

REHEARSAL SCRIPT

M R R O S E

'The Jolly Good Fellow'

by Michael J Bird

P 582/12

Read Through: Wednesday 25 September 1968 at 1400 hours in Studio 11,
3rd Floor, Granada TVC, Manchester.
Filming: Thursday & Friday 26 & 27 September 1968 (Location TBA)
Rehearsals: Monday 30 September 1968 at 1400 hours in Studio 11
Cam Reh: Monday 7 October 1968 in Studio 12
Tuesday 8 October 1968 in Studio 12
VTR: Tuesday 8 October 1968 in Studio 12

CAST:

Charles Rose	William Mervyn
Robert Trent	Eric Woofe
Philip Mostyn	
Norman Dickinson	
George Fisher	
Landlord of 'The Volunteer'	
Arthur Pilbeam	
Professor Elaine Fawcett	
Professor David Cosgrove	
Sir Gilbert Treece	
Ralph Pinder	
Dr Inigo Walker	
Martin Dashwood	

PRODUCTION TEAM:

1 Producer	M Morris
2 Director	J Howson
3 Floor Manager	B Gilmour
4 Production Assistant	B Sultan
5 Designer	A Price
6 Supervisor	D Sole
7 Lighting Supervisor	K McCreadie
8 A S M	J Day

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13 Prod Office	22 Wardrobe	47 Spares
14 Writer	23 Props	
15 L Evett	24 Make-up	
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MANCHESTER 3

M/SH/SMH/65

NO REPRODUCTION PERMITTED

CAST:

Charles Rose
Robert Trent
Philip Mostyn
Norman Dickinson
George Fisher
Landlord of 'The Volunteer'
Arthur Pilbeam
Professor Elaine Fawcett
Professor David Cosgrove
Sir Gilbert Treece
Ralph Pinder
Dr Inigo Walker
Martin Dashwood

Non-Speaking:

Students (Male and Female)
Members of the Faculty of St Stephens
First Porter
Second Porter
Chaplain
Choir Boys
Congregation and Guests

SETS:

Rose's Sitting Room and Hallway
The Public Bar of 'The Volunteer'
The Drawing Room of the Master's Lodge
St Stephen's Chapel and Porch Interior
The Crypt of St Stephen's Chapel
Master's Table at Ball
Philip Mostyn's Room in College
(to be revamped as Martin Dashwood's room)

FILMING:

Ext A Country Road. Day.
Ext and Int Rose's Car. Day.
Ext The Entrance of the Master's Lodge. Day.
Ext The Gateway of St Stephen's College. Day.
Ext The Gatehouse of St Stephen's College. Night.
Ext The Ground of St Stephen's College. Day.

1 INT ROSE'S BEDROOM. STUDIO. DAY.

ROSE IS FINISHING PACKING A SUITCASE. THE
LAST THING TO GO INTO THE CASE, CAREFULLY
FOLDED OVER TISSUE PAPER, IS AN ACADEMIC
GOWN WITH AN ERMINE HOOD. ROSE SMOOTHS IT
DOWN WITH SOME PRIDE.. ROBERT TRENT IS
WATCHING HIM.

ROSE:

I suppose I shall have to make a speech.

TRENT:

Undoubtedly. How are you on Latin tags?

They always go down well.

ROSE:

I shall have to think of something appropriate.

TRENT:

You will.

ROSE:

I shall avoid the obvious. Something with
both wit and erudition.

TRENT:

(ONLY JUST SLIGHTLY PUTTING HIM ON) That
would be best.

ROSE:

After all, it's not every day that one is
made a Fellow of St Stephen's College.

TRENT:

And invited to give a series of ^{at} endowed lectures ~~for the Criminology Department of~~ the University of Wessex, eh?

ROSE:

Precisely. (HE CLOSSES HIS SUITCASE, PICKS IT UP AND MOVES TOWARDS THE HALL) (MOVING)

If you're ready then, Robert. The Rolls Royce, I think. I'll drive.

CUT TO:

2 INT HALLWAY OF ROSE'S FLAT. STUDIO. DAY.
ROSE COMES THROUGH INTO THE HALLWAY CARRYING HIS CASE.

ROSE:

(PATting HIS POCKETS WITH HIS FREE HAND) Now I think I have everything.

TRENT:

(OV) Not quite everything.

HE COMES INTO SHOT FROM THE SITTING ROOM CARRYING A MANILLA FILE WHICH CONTAINS ROSE'S NOTES AND MANUSCRIPT.

M DASHWOOD ^{pulls looking} ~~bursts into~~ ^{into} ~~his~~ ^{her} ~~room~~ ^{parlour}

DASHWOOD

I'm most ~~very~~ ^{awfully} sorry Master
Has ~~he~~ ^{myself} arrived?

^{Rosgrove}
Minutes ago. He's resting

DASHWOOD

I should have been here.
Was he furious, I can
imagine he was

Yes, ^{Rosgrove}
He did appear to be
a little upset
(to Rose & Trent)

~~DASHWOOD~~

DASHWOOD let me introduce to
Mr Rose and Mr Trent.
Martin DASHWOOD, Sir
Elizabeth's nephew.

He shakes hands with
ROSE & TRENT

ROSE
How do you do

TRENT
How do you do

Rosgrove

~~DASHWOOD~~
How do you do. I read your
book Mr Rose very much
enjoyed it.

ROSE
(pleased)
Thank you are you
interested in crime

INGRAM OFFICE

RALPHS OFFICE

THE COMPUTER ROOM

RESTAURANT

SECURITY CHECK

WARNING

ELECTRONIC NIGHT

SECURITY FUNCTIONING

SCANNER

SECURITY CHECK

DO NOT PROCEED

PRESENT IDENTITY ^{PASS} CHECK HERE

~~look away~~

Elaine
Hastie

for Ball tomorrow.

Dashwood

~~2/2~~
Fascinated. In an
abstract way of ^{perhaps}
course. My fields
~~Local Anthropology~~ ^{history}
I'm working for
my Ph.D.

Rose

Be the Hastie tells me.

Cosgrove
Where have you been
Dashwood?

Dashwood.

Looking for that
wretched picture
of Uncle Gilbert
It's coming down
by road from London
It hasn't arrived
yet. If it's got lost
or anything he
really blow up.

~~Rose~~
~~I shouldn't worry~~
~~As Dashwood I'll~~
~~probably find a~~

~~Cosgrove~~
Well don't rush off.
I want a word with
you about arrangements.

~~Depended with
how on input~~

Banks of Magnetic
Tape decks. (Page 144)

~~140~~

The Electa 1300 B used.

*
IMMEDIATE ACCESS STORAGE
MEMORY BANKS

Optical Character Recognition

Page
136/7

Characters scanned by computer and analysed
in terms of light/dark pattern. This is in turn
translated into a six bit input code for each
character

Masses of information fed into computer on
punched tape using the special Electa computer
programming language

Console typewriter with Reader Monitor

Master control programme (to show any
troubles in
computer)

Illustration page 192
Room

Symbols

Bank upon bank
The 11

The puppets of the Historian Dr Walker

EXT. THE PORCHWAY OF ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, STUDIO DAY.

~~DR WALKER~~

ROSE & TRENT come out of the Chapel into the porchway

DR WALKER is planning a poster onto a notice board.

WALKER

As Rose ~~my~~ wanted to see you ~~HE draws him a little~~

But remember who it was but someone

~~one side shows his voice to a confidential source. Heard a pretty rumour. Someone told me after you were a policeman!~~

One morning

ROSE

A malicious ~~rumour~~ ^{gossip} by dear Walker. The true puppet for the conscientious historian.

WALKER

Thought so. Nothing but damned gossip. Should have known it was nonsense. I mean, what a bobby he doing dining with the Master eh?

TRENT (Smiling broadly)

Oh I don't know Dr Walker. There are some jolly good fellows in the police force,

ROSE GIVES TRENT A WINKING LOOK FOR THIS PUTT
PAINED
Come, Robert

It's incredible

All hands remembering

ACT 2

~~Computer Centre~~

~~Inga
Ralph~~

Inga's entry
Ralph's death

(excited)

~~Jungla~~

~~Everybody
Adam Frost~~

Adam
Frost

Hold on Frost

~~Sir Gerald's office~~

~~Sir Gerald
Frost~~

Claim company insurance
£55,000
Remarkably composed

told him
he was
down

~~Computer Room~~

~~Inga's office~~

~~Inga~~

~~Frost~~

~~Barbara~~

Inga's office
Quarant free
Inga's

Machine wrong
check master programme
accident

Keep about left Edward

Joey

~~Restaurant~~

~~Frost~~

~~Barbara~~

~~Frost's office~~

~~Frost~~

~~Bar~~

~~Frost~~

~~Inga~~

Drink

Telephone call

pick you up in
ten minutes

Telephone call

Barbara

Common Knowledge

Barbara's office
Telephone
Adam's office
Telephone

~~Computer Room~~

~~Barbara~~

~~Frost~~

Back office
Kris
Restaurant
There's a
man you
got to see
I got your
message.

Oh we
will be
there
we will

3 were doing
Sponsor.

MARTIN
INT. DASHWOOD ROOM. DAY

DASHWOOD
So what now, Mr Rose?

ROSE DROPS AN EMPTY SUITCASE
ONTO THE BED.

ROSE
I SUGGEST YOU START PACKING

DASHWOOD
What no Black Maria, no handcuffs?

ROSE
I see no reason why ^{St Stephen's} ~~the College~~ should be involved in a scandal. ^{There's a train for London} ~~There's a train for London~~ in an hour

And you didn't manage to steal the Tilperello did you?

DASHWOOD
Bit sudden my shooting off like that. Difficult to explain to the Masels.

ROSE
Don't let that concern you, I'm ^{quite} sure that I shall be able to ~~provide~~ ^{provide} a very plausible explanation

DASHWOOD STARTS TO
PACK

DASHWOOD

~~You know~~
Just how much do you
really know how
much is ~~just~~ an educated
guesswork?

