

(Name of Project)

by
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in Order of Work Performed)

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A clear, black winter sky dusted with white stars.

The occasional snow flake whipped by a cold wind.

The boughs of the greenwood tree, heavy with snow.

A cart rattles along a rutted road, the DRIVER wrapped up against the chill.

His passenger is FANCY DAY, a woman in her twenties. She is very attractive, buttoned-up, her bright eyes nervous and serious as the cart shudders on through the winter wood.

Leaving quiet to descend once more in the wood.

A long beat.

Then we see an orange glow and a man walking towards us.

DICK DEWEY is in his twenties, a well-built, charming, good-humoured man. He strides forward, singing happily to himself, the light from his lamp illuminating his strong, handsome features.

Dick stops when he hears a man holler a greeting at him through the wood:

PENNY

Dick? That you, Dick Dewey?

Another lamp swings towards Dick through the darkness.

DICK

The very same, Robert Penny.

A small, bespectacled man steps out of the gloom to shake hands with Dick, a fiddle tucked under one arm. This is Robert Penny, the boot-maker.

PENNY

Tis as chill a Christmas Eve as I remember.

Then another man lumbers out from behind Penny. He is tall, goofy, perhaps not the sharpest knife in the picnic hamper, but kind and well-liked. THOMAS LEAF.

LEAF

Hello, our Dick.

DICK

Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

PENNY

You be in fine voice, Dick.
Myself, I need some libation on a
cold night.

DICK

Then we'd best get ourselves to
father's house, Mr Penny.

The three men stride off through the snow.

2 INT - MELLSTOCK/FANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 *

Fancy's face is illuminated as she lights a lamp. We see
now that she is prettily but quite formally dressed.
Fancy holds up the light to investigate her new home. *

It's spartan and bleak, the walls bare, just some old bits
of furniture, and Fancy can't stop herself sighing. *

We hear Dick, Penny and Leaf as they walk by outside. *

4 EXT - MELLSTOCK/DEWEY HOUSE - NIGHT 4 *

Dick, Penny and Leaf walk through the small Dorset
village of Mellstock.

One house in particular looks like a cocoon of warmth and
light on this cold night, its windows glowing orange with
light under a ramshackle thatched roof.

The men walk up to the front door, kicking the snow from
their boots.

5 INT - MELLSTOCK/DEWEY HOUSE - NIGHT 5

REUBEN DEWEY, the village tranter and Dick's father, is
stooped over a hogshead of cider, expertly broaching it.
He is a man of insight and humour, very much the unspoken
leader of the Mellstock choir.

The house is a chaos of life and battered furniture, kids
and dogs and cats everywhere.

A fire roars in the hearth.

Reuben's wife, MARY, is fixing some mistletoe to a
ceiling already decked with holly.

REUBEN

I'll have first call on that, Mrs
Dewey.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I'll remind you of that when the barrel is empty.

Their eldest daughter, SUSAN (20), is bringing in food from the kitchen, trying not to fall over Jim (16), Bessey (13) or Charley (10).

Dick, Penny and Leaf come into the house, quickly shutting the door against the cold.

REUBEN

Hello, my sonnies, here you be!

MARY

Come in, come in! Never mind your shoes. You get yourself by that fire, Thomas Leaf.

Penny looks at the hogshead and licks his lips.

PENNY

A good drop, Reuben?

REUBEN

We shall soon see, Robert.

SUSAN

(Teasing, to Dick)
Anne said to say she'll be coming tomorrow night.

DICK

She'll be as welcome as anybody else, then.

BESSEY

Are you going to marry Anne, Dick?

CHARLEY

You said you'd never marry, Dick, and live here with mother and father and me for ever.

Susan laughs out loud at this and goes to answer a knock at the door.

Dick lifts the laughing Charley over his head.

DICK

And so I shall.

Another group of men from the choir - ELIAS SPINKS; MICHAEL MAIL and JOSEPH BOWMAN, all with their instruments, are standing there.

(CONTINUED)

SPINKS

Merry Christmas, Mary.

MARY

Merry Christmas, neighbours. Get yourselves by the fire.

The men of the choir are standing around Reuben and the keg, watching him tap the barrel with almost religious fascination.

*

REUBEN

Fetch us a mug, Suze.

Susan hands her father a mug and he takes it without looking, like a surgeon taking an instrument from a nurse.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Here we go, my sonnies.

Reuben taps the hogshead and a shower of cider sprays up into the room, soaking Reuben and wetting some of the others.

MARY

(Scolding)

Reuben!

There is much laughter and reaching for mugs as Reuben fights to plug the hole and the spraying cider.

6 INT - MELLSTOCK/FANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

6 *

Fancy is in her dusty bedroom, sweeping and cleaning with gusto.

*

It's dirty work but she is determined to make a go of her new situation.

A mouse scuttles out from under a wardrobe and Fancy lets out an involuntary yelp, before she chases the mouse with her broom.

7 INT - MELLSTOCK/DEWEY HOUSE - NIGHT

7

A small, delicate, female shoe sits incongruously on a table.

Reuben, Penny, Leaf, Spinks, Mail and Bowman all sit around this fascinating object, their faces warm from the fire and the cider.

(CONTINUED)

Dick sits away from them by the fire, fixing one of Charley's toys as the boy looks on, rapt.

PENNY

You can tell a lot about a person
from their shoes.

*

*

MARY

Have you met her?

*

*

PENNY

Not yet. She sent her shoe ahead
of her for me to fix.

*

*

*

SUSAN

What's she like, then?

*

*

Penny lifts the shoe up to inspect it.

PENNY

You'll find her delicate but
robust, neighbours. Part country
girl she once was, part educated
lady she is now.

*

DICK

(Laughing)

You do talk some nonsense, Robert
Penny.

PENNY

(Awed)

This shoe has danced on the
marbled floors of Exeter.

REUBEN

Who will she marry then, my
sonnies? A shoe like that will
need a fancy table to go under.

SPINKS

Then Farmer Shiner's your man.

Some sage nods of the head at this.

MARY

He's been rattling around that big
house on his own for too long now.

*

REUBEN

If Shiner's not to her liking
it'll be Parson Maybold, you mark
my words.

MARY

The new parson?

REUBEN

I delivered him a great wooden box this very day, took four of us to get it from the cart into the parsonage.

PENNY

What was in the box, Reuben?

REUBEN

He didn't say and I thought it impolite to ask. But more than once he glanced from the box to her lodgings with a gleam in his eyes.

*

Reuben's gossip has them all enthralled.

MAIL

Tis a very small shoe.

REUBEN

The littler the maid, the bigger the riddle.

SUSAN

What do you think, Dick?

Dick stands up.

DICK

I think it's time for singing.

In total contrast to the chaotic Dewey residence, FARMER SHINER's house is silent except for the ticking of a grandfather clock.

Shiner is in his fifties, a gruff, nouveau riche farmer, the richest man in the village. The house is expensively decorated and furnished but lacks a certain warmth.

Shiner has enjoyed a large meal and a large amount of wine and is stretched out on a chaise longue, gently snoring.

His ancient dog sleeps as soundly by the crackling hearth. It farts.

9 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 9

The choir - Dick; Reuben; Bowman; Penny; Leaf; Spinks;
Mail et al - stand outside Shiner's house in the snow.

Silence.

REUBEN

Fortissimy.

Then Reuben makes a flourish with his bow and they all start playing their instruments with great vim and vigour and singing with gusto:

CHOIR

(Singing)

"In Bethlehem he was born, O thou
man; In Bethlehem he was born for
mankind's sake..."

10 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10

The dog hears the cacophony first, leaps up from his dreams and starts barking.

Shiner is ripped from his slumber by the noise, sits up with a jolt.

11 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 11

Reuben leads the Mellstock choir in their carol, which is played with tremendous enthusiasm but only approximate tunefulness.

A shutter opens in Shiner's house and the farmer's florid face appears in the window.

SHINER

Shut up, will ee! Can't a man have
a quiet night on Christmas Eve?

The choir are making so much noise that they can't actually hear his words.

DICK

What's Shiner saying, father?

REUBEN

(Mischievous)

I think he wants more. Fortissimy!

*

Shiner disappears from the window and the choir bash on with gusto.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Then a jug of water is emptied over them from Shiner's window and the grind to a halt.

The window is slammed shut, the shutter closed.

A beat.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas.

12 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/PARSONAGE - NIGHT

12

The choir shuffle up the main street of the village, snow falling on their baffled faces.

PENNY

Very unseemly, very.

*

SPINKS

And he a Churchwarden.

*

REUBEN

Loneliness and a drop of drink, my sonnies, what did I tell you? Still, we'll ask him to our party tomorrow night and put him back in good humour.

The choir stop in the street, mid-way between the schoolhouse and the parsonage.

LEAF

I'm a-cold.

DICK

Bit more singing, Thomas, and we'll get some victuals inside you.

Reuben looks at the parsonage and then Fancy's house.

*

REUBEN

Two birds with one stone.

Reuben holds up his bow and they get ready.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Fortissimy!

Once more the choir attack their instruments with gusto and sing lustily.

13 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT 13

Fancy has already made her little bedroom more homely, with fresh linen on the bed and a small fire glowing warmly in the hearth.

She is putting some dresses away, smoothing them out, loving their style and colour. She is in a white night dress, hair wild and tumbling over her shoulders.

She turns as the noise of the choir reaches her, walks to the window with a smile, opens it.

14 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/PARSONAGE - NIGHT 14

As Fancy opens her window it throws a warm orange light over the upturned faces of the Mellstock men below her.

She looks down at them, her hair tumbling around her silhouetted beauty and her warm, generous smile, and each man is smitten.

The choir come to the end of the carol.

FANCY

Thank you, singers, thank you.

PENNY

I'll put your shoe by the door,
Miss.

A window opens in the parsonage and a cheery Parson Maybold is visible there.

MAYBOLD

Very pleasant, singers. Excellent.

Maybold looks over at where Fancy is still framed in her bedroom window.

The choir follow this following conversation above their heads as if it were a tennis match.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Miss Day, is it? Welcome to
Mellstock.

FANCY

Thank you kindly, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

I trust you're settling in well?

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

I am, sir, thank you.

MAYBOLD

Excellent. May I ask you to call by in the morning before the service, there's something I'd very much like you to see.

FANCY

Certainly, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

(A little awkward)
Splendid. I'll say good night, then, and merry Christmas.

FANCY

Merry Christmas, Mr Maybold.

Maybold closes his window.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas, singers.

Fancy Day also closes her window, her loveliness taken from them.

Snow falls on the choir as they take this all in.

REUBEN

Parson Maybold it is, then.

Some naughty, suppressed laughter from the choir.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Time for some eating and a small drop to keep us going, I reckon.

This is met with cheery consensus and the choir move off down the street.

A very energised Parson Maybold is in his shirtsleeves now, attacking the wooden crate with a metal bar, prising the wood apart.

Finally he steps back and admires his new purchase with wonderment:

A brand new, pedal-powered harmonium.

16 EXT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - NIGHT 16

The ancient parish spire pushes into the starry winter night as the stragglers from the choir enter the church.

17 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - NIGHT 17

There is a gallery in the church where the choir sit and play and even now habit makes them sit there.

Candles gutter as they unwrap bread and swig cider from a communal jug.

SPINKS

A sight like that was worth singing for.

*

REUBEN

As near a thing to a spiritual vision as ever I wish to see.

PENNY

Prettier even than her shoe.

LEAF

Pretty.

Penny holds up the empty jug.

PENNY

We appear to be dry, Reuben.

REUBEN

Dick has another jug on him. Dick?

They all look around but there is no sight of Dick.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Dick! Where's that boy got to?

*

18 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE - NIGHT 18

Dick hasn't moved since we last saw him. Snow has settled on his shoulders and head but he doesn't notice.

He stares up at the now-shuttered window of Fancy Day.

