

# LOVER'S ROCK

a radio play

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL USE ONLY

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Produced by David Hunter.

## **Characters.**

Benoit Boateng, *black* 23

Angela Robinson, *black* 15

Carl "Ginger" Grieg, *white* 22

Charles Wells, *white* 40

Sgt. Malcolm Fraser, *white* 40

Ray Stockton, *white* 30

Derek Monroe, *black* 18

*All other parts are to be played by the company.*

**SCENE 1: EXT. RAILTON ROAD, BRIXTON, LONDON 10/4/81. AFTERNOON**

*MUSIC: "Revolution" by DENNIS BROWN.*

*BENOIT is on a side street, behind a shop.*

***FADE IN – milk bottles rattling in a crate and feet running.***

1. BENOIT: (V.O.) It's no surprise that Brixton has gone up in flames. The only surprise is that it didn't happen sooner. To some this is just a riot; lawlessness and criminality pure and simple.
2. GINGER: (APPROACHING) Ben, you made it, great. I had to pretend my car had broken down otherwise they wouldn't sell me any petrol.

***SFX: the crate crashes to the pavement.***

*GINGER'S interjections are just audible and mainly in the background.*

3. GINGER: (APPROACHING) Did you hear what they did to that young kid? He was stabbed, blood pouring out of him and the pigs arrested him!
4. BENOIT: (V.O.) To others this is a 'festival of the oppressed'. Taking Brixton back from the police who have swamped the area with a vengeance. To some this is the only response to the prejudice that has marginalised a community - this community that was once sold the lie of a better life.
5. GINGER: C'mon! Don't just stand there, Ben! Make yourself useful and tear these up and stuff them in the tops.

***SFX: Ripping cloth and rattling bottles.***

1. **BENOIT:** (V.O.) But for me it started with the thirteen young lives were lost in the tragedy that was the New Cross Fire. And the further tragedy was the conflict and confusion from those who set out to discover the cause.
2. **GINGER:** I can't believe they surrounded us so quick. They've hemmed us in at Atlantic Road, the High Street and the town hall.
3. **BENOIT:** (V.O.) But, how did I get here? I'm a graduate of law, the son of an ambassador who thought moving into a squat would be the end of my privilege. I was happy enough to live in a self-styled socialist idyll, supporting a revolution that I hoped would never come.
4. **GINGER:** Walked up by the Windsor Castle on the way here and some Rasta was breaking into it – he shouted at me “hey white boy – you got a crowbar?”
5. **BENOIT:** (V.O.) But this is Thatcher's Britain and it couldn't be defeated with pacifism. This is our revolution. The end of being pushed around. The end to standing idly by.
6. **GINGER:** That's them all done. We better get these away, Ben. The uniforms are trying to make a stand on the front line.

**SFX:** *Full milk bottles rattle in a crate.*

**SFX:** *Feet running.*

7. **BENOIT:** (V.O.) (BREATHLESS) My heart - my heart is beating - fast. I can feel it pumping the blood through to my febrile fingertips as I run.

***SFX: fade in on the sound of a riot.***

***SFX: The crate crashes to the pavement.***

1. GINGER: I've got to back for another crateful.

*GINGER leaves.*

2. BENOIT: (V.O.) As the slow pall of smoke rises it turns the Brixton day into night. Now my eyes are trained only upon the phalanx before me - the police – the stooges.

***SFX: A lighter click.***

3. BENOIT: (V.O.) (SLIGHT LAUGH) They're being bricked. And I didn't expect to see the fear in their eyes as they cower behind dustbin lids and sheets of corrugated iron. There's one face in particular that knows my true motives. To protect him I have to be on this side.

***SFX: The sound of a flame on a burning cloth.***

4. BENOIT: (V.O.) I hold this petrol bomb in my hand – and I've just noticed the irony – I will myself to have the same radical motives as those around me. But I know that's a veil that hides my true motives. Motives that began ten weeks ago. On the night of the New Cross Fire.

***MUSIC: "D.I.S.C.O." by Ottowan.***

**SCENE 2: INT. VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE, BRIXTON HILL 18/1/81. EARLY MORNING**

*GINGER drives as BENOIT relaxes in the passenger seat. They are laughing hard.*

1. BENOIT: We must never speak of this again!
2. GINGER: (LAUGHING) C'mon, it wasn't that bad.
3. BENOIT: Yes, it was! That was not one of our better ideas.
4. GINGER: I thought your lot were noted for your rhythm.
5. BENOIT: Excuse me – some of that rubbish they played tonight was devoid of melody let alone rhythm.

***SFX: police siren in deep distance.***

6. BENOIT: There was a glitter ball above the dance floor - a glitter ball! Did you clock that?
7. GINGER: It was like punk never happened.
8. BENOIT: What do you reckon your comrades would make of the Cat's Whiskers?
9. GINGER: I'm going to have to exercise my right to silence on that one!

*BENOIT laughs.*

10. GINGER: Anyway, at least you got on better than I did. You were chatting up that blonde at the bar for ages.

1. BENOIT: She wasn't really my type.
2. GINGER: You're joking, aren't you? She was the spit of Farrah Fawcett!
3. BENOIT: For some reason she wouldn't let me alone.
4. GINGER: (OVER) I think we all know the reason, Ben.
5. BENOIT: I had to tell her I was gay to get rid of her.

*GINGER laughs and BENOIT joins him.*

***SFX: police siren louder.***

6. BENOIT: I think they want you to stop, Ginge.
7. GINGER: Haven't they got better things to do?
8. BENOIT: We are going at quite a lick. You're pedal is almost at the floor.
9. GINGER: But stopping might not be one of your better ideas.

*GINGER slows the car down to a stop.*

10. BENOIT: Why, you're not holding, are you? (BEAT) Ginge!
11. GINGER: What were we supposed to smoke when we go back to yours, thin air?

*GINGER winds down his window.*

1. GINGER: (OUT OF THE WINDOW) I swear, officer, I was only doing thirty.

*SGT. FRASER leans into the open window.*

2. FRASER: Can you both step out of the car, please?

**SCENE 3: EXT. BRIXTON HILL. EARLY MORNING**

*FRASER interrogates GINGER. PC RAY STOCKTON searches BENOIT.*

***SFX: fire engines drive by during throughout.***

1. GINGER: Carl Grieg, but my comrades call me Ginger.
2. FRASER: And you expect us to believe, Mr Grieg, that your car is registered in Bedfordshire -
3. GINGER: (TO RAY) Why you searching him for - he wasn't even driving!
4. FRASER: (TO GINGER) I think the monkey can speak for himself.
5. RAY: Don't think so, sarge. Looks like they shaved this one but haven't taught him to speak.
6. FRASER: (TO BEN) After a bit of skirt at the Cat's Whiskers were you?
7. GINGER: It might help if you would tell us what you're looking for, officers.
8. FRASER: (TO BEN) What's your preference - pork or beef?
9. GINGER: (TO BEN) Are you going to let him do that to you?
10. FRASER: (TO FRASER) I bet its pork, by the looks of him.
11. GINGER: (TO RAY) You won't find anything looking down there. (TO BEN) Say something Ben! (TO FRASER) This is a violation! Well, that's life in Thatcher's Britain for you! We're living in a police state! And you're stooges - you know that! Stooges for her new world order.



1. FRASER: (TO GINGER) Hold your horses, Citizen Smith! This is a standard search, standard procedure.

*RAY completes his search of BENOIT.*

2. RAY: (TO FRASER) He's clean, but now my hands are dirty.
3. GINGER: Are you going to search me as well? Well, are you? With all things being equal -
4. FRASER: (TO RAY) I think we can let them go, don't you?
5. RAY: I suppose so.
6. FRASER: Fine. You can go.

*RAY and FRASER walk away.*

7. GINGER: (AFTER THEM, SARCASTICALLY) Well, thank you very much. Stooges you are – stooges!
8. RAY: (DISTANT) And teach that monkey to speak. He'd be the better for it.

**SCENE 4: EXT/INT. ST. JOHN'S CRESCENT, BRIXTON. EARLY MORNING**

*GINGER walks BENOIT to his squat.*

1. GINGER: Why didn't you say anything?
2. BENOIT: If I had done we would be spending Sunday in the cells.
3. GINGER: Charged with what? It wasn't driving while black 'cause you weren't driving.
4. BENOIT: It would have been driving while drunk 'cause you had to have that last Colt 45. You were lucky he didn't give you a breath test.
5. GINGER: Either way there was no need for that pig to search you like that. If I were you –
6. BENOIT: Well, you're not me –
7. GINGER: If I were you I wouldn't have stood there and taken it. He was searching you, down there, like he was enjoying it.
8. BENOIT: If you were me you would know that it is what it is. We've learned to accept it.
9. GINGER: You're like the Labour Party.
10. BENOIT: Oh, don't start that again, Ginge!
11. GINGER: You're not only losing the war on the intellectual battlefield, but also you're lying down in the street when you should be standing for something.

1. BENOIT: You're not going to quote one of those obscure philosophers again, are you?
2. GINGER: That's why we have to fight back with direct action and that's why you should get off the fence and join our revolution.
3. BENOIT: For now I'm quite happy to continue to play my part in the revolution.
4. GINGER: Yeah, cowering in your beloved bookshop with copies of Marx and Engels as sandbags. You've just been humiliated by the pigs. If not now, when?

***SFX: key in door and door opens***

5. BENOIT: Where do you think you're going?
6. GINGER: I thought I was coming back here for a smoke. With all things being equal they didn't search me.
7. BENOIT: Good night, Ginge.
8. GINGER: C'mon Ben – we've been traumatised! A smoke will settle our frayed nerves.
9. BENOIT: Good night, Ginge and you won't be needing these.

***SFX: keys rattling.***

10. GINGER: Hey, give those back!
11. BENOIT: You're in no fit state to drive.

1. BENOIT: It's a short walk over the park to Villa Road from here. You can get these back on Monday.

**SFX: door shuts**

**SFX: rattling of pots and pans**

*BENOIT gently whistles "Dancing Queen" by ABBA.*

**SFX: door knock.**

2. BENOIT: (SHOUTING) I mean it! Go home, Ginge.

*BENOIT gently whistles "Dancing Queen" by ABBA.*

**SFX: banging with increasing existence.**

**SFX: door opens.**

3. BENOIT: Oh, it's you. Is there anything I can do for you officer?

**SCENE 5: INT. ST. JOHN'S CRESCENT. MORNING**

*RAY and BENOIT are in bed.*

1. RAY:                   ... know?
2. BENOIT:             You don't want to know.
3. RAY:                 If I didn't want to know I wouldn't have asked you.
4. BENOIT:             I don't know. How did you -?
5. RAY:                 Know?
6. BENOIT:             Yes.
7. RAY:                 I don't know.
8. BENOIT:             Did you know I was gay when you raided my bookshop?
9. RAY:                 No!
10. BENOIT:            I've been seeing you around for weeks. I wondered when you were going to make your move. Does your sergeant know?
11. RAY:                Fraser? No! You may be out and proud but with me no-one must know. OK?
12. BENOIT:            You're still my secret policeman, Ray.
13. RAY:                *(BEAT)* So, are you going to tell me?

1. BENOIT: I think it was when I was at Cambridge. No, it was way before then. I was about ten. I was watching Top of The Pops and there he was. He had orange hair and was wearing a cat suit, but when he put his arm around Mick Ronson and sang 'Starman waiting to get high' –
2. RAY: - Those are not the words –
3. BENOIT: - I thought. That's so wrong it's right, but...
4. RAY: But what?
5. BENOIT: But it wasn't until I started my law degree that I really knew. I was at this party with my girlfriend at the time, Georgina – I think it was. You know the kind. You come with whoever it is, but out of courtesy you end up talking to everyone else. Desperately wanting to be rescued. Anyway, I flopped down next to this politics professor. I was so embarrassed because I'd bunked a few of his lectures. He was a lot older like –
6. RAY: Me.
7. BENOIT: And could immediately see through my pretensions like -
8. RAY: Me.
9. BENOIT: And he had read Proust and Wittgenstein like –
10. RAY: Don't they play up front for Borussia Mönchengladbach?
11. BENOIT: We talked and talked and whoever -
12. RAY: Georgina –

1. BENOIT: Kept looking over as he quoted verbatim from 'The Communist Manifesto'. He really opened me up –

*RAY tries to interrupt.*

2. BENOIT: No, not in that way. I plunged into conversation so deeply that he thought I must be drunk. I had a lot to prove in those days and he said as a black graduate of Cambridge I shouldn't be afraid to use my colour to achieve my potential. When he started talking about 'a spectre of Communism' – he put his hand on my knee and as he got to 'the bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production' he inched towards my –

3. RAY: – Instrument of reproduction.

4. BENOIT: Then he stopped talking. He looked at me as if he could see into my soul. And my soul spoke. It was then I needed rescuing.