ROSE

I know everything, everything
that matters that is. For
instance I know that ~~the~~
~~man who was here~~
~~posing as your uncle,~~
~~Mr Robert Treace, is in~~
~~fact Victor Charles Donnelly,~~
~~a professional thief specializing~~
~~in art treasures I~~
~~under~~

uncle, Mr Gilbert;
was a fake.

DASHWOOD

Shows very clever of you
Mr Rose.

ROSE

Not clever, Scotland.
A water glass taken
from the bedside table and sent
to Scotland Yard for
finger print identification
and before they, in turn
referred the prints to Inspector
Dashwood

And the result?

(taking the telegram
from his pocket)

ROSE ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~any~~ An
informative telegram.

(QUOTE) Victor Charles Donnelly, arrested Spain 1951. Served five years for theft of El Greco. Wanted for questioning in connection with number of recent continental art thefts.

Dawnwood
~~Very~~ through.

Roll Knowing
~~With that information~~ that Treese
was an imposter it was obvious to me that
you also had to be in on the plot.

Dawnwood
Tell me, where did it all go wrong?
You didn't do your Roll
~~Homework.~~
~~homework~~
Homework! You were sleeping
(A)

D.
~~It was good of you to tell me.~~
~~I wouldn't want to make the same~~
I must remember to take more real rest
time.

ROSE

Is there to be a next time?

D

Almost inevitable. You know the old
saying "If at first you don't succeed ..."
~~And the money is good~~

ROSE

I should have thought that you
would have found ^{some occupation} better suited to your
background ~~the background~~

Perhaps

^D But not with so many
~~But not really to~~ ^{educative possibilities.}
I'm just naturally hooked. ~~I've found~~
~~As for my background, well there are more~~
university graduates among the criminal
classes even than there are in the police
force, you know.

I do indeed. ~~But~~

Repetitive checks line, but its ^{addition} ~~addition~~ ^{we're} ~~we're~~ ^{doing our best to remedy} ~~well~~
~~if we bent~~ ~~let me give you a fairly~~ ~~word of advice~~ ~~Darwood~~ ~~and our~~ ^{hour} ^{particular} ^{yellow} ^{don't}
thing is certain, your criminal career
in this country is over, ~~and I would suggest~~
a ~~long~~ ^{holiday} abroad, a very long holiday
In fact I'd go so far as to say that
you have not more than forty-eight hours
in which to make ^{your} travel arrangements. Do
I make myself clear.

D

~~The Middle East perhaps.~~
Crystal clear. ~~Perhaps~~ ~~As well~~ ~~I always~~
~~The Middle East perhaps?~~

ROSE

Where is a matter of indifference to me. Just so long as it's far away. ~~But do~~
~~remember~~ ~~that~~ wherever you end up do bear in mind
do ~~remember~~ that
next time you might not be so lucky.

DASHWOOD

~~Let me~~ ~~remember~~ ~~that~~ in mind. (A THOUGHT
OCCURS TO HIM) Mr. Rose you've been
very good about all this, I ~~don't suppose~~ ^{wonder}
you'd do me one more favour ~~would~~
~~you?~~

ROSE

I ^{very much} doubt it. What ~~favour~~?

DASHWOOD

That ~~that~~ ~~presented~~ ^{presenting} by
Daniel Butler. She
one my 'uncle' presented to my college

ROSE

What about it?

D

we

Well it took up a lot of ^{our} ~~my~~ capital
to buy that. ~~Although~~ it would
be a good investment at the time
but now I ~~don't suppose~~
I could have it back could I?

FROM ROSE'S EXPRESSION

D SEES THAT HE HAS GONE TOO FAR AND HE

AND DASHWOOD BEATS A HASTY RETREAT TO ~~Dartmouth~~

ROSE LOOKS AS IF HE ~~is~~ ^{was} ~~about~~ ^{losing}
~~(feeling)~~ ^{is} ~~about~~ ^{TO} ~~explode~~

perhaps not

P (Contd)

No, well I can see your point perhaps not. (He shuts the lid of his suitcase) ~~and snaps~~ ~~and snaps~~ ~~and snaps~~ ~~and snaps~~ home the ~~at~~ home the salutes)

It was just an idea. After all ~~you~~ ~~one~~ can have a surfeit of Masterpieces

CUT TO :

ACT I

- 3 -

ROSE:

My dear fellow, you don't really expect me to work on the second volume of my memoirs during this weekend at Letchminster, do you?

TRENT:

I do. During every spare moment. That's really the only reason for my coming with you. to keep you at it. If I find you slacking I shall stand around looking obvious and make you feel guilty.

(ROSE MAKES AS IF TO PROTEST, BUT TRENT CUTS HIM SHORT) Really, Charles, you must. We're already a month behind on the schedule we worked out, and I doubt if you're a third of the way through the galley proofs yet.

INSPIRATION HITS ROSE. HE TAPS THE MANUSCRIPT WITH A FINGER.

ROSE:

"Dimidium facti qui coepit habet". Horace!
"He who has begun has half done". How's that for a Latin tag?

CUT TO:

3 FILM. EXT A ROAD FLANKED BY OPEN FIELDS.
DAY.

WE ARE LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD WHICH HAS THE
FEEL OF EITHER KENT OR HAMPSHIRE. ROSE'S
CAR COMES FROM BEHIND US AND PASSES US AT
A FAIR SPEED.

CUT TO:

4 FILM. EXT A COUNTRY MAIN ROAD. DAY.

THERE IS A BARRIER ACROSS THE LEFT HAND
SIDE OF THE ROAD WITH A SIGN WHICH READS
'DIVERSION' AND BELOW THAT 'LETCHEMINSTER
TWO MILES'. AN ARROW POINTS LEFT DOWN A
NARROW TURNING.
PARKED ON THE GRASS VERGE JUST BEYOND THE
BARRIER IS A MINI VAN.

ROSE'S CAR APPROACHES AND SLOWS DOWN.

5

FILM. EXT ROSE'S CAR. DAY.

WE SEE THE DIVERSION SIGN FROM ROSE'S POV.

HE SWINGS THE CAR TO THE LEFT.

6

FILM EXT THE COUNTRY MAIN ROAD. DAY.

ROSE'S CAR TURNS DOWN THE SIDE ROAD AND
ACCELERATES AWAY. IMMEDIATELY TWO MEN LEAP
OUT OF THE MINI VAN AND, AFTER A QUICK LOOK
ROUND, RAPIDLY GATHER UP THE BARRIER AND
DIVERSION SIGN AND BEGIN STOWING THEM INTO
THE BACK OF THE VAN.

7

INT ROSE'S CAR. DAY.

WE SEE THE NARROW ROAD THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN
FROM ROSE'S POV. ROUNDING A BEND, AN OLD
LONDON TAXI COMES INTO VIEW. IT IS
STATIONARY AT AN ANGLE ACROSS THE ROAD AND
BLOCKING THE WAY. THERE IS NO SIGN OF ANY
DRIVER. ROSE BRAKES.

CUT TO:

8

FILM. EXT THE SIDE ROAD. DAY.

ROSE'S CAR IS SEEN FROM A POV JUST BEHIND ONE OF THE DITCHES WHICH RUN ALONG EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD. WHEN THE DRIVER OF THE SECOND CAR DOES NOT APPEAR, ROSE IMPATIENTLY SOUNDS HIS HORN. ALMOST AS THOUGH THIS WERE THE SIGNAL THEY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR, A DOZEN OR SO FIGURES RISE OUT OF THE DITCHES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD, AND, YELLING LIKE RED INDIANS, SURROUND ROSE'S CAR.

CUT TO:

9

FILM. INT ROSE'S CAR. DAY.

FROM THE POV OF ROSE AND TRENT WE SEE THE AMBUSHERS PRESSING AROUND THE CAR. TRENT MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO OPEN HIS DOOR BUT CANNOT BECAUSE IT IS HELD SHUT FROM OUTSIDE. GROTESQUE FACES PEER IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS. PLASTIC MASKS OF BATMAN, LYNDON JOHNSON, ANIMALS AND FRANKENSTEIN-LIKE MONSTERS BOB AND WEAVE AGAINST THE GLASS. THE FIGURES PART AS SOMEONE WHO IS CLEARLY THEIR LEADER PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH TO THE CAR. HE IS MASKED AS DRACULA. DRACULA OPENS ROSE'S DOOR AND STOOPS TO LOOK IN.

DRACULA:

Good afternoon, Mr Rose.

HE PUSHES UP HIS MASK TO REVEAL A YOUNG AND AVERAGELY GOOD-LOOKING FACE. THIS IS THE UNDERGRADUATE WE SHALL COME TO KNOW AS PHILIP MOSTYN.

MOSTYN:

Please don't be alarmed, but you have just been kidnapped!

CUT TO:

10 INT THE PUBLIC BAR OF 'THE VOLUNTEER'.
STUDIO. DAY.

ROSE:

Kidnapping is a very serious offence.

WITH ROSE IN THE BAR ARE TRENT, PHILIP MOSTYN AND TWO MORE OF THE STUDENT RINGLEADERS, GEORGE FISHER AND NORMAN DICKINSON. ROSE HAS A LARGE BRANDY IN HIS HAND AND FISHER AND DICKINSON EACH A GLASS OF BEER. TRENT JOINS THEM FROM THE BAR WITH TWO PINT MUGS. HE HANDS ONE TO MOSTYN AND KEEPS ONE HIMSELF.

ROSE:

I hope you don't make a habit of it.

MOSTYN:

(LAUGHING) Only during Rag Week. Cheers!

ROSE:

Cheers! Well I suppose I should be grateful that I was able to pay my own ransom and secure an immediate release.

MOSTYN:

(TAPPING HIS BREAST POCKET) This cheque, are you sure? Frankly we would have settled for less.

