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# Jamaica Inn

By Emma Frost

1 EXT. OPEN DEVON COUNTRYSIDE, DEVON - DAY 1, AUTUMN- 1820 1  
CRASH into sudden noise and movement as a dry mud-spattered  
black coach careens too close  
-sunlight glinting off it and its wheels churning dust into  
the frame.

WELL-HEELED TRAVELLERS waiting at this unofficial staging  
post at the intersection of two dry dirt roads surrounded by  
golden cornfields, jostle backwards into  
-a young woman who is travelling alone and she steadies  
herself against their surge.

An ordinary farm-girl, MARY YELLAN is 20, pretty, quietly  
unconventional, a strong sense of right and wrong, a touching  
guilelessness that makes her vulnerable. She's drowning in an  
oversized man's coat (once her father's) and looks very out  
of place as she's pushed to the back.

The horse is still rearing with a whinny, shaking at its  
harness, hooves flying dangerously, as the DRIVER heaves on  
the reins to bring it to a halt.

After everyone else, MARY drags her tatty trunk through the  
dirt to board the coach.

2 EXT. ROAD, DEVON - DAY 1 2

The DRIVER whips the horse along  
-the coach bumping and racing unsteadily on the dirt track,  
a tiny black beetle among the cornfields.

3 INT. COACH - DAY 1 3

Inside the coach it's cramped and unpleasant.

A middle class FAMILY with a FAT DAUGHTER take up the room,  
MARY squeezed into a corner, feeling out of place and  
uncomfortable at their staring.

She hugs her giant coat round her, a treasured keepsake, and  
turns to look out of the window, and a last glimpse of this  
warm and manicured place she has called home as

#### 4 FLASHBACK:

4

The year is dying, autumn leaves starting to fall.

MARY wears her big coat, in the centre of a small group of  
black-clad MOURNERS who stand by the grave-side as earth is  
shovelled in on top of the coffin.

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

5 EXT. DEVON LANDSCAPE - DAY 1 5

The coach continues its long journey through the pastoral landscape.

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

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

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

But the FAT LITTLE GIRL reaches up to her MOTHER and FATHER and MARY involuntarily watches them pick her up, another painful memory intruding 7

**FLASHBACK:**

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

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

**MRS YELLAN :**

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

**MARY :**

(warm, joking)

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

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

**YELLAN :**

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

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

**MARY :**

You manage well enough without one.

**MRS YELLAN :**

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

\*

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

**MARY :**

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

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

**MRS YELLAN :**

Of course I haven't.

MARY's pleased.

**MARY :**

Well then.

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

8 EXT. FLASHBACK: CHURCHYARD, DEVON - DAY 8

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

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

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

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

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

\*

**NED :**

She was a fine woman.

\*

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

NED (CONT'D)

I know that... maybe now is not the time, Mary, bu\*

**MARY :**

No Ned, it's not. \*

She keeps on walking, the VICAR watching her in worry, but  
NED hurries after her -\*

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**NED :**

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

**MARY :**

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

**NED :**

But! Mary?  
\*

She's walking away but she stops. He hesitates -  
NED (CONT'D)

You - you have my heart.  
\*

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

**MARY :**

I'm sorry.

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

9 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 9

The coach careens through a bleaker, rockier landscape.

10 INT. COACH - EVENING 10

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

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

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

MARY's eyes close, taking her into -  
BLACKNESS.

CORNISH DRIVER (V.O.)

Launceston! All out!

11 EXT. THE FLEECE INN, LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL - EVENING 11  
MARY blinks awake. The DRIVER opens the carriage door and  
MARY follows the other PASSENGERS out \*

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

DRAGOONS; PROSTITUTES; grimy TIN AND COPPER MINERS, chewing \*  
sticks; toothless old MEN; weather beaten FISHERMAN; and  
young, rugged CHARMERS; all poor, most rough, spilling out of  
the inn, drinking beer from mugs or tankards.

Fiddle music plays from somewhere. The small surrounding  
houses are built of cold, grey Cornish granite.

It's a long way from the twee morality of her home and MARY  
is afraid, their eyes upon her as she steps around a MAN  
who's unconscious on the ground, and looks to see that the  
other PASSENGERS have gone inside the bar.

As MARY hesitates to follow, unaccustomed to bars, a  
uniformed Customs Riding Officer, LEGASSIK pulls up  
-a filthy MAN in the back of his horse-drawn cart bleeding  
from a wound to the leg, his hands and feet bound.

The COACH DRIVER peers inside the open-backed wagon with  
interest as LEGASSIK climbs down -

**CORNISH DRIVER :**

Smuggler, is e?

**LEGASSIK:**

(yes)

Ten pounds King's ransom's what he  
is. Ten pound of ale...

LEGASSIK goes inside. The SMUGGLER sees MARY peer at him, and  
spits - making her recoil.

MARY decides the inn can't be worse than it is out here, so  
she heads inside.

INT. BAR, 'THE FLEECE' INN - EVENING 12

MARY enters the bar, head down to avoid attention from the  
mostly MALE DRINKERS.

She moves into the shadows behind the other PASSENGERS from  
her coach.

But she darts a glance at the DRINKERS and her eyes alight on-  
-a roughly handsome man, JEM MERLYN, 30.

Unlike everyone else, he seems alone, content with his own  
company, a bright impertinence and easy charm about him, but  
in the gloom a CHEAP LOOKING WOMAN, a prostitute, moves close  
to him and runs a finger down his chest and whispers  
something suggestive in his ear.

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

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

**MARY :**

Will it take long to change the  
horses? \*

The DRIVER looks at her in surprise. She elaborates -\*

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm going to Jamaica Inn.

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

CORNISH DRIVER \*

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

LEGASSIK \*

(brusque) \*

If it's work you're after, you \*  
won't find it out there. And the \*  
tin and copper mines've queues to  
Lands End every morning, being \*  
turned away.

**MARY :**

I'm expected. It's my uncle's inn.

LEGASSIK sneers a laugh of dark judgement.

LEGASSIK \*

Then you can tell your uncle \*

Legassik says hello. \*

The DRIVER is alarmed by the reveal about her uncle, about to  
voice it but

**JEM :**

What's your name?

JEM is suddenly next to her and his presence scares the DRIVER off. As MARY turns to look at him, his stare makes her self-conscious.

**MARY :**

Mary.

**JEM :**

It's rough out at Jamaica, Mary.  
Coaches don't stop there any more.

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**MARY :**

Well be that as it may, it's where  
I'm bound.  
(testy bravado)  
I'm not afraid of hardship.

