

12.

SECOND DRAFT

JUDE THE OBSCURE

A Screenplay by
ANDREW BIRKIN

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"JUDE THE OBSCURE"

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"JUDE THE OBSCURE"

by Thomas Hardy

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"For 'tis better to have loved - and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Tennyson.

FADE INTO

1 EXT. MARYGREEN VILLAGE DAY 1

Alabyrinth of branches heave around us, the nearest ones silhouetted in heavy black against the bleak winter skies. We move slowly through them before CRANING DOWN to ground level. The small Wessex village of Marygreen high in the trees on a bitter cold January morning, 1884. Although in no sense the traditional memory of 'ye old England', has characteristics of charm - an ancient Norman church, spidery grey cottages etc.

In the distance we see a farm cart being loaded with items of furniture, in particular a piano, which seems to be providing some difficulty. We continue to TRACK across the road and into the garden of a school. A YOUNG MAN, his WIFE and TWO CHILDREN are walking cautiously up to the front door, having left three large trunks by the gate in charge of a DRIVER.

YOUNG MAN

(to the children)

Now remember what I told you, don't ...

His words are interrupted by a somewhat harassed looking HOUSEKEEPER who opens the door.

HOUSEKEEPER

Yes?

YOUNG MAN

Ah, Good afternoon. My name is Gallsworthy -

HOUSEKEEPER

The new schoolmaster? Well, I'm afraid Mr. Phillotson is busy at the moment - packing up some last minute things in the school.

(eyeing the children)

... I suppose you'd better come in -

As the door closes, we continue to move back alongside the wall of the school.

2 EXT. SCHOOL DAY 2

Through the frosted windows we see the shadow of a man moving about in the otherwise deserted classroom.

3 INT. CLASSROOM DAY 3

The man is RICHARD PHILLOTSON, the departing village school teacher.

3 Continued

3

He is about 35, moderately built - in fact a very normal sort of man. He gathers up some books, looks wistfully round the room for the last time, then leaves.

4 EXT. PUB AND GREEN DAY

4

A number of local villagers are trying to lift a piano onto a small white cart. The vehicle is already overloaded, and after some heaving and groaning, one of them calls a halt.

BLACKSMITH

(exhausted)

I tells you for the last time, it's no good - he'll have to leave it behind or something. She just won't take it - was built for folks to ride in. This thing weighs more like a dyin' sheep.

BAILIFF

(also gasping under
the weight)

Alright, Joe, gently down this side - careful mind ye; don't bust the thing now otherwise we'll never see the back of it.

They lower the instrument onto the road, as on-lookers discuss the better use of the wood for fire-sticks.

From the other side of the road we see PHILLOTSON wearily making his way over towards the group.

PHILLOTSON

Can't get her on?

BAILIFF

(looking up from a
quick beer)

Not a chance, not if you want to get there in one piece. The wheels won't stand it, and like as not 'til give way half road down the next hill.

They discuss the possibilities of moving the piano either back into the house, or down to Christminster. A small voice speaks up, and as he talks, we CRANE DOWN to the BOY's eyeline.

BOY

(nervously)

My aunt could put it in her coal-cellar,
perhaps, till you've found a place to settle,
Sir.

The crowd turn their eyes with one accord to this new solution.

BLACKSMITH

Now there's a right suggestion. What
think 'ee Joe?

JOE

(the miller
from the next
village)

Well, not knowing his aunt, whoever the good
lady be, I should like as much to keep my
tongue. But I'll tell you this that if she's
anything like my mother was God bless her
soul, she'd have tanned all the colour from me
breeches if I'd have made such a suggestion.

BLACKSMITH

(ignoring this)

... I'll think we should try it. Can but say ...

A general murmur of amusement comes from some of the men who obviously
know the woman.

BAILIFF

If we were to go all of us to her, there's
a chance she'd agree.

After a quick referendum, DICK agrees to lead the others to the BOY's
Aunt's house. Within a minute the street is empty, except for PHILLOTSON
and the BOY.

PHILLOTSON

Sorry I'm going, Jude?

JUDE looks awkwardly at his old Schoolmaster. There are tears in his
eyes. He looks down at a small leather book he is holding nervously.

PHILLOTSON

So am I.

JUDE

Why do you go, Sir?

PHILLOTSON

Ah, that would be a story. A long one. And you wouldn't understand my reasons.

(turning away)

... You will, though. Perhaps. When you are older.

JUDE

I think I should now, Sir.

It is apparent that PHILLOTSON is not quite fully sure of himself, he is clearly leaving the school in search of a better living before it's too late. JUDE is becoming more and more emotional at the thought of his Schoolmaster leaving, and would do anything to be going with him.

PHILLOTSON looks towards the School, then back to JUDE. He opens the top of the piano, and idly plays out a few notes.

PHILLOTSON

Well ... but don't speak of this everywhere, mind ... You know what a University is, - and a university degree? To be anything in teaching, you must have been to a University, and - and my scheme or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained.

JUDE becomes less nervous, and PHILLOTSON leans nearer.

PHILLOTSON

By going to live at Christminster - or anyways near it - I shall be at headquarters, so to speak. And if my scheme works out at all, I shall have a better chance there than - than elsewhere.

JUDE

You mean better than here?

PHILLOTSON pauses. The others are returning, and he looks round in their direction.

JUDE

(repeating it)

Better than here?

4 Continued

4

PHILLOTSON looks at JUDE and nods.

PHILLOTSON

Yes.

DICK leads the small 'advance party' back to the stationary cart.
PHILLOTSON turns to him -

PHILLOTSON

Well ...

JOE

(chipping in)

It was a hard one, but when I - Dick -
explained the predicament, she as much
as agreed ...

As they talk, we follow JUDE as he walks sadly away from PHILLOTSON.
He wanders over to an old well, leans over the side, then lowers the main
bucket.

5 INT. WELL DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE)

5

The bucket hits the frozen water which shatters like glass. As he pulls
it up, we see his reflection in the water -

BRING UP MAIN TITLES
AND CREDITS

6 EXT. WELL AND GREEN DAY

6

He watches his own reflection pensively for a moment, before a harsh
voice alerts him into action -

VOICE (O.S.)

Bring on that water, you idle young harlican ...

It comes from his Aunt - DRUSILLA FAWLEY, a middle aged lady of fading
looks - the grace having departed from her character many years ago. She
stands over JOE.

DRUSILLA

(continuing)

Nagging away at Mr Phillotson have 'ee?
And what's the meaning of using my house as
a left baggage room? Next time you ask ...

JUDE fills up his pails from the large bucket and staggers back across the
green towards their own cottage. DRUSILLA continues.

6 Continued

6

DRUSILLA (Cont)

As if I hadn't got enough to do with you about -
without adding to my troubles ...

HOLD as they walk away.

DISSOLVE INTO

7 EXT. DRUSILLA'S COTTAGE DUSK

7

PHILLOTSON's cart slowly trundles by. He looks eager to leave as he sits atop his loaded wagon. As he passes the cottage, we see JUDE, his nose pressed against the window from the inside of the room. His eyes express the longing he has to be with the schoolmaster. He waves silently, but PHILLOTSON does not see him.

8 INT. KITCHEN DUSK

8

JUDE is still standing by the window. Down the road we can see the cart slowly disappearing over the hill. Behind us we hear women chattering -

DRUSILLA

Well 'ee might well ask Mrs Williams -
Come since you were last this way - from
Port Bredy, down South Wessex. His
father were took with the shakings of a
sudden, and died afore the doctor could reach
him -

Apart from DRUSILLA, there are THREE other LADIES grouped round the kitchen table, gossiping over a cuppa tea. The walls have been recently white-washed, and they breathe a rather cold, austere atmosphere into the room. DRUSILLA continues talking -

DRUSILLA

Course his mother had gone a long time afore,
as 'ee well know Myrtel - Ah, would ha' been
a blessing if Goddy mighty had took him too, wid
his other kinsfolk, poor useless boy - but as it is
I've got 'im here wid me, till I sees what's best
for 'un.

MRS WILLIAMS

But surely he earns his keep, don't 'ee?

DRUSILLA

Well, I keep him outa mischy by scaring off
the birds for Farmer Troutham ...

8 Continued

8

DRUSILLA (Cont)

(looking up)

What's the matter Jude?

JUDE turns and looks at them - from his POV they suddenly look idiotic, all dependent on the next for a new angle of comment. For a moment he stands, bravely trying to hold back his tears - then he breaks down, and runs from the room -

DRUSILLA

Well that's gratitude for 'ee ... Ah, it's that Mr Phillotson that's done it - very fond of 'im Jude was. Why in the Lord's name 'ee didn't take him wid him, but there it is -

9 INT. JUDE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

9

JUDE is lying on his bed, staring hopelessly at the ceiling. The endless monologue from below carries through, though we cannot identify what they are saying.

10 EXT. COTTAGE ROOF AND TREES NIGHT

10

Through the branches we can see JUDE gazing into the night. The chatter from the kitchen gradually lessens as the wind blows stronger through the trees around us -

DISSOLVE INTO

11 EXT. CORN-FIELD DAY

11

Early summer - the corn is beginning to sprout small green shoots above the blackened earth. JUDE, a pin's head against the ground, is running up and down the furrows, waving a rook rattler.

TRACKING SHOT - He runs along, his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he is confronted with a large maggot-riddled rook hanging from a pole. He gives a scream of fright, trips and falls.

JUDE'S P.O.V. - The rook swings pathetically in the wind. Far above we see a large flock of its fellow-kin flying towards the neighbouring woods.

JUDE

(in a whisper looking
at the dead rook)

Why? 'E can afford to let you have some.

11 Continued

11

JUDE (Cont)
(turning his back
and looking down the
field)

I've seen his barns at harvest, full of it.
Eat my dear little birdies. Whilst I bury
this 'un.

JUDE starts to unhook the unfortunate corpse on the branch. As he
pulls it clear, a hand wrenches it out of his hand.

VOICE (O.S.)
So, it's eat my dear little birdies, is it?

A burly, fierce looking farmer is standing next to JUDE - FARMER
TROUTHAM.

TROUTHAM
Eat, my dear birdies, indeed! I'll tickle
yer breeches and see if you say "Eat, dear
birdies" again in a hurry. And what's the
meaning o' this?

(holding up the
aforesaid corpse
to Jude's face)

Bury it! What d'yer think it's doing up here,
enjoying the view?

JUDE cringes, not so much from the Farmer, as from the dangling remains
of the rook, now into his hands.

TROUTHAM
Now hang it up again, d'yer hear?

JUDE
(trembling)
But I . . .

TROUTHAM
(losing his temper)
That's the end o' it.

He catches JUDE and starts beating him across the behind. JUDE yelps
in vain. The farmer continues the onslaught -

11 Continued

11

TROUTHAM

So this is how you earn yer sixpence
a day is it? And idling with the schoolmaster
as well ... "Keep the rooks off my corn" is
what I tells yer aunt -

The thrashing with Jude's rook-rattler is starting to get out of
hand. He cries out in pain -

JUDE

Ow! Please Sir ...

TROUTHAM

Well, that's the last sixpence you're getting
from me -

JUDE

No, Sir - Ow! Sir ...

TROUTHAM lets JUDE go.

TROUTHAM

Alright, now don't I ever see you on my
land again - here's your sixpence, and
have done with it.

(he moves away)

"Eat, dear birdies", indeed!

JUDE picks himself up, puts the sixpence in his pocket, and walks
away towards the gate, taking a small red book from his pocket.

12/
13 OUT

12/
13

14 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY

14

JUDE wanders along the road, deep in his book.

15 EXT. BROWN HOUSE DAY

15

He walks towards a hill at the top of which stands an old barn,
known locally as the BROWN HOUSE. There are some WORKMEN
repairing the roof.

JUDE goes up to one of the MEN at the foot of a ladder and asks
him something. The man nods. JUDE starts climbing the ladder.

WORKMAN

(from below)

Careful, mind 'ee, those rungs be well worn.

JUDE clammers onto the roof. A couple of WORKMEN are enjoying a snack and a pint of ale, and one of them turns to JUDE.

FIRST MAN

And what may you be looking for up here?

JUDE

I wanted to know where the city of Christminster is, if you please, Sir.

FIRST MAN

Christminster? Why it be out there yonder. You can see it - at least you can on a clear day. Ah! But you can't now. The mist is too heavy down in the valley.

SECOND MAN

Time I've noticed it is when the sun is going down in a blaze of flame, and it looks like . . . I don't know what!

15 Continued

15

JUDE
(hopefully)
The heavenly kingdom?

SECOND MAN
(laughing)
It's one way of putting it, I suppose, though I'd never ha' thought o' that turn of phrase, not having been to that place you mention. But you won't see Christminster today, not in this weather.

The two MEN continue their lunch as JUDE peers into the mist.

JUDE'S P.O.V. - The valley is swathed in mist, and though very beautiful in the noon sun, as it reflects and heightens the fields and woods, there is no sign of Christminster.

16 EXT. ROAD AFTERNOON

16

On the verge of the road is a large coal-wagon. The driver and his mate are cooking meat over a small open fire. JUDE walks over to them.

JUDE
(shyly)
Excuse me asking, but have you come from Christminster?

DRIVER
Heaven forbid, with this load!

JUDE
But isn't Christminster back yonder?

DRIVER
Aye, we saw the horizon brighter in the nor-east than elsewhere, thought I shouldn't ha' noticed it meself, but I think that be Christminster.

The DRIVER and MATE continue talking and eating. JUDE is about to walk on when he drops his book.

It falls open at the title page: "Grimm's Fairy Tales". The DRIVER bends forward and picks it up.

DRIVER

(looking at it)

Fairy Tales, hm! You'd have to get your head screwed on t'other way before you could read what they read there.

JUDE

Why?

The DRIVER looks at the MATE.

MATE

Oh, they never look at anything that folks like we can understand. On'y foreign tongues used in the days of the Tower of Babel, when no two families spoke alike.

DRIVER

That, and religion. And that's learning too, mind, for I could never understand it. Yes, 'tis a serious-minded place. Though there be wenches in the streets o' nights, but they be everywhere, bless 'em. You know, I think they raise parsons like a bed o' radishes. And though it do take - How many years, Bob? - five? five years to turn a lirrupin' hobble-de-hoy chap like meself into a solemn preachin' man with no corrupt passions.

JUDE has been sitting cross-legged by the fire, eating some of the baked potatoes from the fire-edge after an approving nod from the MATE.

JUDE

But how do 'ee know that ...

DRIVER

(interrupting)

Now don't you interrupt, my boy. Never interrupt your senyers. Move the fore-hoss aside from the road, Bobby, here's som'at coming.

The MATE winks at JUDE, then proceeds to move the aforesaid horse from the road where it has strayed. The DRIVER continues his monologue without pause.

DRIVER

You must mind that I be talkin' of the college life. 'Ems live on a lofty level, there's no escapin' that. Though I meself might not think much o' them.

16 Continued

16

The MATE comes back from the road where a mailcart has just roared past.

MATE

Don't 'ee think we'd best be getting along if we want to make Alfredstone afore dinner time.

DRIVER

Aye, 'ee be right. It must be past five o'clock already.

(to Jude)

And there's a street in the place - main street - that hasn't another like it in th' world. Lined wi' churches and colleges, bigger than any place you'd ever seen around these parts. And spires, and bridges, ah, 'tis a place alright --

As he talks, the DRIVER is harnessing the horses whilst the MATE puts out the embers of the fire.

CUT TO

17 EXT. ROAD LATE AFTERNOON

17

The Coal-wagon rolls steadily on, the DRIVER and MATE sitting on the front seat. JUDE is walking hurriedly alongside, listening to the DRIVER.

DRIVER

... Aye, but the languages they talks be mighty hard to learn. I'm told some o' them don't even be written down in the letters we know ...

18 EXT. CROSSROADS LATE AFTERNOON

18

The Coal-wagon comes to a stop.

JUDE

Well, I'm much obliged for all 'eve said. I only wish I could talk half as well about Christminster as what 'ee can.

DRIVER

'Tis only what has come my way. I've never been there, no more than you, but I've picked up the knowledge here and there, and 'ee be welcome to it.

18 Continued

18

The DRIVER pulls on the two horses, and the Coal-cart disappears down the road to Alfredstone.

JUDE

(calling)

Good-bye ...

There is no answer.

JUDE walks on, deep in thought. Suddenly he stops and thinks harder. He turns about and starts walking back towards the Brown House.

19 EXT. BROWN HOUSE DUSK

19

JUDE approaches the ladder and starts climbing. As he reaches the top, we PAN ROUND.

20 JUDE'S P. O. V.

20

The mist has lifted, and some way off points of light gleam into the sky. As we watch, the mist lifts still more, "till the topaz points showed themselves to be the vanes, windows, wet roof-slates, and other shining spots upon the spires, domes and houses of Christminster".

JUDE

(in a whisper)

Jerusalem ...

He gets up slowly. The sun has sunk behind us, and almost simultaneously the distant city has become submerged in the dusk.

21 EXT. BROWN HOUSE HILL DUSK

21

JUDE descends the ladder and starts walking homeward away from us.

22 INT. DRUSILLA'S SHOP DAY

22

DRUSILLA is busily unloading a tray of creamy meringues into a small glass cabinet. The door opens, and MRS WILLIAMS enters. DRUSILLA looks up.

DRUSILLA

Afternoon, Mrs Williams, if 'ee can call ...

MRS WILLIAMS

(interrupting)

Mrs Fawley, it's that nephew of yours that brings me 'ere. It's the third time I've had no bread, and what with ...

22 Continued

22

DRUSILLA

Oh, not again, surely? Well, I take 'ee word for it. That boy spends more time out up yon hill than I care to count. Really Mrs Williams, I do apologise, I'll see to it that it don't happen again.

MRS WILLIAMS

Thank you, Mrs Fawley, then that'll be all. Good day.

MRS WILLIAMS leaves abruptly, slamming the door behind her. DRUSILLA looks wearily after her, mumbles something, then continues her work.

23 EXT. ROAD DAY

23

LOW SHOT - The Road. Another tone of murmuring can be heard growing louder. JUDE walks into FRAME and continues down the road, his back to us.

CLOSE UP - JUDE - TRACKING SHOT. He is reading a very tattered copy of the Bible, though he obviously doesn't understand it properly. As he tries to sort out the words, a pedestrian walks hastily by him in the same direction.

PHYSICIAN VILBERT. He is a tall, gaunt gentleman, dressed in sombre black clothes and wearing an extraordinary top hat, a duck-tail coat, and boasting a fine gold watch, the chain of which dances with every movement. He has the general countenance of the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland".

JUDE looks up from his reading and runs after him. Physician VILBERT, a notorious local quack doctor, continues walking at the same pace. JUDE endeavours to keep up with him.

VILBERT

Well, my boy, I'm in a hurry, so you'll have to walk pretty fast if you wish to keep my company. Do you know who I am?

JUDE

(panting)

Yes - I think. Physician Vilbert?

VILBERT

(smiling)

Ah, I'm known everywhere I see. That comes of being a public benefactor.

JUDE

Er ... I suppose you've been to Christminster?

VILBERT

I have. Many times. That's one of my centres.

JUDE

It's a wonderful city for learning, isn't it?

VILBERT

You'd say so, my boy, if you'd seen it. Why, the very sons of the old women who do the washing of the colleges can talk Latin. Not good Latin, that I'll admit, being a critic: Dog Latin - cat Latin, as we used to call it in my undergraduate days.

JUDE

And Greek?

VILBERT

Well, that's more for the men who are in training for bishops, that they may be able to read the new testament in the original.

JUDE

The original?

VILBERT

Indeed yes. All clergymen can read Greek.

JUDE

I ... I want to learn Latin and Greek.

VILBERT

A lofty desire. You must get a grammar of each tongue.

JUDE

I mean to go to Christminster someday.

VILBERT

Whenever you do, you say that Physician Vilbert is the only proprietor of those celebrated pills that infallibly cure all disorders of the alimentary system, as well as asthma and shortness of breath. Two and threepence a box. Specially licenced by Her Majesty's government.

23 Continued

23

A pause.

JUDE

Can you get me the grammars if I promise to say it hereabouts?

VILBERT stops suddenly - so suddenly that JUDE goes charging on a few paces.

VILBERT

Indeed. I'll sell you mine with pleasure - those I used as a student.

JUDE

Oh, thank you, Sir ...

VILBERT starts walking at his usual pace again. JUDE follows.

VILBERT

Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get you the grammars, and give you a first lesson if you remember, at every house in the village, to recommend Physician Vilbert's golden ointment, life-drops, and Female pills.

JUDE

Where will you be with the grammars?

VILBERT

I shall be passing this way today fortnight at precisely this hour of five-and-twenty minutes past seven. My movements are as truly timed as those of the planets in their courses.

JUDE

I'll be here to meet you.

VILBERT

With orders for my medicines?

JUDE

Yes, Physician.

JUDE is unable to keep up the pace a moment longer, and falls behind. VILBERT strides on into the growing night.

24 EXT. BAILIFF'S COTTAGE DAY

24

The BAILIFF'S WIFE is standing at the front door. Her hair is in curlers, and she has evidently been disturbed at a rather inconvenient moment. JUDE stands opposite her a pencil and pad poised at the ready.

JUDE

My aunt's been taking them for years 'n years - honest. That's why she looks like she does ... looks so young I mean. And they're only two and threepence for a box.

BAILIFF'S WIFE

How many in the box?

JUDE

Er ... Twenty-four, I think.

BAILIFF'S WIFE

You think, you're not sure?

JUDE

No, twenty-four. I'm sure. And they'd make you look a lot - they'd do you a lot of good.

BAILIFF'S WIFE

(disbelievingly)

Hm. Well, I'll try a box.

JUDE

One?

BAILIFF'S WIFE

Yes ... One.

The door shuts abruptly.

JUDE writes down her name and address under a number of orders already taken.

25 EXT. VICARAGE DAY

25

The VICAR'S WIFE, an elderly lady of about sixty-five years, is standing at the door. JUDE is trying for another order.

JUDE

I'm not sure what they're for, but my Aunt Drusilla has been taking them for years, and swears by them ...

25 Continued

25

VICAR'S WIFE
(hastily riding over the
last remark)

Does she indeed. Well, I ...

At that moment the VICAR comes round the corner of the house.

VICAR

Now there, Master Fawley, and what are you
up to?

VICAR'S WIFE

He's trying to sell me some pills or another.
'Female' pills.

VICAR

Female pills! Indeed, and who gave them to
you?

JUDE

Oh, no-one, Sir. I'm taking orders for that
fine Physician, Mr Vilbert from Christminster.

The VICAR has clearly heard more about Physician Vilbert than his wife.

VICAR

Now you run along before you get into mischief.

He turns, and goes through the front door.

VICAR

Physician Vilbert! Female pills ... Dear Lord,
whatever next!

26 EXT. DRUSILLA'S SHOP DAY

26

JUDE creeps stealthily out, his note-book in hand, and runs to the
road.

27 EXT. ROAD EVENING

27

JUDE is sitting on a fence - the same one as before - waiting for
VILBERT. Presently JUDE gets up. VILBERT is walking hurriedly
towards us. He passes JUDE without recognising him.

JUDE

(jumping down)

Mr Vilbert ... Physician ...

27 Continued

27

VILBERT stops and looks back.

VILBERT

Well, my boy?

JUDE

I've come -

VILBERT

You? Oh, yes, to be sure - Got any orders,
Lad?

JUDE

(quickly)

Yes - addresses and everything.