ROSE:

(WITH A MAGNANIMOUS WAVE) United World Relief, a good cause. And just whose idea was it to abduct me?

MOSTYN:

(INDICATING HIS TWO COMPANIONS) Well we three worked out the details. Norman Dickinson, George Fisher and I'm Philip Mostyn.

ROSE:

How do you do.

DICKINSON/FISHER:

Hello. Hi.

TRENT:

And what are you reading?

MOSTYN:

English George and Dickie's praying for a pass in Anthropology. Final year Criminology for me.

ROSE:

How fitting, the science of crime. Only today you forsook the theoretical for the practical.

MOSTYN:

I think I shall enjoy your lectures.

ROSE:

You'll be attending them?

*Dickinson
Fisher
Dickinson
English
Fisher
Dickinson
I'm praying for
a pass in Anthropology
Mostyn
Final year Criminology
for me.*

MOSTYN:

Just so long as they don't cut into my social life.

ROSE:

Heavens forbid!

TRENT:

(APPRECIATIVELY) ~~This takes me back.~~ We used to pull some pretty wild stunts at Cambridge. ~~But we only had~~ You're lucky, we were only ~~allowed~~ one ~~glorious~~ day of anarchy.

DICKINSON:

Well not much happens after Saturday - just the Rag Week Service in the Chapel on Sunday morning. A bit of a drag but it's traditional.

A MAN ENTERS THE PUBLIC BAR. HE IS IN HIS LATE FIFTIES, WELL-BUILT AND WITH AN AIR OF QUIET AUTHORITY. HE IS WEARING A DARK SUIT AND A BOWLER HAT AND A SILVER WATCH CHAIN HANGS BETWEEN HIS WAISTCOAT POCKETS. HE TIPS HIS BOWLER TO MOSTYN.

MOSTYN:

That's Pilbeam. He's Head Porter at St Stephen's. Not a bad sort really if you don't mess him around.

BUT ROSE DOES NOT NEED TO BE TOLD WHO THE NEWCOMER IS. AS SOON AS THE TWO MEN SEE EACH OTHER RECOGNITION IS INSTANT AND ENTHUSIASTIC.

ROSE:

Of all people, Sergeant Pilbeam!

PILBEAM:

(SHAKING HANDS) Chief Inspector Rose, Sir! It's good to see you, it really is. It's been a long time.

ROSE:

Robert let me introduce you to Arthur Pilbeam. Arthur, this is Robert Trent.

TRENT AND PILBEAM SHAKE HANDS.

TRENT:

How do you do.

PILBEAM:

Very nice to meet you, Mr Trent.

ROSE:

(TO TRENT) Arthur was a first-class policeman, one of the old school. (TO MOSTYN AND HIS FRIENDS) If you'll excuse me.

ROSE DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE GROUP AND MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS TO THE BAR COUNTER WITH PILBEAM.

LANDLORD:

Your usual Mr Pilbeam?

PILBEAM:

Thank you, Frank.

THE LANDLORD DRAWS A PINT OF DRAUGHT BEER AND PASSES IT OVER THE COUNTER. ROSE PAYS.

ROSE:

Let me.

PILBEAM:

Thank you sir. Your very good health.

ROSE RAISES HIS GLASS IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. PILBEAM TAKES A LONG DRINK AND THEN SETS HIS GLASS ON THE COUNTER.

PILBEAM:

Ah, I've been looking forward to that.

Meeting you again, that's really made my day Chief Inspector, wanted a word with you. Funny, I knew you were coming, of course, but I didn't think I'd run into you in here.

ROSE:

You see before you the victims of a kidnapping ransomed for charity.

PILBEAM:

Oh, so they've been up to more of their little games, have they? I suppose this Rag business is all right but I'm not sure that they don't go a bit too far sometimes.

ROSE:

It all seems fairly harmless.

PILBEAM:

~~Maybe~~. Perhaps it's being new here, I'm not used to it yet.

ROSE:

Why did you want to have a word with me?

PILBEAM:

Well, Mr Rose, there's a painting coming this afternoon, a valuable one too. I don't want these lads pulling any of their stunts with that. I'm responsible for it.

ROSE:

What painting is this?

PILBEAM:

A picture Sir Gilbert Treece is presenting to the College.

ROSE:

That eccentric millionaire who spends most of his time shut away in some corner of Australia?

PILBEAM:

That's 'im. He's spending the weekend at the Master's lodge, same as you are, sir.

ROSE:

I thought he hated publicity and he has a reputation for being mean. Such generosity is strange.

PILBEAM:

Well, he studied at St Stephen's y'know ^o
~~years ago of course.~~

ROSE:

He must be getting on in years. Perhaps he thinks the time has come for some token of beneficence before it's too late.

LANDLORD:

Last orders gentlemen please.

ROSE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

ROSE:

Good Heavens, it's nearly three o'clock!
Are we far from St Stephen's?

PILBEAM:

No, Sir, very close.

ROSE:

We should be on our way. I said I would arrive shortly after three. No doubt the college authorities will be laying on some kind of reception.

CUT TO:

11 FILM. EXT THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE
MASTER'S LODGE. ST STEPHENS COLLEGE. DAY.

WE ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE FROM AN
ANGLE. A CAR, WHICH COULD EASILY BE ROSE'S
PULLS IN THROUGH THE ARCHED GATEWAY SET IN
HIGH WALLS, PASSES THE GATEHOUSE AND SWINGS
LEFT ONTO THE GRAVEL DRIVE THAT FLANKS
EACH SIDE OF AN EXPANSE OF LAWN. ASSEMBLED
ON THE STEPS OF THE LODGE ARE A BEVY OF
COLLEGE DIGNATARIES IN FULL ACADEMIC REGALIA
LED BY PROFESSOR DAVID COSGROVE, THE MASTER.
FROM HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE AND HIS WAY OF
STANDING RAMROD ERECT, COSGROVE, IF IT WERE
NOT FOR HIS CAP AND GOWN, COULD BE TAKEN FOR
A BATTALION COMMANDER ABOUT TO GREET THE
CIC RATHER THAN A UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATOR
AND THE AUTHOR OF, AMONG OTHER LEARNED WORKS
ON BIOLOGY, "THE LIFE CYCLE OF CEPHALOPODA -
A REVALUATION". THE CAR PULLS UP AT THE FOOT
OF THE STEPS. PILBEAM, THE HEAD PORTER,
LEAPS FORWARD TO OPEN THE REAR DOOR AS
COSGROVE SLOW MARCHES DOWN TO WELCOME THE
DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.
FROM OUT OF THE CAR EMERGES A SHORT AND THIN,
TESTY LOOKING MAN, OF FIFTY OR FIFTY-FIVE.
AT A WINDOW OF THE MASTER'S LODGE, WE SEE
ROSE LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE.

CUT TO:

12 INT THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE MASTER'S LODGE. STUDIO. DAY.

ROSE TURNS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW. TRENT IS BESIDE HIM.

ROSE:

So that's Sir Gilbert Treece. He's not at all as I had pictured him. That makes the third surprise I've had today.

IN THE ROOM WITH THEM IS PROFESSOR ELAINE FAWCETT, A STRIKINGLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN OF THIRTY-FIVISH. A SMALL TABLE IS LAID FOR TEA WITH DAINTY SANDWICHES AND CAKES AND ELAINE IS POURING TEA.

ELAINE
The third, the Rose?

ROSE:

The first was meeting an old colleague, Sergeant Pilbeam. The second was you, Professor Fawcett. I imagined the Professor of Criminology at Wessex to be an intense and tweedy pipe smoker. Instead what do I find - charm and beauty.

ELAINE:

(WITH A SMILE AND HANDING A CUP OF TEA FIRST TO ROSE AND THEN TO TRENT) Thank you.

TRENT:

(TO ELAINE AND DRAWING HER A LITTLE TO ONE SIDE) Tell me, am I likely to have any real rivals this weekend?

ELAINE:

Rivals?

1 - 15 -
TRENT:

For your undivided attention. Outside working hours, of course. You do get time off!

ELAINE:

Yes, Mr Trent, I get time off.

TRENT:

Good. Tell you what, Professor, you call me Robert and I'll call you....?

ELAINE:

Elaine.

TRENT:

Elaine! The way is now cleared for a beautiful friendship.

ELAINE:

Interesting!

ROSE:

Professor, I imagine that the college...

TRENT:

So no-one else's likely to cut in?

ELAINE:

Somehow I don't think you'd be easily put off by competition.

TRENT:

What about this fellow you mentioned earlier?

ELAINE:

Ralph Pinder?

ROSE:

About Monday, Professor, will it be,....

TRENT:

Another old boy?

ELAINE:

~~I don't think~~ ^{here} so. He's ~~going~~ to endow an industrial scholarship.

TRENT:

Filthy rich?

ELAINE:

Probably, but no competition believe me. He's not interested in anything less than a hundred years old. When you're talking to him he gives the impression all the time that he's about to make a bid for the furniture.

TRENT:

Definitely not your type. From the moment I first saw you I knew instinctively that you....

ROSE HAS PICKED UP THE SUGAR BOWL FROM THE TABLE AND NOW THRUSTS IT BETWEEN ELAINE AND TRENT.

ROSE:

(TO TRENT) More sugar, Robert?

PROFESSOR COSGROVE COMES INTO THE DRAWING ROOM. ELAINE POURS TEA FOR HIM.

COSGROVE:

My dear Rose, do forgive me, I feel we're neglecting you shamefully.

ROSE:

Not at all Master. Where's Sir Gilbert?

COSGROVE:

He's gone to his room to rest. But you'll meet him at dinner, of course.

ELAINE:

How did he impress you, Master?

COSGROVE:

So far he has said very little, but he took great exception to the fact that Dashwood wasn't here to greet him. He was quite blunt about it. Bluntness seems to be his most striking characteristic.

(ELAINE HANDS COSGROVE HIS TEA) Thank you.

