

MURDER ROOMS:
THE KINGDOM OF BONES

by
Stephen Gallagher

90 Minutes

1. INT. BLACKED-OUT ROOM. NIGHT.

Darkness. We could do this anywhere because we're never going to see the room. Just the lecturer lit by his own slide, and a detail of the audience.

With the exaggerated sound of a metal shutter being slid, a bright hand-tinted LANTERN SLIDE image is thrown onto a screen and we hear the voice of explorer and botanist EVERARD IM THURN. The slide shows a spectacular high plateau rising from dense jungle.

EVERARD IM THURN
Behold it, ladies and
gentlemen...

The lecturer's face moves into view with the screen beyond it; reflected lantern light gives his face a demonic intensity.

EVERARD IM THURN
Mount Roraima! The great
unknown plateau of the South
Americas.

He looks toward the screen.

EVERARD IM THURN
Unclimbed. Unconquered. A place
of secrets and wonders.

ANGLE ON PART OF AN AUDIENCE, SELECTING OUT DOYLE. The only light picking him out of the darkness appears to come from the magic lantern beam passing overhead.

EVERARD IM THURN
This undiscovered terrain will
be the subject of my next
expedition. Beyond this ascent
lies a land unseen since the
world began.

CLOSER on DOYLE.

DOYLE
(Under his breath)
Imagine that.

BACK ON IM THURN -- maybe we're wider now and can see our easel card beside the screen reading PORTSMOUTH LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY/Dr Everard Im Thurn/AMONG THE INDIANS OF GUIANA.

EVERARD IM THURN

Who knows what rare sights,
what strange species we may
find there? I trust in God that
it will be a great adventure.
Are there any questions?

DOYLE clearly wants to ask something, but hesitates. He looks as if he'll burst.

From a seat in the shadows directly behind him, REUBEN PROCTOR, a smooth and pleasant-looking man of DOYLE's own age, leans forward to murmur in his ear.

PROCTOR

(In a low voice)

Go to it, Arthur. Jump right in.

DOYLE leans back to reply, also in a murmur...

DOYLE

I can converse on equal terms
with any man or woman here. But
seat them as a crowd, and my
tongue disengages from my
brain.

Someone else has now asked the first question.

EVERARD IM THURN

In December. With the support
of the Royal Geographical
Society. Yes, Madam?

2. OMITTED

3. EXT. EASTERN PARADE, SOUTHSEA. NIGHT.

DOYLE and PROCTOR stroll along by moonlight. Ahead on their route lies Southsea's natural history museum.

PROCTOR

I was half-expecting you to
leap up and beg to go
adventuring with him.

DOYLE

Don't think I wouldn't be
tempted. But I've chosen my

life, now. No more adventures for me.

PROCTOR
So what did you join the Society for? The literature or the science?

DOYLE
The custom, if I can raise any.

PROCTOR
There's me.

DOYLE
All rude health and no money to your name. What use are you to a medical man?

PROCTOR
I understand your ambition, Arthur. We're alike in so many ways.

DOYLE
That's because I run a practice with precious few patients, while you run a museum which nobody visits.

They're level with the museum entrance now.

PROCTOR
Spare me ten minutes.

DOYLE
Why?

PROCTOR
You'll see why.

PROCTOR produces an ENORMOUS KEY. Raises an eyebrow.

Then he heads up the steps to the museum's door.

DOYLE's hooked. He follows.

4. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

The place is cavernous, dark, and spooky. The moon shines down through a skylight and DOYLE stands alone in its patterned shadow at the foot of a great staircase.

A clock ticks, slowly. Steam gurgles in the pipes. DOYLE looks around. The glass eyes of a shadowy form in a taxidermy case glow back at him.

He senses something, looks behind him. Is he being watched? He moves to see.

A HIGH ANGLE from within a darkened side gallery shows DOYLE moving to look into it. And as our POV moves we reveal...

Big in the foreground with DOYLE on the ground below, the skull and neck of a reconstructed IGUANODON SKELETON looming above him. A low, growl-like rumble from the plumbing completes the moment. Then --

PROCTOR

Arthur!

DOYLE turns.

The distant figure of PROCTOR is looking down over the rail from the upper landing, with the light of a room behind him.

PROCTOR

It's ready.

With an uneasy glance back at the IGUANODON, DOYLE moves toward the staircase.

5. INT. MUSEUM -- UPPER ROOM. NIGHT.

We hear approaching footsteps on the stairs outside. A form very like a body lies, sheeted, on a table. The room's lit by four candles on stands at each corner, adding to the funerary effect. A moment to take it in and then...

PROCTOR enters, followed by DOYLE.

PROCTOR

Here she is.

DOYLE

She?

PROCTOR

My princess. In a manner of speaking.

DOYLE

You're beginning to concern me, Reuben.

PROCTOR reaches for the sheet.

PROCTOR

I assure you that she's mine. I paid seven guineas for her. And by the inscriptions she is, most definitely, a princess.

He draws the sheet aside to reveal...

An Egyptian 'portrait' mummy, out of its sarcophagus but encased in a shell of decorated gesso. Filthy, waterstained, aged and distressed, it's in seriously poor shape.

DOYLE

Seven guineas?

PROCTOR

Due to her condition. And the wretch who sold her to me cared nothing for ancient history or for anything else. I didn't so much buy her as pay gin money rescue her.

DOYLE prods, wrinkles his nose.

DOYLE

How old is she?

PROCTOR

My guess would have to be around three thousand years. Some of the heiroglyphs resist translation.

DOYLE

I've got bad news for you, Reuben. You'll be lucky if she lasts for three months more. Water's breached the casing. That's the smell of decay.

PROCTOR

And therein lies our opportunity.

DOYLE looks at him.

PROCTOR

I don't plan to be a curator of seashells and flint axes for the rest of my days. If her days are numbered, then preservation is no issue. If

preservation is no issue then we can unwrap her.

DOYLE

Right now?

PROCTOR

No! Not now! In a public event before an invited audience.

DOYLE looks doubtful.

PROCTOR

I see mostly academics. Some dignitaries. Some press. A tasteful display, but still a sensational one. Not just an unwrapping, but an anatomy lesson. A full post-mortem examination covering the life and tragic death of a princess of Egypt.

DOYLE

How do you know it was tragic?

PROCTOR

Show me a young death that isn't. Oh, try to imagine it, Arthur! Recognition for both of us! You'll have access to society. And with patronage and subscriptions, I can lay the foundation of a major collection.

DOYLE

"Doctor Doyle strode up to the podium, and, after gripping it and sweating for twenty minutes, commenced to stammer in a most enlightening fashion..."

PROCTOR

Don't mock me, Arthur. I have a most serious purpose in this.

He picks up one of the candlesticks and moves to illuminate a framed studio photograph on the wall. It shows two women; one in her 40s, a daughter in her 20s.

PROCTOR

My mother, my sister. I do it

for them. Our father was disgraced in his lifetime. He claimed honours from Oxford that he did not earn. It is a cloud that I will dispel.

DOYLE

I'm no public speaker, Reuben. You've seen the evidence.

PROCTOR

That's not what I'm asking of you.

DOYLE glances at the mummy.

Scene transition begins with a slow PUSH IN onto the painted portrait face of the mummy princess, link music swelling as we CUT TO:

6. EXT. DOYLE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Brief establisher from stock.

7. INT. DOYLE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

Gloomy, empty, silent apart from the tick of Doyle's musical clock. The door opens a crack and young INNES DOYLE peeps in.

Checking the hall behind him in case anyone's watching, he slides in and crosses to the desk, where he climbs onto the doctor's chair and folds his hands on the desktop in a grownup fashion.

INNES

Good morning, madam. Your baby has gangrene of the heart. That will be sixpence. Thank you.

The clock starts to chime.

Noting it, INNES quickly slides off the chair and runs into the hall.

8. INT. DOYLE'S HALLWAY. DAY.

Brass stair rods on new carpet, prints hanging on marbled-brown wallpaper, a bust of grandfather John Doyle standing on a table. ALSO ON THE TABLE: a few recent magazines. The whole washed with a lurid glow from the red glass panes in the door.

INNES comes to the foot of the stairs and calls up.

INNES
Arthur! Nine o'clock!

9. INT. DOYLE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

DOYLE's in his shirtsleeves, collarless, shaving with an open razor at a wash stand.

DOYLE
Thank you, Innes. However did I manage without you?

10. INT. DOYLE'S HALLWAY. DAY.

MRS WILLIAMS is by the front door, glancing through some newly-arrived letters. She glances up as DOYLE comes down the stairs, putting in his cufflinks.

MRS WILLIAMS
Today's bills for you, Doctor.

DOYLE
Never mind the bills. How's this?

MRS WILLIAMS
Quite the dandy, aren't we, Doctor Doyle?

DOYLE

I had to make the effort.
(FUMBLING A CUFFLINK) I'm as nervous as a schoolboy. Where's Innes?

MRS WILLIAMS

Exploring again, I expect. He'll know Southsea like a native by the time he goes home.

DOYLE

Didn't I tell you? He isn't going home. He's staying.

MRS WILLIAMS

Oh.

DOYLE

Mother needs the space, and I've got plenty... and you've got to admit it, Mrs W, he's dashed good company.

MRS WILLIAMS' smile has not so much frozen, as congealed.

MRS WILLIAMS

You certainly know he's around.

DOYLE

If there's an emergency, send him to find me at the station. If I'm not there I'll have taken the visitors on to the museum.

MRS WILLIAMS

Hadn't you better hurry?

DOYLE

I don't want to rush and get all bothered. There's plenty of time.

INNES pops his head around the Consulting Room door.

INNES

Which one is nine o'clock? Is that the bong or the pings or when it plays the tune?

A BEAT as this sinks in.

Then DOYLE quickly pulls out his pocket watch and flips it open.

DOYLE

Oh, Lord.

He slides past MRS WILLIAMS to rush out by the front door.

11. EXT. STREET BY MUSEUM. DAY.

DOYLE comes running. A dishevelled and breathless dandy, now.

12. INT. MUSEUM -- DOORWAY. DAY.

Controlled chaos; the doors to the street are wide open, and MOVERS' MEN in bowler hats and brown aprons are bringing in chairs and candelabra and rolls of red carpet and setting them down in the foyer... all the extra dressing that will be necessary for the evening's show.

Other MOVERS' MEN, their wardrobe suggesting that they're of greater rank in the hierarchy of removal men, are sorting over the same stuff and then picking pieces up up taking them deeper into the building. There are enough people swarming around to give a continuous sense of bustle and business.

All watched over by a SENIOR MOVERS' MAN ticking items off a list.

DOYLE squeezes in through the MOVERS' MEN using the doorway, and dodges through the clutter to reach the SENIOR MOVERS' MAN.

DOYLE

Where's Mister Proctor?

SENIOR MOVERS' MAN

Upstairs with his mummy.

He grins, and two of the MOVERS' MEN go sand-dancing past. It's not going to take much to turn Proctor's grand project into a butt of ridicule.

DOYLE

Any sign of two gentlemen from the station?

SENIOR MOVERS' MAN

If they're not on our wagon, I haven't seen them.

But DOYLE's head turns as we hear...

RUTHERFORD

Is there any organisation,
here?

As a passing table clears our field of view we see a figure just inside the doorway. The man is broad-chested, with an "Assyrian beard" and a booming voice that fills the whole museum. This is WILLIAM RUTHERFORD, later to be Doyle's real-life model for Professor Challenger. He gestures at some passing item.

RUTHERFORD

Look at this. They're still
building the place.

DOYLE

Sir!

He crosses to RUTHERFORD.

RUTHERFORD

Who are you?

DOYLE

Doyle, sir. Arthur Conan Doyle.
You taught me anatomy.

RUTHERFORD

Did I?

And behind him from the doorway we hear...

BELL

Don't worry about paying the
cabbie, William. I just managed
to beat you to it.

DOCTOR JOSEPH BELL is maneouvering through the doorway with a heavy bag in each hand and a valise tucked under one arm.

BELL

And I rescued your luggage
before he drove away.

He dumps the bags with a bit of a flourish. RUTHERFORD's unruffled.

RUTHERFORD

Understand this, Doyle. You say
I taught you?

DOYLE

For the best part of five years, sir.

RUTHERFORD

I won't pretend to remember you. As far as I'm concerned this is a professional engagement. In the light of which I expect to be treated with full professional respect. The sum of fifty guineas was agreed.

DOYLE

I believe in the letter I offered fifty pounds...

RUTHERFORD glares, and DOYLE quickly reassesses the situation. BELL is standing behind RUTHERFORD.

DOYLE

But now I recall that it's fifty guineas, as you say, sir.

RUTHERFORD

When do I get to see it?

DOYLE

(Thinking fast)

When... your bill is tendered in respect of your professional services, sir.

RUTHERFORD's giving him a gimlet-eyed stare, but before he can respond...

LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN

Doctor Rutherford?

RUTHERFORD turns to find a young man with a notebook dodging through to reach him.

LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN

Carter, sir, Portsmouth Herald. I understand you'll be giving us a turn in the mummy show tonight.

RUTHERFORD

A 'turn', sir? In the what, sir? The mummy show?

He advances on the NEWSPAPERMAN, who backs off nervously

before him with a "what-did-I-say?" expression.

RUTHERFORD

To begin with, young sir, there is no Doctor Rutherford. I am Professor William Rutherford of Edinburgh and I am here for an academic engagement, not a sideshow for the amusement of morons.

