

GREATREX

Written by

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EXT. PORT PHILLIP - DAY

Under the burning sun, the convict ship Maitland is harboured at the busy Port Phillip with shackled prisoners being led down the gangway on to land. The dock is bustling with men transferring cargo between wagons to and from an array of ships lining the shore, creating clouds of dust from the dry earth that irritates the eyes and catches the back of the throat.

At six foot in height and broad-shouldered, the dishevelled figure of JOHN HENRY GREATREX [19], his tattered clothes hanging loosely from his filthy body, stands out among the motley crowd of men being led towards a line of wooden tables where uniformed officers and medics process each criminal before being dispatched to waiting wagons which will deliver them to their place of work.

EXT. PORT PHILLIP/PROCESSING TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The foreman of the Process walks up and down the line of convicts.

CONVICT PROCESS FOREMAN

You are now in the employ of the British Government. Any of you men have skills of use then now is your chance to state your worth otherwise you take whatever job is given. From this moment on till the end of your sentence, should any man be convicted of any crime, no matter how small, the punishment will be hard labour. Do you understand?

The men mumble their understanding.

CONVICT PROCESS FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Then line up and we shall begin.

The young convict stands in line and watches the processing of an accompanying criminal ahead of him.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER

Trade?

PROCESS CONVICT

Shoemaker.

The Process Officer hands a slip of paper to the convict.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER  
Wagon Four. Give this to the  
driver.

Greatrex shuffles with clanking leg chains to the table and takes his turn to find out what his fate will be. An officer sits behind the table, a large ledger book open in front of him, ready to document each incomer.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Name?

GREATREX  
John Henry Greatrex

The officer begins to write in the ledger. Without looking up at the convict he continues to speak.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER  
Trade?

GREATREX  
Actor.

The young convict pulls back his shoulders and puffs his chest out confidently and smiles as the officer looks up at him and studies the bedraggled teenager who speaks with an accentuated English brogue.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER  
They have such in Birmingham?

The young man smiles confidently.

GREATREX  
They do. Even the great bard  
Shakespeare honed his skills in  
those parts.

The officer looks up quizzically then chuckles.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER  
Is that so?

GREATREX  
As God is my witness.

The officer returns his attention to the ledger and begins writing before taking a slip of paper, stamping it authoritatively and handing it over to the boy.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER  
Wagon ten.

He points towards the line of wagons with numbers painted on the side.

CONVICT PROCESS OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Give it to the driver.

GREATREX  
Aye sir.

The boy shuffles among the other convicts towards the wagon leaving the officer to process the next criminal.

EXT. PORT PHILLIP/WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting on the floor of the open wagon, two men sitting up front, Greatrex braces himself among the group of prisoners as they begin to depart the port, his transportation bumping along the uneven dirt road.

A fellow convict, sitting by his side, turns to him.

WAGON CONVICT  
What brought you to this god forsaken place?

GREATREX  
Theft...though it was money I was due.

The sallow convict chuckles.

WAGON CONVICT  
Aye, they all say that. How long?

GREATREX  
Seven years.

The convict ponders as the wagon rocks from side to side.

WAGON CONVICT  
Eighteen fifty-three will be a long time coming. Still, there are others that will likely die in this land before they see England again.

Greatrex remains silent as he looks around at the sad bunch of miscreants who have accepted their doom.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/STREET - DAY

The large, impressive wooden building that can accommodate one thousand customers, dominates the town that is bustling with transportation across the dirt road of the main street in the stifling heat this late morning. Pedestrians trod the wooden sidewalks that are flanked by an assortment of shops and saloons offering service to the myriad of men and women who reflect a working population diverse for a growing location.

The driver's accomplice jumps down off the wagon and advances towards the rear, unlocking the back to allow one to disembark. Holding a slip of paper, he looks up at the convicts.

WAGON DRIVER ASSISTANT  
Greatrex.

The young man rises awkwardly to his feet and manoeuvres himself to the end of the wagon before jumping down on to the road.

WAGON DRIVER ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

The two men advance towards the theatre.

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/FOYER - DAY

A rich red carpet blankets the floor that leads towards a central staircase with passageways on either side all leading to the auditorium. Empty kiosks flank the circular foyer where customers would pay for their tickets while in the centre a stout, balding MR CHAMBERS [42] wearing a dark suit and white-collared shirt converses with a young girl.

Aware of the two men entering, he glances round watching them advance.

WAGON DRIVER ASSISTANT  
(to Mr Chambers)  
Your new dogsbody. John Greatrex.

As the young girl exits, Greatrex scans the foyer in awe as the accompanying man retrieves a key from his pocket and unlocks the leg cuffs.

The manager studies the young man with an air of authority as a slip of paper is handed over.

WAGON DRIVER ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(to Greatrex)

You fuck this up and you'll be  
breaking rocks. You understand?

Greatrex nods solemnly.

The manager reads the slip of paper then looks at the boy.

MR CHAMBERS

(surprised)

Actor?

WAGON DRIVER ASSISTANT

So he says.

MR CHAMBERS

(to Greatrex)

Follow me.

The driver's assistant pivots and leaves the theatre as the manager and Greatrex head down one of the side passageways.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM - DAY

With no windows, the light is dim as the two men walk down the middle aisle, rows of red-cushioned seats filling the floor space. Ahead, two men and a woman rehearse on the wooden stage in front of a row of gas lamps spreading a soft glow where they stand.

Mr Chambers and Greatrex, his eyes fixed on the actors, pass the front of the stage, climb some steps and enter the rear.

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/GREATREX'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mr Chambers opens a door and enters a hovel of a room containing a single bed and side-table with a solitary oil lamp. A barred window partially hidden by a tattered curtain allows the daylight to expose the basic conditions to the young man. Dust sprinkles in the air of the humid room.

MR CHAMBERS

Your sleeping quarters. Three meals  
a day. One shilling a week.

The manager leans over to the side-table and lays the slip of paper down and retrieves a pen from inside his jacket, as Greatrex sits on the side of the bed behind him.

The older man pulls a hanky from his right pocket, unaware that a pound note inadvertently slips out and quietly floats to the floor. He wipes his forehead, beads of sweat trickle down his temple.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

The heat is unbearable in this land  
but you will get accustomed to it.

He begins to write his signature on the piece of paper as Greatrex softly places his boot over the note and draws it under the bed.

Chambers turns to the young man.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

You need to sign this so I can send  
it.

Greatrex rises and takes hold of the pen before adding his signature below Chamber's, then returns the pen to its owner.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Good. Let's get you started.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Three months later.

The auditorium is empty apart from four actors on stage, two men and two women, while Greatrex is packing a box with straw at the side. The women wear skirts and loose-fitting blouses while the men are in cotton trousers and collarless shirts. Male ACTOR #1 [37] stands centre stage with the others circled around him. Reciting their lines, they project their voices confidently across the stage.

ACTOR #1

Thou shall not bequeath such riches  
in times of trouble, madam?

Female ACTOR #2 [26] sweeps across the floor, her arms waving in the air.

ACTOR #2

Not if you're heart ladens you with  
guilt!

Male ACTOR #3 [25] abruptly advances towards Actor #2 and grabs her by the shoulders.

ACTOR #3  
We should be gone from here...

Actor 3 stops his reciting to cough.

ACTOR #3 (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

He raises a hand to his mouth and coughs again.

ACTOR #1  
Would you care for some water?

Actor 3 nods in response as the coughing becomes more persistent.

Female ACTOR #4 [25] rushes to the side of the stage as Greatrex stops stuffing the box to watch the events unfold.

The young woman grabs a ladle of water from a bucket and returns to the stage.

By now the face of Actor 3 is reddening as he grabs the ladle and drinks but he splutters through the persistent coughing.

At that moment, Mr Chambers enters the auditorium from the back of the stalls to see the actors on stage tending to their colleague. Briskly he advances.

ACTOR #1 (CONT'D)  
We need a doctor!

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM/BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Greatrex listens to the commotion while holding a small vial in his hands which he drops in a metal bucket that contains rubbish.

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The manager and the three remaining actors stand on the stage watching the ill actor be led up the aisle, doubled over and groaning.

ACTOR #2  
What shall become of him?



MR CHAMBERS

He will recover I do not doubt but  
we have a performance to deliver  
next week and time is of an  
essence.

From behind the curtain, the voice of Greatrex bellows out.

GREATREX (O.S.)

We should be gone from here for  
under that facade reasons a man  
intent on trouble!

The group look around to where the voice is coming from.

MR CHAMBERS

Boy! Come here.

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The young man confidently smiles as he appears on stage.

MR CHAMBERS

(angry)

You eavesdrop on matters not of  
your concern?

The smile instantly disappears.

GREATREX

Sorry sir.

The manager advances as if to take a swipe at the young man.

ACTOR #1

Mr Chambers. Wait!

The manager stops in his tracks and turns to the actors.

ACTOR #1 (CONT'D)

(to Greatrex)

You have been learning the lines?

GREATREX

Aye sir but not to cause  
disharmony.

ACTOR #1

You have performed before?

GREATREX

On occasion sir.

Actor 1 turns to the manager, raising an eyebrow.

ACTOR #1  
We do need someone.

Chambers looks gruffly at the young man, unimpressed.

MR CHAMBERS  
Give him the script and run through  
it, then let me know if he is good  
enough.

The manager makes his way across the stage to depart the scene.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)  
(to Greatrex)  
It'll still be a shilling a week  
for now.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A packed audience applaud loudly as the appreciative cast bow before them. Greatrex glances across to Actor 1 and smiles. Actor 1 nods in acknowledgement.

MONTAGE:

Poster for a performance showing Greatrex as a small part actor. The poster indicates the year is 1847.

Greatrex bows with the cast to an applauding audience.

Poster for a performance showing Greatrex as a supporting actor. The poster indicates the year is 1848.

Greatrex, now with a beard, performs on stage in a scene with other actors.

Poster for a performance showing Greatrex as leading actor. The poster indicates the year is 1849.

Greatrex stands in front of the cast as they take a bow and he turns and acknowledges them to the applauding audience.

INT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

As the curtain falls down in front of the cast to rousing applause, Greatrex and the others head backstage conversing between themselves.

GREATREX  
Well done everyone.

EXT. QUEEN'S THEATRE/ACTORS ENTRANCE/STREET - NIGHT

In the subdued, dark alley the actor, dressed in his normal attire, closes the door that clearly indicates Staff Entrance. Alone, he purposefully walks towards the main street that can be seen in the near distance where people walk by.

EXT. GREATREX'S SHOP/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

He steps on to the sidewalk from the main road as his landlord JAMES NEWBERRY [46], a smartly dressed individual with a thick moustache and slick black hair, approaches alongside his wife who is wearing a high-necked blouse and long dark skirt.

JAMES NEWBERRY  
An excellent performance Mr  
Greatrex.

GREATREX  
Thank you Mr Newberry.

He glances at the landlord's wife.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Good evening ma'am.

The woman smiles courteously.

MRS NEWBERRY  
And you, Mr Greatrex.

They converge outside the shop where foodstuffs are displayed in the window.

JAMES NEWBERRY  
By the way, may I remind you that  
rent is outstanding for last week.

GREATREX  
My apologies, sir. I will have it  
for you tomorrow. Between the  
theatre and running a business,  
there is not enough time in the  
day.

Just then, Greatrex's shopkeeper assistant, HENRIEN [25], a slight, fair-haired individual opens the entrance door to make himself present.

HENRIEN

Good evening Mr Greatrex. A calm  
night it is.

He turns to the Newberrys.

HENRIEN (CONT'D)

Evening sir. Ma'am.

The landlord offers a stiff glance as the couple continue on  
their way.

JAMES NEWBERRY

(to Greatrex)

Until tomorrow, John. Do not make  
me wait any longer.

Greatrex is calm and assured.

GREATREX

You shall have your rent Mr  
Newberry. Fear not.

The remaining men watch the couple as they enter the main  
door of the adjacent building.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

How sells the tobacco I got?

HENRIEN

It is popular Mr Greatrex. Two  
sacks left.

Greatrex retrieves his pocket watch.

GREATREX

Good. You can lock up now. The  
evening is quiet.

HENRIEN

Yes, sir.

Slipping the watch back in his waistcoat, he advances  
towards a side door that leads towards a flat above the  
shop.

INT. GREATREX'S SHOP/FLAT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nothing stirs in the quiet of the night as Greatrex soundly  
sleeps in the one-bedroom flat. Curtains softly flutter as a  
gentle breeze filters into the room that accommodates  
adequate storage and a side table around a well-worn rug in  
the centre.

INT. GREATREX'S SHOP/ENTRANCE - LATER

The shadowy figure of ARTHUR MCENROE [28], is keeping watch as his brother HAROLD MCENROE [30] is bent over forcing the front door open as quietly as possible with a crowbar.

A brief crack prises the door to allow the thieves to enter the silent shop.

INT. GREATREX'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Visibility is almost obsolete as they cautiously cross the wooden floor. A creak disturbs the muted evening, causing the brothers to nervously glance at each other before proceeding.

HAROLD MCENROE

(whisper)

You look over there.

The brothers separate to opposite ends of the room with Arthur targeting the back of the counter as Harold investigates the piles of sacks lined against shelves containing jars and tins.

Doubled over, Arthur rises from rummaging through some sacks only to catch his arm on a pair of scales as he turns in the narrow passage between the counter and the shelving. The scales clatter against a display of tins causing the metal to rattle as he tries to grab them only to knock a tin over in his panic.

It falls to the counter with a bang and rolls to the edge before falling loudly on to the wooden floor.

INT. GREATREX'S SHOP/FLAT BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Greatrex is startled awake by the noise from the shop below. In the blackness of the room, he throws the blanket off his body, to reveal his long johns, and he urgently makes for the source of the noise.

INT. GREATREX'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The disturbed actor thunders into the shop, a sword in hand, to find the McEnroe brothers in the middle of the room with Harold tightly gripping a sack of tobacco.

GREATREX

Take one step and you will feel  
this blade.

The men are startled as Harold drops the sack and Arthur pulls out a pistol wedged by his belt and points it at Greatrex.

HAROLD MCENROE

Not before lead comes your way.

The wielding swordsman takes a step forward through the pitch black, his arm raised and ready to attack his frightened adversaries as they edge backwards in retreat.

GREATREX

You dare to brazenly come and rob me?

Harold, his hand shaking, pulls out a piece of paper and waves it in front of Greatrex.

HAROLD MCENROE

Only as you dare to pass a bogus cheque for payment of our tobacco.

Just then, James Newberry appears from the street, fully dressed and gripping a tomahawk in one hand and a pistol in the other as he barges open the entrance door.

JAMES NEWBERRY

What in god's name goes on here?

Harold turns to face the landlord.

HAROLD MCENROE

This man deems fit to pass forged payment our way so it is only right we take what is ours.

Greatrex takes another step forward.

ARTHUR MCENROE

I warn you sir!

Suddenly, Newberry leaps forward swinging the tomahawk at Harold who swerves to miss the blade as Greatrex lunges at Arthur, his sword swiping across towards the brother as he throws the empty pistol at his foe, catching him in the face. The sword hits air and Arthur runs at Greatrex with the full force of his body, slamming into his chest and dislodging the sword from his grip while the others grapple and fall to the floor.

The boom of Newberry's pistol echoes through the night as the four men battle it out. Rolling on the floor then rising to their feet, blows are thrown while Harold refrains Newberry from using his axe.

Greatrex and Arthur fall over into the sacks of grain, spilling it across the floor but within moments two police officers are on the scene with one grabbing his whistle and blowing to rouse others to attend.

