

FINAL SCRIPT
(CORRECTED)

"THE EXPERT"

'A Family Affair'

by

Michael S. Bird

Agents: Fraser & Dunlop Scripts Ltd.,
91 Regent Street,
London, W.1.

"THE EXPERT"

'A Family Affair'

CAST

HARDY	+ Film
SUSAN	+ Film
ANNE KYNESTON	+ Film
MRS. KYNESTON	+ Film
PATRICK HAWKES	
MARTIN JESSELL	+ Film
GERALD KYNESTON	
HUGH BOWDEN	
DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR LEWIS	
POLICE SUPERINTENDENT	
OLD MAN ON BEACH	Film only
CASHIER	
FIRST FORESTER	Film only
 <u>Non-speaking</u>	
POLICEWOMAN	
CHAUFFEUR	Film only
MORTUARY ATTENDANT	
PHOTOGRAPHER	
SECOND FORESTER	Film only
MESSENGER	
+ EXTRAS	

SETS

LIVING ROOM/STUDY, HARDY'S HOUSE

LABORATORY, HARDY'S HOUSE

SITTING ROOM, ANNE KYMBESTON'S COTTAGE

GAMING ROOM AND RECESS BAR, ANTEC CLUB

EXAMINATION ROOM, MORTUARY

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR LEWIS'S OFFICE

ROOM, MOUNTAIN CHALET

TELECINE

Ext. A Beach. Day

Ext. Mortuary. Day/Night

Ext. Hardy's House. Day

Ext. Cottage. Day

Ext. Sea Front. Day

Ext. A London Street. Day

Ext. A Mountain Road, High Savoy, France. Day

Ext. A Mountain Chalet. Day

"THE EXPERT"

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SUPPOSE CAM: Opening
Titles

FADE IN:

TELECINE 1:

a) Ext. A Beach. Day

The following sequence might have to be wholly re-written to suit the chosen location. It is based on a half-forgotten memory of the beach at West Wittering and is probably inaccurate.

In choosing a suitable location the Director should look for a credible place where a dead body could have been washed during a storm, trapped amongst sand and weeds, and successively covered by tides, so that by the time it is found it has almost completely decomposed but the artifacts - watch, ring, etc. - are still on it and in the sand around it.

The sequence concerns an elderly man, - not a tramp or a deadbeat - a respectable PENSIONER collecting driftwood to use as kindling for

his fire. He collects it in a canvas sack but he is also interested in interesting shells and marine life.

His progress along the beach is followed by the camera until he comes to the spot where the body is almost completely covered by sand.

He finds a watch or a ring and is suddenly interested. He scratches around in the sand until he uncovers a piece of sleeve. He pulls it out and sees a hand. He is horrified. He uncovers a little more and sees the skull. He leaves his bag of driftwood and runs off across the sand.

CUT TO:

b) Ext. Mortuary,
Walihaven. Day

A gleaming Daimler limousine is drawn up at the kerb outside the building.

ANGLE ON A NOTICE-
BOARD BY THE
ENTRANCE

It reads: Walihaven
Dorough Council.
Public Mortuary.

END TELECINE 1.

On to page 6.

1. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, MORTUARY. DAY

MRS

(~~THE~~ KYNESTON, A HANDSOME, WELL DRESSED WOMAN IN HER LATE FIFTIES WITH IMMACULATELY COIFFURED GRAYING HAIR AND THE BEARING AND MANNER OF SOMEONE WHO RECOGNISES THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN SOCIETY AND ACKNOWLEDGES THE JUSTNESS OF THE ARRANGEMENT, IS STANDING AT A TABLE ON WHICH ARE LYING A ROTTED JACKET, A SHIRT AND A PAIR OF TROUSERS, SIMILARLY DECAYED; A SHREDDED AND FADED CLUB TIE STILL TIGHTLY KNOTTED AND ONE CRACKED AND WARPED MOCCASIN STYLE LEATHER SHOE. SET OUT ON THE TABLE BESIDE THE CLOTHING ARE A SALT ENCRUSTED WALLET, OPEN AND WITH THREE OR FOUR PLASTIC CREDIT CARDS STILL INTACT IN THE SLOTS IN IT, A GOLD ST. CHRISTOPHER ON A CHAIN, A GOLD IDENTITY BRACELET AND A SIGNET RING.

MRS

ALONGSIDE ~~THE~~ KYNESTON IS HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, ~~THE~~ ANNE.

ANNE KYNESTON IS THIRTY-ONE, SLIM AND ATTRACTIVE. HER EXPRESSION IS SET AND RESOLUTE DESPITE THE FACT THAT SHE IS UNDER CONSIDERABLE EMOTIONAL STRAIN.

THE TWO WOMEN STAND SIDE BY SIDE BUT IT IS AS IF TO EACH OF THEM THE OTHER IS NOT THERE. THEY ARE SEPARATED BY A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN TWO FEET OF SPACE.

FACING THEM ACROSS
THE TABLE IS A
UNIFORMED POLICE
SUPERINTENDENT AND
A POLICEWOMAN IS
ON DUTY ALONGSIDE
THE DOOR. ~~STANDING~~
~~DISCREETLY TO THE~~
~~REAR OF THE TWO~~
~~WOMEN AND CLOSE TO~~
~~THE DOOR IS SIR~~
~~FREDERICK NYLANDS,~~
~~A WELL-PRESERVED~~
~~AND DISTINGUISHED~~
~~LOOKING MAN IN HIS~~
~~EARLY FIFTIES.~~

~~THE~~ ANNE KYNSTON
IS HOLDING A GOLD
WRISTWATCH ATTACHED
TO AN EXPANDING
BRACELET. HER EYES
ARE LOWERED BUT SHE
IS NOT REALLY
LOOKING AT THE
WATCH)

ANNE
(QUIETLY AND FLATLY)

Yes, this is my husband's wristwatch.
I gave it to him on our fifth wedding
anniversary. There is an inscription
on the back of it.

SUPERINTENDENT
(QUOTING)

"To Gerald. With all my love and
thanks. Anne".

(ANNE NODS BUT DOES
NOT LOOK UP)

MRS
~~THE~~ KYNSTON
(INDICATING THE OBJECTS
ON THE TABLE)

I can confirm the fact, Superintendent.
All of these things belong.....
(CORRECTING HERSELF) belonged to my
son.

SUPERINTENDENT

And the clothes?

(AGAIN ANNE NODS)

ANNE

As far as I can tell.

SUPERINTENDENT
(SINCERELY)

I am very sorry, ^{MRS KYNESTON.} Lady Anne. (TO MRS.
~~MRS~~ KYNESTON) ^{Lady Kyneston.}
^{ENIOR} Madam.

(ANNE DOES NOT
ACKNOWLEDGE HIS
CONDOLENCE. ~~MRS~~ MRS
KYNESTON NODS
GRACIOUSLY)

^{MRS}
~~MRS~~ KYNESTON

Thank you. But at least the agony
of not knowing for certain is over.
There is no doubt left now. (TO
ANNE BUT STILL WITHOUT LOOKING AT
HER) Isn't that so, Anne, my dear.

(ANNE LAYS THE WATCH
GENTLY FACE DOWN ONTO
THE TABLE AND THEN
SLOWLY RAISES HER
HEAD. FOR THE FIRST
TIME THE TWO WOMEN
LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER.

^{MRS} ~~MRS~~ KYNESTON'S
EXPRESSION IS RESOLUTE
AND VERY SLIGHTLY
CHALLENGING. ANNE
HOLDS HER GAZE FOR A
SECOND OR TWO AND
THEN, AS IF MASTERED
BY IT, TURNS HER HEAD
AWAY AND LOOKS DOWN
AT THE TABLE ONCE MORE)

^{MRS}
~~MRS~~ KYNESTON
(TO THE SUPERINTENDENT)

Is there anything further you require
of me, Superintendent?

SUPERINTENDENT

No thank you, Mrs. Kyneston. I just need your daughter-in-law to make the formal identification. Thank you for coming. I know what an ordeal it must have been. For both of you.

(MRS. KYNESTON TURNS TO ANNE)

MRS. KYNESTON

I'll wait for you, shall I?

(ANNE DOES NOT LOOK UP)

ANNE
(DULLY)

No, please don't.

(MRS. KYNESTON STUDIES HER FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN, WITH A NOD TO THE SUPERINTENDENT, TURNS AND CROSSES TO THE DOOR. THE POLICE-WOMAN OPENS THE DOOR FOR HER AND SHE EXITS.

ON ANNE

SHE PICKS UP THE SIGNET RING FROM THE TABLE AND GAZES AT IT)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. A Street In
Mayfair, London. Night

STOCK shot.

END TELECINE 2.

ANTIC

2. EXT. ~~RECORDED~~ CLUB. NIGHT

(WE ARE CLOSE ON A DISCREET AND HIGHLY POLISHED BRASS PLATE ATTACHED TO THE WALL BESIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLUB. ENGRAVED ON THE PLATE ARE THE WORDS: "~~RECORDED~~ CLUB".

ANTIC

WE HAVE TRAFFIC SOUNDS OVER)

ANTIC

3. INT. GAMING ROOM AND BAR, ~~RECORDED~~ CLUB. NIGHT

(IN THE TASTEFULLY AND EXPENSIVELY FURNISHED AND DECORATED GAMING ROOM GAMES OF ROULETTE, CHEMIN DE FER, TWENTY-ONE AND CRAPS ARE IN PROGRESS AND THE TABLES ARE CROWDED WITH PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS, ALL IN EVENING DRESS.

WE FOLLOW ONE OF THE CLUB'S SENIOR CASHIERS ACROSS THE ROOM TO A BAR RECESS ON THE FAR SIDE. THE CASHIER HAS A FOLDED CHEQUE HELD UNOSTENTATIOUSLY IN THE PALM OF HIS RIGHT HAND.

IN THE BAR HE APPROACHES A TABLE AT WHICH PATRICK HAWKES IS SITTING WITH MARTIN JESSELL. HESSEL IS THIRTY-FOUR, HAWKES SIX YEARS HIS SENIOR. BOTH MEN HAVE THE EASY ASSURANCE OF WEALTH AND INFLUENCE)

JESSELL

Thank God it's all over. At last!