A few yards away, one of the MOVERS' MEN slides the dumped BAGGAGE out of the moving crew's way. RUTHERFORD is driving the NEWSPAPERMAN back toward it.

RUTHERFORD

Either report the facts correctly or do not report them at all. If you misquote me, I will sue. If you misspell my name, I will sue. In fact if you harrass, misrepresent or annoy me in any way...

At this point the unfortunate NEWSPAPERMAN sprawls backwards over the unexpected obstruction...

Leaving RUTHERFORD with the notebook that he's deftly plucked from the falling man's hand.

RUTHERFORD

...I'll have your lights for lunch. What have we here?

He starts to flick through the pages.

BACK WITH DOYLE AND BELL. Watching.

DOYLE

(Bleakly)

I have summoned a demon.

BELL

I had ten hours of him in a locked compartment on the night train. He doesn't sleep.

RUTHERFORD is glancing at pages, tearing them out, throwing them away...

RUTHERFORD

Wrong... wrong... very poorly expressed... Hah!

DOYLE and BELL exchange a glance.

12A. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

Close on PROCTOR in tie and tails, lighting the last candle on a candleabrum before turning to check the room, upon which we go wide to see...

That the entrance hall has been turned into a makeshift but effective lecture theatre with rings of seating around a sheeted table. The mummy lies on this, with instruments laid out ready.

For the moment the seats are all vacant and the museum is empty, silent.

PROCTOR moves to the mummy, and lays a tender hand on the casing.

PROCTOR
Your public awaits.

At this moment, a clock can be heard chiming somewhere far-off in the building. PROCTOR checks his pocket watch and we CUT TO...

13. INT. MUSEUM -- DOORWAY. NIGHT.

Noise and bustle. The main doors have been thrown open and the entrance hall is ablaze with light. An elderly CLERIC (REVEREND SMOOT) is passing through along with a mixed party in formal attire (this party includes HEYWOOD DONOVAN and his daughter but we don't favour or highlight them in any way).

And now we find PROCTOR, greeting the various dignitaries as they arrive. It's everyone from the literary/scientific society, plus a few more. The mayor with his chain. A retired admiral.

PROCTOR
Delighted, sir. It's an
honour... Good evening, ma'am.
I'm Reuben Proctor. I'm the
museum's curator. Your grace...
please take a seat in the hall.

They're mostly ignoring him and sailing straight on past. DOYLE appears at his shoulder.

DOYLE
Filling up nicely.

PROCTOR

This has to be the most
terrifying night of my life.

DOYLE

You'll look back on it as the
foundation of your success.

14. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

The room is all but filled up. We see the LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN in an ordinary suit and overcoat, taking a seat on a back row. His forehead is grazed but his face is a blank.

DOYLE checks the crowd from the foot of the stairway, then turns and ascends the stairs.

15. INT. MUSEUM -- UPPER ROOM. NIGHT.

Proctor's private apartment, where we first saw the mummy, has now been put to use as a dressing room. DOYLE finds RUTHERFORD with his jacket off and his sleeves rolled up, tying on a butcher's-style apron. BELL sits on a hard chair close by, reading the local newspaper.

DOYLE

Two minutes, gentlemen.

RUTHERFORD

What do you think this is,
Doyle? A palace of varieties?

BELL looks over his newspaper. He seems weary.

BELL

My colleague has been
clarifying his opinions for my
benefit.

RUTHERFORD

Tell him what we agreed.

BELL

Professor Rutherford will
dissect the remains without my
assistance. I shall then
speculate on a diagnosis.
(POINTEDLY) Without his.

RUTHERFORD

Be sure all those inbred provincials understand that the evening has a serious purpose. We're not here to entertain. If I see any people enjoying themselves, I'll expect them to be thrown out.

16. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

CLOSEUP ON A SET OF FOLDING OPERA GLASSES as one of the overdressed women snaps them into shape and raises them for a closer look at the 'stage'. Beyond her, INNES passes with a basket on his arm.

INNES

Programmes! Oranges! Pickled
whelks!

Elsewhere, a small group of FLASH YOUNG MEN surreptitiously pass a hip flask between the rows.

ANGLE THROUGH THE OPERA GLASSES on the painted face of the mummy... swinging up to find PROCTOR when he speaks, telegram in hand.

PROCTOR

Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome one and all. Before I introduce our distinguished professors, I have here a telegram from the great Egyptologist Sir Flinders Petrie, who thanks us for his invitation but regrets that he cannot join us tonight, involved as he is in a major excavation at Tanis.

As PROCTOR is speaking, RUTHERFORD and BELL are descending the stairs, followed by DOYLE.

PROCTOR

(Semi-apologetically)
It's signed by his secretary.

RUTHERFORD AND BELL wait at the foot of the stairway. DOYLE bypasses them and slips into his place on the end of a row.

PROCTOR

Let me now tell you what I can about our subject. Which is precious little, I'm afraid, as the only evidence is in these heiroglyphs, and many of them are variations on those forms that present scholarship can recognise. My belief is that our subject is... was... a high-born female who died in her twenty-third year.

There's a whispering and a sniggering amongst the FLASH YOUNG MEN; RUTHERFORD shoots them a narrow look.

PROCTOR

The circumstances of her life are unknown, as is the cause of her death. We hope to shed a little light on both in the course of the evening. Please welcome Professor William Rutherford.

All applaud as PROCTOR withdraws and RUTHERFORD steps forward. BELL stays at the foot of the stairs, where he can watch from an elevated position behind the crowd.

RUTHERFORD is pained by the applause. As he speaks, he picks up a set of shears.

RUTHERFORD

The preservation of corpses in ancient Egypt involved the removal of brain, lungs and viscera followed by the dessication of the flesh. In this condition the dead were sent forth to derive whatever pleasure they could from the afterlife.

A murmur of amusement. He shoots the audience a dark look.

Then he works the blade of the shears into the shell between the mummy's feet, and starts to cut his way up.

RUTHERFORD

This body has been wrapped in linen. The linen has been soaked in resin to form a hard shell which has then been painted. This state would have been further protected by a mummy case or sarcophagus. In the absence of which, the condition of this specimen is poor. Very poor indeed. It has, however, retained its integrity for three millenia.

With a single, dramatic sweep, he rips the shears the rest of the way from the midriff to the crown of the head.

The audience gasps. Handkerchiefs fly to noses. They've been hit by a powerful smell.

RUTHERFORD breathes it in deeply, untroubled. Carefully, he starts to draw the cut edges apart.

RUTHERFORD

Despite the smell of recent decay, I have to say... that for a three thousand year old cadaver the state of preservation is remarkable... (HE FROWNS) quite remarkable... especially...

He gets both hands into the gap and splits the entire casing open like a shell, completely exposing the contents.

RUTHERFORD

...with regard to the watch chain and the waistcoat.

ANGLE DOWN ON THE TABLE -- it's the body of a young, dark-haired man in contemporary dress.

RUTHERFORD turns with a look of fury, the shears in his fist.

RUTHERFORD

Mister Proctor!

Proctor gapes. There's a rising uproar. Everyone's getting to their feet for a better look. A woman screams, another faints. DOYLE looks around, bewildered. BELL starts forward, all of his attention on the body.

RUTHERFORD puts his face only inches from PROCTOR's.

RUTHERFORD

I shall not withdraw to my unremarkable and noticeably inexpensive hotel. I shall take the next train to London where for the rest of the week I may be contacted at my club.

He slaps the shears into PROCTOR's hand.

RUTHERFORD

They'll send you the bill.

And he stalks away.

UP AT THE BACK -- amidst the consternation, the LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN is scribbling away with a big grin on his face.

AT THE DISSECTION TABLE -- DOYLE joins BELL looking down at the body.

BELL

Your opinion, Doctor Doyle?

DOYLE

I'll defer to yours, sir.

BELL

Three thousand years buried, but only three or four weeks dead.

DOYLE

An impossibility.

BELL

More a police matter, I think.

17. INT. MUSEUM -- DOORWAY. NIGHT.

A short time later. Everyone's trying to leave as, led by INSPECTOR WARNER, caped and UNIFORMED POLICE come in through the museum entrance.

WARNER strides on through as two of the UNIFORMED POLICE bar the doorway and start arguing with the indignant crowd, preventing them from leaving, drawing out notebooks to take names.

18. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

A desperate PROCTOR is trying to address everyone as they pass, but no-one's paying him any attention.

PROCTOR

Please accept my personal
apologies... I'll be in touch
with every one of you to
explain... please co-operate
with the officers...

DOYLE steps up to his side and takes him by the shoulders, drawing him back for a private word.

DOYLE

Get a grip on yourself.

PROCTOR

It's a disaster.

DOYLE

Nothing here was your fault.
Stop feeling responsible.

PROCTOR looks at him incredulously.

PROCTOR

If not me, then who?

The word 'scandal' is distinctly heard from someone passing. It doesn't help DOYLE's argument.

DOYLE

You brought a murder to light.
When all this blows over, it'll
be seen as a public service.

PROCTOR

Believe what you like. I'm
finished in Southsea.

DOYLE

There's more to the world than
Southsea.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Mister Proctor.

Both look in response.

Before them stands HEYWOOD DONOVAN, a dapper, stocky Canadian millionaire of around 50. Behind his shoulder stands his raven-haired Celtic ice-maiden daughter GLADYS DONOVAN. Her gaze mostly wanders around the room.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Speaking as someone who's often been gypped by the sellers of antiquities, may I say that I sympathise.

PROCTOR

You are, sir..?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Heywood Donovan. I got in on the Bishop's invitation. I have to tell you, sir, that I found this a far more entertaining evening than I'd been anticipating. For a moment, there, I feared we'd be obliged to learn something.

PROCTOR tries to reply, but the wind goes out of his sails.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN turns more serious, and steps closer.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

I doubt you'll be getting many subscribers out of the occasion. And yet I understand you've run up a fair few expenses.

DOYLE

(Chipping in)

All debts will be properly settled, sir.

DONOVAN glances at DOYLE but keeps his main focus on PROCTOR.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Not by wishful thinking, they won't.

He offers a card.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Let me express my sympathy in a practical way. Come out to my house in the morning and I'll give you a note for my bank.

PROCTOR takes the card.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Unless Canadian patronage isn't good enough for an English museum.

A brief cutaway shows the LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN taking an interest in the exchange as the crowd propels him by.

PROCTOR

I don't mean to be rude. It has been a difficult day. I thank you, sir.

With a courteous nod, DONOVAN moves on.

GLADYS DONOVAN doesn't meet DOYLE's eyes as she follows... but for a few moments, he can't take his off her.

19. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

Later. The seats are empty. BELL and INSPECTOR WARNER are looking at the body.

INSPECTOR WARNER

I bet you don't see too many like this in Edinburgh.

BELL

Are you still in want of a divisional surgeon?

INSPECTOR WARNER

I believe you're a mind reader as well as an exceptional physician, Doctor Bell.

BELL takes a moment and gives him a 'don't overdo it' look. WARNER is unruffled.

BELL

I want the body drawn up in this sheet and removed to the mortuary. No part of it is to be interfered with. No sightseers, no souvenir hunters. Put a man on the door for the whole night if you have to.

INSPECTOR WARNER

Should we remove the wrappings?

BELL

Don't even touch them. I'll
remove those at post-mortem.

He sees DOYLE descending the stairway.

BELL

Carry on.

INSPECTOR WARNER beckons to a couple of his men as BELL
moves to meet DOYLE at the bottom of the stairway.

DOYLE

I take it you've offered your
services.

BELL

Only to complete the job I came
to do. How's your friend?

DOYLE

Low in spirits. All he wanted
was to make a name.

BELL

I'd say he's succeeded, after a
fashion. How much of this
fiasco involves you?

DOYLE

My only contribution was the
invitation letters to you and
the Professor.

BELL

Probably just as well. How goes
your practice?

DOYLE

It's growing. Progress is good.
Not spectacular. But solid.

BELL's giving him a look -- not doubting, but checking.

DOYLE

It is.

Both pause in their conversation as INSPECTOR WARNER and his
men carry the body past, using the sheet as a sling as
instructed.

Then BELL lowers his voice.

BELL

(A touch prickly)

Forgive a friend's concern for your welfare. I merely notice that your boots need new heels and your frock-coat has a tuck in it which tells me it's borrowed.

DOYLE

It's not borrowed. It was my father's.

BELL

I'm terribly sorry. I should have guessed it was an heirloom.

DOYLE

I won't say it's not a precarious living. But but it does improve. Believe me when I tell you I command the respect of this town's Quality.

20. OMITTED

21. EXT. INNYARD WITH FAIRGROUND WAGONS. DAY.

A tent flap is pulled aside and RANDOLPH WALKER looks out.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Sadie! Nobody come in the tent. The good Doctor here says I've got to drop me kicksters.

ANGLE ON THE YARD -- crammed into a small space are caravans, tents, gear, horses... and there's a group of show people around a stove with a steaming cauldron in the open air, all with bowls and hunks of bread. All have turned to look at WALKER.

WALKER disappears back into the tent and the SHOW PEOPLE return their attention to their food, with someone murmuring...

PITCHMAN

We'll not sell many tickets for that.

22. INT. WALKER'S TENT. DAY.

RANDOLPH WALKER stands about three and a half feet tall, a matter which no-one will treat as unusual or remarkable. He's the riding-master of this troupe and a sound businessman. Right now he's up on a chair and bending at right angles, arms folded and resting on the back of it while DOYLE makes ready to inspect his rear end. WALKER's facing us. Long shirt tails preserve decorum.

