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Son of Fury

By Philip Dunne

A good blow, Sir Arthur.
Someday I'll learn never
to wager against you.

May I speak
with Your Worship?

I found him, Your Worship.

I found him.

- Where?

- Near St. James's Gate.

He lives with Amos Kidder,
a gunsmith.

- Amos Kidder, eh?

- Yes, Your Worship.

- Wait for me outside.

- Yes, Your Worship.

- Grandfather?

- Aye, Ben?

Why do they say

I have no name?

- Who says it?

- The boys at the school.

I fought one
for it yesterday.

I'll fight them all
if I must.

Aye, Ben,

you'll have to fight
fight all your life,
belike.

- But why do they say it?

- You're young yet, Ben.

Where's my father
and mother?

Dead both of 'em.

They died in India.

Is that why they say

I have no name?

Because my mother
and father are dead?

Ben, when you're older you shall know
the whole story. Now look here, Ben.

Any fool can make a firearm...

but only a craftsman,

one that the user can trust.

You'll learn
the gunsmith's trade...
and someday the shop will be yours,
for I'll not live forever.
Think of it, Ben.
The gentry comin' in and orderin' pistols
and no better in the land.
I'll make pistols,
none better.
But I'll shoot them myself.
- Good morning, Master Kidder.
- Good morning, Your Worship.
- Do you remember me?
- Aye, Your Worship.
Why haven't I been informed
that my brother left a son?
No, no, no.
This is my son my own.
Don't take me for a fool.
Look at him.
The Blake eyes, the Blake chin
And the Blake temper too.
Come, man, the truth.
It'll do you no good to lie to me.
Aye, he is Sir Godfrey's son,
and my daughter Bessie's.
That's better.
Now then, what do you call him?
- Ben, Your Worship.
- Ben, eh?
Well, Ben, how would you like
to live with me at Breetholm?
A gunsmith's forge
is no place for a Blake.
Plague take me, you have the blood, even if
you were born on the wrong side of the blanket.
You'll be brought up
as a gentleman.
No handle
to your name, perhaps...
but horses and a servant
of your own and all the rest that goes with it.
Begging Your Worship's pardon,
I'd like to keep him here with me.

Would you deprive the lad
of his birthright?

No, Your Worship.

I know his father was a gentleman.

And his mother was a lady
by her gifts if not by birth.

But he's mine. I brought him up
since he was a tiny baby.

Can you read?

No, Your Worship.

'Tis a writ naming me
the boy's guardian...
and charging me with the responsibility
of his welfare.

Get the boy's clothes.

Well, my dear, here he is.

Your new mistress, Ben.

Mistress, Arthur?

Naturally. I expect to give the boy
something to occupy his time.

- The stables I think.

- Arthur!

The lad has pride,
just like his father.

Oh, the pattern fits.

You'll be surprised how well it fits.

Godfrey would take nothing
that didn't belong to him.

If the lad is the same, he'll be only
too eager to work for his keep.

Well, speak up, boy.

I will take nothing
that is not mine.

Well spoken.

A true Blake, you see,
in speech, manners and pride.

That'll be all, Purdy.

- Oh, Paddy.

- Yes, Your Worship?

This lad is young and green.

I put him in your charge.

See if you can make
a stable boy out of him.

Yes, Your Worship.

There's no question about it.
The boy is Godfrey's son.
I think I know why you want him here.
- Do you, my dear?
- Because he is the rightful heir to Breetholm.
- Nonsense.
- And you're afraid that someday,
somehow, he'll prove his right.
You know as well as I do,
there's no record of Godfrey's marriage.
None except Godfrey's own record
while he lived.
He could do
nothing dishonorable.
My noble brother
he always made fools
of his women.
And now, my dear...
shall I tell you why I want
that brat of his here?
As a gift to you.
His presence here
will remind you of his mother
the woman Godfrey
preferred to you.
We cleans the harness.
Then we eat.
Here.
Take it to bench yonder and mind
you don't drag it in dirt.
I told you not to dirty it!
Now we've twice the work!
Fight me, will you?
There!
- Paddy! Give over!
- How 'bout that?
Give over!
You wanna kill him?
- Master put him in my care.
- I'm master in this stable...
and there'll be
no beatings, hear?
He's calling for his chestnut mare
and Miss Isabel's pony.

Go and saddle 'em.

Ben?

Ben, lad,

are you bad hurt?

