

1 EXT. OPEN DEVON COUNTRYSIDE, DEVON - DAY 1, AUTUMN- 1820 1
CRASH into sudden noise and movement as a dry mud-spattered
black coach careens too close -

A VICAR mutters benedictions, but MARY does not cry, her face blocking out raging emotion.

5 EXT. DEVON LANDSCAPE - DAY 1 5

The coach continues its long journey through the pastoral landscape.

6 INT. COACH, DEVON TO CORNWALL - DAY 1 6

Back with MARY on the coach as she shifts to try and block out the painful memory, hugging her coat around herself for comfort against being an orphan.

She turns to the window away from the other PASSENGERS, staring at the Devon fields passing outside..

But the FAT LITTLE GIRL reaches up to her MOTHER and FATHER and MARY involuntarily watches them pick her up, another painful memory intruding -

7 FLASHBACK: EXT. FIELD YELLAN FARM, DEVON - DAY - 1820 7

MARY pushes a hand plough through a small field, and her mother, MRS YELLAN, 40s but old beyond her years and doesn't look well, follows behind her sowing seeds.

They work in silence, at ease with one another, then MRS YELLAN looks at her daughter in concern.

MRS YELLAN

Mary, love. You shouldn't be out here on your own with me every day.

MARY

(warm, joking)

Why not? I've never known it trouble you before.

But MRS YELLAN's serious, even though she tries to say it lightly -

MRS YELLAN

You need to find a husband to take care of you.

MARY's obstinate - darts her MOTHER her a wryly humorous look-

MARY

You manage well enough without one.

MRS YELLAN

You should take Ned, love. You know he'd see you right.

*

MARY sits back on her heels, looks at her MOTHER, surprised.

MARY
You always said that if I married I
should love the man. Have you
changed your mind?

MRS YELLAN purses her lips, but not without humour, at being caught out. MARY grins, these two are close.

MRS YELLAN
Of course I haven't.

MARY's pleased.

MARY
Well then.

But as MARY puts her head down, continues with her work, MRS YELLAN's show of strength evaporates, she's worried for her daughter's future.

8

EXT. FLASHBACK: CHURCHYARD, DEVON - DAY

8

A continuation of scene four, we come back in on MARY's face, remembering her mother.

But the service is over, MOURNERS walking from the grave, leaving only MARY.

A tall, loping farm boy, NED, who's better dressed than your average farm boy moves to comfort her - *

- and from across the churchyard, three GIRLS with ribbons in their bonnets, who are not part of the funeral, are surreptitiously trying to catch his eye and flirt with him.

NED ignores them, though he knows they're there, only has eyes for MARY. *

NED
She was a fine woman. *

MARY nods curtly, goes. But there's something other than condolence on NED's mind. *

NED (CONT'D)
I know that... maybe now is not the
time, Mary, bu- *

MARY
No Ned, it's not. *

She keeps on walking, the VICAR watching her in worry, but

NED
You need to think about what you'll do. If you and I should - [marry]

*

MARY
I'm going to my aunt's in Cornwall.
(beat)
It's what my mother wanted.

NED
But! Mary?

*

She's walking away but she stops. He hesitates -

NED (CONT'D)
You - you have my heart.

*

For a second she looks at him in painful, mute apology. The jealous watching GIRLS look daggers and whisper behind their hands, judging this unconventional farm-girl.

MARY
I'm sorry.

MARY hates hurting him, fixes her eyes on the ground as she walks away.

9 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 9

The coach careens through a bleaker, rockier landscape.

10 INT. COACH - EVENING 10

Different PASSENGERS sit opposite MARY now, still better dressed than she is, their blank eyes staring at her as though she has no right to be in here.

MARY turns to the window and outside the landscape has changed.

The sun is sinking in the sky as the coach rumbles over the River Tamar and there's a glimpse of the distant sea as the landscape gets wilder, bleaker, and -

- MARY's eyes close, taking her into -

- to see that Launceston seems for all the world like a frontier town from the Wild West.

DRAGOONS; PROSTITUTES; grimy TIN AND COPPER MINERS, chewing

*

JEM catches MARY's eye as the WOMAN rubs his leg.

- MARY looks away, embarrassed and somehow ashamed as she bows her head and moves out of their eye line, then quickly moves towards the DRIVER who has now also come inside.

MARY

Will it take long to change the horses?

*

The DRIVER looks at her in surprise. She elaborates -

*

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm going to Jamaica Inn.

Frozen silence from the DRIVER. But LEGASSIK also hears. With brusque derision -

CORNISH DRIVER

Jamaica Inn? We don't go out there no more.

*

*

*

LEGASSIK

(brusque)

If it's work you're after, you

*

*

MARY

Well be that as it may, it's where
I'm bound.

(testy bravado)

I'm not afraid of hardship.

JEM studies her with curiosity, tests her -

JEM
It's just the moors for twenty
miles. Some say there's ghosts.

MARY
I'm not afraid of ghosts either.

Something in her spirit interests him. He stares-

JEM
What are you afraid of?

She tries to hold his clear gaze but can't; blushes
inexplicably and looks away in sudden confusion.

He's still looking, and she can feel it through her clothes.
His look says that he can guess what would scare a woman and
he's worried that she'll find it where she's going.

But there's a sudden furore as a nasty fight breaks out
between some DRINKERS, ale spilling and MEN flying backwards,
and the LEGASSIK hurries to break it up in vain -

LEGASSIK
Hey, hey, hey!

MARY steps back, noticing that JEM has vanished. She decides
she's better off outside after all and heads out. *

13 EXT. THE FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL - EVENING 13

The prostrate MAN is still on the ground as MARY returns,
surprised to notice JEM is quietly uncoupling LEGASSIK's
horse from his cart, talking to it tenderly.

As he leads it off, he meets her eye - her surprise - but he
smiles and grazes a finger to his lips-

Before MARY can react, the inn door busts open and one of the
BRAWLERS flies backwards and nearly sends MARY flying.

