

**TALES FROM THE ALETHEIAN SOCIETY**

The Scripts: Volume Three

*Fearful Symmetry*

**Jude Reid and Chris Edwards**

## Contents

<b>SEASON 3 TEASER: OBJECTS IN MOTION</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>SERIES 3, EPISODE 1: MAKE MINE A DOUBLE</b>	<b>7</b>
1/1 Cressida/Jessie/Cadwallader/Arthur/Sophia/Banjo/Gillespie	7
1/2 - Arthur/ Banjo/ Jessie/ Gillespie/ Sophia/ Tribune	9
1 /3 - Arthur/Cadwallader/Jessie/Sophia + Barmaid	15
1 /4 Babbage	18
1 / 5 - Arthur/Cadwallader/ Godalming	19
<b>SERIES 3, EPISODE 2: THE BETTER ANGLES OF OUR NATURE</b>	<b>21</b>
2/1: ARTHUR, CADWALLADER, CRESSIDA, GILLESPIE, JESSIE, SOPHIA	21
2/2: ARTHUR, CADWALLADER, GILLESPIE, SOPHIA, JESSIE + GODALMING,	22
2 / 3 : CADWALLADER, GODALMING	25
2 / 4 : ARTHUR, GILLESPIE, JESSIE, SOPHIA,	26
2 / 5 : BANJO, BOABY, SQUINTY MEG, BABBAGE	29
2 / 6 : ARTHUR, JESSIE, SOPHIA, PASSING OLD LADY	30
2 / 7 : CADWALLADER, GODALMING	34
<b>SERIES 3, EPISODE 3: MIRROR IMAGE</b>	<b>36</b>
3/1: Arthur, Cressida, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia	36
3/2 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Sophia	37
3/3 Banjo, Big Billy, Big Maggie, Delia	41
3/ 4 - Cadwallader, Tribune, Uncle George, Arthur, Jones, Jessie, Sophia	42
3 / 5: Arthur Cadwallader, Cressida, Jessie, Sophia, Godalming, Gillespie	44
3/ 6 - Arthur, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia, Tribune	46
3 / 7 - Jones	49
3 / 8: Banjo, Big Maggie, Big Davie, Delia	50
3 /9 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Jessie, Sophia	50
3/ 10 - Sadie, Godalming.	51
<b>SERIES 3, EPISODE 4: SINES AND PORTENTS</b>	<b>53</b>
4 /1 Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Godalming, Jessie, Sophia:	53
4/2 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Jessie, Sophia	54
4/3 : Babbage	55
4/4 : Cressida, Sophia, Godalming	56
4/5 - Arthur, Gillespie, Hilda	57
4 /6 _ Banjo, Lexy	58
DOG RACING TRACK	58
4 /7: Cadwallader, Jessie, Babbage	60
4/ 8: Arthur, Gillespie, Hilda	61
4 /9: Banjo, Cadwallader, Cressida, Jessie, Sophia	62
4/ 10: THE ASYLUM: Hilda, Arthur	65
<b>SERIES 3, EPISODE 5: SPONSIONES LUDICRAE</b>	<b>67</b>
5/ 1 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Godalming, Jessie, Sophia	67
5 / 2, E5S3 - Arthur, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia	69

5/ 3 : George, Bully, Smudger, Wetherington	71
5 /4: Alistair, Jessie, Shug	72
5 / 5, Alistair, Jessie, Mrs Smith	73
5 / 6, - Arthur, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia	74
5 / 7: Banjo, Cadwallader, Croupier, Babbage, Sophia	76
5 / 8, - Arthur, Gillespie, Jessie	79
5 / 9: Cressida, Babbage	80

### **SERIES 3, EPISODE 6: DIVIDE AND CONQUER 82**

6/1: Arthur, Banjo, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia	82
6/2 Cressida	84
6/3: Cadwallader, Gillespie, Godalming	85
6/4 Arthur, Jessie, Sophia:	86
6/5: Cadwallader, Godalming, Gillespie	88
6/6: Arthur, Jessie, Sophia	88
THE BACK STAIR	88
6/7: Cadwallader, Godalming, Gillespie, Banjo	90
6/8 : Arthur, Jessie, Sophia, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Godalming	90
6/9 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Godalming, Jessie, Sophia	92
6 /10 - Bully, Jones	96

# SEASON 3 TEASER: OBJECTS IN MOTION

## CAST

JOHN HERSCHEL - Paul

EDWARD RYAN - Sim

CAROLINE Roxburgh - Cat

CHARLES BABBAGE - Phil

SANITARIUM WARDERS - Megan

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and We Evolve Present, Tales from the Aletheian Society:  
Objects in motion

**FX: Explosion! Alarm whistles begin to sound shortly afterwards**

**HERSCHEL:** Come on, Ryan! We haven't got long, we must find his cell.

**RYAN:** It's only a pity we don't have time to help these other poor devils. Who knows how many other innocents have been trapped here?

**HERSCHEL:** With Charles's testimony, we can free them all. Now quickly, what does this plaque say **(beat)** "Roxburgh"?

**FX: Metal grate is pulled aside, CAROLINE ROXBURGH shrieks incessantly, the grate is pulled back and the shrieking is muffled again**

**HERSCHEL:** Definitely not! What's that one?

**RYAN:** Here it is! "Babbage"!

**FX: A metal grate is pulled back**

**BABBAGE: (seemingly talking to himself)** ...could I use one of these limes to achieve the same effect, perhaps? No, you're quite right - insufficiently *spherical*...

**RYAN:** I say, Charles! It's us, John and Edward!

**BABBAGE: (snapped from reverie)** Herschel? Ryan? What are you doing here?

**HERSCHEL:** We're here to get you out, Charles. Remember our oath? The Extractors Club? You didn't think we'd leave you here to rot in a madhouse while the world thought you were dead!

**BABBAGE:** Perhaps better for you that you had, my friends. My condition here is... complicated. Removing me could be hazardous to your -

**RYAN: (not really listening)** Righto, stand back Charles. This dynamite stuff is gingery business - don't want to blow you to kingdom come!

**BABBAGE:** I really think it's inadvisable for you to open this door...

**FX: Match being struck, fuse burning**

**HERSCHEL:** Don't worry, Charles, we'll have you out in two shakes of a lamb's tail!

**BABBAGE:** How did you even find this place?

**RYAN:** We had help, from one of your captors as it happens

**FX: Fuse burns down, Explosion! Door flies off hinges. HERSCHEL and RYAN choke in the resulting smoke for a moment**

**HERSCHEL:** God's trousers! What kind of room is it they've got you in here, Charles? The entire place looks like it was designed by a lunatic

**BABBAGE:** By one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, actually. It disperses some of the effects of the *incongruencies* I picked up during my research

**RYAN:** What are you talking about, Charles? Are you ill?

**BABBAGE:** In a manner of speaking. My attempts to make practical use of abstract principles had some unwelcome side effects.

**HERSCHEL:** Your damned machine, is that the reason you're in here? I thought the blasted thing never worked?

**FX: Whistles and shouts from SANITARIUM WARDERS**

**RYAN:** Enough, we've got to be on our way - we need to get you to safety

**BABBAGE:** You two really should be more worried about yourselves. Without this chamber I can't **(strained)** control it... when...

**FX: The bounds of space and time rupture, HERSCHEL has only a moment to scream before he is diced**

**RYAN:** What in the hell...?! Babbage, what just happened? One moment John was hale and hearty, the next... he's just cubes! Floating cubes!

**BABBAGE:** I'm sorry, Edward. I did try and warn you. My condition makes it dangerous for me to be out.

**RYAN:** In God's name man! What have they done to you?

**SANITARIUM WARDERS:** There they are! Christ Almighty, Babbage is loose! Remember your orders - shoot to kill!

**FX: A volley of shots, whistles get closer, dogs begin barking**

**BABBAGE:** Truly, I am sorry about this, Ryan. It wasn't my choice. But I need you to concentrate - I assume there was supposed to be a safe place for us to get to once I was out?

**RYAN:** What? Yes, we were supposed to get the next train to Glasgow. There was to be somebody on board to meet us.

**BABBAGE:** Thank you, Edward. And... goodbye

**RYAN:** What are you doing, Charles -

**FX: The bounds of space and time rupture once more, followed by more shots**

**RYAN:** He's gone! Vanished into thin air! Wait, he's gone and left me behind, the bast-

**FX: Gunshot, RYAN's body crumples**

**SANITARIUM GUARD:** Got one of them. No sign of Babbage though, he's slipped the net. Heaven help us when the Tribune hears about this...

# SERIES 3, EPISODE 1: MAKE MINE A DOUBLE

## CAST

NARRATOR  
CRESSIDA CADWALLADER  
JESSIE GORDON  
HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER  
ARTHUR ROXBURGH  
SOPHIA ROXBURGH  
GILLESPIE  
BANJO  
BARMAID  
TRIBUNE  
CHARLES BABBAGE  
GODALMING

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and We Evolve present, Tales from the Aletheian Society: book Three, Chapter One - Make Mine a Double!

## THEME MUSIC PLAYS

1/1 Cressida/Jessie/Cadwallader/Arthur/Sophia/Banjo/Gillespie

**FX:** Grinding gears, energised hum of THE ARRAY, very slowly rising in pitch as it approaches activation. The swoosh of the mirrored arms rotating above the main characters' heads.

**CRESSIDA:** Stand down! I shall not tell you again! One more step and I shoot!

**FX:** Click of a firearm being readied

**JESSIE:** Ye cannae let Babbage's madness happen! This is no whit we're about. You might get me, but I'll take ye with me, ye mad auld baggage

**FX:** Shotgun being cocked

**CRESSIDA:** Miss Gordon, this is *precisely* what we're about. This is the *culmination* of what we're about.

**JESSIE:** Aw, you I understand bein' a mentalist, but Doctor ... Why would you go along wi' this? No like you tae get aff yer big fat arse unless you huvtae

**HIERONYMUS:** Simmer down, Miss Gordon! I'm not going along with anyone, but I can't allow you to go aiming your piece at my aunt! Put it down, or I'll be forced to put you down.

**FX: Click of revolvers being cocked**

**ARTHUR:** Point your pistols elsewhere, Doctor Cadwallader! Your Aunt is insane! This plan is insane! I won't... I won't *allow* it!

**FX: Revolvers being cocked**

**SOPHIA:** Arthur! Put those guns down before somebody gets hurt!

**ARTHUR: (pained)** You're with *her*?

**SOPHIA:** Of course I am. What kind of sane person would want to raise a child in a world like this? Now, Miss Gordon, surrender or I'll be forced to shoot you in the face

**FX: Click of palm-pistols being cocked**

**GILLESPIE:** I realise I'm Johnny-come-lately tae aw this, an' I've nae real idea whit's goin' on here, but I reckon if Doctor Cadwallader's fer it, Ah'm against it! Sae drop the pistol, Doctor, or I'll be forced tae send ye tae yer everlastin' reward in the fiery pits o' hell.

**FX: Click of rifle being cocked**

**BANJO:** If I'm no needed, I'll just slip oot, eh? I'm no wantin' tae shoot anybody

**HIERONYMUS:** Going out to place more bets, eh? Does Cressida know you're responsible for all the blasted ructions that've been tearing this town apart?

**CRESSIDA:** So *you're* behind the incidents? **(beat)** Mr Stuart?

**BANJO:** Aye, missus C?

**CRESSIDA:** Your services are no longer required

**FX: Gunshot, Banjo collapses**

**BANJO: (weakly)** Help...Polis...Murder...

**JESSIE:** Haw, steady on. Are we actually *doin'* this then? Are we really gettin' ready tae shoot each other? How the flyin' feathery *fuck* did it come tae this?...

**CRESSIDA:** There's no point dwelling on the past. What's done is done and can't be changed - all that matters now is what happens in this room.

**ARTHUR:** Even just a few days ago things seemed so different. I suppose it's true what they say - ignorance is bliss.

**HIERONYMUS:** A position that certainly seems to sum up your existence to this point, Arthur



**SOPHIA:** The things currently in motion have long since been set on their course, it was just that until recently we failed to notice. We were too busy with other things...

1/2 - Arthur/ Banjo/ Jessie/ Gillespie/ Sophia/ Tribune

**FX: The clopping of the carriage through the wet streets of Glasgow, light rainfall**

**SOPHIA:** Always so dreary, the weather in this city. Somehow I had forgotten the endless rain

**ARTHUR:** Well, a change is as good as a rest, I say. It was nice to see a bit of the continent again, but it's nice to be back to Glasgow, even with the weather. There's Hunter House, hasn't changed a bit.

**SOPHIA:** I thought perhaps... perhaps Scotland might hold some... bitter memories for you now

**ARTHUR:** Hmm? Oh... the... thing. (**nervous**) Yes, well, I'm right as sixpence now. Best not to dwell on it, eh? Just be thankful for the time Godalm... I mean *God* has given us.

**SOPHIA:** Yes, I ... I suppose you're right

**FX: Carriage stops**

**ARTHUR:** Things will slip back into their old routine in no time, you'll see. Now, wait there and I'll help you down.

**SOPHIA:** I'm pregnant, Arthur, not an invalid. Now that the initial nausea has subsided, I find myself mostly untroubled by the whole process.

**ARTHUR: (enthused)** I can't wait to see all the old gang! No doubt there'll be some ripping stories to tell each other!

**FX: Cab doors open, SOPHIE and ARTHUR alight onto cobbles**

**GILLESPIE: (very abruptly, right in Arthur's ear)** Hello, your Lordship

**FX: Arthur shrieks with fright then quickly recomposes himself**

**ARTHUR:** Oh, ah, hello there Gillespie old man. Didn't see you,... creeping up on us.

**SOPHIA:** Mr Gillespie! Cease trying to scare my husband back into... I mean *into* an early grave!

**GILLESPIE:** Sorry, Lord and Lady Roxburgh. I'm afraid I was just keen for a bit of company. The Hoose has been guy empty recently

**FX: The hack-driver is unloading heavy bags onto the pavement**

**SOPHIA:** Where are Miss Cadwallader and Miss Gordon? And don't tell me the Chaptermaster stirred from his vile pit at this hour of the morning?

**GILLESPIE:** Miss Cadwallader has been through in Edinburgh half the time, busy tidying up the affairs of the Unicorn Club. And aye, the great warthog's fair been feelin' his oats wi' her no here - rollin' drunk and ringin' doon fer food like a budgie playin' wi' it's wee bell. Poor Mrs Gillespie's been labourin' like a navvy in the kitchens, tryin' tae sate his gluttonous appetites.

**SOPHIA:** I am *far* from surprised. So Miss Gordon has been in charge?

**GILLESPIE:** Aye, I suppose so. Except both of them went oot a few days ago tae investigate the rumoured occurrences. I *wuz* quite amazed tae see that the good Doctor's legs were still capable of propelling him about. I can only assume he must have run out of alcohol.

**ARTHUR: (trying to sound nonchalant)** What about Mr Godalming? Did he... go with them?

**SOPHIA: (interrupting)** Arthur, we don't care about the help! **(beat)** What occurrences do you speak of, Mr Gillespie? Has something untowards happened?

**FX: Hack-driver finishes unloading bags, carriage rolls away**

**GILLESPIE:** There were rumours of strange events, peculiar happenings, bizarre and unholy episodes...

**SOPHIA:** What was the nature of these events, Mr Gillespie? Don't be coy, man.

**GILLESPIE:** Rumours are gossip, Lady Roxburgh, and gossip is sinful. As it says in Proverbs, "A fool's mouth is his undoing, and his lips are a snare to his soul."

**ARTHUR: (clearly freaking out)** Oh God, what've I done?

**SOPHIA: (misunderstanding)** For pity's sake, have you trod in the horse excrement *again*? Use the scraper by the door!

**ARTHUR:** Oh, yes, yes, that's what I meant, I'll go use it now. Haha. Silly me.

**FX: Boot being frantically scraped**

**SOPHIA:** Now, Mister Gillespie, you'll tell us where the Chaptermaster and our fellow illuminate have gone, and the precise nature of these supposed occurrences.

**FX: Gillespie grits his teeth horribly as he considers**

**GILLESPIE: (long suffering)** Alright, I've come tae believe that God is preparin' tae pour his eternal wrath oot on the heids of the sinners that hold our city in their unwholesome grip!

**ARTHUR:** God's smiting the *masons*?!

**GILLESPIE:** Naw! His angels have been smiting the sinful fleshpots and liquor-halls, the places of low repute.

**SOPHIA:** This is ridiculous!

**ARTHUR:** Yes, I mean, *really* Gillespie

**SOPHIA:** If God was smiting the sinful, he'd have started with Dr Cadwallader!

**GILLESPIE: (Smug)** Frae your lips tae God's ears, yer ladyship.

**FX: Boots walking up**

**JESSIE: (pleased)** Aw, the Roxburghs. Yer fair glowin' Sophie. Both of ye keepin' well?

**ARTHUR:** Yes, all fine. Perfectly fine. Fit as a fiddle!

**SOPHIA:** Occasional discomfort, no more than that. What of you, Gillespie has been informing us that you've been out investigating something?

**JESSIE:** Aye. Chasin' up rumours and wide-eyed auld soaks claimin' to hae seen things. All a waste of time, I was just comin' back fer ma tea.

**GILLESPIE:** Tea? It's nine in the morning. Don't tell me the Doctor's gluttonous habits are rubbin' off on ye!

**JESSIE:** Nae danger! But whit dae ye mean nine?! I've been oot aw day, rollin' about this toon like a wean's dobber!

**GILLESPIE:** Three days ye've been gone, Miss Gordon. I see the demon drink has done fer ye.

**JESSIE:** I had a couple of swallies wi' lunch, but I'm no steamin'! I think I'd have noticed three days goin' by!

**SOPHIA:** This is easily settled. Jessie, what date do you think it is?

**JESSIE: (indignant)** The fourteenth! **(puzzled)** But you werenae supposed to be gettin' back until the seventeenth. And it is guy quiet and bright for this time in the evenin'...

**FX: Watch is scrabbled out**

**JESSIE:** Look! Look at ma watch! Quarter past five!

**ARTHUR:** Now I'm confused. I thought it was morning?

**SOPHIA:** It *is* morning, Arthur. Whatever has happened to Miss Gordon, it appears she has literally lost several intervening days! This may be the most peculiar phenomenon I've ever encountered.

**FX: Front door of Hunter House opens and shuts, BANJO exits, whistling happily**

**BANJO:** Good morning tae ye's all, how's it goin'? I'm just poppin' oot tae put in a hard day's work tae earn ma crust. Here you go, Mr Gillespie, there's a wee somethin' fer yer troubles.

**GILLESPIE:** Here! Whit are you doin' usin' the front door? I told you the coal-hole was good enough fer the likes o' you. And by goad, are you gien' me a *gratuity*?

**BANJO: (cheery)** Och, ye drive a hard bargain, y'auld deevil. Go on, make it a quid!

**FX: Crumpled note changes hands.**

**GILLESPIE: (outraged)** You dirty wee...(clocks the amount of money) Ahem. I mean. Aye....very good, Mr Stuart. Will there be anythin' else yer needin', sir?

**BANJO:** Naw, I'm all good. You's all have yersels a lovely day now.

**FX: BANJO walks off, whistling**

**SOPHIA:** Allow me to rephrase - *one* of the most peculiar phenomena I've ever encountered.

**ARTHUR:** I suppose working for Cressida must have straightened the fellow out. Nice to see a story with a happy ending.

**JESSIE:** I'm no' a *great* believer in the redemptive power of the Cadwallader family masel'...

**GILLESPIE: (snapping)** Nonsense! I wulnae hear a word said against Mr Stuart - he's a redeemed character, and as good a christian man as ever drew breath!

**ARTHUR: (scoffing)** What, so, as good as, say, Thomas Aquinas or Saint George?

**GILLESPIE:** A Catholic and an Englishman? Aye, probably better then.

**ARTHUR:** Actually, that's a common misconception about Saint George, you see he was actually from -

**SOPHIA: (interrupting)** We don't have time for a history lecture, dear-heart. We must locate the Chaptermaster. It is possible that he too has fallen foul of these strange events!

**GILLESPIE: (muttering)** Aye, weel, we can hope

**JESSIE:** Well ma feet are sair and I'm famishin' away, I'm no missin' ma mince 'n' tatties on account of the auld walrus. Let's get some ... well, breakfast I suppose, and then go lookin'

**SOPHIA:** Yes, it has been a long trip for us as well. And no doubt Arthur will wish a cup of that wretched brew you British are all so mad about before we head off

**ARTHUR:** Oh, I'd love a cup of tea!

**GILLESPIE:** Right, I'll have Mrs Gillespie get the kettle on. She's probably got a whole trough of food ready tae go, just in case the Chaptermaster appears wantin' his elevenses.

**SOPHIA:** Delightful, very well then, let us repair to the dining room. Gillespie, you can see to getting the cases inside.

**FX: The door opens. JESSIE, SOPHIA, ARTHUR head inside, chatting amiably. The door closes**

**GILLESPIE:** Oh aye, yer Ladyship. I'll just see to aw yer bloody cases. And me wi' ma bad back since the Incident!

**FX: He strains as he lifts one, it clanks slightly**

**GILLESPIE:** Suffering Jesus, whit's she goat in here, anyway? Lead weights? I'm no liftin' these heavy bastards up aw they stairs!

**FX: Rattle of keys, cellar hatch opens**

**GILLESPIE:** I'll drop them doon intae the cellar. She just said inside, she didnae say upstairs.

**FX: Noise of bags smashing into the cellar one by one**

**GILLESPIE: (mock concern)** Oh, dear, I hope that wisnae anythin' *delicate* **(horrible chuckle)**

**FX: The clink of cutlery, teacups, etc as they eat**

**JESSIE:** Jings, I'm stuffed. Whit is it about eatin' breakfast at a place that's no yer ain hoose that makes ye eat twice as much as ye would ordinarily?

**SOPHIA:** We have delayed long enough, please let us not get distracted by philosophical arguments about food. It'll only bring on another round of tea, and then you'll all be here until noon and ready to start again on the next meal.