END OF PART ONE

*

PART TWO

19 EXT - GREENWOOD TREE - DAY 19

The snow-covered boughs of the greenwood tree glisten in the cold sunlight.

20 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - DAY 20

The choir are up on their gallery, singing and playing with gusto this Christmas morning.

Dick looks over the gallery at where he can see Fancy Day in her pew, looking beautiful and far more sophisticated than the other country women around her.

Next to Susan is a lovely young Mellstock woman by the name of ANNE ROEBUCK and she looks up at Dick with obvious love and desire.

Susan notices this like she notices most things. She nudges her mother and they both look over at where Farmer Shiner, in his best clothes, is looking at Fancy with something approaching fascination.

Maybold seems full of life and vigour this Christmas morning, beams down at Fancy from the pulpit.

21 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - DAY 21

Later.

Parson Maybold is into his Christmas sermon, animated, articulate.

Up in the gallery some of our out-late carol singers yawn but Fancy watches the parson with great interest.

MAYBOLD

At the end of one year and the beginning of the next, we must ask ourselves how we can best serve God in the months ahead. For the world is changing and we must change with it. How can we best serve our Lord in this brave new World? Through our children.

Susan slaps Charley's hand away from his nose where he is exploring his nostrils.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Education, education. Give them the intellectual arrows so that they can go forth from this village and make God's mark on the greater World. To this end I have appointed Miss Fancy Day as the new schoolmistress.

*

All heads swivel to look at Fancy, who nods a welcome to them all.

Shiner smiles an enormous smile and Susan and Mary giggle.

Up in the gallery Dick looks down on Fancy like a love-sick cow. This is seen by Reuben and it troubles him.

Anne follows Dick's gaze and frowns when she sees where it lands.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Miss Day's talents will not only be utilised in the classroom, however. To our enormous good fortune and to the glory of God Miss Day has agreed to play the new harmonium which is to be installed in the church.

For those up in the gallery who were actually listening there are ripples of unease.

PENNY

Harmonium? We don't need no harmonium, we've got a choir.

SPINKS

What does it mean, Reuben?

*

Reuben says nothing but looks worried.

Maybold has no idea how seismic his words have just been for the choir.

MAYBOLD

Let us pray.

The villagers make their way out of the church and head homewards, Maybold waiting outside with a word or a handshake as Fancy stands nearby.

(CONTINUED)

Dick stands on his own, just staring over at Fancy.

Reuben is the centre of a huddle of troubled choir members.

SPINKS

At least we know what was in the box, Reuben.

*

PENNY

It happened at Flintcombe Ash, it happened at Longpuddle. A wheezing contraption of noise replacing the choir that have been there for a hundred year and more.

SPINKS

He did look at Miss Day in a warmer way than Christianity asked for.

*

REUBEN

Let's not get agitated, my sonnies. I'm sure when the parson knows how we feel he'll think differently.

PENNY

Tell him now, Reuben.

*

REUBEN

Tis not the place. I'll ask him and Miss Day to our party tonight, that should do it.

Anne and Susan walk by Dick, Anne flashing her eyes at him but his are transfixed by Fancy.

Maybold walks over to Fancy, all smiles.

MAYBOLD

How did you enjoy the sermon, Miss Day?

FANCY

Very much, Mr Maybold. There was one small thing.

Maybold looks surprised at this.

FANCY (CONT'D)

I had assumed the congregation knew of the harmonium.

MAYBOLD

No, no. It was my little Christmas present to them.

FANCY

I would hate to be seen as the person who came newly to the village and threw out the choir.

MAYBOLD

Think nothing of it, Miss Day. The men will be delighted to put down their fiddles and join their wives and children in the pews.

Dick and Reuben are approaching, both looking nervous.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Isn't that so, Mr Dewey? You have no objection to the arrival of a fine harmonium and Miss Day's playing of it?

REUBEN

Well, sir... the thing is... not to mince up a man's words and all -

MAYBOLD

Of course you don't, you a man of music and all. I'm sure Miss Day's playing will make us known throughout the county.

FANCY

(Hurriedly)
When I've properly learnt to play it, sir.

DICK

(Blurting out)
Party.

They all look at Dick.

MAYBOLD

Excuse me?

DICK

Party.

Dick looks at Fancy who is amused by this handsome, tongue-tied young man standing in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

REUBEN

What he's trying to say, sir, is that you and Miss Day would be most welcome at our small Christmas celebration tonight. Indeed, it would be our honour.

MAYBOLD

(Not keen)
Well, I...

FANCY

(To Dick)
Thank you, Mr...?

Dick just looks at her.

REUBEN

Dick Dewey is his name, Miss.

FANCY

I shall very much look forward to it, Mr Dewey.

MAYBOLD

(Lying)
As will I, Mr Dewey, thank you.

23 EXT - GEOFFREY DAY'S COTTAGE/YALBURY WOOD - DAY 23

A small, isolated cottage in the middle of a great, dark wood.

24 INT - GEOFFREY DAY'S COTTAGE - DAY 24

GEOFFREY DAY is a small, prematurely-wizened man and Fancy is helping him into a chair by the fire as he coughs. His body may be frail but his eyes are bright and intelligent.

The walls of the house are covered in antlers and stuffed animal heads.

His small dog fusses around him.

FANCY

What were you thinking of, father, out in the cold like that?

GEOFFREY

I'm a country man, Fancy, it's in my blood.

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

Wait until you are well again.

GEOFFREY

We both know that will never be.

FANCY

(Scolding)

Please don't talk like that.

Fancy sits down in another chair, frowning.

GEOFFREY

Tell me about the party.

FANCY

Mr Dewey kindly asked me to his house for some dancing tonight.

GEOFFREY

(Unimpressed)

Dewey? The tranter? You should wait for a better offer to make your first social appearance.

FANCY

A better offer?

GEOFFREY

Mellstock may only be a small place, Fancy, and it's not what I wished for you -

*

FANCY

I'm quite content.

GEOFFREY

(Snappy)

How can you be? You an educated woman, ready to spread your wings, stuck in a village school to be near your ailing father.

Geoffrey has a coughing fit, his lungs weak.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

There are men of means even in a place like this. Mr Shiner, for instance -

FANCY

I believe Mr Shiner is going to the party.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFFREY

(Delighted)

Why didn't you say so, girl? Mr Shiner is a man of considerable affluence. You should be getting back, getting ready.

FANCY

(Changing subject)

I've brought you your Christmas present.

Fancy reaches in her bag but Geoffrey isn't interested.

GEOFFREY

The only present I want from you is to see you married and married well. This will be my last Christmas -

FANCY

(Shocked)

Father!

GEOFFREY

But I'll not go before I see you embrace your destiny, Fancy Day. I promised your mother that on her last day on this earth.

FANCY

You make me sound like some exotic butterfly.

GEOFFREY

That's exactly what you are. Marry well, my child, and let your father die a contented man.

Out on Fancy, her father's words making a deep impression on her.

It's a dark, cold night under a starry sky but the Dewey house is lit up with light and music and laughter as dancing figures flit across the windows.

Most of the choir are playing their instruments around the cider barrel, but this time playing dance music.

*

(CONTINUED)

Susan is dancing with the delighted Leaf.

Shiner is dancing with the perspiring Mary, throwing her around with gusto.

Fancy is on her own, enjoying the spectacle, when a nervous Dick comes over to her. *

DICK
Miss Day. *

FANCY
Mr Dewey. *

DICK
I wondered if... Well, in a manner
of speaking... I wondered if...
perhaps later... if... perhaps... *

FANCY
I'd very much like to dance, Mr
Dewey. *

Fancy puts out her hands and a delighted Dick takes them. They start to dance. *

Anne watches Dick and Fancy dance with a disappointed face.

Dick is a fine dancer, it gives him confidence. *

FANCY (CONT'D)
Your feet are a little more
articulate than your tongue, Mr
Dewey. *

DICK
I like to dance, Miss Day, tis
true.

Fancy smiles at this, knows he is flirting.

FANCY
It was unfortunate this morning in
church. I had no intention of
coming here and causing trouble.

DICK
I'm sure we all know that.

FANCY
(Flirting)
So you'll still speak to me after
the choir is gone?

DICK

I shall certainly consider it.

Fancy laughs, likes this young man.

Parson Maybold sips a drink that offends his taste buds almost as much as seeing Fancy dancing with Dick offends his sensibilities.

Reuben sidles up to Maybold, articulate with drink.

REUBEN

A word, please, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

Yes, Mr Dewey?

Some of the choir nudge each other as they play, nodding over to where Reuben is about to state their case.

REUBEN

There has been a misunderstanding, sir. About the choir and the... thing you are about to replace it with.

MAYBOLD

The harmonium.

REUBEN

You seem to think we in the choir don't mind being thrown out of the church, sir.

MAYBOLD

You're not being excommunicated, Reuben, but joyously making way for progress and the Lord's work.

REUBEN

Begging your pardon, sir, but we do mind. We mind very much. If, perhaps, you could bring yourself to -

MAYBOLD

Change can be painful, I don't deny it. But it is what I have decided and let that be an end to it.

The piece of music comes to an end and assorted exhausted dancers head for the cider.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
(Trying to be
sophisticated)
May I get you some refreshment,
Miss Day? Some cordial, perhaps?

FANCY
What are you having?

DICK
A drop of father's best cider.

FANCY
Then I'll have the same.

Pleased at her spirit, Dick hurries off to fill two glasses.

Maybold appears at her side.

MAYBOLD
A long way from the bright lights
of Exeter, Miss Day.

Maybold lowers his voice conspiratorially.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)
They're simple people but kind and
generous. Still, we've put in an
appearance, which is the main
thing. Shall I accompany you home,
Miss Day?

*

The choir strike up their instruments again in a jaunty melody and couples pair up for another dance.

Fancy is torn between living up to Maybold's sense of her social position or staying and enjoying herself.

Shiner blunders up, face red and cheery.

SHINER
Tis my dance I believe, Miss Day.

MAYBOLD
I was just about to escort Miss
Day home.

SHINER
Nonsense, the night is but young.
You get off, Maybold, I'll escort
the lady home.

Dick arrives with two glasses of cider, alarmed at this development.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

I'd be happy to walk Miss Day home.

SHINER

I said I'd do it, young Dewey, and I shall.

(To Fancy)

Come, Miss Day, and try not to step on my feet.

Fancy lets Shiner take her into the dance with an apologetic smile at the disappointed Maybold.

Maybold moves off to be replaced by Anne who takes one of the glasses from Dick and glugs it down.

ANNE

Waste not want not.

Dick watches Fancy dance with another man and he doesn't like it.

The village is quiet late on Christmas night, muffled with snow.

Farmer Shiner walks Fancy home, their footsteps scrunching up the main street.

SHINER

The farm next door to ours came up for sale and I bought it. Everybody said I was mad to do it but I borrowed every last penny I could and I bought it. And two years later I bought the farm on t'other side. They don't call me mad any more. Leastways, not to my face.

Fancy laughs at this, enjoys the older man's confidence and solidity.

FANCY

You're obviously very good at business.

SHINER

I am. If there is a man between Casterbridge and Melchester who can better me in business I've yet to meet him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

SHINER (CONT'D)

It's filled my every waking and
sleeping hour, Miss Day.

They have reached the schoolhouse.

FANCY

Thank you for walking me home, Mr
Shiner.

SHINER

I have everything a man could
want. A big house. The best food
and wine, more money than I can
shake a stick at. But there's a
price you pay for filling your
days with business.

FANCY

What is that, Mr Shiner?

SHINER

(Awkward)

A lack of wife. Companionship.
Children. Some laughter in a big
old, empty house.

Fancy is touched by his honesty.

SHINER (CONT'D)

(Snapping out of it)

Go in before you catch cold, Miss
Day, and forgive my ramblings.

FANCY

Good night, Mr Shiner.

28 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

From an upstairs window Parson Maybold looks out on this
parting, watching intently as Shiner kisses Fancy's hand
before striding off towards his own house.

