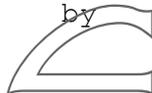


**THE LIGHT BETWEEN OCEANS**



by



William Nicholson

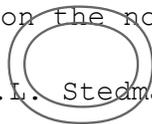


Current Revisions by

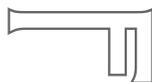
Derek Cianfrance



Based on the novel by



M.L. Stedman



THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF DREAMWORKS PICTURES AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR DREAMWORKS PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THIS MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, DISPLAY, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL FOR ANY REASON IN ANY FORM, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO DIGITAL OR NEW MEDIA, IS ALSO PROHIBITED.



02-27-2014  
2nd Rewrite

INT. SPARTAN OFFICE. SYDNEY. DECEMBER 16, 1918

TOM

Yes, I realize that...

TOM SHERBOURNE, late 20's, wounded eyes, sits across from MR. COUGHLAN, 54, hands as hard as rocks. He looks over Tom's letter of application. A summer rain pelts the window.

MR. COUGHLIN

I mean very tough. I want to make sure you know what you're in for.

TOM

It can't... All due respect, Mr Coughlan, it's not likely to be tougher than the Western Front.

MR. COUGHLIN

You're probably right on that score.

Coughlin tamps down tobacco with his thumb, lights his pipe.

MR. COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

You pay your own passage to every posting. You're relieved, so you don't get holidays. Permanent staff get a month leave at the end of each 2-year contract.

Tom nods in agreement. Coughlin looks over his honorable discharge papers.

MR. COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

We wouldn't normally send a single man to Janus - it's pretty remote and a wife and family can be a great practical help, not just a comfort. But seeing it's only temporary...

He rolls a stamp back and forth across an ink pad -

MR. COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

You'll leave for Partageuse in two days. From there you'll be shipped off to Janus.

Thumps the stamp down on the form -

MR. COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Commonwealth Lighthouse Service.

"16th December 1918" glistens in wet ink.

INT. SS PROMETHEUS. SOUTHERN OCEAN. 3RD-CLASS CABIN. DAY.

Tom shares the room with an ELDERLY SAILOR who drinks from a large bottle of over-proof rum. He is on a drunken rant -

ELDERLY SAILOR

"What a fine thing it is to be -  
victorious." Ha! "Victorious?"  
Victorious and dead is a poor sort of  
victory...

Tom can't take it. He escapes the room and the alcohol fumes.

INT. SS PROMETHEUS. LOWER DECKS. DAY.

Tom walks the lower decks, tries to clear his head. The floor is sticky from beer. He hears a group of DRUNKEN EX-SOLDIERS ahead. It's the sound of madness and it echoes in Tom's mind.

MCGOWAN

First one to score a pair of ladies'  
drawers off a first class passenger  
is the winner.

Crumpled bills are thrust in the air and collected.

MCGOWAN (CONT'D)

Prize money's doubled if she's  
wearing them at the time.

Cheers from the other soldiers. A SAILOR looks to Tom.

SAILOR

How much you in for?

Here, in the in the bowels of the vessel, Tom could swear the war was still underway. He wants no part of it, pushes by.

INT. SS PROMETHEUS. THIRD CLASS CABIN. NIGHT.

A MUFFLED SCREAM wakes Tom with a jolt. He LOOKS around his room to orient himself. The Elderly Sailor wheezes in a deep sleep. Tom LISTENS closely - the ocean presses against steel belly of the ship, trying to get in. Probably a dream. Still, he can't go back to sleep. Pulls off his sheet, sets out on a walk.

EXT. SS PROMETHEUS. CORRIDORS/UPPER DECK. NIGHT.

Tom grips the stair rail, climbs to the upper decks - the air is cooler up here, and the sound is released from the echo chamber below. Passing through the shadows, he walks silently by the upper-class cabins, listening closely...

The SOUND of a struggle comes from inside one of the rooms. Tom moves to the door. He knows what's on the other side of it - the war. He can't seem to get away from it. He is sweating, his eyes wild like a lassoed horse. His breathing increases involuntarily. Head down, he opens the door.

In the dim light he sees a dark haired WOMAN, pinned face against the wall by MCGOWAN, the soldier from below-decks.

MCGOWAN

Christ! Thought you were a steward!  
You can give me a hand, I was just-

TOM

(stepping into the room)  
Leave.

The look in Tom's eyes and the sound of his voice leave no room for debate.

MCGOWAN

But I was just gonna make her day.

Mcgowan is desperate. His fight or flight kicks in - in the form of fight. He grabs a glass vase off the dresser and shatters it over Tom's forearm (which Tom instinctively raised up a split second before).

Tom bats down a couple of swings from the man and pins him by the neck against the dresser. It is messy and quick - Tom's grip is strong and unrelenting. Blood from his forearm flows into the man's face. The man can't breathe.

The woman has tucked herself into a ball and is hiding on the other side of armoire. She covers her face and watches the scene through fingers - terrified.

Tom is going to kill the man if he continues his grip. In the war, he had to do this. But he's not in the war, he's on a boat. Reality comes back to him. He releases his pressure.

TOM

Apologize to this lady. And get back to your bunk and don't show your face until we berth, you understand me?

Mcgowan nods, blood in his teeth.

MCGOWAN

I'm sorry...

TOM

To her!

MCGOWAN

(to the hiding woman)  
I'm sorry.

Tom pulls his weight off of McGowan and throws him out.

Obscured, the woman catches a glimpse of Tom, who stands deflated in the corner and catches his breath.

TOM  
You all right?

WOMAN  
I-I think so...

Tom reaches for her dressing gown from a hook on the wall and, without looking at her, hands it to her behind the armoire. She notices the gash on his arm.

TOM  
I'm afraid some of us aren't used to civilized company these days. You won't get any more trouble from him.

He rights a chair that had been overturned in the encounter and disappears through the door, never having seen her face.

EXT. POINT PARTAGEUSE. DAY.

Tom disembarks from the boat as men beetle away, loading and unloading cargo with the occasional shout or whistle.

NEAR THE PIER stands a fresh granite obelisk, listing the men and boys who would not be coming back. People on the street wear expressions of players in a game where the rules have suddenly been changed. Women out-number men 4-1 on the streets. Tom walks along, bag slung over his shoulder.

Tom sees a young woman, ISABEL, 19, bright, feeding bread to a flock of seagulls. She is amused by the birds squabbling and screeching, eager for a prize.

Tom sits on a bench near a tree and watches her. The sun caresses his face. He follows her delicate fingers as they make silhouettes against the blue.

ISABEL (O.S.)  
What are you smiling at?

TOM  
(caught)  
Sorry.

ISABEL  
Never be sorry for smiling!

She offers him a crust in her outstretched hand.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Want some bread?

TOM  
Thanks, but I'm not hungry.

ISABEL  
Not for you! To feed the gulls.

Tom considers it a beat -

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Bet I can get more to come to me  
than you can.

He rises from the bench, approaches her, takes the bread.  
They begin throwing pieces high in the air, ducking as the  
gulls dive-bomb, flapping their wings furiously.

He stretches for a throw and she notices the bandage peeking  
out under his sleeve...

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

Tom pulls down his sleeve, down plays -

TOM  
Nothing...

ISABEL  
Doesn't look like nothing.

Tom throws the last of his bread.

TOM  
Who won?

ISABEL  
I forgot to judge... It's just a  
silly game...

TOM  
Well, thanks for reminding me that  
silly games are fun.

He slings his bag over his broad shoulder, turns toward town.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You have a good afternoon now, Miss.

She watches him go.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE. SMALL ROOM. LATE DAY.

Tom dresses the wound on his arm, shaves, puts Brilliantine  
in his hair, buttons his collar and hauls on his suit.

He looks at himself in the mirror, wonders where the light has gone in his eyes. He slaps his face a few times to wake himself up.

EXT/INT. HARBORMASTER'S HOME. EVENING.

The ornate front door swings open to reveal Tom in his greatcoat, holding a bouquet of freshly picked roses. CAPTAIN PERCY HASLUCK and his wife, MRS. CAPTAIN greet their guest.

MRS. CAPTAIN

Mr. Sherbourne - nice and punctual.

TOM

Army habits...

The captain takes Tom's hat and coat.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S HOME. PARLOR. EVENING.

Tom is introduced to some of the more prominent locals - CYRIL CHIPPER and his wife BERTHA. They chew his ear off.

CYRIL

The Southern Ocean is treacherous enough on the surface, let alone having that under-sea-ridge. Safe transport is the key to business, everyone knows that...

Tom is about to respond when he is saved by the doorbell. Hasluck goes to answer it.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK (O.S.)

Grand to see you all. Ah, and you get lovelier by the day, young lady.

Hasluck returns with BILL GRAYSMARK, frail, glasses, worried brow, uses a cane to walk, and his wife VIOLET, sturdy, flushed.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK (CONT'D)

Tom, this is Bill Graysmark, and his wife, Violet, and their daughter...  
(turns around)

Where's she got to? Anyway, there's a daughter here somewhere. Bill's the headmaster here in Partageuse.

TOM

(shakes hands)  
Pleased to meet you sir.

BILL

So, you think you're up to Janus, then?

TOM  
I'll soon find out.

BILL  
Bleak out there, you know.

ISABEL (O.S.)  
Dad, lay off, will you?

Tom turns around and sees "the missing daughter." It is none other than the girl from the pier.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
The last thing the poor man needs  
are your tales of doom and gloom.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
Ah! Told you she'd turn up. This is  
Isabel Graysmark. Isabel - meet Mr.  
Sherbourne.

Their eyes meet in recognition. He is about to bring up the gulls but her playful smile interrupts him -

ISABEL  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Sherbourne.

TOM  
Tom...

INT. HARBORMASTER'S HOME. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Tom sits with his hosts and other guests. Dinner.

BILL  
Janus isn't a particularly popular  
posting. You'll be the only living  
man for the better part of a hundred  
miles in any direction.

Isabel rolls her eyes at her father's compulsion to see the negative in all things. Tom catches it out of the corner of his eye.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I don't suppose they told you why  
the position became available?

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
(interjects)  
Temporarily available. Trimble will  
be back and good as new in six  
months. Just needs a bit of  
recuperation time is all.

BILL  
Is that all?

This is obviously a sensitive issue between the two men.

TOM  
I don't believe ~~any~~one told me...

BILL  
(gives a look to Hasluck)  
Not surprised to hear that...  
TRIMBLE DOCHERTY, worked the light  
for nearly 6 years -

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
- Without incident...

BILL  
...Without incident - until he caused  
a stir when he reported that his wife  
had been signalling to passing ships  
by stringing up messages with colored  
flags. Commonwealth found this  
unsatisfactory for two reasons -  
signalling by flag has long been  
forbidden, as vessels put themselves  
at risk by sailing close enough to  
decipher them -

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
- Obviously, he knows this.

VIOLET  
What was the second reason?

BILL  
His wife has been dead for 2 years.

A bit of shock from Violet.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
Simple case of cabin fever plus a  
dose of grief is all -

BILL  
- Is that all?

MRS. CAPTAIN  
What's the use raking over coals?  
We are trying to enjoy our meal.

BILL  
Mr. Sherbourne should have been  
informed... Long before he signed on  
the dotted line.

Tom looks around the table, makes eyes with Isabel -

TOM

Well... I certainly appreciate your telling me, and I hope Trimble recovers from... whatever is ailing him. No worry about me. I'm certainly prepared for the isolation. In fact, after France, the idea of a little time alone on my own private Island... Well, I welcome it.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK

Here here.

Captain raises his glass - a toast. Isabel is intrigued and in awe of this mysterious man.

INT/EXT. HARBORMASTER'S HOME. FOYER. EVENING.

The guests wish Tom well for his stay on Janus.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK

You certainly look like you're made of the right stuff.

Bill nods in agreement. Tom shakes hands with the gentleman and nods to the ladies.

TOM

Thank you. It's been a pleasure meeting you all.

He and Isabel share an awkward moment where they would both like to say something to each other. However, they don't...

...And the party disperses into the night.

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. SOUTHERN OCEAN. MORNING.

The old tub of a boat navigates through treacherous waters.

Tom studies the map on the chart table. Even magnified on this scale, Janus is barely a dot in the shoals far off the coast.

BLUEY (O.S.)

I just want to know if it's true.  
No harm in asking is there?

Tom looks up - BLUEY SMART, 25, a mass of red corkscrew curls, confers with the skipper of the ship, RALPH ADDICOTT, 50's, Father Christmas face, in the pilot room.

TOM

Asking me what?

BLUEY  
If... it's just that I heard...

Bluey looks at Ralph, torn between his own eagerness and Ralph's bulldog scowl.

BLUEY (CONT'D)  
Well they reckon you got the Military Cross. Told me it said on your discharge papers - for the Janus posting.

Tom keeps his eyes on the water. Bluey is crestfallen.

BLUEY (CONT'D)  
I mean, I'm real proud to be able to say I've met a hero.

TOM  
A bit of brass doesn't make anyone a hero. Most of the men who really deserve medals aren't around anymore. Wouldn't get too worked up about it if I were you.

Tom returns to pore over the chart. Bluey falls silent. Ralph keeps his eyes focused on the horizon.

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. MIDDAY.

A half a day's journey is nearly over. The ship approaches a landmass which seems to emerge from the water like a sea monster - JANUS. The imminent isolation is consuming.

BLUEY  
There she is!

RALPH  
Home, sweet home, for the next 6 months.

EXT. JANUS. JETTY. MIDDAY.

NEVILLE WHITTINISH, a remote, taciturn man of sixty-odd, waits for them as they dock and disembark.

NEVILLE  
You're the replacement...

TOM  
Tom Sherbourne. Pleased to meet you.

Tom puts out his hand. Neville looks at it absently for a moment before remembering what the gesture means - he gives it a peremptory tug.

NEVILLE

This way - got a lot to get through.

And without waiting for Tom to gather his things, Neville starts the trudge up to the light station.

INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS.

Neville leads Tom through the door of a low building with an iron roof - Tom's home for the next 6 months.

NEVILLE

Keeper's Cottage.

He turns on his heel, heads straight back out. Tom follows.

EXT/INT. LIGHTHOUSE. DAY.

The white stone tower rests against the slate sky like a stick of chalk, 130 feet high near the cliff at the island's apex.

NEVILLE

She's a beauty, still, after all these years.

Tom follows the old man through the green door, the sound of their footsteps ricochet like stray bullets off the green-gloss-painted floors. Up the spiraling staircase they go, up 184 stairs to the lantern room.

Tom looks in awe at the giant lens, far taller than himself, atop a rotating pedestal - a palace of prisms like a beehive made from glass.

TOM

She's a beauty all right.

NEVILLE

The very heart of Janus.

EXT. JANUS. JETTY. FOLLOWING MORNING.

Ralph loads the last of Neville's supplies onto the boat.

RALPH

Nearly ready for the off, then. Want us to bring out all the newspapers you've missed next trip?

TOM

It's hardly news if it's months old.

He shakes Tom's hand, then boards the ship.

RALPH

No changing your mind now, son.

Tom laughs ruefully.

RALPH (CONT'D)

We'll be back before you know it.  
Six months is nothing as long as  
your not trying to hold your breath!

NEVILLE

You treat the light right and she  
won't give you any trouble.

TOM

I'll see what I can do.

BLUEY

See you in six months, Tom.

The boat casts off, churning water behind it. The distance presses it further and further into the gray horizon like a thumb pushing it into putty, until it is subsumed completely.

A moment's stillness, not silence: the waves shatter on the rocks, the wind screeches around Tom's ears, a loose door on one of the storage sheds bangs a disgruntled drumbeat. Tom is still for the first time in years. 1000-yard stare.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. MORNING.

He climbs to the lantern room, opens the door to the gallery. Wind pounces on him like a predator, slamming him back into the doorway. He gathers the strength to launch himself outward to grip the iron handrail.

He takes in the scale of the view - hundreds of feet above sea level, he is mesmerized by the drop to the ocean crashing against the cliffs directly below.

Tom looks into the distant horizon, taking in the nothingness of it all. His lungs will never be large enough to breathe in this much air. His eyes ~~will never~~ see this much space, nor will he hear the full extent of the rolling, roaring ocean.

It seems improbable that ~~such~~ endless space could exist in the same lifetime as the ground that was fought over a foot at a time only a handful ~~of years~~ ago.

Suddenly, Tom realizes he's crying.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. EVENING.

Like a priest, Tom moves slowly and carefully. He primes the oil by lighting a flame under it's dish.

It vaporizes and reaches the mantle as a gas. He sets a match to the mantle. *WOOMPH...* It transforms the vapor into a white brilliance.

On the next level down, he starts the motor. The light turns with the exact, even rhythm of the 5-second flash.

He picks up a pen and writes in the wide, leather bound log: "*Lit up at 5:09 p.m.*" and adds his initials, "*T.S.*"

INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE. VARIOUS. NIGHT.

By lamp light, Tom eats a hunk of the damper Whittnish left behind, a piece of cheddar and a wrinkled apple. The wind continues its ancient vendetta against the windows.

LATER. Tom carries the lamp into the bedroom. His shadow presses itself against the wall. He pulls off his boots, strips down to his long johns, kneels by the bed and prays. His hair is thick with salt, his skin raw from the wind. He pulls back the sheets, climbs in, falling into dreams. Alone.

OUTSIDE. All night, far above him the light stands guard, slicing the darkness like a sword.

INT/EXT. JANUS. LIGHTHOUSE. COTTAGE. LAND. VARIOUS.

Time passes. Tom keeps up with duties. Moments of life alone.

- he sands the wood on the desk drawer where it has swollen.
- he patches the green paint on the landings.
- he feeds a pair of black skinks which live in the woodshed.
- hailstones pelt the vegetable patch.
- he lights the light, annotates it in the log.

EXT. JANUS. JETTY. SOME TIME LATER.

Ralph, all red cheeks and whiskers, gives a big fat grin.

RALPH

Well, Tom Sherbourne, you look as fit and well after three-months as any keeper I've seen.

He throws Tom the fat, wet rope to tie around the bollard. Tom looks up and sees Whittnish emerge through the hatch at the back of the cabin carrying his bags.

TOM  
 Morning Neville. Didn't expect to  
 see your face.  
 (to Ralph)  
 Where's Trimble?

RALPH  
 (hesitates)  
 There have been some changes...  
 Captain Hasluck would like to discuss  
 them with you ~~back on~~ the shore.

He steps off the boat, hands Tom some envelopes.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
 You can read your mail on the way  
 back. We should leave in 30 minutes  
 - stay ahead of the storms.

Tom tucks the mail into his back pocket, helps Bluey and  
 Whittnish and Ralph unload the goods.

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. GREAT SOUTHERN OCEAN. MIDDAY.

Tom stands on the deck, looking down at his mail - a bank  
 statement, a pay stub from the Department of Repatriation,  
 and an envelope addressed by hand. Curious - he opens it.

*"Dear Tom, thought I'd check that you're not too lonely out  
 there. And that you haven't been eaten by a whale."*

His eyes skip ahead to the signature.

*"Yours truly, Isabel Graysmark."*

Beneath her signature is a little sketch of a keeper leaning  
 against his light tower, whistling a tune, while behind him a  
 giant whale emerges from the water, it's jaws wide open.

*"Be sure to stop by and say hello before you go off to  
 wherever you are going."*

Tom can't help but smile.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Captain Hasluck sits at his desk across from Tom.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
 We all thought Trimble was on the way  
 to a swift recovery. At least we all  
 hoped that he was. It's a shame...

The Captain is caught between embarrassment and regret. He  
 doesn't want to say what happened. Tom waits for him to speak -

CAPTAIN HASLUCK (CONT'D)  
 He threw himself over the cliff-face  
 at Albany. Apparently, he was  
 convinced he was jumping into a boat  
 skippered by his beloved wife.

Silence between the two men.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK (CONT'D)  
 Doesn't take war to push you over  
 the edge.

TOM  
 I suppose not.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
 We haven't bothered to look  
 elsewhere to fill the position.

Captain Hasluck hands Tom a contract to peruse.

CAPTAIN HASLUCK (CONT'D)  
 We'd like to offer you a 2-year  
 contract on the post - you've  
 proven yourself more than capable.  
 That is... if you're interested.

EXT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. DAY.

Tom stands at their doorstep, holding flowers. He's not so  
 much nervous as puzzled - not quite sure how or why he's  
 there. Footsteps approach... before Violet opens the door.

VIOLET  
 Mr. Sherbourne! What a pleasant  
 surprise! And what lovely flowers.  
 Please come in...

Tom hands the flowers to her, steps in.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 I'm surprised to see you - thought  
 you were on your island...

Tom SEES Isabel peek her head out of the parlor door. She is  
 elated to see him and the sight of her flusters him.

TOM  
 Captain Hasluck offered me a job.  
 More of a permanent type post.

VIOLET  
 How wonderful. I want to hear all  
 about it. Will you stay for lunch?

Tom looks to Isabel, she nods her head. Tom looks to Violet.