**JESSIE:** Okay, steady on. No much fer small-talk, are ye hen?

**SOPHIA:** Am I... a chicken? What are you talking about?

**ARTHUR: (excited)** Oh... Oh, I know this one from Miss Gordon's lessons! She's referring to you as a woman with affectionate informality! I've been thinking of writing a guide to the local lingo you know, I don't think it's ever been properly documented. And once it's done, I could write a reverse one, so the locals could learn English too!

**SOPHIA:** Well, I'm sure we all feel enriched by that foray into pointless vernacular - **(sharp)** Arthur, stop reaching for that teapot! - **(back to normal)** but we must establish what Miss Gordon learned, and where Doctor Cadwallader is likely to be.

**JESSIE:** Weel, I found a whole lot of jakie bawheids all swearin' blind somethin' had happened. Folks goin' missin', things being where they shouldnae, strange coincidences, funny lights. But in terms of yer actual evidence, I got hee-haw.

**SOPHIA:** And Doctor Cadwallader?

**JESSIE:** Aye, well once he realised we were goin' tae be investigatin' pubs an' such, he volunteered. We split the list and went wur separate ways, and that was the last I saw of him.

**SOPHIA:** Then I suppose we'll have to just retrace his footsteps.

**ARTHUR:** What's this on the floor under Doctor Cadwallader's seat? Eugh, it's *covered* in congealed egg yolk!

**FX: Rootling, Arthur gets a bit of paper**

**ARTHUR:** A telegram? Oh, it's addressed to Doctor Cadwallader, I'll slip it under his door later.

**JESSIE: (snatching it)** Gie us that!

**FX: She grabs the letter and rips open the envelope**

**JESSIE:** It's from the Tribune! ... and it's dated over three weeks ago! **(she reads slowly)** Chaptermaster. Stop. Terrible News. Stop.

**FX: Fade to voiceover from the Tribune**

**TRIBUNE:** Babbage has escaped from Carfax. Stop. Most dangerous practitioner alive. Stop. Shoot on sight. Stop. Open order packet Indigo immediately for further information. Stop. Trust no one. Stop.

**ARTHUR:** Who's Babbage?

**JESSIE:** Whit's Carfax?

**SOPHIA:** Where are order packets kept?!

**GILLESPIE:** In the Chaptermaster's personal vault, Lady Roxburgh. I'm afraid it wulnae open fer anyone but Doctor Cadwallader - or his successor if the guid Lord has lifted his mighty haund an' struck him doon as he richly deserves.

**ARTHUR: (talking to himself)** Can't be the inventor fellow, he's been dead a year or more. One of the *Shrewsbury* Babbages, perhaps?

**JESSIE:** Right, that's that then. We'll huv tae find him - or at least prove he's deid so wan of us can open the vault.

**SOPHIA:** Enough is enough - the man is a disgrace! He is unfit to run a Chapter. Who knows how many innocents may suffer because he was more intent on gluttony than on doing his duty?

**ARTHUR:** Steady on, Sophia, I daresay we've all managed to misplace the odd bit of mail now and again.

**SOPHIA:** Don't be ridiculous! I have every piece of correspondence I've ever received filed away neatly in boxes.

**ARTHUR: (sadly)** You know, I always think the Christmas cards would look more *jolly* if we put them on the mantle for a bit first...

**SOPHIA:** Hah, and *lose* half of them?! Don't be absurd.

**JESSIE:** Aye, weel, mebbe I'm just a tea-sippin' Brit, prone tae all kinds of distraction, but I reckon maybe we can do wi'oot the Christmas card conversation right this exact minute? I mean, unless one of yer season's greetins included an Indigo order packet?

**SOPHIA:** Very well, but the matter is worthy of debate. If I can bring nothing else to these British Isles, I will at least bring order to - **(shouting)** ARTHUR!

**FX: ARTHUR slurps tea, he stops abruptly**

**ARTHUR:** Sorry, darling. I swear I didn't even notice I was making it!

**JESSIE:** 'Moan, let's just get ootae here. For this goes roon' again.

**FX: Everybody start to get up from the table**

**GILLESPIE:** Och, look at ye all, rushin off tae save the guid Doctor. Ye might be just in time tae save him. He might be breathin' his last this very minute, and you his only hope.

**GILLESPIE:** Oh, that reminds me, Mrs Gillespie just made this plate of delicious shortbread, still warm frae the oven. Would anyone mebbe like to stop for a wee taste?

1 /3 - Arthur/Cadwallader/Jessie/Sophia + Barmaid

**FX: Mooing of cows**

**JESSIE:** This is the place, over by yon pond, the Curlers Tavern. Only pub in Glasgow open all day every day - thanks tae some auld king who was so mad fer the bevvie he couldnae wait fer normal openin' times.

**ARTHUR:** Smells very... agricultural around here

**SOPHIA:** I suppose all the milk for your tea has to come from somewhere.

**JESSIE:** Let's just not get sucked back into the tea conversation. We'll be here until Christmas (beat) and then you'd have to file us away in a wee box

**ARTHUR:** Ladies, please. Let's just try and focus on finding Doctor Cadwallader. He's depending on us to get him home, safe and sound.

**JESSIE:** Aye, fair enough, let's have a keek inside

**FX: Door opening with a creak**

**SOPHIA:** Looks deserted

**FX: Very faint slurping, clinking and giggling from HIERONYMUS upstairs**

**JESSIE:** Something upstairs?

**SOPHIA:** Let us arm ourselves and proceed. Who knows what unholy horror we are about to face.

**ARTHUR:** I haven't brought any weapons. We haven't even unpacked yet. I'll just have to rely on my *Schwingen* training.

**FX: Weapons are cocked. Footsteps going up the stairs.**

**HIERONYMUS: (singing drunkenly)** Along came a man called Charley Mopps, and he made a great drink that was made out of beer,...no, crops?... ah... hops!

**SOPHIA:** Of course, why did we even for a moment suspect that Dr Cadwallader would encounter any difficulty in an establishment selling alcohol!

**JESSIE:** How many pint glasses are there lyin' about here? Hunnerds!

**FX: Grunt from HIERONYMUS as he drunkenly notices them**

**HIERONYMUS: (very drunk)** Hush! You mustn't jinx it, it's almost time

**FX: Snap of pocketwatch being opened, ticking noise**

**HIERONYMUS: (very drunk)** See!

**SOPHIA:** All I see, Doctor, is a sad old drunkard, wallowing in alcohol in order to forget their own many and varied shortcomings.

**BARMAID:** Here you go, big yin. Pint of Tennents and your change.

**FX: Glass and coins are put down on the table**



**HIERONYMUS:** (very drunk) Hah! See, I told you!

**FX:** HIERONYMUS gulps down beer, a trickling noise starts

**JESSIE:** Aw, Goad - he's pishing himself!

**FX:** HIERONYMUS finishes beer with gusto, bangs glass down on table

**HIERONYMUS:** Madam, I am in a delightful state of (pauses to stifle belch) equilibrium.

**JESSIE:** Looks like it isnae the first time, either. The fabric of the seat is wringin', and there's a puddle under the table bigger than yon millpond oot there.

**HIERONYMUS:** I *did* try putting it in glasses initially, but then there was a bit of an accident where I drank from the wrong one...

**BARMAID:** Here you go, big yin. Pint of Tennents and your change.

**FX:** Glass and coins are put down on the table

**SOPHIA:** Again? She brought you more already?! And has she not already brought you the leftover coinage?

**ARTHUR:** There's a lot of coins here - must be at least a few quid in coppers

**HIERONYMUS:** (drunken snarl) No, it's all mine, you can't have it!

**FX:** HIERONYMUS grabs at the big pile of coins, scrabbling about on the table

**JESSIE:** I'm gonnae go oot on a limb and say you dinnae need any more booze. Yer already pickled like an egg fae a chippy

**HIERONYMUS:** (drunken, tearful) No, please, don't spoil it. Just for once... just for once I'm *winning*!

**BARMAID:** Here you go, big yin. Pint of Tennents and your change.

**FX:** Glass and coins are put down on the table

**SOPHIA:** Again! What is going on here? Why does this woman keep bringing you alcohol and money?

**HIERONYMUS:** I don't know, and I don't care! All I know is that I've found my place in the sun, and I intend to stay here for the rest of my life

**FX:** HIERONYMUS grabs the glass and begins drinking, the trickling starts again

**SOPHIA:** *Heiland Sack!* Arthur, get this *soiniggel* out to the carriage!

**ARTHUR:** Righto then. Come along, Doctor. Time to toddle off home!

**FX:** **HIERONYMUS splutters into his pint**

**HIERONYMUS:** (petulant child voice) No! I won't go! I shan't! You can't make me!

**SOPHIA:** In point of fact we *can* make you, you sodden old wretch. There are three of us, and only one of you, and you are heavily inebriated

**HIERONYMUS:** Did nobody ever tell you that the tiger is at his most dangerous when he's spent three days drinking cheap Scottish beer? Well it's true! Now be off with you, lest you see the tiger's teeth!

**JESSIE:** Moan, we're gonnae huv tae just rush him. Just try and stay away frae the bottom half

**BARMAID:** Here you go, big yin. Pint of Ten -

**FX:** Slap noise

**BARMAID:** (confused) What... what's going on?

**SOPHIA:** Madam, you have been caught in some kind of loop for several days. And this repellent fellow, instead of trying to save you, has just sat there and guzzled free beer the entire time.

**BARMAID:** Eh? I don't understand, but ma heid's fair thumpin'

**HIERONYMUS:** (heartbroken) No! You've broken the cycle!

**JESSIE:** Weel, I think it's fair tae say naebody understand whits goin' on here. But we'll get the jakie walrus here oot o' yer hair. You keep they bawbees on the table fer yer trouble, hen, and just keep yer trap shut aboot allae this?

**BARMAID:** Jings! Aye, awright

**HIERONYMUS:** No!

**FX:** Fingernails on wood as **HIERONYMUS** is dragged away from the bar, his cries growing ever fainter

1 /4 Babbage

**FX:** The **ARRAY** rotates at a more genteel pace

**BABBAGE:** The initial test phases have been completed, but there are still too many incongruencies. The Array isn't functioning anywhere near the capacity it should be at.

**FX: BABBAGE adjusts a few levers**

**BABBAGE: (as if holding a one-sided conversation)** Well, you might very well say that, but you aren't constrained in the same way as I am, after all I... **(straining)** Oh, God ... it's starting again...

**FX: Time and space ruptures, afterwards BABBAGE is breathing heavily**

**BABBAGE:** Closer together each time, my condition is definitely growing worse.

**BABBAGE: (as if replying)** That's very kind of you, my friend, but I'm alright now. Still, it does leave the situation more urgent, we'll have to ask our benefactor to increase the rate of shipments.

**BABBAGE: (as if replying)** The increased risk of discovery must be offset against the risk that I evaporate entirely before the Array can be fully completed.

**BABBAGE: (as if replying)** Well, there's a beauty to mathematics, a purity to it. Most people can't see it at all, you live and breathe it. I suppose that's what makes us such good friends.

**BABBAGE:** Come on now, I can't spend all day gabbing, there's plenty more work to be done if we want to iron out these incongruencies. This world won't destroy itself, you know!

**END MUSIC PLAYS**

1 / 5 - Arthur/Cadwallader/ Godalming

**FX: ARTHUR is dragging the unconscious HIERONYMUS up the stairs to his room**

**ARTHUR:** Come on Doctor, let's just get you up to your room. A few hours shuteye will see you right as -

**GODALMING:** Hello again, Lord Roxburgh

**ARTHUR:** - shit!

**GODALMING:** Oh dear, oh dear. Looks like Doctor Cadwallader's got himself into a right state.

**ARTHUR:** Yes, there was a barmaid, who kept bringing him beer

**GODALMING:** That is usually how it works when he gets into this condition, Lord Roxburgh. Never fear, I'll take him from here!

**ARTHUR: (relieved)** Alright then, over to you

**FX: Unconscious HIERONYMUS is passed to GODALMING**

**ARTHUR:** I can see you've got this all in hand, I'll just leave you to it and..

**GODALMING:** We must have a chat sometime soon, Lord Roxburgh

**ARTHUR: (panicking)** Must we? I mean, don't mean to be a snob and all, but our social classes are pretty divergent. Not really the done thing, is it? Chumming about with another chap's valet? I'm sure you understand.

**GODALMING:** It's about your debt, Lord Roxburgh. Your very considerable debt.

**ARTHUR: (weakly)** Ah, yes, that.

**GODALMING:** It's time to pay the piper, Lord Roxburgh. You and I are going to be busy soon

**ARTHUR:** Oh God...

**GODALMING:** But you can run along for now - just don't stray too far. If I have to come looking for you, well, ... you won't like the consequences

**ARTHUR:** Right. Right, right, right. Right-o!

**FX: ARTHUR scampers away down the stairs. HIERONYMUS grunts and his innards gurgle.**

**GODALMING:** And as for you, Doctor Cadwallader, your big day is almost here as well.

**FX: GODALMING playfully slaps the side of HIERONYMUS's face a few times**

**GODALMING:** But for now, let's get you cleaned up

**FX: GODALMING drags HIERONYMUS to his bedroom, opens the door, hauls him inside and shuts it behind them**

# SERIES 3, EPISODE 2: THE BETTER ANGLES OF OUR NATURE

## CAST

NARRATOR  
CRESSIDA CADWALLADER  
JESSIE GORDON  
HIERONYMUS CADWALLADER  
ARTHUR ROXBURGH  
SOPHIA ROXBURGH  
GILLESPIE  
BANJO  
BOABY  
SQUINTY MEG  
CHARLES BABBAGE  
PASSING OLD LADY  
SCREAMING HOTEL GUESTS

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and We Evolve present, Tales from the Aletheian Society: book Three, Chapter Two - The Better Angles of our Nature

## THEME MUSIC PLAYS

**2/1: ARTHUR, CADWALLADER, CRESSIDA, GILLESPIE, JESSIE, SOPHIA**

**FX:** Grinding gears, energised hum of THE ARRAY, very slowly rising in pitch as it approaches activation. The swoosh of the mirrored arms rotating above the main characters' heads.

**CRESSIDA:** It's not too late for you to cease all this foolishness. Nobody needs to die - well, nobody except Mr Stewart for his treachery. The fate of all of God's creation hangs in the balance here.

**JESSIE:** Ye've all read the files, this is how they go, the old yins from the Society. Ye spend yer life battlin' evil, yer friends an' colleagues aw die or get their souls sucked oot their arsehole or some shite like that - if ye survive tae auld age ye think it's because yer special, "God's got a plan fer ye". Trouble is, it's all a load of mince. An' sure enough they start dippin' intae the artefacts, because "they're the only ones who ken whit God wants done wi' them".

**HIERONYMUS:** Damn it all, she's making a good point here, Auntie! This scheme does seem like lunacy. I hate to say it, but I think you've finally taken leave of your senses. Perhaps it's time for a nice rest cure down at Carfax, what do you say?

**CRESSIDA:** Nonsense, boy! I'm as sane as the day I took my oath!

**JESSIE:** Aye, that's mebbes no sayin' much in your case. How many folks deid or worse while ye were gettin' this grand endeavour off the groon?

**CRESSIDA:** What you fail to grasp is that once this device is activated, it will erase all of this and replace it with something better. We will all be born again into a world with no supernatural evils, where the Society was never needed. We will live the lives we *would* have had, if Satan had not set his unholy mark upon this world.

**GILLESPIE:** That sounds dreadful! How can people really appreciate their everlastin' reward if they arenae qualin' in fear every minute of their miserable lives?

**HIERONYMUS:** So... So this would remove all supernatural forces from the world? You're quite certain? In that case, count me in!

**SOPHIA:** Dr Cadwallader! Every time I think I've seen the lowest moral ebb you can achieve, you manage to find some deeper level to sink to. What *possible* reason can you have for risking so many lives and souls?

**HIERONYMUS:** I have my reasons, Lady Roxburgh. I'm afraid my aunt has just offered me a way to get a particularly persistent Old Man of the Sea off my back. That being so, I'm afraid I can't let you interfere in what she's trying to achieve.

**FX: Click of pistols being readied again**

**ARTHUR:** Dash it all! This impasse can't continue. Don't force us to choose between our personal loyalty to you both and our loyalty to the Society.

**JESSIE: (sarcastic)** Oh, aye, that'd be a right heid-scratcher, that one, wouldn't it? Buggirlugs here isnae exactly yer inspirin' leader type. And I don't think anyone apart frae him gies two tugs on a dead dog's cock about the mad old besom. If it comes doon tae it, we've goat the numbers. Given aw the trouble he's put us too recently, I'm thinkin' shooting him wid probably huv happened sooner or later anyhow.

2/2: ARTHUR, CADWALLADER, GILLESPIE, SOPHIA, JESSIE + GODALMING,

**FX: The ticking of the clock in the study**

**GODALMING:** His *condition*, Lady Roxburgh? Well, he's conscious, but not terribly coherent. I've managed to bathe him and change his clothes, but he wouldn't rest. I've seen him in this state before many times, your Ladyship. Dr Cadwallader seems to have an enviable sort of ability to pass out while remaining standing. He'll sober up in a few hours - a day at most.

**SOPHIA:** Intriguing. A state not unlike somnambulism, perhaps?

**JESSIE:** We huvnae goat a day. He's already wastit' far too much time. Let's wheel him doon tae the chaptermaster's vault and get the order packet

**ARTHUR:** I think you're all being terribly unfair. Dr Cadwallader has all the pressures of command weighing down on him. It's hardly surprising he goes on a tear now and again.

**SOPHIA:** Now and again? He'd do nothing but drink from dawn until dusk if he got his way. And after this latest, epic failure I will make it my mission to see him removed as Chaptermaster and drummed out of the Society altogether!

**ARTHUR: (quietly)** I don't know, if he was in the Navy he'd be counted a practical teetotaller...

**FX: An enormous fat man falls down the stairs, bouncing off each stair at a time before coming to rest on the floor**

**JESSIE:** Whit in the name of Goad?! I just about shat mase!

**GODALMING:** It sounds like Dr Cadwallader has decided to join us. Excuse me while I help him up

**FX: The door opens, Godalming goes outside and can be heard cajoling Dr Cadwallader to his feet. Cadwallader is burbling nonsense.**

**JESSIE: (deep sigh)** Sorry, Arthur, but I think she's right. Auld "bully-beef" oot there's becomin' mair of a danger tae us than the opposition. Once this is sortit oot, I'll have a wee word wi' the Tribune, see if we cannae just get him put oot tae pasture somewhere quiet.

**SOPHIA:** Why on *Earth* would the Tribune listen to you?

**JESSIE:** Aw, eh, I've done a few odd joabs fer her in the past, ken?

**SOPHIA: (suspicious)** What *kind* of odd jobs?

**FX: Dr Cadwallader staggers into the room, assisted by Godalming**

**HIERONYMUS: (drunk)** Ah, there you ...(stifles an internal ruction) ...there you all are! M'merry little band. M'loyal disciples, gathered around me, hangin' on m'every word.

**JESSIE:** Aw great, has he reached the "everybody's yer mate" stage? This wulnae be pretty.

**ARTHUR:** How are you feeling, Chaptermaster? Bit better now you're in dry clothing, eh?

**HIERONYMUS: (mean drunk)** Hah! I may have been wet temporarily. You, however, will remain wet until the day you die.

**SOPHIA:** How dare you be so rude to my husband, after all he has sacrificed! **(beat)** There now, Arthur my darling, don't cry!

**ARTHUR: (clearly crying)** I'm not **(sniffles)**, I'm not crying. It just brought back a few unhappy memories from prep school is all.

**JESSIE:** So much fer bein' everybody's mate! He's like a big balloon filled wi' piss and vinegar. Nae wonder he's single - can ye imagine *that* climbin' intae bed wi' ye at the end of the day?

**HIERONYMUS: (drunken)** I'll have you know that in my youth I was considered quite a catch!

**JESSIE:** Aw, don't do yersel doon. I think there's plenty of whaler-captains oot there would still consider ye quite a catch

**HIERONYMUS: (drunken)** Bah, pretend all you want, I see through you, Miss Gordon. All your barbs are just a smokescreen, a ruse to hide your burning attraction to me. An attraction you can't even admit to yourself -

**FX: Jessie kicks Cadwallader in the groin, he collapses wheezing**

**ARTHUR:** Jessie! You can't just go around assaulting the Chaptermaster like that!

**JESSIE:** Can I no?

**FX: Jessie kicks him while he's down, Cadwallader squeals in pain**

**JESSIE:** Hoo about like that then? That any better? I pit up wi' a lot frae "Moby Prick" ower there, but I draw the line at insinuations' that I'd ever stoop tae sullyin' masel' wi' the likes o' him!

**GILLESPIE:** If ye're all intent on kickin' the Chaptermaster tae death. Well, I'm no complainin', mind, but ye did want him tae open his wee vault first?

**GODALMING:** Indeed. Miss Gordon, if you feel your honour has been sufficiently avenged, I can move him to where he's needed?

**SOPHIA:** Please do so, Mr Godalming. I fear if we have to listen to his insulting drivell much longer, this affair will end with a murder charge for one of us

**GILLESPIE:** Och, I wouldnae worry about that. I got *plenty* of experience in disposing of bodies under Dr Pritchard, Lord rest and keep his saintly soul.

**ARTHUR:** Just how many bodies are we talking about here?

**GILLESPIE: (suddenly busy)** Och, look at the time, I'd best be off aboot ma many and onerous chores. Nae time tae stand here chit-chattin' wi' youse!

**FX: Gillespie scurries away, door opens and closes as he goes**

**HIERONYMUS: (drunken)** Get your hands off me, Godalming, you damnable brute. You think I'm just your pawn, don't you? Well, you've got another think coming!