HAWKES
(QUIETLY)

Amen.

(THE EDVERING CASHIER
CATCHES HIS EYE AND
HAWKES TURNS IN HIS
CHAIR TO HIM)

What is it, Alec?

(THE CASHIER MOVES
IN CLOSER)

CASHIER
(IN A LOW VOICE)

This cheque, sir. Will you okay it?

(HE HANDS THE CHEQUE
TO HAWKES)

It's for quite a large sum and the
gentleman has only recently become
a member.

(HAWKES SCANS THE
CHEQUE, NODS AND
HANDS IT BACK TO
THE CASHIER)

HAWKES

Yes, that's all right. He's good for
a hell of a sight more than that.

CASHIER

Thank you, Mr. Hawkes. It's just
that being a new member I thought
it best to check with you first.

HAWKES

Right, Alec. But no problem there.
Losing steadily is he?

CASHIER

Monotonously.

(HAWKES GRINS)

HAWKES

That's what I like to hear.

(THE CASHIER MOVES
AWAY AND HAWKES
TURNS BACK TO HIS
COMPANION AND PICKS
UP HIS GLASS FROM
THE TABLE)

JESSELL

When will the funeral be held?

HAWKES

Depends on his wife, but very soon
I should imagine. She won't want to
hang about.

JESSELL

There should be a wreath from the
Club don't you think? I mean, well,
Gerald was practically a founder member.

(HAWKES NODS)

HAWKES

I'll take care of it. There'll be
an inquest.

JESSELL

But that's only a formality, isn't it?
I mean, suicide while the balance of
the mind, etc. etc.

HAWKES

Probably.

JESSELL

How's Mrs. Kyneston bearing up?

HAWKES

As you'd expect. Relieved it's all over.

JESSELL.

And the wife?

(ON HAWKES
HE TREMORS SLIGHTLY)

HAWKES

I'm not sure.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Hardy's House.

Day

ANNE KYNESTON drives up in a Mini.

She gets out of the car. She is clearly tense and nervous. She studies the house for a few seconds and then moves to the front door and rings the bell.

END TELECINE 3.

On to page 13

4. INT. LIVING ROOM/STUDY, HARDY'S
HOUSE. DAY

(AS SUSAN BARLETT
USHERS ~~MISS~~ ANNE KYNESTON
INTO THE ROOM.)

~~MISS~~ ANNE IS VERY
NICE ON EDGE)

SUSAN

I'm sorry, ^{Ms} ~~Miss~~ Kyneston, but I can't
say definitely when Doctor Hardy will
be back. Tonight perhaps. Maybe not
until tomorrow morning. He's in
Oxford today. Lecturing.

(~~MISS~~ ANNE LOOKS AT
HER NEARLY)

He's there quite a bit during term.

(~~MISS~~ ANNE STILL
DOESN'T UNDERSTAND)

He's a Fellow of Vinton College.
He lectures in Forensic Medicine.

ANNE

Oh, I see. But he still works as a
Pathologist, doesn't he? I was
told he did.

SUSAN

Oh yes. For the Inner London
Cercner, ~~London~~.

(~~MISS~~ ANNE BROWNS
A LITTLE)

ANNE

No, that's not what I meant. What
I mean is he does do..... well,
freelance work I suppose you'd call
it. A private individual can retain
his services if that's the right
expression?

SUSAN
(CAUTIOUSLY)

Yes, he certainly takes on private work from time to time. If the problem involved really interests him. But he's a very busy man.

(~~THE~~ ANNE CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND GAZES OUT INTO THE GARDEN)

ANNE

I imagine he is. He's one of the best forensic scientists in the country, isn't he?

(SUSAN SMILES)

SUSAN

One of the very best.

ANNE

As we're almost neighbours it seemed natural to come to him. (SHE TURNS TO SUSAN AND SEES HER QUESTIONING LOOK) I have a country cottage at Offord. On part of the Kyneston Estate.

(SHE CROSSES QUICKLY TO SUSAN AND HER TONE BECOMES URGENT)

It's very important that I see Doctor Hardy. I have to speak to him.

SUSAN

May I ask what you want to speak to him about? My name's Susan Bartlett. I'm the doctor's secretary. When I tell him you called he'll want to know why.

(~~THE~~ ANNE STUDIES HER FOR A MOMENT OR TWO BEFORE DECIDING TO TAKE HER INTO HER CONFIDENCE. THEN SHE TURNS AND MOVES SLOWLY BACK TO THE WINDOW AGAIN)

ANNE

Yesterday a body was found on a beach near Wailhaven.

SUSAN

Yes, I read about it in the evening papers. I'm very sorry.

ANNE

(WITHOUT TURNING)

Why? Why do you say that? Why are you sorry?

(SUSAN IS SURPRISED
AND TAKEN ABACK BY
THIS)

SUSAN

(GROPING FOR WORDS)

Because..... Well, because.....

ANNE

(INTERRUPTING)

Because you also read in the newspaper that I'd identified the body as being that of my husband.

SUSAN

Yes.

ANNE

As usual the Press haven't got all their facts right. The body has been in sea water for a very long time. There isn't enough left of it to be recognisable. All I could do was identify the things that were found on it as belonging to my husband. And because of that and because my mother-in-law the police are satisfied. (SHE SWINGS ROUND ON SUSAN) But I'm not. My husband is still alive. I'm certain of that.

(CLOSE ON ~~ANNE~~ ANNE)

Whoever body it is it isn't Gerald's. And I want Dr. Hardy to help me prove that.

5. INT. RECESS IN GAMING ROOM, RESERVE
CLUB. NIGHT

(SCENE AS BEFORE.
GAMING GOING ON.
HAWKES OVERLOOKING
ONE OF THE TABLES.
ALEC CALLS HIM TO THE
PHONE. HE MOVES TO
RECESS AND TAKES IT)

HAWKES
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Hawkes..... Who?..... What?
Are you out of your mind ringing me
here?..... Yes, it was. Six
o'clock news..... We don't
know but we think so. Listen....
don't ring me again. As soon as I
can I'm going to send Jessell.....
Yes, I will..... Yes.....
Yes. Be patient and wait.

(HAWKES HANGS UP,
LOOKS AROUND HIM AND
THEN MOVES BACK TO
GAMING TABLE. HE
PUTS ON HIS RELAXED
FACE)

6. INT. MOUNTAIN CHALET. NIGHT

(A SHAKING HAND RETURNS
A TELEPHONE TO ITS
CRADLE. THE HAND,
STILL SHAKING, MOVES
TO A WHISKEY BOTTLE
AND POURS OUT A LARGE
MEASURE. WE DO NOT
SEE THE MAN WHO POURS)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hardy's House. Day

The following morning.

SUSAN BARTLETT crosses from her parked car and lets herself in.

HARDY's car is drawn up outside the garage.

END TELECINE 4.

7. INT. LABORATORY, HARDY'S HOUSE. DAY

(WE OPEN ON A SECTION OF ANIMAL SKIN TISSUE AS SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

NOW WE SEE HARDY SITTING AT HIS BENCH STUDYING THE SECTION. HE LOOKS UP FROM THE MICROSCOPE AND MAKES A NOTE ON A PAD LYING BESIDE HIM. ALSO ON THE BENCH IS HARDY'S BREAKFAST, A CUP OF COFFEE AND A PLATE ON WHICH THERE IS TOAST, BUTTER AND MARMALADE.

DEEP IN THOUGHT, HARDY TAKES A SIP OF COFFEE AND THEN SPREADS BUTTER AND MARMALADE ONTO A SEGMENT OF TOAST. WITH THE TOAST IN ONE HAND HE PEERS INTO THE MICROSCOPE AGAIN.

SUSAN ENTERS. SHE IS CARRYING THE MORNING POST AND A COPY OF THE 'TIMES'. HARDY DOES NOT LOOK UP)

SUSAN

Good morning.

HARDY
(HIS ATTENTION ON THE SLIDE)

'Morning.

SUSAN

How was the lecture?

HARRY

Brilliant!

(HE REACHES FOR HIS
CUP AND HOOPS TOWARDS
THE LETTERS)

Anything interesting?

SUSAN

Bills mostly. A couple marked
Personal.

(DROPPING THE REST OF
THE LETTERS DOWN
ONTO THE BENCH AND
PICKS UP A COPY OF THE
'TIMES' IN HER
OTHER HAND SHE GROSSES
TO HARRY AND GIVES
HIM ONE TWO LETTERS.
HE SCANS THE ENVELOPES)

HARRY

(DISAPPOINTED)

This one's from the College. Probably
a reminder that I haven't paid my
wine account. And this one's from a
damned Frenchman who won't take no
for an answer.

(HE TOSSES THE LETTERS
ONTO THE BENCH AND
DRINKS FROM HIS CUP)

SUSAN

You had a visitor yesterday.

HARRY

Oh! Who?

SUSAN

Mrs. Kyneston.

(HARDY IS INTERESTED)

HARDY

Kyneston?

SUSAN

The body found on the beach the day before yesterday.

HARDY

Oh yes. I heard it on the news.

SUSAN

The Kynestons are the sort of hereditary Lords of the Manor of this area. Did you know that?

HARDY

I have heard something about it. Mrs. Kyneston is somewhat formidable I believe.

SUSAN

Yes, so they say. But this was the young one. Anne. The dead man's wife.

HARDY

What did she want?

SUSAN

According to her it's not her husband's body.

(HARDY RAISES HIS EYEBROWS IN SURPRISE)

HARDY

But she identified it.

SUSAN

Her story is that she didn't. Just the things that were found on it.

HARDY

There wouldn't have been much else to go on. Not if he killed himself shortly after he disappeared which is obviously the case. That was nearly a year ago.

(SUSAN STRUGGS)

SUSAN

She's very adamant about it.

HARDY

The police don't appear to have any doubts.

SUSAN

No. And neither does Gerald Kyneston's mother apparently.

HARDY

Open and shut then. So what does the wife want from me?