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JEM studies her with curiosity, tests her -

**JEM:**

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

**MARY :**

I'm not afraid of ghosts either.  
Something in her spirit interests him. He stares-

**JEM :**

What are you afraid of?  
She tries to hold his clear gaze but can't; blushes  
inexplicably and looks away in sudden confusion.  
He's still looking, and she can feel it through her clothes.  
His look says that he can guess what would scare a woman and  
he's worried that she'll find it where she's going.  
But there's a sudden furore as a nasty fight breaks out  
between some DRINKERS, ale spilling and MEN flying backwards,  
and the LEGASSIK hurries to break it up in vain

**LEGASSIK :**



Hey, hey, hey!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MARY:**

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

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

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**LEGASSIK:**

Which one of you took my scuddlin'  
horse?!

But JEM is long gone. The DRIVER looks at MARY with a sigh.

14 EXT. COACH, BODMIN MOOR, CORNWALL - NIGHT 1 14

The coach thunders on and MARY, alone inside, gazes out of the window into the interminable rain and blackness that marks the beginning of the moors.

The shabby roof is leaking and rainwater finally douses the sickly glow of the torch, making her jump, but still nothing can be seen beyond; no trees, no cottages, just darkness stretching on forever in the violence of the rain.

As we hold on MARY, the sound bleeds out and the movement of the coach seems to change

-it lists from side to side as though it were a ship at sea..  
The moment goes on forever.

A shout from the DRIVER blows past her on the wind and MARY lifts the sash and looks out. She's met with a blast of wind and rain that blind her for a second, and then she sees that the coach is topping the breast of a hill, rough moorland inky-black in the mist and rain on either side.

The horses pull to a stand-still and the coach stops. MARY scrambles to get out, the DRIVER huddling from the filthy rain as he dumps her trunk down, points and calls-

**CORNISH DRIVER :**

E's over there, see?

Only now does MARY make out a dark shape with tall chimneys hulking against the sky, utterly isolated and lashed by howling wind and rain, with no lights shining within.

On MARY's frightened face; she can't believe that's it.

But the DRIVER's picked up the reins, whipped the horses and is swallowed by the darkness. MARY glances after him as if doubting her decision.

ANGLE out on the moors, looking back at MARY as she drags her trunk towards the inn; something out there is watching her...

15 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 15

The yard is full of junk and broken glass, but MARY pays no heed as she drags her trunk under the wooden inn sign that creaks and groans above her, and into the courtyard.

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

But his face moves forward and is illuminated, puzzled but intrigued to see a pretty young woman. \*

MARY draws in breath, her courage failing her for a second. \*

**MARY :**

Are you Joshua Merlyn?

Her POV as he stares at her; a tall, once handsome man, 40s, who still has intense and brooding charisma despite his brutishness.

And we share JOSS's POV back at her: a young and pretty girl, innocence, but courage, lost in the middle of nowhere in a too-big coat.

They are dark negatives of each other. MARY is afraid of him.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm...is my aunt here? Aunt Patience?

I'm her niece, Mary Yellan.

He stares for a further long, beat enjoying his moment of control, having her to himself and toying with her.

**JOSS :**

PATIENCE? Bunch of petticoats to  
see you.

\*

MARY is unnerved by the sudden change in him.

16 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 1 16

MARY follows, treading the worn flagstones to enter a filthy,  
run-down bar, a private male world of booze and neglect. \*  
The place is empty, and as JOSS shuts the big, heavy door and  
draws the bolt, MARY step back, suddenly afraid but also  
fascinated by him, unable to take her eyes off him.

\*

\*

\*

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\*

JOSS sees her fear and likes it, trying to weigh her up, \*  
attracted, wary, slightly threatening.

**PATIENCE :**

What is it, Joss? Only, I was -

MARY turns as AUNT PATIENCE enters, but MARY would never have  
recognised her but for knowing that it's her.

**MARY :**

Aunt Patience?

JOSS watches MARY, trying to get the measure of her, as she  
in turn stares at her aunt.

Her curls are gone and she's tired and thin. Her once bright  
petticoat is a washed out pink and her clothes are patched;  
her eyes peripatetically check on JOSS, at once afraid of  
him, in thrall and seeking his approval.

And one bright scarlet ribbon in her hair only emphasises her  
pallor, a tragic attempt to look pretty for her man. Yet  
beneath the sometimes feeble surface there's a steeliness to  
PATIENCE, a manipulativeness that's glimpsed in flashes.

**PATIENCE :**

Mary? Oh it's never really you?

She moves to hug and look at her, watched by JOSS, but MARY  
is filled with emotion and terrible sadness, trying not to  
stare as PATIENCE looks around -

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

But - is my sister with you?

**JOSS :**

She's dead. Girl wouldn't be here otherwise.

**PATIENCE :**

Dead?!

**MARY:**

(glances at him)

A month ago. I wrote to you. Did you not get my letter?

MARY looks at JOSS, guesses that he got the letter and didn't pass it on. PATIENCE sits heavily in grief

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**PATIENCE :**

Oh no. No

**MARY:**

(wrong-footed, anxious)

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

**JOSS :**

Well she can't stay here.

PATIENCE is still reeling.

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

**PATIENCE :**

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

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

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

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

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

**JOSS :**

Depends on, is she tame? \*

He extends a finger sideways across MARY's lips -

JOSS (CONT'D)

Or does she bite?

PATIENCE stiffens - but MARY doesn't flinch or budge; just continues to look at JOSS, and his finger before her. She senses it's an act designed to test her, expecting her to step away

-instead, undramatically, she bares her teeth.

His eyes are still upon her, and he doesn't move his finger, so, slowly, she bites on it. He doesn't flinch, just watches her with fascination, so she keeps on biting until it must have hurt.

PATIENCE watches, unsure whether to protect MARY from JOSS's potential anger or be threatened by the sexuality of this gesture.

MARY stops biting and releases his finger, looks down.

JOSS examines the bite mark. Her spirit has impressed him.

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JOSS (CONT'D)

They should've made this one a boy. \*

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

**PATIENCE :**

Joss, you-

**JOSS :**

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

\*

MARY is surprised that it should be him and not her aunt to show this nurture. PATIENCE bristles, doesn't like it. But MARY's clearly allowed to stay as JOSS tosses MARY's trunk on his back like it weighs nothing and heads upstairs; MARY and PATIENCE watching him go.

17 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 1 17

PATIENCE scurries to, putting bacon in a pan and stoking the

dull peat fire that fills the room with thick, sweet smoke making MARY's eyes smart; she whitters nervously as she works-

**PATIENCE :**

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

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

\*

\*

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

**JOSS :**

Come over here. \*

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

JOSS (CONT'D)

Brandy or ale? \*

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**MARY falters:**

to himself, should've guessed.

JOSS (CONT'D)

Don't drink, eh?

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

JOSS (CONT'D)

Yeh, that's right. I do.

(with dark regret)

I drink and drink.

(leans in close)

And sometimes, girlie, when I drink

I talk, but if you ever get too

nosy or open your trap about a

single word I say I'll break you

until you eat out of my hand.

