

ON ANGEL MOUNTAIN

Episode One

by
Brian John

(adapted from the novel of the same name)

Trefelin
Cilgwyn
Newport
Pembrokeshire
SA42 0QN
Phone: 01239820470
Email: greencroft4@mac.com

EXT. CARNINGLI MOUNTAINTOP DAY

Raven's eye view. Martha in her landscape, a strong and confident figure with the wind in her hair and her arms outstretched -- on the sunlit summit of Carningli.

JOSEPH HARRIES THE WIZARD (V/O)
 The mountain of Carningli has been a sacred place for more than two thousand years, and they say that those who inhabit its slopes are transformed either into angels or demons. They also say that once in every five generations it is given to someone special to see things that others do not see. She is such a one.....

MAIN TITLES OVER A BLUE SKY

TITLE OVER:

CARNINGLI, PEMBROKESHIRE, 1797.

EXT. ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. NIGHT

Pitch black. A curlew calls. Lanterns and voices in the distance, drawing nearer, as servants search among the bracken. "Mistress Martha, where are you?" "Mistress, can you hear us?" etc. [Music -- Da Pacem Domine, by Arvo Pärt]

MARTHA (20)

(very weakly)

Here, Bessie.

Bessie's lantern comes unsteadily towards us, her face illuminated. In the faint light, Martha on the ground, curled up as she tries to keep warm. Her clothes are in tatters.

BESSIE (25)

Dear God! Mistress --
 whatever has happened to you?

Martha's face - lacerations, bruises, crusted blood.

MARTHA

(managing to smile)

I've been up on the mountain,
 and had a bit of an accident.

EXT. BRAWDY HALL. NIGHT

TITLE OVER:

THREE YEARS EARLIER. BRAWDY
HALL, PEMBROKESHIRE, APRIL 1794

Bright moonlight shimmering on the waters of St Bride's Bay. No sound, except for a quiet lapping of the waves. A large mansion on the clifftop, lit only by the moon.

INT. BEDROOM in BRAWDY HALL. NIGHT

MARTHA TUDOR (17) and her sister CATRIN TUDOR (19) are fast asleep in separate beds in the darkness, with a glimmer of moonlight finding its way through a crack in the shutters. Martha is very beautiful -- black haired, brown eyed, and in the full bloom of youth. The girls are fast asleep, breathing easily. Suddenly Martha gasps and sits up with her eyes wide open.

MARTHA

Catrin! Something terrible!
There's a fire!

CATRIN

(waking, drowsy)
No there isn't. You're
dreaming again. Go back to
sleep.

MARTHA

Not a dream, Catrin. People are
in flames, screaming!

(Beat)

But where? And why?

She falls back onto her pillow, terrified, with her eyes wide open.

EXT. PLAS INGLI - A BURNING MANSION. NIGHT.

TITLE OVER:

PLAS INGLI, PEMBROKESHIRE

In the darkness, a blazing inferno engulfs an old house, as men frantically carry buckets of water and fight to get into the building. In the midst of the mayhem, two men -- BILLY IFANS (33) and CARADOC

WILLIAMS (33) -- are restraining DAVID MORGAN (17) who struggles wildly to get back into the building.

DAVID

Let me go, damn you! I must
get them out!

BILLY

Impossible, Master! You'll
kill yourself! Too late.....

They have to retreat, as spirals of sparks whirl around them. The fire roars like a blast furnace. Exhausted, the men at last stand with horror etched on their faces, as the building collapses.

INT. DINING ROOM IN BRAWDY MANOR. DAY

MARTHA and CATRIN are having breakfast with their parents GEORGE TUDOR (50) and BETSI TUDOR (47) in the family's modest mansion. Martha looks at her food, distracted. A housemaid pours out the tea. Horse's hooves on the gravel outside. A servant appears with a sealed letter.

SERVANT

For you, Master, from Bowen of
Llwyngwair.

GEORGE

(taking it, puzzled, and
opening the seal)
Magistrate's business, maybe?

George reads the letter, moans, and closes his eyes.

BETSI

Bad news, cariad?

GEORGE

An inferno at the Plas. The
mansion is quite destroyed.

Catrin reacts with amazement -- and exchanges glances with Martha.

BETSI

Did the family get out?

GEORGE

According to John Bowen, the servants all escaped, but those sleeping upstairs.....

MARTHA

(horrified, exchanging glances
with Catrin)

Is David safe?

GEORGE

Yes -- Bowen says that by some miracle he and his grandparents got out. But his parents, and the little ones, are lost.

EXT. A COUNTRY LANE. DAY.

Booted feet moving in step along a gravelly road. Men carrying coffins, at the head of a long, slow funeral procession. Five coffins -- two containing adults, three containing small children. The procession makes its way towards Cilgwyn church. Trees coming into leaf.

Martha and the Tudor family, and then the head mourners, a middle-aged couple -- ISAAC MORGAN (Grandpa Isaac)(54) and JANE MORGAN (Grandma Jane)(52)-- and between them DAVID MORGAN. The grandparents are both slim and good-looking, uncomfortably wrapped (as they must be) in mourning black.

David's face. He is fair haired and blue-eyed, fighting hard to remain stoical.

EXT. ANOTHER COUNTRY LANE. DAY

GRANDPA ISAAC and GEORGE TUDOR (still dressed in their funeral attire) are walking together along a lane at dusk.

GEORGE

Are you serious, Isaac? All living in the hayloft above the cattle?

GRANDPA ISAAC

No choice in the matter, George. The family fortune went up with the house. A little discomfort must be endured.

GEORGE

You mean that all William's savings.....?

GRANDPA ISAAC

(nodding)

In a box. In the master bedroom, under the dressing table. Mostly paper money -- all consumed by the flames.

GEORGE

Dear God! But you're offered accommodation by many of your neighbours. Won't you accept?

GRANDPA ISAAC

We've made a pact, instigated of the servants. We won't leave the Plas. It'll be rebuilt, as fast as may be, with the old stone.....

GEORGE

Well, your decision. Can we do something to help?

GRANDPA ISAAC

If truth be told, we are very worried about David.

EXT. A SPRINGTIME CLIFFTOP. DAY.

DAVID's face. Now there is more colour in his cheeks. He is walking on a spectacular clifftop path alongside MARTHA. Bright sunshine, seabirds wheeling, clifftops awash with Maytime flowers. The young people are well dressed, comfortable rather than stylish. They keep their distance one from the other. But there is a clear mutual attraction.

MARTHA

(stopping to pick flowers)

So you won't talk about any of it?

DAVID

It's an open wound, Martha.

MARTHA

(trying to hide her irritation)

On a day such as this, scowling
is a mortal sin.

David is pensive. He picks up a stone and throws it
angrily into the sea, far below.

MARTHA

Maybe you regret being here
while the rebuilding work is
going on?

DAVID

I admit it. Your parents are
very kind. But right now, on
the side of Carningli, twenty
men are hard at work on a house
which will be my home.

MARTHA

So?

DAVID

I should be heaving stone and
mixing mortar -- but here am I,
in the Garden of Eden.

MARTHA

(smiling)

And not an apple or a serpent
in sight.....

EXT. PLAS INGLI FRONT. DAY.

TITLE OVER:

PLAS INGLI, PEMBROKESHIRE, TWO
YEARS LATER

Raven's eye view. It's very hot -- hay harvest time.
A bright and breezy day with scudding clouds. The new
mansion is complete -- a substantial whitewashed
Georgian house with a simple portico.

A small two-horse carriage arrives, and MARTHA and her
parents GEORGE TUDOR and BETSI TUDOR climb out. ISAAC,
JANE and DAVID hurry up from the hayfield, dusty and
sweaty, to greet them. Cordial greetings - there is
great mutual affection and respect.
Jane leads the visitors inside. David and Martha
contrive to be last, and before they enter the house
David kisses Martha's hand and receives in exchange a

curtsey. Their eyes meet, and there is clearly something between them. They go inside.

This has all been observed by a slim and good-looking servant. MOSES LLOYD (23) is standing at the corner of the barn, sharpening a scythe. He has black hair and a swarthy complexion.

EXT. TY CANOL WOOD. DAY.

DAVID and MARTHA have escaped from the others, and are walking hand in hand through a dense woodland of gnarled oak trees and moss-covered boulders. Sunlight filters through the leafy canopy. The air is full of the songs of woodland birds.

DAVID

Will they notice that we've gone?