(TO ROSE) I explained that his nephew would be here later but he still seemed most upset.

ROSE:

(WHO HAS LOST THE DRIFT) His nephew?

COSGROVE:

(IMPATIENTLY) Dashwood, he's a research student here working on a thesis for his PhD. He's been with us about three months. Qualified but hardly brilliant, but nice enough. Still makes me angry, though, when I think of how I allowed Treece to coerce me in to finding a place for him. No-one to blame but myself of course - eyes wide open.

ELAINE:

You were only thinking of the College, Master.

COSGROVE:

Perhaps! Nevertheless coercion, that's what this presentation on Sunday's all about.

ROSE:

A painting, I believe.

I

- 18 -

COSGROVE:

(WITH A NOD) A landscape by Daniel Butler.

ELAINE:

(TO TRENT) A Daniel Butler is what
Mr Pinder would call a good investment.

(SHE FINISHES HER TEA AND PUTS CUP DOWN)

Why don't I take Mr Rose and Mr Trent on a
tour of the college, Master?

COSGROVE:

Excellent idea. You couldn't have a better
guide. (TO TRENT) I know we're not
comparable to Cambridge, Trent. Nevertheless
we're very proud of our University. And you
must certainly visit the Chapel to see our
famous Tetzzeretto.

CUT TO:

13 INT ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. STUDIO. DAY.

WE HAVE THE TETZERETTO IN CU. IT IS A PAINTING DEPICTING THE ANNUNCIATION AND MEASURING ABOUT 7 FT BY 5 FT. THE PAINTING HANGS AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT FIVE FEET FROM THE GROUND ON A BARE STONE WALL TWO OR THREE YARDS BEHIND THE ALTAR. ELAINE FAWCETT, ROSE AND TRENT COME DOWN THE CENTRE AISLE OF THE CHAPEL.

THEY REACH THE TWO STEPS LEADING TO THE ALTAR AND MOUNT THEM. WHEN THEY ARE LEVEL WITH THE ALTAR THEY HALT. ROSE ADVANCES ALONE AND THEN, STANDING WELL OFF FROM THE PAINTING, STUDIES IT.

TRENT:

(SINCERELY) It's quite something, isn't it.

(TO ELAINE) Tetzeretto, sixteenth century, right?

ELAINE:

(WITH A NOD) Giovanni Tetzeretto. A pupil of Leonardo da Vinci. He died when he was twenty-four. Only nine of his paintings are known to have survived. Four are in Florence, two in Rome, one in Madrid, one in New York and this one here at St Stephen's.

TRENT:

How did this one come to be here?

ELAINE:

It was a gift from the founder, Lord Henry Anstruther.

ROSE:

(STILL DAZZLED BY THE PAINTING) It's value must be enormous.

~~Scenes~~

Oh come on you ~~little~~ TRENT beautiful. Don't spoil ~~the~~ ^{the} effect.
 It's ~~been~~ a beautiful painting. ~~Somehow~~ All
 this talk about alms insurance ~~and how~~ reduces
~~it to nothing more~~ Somehow that diminishes it.
~~also getting~~ ^{Mr.} From what you say
~~we can leave that to Trent~~

ROSE
 (huffily) does not indicate
 evidence ~~is~~ ~~should not be~~ mistaken
 a lack of artistic appreciation. ~~Neither~~ Professor
 Jagger & I did not commit the sin of ~~condemning~~
~~him as a~~ ^{one} ~~man~~ ^{life} It's a part of life Robert and to
 be guarded against.

CHANGING
~~ROSE~~ ^{THE} ~~TO TRENT~~ ^{SUBJECT}

Elaine
 Yes Mr Rose unfortunately you're right. Are
 you

Oh, it's quite impossible to put a price on it.

ROSE:

I trust that the college authorities are conscious of the need for security.

ELAINE:

Perhaps you can persuade them to take a more realistic view. I've tried hard enough.

ROSE:

No alarm system?

ELAINE:

None. And it isn't even insured. The college just can't afford ^{that} ~~the~~ kind of premiums ~~which the companies demand.~~

TRENT:

~~Mind you, it wouldn't be easy to get a thing that size out unnoticed, would it?~~

ELAINE:

No, that's one consolation. Are you interested in tombs?

ROSE:

Indeed, as Sir Thomas Brown so aptly describes them "Monuments to man's vain glory".

TRENT:

He also said "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous...(PAUSE) in the grave."

ROSE IGNORES THE SHAFT, BUT IT IS NOT LOST ON HIM. WHEN ELAINE, ROSE AND TRENT HAVE GONE, A MAN STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE TRANSEPT AND WALKS TOWARDS THE TETZERETTO. IT IS RALPH PINDER. PINDER IS MIDDLE-AGED AND LOOKS WHAT HE IS, A WEALTHY INDUSTRIALIST. HE STANDS BEFORE THE PAINTING ALMOST AS THOUGH HE WERE IN A TRANCE. TOTALLY ABSORBED WITH THE MASTERPIECE HE TAKES IN EVERY DETAIL. SLOWLY HE PUTS OUT A HAND AND GENTLY CARESSES THE FRAME.

14

INT THE CRYPT OF ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.
STUDIO. DAY.

WE ARE LOOKING ACROSS A TOMB SURMOUNTED BY
THE FIGURE OF A KNIGHT IN ARMOUR.

ELAINE:

(PATTING THE FIGURE OF THE KNIGHT

AFFECTIONATELY) Lord Rupert de Boyne. He went off to the Crusades and came back to find that his wife had been unfaithful so promptly cut her head off.

TRENT:

(WITH A SMILE) I thought those crusaders always took the key with them when they went away for a long time.

ROSE:

(WITH A SHUDDER) From that remark it must be obvious to you, Professor, that Mr Trent did not take a degree in History.

ELAINE:

Perhaps he'd be more interested in virgins!

ROSE:

I beg your pardon!

ELAINE:

There are three of them buried together over there. Mary, the Mother Abbess of Letchminster and two of the nuns of the Order who were martyred when they defied the soldiers of Henry VIII.

TRENT:

To be honest I don't go much on tombs of any kind.

ELAINE:

I must say I agree with you. Let's move on to the library, shall we. That's certainly worth a visit.

THEY START TO LEAVE THE CRYPT ONLY TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH PILBEAM AND TWO COLLEGE PORTERS STRUGGLING WITH A LARGE WOODEN PACKING CASE.

PILBEAM'S DIRECTING THEM IN THE AUTHORITATIVE STYLE OF A POLICEMAN ON POINT DUTY.

PILBEAM:

Left hand down...easy, easy....come ahead now....right a bit (HE FLAGS THEM THROUGH)... you're all clear now.

ELAINE:

What on earth's that, Pilbeam?

PILBEAM:

It's that picture, Professor. Sir Gilbert's. It's just arrived. The men that brought it said they'd be back for the crate Monday.

ELAINE:

Well I should put it over in the far corner. (UNDER PILBEAM'S SUPERVISION THE TWO PORTERS HUMP THE CRATE OVER TO THE CORNER THAT ELAINE FAWCETT INDICATED AND LEAN IT AGAINST THE WALL. ELAINE AND TRENT CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY OUT BUT ROSE HANGS BACK) You'll be going to the Rag Ball, of course, Mr Trent.

TRENT:

Robert..... If I can rely on you being there

ELAINE:

(LAUGHING) Oh, I shall be there.

ROSE:

(CALLING AFTER THEM) You two go on, I'll join you in the Library.

contd.

Act. 1

23

? Pelbeam instructions

Arrived. The men that brought said they'd be back for the crate Monday.

Act 3

Mrs. I see. Monday morning
out-goes what everyone
thinks. Re

In the apparently
empty crate when it was
collected on Monday morning.

I - 23 -
TRENT:

Will you save a few dances for me, I've never done the Watusi with a Professor of Criminology.

TRENT AND ELAINE LEAVE FOLLOWED BY THE TWO PORTERS. ROSE CROSSES TO PILBEAM WHO IS STANDING BY THE WOODEN CRATE.

ROSE:

So this is Sir Gilbert's gift to St Stephens.

PILBEAM:

Weights enough I can tell you.

ROSE:

(EXAMINING THE CRATE AND IN A MOCK CONSPIRATORIAL TONE) Do you suppose that we could have a look at it? A private viewing, eh?

PILBEAM:

(ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT) I don't see why not, sir. (PILBEAM TAKES A SCREWDRIVER OUT OF HIS POCKET AND BEGINS TO UNSCREW THE FACE OF THE CRATE) Strictly speaking I suppose I ought just to check that the picture's all right.

ROSE:

Of course. It's clearly your duty.

PILBEAM REMOVES THE FRONT OF THE CRATE TO REVEAL A LARGE LANDSCAPE IN A GILDED FRAME. THE TWO MEN EXAMINE THE PAINTING CRITICALLY.

ROSE:

Inspid is the word, I think.

PILBEAM:

It's big!

ROSE:

An interesting point, Pilbeam. In fact it's not big enough.

PILBEAM:

(MYSTIFIED) Beg pardon, Mr Rose.

ROSE:

When one examines that painting and then the crate in which it is packed it would seem that the latter is somewhat over generous in size for the former. Isn't that curious?

PILBEAM:

I'm not sure I'm with you, Mr Rose.

ROSE:

Just give me a hand, will you?

(WITH PILBEAM'S ASSISTANCE, ROSE LIFTS THE LANDSCAPE OUT OF ITS PACKING AND THEN PEERS INTO THE CRATE) (HOLDING OUT HIS HAND) Your screwdriver please.

PILBEAM HANDS HIM THE SCREWDRIVER AND AFTER A FEW SECONDS WORK WITH IT, ROSE REMOVES THE INSIDE BACK PANEL OF THE CRATE. HE STEPS BACK.

ROSE:

Ah! Curiouser and curiouser. Pilbeam, there's a cuckoo in the nest.