VILBERT takes the book eagerly. He starts walking away.

JUDE

(catching him up)

And the grammars - the ones you said?

VILBERT pauses, then fumbles in his brief-case.

VILBERT

Oh, yes - for what they're worth. But it's
advanced stuff mind you -

He hands him some musty-looking books without covers. JUDE eagerly
takes them ...

JUDE

(over-joyed)

Oh, thank'ee Sir - thank'ee.

VILBERT walks away down the road as we HOLD on JUDE. He goes
over to the bank on the far side, and sits down. His face slowly falls
as he skims through the Greek grammar.

JUDE

(in a whisper)

But ...

(getting up - shouting down
the road)

Mr. Vilbert, Sir ...

He is gone. JUDE sinks down, studies the pages again, then bursts into tears.

FADE INTO

36

EXT. ALFREDSTONE ROAD DAY

36

Some ten years later. A dozen or more young GIRLS are merrily walking along in the direction of a Fairground. They are dressed in short white frocks and gay summer hats. One of them runs towards a cottage standing at the side of the road. She bangs on the door, and presently a head appears from one of the top windows - a young woman of about twenty, ARABELLA. The girl below - ANNY - calls up.

ANNY

Aren't you coming?

ARABELLA

How can I? I'm waiting for Jude.

ANNY

But he'll be ages yet - he's working on the church roof, we've just seen him ... Ah, come on -

ARABELLA

No - you go on -

ANNY looks at the others - they shrug. ARABELLA closes the window, and they move on. ANNY looks back, then talks to another girl - JANE.

ANNY

I don't know why she bothers - I can't see what she sees in him - always reading those books 'n stuff.

JANE

Well, she's been after him for long enough - so there must be something. D'you think she'll ever win him?

ANNY

(smiling)

Any ordinary girl I'd say no - but with Arabella, well, she usually gets what she wants.

The girls change the subject, and continue on their way to the fair.

37

INT. ARABELLA'S BEDROOM DAY

37

ARABELLA adjusts her hat in the mirror. She is the epitome of a 'country lass' - fine figure, strong arms - attractive. Her clothes

37 Continued

37

appear to be the pick of her wardrobe, judging by the discarded ones lying on the bed. She stares at herself again— practises a few seductive looks, then - having satisfied herself of her charms and capabilities - she rises, puts on a pair of gloves, and leaves the room.

38 EXT. ALFREDSTONE CHURCH DAY

38

A chisel chips with delicate care at a ferocious looking stone gargoyle. JUDE FAWLEY, now twenty-two, works lovingly at his job, though the same harrowed face besets him now as it did those years before.

A voice calls up from below -

VOICE (O.S.)

Jude ... Jude ... -

It is ARABELLA, standing below in the churchyard.

His expression instantly implies that he did not exactly wish to see her.

JUDE

Arabella ... wait a minute.

JUDE climbs down the ladder as ARABELLA walks over to him.

JUDE

(awkwardly)

Ah, Arabella - I was meaning to see you. I ... I'm going away. I think I ought to. It'll be better that way, for both of us ... I was much to blame, I know, but it's never too late to mend.

ARABELLA starts crying, though her tears are far from realistic.

ARABELLA

How d'you know it's not too late. I haven't told you yet, it's what I've come about.

JUDE

(realising)

What? ... Not ... ?

ARABELLA

Yes. And what shall I do if you desert me now?

JUDE

How d'you know?

ARABELLA

How do you think? How does any woman know. I just know.

(looking at him
pleadingly)

Well?

JUDE

Well ... Of course I wouldn't desert you. I have next to no wages as yet, you know, or perhaps I should have thought of this before. But seeing ... if that's the case, we must marry! What else do you think I'd do?

ARABELLA

(affectionately)

Ah, I thought ... I thought you'd go away all the more for that, and leave me alone to face everyone.

JUDE

(bitterly)

You knew better than that. Of course I never dreamt six months ago, or even three, of marrying - It completely upsets my plans ... I mean my plans before I met you, but what are they after all. Dreams about books, and degrees, and scholarships, and all that. Certainly we'll marry.

(adding with
bitterness)

We must marry.

ARABELLA

Oh, Jude, I knew you would, my darling. How faithful you are to me.

She hugs him, kisses him. They walk slowly towards the gate, pausing a moment before ARABELLA leaves. JUDE walks slowly back, looks wearily at the ladder, then mounts and resumes his work.

CLOSE UP JUDE. He is in his best clothes, for what they be, and is staring at ARABELLA. The vicar's words, containing a slight element of doubt, carry over.

39 Continued

39

VICAR

Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's holy ordinance in the holy state of matrimony?

The small congregation is made up of AUNT DRUSILLA, FARMER TROUTHAM, PHYSICIAN VILBERT, ARABELLA'S FATHER AND MOTHER with a few other VILLAGERS.

JUDE (O.S.)

I do.

ARABELLA gives a slight sigh of relief.

JUDE

To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse...

ARABELLA

... for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, 'til death us do part.

CUT TO

40 EXT. CHURCHYARD DAY

40

The GARGOYLE staring down over the graveyard. The silence of the preceding shots holds over. It is broken by the Organ, playing a badly arranged version of Mendelsohn's Wedding March.

Below we see the small wedding party leave the church. The murmur of conversation is sadly lacking in spirit.

TRACKING SHOT - GRAVES in f.g. JUDE and ARABELLA walk down the church path. We HOLD on an old man in f.g. He is the GARDENER. He watches the pathetic procession, turns his back on it, and takes a swig from a leather bottle he keeps in his pocket. A resounding burp over-powers the distant wedding music. HOLD a beat.

DISSOLVE INTO

41 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

41

The room is dimly lit by the light of the moon filtering through the frosted window. JUDE and ARABELLA are in bed.

JUDE

Take it off - it's not your own anyway.

ARABELLA

Lot's o' people wear false hair. In towns the men expect more. When I was barmaid at Aldbrickham ...

JUDE

Barmaid?

ARABELLA

Well, not exactly barmaid - I used to draw the drink at the public house there. The more you have, the better in Aldbrickham, which is a finer town than all your Christminsters put together. Every lady of position wears false hair - the barber's assistant told me so.

JUDE

You're artificial - like the cloth flowers they sell in cities ...

ARABELLA

Six months ago you wouldn't have said that.

JUDE

(sleepily)

Six months ago.

ARABELLA

If you stopped treating me as ancient Greek, and took me for a woman, you'd find I had warmth enough, as any woman does.

JUDE (O.S.)

That means nothing. So does a sheep.

ARABELLA (O.S.)

What do you want?

JUDE

Sleep. Stop doing that.

ARABELLA

What?

JUDE

Your mouth - turning it around.

ARABELLA

Most men think it attractive.

JUDE

I don't care what most men think - if they do. How do you know?

ARABELLA

They told me when I served in the tap-room.

JUDE

Ah, the tap-room. I thought you told me you always lived in your father's house.

ARABELLA

You should have guessed, seeing the way I was with you afore the wedding. I was eating my head off at home, so I went away for three months.

JUDE

Well, you'll have plenty to do soon.

ARABELLA

What does that mean?

JUDE

Looking after our child.

ARABELLA

Oh.

JUDE

When will it be? A date, instead of vague notions you keep using.

ARABELLA

Date?

JUDE

Yes.

ARABELLA

There's no date. I made a mistake.

41 Continued

41

JUDE sits bolt upright in bed.

JUDE

What!

ARABELLA

It was a mistake.

JUDE

Mistake ... how?

ARABELLA

Women think it sometimes. Don't take on so. What's been done can't be undone.

JUDE

I've got nothing more to say.

He climbs out and sits on the bed, his naked body shivering with more than the Winter's breath from outside.

42 EXT. JUDE'S COTTAGE SUNRISE

42

The cottage is isolated off a lonely stretch of road. There has been a heavy fall of snow during the night. JUDE is staring out of the small bedroom window. He remains there for a minute, then turns away.

43 INT. BEDROOM SUNRISE

43

JUDE is already dressed, and is standing near ARABELLA who is still in bed.

JUDE

I'm afraid the pig-killer won't be able to come - the snow looks very deep down the road.

ARABELLA

(half-awake)

Oh, he'll come. But you must get the water boiled and ready if you want Challow to scald him. Though I like singeing best.

JUDE looks at her. The pig-killing is apparently one operation he does not take a liking to. He doesn't reply, and leaves the room.

44 EXT. BACK DOOR DAY

44

The snow lies thickly on the path, with more still falling. JUDE comes out, wrapped in a tattered sheep's coat, and starts looking for sticks. The wind is blowing loose snow in a whirl-wind around him.

He shuffles over towards a dead elder tree and cuts down a few of the lower branches. A noise from behind stops him short. He tries not to hear it and continues. A second grunting wail comes from a pig tied to a stake at the end of the garden.

The pig is noosed up to a large, roughly hewed stake buried in the snow. He walks over to it, bends down and stares deep into its eyes. There is a call from the house.

A pause.

He returns to the kitchen as the pig continues to snuffle around for food.

45 INT. KITCHEN DAWN

45

ARABELLA is pouring water into a large copper cauldron standing precariously on the rusted stove. JUDE enters with the sticks.

JUDE

It's all I could find. The rest must be under the snow.

ARABELLA

It's enough. Has Challow come yet?

JUDE

No.

ARABELLA

We'll give him an hour. His tools were sent on ahead - I'll get them out from the passage.

She leaves.

JUDE stokes the fire uneasily. LAP DISSOLVE into

JUDE watching the pot. The rays of the morning sun now filter through the little window, and the reflected light from the boiling water casts disturbing shadows over his moody face. Outside we can hear the pig, as if he senses his hour approaching.

ARABELLA's voice chimes in.

ARABELLA

He's not coming. Drunk last night, I expect. Must have been - the snow's not deep enough to stop him.

JUDE

(relieved)

Then we must put it off.

ARABELLA stands by the kitchen table with the knives glistening in front of her.

ARABELLA

Can't be put off. There's no more food for the pig: He ate the last mixing o' barleymeal on Tuesday.

JUDE

Tuesday! What's he been living on since?

ARABELLA

(calmly)

Nothing.

JUDE

What? He's been starving for three days?

ARABELLA

Yes. We always do it. Saves the bother of the innards. You ought to know that.

JUDE

That accounts for his crying out.

ARABELLA gets up and starts sharpening one of the knives.

ARABELLA

Well, you'd better do the sticking, I suppose. I'll show you how. Or I'll do it myself. I think I could. Though it's such a big 'un I'd have rather left it to Challow.

JUDE

(rising)

I'll do it ... since it must be done.

46 EXT /INT JUDE'S KITCHEN DAY

46

Through the misty window we can see JUDE, followed closely by ARABELLA, walking over to the pig. She is carrying a stool and pail - he, the rope.

47 EXT. GARDEN DAY

47

The snowing has stopped, and the whole place is shrouded, for the moment, in glistening whiteness. ARABELLA puts the bucket to one side, and turns the large stool upside down.

A small robin alights on a branch for a second, regards the suspicious scene, and flies off. The immediate reason for its hasty departure is the ear-splitting scream from the pig. It is desperately struggling as JUDE and ARABELLA try and tie it down to the stool on its back.

They manage to strap its legs to the legs of the stool. The pig lets out a long drawn-out cry of despair.

JUDE

Good God, I'd have rather gone without the pig than have to do this, a creature I've fed with my own hands.

ARABELLA

Don't be such a soft-hearted fool. Here's the sticking knife. Now whatever you do, don't stick-un too deep.

JUDE

I'll stick him the quickest way I know how, and make short work o' it.

ARABELLA

No don't. The meat must be well bled, and to do that 'ee must die slow. We shall loose a shilling a score if the meat is red and bloody. Just touch the vein, that's all - so the blood trickles out. I was brought up to it and I know. Every good butcher keeps 'un bleeding long - he ought to be eight or ten minutes dying at least.

JUDE slowly scrapes the bristles from the pig's upturned throat.

JUDE

He shall be half-a-minute dying, and that's all.

47 Continued

47

Whereupon he lunges the blade into the pig's throat with all his might. Instantly there is a jet of purple blood that spurts up at him.

ARABELLA (O.S.)

Oh, damn you - you've over-struck it ...

Her words of anger are barely audible above the screaming tones from the agonised corpse.

ARABELLA (O.S.)

... And there was I telling you all the time.

JUDE

Shut up ... Shut up! Show some pity for God's sake.

ARABELLA

Stop blabbing and get the bucket to catch some of this blood.

The blood has spurted everywhere, and the snow around is streaked with pink. The pig is writhing and shrieking in agony, his glazen blood-shot eyes riveted on ARABELLA.

ARABELLA

Make him stop that goddam noise - we'll have everybody up here wondering what's going on. Don't want people knowing we've done it ourselves.

JUDE takes up the knife, looks at ARABELLA and advances.

JUDE'S P.O.V. -- His arms come in from either side of frame, knife in the left. The wind-pipe is slit open, followed immediately by a hissing, gurgling sound that ends in a large clot of black blood bubbling from the rubbery pipe.

ARABELLA (O.S.)

That's better.

Silence. Suddenly the pig heaves a final convulsion, kicks out with all its last dying strength. JUDE staggers back and in doing so, knocks the bucket of blood onto ARABELLA.

ARABELLA

Fool! Oh ... the waste! Now I can't even make black-puddings.

47 Continued

47

JUDE
(murmuring)
Hateful business.

ARABELLA
Pigs must be killed.

JUDE picks up the bucket, but only a third of the steaming liquid is left, the rest being soaked into ARABELLA's dress and the surrounding snow. He looks sadly at the pig.

JUDE
Thank God he's dead -

ARABELLA
What's God got to do with a messy job like pig-killing? Folks have got to live.

JUDE
I know, I know.
(pause)
It's getting late - I'd better be going to work. The scalding can wait for Challow.

ARABELLA
That's right - leave me with all the work ...
Oh, go on then - don't want you to lose your job as well.

JUDE wanders across to the gate, and leaves by a short cut across the fields. ARABELLA starts lugging the corpse towards the kitchen door. In spite of the necessity, the aftermath of the killing is a dismal, ugly, sordid spectacle.

48 DELETED

48

49 DELETED

49

54 Continued

54

ARABELLA

You can never tell with 'im. One day's as good as another. I'm lucky if I can get his attention at all - always readin' up those confounded books. I was too hasty, and that's the truth. Another cup?

VOICE

I'd best be gettin' along now, thanks all the same.

There is a sound of feet moving about.

He quietly unbolts the door, and enters.

55 INT. KITCHEN EVENING

55

A chink of light from beneath the sitting room door provides the only available light.

JUDE guides himself with his hand. Suddenly he gasps. His hand is resting on the decapitated head of the pig. Its eyes glisten like glass. The noise has been over-heard.

ARABELLA (O. S.)

Who's that?

JUDE

(on the defensive)

It's me dear ... Jude.

The door opens, and ARABELLA stands looking into the darkness. Behind her is ANNIE.

ARABELLA

What on earth are you doing?

JUDE

(regarding the pig's head)

What's this doing here?

ARABELLA

(turning to Annie)

See what I mean?

(to Jude, sarcastically)

It's a head. The pig. Remember?

55 Continued

55

JUDE

Why can't you bury it?

ARABELLA

Because we can't afford to. That's why.
I'll boil it down for the fat, and use the rest
as soup.

56 INT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT

56

The term "sitting room" hardly fits this dingy, ill-lit place. Faded cream wall-paper is peeling off most of the walls, and the stone floor is in bad need of repair.

ARABELLA comes back into the room. On the table are some cups and saucers and a cracked tea pot with half a spout.

ARABELLA

This is Annie. She's just going.

ANNIE follows into the room.

ANNIE

(quickly)

Yes, I must be off, before it gets too dark.
Thanks for the tea Bella - come round to
the cottage sometime.

ARABELLA

I'll see 'ee to the door.

ARABELLA and ANNIE go to the door. There is some whispering, followed by a peal of laughter. ANNIE leaves, and ARABELLA returns.

JUDE

Well ...

ARABELLA

Well what?

JUDE

I heard you.

ARABELLA

So that's what you were doing - snooping
around.

JUDE

Nonsense. I couldn't help over-hearing.

ARABELLA

(nervously)

Over-hearing what, may I ask?

JUDE

You know perfectly well. Tricking me into marrying you.

ARABELLA

Some trick! I suppose I'm the winner. Suppose you think I entrapped you. Huh! What a catch. Anyway, it's a woman's right. The risk is hers.

JUDE turns to her, his voice softening.

JUDE

No. The risk is ours. As a woman, you have your rights, your methods as you call them. But no one has the right to involve another person in a life-time sentence. 'Til death us do part -

ARABELLA

Then you only married me to save your face?

JUDE

Yours as much as mine. But I'm as to blame as you are. And I'm sorry. Very.

ARABELLA remains silent. They look at each other for a moment.

ARABELLA

I'm going to bed.

She runs up the stairs. As she passes, we see that she is crying.

JUDE stands for a moment without moving a muscle, deep in thought. Then he reaches for a book from the small collection on the mantel-piece. He is about to sit down, when a second thought strikes him. He walks over to the kitchen door and leaves. HOLD.

57 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

57

ARABELLA is sitting on the edge of the bed, staring out of the window.

She suddenly looks very moving and beautiful. Her tears glisten on her cheeks, and she remains still for a long time. Outside we can hear digging. JUDE is obviously burying the Pig's head.

ARABELLA moves away and starts to undress. The digging continues, though we cannot see anything but the frosted panes of glass. HOLD.

58 INT. SITTING ROOM DAY

58

JUDE is sitting by the fire reading his Greek grammar with the dictionary open underneath it. The door through to the kitchen is ajar, and we can hear ARABELLA cooking. She is back to her normal self.

ARABELLA

A fine husband you are - spends half the day reading, and half the night burying the Sunday lunch. But I'm damned if I'm going to freeze to death looking for the thing now. Just means there's that much less to eat.

JUDE doesn't answer. Although he's heard the taunts, he goes on reading.

ARABELLA

Did you hear what I said?

Again, JUDE doesn't answer.

ARABELLA comes in.

ARABELLA

For God's sake, don't you listen?

He looks up, then continues reading.

She storms over to the mantelpiece,

ARABELLA

These damn books . . .

She seizes four of them and hurls them on the floor. JUDE leaps to his feet.

ARABELLA

Thought that would make you move. Every-
where I look, books, books, books. You're
worse than a child with his toys.

JUDE

(hotly)

Leave my books alone!

ARABELLA

Leave my books alone. I won't have 'em
cluttering up the house like this.

ARABELLA throws down another handful. Unfortunately, the
bindings have grown weak with age, and some of the pages fall
out, scattering over the floor. JUDE catches hold of her by throwing
his right arm around her throat.

ARABELLA

Let me go - Jude.

JUDE

Promise to leave my books alone.

ARABELLA

Let me go.

JUDE

Promise.

ARABELLA

(choking)

Yes. I promise. Now let me go.

ARABELLA storms out of the house. JUDE starts picking up the pages
and books from the floor.

He is rearranging the books on the mantelpiece when he hears
ARABELLA's voice o. s.

ARABELLA (O. S.)

See how 's he's served me. Making me
work Sunday mornings when I should be
going to church.

JUDE walks briskly over to the window. ARABELLA is standing in the
road, her hair blowing wildly, her blouse torn and stained with grease.

58 Continued

58

She is stopping the Sunday morning PASSERS BY who, in contrast are dressed in their finest wardrobe. JUDE watches for a second, then rushes out.

59 EXT. COTTAGE AND ROAD DAY

59

He runs from the cottage and over to where ARABELLA is demonstrating. She looks a complete wreck.

ARABELLA

Tearing my hair . . . my dress off my back.

A PASSER BY looks astonishingly on. She turns to another ONLOOKER.

PASSER BY

(in mock terror)

Good Lord, preserve us!

They continue on their way, as JUDE grabs her for the second time. ARABELLA yells over her shoulder.

ARABELLA

Somebody, save me from this Ogre.

JUDE

Now stop it, d'you hear?

ARABELLA

Going to ill use me on principle? As your father ill-used your mother, and your aunt the same to her husbin'.

He slaps her.

ARABELLA

Oh!

She breaks from him, and runs off down the road in the direction of the Alfredstone.

JUDE remains for a moment gazing after her - then turns, and goes into the house.

He reappears again with two books under his arm. He walks down the road in the direction of the Brown House.

LAP DISSOLVE

60 EXT. JUDE'S COTTAGE EVENING

60

JUDE approaches the door. He is about to go in when he notices a letter wedged underneath the knocker. He takes it out and starts to read. Half way through, he changes his mind and walks away down the road.

61 INT. DRUSILLA'S KITCHEN DAY

61

DRUSILLA is sitting by the fire with JUDE. There are a couple of beer mugs on the table by her.

JUDE

(holding the letter)

She's left - gone. Says her parents are going to Australia and she's going with them. Just like that.

DRUSILLA

I've always told you Jude - the Fawleys weren't made for marriage - it don't seem to sit well upon their shoulders. There's something in our blood that don't take kindly to the notion of being bound to something that ... well, we do anyway, whether we're bound or not.

(pause)

You should have listened to me - I knows best Jude - I knows from the experience.

JUDE

But you never married -

DRUSILLA

(avoiding it)

It was a disaster for yer Mother and Father: never stopped fighting the pair of them. Yer Father left her when you was a lad of six - went off to South Wessex.

JUDE

(blankly)

Where d'you say Mother died?

DRUSILLA

I didn't. But since you ask, she was found near that old gibbet - another thing not unconnected with our history, but let that be - one winter's night. She drowned herself in short.

JUDE

(dismally)

Oh ...

61 Continued

61

He stands up uncertainly and wanders round the room. On the mantel-piece is the framed photograph of a young girl.

JUDE

(picking it up)

Who's this?

DRUSILLA

(awkwardly)

Oh, a cousin of yours - Sue Bridehead. I think she lives in Christminster, though I'm not sure.

JUDE

Oh. I might be going there, get a job as a stonemason or something.

DRUSILLA

(suspiciously)

Can't put the place from yer mind, can you?

JUDE

There's nothing left here. I could start afresh.
(pause)

D'you know what I did? - On the way here there's a lake, a frozen one. I walked onto it: jumped on it, again and again, but nothing happened. And every time I kept wondering why it should want to save me. It must be a sign ... that's it - I'll go to Christminster, start again.

(pause)

Where does she live, my cousin?

DRUSILLA

(quickly)

Oh Jude, don't - she's not your sort from all I've heard, and she's a cousin ... by blood - closer than a cousin ...

(stopping herself)

JUDE

What?

DRUSILLA

Nothing - forget I spoke. But Jude, don't go trying to find her, she'll do you no good.

61 Continued

61

A pause. JUDE looks across at DRUSILLA, then at the photograph.

JUDE

It's been my dream to go there, ever since I remember. But I'd write to you - and come and visit you ... you know that.

DRUSILLA

Don't you worry about me - it's you I'm thinking of ...

JUDE

(smiling)

But I'm a man now, I have a wife - more! I've reached the still riper stage of having disagreed with her, disliked her, had a scuffle with her ... and parted from her!

CUT TO

62 DELETED

62

63 EXT. BROWN HOUSE DAY

63

The roof has long fallen in - weeds grow amongst the remaining black thatch, and part of the wall has crumbled in. JUDE walks towards us, laden with two suitcases. He pauses by a milestone, partly concealed in the long-grass. Kneeling down, he takes a pen-knife from his pocket and scratches below the lettering "CHRISTMINSTER - 17 MILES" the words "THITHER JUDE FAWLEY". He then picks up his cases and proceeds on his way.