- I'll kill him.

- Oh, no, no, no.

No talk of killing, Ben.

I worked for your father,

and I loved him.

We all did.

He let a man be a man...

whatever his position.

From now on you're bound to Sir Arthur

his servant for life.

He can do with you

what he will...

and he'll always

have the law on his side.

You'll have to make

the best of it, lad.

- And if you're wise, you'll submit like the rest of us.

- No.

Aye.

You'll learn as you grow.

Come to my cottage

when you've finished your work...

and my wife will give you

a good supper.

I ran away.

You're limping, lad.

- Are you hurt?

- A stone in my shoe.

Why did you run away?

He He made me a stable boy,

and I've been beaten.

- God forgive us.

- Why does he hate me so, Grandfather?

Because you're bred true.

Because you have the blood of the family.

Because he knows that it's only the lack

of a parson's blessing...

that makes him

cock of Breetholm walk.

He shakes in his ugly boots

every time he looks at you.
I'm not going back.
No. No, you can't go back.
We must leave
before he finds you're gone.
We'll sleep
on the road tonight.
And tomorrow it'll be new names,
a new life.
And the money I saved
will be good for a start.
Get some bread and cheese
from the kitchen.
How will we live
when our money's gone?
I'll find work.
There'll be other gunsmiths.
Work for a wage
in another man's shop?
I've done it before.
I can do it again.
- What could he do if he caught us?
- You'd go back to Breetholm.
And you, Grandfather?
Men have been
branded and jailed for less.
You'd risk that for me?
You're the beat
of my heart, Ben.
Come. It's late, and we have
a long road ahead of us.
No. We're not leaving.
- I'm going back to Breetholm.
- Ben, what are you sayin'?
He said I was a Blake
in all but name.
I'll show him.
I'll take whatever he has to give me,
and I'll mark it down.
And someday when I am master
of Breetholm, I'll give it back.
He can do with me
as he pleases...
but I'll never submit.

Say good-bye to me, Ben.

My tongue's stuck.

Well, we're almost ready,
milord.

- The vixens have whelped
a splendid lot of cubs this year.

- Indeed?

'Pon my soul, I don't believe
I've yet presented my daughter. Here she is.
Or shouldn't we be interrupting?

This is my daughter, Isabel.

Lord Tarrant. Lord Tarrant
rides with us today.

- Your servant, Mistress Isabel.

- Your servant, milord.

- Mr. Hobart of Foxcroft Hall.

- How do you do, milord?

- How do you do?

- I'll give you my black mare.

She's light, but well up
to your weight.

Where's that rascal Ben?

The mare should be here by now.

I'll go, Father.

Excuse me, gentlemen.

Why isn't the mare
at the house?

She's an arbitrary female.

She lost a shoe and kept it a secret.

You'll never learn,

will you, Ben?

- What?

- How to be civil to your superiors.

I'm always civil...

to my superiors.

Now you grow rude

and impertinent.

You women are all alike

accusing someone else of your own failings.

Mistress Isabel, your father

is waiting for the mare.

She's ready.

I'll bring her out.

Master Hobart, tell my father

I'm not well enough to ride today.

- Oh, I say. I mean, what

- Just say it's a headache.

I shall be quite
recovered at tea.

Huh. Well, it's good to know when
you're going to get over them, isn't it?

You didn't say

you were sorry I was ill.

If you are, then I am.

You presume to think I feigned a headache
to stay here and talk to you?

I didn't say that either.

What think you

of Master Hobart?

I like his clothes.

Would you like

to know a secret?

He's asked for my hand.

Well, it's only

to be expected.

I've noticed him handling it
at every opportunity.

It should make your father
very pleased.

Whatever put that
in your head?

That which puts things
in most people's heads observation.

Then you've been
observing me with him.

- Yes.

- Were you not jealous?

Jealous? One has to be
in love to be jealous.

You haven't

answered my question.

Nor do I intend to.

Please, Mistress Isabel.

Answer me!

Are you jealous?

You lout.

You impertinent, unruly clod.

Of course I'm jealous,

you little fool.

I'm jealous of anyone who touches you
or even looks at you.

I'm jealous of that idiot Hobart,
of your Father, of even
even the house servants.

I'm jealous of anyone
who can be near you.

Now have I answered you?

- Where have you been?

- The mare had a shoe loose, Your Worship.

- She would have thrown it at the first fence.