WE CUT SO THAT WE CAN SEE INTO THE CRATE. UNFRAMED AND SECURELY LODGED IN THE FALSE BACK IS WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE ST STEPHEN'S TETZERETTO.

END OF ACT I

II - 1

15 INT. THE PORCHWAY OF ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.
STUDIO. EVENING.

TRENT:

(INCREDULOUSLY AND LOUDLY) You want me to
do what?

ROSE AND TRENT ARE STANDING JUST INSIDE
THE PORCH. ROSE, WITH A LOOK OF ADMONITION,
PUTS A FINGER TO HIS LIPS AND MOVES ACROSS
TO A TABLE WHERE GUIDE BOOKS AND OTHER
LITERATURE ARE ON DISPLAY. TRENT FOLLOWS HIM.
ROSE IS IN EVENING DRESS AND WEARING HIS
GOWN.

TRENT:

(IN A LOWERED VOICE) You want me to do
what?

ROSE PICKS UP A GUIDE BOOK AND FLICKS
THROUGH IT.

ROSE:

I want you to spend the night here in the
chapel.

TRENT:

You mean sleep here?

ROSE:

If you must. But lightly. .

TRENT:

You're joking?

ROSE:

I can assure you I'm not.

TRENT:

But I was going to the Rag Ball.

ACT 11

- 2 -

ROSE:

I know. The Watuci, wasn't it? But I ask it as a favour to me? I shall, of course, see that you are provided with blankets and some food.

TRENT:

Oh, that's good of you. But you can't be serious.

ROSE:

Never more so.

TRENT:

Buy why? For what possible purpose.

ROSE:

Let us say that you will be keeping a watch.

TRENT:

A watch on what?

ROSE:

The night perhaps? Who knows? Now don't you find that intriguing?

TRENT:

I can think of a better word. (HE STUDIES ROSE SEARCHINGLY) And just where will you be while I'm playing Cinderella?

ROSE:

But where else? Like the Ugly Sisters I'm going to the Ball.

II - 3

16 INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE MASTER'S LODGE.
STUDIO. NIGHT.

WALKER:

Did you hear Treece at dinner? He was
damned rude about the duck. Seemed well
enough done to me. What do you say?

DR INIGO WALKER, AN ELDERLY ACADEMIC WITH
GREY HAIR AND HALF LENS SPECTACLES, IS IN
CONVERSATION WITH ROSE AND ELAINE FAWCETT.
PROFESSOR COSGROVE, SIR GILBERT TREECE
AND MARTIN DASHWOOD, A YOUNG MAN IN HIS
MIDDLE TWENTIES, ARE GROUPED AROUND THE
FIREPLACE. AT A TABLE RALPH PINDER IS
POURING HIMSELF ANOTHER BRANDY. COFFEE HAS
BEEN SERVED. EVERYONE IS IN EVENING DRESS.

ROSE:

I thought it was an excellent meal, Dr
Walker. Tell me, you were Sir Gilbert's
former tutor. Has he changed a great deal?
Was he always so mannerless?

WALKER:

To tell you the truth I don't really
remember any of them very clearly as
individuals, just as an homogeneous mass.
Some were fat, some were thin, some had
spots and some didn't, some were bright but
most were incredibly dull. If I remember
him at all he was certainly one of the dull
ones. Oh yes, and he did have bad manners.
No, he hasn't changed.

ROSE:

And how many times has he been back to
visit his old college?

WALKER:

Hasn't been near the place for more than thirty years.

ELAINE:

He's certainly not very easy to get on with.

WE MOVE IN ON THE GROUP BY THE FIREPLACE.

TREECE:

(TESTILY) No, Cosgrove. I intend to make the presentation on Sunday morning. I have to be back in London in the afternoon.

COSGROVE:

But we have the Rag Week Service in the morning.

TREECE:

Then the presentation will follow immediately after the Service, if you want the picture.

COSGROVE:

Oh, but of course, Sir Gilbert. Most generous of you. It's such a pity that you can't stay for lunch though. I was even hoping that you might be present at ~~Mr~~ Rose's Election as a Fellow on Monday morning. (TO DASHWOOD) I understood your uncle was to stay a little longer, Dashwood.

TREECE:

(BEFORE DASHWOOD CAN ANSWER) It's out of the question. And let me say, Cosgrove, that I don't approve of the college giving a Fellowship to someone like that.

COSGROVE:

You're being rather unfair, Sir Gilbert,
Mr Rose

TREECE:

(INTERRUPTING) Rose is a pensioned off
policeman.

COSGROVE:

I consider him to be a cultured and amusing
man with a razor-edged intellect. His
reputation in the field of criminal
detection alone puts him into a very
special category.

TREECE:

Rubbish!

DASHWOOD:

(PROTESTINGLY) Uncle!

COSGROVE:

(TRYING VERY HARD TO CONTROL HIMSELF)

In academic circles his book is
considered to have made a significant
contribution to the science of criminology

WE RETURN TO ROSE. HE COMES UP BESIDE
RALPH PINDER WHO IS LOOKING AT TWO SMALL
WATERCOLOURS HANGING SIDE BY SIDE.

ROSE:

I was admiring those earlier today myself.
Delightful don't you think, Mr Pinder?

PINDER:

Not worth ten pounds, frames included.

ROSE:

Perhaps. But surely one cannot judge a
work of art merely on its monetary value.

PINDER:

Have you any idea how many paintings I
own, Mr Rose?

A considerable number I believe.

PINDER:

Considerable. And do you know where they are? Locked away in vaults. And as the years go by so they increase in value.

That's what most art is to me, Mr Rose, an investment.

ROSE:

But paintings are to be enjoyed not locked away like share certificates. Take the St Stephen's Tetzeretto for instance, that gives enormous pleasure to many hundreds of people each year.

PINDER:

Ah, yes. But the Tetzeretto's different. There's a picture that has a special magic even for a philistine like me.

ROSE:

But what would you do with it if it were yours? By your own admission you'd shut it away out of sight and wait for it to double its auction value.

PINDER:

No, not that one. That one I'd hang in some very fine and secret place and visit it three times a day.

ROSE:

A secret place?

PINDER:

Of course, Mr Rose. You can't buy the Tetzeretto, I've tried. So it would have to be a secret place wouldn't it, because the only way you could get hold of that picture would be to steal it.

17 EXT. THE GATEWAY OF ST STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.
NIGHT.

PILBEAM COMES OUT OF THE GATEHOUSE AND AFTER CHECKING HIS WATCH, SHUTS THE WICKET GATE IN THE HEAVY DOORS AND BOLTS IT. HE TURNS TO GO BACK INSIDE BUT PAUSES TO LOOK ACROSS THE LAWN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE COLLEGE. THE SOUND OF MUSIC CAN BE HEARD COMING FROM THE DINING HALL WHERE THE RAG WEEK BALL IS IN PROGRESS. PILBEAM GOES INTO THE GATEHOUSE. THROUGH THE WINDOW, WE SEE HIM POUR HIMSELF A CUP OF TEA AND THEN SIT DOWN AT HIS DESK. HE OPENS A PACKET OF SANDWICHES AND, PICKING UP A NEWSPAPER, SETTLES HIMSELF COMFORTABLY. THE OLD-FASHIONED CLOCK ON THE WALL ABOVE HIM SHOWS THREE MINUTES PAST TWELVE.

18 INT. ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. STUDIO. NIGHT.

THE CHAPEL IS IN DARKNESS SAVE FOR THE LIGHT FILTERING IN FROM THE LAMPS IN THE COLLEGE FORECOURT. FAINT SOUNDS OF MUSIC CAN BE HEARD COMING FROM THE FESTIVITIES IN THE DINING HALL. TRENT SITS DISCONSOLATELY ON THE FLOOR WRAPPED IN A BLANKET, HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL AND WITH A HASSOCK BEHIND HIS HEAD. HE IS SIPPING HOT SOUP FROM THE PLASTIC TOP OF A THERMOS FLASK AND IN HIS OTHER HAND HE HOLDS A HALF EATEN MEAT PIE.

19 INT A CORNER OF THE DINING HALL OF
ST STEPHENS'S COLLEGE. STUDIO. NIGHT.

A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE IS BEING OPENED AND
THERE IS THE SOUND OF DANCE MUSIC. WE ARE
AT THE MASTER'S TABLE AT THE RAG BALL.
SEATED AT THE TABLE ARE COSGROVE, ELAINE
FAWCETT, DR WALKER AND ROSE. THERE ARE
ALSO TWO EMPTY CHAIRS. EVERYONE IS IN
EVENING DRESS. DR WALKER, SITTING ON ONE
SIDE OF ROSE, IS ASLEEP.

COSGROVE:

(POURING THE CHAMPAGNE) Now I think you'll
like this, it's a '47.

ROSE AND ELAINE SAMPLE THE WINE.

ROSE:

Delightful Master, full-^{bodied}~~bloodied~~ and
chilled to exactly the right degree.

(ROSE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO ELAINE) What a
delightful evening. An excellent dinner,
good wine, a stimulating and beautiful
companion. What more could a man ask?

ELAINE:

You're not bored then, Mr Rose?

DR WALKER WAKES UP AND LOOKS AROUND. HE IS
NOT DRUNK BUT SEVERAL GLASSES OF WINE
THROUGHOUT THE EVENING HAVE LEFT HIM EVEN
MORE THAN USUALLY CONFUSED.

ROSE:

Bored! My dear Professor you do yourself
an injustice. How could anyone possibly
be bored in your company?

WALKER:

(INTERRUPTING) I say, Rose, you remember Daventry, don't you?

ROSE:

(WITH A SIGH) Daventry?

WALKER:

Maurice Daventry!

ROSE:

No, I'm afraid not, Doctor.

WALKER:

Really? Ah, well.

WALKER DRIFTS AWAY AGAIN, HALF ASLEEP.
GRATEFULLY ROSE TURNS BACK TO ELAINE.

