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The Shadow in the North

By Adrian Hodges

Someone in the forest.
Blood on the snow.
He's still there, all in a glass coffin.
Bells, bells...
the Bellmann.
There's a shadow in the north.
The actress and a vicar.
Pity he's not a bishop, the best
man's speech could've been a riot.
It'll be you and Sally next.
Ah. Perhaps you should
tell her that, Jim.
It's not me that's in love with her.
She'll never marry me.
She's said so often enough.
She don't know her own mind,
mate, that's her problem.
Oh, I think her mind is
one thing she knows pretty well.
Ah. How are you, Sally?
Rosemary and I hardly see you any more.
You know how a new business is.
You hardly have a moment
to think of anything else.
Stocks and shares, investment and
dividends, I don't know how you do it.
Playing the stock
market is the easy part.
The problem is persuading people a young
woman can handle their money safely.
That reminds me. I have a
small inheritance due on my marriage.
Rosa and I would very much
like you to invest the capital for us.
And I shall make it my business
to tell each of my parishioners
that Sally Lockhart
made me a wealthy man.
How privileged we are, Nicholas.
Two of the country's finest
photographers
compiling our wedding album.
Naturally for my favourite niece
the job will be free gratis.

Of course, I taught Frederick
everything he knows
but now he wants to be
a detective with Jim.

I'm very good, I know.

There's the great Webster Garland
that has half of fashionable London
beating a path to our door.

Catch.

Aren't you supposed to let
one of the bridesmaids catch that?
Seeing as you're the only one in sight,
I didn't think there was much point.
I never said I was against marriage.
I merely said I was against it for me.

Chaka!

What have you been doing, boy?
Digesting the postman. I swear
that dog means more to you than me.

Are you surprised?

He's far better-looking,
and more obedient.

Come on, boy. Time to go.

- Where are you going?

- I have to see a client.

On my sister's wedding day?

I've already apologised to Rosa.

It simply couldn't be put off.

You might as well take this with you.

Until recently, Miss Lockhart,
I had every hope of living out
my retirement in modest comfort.

Now I find myself

on the brink of poverty.

I am sorry to hear that, Miss Walsh.

Last year, on your recommendation,

I invested over 3,000

in the shipping company Anglo-Baltic.

Anglo-Baltic?

It collapsed after the Ingrid Lind.

Exactly.

The Ingrid Lind disappeared
three days into her maiden voyage
and Anglo-Baltic was owned

by a businessman named Axel Bellmann.
After the loss of the Ingrid Lind
he declared the company bankrupt
and walked away,
leaving his shareholders penniless.
Since then, he has formed
a new company called North Star Castings
and carried on
as though nothing happened.
In law, he did nothing wrong,
Miss Walsh.
His new company is not responsible
for the debts of his old one.
There were suspicious circumstances
in the sinking of the Ingrid Lind.
Lloyd's of London refused to pay out.
But no-one will say why.
My little sister a married woman.
Are you happy?
Ridiculously.
He's a very good man.
And for a clergyman
he packs a remarkably fine right hock.
Don't give up on Sally, you know.
She does love you,
only she doesn't know it yet.
My losses had nothing
to do with bad luck.
They are due to immorality and fraud.
Well then, I think it's time Mr Bellmann
answered a few of our questions.
If you're right, I promise I shall
get every penny of your money back.
Be careful, Miss Lockhart,
I don't much care for idle promises.
You have lost your savings, Miss Walsh,
but my reputation is also at stake.
When someone comes to me for advice,
I don't find it acceptable
that I should lose their money for them.
Whatever it is, I haven't time.
I was wondering
if you'd read my new play.
I'd stick to the detective writing

if I were you. Five minutes, everyone!
...Leave writing to the professionals.
What's wrong with it?
Too fantastical.
Blood-sucking warehouse men,
barges full of corpses.
Remember, everybody, loud and faster.
- The public isn't interested.
- You just missed the good bits.
No future in vampire stories.
Well, thanks anyway, Mr Stoker.
You know your way around.
Do me a favour.
Give MacKinnon his five-minute call.
- MacKinnon?
- Magician,
calls himself the Wizard Of The North.
Five minutes.
Five minutes, Mr MacKinnon.
I'm ready. Now.
Thank you.
And fire!
You seriously suppose
that the hand of mere man
can kill the immortal
Wizard Of The North?
Fire, I say.
Did you see?
Thank you.
Those men are trying to kill me.
For God's sake,
help me get away from here.
You come off this side.
I'll be waiting.
Quick. Up there.
I'm frightened of heights.
If you want to get out of here
in one piece, the only way is up.
Up there.
We can get out over the roof.
Listen, mate. It's your choice.
It's this or your friends downstairs.
Look lively.
You say these men want to kill you,

Mr MacKinnon. Why?

