

RED

I Production Company
A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

Ridley Road

Episode 1

Written by Sarah Solemani

Inspired by Jo Bloom's novel
Ridley Road

RED I Production company
A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

Media CityUK
White, Level 2
Salford, Manchester, M50 2NT
Tel: 0161 886 2340

1 EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 7:45.

1

A grand stately home, belonging to a distinguished family of the British aristocracy. A boy sings:

BOY (O.S)
*Down in the valley where the green
 grass grows
 There lives a lady in green she
 goes -*

CAPTION: ENGLAND, 1962.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 7:46.

2

An open window. Curtains billow in a fresh countryside breeze. A young woman, **JANE CARPENTER**, peroxide blonde hair, makes her bed, still in her slip, as her boy **PAUL** runs in and jumps on the bed.

PAUL
*She grows she grows she grows so
 sweet -*

JANE looks at him, with a loving intensity.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Sing with me, go on!

JANE
 (quietly)
*That she calls for a ladder at the
 end of the street.*

PAUL
 You can be louder than that!

JANE grabs PAUL, tickles him, he laughs.

JANE
*Sweetheart, sweetheart will you
 marry me? Yes Lord, yes Lord at
 half past three.*

She tickles him til he falls on the bed.

PAUL
 Hahahah! Stop it! Stop it!

JANE
*Ice cake spice cake soft parfait
 and we'll have a wedding at half
 past three!*

She lies back on the bed.

JANE (CONT'D)
*We'll have a wedding at half past
three.*

She closes her eyes in domestic bliss. She can hear footsteps.

JANE (CONT'D)
Daddy's coming! Quick!

They jump up from the bed.

She smooths his hair.

PAUL's father, a distinguished looking English gentleman, **COLIN JORDAN**, walks in.

A kind smile.

They stand by the bed, as if soldiers to attention.

PAUL raises his arm in a well-practiced Heil Hitler salute.

COLIN salutes him back.

COLIN looks at JANE and Heil Hitler salutes her. She returns it.

Camera pans to framed photograph of Adolf Hitler on the bedside table.

COLIN puts his arms around JANE's waist. They whisper lovingly to each other:

COLIN
Wir kommen wieder.

VIVIEN
(smiles)
Wir kommen wieder.

PAUL turns to JANE.

PAUL
(knowing)
We come again.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DINING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 1. DUSK. 3
18:23/18:26.

Jane Carpenter, we'll refer to her now by her real name **VIVIEN EPSTEIN**, dark hair, conservative dress, stands as her mother, **MRS EPSTEIN**, holds her two hands over her head, reciting the children's blessing.

MRS EPSTEIN

May God bless you ... and keep you.
 May God shine his light on you and
 be gracious to you. May God turn
 toward you and grant you peace.

Wider: a beautiful Shabbat dinner laid out, best linen, roast chicken, china, candles and two loaves of gleaming cholla bread.

CAPTION - Two weeks earlier, Manchester 1962 ...

Her father, **MR EPSTEIN** makes the blessings in Hebrew over the wine.

MR EPSTEIN

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu
 melech ha-olam, borei p'ree
 hagafen. Amen

MR EPSTEIN

(Blessed are You, Adonai our
 God, Sovereign of all,
 Creator of the fruit of the
 vine. Amen.)

VIVIEN/MRS EPSTEIN/ROZA/JEREMY

Amen.

Camera follows the silver cup as each family member takes a sip, in age order: MRS EPSTEIN - dutiful housewife, under stimulated and easily excited. **ROZA** - distant cousin, Polish refugee. **JEREMY KLEIN** - gormless, well-meaning, insecure and finally - VIVIEN.

MR EPSTEIN makes blessings over the bread.

MR EPSTEIN

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu
 melech ha-olam, hamotzi
 lechem min ha-aretz. Amen.

MR EPSTEIN

(Blessed are You, Adonai our
 God, Sovereign of all, who
 brings forth bread from the
 earth)

VIVIEN/MRS EPSTEIN/ROZA/JEREMY

Amen.

MR EPSTEIN tears small pieces of the cholla bread and playfully throws to each person around the table, in any order. A family tradition.

Family portraits in polished silver frames of the sisters who have left home, married and multiplied.

CUT TO:

Later, we join mid conversation, lots of chatter, talk on top of each other ...

MRS EPSTEIN

I cried every night on our
 honeymoon, didn't I David?

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
She did, yes.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
Oy, did I weep. An East End girl in
Manchester? Might as well have been
a foreign land! Oy, for four days
and four nights I was inconsolable.
But by the fifth night - I was
sold.

She smiles at MR EPSTEIN. He smiles back.

JEREMY KLEIN
All good at the salon, Viv?

JEREMY fails to get VIVIEN's attention. ROZA has spooned some green beans on VIVIEN's plate. She is eating one.

ROZA
(thick Polish accent)
You see, it needs a bit of crunch,
not so soft -

VIVIEN
Hmm ... yes.

ROZA
Why do English always boil it so
it's just this mush?

VIVIEN
I don't know. I really don't know.

JEREMY
(louder)
All good at the salon Viv?

A small noise off screen. ROZA notices it.

MRS EPSTEIN
It's the boiler, Roza. Boiler.

JEREMY KLEIN
All good at the -

VIVIEN
Busy. Non-stop, didn't sit down for
two minutes.

MRS EPSTEIN
Well you won't have to worry about
all that soon enough.
(To Mr EPSTEIN)
What you eating the skin for?

MR EPSTEIN
I like the skin.

MRS EPSTEIN

Tut. The shmaltz clogs your veins.

MRS EPSTEIN notices VIVIEN's look.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
When you're married, you won't have
to work all the time, I mean.

VIVIEN
(staying calm)
Jeremy said he doesn't mind me
working. Didn't you?

MRS EPSTEIN
(even calmer)
Well, your sisters all stopped.

JEREMY
I'm happy to do whatever makes
Vivien most happy.

JEREMY beams at MR EPSTEIN.

ROZA puts down her cutlery.

MRS EPSTEIN
Doesn't look very good on Mr Klein,
if his son has to send his wife out
to earn a wage? Sends a bad
message. Bad message about
business, right Daddy? Roza. Ignore
it. Please. Finish your food.

MR EPSTEIN
Vivien will know what to do.

JEREMY
Exactly. Yes.

ROZA
Do you hear?

VIVIEN
What?

MRS EPSTEIN
(under her breath)
Here we go.

ROZA
Upstairs? I can hear.

ROZA starts to panic. Not flapping, a stillness, a genuine
deep-rooted fear.

MRS EPSTEIN
I'm telling you, it's the boiler.
What do you want, you want Jeremy
to check for you?

JEREMY nods and obediently heads up the stairs.

JEREMY KLEIN
Jeremy to the rescue!

No one reacts.

MR EPSTEIN
Why make him schlep? It won't be
anything.

MRS EPSTEIN
Let him check, for God's sake..

VIVIEN
You're alright Roza. You're
alright.

VIVIEN takes her by the shoulders to stop her shaking.

MRS EPSTEIN
Oh look, tut, she's shaking like a
jelly. Vivien pour her a sherry.
Steady her nerves.

VIVIEN pours her a shot. ROZA takes it.

ROZA
Thank you, I'm fine, I'm fine.

ROZA clutches her glass. JEREMY comes back downstairs.

JEREMY
Coast appears to be ... completely
clear.

MRS EPSTEIN
Always is.

VIVIEN looks at ROZA, her fear is haunting. VIVIEN sees the Sabbath candle burning, she watches the drops of wax fall.

SMASH CUT TO:

3A INT. LIVING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 2. 10:27. 3A

DAZZLING CAMERA FLASH - of an old Rolleiflex camera, mounted on an ancient pedestal, recovers from the last shot with a whine.

Standing in front of the flash are VIVIEN and JEREMY. Either side of the mantelpiece, looking very stiff and uncomfortable.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.C)
Lovely big smiles, show us your
pearly whites! Chin down Jeremy!

JEREMY self-consciously puts his head down.

Another big flash.

VIVIEN looks to the doorway. MRS EPSTEIN stands there, beaming. She gestures 'move closer' with her hand. VIVIEN ignores her. JEREMY talks to VIVIEN through his forced smile.

JEREMY

Dad spoke to his friend at the Chronicle.

VIVIEN

Oh yes?

JEREMY

We can do a big engagement announcement on the back pages. Biggest they've ever had.

Another big flash. Whine of the camera.

VIVIEN

(not smiling)

What fantastic news.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.C)

I think we've got it! That was the one!

VIVIEN immediately walks off towards the door.

JEREMY KLEIN

Is it alright if I have one on my own, for my business cards?

VIVIEN leaves JEREMY on his own, posing for his business cards.

JEREMY KLEIN (CONT'D)

Just be careful of my right side, because I think I'm much stronger on the left ...

JEREMY offers his face at different angles.

As VIVIEN gets to the door, MRS EPSTEIN whispers.

MRS EPSTEIN

Would it kill you to pretend to be happy?

Pause.

VIVIEN

(quietly)

Yes.

On JEREMY, hand on hip, still manouvering his face.

JEREMY KLEIN
You getting it? You getting a good
one?

BIG INVASIVE FLASH.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. EPSTEIN TAILOR'S. MANCHESTER. DAY 2. 11:23. 4

VIVIEN walks down the street towards her father's tailor's.