ROSE:

I do hope that during my association with St Stephen's we will have the opportunity of ...

WALKER:

(INTERRUPTING ONCE MORE) Neither does Treece.

ROSE:

I beg your pardon.

WALKER:

Treece, he doesn't remember Daventry either and they were up here together. Good friends. That's sad, isn't it?

ROSE:

Is it?

WALKER:

Of course it is ... Still you'd think he'd remember him, wouldn't you. Poor devil. Fell off the roof of the Senate House trying to put a chamber pot on the top of the flagpole. Broke his neck.

ROSE:

Daventry.

WALKER:

Yes, a nasty business. Treece was with him you know. On the roof, when it happened. Extraordinary man....

WALKER SETTLES BACK INTO SLEEP ONCE MORE.
ROSE IS THOUGHTFUL AS MARTIN DASHWOOD COMES UP TO THE TABLE.

DASHWOOD:

Excuse me, Master; Mr Rose. Could I have the pleasure of this dance, Professor Fawcett?

ELAINE:

(RISING) Thank you.

COSGROVE:

Is your uncle settled, Dashwood?

DASHWOOD:

He's sitting up in bed with a glass of milk and The Financial Times.

WALKER:

(WAKING BRIEFLY AGAIN) Did you know he used to sleep in a full suit of armour?

ROSE:

(CONFUSED) Sir Gilbert did?

WALKER:

King Henry of Navarre! Didn't know Treece did. Not surprised though. Extraordinary fellow. (HE LAPSES BACK INTO HIS TIMELESS REVERIE)

ELAINE:

What happened, Mr Trent? He seemed very keen to come. I'm sure he would have enjoyed it.

ROSE:

I'm sure he would've. However he gave me the impression he wanted to be on his own tonight.

CUT TO:

20

INT. ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. STUDIO. NIGHT.

TRENT IS STILL IN THE SAME POSITION WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL ONLY NOW HE IS TRYING TO SLEEP. EACH TIME THAT HE IS ON THE VERGE OF IT, THOUGH, HIS HEAD SLIPS OFF THE HASOCK AND HE IS JERKED BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS. ANGRILY HE THROWS THE HASOCK AWAY INTO THE GLOOM AND, UNWRAPPING HIMSELF FROM THE BLANKET, GETS TO HIS FEET AND PAINFULLY STRETCHES HIS CRAMPED LIMBS.

THE CREAK OF A HEAVY DOOR BEING OPENED ALERTS HIM TO THE FACT THAT THERE ARE INTRUDERS IN THE CHAPEL. STANDING VERY STILL IN THE SHADOWS HE LISTENS. THE DOOR IS CLOSED AGAIN WITH A BARELY AUDIBLE THUD AND BRIEFLY WE HEAR THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE STONE FLOOR. WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL AND KEEPING WELL IN, TRENT CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY DOWN A SIDE AISLE. HIS HAND CONNECTS WITH A PILE OF CHAIRS SET ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER AGAINST THE WALL. HE TURNS TO EDGE HIS WAY PAST THEM AND IN DOING SO TRIPS OVER THE BASE OF A LARGE WROUGHT IRON CANDELABRUM STANDING BY A PILLAR. HE TRIES TO SAVE HIMSELF BUT WITH A GREAT CLATTER HE FALLS INTO A PEW WITH THE CANDELABRUM ABOVE HIM RESTING ACROSS THE BACK OF THE SEATS. THERE IS THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND TRENT IS BLINDED BY THE LIGHT FROM A TORCH.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. STUDIO. DAY.

THE DOOR OF THE CHAPEL IS OPENED AND ROSE COMES IN.

ROSE:

(CALLING) Robert? (HE ADVANCES FURTHER INTO THE CHAPEL AND LOOKS ROUND. THERE IS NO SIGN OF TRENT. TURNING TOWARDS THE ALTAR A LOOK OF SHOCK COMES ON TO ROSE'S FACE. FROM HIS POV WE SEE THE WALL WHERE THE TETZERETTO HANGS. THE FRAME IS THERE BUT THE PICTURE HAS GONE)

(WITH AN ANXIOUS NOTE IN HIS VOICE) Robert?

HE STARTS DOWN THE CENTRE AISLE AND STOPS IN HIS TRACKS WHEN HE SEES A PAIR OF FEET PROTRUDING FROM BETWEEN THE PEWS. IT IS TRENT. HE IS LYING FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS RIGHT FOREARM UNDER HIS HEAD. HAS SOCKS ARE SCATTERED ALL AROUND HIM. AS ROSE BENDS TO EXAMINE HIM. TRENT STIRS AND FINALLY SITS UP. YAWNING.

ROSE:

Are you all right?

TRENT:

(SLEEPILY) All right? Yes, I'm all right.

What time is it?

ROSE:

It's seven o'clock. What happened to you?

TRENT:

Nothing. I must have fallen off the seat that's all. Have you ever tried sleeping on a pile of hassocks?

ROSE:

You've been asleep?

TRENT:

Off and on. Mostly off it seems.

ROSE STANDS UP AND TRENT PULLS HIMSELF
UP AND SITS IN THE PEW.

ROSE:

Are you aware of the fact that the
Tetzeretto has gone?

TRENT:

(STILL NOT FULLY AWAKE) What? Oh, yes.
They came in and pinched it.

ROSE:

(PAUSE) Who did?

TRENT:

A bunch of undergraduates.

ROSE:

Undergraduates?

TRENT:

Seven or eight of them.

ROSE:

Did you recognise any of them?

TRENT:

Yes. There were those two friends of
Mostyn, Dickinson and Fisher, and Mostyn
himself, of course. He gave me the
impression that he was in charge of the
operation.

ROSE:

You spoke to them?

TRENT:

I helped them get the picture out of its
frame.

ROSE:

You did what?

II-14

TRENT:
~~I was~~

Walter.

I know you told me ~~I was~~ only to observe

But ~~when~~ I fell over a damned great candle holder and they found out I was here. I thought I might as well give them a hand.

(HE LAUGHS) *I remember when I was at* ~~Puts me in mind of that time at~~

Cambridge ~~when~~ we... (HE BREAKS OFF WHEN HE SEES THE LOOK ON ROSE'S FACE) There's

nothing to worry about. They haven't really pinched it. It's another one of their stunts for Rag Week. They're going to send a ransom note asking for £500. I think they're counting on Treece and Pinder to cough up with the money.

ROSE:

(ANGRILY) This is monstrous. And with your connivance!

TRENT:

The picture won't come to any harm. And if they don't get the money, they've promised to put it back by midnight tonight.

ROSE:

I don't think you quite understand, Robert. I asked you to stay here last night because I suspected someone was planning to steal the Tetzeretto. It didn't occur to me for one moment that undergraduates from St Stephens would beat them to it.

TRENT:

You knew someone was after the Tetzeretto? How?

ROSE:

Because with Pilbeam's assistance I found an excellent copy of the picture hidden in the crypt.

TRENT:
(MIFFED) Then you should have told me, Charles. You should have told me this yesterday! You kept me in the dark, figuratively and literally.

ROSE:
I had no real evidence but the Ball seemed perfect cover for a thief and with you in the chapel I would have had an excellent witness.

TRENT:
Well they certainly didn't pull it off last night.

ROSE:
Perhaps not. Nevertheless, an extremely valuable painting has been taken and you are an accessory. Do you realise the impossible position this puts me in?

TRENT:
(INNOCENTLY) You? I can't see that it affects you at all.

ROSE:
My dear Robert, as a Fellow Elect of St Stephen's I am what one may call an ex officio member of the Faculty. Heaven only knows what the Master's reaction to this irresponsible stunt will be. And when it is revealed that my companion was also involved this will cause me, to say the very least, considerable embarrassment.

TRENT:
Well we can always see that the picture is put back straight away. We know who's behind the whole thing.

Ti -16

ROSE:

Do we? I wonder. (MAKING UP HIS MIND)

Come along then.

TRENT:

Where are we going?

ROSE:

I am going to give young Mostyn the fright of his life.

CUT TO:

22 INT. PHILIP MOSTYN'S ROOM IN ST STEPHEN'S
STUDIO. DAY.

MOSTYN:

Sent down! But that would mean I wouldn't get my degree.

A VERY SLEEPY MOSTYN IS SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HIS BED. HE IS PULLING ON A DRESSING GOWN OVER HIS PYJAMAS. ROSE AND TRENT ARE WITH HIM AND THE EX-DETECTIVE HAS ADOPTED A VERY OFFICIAL AIR.

ROSE:

I am not sure that you deserve anything less. And if you don't co-operate I shall use whatever influence I have with the Master to see that you are expelled.

MOSTYN:

And if I do co-operate?

ROSE:

Then we will consider the whole regrettable incident as closed. (WITH A MEANINGFUL LOOK AT TRENT) I also have an interest in attracting as little attention as possible to your disgraceful conduct.

MOSTYN:

What do you want me to do?

ROSE:

I want to know if anyone put you up to removing the Tetzeretto.

MOSTYN:

No, it was my idea.

ROSE:

Entirely? No-one at any time suggested to you that it might be a clever thing to do for the Rag?

MOSTYN:

(HESITANTLY) Well someone may have casually mentioned it as a possible stunt. Let me think.

ROSE:

You do that. Meanwhile, you will get the Tetzeretto out of the crypt and back into the chapel within the next fifteen minutes.

INT ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. STUDIO. DAY.

MOSTYN & ALL:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead thou me on.

The right etc...