**GODALMING:** Very good, Sir. Now in the meantime, why don't you and I take a stroll down to the vaults?...

**HIERONYMUS:** Is there more beer there?

**GODALMING:** I couldn't rightly say sir, but I suppose it's possible

**HIERONYMUS:** Well then, wait are we whatting for? Lead on, man!

**FX:** Shuffling footsteps as Godalming helps Cadwallader away. The door opens and closes

**ARTHUR:** Can we really trust Godalming to ...to... *take care* of him. In his *condition*, I mean?

**SOPHIE:** Whyever not? He's surely seen him at his worst, and whatever manhandling the Doctor receives from mister Godalming is surely preferable to the treatment he'd get from Jessie if he remained

**ARTHUR:** I... yes, you're right. Of course you're right.

## 2 / 3 : CADWALLADER, GODALMING

**FX:** Footsteps echoing as HIERONYMUS and GODALMING descend into the depths. The drip of liquid from rock walls and the hiss of a gas lantern.

**GODALMING:** Watch your footing, sir. Bit slippy down here. I'd hate to have to patch up a broken neck

**HIERONYMUS:** I've half a mind to do it just to spite you, you know

**GODALMING:** Now, now, Dr Cadwallader, I don't have to heal you up *completely*. I *could* leave you paralysed and on death's door indefinitely. **(beat)** If I were so inclined.

**HIERONYMUS:** No! No, erm, happy with the status quo. Sorry for speaking out of turn, old man.

**GODALMING:** Think nothing of it, Doctor Cadwallader. You'll be happy to know we're almost done now anyway.

**HIERONYMUS:** **(amazed)** We are?

**GODALMING:** Yes, sir. I mean, we're at the Chaptermaster's vault.

**HIERONYMUS:** Oh, yes, I see. And the beer's in there, is it?

**GODALMING:** Well, I don't know for certain that there *isn't* beer in there

**HIERONYMUS:** Good enough for me! Open, o ye mighty vault! Yield unto us your precious, frothy treasure!

**FX: Dripping noises, nothing happens for a few beats**

**GODALMING:** So, err, does that usually open it, Doctor Cadwallader?

**HIERONYMUS:** Blast it! No, there's some secret words. Magical words. I can never remember them at the best of times.

**GODALMING:** Oh dear, seems we're a bit of an impasse then.

**HIERONYMUS:** (sly) No, I write them down and keep 'em in m'wallet. Safest place.

**GODALMING:** Well, what a fortunate turn up for the books – not to mention a flagrant breach of Society protocols

**FX: Wallet comes out, paper is uncrumpled**

**HIERONYMUS:** Here we go. Damn. Can hardly read 'em. Must have been drunk when I wrote 'em down

**GODALMING:** Why don't you let *me* take care of that, Doctor?....

2 / 4 : ARTHUR, GILLESPIE, JESSIE, SOPHIA,

**FX: TICKING CLOCK IN THE STUDY**

**JESSIE:** Goad, how long are they gonnae take?

**ARTHUR:** Well I'm just enjoying putting my feet up and resting for a bit after all the travel and hullabaloo. You seem quite lost in your work, my dear – what is it you're writing?

**SOPHIA:** The list of charges for which Doctor Cadwallader must be brought before the Tribune. I may have to send out for more paper soon.

**ARTHUR:** Oh, not *again*. I can't stand trials. Can't we just ignore our troubles and hope they'll go away?

**JESSIE: (incredulous)** *How* did ye get intae the Society wi' an attitude like that?

**ARTHUR:** Confronting problems openly...it's just not the done thing! Everybody in my family knows my great-uncle Monty made his fortune in the slave trade, but nobody brings it up at *Christmas dinner*. Instead we just chat about the weather and avoid eye-contact with the old bandit in the hopes that he'll pop his clogs before too long.

**SOPHIE:** Ah! That does explain the tension over pudding when I asked him for a story of his voyages to the Americas...

**FX: The door opens, Godalming enters**

**GODALMING:** I've good news and bad news, ladies and gents

**ARTHUR:** Good news first, always!

**GODALMING:** We have retrieved the indigo order packet from the chaptermaster's vault

**JESSIE:** Go oan, then. Whit's the bad news?

**GODALMING:** Unbeknownst to anyone, it appears Doctor Cadwallader actually *had* secured a bottle of single malt in his vault, and he managed to drink half before I could get it off him. He's currently passed out on the hall carpet.

**SOPHIA:** Pay no heed to the Doctor's antics. Let us get this order packet open!

**FX: Letter-opener ripping open a sealed envelope, pages being shuffled as she quickly reads**

**SOPHIA: (Muttering as she reads) *Gopfertammi* (beat) *Gopfertammi!* (beat) *Herrgott!!***

**JESSIE:** Whit? Whit is it?

**SOPHIA:** Oh, this is worse than we thought.

**JESSIE:** If this is the way ye like tae tease then poor Arthur's baws must be Navy-blue! 'Moan, hurry up an' tell us!

**SOPHIA:** It is indeed the famous polymath, Charles Babbage, that we face. It appears that he was a Society member, and that he held some particularly avant-garde theories about the fundamental principles on which the supernatural operates. His research led him to a branch of arcane mathematics which he referred to as "the geometries". However, his exposure cost him his sanity, and caused him to manifest phenomenally dangerous effects around himself. Some he could control, such as his ability to teleport, others just caused mayhem of the kind we've seen all round Glasgow these last little while.

**ARTHUR:** But he's dead! I read it in the Times, it must be true!

**SOPHIE:** The Society captured him, and managed to transfer him to Carfax Asylum, a private facility that they operate for members who-

**ARTHUR: (quietly)** Yes, I know Carfax

**JESSIE:** So they faked his death and stuck him oot the road. But if he could teleport, how did they *catch* him? An how did they *keep* him once they did catch him?

**SOPHIE:** With the help of another mathematician, Mary Sommerville. She studied his notes and managed to find some kind of weakness that she could exploit. He was rendered harmless as long as he was kept in a very special room at Carfax.

**JESSIE:** Right, sounds like we need to talk to her then!

**SOPHIE:** That won't be easy, she lives in Italy and is quite elderly. What help she can possibly give us at such a remove I don't know, but we must try. Let's get Gillespie here and have him take a telegraph for us.

**FX: Sophie pulls a cord, a bell rings in the servants' quarters, Gillespie opens the door moment later**

**GILLESPIE:** Ye rang? Yer every passin' whim bein' ma *pleasure* tae cater fer, of course.  
(muttering) And me with ma bad back since the Incident

**FX: Thunder rumbles in the distance**

**ARTHUR: (aside)** Been a while since it did that - rather thought we'd seen the last of that bit

**SOPHIA:** Mr Gillespie, please take down this telegram message and then have it sent post-haste. Message begins, "To Mary Sommerville, Hotel Conception, Via Roma, Montecalvario, Naples, Italy. Stop."

**GILLESPIE:** Stop

**SOPHIA:** Yes, it is what one says in order to denote a full stop when sending a -

**GILLESPIE:** I mean, stop, yer wastin' yer time

**SOPHIA:** How dare you speak to me in such a fashion!

**GILLESPIE:** Yer wastin' yer time because she isnae *in* Naples, she's here, in Glesgae. She came roon' the other day. I told Doctor Cadwallader, but he wis busy wallowin' in sin - said he wisnae interested in "sippin' tea wi' some auld fossil". She left her address and a message fer him tae contact her urgently. I'm assumin' he never bothered himsel'.

**JESSIE:** How come yer only jist tellin us this now?

**GILLESPIE:** Ah didnae know she wis anyone important. I just thocht she was some auld biddie come to bend wur ears about her glory days in the Society.

**SOPHIA:** Bring the carriage around and take us to her, immediately!

**GILLESPIE:** Ahem, no tae *nitpick*, but surely as the ranking *man*, it should be yer husband gien' the orders noo the Chaptermaster is indisposed?

**JESSIE:** Listen you here, ya hackit auld scrote. You do as yer telt or you're gettin' huckled oot that windae, understand? I'm aboot at ma limit, so ah am. Wan mair peep ootae you an' I'll no be responsible fer masel!

**SOPHIA:** Indeed, cease your insolence and make yourself useful for once!

**GILLESPIE:** Oh, aye, very good. I'll just go fetch the carriage then **(under his breath)** and mebbes a wee bag fer ye ta keep yer husband's baws in, seein' as he doesnae hae any *use* fer them, ya evil harridan...

**FX: Gillespie slams the door, cutting himself off mid-rant**

**JESSIE:** Hand tae God, I'm gonnae do ma nut if I hear one more man bein' an arsehole the day!

2 / 5 : BANJO, BOABY, SQUINTY MEG, BABBAGE

**FX: A raucous pub, the tinkling of an out of tune piano being played badly, clink of glasses, laughter from drunken Glasgow punters, the squeak of rats fighting in a pit.**

**BANJO:** Go oan yersel, nae-lugs!

**FX: Roar of dismay / approval from the crowd as "Nae Lugs" unexpectedly wins the bout**

**BOABY:** Another winner? How'd ye do it, Banjo? Whit's yer secret?

**BANJO:** Och, jest clean-livin' an' virtue, Boaby. **(shouting)** Another round on me!

**FX: Roar of approval from the crowd**

**BOABY:** Don't look now, but I think Meg's gien' you the eye, Banjo. Bit hard tae tell because of the squint, mind

**MEG: (flirting)** Hullorer Banjo. Hooz aboot ye take me oot fer a sausage supper wi' all yer winnin's? **(seductive)** Ah can sook the batter right off a sausage, if ye ken whit ah mean...

**BANJO:** Oh, eh, no the night, Meg doll. I've goat places tae be, things tae do. I'm a workin' man these days.

**MEG:** Onytime, Banjo ma love. See yous later

**BOABY: (whispering)** Dod aye, she's gaggin' fer it! Whit wey did ye not get yer hole?

**BANJO:** Wi Squinty Meg? I wouldnae ride her intae battle! You should see the lassies I'm gettin' these days, Boaby. I'm tellin' ye, ma luck's changed fer guid!

**BOABY:** Weel, I'm just hopin' some ae it rubs off on me. Nothin' good ever happens tae me.

**BANJO:** Oh, shite!

**BOABY:** Whit?

**BANJO:** See that peely-wally fella that's just walked in? I'll gie ye ten pounds tae just go up and keep him busy.

**BOABY:** Ten quid? Ma luck's in fer sure! Nae problem, Banjo!

**BABBAGE:** This place seems repellent, but utterly mundane. Why on earth would the Incongruencies be centring here? **(as if waiting for a reply)** But there can't be any mechanisms here to manipulate the geometries, it's not as if -

**BOABY:** Haw, mister. Fancy a swatch at ma scabby airse?

**BABBAGE:** What? No, no I don't. Please go away.

**BOABY:** Naw, here ye are. I'm showin' ye ma scabby airse!

**BABBAGE:** I'm engaged in important scientific.. **(gasp of pain)** oh no, not here

**BOABY:** There! There ye go! **(proud)** Scabbiest airse this side of the Clyde!

**BABBAGE:** **(strained)** Get... away...before...

**FX:** Time and space ruptures, Boaby is liquidised with a scream. The patrons begins screaming and running

**BABBAGE:** Damn it all! Time to get going

**FX:** Time and space ruptures as Babbage teleports away

**BANJO:** Sorry, Boaby. I'll drink te yer memory, pal. You woulnae be needin' that tenner noo, though...

**FX:** Crumpled bit of paper is loosened from the glop that is Boaby

**BANJO:** Hope naebody from the Society hears aboot this, I'd best be hoofin it an' aw!

**FX:** Feet running away through the ruckus

2 / 6 : ARTHUR, JESSIE, SOPHIA, PASSING OLD LADY

**FX:** Chapping on a door

**JESSIE:** Miss Somerville? Hullo? Anybody home?

**FX:** Jiggling door handle, it doesn't open

**JESSIE:** Locked

**SOPHIA:** The desk clerk said she hadn't seen her for a few days. She is elderly, it's possible she's bedridden

**ARTHUR:** Perhaps she's fallen over or something? Should we ask at the front desk for a spare key?

**JESSIE:** No need, I brought one wi' me

**ARTHUR:** **(incredulous)** Really?

**JESSIE:** Oh, Aye. Stand back an' I'll show ye

**FX:** Jessie kicks the door in

**ARTHUR:** Ah. I see. I expect I'll be paying for that, will I?

**JESSIE:** Very gallant of ye, Lord Roxburgh

**SOPHIA:** She's here, on the bed. I think... **(annoyance)** yes, she's dead

**ARTHUR:** Hah! Not me this time! I've killed my quota of old ladies

**PASSING OLD LADY:** **(very disapproving)** Well, really!

**ARTHUR:** **(shouting after her)** Mine doesn't really count, she was under a curse and very old - pretty much dead to begin with!

**SOPHIA:** Arthur! Stop making a scene in the hallway and get in here. We may need your help if we want to move the cadaver

**ARTHUR:** Goody. Yet more ghastliness.

**JESSIE:** Place is a bit messy. Hink somebody's poked about already?

**SOPHIA:** Yes, perhaps. I doubt Mrs Sommerville was in the habit of leaving her notes scattered about the place.

**ARTHUR:** How did she die? Was it peaceful

**JESSIE:** Wouldnae bet on it, frae the look on her face

**SOPHIA:** That could just be caused by a rigor of some kind. She has not been dead long though - a day at most.

**ARTHUR:** How can you tell?

**SOPHIA:** I was inspired by my meeting with Isabel Thorne - I've begun studying anatomical medicine in my spare time. But this is my first chance for a proper cadaver examination

**ARTHUR:** Oh, Sophie! You can't take up a *trade*! Least of all a ghoulish one like *anatomist*!

**JESSIE:** Och, haud yer wheesht. If Sophie wants tae guddle in granny guts, that's her business, no yours

**SOPHIA:** Hmm, one eye showing signs of blood, possibly a vessel burst in her brain? Too early to tell anything definitive. We'll have to get her back to the House for a proper autopsy

**ARTHUR:** Absolutely out of the question, I forbid it!

**SOPHIA:** (incredulous) You... *forbid*?!!!

**ARTHUR:** (backpedalling) I mean... unless you *really* think it's the best course of action, dear?

**SOPHIA:** We shall have *words* about this later, Lord Arthur Roxburgh

**ARTHUR:** (meekly) Yes, dear

**JESSIE:** No sign of the key. Locked from the outside, looks like

**SOPHIA:** Jessie, collect up her paperwork. Arthur get that rug out from under her dressing table.

**JESSIE:** (grumbling) Oh, aye. I'll just jump to it, shall I?

**FX: Pieces of paper being collected**

**ARTHUR:** It's a nice rug, Sophie, but do we really have to stoop to theft? I'm sure we could just buy one exactly the same.

**SOPHIA:** For pity's sake! It is to roll her up in. You can hardly think we're going to just walk her out of the hotel?

**ARTHUR:** (quietly) No, three well-dressed individuals carrying a bulging hotel carpet looks *much* more inconspicuous

**SOPHIA:** What was that?

**ARTHUR:** I said, I'll get right on it, dear

**FX: Furniture being moved, rug being tugged out**

**JESSIE:** That's the lot of it. I think.

**SOPHIA:** Good, now help me move her onto the rug



**ARTHUR:** Let me do it, Sophie. You shouldn't be lifting heavy things in your condition

**SOPHIA: (starting to protest)** Oh... **(relenting)** very well, my dear. Perhaps you're right on this occasion. After all those stairs I am feeling a little flushed.

**ARTHUR:** You look radiant my dear!

**SOPHIA:** Arthur, dear-heart. You are so sweet to me

**ARTHUR:** You're my all. I'd do anything for you

**JESSIE:** Eh, not tae break up the romance an' all, but we've got an auld biddy corpse tae move before the rozzers get wind?

**ARTHUR:** Yes, right you are, Jessie. Let's get Mrs Somerville moved. On three?

**JESSIE & ARTHUR: (together)** One, two, three

**FX: Old lady body is hoisted onto the carpet**

**JESSIE:** Now we just roll her up

**FX: Old lady's body being wrapped in a rug**

**JESSIE:** And... lift wi' yer knees

**FX: Jessie and Arthur hoist the rug between them awkwardly**

**SOPHIA:** Excellent, I will go ahead and keep a lookout. You two get her downstairs and out the servants' entrance as quickly as possible

**FX: The door opens, the awkward convoy sets off with much grunting and panting**

**SOPHIA:** As you say, "The coast is clear". Take her past the grand staircase and we'll go down the servants' stairs

**ARTHUR:** Gosh, how exciting!

**JESSIE:** Fine, just let's get going

**FX: Awkward shuffling footsteps**

**SOPHIA:** Alright, you wait here by the main stairs, I'll go into the servants stairs and check if they're clear

**JESSIE:** Aye, just hurry it up. I wouldnae want tae be caught like this! I feel like I've got ma arse hangin' oot in the breeze

**SOPHIA:** A charming turn of phrase, I'm sure. I'll be as quick as I can

**FX:** Sophia potters off and opens the door to the servants' stairs

**JESSIE:** Let's just keep wur heads doon and keep ootae trouble fer five minutes

**ARTHUR:** Oh, there's a loose thread on this rug. I hate that. Let me just give it a pull...

**JESSIE:** (too late) No!

**FX:** Ripping noise of rug tearing, followed by thumping noise of old-lady corpse rolling down stairs - it goes on for a long time getting fainter and fainter, occasioned with screams of horror from onlookers as it goes past

**ARTHUR:** Well that really is just shoddy weaving!

**JESSIE:** Doon the servants' stairs, noo!

**ARTHUR:** Do we take the remains of the rug? Is that evidence?

**JESSIE:** Stop flapping and just go!

**FX:** ARTHUR and JESSIE run off, the door to the servants' stairs opens and shuts, more cries from down the main staircase.

**JESSIE:** Sophie! The jig's up - run fer it!

**SOPHIA:** Scheisse!

**FX:** Three set of feet pounding down a narrow, winding staircase

**ARTHUR:** (wailing) Why does everything we do have to turn out weird and horrible?

**FX:** END THEME MUSIC, the sounds of ARTHUR, JESSIE and SOPHIA running down stairs, panting and bickering, continues quietly in the background behind the tune

2 / 7 : CADWALLADER, GODALMING

**FX:** HIERONYMUS snores drunkenly in his room, the door opens and GODALMING enters

**GODALMING:** Hello there, sir. Just thought I'd pop in and see how you were doing? Still sleeping it off, I see.

**GODALMING:** Let's just have a little look and see how matters are progressing, eh?

**FX:** Godalming slaps Cadwallader's sleeping bulk, it is answered by an internal rumble. He moves his hands around, pinching and lifting rolls of flab

**GODALMING:** Oh, very good. Very good indeed. You're almost ready, Doctor Cadwallader. A few ounces more and you'll be there.

**HIERONYMUS: (clearly still asleep)** What, whoozat?

**GODALMING:** And afterwards - once you've given us everything we need - then I'm going to take *very* great satisfaction in killing you myself

**HIERONYMUS: (talking in his sleep)** But *Mater!* I don't *wanta* stay with Aunt Cressida again!

**GODALMING:** Shush now sir, just a bad dream. Back to sleep. We'll have a nice *big* meal waiting for you when you wake up.

**FX: HIERONYMUS:** grunts and returns to snoring. **GODALMING** leaves, the door opening and closing as he does so

# SERIES 3, EPISODE 3: MIRROR IMAGE

## CAST

NARRATOR  
CADWALLADER  
JONES  
CRESSIDA  
SOPHIA  
JESSIE  
ARTHUR  
GILLESPIE  
BANJO  
BIG MAGGIE (A GAMBLER)  
BIG DAVIE (A GAMBLER)  
DELIA (THE DEALER)  
GODALMING  
SADIE

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and We Evolve Present- Tales from the Aletheian Society: Book Three, Chapter Three- Mirror Image

## THEME MUSIC PLAYS

3/1: Arthur, Cressida, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia

## FX: THE OBSERVATORY, THE ORRERY IS SWINGING

**CRESSIDA:** Take a long, hard look at yourself, Miss Gordon. Are you happy with what you see?

**JESSIE:** How about you piss aff. Shid ye be throwin stones fae yur big glass hoose?

**CRESSIDA:** Was this how you hoped your life would turn out? Oh yes, it's all very well to make the best of it - but what I'm trying to tell you is that it doesn't have to be this way.

**JESSIE:** Ah'd be a lot more convinced if provin your point didnae involve shootin folk!

**SOPHIA:** Miss Cadwallader is right, Jessie. We would be fools not to jump at the chance of a better world!

**JESSIE:** Are you soft in the heid? Ye've goat everything you could ever want! Yer man, yer wean oan the way, whit makes ye think the world *she's* goat in mind is any better?

**ARTHUR:** Sophie - please listen - I don't think the world *could* be any better. Not for me, anyway, not as long as I've got you.

**SOPHIA:** Arthur, listen to Miss Cadwallader - think about what she's saying, the potential...

**JESSIE:** This is aw that dried up auld besom's fault! It was aw goin' fine till *she* got back!

3/2 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Sophia

**FX: RAIN PISHING DOWN, THE FRONT DOOR OF HUNTER HOOSE IS UNLOCKED AND OPENED**

**GILLESPIE:** Welcome back, Miss Cadwallader. In ye come, ah'll take yer wet things.

**FX: WATER DRIPS ONTO THE FLOOR, RUSTLING OF COAT BEING HANDED OVER.**

**CRESSIDA:** Thank you, Mr Gillespie. I see my nephew has undertaken precisely none of the tasks I had allocated him.

**GILLESPIE:** Ah tried tae remind him, Miss Cadwallader, but he widnae listen, obstinate unbeliever that he is.

**CRESSIE:** Yes. Although on this occasion I'm less concerned with his spiritual inadequacies, vast though they are, than with his failure to prepare for the imminent arrival of the society dignitaries. See that my luggage is brought in from the carriage *with care*- the heavier items are fragile. (**shouted**) Hieronymus!

**FX: KETTLE BOILING IN THE KITCHEN, WATER BEING POURED**

**ARTHUR (quietly panicking to himself):** Oh hell and damn and blast, Miss Cadwallader's back. Right, hold it together, old chap. Can't talk about the fatal stabbing incident without the whole wretched affair being dragged into the open... I mean, arguably it doesn't even count as murder... (**falsely cheerful**) Least said, soonest mended, eh?

