

1. **EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.**

An idyllic, sunny day at a quarry outside the village of Fletcher's Cross. The quarry is run by CAVENDISH SLATE. This entire opening sequence should be sun-drenched, dream-like...to match the fairy story that is being told.

As the camera moves in a warning siren goes and red flags are raised in the distance. There is about to be an explosion.

MOTHER

(Voice over)

There was once a land, far, far away  
that was ruled over by an evil king.  
All the people were slaves and  
nobody was ever allowed to have any  
fun.

Closer. Fixing the wires to the detonator is a young, very handsome man. His name (we will discover) is MATTHEW DRAPER.

MOTHER

(Voice over)

But in this country there lived a  
knight and he was brave and  
handsome and his name was Sir  
Percival Prancelot.

FADE THROUGH TO

2. **INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM DAY.**

An eight-year-old GIRL is lying in bed, obviously feverish. Her MOTHER is reading to her, a big, illustrated book (the illustrations somehow blend in with the quarry we have just seen). The MOTHER is aged about forty. We get an impression of her without actually seeing her too closely. Again, this scene is fairy-like, too beautiful to be true.

GIRL

(Amused) Sir Percival Prancelot.

MOTHER

That's right, he was the kindest,  
most handsome man in the whole  
kingdom and whenever there was a  
dragon to kill, the king sent him.

CUT TO

**3. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.**

MATTHEW DRAPER has finished preparing the detonator. He is watched by other workers including, prominently, the site manager IAN FRASIER, a thin, shifty-looking man about ten years MATTHEW'S senior.

Also, parked nearby is a chauffeur-driven Mercedes with the head of the company, ROBERT CAVENDISH, watching from the back seat. CAVENDISH is a nasty piece of work. A businessman with a right-wing perspective on life. Rich. Selfish. Fifty-one years old.

MOTHER  
(Voice over)

Now Sir Percival was so popular  
with the people that the king became  
jealous of him, and one day the king  
thought up a wicked plan.

MATTHEW presses the plunger. Nothing happens. Reactions - annoyance and frustration - from the other QUARRY WORKERS. FRASIER is obviously angry. He glances at CAVENDISH who glowers from the back of his car.

CUT TO

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

The car with CAVENDISH is driving away. FRASIER and MATTHEW are arguing. We do not hear what is being said. The other QUARRY WORKERS look on unhappily.

MOTHER  
(Voice over)

He decided to send the knight out to  
slay the most difficult, dangerous  
dragon in the whole country. But  
really he was hoping that the dragon  
would slay Sir Percival.

CUT TO

**4. INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM DAY.**

A fit of coughing by the GIRL interrupts the story. The MOTHER breaks off and gives her some water.

MOTHER

Here. Take a sip.

The GIRL sips the water.

MOTHER

Not too much. Do you want me to go on?

The GIRL nods. Her head sinks back onto the pillows. The MOTHER takes the glass away, then goes back to the book.

MOTHER

He was hoping the dragon would slay Sir Percival.

GIRL

You read that.

MOTHER

Right. Anyway, the next day Sir Percival set out on his quest...

FADE THROUGH TO

**5. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.**

A sense of danger now. MATTHEW DRAPER is walking across the quarry on his own. The other QUARRY WORKERS hang back, worried. IAN FRASIER also watches, guilty. He knows this shouldn't be happening.

MOTHER

(Voice over)

The dragon that the king had chosen lived in a dark cave on the other side of the Crimson Forest and not one person who had approached it had ever been seen again. The dragon would swallow them whole with a great, fiery gulp.

MATTHEW DRAPER has reached the dynamite that had failed to go off. We see it quite clearly, planted in the face of the quarry. He pauses for a moment, then steps forward.

MOTHER

(Voice over)

But Sir Percival wasn't afraid. He

rode to the cave and when he got there...

Suddenly, without warning, the dynamite explodes. Ideally, we should see MATTHEW stepping forward and the explosion happening in the same shot. As shocking and as uncompromising as possible. MATTHEW is blown apart. We almost see it happen in front of our eyes.

CUT TO

**6. INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM DAY.**

The explosion echoes over into the bedroom. The GIRL seems to suffer another coughing fit - but a much more violent one. She jerks forward in the bed, her eyes wide, gasping for breath. As she heard the explosion? Has she somehow sensed it? The MOTHER grabs hold of her in an embrace.

The book falls to the floor.

CUT TO

**7. OPENING CREDITS**

Marvellous Jim Parker.

CUT TO

**8. EXT. FLETCHER'S CROSS - VILLAGE GREEN DAY.**

Nine years later, although we don't need to know it. Fletcher's Cross is yet another picture postcard village. It's Saturday and in the background, a cricket match is in progress on the village green. A seemingly perfect summer afternoon.

A car makes its way along the road past the green. BARNABY is driving. JOYCE is in the front seat, studying an estate agent's map. CULLY is in the back.

JOYCE

(Voice only)

Just along here. It should be coming up on the left. (Pause) Here...

The car stops outside a pretty house that stands alone - perhaps converted from a shop or a chapel? Not cheap. The house is called Hornblend House. Outside is a FOR SALE sign. The sign, of course, belongs to EASTERMAN ESTATES.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

BARNABY, JOYCE and CULLY get out. JOYCE takes in the house and its setting.

JOYCE

It's beautiful. What do you think, Tom?

BARNABY

You want to know what I think?

JOYCE

(Second thoughts) No. Don't say anything.

JOYCE rings the front door bell.

CULLY

I can just see you here, dad. You can join the local cricket team. Go out and bat for Fletcher's Cross every Saturday.

BARNABY

You be careful what you say, young lady. This is all your fault.

JOYCE

Hornblend House. That's an unusual name.

CULLY

You could always change it.

BARNABY

We haven't bought it yet. Have we?

Then the door opens to reveal CHRISTINE COOPER, a small, bustly, slightly breathless woman whose enthusiasm is infectious in much the same way as a bout of cholera. Slightly immature, she's in her early thirties.

CHRISTINE

Mr and Mrs Barnaby?

BARNABY

That's us.

CHRISTINE

Do come in.

From the green comes the sound of a bat hitting a ball. The BATSMEN take one run. CHRISTINE notices it.

CHRISTINE

It is a lovely sound, isn't it. The bat against the ball.

JOYCE

It's very English.

CHRISTINE

Oh yes. Long summer afternoons spent in peace and harmony. I always say that if Jesus had played a sport, I'm sure it would have been cricket.

BARNABY glances at CULLY as they move inside. He can see that he's met the village's first nutcase.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cutting into the cricket match. Facing the bowler is ROBERT CAVENDISH - exactly sixty years old today, immaculate in his whites. Opposite him is a much younger man whom we might recognize from "Death's Shadow". CHARLES JENNINGS is now twenty-one. Dressed in borrowed whites. He does odd jobs for CAVENDISH, living from day to day.

CAVENDISH hits the ball - not far - and runs.

CAVENDISH

Run!

CHARLES

No!

The ball has been scooped up by a fielder. CHARLES holds up a hand.

CAVENDISH

Go for it!

CHARLES

No - wait!

A classic situation. CAVENDISH realises CHARLES isn't going to run and turns back to return to his crease. Too late. The fielder throws the ball. CAVENDISH is run out.

CHARLES

Sorry...

But CAVENDISH is furious. He stomps off, glaring at CHARLES as he goes.

CUT TO

### ANOTHER ANGLE

The cricket pitch has a large, smart pavilion with a verandah. Also, to one side, is a smaller hut, for scoring. This has the scores - white numbers on black - on a continuous loop, displayed through cut-out squares.

CAVENDISH marches up the stairs into the pavilion. Waiting for him is his wife, TARA. Ten years younger than him, TARA has the appearance of the classic "dumb blonde". Surprisingly, as we will later discover, she and her husband are still very much in love.

TARA

That was rotten luck, Robbie.

CAVENDISH

Shut up!

TARA'S face calls. CAVENDISH disappears into the pavilion.

CUT TO

## **9. INT. HORNBLEND HOUSE DAY.**

CHRISTINE finishes showing BARNABY, JOYCE and CULLY around the house. Hornblend House is small but spacious. Not twee. Lots of Third World decorations bearing witness to CHRISTINE'S zeal as a missionary.

CHRISTINE

And here we are back again in the living room. There's not a lot to see although it's a perfect space for two people on their own...

JOYCE

It's lovely.

CHRISTINE

Thank you. You're very kind.

JOYCE

We were wondering about the name.

BARNABY

Hornblend House.

CHRISTINE

It's a type of slate. You know, there's a local quarry, except it's shut down now. The fireplace came from there, or so I'm told.

The back door opens and COLIN COOPER comes in. He's more like a brother than a husband, a weed of a man with something sly in his face...behind the rubbery smile.

CHRISTINE

Oh - here's Colin. My husband. This is Mr and Mrs Barnaby and...

She's forgotten CULLY'S name.

CULLY

Cully.

COLIN

I'm sorry I couldn't be here. I was up at the church. It's Whitsunday tomorrow. Of course.

In COLIN'S world, everyone knows the major church festivals.

CHRISTINE

Colin does the altar arrangements.

COLIN

So how do you like the house, Mr Barnaby?

BARNABY

(Diplomatic) Well, we're certainly interested.

COLIN

We've had five very happy years here.

CHRISTINE

We've been blessed.

COLIN

But it's time to move on.

BARNABY

You're moving back into the city?

CHRISTINE

No. Far from it. We're hoping to travel in Africa.

COLIN

Missionary work.

CHRISTINE

Are you planning to retire to Fletcher's Cross?

BARNABY

Oh no. I don't think I'm quite ready for retirement yet.

COLIN

So what sort of work are you in, if you don't mind my asking?

BARNABY

Actually I'm a police officer. With the Causton CID.

Simultaneously, the smiles freeze on COLIN and CHRISTINE'S lips.

COLIN

(Recovering) Oh. Really!

CUT TO

10. EXT. HORNBLEND HOUSE/VILLAGE GREEN DAY.

BARNABY, JOYCE and CULLY come out of the house.

BARNABY

You see? That's exactly what I mean!  
The very first house we go to visit  
and the owners are obviously nut-  
cases.

JOYCE

That's not fair. They're just very  
religious.

BARNABY

That's not what I'm talking about.  
Did you see their faces when I told  
them what I did?

JOYCE

(Impatient) Tom...

BARNABY

They were frightened.

CULLY

Dad, I think you are over-stating it a  
bit.

BARNABY

You saw them.

CULLY

Maybe they haven't paid their tele-  
vision licences or something.

BARNABY

Maybe. But if I bought that house, I  
wouldn't want to start digging in the  
back garden.

He glances at JOYCE. He knows the look in her face.

BARNABY

We're not buying it, are we?

CUT TO

11. EXT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS DAY.

A pub/restaurant just outside the village. BARNABY, JOYCE and CULLY are having lunch on a balcony with rural views. A waitress - seventeen years old, bleached hair, slightly punkish - serves them sandwiches. Her name is PATRICIA SMITH but she is known as TRISH.

BARNABY

Thank you.

TRISH

Enjoy it.

TRISH goes back into the pub. And before BARNABY can speak...

JOYCE

I liked it, Tom.

BARNABY

Joyce! It's the first house we've seen.

JOYCE

That doesn't mean that it's not right for us. What did you think, Cully?

CULLY

I thought it was nice.

BARNABY

I don't know why we don't just stay in Causton.

JOYCE

(For the tenth time) Because with Cully gone...

BARNABY

...the house will be too big. (To CULLY) Are you sure you want to move in with Nico?

CULLY

Yes.

BARNABY

But you hardly know him.

CULLY

We've been going out for a year.

BARNABY

You don't like London.

CULLY

I love it.

JOYCE

We're moving, Tom. We've all agreed. And I thought Hornblend House was charming.

BARNABY

It's not the house...

JOYCE

Then what is it?

BARNABY

It's just that I like living in Causton.

CULLY

A townie.

BARNABY

Yes. Think about it, Joyce. Every time I go into any of the Midsomer villages it's the same thing. Black-mail, sexual deviancy, suicide and murder. How can you possibly expect me to go and live in one of them?

JOYCE

No one's ever been murdered in Fletcher's Cross.

BARNABY

Not yet.

CUT TO

12. EXT. FLETCHER'S CROSS - VILLAGE GREEN DAY.

Back to the cricket match. CHARLES JENNINGS is still batting and as we rejoin the game, he hits a six. The ball soars - and smashes through the window of another house facing onto the common. This is Willowdene, a tiny cottage that's been there for ever.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Applause from the SPECTATORS. The figures on the scoring shed rotate as the six is added. The side now has 127 for 3 men out.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

ROBERT CAVENDISH, nursing a drink on the terrace of the pavilion, has seen the shot. But he's only annoyed by the damage. Unimpressed by the batting. He turns to TARA.

