

TALES FROM THE ALETHEIAN SOCIETY

The Scripts: Volume One
The Trials of Dr. Cadwallader

Jude Reid and Chris Edwards

**EPISODE 1:
HELL'S DARKEST PIT**

Episode Cast

NARRATOR

DR HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER

LORD ARTHUR ROXBURGH

LADY SOPHIA ROXBURGH

“CHENG” / NORAH

FATHER DOHERTY

THE TRIBUNE

ANNIE

TRAIN GUARD

GODALMING

GILLESPIE

JESSIE MCLAUGHLIN

BANJO

FX: Intro music plays

NARRATOR: Shadow Factories presents - Tales From the Aletheian Society!

NARRATOR: Chapter One, Hell's Darkest Pit!

FX: A gong rings out, followed by muffled chanting from a large number of people in what sounds like a stone chamber

CROWD (Chanting): *Aletheia! Aletheia! Aletheia!*

FX: A metal-shod staff strikes a stone floor three times, the chanting ends

TRIBUNE: This Tribunal is now in session - may the light reveal the truth!

CROWD (in unison): *May the Light reveal the Truth!*

TRIBUNE: Bring forward the accused, let us hear his testimony

CADWALLADER grunts as if being thrown down onto the ground suddenly

TRIBUNE: Dr Hieronymus Cadwallader, you know the accusations levelled against you. Do you have anything to say in your defence?

CADWALLADER: A damnable pack of lies is what they are! Put about by that bounder, Taffy Jones, I'd wager. Not a lick of truth in any of it!

TRIBUNE: Unless you can provide some *evidence* for your assertions, I suggest you cease slandering of your fellow Illuminates. Brother Jones is not on trial here - you are.

TRIBUNE: Now, let the Tribunal hear what happened in your words.

CADWALLADER: By Hades, I shall! My good name shall not be traduced in this way, justice shall out!

CADWALLADER: It all began a few weeks ago while I was investigating the appearance of a strange new drug on the streets of Limehouse, ably assisted by my manservant, Godalming and the good Father Doherty...

FX: The clatter of hooves on cobbles

CADWALLADER (Narrating): A half-crown induced the driver of our cab to reveal his knowledge of the sordid underbelly of London. With his assistance we swiftly located an opium den run by Chinese hoodlums.

FX: A heavy door opens, soft chinese music plays badly in the background

NORAH (bored cockney): Welcome, weary traveller, to Cheng's palace of the Oriental and Exotic - **(perks up a bit)** Oh, allo Doctor Cadwallader! Your usual spot is free if you want it, shall I get you a pipe?

CADWALLADER (Harrumphs, embarrassed): No thank you, Norah. We're here on other business. What do you know about this strange *liao* that's been flooding the streets?

NORAH (Hesitant, nervous): ... I'm sorry, Doctor, I don't know nuffin' about that. Now, if you and your companions ain't interested in our wares, then perhaps it's time for you to leave...

CADWALLADER (Narrating): As we pressed them for information, they became close-mouthed. Father Doherty tried appealing to their better nature.

DOHERTY: Listen, ye heathen devils, don't make me take me shillelagh to ye! St Michael as me witness, I'll batter lumps outta ye if ye don't tell us what we want!

CADWALLADER (Narrating): Suddenly we were the victims of an unprovoked assault

FX: Lots melee combat noises, objects breaking, GODALMING, CADWALLADER and DOHERTY cursing and shouting in pain

CADWALLADER (Narrating): We fought like lions, eventually forcing a path to freedom!

FX: Bodies being thrown out onto the hard cobble street, grunts and groans

NORAH: And don't come back!

FX: Heavy door slams

CADWALLADER (Narrating): Just when we were regrouping and preparing a counter-attack, young Annie found us with an urgent message

ANNIE: You all right, Doc? You've copped a right mouse there! You wanna watch yourself, brawlin' in the street at your age, you'll do yourself a mischief.

CADWALLADER (grunting and groaning as he gets to his feet): I am, in every respect, as fit as a fiddle young lady. This war wound is simply a badge of honour, gained in battle against the forces of evil.

ANNIE: Awright, guv, I'll believe you, fousands wouldn't. Anyway, you're wanted up at the Grand Lodge, sharpish.

CADWALLADER (Narrating): Naturally, my loyalty to the Society compelled me to respond to your summons with all haste, despite the pressing urgency of the affair with which I was engaged.

CADWALLADER: Typical! Just as our investigations are on the verge of bearing fruit, the old coffin-dodgers summon us up for another lecture. Well, it's nothing that won't wait until we've sunk a few stout porters at the Eagle, eh, boys?

ANNIE: I would *'ate* to have to let the nobs know you was shilly-shallyin', Doctor C...

CADWALLADER (sighing, exasperated): Sixpence as usual, then?

ANNIE: Call it a bob, eh? A girl's gotta eat!

CADWALLADER (Narrating): Unfortunately there was a great dearth of cabs at that hour, and it took us some time to make our way to the Grand Lodge and appear before your august selves.

ALL (drunkenly): *Round and round the cobbler's bench, the monkey chased the wea-sel!*

TRIBUNE: Good of you to finally grace us with your presence, Doctor! We have matters of much import to discuss. One of the Lesser Chapters has fallen silent, and we need somebody... suitable to rekindle the flame.

CADWALLADER (sobering up slightly): The Delhi Chapter? I've always dreamed of one day being made Master of those halls...

TRIBUNE: No

CADWALLADER (not listening): Ah, Delhi! Sweltering dark jewel of a city. The spices, the food, *the fleshpots...*

TRIBUNE (irritated): No, Doctor Cadwallader!

CADWALLADER (breaking from reverie): Eh?

TRIBUNE (interrupting): The Chapter I of which I speak is not Delhi, but ... Glasgow

CADWALLADER: Hah, pity the poor fool that lands that stinker! I'd sooner the black hole of Kolkata than... than...

CADWALLADER (horrified realisation dawning): Wait, you can't mean to send ME to Glasgow?! Hell's darkest pit!

TRIBUNE: We CAN and we DO, Doctor Cadwallader. Had you been here earlier you could have assisted us in the selection of your team. As it is those decisions have been made without you.

CADWALLADER (bristling): I shan't do it! There's no way on God's green Earth that I'll step foot in that den of ginger brutes! You can't make me go!

CADWALLADER (narrating): And so after a vigorous debate I found myself aboard the "*Flying Scotsman*" next morning, making passage for Edinburgh. I took the opportunity to introduce myself to the companions who had been so ably selected to assist me.

GUARD: All Aboard!

FX: Guard's whistle blows. Steam train departing the station and picking up speed.

CADWALLADER: Godalming! Whisky and water, make it a double

GODALMING: Very good, sir

FX: Clink of glass, liquid sloshing in

CADWALLADER (gulps the drink): And again, old man. In fact, just keep the glass full until we get there.

GODALMING: Very good, sir

SOPHIA: Excuse me, Dr Cadwallader?

CADWALLADER (doesn't seem to have noticed Sophie): No, Godalming, there's nothing to do now but drink. Drink and pray for the mercy of a swift death. Glasgow!

SOPHIA (loud and irate now): Herr Doktor Cadwallader! You are supposed to be giving us our briefing and learning about us so that we can work together as a team. Instead you are just intending to drink yourself into a stupor? Is this correct?

CADWALLADER: What? Godalming, who are these people, and what are they doing in my compartment?

ARTHUR (enthusiastic): Lord Arthur Roxburgh, Doctor. And this is my good lady wife, Sophie. We're both fairly new to the Society, but we're very excited to be involved in such a splendid affair. And Glasgow, as they say, is the second city of the Empire! What a lark!

CADWALLADER (incredulous): A lark!

GODALMING: I believe he's Sir George's nephew, sir.

CADWALLADER: Old thunder-britches Roxburgh, eh? I expect you'll have spent some time in Her Majesty's armed forces, then - where did you serve, m'boy?

ARTHUR: You're not wrong, Dr Cadwallader! I was choirmaster for the Household Cavalry. If you want I'm sure I could belt off one or two of the old favourites?

SOPHIA: Arthur! Doktor Cadwallader doesn't want to hear you sing. We are about serious business!

FX: Arthur and Sophie bicker in the background about whether singing is appropriate

CADWALLADER: Ye Gods and Little Fishes...

CADWALLADER (harrumphing for attention): I assume that you have *some* skills relevant to the matter in hand? I mean, it isn't *purely* nepotism that's led you to join a secretive order sworn to battle the forces of darkness?

ARTHUR: Oh yes, Doctor Cadwallader! We're well genned up on the theory. Been swotting away at the Society's books for weeks now.

SOPHIA: Between us we are speaking eight living languages and seven dead ones. Also we have been studying to fight, we are both very keen on *Schwingen*!

CADWALLADER (obviously embarrassed): Yes, well, what you do in your own time is your own business. Let's say no more about it.

CADWALLADER (narrating): I quickly formed a solid rapport with Lord and Lady Roxburgh.

SOPHIA: But tell us, Doktor, what is it that you are doing?

CADWALLADER: Me? By Jove, girl, I'm a long-time member of the Society. Crack shot, prime physical specimen, hunting instincts of a Bengal tiger, nerves of steel. I've faced down more ghastly beasts than you've had hot dinners.

SOPHIA (skeptical): If it is as you say, then why are you so set upon the drowning of your sorrows in alcohol?

CADWALLADER: Because my dear, we're heading to Glasgow - a place no civilised chap would ever be caught dead. A charmless industrial carbuncle on the fair bosom of mother Britannia. I've been there before, so I know whereof I speak - I felt more at home fighting my way through Bhutan than the last time I visited this place

ARTHUR: Bhutan! Gosh, how exciting! I bet you've got heaps of war-stories.

CADWALLADER: Try not to be *too* much of a toad-eater, there's a good chap, Arthur.

SOPHIA: What is it precisely that you are a doctor of, if I may be permitted to ask?

CADWALLADER: Botany, as it happens. Took to sketching the local plants while I was out in the jungles. Found a bit more than I was bargaining for along the way, but that's a story for another time...

ARTHUR: And we're just as keen as mustard to know... well, what is it we're actually here to do, Doctor Cadwallader? Why are we heading to Glasgow if it's such a frightful place as you say?

CADWALLADER: We're re-opening the old Chapter house. There was a big scandal there a few years back. Previous Chapter master was an ex-Navy surgeon by the name of Edward Pritchard.

Apparently he had some bad habits that involved spending more than he had, which doesn't surprise me one whit, since Navy men are all drunkards and spendthrifts.

CADWALLADER (continued): When Pritchard's credit finally ran out, he poisoned his wife and mother in law for the insurance, then promptly got caught and publicly hanged. Brought down a pretty little lot of attention, not to mention put egg on the faces of those lofty souls what put such a saddle-goose in position in the first place. Whole place got shuttered, just a couple of servants left as caretakers.

SOPHIA: So why then do they open this Chapter once more? What has changed?

CADWALLADER: An excellent question. I will have Godalming furnish you with the files the Society sent. In the meantime I intend to repose in my cabin with something a little more *medicinal* than whisky.

SOPHIA: Please, Doctor, what do you mean medicinal? Are you unwell?

CADWALLADER: I am. But have no fear, soon I will be right as rain. Good day, Roxburghs!

SOPHIA: But-

CADWALLADER: I said *good day*, madam

FX: cabin door opening and closing

SOPHIA: Something is very strange about all of this

ARTHUR: He seemed *nice*, don't you think?

CADWALLADER (narrating): After forging the bonds of trust with my fellow illuminates, the rest of the trip to Edinburgh passed in a blur.

SOPHIA: Doktor! Herr Doktor Cadwallader! We have arrived in Edinburgh. Look at him, Arthur, he is passed out. We cannot be late - fetch a porter and have him transferred to the North British train for Glasgow.

CADWALLADER (narrating): It was night by the time we finally arrived in Queen Street station, and the weather had taken one of its frequent turns for the worse.

FX: Rain, distant thunder

CADWALLADER: It was malaria, madam. Recurs on you sometimes, terrible business. I assure you, I'm quite fine now. Now, where the deuce is the caretaker? He was supposed to bring a carriage to meet us.

BANJO: Buy some lucky white heather, sir?

CADWALLADER: Hmm, an uninspiring example of "*Calluna Vulgaris*". What, indeed, might classify this as in any regard as "lucky"?

BANJO: ...Lucky fer me, cos yer gonnae gie me money. Lucky fer you, 'cos then ah'm no gonnae shtob ye...

ARTHUR: How delightfully quaint! I'll buy your heather, sir. No doubt you need the money to maintain your dear, silver-haired mother - or perhaps a charming brood of children?

BANJO: Naw, big man. Mainly fer the hoors.

SOPHIA: What does this word mean, "hoors"?

CADWALLADER: There's no point trying to discern what these savages are saying, just give him some coins and hopefully he'll go away. Where in the blazes is the man with the carriage?

FX: the rattle of a carriage, thunder booms, a horse whinnies dramatically

GILLESPIE: Apologies fer the delay. The horses were deid. We've no had much call to use the carriage since...

FX: Thunderclap

GILLESPIE: The incident...

ARTHUR: Help! It's a creature from beyond!

SOPHIA: Arthur, calm your nerves, I believe this... gentleman is the caretaker, Mr...

GILLESPIE: Gillespie, ma'am. Ah'm the caretaker at Hunter Hoose. Have been for mony a year now

CADWALLADER: Excellent, help Godalming with our trunks and cases

GILLESPIE: Sorry, sir, no way I can lift all that, not with my back the way it's been since ...

FX: Thunderclap, horse whinnies

GILLESPIE: The incident

CADWALLADER: Very well, I suppose I should have expected no more from this benighted burrough. Godalming, get the cases up on the carriage, would you.

GODALMING: Very good, sir

FX: Godalming grunts with exertion, heavy cases being moved

CADWALLADER: Lady Roxburgh! What on earth can possibly require such an enormous assortment of valises? You're hauling more freight here than the average Blackwall.

SOPHIA (primly): Ladies things, Doktor Cadwallader. Delicates and unmentionables.

CADWALLADER (embarrassed): Err, right then, as you were

ARTHUR: Is it? I thought it was...OW!

SOPHIA (hisses): Hush now, dearheart

GODALMING: That's the last of them, sir

GILLESPIE: They knick-knacks have taken up half the room, there's no space fer all o' ye now. Wan o' ye'll have to find a hack

CADWALLADER (exasperated): Oh by the Lord Harry! Godalming, you can walk it. Probably do with some fresh air after being cooped up on trains all day. Brisk constitutional would be just what the doctor ordered.

GODALMING: Very good, sir

CADWALLADER (narrating): And so we concluded our long day of travel with our arrival at our new Chapter house.

FX: Thunderclap, rain, hooves on cobbles, the carriage comes to a stop

GILLESPIE: Here we are, ladies an' gents, end o' the line

CADWALLADER: What a ghastly old pile! Still, at least we don't have to worry about neighbours coming round to borrow a cup of sugar - I doubt anyone with a grain of sense would step foot in this wretched mausoleum.

ARTHUR: I think it's rather splendid! External granite needs a bit of a scrub, but there's an architectural gem hidden under all that grime.

CADWALLADER: Well, feel free to get a bucket and brush and have at it, if that's your sauce. Personally I think the only thing that could improve this place would be an enormous house-fire, but each to their own.

SOPHIA: It is looking damp to me. I cannot abide a damp building

GILLESPIE: She's seen better days, but the Hoose is secure in all particulars. I'll caution ye now, there are many areas ye'd be best to avoid, and many others that have been under lock and key since before...

FX: Thunderclap

GILLESPIE: The incident

CADWALLADER: Lovely. Well, let's get inside so we can really drink in the gloom. And actually so we can drink, in the gloom.

GILLESPIE: Aye, sir, just this way...

FX: Keys fumbling in a lock, lock turning, massive door creaking open

GILLESPIE: Welcome, tae Hunter Hoose

FX: Footsteps walking across hard floors, a lantern being lit

GILLESPIE: This Chapter hoose was built by Dr William Hunter. Although he wisnae a member, on account o' the Society no existing yet, he stumbled across the occult while he was amassin' his collections.

SOPHIA: Dr Hunter the famous *gynaecologe*? I've seen his sketches

GILLESPIE: Aye, that's the laddie. Ye might say he was a forerunner o' the Society, although he wisnae above usin' the tools o' the enemy agin' them. He had all manner o' wee hidey-holes and tunnels built intae this place. There's secrets here that even Dr Pritchard, Lord rest his soul, never got tae the bottom o'.

ARTHUR: Crikey! Sounds like we're going to have fun poking into the crannies of this place. What a super wheeze.

GILLESPIE: I'll warn ye agin, laddie - dinnae be pokin' yer nose aroon the place wioot me tae help ye. There's dangerous things stored in this place, and dangerous things guarding some o' them. Tomorrow if ye've a mind I'll gie ye all a tour, by light o' day!

SOPHIA: My husband is not your "laddie", you sour old man. He is Lord Arthur Roxburgh, and you will be keeping a civil tongue in your head when you address him

GILLESPIE (chuckling darkly): My apologies, then. We don't get many visitors at Hunter Hoose, and ma manners aren't what they used to be since...

CADWALLADER (interrupting): Yes, yes, we know, since the terrible incident

GILLESPIE: Aye, sir. Since the incident

GILLESPIE: Onyway, here's our first stop - the other new illuminate for the Chapter. Miss Gordon

FX: Door creaks open

JESSIE (somewhat nervous): Oh, aye, er, hello. Ah'm Jessie, Jessie Gordon. Pleased to meet you all

CADWALLADER: Excellent, *more* skirt about the place. Of course. It's beyond the bounds of hope that they could have sent us a strapping six-foot two lad from the Royal Highlanders, or anyone actually capable of holding their own in combat. No, another woman. What do they expect me to do, combat threats from beyond with some needlepoint and cream tea?

JESSIE (flustered but bristling): Listen up ye fat English bampot, I've had bigger than you for breakfast. You want a square go, come on - but ye better hope yer mother can sew!

CADWALLADER: *Fat!?* I'm a sprightly twenty stone, madam, all of it muscle and sinew!

SOPHIA: Doktor! How dare you aspersions cast upon our gender! We too are Society members

ARTHUR: I'm afraid Sophie's quite correct, Doctor. They may be the gentler sex, but they are members of the Society, and we must be respectful of their delicate sensibilities.

SOPHIA: Arthur! You are not helping!

ARTHUR (confused): What did I do wrong? I'm *trying* to protect your honour

SOPHIA: I am perfectly capable of defending my own honour, that is the whole point!

CADWALLADER: Anyway, how dare you threaten your Chapter master?! I've never hit a lady, but I don't think you fall into that category, *madam!*

JESSIE: Stitch this!

FX Sounds of combat as Jessie pummels Cadwallader while he swings wildly. Meanwhile Sophie throws Arthur with a *Schwingen* move, slamming him onto the floor. Ornaments break and furniture is knocked over in the struggle.