DOYLE

This won't take long.

RANDOLPH WALKER

I swallowed a sovereign once.
Half's yours if you find it.

DOYLE crouches and squints up the pipe.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Aye aye, admiral. Ships on the horizon.

DOYLE

Do you know what haemorrhoids are?

RANDOLPH WALKER

No.

DOYLE

Well, you've got them.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Thank you, doctor. Without an educated man to guide me I'd have carried on thinking it was the piles.

23. EXT. INNYARD WITH FAIRGROUND WAGONS. DAY.

Consultation's over. RANDOLPH WALKER emerges from the tent, followed by DOYLE with his bag. We GO WITH THEM on a tricky path through the wagons. Most of the wagons are being loaded and made ready for the road. Winter quarters are not set up for performance; everything's been in storage.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Soon as we're all ready we're back on the road. I'm itching for it, I can tell you. Always the same with winter quarters. Everybody loves show people but nobody wants 'em for a neighbour. You know you're the only doctor in town who'll give us the time of day?

DOYLE

Well, in one sense we're in the same line of business.

RANDOLPH WALKER

How so?

DOYLE

If you read your Voltaire, the doctor's job is to entertain the patient while nature effects the cure. Do you own every one of these?

RANDOLPH WALKER

If I don't own them, I made a gift of them. I started in the business as a Low Comedian. When I got married my dad set me up with my own ghost show. Saved my money and put it into the portables and now I do the same for my own. How's it going, Uncle Walter?

They've reached a spot where WALTER WARD, a scene painter, has set up some elaborately decorated canvas sideshow flats in the open air and is just beginning to paint over their subject... the AMAZING the UNBELIEVABLE spectacle of the GIANT RAT OF SUMATRA.

WALTER grunts, and turns away to recharge his brush.

DOYLE

Have Giant Rats fallen out of public favour?

RANDOLPH WALKER

It got a cold in the winter and died. It wasn't really a rat. It was a little dog what's hair had fallen out. Proper little trouper. We've pickled him for

the freak show. It's what he would have wanted.

A few strides brings them to a TEENAGED BOY washing harness in a bucket.

RANDOLPH WALKER
Here, you can't recommend us a good hair restorer, can you?

DOYLE
Nothing that'll grow hair on a dead dog.

RANDOLPH WALKER
I'm not talking about the dog. My nephew, William. Look at him.

He reaches down and takes the TEENAGED BOY by the chin, turning his face to DOYLE. The boy grins. He's got missing teeth and no more than a light chin fuzz.

RANDOLPH WALKER
Call yourself a bearded lady, William? You're just not trying, are you?

WALKER gives him a playful shove and they move on again.

DOYLE
I think that's a case for nature to handle. There's also a matter of two shillings for the ointment...

RANDOLPH WALKER
You're right. Forgive me, Doctor.

He stops and rummages in his pockets. DOYLE glances around as WALKER counts out change. A picture on a panel catches his eye... a pugilist with gloves.

DOYLE
I see you run a boxing booth...

RANDOLPH WALKER
(Across him)
Annie! (TO DOYLE) I'm sorry, Doctor Doyle. End of the winter always means nienti denali.

DOYLE's about to reply when a girl of about 13 pops into

sight.

ANNIE

Yes, Dad?

RANDOLPH WALKER

Take your sister and give 'em a song and dance outside the Trafalgar Hotel. Soon as you make two bob, bring it straight to the doctor here.

She's about to go without question, but DOYLE quickly jumps in.

DOYLE

Wait! No! Don't make the child beg for my fee!

It's a faux pas. The temperature seems to drop. WALKER looks at him stonily.

RANDOLPH WALKER

We never beg, doctor.

DOYLE's in a hole, now. How to get out of it?

DOYLE

What I mean is... if you don't have the cash to hand, let me take it in kind.

RANDOLPH WALKER

How?

DOYLE indicates the illustration on the boxing-booth hoarding.

DOYLE

Get the gloves out and bring on your champion. I confess to a lifelong weakness for the Noble Art.

24. EXT. INNYARD WITH FAIRGROUND WAGONS. DAY.

Where the cauldron was before, now a cleared part of the yard; a makeshift ring has been put together out of ropes, planks, ladders, barrels... it's not the proper show ring, just an improvised one. It looks a bit like the barricade in Les Miz.

DOYLE in shirtsleeves stands in one corner, having his

gloves adjusted by ANNIE. Everyone's turned out to watch.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Are you sure about this,
doctor?

DOYLE

Believe me, sir, you indulge
me. I've had as much pleasure
from this as from any form of
sport. And it's been a long
time since I had the honour of
facing... a professional...

His voice tails away as he turns and sees the man who's climbing into the other side of the ring. Grey, bent, scrawny, with trousers and braces over stained and baggy combinations -- the champion is a rangy, grouchy-looking Seriously Old Bloke. ANNIE scrambles out of the ring, leaving DOYLE to face his opponent.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Go to it, Jasper. Give the
doctor his money's worth.

JASPER's muttering to himself as they square up. He looks like a real miserable git who ought to be in a bath chair.

DOYLE

Forgive me, sir. I seem to have
an advantage. I will go easy on
you.

Without any preamble, JASPER socks DOYLE on the jaw and then walks away without even waiting to see the effect.

DOYLE sways in place for a few seconds and then his legs give way. JASPER's already climbing out of the ring, still muttering.

RANDOLPH WALKER

(Exasperated)

Jasper!

DOYLE hits the deck and the crowd all applaud.

25. INT. WALKER'S TENT. DAY.

A chastened DOYLE is having a damp cloth pressed to his jaw.

RANDOLPH WALKER

You're a game 'un, doctor, I'll
give you that.

DOYLE

Too game for my own good,
sometimes.

RANDOLPH WALKER

No hard feelings?

DOYLE

Good Lord, no. I got exactly
what I asked for. A lesson from
a master.

INNES

Arthur..!

DOYLE and WALKER turn to see...

INNES, looking in through the lifted flap of the tent. He
enters with a note in his hand.

RANDOLPH WALKER

Who's this, then?

DOYLE

My brother Innes. (LIFTS THE
DAMP TOWEL AWAY FROM HIS FACE)
I had him sent down from
Edinburgh for company.

INNES

This came.

He hands the note to DOYLE and steps back. DOYLE breaks the
seal and unfolds it to read, and as he's reading...

RANDOLPH WALKER

(To INNES)

Fancy joining the show, young
Innes? We're in need of a new
Strong Man.

INNES

No.

RANDOLPH WALKER

What about a knife-thrower's
assistant? Gypsy Bob gets
through a lot of those.

INNES

(Giggling)

No!

RANDOLPH WALKER
Indian club catcher for a one-
armed juggler?

DOYLE completes his reading and rises to his feet. Something's seriously wrong.

He grabs up his jacket and leaves in a hurry, without a word.

26. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

We're looking at the big doors from the inside. Should we care to look closely, we'll see that they're bolted.

Something's SLAMMING into them repeatedly and with enormous force, making an alarming noise which echoes throughout the empty museum. Finally...

The doors burst inward under the force of a log BATTERING RAM wielded by two of the biggest UNIFORMED POLICEMEN from the previous night. As they let the ram drop, DOYLE pushes his way through.

DOYLE
Reuben! Reuben!

He's barely taken half a dozen paces when he stops and stares.

REUBEN PROCTOR has hanged himself on a rope from the upper gallery, alongside the stairway.

The POLICEMEN, breathless, catch up with DOYLE.

DOYLE
Cut him down.

UNIFORMED MAN
He's beyond your help, doctor.

27. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

PROCTOR now lies dead on the floor. The POLICEMEN watch, exchanging a glance as DOYLE searches desperately for any sign of life even though it's obvious PROCTOR's long gone.

INSPECTOR WARNER, newly-arrived, moves into shot and waits for DOYLE...

Who finally gives up, and rises to his feet. This has hit him hard, but he contains it. He moves to WARNER. Hands him

the note.

As WARNER casts an eye over it...

DOYLE

His suicide note. He knew I'd
get it too late to be of help.
He did not wish to be
discovered by strangers.

WARNER folds and pockets the note.

INSPECTOR WARNER

I'll inform the coroner.

28. INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT, BY MORTUARY. DAY.

A wide and grim-feeling underground passageway. A couple of passing nurses, a sign to indicate the mortuary.

DOYLE approaches the entrance. (This has double doors with handles). He stops to wait as two UNDERTAKERS' MEN emerge. They doff their hats on seeing him.

UNDERTAKERS' MEN

(Respectfully)

Doctor Doyle.

29. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR. DAY.

DOYLE presents himself at the desk where a RECORDS CLERK is working on ledgers.

DOYLE

I'm here to sign off the death
certificate for Reuben Proctor.

The RECORDS CLERK closes one book, opens another, searches...

And while that's going on, DOYLE hears...

BELL

(Heard offscreen)

I don't care where it lives or
what it lives on! Keep it out
of my way!

DOYLE

Excuse me.

He leaves the DESK CLERK still searching, and moves off in

the direction of BELL's voice.

As DOYLE heads toward one of the DISSECTION ROOMS, a disgruntled-looking CHARLADY emerges from it holding a CAT.

She passes DOYLE, muttering darkly about rats.

He ventures into the DISSECTION ROOM to find...

30. INT. MORTUARY DISSECTION ROOM. DAY.

BELL dressed for a postmortem... apron, shirtsleeves. The body's on the table, covered by a sheet. Flattened-out and hung up on the wall behind him, the gesso-stiffened MUMMY-WRAPPINGS have been kept as much as possible in a single piece.

BELL

Doyle! What are you doing here?

DOYLE

Attending a patient.

BELL

Oh. I see. It's never pleasant to lose one. I do sympathise. (SPOTS THE BRUISE ON HIS CHEEKBONE) Have you been in a dispute?

DOYLE

(Dismissively)

A sporting trophy.

BELL

Since you're here, come and see this.

DOYLE moves around the table to stand beside him. Decorously out of our view, BELL removes the sheet to uncover the body.

BELL

Not quite as exotic as an Egyptian princess, but a far more challenging mystery, wouldn't you say?

DOYLE

Do we know who he is?

BELL

All identification has been removed. Even the labels in his

clothes, and it was done in a hurry. The watch chain's broken and the pocket watch is missing, along with any inscription that might have provided us with a clue. He's a young man, I'd say about twenty-five. How long dead, would you think?

DOYLE makes a conscious decision to set his own concerns aside and make the effort.

DOYLE
Adipocere has begun to form. The conversion isn't advanced. So I'd say weeks at least. Months at the most.

BELL
Saponification doesn't begin until at least three weeks have passed. I would agree. Well done.

DOYLE looks at him. BELL's apologetic.

BELL
The teaching habit is a hard one to forget.

DOYLE
Forgive me, sir. I meant nothing. Is that the fatal wound?

BELL
A single thrust of a straight blade to the abdomen. Look at this. (LIFTS THE HAND) See how the thumb of the left hand is calloused. And this patch of thick skin on the ball of the palm. Do you know what that signifies?

DOYLE shakes his head.

BELL

A right-handed stonemason. This being the hand that braces the chisel. So I'd expect to find stone dust in the clothing and under the nails... (TURNS THE HAND OVER) and there it is.

DOYLE

I agree. Well done.

A BEAT as BELL notes this. Touché. No rancour.

Then he lowers the hand. DOYLE pulls the sheet back over the body as BELL turns to a side-table where the clothing is heaped.

BELL

Then we have these.

He turns back to face DOYLE with a large RIVER STONE in each hand.

BELL

Five of them. In the case with the body. Down by the feet. Any theories? I have none of my own. I doubt very much that they're kidney stones.

DOYLE

They're weights.

BELL

But to what purpose?

DOYLE moves to the hanging mummy-wrapping, and turns a corner on it to expose the internal stitching.

DOYLE

This is a sailor's stitch. I passed seven months as a ship's doctor on a whaler. I can guess no reason for the outer decoration, but I'd say the body was originally sewn into the canvas for a sea burial.

BELL

Do we know where your friend Proctor obtained this... manufactured antiquity?

DOYLE
I'm afraid not.

BELL
Then our next priority must be
to ask him.

DOYLE
If only we could.

BELL doesn't understand... but as he looks at DOYLE, he's
beginning to.

31. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR. DAY.

DOYLE bends over the desk, completing the paperwork for the
registration of Proctor's death.

BELL, dressed to leave, watches with quiet compassion.

DESK CLERK
What about his things, Doctor?

DOYLE
What?

DESK CLERK
Would you care to take charge
of his personal effects?

He reaches under the desk and lifts up a burlap bag.

DESK CLERK
I wouldn't leave them here.
When there's no family to make
a fuss, you'd be surprised how
things can travel. You know
what I mean?

32. EXT. STREET. DAY.

CLOSE ON the burlap bag being carried in DOYLE's hand.

And from that go WIDER to see DOYLE and BELL walking
together.

DOYLE
All I know is that Reuben
believed he had a genuine
antiquity. But he wouldn't tell
me exactly how he came by it.

BELL

Did you notice any unusual smell on that mummy-canvas? Apart from the odour of damp.

DOYLE

No.

BELL

Glue size and pigment. Look closely enough and you could see that even the aging and the deterioration were as fake as the heiroglyphs on the casing. But why? To what purpose?

