of course not. But it justifies me.
It's proof -

MRS GROSE begins to walk on down the corridor, MISS GIDDENS
following her.

MRS GROSE
Perhaps it is. But to hear such
filth - and from a child's mouth.
I don't know how - where she could
have learned such language.

139. INT: MRS GROSE'S ROOM: NIGHT:

139

As MRS GROSE enters the cat comes up and rubs itself
against her legs. She leans down to stroke it. MISS
GIDDENS has followed her into the room.

MISS GIDDENS
I know.

MRS GROSE glances at her, glances away, and says:

MRS GROSE
I shouldn't be surprised if you do -

MISS GIDDENS
What precisely are you suggesting,
Mrs. Grose?

MRS GROSE
Just this: I never heard her speak
like it before - never. Till you
came!

139. (continued)

139

MISS GIDDENS
(advancing on her, pleading)
How can you be so unfair? You saw
who taught her. Saw that woman -
standing in the rain.

MRS GROSE
I know what I saw -

MISS GIDDENS
Has she mentioned it? Mentioned
Miss Jessel?

MRS GROSE
Only to say there was no one there.

MISS GIDDENS
And you pretended to believe her?

MRS GROSE
I didn't have to pretend.

MISS GIDDENS
Perhaps if I spoke to her -

MRS GROSE
(firmly, fiercely)
No! You're not to go near her!
She hates you -
(Then)
And frankly, I can't say I blame her.
Miss Flora was a sweet and innocent
child. A happy child until you made
her face that -

MISS GIDDENS
That woman! Say it!

MRS GROSE
That - bad memory.

MISS GIDDENS
It may have been the saving of her.
Now Flora can really go to sleep.
And when she dreams, dream not of
the dead, but me. I'll be the ogre,
the wicked but at least alive woman
in her life. Much as it hurts, it's
better that she hates me.
(With sudden decision)
But you must take her to her uncle.

139. (continued)

139

MISS GIDDENS (cont:)

You must both go away tomorrow. Away from me. And away from them. The servants, everyone must go -

MRS GROSE

(frowning)

And leave you here? All alone?

MISS GIDDENS

Except for Miles.

(Then)

We were together this afternoon. Sitting by the fire. He didn't say anything - but he wanted to. It was like a pendulum - and I could feel it swinging my way: slowly - slowly. Yes, he wanted to reveal himself, and ask for my help. We must give him the chance. You do understand?

MRS GROSE

After today - I doubt that I'll ever understand you, miss. It was a cruel thing - and if you're planning another cruelty -

MISS GIDDENS

To wake a child out of a bad dream - is that cruelty?

MRS GROSE

If you were my age - had cared for as many children as I have - you'd know that waking a child can sometimes be worse than any bad dream. It's the shock. And then being - suddenly deprived.

MISS GIDDENS

You're wrong. You're talking nonsense.

MRS GROSE

(coldly)

As you say, miss.

MISS GIDDENS

(with great firmness)

You and Flora will leave tomorrow. And I shall send the servants away.

139. (continued)

139

MISS GIDDENS (cont:)
It's my decision. He put me in
charge - sole charge, Mrs. Grose.
Tomorrow I must be alone here - with
Miles.

MISS GIDDENS has crossed to the door. As she reaches it:

MRS GROSE
Miss, may I ask -

MISS GIDDENS looks at her.

MRS GROSE
(continuing)
- what am I to tell their uncle?

MISS GIDDENS
The truth.

MRS GROSE
(looking at her steadily)
The truth. Yes, miss. Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

140. EXT: BLY HOUSE: MORNING: (LOCATION):

140

It is a grey, overcast day. The carriage is standing
ready in front of the house. The horse strains and
paws the ground. FLORA is already in the carriage.
She sits looking straight in front of her.

141. INT: FRONT HALL: DAY:

141

MRS GROSE is dressed to go. MISS GIDDENS comes out
of the drawing room.

MISS GIDDENS
Have you got my letter?

MRS GROSE
Which letter, miss?

MISS GIDDENS
To their uncle. I left it on the
desk.
(Gestures towards drawing
room)

141. (continued)

141

MRS GROSE
I've not touched it, miss.

MISS GIDDENS
Then who -
(She breaks off in
realisation)
Of course. Miles.

MRS GROSE
You accuse him - of stealing?

MISS GIDDENS
(looks at MRS GROSE,
then)
Well, what matter? It's just one
thing more for us to talk about -
when we're alone.

MRS GROSE
Where is Master Miles?

MISS GIDDENS
He went out early this morning.
But I shall wait -- he'll come to me.

MRS GROSE
Then I suppose - I suppose Miss
Flora and I had best be on our way.
(She starts out)

MISS GIDDENS
Please, Mrs. Grose - wait till you
see Miles again - before you judge
me.