CADWALLADER (breathing heavily): All right! All right! Pax! I accept that you two Amazons are capable of defending yourselves. Now, Miss Gordon, if you could kindly put down the candlestick, and Lady Roxburgh, if you would be so good as to allow your husband to breathe again?

FX: Drop of candlestick, wheeze of breathe from Arthur

ARTHUR (somewhat choked): Excellent throw, darling. Caught me completely unawares

SOPHIA: You are still too stiff with the movement of your hip, dearheart

JESSIE: Awright then, ... eh, welcome Chapter master...?

CADWALLADER: Hieronymus Cadwallader, Doctor of Botany

JESSIE: *Doctor* of Botany? Are ye like... a doctor fer *plants*?

CADWALLADER (sighing): ...Tell me this place has a good selection of single malts, at least?

GILLESPIE: Oh, it used to, sir, but since...

CADWALLADER: I know, I know, since the blasted incident! Alright, Gillespie, first order of business tomorrow morning, I want the drinks cabinet and wine cellar re-stocked. And make sure there are port and cigars for after dinner. Speaking of which, I assume you at least have some food in?

GILLESPIE: Oh, aye, Doctor Cadwallader. We're well furnished fer vittals - haggis, black puddin', porridge; you name it, we've got it!

CADWALLADER: So far you haven't named one thing I'd willingly eat outside of a siege situation. And even then I'd be giving serious thought to substituting one of my own legs for bully beef before I'd let *haggis* touch my lips again.

GILLESPIE: It's a national delicacy, Doctor!

CADWALLADER: It's a scam put about by mutton farmers to dispose of all the parts of a sheep that nobody wants.

GILLESPIE: Weel, ye'd best start picking a leg fer seasonin' then, Doctor, because we've a powerful load of haggis in the larder. And as to yer wheesky, I'm afraid the Tribune's instructions were quite clear - nae alcohol exceptin' fer medicinal uses to be kept in the hoose, an' nothin' o' that nature to be charged to the Society's accounts. Ye'll find I'm a wee bit of a stickler fer the rules, Doctor Cadwallader.

CADWALLADER: Gladstone's hoary ballsack - are you telling me that in the midst of this nation of miserable swipers we've got the *one* dry house in the entirety of Scotland?! It beggars belief!

GILLESPIE: Temperance is good fer the soul, Doctor Cadwallader. Spirits in a bottle are the most evil spirits that plague mankind.

CADWALLADER: I'm rapidly coming round to the opinion that *you* are the most evil spirit that plagues mankind, Gillespie.

SOPHIA: But surely, Doktor Cadwallader, the things you were rumoured to have seen in Bhutan...

CADWALLADER: Shall never be spoken of, Lady Roxburgh! God's body! Now I need a drink more than ever

ARTHUR: But what exactly *did* happen in the jungles of Bhutan, Doctor Cadwallader? Sophie and I weren't given access to those case files - they were sealed.

CADWALLADER (sighing heavily): Arthur, your inability to grasp the phrase "shall never be spoken of" is sadly all too predictable. The things I did..., the actions I was forced to take in Bhutan... Let's just say the consequences haunt me to this very day. Now, that is the last that'll be said on the matter!

ARTHUR: So mysterious!

SOPHIA: Indeed, an enigma...

GILLESPIE: Aye, weel, mebbes its best some things stay secret. Like the mony terrible secrets this hoose hauds wi'in its walls! Now, I can e'er show ye all tae yer bedrooms, or I can take ye down to

the kitchens and Mrs Gillespie can make a nice wholesome pot o' tea te warm yersels up after yer drookin'.

ARTHUR: Tea! Can't beat lovely "cuppa char", eh?

SOPHIA: My pardon, Mr Gillespie, do you have any drinking chocolate?

GILLESPIE: I dinnae think so, lass. Not since...

SOPHIA: The incident?

GILLESPIE: No, since last week. When we finished the tin.

CADWALLADER: Well, I vote bed. If I can't even have a snootful then consciousness is pretty much wasted on me. But I'm warning you, Gillespie, if haggis so much as glances at my breakfast plate tomorrow morning, you'll be out on your ear. I may have to live in your country, but I don't have to descend to your level. This house will be a bastion of civilised standards, holding fast against the benighted wasteland around us.

SOPHIA: It has been a trying evening. I think I will also be going to bed.

ARTHUR: I'll just get a brew from cook, then I'll be right up, my cherub

JESSIE: Aye, weel, I suppose I'll turn in an'all then

FX: Horrifying gibbering screeching, lasts for several seconds

GILLESPIE: Och, looks like one of our other wee houseguests is oot an' about early tonight. I'll go chase it back after I've got you all settled fer the evenin'.

CADWALLADER: ...Perhaps... perhaps we should all take rooms quite close together this evening. In case... in case any of us should... think of anything important we want to tell each other in the night. Or somesuch...

FX: The horrifying noise comes again

GILLESPIE: Och, Doctor Cadwallader, he's just playin' aroon. If he was huntin' he wouldnae hae made all that noise - he'd be creepin' up on ye. The missus has kept him fed, dinnae fash yersel.

ARTHUR: You know, I've changed my mind about that tea. I think we should just go to bed, darling. So that I can be there to... protect you.

SOPHIA (dryly): My knight in shining armour

GILLESPIE (slowly fading away as if getting further): Weel, jest this way, a'body. Mind yer footin' on the stairs, they've nae been the same since...

FX: Thunderclap

Everybody: the incident!

CADWALLADER (narrating): And so, safely ensconced in our new home, we passed a night of restful slumber, preparing ourselves for a day of action on the morrow.

FX: Horrifying noise, Arthur screams, Jessie bangs on the wall

JESSIE: Shut it, the both of ye!

FX: More horrible noises, more screams from Arthur

CADWALLADER: Blast and buggery. Godalming?

GODALMING: Yes, sir?

CADWALLADER: Bring me my... malaria kit.

GODALMING: Very good, sir

FX: Sloshing noise, liquid inside a glass jar

CADWALLADER (murmuring): Damn you, you old devil, you're never going to let me go, are you?

FX: liquid pours out

CADWALLADER: I can stop this, you know. I can get rid of you. End this dependency. This...
weakness.

FX: Gillespie starts playing the bagpipes

CADWALLADER: Well then. No, I don't suppose Hell could be much worse than this. Down
the hatch.

FX: He takes a swig of Laudanum, the bagpipes blur and fade away

FX: END MUSIC PLAYS

EPISODE 2:
A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

Episode Cast:

NARRATOR

TRIBUNE

LADY SOPHIE ROXBURGH

DR. HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER

LORD ARTHUR ROXBURGH

JESSIE MCLAUGHLIN

GILLESPIE

A LADY JOURNALIST

A POLICE OFFICER

BERNARD, A CAVALRY OFFICER

BANJO, A BAMPOT

PADDY, AN IRISH GANGSTER

FX: INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR: Shadow Factories Presents - Tales from the Alethian Society, Chapter Two: A Light in the Darkness

FX: The tribunal room again - muffled conversation in an echoing stone chamber. A metal shod staff strikes stone three times.

TRIBUNE: I call this tribunal to order!

FX: Resentful muttering. The room falls silent.

TRIBUNE: I call the next witness in the trial of Dr Cadwallader. Please state your name for the record.

SOPHIA : Lady Sophia Roxburgh, your honour.

TRIBUNE: You are from Switzerland, are you not?

SOPHIA: I am.

TRIBUNE: Very good, note that down. Lady Sophia, please explain for us, if you would, the events of the 23rd of February, as they pertain to the crimes of which Dr Cadwallader is accused.

SOPHIA : We had, as you know, recently arrived in Glasgow at this point. We had not yet had the time to reopen many of the rooms of the Chapterhouse, but resolved to undertake the business of the Society as best we were able with the resources at our disposal.

FX: Sound of noisy eating, knives being scraped around plates, mugs clinking.

ARTHUR: More bacon, Doctor?

CADWALLADER (indistinct, as though speaking with a full mouth): Dear God, man, I couldn't eat another morsel - well, perhaps just one more rasher -

ARTHUR: The house looks really quite habitable in the light of day, don't you think? After whatever that awful thing was fell silent, we had rather a pleasant night.

JESSIE: Did ye? The eldritch shrieking wis wan thing, but once it started wi the moanin an bangin I didnae get a wink of sleep.

SOPHIA : Moaning und banging?

JESSIE: Aye, an a kind of weird yipping noise at the end.

ARTHUR (embarrassed): ...oh, that, yes, I definitely heard it too. Spooky stuff. (a pause) Er - so - do we have plans for the rest of the day yet?

CADWALLADER: No point in rushing things, my boy. Doesn't do to hurry good digestion, bad for the constitution. Plenty of time to get to work.

GILLESPIE: Would you like the morning paper, sir?

CADWALLADER: Heavens, no. I never read the gutter press till after luncheon. Can't face reading about the appalling deeds of the sordid masses till I've opened the port. Take it away.

GILLESPIE (very pointedly): Dr Pritchard - Lord rest his soul - always studied the morning papers to see what dangers occult or mundane were facing the society on any given day. He said it was his duty as Master of the Chapter -

CADWALLADER: Damn his duty and damn your eyes, Gillespie, I said take it away!

SOPHIA (interrupting): Wait a moment - Gillespie, just put it there, would you?

GILLESPIE (even more pointedly): Of course, Lady Sophia, yer ladyship.

FX: Rusting of an unfolding newspaper

SOPHIA: Look - on the front page -

CADWALLADER: “Kidderminster Somnabulist Escapes Certain Death”?

SOPHIA: No -

ARTHUR : “Welsh Hermit Defended by Rats”?

SOPHIA: No -

CADWALLADER: “Dick Schtick the female messenger boy?”

SOPHIA (voice raised, interrupting): *No*, herr doctor, this one!

ARTHUR : What - that column at the bottom?

CADWALLADER : “Grisly Murders plague Glasgow’s East End.” That’s barely worth a mention in this thrice be-damned city.

SOPHIA: Yes, but look - there, it says: “a spate of murders, each of them more grisly and inexplicable than the last”. Six men found completely and bloodlessly dismembered with their limbs neatly stacked beside them; eight in a tenement close apparently smothered in wax, and a further five were stung to death by bees. All of these within the last week - which you must admit is quite the tally, even for Glasgow.

SOPHIA (Narrating): My companions instantly recognised the importance of my observation, and resolved to act at once.

CADWALLADER: Well, I hardly think local ne'er do wells murdering each other concerns us.

JESSIE : Aye, bampot v bampot's no exactly oot the ordinary.

SOPHIA: We have literally nothing else to do. (a pause) It is a mystery, and one I intend to solve. Arthur, you should go and talk to the newspapers, they are bound to know more than they are printing, while I -

CADWALLADER (interrupting brightly): Excellent idea, Lady Roxburgh! Send your husband to work on those adjective-jerkers, loosen up a few tongues, hmm? And you ladies can go and do - whatever it is you do - together, and I'll chase up a few avenues of inquiry of my own.

SOPHIA : With your permission, Herr Doktor, I would prefer to work alone -

CADWALLADER: Nonsense, safety in numbers for the the fairer sex. In fact you should take Gillespie with you-

SOPHIA AND JESSIE IN UNISON: No!

SOPHIA : No, thank you, that really won't be necessary-

JESSIE (at the same time): I widnae want to put you to any trouble Mr Gillespie...

ARTHUR: Please, Sophie, for me. I don't like to think of you out there on your own on those ghastly streets -

SOPHIA : In that case I can come with you to the newspaper office -

JESSIE: It's no' such a bad idea if we go thegither, Lady Sophia. I know the toon well enough, but you, you can bring -

SOPHIA : An air of respectability?

JESSIE (after a short pause): Money, I wis goin tae say.

CADWALLADER: Excellent, that's it settled. Well, out with you young folk, I need to get to work, pressing society matters won't wait, you know.

FX: The tribunal again

SOPHIA (narrating): Our missions allocated, we headed out onto the streets of Glasgow, while Dr Cadwallader pursued his own lines of enquiry.

FX: Crackling fire, uncorking of a wine bottle, liquid flows into a glass. The sound of two drops of opium tincture being plopped in then stirred.

CADWALLADER (noisy slurp, satisfied sigh): Ah, perfect.

SOPHIA (narrating): Jessie and I quickly established an excellent working relationship.

JESSIE: Well, if we're tae work together, Lady Sophia - can I call you Sophie?

SOPHIA (interrupting, stiffly): You may address me as Lady Roxburgh, Miss Gordon. Or should I say Miss McLaughlin.

JESSIE: Should you?

SOPHIA : Don't try and deny it. Deeds such as yours hardly escape the notice of the national press.

JESSIE: Deeds like whit?

SOPHIA : You may have maintained your innocence throughout- but the facts, unlike you, do not lie.

JESSIE: That wis - **(a pause, then resuming with forced calm)**. I don't know what you're talking about. My name is Jessie Gordon, Lady Roxburgh, and I would respectfully suggest we get on with the society's business.

SOPHIA : Of course. I think all that is necessary we have covered. Where, then would you suggest we start that business?

JESSIE: I wis thinking we should begin with the City Mortuary.

SOPHIA (narrating): I decided we should begin with the City Mortuary. We swiftly gained entry to the premises.

FX: A noisy crowd

POLICE OFFICER: Get back, ya bawbags, it's no the shows here, huv some respect for the deid, wid ye?

A LADY JOURNALIST: Officer, can you confirm anything about the state of the most recent bodies brought in? Is it true they were found ritually mutilated? Is this related to the recent spate of gang violence?

POLICE OFFICER: That counts for you yarn-choppers, too! Piss oaf, the lot of yes, before I knock yer heids together an huv ye all dragged doon tae Pit Street!

JESSIE (pushing through the dispersing crowd): Excuse me - beg your pardon Mister - coming through - oh for Goad's sake shift yersel', aye, that's you I'm taking tae - Eh, Officer? Can I huv a moment of yer time?

POLICE OFFICER: I thought I telt the lot of ye tae -

JESSIE: Aye, officer, I heard ye, but - it's jist ma pal here-

SOPHIA : Your *pal*?

JESSIE: Shut yer trap a wee minute. Ma pal here, she's loast her husband this last week, he didnae come home, see, and when we asked at the Royal Infirmary they suggested she should try doon the mortuary tae see if he's wan a these corpses ye've hud brought in lately.

POLICE OFFICER (beat): You must think ma heid buttons up the back, hen.

JESSIE: Fair enough.

FX: coins jingle

POLICE OFFICER: Awright, be quick, and if anyone asks it wisnae me let you in.

SOPHIA (narrating): Meanwhile, my husband was hard at work interrogating the journalists at the offices of the Glasgow Herald.

FX: A busy street. People hawking wares, cabs and hooves clattering

BERNARD: Excuse me... Arthur Roxburgh! I thought I recognised that walk! How *are* you, old chap?

ARTHUR: By my soul, it's Bernard Walsingham! What a splendid co-incidence to meet you here!

BERNARD: It's been *years!* Dear God, I don't believe we've spoken since you left the household cavalry, what was that, three years ago? How's the lovely Sophie? Any little Roxburghs as yet?

ARTHUR: No, no, not yet, everything's been so busy - we've just moved up into the area as a matter of fact. I've been doing a bit of work for - well, it's confidential I'm afraid, but -

BERNARD: Say no more! Look, Arthur, old boy, I was just heading over to the club for a late breakfast, would you care to join me?

ARTHUR: I'd love to, old fellow, but I really ought to be getting on with... things.

BERNARD: Surely you can spare an hour or two to catch up with an old friend...?

ARTHUR: Well, as long as we're quick.

SOPHIA (narrating): I was able to persuade the mortuary attendants to allow us access to the examination room.

SOPHIA : More bribes? That amount of money to gain access to a frigid warehouse full of unclaimed corpses?

JESSIE: Nothin' comes for free in this toon, Mrs Roxburgh. Maybe you're just no used to being the one tae pay for it.

SOPHIA : Just get on with it then.

SOPHIA (narrating): I was, of course, shocked by what I saw, as any respectable woman would have been.

SOPHIA (enthusiastically, almost gleeful): Good lord, this one's been cut up like a jigsaw- and this one's exactly the same, down to the angle of the cuts! The newspapers were correct - but there must be two dozen corpses in here at least!

JESSIE: Aye, puir souls. Ah know that yin whose heid yer holding.

SOPHIA : And who is it then?

JESSIE: Billy Ferris - heids up the Cutters gang, or he used to. They mostly run Baillieston. Looks like someone took it oan themselves to dae a bit of cutting of their own.

FX: Echoing footsteps, a sheet is pulled back.

JESSIE: An that one - that's Handy John McGurk, bits of him anyway - he was Billy's hatchet man. If you owed money and didnae pay he'd be the one come to collect (**a pause**) Someone's jointed the Cutters up like so many sunday roasts.

SOPHIA : Who do you propose would have done such a thing?

JESSIE: Normally I'd have said the Beehive Boys. They're always at each others throats, but that disnae seem so likely on this occasion.

SOPHIA : Why not?

JESSIE: On account of them lyin deid over there covered in bee stings.

SOPHIA : Oh. I suppose we are ruling out natural causes then.

JESSIE: Honey bees in Finnieston? Aye right. If it was flea bites, maybe.

SOPHIA : What about these ones? It looks like they've been dipped in wax...

JESSIE: If ah hadtae guess, ahd say the mortal remains of the Waxwork Gang - though wi the state their faces are in it's hard to tell.

SOPHIA : Their skin - it's completely covered in wax except for the hair and nails... No, wait a moment -

FX: A sharp snap

SOPHIA : That hand- it snapped clean off at the wrist! Like breaking a candle in half ... They are not *covered* in wax - they are nothing *but* wax...

JESSIE: I think we're running out of explanations that don't involve magic, wouldn't ye say?

SOPHIA : So we are looking for... a vigilante practitioner with a strongly developed sense of irony?

SOPHIA (narrating): I drew on Miss Gordon's knowledge of the local geography and customs to decide on the next steps of my investigation.

FX: footsteps on a cobbled street

JESSIE: Come oan if you're coming, Lady Sophia, we've no got all day -

SOPHIA : Could we not go somewhere less... dark, dirty and dangerous?

JESSIE: It's no dangerous if you keep your wits about you and -

BANJO: Lucky white heather, miss?

FX: Switchblade opening

BANJO: ...lucky fer me, cos yer gonnae gie me the money. Lucky fer you...

JESSIE: Shut it, Banjo, save it for the tourists.

BANJO: Aw shite. It's you.

SOPHIA (weakly): Your face looks familiar, sir. Have we met?

JESSIE: Banjo, may I present Lady Sophia Roxburgh, a lady of the quality who's helping me wi a wee bit of work. Lady Sophia, may I present Banjo, a no account piece of gutter shite who's gonnae pay me back a wee favour if he knows what's good for him.

BANJO: Jessie McLaughlin? Ah hud no idea ye were back in toon. Last ah heard you were in the jail -

JESSIE: Thought you were off the hook, did ye, Banjo? Well you've never been that lucky in your life. Anyway, it's Jessie Gordon now and don't you forget it.