- Huh.

- Well, assist His Lordship to mount.

- Yes, Your Worship.

You clumsy fool!

My apologies, milord.

A beautiful evening,

Mistress Isabel.

- Ben.

- Sir Benjamin.

What are you doing here?

Dancing.

But my father

You must be mad.

It's quite possible.

Follow me.

- You shouldn't have done this, Ben.

- I had to.

You looked so lovely,

I couldn't keep away.

- You're a fool, darling.

- Darling?

Only a slip of the tongue.

What makes you so confident

I won't call my father?

- Because you love me.

- Do I?

For all you know, I may be
just amusing myself. Just

- Ben.

- Even in jest, you mustn't
say things like that, Isabel.

Tell me that

you love me.

Say it.

- Say it.

- I love you, Ben.

I do love you.

That's what I had to hear

before I go.

That's what I had

to take with me.

- Before you go?

- Yes, I'm leaving tonight.

But you can't.

I don't want you to go now.

- Isn't this enough? Isn't it?

- No.

I want my birthright.

I want Breetholm.

Don't you see, darling? It's It's being here

and yet not having what is mine...

being near you and not being

able to be with you always.

I want all the world

to know that I love you.

Just wait for me, Isabel.

Wait? I

I don't understand.

You will one day,

when you are my wife.

Promise me that too.

- Ben.

- Yes?

When you find the way to become

master of Breetholm

I'll find it.

You'll find the way

to make me your wife.

Go into the house.

Come with me.

Light the lantern.

I intend to teach you

a lesson, Ben.

You're hot-blooded, and you will find trouble

as long as you live.

I mean to teach you

how to handle yourself
the manly art
of self-defense
so in the future you will always be able
to give as well as take.
Have you ever fought
with your fists, Ben?
- Yes.
- I don't mean vulgar scuffling in the stables.
- I mean according to the rules of the prize ring.
- No, sir.
Take off your coat,
and your education will begin.
Your first lesson
Never be taken unawares.
Call yourself a Blake,
will you?
Pose as a gentleman,
will you?
Open the door.! Open the door.!
Open the door.!
Open the door.!
Open the door.!
Open the door.!
Stop!
For mercy's sake, stop!
Why are you
doing this for me?
Ben, I have no right
to tell you this.
After all,
he is my husband.
But I am sure, as sure as we hope for salvation,
that he's robbed you...
that Breetholm
is rightfully yours.
I have no proof, Ben,
except what is in my heart...
and what I remember
of your father.
But proof there must be,
and someday you'll find it.
And when you do, I want you
to know that I will help you.

Why?

Because, had my prayers
been answered...

you would have been my son.

Here's the clothes you wrote for.

And a fine bargain I made.

- Have you news of a ship?
- There's one out of Bristol tomorrow...
- for Portagee Brazil and Spice Islands.
- A merchantman?

Aye. A brig of nigh 200 ton.

Her name the Tropic Star.

But you'll be
weak to try it, Ben.

How weak

do you think I am?

He walks feeble,
but he don't stand feeble.

Look.

I let him think

I wasn't as well as I am.

Remember what

your grandpa said.

You was only to run for last ship when flesh
and blood can stand no more.

- You speak for my grandfather, Pale Tom?
- Aye.
- Will you listen for him too?
- Aye.

Flesh and blood
can stand no more.

- What is it, Ben?
- My business is with him.

What business, Ben?

I must know. Is it killing?

- Not unless he tries it first.
- Oh, Ben, I beg of you.

If you so much as touch him,
he can have you hanged.

- I know that.
- Is it worth throwing your whole life away?

Till this matter is settled,
my life means very little.

He keeps a pistol

in the table drawer by his bed.
Is this what
you're looking for?
If you put that away,
I'll fight you fair.
You really think I'd soil
my hands on a stable boy?
You were ready enough to soil
them when I couldn't hit back.
I've been very patient
with you, Ben...
but I'm afraid
it's hopeless.
I've done everything in my power to help you
find yourself. Apparently I've failed.
You've broken in here and threatened me,
your master, with assault.
It's jail for you,
my lad.
A few years in Bristol Newgate
should teach you your place.
Come in.
Well, come in, you fool!
The window, you fool.!
Light the candles.!
Open!
Open!
Has thy grandson been here?
Put out the candle.
Sit over there.
He's coming.
Are they after you?
Follow me. Listen.
Mind the tap, will you?
You'll be safe here, sir.
But you'll go to jail
if they find me with you.
I was born in jail.
Open, in the king's name.!
Oh, go away, will you?
- Open the door.!
- Be quiet, for the love of mercy.
I've got a gentleman here.
Does he want

the whole street to hear?

