32 CONTINUED INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE IN ASHFORD STREET DAY.

Mrs. Markham is in the bed, shrunk to a wisp. She looks a corpse, her hair is straggled all over the pillow. She is in deep coma, cyanosed, breathing deeply but very slowly. Dr. Goodason produces a torch and a stethoscope from her case. Bending over the bed, she pulls up one of Mrs. Markham's eyelids, and shines the torch into the eye.

(CAMERA VERY CLOSE UP . .)

The eye does not move. Dr. Goodason takes first one, then the other wrist, trying for the pulse. She gives up, opens Mrs. Markham's night-attire and sounds her heart beat, using the stethoscope. The sound (Greatly amplified) of an actual heartbeat from a case of barbiturate poisoning comes through as sound-over-vision . Very slow and feeble.

End of Telecine 8.

(DR. GOODASON, HAVING FINISHED HER BRIEF EXAMINATI
OF MRS. MARKHAM, STANDS UP AND LOOKS FROM MARIE
TO TOM MARKHAM, SEVERAL TIMES)

DR. GOODASON: (Thoughfully) Barbiturate poisoning . . . Mr. Markh
will you ring 999 for an ambulance . . tell them to step on it . .
Marie, will you get your mother's toilet necessaries together in a small case . . . . I must write a note to the Casualty Officer . .

(DR. GOODASON SITS ON THE FOOT OF THE BED
WRITES ON A PAD ON HER KNEE. . . . TOM MARKHAM
REAPPEARS THROUGH THE DOORWAY)

TOM MARKHAM: They'll be here in a couple of minutes . . .

DR. GOODASON : Thank God for quick service . . . . now look here, Mr. Markham, here's a note for you to take to the Casualty Officer. I want you to go in the ambulance with your wife. I've told them about the missing barbiturate capsules from last year . . . .

( AMBULANCE SIREN IN STREET, DIES AWAY AS VEHICLE
STOPS, A SPLIT SECOND PAUSE AND THE FRONT DOOR BEL
RINGS, AND THE KNOCKER BANGS THREE TIMES )

DR. GOODASON: Mr. Markham, will you let them come in . . . I'll leave you to look after things and go with them . . . You've got the note I gave you . . Marie has her mother's night bag ready for you . . . Now, come along Marie, we h a v e to find the rest those capsules.

( DR. GOODASON AND MARIE LEAVE THE BEDROOM . .
SOUNDS OF MENS' VOICES, STEPS AND STRETCHER BUMPS
COMING UP THE STAIRS )

. . . . . /

33 INT. BEDROOM DAY.

(DR. GOODASON AND MARIE ARE SEEN IN TOM MARKHAM'S BEDROOM, WHICH IS MUCH AS IN SHOT 20, Page 22).

DR. GOODASON: (Briskly) Now, Marie . . you and I are going to tear this place apart, looking for those capsules . . . let's start with your mother's room, as soon as the ambulance has gone.

(MENS' VOICES, SLIGHT BUMPS, AND THEN THE FRONT DOOR CLOSES WITH AN AUDIBLE BANG. A MOMENTARY PAUSE FOR LOADING THE STRETCHER IN THE EHICLE . . THE SIREN STARTS UP AND RAPIDLY FADES INTO THE DISTANCE)

MARIE: I'll go and make some coffee . . .

(MARIE LEAVES THE ROOM . . . A FEW MOMENTS LATER, DR. GOODASON ALSO LEAVES . . . )

34 INT. BEDROOM DAY.

(DR. GOODASON IS SEEN SITTING ON MRS. MARKHAM'S BED. THE BED HAS BEEN STRIPPED DOWN BARE TO THE MATTRESS. THE BEDCLOTHES ARE FOLDED IN A NEAT STACK, PILED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BED. MARIE IS CLEARING UP THE COFFEE MUGS AND THE TRAY, READY TO TAKE DOWNSTAIRS.

MARIE: Any more coffee, doctor . . ?

DR. GOODASON: (Miles away . . comes back to life with a jerk) Sorry, Marie, I was miles away . . . No, no more coffee . . . did me good, though . . .

(PAUSES AND CONTINUES)

. . . You know, Marie, it's a complete poser . . . Nothing . . . nothing anywhere.

(PAUSES AND CONTINUES)

. . . Now, tell me, what happened here, as far as you know ?

MARIE: Well, me mum generally gets the breakfast on a Sunday, and when she hadn't got down by nine o'clock, Tom . . . Mr. Markham, that is, went up and found her spark out. He called me to help try and wake her. It wasn't any use, so he phoned you . . . . is . . . is she going to be all right . . . ?

