

BOMB

Draft 6

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A film by
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1.

1 EXT. ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - DAY

1

A huge shudder is followed by a violent wave of dust as the nuclear explosion in Hiroshima blows the city and its inhabitants to smithereens.

Absolute silence as the date slowly fades up over the image of devastation:

Hiroshima, August 6, 1945.

2 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

2

A young woman (NATALIE), lying in a stark hospital bed, is in the last stages of painful labour, about to give birth to her daughter, GINGER. We cannot hear Natalie's cries, but a low, menacing, rumbling sound gradually fills the air.

The caption changes to:

London, August 6, 1945.

3 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

3

Natalie's husband (ROLAND) sits anxiously on a bench in a hospital waiting room. Another MAN paces restlessly nearby.

4 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

4

In the bed next to Natalie, another woman (ANOUSHKA) is also about to give birth to her daughter, ROSA. Anoushka reaches out a hand towards Natalie. They hold hands across the gap between the beds.

FADE TO BLACK.

5 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

5

The back-views of two small girls (GINGER and ROSA), now four years old, one red-haired and the other dark-haired, holding hands as they swing back and forth on rusting swings in an austere playground.

The two girls are laughing with pleasure, and chanting.

ROSA AND GINGER
 (in unison)
 Best friends for ever!
 For ever and ever!

Anoushka and Natalie are standing nearby, idly pushing their daughters' swings from time to time. Anoushka looks upset. Natalie reaches out a hand to comfort her.

6 INT. ANOUSHKA'S HALLWAY AND EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

6

Rosa's diminutive and desolate back-view is framed in the doorway as she stands on the balcony outside their flat. She is staring at the back-view of her father (the man who had restlessly paced in the hospital waiting room) as he walks angrily away from the building in the street below, carrying a large kitbag.

7 INT. ANOUSHKA'S KITCHEN - DAY

7

Anoushka (Rosa's mother), sits with her head on her arms, in a small, messy kitchen, surrounded by children's toys. A baby is crying plaintively in the distance.

Rosa runs in and hits her mother, furiously.

8 INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

8

Roland throws Ginger high into the air in her light, airy bedroom. She shrieks with pleasure and alarm as her red air flies out around her. He catches her and holds her in a loving embrace before throwing her dangerously high into the air again.

Natalie stands to one side, watching as Roland catches Ginger again, then she wraps her arms around them both, lovingly.

9 INT. ROSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

Rosa kneels by her bed, praying, fervently, her long dark hair falling around her tiny body. The bedroom is small, cramped and shabbily furnished. She is a lonely figure.

The sound of a piano duet - the introduction to a song from "The King and I", played on an out-of-tune piano, continues over:

10 **FRONT TITLES:** BOMB (ETC)

10

INTERCUT WITH:

11 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

11

Cold war news-footage including:

- Kruschev watching a military parade in Moscow.
- A triumphant Castro amongst ecstatic crowds in Havana.
- President Kennedy speaking to rapturous crowds.
- "Duck and cover" US government footage of children being taught to hide under desks in a schoolroom in the event of a nuclear attack.
- The Aldermaston nuclear base in the UK, surrounded by barbed wire.

NEWS-REEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The British government has
announced today that our atomic
bombs are now capable of the
ultimate retaliation against Soviet
attack...

(END FRONT TITLES)

FADE TO BLACK.

12 INT. ROSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

12

GINGER and ROSA - now aged sixteen and dressed identically - lie next to each other on top of the blankets on Rosa's bed in her tiny, cramped bedroom in Anoushka's flat. Rosa's hair is long, dark, and lustrous. Ginger's hair is long, red, and wild. The two girls are giggling and whispering to each other, conspiratorially, as the sound of the piano duet continues from the room next door.

Rosa's younger twin sisters, EMMA and SYLVIA, and her little brother SOLLY, are piled into another bed nearby. Emma and Sylvia are squabbling over the skimpy pillows at one end of the bed while Solly lies wide-eyed at the other end, clutching a stuffed toy rabbit.

Ginger and Rosa giggle as their mothers - Natalie and Anoushka - repeatedly make mistakes on the out-of-tune piano.

13 INT. ANOUSHKA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

13

Natalie and Anoushka sit at a battered upright piano in a corner of Anoushka's over-crowded kitchen, full of mismatched furniture; an oilcloth on the table, dirty dishes piled in the sink.

Anoushka sits at the left side of the keyboard, playing the bass part, and Natalie sits on her right, playing the top line. They look happy and focussed as they sing and play, despite (or perhaps because of) their many mistakes.

NATALIE

(singing)

"Whenever I feel afraid
I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune
So no one will suspect
I'm afraid."

Anoushka hits some wrong notes.

ANOUSHKA

Whoops!

NATALIE

Anoushka!

ANOUSHKA

Sorry, Natalie, let's start again.

The two women grin happily at each other as they go back to the beginning of the music.

14

INT. ROSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

SOLLY gets out of bed, wearing a bulky nappy under his pyjamas, toddles across the linoleum floor clutching his toy rabbit and comes and stands next to ROSA. He looks worried.

ROSA

(whispering)

What is it, Solly?

SOLLY

Rosa, is it true what Ginger said?

ROSA

What did Ginger say?

Sylvia and Emma stop squabbling over their pillows.

SYLVIA

She said there is a big bomb...

EMMA

...that kills you...

SYLVIA

...even if you hide under your bed...

EMMA AND SYLVIA

(simultaneously)

...so no-one can see you.

SOLLY

It still can get you and kill you dead.

Rosa looks questioningly at Ginger, who returns her gaze with an innocent expression.

Solly tugs Ginger's sleeve.

SOLLY (CONT'D)

But Ginger, if I make a really big hole with my spade and get inside with Rabbit -

EMMA AND SYLVIA

(simultaneously)

- Where?

SOLLY

- then will I be alive when the
bomb comes?

Solly is wide-eyed with terror.

Emma and Sylvia are suddenly very still as they listen
quietly in the other bed, waiting for the answer.

Ginger shakes her head, slowly.

Solly runs into the other room, crying. The piano playing
stops.

Ginger and Rosa look at each other, knowingly.

After a few moments Natalie appears at the door, followed
by Anoushka, who is carrying Solly on her hip and
comforting him.

NATALIE

Ginger, you have terrified poor
Solly.

GINGER

But it's true, mum.
I was just speaking the truth.
Roland told me.

Solly wails even louder.

NATALIE

(sighing)

I'm sorry, Anoushka. Come on
Ginger. We'd better go home.

FADE TO BLACK.

Somewhere in a dark alleyway in London, just out of sight
of a noisy pub, Ginger and Rosa are standing by a wall,
necking with two shaggy, long-haired young beatniks.

Ginger seems awkward and tentative but Rosa eventually lies down in the shadows on the ground with the other boy and seems to be about to have uncomfortable-looking sex.

Ginger is trying to see what Rosa is doing. Rosa looks up at Ginger and their eyes meet. Rosa's eyes are shining.

16 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

16

Ginger and Rosa skip happily down the dark street, wearing identical outfits of skin-tight jeans and huge sloppy sweaters. Rosa is laughing triumphantly.

GINGER

What was it like?

ROSA

It was...

ROSA/GINGER

(simultaneously)

...intense!

They turn back to wave enthusiastically at the two beatniks who are shuffling off together in the opposite direction. The boys look dazed and baffled by the seemingly easy conquest.

17 INT. HALLWAY AND LIVING ROOM (NATALIE'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

17

Ginger and Rosa are creeping along the hallway past the living-room door. It slams open revealing Natalie and Roland standing in the room, which is stark and barely furnished, some books and canvases stacked against the wall. The room contrasts sharply with Anoushka's overcrowded and haphazard poverty.

NATALIE

Where the hell have you been?

GINGER

We were just, you know, roving about. Being free.

Roland smiles.

Rosa giggles hysterically. Natalie shoots a worried look at her.

NATALIE

It is two in the morning.

She turns to Roland, who stops smiling, hurriedly.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Roland, please. Say something.

ROLAND

Yes. Well, it is late. Indeed.

GINGER

You always stay up late.

ROLAND

True.

Rosa giggles again as she and Ginger sit down next to each other on the floor.

NATALIE

Anoushka is crazed with worry.
She's been phoning.

ROLAND

(muttering)

About every five minutes, for
Christ's sake.

He runs his fingers through his hair.

Rosa gazes at him. Their eyes meet, briefly.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Oh come on. I suppose I'd better
take you home, Rosa. Jesus. I
really should be working.

Ginger and Rosa both jump to their feet, smiling happily.

The two girls sit side by side in the back seat of an old army jeep as Roland drives, scarily fast, the tyres screeching as they hurtle round corners.

GINGER

Where are we going?

Rosa shrieks with delight.

ROSA

Faster! Faster!

Roland grins delightedly and then accelerates as he watches the girls' excited reactions in the rear-view mirror.

He takes the girls on a joy-ride through the dark, empty streets, revelling in their laughter in the cold night air, as their long hair blows around their faces.

Eventually the jeep squeals to a halt outside a decrepit-looking row of tenement buildings. A bored-looking group of boys is hanging around in the stairwell. Rosa leaps out of the jeep.

GINGER

Tomorrow?

ROSA

Today, actually.

GINGER

Good point.

ROSA

Bye, Ginger's dad!

Roland frowns and peers out at her.

ROLAND

(pointedly)

Roland. Actually.

Rosa grins, wickedly.

Roland revs the engine impatiently and executes a speedy three-point turn as Ginger turns and waves ecstatically at Rosa.

Ginger is wearing pyjamas and cleaning her teeth vigorously in front of the mirror in a large shabby bathroom.

The door is open onto the landing next to Natalie's bedroom and Ginger is listening to Natalie and Roland talking.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Aren't you coming to bed?

ROLAND (V.O.)

Work to do, Nat.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Bloody work.

20 INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

Natalie is lying in bed. The mattress is on the floor. Roland is standing by the door, restlessly, some books under his arm.

ROLAND

Bloody money.

Natalie sits up, wearily.

NATALIE

You know, I think Rosa is a bad influence.

ROLAND

Meaning what, exactly?

NATALIE

I'm not sure. But Anoushka worries about her. She says she is disturbed.

Ginger appears in the open doorway and takes the toothbrush out of her mouth.

GINGER

(hotly)

So would you be if you'd been told you're a failure when you're eleven years old.

ROLAND

- bloody eleven-plus exam -

NATALIE

(to Ginger)

- you did well, though -

ROLAND

- not that exams mean anything of
real significance. You can't
measure intelligence.

NATALIE

(hesitantly)

No of course not, but even so -

GINGER

- anyway, she's not disturbed.
She's interesting.

Roland grins at Ginger.

ROLAND

That's my girl.

GINGER

And she's my best friend.

Ginger disappears, waving her toothbrush with a flourish.

21

INT. BATHROOM (NATALIE'S HOUSE) - DAY

21

Ginger and Rosa lie fully dressed at either end of the bathtub in the draughty bathroom. Their shirts are rolled up to their armpits but their jeans are completely submerged in the bath water. They are reading girls' comics: "Girl" and "Bunty".

ROSA

It says here that a girl should
always carry a pair of white
gloves.

GINGER

That's...

GINGER/ROSA

(simultaneously)

...useful.

Rosa lowers the comic onto her chest, careful to keep it above the water.

GINGER

Does it say where she should carry them?

Rosa picks the comic up again and studies it.

ROSA

In a vanity case.

GINGER

Of course. Silly me.

ROSA

It also says here that a girl's most important possession is a bubbly personality.

GINGER

Interesting. How do you achieve a bubbly personality, do you think?

ROSA

How do you know if you've got a personality at all?

GINGER

Good point.

Ginger pauses thoughtfully and rests her comic on the edge of the bath.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Do you think Jean-Paul Sartre has a bubbly personality?

ROSA

Who?

Ginger glances at Rosa, embarrassed, then covers her face with the comic.