30 EXT - GREENWOOD TREE - DAY 30 *

The tree is down to it's bare bones, black and leafless,
the branches scratching in the winter wind.

31 INT - MELLSTOCK/PARSONAGE - DAY 31

A metronome ticks.

(CONTINUED)

Maybold watches as Fancy plays the harmonium. She makes a few mistakes but she has a fine, instinctive, emotional way of playing.

But it's not a style that pleases Maybold.

MAYBOLD

No, no, no. Miss Day, follow the music as written.

Maybold brings up a chair and sits very close to Fancy.

FANCY

I'll never be good enough to play in church.

MAYBOLD

Nonsense. You merely need more discipline and less emotion. You have to feel the structure of the music.

Maybold starts to play.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

ONE and TWO and ONE and TWO...

He plays very well but in a purely technical way.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Put your hands on mine, Miss Day.

Fancy hesitates, it's an intimate thing to do.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Feel the structure, the beautiful structure.

Fancy puts her hands over Maybold's and indeed feels his rhythm in her hands and arms.

She laughs at the sensation.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

(Enjoying himself)
Bellissima! Musica bellissima!
Bravo! Signorina giorno.

Fancy continues to laugh, slightly awed by this handsome man speaking Italian to her.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

I have been starved of good company, Miss Day. You are an oasis in the desert.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

FANCY

Thank you, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

Have you ever travelled, Miss Day?

FANCY

Not yet but I shall.

MAYBOLD

I hope one day you get the chance.
I have only dipped my toe in the
water myself but I have visited
France -

*

FANCY

(Really impressed)

You've been to France?

*

MAYBOLD

I've been to France. Est-ce que
vous savez jouer d'un instrument
de musique?

*

FANCY

Oui. Je jou l'harmonium

Maybold laughs with delight at this and Fancy is
delighted to be actually conversing in a foreign
language.

32 EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

32 *

Dick drives his empty wagon along a remote lane, the grey
English channel falling away to one side.

33 EXT - GEOFFREY DAY'S COTTAGE/YALBURY WOOD - DAY

33

Dick ties up his horse outside the small, isolated
cottage in the dark wood.

A scruffy dog comes roaring out of the house, snarling
and barking.

Dick simply bends down and makes a fuss of the dog who
rolls over.

Fancy comes out of the house, pleased to see him.

FANCY

Dick, you found it. I may call
you, Dick?

(CONTINUED)

DICK
(Pleased)
I suppose you may.

Fancy notices that the dog is wagging away next to Dick.

FANCY
How funny, he only really likes
father. Come in and have something
to eat, you must be frozen.

Dick is very pleased with this warm welcome from Fancy,
follows her into the house.

Dick follows Fancy down a corridor.

FANCY
There's not much furniture,
really. Just a few bits and pieces
that used to belong to my mother.

Fancy enters a room, followed by Dick.

FANCY (CONT'D)
You know my father, Geoffrey Day.

GEOFFREY
Welcome, Mr Dewey, you'll forgive
me if I don't get up.

But Dick is staring at the familiar figure of Farmer
Shiner who is tucking into a plate of roast lamb.

SHINER
(Cheery)
Mr Dewey, as I live and breathe.

DICK
Mr Shiner.

FANCY
Sit down, Dick, and I'll get you a
plate.

GEOFFREY
Superb piece of lamb, Mr Shiner.
Tis kind of you to share it with
us.

SHINER
One sheep less, Mr Day, tis of no
consequence to me.

FANCY

Father's right. You're very kind,
Mr Shiner.

SHINER

(Pleased)
Nonsense.

Fancy piles up food on Dick's plate, smiles at him.

GEOFFREY

Give the boy some wine, Fancy.

Fancy pours Dick a glass of red wine which he looks at
suspiciously.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

From France. Care of Mr Shiner.

SHINER

A rather fetching drop of
Bordeaux, though I say so myself.

Dick takes a slug of the wine as if it were cider and it
makes him cough.

This amuses the other men hugely.

Fancy feels for Dick, pours him a glass of water.

GEOFFREY

Best stick to your father's cider,
eh, Dick?

Out on Fancy, feeling sorry for Dick.

The cart is loaded with Fancy's furniture and rattles
back towards Mellstock, the winter wind whipping off of
the sea.

Fancy feels she owes Dick some sort of explanation for
her father's demeanour.

FANCY

You must forgive him if my father
is a little over-enthusiastic
about Mr Shiner.

DICK

It's his own house, he can like
who he likes.

FANCY

My father used to be a game-keeper on the Duke of Yalbury's estate. He fell in love with a niece of his employer and married her.

*

DICK

Your mother?

Fancy nods.

FANCY

She was cut off without a penny or a kind word. She died two years later and my father always blamed himself for dragging her down. He has made it his life's work to see me married well.

This is a subject close to Dick's heart and he wants to know her opinion ofon it.

DICK

And what are your thoughts on Mr Shiner?

FANCY

They're private, is what they are.

*

Fancy shivers.

Dick reaches back and grabs a blanket from the back, wraps it around Fancy's shoulders.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Their bodies inch together on the seat for warmth and they shudder off towards home.

Dick and Fancy are manoeuvring a vanity chest into the schoolhouse.

DICK

I wish you'd let me call father to help us. You'll think I don't know how to treat a lady.

FANCY

Oh hush, Dick. Besides, we're nearly done.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FANCY (CONT'D)

You bring in the last piece and
I'll fill a basin to wash the soot
off our hands.

Dick strides out of the schoolhouse and Fancy moves to
the range where a kettle sits on a hot plate.

She pours hot water into a basin and then adds cold,
before rolling up her sleeves.

DICK

All done, Miss Day.

*

*

FANCY

I suppose you should call me Fancy
now, as we're friends.

*

DICK

(Flirting)

Is that what we are?

FANCY

Wash your hands, Dick.

DICK

You first, Fancy.

FANCY

But you're dirtier than me.

DICK

But you're a lady.

Fancy puts her hands into the water and cleans herself as
Dick watches, fascinated.

FANCY

But now all the hot water is used
up, Dick.

DICK

Cold will do.

FANCY

If you don't object you could use
the same water as me.

DICK

Not at all. And to save time I
won't wait 'til you have done, if
you have no objection?

Dick's hands join Fancy's in the basin.

(CONTINUED)

They slip and slide together, both of them excited by the physical sensations engendered.

FANCY

I hardly know which are my own hands and which are yours.

(Flustered)

Towel! Towel! Whoever thinks of a towel until their hands are wet?

DICK

Nobody.

FANCY

Nobody.

Dick holds Fancy's hands and their eyes meet. Then Fancy breaks away, suddenly brisk.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Where is that towel?

DICK

Wait, Fancy, I believe you have a smut of dust on your forehead.

FANCY

I do?

Fancy looks for the mirror.

DICK

Let me, tis soon done.

FANCY

(Flustered)

Well, I -

DICK

Hold still.

*

Dick dips a corner of a towel into the water.

He gently wipes away an imaginary smut of dirt. Then suddenly kisses Fancy on the lips making her leap backwards in surprise.

FANCY

Dick Dewey!

DICK

(Sparkling)

Is there anything further I can do for you?

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

Certainly not!

Dick beams a lusty smile at her.

DICK

I'll see you very soon, Miss Fancy
Day.

Dick strides off out of the house, very pleased with this development.

Out on Fancy, touching her lips where he stole a kiss, heart thumping.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

37 EXT - GREENWOOD TREE - DAY

37

It is spring and the greenwood tree is the brilliant green of new growth, the grass beneath its boughs scattered with wild daffodils.

CUT TO:

38 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

38

Fancy is teaching in the schoolhouse. She has transformed it, covered the walls in drawings and maps, brought in flowers and tadpoles from the outside world.

We see the Dewey children there, Charley, Jim and Bessey.

The children are all sorts of ages and shapes and sizes, but they enjoy Fancy's teaching, shoot their arms up when she asks a question.

FANCY

They say Venice is the most beautiful city in the world, with wondrous paintings and squares and churches. Piazza San Marco; the Rialto; Tintoretto; Veronese. And not a single cart or street to be seen. Who can tell me why?

Parson Maybold watches all this from the doorway, watches her energy and spirit, likes what he sees.

39 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - DAY

39

Shiner is in his dressing room, struggling with a tie. He is in his very best clothes, trussed up like a chicken, tummy pushing against the shiny buttons of his waistcoat.

His dog watches him.

He looks at his clumsy fingers, which are trembling with nerves.

SHINER

(To Dog)

I'm a stupid old fool, Tristian,
shaking like a leaf at my age, but
the prize is great.

He presents himself to the dog.

SHINER (CONT'D)

How do I look?

The dog barks.

40 EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

40

Reuben and Dick are clattering homewards, another job done.

Dick looks excited and this worries his father.

REUBEN

I'm not a man for giving advice
but if I was, my advice would be
to forget Miss Fancy Day and get
on with your life.

DICK

Why would I forget the woman I
love?

Reuben squirms at this, it's not what he wants to hear.

REUBEN

Love - you barely know the girl.
Is there an understanding between
you?

DICK

Not yet, but there will be.

REUBEN

She's destined for greater things
than you, my son.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

We'll see.

Reuben doesn't like Dick's certainty one bit.

REUBEN

Any ways, she'll be married to
Shiner before the summer is out.

Dick is disturbed to hear this.

DICK

Who told you that?

REUBEN

Shiner has set his hat on having
her and what Mr Shiner wants Mr
Shiner gets.

DICK

Fancy would never marry for money.

REUBEN

Don't be a child, son. Miss Day
will do what she has to do, tis
the way of the world.

DICK

You don't know her.

REUBEN

(Frustrated)

What would you have, an educated
woman like that living as a
tranter's wife in our crowded
cottage, kids and dogs running
around her legs? Tis not
thinkable, Dick.

*

Dick knows there is some truth in this and he doesn't
like to contemplate it.

Anne is working the fields - sleeves rolled up, hands
covered in mud - with some other women from the village
and she flashes Dick the most dazzling smile as they pass
by.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

That's the woman for you, Dick
Dewey. I hope you have the sense
to see it afore she finds another.

41 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/GARDEN - DAY

41

Fancy is snipping at some primroses, far more delicate and sedate than Anne's work. *

She looks up as Farmer Shiner comes up the path, taking his hat off.

FANCY

Mr Shiner.

SHINER

Miss Day.

There is an awkward beat between them.

SHINER (CONT'D)

Lovely morning, is it not? *

FANCY

It is, yes, very lovely.

Another awkward beat.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Are you going for a walk?

SHINER

I don't believe in aimless walking, don't see the point in it.

(Hurriedly)

Not that I'd stop you, for I wouldn't. You'll come and go as you please, you'll not find me a harsh man in that respect.

FANCY

I'm not sure I understand, Mr Shiner.

SHINER

I've come here to ask for your hand in marriage, Miss Day. Course I'll speak to your father but he gave me to understand that -

FANCY

(Astonished)

Marriage?

SHINER

I know I'm maybe not the catch you dreamed of in your girlish days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHINER (CONT'D)

I will be a devoted and loving husband and I will share everything I have with you. You and your father will never want for anything again, you will be the most important woman in the area.

Fancy just stares at him, can hardly take it all in.

SHINER (CONT'D)

What say you, Fancy?

FANCY

Mr Shiner, I... you have taken me by surprise, sir.

SHINER

Anything you want and it shall be yours. Just say you'll be my wife.

FANCY

Well, I... Mr Shiner, I am flattered and -

SHINER

I see that my overture is a shock to you, Miss Day, and I'll not force you for an answer straight away. Just give me your word that you'll think my offer over and I'll be gone.

FANCY

(Flustered)

I give you my word.

Shiner is delighted with this, takes her hand and kisses it.

SHINER

I'll make you happier than a woman has ever been, just give me the chance. Good day, Miss Day.

With that Shiner turns and walks back down the garden path.

Leaving a surprised and flustered Fancy Day behind him. *

An agitated Dick knocks on the door of the school house. No answer.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

He peers in through the glass.

