

## **Fortinbras: chronicles.**

**by Kate AKS**

Idea 7.01.2019



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(1)

*Sunny day in the end of winter. Old building of Camfordge's University in England. Loud groups of students of different ages and races. Professors slowly walk among them and politely talk to each other.*

*Above the big old gates written "Camfordge University established in 1\*19 year". Second number is missed from the date.*

*Across the University yard quickly moves Wilby Stonewall, he smiles to everyone and waves, girls and women look at him approvingly. Professor Stonewall wears yellow turtleneck, red blazer, black jeans and white sneakers. Wears glasses, starts to go bald, but doesn't try to hide it. His face is unshaven.*

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(2)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Usual background noise of University.*



*Many books are on bookshelves, big table, sofa, everywhere on surface are books and papers.*

*Jane Forest looks at the book in front of her, on her face expression of endless boredom.*

JANE FOREST: “Scald poetry’s translations. Semantic analyse.” Morning will be longer than I planned.

*Jane stands up from table, looks at the sun through window. She wears long knitted red dress. Hair not accurate collected in the bundle.*

*Jane closes her eyes with hands.*

JANE FOREST: He wrote it and I will like it. He...

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(3)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Lavender light, romantic melody, which is suitable for slow dancing.*

*Late evening with falling snow behind window.*

*Jane wears long shiny red dress with enormous decollete, which underline curves of her figure. Hair picked up in complicated hairstyle. Long, thin, diamond earrings touches her shoulders. Black stilettos. On the wrist is diamond bracelet.*



*Jane talks slowly, in deep, sexy voice.*

JANE FOREST: “Jane closed her eyes and tried not to breath to hear his quick steps on the old staircase. She could hear his steps from the first floor.

She waits for him. Today is annual meeting and first time when they announce about their relationships.

Wilby's long legs moved quickly in old building of Camfordge's University. She heard his deep voice, when he answered to greetings of other students. One, two steps and his long fingers will touch doorknob and open door to his office. Jane felt heat over her body and started to unbuttoned two top buttons of her purple shirt...

No, different outfit.

Jane felt heat over her body and slowly put her hands on the waist, where she still felt warmth of his hands".

*Door opens and enters Wilby Stonewall, he wears white tie, has good head of hair and tiny moustaches.*

JANE FOREST: "Door opened and she heard like he closed it from inside. Jane stood her face to window, but with spine felt his every move.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane. *(Whispers Professor)*. Jane.

*He makes one step close and now his fingers touch her shoulder.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane. *(Said he more demanding.)*

JANE FOREST: I couldn't wait for you longer.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane!

*Professor passionately kisses Jane, in a moment red dress is on the stone floor.*

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(4)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Return to reality with sunny morning.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane! Jane! Oh, dear. *(Professor Wilby Stonewall touches Jane's shoulder).* Jane, it's too hot there... You mumbled something.

*Wilby walks to the window.*

JANE FOREST: What? Where I? Again daydreamed? Professor Stonewall.

WILBY STONEWALL: Much better.

*Professor opens window.*



*Jane checks herself, as if there are some clothes on her.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Some fresh air in the office full of books. You could suffocate yourself among books, Jane, be careful.

*Wilby attentively looks at her.*

JANE FOREST: Yes. Sorry. I just.

*Jane straighten sleeves and Wilby checks her hands for drug's marks.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Translation of scald poetry? Where did you find this old book? I almost forgot that wrote it. Did you have breakfast before try to understand semantics?

*Wilby takes the book and checks in Jane's notebook notes, there is any line.*

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(5)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Lavender light, but this time Jane and Wilby wear the same clothes as in reality.*

*Jane tells all text to Wilby as poetry.*

JANE FOREST: “Jane was embarrassed that was caught such way, but she can’t do anything with herself, she was totally in love with Professor Stonewall, like all his students since his first lecture.

Professor smiled to her and she noticed little wrinkles in the sides of his eyes under big glasses, which made him look older”.

*Jane shakes her head.*

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(6)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*



*Back to reality.*

*Wilby looks at Jane disappointedly and puts on place book.*

JANE FOREST: I just searched what to write next. Not that I have no idea what to write. Just too many thoughts and ideas are in my mind. Too many different thoughts.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, just find one proper idea. At beginning it usually enough.

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(7)

*Jane's wild imagination.*

*Lavender light as fog.*

*Pictures change each other, when Jane talks.*

JANE FOREST: Jane answered honestly. She was at his course of creative writing.

*Jane sits on the first row in the auditorium, Wilby explains something using hands.*

JANE FOREST: Jane worked as his assistant for few hours daily.

*Professor Wilby in his office writes in notebook, Jane rearranges books and part of books falls on the floor. Wilby jumps on chair.*

JANE FOREST: Jane thought if she could write on theme which is interesting for him, it will bring some special attention to her.

*Wilby in his office on the floor cries and kisses every page of the draft, Jane with shy smile stands in the corner.*

JANE FOREST: But he was standing in front of her and she didn't feel special connection. He was cold, like poetry which he liked so much, with wind from fjords.

*In the office Wilby stands his back to Jane, wears usual outfit.*

*Barefoot Jane takes from the floor red dress.*

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(8)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Usual reality.*

*Not looking at Jane Wilby walks to his table.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes, writing as reading others. I mentioned such theory. (*Professor sits on his chair and puts more papers to totally overloaded with drafts table*).  
About reading others.

JANE FOREST: Yes. Yes, I am listening. I always listen to you.

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(9)

*Jane's wild imagination.*

*Lavender light as fog.*

*Pictures change each other, when Jane talks.*

JANE FOREST: Jane caught her breath and looked in Mr Stonewall's eyes, which she couldn't guess were of which colour.

*Wilby's face with accent at enormously blue eyes. Wilby stands near flat tire of cool car and declamations poetry. Jane changes tire.*

JANE FOREST: Sometimes she believed they are blue, when he told about what was interesting to him.

*Wilby's face with accent at enormously green eyes. Wilby in the auditorium, turns his head, makes few steps and starts to strangle Jane.*

JANE FOREST: Sometimes they were green, when he was disappointed in some of his students.

*Wilby's face with accent at enormously grey, almost silver eyes. Wilby back topless in his office, massages his right shoulder.*

JANE FOREST: When he was deep in thoughts and unconsciously hold his right shoulder, his eyes were grey.

*Wilby's face with accent at enormously brown, almost black eyes. Wilby in the auditorium, makes few steps and passionately kisses Jane. Others students laugh and start to filming it.*

JANE FOREST: When he looked at attractive young woman they became brown or black dark.

*Wilby dances as stripper in club with drunk ladies.*

*Wilby chews gum and looks at the sniper's rifle aim.*

*Wilby in the big jacket in the snow fishing in the middle of the icy lake.*

JANE FOREST: There were a lot of theories about his past, or to be exactly, fifteen years which passed between his excellent graduation and start of work in Camfordge University and his return as Professor of creative writing.

*Wilby stands in front of his student's photo, tries to smile the same.*

JANE FOREST: He was recognizable at old photos, just haircut wasn't short and accurate, like prefer former military men.

*Wilby in the cool car drives with few women inside car, who wears only shiny swimming suits.*

JANE FOREST: Mystery made him more attractive. He had past, he was womaniser. Every girl dreams to be with him.

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(10)

*Professor Stonewall's office in Camfordge University.*

*Back to reality.*

*Wilby looks how Jane tries to quickly close her empty paper notebook.*

WILBY STONEWALL: My old friend asked me for a favour, I should read one draft and decide if it worth publishing. If you are such avid reader, maybe you could make it, Jane. And it will help you to decide if you are interested to work as reader in publishing house. You remember Tilly Hard, don't you? *(Wilby makes a pause before starts searching for draft).*

***Flashback.***

***Tilly in short dress and in stilettos on the snow, almost freezes. Wilby exits from University's gate, waves to someone. Gives Tilly his jacket, but misses her shoulders, than gallantly opens his car's door to her. Tilly takes from snow jacket and tries to wear it such way that buttons are on back.***

***Blackout.***

JANE FOREST: Yes, I think I remember her. *(Politely smiles Jane.)* I remember how you both took one car after last Christmas dinner. It was cold and you gave her own jacket. It was such gentlemen's gesture.

WILBY STONEWALL: Good that you remember Ms Hard. This is new book, no one read it yet. You could make first opinion. What do you think? *(Professor stands up.)*

*Switch to Jane in her room looks at big Wilby's photo and crochets big red scarf.*

*Back to office.*

JANE FOREST: Yes. Today, I am free... It should sound less desperate.

WILBY STONEWALL: Desperate? I didn't notice. Good. But I am afraid, it took more time than one evening. *(Professor quickly finds necessary pile and gives heavy draft, more than 500 pages to Jane).*

JANE FOREST: Oh my God, it's wrote one man.

WILBY STONEWALL: It's first novel from seven, so... Yes, it written by one person.

*Jane opens folder and reads from first page.*

JANE FOREST: Olaf Odin.

WILBY STONEWALL: Let's hope it's pen name. (*Professor smiles awkwardly*).

JANE FOREST: Fortinbras: chronicles. (*Jane turns second page*). It's from Shakespeare?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. But story took place in Norway, near Nordkapp, and I noticed that you are interested in everything Nordic... Hope, it will be curious for you.

JANE FOREST: Yes. I think it's fascinating.

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(11)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Lavender light.*

*Wilby sits on the sofa, his head is on the back of the sofa, he sleeps. Jane sits on the corner of his table, tells something, reads from novel's draft.*



JANE FOREST: “Jane nodded, she will read this long book and will tell to Wilby her opinion and at least for half an hour, she will receive his full attention.

No matter that it is service for his lover. She needs his opinion. And instead of Wilby’s opinion Tilly will receive Jane’s thoughts.”



*Pantomime “how could you” between Wilby and Tilly. Tilly throws draft on Wilby’s face, he screams.*

*Jane slowly handles all tiny cuts on Wilby’s face after paper.*

JANE FOREST: It wasn’t such dramatic revenge, but it’s enough for beginning.

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(12)

*Professor Stonewall’s office.*

*Back to reality.*

*Wilby touches his unshaven chin.*

WILBY STONEWALL: You saved my life. Today I return to London, Nordic translator's conference tomorrow. Mark pages or paragraphs which you think I should read. (*Profesor opens wardrobe's door and there is already packed bag for trip*). If you need reference books, you could stay in my office as long as you want to, few times I even slept here.

***Flashback.***

***Wilby naked under blanket. Opens eyes and closes them. Each time different woman closes door of his office.***

***Blackout.***

JANE FOREST: Yes. Sure. I will return after lecture.

WILBY STONEWALL: Good day, Jane.

JANE FOREST: Good trip to London, Professor.

*Jane takes her bag, opens door, gently touches door knob and exits.*

***Blackout.***

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(13)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Wilby looks at the door, than opens notebook, there is little black envelope.*

*Knock at the door.*

*Switch to University's corridor .*

*Zira is in front of the door where written "Professor Stonewall", looks how disappears from view Jane.*

ZIRA JELLY : Professor Stonewall, I know you are here.

*Switch back to Stonewall's office.*

*Wilby closes notebook.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Come in, Ms Jelly.

*Door opens and enters Zira Jelly, she is beautiful and knows it.*

*Zira is tall, wears fashionable dress.*

ZIRA JELLY: Morning, Professor. I waited when Jane made few steps from the door.



WILBY STONEWALL: Jane? Why?

ZIRA JELLY: Like almost all of your students she think that is in love with you. You know, red as symbol of passion. Such pity.

WILBY STONEWALL: Why pity?

***Flashback.***

***Jane looks at the window in the corridor. Her bag is on the floor near stairs. To her quickly comes Zira and “accidentally” kicks Jane’s bag and everything from bag falls on the stairs.***

*Zira helps to put everything on place, looks like she judges all what she found.*

***Blackout.***

ZIRA JELLY: It's pity, because girl is smart and instead of thinking about future she spend time only in day- dreaming. Once I saw her opened bag and there were few romance, tied in red ribbon, probably they sold such way, like box of chocolate. I said nothing to her, it should pass with age.

WILBY STONEWALL: Ms Jelly, you came here to discuss your thoughts about Ms Forest's life?

ZIRA JELLY: Not at all. Don't worry.

WILBY STONEWALL: Than I listen to you.

ZIRA JELLY: Yes. About this Nordic conference.

WILBY STONEWALL: I said already to everyone, but if you like, could repeat personally to you. It's conference not for students.

*Zira slowly comes near Wilby.*

ZIRA JELLY: Don't be so nervous, Professor. I remember every word that you said during lectures.

WILBY STONEWALL: I am glad about such level of sacrifice.

ZIRA JELLY: You will spend few nights in London.

WILBY STONEWALL: Thank you for your attention, but hotel is already booked.

ZIRA JELLY: "Very Old Lion", room twelve, I already know. You shouldn't worry about formal invitation.

WILBY STONEWALL: What are you talking, Ms Jelly?

ZIRA JELLY: You could call me Zira. Or better to say you could call me how you want to, Professor Wilby.

WILBY STONEWALL: In the walls of University, you are my student, Ms Jelly. Please, behave like should.