More of the fight is now spilling outside, LEGASSIK now also
involved, and the DRIVER emerges with his ale to watch.

MARY's nerves are jangled, so she turns to the DRIVER-

MARY
Will you take me to Jamaica Inn
then or shall I have to walk?

The DRIVER looks at her. LEGASSIK breaks from the fight and
suddenly pulls his pistol on the CROWD -

Glancing towards the porch, she jumps to see a figure has come outside, a lantern extended in his hand and for a second it's too bright after the darkness and she can't see.

But his face moves forward and is illuminated, puzzled but

PATIENCE

Oh no. No -

MARY

(wrong-footed, anxious)

She wanted me to come to you. I've
nowhere else to go -

JOSS

Well she can't stay here.

PATIENCE is still reeling.

But MARY looks to JOSS who is clearly to decide her fate.
PATIENCE becomes aware of this, and there's a triangle of
tension between them.

PATIENCE

Of course she can. She'll work for
us?

But it's clearly more a question than a statement.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Won't you Mary? She's a good girl,
you can see it in her face... She'll
be no trouble.

MARY's eyes are still on JOSS. He fixes her with a look -

JOSS

Depends on, is she tame?

JOSS (CONT' D)

They should've made this one a boy. *

PATIENCE comes down on the side of feeling threatened, moves to JOSS to assume ownership of him -

PATIENCE

Joss, you-

JOSS

Shut up. This girl and I understand each other. Get some food inside her. Can't you see she's starved to death. *

MARY is surprised that it should be him and not her aunt to show this nurture. PATIENCE bristles, doesn't like it.

But MARY's clearly allowed to stay as JOSS tosses MARY's trunk on his back like it weighs nothing and heads upstairs; MARY and PATIENCE watching him go.

17

INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 1

17

PATIENCE scurries to, putting bacon in a pan and stoking the dull peat fire that fills the room with thick, sweet smoke making MARY's eyes smart; she whitters nervously as she works-

PATIENCE

You mustn't mind your uncle Joss. There's none round here who don't respect him. He brings me flowers, see?

MARY looks where PATIENCE motions, at the flowers in a jug - *

- but then PATIENCE is suddenly alive the second that JOSS enters. But he edges in, fascinated by MARY as some pure light in the darkness, though he's trying not to show it. *

PATIENCE sips of her mug of brandy and watches as he beckons MARY to the table. *

JOSS

Come over here. *

Oblivious to PATIENCE's jealousy, MARY edgily moves to sit by him, and he carefully cuts a thin slice from the loaf, quarters it and butters it delicately for her.

JOSS (CONT' D)

Brandy or ale? *

MARY falters: none of them. A beat - then JOSS laughs darkly to himself, should've guessed.

JOSS (CONT'D)
Don't drink, eh?

He swirls his mug, sees her eye it with worry and hardens.

JOSS (CONT'D)
Yeh, that's right. I do.
(with dark regret)
I drink and drink.
(leans in close)
And sometimes, girlie, when I drink
I talk, but if you ever get too
nosy or open your trap about a
single word I say I'll break you
until you eat out of my hand.

JOSS drinks. PATIENCE's eyes flit between JOSS and MARY as she sips her own mug. MARY hears JOSS loud and clear.

18

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 1

18

The walls are rough, floorboards bare, no jug or basin, just a single mattress and thin blanket on it which creaks and lets up a layer of dust as MARY sits on it.

She opens her trunk but hears a groan outside and nervously moves to the attic window, lifting the blind to look out.

MARY's POV of the yard where, the far end a dark shape swings to and fro, creaking and groaning. A stab of fear as for a second it looks like a dead man hanging -

- but slowly it reveals itself to be the battered pub sign, unhinged at one corner, twisting in the wind.

MARY breathes relief, but a squeal and movement at her feet and she jumps as a rat skits across the floor.

MARY hates it here. A sudden decision - she grabs a few things from her trunk, and wraps them in a shawl.

19

INT. LANDING, JAMICA INN - NIGHT 1

19

MARY slips onto the landing, shawl and possessions in hand, barely daring to breathe, but all is silence.

She tiptoes to the stairs, intent on escape, but freezes as she hears a low and muffled cry. At first it sounds as though it could be pleasure, but then, unmistakably, it's pain.

MARY turns to stare down the dark corridor, and JOSS and PATIENCE's door is ajar, their silhouettes just visible against the window, her aunt's view low, beseeching -

PATIENCE (O. S.)
No, Joss. Please, I didn't mean it -

JOSS (O. S.)
Then why'd you say it?

PATIENCE
I know you love me. Please, you're
hurting me -

Another moan, and the low rumble of her uncle's voice.

MARY freezes, tears prick

23 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2 23

MARY crosses the courtyard, which is even messier in the daylight.

The wooden hut that houses the toilet is dilapidated; there are stables, cow-house and chicken run to one side and a water trough in the centre.

24 EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY 2 24

MARY reaches open moorland and we share her POV of -

- the isolation; gorse covered or brown and soggy moors stretching out in all directions as far as the eye can see.

The wind-blown rough-grass landscape has a wild, magnetic beauty and is broken by enormous granite rocks piled high in strange formations, with a dark brooding power.

The sky above is low and flat and heavy with clouds and the sound of tinkling sheep bells in the distance.

For a moment, MARY forgets herself. She shuts her eyes and tips her head back, listening to the silence - just the wind and distant sheep bells; and she sucks in a big deep breath -

- but as she opens her eyes she glimpses a dark silhouette flit between the distant stones. MARY stares, but it's gone.

She turns towards the inn, alarmed to see a mist has suddenly come in, quick and silent and rather frightening.

She hurries back but as she disappears in the mist, we share a POV behind the stones... someone definitely watching her.

