



RED

I Production Company
A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

Ridley Road

Episode 2

Written by Sarah Solemani

Inspired by Jo Bloom's novel
Ridley Road



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A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

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1

INT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 9:56.

1

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:

2

INT. COLIN JORDAN'S OFFICE. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 9:57. 2

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. Behind her LEE closes the door.

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.

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

She takes his hand. She will not run. She will *not run*.

On her face. But she *so should run*, backup, run down the stairs and get the hell out.

Instead, she smiles. He gestures for them to sit. They do.

VIVIEN

Mr Jordan, such a pleasure to meet you at last.

Beat.

The clock ticks.

COLIN stares.

VIVIEN clasps her hands together tightly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you for all the hard work you are doing for the people of this country.

COLIN

Not at all. It's the people of this country who work hard for little gain. I am merely ... a mouthpiece.

COLIN smiles at her. The warmest, most welcoming smile. She relaxes, despite herself. He stares at her. He gently strokes the end of his stitch with his forefinger.

More footsteps. His eyes twinkle, almost an air of mischief.

COLIN (CONT'D)

The sound of heavy boots can be a little incessant in this building, my apologies.

VIVIEN

Oh, no, no.

COLIN

I should imitate the Indian shaman, and insist on bare-feet.

Leans forward, cheekily.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Although I'm not sure that would go down too well with the lads.

He's trying to reassure her. And it's working.

VIVIEN

I won't keep you long. I'm here to enquire about Peter Fox, about his whereabouts. I am his friend, you see, and I haven't heard from him in a while.

Beat.

COLIN

Friend?

VIVIEN

Erm ... yes, Sir. Yes.

COLIN frowns. He gently tugs on the stitch above his eyebrow. VIVIEN tries not to wince.

COLIN smiles warmly.

COLIN

Well ... lucky Peter.

VIVIEN

I just wondered if he was alright?

COLIN

I assure you, he's alright, Miss Carpenter.

VIVIEN

It's just I understand the ... nature of the work you do. And the ... forces that make that work difficult -

COLIN

Please don't worry, it's my life's work to protect this nation, and that includes my men. I take my role very seriously.

Beat. VIVIEN nods.

VIVIEN

I wondered if you might tell me where he is?

COLIN looks at her.

CUT TO:

SOLY sits in the driving seat of his cab, eyes like a hawk on the NSM headquarters, focusing in on the window. In his mirror, he sees a POLICEMAN on the beat, walking towards him.

SOLY picks up his newspaper. Reads.

The POLICEMAN comes closer.

SOLY's eyes dart - NSM HQ, POLICEMAN, Newspaper.

Eventually, the POLICEMAN walks past.

He stops inside a shop doorway.

It's wide, we can't really see.

We see a glimpse of a mixed-race MAN having a discussion with the policeman. It's hard to see his face.

SOLY watches.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. COLIN JORDAN'S OFFICE. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 10:11. 4**

COLIN sits back in his chair, taking a good look at VIVIEN. She uncrosses her legs. Then crosses them the other way.

The clock ticks. VIVIEN notices some leather-bound books on a shelf, the spine emblazoned with a Swastika.

We can hear footsteps coming down the stairs, VIVIEN grows uneasy.

COLIN

So where in Manchester did you grow up?

VIVIEN swallows, confidence dipping.

VIVIEN

Manchester, Sir, yes, near Castlefield.

COLIN

Near Peter?

VIVIEN

Erm ... yes, Sir.

COLIN

I see. And your parents? Your father?

VIVIEN

He's a postman Sir. Was a postman. My mother's a housewife. They met at church.

COLIN

Well ... tell him to give me a call
and we can get him involved in our
Manchester division.

VIVIEN tries out a smile to hide her crushing disappointment -
she's failed. She's failing.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming by, Miss
Carpenter.

But she can't fail. Not at this.

VIVIEN
Mr Jordan, it would so put my mind
at ease if you could share how
Peter is?

Beat.

COLIN slowly pulls the stitch out of his eyebrow.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Oh, my goodness, Sir ...

VIVIEN winces, as he tugs this coarse string out of his flesh, in one steady move. He stares at the string.

COLIN
We all have wounds, to some degree.
It's just the nature of what we do.
The sacrifices we make.

Beat.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Do you have wounds, Miss Carpenter?

Beat.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Deep wounds, that define you?

VIVIEN
I'm not sure ... I understand?

COLIN
(wry smile)
I'm not fooled for a second. You
have the most intelligent eyes I've
ever seen. Just like my mother.

Another mischievous smile.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'm finding this terribly exciting,
you've come all this way, to knock
on my door. It's not just young
love, is it?

Pause.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Maybe it is. Who am I to pry?

VIVIEN digs deep.

VIVIEN

Well ... to be frank, Sir I do have wounds, as you put it. I carry the pain of seeing my father, and my grandfather, both dedicated serviceman, of the RAF, be ... well, discarded, by this country. I see the coloured men that have taken my father's job. I see the negro hooligans that terrorise my family's community, where they used to live in peace and civility. I see the blood of foreigners mix with my countrymen ... and I know that Peter needs me, in the fight. Of course I'm just a girl, and can't make a contribution in the same way a man might but ... my concern, my dedication, is ... well. I have to be involved in this fight, in some way. It's not about Peter and I, it's bigger than us ... I can't explain it really -

VIVIEN takes a big breath.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I have to know where Peter is so that I can ... help him in his work to get Britain back.