CUT TO:

5 INT. EPSTEIN TAILOR'S. MANCHESTER. DAY 2. 11:24. 5

VIVIEN unlocks and enters the empty shop. Her father's not behind the front desk so she walks into the backroom, locking it behind her as she goes.

VIVIEN
Only me, dad! Mum wants the lunch
boxes back, says you've been
hoarding - oh.

She goes into the backroom. Sitting behind the small table cluttered with papers and fabric rolls is **JACK MORRIS** - 20's - hint of the 50's film star. He looks at her, stunned.

She stops, tries to overcome a wave of self-consciousness.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Oh. It's you.

JACK
Vivien. Hello.

VIVIEN
I didn't know you were coming back.
I didn't ... I didn't know.

He smiles at her.

JACK
I hear a Mazel Tov's in order.

A beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nice boy. Good family. Your parents
must be delighted.

She stares at him, not smiling back.

VIVIEN
(deadpan)
We're all over the moon.

She comes closer to him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
So ... what have you been doing ...
exactly?

JACK
Just ... business.

VIVIEN
Right. And you couldn't .. write or
... some such.

JACK comes closer.

JACK
I'm sorry.

He looks at her. She looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
You'll always be my girl.

VIVIEN
Yes. You said that last time.

Beat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
You said quite a few things.

She looks at him piercingly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
What have you come back for?

He stares at her, deeply, full of love.

JACK
Corduroy. From Guernsey. Top-notch
stuff.

She nods, still not giving him anything.

Then, as if in a small act of defiance, lifts her skirt ever so slightly.

VIVIEN
Straight back polyester. St
Michael's best.

Another small laugh from JACK. He leans his head towards her.

He smells her neck. She closes her eyes. He runs his mouth down her neck, not kissing yet, just letting the goose bumps rise. He gets to the nape of her neck and then a soft, tender kiss.

Then he stops.

JACK
Vivien ... you have to forget about
me.

VIVIEN
Why?

She pulls back. Looks at him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I've been waiting. I've been ready.
I'm ready -

Another kiss. It gets heated. Suddenly - someone tries to get into the shop.

They jump - VIVIEN straightens herself out.

Angry tugging at the locked door.

JACK
One second!

JACK goes to unlock it. MR EPSTEIN comes in.

VIVIEN
Daddy, I was just here to get your
lunch boxes. Mum asked me to come.
I couldn't find it.

MR EPSTEIN surveys the scene, it's pretty obvious.

MR EPSTEIN
Don't tell me, you were measuring
her up for a three-piece.

VIVIEN
Jack was just helping me look.

MR EPSTEIN shakes his head, ashamed.

MR EPSTEIN
(to Jack)
You've got some nerve, son.

JACK

Sorry Sir.

VIVIEN

Jack?

JACK looks at her, the saddest face, for the first time she's unable to read him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
We might as well just tell him.

Beat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
What's there to lose?

Beat.

MR EPSTEIN
Well that's quite enough of that.

JACK smiles that smile back at MR EPSTEIN.

JACK
I'll just ... put the seam rippers
away.

JACK takes a leather pouch and leaves.

VIVIEN
Those aren't seam rippers.

VIVIEN, confused watches JACK leave. She stands there, staring at her Dad for answers. He avoids her eye.

MR EPSTEIN
Go home and help your mother,
Vivien. Don't embarrass yourself.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DINING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT 2. 19:04.6

A strained dinner. VIVIEN looks at JEREMY eating with his mouth open. It's intolerable. The noises he makes ...

VIVIEN
I'm not feeling well. Excuse me.

MR EPSTEIN
Finish your food.

VIVIEN
Please daddy I'm really not feeling well.

VIVIEN gets out of her chair.

MR EPSTEIN
(menace in his voice.)
Sit down. And eat.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. / EXT. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. 7
NIGHT 2. 20:41.**

ROZA by the bedroom window, watches a car outside.

VIVIEN lies on her single bed, arm across her face.

ROZA
He's come for you.

VIVIEN rushes to the window. We see JACK by the wheel.

He looks up to her. She looks down to him. A fucked up Romeo and Juliet.

VIVIEN's POV - MR EPSTEIN comes out of the house, leans in and talks to JACK, still in the car.

VIVIEN
(quietly, to herself)
Come and get me Jack.

MR EPSTEIN finishes speaking and JACK drives away. VIVIEN watches the car go. MR EPSTEIN sees her looking from the window. He catches her eye.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. HALLWAY. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT 2. 20:43. 8**

VIVIEN, in her nightie, appears at the top of the stairs. MR EPSTEIN is putting on his coat.

VIVIEN
Where's he gone?

MR EPSTEIN ignores her. He does up his coat and puts on his hat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Daddy? What have you said to him?

He opens the door.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this to me?

He looks at her.

MR EPSTEIN
I'm not doing anything to you.

VIVIEN
Well why is he disappearing again?
Where is he going?

MR EPSTEIN
Vivien, please. Enough of the
drama. Jeremy asked you and you
said yes.

VIVIEN
Jeremy's father asked you and you
said yes.

MR EPSTEIN
We keep our word, we do the
honourable thing in our family.
That's who we are.

VIVIEN
Yes, that's what we're known for,
in our family. Being honourable.

Her sarcasm stings, and she knows it. We'll find out later
the root of this family shame.

MR EPSTEIN
He's gone to deliver the Rothman
suits and he ain't coming back. Get
some sleep. You'll feel differently
in the morning. I promise.

MR EPSTEIN leaves the house, slams the front door.

From the hallway, VIVIEN watches as MRS EPSTEIN comes out of
the kitchen carrying a vase with lots of edges.

MRS EPSTEIN
(to herself)
Tut, so many grooves for dust, on
that one, makes you wonder why we
have it ...

VIVIEN stands there, watching MRS EPSTEIN proudly putting the
freshly-dusted vase back on the shelf in the hallway.

CUT TO:

9 INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 3. 9
DAWN. 6:12.

It's dawn. VIVIEN is asleep. ROZA gently wakes her, kneeling
by the bed.

VIVIEN

What is it Roza? Did you hear
something again?

ROZA hands her a small piece of paper, scribbled in her handwriting is an address: Mr Rothman, Perlmutter & Sons Fabric Importers, 182 Ridley Road, London, E8. VIVIEN sits up, reading.

ROZA

He's gone to London. East London.
Ridley Road. Don't ask where I
found it. But ... I found it.

ROZA gets a stool and walks to the wardrobe.

VIVIEN

Ridley Road?

ROZA climbs up and pulls a suitcase down, a cloud of dust comes with her. She goes around, putting in items - prayer book, sewing kit, hair-brush, stockings, nightie. We may or may not catch a slight glimpse of the numbers tattooed on her wrist in Auschwitz ink. ROZA talks to VIVIEN whilst packing.

ROZA

Call yourself Evans, not Epstein.
Don't let anyone know you're
Jewish.

Beat.

VIVIEN

But ... I don't, I don't have
money, I don't have -

ROZA, not looking up, pulls a velvet pouch from VIVIEN's dressing table and puts it in the suitcase.

ROZA

You have your scissors.

A small, exhilarated smile creeps on VIVIEN's face.

Then ROZA, who's eyes have seen a thousand horrors, looks straight at her.

ROZA (CONT'D)

If you can learn one thing from me,
Vivien ... learn the right time to
leave.

CUT TO:

10 **INT. TRAIN. DAY 3. 9:35.** 10

VIVIEN sits on her own on a train, green suitcase on the luggage shelf above her. The sun beams through the window.

A group of YOUNG MEN walk through the carriage. She feels self conscious. She tucks in her Star of David necklace and looks out the window. What is she doing?

CUT TO:

10A **EXT. TRAIN. DAY 3. 9:36.** 10A

VIVIEN's train races past us towards London.

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. EAST END. LONDON. DAY 3. 14:38.** 11

Demolition ball crashes into an old Victorian tenement building - making way for the new concrete high rises that will change the London skyline.

Construction everywhere - road widening schemes to make room for cars, new buildings springing from bomb sites.

VIVIEN walks through grey, post-war austerity, though small bursts of Technicolor in mini-skirts, adverts and automobiles hint at what the decade will soon become.

CUT TO:

11AA **EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. LONDON. DAY 3. 15:01.** 11AA

VIVIEN walks through the bustling market.

The old TRADERS and their cockney cries next to JEWISH people trading in Yiddish and an ASIAN MAN in a turban trading fruit and veg.

MALE STREET VENDOR ONE
Two bob a bit! Only two bob a bit!

MALE STREET VENDOR TWO
Aluminium saucepans. Never seen
daylight, moonlight or gaslight!

FEMALE STREET VENDOR
Toffee apples! Ten chocolates a
shilling! Toffee apples!

CUT TO:

11A **INT. BACKROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 3. 15:02** 11A

CLOSE ON: a man's fingers, more than one gold ring, roll out a BIG MAP of TRAFALGAR SQUARE. This is **SOLY MALINOVSKY** - owner of London's largest black cab firm.

WIDER: standing around the map are a group of working Jewish men known as the infamous anti-fascist **62 GROUP. RONNIE MALINOVSKY** - SOLY's son, cabbie. **RABBI LEHRER** - the group's spiritual leader.

SOLY

Colin Jordan's booked it. He managed to get a permit, the pernicious little shit. Sorry Rabbi.

The RABBI shrugs forgivably -

SOLY (CONT'D)

The plan is to block all six of their entry points, here, here, here -

SOLY's wife NANCY, 40's, glamorous, committed, comes in.