DICK

Miss Day?

43 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

43

Fancy has her back to the wall next to the window.

She can hear Dick calling and knocking but is reluctantly hiding from him. *

44 INT - MELLSTOCK/FANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

44

*

Susan and Fancy are laughing and giggling as they sit in their chairs and mend Fancy's dresses.

FANCY

Stop it, Susan. It's not a laughing matter.

SUSAN

Just imagine! You the mistress of Mellstock.

FANCY

I haven't said "yes", only that I will consider his proposal.

SUSAN

He will shower you with riches. Silk dresses from London. Perfumes from Paris. Diamonds and emeralds and rubies by the cart load.

FANCY

Stop it now.

Susan stops but Fancy likes what she was saying, all the same.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Is he a good man?

SUSAN

I believe he is, yes. Hard when he wants to be, for sure, but you don't get to do what he has done without breaking a few eggs. But they say he is kind beneath the gruffness.

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

(Pondering)

He's older than one would wish
for.

SUSAN

If you don't want him, miss, put
in a good word for me.

The two women laugh.

FANCY

(Off hand)

How's Dick, Susan? I haven't seen
him in an age.

SUSAN

(Pointed)

That's because you avoid him,
Miss.

Fancy knows she has been rumbled.

FANCY

I think he may have exaggerated my
affection for him.

SUSAN

He's a little lovelorn I'd say,
since he heard about Mr Shiner.

(Cheery)

Still, father hopes he and Anne
Roebuck will be married before the
year is out.

FANCY

Really?

SUSAN

(Teasing)

But will you, miss, that's the
question?

It is May Day and a may pole dominates the village green,
Dick dancing around it with Anne and other young people
from the village, the girls wearing white with flowers in
their hair.

The choir are singing and playing and drinking, in their
element.

(CONTINUED)

Fancy stands on her own, trying to look haughty and above it all, but her toe is tapping to the music.

A very happy Geoffrey Day is sat in the shade, enjoying the music, as Reuben brings him a drink.

REUBEN

I hear Mr Shiner has proposed, then?

GEOFFREY

He has. Just waiting for the girl to say yes.

REUBEN

She will say yes, you think?

GEOFFREY

She's like her mother, needs to squeeze the last bit of drama out of a thing.

(Confident)

But those church bells will be ringing out by harvest time, you mark my words.

REUBEN

(Relieved)

I'm very glad to hear that, Geoffrey.

Fancy looks once more at the dancers on the may pole and Dick's eyes catch hers. He walks towards her which makes Fancy's heart flutter. *

DICK

You're avoiding me, Fancy.

FANCY

Hardly, Mr Dewey.

Reuben looks over, sees them in conversation and it troubles him.

Dick hears the formal use of his surname and it hurts him.

DICK

Back to Mr Dewey?

(Brave)

If you have something to say to me I'd rather you said it to my face.

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

(Awkward)

I have nothing to say to you.

DICK

(Gentle, lowering his
voice)

Fancy. I've missed you.

FANCY

(Blushing)

Please don't talk to me in such a
way. If I gave you hope then I
apologise.

DICK

I want no apology for a kiss. I
want your honesty. If I -

Then Farmer Shiner arrives at Fancy's side, making her
immediately tense.

SHINER

Miss Day.

FANCY

Mr Shiner. Would you mind leaving
us alone for a moment, Mr Dewey?

Dick is hurt by this but tries to keep his dignity.

DICK

Not at all, Miss Day.

Dick bows and walks back towards Anne and the other
villagers.

SHINER

I wondered if you'd had time to
think about my offer.

FANCY

I've thought about it, of course.

SHINER

No hurry, lass. None at all. I
don't want you doing anything
against your will, but... I never
was very good at waiting.

FANCY

You're very kind, sir.

(CONTINUED)

SHINER

(Excited)

I have such a picture of the two of us in my house! Laughter and music. And maybe, if God smiles on us, the pitter patter of little Shiners.

FANCY

(Alarmed)

I'll let you know as soon as my mind is made up.

Shiner bows and leaves Fancy alone.

Fancy looks over at where someone trips on the may pole, sending them sprawling into a tangle of limbs and laughter, Anne falling on top of Dick and being in no hurry to disengage herself.

46 EXT - RIVER - DAY

46 *

Later. *

A grumble of thunder. *

A troubled Fancy leans against a tree, watching the river sweep by. *

DICK

So you're to marry Farmer Shiner? *

Fancy turns at the sound of his voice. *

DICK (CONT'D)

He's too good a man to be kept dangling from your finger, Miss Day. *

FANCY

How dare you speak to me like that? Of what business is it of yours?

DICK

I thought it might have been. Once.

FANCY

I fear you may have misconstrued an innocent friendship, Mr Dewey.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

I've not read the books you have read but I know twas more than friendship and so do you.

Fancy is rattled by Dick's correct instinct.

FANCY

I hear that you yourself will be married before the year is out. Actually I didn't "hear", I saw it with my own eyes. You get over a broken heart very quickly, Mr Dewey, if that's indeed what it was.

DICK

Not true, Miss Day. Tis broken and will remain so until the day you fix it.

FANCY

You will be waiting until hell freezes over, then.

It starts to rain, sudden and heavy. *

DICK *

Let us take shelter, Miss Day.

Dick takes her hand and run into the deep green wood. *

Fancy and Dick have their backs to the trunk of a great oak.

The rain is relentless, dripping from the leaves and boughs.

Fancy and Dick are in a cocoon of leaf and water and the noises of the wood.

Again, Fancy shivers.

Dick takes off his jacket, starts to put it over her shoulders.

FANCY

Thank you.

Their faces are suddenly close.

Before they know it they are kissing, a kiss of real desire, surprising them both.

It is Fancy who breaks off the kiss first, surprised and confused.

DICK

(Tender)

I knew you felt the same, Fancy, I knew it. I tasted it on your lips the first time I kissed you.

It's true and it breaks Fancy's heart.

FANCY

Take me home, please.

DICK

Say you'll be mine, Fancy.

FANCY

(Distraught)

You know I cannot.

Fancy pushes a tear away, runs through the wood back towards the village.

We get the impression that someone is watching the lovers from inside the wood.

Fancy is lost in emotion, excited, confused, upset.

The emotion is replicated in her playing of the harmonium, beautiful and yearning.

Maybold comes in from outside, listens for a moment in the doorway, mesmerised by Fancy's playing. For the first time, it seems, he sees how lovely she is, how sweet her music.

She sees he is there and breaks off.

FANCY

Mr Maybold. The door was open and -

MAYBOLD

You play beautifully, Miss Day. I will have the harmonium moved to the church within the fortnight.

Fancy nods and for the first time Maybold notices that she has been crying.

(CONTINUED)

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Miss Day, you are distressed.

Maybold fusses over Fancy, genuinely cares for her, lends her his handkerchief.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

What has happened?

FANCY

Have you heard any talk of me?

MAYBOLD

Talk?

FANCY

My name mixed up with another's? A man, I mean.

Maybold is taken aback and very disappointed by this.

MAYBOLD

No, I heard no such thing.

FANCY

A man has asked me to marry him and... I am confused, I don't know what to do.

MAYBOLD

(Deeply disappointed)

I see. Do you love this man?

FANCY

There are all sorts of love, are there not? The passionate sort that has no future. Or the sort that starts with liking and gets deeper with time, perhaps.

Maybold gathers himself, puts his personal disappointment behind him.

MAYBOLD

You will do the right thing. I only hope he is worthy of you.

Fancy smiles at Maybold through her tears, appreciates his respect for her, is more confused than ever.

51 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Shiner sits on his chaise longue, deep in thought, a glass of Bordeaux in his hand as the grandfather clock measures out his lonely life.

There is a knock at the door and a MAID ushers in Fancy and leaves, closing the door behind her. Fancy looks nervous. *

SHINER *

Miss Day.

FANCY

I'm sorry for coming unannounced but I had to see you.

SHINER

Please, sit down. Can I get you -

FANCY

I have considered your offer of marriage, Mr Shiner, and I'm afraid that -

Shiner knows what is coming and puts his hand up to interrupt her.

SHINER

Say nothing more.

FANCY

But I must. In all honesty I should have been more truthful from the start and not let you -

SHINER

Let me say one thing, Fancy. I am a fool, I know, and not versed in the ways of love.

FANCY

No, I -

SHINER

If you thought my offer crude and material I would be mortified, for it is not what I feel.

FANCY

Not at all, I -

(CONTINUED)

SHINER

The truth is I started out wanting a pretty face and a ready laugh to fill this echoing place, I'll not deny it. But the more I have got to know you the more I feel an emotion I have never felt for a woman before. There is no other word for it, Fancy, it is love.

Fancy is taken aback by his emotional honesty and maturity.

FANCY

(Doubly confused)

Mr Shiner -

SHINER

I'll give you more time, Fancy.

FANCY

No, I -

SHINER

Let you put this declaration of my love into the consideration, that's all I ask. Surely, a man's life is worth a few more week's contemplation?

(Pointed)

I know your father would be nearly as disappointed as me if your answer was rushed.

Fancy can feel herself being emotionally bullied by Shiner but feels helpless to stop it.

SHINER (CONT'D)

If by the end of the summer your answer is still "no" I will take it like a man and never ask you again, I give you my word.

Fancy hesitates, unhappy.

SHINER (CONT'D)

Tis all I ask, Fancy. Please, give me this.

It's Sunday morning and the choir - Dick; Reuben; Bowman; Penny; Leaf; Spinks; Mail et al - are gathered together in the Dewey house.

(CONTINUED)

But even this most cheeriest of places has a gloom over it this morning.

PENNY

Tis come to this then, is it? *

REUBEN

Miss Fancy Day and her fancy harmonium will usurp us any day soon, tis what I've heard.

DICK

Through no fault of her own.

REUBEN

Nobody said it twas, Dick.

SPINKS

I know it's not a Christian thing to say but I cannot abide that parson and his new ways.

REUBEN

Maybe but there tis. There's nothing to be done.

SPINKS

(Pointed)
Maybe there is, maybe there isn't.

REUBEN

(Suspicious)
What mean you by that, Elias Spinks?

PENNY

Maybe a small drop might help the bad news slide down, Reuben?

REUBEN

Tis a Sunday morning, Robert.

LEAF

(Blurting)
I'd do see them.

All eyes turn to Thomas Leaf, who is giggling to himself.

REUBEN

Who did you see, Leaf?

LEAF

Them. Kissing and such. In the wood.

(CONTINUED)

The choir smell some gossipy sport, perk up enormously.
But Dick stiffens, suddenly worried.

PENNY

Who did you see, Thomas? *

LEAF

Til she did run away from him,
eyes squirtin' tears like a
fountain.

DICK

You keep it to yourself, Thomas,
tis no-one's business.

PENNY

You know his head can't abide a
secret, Dick, twill tangle him up
inside. *

REUBEN

Out with it, Thomas.

DICK

(Threatening)
I'm telling you, Thomas Leaf, you
keep it to yourself.

LEAF

(Blurting)
Twas Dick! Kissing Fancy Day in
Yalbury wood.

Dick is furious, makes a grab for the astonished Leaf.

There is an inglorious scuffle, various members of the
choir trying to stop Dick getting at Leaf.

MARY

What is going on here?

The voice of authority rings out and the men stop
scuffling.

REUBEN

A mere difference of opinion, my
love.

Dick walks straight out of the room, slamming the front
door.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Tap the cider, Mr Penny, Sabbath
or no.

53 EXT - MELLSTOCK - DAY

53 *

The choir walk down the main street towards the church. They have their instruments in their hands and they are trying to walk with dignity but they keep slewing across the road, obviously drunk.

54 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - DAY

54

The choir are struggling to stay awake during the sermon, some of them slumped forward over their instruments, most of them snoring.

Dick sits aloof from them, straight-backed and fuming.

Maybold drones on from the pulpit.

