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# House of Whipcord

By David McGillivray

(Wind howling)  
(Thunder)  
(Thunder crashing)  
(Girl panting)  
- (Splash)  
- (Girl gasps)  
(Girl whimpering)  
- Monsieur...  
- Huh?  
(Whimpering)  
- (Muttering) Aidez-moi.  
- (Thunder crashing)  
Aidez-moi.  
Christ. Hang on, love.  
(Girl whimpering)  
All right, darling, me on. I've got you.  
Come on, round the other side.  
We can't stand about in this.  
Soon have you in the dry.  
(Thunder)  
Hang on. (Grunts) Here we go.  
Ah, that's it.  
There you are.  
Phwoar, phew. Cor.  
What happened, then, love?  
Some bloke, was it?  
Hmm? Come on, you n tell me.  
Back there, he give you a lift  
or something, did he?  
Shouldn't do it, you know, love.  
Not out here in the wilds.  
Please...I'm Id.  
I'm not surprised.  
Look at that dress you're wearing, eh?  
What is it you've got on? Looks like  
a bloody bit of sacking or something.  
You been to a fancy dress ball?  
(Thunder)  
Bloody 'ell.  
Who did that to you, love?  
He deserves to swing for that,  
whoever he was.  
Don't you worry. He won't gel away with it.  
I'm gonna drive you to London.

Don't you worry,  
you're going straight to the law.  
Some of these blokes, you wonder how  
their minds work. Gives you the creeps.  
- Where...where is he?  
- What, love?  
He will me. So funny...  
M...E...D.  
(Gasps)  
I will not...I will not run away.  
Why don't you take it easy, love?  
You're all right with me.  
Why not try and have a sleep, eh?  
(Meaning)  
(Girl giggling)  
(Lively music playing)  
Mmm! Oh, no, it goes to my head!  
- (Man) Ann-Marie, me and look.  
What is it?  
- What are they doing?  
- We're about to unveil you.  
Let's have a look.  
- The action still of the year.  
- What have they cooked up?  
(Laughter and chatter)  
(Laughter continues)  
- (Woman) Where did you get it?  
- Jo got it from the Evening Standard.  
(Woman) I love that expression.  
Priceless, isn't it?  
Priceless.  
And look at these two old dears.  
- (Man) Isn't that you behind the car?  
- Yeah. We'd just finished the session.  
Didn't you see it in the papers?  
None of them mentioned the product.  
(Woman) They're getting smart.  
Sony, they fined us.  
Me and Ann-Marie, 10 each.  
(Man) What for?  
Behaviour likely to use  
a breach of the pea. What a charade.  
The clients liked the pictures, though.  
Yeah, but she was great,

she really looked fantastic.

- Where's she gone?

- I don't know.

Ann-Mariel Have a drink - your atmate's  
drinking you under the table.

Leave her, Ted,

I think she's embarrassed.

What about? Not this, surely.

She's a bit touchy about her parents  
finding out. We ought to stop teasing her.

(Laughter, chatter, music playing)

- I don't blame you.

- I'm sorry?

Oh. It's all right if they are amused.

It all seems a bit childish to me.

And rather tasteless.

Though I wouldn't say that to anyone else.

- May I get you a drink?

- No, thank you. I have enough.

Come and sit down. Tell me who you are.

- Ted.

- Yeah?

- Who's that?

- Who's what, my love?

I'm getting a bit bleary-eyed.

That dish chatting up Ann-Marie.

God knows. Something Jo picked up.

What?

- He walked in the office just before it closed  
and offered our lovely lady  
an idea for a feature.

She took a fancy to him and invited him  
to slay. Not like her, is ii?

- Hmm. He must have a fatal charm.

- Or something.

Yes, well, we'd better find you  
a little friend of your own, my darling.  
Come and meet some of my eligible fellow  
slaves. See if we cash sober'em up.

Gentlemen, let me introduce you  
to the lovely Julia King.

There's an article on 12th-century ceramics  
and an Ezra Pound poem between a huge  
Negress in chains and Warhol on the loo.

- What are you reading?

- Escort.

Ted thrust it into my hands  
when I left the party,  
said I ought to get up on men's tastes.

I don't think they know  
about the men's tastes.

That's the secret - they don't.

They just tell them what they think  
they ought to have a taste for.

- And when's your rt arriving?

- I am to meet him. I must hurry.

- The one that chatted you up at the party?

- Chatted me up? Yes.

- He's a fast worker.

- Mmm... (Giggles)

- He is charming. He is different. You know.

- I see.

- May I borrow your minor? Mine's broken.

- Go ahead.

- Hey, you're still wet.

- Am I?

He's a writer, isn't he?

- Is he?

- Didn't he say?

He said so little. We talked about me.

- What's his name?

- Mark. Er, Mark Desade.

And when am I going to meet him?

Julia! You have Tony.

Yes, I have Tony. He'd better remember  
to bring wine.

He will not take you out tonight?

We thought we'd eat in for a change.

You should get him to take you  
somewhere nice to eat.

- What, with the whole place to ourselves?

- Oh, I see.

(Giggles)

(Quiet chatter, music playing)

Madame asked me to come down  
and show a dress to a client.

I think I look nice in the dress  
and madame let me model a little.

Then I go to Panama for a few months,  
then I meet Julia, who say I should go  
to work for her boss in London.

So I go to London where I do  
much photographic work.

And that is my life.

- Why are you so nervous?

- Nervous?

I? What do you mean?

Something in your voice, your eyes

I think you're afraid of me.

(Giggles)

Oh, but no. I am a little...excited,  
that is all.

Why should I be afraid?

Why not? You are alone

with a man who you don't know.

And we all fear the unknown. It's natural.

But I do know you. And I like you.

Why, even at the pally,

you were the only one

who really understand. This is true, Mark.

Let me show you something.

- Comment?

- A little experiment to prove what I say.