TOM  
That would be ~~very~~ nice, thank you.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. LOUNGE ROOM/DINING ROOM. DAY.

Tom, sits stiff as a whalebone on a high backed chair at a table with Bill and Isabel. He watches Violet arrange the flowers on the mantle between two silver framed photographs of two handsome young men in soldier's uniforms - HUGH and ALFIE, Isabel's deceased brothers.

Tom looks to the empty chair next to him, then realizes he's sitting in a chair that would normally be empty as well. He understands at once that there is a gaping hole in this family.

VIOLET  
You must have really impressed Captain Hasluck - offering you the post after only three months...

BILL  
Doubt there was much vying for it...  
(looks to Isabel)  
Not a lot of men on the market these days...

Tom picks up on the double entendre.

TOM  
Unfortunately, ~~you are~~ right, sir.

Violet sits down at the table, they all eat their sandwiches. Eventually, Violet tries to recover normalcy -

VIOLET  
How long till you go back?

TOM  
Two weeks.

VIOLET  
And what are your plans?

BILL  
I'm sure there's a lot of details to tidy up before he ships off...

ISABEL  
(interrupts)  
- He offered to take me on a picnic tomorrow.

Tom throws a questioning looks to Isabel - he made no such offer. Bill is frozen, he looks to his wife to say something -

VIOLET

Oh, what a nice idea - should be quite hot. You'll need to mind the sun - don't want you spoiling your skin with freckles...

Tom has the feeling that he is being waltzed backwards...

EXT. HEADLAND. THE NEXT DAY.

They wander along the dirt road that leads up to the headlands, bordered with dense, scrubby trees on each side. Tom carries a picnic basket and follows her lead.

ISABEL

You won't get too tired, will you?

TOM

I'll just about manage without my walking stick.

ISABEL

Well I just thought, you don't have very far to walk on Janus, do you?

TOM

Getting up and down the stairs of the light all day keeps you trim.

ISABEL

What's it like out there? You hear stories, but no one much ever actually goes there except the keeper and the boat.

TOM

It's quiet - there's time to think.

ISABEL

You get lonely?

TOM

Too busy. Always something that needs fixing.

ISABEL

You like it?

Tom nods.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

You don't exactly yack a lot, do you?

He stops walking, squints into the sun. Thinks a beat.

TOM

So, do you write all the lightkeepers  
who go out to Janus?

ISABEL

All! There aren't that many! You're  
the first new one in years!

She reaches into the basket and pulls out 2 apples. Hands one  
to Tom and bites into the other one.

EXT. JETTY. POINT PARTAGEUSE. EVENING.

Tom and Isabel, bare feet dangling, sit on the end of the  
jetty. Harbor lights sweep across the water's surface and the  
sky is swept with stars.

ISABEL

I want to know everything. You can't  
just say, "nothing else to tell."

Tom is a closed book, protecting something.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I can tell you lots about me - my  
Mom taught me the piano.

TOM

You still play?

ISABEL

Oh not that well. My brother's used  
to tease me awful when I played...  
We lost both of them. In the war.

Tom lets it sink in, and lets her get it out.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

My mom hasn't played the piano since  
we found out. She spends most of her  
time tidying up their rooms now,  
polishing the silver frames of their  
photographs - and my father is like a  
shell, so fragile... and so bitter...  
well, you saw it... I don't blame  
them - they really are good people.  
It just must be so confusing: If a  
wife loses her husband, she becomes a  
widow. A husband becomes a widower.  
But if a parent loses a child,  
there's no special label for it.  
They're still a mother or father,  
even if they no longer have a child.

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)

(laughs it off)

Sometimes I wonder if I'm still technically a sister, now that my brother's are gone.

He notices her shawl has slipped off her shoulder. He pulls it back up. She bottles up her emotions, smiles.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

See, there's a whole galaxy waiting for you to find out about me... And I want to find out about you.

TOM

What do you want to know?

ISABEL

You were there, in the war, weren't you?

Tom nods, concealing pain.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

You poor thing. It must have made you numb.

TOM

My feet. Made my feet numb more often than not - frozen mud'll do that to you.

He manages a half smile at the attempted joke. She's disappointed she can't crack him open. She tries again.

ISABEL

What about your family? Your parents.

TOM

My mother's dead now. I don't keep in touch with my father.

ISABEL

Why won't you talk about anything?

TOM

Sometimes it's good to leave the past in the past.

ISABEL

You're experiences are never in your past. You carry them around with you everywhere.

Tom stands up, reaches for her hand to help her up.

TOM

Better get you back home or they'll  
have troopers after me.

Isabel doesn't want to go, ~~but~~ still takes his hand.

EXT. ISABEL'S STREET. NIGHT.

Side by side, they stroll to her house, knowing the night and  
their time together will ~~soon be~~ over.

ISABEL

If I can't talk about the past, am  
I allowed to talk about the future?

TOM

We can't rightly ever talk about the  
future, if you think about it. We can  
only talk about what we imagine, or  
wish for. It's not the same thing.

ISABEL

Oh Tom, you're impossible. OK. What  
do you *wish for*, then?

Tom pauses.

TOM

Life. That'll do me, I reckon.

She takes a deep breath, and takes a chance...

ISABEL

Take me out to Janus with you.

Tom laughs, uncomfortable.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I'm serious. I want to see it.

TOM

I'm afraid that'd be against  
Commonwealth rules. The only woman  
allowed on Janus is the keeper's wife.

She says nothing. And then.

ISABEL

Well, couldn't you bend the rules?  
Just once...

Tom hesitates -

EXT. JANUS ROCK. DAY

Tom reaches out to help Isabel off the boat. She jumps onto the jetty beside him, looks around. It's a bright sunny day.

Ralph and Bluey get on with unloading.

RALPH

You've got an hour. I'd like to be heading back before noon.

Tom and Isabel head off up the path. They come to the crest of the rising hillside. There on the other side is the grassy paddock, the outbuildings, and the great lighthouse itself.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. DAY

Tom guides Isabel out onto the gallery. Being so high makes her nervous, but she's brave. Side by side, they look out over the ocean. Isabel is thrilled. Tom points to his left -

TOM

Indian Ocean.  
 (points to his right)  
 Great Southern Ocean...  
 (points straight ahead)  
 And they meet just about there...

ISABEL

How can you tell?

He points to a cluster of graves near the beach.

TOM

See there? From an old shipwreck... long before the light was built. If you trace your finger, straight up from that spot, you can pretty much see where the two currents converge. Creates quite a pull. Washes up all sorts of things - bits of wreckage, tea chests, treasures...

Isabel takes it all in - amazed - it's an entire world.

INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE. DAY.

Tom opens the door to his quarters - Isabel immediately notices the old piano.

ISABEL

You didn't tell me!

She goes to it, looking it over - warped and split wood.

TOM

Came with the place - probably as old. Doesn't play - more of a relic.

She backs away from the piano, peeps into everything - kitchen, bedroom - he looks on.

ISABEL

You look after it all so well. But where do you wash?

TOM

There's a tub. If I want an all-over wash, there's the lagoon.

EXT. LAGOON. DAY.

They walk to the edge of the lagoon, see their reflections in the water. It's idyllic in the sunlight - a true paradise.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE. DAY.

They both lie prone on the grass, near the edge of the cliff. They can see the sheer drop, a hundred feet down to the rocks and sea below.

ISABEL

What are you thinking?

TOM

Nothing.

Isabel gazes down, then crawls back to safety. Tom follows. She rolls onto her back to bask in the sunlight. Then, lies on her side, watching him.

ISABEL

You can't be thinking nothing. Unless your brain's broken.

TOM

Maybe it is.

ISABEL

I think you're just not a talker.

Tom says nothing.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

People can say things without talking.

She picks a tiny wild flower, gives it to him. He's touched.

"Woo! Woo!" The boat's horn sounds from the harbour. He stands, reaches down one hand. She takes it, pulls herself up.

They head back across the island towards the jetty...

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
I like it here, Tom.

TOM  
For an hour, maybe. On a sunny day.

Their hands brush against each other. The touch is magnetic, and soon they are holding hands. They can see the jetty in the distance, and they slow their pace, elongating the inevitable 'goodbye.'

Isabel stops, turns into to Tom, presses her body into his. His hands move to the small of her back, pulls her close. They stay here for as long as they can - until the boat's horn beckons them to release.

EXT. JETTY, JANUS ROCK - DAY

Tom stands on the jetty watching the Windward Spirit as it chugs away from Janus. Isabel is there on deck, looking steadily back at him as she leaves.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
Dear Tom. Thank you for showing me your island. It's quite different for me now that I can imagine the life you're leading. I think it's a beautiful life.

Tom stands where they parted, gazing at the boat as it recedes into the distance.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. EVENING.

Tom lights the great lamp - it flares into life, dazzling bright. He starts the motor that turns the beam, then descends to the watch room to fill in the log.

Pen in hand, he sits down to write in the logbook.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
I'm sorry I said your brain was broken. I say such stupid things. Of course I didn't mean it. Or maybe I meant there's something broken inside all of us. Or wounded, at least.

There by the log book lies the little flower Isabel picked.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE COTTAGE. NIGHT

Tom at the table, just finished his solitary dinner, reading Isabel's letter.

ISABEL (V.O.)

I was raised to believe love can heal  
even the deepest wounds. Next time  
you come ashore, I'll be there,  
waiting on the jetty.

Tom looks up from the letter. His gaze reaches far away -

EXT. HARBOUR. PARTAGEUSE. DAY

- to see Izzy, standing on the jetty at Pointe Partageuse, as she promised. He is on the deck of the Windward Spirit, approaching the jetty.

Isabel watches Tom on the boat, approaching -

The boat bangs against the jetty - Tom's jumps ashore - Isabel not sure what to expect as he comes to her - until without a word he's taken her in his arms, and he's kissing her, releasing all the longing that's built up in him over the long lonely months on Janus. And she's holding him tight in her arms, kissing him back.

INT. PALACE HOTEL. PARTAGEUSE. DAY

A WEDDING CAKE made to look like Janus Rock, complete with a little sugar lighthouse. A KNIFE cuts into the cake. Applause.

Tom and Isabel, in their finest clothes, hold the knife. Wedding guests look on, smiling: Bill and Violet Graysmark. Ralph and HILDA ADDICOTT. Bluey. HIS MOTHER. The minister, REVEREND NORHELLS. Captain and Mrs. Captain Hasluck. The town constables, HARRY GARSTONE and BOB LYNCH, the police sergeant VERNON KNUCKEY. A cluster of Graysmark COUSINS.

A spoon clinks on a glass. Bill Graysmark calling for silence.

BILL

I know I'm not in my own school  
assembly now. So I'll keep it short.  
Tom - it is clear to anyone who meets  
you that you are a good man... that's  
a relief because you have the most  
precious thing in our lives now - our  
daughter, Isabel.

(choked up)

Take good care of her. Protect her.  
Protect our little girl.

Tom nods, agreeing to his father in law's terms...

BILL (CONT'D)

Violet and I are proud to call you our son. And who knows, maybe one day a new generation will follow... So here's to Isabel and Tom.

The guests raise their glasses and echo the toast. Violet gives a little squeeze to Bill's hand - proud of him.

LATER. Bill dances with Isabel while Tom dances with Violet.

ON THE CAKE - The miniature lighthouse rock, now with a slice cut out of it -

EXT. JANUS ROCK. EVENING.

The real island stands proud in the ocean. The beam of light rotates. It sweeps around to flash - blinding...

INT. BEDROOM. LIGHTHOUSE COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Darkness. Then the beam of the lighthouse throws a brief haze of light over the bed. Tom lies with Izzy in his arms, making love. The beam moves on, and all is dark again.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. WATCH ROOM. NOON.

Tom writes his daily report into the log.

ISABEL (O.S.)

What do you think of the new look?

Tom looks up - SEES Isabel completely naked, with his lunch.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I don't think I need clothes on a day as lovely as this.

TOM

Very nice. But you'll get sick of it soon enough...

He takes the sandwich. Strokes her chin.

TOM (CONT'D)

There's some things you have to do to survive on the lights, darling - stay normal - eat at proper times - turn the pages of the calendar -  
(he laughs)

And keep your clobber on. Trust me.

Blushing, she retreats to the cottage.

INT/EXT. COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS.

She dresses in several layers - camisole and petticoat, shirt, cardigan, then heaves on Wellington boots and goes to dig up potatoes with unnecessary vigor in the sharp sunshine.

EXT/INT. JANUS. VARIOUS.

- Floral dresses hang out to dry next to work shirts.

- IN THE KITCHEN, she peels vegetables - a young woman playing house.

- IN THE BEDROOM, she draws letters with her finger on Tom's naked back for him to guess. Laughter, light, love.

The strains of Handel's *Messiah* ring in the distance.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
Teach me something...

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. EVENING.

A phonograph plays in the lighthouse and echoes in the natural sound chamber. OUTSIDE, stretched out on a blanket on the grass, Tom rests his head on Isabel's belly. It rises and falls gently with her breath.

TOM  
You know Janus is where the word January comes from? Named after the same god as this island. He's got two faces, back to back. Pretty ugly fellow.

ISABEL  
What's he God of?

TOM  
Doorways. Always looking both ways, torn between two ways of seeing things. January looks forward to the new year and back to the old. He sees past and future. And the island looks in the direction of two different oceans.

ISABEL  
You are going to make our baby so smart. I like this version of you... Keep talking.

TOM

How do you know it's just one? What if it's twins? Or triplets?

Tom turns to kiss her belly. She giggles.

ISABEL

Can you hear anything? Is it talking yet?

Tom listens intently to her belly.

TOM

Yep, it's saying I need to carry its mum to bed before the night gets to cold.

He gathers her into his arms and carries her to the cottage.

INT. SHED. DAY.

Tom runs his hands over a piece of wood he has lathed. He is making a rocking chair.

ISABEL (O.S.)

Zebedee.

Tom looks up, sees Isabel standing in the doorway, her mouth twitching just a touch at the corners.

TOM

What?

ISABEL

Zebedee. That's my great uncle's name. Zebedee Zanzibar Graysmark.

TOM

Zebedee Zanzibar...? Hard enough that he's going to live in a lighthouse. Let's not lump him with a name that'll make him a laughing stock...

He goes back to his lathe.

ISABEL

But I promised grandma on her deathbed that if I ever had a son I'd call him after her brother. I can't go back on my promise.

TOM

I was thinking of something a bit more normal.

ISABEL  
Are you calling my great-uncle  
abnormal?

He stops working, looks up at her. She can't contain herself  
any longer - she bursts out laughing.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Got you! Got you good and proper!

Tom puts down his tools, comes after her.

TOM  
Little minx! You'll be sorry you  
did that!

He chases her out of the shed into the landscape. He catches  
up, tortures her with tickles. She begs for mercy.

INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

In bed, Tom rubs her feet as she reads *The Australian  
Mother's Manual of Efficient Child-Rearing*.

ISABEL  
Did you know that a baby's kneecaps  
aren't made of bone?

TOM  
I didn't know that.

ISABEL  
How old do you think babies are when  
they can take feed from a teaspoon?

TOM  
No idea...

ISABEL  
Oh, you're no fun!

TOM  
You're having a baby, not sitting  
for an exam.

She kicks her foot out of his hand, playfully... Then  
replaces it with her other foot. He stares at it - she  
wiggles it, demanding the attention of his hands. Smitten,  
honored, he begins massaging her other foot.

EXT/INT. COTTAGE. STORMY LATE DAY.

OUTSIDE, Tom ties up the goats, puts chickens in their pen.

INSIDE, Isabel washes dishes, looks out the window - the sky is ominous. Tom comes in, holds her from behind, his hand finding rest on her belly which is just starting to show.

ISABEL

What are you doing with the chickens?

TOM

Don't want them to blow away - storm looks like it's not kidding around...

Worry flushes across her face.

TOM (CONT'D)

You'll be safe.

He kisses her, then makes his way to the door.

ISABEL

Where are you going?

TOM

...Need to stay with the light.

ISABEL

All night?

TOM

Just through the storm...

ISABEL

Can't I come with you?

TOM

Safest place is here. On low ground.

He comes close, looks into her eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

You'll be all right. I promise. OK?

She puts on a brave face, nods.

TOM (CONT'D)

Keep this door locked.

He leaves her alone in the cottage.

INT/EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

The ocean hurls itself at the island, sending spray right over the top of the lighthouse, biting pieces off the cliff. The SOUND is a ROARING BEAST whose anger knows no limits.

Tom sits in the gallery, protecting the light that protects so many. Pencil and notebook in hand, he adds up figures. His annual salary is \$327. Minus - clothes, schoolbooks, doctor bills. He calculates where he could save a bit more...

He looks out over the cottage - it's like a bunker in the storm: sturdy, solid, safe.

INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Isabel stands by the window, doing dishes. She looks out at the towering lighthouse standing strong in the raging storm. She feels a cramp in her abdomen. She breathes though it and it's gone. It's probably just nerves. She continues washing.

The cramp returns, this time more painful. She places her wet hand against her belly, trying to isolate the nagging pinch inside. She imagines the worst. After a moment, it subsides.

She goes to sit down at the table. Almost as soon as she does, another wave of pain washes over her - even stronger this time. She gets back up, walks back to the sink. Her hands grasp the counter, trying to absorb her discomfort into wood. It is no use. Something's wrong.

She feels a wetness between her legs. She touches for it and her fingers come back stained red - blood. She washes her fingers, checks again. More red. She tries to stay calm. She looks to the door - it's locked. She looks up to the lighthouse. Desperation sets in.

EXT/INT. JANUS/LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

Isabel uses all her strength to open the cottage door. Determined to get to her husband, she pushes through the wind and the rain. Every 30 seconds a wave of pain cripples her.

By the time she gets to the base of the lighthouse, she is drenched and exhausted. With what little strength she has left, she pulls open the metal door and collapses on the floor.

TOM!

ISABEL

And high above her, 130 feet up, her husband sits, keeping his watch over the raging seas... And the storm thunders about the light, deafening him to any other sound that night - deafening him to her cries below.

EXT/INT. LIGHTHOUSE. JUST BEFORE DAWN.

The last of the storm has passed. Tom shuts down the light, trudges down the 184 stairs, his body begging for sleep. As he descends, he hears a gentle banging of the metal door at the base of the lighthouse. He looks down, 40 feet below, SEES the door opening and closing in the wind. Strange, he remembers closing the door behind him last night.

As he continues down, the spiraling staircase reveals a figure doubled up on the floor, clothes stained with blood - Isabel.

He sprints down as fast as he possibly can until he's with her and she's in his arms. Desolation in her eyes.

ISABEL

I'm so, so, sorry.

A wave of pain grips her and she groans, pressing her hands to her belly. Tom scoops her up into his arms.

EXT/INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Tom comes into the room with a cup of tea. She doesn't want it now. He sets it on the night stand.

ISABEL

Other women have babies as easy as falling off a log...

TOM

Izzy Bella, stop... It's not your fault... It's no one's...

Her gaze wanders, suggesting a bitterness that Tom wasn't with her last night.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll send word to Ralph to bring a doctor.

ISABEL

What's the point in a doctor? The baby's gone.

TOM

Well... There's you to consider.

ISABEL

Please, no - it's much too embarrassing - I'm just hopeless.

He draws her into his chest, kisses her hair over and over.

TOM

One day when we've got five kids  
running around and getting under your  
feet, this'll all feel like a dream.

INT. COTTAGE. SOME DAYS LATER. DAY.

Isabel is out of bed for the first time since the  
miscarriage. She walks on weak legs into the lounge room. She  
sees her wedding photograph sitting on the old piano -  
everything is covered in a veil of dust. She opens the piano.

The walnut keys are split in places - no one has played it in  
years. She presses middle C, so slowly that it makes no  
sound. She strokes it again, with more force...

The wood hits against the base of the keyboard, where the  
felt has worn away, making a muffled "CLACK."

She hits it again... "CLACK... CLACK..."

EXT. CLIFF SIDE. LATE DAY.

Tom hammers a small cross he has made from some driftwood,  
until it is secure, in the ground.

"CLACK..."

Carved into the cross - "31 May 1921. Remembered always."

"CLACK!" He finishes, wipes his hands on his pants, then  
places his hand on Isabel's shoulder with a little squeeze.

TOM

We can try again...

She says nothing - just gazes into the unknown.

EXT. JETTY. WEEKS LATER. MIDDAY.

The *Windward Spirit* docks. The gangplank is lowered down.  
Ralph and Bluey disembark, followed by a THIRD MAN who  
carries a black bag.

High up on the cliff above, Isabel watches - betrayed!

Tom walks a good 40 paces ahead of the other men, leading  
them to the cottage. Isabel intercepts his path.

ISABEL

How dare you!

TOM  
How dare I?

ISABEL  
I told you I didn't need a doctor,  
but you went behind my back. I'm not  
having him prodding and... and poking  
about to tell me nothing I don't  
already know. Don't bother letting  
him up here.