GINGER

(casually)

Oh you know, that French writer. He lives in a hotel in Paris with Simone de Beauvoir.

ROSA

They actually live in a hotel? How
romantic!

Ginger lifts up the comic off her face and looks at Rosa.

GINGER

She's also a writer, by the way.
And an existentialist.

Rosa immerses herself in her comic again.

ROSA

Maybe she hasn't read "Bunty". It
says here that boys don't like
girls who are too serious.

GINGER

Oh.

They sit quietly in the water as Ginger considers the
implications of Rosa's comment.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Well, even so, did I tell you I've
decided to be a poet?

ROSA

I thought you were already.

GINGER

Good point.

Then Ginger reaches down, lifts a trumpet off the bathroom
floor and blasts out a short rippling phrase. Rosa winces.
Ginger puts the trumpet back down on the floor as Rosa
wriggles restlessly in the bath. Her shirt drapes in the
water.

ROSA

I'm getting cold. Do you think
they've shrunk enough yet?

They each stand up, with difficulty, in the bath, their
sodden jeans clinging to their legs. Rosa lifts up her wet
shirt and starts to unbutton her jeans. Blue dye has seeped
from her jeans onto her stomach. The two girls start
giggling hysterically.

The door bursts open. It's Roland. He stares briefly at the two girls, as Rosa looks at him, insolently, still giggling.

ROLAND

Sorry!

Roland grins and then slams the door again.

22 EXT. ROADSIDE - EVENING

22

Ginger and Rosa stand by the edge of a road on the way out of London, their thumbs out, hitchhiking.

They are both wearing their now very tight jeans, and small dufflecoats. Their hair is styled identically, though Ginger's hair already looks out of control in the cold, misty air.

After a few cars have sped by, ignoring them, they get bored and try out a couple of line-dance moves in unison.

A huge lorry squeals to a halt.

23 INT. LORRY - NIGHT

23

The two girls sit high above the road on the uncomfortable torn leather seat as the lorry trundles noisily along a country road at night, the headlights picking out the ghostly thin trees, waving in the wind.

The middle-aged driver stares silently and moodily ahead as he grips the steering wheel. The atmosphere is full of quiet menace.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and offers them to the girls. Ginger refuses but Rosa accepts. His lighter flares explosively as he leans across to light Rosa's cigarette.

24 EXT. BUS-SHELTER, SOUTH COAST - DAWN

24

As dawn breaks, Rosa is necking with a young tousle-haired beatnik in the corner of a concrete bus shelter somewhere on the south coast of England.

Ginger, meanwhile, is sitting perched on a concrete bench reading intently to herself from a battered Penguin edition of T.S. Eliot's poems:

GINGER (V.O.)
 "We are the hollow men,
 We are the stuffed men..."

25 EXT. BEACH - DAY

25

Ginger and Rosa are huddled together on a very windy and cold-looking beach. They have tucked their hair into the hoods of their duffle coats and are shivering as they gaze out at the grey sea and white surf breaking repeatedly onto the shingle.

Rosa looks preoccupied. Ginger is trying to say something. It takes her a while to get it out.

GINGER
 So... was he a good kisser?

ROSA
 Alright. It was quite...

GINGER
 ...intense?

Rosa shrugs, non-committally.

ROSA
 (gloomily)
 Not really. He was just a boy.

Ginger glances at Rosa's profile and then stares out into the distance.

GINGER
 I've been thinking.

ROSA
 Unusual.

GINGER
 Very funny. Listen.

ROSA
 I'm listening.

GINGER

I'd prefer the world not to end,
wouldn't you?

ROSA

On balance, yes.

GINGER

As in...

GINGER/ROSA

(simultaneously)

...no.

GINGER

Existing is more interesting than
not existing, don't you think?

ROSA

Probably.

GINGER

Of course it is!

The two girls sit in silence for a moment. Ginger glances briefly at Rosa's morose expression.

ROSA

If you find true love.

Ginger turns to face Rosa, questioningly.

ROSA (CONT'D)

You know. The kind that lasts
forever. If...

She pauses, with a worried expression.

GINGER AND ROSA

(simultaneously)

...if there is a forever.

They look at each other.

GINGER AND ROSA (CONT'D)

(simultaneously)

Good point.

Rosa and Ginger smile at each other, pleased at their complicity, then both turn and sit looking gloomily out to sea.

GINGER

I think we should do something,
Rosa. About the bomb. You know,
protest.

Rosa pauses before answering.

ROSA

I think we should pray.

She hesitates, briefly, then pulls out a lurid plastic crucifix and hands it, shyly, to Ginger.

GINGER

Oh....gosh....thank you...

Ginger turns the crucifix over in her palm awkwardly.

26

INT. CHURCH - DAY

26

Ginger and Rosa sit down side-by-side in a pew in a huge, echoing, gloomy church, fingering the identical crucifixes hanging round their necks.

Rosa is gazing at the billowing incense being swung rhythmically back and forth by the priest.

Ginger looks puzzled.

But Rosa looks increasingly rapturous.

FADE TO BLACK.

27

INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

27

Ginger and Rosa are taking it in turns to iron their hair on an ironing board. The iron goes dangerously close to their heads. The girls alternate between giggling and gasping with fright.

Outside the window, in the small garden, Natalie is feeding the birds. She throws crumbs lovingly into the air as she imitates their bird-song with her high, fragile voice.

28

INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

28

Ginger and Rosa are lying on the floor, pulling on their extremely tight jeans. Then they try on different outfits. Identical sloppy sweaters. Long shirts. Rosa tries on a tight sweater.

They try out a couple of their line-dance moves in unison in front of the mirror, then put their identical sloppy sweaters back on and try the moves again. Better.

29

INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

Ginger and Rosa appear at the door of the kitchen. They have put on their dufflecoats on top of their identical sweaters, but are still barefoot.

Natalie is sitting at the kitchen table with MARK, (a man with a moustache, wearing a corduroy jacket) and Anoushka. They are each clasping a mug of tea, and seem to be in the middle of a hushed, intimate conversation which stops abruptly as the girls appear.

Natalie looks tearful. She hurriedly blows her nose as the girls come into the room.

ANOUSHKA

Where are you two going?

GINGER

A meeting.

NATALIE

Barefoot?

Ginger rolls her eyes.

MARK

What kind of meeting, Ginger?

GINGER

A meeting to ban the bomb. It's called the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. YCND.

NATALIE

What's the Y for?

GINGER AND ROSA
(simultaneously)
Young.

MARK
Good for you, girls. That's
marvellous. Don't you think so,
Nat?

NATALIE
Roland would be pleased...

Natalie wipes her eyes and blows her nose again.

ANOUSHKA
Just don't get home too late, Rosa.
You've got to help me with the
little ones -

ROSA
I haven't got to do anything.

ANOUSHKA
(angrily)
God, if there was a man around -

ROSA
- you'd be lucky -

ANOUSHKA
(furious)
Rosa!

Natalie glances at Anoushka, then straightens up.

NATALIE
Speaking of which, when was the
last time you did any washing up,
Ginger?

GINGER
But I've hardly been here for any
meals!

NATALIE
Well, exactly. Where have you been?
I got another accusing letter from
your school. It was embarrassing.

GINGER

(sarcastically)

Embarrassing. How terrible.
Especially given that the world
might blow up, which none of you
seem to understand.

MARK

(gently)

Are you quite sure about that?

GINGER

Oh, Mark, I didn't mean you.

ANOUSHKA

We've all lived through a war,
Ginger. At your age Natalie and I
were trying to stay alive in the
blitz, you know.

Ginger looks contrite, but Rosa is staring at Natalie's
tear-stained face.

30

INT. CHURCH HALL - NIGHT

30

The two girls sit side-by-side on uncomfortable small wooden chairs at the back of a bare church hall, adorned only with a small crucifix. It's a small meeting, sparsely attended by eager enthusiasts. A friendly, serious-looking vicar is quietly overseeing the meeting from the side of the hall.

The rows of chairs are occupied almost exclusively by very young men talking passionately in breaking adolescent voices.

YOUNG MAN

The government can't ignore it if
there are enough people on the
streets. You know, thousands and
thousands.

TEENAGE BOY

Politicians are only interested in
protecting their jobs. It's down to
us to really do something.

ROSA

(whispering)

So what's the matter with Natalie?

GINGER

Roland.

TONY - who is a handsome young man with long hair and a beard - is standing at the front.

TONY

The question is what to do. Or, as Engels puts it: "What is to be done?"

ROSA

So what's the matter with him?

Ginger gestures towards Tony, questioningly.

GINGER

Him?

ROSA

No. Roland, stupid.

Tony looks at Ginger and Rosa, sitting, whispering, in the back row. He smiles at them.

TONY

Well, girls, yes, you back there, haven't seen you here before. What do you say? Do you think the politicians will listen to the people?

Both girls are too shy to answer and start giggling with embarrassment.

Roland has taken Ginger out for supper in a traditional working men's cafe, the menu scrawled on a blackboard: liver and bacon, sausage and mash, steak and kidney pie.

They sit at an oil-clothed table as he tucks into a steak-and-kidney pie and Ginger picks at her egg and chips.

ROLAND

Splendid. Real food, Ginger.

Roland suddenly notices the crucifix round Ginger's neck and puts down his fork.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

What on earth is that crucifix
doing round your neck?

GINGER

Rosa and I went to church.

ROLAND

Church?

GINGER

Once. She wanted me to.

ROLAND

Well now, this is worthy of serious
discussion.

Ginger smiles, happily.

GINGER

Oh good.

ROLAND

You do realize that God is an
invention?

GINGER

Sort of...

ROLAND

The idea of an Almighty was,
originally, an explanation for the
mysteries of night and day, birth
and death. But then along came
organised religion... at which
point the idea of an all powerful
God was used by the rich to crush
the poor into submission by making
them God-fearing, passive,
accepting of their fate and so on.

Roland smiles at Ginger.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

See?

Ginger nods, guiltily.

GINGER

Yes, I think so...

ROLAND

And then - when church and state
become one - it all gets worse.
Much worse.

Roland takes a mouthful of food as Ginger waits,
expectantly, for his next point.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Every man needs to struggle for his
own authority, Ginger. For
autonomous thought. That's why you
mustn't listen to a word I say.

Ginger brightens.

GINGER

Well, exactly. I autonomously
decided to go to church with Rosa,
to see what it's like.

Roland laughs affectionately and reaches over to examine
the plastic crucifix more closely.

ROLAND

(murmuring)

A bit kitsch...

GINGER

(quickly)

Rosa gave it to me.

ROLAND

Did she, now. So, what was it like?

GINGER

It was sort of exciting. Like going
to the theatre. Then we went to a
meeting -

ROLAND

- Okay, it was theatre. But masking
an ideology.

Roland pauses.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

What kind of meeting?

GINGER

(proudly)

Ban the Bomb.

Roland smiles.

ROLAND

That's my girl. You're an activist,
not a supplicant.

Ginger glows, looking admiringly at her father, clearly flattered by him treating her as an intellectual equal.

GINGER

(tentatively)

But don't you think... you know...
people need something to... well,
to believe about what happens
when... when you die... I don't
mean heaven, or anything, but...

ROLAND

The concept of life after death is
a superstition, designed to keep
people satisfied with their limited
existence in the present. The only
life is the one we have now,
Ginger, which is why we must seize
it and live while we have the
chance.

GINGER

Good point.

Roland picks up his fork and starts eating again,
voraciously. Ginger picks up her fork and follows his lead,
munching her food with relish.

Then he glances at her and hesitates briefly, as if uncertain whether to speak, his warm, charming smile tinged with just a flicker of anxiety. She hesitates, then smiles reassuringly at him.

32

INT/EXT. CAR AND COASTAL ROAD - DAY

32

Ginger and Rosa are in the back of a car on one of their hitchhiking adventures, being driven maniacally by a YOUNG MAN wearing full teddy-boy regalia.