ZIRA JELLY: About walls of University. I knew everything, because of this propose meeting in London. Poor Jane was such stupid and left note on top of the table, she cares about you.

*Zira moves closer to Wilby, he makes two steps from the table.*

*Zira steps closer to the table, tries to sit on corner of it. Slowly moves her hand by table, she still couldn't reach notebook.*



WILBY STONEWALL: Stop this immediately.

*Wilby grabs Zira from table and she manages only to drop few folders on the floor, notebook is on place.*

ZIRA JELLY: You are such strong, Professor.

WILBY STONEWALL: Out, till I didn't dismiss you from my lectures.

ZIRA JELLY: Yes, Wilby, dismiss me. I will wait you in the hotel “Very Old Lion”.

WILBY STONEWALL: Don’t bother with that, I will stay in friend’s house.

ZIRA JELLY: Good luck in dismissing her.

*Zira sends air kiss and closes door after herself.*

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(14)

*University’s corridor.*

*Zira takes phone from pocket.*

ZIRA JELLY: Message received. Yes, he already read it, I am sure. Should I accompany him to London? No, I didn’t have such wish. I have other plans.

*Zira puts phone back in the pocket, smiles to student who waited her with her bag.*

ZIRA JELLY: And what you wanted to show me in the library?



*Student smiles and put his hand on Zira's waist.*

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(15)

*Stonewall's office.*

*Wilby starts to put everything on places, checks notebook, envelope is still there.*



WILBY STONEWALL: I became paranoid. Of course, Zira flirted with Professor. She didn't search for letter. But she was near notebook, where I tossed it. It is too dangerous to have it near. I had to destroy it.

*Wilby closes door and curtains, turned on, what supposed to be smell candle and laser scans whole office.*

*On the phone's screen shows "nothing found, try later".*

WILBY STONEWALL: Any devise. I try to be careful, that's all.

***Flashback.***

***Laser scans room and on monitor are red dots, on the plan of the room. Wilby looks at monitor and one by one removes tracking devices.***

***Blackout.***

*Green laser's light disappears.*

*Wilby looks at black envelope "to naughty Professor".*

WILBY STONEWALL: I have doubts that my previous work ever will finish.

*Wilby massages his right shoulder and opens envelope. Black paper with white letter, frivolous drawing in the corner above address.*

WILBY STONEWALL: They were proud of themselves, when made such invitation. How to say "no" to that?

*Professor Stonewall turns his ink pen till click and receives infra red light. On the paper is written different address and in the other corner is little bee.*

WILBY STONEWALL: As usual, old school.

*From the pocket Wilby takes cigarette lighter, puts envelope and letter in the cup on the saucer and looks how flames destroys last evidences from received message.*

*Wilby opens other door, enters bathroom, opens tap in the sink he washes cup, ashes floats away.*

*Wilby looks at himself in the mirror – his pupils became wider, hands shakes a little.*

*Wilby returns to the office, finish drying his hands, throws paper towel in the bin.*

WILBY STONEWALL: It's excitement of new work. I can do it, I know it and they know it, they asked me to return. It's obviously, they need me.

*Wilby checks if his face is dry, puts on his driving gloves and glasses and buttons his jacket.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Professor left to conference, no train.

*Wilby puts back in the wardrobe his driving gloves.*

*Wilby opens curtains on windows, than returns to the table, lefts his notebook there, takes from the wardrobe big bag.*

*Returns one more time to the table, opens notebook, smiles.*

*Steps to the door and exits.*

*Blackout.*

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*(16)*

*Evening, streets lights behind the window.*

*Cosy tea room in London, mainly at tables are tourists, they discuss something.*



*Wilby wears sweater and blue shirt, jeans and brown boots.*

*In front of Wilby sits Tilly Hard, she wears red ballet shoes, green dress and red big earrings. Black clutch is on the table.*

*Tilly talks on phone and makes faces to Wilby, to show how she bored of conversation.*

TILLY HARD: I don't know. Probably in two month. Yes, we have long waiting list. No, I didn't read yet. I understand that you love your husband. Yes, as soon as possible. Have a good day also.

WILBY STONEWALL: You are cruel. I have two hours till my meeting, but I didn't plan to spend them looking how you talk by phone.

TILLY HARD: I am cruel when had to. Did you read a novel? About Fortinbras? It's from Shakespeare. Othello, if I remember.

WILBY STONEWALL: When you last time read Hamlet?

TILLY HARD: Hamlet? Why? Yes. I get it, Hamlet.

WILBY STONEWALL: I wait for answer, Tilly.

TILLY HARD: I had attempt in school, it counts?

*Tilly tenderly plays with cup's handle .*

WILBY STONEWALL: Since when you are interested in Nordic history?

TILLY HARD: You remember that I had flat few houses from here?

WILBY STONEWALL: Such thing is difficult to forget.

TILLY HARD: Remember times, when I edited all your books. *(Tilly slowly moves her tongue on her lips).*

WILBY STONEWALL: Hope now your grammar knowledge improved?

*Wilby slowly sips from cup.*

TILLY HARD: I started to read this novel, but I want to know your opinion.

*Tilly takes cherry from the Wilby's biscuit and slowly puts it in her mouth.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Since when you decide what to publish, based on opinion of others?

*Wilby bites biscuit already without cherry.*

TILLY HARD: I started to read it. At first five pages there is detailed process of book binding and I am not sure that it is what waits our readers. But this is book about Fortinbras

and maybe story about that play... Hamlet, will be interested for some readers. I just need your opinion, everything took place in Norway.

WILBY STONEWALL: What took place in Norway?

TILLY HARD: Hamlet.

WILBY STONEWALL: In Denmark.

TILLY HARD: And Fortinbras?

WILBY STONEWALL: Tilly, it's long story.

TILLY HARD: You didn't start to read draft and made call-down to me. So there was other reason to our meeting. You have one more hour.

*Now both Tilly's knees touch Wilby's leg under table with short table clothes.*

*Willby looks at the clock.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Glad that you thought about that. Your door code still is "four three two one"?

TILLY HARD: Yes. Waiter! Bill! I think that nothing happened with my cat, Winky, if he one more night spends in the vet clinic. I had more time sensitive engagements.

*Switch to the vet clinic.*

*In little room full of different cages sits lovely little cat.*

*Dogs start to bark, we see other cages, he is one cat among dogs left for night.*

*Switch back to the tea room.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I like when you are such heartless.

TILLY HARD: Try harder.

WILBY STONEWALL: It's order, Ms Hard?

TILLY HARD: It's wish. Waiter! Bill!

*Blackout.*

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(17)

*Inside Tilly's flat.*

*Bathroom, Wilby is in shower.*





*Tilly stands in front of shower, wears bath robe, hides behind her back towel.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Don't do that.

TILLY HARD: What exactly?

WILBY STONEWALL: Stare, when I am in the shower.



*Wilby opens shower's door and exits already in the towel.*

TILLY HARD: How?



*Tilly throws on the floor towel which she hides in her hands.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I really had to go.

*Wilby pecks Tilly in chin.*

WILBY STONEWALL: So I will need my shirt and trousers also, thanks in advance.

TILLY HARD: Fine.

*Tilly exits from bathroom.*

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(18)

*Evening.*

*Tilly's flat.*

*Big crumpled bed.*

*In other corner is kitchen with table and chairs.*

*Between bed and kitchen is little screen.*

*Tilly throws Wilby's clothes to the screen.*



*Wilby exits in trousers and unbuttoned shirt.*

TILLY HARD: Did you do it again, after?

*Wilby holds Tilly's hand which tracked scar of bullet on his right shoulder and buttons shirt.*

WILBY STONEWALL: No. Not yet. I am not sure that hunting is still such attractive activity for me. Why you ask, dear? You still remember this story about unhappy hunting and you always is such compassionate with me.

*Wilby kisses Tilly's hand.*

TILLY HARD: Paint ball, I received invitation for two and... How quickly you put on your clothes.

WILBY STONEWALL: Practice make perfect. I am so sorry. If you need plus one for opera, you could count on me.

TILLY HARD: Be attentive with promises.

*Wilby hugs Tilly and quickly takes his bag.*

*Closes door behind himself.*

\*

(19)

*Tilly's flat.*

*Phone rings, Tilly changes in face, but answers. She is angry.*



*Wart's husky, changed voice.*

WART: Ms Hard?

*Switch to basement with stone walls, man scrubs his unshaven face, when talks on phone.*

*Switch back to Tilly's flat.*

TILLY HARD: I told you not call me or talk to me in such way. Mr Wart, since when I had to remind about that?

WART: Since when I agreed to be called by you Mr Wart. It's part of agreement. We hoped that Professor will be longer at your home. Ms Hard you should try harder. Since when I had to remind about that?

TILLY HARD: I said what I do and I do it. Wilby has a meeting and later he will return. Hope for you will be enough time, to make your part of job.

*Tilly crosses her fingers.*

WART: Yes. Thanks for collaboration, Ms Hard. We will call you later.

*Tilly puts phone on the table and walks to kitchen to wash her hands as if they were dirty after that conversation.*

TILLY HARD: I like to have everything under control and now he reminded me that I am the one who listens orders. It was my whole idea of operation “Fortinbras: chronicles”. Wilby didn’t read draft and still didn’t recognize story. I need his attention and attention of “Beehive” organization to find their supportive team against Wart. Wilby should get it, if wasn’t lazy and start reading.

*Tilly touches knives above table.*

TILLY HARD: I need to start things happen.

*Tilly takes phone and deals number.*

TILLY HARD (*in sweetest voice possible*): Pam, could you talk? No, vet told that one more night. I know that’s awful, but hope everything will be fine with Winky. Really? Now? I would like to. Yes, busy day, not all writers are pleasure for me as you, Pam.

*Tilly puts phone in the bag, looks at the knives and goes to the screen with clothes.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(20)

*Evening.*

*Empty corridors of University.*

*Few windows in building with light.*

*Professor Stonewall's office at University.*

*Jane sits on sofa.*



JANE FOREST: Why writer's group think that my draft of romance novel is boring. It's just real.

\*

(21)

*Lavender light.*

*Jane reads aloud from the pages of draft which are in pink folder.*



JANE FOREST: “Jane was proud of herself, that didn’t fall asleep during first five pages of draft, where was detailed description of book binding to find out at sixth page, that it was hobby of bee-keeper.”

*Switch to man who binds a book, above a table is big painting of bee.*

*Man looks through window and few beehives are in the deep snow of Norway’s landscape.*

*Man smiles and returns to binding a book.*

*Switch back to Jane, who reads draft.*

JANE FOREST: “What this have common with Fortinbras? - Asked Jane, after reading next ten pages which describe hive on the back garden of main hero.

Jane was comfortable in Professor Stonewall’s office, she switch on lamp under leather sofa. To her was too difficult to concentrate on text, not on thought that she lay at the same place, where laid he, when was too busy to return home.

*Jane slowly caress back of the sofa, where she hoped touched his head.”*

*Jane in lace night gown lights on candles on the floor in the Wilby’s office.*

JANE FOREST: Jane knew that it was bad idea, but skipped few pages of draft to find out if something is happened there. Again nothing.

Jane hoped that door will open and Wilby, who forget something returns at work.

And here he will find her half asleep, such soft and tender.

He will bend over her to check if she sleeps.

*Wilby enters in the room, dirt as after attempt to fix a car in the rain with dirt.*

JANE FOREST: “- Wilby. - Whispers Jane.

- I’m here. - Answers he and kisses her.”

*Wilby gives to Jane adjustable wrench.*

*Jane stands up from sofa, wears his jacket over lace night gown and walks in the stormy night which begins in front of the door from office.*

*Wilby lays on the sofa and turns his back to the door.*

*Wind blows candles.*

*Blackout.*

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(22)

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

JANE FOREST: Who name it boring? But something is wrong. I can't see his presence.

When will be something exciting in the draft?

Probably in this room with stone vaults in the basement? Why not on the beach?

*Switch to coastline covered in snow, under bright umbrella, on chaise longue sits man with hat against bees on head.*

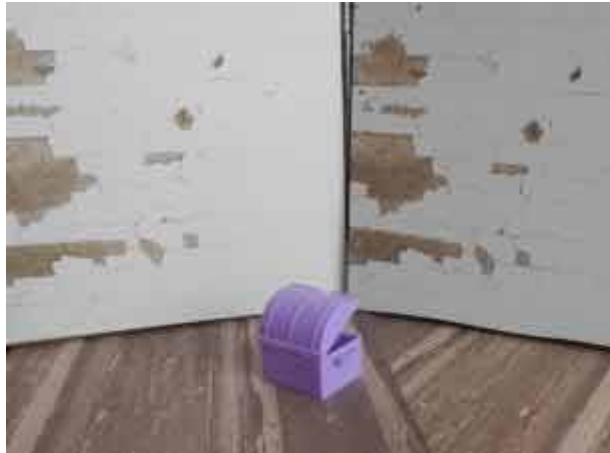
JANE FOREST: Probably stone vaults in the basement is better.