HOLD CUT TO

64 EXT. BRIDGE OVER THAMES NIGHT

64

The outskirts of Christminster (OXFORD). It is a clear, moonlit night. In the distance the spires and domes rise above the roof-tops, shimmering arrows pointing into the darkness. JUDE walks across a bridge spanning the Thames.

65 EXT. STREETS NIGHT

65

The City is completely deserted. Tall, grimy houses parallel their walls against the cobbled streets that in turn throw back reflections in the moonlight. JUDE wanders along, his face uplifted, his spirits high.

66 EXT. STREETS AND COLLEGES NIGHT 66

JUDE, dwarfed by the sheer size and enormity of the surrounding buildings, wanders amongst the colleges he has dreamed upon for so long. Statues of bygone scholars and writers tower above him, unaware of their silent admirer.

HOLD on him as he walks below a marble statue of Edward I, sword outstretched, and wanders into the night.

DISSOLVE INTO

67 INT. JUDE'S DIGS NIGHT 67

Low ceiling, uneven floor, miserly windows - the only light is coming from behind a make-shift dividing curtain about two-thirds the way across the room. The remainder is in darkness, lit only from the street lights outside. The noise of a pen scratching behind the curtains mingles with the soft patter of the rain outside in the street. Through the curtains we can see JUDE, huddled over a small oil-lamp, and dressed in a heavy overcoat. On the table is the picture of SUE. The window at this end is covered by a large blanket.

He is finishing off a letter, signing it "Your affect. nephew, Jude". He pauses, folds the letter and puts it in an envelope, already addressed to Mrs. Drusilla Fawley at Marygreen. Having done this, he huddles up in his rather too large overcoat, and starts reading. A clock outside chimes two o'clock. JUDE continues reading, unperturbed. HOLD.

68 EXT. STONE MASON'S YARD DAY 68

In EXTREME CLOSE UP is the frozen expression of terror on the face of a defeated Goliath. PAN SLOWLY UP. JUDE is atop a ladder repairing the face of David who stands victorious, his hands outstretched to the clouds. JUDE seems as carried away in his work as the original sculptor.

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't make a life-time's job of it, the
gub'nor wanted it back by yesterday. You're
as bad as my wife in the mornings.

JUDE is delicately laying plaster into a crack in the cheek of David. He looks down at the FOREMAN who is standing by the foot of the ladder.

JUDE

His face was in a bad way. I'm doing it
as quickly as I can.

FOREMAN

I want it finished by tonight as you've got
to start on the spire of All Saints in the
morning.

JUDE

But I thought you said there was so much
work to do on the cathedral.

68 Continued

68

FOREMAN

(somewhat bitterly)

They've given the contract to the Masons'
in Broad Street.

JUDE

(disappointed)

Oh ...

JUDE looks at the statue sadly. David stares into the clouds without answer.

CUT TO

69 EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH DAY

69

A cart laden with stones is parked by a ladder that slopes up the grey flint walls of the church.

JUDE is loading bricks into a shoulder bag with the help of the driver. The church is a small, inconspicuous affair, lacking in any imaginative design which is probably explained by its inferior situation in a small back street. JUDE hoists the bag over his shoulders, and starts climbing the ladder. A young girl walks into shot - it is SUE. She is the opposite to Arabella - fine, slight - almost beautiful. She is unaware of the surroundings and is hurrying towards the main street. JUDE looks down at her.

He is visibly taken aback. As she avoids walking under the ladder, he turns his face away as if afraid she might recognise him.

LAP DISSOLVE

70 EXT. ALL SAINTS SPIRE EVENING

70

JUDE's mind is clearly not on the job in hand, and now and again he pauses to think.

Having placed the last stone in position, he turns to descend the ladder.

CUT TO

71 EXT. CATHEDRAL GREEN DAY

71

JUDE is sitting on a stone bench, gazing at two workmen repairing the spire high above. A peal of bells brings his attention to a number of Sunday church-goers reverently walking towards him.

71 Continued

71

He gets up hesitantly, as if he feels his presence should be elsewhere. Suddenly we see SUE walking towards us amongst the others. She is dressed in a short summer frock with a navy blue jacket. Beside her is the lady we saw in the bookshop. JUDE is captivated for a moment, then, as before, he turns away. The lady nudges SUE, who straightens her straw hat with a sigh in the wind. HOLD as she enters the cathedral.

72 EXT. JUDE'S DIGS STAIRCASE NIGHT

72

From the top of the staircase. JUDE is walking up towards us, reading a letter.

DRUSILLA (V.O.)

... I earnestly beg of you Jude, don't visit Sue. One Fawley in a marriage is bad enough, but two will double the speed of its fall. Don't turn sadness into a tragic horror ... Keep away from her - I say this for your own good. I know ...

He folds it up carefully and goes into his room.

73 EXT. MASON'S YARD DAY

73

A STONE-MASON is idly chipping away at a cement filling on a tomb. He has a cigarette stuck to his lips, and pauses now and then to take breath without removing the cigarette.

At the far end of the yard we see JUDE walking towards the Foreman's office. The STONE-MASON we have just seen comes over to him.

STONE-MASON

She didn't leave a name, though I think she be the daughter of that chap who did all the wrought ironwork at St. Silas'. Clever fellow, went off to London some years back, though I don't know what's become of him.

JUDE

What did she look like?

STONE-MASON

Oh, nice girl. Blonde. She asked after you quite tender-like. What was his name ... Bridehead, that's it.

73 Continued

73

JUDE

(excitedly)

Bridehead? Why, it's my cousin Sue ...

STONE-MASON

Maybe, she didn't leave a name.

JUDE

When? How long ago?

STONE-MASON

Oh, only a few minutes.

JUDE listens no further, and runs towards the gate, leaving the STONE-MASON with one of those "Ah, Youth, they never change" expressions across his crinkled face.

74 EXT. GATE AND STREET DAY

74

JUDE runs from the yard into the street and looks earnestly from left to right, but there is no sign of her. He turns, and walks back into the yard.

75 INT. JUDE'S DIGS STAIRCASE EVENING

75

JUDE enters the house - as he walks towards us, the LANDLADY appears from a room at the bottom of the stairs and calls to him.

LANDLADY

(calling up)

Oh, Mr Fawley, a young lady called and left this note.

He turns and runs back down the stairs.

LANDLADY

(handing him the letter, doubtfully)

She said she was your cousin ...

JUDE hurriedly tears open the envelope and starts reading, half aloud.

JUDE

Dear cousin Jude ... not letting me know ... such good times together as I've got no friends ... going away soon ... -

75 Continued

75

JUDE looks helplessly at the fascinated LANDLADY.

JUDE

When did she come?

LANDLADY

Oh, about a half hour ago.
(enquiringly)

Does she put an address?

JUDE

Yes - yes. If I write a note, could you
arrange a messenger to deliver it?

LANDLADY

Well, I'll do me best, as long as it's
within the town. It'll cost you a bob or two.

JUDE

Don't mind that. I'll bring it down in a
minute.

He runs back up the stairs.

76 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

76

JUDE hurriedly writes a short letter. He reads it through, looks
at his watch.

JUDE

(writing)

Eight o'clock at ... er ... the cross
in the pavement which marks the spot
of the Martyrdoms.

He quickly folds it up, and leaves.

HOLD

77 EXT. HIGH STREET NIGHT

77

The street is nearly deserted. JUDE walks towards us, he is
wearing his best suit, a little too large by the critical eye, but
nevertheless a good attempt. From the gloom comes the sound of
bells striking. He crosses the street and arrives at the appointed
place.

77 Continued

77

He stands rather awkwardly on a brass cross in the centre of the road, occasionally looking around. From the shadows across the other side of the street we hear a female voice calling.

SUE (O. S.)

I'm not going to meet you there. Come further on.

JUDE looks round to see from where the voice is coming.

VOICE

(behind us)

Over here.

JUDE turns sharply round.

JUDE'S POV - Over his shoulder. For a moment we can see nothing except the shadows of a near-by lamp. Then a figure moves across and stands silhouetted against a wall.

SUE

Here.

JUDE

(slightly embarrassed)

Oh ... I didn't see you.

He walks briskly over to SUE. However, before he can reach her, she starts walking away.

78

EXT. HIGH STREET NIGHT

78

TRACKING SHOT - JUDE hurriedly catches up with her, whereupon she stops. HOLD.

SUE

I couldn't meet you there - not for the first time in my life!

She is dressed simply, with only a head scarf to cover her head. By the soft street lighting she looks far more beautiful than our earlier glimpse of her in the bookshop.

JUDE

I'm sorry, I should have called on you, but I thought it would save time if we're going to walk.

SUE

Oh, I don't mind that. I've really no place to ask anybody into. What I meant was the place you chose was so horrid, - Not horrid, I mean gloomy. But what a funny way to begin, when I don't even know you yet.

(she eyes him
up and down)

You seem to know me more than I know you.

JUDE

Yes - I have seen you now and then.

SUE takes the initiative, and starts walking towards us. We TRACK in front of them.

SUE

And you knew who I was, yet didn't speak.
And now I'm going away.

JUDE, in his shyness - or bashfulness - is taking these good humoured rebukes like a boy being ticked off at school.

JUDE

Yes.

(pause)

And I've got no other friends. Oh, except one - a very old friend. He lives here in Christminster, but I don't quite want to call on him yet.

SUE

Who's he then?

JUDE

Oh, he's a parson - Mr Phillotson.
Perhaps you've heard of him?

SUE

No. I only know of one Mr Phillotson, but he lives out in the country - Lumsdon, I think. It's a little village a few miles out.

JUDE

Oh, no. It can't be the same person.
(a doubtful expression
turns to grim
expectancy, a pause)
Do you know his Christian name - is it
Richard?

SUE

Yes - yes I think it is.

He stops short.

SUE

I've posted books to him from the shop,
but never met him. What's the matter?

JUDE

Impossible! Mr Phillotson, still a
schoolmaster. Then he didn't make it.

SUE

Make what?

JUDE

He told me once of his dream - scheme -
to become a University graduate, and then
to be ordained.

SUE

(throwing it away)
Oh, well maybe he changed his mind.
Degrees don't mean much anyway.

JUDE

Oh, but they do - I remember him saying
that to be anything in the church you have
to be a graduate and get a degree.

SUE

Nonsense, whatever for. Unless you mean
a priest or something, but I wouldn't know
about that.

JUDE

(suddenly)
Suppose we go and call on him. It's not late.

78 Continued

78

She seems puzzled, then smiles.

SUE

Alright, if you'd like to.

He smiles shyly at her, then visually tries to suppress his warmth. As they walk away, we see the dark silhouette. A student working behind drawn curtains in one of the colleges.

CUT TO

79 EXT. LUMSDON VILLAGE NIGHT

79

The two of them walk along, engrossed in lighthearted conversation. The village is obscured by the darkness, and we can only pick out the various cottages by the lights in the lower windows.

They come to one cottage, set back from the road by a small garden.

80 EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE NIGHT

80

JUDE

Yes, this must be it, that's the school over there. Hope he's at home.

They walk up the little crazy-paved path. A light is on in the lower room.

At the door JUDE stops - he looks hesitant for it is a moment he has long been looking forward to. He knocks softly. The door opens. It is PHILLOTSON, though hardly the young man we saw leaving Marygreen. His face has aged with strain rather than years.

PHILLOTSON

Yes?

JUDE

Hello.

(a pause)

I hope we haven't disturbed you.

PHILLOTSON

No. What can I do for you?

JUDE looks embarrassed. SUE has turned away and gazes across the garden.

JUDE

Jude Fawley ... you taught me at Marygreen.

PHILLOTSON

Did I? Well yes - no doubt. But I've taught so many people by now, and they all change so much, I really remember very few, except the recent ones.

JUDE

(beginning to wish he
hadn't come)

But ... don't you remember the piano?
At Marygreen?

PHILLOTSON

Yes, Marygreen ... and you were a pupil there? I see. Is this an old pupil as well?

JUDE

(impatiently)

No no, that's my cousin ... I got my aunt to keep your piano because you couldn't get it on the cart - and I used to write to you, about Christminster.

PHILLOTSON

(at last)

Ah, yes - I do dimly remember, now you mention it.

JUDE almost sighs aloud with relief. There is an awkward pause, no-one quite knowing what to say next.

PHILLOTSON

Well, I ... perhaps you'd like to come in, it's not very large, but I've a fire going ...

JUDE

Well, not if it's inconvenient ...

PHILLOTSON

No, no, not at all, come in -

They both follow him in.

81 INT. PARLOUR NIGHT

81

The parlour has been semi-converted into a sitting-room through lack of space. JUDE and SUE are sitting on a sofa facing the remains of a wood fire. PHILLOTSON is pottering around behind them, filling up beer mugs from a barrel in the corner. Throughout the Scene, SUE is far more at home than JUDE, who remains in the corner like an unwelcomed guest.

JUDE

D'you remember the morning you left Marygreen, with all your things piled on that wagon - and you said Good-bye to me. And I remember you saying about your scheme to go to the University, at least to ... well, go into the church.

PHILLOTSON remembers, but hides his face.

PHILLOTSON

I remember thinking it privately, but I don't recall telling it to anybody else. Anyway, the idea was given up long ago.

JUDE

Oh.

(pause)

Well I've never forgotten it. It's what brought me to Christminster, and here tonight.

PHILLOTSON

(bringing round the ale)

Well, things don't always turn out the way we want them, do they.

(to Sue)

Not as good as Casterbridge ale, but the best round these parts.

SUE

(taking a mug)

Oh, it's fine. Thank you.

PHILLOTSON

(to Sue)

Do you attend the university?

SUE

Oh, no. I used to teach, but I don't care

81 Continued

81

SUE (Cont)

for their ideas. I was working in a shop
till last week. They sacked me.

JUDE is taken aback.

JUDE

You didn't tell me that.

SUE

You didn't ask.

PHILLOTSON

What reasons?

SUE

Oh, nothing really. The lady who owns the
shop found some statuettes in my lodgings -
she thought them sacreligious and threw them
on the floor - ground them into the floorboards
with her heel.

PHILLOTSON

What on earth for?

SUE

Well the shop where I worked sells these
religious ornaments and texts and things.
And my statues were of ... Apollo, and
Venus. I suppose because they were Greek
and naked - a bad image for the shop.

PHILLOTSON

You know, that's just the sort of thing that
turned me against religion - the hypocritical
trimmings that the church has come to acquire.

SUE

And because I read Swinburne ... he's an
atheist.. She got terribly angry, and
stamped about as if I'd broken the law or
something. Wasn't it stupid? Don't you
think Jude?

JUDE

(nervously)

Well, yes - except I suppose they, well - why,
don't you believe?

SUE

But that's got nothing to do with it. I believe, yes ... though I couldn't tell you what, just like that. And I certainly see no reason why somebody, just because they employ you, should tell you how to believe - it's like the colleges, the teachers there are like lions behind bars - their ideas can't escape, and new ones can't get in. Anyway, I'm leaving soon, I'll go to London, it's freer there.

JUDE

(surprised)

But how can you leave a city like this - a centre of history ... Keeble, Pusey - Cardinal Newman ... all their ideas came from this place.

SUE

(laughing)

What a funny reason for wanting to stay, I should never have thought of it.

PHILLOTSON, who has been meditating on the conversation for a few minutes, speaks up.

PHILLOTSON

You say you were a teacher?

SUE

Yes - but I never went to training school.

PHILLOTSON

How would you think of working here? I need an assistant, though I was more on the line for a second year's transfer ... but I think you'd fit very well -

JUDE

(quickly)

Oh, yes Sue ... How kind of you Mr Phillotson.

SUE

(less fast)

Well ... yes I should. But I'm not very experienced really.

81 Continued

81

PHILLOTSON

I think so - and it's only a basic course.
The children range from eight to twelve.

SUE

Then if you think I'd be alright ...

PHILLOTSON

We can give it a try.

JUDE

I can't thank you enough for ... well,
thank you.

PHILLOTSON

Not at all. Now I'm afraid I must get on
with correcting these exercise books.

JUDE

(quickly rising)

Oh, yes - I'm sorry we've kept you from
your work.

PHILLOTSON

(to Sue)

My pleasure. And you must come and
see me, at the week-end. We can then sort
the necessary details out.

The three walk to the door leading into the passage. HOLD a Beat.

82 EXT. SIDE-STREET (SUE'S LODGINGS) - NIGHT

82

JUDE and SUE amble towards us. They are both happy and laughing.

JUDE

I was sure he wasn't going to recognise
me - and then when he thought you were
one of his pupils as well!

SUE

Well, I'm glad it turned out - and I'm glad
we've met at last. I must go in now - they
lock the door at ten!

82 Continued

82

JUDE

And we needn't quarrel just because our relations did?

SUE

Oh, Aunt Drusilla! No, why should we? I never knew my parents anyway.

JUDE

Nor mine.

(pause)

Good-night.

A pause. Then SUE unlocks the door of her lodgings, and goes in. JUDE stands for a moment outside, reflecting the evening's activities, before turning, and walking slowly back down the street.

HOLD CUT TO

83 EXT. STONE-MASON'S YARD DAY

83

JUDE is happily chipping away at a large ornamental tomb-stone. The FOREMAN comes out of the Office and calls over.

FOREMAN

Mr Fawley!

JUDE looks up, drops his tools quickly, and runs across. A POSTMAN is walking off in the other direction.

FOREMAN

A telegraph for you - just arrived.

JUDE

(taking it)

Oh, thank you.

(he reads it)

FOREMAN

Serious?

JUDE

It's my aunt - she's unwell again. I'd better go and see her on Friday.

FOREMAN

I'd rather you left it till Sunday - I've got that memorial to finish by Saturday night.

83 Continued

83

JUDE

Oh, yes - alright. I don't think it's very serious.

JUDE folds the telegram carefully and walks back to his work.

84 EXT. BROWNHILL DAY

84

In the distance we see a Cart and horse stopping. JUDE gets out, pays his fare, and starts climbing towards us.

85 INT. DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM DAY

85

DRUSILLA is lying in bed, surrounded by medicine bottles and pills. She looks pale and old, her apple face lined with the scars of age. She is sipping a cup of evidently luke-warm tea. WIDOW EDLIN, an ancient, endearing lady, is tidying up some of the bottles and cups. There is an awkward silence for a moment.

JUDE

Was she born here?

DRUSILLA

Who?

JUDE

Sue - my cousin.

DRUSILLA

You've been seeing her, haven't you. Gossipin' with her I suppose?

JUDE

Yes.

DRUSILLA

Then don't keep it up - she'll look with no favour on a workin' chap like you. A townish girl she's become by now, I shouldn't wonder.

JUDE

Not at all - she's teaching with my old schoolmaster, Mr Phillotson. He thinks very highly of her.

DRUSILLA

Well, I never cared for her much. Many's the time I've smacked her for her impertinence. Why, one day when she was walking into a pond with her shoes and stockings off, and her petticoats pulled up above her knees, afore I could cry out for shame, she said "Move on Aunty - this is no sight for modest eyes!"

JUDE

(defending)

She was a child then.

DRUSILLA

She was twelve, if a day.

JUDE

Well, of course ... but she's older now, more sensitive, thoughtful. A tender nature ...

DRUSILLA

(springing up)

Jude! Don't you be a silly fool about her! You marrying that Arabella woman was about a stupid a thing a man could do by trying hard, but she's gone to the other side of the world, and med never trouble you again. But it'll be a ghastly ... incestuous affair if you, tied and bound as you be, should have a fancy for Her.

(relaxing)

If yer cousin be civil to you, take her civility for what it's worth. But anything more than a relation's good wishes is stark staring madness. And if she's townish and wanton, it med bring you to ruin. You agree Mrs Edlin?

WIDOW EDLIN

(awkwardly)

Well, under the ... I don't know for sure. Why, I remember clear as yesterday, how she'd get up at those recitations, up on that platform, the smallest of them all, and her little white frock, and pink sash and shoes ...

85 Continued

85

JUDE, fascinated, eyes the Widow closely.

WIDOW EDLIN

(getting carried away)

How she recited "The Raven" - she'd stand there, knit her little brows and glare round tragically ...

JUDE

(continuing)

"Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from thy nightly shore, tell me what thy Lordly name is, on the Night's plutonian shore." ...

DRUSILLA

Aye, she'd bring up the nasty carrion bird that clear - you could almost see it afore yer very eyes.

WIDOW EDLIN

She wasn't exactly a tom-boy, but she could do things only a boy could do as a rule. I've seen her swim that pond, then run a mile the other side, one of twenty, all boys except herself. And then they'd cheer her, and then she'd say "Don't be cheeky" and suddenly run inside. They'd try to coax her out again, but she would na' come. And then ...

DRUSILLA

(impatiently)

That's enough, Mrs Edlin.

(changing the subject)

- So how you getting along - still want to join a college?

JUDE

Well, I've written off, but none of them have replied.

DRUSILLA

See what I told you. Such places be not for the likes of a working fellow like yourself.

85 Continued

85

JUDE

Ah, but there you are wrong! They are
for such people as me. It's just a
matter of time - they'll let me in sooner
or later, you wait and see.

CUT TO

86/ OUT
90

86/
90

91 EXT/INT. JUDE'S DIGS NIGHT

91

On the hall table is a letter addressed to JUDE. We hear the door
open, and JUDE's footsteps approach.

He sees the letter.

JUDE

(excitedly)

One! At last!

He tears it open and reads it out loud.

JUDE

"Sir ... I have read your letter with interest,
and, judging from your description of
yourself as a working man, I venture to think
that you will have a much better chance of
success in life ...

JUDE's expression of hope dissolves -

JUDE

... by remaining in your own sphere and
sticking to your trade than by adopting any
other course. That, therefore, is what I
advise you to do ...

(pause)

... Yours Faithfully ...

92 EXT. JUDE'S DIGS NIGHT

92

The door opens, and JUDE reappears, as if in a dream. He
wanders down the road without looking up.

93 EXT. BACK STREET NIGHT

93

JUDE, his head bowed in depression, nearly collides with two MEN leaving a small back-street pub. Seeing from where they have just come, JUDE looks through the open door, and walks in. HOLD.

Two MEN and a WOMAN are standing by the bar counter, slightly inebriated. The BARMAN, overworked, hands over three bottles of beer.

BARMAN

That'll be another eightpence.

As he accepts the money, he glances o. s. with concern. Above the babble, we can hear JUDE'S VOICE.

He is sitting at a corner table which is closely joined by another table around which a number of college under graduates are seated. JUDE's company consists of a decaying Church Ironmonger, TINKER TAYLOR; a couple of Stone Masons who refer to themselves as UNCLE JIM and UNCLE JOE; a travelling actor named BONEY who wears a Napoleon jacket, and a horsey type 'in the know' of betting circles. In addition, they are accompanied by two ladies of doubtful repute, who go by the names of BOWER O'BLISS and FRECKLES. The undergraduates at the other table constantly consult their watches, their presence in this particular pub being apparently illegal.

JUDE is hard on the liquor, and has a bottle of whisky by his glass, which he refills when necessary. The others help themselves occasionally, when his attention has been distracted.

JUDE is raising his voice in the direction of the UNDERGRADUATES who ignore him.

JUDE

I don't give a damn for any cursed Master of Arts in this University. If they spent less money on printed writing paper writing letters like this

(holding the letter high)

we working folk might get a chance in there. But I don't need them - I could show 'em a few things they're not up to, if they'd only give me the chance.