His FRIEND - also a teddy boy with an extreme quiff (both young men have terrible complexions) - is laughing hysterically and fingering a flick-knife.

'Apache' by The Shadows is playing on the car radio.

The girls look at each other with expressions of fear and excitement as the car screeches and veers round the bends in the wintry costal road near a forest of electricity pylons.

As the car nearly goes off the road, Rosa gasps and puts her hand on the crucifix round her neck. Her lips move in silent prayer.

Ginger grasps the door handle.

The car squeals to a halt and the girls tumble out and run off between the pylons.

33

EXT. HUGE WALL - DAY

33

Ginger and Rosa sit next to each other by an immense curved wall - an abandoned military "sound mirror"- in the middle of a bleak wintry landscape.

GINGER

That was scary. It was -

GINGER/ROSA

(simultaneously)

- intense.

Ginger carefully lifts her crucifix off over her head. She stares at it for a moment.

GINGER

What do you think, Rosa? Is this a kitsch object?

ROSA

What's kitsch?

GINGER

I'm not sure, actually.

ROSA

Anyway, it's not an object, its a crucifix.

Rosa pauses.

ROSA (CONT'D)

That I gave you.

GINGER

Sorry...

Rosa stands up.

ROSA

And I think Jesus just saved our lives.

GINGER

Gosh, Rosa.

Do you really believe that?

ROSA

I do believe in miracles. And Jesus. Yes, I do.

Ginger gazes up at her. The wintry sun seems to create a halo around Rosa's head.

GINGER

Jesus as a real man, or as the son of God?

ROSA

Both. But of course you need faith.

Ginger puts her crucifix carefully into her pocket and scrambles to her feet.

GINGER

But what about thought? Autonomous thought?

ROSA

Oh, faith is much stronger than thought. It's a feeling. A really passionate feeling.

GINGER

But do you just decide to have that feeling, or what?

ROSA

You just sort of... give in.

GINGER

To what?

ROSA

You'd know if you'd felt it.

Rosa sighs, sensuously, and then turns and wanders away, trailing her fingers along the wall.

Ginger stares after her then turns and walks in the opposite direction until they are standing at either end of the immense wall.

GINGER

(whispering to herself)

"You'd know if you'd felt it".

There is a shout from the other end of the wall.

ROSA

I can hear you! Ginger!

Rosa starts whispering.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Ginger.. Ginger...

They each press their faces to the wall and talk very softly as the acoustic curve of the wall amplifies their voices across the enormous distance between them.

GINGER

(whispering)

Is this how they heard the planes
coming, Rosa? Is this how they
heard the warning?

They each stand, silently, for a moment, their backs to the wall, gazing at the sky. Then Rosa turns back and whispers into the wall again.

ROSA

I did confession. It's amazing,
Ginger.

GINGER

You went to church again? Without
me?

Rosa nods, mutely.

GINGER (CONT'D)

So what did you confess?

ROSA

It's private.

GINGER

Private?

ROSA

It's just between you and the
priest. He sits there and listens.

GINGER

Then what?

ROSA

He gives you a penance to do and
that absolves you of your sins.

GINGER

Any kind of sin?

There is an awkward silence.

ROSA

Jesus was very forgiving of
sinners. He even forgave murderers,
you know.

GINGER

Roland told me there were bishops
who blessed the atom bombs. That's
worse than murder.

There is another uneasy silence. Ginger looks uncertain
about how to handle a real difference of opinion.

ROSA

But that's just one or two bishops.
Jesus was a pacifist.

Ginger smiles with relief.

GINGER

So you're still coming on the
march, then?

The two girls walk back towards each other, Ginger skipping
happily towards her friend.

34 INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

Ginger lies alone in bed, a huge "Ban The Bomb" sign on the
wall above her. She is reading T.S. Eliot.

Her shiny trumpet sits by the bed. Through the wall comes
the high, reedy voice of her mother singing songs from
'Oklahoma' as she accompanies herself on the piano.

Then she hears her mother burst into sobs.

Ginger puts down her book, with a little sigh.

35 INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

35

Ginger appears at her mother's bedroom door. Natalie is
sitting with her head in her hands at the piano in a
bedroom strewn with clothes.

GINGER

Want a cup of tea, Mum?

Natalie looks up and quickly hides a bottle of pills before blowing her nose.

NATALIE

Oh, was I keeping you awake,
darling?

GINGER

No, not really. I was reading.
Where's Roland?

NATALIE

I don't know. I never seem to know
where he is anymore.

She starts crying again.

36 INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

36

Ginger switches on the light in the kitchen. It looks chaotic. She bangs the kettle onto the stove, noisily, wearily.

This looks like it's happened before.

She lights the gas with a match then turns the knob and watches the small circle of flames rise and fall.

37 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

37

Ginger and Rosa, dressed identically, are walking side by side in the "Young CND" contingent of a long column of marching protesters.

Young mothers push small children in prams. Older men with grizzled beards, wearing knitted socks with their leather sandals, march determinedly, carrying "Ban the Bomb" placards. It's all very friendly, a mix of ages and types united in their beliefs.

TONY (the bearded youth from the meeting) suddenly appears behind Ginger and playfully gives her a squeeze. She blushes as he smiles at her, warmly, before joining his friends at the head of their contingent.

The air fills with the distant sound of soaring jazz riffs, coming nearer.

An open truck approaches, some young male jazz musicians perched on the back, playing their hearts out.

Roland is driving the truck, a YOUNG WOMAN with long blonde hair by his side.

Ginger turns and waves at her father enthusiastically. She manages to catch his eye and he grins and waves happily back at her, but drives on without slowing down.

ROSA

Who's that? With Roland?

GINGER

Oh, a student, or something. Mum's not too happy about it all at the moment, actually.

Rosa stares after Roland, admiringly, fingering her crucifix.

38

INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

Ginger's mother, Natalie, is alternately weeping and shouting somewhere downstairs in the house as Ginger lies in bed reading her battered copy of T.S. Eliot, as usual. Her father's voice is audible too, low and measured and all the more terrible for it.

Ginger turns off the light and rolls over onto her side to face the wall.

39

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - DAY

39

Ginger sits unhappily at a scrubbed table in a very tidy, beautifully-decorated kitchen, furnished with an oak dresser, a motley collection of antique chairs, a polished stove and small framed prints on the wall. A boiled egg in an egg cup and some toasted 'soldiers' have been placed on the table in front of her.

Mark stands watching Ginger with a kindly expression.

MARK

You could consider eating it.

How is school by the way?

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Or are you still not bothering with
that very much at the moment?

Ginger stares at the boiled egg.

GINGER

Is that why you asked me round? Did
mum ask you to talk to me?

MARK

Don't be silly. We always love
seeing you. And I thought you'd
like to meet Bella.

MARK'S PARTNER, who is also called Mark, and is known to
their friends as 'Mark Two' lurches into the kitchen
clutching his sides and laughing silently. He speaks with
an American accent.

MARK TWO

(whispering hysterically)

She asked for washing-up liquid!
Bella washes her hair with washing-
up liquid!

Tears of laughter are rolling down his cheeks. The smaller
Mark turns to Ginger.

MARK

(in a stage whisper)

She's from New York, you see.

MARK TWO

What's that got to do with it?
Don't listen to him!

Mark kisses Mark Two lightly on the cheek.

MARK

Just teasing.

Ginger smiles and starts to dip the soldiers into the egg
yolk.

40

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

40

The two Marks, Ginger and BELLA, an American woman with a soft, deep voice, are walking amongst trees on Hampstead Heath. Bella is clutching a bulging, heavy-looking briefcase close to her body.

BELLA

So much nature. Right in the city.
How civilised.

MARK TWO

The English need their parks to get away from each other. It must be the strain of being so nice.

Ginger laughs. Bella glances at Ginger.

BELLA

You must be missing New York, Mark.
The abrasive rudeness of the urban populace.

MARK TWO

Oh no. I adore English politeness.
Even the Ban The Bomb march was polite, Bella.

Ginger stops in her tracks.

GINGER

Were you there too?

MARK

Of course we were!

GINGER

I didn't see you.

MARK TWO

We were at the front. It was led by a vicar, Ginger. A vicar!

MARK

A canon, actually.

BELLA

A vicar with a cannon?

Ginger shrieks with laughter and suddenly does a cartwheel.

MARK

Canon Collins. A worthy Christian.
A good man, actually, despite his
beliefs.

Mark Two starts laughing again. Ginger walks jauntily amongst this little group, looking suddenly more child-like as she revels in the presence of their easygoing friendship.

FADE TO BLACK.

41 INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

41

Ginger and Roland are sitting at the long kitchen table. It looks as though an effort has been made. There is an embroidered table-cloth on the table and a vase of flowers, sitting on a lace doily.

Natalie is wearing an apron and has her back to them as she bends over to reach into the oven.

Roland tweaks at the doily and glances conspiratorially at Ginger.

ROLAND

(whispering)

Kitsch.

Natalie puts a pie-dish carefully down onto a mat on the table with a proud expression. Roland serves himself and starts eating, abstractly, as he reads a journal and makes notes in a small notebook.

Natalie stands watching him, the tension mounting.

NATALIE

Can't you thank me? Even one word?
I made you a steak-and-kidney pie!
A pie! Your favourite.

Roland slowly puts down his pen, closes his notebook, and sighs. He looks down at his plate before replying, quietly.

ROLAND

Yup. I noticed.

NATALIE

And?

ROLAND

Thanks.

There is an icy pause.

NATALIE

Is that it? Is that all you can say to me?

ROLAND

Thank you very much indeed. Is that what you want?

NATALIE

What's wrong with wanting my efforts to be noticed?

ROLAND

Nothing. But why don't you just come out with it?

NATALIE

What do you mean?

ROLAND

If you want to accuse me, again -

NATALIE

- but I didn't say anything-

ROLAND

But you meant it! As I am continuously urging my students, just say what you mean.

NATALIE

- I'm not your student. Why...why do you...

Natalie gives up and stares at him, speechless. Roland looks up and sees her anguished expression. His face softens and he gets up and puts his arm round Natalie, tenderly, and strokes her hair.

Ginger's head is lowered but she is watching them.

ROLAND

Why what? Oh Nat, Nat. I wish you weren't so unhappy.

NATALIE

But why do you twist my words? You make everything seem like it's my fault... Why can't you just be normal -

Roland pulls away from her, abruptly.

ROLAND

Normal? What the hell is normal?

NATALIE

You know bloody well what I mean.

ROLAND

Natalie. How can I enjoy eating in this atmosphere of resentment?

NATALIE

And how can I enjoy cooking when you just gobble it up -

ROLAND

- Oh for God's sake. I've been working all day, you know -

NATALIE

(bitterly)

- and I used up nearly all my housekeeping and spent hours making it for you -

ROLAND

- emotional blackmail, again.

NATALIE

But I made it for you - oh what's
the point...

Natalie reaches for a handkerchief and blows her nose.

ROLAND

(quietly)

If the transitory nature of cooking
and eating offends you so much then
why don't you take up your painting
again -

NATALIE

Where?

Roland gestures around the kitchen, vaguely.

ROLAND

- and make something for posterity?

NATALIE

(shouting)

- and with what? I'm scraping to
pay the bills! I can't afford the
paint -

ROLAND

- then get a job!

NATALIE

- while you sod off to your bloody
yacht -

ROLAND

(quietly)

- boat. It's a small boat -

NATALIE

- your bloody boat with some blonde
student again, for all I know...

Roland sighs and slumps in his chair.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, what kind of job could I
get?

Ginger has stopped looking at them. She stares unseeing at her untouched plate of food.

42 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

42

It is raining.

Ginger and Rosa sit side by side in their dufflecoats on some swings in a grim-looking children's playground. A wooden roundabout, a peeling painted see-saw and a sodden sandpit are the only other pieces of equipment on the small area of tarmac next to an area of wasteland that looks as if it had been a bombsite. A few young boys in gumboots dash about in the background, undeterred by the weather.