5. RAY: But how did you know you were gay?

*BEAT.*

6. RAY: Oh, I see.

7. BENOIT: It wasn't just the erection. Because that's textbook. It was the first time I could feel that I had something between my legs. That's when I knew. Funny really.

8. RAY: Funny, how?

1. BENOIT: It took a man to make me feel like a man. And it still does. When we got back to my digs I wanted so much to shag Georgina.
2. RAY And you couldn't perform?
3. BENOIT: I did, but it didn't feel the same. My cock didn't feel the same. Any way, so how did you –
4. RAY: Know?
5. BENOIT: Yes.
6. RAY: I'm married with kids. To tell you the truth, I still don't.

*MUSIC: "Paradise" by JEAN ADEBAMBO.*



**SCENE 6: EXT. PARK, OPPOSITE PECKHAM MANOR SCHOOL. 19.1.81. DAY**

*SCHOOL KIDS surround two teenagers who are spoiling up for a fight. The goading continues under. ANGELA watches on and is approached by MONROE. MONROE sometimes dips in and out of a Jamaican accent.*

1. MONROE: Watcha. (BEAT) Were you at the party, then?

2. ANGELA I didn't go to the party, no.

*ANGELA walks away.*

3. MONROE: Hey, hey! Don't pretend you don't know who I am. I know you're Sharon's friend, in it? I checked you at the sarsaparilla shop on Walworth Road. You were there with her and Marcia.

*The kids cheer as the fight starts. Continuing under.*

4. ANGELA: Oh yeah, didn't recognise you. Watcha.

5. MONROE: Bad what happened, in it?

6. ANGELA: Yeah, guy, they died before they had a chance to live.

7. MONROE: I heard one girl drop from the second floor window and bash her head on the railings.

8. ANGELA: Think she's in my year. That's bad, guy. Any of us could have been one of them kids.

9. MONROE: If the Babylon don't catch who did it then someone will, seen.

1. ANGELA: The vibe at school this morning was weird, guy. Black kids on one side of the class white kids on the other. I knew it wouldn't be long before they came to blows.

2. MONROE: They better get back to school before they get catch, you know.

*The crowd goad the kids to fight.*

3. ANGELA: Can't wait until I'm in the sixth form like you so I can wear my own clothes.

4. MONROE: Tired of busting school uniform, are you?

5. ANGELA: And look at you. You come like a styler. I bet that isn't a real Pringle?

6. MONROE: It is! My brother got it for me down East Lane. Got himself a Tacchini top, but he wouldn't let me wear it.

7. ANGELA: Should have. The Pringles now a bit dry, though.

8. MONROE: Going to put a deposit on a sovereign ring later down Sander's, but I wouldn't wear it out though. You rave?

9. ANGELA: Sometimes.

10. MONROE: Bet you don't. You look like a good girl. What sound system you follow?

11. ANGELA: You don't have to follow a sound to rave, you know.

1. MONROE: I used to follow Coxone, 'til my brother's started his own sound. He lets me load the van and build the system. We play out at blues parties all the time. Was gonna play at the party on Saturday but... He lets me use his studio sometimes when he's not using it. You should come down and lay down some vocals.
2. ANGELA: If you're checking me again, just come out and say it.
3. MONROE: No, I just heard you singing in the sarsaparilla shop and now that me a big time producer I think to myself I could really do something with that voice.
4. ANGELA: If you say so.
5. MONROE: I'm saying so.
6. ANGELA: When?
7. MONROE: How about tonight?
8. ANGELA: After school? I've got homework and my mum likes me in.
9. MONROE: You under heavy manners, yeah.
10. ANGELA: (INDIGNANT) No - education is just her thing, that's all.
11. MONROE: C'mon, girl, those kids died before they had a chance to live - its up to us to live, yeah?
12. ANGELA: (RELUCTANTLY) OK then. Later then.
13. MONROE: Yeah, later. What's your name?

1. ANGELA: Angela.

2. MONROE: I'm Derek Monroe.

*MONROE goes.*

3. ANGELA: (AFTER HIM) Wait! Aren't you going back in for afternoon lessons?

4. MONROE: (DISTANT) I don't go no school. I don't go any school. I know all I need to know. Later!

**SCENE 7: INT. INDEX BOOKSHOP, ELECTRIC AVENUE. DAY.**

*BENOIT is putting change in the till while shooting the breeze with GINGER.*

1. GINGER:           After 21 days the Iranian kidnappers let the blacks go. The Yanks were not going to be tying yellow ribbons round oak trees for them, were they? They released them from the embassy 'cause they were sympathetic to oppressed minorities.
  
2. BENOIT:           And that's why I should support the Iranian students who violently kidnapped innocent American civilians, is it?
  
3. GINGER:           My point is that they took direct action and by waiting until Ronald Reagan takes office they have brought a capitalist super power to its knees. We can do the same here, Ben - violence works.
  
4. BENOIT:           Look, some of what you say is right, but I still maintain that there's no excuse for violence. And if an excuse be found it should be when all else fails -

***SFX: the shopkeeper's doorbell sounds.***

*WELLS enters.*

5. BENOIT:           And the last throw of the die. With all things being equal -
  
6. GINGER:           Morning, Comrade Wells, how did you know I was here?
  
7. WELLS:           By simple deduction - you're either here or at the squat.
  
8. GINGER:           You've brought the leaflets. Great.

*WELLS hands over the leaflets.*

1. WELLS: (TO GINGER) I haven't got that many so only give them out to people you know are going to come. (TO BEN) Can I have a word?
2. BENOIT: I don't know how I can help you, Professor Wells.
3. WELLS: You don't need to call me that anymore – school's out, comrade.
4. BENOIT: I'm not your comrade. And before you ask I'm not interested in joining your so-called revolution.
5. GINGER: I'm just going to make a brew – leave you two to talk.

*GINGER exits.*

6. WELLS: Such an awful tragedy. The repercussions will have a profound effect on us.
7. BENOIT: Are you thinking of supporting those students in Iran as well?
8. WELLS: I was talking about the fire – what were you referring to?
9. BENOIT: Not the same thing, obviously. What's all this about a fire?
10. WELLS: What were you up to last night? Did you not catch the news? There was a fire during a reggae party in New Cross.
11. BENOIT: Was there much damage?

1. WELLS: The 3 floor terraced house was almost razed to the ground. All that's left is charred beams and brickwork. It was a sixteen year olds birthday party. She survived.
2. BENOIT: Were there many others injured?
3. WELLS: Ten others died, Ben. They were all kids. Of the dead the eldest was 21. The fire started on the ground floor living room and open doors helped fan the flames trapping kids on the other two floors. Four bodies were found on the first floor and five on the second. Some of the kids that jumped to safety lie critical in hospital including the sixteen year old whose party it was.
4. BENOIT: I'm sorry I didn't know.
5. WELLS: Word is that it was deliberate.
6. BENOIT: Arson?
7. WELLS: Worse. Racially motivated arson. Tensions are running high, anger is replacing the inconsolable grief of families desperate to bring the perpetrators to justice. There have been reports of fights breaking out in schoolyards all over South London. Black kids versus white kids. We want to show solidarity with our West Indian comrades.
8. BENOIT: Hardly your bag racial politics. Isn't that more the Anti-Nazi League's territory?

1. WELLS: You may think we're a bunch of radical socialists hell bent on revolution but we have a conscience and occasionally we want to do good. Look, there's a community meeting set for tomorrow night in New Cross. We want to help but need to be sensitive. We need an in. We need someone to check the temperature and report back before know how best to fashion our solidarity.
2. BENOIT: And the endgame?
3. WELLS: No endgame.
4. BENOIT: With you there's always an endgame.
5. WELLS: Not this time. Just go, sit, listen but don't get too involved. Believe me you're the last person I wanted, but your face fits – if you know what I mean.
6. BENOIT: I'm going to have to say no to this one. Racial politics is not my bag.

*GINGER returns.*

***SFX: stirring cup of tea.***

7. WELLS: Are you still afraid to fulfil your potential?

*WELLS goes to the door.*

***SFX: the shopkeeper's doorbell rings.***

8. GINGER: Excuse me, Comrade Wells, can you settle an argument before you go. What's your stance on the use of violence in direct action?



1. WELLS: It's wrong to say that violence doesn't solve anything because it does and it's always there. For example, without violence or the threat of violence we'd all be speaking German now. The violence of Trident makes us sleep soundly in our beds at night. It's like traffic noise outside your window. After a while you forget it is there. You get too used to it – until it stops.
2. BENOIT: With all things being equal -
3. WELLS: With all things being equal? Wake up and smell the napalm, Ben, they're not.

*MUSIC: "At The Club" by VICTOR ROMERO EVANS.*

**SCENE 8: INT. PHONE BOX, BRIXTON. AFTERNOON.**

*MONROE is in a phone box. He is on the phone to a RECORD PRODUCER.*

***SFX: the pips sound and coins are put through.***

1. PRODUCER: I'm sorry, but I'm used to dealing with your brother.
2. MONROE: I know, but we've found the real deal. Believe.
3. PRODUCER: Is she of age? She won't be able to sign the contract unless she is.
4. MONROE: She is and pretty too – pretty like money.
5. PRODUCER: Well that's what you'll earn if she is as good as you say she is. For Lover's Rock to cross over to the mainstream we need a star with a commercial look to carry the song.
6. MONROE: Trust me she is the one.
7. PRODUCER: When am I going to hear something?
8. MONROE: We've just cut a dub plate to an old Jackson tune. I just have to add her vocals. Soon come with the tapes, seen.
9. PRODUCER: Do I have to confirm things with your brother?

***SFX: the pips sound.***

10. PRODUCER: Put more coins in, Monroe. Monroe -

***SFX: the phone goes dead.***

*MUSIC: "Caught You In A Lie" by LOUISA MARKS.*

**SCENE 9: INT. POLICE VAN, BRIXTON. DAY.**

*RAY climbs into the front seat of a police van. A female CONTROLLER buzzes in via the police radio.*

***SFX: police van door shuts and banging noises come from the back of the van.***

1. CONTROLLER:(FROM RADIO) Echo Tango 4 - PC Stockton, are you OK? Over.
2. RAY:                    Yeah, just got a little nick as I got this scrote in the van. Over.
3. CONTROLLER:(FROM RADIO) If he's ruined your good looks he'll have me to answer to. Over.
4. RAY:                    Are you the new girl? You do know I'm married, don't you. Over.
5. CONTROLLER:(FROM RADIO) So am I and I won't tell if you won't. What's your location, gorgeous? Over.
6. RAY:                    Outside Sanders – the jeweller's on Brixton Road. Over.
7. CONTROLLER:(FROM RADIO) The van's needed back at the station. They've run out of ambulances and there's an urgent outside Rumbelows. Over.
8. RAY:                    What am I to do for the rest of my shift without my van? Over.
9. CONTROLLER:(FROM RADIO) I don't know, but after you've brought it back you could visit me in the control office and see if my face matches my voice. Over.
10. RAY:                    In that case I'm on blues and two's. And out.

***SFX: the engine is switched on and the siren goes.***

**SCENE 10: INT. SQUAT, VILLA ROAD, BRIXTON. EVENING.**

*BENOIT and GINGER are fish and chips for dinner.*

1. GINGER: I'm not explaining it again, Ben, so just shut up and pass the ketchup?

2. BENOIT: Are you saying they deserved what they got?

*BENOIT passes GINGER a ketchup bottle.*

3. GINGER: No, no, I'm saying the party was a political act. There's a difference.

*GINGER taps the bottom of the bottle.*

4. BENOIT: I don't know why Wells didn't ask you to go.

5. GINGER: (PATRONISING) Just because this is not your field of expertise there's no need to get upset.

6. BENOIT: I won't if you stop being such a smart-arse.

7. GINGER: Should have gone to a redbrick like I did, Ben.

8. BENOIT: (LAUGHING, PLAYFULLY) Get on with it, Ginger.

9. GINGER: OK, I'm saying that the articulation of protest through the medium of music functions paradoxically to both mediate the protest and intensify the suffering -

10. BENOIT: Stop spouting your dissertation, Ginger and speak English.

*GINGER gets up and goes towards the record player.*

1. GINGER:           You've heard of Bob Marley, right?

*GINGER unsheathes a LP record and puts it on the turntable.*

2. BENOIT:           Don't patronize me, Ginger, or you'll get a face full of ketchup!

*The track is 'Bad Card' by Bob Marley and the Wailers.*

3. GINGER:           Protest songs have always been a staple of popular music but in Jamaica, the protest elements in reggae have been widely documented. Marley, of course, is involved in the spreading of Rastafarianism in recorded song, but British Rastafarians acknowledged the paradox that "I and I" –

*BENOIT laughs.*

4. GINGER:           Must find humane ways to live in Babylon until repatriation to Ethiopia is accomplished. And so British reggae communicates the paradox of both accommodation and ritual protest. Did you hear that?
5. BENOIT            What? What did he just say?
6. GINGER            "I want to disturb my neighbour".
7. BENOIT            Is it a rallying cry?
8. GINGER            Not quite. It's an anthem for the blues party culture: the politics of noise.