MARTHA

Of course they will. Buried in deep discussions they may be, but they aren't blind.

DAVID

Too hot to be inside the house all day. I'm a fresh air person!

MARTHA

I had noticed.

DAVID

This time tomorrow you'll be on the way back to Brawdy. You'll miss me?

MARTHA

Should I say no, just to put you in a sulk?

DAVID

So little time.....

MARTHA

For what?

Suddenly David lets go and sprints off.

DAVID

Catch me if you can, Miss
Tudor!

Martha giggles as David disappears behind a craggy outcrop of rock. She picks up her skirts and runs after him.

EXT. A SUNNY GLADE IN TY CANOL WOOD. DAY.

MARTHA runs into the glade and stands in the sunlight, laughing and catching her breath. There's no sign of DAVID.

MARTHA
(assuming David is somewhere nearby)
You win, Master Morgan. So
what will you have for your
reward?

Still no sign of him. The seconds tick away, and Martha begins to feel concerned. Suddenly there is a rustling of leaves, and David drops out of a tree, landing at Martha's side. She shrieks, and then laughs, and David takes her in his arms.

DAVID
(very softly, nuzzling her ear)
Did you think I had
disappeared?

MARTHA
Well, I was beginning to fear
that the fairies had taken
you....

They kiss passionately.

DAVID
Now then -- what was that about
a reward? You never did catch
me.

MARTHA
Oh yes I did.....

They sink to the ground as the camera finds the full glare of the sun.

EXT. THE SLOPES OF CARNINGLI. DAY

Later. Dusk. Dark thunder-clouds pile up over the mountain. MARTHA is walking alone, in the same dress, but with a shawl wrapped around her shoulders. Suddenly a violent thunder storm breaks out -- no rain, but the pyrotechnics are spectacular. Martha starts to hear the sounds of conflict overhead, and sees a phantom battle in the sky. Galloping horses, hammering hooves, metal on metal, singing arrows, the cries of fallen men and horses. She covers behind a rock and covers her head with her shawl.

INT. KITCHEN OF PLAS INGLI. DAY

Old hands whisking up a sauce in a bowl. The formidable housekeeper BLODWEN OWEN (46) is preparing food at the kitchen table. MARTHA enters without saying a word.

BLODWEN
 (not looking up)
 David not with you, Miss
 Martha?

MARTHA
 He had to go and help a tenant
 over at Dolrannog. I've been
 for a stroll on the mountain,
 on my own.

BLODWEN
 Supper in twenty minutes. The
 others are in the parlour.

Martha walks to the *simne fawr*, and stands there with her back to the wall, eyes closed.

BLODWEN
 Are you all right, Miss? You
 look as if you've seen a ghost!

MARTHA
 No no, Mrs Owen. I was just
 rather frightened by the
 violence of the thunder-storm.

BLODWEN
 Thunder storm? What thunder
 storm?

INT. PLAS INGLI DINING ROOM. NIGHT

DAVID, MARTHA, GRANDPA ISAAC, GRANDMA JANE, and Martha's parents GEORGE and BETSI are finishing off their unpretentious supper.

MARTHA

While I have the chance, may I ask you about the mountain, Master Isaac?

GRANDPA ISAAC

What do you want to know?

MARTHA

It's very powerful. Do.... mysterious things... happen there?

BETSI

What a strange question. Martha!

GRANDPA ISAAC

Like any mountain, it's afflicted by storms, and now and then it's lost in the cloud. But it's perfectly benign.

GRANDMA JANE

There are legends, of course. Old Saint Brynach used to commune with the angels up on the summit.....

MARTHA

So it's a sacred place?

GRANDPA ISAAC

Of course -- with a name like Angel Mountain, it couldn't be otherwise. But there are demons up there too.....

DAVID

Another thing. I met an old man up there once. He said that some of those who live on the mountain are so blessed -- and so cursed -- that they can see the future.

MARTHA

Really? How very strange.....

INT. MARTHA'S DRESSING ROOM, PLAS INGLI. DAY

TITLE OVER:

THREE MONTHS LATER

MARTHA is getting dressed in a sparsely-furnished room, with the help of BESSIE GRUFFYDD(23), her lady's maid. Petite, blonde, very pretty and vivacious. More cheeky than she should be. Their relationship is already akin to that of two sisters, although they have known one other for just a few months. The mood is sombre, even morose.

BESSIE

You're very quiet today,
Mistress, if I may say so.

MARTHA

Oh? Should I be cheerful and
chatty?

CUT IN silent flashback:

MARTHA AND DAVID in a marriage ceremony. The priest (Martha's brother MORYS) stands before them. A dark church, lit with just a few flickering candles. David puts a ring onto Martha's finger. They are flanked by GRANDPA ISAAC and GEORGE TUDOR. GRANDMA JANE and BETSI TUDOR are also present. A very serious affair -- Martha is ill, and miserable.

BESSIE (V/O)

Of course! You should be the
happiest woman in the district.

MARTHA (V/O)

I know, Bessie. But you know
as well as I do that the
wedding was a nightmare, not a
blessing.

BESSIE (V/O)

Well, it was a long way off,
and conducted in haste, but it
had the blessing of both
families.....

MARTHA (V/O)

(flaring up in anger)
on the hottest day of the
 year, with me thinking I would
 die at any moment?

BESSIE (V/O)
 People don't die from the
 morning sickness, Mistress.
 It'll pass.

CUT flashback.

MARTHA
 (unable to hold back her tears)
 So I should count that as a
 blessing? And will the Morgans
 count it as a blessing that I
 produce a child less than seven
 months after my marriage?

BESSIE
 Of course they will, Mistress!
 Master Isaac and Mistress Jane
 have said as much, and they
 mean it!

MARTHA
 (shouting through her tears)
 It'll be a scandal! Sly glances
 through curtains, and whispers
 everywhere! And I'll get all
 of the blame...

BESSIE
 No, Mistress! People in these
 parts are very understanding.

MARTHA
 You don't know anything,
 Bessie! Please leave me
 alone.....

Bessie is shocked and concerned, and wants to say more.
 But she thinks better of it, curtseys, and leaves the
 room as Martha slumps sobbing onto her chair and looks
 at herself -- desolate -- in the mirror.

INT. BAR ROOM OF THE BLACK LION INN. NIGHT

Dimly lit, noisy and rough, with sawdust on the floor
 and crude wooden benches and tables. In a corner,

MOSES LLOYD is drinking ale with two well-dressed middle-aged men -- SQUIRE GEORGE HOWELL (47) and SQUIRE JOSEPH RICE (60). SQUIRE ALBAN WATKINS (45) delivers another round of drinks.

WATKINS

So, my friend, what progress?

MOSES

(now revealed as intelligent and well-spoken -- not at all your average gardener.)
Not much. She settles in, treated as a long-lost granddaughter. She's with child, of course...

HOWELL

Ah! How do you know that?

MOSES

She's as miserable as a Methodist. And the women knit baby things, and talk of nurseries.

RICE

(Laughing)

So much for your ambitions, my dear fellow!

MOSES

Very inconvenient. I'll just have to be Prince Charming, and bide my time.

WATKINS

And what of the other matter, now that you're all installed in the new house?

MOSES

Frustration on that score too. There's not been a moment when I've had the place to myself.

HOWELL

Patience, dear boy. Good things come to those who wait -- and a little faster to those who plan.

EXT. CARNINGLI - A HIGH ROCKY CRAG. DAY.

MARTHA climbs among the rocks towards Carningli summit. She gasps for breath, with tears streaming down her cheeks. She stops to vomit, and at last she stands on the edge of a precipice. She then takes off her shoes and places them neatly beside her. She takes a written note out of her pocket, looks at it briefly and kisses it. She places it on a flattish slab of rock, and puts a pebble on it to stop it from blowing away.

MARTHA (V/O)

My dearest David, this is my farewell. I know that you love me, and want our child, but I don't know my own heart. Day after day I endure the misery of the morning sickness, and the heat, in a house full of echoes and ghosts, on the side of a cruel mountain of tumbling rocks. I have seen a dreadful omen, and know that I am beckoned by the bony finger of the Grim Reaper. On all sides there are wagging tongues and knowing looks, and you have problems enough without a miserable wife and a small baby born too soon -- just as you seek to rebuild the Plas and rediscover its former glory. I'm burdened by lies and deceit, and you will be better off without me. With all my heart I wish you well.....

MARTHA closes her eyes and inhales sharply, about to jump. Her head swims, but then she hears a gentle sound.