COLIN

Please.

COLIN stands up, strides to the door. He's imposing, formidable, something about him commands obedience.

VIVIEN stands.

COLIN opens the door, standing there is LEE.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I think we better take this young lady on a drive.

COLIN nods, eyes still transfixed on VIVIEN.

CUT TO:

SOLY, newspaper lowered, still watching the POLICEMAN talking to the mixed-race MAN.

He leans further out and we reveal it's STEVIE. Too wide to hear them, but STEVIE's body language is defensive.

The POLICEMAN is imposing. It's getting hostile. SOLY watches as STEVIE and the POLICEMAN cross in front of his car, the POLICEMAN sending STEVIE on his way.

CUT TO:

5A **EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 10:16.**

5A

VIVIEN, obscured from view by COLIN and LEE, follows them to a fancy looking Jaguar.

LEE opens the car and lets VIVIEN in the back.

CUT TO:

5B **OMITTED**

5B

6 **INT. COLIN'S CAR. / EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 10:17.** 6

VIVIEN shuffles up in the back seat. COLIN sits in the passenger seat, LEE at the wheel. LEE starts the engine.

The car pulls away. VIVIEN looks in the mirror - is SOLY there?

As the car pulls away two YOUNG MEN pass. They light up when they see COLIN.

YOUNG MEN
Yes, Sir! Alright, sir!

COLIN waves at them. Humble smile of a man of small fame.

CUT TO:

6B **INT. BLACK CAB. / EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 7. 10:18.** 6B

SOLY watching STEVIE with the police as he hears the YOUNG MEN shout out at COLIN - his attention immediately turns as he sees the back of VIVIEN's head in the back of the car.

SOLY
Shiiit.

SOLY puts down his paper and turns on his engine.

SOLY is following COLIN's car.

A second black cab cuts in front of him. SOLY tutts.

SOLY (CONT'D)
Bleedin' piss taker.

The cab in front of him slows down.

SOLY (CONT'D)
You're having a laugh.

The cab driver slows down even more, eventually to a stop.

He sees COLIN's car drive off.

SOLY (CONT'D)
No. No.

SOLY sounds his horn aggressively.

SOLY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

The driver gets out. A tall, heavily built, Irishman.

IRISH CAB DRIVER
Get back to Stepney you sneaky Yid,
this ain't your turf.

SOLY
Oh do one you Paddy sod!

SOLY tries to overtake but he sees another black-cab DRIVER blocking his way.

He curses. He has no choice but to back up. He's lost them.

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED

7

7A OMITTED

7A

8 OMITTED

8

8A OMITTED

8A

8B EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 7. 11:15.

8B

NETTIE and MR BURNS look at the construction and cranes building a high rise in the distance. Sounds of building works all around them.

NETTIE
Look at the size of it. 'Street in the sky' they're calling it.
(MORE)

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Seen them shoot up all through Bow -
looks like a crematorium, if you
ask me, all that concrete with
little coffins inside, I'll feel
buried alive.

An ASIAN WOMAN in a sari walks past. NETTIE doesn't smile at her. MR BURNS clocks her.

MR BURNS

Tut. Miss Jones the council have
made up their minds. You've got to
move. Besides, you're the only
English lady left on this street.
What's there to stay for?

NETTIE

This is my home. I raised my boys
here. I've done it up nicely, how
am I supposed to pack up sixty
years ...

MR BURNS

I'll help you, if there's a cup of
tea in it.

They share a smile.

The sound of INDIAN music from a nearby house. MR BURNS
shakes his head.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 7. 11:32.

9

Camera follows RONNIE with a basket of bread rolls as he
walks through Ridley Road towards the 62 premises.

CUT TO:

10

INT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 7. 11:34.

10

RONNIE enters through the front of the shop, and we find,
hidden amongst the fabric rolls - the RABBI and SOLY in a
meeting at the 62 Group's premises. SOLY is on the phone,
waiting for someone to pick up.

SOLY

Hello David.

RONNIE looks up.

SOLY (CONT'D)

Course I did. Yeah, yeah, bought
her a ticket for the morning train
but ... she refused. Young love.
It's a powerful thing.

SOLY listens. We can't hear. RONNIE looks at him. SOLY nods
'it's all good.'

SOLY (CONT'D)

I tried my best, mate. Yeah. You'll
have to get yourself down here and
throw the book at her.

Beat.

SOLY (CONT'D)

Tell her she's gone to the theatre.

The RABBI looks at him. SOLY shrugs like 'what?'

Beat.

SOLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, matinee. Noel Coward. Bit of
bagel at Blooms, beforehand, she'll
buy that.

Beat.

SOLY (CONT'D)

Yes. Stay calm David, for God's
sake.

SOLY hangs up. The others look at him, disapprovingly.