You'll find it interesting.

Just close your eyes.

- Ohhh...

- No, me on, close your eyes.

But promise to keep them closed

all the time.

OK.

- Are they closed?

- Oui, monsieur.

Good. Now I want you

to imagine something.

Can you remember the way

the table is laid out?

Do you remember the knives by the plates?

The steak knives with the serrated edges?

Do you know serrated?

A dozen razor-sharp little notches

on each blade.

What sharpness.

They go through steak just like...  
(snaps fingers) ..that.  
Now I'm picking one up...  
and I'm looking at it.  
I daren't even touch it with my finger...  
because the slightest pressure...  
would make a cut.  
I'm going to bring the knife closer to you.  
I'm reaching out across the table  
and I'm holding the knife  
very close to your fa.  
The blade has the finest, thinnest...  
cutting edge imaginable.  
It's almost touching your fa.  
If you were to move your fa  
just one eighth of an inch,  
it would slice through your cheek just like...  
(Gasps)  
Only an ice cube.  
- But I felt...I felt...  
- What?  
- The blood.  
- You thought I would cut your fa.  
But anybody would, mm. (Sobs)  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it.  
It was only a joke.  
- Will you forgive me?  
- I was so frightened.  
It's only a joke.  
- Where do these go?  
- In that drawer.  
There's all these saucepans yet. Leave it.  
- No.  
- Let's leave it.  
- Why?  
- Because I want to...  
(Mocking) "To get back to my wife".  
Oh, that mas nasty. I'm sorry.  
Let's do it before Froggy gels home.  
She won't be beck yet.  
She's got a big yearning for that writer.  
- Who's he?  
- Some dishy number from the Escort pally.  
- Hey, what's this?

- What's what?  
- It's a fuse!  
- Tony.  
I can't fix it, I'm useless with my hands.  
You're kidding.  
(Bowl smashing)  
- You'll have to pay for that.  
- But not for this.  
Thank you.  
What for? The kiss or the dinner?  
Both. Everything.  
It has been so wonderful.  
I have enjoyed it so much.  
What an unusual ring.  
Let me see. What does it say?  
M...E...D.  
Mark E. Desade.  
Mark E. Desade.  
- What's the matter?  
- Oh...  
it just sounds a little like something else.  
Mark E Desade - the Marquis de Sade.  
You know.  
No. Who is he?  
(Chuckles) Nobody. You coming in?  
Won't we disturb your flatmate?  
No. She has her room and I have mine.  
No. Not tonight.  
I must do some writing.  
But...won't I see you again?  
- This weekend, if you're free.  
- Oh! (Giggles) Yes, please!  
I'd like to take you to visit my parents,  
meet my mother.  
Oh, Marky, you are so funny.  
And so old-fashioned!  
I thought you didn't like me.  
- I'm sorry.  
- No, it is nice.  
I would like to meet your mother  
but perhaps she wouldn't like me.  
You're French.  
She likes the French? (Giggles)  
Then we shall be very happy.



We could drive down on Friday.

It is a long way, non?

Quite. It's a date, then?

Yes, ifs a dale, 'Marquis de Sade'!

(Giggles)

- Where are you off to?

- Oh, Julia,

the photographer made me work  
an extra hour and I am late.

- (Car horn blaring)

- He is hero and lam not ready.

- Who's here? Where are you going?

- I'm going away for the weekend.

Oh, yes, to meet somebody's mum.

Was that the writer,

the male model or the producer?

- Yes, yes.

- Well, that answered my question.

- Did you gel her a present?

- We will slop to buy something.

Goodbye, Julia. I must hurry. Goodbye.

Have a nice time.

Oh, this is so beautiful.

Is it a long way to your mother's, Mark?

Where does she live? Mark?

(Tires squealing)

Mark, drive a little more slowly, please.

Im...l "I...

- Yes?

- I'm a little frightened.

(Engine roaring)

Mark, we will slop

to gel the present, won't we?

You haven't forgotten?

There's still a long way to go.

But I want to buy

your mother something nice.

Mark, have I upset you in some way?

Please tell me.

Where are we, Mark?

Why did you do that? It is dangerous, no?

Do what? Go to sleep, Ann-Marie.

Stop asking questions.

(Car engine growling)

(Horn sounds)  
(Yawns) Are we here, Mark?  
- Is this your home?  
- (Horn)  
- it looks so big.  
- (Hinges creaking)  
(Wind howling quietly)  
Wail here.  
'(Moaning and sobbing)'  
(Locks clunking)  
Madame Desade?  
- You're late.  
- I, er...  
(Bolt clanging)  
(Keys jangling)  
Are you coming?  
Where is Mark? Monsieur Desade.  
I have me to...  
- You French?  
- Yes.  
(Chuckles) In there.  
Well, good night, I guess. Mm?  
Take off your clothes and leave them  
on the table, all of them. And your shoes.  
(Keys jangling, lock clunks)  
(Woman laughs)  
(Receding footsteps)  
(Wind howling)  
(Lock clunking)  
(Tuts)  
- Is something the matter with your hearing?  
- What?  
There seems to be.  
You are both deaf and insolent.  
Who are you? What is this place?  
Where's Monsieur Desade?  
There are two easy rules in this institution.  
- Institution?  
- Shut up.  
Instructions are to be obeyed...  
...and each officer  
must be addressed as madam.  
I should not be here.  
I should not be here...what?