Tom wants to laugh - she always looks like a child when she's  
angry. His grin infuriates her even more. She stomps off.

TOM  
Isabel... wait! It's not...

But she is too far off to hear the rest of his words. Ralph  
catches up to Tom first.

RALPH  
How'd she take it? Pleased as  
punch, I bet!

Tom stuffs his fists into his pockets.

TOM  
Looks like I'm making sandwiches  
for lunch.

EXT. COVE. LATER IN THE BLUSTERY DAY.

Isabel sits in the grass, seething, feeling trapped by this  
place - a prisoner of this man. She HEARS all the different  
itches of WIND and WATER and BIRDS. Two gulls land nearby to  
squabble over fish.

Then, A FOREIGN SOUND: an INSISTENT NOTE, SHORT, REPEATED. She  
looks around for it's origin - the light? The cottage? She  
hears it again, this time at a DIFFERENT PITCH.

She goes back to her mulling, until she is arrested by an  
unmistakable sound carried on the shifting air. It is a  
SCALE: imperfect, but the pitch getting better each time.

ISABEL  
Wretched doctor!

Isabel's fury drives her up the path, ready to banish the  
intruder from her home.

She passes the OUTBUILDINGS, where Tom, Ralph and Bluey are  
stacking sacks of flour.

RALPH  
Afternoon, Isab-

But she marches past them and -

INT. COTTAGE. LOUNGE ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

- barges into the house.

ISABEL  
If you don't mind, that's a very  
delicate instru-

She is flummoxed by the sight of the piano completely  
stripped down, a box of tools open, and the stranger turning  
the nut above one of the brass copper wires with a tiny  
spanner as he hits it's corresponding key.

THIRD MAN  
Mummified seagull's your problem.  
That and a good twenty years worth of  
sand, salt and God knows what.

He continues to tap the key and turn the spanner.

THIRD MAN (CONT'D)  
Dead rats. Sandwiches. I could write  
a book about the things that end up  
in a piano, though I couldn't tell  
you how they get there. I'm betting  
the seagull didn't fly in by itself.

Isabel is so taken aback that she can't speak. She feels a  
hand on her shoulder, turns, sees Tom. She flushes deep red.

TOM  
So much for surprises, eh?

They stand, forehead to forehead, and break into laughter.

*We HEAR Bach's Goldberg Variations begin.*

EXT. JETTY. EVENING.

*Piano music continues.* Tom and Isabel wave adieu to their  
visitors, Ralph, and Bluey, and the Piano Tuner.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. GALLERY. NIGHT.

*The music continues.* Tom watches the lights of the *Windward  
Spirit* disappear over the horizon. He writes in his logbook,  
in the remarks column for Wednesday, 13 September, 1921,  
"Visit per store boat: Archie Pollock, piano tuner. Prior  
approval granted."

INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE. NIGHT.

They kiss in bed. Slowly make love.

EXT. JANUS. VARIOUS.

*Music continues.* Time passes... Tom and Isabel live together - an idyllic time, full of love and light and life and laughter.

- Isabel hikes around the island with Tom, wearing an old pair of his trousers, rolled up more than a foot, cinched with a leather belt, over one of his collarless shirts.

- She feeds the chickens. She milks the goats.

- We begin to notice Isabel has a bump on her belly...

- Tom's logbook tells the tale of their lives with steady pen.

INT/EXT. COTTAGE. LOUNGE ROOM. MONTHS LATER. LATE AFTERNOON.

*Isabel plays Bach on the piano.* She looks to be about 7 months pregnant. Tom reads a book in his chair, enjoying the music, the home, *his life*.

She hits a false note. "*The Goldberg Variations are tough to master,*" Tom thinks. Soon, she continues.

He goes back to his book. A few bars later and the music stops again. He looks up from his book - time for a pep talk.

TOM

That sounded beautiful. You just need to keep -

Her palm slams the keys, trying for balance. Her whole body tightens - trying to not let go.

Tom stands up, drops his book to the floor.

ISABEL

Oh no... Ohhh. It's coming!

She sinks to the floor beside the piano, groaning. Unbearable pain. The sounds coming from her are primal, guttural.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I just - Oh, Jesus, Tom, it hurts!

He kneels down beside her, puts an arm under her armpit. She pants, battling pain for each breath.

TOM

Let me help you up...

ISABEL

No! Don't move me! It hurts too much.

Her groans stop, momentarily as she notices blood seeping through her dress and onto the floor.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Oh God, no! No no no no no... Stop.  
Please make it stop!

TOM

Tell me what to do, Izz. What do you want me to do.

She fumbles about her clothes, trying to get her bloomers off - Tom lifts her hips and pulls them down and over her ankles. She moans louder, twisting this way and that, her cries ringing out over the island.

The labor is over almost as soon as it began.

OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE the wind continues it's sullen howl. The falling sun shines through the window, lying a blanket of bright gold over the husband and wife and their almost baby.

Tom holds his baby. It makes no movement, utters no sound.

ISABEL

Give her to me! Give me my baby!  
Let me hold her!

TOM

A little boy...

He hands it to her.

TOM (CONT'D)

...It was a little boy.

Isabel manages to sit up a little against the wall. She puts her finger next to the baby's hand - but the hand doesn't respond. She sobs at the sight of the diminutive form.

ISABEL

My baby my baby my baby my baby...

TOM

I'll get you a blanket.

ISABEL

No! Don't leave us.

Tom sits beside her, drapes his arm around her shoulders as she sobs against his chest.

- The officious hands of the clock click their way around.

- The blood starts to dry at the edges of pools on the floor.
- The willow-pattern plates stand neatly in the dish drainer.
- The cake Isabel made that morning lays upside down in the cooling rack, the tin still covered with a damp cloth.

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM/LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

In a clean nightgown, hair tied back in a plait, Isabel lies in bed, eyes closed. Tom dabs her face with moist flannel.

TOM  
Try to sleep...

Tom stares at his wife - pools of exhaustion, embarrassment, and desperation in her eyes. He looks at the floor and leaves.

IN THE LOUNGE ROOM - the baby lays under an embroidered sheet on the table. Tom uses a mop to clean up the mess.

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Isabel awakens to a sound, "CLACK - CLACK." She looks out the window. Sees Tom hammering another cross into the cliff side.

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Tom rubs her forehead with the damp cloth.

TOM  
We'll be all right. If it's just you and me for the rest of our lives, that's enough for me.

Her eyes slide up to meet his: despairing, defeated. He moves in to touch her but she draws away, shaking her head.

She struggles to get up. He tries to stop her. It's no use.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

She makes her way out the door, doubling up for a moment from pain, before limping into the night.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Please, Isabel, stop. You're going to hurt yourself!

He tries to restrain her but she struggles free.

ISABEL  
Let me GO!

EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Isabel's long white nightgown glows like a paper lantern as she runs to the cliff side. Tom rushes after her and gathers her in his arms, keeping her from the edge.

ISABEL  
I can't bear it!

Her voice is so loud and shrill that the goats start from their sleep and move with a jangle of bells in their paddock.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
I can't bear it anymore!

TOM  
Calm down, Izz.

ISABEL  
(screaming)  
I don't want to be here anymore!  
Let me go! Let me go!

She tries furiously and desperately to pull away from him. It is all he can do to keep her from breaking from his embrace and hurling herself over the cliff. He holds her until she hasn't the strength to fight.

The light scythes a path far above, leaving them untouched by it's beam. He carries her in his arms, back to the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE. DAYS LATER.

Chores don't stop... Isabel, pale lips and downcast eyes, puts fresh sheets on the bed. She places her hand fondly on her stomach. It's flatness reminds her it is empty.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE. LATE DAY.

She kneels near the small, newly made driftwood cross and plants a rosemary bush. She softly prays, "Our Father..."

She HEARS the SOUND of an INFANT'S CRY. She looks instinctively to the new grave, panicked for a moment by the illusion that the baby had not been stillborn early, but was living and breathing. Logic tells her it can't be true - the illusion dissolves but the cry does not... Impossible.

She stands up, backs away from the grave a step...

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. LATE DAY.

Tom replaces the vapor tube on the lantern. Something catches his attention. He goes to the windows - catches sight of *something*. He grabs binoculars to get a better look.

SEES - A rowing boat, swept on the water.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE. LATE DAY. CONTINUOUS.

The door of the lighthouse clangs in the distance.

Isabel looks up, SEES - Tom's tall frame appear on the gallery as he scans the island with binoculars. He yells something to her but she can't hear it. He points to the sea.

She looks out, sees a boat being swept to the shore. There seems to be someone IN the boat. She HEARS another BABY'S CRY. She looks down at the grave, then back to the sea. "Oh God..."

She moves as quickly as she can toward the shore. Up ahead of her, Tom exits the base of the lighthouse. She yells to him.

ISABEL

There's someone in it!

He runs, ahead of her, down the steep path to the little cove. He gets to the beach just as the waves send the boat crashing ashore. He runs to it - pulls it higher up the shingle, so it won't be swept out again.

The FIGURE in the boat is motionless, flopped over the seat.

TOM

Oh Jesus.

Isabel appears at the top of the path, sees - Tom bending over the boat. She hurries down to join him as he tries to rouse the man - no pulse.

TOM (CONT'D)

He's dead.

A cry comes from a space under the bow. Tom searches the boat and hoists out a woolen bundle: a woman's soft lavender cardigan wrapped around a tiny, screaming INFANT.

ISABEL

Oh my Lord! Oh Tom! Tom! Here - give it to me!

Instinctively, she knows how to hold the child and calm and soothe it. She checks for cuts and bruises - seems fine.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Shh... You're safe now... You're safe little one...

The baby, still crying, takes gulps of breath in her arms.

INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN. LATE DAY.

Isabel lifts the baby from the kitchen sink like a sacred offering and lays her on a soft, white towel, and dabs her dry, like blotting ink so as not to smudge it - as though if she is not careful she could erase it altogether.

ISABEL

Oh, little one. Poor, poor little one.

Tom scrapes his boots slowly on the mat before coming inside.

TOM

I've covered the poor soul. How's the baby.

He rests a callused hand on Isabel's shoulder.

ISABEL

It's a girl.

Isabel is glowing with life, happiness. She wraps the baby up in a downy yellow blanket and sits with her at the old kitchen table. Tom takes a bottle of brandy from the pine cupboard, pours himself a small measure, downs it in one.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Thank God we found her in time.

Isabel kisses the baby gently on the forehead. The baby follows every movement of her eyes, as though Isabel might escape if she does not hold her with her gaze.

Tom puts his arms around his wife and the child. Awash with emotions: awe, at the grip of the miniature hand latching onto Isabel's single finger. He kisses Isabel on the cheek.

TOM

I'll go send a signal. Get them to send a boat for the body. And for Miss Muffet here.

ISABEL

(pain in her voice)

There's no rush to do it right this minute. The poor man's not going to get any worse now. And this little chicken's had quite enough boats for the moment. Can we leave it a while?

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)

At least until tomorrow? Give her a chance to catch her breath.

TOM

It's all got to go in the log, sweetheart. You know I've got to report everything straightaway. What if the boat's from a ship?

ISABEL

It's a dinghy, not a lifeboat.

TOM

Then the baby's probably got a mother, waiting somewhere, tearing her hair out.

ISABEL

You saw the cardigan. The mother must have fallen out of the boat and drowned.

TOM

Sweetheart, we don't have any idea about the mother. Or about who the man was. Or anything.

ISABEL

Oh, Tom... infants don't just wander off from their parents... She hasn't even been weaned yet! The mother couldn't have survived.

TOM

Iz. This is serious. The man's dead.

ISABEL

(holding back tears)  
And the baby's alive. And at peace...  
Have a heart.

TOM

(with great difficulty)  
...First thing in the morning,  
then. As soon as the light's out.

She nods, eyes full of emotion and relief. Thankful.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. EVENING.

The light spins. Tom sits at his desk, below the lantern room, his fountain pen waiting faithfully to report the day. He writes, "27th April 1923." And then he holds his pen over a blank space. His body is compelled to write but his mind won't allow it. He looks up, catches sight to his reflection in the glass, and does not recognize the face he sees there.

INT. COTTAGE. LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

Isabel attempts to hand Tom the baby. She arranges his arms.

TOM  
I'm not exactly an expert in this department...

ISABEL  
...And you never will be if you stand around like that. I just need you to hold her while I check the bottle. Come on. She won't bite.

The child is barely the length of Tom's forearm, but he takes her as though he were handling an octopus.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Keep her head supported - and now she's yours for the next two minutes.

Isabel disappears into the kitchen. This is the first time Tom has ever been alone with a baby. The child wriggles as he tries to get a better grip.

TOM  
Steady on! Play fair with your uncle Tom.

ISABEL  
(returns with a bottle)  
Here.

She puts a bottle into Tom's hand and helps guide it in to the baby's mouth, but the baby won't take it.

Flustered, he hands the baby to Isabel. She tests the temperature of the bottle on the back of her wrist, offers it to the baby. But she turns away, cries, pawing at the inviting, warm nipple that touches her cheek through cloth.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Come on, here you are, sweet thing.

Isabel shushes her and eventually gets her to take the it.

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. DAWN.

Tom awakens early. Isabel is sleeping with her BACK TO HIM. He gets out of bed, quietly as he can so as not to wake her.

He pulls on a shirt and walks over to the wicker cot to get a look at the sleeping baby - it's empty. He HEARS a suckling sound, comes around to see - Isabel awake, on her side, breast feeding. She flashes red, embarrassed yet innocent.

ISABEL  
She was starving...

Tom stares - uncomfortable with his wife's actions, but completely out of his depth. He can do nothing but turn away.

ISABEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

TOM  
To send the signal back home...

In the doorway, Tom turns back at his wife and the child.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Get some sleep. It'll be a big day.

He exits the room, leaving Isabel alone in bed. Her eyes tell the story of panic, desperation. She looks down at the baby - belly full and sleeping.

If Isabel doesn't act now, she never will forgive herself. She gets up, tucks pillows around the baby.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. MORNING.

Tom walks down the path towards the lighthouse.

ISABEL (O.S.)  
Tom... wait. Please...

He stops, turns to see her jogging to him in her nightgown.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
(out of breath)  
It can't just be a coincidence that she turned up so soon after...

TOM  
Careful now. She's a lovely baby, but she doesn't belong to us. We can't keep her.

ISABEL  
Why not? Who's to know she's here?

TOM  
When Ralph and Bluey come in a few weeks, they'll know, for a start.

ISABEL  
No one will know she's not ours - they all think I'm expecting. They'll just be surprised she arrived early.

TOM

What about the fellow in the boat?

ISABEL

Don't tell anyone about him.

Tom is speechless.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

We've done nothing wrong except give shelter to a helpless baby. We can give the man a decent burial.

TOM

This isn't even up to me - I *have* to report it. ~~It's my duty~~ - why I'm here.

Isabel's desperation begins to crack through her calmness.

ISABEL

I know... I know how much the rules mean to you. But what are they for? They're to save lives! That's all I'm saying: save *this* life. She's here and she needs us and we can help her. We are not doing anything wrong...

Once again, he senses her close to a dangerous brink...

TOM

That's just it - we don't need to do anything wrong. If we report her now, we can apply to adopt her. She can be ours.

ISABEL

Adopt her?

TOM

Yes.

ISABEL

They'd never send a baby to a lighthouse in the middle of nowhere: no doctor; no school. No *church* will probably worry them the most. They will never give her to us. They'll pick some couple in a town somewhere. And besides, it takes forever to go through the rigmarole. They'd want to meet us. You'd never get leave to go see them... We're not due back onshore for another year.

She puts her hand on his shoulder as if to soften him.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I know we'll cope. I know you're going to be a wonderful father. They *don't*.

(she pulls away)

If you report it, she'll be shipped to some dreadful orphanage. Please don't do that to her. Please...

Tom is frozen in conflict. We HEAR the sound of TAPPING...

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. WATCH ROOM. DAY.

Isabel holds the baby beside Tom as he taps out a signal.

*"Baby arrived early - took us both by surprise - Isabel recovering well - no need for medical help - little girl."*

ISABEL

"Lucy."

Tom looks at her, surprised at the ease with which the lie comes to her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

She needs a name. Lucy means 'light,' so it's perfect.

Tom taps the keys and with unsteady fingers: "*L-u-c-y*."

EXT. LOW GROUND. NEAR BEACH. DAY.

An inquisitive gull watches Tom wrap the body of THE MAN in canvas. It is hard to tell who the man was in life - he is slight, blonde, and has a scar on his left cheek.

He hoists the man's body into a grave.

MOMENTS LATER, the shovel gasps at each contact with the sandy soil. He fills the grave.

MOMENTS LATER. Tom drags the boat back to the water. He gives it a heave, HEARS a JANGLE. The SUN GLINTS off of something - a RAY OF LIGHT pricks his eyes. He peers into the hull. Something shiny is wedged under the rib of the bow. He pulls it out - jangling: A SILVER RATTLE, embossed with cherubs.

He thrusts it in his pocket, and returns to the task at hand - sending the boat off into the ocean, making sure it catches the southerly current.

A tiny purple sand crab ventures out from under a ledge to pincer little pieces of a dead blowfish into his mouth.

We HEAR the sound of a LULLABY come up.

INT. COTTAGE. LATE DAY.

Isabel holds Lucy, pacing, singing a lullaby to put her to sleep. Tom stands in the distance, watching.

EXT. JETTY. MORNING. WEEKS LATER.

The *Windward Spirit* arrives on it's quarter-annual visit. This time - it's packed with gifts. Ralph strides off the gangway and grabs Tom, who secures the line, in a bear hug.

RALPH

Congratulations, son. Just marvelous.

Bluey is walking off the ship, carrying a crate of fruit.

BLUEY

Yeah, good on you both.

TOM

(takes the crate)

Thanks boys. Appreciate it...

They hike up the path. Isabel is silhouetted against a washing line of nappies. Strands of hair escape from the roll she pinned in. Ralph holds his arms out to embrace her.

RALPH

Well can't you just tell, hey?  
Nothing makes a girl bloom like  
having a little one. Just like my  
Hilda used to get.

Isabel blushes at the compliment and gives him a quick kiss.

INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN. DAY.

They sit at the old table, strewn with gifts from Isabel's parents. Isabel holds up a cotton jumper to see the size.

RALPH

You're parents desperately wanted to  
be here... unfortunately, your father  
wasn't physically up for the journey.

ISABEL

I'm sure my mother had something to  
say about that.

RALPH

Oh indeed!

(laughs)

You were the talk of every woman in Partageuse, having your baby on your own. I hope Tom wasn't too useless.

The couple exchanges a look. Tom is about to speak, then Isabel takes his hand, squeezing it tight.

ISABEL

I couldn't ask for a better husband.

Bluey is up, looking at Lucy in her bassinet - her delicate face peeps out from the fluffy blanket.

BLUEY

She's a real pretty little thing.

RALPH

She's got Tom's nose, hasn't she?

Tom is about to respond, to say, "no," but is interrupted -

ISABEL

Not sure Tom's nose is what you want a baby girl to have!

LAUGHTER... Ralph gets up, rinses his tea cup in the sink.

RALPH

Well, Mr. Sherbourne, my friend, I'll be needing your autographs on the paperwork.

TOM

(gets up, relieved)

Right-o. To the office, Captain Addicott, sir.

ISABEL

Ooh, Ralph. Can you hang on a tick, I must write 'thank you's' to my parents and Hilda.

RALPH

Take as long as you need, my dear.

Ralph kisses her on the cheek before he and Tom leave for the lighthouse. Isabel runs into her room for paper and a pen, leaving Bluey to 'coo' over the basket. He reaches for the silver rattle. He jiggles it and makes Lucy laugh.

BLUEY

You're a little angel, aren't you?

EXT. COTTAGE. VERANDA. NIGHT.

The new moon is barely a crescent stitched into the darkening sky. Tom and Isabel sit together. Lucy is asleep in Tom's arms. She wakes to see Tom's face - looks directly at him. It sends a shiver through him - he's falling in love...

EXT/INT. JANUS. VARIOUS.

*Days break and recede like waves on the beach, leaving barely a trace of the time that passes in this tiny world of working and sleeping and feeding and watching.*

- On the GRASS, Lucy starts to crawl.
- On a FAMILY PICNIC Tom picks different leaves for Lucy to smell and chew, pulling faces at the strange sensations.
- On the BEACH, he shows Lucy the shimmering scales of a blue mackerel he's caught.
- In the BEDROOM, Isabel carefully folds away some of Lucy's earliest baby things - first dresses, a tiny pair of booties.
- In the WATCH ROOM, the logbook changes from 1923 to 1924 in mid-page. He turns back to the page from "27 April 1923."
- In the WORKSHOP, Tom hammers metal hinges. He strikes with more and more force until the metal snaps. Rage.
- In the LOUNGE ROOM, Lucy opens presents from her 1st birthday celebration.
- A STILL NIGHT, Tom reads Lucy the story of the 3 WISE MEN.

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. GREAT SOUTHERN OCEAN. DAY.