Because I am a witness to murder.

Then why not go to the police?

I did not witness a crime in any way the police would understand.

What do you know of spiritualism?

Odd you should mention that.

Jim had a client only the other day asking him to look into some sort of spiritualist affair. A fraudulent medium named Nellie Budd. Nellie Budd?

- You know her?

- No, I just, you know, may have heard the name. You meet a lot of people in the music halls. Voices from the other side, spirit guides, table tapping.

- Load of cobblers, mate.

- I'm not so sure.

One or two serious people think there could be something in it. Come on, Webster. I thought you got a bit of milk in your coconut.

Nice to see you're as open-minded as ever, Jim.

I think you'd better tell us your story, Mr MacKinnon.

I was performing at a private house party, not as a mere entertainer, you understand, but...

as an honoured guest.

After my performance, I was introduced to a stranger.

As we shook hands...

I had a sudden vision of... dark pines and snow, and of this man, walking with a companion by an icy river.

Suddenly he drew his sword and he ran his companion through.

In that brief second...

I could not disguise

my knowledge of his guilt.
He knew.
He knew instantly that
I had seen his crime.
What was his name?
I never discovered it,
but I know he intends to kill me.
It was his creatures
at the theatre tonight.
What can I do, Mr Garland?
What can I do?
- Oh, God.
- You need to rest.
Will you help me?
We're detectives,
protection's not our line.
We'll make a few inquiries.
I've told you the truth.
Whatever your opinion of spiritualism,
I beg you to believe me.
You may mock me, Taylor.
But if I die,
you'll share the responsibility.
Bloke must have eyes
in the back of his head.
I was surprised by your inquiry,
Miss Lockhart.
I have always been of the opinion
that business matters are incompatible
with the native ability
of the fairer sex.
Then I am pleased to be in a
position to enlighten you, Mr Harkness.
There are many reasons
why Lloyd's may choose
not to pay out on an insurance claim.
Failure to keep up with the premiums,
the wrong cover, an act of God.
And fraud, presumably?
On very rare occasions.
Is that what you suspect
in the case of Anglo-Baltic.
We are not in the business
of divulging reasons to third parties.

Anglo-Baltic's collapse
has left my client destitute.
She deserves an answer.
The Ingrid Lind disappeared
in calm seas without a trace.
It had been seen hours previously
by a passing merchant vessel
and there were no signs of distress.
In our opinion, too many questions
remained unanswered
for Anglo Baltic's
claim to be honoured.
So there were suspicious circumstances?
I really must ask you to refrain
from putting words in my mouth,
Miss Lockhart.
I am making no such allegations.
You may not be, Mr Harkness, but I am.
Dear friends, welcome to the Streatham
And District Spiritualist League.
First I must introduce you
to our hostess,
the well-known medium Mrs Nellie Budd,
whose messages from the other side
so consoled us on our last visit.
We also have honoured
guests amongst us tonight.
Dr Herbert Semple, and his associate,
of the Royal Institution
are here to perform important research.
Thank you, Mrs Jamieson Wilcox.
For some time now
I have been studying the trance state
in relation to the electrical
conductivity of the skin.
This box is an advanced version
of the electro-dermagraph.
These wires are connected to the ankle
and the resistance
is shown on the dial here.
Mrs Budd, may we connect you up?
You can connect me to
your apparatus any time, dear.
Very artistic fingers, Mr Semple.

Fancy that! It doesn't even tingle.
It's a very...
mild current.
Join hands,
please, ladies and gentlemen.
Ella!
Ella, my dear.
Charles!
Charles, is that you?
Though the veil hath parted us,
let not our love grow cold.
Oh, never.
Tell Perkins in the shop
to mind his cheese
and be more careful with the napkins.
Mind the cheese and napkins, yes.
Ella, the blessed light
is shining and I must depart.
Farewell, beloved.
One spark and the ship is gone.
Such a pretty ship and everyone dead.
Bells... Bells...
The Bellmann...
Keep it in the shadows.
There's a shadow in the north.
A sword in the forest.
Blood on the snow.
He's still there.
All in a glass coffin.
The regulator.
300, 400...
The North Star.
A mist full of fire.
Steam packed with death,
packed in pipes.
Death, death, everywhere!
A physical manifestation.
Keep still, everyone.
The spirits will not harm us.
A wonderful result, beyond
all expectation. Unparalleled reading.
Mrs Budd, this is a turning point
in the history of psychical research.
Miss Lockhart.