INT. GREATREX'S SHOP - LATER

As officers lead the four bruised and shackled men into the back of a police wagon, a crowd of onlookers have been drawn to the incident and watch.

GREATREX  
 (to police)  
 I am innocent of any wrong doing!  
 These men attempted to rob me.

HAROLD MCENROE  
 It is you that is the thief sir!

PORT PHILLIP ARRESTING POLICE OFFICER  
 Hold your tongue man. The judge  
 will determine your fate.

Henrien follows the men as they are bundled into the wagon.

GREATREX  
 (to Henrien)  
 Take care of the shop till my  
 return!

HENRIEN  
 I will Mr Greatrex.

INT. COURT - DAY

Greatrex stands in the dock. The judge looks sternly at him.

PORT PHILLIP JUDGE  
 Having been found guilty of  
 obtaining goods by fraud, you are  
 hereby sentenced to five years hard  
 labour on the colony's roads and  
 public works. Take the prisoner  
 away.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. ROADWORK STREET - DAY

In the midst of expansive dusty plains, around fifty convicts are hard at work on a road construction, watched over by guards on foot and horseback.

Wagons for transporting the prisoners are parked while barrels of water are plotted by the roadside for the convicts to drink from.

Greatrex, wearing a cap, is among a group of men laying a sub-base of stones topped with gravel and compressing it with hand tools that are rammed down on the surface.

Sweating under the unrelenting sun, Greatrex stops and wipes his brow with the sleeve of his tattered shirt.

Welshman LIAM KEELER [28], a fellow convict, stands by his side pounding the gravel.

LIAM KEELER

Oh what I'd give to be back in  
green Welsh valleys. The rain  
soaking my skin.

GREATREX

That would be a fine sight indeed.  
These past six months feel like a  
lifetime and I fear all memories of  
home will fade.

LIAM KEELER

If I close my eyes...

He stops for a moment, his eyes clasped tight, and deeply sniffs the air.

LIAM KEELER (CONT'D)

...I can smell the Hemlock.

GREATREX

A good ale would round it off.

Keeler opens his eyes and chuckles.

LIAM KEELER

That, it would.

Suddenly the piercing peep of a whistle from a guard indicates the downing of tools and the convicts converge towards wagons that provide basic food.

EXT. ROADWORK STREET/DITCH - MOMENTS LATER

The two men sit by a ditch at the side of the road construction, each holding a tin cup of water and a bowl containing bread and slop.



GREATREX

What would you say to the chance of  
visiting that valley sooner than  
you thought?

LIAM KEELER

I am bound here for another five  
years. Unless god takes pity on me  
and all is forgiven my freedom is  
but a distant dream.

Greatrex leans over to his companion.

GREATREX

There is a way out if you are open  
to suggestion.

Keeler shows keen interest in what the convict has to say.

LIAM KEELER

We are miles from nowhere. How is  
it possible?

Greatrex grins confidently.

GREATREX

With the help of the guards.

EXT. ROADWORK STREET - LATER

The men are back at work as they stand side-by-side, their  
tools thumping down the gravel with each step forward that  
they make.

Greatrex catches the eye of Keeler and gently nods his head  
as a sign. He moves his left foot forward and Keeler brings  
down his tool ferociously on to his colleague's leather shoe  
with all his might.

A mighty wail disturbs the concentration of the workforce as  
the injured man collapses to the ground. Instantly a guard  
on horseback trots towards the scene as Greatrex writhes in  
pain.

HORSEBACK GUARD

You fools! What the hell are you  
doing?

Keeler drops his tool and attends to his colleague who is  
lying on his back in abject pain.

LIAM KEELER

Sorry boss. He moved before...

GREATREX

It's broken!

The other convicts stop working to see what all the commotion is about as the guard blows his whistle twice and waves for assistance.

Another guard can be heard ordering everyone to get back to work as another officer on horseback arrives on the scene while Keeler removes the shoe to assess the damage of his colleague who remains in pain on his back.

HORSEBACK GUARD

He needs medical attention.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/SURGERY - DAY

Greatrex is lying on a table, his swollen injured foot being examined by the PRISON DOCTOR [39].

PRISON DOCTOR

You got a nasty one there.

He gently handles the foot to ascertain what damage has been done.

GREATREX

Will it heal?

PRISON DOCTOR

Oh yes, but you'll need a crutch for a few weeks.

The doctor retrieves some bandage and begins wrapping the foot for protection.

PRISON DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll see if we can get something for you to do in the meantime.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/CORRIDOR - DAY

Greatrex is sitting on a bench in the corridor outside the doctor's surgery with a crutch leaning by his side.

A prison guard approaches with the doctor and they stand before the prisoner.

PRISON DOCTOR

Can you read and write?

Greatrex looks up with a pained expression.

GREATREX

Yes.

The doctor turns to the guard.

PRISON DOCTOR

He can't do anything standing up.

The guard looks extremely unhappy as he glances at the pained convict.

PRISON GUARD

How long?

PRISON DOCTOR

Couple of weeks.

The guard grinds his jaw in frustration.

PRISON DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He can help me around here. There's desk work needing attended to.

PRISON GUARD

(to Greatrex)

One wrong move and I'll see you never leave here.

GREATREX

Yes boss.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/SURGERY/ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

Greatrex is sitting behind a desk in a dusty office surrounded by cupboards and shelves. Sunlight radiates the room through a paned window which the occasional guard passes outside. He places his cap on the desk to one side.

Piles of ledgers and sheaths of documents fill the desk along with writing material and a selection of stamps.

PRISON DOCTOR

That should keep you busy.

The doctor heads for the door as Greatrex studies the paperwork.

PRISON DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll be next door if you need me.

Once the doctor has left, the solitary convict begins trying each drawer in the desk. Rustling through the contents, he finds nothing of interest.

With care, he rises from the chair while grabbing the crutch by his side, then hobbles around the room, pulling out books before returning them as he searches from shelf to shelf.

He hears the muffled sound of men talking outside as he tries the handle of the first cupboard. Opening it reveals more shelves containing admin supplies. He closes it and tries the next. It is locked.

The voice of the doctor is heard in the corridor.

PRISON DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come in.

Greatrex makes his way to the door and slowly opens it, peering out to ensure he is alone.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Satisfied the passageway is clear, he steps out and edges towards the adjacent door. He knocks. There is no response.

Silently, he turns the handle and opens the door before poking his head around to see inside.

The empty room, almost a mirror of the one he left, reveals another administration office but one that is used by the guards containing two desks.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/SURGERY/GUARD ADMIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He checks the corridor again, before entering. Rummaging around, he finds nothing of interest. A slow sigh of resignation escapes his mouth and he turns to leave.

There on the wall by the door hangs a clipboard from a hook. Immediately he advances and grabs the clipboard. Leaning the crutch against the wall, he thumbs through the sheaves of paper.

It is a list of prisoner names with dates for their departure each signed by an officiating officer.

He studies it carefully then flips to the next sheet.

Each one is a repeat of the previous with the same signature.

He looks through each one till he comes to one indicating the following week.

Quickly he extracts the sheet and returns the clipboard to its original place and exits the room, folding the paper and stuffing inside the front of his trousers and covering it with his shirt.

He exits the room into the corridor.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Reaching the door of his designated office, the doctor's door suddenly opens.

PRISON DOCTOR (O.S.)  
(to patient)  
You'll be fine. You just -

The door is wide open for the doctor and his patient to see Greatrex about to enter his office.

PRISON DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(to Greatrex)  
What are you doing?

GREATREX  
Sorry sir. My bladder.

The doctor looks quizzical at the convict.

PRISON DOCTOR  
Round back.

GREATREX  
Thank you sir.

Greatrex hobble towards the main door, leaving the doctor and patient to continue their conversation.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/SURGERY/GUARD ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

One week later and ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 [54] and ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #2 [41] are sitting behind their desks.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
My missus reckons we should head  
for Victoria, what with the gold  
they've found up there.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #2  
 I know a few folk heading there.  
 It'll be dried up before you can  
 say 'fool'.

Admin Office Guard #1 rises from his chair and advances  
 towards the clipboard.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
 I wouldn't be so sure. We could be  
 there in a matter of weeks. We've  
 saved enough to buy a plot.

Admin Office Guard #1 retrieves the clipboard and returns to  
 his desk, reading the list of the piece of paper.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
 Stores in town are offering all the  
 necessary tools and there's wagons  
 for sale at Beecham's.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #2  
 You serious?

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
 Why not? Better than this fucking  
 place.

Admin Office Guard #1 retrieves a stamping press, changes  
 the date, pushes it down on an ink pad then stamps the  
 bottom of the document.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
 Here.

He passes the document over to his colleague who reaches  
 across to collect.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
 It's your turn to rally them up.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #2  
 I did it last week!

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
 You sure?

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #2  
 Yes. You said the governor needed  
 you so could I take care of it. Two  
 weeks running I've been gathering  
 them up.

He drops the document back over to his partner.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #2 (CONT'D)  
It's your turn.

Admin Office Guard #1 is nonplussed but accepts the document and rises from his chair.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
I'll be on my way then.

Admin Office Guard #1 makes his way to the door and exits.

INT. PRISON COMPOUND/SURGERY/ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

Greatrex, his cap lying on the desk, is sitting organising documents in a ledger when the door opens to reveal Admin Office Guard #1.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
There you are. Took a while to find you.

The convict turns his head to face the guard.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

Greatrex rises from his chair and stuffs his cap in a rear pocket before grabbing his crutch and following the officer.

EXT. PRISON COMPOUND/YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greatrex hobbles behind the prison officer out of the offices and across the yard. Ahead stands a line of prisoners accompanied by two guards. Keeler stands amongst them, grinning.

A wagon draws up close to the prisoners as Greatrex approaches Keeler.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1  
Your day has come.

The officer points to the wagon.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Get your arses in there and we'll be on our way.

The convicts approach the wagon and climb in with Greatrex last in line. As he nears the wagon he hears a voice.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
You!...Stop!

Greatrex, nervous, turns to see the officer staring hard at him. There's a moments pause.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
You can't leave...

The officer looks down at the ground between them.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
...without your cap.

Keeler steps forward urgently and picks up the cap which he dusts down and hands to Greatrex. The two men look at each other knowingly.

ADMIN OFFICE GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Hurry up!

The two men turn and climb into the wagon.

INT. WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Keeler and Greatrex sit opposite each other. The wagon begins to trundle off with the guards standing in the yard watching.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. SALOON BAR - DAY

The saloon is busy with customers plotted around the tables while some are led by women upstairs. Three bartenders tend to orders from the line of men waving their money to be served.

HENRIEN  
I never thought I would see you  
again.

Greatrex raises a glass and elegantly sips from it.

GREATREX  
I am grateful for you keeping my  
possessions safe.

He hands two pound notes over to his assistant.

HENRIEN  
That is most generous.



GREATREX

Think nothing of it. Trustworthy fellows are hard to find and you've done me great service.

HENRIEN

Will you be returning to tread the boards again or the store?

Greatrex shakes his head firmly.

GREATREX

Oh no. These days are over. I think new pastures are called for.

The ex-convict places the glass to his lips and empties the glass before raising it in the air to be re-filled.

Soon JESSIE [22], a small, thin waitress with her hair in a bun, appears and replenishes his glass. He smiles at her.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

(to Jessie)

I must say, you are a fine-looking young lady to be in such hospitable surroundings.

Jessie stifles a chuckle as she offers to re-fill Henrién's glass.

JESSIE

Your flattery makes a change to the usual comments.

GREATREX

A Scot no less! A fair land indeed.

Filling Henrién's glass, she smiles appreciatively.

JESSIE

A climate more conducive to this peely-wally skin.

GREATREX

You do yourself an injustice ma'am. A ceramic texture more befits a description. And such blue eyes to pierce many a heart.

The young reserved girl glances at her admirer.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Maybe we can treat ourselves to a cake and refreshments one day, should you care to partake in pleasant discussion.

She studies him for a moment.

JESSIE

Your proposal would be very much appreciated.

GREATREX

Then perhaps this Sunday at Mrs Haddington's Cafe we can lunch, after which we may partake in a gentle meander in the park?

The waitress offers a slight smile.

JESSIE

I shall see you then.

Jessie continues on her way so serve another customer as Greatrex returns his attention to Henrién who smirks at his younger colleague.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. PORT PHILLIP/DOCKING BAY - DAY

Superimpose: 1854 - One Year Later

The Neleus schooner sits docked as cargo is loaded and passengers make their way up the gangway.

John Greatrex, a well-formed beard covering his face, stands in a dark blue three-piece suit next to his wife Jessie who reveals a large bump that signifies she is in the latter stages of pregnancy.

GREATREX

Now you are sure about this? We can always cancel if you so wish.

JESSIE

I will be fine dear. I have so longed to return that I never thought this day would come.

GREATREX

So be it.

The husband picks up the two leather bags and the pair walk towards the ship.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. GARSTON CHURCH/STREET - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: 1854

Oak trees adorn the lush, green lawn of a modest church. A boarding indicates Garston Baptist Church detailing times of church services.

The sound of singing filters out to the hum of an organ as a few people walk along the pavement under the bright blue sky peppered with gentle clouds.

INT. GARSTON CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

In the stone-built church a large gathering of churchgoers sit in the pews watching John and Jessie Greatrex with their new-born child as the MINISTER [43] ends the christening.

MINISTER

I baptise you Charles Arthur  
Greatrex in the name of the Father,  
and of the Son and of the Holy  
Spirit. Amen.

The happy couple smile deliriously at each other as the minister watches with admiration and the congregation loudly applaud.

In the year that has elapsed John Greatrex has put on some weight, but the twenty-seven-year-old retains a thick black head of hair to match his beard.

EXT. GARSTON CHURCH/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

As the congregation disperse from the church, the couple, with Jessie gently rocking the baby in her arms, stand speaking to the minister.

JESSIE

That was a lovely service. Thank  
you.

MINISTER

It was my pleasure. New additions  
to the congregation are always  
welcome.

Jessie glances at her husband who remains silent.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

So John, how are finding life in Garston?

GREATREX

It is a pleasant part of the country. The residence we have acquired fits our needs and there are promising signs that business will prosper.

MINISTER

That is good to hear. What, may I ask, does your work involve?

GREATREX

You have heard of this new invention in photography?

MINISTER

I have indeed. A marvellous technology to behold and one that has quickly captured the imagination of the people.

JESSIE

He is about to open a new studio that will acquaint new clientele to the opportunity of acquiring their very own portraits.

The minister is impressed with what he hears.

MINISTER

I must say my wife has been making suggestions we too should invest in obtaining one of these photographic productions.

GREATREX

A wise investment sir which will offer much happiness to your home.

He retrieves a business card from inside his jacket and offers it to the minister.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Should you care to make enquiries if you are in the area.

The minister reads the card.

MINISTER

In London?

JESSIE

Yes. We will be moving there in a matter of days.

MINISTER

Oh...so you have intentions of leaving us so soon?

GREATREX

Unfortunately business requires my need to be closer to where demand is more prominent.

MINISTER

I will be saddened that your stay is brief but may your new venture bring much success to you both.

JESSIE

Thank you father.

GREATREX

Well, we must be going Jessie. The child needs tending.

JESSIE

Yes.

Despite his disappointment, the minister offers a resigned smile.

GREATREX

Good day father.

The minister watches the couple depart towards the main street.

INT. LONDON STUDIO - DAY

The photographic studio, located in a busy street in London, contains a shop front for customers to view examples of work strategically placed on shelves with a small counter at the rear to exchange payment.