SUSAN

An independent examination I gather.

HARDY

On what basis?

SUSAN

From what she said on nothing more than a feeling on her part.

HARDY

Then I'm glad I wasn't here. At least this way she's only wasted her own time. And yours.

SUSAN

It doesn't interest you?

HARDY

Hardly. The police don't just jump to conclusions. All the proper tests will have been carried out. Especially in this particular case. They'll have needed to be very sure of themselves. And if the mother's satisfied. (HE SHRUGS) It would take more than some vague feeling on the part of an hysterical widow for me to become involved.

SUSAN

She was far from hysterical. Tense. Under a great strain. But very rational.

HARDY

She impressed you?

SUSAN

Enough for me to listen to what she had to say.

(HARDY PUTS BUTTER
AND MARMALADE ON
TO ANOTHER PIECE
OF TOAST)

HARDY

Well that's something I suppose. At least she got a sympathetic hearing. That would've helped. And I could have done no more for her than that.

(SUDDENLY SUSPICIOUS
HE SHOOTS A LOOK AT
SUSAN)

I hope you told her that there is nothing I can do.

(ON SUSAN)

SUSAN
(BLANDLY)

No. I just suggested that she come back again today. Around four.

7. INT. LIVING ROOM/STUDY, HARDY HOUSE. DAY

(WE OPEN CLOSE ON
HARDY)

HARDY

Facts, Mrs. Kyneston! That's what I'm guided by in any decision that I make. I'm a scientist. There's no other way I can work.

(NOW WE SEE THAT SUSAN AND ANNE KYNESTON ARE SITTING IN ARMCHAIRS. ON A LOW TABLE BETWEEN THEM IS A TRAY ON WHICH THERE IS A TEA POT, MILK JUG AND SUGAR BOWL, ETC. ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF EACH OF THE WOMEN IS A CUP AND SAUCER.

HARDY IS STANDING BY THE WINDOW FACING ANNE. HE HAS HIS CUP AND SAUCER IN HIS HANDS)

HARDY (CONTD.)

Knowing that you were coming here today I checked back through my file of press outtings. Just to refresh my memory. So let's examine the facts as they are presented to us now, shall we?

(HE SIPS HIS TEA)

Fact. A little less than a year ago, at about one thirty in the morning, a man named Alan Dwyer was killed in his house in Mayfair. Fact. Two witnesses later identified the

HARDY (CONTD.)

the person they saw running from the house shortly before Dwyer's body was found as being your husband, Gerald Kyneston. Fact. Your husband's fingerprints were found at the scene of the murder and on the murder weapon, a knife. Later the sameday Gerald Kyneston booked into an hotel in Wallhaven under a false name. At around seven thirty in the evening he left the hotel telling the receptionist that he was going for a stroll. He never returned. All attempts by the police to trace him in this country and abroad came to nothing. He had vanished. And then, the day before yesterday, a body was found in a spot consistent with the local tides and currents. Right?

ANNE

As you say, facts, Doctor Hardy.

HARDY

Which you don't dispute?

ANNE

The facts, no. The interpretation of them, yes.

HARDY

An interpretation made by a Coroner's jury. On that evidence and on testimony which revealed that there was bad blood between your husband and Dwyer, and that they had quarrelled publicly on the night of Dwyer's death, they brought in a verdict of murder and named Gerald Kyneston as the murderer.

ANNE

Oh for heaven's sake stop it. I know all that. There is nothing I can do about that. Nothing you can do. Nothing any of us can do. Gerald killed Dwyer, though whether it was murder or something else only he could tell us. But that thing I saw yesterday was not the body of my husband. That's what I want you to deal with..... nothing to do with his trial.

HARDY

I am making sure of my facts.

ANNE

I have a fact. I know my husband.

HARDY

You know your husband.

ANNE

Know him. Know when I am in his presence. Know when he walks into a room. Feel him in the air I breathe.

HARDY

There was clothing on the body. Was it his?

ANNE

Yes.

HARDY

And the other things they found?

ANNE

The ring, the watch, the wallet, everything..... all his. But it was not him.

HARDY

The pathologist?

ANNE

Doctor Bowden.

HARDY

He's a first rate man. He explained to you about decomposition in the sea?

ANNE

Yes. Of course it's unrecognisable. To everybody but me. But I recognised it. I recognised it as not being Gerald.

HARDY

O dear. And on as slender a thread as that you want to retain me to prove you are right and all the evidence and expert opinion is wrong.

ANNE

Yes, Doctor Hardy, despite everything. That is exactly what I want.

HARDY

Did you tell the police how you feel?

ANNE

Yes.

HARDY

And what was their reaction?

ANNE

The same as yours. That the facts speak for themselves.

HARDY

They're right. And they're in a far better position to judge than I am.

ANNE

Only they went further and questioned my motive for saying such a thing.

HARDY

Understandably.

ANNE

They think I am a devoted wife unable to face up to the reality of her husband's death. But that's certainly not the case. The facts are that Gerald and I are far from devoted. Oh I love him but I've always recognised him for what he is. There were other women in his life and I knew it. We'd lived apart for two years. But we're still very close. As strange as it may seem closer even than most happily married couples. I could accept his death with a fair degree of equanimity if there were more evidence than there is now. And if, deep inside me, I felt that it was true. But there isn't and I don't. Gerald is still alive. Of that fact I haven't the slightest doubt.

(CLOSE ON HARDY)

HARDY
(GENTLY)

Mrs Kynston,

Well, be that as it may, I'm sorry, ~~but I can't~~ but I'm afraid I can't help you. The local Coroner has absolute powers in these matters. I very much doubt that he could be convinced that there was any cause for me to interfere. And, speaking bluntly, from what you've told me, I can see no reason for my doing so. If I did I'm quite sure nothing would come of it which would give you any comfort or satisfaction.

8. INT. GAMING ROOM, ^{ANTIC} ~~NEEDS~~ CLUB. NIGHT

(MARTIN JESSELL IS STANDING ON THE OUTER EDGE OF A GROUP OF ONLOOKERS WATCHING THE PLAY AT ONE OF THE CHEMIN-DE-FER TABLES.

A FROWNING PATRICK HAWKES APPROACHES AND DRAWS JESSELL A LITTLE WAY AWAY FROM THE GROUP)

HAWKES
(CONFIDENTIALLY)

About Gerald. We could have a problem. I've just had a telephone call. It appears that the wife is being difficult.

(CLOSE ON JESSELL
HE LOOKS WORRIED)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hardy's House. Day

Establishing shot.

END TELECINE 5.

9. INT. LABORATORY, HARDY'S HOUSE. DAY

(HARDY IS AT THE BENCH
DRAWING OFF SOME FLUID
FROM A BEAKER INTO A
FIPETTE. HE RELEASES
A FEW DROPS OF THE
FLUID INTO EACH OF
SEVERAL TEST TUBES IN
A RACK IN FRONT OF HIM.

SUSAN IS SITTING AT
HER DESK TYPING A
REPORT AND EVERY NOW
AND THEN CROSS
CHECKING SOME REFERENCE
AGAINST A CARD INDEX
IN A BOX TO ONE SIDE
OF HER TYPEWRITER.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.
SUSAN PICKS IT UP)

SUSAN
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Three two one nine..... (SHE GLANCES
ACROSS AT HARDY) Yes, but he's very
busy at the moment..... I see.
Who is speaking please?.....
(HER EXPRESSION BECOMES ONE OF
SURPRISE) Would you hold on a moment?

(SHE LOWERS THE TELEPHONE
AND COVERS THE MOUTHPIECE
WITH HER HAND)

It's ^{MW} ~~the~~ Kyneston. She says it's
very important.

(HARDY STARES, TURNS TO
HER AND STARES HELPLESSLY)

SUSAN (CONTD.)

No, you're all right. It's Mrs.
Kyneston senior.

(PUZZLED, HARDY FROWNS.
HE CROSSES TO THE
DESK AND TAKES THE
TELEPHONE)

HARDY
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Doctor Hardy.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Hardy's House. Day

ANGLE ON A UNIFORMED
CHAUFFEUR

Cleaning the windscreen
of the Daimler we saw
earlier outside the
mortuary at Wallhaven.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing that the
limousine is parked
outside the front
door of Hardy's house.

END TELECINE 6.

10. INT. LIVING ROOM/STUDY, HARDY'S
HOUSE. DAY

(HAVING JUST SHOWN
MRS. KYNESTON INTO
THE ROOM, HARDY
CLOSES THE DOOR AND
THEN CROSSES TO HIS
VISITOR)

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON
(WITH A GRACIOUS SMILE)

It's good of you to see me at such short notice, Doctor Hardy.

HARDY

Not at all, ^{MRS}~~MISS~~ Kyneston. My pleasure. And you did say it was important.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

It is.

HARDY

Do please sit down.

^{MRS}
(~~MISS~~ KYNESTON SITS IN
ONE OF THE ARMCHAIRS)

May I offer you a glass of sherry, or something?

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

No thank you, Doctor. I know you are a very busy man so I shall come straight to the point. Firstly I'd like to apologise.

HARDY

Apologise! For what?

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

For my daughter-in-law. She shouldn't have bothered you. She did come to see you yesterday, didn't she?

(HARDY ~~BROWS~~)

HARDY

Yes.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

That was very stupid of her.

HARDY

Not necessarily. If you are looking for help surely you should always go to those best qualified to give it. May I ask how you know about her visit?

MRS
 KYNESTON

She told me what she was planning on doing.

HARDY

I see.

MRS
 KYNESTON

Naturally I disapproved. Strongly. But she wouldn't listen to me. She never has. She should not have troubled you but I'm afraid that Anne is a very neurotic woman, Doctor Hardy.

HARDY

I'm not qualified to give an opinion on that. She is obviously a young woman under considerable stress.

MRS
 KYNESTON

We are all of us under considerable stress. We have been since my son first disappeared a year ago. The prying and publicity which started then, and which is back with us now, was almost unbearable. But no-one else retreated into a world of fantasy. And it's all so pointless. All she has succeeded in doing is cause further distress to me, to those others who knew and loved my son, and to herself. Did she tell you, for instance, that despite the fact the Coroner has issued a burial order, she absolutely refuses to make arrangements for the funeral.