She opens her eyes and sees a black raven sitting on a rocky ledge, just a few feet away from her. It cocks its head and looks at her, completely unafraid. She staggers back from the clifftop, gasping, and tries to compose herself. The raven disappears. Martha at last takes the "last letter", crumples it up, and throws it away. She rummages and finds a scrap of paper in her pocket. It says "Harries Werndew".

EXT. MOORLAND PATH. DAY.

Raven's eye view. MARTHA makes her way along a rough path on the purple and yellow moorland. She has finished with weeping, but she is dishevelled and distracted. Skylarks sing above.

EXT. WERNDEW - JOSEPH'S COTTAGE. DAY.

MARTHA opens the gate and enters the garden, which is filled with flowers and herbs. There are roses over the door.

MARTHA

Hello! Master Harries?

JOSEPH HARRIES the Wizard (35) appears from the back of the cottage, carrying two glasses of cordial. He's a good-looking man with sharp eyes, uncontrollable hair and an intelligent face. His clothes have been worn to destruction. He wears a bright red waistcoat with yellow stripes. He also wears an extraordinary and unfashionable floppy wide-brimmed hat. He's intense and a little intimidating, but he seems kind enough.

JOSEPH

Ah, Mistress Martha from the Plas. We meet at last. I've been expecting you.

MARTHA

How can that be? I didn't know myself that I would pay you a visit.....

He smiles and looks up. Martha looks up too. A raven circles high overhead.. In silence, Joseph sits alongside her. He gives one glass of cordial to Martha, and she takes a sip. She has fresh tears on her cheeks.

JOSEPH

You have my undivided attention.

MARTHA

Sir, I'm consumed by misery, confined in an empty shell of a house....

JOSEPH

(holding up his hand)
.....and newly married to
Master David. The marriage is
legal?

MARTHA

So everybody says.

JOSEPH

And do you love your new
husband?

MARTHA

I agreed to marry him, sir.

JOSEPH

That's not what I asked. Do
you love him?

MARTHA

I just don't know! I'm so
confused.....and I'm with
child!

JOSEPH

I thought as much. Too soon?

MARTHA

Too soon, as everybody will
know. After the fire, another
sort of ruin for the Morgans
and the Plas.....

JOSEPH

Go on.

MARTHA

I was on the point of casting
myself from that high cliff on
the mountain. But.... but then
I recalled that I had scribbled
your name on a bit of paper,
having heard that you're
renowned for your potions. I
thought that perhaps....

Joseph leaps to his feet in a fury.

JOSEPH

Out of the question! Forget it!

MARTHA

(wailing, completely
distraught)

But sir, what shall I do? What
shall I do?

JOSEPH

Do you really think that David
would be a happier man without
you and the baby? After the
things he has been through? I
hate to say it, young lady, but
you know nothing of human
nature!

Joseph puts his arms around her and she weeps on his
shoulder.

JOSEPH

Listen carefully now. It's
your destiny to carry not just
one child, but five.

MARTHA

(sniffing)

You know that, sir?

Joseph nods and Martha gradually composes herself. At
last she smiles.

JOSEPH

(laughing)

By the way, you must call me
Joseph, as I'll call you
Martha.

MARTHA

And you really are a wizard?

Martha gives Joseph a quizzical look, and he grins.

JOSEPH

I see things that others do
not.

MARTHA

I think I do too.....

JOSEPH

I know it already. So we are
two of a kind.

EXT. BIG BEACH, NEWPORT. DAY.

Two pairs of feet, splashing along on a sandy beach at the edge of the sea. It's a fine late summers day with the sun high and a gentle breeze. MARTHA and GRANDMA JANE are walking, arm in arm, on a vast sandy beach. Lapping waves, gulls wheeling overhead.

GRANDMA JANE

We do this too seldom, Martha.
Are you happy?

MARTHA

Yes, the sickness is passing.
And I'm growing to love this
place.

GRANDMA JANE

(pointing to the summit of
Carningli)

As ever, the mountain casts its
spell.

MARTHA

Talking of spells, can I ask
you about the Wizard?

GRANDMA JANE

(laughing)

You want him to place a curse?

MARTHA

No No. I've no wish to visit
evil upon anybody. But does he
really speak to spirits and do
magic?

GRANDMA JANE

I've no idea, Martha. But
whatever he does, he knows
about remedies and potions, and
heals people and animals. And
he solves mysteries.

MARTHA

A sleuth! How exciting!

GRANDMA JANE

They say he has a great book
which only he can read. We

call him "dyn hysbys" -- a man
who knows things.

MARTHA

And should I trust him,
Grandma?

GRANDMA JANE

It's up to you, my dear. But I
would certainly trust him with
my life.

INT. PLAS INGLI - THE MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT.

MARTHA and DAVID are asleep in bed. Martha wakes
suddenly to find that David is sobbing quietly beside
her.

MARTHA

(whispers)

David, what's the matter?

She embraces him and seeks to console him. His face is
wet with tears.

DAVID

The fire, Martha. The fire. I
see it every night in my
dreams. It's with me every
second of every day. Five
dead. The estate in ruins.
And my fault!

MARTHA

No, my love!

DAVID

My fault! It was my
candlestick on the staircase
which started it. It's a black
curse. Will I ever be rid of
it?

MARTHA

It was NOT your fault, cariad!
There were other candlesticks
in the house, and other
candles. Nobody knows what
really happened.

DAVID

I know, Martha, and am
condemned to purgatory because
of it!

MARTHA

No! No! Accidents happen.
The memory will fade. Trust
me.

INT. PLAS INGLI - THE KITCHEN. DAY.

Breakfast in the kitchen of the Plas. This is the
centre of the universe. JANE, ISAAC and MARTHA and all
the servants (BILLY, WILL, SHEMI, MOSES and BESSIE) are
eating together, as they almost always do. There is
respect, but this is a very eccentric gentry household.
Animated conversation. BLODWEN OWEN supervises
proceedings.

DAVID comes late to the table, looking haggard.
Glances are exchanged. He knows that he must discuss
the day's work with the disreputable head man BILLY
IFANS (33) and with MOSES.

DAVID

Billy, you will move the dry
cattle to Parc Ganol this
morning?

BILLY

I did that yesterday, Master.

DAVID

Ah! So you did. And Moses, the
grass in the orchard is
uncommonly long, and could do
with a cut.

MOSES

Master, I did that just two
days since, and was
complimented on having done a
tidy job.

DAVID

(flustered)

Yes yes..... I remember it
now. Forgive me. I've not
slept well. Tired -- so
tired.....

David buries his head in his hands. Then he gets up, red-eyed, and storms outside into the yard. Without a word, Moses gets up and follows. More glances are exchanged.

EXT. A STONE-WALLED LANE. DAY.

High summer and corn harvest time. The mountain is ravishingly beautiful in the sunshine. MARTHA is strolling along the lane when she is surprised by MOSES who pops up from behind a stone wall. He speaks like a fallen member of the gentry who still believes himself superior to all those around him.

MOSES

Ah! Mistress. Good day to you!
A fine day it is, too, for
putting right some old damage
where the cattle escaped.

MARTHA

And a good day to you, Moses.

MOSES

If I may make so bold,
Mistress, I would caution
against wandering too far away
from the Plas. The Irish are
everywhere, helping with the
harvest. They're not to be
trusted.

MARTHA

I thank you for your concern,
Moses. But I have to say I
find our visiting harvesters
entirely agreeable and honest.

MOSES

Would you allow me, Mistress,
to escort you back home so as
to ensure your safety?

MARTHA

Certainly not! That would be
improper, as you know full
well. I mustn't disturb you for
a moment longer.

Martha gives a curt nod, and continues along the lane. Moses smiles to himself. Martha has a flush on her cheeks: she is angry with herself and with Moses, for she finds him sexy and more than a little dangerous. Flirting with danger has its attractions.

EXT. PLAS INGLI FARMYARD. DAY.

Evening. BILLY is carrying milk from the cow shed. MARTHA approaches him.

MARTHA

Billy, that piece of damaged stone wall in the lane near Parc Glas. Cattle damage, I think. May I ask if it's now repaired and stock-proof?

BILLY

Oh yes, Mistress. That was done by Will and me at least two weeks ago. As good as new, it is.

INT. PLAS INGLI. MARTHA'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY.

BESSIE is doing MARTHA's hair in her dressing room.

MARTHA

Bessie, I see that David and Moses spend an uncommon amount of time together. Have you noticed?