Behind a curtain, a passageway leads to a small studio where the photographs are taken comprising of purple velvet curtains, seating arrangements and a camera sitting on a tripod awaiting use.

An adjacent room supports the development process while stairs lead up to a modest upper flat that accommodates Greatrex and his young family.

RICHARD HICKS [30], fair-haired and dressed in a light suit, stands cleaning his glasses before resting them between his blue eyes and studying the framed photos on the shelves.

Greatrex appears from behind the curtain and casually advances towards the solitary figure.

GREATREX

Richard, this is a pleasant surprise.

RICHARD HICKS

I thought I would see how my investment is fairing.

Hicks wanders around looking at the photos as Greatrex stands watching.

GREATREX

The first six months have been encouraging.

He pivots and advances towards the counter.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Would you care to see the books?

RICHARD HICKS

I would.

The photographer reaches under the counter and produces a black ledger which he opens as Hicks approaches, taking the book and turning it around to view.

GREATREX

As you can see I am receiving favourable numbers.

RICHARD HICKS

Breaking even?

GREATREX

Just about. There are still materials to pay for and I need some additional props for the studio but it all takes time.

Hicks closes the ledger and gently pushes it towards Greatrex.

RICHARD HICKS  
You also have my loan to repay.

GREATREX  
Well yes...of course.

He returns the book under the counter.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
But it is coming. Be assured.

RICHARD HICKS  
Can you be more...specific?

GREATREX  
Come Richard. Why sound so glum? We  
are partners in an excellent  
opportunity. Have faith.

RICHARD HICKS  
Yet your costs appear to be never-  
ending.

GREATREX  
They will come down in time as  
business grows. Rest assured.

Hicks remains unsure as he looks around the shop.

RICHARD HICKS  
Quiet today?

GREATREX  
Unusually so, I admit, but we have  
three appointments this afternoon  
and a good number this coming week.  
All is good.

RICHARD HICKS  
Then at the end of the month I will  
return expecting your confidence to  
transfer into payment as we agreed  
upon.

The photographer smiles confidently.

GREATREX  
You have my word.

The investor turns and heads towards the front door.

RICHARD HICKS  
Till then John.

The doorbell rings as Hicks leaves before Greatrex advances to the entrance and flips a sign on the door to indicate the shop is closed then he crosses the shop floor and slips behind the curtain towards the back of the shop.

INT. LONDON STUDIO/FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie sits tending their six-month child in a room that is bereft of comfort and style. A collapsible double bed is upright and pressed against the wall in an alcove. A threadbare rug partially covers the old wooden floor, with two armchairs the only seating arrangements while a cabinet nearly fills the length of one wall. Blackened pots sit above a metal fire range waiting to be used.

Greatrex enters the room dressed in his business attire and sits opposite his wife.

JESSIE

You had some customer below?

GREATREX

It was Richard Hicks for money as usual.

JESSIE

Again? So soon?

GREATREX

He does not understand such innovations require time to generate interest.

JESSIE

But you have been paying him?

GREATREX

Each month without fail.

JESSIE

Then why his constant visits?

GREATREX

Because he is a man whose greed exceeds his loyalty.

JESSIE

The child does fill my days but if need be I can always provide assistance in the shop.



GREATREX

Nonsense. Do not fret. Everything  
is in order and the man will be  
dealt with.

Her husband extracts his pocket watch to check the time then  
glances at the child.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

I have an errand to take care of  
this evening after I lock up.

Jessie accepts his excuses without question as she comforts  
the child.

JESSIE

Try not to be too late.

GREATREX

Of course.

He rises from his chair and makes to exit the room.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

The next customer is due soon.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

The main room is filled with gentlemen revelling among a  
band of buxom women attired in low-cut dresses and shrouded  
in rouge and lipstick as they cavort with the drinking  
guests.

At a table, Greatrex is enjoying himself as he sits with a  
group of men playing cards for a pile of money that lies in  
the centre.

He downs his glass of whisky in one and slams it down on the  
table as one of the men laughs out loudly while he draws in  
his winnings.

GAMBLER #1

Gentlemen you make life sufferable  
in moments like this!

Greatrex shakes his head in disbelief before raising his  
glass in the air for a re-fill.

Instantly, a young woman appears by his side and he grabs  
her around her waist and draws her close. She laughs  
encouragingly as her chest presses against his face. With an  
animal grunt he squeezes her backside.

GREATREX

Betsy, you whet my appetite you minx!

BETSY

Then allow me to whip up something tasty for you, you devil!

The other men at the table whoop with encouragement as the girl fills his glass and steps back, pivoting before wriggling her rear end in temptation and coyly walking towards the stairs with a wicked glance back.

Greatrex grins as he rises from his chair.

GREATREX

Excuse me gentlemen but dinner is served.

The men laugh as the photographer follows the girl upstairs.

INT. LONDON STUDIO/FLAT - NIGHT

In the still darkness of the flat, Greatrex carefully undresses, laying his clothes over the armchair before creeping into the bed as Jessie lies still with the baby sleeping in a cot by her side.

JESSIE

(whisper)

You are late.

GREATREX

Shh. I had business to attend which took longer than expected...but it was worth it.

JESSIE

Good.

She pecks him on the cheek.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You smell like a brewery.

GREATREX

I had no choice if I were to make the deal.

She turns over with her back to him.

JESSIE

Then get some sleep before tomorrow comes.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. LONDON STUDIO - DAY

The doorbell rings as JONATHAN PRIOR [56] enters the shop prompting the photographer to appear from behind the curtain.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
Mr Greatrex?

GREATREX  
Yes.

The man approaches.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
Jonathan Prior.

He offers a business card to Greatrex.

GREATREX  
Ah. Yes.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
You made inquiries about the sale  
of equipment?

The photographer gestures to Prior to follow him into the back of the shop.

INT. LONDON STUDIO/REAR/STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

After the auctioneer has entered the room, Greatrex quietly closes the door.

GREATREX  
Everything must go.

Prior studies the camera and scans the objects in the room, nodding affirmatively.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
That can be accommodated.

GREATREX  
Materials are next door.

He carefully opens the door and crosses the corridor, briefly glancing up the stairs before opening the next door and entering, followed by his companion.

In the dim light the auctioneer surveys the shelves that contain additional equipment, jars of chemicals, glass plates and other products.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
How soon?

GREATREX  
This afternoon?

The auctioneer is unfazed by the timescale suggested.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
I can get a wagon over later.

He pulls out a notebook and pencil and begins scribbling, occasionally glancing up at the array of objects in the room. On completion he turns to the photographer.

JONATHAN PRIOR (CONT'D)  
One hundred and fifty pounds?

GREATREX  
A fair price by my reckoning.

JONATHAN PRIOR  
Then we have a deal. Payment will be made on receipt.

GREATREX  
Cash?

JONATHAN PRIOR  
If you so desire.

The two men shake hands.

INT. LONDON STUDIO/FLAT - LATER

Greatrex is sitting as Jessie enters the room with the child wrapped in a shawl. From a bag she carries, she retrieves a bottle of milk before sitting down to feed it.

JESSIE  
Mrs Huddlesworth sends her regards to you.

GREATREX  
She keeps well?

JESSIE  
Her boy starts work at the factory next week.

The couple slip into silence as her husband watches the child drink from the bottle.

GREATREX

I have some news for you.

Jessie curiously looks up from the child.

JESSIE

And I for you, as it happens.

It is not what he was expecting as they stare at each other.

GREATREX

Pray tell.

JESSIE

I am with child.

Her husband leans back in the chair, his face not disguising his excitement at the news.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You are accepting of this news?

He leaps forward onto his knee and squeezes her legs with affection.

GREATREX

How could I not be?!

She smiles with relief and sighs.

JESSIE

Maybe it is too soon?

Jumping to his feet, he beams with delight.

GREATREX

Certainly not! This is wonderful.

He deliriously paces back and forth across the room then kisses her on her forehead.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

With this addition we have an opportunity to seek pastures new.

Jessie is unsure by his remark.

JESSIE

What do you mean?

GREATREX

I have been invited to open a studio in Glasgow and you can be back from whence you came.

JESSIE

But what about this? Mr Hicks?

GREATREX

It has been taken care off. We can depart the day after tomorrow and by next week we can prepare a brighter future.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. LONDON STUDIO - DAY

Richard Hicks arrives at the studio entrance to find the shop closed and black blinds covering the windows.

He peers inside to see the shop is empty then steps back into the street and looks up at the flat.

RICHARD HICKS

GREATREX!

He waits for any response but his anger surfaces as he realises the photographer has run out on him.

RICHARD HICKS (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - DAY

The setup in Glasgow is not dissimilar to what the photographer had in London except there is an additional basement that contains a barred window looking out to the rear of the building and the flat is larger to accommodate the expanding family.

Residing in the busy thoroughfare of Sauchiehall Street, the photographic studio is provided prominent exposure to passing trade.

As Greatrex positions his wares in the shop window, JANE WEIR [21] a pretty, auburn-haired girl with porcelain skin and strawberry lips, stands behind the counter dressed in a navy skirt, matching jacket and white blouse, conversing with a gentleman customer as she runs a finger down a ledger.

JANE WEIR  
Tomorrow at three is available if  
that is convenient?

GLASGOW STUDIO CUSTOMER #1  
It would.

Jane records the appointment in the ledger and smiles at the customer.

JANE WEIR  
There. Three pm tomorrow with  
mister Greatrex.

The photographer retreats from the shop window and introduces himself to the customer.

GREATREX  
Mister Greatrex.

He offers a hand to shake which the customer accepts.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
I look forward to your appointment.  
Will it just be yourself or with  
others?

GLASGOW STUDIO CUSTOMER #1  
Just myself, sir.

GREATREX  
Excellent.

The customer tips his hat in the direction of Jane.

GLASGOW STUDIO CUSTOMER #1  
Good day ma'am.

He acknowledges the photographer.

GLASGOW STUDIO CUSTOMER #1 (CONT'D)  
Sir.

The customer advances towards the door.

GREATREX  
A fine day to you.

After the customer has left, Greatrex circles round the counter as Jane studies the ledger, her hands resting on the counter. Without words spoken, he places his hand on her right hand and studies the ledger.

Just then, ELIZABETH ROBERTSON [18], a prim girl of slight build appears from behind the curtain prompting Greatrex to instantly withdraw his hand from Jane.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
(to Jane)  
The carte-de-visites for the Archibalds are available for collection.

JANE WEIR  
They paid for delivery so I'll arrange a mail boy.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
(to Greatrex)  
We require more postcards.

GREATREX  
I'll put in an order.

Elizabeth pulls back the curtain and enters the rear of the shop leaving the couple alone in the shop.

As Jane closes the ledger, Greatrex presses his body against her back, his arms wrapping round her waist as he gently kisses her neck. Her body stiffens as she tilts her head against his chest before closing her eyes in reluctant desire.

JANE WEIR  
(whisper)  
John. Please.

As his lips follow the base of her neck, he watches the front door should anyone appear.

GREATREX  
(whisper)  
You arouse my desires like no other.

Her hands clasp the edge of the counter and tighten as his hands move up her torso as they speak softly to each other.

JANE WEIR  
Someone will come.

Regaining her composure, she pivots to face him before raising her hands to his chest and gently pushes him away.

JANE WEIR (CONT'D)  
Mrs Greatrex.



He places his index finger against her lips.

GREATREX  
 Jessie and I are of an  
 understanding. Our marriage  
 dissipates by the week.

He caresses her upper arm with his hand as he looks affectionately into her eyes.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
 I believe I am falling in love with  
 you, my dear.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. HELENSBURGH/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Lancashire brothers THOMAS [36] and SEWELL GRIMSHAW [32] with his wife AGNES [30] and their son ALEXANDER [9] are travelling by horse and cart into the town of Helensburgh. A large sign welcomes them as they advance through the country road towards their destination.

Dressed in workers' clothes the group of travellers bask in the morning sunshine as they pass a man on foot heading in the opposite direction.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 Good day to you.

The man tips his flat cap in acknowledgement.

WALKING MAN  
 Aye.

The travellers continue on their way.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 Well brother we are about there.

Thomas, holding the reins, turns to his wife sitting behind with their son.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 Not long now, son.

Sewell pulls out folded documents and reads them as the cart trundles along the road.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 (to Thomas)  
 The factory is on Broomhouse Road.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 Should be easy to find. It's not a  
 big town.

At a leisurely pace, the horse continues pulling the cart as the coastal town comes into view.

INT. HELENSBURGH FACTORY/OFFICE - DAY

WILFRED MACRAE [47], factory foreman sits behind a busy desk in a glass-paned office that enables him to see everything that is happening on the factory floor, where the loud, reverberating chunter of spinning frames lined up in rows work ceaselessly spinning linen.

All around, workers are checking and handling the machines as young boys crawl under to barked instructions.

Thomas and Sewell enter the office to the gruff presence of Macrae leaning back in his chair as Sewell produces the documents and places them on his desk.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 Mr MacRae, this here is Thomas  
 Grimshaw, cylinder printer, and I  
 am Sewell Grimshaw, die cutter. We  
 sent inquiries about work which you  
 confirmed.

WILFRED MACRAE  
 Aye, I remember well. Welcome.

Ruffling his thick beard, the craggy-faced man takes the documents and reads.

WILFRED MACRAE (CONT'D)  
 (to Sewell)  
 You've been engraving for some  
 time?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 Nigh on five years in Rochdale.

The foreman displays muted satisfaction as he reads the second document.

WILFRED MACRAE  
 With sound experience.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 Yes, sir. Seven years with time  
 spent in America.

WILFRED MACRAE  
 Nineteen shillings a week.

He opens a drawer of the desk and rummages till he finds a  
 think booklet.

WILFRED MACRAE (CONT'D)  
 You can read?

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 The Queen's English.

He lobs the booklet on to the desk.

WILFRED MACRAE  
 Then this'll tell you what you can  
 and can't do.

Thomas picks it up and flicks through the meagre pages.

WILFRED MACRAE (CONT'D)  
 Be here at six the morrow and we'll  
 get you started.

INT. HELENSBURGH BOUND TRAIN - DAY

The Greatrex family sit in their carriage along with their  
 three children, which now includes MARY [5] and LEWIS [2] in  
 addition to Charles who is now seven.

Jessie, sitting opposite her husband, watches him behind his  
 newspaper which indicates 1866 as the children sit quietly  
 watching the countryside pass by.

The steam train belches clouds of smoke as it approaches its  
 destination.

Jessie looks out the window, as the train begins to slow.

JESSIE  
 We're here.

Greatrex closes his paper before folding it. Now in his late  
 thirties, he still retains his distinguished looks as he  
 retrieves three travelling bags from the upper compartment.

He checks the time on his pocket watch.

GREATREX  
 On time.

He looks firmly down at his eldest.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
You help your mother while I work.

CHARLES  
Yes papa.

At that moment, the train grinds to a halt.

INT. CHURCH ASSEMBLY TENT - DAY

Under the canvas of the large tent a throng of locals stand amongst rows of benches singing praise to the Lord as they are led by Greatrex who makes for a commanding figure on the small stage, in front of a line of dignitaries joining in the hymn.

*Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power finds sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.*

The congregation sits leaving Greatrex standing prominent for all to see.

GREATREX  
Amen.