BANJO (resigned): Awright Jessie, whit dae ye want?

JESSIE (reassuringly): Information, Banjo, nothin more than that. See, a bunch of penny mobsters have gone and got themselves killed in all kind of interesting ways, and if anybody is going to know about who's got it in for a bunch of lowlife scum it's going to be a gibfaced turd like you.

BANJO (sullen): I don't know onythin about that.

JESSIE: Don't make me use ma mammy voice.

BANJO (a sigh): Awright. They're sayin' there's a new mob movin in on aw' their patches, bumpin oaf the competition.

SOPHIA : Do you know the name of this new gang?

BANJO: Naw, miss, naebody does. But they say their chief can kill ye wi just a wave of the haun, ah think they're in league wi' the devil himself -

JESSIE: Nobody cares whit you think, bawbag. Where are they, then, this new gang? They must be working oot of somewhere.

BANJO (in a spooky voice): Nobody knows. They say they can vanish intae thin air, that they go back tae hell when their wicked work is done - (in a normal voice) Awright, awright, ah heard it wis Tradeston.

JESSIE: Tradeston's a big place, care to narrow it down a bit?

BANJO: Ah don't know any more than that, swear tae goad. (a pause) Awright- ah heard wan thing, ah heard one of the Beehive Boys, jist wan o them goat away.

JESSIE: Which wan?

BANJO: Big Paddy Ryan. (**conspiratorially**) He's holed up in the Panopticon.

SOPHIA : The Panopticon? The music hall? I read that it was shut while money was raised for repairs.

BANJO: Aye, the punters trashed the boards when the mutton shufflers tried tae crack doon oan the leg show.

SOPHIA : Excuse me?

BANJO: They say whitever Paddy saw sent him tae Hanwell wi no return ticket, if ye know whit ah mean.

SOPHIA : I am not altogether sure that I do.

BANJO: Cracked. Bonkers. Oot his skull. Roon the bend.

JESSIE: Oh, for fu- Awright, cheers, Banjo, I think I've had enough of you for one day.

BANJO: Nice tae see you too Jessie. And you, Miss.

SOPHIA (weakly): Charmed, I'm sure.

JESSIE: Right, time we got a move on. (**a pause**) Oh, and Banjo, if I hear you've bin puttin it aboot I'm back in toon, and I'll put my foot so far up your arse you'll be licking boot polish aff your teeth for the rest of your life, are we crystal clear?

SOPHIA (narrating): Narrowly escaping that den of iniquity with our lives and virtue intact, we followed the lead down a shabby alley to the shuttered edifice of the Panopticon Theatre. I tried the door handle, and to my surprise it opened at a touch.

FX: A crunch of splintering wood.

JESSIE: That should dae it.

FX: A door creaks open

JESSIE (whispering): Up the stairs it is, then.

SOPHIA (whispering): Wait - don't shut the door yet! Let me check that lantern on the peg - yes, it's still half full of oil -

FX : A match striking, a lantern flaring into life

JESSIE: Keep it shuttered at least.

SOPHIA (narrating): We made our way stealthily up the wooden stairway.

FX: Loud creaking footsteps

SOPHIA (hissing): Can't you be any quieter?

JESSIE (hissing): *You* be quiet!

SOPHIA (narrating): After what felt like an eternity, we emerged into the cavernous, darkened space of the music hall itself. In the dim light from the shuttered lantern the boards of the broken stage loomed like the jagged teeth of some monstrous, half submerged beast--over our heads the gallery was pitch black, host to any number of imaginary terrors and perhaps one very real one.

JESSIE (softly): Paddy? Paddy Ryan? We're no here to hurt ye. We just want a wee word, that's all.

FX: A handgun cocking

PADDY: Stop right there.

FX: SOPHIA swears softly in Switzerdeutsch

JESSIE (reassuringly): All right, Paddy, we've stopped. Ma pal's just going to lift up the lantern so you can see we're no threat to you - look, just two lassies, nothing in oor hands, nothin tae hurt ye.

PADDY: She sent you, didn't she?

SOPHIA : Who sent us?

PADDY: Her. The Queen. You're from the Queen, here to finish the job she started.

SOPHIA (an anxious giggle): Sir, I assure you, the Queen is in London and has nothing whatsoever to do with our presence here.

PADDY: The other one! The other queen! She's sent you to finish Paddy off, but Paddy's too fly for the likes of you.

SOPHIA (whispering): Look at his hand!

JESSIE (whispering): The one with the pistol in it? Aye, I cannae take my eyes aff it!

SOPHIA : No, the other one -

JESSIE: Whit about it -

SOPHIA : Look at it!

FX: Footsteps getting closer. Paddy is limping, a horrid leg dragging monster shuffle

PADDY (singsong, telling a story): She killed them all, all Paddy's brothers, all the brave Beehive Boys, with that curse o' hers. But Paddy, he was too quick, Paddy didn't stay and fight, Paddy ran for his life!

SOPHIA : It's not just his hand- look at his face -

PADDY: And Paddy was nearly away, but the Queen looked up just as he was turning the corner, half there and half gone, so the curse only touched half of him-

SOPHIA : Dear God, half of him - it's turned to... *wax!*

PADDY: And now she's sent you to finish the job, didn't even think old Paddy worth a personal visit, did she?

SOPHIA : Listen to me! We're nothing to do with this woman!

JESSIE (quietly urgently): He's going to shoot. I'll jump him. Get yourself ready.

SOPHIA : (panicky, her accent getting stronger): Ready for what? No, don't shoot - we'll leave and never trouble you again. My husband, he knows where I am, if we're not back within half an hour he's going to come looking for me, he will hunt you down unless you let us go right now...

FX: Glasses clink

BERNARD: Well, cheers, old fellow! Not a bad drop they serve here, don't you think?

ARTHUR: Not bad at all.

FX: A pocket watch opening, jingle of a watch chain

ARTHUR: Dash it all, look at the time. I really ought to be going.

BERNARD: So soon, old chap? You'll stay for one more, for the road? For old times sake?

ARTHUR (reluctant): Well, one more can't hurt I suppose.

SOPHIA (narrating): I looked around the darkened room, shadows dancing wildly in the narrow beam of light cast from the shuttered lantern in my trembling hand. That which once had been Paddy Ryan now was a half waxen creature drawn from nightmare itself. His agony must have been extreme, but still the monstrosity advanced inexorably towards us.

PADDY: Back you go to hell, ye devils. You can give your Queen a message from Paddy when you see her, tell her -

JESSIE: Sophie, throw the lantern, now!

FX: A scuffle, a gunshot, someone hits the floor, a lantern smashes, flames catching and building to a conflagration

PADDY (screaming in agony): No, no, no!

FX: Quiet screaming is still audible in the background as she talks, as though we are hearing what she heard at the time of the events she is relating

SOPHIA (narrating): I watched, frozen in horror, as flames consumed him, his face distorting as the wax ran in rivulets into his collar. He ignited like the wick of a candle, skin crisping and blackening in the infernal heat, shrieking and writhing in agony as he fell to the ground. I could still see life in his one remaining eye as the fire consumed him, until it was cooked to a milky white and boiled in its socket.

FX: Silence. Then, crackling flames. Wood creaking.

JESSIE (quietly, as if at a distance, then getting louder): Lady Roxburgh! Sophie! We need to get out of here before the stairs catch fire!

SOPHIA (startled): What? Yes, I... Of course...

JESSIE: Come on!

FX: running feet down the creaky stairs, door opening, door slamming shut

SOPHIA (breathing heavily): Did you see that? Was he really - ?

JESSIE (firmly): I did. And he wis. Black magic, and no mistake. ‘Moan, we’d better find someone tae raise the alarm. They’ll need a bucket chain on this place before the whole street goes up.

SOPHIA (narrating): Fortunately, a combination of the theatre’s longstanding wet rot and the continual Glasgow drizzle meant that the blaze was quickly contained. The local Fire Service were swiftly summoned from their College Street headquarters. We began the walk westwards along Argyle Street, a plume of filthy smoke rising into the air behind us.

TRIBUNE: Add “arson and property damage by proxy” to the sheet of charges, please.

SOPHIA: Oh, that is hardly fair!

TRIBUNE: This tribunal is not concerned with fairness, Madam, only with the truth. Carry on with your account, please.

SOPHIA (narrating): Exhausted by our day's exertions, we nonetheless resolved to travel back to the society's headquarters on foot rather than waste valuable resources on a hackney cab.

JESSIE: Not a ha'penny left. All gone on bribes.

SOPHIA: I suppose we'll have to walk.

FX: rain falling, trudging footsteps

SOPHIA (rather suddenly): Miss Gordon - Jessie - I've been thinking - if I seemed unfriendly earlier, I can only apologise. After seeing what we did today, I rather feel that we should focus on the dangers of the future rather than... the deeds of the past, whatever they may have been. And please, call me Sophie.

JESSIE: That's... that's big of you. Sophie.

FX: more footsteps

JESSIE: You see, I've been doing a bit of thinking too, a bit of remembering as well. You're no the only one who looks at newspapers, and some stories just stick in your mind, even when they've happened in a whole other country. That court artist must have spent the whole trial working on getting your likeness just right. I suppose with a bonny face like yours he couldn't tear his eyes away. **(brightly)** Anyway. Like you said. The past's the past, and best we put it behind us, eh?

SOPHIA (Narrating): So, after a long walk and some convivial conversation, we returned to Hunter House to make our report.

FX: Warm, crackling fire, bottle clinking on glass.

CADWALLADER: Well, Pritchard, you old devil, cold blooded murderer you may have been, but no one could dispute your taste in wine.

FX: A door opening

CADWALLADER: Ah, Gillespie, my good man, what excellent timing. I do believe I've discovered Pritchard's hidden wine collection. You can dispose of the empties.

GILLESPIE (sourly): The other members of the society are back, doctor.

CADWALLADER: Ah well, show them in, there's a good fellow. And bring three more glasses while you're at it.

SOPHIA: Doctor Cadwallader!

FX: running footsteps on carpeted floor

ARTHUR (out of breath): Sorry I'm late, everyone, hello Sophie, Miss Gordon, Doctor. Didn't find out much, I'm afraid. How did the rest of you get on?

CADWALLADER: Er, well, I took the opportunity -

SOPHIA: I'm sorry to interrupt, Herr Doktor, but what Miss Gordon and I found is of the utmost importance, and is in certainty the most pressing and urgent Aletheian Society business. There is an extremely potent and malign practitioner at work in this city, and we must make it our business to uncover them before they strike again!

SOPHIA (narrating): I calmly relayed our findings to the others, who were concerned and impressed in equal measure.

ARTHUR: Are you *sure* you didn't imagine it, darling? I mean, a half-man, half-waxwork trying to kill you - it all does seem a *little* far-fetched.

SOPHIA: No I did not imagine it, Arthur -

CADWALLADER: Hmm, yes, trick of the light, stressful situation. I knew seasoned officers lose their wits under fire when I was in Bhutan, hardly anything to be ashamed of if a little woman were to do the same.

SOPHIA: A little woman!

JESSIE: Doctor, I saw the exact same thing.

CADWALLADER: Mass hysteria, then, perhaps? Tilting of the womb?

SOPHIA: It had nothing to do with my womb - no, wait, what if I could show you incontrovertible proof?

FX: sound of Sophia rummaging in a bag

SOPHIA: The wax hand I broke off the corpse in the mortuary. There you have it!

FX: the hand hits a table

ARTHUR: Gosh

GILLESPIE: Evidence of that sort should be placed in the society's vaults, along with a written account of your findings under the terms of Article 571b. **(muttered darkly)** Or at least that was the protocol we strictly adhered to *in Doctor Pritchard's day*, Lord Rest His Soul.

ARTHUR: The vaults, you say? Gosh, how frightfully exciting! Shall we go and take a look?

SOPHIA (narrating): With Mr Gillespie as our guide, we made our way through a series of labyrinthine tunnels in the basement until at last we came upon a huge wooden door, which the caretaker unlocked with great ceremony using a vast iron key from the ring on his belt.

FX: A door creaks open

GILLESPIE: Behold, the Vaults of the Glasgow Alethian Society!

ARTHUR: I say, a bit whiffy, what?

CADWALLADER: Well, let's see what's in there...

FX: echoing footsteps

ARTHUR: Gosh, it's absolutely enormous!

SOPHIA: Look at those shelves - they're absolutely laden with artefacts!

JESSIE: Is the hole in the wall meant tae be there?

CADWALLADER: Some blighter's broken into the vault!

END MUSIC PLAYS

**EPISODE 3:
DE PROFUNDIS**

Episode Cast

NARRATOR

TRIBUNE

DR HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER

LORD ARTHUR ROXBURGH

LADY SOPHIA ROXBURGH

JESSIE MCLAUGHLIN

GILLESPIE

GODALMING

ROWDY TUNELESS STUDENTS

BANJO

MINISTER

WIDOW

DR PATERSON

FX: Intro music plays

NARRATOR: Shadow Factories presents - Tales From the Aletheian Society!

NARRATOR: Chapter Three: De Profundis!

FX: A metal-shod staff strikes a stone floor three times

TRIBUNE: The tribunal summons its next witness to the sacred altar of truth - Lord Arthur Roxburgh!

FX: Silence, then muttering

TRIBUNE (louder): Lord Arthur Roxburgh, heed this summons - could someone shake the witness awake please?

ARTHUR (sleepily): Mmm? Oh, sorry, I think I nodded off. What did I miss?

TRIBUNE: You are called to testify at the trial of your chapter master that this Society may pass judgement on his fate - and whether or not you are to share it!

ARTHUR: Gosh, it does sound serious when you put it that way.

TRIBUNE (sighs): Lord Arthur, tell us, in your own words, what transpired after first you entered the vaults of Hunter House.

ARTHUR (narrating): Oh, *that*. Yes, well, there we were, standing just inside the doorway, and Doctor Cadwallader was shouting -

CADWALLADER (with utter outrage): Some blighter's broken into the vault!

ARTHUR: By jove, old fellow, I do believe they have!

JESSIE: Somebody's tunnelled in fae ootside, by the look of it.

SOPHIA: Not only that, it appears that several artefacts are missing from the shelves.

GILLESPIE: How could this hae happened! The location o' the vaults is a closely guarded secret!

CADWALLADER: Putting them directly under the chapterhouse certainly was a plan of Machiavellian genius. No one could possibly have expected that.

GILLESPIE: This wid never ha happened in Dr Pritchard's day, Lord rest his soul!

CADWALLADER: Too busy selling off the relics to pay his debts to let anyone else get a look in, was he?

GILLESPIE (spitefully): I'll hae no choice but tae report it tae the Society that there's been a break in on your watch, *Chaptermaster*.

SOPHIA: As a matter of fact, I don't believe it *has* happened on Herr Doktor Cadwallader's watch. We have been in Glasgow for less than twenty four hours - it has rained all that time, as it has for most of the preceding week. There is a footprint on the vault floor by the tunnel entrance

which has dried to a solid lump of mud, and given the local loam composition and ambient humidity, the footprint could not solidify completely in less than five days. Therefore the footprint -left at the time of the break in - was present prior to the doctor's arrival.

ARTHUR: I say, Sophie, that's awfully impressive deducing!

SOPHIA: Also they have dropped last Sunday's newspaper.

CADWALLADER: I thought this blasted place was meant to be protected by all manner of wards and charms. What's the point of being a society of ancient illuminati if we can't manage to keep a handle on our own wretched possessions?

GILLESPIE: Oh, it's warded, right enough, sir. In an ancient compact as old as the society itself, each new Chaptermaster must observe the sacred ceremonial rites, such that these hallowed halls will recognise him as one of their own, and no' imprison him as a common intruder.

FX: The vault door slams shut

CADWALLADER: When were you planning on telling me about these sacred rites?

GILLESPIE (muttered): I wis gettin round tae it.

JESSIE: We're locked in noo, aren't we?

SOPHIA: So It would appear.

ARTHUR (narrating): I took a moment to calmly assess our situation.

ARTHUR: Oh God, we're trapped!

SOPHIA: Oh for the sake of Heaven, Arthur, do not be such a saddle-goose. There is no need to panic. Mr Gillespie still has the keys, after all.

JESSIE: Good tae know. Only problem is there's no keyhole oan this side of the door. It's boltit tight shut fae outside.

CADWALLADER: And to think that only yesterday evening I was convinced that I had reached the absolute nadir, the lowest conceivable point of human existence. And yet, now I find myself locked in a squalid cellar with the four of you, and unto me a fresh Hell is revealed.

JESSIE: Awright, big man, keep the heid.

SOPHIA: We simply need to remain calm and formulate a plan to best use the resources at our disposal to achieve our escape.

ARTHUR: Yes, but how?

SOPHIA: Not a week ago this vault was breached by intruders unknown. There is no reason why we cannot retrace their steps to the outside, then make our way back to Hunter House overland and open the door from the other side.

ARTHUR: But what if they're still there?

SOPHIA: You have your service revolver, do you not? And do not forget, there is always Schwingen, though alas you are not wearing your Schwingerhosen.

CADWALLADER: Excellent plan, indeed one I was about to suggest myself. Very well. Miss Gordon, Roxburghs, down the tunnel you go to carve a path to freedom. For myself, I will remain here and guard what treasures remain in case these cracksmen should return to complete their larcenous business.

SOPHIA: No, Herr Doktor. I shall remain also. We must make an inventory of the vault and ascertain what has been taken. Relics in the hands of the unwary might cause untold damage, and the sooner we know what to expect, the better.

ARTHUR: Sophie! I can't believe you'd leave me to go down that nightmarish tunnel alone!

JESSIE: Eh, *bello*.

ARTHUR: ...except for the invaluable Miss Gordon of course.

JESSIE: Cheers pal. Awright, I'll go doon the hole wi yer man there. See if we can find a way oot that disnae lead through a shitpipe intae the Clyde. Mister Gillespie, we're gonnae need the keys.

GILLESPIE: Naw.

JESSIE: Whit dae ye mean, naw?

GILLESPIE: Naw means naw, hen.

CADWALLADER: Gillespie, I fail to see how you expect the door of this prison to be opened without your cooperation. Kindly furnish Lord Arthur and Miss Gordon with the keys to this accursed vault immediately!

GILLESPIE: Naw. Dr Cadwallader, ah cannae dae that. You see, Dr Pritchard himself placed these keys in my haun when first ah came here. He said tae me, ‘Gillespie, the sacred task of haudin these keys I entrust untae thee’, an ah swore upon the guid book ah widnae lay them doon till death shid take me.

CADWALLADER: Very well, down the hole with you too.

GILLESPIE: ...though it occurs to me these are desperate circumstances, and extreme measures are required.

FX: keys jingle

SOPHIA: Excellent, then it’s settled. Now, there must be a catalogue around here somewhere.