25 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2 25

MARY returns, windswept and PATIENCE enters and sees, laughs, a little too forced, perhaps slightly nervous -

PATIENCE

You've seen how castaway we are then. I don't go out there. Happy with my chicken run.

MARY watches PATIENCE cleaning the bar, remembering her cries in the night and wanting to help and save her somehow.

PATIENCE turns - sees her look and adds -

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Your uncle's out.

Beat.

MARY

Aunt Patience, why are there no customers? The guest rooms are all stored with lumber and -

PATIENCE

(stiffens)

- your uncle doesn't like folk staying. Lonely spot like this we could be murdered in our beds -

MARY

But how do you live if there's no custom - ?

PATIENCE

People come from all around, thank you very much. The farms and mine cottages. S'evenings when the bar is full of 'em.

(bristles)

Now, we need to get cleaned up, can't sit here all day.

PATIENCE turns and heads outside. MARY frowns, then follows.

26

EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2

26

MARY puts her back into it as she and PATIENCE move the broken furniture into a heap and sweep broken glass, imposing a new female order.

MARY glances at her from time to time, wondering how she might resume her questioning, but as though she senses it, PATIENCE smiles brightly -

PATIENCE

So tell me, Mary? Did you have a beau back there at home?

A beat - MARY guesses this is PATIENCE changing the subject

MARY

- unless I really loved the man. It seems to me too many just make slaves of women.

PATIENCE bristles as she pushes in the torn up cobbles, and purses her lips, won't meet MARY's eye-

MARY (CONT'D)

I'd sooner do a man's work on a farm.

PATIENCE

You'll change your mind, of course you will.

*

She smiles enticingly, hiding a steely ulterior motive -

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Now your uncle says there's silk for sale at Camel ford. Lovely Chinese silk, and goin' cheap as well. Thought we'd get down there'n we can make ourselves new dresses.

*

*

But MARY is uncomfortable as she turns away to patch holes in the toilet hut with wood, hay and paper but can't help asking-

MARY

Is it smuggled silk?

PATIENCE was hoping for MARY's acceptance and collusion, and the girl's judgement is the last thing she wanted. PATIENCE flashes sudden hardness -

PATIENCE

Now listen here, young missy, your uncle's got another mouth to feed now so we can't go paying out for everything. We need to -

MARY

I'll starve then, if it helps you.
(off PATIENCE's look)
It was smugglers who killed my father, you surely know that? So you can't put money in their pockets.

PATIENCE bites back knowing several things that MARY doesn't, and we see it. She stares, but then snaps -

PATIENCE

Fine. I'll stay in this one til it falls right off my back then, shall I? Leaves me naked to the four winds! What do I care?

She turns inside leaving MARY unsettled by her mercurial unpredictability.

27 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - EVENING 27

MARY is still troubled by her exchange with PATIENCE as she enters and sits on the bed. Her father's coat is lying on a chair and MARY looks at it, and has an idea.

She stands and roots through her trunk for her two dresses, then lays them on the bed.

Neither is pristine, but one is clearly better than the other. MARY holds it up.

28 INT. JOSS AND PATIENCE'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - EVENING 28

PATIENCE is sitting on her bed, troubled. She looks up as MARY enters, offering out the dress to her, a little shyly-

MARY
I brought this for you? It isn't
new but - well, it's got no holes
at least.

PATIENCE is moved as she takes it, assumes it is an act of peace and acceptance. She squeezes MARY's hand tightly-

PATIENCE
Thank you, love.

*

MARY sits beside her, pleased for her acceptance.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)
I suppose you think me dowdy.

MARY
No. Of course not.

PATIENCE looks at her with love -

PATIENCE
You must take care, Mary, love.
You've got to fit in round here.
I've missed your mother all these
years and having you here, it's the
next best thing.
(MARY smiles gratitude)
I'd hate for any harm to come to
you.

As PATIENCE stands to hold the dress up in front of her for size, the smile freezes on MARY's lips; was that a threat?

29 CUT

29

- MARY's eyes jolt open. She assumes it was the dream that woke her, but then she hears a sound outside.

MARY gets up and moves to her window, staring out onto the dark moors. Nothing.

She's about to return to bed when a movement in the moonlight catches her eye and she sees -

- two horse-drawn wagons, gliding ghost-like and silhouetted across the moors towards the inn. The horses' hooves and wagon wheels are padded with rags and make no sound as they cross into the courtyard -

- JOSS steps from the shadows to nod silent greeting to the men as they jump down: two IDENTICAL TWINS; and red-headed ABE. There's no question of their deference to him, JOSS is in charge.

The MEN get busy at his command, deftly throwing wet and sandy barrels ('tubs') and bales to each other to unload them and as JOSS helps he glances up -

- MARY steps back sharply and he doesn't see her, but she's shocked as she guesses what they're doing.

Now dragging sounds are heard on the stone flags Tj ET IG] TJ ET C

Through the window, she can see PATIENCE on her hands and knees, scrubbing muddy wheel tracks and footprints, clearing the evidence of seaweed and sand from last night from the yard. But what should MARY do about it?

For now, the answer's 'nothing' as she looks down at herself and her grimy skin, she may as well at least get clean.

MARY glances around to check no-one is there. But the inn is quiet, and MARY peels off her filthy dress and chemise so she's down to her white linen drawers. *

Her rag dips in the steaming water and lifts the grime from her white skin, MARY still distracted with worry as she washes, comforted just slightly by the sensual feel as the rag caresses the contours her skin -

- but a sudden reflection in the kitchen window and she spins to see JEM standing silently in the doorway to the hall, shamelessly watching her.

- for a second MARY freezes - and then she grabs her dress to hide herself, but not soon enough to hide that sexual attraction flared for both of them.

JEM steps away, suddenly ashamed of looking, and MARY slams the door on him, guilt and embarrassment kicking in -

- but as we hold on her there's something more: excitement.

33 CUT 33 *

34 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3 34

JEM sits, drinking ale from a mug, and MARY, now cleanly dressed, glares at him as she crosses to the bar. A beat.