- I don't understand.  
- You are not in this room to understand.  
You are to be bathed  
before putting on your uniform.  
- Now get your clothes off.  
- I will not.  
This is not where I should be.  
I will go to find Monsieur Desade.  
- (Gasps) No!  
- Now...  
Now then, we will continue  
the customary reception routine.  
Sin you are not willing to undress,  
you will have to be stripped. Bates?  
No, please. Let me go, I will do it.  
- Please, tell me...  
- Silence.  
Now undress behind the screen.  
Hurry up, we haven't got all night.  
When you've finished, report here.  
(sighs)  
Put your clothes on the table.  
Do as you're told.  
One trouser suit, suede,  
with p and belt to match,  
one pair of panties, black,  
one blouse, black,  
and one pair of...  
shoes.  
No, no, and those.  
What?  
- Madam...  
- The watch and the ring.  
And the cross.  
Sign at the bottom.  
Thank you, Bates.  
In there.  
Under the shower.  
Wash yourself properly.  
All over.  
(Gasps) It is cold!  
Wash yourself...  
or someone will do it for you.  
I think Monsieur Desade

plays tricks on me, yes?

You are detained at Her Majesty's pleasure.

But I have done nothing wrong. I have me  
to visit Monsieur Desade's mother.

Where is Mark? Where is he, please?

Mark? Mark!

(Hinges creaking)

(Door slams, bolt clunks)

(Footsteps)

Your name is Ann-Marie de Vrney,  
age 19, born in Avignon, France,  
but resident in London.

Your occupation is...modeling.

- Yes, but I...

- You are here to serve semen,  
according to the proper

moral and disciplinary standards,  
for conviction of a serious charge -  
for exposing yourself unclothed  
without shame,

for monetary gain, to a photographer,  
in public, on the eleventh day of April last.

For which outrage against public decency

a corrupt and permissive London court fined you ten pounds and discharged  
you

Then I am free.

Why am I here? Where is Mark?

Please, I want to see him.

- Why are you...?

- Speak when you're spoken to!

(Door opening)

(Heavy footsteps)

(Door shuts)

(Footsteps, clunking)

- Who is this?

- Ann-Marie de Verney.

- Ann-Marie...

- De Verney.

Er, de Verney.

When I me into court, you were asking,  
if I am not mistaken,  
why you were in the dock.

I propose to enlighten you.

This court, my dear young lady

exists outside the statutory laws of this land.

It is a private court.

We are constituted here by private charter I  
within the walls of this fine, historic building  
that was once a county jail,  
to pass what we regard as proper sentence  
on depraved females of every category,  
with whom the effete and misguided courts  
of Great Britain today  
have been too lenient.

- Immorality and...

- I have done nothing.

I'll not warn you again.

...and must not be tolerated.

We do not countenance here  
reformers, prison welfare visitors,  
or chaplains.

We do not provide comfortable looms  
with chintz curtains and televisions.

This, young woman, is a real prison,  
a proper...

er... proper...

- House of correction.

- A proper house of correction! Mmm...

'During your 'NT-

Errr...during your stay here,  
the length of which will be determined  
by your conduct,

any attempt to escape,  
any disturbance you may create  
any refusal to obey the orders  
of Mrs Wakehurst,

the governess who sits here with me,  
or the members of the staff,  
will meet with prompt, persuasive  
and painful punishment.

We trust that when the time comes  
for you to leave,  
you will be a more fit person  
to take your place in society.  
And may God bless you.

No...

No!

(Ann-Marie sobbing quietly)

Move the prisoner, Walker.

Bates, remain here with me.

Non!

Enjoy displaying your naked body  
in public, de Verney?

Do you get a thrill out of it?

I think you pretend to be  
terribly blas about it

but you'd talus any opportunity  
of having a man leer at you.

I'm fight, aren't I?

You'd think I wouldn't guess that.

I can read you like a book.

(Keys jangling)

- That's your bunk. Get... up!

- (Sobbing)

You will lie on it until otherwise directed.

We're the only people

who can help you, de Verney.

There's nobody to aunt yourself at here.

Nobody to tease.

I'm going to make you  
ashamed of your body.

I'm going to see to that personally.

Talking is at all times strictly forbidden.

Except when answering a prison officer.

(Keys jangling)

- How many are here?

- Shhh.

But she has gone.

Please, tell me why.

(Ann-Marie sobbing)

All fight, Bates. But there are too many  
vague suspicions in your reports.

There's no smoke without fire. It's probable  
the Vaughan girl is smuggling food.

- Bring me evidence tomorrow

- Yes, madam.

Ah, Walker. I intend to relieve Justice Bailey  
of some of his responsibilities.

There seems little point in going on  
reporting new prisoners to him.

He remembers nothing, ifs a waste of time.

In future, bring the details to me alone.

- Yes, madam.

- Good.

Is everything under control?

Yes, madam, I think so.

- Think so?

- De Verney could be a problem, madam.

She will not be a problem, Walker

She will not.

I do not want a repetition

of what happened before.

If there are problems, Walker -

and you, Bates -

- I shall want to know the reason why.

- (Both) Yes, madam.

Good.

Oh, Walker...

I want Bates here with me tomorrow.

We haven't finished the inventory.

You go into town and get the provisions.

Yes, madam.

- Good night.

- (Both) Good night, madam.

- Margaret?

- Yes?

- Would you like a drink, my dear?

- I'll do it.

(Clock chiming)

I told Walker and Bates that I shall be handling new admissions in future.

Make things easier for you.

I find it very difficult to tell the king from the queen. They feel exactly alike.

I dare say one is taller than the other.

- Do you hear me, Desmond?

- Yes, my dear.

What was the name of the girl

I sentenced today?

Oh, you've been told three times already.

She reminded me of the Hansen girl,

Claudine Hansen.

She was French too.

That was a long time ago.

A long time? Oh, no. Five years.

It's nearly 30, Desmond.