SOLY (CONT'D)

I'll tell him when he gets here.

The RABBI looks deeply distressed.

SOLY (CONT'D)

David Epstein is a superb paperwork
man. You want paperwork doctored,
you go to him. Anything else makes
him flap. We can't afford to have
flappers right now.

RONNIE paces, eating nervously. He lets out a sigh.

SOLY (CONT'D)

What you huffing for?

RONNIE

It's just ... how could you lose
her, dad? How could you let her out
of your sight?

Instantly raging.

SOLY

Don't start! I told you I couldn't
get past those Paddys!

RABBI

Soly, we need to tread extremely
carefully now.

SOLY

What are you always telling us,
Rabbi, a little faith goes a long
way, right? Well I have faith in
her, don't ask me why. She'll make
her way out alright. I know it.

The others nod, not convinced. ON SOLY: his bravado beginning
to wane.

CUT TO:

11

INT. COLIN'S CAR. / EXT. DIRT ROAD. DAY 7. 11:41.

11

Inside the car.

COLIN

Stop here. I want to walk.

The car pulls up on a dirt road.

COLIN gets out. He doesn't help her with the door. Odd.

VIVIEN climbs out.

She looks for Soly. No cars in sight. He hasn't come.

VIVIEN

Where are we?

They don't answer her.

Something feels very, very wrong.

VIVIEN stays rooted to the spot.

COLIN strides on ahead.

She looks back at LEE.

LEE

You want to see Peter, don't you?
Come on.

She walks. She is caught between COLIN and LEE and there's no
way out.

Silence apart from the crunch crunch crunch of the leaves underfoot.

COLIN stops. Turns around.

COLIN
You've a brave one Jane. Isn't she
Lee?

VIVIEN looks between the men. Is this it?

LEE
Very.

WIDE ON: Them walking her up the dirt driveway to:

CUT TO:

12

EXT. GROUNDS. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 11:44.

12

An opening, suddenly, the green of a weeping willow opens up into a beautifully kept garden and a large house, Georgian, stone.

Not what VIVIEN was expecting.

PAUL, we recognise him from the opening of Episode one, runs through, a butterfly in a jar.

PAUL
Daddy! Look what I caught.

PAUL runs up to COLIN.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Look, Daddy! I put in a leaf, for
his tea.

COLIN
Marvellous.

ELISE (O.S.)
Sorry Sir, he just took off.

A rosy faced red-headed woman ELISE, heavily pregnant, early twenties, in an apron, comes through the thicket. She is quick-witted, but cautious. Stands, staring.

COLIN
Fine for him to run about.

ELISE
Who's this?

COLIN, a little ahead, speaks to ELISE, we can't hear what they say. She nods, at VIVIEN.

VIVIEN's POV as she walks closer to the front steps.

COLIN

Elise will take you inside. I'll be with you shortly.

ELISE

This way.

VIVIEN follows ELISE into the house. VIVIEN looks over her shoulder at COLIN as she's led to:

CUT TO:

13

INT. FRONT HALL/STAIRS/BACK STAIRS. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 13 11:46.

Beautifully decorated hallway. As ELISE and VIVIEN walk:

VIVIEN

Is this Mr Jordan's house?

ELISE

On our membership subs and his teacher's salary? I don't think so.

VIVIEN

Who's house is it?

They end up in:

CUT TO:

14

INT. KITCHEN. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 11:47.

14

An epic farmhouse style kitchen. Wooden table, copper pans, deep basins.

ELISE stops at a large farmhouse table. Picks up a packet of smokes. Lights one.

ELISE

Lee won't like me talking.

VIVIEN looks at her, smiles patiently, a trick she learnt at the salon, to keep people talking.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Duke of Westwick. He's loaned it to us for the training. Ever so exciting!

ELISE feels her bump as she smokes.

VIVIEN

When are you due?

ELISE

November.

VIVIEN gives ELISE a big smile.

VIVIEN

Congratulations.

ELISE doesn't smile.

ELISE

You forget about the sickness. You
forget about your hair falling out,
look.

ELISE leans forward and shows her a thinning patch.

VIVIEN

Oh it's not your first?

The way ELISE looks at her, VIVIEN knows to change the subject quick.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I have something that could help.
I'm a hairdresser.

ELISE nods, indifferent. A terrible, resigned sadness to her.

Out of the silence, a sudden violent shout.

VIVIEN jumps, she looks around.

ELISE

Just the blokes. Doing their
exercises.

VIVIEN

Oh.

ELISE

So you courtin' Peter then? Don't
blame you, if you are. He's a
looker, don't tell my Lee I said
so.

VIVIEN smiles.

VIVIEN

Where did Mr Jordan get to? Do you
think he'll be long?

ELISE shrugs. And smokes, looking VIVIEN up and down..

ELISE

Ere, look at your coat. Fancy,
much? Where'd you get that?

VIVIEN looks down at the coat she bought in Episode One.

VIVIEN

Oh, just a little boutique in Soho.

ELISE

Cor. I like the butterfly patch.

VIVIEN

Oh I sewed it myself. It's not hard, my dad's a tailor and -

VIVIEN catches herself, her need to connect, distracting her from her cover story. How could she have been so careless?