MRS GROSE
(stops, looks at her)
A body can only judge themselves.
There is no other judgment.
(Then, almost inaudibly)
May God be with you, miss -

MRS GROSE goes quickly out of the door.

CLOSE ON - MISS GIDDENS.

Her eyes are tightly closed. She waits - hearing the
SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS receding, the carriage door SLAMMING
SHUT. The sudden sharp SOUND of a whip CRACKS like a
gunshot.

141. (continued)

141

MISS GIDDENS opens her eyes. They are brimming over with tears. The SOUND of carriage-wheels, as they crunch along the drive, increases, lessens, begins to pass away.

She starts towards the front door, as if to call them back. She looks out into the garden. The carriage is gone as though it never existed. Only the SOUND of its wheels remains, for a moment, then seems to become the faraway cawing of circling rooks. MISS GIDDENS goes out to:

142. EXT: TERRACE: DAY:

142

She moves slowly along the terrace, looking to either side. She sees the stone dryad, grey as slate ... a corner of the house, rising sharply ... windows reflecting a cold light ...

Everything is very still and quiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

143. INT: THE SCHOOLROOM: AFTERNOON:

143

CLOSE ON - THE SCHOOLROOM CLOCK.

Its hands stand at 2 o'clock.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL MISS GIDDENS

following in her time tidying the schoolroom. She picks up doll of Flora's left spreadeagled on the floor. She smooths its dress and hair, and puts it gently on the chair of Flora's desk.

She hears a distant NOISE o.s. and lifts her head expectantly. There is nobody there.

DISSOLVE TO:

144. INT: CORRIDOR: LATE AFTERNOON:

144

MISS GIDDENS is walking along the corridor. She glances up at the grandfather clock as it CHIMES. It is five o'clock. She moves on a pace - then turns as she hears

144. (continued)

144

a NOISE, a slight, mewling sound, from Mrs. Grose's room. She opens Mrs. Grose's door and the housekeeper's large, complaisant cat runs out past her and down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

145. INT: FRONT HALLWAY: DUSK:

145

MISS GIDDENS comes through the pantry door, carrying a jug of milk. She crosses the hall. The emptiness and her ECHOING FOOTSTEPS make her pause for a moment and look around.

She goes on and into:

146. INT: DRAWING ROOM: DUSK:

146

A table is laid with cold food and two places are set. She puts the jug on the table. She moves to light the lamps. As she is lighting them she hears the door OPEN, and looks up.

MILES is standing in the doorway.

MILES

So here you are! I say, are we having tea in here?

MISS GIDDENS

Yes, Miles.

MILES

(expansively)

How very grand! How grown up!

MISS GIDDENS

Yes, and we can talk together now. Like two adults.

She has finished lighting the lamps. MILES comes to the table and sits down. MISS GIDDENS takes her place.

MILES

Jolly nice. Jolly nice, I call it. I feel quite the master of the house.

146. (continued)

146

He smiles at her, a smile she rather nervously returns.

MILES
(looking around)
Where are the servants?

MISS GIDDENS
(unfolding a napkin)
Gone home.

MILES
(slightly mocking her)
Oh? Did you send them? Or did they
take fright and run away?

MISS GIDDENS
What do you mean?

MILES
Well - you're afraid. And perhaps
you made them so.

MISS GIDDENS
And of what - assuming you are right
- of what am I afraid, Miles?

MILES
I'm not a mind reader, my dear.
I've told you that before. But I
sense things -
(He laughs)
Don't worry - there's a man in the
house -

MISS GIDDENS
Is there?

MILES
(tapping his chest)
Yes, me. I'll protect you.
(Then)
I say - it is fun. We have the
whole house to ourselves.

MISS GIDDENS
(looking at him with a
pale smile)
More or less. There are still -
the others.

MILES ignores this. Then, looking up from his plate:

146. (continued)

146

MILES

Poor Flora - is she awfully ill?
I mean, is it serious? Has she gone
to hospital?

MISS GIDDENS

No - just to London. I think - Bly
didn't agree with her any more.
This house upset her -

MILES

What - suddenly?

MISS GIDDENS

Oh no, I'd seen it coming on.

MILES

Did you? Then why didn't I? Flora
is my darling - I know what she
feels before she feels it herself.
She loved this house. She was as
happy here -

(a pause: then, looking
straight at MISS GIDDENS)
- as happy as I am.

MISS GIDDENS

Are you?

MILES

What?

MISS GIDDENS

So very happy?

MILES tries to meet her eyes, then lowers his gaze.
He rises from the table.

MILES

If you'll excuse me -

He starts towards the door into the conservatory.

MISS GIDDENS

Miles -

But he has gone. She rises and follows.

147. INT: CONSERVATORY: DUSK:

147

MILES stands looking at the tortoise, prodding it with his fingers.