Fancy Day sits in her pew, very conscious that Shiner is wanting to catch her eye and smile at her.

MAYBOLD

(From Titus, King
James Bible)

"But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine: That the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience. The aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things; That they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children " -

*
*

Penny falls forward, inadvertently letting his bow slur over the strings of his fiddle.

At this noise William Dewey sits bolt upright and attacks his fiddle with gusto, playing the lewd song from the May Day celebrations.

The other members of the choir likewise strike up their instruments and sing the lusty lyrics.

There is much giggling amongst the younger members of the congregation but Maybold is absolutely furious, speechless.

Fancy feels acutely for him.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
(Appalled)
What are you doing? Stop!

Reuben is the first to realise the enormous error of their ways.

REUBEN
Stop, my boys, stop!

*

One by one the choir slur to a confused halt.

Parson Maybold, with a face like thunder, glares over at Reuben and the other members of the choir as he shakes hands with his congregation.

REUBEN
How does the old saying go, my sonnies? Something about valour and discretion, I do believe.

The choir walk quickly away.

Dick has been waiting for Fancy, intercepts her.

DICK
Fancy.

Fancy is very flustered, doesn't know what to say.

FANCY
I cannot tarry, I'm afraid, I have school work to prepare.

DICK
There's something I must tell you. We were seen.

FANCY
Who was seen?

Anne approaches them, very upset and tearful.

ANNE
Tis true then, is it, Dick Dewey? You lead a girl on when all the time you're making love to Miss fancy Fancy Day in Yalbury wood.

Fancy is absolutely mortified that this news is public, whitens, turns to escape.

ANNE (CONT'D)
You can have him. He's not worth
it.

Fancy hurries away from the scene, humiliated.

DICK
(After her, agitated)
Fancy!

FANCY
(Angry)
Leave me alone.

A furious Geoffrey Day is confronting Fancy.

GEOFFREY
Have you any idea what people are
saying about you?

FANCY
I don't care about idle gossip.

GEOFFREY
Well, you should do care! Behaving
like some milk maid trollop.

FANCY
(Shocked)
Father!

GEOFFREY
You will get a reputation and no
respectable man will ever look at
you.

FANCY
It was nothing, it -

GEOFFREY
What would your mother say if she
was here? All our precious hopes
for you -

FANCY
You exaggerate, it was nothing.

GEOFFREY
Nothing? You kiss a man in public
and say twas nothing?

*

FANCY

Just a little flirting, no more.

Geoffrey appears to calm a little.

GEOFFREY

Maybe your reputation is not quite ruined.

These words from her father hit Fancy hard.

FANCY

Ruined?

GEOFFREY

Of course you will never see the boy again.

FANCY

We live in the same village, I teach his brother and sister, I -

GEOFFREY

You know what I mean, Fancy. Drop him and do it quickly before your life is undone.

FANCY

(Subdued)

Yes, father.

GEOFFREY

You give me your word on your mother's grave?

FANCY

Yes, father.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

The branches sway in the breeze.

Dick Dewey leans against the trunk of the tree, waiting for someone.

There is the sound of footsteps crunching through the wood and then Fancy Day appears, her face barely visible under hat and cloak.

(CONTINUED)

As ever, Dick is struck by her beauty.

DICK

Fancy. Do we have to meet like this, like we've done something wrong?

FANCY

We have done something wrong. Leastways, I have. I shouldn't have... done what I did.

DICK

Kissed me?

FANCY

It gave you hope and that was wrong of me.

DICK

Look into my eyes, Fancy Day, and tell me it was wrong.

FANCY

I haven't come here to argue. You'll find someone more attuned to your way of life.

DICK

(Sparking)
Attuned? Some village girl, you mean?

FANCY

I have a duty to my father, to my education. There are things I want to do, places I want to go, I -

DICK

Do them with me.

FANCY

You know I cannot.

DICK

(Stung)
I have prospects. One day the business will be mine and -

FANCY

Please, don't make this any harder than it has to be. Some things are not meant to be and we must accept that, it's what has been dealt us.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
Never. I will never accept it.

The noise of an animal's bark deep in the wood startles
the jittery Fancy. *

DICK (CONT'D)
Tis only a fox.

FANCY
(Upset)
I wish you every happiness, Dick.
Please never speak to me on this
subject again.

And with that Fancy Day is gone, merging quickly into the
dense wood.

Dick is taking out his bad mood on a pile of logs,
smashing them with his axe.

Reuben comes out, sees the shattered wood and his son's
manic energy.

REUBEN
What did that tree ever do to you,
Dick Dewey?

Dick looks up and sees his father standing there.

DICK
I've been thinking, father, about
the business. How long have we
been tranterers in this village?

REUBEN
Well, there's me of course. And
father, God bless him. And his
father afore him. And - *

DICK
A hundred years and more. And the
business is the same size as it
was when it was started.

REUBEN
Aye, tis a steady sort of work.

DICK

I don't want steady, I want more.
Maybe we could buy out another
tranter, or open another business
in Budmouth or Casterbridge.

REUBEN

(Troubled)

We know nothing of Casterbridge.

DICK

We can learn. We could build a new
house -

REUBEN

(Shocked)

We have a house.

DICK

Not some draughty old cottage full
of kids and animals. A proper
house, with gardens and stables
and servants.

Reuben looks at Dick as if he was from another universe
and is upset by these notions of change.

REUBEN

I was born in this house and I'll
die in it, too. I want no more
than I've got.

DICK

That's where we're different,
father. I want a lot more.

Out on Reuben, hurt for himself and troubled for his son.

Fancy is teaching in the little schoolhouse.

She hears the sound of a cart driving by outside, looks
out of the window in time to see Dick rattle by, his face
set and determined.

Geoffrey Day is walking in the woods. He is not a well
man but wheezes his way through the undergrowth, his dog
running ahead of him.

GEOFFREY

Come on, boy, this way.

Geoffrey takes another step and suddenly a man-trap - a ghastly mechanism of metal teeth and levers - crushes shut on his leg.

Geoffrey howls out in agony but is nowhere near strong enough to release the jaws of the trap.

His dog worries around him, whimpering and afraid.

Dick drives his horse hard through the wood, reckless speed a good indication of his mood.

Geoffrey's dog appears suddenly in the middle of the track and Dick has to slow his cart to avoid running it over.

DICK

(Irritated)

Stupid dog. You could have killed us both.

The dog barks at Dick, agitated.

Dick gets down from the cart, feels something is up. Then he sees the blood on the dog's coat.

The dog bounds through the woods followed by Dick.

The dog leads Dick to the distraught figure of Geoffrey Day, almost passed-out through pain, the metal jaws cutting into his bone.

Dick attempts to pull the jaws apart but even his strength is no match for the mantrap.

Dick searches in the wood, finds what he is looking for: a sturdy branch.

GEOFFREY

Hurry, Dick.

He wedges it into the jaws despite renewed howls of pain from Geoffrey.

62 CONTINUED:

62

Using all his strength Dick uses the branch as a lever until, finally, the jaws snap open and release Geoffrey's leg.

63 EXT - MELLSTOCK - DAY

63

Dick drives his cart fast through the middle of Mellstock, almost knocking over Shiner.

SHINER

What the hell do you think you're doing, Dick Dewey?

DICK

Mr Day got caught in a mantrap.

Shiner looks into the back of Dick's cart where Geoffrey is passed out, his dog next to him.

SHINER

Get him straight to my house, Dick, I'll send for a doctor.

Shiner clambers up onto the cart.

*

64 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

64

Fancy is reading at the front of the schoolhouse as her pupils concentrate on a task.

Dick Dewey crashes in to the schoolhouse, all eyes on him.

FANCY

(Shocked)

Mr Dewey.

Some of the naughtier children make kissing noises.

FANCY (CONT'D)

(To Class)

Be quiet!

DICK

You must come, Miss Day. Your father is hurt.

65 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - DAY

65

Geoffrey lies in a large bed in fresh linen, propped up with pillows.

(CONTINUED)

Fancy is at his side, Shiner standing behind her.

FANCY

What were you doing there in the first place?

GEOFFREY

Just a walk, for old time's sake. They've moved the mantraps.

SHINER

The doctor says tis a nasty wound but a clean one. You're welcome here as long as you like, Geoffrey, I hope that goes without saying.

FANCY

(Very touched)

Thank you, Mr Shiner, you are most kind.

SHINER

Just glad to be of help, Miss Day.

Shiner nods to her and leaves the room.

FANCY

After you are well you shall come and stay with me, father, where I can keep an eye on you.

GEOFFREY

Isn't he a fine man? Without his help I'm not sure I'd be here talking to you now.

Fancy looks up at this, intrigued.

FANCY

He saved you from the trap?

GEOFFREY

(Lying)

He's a modest man, he'll be affronted if you mention it. Just show your gratitude in your behaviour towards him.

Out on Fancy, already thinking differently on Shiner.

66

EXT - MELLSTOCK - DAY

66

Penny is sat outside his cobbler's shop, tapping nails into the heel of a shoe.

He looks up as he hears the sound of men struggling out of the parsonage with the harmonium and wrestling it up onto a hand cart.

Maybold is fussing around but not actually doing any of the physical work.

Other members of the choir in the street at the time - Mail, Bowman - look over with dismay at the sight.

Fancy stands in front of the schoolhouse, excited but also conscious of the hurt the harmonium is bringing to some.

Maybold sees her, waves:

MAYBOLD

Sunday is it, Miss Day! You will
fill that old place with new
music.

Fancy smiles back at Maybold, likes his enthusiasm.

Fancy becomes aware that she is associated with the harmonium and there are glares and disappointed faces in her direction.

Anne empties a bucket of dirty water into the gutter with pointed gusto.

Dick is walking by in his best clothes.

DICK

Miss Day.

FANCY

Mr Dewey. You look very smart.

Dick looks at his clothes as if he hadn't realised.

DICK

How is your father?

FANCY

Mr Shiner has been most kind, I
don't know what would have
happened to father without him.

Dick expected some form of thanks for his part in her father's rescue but is too polite to mention it.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

I'm off to Budmouth to rustle up some new business. No peace for an ambitious man.

FANCY

Indeed.

DICK

So Sunday is to be your coming out on the harmonium, is it?

FANCY

It is. I trust the ill-will towards Mr Maybold and his plans to better the church have receded?

DICK

The turkeys won't cheer tis Christmas, if that's what you mean. I hope it goes well, I'm only sorry I won't be there.

Fancy has no right to be put-out but this doesn't stop her:

FANCY

You won't be in Church?

DICK

I have to see a man out at Longpuddle on new business, tis the only day he can do.

FANCY

(Lowering her voice)
I thought you cared for me just a little.

DICK

You know I do.

FANCY

I thought you were my friend.

DICK

More than a friend, I had hoped.

FANCY

(Hurt)
Then I shall go into the lion's den on my own. Good day to you, Mr Dewey.

With that Fancy flounces back towards the schoolhouse.

67 EXT - MELLSTOCK - DAY 67

The church bell peals through the morning as the villagers of Mellstock make their way to church.

68 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY 68

Fancy is being buttoned into a lovely silk dress by Susan, who is attempting to cheer Fancy up.

SUSAN

You look beautiful.

FANCY

Not too indecorous for church?

SUSAN

You do this old place a power of good, miss.

FANCY

I don't think everyone would agree with you.

SUSAN

Mr Shiner would.
(Knowing)
And Mr Maybold, I suspect.

FANCY

(Shocked)
Susan! The things you say.

SUSAN

Tis true! I've watched his eyes follow you, full of puppy love.

FANCY

Stop it. I won't have Mr Maybold's name taken in vain.

SUSAN

The Adoration Of Miss Fancy Day.

Fancy laughs despite herself, secretly pleased that she has made another conquest.

69 EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 69

Dick drives his cart up over the moors.

70 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - DAY

70

The gallery is deserted, just a few sticks of broken furniture and a mouse.

Fancy plays the harmonium. She plays it beautifully.