DOYLE

I was wondering if you'd care to dine with me at Bush Villas tonight.

BELL

I should be delighted. If you're sure.

DOYLE

I have a grocer for a patient who pays me in goods. Each time he has a fit, we dine rather well. And on a practical note... with Reuben dead and his great project a failure, I cannot say how your expenses can be guaranteed.

BELL

I was aware of that. I had my bag sent over to your house this morning.

He walks on, leaving DOYLE to lag a few paces, somewhat wrong-footed.

33. INT. DOYLE'S DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

DOYLE and BELL at the table. MRS WILLIAMS is clearing plates at the end of the main course.

DOYLE

...Always. Whenever I can. On my first night on the whaler I got out the gloves and had a bout with the steward. Afterwards I overheard him say to the first mate, "that's the best sur-r-rgeon we've had, Colin... he's blacked my ee."

BELL

A singular test of your medical ability.

DOYLE

I dare say it did my career no harm.

MRS WILLIAMS

Not as much as a visible familiarity with the local undertakers.

DOYLE is momentarily deflated, but BELL steps in.

BELL

Don't worry, Mrs Williams. Should you fall ill, then I'll treat you myself.

MRS WILLIAMS

Now, there's an inducement to healthy living.

MRS WILLIAMS goes. DOYLE changes the subject.

DOYLE

How long will you stay?

BELL

No longer than was arranged. I have young patients of my own who await my attention. Their needs come first.

DOYLE

So. A mystery it must remain.

BELL

Only if it stays unsolved. We must have some faith in Inspector Warner's abilities.

A BEAT as the thought they're both having remains unsaid.

34. INT. DOYLE'S CONSULTING ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON the musical clock as it rings out the hour of midnight; at first in near-darkness, but then someone turns up the light.

WIDER -- DOYLE leaves off adjusting the light and crosses to the desk, where stands the BURLAP BAG containing Proctor's effects.

He sits, draws it toward him, and begins the painful job of going through it.

35. INT. DOYLE'S HALLWAY. NIGHT.

BELL is moving through the hallway, heading for bed.

But as he turns to ascend the stairs he stops in surprise as he finds...

INNES, sitting on the stairs in a nightshirt. He snaps awake as if he's been dozing on duty.

BELL
Innes! Why aren't you in bed?

INNES
Would you like a magazine to read?

BELL
Why would I want a magazine?

INNES rises and picks up the magazine he's been sitting on.

INNES
Arthur keeps a big pile of these hidden in his bedroom.

BELL
(Quickly)
Innes, I really don't think...

INNES
(Handing it over)
He's got a story in it.

BELL
Oh. Cornhill's.

It's the January 1884 issue of the Cornhill Magazine. It

features an early Conan Doyle story, Habakuk Jephson's Statement.

INNES

What did you think it was?

BELL fixes him with a stern eye.

BELL

Go to bed. It's late.

So stern that INNES is off upstairs like a rocket.

Only then does BELL permit himself a smile as he briefly glances through the magazine.

We hear the hasty closing of Innes' bedroom door.

Then BELL ascends.

36. INT. DOYLE'S CONSULTING ROOM. NIGHT.

DOYLE draws from the bag...

...the card given to Proctor by Heywood Donovan. He holds it up before him and looks at it.

ANGLE ON THE ENGRAVED CARD. Donovan's name, and that of Summerlee Hall.

37. EXT. ESTATE APPROACH -- GATES. DAY.

The gates on the approach to a large country house. The gates themselves are open, but an estate worker with a shotgun (the TATTOOED MAN -- see later) bars the way before the LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN.

The LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN has arrived by bicycle and now stands with it, trying to argue his way in.

LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN

This is ridiculous, man. How can I get Mister Donovan's consent to an interview, if you won't even let me in so I can ask?

But the TATTOOED MAN's not listening. He's looking beyond him.

And as the LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN finishes speaking, a carriage comes alongside. DOYLE's leaning from the carriage window,

holding out the card so it can be read.

DOYLE

I'm Doctor Doyle. To see Mister
Heywood Donovan on a matter
concerning the museum.

The TATTOOED MAN nods him through, and the horses pick up speed. The LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN calls after...

LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN

Doctor Doyle! Can you put in a
word for me?

38. EXT. ESTATE APPROACH. DAY

We PAN WITH the carriage on the approach road and then GO WIDE to reveal the LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE on its estate.

39. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. DAY.

DOYLE walks through the main part of the house in the company of HEYWOOD DONOVAN, who's in Country Squire gear. The place looks like Kane's Xanadu -- it's a repository of artworks-in-transit, many of the pieces still in their packing for export. Statues, pictures, furniture...

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Everything you see here, I'm
sending home. I've a sixty-room
mansion going up in Alberta and
believe me, son, that's a lot
of space to fill.

DOYLE

And a lot of time spent in
salerooms.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Got a seat with my name on it
in every one of them. I asked
for a big house close to the
middle of London and the agent
fixed me up with this. On the
map it looked like, that far
away.

He makes a gesture indicating a tiny distance between finger and thumb.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Still, there are compensations.

DOYLE

More space for your money?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Money's no object these days, son. I come from three generations of Donovans who starved on land that finally turned out to be rich in two things -- coal and dinosaur bones. I've got a lot of poverty to make up for. Look at this.

He picks up a small framed picture awaiting packing with others.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Samuel Palmer. What would you say it was worth? Just look at the work in that frame. Beautiful.

He hands it to DOYLE and walks on.

DOYLE

Indeed.

DOYLE sets it down and follows.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

We're on a year's visit. So my daughter can do society and I can furnish the family home. You noticed my daughter?

DOYLE

I couldn't fail to, sir.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

She has that effect. Her mother was just the same.

DOYLE

May I ask her name?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

It's Gladys. Means "mistress of the land". I thought it was Irish when I gave it to her. Turns out it's Welsh.

They pause by some sheeted piece of furniture.

DOYLE

Well... I suppose on the map it looks that far away.

DONOVAN's got his hand on the sheet and is about to draw it away... he stops, and shoots DOYLE an uncertain look which then turns into a grin.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Let's do some business.

He whips the dust sheet off to reveal a WRITING BUREAU, which he opens. As he takes out a piece of notepaper and writes something on it...

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

I'm sorry to hear about your friend. I know he had an embarrassment. But it was nothing worth taking his own life over.

DOYLE

Had he given himself some time for reflection, I'm sure he'd agree.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

So is there any news about that so-called Egyptian princess?

As DOYLE responds, DONOVAN signs off the note and folds it.

DOYLE

Doctor Bell deduced that he was a right-handed stonemason whose last meal was a rabbit stew. And that he was murdered with some kind of a wide-bladed implement like a knife or a sword or a scythe. And that the killer had gone to a lot of trouble to conceal his victim's identity.

DONOVAN holds out the note to DOYLE.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

My bank will honour this draft. I notice there's no consideration included for yourself.

DOYLE

Why would I seek to profit?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Don't misunderstand me. I respect the fact. You're protecting a friend's honour for no personal reward. Do you know what a rarity that makes you?

DOYLE

I believe anyone would do the same.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Let me see if I can at least make the trip worth your while. Come with me.

40. EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- ESTATE YARDS. DAY.

The working areas around behind the house where stables, carriage-houses etc can be found. DONOVAN walking, DOYLE keeping up.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Sometimes I feel as if I can't turn around in this country without someone trying to rob, cheat, or take advantage of me. You're a breath of fresh air, Doctor Doyle.

DOYLE

Where are we going, sir?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

I've a patient for you. Michael!

We see a grey-haired man hauling hay or doing similar yard work -- his leg's bound up and he's limping badly. At DONOVAN's call, he stops and looks our way.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Fetch a chair and let the doctor take a look at that leg.

41. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE YARD. DAY.

MICHAEL now sits on a chair with his foot up on a stool or an orange box. There are some nasty-looking pellet wounds in it. DOYLE is tending them, picking out the pellets with tweezers and dropping them into an enamel bowl. MICHAEL grinds his teeth but says nothing. DONOVAN sits close by.

DOYLE

This wouldn't hurt so much if you'd had it treated sooner.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

The problem lay in finding a doctor who'd travel farther than the last rich widow's salon.

DOYLE

That's hardly fair. Doctor Pike's a good man, and he's far better-established than I. (TO MICHAEL) How did this happen?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

We had thieves in the boat house. There was a shotgun accident when Michael chased them off.

DOYLE

Did they get away with anything?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

A wagonload of cheap stone urns and statues. Garden ornamentation of no value. Which I'm sure they were convinced were some kind of priceless treasure. We laughed about it. Didn't we, Michael?

MICHAEL tries to oblige but he's really not in a laughing mood.

At that moment, there's a clatter of hooves on the cobbles. DOYLE looks up and sees...

GLADYS DONOVAN on a big horse, flushed from her ride. The horse is keyed-up and skittish.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Gladys! You remember Doctor

Doyle?

GLADYS DONOVAN

They were dynamiting tree stumps down by the lake again. Lightning got spooked.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Were you thrown? The doctor's right here.

GLADYS DONOVAN

Thrown? Me?

She trots the horse on toward the stables. DOYLE's watching her go. All flushed and worked-up, he thinks she's gorgeous. She hasn't even looked at or acknowledged him.

And DONOVAN knows what's in his thoughts.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Never mind, Doctor. Maybe next time.

42. EXT. YET ANOTHER PART OF THE YARD. DAY.

All's done. DOYLE is about to get into his carriage to leave.

DOYLE

Have someone call at my surgery this afternoon. I'll have some medicines ready.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

I'm sorry I never got to see your Doctor Bell in action. I expect he's gone home now?

DOYLE

He's still in Southsea.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Then maybe we'll meet. Your mystery's got me hooked, I have to say. I've been sold a lot of things that weren't as old as they pretended to be. Not one of them was ever a dead person, though.

They shake hands and DOYLE climbs into his cab.

As he closes the door, he remembers something and speaks through the open window...

DOYLE

You know there's a journalist
at your gate?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

And that's as close as he'll
get.

43. INT. CARRIAGE/EXT. ESTATE YARD. DAY.

IN THE CARRIAGE -- as he settles, DOYLE looks out the other side of the cab...

And sees GLADYS DONOVAN strolling out of the stables, stretching like a cat. She's so utterly relaxed and abandoned that she clearly doesn't imagine anyone's watching.

A perfect moment.

Then the carriage starts with a jerk and the spell is broken.

And as the carriage rolls away...

GLADYS DONOVAN turns to look after it, eyes like lasers, fully aware of DOYLE and whatever he may be thinking.

44. EXT. MUSEUM. DAY.

Establisher.

45. INT. MUSEUM -- UPPER ROOM. DAY.

Now better-revealed as an attic room with a skylight. BELL and INSPECTOR WARNER are searching the place.

BELL is taking the papers from a billspike, glancing at each before laying them aside. INSPECTOR WARNER is looking at a chaise-longue with pillows and blankets on it, checking through the bedding.

Then he takes the framed picture from the wall, mother and sister in a studio pose.

INSPECTOR WARNER

I suppose you could say that he
lived "over the shop".

BELL raises a grubby piece of paper to the light.

BELL
Look at this.

WARNER comes over.

BELL
It's a note of receipt for the mummy.

INSPECTOR WARNER
Who from?

BELL
Doesn't say. It's signed with an illiterate's mark. But see. The mark's in the form of an Egyptian heiroglyph. I'll swear there's one just like it on the mummy-wrappings.

WARNER takes it for a closer look.

INSPECTOR WARNER
I don't wonder Mister Proctor had no luck in his translating. That's a Romany sign.

BELL
Gypsies?

INSPECTOR WARNER
Not just gypsies. They're used by all kinds of itinerants. They leave their marks on doors and gateposts. It's their way of signalling to each other when they're on the road.

BELL
Yes... Gypsies... Egypt... I do believe it all may tie up.

INSPECTOR WARNER
How?

BELL
I have no idea.

46. EXT. GATES TO INNYARD. DAY.

ON THE GATEPOST -- a faded romany mark. BELL's hand brushes some of the dirt away, but mostly succeeds in smearing the mark.

He and INSPECTOR WARNER stand outside the closed innyard gates.

INSPECTOR WARNER

Let me warn you about these travelling people, doctor. They can be as honest as the day is long. And you know how short the days are in winter.

BELL

Will they co-operate in a police matter?

INSPECTOR WARNER

No more than they have to.

BELL

Then I'll try alone.

INSPECTOR WARNER

I can't recommend that, Doctor Bell.

BELL

They've nothing to fear from me. Or I from them, surely.

INSPECTOR WARNER

No, but they're van dwellers and we're flatties and here we come, inviting them to squeal on their own. Don't be surprised if the invitation's not taken, is all I'll say.

BELL pushes the gate open a way and looks through... then glances at WARNER.

BELL

Invitation wasted, I'm afraid.

He pushes the gate all the way open and they go through.

47. EXT. INNYARD. DAY.

The yard is all but empty, apart from heaps of rubbish and

the remains of a smouldering bonfire. Three URCHINS are stirring the ashes with a stick; becoming aware of the adults, they drop the stick and scatter.

BELL and INSPECTOR WARNER survey the scene from the gateway.

BELL

By the way. Can you have your men check all the pawnbrokers for a pocket watch with a length of broken chain still attached?

INSPECTOR WARNER

It's already being done.

BELL makes for the smouldering rubbish fire.