ARTHUR: Well then, I suppose there’s nothing for it but to make a move. Do or die, for Queen and country, eh what? Once more into the breach dear friends, lay on Macduff and all that.

JESSIE (echoing from down the tunnel): Are you comin or no?

ARTHUR (narrating): I boldly led the way into the darkness, willing to confront any hardship and danger ahead for the sake of those left behind.

FX: Footsteps echoing in a long, creepy, dank tunnel.

ARTHUR: Gosh, it's dark in here. There could be anything in here with us, if you stop and think about it. Watching, silently from the shadows. Waiting to make its move, cold, bony fingers extending to wrap themselves around our neck and drag us -

JESSIE (hissed): Could you jist... no?

ARTHUR SCREAMS SUDDENLY

JESSIE (also screaming): Aaaaa whit is it?

ARTHUR (spitting noises): Oh, sorry, I walked into a big spiderweb. **(pause)** Shall I light the lantern then?

JESSIE: Aye, mebbe ye'd better. I cannae see us sneakin up on anyone when we're makin this much noise anyway.

FX: a match striking and a lantern flame being lit

ARTHUR: Ah, that's much better already. Look, you can see pickaxe marks on the tunnel walls. Whoever dug this tunnel must have been working on it for months.

JESSIE: They must have known exactly whit they were looking for. Naebody wid go tae this much effort without bein sure of a guid payaff.

ARTHUR: But the Glasgow branch of the society was disbanded, and the house has been empty for years. There's been no one here but Gillespie, and surely *he* wouldn't have told anyone.

JESSIE: Who knows whit that crabbit old shite gets up tae? Look- roon this corner, it's opening up into aulder tunnels. They must've started digging fae here.

ARTHUR: Surely it would have been terribly noisy... wait! Did you hear that?

JESSIE: If ye're going tae start they spooky stories again...

FX: faint singing

ARTHUR: No - overhead- it sounds like singing!

ARTHUR (narrating): Meanwhile, my brilliant wife was hard at work identifying which of the society's priceless artefacts had been taken.

SOPHIA: But everything is in disarray! Not only have they stolen from us, they have wilfully misarranged the artifacts on the shelves so that it is impossible to tell what is what. Look! Here is a label marked "The Grim King of Trondheim", but it is next to a small ceramic vase clearly of South American manufacture, which appears to contain... beef jerky. And yet, over here is an artefact labelled Capachoca Urn, when it is clearly a lapis scarab, probably of the 22nd Egyptian Dynasty. I wonder if there is anything here that might open the door...

CADWALLADER: No! Ahem, that is to say, not if you value your life and your sanity. Have a care what you touch in this place. Better yet, touch nothing at all.

SOPHIA: I take it this is once again a manifestation of your contempt for the female of the species. I assure you, Herr Doktor, my intellect and fortitude are as robust as your own, and I do not shirk from any danger endured for the Aletheian society's sake.

CADWALLADER: Perish the thought. No, madam, I merely offer you fair warning that relics of this nature are invariably cursed.

SOPHIA: But how do you know such a thing?

CADWALLADER: My dear Lady Roxburgh, are you so naive as to believe that if these artefacts might safely be wielded, our august brethren of the Society would hesitate to equip themselves with every relic they could lay their clammy hands upon? No - items of this nature are kept safely under lock and key, where they can neither tempt nor harm, to be withdrawn only in times of direst need, and perhaps not even then.

SOPHIA: I... thank you for your concern, and for the warning, Chaptermaster.

CADWALLADER: I regret that my motivations are purely selfish. I have no wish to serve the remainder of this term of imprisonment with a gibbering mindless wreck, nor with a shambling corpse. Your company, tedious as it is, remains marginally preferable to either.

SOPHIA: Your behaviour, sir, is outrageous!

CADWALLADER: Madam, I care as little for your outrage as I do for your good opinion. Now, kindly return to your pointless makework and leave me to my hipflask wherein I hope to find some small measure of solace.

SOPHIA: Strong drink dulls the wits and enfeebles the mind.

CADWALLADER: So I hope, Lady Sophia, so I hope.

ARTHUR (narrating): All at once I was struck by an angelic refrain from above our heads, a haunting threnody that recalled my halcyon Cambridge days.

ROWDY TUNELESS STUDENTS (singing to the tune of “Battle Hymn of the Republic”, muffled by the tunnel walls): We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers, we can, we can, we can, we can, demolish forty beers!

JESSIE: Whit. Is that?

ROWDY TUNELESS STUDENTS: Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day and come along with us!

ARTHUR: Why, it's a traditional student song! These tunnels must run under the University! Of course!

JESSIE: And whits beer an rum goat tae do wi the University?

ARTHUR: You've not had much exposure to higher education, have you, Jessie?

ROWDY TUNELESS STUDENTS: For we don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a damn for us!

FX: rowdy laughter, cheering, glasses clinking

JESSIE: Is that whit ye studied then, engineering?

ARTHUR: Heavens, no, I did a *proper* degree. Music, and classics. And musical classics.

JESSIE: Like... ‘Roll out the barrel’, “My old man said follow the van”, that sort of thing?

ARTHUR: Not music *ball* classics, no. The classical greats - Bach, Mozart, Hayden. And then there was Latin and Greek, and a smattering of philosophy - that really rounded sort of education that prepares young people to take part in a forward looking, progressive society.

JESSIE: Is that where ye met yer wife then?

Arthur (scoffing) : Good Lord no, you couldn't let *women* in.

JESSIE (hissed) : Shut it!

ARTHUR (offended): You may not agree with the policy, but there's no need to be rude.

JESSIE: No - ah mean, quiet, stop where ye are. I hear somethin, an it's no singin this time.

FX: water dripping in the tunnel

ARTHUR: Could it be... a rat?

FX: footsteps approaching

JESSIE: Aye, a rat in big tackety boots.

FX: more footsteps. Then the sound of a blow landing and someone being knocked to the ground.

ARTHUR: Take that, you blaggard!

BANJO: Mind ma heid!

ARTHUR: Oh! Look, Miss Gordon, it's the lucky white heather man! Here, I still have it in my buttonhole!

BANJO: Oh aye, so ye do. Looks like it didnae work. I can sell ye another bit, second time lucky, eh? (**yelping in pain**) Ah, ah, naw, turns out I'm aw sold oot.

JESSIE: Whit a shame. So, Banjo, can ye tell me whit yer daein here instead o floatin doon the main sewer wi all the other human waste?

BANJO: Ahm no daein nuthin.

JESSIE: Wrang answer.

BANJO (yelping again): Ow! Awright! Ah heard someone in toon hud made a big score doon the tunnels. Wee spot of B an E, but the kind o loot that'd set ye up fur life, ken whit ah mean? Ah though ah take a wee keek an see if ah could get ma hauns on onthin they'd drapped oan the way oot.

ARTHUR: Gaelic's such an *interesting* sounding language.

JESSIE: An whit did ye find, Banjo?

BANJO: Nuthin.

JESSIE: Nuthin?

BANJO: Nuthin. 'Cept fur this.

JESSIE: You went lookin for a big score, an a' you found wis this?

ARTHUR: Oooh, let me see... It's a... ribbon. A dirty green ribbon. Sophia's got one just like it, only clean. Do you suppose it fell out of someone's hair?

JESSIE: Aye, good find there, arsepiece. Go on, then, gies it. Cheers.

BANJO: How come yous are doon here, onyway?

ARTHUR: Oh, we're looking for a w-

JESSIE (interrupting): ... A wee subterranean walk of an evening. Now, you, aboot face, and lead oan oot of here.

ARTHUR (narrating): We made a good pace through the tunnels, following our native guide who communicated directions through grunting and gestures despite our lack of a common language. I was ever mindful of the march of time, and the suffering of my dear wife and Dr Cadwallader back in the vault.

SOPHIA: Herr Doktor! I've made a breakthrough! I have found the book wherein is catalogued all the artefacts of the collection! I spotted it at last...

CADWALLADER AND SOPHIA (in unison): On the second shelf down, in the cabinet nearest the door.

SOPHIA: How did you know that?

CADWALLADER: My keen hunter's eyes spotted the volume as we entered the vault.

GILLESPIE: Every vault in every chapter house in the British Empire is build tae be identical. It's so the members can find their way aroond no matter where in the world they go. *Including* the location where the catalogue is stored.

SOPHIA: But - regardless of your pathetic need for self-aggrandisement, Herr Doktor- why did you not tell me this before?

CADWALLADER: What, and deny you the pleasure of the hunt? At least while you sought it I was spared your inane chatter. **(he gulps from his hip flask)** All good things, alas, come to an end.

SOPHIA: But I have wasted these hours looking for it!

CADWALLADER: We are all wasting our time in this accursed place. All that we can do is hope of for rescue, or for death.

SOPHIA: You are being needlessly morbid.

CADWALLADER: Madam, I am exactly as morbid as the situation requires.

FX: Rustling pages and muttering as she rifles through the catalogue

SOPHIA (frustrated): This is hopeless. The standard of documentation is execrable, and even with the ledger it will take months to identify what has been taken. There is nothing for us to do but wait for the rescue.

CADWALLADER: It seems that for once we are in agreement. Wait a moment - move the book a little closer. Have you, on your admittedly incomplete inspection of the vault shelves encountered anything that might be described as a “Wishing Bottle”?

SOPHIA: No, but as I have said everything is in disarray -

CADWALLADER: Here, at the bottom of this page - DSA number 325 - “Glass with wax stopper, thought to be Hawaiian in origin.”

SOPHIA: And what is so remarkable about that?

CADWALLADER: Why, nothing whatsoever. Except for the fact that it has been signed out from the vault no fewer than six times by none other than the late Dr Pritchard in the three months preceding his arrest and trial, the final time the very day he murdered his wife. Gillespie, attend me!

FX: Grunting and shuffling as Gillespie limps over with tortuous slowness

CADWALLADER: Mr Gillespie, what can you tell me about Dr Pritchard's obsession with Dangerous Supernatural Artefact 325, the “Wishing Bottle”?

GILLESPIE: I widnae pass comment on the good doctor's private business.

SOPHIA (sputtering): Private business? Misuse of society artefacts is anything but *private!*

CADWALLADER: I shall have the keys to the late Dr Pritchard's office forthwith, Gillespie.

GILLESPIE: Naw, Dr Cadwallader, ah cannae dae that. Ye see...

SOPHIA: I have no interest in hearing more of your all-too-convenient promises to a dead man!

GILLESPIE: Naw, Lady Sophia. The wife keeps them tied tae her pinny so she can get in tae dust. Ye can get them aff her oan the way past the kitchen.

SOPHIA : Oh. Good. In that case, we shall go the the very moment my husband returns to open the doors. **(after a long silence)** I shall require your hipflask to endure the waiting, Herr Doctor.

CADWALLADER: Be my guest.

ARTHUR (narrating): After many miles, the stifling passage divided into two. We took the right fork, which brought us to a small stone chamber.

ARTHUR: This is a cosy little room, isn't it? A bit dusty, but I do like those pretty vases in the alcoves, and all these funny looking benches to sit on. We could have quite the tea party in here, couldn't we?

JESSIE: Ah widnae sit on they benches, an they urns arnae fur decoration. We're in a crypt.

BANJO: Aw aye, there's aw kinds a ways in an oot these tunnels. This wan takes ye oot up oan the necropolis by the Cathedral.

ARTHUR: The City of the Dead! That sounds awfully spooky!

JESSIE: It's no the deid ye hav tae worry about, it's the living scumbags that gie ye grief, like bawheid ower here.

ARTHUR: I can see light round that slab in the roof - I think it must be a trapdoor. If I just scramble up here, I'm sure I can push it to one side, then I can help you two up after me. We've done it, Miss Gordon! We're free!

FX: A church bell tolling

MINISTER:...and so we commit our brother's body to the earth with a glad heart, to sleep until the day of resurrection, when the earth shall give up her dead...

FX: A heavy slab being shoved to one side

ARTHUR: Do excuse me, apologies for the intrusion, my condolences on your loss.

FX: mourners screaming and running

MINISTER (screaming) : It's the end of days!

ARTHUR: Beg your pardon, just passing through...

WIDOW: Billy! Whit are ye daein back fae the deid?

WIDOW (shouting after Arthur as he departs): Will ah still get yir pension?

TRIBUNE: Make a note - desecration of graves, destruction of church property, grievous bodily harm to a man of the cloth...

ARTHUR: I didn't lay a finger on him! The clumsy oaf tripped and fell into an open grave as he ran away.

TRIBUNE: What you fail to understand, Lord Arthur, is that the society will no longer tolerate scandal. For each of your acts of folly, a price must be paid.

ARTHUR: I've got a couple of sovs in my waistcoat pocket, if that's any help.

TRIBUNE: This reckoning cannot be paid... in coin.

ARTHUR: That's a no thank you, then, is it?

TRIBUNE (sighing): Your testimony, Lord Arthur...

ARTHUR (narrating): Where was I? Oh, yes. When at last we emerged from the Stygian Abyss, we dismissed our guide with our grateful thanks.

JESSIE: Sling yer hook, fannybaws.

ARTHUR: With great haste we returned to the West End of the city, and the welcoming facade of Hunter House.

FX: Loud banging on the door

ARTHUR: Godalming! Open this door immediately!

FX: the door creaks open

GODALMING: Very good, sir.

ARTHUR: And now, to the vault!

FX: footsteps clattering downstairs

SOPHIA (singing mournfully in Schriftdeutsch)

ARTHUR (muffled by the door): Sophia! Doctor Cadwallader! We're back!

CADWALLADER: The Lord has shown His mercy at last. The door, boy, quickly!

FX: Keys turning, vault door creaking open

SOPHIA: Arthur, dearest! Embrace me! **(suddenly recoiling)** Oh dear God no, what have you been rolling in this time?

JESSIE: We might have got a wee bit sewer-y on wur trip.

ARTHUR: Sorry, we didn't have time to change. You look all pink-cheeked, Sophia, have you been busy?

CADWALLADER: During your interminable absence, we have unearthed a valuable clue to guide our investigation.

ARTHUR: Oh, well done chaps! Where to now, then?

CADWALLADER: To Dr Pritchard's office, via the kitchens, to collect the keys.

SOPHIA: ...and a pot of strong black coffee.

CADWALLADER: Gillespie, ensure the artefacts are carefully packed and removed from the vault, then engage a contractor to repair the wall. In the meantime, perhaps you could coax that shrieking Thing from Under the Stairs down here with a pound or two of haggis. If that blasted noise doesn't deter any prospective robbers, nothing will.

ARTHUR (narrating): After a quick scrub down for me and an unexpectedly large cup of coffee for Sophia, we reconvened at the door to Dr Pritchard's office.

FX: key in lock, door opening.

GILLESPIE: Behold, the office of the late Dr Pritchard, Lord rest his soul.

CADWALLADER: You've kept this place like a veritable shrine, Gillespie. It looks as though it hasn't been disturbed since Dr Pritchard was last here.

GILLESPIE: Aye, it's all just as he left it. A tribute to the great man, taken from us before his time.

SOPHIA: The man who was sent to the gallows for the murder of his wife and mother-in-law?

GILLESPIE: ...anyone can make wan mistake.

SOPHIA: You look for the bottle, Herr Doktor. The rest of us will go sift the paperwork for clues.

JESSIE: It's a big room, I'll gie the doctor a haun.

ARTHUR: Gosh, there's a lot of papers on the desk- letter from the bailiffs, letters from lawyers, letters from the bank. Looks like his finances really were in a bad way.

SOPHIA: Desperate men are driven to desperate deeds.

JESSIE: No sign o the bottle in any of these drawers.

CADWALLADER: No, nor over here. **(quietly to himself)** What's this then? Interesting...

ARTHUR: Grocer's bill, butcher's bill, milkman's bill, tailor's bill - all unpaid, by the looks of it, oh, dash it all, I've dropped one.

SOPHIA: That is not a bill, Arthur, that is an article of personal correspondence. Give it to me. **(reading)** Dated a week before the death of Mrs Pritchard, unless I am mistaken. It appears to be from a Doctor Paterson.

JESSIE: Are you goin' tae read it oot so we can all hear?

SOPHIA: Yes, of course. *My dear William...*

FX: her voice fades into Paterson's

PATERSON: *I am sorry to have to write to you on this matter, but I do so in the desperate hope that you will pay greater heed to the written word than you have to my attempts to speak with you in person of late. I am a man of science and not given easily to superstition, but I can say with all honesty that this fixation with the occult has cast a shadow over you that no light seems able to touch. If you will not speak with me, then confide in your wife, or if not her then an alienist or - God help us, William - even a priest, for I fear what is to come if you continue upon this dark journey. I do not hold out much hope of a reply, but I shall count my effort rewarded if you will only reflect for a moment upon what I have written, and remember that I am and will always be, your friend, James Paterson.*

ARTHUR: Well now, that's a bit of a find. What do you suppose this Doctor Paterson meant by that?

CADWALLADER: It should be perfectly obvious to anyone with more than a vestigial nubbin of a brain that this Dr Paterson is a knowlesman who had somehow got wind of Dr Pritchard's association with the society.

JESSIE: Was there no a Dr Paterson gied testimony against Dr Pritchard at his trial?

SOPHIA: There must be transcripts of the trial somewhere- at the High Court if nowhere else.

GILLESPIE: Ye dinnae have tae go that far, Lady Sofia. Ah huv all the newspaper clippings fae the guid doctor's trial in ma scrapbook. Ah keep it by ma bed tae read masel tae sleep, do ye want a wee keek at it?

JESSIE: Save it fur yer wife, Gillespie, we're no coming tae your room tae look at your etchings.

FX: A muffled turkey-gobbling wail

ARTHUR (yelps): What in heaven's name is that? It sounds like it came from that cupboard.

GILLESPIE: Och, don't mind that, it's just Dr Hunter. Ye must have woken him up. As long as ye toss a wee bit tripe intae his jar noo and again he's quite happy.

FX: Gillespie rapping on the cupboard door

GILLESPIE: Are ye all right there, Wullie? Aye, ye are, that's a good lad.

SOPHIA: You are trying to tell us that the most celebrated anatomist of the age is in a jar in that minute cupboard?

GILLESPIE: Aye. His heid is, onyway. Think of it as his way of giein' a wee bit back tae the anatomy department.

FX: Another muffled turkey-gobbling wail

ARTHUR: I think I'd like to leave now.

CADWALLADER: A sentiment we share, though I'll wager I have a longer distance in mind than you do. Very well, Alethians - to the parlour with you, where I shall join you after a moment's solitary reflection.

SOPHIA: You are lying. You are going to take laudanum.

CADWALLADER: Needs must when the devil drives, Lady Roxburgh And after the events of today, I fear he may be hot on our heels.

END MUSIC PLAYS

FX: the tunnel, water dripping, footsteps

BANJO (gleeful): Haw man, it's aw full a treasure, an it's wide open! Ah knew that wee hoor Jessie wis hiding somethin doon here. Haw, it's the big score fur you, Banjo, time tae fill yer boots!