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

18 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 1 18

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

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

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

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

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

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

19 INT. LANDING, JAMICA INN - NIGHT 1 19

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

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

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

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PATIENCE (O.S.)

No, Joss. Please, I didn't mean it -

JOSS (O.S.)

Then why'd you say it?

**PATIENCE:**

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

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

MARY freezes, tears pricking in her eyes as her heart breaks for her aunt, her sense of justice galvanised.

She looks at the bundle in her arms, and towards the front door and freedom - she wants to go. But how can she leave her AUNT to this?

With grim resignation, MARY forces herself to tiptoe back up the stairs and into her room. The door clicks shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

20

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2 20

A pale sun shines, wind rattling the window as MARY wakes, stiffening as she remembers where she is. She steels herself.

21

INT. LANDING, JAMICA INN - DAY 2 21

MARY stands in the door to her room but the inn is quiet. She takes her chance to look round the dark, rambling inn, opening doors on guest rooms, all dusty and unused - MARY looks in JOSS and PATIENCE'S room, small and tatty - and at the far end of the corridor, a door that won't open. MARY tries it again, but it's locked.

22

INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2 22

MARY comes down the stairs, but the inn is still quiet, so she continues exploring, opening doors on various storerooms - messy with barrels and old chairs, rat chewed horse blankets, a box of shrivelled turnips - glancing into the empty front bar - neglect everywhere. But as she glances out of the window, she stops in shock at the view; the moors around them are vast and breathtaking.

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23 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2 23

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

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

24 EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY 2 24

MARY reaches open moorland and we share her POV of -the isolation; gorse covered or brown and soggy moors stretching out in all directions as far as the eye can see. The wind-blown rough-grass landscape has a wild, magnetic beauty and is broken by enormous granite rocks piled high in strange formations, with a dark brooding power. The sky above is low and flat and heavy with clouds and the sound of tinkling sheep bells in the distance. For a moment, MARY forgets herself. She shuts her eyes and tips her head back, listening to the silence - just the wind and distant sheep bells; and she sucks in a big deep breath -but as she opens her eyes she glimpses a dark silhouette flit between the distant stones. MARY stares, but it's gone. She turns towards the inn, alarmed to see a mist has suddenly come in, quick and silent and rather frightening.



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

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

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

**PATIENCE:**

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

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

PATIENCE turns - sees her look and adds

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Your uncle's out.

Beat.

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**MARY :**

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

**PATIENCE :**

(stiffens)

-your uncle doesn't like folk staying. Lonely spot like this we could be murdered in our beds MARY But how do you live if there's no custom - ?

**PATIENCE :**

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

(bristles)

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

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

26 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 2 26

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

a new female order.

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

**PATIENCE :**

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

A beat - MARY guesses this is PATIENCE changing the subject

**MARY :**

No.

**PATIENCE :**

Ooh just you wait. He'll be along soon enough. A man to stop you thinking straight. Then off you'll go to church before you know it.

**MARY :**

I don't know that I want to marry

**PATIENCE :**

Pah!

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**MARY:**

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

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

MARY (CONT'D)

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

**PATIENCE :**

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

She smiles enticingly, hiding a steely ulterior motive -

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Now your uncle says there's silk \*

for sale at Camelford. Lovely Chinese silk, and goin' cheap as \* well. Thought we'd get down there'n we can make ourselves new dresses. But MARY is uncomfortable as she turns away to patch holes in the toilet hut with wood, hay and paper but can't help asking-

**MARY :**

Is it smuggled silk?

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

**PATIENCE :**

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

**MARY :**

I'll starve then, if it helps you.

(off PATIENCE's look)

It was smugglers who killed my father, you surely know that? So you can't put money in their pockets.

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

**PATIENCE :**

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

.

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She turns inside leaving MARY unsettled by her mercurial unpredictability.

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

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

She stands and roots through her trunk for her two dresses,

then lays them on the bed.

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

28 INT. JOSS AND PATIENCE'S BEDROOM, JAMAICE INN - EVENING 28  
PATIENCE is sitting on her bed, troubled. She looks up as MARY enters, offering out the dress to her, a little shyly-

**MARY :**

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

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

**PATIENCE :**

Thank you, love. \*

MARY sits beside her, pleased for her acceptance.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

I suppose you think me dowdy.

**MARY :**

No. Of course not.

PATIENCE looks at her with love -

**PATIENCE :**

You must take care, Mary, love.

You've got to fit in round here.

I've missed your mother all these years and having you here, it's the next best thing.

(MARY smiles gratitude)

I'd hate for any harm to come to you.

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

29 CUT 29

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30 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 2 30

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

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

She's about to return to bed when a movement in the moonlight

catches her eye and she sees -

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

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

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

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

Now dragging sounds are heard on the stone flags outside her door and she moves to it to listen, spying through a crack as the haul is loaded into the locked room at the end.

Then she hears the MEN go back downstairs and a faint cry as they spur their horses to lead the wagons off again.

MARY sits down unsteadily, shaking. She should have realised; it's SMUGGLING. She's sick to her stomach.

FADE TO BLACK.

31 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3 31

Daylight pours in the open door as MARY comes down. PATIENCE is there, looking guarded and defensive, perhaps suspects she saw the wagons last night.

**PATIENCE:**

Your uncle's out. There's water in the kitchen to wash.

MARY watches darkly as she goes, then turns to the kitchen.

32 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3 32

Water is heating in a pan over the dull red glow of the smokey peat fire as MARY enters.

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

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

MARY glances around to check no-one is there. But the inn is

quiet, and MARY peels off her filthy dress and chemise so she's down to her white linen drawers. \*

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

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

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

JEM steps away, suddenly ashamed of looking, and MARY slams the door on him, guilt and embarrassment kicking in - but as we hold on her there's something more: excitement.

33 CUT 33 \*

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

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

**JEM :**

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

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

**MARY :**

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

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**JEM :**

(holding his face)

Well, that told me.

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

**MARY :**

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

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

**JEM :**

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

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

JEM (CONT'D)

I only came to check that you're  
alright.

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

**MARY :**

A horse thief came to check that,  
did he?

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

**JEM :**

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

**MARY :**

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

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

**JOSS :**

What the hell do you want, Jem?

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

JOSS (CONT'D)

Is there trouble?

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

.

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**JEM :**

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

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

and regrets it.

JOSS picks up the subtle frisson between them -

**JOSS :**

Like my new trinket? \*

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

JOSS (CONT'D)

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

JEM casually fills a mug from the ale tap, taking his time on purpose as bravado to both MARY and his brother, before sauntering after him into the small back bar.

The doors shuts. MARY is defiant.

35 INT. BACK BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3 35

JOSS moves inside. He glowers at his brother, a real tension between them - bad blood.