JEM
You should be careful. A man might
help himself to what's on offer, if
it's so pretty.

Out of nowhere, MARY slaps him, surprising them both - then half regrets it.

MARY
It's not on offer, and if he's any
kind of gentleman he'd know that.

JEM
(holding his face)
Well, that told me.

- a trace of humour and flirtation but MARY's not playing-

MARY
And he wouldn't help himself to the
ale either. The landlord here's a
brutal man. He -

- but as she reaches to swipe his mug, JEM catches her hand -

JEM
- I know the landlord -
(but he gently concedes)
- but take it, if it makes you feel
better.

MARY takes it, but looks at him - trying to make him out.

JEM (CONT'D)
I only came to check that you're
alright.

Secretly it pleases her and she softens, but he'll need to
work harder than that. She tips the ale away, starts to clean-

MARY
A horse thief came to check that,
did he?

Now he bristles. For reasons he can't quite grasp, he wants
her good opinion and her judgement intensely vexes him.

JEM
That's all I am, is it? A common
horse thief?

MARY
A man who can't find honest trade's
no man at all in my eyes.

Harsh. JEM about to protest that there IS no honest work out
here, but decides against it. He stands, but -

JOSS
What the hell do you want, Jem?

MARY stiffens as JOSS appears, wary or perhaps fearful of
JEM. He glances between the two of them, then asks JEM -

JOSS (CONT'D)
Is there trouble?

MARY looks at JEM, surprised: is he involved then? JEM
glances at her, guesses she'll judge him even more for this -

JEM

Can't I come'n see my own brother?

He's right, as MARY imperceptibly pulls back. JEM sees this and regrets it.

JOSS picks up the subtle frisson between them -

JOSS

Like my new trinket?

*

He smiles as MARY reddens her discomfort at his claim to ownership, and, in a low voice to JEM -

JOSS (CONT'D)

Get in here then, if you've come to talk to me.

JEM 00V
What d'you mean?

JOSS 00V
(reluctant)
Customs' ve been turning over half
the stashes. Someone' s talki ng.

...mutter mutter... MARY can' t hear JOSS' s next words... or JEM' s
response ...then she hears -

JOSS 00V (CONT' D)
I need you to get me some horses.

JEM 00V
And I' ve said no.

JOSS 00V
So you wanna see me hang then? Your
own brother!

*

A clatter from within, perhaps one of them shoved the other.
But PATIENCE suddenly comes in and sees MARY -

PATIENCE
Mary! Get away from there!

MARY ducks back guiltily as PATIENCE glares fear. But she
steels herself to confront her aunt about the smuggling -

MARY
Aunt Patience -

PATIENCE
No.

And she' s gone.

37 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3

37

Wet laundry' s flapping, MARY hanging it out but her eyes are
trained on the door of the inn...

- she turns away sharply as JEM exits, trying to hide that
she was watching for him, but she isn' t fast enough -

- he' s clocked it as he heads over. She glares reproach -

MARY
You could have told me you' re his
brother.

JEM
(attempts light humour)
I thought you might have guessed it
from my manners.

MARY's still not game to be amused, feels threatened by him on every level. Not least because, as she glances at the inn -

- PATIENCE is spying through the window, seems afraid of him.

JEM's more serious as he moves to her -

JEM (CONT'D)

How long d'you plan to be here Mary? Seems a waste, a maid like you. You need to find a husband -

MARY

- oh everyone seems very keen to tell me what I need!

He holds his hands up- fair enough. There's a moment between them, a beat of understanding. Before she looks away.

JEM

I mean to say, you shouldn't stay here. Listening at doors. There's things going on you shouldn't get caught up in -

MARY

What, smuggling?! Oh I worked that out, I'm not stupid, I -

But he steps forward, his hand over her mouth to silence her -

JEM

- you are if you say it so damn loudly.

- but his proximity and touch are intimate and MARY feels it.

JEM glances round to check that no-one heard and as he takes his hand away, MARY's cowed, and quieter now if a bit sulky -

MARY

Well it's wrong. And I know the lies folk tell themselves to make out it's no crime, like why should they pay taxes to a King who takes the cream and leaves the rest of us to starve? But that doesn't make it right.

(beat)

If I had somewhere else to go, I would and I'd take my aunt with me.

JEM speaks softly, warningly -

JEM

Mary, whatever it is you think you know, you mustn't speak of it. Not if you want to stay safe.

MARY
Says the horse thief?

JEM
You might be right there. It'll probably be the death of me one day.

MARY can't help hoping not. But she looks down to hide her eyes. JEM reaches out and lifts her chin. She looks at him, says nothing. He nods to the stable -

JEM (CONT'D)
Here, take this nag. I brought her for you.

MARY looks at the beautiful horse he leads out. Turns away.

MARY
I don't want it.

JEM
Take her anyway. There might come a time you'd rather not be here, and if there is you'll need her.

MARY looks at him but still won't take it.

A moment then JEM looks disappointed. He mounts his horse; offers the reins of the other out to MARY one last time - no response.

He shrugs and kicks off to ride away, leading the other horse behind him.

MARY watches until he's out of sight -

-then she turns to see JOSS smoking outside the inn, watching her. MARY ripples vulnerability, throws him a haughty look -

- and in response he chucks his mug of ale all over the newly clean cobbles, messing her work on purpose, angry about his confrontation with JEM but more than that, something nastily sexual in the action -and jealous about her frisson with JEM.

MARY turns to head in a different door, but PATIENCE emerges, watching JOSS, ever his shadow.

MARY turns and stalks off towards the moors.

We stay on JOSS looking smug; with twenty miles of moors around them, he knows there's nowhere to go and it's a stunt.

But MARY isn't bluffing, keeps on walking, and JOSS's bravado crumbles-

JOSS
Mary?

MARY half nods, manages the wariest smile as she refills the glass that he extends and then moves away towards PATIENCE, who has appeared behind the bar.