CAVENDISH

Not a-bloody-gain. You'd better go  
and sort it.

He fishes out a twenty pound note and hands it to TARA.

TARA

All right, dear.

TARA takes the note and moves away.

CUT TO

**13. EXT. WILLOWDENE DAY.**

The door of the cottage and a very small, very old lady comes out, holding the cricket ball. This is DOREEN BEAVIS, a spritely spinster whose almost uncanny optimism and self-effacing good cheer has protected her from the vicissitudes of life.

TARA has reached the cottage.

DOREEN

Hello! I expect you're looking for  
this.

She hands the ball to TARA.

DOREEN

I'm sorry it took so long to find.

TARA

I'm sorry. We broke your window.  
Again.

DOREEN

I should be getting used to it. Silly of  
me, really. I always mean to open  
the windows when there's a cricket  
match. But I've got a head like a  
sieve.

TARA throws the balls to a waiting FIELDER who throws it back into play.  
She produces the twenty-pound note for DOREEN.

TARA

This is for you.

DOREEN

Oh! That's very kind of you. Thank  
you.

TARA

It's to mend the window.

DOREEN

And the vase.

TARA

I'm sorry.

DOREEN

There was a vase on the window sill  
and that's gone too - but it doesn't  
matter. I'm sure I can stick it  
together.

TARA

No. We'll pay for a new one.

DOREEN

That would be lovely! Thank you  
very much, Mrs Cavendish. Thanks  
ever so...

DOREEN beams. TARA can't quite make her out.

CUT TO

14. EXT. THE PAVILION DAY.

ROBERT CAVENDISH watches as the game recommences. A movement behind him and JANE CAVENDISH comes out of the pavilion, holding a plate with a large portion of strawberry cheesecake in one hand and a fork in the other. JANE is ROBERT'S daughter-in-law. Plain and disappointed, JANE is addicted to eating. It's about the only pleasure she gets out of life.

JANE

Who's winning?

CAVENDISH

We're 127 for three.

JANE

(Uninterested) Oh. Have you had any pudding?

CAVENDISH

No.

JANE

I wasn't going to have any but Mrs Wilson insisted. Anyway, I didn't have any breakfast. I'm starving.

She forks another mouthful in, too guilty to really enjoy it.

JANE

Where's Stephen?

CAVENDISH

I haven't seen him. (Realising) He ought to be here. He's batting number six.

CUT TO

15. EXT. THE QUEEN'S ARM'S DAY.

STEPHEN CAVENDISH is ROBERT'S son, JANE'S husband. He's a minor public school type, well-spoken without having much to say. In his forty years

he has never quite managed to escape from his father's shadow. He runs a country kitchen business...but not particularly well.

Dressed in his cricket whites, he pulls up outside the pub in an open-top sports car that has seen better days.

CUT TO

**16. INT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS - BAR DAY.**

TRISH, the barmaid we glimpsed earlier, has carried in a load of glasses. As she puts them down to be washed, STEPHEN appears.

STEPHEN

Trish...

TRISH

What are you doing here? I thought you were meant to be playing cricket.

STEPHEN

I am. But I had to see you. Can we talk?

TRISH glances over her shoulder. The BARMAN - a beefy man with a disapproving face - is approaching.

TRISH

Not here. And not for long.

TRISH leaves the bar and draws STEPHEN with her.

CUT TO

**17. INT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS - CORRIDOR DAY.**

STEPHEN and TRISH confront each other in a quiet corridor. TRISH is slightly cockney (not from the village) and with STEPHEN she's quietly seductive. He, on the other hand, is putty in her hands. Two doors lead off from the corridor.

STEPHEN

You were going to call me last night.

TRISH

I couldn't.

STEPHEN

Why not?

TRISH

Leave off, Stephen! I just couldn't.  
All right?

STEPHEN

Who were you with?

He is jealous. TRISH takes mercy on him.

TRISH

I fell asleep. I was worn out. It was a  
Friday night, for Heaven's sake. You  
know what it's like here...

STEPHEN reaches out to her.

STEPHEN

I missed you.

TRISH

(Heard it all before) Yeah.

STEPHEN

Tomorrow afternoon. I'm meant to be  
riding. We could meet.

TRISH

I'm not working tonight.

STEPHEN

Not tonight. I've got dinner at the  
Hall.

TRISH

Dinner?

STEPHEN

It's dad's birthday. I have to be  
there.

TRISH

(Coquettish) Oh I see. It's OK if you  
stand me up.

STEPHEN

It's not like that, and you know it. I need you.

TRISH

(Not taking him seriously) Oh Steve...

STEPHEN draws TRISH into a passionate kiss. And at that moment one of the doors (a lavatory?) opens and BARNABY comes out. He can't help but see them. They see him and break apart. BARNABY gives them a good-natured smile.

BARNABY

Sorry...

He goes down the narrow corridor. This means having to pass between them.

BARNABY

Excuse me.

CUT TO

18. EXT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS DAY.

BARNABY rejoins JOYCE and CULLY on the terrace. They've finished lunch.

BARNABY

All done?

CULLY

Yes. I've got to get back to town.

BARNABY

I'll drop you at the station.

They move off - round the side of the pub. This leads to the car-park and as they go, they see STEPHEN reversing out in his sports car. Then he shifts into forward, jerks forward and races off with a screech of tyres.

BARNABY watches him thoughtfully.

CULLY

What's up?

BARNABY

Nothing. (A smile) Let's not miss that train...

CUT TO

19. **EXT. FLETCHER'S CROSS - VILLAGE GREEN DAY.**

Later. The cricket match is over and the PLAYERS troop back towards the pavilion. The BATTERS applaud the last two men in (CHARLES JENNINGS is one of them).

ROBERT CAVENDISH stops applauding as his eye falls on CHARLES. TARA is with him. JANE CAVENDISH, eating a small sandwich, is behind.

CAVENDISH

Very good. Well done everyone. I'd like a quick word before we go.

CUT TO

20. **INT. THE PAVILION DAY.**

The team has assembled. Eleven men (including CAVENDISH). STEPHEN CAVENDISH and CHARLES JENNINGS are among them. Plus a few reserves.

CAVENDISH

Well. So much for the Badger's Drift Eleven. I think we pretty much put them in their place.

Self-congratulatory smiles all round.

CAVENDISH

But next Thursday we have Midsomer Worthy and they're a very different kettle of fish. They came second in the Midsomer league last year and the year before so we're really going to have to pull up our socks. I want everyone in the nets on Wednesday at six o'clock. Right?

Nods of assent.

CAVENDISH

Thank you. Charles - can I have a word?

As everyone disperses, CAVENDISH confronts CHARLES.

CAVENDISH

You're out of the team.

CHARLES

What?

CAVENDISH

You heard. I don't want you in the team next Thursday.

CHARLES

But Mr Cavendish, that's... (Jerking his thumb) I scored sixty out there...

CAVENDISH

Yes. But you don't have any sense of teamwork. You're too much of a loose cannon. You unbalance the side.

CHARLES

(Sullen) You're just pissed off because you were run out. But that was your fault...

CAVENDISH

(Furious) Don't you answer back to me you little guttersnipe or you'll be out of a job as well. You can do the scoring on Thursday and be grateful for that! Do you hear me?

CHARLES

Yes, Mr Cavendish.

CAVENDISH

Good.

CAVENDISH walks out of the pavilion. CHARLES watches him go with smouldering hatred in his eyes.

CUT TO

**21. EXT. MIDSOMER WORTHY CRICKET CLUB DAY.**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT**

The neighbouring village of Midsomer Worthy. A sign telling us exactly where we are: Midsomer Worthy Cricket Club. New members welcome.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

This club is much less well appointed than that of Fletcher's Cross. A more shabby pavillion. No separate shed for scoring...just a black board with hooks. And no game going on. The team members are in nets. And there's a surprise. GAVIN TROY is batting.

We see him hit one ball, then another - a third. Each one good, hard shots.

FRASIER

That's good. Very good.

We should recognize IAN FRASIER from the opening sequence. Now in his late fifties, he is a shrivelled man, eaten up with fanaticism, no longer in control of his life. TROY lowers his bat, pleased with himself.

TROY

I haven't played since school.

FRASIER

Yes? Well, you're just what we need. Next Thursday we're up against Fletcher's Cross. I want you to put you in number one.

TROY

Are you sure?

FRASIER

You'll be our secret weapon. Do you bowl?

TROY

I'm all right.

FRASIER

I'm glad to meet you, Gavin. I'm really glad you came.

TROY

Are you sure it's not breaking the rules? I mean, it's not as if I live in Midsomer Worthy.

FRASIER

Who says you have to? And anyway, who's going to ask? The important thing is we take them on and beat them. That'll take the smile off his face.

TROY

Who?

FRASIER

Their captain's a swine. An evil bastard. Name of Cavendish. Robert Cavendish.

TROY

You make it sound personal.

FRASIER

You could say that. It is.

FRASIER claps TROY on the shoulder.

FRASIER

I'm glad to have you on the team, Gavin. We're going to kill him.

Reaction on TROY.

CUT TO

**22. EXT. THE HALL NIGHT.**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT**

ROBERT CAVENDISH lives in an imposing but rather tasteless mansion house with its own extensive grounds. His son and daughter-in-law live in a lodge house within the boundaries.

TARA

(Voice only)

Happy Birthday, Robbie.

JANE

(Voice only)

Happy Birthday.

STEPHEN  
(Voice only)  
Happy Birthday, dad.

CUT TO

**23. INT. THE HALL - DINING ROOM NIGHT.**

The room is really too big and too grand for the four people in it. ROBERT CAVENDISH, TARA, JANE and STEPHEN are sitting at the table. Perhaps a gallery. Wood panelling. A German Shepherd asleep in the hearth.

MRS WILSON, the plump, motherly, even stereotypical housekeeper, aged about fifty (but looking older) comes in with a cake.

MRS WILSON  
Here you are, sir. I hope you'll be very happy.

CAVENDISH  
You're making a lot of fuss about nothing.

TARA  
Don't say that, Robbie. Thank you, Mrs Wilson. It's a lovely cake.

MRS WILSON  
It's my pleasure, ma'am.

She offers a knife to CAVENDISH. The knife is long and sharp.

MRS WILSON  
Are you going to cut it, sir?

CAVENDISH  
No.

JANE  
I'll do it.

MRS WILSON hands the cake and the knife to JANE.

MRS WILSON  
I'll get the coffee.

MRS WILSON bustles out. JANE starts cutting the cake. STEPHEN is quiet, moody. Only a little younger than TARA (his step-mother) he obviously resents her. And he has no love for JANE who is cutting the cake.

JANE

Oooh! It's chocolate. How lovely.  
Right. Here's a piece for you.

She hands a plate to CAVENDISH.

JANE

Tara? Are you going to try some?

TARA

Not for me. But you go ahead, dear.

JANE

I shouldn't really. I'm sure it's  
stuffed with calories. But I wouldn't  
want to upset Mrs Wilson. Maybe  
just a slither.

She cuts herself a sizeable portion.

STEPHEN

(Muttered) God!

CAVENDISH

What's wrong with you?

STEPHEN

Nothing.

CAVENDISH laughs briefly, contemptuously. STEPHEN rises to the bait.

STEPHEN

Well, look at s! It's grotesque. The  
four of is in this bloody mausoleum.  
We're like something out of Edgar  
Allen Poe.

CAVENDISH

You don't like it here?

STEPHEN

Couldn't we have gone out to eat? Up  
to London? Or even Causton...

CAVENDISH  
(Taunting - to TARA) Then maybe  
we should tell him the news.

STEPHEN  
What news?

A pause. Then...

CAVENDISH  
I've decided to sell.

JANE  
What? The Hall?

CAVENDISH  
And the Lodge. Tara's bored with it,  
and so am I.

STEPHEN  
But where will you go?

CAVENDISH turns to TARA.

TARA  
I want to live in Orlando.

STEPHEN  
Orlando?

TARA  
Florida.

CAVENDISH  
I'm retiring. Packing up. You're  
right. This place is a mausoleum.  
Well, Tara's persuaded me. I've had  
enough.

STEPHEN  
Just like that? I mean, why haven't  
you talked to me about it? This  
affects me too...

TARA  
(Soothing) Stephen...

STEPHEN  
To Hell with you, Tara! (To  
CAVENDISH) Is this what happens

when you marry a woman half your age? You end up in bloody Disneyland!