JEM holds his eye for a long beat - but JOSS breaks first JOSS

What do you want then? \*

A beat. JEM speaks quietly -

**JEM :**

There's a new Magistrate in Launceston, sent down from up-country JOSS

- who says he'll hunt out every man who's working the Free Trade. Think I don't know about it?

\*

\*

36 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3 36

MARY is listening at the door, but can't make out JEM's muttered response; she presses her ear closer as, JOSS, now angry, speaks louder JOSS

**OOV :**

- and how d'you expect me to do that, eh? When someone's squealin'.

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**JEM OOV :**

What d'you mean?



**JOSS OOV:**

(reluctant)

Customs've been turning over half  
the stashes. Someone's talking.

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

JOSS OOV (CONT'D)

I need you to get me some horses.

**JEM OOV :**

And I've said no.

**JOSS OOV :**

So you wanna see me hang then? Your \*  
own brother!

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

**PATIENCE :**

Mary! Get away from there!

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

**MARY :**

Aunt Patience -

**PATIENCE :**

No.

And she's gone.

EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 3 37

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

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

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

**MARY :**

You could have told me you're his  
brother.

**JEM:**

(attempts light humour)

I thought you might have guessed it

from my manners.

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MARY's still not game to be amused, feels threatened by him on every level. Not least because, as she glances at the inn -PATIENCE is spying through the window, seems afraid of him. JEM's more serious as he moves to her -

JEM (CONT'D)

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

**MARY :**

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

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

**JEM :**

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

**MARY :**

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

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

**JEM:**

-you are if you say it so damn  
loudly.

-but his proximity and touch are intimate and MARY feels it.  
JEM glances round to check that no-one heard and as he takes  
his hand away, MARY's cowed, and quieter now if a bit sulky -

**MARY :**

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

right.

(beat)

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

JEM speaks softly, warningly -

**JEM :**

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

.

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**MARY :**

Says the horse thief?

**JEM :**

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

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

JEM (CONT'D)

Here, take this nag. I brought her  
for you.

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

**MARY :**

I don't want it.

**JEM :**

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

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

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

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

MARY watches until he's out of sight

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

-and in response he chucks his mug of ale all over the newly clean cobbles, messing her work on purpose, angry about his confrontation with JEM but more than that, something nastily sexual in the action -and jealous about her frisson with JEM. MARY turns to head in a different door, but PATIENCE emerges, watching JOSS, ever his shadow.

MARY turns and stalks off towards the moors.

We stay on JOSS looking smug; with twenty miles of moors around them, he knows there's nowhere to go and it's a stunt. But MARY isn't bluffing, keeps on walking, and JOSS's bravado crumbles-

**JOSS :**

Mary?

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She still keeps walking, and in his face we see his fear as he glances to the moors beyond; there's something there that scares him.

JOSS (CONT'D)

Mary!

Stay on his fear as she ignores him.

38 EXT. GORSE FIELD, BODMIN MOOR - DAY 3 38

The moors are moody, weather changing every second as MARY walks, angry, upset, no idea where she's headed.

She strides up a stony ridge and is surprised that in the distance there's the sea, its wild surf crashing.

She takes a deep breath, enjoying the sense of freedom.

She's calmer now as she walks more steadily in the direction of the sea.

39 EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY 3 39

MARY heads towards the distant sea, the sound of tinkling sheep bells on the wind.

But a sudden shadow to the right and

-MARY looks round sharply, just in time to see it dart between the stones. She stops.

**MARY :**

Hello?

But it's gone - could it be a ghost?

MARY stares and suddenly there it is again, and now she's spooked, hurrying off in a new direction and almost starting to run.

The landscape around her has changed; it's darker, muddier,

stunted thorn trees, buzzards overhead; and MARY stumbles forward into the deathly landscape

- suddenly gasping to see

-a twisted human skeleton, still in the rags of clothes, sticking up out of the bog.

MARY's frozen in mute horror. She looks behind but the shadow has gone. No matter, she's too spooked to stay here now as even this beautiful landscape has betrayed her so she -hurries back the way she came, towards Jamaica Inn.

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40 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - EVENING 40

POV through the window of MARY returning, still troubled.

It's JOSS, readying the inn for a busy night and as she looks up and sees him, she's surprised.

\*

He hesitates, and then - almost regretful JOSS

Want you serving in the bar tonight.

\*

He turns inside. We stay on MARY worried at what this means.

41 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 41

MARY watches from her window as the rough male DRINKERS slip into the courtyard, one by one, heads down, like ghosts.

On MARY's apprehension.

42 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 42

Raucous laughter, ribaldry, thick tobacco smoke: ugly, sweaty, dirty and loud, the all-male company curse and spit, straddling the stools as they swill their ale.

It's JOSS's POV as he surveys his MEN, as though weighing up their characters to see who might be grassing:

There's HARRY, a pedlar, 50s, small, wiry, sees everything, bright as hell (although he feigns deference to JOSS); STOUT, burly; the TWINS; ELI, a skinny, nasty piece of work; THOMAS, filthy LAD 15; TUBBY who is thin; AMBROSE, book/records keeper, better dressed as by day he's the local school teacher. Most of the others are copper/tin miners or full-time smugglers.

\*

MARY is behind the bar as she watches JOSS, tall and charismatic, master of his domain and making a show of it in front of his men, standing near MARY, half to protect her, and half to show that she belongs to him, in case any of the

MEN who keep on glancing at her get any ideas.

HARRY perches at the bar, beadily eying her as she serves.

**HARRY :**

Have ye settled in Miss Yellan?

HARRY seems more sober and polite than the rest, but JOSS glances at him, watching him with MARY.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Harry. I'm Harry.

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

**MARY :**

(to PATIENCE)

I saw a dead man on the moors today-

**HARRY :**

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

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

There's none in the Merlyn family meet a happy end, Miss Yellan.

**JOSS :**

(hears HARRY, to MARY)

Bog's too deep to get across and pull him out. That's why you shouldn't go out there.

\*

MARY looks at JOSS. Is it a threat, or worry for her welfare? THOMAS, a filthy lad, 15, smirks in from outside, nodding to the yard as he tells JOSS something; JOSS nods to MARY, showing off his ownership of her in front of the MENJOSS

(CONT'D)

More ale 'n take these rags to Cakey, wipe his arse for him!

\*  
\*

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

43 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 43

- JEM, riding in with three ponies.

44 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 44

MARY notices PATIENCE glances up and ripple dislike or perhaps fear towards JEM. MARY heads outside.

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45 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 45

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

He leaves the ponies with STOUT, the TWINS, THOMAS and AMBROSE who emerge from inside the inn to take them - then kicks his own nag off at speed. \*

MARY averts her eyes as she nears the toilet, her POV of CAKEY's giant white arse all too clear through the holes in the shack - more undoing of her own hard work patching them. Here.