MARY
(to PATIENCE)
I saw a dead man on the moors today-

HARRY
Ah, s' Joss's brother Matthew, that is. They thought he'd run off as a sailor then they found him in Trewartha Marsh, the curlews flyin' round 'im.

HARRY looks at PATIENCE who moves away, scared of him/doesn't like him.

HARRY (CONT'D)
There's none in the Merlyn family meet a happy end, Miss Yellan.

JOSS
(hears HARRY, to MARY)
Bog's too deep to get across and pull him out. That's why you shouldn't go out there.

*

MARY looks at JOSS. Is it a threat, or worry for her welfare?

THOMAS, a filthy lad, 15, smirks in from outside, nodding to the yard as he tells JOSS something; JOSS nods to MARY, showing off his ownership of her in front of the MEN-

JOSS (CONT'D)
More ale 'n take these rags to Cakey, wipe his arse for him!

*

*

The MEN laugh. MARY hates them, especially JOSS who she can see is ordering her around to make himself look big. But she fills the mugs, takes the rags and opens the door to see -

As MARY crosses the yard, JEM looks as though he wishes she hadn't seen him.

He leaves the ponies with STOUT, the TWINS, THOMAS and

Nearby, CAKEY, a giant, simple, LummoX comes out of the toilet and lopes back to the inn.

BETH quietly implodes WILL -

BETH
Will. Please, let's go?

WILLIAM
Well...I'm... I mean, I hoped -

JOSS
(suddenly sharp)
What did you hope?

JOSS is threatening and close -

JOSS (CONT'D)
You'd come and play a man's game?

WILL scared of him, so blurts it out -

WILLIAM
I know what time we'll be along the
coast. I'll put some barrels over
the side - split it fifty/fifty.

HARRY darts a glance at JOSS, with hidden meaning, but JOSS is stoney-faced as ELI arrives at the bar, calling to MARY, nodding behind him -

ELI
Cakey's knocked his drink over,
needs it cleanin' up.

MARY hesitates, wants to hear the rest of this and JOSS is aware of her watching -

HARRY
Can't say no to that, eh, Joss?

JOSS
Isn't up to you, Harry.

- but ELI is still waiting, and so now she takes a cloth and comes out from behind the bar.

ELI quietly sings as he follows her edging through the bar, MEN's legs up across stools in her way, so she has to climb over to their evident enjoyment -

ELI

MARY glances round at him, aware that this is directed at her, and glimpses JOSS slip out of the inn with WILL, presumably to conclude their business.

As she turns back, alone among the MEN, TUBBY, in front of her, now joins in the song -

ELI AND TUBBY

ELI drags CAKEY, a huge simple lummoX, up on to the table, and he's prodded and goaded to pose like he's the miner -

ELI AND TUBBY (CONT'D)

CAKEY's getting in a frenzy, stamping and dancing and stripping his clothes off, and now lots of MEN join in -

MEN

MARY's frightened now, especially with naked CAKEY so close, the first time she's ever seen a naked man, and she tries to

- JOSS instantly lashing at ELI and cutting his face - not badly but a thin red weal appears across his cheek and MARY recoils.

JOSS glares at ELI, still half of a mind to kill him - but instead he nods to MARY in brusque concern -

JOSS (CONT'D)
You alright?

*

He jabs the knife at ELI -

JOSS (CONT'D)
Say sorry to the lady.

ELI glowers but the knife glints closer -

Everyone is frozen (except WILL who has gone), MARY barely daring to breathe -

-but suddenly we ANGLE on THOMAS bursting in, breathless -

THOMAS
Joss?!
(sees him)
Joss? We've gone to hell! Stout and the twins' ve been busted!

JOSS doesn't voice it, but it's clear from his face and tension that this is a total disaster, the very last thing he needs right now.

But his eyes and knife remain on ELI, his anger making him press the blade closer to ELI's throat, who is now scared -

ELI
(forces out)
I beg. Your pardon.

JOSS gives ELI a last warning glare, then lowers the knife, turns his attention to THOMAS -

THOMAS
They had to sow the crop in the sea, we got to get it quick.

JOSS
Harry get the horses -

THOMAS
There's Revenue all up the coast!
They's had a tip off, sure as hell.

JOSS nods ELI and CAKEY outside, instantly in command. To

JOSS
Get the grease.

PATIENCE hurries out to the kitchen, and off MARY's look -

JOSS (CONT'D)
You too. *

MARY
No. I won't go -

JOSS
You'll come - or stay with Eli. *

The threat is clear. MARY has no choice.

47 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3

47

A motley collection of the MEN's horses and a wagon are being prepared.

PATIENCE scoops out handfuls of grease and smooths them over the horses, efficient in her work. She glances at MARY - *

PATIENCE
Here. Help me.
(off MARY's look)
Don't you give me judgement for something you don't understand.
(softens, re the grease)
Stops the Revenue from catching 'em.

MARY slowly obliges and takes some grease, shocked to see some of the men are 'BATSMEN', wielding stout oak clubs, hand pistols and flails to beat off anyone who intercepts them.

JOSS glances uneasily at MARY, knows that she's a risk.

JOSS
Right.
(to MARY re the clubs)
Make a sound and they're for you.

PATIENCE and MARY get into the wagon and move off in the darkness.

48

EXT. MOORS/ROAD - NIGHT 3

48

The distant sea glistens in the moonlight, as the wagon moves stealthily towards the coast.

49

EXT. CLIFF/BEACH - DAWN - DAY 4

49

The silent party moves over rocks and down dunes, led by JOSS, moving to where AMBROSE, who stayed with the 'crop' to mark it, is waving.

MARY is last to step onto the soft sand, and for a second, she stops - gazing at the waves and rocks, shingle along the shoreline, it's beautiful.