Gentleman?

We're looking for a rogue.

Well, look somewhere else.

You're frightening

my gentleman.

All right, doxie.

This is all I have.

- I don't want it.

- Take it. I have work for you.

What can I do, sir?

Can you learn the exact whereabouts

of the brig Tropic Star...

and the true hour

she'll sail?

There are sailors who will

tell me more than that.

- Do you know the gunsmithery

near St. James's Gate?

- Aye.

There's an old man works there,

by name Amos Kidder.

He wears silver-rimmed

spectacles...

and he's likely to have stubble

on his chin and kind eyes.

You best watch out

for the king's men who'll be about.

Tell the old man that I love him,

that I'll see him when I come back from the Indies.

Aye.

I'll go now.

I'll lock the door.

Stay quiet

till I come back.

Shh.

It's nearly time, and you've

a clear road to the dock.

Did you see my grandfather?

They've taken him to jail.

- Then I stay in England.

- No. No, you mustn't. He said so.

- You saw him in the jail?

- They know me there.

He said
I I have it by memory
"Tell Ben he can serve me best
by going to the Indies...
"and coming back
with his fortune.
"Gold will unlock
every door.
"He can't get me out
if he stays...
and they'll hang him sure
for what he did."
That's what he said.
- Where's the Tropic Star?
- Off the old sugar docks...
barely a stone's throw
from here.
And the tide's
within the hour.
What's your real name,
Your Honor?
Don't call me that.
My name is Ben.
Nothing more.
What's yours?
Isabel.
- Why do you look so?
- Nothing.
I know it's too fine a name
for a girl like me...
but my mother gave it to me
meaning no harm.
No name could be
too fine for you.
Oh, do you mean that, sir?
You think it means nothing to me
that you likely saved my life?
- And no reason?
- Oh, yes. I had a reason.
- What?
- You won't laugh at me?
I could never
laugh at you, Isabel.
Because you're a gentleman

the first that ever
came to my door.
Maggie Martin, now,
at the corner
she knew a clerk
of the king's court once...
and she's talked of it
ever since.
She's got a silver ring
and a carpet...
and a drinking mug
with roses painted on it...
fit for a queen.
But she never
knew a gentleman.
Oh, it's time
you were going now, sir.
Please, sir, could I walk with you
to the corner maybe?
I'd like Maggie Martin
to see us together.
Then she'd know
you'd been here.
Who were he?
The Duke of Roehampton.
Stowaway, sir.
Just found him in the hold.
- Can you use an extra hand, Mr. Grimes?
- Aye. That I can, sir.
- Have you ever been to sea?
- No.
You'll learn.
Your first lesson is that
you'll always call me sir.
Set your gallants and royals,
Mr. Grimes.
Aye, aye, sir. Gallants and royals!
Look alive!
You, Caleb Green, lay aft and sit up
on the weather vane.
Aye, aye, sir.
- What's your course?
- Nor-norwest.
Mm-hmm.

You're a full point
off your course.
Keep awake!
Why did you deflect
the compass last night?
What are you
talking about?
You know what I mean. You changed it,
and I took one from the mate for it.
- I wanna know why you did it.
- Aye. You've a right to know.
You see this?
I noticed it before.
"D." "D" for debtor.
Fifteen years
in the swamps of Guyana.
Fifteen years in the hot irons
because I owed 10.
My crime was
having no money.
Mine was having no name.
I wanna know why
you changed the course.
If you look at the charts, you'll see
there are islands to the southwest of here.
- Yes?
- There's a fortune to be made in those islands.
I heard the tale from Spanish sailors
that touched there long ago.
Oyster pearls bright as the moon
and big as your fist.
A fortune for the man
that dares try for it.
Why do you think I shipped in this stinking tub?
I've been waiting three years.
Begged and starved in the gutters of Bristol
for a berth like this one
a ship that would
sail these waters.
If there's a fortune to be
picked up so readily...
why haven't
the Spaniards come back?
They made a bloody record

when they were there.

The islanders were peaceful enough at first,
but they finally arose to drive them out.