ELISE

Your dad taught you?

VIVIEN

Hmm-hmm.

VIVIEN keeps looking at her coat, trying to recover.

ELISE

Well that's nice. The only thing my old man ever taught me was how to rob, drink and avoid the law. Here, I better get a move on with these pasties for tomorrow.

Cigarette still in her mouth, ELISE starts kneading some pastry from a bowl.

VIVIEN looks out the kitchen window, on the grounds. To some outhouses. Where is he? Where is Jack?

ELISE (CONT'D)

I split the pastry in half, mince and potato one side, jam on the other for their sweet. Separate it with a piece of pastry, like a little wall.

VIVIEN

How clever.

ELISE

Got to get 'em done, they bury them quick.

BEAT.

Sense of ELISE catching herself.

VIVIEN clocks it.

VIVIEN
(innocent)
Bury who quick?

VIVIEN looks at ELISE. ELISE is vigorously kneading.

ELISE
Blimmin' flour's got sticky.

VIVIEN
Elise, who buries who quick?

ELISE
If it don't go well, I'll get it,
won't I. Lee says they don't need a
packed lunch. But what else am I
gonna do with myself? Don't like
feeling like a spare part. But I
reckon the lard weren't hard
enough, needs to be hard, for a
flakey pastry.

VIVIEN
(smiling, trying to be
casual)
Are the lads planning something?

ELISE works harder on the dough, more flour, rubbing
vigorously with her fingers.

VIVIEN looks down the hallway from the kitchen, a small room
off of it - maybe JACK is in one of the rooms. Should she go?

The little boy PAUL comes in with the butterfly, flying
manically in the jar.

PAUL
I've scared him, I'm worried I've
scared him, my flutter-by. He's
hurting himself.

ELISE ignores him. VIVIEN smiles at him. PAUL just stays
there.

VIVIEN
What did you call him?

PAUL
A flutter-by. Why is he moving like
that? He'll hurt his wings?

VIVIEN smiles at his mispronunciation.

VIVIEN
Let's calm him down, shall we?

VIVIEN gets a tea-towel from the sink. She wraps it around
the jar.

VIVIEN crouches down so she's the same height as the boy.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
It'll think it's night.

Slowly she takes the tea-towel off. The butterfly is still. They look at it. The oranges and reds of the wings.

PAUL
Will it die?

VIVIEN
Not if you punch some holes for it
to breathe. Here.

She gently presses the bottom of a corkscrew into the lid, to make breathing holes.

COLIN appears, watching. Taken with this sight.

COLIN
Miss Carpenter, are you ready?

VIVIEN doesn't recognise her new name. She carries on pressing.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Jane? Jane.

VIVIEN looks up.

VIVIEN
Sorry. Distracted.

CUT TO:

15

EXT. OUTHOUSE. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 11:56.

15

VIVIEN follows COLIN towards an outhouse.

More heavily built MEN packing up training equipment. They look at VIVIEN but don't say anything. COLIN nods at them.

COLIN
Pack it all away by four, Jason.

JASON
Yes Sir.

They carry on walking.

VIVIEN
Such a beautiful house.

COLIN
Not ours, sadly. Loaned to us,
every few months.

VIVIEN

Oh?

COLIN

Manage to get a few days training
out of it. A generous gentleman,
influential.

VIVIEN

The Duke of Westwick.

They stop. He looks at her. She smiles.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I saw the crest in the hall.

COLIN

(impressed)

Nothing gets by you.

COLIN smiles at her, she hates herself for it, but his presence soothes the very tension he causes.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Listen, it looks worse than it is.
Peter.

VIVIEN

Oh.

A panic on VIVIEN's face.

COLIN

Oh look at you. Please don't worry.
He'll be absolutely fine. We're
taking care of him, alright? Just
don't panic him, will you? This
way.

CUT TO:

16

I./E. OUTHOUSE. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 11:57.

16

COLIN opens the door to the outhouse. A darkened, converted stable.

Inside the bed, half asleep is her love, JACK. A sliver of light on his face - gaunt and his lips are cracked. But, he's alive.

COLIN opens the curtains - we see the room - white linens, wash jug in a bowl, simple but reassuring as a place of convalescence.

COLIN

Peter. There's someone here to see
you.

Groggily he comes around.

On VIVIEN, as Jane, taking in his injuries. She has to keep it together. She nods at COLIN.

VIVIEN

Thank you.

But COLIN doesn't move. He's going to stay. Keep it together, come on. She clears her throat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Peter? It's me, Jane.

JACK opens his eyes. He looks at her.

She doesn't know whether he'll scream her real name, throw something or lurch out of bed. We hold on her, searching him with begging eyes to keep it together.

With perfect stillness and a gentle smile:

JACK

Hello Jane. What a nice surprise.

Of course, he's expert at this. How could she have doubted him?

JACK tries to sit up. VIVIEN still rooted to the spot.

COLIN

Don't strain yourself old boy.

JACK

(casual as anything)

Did Mr Jordan bring you here?