( DR. GOODASON SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS, UNHOPEFULLY)

DR. GOODASON: She's desperately ill . . . . How was she at bedtime last night ?

. . . . . /

34 CONTINUED INT. BEDROOM DAY.

MARIE: O. K. . . . . got the 'ump, a bit, as usual. Tom gave her a box of chocolates last night, when we were watching telly . . .try to cheer her up, sort of. . . .

DR. GOODASON: That was nice of him. But otherwise, anything ? No rows, no friction or anything . . . . ?

MARIE: No. We stayed watching telly, and about ten she went up to bed. A bit later I remembered her indigestion mixture was in the kitchen, and I took it up to her, but she said she didn't want it.

(DR. GOODASON SITS GLUMLY ON THE BED, LOOKING INTO SPACE, THINKING)

DR. GOODASON: She refused it, eh ? . . . . . Why ?

MARIE: Dunno . . . Said she didn't want it, she'd taken her sleeping mixture instead.

DR. GOODASON: What was she doing when you went in ?

MARIE: Sitting up in bed, reading a new book I got her from the Library yesterday . . . . . Said she was going to enjoy it . . and with her box of chocolates . . .

DR. GOODASON: (With emphasis) Now, Marie, lets be very careful here . . . . are you quite sure . . . (deliberate extra emphasis) she said 'she would enjoy it' ? Take your time, now . . . . it's very important . . . .

MARIE: Yes, that's what she said . . .

DR. GOODASON: And then ?

MARIE: I said goodnight to her and left .

DR. GOODASON: And you didn't see or hear your mother again until this morning ?

MARIE: That's right . . .

DR. GOODASON: What time did Mr. Markham go up to bed ?

MARIE: About twelve o'clock. When I'd told him mother wouldn't have her indigestion medicine, he went up to see why, but she was already half asleep, and just mumbled . . .

( FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD ON THE STAIRS. TOM MARKHAM COMES INTO THE ROOM, BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL)

TOM MARKHAM: . . . I got a lift back . . . just got lucky . . . .

DR. GOODASON: Well, I hope I may yet be wrong, but I'm pretty sure your wife is suffering from barbiturate poisoning. . . .

. . . . . /

34 CONTINUED INT. BEDROOM DAY.

TOM MARKHAM: Those sleeping capsules, you mean ?

DR. GOODASON: Exactly, Mr. Markham . . .

TOM MARKHAM: But she's been off them for months. And even when she was on them, they never did her any harm. Anyway, where could she have got them. She'd none left . . .

DR. GOODASON: You're forgetting those she lost last year. They don't deteriorate, you know.

TOM MARKHAM: God! So she must have had them around all along, and now she's gone and done it ?

DR. GOODASON: It's not as simple as that . . . . If she was so desperate, a n d had the capsules handy, why did she go in for the complications of trying to slash her wrists ? . . .

(PAUSES AND THINKS, AND CONTINUES)

. . . now according to Marie, her mother was sitting up in bed, just starting to read a new book she said she was going to enjoy. Now, anyone just going to commit suicide by taking an overdose does not start off by beginning a new, interesting book, and with a box of chocolates for company.

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES, AND CONTINUES)

. . . And another thing . . . where is the container with the rest of the capsules, if any were left ? Marie and I have ransacked the place, and it is nowhere to be found. Why should she want to take a fatal overdose and then hide the container so completely ? What could she expect to gain by it ?

TOM MARKHAM: Doctor, I don't see what you're getting at . . . seems to me you're making a mystery out of nothing . . .

DR. GOODASON: Well, I'm glad you're able to see it like that . .

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES, AND CONTINUES)

. . . . . Has she been taking any other medicines, or alcohol, or some sort of tonic ?

TOM MARKHAM: Not as far as I know . . . . she's been right off the grog ever since hospital.

(DR. GOODASON GOES TO THE BEDSIDE TABLE, PICKS UP THE BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND EXAMINES THE CONTENTS CAREFULLY. SHE TAKES OUT TWO OR THREE, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, AT RANDOM, AND BREAKS THEM IN HALF, EXAMINING THE BROKEN HALVES CLOSELY NEAR TO. SHE DABS THE BROKEN SURFACES WITH HER TONGUE. AFTER REPLACING THE BOX CAREFULLY ON THE SIDE TABLE, DR. GOODASON SPEAKS :-)

. . . . . /

34 CONTINUED INT. BEDROOM DAY.

DR. GOODASON: Well, only two have been eaten, and the others seem all right. Is this the only box she had ? There isn't another like it in the house, by any chance ?