The boat cuts through the sea. Isabel holds Lucy tightly on her lap. She talks to her, preparing her for all the people she will meet on Partaguese.

EXT. POINT PARTAGEUSE. JETTY. DAY.

VIOLET  
At long last!

Violet takes Lucy out of Isabel's arms and inspects every inch of her. PURE RAPTURE. She weeps, smiles, and laughs.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Imagine waiting nearly 2 years to finally lay eyes on you.  
(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Let me get a good look... Oh my  
blessed grandchild. Oh... She's an  
angel.

Bill comes in and shakes her little hand with his finger.

BILL

Well hello there little one. I'm  
your granddad...

Lucy responds with curiosity to these strange, emotional  
people showering her with kisses and affection.

Bill pats Tom on the back. Violet kisses him on the cheek.

Isabel watches as Lucy miraculously and instantaneously heals  
the lives of her parents who, for years, had been so resigned  
to loss. She looks at Tom, thanks him with her eyes.

INT. GUTCHER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO. DAY.

In front of a canvas backdrop painted with ferns and greek  
columns, Lucy has her photograph taken with Tom and Isabel;  
Bill and Violet; and on her own, perched on a wicker chair.

VIOLET

I would like to get one more. Just me,  
my daughter, and my granddaughter.  
Three generations of Graysmark women.

BERNIE GUTCHER frames the three for the shot. Violet is  
beaming. Isabel hasn't seen her mother like this in years.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. DINING ROOM. DAY.

At Christmas lunch, the family holds hands as Bill says grace  
in a choked voice, thanking the Lord for the gift of Lucy.

Isabel gives Tom's hand a couple of gentle squeezes.

INT. DR. SUMPTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

DR. SUMPTON washes up. Isabel dresses behind the curtain.

DR. SUMPTON

Nothing wrong, mechanically speaking.

ISABEL

So? What is it? Am I sick?

DR. SUMPTON

Not at all. Just the change of life.  
(starts writing his notes)

(MORE)

DR. SUMPTON (CONT'D)

You're lucky enough to have a baby already, so it's not as hard on you as it is on some women, when it comes early like this.

Isabel tries not to cry. She has Lucy. She has Tom. It would be greedy to ask for anything more.

EXT. CHURCH. AFTERNOON.

A little procession makes it's way in burning sunlight from the road into the churchyard, following the path between the gravestones to the church door. Tom and Isabel and Lucy, Violet and Bill, Ralph and Hilda, Bluey: all in their Sunday best for Lucy's christening.

They reach the church door, only to find it's locked.

VIOLET

Oh, really! Where's the vicar gone?

BILL

Sleeping off the night before, if I know him.

Violet shakes her head in disgust.

RALPH

Blue, son, run over to the vicar's. Tell him he's got a christening and he's late.

Bluey runs off. The christening party moves into the shade of a cluster of mallee trees. Full of nerves, Tom takes out a cigarette and strolls off among the graves to smoke.

Ahead, in the distance, he sees a FRAIL YOUNG WOMAN kneeling by an ornate memorial stone. There's something deeply tragic about her, so he watches.

She makes the sign of the cross, gets up to leave. He puts his head down so he is not seen staring at her. She passes by and he can feel the brush of death.

He makes his way over where she was grieving. Fresh daisies lay at the base of the memorial. He looks at the fresh granite stone - gold letters read:

*"In loving memory of Franz Johannes Roennfeldt, dearly beloved husband of Hannah, and their precious daughter Grace Ellen. Lost at sea. Watched over by God."*

His eyes search out the date: "April 26 1923" He is plunged into ice.

RALPH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tom!?

Ralph spies him from around the corner.

RALPH (CONT'D)

There you are. They've found him.  
Come on! Don't want to be late for  
your own daughter's christening!

INT. CHURCH. AFTERNOON.

Tom stands paralyzed beside Isabel, who holds Lucy in her arms. Across them, holding candles are THE GODPARENTS - Ralph and FREDa, Isabel's cousin. REVEREND NORKELS presides.

REVEREND NORKELS

Hath this child already been baptized  
or no?

PARENTS AND GODPARENTS

No.

The words echo off the sandstone walls.

REVEREND NORKELS

Dost thou, in the name of this  
child, renounce the devil and all his  
works?

PARENTS AND GODPARENTS

I renounce them all.

Tom's eyes widen and dart around. Sweat beads on his lip. He wonders if it's possible for others to hear his thundering heart. He looks sternly at his shiny boots. He flexes his foot against the stiff leather, immersing himself in pain.

REVEREND NORKELS

Almighty and ever-living God, you  
sent your only Son into the world to  
cast out the power of Satan to rescue  
man from the kingdom of darkness and  
bring him into the splendor of your  
kingdom on light. We pray for this  
child: set her free from sin, make  
her a temple of your glory...

Lucy is mesmerized by the fireworks of the stained glass.

INT. GRAYSMARKS. AFTERNOON.

The christening party gathers around the table, laughing and chattering. Lucy sits at a small table with some other KIDS.

Tom stands in the doorway to the garden, watches his wife - He desperately wants to talk to her.

But she is surrounded by people, in the midst of the celebration. She looks towards him - shoots him a look that says: "What's the matter?"

Tom can't tell her now, not amongst all the people. He feigns smoking a cigarette and goes outside.

EXT. GRAYSMARKS. GARDEN. AFTERNOON. LATER.

Ralph comes out to find Tom alone at the far end of the garden - pacing with a cigarette.

RALPH  
Quite a day, eh?

Tom nods. Offers Ralph a smoke. He takes it.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
You okay, mate?

TOM  
(hesitant)  
I saw this memorial in the churchyard today... Shook me up a bit. Some German fellow and his baby...

RALPH  
Oh... That was a terrible business... Lost at sea, in a rowboat. Must be almost two years ago now. Shocking. No one 'round here talks about it much.

Tom's torn between the need to know, and the fear of giving himself away.

TOM  
...What happened Ralph?

RALPH  
You heard of Septimus Potts - richest fella around here for miles?

Tom shakes his head "no."

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Has two girls. Raised them on his own after his wife died. Hannah and - and oh I forget the other one's name... But nice girls. Both went to a fancy boarding school up in Perth. Never wanted for a thing in their lives -

In the distance, Isabel opens the door, letting Lucy and SOME KIDS run out into the garden. She interrupts the story -

ISABEL  
 (calls out to Tom)  
 Can you keep an eye on them?

It takes Tom a second to nod a response.

We CUT to Isabel's perspective by the door - aware of Tom's awkward behavior. She shuts the door, watches him through the glass as he LISTENS to Ralph's story with grave intent.

INT. GRAYSMARK HOME. NIGHT.

Violet plays a song at the piano and Lucy dances to it - a little ballerina in the making. Isabel and her father sit on the sofa, watching the performance.

Tom stands IN THE KITCHEN, scraping food off the plates. He listens as the song ends and Isabel and Bill, clap, showing their love and appreciation.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Isabel stands.

ISABEL  
 We really better turn in. Got to be up at the crack of dawn for the boat.

Violet hugs her granddaughter, not wanting to let her go.

VIOLET  
 You've been SUCH a good girl today. I don't know what we'll do with ourselves when you go back tomorrow.

ISABEL  
 I promise we'll write, and tell you all her news. You won't miss a thing.  
 (to Lucy)  
 Go kiss Granddad, good-night.

Lucy does as she's told.

VIOLET  
 Oh, can't you just stay up all night and sleep past the alarm and miss your boat?

Isabel holds out her hand and Lucy runs to take it.

ISABEL  
 I wish, mom...  
 (calls to Tom)  
 Coming sweetheart?

Tom downs a drink, walks into the room, says "goodnight."

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Isabel sets Lucy on the ground near the suitcase...

ISABEL  
Get your book.

As she digs through her suitcase... Isabel turns to Tom, puts her arms around him, talks quietly. She is as happy as he's ever seen her.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Thank you... She's like a magic tonic. I'd bet our little girl means as much to my parents as she does to us. She's given them the world back.

She kisses him. No response.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
So, thank you. Thank you for giving me my parents back.

She kisses him again. Again, nothing.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
What is it? Oh sweetheart, something's been bothering you all day. I can tell.

Tom wants to tell her. But knows if he does, it will kill her.

TOM  
Stuffy in here... I think I need a some fresh air.

He kisses Lucy on the top of the head and quietly slips out on to the back veranda.

ISABEL  
Where are you going?

But he's already gone.

EXT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Tom sits in the darkness in a cane chair, his head in his hands. He can hear Isabel and Lucy in the room...

LUCY (O.S.)  
Where's Dadda?

ISABEL (O.S.)  
 He needs a little walk, darling.  
 Let's see what you picked... ooh it's  
 a singing book. I love this one.

He gets up and walks AWAY... We HEAR Isabel start to sing.

ISABEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*"Blow the wind southerly, southerly,  
 southerly... Blow the wind south over  
 the bonny blue sea..."*

EXT. POINT PARTAGEUSE. JETTY. EARLY MORNING.

Bill and Violet stand on the jetty with tears in their eyes.  
 They wave goodbye to their family on *The Windward Spirit*.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
*"Blow the wind southerly, southerly,  
 southerly... blow bonnie breeze, my  
 lover to me..."*

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. EARLY MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

From the stern, Isabel and Lucy and Tom wave goodbye to her  
 parents who stand, waving, on the Jetty.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
*"They told me last night there were  
 ships in the offing... and I hurried  
 down to the deep rolling sea..."*

We close in on Tom's face as he looks back toward the shore.

EXT. JANUS. LIGHTHOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Tom climbs the stairs to the top of the lighthouse. He looks  
 out over the ocean - the setting sun. His face distressed.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
*"But my eye could not see it  
 wherever might be it..."*

EXT. CHURCH. GRAVEYARD. MORNING.

The sun rises, its light warming the gravestones. The same  
 frail young woman kneels by the monument - HANNAH ROENNFELDT.

ISABEL (V.O.)  
*"The barque that is bearing my  
 lover to me..."*

She places fresh flowers by the foot of the memorial and walks away, devastated.

EXT. PARTAGEUSE. STREETS. VARIOUS.

She passes by a playground where children laugh and play before school starts. She is haunted by their laughter.

ISABEL (V.O.)

*"Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly... Blow bonnie breeze o'er the bonny blue sea..."*

EXT. PARTAGEUSE. EDGE OF TOWN. MORNING.

She walks through a lower-class neighborhood to a RICKETY CLAPBOARD HOUSE - her HOME.

ISABEL (V.O.)

*"Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly... Blow bonnie breeze, and bring him to me..."*

She checks her mail. The rusty iron letter-box creaks as she coaxes it open: it's as weary and reluctant to move as she.

Inside is a scrap of white paper... She blinks. A letter.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING.

The house is dark, curtains drawn. Cicadas rasp in the back veranda at a ferocious pitch.

At the dining table, Hannah looks at the letter - no stamp. After a beat, she takes a pearl-handled letter opener and slits the envelope, careful not to tear whatever is inside.

A small, single sheet, reads: *"Don't fret for her. The baby is safe. Loved and well cared for, and always will be. Your husband is at peace in God's hands. I hope this brings you comfort. Pray for me."*

Her heart hammers at her lungs as she struggles to breathe.

HANNAH

Gwen? Gwen, could you come here a minute?

Her sister, GWEN comes from the bedroom, carrying her embroidery.

GWEN

Were you calling me, Hanny?

Hannah does not speak, just nods toward the letter.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

SERGEANT VERNON KNUCKEY, the senior policeman in Point Partageuse, sits comfortably behind his desk. Across from him sits Hannah and Gwen and their father, SEPTIMUS POTTS.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

(to Gwen)

And you didn't see anyone unusual around the house, Miss Potts?

GWEN

No one... No one comes around, usually.

Knuckey jots something down.

SEPTIMUS

Well?

Knuckey realizes that the question is directed at him. He examines the letter again.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Not much to go on, I'm afraid.

HANNAH

Surely it must contain clues...

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

A cruel piece of mischief-making, looks like.

He hands the letter back to Hannah.

HANNAH

But someone knows she's alive!

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

I reckon it's about time to bury the hatchet against Fritz.

He stands, shows the family to the door.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)

All a filthy business, but there's no need for pranks like this. I'd keep it under your hat, the note. Don't want to encourage copycats.

He hands the letter to Septimus, nods to Gwen. Hannah hasn't moved from her chair.

HANNAH

That's it...? Aren't you going to do anything? My little girl is alive!

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Ma'am... I will file the necessary reports and let you know of any news that comes along.

HANNAH

News!? We have to save her!

Eyes all around. Septimus puts his hand on her shoulder.

SEPTIMUS

Come on girlie. This isn't over yet -

Hannah reluctantly gets up, takes the letter out of her father's hand...

EXT/INT. STONE MANSION ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. NIGHT.

Hannah inspects the letter by candle light. Septimus brings a pot of tea, pours her another cup of tea.

HANNAH

Why would someone bother to write a note lying about something like this, completely out of the blue, if it weren't true?

SEPTIMUS

I tell you what, sweetheart, what say I double the reward? I'll make it two thousand guineas. If anyone really knows anything, we'll soon find out.

At least it's something. He kisses her on the cheek and leaves for bed. Hannah turns back to the letter, reads it to herself over and over again, trying to decode it's every meaning.

HANNAH

*"Your husband is in God's hands."*

INT. MAISE MCPHEE'S BOOKSHOP. DAY. YEARS AGO.

There is a commotion inside the shop - a man with fair hair and blue eyes, FRANK ROENNFELDT, stands at the counter next to the owner, MAISE. They are both under attack from a angry MATRON. The door opens and Hannah, looking younger and healthier, walks in on the scene.

MATRON

The very notion that you could sell books that support the Germans - I lost a son and a grandson to those animals, and I don't expect to see you, sending them money like a Red Cross parcel.

Maise stands speechless. Frank smiles and speaks with an accent. He holds the book toward her.

FRANK

I'm sorry if I caused any offense, ma'am. It is not Miss McPhee's fault. You see? It's only poetry.

MATRON

Poetry, my foot! Not a decent word ever came out of their mouths! I heard we had a Hun in town working at the bakery, but I didn't think you'd be bold enough to rub it in our faces like this! And as for you...

(turns to Maise)

Your father must be turning in his blessed grave.

FRANK

Please, I am very sorry. Miss McPhee, please keep the book. I did not mean to offend anyone.

He puts a ten-shilling note on the counter and walks out, brushing past Hannah without noticing her. The matron storms out after him, clacking her cane down the street.

Maise and Hannah look at each other for a moment... Awkward.

MAISE

Got your list there, Miss Potts?

Hannah hands her a reading list and her attention wanders to the abandoned book on the counter - a dainty volume bound in forest-green leather. She opens it: "*Das Studienbuch* - Rainer Maria Rilke." She takes out two pounds...

HANNAH

And, do you mind if I take this too?

Maise looks at her with surprise.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's about time we all put the past behind us, don't you think?

She starts wrapping it in brown paper.

INT. BAKERS. MOMENTS LATER. YEARS AGO.

The bell above the door rings - Hannah walks in, holding the little parcel. She takes in the ultra-clean surroundings.

Moments later Frank walks out of the back, tying on an apron.

FRANK  
Good afternoon, Ms...

HANNAH  
I - I think you left this in the bookshop...

Frank comes near, takes the book from her, brushing his hand against her's. He looks at her, the blue of his eyes reflecting a pool of deep gratitude and emotion.

FRANK  
Thank you.

HANNAH  
You're welcome.

FRANK  
I'm Frank Roennfeldt. Pleased to meet you...

HANNAH  
Hannah... Potts... Welcome to Partageuse, Mr. Roennfeldt. I hope you like it here.

Eyes and hearts locked.

INT. STONE MANSION. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. YEARS AGO.

Septimus paces as Hannah sits.

SEPTIMUS  
Are you out of your mind, girl?  
Marrying a German bloody baker.

HANNAH  
He's Austrian... Not that that should make a difference anyway.

SEPTIMUS  
Do I have to take you down to the Veteran's Home, and show you the boys gibbering like idiots because of the gas?

HANNAH

Frank wasn't even in the war - he was interned. He's never hurt a soul.

SEPTIMUS

Show some sense. You're a decent looking girl. There's plenty of fellows hereabouts - hell, in Perth or Sydney or even Melbourne - would be honored to have you as a wife.

HANNAH

Honored to have your money, you mean.

SEPTIMUS

I worked like a dog to get where I am. And I'm not ashamed of what I am or where I came from. But you, you've got a chance of something better.

HANNAH

I want a chance to live my own life.

SEPTIMUS

Look, if you want to do charity work you can go and live out with the natives on the mission. Or work in the orphanage for that matter. You don't have to marry it...

HANNAH

You can't stop me...

SEPTIMUS

Can't save you, you mean.

(beat)

You may not give a damn what this will mean for me, but have care for your sister. You know how folks around here will take this.

HANNAH

Folks round here are hypocrites!

SEPTIMUS

I never thought I'd hear myself say this, my girl, but if you marry that man it will be without my blessing. And without my money.

Hannah stands up, straight and very still.

HANNAH

If that's how you want it to be, Dad, that's how it will be...

INT. CHURCH. MORNING. YEARS AGO.

Reverend Norkells resides. Hannah looks over the sparsely attended service - her father is nowhere to be seen. She looks into the eyes of her husband to be. This is her choice. And she is in love.

FRANK (V.O.)  
(singing in German)  
*"Sleep, baby, sleep..."*

INT. DR. SUMPTON'S OFFICE. DAY. YEARS AGO.

Hannah, in the throes of labor, gives birth to a baby girl.

FRANK (V.O.)  
*"...The father herds the sheep -  
The mother shakes a little tree..."*

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING. YEARS AGO.

Frank rocks the baby girl in the cradle, sings with a lilting tenor voice - SCHLAF, KINDLEIN, SCHLAF.

FRANK  
*"...It falls down a little dream -  
Sleep, baby, sleep."*

He turns to Hannah, faces glowing with love.

INT. CHURCH. MID DAY. YEARS AGO.

Norkels stands beside the font, alcohol on his breath.

REVEREND NORKELS  
Hath this child been baptized or no?

Frank stands beside Hannah, who holds the baby in her arms. Across them, holding candles are THE GODPARENTS - Gwen and Frank's UNCLE CLIVE.

PARENTS AND GODPARENTS  
No.

Hannah looks around, the church is largely empty, save for a handful of friends - typical.

REVEREND NORKELS  
Dost thou, in the name of this child,  
renounce the devil and all his works?

PARENTS AND GODPARENTS  
I renounce them all.

As Norkells continues, the door to the church creaks open in response to a tentative push. Hannah's heart lifts at the sight of her father, led by Gwen, making his way slowly to kneel in the last pew. Frank whispers in Hannah's ear -

FRANK  
You see? God makes everything work  
out in his own time.

REVEREND NORKELS  
Name this child.

HANNAH  
Grace Ellen.

FRANK  
Grace Ellen.

Septimus watches - a humbled man.

REVEREND NORKELS (CONT'D)  
Grace Ellen, I baptize thee in the  
name of the Father, and of the Son,  
and of the Holy Ghost.

GRACE ELLEN stares, fascinated, at the stained glass windows.

EXT. CHURCH. MID DAY. YEARS AGO.

Hannah and Frank pose for a picture with Grace and her Godparents. Frank notices Septimus and Gwen standing alone against the mallee trees. He asks Bernie Gutcher, the photographer, to wait up a moment. He runs over to them and asks them to be in the picture.

Septimus hesitates but Gwen and Frank convince him. They follow Frank back into the picture. Hannah hands her father the baby, wrapped in a blanket. Frank stands in the back of the picture, filled with joy, arms around his family.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. FRONT ROOM. LATE DAY. YEARS AGO.

Out of the corner of his eye, Septimus sizes up the cracks in the plaster and holes in the rug. He pulls Hannah aside and takes out his wallet.

SEPTIMUS  
Let me give you a little something -  
now that you have a little one...

Embarrassed, Hannah pushes his hand back down.

HANNAH  
It's all right, Dad. But we can  
manage on our own. Come visit soon.

She kisses him on the cheek.

SEPTIMUS

She'll have the best that money can buy... I'll see to it.

He leans down, kisses the baby on the forehead.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. BEDROOM. YEARS AGO.

Frank lays in bed as Hannah paces in her nightgown.

HANNAH

Argh! He thinks he can buy me back with his money. After what he did to you... Did you see the way he was looking at our house?

Frank laughs, genuinely amused by his wife's anger...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How can you laugh?

FRANK

Because you are adorable when you're angry.

She gets into bed with him.

HANNAH

Seriously... You've had so much strife in your life - but you're always happy. How? How do you do it?

He smiles that "Frank smile."

FRANK

Oh, my treasure... You only have to forgive once. To resent, you have to do it all day, every day. You have to keep remembering all the bad things. That's a lot of work!

(laughs, pretends to wipe sweat from his brow)

We always have a choice. All of us.

She leans in to kiss him on his lips. She loves this man.