FX: an unearthly shriek from the Thing From Under The Stairs

BANJO: Whit was that? Ehh - nae borrar, pal, ah wis jist leavin...

BANJO (screaming): Goad! Naw! Aaaah! Mind ma heid!

FX: shrieking, chomping sounds, Banjo being tossed about, more screaming.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 4:
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST

EPISODE CAST:

NARRATOR

DR HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER

LORD ARTHUR ROXBURGH

LADY SOPHIA ROXBURGH

JESSIE MCLAUGHLIN

GILLESPIE

GODALMING

PATERSON

RUAIRI O'NEIL (RIBBON MAN)

IRISH BARMAN

RIBBON MEN

FX: Intro music plays

NARRATOR: Shadow Factories presents: Tales From the Aletheian Society!

NARRATOR: Chapter Four - Devil Take The Hindmost

FX: murmuring in an echoing space, metal-shod staff strikes the stone floor three times

TRIBUNE: Bring forward the next witness, the one known as... Gillespie

FX: Pages being flipped backwards and forwards

TRIBUNE: Just... Gillespie, no first name, is that correct?

GILLESPIE: Aye, ma'am. I suffered the dreadful loss o' ma Christian name mony years ago in heinous incident - mind now, not the same incident as with Dr Pritchard, Lord rest and keep him - this was another incident awthigither.

TRIBUNE: ...Indeed. Well, then. And you are the Castellan of Hunter House in Glasgow, yes?

GILLESPIE: Aye, ma'am, I've had that preevilige for mony years now

TRIBUNE: Well then, perhaps you can tell us about the events that led to several of the most terrible relics entrusted to your care ending up in the hands of common criminals?

GILLESPIE: Aye, ma'am. I've a tale to tell, and it's no a pretty one. It's a story of calumnies, liberties and defiance o' the natural order!

FX: Excited muttering from the crowds

TRIBUNE: Silence!

FX: Metal shod staff strikes the ground again, the muttering stops

TRIBUNE: And in your estimation Mr Gillespie, who is responsible for these offences?

GILLESPIE: Yon flubberous, whiskery auld rum-dum o'er there! It's aw his fault!

FX: Murmuring rises to high levels at this revelation

CADWALLADER (shouting, enraged): You treacherous cur, Gillespie! I'll have you horse-whipped! Boiled in oil! Diced and fed to pigs!

CADWALLADER: Tribune, you can't possibly trust this cadaverous old ghoul? He's had it in for me from the get-go.

FX: Metal shod staff strikes the ground rapidly, the murmuring dies away again

TRIBUNE (annoyed): Silence, Dr Cadwallader, or I shall have you removed to the Oubliette of Sorrowful Reflection

TRIBUNE: Let the record indicate that the witness has indicated Dr Cadwallader. Please, Mr Gillespie, let us know exactly what happened....

GILLESPIE (narrating): After runnin' amok in the sacred vaults, an' pawin' in a most unseemly manner through the personal effects o' the late Dr Pritchard, Lord rest his soul, I didnae think there was much more damage Dr Cadwallader *could* do. I was tae be proven very wrong...

CADWALLADER: Well, this Paterson fellow's waited years, I daresay he can wait until after we finish off a bite of late supper. Have Mrs Gillespie whip up something, no need to go to any special trouble, three or four courses should do the trick...

SOPHIA: But Doktor, this is a situation most urgent! We cannot be stopping to stuff our faces, and frankly a man in your condition is hardly needing a three course meal

CADWALLADER: My ... *condition*? Madame! My body is like a great locomotive - sturdy and powerful, built for the long haul, not the short sprint. But like any engine it requires sufficient fuel and lubrication to run at optimum levels. I have hardly eaten a morsel since that light breakfast this morning.

ARTHUR: I'm quite famished too, darling. Perhaps we could just squeeze in a few mouthfuls before dashing off and getting into mortal peril again?

JESSIE: Aye, ah hate to agree wi' the Doctor, but I could use a sit down and a cuppa

SOPHIA: Oh, but this is intolerable! I shall never become used to you English and your damnable stopping of everything for tea!

JESSIE: Hi! Watch who yer callin' English - you don't see me callin' you German!

SOPHIA: German? Hah! Schriftdeutsch is *completely* different to German. The comparison is laughable.

FX: Awkward silence, clearing of throats - clearly nobody agrees with her

ARTHUR (breezily): Well, why don't we pop through to the drawing room and take some tea while we wait for supper?

FX: The crackling of a log fire

GILLESPIE: Aye, weel, I'll get Mrs Gillespie tae roond up whatever's available, if ye'll excuse me

CADWALLER: Yes, beetle off, make yourself useful for a change. Instead of hanging round our necks like an albatross

FX: Gillespie slinks away, murmuring dire threats, slamming the door behind him

GILLESPIE (narrating): So in the meedst o' great alarums, the big puddin' there sat down tae stuff his face, squanderin' the Society's time and resources to satiate his ain monstrous appetites.

FX: Loud gustatory noises, mainly Cadwallader

GILLESPIE (narrating): And a course he roondly ignored yer judgement about the consumption o' liquor oan the premises

FX: Pop of a wine cork, liquid splashing into a glasses, Cadwallader slurping loudly and smacking his lips appreciatively

GILLESPIE (narrating): Meanwhile, ah hud tae endure endless opprobrium in return fae mah loyal services

CADWALLADER (belching loudly): M'compliments to the chef! How you manage to remain a walking skeleton with a wife who cooks like that, Gillespie, I can't imagine. I presume you probably find eating just as sinful as drinking, eh? Well, more for the rest of us, I say!

GILLESPIE: It's true, I dinnae believe a man should be enslaved tae his earthly desires. Mah eyes are focused oan the day o' redemption instead!

CADWALLADER: Bah! If good behaviour buys me an eternity in your company, Gillespie, I'm quite content to be going elsewhere. Anyway, enough of your podsnappery; avaunt to those dark regions from whence you came, and don't come forth again until summoned!

ARTHUR: I say, Doctor - you're deuced hard on the poor fellow! I'm sure he's doing his best

SOPHIA: Now that you are having feasted, perhaps we can finally pay some attention to the pressing business of the Society - the hunt for Dr Paterson!

CADWALLADER: I'm certain he won't be too hard to find - I lifted Pritchard's address book while Gillespie was waxing lyrical about the benefits of his dear departed master

JESSIE: But why did ye nae jest say that, then!

CADWALLADER: Because frankly I don't trust Gillespie. He's far too keen on Pritchard for my tastes, like as not he was up to his bony elbows in whatever the good doctor was doing. Plus the convenient way that the vault was robbed just before we arrived makes me think he might have had a hand in it.

ARTHUR (confused): In the vault? Like...an *evil* hand of some kind?

SOPHIA: No, darling, *we* put the evil hand in the vault this morning! Except then we took it out again because the vault had been compromised.

ARTHUR: Well now I really am confused. I thought that was your hand you brought back, but now we learn that it belongs to Gillespie? The plot thickens!

CADWALLADER: Well, something thickens, anyway...

CADWALLADER: In any case, I suggest we take a few minutes to allow digestion, then accoutre ourselves up for housebreaking and general mayhem. We shall meet back here at half-past nine, then make our way outside - Godalming can drive us in the carriage, the address is less than a mile away.

JESSIE: Have we goat an alibi? In case the polis catch us breakin intae some doctor's hoose?

CADWALLADER: Hmm. I rather fancy that the Roxburghs could be found standing over a cooling corpse, murder weapon in one hand and signed confession in the other and they'd still be given nothing more than a slap on the wrist. The rest of us, however, are not so fortunate.

CADWALLADER: I see no other alternative - if we're caught then we must try and pin it on Jessie!

JESSIE: Hoi!

CADWALLADER: Think rationally, dear girl. You're an obvious criminal element - we can claim we were trying to stop you from stealing the silver or something. Nobody will question our involvement then. You can save the Society from a potentially catastrophic scandal.

JESSIE: Hoos about blow *that* oot yer arse! I'm no goin' tae the jail again', no fer you at any rate

SOPHIA: We cannot ask Jessie to sacrifice her freedom for ours

CADWALLADER: I suppose not -

SOPHIA: No, she is still quite young and has a life ahead of her. If anyone, should be sacrificed upon the altar of necessity, it should be the oldest member, the one closest to death in any case

CADWALLADER (bristling): How dare you, madam! I'm in my prime! I've got decades of service left to give.

JESSIE (warming to the idea): Aye, "Branniganed auld walloper goes on a tear and smashes up hoose" sounds like a good cover tae me. We can just say we came to get ye back intae bed, where ye belong at this late oor.

CADWALLADER (incredulous): So now I'm supposed to be senile as well am I? Shall I dribble a bit too? Would that help the performance?

ARTHUR: Oh no, inebriated and confused, Doctor - not actually *senile* per se. Yes, I think this could work nicely, perhaps it should be our standard operating procedure in these kinds of cases?

CADWALLADER (roaring): How's about bloody *not*! I'm in charge, so here's the new rule - if you get caught, I'm going to shoot you myself! Now bugger off and get ready, you shower of useless gongoozlers.

GILLESPIE (narrating): I could hear the great deevil shoutin' and roarin' at his fellow illuminates. It was obvious that, unlike Doctor Pritchard, he couldnae lead through respect, so instead he hud tae use fear.

FX: Clock ticking in a large hallway, rustling of clothes as the group assembles

CADWALLADER: Everybody here, right then... Arthur, what are you wearing?

ARTHUR: What? Oh, the *Schwingerhosen*? They help me to focus on my training

CADWALLADER: Well they look bloody ridiculous, take them off! You can't be wandering about the streets of Glasgow at night wearing sackcloth french knickers over your normal clothes!

ARTHUR: Well... alright, but it seems unfair if the opponent doesn't have anywhere to grab me...

SOPHIA: Dear, Arthur, so sporting

CADWALLADER: I'm not a great one for lessons, but here's one you can take to the Bank of England - "sporting" gets you dead. You can die all you want on your own time, but when you're on Society business and you get in a scrap, you shoot first - and preferably you shoot 'em in the back before they even know they're in a fight.

ARTHUR: Come now, Doctor Cadwallader, we won an empire through fair play and pluck! The people of every other nation look up to us as the moral gold-standard for decency

CADWALLADER: Well if they do, they're damn fools. We won an empire same way as every other set of buggers throughout history - red bloody slaughter. Still, I imagine with all of Cardwell's coddling the British Army will be too lily-livered to use more than harsh language in future, so perhaps you'll get your wish after all, Arthur.

JESSIE: Weel, I've got no problem doin' whit needs tae be done.

SOPHIA: I am bringing my palm pistols, but I hope I shall have no need of them

CADWALLADER: Muff pistols, eh - have you test-fired today?

SOPHIA: No... why?

CADWALLADER: Keeps the inner workings dry, lessens the chance of a misfire. Do it every day from now on.

ARTHUR: Any advice for me, Doctor Cadwallader? I've traded out my service revolver for these lovely pearl-handle American beauties, "Smith and Wessons" they're called

CADWALLADER: ...My advice would be, "don't point them at me". In fact, better yet, don't touch them at all unless I expressly tell you to. Rather keep friendly fire to a minimum

JESSIE: Ah found this wee beauty in the gun room

CADWALLADER: Hammer guns are generally meant for hunting, but I suppose it'll do the trick - you don't have to be too neat with it. Careful you don't catch any of us in the spread, though

ARTHUR: What a group of desperadoes we look! Like something out of the American Wild West. **(bad American accent)** Yee-ha! Stick 'em up!

CADWALLADER: A masterful twenty seconds before you felt compelled to disobey orders and haul them out, eh, Arthur? Right, these barkers...

FX: Two metallic clicks as Arthur is disarmed

CADWALLADER: ...are coming with me. You can have them back when I no longer deem you a greater threat to us than the enemy. Don't hold your breath

ARTHUR: Dash it all! I'm such a confounded dunderhead

CADWALLADER: A stout jemmy and a Beaumont-Adams will do me, so it looks like we're set. Godalming, bring the carriage round now

GODALMING: Very good, sir

CADWALLADER: Right, everyone conceal your weaponry and out to the carriage, quick as you like. We might not be able to muster military precision, but let's try not to make a complete Dutch reckoning of the affair, eh? Best foot forward.

GILLESPIE (narrating): Although they didnae tell me where they were headin' in the middle o' the night, it was obvious to anyone wi' half an ear that nae good would come o' their nocturnal shenanigans. I could only offer ma prayers that the guid Lord watch o'er them.

FX: Carriage and horse receding

CADWALLADER: This garden wall is a stroke of luck, will give us a bit of cover as we go about our skullduggery. There's a couple of lights lit upstairs, but we can't afford to loiter here until Paterson goes to sleep.

CADWALLADER: Just a jiffy, I'll jemmy open the back gate, then the rest of you advance as quietly as possible towards the back door of the house itself. From there we'll-

ARTHUR: I say, Dr Cadwallader?

CADWALLADER: Hush, Arthur, we're planning an assault

ARTHUR: I know it's just that...

CADWALLADER: Now is not the time, Arthur, you should have gone before we left

SOPHIA: Doktor Cadwallader! Arthur is trying to tell you that the door has already been forced!

CADWALLADER: Blazes! Right, step short, quiet as you like

ARTHUR (quietly): Dash it, now he's said it, I *do* need to go...

FX: Not-too-stealthy creeping noises

JESSIE: Back door of the house is done in as well, and is that ...music?

FX: Very faint barrel-organ music plays, out of tune and twangy. It gets progressively louder as the group approaches the source

ARTHUR: Paterson has dashed peculiar taste! Almost sounds like one of those dreadful tuneless barrel organs you hear on street corners

JESSIE: It's comin' frae up the stairs

CADWALLADER: I don't like this one little bit

FX: They head up a creaking staircase, the music grows louder, Paterson cries out in pain. The music stops abruptly

CADWALLADER: In!

FX: Door smashes open, running feet and metallic noise of guns being prepared to fire

PATERSON (in pain): Augh!

FX: A monkey squeals and hisses in annoyance

JESSIE: Well, this place has been in the wars. D'ye think this fella's Paterson? And what's wi' the monkey? And what was makin' that music?

CADWALLADER: Lady Roxburgh, check if the fella's alive. Everybody else keep your weapons pointed at the monkey. I've seen enough of the dark arts to suspect that little bugger's bad news.

SOPHIA: He is alive. Badly beaten and suffering monkey bites, but still conscious. Sir, can you hear me?

PATERSON (weakly): The monkey! Don't let it near you..., the thing is *evil*

FX: Chattering and hissing of monkey

CADWALLADER: Good enough for me. Let's deal with the brute. Jessie, flank it. I'll close and give it what-for with the jemmy. **(cajoling)** Come along then, Darwin, who's good little monkey?

FX: Monkey rage

JESSIE: I dinnae think he's a good monkey, Doctor. Mair like a nasty wee turd in a fur coat if ye ask me.

SOPHIA: He seems unusually aggressive for a Capuchin, he may have contracted hydrophobia

ARTHUR: Oh, the poor thing

CADWALLADER: Well then this will come as a blessed relief for the little blighter

FX: Crowbar smashing up furniture, monkey screeching

CADWALLADER: Nimble little bugger, ain't he? Arthur, fetch that poker and help me. Jessie, keep the fowling piece on him - if he gets past us, let him have both barrels. Sophia, see what you can get out of our friend here.

SOPHIA: Dr Paterson, one presumes?

PATERSON (obviously in pain): You're them, aren't you? The Society? The ones that got poor Edward mixed up in the occult.

SOPHIA: You seem unusually well informed for a member of the public, Dr Paterson. I assume you do not approve?

PATERSON: Approve? The things you people involved him in broke his mind, destroyed his family and saw him executed as a criminal! If it were up to me, the whole lot of you would be hanged, but I'll settle for exposing you and letting justice take its course.

CADWALLADER (in the background): Bugger "softly, softly", have at the little brute!

FX: A piano being smashed, monkey screeching

SOPHIA: Exposing us how, Dr Paterson? And who has administered such a beating to you? Was it the Capuchin?

PATERSON (bitterly): Well, my plans have clearly gone awry in any case. I was not expecting her to betray me, to keep some of the relics for herself. More fool me, I suppose.

ARTHUR (in the background): The mantelpiece! By jingo, we've got it now!

FX: Vases being smashed, monkey screeches

SOPHIA: You were behind the thefts? And now you have been betrayed by your own cat's-paw, then?

PATERSON: Yes, once she got a taste for it, there was no stopping her. I wanted to show the world proof that my friend had been corrupted by the supernatural forces of your Society. Judging by her actions so far, she seems to want nothing more than power - and once she realises what she's really got, there'll be no stopping her.

SOPHIA: And what exactly has she got?

CADWALLADER (in the background): Oh no you don't!

FX: A series of glass bottles and jars are smashed, monkey screeches

PATERSON: I needed muscle, people who weren't afraid of to do illegal things. I managed to get in contact with a rather... radical criminal group called the Ribbon Men. I paid them handsomely to bring me the bottle, told them most specifically to touch nothing else, but their leader got greedy. They must have pocketed some of the other relics and then realised they had supernatural abilities when they began to suffer the effects. I offered to double the money, but by that time she'd already managed to utilise what she'd got, and wouldn't be parted.

ARTHUR (in the background): "*Si vis pacem, para bellum*"!

FX: Swooshing noises of a poker being whipped about to no effect

PATERSON: She sent the Ribbon Men here to get my notes, my evidence, the secrets I was able to tease out of Pritchard. When they were done, they left that damnable thing over there to torment me to death. Once she's read those notes, she'll know exactly how powerful the Wishing Bottle is, and the safest way to use it.

SOPHIA: This explains the strange deaths. But two things must we now know. Firstly, who is the leader of these Ribbon Men. Secondly, where do they lair.

JESSIE (in the background): Oot the way, ye pair o' diddies. Ah've goat this

FX: The blast of a shotgun followed by the crash of a chandelier, monkey screech

PATERSON: Her real name is Ava O'Hara, although apparently now she's going by the title "The Ribbon Queen". I found her at a railway-workers' public house called the Granite City, near the Caledonia Road Church in the Gorbals

SOPHIA (confused): Gorbals, this is a real word?

FX: Monkey screeches, scrabbling noises

CADWALLADER (in the background): Well, the beastly thing is off up the chimney. We've set it to flight at least, we can call that an honourable draw.

ARTHUR: Did you say the Caledonia Road Church? We simply *must* make time for a look as we're passing, lovely bit of Greek Revival architecture - Thomson's terribly underrated, you know!

JESSIE (incredulous): Oh, aye. We've got a crazy wumman runnin' roond Glesgae turnin' people intae wax wi' a magic bottle, but by all means let's stop and have a wee midnight gawp at some auld buildin' instead o' dealin wi' it!

ARTHUR (slightly crestfallen): Well..., on the way back, then?

CADWALLADER: We need to hit that pub, but we should get Paterson back to Hunter House

PATERSON: I've told you everything I know, and I'm not going anywhere with you - I'd sooner die than place myself in your hands.