INSPECTOR WARNER takes a step to inspect something a little closer... a heap of broken stone that, on closer inspection, turns out to be...

Stone urns and smashed garden statuary. A broken plinth, a separated head of Venus.

He picks up the head and looks at it for a few moments... no mistaking what we have here.

WITH BELL, at the smouldering ashes...

He picks up the urchins' stick and knocks some of the ashes aside.

ANGLE ON THE REMAINS OF THE FIRE -- a stack of half-burned daybills. The paper at the very centre of the pile has been largely preserved; using the stick, BELL knocks ashes away to uncover the intact material.

AT THE HEART OF THE PILE -- a bill whose edges are charred but which is otherwise unmarked. Various acts and attractions are listed including the Giant Rat of Sumatra, but we focus on one in particular. Smoke wafts before us as we read...

SWORD SWALLOWING, KNIFE THROWING, EASTERN NECROMANTIC ILLUSIONS -- MARVELLOUS, LAUGHABLE AND STARTLING FEATS!

BELL takes it in.

48. INT. MOVING CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

Side-by-side in the moving carriage, DOYLE and BELL in their formal wear, going somewhere... we don't know where, yet.

BELL is pensive.

BELL

My father took me to see John Henry Anderson when I was a boy. They called him the Great Wizard of the North. He put a young woman in a cabinet... and then he ran a sword right through it.

Thoughtful silence for a few moments.

DOYLE

You do know what Maskelyne's magic theatre in London is called?

BELL

The Egyptian Halls.

DOYLE

Could we be looking at the consequence of a failed illusion?

BELL

It's a possible explanation, but it's not a complete one. It touches in many places but does not entirely fit. If an illusion fails, then it fails in public and the disaster is there for all to see. And by what logic do you cover such a disaster by disguising the rotting body as a museum piece?

DOYLE's looking out of the carriage side-window.

DOYLE

I can see the lights of the house.

BELL

What's his name again?

DOYLE

Heywood Donovan.

BELL

And he wants to meet me?

DOYLE

He admires your methods.

BELL

And you admire something else,
I suppose.

49. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. NIGHT.

GLADYS DONOVAN, seen across a sumptuous and candlelit dining table, exchanging a few words with the DOWAGER to her side. We're at a dinner party for a dozen or more varied guests.

DOYLE, opposite her, paused with his soup spoon in the air, watches her across the table with puppy eyes.

All the furniture and antiques have been pushed back to the walls and the dining table set down the middle of the room. An oasis of candlelight surrounded by the gloomy shapes of crates and sheeted statuary... it's like a haunted-house theme party.

Up at the top of the table, HEYWOOD DONOVAN is deep in conversation with BELL. The REVEREND SMOOT (the elderly cleric last seen at the museum) is close by, but isn't listening. Too deaf.

GLADYS DONOVAN looks across the table, meets DOYLE'S eyes.

GLADYS DONOVAN

Well, Doctor Doyle.

DOYLE

Miss Donovan.

GLADYS DONOVAN

And what are your feelings on
the Celtic revival?

DOYLE

I see little sense or future in
the politics of revenge.

GLADYS DONOVAN

We were talking about its
significance in art and
culture.

DOYLE

Oh.

DOWAGER

We never discuss politics at
the dinner table.

DOYLE

Forgive me. But when people get so emotionally engaged with the past that they can't form a proper view of the present, that's when your art and your politics become hard to separate.

The FOOTMAN reaches in to set a soup bowl before DOYLE, none too gently. On the back of his hand, a mermaid tattoo. Same man that we saw at the gate.

50. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. NIGHT.

A short time later. FOOTMEN bringing covered salvers through from the kitchens, setting them on the sideboard ready to serve. We can't see the food on them, nor will we. Go from them to a WIDE on the table, showing the entire party chatting away.

ANGLE ON THE REVEREND SMOOT -- still in a bit of a world of his own, puzzling over his cutlery. He picks out the odd item and switches it with another.

WITH BELL and HEYWOOD DONOVAN.

BELL

You insist on quizzing me as if I were a detective, Mister Donovan. I assure you I am not.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

I'm just fascinated by your methods.

BELL

Informed observation. Anyone can do it, and it has its limitations.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Have I been rude? Tell me if I have.

BELL

No. Merely direct.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

It's a colonial trait. No offence taken?

BELL

No.

The REVEREND SMOOT flinches as one of the FOOTMEN leans in from the wrong side and splashes wine into his glass.

BELL responds to the REVEREND SMOOT's evident bewilderment.

BELL

What troubles you, sir?

REVEREND SMOOT

It's all wrong.

DONOVAN places his hand over the CLERIC's in reassurance.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

It's all changed, sir. The family you served had to give up the house. You're my guest now.

The REVEREND SMOOT turns his attention to his wine glass. He buffs a smear from it with his thumb. We can't be sure he's understood what's been said to him.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

(To Bell)

He was chaplain to the family that lived here. But that was a long, long time ago.

51. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. NIGHT.

Later. An impassive marble face is revealed as...

The FOOTMEN are moving screens, taking down dust sheets, opening the fronts of unsecured crates with a PRYBAR, lighting extra candles to illuminate the treasures that are being uncovered all around the table.

DONOVAN stands and addresses everyone.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Feel free to take a last look, ladies and gentlemen, before these treasures leave your shores. The Colonial Raider has struck at your salerooms for the very last time. Just remember. If you break it, you bought it.

They start to rise. The REVEREND SMOOT looks around him, confused.

52. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. NIGHT.

DONOVAN moves to join BELL, who is looking at a huge painting.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

That'll fit right in over the main fireplace. I measured it first to be sure. (WITHOUT CHANGING EXPRESSION) You don't like me, do you?

BELL

You're too ready not to be liked. Don't leap to conclusions.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Is that one of the rules of the method?

BELL

(Changing the subject)
How big is your fireplace?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Big enough to walk into. And you know what the whole thing's made out of? Dinosaur bones. The valley's lousy with them. I send cartloads of relics out to museums all over the world, and cartloads of money come back.

53. INT. ANOTHER PART OF LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. NIGHT.

GLADYS DONOVAN joins DOYLE as he contemplates a piece. It's a canvas propped on a chair, its back to us.

GLADYS DONOVAN

The Fall of Lucifer.

DOYLE

I was schooled by Jesuits. Hell holds no terrors for me. (REMEMBERING HIMSELF) I do beg your pardon.

GLADYS DONOVAN

I hadn't realised you were a Catholic, Doctor Doyle.

DOYLE

My family would have me play it for advantage. Where I feel it would be wrong to play it at all.

GLADYS DONOVAN

So you live by your principles.

DOYLE

Such as they are.

GLADYS DONOVAN

I may have misjudged you, doctor.

DOYLE

You mean I may not be the provincial idiot you thought I was.

GLADYS DONOVAN

(Without irony)

No.

DOYLE

Well, thank you, Miss Donovan.

54. INT. ANOTHER PART OF LINKED RECEPTION ROOMS. NIGHT.

The DOWAGER comes up to HEYWOOD DONOVAN, who's moved on from BELL and is talking to someone else.

DOWAGER

My brother appears to have left the party.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

He seemed a little distracted at the table. I'll have the men check the house.

DOWAGER

He's like a child, these days.

Her tone is less than kind. As they move out...

BELL, with his back to us, looks back over his shoulder.

55. INT. EMPTY PART OF THE HOUSE, BY CHAPEL. NIGHT.

The REVEREND SMOOT stops and looks around him.

He's lost, uncertain. Then he spies...

The chapel door, marked with a cross.

His face lights up. He knows this.

He heads toward it.

56. INT. CHAPEL. NIGHT.

Lit by candles, with the brightest area at the altar. It's like a complete church in miniature, with pews, a harmonium and even a carved confessional. The REVEREND SMOOT enters and finds...

More treasures. All Celtic, whereas almost everything upstairs was classical or neoclassical. Again, lots of crates piled up amongst the pews to suggest that what we see is only the tip of the iceberg. Along with stone crosses, helmets, shields, jewellery, harps...

But his attention is drawn to the altar where we see in a dramatic reveal...

On display in prime position, supported horizontally on a stand, a fine CELTIC SWORD.

57. INT. EMPTY PART OF THE HOUSE, WITH STAIRS. NIGHT.

Two of the FOOTMEN pass through. There's something brutish and inelegant in their gait. They don't look right.

BELL steps from an alcove and watches them go.

58. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE. NIGHT.

Some part of the house where DOYLE and GLADYS DONOVAN can take a stroll with momentary privacy.

GLADYS DONOVAN

It's there in holy writ. It says an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

DOYLE

If you're going to take the Bible literally, it becomes as dangerous as any other work of art. No man's justified in harming another on the grounds that worse happened between their ancestors.

GLADYS DONOVAN

Thank God for a man who can give a decent argument. All those other ninnies can talk about is my eyes or my skin or voice or my hair. My heart is racing. Feel.

She takes his hand and claps it on her breast.

DOYLE is agog.

GLADYS DONOVAN

It's all right, isn't it?

DOYLE

(hoarsely)

Perfect.

GLADYS DONOVAN

I mean, it's all right because you're a doctor.

DOYLE manages to withdraw his hand. Like his arm barely works.

DOYLE

The pulse is more commonly taken at the wrist.

59. INT. CHAPEL. NIGHT.

CLOSEUP of the hand of the REVEREND SMOOT grasping the hilt of the CELTIC SWORD.

As he raises it into the air...

It's as if the energy of the weapon flows through him. Underlit by a Spielberg glow, he seems to straighten up, gain stature, shed years... suddenly, instead of the bent old man, it's as if we see a king of old.

REVEREND SMOOT

(In wonder)

Caladbolg...

BELL

Caladbolg?

Still holding the sword, the REVEREND SMOOT turns.

REVEREND SMOOT

The fairy sword of Cuchulain.

BELL

Ah. The great warrior-king of the Celts. Caladbolg was his Excalibur, was it not? May I?

He takes the sword and examines it. The blade is dark and pitted, but intact.

BELL

A formidable symbol.

He holds the blade under his nose and sniffs, then tilts the blade to examine it in the candleglow.

BELL

And a formidable weapon, in its time.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

More intended for ceremony than for war.

Now it's BELL's turn to be surprised. HEYWOOD DONOVAN and the DOWAGER are approaching down the aisle.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Please be careful with it, Doctor Bell. It's very old.

As the DOWAGER hustles the REVEREND SMOOT away, HEYWOOD DONOVAN takes the sword from BELL and returns it to its stand.

BELL

I didn't realise there was a reserve collection as well as the main one. Or that you were quite so passionate about Celtic history.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

It is the land of my fathers.

BELL

Yet here you are, in England.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
What's strange about that?

BELL
I've heard it said that the average enemy is a sucking dove in his feelings toward England as compared with a real bitter Irish-American.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Well, there you are, then. I'm not an American.

BELL
No offence taken?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
No.

Their eyes are locked, and the spell is only broken when the DOWAGER calls from the doorway...

DOWAGER
My brother needs to go home.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
I think our evening's at an end. Such a pity. I was enjoying it so much. I'll call carriages.

He moves toward the door.

60. OMITTED

61. INT. MOVING CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

DOYLE and BELL hanging on; DOYLE bewildered, BELL looking grim as he calls to the coachman.

BELL
Don't slow down! An extra guinea if you don't slow down!

ON DOYLE -- hanging on.

62. INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT, BY MORTUARY. NIGHT.

BELL strides up to the doors, tries them, then pounds on the panels with the handle of his stick as DOYLE catches up.

DOYLE
Doctor Bell, why this haste?

BELL
Our host was not interested in my method. Merely in establishing how much I might know.

Bangs again, looks at DOYLE.

BELL
Do I have to wake the dead to get in?

The door is opened by the surly-looking MORTUARY CLERK in shirtsleeves and braces, no collar.

BELL
Quickly.

Without explanation, he pushes his way in.

63. INT. MORTUARY DISSECTION ROOM. NIGHT.

DOYLE uncovering the body that lies on the slab, while BELL's pushing his sleeve up his arm as far as it will go.

BELL
Sometimes, Doyle, it's not a matter of the detail, it's the perspective from which you view the detail.

Like Christopher Timothy presented with a particularly appealing cow's rear end, BELL plunges his hand into the abdominal opening and slides it into the body's chest cavity, searching around.

BELL

Our host had such a passion for Celtic legend that he felt obliged to disguise it. And those men of his household were no trained servants, if the place settings and the service were anything to go by. Now, there may be a connection here, or there may be nothing of the kind. We may be looking at a bizarre accident... or a strange ritual...

He's got something. He withdraws his hand.

BELL

But I wonder if we're actually looking at some kind of a ceremonial execution. Pass me a rag.

DOYLE supplies one, and BELL uses it to clean off the object he's removed.

We see it... a POCKET WATCH with a couple of inches of broken chain.

BELL

Not removed. Driven into the body cavity by the force of the thrust. I had underestimated the power involved. Send the clerk for Inspector Warner. Hurry.

64. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

SUBJECTIVE POV: We see the MORTUARY CLERK with his back to us, by the stove and just tucking into his supper, as we move on past and away.

Our POV swings around and heads down the corridor toward the DISSECTION ROOM.

But someone's coming out of the dissection room -- our POV dives into the shadows of a doorway before we're seen.

DOYLE walks past without seeing us.

We emerge behind him and then continue smoothly toward the dissection room, picking up speed, starting to hurtle...