1. BENOIT            So, you're saying, if I understand you correctly, you're saying that the noise from the party was deliberate –
2. GINGER            - unconsciously –
3. BENOIT            - unconsciously political?
4. GINGER            - a political act, yes. And so if Mr. Jones of Acacia Avenue can't work properly on Monday morning because he couldn't get to sleep due to the noise from an all night party the previous weekend, that will, in effect, do more harm to the economy than leaflets, marches and conventional forms of political resistance.
5. BENOIT            So, what the hell have you been doing all these years? Should have just thrown a party!
6. GINGER            What's your problem?
7. BENOIT            My problem is your expert interpretation of black politics is as useful as this chip paper.

**SFX: scrunch of newspaper.**

8. GINGER            And you're such an expert? You're afraid of what you are. That's why you hide yourself stacking shelves in your precious bookshop while your law degree goes for a burton –
9. BENOIT            And what you know about black politics is gleaned from the sleeve notes of a Bob Marley LP! You know nothing! Black people in this country have accepted their lot that's why they're not politically organised –

1. GINGER                      No, there's a difference. The difference is Lover's Rock.
2. BENOIT                     Rock music?
3. GINGER                     No, Lover's Rock - a uniquely British hybrid of Jamaican reggae and American soul that has overtaken the reggae of Bob Marley in blues parties. It exemplifies the decrease of protest in a process of necessary accommodation to everyday rituals of survival. In other words, no matter how bad it gets, black Britons must find a way to live within a dehumanising culture that demands protest.
4. BENOIT                     By making love?
5. GINGER                     More like being in love – against all the odds. Sexuality as a therapeutic means of dancing out despair is the essential message of Lover's Rock. In 'accepting their lot' there has been a quiet revolution going on.
6. BENOIT                     And what about democracy?
7. GINGER                     What about it?
8. BENOIT                     They're British, aren't they?
9. GINGER                     Not in Thatcher's Britain. You've got to see the context. They're forced to live in the worst housing, there are no jobs for them if there are jobs at all, and they're arrested for sus if they as much as breathe out and -
10. BENOIT:                   (UNCONVINCED) Nice try, but I'm not going to the meeting, Ginge. It will put me up against the police and I can't risk the bookshop being raided again. If you're such an expert, why don't you go?



1. GINGER            I may do, but you got the call soldier. It's time for you to go over the top, comrade. He who hesitates masturbates, Ben and there's never a perfect time to do anything.
  
2. BENOIT:        "If not now then when?" is that what your saying and "when" is "now"?
  
3. GINGER:        No, not this time. More like - "If not you, then who?"

*MUSIC: "Nigger" by GREGORY ISAACS.*

**SCENE 11: INT. BOOKING AREA, BRIXTON POLICE STATION. EVENING**

*RAY collects paper work from FRASER who is the Desk Sergeant for the day.*

1. FRASER:           Is that the scrote you picked up outside Sander's still in the interview room?
2. RAY:             Yeah, bleating that he was putting a deposit on a ring, but when we turned him upside down and fresh air fell out of his pockets.
3. FRASER:           What's the charge gonna be?
4. RAY:             Holding him on sus, but I'm not sure if he matches the description of the robbery on Sudbourne Road or the mugging in Stockwell Park?
5. FRASER:           (BETWEEN THE FOLDERS) Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, Catch the nigger by the toe. If it squeals don't let him go, Eeny, meeny, miny, that one.
6. RAY:             Thanks, sarge.

*MUSIC: "Nigger" by GREGORY ISAACS.*

**SCENE 12: INT. PAGNELL STREET CENTRE, NEW CROSS. 20.1.81. EVENING**

*BEN and GINGER are at the community meeting. They are surrounded by a crowd from the local community. The meeting includes THE POLICE COMMANDER and A POLICE LIAISON OFFICER. The meeting is very heated and there are various shouts of “get out”, “go on leave” and “you’re not wanted here” from the crowd.*

1. GINGER: (WHISPER) Stop taking notes. They’ll think you’re plain clothes.

2. BENOIT: (WHISPER) Just tell me again who these guys are?

*Someone starts a slow handclap.*

3. GINGER: (WHISPER) The one on the left who looks like Selwyn Froggitt is the Police Commander John Smith and the one getting up now is the Police Liaison Officer.

***SFX: the squeak of chairs followed by footsteps.***

4. GINGER (WHISPER) I can’t believe they’re actually leaving. Our meetings are never as lively as this.

*The requests for them to leave increase.*

5. BENOIT: (WHISPER) Ginger, I’m getting the feeling that they want *all* white people to leave.

6. GINGER: (WHISPER) What? No! I don’t think they do, Ben.

7. VOICE: (FROM THE BACK) Hey, ginger, gwan wit’ you.

8. GINGER: (WHISPER) Well, if you stop drawing attention to us with that notepad then they might not notice me.

1. VOICE: (ANGRIER) You heard me - get out!

2. BENOIT: I think they've noticed you. I think it would be better if you go.

*GINGER gets up.*

***SFX: the squeak of a chair.***

3. GINGER: Are you not coming with me?

**SCENE 13: INT. INDEX BOOKSHOP. 21.1.81. DAY**

*BENOIT, WELLS and GINGER are in the bookshop.*

1. GINGER: I can't believe you didn't leave with me, Ben!
2. WELLS: No-one asked you to go, Carl.
3. GINGER: (TO BENOIT) That's racialism! There's no other word for it.
4. BENOIT: Look, Ginge, it wasn't personal but for some of them your presence symbolised their oppression. Feelings were still raw, but I'm glad I did stay, Ginger because after you left they were so candid – listen to this –

*BENOIT flips pages of his notebook.*

5. BENOIT: One of the parents got this the other day (*reading*) "What a great day last Sunday. When I heard about the fire. And all those niggers going up in flames. Great. Me and my mates went to the pub for a good drink. Two old girls were there. We told them about the fire. They said great. I hope the black monkey who mugged me was there. I'll see the day that all the black filth is sent back to Africa!" It was addressed to her son.
5. GINGER: Was he at the meeting?
6. BENOIT: No, he died in the fire. That was just one of condolence letters they received. Nothing from Thatcher. Nothing from the Queen. So, you can understand their anger.
7. GINGER: All I understand is that I stood by you when the pigs did the same thing to you.

1. BENOIT: It wasn't the same, Ginge.
2. GINGER: It wasn't? I'm glad you're finally standing for something, Ben. I just hoped that you would have stood by me.

*GINGER leaves.*

***SFX: The shopkeeper's doorbell goes.***

3. BENOIT: Don't worry he'll be back.
4. WELLS: Are you OK working here alone until he does?
5. BENOIT: He doesn't actually work here.

*WELLS laughs.*

6. BENOIT: Afterwards we all went to the site of the fire for a vigil. Some sang 'We Shall Overcome', some cried but all wanted to know what happened to their children as if finding out will go some way to honouring the short lives lost.
7. WELLS: Do they know who started the fire?
8. BENOIT: It seems neighbours complained about the party throughout the night. Afterwards a policeman told the owner of the house that they found remnants of a firebomb in the garden.
9. WELLS: (SARCASTICALLY) That's that then. An open and shut case for the pigs.
10. BENOIT: The Commander assured us that arrests would be forthcoming.

1. WELLS: And you believed him?
2. BENOIT: Why wouldn't I?
3. WELLS: Generally the police are cheating lying scum – you should know –
4. BENOIT: What are you talking about?
5. WELLS: Didn't your comrade say they roughed you up a few days ago.
6. BENOIT: So you don't think they'll find who did this?
7. WELLS: They might go all round the houses before they do.
8. BENOIT: But surely with all things being equal –
9. WELLS: With all things being equal the simpler explanation is better than a more complex one.
10. BENOIT: And they will choose a more complex one.
11. WELLS: You're catching on, comrade.

*WELLS leaves.*

***SFX: The shopkeeper's doorbell goes.***

12. BENOIT: So, are you going to help them find out who did it?
13. WELLS: I have all I need. But you could help them by playing detective – unless you're content in wasting your potential by being the most over qualified bookseller in South London.

**SCENE 14: INT. BRIEFING ROOM, BRIXTON POLICE STATION. DAY**

*FRASER is giving the morning briefing - general chat and laughter from RAY and the officers.*

1. POLICEMAN: (FROM THE BACK) Get on with it then, sarge!
2. FRASER: (TRYING TO TOP THEM) Quiet please, the sooner I get through this briefing the quicker we can get on with the important business of the day.

*General chat from officers.*

3. FRASER: An update on this fire at New Cross. I know that it's P-District's patch but after top brass were turfed out of the community meeting last night there might be some serious blowback.

*The officers hiss and boo.*

4. POLICEMAN: (FROM THE BACK) That's what we get for trying to help 'em.
5. FRASER: Word on the street is that it was racist.
6. POLICEMAN: (FROM THE BACK) It was, wasn't it?
7. FRASER: But some bright spark that was first on scene let slip that a firebomb was found in the garden.

*Chorus of disapproval.*

8. POLICEMAN: (FROM THE BACK) Was there one?



1. FRASER: Yeah, looked like it was made by my six year old.

2. POLICEMAN: (FROM THE BACK) It probably was!

*Laughter from the officers.*

3. FRASER: All of which means we're going to face friction if we pursue other lines of enquiry.

4. RAY: Why can't top brass tell them that we're pursuing all possible lines?

5. FRASER: If I had the brains to answer that question I would be the commissioner rather than a sergeant at this nick.

*Laughter.*

6. RAY: Can't we just confirm that a firebomb was found?

7. FRASER: If we do that half of London would claim responsibility. The families are already getting love letters.

8. RAY: What - even if we give a broad description? We can weed out the crazies if they -

9. FRASER: Man alive, Raymundo, what's with you? You after my job – or what?

*Laughter from the other officers.*

10. FRASER: Just keep your ears and eyes open as usual.

*Some slight murmurs of disapproval.*

1. FRASER:           Some of them won't want to co-operate we know what colour they are, but with a bit of luck this'll all blow over before the fortnight's out. OK, then. Let's get out and about.

***SFX: The squeaks of chairs as officers start to leave.***

2. POLICEMAN:   (FROM THE BACK) What about the important business of the day?

3. FRASER:           Oh yeah, (SINGING) Happy Birthday to you....

4. OFFICERS:       Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday, dear Raymond. Happy Birthday to you

5. RAY:               (OVER) Oh, lads, I'm touched.

6. FRASER:           Blow out the candles, mate.

***MUSIC: "After Tonight" by MATUMBI.***

**SCENE 15: EXT. NORTH PECKHAM ESTATE. 25.1.81. DAY**

*MONROE and ANGELA walk up a flight of stairs. MONROE is listening to "After Tonight" on his Sony Walkman.*

1. ANGELA:           How many is that now?

*BEAT.*

2. ANGELA:           That must be 12 now, in it? I don't know anyone that dead, you know. I didn't really know her, but you know what I mean. Feel like I know her now with everything about her in the papers and all that. Have you been to any funerals?

*BEAT.*

3. ANGELA:           Went through Peckham yesterday and there were all these people in their Sunday best when it wasn't even Sunday. Monroe, are you listening to me?

*MONROE stops the tape and takes his headphones off.*

4. ANGELA:           My dad says those things are bad for your ears, you know.

5. MONROE:           Can we talk about something else, please? (GETTING ANGRIER)  
For me after death comes the mourning and after that anger and I don't want to get angry today, OK, Angela!

6. ANGELA:           OK. That's my name – don't waste it.

*MONROE and ANGELA arrive at the landing.*

1. MONROE: This is my floor. (EXCITEDLY) And today is about music, baby girl. I'm going to be a Superstar DJ producer – as big as Tony Williams – (SINGING THE JINGLE) Radio London 206! Touch my hand.
2. ANGELA: I'm not touching that! I don't know where it's been.
3. MONROE: This hand has touched Bob Marley – that's where it's been. I met him when he was over here with Aswad. He was playing football, right and afterwards there was a whole heap of people crowded around him and I just wanted touch him, right. So reached through the crowd and did a move like Touché Turtle and I thought he'd be like "get off me, man", but he just smiled.
4. ANGELA: That is so neat!
5. MONROE: If you touch my hand some of his magic just might rub off on you.
6. ANGELA: (DISGUSTED) Wha'ppen to your hand?
7. MONROE: Oh that – that's - it ain't nothing.
8. ANGELA: Your knuckles are all bruised up, guy. Did you get into a fight? Is that why you didn't turn up yesterday?
9. MONROE: No, I had to take care of some business yesterday – big producer business that you wouldn't understand - and the 37 bus didn't come so I had to trod. When it did come I was in between stops and had to run, but I slip and tumble down.
10. ANGELA: Shame, guy!