There was a massacre, and only
a few of the Spanishers escaped.

- Have the islanders forgotten?

- Aye. I doubt it.

You mean to chance it alone?

Aye, I'll chance it...

to wipe this clean forever.

- You're going to desert

when we get to the island, huh?

- Aye.

And if you breathe

a word of this to a soul, I'll kill you.

You aloft.! Stow your gab

and get on with your work.!

You heard me?

Aye, I heard.

And don't concern yourself.

I'll say nothing

for a very good reason.

I'm going with you.

Land ho!

- Where away?

- Two points off the starboard bow.!

Land? Here?

There ain't

any on the chart...

unless we're 50 knots

west of our course.

There's strong currents hereabouts.

Or perhaps it's a magnetic variation.

Stove in me ribs. I've got more dirt

than that under me toenails.

Nay, there's

a big island beyond.

- 'Tis a cloud.

- No, look!

'Tis inhabited.

I can see the marks of cooking fires.

- We'll not take water there, Mr. Grimes.

- Belike they're peaceful, sir?

Nay, I've been warned

of the islanders hereabouts.

Bloodthirsty cannibals,
every one.

But we'll seek an anchorage
and lie to for the night.

- Up a point, Mr. Grimes,
and put a man in the chains.

- Aye, aye, sir. Up a point!
Look! She's leaving.

Aye.

We've burned our bridges.

Europa.!

- The Spanishers.

- Aye. We're in for it.

Wait!

Give me your pistol.

Ah!

Not as big as your fist
or as bright as the moon...

Not as big as your fist
or as bright as the moon...

but she'll do
for a start.

Well, hello.

Where did you come from?

What's your name?

I'm diving for oysters.

Maybe you can tell me
which ones have pearis in them.

I think I'll call you Eve.

I don't believe
she's ever heard of Eve.

Well, perhaps
you'll present me.

On my island
those are valuable.

People who have them
can buy much breadfruit...

pawpaw, poi.

She thinks I mean we eat them.

I'd best teach you English
so you'll understand.

- It's growing late, lad.

- The pearis will still be there tomorrow.

So will the girl.

I'll try the deeper bed.

Hey!

Human mermaid.

This time you won't
get away so easily.

- Where are you going?

- You expect me to stay?

- You should have told me, lad.

- I didn't ask her.

You looked at her.

In these islands 'tis the same thing as asking.

I'll tell her she must go.

- That would be foolish, Ben.

- Why?

The old chief told me ours was the first ship
to touch here since the Spanishers left.

That was seven years ago.

Might be 20 before another passed.

You mean we

we might be here for life?

Aye. We might.

Eve

How can I explain to you?

No bride was ever
more beautiful.

L- O-V-E.

Love.

- Love.

- Yes.

M- E.

Me.

- Me?

- No, no. No. Me.

Oh. Me.

Yes, that's right.

Y- O-U.

You.

- Oh. You.

- Yes.

Me. You.

- Me. You.

- Yes.

Man. Woman.

That's right.

- Sea.

- Yes.

- Earth.

- No, no. No.

Sea. Sky. Earth.

Me, uh

Uh, stupid.

- Stupid?

- Yes.

Oh, me... stupid.

Caleb.!

Caleb, it's a ship.!

It's come! You were wrong,
you old porpoise!

A derelict.

- He want go away?

- Aye.

Why?

- Why?

- He's sad when he thinks of his homeland.

No, no. There is vahini
a woman.

It's hard to explain.

Someday he'll tell you
all about it.

No be sad.

Ship will come
sometime.

No. I shall be here
for the rest of my days.

I know ship come.

I ask sea send it.

Well, that's the last
of the derelict.

They want know
what for?

You tell 'em I make knives, hatchets.

They'll see. Very good.

- What this?

- It's to eat with.

No, no, no. Like this.

Why?

Go on. Try again.

No. I am too stupid.

No, perhaps I'm the one that's stupid.

These things have no place here.

- I am so... proud.

- Why?

You have done much for my people.

And they know it.

You see how they all

come to you now...

and ask if they should

do this or do this?

Even Feenou.

They make you chief if you say.

This time

it's no derelict.

- Eve

- You will go.

- If you stay out of pity, I will throw myself in sea.

- But, Eve, I

I can only be happy

if you are happy.

They will not land.

I told them it would mean

that spears would be thrown.

It is better for your people

if no more white men come here.

They want fresh meat and water.