Among the audience sits the Grimshaw brothers with Agnes and Alexander.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Finally, before we end this joyous  
occasion I would like to read to  
you from Timothy 3:18

Greatrex paces back and forth across the stage a bible held high in his hand.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

*But mark this: There will be terrible times in the last days. People will be lovers of themselves, lovers of money, boastful, proud, abusive, disobedient to their parents, ungrateful, unholy, without love, unforgiving, slanderous, without self-control, brutal, not lovers of the good, treacherous, rash, conceited, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God— having a form of godliness but denying its power. Have nothing to do with such people.*

*They are the kind who worm their way into homes and gain control over gullible women, who are loaded down with sins and are swayed by all kinds of evil desires, always learning but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. Just as Jannes and Jambres opposed Moses, so also these teachers oppose the truth. They are men of depraved minds, who, as far as the faith is concerned, are rejected.*

With that the congregation cheer with multiple amens.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
May God bless you all.

The audience begins to disperse out into the open air as the photographer steps down and begins to mingle.

EXT. CHURCH ASSEMBLY TENT - MOMENTS LATER

As Greatrex converses with a member of the congregation, Sewell and Thomas advance towards him.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Mr Greatrex.

The photographer turns to face the two men and smiles.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)  
Such an inspirational sermon you provided.

GREATREX  
My pleasure. I will be speaking two weeks hence if you would care to join.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
That is something I will look forward to.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
Is this a full-time occupation you endeavour?

GREATREX  
Alas, no. My preoccupation is with photography. Portraits and such to brighten one's household.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
We have some knowledge of this industry. Thomas, here, is a printer and I am an engraver.

GREATREX

How interesting. These are skills  
one could transfer with ease if one  
so desired.

At that moment, Jessie appears with the children.

JESSIE

That was wonderful dear.

Greatrex ruffles the hair of his eldest as he introduces his  
family.

GREATREX

My good wife Mrs Greatrex and  
family.

The brothers tip their flat caps in recognition.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW/SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Ma'am.

The photographer retrieves a small metal box from his jacket  
pocket and offers each a business card.

GREATREX

Should you be in Glasgow you would  
be more than welcome to call upon  
my studio.

JESSIE

We should go dear. The train is due  
shortly.

GREATREX

Good day gentlemen.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - DAY

As Greatrex and Jane stand behind the counter, he whispers  
in her ear as ANDREW NEILSON [22], a clerk at the Union Bank  
of Scotland, enters the studio.

The couple quickly separate with Jane feigning she is busy  
as the photographer attends the visitor.

GREATREX

How may I assist?

The young man, his attire and demeanour suggestive of one  
who is organised and businesslike, advances while retrieving  
a wallet from his jacket.

ANDREW NEILSON

My name is Andrew Neilson and I am  
in the employ of the Union Bank of  
Scotland.

He withdraws a pound note from the wallet and hands it to  
Greatrex.

ANDREW NEILSON (CONT'D)

This new pound note is due for  
circulation but my employer would  
like to be assured the signature  
could not be reproduced.

The photographer studies the note.

GREATREX

Hmm...possible...but complicated.

The clerk considers the opinion offered as Greatrex returns  
the note to him which he places back into his wallet then  
into his jacket.

ANDREW NEILSON

But to a professional quality?

Greatrex ponders.

GREATREX

It would certainly require a great  
deal of knowledge and the right  
tools for such an endeavour...and  
there are few, to my knowledge,  
capable of such a feat.

ANDREW NEILSON

So probability is low?

The photographer nods in agreement.

GREATREX

I would say so.

ANDREW NEILSON

My employer will be re-assured by  
your words.

GREATREX

Excellent! I expect they will sleep  
well knowing their money is safe.

ANDREW NEILSON

Indeed...Well, thank you for your  
prompt advice which I shall relay.  
Good day.

With that, the clerk pivots and departs the shop.

JANE WEIR

(to Greatrex)

What a strange request.

Greatrex silently watches the clerk pass the shop window and  
out of sight.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Jessie tends to their children who sit around a table  
bedecked in linen, ready for food to be served, her husband  
enters the living room that appears more spacious and  
comfortable compared to their residence in London.

JESSIE

A letter was delivered for your  
attention.

He spots an envelope leaning on a cabinet. Advancing, he  
takes the letter opener and extracts the content to read.

GREATREX

It is from those young men from  
Helensburgh. The Grimshaws.

Jessie lays a serving bowl on the table and begins spooning  
food on to the children's plates.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

They have offered to visit two days  
from now as they are now residing  
in Glasgow.

JESSIE

You care to associate with them?

He returns the letter to the envelope and places it on the  
cabinet.

GREATREX

They appeared interested in my  
work.

She sighs while continuing to serve the children.

JESSIE

Will you be joining us?



She fills another plate as he crosses to a drinks cabinet and helps himself to a glass of port with his back to her.

GREATREX

I have business to attend.

His wife stops what she is doing and looks across at him with a look of disdain.

JESSIE

An excuse that is too common these days, John.

He re-fills the glass before turning to face her.

GREATREX

I have mouths to feed and loans to pay.

JESSIE

Yet you still manage to support long nights and revelry.

GREATREX

You question my integrity in front of the children?

JESSIE

Coming home smelling of alcohol.

GREATREX

How dare you?

JESSIE

You are my husband! Thirteen years we have been wed yet you still behave like a man without a care.

He tightens his grip on the glass, frustration etched on his face, and swallows the drink in one.

GREATREX

And you are my wife to do with as I please. Remember your place or I will remind you!

The children watch the dispute with shocked silence as their mother holds back her tears.

The room falls silent as Greatrex places the glass on the top of the drinks cabinet and strides towards the door leaving his family behind.

CHARLES

Mama?

Jessie wipes the tears from her eyes, composes herself and returns to serving the children.

INT. GLASGOW HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Furnished with a brass bed and side tables, gas lamps provide a warm glow as the bedroom door opens for Greatrex and Jane to enter. Carrying an ice bucket and bottle with two glasses, he swings the door shut with his foot and places them on the side table.

She waits for him to approach, watching as he removes his jacket and drops it to the floor before approaching.

Grabbing her by her waist, he draws her close to him and their lips meet as she runs her hands up his back.

Their entanglement increases in passion as his mouth follows the curve of her neck, his fingers unbuttoning her blouse, her breathing rising with anticipation as she feels his hand touch her skin.

GREATREX

I am yours for ever.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - DAY

DAVID GRIEG [45] a moustached gentleman, enters the shop to find Greatrex handing a package to a customer while conversing as Elizabeth departs to the rear of the shop. Jane smiles at the stranger as he approaches.

JANE WEIR

Can I help you?

Greatrex's reaction, as he glances at Grieg, indicates an apprehensive recognition of the gentleman.

GREATREX

(to customer)

Good day to you, sir.

The customer passes Grieg, tipping his hat at the gentleman as he leaves the shop.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Jane, would you be kind enough to leave us?

She glances at both men, showing no emotion before heading to the back of the shop.

Grieg's face turns stern.

GRIEG

I expect you know why I am here?

Greatrex is relaxed despite the demeanour of the gentleman.

GREATREX

(dismissive)

Michael. Your displeasure is unbecoming.

GRIEG

Your payment has been overdue for some time. If it is not forthcoming I will be forced to take further action.

The photographer gently pats the creditor on the arm then reaches into his inside pocket to retrieve a cheque book.

GREATREX

I completely understand your sentiment.

He turns his back and begins to write a cheque as the gentleman stiffly watches his debtor.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Business has been extremely busy so my apologies for not attending to this sooner.

Turning to face Grieg, a cheque is handed over which is studied intently.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Will this be sufficient?

The gentleman nods reluctantly as he slips the payment into his jacket pocket.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Excellent! Then we shall have no more stern faces.

Greatrex lightly chuckles as he places an arm around Grieg and leads him towards the entrance door.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Be assured, I will endeavour to  
send the next payment on time  
rather than have you inconvenienced  
in this manner.

Grieg sheepishly accepts the photographer's assurance as the door is opened for him to depart.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Now, you have a good day sir and I  
shall be in touch soon.

With that, the creditor departs the scene as Greatrex's face stiffens before closing the door.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

All is subdued as Charles quietly reads a book and Mary sits on the floor playing with a doll. Greatrex sits in an armchair reading the paper as Jessie silently sets down a cup of tea on the side table.

GREATREX  
Quite astounding this telegram  
cable technology they have  
produced.

Jessie returns to the range to retrieve a cup for herself before sitting in the opposite chair. She says nothing as she sips her tea.

He peers over the newspaper and glances in her direction.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Did you hear what I said?

She looks at him in resignation.

JESSIE  
What is that dear?

GREATREX  
This telegram invention. They can  
send a communication from London to  
America. Can you believe it?

Jessie shows disinterest as she continues drinking.

Her husband folds the paper and offers her his full attention.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

You are still fretting over words spoken?

She sighs.

JESSIE

I ask very little from you but an occasional meal with the children and to share our bed at a godly hour is not beyond one.

He ponders on her words as he sips from his cup.

GREATREX

What you say is true and for that I apologise, yet there are times when you ignore the demands I face to ensure the family is taken care off. What I do is not out of spite but security.

Jessie gathers her thoughts, glancing at her daughter playing on the floor before returning her gaze to Greatrex.

JESSIE

If your work is burdensome then be done with it and take employment elsewhere.

GREATREX

I couldn't do that. My skills lie here.

JESSIE

Does the studio not make profit? Is that what you are saying?

GREATREX

You need not be concerned with such matters.

JESSIE

But I am John if it shapes your mood.

An air of gloom hangs in the silent air as he reclines back in the chair and strokes his beard.

GREATREX

Then dispense with such worry as I have something in mind which may bring recourse.

Jessie places her cup down and leans forward with interest.

JESSIE  
What would that be?

GREATREX  
I have been working on a new  
invention...but I cannot say  
anymore.

His wife stifles her exasperation.

JESSIE  
John.

GREATREX  
Be assured we are fine. I will try  
and accommodate what you say but  
understand my work is important.

Re-assured by his words, she retrieves her cup.

JESSIE  
And I will try harder to heed your  
plight.

Just then, footsteps indicate that someone is approaching.  
Jane knocks on the door and reveals herself.

JANE WEIR  
Mr Greatrex there are two men  
asking for you.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Greatrex appears from behind the curtain to be introduced to  
the Grimshaw brothers.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Good day, Mr Greatrex.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The large stone room paved with flagstones accommodates a  
vast array of printing equipment, materials and two long  
tables (one in the centre of the room) containing an array  
of tools while a door leads to the rear of the building.

The photographer watches the men mesmerised by what they  
see.

GREATREX  
 ...in addition to the photography  
 upstairs, this is my workshop for  
 other advancements.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 Quite something Mr Greatrex.

GREATREX  
 John, please.

The two men wander around studying the objects.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
 So what brought you to Glasgow?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 Times were hard in Helensburgh and  
 we had no choice but to leave.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 Unfortunately it has been a  
 struggle.

GREATREX  
 I am sorry to hear that.

Thomas admires the printing press.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 You are working on  
 chromolithography?!

The photographer smiles as he advances towards the brothers.

GREATREX  
 I thought it may pique your  
 interest.

As Sewell studies the tools, his brother retains his  
 attention on the press.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
 So would it be right to conclude  
 you are in need of funds?

Sewell, the younger brother, turns and nods forlornly.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 It would not be far from the truth.

Thomas instantly turns to face the men.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

Rather it is a desperate predicament we find ourselves in.

Amongst a pile of simple wooden chairs sitting in the corner, Greatrex takes one and sits down, gesturing to the brothers to follow suit.

GREATREX

What would you say if five hundred pounds were available, for you to do with as you wished?

The brothers are astounded at the proposal as they glance at each other.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

It would be a godsend.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

What would it entail for such a reward?

The photographer stiffens with a serious look on his face.

GREATREX

A plan to create our own wealth with but paper and ink.

The brothers contemplate his words.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Something the law would frown at by the sounds?

Greatrex studies the brothers, their tattered clothes hanging off them elucidating times have indeed been hard.

GREATREX

Would that worry you?

They shake their heads.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Then let me tell you of a visitor who showed me a new one-pound note from the Union Bank of Scotland.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN



INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - DAY

Jane and Elizabeth watch Greatrex accompany a customer to the door before locking it and pulling down the window blinds.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
(whisper)  
They have been down there for weeks. God knows what they do.

JANE WEIR  
(whisper)  
He says they are learning photography.

They instantly stop as their employer pivots and advances towards them. Jane makes herself busy as Elizabeth picks up a photo print from the counter.

GREATREX  
(to Elizabeth)  
You have cleaned up the studio?

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
Yes, sir.

GREATREX  
Then you are free to go.

The printer acknowledges and leaves as Greatrex walks round till he is by Jane's side, sliding a hand up her back.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
We could dine out tonight if you wish. Mrs Greatrex is in Selkirk with the children.

She turns to face him and kisses gently him on the lips.

JANE WEIR  
What are you all up to down there?

GREATREX  
I've already told you. Leave them be.

JANE WEIR  
You lock yourself in there with them and rarely venture out.

Greatrex dismisses her concerns.

JANE WEIR (CONT'D)  
Hardly a soul ventures in. Three  
customers this week. Does it not  
worry you?

GREATREX  
Be assured that all is fine.

She pats his chest with the palm of her hand.

JANE WEIR  
And you have done nothing about  
Jessie as you said you would!

With a bear-hug, he draws her in.

GREATREX  
Come here girl!

He forcefully kisses her as she tries to abstain.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
You worry too much.

As she attempts to wriggle free, he releases his hold.

JANE WEIR  
You promised.

Greatrex picks up the ledger on the counter and places it  
below as she watches him.

GREATREX  
In time, my love.

He pecks her on her lips.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Now, why don't we venture out and  
enjoy some good food.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. FRANCIS ORR AND SONS STATIONERS SHOP - DAY

A few days later and Greatrex enters the shop containing a  
glass U-shaped counter exposing a wide variety of writing  
materials while shelves cover three walls filled with every  
type of paper imaginable.

Attired in smart, pressed suits, one member of staff attends to a customer while another, wearing round spectacles, smiles welcomingly at the photographer who advances.

GREATREX

Good day.

WILLIAM ANDERSON

How can I help you?

Anderson's customer looks around at the shelves before turning his attention to the salesman.

GREATREX

I am looking for a particular type of paper.

WILLIAM ANDERSON

What would that be?

The photographer winces as if unsure.

GREATREX

I am looking for a 'loan paper'. Suitable for banking and insurance.

Anderson nods agreeably.

WILLIAM ANDERSON

I know exactly what you mean.

He turns and heads for a specific set of shelves. With his back turned, he withdraws a variety of sheets to show Greatrex.

WILLIAM ANDERSON (CONT'D)

There's not much call for it, being such a thin paper...

Gathering a few samples, he returns to his customer and lays them on the counter.

WILLIAM ANDERSON (CONT'D)

...but, as you can see, we have a good selection.

The photographer picks each one up and studies it under the light of the shop.

WILLIAM ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You are in the trade?

Greatrex nods as he studies the sample closely.

Anderson looks up at the paper being held in the air.

WILLIAM ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Excellent quality.

His customer places the sample back down and taps on the piece of paper.

GREATREX  
Two thousand sheets.

The shopkeeper is slightly taken aback but retains his composure.

WILLIAM ANDERSON  
Allow me to acquire that for you.

The shopkeeper leaves his customer to browse around as he enters the rear of the shop.

A few moments later he returns with a brown package wrapped with string. Placing it to one side, he begins to write out a receipt before placing it on the package.

Greatrex returns to the counter and reads the receipt then retrieves his cheque book and proceeds to write a cheque.