I remember it distinctly.  
It was 1946. You were a High Court judge  
and I was in charge of Coswell Grange.  
Oh, yes, yes, of course.  
Oh dear, is it that long ago?  
It seems so clear.  
I can remember your very words  
on the telephone.  
'Desmond, you've got to help me.  
It's all gone wrong.  
"They're blaming me for the girl's suicide "  
That's what you said.  
Yes, you can remember that, can't you?  
You can remember things from  
You can't remember that you failed  
to get me reinstated.  
I was doing my duty.  
The stupid girl was unstable.  
But you can't remember that,  
or the days of the week,  
or the names of prisoners  
you met five minutes ago.  
What did you do that for, Margaret?  
I'll never remember where they were.  
There are pieces all on the oor.  
Desmond, I'm convinced  
that no useful purpose is being served  
by your remaining in office at this prison.  
Don't speak to me like that, Margaret.  
While you remain here, so will I.  
It is no more your prison than it is mine.  
We started it together because we believed  
in the same things. And we still do.  
Justice for those on whom  
justice has not been served.  
But justice must be seen to be done.  
You pitiless woman.  
Do you think I am blind from choice?  
Do you think that for one minute in 25 years  
I have become reconciled  
to this miserable darkness?  
You have no feelings,  
no idea of how I suffer.  
No more than I do, I'm sure.



At least I'm spared the anguish  
of gazing at your poor tormented fa.  
If thine eyes offend thee, pluck them out.  
- Margaret?  
- Pluck them out, I say.  
Sorry, madam, I thought  
you were about to fall.  
I thought I'd steady you. I'm sorry.  
It's all right, Walker. It's quite in order.  
Well, don't stand there, woman.  
You may retire if you wish.  
Leave the knife, will you?  
Thank you.  
(Wind howling)  
(Woman sobbing)  
(Footsteps)  
(Keys jangling)  
(Sobbing continues)  
(Tony) My God, ifs like a prison at home.  
I must go, I'm expected.  
I don't want to sound my,  
but you can't go on like this.  
I know, I know.  
- Don't look at me for advice  
- You're a good adviser.  
- That's what Ann-Marie always says.  
- Yeah, wall, great minds.  
Would I be fight in saying  
that you fancy her a tiny little bit?  
I've only bumped into her a few times.  
Times enough.  
What about you and that gigolo that picked  
her up at that party on Tuesday?  
You must be joking. I only saw him on.  
- Across a crowded room...  
- Yes. I don't even know his name.  
- You keep on talking about him.  
- He was attractive. I mean, really.  
But I find myself worrying  
about everyone she goes out with.  
- Why?  
- Well, she's young. She's, what, 19?  
And it was me that got the agency  
to bring her over here.

- I feel responsible for her.

- Well, don't.

I'm sure she can look after herself.

- (Gasping)

- (Slap)

- (Sobbing)

- This is the girl.

She takes food from the tables to her ll.

Why should she do a silly thing like that,  
an intelligent girl like Vaughan?

Why did you do it, Vaughan?

Hmm? Don't we feed you well enough?

- (Sobbing)

- Well, me on, tell me.

- Don't we feed you well enough?

- Yes, madam.

- Then why do you steal?

- I can't help it, I gel so hungry.

So we don't feed you enough, then?

You don't know

what you're talking about, do you?

- Third time, isn't it?

- Yes, madam.

(Sobbing continues)

What is this noise?

A fine way to start the day.

I caught the Vaughan girl, madam, stealing.

Selfish and despicable.

By taking this communal bread  
to satisfy your gluttony, you deprive others.

- I will not tolerate stealing.

- Third time offender, madam.

- Really?

- (sobbing)

- You know what this means?

- No!

- Take her away.

- (Screaming) No! No!

(Wild screaming)

No! No!

(Wild shriek)

(Whispering) This is

the only way we can talk.

Look down towards that end of the corridor

I'll check this end.

If you see or hear anyone coming,  
anyone at all,

get over to the Bible sharp. OK?

Yes.

I'm in for shoplifting, so-called. You?

(Whispering) Well, I am a model.

I did some, er, nude work  
in Kensington Gardens

- and they fined me.

- Pretty typical.

But how did they bring you here?

Same way as you, dear.

- Mark.

- He's Wakehurst and the judge's son.

(Gasps)

- Shut up, you silly c.

Look down the corridor.

I don't believe this is happening.

Take it from me, they're all mad,  
every one of them.

We just have to go on playing their game  
of prisoners and warders.

The risk just isn't worth it.

But when the people leave here,  
surely they must go to the police.

Oh, you don't get it, do you?

Nobody leaves here. Nobody.

You just try and do as you're told  
for as long as you can.

They give you three chances.

The first time you step out of line,  
they put you in solitary for two weeks.

The second time, they og you.

And the third time, you're finished.

- They hang You

- (Gasps)

Oh, God, no.

Like Karen this morning, it was her last chance.I

You mean...you mean...they will hang her?

Tomorrow, most likely.

No, this cannot be.

- It will be.

- No.

They'll probably kill me too, love.

We must save her.

- (Knocking)

- Come in.

Vaughan's death warrant, madam.

Yes.

Yes, that's all in order.

I'll see that it's passed on

to Justice Bailey as usual.

Execution is set for dawn tomorrow.

See that the scaffold is prepared.

I'll inspect it with Walker after lunch.

Miss Walker is on rations duly

this afternoon.

Yes, of course. Then it will have to be you.

Oh, thank you, madam.

(Karen sobbing) I won't do it again.

I promise I'll never do it again.

(sobbing)

I'll eat one meal a day.

Bread and water.

I'll be whipped. Just mu her I'll be whipped.

I'll do anything. Please, I'll do anything.

Sit down!

(sobbing)

(Screaming)

(Distant screams)

I don't know. I don't know, Ann-Marie.

It would be my second time.

If we fail, you will be whipped, yes,

and I will be put in solitary confinement.

This is know. But we will not fail.

We will save Karen.

We must save Karen.

Then she will save us all.

Walker does the ogging,

and I don't think I could take it.

We must look for the first possible chance.

(Vehicle approaching)

(Crow cawing)

It could be sooner than we think.

It's Walker going into town

to buy stuff for the week.

That's lucky. Usually Bates goes.

