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The Woman in Black

By Nigel Kneale

One and six, how's that?

- Have you seen it, Mr Kidd?

- What's that?

The new Charlie Chaplin. The Gold Rush.

He eats his boots.

Here, get it entered up.

How did we do?

Six guilty, two got off.

- Indecent exposure?

- He got a month.

Ahh sixpence.

He was on a bicycle.

Come on, you two, break it up.

- What's that?

- Can't you guess, Mr Kidd?

It's him?

Oh my God, not again!

Mr Girdler sit down, sit down.

Look, I'm sorry, things have
been very slow

Have you got anywhere?

I'm doing all I can, believe me.

It just takes time.

- Time! It's bloody years.

- Getting it changed, that's the hard part.

Once you're on a war pension,
things are very

They don't bloody care!

It's not that.

Do you bloody care?

Yes of course I care!

Mr Kidd, your presence is requested.

Quick.

Right.

Mr Girdler, as soon as
there's any news

- Do you think there will be?

- Yes. I'll see to it.

Now I've got to leave you.

Thank you.

You wanted me, sir?

Who is this person with the appalling
sniff? A client of yours?

- Yes. He was gassed.

- What?

In the trenches. He was
in a gas attack,
and he can't help it, it got worse.

I am trying to get him more money.

Sit down, Mr Kidd.

Do you see yourself as having a future
with this practice?

A partnership, perhaps, ultimately?

I hope so, sir.

Then, sir, you must learn
to take yourself seriously.

I've watched you chattering with
the junior clerks. That won't do.

I didn't realise

- You must cultivate authority.

- I know.

Take a look at yourself. What's that
on your sleeve, there?

That was the baby last night. I thought
she sponged that off My wife, that is.

Mr Kidd.

To have saddled yourself
with a wife and family
at this stage in your career... You
know my opinion. I shan't repeat it.

But now, now I have to trust you
with an important assignment.

Oh?

Be assured I'd have dealt with it
myself but for other commitments.

- What is it?

- You know the Drablow estate?

Well I heard of it.

It's been my personal concern, of course.

With this firm for half a century.

Mr Drablow was a China trader.

He died out East, many years ago, and
we've looked after things ever since.

Now his widow has just
passed away, aged 72.

- Now, I want you to attend the funeral.

- Of course.

The day after tomorrow.

Where will it be?

- Ah!

- In London?

No, it's at a place called
Crythin Gifford,
a little market town on the coast.
You'll go by train, of course.

I understand.

No, you don't. Not yet.

You are to stay on and clear things up.

Sort out Mrs Drablow's effects
and any documents,

retrieve all private papers,

whatever they may be,

wherever they may be

and put the house up for sale.

It should take you about a week.

A week?

If you apply yourself.

Wouldn't it be better if you yourself

If I what?

I mean, you know all this

- Nothing to do with

- I simply don't

- I can't!

- I mean, if I

Mr Kidd. I've told you

I can't! I'm needed here.

You can manage.

Just remember that you

represent this firm.

And for the Lord's sake tidy
yourself up.

Oh, there, there now

Hello, Mr Kidd.

How are you Bessie?

What a to-do! Just listen to her.

Here's Daddy. You can tell him

all about it. Eddie's been brave.

Hello. What happened?

It's all over now. Give her to me.

Bessie pushed me.

- I did not!

- She did.

It was that naughty wash tub
that bumped poor Eddie.
Finish the nappies. Through
the mangle twice now.
Eddie, let Daddy get his
coat off, there's a good boy.
Now then. Stand up.
- It's quite a cut.
- Eddie had iodine on it.
Iodine.
Come here. I wonder if I've got
anything for you.
Let's see.
I don't think we'll look there, look in
that one. What's that? Let me see.
Look!
What's that? It's a kazoo!
Watch this.
Try it.
Good? Go and show it to
your Mom, go on.
Show it to Bessie.
What a day!
Bessie is like having three
children instead of two, really is.
Hello, little one, hello.
I've got to go away, for a week
or two.
What?!
It's business.
Old Sweetman made it quite clear
it's essential to my advancement.
Oh hell, I don't want to.
I nearly missed it.
Are we far from Crythin Gifford,
do you know?
I do know. About half an hour.
Excuse me, you dropped this.
Thank you.
I couldn't help noticing
Mrs Drablow?
Yes.
Don't tell me you're a relative.
I'm her solicitor.