**MARY :**

She stuffs the rags in a hole, grimacing, then turns away \* - but surprises a young couple, BETH and WILLIAM, who are hidden in the darkness nearby, evidently in love but muttering a dispute as BETH beseeches WILL and tries to pull him back.

\*

**BETH :**

I don't care about money! I just want you.

BETH and WILL start as they see MARY. WILL blurts, defensive -

**WILLIAM :**

We've business with the landlord.

MARY eyes them warily, surprised to see a young WOMAN here-

**MARY :**

He's inside.

MARY struggles to pull a barrel forward but BETH

Are you his woman?

MARY stops and looks at BETH properly. We share her POV of an ordinary, honest-faced young woman, the ribbons on her bonnet blowing in the night breeze. She's reminded of the girls back home and glad for it, something that feels safe and familiar.

**MARY :**

(softens)

His niece.

MARY isn't what BETH expected at Jamaica Inn.

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

BETH quietly implores WILL BETH

Will. Please, let's go?

WILL looks at her. But heads into the inn instead with determination.

\*

\*

A moment, then MARY follows, returning to her work, leaving BETH outside.

\*

\*

46 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 46 \*

JOSS is at the bar as WILL approaches \*

**WILLIAM :**

I'm - are you Joss Merlyn?

\*

\*

JOSS turns to eye him with suspicion. JOSS swigs from his mug of ale but has no intention of offering one to WILL or helping him broach a conversation, and WILL is nervous.

\*

MARY returns to her work behind the bar, filling some more mugs with beer for other MEN but she \*

\*

- surreptitiously watches WILL's discomfort. \*

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I - I sail a trading route. East India Company.

No response. He thinks this next will impress him -



WILLIAM (CONT'D)

We're bringing in some Cousin

Jackie. Best French Brandy.

HARRY catches JOSS's eye. But JOSS just shrugs -

**JOSS :**

What's that to do with me?

MARY catches his eye. JOSS looks away. WILL's confused -

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**WILLIAM :**

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

**JOSS :**

(suddenly sharp)

What did you hope?

JOSS is threatening and close

JOSS (CONT'D)

You'd come and play a man's game?

WILL scared of him, so blurts it out -

**WILLIAM :**

I know what time we'll be along the

coast. I'll put some barrels over

the side - split it fifty/fifty.

HARRY darts a glance at JOSS, with hidden meaning, but JOSS

is stoney-faced as ELI arrives at the bar, calling to MARY,

nodding behind him

**ELI :**

Cakey's knocked his drink over,

needs it cleanin' up.

MARY hesitates, wants to hear the rest of this and JOSS is

aware of her watching

**HARRY :**

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

**JOSS :**

Isn't up to you, Harry. \*

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

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

**ELI :**

'Once there was a barmaid at the Prince George Hotel; Her mistress was a lady, and her master was a swell; They knew she was a simple girl just lately from the farm; And so they watched her carefully to keep her from all harm'.

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

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

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**ELI AND TUBBY:**

'Then there came a miner, an ordinary man'

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

ELI AND TUBBY (CONT'D)

'Bulging at the trousers with a cock like Sunday ham'

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

**MEN:**

'Down a shaft without a maid for seven years or more; There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.'

MARY's frightened now, especially with naked CAKEY so close, the first time she's ever seen a naked man, and she tries to escape but they block her path, push CAKEY onto her

**MARY :**

**MEN:**

Get off! Get off ME!

'She asked him for his coins'n notes so he could pay his bill; He said he had no currency but she could have her fill; He screwed her and he rooted her until the next day noon; The only thing she said to him, 'I hope you'll come again soon'!''

MARY fights hard, knees him in the balls but he yelps and crumples. She tries to pull herself free but ELI blocks her

**ELI :**

Don't want an idiot, eh? So how about a real man to break you in?

ELI pushes her against the wall, tries to shove his hand up her dress, fiddling with his fly -

- but a knife thrusts at his throat. JOSS has returned

**JOSS :**

Get your hands off her.

(ELI freezes)

You need it said two times, Eli? \*

JOSS is glowering with rage, utterly terrifying.

ELI backs off and MARY frees herself

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

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

JOSS (CONT'D)

You alright? \*

He jabs the knife at ELI

JOSS (CONT'D)

Say sorry to the lady.

ELI glowers but the knife glints closer -

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

-but suddenly we ANGLE on THOMAS bursting in, breathless

**THOMAS :**

Joss?!

(sees him)

Joss? We've gone to hell! Stout and the twins've been busted!

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

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

**ELI :**

(forces out)

I beg. Your pardon.

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

**THOMAS :**

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

**JOSS :**

Harry get the horses

**THOMAS :**

There's Revenue all up the coast!

They's had a tip off, sure as hell.

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

**PATIENCE:**

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**JOSS :**

Get the grease.

PATIENCE hurries out to the kitchen, and off MARY's look You too.

JOSS (CONT'D)

\*

**MARY :**

No. I won't go JOSS

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

The threat is clear. MARY has no choice.

47 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 3 47

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

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

**PATIENCE :**

Here. Help me.

(off MARY's look)

Don't you give me judgement for something you don't understand.

(softens, re the grease)

Stops the Revenue from catching 'em.

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

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

**JOSS :**

Right.

(to MARY re the clubs)

Make a sound and they're for you.

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

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48 EXT. MOORS/ROAD - NIGHT 3 48

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

49 EXT. CLIFF/BEACH - DAWN - DAY 4 49

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

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

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

\*

\*

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

\*

\*

**AMBROSE :**

(better spoken)

Zephania didn't show.

**HARRY :**

Told him not to.

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

\*

\*

**JOSS :**

I thought he might be squealing.

But looks as though it wasn't him AMBROSE shifts, uncomfortable, but has to say it -

**AMBROSE :**

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

JOSS, HARRY, AMBROSE and THOMAS exchange looks JOSS

Well you better go and drag him out

his bed later then. \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He holds it out to her, and nods, re her help with the raft  
JOSS (CONT'D)

'Ere. For you. \*

MARY looks but doesn't take it; PATIENCE hides her jealousy as she strokes it, excited -

**PATIENCE :**

Oh Joss! Is it silk?

MARY is uncomfortable at him singling her out above her aunt, and also at his implied bribe. She looks at him darkly -

**MARY :**

My Aunt may have it.

As she walks off, PATIENCE takes it, glad that MARY's gone.

**PATIENCE :**

Oh thank you Joss. It's beautiful.

But JOSS watches MARY feeling rebuffed, trying to fathom her.

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50 EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAWN - 4 50 \*

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

\*

\*

\*

\*

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

we're tight on his face as he listens, then beckons them quickly to hide in the gorse behind a ridge. The SMUGGLERS silently do as he says, bringing the wagon with them and just in time as- a patrol of two DRAGOONS rides over the ridge, headed by LEGASSIK. They stop almost in front of them-

**LEGASSIK :**

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

The BATSMEN clasp their weapons tighter, ready to use them, and MARY pricks fear. We share her POV of the DRAGOONS as she shifts forward, weighing up whether to call out to them but - - we're with JOSS as he sees this, and in a trice his knife is at her throat - his arms wound round her body, holding her to him tightly.