**SOPHIA:** What are you mumbling about, Arthur?

**ARTHUR:** Nothing, dear! Just...er... thought I heard Miss Cadwallader in the hall... I'll just...er...pop out and check. I might be a while...

**FX: Arthur scurries away**

**CADWALLADER (still fairly drunk):** Oh God, the gorgon's back. Ahead of time, too, she must have devoured her enemies quicker than timetabled.

**SOPHIA:** Her enemies?

**CADWALLADER:** Or what's left of them. Stripping the carcass of the Unicorn club down to the bone in record time, ready for whichever lucky bastard gets sent there next. God, to think, if things had been different I could have been given Edinburgh instead of this wretched industrial wasteland.

**SOPHIA (dryly):** With an adoring entourage of lackies and sycophants to complete your idyll, I imagine.

**CADWALLADER (dreamily):** Heavens, yes - with people who actually respected my wisdom and authority, Lord knows what I could have achieved by now.

**SOPHIA:** I shudder to think.

**GODALMING:** Coffee's brewed, sir.

**CADWALLADER:** Marvellous - cream and sugar, old man, and give it a good stir.

**SOPHIA:** No, Godalming - the objective is to render him sober, not soothe him into unconsciousness. The coffee must be black and unadulterated.

**GODALMING:** Certainly, ma'am.

**CADWALLADER:** Ah yes, wouldn't want it to actually be enjoyable, would we? Very well then, down the hatch, is it?

**FX: LIQUID BEING SQUIRTED INTO A SYRINGE**

**CADWALLADER:** Er... what are you doing with that turkey baster?

**SOPHIA:** Preparing your enema, doctor, what did you think?

**CADWALLADER:** My what?

**SOPHIA:** Your coffee enema. Would you prefer to administer it yourself, or shall I give it to Godalming?

**CADWALLADER:** Why in God's name would I want a pint of piping hot java squirted up my arsehole?

**SOPHIA:** It is all the rage in Switzerland, Doctor. Invigorating!

**CADWALLADER:** I think I'll maintain my state of blissful bloody ignorance, if it's all the same to you! Godalming, give me that!

**FX: HE SQUIRTS THE LIQUID INTO HIS MOUTH AND GULPS IT DOWN NOISILY**

**CADWALLADER:** Gah. Ghastly, but still better down that route than up the other one.

**FX: THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENS**

**ARTHUR:** Yes, it's Miss Cadwallader. **(Despairing).** I ran into her in the hall.

**CRESSIDA:** Hieronymus. I see you've chosen to ignore my instructions, despite the urgency with which I attempted to press them upon you.

**HIERONYMUS:** No, Auntie, I was in fact entirely aware that you'd left a ream of orders for me. My plan was to attend to them as soon as I had investigated strange and incongruous happenings less than half a mile from Hunter House. Unfortunately, I became trapped in what can only be described as a recursive time loop, and have only recently been able to break free by sheer effort of will alone.

**CRESSIDA:** Hm. Perhaps unavoidable, then, under the circumstance.

**ARTHUR (babbling, panicky) :** Oh yes, it took simply ages to get him away from that bar - the barmaid kept bringing him beer, again and again! She wouldn't take no for an answer.

**CADWALLADER:** Thank you, Arthur, that's a level of detail I think we might all have been happier without.

**CRESSIDA (talking over him):** Fortunately I had the foresight to anticipate your failure, and have made some preparations of my own. This Chapter will have to act with uncharacteristic alacrity- however, all is not lost.

**SOPHIA (cold):** Miss Cadwallader- there have been recent developments of which you are perhaps not aware. Charles Babbage has escaped from the Society's Asylum at Carfax - and when we went to question Mary Somerville about her part in his capture-

**CRESSIDA (interrupting):** Somerville, the mathematician? Shouldn't she be in Genoa at this time of year?

**SOPHIA:** She had been invited to give a lecture to the Royal Astronomical Society.

**ARTHUR:** Do you suppose we should let them know they'll need to get another speaker, dear?

**SOPHIA:** Arthur, I think that is the least of our concerns. Miss Cadwallader - Mrs Somerville has been murdered!

**CRESSIDA:** Murdered? But she must have been close to ninety! Who would do such a thing?

**CADWALLADER:** Oh, I think you'll find that age is no bar to making mortal enemies, Auntie.

**SOPHIA:** It must be related to Babbage's escape, and his geometric device. I have taken as many of her papers as I could gather in the moment - I intend to scrutinise them for any clues that might lead us towards the identity and location of her killer.

**CRESSIDA:** An admirable sentiment, Lady Roxburgh, but one which will have to wait for a few hours at least.

**SOPHIA (angry):** What could possibly be more pressing than solving the murder of a society member?

**CRESSIDA:** Perhaps preventing the murder of several more.

**CADWALLADER:** What exactly do you mean by that?

**CRESSIDA:** It can hardly have escaped your attention that the position of Chaptermaster of the newly established Edinburgh Chapter has yet to be allocated. By tradition, a number of the most senior Society Members meet to decide upon the lucky incumbent. In deference to my advancing years - and also for convenience in viewing the facilities so recently vacated by the Unicorn Club - the decision was taken to hold the meeting in Hunter House.

**CADWALLADER:** Oh, no need to ask my permission, I'm only the bloody Chaptermaster of the place.

**CRESSIDA:** Don't be ridiculous, Hieronymus, it's a tremendous honour, and you were delighted to accept. But the fact remains that we have only a few hours to conclude our preparations before the Tribune, Sir George Roxburgh and Professor Jones arrive.

**ARTHUR:** Uncle George is coming? I haven't seen him since the - (he trails off into a sort of moan)... For simply ages.

**CADWALLADER (horrified):** Oh God. Jones.

**CRESSIDA:** We must ensure that the Chapterhouse is in a fit state to receive our guests - the reputation of the Glasgow Chapter rests upon it!

**ARTHUR: (still babbling, desperate to get away)** Oh, I can help with that! I was a monitor four years running at school. Actually, I was milk monitor, but that still counts. I'll go right now and get started.

**CRESSIDA:** Perhaps my nephew could assist you with some of the more... specialist security measures possessed by Hunter House. Lady Roxburgh, you and Miss Gordon will be responsible for the decoration of the house to honour our guests - I have brought a few heirlooms with me from the family property in Leith to brighten the place up a little. You have been remiss in allowing this household to suffer for want of a woman's touch.

**SOPHIA (stiffly):** I have had more pressing matters to which to attend than interior decoration, Miss Cadwallader.

**CRESSIDA:** No point in pleading your belly with me, girl.

**SOPHIA (outraged):** My belly! That has hardly been my sole concern!

**CRESSIDA (oblivious):** Now, where's my Ghillie?

**FX:** Cressida's feet tap away as she goes looking for Banjo.



**SOPHIA:** I have not forgiven that woman for her reckless behaviour. To think you were almost killed as a result of her actions, my love!

**ARTHUR:** (panicking) Ahaha, well, no harm done, eh?

3/3 Banjo, Big Billy, Big Maggie, Delia

**FX: A SQUALID GAMBLING/DRINKING DEN. LOW CHATTER, MONEY CLINKING**

**BANJO:** Haw, it's pontoon! Make room fur a wee yin, ahm feelin' lucky!

**BIG BILLY:** Who's this wee scrote?

**FX: A PURSE OF COINS CHINKS, A CHAIR IS MOVED**

**BIG MAGGIE:** 'Moan noo, Billy, let's gie the wee man a good welcome. Huv a chair!

**BANJO (rubbing his hands):** Cheers very much!

**DELIA:** Twenty-one to win, place your stakes.

**FX: COINS JINGLE, THEN EIGHT CARDS ARE DEALT IN RAPID SUCCESSION AND TURNED OVER**

**BIG MAGGIE:** Nice wan. Ah'll stick.

**BIG DAVIE:** Twist fur me, Delia. An anither wan. An ah'l stick.

**BANJO:** Ah'll buy five cards, pal!

**FX: MONEY IS SHOVED OVER THE TABLE**

**DELIA:** You can't buy five cards. Three's the limit

**BANJO:** Eh... gies three then.

**DELIA:** Certainly, sir.

**FX: THREE CARDS ARE DEALT**

**BANJO:** Whit number is it ah'm trying tae get again?

**DELIA:** Twenty one, sir. Don't you want to look at the cards as they're dealt?

**BANJO:** Naw, yer fine, hen. (**conspiratorially**) Ah cannae lose, ye see! Awright, are we showin the cards noo?

**FX: CARDS ARE TURNED OVER**

**BANJO:** Yas! Twenty wan! Five card trick!

**BIG DAVIE (suspiciously):** Gies a look at they cards. **(with approval)** Twenty wan. Right enough.

**FX: MONEY IS SHOVED BACK OVER THE TABLE**

**BIG MAGGIE:** Yer a lucky man, Mr...

**BANJO:** Banjo, missus! That's me, Lucky Banjo! Deal us in again?

3/ 4 - Cadwallader, Tribune, Uncle George, Arthur, Jones, Jessie, Sophia

**FX: A CLATTER OF CARRIAGE WHEELS, THEY ALIGHT FROM THE CARRIAGE**

**HIERONYMUS:** Tribune, Sir George, Professor Jones, welcome to Hunter House!

**TRIBUNE:** Thank you, Chaptermaster. Perhaps we could step inside out of this...drizzle?

**GEORGE:** Pleasure to meet you, Chaptermaster. Arthur's told me all about you and your quaint little setup here - now, where's my nephew? Doing the family name credit, I hope?

**JONES:** Hello, Doctor Cadwallader. How's botany treatin' you?

**CADWALLADER:** Ahem. Passably well, yes. Yes, do step inside.

**ARTHUR (bounding to meet them):** Uncle George! Hello everyone! How was your journey? We've planned a few drinks before dinner - it's a regional delicacy, I'm sure you'll love it.

**FX: SIR GEORGE AND ARTHUR HEAD INSIDE CHATTING**

**TRIBUNE:** Chaptermaster- I shall require a word with yourself and your Aunt this evening- in private. After dinner, perhaps you would be kind enough to arrange an area where we can meet undisturbed - the vault will suffice, if nowhere else is suitable.

**CADWALLADER:** Er, certainly, Tribune, yes.

**TRIBUNE:** Excellent. Ah, there is your Aunt, in fact - I must go and enquire after her good health. Until later, Chaptermaster.

**JONES:** Not so fast, Dr Cadwallader. Got a bit of a bone to pick with you, as a matter of fact. Not exactly what I'd hoped for, our last little liaison.

**CADWALLADER (attempting to be gallant):** Well... er, perhaps later you'd allow me to make it up to you. Let you put me through my paces properly, mm? Show you what the old warhorse can do?

**JONES:** I don't *think* so, Doctor Cadwallader. Turns out you're not my type after all.

**CADWALLADER:** But I thought you said you liked... (**an embarrassed cough**) bad boys!

**JONES:** Oh I do, Doctor Cadwallader, I do. But on the last occasion you weren't merely bad, you was *appalling*.

**CADWALLADER (huffing and blowing):** I say, given the circumstances that's a trifle ungenerous!

**JONES:** Ungenerous? Well you'd know all about that... Not so much as a hint of foreplay, just straight to business, most efficient I've seen you in my life. Off like Stevenson's rocket, you were.

**CADWALLADER (blustering):** Time was short, madam, important society business that wouldn't wait...

**JONES (continuing):** Not even sure you took the time to get it all the way in, if I'm honest with you.

**CADWALLADER (outraged):** Madam! This is neither the time nor the place!

**JONES (mocking):** Oooh, afraid someone'll overhear, is it?

**CADWALLADER:** Yes as a bloody matter of fact it is! Are you *mad*, woman? I can't think of a worse place for this conversation!

**JONES:** Oh, but *I* can, Doctor - isn't that your auntie, just over there? Why don't we move a bit closer, I bet she'd take an interest in what you get up to when you're out of her sight.

**CADWALLADER:** Why are you so intent on tormenting me, you wretched harpy! Don't you have some imaginary business to attend to?

**JONES (sounding amused):** Oooh, that's the spirit, Hieronymus, a bit more of that sort of talk'll get me right in the mood. Go on, then, tell us how to get to your room and I'll see you up there in a bit.

**CADWALLADER (disbelieving):** If that's what you wanted, why didn't you just say so without all this ridiculous preamble?

**JONES (coquettishly) :** Might be the only foreplay I get, mightn't it? But if you don't fancy it... (**trailing off suggestively**)

**HIERONYMUS (hurriedly) :** Second floor, third door on your left. See you in five minutes?

**JONES:** Marvellous. (**she slaps his bottom audibly**) Mm, ripe and meaty, just how I like it. See you upstairs - and bring your pocket watch. Let's see if we can break the one minute mark this time.

**CADWALLADER:** Ah... yes... **(loudly)** A tour of Hunter House, yes, Professor, I'll be with you directly. **(finishes his drink)** Dear God. That woman, she'll be the death of me...

**FX: PARTY NOISES**

**JESSIE (disbelieving):** Wid ye look at that.

**SOPHIA:** Yes, it would appear that Herr Doktor Cadwallader plans a **(disdainfully)** romantic assignation with the Aberystwyth Chaptermaster.

**JESSIE:** Well, if that jist disnae take the biscuit.

**SOPHIA:** Surely you're not... jealous?

**JESSIE:** Naw, no fear. Ahm no hankerin tae run ma hands through they ripplin' hairy rolls a man-flesh - the human mind wisnae designed tae withstand that kindae eldritch horror. Naw - but, your wee family's comin' oan nicely, an' even auld mutton-chops's gettin wired intae his nippy wee Welsh wummun - an' whit have ah goat tae show fur ma life so far? A box room in a haunted hoose an' a world class selection ey chibs. An it's no like this is the kindae job where ye get tae meet anyone who's no hauf mad, or died, or both. It's no exactly conducive tae a social life.

**SOPHIA:** Do you mean to say you are... lonely, Jessie?

**JESSIE:** Ach, no exactly. Its jist it's been so long since someone rang ma front doorbell ahm startin' tae think it's been disconnected.

**SOPHIA:** Your "doorbell"? Ah, a euphemism for your... dirty little shame tongue, yes?

**JESSIE (after a pause):** Jeez-o, ah see why yous Europeans invented psychotherapy.

3 / 5: Arthur Cadwallader, Cressida, Jessie, Sophia, Godalming, Gillespie

**FX: BACK IN THE OBSERVATORY**

**CRESSIDA:** Put the gun away, Miss Gordon.

**JESSIE:** Oh aye, nae bother. Ahl jist pit it away noo and let ye get oan wi killin folk - aw naw wait ahm no completely glaikit. Whit's wrang wi the rest of yez? Did ye no see her shootin' Banjo?

**CRESSIDA:** They have correctly surmised that his life, and death, are meaningless.

**ARTHUR:** Harsh. But on balance, probably accurate.

**JESSIE:** 'Cos we're aw gonnae be deid, is that it?

**CRESSIDA:** Quite the opposite, in fact. Once the events set in motion reach the tipping point, we'll all of us be born to a new life.

**CADWALLADER:** That's sounding terrifyingly evangelical, even for you, Auntie.

**CRESSIDA:** God has a plan for all of us, Hieronymus.

**CADWALLADER (unconvinced):** Yes - though I must say on this occasion it looks like he's colouring in outside the lines a bit...

**CRESSIDA:** Don't blaspheme, boy. As you've said, this offers you your sole chance of salvation. Cover Miss Gordon with your revolver if you'd be so good- I don't like that expression she's wearing.

**FX: HIS REVOLVER COCKING**

**JESSIE:** Aye, go oan then, shootin' me's bound tae be your ticket through the pearly gates

**GODALMING (gently):** As it happens, sir, I wouldn't be so sure about that.

**CADWALLADER:** What?

**GODALMING:** Well, sir, if your Aunt's correct, and what she thinks is going to 'appen... 'appens - you'll be dead.

**CADWALLADER:** What?

**GODALMING:** Well, yes sir. Don't you remember that little conversation we 'ad in Bhutan?

**CADWALLADER:** Er... yes, well, no need to go into that right now-

**GODALMING:** And at the base of the gas tower?

**CADWALLADER:** Er... yes, Godalming, vividly, as it happens-

**GODALMING:** Well, then, sir, you'll know what's keeping you bound to this mortal coil. An' beggin' your pardon, Miss Cadwallader, I'm pretty certain it doesn't come under the 'eading of *God's* plan.

**CRESSIDA:** Don't listen to him, Hieronymus, what would a butler know about any of this? (**startled**) What are you doing? Don't you point that gun at me!

**ARTHUR (musing):** Do you mean to say... you've had a... conversation with Godalming as well, Doctor Cadwallader...?

**SOPHIA (sharply):** What do you mean, a conversation with Godalming, Arthur?

**CADWALLADER:** Something for us all to discuss later - if we don't perish in a hail of bullets first! Auntie, take a step back. I think I need a little more time to mull over the... wider implications of what you've got planned.

**GODALMING (with satisfaction):** Very good, sir.

**GILLESPIE:** Ah knew it! Dark forces are abroad, an' yon meddlesome blaspheming baal-ze-bub is hand-in-glove wi' them. Ah'll no stand by while ye act against Christian righteousness, doctor! Ah shouldnae ha doubted you, Miss Cadwallader-

**CRESSIDA:** That's quite all right, Mr Gillespie. Please ensure my nephew and his little cabal don't do anything they'll come to regret.

**GILLESPIE:** Wi pleasure, Miss Cadwallader.

**JESSIE:** Aaan, we're back tae square wan.

3/ 6 - Arthur, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia, Tribune

### **FX: BACK AT THE PARTY**

**GILLESPIE:** Could aw the dignitaries tae take your places fur the commemorative photograph. Over there by the wall, crowd in tight. Aye, you as well, Doctor Cadwallader.

**CADWALLADER:** Is this strictly necessary, Gillespie? Only there's somewhere I really ought to be -

**GILLESPIE (gleeful):** Oh, society regulations, doctor, for documentation purposes, ye understand. Won't take more than fifteen minutes.

### **CADWALLADER GRUMBLES INARTICULATELY AS HE JOINS THE GROUP**

**ARTHUR:** How thoughtful of Gillespie to bring out his camera for the occasion. Though his photos do tend to come out a bit gloomy.

**GILLESPIE:** Let's get ye all lined up, everybody's eyes open, nobody too stiff...

**SOPHIA:** Yes, I think he has a sideline in post-mortem photography

**ARTHUR:** That *would* explain the rod he's trying to stick up the back of Uncle George's jacket. Sophie - I need to tell you...

**Sophia (oblivious):** This picture certainly won't be dark -what with the flash bulb, and the new mirrors

**GILLESPIE:** Aye that's good, hold that pose...

**FX: A FLASH BULB EXPLODES, DROWNING HIM OUT, IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A LOUD WHOOSHING WIND, AS GEORGE, CADWALLADER AND THE TRIBUNE START TO SCREAM AS THEY ARE SUCKED INTO THE MIRRORS**

**GILLESPIE:** Whits aw this movement? You'll ruin the picture!

**SOPHIA:** Get your head out from under the cloth, Gillespie! They're being sucked into the mirrors!

**ARTHUR:** Uncle George! Hold on!

**GILLESPIE (sounding truly shocked):** Whit devilry is this!

**GEORGE:** Arthur! **(he screams as he is sucked in, there is a pop, his screams abruptly stop)**

**TRIBUNE:** No! This isn't possible! He's...! **(again she is sucked in with a pop and the screaming stops)**

**CADWALLADER (shouting over the wind):** Don't just stand there gongoozling, you gormless shower, get me out!

**ARTHUR:** Oh God, Doctor Cadwallader's wedged in the mirror frame!

**SOPHIA:** It's buckling, we don't have much time!

**CADWALLADER GROANS AS HE IS SQUEEZED**

**CADWALLADER:** It's pulling me in - holding me...like a vice!

**JESSIE (grunting with exertion):** Mair like meat goin intae wan a they sausage machines... Go oan Arthur - heave!

**JESSIE AND ARTHUR GRUNT, CADWALLADER IS PULLED FREE, THE WHOOSHING NOISE ABRUPTLY STOPS. CADWALLADER WHEEZES NOISILY.**

**JESSIE:** Anybody want tae bring me up tae speed wi whit jist happened?

**SOPHIA:** A geometric effect?- perhaps triggered by the flash of bright light.

**ARTHUR:** It sucked them through the mirrors - to God alone knows where!

**CADWALLADER:** Not just God, I'm afraid...

**FX: THE TRIBUNE AND UNCLE GEORGE ARE SHOUTING VERY FAINTLY ALONG WITH FRANTIC TAPPING ON THE GLASS, THIS CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND**

**SOPHIA:** They are trapped... on the other side of the mirror!

**ARTHUR (very loudly and clearly):** Uncle George! You're... trapped... in...the...mirror!

**CADWALLADER:** It's possible he's worked that out already.

**ARTHUR:** Don't worry, Uncle George! I'll get you out!

**CADWALLADER:** No!

**SOPHIA (at the same time):** Wait!

**FX: A THUNDEROUS SMASH AS ARTHUR BREAKS THE MIRROR, GLASS TINKLES TO THE FLOOR**

**ARTHUR:** There you are, Uncle George!, free at last! Uncle George...? Where are you?

**CADWALLADER:** He's... still in the mirror.

**JESSIE:** 'Cept noo instead ey wan big red faced screamin' geezer trapped in a mirror, we've goat twenty wee yins

**ARTHUR:** What do we do now?

**CADWALLADER:** Nothing! Do nothing! At least that way you won't make things any worse.

**ARTHUR:** Should I have hit it harder? ... tried to break it into smaller pieces?

**JESSIE:** How many copies did ye want? Ur ye planning on sending them round fur wee Christmas tree decorations, cos that's the only use ah can see fur him the noo! An whut are we gonnæ do if ye do manage tae get them oot - march a wee regiment ey uncle George's up an doon hunter hoose tae fight aff the mice?