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

THE RAG WEEK SERVICE HAS JUST BEGUN. THE CHAPEL IS ONLY FAINTLY LIT BY DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS. THE WALL WHERE THE TETZERETTO HANGS IS IN DARKNESS. THE CHOIR, EACH MEMBER CARRYING A LIGHTED CANDLE, PROCESSES DOWN THE CENTRE AISLE LED BY THE CHAPLAIN WITH PROFESSOR COSGROVE, IN CAP AND GOWN, JUST BEHIND HIM. THE BULK OF THE CONGREGATION ARE IN THE PEWS FACING THE ALTAR BUT THERE ARE ALSO TWO BANKS OF CHAIRS, THREE OR FOUR ROWS IN EACH, FACING ONE ANOTHER ACROSS THE AISLE. IN THE FRONT ROW OF THE RIGHT HAND BANK STANDS ROSE, ELAINE FAWCETT AND DR AND MRS WALKER. IN THE FRONT ROW OPPOSITE ARE SIR GILBERT TREECE, MARTIN DASHWOOD, RALPH PINDER AND PHILIP MOSTYN. BEHIND MOSTYN WE CAN SEE DICKINSON AND FISHER. THEY ALL HAVE HYMN BOOKS AND ARE SINGING.

ALL:

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

ACT II

- 19 -

THE CHOIR APPROACHES THE ALTAR AND ALL
SAVE TWO OF THEM SWING ROUND TO TAKE THEIR
PLACES IN THE CHOIR STALLS. THE REMAINING
TWO BOYS MOVE UP TO THE ALTAR AND BEGIN TO
LIGHT THE MANY CANDLES ON IT FROM THOSE
WHICH THEY ARE CARRYING.

ALL:

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.

ROSE CATCHES MOSTYN'S EYE ACROSS THE AISLE
WITH A QUESTIONING LOOK. THE STUDENT NODS.
ROSE TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK TOWARDS THE
ALTAR.

ALL:

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.

ALL THE CANDLES ON THE ALTAR ARE NOW LIT
AND IN THEIR LIGHT WE SEE THE TETZERETTO
IN ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE. ROSE SMILES A
SATISFIED SMILE.

ALL:

(BUT WITH ROSE PREDOMINANT)

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

AMEN.

END OF ACT II

24 EXT. THE PORCHWAY OF ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL
STUDIO. DAY.

THE SERVICE IS OVER AND, TO THE STRAINS
OF ORGAN MUSIC, THE CONGREGATION IS
BEGINNING TO FILE OUT OF THE CHAPEL.
ELAINE FAWCETT AND ROSE ARE STANDING
TOGETHER NEAR THE DOOR.

ELAINE:

I didn't see Mr Trent in church this morning.

ROSE:

No, unfortunately he had some rather urgent business to attend to.

ELAINE:

Pity, he's missing so much this weekend.

ROSE:

Undoubtedly.

PILBEAM HANDS ROSE TELEGRAPH

ELAINE:

You must be important. I've never known them to deliver a telegram on a Sunday morning before.

ROSE SMILES. DOES NOT OPEN TELEGRAM. HE
POCKETS IT.

25 INT. THE CRYPT OF ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

STUDIO. DAY.

A MAN, WHOM WE CANNOT IDENTIFY BECAUSE WE CAN SEE ONLY THE LOWER PART OF HIS LEGS, IS STANDING BEFORE THE CRATE CONTAINING THE TREECE PRESENTATION PICTURE. HE HAS ALREADY REMOVED THE FRONT COVER AND THE BUTLER PAINTING.

AS THE SCENE OPENS HE IS JUST PULLING OUT THE PARTITION COVERING THE FALSE BACK.

INSIDE, AS IT WAS BEFORE, IS WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE ST STEPHEN'S TETZERETTO.

SATISFIED, THE MAN, WHO WE STILL CANNOT IDENTIFY, SLOTS BACK THE PARTITION, REPLACES THE BUTLER LANDSCAPE AND QUICKLY SCREWS THE FRONT OF THE CRATE ON AGAIN. HIS LEGS GO OUT OF VISION AND WE HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS RECEDING UP THE STONE STEPS TO THE CHAPEL. ROBERT TRENT COMES OUT FROM WHERE HE HAD BEEN HIDING BEHIND A TOMB. IN HIS HANDS HE HOLDS A NOCTA INFRA-RED CAMERA.

CUT TO:

26

INT. THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE MASTER'S LODGE. STUDIO. DAY.

WE FIRST SEE A TRAY LOADED WITH FILLED SHERRY GLASSES. A PORTER CARRIES THE TRAY THROUGH TO THE MANY GUESTS IN THE ROOM. ROSE AND ELAINE FAWCETT ARE THERE AND SO ARE MARTIN DASHWOOD, RALPH PINDER AND DR WALKER. THERE IS A LOT OF EXCITED CONVERSATION.

PROFESSOR COSGROVE AND SIR GILBERT TREECE ARE STANDING BESIDE THE BUTLER PAINTING WHICH, COVERED BY A SHEET, RESTS ON TWO EASELS BY THE FIREPLACE. COSGROVE CLAPS HIS HANDS FOR ATTENTION.

COSGROVE:

Ladies and Gentleman! (NO ONE TAKES MUCH NOTICE) Could I have your attention

Ladies and Gentlemen please. (THE NOISE IN THE ROOM EBBS AWAY) Thank you. As you all know we are gathered here this morning for a singularly pleasant reason.

WE PICK UP ON TREECE'S GLOWERING FACE. SEEING TREECE'S REACTION, HURRIES ON.

COSGROVE:

As Master it always gives me great pleasure to welcome past graduates of St Stephen's particularly when, as on this occasion, the graduate concerned is generously making a gift to the college.

POLITE LAUGHTER AND WE SEE TRENT COME INTO THE ROOM WITH AN ENVELOPE IN HIS HAND. STANDING BY THE DOOR HE ATTRACTS ROSE'S ATTENTION WHO ACKNOWLEDGES HIM WITH A NOD.

COSGROVE:

Sir Gilbert Treece who has won for himself an unchallenged position in the sphere of international finance, came up to St

Stephen's in nineteen

TREECE:

(INTERRUPTING IRRITABLY) Oh, for heaven's sake get on with it. I want to get away.

COSGROVE:

Oh, yes, Sir Gilbert, of course. Er ... well yes. Ladies and Gentlemen, Sir Gilbert Treece.

APPLAUSE

TREECE:

(REMOVING THE SHEET FROM THE PAINTING)

Well this is it. The Gilbert Treece presentation. (GENERAL MURMURS OF APPROVAL) I only hope that the College will hang it somewhere where it can be seen properly and that they'll look after it. Frankly I don't know very much about paintings but this looks like a reasonable two thousand five hundred pounds worth.

ROSE:

(TO ELAINE FAWCETT) Sir Gilbert is not a man for hiding his light under a bushel, is he?

TREECE:

I haven't done anything about having a plaque put on it but I suppose I can leave that to you, Cosgrove. That's it then. I've nothing more to say. (APPLAUSE) (TO COSGROVE) I hope you had my car sent round.

COSGROVE:

It's waiting at the front door now Sir Gilbert.

111-5
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD
TRECE MAKES FOR THE

DASHWOOD PASSES ROSE AND ELAINE.

DASHWOOD:

I suppose I'd better go and see him off
or there'll be trouble.

HE HURRIES OUT OF THE DOOR

ELAINE:

I can't say that I'm sorry to see our
~~distinguished~~ ^{his} visitor leave.

ROSE:

Indeed, no. He has certainly lived up to
his reputation. Do let me get you another
glass of sherry.

ROSE MOVES OVER TO THE DOOR AND TRENT WHO
HANDS HIM THE ENVELOPE. ROSE OPENS IT AND
TAKES OUT A PHOTOGRAPH.

TRENT:

(ENJOYING HIMSELF) Careful! It's still
not really dry. Good clear print. That
ties it all up very nicely, doesn't it?

ROSE:

(STUDYING THE PHOTOGRAPH) Admirably.

ROSE PUTS THE PHOTOGRAPH AND THE ENVELOPE
INTO HIS JACKET POCKET AND TAKES TWO GLASSES
OF SHERRY FROM THE PORTER WHO, AT THAT
MOMENT, PASSES WITH THE TRAY.

TRENT:

Now?

ROSE:

As good a time as any I think. This
photograph was all I was waiting for.

(HE HANDS ONE OF THE GLASSES OF SHERRY TO

TRENT) Perhaps you'd be good enough to
take this glass of sherry to Professor
Fawcett. You have rather neglected her.

(THEY BREAK AWAY. WE FOLLOW ROSE IN THE
DIRECTION OF RALPH PINDER WHO IS EXAMINING
THE BUTLER LANDSCAPE) A good investment

Cur
Hebut
3
Oave

ROSE: (CONT)

I believe you called it. Do you still hold to that opinion?

PINDER:

Yes ...

DR WALKER, AN EMPTY GLASS IN HIS HAND, BUTTONHOLES ROSE.

WALKER:

(INTERRUPTING) Ah, there you are Rose, m'dear fellow. Something I've been meaning to ask you. What about the Treaty of Kiel?

ROSE:

I beg your pardon?

WALKER:

The Treaty of Kiel, 1814. What's your opinion of it in relation to subsequent events in Europe?

ROSE:

(GROPING) Underrated?

WALKER:

Capital! That's what I think. But we're in a minority you know. Sorry to have butted in. I'm really looking for the sherry. ^(PINDER) Shouldn't we ^{have} put him in the right direction ~~what~~ you asking me about the Butler.

ROSE:

Yes.

WALKER SHOOTS OFF IN PURSUIT OF HIS QUARRY

PINDER:

Well, Five years from now it will be worth a lot more than Sir Gilbert paid for it. It'll earn it's keep.

III - 7
Is it genuine?

ROSE:

PINDER:

(SURPRISED) Undoubtedly. What makes you ask?

ROSE:

These days there are so many forgeries about. Surely it's not always easy to tell after only a cursory examination.

PINDER:

That's a genuine Butler all right. I'd make out a cheque for two thousand seven hundred and fifty for it on the spot if I could persuade Cosgrove to sell it to me.

ROSE:

And consign it to the vaults?