1. MONROE: And this hand that Bob Marley blessed sing (SINGS A LINE FROM 'REDEMPTION SONG' BY 'BOB MARLEY') "but my hand was made strong by the hand of the almighty" and reach out and break my fall.

*ANGELA laughs.*

***SFX: the sound of key in a lock.***

**SCENE 16: MONTAGE OF INTERVIEWS. VARIOUS**

*BENOIT interviews three people YOUNG KID, WOMAN and TEENAGER.*

***SFX: doorbells, door knocks, and door slams punctuate throughout.***

1. BENOIT: Hello Madam, my name is Benoit Boateng. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?
2. YOUNG KID: Yeah, I remember seeing her. She was acting kinda weird.
3. BENOIT: Benoit, Benoit. B.E.N.O.I.T. No, I'm not Jamaican.
4. TEENAGER: I don't know his last name, you know, we don't go by last names.
5. BENOIT: No madam, I'm not from the police.
6. TEENAGER: I wasn't supposed to be at the party. I was on bail.
7. BENOIT: If you don't want to talk to the police then you can talk to me.
8. YOUNG KID: Yeah, she was this white woman. I don't know who she was. She was just wandering about. No one knew who she was.
9. BENOIT: You won't be blamed for the fire – if you talk to me. You have my word.
10. YOUNG KID: She had all these bags with her and she asked to use the toilet. Do you think she has something to with the fire?
11. BENOIT: I'm not saying you're lying but someone must know something.

1. WOMAN: I don't know but it was driving up and down the street at around half past 3. Lots of people saw it.
2. BENOIT: What colour was the car, again?
3. TEENAGER: No - I know her. She's homeless. She just wanted a place to sleep, that's all. She was sent packing.
4. YOUNG KID: Some stylers tried to bust in, but were turned away. I'm not sure if they come back though.
5. BENOIT: A green car did you say?

*All sounds build to a crescendo.*

**SCENE 17: INT. FLAT, NORTH PECKHAM ESTATE. DAY**

*MONROE and ANGELA enter the flat.*

***SFX: door opens.***

1. MONROE:        Here we are. This where opportunity knock for the brothers and sisters of south London! (BEAT) What, you no like it?

2. ANGELA:        You said it was a studio. It's like a storeroom. It doesn't look much like a studio to me.

3. MONROE:        It will in a minute. Just you hang on a second...

***SFX: shuffling about with electrical equipment.***

4. MONROE:        If I just take this out... and here and... and hey presto! Better?

5. ANGELA:        And it's all dusty in here -

6. MONROE:        Do you want a drink before we get start? I've got some... somewhere.

7. ANGELA:        And it smells.

8. MONROE:        How 'bout some ital? I can make you a sandwich, if you want? Or I've got a packet of Spangles in my pocket.

*MONROE offers ANGELA a sweet.*

9. MONROE:        No? OK, then. Suit yourself.



*MONROE pops a sweet and puts the packet on the bed.*

1. ANGELA:           You've really invited me back here to sing, haven't you?
2. MONROE:         I don't play no games, girl. I could really do something with that voice. We're gonna to cut a tune.
3. ANGELA:         But I've only ever sung in the shower.
4. MONROE:         That's no problem, guy. You like Lovers, yeah?
5. ANGELA:         Not really. I'm into Michael Jackson.
6. MONROE:         But I thought you were a raver?
7. ANGELA:         My mums a bit strict. Not really allowed out. I told them I was round Marcia's again tonight.
8. MONROE:         Then what you do here?
9. ANGELA:         You said you could do something with my voice.
10. MONROE:        Well... OK then, where shall I start? Lovers for beginners. You see... Lovers - Lovers is more than a music.

*MONROE puts on a record.*

11. MONROE         – it's a feeling, a vibe, yeah, seen. It's about love and sweet heartbreak and it's a way of letting off from the pressure of life with the music and dance, seen. You can at least dance, can't you?  
(BEAT) No? No problem. I'll show you. Get up. Quickly come on.

*ANGELA gets up.*

1. MONROE: Imagine we at a blues. If I wan' dance with you I'll just check you by taking your hand, yeah. Then I pull you close like this, and...
2. ANGELA: (GIGGLES) That's really close.
3. MONROE: If you laugh I'm not going to show you.
4. ANGELA: (STOPPING HERSELF FROM LAUGHING) What happens now?
5. MONROE: Then we start dancing. You slightly bend your knees and you wiggle your waist. That's it. Then you grine and dip... dip and grine. Simple. That's it. You're getting it now.
6. ANGELA: Grine and dip.
7. MONROE: With the blues black dark, the bass from the sound system going through your body - Hey, slow down and smaller movements. That's it. You move but you're not moving at all. And you melt into the music. That's what Lover's is, yeah.
8. ANGELA: Is your knee supposed to be there?
9. MONROE: That's the point. If it wasn't there you wouldn't feel anything.
10. ANGELA: All I can feel is the packet of Spangles in your pocket.

*MONROE pushes ANGELA away.*

11. MONROE: Yeah, yeah, look we better stop. I think you know it now.

*MONROE goes over to his recording equipment and the music stops.*

1. MONROE:        So as luck would have it we're going to cut an old Michael Jackson tune.
2. ANGELA:        Why you standing over there behind the decks? Are you all right?
3. MONROE:        Yeah... yeah. We've got to get to it – don't want to waste any more time. The music's already recorded on this dub plate. So here, you take this.

***SFX: squeal of feedback.***

*ANGELA goes over and takes a microphone.*

4. MONROE:        Sing into it and I'll record you.
5. ANGELA:        But I've only sung in the shower.
6. MONROE:        Perfect 'cause that's where you'll be singing.
7. ANGELA:        Do what?
8. MONROE:        To make sure noise doesn't bleed through go through there and stand in the shower to sing.

**SCENE 18: INT. FLAT. ST. JOHN'S CRESCENT. EVENING**

*RAY and BENOIT are kissing on the sofa.*

1. RAY:                    You know what you're asking me to do is wrong, don't you?

*More kissing.*

2. RAY:                    I'll do it because I ... but I just want you to know it's unethical.

3. BENOIT:                After what we have just done? Don't talk to me about unethical.

*More kissing. They stop kissing.*

4. BENOIT:                What's the matter?

5. RAY:                    Nothing I'm fine.

6. BENOIT:                No, you're not. I can feel your heart beating inside your chest. I know you could lose your job over it and I – it's something else, isn't it. What is it?

7. RAY:                    Leave it, will you.

8. BENOIT:                Just tell me.

9. RAY:                    Now I'm not fine. Why do you always do this?

10. BENOIT:                Do what?

11. RAY:                    You always find something when nothing is wrong -

12. BENOIT:                It's your kiss. Your kiss is different.

*More kissing.*

1. RAY:                That better?
2. BENOIT:            Much better.
3. RAY:                White did you say?
4. BENOIT:            Some of the people I spoke to said they saw a car driving around the area at about 3.30 am.
5. RAY:                It's not my district but I'll find out what I can.

*More kissing. They stop kissing abruptly.*

5. BENOIT:            What now?
6. RAY:                Why you... me... us?
7. BENOIT:            I don't know.. Wasn't it when you gave me the look?
8. RAY:                What look?
9. BENOIT:            The look you gave me when you raided my bookshop. Don't say you don't remember!
10. RAY:              I don't know how to give 'the look'.

1. BENOIT: Yes you do! You spot a cute guy. You fancy him, but are not sure if he's... you know. So, you make eye contact with him and while you're looking at him, square in the eyes. If he holds your gaze for more than 3 seconds then he's gay and he fancies you too. Now do you remember?
2. RAY: A green car, did you say?
3. BENOIT: Several people saw it driving up and down New Cross Road.
4. RAY: You've got further than we have. We've got fifty suits on the case getting doors slammed in their faces all over South London. But, I tell you now, if we can't you definitely won't get anywhere with it.
5. BENOIT: You still don't want me to do this, don't you?
6. RAY: I don't know why you're doing it. There's a difference.
7. BENOIT: I saw the difference when I was at the meeting. I saw real anger and the hate for the very first time. But even with that they held themselves with such dignity with an unshakable hope for justice.
8. RAY: I do remember giving you that look, but I remember it quite differently. I gave you the look because you were black.
9. BENOIT: I still am black, Raymond.

1. RAY: But you're not black, are you? At least you don't think you are. If you were you would have said in your little speech 'us' instead of 'they'. And it was more because you were looking at me. Black men never look me in the eye. And on the rare occasion that they do it's more a look of hate. When we raided your bookshop you looked at me I kind of forgot that I was in uniform. Your eyes were smiling back at me and I liked it. Then you flashed your teeth and the contrast of white against your black skin disarmed me.

2. BENOIT: Is that when you knew?

3. RAY: I'm not a homosexual, Ben.

4. BENOIT: After what we just did –

5. RAY: I don't know what I am, but all I know is that I have to get back to the station and then home to my wife and kids.

6. BENOIT: Ray, we'll never have a future unless you admit who and what you are.

*BEAT.*

7. RAY: Look, Ben, I'm not sure about this.

8. BENOIT: Don't do me any favours. I'll find the driver myself.

9. RAY: No, you and me. This.

10. BENOIT: I know. If you were sure you would have said 'us'.

**SCENE 19: INT. FLAT, NORTH PECKHAM ESTATE, PECKHAM. AFTERNOON**

***SFX: the bathroom door squeaks open.***

*ANGELA emerges from the bathroom. MONROE is behind his mixing desk.*

1. ANGELA:           How was that, Monroe?

2. MONROE:        (UNCONVINCED) Good.

3. ANGELA:        Only good.

4. MONROE:        It was better last week.

5. ANGELA:        But you didn't record it last week. Did you record it just now?

6. MONROE:        Of course.

7. ANGELA:        But the red light wasn't on.

8. MONROE:        I was saving the tape. It was good. Really. You just need warming up, that's all.

9. ANGELA:        A cup of tea would warm me up.

10. MONROE:       No, I mean your voice. You sung good but... but I never felt anything.

*ANGELA playfully slaps MONROE.*

11. MONROE:       Ow!



1. ANGELA: You feel that? We've been at this for weeks and you haven't recorded anything. What am I doing wrong?
2. MONROE: I would tell you but I don't want to get slapped again.
3. ANGELA: Well try then guy, big time producer!
4. MONROE: What was the song about?
5. ANGELA: I don't know I didn't write it.
6. MONROE: But you must know what it means.
7. ANGELA: (MULLING IT OVER) I don't know... it was about... "I need him sharing the world beside me"... a girl and a guy... "where love begins when he's with me he's home". It about a girl who want to be with this guy, right, badly. "Got to be there where love begins". It's about a girl wanting to be with a guy. Is that right?
8. MONROE: Err... OK. Good. And you've never felt like that?
9. ANGELA: I may have.
10. MONROE: Well either you have or you haven't?
11. ANGELA: So I have to have been in love to sing about being in love.
12. MONROE: Well, I think the song is more about loss than love. The person who is singing has loved and lost ... and there's a need. "I *need* her sharing the world beside me".
13. ANGELA: You do?

1. MONROE: In the song, I mean. It's the hurt that's the emotion communicated in the song.
2. ANGELA: So that bit when I sing. "When I look in his eyes, I realise. I need him sharing the world beside me", I should really think about someone I love.
3. MONROE: Loved. Exactly.
4. ANGELA: But I don't think I've been in love, like that.
5. MONROE: You're not getting it - being in love is not the feeling I want when you sing. More a love you cannot have but need. When you're in love and happy that's less interesting to sing about. What I'm trying to say is that you don't sing when you're happy. You sing 'cause you need to communicate your pain. That's what I heard when in the sarsaparilla shop. I heard the pain in your voice and it sent shivers, girl
6. ANGELA: That's too deep for me, Monroe.
7. MONROE: I can't explain what I mean properly. When words fail - music speaks. Listen –

*He puts on some music.*

**SFX: needle to a record.**

**MUSIC: "Hopelessly in Love" by CARROLL THOMPSON.**

**SCENE 20: INT. POLICE CAR, BRIXTON. DAY**

*FRASER is eating lunch with RAY. We can hear the sound of hazard lights.*

1. FRASER: We might as well hope for the moon on a stick - it's not going to happen. Raymundo - it's simple, if a coloured person started the fire -
2. RAY: Are we ruling out a racial motive?
3. FRASER: We're not ruling out any motive, but let's just say if it was an inside job - someone at the party, an accident or whatever. The coloureds wouldn't believe us, they would say that we're protecting racials and there would be a political campaign against the police.
4. RAY: I think there already is one.
5. FRASER: If it was a white person – then their worst nightmare would be a confirmed reality and what we'd have then is an all out race war – rivers of blood, my friend, rivers of blood. We would have to protect law-abiding citizens from marauding coloured gangs out for revenge. So, you see, we can't win.
6. RAY: But we're the police – the good guys – it's our job to find whatever the consequences.
7. FRASER: You're joking, aren't you? We can't police without their consent and they won't talk to us. I spoke to a PC at P-District. He said doors have been shut their faces since the investigation began. No-one is talking, but the fire didn't start by itself - people know more than they're letting on.