**CADWALLADER:** Knowing old thunderbritches, that's the sort of thing he might enjoy.

**SOPHIA:** This bickering is, as usual, achieving nothing!

**ARTHUR:** Yes - you're quite right, of course, dear. Er... what *are* we going to do with them?

**SOPHIA:** Mr Gillespie, kindly carry the Tribune to the Vault and... stack her neatly. Then fetch a brush and dustpan, and carefully sweep up Sir George. Perhaps we can find a drawer to store him in for now.

**FX: FAINT SHOUTING FROM THE SIR GEORGES INTENSIFIES**

**ARTHUR:** Sorry, Uncle George, it's just till we find a way of fixing you.

**CADWALLADER:** Hang on a blasted moment, who's to say that bloodless old cassowary isn't responsible for this whole wretched affair! It was his photograph that set this off, in case any of you haven't noticed!

**SOPHIA:** I saw Mr Gillespie's face, Dr Cadwallader - he was as shocked as the rest of us.

**GILLESPIE:** Sorcery is the tool o' Satan, an ye shid know ah widnae put ma hand on Satan's tool, no even tae suck ye off intae hell, doctor



**ARTHUR:** Sorry?

**SOPHIA:** Besides, if Mr Gillespie wished the society harm, there are far easier ways for him to achieve it. No, there can be only one culprit here - Babbage, using his “geometries” to wreak his revenge on the society who incarcerated him!

**JESSIE:** Whit about Jones, then?

**ARTHUR:** Oh, thank goodness she wasn’t there! Otherwise she’d be trapped in a mirror in a drawer, a fate worse than death!

**JESSIE:** It wouldae been a narrow escape compared tae her other plans fae the night

**SOPHIA:** She could still be in danger - we must find her immediately!

**CADWALLADER:** Er... I think I saw her heading upstairs, just before the photograph was taken.

**JESSIE:** Did ye, aye?

**SOPHIA:** There’s no time to lose! Quickly!

3 / 7 - Jones

**FX: CADWALLADER’S BEDROOM, JONES IS GETTING UNDRESSED AND LYING DOWN ON THE BED WITH A CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS, HUMMING “MEN OF HARLECH” TO HERSELF**

**JONES:** Well it’s not exactly Xanadu, but any port in a storm, eh?

**FX: SHE BOUNCES THE BEDSPRINGS EXPERIMENTALLY**

**JONES:** Mmm, nice and springy. Now, what little treats do you keep in your bedside cabinet, Hieronymus (**a drawer slides open**) - oo, what’s this, you naughty boy - opium! Let’s have a sniff of that, then...

**FX: JONES IGNITES A PIPE OF OPIUM AND PUFFS AT IT**

**JONES:** Just what the doctor ordered...

**FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING THROUGH THE DOOR**

**JONES:** Ooo, here he comes...

**FX: THE DOOR OPENS**

**JONES (seductively):** You took your time, doctor - here's hoping you can keep that steady pace once you get down to business... **(suddenly shocked - it's not Cadwallader!)** What are *you* doing here?

3 / 8: Banjo, Big Maggie, Big Davie, Delia

**FX: THE GAMBLING DEN, BANJO SINGING TO HIMSELF AS HE LEAVES**

**BANJO:** Haw man, ma luck's in... let's see how much ah goat this time...

**FX: A purse jingles with coins**

**BIG MAGGIE:** Not so fast.

**BANJO:** Haw, whit are ye doing! Let go of me!

**BIG DAVIE:** We've got a few questions fur ye. Whit's yer game?

**BANJO:** Pontoon!

**BIG MAGGIE:** Ha ha pal. Three pound ye won, wi a five card trick every time. How are ye doin it?

**BANJO:** Ahm just pure lucky, pal!

**DELIA:** I think it's fair to say your luck just ran out.

**FX: A TERRIBLE SHOEING ENSUES**

3 / 9 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Jessie, Sophia

**FX: ARTHUR, SOPHIA, CADWALLADER AND JESSIE RACE ALONG THE CORRIDOR OF HUNTER HOOSE, THEY RATTLE THE DOOR HANDLE**

**SOPHIA (sniffing):** Do you smell that?

**CADWALLADER:** Jones! Open the door! You're in mortal danger!

**ARTHUR:** What would Professor Jones be doing in your bedroom, doctor? **(realising)** Oh.

**JESSIE:** Oot ma way, ya fanny.

**FX: THE DOOR IS BOOTED IN AND SMACKS INTO THE WALL**

**ARTHUR:** The room's full of smoke! There's a fire!

**SOPHIA (sniffs):** Opium, unless I'm very much mistaken

**CADWALLADER:** Jones must have... brought some with her. **(he coughs)** I'll open the window.

**FX: A SASH WINDOW IS THROWN OPEN, OUTDOOR NOISES**

**CADWALLADER: (continuing quietly)** Seems a shame to let it go to waste. Can't be helped.

**ARTHUR:** You should stay back, my love. It might not be safe, given your condition.

**SOPHIA:** Do not be ridiculous, Arthur. Let me through.

**CADWALLADER:** Jones?

**SOPHIA:** She's on the bed.

**ARTHUR:** Oh God - she's... she's... Sophie, don't look... She's ...*naked*!

**CADWALLADER (grimly):** And dead.

**END CREDITS**

3/ 10 - Sadie, Godalming.

**A GLASGOW STREET BY THE RIVER. RAIN PISHING DOWN. RIVER WATER SPLASHING SOFTLY. GODALMING'S SLOW FOOTSTEPS.**

**SADIE:** All right mister, 'ave you got the time?

**GODALMING (still walking):** It's half past nine, miss.

**SADIE (suggestively):** Naw, mate, I mean - 'ave you got the time?

**GODALMING (stopping with an embarrassed laugh):** Oh, no thank you, miss, not for me, thank you for askin'. **(pause)** Should you be standin' out 'ere, in your condition, miss?

**SADIE:** Standin' out ere's wot got me into this condition! No point worryin 'bout it now, is there? Any rate, it's not my first, I'm not needing the likes of you to tell me 'ow to suck eggs. **(beat)** You're from London, aincha?

**GODALMING:** In a roundabout sort of way, miss. Up here on a... job of work for my employer.

**SADIE:** You a family man? Nippers of your own?

**GODALMING:** Not yet, miss. But we'll see a little 'un soon, I'm 'oping.

**SADIE:** Oh, lovely! The missus expectin', is she?

**GODALMING:** Not my wife, exactly, no...

**SADIE (firmly):** That don't matter, love, long as you see 'em right.

**GODALMING:** Oh, I intend to, miss. (**waxing lyrical**) Nothing like it, that feeling that you're 'elping bring something new an' wonderful into the world, watchin' little eyes open that only a moment ago were gazing into infinity itself...

**SADIE:** You ain't one of them 'oly rollers, are you? I've got my limits - I ain't goin to be told I'm an' 'arlot an' a jezebel unless I'm gettin more than a bowl of soup out of it.

**GODALMING:** Holy roller? (**chuckles**) No, miss, quite the opposite as it 'appens.

**FX: A DRUNK STUMBLES UP THE STREET, SINGING DISCORDANTLY**

**GODALMING:** You'll 'ave to excuse me, miss. Bit of business to attend to. You take care, now, miss, won't you?

**FX: GODALMING STARTS TO WALK PURPOSEFULLY AFTER THE DRUNK**

**SADIE:** You too, mister. And best of luck with the nipper!

**FX: RAIN, FOOTSTEPS AND RIVER NOISES SLOWLY FADE AWAY**

## SERIES 3, EPISODE 4: SINES AND PORTENTS

CAST

NARRATOR

CADWALLADER

CRESSIDA

SOPHIA

JESSIE

ARTHUR

GILLESPIE

BANJO

SISTER HILDA, A YORKSHIRE NUN

LEXY THE DOG TRACK BOOKIE

CAROLINE ROXBURGH

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and we Evolve Present, Tales from the Aletheian Society: Book Three, Chapter Four - Sines and Portents

**THEME MUSIC PLAYS**

4 /1 Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Godalming, Jessie, Sophia:

**THE ARRAY**

**CRESSIDA:** No one said that serving the society came without risks. *You* should know that better than anyone, Lord Arthur.

**SOPHIA (defensively):** And what exactly do you mean by that, Miss Cadwallader?

**CRESSIDA (calm):** Exactly what I said. Our work exposes us to terrible danger -but my plan can put an end to all of that. Just think, Lord Arthur, how much safer your wife and child would be in a world where all these godless abominations had never existed.

**CADWALLADER:** Yes, that's all very well, but there's nothing to say they'd even have met each other without the society to introduce them.

**CRESSIDA:** A risk worth taking for a chance at a peaceful life, wouldn't you say, Lord Arthur? The previous generation of Roxburghs didn't fare so well, after all - what makes you think the society will treat the future one any better?

**ARTHUR:** I dare say it won't... (**hesitates, then decides**) - no - what you're doing is *wrong*, Miss Cadwallader, and I can't allow you to go through with it.

**CRESSIDA (chiding):** Lord Arthur. Put your wee cowboy pistols down, or I'll be forced to explain the exact circumstances of your miraculous return from the grave.

**SOPHIA (aggressively):** What do you mean? My husband was carefully examined by society experts, who concluded that he was entirely untainted by the supernatural.

**ARTHUR (nervous):** She does have a point, you know. And you're right, Sophie - who *would* want to raise a child in a world like this? (**a nervous laugh**) If there's even a chance of something better...

**JESSIE:** Aw, naw, no you as well-

**ARTHUR:** I'm sorry, Doctor, Miss Gordon. I really am. But I... have to do as she says.

4/2 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Jessie, Sophia

### **CADWALLADER'S ROOM**

**ARTHUR:** Professor Jones is dead! Oh God, what are we going to do?

**SOPHIA:** Calm yourself. Hm. No sign of a struggle (**she walks over to Jones**) - and she is still quite warm.

**JESSIE:** It's no exactly a natural lookin' position she's lyin in, is it?

**CADWALLADER:** A bit early for rigor mortis, wouldn't you say?

**SOPHIA:** No breath - no pulse, and yet she does not appear to be dead exactly-

**ARTHUR:** You mean it's not too late? Should I fetch the smelling salts?

**SOPHIA:** No - Arthur - I mean, there's something not right about this -

**CRESSIDA (firmly):** Geometry.

**CADWALLADER (yelps):** Heavens, auntie, I didn't see you there.

**CRESSIDA:** Professor Jones has been moved out of out time by one of Babbage's geometries. She is neither alive nor dead - at least not yet.

**CADWALLADER:** How do we reverse it, then? She may be a poor excuse for an academic and an overbearing bully (**faltering slightly**)... but those don't deserve *this* fate.

**SOPHIA:** Which is fortunate for you.

**CRESSIDA:** I have no idea how to reverse it. Babbage, however, might, which makes it all the more imperative that we locate him. Lady Roxburgh, kindly cover the Professor with a bedsheet - if she must be in my nephew's bed, it shall at least be with her modesty intact. Then, we shall enact my plan for furthering this investigation.

**CADWALLADER (indignant):** *Your* plan? I'm the bloody chaptermaster, Auntie, remember?

**CRESSIDA:** Yes, very good Hieronymus, I am quite silenced by the force of your authority. **(a pause)** To continue. You and Miss Gordon will investigate the paranormal happenings in the city and collate the details. I have prepared a short list for you. Lady Sophia, you and I shall map out the information we already have, and use the pattern it forms to predict Babbage's next movement. And Lord Arthur?

**ARTHUR yelps, startled**

**CRESSIDA:** You will undertake the most vital part of our investigation. I need you to travel to Carfax Asylum, and glean whatever details you can of Babbage's incarceration- and more importantly, his escape.

**ARTHUR:** Oh. Gosh, Carfax, eh? **(sounding hesitant)** I suppose that's convenient, in a way.

**CRESSIDA:** Take Mr Gillespie with you. He can put his photographic skills to use, documenting what you find for benefit of the rest of us.

**CADWALLADER:** Gillespie out of the country? Hmm. A silver lining to every cloud...

4/3 : Babbage

### **THE ARRAY**

**FX:** The time-and-space rupturing noise, Babbage breathing heavily in the silence (except for the whirring of the array) that follows

**BABBAGE (frenzied):** No, no, no, not again! It should be ready by now! My calculations were flawless!

**FX:** Very faintly, we hear **THE VOICE** like a finger being rubbed on the edge of a glass, but their words are indistinct

**BABBAGE:** I'm telling you there *was no error!*

**FX:** Babbage throws a glass in frustration, it smashes, **THE VOICE** again

**BABBAGE:** But that's not possible! There *is no* possible variable! The device is perfect!

**FX:** **THE VOICE** again

**BABBAGE:** But who? Ada's dead, Mary's dead, I'm the only one left who could even *begin* to comprehend it! No, it must be something else, something I haven't corrected for...damn this *human error*...

4/4 : Cressida, Sophia, Godalming

**HUNTER HOOSE**

**SOPHIA**(swearing in Schwizerdeutsch/frustration): *Futzgesicht Sauhund Nuttesohn*

**CRESSIDA (mildly)**: Really, my dear. There's no need for that kind of language.

**SOPHIA**: Your *dear*? Miss Cadwallader, do not make the mistake of presuming any warmth of feeling between us. You may have forgotten what transpired in Edinburgh in the Summer. I, have not.

**CRESSIDA (indifferently)**: All's well that ends well, as I've always said, Lady Roxburgh. But as you prefer. I will, however, insist on a rudimentary level of civility if we are to work together, despite your evident frustrations. (probing) How *is* your husband faring, after his wee brush wi the beyond?

**SOPHIA (stiff)**: He is *quite well*. Despite your *negligence*.

**CRESSIDA** : So very glad to hear it. Now, where were we?

**SOPHIA (takes a deep breath)**: There is no pattern to these happenings - at least, none which I can discern. We are limited by incomplete information - everything is filtered through the inaccuracy of eyewitnesses. We cannot even be sure which of these phenomena are genuine, and which are merely lies, rumour and hearsay!

**CRESSIDA**: Let me see the map again. They appear to be clustering to the West of the city. A few outliers, but most occurring between the new University buildings and Victoria Street...

**SOPHIA**: A crude geographical cluster, nothing more. Even allowing for the unreliability of the average street informant, there is no pattern to the time these events are occurring, nor for how long they last. They have been occurring at random intervals since Monday, at any time of the day or night - how can we possibly predict where they are to happen next!

**FX: KITCHEN DOOR OPENS, GODALMING APPROACHES**

**GODALMING**: Delivery for you, Miss Cadwallader. Shall I 'ave 'im put it round the back?

**CRESSIDA (sighs, rustling as she gets to her feet)**: No, Mr Godalming, ye might as well let a bull loose in a china shop as let those hamfisted buffoons work without oversight. Carry on with your work, Lady Roxburgh, I shall return forthwith.

**FX: Cressida and Godalming leave**

**SOPHIA (quietly)**: Oh, Arthur. (**sigh**) I hope you're having better luck than I am.



4/5 - Arthur, Gillespie, Hilda

**: OUTSIDE CARFAX ASYLUM**

**FX: A carriage rattles through the gloom - wind, rain, thunder, horse whinnies. It stops.**

**ARTHUR:** Well, here we are. Carfax Asylum. (**nervous laugh**) Our home away from home, eh?

**GILLESPIE (dourly):** Gloomy an' unwelcomin'. (**perking up**) Like home, right enough.

**FX: They get off the carriage**

**ARTHUR (continuing anxiously):** It's a bit worse-for-wear, but it's really a lovely example of early gothic architecture. Apparently the name is derived from "*Quatre face*", because it's got four sides.

**GILLESPIE (flatly):** Four sides. Is that so.

**ARTHUR:** ...though it's a bit strange that they thought *that* was its defining characteristic, I mean, it's not like buildings are usually triangular. (**he laughs nervously**)

**FX: A wolf howls in the distance**

**ARTHUR:** Did you hear that? Gosh, I suppose we'd better get inside, who knows what could be out there in the darkness?

**GILLESPIE:** Aye, sir. But ye'll have to get the bags.

**ARTHUR:** Oh, of course, your back, yes. Ever since the incident.

**FX: The horse whinnies, thunder crashes**

**GILLESPIE:** Aye, sir. The incident.

**ARTHUR (quietly, to himself):** Yes, definitely back. I'm starting to get a bad feeling about this...

**FX: Arthur grunts as he gets his bag down, they crunch up gravel to the front door. Arthur rings a spooky sounding bell. They wait.**

**ARTHUR:** I suppose they're shut. It is getting on a bit, I suppose.

**GILLESPIE:** Ah widnae a thought an asylum wid huv the luxury o' keepin' regular hours.

**FX: Finally bolts are drawn back, the door creaks open**

**HILDA:** Lord Arthur! Didn't expect to be seeing you so soon after your last visit, but we've 'ad a lot of society folk pokin' around after Mr Babbage made 'is escape.

**GILLESPIE (outraged):** Ye didnae mention this place wis run by nuns!

**ARTHUR:** Didn't I, Mr Gillespie? Oh, yes, there's been a little order of Benedictines here since the 7th century. The society staffs the place with orderlies and doctors, of course, but it's Sister Hilda and her girls that really keep the place ticking over.

**HILDA (gently chiding):** Not girls, Lord Arthur. *Women*. Brides of Christ.

**GILLESPIE:** Brides o' Christ? Brides o' satan mair like! Handmaids o' beelzebub!

**ARTHUR (firmly):** No more of that, Mr Gillespie. These ladies do a fine job, looking after society members who've suffered in the course of their duty, and I won't have a word said against them!

**FX: GILLESPIE mutters and grumbles. The wolf howls again, a bit closer**

**HILDA:** Come inside, both of you, I won't bite. Unlike a few of those things out there.

**FX: The door creaks shut behind them, the outdoor noise stops. Inside there are distant screams, rattling - an asylum soundscape**

**HILDA:** Now then. Where would you like to begin, Lord Arthur?

**ARTHUR:** I think we'd best start with Babbage's cell. Try and get a feel for the man....

**HILDA:** Certainly. This way, then.

**FX: The noises of rattling and shrieking grow louder.**

**HILDA:** Don't mind those poor souls. We do our best to keep them calm, but - well. There's only so much we can do.

**GILLESPIE:** The shriekin' o the godless damned.

**HILDA (sharply):** If they are the damned, then it's a damnation they willingly accepted for our sake, Mr Gillespie. There but for the grace of God go we all.

**FX: Their footsteps die away**

4 /6 \_ Banjo, Lexy

DOG RACING TRACK

**FX: Loud chatter, dogs barking**

**BANJO:** Awright, mate, what odds'll you gie me on ma dug tae win?

**LEXY:** Is that a dug? Are ye sure it's no a rat in a wee tartan collar?

**BANJO (indignant):** Aye it's a dug! Aren't ye, Wee Jamie? Pedigree Govan whippet, this yin.

**LEXY:** It's only got three legs.

**BANJO:** Don't you listen tae him, Jamie. Ma dug's a champion, pal, an' ahl prove it. Five pound.

**LEXY:** Awright. It's your money pal. Ten tae wan. Go oan, then, pit him in wi' the others, they're good tae go.

**FX: A gunshot, mad barking, cheering as the dogs race**

**BANJO (cheering):** Go oan yersel Jamie! 'Moan, ya wee dancer!

**LEXY:** I cannae believe ahm seein' this...

**FX: Excited cheering and shouting from the crowd as the dogs noisily get to the finish line**

**BANJO:** Yass!

**LEXY (utter disbelief):** There's champion pureblood greyhounds on that track. How did that shilpit wee shitebag win?

**BANJO:** Born champion, ma wee Jamie.

**FX: Mad yapping from Wee Jamie**

**BANJO:** That's ma good wee lad! Eh - fifty pound ye owe me, pal!

**FX: RUSTLING OF MONEY BEING COUNTED**

**LEXY (wheedling):** Look, pal, how much fur the wee dug?

**BANJO (delighted):** Aw, man, ah couldnae part wi' ma wee Jamie, he's like a son tae me.

**LEXY:** Fifty pound

**BANJO (quickly):** Aye, awright then. There ye go

**FX: Jingling of a lead and rustling of notes changing hands, WEE JAMIE yips pointlessly again**

**BANJO:** Hundred pound! No bad considerin' ah jist found him goin' through the bins ten minutes ago.

**LEXY: (disbelieving):** How come you knew he was goin' tae win then?

**BANJO:** See me? Jist pure lucky, pal.

**FX: WEE JAMIE starts peeing. BANJO walks off whistling tunelessly**

4 /7: Cadwallader, Jessie, Babbage

**THE PARK**

**FX: Cadwallader and Jessie are walking through the park, distant fountain noise, crowd, kids playing, dogs barking**

**CADWALLADER (weary):** Another bloody wasted trip.

**JESSIE:** Ah've said ah'm sorry. It sounded convincin' at the time.

**CADWALLADER:** Yes, who'd have thought rumours of a skull in a pub giving forth prophetic utterances would turn out to be utter nonsense. Reality may be crumbling around us, but the inane ramblings of the Glasgow inebriate remain the one thing we can truly rely upon.

**JESSIE:** You're jist sore 'cos you couldnae get a repeat performance of yer free pint trick.

**FX: The park noises get louder**

**CADWALLADER (mournful):** It seems that's the kind of fortune a man can only hope for once in his lifetime... wait a moment, what's going on over there?

**JESSIE:** Where?

**CADWALLADER:** There - by the fountain - what's that rabble up to? **(starting to move through the crowd)** Out of my way, you useless cumberworlds, let me through

**FX: Kids laughing and splashing in the fountain, crowd muttering**

**CADWALLADER:** Look at it!

**JESSIE:** Whit about it?

**CADWALLADER (intrigued):** The fountain - it's running backwards - it must be one of the phenomena... where are you going?