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

LEGASSIK (CONT'D)

They ride off. JOSS relaxes the knife but smiles, quiet as JOSS See? You did get down in the dirt with us.

\*

\*

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

PATIENCE glances at MARY, worried again at JOSS's sexual interest in her as they all start to head back in the direction of Jamaica Inn.

\*

\*

51 OMITTED 51 \*

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\*

52 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 52

MARY lies in bed, but cannot sleep. She's too distracted by recent events. She turns over in bed again, fretting. But then the distant sound of hooves outside and she lifts her head to listen.

\*

\*



\*

\*

They're getting closer so MARY moves to the window in her nightdress and lifts the blind in time to see \*

\*

JOSS (OUTSIDE)

Well Abe? Gonna tell us where you've been?

-MARY's furtive POV of HARRY and ELI dragging red-headed ABE from a horse, wrists and ankles bound. \*

**ABE :**

I ain't bin nowhere Joss! \*

**JOSS :**

That's why we had to ride all round the countryside looking for you.

\*

\*

\*

**ABE :**

I's sick! Thass all! I's sick!

\*

\*

But the MEN manhandle him inside, and JOSS nods to HARRY and ELI that they can go, done for the night.

ELI slinks away, but MARY sees HARRY narrow his eyes at JOSS for a second and hesitate, and then he also goes.

Only JOSS and ABE are inside the inn and outside all is quiet and dark. MARY hears a creak in the upstairs corridor and is about to step back from her window to see what it is, when - - she suddenly glimpses someone standing in the darkness just beyond the courtyard.

MARY freezes, heart pounding in case it is the 'ghost' -

- but as the moon comes out from behind a cloud and lights his face, she sees it's JEM.

Thinking he's unseen, he steps quietly forward into the shadow of the inn, towards the door.

MARY tries to make sense of it.

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

The murmur of voices from the front bar downstairs as MARY sneaks out onto the landing. No-one is there so she -  
54 INT. STAIRWELL/PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 54  
- creeps slowly down the stairs, still in her nightdress, wincing at their creak and groan, freezing now and then for fear of being caught.

\*

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

**OOV :**

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

**JOSS :**

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

He lunges forward, out of sight, and ABE cries out, been hit -  
JOSS (CONT'D)

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

\*

\*

ABE mumbles something that MARY can't hear. She strains to listen, but a creak on the stairs behind her makes her turn. She is shocked to see a man's feet slowly creeping down. Could it be JEM?

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

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

55 INT. STOREROOM, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 55

- pulling the door to.

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

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

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

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

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As she tries to calm herself and keep very still, she strains to hear the muffled voices in the bar, but is it two or three MEN there? MARY can't tell.

The clock in the passageway suddenly whirrs and clicks, then chimes the hour, 3 am. A moment, then the door to the bar is heard opening followed by JOSS's footsteps -

-and a coded 'knock, knock, knock' on the storeroom door.

MARY cranes to peer up through the junk, and we share her POV of JOSS glimpsed in the doorway, but the MAN still can't be seen as he's obscured and has his back to her.

JOSS speaks in a low growl, shakes his head, confused -

**JOSS :**

I half believe him. It's up to you. \*

The MAN mutters something back unheard and JOSS goes silent.

Then protests, doesn't want to do what he's been told to -

JOSS (CONT'D)

I've known the man a long time. \*

He's got a wife and child

The MAN hisses something, and JOSS nods but is reluctant -

JOSS (CONT'D)

Alright. I heard you. I'll bloody do it.

MARY has a horrible sense that JOSS has just been told to kill him but she holds her breath as JOSS goes

-his footsteps heard moving back to the front bar and the door shutting.

The unseen MAN is still in the room with MARY, but he starts to step slowly away

-when MARY knocks something that grates on the flagstones.

MARY freezes, certain he must find her, scrunching herself down as small as she can to hide and barely breathing.

Slowly, torturously, her glimpsed POV of the MAN's feet as they step closer. She shrinks back further, can't bear it -

-but then, with a yowl, a mangy cat shoots out from

somewhere in the room and runs to him. Is MARY off the hook?

With shock she watches as the cat arches its back and rub itself against the MAN's leg, purring.

It knows him.

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The MAN seems to accept that the cat was what he heard and he steps out and shuts the door behind him, his soft footsteps

padding up the passageway to vanish.

MARY exhales silent relief at her deliverance. For a long beat she can't bear to move, but as she waits, she hears -the sound of a chair clattering over in the bar, then a horrible choking, lynching sound. MARY is horrified but dare not move. It goes on for a few long seconds. Then it stops. MARY tiptoes to the door and listens - nothing. Slowly she opens it a crack, but the passageway beyond is now clear.

56 INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 56

MARY slips out - no-one there. She listens again at the door to the bar but all is now silent, sounds like they have gone. Gaining courage, she pushes it open a fraction, then gawks as there, in the moonlight, a noose is dangling from a beam. The bar seeming empty, she's about to push the door fully open when someone grabs her from behind.

MARY struggles, would cry out, but a hand is over her mouth - she struggles, panic rising, but as she twists herself round to see her captor it's

- AUNT PATIENCE, who's surprisingly strong, but MARY sees, with shock, that she's been punched in the face.

PATIENCE tightly holds her hand over MARY's mouth, shaking her head with terror, 'don't speak, don't move'.

While they wait like that, there is indeed the sound of one MAN's footsteps in the bar, walking on the creaking boards.

MARY stops struggling, realising PATIENCE just saved her.

PATIENCE makes urgently eye contact with her, finger to lips, mouthing 'Shhhhh. Shhhhhhh.'

With her finger still on her lips, she silently pulls MARY back along the corridor, taking her away upstairs to safety.

57 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - NIGHT 4 57

JOSS looks sick and emotionally strained as he finishes dragging something heavy outside, then lets it fall.

The 'something' is ABE and he gurgles horribly, half dead on the cobbles, a purple weal around his neck from the noose.

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

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

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

58 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 58

Light on MARY's face as she opens her eyes.  
Then last night's events come crashing back in on her. \*  
She looks outside; there's thick mist on the moors.  
59 INT. PASSAGEWAY/FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 59  
MARY's in the passageway, unsure if there's anyone in,  
tiptoeing quietly to have a look for any evidence of what  
went on, but as she pushes open the door to the bar 60  
INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 60  
- the noose is gone, the bar now clear and clean.  
MARY glances behind her, then looks around, but there's  
nothing to be seen, no sign of what went on last night.  
PATIENCE suddenly passes the doorway -

**MARY :**

Aunt Patience 61  
INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 61  
MARY follows her into the kitchen MARY  
- please what -?  
- but MARY stops dead and jolts to see JOSS sitting there,  
tucking into a full cooked breakfast.