We see Reuben, William, Leaf, Penny and the other members of the choir scattered around the congregation, next to wives and families. This is indeed a bleak day, the end of an era.

Parson Maybold beams at Fancy from his pulpit, very proud of her, proud of his church.

Farmer Shiner beams too, trying to catch Fancy's eye, deeply in love with her.

Geoffrey glances sideways at Shiner, sees the man's sparkling eyes. So all is going to plan.

Susan sees it all, takes it all in.

71 EXT - FARM - DAY

71

Dick is in the yard of a large, prosperous farm and is talking to a large, prosperous man.

FARMER

I've worked with the same tranter for nigh on twenty years.

DICK

I'll not knock another man's work, sir, tis not what I'm about. If he says what he's going to do on time, with good grace and a fine price -

FARMER

He has been a bit over-busy this last year or so. I've had to wait a few times for 'ee to come free.

DICK

There's no waiting with Dewey and Son, sir, and that's a promise.

The farmer looks at Dick, tempted.

FARMER

Came all this way on a Sunday just to try for a bit of custom?

(CONTINUED)

DICK

I did, sir.

FARMER

I like a man with a bit of
ambition about him.

The farmer puts his arm around Dick and leads him towards
the farm house.

FARMER (CONT'D)

A man can't talk business on empty
stomach.

Reuben puts his instrument away in an old trunk with an
air of finality, devastated.

Mary watches him from the doorway, very sad for him.

MARY

There'll be other occasions,
Reuben.

REUBEN

Not in the church. Tis what it was
truly meant for.

Reuben closes the trunk.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Are you happy, Mary?

Mary is completely dumbfounded by this remark.

MARY

What sort of question is that,
Reuben Dewey?

REUBEN

I've never been an ambitious man,
I know that.

Mary goes to him, puts her arms around him.

MARY

You're all the man I've ever
wanted.

(Pointed)

He's a young man in love, he says
things he don't mean.

73 EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 73

Rain sweeps over the exposed moorland landscape.

Dick puts his shoulder to the wheel of the cart, which is stuck in thick mud.

74 EXT - MELLSTOCK - DAY 74

Rain falls over the village, the street deserted.

75 INT - MELLSTOCK/FANCY'S HOUSE - DAY 75 *

Rain smears down the window.

Fancy sits on a chair as Parson Maybold swirls around her, full of the morning's happenings. She can't help but smile at his antics and flattery.

MAYBOLD

What can I say? Beautiful.
Captivating.

FANCY

You flatter me, sir.

MAYBOLD

I have sat in St Paul's cathedral itself, with the sun seeping through the stained-glass and a wonderful choir in full voice but I have never heard such music as played by you today in our humble Dorset church.

Fancy colours at this.

FANCY

Now I know you are teasing me, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

(Over-excited)
You bewitch me, Miss Day.

FANCY

(Serious)
Do I, Mr Maybold?

Their eyes catch for a moment and hold each other there.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

Maybold is about to say something but there is a loud, confident knock at the door.

FANCY (CONT'D)
 (Flustered)
 Excuse me, sir.

*

Fancy hurries out to the front door and opens it.

Shiner is standing there, the rain falling on him.

FANCY (CONT'D)
 Mr Shiner.

SHINER
 You play a tasty melody, Fancy,
 and no mistake.

FANCY
 Thank you. I -

SHINER
 May I come in? Tis a damp day out
 here.

Fancy remembers her manners, opens the door and closes it behind him.

SHINER (CONT'D)
 (Serious)
 I know I said I wouldn't press
 you, Fancy, but seeing you playing
 this morning I -

Shiner breaks off. Standing in the doorway is Parson Maybold.

SHINER (CONT'D)
 Mr Maybold, I didn't see you
 there.

MAYBOLD
 Mr Shiner. I just came to
 congratulate Miss Day on her
 performance.

SHINER
 As did I.

An awkward pause.

FANCY
 Tea?

76 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/FANCY'S ROOM - DAY 76

A clock ticks.

Fancy sits and sips her tea, as do Parson Maybold and Farmer Shiner.

The silence is excruciating.

77 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY 77

A weary Dick is driving home in the rain, soaked and muddy.

He consciously drives by the schoolhouse then changes his mind, stops the horse.

78 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/FANCY'S ROOM - DAY 78

Still the clock ticks and still Fancy, Maybold and Shiner sit in polite silence.

A gentle knock at the front door means Fancy has the excuse to leap up and escape the atmosphere:

FANCY

Excuse me.

Fancy hurries out of the room to the front door and opens it onto a bedraggled Dick. Despite everything she is instinctively delighted to see him.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Dick!

DICK

I just wondered how your playing went. I was thinking of you all morning.

FANCY

(Pleased)

It went well, Dick, thank you.

DICK

I got us some new business. Big farmer out over Longpuddle way.

FANCY

That's excellent.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

There's no limit to what can be achieved for an ambitious man.

FANCY

(Slightly flirting)

And are you that ambitious man, Dick?

DICK

I believe I am. Though it took meeting you to make me see it.

A beat.

Dick expects to be invited in but Fancy isn't budging, very conscious of her guests in the other room.

DICK (CONT'D)

It's a wet day and no mistake.

Suddenly Fancy realises the social dilemma she is in.

FANCY

Forgive me, look at you standing there! Go home and change your things this minute.

Dick is starting to get suspicious of her behaviour.

DICK

It would be easier to come in out of the rain, Fancy.

Dick makes a move towards the door and Fancy blocks him.

FANCY

You can't.

DICK

You are entertaining?

FANCY

Mr Maybold and Mr Shiner are taking tea with me.

DICK

I see. Tea sounds very pleasant.

FANCY

You can't come in looking like that, Dick, what will they think?

(CONTINUED)

DICK

Tis water and mud, I'm sure
they've seen both.

FANCY

Go home and get yourself dry. *

Fancy is about to close the door but Dick stops her, to
her immense surprise.

FANCY (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Dick Dewey!

MAYBOLD

(From inside)

Everything alright, Miss Day?

FANCY

Yes, thank you, Mr Maybold.
Just... I'll be there shortly.

DICK

Just the tranter's son, all
covered in muck and not fit to set
before a parson and a rich man.

FANCY

(Hissing)

Don't you dare make a scene here.

Dick steps back from the schoolhouse.

DICK

I wouldn't dream of doing such a
thing, Miss Day. For a while I was
blinded by your beauty but I see
you now for what you are.

FANCY

And what, pray, is that?

DICK

I'd marry the lowliest maid in the
county if I loved her. Nor money,
nor learning, nor the opinion of
others would force me from loving
her.

FANCY

(Uncomfortable)

Dick, I -

(CONTINUED)

DICK
(With finality)
Good bye, Miss Day, I hope you
find what you are looking for.

*

With that Dick tips his hat at her, turns, and walks back to his cart in the rain.

Out on Fancy, shocked to her core at what Dick has said to her.

END OF PART FOUR

PART FIVE

79 EXT - GREENWOOD TREE - DAY 79

It's summer and the tree is thick with green leaves as sunshine pours down from a blue sky.

Bird song.

The drone of fat, lazy bees.

80 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - DAY 80

Farmer Shiner strides through his house, his dog padding after him.

There are servants and workmen putting up new wallpaper, curtains, cleaning windows, polishing hundreds of glasses etc.

SHINER
Hurry up, here! Tis for this
summer not next.

81 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - DAY 81

Shiner strides out into the lawns of his house.

Gardeners are clipping and pruning.

*

Shiner surveys it all with some satisfaction, takes a deep breath.

82 INT - MELLSTOCK/PARSONAGE - DAY 82

An opened letter addressed to Maybold, its red wax seal broken, sits in the centre of the mantelpiece.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Maybold paces around the room, excited, sometimes looking over at the letter, sometimes just making little squeaks of joy.

83 INT - MELLSTOCK/FANCY'S HOUSE - DAY

83 *

Susan and Fancy are in their underwear, looking at the dresses in Fancy's wardrobe.

Fancy is trying to put on a brave face but it's hard for her.

SUSAN

It's beautiful, miss.

FANCY

Wear it.

SUSAN

Me? The very thought.

FANCY

Why shouldn't you wear it?

SUSAN

Pearls before swine, that's what they'll say.

FANCY

Nonsense. Put it on, Susan.

An excited Susan wriggles into the gown.

SUSAN

Think of the dresses you'll be able to afford next year, miss.

Fancy holds up two dresses, undecided.

FANCY

Whatever do you mean?

SUSAN

Tis all over the village that Mr Shiner will ask you to be his wife tonight and that you will say yes.

FANCY

(Giving nothing away)
And does the village know which dress I should wear?

84 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - EVENING 84 *

The house looks magnificent on a summer's evening, candles illuminating the expensive furniture and lavish upholstery.

The great and the good of Mellstock society are there, taking champagne from servants.

Parson Maybold arrives, waves his greeting over at where a nervous Shiner waits.

Shiner's face bursts into a grateful smile when Fancy Day arrives in his house.

All eyes are on them, everyone expecting some sort of announcement tonight.

SHINER

You came, Miss Day.

FANCY

Of course I did, Mr Shiner.

A nod from Shiner and a small group of classical musicians start to play.

85 EXT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - EVENING 85 *

There is a strange, new-fangled piece of agricultural machinery in one of Shiner's fields next to the house and village children and adults are standing around it in awe.

Dick is playing skittles with Anne and some of the others. He looks up at the house as he hears the genteel noise of the musicians drift on the summer breeze.

Susan is showing her dress off to her mother and covetous little sister.

Reuben looks over at the machine with dismay as he talks to Spinks and Penny. *

PENNY *

Tis a thing of curious beauty.
Blowed if I know what it does.

SPINKS *

(Lowering voice)
Some of the younger members have
been talking of not going quite so
quietly, Reuben.

(CONTINUED)

Reuben gives Spinks all his attention at this. *

REUBEN

Tis not for us to decide which way
it goes. I'll not have it said
that Mellstock choir stood in the
way of progress. *

Dick is irritated by the sound of genteel music and dance
coming from the great house.

DICK

Father! It's a party is it not?

REUBEN

I believe that was the general
idea, son.

DICK

Then we'll have dancing and music
of our own. Let's strike up a
tune, neighbours.

Dick's energy is infectious and the villagers of
Mellstock tune instruments and make a space for dancing.

Dick walks up to Anne Roebuck and offers his hand.

DICK (CONT'D)

May I have this dance, Anne?

Anne is very suspicious but still loves this man.

ANNE

All I get is a hand, is it?

DICK

A hand and a dance. Tis all I have
to give.

ANNE

(Pointed)
For now.

Anne takes his hand and Reuben and the choir strike up a
dance melody.

Couples are dancing to the polite classical music.

Shiner approaches Fancy.

(CONTINUED)

SHINER

May I have the honour of this
dance, Miss Day?

FANCY

The honour is all mine, Mr Shiner.

Shiner takes her hand and they start to dance. Has there
ever been a happier, prouder man?

People make space for the couple, all eyes on them.

Geoffrey Day watches with immense satisfaction.

Maybold watches from a distance, can't keep his eyes off
Fancy's beauty.

As they dance by the window Fancy can see Dick dancing in
the garden with Anne in a lustier dance of their own.
Despite everything, it irks her.

Dick is glugging down a glass of cider as other villagers
dance and play.

FANCY

You'll get hiccups, Mr Dewey.

Dick is startled to see Fancy Day standing there.

DICK

Miss Day.

FANCY

A lovely evening.

DICK

So I heard someone say.

Anne and some of the other village girls scowl over at
Fancy. Fancy is conscious that she's not the all-popular
woman who first arrived in the village and it troubles
her.

FANCY

So we'll not even be friends?

DICK

We could have been a lot more if
you'd had the courage.

FANCY

(Sad)
Life is more complex than that,
alas.

DICK

Not from where I stand.

FANCY

(Slight dig)
No, not from where you stand. I
must be getting back to the dance.