NANCY

Sol?

SOLY looks up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

There's a young lady at the door.

SOLY

(to Ronnie)

Better not be another one of your
shikse's.

RONNIE

No Dad. Honestly.

NANCY

She's asking for Jack.

This changes the room.

SOLY gets out a knife.

RONNIE

Let me go, Dad. Let me find out.

RONNIE goes to the door, SOLY tucks himself away so he can see the door but won't be seen. NANCY watches from an obscured place in the store.

CUT TO:

11B I./E. FRONT DOOR. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 3. 11B
15:04.

RONNIE opens the door to VIVIEN, trying her best to smile confidently.

A moment. She looks at RONNIE curiously, she recognises him but can't place where.

VIVIEN

Hello.

He looks at her suitcase.

RONNIE

You selling something, love?

VIVIEN

Oh, no, no, sorry, I'm looking for
Jack Morris?

RONNIE looks her up and down.

RONNIE
Lovely hair ... very shiny.

VIVIEN
Oh, thank you, I did it myself.

RONNIE
Did you now. Watch out Raymond
Teasy Weasy.

He smiles at her, she's unnerved.

VIVIEN
I think Jack delivered some suits
to this address? From Epstein
Tailor's, in Manchester? You might
know him?

RONNIE leans in, conspiratorially.

RONNIE
Now I don't want to upset you, you
seem like a nice girl, but between
you and me, Jack's probably onto
the next bit of skirt.

RONNIE smiles at her. It's unkind, sadistic. She stares at
him, disliking him instantly.

VIVIEN
I see. Well ... thanks so much for
your time. Very helpful. Thanks.

RONNIE
Ta-ra love.

RONNIE watches VIVIEN walk off down the street. SOLY puts his
knife away. NANCY comes to the door.

NANCY
Who is she Sol?

Beat.

SOLY
She's my niece.

A moment. It's been a long, long time.

NANCY
What shall I do, call your sister?

SOLY
No, no, no let me just keep an eye.

SOLY pulls on his coat and leaves the house.

NANCY

Don't scare her, for God's sake.
Sol.

SOLY
I won't, I won't.

SOLY walks off, down the road after her.

CUT TO:

11C

EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. LONDON. DAY 3. 15:06.

11C

VIVIEN, dejected, walks back through the market.

PASSER-BY
Cheer up love, might never happen!

She scowls at him.

VIVIEN
(under her breath)
Piss off.

A moment. What to do? We feel her torment. She can do this.

SOLY's POV - sees VIVIEN hurry on down the road. Keeping far enough back to remain unseen, SOLY picks up his pace and follows her.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. SHOP. EAST END. LONDON. DAY 3. 15:35.

12

A corner shop with 'room for rent' notices in the window. VIVIEN writes down an address.

CUT TO

13

EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. EAST END. LONDON. DAY 3. 16:28.

13

VIVIEN walks through the East End, past a pile of bricks and a broken pram.

A WOMAN peels a potato under an outdoor tap.

A little BOY, black, hair yet to be brushed, back to wall, playing jacks. He watches her pass by.

Camera follows her to a dilapidated row of houses, one of the last residents to move to a high rise, sticking out like decayed teeth.

We see SOLY following her.

CUT TO:

14

INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 3. 16:30.

14

VIVIEN sits on a fringed floral sofa. A plastic Jesus crucifixion dominates the floral wall. A clock ticks.

NETTIE stares at her, trying to figure her out.

NETTIE

It's two pounds a week. Meals included except Sundays when I'm at church.

VIVIEN nods, she needs this room. NETTIE sips her tea.

VIVIEN

Very affordable.

NETTIE

Well ... this street ain't what it was. Vivien ... ?

VIVIEN

Evans.

NETTIE

Vivien Evans. Lovely. And which secretarial college are you attending?

VIVIEN

Oh, no, I'm a hairdresser. I found a salon in Soho in the Gazette, I'm going to go in the morning -

NETTIE

Soho. Very exotic.

VIVIEN nods.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Don't bother with salons myself.
Always done my own.

NETTIE pats her badly set and sprayed do with pride. What Vivien would do to get her hands on it.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Can you tell?

VIVIEN doesn't know what to say. NETTIE looks at her with a mischievous glint.

CUT TO:

15

OMITTED

15

15A **INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 3 16:33** 15A

NETTIE shows VIVIEN her bedroom.

VIVIEN

Such a lovely room. Thank you.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

And just ... where's the ...
where's the bathroom?

NETTIE

Bathroom?

VIVIEN

Yes.

NETTIE

Ooo no bathroom here I'm afraid.
We've got a toilet out back. Sink
in kitchen. Just use the public
baths on Whitechapel.

VIVIEN

I see.

NETTIE

Don't worry. Toilet's safe. Torch
on the back of the kitchen door.
You don't need to take a knife with
you or nothing.

VIVIEN

Good. Good to know. Thank you.

CUT TO:

15B **OMITTED** 15B

16 **OMITTED** 16

17 **OMITTED** 17

18 **OMITTED** 18

19 **OMITTED** 19

19A **EXT. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 4. 8:55.** 19A

A quiet, peaceful suburban street in a Jewish neighbourhood.

We hear:

MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)
David, I'm calling the police.

MR EPSTEIN (O.S.)
No you're not. No one is calling
the police. I'm taking care of it.

CUT TO:

20 INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 4. 20
8:57.

ROZA, in her bedroom, reading Hannah Arendt, overhears the muffled sounds of MR and MRS EPSTEIN panicking downstairs.

MRS EPSTEIN bursts into the bedroom.

MRS EPSTEIN
Hello dear.

ROZA
Hello Aunty.

MRS EPSTEIN
Can I ...

ROZA closes her book. MRS EPSTEIN comes in and sits down. She has a hand written note in her hands.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
Roza ... one more time
(reading)
*'Please don't worry I will be
alright, I had to go, Love Vivien.'*

She waves the paper, in disbelief.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
Go where? Do what? What do you
know? Please, Roza.

ROZA shakes her head.

MRS EPSTEIN takes a breath. This is very difficult.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
I want you to know ... when ...
when your family called me -

ROZA
Oh no, please don't. I don't want
to speak of this.

MRS EPSTEIN

Hand on heart, I didn't realise the danger they were in. I didn't know. I had no idea. I should have taken them in, no question. Your mother was cousins with my mother. We're family. And I let you all down.

MRS EPSTEIN looks at ROZA. It's too much, she can't go there.

ROZA

I can't, please don't.

MRS EPSTEIN

But I didn't say *no* to them, Roza. Please believe that? I didn't say *no*. I just said I needed time to think about it, to get the spare room ready, the wallpaper was only half done. I had four children under five Roza! But then, when I tried to get word to them ... it was too late.

MRS EPSTEIN holds back the tears. ROZA looks down, unable to engage.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

If I knew then what I know now, you think I wouldn't help them straight away, without a second thought? I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry Roza. I live with it every day.

On ROZA: numb to it.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

But I've tried my best to give you a good life. To make up for my mistakes.

ROZA

I know, I know that.

MR EPSTEIN appears in the doorway.

MR EPSTEIN

She doesn't know, she's said she doesn't know.

MRS EPSTEIN

You can't punish me Roza, it's not fair -

MR EPSTEIN

Liza. For God's sake, control yourself.

(MORE)

MR EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

I'm calling everyone, I'm doing
everything I can. It'll be fine.

On MRS EPSTEIN looking at MR EPSTEIN, puzzled.

On ROZA - troubled. A sense of foreboding.

CUT TO:

20A OMITTED

20A

21 EXT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 4. 10:54.

21

VIVIEN, trying to be brave, walks down a Soho street for her first day at work. A different vibe here - electric, busy, trendy. VIVIEN looks at the outfits, the colours and cuts of clothes different to her good-Jewish-girl looks.

SOLY follows VIVIEN. He watches her go into **Oscar's Salon.**

CUT TO:

22 INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 4. 10:57.

22

BARBARA - beehive, cigarette, walks VIVIEN, head down, painfully shy, through her busy hairdresser's Oscar's.

Row of state-of-the-art hood dryers, air thick with cigarette smoke, square mirrors, record player constantly on. And populated throughout by the most gorgeous, trendy and colourful girls Soho has to offer. VIVIEN is transported to the stuff of her wildest dreams.

BARBARA

I trial a lot of girls, not all of them get their own chair, just being honest with you, like. You need to muck in, keep the floors clean, clean out the rollers, make the tea, and keep the music playing. I'll show you the backroom.

VIVIEN walks through the salon, the business, the clothes, the coolness of it all. The ease with which the HAIRDRESSERS talk to their CLIENTS.

CUT TO:

23

INT. BACKROOM. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 4. 10:58.

23

BARBARA walks into the backroom. A young mixed race man **STEVIE** - is sitting amongst some hair pieces on a table.

BARBARA

Kettle's behind the towels but most of the girls go out to the Trattoria. Oh this is Stevie, Stevie this is the new girl.

STEVIE nods a hello.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(to Vivien)

Fold em up and bring em to the sinks when you're ready.

VIVIEN

Thank you, Barbara. Thank you so much.

BARBARA leaves. VIVIEN folds the towels.

STEVIE

What do you reckon, shall I go for full beehive? Or a little length at the back.

STEVIE considers the hair pieces. On VIVIEN - totally confused.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

I'm pulling your leg, aren't I.

He holds up a book, hidden by the hair pieces.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Law student.