1ST UNDERGRADUATE

(mockingly)

Hear! Hear!

TINKER TAYLOR

You was fond of books I've heard. Now with me t'was different. I always saw there was more to be learned outside a book than in, and I took my steps accordingly - or I shouldn't have been the man I am ...

BONEY

Ho, listen at him -

UNCLE JIM

Alright Hamlet. Or wasn't it back legs of
Dick Whittington's cat last year?

BONEY

(indignantly)

I happen to be appearing at the Playhouse.

FRECKLES

Cleopatra's handmaiden I shouldn't wonder.

UNCLE JOE

You aim at the Church I believe. Well if
you be such a scholar as to pitch yer hopes
as high as that, why not give us a sampling
of your scholarship?

2ND UNDERGRADUATE

Now there's the answer. Can you recite
us the Creed - in Latin?

JUDE

Naturally.

BOWER O'BLISS

Not he! Like his conceit.

1ST UNDERGRADUATE

Shut up, Bower O'Bliss!

BONEY

Silence! The gentleman is about to recite
the Articles of his Belief - in the Latin
tongue, as fitting for a man of his intellect!

JUDE

I won't.

TINKER TAYLOR

Go on, have a try.

UNCLE JOE

He can't.

TINKER TAYLOR

Yes he can.

JUDE tips the bottle, but it's empty.

JUDE

Who's finished this?

UNCLE JOE

He's changing the subject, I told you he ...

JUDE

Damn it, I swear you I can read it - Fill up this glass, and I'll do it straight off.

1ST UNDERGRADUATE

Freckles, get him a scotch.

FRECKLES comes towards us unwillingly. The BARMAN enters shot and looks concerned. He fills up the glass without a word. JUDE gets up.

The drink is handed to him and he downs it in one.

JUDE

(slowly at first)

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, Factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium ...

1ST UNDERGRADUATE

Excellent Latin.

JUDE

Shut up.

The BARMAN is watching JUDE who continues his delivery. Sitting opposite the BARMAN is one of the workers who JUDE talked to outside the cathedral.

BARMAN

I've already had my licence endorsed once - harbouring queer characters as the magistrate put it. Who is this fellow anyway?

WORKER

Oh, he works down Heddergen's Mason Yard. Came here to try and enter a college, so I hear.

JUDE (O. S.)

Shut up! If you want me to finish!

This time the whole premises quietens to a deadly hush. All eyes turn to JUDE. He clears his throat and downs another glass.

JUDE

Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et
vivificantem, qui ex Patris Filioque
procedit.

1ST UNDERGRADUATE

Oy! That's the Nicene, and we wanted the
Apostles.

JUDE

You didn't say so. And any fool knows,
except you, that the Nicene is the oldest.

JUDE knocks back a further glass. CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS IN
towards him. There is a complete silence.

JUDE

(with growing splendour)

Qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et
conglorificatur. Qui locutus est per
prophetas. Et unam Catholicam et
Apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor
unum Baptisma in remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto Resurrectionem mortuorum.
Et vitam venturi saeculi.

(pause)

- Amen.

The people stare at him, dumbfounded. Thick smoke hangs above
the tables, cigars lie smouldering in ashtrays. Then a clapping
breaks the silence.

TINKER TAYLOR

(clapping hard)

Bravo! Well done!

JUDE sinks to the table.

1ST UNDERGRADUATE

Yes, indeed. A fine effort.

94 Continued

94

Suddenly JUDE looks across at him, springs up and pushes the table back from him - causing a few of the glasses to fall and smash on the floor.

JUDE

(shouting)

You pack of fools! Which one of you knows whether I've said it or not! It might have been the rat-catcher's daughter in Double-Dutch for all that your besotted, highminded heads can tell! What an idiot I've been! ... Get me out of here.

As JUDE pushes back the table further, the BARMAN comes up, only to be barged out of the way. Bedlam lets loose.

92 EXT. PUB AND STREETS NIGHT

92

JUDE staggers out of the pub, leaving bedlam behind him. He runs frantically through the streets as if fleeing from his own memories.

DOUBLE EXPOSED OVER -

- a. A photograph of ARABELLA that comes to life, laughing.
- b. The skeleton of the rook, swinging crazily at him.
- c. A shadow of the gallows, forever hovering above him.
- d. Statues and college gate bearing down on him.

Slowly we notice that the streets have become country lanes -

93 EXT. LUMSDON VILLAGE NIGHT

93

The rain has stopped. JUDE pauses breathlessly by the side of the road. His drunkenness leaves him gradually, and he straightens himself up.

He approaches the silent village with caution. The road is completely deserted, until suddenly we notice a couple walking from one cottage towards the vicarage. It is SUE and PHILLOTSON. They stroll hand in hand, laughing. JUDE backs into the coverage of a hedge and watches - dismayed.

JUDE

(whispering)

Oh no ... but he's too old for her ...

The two figures walk up the vicarage path, knock at the door, then enter the house. JUDE climbs slowly from the hedgerow, unable to accept what he has just seen. He turns and wanders back towards Christminster. HOLD.

The FOREMAN is talking to one of the WORKMEN presently occupied engraving a tombstone.

FOREMAN

So make sure you give it to him when he turns up - if he turns up. I can't have behaviour like this, whether it's during working hours or not -

The WORKMAN puts a letter into his pocket, and continues his work. JUDE appears at the far gate of the yard, and runs over towards the Office. The WORKMAN calls over to him -

WORKMAN

Hey Jude - Afraid he found out about your capers last night.

(pause)

He told me to give you this ... I'm afraid it's ...

JUDE

(taking the letter and putting it unopened in his pocket)

Thank you - I half as much expected it.

He turns and walks out of the yard, his head bowed.

FADE INTO

Across the green we see a Bakery cart ride towards DRUSILLA's cottage. Parked in front of it is the Mail Cart. JUDE carries a tray of loaves from his cart into the shop. The MAILMAN calls to him.

MAILMAN

Mr Fawley ... a letter for you -

JUDE puts the loaves down hurriedly onto the grass and opens the letter. The contents send him into action, and leaving the loaves where they are, he runs into the house.

HOLD

96

INT. DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM DAY

96

DRUSILLA is in bed. She looks iller than before, and is half asleep. WIDOW EDLIN is standing by JUDE, who is dressed in his best suit.

JUDE

(to Drusilla)

I'll have a better chance in Melchester - there's a theological college there where I shall train for the church - working as a mason till I become ordained . . .

DRUSILLA remains silent, staring impassively out of the window.

WIDOW EDLIN looks at JUDE, then smiles.

WIDOW EDLIN

Aye, and you'll make it too.

JUDE

If you need me, you only have to write, and I'll come.

DRUSILLA turns slowly.

DRUSILLA

Near a hundred miles from here . . .

JUDE

The train journey only takes three hours.

DRUSILLA

(sadly)

Ah.

(a pause)

Goodbye Jude.

JUDE

Goodbye.

JUDE goes to the door, followed by WIDOW EDLIN.

97

EXT. MELCHESTER STATION NIGHT

97

The noise of steam and rain mingle with the clatter of trolley wheels and shouting porters.

JUDE opens a carriage door and looks expectantly out.

97 Continued

97

Further down the platform we see SUE. JUDE calls out to her, and she runs towards him.

SUE

Oh Jude! I'm so happy to see you - I regretted writing the letter as soon as I'd posted it . . . I wrote it in one mood, and you probably opened it in another!

JUDE

Well, I came as soon as I got it - How are you?

SUE

(laughing with happiness)

Oh, Jude - Jude, yes well, as can be expected, though they don't over-feed us at the school - let's go and eat something, the tea-room's open over the bridge.

SUE picks up one of his bags, and together they hurry down the platform, up the stairs, across the bridge. SUE pauses, looking out over the station.

SUE

I could have waited all evening here - I love it, there's something so . . . raw about stations, the steam, and noise - and people laughing and others crying, it's such a mixture of emotions! There's something very sensual about it all. Is that the right word? You know what I mean -

JUDE

(not quite)

Well - in a way, yes, but I find them rather depressing, people saying good-byes to each other, taking lives apart.

SUE

But it's brought ours together hasn't it?

JUDE

(softly)

Yes . . .

(smiling)

For the moment anyway.

97 Continued

97

They walk on.

98 INT. STATION WAITING-ROOM/TEA ROOM NIGHT

98

The Tea-room is at one end of the large waiting room, and is almost empty, save for an OLD MAN asleep in one corner, a pipe hanging from his mouth. As JUDE and SUE enter, the TEA LADY looks up from her coffee, and newspaper.

JUDE

Two cups of tea please - and some sandwiches.

TEA-LADY

Chicken or ham?

JUDE

Er - two of both, yes.

The sandwiches are duly served, and the two go over to a table by the window. SUE looks at the OLD MAN.

SUE

He's not asleep - he's been there all evening, but his pipe's alight, you can see rings of smoke every now and then. He's probably meditating some great book, a History of Melchester - and the railway waiting-room is the last chapter!

A pause. She looks at JUDE.

SUE

I shouldn't have asked you to come, should I? It was selfish of me. But then I'm rather selfish anyway, I suppose. But you can get a job . . . down at the Cathedral, they're doing a lot of repairing on it.

JUDE

My main reason is to try and enter the Theological College - but certainly working on the Cathedral . . .

98 Continued

98

SUE

What do you mean "Main reason"?

JUDE

My main reason for coming.

SUE

(blankly)

Oh.

Pause. She looks at his hands.

SUE

Your hands are rather rough, aren't they?

JUDE

So would yours be if they'd held a mallet and chisel for as long as I have.

SUE

Oh, I don't mind them - in fact I think it's rather . . . noble to see a man's hands reflect the work he does.

JUDE

Why are you at the college if you hate it so?

SUE

Oh, I don't hate it, I didn't say that. I'm rather glad I came really. See how independant I'll be! I shall pass, well I hope fairly high, and I expect Mr Phillotson will use his influence to get me into a big school.

The mention of Phillotson arouses fresh suspicions.

JUDE

I . . . I had a feeling perhaps Mr Phillotson cared about you - I mean quite a lot.

SUE

(laughing)

What a silly thing to think!

(pause)

What would it matter if he did, anyway?

An old man like that!

JUDE

Ah, Sue - he's not that old ... and I saw him with you.

SUE

(quickly)

Not kissing me, that's for sure.

JUDE

No, but putting ...

SUE

Oh, Jude! Don't let's talk about it. Let's talk about - you! How are you going to get into the college, or rather why do you want to get into it?

JUDE

(smiling)

You're wriggling out of it Sue -

SUE

(firmly)

Jude I don't want to talk about it. Please.

JUDE

Alright.

(pause)

Because I want to go into the church. I've been seeing the vicar at Marygreen, and he told me I could enter the Ministry without having been to Christminster.

SUE

But why?

JUDE

Why? Because I believe in it, I suppose.
Why does anybody for that matter.

SUE

But why you. You don't believe in the way
they do. I know you well enough by now.

JUDE

You're wrong. I believe more than ever
- I've got to, I've nothing else left.

SUE

You want to believe, you pretend to believe,
but that's like pretending to be in love,
because you want to . . . but it doesn't work.
It can't, because it's got to come from here,
not here.

JUDE

Sue, don't - please.

SUE

Be honest Jude . . . you're in love with
the idea, and that's all.

JUDE

Please Sue -

SUE

Alright, I'm not stopping you - and Jude,
I love you, I don't want to hurt you.

JUDE

(quickly)
Love me?

SUE

But of course - we're cousins!

CUT TO

100 EXT. MELCHESTER (SALISBURY) CATHEDRAL DAY

100

JUDE is busily working on a section of masonry. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that he is actually situated at the base of the spire (of SALISBURY CATHEDRAL). SUE is at the bottom, sitting on a pile of tilings, reading a book. A WORKMAN comes over to her.

WORKMAN

Can I help you, Miss?

SUE

(glancing up)

Oh, no thank you - I'm waiting for my cousin, Mr. Fawley - he's working up there.

WORKMAN

Oh, he'll be a while yet - it takes a good fifteen minutes to climb down!

SUE

That's all right - I've got a book.

WORKMAN

Oh, alright then ...

He walks away and SUE continues reading.

101 EXT. CATHEDRAL SPIRE BASE DAY

101

JUDE finishes off his work, packs up his tools, and starts the descent down. We see SUE get up and go over to the base of the ladder.

CUT TO

102 INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE DAY

102

SUE and JUDE are sitting opposite one another in an otherwise deserted carriage. From the scenery outside the window, we see they are travelling through Summer countryside.

102 Continued

102

SUE

But you said they weren't ruins. We went to ruins last week.

JUDE

Well, perhaps they're not. No one seemed to be quite sure at the Works ... still.

SUE

Well, as long as they're not Gothic - I hate Gothic anything. Perhaps one day we'll sail off to Greece - or Corinth, that's where I'd like to go.

(pause)

What station do we get out at?

JUDE

Next one, Stourhead. It's miles from anywhere. And a long walk to the castle.

CUT TO

103/
110 OUT

103/
110

111 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE DAY 111

The train meanders through the early summer countryside.

DISSOLVE INTO

112 EXT. STOURHEAD STATION DAY 112

The station seems to be the only building for miles around. Weeds grow between the rails, and ivy runs untrained up the single gaslamp. JUDE and SUE climb down from the train, and walk from the station.

DISSOLVE INTO

113 EXT. WARDOUR CASTLE RUINS DAY 113

Walking towards the ruined castle we see JUDE and SUE climbing wearily from the valley.

SUE stops and stares ahead of her.

SUE

I thought you said they weren't ruins.

JUDE

Well, I asked one of the Masons, and they should know.

SUE

And it's Gothic!

114 EXT. RUINS DAY 114

They climb towards the ruins, which stand silhouetted against the sky. The castle was once an ancient stronghold, but has now decayed from centuries of neglect. Three of the walls remain standing, though the roof has long crumbled to earth.

115 INT. RUINS DAY 115

They stand, gazing above at the walls and sky. Creeper has grown among the stones, a rookery displays itself high-mouted among the remaining chimney stacks.

JUDE climbs the remains of a granite staircase and pauses to look from a slit in the wall across the surrounding countryside. SUE follows him up.

JUDE

(without looking round)

Why do you hate ruins -

SUE

I don't hate them - this is far more beautiful than any cathedral.

JUDE

Or railway station ...

SUE

But I find the solemnity overpowering. They haunt me ... I think on all the hundreds of people who lived here - and loved - and died. Probably like you and I. But the stones stare into your eyes as if they're guarding some terrible secret - it's like digging up a coffin and opening it, and watching the bones - and the more you look, the greater the enchantment over you. It depresses me so, and suddenly I want to die ...

JUDE

You shouldn't speak like that -
(bitterly)
what has life ever done to you?

SUE

That's what I mean - ruins make me remember, they're like a sea of graves, and when you watch it too long, you begin to see your own reflected in it.

JUDE turns from the window, and gazes at her.

JUDE

What do you remember?

SUE

Everything ... nothing. I used to envy people with a good memory - but I think it must be so terrible not to forget.

JUDE

No one forgets, though they pretend it to others. But you learn from the past -

115 Continued

115

SUE
Do you? You're lucky, I wish I could.
(pause)

JUDE stares at her. Suddenly she laughs -

SUE
You know, I think that's why you brought
me here. What a thing! And we're
cousins. Don't let's talk about it - come
on, catch me ...

She runs back down the stairs, JUDE stands for a moment, then runs
after her.

116 EXT. RUINS DAY

116

SUE runs from the main entrance and round the side. A moment
later JUDE follows.

117 INT. RUINS DAY

117

She climbs through a lower window, looking anxiously behind her.

JUDE runs to the window and climbs through.

SUE runs across the fallen stones inside the castle. She stops at
the entrance to a small tower.

She looks inside the turret staircase, then behind her. We hear
Jude's footsteps outside the wall. She hurriedly runs up inside.

JUDE appears through a fallen archway - sees SUE disappearing up
the tower.

JUDE
(calling out, laughing)
You can't escape me ...

He runs over to the tower.

119 INT. TOWER STAIRCASE DAY

119

The spiral staircase has fallen away in parts. SUE runs faster,
continually looking over her shoulder - JUDE follows a dozen steps
behind. Suddenly the stairs end - SUE grabs at some steel rods
and manages to hold on -

119 Continued

119

SUE
(frantically)
Jude ... Stop!

She throws herself across the opening in time to stop JUDE falling to his certain death. They hold each other for a moment -

SUE
We both nearly went over ... Then we'd
have known all their secrets ... !

She hangs on to him - gazes at him uncertainly. HOLD.

120 EXT. FIELDS AND WOODS EVENING

120

JUDE and SUE walk wearily across the evening fields, through woods - another field ... SUE stumbles -

SUE
How much further ... ?

JUDE
I don't know - can't be far now -

They walk on into the growing night.

121 EXT. SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE NIGHT

121

A lone cottage stands against the side of a hill. JUDE and SUE approach it cautiously. Together they go up to the door, JUDE knocks. It is opened by an elderly SHEPHERD.

He looks at JUDE doubtfully.

JUDE
(awkwardly)
Oh ... Good evening - I wonder if you could
tell me to Stourhead Station - my ... we've
got slightly lost.

SHEPHERD
Stourhead? Why that be some dozen or
more miles from here - you'll never make
it for the last train
(calling into the house)
... Mother - what time's that last train go -

A voice from the house replies that she doesn't know.

SHEPHERD

(to Jude)

- And seeing you don't know the country round these parts ... but 'ee can bide here - the place be welcome to you ... it's hard lying mind, but folks could do worse.

JUDE

(he looks at Sue,
then back)

Well - if we can't get back ... that's very kind of you -

SHEPHERD

By all means, come in - yer most welcome.

As they go in, the SHEPHERD draws JUDE to one side -

SHEPHERD

(whispering)

Be you a married couple?

JUDE

(quickly)

Shh! No ...

SHEPHERD

Oh, I meant nothing bady - not I! Well then she can go into mother's room, and you and I can ...

They continue walking inside. HOLD.

The kitchen-living room, though barely large enough to house all the furniture, is warm and friendly. JUDE is washing plates whilst SUE dries up.

SUE

I rather like this - outside all laws, except gravitation - and germination.

JUDE

(despondently)

You only think you like it - you don't really, you're a product of civilisation.

SUE

I'm not Jude - really I'm not. You don't know what's inside me. Of course, Mr Phillotson ...

JUDE

Ah, Mr. Phillotson - I suppose he understands everything.

SUE

Jude, don't.

JUDE

Alright, Mr. Phillotson ... ?

SUE

(sulking)

It's no good. Change the subject.

SUE puts down the cloth having finished the last dish.

JUDE

(drying his hands)

Sue ...

SUE

(interrupting)

Do you love me Jude?

JUDE

(sighing)

I can't understand you.

SUE

Can't you?

(pause)

Perhaps you never will. Perhaps neither of us will. And we shall remain - like portraits on either side of an empty hall, staring at each other - never deeper than the first lair.

(pause)

Good-night Jude.

She is gone. JUDE remains, gazing into the soapy water.

123 INT. PARLOUR NIGHT

123

The SHEPHERD is lying asleep on the floor, snoring loudly. Beside him is JUDE, awake, staring at a cob-webbed ceiling. Slowly he becomes aware of a noise above the snores - the sound of cries from the night beyond. He gets up softly, tip-toes to the latch door, and listens. The sound comes again - an animal in pain. He quietly opens the door, and disappears. The SHEPHERD continues sleeping, unperturbed.

124 EXT. FIELD NIGHT

124

A cloudless, moon-lit night. A multitude of stars pierce the indigo sky, melting into the milk-washed moon. JUDE's silhouetted figure moves across the field from the house. He comes to a stone-wall, at the bottom of which is a rabbit caught in a snare. The animal cries out in agony. JUDE swiftly unhitches the wire, catches the rabbit by its feet and knocks it senseless against the wall. He pauses a moment.

SUE (O. S.)

Jude? Is that you?

JUDE

Sue?

SUE comes running up, wrapped in a cloak.

SUE

You heard it too? Thank goodness you got here first - I couldn't go on sleeping - did it wake you?

JUDE

I was awake.

SUE

Oh?

(long pause)

- Jude, I'm sorry. All I was going to say was that ... well, that he didn't understand either.

She gives a weak smile. JUDE turns to her.

JUDE

(softly)

Your smile's like a hope. Faint, but there, and living on. Perhaps even starving away

JUDE (Cont)

to nothing, but living on, as hopes will.

SUE gazes at him, faintly surprised.

JUDE

What's wrong?

SUE

(almost trembling)

Nothing ... I just haven't heard you speak like that. Jude ...

He turns to her, and is about to take her into his arms -

SUE

Jude ... I didn't want to tell you, because ... well - Richa ... Mr Phillotson, I've promised to marry him - in two years.

JUDE

(sadly, without bitterness)

I guessed, almost. The evening I arrived.

SUE

(desperately)

But Jude ... it's not for two years, and - well ...

JUDE

But why? Do you love him?

SUE

I don't know - I mean yes, I suppose so. He's got a plan, to take on a large mixed school in some city or other, he the boys, I the girls, like married teachers often do.

JUDE

And you've promised?

SUE

I've promised.

124 Continued

124

JUDE

(turning to her again)

Oh, Sue ... but then I suppose, yes - perhaps it's right you should.

SUE

Jude ... I'm not the girl you think I am. Otherwise you wouldn't care whether I was engaged or not. You said yourself you didn't understand me.

Another pause. They look at each other in silence. JUDE moves towards her, she stands motionless - then suddenly, at the last moment, breaks away.

SUE

(quickly, backing away)

No, Jude - it's no good. And I'm ... I'm not in love with you, I'm not Jude - and you're not in love with me. I shouldn't have said it ... but it's true.

JUDE

(bracing himself)

Yes - I know. And you must be faithful to him ...

SUE

Goodnight Jude.

She hurries away across back to the cottage. JUDE stands for a moment, then wanders away in the same direction.

HOLD. CUT TO

125 INT. TRAINING SCHOOL HALL DAY

125

The HEADMISTRESS, a prudish-looking woman with a tight bun hair-style is questioning TWO GIRLS. She is holding a faded framed photograph.

HEADMISTRESS

Who is this man? Did she ever say? You know I only allow portraits of relations in the dormitories.

1ST GIRL

Well ... I think it's the schoolmaster she served under ... but I'm not sure - she never used to speak of him.

HEADMISTRESS

And you're quite sure that it wasn't this gentleman who called for her?

They look at each other ...

2ND GIRL

I don't think so - it was a fairly young man -

1ST GIRL

(butting in)

You can't say that - you didn't see in properly ...

2ND GIRL

(agreeing quickly)

Oh, yes - well it was rather dark ...

A pause.

HEADMISTRESS

(finally)

Alright. When she turns up, you're to send her straight to me. And mind, none of you are to talk to her. Is that quite understood?

BOTH GIRLS

(muttering)

Yes miss -

HEADMISTRESS

Alright, you may go.

The GIRLS hurriedly depart. The HEADMISTRESS continues her work.

Out of the window we can see the gates of the training school - CAMERA PULLS BACK into the room and we see JUDE reading at his desk. It is yet another lodging house, apparently near at hand to Sue. The room is a little larger than his last place of residence, though by no means plush. He rises from his desk, closes the book, walks across to his bed, and starts to get undressed. As he hangs his jacket over a chair, we hear a tapping noise on the window. JUDE starts up. He looks across at the window by his bed. The noise comes again, though it is now clearly the sound of pebbles being aimed at the glass. He opens the window, and peers out.