There is, throughout this scene, the sensation of heat. The windows are misted over, and, as the scene progresses, beads of perspiration bathe the faces of MILES and MISS GIDDENS. At times their voices echo against the glass, rise and fall, become blurred, like fish swimming in an aquarium.

As MISS GIDDENS enters:

MILES

Poor Flora. She must have been upset - to have forgotten Rupert.

(Looks at her)

Why did you want to be alone with me?

MISS GIDDENS

I think you know quite well.

MILES

(his back to her)

What do I know? Or rather - what is it that you want to know?

MISS GIDDENS

For one thing: why - that night you were supposed to be in bed - why were you in the garden?

MILES

I told you -

MISS GIDDENS

(sharply)

The real reason, Miles!

MILES

(sighs, flaps his arms)

It's beyond me why you go on asking a fellow questions when every time he answers you tell him it isn't true.

MISS GIDDENS

(almost shouting)

Because you're not telling the truth!

147. (continued)

147

MILES

(calmly, coolly)

Don't shout. Don't be so angry.
It does something to your face - it
makes you look ugly. And cruel -

MISS GIDDENS

Miles - listen to me. I'm not a
cruel person. Sometimes I'm foolish
- I make mistakes. But I am not
cruel. My father taught me to love
people and help them. Help them,
even if they refused my help. Even
if sometimes it should hurt them -

(She embraces MILES, holds
him against her, strokes
his hair)

That's the only reason I am here:
to help you. Whatever you may have
done, I am not against you. I don't
think it's your fault -

MILES

(breaking away from her)

But I haven't done anything -

MISS GIDDENS

Then why were you sent down from
school?

MILES

(toying with the leaf
of a plant)

It must be - because I'm different -

MISS GIDDENS

But you aren't. You're like any
other boy.

MILES

(with a half-smile of
sad triumph)

Ah, and now who's not telling the
truth? If you really thought that -
we wouldn't be having these
conversations.

(Staring up at her)

No, my dear, you don't think I'm
like any other boy. That's why
you're afraid -

147. (continued)

147

MISS GIDDENS

If I am - it's for you. I'm afraid
for you, Miles. Because if you
don't tell me now -

MILES

There's nothing -

MISS GIDDENS

Isn't there?

(She looks at him)

Why did you take my letter? You did
take it, didn't you, Miles?

A sudden silence. Then the SOUND of a big leaf against
the window. MISS GIDDENS looks up. She sees the big,
sweating leaves tapping against the misty glass, the
blurred statues outside. Then:

MILES

(almost inaudibly)

Yes, I took it.

MISS GIDDENS gives a sigh of relief.

MISS GIDDENS

Why?

MILES

To see what you said about us.

MISS GIDDENS

Us?

MILES

Well - about me.

MISS GIDDENS

And what did you discover?

MILES

You thanked my uncle for trusting
you - you apologised for troubling
him - for asking him to come down -

Throughout this scene, MISS GIDDENS has been looking
around her, as though waiting for Quint to appear.
Every sound attracts and distracts her. She stands now,
listening.

MISS GIDDENS

Go on, Miles - tell me what else
I said.

147. (continued)

147

MILES

That's all I read. I heard foot-
steps - I threw it on the fire.

MILES turns and walks towards the misted windows.

MISS GIDDENS

(as she follows after him)
Did you take other things - is that
what you did at school?

MILES

No. I'm not a thief.

MISS GIDDENS

Then, Miles - what did you do?

A moment passes. MILES's face twitches. He looks out
of the window. The glass is frosty-misty - like a train
window in cold weather: too opaque for the outside to
be visible.

MILES

I - well - I said things. And I -
drew pictures.

MISS GIDDENS

Yes, Miles?

MILES

Sometimes - I hurt things.
(Pause, then)
And sometimes, at night, when all
the lights were out -

MISS GIDDENS

You what?

MILES places a finger tip against the window. During the
next several speeches he draws a circle on the glass that
makes an ever-widening clear space.

MILES

The masters heard about it.
(His voice falling to
a whisper)
They said I frightened the other
boys.

MISS GIDDENS

When did you first see - hear of
such things?

147. (continued)

147

MILES

Why, I - I made them up.

MISS GIDDENS

Who taught them to you?

MILES

I told you -- they just came into my head.

MISS GIDDENS

What were they?

MILES

You know so much - can't you guess?

MISS GIDDENS

Shall I tell you who taught you - ?

MILES spins round, faces her. The cleared space he has made on the window covers a large, moonlike area.

MILES

(his face twisted, his
manner midway between
fury and desperation)
I won't ever again - I promise -

MISS GIDDENS

Shall I tell you who taught you -
the things you've said - the things
you've done - shall I tell you his
name?

148. ANOTHER ANGLE - MILES AND THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM: DUSK:

148

SEEN FROM MISS GIDDENS' P.O.V.