TOM MARKHAM: No, Doctor, not that I know of. I got that for her at the Gift Shop in High Street yesterday.

DR. GOODASON: Well, I'd better take it . . . it may give the Hospital laboratory some information. Now, something else. Has Mrs. Markham ever threatened to take her own life ?

TOM MARKHAM: Oh, sure. Every time she felt really low she'd say things like that. Wouldn't she, Marie ?

(MARIE LOOKS FIDGETY, SAYS NOTHING)

DR. GOODASON: So, . . . if she h a d tried again to commit suicide now, you wouldn't be greatly surprised . . . ?

TOM MARKHAM: No, not really . . .

DR. GOODASON: Right. Now can I see her indigestion mixture and sleeping draught, please ?

(MARIE HAMILTON CROSSES THE ROOM TO HER MOTHER'S DRESSING TABLE, AND PRODUCES TWO MEDICINE BOTTLES, ONE IN DARK GLASS, THE OTHER MADE OF CLEAR GLASS. THE CLEAR BOTTLE HAS DARK LIQUID IN IT, ABOUT HALF FULL.

MARIE HANDS THEM TO DR. GOODASON, WHO UNCORKS AND TESTS EACH IN TURN, SNIFFING AND TASTING THE CONTENTS, ON THE TIP OF HER TONGUE, THEN REPLACING THE SCREW TOPS CAREFULLY).

DR. GOODASON: Well, they seem all right, fortunately . . . Now, Mr. Markham. . . . there is only one thing that you must do and do right away, and that is to hunt down that capsule container and let me know as soon as you find it. Meanwhile I shall be in touch with the hospital, and we must all of us just wait and see. . . . Don't come down, I can see myself out.

(DR. GOODASON LEAVES THE ROOM)

35. EXT. ROSSLYN HILL, HAMPSTEAD DAY.

TELECINÉ 9:

Ext. Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, and interior of Dr. Goodason's own car.

Dr. Goodason is driving up Rosslyn Hill, just passing Downshire Hill Police Station. She is dressed as she was when leaving the Markham home in Shot 34, and is seen in left profile, viewed from either the front nearside, or rear nearside, passenger seat. She is thinking aloud, enough to cover the sound inside the car.

. . . . . /

35 CONTINUED EXT. ROSSLYN HILL, HAMPSTEAD DAY.

DR. GOODASON: (Musingly) Rum . . . very, very rum. Either a boxful of capsules before a good read or let someone push a fatal spoonful down you while you're not looking . . . . Got to be massive . . . victim must never speak again. Too risky . . .

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES)

. . . or else ?

FADE IN - SOUND OVER VISION, THE VITH VERSE OF THE THEME BALLAD. A YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE IN GENTLE LAMENT . . . . HOPE IS FADING . .

'Why weep ye sae, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye sae on me ?
O I am going to Edinburgh Town,
A rich wedding for tae see . . .

During the verse, Dr. Goodason drives on up Rosslyn Hill, into Hampstead High Street;

Continue teleciné and cut a split second after verse ends.

36. INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

THE NEXT MORNING. THE CLOCK SHOWS 10. 25 a.m.

DR. GOODASON, IN WHITE LAB. COAT, IS SITTING AT HER DESK, ENTERING NOTES IN A CASE FILE . .

THE TELEPHONE RINGS, SHE ANSWERS IT . . .

DR. GOODASON: (PHONE CRACKLE) Yes, I am Dr. Goodason . . . . Yes . . .I've been sitting here just hoping you'd ring . . . What news of Mrs. Markham ?

(PAUSE, CRACKLE)

. . .h'm, coma . . . any sign of recognition or consciousness ?

(CRACKLE)

CONTINUES (dejectedly) uh huh ! . . . . Look, I'm terribly sorry, I forgot to introduce ourselves, can I ask your name ? Dr. Oliver . . . Oh, good . . . (CRACKLE) Yes, well, house physicians do rather tend to come and go whilst we poor G.P.'s just get barnacles. So, we agree, it's barbiturate poisoning . . . (CRACKLE) . . . Ah, you did; good, I was going to ask you about that. Did you recover any partially dissolved material from the capsule cases in the stomach ? You didn't ? (CRACKLE) Nothing but the chocolate ? . . . . (CRACKLE) I don't know yet, but it might become important. Tell me this . . . . Putting on your guessing cap, what would your lab. estimate the size of the dose at ? (CRACKLE, FAIRLY LONG) . . . let's see . . .