Ah!
On the way to the funeral?
I am.
You'll be about the only person there is.
Well, I gather she had no
immediate family.
Nor friends.
An old woman living alone, you might
expect her to be a bit of a recluse.
So you might. Mr?
My name is Arthur Kidd.
Sam Toovey.
You evidently knew her, Mr Toovey.
Oh, hardly that. Not in recent times.
I had no cause to visit her.
And even if I had
Crythin Gifford!
Crythin Gifford!
Thank you.
Is the town far?
Over there, about half a mile.
You won't mind a bit of a trot.
- Oh, Mr Toovey
- Yes?
Where can I find a cab?
Cab? Here? This time of night?
All right, laddie, come with me.
Evening, Charlie.
Go round by the Gifford Arms, will you?
Take Mr Kidd's case.
- Thank you.
- Go round that way, Mr Kidd.
It's a decent enough place,
they'll look after you.
Just staying the one night?
No, longer. I have to see to the
house, all Mrs Drablow's things
Eel Marsh House?
Yes, I expect to be in and out
of there for several days.
Do you now?
Mr Kidd.
If you should need anything
Anything at all, mind.

That's where you can find me.

Thank you.

Good night.

Good night, Mr Toovey.

It's closing time, sir.

My name is Arthur Kidd.

I sent you a telegram.

Oh, right. From London.

Yes, your room's ready. Albert!

Here with you! Dratted boy.

Albert!

Oh all right. Very well, come on,
this way. Come on.

There, you'll be warm enough.

Keep the window shut, though.

Keep the frets out.

- Frets?

- Yes, frets. Sea frets, sea mists.

Can be bad this time of year. They roll
up in a minute out in the marshes.

What are you here for?

The market?

I'm... I'm a solicitor.

Oh, lawyer, are you?

What is it? Farm leases?

No, it's about a local lady,
a Mrs Drablow.

Oh, her.

Yes, she just died.

I know. They sent you here?

Did you have any dealings?

No, I didn't know her. I didn't want to.

Now, we got a lot of work to do.

It's market day tomorrow, that's forty
lunches. Now, have you ate?

- Not yet, no.

- Ah.

Down in a quarter of
an hour, in the bar.

- I've just got a letter to write.

- Quarter of an hour.

Mr Kidd? Arnold Pepperell,
excuse my gloves.

- You've been managing things here?

- Yes.

These are the documents
from Mr Sweetman.

Oh, thank you.

If you're ready, I think we should leave.

I trust you're comfortable?

Market day's a bit busy.

- That's all right.

- Noisy, though.

Now, Mr Kidd, Reverend Greet.

- You're a relative?

- Here it comes.

Solicitor.

in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily.

If, after the manner of men, I have

fought with beasts at Ephesus,

what advantages it me,

if the dead rise not.

Let us eat and drink, for

tomorrow we die.

Beloved, God has a purpose for us all

in this life, to which He has sent us.

Sometimes we may find that

purpose hard to discern,

whether in others or

in ourselves.

But the test of our faith in Him is this,

that we should believe that

He will reveal His purpose

in His own good time, whether

in this world or the next,

which is His alone.

So it is not for us, mere mortals,

to seek to fathom the unfathomable,

to know the unknowable.

Only to trust that God in His wisdom

must have a purpose for every

human life that He creates,

or be very sure... that He

that He would not have created it.

So it is with out departed

sister, Alice Drablow.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased

Almighty God, of His great mercy,

to take unto Himself the soul of
our dear sister, here departed,
we therefore commit her
body to the ground.
Earth to earth, ashes to
ashes, dust to dust.
In the sure and certain hope of
the resurrection to eternal life
through our Lord Jesus Christ,
who shall change the body of
our low estate
that it may be like unto His glorious
body, according to the mighty working
whereby He is able to subdue
all things to Himself.

Amen.

Well, she had one mourner, anyway.

I saw no one.

Oh, she was inside the church,
and then waiting outside.

I thought she looked unwell,
but But she's there now.

Perhaps somebody ought to
go and have a word with her.

No one. No.

Go away! Quick! Quick!

Get away from here!