EXT. BAKERY. DUSK. YEARS AGO.

Frank locks up for the night, carrying two loaves of bread. Hannah waits outside, as she always does, to greet him with a kiss and accompany him home. She holds baby Grace.

Frank peeks inside the bundle, covers his daughter with kisses and warmth and affection.

EXT. TOWN STREETS. DUSK. CONTINUOUS. YEARS AGO.

The young family strolls home through the town streets as they always do. But tonight, it's different. It is Anzac Day.

The pubs are full - of men who were there, or lost brothers there. The streets are buzzing with an energy and an edge.

Frank wraps his arm around Hannah's waist. She carries Grace, who looks up into a darkening blue sky - stars begin to appear.

Hannah feels safe again, fortunate to have her family - for a moment. She HEARS a WHISTLE, looks across the street, SEES a couple of BOYS standing outside a pub.

'BOY'

Bloody Hun!

She stumbles on a cobblestone. Frank takes baby Grace into his arms, snatches the cardigan draped on his wife's arm to cover her, and they walk more quickly, heads down.

The boys in the pub decide this is fine sport, and spill out onto the street. The fellows from the other pubs along the main drag come out too, then one wag, JOE RAFFERTY, decides it will be a great joke to swipe Frank's hat, and does.

HANNAH

Oh leave us alone Joe Rafferty!

They keep up a brisk pace. The mob mimic's her fear -

JOE RAFFERTY

Leave us alone!

HANNAH

Go back to the pub and leave us alone.

JOE RAFFERTY

Bloody Fritz! All the same - cowards!

(turns to the mob)

You know Fritz used to eat babies.  
Roasted them alive, evil bastards!

HANNAH

Go away or we'll get the police!

She FREEZES at the sight of HARRY GARSTONE and BOB LYNCH, the police constables, standing on the hotel veranda, schooners in hand, smirking behind waxed moustaches.

MOB VOICE  
Come on, lads, let's have some fun  
with the Hun-lovers!

Suddenly, like a struck match, the scene's alight...

MOB VOICE 2  
Let's save the baby from being eaten!

...And a DOZEN DRUNKS are chasing the couple and Hannah is falling behind because her girdle stops her from breathing properly and she is screaming...

HANNAH  
Grace, Frank! Save Grace!

...And he runs with the little bundle away from the mob who are corralling him down the road to the jetty, and his heart is thumping and out of rhythm and pain shoots down his arm as he runs along the rickety planks above the water and JUMPS into the first rowing boat he can find and rows out to sea...

...out to safety...

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. WATCH ROOM. MORNING.

The ocean is blustery and whipped white with foam. Tom looks out over the island from high above.

He SEES Lucy trotting happily behind Isabel as they gather eggs. She is no longer a toddler. She's grown into a real little girl now. Nearly 2 YEARS HAVE PASSED.

EXT/INT. CHICKEN COOP. MORNING.

Lucy uses two hands to pick up each egg. She puts each egg to her cheek and reports either "still warm!" or "tone cold!" When appropriate, she places them carefully in Isabel's basket. She thanks each hen for their contribution.

LUCY  
Thank you, Daphne. Thank you, Speckle.

INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN. DAY.

Lucy cracks an egg into a bowl. Isabel is at the cupboard.

ISABEL  
Chocolate or vanilla, what do you  
think Dadda wants?

LUCY  
Chocolate.

ISABEL

OK! Mix it up real good sweetheart.

She pours cocoa into the bowl. Lucy stirs with great passion and focus. As it thickens, she lets out a little groan.

INT. COTTAGE. DAY.

They sit at the table in front of a hefty atlas.

ISABEL

What do you want to write in the front?

LUCY

For my Dadda, love for ever and ever.

Isabel holds the pen, her fingers around Lucy's, to inscribe in jerky letters, as instructed...

LUCY (CONT'D)

More...

ISABEL

More what?

LUCY

More "ever." "Ever and ever and ever and ever..."

Isabel laughs, and the dedication trails like a caterpillar across the page.

ISABEL

What comes next? Shall we say, "From your loving daughter Lucy?"

LUCY

From Lulu Lighthouse.

The little girl shapes the letters with her mother until she gets bored, and climbs off her knee in mid-stroke.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Mamma finish it.

So Isabel completes the signature, and adds, "(Per Isabel Sherbourne, scribe of the above mentioned signatory)."

INT. COTTAGE. LATE DAY.

Tom unwraps the parcel, a difficult maneuver with Lucy's hands over his eyes.

LUCY  
It's an antless!

Tom takes in the present — BROWNS STAR ATLAS — genuinely moved by it's combination of thoughtfulness and innocence. He smiles, turns to Isabel.

TOM  
Lucy's a clever girl, isn't she,  
organizing this?

LUCY  
Read, Dadda. Inside...

Tom opens the cover, sees the dedication. He smiles, but the words stab him. He puts his lips to the top of Lucy's head.

TOM  
It's just beaut', Lulu Lighthouse.  
The loveliest present I ever had.

EXT. JANUS. VARIOUS. DAY.

Lucy sits on Tom's shoulders. She stabs a finger to the left!

LUCY  
This way!

Tom alters course, carries her down the field. They search for something.

TOM  
You better call for her, sweetheart.  
She trusts your voice.

LUCY  
Flossy - !

TOM  
That's good.

There is no sign of what they are looking for in the cove.

TOM (CONT'D)  
How many words do you know that sound  
like goat?

LUCY  
Boat!

TOM  
That's right. Any more?

LUCY  
Boat?

TOM  
(laughs)  
What do you wear when it's cold?

LUCY  
My jumper.

TOM  
Yes, but what do you wear when it's cold that sounds like goat? Starts with a 'kuh' sound....

LUCY  
Coat!

He reaches up and tickles her tummy. Then he stops because he sees something.

TOM  
Shhh. Look... down there, Luce...

Tom points down to a stray goat wandering near the beach.

LUCY  
Flossie! Let's run, Dadda!

TOM  
Let's not, bunny rabbit. Don't want to scare her away. Let's be quiet -

He lifts Lucy high over his shoulders and lowers her to the grass. He doesn't notice, at first, where he is setting her -

TOM (CONT'D)  
You stay here while I go get her.

Rope in hand, Tom walks up to the goat.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Right, Flossie. Come on, now, no bugging about. Stay still...

The goat looks up and trots a few paces away. Tom gives chase and ends up falling on his face a few times. Lucy laughs. It's kind of like watching an old silent comedy.

Finally he catches her by the collar and fastens the rope.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Got you!

He turns to face his daughter, smiling. And in a split second, he is washed over with shock at what he sees -

Lucy is sitting on a slight mound, where the grass grows thick - her real father's grave -

TOM (CONT'D)  
Get away from there, now! Lucy! Off  
that right now! NOW!

Lucy's face puckers and tears come with the shock - she has never been shouted at before. He races to pick her up.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Lulu. Sorry baby. I didn't  
mean to scare you. This is just not  
a good place to sit, love.

He holds her in his arms as she slowly settles down. He looks down at his hands and becomes acutely aware that the hands that now touch her are the hands that heaved her father into the grave. He closes his eyes. Feels a patting on his cheeks.

LUCY  
Dadda! Look at me!

He opens his eyes, looks at her in silence.

TOM  
We should take Flossie home... Can  
you hold the rope?

She nods and he wraps it around her hand, carrying her back up the hill on his hip.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE. WATCH ROOM. NIGHT.

A MESSAGE is received. Tom reads it. "SPECIAL COMMEMORATION - JANUS' 40 YEAR ANNIVERSARY - REQUEST YOUR PRESENCE -"

INT. COTTAGE. AFTERNOON.

Lucy sits on Isabel's knee and points to the photo album on her lap. She looks at a baby picture of herself - taken at Gutchner's photo studio a few years back.

LUCY  
That's me! But I was only little  
then. Now I'm a big girl.

ISABEL  
You certainly are, sweetie. Who's  
that?

LUCY  
Mamma's mamma!

ISABEL  
Yes. We call her Grandma.

IN THE BEDROOM, Tom packs his best, and only, suit. He looks DOWN THE HALLWAY at his wife and child - a child who's face is giving hints of her future self - dark hair rather than the earlier blonde shade, and enquiring eyes, fair skin. The physical realization of her heritage gnaws away at him.

ISABEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 She's going to be very excited to see you, I know it.

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Isabel kisses Tom good-night, blows out her reading candle, and lays next to him in bed. Tom stares at the ceiling...

TOM  
 Do you ever wonder what her real mother looks like?

ISABEL  
 (horrified)  
 I am her real mother.

Silence.

TOM  
 You know what I'm saying...

Silence.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Don't you think people are going to start to notice?

ISABEL  
 Notice what?

TOM  
 She doesn't look anything like us.

ISABEL  
 Please, Tom. Stop it.

TOM  
 Pretty soon, she's going to notice...

She kicks off the covers and leaves Tom alone in the room.

EXT/INT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. DAY.

Bluey does magic tricks for Lucy on the deck. He has her in stitches. Isabel watches too, though she is a bit preoccupied. She looks up at Tom, who sits with Ralph in the bridge - another private conversation.

INSIDE the BRIDGE. Ralph steers the ship. Tom sits next to him, watching his wife and daughter through the glass.

RALPH  
Don't stay little forever, do they?

Tom doesn't answer - he has a question of his own. For weeks he has been anticipating this moment. He clears his throat.

TOM  
Have you ever... done anything wrong, Ralph?

RALPH  
(laughs it off)  
The hell's that supposed to mean?

TOM  
I'm talking about... putting something right.

RALPH  
What are you trying to say, Tom?

Tom is very still, sensing the bodily relief that will follow the unburdening of the truth about Lucy. He's about to speak, but then catches sight of Isabel on the deck - the pain and torment of her miscarriages comes back.

TOM  
I'll never know their names...

RALPH  
Whose names?

Tom hesitates, poised on the edge of a chasm.

TOM  
The men I killed.

Ralph weighs his response...

RALPH  
Well, that's what you do in a war.  
Kill or be killed.

TOM  
The more time passes, the madder everything I've done seems.

Tom feels pressed into a vice. He struggles for breath, suddenly shaking.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I just want to do the right thing, Ralph.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Tell me what the right fucking thing to do is! I - I can't stand this! I can't do it anymore.

Ralph looks at him with a mix of concern and confusion.

RALPH

Easy does it, son... Right and wrong can be like bloody snakes: so tangled up that you can't tell which is which until you've shot 'em both, and then it's too late.

Ralph scrapes at a callus on his finger.

RALPH (CONT'D)

If I had a son, I'd be proud if he turned out half as well as you.

Tom looks ahead at his wife and daughter, silhouetted against the setting sun.

INT. CITY HALL. DAY.

The Mayor of Partageuse, JOCK JOHNSON, stands at a podium in mid-speech.

JOCK JOHNSON

Forty years ago, today, Janus light was first lit. And for forty years it has been a beacon of security in the face of danger, providing a mantle of safety for 30 miles.

Tom sits on the stage next to MUNICIPAL ENGINEERS and HARBOR AND LIGHTS EMPLOYEES. He looks out into a crowded hall of people - Isabel sits with her parents, Lucy is on grandpa Bill's knee. She gives a little wave to her daddy - he flutters a few fingers in response...

A worker unveils a replica of Janus lighthouse on the table before the podium. Polite applause.

JOCK JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This model was paid for by our local benefactor, Mr. Septimus Potts. I'm delighted that Mr. Potts and his two charming daughters, Hannah and Gwen, could attend our gathering today.

He gestures to Septimus, sitting in the front row next to his daughters - Gwen and Hannah. Polite applause from the crowd.

It takes a second before Tom recognizes Hannah, with a sick lurch, as the girl from the cemetery. He glances at Isabel, who smiles and applauds with the rest of the audience, unaware.

JOCK JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And, of course we have the honor of having three of the last five lightkeepers here with us on stage - including our current keeper, Mr. Thomas Sherbourne. I'm sure Tom would be delighted to say a few words about life on Janus rock today.

Tom freezes. No one mentioned a speech. The audience claps.

JOCK JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Up you get, sport.

Tom gets to his feet, heart thudding, and walks to the lectern as if to the gallows.

TOM

I wasn't expecting this.

A smattering of laughter ripples through the audience. He wipes his palms on the sides of his trousers, and grips the lectern for support... Silence.

TOM (CONT'D)

Life on Janus today...

He looks out, makes eye contact with Hannah, then Isabel.

TOM (CONT'D)

Janus light was designed by some pretty smart characters, and built by some pretty brave ones. I just try and do them justice. Keep the light burning... There are dozens of lighthouses all around the coast - Plenty more fellows like me, trying to make the ships safe, keeping the light for whoever might need it, even though we'll mostly never see them or know who they are... Can't think what else to say, really. Except you can never tell what the tide's going to bring in from one day to the next - everything that two oceans fling at us...

He turns abruptly to sit down. There's a moderate applause from the bemused audience.

RALPH

You all right, mate?

TOM  
Not too keen on surprises...

INT. CITY HALL. BANQUET ROOM. EVENING.

Tom watches Hannah from across the room - she stands uncomfortably next to her father. He is busy shaking hands with many locals. When Bob Lynch approaches, Hannah walks away from the conversation, seemingly troubled.

She walks over near her sister, Gwen, who is being introduced to Isabel and Lucy by Mrs. Hasluck.

MRS. CAPTAIN HASLUCK  
Gwen, you know, Isabel Sherbourne,  
don't you?

Gwen hesitates for a moment.

MRS. CAPTAIN HASLUCK (CONT'D)  
*Graysmark.* You'd know her as Isabel  
Graysmark.

GWEN  
Of course - I know who you are.  
You're father's the headmaster.

ISABEL  
Yes.

Gwen gestures to Hannah a few feet away.

GWEN  
Hannah, did you realize Mr.  
Sherbourne who gave that speech just  
now is married to Isabel Graysmark?  
You know, the headmaster's daughter.

HANNAH  
No, I didn't know.

The gaunt face slowly turns toward Isabel.

ISABEL  
Hello.

HANNAH  
Nice to meet you.

Her eyes dart down to the little girl in her arms - she is instantly disarmed, softened, in awe of the child.

GWEN  
What's your little one's name?

ISABEL

Lucy.

GWEN

Lovely name.

Hannah reaches out to touch Lucy's arm.

HANNAH

Lucy.

Lucy is hypnotized by the woman's touch.

LUCY

Mamma.

Both women blink. She turns to Isabel.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Mamma, I'm sleepy.

Tom approaches the group. Isabel is relieved to have him interject this awkward social encounter. She holds his arm.

ISABEL

Oh Tom, this is Hannah and Gwen Potts. Their father is responsible for this whole event. This is my husband, Tom.

Hannah finally tears her eyes away from the child, looks at Tom directly.

HANNAH

You don't remember me, do you?

Tom feels sweat bead on his brow.

TOM

I'm sorry...?

HANNAH

It was a long time ago now. We met on a boat. It ~~was years~~ ago now...

Tom registers the memory. Isabel looks anxiously from one to the other.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your husband rescued me from a fellow who - well, who was bothering me. On a boat from Sydney.

(to Tom)

I always wanted to say thank you... for helping me... You were very brave to do it... So, thank you...

TOM

No need thanking me. Anyone would  
have done the same.

There is a heavy silence. Lucy holds out her arms to Tom.

LUCY

Dadda.

The child puts her arms around his neck, climbs onto him  
resting her head against his chest. She listens to the  
drumbeat of his heart.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I can hear your heart beating Dadda.

Laughter. There is an awkward moment between the adults.  
Isabel looks to Tom - wonders what else he's hiding.

HANNAH

I liked what you said, earlier, about  
the light being there for whoever  
needed it.

(takes a moment)

Could I ask you something, Mr.  
Sherbourne?

TOM

(filled with dread)

What's that?

HANNAH

Do ships ever rescue people far out  
to sea? Have you ever heard of boats  
being picked up? Survivors taken to  
the other side of the world, perhaps?  
I was just wondering whether you'd  
ever come across stories...

TOM

(clearing his throat)

When it comes to the ocean,  
anything's possible, I suppose.

HANNAH

I see... thank you.

(turns to Gwen)

I think I'm ready for home. Will  
you say goodbye to dad for me? I  
don't want to interrupt him.

(to Tom and Isabel)

Excuse me...

She is about to leave when Lucy gives her a little wave.

LUCY

Bye-bye...

HANNAH

Bye-bye.

Hannah tries to smile, however, she can't hold back tears.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You have a very lovely daughter.  
Excuse me...

She hurries through the door.

GWEN

So sorry about that... She had a terrible tragedy a few years ago. Family lost at sea - her husband, and a daughter who would have been you're girl's age by now. She's always asking that sort of thing. Seeing little ones sets her off... I'd better go and see she's all right. Lovely meeting you both.

She hurries off, after her sister. Tom and Isabel are left alone with Lucy. They are shell shocked. Tom looks at Isabel, sees the realization, the panic, the fear build in her eyes.

She hurries through the crowd.

INT. CITY HALL. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Isabel retches violently. A GECKO clinging to the wall watches her in silence.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. NIGHT.

Isabel sleeps in bed. Her mother closes the door to her room and rejoins Tom and Bill in the lounge.

VIOLET

Don't know what came over her... Do you think it was the food?

BILL

We all ate it. I'm sure it's just sheer exhaustion. She doesn't really get a break on the island, does she now?

Tom stays silent - not going to take the bait.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. BEDROOM. MORNING.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, Lucy plays with a tea set in the grass.

INSIDE, Tom sits on the bed next to Isabel. He gently wakes her up. Whispers...

Isabel. TOM

She opens her eyes, won't look at him directly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Izz. We have to tell people, now.

Her eyes fill with tears.

TOM (CONT'D)  
...It's over.

She covers her face with her forearm, overcome with emotion.

ISABEL  
It's too late.

Tom tries, unsuccessfully, to pry her arm away. She rolls to her side, attempting to disappear completely.

TOM  
You saw her today. You saw what we've done to her... We can't let it go on. Sweatheart, we can't - we can't do it anymore - we have to do what's right.

ISABEL  
(lashes out)  
We have to do what's right - for Lucy. Not you. Not me. Not her. But for Lucy.

Tom and Isabel stare into each other's eyes - stalemate.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Hannah lays awake in her bed, staring at the ceiling...

She HEARS - the groan of the hinges on the letter-box. She LOOKS - at the clock, whose eerie numerals signal three a.m.

She creeps out of bed, peers from the doorway - nothing. Again, she hears the iron clang of the box, this time caught by the breeze.

EXT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NIGHT.

With a storm lantern lighting her way, she ventures through the front door, careful not to wake her sister. Her pale feet make no sound on the path.

The door to the letter-box swings gently back and forth, giving glimpses of a shape inside. She holds the lantern closer and the outline of a small oblong emerges - a parcel.

She pulls it out - it's not much bigger than her hand, wrapped in brown paper. It makes a rattling noise.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The package is addressed to her. She uses her sewing scissors to cut the string and open it -

- It's the silver rattle. The same one her father gave to his granddaughter many years ago. Beneath the rattle is a note:

*"She is safe. She is loved & cared for. Please pray for me."*

HANNAH  
Gwen! Gwen, quick!

She hammers on her sister's door.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Look at this! She's alive! Grace is alive. I knew it!

Gwen stumbles from her room, groggy, ready to hear another outlandish story. Hannah hands her the rattle, the note. Back to the wall, she slides to the ground, weeping and laughing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
I told you... She's alive... Grace is alive... she's alive...

Gwen touches the rattle as though it were an egg that might hatch a monster.

EXT. JANUS. JETTY. LATE MORNING.

Bill and Violet both have tears in their eyes as they watch the boat cast off. Deflated, Bill turns away.

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. LATE MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

Tom and Isabel watch the shore fall away from them. They argue, each with opposing views on what is "right" and what is "wrong." We see Tom's anger come out. Isabel walks away.

INT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. CONTROL ROOM. LATE MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

Bluey and Ralph watch the episode from high above in the control room.

BLUEY

Cripes, things seem a bit frosty  
between them.

RALPH

Piece of free advice, Blue - never  
try and work out what's going on in  
someone else's marriage.

Bluey takes the advice to heart, gets back to work.

INT. POLICE STATION. MORNING.

Septimus stands before Sergeant Knuckey's desk, chin up,  
chest out, like a prizefighter. Hannah and Gwen sit.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Mr. Potts, we're not for a minute  
doubting you can recognize your own  
purchases. But I'm sure you'll  
appreciate that it doesn't prove  
the child's alive.

SEPTIMUS

You must investigate it! Why would  
someone have waited until now to hand  
it in? In the middle of the night?  
Not tried to claim the reward?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

All due respect, but how the bloody  
hell would I know?

SEPTIMUS

That's enough of that language, thank  
you very much - there are ladies  
present!

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

I apologize... We will be  
investigating, I can assure you.

SEPTIMUS

How exactly?

INT. GUTCHER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO. FRONT OF SHOP. DAY.