**FX: Jessie starts running off**

**JESSIE:** It's him fae the photie!

**CADWALLADER:** Babbage! Stop, we need to talk to you!

**FX: Cadwallader starts to run wheezily after him**

**BABBAGE (a distance away):** Are you from the Society? How are you doing this?

**JESSIE:** Us doin' this? It's *you* that's doin' this!

**BABBAGE:** You don't know what you're meddling with! You don't understand!

**CADWALLADER:** What don't we understand?

**BABBAGE (panicky):** I'm not going back there! You can't make me!

**FX:** Jessie lunges for Babbage, reality pops as he teleports away, she crashes into the ground.

**JESSIE (groans):** Where did he go?

**CADWALLADER:** Gone. Same trick as he pulled in the asylum, no doubt.

**JESSIE:** How're we supposed tae catch a man who can vanish intae thin air?

4/ 8: Arthur, Gillespie, Hilda

#### **CARFAX ASYLUM**

**FX:** the asylum soundscape

**HILDA:** That's the question, isn't it, Lord Arthur?

**FX:** A heavy iron key turns in a lock

**HILDA:** ...how to contain a man of Babbage's abilities.

**FX:** The cell door creaks open, echoing steps as they enter

**HILDA:** We created this cell specially to 'old him.

**ARTHUR (wonderingly):** The walls... they're entirely covered in mathematical formulae... Did *Babbage* do this?

**HILDA (scoffs):** No, Lord Arthur, the last thing we'd have let him have would be a writing implement. This cell was prepared exactly to Mrs Somerville's specifications. The geometric calculations acted as a barrier to his abilities - and kept him calm, as a happy side effect.

**GILLESPIE:** How did he escape then?

**HILDA:** He had accomplices. Old friends from his University days. From what we've managed to piece together (**a pause**) literally, in one case - we think they were members of the so-called Extractors club, who had promised to liberate its members from institutions such as this one, should they ever be so detained.

**ARTHUR:** Gosh, that seems remarkably prescient. Do you suppose he always knew he might end up in a place like this? (**muttered to himself**) Sometimes I think / might, if things carry on the way they've been going...

**GILLESPIE:** What about the accomplices?

**ARTHUR:** Did they escape with him? Are they still at large?

**HILDA:** All killed in the attempt 'cept Babbage, I'm afraid. One of them succumbed to Babbage's abilities and was neatly sectioned into six inch cubes of flesh, the other was shot by our guards. (**she sighs**) Don't pick at the walls, please, Lord Arthur. On the off chance that he's ever captured we'll need the geometries intact.

**ARTHUR:** Oh. Sorry, sister.

**HILDA:** We've got copies of Miss Somerville's formulae in Dr Laycock's office, m'lord. I can release a copy to you - strictly confidential, you understand.

**ARTHUR:** Marvellous, thank you, Sister! Er... maybe Mr Gillespie could take a few photographs of the cell walls, just to make sure we get everything in the right place if we *do* have to copy it out?

**HILDA:** I don't see why not, m'lord.

**ARTHUR:** And in the meantime, perhaps we might collect the documents you mentioned? I'm no mathematician, but I get the feeling this is one of those problems where you really have to show your working if you want full marks...

**HILDA:** Certainly, Lord Arthur. I doubt Babbage's fool enough to be lured into the same trap twice, mind.

**ARTHUR:** *Nil desperandum*, Sister! Some of the finest brains in the society are on the case - well, my wife is, anyway, and she's *frightfully* clever. I bet she's worked it all out already.

**FX:** They leave the room. Gillespie grumbles to himself, takes a flash photograph.

4 /9: Banjo, Cadwallader, Cressida, Jessie, Sophia

### **THE KITCHEN**

**FX:** Papers rustling, Sophia cursing in frustration

**SOPHIA:** Schie□, schie□, schie□. Think, Sophia, think!

**FX:** JESSIE and CADWALLADER approach, their bickering muffled by the door

**CADWALLADER:** ...yes, but if you hadn't scared him off, we might have had a chance to talk with him!

**JESSIE:** Oh aye, ah wis the wan scared him off, no you lumberin' up the hill like an angry auld carthorse

**CADWALLADER:** Yes, because the sight of a shrieking harpy in hobnailed boots is wholly comforting -

**FX: THE DOOR OPENS**

**CADWALLADER:** Ah, sandwiches, marvellous.

**FX: He eats a sandwich**

**JESSIE:** Budge up, Sophie. Ye goat anything?

**SOPHIA:** Nothing. Yourselves?

**CADWALLADER (through crumbs):** We managed to sight Babbage at the scene of one of the epiphenomena, but unfortunately *Jessie* scared him away.

**JESSIE:** At least *ah* goat a hand on him before he vanished intae *thin air*.

**SOPHIA:** Another epiphenomenon. (**a sigh, continuing wearily**) Pass the map, I shall mark it according to Miss Cadwallader's instructions.

**JESSIE:** Yer epi-whatsit wis in Kelvingrove park. The new fountain wis runnin' backwards - the wan doon by the wee dug track. It wis about five past six.

**FX: SOPHIA's pencil scratches on the paper**

**CADWALLADER:** And is a pattern miraculously revealing itself?

**JESSIE:** No unless anyone's seein' a hidden meanin' in "big jaggy mess"

**SOPHIA:** Miss Cadwallader seems quite insistent that a pattern will emerge in time.

**CADWALLADER (mournfully):** Time we don't have.

**SOPHIA:** I am sorry about Professor Jones, Doctor. I understand what it is to be faced with the loss of someone for whom one cares.

**JESSIE:** Ahm sorry too. There ye were, aboot tae get yer end away, an' then a geometric curse leaves ye wi' the world's worst case ey blue balls

**SOPHIA:** Jessie! Do not mock the doctor in his time of grief

**JESSIE:** Ahm no mockin, ahm *empathisin'*. Story ey ma life too - more or less.

**FX: THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENS AND BANJO WALKS IN, STILL WHISTLING, CLEARLY DRUNK**

**CADWALLADER (relieved, falsely cheerful):** Banjo! What a well timed arrival! Come in, my good chap, let's have all your news!

**BANJO:** Awright then big man, ah wull!

**JESSIE (makes gagging noise):** You get away fae me, yer mingin' wi the drink.

**FX: Banjo sits down noisily. Papers and coinage spill from his pockets.**

**BANJO:** Whoops!

**SOPHIA:** You have dropped your - (**papers rustle**) - betting slip?

**CADWALLADER:** His pockets are absolutely *bulging* with them - is that a five pound note on the floor? (**quietly**) Well, waste not want not...

**JESSIE:** Where are you gettin' aw this money tae flash aboot, ya wee scrote? Ye'd better not be thievin' fae us!

**BANJO:** Naw, naw, ah didnae! Ahm just pure lucky, so ah am!

**JESSIE:** You, lucky? The unluckiest wee shite in aw clydeside? Hand them over-

**FX: Banjo yelps as his pockets are emptied**

**SOPHIA:** Dozens of betting slips, and tens of pounds -

**CADWALLADER (uncrumpling a piece of paper):** Five pounds on the six-oh-five at the Kelvingrove dogtrack... wait a minute. Pass me another - four-forty, Baillieston -

**FX: SOPHIA's pen scratches rapidly over paper**

**SOPHIA:** An occurrence was reported in those localities, within ten minutes of both times.

**CADWALLADER:** Map out the rest.

**SOPHIA:** Yes - they are all there... they each coincide with the time on the betting slips...

**CADWALLADER:** Quite the coincidence, eh? What about that one - ten past ten, yesterday evening. What were you doing *then*, you ghastly muck-snipe?

**BANJO:** Nuthin'! Ah wisnae daein nuthin!

**FX: BANJO stops abruptly as his head is smacked into the table with a thud and a rattle of crockery**



**JESSIE:** Think hard, bawheid, really stretch yersel.

**BANJO (indistinct - half of his face is pressed into the table):** Eh... oh aye, ah remember, ah wis at the bingo wi' ma mammy (**he yelps**) awright, awright, ah wis playin' pontoon!

**CADWALLADER:** Did you win?

**BANJO (resentful):** Ah telt ye a wis lucky.

**CADWALLADER:** And you didn't think just once to question your astonishing good fortune in winning every bet you placed?

**JESSIE (muttered):** Ah didnae see *you* lookin' a gift horse in the mouth when it trotted up wi' a free pint

**BANJO:** There wis wan weird hing but, come tae think ey it. Ah kept seein' this same auld punter wi a face like a welder's bench, turned up every time ah made a big score.

**SOPHIA:** What did he look like, this man?

**FX: Papers rustle as she searches for the photo**

**SOPHIA (urgently):** Is this he?

**BANJO:** Naw, he disnae wear a wig.

**CADWALLADER (through gritted teeth):** If he were to remove the wig - might this be a picture of the same man?

**BANJO:** Eh... aye, come tae think of it, there is a bit o' a resemblance.

**CADWALLADER (puffing himself up):** Well, well then, Mister Babbage, it seems you are not so elusive as we thought. You thought you could escape the clutches of Hieronymus Cadwallader - but the snare will soon be drawing tight around your neck.

**SOPHIA:** We shall have to place the snare there first.

**JESSIE (resigned):** Here we go, full on big game hunter again.

**CADWALLADER:** Better men than Babbage have tried and failed to elude me. Godalming! Fetch my hip flask! The hunt is underway!

**END MUSIC PLAYS**

4/ 10: THE ASYLUM: Hilda, Arthur

**FX: Footsteps through the asylum**

**ARTHUR:** Thank you so much, Sister. I'll take the plans back to Dr Cadwallader and Sophie, they're bound to know what to do.

**HILDA:** I 'ope so, milord. Won't be long before Babbage is back to 'is old tricks if he's not stopped.

**FX: A KEY RATTLES IN THE LOCK, A HEAVY DOOR CREAKS OPEN**

**HILDA:** I'll just leave you a few moments, then.

**ARTHUR:** Gosh, she looks so peaceful. Is she getting calmer? Better?

**HILDA (wearily):** No, Lord Arthur. It's laudanum we're giving 'er. Best she sleeps the hours away when she can - the waking world holds nothing but torment for her.

**ARTHUR:** I'll... I'll just sit with her for a little while, if that's all right with you.

**HILDA (tenderly):** Of course it is, love.

**FX: She pulls the door to. Arthur sits down on his mother's bed.**

**ARTHUR (hesitant):** Hello, mother. It's me, Arthur.

**CAROLINE stirs and murmurs something incomprehensible**

**ARTHUR (falsely cheerful):** I've got good news- you're going to be a grandmother! Maybe when the baby's here I'll bring him for a visit - that's bound to cheer you up... **(a despondent sigh)** Oh God, I've done something terrible, and I can't tell anyone... You and father - you raised me to know what was right and to do it, no matter what the cost - and I've tried so hard to follow your example, but... but...

**ARTHUR (almost in tears):** I made a deal with the devil to save my skin, and now he's making me do awful, terrible things that I don't even understand the half of. There's something coming - something dreadful - and I'm a part of his plan, and I know I should tell him no and damn the consequences...

**ARTHUR (softly):** But I can't, I can't leave her. Not now. Not yet.

**END**

# SERIES 3, EPISODE 5: SPONSIONES LUDICRAE

CAST  
NARRATOR  
GODALMING  
HIERONYMUS  
CRESSIDA  
SOPHIA  
JESSIE  
ARTHUR  
GILLESPIE  
BANJO  
GEORGE  
BULLY  
SMUDGER  
WETHERINGTON  
SHUG  
REV. ALISTAIR  
MRS SMITH  
CROUPIER

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and we evolve Present, Tales from the Aletheian Society: Book Three, Chapter Five - Sponsiones Ludicrae!

## THEME MUSIC PLAYS

5/ 1 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Godalming, Jessie, Sophia

## THE OBSERVATORY

**FX:** THE ARRAY is now turning at high speed, almost fully operational

**GODALMING:** (sighs) Come now, Lord Roxburgh. I've already explained to Dr Cadwallader that there's no escaping a debt of this nature. Do you think it will be any different for you? Your soul is *claimed*, my friend.

**SOPHIA:** What does he mean, Arthur? Claimed by who?

**GODALMING:** Mmm, more of a "what" than a "who" in all honesty, your Ladyship

**SOPHIA:** And you're... what, then? A valet and it's mouthpiece both?

**GODALMING:** You can thank Doctor Cadwallader for that. I assure you the mouthpiece part wasn't my idea.

**HIERONYMUS: (hastily)** Yes, well, not really either the time or the place to go into any of that...

**ARTHUR:** It's alright my dear. Whatever happens, just know that all I ever wanted was to make you happy. I knew when I made the deal that there'd be a price to pay, but ...I was scared and... I missed you. But no matter the price it was worth it all - having these last few months with you has been bliss.

**GODALMING:** You might be a little less inclined to be so noble if you knew what was going to happen to you should you "default", so to speak

**JESSIE:** Perhaps we could aw just take a moment tae shoot Godalming, then get back tae pointin' guns at each other? He's turnin' oot tae be a right creepy wee bastard

**SOPHIA:** You're... - Arthur, you can't go to *hell*! You're the best person I know.

**ARTHUR:** I made my choice, my love. You're right, it's a sacrifice, but at least it's one I'm making with my eyes open - not stabbed by my own colleague when I least expected it, eh Miss Cadwallader?

**CRESSIDA:** How many lives did it save, Lord Roxburgh? If you really cared about the greater good, you'd be glad I was there to act with some alacrity.

**SOPHIA:** What!! *You* killed Arthur!?

**HIERONYMUS: (mock shocked)** What's that? Aunt Cressida has betrayed us all and treated us like pawns to be sacrificed in order to advance her own sinister agenda? How completely unbelievable, **(loud)** *considering we're standing inside a testament to her doing exactly that!*

**SOPHIA:** You...you horrible.... old ....*witch*! To think I that looked up to you!

**CRESSIDA:** Don't go weak on me girl. This is the point where we finally see if you've got the mettle for the job.

**SOPHIA:** Yes, you're right, it is.

**FX: Click of SOPHIA's gun being pointed at CRESSIDA**

**CRESSIDA:** What are you doing, child? You can't let maudlin emotion guide you in matters of this magnitude

**SOPHIA:** It's called *humanity*, Miss Cadwallader. I am not surprised to find you are unfamiliar with the concept.

**ARTHUR:** I can't let you betray your principles for me, Sophie

**SOPHIA:** What was I thinking, Arthur? To sacrifice our child, the soul of my own husband? I would be no better than *her*.

**ARTHUR:** Darling! I'm so happy to hear you say that. Wait - do you want me to switch back as well?

**SOPHIA:** Yes, dear heart. Point the gun at Miss Cadwallader again.

**ARTHUR:** Righto!

**FX:** Click of Arthur putting his gun on Miss Cadwallader

**HIERONYMUS:** Looking a bit lonely on your side of the line now, eh, Auntie? Why not just give it up

**CRESSIDA:** Nonsense, it just requires the correct leverage to even the odds

**FX:** Click of gun

**CRESSIDA:** Lord Arthur - return to your post or I will shoot your wife and unborn child first

**ARTHUR:** You wouldn't!

**CRESSIDA:** Come now, Lord Roxburgh. We both know that I *would*

**SOPHIA:** Arthur, no!

**ARTHUR:** I'm sorry, my dear. I can't risk it.

**SOPHIA:** Well, ... at least aim for Doctor Cadwallader

**HIERONYMUS:** Hey!

5 / 2, E5S3 - Arthur, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia

## **THE STUDY, HUNTER HOUSE**

**FX:** Ticking of the study clock, crackle of fire in the fireplace

**HIERONYMUS:** The key to hunting a predator are an understanding of two things - terrain and preferred prey. Ergo we shall stake Mr Stewart out like a tethered goat in the surroundings which seems to get Babbage's attention - gambling dens.

**GILLESPIE:** Doctor Cadwallader, it's a dark an' sinful path yer treadin' - gamblin' is the devil's work and nae mistake. Whit does it profit ye tae weigh down yer pockets wi' silver, if it weighs down yer soul in the hereafter?

**HIERONYMUS:** Find me a shebang to hold it in, and it'll profit you to the tune of about twenty percent.

**GILLESPIE: (beat)** Weel, I could make a few enquiries. As long as I don't actually have to see the gamblin', it's really fer others tae decide whit tae do wi' their souls.

**HIERONYMUS:** Capital! More room for all you Godly types in heaven without us gamblers messin' the place up. Now, Arthur, unless I miss my guess you have wealthy and idle family and friends scattered across Britain like currants in a plum cake? The kind of people with nothing better to do than drop everything for a night's gambling?

**ARTHUR:** Well, locally, there's the Murrays - the Duke gets awfully bored of stag-bating, he'd probably be keen on a diversion. I'm chums with a few of the City of Glasgow Bank directors, they're *always* up for a flutter. I could drop a line to the boys at Pratt's, see who's available. It's a shame Natty is away in Spain at the moment - gambling is pretty much his family business...

**HIERONYMUS:** Yes, well, condense your ramblings into a list and contact them immediately.  
*"Tomorrow night only, high stakes gambling extravaganza, Glasgow!"*

**ARTHUR:** I'll see what I can do, but I have to warn you Dr Cadwallader, the upper classes are like eldritch horrors - once summoned up they can be damnably hard to get rid of. We had that awful Buckton Lamb fellow as a houseguest for six months - good thing that gazebo he built fell down on him, or he'd probably still have his feet under our table.

**JESSIE:** I know a few folks that might hae a few bawbees tae wager. No exactly yer respectable types, mind

**HIERONYMUS:** Excellent. See to it, Miss Gordon - the aristocrats will eat that up with a spoon.  
Bit of local colour

**SOPHIA:** But how are we to capture him once we have him? He can vanish into the aether

**HIERONYMUS:** I leave that in your capable hands, my dear. See what you can do.

**SOPHIA: (taken aback)** I.. you are demonstrating an uncharacteristic level of trust in my abilities, Doctor Cadwallader. I must admit, I am pleasantly surprised

**HIERONYMUS:** If by "trust in your abilities" you mean that I recognise your boundless ability to vex, shackle and break the spirit of men, then for once we are in agreement.

**FX: SOPHIA snorts in disgust and stomps off, muttering in Swiss**

**HIERONYMUS:** Meanwhile I shall take the eagle's perch, watching over your efforts with a keen eye. Now, be off with you all.

**FX: The others leave, chattering, the study door opens and closes again**

**HIERONYMUS:** Ah, the merry hum of industry from one's underlings. Bliss.

**FX: Pop of cork, splashing of liquid into glass, slurping noise then smacking of lips from**  
**HIERONYMUS**

**GODALMING:** You look famished, sir. Would you like me to have Mrs Gillespie whip up a plate of cold meats for you?

**HIERONYMUS:** Eh? Oh, I suppose that'd be quite nice. Thank you, Godalming.

**GODALMING:** Very much my pleasure, sir. I'll attend to it immediately.

**HIERONYMUS:** Well, it's been a rocky start, but I must say this caper is coming up all Cadwallader! If I play my cards right I can clear enough from this gambling lark to get out from under Auntie altogether, then set meself up far away from all this ghastliness forever.

5/ 3 : George, Bully, Smudger, Wetherington

**PRATT'S CLUB, LONDON**

**FX:** Fops drunkenly singing a chorus in the background

**GEORGE:** Telegram for you, sir

**BULLY:** Thank you, George

**SMUDGER:** Who's it from?

**WETHERINGTON:** Somebody interesting, I hope. Honestly, I'm bored to tears

**FX:** Paper unfolding, being read

**BULLY:** **(surprised)** It's from old "Rocks-in-his-head" Roxburgh. **(beat)** He's invited us to go gambling - in Glasgow of all places!

**SMUDGER:** Glasgow? Never heard of it

**WETHERINGTON:** It's in Scotland, Smudger you insufferable ass. It's a sort of city

**SMUDGER (terrible scottish accent):** "Oh aye, the noo", eh? **(normal accent)** Shall we chance it? Whisky and fiery redheads, might be just the ticket to lift this malaise

**BULLY:** Well, I certainly wouldn't mind laying eyes on his little woman again. I'm quite certain she was giving me the glad eye last time we met

**WETHERINGTON:** Honestly, Bully old man, you're incorrigible. Wasn't the last time you met at their wedding?

**BULLY:** Yes, but you know the foreign totty when they get an eyeful of yours truly in my gas-pipes

**SMUDGER:** Right then! I'll call out the troops, shall I?

**BULLY:** Why not? Parliament can go bugger itself for a few days.

**WETHERINGTON:** Yes, I'll tell the Bishop to cover for me. Don't want to give *another* sermon with a hangover and he owes me a good turn after that thing with the actress...

**SMUDGER:** Hah, you're a sap to get caught in that line of work, Wetherington. Being editor of the Times is like money for old rope. Sometimes I don't even bother to go in - nobody says anything, all too afraid that Pater will fire them.

**BULLY:** Well, then, we're resolved - we'll go up to Glasgow and shake it by the throat. But if that deuced cat-lap Roxburgh tries to get in the way of our fun *before* we've had our pound of flesh, well... we'll just have to let him see the error of his ways.

**WETHERINGTON:** Let us raise hell! To Glasgow!

**SMUDGER & BULLY:** To Glasgow!

**FX:** Glasses clink together, they swallow noisily then smash the glasses

**ALL:** Huzzah!

5 /4: Alistair, Jessie, Shug

**STREET, EAST END OF GLASGOW, NIGHT**

**FX:** Door opens, **JESSIE** steps out onto the street

**JESSIE:** (calling back over her shoulder) Thanks, Shug! See youse all tomorrow night, then!

**SHUG:** Aye, later then, Jessie!

**FX:** Door shuts

**ALISTAIR:** Excuse me, madam?

**JESSIE:** (abrupt) Aye, whit d'ye want? (tone softens) Oh, sorry, reverend, didnae think it'd be anyone respectable hangin' aboot roon here at this time of night

**ALISTAIR:** Well, indeed Mrs...?

**JESSIE:** Mc... Gordon, Jessie Gordon. And it's *Miss*

**ALISTAIR:** Ah, Miss Gordon. I was going to inquire if you knew about the kind of men that are associated with that dwelling? Ruffians and criminals, one and all!

**JESSIE:** Aye, yer no wrong, Padre. They McClatchy brothers arenae up tae much except mischief.



**ALISTAIR:** I was going to say... to suggest... that if you need a place to stay... to... recover yourself. Well, that the Church stands ready to assist you in... *transitioning*...

**JESSIE: (amused)** You think I'm a wagtail! Dressed like this? And no tae blaw ma own trumpet, but if I was tae be sellin' mase, I like tae think I'd be doin' it in mair salubrious surroundin's than this dump!