CUT TO

24. EXT. THE HALL NIGHT.

A FIGURE approaches the house, closing in on the illuminated dining room window. Feet scrunch on the grass. A twig breaks.

CUT TO

25. INT. THE HALL NIGHT.

The poisoned birthday dinner continues.

STEPHEN

What about the business?

CAVENDISH

To be honest, I'm fed up bailing you out. It's time you learned to stand up on your own two feet.

JANE

But where are we going to live? If you sell the Lodge...Tara!

STEPHEN

Don't talk to Tara! This is all her doing. Don't you see that?

TARA

I only want what's best for Robbie.

She slides the cake towards JANE.

TARA

You'll be all right, Jane. Have another piece of cake.

In the hearth, the dog suddenly sits up and growls.

CAVENDISH

Kaiser? What is it, boy?

The German Shepherd barks at the window.

CUT TO

26. EXT. THE HALL NIGHT.

The FIGURE backs away, then turns and hurries off. And now we see who it is. It is CHARLES JENNINGS - looking suspicious and malevolent.

CUT TO

27. EXT. CAUSTON POLICE STATION DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT

TROY arrives for work. He goes into the police station.

CUT TO

28. INT. POLICE COMPUTER ROOM DAY.

TROY comes in to find BARNABY at work, tapping into a computer.

TROY

'morning sir.

BARNABY

Good morning, Troy.

TROY

You're in early. Has something...?

BARNABY

No, no, no. I'm just checking something. How was your weekend?

TROY

It was good.

BARNABY

Cully said hello.

BARNABY finds what he's looking for.

BARNABY

Ah. Now that's interesting.

TROY moves forward and looks at the screen.

BARNABY

Colin Cooper. I thought I knew the name. He's a security guard at Causton museum. You remember there was a break-in last year?

TROY

Was he involved?

BARNABY

No. But we took a statement...

BARNABY is deep in thought.

TROY

What's he done?

BARNABY

Nothing. We saw his house at the weekend. He wants to sell.

TROY

That's not a crime.

BARNABY

No. But I was just wondering how a security guard in a local museum manages to afford a house that must have cost him...ninety K?

TROY

Maybe he inherited it.

BARNABY

Maybe indeed.

BARNABY realises that he's clutching at pretty thin straws.

BARNABY

Or maybe I'm just wasting my time because I've got nothing else to do. That's the trouble when it's so quiet. You start imagining things that simply aren't there. Have you had breakfast?

TROY

No.

BARNABY

Bacon sandwiches on me.

BARNABY flicks the computer off and leaves.

CUT TO

29. EXT. WOODLAND/QUARRY DAY.

The first murder of the episode comes unexpectedly.

TARA CAVENDISH is walking through the wood, carrying a dog lead.

TARA

(Calling) Kaiser! Kaiser - come on  
boy!

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

The German Shepherd is some distance away, sniffing a rabbit hole.

CUT TO

RESUME ON TARA

Walking on through thick woodland.

TARA

(Calling) Kaiser!

TARA pushes her way through some undergrowth - and a surprise. She finds herself on top of the quarry that opened the episode. The quarry is now empty and deserted, overgrown. Nobody has worked here for years.

No sign of the dog.

TARA

(Calling) Kaiser! Where are you?

A movement in the bushes behind her.

TARA

Kaiser?

A FIGURE steps out. We do not see who it is.

TARA

What...?

The FIGURE is holding a club. Before TARA can react, the FIGURE swings it through the air, smashing it into the side of her head. TARA falls.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Birds explode through the trees. The dog stops sniffing and turns round as if knowing instinctively what is happening.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Through the undergrowth. The FIGURE swings again and again with the club, pounding at the prostrate body of TARA.

Finally a pause.

The FIGURE drops the club and walks away.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

TARA has been brutally killed. Her blood is splattered over the grass and heather. The club that killed her is lying, blood-stained, next to the corpse.

It is a cricket bat.

END OF PART ONE

**30. EXT. BARNABY'S HOUSE DAY.**

The day after the killing. BARNABY is returning home for lunch. He is not amused to see a sign outside - reading FOR SALE.

CUT TO

**31. INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DAY.**

JOYCE is working in the kitchen. She is surprised to see BARNABY come in.

JOYCE

Tom? What are you doing home?

BARNABY

Things are so quiet I thought I'd look in. That is all right, isn't it? I take it the house is still mine?

JOYCE

You saw the sign.

BARNABY

Yes.

JOYCE

They put it up this morning.

JOYCE can see BARNABY is unhappy.

JOYCE

Sit down. I'll get you some lunch.

CUT TO

**32. INT. BARNABY'S DINING ROOM DAY.**

Later. BARNABY and JOYCE are eating together.

BARNABY

How long have we been in this house? Fourteen years? We bought it four years after we came to Causton.

JOYCE

When you were promoted to Chief Inspector.

BARNABY

Which is when I could afford it.  
Maybe you're right though. It does  
feel empty without Cully.

JOYCE

She'll be back on Friday. She's down  
for the weekend.

BARNABY

Good.

JOYCE

I got details of a cottage in Badger's  
Drift this morning. And I want to  
have another look at Hornblend  
House.

BARNABY

Joyce...

But before BARNABY can argue, the telephone rings.

BARNABY

I'll go.

CUT TO

**33. INT. BARNABY'S HALL DAY.**

BARNABY answers the telephone.

BARNABY

Yes?

It's TROY. "Sorry to interrupt you, sir. We've just had a report in of a woman  
gone missing..."

BARNABY

How long has she been gone?

"Since this morning. I'm going to send some men out to Fletcher's Cross."

BARNABY

That's all right, Troy. You can  
handle it. Where did you say it was  
again?

“Fletcher’s Cross. Her name’s Tara Cavendish. Rich. Her husband owns the Hall. They sounded worried.”

BARNABY

Maybe I’ll join you after all. Give me fifteen minutes. I’m leaving now.

BARNABY hangs up. JOYCE has come into the hall.

BARNABY

We’ve had a report of a woman gone missing. In Fletcher’s Cross. I thought I’d go along and check it out. (A smile) Get to know the neighbourhood.

CUT TO

**34. EXT. THE HALL DAY.**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT**

BARNABY’S car and a police car are parked outside.

CAVENDISH

(Voice over)

She went out at eight yesterday morning.

CUT TO

**35. INT. THE HALL - STUDY DAY.**

CAVENDISH addresses BARNABY and TROY in his study. Among the books and furnishings are a number of pieces of Nazi memorabilia.

CAVENDISH

She normally only goes out for an hour, so I was already getting worried about her. But then, at mid-day, the dog came back on its own...

TROY

That was when you first reported it to the police?

CAVENDISH

Yes. Not that that led to anything.

TROY

Do you think she may have fallen, sir?

CAVENDISH

(Snapping) I don't know what's happened to her. I just want her to be found.

TROY consults his note-book.

TROY

Tara Cavendish. Fair hair. Slim. Five foot two. Wearing a green anorak. Aged thirty-three.

CAVENDISH

Yes...

The description begs a question.

CAVENDISH

She's my second wife. My first wife and I divorced.

BARNABY has noticed the memorabilia. He examines an Iron Cross.

BARNABY

I see you have an interest in the war, Mr Cavendish.

CAVENDISH

In the Wehrmacht, certainly. The greatest fighting force ever assembled. Fast. Ruthless. That's an Iron Cross - first class. From the Meuse. General von Reichenau's 6<sup>th</sup> Army. A superb campaign.

BARNABY

Is it an interest your wife shared?

There is a slight distaste in BARNABY'S voice. But before CAVENDISH can respond, the door opens and MRS WILSON comes in with a tray of tea.

MRS WILSON

I brought you some tea, sir.

CAVENDISH

Thank you. (To BARNABY) This is Mrs Wilson. My cook, housekeeper. (To MRS WILSON) These men are police officers.

MRS WILSON

Is there any news yet, sir?

CAVENDISH

No.

MRS WILSON

(To BARNABY) I saw her leave yesterday morning. Just after eight. (Pause) She said she'd be walking over to the old quarry.

TROY

(To BARNABY) I've got some men over there.

CAVENDISH

Why the quarry? She doesn't normally walk there.

BARNABY

She told you specifically that's where she was going?

MRS WILSON

Yes, sir.

BARNABY

Why? Why mention it at all?

MRS WILSON

I've no idea, sir. She just said that's where she'd be. That's the long and the tall of it. And then she went.

CUT TO

36. EXT. WOODLAND/QUARRY DAY

POLICEMEN are searching through the woods. This is not a major manhunt - just three or four officers and perhaps a dog.

CUT TO

CLOSER ANGLE

One of the POLICEMEN pushes back a piece of undergrowth and looks down. He puts his hand to his mouth, sickened.

POLICEMAN

Oh God...!

CUT TO

**37. EXT. THE HALL DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY come out of the house. In the distance, CHARLES JENNINGS is at work, chopping wood.

TROY

If she was walking on top of a quarry  
maybe she slipped and fell in.

BARNABY

It's always possible...

BARNABY notices CHARLES.

BARNABY

Now there's a face I recognize.

TROY sees CHARLES.

BARNABY

Charles Jennings. Do you remember,  
Troy? Badger's Drift.

TROY

I remember, all right. He was out on  
the game, wasn't he. A bum-boy...

A glance of distaste from BARNABY at TROY'S phraseology. But then a POLICEMAN runs towards them from the car.

POLICEMAN

Sir...?

CUT TO

38. EXT. WOODLAND/QUARRY DAY.

The area with the body has been cordoned off. A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of TARA. Her body is then covered. BARNABY and TROY confront DR BULLARD.

BULLARD

Time of death certainly in the last twenty-four hours so no surprises there. You've seen the murder weapon though?

BARNABY

A cricket bat.

BARNABY examines the bat, picking it up without leaving prints. The wood still has blood on it. The bat has a black handle with a red top.

BARNABY

New by the look of it. Can you see the make, Troy?

TROY

Grey Nichols...

BARNABY

No serial number or anything. But we might be able to trace the owner. (To BULLARD) She was beaten to death...?

BULLARD

Eight or more blows to the head. Shattered the skull. Whoever did it must have been in some sort of frenzy.

BARNABY

A man or a woman would you say?

BULLARD

Could have been either. Honestly! It's almost enough to put you off the game.

BARNABY

(Remembering) There was a game of cricket in the village last Saturday.

TROY

There's a local league, sir. All the villages play. Next week Fletcher's Cross are up against Midsomer Worthy.

BARNABY

You seem very well up on the local sporting fixtures, Troy.

TROY

Yes. As a matter of fact...

BARNABY

Go on?

TROY

(Embarrassed) Nothing...

BARNABY is puzzled that TROY is hiding something. But this isn't the time to discuss local cricket.

BARNABY

(To BULLARD) Anything else?

BULLARD

I'm finished here, Tom. The ground was dry so you're not going to get any footprints. Maybe you'll get something off the bat - but somehow I doubt it.

BARNABY

(To a POLICEMAN) Move the body out, then search the whole area. Start with a radius of two hundred metres. (To TROY) We'd better go and tell Robert Cavendish that we've found his wife.

CUT TO

**39. INT. THE HALL - LIVING ROOM DAY.**

ROBERT CAVENDISH has just heard the news from BARNABY and TROY.

CAVENDISH

Oh God! Oh no! No...

He buries his head in his hands.

BARNABY

There will have to be a formal identification, sir. But it would help us a great deal if you would answer some questions now.

CAVENDISH is still weeping.

TROY

We can come back later if you prefer.

CAVENDISH

No, no. We've already wasted enough time. If you'd started looking for her yesterday when I reported her missing...

CAVENDISH recovers.

CAVENDISH

What do you want to know?

TROY

Did she have any enemies?

CAVENDISH

No. (Annoyed) No! She wasn't that sort of person. Tara was...nobody. She was my wife. That's all.

TROY

Would she have been wearing any jewellery when she went out? Or carrying anything of value?

CAVENDISH

No! She was walking the dog!

Then the door opens and JANE CAVENDISH comes in.

JANE

Robert? What's happened? Has Tara been found?

CAVENDISH

(Strangled) Yes...

BARNABY

Excuse me. You are...?

JANE

Jane Cavendish. I live on the estate.

CAVENDISH

(Dismissive) My daughter-in-law...

JANE

Is she all right?

BARNABY

No, Mrs Cavendish. I'm afraid we've discovered a body in the woods answering to her description.

JANE

What - dead?

BARNABY

Yes.

JANE

Oh.

JANE is rather pleased to hear the news. Then remembers that she shouldn't be.