HARDY

No. She did not mention that.

MRS
 KYNESTON

It is intolerable. My son's body should be laid decently to rest. I presume she asked you to carry out an independent post mortem on the remains.

HARDY

Yes.

MRS
 KYNESTON

And what was your answer?

HARDY

She hasn't told you!

MRS
 KYNESTON

No. I haven't seen or spoken to her since. But Gerald was my son. Under the circumstances you'll hardly be betraying a confidence.

HARDY

Probably not.

MRS
 KYNESTON

Then please tell me what you said to her.

HARDY

Very well. I told her that as the police are satisfied, and bearing in mind all the circumstances, I could see no point in my becoming involved.

MRS
 KYNESTON

And that is your final decision?

HARDY

Forgive me, *Mrs* Kyneston. I am a scientist. A final decision is the mark of a closed mind.

MRS. KYNESTON

I understand.

HARDY

Will you answer a question for me?

MRS. KYNESTON

Of course.

HARDY

Can you think of any valid reason why your daughter-in-law should feel the way she does?

MRS. KYNESTON

None whatever. On the contrary. With the establishment of my son's death she and my two grandchildren will inherit a quite considerable fortune. Anne's future is considerably more secure now than it was two days ago.

HARDY

And have you any doubt in your own mind that the body is not your son's?

MRS. KYNESTON

No, Doctor Hardy. No doubt at all. If there was don't you think I would have seized on it just as recklessly as Anne has done? I loved my son very much. I would have given and done anything to keep him alive. To have him here now.

HARDY

In prison?

MRS. KYNESTON

Under happier circumstances I meant. There was never any question of Gerald going to prison. That's one of the reasons why I have no doubt about his death. Ours is a very proud family, Doctor. And with cause. It's a family with traditions and a code of conduct which has been handed down and observed through many generations. The Kynestons don't pay for their mistakes as other people do.

(SHE STANDS UP AND MOVES
OVER TO THE WINDOW AND
GAZES OUT INTO THE GARDEN)

Gerald was my only child. He was wild and often irresponsible. He made a bad marriage against my advice and later bitterly regretted it. But he stood by his obligations to that marriage and never once tried to shake them off. It's been said that he kept dubious company but his friends were always very loyal to him and considerate to me. I no longer question that he killed the man Dwyer. The evidence points too strongly to his guilt. And the fact that Dwyer was a blackguard, a cheat and a liar is, I realize, no defence in a court of law. But whatever faults Gerald may have had, he was a Kyneston. And knowing himself to be guilty of such a crime he would have chosen the only truly honourable way out of the situation that was open to him. And in doing so know that I would respect him for it.

HARDY

The way he did choose.

MRS. KYNESTON

Yes. The Kyneston way. (SHE MAKES A
MOVE TO LEAVE) Doctor Hardy, I thank
you for giving me your time.

HARDY

It has been my pleasure.

(HARDY ESCORTS HER TO
THE DOOR WHERE MRS.
KYNESTON HESITATES
AND TURNS TO HIM AGAIN)

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

I understand you have connections
with Vinton College?

HARDY

I lecture there. It's my old college.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

As it was my husband's.

HARDY

Is that so.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

Perhaps, when this is all over, you
might like to visit me at The Hall.
It has long been in my mind to settle
a sum of money on the College in his
memory but I need expert advice as
to how it might best be placed. I'm
sure that you could help me decide.

HARDY

Forgive me, ^{Mrs} ~~Miss~~ Kyneston, but I would
first need to know the sum involved.
There is the world of difference
between a new laboratory block and
books for the library.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

As I say, Doctor Hardy, when this
business is settled we could talk
about it. Then perhaps you could
suggest a sum.

HARDY
(TAKING HER OFFERED HAND
AND BOWING OVER IT)

I will discuss it with the Master of
the College.

~~MRS~~ KYMBESTON

Please do. Well, goodbye for now.

HARDY

I'll see you out.

~~MRS~~ KYMBESTON

Thank you.

TELESCINE 7:

Ext. Hardy's House. Day

Looking thoughtful,
HARDY stands on the
doorstep and waves.

HIS POV

The Daimler pulling
away.

ON HARDY

He frowns angrily.

END TELESCINE 7.

11. INT. SITTING ROOM/STUDY, HARDY'S
HOUSE. DAY

(SUSAN IS PUTTING SOME
WORKS OF REFERENCE
BACK ONTO THE BOOKSHELF.

WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR
SLAM AND THEN HARDY
STORMS INTO THE ROOM.
HE IS VERY ANGRY AND
MAKING NO ATTEMPT TO
HIDE IT.

PUZZLED AND CONCERNED,
SUSAN WATCHES AS HE
STUMPS ACROSS THE
ROOM AND SNATCHES UP
THE LOCAL TELEPHONE
DIRECTORY)

-22-

HARDY
(LEAFING FURIOUSLY
THROUGH THE DIRECTORY)

If people must be devious they should
at least be subtle about it.

(SUSAN CROSSES TO HIM)

SUSAN

What happened?

HARDY

I was given a lesson on the ethics
of the English squirearchy and then
bought off with a carrot for the
college.

(IT IS TOO DENSE TO
EVEN COPE WITH THE
DIRECTORY)

Oh hell!

(HE THROWS THE
DIRECTORY INTO
SUSAN'S HANDS)

You find it.

SUSAN

What are you looking for?

(HARDY GIVES HER AN
IRRITABLE LOOK WHICH
CLEARLY SUGGESTS THAT
SHE SHOULDN'T NEED TO
ASK SUCH A QUESTION)

HARDY

Anno Kyneston's telephone number in
Oxford.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Anne Kyneston's
Cottage. Day

'Cottage' is something of a misnomer but the attractive house is a compact as well as an expensive property.

HARDY'S car is parked in the drive.

END TELECINE 3.

12. INT. BEDROOM DOOR, ANNE KYNESTON'S
COTTAGE. DAY

(THE ROOM IS TASTEFULLY FURNISHED IN A HOMELY STYLE; WARMEDY AND FRESHFUL.

WE OPEN ON A FRAMED PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH OF GERALD KYNESTON, A MAN IN HIS MID THIRTIES WITH A HANDSOME BUT WEAK FACE AND A BOYISH SMILE)

ANNE (OVER)

What made you change your mind, Doctor Hardy?

(ANNE IS STANDING BY THE FIREPLACE; HARDY IS CASTING AN INQUISSITIVE EYE OVER THE BOOKS IN A SHELVED RECESS. ON THE MANTELPIECE BEHIND ANNE ARE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS OF HER CHILDREN; A BOY OF ABOUT SEVEN AND A GIRL A YEAR OR SO OLDER)

HARRY

I haven't changed my mind.

ANNIE

Then why did you telephone? Why are you here?

(HARRY LOOKS AT HER)

HARRY

I suddenly find myself very intrigued. Enough to want to ask you some questions.

ANNIE

Such as?

HARRY

Such as, if you're right, and let's suppose for the moment that you are, and it's not your husband's body that was found, then what do you suppose happened to him after he disappeared? How did he manage to vanish so successfully?

ANNIE

That wouldn't have been difficult for him. His friends at the Antic would have rallied round.

HARRY

The Antic?

ANNIE

Yes. The dictionary definition of the word is 'a grotesque posture or trick'. And my God, it fits. The Antic is a gambling club. The gambling club. Only the very best people lose their money there. Gerald made a considerable annual contribution to its profits. But he had some firm friends there. They were his kind. And they obviously liked him too. He was very much part of the inner circle of the club.

FARDY

... when he found himself in serious trouble his friends at the Antic hid him. And they've been hiding him ever since. Is that your theory?

ANNE

Yes.

FARDY

If that's what happened why didn't his friends tell you about it? Your husband would have wanted that surely.

ANNE

Yes, Gerald might. But those who were helping him wouldn't have gone along with that. I was never part of that scene, and never wanted to be. More than once I tried to get him to make a break with the club. And not just because of his losses either. So I'm not exactly popular in that quarter. To them I'm as much of an outsider as I am to his mother.

(SHE TAKES A CIGARETTE FROM A CIGARETTE BOX AND LIGHTS IT)

FARDY

... they wouldn't have trusted you.

ANNE

And with good reason. If I'd known where Gerald was I'd have gone to him and tried to persuade him to give himself up. And that's what I'd do now if I had the slightest idea where to look for him. You see I don't believe he meant to kill Dwyer.

HARDY

You think it was an accident?

ANNE

Of self defence. At worst manslaughter. I'm sure that if he'd told the whole story in court no jury would have convicted him of murder. The most he would've got would've been five or six years in prison.

HARDY

And you'd've been waiting for him when he came out.

ANNE

Of course. I told you, Doctor Hardy, I love my husband. I even think there's a chance we could still make a go of our marriage. It started out all right and it would've gone on that way if other people and other influences hadn't interfered.

HARDY

Your mother-in-law paid me a visit this morning. At her request.

(ANNE ENIGMS)

ANNE

What did she want?

HARDY

She knew you'd been to see me. She was anxious to learn the outcome of our meeting.

(ANNE FOLLS)

ANNE

Yes, she would be. She's afraid.

HARDY

Why?

ANNE

Because she knows the truth. She knows that Gerald's alive. And where he is.

(HARDY SIGES)

HARDY

My dear young lady, you have absolutely no proof of that!

ANNE

No.

HARDY

It's just a suspicion on your part. Another feeling.

ANNE

Yes.

HARDY

Isn't it much more likely that if your husband was still alive, and if his mother really knew that, that she'd be as anxious as you are that he came forward and took his chances in court?