As MILES looks at her, his whole expression changes and hardens: his eyes narrow. And, as he begins to speak, we see the face of QUINT take form inside the window's cleared circle - QUINT's face looming above MILES's face.

MILES

You don't fool me. I know why you
keep on and on -

148. (continued)

148

MISS GIDDENS'S VOICE (o.s.)
(as though she were trying
to draw his attention to
the face looming behind him)

Miles - !

MILES
It's because you're afraid - you're
afraid you might be crazy. So you
keep on and on - trying to make me
admit something that isn't true.
Trying to frighten me. The way you
frightened Flora -

MISS GIDDENS' VOICE (o.s.)
Miles, please.

During the next speech, the SOUND OF QUINT'S LAUGHTER,
faint at first, underlines MILES'S VOICE. And the two
faces, MILES's and QUINT's, seem to blur and merge - as
though MISS GIDDENS, the observer, was on the point of
fainting.

MILES
(screaming at her, his
face pouring sweat)
But I'm not Flora. I'm no baby.
You think you can run to my uncle
with a lot of lies. But he won't
believe you - not when I tell him
what you are - a damned hussy. A
damned, dirty-minded bitch. You
never fooled us - we always knew -

He begins to laugh, and his LAUGHTER rises and mingles
with the merciless LAUGHTER OF QUINT.

149. ANOTHER ANGLE - MILES AND MISS GIDDENS, EXCLUDING WINDOW:

149

MISS GIDDENS stands as though in a trance.

As the SOUND OF LAUGHTER DIMINISHES, MILES turns and
runs out of the conservatory.

150. EXT: THE GARDEN: DUSK:

150

MILES runs down the steps of the terrace and fast
across the lawn.

150. (continued)

150

MISS GIDDENS comes out on the terrace and runs after him.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

MILES is running, terrified. He stumbles and falls on to the lawn.

CLOSE SHOT - MILES

lying spread out on the grass. MISS GIDDENS kneels beside him and puts out her arms. He turns and she holds him. They are on the lawn in front of the terrace steps. They are breathing hard with mingled exertion and emotion. Beyond them, the statues stand against the sky.

MILES

Forgive me - I didn't mean -

MISS GIDDENS

(cradling him in her arms,
and looking down into his
face as he looks blankly
up at the sky)

Hush, darling, hush. It wasn't you.
That voice, those words - they
weren't yours.

MILES

(as though he has not
heard her: as though he
were in a state of deep
shock)

Forgive me ...

MISS GIDDENS

Admit it, Miles. Say his name.
Then it will all be over -

MILES

Who - ?

MISS GIDDENS

The man who taught you. The man
you've been meeting - that you've
never stopped meeting -

MILES

(suddenly alive again,
and struggling to be
free of her arms)

You're wrong - you're crazy - you
are crazy -

150. (continued)

150

MISS GIDDENS
(struggling to hold him)
Shall I tell you his name?

Before he can stop himself, MILES screams:

MILES
He's dead!

Even as he speaks -

151. ANOTHER ANGLE:

151

On the top of the steps that lead up to the terrace,
by the statues and against the sky, a figure seems to
be standing. It is QUINT.

MISS GIDDENS
Look, Miles -

MILES
(a scream)
No!

MISS GIDDENS
He's here! On the terrace! He's
here - for the last time!

MILES jumps to his feet, turns his head from side to
side, like an animal in pain.

MILES
Where? Where is he?

MISS GIDDENS
(as she stands up)
His name! You must say his name!

MILES
(a scream)
Quint! Peter Quint!

He turns to MISS GIDDENS, rushes at her - his arms
flailing the air.

MILES
Where? You damned devil! Where?

152. EXT: THE GARDEN: DUSK:

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And, as he SCREAMS, the figure of QUINT is gone, as though it never existed.

And MILES's breath seems to stop, his arms fall, a strange, puzzled look comes over his face - the look of a child faced with something beyond his understanding. He begins to fall, quite slowly, only a short distance from MISS GIDDENS.

MISS GIDDENS, as though suddenly released, moves towards him, catches him in her arms.

Holding him tightly, she whispers almost:

MISS GIDDENS
He's gone, Miles ... you're safe ...
you're free ... he's lost you
forever ...

He has gone limp in her arms. She holds him to her.

MISS GIDDENS
Miles ...

Suddenly, she puts her hand under his coat and on his heart. She gives a small, hardly audible GASP of horror as she realises what it is she truly holds. She gathers the child in her arms and lifts him - carries him towards the house. Her face is frozen in grief.

As she mounts the white steps and goes to the empty house, the statues are white against the sky.

She stands still, holding the child, for a long minute. Then, slowly, she kisses his white face.

She looks up.

153. ANOTHER ANGLE:

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From the roof of the house, the pigeons fly in a great white cloud.

She moves towards the dark doorway as we:

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D

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