He hands it to the shopkeeper while offering a tight smile.

WILLIAM ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Thank you, sir.

With that, Greatrex takes the package and leaves.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/BASEMENT - DAY

The photographer enters the basement holding the package as the brothers deliberate over a copper plate containing an image of a pound note. Lying on the central table next to it is a photo image on paper of the same bank note.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
I'm not sure.

Sewell traces his finger along the copper.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
It's pretty close.

Greatrex walks up behind them and studies their handiwork. Under the gas lights hanging from the ceiling, he reaches over and picks up the photo image then compares it to the plate.

GREATREX

Not bad.

He returns the photo to the table.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Let me know when it's complete.

Pulling out his pocket watch, he checks the time.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

You can continue tomorrow. Mrs  
Greatrex is expecting me.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT/SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

In a locked room that is basic but adequate, Sewell sits at a table continuing his engraving of the copper plate under gaslight with the photo to one side as dancing flames glow from the small fireplace.

AGNES (O.S.)

Sewell! Food is ready.

He puts down his tools and rises to join his wife.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas, Agnes and their son sit around a table laden with bowls of food, mugs of tea and a centre plate containing thick slices of bread.

Sewell joins the group and grabs a chunk of bread which is dipped into his bowl.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

How goes?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Good.

The four sit silently continuing to eat.

AGNES

What is it you're working on?

Sewell doesn't look up as he talks between mouthfuls.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

It's none of your concern.

His wife glances at Thomas, who is non-committal then stares hard at her husband.

AGNES

It is when there's nowt coming in  
but the odd tuppence.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

That'll change soon enough.

Agnes looks down at her bowl and prepares to take a mouthful  
of her meal. She mumbles to herself.

AGNES

Locking up rooms like some prison.

Sewell slams his spoon down into the bowl, splashing soup  
across the table. Their son, Alexander recoils at the anger  
in his father.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

It is work which cannot be  
disturbed. That includes women and  
children.

Thomas attempts to placate Agnes.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

It won't be for long. We are nearly  
done.

AGNES

(to Thomas and Sewell)

Since you met that man you have  
turned...both of you.

Sewell is about to speak but Thomas raises a hand to  
interject.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

For that we are sorry. No harm was  
meant. We work with Mr Greatrex on  
a new invention for which secrecy  
is required. That is all.

The woman locks eyes with her husband.

AGNES

You are sure?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Hush woman. Money will be  
forthcoming and we will worry no  
more of debts.

Agnes grinds her jaw in uncertainty.

## AGNES

Then nothing more shall be said of  
the matter.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT/SEWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the still of the night, the household sleep silently.

Agnes, with her eyes shut, lies with her back to her husband who snores intermittently.

Suddenly her eyes open. After a brief moment, she slowly and carefully turns to check her husband before stealthily climbing out of bed.

The room is pitch black but she knows her way around as her hand retrieves a nightgown to protect her from the night chill in the air.

Sewell grunts in his sleep and she stands frigid, waiting to see if there is a chance he will awaken.

Assured he is in deep slumber, the woman advances towards a chair where his clothes hang and she fumbles in his trousers till a key is found.

Reaching the door, the handle slowly turns and the door is cautiously opened to reveal the corridor in darkness. Taking one more glance at her husband, Agnes steps out into the corridor, wincing as she closes the door.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

In her bare feet she advances to the door of the room that is locked and she places the key in.

Trying not to make any sound, the key turns and there is a slight click. Looking around, the handle is turned and the door edges open to the sound of a low creak.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT/SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crossing the room to the table, Agnes fumbles in the dark till she finds a box of matches. Alone, she retrieves a match and lights an oil lamp close by. The glow of the lamp reveals the brothers' tools on and around the table.

Agnes stands with her back to the door and looks down at the copper plate lying beside the photo of the one-pound note.

Suddenly she hears a creak from behind spurring her to turn to face the door.

Thomas stands watching over her in silence before quietly advancing towards, dressed only in his trousers. They whisper so as not to disturb Sewell.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
You could not take heed, could you?

AGNES  
What is the meaning of this?

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
It is for a customer of the highest rank. I explained yet you refused to believe.

AGNES  
But -

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
Sewell is right to be cautious, for if word gets out we would lose this contract.

Agnes looks back at the table then returns her gaze in a state of shock.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)  
Return to your bed and we will say nothing more of this.

Timid and subserviently, she nods.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

The following day and Elizabeth arrives at the rear entrance of the studio carrying a satchel. The sound of Greatrex and the brothers conversing can be heard from the basement below as she opens the door and enters.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/REAR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth stands between opposing doors in the corridor. One leads into the darkroom, the other to the basement.

She bends down as she leans towards the basement door and presses her ear against it.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW (O.S.)  
What do you think?



GREATREX (O.S.)  
I'm sure even the bank would be  
impressed.

There is the sound of group laughter.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW (O.S.)  
Then we can begin?

GREATREX (O.S.)  
I believe so.

Suddenly the door opens to reveal Greatrex as Elizabeth jumps back, caught in the act. He looks calmly towards her, his deadpan face immotive.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
Excuse me, Mr Greatrex.

She fixes her dress and steps back from the door.

GREATREX  
You require assistance Elizabeth?

Elizabeth advances towards the dark room, embarrassed to look at him before entering her place of work while Greatrex follows her movements until the door closes.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/DARKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light emanates through the unwashed window, partially covered by thick black curtains, revealing a large ceramic basin containing solution supported by a thick wooden table above a bucket where the solution is drained.

Shelves adorn an array of jars containing the developer's chemicals with a small table standing adjacent to the basin in disarray with tools and scattered photographs.

Closing the door, she lays the satchel down on the floor and retrieves an apron from a hook on the wall before covering her clothing to protect against the chemicals.

She tuts to herself as she begins organising and cleaning the table.

Gathering the photographs, she checks them then stops when the image of a partial one-pound note is revealed.

Taking her time to look at the photo, the printer glances back at the door in thought.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Greatrex removes his jacket and hangs it on the wall. There is an air of excitement amongst the two brothers as the men begin gathering the materials required for the printing process.

The photographer retrieves the brown package and opens it. Sewell inspects the paper. He looks at Greatrex and nods while behind them, Thomas is spreading ink over the copper plate.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

The large assembly room lined with tall paned windows bedecked in velvet curtains, hosts a large gathering of police officers and dignitaries focused on SUPERINTENDANT ALEXANDER MCCALL [30] who stands awaiting receipt of his award.

With a thick set moustache and tightly combed hair, he is of average height as he watches his senior officer get handed the award to present.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER  
Gentlemen...officers...and finally.

He pauses while studying the seated audience.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
It gives me great pleasure to present this award to Superintendent Alexander McCall. An officer of great character and integrity, he has displayed all that is expected in the modern police force.

He turns to face the officer.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
With a degree in law, he not only knows how to capture criminals but prosecute them!

Loud laughter rings across the assembly room as he hands over the award to the recipient.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Congratulations.

The room bursts into applause as McCall accepts his recognition before waiting for the noise to subside.

He turns to face his audience.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
 Thank you sir. As you know, I am a  
 man of few words but though I  
 humbly accept this award it is  
 worth recognising that if it were  
 not for the hard work of our  
 officers then I would not be here  
 today. Thank you.

The audience rises and rousingly applauds the recipient.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Officers and dignitaries mingle as McCall accepts handshakes  
 while he walks through the crowd.

AUDLEY THOMSON [22], one of McCall's officers, approaches.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
 Congratulations sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
 Thank you Thomson.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
 I expect you will be required to  
 partake amongst heady company for  
 much of the day.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
 Far from it.

He checks his pocket watch.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
 I shall attempt to make this as  
 brief as possible. Criminals do not  
 stop on my account.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/BASEMENT - DAY

The Grimshaw brothers and Greatrex study the forged note  
 that is hanging, pegged to string as sunlight brightens the  
 room.

Sewell and Thomas smile at each other with self-satisfaction  
 while the photographer handles a magnifying glass close to  
 the sheet of paper.

GREATREX

Well gentlemen, I believe we have ourselves a Union Bank of Scotland pound note.

He steps back from the forged note and grins as he offers a handshake to each of the brothers.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

So we should progress with the others?

GREATREX

Very much. There is enough to print two thousand notes in that package.

Sewell raises an eyebrow in astonishment as Thomas rubs his chin in contemplation.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

We could make more.

GREATREX

And risk capture?

He shakes his head defiantly as he guffaws.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

I have felt the wrath of the law. It is not one which I care to reacquaint.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

But no-one will be the wiser. We can be set for life.

Greatrex lays down the magnifier and crosses the room towards a cupboard which he opens.

GREATREX

No! Our window of opportunity will be short.

Thomas is unconvinced.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

You'd be surprised how quickly I can part with it in the time we have.

From the cupboard, he produces a bottle of whisky and three glasses.

GREATREX

I do not doubt such bragging but we agreed. Do not deviate from the plan.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

He is right, Thomas. We can 'test the water' then be on our way south as arranged.

Greatrex begins pouring the whisky into the glasses.

GREATREX

Well, this deserves a small celebration, don't you think?

He proceeds to pour the alcohol into each glass then sets the bottle aside. They each raise their glass into the air.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

To fortune. May it bestow its riches on us all.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - LATER

Jane bids farewell to a customer as Greatrex appears from behind the curtain.

JANE WEIR

Good day, sir.

Greatrex waits till the shop is empty. He calmly takes her hands.

GREATREX

(softly)

I have some good news.

She offers him her full attention.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Soon we will be gone from here...as I promised.

Jane struggles to contain her joy as she bites her lip with excitement while her lover tries to temper her reaction with calmness.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

There is much to be done, so be prepared when the moment arises. In the meantime, I must speak to Elizabeth.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/DARKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The photographer knocks on the door of the darkroom.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON (O.S.)  
One moment.

He patiently waits until the printer appears from behind the door. Her smile is quickly diminished by the serious look on the photographer's face.

GREATREX  
May I have a word with you inside.

He gestures to the darkroom and they step in before he pushes the door back, a look of apprehension on her face.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately I have grave news.

Elizabeth tries to hold back tears in anticipation of what she is about to hear.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Business has not been good these recent months...

Elizabeth smothers her mouth with her hands.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
...so I must request you cease employment from this day.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
Oh, Mr Greatrex!

He places a hand on her shoulder in feigned sympathy.

GREATREX  
I know...it is a difficult position. If only there was some hope...but alas.

She drops her head with inconsolable despair as he pulls out a folded cheque and offers it to her.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Here is a payment that, hopefully, will assist until you find new employment.

She looks up, wiping the tears from her eyes before accepting the cheque.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

Thank you. This is most generous.

The photographer, unemotional, takes a step back towards the door.

GREATREX

You may leave...I will clean up.

He turns and departs as the young girl looks at the cheque while drying her eyes.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie sits in front of the glowing fireplace whiling away at her knitting as her husband enters the room.

JESSIE

I bedded the children early so we can sit in peace.

He hangs his jacket on the back of the door and sits opposite her, releasing a sigh as his head reclines on the chair.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

He closes his eyes in contemplation.

GREATREX

I am fine, dear.

Ignorant of the situation, she concentrates on her knitting. Greatrex opens his eyes and studies her for a few quiet moments with only the crackle of the fire disturbing the silence.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

I will be required to leave on business in the coming days.

Jessie remains focused on her craft work.

JESSIE

Will you be gone long?

She glances over at him.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I had arranged to visit Selkirk tomorrow for a few days with the children.

He closes his eyes again.

GREATREX

It is unlikely I will be back in  
time.

Returning to her knitting, she raises an eyebrow in  
disappointment.

JESSIE

Oh.

Neither speak as he re-opens his eyes and hypnotically gazes  
at the flames, lost in thought.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/BASEMENT - DAY

The brothers and Greatrex stand staring at three piles of  
notes that have been printed and cropped. One pile is  
noticeably larger than the other two.

At their feet sit three bags.

GREATREX

Secure what is yours and I will  
take care of the rest.

The brothers begin stuffing their bags.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Do not overindulge your temptation  
to spend.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW/SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Aye.

The photographer watches them close their bags and prepare  
to leave then offers a hand to each.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Thank you.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

Good luck.

GREATREX

And you.

With that, the brothers leave Greatrex to contemplate his  
next move.



INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/BASEMENT - LATER

The photographer stands beside an AUCTIONEER [47] who is taking notes. He points at the printing press that has been meticulously cleaned.

GLASGOW AUCTIONEER  
And this?

GREATREX  
Everything.

The auctioneer walks over to the large table and begins writing as he calculates in his head the value of all the equipment.

Completing his notes, he tears a receipt and offers it to the photographer who studies it. There is an air of urgency with Greatrex as he accepts the receipt.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
How soon can you collect?

GLASGOW AUCTIONEER  
Today?

They shake hands.

GREATREX  
I will be waiting.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The brothers open the door to find Agnes down on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor with a pail of water by her side.

AGNES  
Mind your feet in here! The floor's still wet!

The brothers stand at the doorway, not willing to attract her wrath.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
I have booked us tickets to visit old friends in Helensburgh.

Agnes stops scrubbing and looks over at the brothers with pleasant surprise.

AGNES  
When?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
This afternoon.

AGNES  
So soon?!

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Are you complaining?

AGNES  
The boy is at work.

Sewell turns to Thomas and chuckles before returning his gaze at Agnes.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Then have him removed for we are no longer worried for want of cash.

Agnes is ecstatic as she suddenly registers that their work is complete and they have been paid.

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
Didn't we tell you?

AGNES  
Oh! That is wonderful!

She rises to her feet, dropping the old rag into the bucket and wiping her hands on her apron.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I will head to the factory this instant.

She strides towards the brothers.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
The floor.

AGNES  
Damn the floor. Get our cases packed for my return.

The brothers laugh as she leaves the flat.

INT. HELENSBURGH SWEET SHOP - DAY

Sewell, Agnes, Thomas and Alexander are in a sweet shop in Helensburgh, still with their bags from the station. The boy presses his face against the glass counter salivating at the jars of candy.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
 (to Agnes)  
 Something for the boy then we can  
 check-in.

The shopkeeper attends to Sewell as Agnes and Thomas stand near the entrance.

She smiles adoringly as she watches Alexander excitedly decide what he would like to have.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
 When we return to Glasgow, Sewell  
 and I need to travel to Dalkeith to  
 complete some business.

Agnes pays little attention, her mind centred on her son.

AGNES  
 So be it.

They watch the shopkeeper hand a bag of candy to the excited boy as Sewell hands over a forged note for the shopkeeper to place in his till before handing back the change.

Turning to face his wife and brother, Sewell nods at Thomas and they all depart the shop.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - DAY

Two removal men take the last of the equipment out of the shop as Greatrex and Jane watch.

JANE WEIR  
 Have you informed your wife?

Greatrex pecks her on the lips.

He nods to confirm the situation, easing her apprehension.

GREATREX  
 She will be in Selkirk by tomorrow.

Jane clasps her arms around him and kisses him longingly.

JANE WEIR  
 Oh John! A new life beholds us.

Their eyes meet as he squeezes her.

GREATREX  
 There is something I must ask of  
 you.

She releases him and steps back quizzically as he produces a train ticket.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

I need you to go to Aberdeen. It will give you an opportunity to visit family and friends.

He hands the ticket to her.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

The train leaves first thing tomorrow.

His lover studies the ticket.

JANE WEIR

Why?

GREATREX

I have business to take care of.

Her mood changes to one of suspicion.

JANE WEIR

It is a place I'd rather not be.

Greatrex takes both her hands.