(ANNE SMILES WRYLY)

ANNE

Didn't you know, Doctor? The Kynestons are one of the oldest families in the country. They can trace their ancestry back in a straight line to well before the Norman conquest. They've always had wealth, power and influence. Time and time again they have been offered a title but always declined the honour. They never felt the need for it. They are

ANNIE (CONTD.)

the Kynestons. And for them that's always been honour enough. If anyone knows their place in society the Kynestons do and as they see it it's a very special place. For instance, they consider themselves to be above the law. Or the law as ordinary people know it anyway. They have their own code of conduct. Their own evaluation of what's just and unjust. Their own system of rewards and punishment. Besides, I think that my mother-in-law feels that if Gerald ever stood trial other things could well come out into the open which would discredit the Kyneston name even worse than a charge of murder.

HARDY

What things for instance?

(ANNIE SMILES HELPLESSLY)

ANNIE

I don't know. Again it's just a feeling. But the Antic set aren't inhibited about how and where they take their pleasures. Or how they conduct their business.

HARDY

And how do you account for the things that were found on the body? Those items which you positively identified as belonging to your husband.

ANNIE

They were put on it. So that when it was found everyone would believe that Gerald had committed suicide.

HARDY

So then, again supposing that your theory is correct, that leaves two very important questions to be answered. Whose body is it? And how did the man die?

(ANNE SHAKES HER HEAD)

ANNE

I don't know.

(SHE TURNS AWAY FROM
HIM AND GAZES OUT
OF THE WINDOW)

HARDY

You do realise what you're suggesting, don't you? A criminal conspiracy on an incredible scale. And a second killing. With your husband involved.

(ANNE NODS)

ANNE

Possibly. Although I very much doubt it. (SHE TURNS BACK TO HIM) They would have done it in his name. To protect him. To protect themselves.

HARDY

He'd have to have been an accessory. How else would they have got his clothes, his wristwatch and all the things that you identified?

ANNE

Gerald's a weak man in many ways. And he'd have been very frightened. He would have just done what he was told. That's what I believe. All I know for certain is that that body is not.....

HARDY
(INTERRUPTING)

The body of your husband. Woman's intuition!

ANNIE

Have you never had to deal with it
in your life?

HARDY

Yes I have. My own late wife was
blessed with more than her fair share
of it.

ANNIE

And was she ever wrong?

(HARDY STUDIES HER
INTENSLY AND
THOUGHTFULLY)

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HARDY

Mrs. Kyneston

~~Hardy says~~, I know Hugh Bowden, the pathologist who carried out the examination of your husband's remains. He's an excellent forensic scientist. He won't have made any mistakes. I'm quite sure of that. And I must be honest with you. I'm still not convinced that there's any real reason to doubt the official findings. However.....

(HE SHRUGS)

ANNE
(EAGERLY)

Yes?

(CLOSE ON HARDY)

HARDY

I'll talk to Bowden.

TELECINE 9:

a) Ext. Seafront,
Wallohaven. Day

ANGLE on HARDY'S
car moving through
traffic.

CUT TO:

b) Int. Hardy's Car.
Day

ANGLE ON HARDY

Driving with great
care.

HIS POV

The road, the front
and the sea.

MIX TO:

c) Ext. Mortuary,
Wallhaven. Day

As HARDY's car pulls up outside the building and HARDY gets out and moves towards the entrance.

END TELECINE 2.

13. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, MORTUARY.
DAY

(HUGH BOWDEN, A MAN IN HIS LATE THIRTIES AND WEARING A RUBBER APRON AND SURGICAL GLOVES, IS LAYING OUT THE VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS HE WILL NEED FOR THE POST MORTEM HE'S ABOUT TO CONDUCT.

HARDY IS STANDING WATCHING HIM)

BOWDEN

I'm sorry I can't spare you more time, Doctor Hardy. But, as I explained on the telephone, I have a P.M. to do.

HARDY

I quite understand. And I'm most anxious that you shouldn't think I'm interfering in any way. Or that I have any doubts about your capability. It's just that.....

(HE BREAKS OFF)

BOWDEN
(COMING IN QUICKLY
AND WITH A SMILE)

~~Hardy~~ Anne Kyneston is a very persuasive woman.

HARDY

No. That's not the reason I'm here. It's much more to satisfy my own curiosity.

BOWDEN

Of course it was largely a presumptive identification. Based mainly on the things found on the body. There was precious little else to go on. After almost a year in the sea what remained was mostly skeletal. Because the artefacts were found close by, and in the case of the ring and the watch, still on the bones I believe it was washed in during a storm whilst still largely intact and partially covered by sand. There were a number of gales at roughly that time which would account for it. Succeeding tides have done the rest. And, of course, our old friends the crabs and fishes. There was no hair, no organs, no fingerprints. In fact there is almost no soft tissue of any kind.

HARDY

Height? Bone structure? Estimated weight?

BOWDEN

All tally.

HARDY

Teeth? Any teeth?

BOWDEN

To my mind, the clincher. Dentures. The lower set was still in the mouth. The police checked with Kyneston's dentist. They were part of the set he had made for Kyneston in 1964.

(THE DOOR TO THE EXAMINATION ROOM OPENS AND AN ATTENDANT WHEELS IN A TROLLEY ON WHICH IS LYING A BODY COVERED WITH A SHEET)

HARDY
(APOLOGETICALLY)

Would you mind if I have a look at
the body?

BOWDEN

Not at all. (TO THE ATTENDANT)
Take Doctor Hardy along to the
mortuary and let him see the Kyneston
remains.

(THE ATTENDANT NODS.
BOWDEN TO HARDY)

I'm sorry I can't offer any loopholes.
But I've already been over all this
with ~~her~~ the widow.

(HE SHAKES HIS HEAD
SADLY)

She really has got a bee in her
bonnet, hasn't she?

HARDY

More than that even. An obsession.

BOWDEN

An interesting case. My opinion
after talking to her was that in
her case it's something more than
just a psychological refusal to
accept her husband's death. My
conclusion was that, despite every-
thing, she refuses even to accept
his guilt. Or that she has taken
it on herself.

(HARDY LOOKS AT HIM
THOUGHTFULLY.)

CLOSE ON HARDY)

HARDY

I suppose there is no doubt that it was ~~the~~ Gerald Kyneston who killed Alan Dwyer.

TELECINE 10:

Ext. New Scotland Yard.
Day

Establishing shot.

END TELECINE 10.

14. INT. DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR
LEWIS'S OFFICE, NEW SCOTLAND
YARD. DAY

(WE OPEN CLOSE ON
LEWIS)

LEWIS

Absolutely none, Doctor Hardy. Not
a shadow of a doubt.

(WE NOW SEE LEWIS
STANDING BY A
FILING CABINET
PUTTING A FILE
INTO ONE OF THE
OPEN DRAWERS.

LEWIS IS FORTY-TWO,
A WELL BUILT MAN
WITH A PLEASANT,
OPEN FACE AND THE
BARY BUT PENETRATING
EYES OF A HIGHLY
PROFICIENT DETECTIVE.

HE CLOSSES THE
DRAWER OF THE
FILING CABINET,
CROSSES BACK TO
HIS DESK AND SITS

DOWN. HARDY IS
SEATED IN A
CHAIR OPPOSITE
HIM)

LEWIS (CONTD.)

The evidence against him was cast iron. The two witnesses who saw him running out of the house picked him out immediately when we gave each of them a selection of photographs to choose from. And they both saw the knife in his hand. His prints were on the banister rail and on the inside of the front door of Dwyer's house. We also got a matching set off the handle of the knife. And the blood on the blade was the same group as the dead man. And we proved conclusively that Kyneston was the only other person in the house at the time.

HARDY

His wife thinks it may have been an accident.

(LEWIS SHAKES HIS HEAD)

LEWIS

Not a chance. Not from the angle of the blow and the force of it.

HARDY

Or self defence.

LEWIS

That's a possibility I suppose. One of the witnesses did say that Kyneston looked as if he'd been in a fight and got knocked about a bit. But then Dwyer wouldn't just have let himself be stabbed in the chest, would he? He'd have put up some kind of resistance. No, the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder and I agree with them.

HARDY

A straightforward case.

LEWIS

One of the easiest investigations I've handled. The only thing we haven't been able to establish are his precise movements during the fifteen hours between his being seen coming out of Dwyer's house and his arrival at the hotel in Wallhaven.

HARDY

Any particular significance in his picking Wallhaven?

LEWIS

None as far as I know. I suppose one place is as good as another if you're going to drown yourself.

HARDY

And why drowning? Why not an overdose? Or, even simpler, carbon monoxide poisoning. Either would have been a lot more private. And more in character I'd say.

(LEWIS SHRUGS)

LEWIS

Maybe. But that was the way he chose.

HARDY

And you found no note.

LEWIS

No. But then, as you're well aware, Doctor, more than fifty per cent of suicides don't leave notes.

HARDY

Of course you know that his wife doesn't believe he's dead.

(LEWIS SIGHS WEARILY)

LEWIS

Don't I though. She came here to see me. And she also told me about her theory that his friends are hiding him somewhere.

HARDY

You weren't impressed?

LEWIS

After Kyneston disappeared our first thought was that his friends might have whipped him away somewhere. Vanishing from Wallhaven the way he did was consistent with his having been taken abroad by boat. But that line of enquiry got us nowhere. Have you met any of his Antic Club cronies?

HARDY

No.

LEWIS

Well Patrick Hawkes who's the principal shareholder in the place looks after his own.

HARDY

So I've heard.

LEWIS

And they're a clannish lot. A sort of very select rat pack. When Kyneston dropped out of sight we questioned them all and they closed ranks. They claimed that they'd neither seen nor heard from Kyneston after the time of the murder. And, between them, they vouched for one another's whereabouts and movements on the night of the killing and throughout the following day. They weren't obstructive in any way but, at the same time, none of them was exactly co-operative. That's one reason why we put those of them who were closest to Kyneston under surveillance. And we've kept tabs on them over the past months. But that didn't get us anywhere. Not one of them made any kind of contact that was in any way suspicious or even looked like leading us to Kyneston.

HARDY

Would it have been possible for them to smuggle him over to the Continent say?