VIVIEN

Yes, I went to pay him a visit. And he very kindly drove me to you.

JACK

How kind of him. Thank you Sir. But you needn't have gone to the trouble.

COLIN nods, taking in this disappointed reaction. JACK senses it, changes tack, with pincer precision - a master at work.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ain't it fancy here, Jane?

VIVIEN

Very.

JACK

You should get Mr Jordan to walk
you round the rose garden.
Apparently it's quite the picture.

Not sure what to do with that. She smiles.

The silence hurts her.

PAUL plays outside with one of the NSM men.

A dog barks.

COLIN

I'll be outside. Perhaps you could
keep the visiting hours on the
shorter side, Miss Carpenter. Still
a long way on the road to recovery.

VIVIEN

Of course.

COLIN walks outside.

At last - they are alone.

JACK sits up in bed. He crosses his arms.

A small outtake of breath from VIVIEN, releasing a fraction
of the tension she's been holding onto.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Say something.

JACK

You changed your hair.

VIVIEN

Say something else.

JACK

I can't. It won't be decent.

She goes to the bed. She tries to kiss him. He turns his face
away from her. She kisses his cheeks, another kiss, another
kiss.

VIVIEN

(whisper)

Come back with me. Please. I can't
let you stay here with these ...
animals.

JACK

Shhh.

He pushes her away, enough force to stop her, even though he aches for her touch.

JACK (CONT'D)

(tense whisper)

You think you can come here with
your best Marilyn impression and
seduce these nutters out of their
views?

VIVIEN

What? No.

JACK

Who put you up to it, Soly? Ronnie?
Did they tell you to do all this?

He gestures her appearance.

VIVIEN

No, actually, it was my idea. I
just want to get you out of here.

Off screen we hear a child's cry, VIVIEN peeks out the window, she can see PAUL running around with the butterfly in a jar. COLIN has taken several steps away from the outhouse, it's safe to steal a few seconds of straight talk.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

(whisper)

They killed a Yeshiva boy.

She looks at him. He can't bring himself to talk about it.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Did you know that?

JACK

(pained)

Of course I did.

JACK looks at her, we can tell the murder of the Yeshiva boy weighs heavy on him.

VIVIEN

What happened to you? Is one of
them on to you? Do they suspect ...

He puts his finger to his lips, eyes dart across like 'they are listening.'

JACK

No, they don't suspect. And I need
to keep it that way. Tell Sol, it
was just an accident. I'm good. I'm
still good.

VIVIEN
Can you even walk?

She steps closer to him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I have so much to ask you, so much
I need to know.

A crunch of a footstep outside. JACK raises his voice a fraction, for the eavesdropper's benefit.

JACK
(firm)
Don't let me keep you.

She gets the hint, goes to the door.

VIVIEN
Well good luck tomorrow, when you
storm that Yid's funeral.

JACK's expression changes. What's she playing at?

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Elise mentioned something about
burying their dead quick. We all
know that Jews have funerals in
twenty four hours ... But you might
not be up to paying them a visit.
Best you stay and rest. Shame
really, we need to let those Jews
know enough's enough.

JACK looks at her. Alert to her intelligence and surprised by her confident delivery.

COLIN walks into the room. He stands there.

COLIN
How are we getting on?

JACK
All done, Sir.

VIVIEN
Nice to see you.

Then for the first time, with all her might, she sticks out her arm in a Heil Hitler salute.

COLIN does it back.

JACK does a salute back too.

COLIN
You'll join us for lunch, Jane?

VIVIEN
Wonderful. Yes.

On JACK staring at her.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 12:05.**

17

CLOSE ON: VIVIEN walks hurriedly out of the house.

CUT TO:

18 **OMITTED**

18

19 **EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 7. 14:49.**

19

VIVIEN gets off a bus. She steps into a doorway.

At last - she can breathe. She has no idea where she is, but she's out. She keeps walking.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BACKROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 7. 15:35 20

SOLY and the RABBI are sitting around RONNIE, at his typewriter typing everything VIVIEN says.

VIVIEN

It's a huge house. Huge. I've never seen anything like it.

Beat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

The Duke lends it to them.

SOLY

(irate)

Always knew the Duke of Westwick was a slippery bastard. This is why I don't trust toffs. None of them. They run around on their friggin' horses ... sniffing up ... pheasants -

RONNIE

'Sniffing up pheasants' ?

SOLY

Or whatever it is they do, I don't know. All I know is there are fascists in them mansions, Royal Family included!

RABBI

Alright, Sol, alright. Vivien, did they tell you the purpose of the house?

VIVIEN

Yes for training.

They stop. They look at each other.

RONNIE

Were there men training in the house Vivien?

VIVIEN

Yes on the lawn. There were men doing ... exercises ...

SOLY

(serious)

How many?

RONNIE types.

RONNIE

A dozen? Two dozen?

VIVIEN

Yes about that.

RONNIE

Which is it?

VIVIEN

About fifteen I saw, but maybe
more. It was such a blur.

They look at SOLY.

SOLY

Spearhead. It's Spearhead.

VIVIEN

What's that?