My name is Windlesham.
I represent Mr Axel Bellmann.
He's aware that you've been
making unfriendly enquiries about him.
He sent me to convey his displeasure
in person
in order to spare you
the pain of a legal threat.
That is very considerate of him.
Provided these allegations
cease immediately,
he's willing to overlook
the inconvenience caused.
I suspect Mr Bellmann is responsible
for the collapse of Anglo-Baltic.
If so, he owes a financial
and moral debt to my client.
Perhaps you've not fully understood.
I understand your employer is frightened
and now he's trying to frighten me.
Well, I don't respond to bullying,
you may tell him that.
You may also wish to tell him
that before your visit today, I wasn't
entirely sure he'd done anything wrong.
But now I'm quite certain of it.
Does MacKinnon really believe
that someone would try to kill him
at Lady Harvard's charity performance?
He's petrified. Says he needs
someone to keep an eye out for him.
I thought we weren't
in the protection racket.
Anyway, why do I have to do it?
Because I'd stick out like a pork chop
in a fishmonger's window,
and provided no one
looks too closely, governor,
you could just about pass for quality.
Excuse me, who is that over there?
Lord Wytham and his
daughter Lady Mary, sir.
Yes!
Thank you, thank you.

For my next illusion
I require a gold watch.
Is there any gentleman who
would be kind enough to loan me one?
Just come in, at the door.
Thank you.
Here is a gentleman with faith.
Will his watch be
returned to him intact?
We shall see.
The world of wonders is not
always a benevolent place, alas.
Not always a benevolent place, alas.
I beg pardon.
...Suddenly indisposed.
Interesting entertainment, I must say.
We must make our excuses and leave.
We have an early start.
Lord Wytham.
Good evening, Mr Bellmann.
Ladies, we have some
business to discuss.
Would you care to
join me in the library?
I shan't be a moment.
You have had three
weeks to consider my offer.
I will have your answer now.
You are 390,000 in debt.
Your credit is exhausted.
Bankruptcy would mean every
kind of disgrace and yet you hesitate.
My daughter is still very young.
Old enough to be married,
and in return for her hand
I will give you 400,000.
I also offer you a seat on the board
of my company, North Star Castings.
Not for any business ability you may
possess, as plainly you have none,
but because your government
connections might prove useful to me.
In principle,
I agree to your proposal but, um...

as to the exact terms,
I will have to consult my lawyer.
You mean you want
to make a little more money
and think your lawyer will be
better able to get it than yourself?
Well, then, how much more do you want?
Let us agree the figure now, like men.
Well, um...
I'll have to think of the estate,
um, the house in Cavendish Square, um...
Shall we say another 250,000.
Very well.
We agree.
Your daughter is worth 650,000.
I would scarcely put it so bluntly.
Put it however you wish, I will pay you
50,000 immediately upon our betrothal.
A further 350,000 on
the morning of the wedding.
And what of the balance?
Oh, the rest will be paid
the morning after,
subject to my satisfaction
with Lady Mary's... condition.
Do you mean to imply that
my daughter is no longer innocent?
I make no implications,
I merely state my position.
This is too much to bear.
And yet I think you will
presently bear it very well.
Axel Bellmann,
are you sure that was his name?
We've been investigating the same man.
I thought he was guilty of fraud,
but murder?
This is exactly what Nellie Budd said?
Jim wrote down every word, verbatim.
If all this is true,
I think I know who Bellmann killed.
Axel Bellmann left Sweden 1865.
Jailed in Mexico in 1868.
Turns up in Russia with his partner,

an engineer named Arne Nordenfels...
Project to do with the railways.
He goes missing without a trace, 1872.
It's him, I'm certain of it.
Bellmann's company
goes bankrupt in Russia,
and the next year he turns up in London
with apparently limitless funds.
There's a parallel
for everything Nellie said.
North Star,
that's the name of his new company.
Look, she talks here of the regulator.
Extraordinary.
All I've discovered about North Star
is it's connected with a new invention,
some kind of machine called
the steam self-regulator.
Steam engines have regulators
to control the pressure, don't they?
If Nellie says anything
else you must tell me immediately.
Why don't we work together on this one?
I work better on my own.
We used to be a good team, Lockhart.
Why did you come here tonight, Fred?
I thought you'd be interested
in this Bellmann stuff.
You didn't even know
I'd heard of Bellmann then.
All right, I was worried.
You know how Chaka pines
if he doesn't see me regularly.
Might need this.
Nellie Budd's card.
Take care, Sally.
Mr Bellmann,
I believe your involvement
in Anglo-Baltic
has cost my client her life savings.
She was a teacher...
A good woman, and she's entitled to
the money she saved for her retirement.
I admire your loyalty, Miss Lockhart.