**ALISTAIR: (Nervous, apologetic)** Oh, I do apologise! I really... I really haven't been doing this very long. The McClatchy family have quite a grip over my parish - I simply didn't want to see any more wayward souls fall into their clutches.

**JESSIE:** Aye, fair enough. At least ye made the effort. Most of the ministers I've known would hae just looked the other way. Look at ye, shakin' like a leaf. And whit are ye, nineteen?

**ALISTAIR:** Twenty. But I've only been ministering for a couple of months. I must admit, I'm still finding my feet.

**JESSIE:** Listen pal, looks like we could both use a drink. What do ye say we go and get somethin' tae steady yer nerves. I can maybe gie you a few wee tips on dealin' wi' the punters roon' here?

**ALISTAIR:** I'm not much of a drinker, but... well, some advice would be... very kind.

**JESSIE:** Don't you worry now, Jessie'll take care of you...

**FX: An set of overlapping noises - glasses clinking, pub conversation, jaunty music, laughter from ALISTAIR and JESSIE. It accelerates to a crescendo then falls completely silent**

5 / 5, Alistair, Jessie, Mrs Smith

**ALISTAIR: (groaning)** Oh... Oh, my head. How much did I have to drink last night? What time is it?

**JESSIE:** Probably time you were gettin' up. I can hear yer wee wumman doonstairs rattlin' pans. She'll probably be up wi a cup of tea soon.

**FX: ALISTAIR lets out a frightened shriek of surprise**

**JESSIE:** Steady on, Reverend. Gie us a hand gettin' laced back up

**ALISTAIR:** Oh my God, what have I *done*?!

**JESSIE:** Och, nothin' worth gettin' worked up about. Just two people gi'en each other a bit of pleasure.

**ALISTAIR:** Worked up about...?! I'm a *minister*, and we're not *married*!

**JESSIE:** Maybe you're not. Technically I don't think I ever got a divorce.

**ALISTAIR:** Oh my God, I've had carnal relations with a married woman!

**JESSIE:** Ma husband's no carin' and neither am I, so why should God?

**ALISTAIR:** I'm damned. I'll be defrocked. Cast from the body of the Kirk!

**JESSIE:** Don't be daft. Naebody knows. I'm no gonnae tell anyone, and I'm fairly sure *you're* no gonnae tell anyone.

**MRS SMITH: (shouting up the stairs)** Reverend Stewart! Yer tea's on the table. Will ye be wantin' one egg or two?

**ALISTAIR: (hisses quietly)** God knows! God knows I've broken His laws!

**MRS SMITH: (shouting up the stairs)** Reverend?

**JESSIE: (whispering back)** Weel, he doesnae seem tae be smitin' ye wi' boils or plagues of locusts, so I'm guessin' he doesnae care. Look, you go down and hae yer eggs like a good boy, I'll slip oot the windae, none the wiser

**ALISTAIR: (curses softly, then raises his voice)** I'll be down in just a moment, Mrs Smith!

**JESSIE: (whispering)** There ye are. I'll be sure to look you up again the next time I need... ministerin'

**ALISTAIR: (whispering, nervous)** No, this can't happen again! I...I... I.. forbid it!

**JESSIE:** Och, you're just adorable, aren't ye! If I don't see ye through the week, I'll see ye through a windae...

**FX: Window creaks open, JESSIE makes her exit, ALISTAIR flops back in bed**

**ALISTAIR: (bemused)** What in the name of God just happened?

5 / 6, - Arthur, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia

**DINING ROOM, HUNTER HOUSE, MORNING**

**FX: The door creaks open, SOPHIA enters**

**SOPHIA:** Where is everyone this morning, Mr Gillespie?

**GILLESPIE:** Mr Godalming has already taken the Doctor's breakfast up to him, so you'll get peace. Banjo's locked in the pantry so he doesnae try and flit, and Miss Gordon, well, she's a dirty

stop-oot and I'll say nae more. **(beat, fervent)** Except tae say that young ladies gallivantin' aboot the toon on their own aw night long are Satan's handmaids!

**SOPHIA:** Eugh, I'm sorry I asked! Just bring me some coffee please. I too was up half the night, studying Mrs Somerville's notes. I believe I have the beginnings of a plan **(speaking to herself)** I'll need some tools...

**FX: Door opens, ARTHUR enters whistling**

**ARTHUR:** Good morning my dove, Gillespie. Ooh, kedgerree, yummy! Can I get you some, darling?

**SOPHIA:** No thank you, Arthur. I find I have little appetite in the mornings...

**FX: Arthur enthusiastically spoons kedgerree onto his plate**

**ARTHUR:** Well, I've had dozens of confirmations for tonight so far. Seems like we got lucky and caught quite a lull in the social season.

**FX: The door creaks open, JESSIE slithers in**

**JESSIE:** Hullo, all. Goad, I'm *famished*. What's on? Oh, the fishy stuff again, aye it's no bad when you get used to it.

**FX: Jessie spoons kedgerree onto a plate with abandon, then immediately shovels some into her face**

**SOPHIA: (coy)** Have you already been out, Jessie?

**JESSIE: (mouth full)** Oh, er, aye, just been takin' some religious instruction. Never know when yer time's up, eh? Best to keep yer soul in good nick an' aw that.

**ARTHUR:** You *are* keen, it isn't even a Sunday.

**GILLESPIE: (muttering)** "Religious instruction" ma rosy red arse

**FX: Door opens, HIERONYMUS and GODALMING enter**

**HIERONYMUS:** Good morning, my merry band. I'm ready to hear your good news - and I'm ready for a bit of that kedgerree!

**GILLESPIE:** Ye've already had a double full-Scottish breakfast, Leviathan himself couldnae still be hungry!

**HIERONYMUS:** Always pays to eat well before heading out on a hunt, I'll need my energy levels to be at their highest. Now fetch me kedgerree, you wretched pain in the wiggan.

**GODALMING:** I'll get that for you, sir. No need for Mr Gillespie to trouble himself

**FX: kedgerie being heaped on the plate for a long time in background of next lines**

**JESSIE:** Well I goat the shady bams wi' money signed up

**SOPHIA:** Arthur has organised a crowd of wealthy gamblers, and I have a plan to capture Babbage

**HIERONYMUS:** Capital, and Gillespie, I trust your self interest has motivated you to find the location?

**GILLESPIE:** Aye. The local masonic hall. Cooncillors and polis are aw members, so there's nae risk of any trouble wi' the lack o' a licence or taxes. They will be wantin' their chips fer free, though.

**HIERONYMUS:** Excellent work, everybody. Isn't it marvellous how when our interests all align, we can function as a highly efficient unit?

**FX: HIERONYMUS begins to spoon up kedgerie with obvious gusto**

**GODALMING:** I'll just go and fetch you a nice glass of breakfast porter, sir

**FX: HIERONYMUS grunts assent, horrible noises of mastication continue as others speak**

**JESSIE:** Weel, that's me lost ma appetite, anyway. But he's no wrong, ye know? It's surprisin' what we can manage when we all work together.

**SOPHIA:** Yes, one supposes this is what it must feel like to be in a proper Chapter...

**ARTHUR:** Well, I just hope we get this Babbage fellow. World's a dangerous enough place without lunatics like him at large.

**JESSIE:** I'm no sure it's just Babbage we should be worried aboot. He had help escaping Carfax, and he's been one step ahead of us from the get-go. Somethin's no right aboot all this.

**SOPHIA:** Maybe so, but one problem at a time. If we can capture Babbage, we can force him to give up his accomplices and... *mein gott* - has he even stopped to take a breath?

**ARTHUR:** Circular breathing, musician's trick. Never seen it used in quite that way before.

**JESSIE:** So, one thing at a time then. Let's just get tonight oot of the way...

5 / 7: Banjo, Cadwallader, Croupier, Babbage, Sophia

**THE MASONIC HALL "CASINO", NIGHT**

**FX: The spin of the Roulette wheel, the murmur of conversation, the clink of glasses, occasional shouts of excitement or groans of dismay**

**HIERONYMUS:** Banjo! I need you to place a few bets for me.

**BANJO:** Eh, I'm no an expert at gamblin', but are we no' the House here?

**FX: HIERONYMUS chuckles**

**HIERONYMUS:** Banjo. My dear old Banjo. Banjo, Banjo, *Banjo*. The *Society* is the bank for this little shindig. The Tribune verbally agreed that shortly before she got dragged into a mirror and silenced forever.

**BANJO:** Did she?

**HIERONYMUS:** Yes! And what's more she authorised no-limit games.

**BANJO:** Aye, okay. But there's just...

**HIERONYMUS: (not listening)** Now, Banjo, no pressure old man, but I'm all-in on this. Mortgaged meself to the *hilt* to get this wampum together. You, sir, are literally the key to my freedom. So go out there and work your hoodoo.

**FX: HIERONYMUS passes him a wodge of crumpled notes**

**BANJO:** Aye, see, the thing is, right, there's maybe just *one* wee hing I huvnae...

**HIERONYMUS:** Stop jabbering, get out there and make me rich, you magnificent bastard!

**BANJO:** Okay, okay, calm the heid big man. I'll gie it a go

**CROUPIER:** Good evening, sir. Looking to make a wager?

**BANJO:** Eh, aye. I'll bet it all on... that yin

**CROUPIER:** That's... that's quite a bit, sir. Are you sure you want to bet it all on that number?

**BANJO:** Err, aye. Aye, I'm feelin' lucky

**CROUPIER:** Very well, sir. Inside bet, red 12

**FX: The wheel spins and clatters to a stop, there is an indrawn breath from the crowd, then gasps of excitement**

**CROUPIER: (surprised but professional)** You win, sir! Congratulations

**BANJO: (very relieved)** Aw thank God! **(changing gears to cheerful so HIERONYMUS won't twig)** I'm mean, aye, thank you, baby Jesus fer ma guid fortune

**CROUPIER:** Your winnings, sir

**BANJO:** Ta very much

**HIERONYMUS:** Where do you think you're going? That was just the beginning - we're going to break the bank!

**BANJO:** I thought we were supposed to be huntin' yon dour fella?

**HIERONYMUS:** Yes, that too, of course, but let's keep our priorities straight.

**BANJO: (a little desperate now)** Look, I'm no really feelin' it, ye ken?

**HIERONYMUS:** You'll feel my revolver in your ribs if you don't get back out there and win me the money I deserve, you selfish swine!

**BANJO: (quietly crapping himself)** Oh gawd, whit have I goat mase!' intae? **(out loud)** Here, I'd like tae... tae bet it all again. Same number.

**FX: Gasps from the crowd**

**CROUPIER:** A moment, sir, I'll have to confirm that the floor manager is willing to cover that bet

**HIERONYMUS: (piping up)** Yes! Yes, the House will cover that bet. I mean, what are the odds he'll win?

**CROUPIER:** Literally thirty-seven to one, sir

**HIERONYMUS: (irritated)** Just spin the damn thing!

**FX: The roulette wheel spins with agonising slowness**

**BANJO:** 'Moan, just this one time, let ma luck be in...

**FX: The roulette wheel finishes spinning, the crowd draws in a breath**

**CROUPIER:** Black thirty-five - you lose, sir.

**FX: Gasps and conversation from the crowd, the tension has broken**

**HIERONYMUS: (slow, murderous)** You... unutterable...*swine*!

**BANJO:** Oh, mammy, help us! I tried tae tell ye, it wears off after a while!

**HIERONYMUS: (puzzled)** What wears off? What are you babbling about?

**BANJO:** After I touch the hingy - the lever doon at the observatory!

**BABBAGE: (triumphant)** Aha! So *that's* what was causing the incongruencies. *You* were draining the felicity states from the mechanism before it could activate!

**HIERONYMUS:** Babbage!

**BABBAGE:** The Society! I should have known. Well, I don't think you're cold-blooded enough to shoot into a crowded room, and you'll never catch me.

**SOPHIA:** Au contraire, Mister Babbage.

**BABBAGE:** You think you can stop me with, ...what, a lantern?

**SOPHIA:** With a few strategic holes cut into the casing, I think you'll find the light this projects throws a very specific pattern - the equations from the walls at Carfax!

**FX:** Lantern being turned up, strange noise a magical cage being formed

**BABBAGE:** No! Noooooo (fades away)

**FX:** Reality shreds as half of BABBAGE teleports away, wet thud as the other half doesn't

**HIERONYMUS:** Well, you caught his legs at least. No matter where he's gone, I doubt he'll trouble us much longer

**FX:** People start screaming and stampeding away from the half-body

**SOPHIA:** Damn, there is a mass panic. It will take forever to smooth matters over with the authorities.

**HIERONYMUS:** (menacing joviality) Banjo, my good and dear friend

**BANJO:** Aw shite!

**HIERONYMUS:** (menacing) I'm going to skin you alive one way or another, but the next words you utter will decide whether or not I roll you in salt afterwards, so attend to what I'm about to say carefully.

**FX:** Thud of BANJO being pressed against a wall, HIERONYMUS leans in close

**HIERONYMUS:** *Which. Observatory!!?*

5 / 8, - Arthur, Gillespie, Jessie

**MASONIC HALL, FRONT DOOR**

**FX:** People are going in and out of the hall, there's laughter, drinking, etc

**ARTHUR:** I say, Gillespie, what's in the package?

**GILLESPIE:** Och, just the picture frae the other day. I goat it developed.

**FX: Paper wrapping being taken off**

**ARTHUR:** Picture?

**GILLESPIE:** The photae - frae when Dr Cadwallader oversaw the virtual decapitation of the Society, but once again managed tae avoid his own richly deserved fate

**JESSIE:** Oh, yer uncle George. I'm awfy sorry, Arthur.

**ARTHUR:** I suppose this'll be the last picture I'll ever have of him. **(beat)** My word, look at all the detail work on those mirror frames, never noticed it at the time, but they're positively crawling with engravings.

**JESSIE: (suspicious)** Whit details? The ones in the basement didnae hae much decoration

**ARTHUR:** Do you suppose the details got ...I don't know... dragged into the mirror with uncle George?

**JESSIE: (urgent)** Gie us a look. **(beat)** Aw shite, these are awfy like the wee symbols in Somerville's notes

**ARTHUR:** Gosh! **(beat)** Does that mean *Somerville* made the mirrors?

**JESSIE:** I dinnae ken, but I know who delivered they mirrors - the same sleekit bezzom that's been working against us the whole time. The one who's behind allae this!

5 / 9: Cressida, Babbage

## THE OBSERVATORY

**FX: The ARRAY is idling, crystals tinkle softly, time and space rupture and BABBAGE's mangled form drops to the floor wetly, gasping in pain**

**CRESSIDA:** Good lord, Charles! What on earth has happened to you?!

**BABBAGE: (pained, weak)** It was the Society, Cressida. **(groans in pain)** They laid a trap, and I... I walked right into it.

**CRESSIDA:** I sense Lady Roxburgh's hand in this. There's no way the others would have been able to discern a way to harm you. **(sigh of annoyance)** I really should have either recruited her directly or eliminated her altogether.

**BABBAGE: (pained)** Listen to me, listen..I haven't got long left. It's the felicity states, you need to recharge that rod first, then it'll **(groans in pain)**, then the array should work as it's meant to. You must... **(groans in agony)** you must hurry, the Society won't be far behind!

**CRESSIDA:** Very well, Charles. Rest easy, I shall make the necessary preparations



**FX: Levers being moved, switches and electrical sounds**

**BABBAGE: (drifting away)** I'm sorry, my friend, I lasted as long as I could. **(beat, unheard conversation)** You're right, there's no point hanging on any longer

**FX: Softer tearing reality noise as BABBAGE disintegrates**

**CRESSIDA:** Charles? **(beat)** Gone, then. Oh well, less for me to worry about.

**FX: Last few switches flipped**

**CRESSIDA:** Babbage's final preparations have been completed. Time to begin.

**FX: CRESSIDA pulls a lever, the ARRAY begins to slowly power up.**

**CRESSIDA:** The countdown to a better world has begun. "For behold, the Kingdom of God is in your midst!"

**END MUSIC**

# SERIES 3, EPISODE 6: DIVIDE AND CONQUER

CAST  
NARRATOR  
CADWALLADER  
CRESSIDA  
SOPHIA  
JESSIE  
ARTHUR  
GILLESPIE  
BANJO  
GODALMING  
JONES  
BULLY

**NARRATOR:** Shadow Factories and We Evolve Presents - Tales from the Aletheian Society - Book 3, Chapter 6 - Divide and Conquer

## THEME MUSIC PLAYS

6/1: Arthur, Banjo, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Jessie, Sophia

## GLASGOW STREETS

**FX:** They splash through the Glasgow puddles, rain hammers down

**BANJO:** Here ye's go. An ah'll be headin' aff, if its aw the same tae you

**JESSIE:** No ye don't, sunshine. You're comin' wi us.

**CADWALLADER:** *This* is where my Aunt has been working on the array?

**BANJO:** Aye, this is the place. Big tall hoose wi a telescope boltit tae the roof

**SOPHIA:** The Observatory. She's practically been next door to Hunter House all along.

**ARTHUR (enthused):** Look at that remarkable carving over the lintel - a snake coiled around a triangle and a six pointed star. I must have walked past here a dozen times, I can't think why I never noticed that before.

**HIERONYMUS:** Hardly the time for your architectural observations, Arthur. Wait a moment - I *know* that symbol. **(musing)** Well, who'd have thought that particular spider's web extended out to *here*... But that's the least of our worries today. Give me the keys, Banjo, and stay where I can see you.

**FX: Keys change hands**

**JESSIE:** She gave that shitehawk the keys tae her secret lair? Honest tae Goad, that wumman wid need her heid examined even if she wisnae tryin' tae end the wurd.

**ARTHUR:** I suppose Miss Cadwallader does have a bit of a blind spot where Banjo's concerned.

**GODALMING:** A veritable hemianopia, I would have said, sir.

**SOPHIA:** But to have betrayed us in this way - I would never have thought she would stoop so low.

**ARTHUR:** I must say I had a *bit* of an inkling that she might secretly be evil. I suppose I really ought to have said something...

**GILLESPIE:** A bit late tae mention it noo.

**FX: The main observatory door is unlocked and opens. Slow, echoey footsteps as they enter. The acoustic is exceedingly echoey.**

**BANJO (shouting):** Missus C? Ur ye in?

**EVERYONE ELSE:** Shhh!

**BANJO:** She's expectin' me! Yous've blown it noo, hissin' like a big nest ey snakes.

**SOPHIA:** It seems...larger than one would expect from the outside

**ARTHUR:** That's the beauty of the Glasgow style of architecture - high ceilings and large windows giving an air of spaciousness even in buildings with a limited footprint -

**CADWALLADER (interrupting):** The Array is exerting its influence on the local temporal field - distorting space and time...

**ARTHUR:** Or that, yes.

**SOPHIA:** Banjo - where do we find Babbage's machine?

**BANJO:** Up in the tower. Right up aw they stairs.

**CADWALLADER (bitterly):** Of course. Once again the world can only be saved by vigorous vertical ascent.

**SOPHIA:** Pah, climbing is the ideal form of exercise.

**CADWALLADER:** Just *once* I'd like to have gravity on *my* side.

**GILLESPIE:** If she takes a mind tae stop us, we'll be sittin ducks on thon big open staircase

**JESSIE:** There'll be a back stair.

**ARTHUR:** How do you know?

**JESSIE:** There's aye a back stair. Yer breakfast doesnae levitate up tae ye in the mornin', ye know.

**SOPHIA:** Speaking of below stairs - shouldn't a building of this size have domestic staff?  
Or...astronomers?

**BANJO:** Ah never saw nane

**CADWALLADER (darkly):** No, couldn't have them looking over her shoulder, could she.

**JESSIE:** Ah'll go up the back way, try an' flank her. Roxburghs, yous want tae come wi me?

**ARTHUR:** Oooh, yes, I've always wanted to see what it's like in the servant's quarters. It'll be an adventure!

**CADWALLADER:** Very well then. Godalming - **(a pause, continuing with distaste)** Gillespie - we *men* shall take the main stairway.

**BANJO:** Eh... whit about me then?

**JESSIE (hastily):** Aye, you're a man - oan a technicality - you can be wan ey Dr Cadwallader's dragoons. See yous lot up there.

**ARTHUR:** Wait -if that's the way we're splitting the teams, shouldn't I be with the men too?

**SOPHIA (calling back, clapping her hands):** Come along now, Arthur.

**ARTHUR:** Better go then, chaps!

**SOPHIA:** Good *boy*!

6/2 Cressida

## **THE ARRAY**

**CRESSIDA (testily):** And here come my nephew's brave wee band. *Another* delay. Honestly, if I'd known the amount of extra time all these shenanigans would require, I might have dismissed this whole plan at the outset. However, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'- isn't that right?

**FX:** She pulls a lever, the tone of the array changes slightly

**CRESSIDA:** Still, it shouldn't cost us too much time. A worthwhile investment, compared to what is to come.

## **THE VOICE MAKES AN INDISTINCT SINGING NOISE**

**CRESSIDA:** And *you* can keep your opinions to yourself. Mr Babbage may have placed great store in your advice - I, however, know my own mind.

6/3: Cadwallader, Gillespie, Godalming

## **SCENE: THE MAIN STAIRS**

**FX:** They trudge up the stairs

**GODALMING (encouragingly):** You're doing well, sir! Can't be too much further to go now.

**CADWALLADER (out of breath) :** Hold up a minute, old man - just need a moment to - catch my breath.

**GILLESPIE (also breathing heavily):** Its yer life of sin an' excess - yer love fae worldly pleasures has left ye unfit in tae serve the society in body *an'* spirit.

**CADWALLADER:** I don't see *you* skipping up these stairs like a spring lamb. What's *your* excuse?

**GODALMING:** As it 'appens, I don't believe it's simply the doctor's physical condition that's the issue on this occasion.

**CADWALLADER (correcting him automatically):** *Prime* physical condition

**GODALMING:** Very good, sir. Not simply the doctor's *prime* physical condition that's the issue. If you'll permit me a small demonstration?