SOLY

Jordan's been eyeing up his own
paramilitary force. We didn't know
if he had the numbers, if he had
the equipment. But with the Duke's
backing ...

SOLY shakes his head.

SOLY (CONT'D)

He's building a blimmin' army.
That's what we can get him on.

RONNIE

Who else was there Vivien?

RONNIE types as she speaks.

VIVIEN

A boy, Paul. Colin's son. Erm. Erm
... a girl. Sweet, strange, I
couldn't put my finger on what was
wrong with her. She seemed so
harmless at first, and then ...
'Bury their dead quick' she said,
casual as you like, stuffing jam
into pastry for some operation they
were planning. That's the Yeshiva
boy, isn't it?

BEAT. The men look at each other. The RABBI bows his head.

SOLY slams his fists on the table.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry -

RONNIE

Are you sure, Vivien?

VIVIEN

I think so. I don't know -

RABBI

Think very carefully, Vivien, this could be dangerous -

VIVIEN

She said they bury their dead quick, the boys were preparing for something -

SOLY

That might have been a good nugget to open on!

VIVIEN

If you hadn't been firing all these questions at me, maybe I would have-

RABBI

Alright, Sol, don't distress the girl. So they are planning to cause a disturbance, and now we know. So I drop round to the Oppenheim's and we'll change the location. Vivien, you should be proud of yourself, you've done a great Mitzvah today.

The RABBI puts his hat on and leaves, SOLY looks at the others standing there.

SOLY

What you waiting for, he needs backup, none of those commie drips, Ronnie. Proper men what aren't afraid to break a nail. Get them out safely, then make yourselves scarce.

RONNIE jumps into action, leaving VIVIEN sitting there.

SOLY (CONT'D)

We'll get word to you, we'll find you when we need you. Go, go ...

SOLY ushers VIVIEN out into the cold street.

CUT TO:

21

INT. OUTHOUSE. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:03.

21

JACK wakes up, in a medicated haze. He's stiff. Hasn't set foot on the floor in days. He gets up. Slowly. Puts on his trousers. A bandage around his waist. He opens the door.

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:10.**

22

JACK walks unsteadily towards the house.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:14.**

23

JACK walks through the hallway.

He stops. Reflected in an old, mottled glass mirror, he sees LEE, JEFF and COLIN talking quietly in the billiard room. JEFF is in a uniform.

He looks down the hall. Sees the library is open.

He walks down.

Gets to the library door.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:15.**

24

JACK moves quickly, wincing at his injuries. Moves to the desk.

Rifles through it.

Can't find anything.

Rifles through a side desk.

He hears footsteps. Tries to tidy up quickly.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS/SALOON ENTRANCE. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:18.** 25

COLIN strides down the hallway. Enters the library.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:19.**

26

JACK at the bookcase, head in a book with a swastika on the spine.

JACK

Oh hello Sir. Hope you don't mind,
thought I'd give this 'Strength
Through Joy' book a try.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
Under the Reich, the Führer sent
twenty two thousand families to the
theatre, for the first time. He
wanted to elevate them through art,
ain't that wonderful?

Beat.

COLIN
Indeed.

Beat.

JACK
Anything the matter, Sir?

COLIN
I'm onto you, Peter Fox.

Beat. JACK looks at him. Something different in his eyes.

CUT TO:

27

INT. HALLWAY. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 7. 17:20.

27

VIVIEN quickly checks her appearance in the door mirror. She immediately notices the clock missing from the hallway. A box of wrapped up china figurines by the stairs. VIVIEN walks towards the sitting room.

A man, MR BURNS, from the community group, walks out.

MR BURNS
You must be the lodger.

VIVIEN nods.

MR BURNS (CONT'D)
Terrible, what they're doing to our
elderly. Look after her, won't you?

MR BURNS leaves.

CUT TO:

28

INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 7. 17:21.

28

VIVIEN walks into the room, sees NETTIE.

The saddest sight of an elderly woman wrapping up her humble belongings in thick wads of newspaper.

Small gasp of shock from NETTIE.

NETTIE

Blow me down, you gave me the
fright of my life. I thought you
was a movie star.

Her smile quickly fades.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

They've given me no choice, the
council. I've got to go else
they'll bulldoze me down with the
bricks and mortar.

VIVIEN goes to her.

CUT TO:

29

INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. DAY 7. 17:22.

29

COLIN has sat on the edge of the desk. JACK is still standing by the bookshelves.

COLIN

You obviously offended the young
lady, she ran off all on her own.
So what are your intentions?

JACK smiles coyly.

JACK

She's a nice girl but ... nah, not
my type.

COLIN

Well think carefully before you
waste a woman's best years. She's
obviously besotted by you, to come
down from Manchester and seek you
out.

Beat. JACK looks at his fingers. It's difficult to blag his way out of this one.

JACK

I doubt that's the case, Sir. She
probably came over to meet you!
People have got a lot of respect
for you. I don't think you're quite
aware.

COLIN considers this. Flattery always soothes him.

COLIN

Hmm. It is hard to find nice ladies
that are ... understanding of the
cause. She seemed most enlightened.
Unusual, in someone so young. Hmmm.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Well look just ... be careful.
Don't let distractions get in the
way. We're making progress and I
need everyone to be fighting fit.
That's all.