Look, she's handing over the hays.  
She'll be gone about an hour.  
Oh, what are we even  
talking about it for? It's hopeless.  
(Ann-Marie) But we try. yes?  
(Claire) If anything goes wrong  
- Please, Claire.  
- All right, we'll do it.  
(Door shuts, keys jangle)  
Standing about, eh? Taking it easy?  
You'll be in trouble if them Bible passages  
aren't learnt.  
First offender, aren't you?  
Tonight you'll be...  
(screams)  
Miss Walker!  
- It's no good, Batesy, she's miles away.  
- (Choking)  
O Lord our God,  
we thank Thee for this mercy,  
that having graced ourselves with Thy food  
we may make it our meat and drink  
to do Thy gracious will.  
- Through Jesus...  
- I have work to do.  
If Walker returns, tell her I am with Bates'  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.  
(Muffled shrieks)  
(Keys jangling)  
- Now we must find the death ll.  
- We must be quick.  
(Tuts and sighs)  
Bates---  
(sighs)  
(sobbing)  
Ohhh...  
Bates!  
Bates!  
Bates?  
Ba...  
(Running footsteps)  
- We're in the wrong part of the building.  
- We must be quick.  
Here! Here!

(Keys jangling)

- Come on, quick.

- No, I'll be caught. Please leave me.

(sobbing)

- We have the key. We're going to be free.

- No, we'll never get away from here.

(Hinges squeaking)

(Bolts sliding)

(Gasps)

You're not going to disrupt my prison!

Not again, Hansen,

I shan't let you disrupt this prison.

Cross me again and I'll finish you.

- All right, Walker?

- Everything's ready, madam.

You're gonna cop it this time. You're gonna be sorry for what you done to me.

(Whip cracking,

Claire screaming and whimpering)

(Crow cawing, bell chiming)

(Door opening)

- Sign this, will you?

- What is it?

- Karen Vaughan's release.

- Oh, good, good.

- Er, where do I...?

- There.

- When is she leaving?

- Now.

Oh, that's most encouraging news

She's learnt her lesson, I am sure.

May I see her before she goes?

No, she's just on her way out.

(Karen sobbing)

Bring the prisoner.

(Sobbing continues)

(Sobbing and murmuring)

(sobbing)

(Rope creaking)

- You're a sadist.

- I know, I know. I'll tell her tonight.

What do you think she must feel like?

If you want me to tell her tonight, I will.

It's not a case of what I want,

it's your decision.

I made the decision,

I've just got to carry it out.

- What are you doing?

- Sony, I was just checking something.

I was right. Ann-Marie went away  
on the 27th. Nine days she's been away.

- Not all that again.

- It's strange.

She hasn't phoned or written. It's funny.

She's having an affair.

Would you phone if you were away with me?

- Course I would.

- Thank you.

- Don't worry about it.

- I think I ought to tell the police.

Julia, you're behaving like a Jewish mother.

It can't do any harm. We'll be in  
on the way back to the office. Please.

Well, you can do it, I'm not. Come on.

- Well?

- 'Well, we'll do our best, madam.'

She wasn't found mutilated in a pond, then?

- No. I felt a bit of an idiot.

- What?

What could I say?

'Her name's Ann-Marie de Verney  
and she's somewhere in England.'

Mark! Mark!

- (Tires squeal)

- What is it?

Mark Desade. The one from the pally.

- (Horns blaring)

- How could I forget?

That's who she's gone away with. I'll  
ring up the agency and get his address.

- Simple as that.

- Sounds suspiciously like spying to me.

OK, Ted, thanks a lot. That's all right. Bye.

- Well, I didn't imagine it.

- What?

You wouldn't believe this,

but nobody at that party

knows anything about Mark Desade,

not even Ted, though he was pissed.  
I don't like it, Tony, I really don't.  
Well, I've got my own problems  
to sort out tonight. Wish me luck.  
Good luck.

(Dialing)

(Claire) 'And David  
judgment and justice...  
'onto all his people.'

(Walker) You've got until six  
to learn it properly. You too, Jennings.  
You will be asked questions.

- Take them to their cells.  
- Get along.  
- (Whispering) You OK?  
- Think so.  
- Hows Ann-Marie?  
- Don't know. Another four days to go.

Did I hear talking?

(Water dripping)

(Bolt sliding)

(Hinges creaking)

(Rats squeaking)

(Whimpers)

(Hinges squeaking)

- (Smashing)

- Damn!

(J' Organ playing)

That girl's intimidating me.

- Which girl?  
- Which, what, why, whom. Hansen.  
- Hansen?  
- Oh, de Verney.

I fail to see how, my dear,  
if she's undergoing solitary confinement.

Because she's French,  
and she's a troublemaker.

If not for her, I'd still be at Coswell Grange,  
so would Walker and Bates.

Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

I see only facts.

- You and me and this prison...  
- (Organ playing stops)  
...and the danger ifs in.



De Verney will destroy us, Desmond.

I know it.

We must get rid of her as soon as possible.

Get rid of her?

Get rid of her.

But she has committed only one offence

We may yet be able to save her.

(Bolt sliding)

(Water dripping)

(Keys hitting oor)

Ann-Marie?

Oh, don't touch me.

What have they done to you?

(Murmurs)

I must get you away from here.

Why? You brought me here

for your mother and father to torture me.

No, that's not true.

I brought you here, yes, but I didn't know.

Oh, Ann-Marie.

I don't know where to start.

Let me try to explain. Please.

A long time ago.

My mother was a prison governess,  
one of the youngest in the country.

There was some trouble,  
reports of brutal treatment, and a girl died.

There was an inquiry. I don't know much  
about it but somehow my father -

he was head of the prison commission - he got her exonerated.

But she was dismissed  
from the prison service.

'My father left his wife  
and bought this place for my mother,  
'just like people buy railway stations  
or windmills to live in.

'They set up home together  
and I was born a year later, 1947.