Ginger looks sad.

ROSA

So?

GINGER

Roland's moving out. They're separating...

GINGER/ROSA

(simultaneously)

...again.

GINGER

Not that it'll make any difference.
He's hardly ever at home anyway.

Rosa starts to swing back and forth, slowly.

ROSA

Well, at least you have a dad. Who takes you out and stuff.

Ginger is silenced, momentarily.

GINGER

I have a Roland, actually. He won't let me call him Dad.

ROSA

I know. You told me. Lots of times.

GINGER
(guiltily)
Did I?

Ginger looks at Rosa's profile.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Anyway, I'm sure he wouldn't mind
if you came with me this weekend.

ROSA
Oh you don't want me tagging along
with your beloved Roland.

GINGER
Don't be silly.

Rosa brightens, visibly.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Did I also tell you he says the
word 'dad' makes him think of
slippers by the fire and other
bourgeois death-traps? He has a
point, of course.

They both swing back and forth, rhythmically.

ROSA
What's Natalie's view of death-
traps?

GINGER
Oh she just bursts into tears, as
usual, when he says stuff like
that. Which he then says is -

GINGER/ROSA
(simultaneously)
- emotional blackmail.

The two girls sit and swing, silently, for a moment, until
Rosa suddenly puts her feet on the ground.

ROSA
(decisively)
Our mothers are pathetic. They
don't believe in anything -

GINGER

- well they don't do anything, more
to the point -

ROSA

- except moan about stuff.

GINGER

At least your mum has a job.

ROSA

Cleaning? You call that a job?
She hates it. She moans on and
on....

GINGER

Roland really hates the moaning
thing.

ROSA

Of course. It's no wonder -

GINGER

- no wonder what?

ROSA

No wonder they can't keep their
men.

Ginger looks questioningly at Rosa.

43

EXT. ROWING DINGHY - DUSK

43

Ginger and Rosa are sitting perched next to each other on a narrow wooden seat in a small rowing dinghy, gripping the sides of the boat.

Ginger's father is rowing, his muscly arms bulging through his shirt, as he pulls the dinghy against the strong current.

Rosa stares at him admiringly. He catches her eye, briefly, and smiles.

The dinghy moves slowly across the darkening expanse of choppy water towards a small sailing boat bobbing in the distance.

44

INT. MAIN BOAT CABIN - DUSK

44

Ginger and Rosa lower themselves down a steep ladder into a small cabin and sit side by side on a bunk as Ginger's father pumps energetically at a Tilley lamp. It flares into life.

He hangs the Tilley light on a hook, and stares at it for a moment.

The girls stand wide-eyed in the shadows; Rosa with admiration, Ginger with a nameless anxiety.

The light flickers as Roland looks lovingly around the cabin.

ROLAND

What could be better than this?
Isn't she marvellous? Am I right,
girls?

Ginger nods mutely.

ROSA

(softly)
It's lovely. It's so romantic.

The boat rocks, suddenly, in the swell. Rosa staggers. Ginger and Roland both reach out to steady her, then the girls sit down side by side on one bunk while Roland stretches out on the other.

ROLAND

Indeed. There is poetry in small spaces, Rosa.

He lies there, lost in thought, as the waves lap against the hull of the boat.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Confinement can be utterly beautiful, but only when it's a matter of choice.

ROSA

(quietly)
What do you mean?

ROLAND

What I mean, Rosa, is that a prison cell, on the contrary, is the ugliest expression of minimalism.

Rosa stares at him. He looks up and meets her gaze.

ROSA

It must have been really terrible.
Ginger told me.

Roland glances questioningly at Ginger, who looks down at her hands.

ROSA (CONT'D)

We tell each other everything.

ROLAND

I've nothing to hide, Rosa.

The girls sit silently as Roland gazes up at the roof of the cabin.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Prison was brutal. First they strip you of your clothes. Then, if you dare to protest, they strip you of all human contact.

Roland turns his head, slowly, and looks at Rosa, as if he is looking through her. She returns his gaze, intently.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I will never forget the terrible loneliness of solitary confinement.
Never.

Rosa's eyes suddenly fill with tears.

ROSA

I understand.

Roland suddenly focuses on Rosa, surprised, then tenderly reaches out and takes her hand.

Ginger sits rigidly still, glancing anxiously from one to the other.

45

INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

45

Ginger and Rosa lie silently in two narrow bunks in the tiny cramped secondary cabin in the prow of the boat. They are listening to Roland who is humming happily as he fiddles with the controls of a short-wave radio.

There are snatches of sounds from Radio Moscow, a babble of languages, and finally the BBC World Service - the end of a news report about missiles in Cuba - then the weather forecast with its hypnotic litany of coastal names.

GINGER

(whispering)

Did you hear that?

ROSA

What?

GINGER

About the missiles?

ROSA

(distractedly)

Mmm.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)

Dogger, Fisher, German Bight,
veering south-west, five, good,
becoming moderate...

Ginger watches Rosa's profile in the dark, etched by the moonlight streaking in through a porthole. Rosa's eyes are gleaming.

Then the radio tunes to a classical music programme. A Schubert 'Fantasie' is playing. After a while the music is joined by the sound of Roland softly weeping.

Rosa turns her head towards Ginger, questioningly.

GINGER

Oh, he always does that. Especially
with Schubert.

Rosa sits up quietly, and presses her eye to a crack in the door to the main cabin.

She stares at Roland, mesmerised, as he sits with his head in his hands, softly weeping.

46

INT. MARK'S LIVING-ROOM - DAY

46

The two Marks' living room is furnished with comfortable sofas, overflowing book-shelves, some antique chairs, and a Hammond organ. Mark sits at the organ with Natalie, playing a duet from 'On The Town'.

They both repeatedly make mistakes and keep returning to the beginning. Then Mark gets to his feet and starts to dance as she continues to play and they both sing.

MARK & NATALIE

(singing)

"New York, New York! It's a
wonderful town!
The Bronx is up and the Battery's
down!"

Natalie laughs. She looks bright-eyed and carefree, for a change, and increasingly hysterical as Mark's dancing gets more and more eccentric.

Mark Two is in the adjoining kitchen, taking a cake out of the oven. Ginger is watching him from the doorway.

MARK TWO

The Bronx is not so wonderful, you
know. It nearly killed me. The best
thing I ever did was to get out and
come to Paris.

Ginger smiles ironically.

GINGER

This is London, actually, Mark Two.
Notice anything different?
Anyway, what's the Battery?

Mark Two is about to answer when Natalie suddenly stops playing.

NATALIE

Oh this is so lovely. And I can
smell cake. It's wonderful to get
out again, Mark, and have some fun.

Ginger smiles, with relief, at Mark Two.

47

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

47

Ginger sits at a desk in the back row of a classroom at her school, scribbling in a small notebook she is hiding inside a textbook. Somewhere in the background a teacher's voice is droning on about biology.

TEACHER (O.S.)

These are called the nervous system
and the autonomic nervous system...

GINGER

(murmuring to herself)

In my dream I heard the warning:
You have three minutes left, it
said;
Tell the others now, this morning,
Or you soon will all be dead.
I tried to run, but couldn't move -

Ginger stops writing and sits up straight, suddenly, as she catches sight of Natalie approaching the school gates and walking determinedly through them.

She peers out of the window as Natalie walks across the tarmac playground and disappears into the school building.

48

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

48

Ginger walks up to the entrance of a dark, deserted-looking warehouse building. She rings the bell, which echoes in the huge interior space.

After a long wait the door is opened by a tall, elegant man, ROGER.

GINGER

Is Roland in, at all?

ROGER

Oh you must be his daughter.
Splendid.

Roger looks Ginger up and down and smiles, charmingly.

Ginger blushes and looks down at her feet.

49

INT. WAREHOUSE - ROLAND'S 'ROOM' - DAY

49

Ginger follows Roger across the rickety wooden floor of an enormous, dilapidated space in an abandoned warehouse. They pass a small group of young men and women clustered around a "roneo" machine which is rhythmically churning out printed pages.

They are walking towards a small area which has been cordoned off with heavy, opaque plastic. Classical music is echoing through the space.

Roger ushers Ginger into the enclosure by lifting some of the plastic surrounding Roland's 'room' - an area containing a bed, a desk, some piles of books.

Roland is writing at his desk while music is playing on his radio.

ROLAND

Ginger!

Roland switches off his radio and hurriedly clears a space on the bed. Ginger sits down tentatively on the edge of the bed. Roland sits opposite her at his desk, next to several piles of paper, journals, and a typewriter.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Well, what a surprise, Ginger.
Is everything alright?

GINGER

Oh yes, absolutely.

She fidgets. Roland looks tense, lost for words.

ROLAND

Nat doing okay?
Not too many scenes, or anything?

GINGER

Not too many.

ROLAND

Good. Good.

There is an awkward silence.

GINGER

The thing is, I was wondering...

ROLAND

Yes?

GINGER

If, for example, there was any room, I mean, if - I don't know, it may not be feasible at all - but...

She trails off, looking at Roland, hopefully.

ROLAND

Room?

GINGER

You know, here.

Roland looks momentarily shocked.

ROLAND

Well. Jesus, Ginger. What a... You?

Roland's face softens. He looks touched.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Look. You do realise, of course, I'm working more-or-less non-stop?

Ginger nods, mutely.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

And that this is a completely unsuitable environment for you in every possible respect?

GINGER

Oh, absolutely.

Roland looks at her affectionately, ruffles her hair and laughs.

50 INT. COFFEE BAR - DAY

50

Rosa and Ginger sit opposite each other at a formica table in a coffee-bar; a cup of coffee in front of each of them.

"Walking back to happiness" sung by Helen Shapiro, a fourteen-year-old singer with a deep strong voice, is blaring tinnily out of a jukebox. Ginger mouths along with the lyrics as it comes to an end.

GINGER

(low)

Walking back to happiness... Whoop-
la, oh ye-eh-yeah.

Rosa is chewing a pencil as she tries to compose a letter on a small pad of pale-blue notepaper.

ROSA

What do you think I should say?

GINGER

Who to?

ROSA

Roland.

Ginger looks startled.

GINGER

You're writing to Roland? Why are you writing to Roland?

ROSA

Well, I want to tell him that I understand him. You know, like sometimes in your soul you feel... well... someone else's pain.

Rosa stares down at the blank paper, oblivious of Ginger's expression.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But I can't decide whether to start with 'Dear Roland' or 'Dearest Roland'. What do you think?

Ginger's mouth moves but she can't speak.

She gets up to put another coin in the jukebox. This time it is an up-tempo Dave Brubeck track. She leans against the jukebox and feels its pulsating vibrations with her fingertips.

A young black man comes and stands nearby, watching her. Ginger smiles at him, a distracted, anxious smile.

MAN

Drink, princess?

51 INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

51

Ginger is lying in her bed with her head under the covers. Natalie, looking furious, stands at the end of the bed.

Ginger suddenly leans over the edge of the bed and vomits onto the floor.

NATALIE

(shouting)

Why should I clean up after you again? You can't hold the drink!
You and Rosa are little sluts!

Ginger screams at her, between retching.

GINGER

Go away! You don't understand!

NATALIE

What is there to understand?

Ginger moans. Natalie's expression softens and she approaches the bed.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

Ginger? Darling? What is there to understand?

GINGER

Bugger off!

NATALIE

How dare you.

Natalie turns to leave the room.

GINGER

Anyway, I'm going to go and live
with Roland!

Natalie stops in her tracks.

NATALIE

(quietly)

What are you talking about?

GINGER

I went round to see him. He said I
could.

Natalie is clenching and unclenching her fists.

NATALIE

Was there anyone there with him? A
woman?

Ginger coughs and blows her nose messily as she continues,
ignoring the question.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Well, was there?

Ginger sits up, suddenly, groggily.