That I promised them.

She's a Dutchman

homeward bound for Rotterdam.

We sail on the ebb,

two hours after sunset.

She'll fire a gun

when 'tis time.

I've something for you.

My share. I'll have

no need for them.

I don't understand.

What do you mean?

It will help you buy your estates

and clear your name.

This is the fortune

you've always wanted.

Aye, I've always

wanted a fortune.
Now I've found it.
I'm not going
with you, lad.
- Are you going to stay here the rest of your life?
- Aye.
You thought I was mad
when I told you about the island.
You were right.
I was then.
Mad for riches, but
I didn't know what they were.
Now I have found them
and wisdom too.
No, I'm not going
with you, Ben.
And I don't envy you.
Good morning,
Your Worship.
Good morning.
Well, who's waiting?
Milord Havistock, sir.
He insists on seeing you at once.
He thinks he should be made
a knight commander of the Bath.
I don't.
I told the king so.
Who else?
Colonel de Forest, sir.
He wants you to use your influence to
Ah, London is full of colonels
who want brigades...
and bishops who want
to be archbishops.
- Who else?
- A goodly number of the usual, sir.
And, oh, a sailor, sir.
A common seafaring man...
who claims he has a tale
to interest you.
Tell him to take his tale somewhere else.
I've no time to waste.
But begging your pardon, sir.
I told him to go. He laughed at me.

He said to give you
this, sir.

Huh?

Hmm.

Well.

Well, 'tis an interesting
calling card.

The others can wait.

Tell the sailor
to bring in his tale.

Yes, Your Worship.

Please, please, please.

One at a time.

- Please, milords and gentlemen.

- But I've been waiting for hours.

This way, my man.

I'll give you five minutes.

- My time is not to be wasted.

- So I heard.

- That's why I came to you.

- Compliments are a waste of time.

I was told that

you're a man of influence

- in parliament and in the courts.

- I won't deny it.

That you can buy titles or pardons,
make men or break their enemies.

- Come to it.

- Do you know Sir Arthur Blake
of Breetholm in Wiltshire?

Aye. He gambles
on the exchange.

Well, he's my uncle...

and my enemy.

Boil me, but you've chosen
yourself a hard one.

He is also a usurper,

since his title and estates are rightfully mine...

by inheritance from my father,

Sir Godfrey Blake.

Godfrey! Aha!

Yeah, I knew Godfrey.

A buck.

What do you want of me?

Breetholm my right to it
confirmed in law.

That's simple.

Why come to me?

Because it isn't so simple. There's never been
any proof that my father was ever married.

And you believe

you have any rights?

And that isn't all. I'm wanted by the crown
for an attempted assault...

against Sir Arthur

while I was still his bonded servant.

- A hanging offense!

- I knew that when I came here.

Fry me if you're not

a buck too.

Sit down.

Now, you want to be

confirmed...

in a title and estates to which

you may have no legal right...

and to be pardoned by the king

for a hanging offense?

- Aye.

- Aye. Well, 'tis a modest request.

If you feel it's beyond your powers,

I can go to someone else.

No, keep your chair.

It might be arranged.

But, uh, it would cost...

I think more than

you can afford.

Is there enough there?

Which reminds me

that my fee will be 2,000.

I'll pay you 5,000

if you ask it.

Boil me, sir,

will you haggle with me?

When I make a price,

I hold to it.

Now I want some details.

Your father was Godfrey Blake, huh?

- And who was your mother?

- Bessie Kidder.

Yeah. Where

were you born?

In the city of Bombay in India.

My father took my mother there.

- Without a parson?

- That's what they say.

Ah, it's a hard nut, Ben.

Perhaps too hard even

for my jaws to crack.

Your enemy has the law

on his side...

which wouldn't matter a threepenny bit

if he didn't have power to go with it.

Do you understand me?

I'll have to deal

with men of his own kind

arrogant lordlings

and stuffed gowns

who'll be much more likely

to favor his case than yours.

Yeah, they'll be

against you...

because they know that 'tis only a sham

that keeps the likes of them up...

and the likes

of you down.

The sham of blood.

And the truth is, a man's a man,

whatever you name him.

Well, come back in a month.

No. No, I'll take care

of these.

Yeah, they'll be safer

with me.

You don't trust me?

Well, it seems I have no choice

since I put myself in your hands.

Fry me! You've got

a head on your shoulders!