**JOSS :**

Your aunt's cooked breakfast. \*  
MARY is frozen but PATIENCE smiles like nothing's the matter.  
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**PATIENCE :**

We saved a spot of cream for your  
bread too.  
PATIENCE's face is still a mess, but both ignore it as JOSS  
pulls out a chair for MARY to sit by him, almost like he  
needs her there, and nervously she does.  
MARY stares as PATIENCE cooks happily, and JOSS eats as  
though he's just a pleasant farmer worried about his animals.  
INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 62  
The mist is clearing, and JOSS is saddling his horse.  
Inside, PATIENCE is moving tables and chairs to one side so \*  
that the floor can be swept and as MARY joins her at a table -\*

**PATIENCE :**

Here love, take the other end  
MARY obliges, but now that JOSS is safely out of earshot

**MARY :**

Aunt Patience, please, I need to  
talk to you

PATIENCE is leading, moving the table where she wants it -\*

**PATIENCE :**

That's right, just here, love -\*  
The table is put down. \*

**MARY :**

They brought a man in here last  
night-

**PATIENCE :**

(derision)  
Mary -!

**MARY :**

I know they had him in here and I  
saw the rope. I think that my uncle  
k-

**PATIENCE :**

Do you need me Joss?  
PATIENCE speaks loudly to shut MARY up, looking at the  
doorway where JOSS is standing and MARY has no idea how much  
of that he heard.  
JOSS fixes her with a look, then shakes his head to PATIENCE.

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**JOSS :**

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

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

63 INT. KITCHEN, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 63

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

**PATIENCE :**

Grate needs raking out there please-

**MARY :**

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

**PATIENCE :**

You must have had a dream and got confused MARY

- I didn't dream your face PATIENCE touches her injured face PATIENCE Oh this! I did it to myself. I tripped up on the cobbles outside and fell down on the water trough. You saw me do it! \*

MARY stares at her, trying to understand her aunt's denial. She looks at PATIENCE shrewdly; then turns purposefully and walks away, leaving PATIENCE suddenly nervous 64

INT. PASSAGEWAY, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 64

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

**PATIENCE :**

Mary?! Where you going?

65 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 65

MARY strides away, PATIENCE hurrying after her -

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**MARY :**

(stops)

We have to tell someone

**PATIENCE :**

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

**MARY :**

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

MARY (CONT'D)

I know that you're afraid of him, but

**PATIENCE :**

(blurts)

Of course I am!

(lets MARY go) \*

And so should you be. But at least

I've got your uncle to protect me

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

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

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

It's the other man. The one who hid. He tells your uncle what to do.

(beat, quietly mumbles)

It's him who hit me.

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

**MARY :**

Who is he?

PATIENCE turns away - MARY catches her

**PATIENCE :**

No! He'd kill me!

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

**MARY :**

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

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- and she goes. PATIENCE stiffens with stabbing fear -

**PATIENCE :**



Mary? You're not going to the law!

MARY still ignores her PATIENCE

(CONT'D)

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

MARY ignores her as she keeps on walking.

66 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE ALTARNUN - DAY 5 66

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

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

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

One of them is WILL, the man who was at the inn last night.  
If for no other reason than to be away from his stare, she  
sharply continues on to Altarnun.

67 EXT. MAIN STREET, ALTARNUN - DAY 5 67

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

MARY stares as she walks, no idea what to do now she's here. \*  
The place is deserted, except for an inn. MARY has no choice.  
She heads towards it.

\*

\*

68 INT. THE CROWN INN, ALTARNUN - DAY 5 68

A smattering of MEN sit drinking in the gloom as MARY enters  
hesitantly, self conscious as they stare at her, the only  
WOMAN.

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

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

**MARY:**

Excuse me? Is there a Constable \*  
here? \*

LANDLORD OF THE CROWN

(eyes her, wily)

Constable, eh? Why, what you done?

MARY blushes, excruciated. But he looks around then points

LANDLORD OF THE CROWN (CONT'D)

Aah... There he is. Eli Brown.

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

-she's gone.

EXT. STREET, ALTARNUN - DAY 5 69

MARY bolts out of the inn, snatching a frightened glance behind her in case ELI is following.

She looks around in panic, then we share her POV of Altarnun \* church at the top of the hill, a small rectory near to it, \* which seems to offer the hope of salvation. \*

MARY hurries up the dirt track towards the church, glancing \* behind her to check that ELI isn't following. \*

69A INT. ALTARNUN CHURCH - DAY 5 69A \*

MARY enters the church, but it's deserted. Just the light \* from stained glass windows casting an eerie green glow, \* making it look as though it's underwater. \*

MARY turns to exit but reacts to see someone right behind her-\*

FRANCIS DAVEY \*

I am Francis Davey, the vicar of \* Altarnun church. \*

FRANCIS DAVEY is ethereal and charismatic and he speaks with \* soft intensity-

.

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MARY's relief is palpable. \*

**MARY :**

Mary Yellan, sir. \*

He nods, scrutinising her. \*

FRANCIS DAVEY \*

Do you wish to speak with me, Mary? \*

But a WOMAN appears behind him, exasperated, interrupting -\*

**HANNAH :**

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

**FRANCIS DAVEY :**

My sister Hannah, Mary Yellan.

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

FRANCIS DAVEY (CONT'D)

And Beth. Who helps us at the  
vicarage.

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

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

**BETH :**

I'm pleased to meet you.

MARY's face falls, wrong-footed but

**FRANCIS DAVEY :**

Hannah. Mary wishes to speak with  
me so perhaps you and Beth might -\*

But MARY has seen BETH glance sharply at her, fearing what  
she might reveal and she loses confidence, scared to speak in  
front of someone she knows is dealing with her uncle.

**MARY :**

(interrupts) \*

Oh! No. I - didn't - I was just... \*

But she shakes her head, can't quite find a lie. HANNAH eyes \*  
her, shrewd

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**HANNAH :**

You're new to our Parish, Mary?

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

**MARY :**

I'm... at Jamaica Inn.

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

**FRANCIS DAVEY :**

God's house is open to any who

would hear his word.

MARY looks at him, hoping this is true. But

WOMAN/MRS TRELAWN

Mr Davey?

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

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

**HANNAH :**

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

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

**FRANCIS DAVEY :**

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

**HANNAH :**

(quiet judgement)

Drunk inside some inn, was he - ?

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

**FRANCIS DAVEY :**

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

HANNAH \*

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

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

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**BETH :**

Thank you for not saying anything.  
I mean, it's not like it's so wrong  
bringing back a few kegs on the  
side to sell.