(DR. GOODASON DOES A SUM ON A PAD, AND CONTINUES)

. . . . . /

36 CONTINUED INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

DR. GOODASON: (Continues, very concerned) . . . but that's the contents of somewhere between twenty and thirty capsules. There would just have to be some partially digested material in the stomach or bowel from such a large quantity . . . .

(CRACKLE)

. . . . Yes, well, she w o u l d be critical after that amount . . . And definitely no capsule material found unabsorbed. All right, Dr. Oliver. I'm very grateful to you. . . I'll be in touch . .

(DR. GOODASON RINGS OFF. THE INTERCOM. BUZZES; DR. GOODASON PRESSES SWITCH TO RECEIVE)

MISS MACKIE: (Voice on intercom.) Mr. Markham's here, Doctor; he's not got an appointment, but says can you see him a minute ?

DR. GOODASON: Yes, send him in . . .

(TOM MARKHAM ENTERS)

DR. GOODASON: Good morning, Mr. Markham . .

TOM MARKHAM: Thank you for seeing me doctor, I saw Elizabeth last night. No change. In a coma . . . no sign of coming round.

DR. GOODASON: Yes, so the Hospital have told me. There's no better news this morning. How is Marie ?

TOM MARKHAM: Oh, she's very upset, and that, but very quiet.

DR. GOODASON: Yes, of course. By the way, any sign of that container yet ?

TOM MARKHAM: No.

DR. GOODASON: (Innocently) Weren't the capsules in a cardboard container ?

TOM MARKHAM: Yes, that's right . .

DR. GOODASON: (Quickly) How do you know for sure ?

TOM MARKHAM: (Blustering) That's how they're always supplied, aren't they ?

DR. GOODASON: Not always; sometimes they are in a bottle.

TOM MARKHAM: (Angrily) How do I know that ? I've only ever seen them in boxes, so I took it for granted . .

DR. GOODASON: I see; well, assuming it w a s a cardboard box, could it have been thrown in the fire ?

TOM MARKHAM: We have no fires; only gas and electricity . . . and the dust bins.

. . . . . /

36 CONTINUED INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

DR. GOODASON: (Muttering to herself) I'd give a lot to know what happened to that container . . . . something tells me it's important It'll nag me till I know.

TOM MARKHAM: (Sounding almost afraid) Know what ?

DR. GOODASON: I'm not sure myself yet, but I'm going to find out .

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES, AND CONTINUES)

. . . Well, you must be busy, and I've got my visiting to do . . Let me know when you have any more news . .

(TOM MARKHAM GOES OUT, THE DOOR CLOSES)

36. INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

TELECINÉ 10:

Surgery, Desk End, Day.

The following day, Dr. Goodason is seen, in white lab. coat, walking up and down her surgery. The wall-clock shows 9.05 a.m.

Fade in over vision the VIIth verse of the Theme Ballad . . . Grimly and distinctly. The voice of the same young girl; Retribution is meeting Marie in the way. Singing gently, but very distinctly :

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee,
And lang or e'er she cam doon again,
She was condemn'd tae dee . . .

Whilst the verse is being sung, Dr. Goodason stops pacing up and down, turns to the door, which opens to admit Tom Markham. The timing to be such that the music ends a fraction of a second before the appropriate moment for him to begin to speak :-

TOM MARKHAM: (Wearing blue raincoat, dark suit, black shoes. He looks shocking) Sorry to rush in, Dr. Goodason . . . . it's Elizabeth . . she didn't make it . . . she died at two o'clock this morning.

37 INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

(TIME: ONE WEEK LATER WALL CLOCK SHOWS 12 noon.

DR. GOODASON, IN NAVY BLUE ROLL-NECKED SWEATER, NAVY BLUE SLACKS, BLACK LEATHER BELT WITH CIRCULAR SILVER RING BUCKLE, FASTENED ROUND THE WAIST OUTSIDE THE SWEATER, LOW HEELED BLACK SHOES, HAIR IN A HIGH PILE ON TOP OF HER HEAD, IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE, LOOKING THROUGH A CASE-HISTORY FOLDER. MISS MACKIE IS STANDING BY, ATTENTIVELY. DR. GOODASON SPEAKS :-)

. . . . . /

37 CONTINUED INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

MDR.GOODASON: Well, Miss Mackie, . . . the Coroner has gone for a verdict of Death by Barbiturate overdose, self-administered. Suicide Well, he went over the whole ground very closely. He was very thorough. . .