126 EXT. ALLEY NIGHT

126

JUDE'S P. O. V. - SUE is standing below, dripping with water.

SUE

(quietly)

Jude?

JUDE

Sue ...

SUE

Yes. Can I come up without being seen?

JUDE

(hesitantly)

Yes ...

SUE

Then don't come down. Shut the window.

127 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

127

JUDE pulls back from the window, and shuts it. He hurriedly re-dresses and goes over to the door. We can hear the front-door downstairs being opened and shut again. A moment later SUE appears at the door. She is soaking wet, and shivering with cold. JUDE, not unnaturally, is dumfounded.

JUDE

What ... Sue! Are you alright?

SUE

I'm so cold. Can I come by your fire
Jude?

JUDE

It's not alright - but it won't take a minute.
Come in - shut the door.

SUE, her teeth chattering with cold, nervously enters the room.

She sits down in the battered armchair by the fire, whilst JUDE finds a newspaper, and starts preparing some warmth.

JUDE

Whatever have you done Darling -

The epithet goes by unnoticed.

SUE

Walked through the largest river in the country, that's what I've done. They locked me up for being out with you. But I couldn't bear it, it was all untrue - so I got out of the window and escaped across the stream ...

She bursts into tears. JUDE drops the newspaper, and throws his arms around her.

JUDE

Dear Sue ... Oh, it's all my fault.
(feeling her sodden
clothes)
- Quick, you must take off all your things.
I'll borrow some more from the landlady.

He lets go, but SUE starts up -

SUE

No, no! Don't let her know, for God's sake - we're so near the school, and they'll come after me.

JUDE

Then you'll have to use mine. You don't mind?

SUE

No, anything ...

JUDE

I've got a jersey - and an overcoat ...

He rummages around in the small chest-of-drawers by his bed.

JUDE

... And these trousers will do.

He takes out some clothes and comes back with his collection. For a second he stands over her.

JUDE

You change over there whilst I light the fire -

SUE looks at him doubtfully, then rises -

SUE

Will anybody come in?

JUDE

No - the landlady is downstairs, and there's no one else about.

JUDE takes the newspaper, screws it up, and makes up the fire with tinder wood.

SUE (O. S.)

I feel a bit stupid in them -

JUDE looks up.

SUE is dressed in his huge floppy jersey and baggy trousers. She looks "so pathetic in her defencelessness" that JUDE's laugh turns cold.

JUDE

Sit down here and get warm - I'll hang up your clothes to dry by the fire ...

She nervously walks to the chair, and sits down. JUDE picks up the sopping clothes and drapes them over the other armchair.

SUE

I suppose you should be embarrassed seeing me like this, with all my things hanging up. What nonsense! Woman's clothes are just a pile of sexless cloth and linen:

(a shudder)

I wish I didn't feel so ill and sick.

(pause)

When the clothes are dry I'll go and get some lodgings - it's not late yet.

JUDE

Not if you're ill. You must stay here.

(he looks worried)

What can I get for you?

SUE

I don't know - I can't help shivering. I wish I could get warm -

126 Continued

126

JUDE

I'll get my overcoat ... and some brandy.
I'll go over to the inn and get some. And
if anyone comes in ... well, just don't
move, and from the back they'll think it's
me!

He leaves quickly. SUE collapses into a chair, and within a moment
is asleep.

Presently we hear footsteps. The door opens, and the LANDLADY
looks in, then leaves quickly.

127/
128 OUT

127/
128

129 EXT. STAIRCASE NIGHT

129

JUDE opens the front door just as the LANDLADY comes down the
stairs. He stops short, expecting the worst.

LANDLADY

Oh, Mr Fawley - I didn't know whether you
was in or not - I've got yer dinner waiting
for you. Will the young gentleman be requiring
anything?

JUDE

(faltering)

Oh, no - well, yes a cup of tea if that's
possible ... and could I have my dinner
upstairs?

LANDLADY

Very well, I'll bring it up presently.

130 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

130

JUDE tip-toes back into the room. From his P.O.V. we can only
see the back of SUE's head, her hair buried beneath the overcoat.
She is still asleep, but as he walks over to her, she springs up.

JUDE

(whispering)

It's only me ... how do you feel?

130 Continued

130

SUE

(sinking back)

Oh, better - I must have fallen asleep.

JUDE hands her the bottle.

JUDE

The Landlady's been in here - she thought you were a man!

A pause. SUE drinks slowly, staring in front of her.

SUE

I shouldn't be here. Should I?

JUDE

Why not?

SUE

You called me a 'creature of civilization' last night, didn't you?

JUDE

Yes ... yes I did. The Modern Civilization.

SUE

But I'm not. I'm a sort of negation of it.

JUDE

Negation. That's profound thinking.

SUE

(smiling, still looking away)

Is it? Do I strike you as being ... learned?

JUDE

No - but you don't talk like a girl who has has no advantages.

SUE

Yes, I've had them. I can't speak Latin or Greek, but I've read - or read - most modern authors.

JUDE

Because they're modern? Because it's fashionable?

SUE

I wouldn't have said John Donne was modern. No, I suppose because they look deeper into things. It's too easy to skim, so we dig.

JUDE

And find what. Nothing. There was an engraving on one of the tombs in Christminster, it said . . . "More or less sad are all those who are aware of matters beyond the questions of daily bread; but who wish to live without this sadness . . . deep and still - without which there is no true joy." And it's true, of us. You've got to take some things on trust.

SUE

No. Either trust in everything . . . or nothing. I personally trust nothing and no-one, not even myself - my life has been completely shaped by what people call a peculiarity in me. I have no fear in men.

JUDE

That's a rash statement . . .

SUE

No, I don't think so - I haven't found it so. I can't feel about them as women are taught to - to be on their guard. I mix with them as if they were my own sex.

JUDE

The emancipated woman! Equality with men -

SUE

No, nothing legal - just the way I am, I feel on equal ground. Now-a-days it isn't necessary to be on one's guard. No average man seduces a girl unless she invites him - until she says by a look "Come on". And until that, he's afraid to do anything . . . and if you never say it, or look it, then he never comes. Even when you do, he is still afraid.

A pause.
over.

There is a knock at the door. JUDE leaps up, and goes

130 Continued

130

LANDLADY

Here's your supper. I'm afraid it's rather cold -

JUDE

Doesn't matter - it looks fine.

LANDLADY

(trying to peer round)

Are you sure your friend doesn't want anything?

JUDE

Yes, quite sure - the tea will do.

LANDLADY

Very well . . . Good-night.

JUDE

Good-night.

He closes the door quickly, then brings over the supper.

JUDE

Are you sure you don't want any?

SUE

Yes, quite sure - I still feel rather sick.

JUDE starts eating. A momentary silence.

SUE

Do you think I'm "Innocent"?

JUDE

Yes . . . In some ways.

SUE

Well, I'm not.

JUDE

(blankly)

Oh.

SUE

Yes, oh, in that way, I mean I've never slept with another man. But innocence in a broader sense. Your innocence - it's beautiful, the way you go on. Anyone else would have resigned away their ambitions years ago, but you plough on.

JUDE

Because I believe that one day I'll get there. I still think Christminster has much that is noble about it. I'm resentful, I suppose, because I couldn't get there, but then neither could Mr. Phillotson.

SUE

But he's not the same - his ambitions are not as high. He's quite content as he is. He talks of 'the quiet life' - Christminster was only a passing phase: he realises what that place is ... Jude, you're the ones that Christminster was founded for, men with a passion for learning, but no money, no opportunities, no friends.

JUDE

(dismally)

Well, I can do without it I suppose. I care for something higher.

SUE

And I for something broader, truer. Intellect pushes one way, Christianity the other - like two rams, butting against each other, yet remaining stagnant. You take so much of religion on trust ... that's what I can't understand.

JUDE

(beginning to see his one hope fading)

But Sue, I still think you've got to take something on trust. Life's not long enough to work everything out. So I take Christianity.

SUE

(sadly)

Well ... I suppose you might have picked something worse.

130 Continued

130

JUDE

I might . . . perhaps I have.

He pokes the fire silently. A few moments later he turns round. SUE is asleep. He gets up, and quietly moves her clothes from the back of the chair onto the fire-fender. Then he leaves the room. We hear the front door open and close. HOLD on SUE.

131 INT. BEDROOM MORNING

131

The chairs are empty - the fire out. SUE gets dressed quickly at the far end of the room as JUDE enters with a breakfast tray.

JUDE

I've brought you up some breakfast.

He walks over to the table with the tray. SUE looks up - she has just finished dressing.

SUE

Oh, I don't want any. Can I get out of here without anybody seeing me?

JUDE

(despondently)

Yes, I suppose so - there's nobody about yet.

SUE still looks unwell, her face pale and anxious.

SUE

I shouldn't have run away from that school.

(pause)

Things seem so different in the cold light of morning, don't they?

JUDE looks blankly at the window. —A dawn mist hovers outside, bringing the atmosphere in line with present relationships.

SUE

Well I don't know what Mr Phillotson is going to say. He is the only man in the world for whom I have any respect or fear. I hope he'll forgive me . . .

JUDE

(bitterly)

No doubt he will . . .

131 Continued

131

JUDE (Cont)

(a pause)

I'll go to him and explain if you . . .

SUE

Oh, no you shan't. I don't mind about him, he can think what he likes - I shall do just as I want.

JUDE

But you just said -

SUE

I didn't mean it. I'll do what I like.

She goes across to the window.

SUE

I've decided. To go to Shaston. A friend of mine has a sister there who runs a school. She's often asked me to visit her, and Shaston is only twenty miles or so by train. I'll stay there till this blows over, then go back to the Training school.

She walks back to the table. HOLD.

132 OUT

133 EXT. RAILWAY PLATFORM DAY

133

JUDE and SUE come onto the platform and walk over to the train. SUE is about to get into the carriage.

JUDE

(hastily)

I want to tell you something - two things . . .

SUE

Jude - I know what one of them is. And you mustn't.

JUDE

What?

133 Continued

133

SUE

You mustn't love me. Like me - but never love. I'm not worth it.

She gets into the carriage. A whistle blows ...

JUDE

But Sue -

SUE

(smiling)

Shh. Goodbye Jude.

There is another whistle - the train moves off.

JUDE waves half-heartedly, then walks to the ticket-barrier.

134

INT. JUDE'S LODGINGS KITCHEN NIGHT

HOLD

134

JUDE is seated at the Kitchen table, eating his dinner. He appears cheerful, and is reading. The LANDLADY enters from behind.

LANDLADY

Oh, Mr Fawley, I forgot - a letter arrived for you this morning.

JUDE looks up and round.

JUDE

Oh, thank you -

He takes the letter and opens it.

SUE'S VOICE

"... you had been so very good and kind to me that when you were out of sight I felt what an ungrateful woman I was - If you want to love me, Jude, you may. Just don't expect anything of me. I'm coming down to Melchester on Friday - Perhaps I could see you in your lunch hour.

JUDE looks up, not knowing whether to be relieved, happy, or dismayed by this "Come on". He closes his book, and leaves the room quickly.

135 EXT. CATHEDRAL WORKS DAY

135

JUDE climbs up the ladder towards the Cathedral spire base. He is carrying a large sheet of rolled lead. In f. g. a WORKER moves into SHOT and calls up to him.

WORKER

Hey, Jude. Jude - there's someone to see you - they're inside the Cathedral.

HIGH SHOT - JUDE in C. U. He looks at his watch with some difficulty, then clammers down.

136 EXT. MAIN DOOR DAY

136

He runs to the Main doors, stops short, and peers inside.

137 INT. MELCHESTER CATHEDRAL DAY

137

JUDE enters, looks around, then walks - with some reverence - between the far row of pews and the West Wall. He stops by the pulpit, and looks around again. Then walks towards us, stopping by the altar to mark the crucifix sign. As he is doing so ...

VOICE

Ah, Jude -

PHILLOTSON is standing by North Wall.

The shock takes JUDE completely by surprise.

JUDE

Mr ... Mr Phillotson -

PHILLOTSON walks towards him -

PHILLOTSON

Amazing to think they built this place without any of the modern machinery - it's a wonder what inspired men can do. I've been studying some of the stone work whilst waiting for you - no doubt it must fascinate a craftsman like yourself.

JUDE

(blankly)

Yes - Er, I am rather busy at the moment, perhaps we could meet later on ...

PHILLOTSON

Yes yes, of course. No, I won't keep you long. Merely that I've heard that you've been seeing my little friend Sue recently?

JUDE

(hurriedly)

I think I know what you want - about her escaping from the school and coming to me?

PHILLOTSON

(bluntly)

Yes.

JUDE

(rising to the occasion)

I'm glad you've had the kindness to come and talk about it. You know what they say - that I ought to marry her?

PHILLOTSON

What!

JUDE

And I wish with all my soul I could.

This forward action on the part of JUDE throws him off balance.

PHILLOTSON

(fumbling)

I had no idea that it was like this - God forbid ...

JUDE

No, no! I thought you understood? I mean that were I in a position to marry her ... or anyone ... and settle down, instead of living in lodgings here and there - I would.

What JUDE had really meant was simply that he loved her.

PHILLOTSON, again with an upper hand, starts walking back towards the main doors. JUDE looks anxiously at his watch, then follows him.

PHILLOTSON

Well, since this rather ... painful wound has been opened up, would you mind telling me what happened.

JUDE

Simply that we missed the train -

PHILLOTSON

I don't quite follow.

JUDE

Just that we went into the country for the day to look at ...

The conversation tails off. HOLD

138 EXT. CATHEDRAL WORKS DAY

138

PHILLOTSON and JUDE walk towards us.

PHILLOTSON

Then the suspicion which caused her expulsion was completely unfounded?

JUDE

(emphatically)

Yes, it is. Absolutely.

PHILLOTSON

Then the matter can rest. Thank you for your time, I'm sorry to have delayed you this long.

JUDE

Not at all, I'm glad you came. Good day.

PHILLOTSON wanders to the road, his head bent in thought. Watches him go, then proceeds towards his work.

As he rounds the Cathedral corner, SUE appears from the opposite direction.

SUE

Jude! I've been looking for you -

JUDE

(taken by surprise)

Oh - yes. I've been seeing the foreman.

SUE

Oh, the other men seem to have gone to lunch. What are you working on?

JUDE

(pointing)

Up there.

SUE

(looking round)

Couldn't you take me up - there's no one around.

JUDE also looks round.

JUDE

Well ... yes, alright. But can you climb?

SUE

(laughing)

Of course yes -

139 EXT. LADDER DAY

139

SUE runs towards the ladder and starts climbing.

JUDE

(running)

Wait a minute - I'll follow you in case you slip.

He runs after her -

JUDE

Have you not seen Mr Phillotson today?

SUE

No, why?

JUDE

Oh - nothing.

SUE reaches the top and offers a hand to JUDE.

140 EXT. SPIRE BASE DAY

140

JUDE and SUE are standing by the railings. Far below we can see the Cathedral roof, gardens and quadrangles.

SUE

All this - for the sake of God!

JUDE

Don't start on that, please.

SUE

No, it's breath-taking. I just mean -
Oh, well ...

A silence.

JUDE

Now we're up here, perhaps it isn't such
a good place to tell you something ...
that I've never said before.

SUE

Yes you have.

JUDE

No, never - it's a part of my history.

SUE

I can guess it.

JUDE

(looking at her worriedly)

Then you know it?

SUE

(without turning)

What?

JUDE

Arabella -

SUE

(turning)

Who?

JUDE

My wife. I'm married.

SUE

What!

JUDE

Then you don't know. I have a wife - she's in Australia. I married her some years back. It didn't work, she left me and went abroad.

SUE

Why didn't you tell me before!

JUDE

(turning away)

I couldn't. It seemed so ... unfair.

SUE

To you - I suppose it was better to be unfair to me.

JUDE

No no -

(he tries to take her hand,
but she withdraws)

I was ashamed about the reasons for the marriage. I can't explain it now you've taken it like this.

SUE walks briskly towards us, talking to JUDE in glances over her shoulder.

SUE

But how can I? Here have I been saying, or writing, that - that you might love me, or something of the sort - just out of pity for you, and all the time ... Oh, I don't believe it!

She stops by the ladder. JUDE catches up, though she does not turn round.

JUDE

You get me wrong - I never thought you cared about me ... so I didn't think it mattered.

She remains silent.

140 Continued

140

JUDE
Anyway Mr Phillots ...

SUE
(turning round angrily)
For God's sake stop bringing him into it.
What's he got to do with us anyway? ...
I'm going down, before the workmen come
back.

141 EXT. LADDER DAY

141

SUE hurriedly descends the ladder towards us. JUDE follows slowly behind her, then stops.

He looks utterly miserable, and gazes round.

JUDE'S P. O. V. - It could be ended very easily ...

He starts climbing down again, rather quicker than before. SUE is almost at the bottom.

142 EXT. CATHEDRAL WORKS DAY

142

She walks over to a large cement mixer. JUDE comes up behind her.

JUDE
I think he's got quite a lot to do with
it.

SUE
(without turning)
Who?

JUDE
(impatiently)
Phillotson.

SUE
(slowly)
Jude - I haven't told you yet what I really
came about -

JUDE
What?

142 Continued

142

She turns round, and looks him straight in the eye.

SUE

We're to be married. In a week's time. I expect you understand why, after last week. I should have said it before, but ... Oh, Jude - it's for the better. One day you'll find out I was right.

JUDE is stunned. He turns and walks away.

SUE runs over to him.

SUE

Oh, Jude - Jude, please understand me. I can't give you what you need - you don't love me, not really.

JUDE

(at the ground)

Say anything - anything, but not that. How can you say it? Don't make excuses, keep your pity for him.

SUE

(starting to cry)

But he needs me, and you don't.

JUDE

Need? Needs what? Love?

SUE

Yes - what else?

He turns round. A pause.

JUDE

You love him?

SUE

(uncertainly)

Yes ...

(more firmly)

yes.

JUDE

(looking round)

They're coming back from lunch - you'd better go before they recognise you.

142 Continued

142

Without waiting for a reply, he walks away from her towards the Cathedral Main Doors.

143 INT. CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL DAY

143

JUDE walks towards us deep in thought.

LOW SHOT -- SHOOTING UP at the east window and cross. JUDE stares up, his back to us.

SUE (O.S.)

Jude ...

He turns round quickly.

SUE runs to him and throws her arms round him.

SUE

Oh, Jude, I'm sorry - forgive me, say
you'll forgive me - say you still love me ...

JUDE, completely taken aback, kisses her, but she brushes aside and it ends with a kiss on the cheek.

SUE

Will you give me away at the wedding?
Please ...

JUDE

Of course ... And I shouldn't be jealous -
and I'm not.

He regards her with infinite tenderness, as if she were a repentant daughter -

JUDE

And of course I wish you all the happiness
that can be found in this world.

He kisses her again, this time purposefully on the cheek.

SUE

(almost crying)

Jude ...

(she stares into his eyes
as if he were the only
man she'd ever loved)

143 Continued

143

SUE (Cont)

- Oh I can't say it ... I can't say what I'm trying to say - only a trickle of my mind ever reaches you.

She stares up at the huge, golden crucifix reaching from the high altar -

SUE

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean,
The World has grown grey with Thy breath ..."

HOLD a beat

144 INT. SHASTON CHURCH DAY

144

The reverse of the last shot. We look down from the Crucifix P.O.V. - JUDE and SUE stand near each other, PHILLOTSON on the other side of the VICAR. JUDE passes over the ring to the VICAR who in turn gives it to PHILLOTSON. SUE looks radiant in her wedding dress, and all anxiety that might have been expected has vanished from her face - she looks as if she is in another place at another time -

The VICAR takes the wedding ring from JUDE - looking resigned to the situation - and passes it to PHILLOTSON. He in turn places it on SUE's finger -

SUE

With this ring I thee wed, with my
body I thee worship, and with all my
wordly goods I thee endow.

VICAR

Those whom God hath joined together, let
no man put assunder.

145 EXT. CHURCH DAY

145

The small porch is surrounded by local villagers who have come to see the newly-wed couple - out of curiosity rather than any particular affection for either party. From inside the church we hear the Trumpet Voluntary being played as SUE and PHILLOTSON appear at the door. There is little fuss as the two make their way towards the waiting carriage.

PHILLOTSON opens the door for her to enter. She looks uncertain, and turns to look back.

145 Continued

145

JUDE appears at the door and pushes his way through the people towards SUE. Her concern momentarily disappears when she sees him, and it is with some restraint that she holds herself back from running to him.

JUDE comes up, slightly out of breath.

JUDE

(holding out a small
parcel)

I ... I forgot to give you this - a small
wedding-present, nothing much.

SUE

Oh, Jude - thank you ...
(she is unable
to continue)

PHILLOTSON senses the situation, and hustles her into the coach.

PHILLOTSON

Well, Jude - I must thank you for all
you've done ...

146 INT. CARRIAGE DAY

146

Tears emerge slowly as she tears away the paper round a small statuette of an agonised face - presumably to have been that of Christ, but now simply a head and shoulders. There is a small note with it. She reads it, mouthing the words, which causes another flood of tears. PHILLOTSON is behind her, still talking to JUDE (over the above action)

PHILLOTSON

You must come up to the school house
sometime, when we've finished moving in.

JUDE

Yes. Thank you. That would be most enjoyable ...

PHILLOTSON climbs into the carriage, signalling to the driver.

147 EXT. CHURCH DAY

147

JUDE watches the carriage as it moves off. Then he turns and walks quickly away.

DISSOLVE INTO

151 EXT. HIGH STREET EVENING

151

He walks across the square to the Martyr's Cross where he originally met SUE.

DISSOLVE INTO

152 EXT. STREET NIGHT

152

He ambles along, his eyes fixed on the pavement. Walking the other way are a group of men. As they pass JUDE, one of them turns and calls him.

PASSERBY

Hey ...

JUDE doesn't hear, and continues walking. The PASSERBY runs back. We recognise him as TINKER TAYLOR.

TINKER TAYLOR

Why, you don't remember me? Tinker Taylor? In the pub when you ...

JUDE

(remembering)

Why yes - of course, you were the one who backed me up - though it lost me my job...

TINKER TAYLOR

(calling)

Hey - Sam, you others - come here, let me introduce you to an old friend of mine -

(to Jude)

come and join us over a pint o' ale.

JUDE

Yes, alright - since I've no job to loose this time ...

The others, who have walked back, laugh together, and they all walk away towards a side turning.

153 INT. BACK STREET PUB NIGHT

153

Although it is the same place as before, it has under-gone a good deal of renovation. The tables are now covered with linen cloths, and the air appears a good deal clearer. A wooden partition separates the bar into two parts.

JUDE, TINKER TAYLOR and the others are sitting on stools by the bar counter watching their reflections in the beer glasses.

TINKER TAYLOR

(moodily)

Yes, it's not the place it used t'be. Why they had to do it all up beats me - I hardly ever come any more ... not my sort of place at all.

The BARMAN, a new one, comes over.

BARMAN

(to Jude)

Five pints, that'll be two and fourpence please ...

JUDE looks round at the others, who in turn look away. He fumbles in his pocket, and produces the money.

TINKER TAYLOR

That be very good of 'ee.

(looking across
at Sam)

- Well, I think I'd better be off - like I said, it's not the place it was ... Well -

(he slaps Jude
heartily on the back)

cheers mate - be seeing you.