GREATREX

This is important.

Jane is adamant in her reluctance as Greatrex restrains his frustration.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Just for a couple of days then we will be gone. Believe me.

He looks pleadingly at her as she contemplates his request.

JANE WEIR

Very well.

Greatrex feels the wave of tension escape as he kisses her.

GREATREX

Where will you go?

JANE WEIR

I can stay with a friend.

He grabs the ledger and rips a page from it. Grabbing a pen, he hands it to her.

GREATREX

Write down the details. I will send  
two bags and follow behind.

She takes the pen and begins to write down the information.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. HELENSBURGH/LINEN SHOP - DAY

Sewell hands a forged pound note to the shopkeeper and picks up the handkerchieves then waits to receive his change before departing the shop.

EXT. HELENSBURGH/LINEN SHOP/STREET - CONTINUOUS

His brother and wife wait outside with the boy as he hands the handkerchieves to her.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

A little something as a memento.

Agnes, pleasantly surprised, kisses him on the lips.

AGNES

They are lovely.

Thomas checks the time on his pocket watch.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

Our train will be here soon. We'd  
better get a move on.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

(to Agnes)

You are fine with us going on to  
Dalkeith?

AGNES

Of course.

The foursome, dressed in significantly better clothing from when they arrived, make their way to the station.

INT. FIONA GRAY HOUSE - DAY

Sitting in the comfortable surroundings of a suburban terraced house, Jane accepts a cup of tea from her friend FIONA GRAY [26] who lives with her father WALTER GRAY [51] who stands in front of the fireplace smoking a pipe.

The father and daughter are relaxed and welcoming of their guest.

FIONA GRAY

If you had given me fair warning,  
we could have prepared some food  
for you.

JANE WEIR

My apologies for this unannounced  
arrival. My intention was to stay  
at Sophia's but her mother was ill  
and my presence would have been an  
inconvenience.

WALTER GRAY

You're more than welcome to stay.  
There is plenty of room for all of  
us.

Fiona sits opposite their guest and raises a cup to her lips  
as Walter advances towards the living room door.

WALTER GRAY (CONT'D)

I'll leave you young things to  
catch up.

He glances at Jane.

WALTER GRAY (CONT'D)

You must have much to tell of your  
ventures in Glasgow.

Fiona smiles at her friend as her father leaves them in  
peace.

FIONA GRAY

So pray tell. Is Glasgow as  
exciting as they say?

Calmly, Jane lays down her cup on the side table.

JANE WEIR

It has been wonderful...and I have  
met someone special.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO - DAY

Greatrex is dressed smartly in a dark suit, a travel bag in  
his hand as he surveys the empty shop. The sound of wagons  
passing by outside is all that disturbs the eerie silence.  
Crossing the room, he pulls down the blinds at both the  
windows. He opens the door and steps out into the street.

EXT. GLASGOW STUDIO/STREET ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The photographer locks the door, bends down and slips the key through the letterbox before leaving.

A *CLOSED* sign hangs on the inside of the door.

INT. UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND/TELLER STATION - DAY

A line of tellers sit behind a long counter as customers queue on the marble floor to be served. A crested symbol of the bank along with its name hangs high above, as shafts of light stream through the tall windows.

Elizabeth Robertson, holding an account book and watching proceedings, is next to be served.

UNION BANK TELLER  
Next please.

The young girl steps forward to speak to the male teller.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
Good day sir.

UNION BANK TELLER  
Ma'am. How may I help you?

Elizabeth hands the account book to the teller.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
I would like to make a withdrawal.

The teller takes the book and studies the content before retrieving a ledger by his side. He thumbs through the pages, running his finger down each page then looks up at the customer.

UNION BANK TELLER  
Miss, there appears to have been a problem with the cheque you presented the other day.

Shocked, she leans in closer to the teller.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
(softly)  
That cannot be!

UNION BANK TELLER  
The cheque was rejected by the payee bank, I'm afraid.

Elizabeth glances around to ensure no-one is within earshot.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
Can you not try again?

UNION BANK TELLER  
I'm sorry ma'am.

The teller looks over her shoulder.

UNION BANK TELLER (CONT'D)  
Next!

The anxious girl is reluctant to leave.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
Please...

The unsympathetic teller is adamant that nothing can be done.

UNION BANK TELLER  
You need to move on ma'am. Next customer please!

Upset, Elizabeth reluctantly moves aside and allows the next customer to be served.

EXT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT ENTRANCE - DAY

Jessie, carrying their youngest child and a bag, arrives at the doorway, located at the side of the shop that leads to their flat. With her are the children, her two oldest also carrying bags.

As she lays down her bag, she retrieves a key that is placed in the lock to open the door while her attention is drawn to three men in bowler hats and suits that includes David Greig who had previously requested payment from Greatrex.

It is then she notices the blinds are closed at the shop windows.

JESSIE  
Can I help you?

The men glance over to her as she asks the children to remain still while taking a few steps towards them.

David Grieg advances towards her with an envelope in his hand.

GRIEG  
You know Mr Greatrex?



JESSIE  
I am his wife.

He offers her the envelope.

GRIEG  
This is a summons to Mr Greatrex  
for non-payment of goods received,  
ma'am.

She looks down at the envelope. A rising anger surfaces in  
her face as she stares at the stranger.

JESSIE  
Then I suggest it is Mr Greatrex  
you need to present this to.

GRIEG  
Your husband is a fraudster ma'am  
and he shall be brought to justice.

JESSIE  
That is a matter you should direct  
at him. Now excuse me as I have  
children to attend.

Jessie pivots and walks towards her children.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
(to the children)  
Come children.

The three men watch the mother and children disappear behind  
the closing door.

INT. GLASGOW POLICE STATION - DAY

Superintendent Alexander McCall stands conversing with an  
officer in a large open-plan office surrounded by desks,  
some of which are occupied by officers busy with tasks while  
uniformed men come and go in the background.

One officer approaches McCall with a document.

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1  
Sir.

He hands the document to his superior.

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Forged notes have been discovered  
in Helensburgh.

McCall reads.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Two men?

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

Aye, sir...with a woman and boy.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Have a copy sent to all newspapers  
and send an officer to Helensburgh.  
See if anything else can be  
discovered.

The officer pivots and leaves.

EXT. DALKEITH RAILWAY STATION - DAY

The Grimshaw brothers step off the train on to the platform that is clearly signed *DALKEITH*. Dressed sharply, they each carry a travel bag along with a third bag.

Sewell checks his watch.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

We have two hours before the London bound.

As passengers exit the station, the brothers approach a train porter.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)

(to porter)

Would you be so kind as to store  
these two bags till our return?

The porter takes the bags.

DALKEITH PORTER

Names?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Shaw and Grimes.

As the porter departs, the brothers leave the station with the one remaining bag.

EXT. DALKEITH MAIN STREET - LATER

Disembarking from a horse-drawn carriage, they step onto the side-walk of the sleepy town with Sewell carrying the bag. They glance at each other then separate in opposite directions.

INT. NATIONAL BANK/TELLER STATION - DAY

Sewell approaches the teller in the quiet bank.

NATIONAL BANK TELLER  
Good day, sir.

The customer lays the bag on the counter, opens it and retrieves two large wads of notes much to the surprise of the teller.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
I would like to purchase gold coins please.

He pushes the notes across to the teller.

NATIONAL BANK TELLER  
Certainly sir.

The teller retrieves the money then extracts one of the notes which he studies while Sewell watches with apprehension.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Is there a problem?

The teller takes another random note much to the concern of Sewell.

NATIONAL BANK TELLER  
Just normal procedures, sir.

With speedy efficiency the teller begins counting the money as Sewell turns to look around nervously.

In no time at all the teller prompts Sewell who turns to face him.

NATIONAL BANK TELLER (CONT'D)  
Sir.

Sewell looks down at the pile of gold coins.

NATIONAL BANK TELLER (CONT'D)  
Would you care for me to bag it for you?

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Please.

The teller retrieves a small canvas bag and draws the coins into it before sliding the bag towards the criminal.

## SEWELL GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Immediately, he places the bag of coins in the larger bag and departs.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BANK/STREET - SAME TIME

Thomas steps out of the main entrance to The Commercial Bank with a similar canvas bag and walks away.

EXT. NOBLES SHOP - LATER

The brothers approach each other in front of the clothing shop. With straight faces, Sewell cocks his head to indicate they enter.

EXT. NOBLES SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The brothers exit with each carrying an additional paper bag and proceed along the street as Sewell checks his watch.

INT. R & J ELLIOTS TAILOR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The darkwood interior of the shop is filled with a wide assortment of clothing articles while a set of stairs to one side leads to the next floor. Shop assistant ROBERT BLAIR [17] welcomes the two customers into the shop while manager RALPH ELLIOT [37] tends to arranging products.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

I am in need of some new flannel shirts.

ROBERT BLAIR

Certainly sir. If you care to follow me.

The assistant raises the counter trap and leads Thomas up the stairs.

Sewell wanders around browsing at the clothing on display in the centre of the shop floor.

RALPH ELLIOT

A fine day it has turned out.

The brother appears disinterested in conversation as he continues browsing.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Indeed.

An awkward silence fills the room.

RALPH ELLIOT  
Can I help you with anything?

Sewell checks his watch again.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
No. Just browsing.

The manager shrugs and returns to tending his wares.

Moments later the manager and Sewell turn their attention to Thomas and Robert Blair as they descend the stairs.

The assistant returns to his position behind the counter as Sewell indicates to his brother that time is catching up. Thomas nods in acknowledgement as he approaches the counter.

ROBERT BLAIR  
That will be twenty-one shillings  
sir.

Thomas pulls out a one-pound note and places it on the counter along with some coins which the assistant stores in the till.

ROBERT BLAIR (CONT'D)  
Shall I parcel it for you?

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
Yes please.

The manager watches proceedings suspiciously which catches the attention of Sewell. Their eyes meet and the manager forces a smile.

Blair slides the parcel towards Thomas ignorant of the tension in the air.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Thomas turns his back on the assistant and joins his brother as they leave the shop.

With the brothers gone, Robert Blair opens the till and retrieves the one-pound note as his manager walks round to join his assistant who studies the note.

RALPH ELLIOT  
Something wrong?

The boy shows the note to Elliot.

ROBERT BLAIR

I have a newspaper from this morning that says two forged notes like this were discovered in Helensburgh.

RALPH ELLIOT

Give it to me.

Elliot takes the note and leaves the shop.

INT. NATIONAL BANK/TELLER STATION - MOMENTS LATER

On edge, Ralph Elliot watches the teller inspect the note.

RALPH ELLIOT

It is sound?

The teller hands the note back to his customer.

NATIONAL BANK TELLER

It appears fine to me.

Elliot appears unimpressed as he studies the note before rushing out of the bank.

EXT. HAT SHOP/STREET - SAME TIME

The two brothers stand outside a hat shop where Sewell is beginning to get anxious.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

One hour Tom.

Thomas pulls out some notes from his pocket.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW

A new hat and we can go.

His brother sighs in resignation.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW

Then be quick.

INT. HAT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The brothers enter the shop and Thomas makes for the counter where WILLIAM ADAMSON [23] watches his approach while Sewell remains by the door entrance.

WILLIAM ADAMSON

Can I help you?

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
I'd like a new Boston Hat, if you  
may.

WILLIAM ADAMSON  
Your size?

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
I am not sure.

The assistant studies Thomas.

WILLIAM ADAMSON  
One moment.

He walks round the counter and fetches two hats before  
returning to Thomas, while Sewell turns and looks  
apprehensively out the window.

Adamson hands a hat to Thomas who tries it on.

WILLIAM ADAMSON (CONT'D)  
You can check in that mirror.

Sewell sighs loudly as he watches Thomas cross over to a  
mirror, briefly glancing at his brother dismissively.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
My friend worries should we miss  
our train.

WILLIAM ADAMSON  
You have far to travel.

Thomas returns to the counter.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
London...This'll do nicely.

WILLIAM ADAMSON  
Two pounds and thirty shillings  
please.

His customer places two notes and coins on the counter just  
as the entrance door opens for INSPECTOR COPLAND [37] and  
Ralph Elliot to appear with the brothers standing with their  
backs to the new arrivals.

RALPH ELLIOT  
Him!

The brothers turn in surprise as the two men approach.

The inspector advances towards the counter while Elliot remains close to Sewell who he glances angrily at.

INSPECTOR COPLAND  
There is some issue with bank  
notes...

He picks up one of the notes and studies it.

INSPECTOR COPLAND (CONT'D)  
...which may be forged.

Adamson looks at Thomas with incredulity then picks up the other note.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
There must be some misunderstanding  
sir. These notes were recently  
acquired in Glasgow.

The inspector is undeterred as he feels the note between his fingers.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)  
If they are as you say I can pay in  
gold coins...

He turns to the shop assistant with feigned concerned.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)  
...and offer my profuse apologies  
to you.

RALPH ELLIOT  
And me!

The inspector retrieves the two notes and places them in his pocket.

INSPECTOR COPLAND  
I will require you to come with me  
to the station.

Both the brothers suddenly erupt into panic as the officer grabs Thomas by the arm who attempts to resist.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
Officer...we have a train to catch!  
Let him pay with the gold coins.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW  
This is just a terrible mistake not  
of our making.



As the inspector retains a tight grip on Thomas, MR CLEGHORN [45], the shop manager appears from the back of the shop.

MR CLEGHORN  
What is going on?

Ralph Elliot turns to Sewell and grabs his arm as William Adamson and Mr Cleghorn rush round from behind the counter to assist in the apprehension.

Within moments Thomas is in cuffs and, with Sewell held tight by Mr Cleghorn and Ralph Elliot, the brothers are led out of the shop with Adamson carrying the bags.

SEWELL GRIMSHAW  
This is preposterous!

EXT. HAT SHOP/STREET - CONTINUOUS

A gathering of locals converge around the brothers who struggle against their opponents.

INSPECTOR COPLAND  
(to the crowd)  
Have someone provide assistance  
from the station!

EXT. ABERDEEN TRAIN STATION - DAY

Greatrex disembarks the train carrying a bag and makes his way through the busy crowd of passengers as they pass a sign indicating *ABERDEEN STATION*.

EXT. SOPHIA ROBERTSON TERRACED HOUSE - LATER

The photographer approaches the modest terraced house and knocks on the door. He waits a moment for the door to open to reveal SOPHIA ROBERTSON [21], her hair in a bun and wearing a long dress.

Greatrex tips his hat.

GREATREX  
Miss Robertson?

SOPHIA ROBERTSON  
Yes.

GREATREX  
John Greatrex. I am here for Jane.  
She informed you of my arrival?

The young girl suddenly remembers.

SOPHIA ROBERTSON

Ah. Mr Greatrex. Yes...but you will find her staying with her friend Fiona Grey. One moment and I will provide you with her address.

Greatrex displays a perplexed look.

GREATREX

Have you received two bags which were dispatched?

SOPHIA ROBERTSON

Unfortunately I have not at this time.

Greatrex appears slightly frustrated as the girl leaves him waiting while she re-enters the house.

He turns and looks down the street until the girl re-appears with a written note in her hand which she offers him.

SOPHIA ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

It is not far from here.

GREATREX

I will have someone fetch the bags once they are delivered to your address.

Jane's lover strides towards the end of the garden path and into the main street.

EXT. FIONA GRAY HOUSE/STREET - LATER

Greatrex, flustered, knocks on the door before taking a deep breath and composing himself.

The door opens and Fiona appears smiling widely in expectation.