PINDER:

Yes, I certainly wouldn't live with that one.

ROSE:

Just the Tetzeretto? In a fine and secret place?

PINDER:

That and one or two others.

DR WALKER, CLUTCHING A FULL GLASS, CLOSES IN ON ROSE ONCE MORE.

WALKER:

Just a very quick one, Rose. What about C N Waters' book "Economic History of England 1066 - 1874"?

ROSE:

(GROPING AGAIN) Overrated?

WALKER:

Of course, of course. Knew you'd agree. Must say it's heartening to find a fellow

historian with a bit
of commonsense.

ACT 111

- 8 -

PROFESSOR COSGROVE AND DASHWOOD RE-ENTER THE ROOM AND WE GO WITH THE MASTER OVER TO TRENT AND ELAINE.

COSGROVE:

(TO ELAINE) Thank Heavens he's gone. I really couldn't have taken much more of Treece.

TRENT:

Can I get you a drink, Master?

COSGROVE:

TAKING TRENT'S DRINK
Thank you. I feel in need of one.

WE CUT TO ROSE'S FACE IN C U

ROSE:

Do tell me, did you really think you could get away with stealing the Tetzeretto?

WE PULL BACK AND SEE THAT ROSE HAS COME UP QUIETLY BEHIND MARTIN DASHWOOD. DASHWOOD TURNS.

DASHWOOD:

I don't understand.

ROSE:

Oh, please Dashwood, let's not play games.

HE TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH FROM OUT OF HIS INSIDE POCKET AND HANDS IT TO DASHWOOD.

ROSE:

That was taken this morning in the crypt of the chapel. An infra-red camera kindly supplied by the Natural History Department.

III - 9
27 INT. DASHWOOD'S ROOM. STUDIO. DAY.

DASHWOOD:

So what now, Mr. Rose? (ROSE DROPS AN
EMPTY SUITCASE ON TO BED)

ROSE:

I suggest you start packing.

DASHWOOD:

What, no Black Maria, no handcuffs?

ROSE:

I see no reason why St Stephen's should
be involved in a scandal and you didn't
manage to steal the Tetzeretto, did you?
There's a train for London in an hour.

DASHWOOD:

Bit sudden - my shooting off like that.
Difficult to explain to the Master.

ROSE:

Don't let that concern you, I will
provide a plausible explanation.

(DASHWOOD STARTS TO PACK)

DASHWOOD:

Just how much do you really know and how
much is educated guess work?

ROSE:

I know everything. Everything that
matters, that is. For instance, I know
that you uncle, the so-called ^{Sir} Gilbert was
a fake. is no more Sir Gilbert
- 9 - There than I am.

ROSE
Thank you

Dashwood
I can't imagine
when we went
wrong

TII-10

That's clever of you. So where did it
all go wrong?

ROSE:

Your Homework! You were relying on the real
Sir Gilbert ~~Treese~~'s abhorrence of
publicity and the fact that no one over
here had seen him for thirty years.
You should have taken greater pains with
your research.

DASHWOOD:

In what way? *Should we?*

ROSE:

~~Unfortunately for you,~~ Your so-called
should have
uncle ~~didn't~~ remember a fellow student
of whose accidental death he was a
witness. It's not likely that *he* the real
Sir Gilbert ~~Treese~~ *would* have forgotten
a tragedy like that, is it?

DASHWOOD:

So that's what put you onto us.

ROSE:

Not entirely. It helped. I already had
my suspicions.

DASHWOOD:

And you did some checking I suppose.

ROSE:

Merely for confirmation. A water glass
taken from a bedside table and sent by
train to Scotland Yard for fingerprint
identification resulted in a very
interesting telegram. They're thorough
at the Yard and they checked with Inter-

(QUOTING) Victor Charles Donnelly

*Treese, remember. A fellow student.
Accused Donnelly.
He was with him
when he fell off
the Senate House
roof & was
killed*

ROSE: (Cont)

arrested Spain 1951. Served five years
for theft of El Greco. Wanted for
questioning in connection with a number
of recent Continental art thefts.

DASHWOOD:

Very thorough.

ROSE:

I found out
When information was confirmed that
Treece was an imposter it was obvious
~~to me~~ that you also had to be in on the
plot.

DASHWOOD:

So what now, Mr. Rose?

ROSE:

Nothing. ~~You're leaving and I see no~~
~~reason why St Stephen's should be~~
involved in a scandal. After all the
Tetzeretto is safe and the college has
a genuine Daniel Butler to add to its
collection.

DASHWOOD:

I must remember to take more care next
time.

ROSE:

Is there to be a next time?

DASHWOOD:

Almost inevitably. ~~You know the old~~
~~maxim "If at first you don't succeed..."~~

ROSE:

I should have thought that you could have
found some occupation better suited to
your background.

DASHWOOD:

(SMILING) Perhaps. But ~~not with so~~ ^{*you know*} many lucrative possibilities, and there are more University graduates among the criminal classes than there are in the police force.

ROSE:

Regrettably that's true. But it's a situation we're doing our best to remedy. And one thing is certain, your criminal career in this country is over. And that of your partner Victor Donnell I would suggest a holiday abroad; a very long holiday. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that you have not more than forty eight hours in which to make your travel arrangements. Do I make myself clear?

DASHWOOD:

Crystal clear. The Middle East perhaps?

ROSE:

Where is a matter of indifference to me.
Just so long as it's far away. But
wherever you end up, do bear in mind that
next time you might not be so lucky.

DASHWOOD:

I'll bear that in mind. (A THOUGHT OCCURS TO
HIM) Mr Rose, you've been very good about
all this, I wonder if you'd do me one more
favour?

ROSE:

I very much doubt it. What favour?

DASHWOOD:

That painting by ~~Daniel Butler~~. The one my
'Uncle' presented to the College.

ROSE:

(SUSPICIOUSLY) What about it?

DASHWOOD:

Well, it took ~~up~~ a lot of our capital to
buy that. We thought it would be a good
investment at the time of course, but now
..... I don't suppose ^{we} ~~I~~ could have it back,
~~could I?~~ (FROM ROSE'S EXPRESSION DASHWOOD
SEES THAT HE HAS GONE TOO FAR AND HE BEATS
A HASTY RETREAT) No, well perhaps not.
I can see your point. (HE SHUTS THE LID OF
HIS SUITCASE AND SNAPS HOME THE CATCHES)

It was just an idea. After all, you can have a surfeit of masterpieces.

28

INT. A CORNER OF THE CRYPT OF ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. STUDIO. DAY.

WE HAVE THE ST STEPHEN'S TETZERETTO IN C U THE PAINTING IS SUDDENLY RIPPED APART AS A FOOT CRASHES THROUGH IT. WE PULL BACK AND SEE THAT IT IS TRENT WHO IS DOING THE DESTROYING WHILE ROSE WATCHES HIM. THE DOOR OF A SMALL FURNACE IS OPEN LETTING OUT A STRONG GLOW.

TRENT:

So Dashwood actually switched the pictures then?

ROSE:

Indeed he did. That's why he went on the chapel raiding party with Mostyn and company.

TRENT:

(RIPPING UP THE PAINTING AND INTO SMALL PIECES) He hadn't much choice really seeing that the stunt was his idea in the first place

ROSE:

His main reason for being there was to hang back after they had hidden the Tetzeretto in the crypt. And then change it for the one in the crate. It was the only way he and Donnelly could hope to get

ROSE: (CONT)

the picture out of the college ~~in the~~
~~ostensibly empty crate when it was collected~~
~~on Monday morning.~~

TRENT:

Quite smart.

ROSE:

Not really because, you see my dear John,
when I first discovered the copy, it was
obvious that someone was planning to make
a switch. So, in case things went wrong
had Pelham Substitute
I ~~substituted~~ the original for the copy.

TRENT BEGINS FEEDING THE TORN UP PAINTING
INTO THE FURNACE.

TRENT:

9
~~My God.~~ You know, one of these days you'll
outsmart yourself. *And was* ~~So it was~~ the copy the
boys stole!

ROSE:

It was
~~Correct.~~ And when, in turn, Dashwood
switched them he very kindly returned the
original.

TRENT:

It must have given him a bit of a shock
to see the picture hanging in the chapel
this morning.

ROSE:

It did. That's why he went and checked the
crate.

TRENT THROWS THE LAST PIECE OF CANVAS INTO
THE FURNACE AND SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

TRENT:

Hold on, I've just had an horrible thought.
I suppose that was the copy we've just
burnt?

ACT 111

- 15 -

FOR A MOMENT ROSE LOOKS AGHAST.

ROSE:

Frankly I don't find that amusing.

FILM.

29

EXT. THE GROUNDS OF ST STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.
DAY.

ROSE AND TRENT EMERGE FROM THE CHAPEL. FOR
A MOMENT OR TWO THEY FOLLOW THE PATH
FLANKING THE CAREFULLY TENDED LAWNS. THEN
ROSE SEES ELAINE FAWCETT STANDING ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE COURT. SHE WAVES AND ROSE
SHORTCUTS HIS WAY TO HER ACROSS THE LAWN.
TRENT IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW HIM AND WE SEE ROSE
FREEZE IN HIS TRACKS. HE DOES NOT TURN BUT,
WITH A MOVEMENT OF HIS HEAD, HE DIRECTS
TRENT'S ATTENTION TO A SMALL WOODEN
NOTICEBOARD STAKED INTO THE VERGE OF THE LAWN.
IT READS 'FELLOWS ONLY'. SATISFIED THAT
TRENT HAS GOT THE POINT, ROSE, HIS HANDS
CLASPED BEHIND HIM IN TRUE ACADEMIC FASHION,
PROCEEDS SEDATELY ON HIS WAY. WE STAY WITH
TRENT WHO STANDS OBEEDIENTLY ON THE PATH,
HANDS ON HIPS, WATCHING HIM GO.

LAUGHING AND

FADE OUT

THE END