But, if I were to pay you this money,
I would be admitting
that I did something wrong.
I make no such admission.
Such a gesture
would also invite every shareholder
of Anglo-Baltic to make a similar claim.
As a matter of business,
this is quite impossible.
I will have a cheque, please,
made out in the sum of 3,270,
payable to Miss Susan Walsh.
The figure is itemised here.
A young woman.
Working in the City of London.
This is a remarkable thing.
Please understand that
I consider it admirable.
But now, you go too far.
I've warned you, Miss Lockhart...
Warned me about what, exactly?
Let's be clear
what these threats of yours amount to.
I have, here,
a record of visits paid by unaccompanied
men to your place of business.
Which, Mr Windlesham informs me,
contains a large and comfortable couch.
During the past month alone, there
have been no less than 20 such visits.
Many of them at night.
Each one of my clients is
a respectable member of society
who will vouch for me unreservedly.
Oh, for sure, but
the allegations alone would ruin you.
An attractive young woman, working
in an apparently clandestine fashion.
There's no need for a fire.
The smoke is quite sufficient.
I will have that cheque.
I advise you to think hard before
circulating your lies, Mr Bellmann.
I know enough about you now to make

an interesting article for the newspaper
about Anglo-Baltic,
and North Star, and Arne Nordenfels.
What do you know of Arne Nordenfels?
You will pay me Miss Walsh's money,
make no mistake about that.
I do not make mistakes.
I think you just have.
You've told me I'm looking
in exactly the right place.
Well, Mr Semple, what can I do for you?
Ah. Well,
my name's not actually Semple.
And I'm here in my capacity
as a private detective.
I'm afraid the electro-dermograph
machine was actually a camera.
I took a photograph
of you the other night.
I think it shows your
clever tricks rather well.
Oh, dear.
Have you come to expose me?
If people are gullible enough
to believe your sance routine,
that's their lookout.
However, I am willing to use
this picture to blackmail you.
Handsome fellow like
you doesn't need blackmail.
Just ask nicely, dear.
Good, wasn't going to, anyway.
But I am interested in what
you said in your trance, the real one.
Oh, I call them my funny turns.
I've been having them for years.
People tell me I say all sorts.
Not much of it makes sense.
You don't remember them afterwards?
Not a thing.
Do you know Mr Bellman?
Never heard of him.
A company called North Star?
How about a magician, named MacKinnon?

Doesn't ring a bell. That's odd.
He seems to know you.
Why don't you have a cup of tea, dear?
Your aura's looking distinctly weak.
MacKinnon.
He's a skinny bloke with blue eyes.
Been here a couple of days, I was told.
He ain't here. And anyway,
he ain't receiving no visitors neither.
Second floor.
MacKinnon?
MacKinnon!
We were a pretty pair in those days.
Where's your sister now?
Still works the halls up north.
You do know MacKinnon,
don't you, Nellie?
I've seen his act.
I might have chatted
backstage once or twice,
but it hardly seemed worth mentioning.
What about a Lord Wytham?
What does Johnny Wytham
have to do with anything?
I don't know.
Why don't you tell me?
He was Johnny Kennett when I knew him,
but that would be 20 years ago
in the music hall.
The original stage-door Johnny,
Jessie and me used to call him.
He was all grace and fun in those days.
And such a handsome man.
Lord! What a swell!
And you can't think of any
connection between him and Bellmann?
I told you, I don't know any Bellmann.
Or MacKinnon?
You shall have to go now, dear.
You've made me quite tired.
If you carry on like this,
I shall be in no fit state
to commune with the spirits.
I was quite a catch once, you know.

Still are, Nellie!
See,
I told you he weren't here!
If he comes back, you tell
him Jim Taylor's looking for him.
I've heard him mention your name.
You're a friend. Come with me.
Alistair is in great danger, Mr Taylor.
Terrible danger.
Who are you?
Alastair and I are friends.
Best thing that he can do
is stop running and talk to me.
It's difficult for him.
He's nervous, and imaginative.
As an artist, he feels things
more deeply than ordinary men.
I'm in the way of being an artist
myself, and I'm as ordinary as it gets.
Alistair is unique.
Most people recoil, as you did,
when they see my face, but not him.
So are two stepping out together,
or what?
Don't mock me, Mr Taylor.
How can I expect anything more than pity
from a man with so fine a soul as his?
From time to time, he has allowed me
to offer him comfort, or a little money.
Awfully big of him.
You don't look as though
you've got that much cash to spare.
I'd give Alistair my
last farthing if he needed it.
I could get you a good
price for work like this.
Don't have to live a poky little place,
earning pennies, love.
The fewer people who see my face,
the better.
Not true.
You ain't so bad-looking.
Could you feel desire for me?
This is my card,