Mr Pepperell, what's wrong?

They...

shouldn't shouldn't watch
like that must not be allowed

- It's morbid curiosity.

- Are you all right?

I... I... I have a mind to speak
to the school teacher.

Look, you frightened that
poor woman away.

- What?

- She's gone.

My office is here.

How do you feel now?

Better, thank you.

Perhaps you should have
a drink of something.

Mr Kidd, I have views on liquour.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- Take a seat.

So. Eel Marsh House.

- Willed to Mrs Drablow for her lifetime.

- Correct.

And now it's to be offered for sale?

Oh, I can deal with that.

But as for her personal possessions

That's what I am here for. I'll sort out

all her papers and make an inventory.

Will you come over with me and show

me where I can find all

No. I can't spare the time. I have

some auctions coming up.

Ah... If... if you've got a clerk I

could borrow for a day or two

I'm on my own.

I am not in a big way of business,

not like you City of London firms.

Now, here are the keys.

I've arranged for a man to

drive you at one o'clock.

His name's Keckwick. He

is quite dependable.

Can't I walk?

There's no road, Mr Kidd.

-Then how - There's just a kind of

causeway across the marsh,

you can use it only at low tide.

- Otherwise it's under water.

- I see.

Now, Keckwick knows the tides. You must respect them, Mr Kidd. They come in fast.

You could get swept away.

Some people have been.

Thank you.

I'll have two yards,

how much will that be?

I've hit the blasted corner.

Check the whole deck.

Seems right enough, far as I can tell.

He's gonna buy a big bunch of my

flowers, make his lady a present.

- Aren't you, dear?
- No, thank you.
All fast up here?
Make sure now. The upside, where
we hit. Take a look.
Keep out of it, you. You are not
gonna buy, so clear off.
Oi, you little devil, come back
here! Stop her!
- Has he looked down here?
- No mistake now. Cast them ropes.
They're shifting!
Get the tarpaulin!
I can't hold her, I can't hold her!
- Get back!
- My Lord! Oh my Lord!
I can't hold her!
She all right? I'm sorry!
The rope must have snapped
on the corner.
Mr Sweetman wouldn't approve.
You did well, lad.
Well, I had to. Nobody else was
That log could have killed you.
Yes.
Now, come on. You need a drink.
How was the funeral?
Well it's over, anyway.
Oh, by the way, you were
slightly wrong.
What about?
You said there'd be no mourners.
Well, there was one. Just one.
Who was he?
It was a woman.
A woman?
She was a mourner.
I mean, all dressed in black.
Are you going to the house?
This afternoon.
- Can I get you another?
- Oh no, thank you, lad.
I've got to keep a clear head.
Got the deals to settle.

Now, remember what I
said. Anything you need.
Thank you, Bill.
Excuse me.
Is this place taken?
Sit you down, boy.
- Been a bit of trouble out there?
- More bread, lads?
An accident.
- You heard about it?
- Yes.
Bum gypsy kid nearly got mashed up.
A fellow pulled her out of it.
- So I believe.
- Should have left well alone.
Too many gypsies around here.
Market day brings 'em in.
- You know him, do you? Sam Toovey?
- A bit.
He's had a good day.
Bought a lot of beasts.
Look at him, that pleased with hisself.
You don't like him, either?
Can't match his offers.
- You're not from 'round here?
- No.
Let me guess. Buying and
selling land, maybe?
Big Sam's your man. Greedy for it.
- They say he'll buy half the county.
- Just a house.
Where?
On the marshes.
Eel Marsh House?
Yes.
You'll not sell that.
Nobody will have to do with it,
not Big Sam or nobody else.
Why?
Pass the salt.
Ah. You Mr Kidd?
Yes. You're
Keckwick. Up here with you then.
Go on.