JANE

I mean - that's terrible. What happened?

TROY

Mrs Cavendish seems to have been attacked.

BARNABY

We found a cricket bat next to the body.

TROY gets out his note-book.

TROY

A Grey Nichols Ultimate 750. Fairly new.

JANE

Grey Nichols?

TROY

Yes.

JANE

A black handle with a red top?

TROY

Yes.

JANE

That's Stephen's bat.

JANE clamps her hand over her mouth. She has said too much.

BARNABY

Stephen's?

JANE

Well, I mean, he does have a bat like it. My husband. I bought him a bat like that at the start of the season. But I'm sure it's not the same bat. I mean, it couldn't be...

JANE has put her foot in it. She looks helplessly from BARNABY to TROY.

CUT TO

**40. INT. CAVENDISH KITCHENS DAY.**

STEPHEN CAVENDISH runs a smart kitchen shop in the village. The sort of kitchens that are architect-designed and start at five figures. He is going through some plans with two prospective clients.

STEPHEN

We're suggesting Umbrian marble around the sink area...all the way to here. The sinks... set in like I showed

you...waste disposal here. And of course, the taps...

CLIENT

Two hundred pounds seems a lot to pay for a pair of taps.

STEPHEN

Well, they are Philip Starke...

The door opens and BARNABY and TROY come in.

BARNABY

Mr Cavendish...?

STEPHEN

Excuse me. I'm busy at the moment. I'll be right with you. (Calls) Christine!

A surprise. CHRISTINE COOPER comes out of a back room. She works at the kitchen shop.

STEPHEN

(To CHRISTINE) We have customers. (To the CLIENT) I do have some other taps I can show you here...

While STEPHEN searches for tap photographs, CHRISTINE moves forward. She recognizes BARNABY - and she's immediately nervous.

CHRISTINE

Mr Barnaby!

BARNABY

Mrs Cooper.

CHRISTINE

I didn't expect to see you so soon.

BARNABY

You work here?

CHRISTINE

I'm Mr Cavendish's secretary. Yes. (Pause) Are you thinking of buying a kitchen? For your new house?

BARNABY

I'm afraid not. I'm actually here on official business.

CHRISTINE

(Frightened) What...?

But it's not CHRISTINE who's in trouble. BARNABY turns to STEPHEN, interrupting him.

STEPHEN

Mr Cavendish. I'm Detective Chief Inspector Barnaby, Causton CID. I'm afraid I have some bad news.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Later. The CLIENTS have gone. STEPHEN has been told. CHRISTINE is still in the room.

STEPHEN

It's just unbelievable. Nobody would want to kill Tara. (Pause) It must just have been some...nutter out in the wood.

But BARNABY knows better. He signals TROY.

TROY

Sir, we understand you own a Grey Nichols cricket bat. A 750 - Ultimate. It has a black handle with a red top?

STEPHEN

Yes. What about it?

BARNABY

We believe it may be the weapon used to kill your step-mother.

STEPHEN

What? She was killed with a cricket bat?

BARNABY

Yes.

CHRISTINE

Oh my Lord!

She crosses herself.

BARNABY

If it is your bat, sir, do you have any idea how it might have been taken from you?

STEPHEN

No. I keep it in the downstairs loo. I live up at the Hall. My wife and I have the lodge house. We rent it from my father.

BARNABY

So she said.

TROY

Do many people have access to the house?

STEPHEN

Not really. Mrs Wilson comes in to clean twice a week. (Pause) But the doors are never locked. Anyone could have come in.

BARNABY lets TROY ask the all-important question.

TROY

I don't suppose you can tell us where you were on Sunday morning - between about seven and nine?

STEPHEN

Sunday morning?

BARNABY

Were you at home, perhaps? With your wife?

STEPHEN

Yes! (Faltering) Actually I went out for a while. A couple of hours.

A questioning look from BARNABY.

STEPHEN

I came in here to do some work. I'd got behind with the invoices. I was here 'til about twelve.

BARNABY knows STEPHEN is lying. But more significantly, so does CHRISTINE. She looks at her employer through narrowed eyes.

CUT TO

41. EXT. CAVENDISH KITCHENS DAY.

BARNABY and TROY come out of the showroom/office. It's everything you'd expect. Old-fashioned and twee. Bow windows. Fancy lettering.

BARNABY

It's funny, you know. He's someone else I've seen before.

TROY

Stephen Cavendish?

BARNABY

He was at the pub last Saturday. With his tongue down the throat of someone who was not his wife!

TROY

So long as it wasn't Charles Jennings...

Before BARNABY can respond, the door of the showroom opens and a worried CHRISTINE comes hurrying out.

CHRISTINE

Mr Barnaby...?

BARNABY

Mrs Cooper?

CHRISTINE

I had to speak to you. (A glance back) I don't like to be disloyal. Please don't get me wrong. But what he said, Mr Cavendish, it wasn't true.

BARNABY

I'm sorry?

CHRISTINE

He was never here on Sunday. I'm always the first to arrive on a Monday and if anyone had been in, I'd have known. Anyway, the invoices are perfectly up-to-date. I do them myself.

TROY

So you're telling us Mr Cavendish was lying.

CHRISTINE

I don't like to. I don't want to. But Colin and I...we're both born-again Christians and the truth is very important to us. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest...think on these things." That's what Jesus said. So you see, I had to tell you. I had to do what's right.

BARNABY

Well...thank you, Mrs Cooper.

CHRISTINE

I'm sure there's a perfectly good reason though...why he told you that. I mean, he may not be what you'd call a good or a kind man. But I'm sure he wouldn't hurt anyone. I'm sure he wouldn't.

BARNABY

Thank you.

CHRISTINE smiles and goes back into the shop. BARNABY watches her - lost for words for once.

TROY

Not good. Not kind. It's his cricket bat. And he's lying. Do you want to go back in and arrest him now?

BARNABY  
No. I think I fancy a drink.

CUT TO

**42. INT. CAVENDISH KITCHENS DAY.**

CHRISTINE goes back into the office. STEPHEN is waiting for her.

STEPHEN  
Christine...?

CHRISTINE  
I just nipped outside, Mr Cooper.

STEPHEN  
You spoke to Mr...Barnaby?  
Whatever his name is?

CHRISTINE  
Yes. (Awkward) He's buying my  
house. Or he might be. He came to  
see it last Saturday.

STEPHEN sees that CHRISTINE is lying - in her own way. He guesses that she has blown his alibi.

STEPHEN  
Could you excuse me? I want to  
make a private call.

CUT TO

**43. INT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS DAY.**

TRISH is on the telephone, talking to STEPHEN. He is telling her that he may need her to provide him with a new alibi. It's about half past five and the pub is already fairly crowded.

TRISH  
(On phone) All right. All right. But I  
don't understand?

STEPHEN tells her. Tara is dead.

TRISH

(On phone) What? When did it happen? How...?

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

BARNABY and TROY arrive in the pub and go up to the counter. The BARMAN serves them.

BARNABY

Half a pint of best, please. Troy?

TROY

The same - thanks.

While the drinks are poured...

BARNABY

So what is it you aren't telling me, then?

TROY

Sir?

BARNABY

Something to do with cricket, I think. Fletcher's Cross versus Mid-somer Worthy?

TROY blushes.

TROY

It's a bit embarrassing if you want the truth.

BARNABY

I do.

TROY

Well, you see... I've been trying to take more exercise. You know...

TROY pats his stomach.

BARNABY

Aaah! It comes to us all...

TROY

Anyway, I answered an ad in the paper, the Causton Advertiser. Cricket players wanted. I used to be a bit of a dab hand at school and I thought...it was something to do at week-ends.

BARNABY

And?

TROY

I'm opening the batting for Midsomer Worthy next Saturday. If the game isn't cancelled.

BARNABY

Is there any reason it should be?

TROY

That's just it. Robert Cavendish is the captain of the Fletcher's Cross team. And last Saturday, our captain - his name's Ian Frasier -was talking about him.

The beers arrive. BARNABY pays.

BARNABY

Thank you.

TROY

He said Cavendish was an evil bastard. Something like that. And then he said "I'm going to kill him." Those were his words.

BARNABY

He was talking about Robert Cavendish.

TROY

Yes.

BARNABY

And he was using the words in a sporting sense.

TROY

Yes. But there was obviously some sort of grudge between them. (Pause) Anyway, I suppose I'd better back down from the team.

BARNABY

Not at all, Troy. I'd say you were ideally placed. If there is something to uncover...

TROY

You think I should look into it?

BARNABY

Absolutely.

He raises his glass.

BARNABY

Cheers.

At the same time, BARNABY looks past TROY.

CUT TO

BARNABY'S P.O.V.

TRISH is just finishing her telephone call to STEPHEN.

TRISH

Don't worry, Steve. It's going to be all right. It's all going to be fine.

CUT TO

**44. EXT. IAN FRASIER'S HOUSE NIGHT.**

ESTABLISHING SHOT

IAN FRASIER lives in an ugly, delapidated house in Midsomer Worthy...it stands alone in a stump of overgrown land.

FRASIER

(Voice only)

(Calling) Zelda?

CUT TO

45. INT. ZELDA FRASIER'S STUDIO NIGHT.

IAN FRASIER is carrying a copy of the evening newspaper. WOMAN KILLED AT QUARRY is the headline. He comes into part of the house that has been turned into a studio and there, working on a canvas, is ZELDA FRASIER.

Also in her fifties, ZELDA has long ago slipped across the boundary that divides eccentricity from insanity. She is working on a painting. IAN looks at her with quiet dread.

FRASIER

Zelda?

ZELDA

Yes, dear?

FRASIER

Have you seen the evening paper?

ZELDA

No. I haven't looked.

FRASIER

It's on the front page. Tara Cavendish. She's dead.

ZELDA

Is she, dear?

FRASIER

She's been killed.

ZELDA

(Still painting) That can't have been very nice for her.

FRASIER

Apparently it happened yesterday morning. At the quarry.

ZELDA

Really?

A pause.

FRASIER

You were out yesterday morning.

ZELDA

(Vague) Yes...

FRASIER

Where were you?

ZELDA

I was just walking.

FRASIER

On your own?

ZELDA

No. He was there.

FRASIER

(Tired) You were at the quarry.

ZELDA

I don't remember, dear. Why do you ask?

FRASIER

Tara Cavendish was murdered.

ZELDA

That's very strange. He never told me that.

IAN realizes that ZELDA is worse even than normal tonight. He turns and leaves.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see what ZELDA is painting. A man who looks just a little like MATTHEW DRAPER. Caught in an explosion. Being torn apart...

CUT TO

**46. INT. HORNBLEND HOUSE - LIVING ROOM NIGHT.**

CHRISTINE and COLIN are at home - we recognize the room from BARNABY'S visit. The atmosphere is tense.

COLIN

What are you so worried about?  
(Pause) You haven't said a word all evening.

CHRISTINE

It's meant.

COLIN

This is all about that policeman, isn't it. Barnaby.

CHRISTINE

He was here in the house. Then he came to the office.

COLIN

He's not interested in us.

CHRISTINE

But it's meant, Colin. I know it is. He's going to find out.

COLIN snuggles up to CHRISTINE. Her guilt and fear is what arouses him sexually. Part of their kinky love-life.

COLIN

Come on, Flopsy. He's not going to find out. I'll look after you.

CHRISTINE

I need to be punished.

COLIN

(Nuzzling her) I'll punish you.

CHRISTINE

I want to be hurt.

COLIN

I'll hurt you.

The two of them begin to make love.

CHRISTINE

Behold. I was shapen in wickedness:  
and in sin hath my mother  
conveived me.

Suddenly COLIN rips open the front of CHRISTINE'S blouse - an act as sudden as it is violent.

COLIN

I'll hurt you.

He falls on her.

CUT TO

47. EXT. WILLOWDENE NIGHT.

CHARLES JENNINGS has been drinking at the pub. He crosses the village green (where the cricket match was played) and lets himself into the house owned by DOREEN BEAVIS.

CUT TO:

48. INT. WILLOWDENE - HALLWAY NIGHT.

DOREEN BEAVIS had been watching television. But hearing CHARLES arrive, she comes out to meet him in the hallway.

DOREEN

Oh! Hello, dear. You're in late.

CHARLES

I've been to the pub.

DOREEN

Oh, that's very nice. Does that mean you were paid today, then?

CHARLES hesitates.

DOREEN

It's just that I didn't want to mention it but you are a few weeks behind with the rent. A few months, actually.

CHARLES

I didn't get paid.

DOREEN

(Disappointed) Oh.

CHARLES

But I might be coming into some money soon. Another week or so...