LEWIS

I imagine so. They'd have had the time and the means. And the kind of people they are almost all of them will have Swiss bank accounts so they could easily have kept him supplied with money to live on. But if they managed to get him out of the country and stowed away somewhere certainly none of them subsequently made any kind of move that suggested that. And it isn't only us who've been looking for Kyneston this past year. The police in just about every country have been co-operating with us on this. And no Force anywhere has come up with anything other than a few false leads. Anyway, now we know for sure that he didn't make a run for it, don't we?

HARDY

So as far as you're concerned the discovery of the body at Wallhaven is the end of the matter.

LEWIS

Right. Not before time either. And much to my relief. Strictly confidentially, I've been under pressure for quite a while about resolving this enquiry. And not just from upstairs. From several outside quarters.

(HARDY RAISES HIS EYEBROWS)

Well the Kynestons aren't just any family. And the mother isn't without influence.

HARDY

No, indeed. And she would know how to use it. So the case is closed.

(LEWIS NODS)

LEWIS

Good and tight. And when the inquest is resumed and the Coroner brings in a formal verdict that'll wrap it all up very neatly.

TELEPHONE 11:

a) Ext. A London Street.
Day

HARDY's car is parked at the kerb by a telephone box.

ANGLE ON THE TELEPHONE BOX

HARDY is inside dialling a number.

CUT TO:

b) Int. Telephone
Box. Day

The number HARDY dialled is answered and he inserts a ten pence piece into the slot.

HARDY
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Mrs Kyneston?

~~Is it?~~..... It's Doctor Hardy. There's one test which Bowden didn't make. He had no reason to under the circumstances. It's a fairly unusual means of identification. But if the Coroner has no objections I'm sure Bowden will co-operate. Provided I also have your authority.

CUT TO:

c) Ext. A Country Road,
High Savoy, France.
Day

The road leads up through the mountains to a small village.

ANGLE ON A ROAD SIGN

Beneath the name of the Department the sign reads: St. Julien de Gorge.

ANGLE ON A CAR.

As it approaches the sign and passes it.

CAMERA PANS with the car.

CUT TO:

d) Int. The Car. Day

The driver is MARTIN JESSILL.

HIS POV

The outskirts of the mountain village.

CUT TO:

e) Ext. A Mountain
Village. Day

The village consists of not more than a dozen houses.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

As, with the DRIVER changing down to make the climb up the increasing incline of the road, the car passes through the village and out the other side.

CUT TO:

f) Ext. A Mountain
Chalet. Day

The chalet is very isolated and some distance from the village. It is unpretentious and built in the traditional style of the region. Its windows are shuttered and it appears to be unoccupied.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As JESSELL's car comes INTO SHOT and approaches the chalet.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

As it pulls up and MARTIN JESSELL gets out of it. He reaches into the back of the car and brings out a plastic carrier bag which contains two bottles of whiskey and two cartons of English cigarettes.

ANGLE ON JESSELL

He slams the car door, turns from it, looks around cautiously and then crosses towards the chalet.

END TELECINE 11.

- 59a -
15. INT. THE CHALET. DAY

(AS MARTIN JESSELL
ENTERS.)

THE GROUND FLOOR OF
THE CHALET CONSISTS
OF ONE LARGE ROOM
WITH TWO DOORS
OPENING INTO SMALLER
ROOMS OFF. BOTH OF
THESE DOORS ARE OPEN.

THE WOODEN FURNITURE
IS BASIC AND AS
TRADITIONAL IN DESIGN
AS THE CHALET ITSELF.
THE ROOM IS ONLY
DIMLY LIT BY THE
SUNLIGHT FILTERING
IN THROUGH THE
CLOSED SHUTTERS.

JESSELL LOOKS AROUND
AND THEN CALLS OUT
(QUIETLY)

JESSELL

Gerald?

(THERE IS NO RESPONSE.
JESSELL CROSSES TO
THE TABLE IN THE
CENTRE OF THE ROOM
AND PUTS THE PLASTIC
CARRIER BAG DOWN ON
TO IT. ALREADY ON
THE TABLE IS A CAN
OF OIL, SOME RAGS,
AN EMPTY WINE BOTTLE
AND A GLASS.)

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JESSELL CALLS OUT
AGAIN)

JESSELL

Gerald! Where are you?

(HE HAS HIS BACK TO
ONE OF THE OPEN
DOORS SO HE DOES
NOT SEE ~~THE~~ GERALD
KYNSTON STEP
QUIETLY INTO THE
DOORWAY WHERE HE
STANDS WATCHING
HIS VISITOR.

KYNSTON IS DRESSED
IN A CHECKED SHIRT
AND A PAIR OF JEANS.
HE IS BADLY IN NEED
OF A HAIRCUT AND HE
HAS GROWN A MOUSTACHE.
HE IS PALE, HIS FACE
IS DRAWN AND HIS
EYES ARE HAUNTED.

IN HIS RIGHT ARM
KYNSTON IS CRADLING
A SHOXSUN)

KYNSTON
(QUIETLY)

You've taken your time getting here.

(VERY STARTLED, JESSELL
SPINS ROUND TO FACE HIM)

JESSELL
(WITH A SIGN OF RELIEF)

For God's sake, Gerald! You scared
the life out of me.

KYNSTON

I talked to Markos three days ago.
I expected you yesterday.

(JESSELL LOOKS
QUESTIONINGLY AT
THE SHOTGUN)

KYNESTON (CONTD.)

I was cleaning it. I've never used
it but I still clean it every day.
It's something to do.

(HE CROSSES SLOWLY TO
THE TABLE AND LAYS
THE SHOTGUN DOWN ON
TO IT)

What the hell kept you?

JESSELL

I had to make absolutely sure that
I wasn't being watched.

KYNESTON

Watched! Why should anyone be watching
you now? They've found the body.
At last. (BITTERLY) You didn't
handle that part of the business
very efficiently, did you?

JESSELL
(DEFENSIVELY)

Oh, come on now. Be fair. We had no
idea it would take this long for it
to turn up. Hawkes knows the currents
on that part of the coast well. He's
sailed in those waters. If everything
had gone right it would've been
washed ashore totally unrecognisable
in two or three weeks. A month at
most.

KYNESTON
(ANGRILY)

But everything didn't go right, did
it? It all went to cock. And it's
been almost a year.

(HE CHECKS HIS ANGER,
SIGHS AND WEARILY
PASSES A HAND OVER
HIS FACE. JESSELL
WATCHES HIM CONCERNED)

JESSELL

How are you?

KYNESTON
(SMILING)

How do you think?

(JESSELL TURNS TO THE
CARRIER BAG ON THE
TABLE AND STARTS TO
UNPACK IT, FIRST
TAKING OUT THE TWO
BOTTLES OF WHISKEY)

JESSELL

I've brought you something.

KYNESTON

Thank God.

(HE SEIZES ONE OF THE
BOTTLES EAGERLY, RIPS
OFF THE FOIL AROUND
THE CAP AND UNSCREWS
IT)

I haven't had a drink since yesterday.

(HE HAIF FALLS THE
GLASS STANDING ON
THE TABLE, PICKS IT
UP AND GULPS DOWN
THE STRIP)

JESSELL
(WITH A SMILE BUT WORRIED)

Steady!

(KYNESTON TURNS ON
HIM SAVAGELY AND
EXPLODES)

KYEESTON

Steady nothing! I need this. More and more. Have you any idea what it's been like these past months? Cooped up here. Shut up in this place for twenty four hours out of every day. Not able to go out. Not even to the village in case somebody recognises me. It's like being in prison. Worse even.

(HE LAUGHS BITTERLY)

I've often thought that I'd have been better off back in England in gaol. That would've been a hell of a sight more bearable than the life I've led here. I wouldn't be frightened every time I heard a car. Or someone walking past. At least in prison there'd be things to do. However monotonous. People to talk to. The only person I've seen or spoken to here in eleven months is the caretaker. That old fool Barbier. And he only comes up twice a week with food and drink and the newspapers. He hardly says a word then. Just grunts. In God's name where did Markes dig him up from?

(JESSELL SIRUGS)

JESSELL

He's reliable. And he's kept his mouth shut.

KYEESTON

He's being well paid. Turning me in wouldn't be to his advantage. But frankly I think he'd be doing me a favour.

(HE DRINKS THE REST
OF HIS DRINK AND
POURS HIMSELF
ANOTHER ONE)

JESSELL

Oh come on, Gerald. Hang on. Just a little longer. I know it's been rough on you. We all know what you must've been through. But it's practically over. You're almost home and dry. Officially you're dead, and soon you'll be buried. Hawkes is fixing up a passport for you. A couple of months from now and you'll be able to go almost anywhere. And money won't be any problem. You know that. We're all behind you like we've always been. You'll be able to start an entirely new life somewhere. Free and clear. With nothing to worry about. I mean no-one's going to be looking for a dead man, are they?

(KYNESTON STUDBLES HIM AND TAKES ANOTHER DRINK FROM THE GLASS. THEN HE CROSSES SLOWLY TO ONE OF THE WINDOWS AND STANDS GAZING INTO A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT STRAFFING THROUGH THE SHUTTERS)

KYNESTON
(QUIETLY)

How's Anne? And the kids?

JESSELL

All right I think. (HASTILY) Yes they're fine. I'm sure of it.

KYNESTON

But you haven't seen them?

JESSELL

No. That didn't seem like a good idea. And anyway I don't think Anne would have welcomed any of us if we'd drapped in on her.

KYNESTON

You're right.

JESSELL

But don't worry. They're okay. No problems. I've seen your mother. She's been magnificent.

KYNESTON
(FLATLY)

Of course. A model to us all.

(AGAIN HIS FACE CRUMPLES INTO A MASK OF DESPAIR. HE SWINGS ROUND SHARPLY ON JESSELL AND HIS CRY IS ONE OF DESPERATION)

Tell me again, Martin! Tell me again that it's almost over!

(JESSELL CROSSES QUICKLY TO HIS SIDE)

JESSELL
(REASSURINGLY)

I promise. A couple of months more. That's all. And then up, up and away. Free as a bird.

(CLOSE ON KYNESTON)

KYNESTON
(RELIEVED BUT WEARILY)

Thanks. Because I'll let you into a secret. Hiding away. Living like this. Always afraid. There's just no damned point in it.