65. INT. MORTUARY DISSECTION ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON BELL, as he inspects the pocket watch. Someone moves into the room behind him. Just someone, is all we know. Assuming it's Doyle, BELL raises his voice while concentrating on the watch in the poor light.

BELL

Is it inscribed, you may ask?
Yes it is.

CLOSE ON a GLOVED HAND gripping the short PRYBAR we saw being used at the house.

BELL

Hudson. Our stonemason has a name. And once had a proud father who made him a gift of this.

The peripherally-sensed figure behind him makes a sudden move but we CUT AWAY TO:

66. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

DOYLE is all but having to remove the sandwich from the CLERK'S hands and put him into his coat.

DOYLE

Look. Fetch the inspector and I will personally stand you beer and oysters in any public house you care to name...

He stops. Something's wrong. A smell.

He looks down the corridor -- smoke curls from the dissection room doorway. A flickering of firelight.

He moves, with the CLERK on his heels.

67. INT. MORTUARY DISSECTION ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON THE CANVAS MUMMY WRAPPINGS, still hanging at the back of the room, flames eating across them like the opening credits of Bonanza.

DOYLE bursts in. The shroud's ablaze as well.

DOYLE

Doctor Bell!

BELL lies sprawled on the floor.

DOYLE crouches, checks him.

BELL doesn't open his eyes, but grunts and flinches at DOYLE's touch.

DOYLE
I have to move you, sir.

The MORTUARY CLERK moves in to help DOYLE lift BELL.

68. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

DOYLE and the MORTUARY CLERK emerge into the corridor with the unconscious BELL between them. DOYLE sees...

A dim figure glimpsed through the smoke, nipping out of concealment to make an escape.

DOYLE
You! Sir! Who's there?

Gone.

Coughing, enveloped by smoke, they start forward.

69. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR (BY ENTRANCE DOORS). NIGHT.

They reach the doors, pull at them...

The doors open inward about an inch, and then jam.

70. INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT, BY MORTUARY. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON THE HANDLES -- the PRYBAR has been slid through them, so the doors can't open.

71. INT. MORTUARY CORRIDOR (BY ENTRANCE DOORS). NIGHT.

Pulling on the door, DOYLE squints through the gap.

DOYLE
I see what it is. Hold him.

He relinquishes BELL to the MORTUARY CLERK, and sizes up the upper panel of one of the doors.

Presses it, knocks a couple of times with the back of a knuckle to gauge its thickness...

Then squares up to it and PUNCHES right through it.

72. INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT, BY MORTUARY. NIGHT.

DOYLE reaches through the hole he's made and withdraws the PRYBAR from the handles.

Then he and the MORTUARY CLERK bring BELL out, with smoke and a hint of flames at their heels.

A NURSE appears at the passageway's end. She's heard the noise. She sees the situation and runs toward them. Another nurse follows, and then a bearded HOSPITAL DOCTOR in a checked waistcoat and armbands.

As the two groups meet, DOYLE disengages himself and hands BELL over.

DOYLE
He's been attacked. Get him
away from the smoke.

Someone's ringing a handbell somewhere.

73. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

DOYLE runs out onto the street, PRYBAR in hand. More handbells and shouting in the distance. DOYLE looks back and forth...

Then across the street, to where a one-legged VETERAN is passing.

DOYLE
Sir! A man running! Where?

The VETERAN raises one of his crutches and points.

DOYLE heads off in pursuit.

74. EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

DOYLE races around a corner and, skidding to a halt, pauses to see...

That same FIGURE just as it disappears around the corner at the alleyway's far end.

He starts forward in pursuit. Runs the length of the alley.

Dashes around the same corner...

75. EXT. BY ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

...and runs straight into a waiting group of FOUR MEN. The 'servants' from the Donovan household.

Two of them seize him from behind and pull his coat halfway down his back to pinion his arms. Then the other two throw him back against a brick wall, pinning him there. The hand at his throat bears the MERMAID TATTOO.

And pushing through from the back of them comes GLADYS DONOVAN, the running figure, dropping the hood that had concealed her face. She's flushed and panting, enjoying herself.

GLADYS DONOVAN
Well, Doctor.

DOYLE
Who are these men?

TATTOOED MAN
Never you mind.

DOYLE
Are you Fenians? My God, you're
a cell of skirmishers.

She's about to reply, but is distracted when a POLICE WHISTLE blows in the distance.

GLADYS DONOVAN
Into the coach.

DOYLE is hustled forward.

76. INT. COACH. NIGHT.

DOYLE hits the floor of the coach like a sack and is pinned there with the hand of a SKIRMISHER clamped over his mouth.

But we PAN DOWN him and see, in a detail...

The tip of the PRYBAR still held in his pinioned hand.

77. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- PASSAGEWAY BY STOREROOMS. NIGHT.

The TATTOOED MAN comes down the passageway, carrying a lantern and a big bunch of keys like a jailer. Right behind him is HEYWOOD DONOVAN with the SWORD in his hand and, behind his shoulder, GLADYS DONOVAN.

The TATTOOED MAN stops to unlock a heavy, vault-like wooden door.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
I'm sorry we had to leave you
in the dark for so long, Doctor
Doyle. We'll have you on your
way in just a moment.

The way he holds the sword upright and looks critically at the blade leaves us in no doubt as to how.

GLADYS DONOVAN
Is that room secure?

TATTOOED MAN
See for yourself.

He leads the way in with the lantern.

78. INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- STOREROOM. NIGHT.

All stop in the doorway. HEYWOOD DONOVAN pushes his way to the front.

THEIR POV -- several planks have been levered away from the wall to make a hole big enough for a man to get through.

DONOVAN looks down.

There, on the floor, lie Doyle's shed JACKET and the well-used PRYBAR.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Search the house. Get him
found.

He wheels around and storms out.

79. INT. CHAPEL. NIGHT.

The chapel's empty, but lit.

DONOVAN enters, followed by the others.

With a nod, he sends his daughter to a LONG, UPRIGHT CRATE while he heads for the altar. The crate's propped at a slight angle.

AT THE ALTAR -- he kisses the blade and then lays the ceremonial sword back on its stand.

AT THE CRATE -- GLADYS DONOVAN unhooks the padlock she's just opened, and the lid hinges back to reveal...

Several prepared DYNAMITE BOMBS with long, looped fuses, packed in straw.

DONOVAN joins the others around the crate.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

I'm in no doubt that Doyle will be missed. I'm going to take no chances and bring the plan forward.

But we're looking past him, toward the CONFESSIONAL, where...

80. INT. CONFESSIONAL. NIGHT.

An overhead shot shows DOYLE, jacketless, dust-covered, squeezed up in the tiny space of the confessional, knees drawn up under his chin so that the half-curtain will conceal him to the outside.

CLOSE ON DOYLE -- he can hear DONOVAN speaking.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

(Offscreen, overheard)

Daniel, you and your brother to Lord Mayberry's house. Francis and James to Enmore Park. I'll take care of the final target myself. Where did you put the bags? (MUMBLED REPLY) Get them.

DOYLE frowns. At his eye level is the speaking hatch. The shutter is partly open.

He leans forward to peek through the gap. Uses a forefinger to open the shutter a little further.

And on the OTHER SIDE OF THE LATTICEWORK, he sees...

A seated BODY wrapped in canvas, looking very much like an unpainted version of the fake mummy. The stitching's unfinished and a sailcloth needle has been thrust through

the canvas ready to finish the job.

DOYLE slides his arm through the opening and manages to draw down the unsecured canvas covering the face like a backwards hood, to reveal...

The LOCAL NEWSPAPERMAN, slumped, staring, utterly bloodless and seriously dead.

81. OMITTED

82. OMITTED

83. OMITTED

84. EXT. BACK OF COUNTRY HOUSE. NIGHT.

Two of the SKIRMISHERS carry the canvas-wrapped BODY out of the house and across the yard to where...

HEYWOOD DONOVAN stands by the outward-opened door of a stable or any kind of an outbuilding. By him waits a horse-drawn wagon, perhaps even the COACH that brought DOYLE.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Don't leave this one lying
around in the boat house. Put
him straight into the lake.

As they're slinging the body into the wagon, HEYWOOD DONOVAN is joined by GLADYS DONOVAN.

GLADYS DONOVAN
They can't find Doyle.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Don't worry. I put Michael on
the gate with a gun.

Another of the men passes, carrying the newspaperman's BICYCLE.

GLADYS DONOVAN
That's not the only way off the
estate.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
No, but anything else means
going through the woods and
over the moors.

GLADYS DONOVAN

And?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

Sun's coming up. We'll get the
men away and go hunting.

The coach is pulling away but we're ON GLADYS -- the more
she thinks about the idea, the better she likes it.

They go back into the building.

At which point we find DOYLE in his hiding place behind the
door, either when they pull the door shut after them or when
he steps out of concealment.

Checking that no-one's watching, he heads off.

85. OMITTED

86. EXT. WOODLAND. DAY.

Very early morning. Mist throughout.

GLADYS DONOVAN on her horse, Lightning, canters toward us
through the trees.

In a clearing she joins HEYWOOD DONOVAN. He's on foot,
checking the chambers on a REVOLVER. Into the ground next to
him, he's rammed a stick that he'll use to slash his way
through the undergrowth.

He closes up the revolver with a satisfying metallic sound.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

It should be the sword.

GLADYS DONOVAN

Father... no ceremony for this
one. Let's just find him and
shoot him like a dog.

She draws a SHOTGUN from a saddle holster.

She rides off in one direction, while he sets off on foot in
another.

87. INT. FOUR-SEATER CARRIAGE. DAY.

CLOSE ON THE MERMAID TATTOO, the hand grasping the handle of ONE OF THE VALISES as it's rocked by the motion of the carriage as it rattles along at full tilt.

From there we GO UP to the face of the TATTOOED MAN as he glances at his companions...

All four of the SKIRMISHERS in a single carriage, each with a LEATHER VALISE on his knee. One's asleep, none look comfortable. It's daylight, but the window blinds are down.

The TATTOOED MAN leans over and lifts the edge of the blind for a peek out.

Then, satisfied, he settles back.

88. EXT. WOODLAND WITH STREAM. DAY.

DOYLE, running through the undergrowth in a heroic shirt. Moving right to left.

He slides down a bank, dodges some obstacles, splashes through a stream.

Then he stops and crouches, elbows on knees, to get his breath back.

Then he stops panting, and turns his head to listen. Looks to his right, away from us.

89. EXT. WOODLAND (WITH GLADYS DONOVAN). DAY.

In another part of the woods, GLADYS DONOVAN rides through the trees, one hand on the reins and the other holding her shotgun aloft, Planet-of-the-Apes style. Also moving right to left.

She reins in the horse and stops, peers, listens.

90. EXT. WOODLAND WITH STREAM. DAY.

DOYLE hears something else, and looks toward us, to his left.

91. EXT. WOODLAND (WITH HEYWOOD DONOVAN). DAY.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN, revolver in hand, strides through the woods, moving left to right.

92. EXT. WOODLAND WITH STREAM/DENSE UNDERGROWTH. DAY.

DOYLE rises and ploughs on.

He pushes his way into denser growth, and it slows him down. As he crashes through, he's making more noise than is good for him.

A strange sound echoes through the woodland... primeval, unearthly, very similar to the dinosaur/plumbing sound we added to the iguanadon skeleton in the museum.

DOYLE stops, listens.

93. EXT. WOODLAND (WITH GLADYS DONOVAN). DAY.

GLADYS DONOVAN, moving right to left, reins her horse in and also stops to listen... she pats the horse's neck, reassuring him.

GLADYS DONOVAN
Easy, Lightning. Easy.

She looks all around... what can it be?

94. EXT. WOODLAND. DAY.

VARIOUS ANGLES... empty woodland with mist drifting through the trees as the odd sounds echo around. Tall, straight trees, like nature's cathedral.

95. EXT. WOODLAND (WITH HEYWOOD DONOVAN). DAY.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN, moving left to right, has slowed to a stop and is also listening.

96. EXT. WOODLAND WITH DENSE UNDERGROWTH. DAY.

DOYLE moves forward again. But carefully, now, making as little noise as he can. So he's moving more slowly.

Pushing a branch aside to emerge into more open woodland again, he stops and gasps in surprise as...

DOYLE'S POV -- a DEER before him looks up from feeding, stares for a moment, then bolts off to the right.

Relieved, DOYLE gets his breath back and moves on.

97. EXT. WOODLAND (WITH GLADYS DONOVAN). DAY.

She's walking Lightning through the trees, when she sees...

HER POV -- the bolting deer crosses the trail some way before her, moving left to right.

She looks toward its source. She calls out...

GLADYS DONOVAN
Father! I have him!

Then spurs her horse forward in the direction from which it came.

98. EXT. WOODLAND WITH DENSE UNDERGROWTH. DAY.

DOYLE's heard her.

He forgets caution and breaks into a run again, moving like the wind, from right to left.

99. EXT. WOODLAND (WITH HEYWOOD DONOVAN). DAY.

Now we see DONOVAN slashing his way through the undergrowth; he's been moving left to right, but now starts to veer toward us. The sense is that he's some way farther off.

100. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

DOYLE breaks out into the open. He hurdles some obstacle, there's a crack of rotten wood, he trips and falls flat on his face in the grass. He's winded. All but spent.

And as he lies with his face to the earth, that weird sound again.

He raises his head. Looks.