BESSIE

Indeed I have, Mistress. Too much, if you ask me. They're good friends. One cannot complain about that, given what Master David has gone through.

MARTHA

But.....?

BESSIE

Moses is the most recent arrival in this place, and too much familiarity can lead to resentment from the other men.

MARTHA

Maybe it's time for a word in
my husband's ear.....

BESSIE

Mind you, Mistress, Moses gives
a good deal of attention to you
as well, and you don't seem to
mind that! Clever, he is -
always in the right place at
the right time.

Martha blushes and gets flustered.

MARTHA

I am after all a woman, Bessie,
and he's very good looking. I
can't complain if a gentleman
pays me a little compliment now
and then, or acts with a degree
of civility.

BESSIE

A gentleman...?

MARTHA

Why, yes. The other day I had
a rather interesting discussion
with him about the Trojan Wars.

BESSIE

An expert in the classics, is
he.....?

MARTHA

(interrupting)

Anyway, David is constantly
busy on the estate and I hardly
ever see him.

BESSIE

Moses is no gentleman,
Mistress. You may take it from
me. He does as little work as
he can get away with, and keeps
his energy for nocturnal
adventures. Guess what?

MARTHA

(all ears)

Tell me if you must.

BESSIE

When I went to bed a few nights ago, I found the fellow beneath the blankets, and had to dampen his stiff resolve with the help of a gallon of cold water.

MARTHA

Is that the truth? Well, I never!

The two of them collapse into a fit of the giggles.

INT. PLAS INGLI. IN DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

MARTHA and DAVID are discussing estate affairs. We are looking in through the open window.

DAVID

I'm minded to appoint Moses as estate steward so as to take some of the load off my shoulders.

MARTHA

Are you quite mad? We can't afford a steward, and Moses is the most junior member of our staff.

DAVID

He's very capable, Martha!

MARTHA

(building up a head of steam)
He avoids hard work like the plague, and seeks to insinuate himself into situations which are none of his business. In any case, I don't trust him.

DAVID

That's unfair, Martha! He has an education from Eton and Oxford, and he knows about finance. In any case, I'm the Master of this estate, and the decision is mine....

MARTHA

Over my dead body! There's something about him that I find deeply unsettling. In any case, the estate is so strapped for cash, after all the rebuilding work, that we can't afford a penny more on the wage bill. We can't even afford curtains, or carpets, or furniture! The house is like an echo chamber! You know that!

DAVID is silent, and eventually nods.

MARTHA

Please, David, will you put this to one side, and maybe revisit it next year, if and when our finances are improved?

She goes up to David and gives him a kiss. The tension eases.

DAVID

Oh, very well. There's no great hurry. I'll give the matter more thought.

We exit through the window. Unknown to David and Martha, Moses is weeding in the garden just outside, and he has heard the whole conversation. His countenance is as black as thunder.

EXT. PLAS INGLI. IN THE GARDEN. DAY.

Another very hot day. MARTHA sits in the shade, reading a book and sipping from a glass of cordial. MOSES comes into the garden, and without a word starts ostentatiously to dig in one of the flower borders close to where Martha is sitting. At last she becomes irritated.

MARTHA

Moses, I'm not feeling terribly well, and came into the garden to find peace and quiet. Could you possibly find some other task to do, and leave this one to later in the day?

MOSES

Very well, Mistress. It's clear that in the absence of a steward to arrange things, I'm pulled this way and that, and that your wishes take precedence over those of my Master.

He throws down his fork, gives an exaggerated bow and storms off, leaving Martha indignant and red-faced. She knows that from this point on, Moses is her enemy.

EXT. LOWER SLOPES OF CARNINGLI. DAY.

Late September, and still very hot. Raven's eye view. MARTHA is three months pregnant, and it's beginning to show. She goes for a walk, all alone, on the mountain, climbing gradually.

EXT. CARNINGLI. HIGH AMONG THE CRAGS. DAY.

High up towards the summit, MARTHA explores among the tumbled boulders, humming to herself. She encounters the raven again. It looks at her, flies occasionally and hops about on the rocks, as if trying to lead her somewhere. She gladly follows, squeezing between narrow crevices and scrambling up banks of loose scree.

Suddenly, in a place quite hidden from view, she finds the narrow entrance to a cave, almost hidden by a small rowan bush and drooping fern fronds. She kneels and squeezes inside.

INT. INSIDE THE CAVE. DAY.

MARTHA's eyes get used to the darkness. Some light filters in through the entrance. At the back of the cave is a flat area quite large enough for a human being to stretch out and sleep. She crawls out and then re-enters with an armful of grasses and ferns, and makes a little bed. There she lies for some time, humming contentedly -- she has found her own private sanctuary.

EXT. EDGE OF A COPSE. DAY.

MOSES is lying on his stomach on a grassy bank, looking through a small telescope. He is spying on the mountain, at the spot where Martha now reappears. We see his shaky magnified image. Without a word, he gets up, puts the spyglass in his pocket, and walks away.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE KITCHEN. DAY

BLODWEN OWEN and MARTHA are kneading dough on the kitchen table. There is flour everywhere, and Martha is enjoying herself.

MARTHA

Mrs Owen, can I ask you about the fire?

BLODWEN

I'd prefer it if you didn't, Mistress.....

MARTHA

You were in the house at the time, were you not?

BLODWEN

I was. If you'll forgive me, Mistress, I won't talk about it. We all made a vow.

MARTHA

But more than two years have passed.

BLODWEN

It's too soon, Mistress. You know what it did to Master David -- it almost sent him out of his mind.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE KITCHEN. DAY.

After breakfast on a fine autumnal day (25 September), the estate is busy -- family and servants have things to do elsewhere. MARTHA is in sole charge of the house. She busies herself with tidying and cleaning, humming to herself. She decides that more logs are needed for the kitchen fire, takes the empty log basket, and goes outside. Sounds outside as she loads up the logs. Then she comes through the door singing happily, carrying the loaded basket.

Suddenly she trips and goes crashing to the ground, on top of the pile of logs. She gasps with terrible pain, and as she tries to compose herself she realizes that there is blood everywhere. In a panic, bent double, she tries to clean up by fetching buckets of water and taking the logs to the fireplace. In agony, she washes the floor and tries to rinse the blood off her dress, but at last she collapses again onto the floor, dropping a bucket of water. Then GRANDMA JANE comes in and sees immediately what has happened.

GRANDMA JANE

Oh, Martha bach! The baby.....

She makes Martha comfortable, rushes outside and frantically rings the bell mounted by the door. BESSIE, BLOWDEN and dairymaid HETTIE rush in.

BESSIE

Hettie Never mind the mess!
Let's get her upstairs!

Pandemonium. Together they carry Martha upstairs to her room. The servants WILL OWEN (17) and SHEMI JENKINS (19) arrive, and stand with horror on their faces.

EXT. PLAS INGLI. THE FARMYARD. DAY.

Evening, pouring rain. JOSEPH the Wizard rides into the yard on his white pony, and greets BILLY, who is clearing out the cowshed. Joseph shakes the water from his wide-brimmed hat and his oilskins as they shelter under the eaves.

JOSEPH

What news, Billy? Is your
Mistress smiling again?

BILLY

I fear not, Master Joseph.
Three weeks now since it
happened, and she won't eat, or
drink, or speak. Sorely
wasted, she is.

JOSEPH

And David?

BILLY

He just sits at her bedside
with his head in his
hands.....

JOSEPH

Has Martha taken my potions?

As they talk, they walk through the rain across the
yard towards the back door of the house.

BILLY

Bessie says she's forced them
down her throat, under protest.
But we fear that she wants to
die. Can the loss of a child
really make a mother so ill?

JOSEPH

It can and does happen, Billy.
My potions will keep her alive,
but we must make her eat and
drink. It's not her body that
really concerns me. It's her
mind.

BILLY

Do you mean she's gone mad?

JOSEPH

No, no. But I've observed in
her the deepest kind of
melancholia. Not for the first
time, she's having to cope with
the Black Hound of Hell.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

Same evening. DAVID (who looks terrible) comes in with
JOSEPH the Wizard. Rain hammers onto the roof. It's
dusk, and guttering candles illuminate the room.
GRANDMA JANE and BESSIE are tending the patient. MARTHA
is awake, but still in deep shock. She says nothing,
and hardly registers Joseph's arrival.