VIVIEN

Oh.

Small laugh.

STEVIE

And I help Mum out a bit, when the girls are too hungover to hold a broom. Which happens more than you'd expect.

VIVIEN

Right.

STEVIE looks at her, painfully shy. He smiles warmly.

STEVIE

You nervous or something?

VIVIEN

Well ... it's just ... I read about salons like this in the magazines. I can't believe I'm standing here, in Soho ... it just ... it can't be real.

STEVIE smiles at her, charmed.

STEVIE

Oh it's real.

Suddenly **CHRISSY** bustles in - a whirlwind of blonde hair and red lips - young, energised, gossipy. She calls out to BARBARA as she takes off her coat.

CHRISSY

Sorry I'm late Barbara. They've cornered the whole of blimmin' Piccadilly off, haven't they? Blimmin' students, getting their knickers in a twist. You our trainee then? How'd you do, I'm Chrissy - oh do us a tea Stevie, sweetheart, I'm parched.

STEVIE marks a page in his book and goes to the kettle.

On VIVIEN: taking in these odd dynamics, never having seen a man make a woman a cup of tea before.

CHRISSY takes her coat off and puts on her apron.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Whole of Trafalgar cornered off an' all, had to get off the bus and walk, in these heels, you havin' a laugh?

CUT TO:

24

INT. BUS. LONDON. DAY 4. 15:38.

24

NETTIE sits on the bus, her baked cake in an old biscuit tin. She smiles at a young WOMAN, but the WOMAN doesn't smile back.

CUT TO:

25

INT. CHURCH HALL. LONDON. DAY 4. 15:58/16:10.

25

NETTIE carefully lays out her Victoria Sponge on a trestle table. Array of elderly looking residents sitting around. A sweet-looking, smartly dressed man - **MR GARY BURNS** comes over to admire the cake.

NETTIE

Powdered egg but you'd never know.

MR BURNS

What a treat, Nettie. You take the bus in, no trouble?

NETTIE

I survived.

CUT TO:

Later ...

The tea displayed carefully on a table. MR BURNS is speaking at the front, to a modest crowd of nine. NETTIE sits at the back, knitting, listening intently.

MR BURNS

The whole point of a local action group is to let the authorities know what we are witnessing in our own communities. Ethel here, she lived on her street sixty two years, people used to say hello, didn't they Ethel? Now they've stuck her in a high rise, she doesn't know who's who, can't talk to anyone, shameful.

MR BURNS shakes his head in sympathy with an ELDERLY WOMAN in the crowd.

NETTIE

They've put my rent up, haven't they, to drive me out, most likely. My pension don't cover it. I have to rent out a room. At my age. But finding a lodger - hasn't been easy.

MR BURNS

Disgraceful. After everything we've given this country. We need to say - enough's enough.

They all nod, enthused.

CUT TO:

26

INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 4. 17:00.

26

Closing-up time. BARBARA cashes up the till. The hairdressers finish touching up their makeup, lipstick, hairspray, ready for a night out. VIVIEN loiters, unsure of her status. She goes to the till.

VIVIEN

Thanks for a great day Barbara.

BARBARA counts up, distracted.

BARBARA

You enjoyed yourself?

VIVIEN

Oh yes.

BARBARA

If it's boy trouble, let me tell you now, he's no good for you.

An embarrassed smile from VIVIEN.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Experts in human behaviour, hairdressers. We can be anybody to anyone. You'll see ...

BARBARA looks at her, as if looking through her.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Let them take you out, let them treat you nice, but whatever you do, don't let them crawl up in there.

BARBARA taps her head.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Like squatters, men. Once they're in, there's no getting them out.

VIVIEN

Well ... yes ... it's difficult.

Beat. VIVIEN wants to open up, but she's not used to sharing.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I don't quite know what to do, to be honest. I've lost someone. Someone very dear to me.

BARBARA

Ah.

VIVIEN

But I don't know whether they want to be found. So I don't know what to do.

BARBARA

Well ... one way to go about is to get yourself some new clobber.

BARBARA hands her a little envelope, a week's advance, but she's savvy enough to make her girls spend it on crowd-drawing outfits.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Find the outfit, and the men will crawl out of their rocks. Besides, you could do with a more groovy look, now you've got yourself a new job.

A twinkle in BARBARA's eye.

VIVIEN

Oh. Thank you. Thank you so, so much.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. BOUTIQUE. WEST END STREET. LONDON. DAY 4. 17:18.

27

VIVIEN, buoyed by this boost, walks down the street. She stops outside a Boutique - looks at the mannequins in the window. Shorter skirts. Bold colours. Dark bobs. A GIRL walks out with smart paper bags, the adrenaline of a good shop. They share a smile. VIVIEN decides to go in.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. WEST END STREET. LONDON. DAY 4. 18:03. 28

Later. VIVIEN, in a gorgeous coat and a shorter skirt, comes out of the boutique. Her old clothes in a paper shopping bag. Looks and feels like one of the dolly birds. She walks down the street.

Slows her pace, as she hears a wave of noise. At first unidentifiable. She sees the other SHOPPERS notice and look down the street. There are violent roars from a nearby crowd. She walks.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE. DAY 4. 18:08. 29

VIVIEN walks tentatively towards Trafalgar Square. The sounds of the CROWD envelop her. She stops a second to take it all in, and we reveal the hoards of people walking between the traffic, bringing it to a standstill.

Crowd scenes cut with actual footage from the fascist rally held in Trafalgar Square in 1962.

DRIVERS sound their horns and lean out of windows to shout.

A CAMERAMAN films and captures - INSERT PATHÉ FOOTAGE:

The ANTI-FASCIST CROWD are large in number. There is an electric atmosphere. A group of teenage BOYS and GIRLS, black and Asian faces in cool outfits and haircuts start chanting.

TEENAGERS
Never again! Never again!

CLOSE ON VIVIEN's face as she sees their signs, a paralysing shock.

VIVIEN
Oh God no ...

Reveal: banners over the plinth at Nelson's Column reading 'Free Britain from Jewish Control' and 'Britain Awake'.

She looks at the young men, FASCISTS, standing united together on the stage. We hear shouts of '*Perish Judah!* *Perish Judah!*

She sees a man on the stage, dressed in a brown shirt, sunwheel armbands and army boots speaking through the microphone. This is the man from the opening, COLIN JORDAN, leader of the new National Socialist Movement.

COLIN
They don't want you to say it. They
don't want you to name it.
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

They don't want you to call it what it is. The purge of the white man. The robbery of the white race. They are happy to use the white man for the world's wars, to return home abused and humiliated, to let our once Great Empire descend into nothingness and for alien labour to undercut his wages leaving him impoverished, humiliated and shamed. They don't want you to know this. But know it! And know it now! And stand up, bold and triumphant and say enough is enough!

It's hard to hear him amongst the PROTESTORS but we make out:

COLIN (CONT'D)

The Jews are the saboteurs of Europe, poisoning our society. The Zionists are tightening their grip on our throats, destroying all that is true, and good and just.

She looks around the crowd, the FASCISTS on one side, including LEE and JEFF who we'll meet later, the POLICE line separating them from the PROTESTORS, holding them all back.

Her eye is caught by something. She pushes through the crowd.

VIVIEN

Jack?

It's her love, JACK MORRIS with the sunwheel armband. He stands on the lion and makes a Nazi salute.

She runs forward, pushing herself further and further into the heart of the crowd.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Jack!

He looks at her. She looks at him.

Then, something is thrown onto the stage and hits COLIN JORDAN in the eye. He crouches over in pain. Then it all kicks off. JACK clammers down, into the scrum.

VIVIEN is thrown forward. She looses her footing. A bash to her ear - jolting the sound into an underwater type confusion of noise. She screams for help. Her new coat rips. She loses the paper bag. STEVIE is in the crowd, he sees her and runs to help her.

STEVIE

Push your way through. Push!

STEVIE and VIVIEN push through the crowd, as it turns into a mosh pit of violence. They manage to escape.

VIVIEN runs, disorientated and directionless, following STEVIE. Both of them stop when they see two NSM MEN ahead of them blocking their way.

The sounds of rioting behind them, the clash of police, fascists and protestors.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Keep walking.

VIVIEN
What?

STEVIE
Just walk.

The two NSM MEN are heading towards them.

JOE
Oi. Oi.

STEVIE
Don't come any closer.

JOE, one of the NSM MEN, flashes a knife from inside his jacket. They keep coming forwards, menacingly calm.

JOE
How does it feel to know your time is up, mongrel?

STEVIE
Sod off, you fascist scum.

JOE
Same for your mongrel-loving girl.
We're getting Britain back, just
you watch. Tick tock. Tick tock.

NSM MEMBERS come towards them from the opposite direction. They are trapped.

A POLICEMAN on horseback comes over.

POLICEMAN
Clear off, go on, break it up.

The NSM MEMBERS disperse, but JOE makes a knife gesture across his throat before he goes.

VIVIEN begins to walk quickly away.

STEVIE
Vivien, wait. Hey!

VIVIEN

Sorry.

STEVIE

Where you going?

POLICEMAN

Leave the girl alone! You heard her.

On VIVIEN, not turning back.

VIVIEN

I'm sorry.

VIVIEN walks away quickly, desperate to be alone. STEVIE is left with the hostile policeman.