PATIENCE acts as lookout, back towards the dark moors, while THOMAS is the 'spotsman', pointing out the bladders filled with feathers that mark where a keg is submerged, held beneath the waves by bags full of shingle. *

The WOMEN watch as all the rest of the MEN wade out, using long sticks with hooked ends to snare the ropes, and drag the barrels home, and as they work JOSS turns to AMBROSE for information. *

AMBROSE
(better spoken)
Zephania didn't show.

HARRY
Told him not to.

AMBROSE is surprised, but JOSS glances at HARRY as he carries on fishing out the barrels - *

JOSS
I thought he might be squealing.
But looks as though it wasn't him -

AMBROSE shifts, uncomfortable, but has to say it -

AMBROSE
Abe didn't turn up either, no word,
nothing.

JOSS, HARRY, AMBROSE and THOMAS exchange looks -

JOSS
Well you better go and drag him out
his bed later then. *

MARY and PATIENCE have been helping to pass bales and kegs up the beach to be loaded on the wagon, but now there's a hold up at the sea -

- MEN struggling with a raft that's formed of spirit kegs bound together - can't quite seem to get it out.

MARY's tense, glancing around. It's taking forever and she's fearful that they'll all be caught. And she can see the problem with the raft so suddenly, on impulse -

- she wades into the sea and helps them, freeing the raft.

JOSS has left the MEN and is now watching her, impressed despite himself, as MARY helps to pull it up onto the beach.

She catches JOSS's look and suddenly seems aware of what she's doing, his approval of it, and she catches herself and stops, wishing she hadn't done it.

The raft is quickly dismantled, revealing 'half anker' (4 gallon) barrels roped together in pairs and 'tubsmen' CAKEY and TUBBY, sling them over their shoulders -

- one barrel each on their chest and back, weights cleverly designed to contain maximum liquid and still be portable, though it's hard to breathe as they waddle up the beach.

But JOSS has broken open a bale and brings something from inside it to MARY, who's now soaked and cold, though won't show it.

He holds it out to her, and nods, re her help with the raft -

JOSS (CONT'D)

'Ere. For you.

*

MARY looks but doesn't take it; PATIENCE hides her jealousy

The wagon-train races silently back across the moors, black kelp glistening over the wagon to hide its contents, the SMUGGLERS looking around in anxiety at the growing daylight which might betray them. *

MARY can't help glancing around, wondering if her 'ghost' is out there, but suddenly JOSS puts an arm out to stay them - *

- we're tight on his face as he listens, then beckons them quickly to hide in the gorse behind a ridge. *

The SMUGGLERS silently do as he says, bringing the wagon with them and just in time as-

-a patrol of two DRAGOONS rides over the ridge, headed by LEGASSIK. They stop almost in front of them-

LEGASSIK

Can't be far off. Marks in the sand're fresh.

The BATSMEN clasp their weapons tighter, ready to use them, and MARY pricks fear. We share her POV of the DRAGOONS as she shifts forward, weighing up whether to call out to them but -

- we're with JOSS as he sees this, and in a trice his knife is at her throat - his arms wound round her body, holding her to him tightly.

MARY stiffens and strains away, his breath heavy in her ear - but focus is entirely on LEGASSIK as -

LEGASSIK (CONT'D)

This way.

They ride off. JOSS relaxes the knife but smiles, quiet as -

JOSS

See? You did get down in the dirt with us. *

It's clearly what he wants, to bring MARY down to his own level - and she is grateful to move away. *

53 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 53

The murmur of voices from the front bar downstairs as MARY sneaks out onto the landing. No-one is there so she -

54 INT. STAIRWELL/PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 54

- creeps slowly down the stairs, still in her nightdress, wincing at their creak and groan, freezing now and then for fear of being caught. *

She pads to the bar door, presses her eye to a crack and can just see JOSS, pacing up and down, but no-one else as -

ABE OOV

I swear to thee on my mother's grave, I ain't no snitch Joss!

JOSS

So how'd the revenue know we was coming, eh?

He lunges forward, out of sight, and ABE cries out, been hit -

JOSS (CONT'D)

I cut Zephania out last night 'cause I thought it was him, so there ain't many choices left. *

ABE mumbles something that MARY can't hear. She strains to listen, but a creak on the stairs behind her makes her turn. *

She is shocked to see a man's feet slowly creeping down. Could it be JEM?

MARY had assumed he was in the bar with JOSS and ABE... but maybe she's wrong. Or is somebody else here too?

A second before he sees her, MARY darts into a storeroom-

55 INT. STOREROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 55

- pulling the door to.

Through the crack she glimpses the dark FIGURE step down the passageway but with terror sees that he's heading in here.

MARY throws herself down to hide behind a dresser just in time, as the door opens and the MAN slips inside.

From her hiding place she can see his feet as he waits at the door peering out a crack to watch the passageway.

MARY's frozen, and in the most uncomfortable position, certain that she'll have to move and then he'll hear her, certain he can hear her pounding heart.

A beat as JOSS tries to contain his own surge of sickness, guilt and regret. But a sound beside him, and a shadow in his peripheral vision as the other MAN joins him from the inn.

JOSS stiffens, doesn't turn, doesn't trust himself to, had enough tonight and almost on the verge of mutiny. *

JOSS leaves ABE to the MAN's mercies and heads inside.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5

JOSS
I won't be gone for long.
(for MARY's benefit)
Not so as you'd miss me.

PATIENCE is flustered, hurries by, wants to be away from MARY-
JOSS stares at MARY; we stay on her, worried at whether or
not he heard what she said, as he turns and goes.

63 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5

63

PATIENCE cleaning, seemingly trying to hide in it as MARY
joins her.

PATIENCE
Grate needs raking out there please-

MARY
I was hiding in the storeroom. A
man came and he hid in there, and I
think that they hung a man called
Abe. I -

PATIENCE
You must have had a dream and got
confused -

MARY
- I didn't dream your face -

PATIENCE touches her injured face -

PATIENCE
Oh this! I did it to myself. I
tripped up on the cobbles outside
and fell down on the water trough.
You saw me do it!