They get up and leave. JUDE is now virtually alone in the room, although we have not seen beyond the dividing panel across the bar. A conversation is in progress behind this partition, between a barmaid and one of the more elite customers now frequenting the inn.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, Mr Cockman - how can you tell me such a tale - in all my innocence!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, yes - and I'll have another Curacoa, and a light.

JUDE looks up disinterestedly. Beyond him we can see the barmaid reflected in the skirting mirror behind the rows of bottles. Hitherto her back had been reflected in it, but as soon as she turns round to reach for the bottle, we realise that it is - ARABELLA.

153 Continued

153

JUDE looks up from his drink. At first he cannot believe it. He listens again.

ARABELLA's back is now reflected in it again, but we can see the CUSTOMER - An elderly business man, slightly drunk, with shining temple and clean-shaven.

ARABELLA pours out the liquer into his glass. He eyes her movements.

ARABELLA

Mr Cockman - what makes your moustache curl so beautiful?

COCKMAN

(laughing)

Tell me, have you heard from your husband lately, my dear?

ARABELLA

Not a word.

JUDE is now rivetted, and sips his whisky without looking at what he is doing. His eyes are on the skirting mirror.

COCKMAN (O.S.)

Where is he?

ARABELLA (O.S.)

I left him in Australia, so I suppose he's still there.

JUDE's eyes open wider.

COCKMAN (O.S.)

And what made you part from him?

ARABELLA (O.S.)

Don't ask questions, and you won't hear lies!

COCKMAN

(impatiently)

Come then, give me my change, which you've been keeping from me for the last half hour, and I'll romantically vanish into the streets of this old city.

JUDE looks anxiously towards the door, as if wondering whether to stay or to go. O.S. we hear COCKMAN leave.

ARABELLA replaces the bottle on the shelf. She comes towards us, without looking across at him. She is about to reach for another bottle when she turns round, looks at him casually, then looks again. Her surprised expression turns quickly into a smile.

ARABELLA

Well, I'm blest - I thought you'd gone years ago.

JUDE

Oh --

ARABELLA

I haven't heard of you since I left - If I had I probably wouldn't have come here. - But never mind - what can I offer you - Scotch and soda? Come on - on the house.

JUDE

No thank you. I've had enough already.

ARABELLA

It won't cost you anything -

JUDE

How long have you been here? Why did you come back?

ARABELLA

Oh . . . I had my reasons. Then you're not a don yet?

JUDE

No.

ARABELLA

Not even a reverend?

JUDE

(bitterly)

I am as I was.

ARABELLA

I suppose so. You look about the same.

A pause.

JUDE

So you pass as having a living husband?

ARABELLA

Yes - for certain reasons.

JUDE

What?

ARABELLA

I'm not going into it. I make a good living here, and I can do without you.

A voice comes from behind the panelling - ARABELLA turns -

ARABELLA

Coming . . .

(to Jude)

Come back here at nine. We can't talk with people round - they might recognise us -

She takes the bottle and goes to the other counter. JUDE looks at his drink, then finishes it and goes. HOLD.

DISSOLVE INTO

154 EXT. STREET NIGHT

154

JUDE and ARABELLA are walking along casually. She is fondly trying to take his arm, but without much success.

ARABELLA

Now, what arrangement shall we come to?

JUDE

I don't know - my aunt is on her deathbed, and at the moment I -

ARABELLA

(interrupting)

As we're near the station, why don't we catch the 9.30 to Aldbrickham? No one will know us there for one night, and we'll be quite free to act as we choose -

JUDE looks away - ARABELLA takes his hand. HOLD.

155 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM NIGHT

155

The bedroom is that of a typical third-rate hotel. No lampshades, a jug of water and glass by the bed, a neglected Gideon's Bible. JUDE stands by the window, his hands in his pockets.

JUDE

I don't know why you didn't stay in Australia - there's not much here to come back to.

ARABELLA (O.S.)

Oh, don't let's go into that again -

ARABELLA is sitting half-undressed on the bed. She is still wearing her make-up, and looks physically attractive. Her eyes and smile reveal the reason why she has come here.

ARABELLA

Well?

JUDE

(indifferently)

What?

ARABELLA

Oh, come on - Good Heavens, we're still married after all.

JUDE

Like the scotch and soda - on the house?

ARABELLA

(smiling seductively)

If you want to put it like that - Oh Jude ...

She gets up and crosses over to him. Her hands slip inside his shirt - she kisses him. JUDE can resist it no longer. He smiles at her, kisses her, then carries her to the bed.

SLOW DISSOLVE INTO

156 EXT. SMALL HOTEL (ALDBRICKHAM) MORNING

156

JUDE is standing by an upper window, gazing into the morning mist.

JUDE

To think that this is the very town I left when I went to Christminster all those years ago -- so full of plans and ideas ...

157 INT. BEDROOM MORNING

157

A large unmade double bed. ARABELLA is sitting at a small dressing table, hurriedly making her face up. There is that lingering atmosphere of a cold dawn.

ARABELLA

(without turning
round - sighs)

Still on about that - you haven't changed
have you? Well, I must be getting back - I
have to be at the bar by eleven.

Her rapid make-up hardly covers the lines and creases of her natural
skin -

ARABELLA

Since we've come to no decisions, I don't
want to be seen with you there -

JUDE

Very well -

ARABELLA

Oh, there are a couple of things I wanted to
talk to you about - one in particular. But
you must promise to keep it quiet. It was about
that man in Sydney - the one I was telling you about
last night. Well - whenever I used to meet him, he
would say how . . . taken to me he was, and kept
pressing me to marry him. As I thought I
wouldn't be coming back, and as I was on my own -
I at last agreed - and did.

She looks into the mirror to try and catch JUDE's reactions.

JUDE

(disbelievingly)

What - marry him?

ARABELLA

Yes -

JUDE

Properly - legally . . . in a church?

ARABELLA

Yes - it was stupid I suppose, but there it is.
(pause)

157 Continued

157

ARABELLA (Cont)

He was talking about coming to England,
but if he ever does, he won't find me here.

JUDE

But why ... why didn't you tell me last
night?

She shrugs, then smiles at him the answer.

JUDE

I'm going back to Marygreen - my aunt
needs me -

ARABELLA

No doubt we'll be meeting again?

He leaves without answering.

ARABELLA sits down again and returns to her make-up.

158 EXT. ROAD TO MARYGREEN DAY 158

JUDE walks quickly past his former cottage. The windows have been
boarded up, the garden overgrown.

159 EXT. ROAD NEAR MARYGREEN DAY 159

In the distance we can see Marygreen, a mere suggestion of life in the
heat of summer. A small figure can be seen on the horizon. JUDE
sees him and starts running.

160 INT. DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM DAY 160

DRUSILLA - Dead. Her glazen eyes stare into CAMERA. One might
think from her expression she died during a nightmare. Behind her
we hear JUDE and WIDOW EDLIN.

WIDOW EDLIN

She wouldn't ha' knowed 'ee. She lay like
a doll wi' glass eyes - so it didn't matter reely
that you wasn't here.

JUDE walks over to the icy corpse. He says nothing for a moment.

160 Continued

160

WIDOW EDLIN

I've made the arrangements - the undertaker will be here shortly to take her down to Port Bredy, and I've telegraphed Mrs Rigby to ask if we can stay at her cottage for the funeral.

JUDE holds back uncertain tears as he tries to read the withered, forgotten thoughts of his Aunt.

JUDE

How strange she should care where she was buried.

WIDOW EDLIN

She never liked it here - and the church overlooks the sea. It's where all her family was buried, though I don't think she ever lived there.

JUDE

(coming to himself)

I'll send word to Sue ... she was her aunt as well as mine -

HOLD on DRUSILLA.

161 EXT. SEA CLIFF AND CHURCH DAY

161

A heavy sea mist drifts across the foamed waters. Atop the sullen granite cliffs we see a small procession winding their way towards the equally sullen church.

162 EXT. CLIFF TOP DAY

162

A strong wind makes the walking difficult, especially for the four UNDERTAKERS who labour under the weight of Drusilla. LONG SHOT -- They are surrounded by tombs, worn away by years of onslaught from the ocean gales. Apart from the UNDERTAKERS and the local VICAR, only JUDE, SUE and WIDOW EDLIN are present.

163 EXT /INT. GRAVE DAY

163

The UNDERTAKERS struggle with the coffin. JUDE and SUE stand together. The vicar reads, with some difficulty as the wind keeps lifting the pages.

VICAR

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out -

163 Continued

163

As the coffin is lowered into the grave, CAMERA CRANES DOWN below it, UP-ANGLED on the VICAR, JUDE and SUE.

VICAR

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay -

His voice fades out as we sink lower, lower into the earth. The wind and the sea becomes louder. Clods of earth hurl towards us, echoing as they hit the thin wooden lid. The sound of the sea returns as we DISSOLVE INTO

164 EXT. SEASHORE LATE AFTERNOON

164

The sea. A large outcrop of rocks in mid-distance provide a never-ending target for the waves. A distant haze of sunlight sinks away across the ocean, only to return on the morrow to smile upon this never ending struggle. We hear SUE and JUDE behind us.

SUE (O.S.)

What'll you do ... now she's gone?

JUDE (O.S.)

Oh, sell the cottage - perhaps move down here. No one knows me, and I can work on the church, and go on studying at the same time -

JUDE and SUE walk towards us.

SUE

Oh, Jude - you are Joseph, the dreamer of dreams - or St Stephen who could see the heavens opened whilst they were stoning him.

(taking his hand)

Oh, my poor friend, you'll suffer yet.

(pause)

She was always against marriage, wasn't she?

JUDE

Yes - particular members of our family.

SUE

We're rather a sad family, one way and another - don't you think?

JUDE

She said we made bad husbands and wives. At any rate I did for one.

SUE looks pensive -

SUE

(kicking the sand
with her feet)

Do you think there are many couples where one dislikes the other - for no particular fault.

She stops, and looks at him.

JUDE

I suppose so. - Why do you look at me like that?

SUE

Oh - why do you ask?

JUDE

(suddenly)

Sue - you're a flirt -

SUE

(indignantly)

I'm not - Jude, I'm not. You mistake me, I'm the opposite of that ... but I can't tell you -

JUDE

What?

SUE walks towards the water, bends down.

SUE

Some women's love of being loved is almost insatiable - and sometimes also their love of loving - and sometimes they find they can't go on giving it continuously to the person - appointed by the bishop's license to receive it - Jude, is there something wrong with a woman if she can't ... live with her husband ... because of physical reasons, or whatever one calls it - I'm only giving an example.

JUDE

You're unhappy -

SUE

Of course not! How can a woman be unhappy who has only been married eight weeks - to a man she chose freely -

JUDE

Freely!

SUE

Why d'you say that?

JUDE

You should have never married him -

SUE

Why? How do you know?

JUDE

(rising)

Because - I can see through your feathers.

SUE

(getting up)

I must go - if I'm going to catch that train.

JUDE

(quickly)

You can't go back tonight - there's no train that goes to Shaston now - you'd have to stay at Casterbridge . . . anyway Mrs Edlin has made a room ready for you in the house -

SUE

Well - alright. I didn't tell him I'd be back for certain. Oh, Jude - I know you, with your religious beliefs - you must think that a married woman in trouble like me has committed some mortal sin in telling someone like you - I wish I hadn't -

JUDE

My doctrines and I have begun to part company.

164 Continued

164

SUE

(turning on him)

Oh - I knew it! I knew it! And I vowed I'd never try and alter them - But, oh - Jude, I've no-one else. God, I'd wish he would beat me - or desert me. But nothing - nothing! Nothing at all. I daresay it happens to lots of women, only they submit - and I kick.

He kisses her - quickly, like a boy who has never kissed before and is afraid of the consequences -

SUE

No! Jude - only if you promise you kiss me as a friend.

JUDE

I can't ...

They turn from each other in silence, and walk away in opposite directions. SUE turns round - she sees JUDE walking, stops. A pause. Then they both run together. JUDE kisses her quickly, again. SUE cries into his jacket ... they kiss again.

165 INT. PHILLOTSON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

165

SUE is in bed, reading. The small room is divided into two parts by a make-shift curtain strung from wall to wall. From behind the curtain a light burns dimly, and we hear PHILLOTSON scratching away at his work. Presently the light goes out, and he comes into the room. SUE looks nervously up, then continues reading. PHILLOTSON starts to undress by the window.

PHILLOTSON

(without turning)

I shall have to get the committee to change the school stationers - they've sent all the wrong books for the third time running ...

He takes off his shoes and socks.

PHILLOTSON

And I must do something about that ventilator in the schoolroom ...

SUE looks up again - he has removed his shirt to reveal a white nakedness - exaggerated by the low rays of the bedside light.

PHILLOTSON

I think I'm getting earache from it, it
blows from right behind my head.

He comes towards her to place his cuff links on the little table by
the bed.

SUE'S P.O.V. - His sickly body quivers by the light.

He walks back to his side of the bed, and climbs in. SUE continues
reading. PHILLOTSON lies down -

PHILLOTSON

Aren't you going to sleep yet?

SUE

(passively)

Alright -

She closes the book, and reaches for the light. Her expression has
changed from nervousness to visible anxiety - as if she is about to
go through some ghastly ordeal.

The lights go out. Silence for a moment, then a movement of sheets.
PHILLOTSON moves towards her.

PHILLOTSON

Sue ...

We can faintly see him rising over her. Again a silence - SUE
groans - heavy breathing from Phillotson. Suddenly:

SUE

(crying out in pain)

No - Richard - please no, no ... NO!

She screams, followed by the noise of sudden movement. The light
comes on again.

SUE lies quivering, her hand outstretched on the little light. PHILLOTSON
looms over her - a pathetic expression of concern mingled with the
certain truth that he has come to know.

SUE

It's no good - I'll go downstairs and read -
there's a fire in the kitchen.

165 Continued

165

PHILLOTSON

No, I won't allow it - it's my fault. Stay ...
I'll sleep downstairs - I've got ... got some
work to be getting on with - corrections.

PHILLOTSON puts on his dressing-gown, fishes for his slippers,
but cannot find them.

SUE

(softly)

They're this side ... here.

PHILLOTSON

Yes of course ... silly of me to forget.

As he kneels down, he is only a few feet from her. She looks at him,
on the point of a fresh breakdown of tears.

PHILLOTSON

(putting them on)

I've got those history essays to correct
before the afternoon lesson ...

SUE

I've done them.

PHILLOTSON

Oh.

(pause)

Oh, thankyou.

He gets up, walks over to the door.

Sleep well my dear. And ... I'm sorry.

SUE remains, helpless, broken.

166 INT. KITCHEN DAWN

166

PHILLOTSON, wide awake, is sitting in a rocking-chair, staring out
of the window. By his side are a pile of un-opened books. A small
clock on the mantelpiece chimes seven o'clock. Followed by silence.
A minute later he gets up, puts on a pair of heavy boots and a thick
coat, looks up the stairs, then leaves quietly by the side door.

167 OUT

167

168 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD EARLY MORNING 168

PHILLOTSON hurries along. There is a heavy ground mist, slowly rising as the sun breaks through. A few cows poke their dank noses over the fence to study this early pedestrian.

169 EXT. GILLINGHAM'S COTTAGE EARLY MORNING 169

A small, isolated cottage stands back from the road, sheltered by a rambling hedge of wild dog-roses. PHILLOTSON walks up the path, pauses a moment, then raps the knocker. It is answered by an elderly gentleman, GILLINGHAM, who is dressed in a heavy gown, carpet slippers and a night-cap.

GILLINGHAM

(surprised)

Phillotson! My dear friend - Is anything the matter?

PHILLOTSON

Forgive me for calling at this hour, but I must talk to you . . .

They move inside.

170 INT. GILLINGHAM'S KITCHEN-LIVING ROOM MORNING 170

PHILLOTSON, white-faced and shivering, is sitting near GILLINGHAM who is hurriedly starting up a fire. He has the appearance of a retired military colonel - kindly, but efficient.

GILLINGHAM

(shaking his head)

I don't know what women are coming to these days, mark my words, the next thing they'll want is a vote! Nothing like a sound old thrashing - that'd teach 'em who's master of the house.

PHILLOTSON

She not only doesn't love me - she won't sleep with me. I should have preferred anything - even hatred from her. And the sad part is that she's not to blame. I am. I took advantage of her when she was in love with someone else.

GILLINGHAM

She'll get over it - women always do.

PHILLOTSON

No - never. There are other reasons. And I can't go on - it's not fair to her. I don't intend to keep her any longer, whatever it costs.

GILLINGHAM

But to let her go - and to her lover! And then there's the question of the neighbours.

PHILLOTSON

I don't care about them. I love her too much to hold her to this - sordid contract, as she calls it.

GILLINGHAM, an old friend of PHILLOTSON's, is clearly concerned about this breach of convention.

GILLINGHAM

You know this will cause havoc within the school.

PHILLOTSON

I'm a feeler - not a thinker; and I know that I'm doing right.

GILLINGHAM gets up and stands by the fire, knocking his pipe against the grate.

GILLINGHAM

You want to know what I think? I think she ought to be smacked and brought to her senses. If everybody did this sort of thing - where would our Empire be - let alone our society.

A pause.

170 Continued

A pause.

PHILLOTSON

So . . . you had nothing stronger against it than that -

DISSOLVE INTO

171 INT. KITCHEN DAY

SUE and PHILLOTSON are sitting round the table. She is wearing an old raincoat, a fragile stare. PHILLOTSON seems composed. He passes her a plate.

PHILLOTSON

It's nearly four hours to Aldbrickham -
you'd better eat something -

She shakes her head with a forced smile. PHILLOTSON takes her hand -

PHILLOTSON

Sue - I'm a bachelor by nature, so that being without a wife won't be too much trouble. And then I have my hobbies and writings . . . you know the book I'm writing -

SUE

(with difficulty)

If you send me it, I'll gladly copy it out for you -

PHILLOTSON

(letting go her hand)

No - if we must separate, then it must be complete. I don't even want to know where you're going. Now what about money?

SUE

Oh Richard - no, I couldn't - anyway Jude will let me have . . .

PHILLOTSON

I'd rather not know about him. You are free - completely.

A pause.

171 Continued

171

SUE

You don't seem to be very sorry that
I'm going -

PHILLOTSON

No? Perhaps not.

He rises, and picks up her two small suitcases.

PHILLOTSON

Come - I'll accompany you as far as the
station.

SUE follows him out of the room, pausing by the door to look round
for the last time. Her hesitance is similar to the time she drove
away after their marriage.

HOLD

172 INT /EXT. WAITING ROOM EVENING

172

Through the glass we see the train standing in the station. A
loudspeaker announces Aldbrickham. SUE steps uneasily from a
carriage and looks round. JUDE runs to her, picks up her cases,
and together they leave.

173 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

173

LONG SHOT - The room is the same as the one in which JUDE and
ARABELLA spent the night some weeks earlier. We hear their
footsteps up the stairs outside. JUDE enters first, dumps the
suitcases down. SUE hands him a letter -

SUE

He gave me this letter - it's for you.

He opens it, mumbling the lines. SUE stands behind him and peers
over his shoulder - her interest gathers, and she takes it from
him. As she reads out loud, JUDE looks round the room and
recognises it.

SUE

... "you are made for each other - it is
obvious to any older person - all along you
were the shadowy third in my short life with
her. I repeat, take great care of her ..."

SUE (Cont)

Oh, Jude - I almost loved him when I left - the way he was so considerate to me. Perhaps it might have worked better for us if I'd run away from him - somehow being free takes away the ...

JUDE takes her quickly, lays her on the bed and kisses her. Further action is curtailed by a knock at the door - SUE springs up, her face flushed and embarrassed.

JUDE

Yes?

A PORTER enters.

PORTER

Excuse me Sir, but ... Oh -
(recognising him)

JUDE

(nervously)

Yes?

PORTER

One moment Sir -

He leaves abruptly. SUE turns to JUDE.

SUE

I'd better go to my room -

JUDE

Your room?

SUE

Yes ... Oh Jude - you did - I have got one?

JUDE gets flustered.

JUDE

Well ... no. Yes, I mean, with me. It's just for tonight, till we get to the cottage tomorrow. You haven't changed your mind?

173 Continued

173

SUE

I'm sorry - I didn't mean it to be like this . . .

The door opens again, and a stout, moustached man enters - The MANAGER.

MANAGER

I'm sorry to intrude like this - but would you mind leaving my hotel.

JUDE

(total surprise)

What?

MANAGER

I run a respectable place here, not a . . . I understand you were here last week, with your wife. In which case who is this?

SUE, who has been listening with incredulity, bursts into loud sobs.

JUDE

(angrily)

I . . . You have no right coming in like this -

MANAGER

No right? I have every right - it's my hotel. Now are you going peaceably, or do I have to call the police.

SUE

Yes, yes - we'll go.

She hurriedly picks up her suitcases, straightens her hair. JUDE follows them out of the room. PAN ACROSS TO WINDOW.

174 INT/EXT. STREET NIGHT (HIGH SHOT)

174

The MANAGER appears menacingly, and stands cross-armed at SUE and JUDE. HOLD as they walk up the street together.

175 INT. LARGE SCHOOLROOM DAY

175

A large school committee is gathered. The CHAIRMAN sits at Phillotson's desk and is addressing the meeting. His audience consists of a mixed section of the local community, feather hatted women to the fore, elderly parents, clerks, and numerous less well-to-do men lining the walls. PHILLOTSON himself sits at one of the front desks.

CHAIRMAN

She is visiting friends?

PHILLOTSON

No.

CHAIRMAN

Then where is she?

PHILLOTSON

She has gone to her lover - and with my consent.

Strong mutterings around the room.

PHILLOTSON

Why shouldn't I? She asked to leave, and I let her. It was a question of her own conscience and happiness - not mine. I was not her gaoler.

(pause)

I can't explain it further than that.

Further mutterings.

CHAIRMAN

Phillotson - your personal affairs are nothing to do with us, but when they directly affect the morals of our children and our community ... Phillotson - I have no alternative but to ask for your resignation.

PHILLOTSON

No.

A WOMAN shouts out at PHILLOTSON.

PHILLOTSON

If you want to turn me out, then that's your affair, but I shan't resign.

Other voices shout out in protest at PHILLOTSON. The CHAIRMAN calls for order, but to no avail. There are further shouts of "Resign", "Lustful", "Pervert", "Heathen", etc. Suddenly one of the less obtrusive men at the back calls out -

MAN

I say he should stay!

175 Continued

175

The crowd turn on him. Then another voice yells out "And I - let him stay". Fighting ensues, with the working men round the wall fighting the seated members of the committee. PHILLOTSON calls out.

PHILLOTSON

Stop! Alright - I resign.

But it is too late. He stumbles for the exit, his face cut and bleeding.

176 EXT. SCHOOL DAY

176

PHILLOTSON slumps against the door, dazed, sick. The bedlam inside increases - a window overhead shatters as he walks towards the gate. GILLINGHAM appears and runs over to him.

GILLINGHAM

Richard -

PHILLOTSON

Well - it's over now. And I may as well tell you she has written asking for a divorce - and I intend to grant it. It appears Fawley is doing the same.

GILLINGHAM

(surprised)

Oh - he has a wife too? A strange couple -

PHILLOTSON

My liberating her can do no possible harm, and will mean happiness for them both -

(pause, then
whispering)

Sue ...

HOLD

177 EXT. COAST DAY

177

PHILLOTSON's desperate whisper is lost as the grey ocean waters crash in unison on the rocks of land. Far above, silhouetted on the cliff top, we see JUDE walking homeward from the church.