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED

30

31 OMITTED

31

32 EXT. PHONSEBOX. WEST END STREET. LONDON. DAY 4. 18:40. 32

As the sounds of the crowd ebb away, VIVIEN walks. Suddenly, a rush of homesickness, a crippling feeling of displacement, everything out of place, every choice a mistake. She heads to a phonebox.

CUT TO:

33 E./I. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 4. 18:41. 33

MRS EPSTEIN is 'doing her front', scrubbing the doorstep onto her street. Hands and knees, using a tablet to whiten the stone. The phone from inside rings. She races to answer it, marigolds on.

MRS EPSTEIN
Four Nine Six Zero Eight One Eight.

VIVIEN (O.S.)
Hello Mum.

MRS EPSTEIN
Oh Vivien. Baruch Hashem. Where are you my darling? My baby girl, my life, my life.

CUT TO:

34 INT. PHONEBOX. WEST END STREET. LONDON. DAY 4. 18:42. 34

VIVIEN puts her hand on the phonebox glass, needing these maternal words of comfort.

VIVIEN
Oh Mum.

MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)
Tell me sweetheart, let us come and get you? Where are you my love?

VIVIEN
Mum, I just ... I just need you to tell me everything will be alright.

Beat.

MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)
What?

VIVIEN
Can you just ... tell me -

MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)
 Of course it's not alright, Vivien.
 It's the opposite of alright, to be
 frank with you. Jeremy's furious.
 His mother's even worse, wouldn't
 look at me at Shul. We don't know
 what this means for daddy's
 business, Mr Klein's been so good
 about his rent.

Beat.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
 You're not in London are you?
 Please God don't go anywhere near
 London -

And almost instantly, she's reminded why she left. Her mum's panicked voice punctures her homesickness, the sobering she needed.

VIVIEN
 I have to go.

MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)
 Wait, Vivien. Wait - don't accept
 drinks from men, you'll wake up
 bleeding! Vivien?

VIVIEN hangs up. A moment. She looks at the telephone box. A few cards pinned to the glass. She looks at them confused. 'Rubber and rainwear made to measure' and 'Young Lady Gives Swedish lessons' - the coded advertising of 1960's prostitutes.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BUS. LONDON. NIGHT 4. 19:23. 35

VIVIEN sits, empty and on her own, looking at the eclectic London PASSENGERS. Some are going about their daily business. Others have come from the march, holding anti-fascist banners. She watches two protestors kissing. The BOY puts his arm around the GIRL. She rests her head on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

36 INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 4. 20:28. 36

The house is quiet and dark. By the light of her dressing table, VIVIEN finishes sewing a butterfly patch onto the rip on the coat with the kit Roza packed for her. Behind her, a few dresses on the bed, she has been altering them, taking up the hems.

We stay on her - lonely and hurt. She hears Nettie's footsteps behind her. She stays still, uneasy in these new surroundings, suddenly frightened by this strange house.

CUT TO:

37

INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 5. 17:06.

37

End of the next day at Oscar's. VIVIEN, still withdrawn, washes the cups and saucers in the back room. STEVIE is folding towels. Off-screen in the front half of the salon the girls are getting ready for another Soho night:

CHRISSY

I love it. I love it Barb.

BARBARA

I used nearly the whole can of lacquer. You could throw rocks at it and it wouldn't budge.

STEVIE

Vivien, you got a minute?

A panic sets in, she's so confused by everything, she dreads being confronted.

VIVIEN sets the cups on the shelf.

VIVIEN

Of course.

STEVIE

You alright?

VIVIEN

I'm absolutely fine.

He smiles warmly.

STEVIE

So who were you marching with?

She looks blank.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Communists? Anti-war? Anti-fascist?

VIVIEN

Oh no ... I'm not an organisation - I mean, I'm not a part of an organisation.

STEVIE nods, not convinced.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I was just there with a ... friend
but ... they got a bit lost.

STEVIE

Were they hurt?

VIVIEN

No. Not really. Just a bit on their
... knees.

He looks at her, unsatisfied.

STEVIE

Well I'm sure it was a terrible
shock. Seeing swastikas on
Trafalgar Square in the middle of
the day. And they're free to do it,
to hold those talks. Under Freedom
of Speech. The only arrests they
ever make are of the anti-fascists.
That's why we're campaigning to
change the law, I got you a leaflet

-

STEVIE hands out a dog-eared leaflet. She sighs heavily. She
doesn't want to engage with him.

VIVIEN

Stevie, I'm sorry, but I'm not into
this, I'm not a political person.

A beat. He looks at her, astounded.

STEVIE

Yes you are. Of course you are.
What else is there to be?

VIVIEN

I cut hair Stevie. That's all I can
do. Sorry.

VIVIEN leaves. On STEVIE, frustrated but used to this apathy.

CUT TO:

VIVIEN walks down the street, past a coffee shop. She jumps
in fright as she suddenly finds herself flanked by two men -
SOLY and RONNIE. They have grabbed her arms and are marching
her towards a black cab.

SOLY

Hello darling. Keep walking,
nothing to worry about. Think of
this as a surprise family reunion.

VIVIEN

What?

SOLY

Don't say you don't remember your old Uncle Sol.

VIVIEN

Wait, wait -

SOLY

(barks)

Get in the cab.

VIVIEN

Ow! Ow!

She is marched into a waiting cab. They drive off.

CUT TO:

39

INT. BLACK CAB. / EXT. WEST END STREETS. DAY 5. 17:19. 39

VIVIEN in the back of the car. The car is driving through the London streets.

VIVIEN

Mum'll kill you for this! She'll go mad. You have to let me out!

SOLY

Relax, sweetheart, last time I saw you, you were licking the wheels of your pram - nice to see you've become a bit more refined.

She goes for the locks. She's locked in.

RONNIE

It's alright girl. We're taking you to Peter. That's why you shlepped all the way to London, isn't it? So you're gonna see him, darling. Believe me, he's dying to see you.

VIVIEN

Who's Peter?

CUT TO:

40

INT. BLACK CAB. / EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN DEPOT. DAY 5. 17:55 40

Later... they have been driving for ages. She can now see that they are out of London.

SOLY drives, takes a sharp right, VIVIEN is thrust violently to the side of the car.

SOLY

Bleedin' pigeons. Can't bear to
hurt em though, do you know what I
mean?

Suddenly the car screeches to a halt. VIVIEN is thrust forward. She holds the seats in front of her. They are in a desolate, abandoned train depot. Rusty freight trains. Broken windows. Surrounded by urban wilderness.

RONNIE

Come on girl, here you are.

RONNIE gets out, opens VIVIEN's door.

VIVIEN climbs out, looking around.

To her horror, RONNIE jumps back in and the cab takes off.

VIVIEN

Wait! Wait!

She runs after the cab, but it soon disappears, leaving her alone. A cold breeze. She pulls her new coat tighter around her.

Just the sound of the wind. Completely disorientated.

CAMERA follows as she walks through the abandoned trains.

And then she sees in between two carriages, a flicker of something, someone - is it him?

She keeps walking. It is him. She picks up a pace.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Jack? Jack!

She runs between two trains She comes to a clearing.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Jack?

She's alone again. An eeriness.

Suddenly - a flicker of movement - she follows it. She climbs onto a carriage.

CUT TO:

40A

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN CARRIAGES. DAY 5. 17:56.

40A

VIVIEN

Jack??

She walks down the corridor.

She comes to a white carriage - scared now, she creeps in.

No one is there.

She stands there. Assess.

JACK

Hello Viv.

She shouts in fright. Turns around. There he is.

Her JACK. Standing there. They look at each other, at a distance. He doesn't do anything.

He's not smiling, sense he's pissed off.

JACK (CONT'D)

I tried to tell you, Vivien. I told you to stay away. I couldn't have made it any clearer.

It scares her to see him like this.

VIVIEN

(quiet)

You told me nothing.

JACK

Come on, you're a bright girl, you should have worked it out ... I'm no good for you.

Beat.

She looks at him. Assesses him.

VIVIEN

What are you doing?

JACK

What am I *doing*?

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

I do bad things to bad people.

They stare at each other.

JACK (CONT'D)

I lie. I steal. I cheat. I'm not to be trusted.

She looks at him, searching for the JACK she knew.

JACK (CONT'D)
And now you've followed me to the
depths of hell. Not a good idea.

A surge of irritation from Vivien.

VIVIEN
Right.

Beat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Well.

Beat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I didn't *follow you*, actually. I've
been wanting to get out of
Manchester for some time. As it
happens.

He nods at her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
It's *you* bought me to this ...
this ... I don't even know what
this is, some sort of *train grave*
yard ?? So that you can tell me
what a 'naughty boy' you are? Do me
a favour. I wasn't born yesterday.

She takes a step towards him.

She whacks him across the arm.

JACK
Oww!

She whacks him again.

JACK (CONT'D)
Viv!

VIVIEN
Come on then! If you're so violent!
If you're such a menace to society!
Come on then!

She whacks him again. And again. And again. He breaks into a
smile. A small laugh.

JACK
Alright, alright.

His laughter is too much for her, she rages at him.

VIVIEN

Don't laugh at me! How can you
laugh at me? I saw you at that
march! Stop laughing at me!

She pummels him now, he grabs her arms. A tussle. He slams
her against the carriage wall.

JACK

I'm not laughing at you.

VIVIEN

I saw what you were doing!

JACK

I'm not laughing at you Vivien.

She struggles.

VIVIEN

Get off me. Get your hands off me.

JACK

Listen to me. Fifteen arson attacks
on synagogues, we're talking
Molotov cocktails, explosives, the
whole shebang - what happened?