**FX: GODALMING RUMMAGES IN A POCKET, PRODUCES A HA'PENNY**

**GODALMING:** If I drop this ha'penny over the balustrade, like so-

**FX: A short pause. Then an echoing gunshot-like noise as the coin impacts forcefully with the marble below**

**GODALMING:** It's not usual for a ha'penny to strike with the force of a bullet, is it, gentlemen?

**CADWALLADER: (disbelieving)** It's shattered the marble.

**GODALMING:** Indeed, sir. Seems to be a localised increase in the force of gravity. Explains why we're finding it so difficult to make progress.

**CADWALLADER:** Hmm. Using Newtonian physics against us, is she? Well, she's got another think coming if that's her best shot. It'll take more than that to stop Hieronymus Cadwallader! (**a beat**) Go on, then, Godalming, do something about it.

**GODALMING:** Afraid I can't, sir. Geometry's very much *not* my area of expertise.

**GILLESPIE:** There's nothing fur it. We'll just huvtae steel wurselves an press oan through. Whit's a wee bit extra gravity? (**pause**) You go furst, Dr Cadwallader.

**CADWALLADER (pompous):** Naturally. As always, I shall lead and lesser men follow.

**GILLESPIE:** Naw exactly, doctor. Just tryin tae tae stay in yer slipstream tae save ma energy.

6/4 Arthur, Jessie, Sophia:

## **THE KITCHENS**

**FX: A door opens quietly, JESSIE, ARTHUR and SOPHIA creep in**

**JESSIE:** Empty. Naebody here in a while by the looks ey aw this dust. Ah suppose she didnae need much by way o help, no wance she'd goat the place set up. Ah widae thought there'd be folks fae the University kickin' about though. Gies a wee minute, ah'll huv a scout ahead, try an' find the back stair. Cannae be far.

**FX: JESSIE scuttles off.**

**SOPHIA (sighing deeply):** This feels wrong to me, Arthur. I know Miss Cadwallader has been keeping secrets, and she is perhaps planning terrible things - but for all her flaws, she was always one of us. I cannot help but wonder what it is that has changed her in such a fundamental way.

**ARTHUR (struggling):** Sophie - I've been wanting to find the right moment - there are some things I think I have to tell you...

**SOPHIA (interrupting):** No - wait a moment - let me finish. I have been thinking about what Babbage said - about the device - about what it is they are trying to do.

**ARTHUR:** Remake the world, you mean? Fix it, so there's no more of this...occult business? Sounds too good to be true to me.

**SOPHIA:** But what if it weren't? What if they are right after all? Wouldn't you want a different life, a safe life? For us, and the baby?

**ARTHUR:** Well, it *sounds* nice. But what are the chances, really? I expect it'll all go horribly wrong, the same as everything seems to these days.

**SOPHIA:** I fear this Society work will corrupt us - that or make monsters of us entirely. Perhaps it is too late for some already, and all we can hope is that they do not drag the rest of us down with them. (**shaking herself**) Forgive me, dear heart. What was it you wanted to tell me?

**ARTHUR:** Oh - er - nothing important. (**frantically improvising**) I think we might be out of... bread, that's all.

**JESSIE (muffled):** Moan yous two, ah've found it.

**FX: Walking noises under the dialogue as they approach Jessie**

**JESSIE:** It's no exactly spacious, though, strictly single file. There's a whole pile ey junk propped against the wall oan the way in.

**FX: They rustle and shuffle into the back stairway. The array can be heard rumbling in the background. Mirrors creak as they move them.**

**SOPHIA:** What are these? Old picture frames...? The label reads "Cadwallader Glassworks-"

**ARTHUR:** They're *mirrors*. What would all these mirrors be doing here?

**SOPHIA:** Cressida must have had them delivered from her family factory in Leith. (**suddenly alarmed**) Arthur - look at your reflection!

**ARTHUR:** Oh god. Have I got lemon curd in my moustache again?

**JESSIE:** Jist a wee bit, jist there -

**SOPHIA:** No, that is not what I meant -

**ARTHUR:** Well what is it then? Let me see - that's not my face!

**JESSIE:** There's folks... trapped in aw of them... jist like the tribune...

**SOPHIA:** I think we have found the astronomers.

**FX: Faint banging and screaming from behind the glass continues as they speak**

**ARTHUR:** How are we going to get them out? Should I smash it?

**JESSIE AND SOPHIA:** No!

**SOPHIA:** Don't touch, Arthur. The array remains our only hope to reverse what has been done to them

**ARTHUR:** It looks like they're trying to tell us something.

**JESSIE:** They look pretty frantic - whit is it? Whit's goan oan?

**FX: The array in the background changes pitch, then, a sound like glass shards trickling in the background**

**SOPHIA:** Do you hear that?

6/5: Cadwallader, Godalming, Gillespie

**SCENE: THE MAIN STAIRCASE**

**FX: CADWALLADER, GODALMING and GILLESPIE breathing heavily, dragging feet up stairs.**

**CADWALLADER (wheezing):** Wait - wait - just need a moment -

**GILLESPIE:** Feels like ah'm being - squashed - tae a bannock-

**FX: The stairs and bannister start to creak ominously in the background**

**GODALMING:** Watch your step, sir -

**FX: A loud creak turning into a crunch as the stairs give way. CADWALLADER yelps as he loses his footing, falls through the stairs, grabbing the edge in the nick of time. Ominous creaking continues in the background.**

**CADWALLADER:** I'm... I'm all right - quick - drag me back over the edge-

**FX: GODALMING AND GILLESPIE strain to lift him**

**GODALMING (straining):** It's no good, sir - you're... too 'eavy to lift.

**GILLESPIE:** It's mebbe time for ye tae commend yer soul tae the almighty, doctor. Jist in case, ye understand.

**GODALMING:** Mr Gillespie! Go downstairs - see if you can find something to break his fall!

**GILLESPIE:** Ah didnae see a stack ey feather mattresses oan the way in. It's no the Princess an the Pea.

**GODALMING (coldly threatening):** Mr Gillespie, may I make it clear that should Doctor Cadwallader come to grief as a result of your inaction, I'll be 'aving *personal words* with you afterwards.

**GILLESPIE :** Aye, awright, all see whit ah can find tae make Humpty Dumpty bounce. **(grumbling as he heads down the stairs)** Ya toffee-nosed English bampot, ye, away ye go back tae London, ya great broon-noser...



6/6: Arthur, Jessie, Sophia

## THE BACK STAIR

**FX: A sound like glass shards trickling in the background**

**JESSIE:** Are youse two seein this? The mirrors - it looks like the glass is crumblin' oot them intae wan big pile...

**SOPHIA:** What in Heaven - it's coming towards us..

**JESSIE:** Aye, back away, nice an slow...

**FX: The sound gets louder**

**ARTHUR:** By Jove- forming a shape - it's... human sized -

**FX: He is abruptly interrupted by the GLASSWORK making a grinding-shards-of-glass noise as it lashes out**

**JESSIE:** Jesus!

**ARTHUR screams**

**FX: SOPHIA discharges her pistols, the glass shatters and falls to the ground**

**SOPHIA:** Arthur! Did it get you? Gott in Himmel, you're bleeding!

**ARTHUR (shakily):** Just a scratch, I think. My coat stopped the worst of it -

**FX: The GLASSWORK quietly starts to reform in the background**

**SOPHIA:** Thank heavens you are safe -

**JESSIE (interrupting brusquely):** We're no safe. It's comin' back thegither.

**SOPHIA:** But I shot it!

**JESSIE:** Aye, well, somebody shoot it again, then get a move oan!

**FX: The GLASSWORKS noises get louder, another gunshot, a smaller tinkling noise this time**

**SOPHIA (musing):** It parted to let the bullet through - it's *learning* - how can it possibly be doing that -

**ARTHUR:** Very good, darling, but perhaps now's not the time for reflection (**pauses, struck by his own cleverness**) Oh, that's rather good. Did you hear that, you two, I said-

**JESSIE (interrupting):** Shut yer pie hole an' run!

**FX:** They run, the **GLASSWORK** clatters after them

6/7: Cadwallader, Godalming, Gillespie, Banjo

## **: THE MAIN STAIRWAY**

**CADWALLADER:** Can't...hold on much longer, old man-

**GODALMING (sounding panicked):** Just a few minutes more, sir, Mr Gillespie'll see you right.

**CADWALLADER (grunting with effort) :** If he does, it'll be the first favour that skeletal old killjoy's ever done me. Anyway - what's all your worry? I'm not exactly keen to feel myself smashed up like a jigsaw, but - can't you just - fix me up afterwards?

**GODALMING:** It's not you - I'm worried about -

**CADWALLADER (gasping):** Well it's me- *I'm* bloody worried about!

**BANJO (conversationally):** Aye, ah'd be worried if ah were in your shoes right noo. That's a lang way tae fall. Better hold on tight, eh?

**CADWALLADER (with difficulty):** Thank you - so very much - for your valuable contribution to the situation.

**BANJO (cheerful):** Aye, any time, pal.

**FX:** A sliding noise as **CADWALLADER** slides a bit more over the edge

**CADWALLADER (panicking):** Godalming? Godalming- I'm losing my grip!

**GODALMING:** Hold on, sir!

**CADWALLADER:** Godalming! (**he yells as he drops**)

6/8 : Arthur, Jessie, Sophia, Cadwallader, Gillespie, Godalming

## **THE MAIN HALL**

**FX:** Distant bannister-crunching noises far above. **JESSIE, SOPHIA** and **ARTHUR** are fleeing the **GLASSWORK**. They slam a door shut and are back in the echoey Hall.

**ARTHUR:** You two run - I'll try and slow it down!

**SOPHIA:** There *is* no slowing it down! It is adapting to whatever we do to it-

**FX:** The **GLASSWORK** **slams into the door. A tinkling clatter as it starts to fragment and move around the door**

**ARTHUR:** Oh God - it's split into bits - it's coming through the gap under the door!

**JESSIE:** We'll huvtae get ootside- hey, yous up there, we've goat a problem!

**FX:** the **GLASSWORK** **bursts through the door and jingles after them**

**ARTHUR:** Er... Looks like they have a problem too -

**FX:** **CADWALLADER'S** **scream gets slowly louder as he falls down the stairwell towards them**

**JESSIE:** Aw shite!

**BANJO (distantly):** Look oot below!

**SOPHIA:** Arthur! Move!

**FX:** she **shoves Arthur out of the way a split second before CADWALLADER lands on the GLASSWORK, crushing it utterly to powder.**

**CADWALLADER** **grunts and pants**

**FX:** **Clattering as Godalming runs down the stairway.**

**GODALMING (alarmed):** Dr Cadwallader! Is he all right?

**CADWALLADER** **groans**

**FX:** **Glass jingles**

**JESSIE:** He's crushed it - tae powder.

**GODALMING (running, out of breath):** Dr Cadwallader!

**CADWALLADER:** Barring a few fragments of glass in my posterior, I rather think I'm unharmed. Something broke my fall... **(glass jingles again)**

**ARTHUR:** Sophia! Darling, are you all right? You saved my life!

**SOPHIA:** I am unharmed, dearest.

**GODALMING (mumbling):** ... never forgive myself if something 'appened to your precious cargo...

**SOPHIA (surprised and touched):** Thank you, Godalming, but I assure you both I and the child are quite well.

**CADWALLADER (irritated):** Stop prodding me, man!

**FX:** Glass jingles, he grunts as he gets to his feet.

**ARTHUR:** Those poor astronomers. No coming back for them now.

**CADWALLADER:** Astronomers?

**SOPHIA:** We found the former occupants of this house trapped like the Tribune, in Cressida's mirror prisons.

**JESSIE:** An then she made aw the glass in the mirrors intae a big shiny monster tae come efter us. Whit happened tae you? Stairs a bit rickety, were they?

**CADWALLADER:** She's made the whole damn place into her personal house of horrors. No point in going back up the main stairs, we'll have to take the back way and pray we don't run into too many more of her tricks.

**FX: GILLESPIE TRUDGES UP**

**GILLESPIE:** Aw. Yur no deid, Doctor. Ye'll no be wantin' this blanket then.

**CADWALLADER:** A blanket, Gillespie. That's the best you could come up with to stop me falling to my death.

**GILLESPIE:** Aye, well, if it didnae wurk ah thought it might serve tae cover over yer pulped an distressin remains. In deference tae the sensibilities o' the ladies, ye understand.

**SOPHIA (coldly):** Ever the gentleman. I fear with all this noise any element of surprise has long been lost. Nonetheless, we must make haste and confront Miss Cadwallader, in order to hear what she has to say.

**CADWALLADER:** Bloody stairs again...

6/9 : Arthur, Cadwallader, Cressida, Gillespie, Godalming, Jessie, Sophia

**THE ARRAY, NOW**

**FX:** The array is whining at peak efficiency

**CRESSIDA:** And here we all are. It seems fitting that we're all together at the end of this wee chapter in our lives. You've all had a chance to say your piece, and I hope you all feel the better for

it. I'd hoped to convince you all of the rightness of my actions - but the support of Lord Arthur and Mr Gillespie will just have to suffice. And now, the time for chit-chat is over.

**HIERONYMUS (hastily):** Wait - wait, Auntie. I've still got a few questions about this better world you've got planned. One that follows your rules, is it?

**CRESSIDA:** A better world that follows *God's* rules, Hieronymus.

**HIERONYMUS:** Surprised to see you giving up on this one, that's all. Doesn't seem like you to quit a job while there's work to do.

**CRESSIDA:** But don't you see, Hieronymus, that's the problem, it can't *be* fixed. You can't un-break the egg. The genie doesn't go back in the bottle. This world is slipping into chaos, day after day, and there's not a single thing anyone can do to fix it.

**HIERONYMUS:** Except for you, Auntie, is that what you're telling us? You're going to be the one to save the world?

**CRESSIDA:** *We're* going to be the ones who save the world. **(coaxing)** Babbage's Array can change everything. Fix the flaw in the world that allowed the Adversary to corrupt it. No more magic, no more demonic incursions -just a world of order and structure. Everything according to the divine plan.

**HIERONYMUS (desperately coaxing):** Auntie. Look - I can see why a world free of all the horror and insanity would be a tantalising prospect- but what makes you think this plan won't go horribly wrong?

**CRESSIDA:** So fatalistic, Hieronymus!

**HIERONYMUS:** Hasn't it occurred to you to wonder about where all the energy powering this device is coming from?

**CRESSIDA:** Mr Babbage's geometries allow us to manipulate the very fundamental building blocks of creation itself. The pure energies of the divine are what drives our work.

**HIERONYMUS:** I see. And it hasn't crossed your mind that all of this might be some demonic ruse, by any chance? That activating the Array will cause some horrendous intersection and flood our reality with horrors from the beyond?

**CRESSIDA (scoffing):** I've spent my entire life fighting Satan's Invisible World, Hieronymus. I hardly think I'd be duped at this late stage. Besides, Mr Babbage's calculations are indisputable.

**HIERONYMUS:** Yes, and the man was himself a shining example of sanity and reliability.

**CRESSIDA:** The society's work takes its toll on us all. All the more reason to finish this once and for all.

**GILLESPIE:** Aye, pit yer wee spud gun away, doctor, it'll no dae ye any good

**HIERONYMUS:** Oh no, Gillespie, if my time's up, you can rest assured that the last thing I'll do is drag you down to hell with me.

**CRESSIDA:** Listen to Mr Gillespie, Hieronymus. You can't shoot all of us at once- and if your bullet hits the array you could end up unmaking reality entirely- and not just our reality, but every possible one

**HIERONYMUS:** Bit of a design flaw in the old Array, wouldn't you say?

**CRESSIDA:** God doesn't make mistakes.

**JESSIE:** Hus he been whisperin' doon yer ear trumpet agai? Come oan, hen, is it no time fur yur bath chair an' some warm milk?

**CRESSIDA (laughing compassionately):** Oh, Miss Gordon, there's none so blind as those who will not see. You've experienced the worse this world had to offer, and still you cling to it out of sheer perversity. When the world is remade as it should be, all the horror you've endured will be washed away. Your friend will never have died. No trial, no imprisonment - you need never have been separated from your little boy.

**JESSIE:** You shut up aboot ma boy. He's hud a better life wi his aunty than he'd *ever* a hud wi' me.

**CRESSIDA (gently):** But you don't understand, Miss Gordon. I'm offering you the chance of a normal life *with* your son.

**JESSIE (completely losing it):** Whit makes ye think ah want a normal life? Goin' back tae bein' a skivvy, is that supposed tae be God's big plan fur me? This - this *shite* - aw this pure mad mental *shite* wi ghosts an' curses an' friggen' witchcraft - this *is* ma life! Daen stuff that matters! Wioot aw this - yous'd still huv yer money, an' bawjaws there could still be aff munchin' his way 'roon darkest Africa - whit wid ah huv? Nuthin', that's whit! Ah'm no goin' back tae that, no if ah huvtae kill ye tae stop ye!

**FX: Cressida shoots her. Jessie oofs in surprise and drops to the ground.**

**CRESSIDA:** Such selfishness. Still. I shouldn't have expected any more from *her* sort.

**SOPHIA:** You *shot* her! Dr Cadwallader, are you going to let her execute the *entire* chapter in cold blood?

**CRESSIDA (dismissive):** She had fair warning, and I'll wager she'd have done the same to me. Now, Miss Gordon, lie still and take the rest of your medicine like a good girl.

**FX: Cressida cocks her pistol again**

**ARTHUR (hastily):** She can't stop you now, Miss Cadwallader. Might as well save the bullet, eh?

**CRESSIDA:** I suppose you're right, waste not want not. (**chiding**) Let that be a lesson to all of you, then.

**SOPHIA:** Enough! Enough of this madness!

**ARTHUR:** Sophie- please, just put your pistol down. This could all be done peacefully.

**SOPHIA:** Arthur, enough. I won't let you do this.

**FX Sophia cocks her pistol**

**ARTHUR:** What are you going to do, Sophie? (**laughs softly**) Kill me to save my life?

**SOPHIA:** I don't need to kill you to stop you pulling that lever. A bullet through the shoulder should do it.

**ARTHUR:** That'd be quite a trick shot from that angle, my love. (**gently**) Especially the way your hand's shaking.

**CADWALLADER:** Arthur, listen to your wife. It's not too late to fix this rotten mess.

**ARTHUR:** I wish I could believe you, Doctor Cadwallader. But the things I've done can't be fixed. (**he trails off with a shudder**). And *you* can't even save yourself.

**SOPHIA:** Please - don't do this, Arthur -

**CRESSIDA (ceremonially):** The privilege of saving the world falls to you, Lord Roxburgh. Pull the lever, and set creation to rights.

**FX: Sophia cocks her pistol**

**SOPHIA:** You are right, of course. I could never shoot you.

**FX: A rustling as she raises the pistol to her temple**

**ARTHUR:** Sophie - what are you doing? (**panicked**) Don't hold your pistol like that, you could blow your brains out!

**SOPHIE (a strangled laugh):** That is rather the point, dear heart. If you're intent on sacrificing yourself for this insane plan, then you're killing me as well.

**ARTHUR:** You wouldn't! -What about the baby?

**SOPHIA (resolute):** Arthur - this life - the one we made together - this is what I choose. Nothing else will suffice. It is *you* who are intent on ending it.

**ARTHUR (pleading, in tears):** Sophie - stop - please... It's all right, I won't touch the machine, I promise. Just put the pistol down -

**FX: A strangled sob from SOPHIA, rustling as he gently guides her arm down**

**ARTHUR (tearful):** There. Please don't cry.

**SOPHIA:** Oh - Arthur -

**GILLESPIE:** Eh- Miss Cadwallader - ah make that three fur an two against noo...

**CRESSIDA:** Oh for heaven's sake. If you want something done, do it yourself.

**FX: She pulls the lever. The ARRAY starts to whine at top speed. Everyone shouts at quick succession.**

**CADWALLADER:** No!

**GODALMING:** Shit!

**CRESSIDA (exultant):** Finally!

**FX: Before the shouting is over, there is a sudden, deafening volley of multiple guns firing. Glass shatters, heavy objects thump to the ground, shell cases clatter, glass tinkles to the ground. A terrible silence falls.**

**END MUSIC PLAYS**

**END CREDITS**

6 /10 - Bully, Jones

**: CADWALLADER'S BEDROOM**

**FX: STAIRS CREAK**

**BULLY (very drunk, trying to be quiet and failing):** Arthur? Arthur, old chap? That's us 'bout to head off back to (he burps) civilisation, just wanted to pop in and say thank for a smashing do. Wondered if you could lend me a few bob for the train - seem to have lost all my dosh to some rat-faced cove called "Shug".

**FX: CADWALLADER'S DOOR CREAKS OPEN**

**BULLY:** Dash my wig, old fellow, you're a sly one! A wife like yours and you've got your bit of jam on the side... Wake up, then, Sleeping Beauty, here's a better handsome prince for you than old Roxburgh...

**FX: Rustling as she shakes her shoulder. JONES takes a convulsive breath of air, creaking of bedsprings as she sits up, then she punches him.**



**BULLY grunts**

**JONES:** What the bloody 'ell do you think yew're doing, boyo? Ger yer 'ands off!

**BULLY:** You hit me!

**JONES hits him again**

**JONES:** An' I'll bloody do it again, too, if I don't get some answers. Who the 'ell are yew? Where's Cressida Cadwallader?

**BULLY:** You can't do this to me! I'm the member of parliament for Witney!

**BULLY grunts as JONES clobbers him unconscious**

**JONES:** An' I'm the Queen of England. **(to herself)** All right, Mwyfanwy, time to get your bloomers on, then we can find out what the 'ell's been 'appenin' round 'ere. Oh, look now -

**FX: She pours a glass of whiskey with a shaky hand, takes a slurp.**

**JONES:** Say what you like about Hieronymus, 'is taste in booze is almost as good as 'is taste in women. **(pause)** Best go an' find out what trouble 'e's got 'imself into *this* time.

**FX: Rustling of bedsheets, creaking of springs**

**JONES:** Soon as I find the rest of me clothes, that is.

**END**