DOYLE's POV -- across the clearing, through the trees, shrouded in mist...

He stares, he can hardly believe it...

The foot of some great, dinosaur-like creature thumps onto the ground in slow motion.

The long neck of some great, dinosaur-like creature moves through the trees.

The leathery flank of some great, dinosaur-like creature brushes through the leaves.

DOYLE stares -- then his attention is drawn to his right as...

GLADYS DONOVAN rides into the clearing and reins in her horse.

There's a sound from the direction of the mysterious creature.

DOYLE looks toward it. GLADYS looks toward it.

Her horse rears. She struggles to control it. The shotgun falls from her hand.

It discharges loudly when it hits the ground.

DOYLE flinches and hugs the earth.

Lightning bolts.

101. EXT. WOODLAND TRACK. DAY.

Tracking with Lightning, seen through the trees as he runs at full gallop (heading camera left) with GLADYS DONOVAN trying to bring him under control.

102. EXT. NEAR WOODLAND TRACK. DAY.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN approaching the scene, pauses as he sees the bolting horse...

DONOVAN's POV on the distant bolting horse (running away from him, left to right)

HEYWOOD DONOVAN

No!

He sets off to pursue.

103. EXT. WOODLAND TRACK. DAY.

GLADYS DONOVAN in the saddle, looks back briefly, faces forward again...

HER POV as a low branch rushes toward her and...

WHAM! We see her being taken right back out of the saddle.

Lightning runs away from us, riderless.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN arrives to find his daughter flat-out on the ground, and as he drops to his knees by her we CUT TO:

104. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

DOYLE gingerly raises himself from the dirt and looks again in the direction of the exotic creature that startled the horse.

Only now, we see those component parts more clearly and more recognisably amongst the trees...

The foot and hide of an elephant...

The neck of a camel or giraffe...

Circus animals, out to graze in the morning mist.

And there before them, walking toward DOYLE, is a man. He's muttering viciously.

It's JASPER, the ill-tempered boxer. He growls something incoherent.

DOYLE
Oh, Lord.

He passes out.

105. EXT. WOODLAND TRACK. DAY.

Tracking as before, only slowly this time.

And as we move we find...

HEYWOOD DONOVAN carrying the body of his daughter, Lear-like.

He throws back his head and howls in anguish, and his howl echoes throughout the woods.

106. INT. WALKER'S TENT. DAY.

CLOSE on DOYLE's closed eyes as, after a few moments, they blink open. He's lying on his side. He focuses.

INSERT (SCENE 106A) -- DOYLE'S POV -- looking toward the outdoors through the pinned-open flap of the tent which can

be a foreground piece allowing us to drop in this shot from the animals' location. Beyond the opening, one of the CIRCUS ANIMALS is being ushered past by a man in a traditional RINGMASTER's costume.

Watching it, understanding now, DOYLE raises himself onto his elbow... and now we see that behind him waits a small audience of faces. He's on a cot, covered by a ratty blanket.

A group consisting of BELL, INSPECTOR WARNER, RANDOLPH WALKER, and a couple of the UNIFORMED POLICEMEN.

DOYLE senses their presence, and looks around.

DOYLE
Doctor Bell! Are you well?

BELL
(Quietly)
Considering. Thank you, Arthur.

RANDOLPH WALKER
Will you talk to them for me,
Doctor Doyle? I'm having a
little bit of trouble here.

DOYLE
Whose are the animals?

RANDOLPH WALKER
They're part of this dog and
pony show we're hitched up
with. We don't know anything
about any dead body, doctor.
(NODS TOWARD INSPECTOR WARNER)
Will you tell His Gills, here?

DOYLE
First get your scene painter.
What's his name?

RANDOLPH WALKER
Walter.

DOYLE
Let's have him here. I think I
can put most of it together.

107. INT. WALKER'S TENT. DAY.

A short time later, more informal.

DOYLE's sitting on a barrel, a mug of tea or broth in his hands and the blanket around his shoulders. He's explaining mainly to INSPECTOR WARNER. BELL's at his shoulder, one of the UNIFORMED POLICEMEN sits taking notes. RANDOLPH WALKER and WALTER WARD are there as well, although WALTER WARD's largely in a world of his own, being in a permanent gin haze. He sits there as if patiently waiting through a conversation in a foreign language.

DOYLE

Heywood Donovan is sponsoring a cell of Fenian skirmishers in a campaign to commit outrages on the British mainland. He said he was duped by an agent into renting an estate so far outside London. The truth is that he wanted to be close to Portsmouth because it's where the Irish Packet boats come and go.

INSPECTOR WARNER

He's no Irishman. He's a Canadian. What's his argument?

BELL

A sentimental indignation of the most destructive kind.

DOYLE

They've been practising with dynamite. Miss Donovan's horse had been panicked by an explosion on the day of my first visit. I think a man named Michael is their bomb-maker. I treated his injured leg.

INSPECTOR WARNER

We found him alone at the estate. He won't say where the others are.

DOYLE

They're on their way to London. They've brought forward their plans.

INSPECTOR WARNER

To strike where?

DOYLE

I heard mention of Lord Mayberry's house in St James'. And Enmore Park. And there is at least one more target, but...

He gestures, helplessly.

INSPECTOR WARNER catches the eye of the POLICEMAN taking notes, and indicates the exit with a motion of his head. Instantly, the POLICEMAN rises and leaves. On a mission.

INSPECTOR WARNER
Did these bombs have clocks or normal fuses?

DOYLE
I couldn't see.

BELL
Is that significant?

INSPECTOR WARNER
There was an attempted outrage at Victoria Station three months ago. The device had a clockwork fuse that failed to go off.

BELL
The work of the same cell, perhaps.

DOYLE
I know they've been making their plans for some time. I saw them put a body in the lake, prepared in exactly the same way as our murdered stonemason. I believe it's Donovan's dumping-ground for anyone who outlives his usefulness or shows too much interest.

BELL
Slain with a Celtic sword and disposed of by the former sailor with the mermaid tattoo. I think I see where you're leading, Doyle. Mister Walker.

RANDOLPH WALKER
Sir.

BELL

Speculate with me.

RANDOLPH WALKER

As long as I don't have to admit to anything.

BELL

Donovan's man was treated for a shotgun accident. It happened when he was chasing robbers from the boathouse. The thieves got away with worthless garden statues that they mistook for antiquities.

INSPECTOR WARNER

I saw those. Smashed up at the innyard.

BELL

But they mistook something else, as well, did they not?

DOYLE

One murdered stonemason in a canvas shroud, made ready for disposal in the lake.

BELL

Rigid with rigor mortis and, to a layman's eyes, not unlike an Egyptian mummy. Which was exactly the kind of thing they were expecting to see. They take everything back to their gaffer. Their gaffer is not impressed.

He looks pointedly at RANDOLPH WALKER. WALKER looks at INSPECTOR WARNER.

RANDOLPH WALKER

This is merely speculation?

INSPECTOR WARNER

The petty crimes of a wintering show troupe are of no interest to me today.

RANDOLPH WALKER

I told them to smash up the rubbish but see if we could make an exhibit out of the mummy. Put it on show as the Pharoah's Daughter. Bit of glamour. Pulls 'em in.

BELL

Which meant giving it to your scene painter to dress up a little. The glue size I smelled on the canvas. That was theatrical pigment, no?

RANDOLPH WALKER

That wasn't all you could smell on it. After a few days it started to stink and leak. We couldn't show it like that. I had to tell Walter to get rid of it.

All look at WALTER WARD who's been sitting there, not even appearing to listen.

DOYLE

So you sold it to Mister Reuben Proctor of the Southsea Museum of Antiquity.

INSPECTOR WARNER

And then drank the seven guineas. Don't waste your time, Doctor Bell. He's not even with us.

WALTER WARD becomes aware of them.

He clears his throat. And when he speaks, it's with an unexpected, if somewhat dislocated dignity.

WALTER WARD

I have painted cloths for Charles Kean. I have made scenes for Kemble. I worked for Hall at the Globe and Buckstone at the Haymarket. Sir John Millais told me that my Midsummer Night's Dream was fit to hang in the Royal Academy.

BELL responds with grave seriousness.

BELL

You are a master of your craft,
sir, and you deceived us well.
We salute you for it.

108. EXT. YARD OR STREET SOMEWHERE. DAY.

It hardly matters where we are because we're TIGHT on the open carriage doorway as, one by one, each LEATHER VALISE appears BIG IN SHOT as each SKIRMISHER emerges and heads off in a different direction, making way for the next...

Until the last, who pauses, and we PAN UP from the valise to find the TATTOOED MAN glancing around.

He's no stock heavy. He doesn't relish what he's doing. This is a committed man with a heavy burden to discharge.

He moves out.

109. INT. WALKER'S TENT. DAY.

DOYLE and BELL, just inside the flap. DOYLE's pulling on a borrowed coat. They're standing aside while, behind them, the uniformed police duck out of the tent. Maybe ANNIE leads WALTER WARD out by the hand, like an aged child. DOYLE and BELL seem to feel that the pressure's off them now.

DOYLE

Put yourself in their place.
Winters are a difficult time
for them. Money goes out but
none comes in. You hear local
talk of a free-spending
millionaire with more treasures
than he can keep track of...

BELL

Are you defending dishonesty?

DOYLE

I don't say I forgive it. I'm
just making an effort to
understand it.

BELL

Well, I'm as sympathetic as the
next man. And here comes the
next man.

This is said just as INSPECTOR WARNER ducks in through the opening and joins them; he knows he's walked in on a joke

but he doesn't know what it is.

INSPECTOR WARNER

What?

BELL

If you're done with us,
Inspector, we need to get back
into town.

INSPECTOR WARNER

I'm not done with you yet,
gentlemen. We're too late to
prevent the skirmishers from
reaching London.

BELL

Surely it's now in the hands of
the Metropolitan Police.

INSPECTOR WARNER

It is, but who's going to
identify these men? There's
only you and Doctor Doyle who'd
know them on sight.

DOYLE

What use is that now?

INSPECTOR WARNER

Right here it's of no use at
all. But I'm going to stop the
next Express and put you on it.
We're less than a mile from the
main line.

DOYLE

Can you do that?

INSPECTOR WARNER

This is a national emergency,
doctor. I'll do whatever's
called for.

He ushers them on; DOYLE and BELL exchange a look and then
comply.

110. EXT. VICTORIAN LONDON SKYLINE. SUNSET.

Establisher, with some recognisable landmark.

111. EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT.

A residential area with some moderate activity. A carriage stands at the corner of the square, the COACHMAN feeding his horse.

The COACHMAN glances around, warily, and we get the sense that all is not quite as it seems.

112. INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

DOYLE scans the square through OPERA GLASSES. Behind him, sitting back, is SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD of the Metropolitan Police. Big and solid with a broad moustache.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
Shall we move on?

DOYLE
In a moment.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
Enmore Park covers quite an area.

DOYLE
I'm sorry I can't be more precise.

He tenses. MULFORD leans forward and looks out of the carriage past him.

DOYLE'S POV -- through the opera glasses, tracking a disreputable-looking SWEEPER with a broom.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
That's one of my men. I've got a whole division out there.

DOYLE relaxes slightly, lowering the glasses.

DOYLE
All right. Suppose we...

He's seen something. He quickly returns the opera glasses to his eyes.

DOYLE'S POV: two men on a corner having a brief and slightly furtive-looking conversation. It's not a clear view of them.

The two men part and move off in different directions. One we lose, the other we stay on. It's one of the SKIRMISHERS.

DOYLE moves to get out.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
Recognise someone?

DOYLE
I can't be sure.

113. EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT.

WITH THE SKIRMISHER as he walks along...

While across the square, DOYLE is heading toward him to catch up.

The SKIRMISHER glances back at the sound of his footsteps, tries not to react...

But then as DOYLE gets closer, he breaks into a run.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD is jumping out of the carriage.

The SWEEPER throws down his brush and dashes to intercept. He and DOYLE hit the SKIRMISHER at the same time and bear him down to the pavement.

MULFORD reaches the spot as DOYLE is getting to his feet. DOYLE has a crumpled scrap of paper in his hand, which he opens out.

DOYLE
He was trying to swallow this.
(POINTS) That's Lord Mayberry's house. Do you recognise the other address?

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
The Town and Country Club.

MULFORD heads for it at stride that's almost a run. DOYLE's right there at his side.

MULFORD calls back to his men...

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
Close off the streets.

114. INT. CLUB LOBBY. NIGHT.

The uniformed CLUB STEWARD responds to the hammering at the front door.

As he opens it, DOYLE and MULFORD burst in.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD

I'm Superintendent Mulford of Scotland Yard. Who's in charge, here? Is it you?

DOYLE strides across the lobby to an area of seating.

Here we find some of the club's membership of OLD BUFFERS, reading or asleep in armchairs. They're galvanised when DOYLE moves among them and speaks at the top of his voice.

DOYLE

My apologies for disturbing your rest, gentlemen. But there is danger here. You must leave the building right now.

ANGLE ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE CHAIRS -- as a familiar face rises up from beyond it. A face of thunder.

RUTHERFORD

Doyle?

115. OMITTED

116. INT. CLUB LOBBY. NIGHT.

ANGLE UP on a MAIDSERVANT at the top of the stairs with one really ELDERLY MEMBER, helping him to descend. LOUD HUBBUB from an offscreen crowd and we pull back to find...