GINGER

And you came to my school! I saw
you! My teacher told me you said
you thought that there should be
more so-called domestic science
lessons. Housework and stuff.

NATALIE

Is that what this is all about?

GINGER

How could you? You want me to learn
housework. At school.

Natalie stares at her.

NATALIE

(heatedly)

Listen Ginger. I was just a
teenager when I had you. A
teenager.

(MORE)

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NATALIE (CONT'D)

I didn't know how to boil a bloody egg. Roland never lifted a finger to help with anything.

GINGER

That's not my fault!

NATALIE

(tearfully)

Listen to me! I was desperate and alone most of the time. Washing your nappies by hand, washing everything by hand... trying to learn how to cook...

Natalie comes and sits down on the bed, next to Ginger and puts her hand gently on Ginger's shoulder.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I just don't want you to struggle as a young mother in the way that I had to.

GINGER

(screaming at her)

But I'm never going to have any babies! Never! I don't want to be like you!

Natalie stares down at Ginger's contorted face, as her own face drains of colour. Natalie is trembling.

FADE TO BLACK.

52

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - DAY

52

Ginger looks tearful as she pulls off her dufflecoat and sits down at the kitchen table with the two Marks.

MARK

Are you quite sure this move is a wise idea, Ginger?

Ginger turns to Mark Two.

GINGER

How old were you when you left
home, Mark Two?

MARK TWO

About your age. I just had to get
away, my mother was an absolute
monster.

Ginger smiles and turns triumphantly to Mark One, blowing
her nose.

GINGER

You see?

MARK

Nat is not a monster.

GINGER

Not to you.

MARK

Anyway Mark, your mother was, as I
understand, not a monster but a
gangster.

Mark Two laughs.

GINGER

(quietly)

Was she a happy gangster?

Both Marks fall silent as Bella quietly appears in the
doorway behind Ginger, clutching her bulging briefcase.
Bella is about to greet Ginger but Mark silences her with a
small gesture. They all turn to study Ginger, kindly.

MARK

Nat is unhappy, Ginger. But not
because of you.

Ginger is silent for a moment.

GINGER

(softly)

But was she always unhappy? You
know, when she was my age? You knew
her then, didn't you?

Mark nods mutely.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Can you remember? Did she cry all
the time before she had me?

MARK
She was troubled. But then, who
wasn't troubled in wartime?

Bella nods.

MARK TWO
It must have been an absolute
nightmare, Ginger. Bombs falling...
night after night... nothing was
secure. Nothing.

GINGER
What's the difference? We could all
die tomorrow.

BELLA
We could, Ginger. Indeed we could.

Ginger turns to face Bella.

GINGER
But I don't want to die! I want to
grow up!

Mark two glares at Bella, then puts a hand on Ginger's
shoulder.

MARK TWO
And you will.

MARK
Yes. But - darling - can't you be a
girl for a moment or two longer?
You'll be a woman soon enough.

Rosa and Ginger are vaguely supervising Rosa's three
younger siblings in the bleak playground next to the
wasteland.

The younger children are doing a dance together, which consists of taking turns at lifting each other into the air. The child being lifted opens her arms in an explosive arc when her feet leave the ground.

SOLLY

Boom! Boom!

Rosa leans against some corrugated iron that surrounds some of the playground.

ROSA

(dreamily)

Roland replied to my letter.

GINGER

(quietly)

Did he? What did he say?

ROSA

He said he was very touched. He has such deep feelings. Such fierce feelings.

GINGER

I know.

ROSA

And he's a pacifist.

GINGER

I know.

Ginger looks irritated. Rosa looks defensive.

ROSA

Well, I think it's really noble.
It's evil to kill.

GINGER

Well exactly.

ROSA

It's one of the ten commandments.

GINGER

Though shalt not, etcetera,
etcetera.

ROSA

You sound a bit cynical. Even by
your standards.

GINGER

Absolutely not. But I don't need a
commandment to work that one out.
Anyway, I think there are times
for, well, action, to stop total
death.

SOLLY

Boom! Boom! Look, Rosa! It's called
the Atom!

GINGER

The Atom? As in the bomb? That's
sick!

ROSA

Don't be silly, Ginger. They're
only children.

Ginger glances at Rosa. The message is clear: Rosa believes
she is now more mature than all of them.

GINGER

Look, Rosa, I totally admire my
father in every way, but I'm just
not sure, is it really so noble to
decide not to fight someone like
Hitler? Mark says -

ROSA

- you're always quoting Mark -

GINGER

- and you're always quoting Roland
these days - anyway, Mark told me
he chose not to fight in the war,
because he didn't want to kill
anybody. He was an Ambulance Driver
instead.

ROSA

But Roland was in prison. For being
a conscientious objector.

Ginger suddenly looks angry.

The children have stopped their dance and are now setting fire to a pile of rubbish.

GINGER

Look, I know. I know. He's my father, you know. And I'm going to live with him starting this week.

ROSA

And I'm going sailing with him next weekend. Do you want to come? Actually, he thought you should, probably.

GINGER

What do you mean, should?

Ginger stares at Rosa, coldly, trembling slightly as smoke starts to billow up from the burning rubbish.

Solly comes running over and grabs Ginger's hand.

SOLLY

Ginger, come on the roundabout.

They spin and spin, faster and faster, in the swirling smoke, as Ginger pushes the roundabout on and on furiously, past the point of comfort.

Solly's screams of excitement become screams of fear.

54

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

54

Ginger is following Roland past his 'room' and then up some stairs in the dark, echoing warehouse towards a small, glowing enclosure in a corner, surrounded by sheets of heavy opaque plastic hanging from the rafters.

The enclosed area is extremely small. It has been furnished austereley with a narrow camp bed, a small table and a stool. A bare light-bulb dangles in mid-air.

Ginger stands holding a small record-player in one hand and a basket with a few possessions in the other.

ROLAND

(grinning)

One of the best 'rooms' in the house. Small, but perfectly formed. Happy?

Ginger smiles brightly - perhaps too brightly - and nods her head vigorously.

Roland leaves the space, ducking out under the plastic. Ginger plugs her record player into a socket dangling from the wall, and takes a record out of her basket. She lowers the needle carefully onto the record.

It's Sidney Bechet playing 'Petite Fleur'.

She sits on the floor, pulling her dufflecoat tightly around her. She watches her breath forming a mist around her in the freezing space as the music soars heartbreakingly. The music continues over:

55 EXT. BOAT - DAY

55

Ginger, Rosa and Roland are sitting in the cockpit of his boat, sailing in rough weather.

Rosa is laughing wildly as Roland guides her hand on the tiller.

Ginger stares out at the churning water and then gets up and starts to crawl along the deck on her hands and knees. She eventually reaches the prow of the boat as it plunges up and down through the waves.

She sits there, trembling, gripping the handrails, as the salt spray lashes her face and body, again and again, until she is soaking wet.

Behind her, Roland and Rosa are oblivious of everything except each other; high, delirious with the danger of their flirtation.

56 INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

56

Ginger lies in the tiny cabin in the prow of the boat, clutching her paperback copy of T.S. Eliot. The other bunk is empty.

She reads the same phrase over and over to herself:

GINGER
(muttering)

"This is how the world ends, this
is how the world ends... not with a
bang... not with a bang..."

There is a low murmur of voices in the main cabin.

Then silence.

Some giggling.

Then a low masculine moan.

Ginger grabs the pillow and desperately covers her ears with it as the moans are joined by high, female yelping noises.

FADE TO BLACK.

57

INT. MARK'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

57

Ginger sits silently at the table at a small dinner party held by the two Marks. Natalie sits nearby and has clearly made an effort to dress up for the occasion. Bella sits at the table clutching her bulging briefcase on her lap, which is making it awkward to reach forward to sip her soup.

Mark is explaining this behaviour to another male guest. He points at the briefcase.

MARK

Bella will not be parted from her work in progress. Under any circumstances.

Bella nods, affirmatively, as she negotiates with the soup, before speaking in her lovely deep voice.

BELLA

There are certain things one must hold on to.

Natalie glances at Bella.

MARK TWO

Don't you think there's
occasionally an argument for
letting go?

BELLA

For those of us who lost our entire
families in the war, "letting go"
is not a good phrase.

Bella turns to Ginger, who has been sitting silent and
downcast throughout the conversation.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Don't be corrupted by such phoney
modernity, Ginger. "Letting-go",
indeed.

Ginger tries to smile.

MARK TWO

(gently)

Surely even a poetess must be able
to relax enough to eat her soup,
especially when it's made by Mark
and is so extremely delicious.

NATALIE

Oh, it is delicious! Thank you,
Mark!

BELLA

But one is not a poet-ess, Mark
Two, just as one is not a doctor-
ess, or a physicist-ess.

Natalie looks momentarily crushed, but Ginger looks up at
Bella, intrigued.

BELLA (CONT'D)

This is not a matter of principle,
but one of precise language. Names
are word-objects and should be
treated with due respect.

MARK TWO

Word-objects. That's an interesting
concept, Bella.

Bella turns to Ginger.

BELLA

By the way, I'm curious. I understand why you have this adorable nickname, Ginger, but what's the name on your birth certificate?

Ginger blushes. She avoids Natalie's anxious gaze and turns to Mark for help. He smiles at her encouragingly.

GINGER

(shyly)

My father named me... Africa... when he was told he had a baby girl.

BELLA

Africa!

GINGER

You know, in honour of Freud's theory of the dark continent of woman.

One of the other dinner guests lets out a guffaw, but is silenced by Mark, who makes a protective gesture.

DINNER GUEST

(muttering)

Is this the famous Roland who has us all under his theoretical spell?

Natalie looks down at her plate and then gets up quietly from the table and disappears out of the room.

BELLA

Oh dear. We'll stick with Ginger then, shall we? Though you could always move on to Scarlet, in due course. As in flame, not O'Hara. I gather from your fairy god-fathers that you are a militant, like me.

Ginger brightens, for the first time in the conversation.

GINGER

I'm thinking of joining the Committee of 100, actually. I agree with Bertrand Russell.

GUEST

She agrees with Bertrand Russell!
That must cheer him up.

MARK

Stop it.

BELLA

What do you agree with?

GINGER

He says "the danger of nuclear war is too great for lawful protest".

Mark gets up and gestures quietly to Mark Two, indicating that he is going off to check on Natalie.

BELLA

So you think that marching is not enough?

GINGER

It may not be enough to save us.
You know, from total extinction.

Bella looks at Ginger with interest. The other guests no longer know where to look.

58

INT. WAREHOUSE TOILETS - NIGHT

58

Ginger and Rosa are standing side by side in front of the mirror in the decrepit toilets of the warehouse. Rosa expertly applies dark make-up round her eyes, which are glowing with excitement.

Ginger pins a ban-the-bomb badge on her sweater and glances at Rosa's outfit. For the first time the two girls are not wearing identical outfits.

Rosa is in a skirt and tight sweater, while Ginger is wearing tight jeans with her sloppy sweater, as usual.

There is an uncharacteristic silence between them. The air is heavy with tension.

GINGER

So where are you going?

ROSA

We're going out to a restaurant.
Where are you going?

GINGER

(quietly)

To a meeting.

ROSA

See you later, then.

GINGER

Are you coming back here, then?

ROSA

Maybe. For a bit.

They glance at each other, uneasily.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Here, do you want to try?

She hands Ginger her eye make-up, awkwardly.

59

INT. CHURCH HALL - NIGHT

59

Ginger - now wearing dark make-up round her eyes- sits down in the back row at a CND meeting, much more crowded than the earlier one, but still mostly populated by young men.

Tony is talking heatedly to the group.

TONY

They've built top secret bomb
shelters underground. Totally
secure. Tins and tins of food.
Radio transmitters. Everything. But
only enough space in them for the
government.

SECOND YOUNG MAN
Just for the politicians? Really?

Ginger suddenly raises her hand, as if she was at school and trying to attract a teacher's attention.