*Blackout.*

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(23)

*Blue light from the lamp on the ceiling.*



*Room with stone vaults in the basement.*

*Few people wears black cloaks, they faces under hoods.*

*Box is on the floor, they stay around it.*

MASTER: I heard you. World is not ready. All Bard's ideas with end of Danish monarchy and his sympathy to Norwegian Prince. We didn't find roots of this interpretations, probably personal, not historical. But we won't destroy the draft, we had no right to do it.

FIRST MAN (*with golden ring in the form of bee, which had blue sapphires instead of eyes*) : Master, but...

MASTER: Your idea that Bard wanted to have foreigners as rulers over England hasn't enough proves in this manuscript.

FIRST WOMAN (*her long fingers is in dissonant with her not natural overweighted figure*): We can't forget what we read. No matter that there is still aren't proves of Bard's revenge for Danelaw. We should show it to world.

MASTER: It will cost fortune at the auction, I believe you, we could change a lot in this world. Still we believe that world is not ready for "Fortinbras: chronicle". It was Bard's decision, he postponed it. And after his death each generation of Custodians every twenty years decided what to do further.

SECOND WOMAN: Probably your wish to publish it have other deep roots.

*Switch to stage at which stands Master in golden cloak with hood which closes his fase. All possible figures of rewards are near his feet.*

*Master bows deeply, loud applause.*

*Switch back to basement.*

MASTER: Yes, I am theatre director and this has nothing to do with readiness of world.

SECOND MAN: But you wanted to be the first, who stage "Fortinbras: chronicles". It will change everything. And Horatio, Horatio as main character in whole story.

MASTER: Quiet! Someone is coming. World is not ready.

*Heavy steps and Master opens little door, where exit everyone who were in the room.*

*Master pushes one of the stones and box disappears in the floor.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(24)

*Night.*

*Professor Stonewall's office.*

JANE FOREST: What? Horatio is main character. I need to read previous hundred pages to understand this.

*Jane quickly turns pages.*

JANE FOREST: Where? Where? About this beehive I read, somewhere here.

*Light in the room slowly becomes blue.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(25)

*London.*

*Late evening.*

*Quiet road without shops for tourists.*

*Wilby slowly rides on the road, looks at both direction.*

*Only one shop and window is with lights, honey shop, with enormous honey's jar.*

*Wilby parks his car in front of shop's door.*

*Wilby opens door to the shop.*

*With ring door opens.*

*Wilby enters.*

\*

(26)

*Honey's shop interior.*

*In the shop are Wilby and Shop Assistant.*

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: Welcome to the "Beehive". Can I help you?

*Professor Stonewall looks around, touches shelves.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Was long time or seems so.

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: Welcome to the "Beehive". Can I help you?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. Thank you. I am interested in self help book or manual with bee-keeping.

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: What kind of self help book?

WILBY STONEWALL: My friend... He has experience in beehive on the rooftop. And I am interested, could it be done?



FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: Yes. It's possible. We have books about that.

Where exactly your friend was successful at keeping bees?

*Shop assistant looks at watch, client was too late.*

WILBY STONEWALL: At Nordkapp.

*Nothing changes in the shop assistants bored face.*

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: At Nordkapp?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes.

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: We have such book, but it's in the back of our shop.

If you don't mind.

*Shop assistant presses the button and at his place comes other endlessly bored shop assistant.*

SECOND SHOP ASSISTANT: Your order will be ready as soon as possible.

WILBY STONEWALL: Thank you.

*Wilby nods, enters in the door, which hides under wall with all possible hats for professional bee keepers.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(27)



*Recognizable room with stone vaults in the basement.*

*From hidden door enters Mark, he walks slowly, as with enormous pain.*

*Wilby goes down the stairs to room in the basement.*

MARK CHRISTOF: Professor Stonewall.

WILBY STONEWALL: Mister Christof.



*Men hugs each other.*

MARK CHRISTOF: Hide your smile, it's too noticeable that you missed all this.

*Wilby sits in front of him on second chair.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Mark, we know each other for ages. What is going on?  
Someone stole data base of our agents and we again should save the world?

MARK CHRISTOF: Rule of knowing two agents no one dismissed. For now it works.

WILBY STONEWALL: And this two agents in the shop and you. Something in counting?

MARK CHRISTOF: I almost forget what pain in the neck you are at work. Back to our problem.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes.

MARK CHRISTOF: It's not a problem at all. We have some kind of complications.

WILBY STONEWALL: Everything is such bad?

MARK CHRISTOF: We have supporting stuff of bee-keepers and they knew sometimes less, but they have an ability to make proper conclusions from information.

WILBY STONEWALL: And?

MARK CHRISTOF: Someone uses help of our passive and retired helpers and they predict our future operations.

WILBY STONEWALL: Is it recent problem?



MARK CHRISTOF: Yes. It hasn't nothing common with Astrid.

WILBY STONEWALL: As you say. They are interested in alternative “Beehive”? Maybe better financial support will change situation.

MARK CHRISTOF: They all were used only once and all honey which they have...

WILBY STONEWALL: Which is in body count?

MARK CHRISTOF: It’s classified information even for me.

*Mark rubs his unshaven face.*

WILBY STONEWALL: It’s real complication. What should I do?

MARK CHRISTOF: We prepared operation, and our enemy will find out about it.

WILBY STONEWALL: You worked on it.

MARK CHRISTOF: Yes, but we need real agent. Even former, because our target is former agent which is ready to sell own knowledges.

WILBY STONEWALL: And who is our victim?

MARK CHRISTOF: You will find out later.

WILBY STONEWALL: Are you sure that they know about operation?

MARK CHRISTOF: Yes.

WILBY STONEWALL: And where will be operation?

MARK CHRISTOF: In Norway. We found quiet spot in fjord, near Nordkapp. I know that for you it could be difficult. You have whole next day to think about it.

WILBY STONEWALL: I...



*Mark stands up and opens door, from where he entered.*

MARK CHRISTOF: You will find a door.

WILBY STONEWALL: Also was glad to see you again, Mark.

*Blackout.*

\*

(28)

*Honey shop.*

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: Here is your order.

*Shop assistant gives to Wilby little basket with different honey jars in it.*

SECOND SHOP ASSISTANT: We are sure, that Ms Hard will like it with morning's toast. Good night, Professor.

WILBY STONEWALL: Night. Now they made orders where he should spend night.

*Wilby touches his shoulder and slowly exits from shop.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Since when she likes honey?

*Blackout.*

\*

(29)

*London.*

*Night street in front of honey shop.*

*Wilby exits from the door.*

*After him lights in the shop switches off.*

*Wilby opens door of the car, puts basket with honey on the sit.*

*Wilby looks at the wheel, which squeeze his hands.*

***Flashback.***

***Sunny winter day. Snow is everywhere. At bird's flight hight noticeable little spot, with approximation it's human in the snow. It's Wilby in winter clothes, knitted hat and long beard, his eyes closed. Under his right shoulder little red spot became bigger and bigger.***

***Helicopter is in the sky, it starts to decline, wind of it touches Wilby's beard and he opens his eyes.***





*Noise of helicopter.*

*WILBY: Most wonderful music in whole world.*

*Wilby closes eyes.*

*Blackout.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Day to think. What about?

*Flashback.*

*Room in the basement.*

*Mark is in front of Wilby, who sits with bended shoulder.*

*MARK: Did you see anyone, agent Stonewall?*

*WILBY: No.*

*MARK: Did you find anything connected with death of agent Bente?*

*WILBY: No.*

*MARK: Did you receive permission to operation?*

*WILBY: No.*

*MARK: Fine. It's procedure. Now you could rest, Wilby.*

**WILBY:** *When “Beehive” gives me permission to investigate my accident?*

**MARK:** *Never.*

**WILBY:** *Why, Mark?*

**MARK:** *You are fired, agent Stonewall.*

**Blackout.**

*Wilby turns on engine.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Hope Tilly won't mind if I spend some time with her. I think it's not worst idea of Beehive. Since when she likes honey?

\*

(30)

*Tilly's flat at night.*



*Wilby and Tilly lay under blanket, naked, back to each other, both are awake.*

*Flashback.*

*Evening.*

*Tilly closes door and looks how ambulance left the street.*

*TILLY: Yes, I will take care of her. Attempt to suicide is dangerous because of next attempts. Doctor, you are such right.*

*Night.*

*Tilly sits on the floor, her back to the wall, she shakes, in the room where is lot of books, on the walls are maps of Norway's towns.*

*Door to the bathroom opened, freshly cleaned floor, motionless woman's hand above edge of the bath, in hand is open little jar of sleeping pills.*

*TILLY (whispers): How long time it will take to find Pam's body? Where I will receive alibi for this night? What if Wilby won't return tonight?*

*Blackout.*

*Tilly moves and tries to covers herself with blanket.*

*Wilby touches his right shoulder.*

***Flashback.***

***Sunny winter day in Norway.***

***Wilby walks in direction to the edge of fjord, in his hands is map, suddenly he fells. Mark of the bullet at his right shoulder.***

***Blackout.***

*Tilly turns her face to Wilby, who now lays on his back.*



TILLY HARD: Can't sleep?

WILBY STONEWALL: I didn't want to disturb you.

TILLY HARD: Again pain in the shoulder.

WILBY STONEWALL: Let's not talk about it.

TILLY HARD: You have other idea?

WILBY STONEWALL: If you don't mind.

*Wilby starts to kiss Tilly.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(31)

*Morning.*

*Tilly's flat.*

*Tilly and Wilby have breakfast.*



TILLY HARD: How do you know about honey?

***Flashback.***

***Honey shop and shop assistant gives to Wilby basket.***

***Blackout.***

*Wilby looks around room.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Observations.

TILLY HARD: Which are?

WILBY STONEWALL: “Daily farm food to your breakfast table”. I think that’s the name of book at your bed table? And I thought honey for toast will be proper in such circumstances.

*Wilby slowly drinks coffee and reads fresh newspaper.*

TILLY HARD: You are such attentive. It scares me sometimes.

WILBY STONEWALL: Was it compliment or next level of admiration?

*Wilby puts newspaper on table.*

TILLY HARD: Your modesty always disarms me.

WILBY STONEWALL: To which level?

TILLY HARD: You have conference today. Or added others plans?

WILBY STONEWALL: Only at eleven.

TILLY HARD: Good for you. I have meeting in publishing house at nine, so sorry. Nothing interesting for today.

***Flashback.***

***Bathroom with dead woman in the bath, Tilly looks at herself in mirror.***

***On the floor is lot of water, Tilly takes mop and starts to clean everything.***

***Blackout.***

*Tilly harder holds warm cup.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Here.

*Wilby gives Tilly her phone.*



TILLY HARD: What?

WILBY STONEWALL: You could call and postpone your meeting to eleven.

Such easy.

TILLY HARD: Such easy?

WILBY STONEWALL: Come on. Don't you want to spend today's morning in the bed.

TILLY HARD: I don't know. Not at the kitchen, for sure.

WILBY STONEWALL: Phone and I will prove to you that there is hidden attractiveness of kitchen.

TILLY HARD: Hope you won't be cooking pancakes?

WILBY STONEWALL: This I will promise.

*Tilly sits on Wilby's knees, they start to kiss.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(32)

*Early morning.*

*Professor Stonewall's office.*



*Jane lays on the sofa, draft is on her abs.*

*Knock at the door.*

*Switch to corridor, Zira is near the door, tries to open the door, key is in the keyhole.*

ZIRA JELLY : Professor Stonewall, Professor Stonewall!

*Louder knocking at the door.*

ZIRA JELLY: Professor Stonewall!

*Switch back to Professor Stonewall's office.*

*Jane slowly stretch herself, and when she tries to stand up, draft falls on floor.*

ZIRA JELLY: Professor Stonewall! I heard, you are there. It's Zira.

JANE FOREST: Who could predict? Zira!

*Jane barefoot walks to the door and opens it.*

ZIRA JELLY: Jane!

*Zira makes one step back, than nonchalantly pushes Jane from her way and enters into office.*

ZIRA JELLY: Where is Professor?



JANE FOREST: In London. Good morning, Zira. I am fine. Thanks for dropping  
by.

*Jane quickly returns to sofa in searching for her boots.*

ZIRA JELLY: In London?

*Zira opens every door and checks.*

ZIRA JELLY: And you spend whole night here?

JANE FOREST: Yes. Why don't you ask if alone?

*Jane zips second shoe.*

ZIRA JELLY: About this I am sure.

*Zira, as always in perfect form, her hair effortlessly perfect, she moves slowly.*

*Jane tries to comb her hair by hand with scrunchy, which was on her wrist.*

ZIRA JELLY: I wanted to discuss with Professor book, which he recommended  
me.

JANE FOREST: “Snakes on daily basic”? He mentioned only this book when talked about you.

ZIRA JELLY: We will see, who will win in the end. Usually this is someone who already took shower in the morning.

*Zira with disgust looks at Jane and slowly walks from office and loudly closes the door.*

\*

(33)

*Professor Stonewall’s office.*

*Jane shrugs shoulders and starts to put everything in office in order.*

JANE FOREST: Today is Wednesday and I have free from lectures day. Wilby will be whole day in London, conference should end at Friday. What the...?