*

MARY stares at her, trying to understand her aunt's denial.
She looks at PATIENCE shrewdly; then turns purposefully and
walks away, leaving PATIENCE suddenly nervous -

64 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5

64

- MARY has put on her shawl, and as PATIENCE appears, her
mouth drops open in panic to see MARY heading out the door.

PATIENCE
Mary?! Where you going?

65 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5

65

MARY strides away, PATIENCE hurrying after her -

MARY
(stops)
We have to tell someone -

PATIENCE
Tell them what? There's nothing to
tell 'cept what you dreamt -
(grabs MARY, shakes her)
Don't you come here making trouble
for me girl -

MARY
I'm trying to save you! Can't you
see that? I don't understand what
kind of hold he has on you. *

MARY (CONT'D)
I know that you're afraid of him,
but -

PATIENCE
(blurts)
Of course I am!
(lets MARY go) *
And so should you be. But at least
I've got your uncle to protect me -

MARY reacts - that's who she thought they were talking about.

PATIENCE doesn't want to talk about it but has no choice if
she's to stop MARY doing something rash, so sulki ly-

PATIENCE (CONT'D)
It's the other man. The one who
hid. He tells your uncle what to
do.
(beat, quietly mumbles)
It's him who hit me.

MARY is horrified, moves close to her, and almost a whisper -

MARY
Who is he?

PATIENCE turns away - MARY catches her -

PATIENCE
No! He'd kill me!

MARY lets go. A moment while she thinks, PATIENCE eying her,
hoping that she's done enough, stopped MARY from going. But
MARY fixes her resolve -

MARY
We have to put an end to this. I'll
tell them that you're not involved.

- and she goes. PATIENCE stiffens with stabbing fear -

PATIENCE
Mary? You're not going to the law!

MARY still ignores her -

PATIENCE (CONT'D)
We feed you don't we? I'll send
your uncle after you. I'll send him
out to fetch you back. Mary?

MARY ignores her as she keeps on walking.

66

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE ALTARNUN - DAY 5

66

MARY's hem is mud covered and she's tired as she approaches Altarnun up on the hill.

Now she's close enough to see the town her resolve weakens in the face of the task before her and for a second she stops.

Two MEN in a nearby field are loading newly shorn sheep fleeces onto a cart and MARY glances at them.

One of them is WILL, the man who was at the inn last night.

If for no other reason than to be away from his stare, she sharply continues on to Altarnun.

67

EXT. MAIN STREET, ALTARNUN - DAY 5

67

If Launceston was the Wild West, then Altarnun is the last place on earth, a tiny, deserted, grim shack of a village; an ancient church; an inn; a handful of mining cottages and surrounding farms, all on the very bitter edges of poverty.

MARY blushes, knows that they must think she is a prostitute and her nerve nearly fails her.

She hesitates, then screws up her courage and moves to the LANDLORD at the bar, asking quietly -

MARY

Excuse me? Is there a Constable here?

*
*

LANDLORD OF THE CROWN

(eyes her, wily)

Constable, eh? Why, what you done?

MARY blushes, excruciated. But he looks around then points -

LANDLORD OF THE CROWN (CONT'D)

Aah... There he is. Eli Brown.

MARY is shocked to see that ELI from Jamaica Inn is the local Constable. He's turning towards her, but by the time his eyes reach her -

MARY' s relief is palpable.

*

MARY
Mary Yellan, sir.

*

He nods, scrutinising her.

*

FRANCIS DAVEY
Do you wish to speak with me, Mary?

*

*

But a WOMAN appears behind him, exasperated, interrupting -

*

HANNAH
Mr Davey? You can't make stew
inside a church!

*

*

FRANCIS DAVEY
My sister Hannah, Mary Yellan.

MARY' s POV of HANNAH, 40, plain, and slightly mannish,
soberly dressed, as she stops, holding a still-live chicken
upside down by its legs, as she looks at MARY in curiosity.

*

*

*

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT' D)
And Beth. Who helps us at the
vicarage.

MARY' s relief is cut short to see that the young woman from
the inn last night is indeed behind HANNAH.

*

BETH eyes MARY warily (anxious to find her talking to the
vicar), and she pointedly signals MARY with her eyes -

BETH
I' m pleased to _____

HANNAH
You're new to our Parish, Mary?

MARY glances at BETH again, but has no choice but to tell them. She's ashamed as she looks down and confesses -

MARY
I'm... at Jamaica Inn.

DAVEY and HANNAH exchange a look; like everybody else they know about Jamaica Inn but are surprised there is a girl there. *

FRANCIS DAVEY
God's house is open to any who would hear his word. *

MARY looks at him, hoping this is true. But -

WOMAN/MRS TRELAWN
Mr Davey?

A tired, ragged mining wife, 30s has entered and MARY loses her moment as DAVEY turns to speak quietly to her. *

HANNAH watches the woman, but remains more interested in MARY- *

HANNAH
Jamaica Inn. You're family, I suppose? *

DAVEY turns back to them, interrupts, MRS TRELAWN still waiting -

FRANCIS DAVEY
Hannah, Mrs Trelawn has need of me.
Her husband Abe didn't come home
last night -

HANNAH
(quiet judgement)
Drunk inside some inn, was he - ?

MARY looks sick at the mention of ABE's name and disappearance. DAVEY turns to her -

FRANCIS DAVEY
I hope we'll see you at a service,
Mary? *

HANNAH
Hear him preach. He's very good.
You won't regret it. *

HANNAH follows DAVEY and MRS TRELAWN out. MARY's still reeling, but BETH misses it and quietly justifies - *

BETH

Thank you for not saying anything.
I mean, it's not like it's so wrong

The shape is moving nearer, suddenly terrifying and MARY starts to run as well.