Is it far?
A mile or so. To the causeway.
How long is the causeway?
That depends.
On what?
If there is any.
The tide's in, it ain't there at all.
I kept her going, you know.
The old woman.
Twice a week regular, I've gone out.
Sometimes more.
If there be special needs.
- Is this it? The causeway?
- Yes.
It's got a name.
Nine Lives Causeway they call it.
That's what a cat's got.
It's what you need out here.
Quiet, boy.
What a fret.
Sea mist.
That's a foreigner's name.
It's so quick.
That it is.
You go wrong here, and
you're in the marsh.
Then you're done for.
Have many been lost?
Oh aye.
It needs help, always.
This was her room.
This was her chair.
It was me that found her.
When she died. And
I found her dead.
Last week that was.
She was just sitting there.
I thought she'd say
'Good morning, Mr Keckwick'.
But she didn't.
Is that really electric light?
Come. I'll show you.
Here.
Her husband, he must have been

keen on new-fangled things.
But he died out foreign.
Mostly she was just a widow.
- There. Now you got electric light.
- Thank you.
I'll be back before the tide.
Three o'clock, no later.
This is Arthur Kidd speaking.
I'm in Eel Marsh House among
all Mrs Drablow's rubbish.
This is Arthur Kidd speaking.
I'm in Eel Marsh House among
all Mrs Drablow's rubbish.
and I must remember to ask Keckwick
to bring more of that yellow soap,
so useful for washing the floor.
Last night she did not come until
four in the morning.
Then it was bad. A bad night.
Last night she did not come until
four in the morning.
Then it was bad. A bad night.
Keckwick!
Keckwick!
I'm here on the path, I was
coming to meet you.
Keckwick!
Keckwick!
Keckwick, I can't see you!
Where are you?
No! No! No!
Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!
Keckwick!
Bit slowed up by the fret.
- I thought you
- Heard you yelling for me.
Don't worry, I'd not have left
you. Better get in, then.
Going back again?
I'm... I'm not sure when.
Gimme a call.
They all know Keckwick.
Edmund Toovey.
Died 27 of April, 1910.

Aged 4 years. Always in our hearts.

Mr Toovey, I am sorry to interrupt.

Yes, this isn't really a convenient moment, Mr Kidd.

We are conducting business.

How did you get on?

I think you may be able to guess.

I trust you were able to find the papers you needed and make a useful start.

Oh yes. Mr Pepperell, I saw her again.

- Who?

- That woman.

And there was more.

All right. It's all right.

I am sorry, Mr Toovey.

We'll go over these clauses some other time. It's a bit late.

Yes.

Mr Kidd. I'll be glad to offer you supper.

I think you need it.

Throw him down, Mr Kidd.

Doesn't he love you?

I've never seen him make such a fuss of anyone.

He knows your nature, you see?

- What's his name?

- Spider.

Wasn't that a dreadful name to put on him? Spider.

It was my husband's idea.

Well, as a pup he looked like one.

He was little

a little hairy thing, all legs.

Oh, look at that.

- Do you have children, Mr Kidd?

- Yes, two.

Yes, I was sure you did.

What are they?

Boy and girl. Three and no, four and nought.

And what are they called?

Boy is Eddie, Edward that is, only we don't call him that.

And the girl?

She is Wyn. Wynifred.

She is not quite six months, so we're just beginning to get to know her.

She is a she looks a lot like my wife.

I hoped she would.

- They drive you mad sometimes.

- Oh yes.

But I But we weren't blessed.

- Were we, Sam?

- No. We weren't blessed.

Supper is served.

Come along, Mr Kidd.

Can you guess how much

I've gathered up out there?

Nine farms.

Big and small.

12,600 acres.

Half a dozen faithful tenants.

God knows how many labourers.

And I'm not gonna stop now.

I've heard it said you'll own half the county.

I might at that.

Why do I do it?

I don't know. Why do you?

I don't know. No reason, except to go on and on.

Doing it becomes its own reason, you see.

And in the end

there's no point at all.

It's like all hobbies.

Essentially pointless.

Will you agree, Margaret?

My territorial ambitions are singularly pointless?

If you'll excuse me, Mr Kidd.

I enjoyed meeting you so much.

Good night, Mrs Toovey.

Well.

Let's talk. In there.

But the worst part, the hardest to take, that is was the noises.

The pony and trap in the

marsh, and the screaming.

Right, now, I'll be devil's advocate.

Suppose I suggest a perfectly
commonplace explanation.

You can try.

- There were dense patches of sea fog.

- Yes.

Now, those can distort sounds.

Blanket some off and let
others through.

Suppose what you heard was Keckwick's
trap on the far end of the causeway,
on his way back.

- But the screams?

- Sea birds.

- No.

- Ah, you're a townie.