DOREEN

You've got a job?

CHARLES

Sort of.

CHARLES makes for the stairs - then has an idea.

CHARLES

That old typewriter of yours. Is it still working?

DOREEN

I think so.

CHARLES

You don't mind if I use it, then?

DOREEN

No. You go ahead.

CHARLES might well steal the typewriter. Or use it to club her to death. But DOREEN hasn't the heart - or the strength - to refuse him anything.

CHARLES

I'll take it up, then. And you couldn't fix me a sandwich could you? I'm starving...

DOREEN smiles feebly.

CUT TO

**49. EXT. WILLOWDENE NIGHT.**

As the Midsomer full moon rises, the slow, clacking sound of an ancient typewriter can be heard, coming from an illuminated room on the first floor.

CUT TO

**50. INT. CHARLES JENNINGS' ROOM NIGHT.**

CHARLES sits, wearing just a T-shirt. His clothes are in an untidy heap on the floor. The bed is unmade. There's a sandwich and a glass of milk on a tray beside his table.

He is typing, slowly, laboriously.

CUT TO

BIG CLOSE UP

A sudden, jolting cut, picking up just two words on the page.

I SAW

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

CHARLES continues typing. Concentrating on what he is doing.

CUT TO

BIG CLOSE UP

Again just two words in the letter.

I KNOW

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Wider, on CHARLES. He pauses, sips milk, then types again.

CUT TO

BIG CLOSE UP

The letter, leaping up to fill the screen.

I WANT £500

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

CHARLES JENNINGS yawns and stretches. Then smiles. He is going to be rich. He pulls the letter out of the typewriter.

**END OF PART TWO**

51. INT. BARNABY'S KITCHEN DAY.

BARNABY is eating breakfast. JOYCE is looking through new estate agents' details that have arrived in the post.

JOYCE

This one looks interesting. A converted post office in Fletcher's Cross.

BARNABY

You know, Joyce, I really don't think Fletcher's Cross is the sort of place that would be right for us.

JOYCE

Because of the murder.

BARNABY

Well...yes!

JOYCE

But Tom! If we wanted to move to a completely crime-free area, we'd probably have to live on an island in the Outer Hebrides!

BARNABY

True.

JOYCE

And with your luck, a body would still get washed ashore.

BARNABY gets up and kisses her.

BARNABY

Which is why we should stay here.

JOYCE

No.

BARNABY makes to leave. JOYCE calls after him.

JOYCE

It's too late anyway. We've got people seeing the house today!

BARNABY pokes his head back round the door.

BARNABY

Today?

JOYCE

They'll be here any minute now.

CUT TO

**52. EXT. BARNABY'S HOUSE DAY.**

As BARNABY leaves, an ESTATE AGENT is arriving with a YOUNG COUPLE. He passes them on the way to his car.

BARNABY

Don't ask her about the dry rot!

Smiling to himself, BARNABY continues on his way.

CUT TO

**53. INT. BARNABY'S OFFICE DAY.**

TROY is doing his paperwork as BARNABY comes in.

BARNABY

Good morning!

TROY

Good morning, sir.

BARNABY

So what have we got?

TROY

Robert Cavendish used to run a company, Cavendish Slate but he closed it down five years ago. It was very unexpected, apparently. A lot of job losses.

BARNABY

Go on.

TROY

He married his second wife around the same time. His first wife is dead, by the way. Cancer...

BARNABY

Anything on the cricket bat?

TROY

Stephen Cavendish has confirmed it's his. No prints though. I got the PM report in from Dr Bullard. Time of death nine o'clock Sunday morning. Oh - and this might interest you.

TROY hands BARNABY the property page from a local newspaper.

BARNABY

I'm not actually interested in a new property, Troy.

TROY

No. But Robert Cavendish was. He'd put the Hall on the market just before his wife died.

BARNABY looks at the page. It shows a picture of the Hall.

CUT TO

**54. INT/EXT. BARNABY'S CAR/THE LODGE DAY.**

TROY drives BARNABY towards the Hall. As they turn in through the gates, the Lodge comes into sight.

BARNABY

Stephen Cavendish...didn't his wife say they lived on the estate?

TROY

Yes, sir. They've got the lodge.

BARNABY

Then let's start there...

TROY twists the wheel abruptly and the car veers to the left, cutting a corner of the lawn.

BARNABY

We can reach it via the drive...

They pull up outside The Lodge.

CUT TO

**55. EXT. THE LODGE DAY.**

A small, possibly Victorian building in neat grounds. BARNABY and TROY have rung the bell. The door is opened by MRS WILSON.

BARNABY

Mrs Wilson...?

MRS WILSON

That's right, sir. I work up at the Hall but I do two days a week for young Master Cavendish too. Is there any news sir? About Mrs Cavendish, I mean?

BARNABY

Not yet.

MRS WILSON

It's such a terrible thing. And to happen just the day after his birthday too.

BARNABY

Birthday?

MRS WILSON

Mr Cavendish senior. He was sixty years old. And then this.

BARNABY

Is Stephen Cavendish in?

MR WILSON

No, sir. He's just nipped out with the dog. But Mrs Cavendish is here.

And from inside.

JANE

(Voice over)

Mrs Wilson? Who is it?

MRS WILSON

Do come in!

CUT TO

**56. INT. THE LODGE - KITCHEN DAY.**

JANE CAVENDISH makes coffee for herself and for BARNABY and TROY. MRS WILSON is cleaning elsewhere in the house.

JANE

Yes. Robert did mention he was going to sell the Hall. He was talking about Orlando, actually. Of course that must have been Tara's idea. I mean...Orlando! Wherever next?

BARNABY

Did you and she get on, Mrs Cavendish?

JANE

I suppose so. I never really liked her to be honest. I know that's a wicked thing to say but why should I lie? It's not as if I killed her. Cream?

BARNABY shakes his head.

TROY

Not for me.

JANE takes out one of those aerosol cans of cream and adds a great swirl to the top of her coffee.

JANE

There. (Pause) Tara was so young and so pretty. And so slim. Yes. She had a way of looking down that little nose of hers. I didn't like her at all although Robert adored her. I don't know why.

TROY

You were at home on your own, the morning she died.

JANE

Yes. I was in bed. Biscuit?

BARNABY

No...

JANE

I won't either. Or maybe just one.

She takes several.

JANE

To be honest with you, I was quite surprised. Her walking round the quarry.

BARNABY

Oh? Why is that?

JANE

Well...you must know the stories.

BARNABY

No.

JANE

Oh. I am surprised. The quarry is supposed to be cursed.

BARNABY

Cursed?

JANE

That's what everyone says. Well, you see, first there was the accident. That was a long time ago. Robert used to blast there. He was in the slate business...

TROY

Cavendish Slate.

JANE

Yes. There was a lot of trouble about that. And then, it was only about

eighteen months ago, poor Mrs  
Beavis!

BARNABY

Who was she?

JANE goes over to the door, checking that MRS WILSON isn't listening. She doesn't want to upset her.

JANE

She was the housekeeper before Mrs  
Wilson. She used to take the dog out  
sometimes and one day she went out  
and didn't come back...just like  
Tara!

TROY

She was killed?

JANE

Oh no. It was an accident. The police  
said she slipped and fell. But that's  
why it was so strange that Tara was  
walking there. It's just not a very  
nice place.

Then the door opens and STEPHEN comes in with KAISER, the dog.

JANE

Stephen...?

STEPHEN

(Uneasy) Mr Barnaby!

BARNABY

Sir, I was wondering if I might have  
another word with you.

STEPHEN

Yes. Of course.

But not in front of JANE.

STEPHEN

Let's go in the other room.

CUT TO

57. INT. THE LODGE - STUDY DAY.

The study contains more kitchen-related material than culture. STEPHEN shuts the door, grateful that he is alone with BARNABY and TROY.

STEPHEN

Look. I had a feeling that you'd be back. What I told you the other day...

TROY

Your whereabouts on Sunday morning.

STEPHEN

Yes. The fact is - I know I shouldn't have - but I didn't actually tell you the truth.

BARNABY and TROY wait, cold.

STEPHEN

I wasn't at the shop. I was with a friend. A young friend.

BARNABY

It wouldn't by any chance have been a lady working at the Queen's Arms.

STEPHEN

(Surprised) Yes.

BARNABY

I saw you with her when I was there last weekend.

STEPHEN

Ah. Her name is Trish. Patricia Smith, actually. She and I are... well...

TROY

(Cruel) Yes, sir?

STEPHEN

She's a wonderful girl. Moved down here a year ago. From London. All on her own. She and I hit it off...

TROY

You were with her the whole morning, sir?

STEPHEN

Yes. I slipped out while Jane was asleep. Got there about eight. She has a room at the pub. I was with her until eleven.

BARNABY

And I take it she'll confirm this.

STEPHEN

Of course. I'd just be grateful if this went no further. You do understand.

BARNABY

Oh yes, sir. We understand.

TROY

Perfectly.

CUT TO

**58. EXT. THE LODGE DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY walk back to the car.

BARNABY

So what do you think?

TROY

I still think he's lying.

BARNABY

I was talking about Jane Cavendish. "The curse of the crimson quarry!"

TROY shrugs. He doesn't believe in curses.

BARNABY

It's always the same, isn't it!

TROY

Sir?

BARNABY

These villages. Perfect and picturesque. But scratch the surface and you find the whole countryside's crawling with murder.

TROY

But this Mrs Beavis slipped and fell. It was an accident.

BARNABY

I wonder.

CUT TO

**59. INT. THE LODGE - STUDY DAY.**

STEPHEN stands at the window, watching BARNABY and TROY leave. There is a movement behind him. JANE comes into the room, carrying a mixing bowl. She is making a cake.

JANE

What did they want?

STEPHEN

They were asking questions about me.

STEPHEN rounds on JANE.

STEPHEN

It was you who told them about the bat, wasn't it. Why did you have to tell them it was mine?

JANE

I don't know...

STEPHEN

Do you want to see me arrested and sent to jail? Is that it?

JANE

You in jail for thirty years and me all on my own?

A big, dreamy smile. Then JANE pulls herself together.

JANE

No, Stephen. I can't imagine anything worse.

CUT TO

**60. EXT. THE HALL - GARDEN DAY.**

ROBERT CAVENDISH is dishevelled, red-eyed. He is clearly devastated by the loss of TARA. He is working in the garden, doing some desultory weeding, trying to occupy himself. And there is nothing false in his emotions as he talks to BARNABY and TROY.

CAVENDISH

I did love her, you know. Of course she was younger than me and when we got married...the bloody family never understood. They never even tried. But she gave me back my life. You probably wouldn't understand that. And now that she's gone...

CAVENDISH forces himself to pull himself together. He stabs at a weed.

CAVENDISH

Have you found out who did it?

BARNABY

Not yet, sir.

CAVENDISH

(Contemptuous) Not yet!

BARNABY

We're doing everything we can.

CAVENDISH

So what do you want?

TROY

We understand that your wife wanted you to sell the Hall, sir.

CAVENDISH

It was her idea, but I was in perfect agreement, yes.

TROY

And the Lodge House also?

CAVENDISH

It's all part of the same estate.

TROY

Did your son and daughter-in-law have any say in the matter?

CAVENDISH

Stephen and Jane? Why should they? It's my property. And if it wasn't for me they wouldn't have any business either.

TROY

They knew about the sale...

CAVENDISH

Yes. I told them the night before...

He realizes.

CAVENDISH

You think they'd have killed her to stop it going ahead? That's absurd! Is that what you think?

BARNABY

We're following several lines of enquiry, sir.

CAVENDISH

Well here's something that might actually be worth knowing. That same night...

BARNABY

Your birthday.

CAVENDISH

Yes. About ten o'clock. There was somebody spying on us. Outside the window.

A look of query from BARNABY. CAVENDISH rests on his spade.

CAVENDISH

The dog barked. He knew. He's a German Shepherd. That's what he's there for.

BARNABY

Did you see who it was?

CAVENDISH

No. The dog must have scared them off. But if it was some sort of stalker...

BARNABY nods at TROY. Who takes a note.

BARNABY

Thank you, sir. We'll look into it.

CAVENDISH

Good. Now is there anything else?

BARNABY

Just one thing. A year and a half ago your housekeeper was involved in an accident. At the quarry.

CAVENDISH

Mrs Beavis? Yes. She died. But what's that got to do with anything?

BARNABY

You don't see a parallel, sir?

CAVENDISH

No.

BARNABY

Well, I do. This Mrs Beavis takes your dog out for a walk on the quarry and fails to come back. Subsequently she is found dead. A year

later, exactly the same thing happens to your wife.