I'll put another address on the back,
a young lady, name of Miss
Sally Lockhart.
If you ever need anyone,
she won't let you down.
I'd do anything to help him,
anything in the world.
Do you understand that?
The love I have for him
is my one reason for breathing.
If you want my opinion,
love's more trouble than it's worth.
Good day.
Of all the reckless,
irresponsible ways to behave.
The situation calls for tact
and careful handling,
so what does Sally Lockhart do?
She shows them every card in her hand!
Bellmann as good as admitted
he had something to hide.
How would the brilliant Frederick
Garland have discovered that?
By writing him a polite letter?
If we had moved carefully,
we might have caught him off guard.
Thanks to me, we know he's guilty.
And now you've made yourself
the prime target of a murderer.
For God's sake, shut up, the pair of ya.
Suppose MacKinnon
got hold of this vision idea
from Nellie
and tried a bit of blackmail?
Bellmann's not the sort
to take that lying down.
No, MacKinnon's genuine, all right.
But what's the connection between
Nellie and MacKinnon?
I don't know.
Maybe they belong to the same
'share your psychic secrets' club.
I have some real news
if anyone's interested.

Lord Wytham has just announced
the engagement of his daughter.
And guess who's the lucky man?
My God, not Bellmann!
And here's another thing.
A certain well-known
society photographer
has been commissioned to commemorate
the happy occasion
at Wytham's country house on Friday.
You're a genius.
I know.
I suppose we should expand.
We really need somewhere bigger.
No need just yet.
Anyway, we can't afford it.
Will you tell me next time
if you're planning something reckless?
Not necessarily.
Look at me.
I will have a picture that expresses
joy in our betrothal, do you understand?
- Yes, Mr Bellmann.
- My name is Axel.
And this is what you will call me, hmm?
Say it, my dear.
Yes, Axel.
Good.
Careful, Jim. You're staring.
And now,
if the happy couple are ready...
Where is he?
I don't know who you mean.
MacKinnon. You were seen with him,
you naughty girl.
I don't know where he is,
I haven't seen him for days.
If you don't tell me the truth,
I'm going to ask him here
to tear up and burn
every last scrap of your work.
Please, it's all I have in the world.
You were at Lady Harborough's last week,
posing as a guest.

Me? No, sir.
If it was not you, it was your double.
The man was prying
and watching the other guests
in a highly-suspicious manner.
I ask you again.
Were you that man?
Do you think my dress will
look well in the photographs, Axel?
I thought it very pretty before,
but now I don't know.
Oh, you look charming, my dear.
Absolutely charming.
So!
This is our little treasure, is it?
Well, I dare say young Sackville
will know what to do with these.
All right, I'll tell you where to
find him, only don't touch his letters.
MacKinnon has a room in
Hampstead he sometimes uses.
Number15, Kenton Gardens.
You won't hurt him?
Oh yeah, and...
don't go thinking you can scuttle off
and warn him when our backs is turned.
I've kept Sackville
on a leash up till now.
I wouldn't like to say
what he'd do if I let him off it.
'Sensational discovery
in the forests of Siberia.
'The body of a man
has been found perfectly preserved
in the ice of a frozen river.
"The unfortunate victim
was horribly stabbed."
'Sword in the forest.
'Blood on the snow.
"He's still there,
all in a glass coffin."
A frozen river's, very like
a glass coffin, isn't it, Chaka?
Come on, boy!

I have no idea what you're
talking about, Miss Lockhart.
Don't insult me, Mr Windlesham.
We both know
who's responsible for this.
If you have been burgled
I suggest you contact the police.
Do you really suppose I would
commit everything I know to paper?
I am not the fool that your employer
believes and I will not be intimidated.
She is a
woman of unusual character.
Deal with her.
Don't bother me with the details.
What of the other matter?
It has been taken care of, sir.
Yes, gentlemen, how can I help you?
Oh, dear me, Mrs Budd.
If you were a proper psychic
you'd already know, wouldn't you?
Move in here for now.
I want you close at hand.
Fred, we've been through this before.
Those men nearly killed Nellie Budd,
you need protecting.
I'm not some helpless damsel who needs
shutting up in a fortress and guarding.
Don't be stupid. You can
still work and go about normally.
I don't need your permission
to go about 'normally', as you put it.
You think I'm a child who
needs protecting and coddling.
Don't you know me yet?
I'm not like that.
If you can't see that now...
I wonder if you've ever
really seen me at all.
At your best, you're magnificent.
At your worst you're an unlikeable,
self-righteous prig.
You're not talking about me.
You're talking about some