*Jane takes from her leg sticky note.*

JANE FOREST: “Phone to the author”. “Horatio as evil mastermind?” Yes. Sure.

*Jane search through draft and deals phone number.*

JANE FOREST: No one answers. Fine, phone later.

*Jane takes her backpack, puts in it draft.*

*Switches off lamps and clothes door of office.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(34)

*Morning.*

*Jane's room.*

*Big armchairs, bed, little kitchen, everything is cosy.*



*Jane packs backpack with one more shirt, draft and paper book.*

*Jane closes backpack and deals phone.*

JANE FOREST: Olaf Odin, I hope it's not real name. It's not my business. It's Jane Forest, I phoned you few times but nothing changed – you didn't phone back.

Today in the evening I will be in London, in the book there is your address, so I drop by.

I read your draft for publishing house.

*Switch to writer's room with maps of Norway's towns on the walls. Loud voice mail. Big cat sleeps on the table. Door to bathroom opened and motionless woman's hand.*

JANE FOREST: Yes, I have few questions about plot. Not you, but it's yours, Fortinbras: chronicles. How you proved that it was Horatio's plan to destroy Danish monarchy and gave chance to Fortinbras inherited all? He was a friend, confidant. From where are such strong political ambitions? Hope when we will meet today, we discuss this. I did everything, what could.

*Switch back to Jane's room.*

*Jane puts phone in the pocket and eats candy from chocolate box on the table.  
Puts backpack on shoulder and exits from the room.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(35)

*In Jane's room.*

*Enters Zira, she wears T-shirt with cute bee on it, on T-shirt written "Bee Busy".*

*Checks headphones. Talks and search everywhere.*

ZIRA JELLY: I am in. Yes, I checked, I saw how she boarded on train. No, she didn't notice me. Have other pair of key's in Wilby's office is total stupidity.

No, she won't notice. Yes, I checked everywhere. I am sure. Yes, only one place left.

Yes, I believe that Jane is this kind of person, who will take draft to meeting with writer.

No, I won't be connected to this on level "accidental meeting". Conversation is over.

*Zira one more time looks around, closes door.*



ZIRA JELLY: I am right, she took it with herself. I still don't believe that this draft is such important. Wilby didn't read it. Or he wants that we believe in this? Someone not from University should check Professor's flat.

*Zira runs on the road in front of the Jane's house and listens to music for run.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(36)

*London, evening after heavy rain.*

*Lovely garden in front of cosy house.*

*Jane walks on the road and checks address in her phone.*

*Looks at the house and at the phone, the same number.*

JANE FOREST: Twenty not answered phone calls and three messages on the phone of writer who named himself or herself, Olaf Odin, it's enough. And I am here. Address from the draft, hope something is real in this whole story.

I am in London, come on, open the door. It hadn't nothing common with that Wilby's hotel is two tube stations from here.

*Jane rings one more time at the door and on phones simultaneously.*

NEIGHBOUR: Can I help you?

*Jane turns around.*

*Old woman in garden gloves from neighbour's garden walks near gate. On her knitted cardigan is little brooch - bee sits on the honey drop made from amber.*

JANE FOREST: Hello. Sorry. Do you know if is writer at home? I phoned, no one answered.

NEIGHBOUR: Pamela usually at home, when not in library. Wait a minute.

*Old woman opens little gate between gardens.*

NEIGHBOUR: Strange, today's newspaper. Pamela usually read it during breakfast. You are from publishing house?

JANE FOREST: How do you know? Pamela told you about my phone calls?

NEIGHBOUR: No. But you called her writer.

JANE FOREST: Yes. I am from publishing house. I read for them drafts.

NEIGHBOUR: Pamela will be such happy. You know I spend week at my sister's house, returned only today in the morning and after heavy rain, which was in Monday, garden is in total disaster, all seeds were washed away. You know, I like to save seeds till end of the winter in the garden, they should use to the soil.

*Woman talks and without pause rings in the door.*

NEIGHBOUR: We should to call police! Immediately.

JANE FOREST: Why?

*Jane turns head in every direction.*

*Neighbour woman looks thought the window, sees opened door in the bathroom.*

NEIGHBOUR: King hasn't any milk. Pamela never forgets about him.

*Woman takes phone from pocket.*

NEIGHBOUR: Police!

JANE FOREST: And here is King.

*Big black cat jumps on the windowsill and starts mew.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(37)

*London.*

*Police station.*

*Police's corridor.*

*Police officers walk in different directions, busy.*

*Jane sits on the chair, enters Wilby.*

JANE FOREST: Professor!

*Jane smile fades, after Wilby in the door enters Tilly.*

WILBY STONEWALL: How are you?

JANE FOREST: Fine. In this circumstances. I didn't see or know anything, but answered too many questions as main suspect, not minor witness.

WILBY STONEWALL: What you did there?

JANE FOREST: Professor, you sound as police. Because of book, I wanted to talk with writer... Who knew that she was already dead?

WILBY STONEWALL: Which writer?

JANE FOREST: Olaf Odin, it was dead woman.

TILLY HARD: And you came to London? You were friends with her or him?

JANE FOREST: I left few messages and have few questions about draft.

TILLY HARD: What is the book, which inspire you to find a corpse?

JANE FOREST: Fortinbras: chronicle. Professor Stonewall asked me to read it.

***Flashback.***

***Pamela's room, Tilly puts mop in the corner of bathroom. Motionless hand touches her when she walks near. Tilly shivers.***

***Blackout.***

*Tilly changes in face, but quickly returns to sarcastic grimace.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Tilly, I was busy.

TILLY HARD: And you are?

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane Forest, my student and assistant. Ms Hard you know, Jane?

TILLY HARD: Jane Forest.

WILBY STONEWALL: Why they need you?

JANE FOREST: Suicide note.

TILLY HARD: Was it in the draft?

JANE FOREST: No. Was on her writing desk. I read her draft and it wasn't written by hand.

WILBY STONEWALL: Semantic comparison.

JANE FOREST: Yes. Before their special person prove it. It was written by one person.

TILLY HARD: And what do you think?

WILBY STONEWALL: About what, Tilly?

TILLY HARD: About draft. You read it. We planed to publish it. It's worth it. What do you think?

JANE FOREST: I made a lot of marks in draft for you, Professor. Idea is unusual. I didn't think that bee-keepers like secret organization is good idea...

***Flashback.***

***Wilby in the stone walls room in the basement opens little box, where are little silver cufflings in the form of bees.***

***Blackout.***

WILBY STONEWALL: Bee-keepers as secret organization.

TILLY HARD: Yes, it's unusual.

*Tilly tries not to look at Wilby.*

*Door opens, enters Police officer.*

POLICE OFFICER: You could go, but please don't leave London for now, Ms Forest.

JANE FOREST: But, I...

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, you will stay in hotel with me. Here is address, officer. "Very Old Lion", room twelve.

*Wilby quickly writes address on paper.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, you need to rest. I will phone you later, Ms Hard.

*Wilby almost drags Jane from police station. He takes Jane's bag with draft of deceased writer.*

*Tilly looks at all that and turns to officer.*

TILLY HARD: Officer. I am afraid I was last person, who saw Pamela alive. I am Tilly Hard. When I left her house she was still alive and I had no idea that she will try again.

POLICE OFFICER: Ms Tilly Hard, you called ambulance about suicide attempt. It was in papers.



TILLY HARD: I hoped that stopped her. I had to do more.

*Tilly starts to cry.*

POLICE OFFICER: You need to drink a water and we will talk with you.

*Tilly enters in the office after Police Officer.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(38)

*Evening.*

*Hotel's room in "Very Old Lion".*

*Jane enters and puts her backpack on the floor near armchair, where sits.*

JANE FOREST: It's not necessary to pretend that you care. I am fine and you could return to your previous plans to have evening with Ms Hard.

*Wilby enters after her, looks at backpack and checks if teapot is still warm.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Thanks for your permission, but I could myself decide what to do.

JANE FOREST: Sure.

WILBY STONEWALL: If you could, please explain to me all this stuff with draft and your search for writer.

JANE FOREST: In others words: what I forget in London?

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, you are still in shock, if you need time.

JANE FOREST: I read draft. Very long draft, there are endless descriptions of everything. I know that writer should know good theme about which write, but it was awfully detailed explanations and I didn't think that story need a line of that.

WILBY STONEWALL: For this is second and third revision. Writer should underline own knowledge, not prove with examples.

JANE FOREST: As you teach us.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes.

JANE FOREST: And there also is idea of Fortinbras: Chronicles and about that I also have questions.

WILBY STONEWALL: Which are?

JANE FOREST: How Hamlet didn't notice that it was all time Horatio's idea?

WILBY STONEWALL: Which idea?

JANE FOREST: To destroy everyone to Fortinbras receive kingdom.

WILBY STONEWALL: From were such idea?

JANE FOREST: From unpublished Bard's story.

WILBY STONEWALL: It was in the draft?

JANE FOREST: Yes. Don't you think it's interesting?

WILBY STONEWALL: What exactly? To destroy whole story of Hamlet with all his pain to prove that in the end he is the same Othello, but this time Yago celebrates victory.

JANE FOREST: Yes, I didn't think such way, probably because of this similarity he decided not to show this draft.

WILBY STONEWALL: Who decided?

JANE FOREST: Bard.

WILBY STONEWALL: Explanation from the book.

JANE FOREST: Sure.

WILBY STONEWALL: And you also mentioned bee-keeping?

JANE FOREST: Yes, it's strange story.

WILBY STONEWALL: Why, Jane?

JANE FOREST: Secret organization as cower choose beekeeping.

WILBY STONEWALL: And what do this secret organization?

JANE FOREST: You didn't listen to me.

WILBY STONEWALL: I listen, very attentively. What they do, this bee-keepers?

JANE FOREST: Guard secret that Fortinbras: Chronicles exists. Do you think this is connected?

WILBY STONEWALL: What connected?

JANE FOREST: Death of Pamela and draft?

WILBY STONEWALL: Why?

JANE FOREST: She planned to publish this draft. Right?

WILBY STONEWALL: Normal wish of every writer.

JANE FOREST: What if someone wanted to stop her and keep a secret about all this? And now they search for draft and everyone who read it.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, stop, stop, your read or watch too many cozy mysteries. It's not such simple. If they protect, doesn't mean they kill.

JANE FOREST: As part of protecting

WILBY STONEWALL: Fine. I will find a way to protect you.

JANE FOREST: It should calm me down?

WILBY STONEWALL: I tried. Return to bee-keepers. What else was interesting for you?

JANE FOREST: I think someone just cut and paste some explanations about daily life of bee-keeper.

WILBY STONEWALL: And what do you think about that?

JANE FOREST: I like idea with bees. Honey is positive image, it's healthy sweets for everyone who love desserts. And who doesn't love sweets, Professor?

WILBY STONEWALL: Agree.

JANE FOREST: And bees, they are hard working, you know, I also have little pendant with bee, as reminder that I should work hard. I also have little pendant with ladybird, you know...

WILBY STONEWALL: I am glad.

JANE FOREST: On the other hand, bee could sting, what makes them also some kind of dangerous.

WILBY STONEWALL: Which kind of dangerous?

***Flashback.***

***Winter's day in Norway.***

***Wilby touches his shoulder, there is blood on his gloves.***

***Wilby falls.***

***Blackout.***

JANE FOREST: They sting, you know. Once I was stung by bee, it was hot summer day, I had heavy curls and it just lost inside it. It was in flower's shop, I noticed only on the street. I was very scared. What if I had allergy to it?

WILBY STONEWALL: And do you have allergy for bees?

JANE FOREST: No. But neck was scratching enormously.

***Wilby makes drink for Jane.***

***Jane looks at the window.***

***Wilby opens watches cover and liquid drops from it to the cup.***

WILBY STONEWALL: Sure. Here is tea, you need to calm down a little.

JANE FOREST: I am fine, don't bother.

WILBY STONEWALL: You need to rest.

*Jane takes cup and drinks, Wilby checks watch with closed cover.*

JANE FOREST: You don't have to sit whole night near me. It's nothing. Return to your plans.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, you are my student and I am responsible for you.

JANE FOREST: Responsible for me, stupid. Sorry, I feel dizzy. I am tired and need to rest.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. I will help you.

*Wilby helps Jane to lay on the bed, she is weak.*

JANE FOREST: I suddenly want to sleep.

WILBY STONEWALL: It's stress, nothing to worry. Jane?

*Wilby checks if she asleep and starts to search in her bag.*



WILBY STONEWALL: Damn, Jane. Where is a draft? Where did you put it?

*Wilby looks around room, checks her bags.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane? Jane? Where is draft?

JANE FOREST *(slowly)*: It's dangerous.

WILBY STONEWALL: Where you put it?

JANE FOREST: Safe.

WILBY STONEWALL: You put draft in the safe.

JANE FOREST: Umm.

***Flashback.***

***Wilby talks on phone, when Jane talks with Manager.***

***Manager shows to her wall with little safes on the back of the room. Jane with opens one of them and puts there draft, on top of which she puts box of markers and Manager closes safe.***

*Wilby still talks on the phone, when Jane pats him on back and shows to him key from the room.*

*Blackout.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Code from safe. Jane, please, I beg you. Jane.