GINGER
Then who will be left for them to govern? Everyone else will be dead.
Burnt to cinders.

The crowd of young men in the hall turn round and look at Ginger, surprised to hear her speak. She flushes, excited by her own daring, and glances over at Tony.

GINGER (CONT'D)
I think it's immoral. You know, to use precise language.

TONY
It is. Yes, it is.

He smiles at her.

60 INT. PUB - NIGHT

60

Tony and Ginger are standing at the bar in a noisy, crowded, smoke-filled pub amongst a lively, voluble group who have moved on after the meeting.

TONY
Let me guess. You shouldn't really be in here. You're still at school, aren't you?

Ginger shrugs, nonchalantly.

GINGER
Oh, some of the time.

TONY
Don't worry, I'll buy you a drink.

GINGER

Thanks. Anyway, I learn more at these meetings than I ever do at school.

TONY

That goes without saying, I think.

He gets the attention of the barman.

TONY (CONT'D)

A pint and a half, please.

GINGER

Thanks. Are you... a student?

Tony smiles at Ginger.

TONY

I'm at art school. And I teach a bit in the evenings. Do you draw?

GINGER

(hurriedly)

Oh yes, definitely. Sometimes.

She blushes, confused.

GINGER (CONT'D)

But I think I'm more of a poet, actually. My mum used to be a painter, though.

TONY

Did she? What's her name?

GINGER

Oh you wouldn't know it. She gave it up, you know, to have me. And I live with my father now, anyway.

Tony looks a little surprised at this sudden rush of private information.

GINGER (CONT'D)

He's a pacifist. He writes articles and stuff.

TONY

Anything I might have read?

GINGER

'The Idea of Freedom', and -

TONY

Really?

He looks impressed.

TONY (CONT'D)

He's your father?

The barman hands Tony the drinks. Tony indicates a corner table with a couple of spare seats and then puts his arm round Ginger's shoulders to guide her through the crowd. They sit down next to each other, pressed close in the crush.

He smiles at her. She looks down, shyly, tongue-tied, and gulps at her beer.

FADE TO BLACK.

61

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

61

Roland is sitting drinking wine at the table in the improvised kitchen he shares with Roger and his other colleagues. The bottle is nearly empty and Roland seems distinctly tipsy. Roger is making himself a cup of coffee at the dirty stove.

Ginger and Rosa are hovering by the table.

Rosa serves the food: a saucepan full of spaghetti bolognese. Roland eats a mouthful.

ROLAND

Not bad, not bad. Worth the wait.

Roger chortles.

ROSA

We made it together. Me and Ginger.

ROLAND

Mutual aid. This is good.

ROGER

Communist cooks. Marvellous.

ROLAND

Anarchists, I think.

ROSA

It's Italian actually. Bolognese.

Roger laughs.

ROGER

Lots of anarchists in Bologna. Oh
it's lovely having girls in the
kitchen.

Ginger sits down to eat.

Roland takes another swig of red wine, stops eating, and looks Rosa up and down. He studies her legs, the fishnet stockings, the short skirt.

ROLAND

(quietly)

You are a thing of beauty, Rosa. In
fact I would say you have become a
little sex-bomb.

Ginger looks down at her plate, blushing.

Roland stands up, staggers slightly, and opens his arms, wide. He and Rosa execute a little dance move together, Roland leaning over Rosa. Rosa then falls into his arms and rests her head on his chest, blissfully.

Roger stares at Rosa's ecstatic expression and then at Ginger's lowered head. Roger seems fascinated by the complexity of the scene, but starts to walk away, quietly, as if he feels he is an intruder.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(murmuring)

There are fundamentally three
objects of beauty in the world. I
think Roger and I would agree on
this.

Roger pauses briefly, holding his cup of coffee, smiling,
questioningly.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Women, boats... and horses.

ROGER

Can't argue with that.

Ginger looks up at Roland.

GINGER

Horses? Where do horses come into
it?

Rosa turns to Ginger and smiles, proudly.

ROSA

Roland said he would pay for riding
lessons for me. He says he could
imagine me riding bareback.
Galloping.

Roland sits down again, heavily.

GINGER

But what about my music lessons?
You told mum we couldn't afford my
trumpet lessons any more.

ROGER

(murmuring)

Trumpet? Good God.

Ginger looks tearful.

GINGER

It's not fair.

Roland groans, audibly, and looks down at the table.

Roger raises his eyebrows and quietly tiptoes away.

ROLAND

Oh please. Ginger. You sound just
like Nat.

A teardrop falls into Ginger's plate of spaghetti.

62

INT. NATALIE'S FRONT DOOR AND KITCHEN - DAY

62

Natalie opens the front door and seems surprised to see Ginger standing there. Ginger walks down through the hallway into the kitchen and stands tentatively by the long table.

Natalie hovers on the other side of the kitchen. There is an awkward silence. They both start talking at once.

GINGER

(hesitantly)

Mum, look, can I stay the night
tonight?

NATALIE

(simultaneously)

How is everything?

They both fall silent again.

GINGER

I'm not moving back or anything,
it's just...

NATALIE

(gently)

But I've turned your room into a
studio, Ginger.

GINGER

What? Already?

The hurt shows on Ginger's face, but Natalie is looking down at her hands and doesn't see it.

NATALIE

(defensively)

I really, really need a dedicated
work space. I'm going to start
painting again.

Ginger pauses, before answering in a small voice.

GINGER

Oh. That's good.

NATALIE

But I could make up a bed...

She trails off, and glances at Ginger, suddenly noticing
her hurt expression.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Aren't you happy at Roland's? After
going on and on about wanting to
live with him in his thrilling
building instead of staying at home
with boring old me?

Natalie is smiling, nervously.

Ginger turns away.

GINGER

I never said that. About being
boring. But anyway, of course I'm
happy over there. It's really
interesting.

Ginger picks up her duffle bag and moves towards the door.
She puts on a bright expression and turns back to face her
mother.

GINGER (CONT'D)

It was just a thought, anyway, so
don't bother with the bed or
anything. I was just passing.

Ginger is startled awake.

It is Roland, who has switched the light-bulb on and is carrying a steaming bowl of stew.

He holds it out, stiffly, defensively. Ginger blinks in the light.

ROLAND

I've made you some supper.

GINGER

(blearily)

What time is it?

ROLAND

About two. Or so. Somewhat late.

But I cooked it. You said you were hungry.

GINGER

Well I was...

Roland looks hurt.

ROLAND

Aren't you going to eat it?

Ginger sits up, hurriedly.

GINGER

Yes, yes, it looks delicious. Gosh.
I didn't know you could cook.

Roland sits on the floor by Ginger's bed and watches as she forces down the hot chunks of meat and potatoes.

ROLAND

Look, I know it's all got a bit complicated.

Ginger eats, avoiding his eyes. Roland runs his hands through his hair.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Perhaps I can never be the kind of father you really want. I'm not sure that I'm father material really.

Ginger looks up at him, wide-eyed, anxious.

GINGER

Oh, but you are. I never said I wanted anything different did I?

ROLAND

You've never really complained about anything. You're not a moaner, as a rule, thank God. But...

Roland gets up and paces around in the tiny room like a caged lion.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Look Ginger. Things, as you know, were difficult for me with Nat for a long time. And then, well...

Ginger pauses between mouthfuls and glances at Roland's expression. Intense, preoccupied, preparing to say more.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

One day you will understand that real love, when it comes, is like a siren-call. One simply has no choice. One must surrender.

Roland makes a gesture of submission.

Ginger isn't eating anymore.

Roland is struggling, uncharacteristically, for words.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

But look... I am aware... anyway, Rosa thought, well...and I agree with her... she felt... you might not be entirely happy? With the situation?

He looks at Ginger, his eyes brimming with anxiety. Ginger gazes at him, fighting down her nameless feelings. Then she seems to make a decision and speaks in a strong, reassuring voice.

GINGER

How can anyone be happy? When you know about the Bomb? Happiness is not really an option when you know the world could be blown to pieces any minute, is it?

Roland visibly relaxes.

Ginger studies his face. Yes, she has pleased him.

ROLAND

Oh you are a good girl, Ginger. A born radical, unsurprisingly.

Ginger attempts a smile. Roland looks at Ginger, fondly, then turns as if to leave the room. But he hesitates.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Listen. It's probably best not to say anything to Nat. About the times with Rosa on the boat and so on. I'm sure we agree on this.

Their eyes meet and each hurriedly looks away again.

64

INT. WAREHOUSE TOILETS - DAY

64

Ginger, looking exhausted, is washing her face at the sink, scrubbing her skin violently with a face-cloth. A radio is playing in the distance. Classical music. Someone re-tunes it. It's a broadcast of President Kennedy in the middle of making a speech.

Ginger freezes and opens the door as she listens to the voice in the distance.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.)

We will not prematurely or unnecessarily risk the costs of worldwide nuclear war in which even the fruits of victory would be ashes in our mouth - but neither will we shrink from that risk at any time it must be faced.

65

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

65

Ginger turns up late - very late - at the school gates wearing her grey school uniform, her hair tied back. The tarmac playground that surrounds the Victorian red-brick building is empty. The speech on the radio continues over:

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It shall be the policy of this nation to regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring a full retaliation response...

Ginger glances up at the classroom windows, hesitates, then turns around, swinging her satchel defiantly as she walks off down the street.

66

EXT. PARK GARDENS - DAY

66

Ginger roams around a park in a daze, staring at the flowers which are bending under a steady stream of drizzling rain.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The cost of freedom is always high - but Americans have always paid it. And one path we shall never choose: the path of surrender or submission.

The speech is gradually overtaken by the sound of 'Petite Fleur', as Ginger lies down on the ground and buries her face in the wet grass.

67

INT. COFFEE BAR - EVENING

67

Ginger sits at a table at the usual coffee bar, still wearing her rain-soaked school uniform, her hair wet and straggly, her face streaked with mud.

She is scribbling in a notebook, as the music continues to blare from the jukebox. She looks up as Rosa walks in, and the record comes to an end.

ROSA

(distractedly)

Sorry I'm late. We were talking and talking, I didn't notice the time.
It was so...

ROSA/GINGER

(simultaneously)

...intense.

GINGER (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Right.

Ginger avoids her gaze.

ROSA

Well it was. I think... I think
Roland is wounded.

Ginger looks up, startled.

GINGER

What do you mean? What's happened?

ROSA

Wounded emotionally, I mean. And
spiritually. I think I can help
him.

GINGER

(hotly)

Help him? How can you help him?

ROSA

We have a lot in common, you know.

GINGER

Oh yes? Such as?

ROSA

(defensively)

Such as the fact that his mother
left him when he was little. You
know, like my father left me.

GINGER

(sarcastically)

Oh. What a way to bond.

ROSA

(defiantly)

Well, yes, actually. We understand
each other. He confides in me.

Ginger stares at Rosa, who looks away, uncomfortably.

There is an awkward silence. Rosa glances at Ginger.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Anyway, what happened to your face?

GINGER

Nothing. The ground hit me.

Another silence. Rosa looks down at Ginger's notebook.

ROSA

So, what are you writing?

GINGER

A poem. About the end of the world.
Haven't you heard?

ROSA

Heard what?

GINGER

About the crisis. Remember those
missiles in Cuba?

ROSA

What missiles?

GINGER

Where have you been? Don't you care
about the future any more?

ROSA

Not everyone can save the whole
world like you, Ginger. Some of us
have to concentrate on just one
person.

Ginger's face is burning.

GINGER

You can't save my dad!

ROSA

Why not?

GINGER

Who do you think you are?

ROSA

Who do you think you are? You can't
stop a war if there's going to be
one. It's in the hands of God.

GINGER

That's convenient.

Whose hands are you in then?

Rosa looks away, avoiding Ginger's angry gaze.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Just wait, he'll dump you too when
you're older.

ROSA

No he won't.