- the baaing of sheep, herding and bolting and panicking - MARY caught up among them, got to keep running now for fear of otherwise being knocked over by them and trampled -

- glimpses of the dark shape preying closer - MARY starts to gasp and sob - out of breath -

- but then she hears a voice behind her -

VOICE/JEM

Stop! Mary!

- but suddenly the ground is wet and MARY's feet are sinking -

- she stumbles over, it's a bog - around her sheep are doing likewise, some of them already stuck in it, others that have managed to avoid it, bolting ahead -

MARY

Oh no. No.

MARY struggles to get out, but her efforts only make it worse and now she's sinking.

The sheep have now abandoned her, all of them got free, and she's left alone with only old skeletons of sheep who were not so lucky to keep her company -

JEM

Don't struggle!

MARY's sinking, looks around wildly as JEM suddenly hurries up, a hunting knife shoved in his belt and a dead rabbit hanging from it. He looks a mess as though he's living rough.

MARY

Get me out of here! Please!

He shakes his head.

JEM

If you'd taken that nag I gave you she'd have kept you out of there.

He considers her and hesitates, and MARY ripples fear -

MARY

JUST GET ME OUT!

He grins. Guesses she's had enough. He uncoils the rope that's on his belt and throws it to her -

JEM

Here.

As MARY grabs it and wraps it around her.

JEM wades in until he's knee deep and pulls on the rope hard to pull her to him.

When she's close enough, he reaches down and holds her under the arms, wrapping his arms around her to pull her out.

Both fall over backwards on the ground, MARY lying on top of JEM, both completely covered from top to toe with the same messy gunk from the bog, matching identically.

Both are intensely aware of their physical proximity; for both a deep unspoken sexual attraction flares again.

72

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY 5 - LATER

72

JEM has given MARY his jacket and she wraps it around herself as she determinedly walks the same way she was headed before, brushing bog from her clothes, still glancing about for the phantom shadow but there's no sign of it now.

JEM walks alongside her, hands her his flask of water -

JEM

Didn't my brother tell you not to walk the moors alone?

MARY

I'm not sure that I'd listen to a word your brother said.

JEM

(shrugs)

He'd be right about that one. Bogs are dangerous.

MARY

Like a lot of things round here. Including you.

JEM

Me?! I thought that I just saved your skin?

MARY glares -

MARY

Ran me in, more like! Skulking on the moors, trying to scare me.

*

But she's very attracted to him. She hides it with bravado -

MARY (CONT'D)

I know that you were there last night-

(MORE)

(direct challenge)
- and I think that a man was
murdered?

MARY stops, daring him to admit it. JEM says nothing,

JEM
Mary? There's things here you don't understand. You need to be careful who you talk to.

All too confusing. He stops but she continues walking away -

JEM (CONT'D)
So where are you going now then?
(guesses)
Launceston, is it? For the Magistrate?

MARY
It's none of your business.

JEM
Well you're headed the wrong way then.

MARY
(stops, impatient)
The new Magistrate's in Launceston -

JEM
- but he rode past half an hour ago headed west, and I'd guess he was riding for Jamaica Inn.

MARY hesitates, frowns, doesn't want to give herself away -

JEM (CONT'D)
Go. You'll see.

After a beat, MARY begrudgingly complies and turns around and goes back past him. But he catches her arm-

JEM (CONT'D)
And when you see I've told the truth, do me a favour? Don't say that you've seen me. Please Mary.

MARY is deeply bewildered; afraid of what he means, and what it is he's done. She makes no promises. As she goes he calls -

JEM (CONT'D)
Stick to the ridges. Anything that looks like easy pasture'll be a bog!

She does as he says and climbs a ridge, then she turns and glances back at him -

- and standing there, watching her, surrounded by sheep, JEM looks very much like the person who's been stalking her.

JEM (CONT'D)
I'll come and find you soon Mary.

*
*
*

BASSATT simply nods to LEGASSIK to get on with it, and he picks up a heavy iron bar and turns to head upstairs.

PATIENCE realises what they're doing and mutters -

PATIENCE
Oh no. No..

75

INT. LANDING, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5

75

MARY and PATIENCE watch the MEN as they hold the iron bar together -

*

- and ram it hard against the lock in the door.

Again. Again. Until with a CRACK! It breaks -

-and the door flies open on... nothing.

Except a rope that MARY jolts to recognise is the one that made the noose. PATIENCE looks fearfully at her, realising she's recognised it.

LEGASSIK is inscrutable, but BASSATT, sees only an empty room and isn't happy.

*
*

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
Damn it! Who tipped him off that I was coming?!

*

MARY's wondering the same thing, remembering JEM's unconcern that the MAGISTRATE was headed here.

PATIENCE
I don't know what you mean, I -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT
You girl. What do you know of the

BASSATT stares, unsure whether to believe MARY. He goes to turn away in pique but -

*

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

What about the landlord's brother
Jem? Do you know where he is?

*

MARY's shaken by the question, wasn't expecting to be asked about JEM. She hesitates, struggling with conflicting fears and desires.

*

*

*

But then she makes a choice and shakes her head -

*

MARY

I've never met him.

BASSATT fumes, thwarted -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

You can tell Joss Merlyn that I
won't rest until I see him hang. He
has my word on that.

He turns and sweeps downstairs to leave - followed by LEGASSIK and then PATIENCE.

We stay on MARY shocked and sickened by what she's just done; lied to the law to defend criminals. Her moral compass is sorely broken.

76

EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5

76

The sound of horses as BASSATT and LEGASSIK ride away, but we're on JOSS as he emerges from his hiding place in the stables, PATIENCE already relaying the good news.

MARY joins them outside, and PATIENCE beams and slips her arm around MARY's waist -

PATIENCE

Thank you Mary. You're my little
lamb. 'Cause my Jossey, he's a good

*

JOSS

You're one of us now, Mary.

He's pleased about it, he's bringing her down from her judgement and onto his own level.

JOSS (CONT'D)

One of us.

*
*