178 EXT. CLIFF TOP DAY

178

JUDE looks happier, younger. His tools are slung casually over his shoulder as he walks back from the day's work.

179 INT. COTTAGE DAY

179

Through the faded lace curtains we see JUDE coming up the small garden path.

He enters the room, putting down his satchel of tools on the table. SUE enters from a back door - she also looks happier and in better health, though at the moment she seems concerned.

JUDE

What's the matter?

SUE

(handing him a
letter)

This - I opened it by mistake - it's from Arabella.

JUDE takes the letter.

JUDE

"He is lawfully yours - that I solemnly swear. Whatever I may have done before or afterwards, I was faithful to you from the time we were married to the day I went away ..."

SUE

Is it true?

JUDE

It may be, but I can't make it out. If his birth is when she says, then he's mine. But why she didn't tell me before -

SUE

(relaxing)

Seems to be wanted by no one ...

JUDE sits dolefully down at the table.

JUDE

What a view of life he must have living in that pub with Arabella.

(pause)

If we were better off, I wouldn't be bothered by whose he is.

A pause. SUE brightens.

179 Continued

SUE

Let's have him here - and if he isn't yours -
so much the better!

DISSOLVE INTO

180 EXT. RAILWAY STATION DAY

180

The platform is completely deserted, save for a small figure sitting on a hamper at the far end. The station is somewhat dilapidated, weeds grow between the paving stones. Beyond the buffers we can hear and see the ocean.

The solitary figure is that of FATHER TIME, a boy of eight, fair hair, short. He wears an expression of solemnity and misery, "Age" masquerading as Juvenility. A PORTER goes over to him.

PORTER

And who be 'ee waiting for, young man?

TIME looks at him, deadpan.

TIME

Don't know. Mother didn't say.

PORTER

Oh - well never mind. Wouldn't you rather wait in the waiting room?

TIME

No thank you.

PORTER

(trying to be friendly)

A cuppa tea?

TIME

No thank you.

PORTER

(stuck for words)

Ah ... Oh, well -

He walks away awkwardly.

TIME stares blankly into space. JUDE and SUE appear from the exit barrier - see him, and hurry over. On reaching him, TIME says nothing. They look at each other.

180 Continued

180

JUDE

What's your name?

JUDE'S BOY

Mother called me Jude.

A silence. SUE smiles, moves forward and lifts up a small key hung on a piece of string round his neck.

SUE

What's this?

JUDE'S SON

Key to my box.

SUE

Oh ...

(pause)

What's in the box?

JUDE'S SON

Dunno. Hasn't been opened since Australia.

SUE

Oh.

(pause)

Well ...

The BOY's expression remains unaltered throughout.

181 EXT. COTTAGE AND CLIFFS DAY

181

The three walk in silent procession towards their cottage, which is just on the outskirts of a small town.

182 INT. SITTING ROOM/KITCHEN NIGHT

182

JUDE and SUE are finishing their supper. His SON sits gloomily on a chair, staring at the fire.

SUE

She's right - I can see you in him.

JUDE

(with a sigh)

Well, that's one thing in my life that's turned out right.

SUE

But ... the other half - it's her!

JUDE

No - the other half is Time - masquerading
itself as a child. See his lines ... the
furrows across his face. He has the markings
of a new age ... this new breed of man, the
universal wish - unknown to the last generation
- not to live. That's what we should call him ...
Father Time.

SUE

But we'll have our own, yes? And they need
never know.

JUDE

And we'll educate him ... with a view to a
university!

SUE

(sadly)

Oh you dreamer!

(pause)

- I suppose, for his sake, we should get that
ceremony over ... it's no good going on
struggling like this against the tides.

JUDE looks up, delighted. He takes her in his arms ...

SUE

But Jude - oh, you'll love me still, you'll love
me afterwards, won't you. You know how
frightened I am of this contract, but it's for
their sakes ...

LAP DISSOLVE INTO

183 / INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

184

183 /

184

SUE

Don't ever leave me Jude ... I so long for
a child of our own, a family ... but I'm so
frightened of losing your love - Jude ... I
love you, love you more than life itself ...

JUDE kisses her - again, again.

HOLD

WIDOW EDLIN

What did they christen you, dear?

TIME

I never was.

JUDE

What? Why not?

TIME

Because if I died in damnation, it would save the cost of a Christian funeral -

WIDOW EDLIN

(shaking her head)

Never did reckon much of these new countries ...

A stern looking CLERK comes in, a large folder in his one hand, a pen in the other. He goes across to JUDE who stands up awkwardly.

CLERK

(blunt-faced)

Name?

JUDE

(nervously)

Fawley - Jude Fawley ... and this is Miss Sue Bridehead

(peering at what he writes)

no - H-E-A-D.

CLERK

(interrupting)

Rank or Occupation?

JUDE

Er ... Stone mason -

CLERK

Condition?

JUDE

What?

At that moment the door opens, and a newly-wedded couple come out, followed by the registrar. The bridegroom has a shaved head, and is wearing a drab pin-striped suit over a stained shirt. The REGISTRAR comes over to the CLERK.

REGISTRAR

(low voice)

He's just out of gaol this morning. She met him at the gates, and brought him straight here - she's paying for everything! Some women ... you next?

(to Jude)

SUE

(a timid voice)

Jude - I don't like it here ... I wish we hadn't come, it gives me the creeps - like waiting for the dentist ... please Jude -

She looks beseechingly at him, her face pale and frightened.

JUDE

(to the clerk)

Can we come back - some other time?

CLERK

I suppose so, but you'll have to forfeit your fee.

JUDE

That's all right ... we want to think it over a bit longer ...

185 EXT. REGISTRAR OFFICE DAY

185

JUDE and SUE appear at the door. The rain has increased to a driving wind of drizzle. They stand for a moment, contemplating the walk home. WIDOW EDLIN and TIME appear behind them.

SUE

I'm sorry Jude - it was just so awful in there - the expression on that flabby woman's face, and the gaol-bird ...

JUDE

Tell the truth I didn't care for it much either - and I kept thinking of what you said the other night. But don't worry darling - we'll leave it for the moment -

The four of them stride into the rain, down the street, and away towards the sea.

HOLD

186 EXT. COAST / TREES DAY 186

MONTAGE SEQUENCE -

Autumn fades into Winter - bleak trees, their arms blackened, twisted, yielding to a frigid sky. The roar of the oceans, SUE - ever frail, ever slight; JUDE ... and TIME, watching his father working amongst the tombs ... and happiness.

187 EXT. CHURCH & CLIFF-TOP DAY 187

Winter has set in, with all her finery and shimmering grace. Like an aged woman at a masquerade ball, the land has cloaked her scars with a surface beauty that belies those deeper truths.

Across the cliffs a figure runs, a sole speck of grime against this whiteness. It is TIME. We follow him as he reaches the gates of the graveyard.

Towering above him the crosses stand, every angle - one memory. He looks round hurriedly, and seeing no-one, runs into the church.

188 INT. CHURCH DAY 188

A large plank has been swung from wall to wall, providing a platform for JUDE. He is busily re-lettering a grim plaque on which are written the Ten Commandments. TIME runs up to him, tears streaming down his face.

JUDE

(seeing him)

* Jude - What is it? What's the matter?

TIME

Oh Father - they've found out at school!

They've been saying that -

(he bursts into a fresh
flood of tears)

JUDE hurriedly climbs down the ladder, takes him into his arms, and walks with him to one of the back pews.

JUDE

(in fatherly tones)

Now come on - stop crying. Now what's the matter?

* TIME is called 'Jude' to his face, but referred to as 'Time' amongst themselves.

TIME

(blurting it out
between sobs)

They ... they've been saying that ... that
when you went to London with Mother you
didn't ... get married - like you said you
were ... and that I'm not yours, and the one
that's in mother now 's not yours.. Oh ...

(re-newed tears)

and I should have never come back from
Sydney ... and oh! -

JUDE

Now come on Jude - you mustn't take any
notice of them - you go back home and ask
your mother to come up here - and ask her to
bring a new chisel

(regarding his own)

the Lord's words have been too much for
this one.

JUDE walks with TIME to the porch-gate.

HIGH SHOT - He comes slowly back, climbs the ladder, and continues
his work. THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY hovers beneath
his hands, crusted with dust and age, in contrast to the shining new
commandments of THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, etc. A moment or so
later he stops - a thought.

Packing his tools carefully into the ruck-sack, he descends the ladder
and leaves.

189 EXT. CHURCH & CLIFF-TOP DAY

189

As JUDE appears, we see SUE hastening towards him. She is visibly
pregnant, and moves with some difficulty. He kisses her mildly -
then realising that both know what the other is going to say, they kiss
again. SUE is crying.

SUE

Oh Jude - it's my fault ... and they've been
gossiping in the shops as well - everybody
knows.

JUDE comforts her with another kiss, and together they walk towards
us.

As they leave the churchyard, a middle-aged man, WILLIS, comes up to JUDE.

He beckons to him. SUE remains standing by Drusilla's grave whilst JUDE joins WILLIS.

WILLIS

(awkwardly)

Mr Fawley ... I'm afraid I've had rather a number of complaints from local villagers about - well, I'd rather not go into it as I don't know the in's and out's, so to speak - a lot of them think that maybe - well, possibly the Tables of God should be restored by someone of a more - how shall I say - respect ... well, a better reputation than yourself and Mrs. - Fawley. Naturally I'll pay you for the week out, but I must ask you to leave -

JUDE

They don't trust us?

WILLIS

It's not that Mr. Fawley - it's, well, you know how ... small-minded some of these people get, and - well, it's not that I object naturally - but it's best not to have this sort of unpleasantness.

(He feels quickly in his pocket)

- I have your wages with me here -

JUDE

(with dignity)

Thank you. And I'm sorry if you've been caused any embarrassment -

WILLIS is lost for words, and moves away with a final "Good Night". JUDE moves across to SUE.

TRACKING SHOT

JUDE

I'm afraid we must leave - for Time's sake apart from our own. Anyway I don't wish to injure Willis' business by staying on - it's not his fault.

SUE

It's mine - how stupid to think we could get away with living like this . . . And we'll get married - whenever you want.

JUDE

I'm afraid it's too late now - the damage has been done. But I haven't given in - we'll move, we'll sell the cottage and move. People don't understand us here.

SUE

The question is - where to?

JUDE

London - you can live as you like there, and no-one cares.

SUE

(firmly)

No - not London - please.

JUDE

Why not?

SUE

(sadly smiling)

Guess -

JUDE

Arabella?

SUE

Mainly - well, one reason.

JUDE

How d'you know she's there?

SUE

It was on the letter - don't you remember? She married that Cartlett fellow, and's living in a pub in Stepney.

(pause)

But what'll you do now if you can't work in churches?

JUDE

I'm finished with them.

(pause)

I could go back to bakery, I was brought up at that. But even a baker must conform if he wants to keep his customers.

They walk on in silence for a moment. Then -

SUE

Unless he keeps one of those gingerbread stalls at fairs - travelling around. No-one cares then, as long as the cakes are good.

JUDE

(musing the idea)

A ginger-bread stall? ... Mmm -

CUT TO

A typical Country fair - sideshows, stalls, May-poles, a test-your-strength man, - a ginger-bread stall. JUDE, wearing summer clothes, SUE in a bright straw hat - holding a baby child. TIME looks as unhappy and moody as before, but this is part of his character. Every sort and type of person seems to be here amid the gaiety of Summer.

JUDE

(calling out)

Gingerbread replicas! Only six for a penny - same as the real thing, only edible!

An attractive lady, escorted by an elderly business man, come over to the stall -

LADY

Oh, Charles! Do look at these - and so beautifully made.

The gingerbreads are in the shapes of Christminster colleges. The LADY eats one, then another. Turning to SUE.

LADY

My dear, these are simply delicious - what do you use? ...

(coyly)

Your secret recipe -

190 Continued 190

JUDE

(smiling)

Madam - it's been closely guarded for fifteen generations. They're the finest in all Wessex -

The conversation lapses into other scenes -

191 EXT. GINGERBREAD STALL DAY 191

Another market, another year - SUE has now TWO CHILDREN, both aged about two or three. JUDE looks bronzed and well -

192 EXT. REGATTA DAY 191

JUDE has acquired a horse and moveable stall from which he is selling his renowned cakes.

193 EXT. ROADS DAY/NIGHT 193

VARIOUS SHOTS

- (a) The horse wearily climbing hills
- (b) JUDE and SUE asleep at the side of a road.
- (c) JUDE baking over a fire
- (d) TIME tenderly stroking their horse
- (e) Another fair
- (f) AUTUMN - The horse and car moving through a beech wood.
- (g) WINTER -

194 EXT. BLEAK MOOR EVENING 194

Driving wind and rain. SUE is huddled up with JUDE by the side of the road. He sneezes -

The following morning - More rain. The horse's steaming body.

195 EXT. KENNETBRIDGE FAIR DAY 195

The Fawley Gingerbread cart is stationed at the edge of the fair, but in contrast to the earlier one, business is not doing well. The day is cloudy, rain imminent. SUE is behind the stall with her children. She is pregnant again. A few yards away an incident is causing much interest - though we cannot as yet see the centre of the attraction.

ARABELLA. She is trying her hand at the test-your-strength stall -

and having great success. A cheer goes up as she hits the bell. With her is ANNY, her friend from former years. Both of them look well - thought ARABELLA has aged rather more than ANNY. Amid cheers and "Bravos", they leave the stall - ARABELLA having received a bountiful kiss from the stall-keeper for attracting so many customers.

TRACKING SHOT - The two women walk towards the Gingerbread stall.

SUE, who has never seen ARABELLA, looks pleasantly at them. ARABELLA picks up one of the Christminster gingerbreads.

ARABELLA

(to Anny)

Good Lord! Christminster colleges in gingerbread - it's bad enough in stone, but gingerbread! I'd buy some and send them to Jude, if I knew where he was.

SUE immediately reacts - and realises who she is.

ANNY

It's been ages hasn't it?

ARABELLA

Years - last time I saw him was ... well we spent the night together at Aldbrickham, for what that was worth.

SUE

(trying to be dignified)

Arabella? Yes - well you needn't trouble to send him any - he made them.

ARABELLA and ANNY both look up incredulously -

ARABELLA

What! Jude? Well I'm blowed ... but of course, you must be his wife. Well, you're doing better than I am - mine died ... rather suddenly, about two weeks ago.

TIME has appeared from the wagon, and looks up at ARABELLA.

ARABELLA

(to Time)

And you? Upon my soul, what a surprise -
I don't expect you remember me, my little
old man?

TIME

(without expression)

Yes I do. You're the woman I thought was
my mother till I found out you wasn't.

ARABELLA

Alright, never mind - I'm a friend.

(to Sue)

And where's Jude?

SUE

A room in Kennetbridge - he had a rather bad
attack of the 'flu, but he's better now -- thank
you.

ARABELLA

But what I don't understand is - Jude was always
such a proud man - almost above masonry,
let alone . . . bakery.

SUE

(bitterly)

It's only temporary. And perhaps my husband
has altered a little since then.

ARABELLA

(looking at one of the
cakes)

Still harping on Christminster. Just like Jude.

(to Anny)

A ruling passion, always was and always will
be. I sometimes think he loves that place more
than people -

She munches one of the cakes having examined it.

SUE is getting more and more on edge. ARABELLA takes another cake.

ARABELLA

(her mouth full)

Well, well, well - then you're still living with
him?

SUE

Yes.

ARABELLA

Married?

SUE

Of course.

ARABELLA

Any children? - Apart from mine.

SUE

(wincing)

Two -

ARABELLA

(laughing)

And another coming I see - Well, at least they don't go hungry.

SUE is beginning to break -

SUE

Mrs ... er

ARABELLA

Cartlett - but you needn't be that affected - Arabella will do.

SUE

Mrs Cartlett, I'm sorry to ...

ARABELLA

(interrupting)

It's all such a coincidence - you'll never guess who I've just met ... your husband - or former husband should I say. Poor man, it must have hurt him badly -

SUE

(blanching)

Richa ... Phillotson? Where?

ARABELLA

(pretending to be surprised at her concern)

Oh - back there somewhere.

ARABELLA (Cont)

(picking up another cake)

I can't get over these.

(eating it)

and they're so good! Oh - I must pay you for them, and I'll have a few more for the journey home.

SUE takes a few, and wraps them up -

SUE

You can have them.

ARABELLA

Well, thank you. And I must congratulate you - whatever I thought once, I always recognised a certain - fineness in him. The pity is that nobody else did ... except you of course. I miss him sometimes, but there it is.

(pause)

And so you're happy?

SUE

(with pride)

The happiest years of my life - until this illness.

ARABELLA

Well, that's a comfort - come Anny, we'd better be going. Good-bye Mrs Fawley - and remember me to Jude.

SUE

(forced smile)

Good-bye ...

ARABELLA and ANNY disappear into the crowd. As soon as they are gone, SUE packs up the stall, climbs into the riding seat, and moves off.

As we ride through the crowds, the CAMERA picks out ARABELLA - talking to an elderly man - PHILLOTSON.

SUE sees them - pulls on the reins and makes for the open road as quickly as possible.

197 EXT. ROAD TO KENNETBRIDGE DAY 197

MOVING SHOT - SUE drives the horse as fast as she can. Suddenly the clouds burst into torrential rain. The visibility is reduced to a hazed blur.

We HOLD as the cart disappears into the mist, followed a few seconds later by a scream of horses, breaking wood - collision.

198 TRACKING SHOT 198

At first we can see nothing - then, through the mist, some apples - a wheel - the debris. SUE's wagon has collided with an on-coming fruit and vegetable cart.

A VOICE

This wheel - get it off ...

199 EXT. ROAD (ACCIDENT) DAY 199

A closer shot reveals the situation. SUE struggles through the wreckage and pulls loose a large cart-wheel that has pinned the other DRIVER to the ground. SUE's horse lies dying amid a pool of blood. TIME appears uninjured, and is lifting the two babies from the cart - also uninjured. The noise of crying children, screaming horses and the rain bury SUE's words. Tears unchecked. The misery is lifted when from out of the mist appears another wagon, followed by a tall gentleman riding a horse.

The man immediately dismounts, and assists SUE in freeing the unfortunate man from beneath the wheel. The other driver scrambles into the wreckage to carry the children out. TIME is lying, spread-eagled across their horse. The rider - who we recognise as GILLINGHAM - sees him, and pulls a knife from his pocket -

TIME

(crying out)

No - no - please ... save him.

GILLINGHAM

(struggling)

Move over -

He lunges the knife into the ribs of the dying animal - whereupon TIME, with a wail summoned from the depths of his being, throws his arms round it's neck.

SUE runs across to her other children -

SUE

Thank God - oh, thank God they're all right.

GILLINGHAM

(turning round)

Mrs Phillotson -

SUE sees him, recognises him, runs to him - GILLINGHAM, not a man used to this sort of situation, does the best he can, and holds her to him.

GILLINGHAM

My dear ... Mrs Phillotson -

SUE

(breaking loose)

Is he alright -

She stumbles to the other driver -

SUE

Are you alright?

DRIVER

Yes miss - thankee¹ - no bones broken.

SUE

I'm so sorry.

DRIVER

(braving a smile)

Not your fault miss - who can you blame for

(looking up at the rain)

- this?

GILLINGHAM

(to Sue)

Let me take you back -

SUE

No - I must get to Kennetbridge - my husband's there ... and he's expecting me.

GILLINGHAM

Then allow me to offer you my horse.

199 Continued

199

GILLINGHAM (Cont)

(to the other Driver)

Perhaps you could be good enough to assist this gentleman, and I'll arrange for someone to come out and clear this mess up -

CUT TO

200 EXT. ROAD (HEAVY FOG) DAY

200

From out of the mist we see GILLINGHAM's horse coming - with SUE, a child in each arm, sitting on his lap, and TIME hanging on at the back.

201 EXT. BACK STREET DAY

201

GILLINGHAM's horse is tied to a street lamp, outside a squalid building in the back streets of Kennetbridge. The rain has cleared to a fine mist. The horse's body steams in the late afternoon air.

GILLINGHAM appears from the house, followed by JUDE, SUE, TIME and WIDOW EDLIN.

JUDE

I can't thank you enough for this -

GILLINGHAM

Don't thank me, Fawley - it's just a mercy nobody wasn't hurt.

WIDOW EDLIN

Good-bye Jude - take care of yerself now.
And you Master Time.

(to Sue)

And you write to me, mind - if I can be of any help to 'ee.

SUE

(hugging her)

Dear Mrs Edlin -

GILLINGHAM

(to Widow Edlin)

I'll take you down to the station -

With some difficulty, JUDE assists the aging WIDOW onto his horse, and amid cheers of "Good-bye", GILLINGHAM and his passenger vanish into the growing dusk. JUDE, SUE and TIME return into the house.

202 INT. LODGINGS NIGHT

202

The room consists of one bed, a table, two chairs. JUDE is sitting at the table, his head bowed in thought. SUE stands by the window.

SUE

(after a long pause)

What are you thinking about?

JUDE

Where we can go ...

(pause)

Sue - let's go back -

SUE

To Port Bredy?

JUDE

No ... Christminster -

SUE

(sadly)

Oh, Jude - why should you care so much for that place - Christminster cares nothing for you.

JUDE

Well I do - I can't help it. It's the centre of the Universe to me - because of that early dream ... and nothing can alter it.

(desperately)

Sue - I want to go back there - we can sell the gingerbreads there, I could even start at my old job ... but I must go back.

SUE

(realising it is no good
trying to dissuade him)

If it'll make you happy ...

HOLD A BEAT

203 EXT. CHRISTMINSTER STATION DAY

203

A loud hissing of steam - the train pulls in. On the platform people bustle to and fro - little boys selling matches; and porters. JUDE and SUE with the children leave one of the carriages. They look around, somewhat bewildered by all the movement -

203 Continued

203

JUDE

(asking a Match Boy)

What's all the excitement?

MATCH BOY

(surprised)

Her royal majesty - that's what ... come to visit the colleges - there's a big procession down the High Street.

JUDE

Really?

(to Sue)

What a coincidence!

They move off into the crowd.

204 EXT. HIGH STREET DAY

204

A magnificent spectacle - all the buildings drape Union Jacks, men and women line the house tops - every window bulging with faces. Police and guardsmen hold back the crowds from flowing into the street. In front of one of the largest colleges a huge platform has been erected, upon which stand JUDGES, MAGISTRATES, COLLEGE DIGNITARIES, OFFICERS and a number of other high-ranking OFFICIALS. A scarlet carpet stretches from the road to the gates of the building.

JUDE, followed by the others pushes his way through the throng, trying to get a view.

TIME'S P.O.V. - A thick mass of legs and arms, all jostling against each other. He strains for a view - The fanfare sounds, followed by the familiar strains of "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY".

205 HIGH SHOT THE PROCESSION

205

With majestic solemnity the Royal procession moves towards us. Mounted CAVALRY OFFICERS pull the black coach, followed by a MASSED BAND.

206 JUDE'S P.O.V.

206

By standing on tip-toes, he can just manage to see the aging QUEEN (Victoria) alight from the carriage. An appointed dignitary escorts her between the lines of GUARDSMEN to the main door.

As soon as she is inside the building, the crowd surges forward.

207 EXT. HIGH STREET /SIDE STREET DAY

207

JUDE, followed by TIME, and SUE with the two children push their way through the crowd towards a side street. It has started to rain - people push past to get under cover.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Look who it is -

JUDE swings round. A character, who we dimly recall from earlier days, comes forward, followed by others.