childish fantasy of yours.
Grow up, Frederick.
This can't go on.
We'll finish this case and then
you and I had better call it a day.
Miss Lockhart.
Yes.
Jim Taylor said
I should come to you.
I've been waiting all afternoon.
Come inside.
His enemies are so relentless.
Why do they hate him so much?
What has he done to them?
Don't worry.
We'll find him before they do.
I've betrayed him.
I'm so ashamed.
Do you know...
how it feels to love a man,
heart and soul,
and yet still hurt him?
I've destroyed him for the
sake of a few scraps of paper.
But I couldn't bear
to lose the one small part of him
that was mine completely.
If you betrayed him
at all it was from love.
To have done it from...
stubborn pride or selfishness
would have been infinitely worse.
I suppose it's hardly worth asking
if this Isabel Meredith business
changes your mind about coming here.
She wasn't actually hurt.
He's trapped her somehow.
As if a girl like that would
marry him unless she had to.
Jim's in love with Lady Mary Wytham.
I'm worried, that's all.
Poor girl's got no-one
to look after her.
MacKinnon,

Nellie Budd, Lady Mary, Miss Walsh...
Everything leads back to Bellmann.
I'm certain that body in the
ice will turn out to be Nordenfels.
But why kill your own partner?
What do we actually know about him?
He was an engineer who invented
a safety valve for steam engines.
It works at high temperatures
or pressures or something.
I think it's time to find
out more about North Star Castings.
If I leave straightaway for King's Cross
I can be at the works this afternoon.
Want to come with me?
I'm going to see what I can discover
about Nordenfels at the Patent Office.
Gentlemen, let me buy you a drink.
I'm making a few inquiries
about North Star Castings.
Sorry, can't help you.
You're wasting your time.
More than their job's worth
to talk about North Star.
You're talking to me.
I don't work for them, do I?
Not now.
You look like a man
who could use a refill.
I'm looking for any patent
in the name of Arne Nordenfels.
How would I go about finding them?
I'll have a
look in the index, miss.
How far back would you like to go?
Um, 1870.
Nordenfels.
Arne Nordenfels.
He has a patent dated 1872
for a safety valve for steam boilers
and another in the same year
for improvements
in circulating higher pressure steam.
I was a boiler maker for Walker & Sons,

the locomotive works.
Two years ago, the company was sold.
The new owner was a
man named Axel Bellmann.
He didn't seem interested
in new orders,
just finishing
what was already on the books.
A short time later,
we heard he'd bought Furness Castings.
He merged the two companies
and called it North Star Castings.
Was Furness a locomotive
company as well?
No, Mr Garland,
it was an armaments firm.
He said we were part of a great
new work for the benefit of all mankind.
And what was it, this...
great new work?
Well, the polite name for
it is the self-regulating device.
We called it the steam gun.
Nordenfels?
Nordenfels...
There are pages missing.
There are seven more patents
in the name of Arne Nordenfels
and the details
of each have been torn out!
This is an outrage.
The steam gun isn't just any weapon,
it is pure evil.
It looks like
an ordinary railway carriage
except for the very tiny little holes.
1,000 holes in each side
and out of every hole
come five bullets per second.
That's what the steam pressure's for?
It's like turning the handle
on 2,000 machine guns at once.
The regulator
uses electrical connections,

lines drawn on a roll of waxed paper.

Using a dense kind of graphite.

- Graphite?

- Comes from nearby.

Lady Wytham's family

have owned the mine for years.

I'm a pacifist, Mr Garland.

I don't hold with fighting

or violence of any kind.

As soon as I realised what it was about,

I resigned.

Think of an ordinary English street,

full of men, women and children,

and then imagine every cubic inch

of air filled with a red-hot bullet.

You'd need something from the

Book of Revelations to do it justice.

If someone wanted

to make money from a patent,

it would have

to be registered in his name?

Of course.

Would you see if there are any patents

registered

in the name Axel Bellmann, please?

Bellmann...

Ah, here we are.

It's in the British index.

1876, Bellmann A, number 4524-

steam-powered machine

gun drawn on railway carriage.

Simple as that.

Thank you.

Jessie Saxon.

A young man makes a nice change.

My admirers are usually

pushing 60 these days.

I have come about your sister Nellie.

She's been attacked and badly injured.

Something to do with that

little woodlouse MacKinnon, isn't it?

He didn't attack her,

if that's what you think.

But he is mixed up in it somehow.