1. RAY: They think we're prejudiced against them, that's why!
2. FRASER: Prejudice comes with the job. We can't do our job without it. How else are we supposed to single the wrong'uns out? They're not dressed in prison stripes with a swag bag over one shoulder. More often than not they're black or working class and unhappy with their lot.
3. RAY: That's ludicrous! There were criminals here before they came.
4. FRASER: But they came here with nothing and they want the something that we have.

**SCENE 21: EXT. BRIXTON TOWN HALL. AFTERNOON**

*GINGER is outside the Brixton Town Hall giving out leaflets. WELLS approaches him.*

1. GINGER: (SHOUTING TO PASSERS BY) Don't let the revolution pass you by. It won't be televised. Take one of these leaflets, comrade and find out how you can play your part.
2. WELLS: Have they been going?
3. GINGER: (TO WELLS) Only got a few left. (TO PASSER BY) Thanks, comrade. (TO WELLS) When are you gonna tell Ben?
4. WELLS: When he needs to know. Look, you want him to join as much as I do.
5. GINGER: But like this -
6. WELLS: Is he still meeting with the police?
7. GINGER: I only saw them that one time.
8. WELLS: But that's where he is getting the information from, right?
9. GINGER: He's no closer to finding who started that fire.
10. WELLS: That's not the point.
11. GINGER: They've organised a protest march through London next month. He's going on it.

1. WELLS: If he's willing to secretly consort with the enemy then he deserves what's coming to him.
2. GINGER: He will not be political by force.
3. WELLS: I think that he's proved that he doesn't have to be.
4. GINGER: What's your problem, Wells? You know this will ruin him.
5. WELLS: No, this will make him.
6. GINGER: So, you've got what you need why don't you just get him to join?
7. WELLS: We'll just see how this plays out. We haven't reached the endgame. Everything is in place for a spot of organised spontaneity.
8. GINGER: The initiative.
9. WELLS: You're catching on, comrade.

**SCENE 22: INT. FLAT, NORTH PECKHAM ESTATE. AFTERNOON**

*MONROE is still with ANGELA. "Hopelessly in Love" continues underneath.*

1. MONROE: When she sing you really *feel* what she sing. Her voice is the pain in the hope of the slave and the mental slavery that still happen today.
2. ANGELA: Don't get hung up on the history, guy, we're not slaves anymore.
3. MONROE: You go to school, but you still need schooling, girl. Don't you know our history is all we have? At the end of this History class one time I asked my teacher, Mr. Jenkins, why we don't learn no black history. He told me that black people ain't contributed nothing to history – anything worth studying that is. We was supposed to do nothing and let other races rule the world. We don't figure in history, he goes, no world leaders, great thinkers, philosophers or inventors. I went 'what?' So at the end of the class, right, I bet Mr. Jenkins that I could name a black inventor for every letter of the alphabet. It was important that white kids knew our history as well, guy. He just sat there smug like Hughie Green and said that if he lost he would teach only black history for the rest of the year. So, I started with the A's, George Alcorn and Virgie Ammons – I thought I would get brownie points if I came up with two. Then the ones we all know, through the B's; Benjamin Banneker, who invented the Striking Clock in 1753 and moved through the D's with Philip Downing who invented the letterbox. When the class fell silent with that one and I knew I was doing well. When I got to M, I told them about Garrett Morgan who invented the traffic signal in 1923. Now I remembered that because I was almost run over by a granny on a Chopper that morning at the lights across the road from the Ritzy.

*ANGELA laughs.*

1. MONROE: They laughed on Q. I couldn't come up with no one, could I? I was racking my brain, guy and... nothing. I thought he'd let me off for getting up to Q and everything, but he just sat there with this smirk. And so I asked him to come up with one if he was so clever. He said - the sixties would have been nothing without Mary Quant. Weak I know, but I'd already lost and then he just carried on with the rest of the alphabet with all these white philosophers, inventors and world leaders – all the way to Emile Zola. For good measure at break time the class did the skinhead moonstomp on my face for keeping them all back. I hit out and was sent home. I thought I was going to get double beats from my dad when he found out, but he just told me to hold it down – hold it down, he said. We're guests in this country and even though we don't like it that's what guest do. I told him that I couldn't do that - I was born here. I'm British.

*The track finishes and the needle gets stuck in the groove.*

2. MONROE: That night my brother took me to my first blues and when the music hit the pain was gone. It was same when I first heard you sing – no pain – you took it away. Lover's Rock is a British creation and deserves to be on that list. History is what we make it, seen. We can do what Bob Marley did for reggae and get the first Lover's Rock national number one. To show Mr. Jenkins, to show my dad, to show them all - that's why we have to finish the track.



**SCENE 23: INT. FLAT, ST. JOHN'S CRESCENT. 27.2.81. DAY**

*BENOIT is washing up and RAY is drying the plates.*

1. BENOIT: We have the right to peacefully protest, Ray.
2. RAY: That's not what I'm saying but after a month is that all you've come up with - a march through London?
3. BENOIT: Maybe if you see the opposition against you – you will stop sitting on your hands and make some arrests.
4. RAY: A march is not going to get the result you want.
5. BENOIT: Are you ruling out a racial motive?
6. RAY: I'm just looking at the facts, Ben.
7. BENOIT: You say that like I'm not.
8. RAY: No, I'm saying it because I've much more of them at my disposal than you have.
9. BENOIT: Just give me the address of the owner of the green car and I'll find out the facts for myself. I know you have it. So please, give it up!
10. RAY: I just can't hand over confidential information.
11. BENOIT: Oh, you're saying I shouldn't bother with my Scooby Doo detective work and leave it to the professionals?
12. RAY: I'm not saying that, Ben.

1. BENOIT: You might as well be. God, you can be so patronising sometimes.
2. RAY: Says you who takes every opportunity to tell me that you got a first at Cambridge. Please respect my position and credit me with something. I do know what I'm doing. I may not know Cambridge law, but I know the street.
3. BENOIT: What's there not to know? White racists threw a petrol bomb through the window of a party full of black people killing thirteen children and leaving many with physical and mental injuries. I thought even a plod like you could figure that out. All I want to do is find the green car and claim my Scooby snack. Why are you suddenly taking their side?
4. RAY: I'm on the side of truth, Ben. On the side of the law.
5. BENOIT: Are you?
6. RAY: We both want the same thing here.
7. BENOIT: I'm not sure if we do. And I'm not just talking about finding out who started the fire. Ray, how can we have a relationship –
8. RAY: A relationship? Is that what this is?

*BEAT.*

9. RAY: The truth is, and I'm telling you this off the record, the truth is that there is very little hard evidence, but we only know for sure that it wasn't an accident. An accelerant, possibly paint thinner, was discovered at the seat of the fire. And the initial forensic report also says that the seat of the fire was the centre of the living room.

1. BENOIT: And you believe that, do you? I've heard the fire started by the curtains – consistent with a firebomb smashing through the window.
2. RAY: Forensic evidence is scientific and anyway you would have to be Steve Austin with a bionic arm to throw a petrol bomb through a window, through a net curtain, through drawn drapes and land dead in the centre of the room.
3. BENOIT: You *are* ruling out a racial motive.
4. RAY: I wish it was that simple, but the way things are going we'll never know who started the fire. For a party that was attended by over 200 people we have no witnesses and conflicting reports from the people who manage to talk at all.
5. BENOIT: Look, the importance of this cannot be underestimated, Raymond. I've taken this job –
6. RAY: Job? I thought you were just attending a few meetings. Are you finally making good on what your father spent Africa's hard earned taxes on?
7. BENOIT: All I am saying is that my evidence may not be scientific, but contextual. We feel persecuted in this country and all the experience, evidence and initial reports of the press and the police point to a racist attack. You may not believe it but you're policing by consent and you will go along way in securing that consent if you would just pursue that line.
8. RAY: (SLOWLY REALISING) I've got it.
9. BENOIT: Hand it over then, will you?

1. RAY: Not that. I have always wondered why 'us' and now I know. We're together because we can stop this. You have to tell your marchers what I have told you.
2. BENOIT: What! That it wasn't a firebomb - that it wasn't a racist attack? You've got to be joking!
3. RAY: It will ensure the protest march will go peacefully.
4. BENOIT: But it was you – the police – who told us you found a fire bomb!
5. RAY: That shouldn't have been said.
6. BENOIT: Was there not one found?
7. RAY: Yes, but it was an unexploded device - an aluminium tube was found in the garden. Forensics think it was a firework left over from Guy Fawkes Night.
8. BENOIT: I don't believe you and they won't believe you. The police are lying cheating scum at the best of times.
9. RAY: So we messed up with initial lines of communication, but we – us - have the chance to fix it.
10. BENOIT: You can fix it by making an arrest.
11. RAY: That may not be possible.
12. BENOIT: You have the green car.
13. RAY: With a blonde guy driving around at 3 am – I know.

1. BENOIT:            You're not going to give it to me are you?
2. RAY:                It's not a credible lead, Ben, it could have been anyone. And besides it's P-District. Not my patch.
3. BENOIT:            I thought so. You lot stick together, don't you?
4. RAY:                So, it seems, do you.
5. BENOIT:            There was a chant at the last meeting I went to – it was kind of like a rallying cry – it went 'Blood ah go run – if no justice no come'.
6. RAY:                Justice may never come, Ben.
7. BENOIT:            I know. So where does that leave us?

*MUSIC: 'Ting A Ling' by THE TAMLINS*

**SCENE 24: INT. PHONE BOX, BRIXTON. AFTERNOON.**

*MONROE is in a phone box. He is on the phone to the RECORD PRODUCER.*

***SFX: the pips sound and coins are put through.***

1. MONROE:        So you listened to the track then, yeah?
2. PRODUCER:    I listened to it and I loved it. She has a rare quality – a real find – you really believed that she was feeling what she was singing about. As a major label we will definitely be able to spend a shedload on promotion and get it into the right record shops to make sure we get that national number 1.
3. MONROE:       Will you be able to get us some proper studio time?
4. PRODUCER:    Absolutely. Now, is she of age?
5. MONROE:       Definitely, yes!
6. PRODUCER:    Good, can't wait to meet her.
7. MONROE:       As I told you she pretty. Pretty like money.
8. PRODUCER:    Is she white? ... She has to be white to crossover, Monroe... I thought you knew that.

***SFX: the pips go.***

9. PRODUCER:    Are you still there, Monroe? You need to put more coins in -

***SFX: the phone goes dead.***

**SCENE 25: INT. INDEX BOOKSHOP. DAY**

*GINGER and BENOIT are in the bookshop.*

1. GINGER:           You must tell them, Ben!
2. BENOIT:           And what will that do, Ginge -
3. GINGER:           You're not going to keep this to yourself!
4. BENOIT:           I don't even know if it is true.
5. GINGER:           You said it came from the horse's mouth – the pigs themselves.
6. BENOIT:           I never said that and anyway when have we been able to believe the police?
7. GINGER:           Whether they're lying then or lying now these guys need to make up their own minds.
8. BENOIT:           The train has already left the station. If we try to stop it now it might crash.
9. GINGER:           Nice use of the metaphor but don't tell me you'd rather the nameless faceless right wing racists take the blame rather than -

1. BENOIT: They're lying, Ginger. Don't fall for it. The pigs are looking for a black scapegoat because they're afraid of an all out race war. Look, you're always telling me to come out from behind the sandbags and get involved, right. So that's what I'm doing. I'm now standing for something. Every movement throughout history needs a catalyst, a spark that changes the world. To us the fire was that incident. A line in the sand – we can't go back to way it was.
2. GINGER: This isn't your fight, Ben.
3. BENOIT: I'm a black man! My bookshop has been raided and how many times have the pigs stopped and searched me – for nothing. Don't tell me this is not my fight!
4. GINGER: So where does that leave me?
5. BENOIT: Where you've always been, Ginger, on the side of the revolution – black and red, right? Uniting to fight.
6. GINGER: Has Wells spoken to you?
7. BENOIT: Wells has made me see that this is where my potential is. What I've seen at the meetings are the makings of a political movement, but at the moment it smacks of grievance politics and their only target is the police. The march through London next week will reveal to the world a critical mass of support. When we get to Hyde Park I will make a speech – a maiden speech that will mark me out - and I will galvanise that support.
8. GINGER: Revolutions are born out of truth they're not made, Ben. You will never succeed if you don't tell them what you know.