FX: Click of weapon being cocked

CADWALLADER: Easily arranged, Doctor Paterson. I'm not one for leaving loose ends.

SOPHIA: No! Doktor Cadwallader, misguided as this man may be, he believed he was acting for the greater good. Without his proof he is no threat to us now, and we have, as you British say, "bigger fish to fry"

FX: Click of weapon being uncocked

CADWALLADER: Very well, Paterson, you've got a reprieve. But we'll be revisiting this as soon as we've dealt with the mess you've created. Don't make us come looking for you - I won't be inclined towards leniency a second time.

GILLESPIE (narrating): They were gone most o' the night. Only later was I ta learn that they'd been involved in burglary, wanton destruction o' property, animal cruelty and the savage beating o' a prominent Glasgow physician. And that was just their first stop...

TRIBUNE: Append these charges to the docket

GILLESPIE (narrating): Oh, I'd leave a guid bit o' room on that docket, Tribune, there's mair tae add. It all pales next tae the guid Doctor's next escapade, causin' a sectarian riot!

FX: Clatter of carriage wheels

ARTHUR: Quite a rough-looking area, this Gorbals, eh?

JESSIE: Rough? Wan ae the worst Irish slums in Glesgae. Packed them in like canned sardines after the famine. You think this is bad, ye should see District 14 o'er the other side o' the river

SOPHIA: The stench is intolerable, how do people live like this?

CADWALLADER: Poorly, one imagines

ARTHUR: The Irish were terribly foolish to all plant just one crop, though. It's like nobody ever taught them the basics of horticulture

JESSIE: Ye think they had a choice? All the guid land was gi'en over to cattle farming, all the corn was sold in England - it was tatties or starve

CADWALLADER: All very well blaming the English, but as with everywhere in the empire you wouldn't get hand's turn done if there wasn't a long line of locals willing to do over their countrymen for a slice of the profits.

JESSIE: Aye, that sounds like Edinburgh right enough

ARTHUR: We should take a day trip through to Edinburgh once all this blows over, I've heard it's a marvel of a city. We hardly got a look at it from the train station.

SOPHIA: Yes, I would most like to speak with the Edinburgh Seven. Such inspiring ladies

ARTHUR: You've explained it and explained it, darling, and I still don't understand why they can't just settle for being midwives, it's a perfectly respectable profession. That way they wouldn't have to upset the applecart and get everyone cross.

FX: Sophia launches into a rant in swiss

CADWALLADER: Enough! Don't get distracted, we're in enemy territory now.

FX: Carriage stops, “Wild Rover” as sung by enthusiastic drunken amateurs comes faintly from the pub

CADWALLADER: This is the place. Alright, Godalming, you stay stag out here and keep the carriage ready to go. The rest of you, keep a calm head.

FX: A door opens, “Wild Rover” suddenly becomes much louder

CADWALLADER: Excuse me, excuse me... now, I’ll have...is that potcheen? Yes, four of those, please.

FX: The singing stops, there are whispers of “English” and a few muttered words in Gaelic

IRISH BARMAN (sarcastic): Awful sorry, *yer lordship*, we just called last orders

ARTHUR: Oh no, he’s not the lord, I am. My family owns simply *oodles* of land in Ireland - I’m practically one of you people!

IRISH BARMAN (dangerous): I think yous had better be on yer way

JESSIE: We’re looking fae the Ribbon Queen, or ony of her Ribbon Men

FX: Scrape of barstools on floorboards as people stand up

RUAIRI: And what would ye be wantin’ wi’ the guid lads o’ the ribbon men? Lookin tae join the cause, maybe?

FX: Unpleasant laughter from the mob

SOPHIA: We wish to relieve them of the things they have stolen - the items they are using to commit murders.

RUAIRI: Ye want tae take ‘em back to yer hoormasters is what ye mean. God put those things in our hands, and we’re sure as hell no’ lettin’ go a them

CADWALLADER: I’ve had just about enough of this.

FX: Click of weapon being cocked

CADWALLADER: You and the others who were sitting with you, down on the floor, hands where I can see 'em. Everybody else take two steps back.

RUAIRI (sneering): You just made a big mistake, ma frien. A verra big mistake.

FX: Organ grinder music begins to play faintly, slowly increasing in volume

ARTHUR: Oh, it's that awful noise again.

CADWALLADER (nervous): Stop that, whatever you're doing stop it, or I swear I'll blow your bloody brains out!

RUAIRI: Too late fer that, jollocks. *Mallacht Dé ort!* (spits)

FX: The barrel-organ music becomes louder, suddenly the monkey screeches again

JESSIE: That manky wee bastard's back again!

ARTHUR: But where did it come from? How did it follow us? Could somebody have taught it to hail a cab?

SOPHIA: This creature must be supernatural, the music a sign of its manifestation

JESSIE: Whit, so it's a ghost or something like that?

CADWALLADER: Possibly, would explain how hard it was to hit before

SOPHIA: Judging by the bite marks on Doctor Paterson, I think we say for a certainty that it can hurt us

RUAIRI: *Ionsa!*

FX: Monkey screeches and leap, Cadwallader fires, somebody screams in pain

CADWALLADER: Oh God! Get it off me! Get it off me!

IRISH BARMAN: The bastards are shootin' us - get 'em!

FX: A huge tumultuous bar-brawl erupts, punctuated by occasional gunshots and monkey screeches. The sound of chairs and glasses being broken, fists hitting and bodies flying.

ARTHUR (with exertion as he uses a Schwingen throw): Allez-houp!

FX: A body slams to the ground

ARTHUR: Hah, I got one! Sophie, I got ...

FX: Smacking noise of fist to Arthur's face

SOPHIA: Arthur my love! Back you devils!

FX: Discharge of two pistols, screams of pain

RUAIRI: Here you go, ya plunderin' English bastard!

FX: Click of gun being cocked, followed by boom of discharge

CADWALLADER: Aaagh!

FX: A heavy body hits the floor. The sound of approaching police whistles

RUARI: Moan, let's get outta here!

FX: The weird music dies away, receding monkey noises, the patrons scarp

JESSIE: Dr Cadwallader's been shoat!

SOPHIA: The constabulary are coming, we can't explain all this. You carry Cadwallader, I'll get Arthur. We must get away.

JESSIE: Aye. Oh goad, look at the blood

FX: The door opens, the whistles sound louder and nearer

JESSIE: Godalming, dinnae spare the horses, get us away frae here!

GODALMING: Very good, ma'am

FX: The carriage rattles away at top speed

END CREDITS PLAY

**EPISODE 5:
DEATH MASKS**

EPISODE CAST

NARRATOR

TRIBUNE

DR HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER

LORD ARTHUR ROXBURGH

LADY SOPHIE ROXBURGH

JESSIE MCLAUGHLIN

GILLESPIE

GODALMING

BANJO

PRITCHARD

FX: Intro music plays

NARRATOR: Shadow Factories presents: Tales From the Aletheian Society!

NARRATOR: Chapter Five - Death Masks!

TRIBUNE (with great ceremony): Hood ye the lanterns and seal the sacred tabernacle. Go forth from this place to nourish thyself both in body and in soul. **(in a normal voice)** And meet back here at two o'clock, sharp.

ARTHUR: Awww, you can't keep us in suspense like that!

SOPHIA: But Arthur, you *know* what happens next, you were there.

ARTHUR (sulkily): It's just got to the good bit. All right, let's go and get some scan.

CADWALLADER: And is the condemned man to be permitted a final meal?

SOPHIA (helpfully): You are not *yet* condemned, Herr Doktor.

CADWALLADER: Bah, it's perfectly obvious this kangaroo court has had it in for me from the start. From before the start, even. **(shouting)** It's a fix! I demand a retrial!

JESSIE: 'Moan, you gloomy auld sot, we'll see if we can scare ye up a cuppa.

TRIBUNE: Not you, Miss Gordon.

JESSIE: Whit?

TRIBUNE: Remain in the chamber. I will take your testimony now. Alone.

FX: muttering gradually fades away as everyone leaves the room. The door shuts with a note of finality.

TRIBUNE: Take a seat, Miss Gordon.

FX: a chair scraping across the floor

JESSIE: We off the record, then?

TRIBUNE: No. Merely, it was felt that to take your statement in front of your fellow illuminates might... compromise your position.

JESSIE: Oh, aye, because calling me in for a wee private chit-chat doesnae look suspicious for wan minute.

TRIBUNE: I trust you can find a way of explaining it to them. Be resourceful, Miss Gordon - that is, after all, the reason we have engaged your services.

JESSIE: An there I wis thinkin you jist wanted someone desperate tae do yer dirty work.

TRIBUNE: Remember in whose presence you sit, and the debt of gratitude you owe to this society. You are a brand plucked from the burning, Miss Gordon. Outlive your utility and we will return you to the flame without hesitation.

FX: an awkward silence

TRIBUNE: Cadwallader was wounded. What happened next?

FX: Hammering on the door, rain falling

SOPHIA (urgently): Gillespie! Open up! What is taking the man so long?

JESSIE: That's a lot of blood.

ARTHUR: Don't worry, old chap, everything's going to be just fine. I bet you had worse in Bhutan, eh? **(in a panicky stage whisper which Cadwallader can clearly hear)** Oh God, it looks terrible, I think he's dying!

CADWALLADER laughs painfully, coughs blood

FX: bolts being drawn back, the door creaks open

SOPHIA: Gillespie, help Godalming into the house with the Chaptermaster.

GILLESPIE: Och, ah wid, but ma back, it husnae been the same since -

SOPHIA: If your next words are "the incident" I will shoot you where you stand.

GODALMING: It's quite alright, ma'am. I can manage 'im alone.

FX: grunting, shuffling. Cadwallader coughs again.

SOPHIA: Thank you, Godalming. Take him to the parlour immediately. Gillespie- prepare clean cloths, and instruct Mrs Gillespie to boil the kettle.

ARTHUR: I don't think a cup of tea is what he needs.

SOPHIA: She is to boil water *for the doctor*, Arthur. Now, go immediately -

CADWALLADER: No! No doctors...

SOPHIA: He's delirious. Don't listen to him, Arthur -

CADWALLADER (bellowing wheezily, with the last of his strength): Damn your eyes, woman, I said no doctors! No quacks, sawbones or water-casters! As your Chaptermaster I forbid it... **(breaks off into a paroxysm of coughing)** Godalming... to my room...

GODALMING: Very good, sir.

FX: Godalming carries Cadwallader upstairs

ARTHUR: Are you all right, Jessie? You've gone very white.

SOPHIA: Not as white as the doctor will be shortly.

JESSIE: I'm awright. I just need a wee sit doon.

ARTHUR: Maybe we do need that cup of tea, dear.

SOPHIA: Go to the kitchen, both of you, and try to regain your wits. Gillespie, bring me... a haggis.

ARTHUR: Oh good idea, Sophie, I'm famished!

SOPHIA: Not to eat, who would do such a thing? No. To the vault I am going. Perhaps one of the relics within holds the power to save the Chaptermaster's life.

GILLESPIE: Aye, but at whit price? Ah wilnae let ye, the man is better cold in his grave than entered into an unholy compact wi the deevil!

FX: Sophie cocks her pistol

GILLESPIE: ...mind the stairs oan yer way doon.

JESSIE (narrating): We were aw shaken by whit had happened. Lord Arthur an me went fur a brew while Lady SOPHIA went tae the vault lookin for something tae help the doctor.

FX: SOPHIA's footsteps approach the vault. Keys jingle, the lock is turned slowly.

SOPHIA (to herself): Quickly, Sophia, before it catches your scent - open the door -

FX: The door is hastily pushed open.

SOPHIA: - now throw the haggis, right to the back of the room -

FX: something hits the ground with a meaty thwack, followed a second later by the Thing Under The Stairs shrieking, scurrying, then chomping contentedly.

SOPHIA: - and now, while it is distracted... Aha! A storage trunk, excellent.

FX: SOPHIA drags the trunk across the ground

SOPHIA: Gott, it is heavy. What is in this thing?

FX: Sophie undoes the catches on the trunk and opens it

BANJO (moaning): Awww, ma heid.

SOPHIA (yelps in surprise)

BANJO: Gonnae gies a haun up, miss?

SOPHIA: Banjo? What are you doing here?

BANJO: Whit dae ye think ahm daein in a box? Ahm hidin!

SOPHIA: No, I mean, what are you doing in the vault?

BANJO: Ah wis just passing, an ah saw yer...wall wis open, an ah thought ahd pop in an let ye know, for security, eh? Ah tell ye, that's a right ugly dug ye've got there.

SOPHIA: It is not a dog, it -

FX: The Thing Under The Stairs shrieks again

SOPHIA: - has noticed us. Grab what you can, and run!

FX: The Thing Under The Stairs shrieks, they slam the door shut. The Thing wallops into the door a moment later.

FX: Kitchen sounds. Tea being poured, sugar being dropped in, a teaspoon clinking

ARTHUR: There you go, a nice cup of tea and a biscuit. That'll steady your nerves.

JESSIE: Cheers. Sorry tae go tae bits oan ye. Ahm no good wi the sight o blood any more.

FX: Slurping of tea

JESSIE: That's no a bad cup. Ah widnae huv thought you hud much practice making tea. Huv ye no always hud servants tae dae that fur ye?

ARTHUR (playfully): I'm not just some useless toff, you know. I've known my share of danger and hardship.

JESSIE: Oh aye. I forgot you'd been in the army.

ARTHUR: Oh yes, Horse Guards was serious business. Had to break up a fight between a couple of corgis once. I was a bit shaken afterwards, I can tell you.

FX: The kitchen door opens, a spooky whoosh of air, maybe an owl hoots.

ARTHUR (yelps): It's the doctor's ghost! Returned from death wearing naught but a billowing shroud!

CADWALLADER: No, just one of Mrs Gillespie's nightgowns. Godalming is pressing my second best shirt as we speak. Ah, excellent. Pass the biscuits.

FX: noisy biscuit crunching

JESSIE: How are you oan yer feet so quick?

FX: Running footsteps, door is thrown open

SOPHIA (breathless): I have all I could gather from the Vault, and the catalogue also. Perhaps there is something that might save him, but we must be quick. **(noticing him)** You?... but that wound... all that blood... **(noticing the nightgown)** What are you wearing?

CADWALLADER: There is no need for this womanish hysteria, Lady Roxburgh. I am quite hale, I assure you. I'm sure to you little ladies, unused to the sight of blood, a splash of the vital fluid may seem quite alarming - but it was merely a flesh wound.

SOPHIA: *A flesh* wound?

JESSIE: He does have a good amount of flesh. Maybe it jist went through his chub but missed his vital organs.

CADWALLADER: My *chub*? Ha! When one shoots at a Bengal tiger, a single bullet will not suffice. So too with Hieronymus B. Cadwallader. However I am touched by your concern, however unnecessary it may have been.

SOPHIA (stiffly): I am, of course, loyal to the office of the Chaptermaster...

CADWALLADER (puffing himself up): I do naturally command great fidelity in my disciples, it is true-

SOPHIA (talking over him): ...no matter how vile, repulsive and reprehensible I may find its current incumbent to be.

FX: kitchen door opening

GILLESPIE: I found this shifty lookin type tryin to sneak oot the front door - oh, hullo doctor, ye're no deid then.

CADWALLADER (testily): No indeed I am not.

GILLESPIE: Ah prayed for ye, Dr Cadwallader.

CADWALLADER (suspiciously): What did you pray for me to *do*?

GILLESPIE: That's between me and the Almighty.

BANJO: Eh - ah'll jist let masel oot then, no need tae go tae any borrar

ARTHUR: It's our friend with the lucky white heather! **(very slowly)** How...are...you?

JESSIE: Stop right there, ya wee dobber. Whit are ye doin in wurr hoose? I shid get the polis oan ye.

BANJO: Get the polis oan *me*? Aye right, ahm no the wan wi a dangerous dug, that thing coulda killt me! I shid get the polis oan *yous*, ah could sue yous, look at the bite it's taken oot ma arse!

SOPHIA: Put that away, please.

CADWALLADER: You *know* this man?

ARTHUR: Oh yes, we're practically old friends now.

JESSIE: Aye, ah go way back wi this bampot. He's wan a they turds ye cannae flush away.

SOPHIA: I found him in the vault, hiding from the thing. I assume he found his way in through the tunnels.

CADWALLADER: I see. And your name is...?

BANJO: Banjo, mister. Whit kinda dug is that onway?

CADWALLADER: Arctic mastiff. Very well. Knowing the location of the vault as you do, you cannot simply be permitted to *leave*.

ARTHUR: Well, that seems a *bit* harsh, but if you say so, Doctor. Sorry, old chap.

FX: Arthur cocks his pistol

BANJO: Haw, steady oan, I'll no tell anyone - eh - ma memory's rotten, matter of fact ah've forgotten where yer basement is already.

CADWALLADER: Very well, Mister Banjo. I propose an arrangement to our mutual benefit. You have an interest in continuing your miserable existence, and for our part, if we are to operate

in this thrice benighted city we have need of a network of agents and informants. Ideally ones whose connection to Hunter House is known only to ourselves, not even to our fellow illuminates. The first of this august company shall be yourself.

BANJO: Eh?

JESSIE: Doctor, ahm registerin a formal objection to this. This wankstain's no use tae us as a grass, he's thick as mince.

CADWALLADER: Objection noted - and ignored. In this place of the ginger damned he shall have to suffice. Banjo, take this sovereign- with which Lord Arthur will furnish you now -

ARTHUR: I will? Oh, jolly good then, there you are, old chap.

CADWALLADER: Now begone. Utter not a word of what you have seen, return at seven pm upon the morrow and there shall be another coin for you.

BANJO: Awright then big yin, see ye at seven, cheers very much!

FX: Door opens and closes

JESSIE: He's never comin back.

CADWALLADER: Greed is the sole motivator of these gutter dwellers.

JESSIE: Ye've just given him mair money than he's hud in his life. Tomorrow at seven he's gonnae be blootert oot his skull an hip deep in some hackit auld munter. That's if someone disnae see him flashin that chip aboot, shtob him up fur it and chuck him in the Clyde

CADWALLADER: Also a desirable outcome. Either way he is gone from this place without undue expense.

ARTHUR: I don't know, a sovereign is quite a lot.

CADWALLADER: Expense to me, that is.

TRIBUNE: Interesting. So, the Glasgow Chapter has plans for a little empire of its own, does it? What's your assessment of your erstwhile chapter master?

JESSIE: He's no quite as green as he's cabbage lookin', but a widnae worry. If ah blaw a wee bit hot air up his erse, ah can huv him eatin oot ma hand.

TRIBUNE (after a pause): Though not both at the same time, I trust. And the others?

JESSIE: He's a pure diddy. She's sharp as a tack.

TRIBUNE: Yes, women such Lady SOPHIA represent the best hope of the Cause. Never do we feel the need for universal suffrage more keenly than when seeing a woman of her calibre denied the vote in favour of her amiable lap-spaniel of a husband. However, I digress. Continue with your account.