FIONA GRAY

Mr Greatrex!

The photographer beams widely.

GREATREX

She is here?

The girl opens the door wider to welcome him in which he accepts.

INT. FIONA GRAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane rises from her chair and leaps into the arms of her lover as he drops his bag at his feet while Fiona watches fondly.

JANE WEIR  
I thought you would never come!

Greatrex chuckles.

GREATREX  
Never doubt my word.

She kisses him fondly on the lips then steps back.

JANE WEIR  
May I introduce you to Miss Fiona Gray.

He takes her hand and gently kisses it as she blushes.

FIONA GRAY  
Jane has told me so much.

Greatrex responds with a forced laugh.

GREATREX  
I am innocent as I speak.

The two girls lead him towards the centre of the room.

FIONA GRAY  
Would you like some tea? You must be tired after that long journey?

The photographer stops in his tracks and winces.

GREATREX  
That is kind of you but I have a room booked at Forsyth's Hotel for this evening.

Fiona is surprised and slightly disappointed.

FIONA GRAY  
Oh that is a pity. I hoped you may stay even one night.

Jane, too, is slightly disappointed.

GREATREX  
(to Jane)  
We have much to do my dear.

He steps forward and pecks her on the cheek.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
If you can collect your things and  
we will be on our way.

FIONA GRAY  
(to Greatrex)  
Are you sure?

GREATREX  
Unfortunately we really must be  
going.

He glances at Jane. He displays a sense of controlled  
urgency.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Come dear. Be quick about it.

Jane shrugs her shoulders in resignation at her friend then  
leaves the room.

Alone with Greatrex an awkward silence falls on the room.

FIONA GRAY  
Maybe we can meet for lunch while  
you are here?

Greatrex forces an awkward smile.

GREATREX  
Yes. That would be lovely.

Again, there is a stilted silence.

FIONA GRAY  
And you are a photographer?

He nods.

GREATREX  
Hmm.

FIONA GRAY  
(muted)  
Wonderful.

Just then, Jane reappears with her bag and advances towards  
Fiona. Dropping her bag to the floor, she hugs her friend.

JANE WEIR  
Thank you for your hospitality.

FIONA GRAY  
 We shall meet again before your  
 return?

Jane glances at Greatrex for reassurance to which he nods.

JANE WEIR  
 (to Fiona)  
 I expect so.

She picks up her bag as Fiona turns to Greatrex and smiles.

FIONA GRAY  
 Till the next time.

Greatrex tips his hat but shows no emotion.

GREATREX  
 And you.

INT. UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND/PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Andrew Neilson (who questioned Greatrex about replicating the bank note signature), McCall, attired in a light brown suit, MR KINGSLEY [59] a representative for the Procurator Fiscal and MR HALL [62] a senior manager at the Union Bank, sit around a desk in an oak-panelled room.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
 (to Mr Kingsley)  
 Gentlemen, I am of an understanding  
 that forged banknotes are in  
 circulation.

Mr Kingsley, an officious individual with a manicured moustache and dressed in a black suit, slides a thin folder across the table towards the officer who opens it.

Lying on top of a couple of documents is one of the forged notes.

McCall picks up the note and studies it.

MR HALL  
 They are not the best of quality,  
 but that is only to a knowing eye.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
 It would fool me.

MR KINGSLEY  
 A number of them have been passed  
 in both Glasgow and Helensburgh.

The officer returns the note to the folder and studies the two documents.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Before arriving, I received word of  
their description.

He looks up from the documents towards the three men.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
Accents pertinent to one from  
England. Lancashire, to be  
specific.

MR HALL  
A brazen lot, to be sure.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Editorials across the land have  
been informed as we speak. The  
populace will read about this.

MR HALL  
Is that really necessary? It does  
our reputation no good.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
We need to use all facilities  
afforded us in their capture.

MR HALL  
You are confident of their  
apprehension?

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Without doubt.

MR HALL  
Neilson here, has information that  
may assist your investigation.

McCall turns to face the young bank clerk.

ANDREW NEILSON  
I happened to visit a photographic  
studio some weeks past whereupon I  
inquired about these notes.

The officer listens intently.

ANDREW NEILSON (CONT'D)

The gentleman I spoke to did not fit your description for he was older in age with a distinguished voice, but my visit offered him notice of these notes.

MR KINGSLEY

Their circulation is only recent.

Retrieving a pencil and note pad from his jacket, he begins to write.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Where was this studio, you speak of.

ANDREW NEILSON

Ninety-seven Sauchiehall Street.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

The name of the man you speak of?

ANDREW NEILSON

John Greatrex.

The pencil and notepad are placed back in his jacket.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Then that shall be my next port of call.

INT. FORSYTH HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

Jane unpacks her bag as Greatrex stares out the window of the modest room. A double bed, chair and cabinet take up most of the space with a door connected to an inside toilet and basin.

JANE WEIR

Shall we spend some time visiting the sights while we are here?

Her lover pivots and walks towards her with an air of urgency.

GREATREX

We have little time for such frivolities.

The young girl is apprehensive by his serious demeanour.

JANE WEIR

Does something trouble you?

Greatrex clasps her shoulders and smiles.

GREATREX

Not at all, but I have business to attend which leaves little time for entertainment.

Jane closes the bag and places it in the corner of the room.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Will you visit your friend Miss Robertson tomorrow and collect my bags that were dispatched? Hopefully they will have arrived by then.

JANE WEIR

Of course.

He pecks her on the cheek for reassurance before collecting his bag and making for the door.

GREATREX

I will be back soon.

Jane silently watches him depart.

EXT. ABERDEEN/COMMERCIAL BANK/STREET - LATER

As Greatrex makes his way towards the bank in the teeming thoroughfare, the street bustling with pedestrians as traffic makes its way across the busy road, he stops at a newsstand. A board leans against the stall containing a large headline emblazoned in black print.

*FORGERS APPREHENDED IN DALKEITH*

His mind working fast, he looks at the bank a few yards from where he stands and advances towards it.

INT. ABERDEEN/COMMERCIAL BANK/TELLER STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The forger stands before the counter watching the teller push bags of coins towards him as he places each one into his larger bag.

EXT. ABERDEEN/BANK OF SCOTLAND/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

He rises up the entrance stairs towards the front door. Signage on the wall indicates it is the Bank Of Scotland.

EXT. ABERDEEN/BANK OF SCOTLAND/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

He passes through the main door back into the street.



EXT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT ENTRANCE - DAY

Superintendent McCall rings the front door as he is accompanied by his assistant Audley Thomson. The two men, dressed in civilian clothes, wait silently as they glance at passersby.

The door opens to reveal Jessie Greatrex to which the officers tip their bowler hats in acknowledgement. She studies the two men with slight apprehension which is diminished when McCall speaks.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
 Good day ma'am. My name is  
 Alexander McCall. Superintendent  
 for the Glasgow police...

His hand indicates his assistant.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
 ...and this is Officer Audley  
 Thomson.

The woman opens the door wider and invites them in.

JESSIE  
 I've been expecting you.

INT. FORSYTH HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

The following day and Greatrex sits in the chair reading a newspaper with a cup of tea by his side on the cabinet. His attention turns to the door as Jane enters and straight away he sees she has arrived without the bags. He sighs deeply that notifies her of his disappointment.

JANE WEIR  
 I'm sorry.

He grits his teeth in frustration as he folds the paper and places it next to the cup.

GREATREX  
 Very well.

Dejected, she sits on the edge of the bed and faces him.

JANE WEIR  
 You are angry?

Greatrex winces in thought then moves over to sit beside her, taking her hand.

GREATREX

It is fine.

There is a look of worry on her face.

JANE WEIR

Is there some burden you do not  
speak of?

He raises his chin stoically and sighs again.

GREATREX

Perhaps...but it will pass.

JANE WEIR

What do you mean...perhaps?

He pats her reassuringly and smiles.

GREATREX

Do not concern yourself, but time  
is of the essence.

Their eyes meet.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

Send your friend a letter and have  
my bags forwarded to London. I will  
provide the address.

Jane's face changes to one of confusion.

JANE WEIR

London?

GREATREX

We leave tomorrow.

INT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane is sitting opposite McCall while Audley Thomson stands  
between them and the door surveying the room.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

This girl you speak of...Jane Weir.

The mere mention of her name raises the hackles in Jessie.

JESSIE

His mistress. There is no other  
word for it.

McCall frowns as he writes in his notepad.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
You know of her address?

She rises from the chair and makes for the cabinet then pulls out a drawer to retrieve a small black book. In addition, she finds a photograph of her husband.

Returning to her chair, she hands both the book and photograph to McCall who studies them. She points at the objects.

JESSIE  
You will also find she has family in Aberdeen. Perhaps they have journeyed there.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
It is possible.

Audley Thomson approaches his superior who hands over the evidence to his assistant who interjects.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
Two men were apprehended in Dalkeith passing these notes.

Jessie sighs with exasperation and shakes her head. As she does so, her eldest son enters from an adjacent room.

JESSIE  
(to Charles)  
Charles, go back to your room. The men shall be gone soon.

The boy looks at the officers and returns to his room while Jessie returns her attention to Thomson.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
That will be the Grimshaw brothers?

AUDLEY THOMSON  
They were under false names, Grimes and Shaw, but their true identification was revealed.

JESSIE  
They were nothing but trouble the day I set eyes on them.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
You know where they reside?

JESSIE

Oh yes. You may also wish to pay a visit to Elizabeth Robertson who also worked in the studio.

EXT. GLASGOW STUDIO/FLAT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The two officers stand in the street with Jessie holding the door.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

You have been most helpful ma'am.

JESSIE

For years I have put up with his shenanigans, hoping he would mend his ways, but my husband is a man who was born with the seed of trouble that has spread a vein of greed to his very soul. More the fool am I for putting up with it so it only seems right to play my part in his comeuppance.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

And you can be assured his appearance before a judge is inevitable.

McCall tips his hat.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

Good day ma'am.

EXT. ELIZABETH ROBERTSON RESIDENCE - DAY

The ex-employee stands at the doorstep of her terraced house with the two police officers, her arms folded.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

I had my suspicions they were up to no good. And he had the temerity to pass me a false cheque...the embarrassment.

McCall's expression is one of sympathy as he finishes taking notes and places the notebook in his jacket.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

The girl Weir. She has connections in Aberdeen?

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

She mentioned a woman by the name of Sophia Robertson though I do not know of her address.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

It won't take much to find out.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

Is there anything else you require?

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

No ma'am. You have been most helpful. Good day to you.

The young girl steps back into her house, leaving the two officers to make their way through the street.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

The man has certainly left a trail of destruction in his wake.

AUDLEY THOMSON

I suspect he will have a history of crime. A leopard does not change its spots.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Very true, but our elusive foe has met his match. There may come a time when he is confident his venture has succeeded, but like a dog with the scent, I will not stop till he is found.

The two men stop at the kerb and wait for the opportunity to cross the busy road.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

Now, let us pay a visit to Agnes Grimshaw. Yet another woman touched by his greed.

INT. SEWELL GRIMSHAW'S FLAT - DAY

Agnes sits at the table with the two officers opposite her. Each have a cup of tea.

McCall sips his cup delicately then places it down.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

You have been informed of the situation your husband and his brother are in?

Agnes looks grim-faced as she stares into her cup, slightly shaking her head in disbelief for a moment, then looks up.

AGNES

We were having difficulties but to do this.

McCall looks sympathetically at her.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

It was a foolish act but we cannot turn back time.

The threesome remain silent for the briefest seconds.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

Did you have any suspicion of their involvement?

AGNES

Oh I knew something was not right.

AUDLEY THOMSON

In what manner?

Agnes remains tight-lipped, preferring to draw her cup to her lips. The two men watch her.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Ma'am, we have them with the money but we require evidence of their part in printing it.

AGNES

You are asking me to help convict my husband?

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

He has placed his selfishness and greed above you and your boy. There were other paths he could have taken.

The turmoil in Agnes is palpable as she looks into the eyes of McCall.

AUDLEY THOMSON

And other ordinary folk have been affected by this indiscretion.

Agnes sighs in resignation.

AGNES

I came across a copper plate  
bearing the resemblance of a bank  
note.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

In this residence?

She nods.

AUDLEY THOMSON

By his hand?

She nods again. McCall is sombre as he speaks.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

I understand the difficulty you  
speak off, but be assured it will  
lighten your conscious.

Agnes laughs in pained remorse.

AGNES

Your words could not be further  
from the truth.

EXT. GLASGOW STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The two officers make their way along the street.

AUDLEY THOMSON

It is a sad state of affairs.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

(to Audley Thomson)

For sure, but we cannot be overcome  
by emotions. We have a train to  
catch. Aberdeen awaits.

EXT. LONDON/BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL - DAY

The Georgian, terraced building is located in the  
illustrious settings of The Strand. A signage at the foot of  
the steps that lead to the entrance indicates the name of  
the hotel.

*BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL*

The couple walk up the steps and enter.

INT. LONDON/BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL/ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is a step up from that in Aberdeen. A thick carpet covers the floor in a decidedly more spacious environment.

Jane flops her back on to the plush double bed and looks up at the ceiling as Greatrex lays the bag by her side and opens it.

She turns her head to watch him produce three small canvas bags which he begins to untie.

GREATREX

You asked if I was burdened with troubles...which is so...

She stares at the small bags.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

...but it is one that will reward us with great riches.

At that, he empties the bags on to the bed.

Jane gasps in excited shock as gold coins flow from each of the bags on to the rich quilt.

JANE WEIR

Oh my lord!

She instantly sits upright and handles the coins with excitement then stares at him with incredulity.

GREATREX

How does America sound?

EXT. SOPHIA ROBERTSON TERRACED HOUSE - DAY

Sophia Robertson stands at the window of the terraced house watching Superintendent Alexander McCall open the garden gate and advance followed by Audley Thomson.

The front door opens and Sophia watches them approach.

McCall shows her his ID card.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Miss Sophia Robertson?

She nods in acknowledgement.



SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

We are looking for Jane Weir who  
may be in the company of Mr John  
Greatrex.

The girl's face changes from one of ease to that of concern.

SOPHIA ROBERTSON

She was due to stay but my mother  
is ill so she forwarded herself to  
our friend Miss Fiona Gray.

The officers briefly look at each other with aligned  
thought.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

May she have left any article of  
note as to her presence?

SOPHIA ROBERTSON

Is she in trouble?

AUDLEY THOMSON

It is her companion we seek, ma'am.

She turns to enter the house.

SOPHIA ROBERTSON

There were two bags delivered which  
I was required to send on. One  
moment.

The two men wait as she disappears.

AUDLEY THOMSON

(whisper)

We are close, sir.

The girl returns with a piece of paper which she hands to  
McCall who looks at the note. He turns to his assistant.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

London.

INT. LONDON/SHIPPING BOOKING OFFICE - DAY

The large room, bustling with customers, provides a long row  
of booths occupied by booking staff who are processing  
tickets for intended travellers.

Greatrex, a look of urgency, grips the counter to face the  
teller.

GREATREX  
The next available ship for New  
York, please...for two...second  
class.

The teller searches among a small pile of thin, paperback  
books.

SHIPPING BOOTH TELLER #1  
(to himself)  
New...York.

He finds the timetable and thumbs through it before looking  
up to face his customer.

SHIPPING BOOTH TELLER #1 (CONT'D)  
The *SS Herman* leaves tomorrow...

He retrieves a clipboard that contains up-to-the-minute  
information on passenger availability and flicks through the  
pages.

Greatrex relaxes.