CONSTABLE LYNCH stands at the counter and pulls the silver  
rattle from a felt bag.

BERNIE GUTCHER

Since when have you been interested  
in babies?

CONSTABLE LYNCH  
 Since it was about evidence.

INT. GUTCHER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO. BACK OF SHOP. DAY.

While Bernie sets up his shot, Lynch look around the studio at some of Gutchner's past work - portraits of the local football team, Harry Garstone and his mother, and Bill and Violet Graysmark with their daughter and granddaughter.

A FLASHCUBE POPS.

EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

The photograph, showing the rattle next to a ruler for scale, is pinned to the notice-board outside the police station. Beside it is a notice from Septimus Potts, announcing that the reward for information leading to the safe return of his granddaughter now stands at *three thousand guineas*.

Bluey, who had been passing by the police station, is stopped in his tracks - STARING AT THE RATTLE - moment of recognition -

INT. JANUS. LIGHTHOUSE. WATCH ROOM. DAY.

At first, Tom thinks he's imagining the shape of the *Windward Spirit* as it approaches. He gets out his binoculars to SEE IT - lashed over rough waters. Dread crawls up Tom's spine -

INT/EXT. JANUS. KEEPER'S COTTAGE. DAY.

Lucy plays in the long grass behind the cottage.

Isabel watches her through the kitchen window. She hears Tom's voice *calling out*, she turns and sees him come inside - he's out of breath.

TOM  
 Store boat's coming. Where's Lucy?

ISABEL  
 She's playing...

She looks toward the ocean. Sees the ship - getting closer.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
 Why's the boat coming? It's only been a week...

Tom looks into her - a moment of reckoning.

Her eyes fill with terror. She backs away toward the wall. He clasps her arms, pulls her close to him...

TOM  
Do what I say and you'll be OK. I'll tell them it was me, all right? That it was all my idea - and I forced you to go along with it. Isabel!?

ISABEL  
(in denial)  
What are you talking about?

TOM  
Isabel. I need you to listen to me. As long as you go along with that story no one will touch you... you'll be safe. Understand? I'll protect you. I promise...

Realization sinking in - she bunches her hair in her fists.

ISABEL  
What have you done?

TOM  
I had to do something.

She wriggles out of his grip and launches at him, her fists pounding his chest, his face.

ISABEL  
You might as well have *killed* me!

Tom stands, absorbing the words that hurt more than the repeated blows. He searches her face for some hint of her love, but she is full of icy fury. She retreats the bedroom.

EXT. JANUS. JETTY. SOME TIME LATER.

The swell is treacherous - it takes all Ralph's skill of to dock without smashing the jetty.

Tom makes his way down the slope to the boat, nods to Ralph. Ralph just looks down.

Neville Whittnish emerges from the boat, followed by THREE POLICEMEN - Knuckey, Garstone, and SERGEANT SPRAGG.

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
Thomas Edward Sherbourne?

TOM  
That's right.

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
 Sergeant Spragg, Albany Police.  
 We're here about Frank Roennfeldt  
 and his daughter, Grace.

It is a king-hit, knocking the breath out of Tom for a moment. Spragg fishes a piece of cardboard from his pocket.

SERGEANT SPRAGG (CONT'D)  
 Do you recognize this, sir?

Pasted in the cardboard is a photograph of the rattle. Tom takes it in. He glances up at the cliff towards their cottage. He gives a great sigh, as though relieved of physical weight, and hangs his head, eyes closed. He feels a hand on his shoulder. It is Ralph's.

RALPH  
 Tom. Tom, son... What the hell's  
 been going on out here?

INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE. DAY. LATER.

Tom opens the door. Spragg leads the men in. Isabel is inside.

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
 Where's the child?

ISABEL  
 Out back.

Spragg looks out the window - child plays in the tall grass.

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
 Someone sent this to Mrs. Roennfeldt  
 last week.

He shows her the cardboard photograph.

SERGEANT SPRAGG (CONT'D)  
 Looks like the same person who sent  
 her a letter getting on two years ago.

Isabel looks at Tom - betrayed.

TOM  
 She doesn't know anything about it...  
 You need to talk to me, not her.

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
 I'll be making the decisions around  
 here thank you very much.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 (interrupts, to Isabel)  
 We'll want to ask you some questions  
 once we've spoken to your husband.

Spragg is visibly challenged by this.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)  
 Don't stray too far.

Isabel looks to Tom. He nods for her to go. Knuckey gestures to Garstone to go outside and keep an eye on her.

EXT. LONG GRASS NEAR CLIFF SIDE. DAY.

Isabel sits by Lucy, as Lucy hosts a tea party for her dolls. She offers Isabel a cup, but Isabel is dazed -

LUCY  
 Mama... Some tea?

Isabel snaps out of it, for the briefest of moments - long enough to take a tiny cup and thank her daughter.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Some sugar?

But Isabel is too preoccupied with the harsh realities at hand to play make believe... In the distance she sees Garstone standing by the cottage - watching her. And in the cottage window, she sees Tom spilling his guts to the policemen - he's supposed to protect his family, not rip it apart.

She looks out over the cliff: there is so much air, yet she struggles for breath. Her mind races to possible escapes - she could just jump. But then she remembers her daughter and their tea party... and she takes a sip of the imaginary tea.

INT. COTTAGE. DAY

Tom sits at the table, interrogated by the police. Knuckey writes notes while Spragg paces with malcontent.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 You're pretty used to being the king  
 of the castle out here, aren't you?  
 Reckon you can get away with  
 things... No one around.

TOM  
 It had nothing to do with getting  
 away with things.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

You decided you might as well keep the baby out here. Your wife had lost yours. No one would ever know. That it?

TOM

I told you: I made the decision. I made her go along with it.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

Knock your wife around, do you?

TOM

Is that what you think?

SERGEANT SPRAGG

That why she lost the baby?

TOM

(deep breath)

Look, I've told you what happened. She tried to talk me out of it. I'm guilty of whatever you say I'm guilty of, so let's just get this over, and leave my wife out of it.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

Don't try to tell me what to do. I'll do what I decide to do when I'm good and ready.

Knuckey pushes out his chair from the table, folds his arms.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Let's talk about the man in the boat.

TOM

The body?

SERGEANT SPRAGG

The man.

Tom looks at him, sizing up the rephrasing.

TOM

What about him?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

What state was he in when you found him?

TOM

He was dead.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

You sure about that?

TOM

I've seen enough bodies in my time.

Knuckey stands up, moves to the door, opens it.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Well you're going to need to see one more. Come now. Show us.

EXT. JANUS. BEACH. DAY.

Armed with shovels the police dig up Frank's body. Tom watches from nearby. He looks up at the cliff, sees Isabel standing with Lucy in her arms, flanked by police.

EXT. WINDWARD SPIRIT. DAY.

The boat pulls away from Janus. Lucy sits on Isabel's lap.

LUCY

Where are we going, mamma?

ISABEL

Back to Partageuse, sweetheart.

LUCY

Why?

Isabel throws Tom a look. Hugs the child tighter.

ISABEL

I don't really know why, Lucy. But we have to go.

The child climbs down from her mother's knee and clambers up onto Tom. He holds her wordlessly, trying to imprint everything about her: the smell of her hair, the softness of her skin, the shape of her tiny fingers, the sound of her breath as she puts her face so close to his.

LUCY

Smile, Dadda... like this...

The little girl grins. Tom does his best to return it to her.

He then looks to Isabel, waits for her to return his glance.

The island, the lighthouse, swims away from them, fading into an ever more miniature version of itself.

EXT. POINT PARTAGEUSE. JETTY. DAY.

They disembark. Spragg pulls out a set of handcuffs and strides toward Tom. Knuckey stops him.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 Never mind that. There's a little  
 girl here...

He nods toward Lucy - she runs to Tom, grabs his leg.

LUCY  
 Dadda! Dadda, pick me up!  
 Spragg takes Tom by the elbow.

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
 Now, if you please. This way. Into  
 the first vehicle.

They make their way toward two motorcars parked near the  
 jetty, every step more awful. Lucy pursues him, arms still  
 outstretched - naked distress.

LUCY  
 Dadda, wait for me!

Her wounded begging turns into screaming panic. Tom can't go  
 on, spins around, breaking free of the policeman's grip.

Lulu!

TOM

He scoops her up and holds her tight. Knuckey looks at the  
 ground and clears his throat.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy... You're  
 all right, little one. You'll be  
 all right.

At the top of a peppermint tree, a pair of willy wagtails  
 chitter away. Tom swallows hard, tries to distract her.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Look, Lulu! Look at the funny birds  
 up there. You don't see those at  
 home, do you. Go have a proper look.

Lucy shows no signs of letting go. Knuckey turns to Isabel.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 Mrs. Sherbourne...?

Isabel moves in, pries Lucy from Tom, trying to console the  
 child who keeps asking for her "Dadda." Isabel confronts Tom.

ISABEL  
 Is this what you wanted?

Tom stands paralyzed at the sight of the two of them.

TOM

I'm sorry...

Spragg has lost patience with all this. He grabs Tom by the arm and shoves him into the car. Lucy starts howling. Isabel tries, in vain, to console her.

Ralph watches the scene from the deck of the boat. Devastated.

INT. POLICE STATION. WAITING AREA. DAY.

Lucy sits on Isabel's knee, fractious and exhausted. Isabel is pale, her forehead set in an absent frown.

A MAN paying a fine at the counter tries to tempt Lucy into a game of peek-a-boo. She buries her head into her mom's body.

Garstone and Knuckey escort Dr. Sumpton down the hallway toward Isabel. Sumpton nods perfunctorily, avoids eye contact.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Mrs. Sherbourne, the child needs to be examined and then taken to her mother. I'd be grateful if you didn't make it any harder on anyone than it needs to be.

Lucy grips Isabel as tightly as her little arms allow.

ISABEL

Please don't do this...

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Don't make it worse.

ISABEL

Please have some pity. Don't take my baby away.

Knuckey makes an eye to Garstone, who in turn puts his hands around Lucy's waist and yanks at her.

She is wrenched from Isabel, screaming. Isabel faints onto the stone floor with a resounding crack.

INT. POLICE STATION. OFFICE ROOM. DAY.

The little girl balances between a state of terror and pure exhaustion - her breathing involuntarily convulsing.

With his back to her, Dr. Sumpton takes a little vial and a syringe out of his bag. Garstone stands in the corner.

DR. SUMPTON  
 (calmly, to Garstone)  
 I'm going to need to get this into  
 the thigh, Constable.

Garstone goes to her and pulls up her dress a bit. Obscuring  
 the syringe in his right hand, Sumpton comes toward Lucy.

DR. SUMPTON (CONT'D)  
 I know. I know little missie. Just a  
 little something to calm you down...

Lucy sees the Dr. coming toward her, concealing something.  
 She doesn't like this. He pokes her in the thigh -

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL BLOCK. DAY.

- Shrill cries ring throughout the station, reaching as far  
 as Tom's cell, where they seem even louder as he imagines  
 what might be happening to Lucy. He tries to break free and  
 rescue her... but the bars are solid steel... and he is just  
 a man... soon he is screaming to be set free... the animal  
 inside him unleashed... but there is no one to fight in the  
 cell... and no one to blame... no one except himself...

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

Knuckey sits across from Isabel. He takes the cap off his pen  
 and rests it on the paper.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 He says you wanted to report the  
 boat's arrival and he stopped you.  
 Is that right?

Isabel looks at her hands - she's a million miles away, most  
 certainly concussed.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)  
 Says he resented you for not giving  
 him children, and took things into  
 his own hands.

In telling this lie, had Tom revealed a truth?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)  
 Did you try to talk sense into him?  
 (gently)  
 Did he threaten you? Assault you  
 physically?

Knuckey puts his elbows on the desk, leans forward.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)

Isabel, the law recognizes that a wife can be powerless at the hands of her husband. You won't be punished for his crimes. Now I need to ask you a question, and I want you to think very carefully. According to Tom, Frank Roennfeldt was dead when the boat washed up.

(looks her in the eye)

Is that true?

She's about to respond. But before she can open her mouth, she is overcome by the loss of Lucy, by anger, by sheer exhaustion. She closes her eyes.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)

Is it true, Isabel?

She fixes her eyes on her wedding ring, then tears start.

Knuckey gets up from the desk, goes to the door where Garstone is waiting.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY (CONT'D)

Let's call her parents.

EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Hannah awkwardly poses front of a handful of reporters and a modest crowd as she is reunited with her child. She is obviously not comfortable with this public display. Still, pictures are taken, people applaud, police shake hands with one another. And the little girl, drugged, appears to be in a dream state - half asleep.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. BEDROOM. EVENING.

Isabel lays on her bed, her mother stands over her trying to get her to drink - but has no luck. She places the cup on a side table next to a plate of biscuits.

VIOLET

Well... I'll just put it right here for you, OK?

No response. Violet goes to the door. Isabel sees her father looking in from further out in the lounge room.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Try to get a little rest...

Violet walks out of the room, leaving the door open a crack. Isabel hears her devastated parents argue in the next room -

BILL (O.S.)  
I'll never forgive that man.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
But, Bill... we don't even know what happened... it's Tom we're talking about...

BILL (O.S.)  
Well, I never trusted him.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
That's simply not fair...

BILL (O.S.)  
Fair? You think it's fair that our boys are buried thousands of miles away and he's walking around without a scratch? Of course it's not fair, Violet, not fair at all!

Isabel stares at the ceiling, listening to the madness.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING.

Septimus opens the front door to Hannah's house - decorated with crepe-paper streamers. The dainty porcelain face of a new doll, sits abandoned on a chair in the corner, eyes wide in silent appeal. The clock on the mantelpiece ticks stolidly, and a music box stretches out "Rock-a-bye Baby" with a macabre, threatening air. It is all drowned out by the cries coming from the backyard.

Through the window, out on the grass, the child is screaming, her face puce with fear and fury. She is trying to escape Hannah, who picks her up each time she wrestles free and screams again. Septimus watches through the window.

HANNAH (OUTSIDE)  
Grace, I'm not going to hurt you, my darling. Come to Mommy...

LUCY (OUTSIDE)  
I'm not Grace! I'm Lucy! I want to go home! Where's my Mamma?

HANNAH (OUTSIDE)  
I've loved you so long. So long...

As he looks on, vengeance burns across Septimus' face.

GWEN (O.S.)  
Oh Dad, what are we going to do?

He turns and sees Gwen, standing in the shadows of the passageway. He hesitates, unsure of what to do. Then his anger does the talking.

SEPTIMUS

I'm going to see to it that that Sherbourne fellow gets what's coming to him - that's a promise.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL BLOCK. DAY.

A lawyer, GERALD FITZGERALD sits opposite Tom, who sits slumped. The table between them is strewn with papers.

GERALD FITZGERALD

Well, they've certainly spread the net wide enough. A real dog's breakfast of State and Commonwealth charges. That's what I like to see.

Tom raises an eyebrow.

GERALD FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

Means they're scraping around, not sure what they can get you on. Neglect of Statutory Duty - that's 2 years and a fine. Improperly dealing with a body: 2 years hard labor. Failing to report a dead body: well, that's just a 10-pound fine.

TOM

What about the - the child stealing charge?

GERALD FITZGERALD

Section 343 of the criminal code: 7 years hard labor.

(reads from statute)

"Any person who, with intent to deprive any parent of the possession of a child... forcibly or fraudulently takes or entices away, or detains the child..." Luckily for you, most of the time, babies don't leave their mothers unless someone takes them away. And they don't usually find their way to barely inhabited islands. You didn't 'detain' the baby: legally speaking. And you certainly didn't 'entice her away.' And they can never prove 'intention to deprive' because we'll say you honestly believed the parents were dead. So I reckon I can get you off that one. And you're a war hero, military cross and bar.

(MORE)

GERALD FITZGERALD (CONT'D)  
 Most courts will still go easy on a man who risked his life for his country.

Tom's face relaxes, but the lawyer's expression changes.

GERALD FITZGERALD (CONT'D)  
 But what they don't like, Mr. Sherbourne, is a liar. In fact, they dislike it so much that the penalty for perjury is 7 years hard labor. And if a liar stops the real culprit getting what's coming to them, then that's perverting the course of justice, and that's another 7 years.

He stands up, walks to the window, gazes through the bars.

GERALD FITZGERALD (CONT'D)  
 Now if I walked into a court, told the story of a poor woman, beside herself with grief over the loss of a stillborn baby: a woman who wasn't right in the head for a bit. And if I told the story of how her husband, a decent bloke, who'd always done his duty, but who, just this once, trying to make things better for his wife, let his heart get the better of his common sense, and went along with her idea. Well, I could sell that to a judge. I could sell it to a jury. The Court's got what we call 'the prerogative of mercy' - the right to impose a lesser sentence, for the wife too. But at the moment, I've got a man who by his own admission is not only a liar, but a bully. A man who, presumably worried that people will think he's got no lead in his pencil, decides to keep a tiny baby, and forces his wife to lie about it.

TOM  
 I've said what I've said.

GERALD FITZGERALD  
 Now, if you're the sort of man who really would do something like that, then, for all the police know, you're the sort of person who might go even a step further to get what you want... Perhaps you're the sort of man who's prepared to kill to get what he wants.

TOM  
 They haven't charged me with that.

GERALD FITZGERALD

Not yet... But from what I hear, that copper from Albany - Spragg, is it? Well, he's very excited your wife won't corroborate your story about Roennfeldt being dead when you found him...

TOM

Well, all they have to do is ask her.

GERALD FITZGERALD

They have.

TOM

Then they know the man was dead when we found him.

GERALD FITZGERALD

They don't know anything. She refuses to talk about it.

Tom feels a hammer blow to his chest, he hangs his head - he deserves it, he knows it.

GERALD FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

She must really hate your guts... Now, she could hate your guts because you made her lie about keeping a baby. Or even because you killed a man. But I reckon it's more likely she hates your guts because you gave the game away.

TOM

If I plead guilty to all the charges - say I made Isabel go along with me, and there's no other evidence - no one can touch her: is that right?

GERALD FITZGERALD

Yes, but -

TOM

Then I'll take what's coming to me.

GERALD FITZGERALD

Trouble is, there might be a lot more coming to you than you've bargained for.

He gets up, puts the papers back in his briefcase.

INT. DR. SUMPTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Dr. Sumpton puts the stethoscope back on his desk.

DR. SUMPTON  
Well, she's perfectly healthy.

He pushes a jar of jelly beans in Grace's direction.

HANNAH  
Go on. Any color you like, darling.

But Grace turns her head away. The Dr. rings a bell on his desk. After a discreet knock, white haired MRS. FRIPP enters.

DR. SUMPTON  
Mrs. Fripp, take little Grace out to sit with you while I have a word with her mother, would you?

MRS. FRIPP  
Come on, dear...

After Grace has left...

HANNAH  
I don't know what to do, what to say. She keeps asking for... for Isabel Sherbourne.

DR. SUMPTON  
What have you said about her?

HANNAH  
Nothing.

DR. SUMPTON  
Well, you have to say *something*...

HANNAH  
But what?

DR. SUMPTON  
My suggestion is that you just tell her she and her husband had to go away.

HANNAH  
Go away where... why?

DR. SUMPTON  
Doesn't really matter at this age. Just as long as she has an answer to her question. She'll forget eventually - if there's nothing around to remind her. I've seen it often enough with adopted orphans and so forth...

HANNAH  
But she gets into such a state. I just want to do the right thing for her.

DR. SUMPTON

Eventually those two will fade from her mind, as long as she doesn't keep in contact with them. In the meantime,

(retrieves a bottle from his drawer)

Give her a drop of sleeping draught if she's too anxious or unsettled - won't do her any harm.

Hannah takes the little vial with the dropper, examines it.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. DAY.

Violet polishes the silver frames of her sons' pictures. Bill stares off into space out the window. They have both reverted to their 'grieving selves,' each doing so in their own way.

ISABEL (V.O.)

I thought he loved me, Mum... He told me that we were the most precious things in the world to him -

EXT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. BACK OF HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Violet sits next to Isabel on a wicker chair under the eaves. Violet is a bit in shock. This is the first thing her daughter has said since returning.

ISABEL

How could he have done such a dreadful thing?

Isabel's physical alteration is distressing - sunken eyes shadowed beneath in gray; hair dull and tangled.

VIOLET

I wish I could understand - what exactly did he do, my dear? None of it makes any sense. What happened to you two? What happened out there on Janus?

Isabel shakes her head repeatedly. She focuses her pain outwardly, on Tom, saving herself from a more intolerable examination...

ISABEL

He lied...

VIOLET

About what? what happened out there?

She is overcome with emotion, thinking about Lucy.

ISABEL

Oh Mum... I can't bare the thought of what it must be doing to her - the poor thing won't know what on earth's going on.

VIOLET

I know, dear. I know.

ISABEL

There's never been a funeral... Everyone I've lost - they've just been ripped away - into nothing. Maybe a funeral would have made it - I don't know - made a difference. My babies, Ma, never had so much as a hymn sung for them. And now... Lucy.