JESSIE: Whit did ye get oot the vault, Sophie?

SOPHIA: Only what I could grab in the heat of the moment, I'm afraid. Fortunately I have a capacious portmanteau.

FX: Sophia's bag is emptied onto the table

ARTHUR: Gosh, look at all these relics! What about this one? It looks dangerous, is it some sort of sacrificial spike?

SOPHIA: That is my hatpin, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Gosh, I feel sorry for your poor hat. That looks positively lethal. What about this little bottle, then?

FX: Arthur rattles a pill bottle

SOPHIA (after an uncomfortable silence): That's - those are...

JESSIE: Sleepin' pills. Ah use them masel.

ARTHUR: I never knew you were having trouble sleeping, Sophie. You always seem to be out like a light when I come up to bed.

JESSIE: Shows they're workin then. Anyhow, whit about these relics?

JESSIE (narrating): Turned out aw the things Sophie had brought oot the vault were cursed, or junk, or cursed junk. Aw except fur one.

SOPHIA: A lapis scarab, engraved with the hook-and-flail of Osiris, God of the Underworld.

CADWALLADER (reading): "Said to be capable of restoring the "ka" but not the "ba" to a mummified corpse if placed in the mouth."

ARTHUR: The what but not the what? Sounds like sheep should be involved, all that baa-ing.

SOPHIA: In ancient Egyptian mythology, the "ka" was the personality that flew from the mouth of the corpse every night in the shape of a human-headed bird.

ARTHUR: So not a sheep, then?

SOPHIA: The Ba, by contrast, was the spark of life, the vital spirit. *That* the scarab cannot restore.

JESSIE: Makes you wonder, so it does. Who ye'd want a word with, given hauf a chance.

CADWALLADER: Hmm. Before I say any more, where is that cadaverous old bubbly-jock Gillespie?

ARTHUR: I think he went to lock the door after Banjo left. Shall I go after him?

CADWALLADER: No. Best he doesn't hear this next part. I have been putting my majestic intellect to use of late, my brain like a mighty locomotive steaming inexorably along its tracks - its destination, the solution to this mystery. I have deduced that it is Dr Pritchard who is the hub of this wheel, the linchpin upon which this whole wretched debacle rests. And I rather fancy paying the good doctor a visit, and hearing what he has to say on the subject in person.

ARTHUR (to himself): Do things actually *rest* on a linchpin? Or am I thinking of a keystone?

SOPHIA: Mr Gillespie?

CADWALLADER (outraged): What are you playing at, woman?

GILLESPIE (after a pause): Aye, Lady Sophia?

SOPHIA: If I were to wish to pay my respects to the late Chaptermaster, where might I do so? I assume the man *was* buried, albeit in a potter's field or prison yard. Unless the resurrectionists staked their claim to him?

GILLESPIE: No, ah widnae allow that. The plot in the necropolis wis bought an paid for, ye see, and even with his debts it's no an asset the bailiffs can make ye can sell on. No wi the wife in it already, onyway.

SOPHIA: Do you mean to say you ensured Dr Pritchard was interred for all eternity alongside the woman he murdered? Surely her next of kin would have objected?

GILLESPIE: No, the next of kin didnae ha much tae say on the subject.

SOPHIA: Whyever not?

GILLESPIE: Well, he'd murdered her as weel.

JESSIE: Eh - Mister Gillespie, gonnae dae us a wee favour? Will ye go ask yer wife for a ball of wool an a big darnin needle?

ARTHUR: Oh, marvellous, I just found a hole this morning!

SOPHIA: Arthur, this is serious business!

ARTHUR: So is a cold toe!

JESSIE: Ahm no darnin yer sock. Right, Gillespie's away. Sophie, where's that hand we got in the mortuary? If we're goin graverobbin we might as well make that waxy bastart useful.

ARTHUR (musing): What a ghastly thought - waking up in your coffin expecting Gabriel and his trumpet, only to realise you're locked in your own decaying mortal remains.

CADWALLADER: If anyone deserves it, it's Pritchard.

ARTHUR: Yes, I suppose you're right. Murdering your wife *and* her mother isn't really cricket.

CADWALLADER: He might have disposed of every one of his female relatives for all I care. But to get himself executed and leave the Chaptermaster's seat for me - *that* I consider unforgivable.

SOPHIA: You have the morals of a cockroach.

JESSIE (narrating): We goat a hack up tae the Cathedral, an hoofed it up the hill tae the big gates fae there.

CADWALLADER: Locked, naturally. Hardly a surprise. The rich and powerful have such a morbid fear of resurrectionists they will go to any lengths to secure their final resting places. (scoffs) As though the worms will be any kinder to their corpses than the anatomists will.

ARTHUR: At least the worms won't be laughing at their wobbly bits while they do it. You wouldn't catch me leaving my body to the anatomy department, I'd die of the embarrassment.

CADWALLADER: Stuff and nonsense, my boy. I've half a mind to leave my own remains to medical science. Prime physical specimen like myself, I don't imagine *they're* ten a penny.

SOPHIA: Yes, think of what they could learn from your liver alone.

FX: a candle flares into life, and a heavy padlock clicks open. The gate creaks.

JESSIE: Door's open, folks, in ye come.

ARTHUR: How did you do that?

JESSIE: Ah've got a few wee tricks up ma sleeve.

ARTHUR: What's that in your hand?

JESSIE: The Hand, ye mean?

ARTHUR: No, in your hand, I mean.

JESSIE: It *is* in ma hand.

CADWALLADER (despairing) : Dear God, not this again.

SOPHIA: Arthur, Jessie is holding a Hand of Glory, a candle made from the hand of a dead criminal, via a detailed and time consuming arcane process.

JESSIE: Aye, ah hud a bit of a head start on this yin, on account of it already being turned tae wax.

ARTHUR: Gosh. And that opens locks, does it? That *is* quite a trick to have up your sleeve. Unless it melted up there, I suppose.

JESSIE: Opens locks, casts a light the polis cannae see. Ah widnae go diggin up deid folk wi'oot wan.

ARTHUR: Ooh, can I have a go?

JESSIE: Fill yer boots, pal.

FX: Arthur runs off. Padlocks open, chains rattle to the ground, mausoleums creak open

CADWALLADER: Come back here, you buffoon, before you have every damn crypt in the place wide open!

JESSIE: That shid keep them busy a wee minute. Eh, Sophie - ah meant tae ask - yer man's no wantin weans then?

SOPHIA: Excuse me?

JESSIE: Bairns. Wee Roxburghs.

SOPHIA: That is none of your business.

JESSIE: Fair dos. Ye want tae be careful with they wee things in the bottle, though. If you get into too much o a habit wi them they can dae things tae yer insides.

SOPHIA: That remains preferable to the alternative.

JESSIE: Ye're no the first tae say that. Jist mind he disnae find the bottle again, eh? - in case he cannae sleep some night an ends up wi a mouthfu' of wax an boric acid.

ARTHUR (distantly) : I've found it! Pritchard's grave, I mean! Gosh, this candle's brilliant! And to think that the police can't see the light, it's the perfect crime!

CADWALLADER: They won't need to see us, you witless gongoozler, they can hear you in Pitt Street already!

JESSIE: Ye cannae leave they two alane fur a minute. Awright, wur comin!

FX: Sophie and Jessie run up the hill

ARTHUR: Oh, there you are, dearest. Come and look at the view - the cathedral spires silhouetted against the moon, stars above us and gaslight below. I could see us here, a modest little marble crypt, you and me, sleeping through eternity, side by side.

JESSIE: Like Pritchard and his wife, ye mean?

ARTHUR (after a pause) : Well, that's rather destroyed the mood, hasn't it.

JESSIE (narrating): Turns oot it takes longer than ye think tae dig six feet doon.

FX: vigorous digging sounds

ARTHUR (out of breath): Well, I've got a new respect for the people who do this for a living.

SOPHIA: Yes, gravedigging *is* an ancient and honourable profession.

ARTHUR: I was thinking of *graverobbing* actually. I mean, say what you like about their ethics, you can't deny they work hard for their money.

CADWALLADER: Considering the state you've left those crypt doors in, they'll have an easy shift tomorrow.

FX: The shovel hits something

SOPHIA: What was that?

JESSIE: Oot ma way, gies a look.

ARTHUR: We can't possibly be deep enough yet - and besides, where's the coffin?

CADWALLADER: It would appear that the good doctor has been buried without the dignity of a casket. Instead, his remains have been wrapped in a winding sheet and deposited a mere three feet down. We'll be lucky if there's anything left of him at all. Let's take a look.

FX: Cadwallader slices the sheet with a penknife and rips it, everyone holds their breath then exhales.

CADWALLADER: Ah, there's the skull. And would you look at that, a perfect hangman's fracture. Looks deceptively simple, but it takes real skill to get it right every time. Now, Miss Gordon, the scarab, if you would be so good. Put it in Pritchard's mouth.

JESSIE: Dae it yersel, you auld ghoul.

ARTHUR: Don't look at me, I'm not putting my hand in there. Look at those teeth!

SOPHIA (disgusted): Give me that. You gaggle of yellow-bellied jessies.

JESSIE: Hoi!

FX: Rattling of scarab off bones and teeth

JESSIE: Whit happens noo?

CADWALLADER: We wait.

FX: A faint static humming, rising slowly in volume

ARTHUR: Yes, but how *long* do we wait - oh my God look at its eyes they've gone all blue and glowy!

FX: Pritchard draws a rasping zombie breath

SOPHIA: Dr Pritchard?

FX: Pritchard rasps again

SOPHIA: We are your fellows of the Aletheian Society. Glasgow faces the gravest of peril, and we have need of your assistance.

PRITCHARD (in a cracked rasping whisper) : Glasgow can go to the devil, and the society with it.

SOPHIA: But what of your oath, man?

PRITCHARD: That oath ceased to bind me when they replaced my chain of office with the hangman's noose.

JESSIE: OK pal, we've goat bigger fish tae fry than your claim fae unfair dismissal. You're gonnae tell us whit we need tae know, or ahm gonnae... **(she trails off)**

CADWALLADER: You're wasting your breath threatening him, woman. He's already as dead as it's possible to be.

SOPHIA: Tell us about the Wishing Bottle, Pritchard. What is it?

PRITCHARD (an awful wheezy laugh): Your heart's desire and your worst nightmare, all fused together. By the time it's got its claws into you, you can't tell which is which. Make a wish and it's granted, but every one takes you a step closer to Hell.

ARTHUR: Like a genie in a bottle.

PRITCHARD: No, boy. Darker and older and more terrible than that.

FX: A cold wind whips up

PRITCHARD: It's still calling me. I know where it is, I can feel it - so -close! It took everything from me, hollowed me to a husk, and I'd still give my soul to have it in my hand again. **(bitter, wheezy laughter)**

SOPHIA: If you can feel its presence, tell us where it is. You can still put this right.

PRITCHARD: There is no atonement for me, nor any of you. I have set eyes on Death, and it is nothing but a vast and hungry wasteland. Even this half-life, constrained by my own *rot*, is preferable to that.

ARTHUR (urgently): What if we could offer you more than that? If what you say is true and the bottle really can do anything, tell us where it is, and we'll wish you back to life.

SOPHIA: Arthur!

ARTHUR: I know it's awful, dearest, but we have no choice.

SOPHIA: No, it is a truly excellent idea. I am merely astonished that *you* were the one to think of it.

CADWALLADER: What's your answer, then, Pritchard? Work with us, or return forever to the abyss?

FX: Wind whistles, trees creak. A long silence.

PRITCHARD: The Tradeston gasworks. That's where you'll find it. Bring it back here, restore me to life and I'll teach you how to use it - else you'll make the same mistakes I did.

JESSIE: An if we don't?

PRITCHARD: Ah...Jessie McLaughlin... The dead know many secrets, yours among them. There are things here that know your name, there are damned souls waiting for you to take their revenge for the wrongs you did them - and they need only wait -

JESSIE (interrupting): Right, open wide, bawheid, that's enough scarab fur you.

FX: The skull clacks, and her bag snaps shut. The hum and the spooky noises stop.

JESSIE: That's better.

SOPHIA: What was he talking about?

JESSIE: Ach, some pish designed tae pit the wind up us. Ye know whit the deid are like, aye tellin tales.

ARTHUR: I thought it was the opposite, actually. Shows what I know.

CADWALLADER: This one certainly won't be telling any. Cover him over, and let's be on our way to the gasworks.

ARTHUR: You do intend to keep the promise, don't you, doctor? We are going to wish him back to life?

CADWALLADER: I have not the slightest intention of doing so. It can only be an unmitigated disaster. Either we raise a vengeful and unhinged murderer - or, worse, a hungry eldritch monstrosity wearing his face like a carnival mask. No, to the grave he returns, and there he shall remain.

FX: dirt filling the grave

JESSIE: Aw, shite, I've drapped ma keys in the hole. Yous go oan doon the hill, ah'll catch ye's up.

CADWALLADER: Be quick.

FX: Background noise, a long pause. Then, earth being turned over.

JESSIE (quietly): Right then sunshine.

SOPHIA (shouting back): Have you found them yet?

JESSIE: Turns oot ah had them in ma bag the whole time, ahm such a diddy! Comin doon noo!

JESSIE (narrating): An that was oor wee stint as resurrectionists ower. It aw got a wee bit messy efter that-

TRIBUNE: That will do for now. Do you have it?

JESSIE: Aye, he's no been oot ma bag since I dug him back up. Pure heavy bastart too.

FX: A bag rustles, and a hollow skull is placed resonantly on a table

TRIBUNE: Thank you, Miss Gordon. That will be all for now.

JESSIE: Whit are ye daein' wi him, if ye don't mind me askin'?

TRIBUNE: And close the door behind you.

FX: Jessie walks from the room and closes the door.

TRIBUNE: Well, well, Dr Pritchard. What a surprise to see you again.

FX: the static humming noise slowly builds. Pritchard draws a breath.

END MUSIC PLAYS

**EPISODE 6:
IN FLAGRANTE**

Episode Cast

NARRATOR

TRIBUNE

DR HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER

LORD ARTHUR ROXBURGH

LADY SOPHIA ROXBURGH

JESSIE MCLAUGHLIN

GODALMING

DR PATERSON

RUAIRI O'NEIL (RIBBON MAN)

AVA O'HARA (RIBBON QUEEN)

WEE JONNY KIERNAN / THE MONSTROSITY

BOTTLE IMP

BANJO

FX: Intro music plays

NARRATOR: Shadow Factories presents: Tales From the Aletheian Society!

NARRATOR: Chapter Six - In Flagrante!

FX: The echoing stone chambers of the Tribunal

CROWD (chanting): *Aletheia! Aletheia! Aletheia!*

FX: Metal-shod staff strikes the floor three times, the chanting falls silent

TRIBUNE: Bring forward the final witness in the case against Dr Cadwallader; Bernard Oliver Godalming, lay-member of the Society and manservant to Dr Cadwallader.

GODALMING: Present, ma'am

TRIBUNE: You both joined the Society at the same time, is that correct?

GODALMING: Yes, ma'am. I was battling for him during the Duar War in '65 when we ran across them... *things* in the jungle. Afterwards we were recruited together on account of being the sole survivors.

TRIBUNE: And you followed him into civilian life when you both mustered out?

GODALMING: Yes, ma'am. We'd served our time in the 80th, and being old soldiers together, the Doctor offered me a job working for him as a manservant. Weren't too much different from being a military orderly, really, just a bit more dangerous.

TRIBUNE: And what is your assessment of Dr Cadwallader's culpability in regards to the charges levelled against him?

GODALMING: Hogwash, is what I find 'em, if you'll pardon my French! The doctor's style may set noses out of joint, but 'e gets results. Man's a bloody hero - this Tribunal ought to be thankin' 'im for his services, not tryin' to pin blame on 'im where none's due.

TRIBUNE: Your loyalty to Doctor Cadwallader does you credit, but I'll remind you that you're under sacred oath, Mr Godalming.

GODALMING: I believe, ma'am, that if the Tribunal is ready to hear me out, they'll find Dr Cadwallader completely exonerated.

TRIBUNE (clearly skeptical): By this stage in the proceedings I find that very difficult to credit, Mr Godalming. But we must be thorough and bring the full truth to light. By all means, let us hear this "exonerating evidence".

GODALMING (narrating): Very good, ma'am. Thanks to the late chaptermaster Pritchard, Doctor Cadwallader had discovered the location of the Ribbon Mens' lair - a gas holder in Tradeston. It now being almost dawn, our opportunities to act under cover of darkness were diminishing rapidly. While I attended to the horses, the others held a counsel of war inside the carriage...

FX: Racing carriage wheels clattering across cobbles

JESSIE: We're in trouble if they pull oot that monkey agin. Sleekit wee bastard moves like shite off a shovel

ARTHUR: I think I almost had the measure of him last time. I *shall* best him, come what may - I declare him... my nemesis!

CADWALLADER: Very well then, I suppose you'll need these back then

FX: Guns are handed over

ARTHUR (overcome with emotion): I promised myself I wouldn't cry, but...this is the happiest day of my life

SOPHIA: Arthur!

ARTHUR: I meant the, uh ... *second* happiest after my wedding day, of course

JESSIE: Whit do the wee buggers even like tae eat? We could mebbes get a square sausage in a bun frae a cafe fer the early-starts?

CADWALLADER: They're fond of a bit of "*Musa Sapientum*" in my experience. **(BEAT)** Bananas? Curved yellow fruit? Forget it, you're not likely to find any outside of ... of Jessie, you're a genius!

JESSIE: Aye, ah, um!

JESSIE (a beat): Whit wey am I a genius, then?

CADWALLADER: Godalming, change of plans - take us to the Botanic Gardens!

GODALMING (narrating): I know that Doctor Cadwallader had been keen for a visit to the Botanical Gardens even before then - in fact he kept insisting it was the one civilised locale in the entire city. I expect his original plans didn't involve a dawn raid, but needs must...

FX: Glass panes shattering, door handle turning, the hiss of a heating system

CADWALLADER: In we go. Now, I need you to find bananas. Can't miss 'em, yellow, bendy fruit, about yay big, grow near the top of the tree in bunches. Oh, they can be green if they're not ripe, and some kinds are red or pink instead of yellow, and some varieties are larger or smaller than that. Also, some types aren't that bendy.

SOPHIA (drily): So we're looking for a large or small fruit that either will or won't be curved, and that can be yellow, green, red or pink?

CADWALLADER: Yes, that's about the size of it, off you toddle, chop-chop!

JESSIE: Here, whit are you daein' while we're fannyin' aboot lookin' fer rainbow fruit?

CADWALLADER: Ah-hah! All will become clear, Miss Gordon, I just need to pick up a little something from the herbacious section...

FX: Heavy footsteps on glass as Cadwallader scurries off

JESSIE: He's that puffed up that he's managed tae make it aw aboot plants, it's a wonder his heid doesnae just burst like a great plook

ARTHUR: Do you suppose *this* could be a banana?