What's the connection
between him and Nellie?
They were lovers, of course.
I fell for him, too.
40 years old and we quarrelled
over that worthless...
Well, we're all fools when
it comes to love, aren't we?
Nellie would have done
anything for him.
He'd got that kind of power over women.
Well, he'd need to have something
special to get her to do that.
Do what?
It's a secret, dear.
My lips are sealed.
You're trying to get me drunk.
I certainly am.
I'd let you seduce me, dear,
but I've had my heart broken and
I haven't the energy for it these days.
My loss.
Who am I trying to protect?
It was my silly, love-struck sister
found him lodgings in Scotland
and even paid for the lawyer.
You mean they went away together?
No, just him,
to prove he'd been resident for 21 days.
It cost her a bob or two
but it had to be done legally.
Why would you need to prove
you'd spent 21 days in Scotland?
So he could get married.
They got married?
You mean to Nellie?
Don't be daft.
To Johnny Wytham's girl, Lady Mary.
Go on, boy.
Chaka!
Isabel!
He stabbed me!
It must have caught in my stays.
Chaka.

They wanted to take Chaka's body away.
But I wouldn't let them.
I said I'd look after him!
Why don't you burry it here,
in the garden.
Isabel's resting.
Her ribs were cut,
but it was just a surface wound.
The police can't understand
why any ordinary thief
would risk taking Chaka on.
You didn't say anything
about Bellmann?
We have no proof.
I think Isabel and I
should stay here for a while.
Would that be all right?
So, Nordenfels designs the gun.
And then Bellmann killed him and
patented the invention in his own name.
But where did he get
all his money from?
The Russian government.
When they found they didn't have
the expertise to build the steam gun,
they funded him to come here.
What I don't understand is why.
What use is a gun like that?
Isn't it obvious?
It would make any army invincible.
Only if there's a railway line nearby.
The enemy is hardly going to stand
around politely while you build one.
You're saying it's useless then?
Unless you're a government
facing internal unrest or revolution.
Then it's absolutely lethal.
All you need is a railway
through all your major cities
and ports,
you could defend any position.
Imagine a steam gun in
a city square full of protesters.
This isn't a battlefield weapon at all.

It's the ultimate weapon of
tyranny against civilian populations.
And he's got the damned nerve
to build this thing in England.
MacKinnon and Lady Mary.
You must have got it wrong, Fred.
Sorry, Jim.
The names are in the
register at Gretna Green.
Does he know his daughter's
already married?
He knows.
He's been all over Gretna Green
paying off witnesses to keep quiet.
I don't believe MacKinnon
is in love with her.
He doesn't love anyone except himself.
He must be after something else.
The same thing Bellmann wants,
only for a different reason.
Her inheritance.
Her mother's a big landowner and
the whole lot is entailed to Lady Mary.
A fortune in graphite mines.
What's graphite?
It's what pencils are made of.
And steam guns.
If Bellmann is going to corner the
market in graphite, MacKinnon has to go.
That's why Bellmann
wants MacKinnon dead.
He can't marry Lady Mary
if she's already married.
We must get to MacKinnon.
You hurt me, I'll scream.
I warn you.
Help me!
What do you think I'm doing,
having a cup of tea?!
That'll teach you to lay your
hands on the Wizard of The North.
You're coming with us.
And where's my bloody watch?
I just... I wanted...

I wanted to tell you before only...
I hope your marriage
will be very happy.
My marriage has caused me
nothing but trouble and misery.
He don't even know what he's got.
You smug Scotch git!
I mustn't stay here.
I'll go away.
I only ever bring bad luck to people.
You're tired, that's all. Go to bed.
You'll feel better in the morning.
Sorry, Isabel.
They're all there,
including the Scotsman.
And they didn't suspect anything?
No one looks twice at the painter
and decorator.
Wait until midnight.
Right.
You know, sir?
I really am favourably
impressed with Miss Lockhart.
It's a great pity there's
no prospect of making terms with her.
It's too late for that, Windlesham.
Far too late.
Fred, am I really unlikeable?
I didn't mean that.
I was angry.
I don't want us to call it a day.
You were right.
We do make a good team.
I could never give you up, Sally.
Never.
Sally.
Did I ever mention that I love you,
Lockhart?
Will you marry me?
Of course.
'Of course', she says, just like that!
After all this time.
I do love you.
I always have.

It's just...
I thought that I wouldn't
be myself somehow if I married you.
You make me more than I am.
Not less.
Fire!
Wake up! There's a fire!
Wake up, there's a fire!
He's back. The studio is on fire.
Everyone, get blankets.
- Where's Isabel?
- She won't come out.
- I'll get her.
- I'll go!
Get Sally out.
Come on.
- I can't.
- Burn then.
- Come on!
- I can't leave him.
He'll be fine! Come on!
Isabel, open the door!
Come on, Sally!
Come on, Sally!
Isabel, come downstairs!
Please, leave me.
- I don't want to live.
- Come!
Please! Please, please, help me.
Sally, come on!
Come on!
I promised him, Sal, come on!
Oh, God.
Am I going to die?
I have to go.
I'm sorry, Miss.
Mr Bellmann isn't here.
He's visiting our North Star works.
I've come to see Mr Bellmann.
Tell him Sally Lockhart is here.
Miss Lockhart.
What a truly remarkable
young woman you are.
You killed Frederick Garland.