(smiles)

And it isn't like Will's stealing  
them. He'll trade them for his

sheep fleeces.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Now MARY looks at her - JOSS obviously agreed to WILL's proposal then. BETH's hopeful BETH

(CONT'D)

We're getting married. \*

- MARY digests this. \*

BETH (CONT'D)

I have to go. \*

BETH smiles parting, heads out. On MARY, putting these new connections together. She needs a new plan.

\*  
\*

70 EXT. BODMIN MOOR, ALTARNUN TOWARDS LAUNCESTON - DAY 5 70

The moors stretch out, bleak and desolate as MARY trudges on. She heads towards the flatter landscape where ancient 'hurlers', giant granite circles, can be seen.

71 EXT. BODMIN MOOR, TOWARDS LAUNCESTON - DAY 5 71

MARY passes by the hurlers, each stone taller than a MAN.

A flock of sheep is grazing wild nearby and they ripple away as she passes through them.

MARY glances at them, but after a moment, something behind them spooks them and they baaa more urgently, in a fluster, and suddenly herd off to one side.

MARY steadies herself against their flow, and frowns, looking behind her -

- catching a glimpse of a black shadow, darting behind one of the stones - and now all the birds fly up and off as one, in a great chorus of wings, and the sheep start to bolt.

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

- the baaing of sheep, herding and bolting and panicking -  
MARY caught up among them, got to keep running now for fear of otherwise being knocked over by them and trampled  
- glimpses of the dark shape preying closer - MARY starts to gasp and sob - out of breath -  
- but then she hears a voice behind her

VOICE/JEM

Stop! Mary!

- but suddenly the ground is wet and MARY's feet are sinking  
- she stumbles over, it's a bog - around her sheep are doing likewise, some of them already stuck in it, others that have managed to avoid it, bolting ahead MARY

Oh no. No.

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

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

**JEM :**

Don't struggle!

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

**MARY :**

Get me out of here! Please!

He shakes his head.

**JEM :**

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

He considers her and hesitates, and MARY ripples fear -

**MARY :**

JUST GET ME OUT!

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

**JEM :**

Here.

.

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As MARY grabs it and wraps it around her.

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

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

Both fall over backwards on the ground, MARY lying on top of

JEM, both completely covered from top to toe with the same messy gunk from the bog, matching identically.

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

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY 5 - LATER 72

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

JEM walks alongside her, hands her his flask of water

**JEM :**

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

**MARY :**

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

**JEM:**

(shrugs)

He'd be right about that one.

Bogs are dangerous.

**MARY :**

Like a lot of things round here.  
Including you.

**JEM :**

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

MARY glares

**MARY :**

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

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

MARY (CONT'D)

I know that you were there last night

(MORE)

.

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MARY (CONT'D)

(direct challenge)

-and I think that a man was  
murdered?

MARY stops, daring him to admit it. JEM says nothing,  
wrestling with his fear of her judgement of him. He knows  
someone was murdered and knows that he did nothing to stop it  
and he doesn't want to admit that.

MARY is still waiting, so he tries to sidestep it, speaking  
quietly, with a sense of hidden shame about his past -

**JEM :**

And murder would be wrong then,  
would it?

**MARY :**

Of course it's wrong! \*

Again, he thinks for a moment, feeling a twinge of  
defensiveness about his own life. Equivocates.

**JEM :**

And what if the law tells you to do  
it? If you're a soldier and you go \*  
to fight the war? \*

MARY tuts, resumes walking, not interested in getting drawn  
in his story or sympathy for him - JEM follows -

JEM (CONT'D)

They tell you to kill plenty then

MARY turns away, impatient - JEM follows, persists

JEM (CONT'D)

-so it seems that it's all dandy \*  
when it suits the king, and a  
hanging offence when it doesn't.

**MARY :**

So that's your excuse, then, is it?  
You went to war so now you can do  
what you like? With no morals and  
no conscience?

.

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**JEM :**



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

All too confusing. He stops but she continues walking away

JEM (CONT'D)

So where are you going now then?

(guesses)

Launceston, is it? For the Magistrate?

**MARY :**

It's none of your business.

**JEM :**

Well you're headed the wrong way then.

**MARY :**

(stops, impatient)

The new Magistrate's in Launceston

**JEM:**

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

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

JEM (CONT'D)

Go. You'll see.

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

JEM (CONT'D)

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

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

JEM (CONT'D)

Stick to the ridges. Anything that looks like easy pasture'll be a bog!

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

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

JEM (CONT'D)

I'll come and find you soon Mary.

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MARY stares. Perhaps that's what she's afraid of.

73 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 73

It's pouring with rain but PATIENCE darts into the yard as MARY tramps back, soaking wet and still bog-covered -

**PATIENCE :**

(big panic)

The magistrate has come! Did you call him, Mary?

\*

\*

\*

MARY's expression clearly says 'no' as she shelters under the porch and eases off her sodden shawl. But she's still trying to decide what to do, confused by ELI and BETH and JEM when-

\*

\*

\*

The MAGISTRATE, BASSATT, appears in the doorway-\*

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

You girl. What's your business here?

\*

\*

\*

MARY hesitates as she eyes the LAWMAN, but LEGASSIK is behind him (junior to BASSATT) \*

\*

**LEGASSIK :**

Says she's Merlyn's niece.

\*

\*

He fixes her with a cold glare, glances at the rain-soaked moors, then nods them both inside -\*

74 INT. FRONT BAR, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 74

BASSATT closes the door and turns to the WOMEN \*

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

This inn's a byword for everything that's damnable on God's earth, and

the guilty men will swing for it. \*

PATIENCE glances at MARY, fearful she might talk. \*

.

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\*

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

\*

PATIENCE realises what they're doing and mutters \*

**PATIENCE :**

Oh no. No...

75 INT. LANDING, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 75

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

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

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

and the door flies open on... nothing.

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

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

\*

\*

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

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

\*

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

**PATIENCE :**

I don't know what you mean, I MAGISTRATE

**BASSATT :**

You girl. What do you know of the dealings at this inn?

PATIENCE freezes with fear; MARY swallows - waivers - undecided what to do. For now she fudges -

**MARY :**

Nothing sir. I only came a few days

ago.

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

\*  
MAGISTRATE BASSATT  
What about the landlord's brother  
Jem? Do you know where he is?

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
But then she makes a choice and shakes her head \*

**MARY :**

I've never met him.

BASSATT fumes, thwarted -

MAGISTRATE BASSATT

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

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

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

76 EXT. COURTYARD, JAMAICA INN - DAY 5 76

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

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

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

\*  
JOSS gives her a dark smile \*

.  
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JOSS \*

You're one of us now, Mary. \*

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

JOSS (CONT'D)

One of us.

PATIENCE trips back in with JOSS but we're on MARY horrified, as what he just said resonates: She's 'one of them'.

- end of episode one

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