VIOLET

(carefully)  
Sweetheart, Lucy's not dead.

An immense weight sinks in.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. AFTERNOON.

Hannah passes the nursery, hears a voice from inside. She slows her pace, tiptoes closer to the door which is ajar. She's thrilled to see her daughter playing with her DOLLS: one with a SKIRT, one with BLOOMERS, and a WOODEN CLOTHES PEG.

SKIRTED DOLL

Dinnertime.

Grace holds up a tiny teacup to the clothes peg and made "nyum nyum" noises.

SKIRTED DOLL (CONT'D)

Good little girl. Now time for bed, sweetie. Ni- nigh...

The doll lifts the peg to it's lips to kiss it.

SKIRTED DOLL (CONT'D)

Look Dadda, Lucy's sleeping.

BLOOMERS DOLL  
 (deeper voice)  
 Goodnight Lulu. Got to light up  
 now. Sun's nearly down.

The doll leans in to kiss the peg.

SKIRTED DOLL  
 Don't worry, Lucy. The witch can't  
 catch you, I maked her dead.

Her heart sinks, and before she knows what she's doing,  
 Hannah marches in the room and snatches the dolls away -  
 tearing one of them in half.

HANNAH  
 That's enough of those silly games,  
 you hear me?

She smacks her daughter's hand. Grace's limbs stiffen, but  
 she does not cry. Instead, she scampers under the bed where  
 the real witch can't get to her.

Hannah is immediately flooded with remorse. She begs for  
 forgiveness. Gwen watches the tragic scene from the doorway.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NIGHT.

The child is asleep and the two sisters can talk in peace.  
 Gwen gathers up courage to say what she's about to say.

GWEN  
 Perhaps you should let her see  
 her... Isabel Sherbourne.

Hannah looks horrified.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
 I know it's the last thing you want  
 to hear. But maybe if Grace thought  
 you were a friend of her mother's,  
 that might help somehow.

HANNAH  
 A friend of her mothers!

She storms out of the room.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 How dare you even say such a thing!

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Hannah walks into her daughter's bedroom. She cautiously  
 approaches her bed.

By the light of a single candle, she watches Grace sleep. She can now observe every aspect of her daughter, her legacy.

She HEARS the sound of *Frank whispering...*

HANNAH'S POV - IT'S YEARS AGO - Frank looks over a tiny figure asleep in the cot. Baby Grace. He whispers to her in German. Turns to Hannah.

FRANK

I'm whispering good things for her dreams.

HANNAH'S POV - IT'S PRESENT DAY - Frank is gone. Hannah looks at Grace asleep in bed, kisses her on the forehead, blows out the candle.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

Sergeant Spragg sits across from Tom, looking at his paperwork. The cicadas click shrilly in the forest outside.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

Quite the war hero: captured a German machine-gun nest single-handed. Carried four of your men to safety under sniper fire... You must have killed a lot of people in your time.

Tom remains silent. Spragg leans over the table.

SERGEANT SPRAGG (CONT'D)

I said 'you must have killed a lot of people in your time.'

Tom's breathing remains steady. He looks straight ahead, his face expressionless. Spragg thumps the table.

SERGEANT SPRAGG (CONT'D)

When I ask you a question you'll answer it, understand me?!

TOM

(quietly)

When you ask me a question, I will.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

Why did you kill Frank Roennfeldt? That's a question.

TOM

I didn't kill him.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

Was it because he was German? Still had the accent, by all accounts.

TOM

He didn't have an accent when I came across him. He was dead.

SERGEANT SPRAGG

You killed plenty of his sort before. One more would have made no difference, would it?

Tom lets out a long breath and folds his arms, choosing to remain steadfast. It riles Spragg even more.

SERGEANT SPRAGG (CONT'D)

Seven men, it says you killed in your little machine-gun escapade. Looks to me like the work of a violent man. Of a ruthless killer. Your heroics might just be the death of you.

(stands, gathers notes)

Garstone! Take our war hero back to his cell.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING.

Grace draws a picture of Mamma and Dadda and Lulu at the lighthouse while Hannah mends curtains.

A HORN HONKS outside. Hannah looks out the window - SEES -

EXT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING.

Septimus standing outside of his Model-T.

SEPTIMUS

Thought we might go for a mystery outing today...

HANNAH

But I'm in the middle of mending the curtains. For the church hall. I promised Reverend Norkells...

SEPTIMUS

I'll take her by myself. She'll be right as rain.

Hannah looks at her father, struck by his generosity.

EXT. POTTS'S TIMBER MILLS. STABLE. MORNING.

Grace tentatively feeds an apple to a Clydesdale.

SEPTIMUS  
This is Arabella...

When the horse gets close, she pulls away and the apple falls into the dirt.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)  
He won't bite you. Keep your palm open.

Septimus shows her how to hold her palm flat. Gradually, the girl gains confidence.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)  
Let's have an explore, shall we?

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

Septimus rides beside Grace along the old milling tracks through the towering karri. Grace spots a marsupial hopping slowly near the track.

GRACE  
Look, a baby kangaroo.

SEPTIMUS  
That's not a baby 'roo. That little chap's a quokka. Like a kangaroo but tiny. That's as big as he'll ever get.

Grace seems amazed by this fact.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)  
Good to see you smile, girlie. I know you've been sad. You miss your old life. I know what that's like because, well, that happened to me.

Grace gives a puzzled look.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)  
I had to say goodbye to my mum, and go all the way across the sea, on a sailing ship. When I was just a little bit older than you. I came here, and got a new mum and dad, called Walt and Sarah. They looked after me from then on. And they loved me just like my Hannah loves you. So sometimes, you don't just have one family in your life.

Grace's face gives no clue what she makes of the talk. The horse walks on gently through the dappled light.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Do you like the trees?

Grace nods. Septimus points to some saplings.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

See - little trees, growing back. We chop the big old ones, and new ones take their place. Everything grows back, if you give it time. By the time you're my age, that tree'll be a giant... This forest will belong to you one day. It'll be your forest.

GRACE

My forest?

SEPTIMUS

Well, it belongs to me, and one day it'll belong to your mummy and your Auntie Gwen, and then it'll be yours. What do you think of that?

GRACE

Can I giddy up the horse?

SEPTIMUS

(laughs)  
Give me your hands and we'll hold the reins together...

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. EVENING.

Hannah answers the front door - Septimus holds Grace's hand.

SEPTIMUS

Here she is, safe and sound.

She gets down to Grace's level.

HANNAH

Did you have a lovely day?

GRACE

(nods, sleepily)  
He gave me the forest.

Hannah's heart skips a beat. She looks up at her father, mouths "thank you."

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NURSERY. NIGHT.

Hannah sits on the little girl's bed, listening to her recount the events from the day...

HANNAH  
Do you remember the horse's name?

GRACE  
(thinking)  
Araballa.

HANNAH  
Arabella, that's right. She's lovely. She's got friends there too - Samson, and Hercules, and Diana. She's quite old now, but still very strong. Did Granddad show you the timber whims she can pull?

Grace shakes her head. Hannah is filled with hope.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Oh, my darling. There's so much I want to show you. You'll love the forest, I promise...

INT. MOUCHEMORE'S HABERDASHERY. MORNING.

High up on the walls on all sides rank bolts of cloth - damasks and muslins, linens and cottons. At the far end of the store, CUSTOMERS sit at a row of tables.

Hannah and Gwen sit at a table considering a bolt of pale lemon linen in MR. MOUCHEMORE'S hands. At their side, fidgeting with a rag doll, is Grace, immaculately turned out in a pink smocked dress.

HANNAH  
What do you think, sweetheart, do you like the yellow or the red for your new riding satchel?

Grace looks up at the linen - she points to the yellow.

MR. MOUCHEMORE  
Excellent choice young lady. And what kind of button will we have?

EXT. PARTAGEUSE. MAIN STREET. MORNING.

Violet and Isabel walk down the street. It is the first time Isabel has been out of the house and in public since returning home. People on the street treat them as lepers, crossing the street to avoid them.

ISABEL

I don't really feel... Maybe I should go back home.

VIOLET

Nonsense. I won't have you acting like your father - stewing in the house all day. You're coming with me. This instant. Come on...

They continue down the street until they arrive outside the Haberdasher's. FANNY DARNLEY, on her way out of the shop, gives a little gasp, wide eyed with alarm and relish as Violet and Isabel go inside.

INT. MOUCHEMORE'S HABERDASHERY. MORNING. CONTINUOUS.

The little girl's eyes drift up to see who has come in - she drops the doll, scrambles down from the chair.

LUCY

Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!

Before anyone can take in what is happening, Lucy wraps her arms around Isabel's legs and holds as fast as a crab. Isabel bundles her up and hugs her, letting the child snuggle into her neck like the final piece of a jigsaw.

ISABEL

(oblivious to anyone else)  
Oh, Lucy! Lucy, my darling!

Hannah watches, stricken: humiliated, and despairing at the magnetic pull Isabel exerts on Grace. For the first time, the enormity of the theft hits her... Isabel and Lucy are knitted together like a single being, in a world no one can enter.

Struggling to breathe calmly, Hannah picks up her bag from the counter and walks steadily toward Isabel.

HANNAH

Grace darling. It's time to come home.

She reaches out to touch the little girl, who screams: a full throated, murderous cry that bounces off the windows.

LUCY

Mamma, make her go 'way!

THE SMALL CROWD looks on, the MEN perplexed and the WOMEN horrified. Lucy continues to beg, with tiny hands on each side of Isabel's face, shouting the words at her as though to overcome distance or deafness. Hannah finally shouts -

HANNAH

Let her go!

Isabel remains mute. The child still clinging and begging.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Let go of my daughter! Now!

She grabs the child around the waist and pulls.

LUCY  
(resisting, screaming)  
No! Let me go! I want my Mamma!

HANNAH  
(trying to be soothing)  
It's all right, darling. I know you  
want to stay, but we can't.

Hannah is finally able to pull her away, holding her in a strong enough grip to stop her from wiggling out of her arms and running away.

ISABEL  
How can you be so cruel? You can  
see the state she's in...

Hannah continues to reassure her daughter on her way out the door. Gwen follows in a gentle stream.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Have some common sense, if you  
can't have any kindness to her!

At the door, Gwen turns to behold Isabel, desperation in her eyes. She shakes her head in despair and leaves the store.

For a moment, no one stirs. Isabel stares into thin air, not daring to move her limbs so as not to lose the feel of Lucy.

VIOLET  
Come on dear...

And with that, they leave.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL BLOCK. DAY.

Tom eyes Ralph warily through the bars.

RALPH  
Why are you protecting her?

TOM  
Should have protected her better...

RALPH  
Nonsense! It's about time you got  
on your feet and did something. For  
Christ's sake, wake yourself up!

TOM

Ralph, I've had this coming a long time.  
Sins catch up with you in the end.

RALPH

Enough with the martyrdom, son. The  
committal hearing'll be next week...  
It's your life we are talking about.

TOM

What are you suggesting I do?

RALPH

Tell the truth!

TOM

People can only take so much, Ralph.  
Izzy was fine until she got mixed up  
with me. I should have never let her  
come out...

RALPH

She's a grown woman, Tom. They'll go  
easy on her.

TOM

They won't touch her.

RALPH

Tom, please... the world outside of  
here hasn't stopped moving... and you  
are running out of time.

TOM

(thinks a beat)

Could you do me a favor?

RALPH

Anything...

TOM

Could you get me a bit of paper and  
a pencil. I want you to deliver her  
a letter.

EXT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. DAY.

Ralph stands in the doorway. Isabel takes the letter from him  
reluctantly, hand trembling.

RALPH

(gravely)

That man needs your help, Isabel.

He turns to leave.

ISABEL

And so does my little girl.

He turns to see tears in her eyes. She returns inside, closing the door behind her.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. BEDROOM. DAY.

Back against her closed door, she stares at the letter. She raises it to her face to smell it - no trace of Tom. She goes to her dressing table and picks up some nail scissors and starts to slit the corner.

A thought freezes her fingers - opening this letter will let Tom back into her heart. If she does that she will sabotage any glimmer of hope that she may someday reconcile with her daughter. She must deny it and deny him. She puts the scissors down, and slips the letter into a drawer, then closes it slowly and without a sound.

EXT. PARK. DAY.

Isabel sits on a bench, staring into the distance. The light has officially gone out in her eyes.

By the edge of the park, Gwen passes by, carrying a dress. She sees Isabel and hurries past her, but she soon realizes there's no risk of Isabel seeing her: she is in a trance.

She gets an idea...

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NURSERY. DAY.

Pages of a story book are strewn across the room. Hannah walks in, carrying a load of laundry, and sees the book - Grimms' fairy tales in German - torn to shreds.

HANNAH

What have you done to Daddy's book?

She sets down the basket and drops to her knees, gathering up the elaborately illustrated watercolor pages.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How could you?

Fearing retribution, Grace scrambles under her bed and curls up in a ball. But Hannah isn't angry. She's devastated.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. KITCHEN. A LITTLE LATER.

Hannah sits at the table with Gwen. Heartbroken.

HANNAH

There's so little left that's Frank.

GWEN

I know, Hanny. I know. But Grace doesn't. She didn't do it on purpose. (touches her shoulder) Why don't you go and lie-down. I'll take her out.

HANNAH

She needs to get used to being in her own home.

GWEN

We'll just go to Dad's. He'll love it. And the fresh air will do her good.

HANNAH

Really, no. I don't want -

GWEN

Come on, Hanny. Get some rest...

EXT. STREET. NEAR PARK. DAY.

They walk down the street, nearing the entrance to the park. Lucy carries her satchel and licks a lollipop.

GWEN

Are you tired, Lucy?

The girl cocks her head to one side, noticing the name. She shakes her head, "no."

Gwen sees Isabel in the distance on the same bench.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Well your auntie Gwen needs to slow down. Why don't you run ahead to the benches and I'll follow.

The child does not run, but ambles, dragging her rag doll on the ground. Gwen keeps her distance, watching from afar -

Isabel, in a daze, suddenly comes back to life when she notices Lucy. She gathers the girl into her arms. The girl grips her tightly. Isabel looks around to see where she came from. She sees Gwen, who nods as if to say, "go on."

CLOSER IN, Isabel takes in the changes to her daughter: hair parted on the other side; a dress made of fine muslin; new shoes with butterflies on the buckles.

ISABEL

Oh, you've got thin, little one!  
You're skin and bone. You must be a  
good girl and eat. For Mamma.

Gwen walks up to them - relieved to see her niece's response,  
as if she is watching a completely different child.

GWEN

I better take her now. I wasn't  
sure you'd be here.

ISABEL

But - I don't understand.

GWEN

My sister's a good woman, really she  
is. I'll try and bring her again. I  
can't promise. Be patient. Be patient  
and perhaps... But please, don't tell  
anyone. Hanny wouldn't understand.  
(holds her arms out)  
Come on now, Lucy.

The child clings to Isabel. Some remnant of the rational  
stops Isabel from acting on the impulse to snatch her away.

ISABEL

Be good for Mamma, won't you. Go  
with this lady now, and I'll see  
you again soon, I promise.

Gwen smiles, pulling her carefully away.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. KITCHEN/LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.

From the stove where she waits for a teapot, Hannah can see  
Grace sit on the lounge room floor, talking to her pegs.

GWEN (PEG)

Lucy want a loli?

LUCY (PEG)

(gobbling thin air)

Yum.

GWEN (PEG)

I've got a special secret. Come with  
auntie Gwen when Hannah is asleep.

Hannah feels a cold sickness as she comes closer to the door  
to hear. She sees Grace cover a lemon with a handkerchief.

GWEN (PEG) (CONT'D)

Goodnight Hannah.

LUCY (PEG)

Now we get to visit Mamma in the park.

"Pwoi, pwoi." TWO PEGS ~~press~~ against one another with kisses.

ISABEL (PEG)

My darling Lucy. Come on,  
sweetheart. Off we go to Janus...

And the pegs trot along the rug.

The whistle of the kettle startles Lucy - she turns and sees Hannah in the doorway. She throws the pegs down and smacks her own hand.

LUCY

Bad Lucy!

She then scampers under the bed to her hiding place.

Hannah's face fills with horror, then despair. She moves quickly into the kitchen and turns off the tea water, then goes outside where Gwen is taking the washing off the line.

From her hiding place, Lucy can HEAR the two sisters argue outside this strange, strange house.

GWEN (O.S.)

...Because I can't bare to see either  
of you suffer anymore... I think you  
should give her back. For the child's  
sake. And for yours, Hanny. For yours.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Never! She'll never see that woman  
again as long as I live. Never!

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Knuckey stands near the counter in the front of the station.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

It's not usual procedure to let the  
victim's family members see the  
accused, Mrs. Roennfeldt.

Hannah stands across from him, holding him with a silent,  
steady gaze.

HANNAH

I want to see him. I want to look him  
in the eye - the man who killed my  
child.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Killed your child? Steady now...

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL BLOCK. DAY.

Tom has risen to his feet, puzzled by the news.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

You're not obliged, of course. I can send her away.

TOM

No... I'll see her. Thank you.

Knuckey walks away. And a few moments later, Hannah enters, followed by Garstone bearing a small wooden chair. He places it a few feet from the bars.

GARSTONE

I can stay here if you prefer?

HANNAH

There's no need. I won't be long.

Garstone gives one of his pouts, jangles his keys, and marches back down the corridor.

Hannah stares in silence, taking in every inch of Tom, her anger seethes. He submits to the inspection without flinching.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Thank you for letting me see you, Mr Sherbourne...

Tom is shocked by the civility. He gives a slight nod.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I need to know: was this really all your doing.

Tom nods, slowly and gravely. Pain flits across Hannah's face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How could you?

Tom can't answer - he can only shake his head. She is doing all she can to contain her emotion.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Are you sorry for what you did?

The question stabs him. He focuses on the knot in the floorboard.

TOM

Sorrier than I can say.

HANNAH

Didn't you even think for a moment that the child might have had a mother? Didn't it occur to you that she might be loved and missed?

Tom's jaw is rigid.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

*Why?* If I could understand *why* you did it...

TOM

I really can't say *why* I did what I did.

HANNAH

Try, please.

She deserves the truth, but there is nothing he can say to her without betraying Isabel.

TOM

Really, I can't tell you.

She takes a deep breath, gets up to leave.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do what you like to me. I'm not asking forgiveness. But my wife - she had no choice. She loves that little girl. Show her some mercy.

The bitterness in Hannah's face fades to weary sadness.

HANNAH

Frank was a lovely man.

She walks slowly back down the corridor.

EXT. PARK. DAY.

Isabel sits on the same ~~bench in~~ the same park. Only this time, she isn't staring off into space. This time, she looks around, desperately, eyes searching.

Isabel weighs her next action... then, starts walking.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. LATE DAY.

Hannah stands at the stove. Dinner is ready.

HANNAH

Grace! Dinner.

No response. She goes and looks for her in her nursery, sees a couple of her clothes pegs strewn on the floor. She sees the sheets hanging over the side of the bed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Grace. I need you to stop hiding now and come eat for mommy. OK.

Nothing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm going to count to 5 then I'm going to have to come get you. 1 -  
2 - 3 -

She gets on her knees. Moves towards the bed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

- 4 - 5! OK. Come out!

She pulls up the sheet and finds nothing under the bed. Dread washes over her -

EXT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. LATE DAY.

Panicked, Hannah opens the front door, searches the perimeter of her home for Grace. Calls for her. SEES her tricycle lying on it's side in the pathway. The light in the sky is falling.

EXT/INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. EVENING.

Knuckey and Garstone hammer on the front door. Bill answers.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Mr. Graysmark.

BILL

Evening Vernon, Evening Harry. ?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

We're looking for the Roennfeldt girl.

BILL

Hannah?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

No, her daughter. Grace. She's gone missing.

It takes Bill a moment to realize he means Lucy.

GARSTONE

Have you got her here?

BILL  
Of course I haven't got her. Why on earth...

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
Is your daughter home?

BILL  
Yes.

GARSTONE  
Sure?

BILL  
Of course I'm sure.

Violet comes up behind her husband.

VIOLET  
Whatever's the matter?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
We need to see your daughter, Mrs. Graysmark. Could you get her please?

VIOLET  
Wait here...

Reluctantly, Violet goes into ISABEL'S ROOM, but it is empty.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Isabel!?

She hurries OUT BACK, where she finds Isabel sitting on the swinging seat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Isabel! It's the police... they are asking for you.

EXT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. FRONT DOOR. EVENING. MOMENTS LATER.

Isabel stands, flanked by her parents.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
(to Isabel)  
When did you last see her?

VIOLET  
She hasn't been near here since she came back... well, she did come across her, by accident... at Mouchemore's, but that's the only time...

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 (to Isabel)  
 That right, Mrs. Sherbourne?

BILL  
 Of course it's right. What do you think she -

ISABEL  
 (interrupts)  
 No, Dad. Actually, I did see her.