And yet here you are. Undaunted.
How many men would show such courage?
Courage deserves its reward.
Ask me what you will now. I promise you,
I will give you the truth.
Please.
And so... the truth.
Did you kill Arne Nordenfels?
I had no choice.
He came to think of
his invention as evil.
He wanted to destroy it.
He could not see it was nothing less
than the greatest aid to peace
and human happiness ever conceived.
Who would fight a war knowing
that such an instrument
of devastation exists?
Did you sink the Ingrid Lind?
You know I did.
Why?
Why kill so many innocent people?
To save thousands,
perhaps millions more.
There was an agent of
the Mexican government on board,
who would compromise
my standing with my Russian backers.
Support would have been withdrawn.
The steam gun abandoned.
I could not allow that.
Miss Lockhart,
until now, you have attributed
only base motives to my actions.
I beg you to look at
me in a different light.
As a great philanthropist,
with only the best interests
of the human race at heart.
Wait here.
If you doubt my good will,
ask the men here
how their lives have improved.
They will bless my name.

They don't know what
it is they are making.
Not only are they willing to build
the steam gun,
they are proud of it.
You... You have true courage,
Miss Lockhart.
But... you are an innocent.
Do you expect me to believe
you did all this for unselfish reasons?
You're wrong.
Everything you say is wrong.
The cruel injustice
of the world appalls you.
You long to fight it with
every fibre of your being.
I have been foolish.
It is not a vapid young girl
like Lady Mary I should be marrying,
but a strong, independent woman,
like you.
As my wife, you could do
infinitely more good
than as plain Sally Lockhart.
And of course,
you would
no longer be so terribly alone.
Do you understand
what I'm saying to you?
I'm asking you to marry me.
Yes?
Let her go.
Miss Lockhart is entirely
at liberty to do as she chooses.
I've come to take you home, Sal.
It's too late for that.
Mr Bellmann has asked me to marry him.
I'm about to give him my answer.
My hand in marriage
will cost you 3,270.
The total sum you owe my client,
Miss Walsh.
You are a match for me!
Of course.

And you shall have your money.
Will gold suffice?
What are you doing?
That's 70.
To the penny.
Take it, Jim.
Take it to Miss Walsh.
You're not yourself. Come with me.
I'm going to marry Mr Bellmann.
My man will see you out.
What about Fred?
- Fred would understand.
- Well, I don't.
You must be tired.
I will have them prepare you a room.
Before I lie down,
I would like to see the steam gun.
We've talked about it so much and yet
I still don't know what it looks like.
Of course.
It is a good time to see it.
I love the works at night.
If you know anything at all about guns,
Sally, this will fascinate you.
We must keep an eye on
the pressure in the boiler.
They are testing the
automatic grade tonight.
Oh, God. Sally.
The boiler is the secret of this.
A masterpiece of engineering.
It's flatter and more compact
than the ordinary shape.
It has to be,
to make space for the gunnery.
We will be testing
it on the range tomorrow.
You are uncomfortable.
Please.
Allow me.
There has been nothing like
this weapon since the beginning of time.
It is beautiful, is it not?
You killed Frederick Garland.

Did you really think
I would replace a man as brave
and as kind
and as good as him with you?
For a moment, I almost thought
you were right about human nature.
But you're wrong.
Everything you create is based on fear,
deception, murder and lies,
and in the end,
people will see you
and your kind for what you are,
and bring you crashing down.
Frederick Garland understood
things you will never grasp.
Things like love and loyalty,
democracy and truth,
and that is why I loved him.
And why I could never love you.
You will not shoot me.
You will not shoot me because this love
and decency you value so highly,
it leaves you weak.
As weak as our honour and
as weak as Frederick Garland.
You're right.
And thank God for that weakness.
Did I do it right, Fred?
Did I speak well?
I'm coming to you.
I'm sorry, Fred.
It's fine. Come here.
You didn't half put the wind up me.
I knew it, I knew you'd
do something crazy like this.
I wanted to blow up the gun.
I wanted to die with it.
Nobody is dying now, girl.
Not you and me anyway.
Come on.
You did it, Sal! You silly cow!
You did it!
Come on, let's get out of here.
I think it's time we told them.

I think we should take it.
It's got everything we could want
and it's plenty of space.
And I found a perfect little room
for the nursery.
Nursery?
I'm having Fred's baby.
Are you shocked?
Could you care less if we were?
Amazing.
Sally, I'm so happy for you!