VIVIEN

I don't know, do I!

JACK

Seven teenagers attacked by Clapton
Pond, cricket bats, knives, iron
rods, would have been dead. *Should*
have been dead.

VIVIEN

So tell me then ... what happened
to them?!

JACK

All stopped. All saved. How? How?

She takes a beat.

VIVIEN

Oh God.

JACK

Think about it. Your uncle got a
tip off. From inside. From me.

She gives in, her body goes limp. Finally, the penny drops.

JACK (CONT'D)

How were they saved Vivien?

VIVIEN

You. They think you're one of them.
Oh Jack.

He leans forward, the hungriest, most urgent kiss.

JACK

I never meant to hurt you, honestly
I didn't. But, I'm in so deep, my
darling, it'd give you nightmares.

He puts his face close to hers. He's sweaty. She doesn't care.

CUT TO:

41

EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN CARRIDGE COMPARTMENT. DAY 5. 18:02. 41

Sun is beginning to set. They sit in a carriage compartment. VIVIEN is quiet, still, pensive.

VIVIEN

(quietly)

So ... Peter Fox? That's who are
you are now?

JACK nods.

JACK

That's who I am.

VIVIEN

You don't want a wife, children, a
normal life?

He looks at her, like, don't do that.

JACK

What can I say ... This is bigger
than you and me -

VIVIEN

And all those stories, when you
were a boy ... watching your
friends get beaten? What was that,
was that -

JACK

That's the reason I'm here.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can *pass*, can't I? I've seen it
all. When you can ... *pass* ... they
let you in, how their minds work.
Not just Colin Jordan and his NSM
Nazis. But regular people.
Teachers, blokes down the pub,
mates who have no idea. You see the
disgust. The rage. The way they
sigh, and wish something could be
done. The endless Jewish question.
With only one answer ...

He looks at her. A genuine connection. This is hard for him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can I tell you that you're the love
of my life?

A beat.

VIVIEN

No.

He smiles. She doesn't.

JACK

Can I tell you I'll never love
anyone the way I love you? *Ever*.

A beat.

VIVIEN

No.

She looks at him.

She runs her fingers in his hair, assessing the length.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
You'll need a trim. If you want to
look more ... Third Reich.

JACK laughs, the way she can deadpan - always manages to
tickle him. Suddenly -

VOICE
(loud)
Tickets please!

They look up. It's SOLY - in the carriage compartment. He
chuckles loudly to himself.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BLACK CAB. / EXT. YESHIVA. LONDON. DAY 5. 18:32. 43

SOLY pulls up on an East London street. He turns around to face VIVIEN. He stares at her. Suddenly a rush of sympathy for this frightened girl. He rummages in his breast pocket, and takes out a small hip flask.

SOLY

Here you are girl, have a swig of that.

He holds it out to her. She doesn't want to accept anything from him, but she could do with a drink. She takes a sip, enjoying the warm burn of whiskey trickling down her throat.

She closes her eyes. The sound of an nearby car, a woman's laughter, urban street sounds.

SOLY (CONT'D)

I don't know what your mother's told you about me -

She looks at him.

VIVIEN

(deadpan)

You went to prison. You took all the family money. And you're a nasty piece of work.

Beat.

SOLY laughs. Nods.

SOLY

Not far off.

Beat. He leans in, smiling warmly.

SOLY (CONT'D)

You see that building there? Know what it is?

A nondescript Victorian housing building.

SOLY (CONT'D)

It's a Yeshiva, a school for Jewish boys. There's no signs, no Hebrew, no Star of David's, nothing, because if there were, they wouldn't be able to cope with the death threats. But you see, Vivien, the NSM are a nasty bunch and they're coming tonight to assess it, for an attack. How do we know that?

VIVIEN

My Jack.

Beat. A WOMAN pushes a pram past the car. They watch her walk.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Sorry ... *Peter Fox.*

SOLY

Hard to imagine, isn't it? When you trust your country. Hard to imagine it going really ... badly wrong.

He looks at her. A fear on her face.

SOLY (CONT'D)

You ever talked to your cousin about what happened to her?

VIVIEN

No. She doesn't ... she can't talk about it.

SOLY

How bad can it get? Her dad used to say. How bad can it really get? Even when the German officials came to their town ... they took rooms with Jewish families. Friendly as anything. One of them bought his Jewish landlady a box of chocolates. 'See? It's not so bad.' Her dad said. 'Where is this cruelty you speak of?' 'They're not going to take us away from our homes, this is our country. What a ridiculous ... paranoid ... notion.'

He looks at her.

SOLY (CONT'D)

When the German vans came they parked outside their house and stayed there for two weeks. *Two weeks.* They waved and said hello. They learnt their names.

He leans in.

SOLY (CONT'D)

Then within twenty minutes they were rounded up, in the dead of the night. Everything seems absolutely fine, Vivien. Until the moment it isn't. And then it's just too late.

SOLY looks at her.

SOLY (CONT'D)
 He's got important work to do,
 Vivien. Forget about him. Move on.
 Stay out the way, darling.

SOLY starts the engine.

SOLY (CONT'D)
 Your old man's gonna meet you at
 Manchester station tomorrow, the
 nine fifteen from Euston. So you
 won't mind packing up and saying
 your nightie nights?

She looks at him. Still so irritating. But he has all the power.

SOLY (CONT'D)
 Make sure to give your mother my
 best.

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. BOXING CLUB. LONDON. DAY 5. DAY. 18:36. 45

The SMACK SMACK SMACK of worn leather mitts into a tired boxing bag.

WIDER: a sweaty, urban basement boxing club. YOUNG MEN - dozen or so - we may recognise them from the NSM march - beat boxing bags suspended from screeching chains on the ceiling.

Amongst the sweat and noise, pounds JACK. A new physicality to him. A menace we haven't seen.

LEE whistles and the boys stop fighting. Sweat lingers.

LEE
 Line-up.

Obediently the boys line up on the back wall by the boxing ring. CAMERA follows as LEE strides up this line of young men, including JEFF JONES, twenties.

We see their faces close and intimate - acne scars, sunken eyes of neglected childhoods, moustache wisps of pubescent boys.

LEE (CONT'D)
 Jones. Parkes. Fox.

Upon hearing their surnames, they step forward, eager and steely.

LEE (CONT'D)

You're in.

LEE goes up to JACK.

LEE (CONT'D)

You rolled your eyes at me?

JACK

No.

LEE

Where've you been?

JACK

Family stuff.

LEE

The Leader was asking.

JACK

Sorry. All sorted now.

A stand-off. What's this about? They look at each other. Maybe this will lead to a beating, if it does, JACK's prepared. But it doesn't, LEE moves on, point proven - he's in charge.

LEE

Alright, let's get moving.

The boys nod, pumped and adrenalised. As they leave, JEFF leans in to JACK.

JEFF

Ignore it, Peter. He don't mean it.

JACK nods at JEFF and we can tell there's an ally here.

CUT TO:

45A EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. EAST END. LONDON. NIGHT 5. 20:28. 45A

VIVIEN walks towards her house. A local WOMAN stands out on the street, smoking. She watches VIVIEN walk past and into Nettie's House.

CUT TO:

46 INT. BACKROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. NIGHT 5. 20:35.

RONNIE and NANCY stand around a table while SOLY takes weapons out of a black bag.

We see cricket bats, a steel bar and a poker. He lays them on the table. SOLY picks out what to use.

CUT TO:

47 OMITTED 47

48 **INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 5. 21:45.** 48

VIVIEN trying to sleep.

A loud noise from the street. A shout.

She opens her eyes. Frightened.

She listens. Another shout. Then a laugh. Just people, nothing to be scared of.

She tries to get back to sleep.

Her suitcase is half packed at the foot of her bed.

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED 49

50 **EXT. YESHIVA. LONDON. NIGHT 5. 22:22.** 50

JACK, LEE and JEFF stop by a wall next to the Yeshiva. Lights on, we can make out the silhouette of a young boy working at his desk.

LEE

That's where the Yids are, that building there.

JEFF

Perish Judah.

JACK
(convincing)
Perish Judah.

JACK looks around - the 62 Group must be lurking around them.

The stillness from the Yeshiva, the lights flickering.

A few shuffles in the dirt and then we see them - SOLY and RONNIE and a couple more 62 GROUP HEAVIES - they charge towards the NSM.

RONNIE
Come on, let's have you, you
cowards.

LEE
Sneaky Yids!

SOLY
(screaming)
Nazi scum!

A full on scrum.

SOLY notices LEE light a home-made explosive, the fuse is blazing. RONNIE tackles him to the ground.

It's dark, it's hard to make out in the shadows but JACK kicks it away. LEE's on the ground and it's hard for him to see but there's a moment of him watching it roll away and he looks at JACK accusingly. SOLY notices.

A scrum of 62 GROUP vs the NSM.

JEFF lights another home-made explosive and hurls it into the Yeshiva building. An almighty explosion.

We're very wide now, we see the explosion, CAMERA follows SOLY as he runs, throwing punches at JEFF.

In the scrum, JACK falls from a height. He lands with a thud, back twisted. He can't get up.

SOLY looks down - torn, - go to his boy or scarper before any more damage is done.

JEFF
Get him up! Get him up!

It's clear they've lost this operation. SOLY and his gang disappear into the dusty shadows.