JACK

Will do Sir.

COLIN nods, satisfied, leaves the room. ON JACK, a flicker of
doubt, was that the right thing to say?

CUT TO:

30

INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 7. 17:33.

30

VIVIEN and NETTIE busy packing up together. An embroidered
quilt, from when her sons were young, some children's books.
She's quite a hoarder.

NETTIE

There's a bedroom for you, I can
make it nice. Till you get a place
of your own. Don't worry, I won't
chuck you out on the street.

VIVIEN

Thank you.

They pack together.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

That gentleman seemed lovely?

NETTIE

Mr Burns? Oh he's ever so
considerate, life and soul of the
community group.

NETTIE brings down some saucers.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Ere, will you wrap these saucers up
in paper?

NETTIE hands her some floral ceramic saucers. VIVIEN takes
them. She goes to a bunch of papers in a box - a woman's
magazine, some information about the high rise, she finds a
brochure The Zionist Conspiracy' some anti-Jewish rhetoric
about Tesco's.

She feels NETTIE looking at her, so quickly busies herself
wrapping up the crockery.

VIVIEN

Mrs Jones, we can speak frankly,
can't we?

NETTIE

Course we can. We get on, you and me. You're a lovely tenant, last girl hung her stockings all over the gaff, looked like a knockin' shop.

VIVIEN

Would you mind, not telling anyone about me?

Beat. NETTIE looks concerned.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

It's to do with my fiancé. My ex-fiancé. He could easily cause trouble for me. So I want to ... lie low. Just for a bit.

NETTIE nods.

NETTIE

I understand. You have my word.

VIVIEN packs.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Sounds a total monster, your ex. Dangerous?

VIVIEN

Very dangerous. Very dangerous indeed.

CUT TO:

31

INT. LIVING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 7. 17:52. 31

CLOSE ON: A lump of pink blancmange wobbles on a spoon. Gradually it aims towards a mouth.

Reveal: it's JEREMY who is sitting on an armchair. He tries his best, but the blancmange slips off the spoon. Checking no one sees, he scoops the blancmange off his shirt with the spoon, and pops it into his mouth.

MRS KLEIN

He's not been sleeping. I haven't been sleeping. None of us have been sleeping. We can't sleep!

WIDER: JEREMY and his mother, MRS KLEIN, sit in the Epsteins' living room. MRS KLEIN tuts and spits on a hanky, before wiping up JEREMY's front.

Beat. MRS KLEIN tuts. MRS EPSTEIN tuts in sympathy.

JEREMY stops putting another spoonful in his mouth.

MR EPSTEIN

What can I say, she's seems to have really embraced London theatre. She probably just needs a little time.

MRS KELIN

She's twenty three. She doesn't have time! Tell them, Jeremy. Tell them our decision.

JEREMY

Oh yes. Right. Well ... uhm, bit of a tricky one really but ... thing is, Dad has decided to let me manage the commercial properties. Hand them over, in my name.

MRS EPSTEIN

Ooo, Mazel Tov. What a responsibility.

Smug look of pride from MRS KLEIN.

JEREMY

It's about expanding the portfolio, as well as my bank investments, makes sense to keep the rents running all under ... the family umbrella, as it were.

MR EPSTEIN

So, what are you saying, you gonna be my landlord now, is that it?

JEREMY

No, no, no. Nothing like that. I know that Dad wouldn't dream of charging family money for rent!

JEREMY chuckles, MRS EPSTEIN smiles.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

And I plan on being exactly the same. When we're family. *But ... if* for some strange reason we *don't* end up being family ... well then we go back to a commercial arrangement. But I have to warn you, David, it's not cheap where you are. Prime location.

They hear a key in the lock.

ROZA (O.C.)

Hello?

MR EPSTEIN seizes the chance to leave.

MR EPSTEIN

She might need ... excuse me one moment.

MR EPSTEIN leaves, MRS EPSTEIN smiles, but looking very concerned. On the way out, we catch:

MRS EPSTEIN

We can't afford those expensive rents. Your dad knows that.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. DINING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 7. 17:56. 32**

ROZA comes back, with a bag of shopping and some lunch boxes. She sets them by the kitchen door.

MR EPSTEIN looks at her.

MR EPSTEIN

You're very late home, Roza.

ROZA

Sorry, I have more errands to do, now Vivien's away. I got your lunch boxes.

Beat. ROZA looks at him. He looks nervous, suddenly, as if she may have seen something.

MR EPSTEIN

Thoughtful of you. You lock up alright?

Beat. ROZA looks at him.

ROZA

Yes. Everything is in its place, don't worry.

Beat.

MRS EPSTEIN (O.C.)

Our pension is tied up in that shop. It's all we've got.

MRS KLEIN (O.C.)

Well, what can I say.

ROZA

The Kleins are still here then.

MR EPSTEIN nods.

MRS EPSTEIN (O.C.)
 We couldn't keep our head above
 water if it weren't for your dad.

Beat.