(DR. GOODASON PAUSES, AND CONTINUES:-)

. . . B U T, . . . . I'll stake my wig on it that there's more to it than that, and I'm going to find out what.

38. INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

(TWO WEEKS LATER: THE WALL-CLOCK SHOWS 12.10 AFTER MIDDAY. THE INTERCOM. BEEPS . . DR. GOODASO PRESSES SWITCH TO RECEIVE. MISS MACKIE'S VOICE IS HEARD:-)

MISS MACKIE: (Voice on intercom.) There's Mrs. Atherton here to see you, Doctor. She says she knows its late for surgery, but it's important . . .

DR. GOODASON: Send her in . . . .

(A KNOCK, THE DOOR OPENS AND MRS. ATHERTON ENTERS)

DR. GOODASON: Come in my dear, sit down; what's the trouble ? Aspirin no longer any good ?

MRS. ATHERTON: (Wheezily) No, it's not me, Doctor. It's you that's looking a bit done . . . Bin overworking ? Nothink wrong, is there

DR. GOODASON: Well, its always either too much to do or not enough . . . trouble is keeping it evened out. Now, what's on your mind ?

MRS. ATHERTON: Well, I'm not going to beat about the bush, Doctor. It's about Marie Hamilton . . .

DR. GOODASON: Her again . . . . what's to do now ? Fire away . .

MRS. ATHERTON: You know I'm still working at their shop, and I do the housekeeping as well, now poor Mrs. Markham's gorn. . . .

DR. GOODASON: Um . . . you must be putting in quite a bit of time there now ?

MRS. ATHERTON: Yes . . . Well, Doc., it's none of my business, but I thought maybe you could help me . . .

DR. GOODASON: About Marie ?

MRS. ATHERTON: Yes . . . I'm worried sick about that gel. . . . Something's got to be done and quick. She's in a terrible state, sort of creeps about from room to room around the house, like she dun't know where to hide herself. She and Tom, they're nowhere nea so friendly as they used to be . . .

. . . . . /

38 CONTINUED INT. SURGERY, DESK END DAY.

DR. GOODASON: The attraction faded, perhaps ?

MRS ATHERTON: That's what I thought . . . but there's more to it than that. He's got another girl in the place.

DR. GOODASON: What other girl ?

MRS. ATHERTON: A new cashier . . . the old one left to look after her old dad, and this Alice Lane's taken her place. He's made up to her straight away, takes her out a lot, night after night . . Leaves Marie in that house on her tod, week after week.

DR. GOODASON: Humph . . .

MRS. ATHERTON: There's more to it . . . the other night there was a right bust up . . . . that's what really made me want to see you.

DR. GOODASON: I see . . . Well ? . .

MRS. ATHERTON: I know I shouldn't of listened, but I couldn't help meself . . . I had to go back to the shop for me shopping bag. I'd just let meself in, and I heard them at it, upstairs, shouting at each other something awful. I 'eard 'im 'it 'er, and 'e called 'er a little tart, and she was crying and shouting 'You're glad she' gone . . . . You only married her to get the business and when you'd got it you were done with 'er'. He was shouting back at her, to shut up, that she'd open 'er trap once too often, that you was suspicious already, asking a lot of questions. He told 'er she was only in his way, and as far as 'e cared she could drop down dead any time. . . . It was real rough stuff, Doctor . . .

DR. GOODASON: What happened then ? . . .

MRS. ATHERTON: Well . . . Marie starts sobbing to break her heart. I've never heard a woman cry like that . . . . and I've heard a few in me time, . . . I got panicky, . . . and beat it quick . . . . scarpered . . . . Next day I took the day orf, and the day after I said I'd been a bit rough and stayed off. Just carried on as if everythink's normal, and kept me eyes open. . . . . Marie, you wouldn't know it was her . . . Face all puffy, dam' great bruise one side of her eye, 'er eyes all swelled with crying . . . eats nothing every day . . . losing weight fast . . .

DR. GOODASON: H'm, very tricky, Mrs. Atherton . . . . very . . .

MRS. ATHERTON: I feel scared, Doctor. Something terrible's happened in that house, and can happen again . . . something terrible happened to Elizabeth Markham, . . . I'm certain she never committed suicide . . .

DR. GOODASON: Now, be careful, my dear . . . I sympathise, but :

(PAUSES FOR EMPHASIS, AND CONTINUES:--

. . . . . /