CUT TO:

51A **EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 6. 7.13.**

51A

Early morning on Nettie's street.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 6. 7:14.**

52

NETTIE presents VIVIEN with a steaming kipper.

NETTIE

Stinks out the place, but the oil's
good for your skin!

NETTIE tucks in. VIVIEN sips her tea. Out of the window she sees a black taxi pull up. It flashes three times.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. LONDON. DAY 6. 7:41.**

53

VIVIEN walks out of her house, at the bottom of the road is a black cab with the door open.

She walks to it, checks around her, before leaning in to see RONNIE at the wheel.

VIVIEN

I haven't packed yet, I haven't -

RONNIE

Just get in, sweetheart.

In the back is a religious looking man - bearded and yarmulke skull cap - the RABBI. He holds a prayer book. She climbs in.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. BLACK CAB. EAST LONDON STREETS. DAY 6. 7:43.**

54

VIVIEN looks at the RABBI.

RONNIE

Vivien, you know Rabbi Lehrer.

VIVIEN nods, in respect.

VIVIEN

My father has your books.

RONNIE drives.

The RABBI takes VIVIEN's hand.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
What's happened?

RABBI

Last night was a dark night. A Yeshiva boy, a very promising young student, died, Vivien. His mother's only son. I'm sorry I have to tell you this.

VIVIEN gasps.

VIVIEN

Oh Rabbi -

RABBI

(calm, casual)

Now ... we haven't heard from Jack, but we know he was injured and the ambulance went from the Yeshiva to the Royal East London Infirmary. But for us to ask for him, is ... well it's not very wise.

She looks at him. She gets it. She nods.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. ROYAL EAST LONDON INFIRMARY. DAY 6. 10:03. 55

Wide on the imposing Victorian hospital. VIVIEN walks towards it.

CUT TO:

56 INT. RECEPTION. ROYAL EAST LONDON INFIRMARY. DAY 6. 10:10. 56

VIVIEN walks through the corridor. Smell of disinfectant and the distant sound of a woman's wails. We see her asking a RECEPTIONIST something. The RECEPTIONIST shakes her head. Looks through files. Shakes her head again.

VIVIEN walks off, we think walking away, but she sneaks onto a staircase and up into a ward.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. WARD. ROYAL EAST LONDON INFIRMARY. DAY 6. 10:12.** 57

VIVIEN walks through a ward. We see the faces of the sick - elderly, gaunt, a YOUNG TEENAGER with an arm in a cast - a PALE MAN asleep.

She looks and looks. She opens a curtain to a YOUNG BOY, bandages on his head. He's not there.

CUT TO:

58 **INT. CORRIDOR. ROYAL EAST LONDON INFIRMARY. DAY 6. 10:14.** 58

VIVIEN walks back down the corridor.

WIDE: at the end a conservatively dressed JEWISH WOMAN, surrounded by other conservatively dressed JEWISH WOMEN, sobs silently, face obscured. On the other side a group of three conservatively dressed JEWISH MEN pray, rocking feverishly.

CUT TO:

59 OMITTED 59

60 **EXT. MANCHESTER TRAIN STATION. DAY 6. 11:09.** 60

MR EPSTEIN waits on a platform as a train spills out with people. No VIVIEN. He stands on his own, on the platform, fearing the worst.

CUT TO:

61 **INT. PHONEBOX. MANCHESTER STATION. DAY 6. 11:27.** 61

Surrounded by the departing passengers, MR EPSTEIN stands, looking ashen in a phonebox in the station. It rings and rings and rings ...

CUT TO:

62 **EXT. BACKSTREET. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 6. 11:42.**

RONNIE and the RABBI lead VIVIEN towards the back entrance of the 62 Premises.

CUT TO:

63 **E./I. BACK ENTRANCE. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 6. 63 11:43.**

NANCY opens the door, smoking a cigarette. She lets RONNIE, VIVIEN and the RABBI in.

NANCY

No sign?

RABBI shakes his head.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oy. He'll have a fit.

NANCY smiles at VIVIEN.

NANCY (CONT'D)

But look at you, all grown up. You remember your Aunty Nancy?

VIVIEN can't even bring herself to smile at her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Go on, he's waiting.

She gestures to their hidden meeting room.

CUT TO:

64 **INT. BACKROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 6. 64 11:44/12:03.**

NANCY, the RABBI and RONNIE walk in with VIVIEN. Hidden amongst the fabric rolls and tools, a room hot with anxiety, cigar smoke and whiskey. SOLY sees them walk in.

The RABBI shakes his head.

SOLY
(angry)
Damn it.

SOLY paces. A frightening, wild energy.

SOLY (CONT'D)
Who'd you ask?

SOLY looks at VIVIEN accusingly. A guilt washes over her, as if she will be in the wrong whatever she says.

SOLY (CONT'D)
What name did you give?

VIVIEN looks at the RABBI.

RABBI
Vivien did very well, Sol. She kept to the script. She asked for a Peter Fox. Not registered. She asked for a Jack Morris. Not registered.

SOLY nods, paces up and down, troubled. VIVIEN watches.

SOLY
Bernie's in Glasgow.

RABBI
When's he back?

SOLY
He's not, it's race war on those estates, he's got his hands full.

RONNIE
Should we get Pollock on it?

SOLY
No, no, they were sniffing around him, he's got to lie low.

VIVIEN watches SOLY pace. Takes in the confusion, the heated, tense atmosphere.

Feels like she's waiting an age. Now she grows impatient, overriding her intimidation.

VIVIEN
Well what are you going to do now?

VIVIEN looks at SOLY, registering his despair.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

But *you* were the ones who sent him in with those animals, and now he's lost, he's God knows where and they could be onto him, torturing him -

SOLY

Look, you've had a big fright, your nerves are shot.

SOLY pours a short drink.

He hands her the drink. She doesn't take it.

VIVIEN

He's on his own! And you don't know, do you? You have no idea how to get to him? You lot don't have a clue!

SOLY

Nah, nah, we don't know what we're doing. The Rabbi here, he was only part of the liberation of the camps, he saw the horrors first hand, but don't mind him, he don't know his arse from his elbow.

Beat.

SOLY (CONT'D)

And I only fought the black shirts off on Cable Street, united twenty thousand people, victorious we were, gone down in history but nah I don't have a clue.

VIVIEN

And yet ... you have nothing ...

Silence.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

What if he had a girl?

Silence.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

A girl he was courting, from up North? Who was worried when she didn't hear back from him?

Beat. They're not laughing. That's something.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

She could just ... turn up ... unexpectedly and ... ask a few innocent questions.

VIVIEN stares at SOLY.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
No one knows me. No one knows who I
am. I ran away.

SOLY frowns at her.

SOLY
Impossible.

VIVIEN
I went to the hospital didn't I?
You sent the Rabbi to get me. Can't
think I'm that much of an idiot.

Beat.

RONNIE
Vivien. Colin Jordan and his NSM
thugs are dangerous. Murderers.
This ain't a game.

SOLY
Where did you meet him? How do you
know him? What's the cover story?

On their faces. Looking at her.

CUT TO:

Later ... NANCY smokes, from her chair, listening to VIVIEN's new act. They sit around NANCY as if awaiting her verdict.

VIVIEN
... I soon realised he was on the
right path - to ... install good
old ... good old fascist
principles. And I agree with that.
All of that. So if I could have a
moment with him -

They look to NANCY, who smokes, considering.

NANCY
Nah. Never work.

VIVIEN slumps.

NANCY smokes, thinking.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You can't go in unannounced and
just declare yourself. It's ... no
... it's fishy.

SOLY

It was a noble idea. Kudos to you.
Kudos to her.

VIVIEN

(quietly)

No, I can get it right, I know I
can.

SOLY

It's just not something you can
blag, it takes months of training.

NANCY

It needs to be simpler. She needs
to flatter him, more. Praise him.
Be a fan. Big fan. That's all men
want. Simple creatures. All of
them.

Slowly VIVIEN looks up, something different about her.

VIVIEN

Mr Jordan, can I just thank you,
for all the hard work you are doing
for the people of this country?

The room stops.

NANCY sits up.

SOLY frowns.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

We are all so grateful for your
tireless work and dedication. Thank
you.

NANCY smiles.

NANCY

Yeah. Yeah, that. More of that.

SOLY

Thank him for what? What you
thanking him for?

VIVIEN remains poised and still, focussed in character, eyes
wide and innocent.

VIVIEN

I'd like to thank you, Mr Jordan,
for all your hard work in getting
the country back, from alien
invasion. We need you, the country
needs you, a Leader like you, to
take our country back.

Slowly, a small smile on VIVIEN's face. She looks around the room.

SOLY looks at her. She looks at him. There's a spark, a familial wicked trait they now recognise in each other. Anxious looks from the others, not knowing which way he'll go.

SOLY
Your mother will sit shivah for me
all over again.

Slowly his charming, and slightly sadistic smile reveals itself.

NANCY laughs.

CUT TO:

65

INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 6. 17:13.

65

BARBARA is closing up for the night, but stuck dealing with an unhappy CUSTOMER at the front desk. She is holding a picture of Sophia Loren. The CUSTOMER does not look like Sophia Loren.

BARBARA
Lesley, I can't give you a refund,
I'm afraid. We're skilled but we're
not miracle workers.

CHRISSY doing her make-up in the mirror, whispers to VIVIEN who is putting on her coat.

CHRISSY
Glad you came in the end. The girls
were talking. Worried you were up
the duff.