GINGER

He will, he will.

There is another awkward silence. Then Rosa looks at
Ginger, calmly.

ROSA

We didn't want to tell you.

GINGER

Didn't want to tell me what?

Ginger stares at Rosa, the colour draining from her face.

GINGER (CONT'D)

What? What didn't you want to tell
me?

68 INT. WAREHOUSE - GINGER'S 'ROOM' - NIGHT

68

Ginger lies on her bed in her tiny 'room'.

She is playing a record, over and over: a very fast trumpet solo. She reaches out to her little record player each time when it finishes and puts the needle back to the beginning, without a pause.

Roger knocks and slowly opens the door.

ROGER

(drawling)

Ginger, darling, do you have to
play this for the seven hundredth
time? I'm having trouble
concentrating on my work. Isn't
there sometimes a case for silence?

He reaches out and lifts the needle off the record.

But in the sudden silence Rosa can be heard moaning from
the floor below.

ROSA

(distant moaning)

Oh God, Oh my God.
Oh Jesus.

ROGER

I see. Poor little Ginge.

Roger looks at Ginger, then kneels down beside her and slowly reaches out to stroke her face and her hair, comfortingly, before gently covering her ears with his hands.

He stares down at her, as he listens to the sounds coming up through the floor-boards.

Then slowly, something changes in his expression. The tenderness and compassion in his face is overtaken by his own need.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You know, you're really a very lovely girl, Ginge, in your own sweet way.

She looks up at him, questioningly. Roger smiles at her, attempting to fight his own arousal. Then, slowly, slowly, and very tentatively, he lies down next to Ginger.

She lies very still, as if paralysed by her need to be comforted. Roger starts breathing rapidly and gently covers her body with his.

69 INT. WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

69

Roland and Roger edge silently past each other in the vast, draughty space that surrounds Ginger's 'room', both looking hostile and embarrassed, Roland and Roger both bare-chested, each holding his shirt.

70 INT. WAREHOUSE - GINGER'S 'ROOM' - EARLY MORNING

70

Roland is standing inside Ginger's plastic enclosure. He seems to be in a panic. Ginger is lying under the covers on her camp-bed, the sheet pulled up to cover her nose and mouth. Her eyes are red-rimmed.

ROLAND

Jesus, Ginger.

Ginger lies silently, staring at him, as he paces back and forth in the tiny space.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I should never have let you come here.

He stops pacing and looks down at her, anxiously, but she avoids his gaze. Roland runs his hands through his hair and starts pacing again.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

This is impossible. Roger! How am I
going to work with him today?
Christ.

Roland seems trapped between anger and concern.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Nat was right. This is no place for
a child.

GINGER

But I'm not a child! I'm the same
age as Rosa!

Ginger is red-eyed, stifling back her sobs.

Rosa is standing just outside, barefoot, wearing one of Roland's shirts, fingering her crucifix nervously, and shivering.

71

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

71

It's still early in the morning. Ginger is wearing her school uniform. A milkman is putting a bottle of milk on the doorstop. He nods at Ginger, puzzled, as she knocks at Natalie's door. No reply. She knocks again. She looks red-eyed, exhausted.

Natalie appears, eventually, looking sensuously dishevelled, barefoot, clutching a dressing gown around her.

She looks startled to see Ginger.

NATALIE

Ginger, what is it? What's the
matter?

GINGER

Nothing, Mum, nothing. I was just
passing... and I thought I'd
collect some books.

NATALIE
(awkwardly)
Books? Really? At this hour?

Natalie studies Ginger for a moment. Something is troubling her.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Look, Ginger, why don't you -
perhaps you could come back after
school?

GINGER
Can't I come in? Can't I come in
now?

Natalie doesn't move. She seems to be blocking the door. Ginger suddenly bursts out, angrily.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Are you so bloody glad to be rid of
me?

NATALIE
(sighing)
Oh, Ginger.

Natalie reluctantly opens the door a little wider, her posture drooping in resignation.

A young, bearded man is lurking at the end of the hall, half dressed.

Ginger stares at him. Could it be? Yes, it's Tony, from YCND and the Committee of 100. Her Tony.

GINGER
What's he doing here?

NATALIE
I met him at evening class. He said
he thought perhaps he'd run into
you at one of your meetings.

Tony smiles awkwardly at Ginger.

Tears are welling up in Ginger's eyes. She turns and runs away down the steps into the street.

72 EXT. STREETS - DAY

72

Ginger runs and runs, oblivious of her surroundings, which become a blur behind her desperate figure.

73 EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - NIGHT

73

Ginger runs through the middle of a chaotic crowd near a military installation in the countryside. There are angry shouts and waves of chanting as the crowd surges around the perimeter fence in the darkness.

This is a demonstration that looks as if it could become violent. The ominous sound of horses' hooves in the distance indicates the presence of mounted police, as huge spotlights are shone onto the crowd. Ginger looks frightened.

VOICE IN LOUD-HAILER

Sit down. Everyone sit down.

Some people start sitting on the ground. Others trip over them as they run away. Ginger looks around, suddenly panicking, until she catches sight of a familiar face in the distance sitting on the ground near the perimeter fence. It's Bella.

Ginger pushes her way through the chaotic crowd and sits down on the ground next to Bella.

BELLA

Ginger!

GINGER

Yes, it's me.

She stares at Bella. Looks her up and down. Something is missing.

GINGER (CONT'D)

But where is your briefcase, Bella?

BELLA

I've decided to memorise my work
from now on, Ginger. It's safer.

Ginger is wide-eyed with fear, but attempts to talk as if
she is not, as the crowd surges around them.

GINGER

That's what I do, memorise. You
know, my poems.

BELLA

Oh, good for you.

Bella looks round at the sound of some shouts and scuffling
in the distance, then looks closely at Ginger.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Are you alright? You're shivering.
Here, lean on me. Hold tight. This
could get rough.

Bella puts her arms protectively round Ginger.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Can you remember one of your poems?
I'd like to hear it.

GINGER

Really? Now?

BELLA

(soothingly)

Yes. Now.

Ginger hesitates and then quietly starts reciting to Bella,
as the crowd around them becomes increasingly agitated.

A line of mounted police looms out of the fog in the
distance.

GINGER

(quietly)

I dreamed there was

(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)

A wall of flame
 I screamed because
 I was to blame.
 I looked around
 No night no day
 No sky, no ground
 Nothing to say.
 No voice, no word
 No face, no hand
 No singing bird...
 A burning land.

Gingers voice continues over, as the line of mounted police charges the demonstration, wielding batons.

Horses hooves, falling bodies, women's screams, chaos.

GINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I saw too late
 What I should do...
 There was no fate
 Just me and you
 And everyone.
 And now there is
 No moon, no sun
 No hers, no his
 No anyone.
 "We had a choice"
 I want to cry
 But have no voice
 To say goodbye...

In the noise and confusion Ginger is separated from Bella and then dragged away roughly by two policemen.

74

INT. POLICE CELL - NIGHT

74

Ginger sits alone in a tiny police cell, immobile, during a long night.

From time to time the small hatch is opened and a face peers in.

Ginger doesn't respond. She looks catatonic.

Eventually a police officer opens the door.

POLICE OFFICER

How about a cup of tea, young lady?

But Ginger remains immobile.

75 INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

75

A police doctor, who looks well-meaning enough, is sitting on a chair near Ginger, who still has not moved. The cell door is open.

POLICE DOCTOR

I think it would be a really good idea if you told me what's on your mind.

He leans forward.

POLICE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I am a doctor. You can speak freely to me.

Ginger doesn't respond. The Police Doctor sits back with a sigh and studies her.

POLICE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So how did you get mixed up with this crowd of thugs?

Ginger sits silently, looking at her hands.

POLICE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I can't help you if you won't talk. Do you understand? You seem depressed. Are you depressed?

Ginger shakes her head, fiercely.

POLICE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Then speak.

But Ginger remains silent.

76

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

76

Mark and Mark, accompanied by a shaken-looking Bella, have come to bail out Ginger and take her home. They stand in a long neon-lit corridor with the police doctor. He looks from one to the other, puzzled.

POLICE DOCTOR

Are you the girl's mother?

BELLA

No. No, I'm not.

POLICE DOCTOR

Then is one of you the girl's father?

MARK

(firmly)

We are family friends.

POLICE DOCTOR

Where is her mother?

MARK

We are representing her, so to speak.

POLICE DOCTOR

She needs help. All this protesting is a front, you know, a displacement of anxiety. The girl may be seriously mentally ill.

BELLA

(muttering)

Oh for Christ's sake.

MARK TWO

(angrily)

Maybe she is justifiably worried about a possible nuclear holocaust. Have you considered this?

POLICE DOCTOR

(bridling)

And I gather from her school
that... Africa... has been playing
truant. Is anything going on at
home that you're aware of?

MARK

(crisply)

Nothing out of the ordinary.

77

INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

77

The two Marks are standing near Ginger, who is sitting slumped at a table. Bella is hovering by the wall.

Natalie is sitting on a chair opposite Ginger at the table. Roland is hovering stiffly near the stairs in the hallway, making it clear that he is a reluctant participant in this group meeting.

MARK

What happened? Did they hurt you?
Ginger, you must tell us.

Ginger sits, immobile, silent.

NATALIE

Yes, just talk to us, Ginger.
Please, darling.

Natalie turns around and gestures at Roland, angrily, to join them in the room. He stays put. She sighs and turns back towards Ginger.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I've been worried sick.

There is no response from Ginger.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Listen. I've asked Anoushka to
bring Rosa over. Okay?

Roland sits down wearily on the stairs.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 Maybe you'd talk to her if you
 don't want to talk to us?

Ginger makes an expression of fear and disgust.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 Don't make that face at me -

MARK
 Nat, don't -

NATALIE
 But I care about her -

Ginger suddenly breaks her silence and bursts out.

GINGER
 You don't! You don't care!

BELLA
 Actually I think she does,
 sweetheart.

GINGER
 She doesn't care that the world
 might end!

NATALIE
 Of course I do!

Ginger looks up at Bella, her face agonised, contorted.

GINGER
 Then why does she have to sleep
 with my ...my boy-friend.

Roland startles.

Mark turns and looks at Natalie, questioningly.

NATALIE
 I didn't know Tony was your boy-
friend. Was he?

Ginger doesn't answer.

Mark puts his head in his hands.

MARK

(muttering)

Oh, Nat!

GINGER

You don't know anything.

BELLA

What else doesn't she know?

There is a long silence as Ginger struggles. Bella gazes at her, calmly.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Ginger?

Ginger looks up and meets the tenderness in Bella's eyes.

GINGER

I can't say it! Everything will explode if I say it. I will break up into tiny pieces.

BELLA

No you won't, sugar. It's alright.
Speak it out.

GINGER

(screaming)

But I cant! I cant!
We're all going to die!

BELLA

(firmly)

Ginger. What is it that you can't say?

Ginger glances quickly at Roland, who is staring darkly at the floor in the hallway, almost out of earshot.

There is a moment, that seems forever, where all the adults - except Roland - stare at Ginger. Then the dam bursts.

GINGER

(sobbing, quietly)

That Roland is... is sleeping with
Rosa. My best friend.

Roland turns slowly to look into the room. Did he hear it?

NATALIE

What?

Natalie stumbles to her feet and rushes out towards Roland.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You mean all those times, on the
yacht - her! I knew it.

ROLAND

What?

NATALIE

I knew something was going on -
and...

Something in Roland's expression stops Natalie in her tracks. She freezes, then suddenly turns and walks towards Ginger.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

...and you kept it from me. You
lied to me, Ginger. My own daughter
lied to me.

MARK

Natalie, that's enough.

NATALIE

Don't you tell me what's enough!
I'm so humiliated!

MARK TWO

There are worse things than
humiliation.

NATALIE

What do you know about humiliation?

MARK TWO

(quietly)

Quite a lot, actually.