1. BENOIT: If I tell them it will kill this movement and the best chance I will have to finally do something with my life, but more importantly I will not let those children's deaths be in vain.

*MUSIC: "Black Pride" by BROWN SUGAR.*

**SCENE 26: EXT. NORTH PECKHAM ESTATE. DAY**

*MONROE is loading music equipment into a van. ANGELA approaches him.*

1. ANGELA: (DISTANT) Monroe! Monroe!

***The sound of running.***

2. MONROE: Haven't you got school, little girl.

3. ANGELA: I've got my afternoon mark, so rest yourself. Why you been blanking me?

4. MONROE: I've had a whole heap of things to deal with apart from you, you know.

5. ANGELA: Like loading speakers into the back of the van? I thought you were, a big time producer.

6. MONROE: There's no need to be facetious. We're getting ready to play out at a dance.

7. ANGELA: Have you listened to the track?

8. MONROE: I have.

9. ANGELA: And?

10. MONROE: It wasn't as good as the first time I heard you sing at the sarsaparilla shop. It has never been that good.

11. ANGELA: I tried to sing the way you want, but I didn't know what I was doing wrong.

1. MONROE: (ANGRY) You sang happy! Like you were in love. The feeling of needing to be in love is what the song is about. (CALMING DOWN) Either you're pretending to be or...
2. ANGELA: And what if I am?
3. MONROE: Are you?
4. ANGELA: I think so. I must be. I've never felt this way before.
5. MONROE: Then you're no good to me. I told you Lover's Rock music is about the sweet heartbreak and the song is more about loss than love. If you can't take a little instruction then that is why you'll never be a singer.
6. ANGELA: So, that's that, then?
7. MONROE: I thought I could make you a star. I thought you could take the pain away, but I was wrong.
8. ANGELA: Yes, you are wrong. I am in love.
9. MONROE: What you know about love? You not even sixteen.

*MUSIC: 'I've Fallen in Love' by DONNA RHODEN*

**SCENE 27: EXT. PAGNELL STREET CENTRE, NEW CROSS. 2.3.81. MORNING**

*GINGER and BENOIT stand with stewards awaiting their orders for the day.*

1. ORGANISER: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) The only way the police would allow the march is if we stick to the agreed route. We start from here in Peckham, through to Camberwell, Elephant and across Blackfriars Bridge through Fleet Street and then on to Hyde Park. I want all you stewards to stick to these rules. Number 1 - Stewards should not drink alcohol or smoke ganga on the demonstration.

*There is laughter from the assembled. The Organiser fades into the b.g.*

2. GINGER: You must be some kind of miracle worker, Ben. How you roped me in on this without using any violence I will never know!
3. ORGANISER: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) Number 2 - Stewards should know that the march is open to all ethnic groups.
4. GINGER: I told you I didn't want anything to do with this.
5. ORGANISER: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) Number Three –
6. BENOIT: By stewarding we will make sure that the march goes without incident. Isn't that what we all want?
7. ORGANISER: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) Stewards should not enter into any discussions with the police.
8. GINGER: So what happens here. We shepherd the marchers through London to Hyde Park where everyone would assemble to hear your sermon on the mount.

1. BENOIT: Don't be a smart mouth, Ginger. I've had a word with the organisers and I'm sandwiched to speak between Ken Livingston and Darcus Howe.
2. ORGANISER: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) Stewards should always be between the marchers and the police.
3. BENOIT: Look at all these people, Ginge. Today is about sticking it to the police and the press. Chanting down Babylon. The revolution is not red - it's black!
4. ORGANISER: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) Has anybody got any questions about what is going to happen today?
5. GINGER: Now's your chance, Ben.

*GINGER holds up his hand.*

6. BENOIT: What you doing? Put your hand down, Ginger!
7. ORGANISER: Yes, Ginger.
8. GINGER: Ben wants to say something.
9. ORGANISER: What do you want to say, Ben?
10. BENOIT: (CHANTING) Blood ah go run –
11. CROWD: (CHANTING) - If no justice no come!
12. BENOIT: (CHANTING) Blood ah go run -

**SCENE 28: INT. POLICE VAN, BLACKFRIARS. DAY**

*CHANTS of 'Blood ah go run, if no justice no come!' and "No justice, no peace" in the background. FRASER and other policemen are waiting inside a police van.*

1. FRASER:           And she said "No, that's where I park my bike!"

*There is laughter.*

2. POLICEMAN:    When can we go, sarge, it's getting cramped in here?

3. FRASER:           If some of you would refrain from breaking wind then that might  
                          make things a little easier.

4. POLICEMAN:    We call it farting down south.

5. FRASER:           We call it what officer?

6. POLICEMAN:    We call it farting down south, sergeant.

*There is laughter.*

7. POLICEMAN:    I wanna go out and smash some heads, sarge.

8. FRASER:           I'm as eager for a knock as you are, but we're on standby until we  
                          get the nod from control. I've got another joke - do you know what  
                          they've renamed New Cross?

9. POLICEMAN:    No, what have they renamed it?

10. FRASER:        Blackfriars.

*More laughter.*

**SCENE 29: EXT. ON BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, LONDON. DAY**

*The noise is deafening. CHANTS of 'Blood ah go run, if no justice no come!' and "No justice, no peace" punctuate the scene. BENOIT and GINGER walk across the bridge.*

1. BENOIT:           He hit a horse?
2. GINGER:           I swear to you Ben, that's what I saw!
3. BENOIT:           Just before we got to Blackfriars Bridge you saw some Rasta sock it to a horse?
4. GINGER:           Yeah, just a minute ago we had to wait at the traffic lights and so did a policeman on a horse, but it reared up and accidentally bumped into this Rasta who then socks him one and then he shouts (IN A JAMAICAN ACCENT) "Who else want to mess wit' me?"

*BENOIT laughs.*

5. GINGER:           It's not meant to be funny, Ben, some people are not here for the same reasons we are.

*There are sounds of a disturbance in the distance.*

6. BENOIT:           What did you say? I can hardly hear myself think.

*GINGER tries again.*

7. BENOIT:           I get what you meant by the politics of noise. Look at all these people. Monday mornings never looked like this. The rain hasn't even put anyone off. There were 5 at the start but at least 20,000 now. I saw coach loads coming in from Manchester, Birmingham.

1. GINGER:           Something's going to go down. I know it.
2. BENOIT:           (NOT HEARING HIM) But have you noticed something, Ginge, all around us, as we cross Blackfriars Bridge, all I can see is black faces. Proud black faces. This is not just a march, Ginge, this is more than a march, much more than a memorial to the lives lost, much more than a protest against the police and the press – it's saying to the world that we can fight our own battles.

*There are sounds of a disturbance in the distance.*

3. BENOIT:           That ordinary people like us that don't belong to any organised political movement belong here and we're concerned and if necessary we are prepared to act. This is what it is like to feel powerful, isn't it Ginge? Ginge – are you listening to me? What was it you wanted to say?



**SCENE 30: INT. POLICE VAN, BLACKFRIARS. 2.3.81. DAY**

*FRASER and some other POLICEMEN are inside a parked police van. The sound of the march is in the background as the protesters pass.*

1. POLICEMAN: (INCREDULOUS) Gordon Bennett! So they're marching for absolutely nothing then?
2. FRASER: I heard that there was a fight where they ransacked the front room.
3. POLICEMAN: So it wasn't a firebomb?
4. FRASER: Na, the latest is that some kids at the party were skylarking in the front and they burned the carpet.
5. POLICEMAN: So it wasn't a racist?
6. FRASER: What's a racist?
7. POLICEMAN: I dunno, sarge.
8. FRASER: Someone who hates a nigger more than is necessary.

*The policemen laugh.*

9. CONTROLLER: (FROM RADIO) Sierra Oscar – are you receiving?
10. POLICEMAN: That's it, lets go.
11. FRASER: (INTO RADIO) Sierra Oscar receiving...

*The van door opens.*

1. CONTROLLER: (FROM RADIO) All units to Victoria Embankment! All units to Victoria Embankment!

**SCENE 31: EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON. 2.3.81.**  
**DAY**

*GINGER and BENOIT cross Blackfriars Bridge. The sounds of the march continue as well as sounds of unrest.*

1. GINGER: Ben, are they supposed to be going up Embankment?

*BENOIT flips out his map.*

2. BENOIT: I think so. The map says it's along the agreed route.

3. GINGER: But the police have blocked it off. Some of the marchers are heading up that way anyway.

4. BENOIT: (THROUGH LOUD HALER) Keep going it is part of the agreed route.

*There are sounds of a scuffle. A marcher is bundled towards a police van by a PC FRASER.*

***SFX : Horses neighing.***

5. BENOIT: (TO POLICE) Hey! Hey! Where are you taking him?

6. GINGER: Don't go over there! Don't get involved, Ben!

*BENOIT runs towards the fracas.*

7. GINGER: Damn!

*GINGER goes after him.*

1. FRASER: Keep back.
2. BENOIT: (TO FRASER) Where are you taking him? You have no grounds to arrest this man.
3. FRASER: I see someone has taught you to speak. Pity you're speaking absolute shite.
4. BENOIT: He didn't do nothing!
5. FRASER: You're right about the nothing, sunshine. This has nothing to do with you.
6. BENOIT: We're stewarding this march and this is part of the agreed route.
7. GINGER: Just leave it, Ben.
8. FRASER: (TO GINGER) Ooh lookie here, its ginger pubes.
9. BENOIT: I'll ask you again - could you tell me what the grounds are for the arrest of that young man?
10. FRASER: We will make up our minds about that, posh boy, down at the station.
11. BENOIT: Are you joking? Because I'm not laughing.
12. FRASER: He and others strayed from the route and will have to account for themselves down at the station.
13. BENOIT: This route had been planned for months. Look. Here.

*BENOIT hands FRASER a map.*

***SFX: rip of paper.***

*A scuffle ensues. In the melee of cries of “You can’t do that”, “Let go of me”, “You don’t have to say anything you do say may be given as evidence...”*

*SGT. FRASER arrests BENOIT and GINGER.*

**SCENE 32: INT. POLICE STATION, BRIXTON. 2.3.81. EVENING**

*Prisoners in cells are singing –“We Shall Overcome”. FRASER is booking people in. RAY approaches him with MONROE.*

1. RAY:                   What's the rumpus?
2. FRASER:             I dunno – if it ain't Ultravox then I don't know it. (REFERRING TO MONROE) Did you pick this one up on Blackfriars Bridge?
3. RAY:                   No, this one outside Dickie Dirts with some hi-fi equipment in the back of a van. He didn't look like he could afford it, but he said it was his. When I turned him upside down fresh air fell out of his pockets so that's why he was kind enough to accompany me here.

*RAY leads MONROE away.*

4. FRASER:             You can't take him in there. Those cells are full up with the Gospel Choir of South London.
5. RAY:                   What do you want me to do with him then?
6. FRASER:             Take him to the interview room. We may as well start with him.

**SCENE 33: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE STATION. EVENING**

*RAY is interviewing MONROE.*

1. RAY:                You're quite the spiv, aren't you? With those new clothes and all that.
2. MONROE:        No comment.
3. RAY:                Look, sonny, saying 'no comment' to every question won't do you any good.

*BEAT.*

2. RAY:                I have reason to believe that you were at the party at 439 New Cross Road. Were you one of the boys involved in the fight?
3. MONROE:        No comment.
4. RAY:                I must remind you that you have a mugging charge in Stockwell Park over your head. I can make that will go away – poof and it will disappear into thin air. All you have to do is just admit that you were there.
5. MONROE:        No comment.
6. RAY:                You won't make your phone call if you don't answer my questions.
7. MONROE:        No comment.