'I think I was an embarrassment to them,  
being illegitimate,

'and I was sent to boarding school  
and then university.'

- (Desmond praying)

- 'I'd come to visit every six months.

'Then I found they'd got these crazy ideas about the courts being ineffective and the country going to rack and ruin. 'They wanted to lecture young offenders on the principles of right and wrong. They'd find names in the newspapers 'and asked me to find them and bring them down. 'I thought it would all be a bit of a joke with my father quoting the Bible at them. 'I warned them they'd get into trouble but it seemed to make them happy. 'And the months went by and nobody complained, 'so I went on doing it. 'I thought they must actually be doing some good. I never knew.' Until today. This part of the building has always been locked, deserted. I found out everything. I can never forgive myself. Never. For what I've done to you. For what I've done to all of them. All of them. L...I can never forgive you, Mark. But you must go to the police now. But they're insane. Don't you see that? They're not criminals, they need treatment. They should be locked away where they can do no further harm. But I must get you away from here as soon as possible.

- What about the other girls?  
- They as well, one at a time.

This evening, I will unlock your door. I'll have some transport waiting for you, than after you're all gone, I'll... I'm sorry, Ann-Marie. Perhaps one day you'll... I was going to say perhaps one day you'll understand but that's stupid.

May I kiss you?  
(Mark) Thank you,  
What for? The kiss or...  
Everything.  
(Wind howling)  
(Lock clunking, bolts sliding)  
(Hinges squeaking)  
(Squeaking)  
(Hinges creaking)  
(creaking)  
(Rain falling)  
(screams)  
How fortunate I was passing.  
(screams)  
(Whip cracking)  
(Ann-Marie gasping and moaning)  
(Whipping and gasping continue in distance  
(Whipping and screaming)  
- You thought I overdid it, Bates.  
- No, madam.  
I was told to make her remember it.  
I've seen the look in Mrs Wakehurst's eyes.  
The girl won't last the week.  
She may not.  
(Ballad)  
it's getting late. I don't think  
there's anything else we can do.  
- I'm not giving up.  
- Julia, what else is there?  
Mark Desade doesn't exist.  
There's nobody else to phone.  
The NUJ have never heard of him...  
...and he gave Jo phoney references.  
- And an unobtainable phone number.  
- Right.  
- You're not going to find him.  
- Why go to all that trouble?  
- Why pretend he was a writer?  
- He was a gatecrasher  
with a phoney name. 'Mark Decade'!  
No, it's more than that.  
First he makes sure no one can trace him,  
then he disappears with Ann-Mane.  
You don't know

that he's the one she went away with.  
No, I don't know. Am I being silly?  
No, just being you.  
(Keys jangling)  
(Lock clunking)  
Where is your uniform, de Verney?  
Uniforms must be worn at all times.  
Where is Claire, madam?  
She has a bad influence on you,  
de Verney. We had to move her.  
I... I was so afraid.  
I thought I was going to die.  
I think you are dying, de Verney.  
Little by little.  
First we will kill your vanity.  
Then the rest follows of its own accord.  
But not yet.  
Not tonight.  
De Verney?  
Ann-Marie. Ann-Marie.  
(Claire) Shift, now.  
Where are you going with that?  
Who's Mummy's little teddy, then, eh?  
Oh, you're a good boy, aren't you?  
- Please, Estelle, we'll all be flogged.  
Shut up!  
It's our only chance to get away  
Wakehurst wants her dead.  
(Whispering) Eight, nine, ten.  
All right - now! Now!  
No, no!  
(Crashing)  
(Rain falling)  
(Walker) She may be inside.  
(Wakehurst) She's out here.  
Madam!  
It's impossible, she couldn't have done.  
Go on, Bates.  
(screams)  
(Thunder crashing)  
(splash)  
(Ann-Marie whimpering)  
- (Thunder)  
- Hang on, love.

All right, darling, me on. OK, I've got you.  
Come on, round the other side.  
You can't stand about in this lot.  
That's it. Soon have you in the dry.  
- (Thunder)  
- Hang on.  
There we are. That's it.  
(Engine starts)  
(Throbbing echoes) Can't you say anything?  
(Driver) Can't you say anything?  
(Echoing stops)  
' can't Yo!-I say anything, darling?  
- (Moans and groans)  
How are you feeling?  
- (Panting and whimpering)  
- Can't you say?  
(Meaning)  
I'm taking you to the hospital.  
(Meaning)  
Where?  
Hey! Hey. male!  
- Do you know of any hospital round here?  
- Er, hospital?  
I think I passed one back there. Hospital,  
nursing home, something like that.  
- Anything the matter?  
- Yeah.  
I've got a girl here not feeling too good  
Whom is this place?  
Keep going a couple of miles, it's on the left.  
- Right, cheers.  
- Cheers.  
There you go.  
Hello?  
- Spooky bloody place, this.  
- (Ann-Mane moaning)  
(Bolts sliding)  
(Keys jangling)  
Er, I'm sorry to trouble you, lady,  
somebody told me this was a hospital.  
- I'm afraid it isn't.  
- Well, listen, I...  
I wonder, could I use your telephone?  
I found a girl on the road,

she's in a bad way.

(Meaning)

This is a private clinic

but...it looks very serious indeed.

I think you'd better bring her inside.

Sure. Thanks a lot.

(Thunder rumbling)

Poor child. Did she... Did she tell you  
what had happened to her?

Couldn't get any sense out of her.

She was babbling, delirious,  
but she never said a word.

- That's why I was worried.

- I'm sure. Are you all right?

- Yes, I've got her.

- This way.

Is this yours?

Here, careful. Her backs red raw.

- Walker?

- A girl, madam.

She was found...er...where?

About five or six miles down the road.

This gentleman found her. He has  
no idea what could have happened to her.  
She must've been beaten up  
by some pervert.

Good gracious.