DICK

He's a very lucky man, Miss Day.

Fancy is disconcerted by Dick.

DICK (CONT'D)

Good evening, Miss Day.

FANCY

(With finality)
Good bye, Dick.

With that Fancy turns and walks back towards the house.

Leaving a rather sad Dick Dewey behind as Reuben and the
others play on.

Fancy is approaching the house, the shadows dancing
across the candle-lit windows, the classical music now
louder than the Mellstock boys' music, when she bursts
into tears.

Susan is walking towards her, is immediately concerned.

SUSAN

Miss Day? Whatever is it?

Susan puts gives Fancy her handkerchief.

FANCY

I am such a miserable woman.

SUSAN

Come to the kitchens, miss, and
we'll clean you up.

FANCY

No, there's something I have to
do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

FANCY (CONT'D)
 (Gathering herself)
 Something I should have done a
 long time ago.

89 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE/LIBRARY - NIGHT

89

Fancy is alone in the relative quiet of the library,
 walking around, inspecting the beautiful fabrics, aware
 of the expense.

She moves to a window, sees Dick dancing with Anne and
 other village girls.

The door opens and Shiner comes in.

SHINER

Fancy. Susan Dewey says you want
 to see me.

FANCY

You asked me some time ago if I
 would be your wife, Mr Shiner.

SHINER

(Excited)

Say the word, Fancy, and you'll
 make me the happiest man on this
 God's earth.

FANCY

I cannot be your wife, sir. Deep
 down I always knew it and should
 have told you so a long time ago.

Shiner is devastated, it's not what he expected.

SHINER

Is it something I have said or
 done? Because if it is -

FANCY

You have been nothing but kindness
 and patience, sir.

SHINER

Then why? I know I am not the
 youngest man but -

FANCY

Because I love another.

Shiner is taken aback by this.

(CONTINUED)

SHINER

May I ask who this gentleman is?

FANCY

This gentleman and I can never marry for the difference in our positions makes it impossible -

SHINER

Tell me who he is.

FANCY

But I believe I know what love is, Mr Shiner, and what I feel for you is not it. Forgive me.

Fancy hurries out of the room before she bursts into tears again.

Dick is putting his jacket back on even though the choir are still playing and villagers are still dancing.

Anne sidles up to him with a sultry smile.

ANNE

Not going already, Dick?

DICK

I have an early start.

ANNE

I've never known Dick Dewey be the first one to leave a dance.

DICK

People change.

ANNE

I don't change, Dick. I love you as I have ever loved you.

DICK

(Uncomfortable)
Don't say such things, Anne.

ANNE

I'll be waiting for you when you get over her.

DICK

That will never be.
(Gentle)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

DICK (CONT'D)
You'll find someone who deserves
you, Anne.

91 INT - MELLSTOCK/SHINER'S HOUSE - EVENING

91 *

Fancy is sat alone watching the dances when Parson
Maybold sits down next to her, still barely hiding his
excitement.

MAYBOLD
I trust you're enjoying yourself,
Miss Day?

FANCY
Very much, thank you.

A beat as the dancers move by them.

MAYBOLD
I received a most exciting
communication today. Most
exciting.
(Lowers voice)
Can you keep a secret, Miss Day?

Shiner comes into the room, drinking a glass of wine. He
sees Fancy talking to Maybold, notices the intimacy
between them.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)
I have been asked to become the
parson for the British Consul in
Venice.

FANCY
(Excited)
In Venice?!

MAYBOLD
Can you believe it? I had heard of
the position and had asked some
friends to put my name forward but
I never in my wildest dreams
imagined I would be chosen.

FANCY
Congratulations, Mr Maybold, you
will be much missed.

MAYBOLD
I very much doubt that.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

FANCY

From Mellstock to Venice. How I
envy you.

Shiner downs his drink, takes another from a passing
servant, continues looking over at where Maybold and
Fancy are huddled conspiratorially together.

92 INT - MELLSTOCK/FANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

92 *

Fancy is in her night dress, washing her hands and arms
in her basin.

She is dreamy, miles away.

She looks down and sees Dick's wet hands and forearms
entwined with hers.

The memory shocks her, makes her step back. And when she
looks again the basin is empty.

93 INT - MELLSTOCK/PARSONAGE - NIGHT

93

Parson Maybold is happily going about his ablutions,
singing loudly in Italian.

There is a loud knock at his door.

Surprised by the lateness of the hour, Maybold opens the
front door.

Shiner is standing there, has obviously been drinking.

MAYBOLD

(Surprised)

Mr Shiner. Do you realise what
time it is?

SHINER

You're a fool, Maybold.

MAYBOLD

(Appalled)

I beg your pardon?

SHINER

An even bigger fool than me, if
that can be imagined.

MAYBOLD

You're drunk, sir. And you a
churchwarden.

(CONTINUED)

SHINER

She loves you.

MAYBOLD

Who loves me?

SHINER

Miss Fancy Day.

MAYBOLD

Miss Day?

SHINER

She loves you but believes you are above her station. Treat her well, sir, or you'll have me to answer to.

With that Farmer Shiner slurs off down the street.

Leaving an astonished Maybold framed in the front door of the parsonage.

Susan and Fancy are making jam on a blazing summer's day, hands red with damsons.

There are children all over the kitchen "helping" them, eating and laughing.

SUSAN

Your father is recovering well, I hear.

FANCY

Yes, thank you. I hope he will be back in his own house soon.

SUSAN

It doesn't bear thinking about what would have happened if Dick hadn't come along.

FANCY

Dick?

SUSAN

When your father was all gobbled up by that dreadful man-trap.

FANCY

It wasn't Dick. I believe it was Mr Shiner who found my father.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Mr Shiner told them to put your father in his house but twas Dick who wrestled him out of the trap.

This is news to Fancy and it troubles her.

FANCY

Dick never said anything to me about it.

SUSAN

He's a modest man, miss, it's not in his character.

FANCY

(Appalled)

But he must think I know and haven't acknowledged my gratitude to him.

SUSAN

I suppose he must.

Out on Fancy, very upset by this.

Geoffrey Day is sat out on Shiner's impeccable lawn, drinking lemonade on a hot day.

Maybold is pacing around, nervous.

MAYBOLD

Like everybody I assumed that Miss Day and Mr Shiner would... but they haven't...

GEOFFREY

She's a fool and no mistake.

MAYBOLD

Well, yes. But maybe not. If she loved another from a distance and thought she had no chance of his hand due to social chasms not of her making. Do I make myself clear, Mr Day?

GEOFFREY

Not completely, sir.

MAYBOLD

How easy it would have been for
her to say yes, to live here
forever in material splendour, not
a worry in the world.

Geoffrey Day looks around the splendid estate wistfully.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

But she showed loyalty to a love
that she thought could never be,
even if it left her eking out a
living in a village school for the
rest of her life.

This is all very depressing for Geoffrey.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

I have come, sir, to reward her
for her courage. With your
permission I will reach down and
lift her up into a world of beauty
and learning.

Geoffrey looks at Maybold with complete bewilderment.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

I want your daughter for my wife,
sir.

For a moment Geoffrey is stunned. Then a large smile
spreads across his face.

Fancy walks through the thick grass down by the river.

A dark green river slips by, an image of cool in a hot,
hot afternoon.

She comes across Dick's discarded shirt, picks it up.

Then she sees him. On the far side of the river, up to
his waist in water, his naked torso glistening with sweat
as he harvests nuts from the hardest-to-reach bushes.

Fancy just watches him for a moment, watches his easy
grace and confidence. Then she walks towards him.

FANCY

It's just too bad of you, Dick
Dewey.

Dick turns at the sound of her voice. He is amazed to see her here, conscious that he is half naked beneath her gaze.

DICK

Miss Day. My shirt, please.

FANCY

To let me go on thinking Mr Shiner had saved my father when I now know it was you.

DICK

It's of no importance. If I may have my -

Dick wades towards her to get his shirt but Fancy playfully skips out of his reach.

FANCY

It is of enormous importance and could have had enormous repercussions.

DICK

My shirt, Miss Day.

FANCY

Did you know what I said no to Mr Shiner's offer of marriage?

DICK

I heard something said.

FANCY

What do you think about that, Mr Dewey?

DICK

I have no opinion of my betters, miss. Are you going to give me my shirt, Miss Day?

FANCY

I haven't decided yet.

A beat.

Then Dick lurches towards Fancy who screams and attempts to evade his grasp but only ends up slipping on the wet stones and crashing into the river.

DICK

Fancy!

(CONTINUED)

The current catches the startled Fancy and swings her downstream.

*

Dick crashes after her through the water and lifts her up, carries her to the bank.

As he lies her down, her wet hair framing her lovely face, Dick Dewey can pretend no more:

DICK (CONT'D)

You ask me what I think? This is what I think.

Dick kisses Fancy passionately on the mouth.

For a moment her startled arms are spreadeagled on the grass but slowly they find his back, feel his muscles beneath her fingers as they kiss.

Fancy's shoe bobs off downstream, unnoticed.

END OF PART FIVE

PART SIX

The tops of the green trees sway and murmur in the summer breeze.

Geoffrey Day is back in his own little home now but still not a strong man and at this precise moment he is a very angry man.

GEOFFREY

Dick Dewey! Dick Dewey.

(Incredulous)

Marry Dick Dewey?

FANCY

(Pointed)

The man who saved your life, yes.

GEOFFREY

Never! It will never happen.

FANCY

How could you let me go on not knowing it was Dick who pulled you out of that trap?

(CONTINUED)

GEOFFREY

Why do you think I lied to you?

FANCY

So I would marry Mr Shiner and you would live in luxury for the rest of your days.

GEOFFREY

(Shocked)

You think so little of me?

Fancy trembles with anger but knows she has gone too far.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

I did it because I love you, Fancy, more than any father loved a daughter.

FANCY

Then why do you not let me be happy?

GEOFFREY

Happy married to Dick Dewey? In a damp house, babies hanging from your breasts, back broken with labour, your husband working from dawn til dusk just to put a crust on the table?

This word picture doesn't sit well with Fancy.

FANCY

(Angry)

You exaggerate.

GEOFFREY

Do I? You would hate it, you know you would. And in time you would hate the man who married you and put you there.

FANCY

You underestimate me, father.

GEOFFREY

You have the opportunity to do great things, to go to places that a man like Dick Dewey can only dream about.

FANCY

I have declined Mr Shiner's offer.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFFREY

(Pointed)

There will be other offers.

FANCY

But I love Dick.

GEOFFREY

(Scathing)

Love? I have seen love suck the life out of a woman until she died in my arms. It won't happen to you.

A silence as Fancy breathes all this in, calming herself.

FANCY

So you will not give me permission to marry Dick Dewey?

GEOFFREY

I cannot, Fancy. And one day you will thank me for it.

Fancy and Dick meet deep in the dark, green wood, both of them agitated.

FANCY

He's my father and he loves me, I cannot go against his will.

DICK

Then what are we to do?

FANCY

I'll talk him around, just give me time.

Dick smacks his fist against the trunk of a tree in frustration.

FANCY (CONT'D)

(Offhand)

If only you'd been a teacher, even, so that we were at least on the same level.

DICK

I'm not good enough for you, is that what you're saying?

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

No, no! It's not what I think,
it's what the world thinks.

DICK

Then damn the world!

FANCY

(Depressed)
If only we could.

Dick touches her cheek, sees how confused she is.

DICK

Be brave, my love. We will
overcome even this.

Fancy is dubious, but manages a weak smile.

100

INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

100

Fancy is standing at the front of class teaching her
village children.

There are pictures of Egypt and Greece

FANCY

Who has travelled the furthest
here?

Some hands go up.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Yes, Charley?

CHARLEY

I once went to the far side of
Casterbridge, Miss.

FANCY

Did you, Charley?

FANCY (CONT'D)

Any one further than that?

There are no hands raised, much to Fancy's
disappointment.

Then a boy puts his hand up.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Yes, Gabriel?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

My Dad once went to Bristol, Miss.