There's a crowd of all the other MEMBERS down in the lobby, and everyone's talking at once; none louder than PROFESSOR RUTHERFORD, whom we find pushing his way to the front.

RUTHERFORD

Not another step, gentlemen. Doyle is a former medical student who clearly hasn't lost his taste for student pranks, and I've had enough of them. He specialises in the attempted humiliation of his betters.

MULFORD catches DOYLE's eye and indicates for him to wait outside. Then, producing his official identification, he turns back to RUTHERFORD.

SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD
Police Superintendent Mulford,
sir. Of Scotland Yard. Let me
assure you that the danger is
genuine, and that you will all
assist me by...

117. EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT.

DOYLE steps out of the doorway and waits at the top of the steps. The muffled discussion can be heard going on behind him.

Something doesn't feel right. He scans the square.

ANGLE ON A RED PILLAR BOX, on the pavement close to the club's entrance. Someone appears to be forcing a package that'll barely go size through the slot, and as he moves away...

DOYLE
(Calling)
Excuse me. Sir!

The man looks back. It's the other SKIRMISHER from scene 112. He runs.

DOYLE makes to pursue him, but halts on the steps when he sees...

CLOSER ON THE PILLAR BOX -- faint curls of SMOKE are drifting from the mailing slot.

ON DOYLE as realisation dawns. Behind him, the door opens and RUTHERFORD is about to lead the club members out.

DOYLE turns to face them.

DOYLE
No!

He shoves RUTHERFORD back into the others and keeps on pushing him. They stumble back like falling dominoes.

118. INT. RENAISSANCE CLUB LOBBY. NIGHT.

As soon as he can get far enough in, DOYLE closes the door and stands barring it.

RUTHERFORD
Doyle! You infernal bully!

DOYLE

It's not in here. The bomb's in
the --

119. EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT.

The PILLAR BOX explodes.

120. INT. RENAISSANCE CLUB LOBBY. NIGHT.

The door jumps against DOYLE'S back with the explosion and the fanlight above it is blown in, showering everyone with glass.

121. EXT. STREET OF TOWN HOUSES. NIGHT.

The explosion is a distant echo here.

CLOSE ON the TATTOOED MAN looking back over his shoulder, in response to the blast.

After a moment, he turns away and walks on.

He passes the hunched figure of a BLIND BEGGAR with stick and tin cup, head bent under a large-brimmed hat.

The BEGGAR shakes the pennies in the cup once as the TATTOOED MAN passes.

The TATTOOED MAN strides past, keeps going...

Then falters. Struggles for a moment.

Then turns and goes back to the BLIND BEGGAR, reaching into his pocket.

He drops a penny in the cup and speaks to him in a low voice.

TATTOOED MAN

If you value your life, old
man, then leave this place now.

BELL

I do.

As the BEGGAR looks up, the rising hatbrim reveals JOSEPH BELL. The disguise is merely thrown over his own clothes.

BELL

That warning may just have
saved your soul from Hell.

As the TATTOOED MAN stands there in surprise, he's seized by two POLICEMEN who appear at either side of him from nowhere.

122. EXT. TOWN HOUSE STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

The small, deep, railed well in front of a town house that's below street level. We're at the bottom looking up as a beefy uniformed POLICE SERGEANT quickly descends the steps with a lamp in his hand. A big, fearless-looking bastard.

As he comes down toward us our POV takes in...

A BOMB that's sitting on the cellar windowsill, with little more than an inch of smouldering fuse.

Reaching it, he grasps the fuse and pulls it out.

Then, fuse in fist, he looks back up toward the street.

FEARLESS SERGEANT

Safe!

123. EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT.

The CARRIAGE that we saw earlier is waved out of the Square by a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN.

124. INT. MOVING CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

DOYLE and BELL, together. Both look pretty well worn out.

BELL

So they reverted to ordinary
fuses after their clockwork
timers failed.

DOYLE

Clockwork fuses don't make
smoke. If I'd caused everyone
to be sent out into the
square... imagine the mayhem
that would have followed.

The carriage is slowing.

DOYLE

The night is not yet over.

There's one more target still.

BELL
Let Mulford do his job. We've
done all we can.

DOYLE drops the window and looks out to see what the holdup
is.

DOYLE
Another closed-off street.

But something else has caught BELL's eye.

BELL
What was the name on that
stonemason's watch?

DOYLE
Hudson.

BELL
And what is the name on that
stonemason's wagon?

DOYLE leans over to look and sees...

DOYLE'S SLOW-MOVING POV on a work wagon seen through church
railings, with a lettered side that reads:

HARGREAVES, HUDSON & SONS -- BUILDERS AND STONEMASONS

BELL
Driver!

BELL starts to open the door as the carriage stops.

BELL
We've found the third target.

He scrambles out.

125. INT. GREAT CHURCH. NIGHT.

A huge gothic place of worship, almost cathedral sized.
There's an evening service in progress with a modest
congregation. Ordinary families, some children, at least one
babe in arms.

BELL and DOYLE enter at the back and stand, scanning the
place.

DOYLE

We have to interrupt the service.

BELL

And do what? Send everyone outside? What if the bomb's out there?

A VERGER joins them.

VERGER

Do you gentlemen wish to join the worship?

DOYLE

Where have the stonemasons been working?

The VERGER looks bewildered. BELL puts on his most reassuring manner.

BELL

It's all right. You can tell us.

DOYLE

We're doctors.

126. INT. GREAT CHURCH. NIGHT.

A short time later. The continuing service can be heard as BELL moves through the Lady Chapel, separated from the main body of the church by pillars and archways.

It looks as if the stonemasons have been using this area as their workbase inside the church. There are ladders, tarpaulins, blocks of dressed stone, an upended wheelbarrow...

BELL lifts the corner of a canvas sheet, but sees nothing that tells him anything.

He's not happy. He moves to the nearest archway and, from a position of part-concealment, looks out at the congregation.

BELL'S POV -- they're on their feet, singing a hymn. None looks prosperous, one or two look downright poor. One's a young mother with a babe in arms.

Even less happy now, BELL directs his gaze toward the upper part of the church.

127. OMITTED

128. INT. TRIFORIUM -- BY STAIRWAY. NIGHT.

DOYLE emerges from a cramped doorway onto the high, narrow walkway that runs the length of the nave above the arches... and stops in his tracks.

DOYLE'S POV -- there's little between him and the enormous drop, the congregation far below.

Moving carefully, he reaches for something to hold onto. Then he looks and sees...

HEYWOOD DONOVAN, further down the walkway, sitting with his back to a pillar and his legs outstretched before him. He looks like an exhausted traveller sprawled at the base of a tree.

Nervously, moving with care, DOYLE starts forward.

129. INT. TRIFORIUM -- BY PILLAR. NIGHT.

CLOSEUP on a chalked X on the pillar above DONOVAN'S head... and then PAN DOWN to find DONOVAN watching DOYLE'S approach with a dead-eyed stare. He's tousled and there are dark rings under his eyes. When he speaks, he's hoarse.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
No closer, Doctor Doyle.

DOYLE squats down to rest about six feet from him.

DOYLE
That's fine by me. I think
we'll be safe enough if I just
watch you until the police
arrive.

By way of response, DONOVAN holds up some kind of patented brass LIGHTER, his thumb in place ready to make it fire; and then with his other hand he peels back one side of his overcoat to reveal...

A belt of DYNAMITE encircling his body. He's a walking -- or rather, a sprawling -- bomb.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
On the shortest possible fuse.
No time to reconsider.

DOYLE

Did the stonemason mark the pillar for you?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
He had his uses. Take this one away and the whole roof comes down. So he reckoned.

DOYLE
But a church?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Minor royalty. Big wedding on Saturday. All those leeches and politicians in one fell swoop.

DOYLE
But you brought everything forward.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Thanks to you.

DOYLE
You've no enemies down there tonight. Just ordinary people. Women and children.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
Casualties of war.

DOYLE
You're not at war. You're not even Irish.

130. INT. GREAT CHURCH. NIGHT.

BELL emerges at the back of the congregation. He's perplexed. He's seen nothing suspicious. He scans the church, wondering if there's something he's missed.

131. INT. TRIFORIUM -- BY PILLAR. NIGHT.

DONOVAN and DOYLE, as before.

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
The shades of the oppressed call on me for justice.

DOYLE
I'm amazed they can find you in your mansion. Which of the

sixty rooms do you do your
suffering in?

HEYWOOD DONOVAN
My daughter is dead.

DOYLE didn't know this. But it doesn't deflect him.

DOYLE
And on whose conscience is
that, if not yours?

That hits home. And it shows.

DONOVAN stares at DOYLE in growing rage and then..

Operates the patented lighter. A flame shoots up.

132. INT. GREAT CHURCH. NIGHT.

BELL's eye is caught by the sudden flickering of light, high
up in the shadows.

HIS POV -- he can just see the two men on the triforium, and
the naked flame in DONOVAN's hand.

He takes a step forward and...

Sticks two fingers into his mouth and emits a shrieking
WHISTLE.

Every head in the congregation snaps around.

133. INT. TRIFORIUM -- BY PILLAR. NIGHT.

DONOVAN is momentarily distracted by the whistle from below.

DOYLE sees his chance and launches forward. He grabs
DONOVAN's wrist, holding the flame away from the fuse.

DONOVAN tries to light the fuse, DOYLE holds him back.
DONOVAN's bracing himself with his other hand and he can't
use it.

Stalemate. They're like a couple of arm wrestlers, neither
making any headway, neither daring to relax the pressure.

Then...

DOYLE
Pardon me, sir, for being so
unsporting. But I think you set

the precedent tonight.

With his free hand, he punches DONOVAN on the upper arm.

Instantly, DONOVAN's arm goes dead. His fingers tremble open and he drops the lighter.

DOYLE sweeps it away as he falls back out of reach.

DOYLE

Safe.

DONOVAN stares at him, stricken, suddenly powerless...

And then starts to rise.

DOYLE now realises what he's intending...

DOYLE

Mister Donovan! No!

134. INT. GREAT CHURCH. NIGHT.

Screams from the congregation as DONOVAN falls from the triforium.

Before the impact we cut away to see SUPERINTENDANT MULFORD and some of his UNIFORMED POLICEMEN entering the church, stopping just inside the threshold to take in the scene.

135. INT. TRIFORIUM -- BY PILLAR. NIGHT.

DOYLE sinks back, making a bitter face, angry at himself because he didn't see it coming.

136. INT. GREAT CHURCH. NIGHT.

BELL walks forward to where DONOVAN's body lies sprawled on the stone floor.

ON DONOVAN -- eyes open, staring upward.

BELL reaches down and closes DONOVAN's eyes.

137. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

CLOSE ON A PORTRAIT OF REUBEN PROCTOR, given pride of place near the entrance of the museum.

A young woman moves closer to peer at the title-plate at the

bottom of the frame... this is ELIZABETH PROCTOR, Reuben's sister, as featured in the photo from his room. She's fine-boned and wears tiny wire-framed Victorian spectacles that suit her rather well. We hear her mother's voice...

MRS PROCTOR

Not too close, dear. You'll strain your eyes.

ELIZABETH

I want to read what it says.

DOYLE

Reuben Charles Proctor, MA,
Museum Curator from 1882 to
1884.

Now we see the party assembled before the portrait... the two women (in mourning), DOYLE, BELL, and some members of the literary and scientific society.

ELIZABETH turns to DOYLE.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, Doctor. It's my brother to the life. Isn't it, Mama?

MRS PROCTOR contemplates the portrait with sadness and pleasure.

MRS PROCTOR

Yes, it is. To the life.

Then she looks at the signature... the same Romany symbol as was seen on the mummy's receipt.

MRS PROCTOR

Who is the artist?

BELL

Walter Ward, ma'am. A neglected master. And yet his Midsummer Night's Dream was considered fit to hang in the Royal Academy.

138. INT. MUSEUM -- ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

A short time later. Sherry time.

We see INNES in his Sunday best, alone at the buffet, picking the ham out of the sandwiches and eating it.

BELL and DOYLE stand apart from the party. Separated by potted palms.

DOYLE
Worth coming back for?

BELL
I should say so. If only to be sure that Walter hadn't spiced up the picture with some devil horns or an extra eye. Do I hear that part of the Heywood collection is to be confiscated and given to the museum in your late friend's name?

No response. DOYLE's not listening. BELL follows DOYLE's gaze.

DOYLE is watching ELIZABETH at a distance, through the leaves of the palms; she chats animatedly, unaware of being observed.

DOYLE
Reuben's sister is a handsome woman, is she not?

BELL
Oh, Doyle.

DOYLE
What?

BELL
I despair of you.

DOYLE
I mean... as a work of art in herself.

BELL

Save your artfulness for your stories. I must go. Do take care of yourself. (WITH THE BAREST GLANCE TOWARD ELIZABETH) Until you find someone else who will.

DOYLE

I don't fear solitude, Doctor Bell. With Innes around, who could fail to bear it lightly?

He glances across the room and in a brief cutaway, we glimpse a distant group in which a MAN WITH A BUFFET PLATE is peeling back the bread and showing his empty sandwiches to those around him, in bewilderment and consternation.

DOYLE quickly looks away from the group, returning his attention to BELL as...

BELL offers his hand.

BELL

Until next time.

DOYLE takes it.

DOYLE

Whenever that may be.

CLOSE ON BELL as he leans forward and lowers his voice...

BELL

Sooner than you think.

Cut to black.

End Credits.