How lucky you were to find us.

Well, erm...you must, erm...

Well, we must prepare  
a bed for her immediately.

She's not really bad, is she?

I think she'll be all right, thanks to you.

We'll put her in ward three.

Will you see to that at on?

Please?

- And than we must phone the police

- Yes, madam.

Well, I expect we've held you up  
long enough, haven't we?

Oh, no, no, no, that's all right.

I just wanna make sure she's OK.

She'll be all right, Mr, erm...?

- Kind.

- Kind? Oh.

Kind in name and nature.

Don't worry, Mr Kind, just leave  
your address with one of my nurses.

I'm sure the girl will want  
to contact you when she's better.

Oh, please forgive me  
for not coming to the door.

I must go and prepare a bed for her.

A good night's sleep  
will make all the difference.

Yeah.

Yeah, OK. Cheers.

Night.

I'll, er...hear from you, then?

Yes.

Yeah.

Funny old place, this.

It's old.

Yeah.

Cheers, then.

Goodbye.

- (Slap)

- You thought you could outwit me.

I suppose it was Claudine Hansen  
who taught you to creep up  
behind people and attack them.

- (Sighs)

- You've burned your boats this time.

- Hasn't she, Walker?

- She's beyond redemption.

- (Thunder)

- Quite beyond, quite beyond.

Prepare the death ll.

She'll be executed tomorrow.

(Meaning)

(Rock and roll)

'Ello, lads, how's it going?

- All right, Jack? Going north?

- Yeah.

You're lovely.

Ban, two eggs, sausage, chips,  
large coffee, four lumps,  
delivery to my place later, eh?

- What you got on?  
- Nothing, I'm picking up.  
'Owned rocks Spurs', eh?  
Two in the first half  
and another five minutes from time.  
- That's funny.  
- What's funny?  
That is. I know that bird.  
Yeah, that's her fa all fight.  
- What is it?  
- No. No, it can't be.  
- What's up with you?  
- I thought I recognised her.  
Your missus, is it? Making a bit on the side?  
Jack! Tea, sausage and chips.  
Right.  
I think Jacks fancying  
a bit of the extramaritals.  
(Laughs)  
Come on, you lot, let's have some room.  
- On, bloody...  
- Watch it.  
- I'll gel a cloth.  
- It's only a newspaper.  
It's gone all over your friend.  
Lot's have another look.  
Yeah, help yourself. Do you really know her?  
I picked this girl up last night.  
- Yeah?  
- She'd been beaten up.  
I drove her to some clinic a couple of miles  
outside of Penlaunce.  
I let her there to be taken care of.  
Yeah, well?  
Unless I'm going blind or soft in the head,  
this girl is her.  
- Go on.  
- I'm certain of it.  
Where you going?  
I'm gonna phone this paper for her name.  
Well, this kid was in a bad way last night.  
She was babbling, only half-conscious.  
Supposing they can't identify her?  
Find out the name, next of kin.



I reckon the paper will know who she is.  
Get in touch with the people  
and tell them she's in dock.  
It's not your problem, Jack.  
Oh, I know.

But you just can't leave it, can you?

(Ringing)

- Oh, Christ.

- (Ringing continues)

- Hello?

- The deed is done.

- So I'm gonna need a bed.

- What do you mean?

- Sony, that's marvelous.

- Is it a chore?

No, it's not that.

Ann-Marie's been found in Penlaunce.

She's had an accident but she's OK.

A lorry driver took her to a clinic.

- 'How?

- He saw her in the paper,  
phoned the paper, who phoned the agency.

Where?

- I don't know, I couldn't find the number.

He didn't know the name of the place.

I was on my way to catch a train to see her.

I'll be back tonight.

Come round after work,

I'll leave a hay under the mat.

- See you later, Tony.

- Bye.

(Horn blaring)

Oh. Could you tell me where the clinic is?

- The what?

- Apparently there's a private clinic here.

A big old building, about a mile from town.

There's a place up there,

high wall around it.

- Yes, that's it.

- I don't think it's a clinic.

I think so. Thanks a lot.

Thought it was the old jail.

(Crow cawing)

(Lock rattling)

Is this the clinic?

Who do you want?

I believe a girl named Ann-Marie de Verney was brought here.

- I wondered if I could see her.

- There's nobody of that name here.

This is a clinic? I was told it was.

Wait there, would you?

Since you asked so nicely.

(Sound blocked by glass)

(Lock turning)

- Do sit down.

- Thank you.

- I'm sorry, I wasn't told your name.

- It's Julia King.

I'm afraid I've used you a lot of trouble.

I'm not even sure if I'm in the right place

I couldn't ascertain

whether this was a clinic.

It is, yes, but private patients only.

I think the lorry driver I spoke to was sure he brought Ann-Marie here last night.

Last night?

Oh. What does your friend look like?

Young, long fair hair, about five foot, pretty.

Oh, but surely that was...?

What was her name?

Phillips. The Phillips girl.

Now I wasn't here myself last night

but I think a girl was admitted.

Nurse, er, Johnson dealt with it.

Er, yes, here it is. Rosemary Phillips.

Mmm, usual thing, hitchhiking, attacked on the road.

She wasn't hurt badly.

Yes, that was the girl I saw this morning

Her parents collected her.

- She didn't have a French accent?

- Oh, no. Quite obviously another girl.

It seems as though

I've come all this way for nothing.

- Not too far, I hope.

- Yes, London.

How maddening.