JANE FOREST: Personal.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, Jane.

*Jane sleeps and Wilby can't woke her up.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Damn it. Eight hours. Who could predict her behavior? I need to read this draft.

What to do? I know.

*Wilby takes phone and deals.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes, Mark. It's Wilby. I know only in emergency. But now it's such case. Yes, in two hours, thank you. I will wait.

Sweet dreams, Jane.

*Wilby exits from the room.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(39)

*Wart sits his back to screen in the basement with stoned walls and deals Tilly's number.*

*Evening.*

*Tilly's flat.*



*Tilly looks at the on the phone screen, she is angry.*

TILLY HARD: What else I should do?

WART: You should calm down, Ms Hard.

TILLY HARD: Yes? I couldn't sleep all night and thought all the time "How long time it will take to find a body of Pamela?"

WART: Ms Hard, you found other activities during sleepless night. You was lucky and it was someone else's headache.

TILLY HARD: Yes. It was student of Wilby.

WART: And how it is connected?

TILLY HARD: She says it was accident that she came there.

WART: You think it's lie.

TILLY HARD: Yes. I think Wilby started investigation and first stop is Pamela's house. I thought how I should find Pam, if talked to ambulance about suicide's attempt. It will be suspicious.

WART: All ended, you should stop to think about this.

TILLY HARD: Yes. For everyone she was alive, when I left.

WART: And stop to talk about it.

TILLY HARD: Yes. What's next?

WART: We should help in investigation of Professor.

TILLY HARD: How much?

WART: We should lead him, propose next steps. Take care of him in everything.

TILLY HARD: What should I say to him?

WART: We took care about evidences.

TILLY HARD: Yes. And I?

WART: What about your plans to return to Norway?

TILLY HARD: My plans?

WART: Not exactly.

TILLY HARD: Agent Astrid Bente should help Wilby in investigation?

***Flashback.***

*Old boat house.*

*Woman's body on the floor, motionless. Man's silhouette near Tilly. Tilly closes eyes and shoots in the woman on the floor. Tilly's hands shakes, man nods.*

*Blackout.*

WART: Yes. I thought it should be someone to whom he trusts.

TILLY HARD: I will check plain.

WART: Nothing to worry. Envelope with ticket is on your table. Don't thank.

TILLY HARD: I didn't plan.

WART: Good trip, Ms Hard.

*Tilly puts phone and looks at envelope. She opens it, there is ticket to her name.*

TILLY HARD: Go to hell!

*On the chair near table stands packed travel bag.*



*Blackout.*

\*

*(40)*

*Day.*

*Inside Pamela's house, maps of Norway's towns on walls.*

JANE FOREST: Yes, and this notebook also.

*Jane attentively looks through bookshelves in Pamela's house.*

*As workers are shop assistants from honey's shop.*

*Man nods and closes one more box with papers.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I am glad that you agree. Such amazing chance to work with all papers connected with draft...

JANE FOREST: Professor! Do I look such stupid?

WILBY STONEWALL: I beg your pardon?

JANE FOREST: Publishing house received rights to all papers of deceased writer. Probably, true. But police agreed that we will be present in the house before investigation ended.

WILBY STONEWALL: You over dramatise everything, Jane.

JANE FOREST: Am I? Where is your Tilly? She didn't sign contract for the book. How pale you became when heard about bee-keepers. And you even didn't read draft till today's morning, before car peeked up us from hotel. And which car? Honey's shop car. It's accident that this honey business is such interested in unpublished manuscript.

WILBY STONEWALL: It's your imagination.

JANE FOREST: Really? And in my imagination all workers of publishing house, which specialize on publishing books about honey, has silver cuffling in form of bees? I listen to you, Professor.



*Mark enters room.*

MARK CHRISTOF: Girl is really smart.

JANE FOREST: Thank you. Oh, golden bee cuffling with blue eyes, probably sapphires? Here is editor?

MARK CHRISTOF: Probably. Mark Christof, nice to meet you, Ms Forest. And you were right, I think bee-keeping is good hobby.

WILBY STONEWALL: Mark, what the hell you are doing?

MARK CHRISTOF: Ms Forest, Jane. Are you interested in little research trip?

JANE FOREST: Research trip?

MARK CHRISTOF: Yes. Our organization thought it will be good idea if you recreate journey which described in the book poor Pam.

JANE FOREST: Trip to Norway?

MARK CHRISTOF: Let's see what you will find, probably real draft of "Fortinbras: chronicles"? Mr Stonewall said that you are interested in this part of story.

JANE FOREST: I would love to.

WILBY STONEWALL: Mark, she can't. You checked her, but it's not enough, never enough.

MARK CHRISTOF: I know, Professor. She will go with you. You are right, she needs experience, your experience. Car came, let's finish here.

*Jane turns her back to Wilby, she smiles.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(41)

*Morning.*

*Inside honey shop.*

*Shop assistants take boxes in the end of the shop.*

*Jane comes to the one of walls with shelves of honey in jars. Jane removes first row, than second and only from third row takes jar with honey. Slowly moves it in different directions to check if it's real.*

MARK CHRISTOF: You could open it, Jane.

JANE FOREST: Thank you, Mr Christof.

*Jane opens jar with honey, smells it, than puts finger in it, licks finger, at her face is surprise.*

JANE FOREST: Honey!

WILBY STONEWALL: What else you waited to find?

JANE FOREST: I don't know.

WILBY STONEWALL: Mark and you believe it's good idea, with her?

MARK CHRISTOF: She is attentive to details. I didn't see a problem with recruiting of Ms Forest. Wilby if it's your problem, we could accept it. After such period of time you already used to other life. We will understand, don't worry.

WILBY STONEWALL: I am fine.

MARK CHRISTOF: Good, we need to discuss details of our operation.

*Jane's whole attention is to the beehive under glass.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(42)

*Evening.*

*On the not busy road, Wilby's car.*

*Jane sits near Wilby, Wilby drives.*

WILBY STONEWALL: All details with University solved, just behave like nothing happen.

JANE FOREST: Umm.

*Switch to the same car on road, day, Wilby and Jane in dark glasses. Jane smiles.*

*On the rear window of the car written "Just married" and two pink hearts.*

*Return to reality.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, are you listening?

JANE FOREST: Yes.

WILBY STONEWALL: Fine, you smiles such happy because of perspective of danger of operation, which I described to you.

JANE FOREST: Danger? You could name it adventures.

*Wilby disappointedly nods head and looks on the road.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(43)

*Morning.*

*Professor Stonewall's office at University.*

ZIRA JELLY: Professor Stonewall, probably I will sound rude, but jokes it's not yours. Probably it worked with stuffed toys, but with people it doesn't.

WILBY STONEWALL: If it's your personal opinion, keep it to yourself.  
Because of this it named personal opinion.

ZIRA JELLY: It's ridiculous, my experience in that theme and her. Norwegian, Danish, Icelandic languages certificated. And Ms Forest's A2 certificate in French, I see that you made conscious choice.

JANE FOREST: Such attention to me, I am impressed.

ZIRA JELLY: It was proves that Professor Stonewall didn't make unprejudiced choice.

WILBY STONEWALL: Zira, Ms Jelly, hold your wild guesses to yourself.

ZIRA JELLY: It's all clear for everyone.

\*

(44)

*Lavender light in the Stonewall's office.*

*Jane wears cocktail dress. Zira's clothes is the same.*

ZIRA JELLY: It's all clear for everyone. Now came time that you admitted it aloud.



WILBY STONEWALL: Zira, you know it's impossible. Please, don't tell anyone.

JANE FOREST: About what?

ZIRA JELLY: Jane, don't pretend, you know.

WILBY STONEWALL: Zira, please stop.

JANE FOREST: Professor.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, my dear Jane. I didn't want to scare you with my feelings.

JANE FOREST: Your feelings?

ZIRA JELLY: Whole University gossips about that.

WILBY STONEWALL: Zira, stop it. It should be Jane's decision.

JANE FOREST: About what?

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, just say something. Jane! Jane!

\*

(45)

*Back to reality in Stonewall's office.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane! Jane! Just say something or you quietly will sit and listen how Zira humiliates you.

JANE FOREST: Yes. I mean no.

ZIRA JELLY: Impressive speech. How many times you won debates in discussing club?

WILBY STONEWALL: Stop this, Ms Jelly.

JANE FOREST: Zira is just jealous.

WILBY STONEWALL: Ms Forest, she is provoking you to conflict.



JANE FOREST: Publishing house proposed to me work with draft of new novel. Zira knows that it is priceless experience for student. She couldn't change that and now she will create gossips to destroy Professor's and my reputation.

ZIRA JELLY: Not bad. I almost impressed. Wilby teach you that.

WILBY STONEWALL: Ms Jelly, conversation finished. Ms Forest will be in research trip. Because she is part of research team, which prepares this draft. There is nothing more in it and never was or could be.

ZIRA JELLY: Congratulations, Jane. Hope you liked what you heard. Good day, Professor Stonewall, Ms Forest.

WILBY STONEWALL: Ms Jelly.

*Zira exits from room.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, you are fine?

JANE FOREST: Yes.

WILBY STONEWALL: Don't look like that. But you know that what you do is more important than who we are and what could do.

JANE FOREST: Yes. Sure. What I should wear?

WILBY STONEWALL: Something warm or we could buy all you need already  
in Norway.

JANE FOREST: On cost of beekeepers?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes.

*Switch to the wedding dress shop's window. Jane stands in front of it.*

*Switch back to the office in University.*

JANE FOREST: You know, I saw such lovely jamper on-line and gloves...

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane.

JANE FOREST: Yes, we will work there. But in new knitted gloves work will be  
more effective.

WILBY STONEWALL: Will see, what could be done.

*Blackout.*

\*

(46)

*In the plane.*

*Wilby and Jane sit near each other.*

*Jane opens mouth to say something, Wilby puts his finger to his mouth.*

*Jane nods and starts to search in her little bag, takes from it little paper notepad and pen.*

*Wilby is not happy.*

*“I can’t ask about work or our trip?” first note to Wilby.*

*Wilby writes on top of it “Both”.*

*Jane reads, turns paper on the other side and writes.*

*“How many times you were in Norway?” Wilby looks at the note, doesn’t write.*

*“It’s my first trip.” Writes Jane, Wilby stiffly smiles as answer.*

*“Will we have guide, who will show to us every...” Jane doesn’t finish sentence, when Wilby takes from her notebook and pen.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Stop it or I will put handcuffs to you.

JANE FOREST: Is it legal.

WILBY STONEWALL: What?

JANE FOREST: Professor, I am still your student.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane stop it.

JANE FOREST: Is handcuffs is with fur or without? If with fur, which color: pink, lavender or classical black?

*Flight Attendant comes to them and bends to the Wilby’s shoulder.*

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Professor, there is one empty place near person under sleeping pills, she is afraid to fly. She is quiet as fish.

WILBY STONEWALL: First amazing words during flight. I will see you, when we receive baggage, Jane.

*Wilby returns to Jane notebook and pen.*

JANE FOREST: And what I will do?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: We have arrange of colouring books.

JANE FOREST: Perfect. Could you find me something with bees?

*Wilby looks at Jane, waves and walks after Flight Attendant.*

*Angry Jane looks in the airplane's porthole.*

*Wilby sits on his new sit, opens folder "Fortinbras: chronicles" and starts to read.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(47)

*Room in little airport in Norway with all proper noises.*

*With few bags are Jane and Wilby.*



JANE FOREST: Did you like it? I saw how you read.

WILBY STONEWALL: Draft? I don't know.

JANE FOREST: How many times you already read it?

WILBY STONEWALL: Still not enough to understand.

JANE FOREST: You think all answers are in Norway?

WILBY STONEWALL: For now we haven't enough questions to ask.

JANE FOREST: So we try to repeat Pamela's root and accidentally find everything.

WILBY STONEWALL: It called research work.

JANE FOREST: Get it. Because of this I haven't right to participate in reading Pamela's paper. I didn't like open ending in the book.

WILBY STONEWALL: Open ending?

JANE FOREST: Yes, it's not clear explanation about what happened with one of the Custodians – Astrid Bente. It wasn't clear if she is alive. What do you think?

WILBY STONEWALL: I think that we didn't find evidence of second book or possible next draft.

JANE FOREST: She couldn't decide herself. I read and I know myself, when you write you are not sure if this character important or you can get rid of it.

WILBY STONEWALL: Will be better if you will stop for now.

JANE FOREST: Did you know?

WILBY STONEWALL: What I said about question?

JANE FOREST: I am quiet, even mute. Thanks for colouring book. But do you think it's truth?

WILBY STONEWALL: What?

JANE FOREST: Is it really true, that draft of Fortinbras: chronicles, written by Bard is still in Norway, in the land of other Prince from Hamlet?

WILBY STONEWALL: It's question.

JANE FOREST: It's suggestion for opinion, which could resemble question to someone.

*In room enters Carl Icebridge, tall, blond, strong, at least head taller than Wilby.*



CARL ICEBRIDGE: Hope you didn't wait too long. Carl Icebridge, our Norsk publishing house branch is glad to welcome you on snowy land of Fjords.