SHIPPING BOOTH TELLER #1 (CONT'D)  
...but there is no second class  
available.

The shoulders of the fugitive sag as the teller continues to  
study the information. He returns his gaze to Greatrex.

SHIPPING BOOTH TELLER #1 (CONT'D)  
There is a single cancellation  
available in first-class.

The customer considers this.

GREATREX  
What is the next sailing?

The teller studies the information on the counter.

SHIPPING BOOTH TELLER #1  
The *SS Deutschland* departs two days  
from now...and there are cabins  
available.

Greatrex retrieves a handful of gold coins from his pocket.

GREATREX  
A single ticket for each...one way.

INT. LONDON/BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

Jane sits on the bed with her back against the headrest reading a magazine as her lover enters the room.

He removes his jacket and hangs it on the door.

GREATREX  
Did the bags arrive?

She shakes her head to his disappointment as he sits by her side.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
This is insufferable.

JANE WEIR  
Should we not just leave them?

His frustration is obvious.

GREATREX  
Absolutely not!

The girl adjusts herself to kiss him on his neck but he shrugs her away.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
Tickets for New York are booked.  
You will depart two days from now.

Jane watches him rise from the bed, with his back to her, and fetch a drink from a bottle of whisky.

JANE WEIR  
And you?

He pours the drink into his glass.

GREATREX  
Tomorrow.

JANE WEIR  
WHAT!

He turns to face her, his patience wearing thin.

GREATREX  
Hush woman, for once!

Startled, she remains silent as he approaches.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

(calm)

We have no choice. By now the law  
will be on to me.

He swallows a large gulp of the whisky.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

I will meet you there. In the  
meantime, if the bags are not here  
by tomorrow then have them  
forwarded there for collection.

He advances to the door and retrieves her ticket which he  
hands to her.

GREATREX (CONT'D)

See? Am I not true?

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS - DAY

The following day and Greatrex stands at the gangway waiting  
to embark. He turns and looks at Jane, a look of  
apprehension on her face, and he offers a weak smile then  
waves before walking up towards the deck of the ship.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. LONDON/BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL/RECEPTION - DAY

Jane stands at the reception watching a member of staff  
approach.

JANE WEIR

Has Mr Greatrex's bags arrived?

The receptionist forlornly shakes his head to Jane's  
disappointment.

From a purse, she retrieves a gold coin and a piece of  
paper.

JANE WEIR (CONT'D)

I leave for Southampton today. Can  
you have the bags sent on the next  
sailing to New York and I shall  
have them collected.

FORSYTH HOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Certainly ma'am.

INT. GLASGOW CENTRAL STATION - DAY

McCall and Thomson stand at the busy platform, thronging with passengers, that indicates *GLASGOW CENTRAL STATION*.

Following behind fellow passengers then embark the train, smoke billowing all around.

EXT. LONDON/BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL - DAY

McCall and Audley Thomson advance towards the entrance of the hotel.

INT. LONDON/BROWN'S PRIVATE HOTEL/RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Approaching the reception desk, McCall places his ID card authoritatively in front of the receptionist who is slightly taken aback.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
I believe you have John Greatrex  
residing here?

The receptionist glances at both men with trepidation.

FORSYTH HOTEL RECEPTIONIST  
He left two days ago sir...and his  
good lady departed early this  
morning for Southampton.

McCall grits his teeth in tempered frustration.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Goddammit!

AUDLEY THOMSON  
Sir, we can possibly get the  
Metropolitan Police to make haste  
and stop her.

FORSYTH HOTEL RECEPTIONIST  
If it is of any assistance they do  
have two bags bound for New York.

The senior police officer turns to the receptionist.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
When are the bags due to ship?

FORSYTH HOTEL RECEPTIONIST  
The seventeenth of October.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
(to Audley Thomson)  
Get over to the Met. I will make  
arrangements with Glasgow.

INT. GLASGOW POLICE STATION - DAY

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART [52], the most senior officer in Glasgow sits at his desk in his private office reading documents, a pen in hand, when there is a knock as his door and Glasgow Uniformed Officer #1 enters.

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1  
Sir, we have received news from  
Superintendent McCall.

He lays down his pen and offers his full attention.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART  
And?

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1  
The fugitives have escaped to New  
York.

Smart grits his teeth in frustration.

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
The good news is that there are two  
bags due to be shipped for  
collection and the super requests  
permission to accompany them.

The chief constable ponders on this information then his mood changes to one more upbeat.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART  
Have the required documentation  
brought to me so we can co-ordinate  
with our American colleagues. I  
will need London to have a telegram  
sent in preparation for his  
arrival.

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1  
He also states that the bank clerk  
Andrew Neilson will need to  
accompany them as he is the only  
one who can identify Greatrex.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART  
Then inform the bank and he can  
deliver the papers to McCall.

GLASGOW UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

Aye sir.

The officer exits, leaving Smart hoping McCall's pursuit will be successful.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS - DAY

Two police officers arrive driving a boxed wagon.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS - SAME TIME

Jane Weir stands on deck as the ship sets sail about six hundred yards from the dock. Leaning on a banister, she notices the two police officers approaching the dock.

She sighs with relief and pivots to head inside.

INT. TELEGRAM OFFICE - DAY

A man sits at a desk receiving correspondence via a telegram machine. Ticker-tape churns through into his hands which he reads.

Superimposed is the message:

FAO: British Legation. Connecticut Avenue. Washington.

Superintendent Alexander McCall will arrive in New York on 19th Nov 1866 with legal papers for apprehension of John Greatrex. Arrange support for his requirements.

On behalf of PM Lord John Russell.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. NEW YORK/TENTED CONGREGATION - DAY

Greatrex, wearing a dog collar and black suit, stands on stage before a large applauding audience. He beams with joy as he claps his hands in prayer.

GREATREX

God bless.

NEW YORK CONGREGATION

Amen!

EXT. NEW YORK/TENT/OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Among the large crowd of people, Jane approaches her lover, a wide smile on her face. He holds her by the shoulders and they kiss longingly.

JANE WEIR  
You have settled in well?

GREATREX  
I may soon be offered a formal  
position in the church...upstate...

She kisses him again.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
...with a home to call our own.

JANE WEIR  
A new beginning awaits us?

GREATREX  
Indeed.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - DAY

Superintendent Alexander McCall, his assistant Audley Thomson and bank clerk Andrew Neilson disembark the SS Bremen in the company of a deck hand.

Waiting for them is plainclothes DETECTIVE JOSEPH EUSTACE [28].

DETECTIVE JOSEPH EUSTACE  
Welcome to New York.

The officers shake hands.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
You are fully informed of our  
predicament?

DETECTIVE JOSEPH EUSTACE  
I certainly am sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Then we must make arrangements with  
these bags before I make for  
Washington.

DETECTIVE JOSEPH EUSTACE  
Let us waste no more time.



INT. NEW YORK DOCKS/SHIPPING OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

In the dusty office, McCall waits at the counter until an administrator returns.

NEW YORK SHIPPING ADMINISTRATOR  
That's everything in order sir.  
Should anyone make inquiries you  
will be informed.

McCall looks determinedly at his opposite.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Good.

With that, he turns to face his colleagues.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
(to Audley)  
I will be back tomorrow. Until  
then, make good use of your time.

Audley nods in agreement.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
Good luck, sir.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON/STREET - DAY

McCall disembarks the carriage carrying a bag. He stands and admires the building.

INT. WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON/PRESIDENT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

President Andrew Johnson sits behind his desk reviewing documents.

A member of staff enters.

WHITE HOUSE STAFF #1  
Mr President...I have a  
Superintendent Alexander McCall  
from the Scottish Police.

The president looks up from his documents.

WHITE HOUSE STAFF #1 (CONT'D)  
He has an arrest warrant and  
supporting documents which are all  
in order, sir. It just requires  
your authorisation.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON  
Bring him in.

The president reaches for a carafe of water and pours it into a glass as he waits.

McCall follows the staff member into the room who indicates for him to approach before taking a seat by the wall.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
You have travelled some distance to  
be here...it must be of some  
importance?

He gestures for McCall to take a seat. As he does, he opens his bag and retrieves a set of documents which he hands over.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Very much so, Mister President. A  
fugitive who has broken many of our  
laws and caused insufferable pain  
to many.

The president reads the documents. McCall sits quietly and watches.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON  
*"I hereby authorise and direct the  
Secretary of State to affix the  
Seal of the United States to a  
warrant for the arrest of John  
Henry Greatrex, dated this day and  
signed by me and for doing this  
shall be his warrant."*

The president glances at the police officer and gently nods his head before returning to the document. His hand reaches over to a pen and he signs the document. Raising it in the air, he gently blows the document then leans forward and hands it to McCall.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Thank you, Mister President.

FADE TO:BLACK

FADE IN

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL/FOYER - DAY

The following day and McCall enters the modest foyer where he spots Thomson, Neilson and Eustace sitting.

DETECTIVE JOSEPH EUSTACE  
Everything in order?

McCall nods affirmatively.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Any progress yesterday?

AUDLEY THOMSON  
None sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
In a city this size, I suspect it  
would be a needle in a haystack to  
find either of them.

The superintendent raises his hand to attract the attention  
of a waiter who approaches.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
Tea please.

As the waiter departs, he turns his attention to his  
colleagues.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
Time is not on our side and funds  
for this exploit are not infinite,  
so I propose we apply some cunning  
to root out this rogue.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
What do you propose, sir?

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
I want you to place some adverts in  
the local papers requiring a  
photographer and a young assistant.

He pulls out his notepad and pencil and leans over the table  
they sit around and begins to write, ripping each note out  
of his pad and passing to his assistant.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
One should target Greatrex and the  
other for Weir.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
You think they will take the bait?

The waiter returns with McCall's cup of tea.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
There is only one way to find out.

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

In the simply furnished room, McCall sits at a desk by the window. As he writes, there is a knock at the door. Remaining seated, he turns to face the door.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Enter!

Audley enters the room carrying a small bundle of envelopes which he hands to his superior who instantly begins opening each envelope, eagerly watched by his assistant.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

BINGO!

Excited, Audley advances to look over McCall's shoulder.

AUDLEY THOMSON

You have something?

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

Twenty-two years of age...belongs  
to Scotland...

He looks up at Audley and grins.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

...worked with a first-class  
photographer.

AUDLEY THOMSON

You think?

McCall rises from his chair. He looks at the note.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL

We have an address.

McCall retrieves his jacket and they make for the door.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)

Have Neilson meet us at reception.  
There is no time like the present.

EXT. NEW YORK/CANAL STREET - LATER

The three men sit outside a busy bierkeller by a table, each with a glass of beer as they watch the building opposite.

A large crowd has gathered in the street with red, white and blue banners hanging over adjoined between the buildings.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
(to Neilson)  
This is when you pay for your trip  
young man.

The bank clerk nervously nods.

ANDREW NEILSON  
What if he should have changed his  
appearance sir?

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Let us hope not.

As they sip their beer, the distant sound of a brass band  
can be heard approaching. They wait and watch.

EXT. NEW YORK/CANAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The band is within yards of where they sit. People begin  
opening their windows to look out. Suddenly, Neilson spots  
Greatrex and Jane look out the window, pointing at the band  
and laughing. Neilson taps McCall on the arm.

ANDREW NEILSON  
There!

He leans in close to the officer.

ANDREW NEILSON (CONT'D)  
First floor. Above the bakery.

McCall looks up and studies the couple before rising to his  
feet.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Come. We have no time to lose.

As the band passes, the three men cross the road, zigzagging  
through the crowd towards the building.

INT. NEW YORK/GREATREX BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The three men run up the stairs till they reach the door.

McCall glances at Audley before knocking on the door. As the  
sound of the band dissipates, they hear footsteps advance  
then the door handle slowly turns.

McCall bursts the door open causing Greatrex to fall back  
for the two men to enter while Neilson sheepishly retreats.

Greatrex manages to stay on his feet as he reaches for a  
vase sitting on a table.

The narrow corridor offers little room to manoeuvre as the officers try to manhandle the fugitive but the vase comes crashing down on Audley who falls to the ground while McCall grabs the collar of Greatrex.

A swing of the fist connects with McCall who falls back, hitting his head against the wall while Jane screams in fear.

Greatrex, his face contorted with rage, kicks his boot into the jaw of Audley and leaps over the two writhing men.

McCall rises to his feet with pain and makes for the door.

JANE WEIR

JOHN!!

Audley pulls himself up while pointing at Jane.

AUDLEY THOMSON

DO NOT MOVE!

EXT. NEW YORK/CANAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

McCall reaches the street. Through the dissipating crowd, he sees Greatrex about two hundred yards away. He charges after the fugitive, pushing people aside who react with anger.

His lungs bursting, he watches Greatrex cross the road, pushing aside passersby. McCall follows suit. Greatrex sprints down an alley, his body slamming against some crates as he twists his body to angle into the alley. The officer enters the lane in hot pursuit. At the end of the lane, it opens into a yard with washing hanging on lines. He catches a glimpse of Greatrex and gives chase, sweeping the washing aside as he advances.

As he reaches the last line of washing the sheet sweeps over his body as Greatrex lunges forward. McCall is entangled in the sheet as the weight of his foe pushes him backward through the other lines of washing and they both fall to the ground, the lines snapping with their weight.

Both rolling over, they each become entangled. McCall gasps for air and his boot kicks out at Greatrex who falls backwards. The officer rips the sheet from his face to see Greatrex roll on to his front. McCall disentangles as his opposite gets to his feet. With one lunge, McCall leaps at his foe and grabs his trailing foot.

Greatrex trips and falls giving a split second for McCall to lunge at him and land on his back while bringing an arm round his neck to squeeze tightly.

The criminal chokes for air as McCall tightens his hold.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
SUBMIT MAN!

Greatrex gasps for air.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL (CONT'D)  
IT IS OVER!

The criminal raises his arm to the air in submission.

EXT. NEW YORK/GREATREX BUILDING/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

McCall returns to meet Audley, Neilson and Jane with Greatrex in cuffs, the officer and criminal both battered and bruised.

Jane is visibly upset about the capture and state of her lover.

Audley carries with him a bag which he raises to show McCall.

AUDLEY THOMSON  
They didn't spend everything.

The superintendent offers a grimaced smile.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
Let us be gone from here.

INT. GLASGOW POLICE STATION - DAY

A line of officers create a clear path as they applaud the arrival of McCall, carrying two bags, and Audley in the company of the stoic figure of the cuffed Greatrex.

At the end of the path stands a beaming Chief Constable James Smart.

McCall hands Greatrex over to accompanying officers.

SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL  
I assume there is a cell with his name on it?

The officers smile and take him away.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART  
Well done Alexander...

He shakes the hand of the superintendent then glances at Audley while offering his hand.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART (CONT'D)  
...and you Constable Thomson.

As the police officers disperse, McCall places the two bags on the counter.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART (CONT'D)  
What was of such importance he  
needed those bags?

McCall opens the bags. A soft golden glow emanates as they peer inside.

CHIEF CONSTABLE JAMES SMART (CONT'D)  
Well I'll be..

INT. GLASGOW POLICE STATION/CELL - SAME TIME

In cuffs, Greatrex stands behind the locked door of the cell with his hands reaching out between the bars. The accompanying officer produces a key and removes the cuffs.

He stares across at the barred door opposite to see the faces of the Grimshaw brothers.

GREATREX  
We meet again?

The police officer turns and walks away.

Greatrex's face morphs from unemotional into a grin.

GREATREX (CONT'D)  
I have a plan...