***SFX: a door locks***

8. RAY: OK then. I've played nice so far. Playtime over.

*There are sounds of a scuffle.*

*MUSIC: "Hard Times" by PABLO GAD*



**SCENE 34: INT. ANGELA'S FLAT, SOUTHAMPTON WAY, PECKHAM. NIGHT**

*ANGELA is on the phone to MICHAEL MONROE.*

1. ANGELA: Well, can you just tell him I called?
2. MICHAEL: What's your name again?
3. ANGELA: Angela, Angela Robinson.
4. MICHAEL: Are you the Angela that sing on the track?
5. ANGELA: Did you hear it?
6. MICHAEL: I heard a demo. I cussed Derek out for using my system, but that is a killer tune and will go clear once it cut. Have you finish it yet?
7. ANGELA: No, not yet. That's why I have to speak to Derek. Are you his brother? The one that has the sound?
8. MICHAEL: Yeah, we're playing out at a party in Brixton tonight and he'll definitely be there? Pass by.
9. ANGELA: That would be so neat. Later then.

**SCENE 35: INT. RAY'S HOUSE, DULWICH. 2.3.81. EVENING**

*Distant noise of a television and children laughing from another room. BENOIT is in the hallway with RAY.*

1. BENOIT:           You promised me there would be a nominal police presence.
2. RAY:             You had no more than the National Front had when they marched through Deptford.
3. BENOIT:           That was to protect them against the Anti Nazi League! This was a peaceful march and your boys react by ordering the SPG to run down Victoria Embankment like it was Bloody Sunday!
4. RAY:             You've got five minutes, Ben, or I've got to think of a damn good story to explain to my wife what the hell you're doing here!
5. BENOIT:           I would love to meet the woman you leave me for every other day. Are you as honest with her as you are with me?
6. RAY:             You wouldn't do that here, would you?

*BEAT.*

7. RAY:             Look, I'm just a beat officer, a plod. I don't make decisions. I just do what I'm told and what I was told was that all leave was cancelled and we had to get as many boots on the ground as we could.
8. BENOIT:           Because you expected trouble.
9. RAY:             No - as a precaution.

1. BENOIT: But you know as well as I do if the police almost outnumber the protesters then there is an assumption of trouble. It borders on intimidation. Then we can't be blamed if there is friction.
2. RAY: We have to play percentages here, Ben –
3. BENOIT: The word is –
4. RAY: (OVER) You're even speaking like one of them now -
5. BENOIT: The word is the police presence was a concerted effort to harass the protesters.
6. RAY: But it's lawful. We don't make the laws – we just enforce them. We put the squeeze on whites as well. Just ask your crustie friends on Villa Road. Cowering behind the hammer and the sickle and graffitied sheets of corrugated iron.
7. BENOIT: But the squats on Villa Road have never been raided.
8. RAY: And why do you think that was?
9. BENOIT: You?
10. RAY: All things being equal -
11. BENOIT: You know they're not –

1. RAY: All things being equal it's a class thing before it's a race thing. It's a political thing before it's a race thing, but for me it's just a crime thing. (BEAT) This is all that I'll admit to. It's all about perception. On my way home I drive down Coldharbour and I see them all, blacks, all out on their stoops, mixing, talking, making good use of our social space. Even on cold winter nights. Their visibility gives the impression that there are more of them than there actually are. And that makes them, and people like me born and bred in South London, a bit uneasy.
2. BENOIT: I don't know what I ever saw in you –
3. ALICE: (OFF) Is everything OK out there, Ray?
4. RAY: (TO ALICE) Yes, darling. (TO BENOIT) Fear changes people, Ben, and it's my job to make people less afraid. Fear has changed you. I thought you were happy enough selling books. I didn't figure you for a radical.
5. BENOIT: You used to say that you'd like to lick the black off me. I've always been flattered by that, but now I know what you really meant.
6. RAY: I know that the march was a waste of time and the subsequent flare-ups were counter productive. And we know the truth is that the fire started inside the house.
7. BENOIT: You keep believing that -
8. RAY: We will never get to the truth because someone who went to the party is keeping the secret of who started it – they know more than they're telling and they're not telling the police.

1. BENOIT: I think my five minutes are up.
2. RAY: For the grieving families of New Cross we're doing all we can.
3. BENOIT: That's not enough and you've just proved that our deaths mean nothing to you.
4. RAY: But you can't think they deserve more because they're black?

*MUSIC: "Silly Games" by JANET KAY.*

**SCENE 36: EXT. KELLET ROAD, BRIXTON. NIGHT**

*FADE IN* muffled “Silly Games” from a blues party. GINGER and BENOIT walk towards the noise.

1. GINGER:           Where did you go? You were released way before I was.
2. BENOIT:           I had to see a man about a dog.
3. GINGER:           What does that mean? I’ve never ever known what that means.
4. BENOIT:           It means mind your own beeswax!
5. GINGER:           Luckily, these blues parties don’t usually get going until after midnight.
6. BENOIT:           But what if your dealer’s not there?
7. GINGER:           He’s not a dealer. He’s just someone sells his personal supply.
8. BENOIT:           I’m not staying all night, Ginger. I need my sleep.
9. GINGER:           This will help you sleep. Just wait. I need to score. I really need something to take the edge off. I had a really romantic idea of jail, but getting locked up for six hours has played havoc with my nerves.

*BENOIT stops.*

10. GINGER:          Are you not coming with me?
11. BENOIT:          You go in. I’ll wait out here.

1. GINGER: I thought you'd come out from behind the sandbags, Ben.
2. BENOIT: As you said you won't be long. I'll wait here.
3. GINGER: Suit yourself (SINGING) "I can see it in your eyes..."

*MUSIC: "Silly Games" by JANET KAY.*

**SCENE 37: EXT. KELLET ROAD, BRIXTON. NIGHT**

*Muffled noise from a blues party. BENOIT approaches ANGELA who sits outside on a low wall.*

1. BENOIT: Was it too loud for you as well?
2. ANGELA: No, I'm waiting on a friend. His brother's sound is playing tonight. Was inside for a bit but -
3. BENOIT: Do you mind if I sit here?
4. ANGELA: It's a free country.
5. BENOIT: The bass is so loud. It goes right through you. What are you looking at?
6. ANGELA: You don't look like the kind that comes to these parties.
7. BENOIT: Is it because of the way I'm dressed?
8. ANGELA: You don't sound like the kind that comes to these parties neither.
9. BENOIT: My friend is upstairs looking for a friend as well - this is my first time.
10. ANGELA: Then you should find a girl and dance, guy. That's what this is all about. You can't dance, can you?
11. BENOIT: To disco I can cut a rug, but to this I -



1. ANGELA: (LAUGHING) No problem. I'll show you. Get up. C'mon get up. Before my friend comes. Quickly come on.

*BENOIT gets up. They stand facing each other.*

2. ANGELA: At first I was like a plank. Stiff all over. All you have to do is take the lead. You put your arms here like this and edge up close.

3. BENOIT: That's close. OK. What happens now?

4. ANGELA: Then you start dancing. You slightly bend your knees and you wiggle your waist. You grine and dip... dip and grine. Simple. That's it. You're getting it now.

5. BENOIT: Grind and dip.

*ANGELA laughs.*

6. ANGELA: Your accent give me joke. I never know no one who speaks like you.

7. BENOIT: Is my knee supposed to be there?

8. ANGELA: That's the point. If it wasn't there you wouldn't enjoy it so much. You wouldn't feel anything.

9. BENOIT: And what you supposed to feel?

10. ANGELA: Well... he feels your love and... and you feel his.

11. BENOIT: How am I supposed to keep time?

1. ANGELA: As you're listening to the music you just feel the music and you –  
and you -

*ANGELA pulls away sharply.*

2. BENOIT: Why have you stopped? Did I hurt you?

3. ANGELA: Spangles. You haven't got any Spangles! I've got to go.

*ANGELA heads off down the street.*

4. ANGELA: (DISTANT) Go inside and practice what I have just taught you. OK.  
Bye mister!

**SCENE 38: EXT. KELLET ROAD, BRIXTON. NIGHT**

*GINGER approaches BENOIT.*

1. GINGER: I knew I shouldn't have left you alone. I saw you dancing with that girl. She couldn't keep her hands off of you!
2. BENOIT: She was just showing me how to dance, that's all.
3. GINGER: And that dancing you were doing. Wow! I take back what I said to you about not having rhythm. All that thrusting. Show me, Ben, go on!
4. BENOIT: Stop mucking about, Ginger.

*GINGER sits and rolls a joint. BENOIT joins him.*

5. BENOIT: How much you get?
6. GINGER: I'll be grazing in this grass for a while.
7. BENOIT: To this music you have to dance so close. Body to body. Heart to heart. No hiding. No lying. No secrets, you know. I could feel her heart beating inside her chest. It's not something that I have felt before – someone else's heart and the fact that it beats. This - all this - is not about the politic, the speeches, the police. It was about the lives that were lost, the children, the hope that was extinguished that night.
8. GINGER: Would you have said all that in your speech?

*GINGER lights up.*

1. BENOIT: I'm glad now I didn't get to make that speech. It's over. I'm not political.
2. GINGER: Thank goodness for that. Revolutions are born out of truth and it would've been helpful if you're truthful with me.
3. BENOIT: What are you talking about?
4. GINGER: You kept things from me, Ben, you know you did.
5. BENOIT: You're my best friend. I have kept nothing from you.
6. GINGER: I know the 'man about the dog' are 'the pigs'.
7. BENOIT: Have you smoked all that grass already?
8. GINGER: That's where you've been getting your information, is it not?

*BEAT.*

9. GINGER: That shut you up, didn't it?
10. BENOIT: What else do you know?
11. GINGER: I know that they followed us back after that night at the Cat's Whiskers. You must have something on them or something I don't know. I thought Wells was using you but then you went on about making a speech and then I figured you must be in on it too.
12. BENOIT: What are you talking about, Ginger? In on what?

1. GINGER: Don't play the innocent. You know about the leaflets Wells brought in urging direct action. That's what this has all been about, isn't it? Taking political advantage of the New Cross Fire, but the fire wasn't enough. So he had to infiltrate the march with agitators and he got his endgame.
2. BENOIT: His endgame? I don't know what you're talking about. What was his endgame? Tell me Ginger!
3. GINGER: If you really don't know, then you better ask Wells.

**SCENE 39: INT. FLAT, NORTH PECKHAM ESTATE. MORNING**

*ANGELA is banging on a door. MONROE is inside.*

1. ANGELA: (FROM OUTSIDE) Monroe, I know you're in there. We need to finish the track.
2. MONROE: Go away!! You should be at school.
3. ANGELA: (FROM OUTSIDE) I don't need to go no school. I know all I need to know.

*ANGELA bangs some more.*

4. MONROE: And what I know is that things didn't work out, seen.
5. ANGELA: (FROM OUTSIDE) You said you were going to make me a star. You said I had a good voice. More than a good voice. Sent you shivers.
6. MONROE: But it takes more than that.
7. ANGELA: (FROM OUTSIDE) It does? Your brother doesn't seem to think so.

*MONROE opens the door.*

8. MONROE: What he tell you?
9. ANGELA: He told me what he heard sounded good and we need to finish it, but what I want to know why you lied to me.
10. MONROE: I didn't lie -

1. ANGELA: But you didn't tell no truth, did you? And I know why. When you heard me singing...before in the sarsparella shop... I was in love with someone. I did need someone... like you said. It was you. You had been a quiet wanting from time. But you never notice me and then you asked me to come here to sing and my voice just choked because I was with you, in love and happy. And I know you feel it too because that's why didn't turn up yesterday and you don't want to finish the track. I'm right, aren't I?
2. MONROE: Look, you jus' a little girl. You jus' wan' the fame, the stardom and you'll tell any lies to get it.
3. ANGELA: Don't say that, Monroe.
4. MONROE: Then don't play no games with me, girl! How can you love me when I saw you with that man!
5. ANGELA: You came?
6. MONROE: You said you a good girl, you don't rave, but I saw you there from the window. Outside the party. Brazen.
7. ANGELA: It wasn't like that!
8. MONROE: I know what I saw.
9. ANGELA: And why should it matter to you!
10. MONROE: Because I love you too, in it!

*BEAT.*

1. ANGELA            He was no-one. Just some posh man that I felt sorry for. I was teaching him to dance – that's all.

2. MONROE:        A dance. Jus' a dance?

3. ANGELA:        Just a dance.

*MONROE laughs.*

4. ANGELA:        I never felt what I felt with you.

*The both laugh.*

5. ANGELA:        We're still young – young enough to make our own history. We have to live before we die, Monroe. C'mon, there must be some tape left. We have to finish the track.

6. MONROE:        But will it be as good?

7. ANGELA:        Don't worry, Monroe, I know just what to do.

*MUSIC: "The Man In Me" by MATUMBI.*



**SCENE 40: INT. INDEX BOOKSHOP, ELECTRIC AVENUE. NIGHT**

*BENOIT is cashing up.*

***SFX: the shopkeeper's doorbell rings.***

1. BENOIT            We're closed.

*WELLS enters.*

2. WELLS:            Well, it just goes to show, I was right about you.

3. BENOIT:           This was never only about revolutionary solidarity for you, was it?

4. WELLS:            Please don't take it personally, Ben. This just goes to show that there was gain in it. Your personal gain.