*Carl shakes Wilby's hand.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And you are Jane?



JANE FOREST: Yes.

\*

(48)

*Evening, room with big fireplace and carpet on the floor.*

*Jane is in long black dress, silk gloves.*

*Carl is barefoot in jeans and white T-shirt, in front of her, absolute “viking’s type” with braid.*

*Wilby is near fireplace in warm jacket and knitted hat.*

JANE FOREST: Yes, we waited, but every moment was worth it.

“His big hands covered her tender little hands, they were warm and Jane was ready to melt under his hands or in his hands.

She made one step closer. Jane couldn’t stop to think how Mr Icebridge looks like in just one white T-shirt or better without any clothes.”

*From the back Carl now is naked.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane, what are you doing? Jane you came here with me.

Jane!

*Blackout.*

\*

(49)

*Back to airport.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane is my student.

JANE FOREST: Yes, I am Jane. I am here because of Professor, and for him. I mean I will help in his research.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Car waits for you.

JANE FOREST: And your publishing house's last book was about bees? Mr Icebridge has on the chainlet skull with little bee on it.

*Carl attentively looks at Wilby.*

WILBY STONEWALL: She thinks she knows everything. Her presence is compromise, without results for now.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Good. Sorry, I didn't bring colouring book, but we could stop near bookshop.

JANE FOREST: Very funny.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Hope you didn't plan particular sight seeings, because we have different plans. Don't make such face, Jane. You will have a leading role in that.

WILBY STONEWALL: Since when?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Not only you prepare everything. We know how to keep our bees in warmth.

*Carl winks to Jane and Wilby grins.*

WILBY STONEWALL: It's time for work.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Good, come after me.

JANE FOREST: Wherever you say.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane.

JANE FOREST: It's his land, he knows where we should go. I didn't say a word wrong.

*Carl, Jane and Wilby exit.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(50)

*Carl parks car in front of the hotel "Mindre". Lovely winter's day.*

*Jane starts to make photos of everything outside.*

*Wilby and Carl take all bags.*

\*

(51)

*Inside hotel's room in Norway.*

WILBY STONEWALL: And this is your plan?

JANE FOREST: I like it.



WILBY STONEWALL: I am sure, Jane. If Carl suggest you to walk barefoot on ice, you will say that idea is worth attention.



CARL ICEBRIDGE: Calm down, Wilby. I warn you again, forget about emotions. You remember, how it ended last time.

*Wilby touches his shoulder.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I have perfect reminder. She is not ready. That's all.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: She will better looks like writer in attempt to finish book.  
Wilby, you have opinions about everything, you never will use mentor's help.

JANE FOREST: It's true, he has last word in everything.

WILBY STONEWALL: No one asked you. You can't make decisions here.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Everything is ready, it's too late to stop.

WILBY STONEWALL: I don't know.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Fine, what do you want, Professor?

JANE FOREST: I won't like it.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane is right. She won't like it. What I want? Put her in the plane and return back to London. And only after it start proper operation.

JANE FOREST: I am not item, which you simply could return.

WILBY STONEWALL: I know and this upsets me.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: She is not professional, Jane is like Pamela, she will notice what we didn't notice because knew all answers.

WILBY STONEWALL: Fresh point of view? Such boring.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Wilby this decision made not by you.

JANE FOREST: This is good.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Jane, I need your answer, honest. If you need, take time before answering.

JANE FOREST: I am ready, Mr Icebridge.

WILBY STONEWALL: Her opinion, how we failed.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Why you are here, Jane?

JANE FOREST: Truth?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes.

JANE FOREST: You won't make laughing stick from me?

WILBY STONEWALL: Better stop, Jane.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I promise.

JANE FOREST: What if everything in that draft is true?

WILBY STONEWALL: You read too many books about spies.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What exactly, Jane? Mr Stonewall, please keep your personal opinion to yourself. It's calls personal opinion because of that.

JANE FOREST: I already heard this somewhere.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Jane, I am listening.

JANE FOREST: What if this is true about Fortinbras: Chronicles? What if draft exists? What if it is here? What if it wasn't Pamela's imagination? What if she found during research...

WILBY STONEWALL: Don't make a fool from yourself, Jane.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Wilby, I ask one more time. I ask last time. Jane, continue.

JANE FOREST: What if Pamela read it? What if she read this Bard's story and retold it?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Fresh idea. What it could change for you?

JANE FOREST: There is a chance to read Fortinbras: chronicles for me. My hands shakes when I think about it.



WILBY STONEWALL: Fine, she will participate in it. Everything to stop this blind believe in everything what was imagined by others.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Thank you, Wilby. We heard you. And now Jane...

JANE FOREST: Yes.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Wilby, drink something in the bar, with your interruptions it will be much longer.

WILBY STONEWALL: I obey to your orders, Mr Icebridge.

*Wilby exits.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(53)

*Norway, day.*

*Taxi is on the snowy road among snowy landscape.*

*Carl as driver, Jane as passenger.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You could refuse it in any moment.

JANE FOREST: No.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You are still brave and you don't need more proves.

JANE FOREST: It's not because of Wilby.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I never thought about it. I don't need your explanation.

JANE FOREST: I can't say it to Wilby.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Does he scare you?

JANE FOREST: Not in such way. What if there is some clues?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Where and for what?

JANE FOREST: In Pamela's room.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: About her death, enemies?

JANE FOREST: No. About draft of Fortinbras: chronicles.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You read it already.

JANE FOREST: I mean Bard's Fortinbras: chronicles.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Jane, after I will turn to this road, we will be noticeable from writer's retreat. Did you change your mind?

JANE FOREST: No, Mr Icebridge.

*Lonely car moves to the lonely house in the snow landscape.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(54)

*Day.*



*Inside writer's retreat house. Jane's minimalist's room.*

*Helen Norman, woman in her fifties, looks healthy and clothes is in style.*

HELEN NORMAN: Now is meditation time, so evening reading will be in two hours. You could rest. If you prefer to make your meditation naked, just put sign on the door. We are glad that you are here. Jane, this place will help to solve all your writing problems.

JANE FOREST: Hope for that.

*Helen nods and exits room.*

*Jane looks at the table and toss all possible signs.*

JANE FOREST: Simple “do not disturb” will be enough. In this residence for creative people writers live for months and years. In the evening I will declare that work on revision of Pamela's draft and will accept every help.

*Jane bends and takes blue envelope from the floor.*

JANE FOREST: “Evening workshop: Listening to the snow. P.S.: Choose warm clothes.”

What were the chances that it was from Wilby?



*Jane makes few steps and looks through window.*

JANE FOREST: “Jane looked at the window, everything around was covered with snow. Only road which lead to the house was noticeable from every window, theoretically not far away was village where should stay Wilby. For now this was most secluded place where Jane stayed during her life.” End of the chapter.

*Blackout.*

\*

(55)

*Inside Wilby’s hotel’s room in Norway.*

WILBY STONEWALL: From where she could learn such many details about  
beekeepers?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You know books, videos are on-line.



WILBY STONEWALL: I meant other bee-keepers.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You could underline this at first. No one believed in such inspiration from nowhere. We checked our agents, no one had contacts with her.

WILBY STONEWALL: Could she worked for us, as supporter? Not main player.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: We checked it few times. We had no idea from where she learned about Astrid Bente.

*Carl attentively looks at Wilby.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I am here not only because of that.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Pamela visited libraries, did usual research. She never show interest in bee-keeping, if you understand me.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. We analysed her first drafts. Only Fortinbras, his story in Norway. Cruel plan of Horatio, to kill weak Hamlet's family for stronger ruler... And suddenly Bard's draft became connected with bee-keepers.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Such things doesn't happen suddenly.

WILBY STONEWALL: First rule of our work.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Coincidences doesn't exist.

WILBY STONEWALL: Return to our work.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes, I arranged meeting with historian, whom Pamela visited here.

*Blackout.*

\*

(56)

*Sunny day.*

*In front of the door of Thorkild's house on the hill with amazing view to the town beneath.*

JANE FOREST: It wasn't my fault, that I came to that place.

WILBY STONEWALL: Curiosity killed a cat.

JANE FOREST: You still try to scary me.

WILBY STONEWALL: I want that you stop it.

JANE FOREST: Should I turn around or we could finish this meeting?

WILBY STONEWALL: Stop playing investigator from cosy mystery.

JANE FOREST: You are scary that someone will outsmart you.

WILBY STONEWALL: If you talk about yourself, nothing to worry.

*Jane starts to wave.*

JANE FOREST: Professor Thorkild noticed us from window, better if we come  
in.

WILBY STONEWALL: You are not the one who makes orders.

*Jane walks on the road to the steps.*



WILBY STONEWALL: Unbelievable.

*Blackout.*

\*

(57)

*Inside Ulric Thorkild's home office.*

*Jane and Wilby try not to look at each other.*

ULRIC THORKILD: Yes, it's such lost, poor Pamela. To publish a book was such important to her.

*Ulric puts teacups in front of visitors.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Did you read about her death in newspaper?

ULRIC THORKILD: No, yesterday came her friend, she told me about it and asked if I could write foreword for Pamela's book. She said that you two will come to visit me, you now work with this draft. More tea?

JANE FOREST: Mr Thorkild, and who was Pamela's friend, who brought this sad news? Do you remember?

ULRIC THORKILD: Yes, I remember. Of course, it was yesterday. Astrid Bente, such smart woman, she talked so much about translations of scald poetry on English, it's your theme, Mr Stonewall. She told a lot about your work.

WILBY STONEWALL: Are you sure?

*Wilby slowly puts cup on the table.*

ULRIC THORKILD: Yes. I even wrote it in notebook, old habit. You will be few more days in town? I will finish foreword to Pamela's book and we will discuss it.

WILBY STONEWALL: Thank you one more time, you were such helpful. Till the end of the week, sure.

*Wilby stands up.*

JANE FOREST: Yes, till next time. Hope we will meet again.

ULRIC THORKILD: Was glad to meet you. Your phones I have, if need to discuss something.

*Jane makes face of excuse for Wilby, Professor Thorkild nods.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(58)

*Evening.*

*Inside Ulric Thorkild's home office.*

ULRIC THORKILD: I think we made big mistake, Carl.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Probably. We see Stonewall as professional.

ULRIC THORKILD: Such kind of professional, which totally lost his head near beautiful woman. You told me the same was in his previous visit in Norway.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes, it added problems at work.

***Flashback.***

***Old boathouse, Carl stands near body of dead woman.***

***Blackout.***

ULRIC THORKILD: We need people to whom we could trust.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I know, Wilby was perfect choice. We will check everything one more time.

ULRIC THORKILD: And his student?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Search everywhere for clues.

ULRIC THORKILD: To what?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: “Fortinbras: chronicles” mentioned in the draft.

ULRIC THORKILD: Really? Told me more about her.

*Blackout.*

\*

(59)

*Evening.*

*Wilby’s hotel’s room in Norway.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You understand that it’s not possible. We proved that Astrid Bente is dead, you know that – dead.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. I saw results. And...

CARL ICEBRIDGE: We checked every bee-keeper in Norway, no one saw or hear from Astrid. Don't you think that she will choose someone of us, instead of this historian to prove that she is alive.

WILBY STONEWALL: I know. Astrid knew rules.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And how you explain this?

WILBY STONEWALL: Someone plays with us. I believe that Astrid never will behave such way. And daily proves that someone knows which steps we will make. There is only one question left.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Which is?

WILBY STONEWALL: Will we participate in it?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I think you already answered to it. And from that, probably Ms Forest could be in real danger now. So, I asked one of our bees to be attentive.

*Blackout.*

\*

(60)

*Jane's room in writer's retreat.*

HELEN NORMAN: Today we received little gift for everyone from our new provisioner of honey. Open the box. I give that to everyone by myself.

*Jane opens box. There is little bee on the bracelet.*

HELEN NORMAN: Everyone now have the same little gift.

JANE FOREST: Who could predict? Such lovely.

HELEN NORMAN: I visit everyone. How is your work, Jane?

JANE FOREST: Helen, could be better, but I try.

HELEN NORMAN: I am sure you will find answers to all questions.

*Jane puts bee in the pocket.*

JANE FOREST: If you could look at the Pamela's draft.

HELEN NORMAN: With pleasure.

*Blackout.*

*Helen puts draft on the table.*

HELEN NORMAN: Yes, for sure I remember how we discussed this idea of lost or hidden Bard's draft about Fortinbras. It was few years ago. I could search for my notes about details of discussion.

JANE FOREST: It would be amazing. Do you remember if was idea of adding bee-keeping at first draft?

HELEN NORMAN: I am not sure about bees, probably it was some of her later additions. Writers change mind all the time. Everyone discussed Fortinbras and that is not good or appropriate idea. Pam could add bee-keeping to make story less controversial. But I will search for notes. Preparing draft of deceased writer is difficult, you never will be totally sure what was on her mind.

JANE FOREST: Yes, I know how difficult it is. And today I should also visit town.

HELEN NORMAN: Of course. You all are free here. Should I call the taxi?

JANE FOREST: Yes. I think in hour time I will be ready.