JOSEPH

(at the bedside)

David asked me to come again,
and here I am. And I'll keep
on coming, for as long as I'm
needed. You're pleased to see
me?

Nothing registers on Martha's face.

JOSEPH

I know you can hear me, and you know what I'm saying. I've said it before, and I say it again -- you must eat and drink! Do you remember what I said to you when you visited Werndew?

Martha looks at him and nods.

JOSEPH

Our secret. Now I'll give you healing -- with all the strength I can muster.

He places his hands on her forehead, closes his eyes, and goes into deep trance as David, Bessie and Grandma Jane look on. A burning candle.

FADE and return.

The same burning candle -- it has burned down to a stub. It's now dark outside, and the rain still hammers on the roof. Joseph still has his hands on Martha's forehead, but then he collapses, gasping for breath, and has to be helped to a chair. Martha is fast asleep.

JOSEPH

It's her destiny to recover.

(Beat)

Rowan tree outside the window, in full leaf, with abundant berries, in a deluge.

(V/O) But first, the leaves must fall.

EXT. PLAS INGLI. THE FARMYARD. DAY.

The same tree. The leaves and berries are gone. It's a cold crisp day in early December. Two ravens wheel in the sky high above the Plas, calling. At last MARTHA steps outside the house again, helped by DAVID. WILL has the pony and trap ready. They climb aboard, and Will drives them round the corner and down the driveway.

INT. WERNDEW -- JOSEPH'S COTTAGE. DAY.

DAVID, MARTHA and JOSEPH are sitting in a small and very messy living room, facing a blazing fire in the grate. Joseph wears a bright green waistcoat with an elaborate floral pattern on it. Behind them there is a table piled high with books, papers, bottles, bones and all the paraphernalia of a wizard. They are sipping tea and eating griddle cakes.

JOSEPH

(poking the fire and looking
after the supply of griddle
cakes)

Your child was conceived out of
wedlock. So what? Which one
of us has not strayed at some
point in life?

MARTHA

Yes, but.....

JOSEPH

No guilt, if you please. There
is too much of it about. What
sort of God might that be, who
would extract revenge for an
act of love? Anyway, you
aren't the first or the last
parents to suffer a great loss.

DAVID

Grandma Jane lost three, so she
tells me.

JOSEPH

Correct. Your child died
because there was something
wrong -- not because it was
conceived out of wedlock, or
because you fell over some
logs. Understood?

Martha and David look at Joseph, and nod, their faces
lit by the flames of the fire.

JOSEPH

Enough of this. The
consequences of misfortune are
not all bad. By the way, I'm
mortified because you haven't
complimented me either on my

new waistcoat or on my
excellent griddle cakes.

EXT. A LANE WITH HEDGEROWS. DAY

JOSEPH is collecting rose hips into a basket. He is wrapped up well. The leaves are off the trees and it's very cold. MARTHA approaches.

MARTHA

Joseph! How good to see you.
They told me you were here.

They embrace warmly.

JOSEPH

And you're looking so much
better! Colour in your cheeks
and a sparkle in your eye, if I
may say so.

Joseph continues to collect holly berries and rose hips as they walk along the lane.

MARTHA

Can I ask you something?

JOSEPH

By all means. Go ahead.

MARTHA

Have you ever seen a battle in
the sky?

JOSEPH

I have, Martha. I would not
admit this to others, but for
you I make exceptions. When
did you see it?

MARTHA

Almost six months ago, before
my wedding. And what does it
mean?

JOSEPH

Two things. First, that you
are specially blessed, since
you see things that others do
not. Second, that you have

seen an omen of the most
terrible kind.

MARTHA
Death and destruction?

JOSEPH
(nodding)
With luck, what was promised
has been delivered. You've
lost your baby and have been
dragged through hell. And so
has David. There may be more
to come -- I can't tell.

MARTHA
And is it my secret, to bear
alone?

JOSEPH
I fear so, Martha. Tell nobody
else, and use your knowledge
with great care.

MARTHA
Very well. I think I'm strong
enough now to be done with
misery.

JOSEPH
Helped by angels, if you
believe in such things.

MARTHA
Of course. I know the old
tradition about the mountain.

JOSEPH
So what will you do with the
demons?

MARTHA
Oh, I think I can deal with
them, if they cause me any
bother.

INT. PLAS INGLI KITCHEN. DAY.

There's mayhem. It's Christmas Eve 1796. A feast is
being prepared for all the tenants and labourers,
according to tradition. BLODWEN is in charge. MARTHA

is caught up in the preparations, as are GRANDMA JANE, BESSIE and HETTIE -- the Plas is highly unusual in that the great divide between upstairs and downstairs has been entirely abolished. Much laughter and tomfoolery in the kitchen. Martha is fully restored, happy and excited, kneading dough, dusted with flour.

EXT. PLAS INGLI. NIGHT.

Raven's eye view. Christmas Eve, very late. A candle lantern procession of the whole household leaves the kitchen door and snakes away along the driveway towards town. Nobody talks. A tawny owl, in the distance. Zoom out, and we see that there are candle-lit processions from every house in the *cwm* as all the residents make their way to Newport Church for the candle-lit midnight *Plygain* service. From the mountain, this is a magical scene, as if a thousand glow-worms are converging on a single destination.

INT. NEWPORT PARISH CHURCH. NIGHT.

In the ruinous St Mary's Church, a strange *Plygain* carol is sung by the congregation, to the illumination of dripping candles and candle lanterns. Two violins provide the erratic accompaniment. THE RECTOR is in his pulpit. The carol ends with "Amen".

THE RECTOR

Dearly beloved, I see the first glimmer of dawn through the east window. Our celebration of the birth of our Lord is done. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen. And a very merry Christmas to you all!

As dawn shows itself through the east window, the bells begin to toll, the candles are extinguished, and the congregation disperses.

INT. PLAS INGLI - THE DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

At the Christmas Day feast, so many people are packed into the dining room that there is hardly room to move. Again, no upstairs / downstairs. The MORGAN family, all the servants, tenants and labourers, and their families, are present. Many children. JOSEPH is one of

the guests, wearing, as ever, a spectacular waistcoat. MOSES is in the corner, scowling, with a mug of ale in his hand. The table is piled with good things. There is a great deal of noise -- everybody talking at once. DAVID holds up his hand for silence, and eventually gets it. He's very nervous. MARTHA stands beside him, holding his hand.

DAVID

Dear friends, this is the first time that I speak to you all as Master of the Plas. I'm as nervous as a small child taking its first steps. But I extend to you all the warmest of welcomes!

The guests bang on the table and cries of "Thank you, Master!" ring around the room.

DAVID

You all know of the terrible circumstances that have conspired to thrust responsibility upon me at an age when I might expect to be doing the things that silly young men normally do.....

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Such as what?

DAVID

No comment! But here I am, for better or for worse, and this is the first chance I've had to thank all of you for what you did during and after the fire, and for your loyalty and sacrifice in recent months as we've tried, together, to restore the Plas as a place we can all be proud of.....

His voice breaks, and there is spontaneous applause and cheering from the guests. GRANDMA JANE and BLODWEN, arm in arm, have tears rolling down their cheeks. MOSES still has a black scowl on his face. JOSEPH observes everything, unsmiling. David holds his hand up again.

DAVID

I thank God that I still have Grandpa Isaac and Grandma Jane here to guide me, and I thank them from the bottom of my heart for their love -- and their lessons. And as you might have noticed, I've acquired a beautiful new wife!

More cheering and banging on the table. MARTHA blushes but she is of course blissfully happy.

DAVID

As you all know, she's not been well, but thank God she is fully recovered. She's won the hearts of all who have met her, and I declare that I'm the luckiest man alive! And now I ask for your patience and support in the months to come. Our Christmas feast is ready. Enjoy it, but first, please raise your glasses in a toast to the Plas -- and a happy Christmas to you all!

The toast "The Plas!" is shouted by the assembled company, except for Moses. The guests descend upon the good things on the Christmas table like vultures as Martha and David embrace.

INT. PLAS INGLI - THE KITCHEN. DAY.

Neighbour CARADOC WILLIAMS (38) rushes into the kitchen when all are sitting at the breakfast table.

CARADOC

Master David! There's been an affray. Castle Inn. Moses is in the lockup. He's in big trouble this time.....

David leaps to his feet.

DAVID

Damn it all! I wondered where he was. Is he never to be trusted? Billy -- come with me. We'll take two horses and

see if we can get this sorted
out.

They grab their heavy coats and rush outside.