CAVENDISH

But Mrs Beavis fell.

BARNABY

I'd still be interested to know what else you can tell me about her.

CAVENDISH

I can't tell you anything about her. She was the housekeeper.

CAVENDISH remembers.

CAVENDISH

She has a sister. Still lives somewhere in the village. Obviously your enquiry is going nowhere so you might as well go and waste more time talking to her.

CUT TO

**61. EXT. WILLOWDENE DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY leave their car and walk alongside the green, heading for DOREEN BEAVIS'S house. As they go, there is the beep of a horn and they turn to see JOYCE BARNABY driving past. She waves at them.

TROY

Sir? Wasn't that...?

BARNABY

Yes.

As they continue to walk, BARNABY mutters.

BARNABY

Oh please, Lord. Not Fletcher's Cross!

They approach Willowdene and at that moment the gate opens and CHARLES JENNINGS comes out. He sees BARNABY and freezes, obviously unhappy about the encounter. But it's too late to back away.

BARNABY

Well, well, well. Mr Jennings.

CHARLES

Mr Barnaby.

BARNABY

You remember me then.

CHARLES

Not likely to forget you, am I!

TROY

What are you doing here?

CHARLES

I live here. I'm renting a room.

BARNABY

I saw you the other day, working up at the Hall.

CHARLES

Yes. I do odd jobs for Mr Cavendish.

A pause. CHARLES is sly, uneasy.

BARNABY

So you're keeping out of trouble...

CHARLES

Trouble? Why should I be in any trouble?

CHARLES smirks to himself and lumbers off. BARNABY watches him go, knowing instinctively that CHARLES is up to no good.

CUT TO

**62. INT. WILLOWEDENE - LIVING ROOM NIGHT.**

DOREEN BEAVIS pours tea for BARNABY and TROY. We might notice that many ornaments in the room have been smashed (by cricket balls) and stuck together - not brilliantly - again.

DOREEN

Yes. Charles has been here for a few months now. Such a nice boy - and

very hard-working. Irish, I think. It must be hard for him being such a long way from home. (Pause) Now, I suppose you're hear about poor Mrs Cavendish. I couldn't believe it when I read it in the newspaper. Are you sure it was murder? Are you sure it couldn't have been an accident?

BARNABY

I don't think so.

DOREEN

Dear, dear, dear. But I don't see how I can help.

BARNABY

Actually, Mrs Beavis...

DOREEN

Miss.

TROY

...we wanted to ask you about your late sister.

DOREEN

Emily?

BARNABY

I don't want to rake up the past if it's painful for you.

DOREEN

It's more than a year now. I still miss her but...we were both brought up in this house, you know. She inherited it. But then when she died, I moved here. Before that I was living in a flat in Causton.

BARNABY

I don't suppose there's anything you can tell me about her death?

DOREEN

She fell into the quarry. It was Mr Cooper who found her. Colin Cooper. He was very upset.

BARNABY

They knew each other?

DOREEN

Oh yes. They were quite good friends. I don't quite remember how they met but I know he was very helpful to her. She wrote to me about him once, I think. I could find the letter for you if you like.

BARNABY

It might be helpful.

DOREEN

But why are you interested in Emily? I mean, it was a long, long time ago!

TROY

Miss Beavis...I don't suppose you can tell us. There wasn't anything suspicious about your sister's death?

DOREEN

Suspicious? No! Nothing! Although she did call me the night before, to say she wanted to see me.

TROY

Did she say why?

DOREEN

No. (Pause) I did think it was a bit strange her going so close to the edge of the quarry. She was always terrified of heights.

BARNABY

Did you tell that to the police?

DOREEN

I suppose I may have mentioned it.  
And then, of course, there was that  
business about the break-in.

BARNABY

A break-in.

DOREEN

Somebody broke into her house - this  
house - the morning before she was  
killed. It didn't look as if any-thing  
was taken but it was still a very  
unhappy coincidence.

BARNABY

Yes...

DOREEN

But suspicious? No, Mr Barnaby.  
There was nothing suspicious at all!

CUT TO

**63. EXT. WILLOWDENE DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY walk back to the car.

BARNABY

She telephones her sister the night  
before and somebody breaks into her  
house the next day. I'd like to know  
who investigated the case!

They've reached the car.

TROY

Where to?

BARNABY

Causton, I think. But there's some-  
where I want to stop on the way.

CUT TO

**64. EXT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS DAY.**

ESTABLISHING SHOT

TROY is waiting at the car outside the pub.

TRISH

(Voice over)

Yes, Mr Barnaby. He was with me.

CUT TO

**65. INT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS DAY.**

The pub isn't open yet. TRISH is cleaning behind the bar.

TRISH

I suppose he told you about us, did he?

BARNABY

Yes.

TRISH

He doesn't love his wife, you know. There's been nothing between them for years. She's more interested in a chocolate éclair than him. I still wish it was out in the open, though. He wants to marry me, you know. that's what he says anyway.

BARNABY

So why doesn't he?

TRISH

He's scared his old man won't approve. I'm not quite his class.

BARNABY

So what time did Stephen Cavendish arrive on Sunday morning?

When TRISH speaks next, it's as if she's learned the words by rote. It just sounds unnatural.

TRISH

He got here at five past eight. He left at eleven twenty.

BARNABY

You're very precise.

TRISH

I've got a good head for figures. But the long and tall of it is that he was with me all morning so he couldn't have been at the quarry, if that's what you're thinking. So you'll just have to look elsewhere.

BARNABY gazes at TRISH. Something she has said has puzzled him...but it's not what we might expect.

CUT TO

**66. EXT. THE QUEEN'S ARMS DAY.**

BARNABY walks back to TROY.

TROY

Did you see her?

BARNABY

Yes.

TROY

And?

BARNABY

She's lying. (Pause) And there's something else...

BARNABY tries to remember.

BARNABY

You drive. It'll come to me.

CUT TO

**67. INT. CAUSTON MUSEUM - MEDIEVAL ROOM DAY.**

The museum displays the history of Causton including medieval jewellery, coins etc. In uniform, guarding the room, is COLIN COOPER.

He is startled to see BARNABY and TROY come in.

COLIN

Mr Barnaby? This is...a surprise?

BARNABY

Why is that, Mr Cooper? You know that I'm pursuing a murder investigation.

COLIN

Yes. But it hasn't got anything to do with me. Has it?

TROY

We want to ask you some questions about the death of Emily Beavis.

COLIN

Emily? But I thought... That was an accident. And it happened ages ago.

BARNABY

You found her.

COLIN

Yes. It was horrible. I still pray for her. She was a friend of mine.

BARNABY

You used to help her.

COLIN

I tried to be a good neighbour, Mr Barnaby. That's what it says in the Bible. But I don't understand...

BARNABY

Mr Cooper. I wonder if you'd mind coming to the quarry with us? I'd be interested to know exactly what you saw.

CUT TO

68. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.

BARNABY and TROY have finally found their way to the quarry that is at the heart of our mystery. COLIN is with them, no longer wearing his security jacket. They have come in two cars.

The quarry is of course deserted and overgrown. The walls, rising up above the three men, are sheer and dangerous.

COLIN

I wasn't on my own. Christine was with me. We often used to come here. We like the birds and the wild flowers.

BARNABY

So you were walking.

COLIN

Yes. It was a Saturday afternoon. About four...

CUT TO

**69. EXT. WOODLAND/THE QUARRY DAY.**

**FLASHBACK**

Events we have not yet seen. EMILY BEAVIS is DOREEN'S older sister. The two women are fairly similar. EMILY is also out with the dog.

EMILY

Kaiser! Come on, boy! Have you found a rabbit?

COLIN

(Voice over)

We heard Emily calling the dog. It's so quiet out here you can hear everything. We didn't take any notice of her though.

CUT TO

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Still part of the FLASHBACK. Down in the quarry, the real reason COLIN and CHRISTINE are here is to have sex. They begin to make love.

COLIN

(Voice over)

She was probably miles away. And we wanted to be on our own. To meditate together.

CUT TO

70. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.

Back to the present. BARNABY can see through COLIN'S phraseology too.

BARNABY

And where exactly were you "meditating", Mr Cooper?

COLIN points.

COLIN

Just about here. The next thing we knew, we heard this scream...

CUT TO

71. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.

FLASHBACK

COLIN and CHRISTINE are half-dressed. There's a scream and they look up just in time to see the figure of EMILY BEAVIS flying towards them.

COLIN

(Voice over)

I swear to God that I could see her eyes as she came down. I could see right into her soul. She hit the ground head first...

At the moment of impact, COLIN grabs hold of CHRISTINE, hiding her face. But they both hear the thud. A pause. Then they go over to her. EMILY BEAVIS is lying in a pool of blood. She seems to be dead.

COLIN

(Voice over)

We could see at once that she was

dead. There was nothing we could do.

CUT TO

72. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.

The present. COLIN points to a patch of ground near the edge of the quarry.

COLIN

That was where she hit. It was four sixteen. Her watch smashed in the fall so that's how they knew.

BARNABY

So what happened next?

COLIN

We ran for the car. Drove off and called the police. But I don't understand why you're asking all this. It was an accident.

BARNABY smiles grimly, measuring angles.

BARNABY

I think you should let us be the judge of that.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

A few minutes later. COLIN COOPER drives off, leaving BARNABY and TROY on their own.

TROY

Do you believe him?

BARNABY

I believe that he thinks it was an accident, that Emily Beavis fell.

TROY

But you don't.

BARNABY

For Heaven's sake, Troy. Look at the evidence. Two deaths in identical circumstances in exactly the same place.

TROY

Yes. But...

BARNABY

But even without the death of Tara Cavendish, use your eyes. Look how far she travelled, for a start. She didn't come straight down. She came in an arc. That's not a fall. It's more like a running jump!

TROY

And she landed head first.

BARNABY

Exactly. If she'd gone too close to the edge, she'd have come down feet first...not in a dive.

TROY

But she wouldn't have gone too close to the edge. She was scared of heights.

BARNABY

So either she jumped on purpose or somebody pushed her - and you know what I think?

TROY

(Weary) Yes, sir.

BARNABY

Emily Beavis was murdered. And by the same person or persons who killed Tara Cavendish. But the only trouble is, I can't for the life of me see why!

BARNABY gazes up at the walls of the quarry, perplexed.

**END OF PART THREE**

**73. EXT. BARNABY'S HOUSE EVENING.**

BARNABY gets home to find CULLY waiting for him at the door.

BARNABY  
Cully!

CULLY  
Hi, dad!

BARNABY  
You came home early!

CULLY  
Nico's on tour. The flat's got a leak.  
And I was missing you.

BARNABY  
That's what I like to hear!

They go into the house together.

CUT TO

**74. INT. BARNABY'S DINING ROOM EVENING.**

BARNABY, CULLY and JOYCE at dinner...

CULLY  
So you're not moving to Fletcher's  
Cross, then!

BARNABY glances at JOYCE.

JOYCE  
I went to see a converted post office  
yesterday.

CULLY  
And?

JOYCE  
Ghastly. The letter-box was about  
the only original feature left.

BARNABY  
Well that's that, then.

JOYCE

I'm still looking.

CULLY

How about the case, dad? Mum told me. What was her name...Tara Cavendish?

BARNABY

Yes. Bludgeoned to death with a cricket bat.

CULLY

(To JOYCE) Maybe dad's right and you should stay in Causton.

BARNABY

And it looks like she wasn't the only one. Eighteen months ago somebody pushed the cleaning lady off the edge of a quarry.

CULLY

Why?

BARNABY

That's exactly what's troubling me. Emily Beavis was a fifty-something-year-old housekeeper. Now maybe she saw something or heard something up at the Hall, but otherwise nobody could have possibly benefited from her death.

CULLY

So why was Tara Cavendish killed?

BARNABY

That's a good question. I've got exactly the same problem with her. (Pause) She had no wealth in her own right. Her husband genuinely adored her. The rest of the family may of had a grudge against her because of her age but that's not a motive for...

He shakes his head.

BARNABY

I'd have been less surprised if it had been her husband, Robert, who came to a sticky end.

CULLY

What's wrong with him?

BARNABY

He's the sort of man you can't help disliking. He owned the quarry that seems to be at the centre of everything that's going on. He closed it down. There were redundancies.

JOYCE

You don't kill someone because they made you redundant.

BARNABY

Not in the town, dear. But this is the country. And in the country anything goes!

CUT TO

**75. EXT. MIDSOMER WORTHY CRICKET CLUB EVENING.**

Nets has just finished at the cricket club and the PLAYERS are leaving. IAN FRASIER is packing up his gear, about to leave himself.