You don't know what a gull
can sound like.

They can make cries you'd
swear came from, say, a cat
or a baby.

I wish I could believe that.

- Do you believe in ghosts?

- Never have.

- Why not?

- They were just stories.

- Made up?

- Yes.

So, you're a sceptic.

Well, I was until today.

She was quite real, I felt I could have
walked up to her and touched her.

- Did she see you?

- Eh?

See you. Did she?

Like I am seeing you now.

Yes. I'm sure.

It was her eyes.

She wasn't just looking,
she was hating.

You could tell?

It was somehow like hunger.

Kind of

dreadful mad hunger that
has all turned to hate.

- Against you?

- It felt like that.

There was a
sort of power coming from her.

And that's why you ran.

You were scared.

She neither spoke nor came
near me.

If she was able to make me
afraid, well, that was all.

- I'm going back.

- To London?

- No, to the house.

- You shouldn't go there.

Mr Toovey, I've been entrusted
with a job, and I've hardly begun it.

You shouldn't go there alone.

- I can find no one to go with me.

- No. Nobody will.

You're a brave young fella,
and no doubt of it.

But after what you've told me tonight,
you're not brave enough.

Nobody could be.

Well, if that old woman could
stand it all those years
Or perhaps she went out of her mind.

I'll find out, I want to hear
her voice on the machine.

Don't do it, Arthur.

Thank you for a splendid meal,
Mr Toovey,

it's helped me no end,
and now I must say good night.

- You're set on it then.

- I am.

Out there, on your own?

If if I see her again, I won't
be afraid, I promise you.

Take the dog.

I'm sorry?

You'll need a companion.

But would he come?

Ask him.

Would you come, Spider?

A bike? Uh, I reckon so.

Well, he can have a lend
of it, can't he, Albert?

Thank you.

And I can take some provisions,
enough for a couple of days.

- Bread and a few tins.

- Well, fair enough.

So, you will not be needing
the room again?

No.

You'll stay there?

Eel Marsh House?

I'll say good night, then.

Come on, Spider.

Come on. Come on.

Come on, Spider.

Spider. Come on.

Spider, go on.

Good dog, good dog!

Go back! Go back!

Spider! Go back!

No! No! No!

Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!

It was exactly the same sequence
of sounds as the previous time.

A pony and trap going into the marsh,
getting stuck and sinking.

Every detail as if it was
somehow recorded.

Like the machine I'm speaking into now.

It would be a great relief
to know that's all it was.

But the voices,
particularly the child, screaming

That was two hours ago, and
there's been nothing since.

I'm in the study, I've made up
a bed here and lit a fire.

I'm going to work on now.

The dog is a great comfort.

It's all right, Spider, it's just
to keep you warm.
Quiet.
Quiet
What is it, Spider?
Hello!
Hello!
Spider!
Spider! Spider!
Spider!
Spider, here, boy!
The dog is gone.
I've not the slightest doubt that he
was enticed to his death in the marsh.
Before that
something occurred.
So strange that
Spider!
No! No! No!
Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!
Stop it! Stop it, stop it,
stop it, stop it!
September the 9th.
Keckwick brought the heavy
cart with things for winter:
oil and coals and food in tins.
He is a good man
and I pay him well, too.
Last night she was troublesome
all about the house.
But I do not mind her.
I will not. I will not Last night I was
wakened before my clock struck three.
Much tumult in the other rooms.
I called out using her name,
but no answer.
I think she cannot answer.
When she came last night,
I mocked at her.
I will not be feared of my own kin.
My own kin
She has become wicked.
And worse.
She has found ways to make me hear

their calamity in the marshes.

That poor

Arthur Kidd! Are you in there?

- Oh, thank God!

- You all right?

I thought

- I keep hearing the the drowning

- Steady, lad!

- I didn't know it was you.

- I brought the wagonette.

The motor's too heavy for the causeway.

Spider came home.

You... You mean he is alive?

He's filthy, half drowned

been in the marsh, poor thing.

He got away!

So I knew there was trouble.

Please, come the study.

You've been busy.

I think I found her.

Who?

The woman I saw.

That's her.

That's what she must have been once.

It's hot in here.

I know those eyes,

I saw them yesterday.

What else?

Mrs Drablow had no children. Instead,
she adopted one.