UNCLE JIM

(mockingly)

You've honoured us by coming back again.
Yet yer don't seem to have done much by
going away

(looking at
Sue and the
Children)

- 'Cept found more mouths to feed.

UNCLE JOE appears -

UNCLE JOE

So yer powers weren't strong enough to
carry you through?

SUE

(worriedly)

Don't answer them Jude -

TIME

(submerged in the crowd)

I don't think I like Christminster -

JUDE

(calmly, to Uncle Jim)

It's better to have loved, and lost, then never
to have loved at all. I tried, and I failed.
But I don't admit that my failure proved that
I was wrong to try. If I had ended up as one
of those fellows in red and black we just saw,
everyone would have said "See how wise that
young man was - to follow after his ambition."
But having ended no better than I began they
say "See what a fool he was - he should have stuck
to a job he could do".

A small crowd of people have gathered round JUDE. They listen with interest. SUE and TIME stand back a few paces.

JUDE

But it was my poverty - not my will that was beaten. Eight or nine years ago, when I first come here, I was full of fixed opinions and high ideals. And I have watched them - one by one - as they faded away. Somewhere there lies a great injustice - not just to me, but to all who strive after learning, and who are rejected because they haven't the money and status - what that injustice is ... I cannot say. It can only be discovered by men and women with a greater insight than mine - if they ever discover it at all, at least to help those in this generation.

SUE is comforting TIME who has been steadily crying throughout. The crowd give a hand of applause, with cries of "Hear hear".

TINKER TAYLOR

Well preached Jude -

(to the others)

He's better than any Parson I know of hereabouts.

(to Jude)

Well done ...

SUE

(tugging at Jude)

Come on Jude, we must get some lodgings, or it'll be too late soon - and you're still not properly better - remember what Widow Edlin said -

JUDE

We'll find somewhere - don't worry about it.

TIME is soaked. He looks utterly miserable, and buries himself deeper into his coat. The two other BOYS stand huddled next to SUE. As they move away, JUDE stops to look at a huge poster announcing a performance of Haydn's "The Creation". HOLD.

JUDE, SUE and the CHILDREN walk slowly from house to house, knocking on doors. Stern faces meet theirs, shaking heads.

They wearily approach a house near us. JUDE knocks on the door.

208 Continued

208

A few seconds later a WOMAN appears.

JUDE

(politely)

Good evening, I wonder if ...

WOMAN

(angrily pointing at
a plaque on the door)

Can't you read? No dogs or children.

The door slams.

209 EXT. ANOTHER STREET EVENING

209

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Sorry - we don't take children.

Another door closed.

SUE

(smiling)

Let me try this time -

She does up her coat to cover her stomach, then moves to another house with the CHILDREN. A knock. The door is opened by a youngish woman with curlers in her hair.

LANDLADY

Yes?

SUE

(timidly)

I'm sorry to disturb you, but do you
have a room to let to us?

LANDLADY

Well - I'm afraid I only have room for one -
possibly yer children as well.

(seeing Jude)

Your husbin?

SUE

Yes -

LANDLADY

Well if yer don't mind separating, I'll be
willin' to take you - but he'll have to find
somewhere else.

209 Continued

209

JUDE, who has heard this, comes forward.

JUDE

That's alright - I'll find somewhere easily enough.

SUE

(worriedly)

Are you sure Jude - remember your chest.

JUDE

Don't worry -

(to the Landlady)

But I can come up with her, can I?

LANDLADY

Alright - but only for a few minutes. To tell the truth my husbin' told me strictly not to let children in -

CLOSE SHOT - TIME. These repeated words have led to a gloom heavier than his normal depression.

210 INT. LODGINGS EVENING

210

The room is slightly better than the previous ones we have seen. A small door leads to another room up some stairs.

TIME is sitting on the bed, reflecting the opposite wall.

JUDE

Goodnight Time - I'll be over in the morning, and we'll see about getting you some new clothes.

TIME

(without looking at him)

Goodnight father.

JUDE

(to Sue)

I'll leave word with the landlady where I'm staying -

They stare at each other - JUDE enfolds his arms round her, kisses her gently -

SUE

(softly)

You will be alright, won't you? I worry
for you -

Instead of replying, he kisses her again.

JUDE

And tomorrow we'll get married -
properly - in a church.

SUE

(smiling)

If we must - yes. But in a church - we
could see a vicar about . . .

(looking at her stomach
and realising)

We seem fated for that registry office!

JUDE blows her another kiss, then leaves.

JUDE (O. S.)

(surprised)

Oh - I'm sorry . . . Good evening.

SUE hears him - moves across to the window. TIME remains sitting
on the bed.

MAN'S VOICE (O. S.)

What did I tell you - they're not married,
I 'eard 'im say so. Besides, didn't I say
we wouldn't have children? Now go and tell
'er to move out.

LANDLADY (O. S.)

I can't tonight - they've only just arrived, and
they look so cold -

MAN'S VOICE (O. S.)

Oh, alright then - but first thing tomorrow mind.
You must 'ave known all wasn't right with 'em -
the way they arrived like that - now go on, go and
tell her -

Both SUE and TIME have overheard this conversation. SUE hurries
to the door just as the LANDLADY knocks and enters.

LANDLADY

I'm sorry to tell you ma'am - but unfortunately you can't have the room for the week after all. I'm sorry, but my husband insists - so I'll have to ask you to leave first thing in the morning.

SUE

Alright ... I understand. Yes, we'll leave first thing.

LANDLADY

(taken aback)

Oh, ma'am - I am sorry - to be sure, if it weren't for the children I'd be glad to have 'ee, but ... well. Goodnight.

SUE stands for a moment. She looks exhausted -

TIME (O.S.)

It's our fault, isn't it?

She turns round.

SUE

(absent-mindedly)

Partly, I suppose -

TIME

Can I do anything?

SUE

No -

TIME

It would almost be better to be out of this life, wouldn't it?

SUE

Almost ...

SUE sinks down onto the bed, head in hands.

TIME

It's because of us children, isn't it? If we weren't here, you and father could both stay here?

SUE's mind is far away, on other thoughts. TIME's questions start to annoy her, and she answers snappily, without thinking.

TIME

If children are so much trouble, why do people have 'em?

SUE

(shrugging)

Nature -

TIME

But we don't ask to be born -

SUE

No -

TIME

And what makes it worse is that you're not my mother, and you needn't have had me if you didn't want to.

(pause)

I shouldn't have come to 'ee - that's the real truth. I troubled 'em in Australia, and I trouble 'em here. I wish -- I wish I'd never been born sometimes.

SUE

You couldn't help it -

TIME

I think that whenever children are born who aren't wanted, they should be killed before their souls come to 'em, and not be allowed to grow big and walk about -

SUE is on the edge of tears. This sets TIME off into the same emotional stream.

TIME

Oh - and our horse ... I can't help thinking about him, dead and cold - at the side of the road ... Oh, if we children was gone, there'd be no trouble at all -

SUE

(comforting him)

Don't think like that dear ... now you go upstairs in there, and go to bed - I'm going to try and find Jude.

210 Continued 210

She takes TIME up into the little room -

211 EXT. CONCERT HALL NIGHT 211

A great crowd of people are queuing up outside the main doors, standing back as the more select of the community alight from carriages and sweep through into the hall. Amongst the people queuing, we see JUDE. He is on his own, and is patiently waiting his turn. HOLD, until he passes the barrier with his ticket.

212 EXT. BACK STREETS NIGHT 212

SUE is knocking at various doors, trying to find JUDE - without success.

She starts walking slowly back along the deserted streets towards her lodgings.

A pair of drunks slump past her as we TRACK behind her.

213 EXT. ANOTHER STREET NIGHT 213

In LONG SHOT - SUE walking, deep in thought.

214 EXT. LODGINGS NIGHT 214

She pushes the door open, closes it quietly behind her.

215 EXT. STAIRCASE NIGHT 215

Up the stairs to her room - opens the door, as before - closes it softly.

216 INT. LARGE ROOM NIGHT 216

From the far end of the room we see her tidy up the coats, hang up Jude's tool bag - walk across to the Children's room.

Silence - then an ear-splitting scream.

CUT TO

217 INT. CONCERT HALL NIGHT 217

Opening chorus of six hundred voices -

"The Heavens are telling the Glory of God"

217 Continued 217

The circular auditorium is packed. In the centre is the huge orchestra pounding out the music from Haydn's "The Creation".

CRANE SHOT - up the sides of the auditorium. Although Her Majesty is not present, nearly all the other state Dignitaries we saw earlier are sitting back, listening to the evening's entertainment.

At the very top of the building, at the back of the Gallery, is JUDE. He is sitting, listening with baited breath.

218 EXT. LODGINGS NIGHT 218

The violent scream has turned to hysterical yelling - the door flies open, and SUE runs into the night. Other voices stir - lights come on.

219 TRACKING SHOTS 219

SUE - blanched white, no tears, only screams of terror. She yells out -

SUE

Jude! Jude!

220 INT. CONCERT HALL NIGHT 220

JUDE is becoming more and more worked up as the music becomes louder.

221 EXT. HIGH STREET NIGHT 221

TRAVELLING SHOT - SUE running. WHIP PAN ROUND as she almost collides with - PHILLOTSON. (We hear the concert music faintly)

PHILLOTSON

Sue! What ...

SUE

(almost on the point
of collapse)

Richard -

(yells)

RICHARD -

She drags him with her.

222 TRACKING SHOTS 222

SUE running, PHILLOTSON behind her. ("Creation" music builds up)

DISSOLVE INTO

223 INT. CONCERT HALL NIGHT 223

TRACKING SHOT - The TREBLE CHOIR of about THIRTY BOYS aged between ten and fourteen -

JUDE - entranced. The chorus is reaching it's crescendo -

"And God has achieved his glorious work"

224 INT. LODGINGS NIGHT 224

The house is filled with people. SUE and PHILLOTSON appear from the outside, push past the gaping onlookers, and run up the stairs. The "Creation" music full pitch, over.

225 INT. LARGE ROOM NIGHT 225

The LANDLADY and her HUSBAND are by the door leading through to the Children's room. The HUSBAND is about to speak, but PHILLOTSON brushes past him.

226 INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM NIGHT 226

PHILLOTSON rushes in - his reaction of horror and disbelief.

The "Heavens are telling" chorus ends with four dynamic notes. On each note we cut into a bigger CLOSE UP of his P.O.V.

PHILLOTSON'S P.O.V. TIME and the other TWO CHILDREN are dangling from the ends of knotted sheets. Hung. The sheets are attached to clothes hooks in the clothes cupboard. The last of the close-ups is on the note pinned onto TIME's coat -

"DONE BECAUS WE ARE TOO MENNY"

The ovation from the concert-hall suddenly cuts out. There is no sound at all.

CLOSE UP - SUE. Her face, ashen as bones in the desert, contorts.

PHILLOTSON holds her as she faints. The sound slowly comes back - but very softly, no talking, no music, only the murmur of rain falling on the window-sill outside.

226 Continued 226

PHILLOTSON lifts her gently in his arms. The spectators step back as he carries her from the room, each one peering over another's shoulder to get a better view.

227 OUT 227

228 EXT. STAIRCASE NIGHT 228

PHILLOTSON pauses at the top of the stairs. A gangway forms on either side to make way for him.

PHILLOTSON

(quietly)

Has anyone a carriage near-by?

BAKER

(excitedly)

Yes - yessir. I'll fetch it straightways.

Another murmur of excitement as the BAKER runs down the stairs and into the street. PHILLOTSON continues on.

229 EXT. BACK STREET NIGHT 229

A large crowd has gathered to watch this unusual spectacle. Young children jump up above the heads of the others, dogs bark. There is a gentle drizzle. PHILLOTSON stands at the doorway, still holding SUE. Suddenly she rears up, screams, clutches her stomach and rolls on the ground in agony. The crowd surge forward, eyeing her like a savaged dog.

PHILLOTSON

Quick, a doctor somebody - she's having a miscarriage.

SUE's screaming rises to an unbearable pitch - then, with a final convulsing thrust, she is still. PHILLOTSON immediately drops down on his knees beside her. He holds her for a moment, then gets up as the LANDLADY comes out with some blankets. As the still-born child is removed, the BAKER returns with his cart - "JOE NEWLEY, Christminster. Fresh Bread delivered daily. WEDDING CAKES a speciality." PHILLOTSON lifts her up, and with the help of some of the Bystanders, carries her up beside him in front.

SUE

(suddenly crying out)

Jude ... JUDE! Don't leave me Jude ...

229 Continued

229

Her eyes slowly close. PHILLOTSON gently places her hand into his, then turns to the LANDLADY.

PHILLOTSON

Tell Mr Fawley . . . tell him she's at
Marygreen - safe - with me ---

(pause)

I'm taking her home.

LANDLADY

(overcome by the situation)

Very good sir - very good . . .

The DRIVER climbs up alongside PHILLOTSON? and the Bakery Cart trundles off into the night.

HOLD

230 INT. PUB NIGHT

230

A Dickens-type inn, similar to the one where Jude gave his Creed recital earlier on. We recognise BOWER O'BLISS and FRECKLES talking to BONEY at a table near us. In the far corner a number of people are holding some sort of celebration.

BOWER O' BLISS

Would yer believe it - she's taken 'im
back - and after the way he treated her -

FRECKLES

I 'eard his first wife's gotten married again
to that Schoolmaster - what a state!

BOWER O' BLISS

Aye - but much good it'll do 'im - she went
of 'er 'ead after she found them babies strung
up in the cupboard - A friend o' mine who works
up at the pub at Marygreen says she's gone like
a child - she don't recognise no-one, don't speak
to no-one, just smiles and runs away -

A loud cheer from the crowd at the other end interrupts the conversation.

THE CROWD - They consist of JUDE, in a semi-conscious state, coughing, drunk - ARABELLA, also drunk, but in a coarser mood; TINKER TAYLOR, UNCLE JOE, UNCLE JIM and other locals. The cause of the laughter is uncertain, ARABELLA is slumped across JUDE and is waving a goblet of cider over her head.

UNCLE JOE

What made me crack was when 'e said that bit about anybody seein' reason that they shouldn't be married!

ARABELLA

(mockingly indignant)

And why should anybody? We be respectable folk, Jude and me -

Another round of cheers -

UNCLE JIM

'Cept you was both half drunk when 'ee married you -

ARABELLA

(sitting up)

That's nonsense - isn't it Jude? - Jude? I'm saying that's nonsense what Jim says -

JUDE

(in a drunken stupour)

Mmmmmm?

ARABELLA

About being drunk at the marriage -

JUDE

(sleepily)

You tricked me into it ... there's only been one for me -

ARABELLA

(angrily)

Oh, to hang with 'er - what's she to you now?

JUDE

She's served me badly - hic - I stuck by 'er, and she should 'ave done the same. I'd have sold my soul for her sake - but then it's not her fault ...

JUDE lapses into half-talking to Sue in whispers - ARABELLA pushes him back -

230 Continued

230

ARABELLA

For God's sake - after all I've done for 'ee -
I don't know why I bothered - here, take another
cup -

She fills his mug up with more cider. JUDE periodically convulses
into coughing fits. CLOSE IN on him -

DISSOLVE INTO

231 INT. BEDROOM DAY

231

JUDE is lying in bed, still coughing. PHYSICIAN VILBERT is towering
over him, his arm round ARABELLA.

ARABELLA

When can 'e work again? We've got the
last three weeks rent to pay off yet.

VILBERT

Oh, give him another few days. And now,
what say you to a drink of something.

ARABELLA

I've got some wine, but it's rather old stuff -

VILBERT

(moving from the bed)

That'll do splendidly -

ARABELLA goes to the clothes cupboard, takes a bottle and pours
some into a mug.

CLOSE SHOT - She slips in a pill from a small bottle, also in the
cupboard.

VILBERT takes the glass and drinks -

VILBERT

(smacking his lips)

Mmm - not bad - though I wouldn't swear
to the exact year. But I fancy there's something
in it -

ARABELLA

(laughing)

Only one of your celebrated love pills -
you remember, you sold me some the other
day -

VILBERT

Indeed I do! Clever woman - but you must be prepared to take the consequences -

He then kisses her, to which she pretends to protest.

ARABELLA

(quickly)

Shh! Don't - My man will hear -

VILBERT

I doubt that! But let's leave this gloomy place - he'll be alright. An old colleague of mine is giving a small Christmas party - I'm sure he could do with a little . . . shall I say 'attractive company'.

ARABELLA

(hesitating)

Well . . . what about him?

VILBERT

Oh, he'll live - and you can be home within a few hours.

ARABELLA looks doubtfully again at JUDE, then at VILBERT.

ARABELLA

(shrugging)

Well - nothing to loose. And women like me must provide for a rainy day . . .

VILBERT kisses her again quickly, and they both leave. A pause.

JUDE turns over onto his back.

JUDE

(desperately)

Sue . . . Arabella . . .

His appeal echoes in the deserted room.

The rain falls softly against a bleak winter sky.

237 Continued

237

SUE kneels in front of an insignificant epitaph of white marble - the last memory of TIME and the other children. She takes out a small jam-jar from the rain soaked turf, removes the old flowers, and lovingly places the fresh ones in their stead.

JUDE stands a few feet from her.

JUDE
(almost a whisper)

Sue ...

She continues to arrange the flowers - as a child would take trouble over the grave of a hamster.

She rises, turns, sees him ... smiles. But there is no love, no recognition in her eyes; only a smile. Then she is gone.

JUDE gazes after her in disbelief.

The trees above us shift their aching branches, and the wind buries her burden deeper into Jude's clothes. He walks slowly back across the graveyard.

238 EXT COUNTRYSIDE DAY

238

His old short-cut across Troutham's field. The wind increases in strength as his own weakens -

239 EXT. HILL DAY

239

He battles on, stumbling against the full fury of the wind and rain. In front of him stand the skeleton remains of the Brown House.

240 EXT. BROWN HOUSE DAY

240

As he reaches the top, he collapses to the ground -

CLOSE SHOT - He struggles along the ground, but it is in vain - Fate has finally won. His breathing becomes short, irregular gasps - then silence. Yet his eyes remain open, staring into the distance.

He lies in front of us, a fixed expression of forlorn hope upon his "Golden City of Light" - Christminster, more magical than ever, her glistening spires and silvery domes standing silhouetted against the bleak winter sky.

240 Continued

240

Beside him is the mile-stone, with the faint outline of words, carved years ago: "THITHER JUDE FAWLEY". We slowly CRANE away, up through the monstrous beams of the fallen house, that stand grotesque - a crucified web from an alien land.

FADE OUT

THE END

SCRIPT ALTERATIONS - MINOR CHANGES

<u>Page</u>	<u>Scene</u>	
1	1	Line 4. Delete "High in the trees" from opening description.
12		Delete remainder of Scene 13 and Scene 14.
29	41	Delete '(O. S.)' from JUDE and ARABELLA's 5th speeches.
30	41	Delete "Ah, the tap-room" from JUDE's 3rd speech. Delete "I was eating my ... for three months" from ARABELLA's 3rd speech.
31	41	Delete JUDE's 3rd speech: "I've got nothing more to say". Delete description: "He climbs out ... breath from outside."
48	67	Line 7. Delete: "On the table is the picture of SUE." Line 11. "Mrs. Drusilla Fawley" should read "Miss Drusilla Fawley."
48	68	Delete: "You're as bad as my wife in the mornings" from the FOREMAN's opening speech Voice (O.S.)
50	71	Line 4: Delete "Beside her is the lady we saw in the Bookshop".
50	72	Delete: "... but two will double the speed of its fall" from DRUSILLA'S VOICE (O. S.) speech.
53	77	Line 1: Should read "He stands rather awkwardly <u>by</u> a cross" instead of "on a brass cross".
54	78	Delete: "We TRACK in front of them" from the description.
		NOTE: All CAMERA ANGLES, SET-UPS, etc. should be deleted. These were left in the First Draft Script by mistake, except for those with specific bearing on the story. (eg. 226)
66		Delete remainder of Scene 90.
68	94	Delete UNCLE JIM's 1st speech - "Alright Hamlet, etc" BONEY's 2nd speech - "I happened to be, etc" FRECKLES' 1st speech - "Cleopatra's, etc"
71	94	Delete from JUDE's last speech "Get me out of here".

<u>Page</u>	<u>Scene</u>	
71		NOTE: Scenes 92, 93 and 94 were repeated in error (as numbers). The second set 92 - 94 should be affixed with an 'X', reading as follows: ... 91, 92, 93, 94, 93X, 94X 95, 96, etc.
72	94X	Delete: "Your Capers" from WORKMAN's speech, so that it reads: "Afraid he found out about last night".
82	115	Delete: "This is far ... cathedral" from SUE's 1st speech. Delete JUDE's 2nd speech.
84	121	Delete "slightly" from JUDE's first speech.
87		Change "124 Continued" to "123 Continued". Scene 125 becomes Scene 126.
88		Delete "EXT. ALLEY NIGHT JUDE'S P.O.V. - Sue is standing below dripping with water". Substitute "Continued" after "126", and add "O. S." after "SUE"
		Delete: "127. INT. BEDROOM NIGHT". This scene (and the dialogue of the old Scene 126) is all contained in the new Scene 126.
		Delete: "Darling" from JUDE's last speech. Also delete "The epithet goes by unnoticed."
89	127	Becomes "126 Continued".
90	127	Becomes "126 Continued". Delete "ill and" from SUE's 3rd speech.
95	130	Delete "Perhaps I have" from JUDE's 1st speech.
	131	Delete "Well ... " from SUE's 3rd speech.
98	135	Delete "Hey" from WORKER's speech.
106	143	Delete "CANTERBURY" - should read "INT. MELCHESTER CATHEDRAL" Delete "... that can be found ... " from JUDE's 2nd speech.
111	153	Delete "Cheers Mate, be seeing you" from TINKER TAYLOR's 2nd speech, and substitute "See you again."
		Delete "MALE VOICE (O.S.)" and substitute "COCKMAN (O.S.)" Delete "Curacoa" in the above speech, and substitute "cognac".

<u>Page</u>	<u>Scene</u>	
115	155	Delete: "He smiles at her, kisses her, then" and substitute "He picks her up and"
119	163	Lines 1 and 2. Delete: "As the coffin ... JUDE and SUE" Delete: "His voice fades out ... DISSOLVE INTO". Substitute "CUT TO"
127	171	Delete "Come," from PHILLOTSON's 3rd speech.
129	173	Delete final Camera direction: "PAN ACROSS TO WINDOW".
	174	Delete Scene 174.
133	180	Line 5. Delete: "FATHER TIME" and substitute "JUDE'S SON". Delete "He wears an expression ... as Juvenility". Delete "TIME" in the last 3 lines of Page 133, substituting 'JUDE'S SON' in the first instance, and "The Boy" in the second.
140	189	Delete: "TRACKING SHOT" (Bottom of Page 140)
143	192	Delete: Scene 192.
	193f	Should read "Horse and Cart" (not Car)
149	199	Delete GILLINGHAM's speech: "My dear ... Mrs. Phillotson".
164	230	FRECKLES 1st speech should read "I 'eard his second wife's gotten married ... " (not "first wife").
166	230	Delete "CLOSE IN on him".
	231	Delete "stuff" from ARABELLA's 2nd speech. Delete "CLOSE SHOT".
** 135	184	Keep the opening description of Scene 184, (Bottom of old Page 135) Cut off, and clip to the top of Page 136.

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