TELECINE 12:

Ext. Mortuary,
Wallhaven. Night.

Establishing shot.

END TELECINE 12.

16. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, MORTUARY.
NIGHT

(IN ONE CORNER A PHOTOGRAPHER HAS ALREADY SET UP TWO FLOOD LIGHT UNITS AND IS NOW SCREWING A MASSEBLAD CAMERA ON TO THE HEAD OF A TRIPOD.

THE SKELETAL CORPSE FOUND IN THE CREVICE IS LYING ON A TABLE IN THE CENTE OF THE ROOM, COVERED WITH A SHEET.

HARDY, WEARING A RUBBER APRON, IS PUTTING ON A PAIR OF SURGICAL GLOVES.

HIGH BOWDEN, STANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SYDE OF THE TABLE, IS WATCHING HIM)

BOWDEN

Why, Doctor Hardy?

(HARDY LOCKS AT HIM)

HARDY

For my own peace of mind. It's as simple as that.

(BOWDEN STUDIES HIM THOUGHTFULLY FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN INDICATES THE BODY ON THE TABLE)

BOWDEN

Well its your test.

HARDY

Thank you.

LOWDEN

You'll need to clean up the skull.

(HARDY NODS.)

LOWDEN GOES ON
STUDYING HIM FOR A
WHILE LONGER AND
THEN MAKES UP HIS
MIND. HE REACHES
FOR ANOTHER APRON
HANGING ON A NEARBY
PEG AND STARTS TO
PUT IT ON)

I'll give you a hand.

TELECINE 13:

Ext. Hardy's House. Day

It is the following
morning.

A messenger on a
motorcycle pulls up
outside the front door.
He dismounts, props
his machine up on its
stand and takes a
package from one of
the panniers.

ANGLE ON THE MESSENGER

As he crosses to the
front door and rings
the bell.

END TELECINE 13.

17. INT. LABORATORY, HARDY HOUSE, DAY

(A PHOTOGRAPHIC
ENLARGER HAS BEEN SET
UP ON THE BENCH.)

HARDY IS METICULOUSLY
LINING UP AND ATTACHING
A PHOTOGRAPH TO THE
BASEBOARD. IT IS THE
FULL FACE PORTRAIT OF
SIR GERALD KYNESTON
WHICH WE LAST SAW IN
A FRAME IN THE SITTING ROOM

OF LADY ANNE'S
COTTAGE.

SUSAN ENTERS AND
HANDS HARDY THE
PACKAGE DELIVERED
BY THE MESSENGER.
HE OPENS IT AND
TAKES OUT SEVERAL
TWO AND A QUARTER
INCH SQUARE
NEGATIVES WHICH HE
HOLDS UP TO THE
LIGHT FROM THE
WINDOW AND EXAMINES)

HARDY

First class. Excellent in fact.

SUSAN

This is new to me. I've never seen
anything like this done before.

HARDY

It's a test much favoured by the
Russians.

(HE SELECTS ONE OF THE
NEGATIVES AND PUTS THE
OTHERS ASIDE)

It was first used in this country in
the Ruxton murders, but seldom since
to my knowledge. It's not infallible
but in this case it could be
conclusive.

SUSAN

And how does it work?

(HARDY INDICATES THE
BASEBOARD OF THE
ENLARGER)

HARDY

Well here we have a photograph of Gerald Kyneston. A positive print. And here (HE HOLDS UP THE NEGATIVE) we have the negative of one of the pictures which were taken last night of the dead man's skull. The angle at which both photographs were taken is identical.

(HE PUTS THE NEGATIVE INTO THE CARRIER OF THE ENLARGER)

What I'm going to do is superimpose the negative onto the positive. If there's a coincidence of various reference points such as the forehead, the bridge of the nose, the point of the jaw and so on, then it's a pretty sure bet that the dead man is Kyneston. But if not, if two or three of the reference points don't match up, well then his wife is more than probably right.

(HE SWITCHES ON THE ENLARGER)

Pull down the blind will you please?

(SUSAN CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND PULLS DOWN THE BLIND. THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE ROOM NOW IS FROM THE LAMP IN THE ENLARGER.)

SUSAN RETURNS TO HARDY'S SIDE AND WATCHES, FASCINATED, AS HE FIRST CLEARLY FOCUSES THE SMALL PICTURE PROJECTED ONTO THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE BASEBOARD AND THEN, KEEPING THE FOCUS SHARP, VERY SLOWLY ENLARGES IT UNTIL THE NEGATIVE OF THE SKULL IS EXACTLY SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE POSITIVE OF GERALD KYNESTON'S FACE)

TELESCINE 13a:

Ext. Anne Kyneston's
Cottage. Day

The Dainler belonging
to Mrs. Kyneston, Senior,
is drawn up outside the
door.

END TELESCINE 13a.

18. INT. SITTING ROOM, ANNE KYNESTON'S
COTTAGE. DAY

(WE OPEN CLOSE ON
MRS. KYNESTON, SENIOR)

MRS. KYNESTON

I hoped to find you in a more
reasonable frame of mind.

(NOW WE SEE THAT MRS.
KYNESTON AND HER
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ARE
STANDING FACING ONE
ANOTHER ACROSS THE
ROOM)

ANNE

I can't imagine why. Nothing's
changed.

On to page 71

~~MRS~~
~~EDDY~~ KYNESTON

It's been made very clear to you that no-one's taking you seriously. I should've thought that that alone would have brought you to your senses. The only thing you've achieved is to make a fool and a nuisance of yourself.

ANNE

You think so.

~~MRS~~
~~EDDY~~ KYNESTON

My dear, I am quite sure of it. No-one's paid any heed to your wild ideas. But then they weren't likely to, were they? Not after the Coroner had accepted proof of identity at the preliminary hearing.

(SHE STUDIES ANNE, SIGHS
QUIETLY AND CROSSES TO
HER. HER TONE BECOMES
ALMOST CONCILIATORY)

Anne, I know that we've had our differences in the past, that we dislike one another even but from now on let us at least see this tragic business through to the end with dignity. Beyond that I ask nothing of you. Just that you be sensible and that we are seen to be united in our grief.

ANNE

Togetherness! Yes that would be something of a novelty.

~~MRS~~
~~EDDY~~ KYNESTON

Just until the inquest is resumed and the verdict is brought in.

ANNE

And that verdict will be suicide.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

Not necessarily. There was no note to anyone. Hopefully accidental death.

ANNE

But whatever the verdict Gerald will then be officially dead, won't he?

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

Of course. But he is dead, Anne. And meanwhile you must allow arrangements to be made for the funeral.

ANNE

Proof positive. ~~MISS~~ Gerald Kyneston laid to rest by his loving wife.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

All I want is to see my son given a decent burial.

ANNE

In the family vault.

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

Naturally.

ANNE

A stranger lying alongside all these Kynestons.

MRS
(~~MISS~~ KYNESTON GIVES
HER A LOOK OF
EXASPERATION)

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON
(WEARILY)

Oh Anne, my dear, please.

(SHE TURNS AND MOVES
ACROSS TO THE WINDOW)

ANNE

Won't you find that rather galling?
But then perhaps not. Maybe you're
satisfied that the dead man had a
fitting pedigree to keep such company.

MRS
(~~HEAVY~~ KYNESTON SWINGS
ROUND TO FACE HER)

MRS
~~HEAVY~~ KYNESTON

Oh my God! This really is too much.
Far more than just some strange
obsession. You're not well, are you?
Are you seriously suggesting.....

ANNE
(INTERRUPTING)

Yes, I am. More than suggesting.
I'm saying that you know as well as
I do that that's not Gerald's body.
That you are well aware that he's
still alive. And where he is.

(FROWNING ANGRILY,
MRS ~~HEAVY~~ KYNESTON STUDIES
ANNE'S FACE FOR A FEW
SECONDS AND THEN
CROSSES QUICKLY TO
THE DOOR. AT THE
DOOR SHE HESITATES
AND THEN SLOWLY TURNS
TO HER AGAIN)

MRS
~~HEAVY~~ KYNESTON

And if all that were true. Just for
a moment let us suppose that you are
sane. That what you said is not some
wild fantasy which you've dreamed up
for whatever reason. Let us suppose
that you're right.

(SLOWLY SHE CROSSES
BACK TO ANNE)

~~MRS~~ ^{MRS} KYNESTON (CONTD.)

If my son had come to me and told me that he was in some difficulty wouldn't it have been natural for me to do everything I could to help him? Wouldn't it have been my duty as his mother?

ANNE

Some difficulty! He hadn't parked his car on double yellow lines. Or been picked up by the police for drunken driving. He'd killed a man.

~~MRS~~ ^{MRS} KYNESTON

Alan Dwyer was utterly worthless. A man I doubt that anyone would mourn for. Just the same you'd have had Gerald pay for what he'd done, wouldn't you?

ANNE

Yes.

~~MRS~~ ^{MRS} KYNESTON

And he'd know that.

ANNE

I imagine so.

~~MRS~~ ^{MRS} KYNESTON

You'd have tried everything to persuade him to give himself up.

ANNE

Yes.

~~MRS~~ ^{MRS} KYNESTON

Then that would be reason enough not to turn to you, wouldn't it?

ANNE

But he did to you.

^{MRS}
~~MRS~~ KYNESTON
(WARILY)

We're just supposing, aren't we?
But if he had've done it would have
been with good reason. Knowing that
I'd protect him. As I have always
protected him. As I've always
protected the family.

ANNE

And there was more to it than just
Dwyer's death, wasn't there?

^{MRS}
~~MRS~~ KYNESTON

If you say so. This is your charade.
But I have always stood by Gerald.
Whenever he needed me I was there to
do what I could. Throughout his life
I've tried to guide him, to advise
him as to what was best for him and
the Kynestons. Unfortunately he
didn't always listen to me. I'm
the first to admit that he made many
foolish mistakes. The greatest of
which, beyond any doubt, was in
marrying you, my dear Anne. But
whatever mistakes he made he knew
that I'd always stand by him, help
him pick up the pieces and start again.