HELEN NORMAN: Good. Now we have new taxi driver here. He is tall and handsome. Did you notice?

JANE FOREST: Yes, I did notice. Thanks for help with draft.

HELEN NORMAN: It's nothing. I'd wish to help more.

*Blackout.*

\*

*(61)*

*Wilby's hotel's room in Norway.*

*In room are Jane and Carl, enters Wilby.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I don't like it. Your faces don't promise anything good.

JANE FOREST: Two years ago, Pamela again visited Norway. That was time when she worked with Mr Thorkild. But she didn't live in writer's retreat.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: She lived in other town, not far from here.

JANE FOREST: House were she lived, rented other person.



WILBY STONEWALL: Let me guess? House was for Astrid Bente's name.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: At least, credit card.

JANE FOREST: And now...

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Organization checks all possible connections between Pamela and Astrid. Don't you think that someone spend lot of time preparing that joke?

JANE FOREST: Probably from that time in Pam's draft added theme of bee-keeping.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Mr Thorkild worked with manuscript only about Fortinbras, he even had copy of five pages. There wasn't any bees.

WILBY STONEWALL: And Ulric met Astrid only now, not few years ago?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes.

WILBY STONEWALL: We are already too deep in not our game. We should be careful.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Wilby could be right.

WILBY STONEWALL: Carl, thanks for strong support. I don't believe in ghost of Astrid, but someone tries to convince us in Mrs Bente's long life after accident.

JANE FOREST: Which accident?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Not your business.

WILBY STONEWALL: Carl is right.

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane. I will need one more copy of Pam's draft.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What you hope to find there, you read it already ten times.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes, about that. One more copy will need Carl.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Me? Draft more than six hundreds pages long.

JANE FOREST: I could help.

WILBY STONEWALL: I am afraid, no. You can't help here.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What I should do?

WILBY STONEWALL: Underline everything what could knew bee-keeper.

JANE FOREST: You will search for part of story which could told Astrid.

WILBY STONEWALL: Exactly. Jane, it's time to return in your retreat. Now!

JANE FOREST: Yes, because I have no choice.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Correct understanding of own fate.

WILBY STONEWALL: Carl, don't cheer her up.

*Blackout.*

\*

(62)

*Morning.*

*Inside restaurant in Norway's "Mindre" hotel.*

*Carl flirts with Waitress.*

*Enters Wilby.*

*Waitress returns to her place.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Morning, or you didn't sleep at all?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: It's not usually part of my work, to read draft. And all that changes of speed.

WILBY STONEWALL: Which changes of speed?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I didn't complain, it gave me chance to read what is only important. Jane could divide this on two drafts and our work will move faster.

*Carl smiles to Waitress and she brings at first to him order and only after that to Wilby.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: We need only one draft, not second with all that Fortinbras connected babbling.

WILBY STONEWALL: Which second draft?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: This book, it's two books, pretending to be one.

WILBY STONEWALL: Carl... I don't want to behave arrogant, but I should to explain some basic. Writer could use different words and not professional never could notice it from first time, where it was made to show special...

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes. You know better. But my, not professor's opinion, is that all that stuff about bees was added later. You need my opinion if it was written by Ms Bente and I prepared text to make this conclusion. I don't want to explain, but I also could read and monthly publish book critique to romances. It always impress women, but now not about me. Astrid had more information, it's simple level of helper of helpers, everything else is wrong imagination how structure of bee-keepers work.

WILBY STONEWALL: I made the same conclusion, but I couldn't divide text such way, because inclusion of both styles are present in whole text. And it can't be accepted like you made and see this like two texts.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Don't you think that all is too easy?

WILBY STONEWALL: What does it mean? Because I already prepared little lection for five hours about how complicated is each author's style.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Whole time we moved in wrong direction. It was prepared to us. We too easy found all information. Where are difficulties on the road?

WILBY STONEWALL: As other explanation could be good work...

*Wilby's phone rings.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Jane. Yes, wait, we will be as soon as possible.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And? I gave to Jane my number, it is my land and woman phoned to you.

WILBY STONEWALL: Complications. Like you wanted. Helen Norman is dead.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I need to make one more call.

WILBY STONEWALL: Mrs Norman, for sure. She was a bee, Helen, she should be attentive.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes. And now I need to start protocol in beehive, routine. And next time, please tell to Ms Forest, that she need to inform me at first. You are on my territory.

*Carl stands up and shows to Waitress, that Wilby will pay for both of them.*

*Waitress nods.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(63)

*Morning*

*Wilby's hotel's room in Norway.*



*Jane sits on bed, shivers, cup of tea in her hands.*

JANE FOREST: I not return there. I am not return there. You hear me?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. We will take care of your belongings and you will stay in this hotel.

***Flashback.***

***Murky morning, snow fells.***

***Group of people go on the narrow road to the lake, which not totally covered with ice.***

***They came to the lake, make pictures.***

***Woman's scream.***

*In the lake is woman's body floating.*

**Blackout.**

JANE FOREST: No. I want to back home, in England. Your wish come true, Professor. In novels which I adored main character was always on duty and nothing could stop her. In real life I am different. I close eyes and see Helen's body in the waterfall. It should be morning meditation. This time listening to waterfall. Do you hear me?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. Should I call your parents?

JANE FOREST: No. Thanks, no. I will return to University. I can't see this snow everywhere.

WILBY STONEWALL: I thought you liked this landscape.

JANE FOREST: We all never are totally sure what we liked most.

WILBY STONEWALL: Fine. We will guarantee your safety to airport and in England. You could return to work, when you will be ready. I will make few phone calls.

JANE FOREST: I will not return to work with you. It was once a life time experience. I am sure that you will easy find new assistant.



WILBY STONEWALL: What you will do? You are totally scared and all your common sense disappeared in the moment.

JANE FOREST: Like you suggested, I will need time and I think if I better change my priority in University.

WILBY STONEWALL: I assure you that it won't connect with your exams, our work with me. I was against your involvement and don't plan punishment.

JANE FOREST: Maybe. Probably literature is not for me. You never prized my works, so I will think about it. I will wait in restaurant till my flight.

*Jane stands up, takes her purse, bag with draft she left on place, and walks away from room.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(64)

*Evening, airport.*

*Wilby waits when Jane gives her ticket and not turns around, disappears from his view.*



*Wilby walks from airport.*



*Wilby opens door of the car, starts engine, drives away.*



*On his place on parking stands other car, door opens and Tilly takes her bag on shoulder.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(65)

*Night, Norway.*

*Hospital corridor, Carl and Wilky wait when door opens, look at it all the time.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I wasn't ready to such hysteric from Jane. All  
beekeepers passed test on stress and Mr Christof's idea to add her to group wasn't best.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: She wanted some fun, find a Fortinbras: chronicles. She wasn't ready for our routine.

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. I was thinking... Till Mark meet her.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: One of bee-keepers accidentally returned to London on the same flight.

WILBY STONEWALL: And sit is near, also accidentally. How long Mrs Norman worked for us?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: She was helper of helper, after her husband's death she just looked after substantial people.

WILBY STONEWALL: Anyone could came first to waterfall.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Here we have most interesting. When you spend time with Jane, we investigate.

WILBY STONEWALL: And.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: From waterfall begins little river.

*Carl shows map on the phone.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Killer came by water?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Any marks left on the fresh snow, except Helen's.

WILBY STONEWALL: And how?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Lasso to put her to the water and when she was dead, on the boat, returned back to the boat station.

WILBY STONEWALL: On security cameras in boat station any results?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes. Someone poured them with water and in morning cold...

*Carl shows photo of sun through ice.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Not much. But on the other side, you have complications.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: No, still easy. Boat station works using bank cards system for borrowing and...

WILBY STONEWALL: Don't tell this aloud. I know. It was Astrid Bente.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes.

WILBY STONEWALL: Did we check where she could stay? No matter now who she is.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Daily monitoring. She or he is not staying in Norway using this documents.

WILBY STONEWALL: After we will finish here, I need to talk one more time with Mr Thorkild.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: About that.

WILBY STONEWALL: What?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Here we not wait results about Mrs Norman, I told you already everything.

WILBY STONEWALL: No.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes. We wait results about Mr Thorkild's body.

*Door opens, enters Pathologist.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I will ask questions and you will translate.

PATHOLOGIST: I could explain in English. Don't worry.

WILBY STONEWALL: Thank you.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: It wasn't accident?

PATHOLOGIST: Icicle left marks even after it melted, killer didn't think about it.

WILBY STONEWALL: Which marks?

PATHOLOGIST: When body was found it looked like Mr Thorkild opened front door, bended down and took something from porch. And because of door movement, icicle moved and killed Professor.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: But everything was wrong?

PATHOLOGIST: If Mr Thorkild wasn't master in long jumps, he needed to made three of four steps till place where he was killed.

*Switch to Thorkild's house.*

*On the porch stays Professor Thorkild in sport uniform. He runs and jumps in the sand.*

*Pathologist comes with ruler, measures, disappointed.*

*Professor jumps again, with worth result.*

*Turns around, takes mop and returns to his porch.*

*Switch back to hospital.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Door could closed later, which made such damage.

PATHOLOGIST: Could be, but in the morning was little snow and it was on body. Also door was washed, same with the porch, what was really kind of him after death.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: But it's not everything.

PATHOLOGIST: Yes. Wound in front of neck is bigger than on back...

*Pathologist shows photos.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Which is impossible because of accident.



PATOLOGIST: Yes. He opened door, was attacked. Later your killer destroyed all icicles and only later removed body.

WILBY STONEWALL: Why later?

PATOLOGIST: Some icicles was under his body, so he should had more injuries or scratches. Now I should return to work.

*Pathologist nods and exits in the door.*

*Wilby is in deep thoughts.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What's wrong?

WILBY STONEWALL: Time line.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Thorkild was first, because of snow.

WILBY STONEWALL: Exactly, Carl.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Killer had busy morning or someone else helped?

WILBY STONEWALL: We need to find connection between Thorkild and Norman, more than they read new draft of novel, which we bring to them.

*Blackout.*

\*

(66)

*Morning.*

*Camfordge, England.*

*Jane's flat.*

*Jane opens curtains and looks through window.*

*End of winter, trees still without leaves.*

JANE FOREST: Sunny day. Any remnants of snow.

I am not sure if today I will behave the same, as yesterday. I was scared till death.

I was scared because of death.

***Flashback.***

***Jane's hysteric in her room in writer's retreat.***

*Wilby comes in the room. Police officer shows that nothing can be done with her. Wilby takes syringe, Jane tries to stop him. Wilby and police officer hold her and Wilby makes an injection. Jane slowly calms down, police officer helps her to walk from room.*

*Wilby stays in room, when Jane turns her head, Wilby checks her papers.*

*Blackout.*

JANE FOREST: I didn't tell Wilby whole truth. He will hate me, probably. He deserves it.

It was Helen's advice. When yesterday I thought which reason invent to return in England, I had no idea that it will be Mrs Norman's death.

*Jane looks at the draft, papers of which marked in different colours.*

JANE FOREST: Idea of bee-keeping came to Pamela not in Norway, all answers are in England. Helen's words still pump in my head. Since I saw her body in the waterfall.

*Flashback.*

*Jane is near waterfall, Norman's body in the water. Everyone scream, phone, Jane stays as frozen.*

*Blackout.*

JANE FOREST: I planed to play role of investigator and impress Wilby with results, now he believed that I am scared chicken. It was true, I didn't perform. Helen made proper conclusions and now dead. I have option to forget everything and move forward, Professor Stonewall won't stop me.

Oh no!

*Jane makes few steps from window.*

*On other side of road runs Zira, in new pink costume, she stops to check snickers and not turning her head to Jane's window runs further.*

JANE FOREST: Zira tries to make her perfect body even more perfect.

No. I have work to do and responsibilities to take.

*Jane opens her wardrobe and search through clothes.*

JANE FOREST: I know which questions I will receive today in University.

*Knock at door.*

*Switch to corridor.*

*Carl Icebridge looks at phone, where is one more missed phone call from Professor Stoonewall.*

*Jane takes poker from fireplace and comes to the door.*



JANE FOREST: Who is there?

CARL ICEBRIDGE (*whispers*): It's me, Carl. And Jane, please put safely somewhere made of iron instrument, which you didn't take quietly.

JANE FOREST: Carl...

*Jane opens door, in her hand still is poker.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Fireplace. Poker. I hoped for candelstick.

*Carl enters in room and quickly bends, because of his heigh.*

JANE FOREST: You are alone?

*Jane looks in the corridor.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Professor Stonewall is still in Norway. No, he didn't sent to you best wishes. Was decided that in England will came fresh face. May I?

*Carl points at enormous armchair.*

JANE FOREST: Yes. Sure.

*Carl sits.*



JANE FOREST: Can I help you?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What Helen told you?

*Jane tries accurately put on place poker.*

JANE FOREST: About draft?

*Jane sits on the corner of bed.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You tell me. She used her key-card to visit you after middle of the night. Than she returned to own room, which she left only in morning, before went to meet a killer in the morning.