- I'll have to have some money, though,

to pay a few debts.

- How much?

- A thousand pounds.

- Yeah.

Keep your eyes open
and your mouth shut.

Your time's up.

Get out.

Get back with ya!

You'll find him
in here, sir.

I have a pistol you made for me
many years ago.

Aye. Once I did
the best work in the shire.

Perhaps you could
repair it for me.

I've got no tools, and
there's no workbench here.

- What if you were free?

- Free? Huh!

That would take 40
40 for my offense.

God knows it was
no crime.

There's none who will
pay it for you?

One. One only.

But he's far away.

Perhaps dead.

Can you stand a shock
a surprise?

- Aye.

- You won't cry out...

but sit there just the same as though
we were still talking about the pistol?

Aye.

Is he alive?

Alive and well.

- Where is he?

- Back in England.

- Is he caught?

- No.

And he won't be.

He's right here beside you.

- Ben!

- Hush!

Listen to me.
I haven't come back a poor man.
Put your hand beside you
under your coat.
No. You're still
hiding from them.
I hope to have my freedom
in a month.
Then for a month it's enough to know that
you're alive and that you've got your gold.
If I bought myself out now,
they'd know where I got it.
Take it anyway,
just in case.
Aye, in case.
But I'll not use it till you're a free man.
- If you can stand it here.
- I've stood it these years.
I'll make these years
up to you, every minute of them.
The turnkey's coming.
If you should want me, get in touch
with Silas Jones at the George & Crown.
Aye, that was a good pistol you made me.
I'm sorry you cannot mend it.
Good day to you.
Herbert.! Where's that wine, you scoundrel.!
Coming, Your Worship. Coming.
And so I said to Lady Beeval,
"You remind me of a weasel."
She said, "Why, Sir Arthur,
I thought you were a gentleman. "
I said, "Whatever gave you
that impression?"
Here is something
that may please you.
- Ben.!
- Shh.
I don't want to disturb your father,
at least not yet.
I can't believe my eyes.
Where? How?
I had to see you,
if only for a moment.

I'd begun to think
you dead.
Later you shall know all.
Ben, they're beautiful.
Priceless.
I've come back
with a fortune, darling.
I've come back to claim what's mine.
You haven't forgotten your promise?
No, dear,
not for a moment.
That may be Father.
If he found you here, he'd kill you.
He's tried that before.
- When will I see you?
- I'll come tomorrow, same time.
Where are you living? Suppose something
happened and I needed you?
I'm at the George & Crown in Bristol
under the name of Master Silas Jones.
You go around the rear.
You wait here.
You two inside
and wait for me.
Drop the reins
and put up your hands.
Could I have a word with the prisoner?
He's my grandson.
All right, gaffer.
We'll give you a minute.
- Did you see Pratt?
- Aye.
After trying for two days,
I reached him at his own house.
Ben, he said he knew
of no Benjamin Blake.
He denied flat ever
having heard of ya.
Yeah, I should have
known better.
I was a fool ever
to put my trust in him.
Have you anything to say
in your own behalf...

before the court
pronounces sentence?
No, Your Lordship. I have nothing
to say in my own defense.
For I am guilty of the crime
charged against me.
And if I could live my life again,
I'd be guilty of the same crime...
and be prepared to hang
for it again.
The charge is that I, a bonded servant,
attempted assault against my master.
It matters nothing that
that assault was richly deserved.
The law says that I must hang for it.
Beyond that, the law does not look.
If justice were not so blind, it'd be quite clear
that men like Sir Arthur Blake...
should not be permitted to make chattels
out of other human beings
to use them as playthings
for their cruelty and brutality.
I alone dared to defy him
because we are both of the same blood...
because I suffered
a personal injustice at his hands
an injustice which is
of no interest to Your Lordship or the jury.
Others have suffered
as much as I more than I.
Men have been crippled by him.
One was blinded.
Others broken in spirit and soul
without any hope of redress within the law...
because the law is on the side
of Sir Arthur and his kind!
Your Lordship,
this is treasonable!
The prisoner will be
allowed to finish.
Thank you, milord.
I hold no grudge against this court.
I have had a fair trial.
Your Lordship and the jury

have only done your duty toward me.
But I only hope in going
to the scaffold...
that I can hasten the doom
of this injustice.
That the day will come when Englishmen
who serve other Englishmen...
will do so as free men
paid for their work...
but keeping title
to their spirits and their souls.
What the prisoner
has said is interesting and largely true.
But as you point out,
the justice of this court...
is rigidly confined
by the law.
And so, I must pronounce
sentence upon you...
for the crime of which
you have been found guilty.
- The sentence of this court is
- Milord.!