PLAYER

'night, Ian.

FRASIER

See you tomorrow, Reg. You take care...

TROY also appears. He has been practising in the nets. IAN sees him

FRASIER

You all set for the game, then, Gavin?

TROY

Yeah. Although I'm surprised it's still on.

FRASIER

You read about the murder, then?

TROY

Yes. I've read quite a bit actually.

FRASIER

They got the wrong target. They should have got him.

TROY

Robert Cavendish. Did you know him, then?

FRASIER

I knew him. (Pause) You fancy a drink?

TROY

I'd like that.

FRASIER

I'm just five minutes away...

CUT TO

**76. INT. IAN FRASIER'S HOUSE EVENING.**

TROY is sitting down in a shabby, rather sad room. FRASIER comes in with a couple of beers.

FRASIER

I used to work for Cavendish. I was the quarry manager...it's just outside the village.

TROY

That was when he ran Cavendish Slate.

FRASIER hands over the beer.

FRASIER

You have been reading up on him!

TROY

I'm just interested.

FRASIER

Well maybe you know about the accident, then.

TROY

Someone was hurt?

FRASIER

Killed. I doubt they felt a thing.

He drinks.

FRASIER

We were late, you see. We were exporting to France, Holland, all over the country. And we were having trouble keeping up with the orders. And that day...

CUT TO

**77. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.**

**FLASHBACK**

To Scene Three. MATTHEW DRAPER presses the plunger but nothing happens.

FRASIER

(Voice over)

We were supposed to be blasting but there was a fault in the wire. One of the charges didn't go off.

CUT TO

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

CAVENDISH glowers from the back of the car.

FRASIER

(Voice over)

Now there were special procedures for when that eventuality. We

should have shut down and evacuated the place, called in the proper people. But Cavendish was always on my back. I knew what he'd say. "Late with an order, lose a customer." Time and efficiency. That was all that mattered to him.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

MATTHEW DRAPER walks across the quarry, watched by FRASIER. This is from Scene Five.

FRASIER

(Voice over) So

I persuaded one of the men to try and sort it out. His name was Matthew Draper...I'll never forget it. Thirty-six years old. Married with a kid.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

Flashing back to Scene Five. MATTHEW reaches the dynamite. It explodes, killing him instantly.

FADE THROUGH TO

**78. INT. IAN FRASIER'S HOUSE EVENING.**

The echoes of the explosion bring us back to the present. IAN FRASIER gazes with bitterness in his eyes.

FRASIER

There was an investigation, of course, and I was the one who took the rap. And they were right. It was my fault. I lost my licence and I lost my job.

He turns on TROY.

FRASIER

Cavendish never gave me any help.  
And no support - financial or otherwise.  
And then, just nine weeks later...

TROY

He shut down the quarry.

FRASIER

It turned out he'd been planning to  
shut down the slate business all  
along. Not a word to any of us! And a  
man had died. For nothing!

Then the door opens and ZELDA comes in. She has a paintbrush in one hand  
and paint all over her clothes and halfway up her arm.

FRASIER

Zelda? I thought you'd be in bed.

ZELDA

No. I was working. I couldn't sleep.

FRASIER

Did you take your pills?

ZELDA

(Vague) No...

ZELDA is staring at TROY.

FRASIER

This is Gavin Troy. He's playing on  
the team.

TROY

How do you do.

ZELDA

Do I know you?

FRASIER

Go to bed, Zelda. I'll come up and see  
you.

ZELDA

Yes...

She drifts off again.

FRASIER

I'm afraid my wife has been ill. It's a nervous...mental disorder.

TROY

I'm sorry.

FRASIER

It goes back to the same thing. She knew Matthew Draper. And the fact that I was responsible...she just couldn't take it. It started as clinical depression. But over the years it's got worse.

FRASIER slams down his drink.

FRASIER

Robert Cavendish. He took my job, my livelihood and my marriage. And every year I try to get my own back by beating him at cricket. Pathetic, isn't it! But what else can I do?

CUT TO

REACTION ON TROY

Wondering if FRASIER might have done something more...

CUT TO

**79. EXT. CAUSTON POLICE STATION DAY.**

ESTABLISHING SHOT

It's about one o'clock the following day.

BARNABY

I've pulled out the file on Emily Beavis. It was actually seventeen months ago that she died...

CUT TO

80. INT. BARNABY'S OFFICE DAY.

BARNABY and TROY examine the file.

BARNABY

The case was originally handled by  
DI George Meekham\*.

TROY

No wonder nothing was done.

BARNABY

To be fair, there wasn't any reason to  
suspect foul play. Emily Beavis was  
just a housekeeper. It wasn't as if  
anyone benefited from her death.

TROY

Apart from her sister.

BARNABY

Doreen?

TROY

She inherited the house.

BARNABY

But I can't really see Doreen Beavis  
throwing her sister off a quarry. Can  
you?

TROY

What other motive could there have  
been?

BARNABY

There's the break-in.

BARNABY shows TROY the file.

BARNABY

There's a note on it here. Colin  
Cooper called the police from his  
home at four thirty-six. Twenty  
minutes after she fell. And some time

---

\* For fans of the series, a reference to "Strangler's Wood".

that afternoon, someone broke into her house.

TROY

Cooper. There's someone I wouldn't trust an inch.

BARNABY

I wonder if Doreen Beavis found that letter her sister wrote. (Pause) It's the match today, isn't it. Midsomer Worthy against Fletcher's Cross?

TROY

Yes, sir. I was going to have to ask you for the afternoon off.

BARNABY

Oh. I'm coming to watch you. As are Cully and Joyce. What time's kick-off?

TROY

Four o'clock.

BARNABY

I'll give you a lift.

CUT TO

**81. EXT. FLETCHER'S CROSS DAY.**

**WIDE ANGLE**

The afternoon of the cricket match and already members of the Fletcher's Cross team are making their way into the cricket pavilion.

CUT TO

**82. INT. THE PAVILION DAY.**

A lot of coming and going inside the pavilion. The entire team is there, including STEPHEN CAVENDISH and - a new player - COLIN COOPER. Meanwhile, MRS WILSON, helped by TRISH, is preparing the tea. Cakes, sandwiches etc.

MRS WILSON

Ham. Cheese. Egg and cress. We'll have the cakes and biscuits over there. Is the urn on, Trish?

TRISH

Yes, Mrs Wilson.

JANE CAVENDISH is also there.

JANE

Did you say egg and cress?

MRS WILSON

Those are the triangles.

JANE

Do you think...?

MRS WILSON

No-one will notice. You help yourself, my dear.

JANE takes several sandwiches.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

STEPHEN CAVENDISH addresses the PLAYERS.

STEPHEN

Excuse me. Can I have your attention?

A pause. Everyone looks at him.

STEPHEN

I'm sure I don't need to tell you about recent events. As a result, I'm sure you'll understand that my father-in-law is unable to play this afternoon. I will be captain in his place and I'd just like to thank Colin from Hornblend House who has agreed to step in as eleventh man at the last minute.

COLIN nods, happy to have been chosen. CHARLES JENNINGS, dressed in his off-whites with a cap covering much of his head, looks on sullenly from the door.

STEPHEN

That's it. I know it's not pleasant to think of a death in the village. But... Life goes on!

CHARLES wheels away and leaves the pavilion.

CUT TO

**83. INT/EXT. SCORING SHED DAY.**

The shed is only a wooden box with a door at the side, a desk and two black loops hanging behind square windows for the scores.

CHARLES ambles into the shadowy interior and throws his score-book onto the desk. He slumps into a chair.

CUT TO

**84. INT. THE HALL - STUDY DAY.**

ROBERT CAVENDISH is sitting behind his desk, holding a framed photograph of TARA, gazing at it with reddened eyes. He has been destroyed by her death. A pause. Then he slams the photograph face down on the desk, breaking the glass. He can't bear to look at it.

CUT TO

**85. EXT. THE PAVILION DAY.**

IAN FRASIER has arrived at the pavilion. He gets out of the car, his face filled with foreboding.

BARNABY

So Ian Frasier used to work for Robert Cavendish?

**86. INT/EXT. BARNABY'S CAR/FLETCHER'S CROSS DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY are nearby, driving round the edge of the green towards Willowdene.

TROY

Until the accident, yes.

BARNABY

The accident. What was his name again?

TROY

Matthew Draper.

BARNABY

Matthew Draper. Emily Beavis. Tara Cavendish. Three unnatural deaths. All in the same locality.

TROY

No wonder the locals say the quarry is cursed.

The car pulls up outside Willowdene. BARNABY and TROY get out.

BARNABY

I'll handle this, Troy. You'd better go and get changed.

TROY

Oh. Right.

BARNABY

And try not to end up how I feel about this case.

TROY

I'm sorry, sir?

BARNABY

Stumped.

TROY goes off towards the pavilion. BARNABY goes into the house.

CUT TO

**87. EXT. WILLOWDENE - HALL/LIVING ROOM DAY.**

BARNABY has knocked on the door and goes into the house. The door is open.

BARNABY

Miss Beavis?

DOREEN

Oh come in!

DOREEN jerks the front window fully open. She steps back and picks up a dustbin lid which she plans to use as a shield.

BARNABY

Is everything all right?

DOREEN

Oh yes. It's just that I've remembered the cricket match. I thought this time I wouldn't take any chances.

BARNABY

Right! (Pause) Miss Beavis - I was wondering about that letter you mentioned.

DOREEN

Letter?

BARNABY

From your sister.

DOREEN

Oh yes!

DOREEN puts down the dustbin lid and picks up a letter.

DOREEN

I have it here. I kept all her letters, you know. I don't know why. Yes...

She reads the letter.

DOREEN

It was dad's coins.

BARNABY

I'm sorry?

DOREEN

That was how Mr Cooper helped her. She asked him to look at dad's coin collection. (Pointing) It's there on the shelf.

BARNABY picks up an old cigar box and opens it. It's full of old coins.

DOREEN

Emily wondered if they might be valuable. And she was right. They were.

BARNABY

How valuable?

DOREEN

There are a few in there that are worth twenty pounds each! I wouldn't sell them, though. Emily wouldn't have wanted me to. After all, they were dad's. And I like having them.

BARNABY

So Colin Cooper valued them for her.

DOREEN

Yes. He's a kind man. Very kind.

But BARNABY suspects differently.

CUT TO

**88. EXT. THE CRICKET MATCH DAY.**

STEPHEN CAVENDISH and IAN FRASIER meet in the middle of the green, between the two wickets.

STEPHEN

Good afternoon, Mr Frasier.

FRASIER

(Unfriendly) Hello.

STEPHEN

Your call.

There's an UMPIRE who spins a coin.

FRASIER

Heads.

The coin falls.

UMPIRE

It's tails.

STEPHEN

We'll bat first.

CUT TO

### ANOTHER ANGLE

BARNABY joins CULLY and JOYCE who have brought a picnic, folding seats etc and are preparing to watch the game. There is a crowd of local VILLAGERS watching.

BARNABY

Comfortable?

JOYCE

Come and sit down.

CULLY

Fletcher's Cross won the toss.

BARNABY

Here's Troy now...

CUT TO

### BARNABY'S P.O.V.

The Midsomer Worthy players come onto the field. TROY is resplendent in whites. IAN FRASIER tosses him the ball. At the same time, STEPHEN CAVENDISH and COLIN COOPER leave the pavilion, the opening batsmen.

CUT TO

### RESUME ON BARNABY

BARNABY

Looks like he's opening the bowling.

BARNABY glances to the side and notices CHRISTINE COOPER. She smiles and waves at him...deeply creepy.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

On the game. TROY bowls his first ball. STEPHEN hits it.

STEPHEN

Yes!

He and COLIN take two runs.

CUT TO

89. INT/EXT. SCORING SHED DAY.

CHARLES JENNINGS pulls down on the numbers so that a score of two is shown. Then he enters the score in his book.

CUT TO

90. EXT. THE CRICKET MATCH DAY.

JANE comes out of the pavilion and watches, not very interested. She is eating a sandwich.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

TROY bowls again. This time he takes out STEPHEN'S middle stump. STEPHEN is not a good loser. Applause from his team.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON BARNABY

Applauding with the other spectators.

BARNABY

Oh - very good, Troy.

CULLY

You never told me he played cricket!

BARNABY

He obviously has hidden talents.

STEPHEN enters the pavilion. The next PLAYER comes on.

CUT TO

**91. EXT. THE HALL DAY.**

ROBERT CAVENDISH leaves the Hall. There is a grim sense of purpose in his face.