EXT. PLAS INGLI - THE FARMYARD. DAY.

DAVID and BILLY return, with MOSES just about hanging on behind Billy on his horse. He's in a bad way, semi-conscious, with swollen lips, a black eye, facial lacerations and a gash on the back of his head. He's covered in blood, mud, sawdust and vomit. His clothes are in tatters. The men carry him into the kitchen.

INT. PLAS INGLI - THE KITCHEN. DAY.

The table is cleared, and MOSES is dumped onto it. This is not the first time it has been used as an operating table. Under the fierce direction of BLODWEN, Moses is stripped naked and washed with hot water, and his wounds are dressed. MARTHA looks embarrassed, but Blodwen grins.

BLODWEN

Huh! Not much to admire. Just the same as a small baby he is, Mistress, but a bit more hair here and there.

Barely conscious, the patient is then dressed in a nightshirt and carried off to bed by WILL and SHEMI.

DAVID

I've no idea how it started. He must have been very drunk. He seems to have insulted two of the Shinkins brothers...

BLODWEN

Not a good idea.

DAVID

.....and that led to a brawl in the bar room, with glasses smashed and tables and chairs broken.

MARTHA

Is anybody surprised?

DAVID

I had to bribe the landlord not to press charges, and paid for replacements for the damaged items. Then I needed to bribe Constable Wilson so as to get him out of the lockup.

MARTHA

This is the last straw! He deserves to go before the justices and to be shipped off to the colonies, where he can repent at his leisure.

DAVID

It's not so simple, Martha. I have a duty to look after my servants, and I'm charged with keeping Moses on the straight and narrow.....

MARTHA

Whatever do you mean?

DAVID

One day, I'll explain. Now is not the time. In any case, rest assured that every penny spent will be deducted from his wages.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

A frosty February morning, with a golden dawn lighting the eastern sky. DAVID and MARTHA are making love (completely hidden beneath the blankets) when they are rudely interrupted by the sound of a horse as it gallops into the yard. They hear agitated voices below, and then the sound of the horse galloping off. David pops out his head, and then gets out of bed and puts on his dressing gown. As he does so, BLODWEN hammers on the door and comes in. As she speaks, David dresses hurriedly, and Martha also gets out of bed and wraps herself in her nightgown.

BLODWEN

Excuse me for bursting in, Master, but there's an invasion! That was Tomos Gwyther, up from town,

spreading the news fast as he can. The French!

DAVID

The French? What do they have to do with Wales?

BLODWEN

Landed near Fishguard, they are, from a fleet of ships, and the ships are gone, and their army is on the march.

DAVID

Oh, God! A big army, Mrs Owen?

BLODWEN

Tomos didn't say, Master.

DAVID

No matter. I'll ring the bell. Get everybody into the kitchen, please, in five minutes!

David furiously rings the bell by the door.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE KITCHEN. DAY.

Pandemonium as some servants come in from outside, and others (including GRANDMA JANE and GRANDPA ISAAC) emerge sleepily from their rooms. DAVID immediately takes charge.

DAVID

Listen please, everybody. We know very little, but a French army has landed near Fishguard. Purpose, unknown. Destination, unknown. Perhaps, as the newspapers have been speculating for some months, they just wish to encourage a rebellion against the King.

BILLY

No chance of that, Master. We might not like the fat cats up in London, but we like the flea-bitten ones from Paris even less.

DAVID

This might all be a false alarm, but we'd be fools not to take it seriously. Martha, you and the servants must prepare to use all our wheeled vehicles to evacuate eastwards, should the French troops appear.

MARTHA

I think we should stay and fight!

DAVID

Fight when you are strong and they are weak. The further east they go, the weaker they will be. Now then, arrangements.....

EXT. PLAS INGLI FARMYARD. DAY.

DAVID, BILLY, WILL and SHEMI are mounted on four working -- and not very elegant -- horses, wearing heavy coats and mufflers and carrying knapsacks with food supplies. DAVID carries a musket, BILLY carries a shotgun, WILL carries a pitchfork and SHEMI carries an axe. Without further ado they gallop out of the yard, watched by MARTHA and the others.

INT. PLAS INGLI FARMYARD. DAY.

MARTHA has taken control. The servants are rushing about, all wearing their heavy winter coats. Martha calls everybody together and calms them down.

MARTHA

Is Moses back yet?

BESSIE

No, Mistress. He went running down the lane towards Dolrannog, to pass on the warning, and I've not seen him since.

MARTHA

No matter. Is everything done? Are we prepared to evacuate at a moment's notice?

Grandpa, Grandma and the female servants (Bessie, Mrs Owen and Hettie) all nod.

GRANDPA ISAAC

Well done, Martha! You're a fine military commander. I've also put whatever weapons we can muster onto the vehicles, in case we need to defend ourselves.

GRANDMA JANE

There's not much more we can do for now -- except watch the sky for signals, listen for rockets or bells, and keep a twenty-four hour watch from the upstairs windows for anything untoward.

EXT. PEN CAER. ROUGH MOORLAND. DAY.

Much closer to the action - gunfire among the rocky crags of Pen Caer. DAVID and BILLY (still on horseback) are with four other freelance militiamen, who are on foot. There is a burning farm nearby. They come face to face with a French troop near a hay-rick, and they exchange gunfire. Two of the French soldiers fall; one of them screams in pain, and the other may be dead. They are dragged away by their colleagues. Mayhem. The locals are outnumbered.

DAVID

Behind the rick! Re-load and fire again!

They retreat, but Billy's horse shies -- he falls off and breaks his arm. He screams and the horse bolts.

BILLY

Bugger! My arm, Master! Broke, I think.....

He is about to be captured by the French, but David dismounts and fights them off, using his musket as a cudgel. They do not have much stomach for the fight (they are drunk) and they flee. Several drop their muskets as they go.

DAVID

(helping Billy back into the
shelter of the rick, addressing
the other men)
Can you hold this position?

MILITIAMAN

No problem, Master. I don't
think they'll be back. Lacking
in enthusiasm, they are...

DAVID

Good. I'll get Billy to
somewhere safe, and come back
with more volunteers.

David makes a rough sling for Billy, and helps him
(moaning with pain) onto his own horse. He grabs a
French musket from the ground, and leads the horse
towards Fishguard. They are followed by a fusillade of
shots.

EXT. PEN CAER. A SUNKEN LANE. DAY.

Late afternoon. DAVID and BILLY (now both mounted on
the same horse) are wearily heading towards Fishguard.
They meet Lord Cawdor's scouts ahead of a rag-tag army
of Fencibles and volunteers. They are marching very
loudly along a sunken grassy lane with drums beating
and banners flying. (LORD CAWDOR (45) is the
wealthiest of all the Pembrokeshire gentry, but he is
not a natural military leader.) David is appalled, and
has to pull his horse in close to the hedge to let the
scouts pass. As soon as Lord Cawdor appears on a white
stallion, he can hold his tongue no longer. He pulls
the horse into the lane (with Billy still hanging on
behind him) and forces the great man to hold up his arm
and halt the marching men behind him.

DAVID

My Lord, I know where the
French troops are deployed.
You're marching straight into a
trap. I urge you to pull back!

LORD CAWDOR

Who are you, sir? And on what
basis do you presume to
question my military strategy?

DAVID

David Morgan of Plas Ingli, my lord, at your service. This is no time for niceties. There are hidden snipers on both sides of this lane, where it opens onto the common. You, sir, on your white charger, will be the most obvious target and the first man to fall.

LORD CAWDOR

Stuff and nonsense, sir!

DAVID

Beating drums and tight marching formations will, if I may say so, result in slaughter. Sir, this lane is a death trap. I urge you to reconsider your tactics!

LORD CAWDOR

Damn you, Morgan! This is my operation, and I will complete it in a manner already well considered. Pull over, if you will!

DAVID

(now also very angry)

Whatever comes to pass in the coming hours, my Lord, will be written into history. Upon your own head be it.

David pulls over. He and Billy watch in dismay. Furious, Lord Cawdor motions for the advance to continue. The drums beat again, and a long column of men, some with muskets and others carrying farm implements like axes and scythes, marches past, onwards and upwards, within the narrow confines of the lane.

EXT. A DESERTED FARMYARD. NIGHT.

Night is falling. DAVID (carrying his prize musket) and BILLY (still moaning with pain from his broken arm) ride into the yard. They dismount, and DAVID knocks loudly on the farmhouse door. No response -- the residents have fled. The door is locked. David climbs up some steps to a hayloft above a cowshed and finds that the door opens.