May I beg the indulgence
of this court?
Uh
The court will listen
with interest to anything...
that Mr. Bartholomew Pratt
has to say.
But, Your Lordship,
the jury has already made its findings.
I submit that it would
be outrageous to
The court will hear
Mr. Pratt.
But what the learned gentleman
says is true.
The court has already
found the prisoner guilty.
On the basis of
the evidence submitted...
no other finding
could have been made.

The prisoner is guilty
of the crime charged to him...
but only if it
can be proved...
that any crime was committed
in the first place.
I do not understand you, Mr. Pratt.
The evidence has not been refuted.
The prisoner has entered no denial.
Perfectly true, milord.
As I understand it...
he is charged with
an attempted assault...
upon the person of Sir Arthur Blake,
baronet of Breetholm.
Yeah.
Then, milord, I must submit
that there has been no crime...
since there is no
Sir Arthur Blake...
and since the man accused
of committing it...
is and was at the time
of the alleged offense...
himself Sir Benjamin Blake...
baronet of Breetholm.
Milord, Your Lordship
knows that the jury
But, milord, these
these proceedings are highly irreg
Milord, I protest.
Most extraordinary
statement, Mr. Pratt...
from one of your standing
and repute.
I am prepared
to prove it, milord.
If Your Lordship
will read this entry...
from the log of the East India Company ship,
Calcutta Queen...
which I obtained from
the company's offices in London.
"This day, I joined

in holy wedlock...

Sir Godfrey Blake, passenger,
and Mistress Bessie Kidder, a passenger."

I have also here
the sworn statements...
of the mate of the Calcutta Queen
who is still living...
and of Dr. Fleetwood...
formerly of Bombay
and, uh, others.

Isabel!

Isabel!

Well, he's won.

- Won?

- Aye.

He had the proofs in court
and gained his release.

Bartholomew Pratt's
behind him.

No barrister in England
would take a case against Pratt.

Then Breetholm is his?

Aye.

Well, don't you understand?

We're ruined.

You are.

I'm not.

What do you mean?

I didn't tell you
why he came here that night.

It was to ask me
to remain here...

as his wife.

Not really.

Now that has possibilities.

Yes.

As a fond father, I might even be persuaded
to give my blessing to such a brilliant marriage.

I'm afraid your blessing
won't be appreciated.

I intend to make it
appreciated.

What do you mean?

You are my daughter.

We understand each other.

- Well?

- I know your marriage will be a happy one.

I only hope that in your happiness
you will not be tempted...

to forget your poor father
now that he is broken and humbled.

- Why should I forget you?

- Oh, I'm certain you won't.

I'm counting on the milk of human kindness,
which I'm sure you'll not allow to...

uh, curdle within you
for your filial affection.

- Come to the point!

- If you insist.

In case you are tempted,
I ask you only to remember...
that we share one secret which might
be of interest to the happy bridegroom.

- Go on.

- A strange fellow, Ben
moody and quick
to take offense.
What would he say, for instance,
if he were to learn...
who told me that I'd find him
at the George & Crown the night he was arrested?

What would he say
to that, my dear?

- You wouldn't dare.

- Wouldn't I?

And even if you did, he wouldn't believe you.

Why do you think he came back?

For revenge? No.

For me. He loves me.

All his life he's worshipped me.

He'll do anything I ask him...

believe anything I tell him,

even if you were to swear to him on a Bible

Ben, you mustn't

believe what he says.

It isn't true, Ben.

It It isn't true.

Sometime ago,

you were concerned with my education.
Perhaps now
we can complete it.
It will give me
the greatest satisfaction.
"And it is my wish that
the estate known as Breetholm...
"shall be divided among my friends,
its present tenants...
"to be held by them
in fee simple...
"as freeholders
and free men while they live...
"and by their heirs
and assignees thereafter.
"The manor house and park...
"I give to my grandfather
and dear friend, Amos Kidder.
"In witness whereof,
I have this day...
set my hand and seal."
It is signed "Ben...
"once known as
Sir Benjamin Blake...
baronet and master
of Breetholm."
Eve.