It's all in here.

Child named as Nathaniel.

Infant son of Janet Goss, spinster.

- Goss

- Now, who was she?

You know, don't you?

My kin, Mrs Drablow says here.

She was the sister.

- A younger sister?

- She had a buntling.

- A what?

- A bastard child.

- They tried to cover it up?

- They had to. Respectable people.

We all knew, though. I was only a lad, but I heard the tale.

Look at them.

- Happy family.

- Not for long.

Death certificates?

The same date.

Nathaniel Drablow, adopted son of Mrs Alice Drablow, age six years, death by suffocation and drowning.

And Janet Goss, spinster, aged 35.

In the marsh?

Yes.

What else do people say?

She tried to get him back.

Just for herself.

Well, she was his mother.

She was desperate.

She ran about the streets, shouting.

You saw it.

Well, at that age, you try not to.

And in the end, she stole him, got hold of a pony and trap, got him into it, whether he wanted to go or not

It's what happened, I've heard it.

When he screams for his mother, who is he screaming for?

Which of them?

Oh Lord.

An accident, was it?

Have you found everything you want?

- Yes, yes, it's mostly rubbish, not all

- Well, let's pack it up and go.

Listen to Mrs Drablow.

Today is the anniversary of poor Nathaniel's death, and hers.

I will go to the grave and pray, and hope she will not plague me there with what she has become. Amen.

What she has become.

The inn will be closed.

They'll all be in bed.

I found the nursery.

It was locked at first, but then
it wasn't. Come and see.

- You've been through enough.

- Please. It wasn't anything bad.

Destruction.

When she is seen

here

in the town, anywhere

what comes of it?

Haven't you guessed?

Say it.

Somehow,

a child dies.

Illness or accident.

It follows quick after.

That gypsy child.

Aye.

You saved that one.

But there were others.

Lots of others.

Mr Pepperell?

Aye.

Beautiful kiddie she was.

You'll not think it, to look at him.

She was five.

And you?

Us as well.

Stand, boy. Stand.

Hello!

Stand, boy.

Freston!

What's this about, then?

Who is it?

I am sorry to drag you

out of bed, Freston.

Oh, Mr Toovey. I'll not keep

you a moment, sir.

Mr Kidd! You said you'd not be back.

He's changed his plans.

Has he? I'm not surprised.

Have you still got the room?

You're in luck.

- I might not have it, remember that.

- Freston, shut up.

Go and get his things.
Now, you go and get some rest.
- I don't know how to thank you.
- Well, don't.
You probably saved my
well, my reason anyway.
- If I'd stayed
- Bed! Talk tomorrow.
Hello?
Hello?
It's for you.
Where are you?
Who are you?
Nathaniel?
We should know more when
the fever goes down.
How long?
It must take its course.

I:

Sweetman's
The six against the six
- Quiet
- She put them like in a box
Stella.
Oh my poor Arthur
They sent for you.
They've been so good.
They told me all about it.
All?
Well,
how you got a chill out
there on the marshes,
and then developed a fever
that turned out to be
That might have been dangerous.
How... how long has it been?
Days.
No, you're not to worry
about anything at all.
The children are fine.
With Bessie?
I didn't risk that.
I got my mother to come and stay.

Ah, that's better. That's a lot better.
How are you feeling, lad?
Rotten but alive, eh?
He's ready for some beef tea.
My wife will do that.
I'll ask her.
She is lovely.
Thanks for not telling her much.
Leave it so.
That night
the woman.
She came for me.
I wondered.
First, it was the child.
- Then
- It's over now.
The house burned.
What?
It's burned to the ground.
The fire engine came.
Couldn't get to it.
The tide was in.
I think I heard
I saw it.
I wonder
I lit... I lit a fire
there was all those papers
Put it out of your mind.
But if it was what I did
There could be other causes.
Yes
It's gone. That's what matters.
All done.
Nothing to sell.
Mr Pepperell's lost his percentage.
Now, back to London.
The minute you're fit.
- Keep in touch.
- I will.
When he sires more pups,
you shall have one.
I'll send the best in the litter.
Thank you for everything.
They're so young.