May we drive you to the station?  
No, thank you. I'm grateful for your help.  
I'm sorry you had such a long journey.  
Never mind. Oh, there is one thing.  
Could I ring my boyfriend?  
He might pick me up at Paddington.  
- I don't think the phones...  
- I'll pay, of course. It's long-distance.  
- (Dialing)  
- Why not?  
(Ringing)  
- (Ringing tone)  
- No reply.  
(Ringing)  
Hello?  
Oh, Julia. Yes, I've just got in.  
Dead end. Yes, I thought  
it was too good to be true.  
- Still, I'm coming back now  
- (Door creaking)  
Mark!  
Trouble, Tony! Terrible trouble! Help me!  
The clinic...  
Julia? Julia!  
- Hello?  
- (Clicking)  
- You have abused your privilege.  
- Where's Ann-Marie? I want to see her.  
Do you now? Well, then, you shall.  
Well? Do you want to see her or don't you?  
(creaking)  
- Ann-Marie?  
- (Creaking)  
(Shrieks)  
(Gasping)  
Cut her down! Cut her down!  
For what purpose?  
She's been dead for some hours.  
How did it happen?  
Now, really, my dear.  
What's been happening here?  
What made her do it?  
Young woman, you appear to be  
fully aware. This is a prison.

Those locked in it are criminals.  
De Verney did not commit suicide, she was  
justly executed for breaking the law.  
You mean you've...you killed her?  
I do not propose to enter into a discussion.  
- You murdered her!  
- Quiet.  
- I'm going for the police  
- You will not!  
(Gasps)  
You challenge my authority to overthrow  
me as governess? You must be insane.  
You'll be tried for conspiracy.  
Lock her up and prepare the courtroom.  
(Shrieks)  
Conspiracy... conspiracy.  
There can be only one penalty.  
Let me go, damn you!  
Get your hands off me.  
(Indistinct ranting)  
You misunderstand.  
We only want you to keep your mouth shut.  
I'm not giving you that satisfaction.  
- I'll stand here and scream the place down.  
- Walker!  
(Shrieks)  
- Get on with it.  
- This is wrong, Margaret.  
Get on with it or I'll do it myself.  
Julia King, you are charged with  
conspiring to pervert the course of justice.  
How do you plead? Guilty or not guilty?  
That woman is a murderess! She killed  
Ann-Marie de Verney in cold blood.  
Shut her up, Walker.  
- What did she say?  
- Pass semen, Desmond.  
She's a dangerous psychopath  
and must be hanged.  
Excuse me. Is there a...clinic round here?  
A private clinic, something like that?  
Not that I know of, no.  
OK, thanks.  
Is there a clinic round here, a hospital?

No, no.

Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say before I pass sentence?

- (Mufed shrieks)

- This is a travesty, a travesty of justice.

All right.

Let her say one thing. One thing only.

(Gasps) I'll play your game.

I want to see my lawyer.

- Denied.

- (Julia) That's illegal!

I won't be tried without...

Condemn her, condemn her.

(Muffled shrieks)

Julia King...

you have been convicted of conspiring to pervert the course of justice.

(Screaming)

Get her! Get her back!

The verdict of this court is that you be taken from here

to a place of execution...

where you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

And...may the Lord have...

mercy on your soul.

You won't get rid of me a second time.

Oh, no, I'll see to that.

I was told there's a clinic in this area.

Do you know where it is?

- You mean a hospital, like?

- Yes.

- I don't think so. Henry?

- (Man) Mm?

- Is there an hospital round here?

- Don't know.

There might be. What about that woman that mes in every week?

- She's got a nurse's uniform.

- What woman?

The one who gels the big order every Saturday.

- Her? Oh, lor.

- What did you say?

She always wears a sort of grey tunic but...

- Where does she me from?

- I don't know.

She drives in from that direction.

I thought she might come from  
that big old place on the right going up.  
Hey, but that's only a guess though.

Margaret?

(Wakehurst muttering)

I'm going to gel you, Hansen.

You think I'm going to let you  
pa this time...

I'm going to gel you, Hansen.

You think you're going to pa me  
but this time you're not.

(indistinct muttering)

I was the only one who saw the rot,  
the disease at Coswell Grange, wasn't I?  
But they wouldn't listen, though.  
And they didn't see it.

Girls.

Filthy, depraved animals.  
Treating it like a holiday hotel.  
And than running out to commit more crime,  
pollute society.  
And laughing at me, all of them.

And Hansen.

She laughed.

But I made the punishment fit the crime,  
taught the animal to obey.

Suicide, they said.

They didn't know, though, did they?

Do you hear that, Hansen?

I will not be dismissed.

Are you laughing at me now, Hansen?

I'm going to slop you laughing  
when I find you.

(Crow cawing)

(Hinges squeaking)

(Slow footsteps)

- (Gaspings)

- Margaret?

Margaret.

(Shrieks)

(Tires squeal)  
(Crow cawing)  
(Choking and gasping)  
(Breathing heavily)  
What have you...done?  
(Whimpering)  
Mark...  
I found her.  
I didn't do it.  
Mummy didn't do it.  
Mummy wouldn't do a thing like that.  
She loves you.  
Please get up. Nothing's happened.  
(Sobbing)  
- (Groaning)  
- Quick, madam.  
We're getting out.  
Where is she, Bates?  
- Bring her to me  
- (Banging)  
- (Rattling)  
- We must go, madam.  
(Rattling continues)  
Jesus Christ.  
(Car approaching)  
(Tires squeal)  
(Crow cawing)  
Do you mind if I ask you ladies  
a couple of questions?  
(Creaking)  
(Desmond) Margaret? Margaret!  
- (Creaking)  
- Oh, dear Lord.  
(Whimpering)  
M... Margaret.  
Oh, God...  
(Sobbing)  
(Desmond) 'If there be  
a controversy between men  
'and they me to judgment  
that the judges may judge them,  
'then they shall justify the righteous  
and condemn the wicked.  
'And it shall be if the wicked man

be worthy to be beaten,  
''that the judge shall use him to lie down  
''and to be beaten before his face,  
according to his fault, by a certain number.  
''Forty stripes he may give him  
and not exceed -  
''lest, if he should exceed, and beat him  
above these with many stripes,  
''then thy brother should seem  
vile unto thee''.