SOPHIA: Arthur, dear, that's a gardener's glove

ARTHUR: Well, at least we can cross that off our list, then

GODALMING (narrating): After locating the bananas, we made all haste to the gasworks, arriving just at dawn

FX: Clatter of carriage wheels, crunching noises of Arthur eating a banana

ARTHUR: Oh my word, these are simply divine! We *have* to put in an order for some, darling - do you want to try a bite?

CADWALLADER: You really are supposed to peel off the skin before you eat them, Arthur. But, the fact that you appreciate them gives me great hope they will appeal to our simian foe will as well.

GODALMING (narrating): What we didn't realise, is that we weren't the only ones looking to confront the Ribbon men that morning

FX: The slow steady chug of the gas pumps

RUAIRI: Well, well, well, look who we've got here. It's our erstwhile employer, Doctor Paterson. Looks like the wee man didn't finish you off, then?

PATERSON: You people can't be left with this kind of power. You think you're using it? It's using you - just like it used Edward. It will lead you to nothing but damnation and death.

RUAIRI: Mebbes it will, mebbes it won't, and mebbes yer jest sore because ye wanted all that power for yerself?

PATERSON: Oh, I've felt the temptation. To know that you could just get rid of your enemies, put the world to rights with just one wish. Who wouldn't want that? But it's a lie! Can't you see, that thing is evil!?

RUAIRI: It's been the experience of moi compatriots and meself, that if those at the bottom o' the pile want to get their fair share, they have tae foight fer it, they have tae take what's theirs. An' whenever they do, those that sit at the top o' the pile call us savages, criminals, barbarians, gutter trash, murderers, revolutionaries.

RUAIRI: They ferget how they got to the top o' that pile, how they keep themselves there. All them fancy red jackets, dyed with the blood of generations of slaughtered Irish.

PATERSON: Damn you, man, this thing doesn't care about your politics! You won't be helping your cause, you'll just be unleashing more misery and corruption into the world.

RUAIRI: While I appreciate yer unique perspective on matters, Doctor Paterson, oi think the time has come to get rid o' ye once an' fer all. Big day ahead o' us, now that Ava's finished readin' yer notes.

FX: Gun being cocked

PATERSON: Did you think I would come unprepared? I know I wouldn't get off a second shot, but the first one will suffice to take care of you. Now bring your "queen" out to me.

RUAIRI: Ye're making a big mistake Paterson. Oi woulda given ye it quick and clean. But, Ava? She'll make ye suffer the torments o' the damned fer this.

Paterson: Maybe so, but I find I have very little left to lose at this juncture. Get her out here.

RUAIRI (shouting): Ava! Dr Paterson's here, he'd loike a word wi' us

FX: Heavy door opening

AVA: What in the name o' the wee man...? *Paterson?* I taught you said he was dead, Ruairi?

RUAIRI: Oi'm tinkin' after last night's shenanigans, it must have been dat lot from the pub saved him. An' here I thought you hated dem Society folk, Paterson?

PATERSON: I do, I loathe them with every fibre of my being. But I can't allow the bottle to remain in your hands. Hand it over, Ava, and I'll see you get whatever money you want

AVA: Ah, ye hate 'em, but you weren't above settin' 'em on Ruairi and the boys, eh? We had four of ours beaten and hauled off to the cells on account of dat riot, and poor wee John Kiernen shot in the stomach and himself bleedin' tae death in the next room now.

PATERSON: And you think that using the bottle will make this right somehow? Evil only begets evil, Ava. It's nothing that should *ever* be used, by anyone. You're a good enough Catholic to know that this thing is wrong,

AVA (laughs softly): Nobody's *ever* a good enough Catholic, Doctor. But... maybe you're right. I've been prayin', wonderin' whether to use it on wee Johnny. What it'll do tae him. I love my country, but maybe there's prices too high.

RUAIRI: Ava, what are ye sayin'? Ye can't let this fookin' toff bastard turn yer head, it's God's gift to us, ye said so yersel!

AVA (softly): Oi wanted it ta be, Ruairi, but Oi don't think it is. Oi don't tink God's got anytin' to do wi that bottle

FX: Clatter of carriage wheels approaching

RUAIRI: Look, Ava, it's them Society bastards again! Paterson's just been playin' wit ye, leadin' them to us again

PATERSON: No, I didn't! I don't know how they found you, Ava, but this isn't my doing!

AVA: You evil little *gobshite*! Ye almost had me, with your crocodile tears. Well now yer gonnae see exactly what the power o' God looks like! Ruairi, deal wi' these ones while I get the bottle

RUAIRI: Wit pleasure - *Mallacht Dé ort!*

FX: Creepy barrel-organ music starts up, monkey chitters

Paterson: No, man! Think of your soul!

RUAIRI: *Ionsai!*

FX: Monkey screeches in rage

SOPHIA: That dreadful music again, the creature is back

ARTHUR: I shall deal with the brute. **(firmly)** Hand me the banana, Doctor Cadwallader

CADWALLADER: Here you go, this one has a few little extras mashed in

ARTHUR: Berries, eh? It's getting a bit of a fruit medley. Very well, time to face my nemesis.

SOPHIA: Be careful, darling!

ARTHUR: I shall be the soul of discretion, my love.

FX: Monkey screeches in rage

ARTHUR: Who wants a lovely banana, then? Ba-na-na! Mmm, de-lish!

FX: Monkey chitters curiously

ARTHUR: I believe he recognises it!

CADWALLADER: Throw it to him, Arthur!

ARTHUR: Here you go, you greedy devil.

FX: Greedy monkey gobbling noises

CADWALLADER: He's taken the bait - if this works it shouldn't take long at those concentrations of "*Atropa Belladonna*"

ARTHUR: Look, he's doing a sort of little dance!

FX: Spaced out monkey noises

GODALMING (narrating): But while we was dealing with her simian cerberus, the Ribbon Queen was making use of the Bottle

FX: Ragged breath, low groaning from Wee Jonny Kiernan, the barrel-organ music is quite faint here

AVA: Aw, Jonny, Johnny me boy, yer a goner, m'darlin. I'll fix ye up, though.

FX: The hum of the bottle being taken out and held

BOTTLE: Ah, I was beginning to think you'd forgotten me, my Queen.

AVA: Yer gonnae see some use today, bottle. Wee Jonny here, he always was a brave soldier. I want him ready to foight one last battle against the oppressors outside, I want him to fight loike a demon!

BOTTLE: And that is your wish?

AVA: It...Aye, it is!

FX: Laughter from the Bottle, Jonny's wheezing grows deeper and louder, sounds like bones cracking as Jonny transforms into something huge and horrible, it snarls and we can hear its heavy movement as it gets up

AVA: Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Jonny - What've oi' done?!

BOTTLE: I gave you what you wished for, my Queen

FX: A bestial roar, smashing door, sounds of massive footfalls on metal as it descends the stairs, the barrel-organ music gets loud again

ARTHUR: And there the little blighter goes, out like a light.

CADWALLADER: Good! Now, Arthur, finish him off.

ARTHUR: But he seems so peaceful now, it's hard to imagine he's an otherworldly horror.

CADWALLADER: Fine, then. Godalming? With the shovel, if you please.

GODALMING: Very good, sir.

FX: Wet crunch of shovel crushing monkey-skull, the music ceases instantly

ARTHUR: Oh my, I believe I'm going to (vomits noisily)

FX: The howling of the thing that Wee Jonny has become, sounds of it scrambling down the gas holder

SOPHIA: What... is that?!

JESSIE: Ah don't know, but it's heading straight fer us and it disnae look freendly.

CADWALLADER: She's used the bottle! Form a firing line and prepare to receive a charge!
Wait for my order!

FX: The thing pelts closer, huge clawed feet rasping, howling for blood

CADWALLADER: Fire!

FX: Guns discharge in a storm, the beast shrieks in pain and collapses, everyone is breathing hard as silence falls

CADWALLADER: Sound off, anyone hurt?

JESSIE: I don't think it goat anyone, did it?

ARTHUR: Bloody close, though! Are you alright, my angel?

SOPHIA: I will admit to being a little shaken, but it didn't reach me.

GODALMING: You've always got me, sir. I'm not going anywhere.

CADWALLADER: Right, reload and then we head up the tower and finish this!

GODALMING (narrating): The villains of the piece were by this point having a falling out

RUAIRI: What was that, Ava? Where's Jonny?

AVA: Oi didn't, oi didn't mean to...

RUAIRI: That thing, it was Jonny? **(struggles with emotions for a second)** He'd understand, we've all pledged our lives for the cause.

AVA: Our *lives*, Ruairi, not our *souls*. God help me, what've oi done?!

BOTTLE: I don't think we've been properly introduced - Ruairi, is it? I grant wishes. Ava thinks she wished poorly, but I've got a feeling you're made of sterner stuff. I see great potential in you, you seem like somebody who really knows what they want.

AVA: Shut up! Shut up, ye foul thing! I'm gonna *smash* ye.

RUARI: Stop, Ava! Those bastards'll be up here any minute. They've killed the monkey, the bottle is all we've got left tae defend ourselves.

AVA: Let 'em come, Ruairi. I won't use the damn thing, an' I won't let you stain your soul neither.

RUAIRI: I'm sorry, Ava, but I can't let you waste this opportunity.

AVA: Put yer knife away, Ruairi, we both know ye -...**(chokes on blood)**

BOTTLE: Oh, jolly well done! Now, let's get creative. Your heart's desire awaits

RUAIRI: I'm sorry, Ava, I really am, but ye can't pass up somethin' loike dis.

RUAIRI: Okay, bottle, here's me wish den - Oi wish dat-

FX: Bludgeoning noise, body falling onto metal

PATERSON: No! You'd drown the world in blood.

BOTTLE: Well, third time's the charm. And I can see you've got something you *really* want to get off your chest.

PATERSON: He's dead. I'm ... a murderer. Just like Edward.

BOTTLE: Well, that *is* what happens when you stove somebody's skull in with a pipe, yes.

PATERSON: Them! They corrupt everything they touch.

BOTTLE: I like where this is going, but you know I need to hear the words...

PATERSON: Damn them!

BOTTLE: Warmer, but not quite there yet...

PATERSON: And damn me too...

BOTTLE: Such a tease.

PATERSON (shouting): Doom! I wish a doom on all of the Aletheian Society!

BOTTLE: How *delightfully* non-specific...

FX: Wind whistles, a tearing noise, gigantic creatures writhe and roar

GODALMING (narrating): At this point, and as a result of Dr Paterson's unwise use of the relic, a gigantic hole began to open, out of which stygian darkness things began to pull themselves.

TRIBUNE (incredulous): My God! Are you saying there was a full Intersection? There hasn't been one of those since the founding of the Society!

GODALMING (narrating): Indeed, ma'am. If Doctor Cadwallader hadn't been so quick to act, it would have been the end of us all.

ARTHUR (shouting over the noise): Doctor Cadwallader! What do we do?

SOPHIA (shouting): What can we do, against this?

JESSIE (shouting): ... we fight! If this is the end, ah'm goin' doon' swingin'! Who's wi' me?

CADWALLADER (shouting): No!

JESSIE (shouting): Aye, weel, I shoud hae known you'd turn tail! There's gonnae be naewhere safe once these bawbags get oot!

CADWALLADER (shouting): No, the rest of you run. I'll deal with this!

JESSIE (shouting): Whit are ye talkin' aboot? Ye gonnae try and plug a portal tae hell wi' yer big fat arse?

CADWALLADER (shouting): I'll blow the gasometer, hopefully that'll do the trick - it's our only chance. The rest of you get to a safe distance, warn the Society.

ARTHUR (shouting): That's terribly heroic of you, Doctor!

SOPHIA (shouting): Yes, it is quite out of character

CADWALLADER (shouting): It's not a request, it's an order! Get out of here you damn fools, before this hole gets too big to deal with!

GODALMING (narrating): And so Doctor Cadwallader scaled the gas holder and began to unscrew one of the valves

FX: Grunting and panting from Cadwallader, feet on metal steps, louder and louder screeching

CADWALLADER (exerting himself): Come on! Bloody... well... shift!

FX: The slow shift of a large metal valve, followed by the hiss of gas

CADWALLADER: Well. Not such a bad way to go, eh? Bloody hero, who'd have thought it. At least I'll die clear of *him*...

FX: Matchbox being fumbled about and shaken

CADWALLADER: Better to light a candle, eh?

FX: Match being struck alight on the side a matchbox, enormous explosion, screeching wail from monstrous creatures, sound of portal closing, debris raining down, an inferno burning

GODALMING (narrating): Doctor Cadwallader, ever resourceful, had left a fuse burning and thrown himself into the water pit at the base of the gas holder, sparing him from the worst of the conflagration.

FX: Strange, ethereal music plays

CADWALLADER (ghostly): Well, there we are. Life over. On m'way to my final reward, whatever that might be.

GODALMING (ghostly, chiding): There you are, sir! Thought I'd lost you for a moment.

CADWALLADER (ghostly, horrified): No! No! For pity's sake, man, let me ...

FX: The music stops abruptly, there is a wheeze of breath from Cadwallader, nearby things are burning, fire bells sound in the distance

CADWALLADER (weakly): Let me die. Just... let me die.

GODALMING (cheerful): Oh no, sir. No, that won't do at all. Immortality, wasn't that what you wanted? **(suddenly becoming cold)** What you bargained our lives for?

CADWALLADER (weeping): I'm sorry.

GODALMING (cheerful again): Not yet you're not, sir

GODALMING (shouting): Lord Arthur, he's over here! He's alive!

ARTHUR (shouting): He's alive! Godalming says he's alive!

JESSIE (distantly): That man's goat mair lives than a cat!..

GODALMING: He'll outlive us all, no doubt...

GODALMING (narrating): And that, Tribune, is how Doctor Cadwallader single-handedly saved the city of Glasgow, and quite possibly the world.

SOPHIA (quietly indignant): *Single-handedly?*

TRIBUNE (flummoxed): And the rest of you can attest to this? Doctor Cadwallader's heroics?

ARTHUR: Ra-ther! Chap's a diamond in the rough, you can bally well count on him when the chips are down.

SOPHIA: We did not actually see him light the gas, but... the observable facts fit with him being responsible for the blast that closed the portal.

CADWALLADER: Too kind, ma'am. At least you'll allow that it *looks* like I'm a hero.

JESSIE: Ah'm pure amazed he survived at all - I got hit in the shooder wi' a big chunk o' rubble from the explosion, an' I was o'er a hundred yards away. There was folks deafened three streets o'er, and Doctor Cadwallader walks away wi' just a few scars, none the worse for wear?

TRIBUNE: Well then... well... this puts a different complexion on things. Doctor Cadwallader, it seems we owe you a debt of gratitude

CADWALLADER (smugly): Think nothing of it, ma'am. Just doin' m'duty.

TRIBUNE: Yes, it goes some considerable way to mitigating the litany of offences and errors you managed to accrue.

CADWALLADER (taken aback): But... by Jove, woman! It's rough mustard to be held to account for a few little trifles when one's faced certain doom for the Society!

TRIBUNE (thundering): You will address me as Tribune!

CADWALLADER (meekly): Sorry, Tribune!

TRIBUNE: Very well then, here is my judgement - solemn, final and absolute.

TRIBUNE: Doctor Cadwallader, it is my judgement that you be found... Not Guilty of the charges against you, by virtue of the pressing danger with which you were faced.

FX: Clapping and cheering

CADWALLADER: Howzat! Hah! Knew the whole thing wouldn't stand up to scrutiny!

ARTHUR (overjoyed): Congratulations, Doctor Cadwallader!

TRIBUNE (struggling to be heard): However...

FX: "For he's a jolly good fellow" is being sung by the assembled, it is cut short by the metal-shod staff striking the floor three times

TRIBUNE: HOWEVER!...this whole affair has highlighted several lapses in judgement and protocol that suggest that you require more oversight in future.

CADWALLADER (spluttering): Oversight! I'm to be nannied like a wayward child?!

TRIBUNE: Indeed yes, Doctor Cadwallader. Until you learn to follow the strictures of the Aletheian Society, it seems you must be reminded. Fortunately, we already have a senior member of the Society who lives in the vicinity of your chapterhouse, and I'm certain she will have had *plenty* of experience in tempering your particular brand of ... waywardness.

CADWALLADER: Oh no... NO! Please, I'll change, I'll do anything, just -

TRIBUNE: Cressida Cadwallader, a member in good standing with more than fifty years of experience in dealing with the occult – and even more than that in dealing with *you*, Doctor Cadwallader.

CADWALLADER: -not Aunt Cressie...

FX: The metal shod staff strikes the floor three times

TRIBUNE: The Tribunal has spoken, the light has shown the truth.

CROWD: The light has shown the truth!

TRIBUNE: Return to Glasgow, chaptermaster. Keep yourself out of trouble. And... give my regards to your aunt, won't you?

CADWALLADER (muttering): I'm sure her hooves are tapping in anticipation...

ARTHUR: Well, all's well that ends well!

SOPHIA: You have been incredibly fortuitous, Doctor Cadwallader, I hope you will be turning over some new leaves, not wasting the opportunity you've been given.

JESSIE: Aye... but still, it wouldnae hurt tae hae a wee dram or too tae celebrate us savin' the world.

CADWALLADER: I'll drink to that!

SOPHIA: Of course, you think only of your own beastly pleasures. I see you have learned nothing.

CADWALLADER: Madam, your barbs do not wound me. I am fortifying myself for a tribulation the likes of which has not been visited upon mankind since the trials of Job.

SOPHIA: Worse than a gateway to hell?

CADWALLADER: Significantly! I assure you, Lady Roxburgh, if you think you find me vexing, my aunt Cressida will provide you with an entirely new scale to measure such sentiments upon.

SOPHIA: I think perhaps you just do not care to be challenged by a woman in power.

CADWALLADER: We shall see, Lady Roxburgh. Now, in the manner of an olive branch, may I offer to buy you a glass of Swiss absinthe? I know a little place nearby...

SOPHIA (sniffs): Real Swiss absinthe? I could be persuaded...

CADWALLADER: Capital! Then let us drink and make merry!

FX: They head away, chatting, happy

FX: END CREDITS play

FX: Guttering fires, rubble being shifted

BANJO: Weel, weel, ma luck's in! A boatel

BOTTLE (cajoling): Not just *any* bottle, my friend, *I* can make your wildest dreams come true

BANJO (disappointed): Och, this isnae booze. I wisht it had just been filled wi' gin instead!

FX: Scream from the bottle imp which fades away, sound of liquid sloshing

BANJO: Aw, ya dancer, it *is* fu' o' gin!

FX: Cork coming off, gulping noises

FX: Banjo sings, it slowly gets quieter as he wanders away, slurping at his bottle

BANJO (singing):

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,

Sae dauntingly gaed he;

He play'd a tune, and danc'd it roon'

Below the gallows-tree.