INT. A HAYLOFT, WELL STOCKED WITH HAY. NIGHT

DAVID helps BILLY in through the door in almost total darkness.

DAVID

At least it's warm here, and
fairly comfortable. We'd
better try and get some sleep.

BILLY

Any food left, Master? I'm
afraid all mine is eaten.

DAVID

Mine too. And I forgot my
tinder box and candles. My
powder and shot are all gone
too. A fine pair of soldiers,
aren't we?

INT. PLAS INGLI. AN UPSTAIRS ROOM. NIGHT.

A cold crisp starlit night. The Plas is in darkness. MARTHA is on watch, gazing westwards from one of the upstairs windows. A barn owl screeches nearby. Curlews are calling. In the distance, occasional gunfire. On the far horizon there is a red glow in the sky. Bessie quietly appears at Martha's side, carrying a shielded candle.

BESSIE

Burning houses, Mistress?

MARTHA

I fear so, Bessie. May God be
with us -- we haven't the
faintest idea whether there are
two hundred soldiers, or twenty
thousand. Are we still fit to
leave at a moment's notice?

BESSIE

Yes. We're still all dressed
and prepared. The carts are
ready. The horses are back in
the stables, but in five
minutes we can have them
harnessed again, and in ten we
can be away.

MARTHA

Excellent. We can't do any more.

BESSIE

If I may say so, Mistress, we're all in admiration of your skill in organizing everything and in calming hysteria.

MARTHA

Mine was the easy part of the bargain, Bessie. But in the pit of my stomach I fear for the safety of my dear husband....

INT. THE HAYLOFT. NIGHT

The loft is pitch black. Somebody is snoring. A faint glimmer of light penetrates through a gap in the door, and then we hear marching feet. DAVID wakes up and goes outside

DAVID (O.S.)

(very softly)

Who goes there?

SCOUT (O.S.)

Lord Cawdor and the Fencibles.

DAVID (O.S.)

Come in! Come in!

We hear the army marching past. We see the light of a lantern, and then DAVID and the SCOUT appear at the door.

SCOUT

I recognize you, sir! Aren't you the gentleman who warned Lord Cawdor about a trap?

DAVID

Indeed I am. So he didn't go through with his assault on the French?

SCOUT

No, sir. He silenced the drums and stopped in the lane. Me and two others went ahead, we did, and we saw in short measure that the French army was entrenched on either side of the lane. The commander called an orderly retreat and now we're off to our camp in the woods. Word is, there'll be a further assault in the morning.

DAVID

Thank God for common sense!

BILLY

Hah! Never mind about God or common sense. The noble lord has you to thank, Master.....

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE KITCHEN. DAY

Dawn at the Plas. The women GRANDMA JANE, BLODWEN, MARTHA and BESSIE) are all gathered in the kitchen, eating a simple breakfast of bread and cheese. Still no sign of Moses. They have not slept much. HETTIE comes in with a pail of milk, fresh from the cowshed. Martha is agitated, and springs to her feet.

MARTHA

I can stand this no longer. Waiting, waiting - and for what?

(Beat)

I'll walk towards Fishguard and see what's happening.

GRANDMA JANE

Martha, if I may say so, that would be foolhardy in the extreme! What if you are set upon by a troop of Frenchmen? There's no knowing what they might do to you.

MARTHA

(reaching for her heavy cloak and pulling it on)

I'll bet my last sovereign that they're not this side of

Fishguard. I'll take a
butchers knife with me. I'll
look after myself, never fear.

EXT. FOOTPATH ACROSS THE COMMON. DAY.

Raven's eye view. In a wide, bleak landscape MARTHA is striding along the mountain ridge, heading west for Fishguard. She wears a heavy hooded cloak. Gunshots in the distance. She is passed by a column of five or six horse-drawn carts heading east, piled high with possessions and accompanied by fleeing families. She remonstrates with them -- we see her gesticulating. But they are all so frightened that they will not be deterred. They carry on as she heads west.

EXT. COTTAGE IN THE WOODS AT CWM. NIGHT.

MARTHA comes across a cottage which has been taken over by the French. She stays out of sight. An elderly couple are trussed up on the ground, not far from the front door. A French soldier in a black uniform is stationed at the door, but after a while he goes inside.

Martha approaches the old couple gingerly, lifts her skirts and pulls her butchers knife from a roll of rags attached to her leg with a garter. Without a word she holds a finger to her lips, cuts the ropes and frees them, and replaces the knife. With gestures, she asks how many soldiers there are. She finds out that there are now five soldiers in the house, stealing and eating food. She motions to the frightened pair to stay where they are, to keep quiet, and to pretend that they are still bound. She hides again.

The watchman comes out of the cottage and closes the door. Satisfied that all is quiet, he places his musket against a wall, and urinates. As he does so Martha comes up behind him, prods her knife into the back of his neck, drawing a trickle of blood.

MARTHA

(speaking very softly in
French)

Caught in mid-stream. Raise
both hands, sir, or I'll kill
you. I'll also kill you if you
make the slightest sound.

He obeys instructions, and the old couple seize the musket, allow him to do up his breeches, and tie him up. He is drunk, and scared.

OLD MAN (70)

(whispers)

They're all drunk, Mistress.
Too much stolen Portuguese
wine, from the farms on Pen
Caer. Hundreds of casks and
bottles, after that shipwreck.

Martha nods and turns back to the French soldier.

MARTHA

(in French)

Now sir, what are the names of
your comrades?

SOLDIER

Joseph, Frederic, Claude et
Jean-Paul.

MARTHA

(in French)

Call them! Tell them to come
quickly!

He opens the door and calls them. When they come out they are confronted by the sight of the old man with the musket and Martha holding her knife to the captive's throat.

MARTHA

(still speaking French)

Good day, gentlemen! Now,
throw down all of your weapons
or see your colleague's throat
slit. Muskets, pistols, knives.
Quickly!

They are rather drunk, but have no inclination to resist. They do as they are told, and all five are forced to lie face down on the grass. The old man fetches a rope and their hands are tied behind them. The old man takes possession of the weapons and guards the captives.

OLD WOMAN (65)

God bless you, Mistress! I'll
fetch the neighbours and get
these fellows locked up.

She scuttles off to get help. Martha wraps up her knife again and restores it to its place beneath her skirt.

MARTHA

(to the old man)

Forgive me sir, but I'd better be on my way. I'm looking for my husband. Good day to you!

She takes one of the muskets, and goes on her way.

As she leaves the clearing she stops as she realises that she is shivering uncontrollably. She cannot believe what she has just done. With her back against a tree, she closes her eyes, breathes deeply, composes herself and walks on.

EXT. FOOTPATH ACROSS THE COMMON. DAY.

(Raven's eye view) Towards dusk, MARTHA retraces her steps back to the Plas, having failed in her hunt for David. She carries the French musket over her shoulder.

EXT. OUTSIDE PLAS INGLI. DAY.

As MARTHA arrives, BESSIE comes out to greet her.

BESSIE

The latest news, Mistress?

MARTHA

The French are still on Pen Caer, but we control Fishguard. The militia wouldn't allow me to pass beyond the town.

BESSIE

And nobody has seen or heard anything of David and Billy?

MARTHA

I asked everybody I met. Nothing. Oh Bessie, what will I do if anything has happened to them?

Tears well up, and Bessie puts her arm around her her.

BESSIE

Have faith, Mistress. They both know how to look after themselves. And where did that musket come from?

MARTHA

Oh, it's French, I think. Shall we say it was given to me as a souvenir?

INT. ROYAL OAK INN, FISHGUARD. DAY.

It's all over. LORD CAWDOR sits behind a table in the bar room of the Royal Oak Inn facing GENERAL TATE (55), the American commanding officer of the French force. Half a dozen Fencible officers are in attendance. Tate is dishevelled and exhausted. He signs the surrender document. There is ongoing cheering and singing outside.

LORD CAWDOR

I thank you, sir. That completes the formalities. You will now proceed with Lieutenant Griffin here to Goodwick Sands where you will observe the formal laying down of all weapons. All of your men will be recognized as prisoners of war and marched to appropriate places of detention. They will be treated well.

GENERAL TATE

And my casualties, sir?

LORD CAWDOR

The dead - mercifully few - will be buried with military honours. The injured will be given the best possible medical treatment. You may rest assured of that. Good day, sir!