CUT TO

**92. INT. ZELDA FRASIER'S STUDIO DAY.**

ZELDA is smearing red paint on a canvas - and on herself. She throws down her paintbrush and begins to cry.

CUT TO

**93. EXT. THE CRICKET MATCH DAY.**

Returning to the cricket match. The score is now thirteen for one. We see the figure three swivel round into the window. COLIN and the PLAYER are still in.

TROY bowls again. COLIN hits a one, fairly deep into the field.

COLIN

Yes!

He and the PLAYER take one run. The ball is thrown back to TROY who catches it expertly. Just one run.

But the score at the shed goes up to seventeen.

TROY

(To the UMPIRE) That wasn't a four!

The UMPIRE signals to the scoring box and we just make out the shadowy figure of CHARLES JENNINGS, waving back. A moment later, the score is changed back to fourteen.

CUT TO

**94. INT. THE PAVILLION DAY.**

STEPHEN is sitting inside the pavilion, taking off his pads. MRS WILSON has made a cup of tea. No sign of TRISH.

MRS WILSON

Mr Cavendish. Do you think you could ask someone to take a cup of tea over to the scoring shed?

STEPHEN

I'll do it.

MRS WILSON

That's very kind of you.

STEPHEN takes the cup of tea and leaves the pavilion.

CUT TO

**95. EXT. THE CRICKET MATCH DAY.**

TROY bowls again. This time, he catches COLIN'S pad.

TROY

Howzat!

The UMPIRE gives COLIN as out. TROY is pleased. COLIN walks. In the background, STEPHEN CAVENDISH comes out of the scoring shed.

CUT TO

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

BARNABY looks at his watch.

JOYCE

You're not bored already!

BARNABY

No! I was just wondering - when's tea?

CUT TO

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

ROBERT CAVENDISH takes a seat at the side of the field. He has come out to watch. JANE sees him.

JANE

Robert! You came out after all.

CAVENDISH

Yes.

JANE

Can I get you a sandwich?

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

The new PLAYER has taken COLIN'S place and marks his wicket. Suddenly a scream!

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

TRISH is at the door of the scoring shed. She screams and screams again.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

TROY looks round, alarmed.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

BARNABY is already on his feet.

BARNABY

(To JOYCE) Stay here.

He starts running towards the scoring shed.

CUT TO

96. INT/EXT. SCORING SHED DAY.

BARNABY and TROY reach the scoring shed at about the same time. TRISH is still in hysterics. Inside, CHARLES JENNINGS is slumped forward on the desk. There is a German bayonet sticking out of the back of his neck.

CUT TO

97. EXT. THE CRICKET MATCH DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The cricket match is over. The spectators have gone. There is a POLICE CAR and an AMBULANCE parked on the ground.

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE

BARNABY and TROY talk to a weeping TRISH who is being looked after by a PARAMEDIC.

TRISH

I thought I saw Stephen go into the scoring shed. He was carrying a cup of tea. So I went over to see him. I just wanted a chat.

BARNABY

And when you got there?

TRISH

I was wrong. There was no-one there. I was wrong about Stephen!

BARNABY

What did you see?

TRISH

I looked inside and he was just lying there. Charles Jennings. At first I thought he was asleep. But then...

She begins to shudder.

BARNABY

Miss Smith - you told us the other day that last Sunday Stephen Cavendish came to the pub at five

past eight in the morning. Now I want you to think very carefully. Are you sure about the time?

A pause. TRISH knows she has been caught lying. She breaks into fresh tears.

TRISH

(Hysterical) I don't know. Maybe it was later. I told you what he wanted me to say. Please don't ask me any more!

BARNABY and TROY exchange a look.

CUT TO

98. INT. THE CRICKET PAVILION DAY.

BARNABY and TROY confront an ashen-faced STEPHEN CAVENDISH.

STEPHEN

I was in here. Mrs Wilson asked me to take a cup of tea over to the scoring shed. I took it. I gave it to him. He said thank you. I left.

BARNABY

"Thank you."

STEPHEN

"Ta." Something like that.

TROY

According to Mrs Wilson, it was you who offered to take the tea.

STEPHEN

Yes. Maybe. I don't know. She asked and I just happened to be there.

BARNABY nods at TROY. TROY produces the bayonet, now in a plastic bag.

TROY

Do you recognize this, sir?

STEPHEN

Yes. It's German. It belongs to my father. Look - you don't think I killed him, do you? What possible reason would I have to kill Charles Jennings?

TROY produces a second evidence bag. This one contains a large number of bank notes.

BARNABY

We found this in his jacket pocket.

STEPHEN

So? He had cash...

BARNABY

Five hundred pounds in cash, sir.

STEPHEN

A lot of cash!

TROY

Sir, were you and Charles Jennings involved in a relationship of a sexual nature?

STEPHEN

Don't be disgusting.

BARNABY

You didn't give him the money?

STEPHEN

No! Look...I'm not going to say any more to you until I've spoken to my solicitor.

BARNABY

(Grim) That might be a good idea.

CUT TO

**99. EXT. THE LODGE DAY.**

POLICE CARS are parked outside STEPHEN'S house. BARNABY and TROY (still in his whites) oversee a search of the house.

CUT TO

**100. INT. THE LODGE - HALL/KITCHEN DAY.**

Several POLICE OFFICERS search through cupboards and drawers. JANE snatches a tin away from a POLICEMAN.

JANE

That's a biscuit tin. There's nothing in there except biscuits.

She has second thoughts and helps herself to one.

CUT TO

**101. INT. THE LODGE - STUDY DAY.**

A POLICEMAN is going through the dustbin in STEPHEN'S study. He takes out a crumpled ball and opens it. Reads...

POLICEMAN

(Calling) Sir...!

CUT TO

**102. EXT. THE LODGE DAY.**

The POLICEMAN has given the letter to BARNABY who reads it to TROY. This is, of course, the letter that CHARLES wrote.

BARNABY

(Reading) I saw what happened at the quarry. I was watching Mrs Cavendish and I know who killed her. I don't want to go to the police but I do want money. I was £500 in cash before the end of the week - or else.

He lowers the letter, deep in thought.

TROY

It looks as if we've got our man, then.

BARNABY

Yes, Troy, it looks as if we have.

**END OF PART FIVE**

**103. EXT. CAUSTON CID DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY (no longer in cricket dress) run the gauntlet of the local press.

REPORTER 1

Mr Barnaby - is it true that you've made an arrest?

REPORTER 2

Can you release a name at this stage?

REPORTER 3

Would you like to make a comment on the high instance of homicides in this area?

The third question might be lost in the general clamour. BARNABY stops and turns.

BARNABY

Mr Stephen Cavendish, who is a resident of Fletcher's Cross, is currently helping us with our enquiries. I have not yet made an arrest but I expect to do so shortly. Thank you.

BARNABY and TROY continue in.

CUT TO

**104. INT. CAUSTON CID - CORRIDOR DAY.**

BARNABY strides down a corridor. TROY does his best to keep up.

TROY

You are going to formally charge Stephen Cavendish?

BARNABY

Your infinitives are splitting, Troy.

TROY

Sir?

BARNABY

Yes. I'm going to charge him. For once I'm going to do exactly the wrong thing.

TROY

Sir?

BARNABY enters his office. TROY plunges in after him.

CUT TO

**105. INT. BARNABY'S OFFICE DAY.**

BARNABY and TROY together.

TROY

Robert Cavendish killed Charles Jennings.

BARNABY

Did he, Troy?

TROY counts off the clues.

TROY

He was seen going into the scoring shed and he was the last person to see Charles Jennings alive. He had access to the murder weapon. And then there's the letter we found in his house.

BARNABY

Yes.

TROY

Jennings was trying to blackmail Cavendish over the murder at the quarry. He killed Tara Cavendish to stop her selling the Hall.

BARNABY

You've got it all worked out.

TROY

We've also got the lab report on the money we found on Charles Jennings's body.

TROY picks it up.

TROY

Stephen Cavendish left fingerprints on three of the notes.

BARNABY

Tens or twenties?

TROY

Tens. But does it make any difference?

BARNABY

It just might. (Pause) It's all too straightforward, Troy. Too neat. And there are questions you still haven't answered.

TROY

Such as?

BARNABY

Stephen Cavendish was a rich man. At least he was on the face of it. And if we're to believe the letter, he had committed the act of murder. So why did Charles Jennings ask him for so little. Five hundred pounds! It's nothing!

TROY

That would have been a first instalment.

BARNABY

Even for a first instalment, he could have asked ten times as much.

TROY

Maybe he didn't want to push his luck.

BARNABY

And here's something else. It was the last thing he did in his life. The cricket match. You bowled and Colin Cooper took one run. But Charles Jennings put the score up as a four. Why was that?

TROY

He must have been distracted.

BARNABY

Yes. But what by? What had he seen? Or was he trying to tell us something by changing the score?

A pause.

BARNABY

And there's something else we've forgotten in all this. Emily Beavis. Are you saying Stephen Cavendish also killed her?

TROY

Maybe she had nothing to do with this. If she was killed, maybe it was for a completely different reason.

Reaction on BARNABY. He's not so sure.

CUT TO

**106. EXT. HORNBLEND HOUSE DAY.**

BARNABY rings the bell. TROY is with him. CHRISTINE COOPER opens the door.

CHRISTINE

Mr Barnaby...?

BARNABY

Mrs Cooper. I think you know why I'm here.

CUT TO

**107. INT. HORNBLEND HOUSE - LIVING ROOM DAY.**

A guilty-looking CHRISTINE and COLIN confront BARNABY and TROY.

BARNABY

I'm going to give you one opportunity...just one opportunity to tell the truth. Do you understand.

CHRISTINE

Yes.

BARNABY

You killed Emily Beavis.

COLIN

(Horrified) No!

CHRISTINE

(Equally horrified) No! We could never...!

BARNABY

Never what? Just how far would you go, Mrs Cooper?

COLIN

You've got it wrong. Sweet Jesus!

BARNABY

Then tell me the truth. What happened that day at the quarry?

CHRISTINE

It was like we said. Almost like we said.

COLIN

We saw her fall...

CUT TO

**108. EXT. THE QUARRY DAY.**

FLASHBACK

To Scene Seventy-one. EMILY BEAVIS falls to her death. COLIN and CHRISTINE run over to her. But in this version she is dying, not dead, trying to breathe, trying to call for help.

COLIN

(Voice over)

She wasn't dead when we got to her.  
But she was dying. There was  
obviously nothing we could do. And  
then she pointed up...

With the last of her strength, EMILY BEAVIS points upwards. COLIN looks.

CUT TO

COLIN'S P.O.V.

There is a movement on the edge of the quarry as a FIGURE backs away. We do not see who it is.

COLIN

(Voice over)

And we saw that there was someone  
with her. We realized she must have  
been pushed.

COLIN and CHRISTINE exchange a look of horror.

CUT TO

**109. INT. HORNBLEND HOUSE - LIVING ROOM DAY.**

Back to the present. BARNABY and TROY hear this horrid story.

BARNABY

You never told the police this.

CHRISTINE

We were afraid.

BARNABY

Don't lie to me, Mrs Cooper! You  
didn't tell the police because you had  
plans of your own.

CHRISTINE

(Guilty) How do you know?

BARNABY

Because you drove all the way home before you reported the death to the police. Four twenty-six, twenty minutes late. Anyone else would have gone to the nearest phone box. But you had plans, didn't you.

COLIN and CHRISTINE exchange a look. CHRISTINE nods.

COLIN

She had these coins.

CUT TO

**110. EXT. WILLOWDENE DAY.**

**FLASHBACK**

To eighteen months before. COLIN and CHRISTINE approach the house which at that time belonged to EMILY. They are looking very furtive.

COLIN

(Voice over) She asked me to take a look at them. And there was one there... I knew at once what it was worth. I'd seen something like it once at the museum.

While CHRISTINE keeps watch, COLIN smashes a window to break in.

CUT TO

**111. INT. WILLOWDENE - LIVING ROOM DAY.**

**FLASHBACK**

Again, the room is as it was in EMILY'S time. COLIN sneaks in and goes straight to the cigar box. He opens it and takes out a coin.

COLIN

(Voice over)

CHRISTINE

It's not wrong to sin, Mr Barnaby. Christ came into this world for the sinners.

BARNABY

To call them to repentance, Mrs Cooper. I think that's a word that's alien to you. You left an old woman who was dying. And you helped keep a murder covered up for more than a year. Troy...

TROY

Sir.

BARNABY

They're under arrest. I want you to caution them both.

TROY

That'll be a real pleasure.