Fancy's heart sinks.

Then she becomes aware that Parson Maybold has bounced into the room.

MAYBOLD

Stand up, children, when I enter the room.

The children stand with much scraping of chairs.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Now off home with you, I want to speak to Miss Day.

The children look at each other.

FANCY

We haven't finished our lesson, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

(To Children)

Shooo! Off home with you this instant.

Maybold claps his hands and the nervous children clatter out of the classroom, finally leaving it to Fancy and Maybold.

FANCY

What can be so important, sir, that it could not wait another hour?

MAYBOLD

My heart was overflowing, Miss Day, my mind a chaos of imagery and excitement. I simply had to talk to you.

FANCY

Then talk, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD

I am a modern man, Miss Day. I believe in progress. Even social progress, to an extent, if a man loves a woman. Do I make myself clear?

(CONTINUED)

FANCY

No.

MAYBOLD

You have enough in you for any society after a few months travel with me.

Fancy is starting to realise what he is getting at.

FANCY

Mr Maybold -

MAYBOLD

We will marry in a month, Fancy. Mere weeks after that we will be strolling in St Mark's Square, arm in arm as the sun dips down. From Venice we will travel the world.

FANCY

You are asking me to be your wife?

MAYBOLD

Of course. Didn't I say?

FANCY

I thank you, but -

Maybold puts his hand up for silence.

MAYBOLD

I know what you are going to say for I have heard it from another. You love me but feel inadequate.

FANCY

Well, no.

Now it is Maybold's turn to be puzzled.

MAYBOLD

But you will be my wife, Fancy?

FANCY

I'm sorry, no, I cannot.

Maybold just looks at her, astonished and hurt by this turn of events.

MAYBOLD

I offer you the world and your answer is no?

Fancy nods, deeply unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3) 100

Maybold's pride has been hurt and he wants to escape now.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

Good day to you, Miss Day.

101 EXT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - NIGHT 101

The tower of the church is silhouetted against the starry sky.

102 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - NIGHT 102

The church is dark but there is some giggling from male voices, a curse and more giggles as someone bangs into a pew.

A lamp flickers on to reveal Thomas Leaf, Spinks and some of the younger men in the choir. *

SPINKS *

Here tis, my boys.

The lamp illuminates the new harmonium.

SPINKS (CONT'D) *

Let's see how it fairs with a dollop of tranter's finest in its guts.

They pour a flagon of cider into the machine, giggling as they do so, obviously drunk.

103 INT - MELLSTOCK CHURCH - DAY 103

It's Sunday and Fancy Day is playing the harmonium beautifully, for a moment escaping her complicated life through music.

A rather shell-shocked Maybold stands in the pulpit, mouthing the words.

Shiner glances at her, knows he will never have her.

Dick watches his beloved with pride as she plays.

Reuben notices first, his musician's ear picking up the flat note.

Fancy frowns as the harmonium starts to play increasingly off-key.

(CONTINUED)

Charley and Bessey giggle and Maybold frowns at them from the pulpit.

MAYBOLD

Sssh!

The harmonium is starting to slow and wheeze now and the harder Fancy plays the more bizarre the noises emanating from it.

Leaf, Bowman and some of the others exchange conspiratorial looks which are noticed by Reuben.

Giggles have changed to outright laughter now. It's good-humoured laughter, really, but to the proud Fancy it sounds like cruel mocking.

She looks around the faces of the choir as she plays, sees the open mouths of the villagers laughing at her, sees even Dick chuckling to himself. Only Maybold stands by her, a rock of support in the pulpit.

She's had enough. Humiliated, Fancy gets up from her stool and runs from the church.

Fancy flees the church, upset, starting to cry with anger and humiliation.

Dick is the first out of the church, running after her.

DICK

Fancy!

Fancy half-turns at this but only manages to tangle up her legs in her dress, sending her sprawling in the Mellstock dust.

Dick is quickly beside her as Maybold and the rest of the congregation pour out of the church to watch the goings-on.

DICK (CONT'D)

My darling! Are you hurt?

Dick lifts the humiliated Fancy to her feet. The palms of her hands are bleeding, her lovely face scratched and dusty.

FANCY

I hate this place!

Dick goes to dust her down but she pushes his hands away, looks over at the congregation looking at her.

FANCY (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?!

DICK
Steady, Fancy, nothing was meant
by it.

FANCY
It's a hateful, mean, gossipy
little place and I want no more of
it.

Fancy starts to hurry towards the safety of the schoolhouse.

Dick hurries after her, concerned.

DICK
Fancy.

FANCY
Leave me alone!

Fancy runs to the schoolhouse, lets herself in and slams the door shut.

Fancy bolts the door.

She gets a look of herself in the mirror: hair unkempt, face dirty, hands bleeding, dress ripped. She sits down and cries her heart out.

A beat.

Then there is a knock at her door.

FANCY
I said go away, Dick!

MAYBOLD
(From outside)
It's me. Parson Maybold.

Fancy looks up at this.

FANCY
I want to be alone, Mr Maybold.

MAYBOLD
(Gently insistent)
Open the door, Fancy. Please.

Fancy is drawn to the warmth in his voice, unbolts the door and lets him in.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)
I would simply like to apologise on behalf of my congregation for that shameful display, Miss Day. You are the best thing to have happened to this village for a generation and this is how they treat you.

FANCY
You have nothing to reproach yourself for, sir.

MAYBOLD
They are simple folk. Like beasts of the field they are fascinated when a peacock lives amongst them. Forgive them.

*

Fancy nods, strangely flattered.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)
Miss Day. Fancy. It will ever be thus in this place, you a pearl before swine.

Maybold takes her hand in his, passionate and articulate.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)
Let me take you away, my love, let me show you palaces and kings, oceans and cathedrals.

FANCY
(Taken aback)
Mr Maybold, I -

MAYBOLD
Even the most beautiful jewel needs its rightful setting. Yours is not Mellstock, Fancy, and never will be.

Maybold stands, has said what he came to say.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

I will not mention it again, save
to say that you know where I live
and one word from you will have us
married and away from here for
ever.

Maybold kisses Fancy's hand once last time, then heads
towards the door.

Leaving a troubled, confused Fancy Day behind.

106 EXT - GREENWOOD TREE - NIGHT 106

A wind blows through the greenwood tree, battering the
lush branches, making them creak and whine and rustle.

107 INT - MELLSTOCK/SCHOOLHOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT 107

Fancy tosses and turns in her sleep, a branch banging
against her window.

CUT TO:

- The distorted, mocking faces of the Mellstock villagers
as they laugh at her.

- Fancy's hands entwined with another. She looks up,
expecting to see Dick, but it's Maybold smiling at her.

- An image of herself outside the Dewey house, weighed
down with crying kids, hair lank, looking out at us in
misery.

- Dick up to his waist in the river, his torso so naked
as he picks nuts. He turns to look at Fancy. He smiles.
Such a smile. And puts his hand out to Fancy, beckoning
her towards him.

Fancy sits bolt upright. Someone is throwing stones at
her window.

She gets out of bed and hurries to the window, opens it.

Beneath her Dick is standing with the Mellstock Choir -
Reuben; Penny; Leaf; Spinks; Bowman; Mail; William -
singing up to her window.

CHOIR

(Singing)

One night as I lay on my bed I
dreamed about a pretty maid I was
so oppressed I could take no rest

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

CHOIR (CONT'D)

Love did torment me so
So away to my true love I did go.
My lover rose and she opened the
door And just like an angel she
stood on the floor Her eyes shone
bright Like the stars at night
No diamonds could shine so
So in with my true love I did go.

The singing is lovely and it moves Fancy deeply.
She looks down into the sparkling eyes of Dick Dewey.
A rumble of thunder above the village.

108 INT - MELLSTOCK/PARSONAGE - NIGHT

108

Parson Maybold hurries downstairs in his night gown, a storm raging outside.

The door is knocked again.

MAYBOLD

Alright, alright.

Maybold opens the door and is amazed to see a soaking Fancy Day standing there.

MAYBOLD (CONT'D)

My dear, my own one. What are you doing here?

FANCY

I had to speak to you.

MAYBOLD

(Excited)

You have thought about my offer?

FANCY

I cannot marry you, sir.

A beat as Maybold looks at her.

MAYBOLD

You're nervous, it's to be expected. In the morning we will -

FANCY

I had no right to even consider it, Mr Maybold, as I have already said yes to another.

(CONTINUED)

Maybold is stunned by this news.

MAYBOLD

Another? Who is this other man?

FANCY

The man I love, sir.

MAYBOLD

I have no chance against him?

FANCY

None.

MAYBOLD

(Very hurt)

I would have made you sing, Fancy Day.

FANCY

You will find out the gentleman's name soon enough, sir, and you could cause him great hurt by mentioning what has gone on between us today.

A beat as Maybold looks at her.

MAYBOLD

Good night, Miss Day.

Maybold shuts the door on Fancy Day.

A beautiful summer's day, the hay bales dotted around the fields under a hot sun.

Dick is working in the fields as are most of the villagers at harvest time. He works with a scythe, his body slick with sweat.

Susan is working next to her parents, Mary and Reuben.

Anne is there. Bowman, Mail, Leaf, Spinks, Penny are all there, chatting and working and laughing.

Even Geoffrey is there, determined to help despite his ill health.

Dick takes a swig of cider from a jug.

MARY

Reuben.

(CONTINUED)

Reuben looks up at where his wife is looking, sees the incongruous sight of Fancy Day walking across the stubbled meadow towards them.

One by one the villagers are aware of Fancy walking through them, unbuttoning her jacket as she walks.

GEOFFREY

(Shocked)

What are you doing here, Fancy?

FANCY

Come to help, of course.

GEOFFREY

Your hands were not made for work like this.

FANCY

(Quiet)

When were you happiest?

GEOFFREY

What has that to do with anything?

FANCY

We both know the answer. If mother was here she'd want me to marry for love, father, like she married you for love.

Geoffrey says nothing, recognises a calm determination in his daughter he has never seen before.

Dick stands, amazed, as she walks towards him.

FANCY (CONT'D)

Tis a hot day.

Dick says nothing, just watches as she takes the jug from his hand and glugs down some cider herself.

All the villagers watch her, fascinated, as she rolls her sleeves up in readiness for work.

FANCY (CONT'D)

There was one thing I wanted to say to you, Dick Dewey.

DICK

What might that be?

FANCY

Marry me.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

Dick loves the words but is still amazed to hear them spoken of out here in public.

With that Fancy puts her arms around Dick and kisses him fully on the lips. Dick reciprocates and they enjoy a long kiss in front of the beaming villagers.

Anne frowns a bit but Susan passes her a cider jug.

Mary's eyes water and Reuben puts his arm around her.

REUBEN

Well, well, my sonnies.

110 EXT - GREENWOOD TREE - DAY

110

The tree is brown and red and orange, the first leaves drifting off in the autumn breeze.

111 EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

111

Maybold is being driven away from Mellstock, all his belongings in the back of the cart.

The Mellstock bells start a joyous wedding peal in the valley behind him.

112 EXT - MELLSTOCK/VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

112

A new, beautifully-painted waggon waits next to the church, covered in ribbons and flowers. The crisp, gold-etched writing reads DEWEY & SON.

Fancy and Dick are married and dancing on the village green.

Susan dances with Mail, a little sparkle between them. *

Anne dances with Shiner, who whispers something saucy in her ear and makes her laugh. * *

Reuben dances with Mary, both of them still very much in love.

Leaf dances with little Bessey.

Geoffrey Day leans on the cider barrel as he drinks and watches, resigned to it all. * *

The rest of the choir are bashing out a lusty tune.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

I wonder why Parson Maybold took
off like that, straight after
marrying us?

FANCY

He was impatient to find his place
in the world, Dick. I was like
that once.

And she kisses him and the kiss goes on for ever, until
the dancers are dots on a village green and fields and
woods spread for miles.

THE END