ANNE

And in the process you ruined him,

^{MRS}
~~MRS~~ KYNESTON

And what did you do for him with your
frigid, middle class moral values?
You lost him. I always knew you would.
But I never did. Because you see,
unlike yourself, my love for Gerald
has always overridden any other
consideration.

(THERE IS A PAUSE WHILE
ANNE STUDIES ~~HER~~ MRS
KYNESTON INTENTLY)

ANNE
(SIMPLY)

Just tell me that he's alive that's all. Please!

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

The only thing I'll tell you is this. Even if there were any substance in this delusion of yours as far as you are concerned Gerald might as well be dead. Because either way you'll never see him again, will you?

ANNE

What if I inform the police about the conversation we've just had.

MRS
(~~MISS~~ KYNESTON SMILES)

MRS
~~MISS~~ KYNESTON

I've said nothing. I've simply been playing a game of make believe with a woman whom they already think is half mad. But as you please.

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS,
ANNE GROSSES TO IT AND
PICKS IT UP)

ANNE
(INTO TELEPHONE)

..... Speaking..... Oh yes, hello....
I see. You're absolutely sure?.....
Yes it does, doesn't it?..... Of
course..... I understand. I
appreciate your calling me first.....
Yes, I'll be here. Goodbye.

(SHE HANGS UP AND TURNS
TO ~~MISS~~ KYNESTON)
MRS

You were wrong, you know. Finally someone did take me seriously. That was Doctor Hardy. He's just carried out a test which proves conclusively that the body which was found is not Gerald's.

(CLOSE ON ^{MRS} ~~MISS~~
KYNESSTON

HER EXPRESSION IS
ONE OF CONCERN AND
ALARM)

Then on to page 72

TELECINE 14:

Ext. The Mountain
Chalet. Day

Establishing shot.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TWO FORESTERS, leading
a horse pulling a cart
loaded with tree trunks,
come off a narrow
track and onto the
road which runs past
the chalet.

As they draw level
with the chalet
there is the sound
of a shotgun being
fired inside the
house and the PEASANT
holding the leading
rein stops the horse.

CLOSE ON THE TWO MEN

They exchange puzzled,
worried looks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

THE FORESTERS move
away from the horse
and cart and cautiously
and hesitantly approach
the chalet.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR
OF THE CHALET

As the TWO MEN come
INTO SHOT.

They listen but can
hear nothing from
inside the building.
Again they exchange
anxious looks.
Summoning up his courage,
ONE of them knocks on
the door.

FORESTER
(CALLING OUT)

Hey! Hey! La dedans.

CLOSE ON THE TWO MEN

They wait and listen but there is no response. The MAN bangs harder on the door and calls out again but even louder this time.

FORESTER

Hey! Qu'est qui ce passe?

Still nothing. The SECOND FORESTER looks questioningly at his companion who nods. The MAN tries the front door. It opens. The TWO MEN step inside.

END TELECINE 14.

19. INT. THE CHALET. DAY

(AS THE TWO FORESTERS ENTER.

THEY GAZE ABOUT THE DIMLY LIT ROOM AND THEN REACT WITH EXPRESSIONS OF SHOCK AND HORROR.

GERALD KYNESTON IS LYING ON THE FLOOR, HIS HEAD OBSCURED FROM OUR VIEW. ACROSS HIS BODY LIES THE SHOTGUN.

ON THE TABLE IS A COPY OF THE CONTINENTAL EDITION OF THE DAILY MAIL. THE BANNER HEADLINE ON ITS FRONT PAGE READS: 'BODY IN CAVE SENSATION' AND THE SUB-HEADING: 'NOT KYNESTON, CLAIMS PATHOLOGIST' AND '"SERIOUS IMPLICATIONS" SAYS YARD'.

CLOSE BY THE NEWS-
PAPER AND PROPPED
UP AGAINST AN EMPTY
WHISKEY BOTTLE IS A
SEALED ENVELOPE.
THE ENVELOPE IS
ADDRESSED TO 'NEW
SCOTLAND YARD,
LONDON')

FORESTER
(QUIETLY AND SICKENED)

Mordel

(HE LOOKS AT HIS
COMPANION)

Va chercher la police.

TELEPHONE 15:

Ext. New Scotland
Yard. Day

Establishing shot.

END TELEPHONE 15.

20. INT. DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR
LEWIS' OFFICE. DAY

(LEWIS IS AT HIS DESK
AND HARDY IS SEATED
OPPOSITE HIM. THE
CHIEF INSPECTOR IS
DRINKING COFFEE FROM
A PLASTIC CUP)

HARDY

What exactly did Kyneston say in his
suicide note?

LEWIS

That he killed Dwyer in self defence.

HARDY

His wife was right about that then.

LEWIS
(BITTERLY)

She was right about a lot of things.

HARDY

Did he say how it happened? Why he stabbed Dwyer?

LEWIS

Yes. Apparently he went to see Dwyer and they quarrelled. The quarrel developed into a fight. Dwyer got hold of him by the throat and was throttling him. Kyneston picked up the knife and.....
(HE DEMONSTRATES) Exit Dwyer.

HARDY

What was the fight about?

(LEWIS SHRUGS AND SIPS HIS COFFEE)

LEWIS

Who knows? Kyneston didn't go into that kind of detail in his note. A woman perhaps. Or money. We know that he'd lost a packet to Dwyer at poker the week before. Maybe Dwyer was pressing for payment and Kyneston couldn't pay up.

HARDY

Could it have been blackmail?

LEWIS

Yes, that's a possibility. We've had our suspicions for some time that the members of the Antic Club's inner circle are into some pretty shady activities.

(HARDY NOBS)

HARDY

Yes. Anne Kyneston intimated as much to me.

LEWIS

Dwyer could have got the goods on her husband. On all of them for that matter.

HARDY

In which case Gerald Kyneston's friends and associates wouldn't have been sorry to see Dwyer killed. Kyneston would have done them a favour. All the more reason for them rallying round and getting him clear. If his wife's right about that too.

LEWIS

She has to be. He certainly couldn't have managed a cover up like that on his own. He'd have had to have a lot of help. And who else was there for him to turn to?

HARDY
(APPALLED)

Help that included murder!

LEWIS

Well, bodies aren't easy to come by any other way, are they? As far as the dead man on the beach is concerned that's the line we're now working on. But God knows how far we'll get with it. For instance, what have we got for starters. An unidentified skeleton. No fingerprints. No possible means of identification. No missing person linked in any way with Kyneston or his cronies. Nothing.

HARDY

You've got some prime suspects.

LEWIS

Oh sure. And we'll put Hawkes and the others through the grinder but I very much doubt if that'll do much for us. However much pressure we apply and there is a limit you know. They'll just stick together like they did before and alibi one another. Up against tactics like that we'll achieve damn all unless we suddenly get lucky.

HARDY

How exactly did they do it? Who organised it?

LEWIS

Good question. And we'll dig for the answers. And go on digging for them.

(CLOSE ON LEWIS)

One thing we've got a lot of in the police is patience.

21. INT. SITTING ROOM, ~~LEWIS~~ ANNE ^{KYNESTON'S}
COTTAGE. DAY

(CLOSE ON ~~LEWIS~~ ANNE)

ANNE

You'll see, they'll get away with it. Like they get away with everything.

(NOW WE PULL BACK TO
SHOW HER STARING OUT
OF THE WINDOW, HER
BACK TO HARDY)

A rich, exclusive group of parasites who consider themselves above the law. And who are what's more.

HARDY

They may well think that but I very much doubt if it's true. Not on this occasion anyway. Chief Inspector Lewis will hang on like a terrier. And my feeling is that sooner or later.....

(HE SHRUGS.)

ANNE TURNS TO HIM)

ANNE

They'll get their come uppance?

(SHE LAUGHS HOLLOWLY)

I wouldn't stake your reputation on that if I were you, Doctor Hardy. Gerald's paid for what he did now. But they won't. You'll see.

HARDY

Always assuming of course that Hawkes and the others are guilty.

ANNE

You doubt it?

HARDY

I told you once before, ^{Mrs Kyneston} ~~lady Anne~~, facts. These are the only solid things to work on. At the moment all we have is supposition.

ANNE

Well, facts or no facts, I haven't a single doubt. Not about Hawkes or Martin Jessell. Or my mother-in-law.

HARDY

Do you really believe that ~~lady~~ ^{she} ~~Kyneston~~ was part of all this?

ANNE

She may not have been directly involved in the cover up but I think she knew all about it. She certainly knew that Gerald was still alive. She as much as told me so.

HARDY

Well that alone would make her an accessory. Lewis will want to interview her. If you're right she could prove to be the weak link that'll bring them all down.

(ANNE SHAKES HER HEAD)

ANNE

No, Doctor Hardy. Never. You don't know her like I do. And she has even more at stake than Hawkes. The good name of the Kynestons. It's ironic, don't you think? All I really wanted to do was to help Gerald. I was right. He was alive. Now he's dead. And I killed him, didn't I?

HARDY

Is that what you want to believe? Does it help?

ANNE

I killed him. It's the truth.

HARDY

The truth is that you discovered the truth. Or a key to it anyway. You can build on that. You can't build anything on a lie.

ANNE

But if their plan had worked my husband would be alive now. We might have met again. We might still have found something together.

(CLOSE ON HARDY)

HARDY

You'd have found what they found on that beach, my dear. Dead bones. An empty shell.

22. INT. GAMING ROOM, ^{ANTIC} ~~RESTAURANT~~ CLUB.
NIGHT

(THE GAMING ROOM IS CROWDED. HAWKES IS STANDING BY ONE OF THE TABLES WATCHING THE PLAY IN PROGRESS. ALEC, THE SENIOR CASHIER, CROSSES TO HIM)

HAWKES

Yes, Alec?

ALEC

It's Lord Heatheroft, sir. He's well over his credit limit and he wants to raise it by five thousand. Will that be all right?

(HAWKES SMILES)

HAWKES

Perfectly all right, Alec. Tony Heatheroft's a friend. And we have to look after our friends, don't we?

FADE OUT:

SIPOSE CAM:

End
Titles