They shake hands and exchange salutes. Tate is then marched out of the room. For a moment Lord Cawdor is left alone in the bar room. He is pensive.

LORD CAWDOR

Willison!

Sergeant WILLISON (23) enters and salutes.

WILLISON

Sir?

LORD CAWDOR

Go outside and to address the crowd. Ask whether there is a young man present who had a discussion with me near Goodwick. Name of Morgan, I think.

The sergeant salutes and leaves. Lord Cawdor paces the room, deep in thought. After a few moments Willison returns with DAVID at his side and then salutes and retires. David is exhausted, battered and bruised, with his clothes torn and muddy. He still carries a French musket.

LORD CAWDOR

So we meet again, Master Morgan. Sit, please.

David is apprehensive, and is not sure how to respond. He nods and sits down as the great man also pulls up a chair.

LORD CAWDOR

First things first. I owe you the profoundest of apologies. Yesterday you provided me with the most invaluable intelligence. My hasty rejection of your advice, and the haughty tone of my reply, are the cause of very great regret. I apologize unreservedly. Will you forgive me?

David is taken aback and for a moment does not reply. At last he finds his voice.

DAVID

Sir, there's nothing to forgive. You were under great stress, and making instant decisions in such circumstances is not easy. You acted in the

manner which seemed to you to be most appropriate.

Lord Cawdor gives a hollow laugh.

LORD CAWDOR

I appreciate the graciousness of your reply. Between these four walls, as soon as I had ordered the column to continue I realized the good sense of your protestations and the foolishness of my decision. I stopped the column and sent scouts ahead who confirmed the presence of French grenadiers, lying in the grass, dressed in black, with their muskets trained on the point at which the lane met the common. They had watchmen on Carn Gelli. As soon as the scouts reported I ordered a disciplined retreat. Thank God, not a shot was fired.

DAVID

An altogether suitable outcome, My Lord, and followed this morning by the surrender of an undisciplined and dispirited rabble. A great day for Wales, perhaps?

LORD CAWDOR

Let's hope that history agrees with you. I shudder to think what the alternative might have been. Hundreds dead, my own reputation in tatters, and the Trefwrgi Massacre listed as the greatest military fiasco on British soil. Tell me, how old are you?

DAVID

Nineteen, sir.

LORD CAWDOR

And your estate?

DAVID

Plas Ingli, sir, not far from
Newport.

LORD CAWDOR

Yes yes. I've heard of it.
The old house destroyed in a
terrible fire, I think. Bad
business. But I hear good
things about the estate.
Rising from the flames like a
true red dragon!

DAVID

I do my best, My Lord, with the
loving help of my new wife and
my old grandparents.

LORD CAWDOR

Ha! Excellent! I'm in no doubt
that the estate is in good
hands. Long may it thrive.....

There is a knock on the door, and Sergeant Willison
enters and salutes.

WILLISON

Excuse me, sir, but your
officers say you are needed
down at the beach, to observe
the laying down of arms.

LORD CAWDOR

Master Morgan, it appears that
there's one final duty that
must be attended to. I'm
considerably in your debt.
Remember that - and if, at any
time in the future, you need my
assistance, don't hesitate to
contact me.

INT. BLACK LION INN, NEWPORT. DAY.

MOSES is sitting in the dim corner in the noisy public
bar of the Black Lion, sipping from a mug of ale. A
drunken rabble is celebrating the defeat of the French.
Suddenly the whole place becomes quiet and a dozen men
dressed in female costumes and with straw hair and
blackened faces come inside and surround Moses.
Everybody knows that they are the members of the *Ceffyl*

Pren. The foreman of the "jury" (CARADOC WILLIAMS in disguise) steps forward.

FOREMAN

Moses Lloyd, you are charged with treason, cowardice and desertion in the face of the French enemy. How say you, sir?

MOSES

Damn you, I've been heavily engaged these past days, protecting the members of my family!

The men roar with laughter.

FOREMAN

We know otherwise, sir. You are required to face trial by jury.

He is grabbed and dragged outside.

EXT. THE ESTUARY NEAR NEWPORT. DAY.

MOSES is carried by the *Ceffyl Pren* jury on a ladder with a sign saying "Coward and Deserter" tied around his neck. One of the "women" beats a drum, and another plays the bugle. A jeering and chanting crowd follows behind. They reach the ducking stool at the water's edge. It's midwinter, and the water is very cold. Moses struggles and swears, but he is strapped in. He is clearly terrified.

FOREMAN

Moses Lloyd, you have heard the charge. How do you plead?

MOSES

Innocent, damn you all!

FOREMAN

Members of the jury, what is your verdict?

CROWD

Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

Not far away, JOSEPH HARRIES sits quietly on his white pony, watching. Then Moses is ducked five times into

the muddy swirling water, to great cheers from the onlookers, and is then released and left alone on the bank, soaking wet, cold and humiliated.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE KITCHEN. DAY.

At dusk MOSES storms into the kitchen of the Plas when family and servants (including WILL and SHEMI, who have returned from their military duty) are sitting down to supper. His clothes are sodden and he is still dripping water.

Without a word, he goes through to his room and slams the door. Martha looks surprised.

WILL

When a man goes missing for four days, with the enemy at the door, the least he can expect is a little visit from the forces of law and order.....

EXT. PATH ACROSS THE COMMON. NIGHT.

In the starlight, we see a lantern approaching. As it comes closer, we see and hear two men on horseback, moving at walking pace. One carries the lantern and a musket, and the other is playing tunelessly on a bugle. DAVID and BILLY have recovered the lost horse, and are returning in triumph from the battle.

INT. PLAS INGLI. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The residents are having their supper. Suddenly DAVID and BILLY hammer on the door and burst in. David carries his captured French musket. Billy has his broken arm in a sling. There is pandemonium. David embraces MARTHA, who has tears in her eyes.

DAVID

Cariad! We're safe and well -- and thank God for it! There were times when I thought I might never see you again. No excitement here, I trust?

MARTHA

No, dearest. We organized ourselves, and then I went to

see if I could find news of
you, and when there was none, I
came home.

There are embraces all round. Extra plates are found,
and the two heroes sit down to supper. Billy manages
as best he can with one hand. Animated discussion and
laughter.

FADE OUT on a tidy table

FADE IN AGAIN. There are wine bottles and mugs and
glasses everywhere. Quite a party has been going on.
David rattles on with gusto about his role in defeating
the invasion force.

DAVID

..... so the most powerful
man in the county said to me:
"I'm considerably in your debt.
Remember that...."

BESSIE

And did you kill any Frenchmen,
Master?

DAVID

I hope not, Bessie. Two fell
and were dragged away. Mayhem,
but not much blood.....

BILLY

Like a man possessed, he was.

Martha smiles to herself and sees that David is tired.

MARTHA

And now, husband, I perceive
that you are very tired
indeed...

DAVID

Oh, am I?

MARTHA

It is decreed. Come along,
before I get angry with you.

Cheering and ribald comments from the assembled
company. David pretends to resist, but Martha takes a
lighted candle lantern and drags him off to bed.
Before leaving the kitchen, he grabs his prize musket.

DAVID

I might need this, dear
friends, in order to protect
myself from my fierce wife!

More cheering, more lewd comments.

INT. PLAS INGLI: THE MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The room is in darkness. Martha and David enter. She uses the candle lantern to light the candles. The sound of singing drifts up from the kitchen. David places his prize musket against the wall near the foot of the bed, and notices that there is an identical musket there already.

DAVID

Martha, where on earth did this
come from? Is it identical to
mine? It can't be French,
surely?

MARTHA

Oh, I suppose it might be.
It's a matter of no concern.

DAVID

Where on earth did you get it?

MARTHA

A fellow gave it to me, as a
memento of the Invasion. Very
kind of him, I thought. I'll
tell you about it some time.
But now there are more
important things to do.

She kisses him long and hard. Then she undresses him slowly and sensuously as they stand by the bed.

MARTHA

Husband, you're exhausted,
battered and bruised, poor
thing. But I'm resolved to be
very gentle with you....

INT. PLAS INGLI: THE UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT.

The landing is pitch black. The sounds of revelry are still drifting up the staircase. A pinpoint of light appears. Somebody carrying a lighted candle moves quietly to the bedroom door. Inside, Martha and David are noisily making love. The face of the person carrying the candle is illuminated in the flickering light as he stops and puts his ear to the door. It is Moses Lloyd.

END OF EPISODE ONE