5. BENOIT:           Answer my question!

6. WELLS:            Every revolution needs a spark, an event whether it be Bloody Sunday or Rosa Parks refusing to leave her seat. What the fire did was to help channel genuine grievance, but it wasn't enough until the right wing press turned that peaceful little march into a riot. That struck the right level of fear and ignorance that will help us obtaining the black vote for our 'Black, White and Red' initiative...

7. BENOIT:           So, that's the initiative -

8. WELLS:            Some say that the march did the racists work for them, but I say we've made a generation politically active and now we'll garner enough votes to win the next general election.

9. BENOIT:           The endgame.

1. WELLS: We need all the votes we can muster if we're going to top the lady. And with Charles marrying this Diana Spencer. A royal wedding this year will make people patriotic, nationalistic and –
2. BENOIT: Conservative.
3. WELLS: Bingo! This has now been countered thanks to you. Those blacks who normally don't vote at all will rush to the polling booth.
4. BENOIT: You can't buy their votes, Wells.
5. WELLS: We're not trying to. We just made them political and they can vote for whoever they like as long as it's us.
6. BENOIT: Don't you even care who started the fire?
7. WELLS: I do, but someone knows, but no one is going to talk – especially to the police. We'll never know, so what are we to do? We have to make good. We have to make the deaths mean something -
8. BENOIT: You set me up.
9. WELLS: You set yourself up. You were only supposed to attend a few meetings, but instead you –
10. BENOIT: Fulfilled my potential.
11. WELLS: Ah, c'mon Ben. You got something out of it! You loved the drama of it. You've been blooded. You now have passion, fire in the belly,

*BENOIT launches at him. There is a struggle.*

1. WELLS: Hey, you nearly hit me there. Hey! Violence does solve something. Hey!

*Muffled struggles. BENOIT is doubled over with WELLS behind him.*

2. WELLS: You've finally got me where you want me, huh! Me on top of you!

3. BENOIT: Let me go!

*WELLS pulls at BENOIT's groin.*

4. WELLS: (THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) I could do you right now, couldn't I? Bum boy!

5. BENOIT: Get off me!

6. WELLS: You're just what you were like at Cambridge. But remember it was me freed you from your political nihilism. It was me you followed around like a lovesick puppy. And all because your father showed you money not love.

*The struggling stops. WELLS unzips his trousers.*

7. BEN: If you're going to do it then do it! Go on, do it!

*WELLS laughs and releases BENOIT. He slumps to the floor. WELLS goes to the door. BENOIT is breathless.*

**SFX: the shopkeeper's doorbell rings.**

8. WELLS: I'm not and never have been gay, Ben. And if you don't join us your secret policeman's wife will know that her husband is.

**SCENE 41: INT. FLAT. EVENING**

*ANGELA and MONROE are kissing.*

1. ANGELA:           How was that?

2. MONROE:         Better.

*The sound of more kissing.*

3. ANGELA:         (GIGGLING) I didn't mean that, I meant my vocals.

4. MONROE:         Haven't you got your answer already? Actions speak louder than words, you know.

5. ANGELA:         Well, I'd like some words to go with these actions.

6. MONROE:         OK. I really felt what you were singing about that time.

7. ANGELA:         Did changing the song help?

8. MONROE:         I didn't record it.

9. ANGELA:         Why not!

10. MONROE:        I ain't got no more tape and anyway what you sung before was good anyway. My brother says he like it, right?

11. ANGELA:         Will that record label think so?

12. MONROE:        I'm not going to send it. We're gonna keep things underground. This is a black British thing.

1. ANGELA: And I was gonna quit school 'cause I was going to be a star.
2. MONROE: You should stay in school.
3. ANGELA: I know all I need to know.
4. MONROE: But you can always know more. As for me the world is gonna have to wait for 'Superstar Selector Big Time Producer Monroe'. I'm going to poly to do history.
5. ANGELA: But you can learn history right now as well, you know.
6. MONROE: From you, you're too facety, guy.
7. ANGELA: Not from me, from your dad. He's right. He has all this history inside him. That brought him here and that's keeping him here. And for that reason you should hold it down.
8. MONROE: Yeah?
9. ANGELA: Yeah.
10. MONROE: You don't know what I have to deal with.
11. ANGELA: I know you and I'm glad you spoke the truth to me today and that's all I need to know.

*They kiss.*

12. ANGELA: I better go.

1. MONROE: Can I check you later? I could take you out proper. Maybe we can get a Red Bus Rover or do you wanna see *American Werewolf in London* at the Brixton Ritzy on Saturday night?
  2. ANGELA: Isn't that an 'X'? I'm only 15.
  3. MONROE: I know someone who can sneak us in.
  4. ANGELA: A proper date is paying, Monroe.
- They both laugh.*
5. ANGELA: Meet you outside. And don't be late.

**SCENE 42: EXT. ALLEYWAY, BEHIND BRIXTON POLICE STATION. NIGHT**

*BENOIT approaches RAY.*

1. BENOIT: Ray! Ray!
2. RAY: I'm about to start my shift. All uniforms have been called in.
3. BENOIT: I just want to talk.
4. RAY: Is that why you have been calling the house everyday for the past month?
5. BENOIT: Ray. Five minutes. Please.
6. RAY: Look, I'll save you the trouble. We're about to make an arrest. In Rotherhithe. A member of the British Movement is close to claiming responsibility.
7. BENOIT: Close?
8. RAY: He was heard boasting about it in a pub.
9. BENOIT: Who?
10. RAY: Someone pretty high up in the British Movement. He might have been the blonde guy with the green car and guess what... bionic arm.
11. BENOIT: You haven't taken me seriously at all, have you?
12. RAY: I would if you would just leave me alone to do my job on this.

1. BENOIT: Why should I?
2. RAY: Because it's all I know. Being a policeman is all I can be sure about.
3. BENOIT: It's not me that's been calling you. It's the revolutionary party. They're threatening to out you. Everyone will know, Ray. They will know at your station. Your wife –
4. RAY: She knows. She's always known. It was me who needed to know. (BEAT) If I was to ruin my family, disgrace my badge, it was me who needed to be sure. You weren't the first but I hoped you'd be the last. I bought her silence with a steady job in these hard times. And she bought my lies. The deal was that I never fell in love and I didn't until I was prepared to risk my job for you and that's when I knew.
5. BENOIT: That you loved me?
6. RAY: Maybe we were just meant to be on opposite sides. (BEAT) Thanks to you I know what I am. I'm not heterosexual and I'm not homosexual. I'm a policeman. But at least you're accepted – a poof at that.

*BEAT.*

7. RAY: This is just about me, isn't it? You haven't told anyone, have you, Ben? I can't believe you've wanted truth from me and all the while you keep your sexuality a secret.
8. BENOIT: It's no secret, Ray, I just haven't told anyone.



1. RAY: And how can you expect us to find the truth when you know what it takes to hide it?
2. BENOIT: The truth is that the fire was racially motivated arson.
3. RAY: You keep telling yourself that.
4. BENOIT: And we as a community know it collectively and instinctively because –
5. RAY: You don't have to say. I know.

**SCENE 43: INT. BRIEFING ROOM, BRIXTON POLICE STATION 10.4.81. DAY**

*FRASER is giving the morning briefing - general chat from RAY and the officers.*

1. FRASER: Right lads, can we have some quiet!

*The officers quiet down.*

2. FRASER: It looks like Operation Swamp didn't go as well as we planned and things are kicking off all over the shop. Last night we apprehended some scrote leaving the scene of his own stabbing. We were only taking him to the bloody hospital in our police vans and a group of coloured's kicked off thinking he was being nicked.

*RAY coughs.*

3. FRASER: Do you have something to say about this Ray?

4. RAY: No, I was just coughing.

5. FRASER: Still after my job, are you?

6. RAY: No, carry on.

7. FRASER: What was that Officer Stockton?

8. RAY: Carry on, sergeant.

9. FRASER: Well, what's going out there tonight will be carnage if we don't take them to task. Enoch was right. We're gonna go out there and knock heads. They will not have the whip hand over us. If we don't stop them now there will be rivers of blood.

**SCENE 44: INT. BRIXTON. 10.4.81. AFTERNOON.**

*FRASER throws MONROE up against the wall.*

1. MONROE: Why you searching me for, guy? I was just walking down the street.
2. FRASER: This is a standard search, standard procedure. We have reason to believe -
3. MONROE: You have reason to believe what? That I can't afford the clothes I stand in, that I want to break into Ratner's for some jewels, that I mugged some old white lady in Sudbourne Road, that I can't afford music equipment and I must've stolen the receipts as well, that I started a fight in a party without being there.
4. FRASER: Don't get lippy, sunshine. We have reason to believe that there may be trouble in Brixton tonight and so to your sort Brixton is closed.
5. MONROE: You can't do that. It's a free country!
6. FRASER: Not tonight, it ain't.
7. MONROE: I'm going to meet my girl. Just let me through, guy!
8. FRASER: Who is this 'guy' your talking about? It's not November the fifth.
9. MONROE: Leave me alone!
10. FRASER: I will when you go back to where you come from, sunshine.
11. MONROE: What's that supposed to mean?

1. FRASER:           You know what I mean. I'm asking you nicely – if you want –

*MONROE punches FRASER.*

2. FRASER:           Ow, my nose, you –

*MONROE runs off.*

3. FRASER:           Hey, hey come back you little – bloody hell!

*He gives chase.*

*MUSIC: "Warrior Charge" by ASWAD.*

**SCENE 45: EXT. RAILTON ROAD, BRIXTON 10.4.81. AFTERNOON**

*MONROE stands on a side street, behind a shop.*

**1. MONROE:** (V.O.) I knew that Brixton would burn up tonight. The only surprise is that it didn't happen sooner, guy.

**2. GINGER:** I had to tell him my car was broken down otherwise he wouldn't sell me any petrol at first.

**SFX:** *the crate crashes to the pavement.*

*GINGER'S interjections are just audible and mainly in the background.*

**3. GINGER:** (APPROACHING) Did you hear what they did to that young kid? He was stabbed, blood pouring out of him and the pigs arrested him!

**4. MONROE:** (V.O.) When I heard that they tried to arrest that brother who got stabbed I just thought that's messed up, man – you know what I mean. Is that how it is now? That brother could have been any one of us.

**5. GINGER:** C'mon! Don't just stand there! Make yourself useful and tear these up and stuff them in the milk bottles.

**SFX:** *Ripping cloth and rattling bottles.*

**6. MONROE:** (V.O.) I tried to hold it down, man and I respect my dad's generation for fighting battles their way but times is a different now. This generation hits it with a different style.

1. GINGER: I can't believe they surrounded us so quick. All the way down to Atlantic Road, the High Street and even as far as the town hall.
2. MONROE: **(V.O) I don't know why they couldn't just let me live my life. I had a right to be here I was born here, but still I have the scars of my parent's broken dreams.**
3. GINGER: Walked up by the Windsor Castle on the way here and some Rasta was breaking into it – he shouted at me “hey white boy – you got a crowbar?”
4. MONROE: **(V.O.) And try to take away our music. The only way we have of making sense of it all. Was he right? Would Lover's Rock never cross over to the mainstream? No. I can't think that way. Lover's Rock will live on. Hear me, now! I'm never gonna give up on my dream.**
5. GINGER: That's them all done. We better get these away. The uniforms are trying to make a stand on the front line.

**SFX: Full milk bottles rattle in a crate.**

**SFX: Feet running.**

6. MONROE: **Now I have hot blood. I want to give them a piece of what they have given me. I've tried to hold it down but they won't let me.**

**SFX: fade in on the sound of a riot.**

**SFX: The crate crashes to the pavement.**

7. GINGER: I've got to back to the petrol station for another crateful.

*GINGER leaves.*

1. MONROE: (V.O.) I see Brixton burning but I know it will rise again. It has to for the Babylon before they finally see.

*SFX: A lighter click.*

2. MONROE: (V.O. LAUGHING) They're being bricked. Blood-cloth! I can see the fear in their eyes as they hide behind dustbin lids and sheets of corrugated iron. They're more scared than I've ever been of them.

*SFX: The sound of a flame on a burning cloth.*

3. MONROE: (V.O.) With a petrol bomb in my hand – I've just checked the irony, guy – as I hold this petrol bomb in my hand I know that I am alone. These man dem feel just the same as me. They know that the Babylon dem did not try hard enough to find out who started the New Cross Fire. Those kids could have been anyone of us, man, any of us.

*MONROE emits a guttural scream like an Olympian launching a javelin.*