VIVIEN
Oh no, no. Sorry.

CHRISSY
Listen, there's a doctor top of
Wardour Street, he'll put you on
the pill. You've heard of the pill
right?

VIVIEN
I read about it but I've never ...

CHRISSY
(conspiratorial)
Averoid's the one you want, three
bob a week, not bad. You don't need
a wedding ring, or nothing. I'll
write it down for you.

CHRISSY writes 'Averoid' on a blank card and hands it to VIVIEN.

VIVIEN

So you take it and ... no risk of
...

CHRISSY

No risk of a sprog ... just the
risk of a blimmin good time.

CHRISSY gives a naughty wink. VIVIEN laughs.

VIVIEN

I think I like the sound of that.
Thank you.

VIVIEN walks to the backroom, slipping the card into her coat pocket as she goes.

CUT TO:

66

INT. BACKROOM. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 6. 17:14.

66

VIVIEN goes into the backroom. She makes sure the coast is clear, before taking some chemicals from the store cupboard and sneaking them into a paper bag. Shoves in some rubber gloves. STEVIE comes in. She covers the bag with her coat.

STEVIE

Vivien?

She jumps in fright.

VIVIEN

Oh sorry!

STEVIE

Mum was furious. She was ... none
of her girls come in late, let
alone hours late.

He looks at her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You couldn't believe your luck,
starting here, you told me ...

VIVIEN

I know. I know -

STEVIE

So what you taking the piss for?

VIVIEN

I'm not. I'm sorry.

STEVIE

Well what have you been doing?

VIVIEN

Nothing. Look, I won't be late again, I promise. I have to rush off, I can't talk now. Sorry.

VIVIEN takes the coat, bag still hidden, and leaves.

CUT TO:

67 INT. HALLWAY. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 6. DUSK. 18:50. 67

Later, VIVIEN, tentatively enters the house. Holding her paper bag.

VIVIEN

Mrs Jones?

CUT TO:

68 INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 6. DUSK. 18:51. 68

VIVIEN peeks in the living room. Just the ticking clock over the picture of her sons. A New Testament bible on the coffee table.

CUT TO:

69 INT. UPSTAIRS. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 6. DUSK. 18:52. 69

VIVIEN goes up the stairs. She calls out towards Nettie's bedroom door.

VIVIEN

Mrs Jones?

Silence. VIVIEN walks into her bedroom.

CUT TO:

70 INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 6. DUSK. 18:53. 70

VIVIEN, relieved the house is empty, goes to her bedroom, shuts the door, moves her bedside table against the door to make a barricade. Out of her handbag she takes out some rubber gloves and two bottles of chemicals she stole from the hair salon. She begins to mix them together.

CUT TO:

71

INT. CHURCH HALL. LONDON. NIGHT 6. 19:01.

71

More people at the meeting than before. More cake and biscuits. NETTIE is listening intently, at the back.

CLOSE ON: MR BURNS sets out his groceries on the trestle table. He arranges them carefully, pointedly, his important props.

MR BURNS

Thank you very much for joining us. Today my wife went to our local corner shop, like her mother before her, and her mother before her. She bought a pound of mince, a couple of spuds, a pint of milk and a candle. The food was for our tea, and the candle is for our loss. Because it'll be the last time she goes to that shop, you see after nearly a hundred years of trading, it's being forced to close down.

On NETTIE, amongst her friends, absorbed.

CUT TO:

72

INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 19:02.

72

VIVIEN, lit by the light of her dressing table, applies the mixture to her hair. She works quickly with intensity, terrified of being caught.

MR BURNS (O.C.)

Last year the biggest shop in Europe opened a few streets from our home, shutting down shops and markets and destroying lives. The owner's name is Jack Cohen. His shop is Tesco. He is one of four families in charge of the world. They run the banks, the newspapers, the television and soon the supermarkets that will change our high street and ruin our communities.

CUT TO:

Later ... VIVIEN finishes drying her hair.

CUT TO:

73

INT. CHURCH HALL. LONDON. NIGHT 6. 19:03.

73

NETTIE is mesmerised by MR BURNS.

MR BURNS

We've been in the dark for too long. But if we stand together we can finally take our country back.

The AUDIENCE clap. NETTIE starts clapping. Sound bridge over to:

CUT TO:

74 INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 19:14. 74

Over sound of clapping -

VIVIEN sprays her hair. Looks in the mirror. She's a gleaming platinum blonde. She's the girl from the opening **JANE CARPENTER**.

She turns off the dressing table light.

CUT TO BLACK:

75 INT. HALLWAY. EPSTEIN HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 20:45. 75

MR EPSTEIN, with an alphabetised address book out, rings Soly's number. It rings. And rings. And rings. MR EPSTEIN puts the phone down.

CUT TO:

76 INT. DINING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 20:46. 76

MR EPSTEIN comes to the dining room, where MRS EPSTEIN is polishing the silver. He goes to the table of spirits in the corner and pours himself a whiskey.

MR EPSTEIN

I just spoke to her.

MRS EPSTEIN

Oh David, really?

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Yeah. She's absolutely fine.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Where is she?

MR EPSTEIN

With a friend.

MRS EPSTEIN

Which friend?

He drinks the whiskey. He puts his glass on the table, without a coaster. Wipes his mouth.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
This better not have anything to do
with my brother in London.

MR EPSTEIN
Course it doesn't. She's fine.
That's all that matters. Don't get
yourself worked up. She'll be home
soon.

MR EPSTEIN leaves the dining room. A beat before MRS EPSTEIN lifts the glass and starts scrubbing the mark he has left. She scrubs and scrubs it.

CUT TO:

76A OMITTED

76A

77 INT. BLACK CAB. / EXT. STREET. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 9:48.

SOLY drives his cab. Newly blonde VIVIEN - sits, rigid, in the back. He pulls up on a street in West London.

SOLY
Here we are. It's that one there.

She stares dead ahead.

SOLY (CONT'D)
Keep to the script, just like we
practiced. You go in, ask where he
is, and then you leave. Any doubts,
get out. I'll be here. That's it.
Twenty minutes max. Alright?

She looks at SOLY in the mirror.

She looks nervous. He looks nervous for her.

VIVIEN
What's the matter, you worried?

SOLY looks at her, frowning.

SOLY
I dunno, something tells me we're
cut from the same cloth, you and
me.

Beat.

VIVIEN

I hope that's not supposed to be
compliment.

Small laugh from SOLY.

SOLY

Look, I'm nervous, alright? Course
I'm nervous. You're my niece.
You're a young girl.

VIVIEN looks intently.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death
(whisper)
I fear no evil.

Close on SOLY watching VIVIEN in his mirror, walking away
from the car.

A CYCLIST passes, traveling in the same direction as VIVIEN.

CUT TO:

78

EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. WEST LONDON. DAY 7. 9:55.

78

VIVIEN reaches a smart Victorian residential house. A sign
outside says 'NATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT' and a swastika on
the door. Bars on the windows. She knocks on the door, trying
to stop her hands shaking. LEE opens the door, a fresh cut to
his forehead.

VIVIEN

Hello. My name is Jane Carpenter.
I've come to see Mr Jordan?

He frowns at her. VIVIEN smiles sweetly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I'm Peter Fox's friend.

He looks behind her on the street, as if someone might be
waiting to jump him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

(quietly)
All for the folk. And the folk -
for all.

His frown turns into a scowl. They lock eyes. Slowly, VIVIEN
smiles, her eyes sparkle.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Perish Judah.

Slowly, LEE smiles too, this is what he wanted to hear.

LEE
I'll take you up.

She enters.

CUT TO:

79 **INT. GROUND FLOOR/STAIRS/FIRST FLOOR. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 9
7. 9:56.**

VIVIEN follows LEE through a smart Victorian residential house repurposed for office work. Muted colours, smell of floor polish. They climb the pokey staircase to a small landing. A bow chair.

LEE
Take a seat.

VIVIEN nods and sits down. LEE disappears into a room.

VIVIEN looks over the banister to the lower floor, a room chirps with the sound of more than one typewriter, faintly we hear a radio crackle with the end of Marilyn Monroe's '*I wanna be loved by you*'. The place could be an accounting firm - quiet, harmless, efficient.

We hear Lee speaking quietly to Colin Jordan. We catch fragments.

LEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
'... at the door ... Peter ... I
told her ... not sure ... yes,
Sir.'

Her hands are shaking. She can't bear to look at them. She puts one under her thigh.

LEE comes out.

A moment of looking at her, relishing this small burst of power.

LEE (CONT'D)
In you go.

VIVIEN smiles and heads in. He watches her pass, deliberately not moving.

CUT TO:

80 **INT. COLIN JORDAN'S OFFICE. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 9:57. 80**

VIVIEN walks in - the décor a noticeable upgrade from the rest of the house - oak desk, bank clock, the only room with drapery rather than blinds.

COLIN JORDAN stands behind his desk, raising like the Cambridge educated gentleman he ostensibly is, to greet her warmly.

COLIN
Miss Carpenter?

He holds out a hand.

She takes his hand. She smiles at him. He smiles at her.

We notice above his brow, a cut from the missile hurled at the rally, and a small stitch.

CUT TO:

81 **EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. WEST LONDON. DAY 7. 9:58. 81**

PULL BACK to see from the street, VIVIEN through the window with COLIN. We remain in the distance because we are from someone's point of view.

It's STEVIE - he has followed Soly's cab on his bicycle and seen everything.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE ONE.