Both parents turn, confused, shocked, worried.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
 At the park, three days ago. Gwen Potts brought her to see me... I didn't go looking for her or anything - Gwen brought her to me, I swear. What's happening? Where is she?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 I thought you might be able to tell us that...  
 (to Bill)  
 You don't mind if we search through your house, Bill?

BILL  
 Go right ahead...

Garstone enters the house and starts searching.

ISABEL  
 But she's not here...  
 Garstone opens wardrobes and peers under beds.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
 You're wasting your time!  
 (turns to her father)  
 Dad! We've got to find her!

Garstone returns to the hallway, shaking his head.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 Thank you. If you see her, make sure you let us know.

They turn to leave.

ISABEL  
 Let me come. I can help.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
 You need to stay here, ma'am.

The officers leave the worried family behind... Bill can't sit idle. Cane in hand, he grabs his jacket and follows.

EXT. PARK. DUSK.

Grace's satchel sits on the park bench next to an apple core with small teeth marks. Ants have overrun the remains now.

Knuckey picks up the satchel, looks out into the distance...

EXT. TOWN STREETS. VARIOUS. DUSK.

Darkness seeps into the sky. Lights begin to twinkle in the gloom. PEOPLE WITH LANTERNS search the bush - not just POLICE, but MEN FROM POTTS'S TIMBER MILL, MEN FROM HARBOR AND LIGHTS. Bill is also out, holding a lantern, as is Septimus.

Both "Grace" and "Lucy" fill the air, though only one child is lost.

Creatures of the night awaken - the owls, the crickets, the snakes - and begin to hunt in the inky landscape.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL BLOCK. NIGHT.

Alone in his cell, Tom hears voices carried on the air outside. "Lucy? Lucy, are you there?" Then "Grace? Where are you, Grace?"

TOM  
Sergeant?

There is a rattling of keys, then Constable Lynch appears.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

CONSTABLE LYNCH  
The little girl's gone missing. Ran off, by the looks of it.

TOM  
How the hell did that happen?

CONSTABLE LYNCH  
No idea.

TOM  
Let me help. I can't just sit here.

The look on Lynch's face is reply enough.

CONSTABLE LYNCH  
I'll let you know if I hear  
anything. Best I can do.

And he turns and leaves.

TOM  
Oh for crying out loud! Where do you  
think I'm going to go? Constable!

METAL CLANGS and he's gone. Tom's alone again with the voices.

EXT. ROCKS BY BEACH. NIGHT.

Clutching her drawing, of Mamma and Dadda and the light, the child has spotted the light of Janus, out to sea. Though there's something not quite right. The flash has a red beam between the white ones. Still she follows it.

Down toward the water she heads, where the swell has picked up for the night and the waves have taken the shore hostage. The sound of the waves drowns out the voices of the adults looking for her. The wind picks up. The water churns.

She climbs over slippery rocks - every step takes the little girl closer to the light, out in the ocean.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Hannah kneels, eyes closed, praying softly.

HANNAH  
Keep her safe, Lord. Protect her and  
save her. You've saved her before.  
I promise you that I will put her  
first from now on... If you'll only  
save her again... I promise I will do  
what's right for her... I'll give her  
back...

EXT. TOWN STREETS. NEAR JETTY. NIGHT.

Vernon Knuckey searches alone, carrying his lantern, which takes a swing at the dark with each of his steps. The beam of light falls on a pale patch. He almost misses it, catches it out of the corner of one eye. The beam tracks back, finds a little leg, a shoe.

It's Grace - curled up asleep with her drawing, in a hollow of the rocks.

EXT/INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. NIGHT.

A kicking at the door. Hannah opens it, eyes agape -

Before her stands Sergeant Knuckey with Grace's body in his arms, her limbs floppy. Hannah lunges for her.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Fast asleep. Almost tripped over her down on the Point. She's got nine lives, this one, for sure...

Hannah barely registers as she hugs her sleeping daughter.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Hannah lies beside Grace in bed, listening to every breath she makes. THUNDER CLAPS, waking the child. She looks sleepily at Hannah - a moment between them - then snuggles closer, leaving Hannah to weep silently.

EXT. JANUS. EVENING. MINDSCREEN.

The *woomph* of the oil vapor ignites into brilliance at the touch of Tom's match.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Violet sits beside Isabel, holding her hand, looking at the fingernails, bitten to the quick. Rain pelts the window.

ISABEL

She could have died. And it's my fault. Oh Mom... she could have died.

VIOLET

Yes... But she's alive... And she's safe.

ISABEL

What have I done?

The question wasn't rhetorical. She is searching for a mirror, something to show her what she could not see.

VIOLET

Can't say that worries me as much as what you're doing now.

Isabel looks up at her mother, desperate for guidance.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

If you think things are bad now,  
they'll be a whole lot worse if you  
don't speak up for Tom... He's still  
your husband. Lucy's young - she's  
got people to care for her, and give  
her a good life. Tom's got no one -  
unless you want to see Tom in jail,  
or...

She can't finish the sentence....

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I don't think there much time...

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL BLOCK. EARLY MORNING.

A BLACK HOUSE SPIDER weaves it's web in the corner of Tom's  
cell. The storm is building outside his cell. Sergeant  
Knuckey approaches Tom's cell.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Spragg will be here within the  
hour... Anything you want to tell  
me? This is your last chance...

TOM

No thanks.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Once you're in Albany, there'll be  
nothing I can do for you.

Tom makes no response. Knuckey gives him a look, sighs. Then  
turns and leaves.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. MORNING.

Isabel pulls on her raincoat and heads through the lounge  
room, she kisses her father on her cheek as she passes by.

BILL

Where are you going?

ISABEL

I have to go to the police station.

BILL

What on earth for?

ISABEL

I need to see Sergeant Knuckey.

BILL

But it's bucketing down. Wait till  
it stops, at least.

She heads down the passageway to the front door...

ISABEL

I'll be all right.

She opens it, and is startled by a SILHOUETTE in the doorway,  
about to ring the bell -

The figure, soaked with rain, is Hannah. Isabel stands  
speechless. Hannah keeps her eyes on a bowl of roses on the  
table behind Isabel and speaks quickly...

HANNAH

I've come to say something. Just to  
say it and go. Don't ask me anything,  
please...

Isabel listens...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know that my daughter isn't coming  
back to me. I can see that now. After  
last night I realized, she can live  
without me, even if I can't live  
without her. I can't punish her for  
what happened... And I can't punish  
you for your husband's decisions.

Isabel begins to protest, but Hannah speaks over her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Grace loves you. Perhaps she belongs  
to you.

(pushing the words out)

But I need to know that justice is  
done. If you swear to me that this  
was all your husband's doing - swear  
on your life - then I'll let Grace  
come live with you.

ISABEL

(by sheer reflex)

I swear.

Hannah feels a sisterhood with Isabel at this moment.

HANNAH

OK. As long as you give evidence  
against that man - and as soon as  
he's safely locked away, Grace can  
come back to you.

Suddenly, Hannah is in tears - she rushes away.

Isabel stands, dazed - wonders if it was a dream.

Lightning strikes. Isabel looks through the fly-wire door and sees Hannah's wet footprints on the veranda. The thunder rolls in and shakes the roof.

BILL (O.S.)  
I thought you were going to the  
police station?

She turns, see's her father standing at the end of the hallway.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd already gone. What  
happened?

ISABEL  
There's lightning.

INT. POLICE STATION. VARIOUS. DAY.

Sergeant Spragg opens the door, walks through the station with urgency. He is dripping wet from the rainstorm outside. Sergeant Knuckey intercepts him.

SERGEANT KNUCKEY  
Not the best weather for the boat...

SERGEANT SPRAGG  
Captain Addicott can make it.

He opens the door to the cell block. Tom rises.

SERGEANT SPRAGG (CONT'D)  
Garstone, open the cell.

Harry Garstone fishes for his keys to open Tom's cell. Tom exchanges a silent stare off with Spragg.

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. BEDROOM. DAY.

Isabel is curled in a ball on her bed. She is sobbing. Unable to resist it's call any longer, she edges to the drawer, and takes out Tom's letter. She opens it, slowly... Reads...

*"Isabel, love,*

*I couldn't go on the way things were - I couldn't live with myself. I'm sorrier than I'll ever be able to say for hurting you. We each get a little turn at life, and if this ends up being how my turn went, it will still have been worth it. My time should have been up years ago. To have met you, when I thought life was over, and been loved by you - if I lived another hundred years I couldn't ask for better than that.*

*All I can do is ask God, and ask you, to forgive me for the harm I've caused. I will always be your loving husband,*

*Tom."*

INT. GRAYSMARKS HOME. DAY.

Isabel opens her door and leaves her house, this time not saying goodbye to her parents. She leaves without a raincoat, without an umbrella.

EXT. PARTAGEUSE. VARIOUS. DAY.

The clouds hurl down water, soaking the town to it's very core. The water springs off the church roof and, through the mouth of a gargoyle, onto the new grave of Frank Roennfeldt. It rushes down the war memorial.

The town has gone quiet...

Except the lone car driving down towards the jetty.

INT. CAR. CONTINUOUS. DAY.

Tom sits in the back, cuffed, between Knuckey and Spragg. Garstone drives through the rain.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Isabel swings open the doors to the station. Constable Lynch stands at the counter.

ISABEL  
I need to see my husband.

CONSTABLE LYNCH  
He's gone.

ISABEL  
Where is he!?

EXT. JETTY. POINT PARTAGEUSE. DAY.

Ralph waits at the end of the jetty on the *Windward Spirit*. The ocean swell sends the boat on a dangerous rise.

AT THE END OF THE JETTY - Tom is escorted out of the car.

Tom's eyes meet Ralph's. Ralph can't hold his gaze, it's all too much to take in. Both men's bodies sink, defeated.

Spragg pulls Tom on, as if walking him to the gallows.

They reach the boat and struggle to board with the waves. There is A NEW DECK HAND assisting Ralph this day.

TOM  
Where's Blue?

RALPH  
Couldn't make it, ..

Spragg follows Tom on board. They turn back to the shore where Knuckey stands to send them off...

Something catches Tom's attention - in the distance, a police car pulls up to the jetty. The door opens and a small figure comes out. He recognizes the outline immediately. Isabel.

She dares not move - crippled by fear, regret, shame.

Tom, too, is frozen. He realizes that Isabel is righting the path. And he can't allow her to do that. He turns away from the shoreline, to Spragg -

TOM  
We need to go.

Isabel watches him turn away from her.

ISABEL  
Tom?

She starts walking toward the ship, slowly at first, gradually picking up her pace until she is running.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
Tom!

ON THE SHIP, Tom calls to Ralph.

TOM  
Cast off! Now!

But it's too late. Isabel arrives at the ship, out of breath. Knuckey stands in her way. Tom can't look at her.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Don't, Isabel. Don't say a word.

ISABEL  
I - I just want to say goodbye...

Knuckey relents, lets her on board. She steps onto the boat and puts her arms around Tom. In this embrace, it's as if both of their bodies are brought back to life.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Tom! Oh Tom!

Her body shakes despite ~~the strength~~ of his hold.

TOM

Shh, Izz, shh. It's all right. It's all right.

ISABEL

It's not true ~~none~~ of it's true!  
 (turns to Knuckey)  
 Frank was dead when the boat washed up. It was *my* idea to keep Lucy. I stopped him from reporting the boat. It's my fault.

Tom holds her tight, kisses the top of her head.

TOM

Shh... Isabel. Just leave things be. Don't say any more.

Knuckey shakes his head. Spragg is at a loss. Ralph relieved.

INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING.

Hannah sits in the lounge room across from Knuckey. To her surprise, she feels more shame than anger.

HANNAH

She said that?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

(nods)

She was a decent girl before she went out to Janus. Being out in that island didn't do her any good at all. Not sure it does anyone any good.

HANNAH

So what happens ~~to them~~ now?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

They'll go to jail.

Hannah stands up, walks ~~to the~~ mantle.

HANNAH

For how long?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Long enough to think about what they've done.

HANNAH

You think they need jail for that?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

We're all responsible for our actions, Ms. Roenfeldt. If we cross certain lines, there needs to be consequence - otherwise -

But she isn't really listening to him - she's looking at the family picture on the mantle - the one from the christening - the one with her father holding baby Grace - the one where Frank stands in the background, smiling that Frank smile. Hannah stares at him, her back to Knuckey as he expounds on the virtues of punishment.

HANNAH

(interrupts)

And what if I spoke for them? Asked for clemency?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

(utterly confused)

Why...? Why would you do that?

HANNAH

- what would happen then?

SERGEANT KNUCKEY

Depending on the judge... there'd be fines. A few months jail time, maybe. But -

She turns back to him, interrupts.

HANNAH

Thank you very much, Sergeant. I'm sure you can find your way out.

He stands, noticing the picture on the mantle. He knows her mind is made up, but can't exactly understand why - what secret did she see in that picture? He tips his hat. She watches him walk through the door into a dazzle of daylight.

EXT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. MORNING.

The sun burns the last of the clouds away. Knuckey has gone. Hannah goes outside, lays down on her belly in the grass. The strength of the sun saps her energy. Exhausted, half aware of the bees and the scent of the dandelions next to her, she finally sleeps.

EXT. POTTS'S TIMBER MILLS. STABLE. MORNING.

Septimus guides his granddaughter's hand, grooming the horse.

SEPTIMUS

Tell you who used to be a good rider - my Hannah when she was little. She was good at everything as a little one. Always kept me on my toes, just like you.

He tousles her hair.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

My saving Grace, you are.

GRACE

No, I'm Lucy!

SEPTIMUS

You were called Grace the day you were born.

GRACE

But I want to be Lucy.

He eyes her up, taking the measure of her.

SEPTIMUS

Tell you what, let's split the difference and I'll call you Lucy-Grace. Shake hands on it?

She thinks about it. Then shakes...

EXT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. LATE DAY.

A shadow crosses over Hannah's sleeping face. She opens her eyes to find Grace standing a few feet away. Hannah sits up, smooths her hair, disoriented.

SEPTIMUS

Princess, why don't you tell Hannah all about the birds you saw. How many did you see?

The little girl hesitates.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Go on, remember how you counted them on your fingers?

She holds up her hands.

LUCY-GRACE

Six.

SEPTIMUS

You stay here and tell Hannah all  
about that greedy seagull we saw...

He disappears inside. Lucy-Grace sits on the grass a few feet  
from Hannah. Her blonde hair shines in the sun.

HANNAH

Shall we make a daisy chain?

LUCY-GRACE

What's a daisy train?

HANNAH

(smiles)

Chain. Here, we'll make you a crown.

She starts picking the dandelions beside her. She shows the  
girl how to pierce a stem with her thumbnail and thread the  
next stem through it. She watches her daughter's hands as  
they move.

A lightness fills her chest, as if a great breath has rushed  
through her.

EXT. HOPETOUN. FARMHOUSE. MANY YEARS LATER.

A wide bay nearly four hundred miles east of Partaguese. A  
small house stands on a ridge just inland, looking down over  
the sweep of beach below.

SUPER - "HOPETOUN, 28th AUGUST 1950"

INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY.

The clock chimes. As Tom ties his tie, a stranger with gray  
hair catches a glimpse of him, just a flick of an eye, then  
he remembers it's himself in the mirror. His suit hangs more  
loosely on his frame, and there's a gap between the collar  
and the neck inside of it.

Through the window, the waves rise, sacrificing themselves in  
a blizzard of white, far out to sea.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

Tom sits by Isabel's bedside, holding her hand.

ISABEL

Are you sorry you ever met me, Tom?

TOM

I was born to meet you. That's what  
I was put here for.

He looks at the sunspots on her hand, and notices how the ring moves loosely on the skin between the knuckles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Is there anything you want to ask me?  
Anything you want me to tell you?

ISABEL  
(attempts a smile)  
Means you must think it's nearly  
over...

TOM  
(holds her gaze)  
Or maybe that I'm just finally  
ready to talk...

ISABEL  
It's all right. There's nothing  
more I need, now.

Tom strokes her hair, looking a long while into her eyes. He puts his forehead to hers, and they stay, unmoving until her breathing changes, growing more ragged.

ISABEL (CONT'D)  
What if God doesn't forgive me?

TOM  
He forgave you long ago. It's about  
time you did too.

ISABEL  
The letter... you'll look after it?

TOM  
Yes, Isabel. I'll look after it.

ISABEL  
I'm not going to say goodbye, in case  
God hears and thinks I'm ready to go.

She squeezes his hand.

INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Tom sits alone in an empty, silent house. Outside the window, he sees a plume of dust, fanning out in the sky, signaling the arrival of a car. Tom stands to get a better look.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Tom comes out the front door. SEES - A WOMAN emerges from the car, taking a moment to smooth down her blonde hair.

TOM  
Afternoon... You lost?

WOMAN  
I hope not... I'm looking for the  
Sherbourne's property. Tom and  
Isabel?

TOM  
You've found it. I'm Tom Sherbourne.

WOMAN  
(tentative smile)  
Then I'm not lost. My name's Lucy-  
Grace Rutherford. Roennfeldt as was.  
(smiles again)  
I'm Lucy.

TOM  
(almost to himself)  
Lucy...? Lulu Lighthouse?

LUCY-GRACE  
I hope I haven't intruded.

Tom shakes his head.

LUCY-GRACE (CONT'D)  
Wait. I've brought something to  
show you.

She returns to the car, reached in the front seat, and  
returns carrying a bassinet, her face a mixture of tenderness  
and pride.

LUCY-GRACE (CONT'D)  
This is Christopher, my little boy.  
He's three months old.

Peeping out from the blanket, Tom sees a child who so exactly  
resembles Lucy as a baby that a tingle creeps through him.

INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Tom brings in a tray with a teapot and cups, as Lucy-Grace  
sits looking out at the ocean, the baby beside her in the  
basket.

TOM  
How did you hear? About Isabel?

LUCY-GRACE  
Mom told me. When you wrote Ralph  
Addicott, to let him know how ill she  
was, he went to see my mother. I wish  
I would have made it... before...

She lets the words trail off, looks out at the distant water.

LUCY-GRACE (CONT'D)  
I couldn't come sooner. I had to wait for Mom to... well, to give her blessing, I suppose...

She smooths her skirt. Tom watches her, catching flashes of her younger face.

LUCY-GRACE (CONT'D)  
I've thought about you both so often, over the years... I remember some things. At least I think I do... a bit like snatches from a dream... I remember being on your shoulders. And playing the piano. But it's all sort of jumbled together...

TOM  
She left something for you...

He goes to the camphor chest, reaches inside, takes the envelope. Hands it to Lucy-Grace. She holds it a moment before opening it...

*"My Darling Lucy,*

*It has been such a long time. I promised I'd stay away from you, and I've stuck to my word, however hard that was for me.*

*I'm gone now, which is why you have this letter. And it brings me joy because it means that you came to find us. I never gave up hope that you would.*

*In the chest are some of the earliest things of yours - things from that lost part of your life. I kept them safe for you - in case you came in search of it.*

*You are a grown woman now. I hope life has been kind to you. I hope that you can forgive me for keeping you. And for letting you go.*

*Know that you have always been beloved."*

She sets down the letter, holding back emotions, opens the chest, revealing fragments of time, of a life - knitted booties, satin bonnet, Brown's Star Atlas. Tom feels a pang as he remembers the day she gave it to him.

She sees the long dedication inside. "Forever and ever and ever and ever..." A tear trails down her cheek.

LUCY-GRACE

I never had the chance to say thank you. To you and... Mamma, for saving me, and taking such good care of me.

TOM

There's nothing to thank us for.

The baby starts to cry, Lucy-Grace bends down to pick him up.

LUCY-GRACE

Shh, shh, bubba. You're all right, bunny rabbit.

She rocks him up and down until the crying subsides.

LUCY-GRACE (CONT'D)

Do you want to hold him?

TOM

I'm a bit out of practice these days.

LUCY-GRACE

Go on.

She passes the little bundle gently into his arms.

TOM

(smiling)

Well, look at you. Just like your mummy when she was a baby, aren't you? Same nose, same blue eyes.

The child holds him with a serious gaze, long forgotten sensations flood back. He fights the crack in his voice.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh, Isabel would have loved to meet you. She would have just loved you.

Lucy-Grace looked at her watch.

LUCY-GRACE

I'd better be heading off, I suppose. Don't want to be driving in the dark.

TOM

Of course... Shall I help you put the things in the car? That is, if you'd like to take them. I'll understand if you'd rather not.

He hands the baby back to her.

LUCY-GRACE

I don't want to take them... Because  
that way we'll have an excuse to come  
back. One day soon, maybe.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The sun is just a sliver shimmering above the waves as Tom  
lowers himself into the old steamer chair on the veranda.  
Beside him, on Isabel's chair, are cushions she made,  
embroidered with stars and a sickle moon.

He still aches for Isabel. The tears he fought off in front  
of Lucy now trail down his face.

He watches the ocean surrender to night, knowing that the  
light will reappear.

L  
O  
F  
T  
I  
N  
G