***Flashback.***

***Early morning in Norway.***

***On the road walks Mrs Norman, she turns on the right and there is little waterfall and lake under it, lake is almost without ice.***

***Blackout.***

JANE FOREST: In moves and books, when police officer said this, he usually checks own notebook. You are not police officer and you know everything by heart.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: It's not a book.

JANE FOREST: Don't you think I kill her?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Your involvement in whole story is not clear. But we could say it's personal. We need to know if she told you about morning meeting.

JANE FOREST: No, Mr Icebridge.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Fine, Ms Forest. Did you discuss with Mrs Norman your visit to Mr Thorkild?

JANE FOREST: No. At least at night of ... Night before... she was murdered. It was on Monday, yesterday. When Pamela visit Norway one more time for research, she didn't visit Helen.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And did you discuss Mrs Norman with Mr Thorkild?

JANE FOREST: As far as I remember, no. We were at his house at Friday, no Wednesday with Wilby... Professor Stonewall was with me, ask him. And ask Professor Thorkild. Of course, it's different towns, but they could met with Helen in the library.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Professor Thorkild was killed the same day as Mrs Norman. Now you will tell me what she told you?

JANE FOREST: Oh my God. Professor. He knew this. He phoned me, in the evening before, Helen... In the evening before he... Oh my God.



***Flashback.***

***Evening in Norway.***

***Inside Professor's Thorkild home office.***

***Red wine in glasses, on the plate on table are grapes and cheese.***

***Jane and Ulric smile and talk, opened draft of novel is on the table.***

***Blackout.***

*Jane closes her face by hands.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Why you didn't tell about phone call?

JANE FOREST: I wasn't sure that could trust anyone in that walls. I wanted to tell in person. You know about that bees.

*Jane stands up and takes from pocket bracelet with bee.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Sorry. It was my idea, I wanted to show that you are safe.

Mrs Norman was...

*Carl takes bracelet in his hand.*

JANE FOREST: She didn't save herself.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What said Helen and Ulric? Jane you need to remember exactly.

JANE FOREST: The same.

*Flashback.*

*Evening in Norway.*

*Inside Professor's Thorkild home office.*

*Jane and Ulrick stand in front of his bookcase, Jane tries to reach book from the shelf, Ulrick helps her, their hands meet and they look at each other, Ulrick bends a little to Jane's face.*

*Blackout.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And.

JANE FOREST: On draft worked two people. Different style... It's not noticed from first time. I thought it was her, Pamela's style to divide Fortinbras from bees. I thought that is cool level of writer to write as two people and I didn't tell about that to Professor Stonewall.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Don't be afraid, you repeated your teacher. He made the same mistake.

JANE FOREST: Good. They both believed that story was written by two persons. But why?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: When we find second person, we will ask. Thanks for cooperation.

JANE FOREST: Carl, wait. Professor Thorkild, how?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I am sorry, investigation. Now for me is time to go. Wilby really said nothing special to you.

JANE FOREST: I just want. I thought about that.

*Jane bends and pulls out big board from under the bed.*

JANE FOREST: I just thought about investigation. Would you mind?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: I believed in you. What you find out?

JANE FOREST: To begin with...

*Blackout.*

JANE FOREST: It doesn't make sense. I put here everyone who knew Pam.

*Flashback.*

*Inside honey's shop in London.*

*On the walls are monitors, which close shelves with honey jars. On monitors changes people faces and on the central monitor is Pamela's picture and from her different arrows of connection in all directions.*

*Workers of honey's shop analyse information.*

*Blackout.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: We miss something or someone. Two days and any results.  
We talked with everyone. It's yours?

*Carl points on the pile of papers on the table.*

JANE FOREST: Yes. Draft. I haven't enough money to professional editor and...

*Jane looks at the board.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: What?

*Carl also looks at the board.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Hell yes. Who you trust with the draft? I need to phone Wilby. He didn't answer, I need to tell to our bees.

*Blackout.*

\*

(67)

*Day.*

*Wilby's hotel's room in Norway.*



*Wilby puts his phone in the safe with note, which he opens one more time: "I will wait you at our place. Astrid"*

*Wilby puts knife in the holder on his ankle.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I don't think about my previous visit to Norway. I didn't have chance to gun.

***Flashback.***

***Wilby lays in snow, blood under his right shoulder. Noise of helicopter.***

***Blackout.***

WILBY STONEWALL: It's not Astrid. It's not Astrid.

*On the bed is sweater, which Wilby starts to wear.*

***Flashback.***

***Day.***

***Big store.***

***Astrid holds Wilby's hand, she shows him sweater in the window of the shop.***

***Wilby looks at her and they enter in the shop.***

***Blackout.***

*Wilby puts in safe his cufflings with bees.*

*Wilby switch off his phone and closes safe.*

*Wilby opens door to other room and exits.*

*Curtain on window moves, from balcony enters Waitress, she looks on her phone, where is moving red point, she nods.*

*Blackout.*

*\**

*(68)*

*Evening.*

*London.*

*Inside Tilly's flat.*

*Door for Carl and Jane opens Zira.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: She is dead?

JANE FOREST: What are you? You are?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: How long?

ZIRA JELLY: Probably from yesterday's evening. We already finished here. She returned from Norway in the morning day before.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Did you find?

ZIRA JELLY: All documents for Astrid Bente. For travelling she used own.

*Zira looks at Jane.*

ZIRA JELLY: You are sure that she could be trust?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: It was your work to figure out.

JANE FOREST: What's going on here? Is Zira?

ZIRA JELLY: What it will change?

JANE FOREST: Where is Wilby?

ZIRA JELLY: We work on this.

*Blackout.*



\*

(69)

*Norway.*

*Boathouse near lake.*

*Inside old boathouse, Wilby shrugs and sneezes.*

MARK CHRISTOFF: God bless you.

*From the darkness enters Mr Christof.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Mark?

MARK CHRISTOFF: Don't be such surprised, Wilby. You still didn't figure out?

*Mark sits on chair near old wall.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I thought...

MARK CHRISTOFF: It was Tilly Hard? Really? She was very helpful, but not very skillful, if you understand me.

WILBY STONEWALL: I knew that was someone stronger.

MARK CHRISTOFF: Yes. Good that you are not such smart as was Agent Bente.

*Mark takes from own pocket syringe.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Paralyse body and in few days get rid of corpse.

MARK CHRISTOFF: You listened to me, when I explained you basic in school for bee-keepers, how sweet.

WILBY STONEWALL: Why?

MARK CHRISTOFF: What exactly?

WILBY STONEWALL: Astrid.

MARK CHRISTOFF: She was nervous when something was wrong and every time enemies receive all information. Astrid believed that someone else told them details. She quickly figured out who could change plans and she wanted confession from me. She thought she is smart.

WILBY STONEWALL: And when I investigated?

MARK CHRISTOFF: You received bullet in the shoulder and it's stopped you completely. You returned to books and I was happy. I even read few of your books, Tilly believed that you have talent to explain complicated things.

WILBY STONEWALL: Believed?

MARK CHRISTOFF: I had no idea, that she was such dear for you and you would like to attend her funeral. Such a pity.

WILBY STONEWALL: Tilly pretended to be Astrid, she turned my attention to this stupid draft.

MARK CHRISTOFF: Yes, almost right.

WILBY STONEWALL: Why you decided to return to me? It was your idea to put me back, to find out everything about bee-keeping.

MARK CHRISTOFF: I wanted to try you in action, to show that you are not ready for this.

*Mark stands up.*

WILBY STONEWALL: For what?

MARK CHRISTOFF: There was an idea that we need new bee-keeper for London and they suggested you. I should retire or teach new bees. And please don't play with knife, it could be dangerous.

*Wilby bends to knee to catch knife, in one jump Mark puts needle in Wilby's neck.*

MARK CHRISTOFF: You believed that I became slow. No way. I didn't want your access to agents files. Good night. Close your eyes. Probably I was wrong that you could investigate all this? What is done, done.

*Mark puts chair as grates on Wilby's head, Wilby still breaths, but doesn't move.*

*Blackout.*

*Door opens and enters Waitress, she checks Wilby's pulse and deals phone.*

*Blackout.*

\*

(70)

*Morning.*

*Camfordge, England.*

*Jane's flat.*



*Wilby lays on the bed.*



*In room are Jane and Zira.*

*Wilby opens eyes.*

JANE FOREST: Morning? Cup of tea?

WILBY STONEWALL (*whispers*) : Jane?

ZIRA JELLY: Morning, Professor.

*Zira checks his pulse.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Mark!

JANE FOREST: Carl now work on that. He is busy in Norway.

WILBY STONEWALL: But how?

ZIRA JELLY: They saved you, even if you wanted to die alone.

WILBY STONEWALL: Zira. I knew it. There is not normal to be such annoying student.

ZIRA JELLY: No. I just was myself. And we have bees everywhere, did you forget about that.

*Zira eats chocolate from the box.*

WILBY STONEWALL: In hotel. For sure.



*Wilby sits on the bed.*

WILBY STONEWALL: I failed whole operation.

JANE FOREST: Yes. There is such story.

WILBY STONEWALL: And what now?

ZIRA JELLY: Time changes quickly and bee-keepers agreed with Mark that you are not ready to be London's bee-keeper. Yes, I receive chance to participate in competition. Results in two weeks.

WILBY STONEWALL: And what will be with me?

JANE FOREST: I am so sorry.

WILBY STONEWALL: What?

ZIRA JELLY: Your beloved uncle is dead and you inherited his honey shop in London, you should manage this business.

WILBY STONEWALL (*groans*) : It's basis.

JANE FOREST: Bee-keepers decided you need time to remember everything. And it should calm you down, work on the nature.

WILBY STONEWALL: I won't return to beehive's field.

ZIRA JELLY: I am afraid, you have no choice, too many mistakes, you should learn everything from start.

WILBY STONEWALL: It's ridiculous.

JANE FOREST: You should be revenged for student's pain, it's justice.

*Jane puts curl behind the ear, her earrings in form of bees.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Damn it.

*Blackout.*

\*



(71)

*Day.*

*Inside Carl's hotel's room in Norway.*

*Carl, Wilby and Jane at the hotel's room, wear black.*

JANE FOREST: So many people came to remember Professor Thorkild...

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes. He was known as special person.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Probably, you felt not comfortable whole day, Jane.

JANE FOREST: Yes. I felt guilt, if we not connected with him...

*Jane closes her eyes with hands.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Ulric, professor, was impressed in your involvement in this story.

JANE FOREST: You shouldn't tell that. It sounds polite, but it's not true.

WILBY STONEWALL: She is strong and will live with truth.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Wilby! Did you read the draft of story?

WILBY STONEWALL: Yes, it brought a lot of troubles to everyone.

JANE FOREST: Someone received new position, Professor Stonewall.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And what you think about it? Did you change your mind since I last time asked you about this?

WILBY STONEWALL: Amazing speculative imagination of writer. What else could we think about it? Nothing changed.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: And you, Jane?

JANE FOREST: Yes, Wilby is right. But... When I read I believed that's truth, I hoped that we will find some proves to that. I wanted to read this Fortinbras: Chronicles. No, I didn't change my mind.

WILBY STONEWALL: Still believe in miracles, even if you already know that world is different.

*Wilby puts back in pocket his glasses.*

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Professor Thorkild was right about you, Ms Forest. I am proud to inform you that for his will you will inherited his place of Custodian.

JANE FOREST: No! Yes! I knew it was true.

WILBY STONEWALL: What about are you talking?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Wilby, about you. Professor Thorkild recommended you as candidate to Custodians. Second recommendation you are receiving from me. Now you will receive a chance to become a candidate, if you prove your worth, we will accept you.

JANE FOREST: When I could read it?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: In other room, open box, here is the key.

*Carl gives Jane key and she runs in other room.*

*Carl stands in front of that door.*

*Victorious gasp, Jane finds what she wanted, she opens box and sees copy of old draft.*

WILBY STONEWALL: Let's repeat what happened here.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Listening.

WILBY STONEWALL: Probably you talked there about that exists real group of Custodians. They guard special knowledges. And this knowledge is Bard's text of Fortinbras: Chronicles.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You are attentive listener, that's right.

WILBY STONEWALL: And now Jane reads this text?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Yes.

WILBY STONEWALL: And I?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: If you will prove that could be proper Custodian...

*Carl almost laughs.*

WILBY STONEWALL: You think it's funny?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Professor Thorkild thought it would be good lesson to your arrogant behaviour. You will manage, just wait.

*In other room Jane closes mouth by hand.*

JANE FOREST: Oh my God!

*In Carl's room.*

WILBY STONEWALL: What is it?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Third scene of first act.

WILBY STONEWALL: And?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: About father of Ophelia's child.

WILBY STONEWALL: What?

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You didn't get why Ophelia died before Hamlet's return.

WILBY STONEWALL: I need to read it now.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: You will have first meeting in three days.

WILBY STONEWALL: Damn it.

CARL ICEBRIDGE: Have a nice evening, Wilby.

WILBY STONEWALL: With your prayers.

*Carl laughs and enters in room, where exits Jane.*

*Wilby in rage throws magazines from coffee table.*

*In other room, Jane wears black cloak with hood which closes her face.*

***The end.***



***January-February 2019.***