Natalie stands, ashen-faced, clenching and unclenching her fists, as she looks first at Roland and then at Ginger, before suddenly putting her hand over her mouth, aghast.

NATALIE

Oh no. And I thought Ginger might talk if Rosa was here. I thought she might talk. Oh God.

Meanwhile, Bella has crossed the room and has wrapped her arms around Ginger.

BELLA

My little baby. How cruel. How absolutely cruel.

Bella shoots a furious look at Roland, who is still refusing to look at Ginger.

GINGER

(sobbing)

It's not my fault!
It's not my fault!

BELLA

Of course not, sweetheart.

Ginger struggles to her feet, her face contorted.

GINGER

I've got to get out onto the streets - leaflets, got to give out leaflets -

MARK

- Not right now, darling -

GINGER

- Yes, now. Don't you understand?
The world may be about to end.

Natalie suddenly loses control and rushes over to Roland. She hits him wildly, but he turns and holds her at arm's length, gripping her wrists.

NATALIE

You bastard! You destroyer! You're killing me!

ROLAND

For God's sake, Natalie...

NATALIE

Let me go! I have to get hold of Anoushka! I don't want to see Rosa! I don't want to see that little bitch!

Natalie wrenches herself free and looks wildly around the room. Mark reaches out to her and Natalie falls into his embrace, trembling.

Ginger turns to Bella with an agonised expression.

GINGER

(whispering)

And Rosa's pregnant. She's going to have a baby.

NATALIE

Oh God. No.

Roland suddenly bends over, as if in pain.

MARK

(furiously)

Roland, really. Look at what you've done.

Roland stands up and turns, slowly, to confront the group of angry faces glaring at him. He turns ashen, and looks as if he is facing a firing squad.

ROLAND

(quietly)

What right have you to judge me?

(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

It's not me that's caused this
explosion.

BELLA

Then who has?

Roland gestures, vaguely.

ROLAND

This is not about individuals. It's
a clash of ideas, of beliefs...

BELLA

(sarcastically)

Oh yes? Do enlighten us.

ROLAND

Look. I've spent my whole life
fighting against the tyranny of...
of shoulds and oughts...

BELLA

Right.

ROLAND

...the tyranny of government, the
tyranny of the bourgeois conformity
of so-called 'normal' family life -

BELLA

- how fucking convenient.

Roland suddenly moves further into the room, staring coldly
at Bella.

ROLAND

And who the fuck are you to lecture
me? We've only just met. Not that
it's any of your business, but
Natalie and I are separated, you
know.

BELLA

You have a child together.

She indicates Ginger, whose face is buried against her chest.

ROLAND

She's no longer a child.

Ginger looks up slowly at Roland, her tear-streaked face puffy with grief. He quickly looks away.

Mark takes a step towards Roland.

MARK

(angrily)

Ginger may be grown up enough to try to save the world from nuclear catastrophe, Roland, but she is also young enough to need some looking after.

Natalie edges tentatively towards Ginger as Roland turns towards Mark.

ROLAND

Listen. Autonomous thought, personal truth; freedom of action...

Roland puts a hand on Mark's arm.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You believe in those don't you, Mark?

MARK

Of course, yes, but -

ROLAND

Well, these have been my guiding principles.

Roland stares at him and looks around the room, scanning the hostile faces.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I deeply believe in them. And I was jailed for them.

Ginger looks up, slowly, and stares at Roland, with an agonised expression; a mix of fear, guilt and empathy.

The doorbell rings.

Natalie looks up, wild-eyed, frozen, like a trapped animal.

There is a silence in the room as Roland finally looks directly at Ginger. This time it is she who looks away.

Roland edges towards Ginger.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(gently)

Don't you see, Ginger, there would not even be the possibility of nuclear war - or any war - if millions of men had been prepared to stand up against authority, as I did, and refuse to join the army.

The doorbell rings again. Nobody moves.

Roland moves closer to Ginger. She listens intently as he speaks to her, in his quiet, passionate, voice, but still doesn't look up at him.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Refuse to take orders. Refuse to... to run concentration camps. Refuse to work in factories making weapons designed to kill their fellow men.

The doorbell rings again, insistently.

The two Marks look at each other, questioningly.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

It's mindless obedience that is the killer, Ginger.

Roland sits down in the chair opposite Ginger and leans across the table towards her.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(urgently)

I've broken the rules - all the
rules - because someone has to say
no. Do you see? Ginger?

Mark starts to move towards the front door.

Natalie runs and blocks his path.

NATALIE

No! Please. No.

Mark grips Natalie firmly by the arm.

MARK

Come on, Nat, ducky. We may as well
get this over with.

Natalie seems to crumple at his reasonable, affectionate
tone of voice.

MARK TWO

(murmuring)

Well done, darling.

Mark and Natalie leave the room to answer the door.

Roland is staring at Ginger, who is still avoiding his
gaze.

Roland reaches out and cautiously takes Ginger's hand. She
looks up at him and their eyes meet. His expression
changes, as if he is really seeing her for the first time.

ROLAND

(whispering)

Oh Ginger...

Roland's eyes start to brim with tears.

Natalie and Anoushka start talking in low, angry voices in
the hallway.

Rosa appears in the doorway and stands nervously, surveying
the scene, as Natalie and Anoushka's voices start to rise.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Why couldn't you keep her under control?

ANOUSHKA (V.O.)

I've got four children, not one.
You can't even keep one daughter safe.

Roland suddenly withdraws his hand from Ginger's.

NATALIE (V.O.)

How dare you! Your daughter stole my husband, for God's sake!

Roland suddenly stands up as Rosa crosses the room to stand next to him.

ANOUSHKA

(shouting)

She didn't steal him. If all this is true, then he seduced her. Face the truth, Nat. Grow up.

There is a moment of silence and then Natalie runs noisily up the stairs. Anoushka marches into the room, white-faced. She stops, glances around, then takes a step towards Rosa who is now hovering behind Roland.

ANOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Well? Is it true? Rosa? Answer me.

Rosa remains silent but looks up at Roland, pleadingly.

Ginger looks up at the ceiling, listening to the sound of Natalie running around upstairs, banging doors and throwing things on the floor.

Roland pulls himself up straight. He is once more on the defence.

ROLAND

The facts are true, Anoushka. But not the accusations.

ANOUSHKA

Don't get clever with me, Roland. I
am speaking to my daughter, not
you.

MARK

(brightly)

How about a cup of tea? Anyone?

BELLA

For God's sake, Mark.

MARK TWO

I'd like a cup, actually.

There is one last crash upstairs, followed by a sudden
silence.

ANOUSHKA

Answer me, Rosa.

ROSA

(quietly)

Why should I answer you?

ANOUSHKA

I'm your mother.

ROSA

I didn't notice.

Anoushka slaps Rosa across the face.

Roland wearily lifts up a hand to protect Rosa, but is too
late.

BELLA

Jesus Christ.

Rosa turns and looks at Bella, sharply, and crosses
herself. Bella turns to Mark Two.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Did I just see that?

Mark Two responds with a silent gesture of astonishment.

Ginger gets up and goes over to Mark. He looks at her, tenderly.

GINGER
(whispering anxiously)
Do you think Mum's alright?

78 INT. LANDING OUTSIDE NATALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 78

Ginger and Mark are trying to open the door to the bedroom. It's locked.

Mark pummels at the door.

MARK
Open up, Nat. Come on. Open the door.

Ginger runs back downstairs.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 79

Ginger rushes into the kitchen where it seems everyone is still frozen in the same positions.

GINGER
Roland! Come quickly!

80 INT. OUTSIDE NATALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 80

Roland is throwing himself against Natalie's door, again and again.

The door eventually crashes open.

Natalie is crouched on the floor, cramming pills from a small bottle into her mouth. Empty bottles lie strewn on the floor around her.

GINGER
Mum! Mum!

Roland looks aghast. Rosa appears behind him, and takes his arm. He shakes her off and runs over to Natalie, kneels down and cradles her head in his arms.

ROLAND

Oh Nat, darling, oh Nat...

Tears well up in Rosa's eyes. She leans back against the wall, and then slides slowly down to sit on the floor, her lips moving in prayer.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Ambulance. Call an ambulance. Now.

Ginger runs out of the room. Rosa reaches out and clutches at her as she passes.

ROSA

Please, Ginger... Forgive me.

81 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

81

Ginger and Roland sit silently, side by side, on an uncomfortable-looking bench in the stark, depressing waiting area of the Emergency Department. They look exhausted, beyond words.

It's a long and agonising wait.

Eventually Roland closes his eyes and leans his head against the wall. Ginger looks at him, then quietly pulls a pen and notebook out of her duffle-bag, opens the notebook, and slowly starts to write, pausing from time to time as she searches for the right words, the right rhyme.

GINGER (V.O.)

We had a dream that we would always

be best friends...

When we were born for some it was
the end;

Now it seems there may not be
tomorrow.

But despite the horror and the
sorrow,

I want our world. I really want to
live.

Ginger pauses and looks up for a moment. Roland's head is drooping, sleepily.

GINGER (V.O.)

Now Rosa, you've asked me to
forgive.

One day, if Mum survives this
bitter night...

Roland has fallen asleep and is breathing heavily and rhythmically. The rhythm of his breath becomes the rhythm of a piece of music...

82 INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

82

Natalie and Ginger are sitting side by side at the piano playing a duet. Natalie plays the bass lines and Ginger plays the top line of a Schubert Fantasie for four hands (the same one Roland had listened to and wept over in his boat.)

Natalie and Ginger look tentatively at peace together as they concentrate on the music.

GINGER (V.O.)

And Roland comes back home, without
a fight...

Roland is lying on the bed, listening. But this time he is not weeping.

He gets up and walks over to the window, restlessly, and stares out at the road.

GINGER (V.O.)

And Kennedy and Kruschev get it
right...

The music continues over:

83 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - DAY

83

- Images of protestors, people giving out leaflets and signing petitions during the Cuban Missile Crisis.
- Images of Kruschev and Kennedy negotiating amidst scenes of chaos and jubilation at the U.N.

GINGER (V.O.)

Then we shall meet again and I will
say...

That we are different. I march, you
pray...

84

INT. DOORWAY - DAY

84

Rosa's back-view as she stands, fingering the crucifix
round her neck, looking out onto an empty street.

A small child appears behind Rosa, hits her furiously, then
runs past her into the street.

GINGER (V.O.)

You dream of everlasting love. Not
me.

I just want to stop the nuclear
slaughter.

And maybe, yes! To have a
daughter!

85

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - DAY

85

Images of the effects of climate change:

- A devastating huge wave as a tsunami crashes on the shore.
- An iceberg crashes into the sea amongst other melting ice caps.

GINGER (V.O.)

Then if Mum lives to be old and
grey,
In a future that seems so far away,
She'll love my darling girl who
wants to give
Her everything so everyone can
live...

86

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - (PRESENT DAY)

86

- News footage of a recent climate-change demonstration.

Amongst the protestors is a teenage girl with long red hair. From behind it looks very like Ginger. Then she turns, smiling, to a friend. This girl looks as if she could be Ginger's daughter in the future.

87 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

87

Ginger is lost in reverie, gazing down at her notebook before scribbling the next lines.

GINGER (V.O.)

And then there will be nothing to
forgive...

Ginger pauses briefly. Roland has woken up, and is sitting very still, watching Ginger writing.

ROLAND

What are you writing?

Ginger slams her notebook shut.

GINGER

Oh, just a poem. About the future.

Roland puts his head in his hands. They sit in silence. Then Roland slowly looks up and turns towards Ginger.

ROLAND

I'm sorry, Ginger. I'm so sorry.

Ginger gets up and stands in front of the window and gazes at the sky which is slowly turning pink.

GINGER (V.O.)

But I'll forgive you, anyway.

Then Ginger turns and looks at Roland and smiles.

88 ROLLER : END CREDITS.

88

89 CARD : (NOT) THE END.

89