- I pray for them every night.
- Yes, I know you do.
If I could only believe it was all over.
It's all done, Margaret.
Daddy, daddy!
Hello, Tuppence.
How's the best boy in the world,
eh? You've been good?
- Yes.
- Have you? Hello.
Thanks for looking after them,
Mother.
- Oh, granny's privilege.
- He's absolutely loved it, hasn't he?
Of course.
Now, he's the one who needs
looking after.
Don't worry, I've nagged him enough.
Come on, sit down.
Too heavy for me, you are.
Ooh, dear.
Got anything to say to me?
Did you see the sea?
- Did I?
- I told him.
I suppose I did, I never thought
of it like that.
Guess what I might have in my pocket.
Shall we look in there?
No, that's the watch,
you've seen that before.
What's that?
It's a souvenir of St Pancras station,
that is.
And I'm going to eat them if you don't.
Bessie, what's this,
somebody's birthday?
It's a coming home cake, isn't it?
- Yes.
- Bessie made it.
- Thank you very much, Bessie.
- You're welcome.
That's just what he is.
Very, very welcome.

Isn't he, Wyn?
Well, I...
suppose I'd better cut it.
Anybody got a knife?
Arthur?
My poor dear.
It's only the milk cart.
Don't go back to the office yet.
I'd better.
In a day or two.
Perhaps.
In a day or two.
Good morning.
Mr Kidd! Morning, sir.
Sorry to hear you got sick.
- Yes.
- Well
All over now. Anybody waiting?
No, we didn't make any
appointments for you.
You do look a bit done up, you know.
Is he in?
Half past nine? You bet.
Come in.
Mr Kidd.
Do take a seat.
Thank you.
How are you now?
Better.
I shouldn't like to think you devoted
yourself to the firm's interests
to the point of endangering
your health.
It wasn't a good place.
Those marshy situations never are.
Just as well you didn't go yourself, sir.
- I have been there.
- Have you?
I had to visit Mrs Drablow on
some minor financial matter.
You didn't stay there?
No. Why should I?
I take it you are trying to imply
something about the house's reputation.

Well!

Many old lonely houses acquire an odd

You don't have to take it seriously.

I think you did.

How dare you?

I think you let me go because

you were scared.

Well, it's all water under the bridge,

so to speak.

The house no longer exists.

It burned.

- Were you there?

- No.

Nothing, I take it, to do with

your activities in the house?

- I've been assured not.

- I had to ask.

So, now nothing remains but to

check over the contents of that box.

Box?

I think you should do it yourself.

Just to make sure it's all there.

Everything you put in it.

It's here?

It was delivered let me see

two days ago by rail.

Dispatched from the place where

you stayed,

the Gifford Arms, was it?

It's in your room.

There.

Yes, that's it.

Go through it, in your own good time.

In a sense it no longer matters.

The real estate is effectively gone,

and most of the personal estate

along with it.

- Yes.

- Still,

you may wish to see it's all attended

to, to your own satisfaction.

Yes, I may.

Now, if you'll excuse me.

Excuse me, Mr Kidd, is it in order

for us to book your appointments?

- I mean, will you be in?

- I expect so.

Has anybody inquired?

- Your friend Mr Girdler. Old Sniffy.

- Oh dear.

Oh, and Jack said something. Jack.

Tell him, the one you saw.

- Oh yes.

- What?

It might not have been anybody.

Just hanging about outside.

Not sure whether to come in or not.

The way some of your clients do.

They've got sense. It's going a lot.

The more I see it

Jack, what did he say?

- Oh, nothing. It was a she, anyway.

- A woman?

What was she like?

Oh, I didn't see her face.

But she might have been a widow.

I saw the clothes she had on.

- About appointments

- Just get out!

There you are, sir. The proof.

- Paraffin!

- Yeah.

I smelt it straight off.

- What the hell were you up to?

- I'll deal with this.

Here, give that to me.

Oh. Evidence.

Look at that!

Are you mad?

I had to burn it all.

Why?

You knew, didn't you?

You knew all along, and you
still let me

Go! Go home and stay there.

Go home!

Eddie, there's nothing. Not today.

Arthur.

Come back to bed.

- Won't you tell me?

- Mmm?

There are things to tell me,
aren't there?

- Let's get away from here.

- When?

Tomorrow. Nothing to stop us,
we'll just go.

You'll never make a captain.