MRS KLEIN (O.C.)
 Well then, maybe your daughter can
 give that some thought. Maybe in an
 interval of Bernard Shaw over some
 peanut brittle.

On both ROZA and MR EPSTEIN listening. She turns to him.

ROZA
 Uncle ...

He looks at her. As if she thinks better of saying anything.

ROZA (CONT'D)
 Nothing.

ROZA leaves the room. On MR EPSTEIN, standing on his own.

CUT TO:

32A OMITTED

32A

32B INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 7. 32B
 18:05.

ROZA makes sure no one is coming. She secretly takes out some envelopes and hides them under her mattress.

She sits on the bed. Thinking.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. EAST END. DAY 8. 7:51.

33

Morning. VIVIEN ready for her day at work, walks down the street.

PRE-LAP OVER:

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
*Two words, known to every movie
 goer in the world 'The End.'
 Sadness felt at newsstands when
 people got the details and stopped
 to mourn her.*
 (MORE)

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Waiters and diplomats and
housewives who might have been
jealous, got together simply to say
'it's very sad.'*

CUT TO:

34

OMITTED

34

35

INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 8. 9:22.

35

VIVIEN enters the salon.

It's eerily quiet.

The CUSTOMERS are in their chairs, but no one is talking. As VIVIEN walks through:

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

*We grasp at straws, as if knowing
how she died, or why, might enable
us to bring her back. Whatever
attracts men to women, she
possessed. The moralists have
decried our modern emphasis on sex,
but no one can ignore it, it is
important.*

CHRISSY sniffs as she backcombs a client's hair.

BARBARA

You do that yourself?

BARBARA nods at VIVIEN's hair. VIVIEN nods. BARBARA blows her nose into a tissue, eyes red from crying.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(sniffs)

Looks terrific.

RADIO NEWS REPORTERS (O.S.)

Marilyn Monroe was this years sex symbol. For this reason, if no other, she was important. She spent her early years cared for by people who were paid to do so, in orphanages and foster homes. Born Norma Jean, out of wedlock, by a mother who didn't want her -

BARBARA

Alright, I've heard enough. Turn it off Chrissy. Right, come on everyone, back to it.

BARBARA wipes her tears. Lights a cigarette, bowls through the salon, clapping her hands in motivation.

VIVIEN goes to the backroom to take off her coat.

CUT TO:

35A **INT. BACKROOM. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 8. 9:24.**

35A

VIVIEN finds STEVIE in the backroom. He is staring at her.

VIVIEN

Oh. You scared me.

He looks at her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

What?

STEVIE

You'd be out on your ear if my mum found out ...

VIVIEN

(bewildered)

... I'm sorry, I don't -

STEVIE

That you paid the NSM a visit.

Beat.

VIVIEN

You followed me?

STEVIE

I did, yeah.

VIVIEN

Why did you do that?

STEVIE looks at her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
You have no right to follow me.

STEVIE
Who were you seeing? Colin Jordan?
Does he impress you, or something?

VIVIEN
No. Not at all.

STEVIE
Need to be careful, you do. He's a
wrong'un in more ways than one.

STEVIE looks at her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
New to town, don't know anyone,
caught in the middle of a fascist
march ... ?

He looks at her, frowning.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

She doesn't know what to say. He leans in a little closer.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Who are you, really?

CHRISSY barges in. They break their gaze.

CHRISSY
(wry smile)
Don't mind me.

On VIVIEN - great. Salon gossip. All she needs ...

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

36A EXT. JEWISH CEMETERY. DAY 8. 11:03.

36A

LEE and JEFF try to smash the side of their bodies against
the Jewish cemetery doors, locked with only a key.

It doesn't budge. They assess the height of the wall.

LEE helps JEFF climb over. He climbs over and lands with a
thud.

LEE waits until JEFF manages to unlock the door from the
inside.

CAMERA follows as they enter the cemetery. It's totally desolate.

They take out their weapons - a crow bar and a blade.

WIDE ON them as they stalk around. Ghostly quiet. LEE shakes his head, knowing they've been done.

LEE
Devious little ... snakes.

JEFF
Come on, let's head back.

They walk back through the cemetery. Still very wide as they do, we notice a very elderly CARETAKER, crouching behind a large gravestone. Still and quiet, like an animal waiting for a predator to leave.

The CARETAKER watches from a distance as LEE makes to leave, then LEE turns back and pees on a gravestone.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. SECOND JEWISH CEMETERY. DAY 8. 11:05.

37

Wide on another cemetery. A small coffin lowers into the ground. MOURNERS gather. The RABBI says the prayer for the dead, the mourner's Kaddish.

RABBI
Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mei raba
b'alma di-v'ra chirutei, v'yamlich
malchutei b'chayeichon
uvyomeichon uvchayei d'chol beit
yisrael, ba'agala
uvizman kariv, v'im'ru: amen.

WIDE ON: SOLY approaching. Amongst the MOURNERS, NANCY turns around, lowers her hand, to say to SOLY 'wait there'.

She walks across to meet SOLY.

SOLY
Alright, girl?

NANCY
(tender)
Sol.

SOLY
I won't stay long, just wanna wish
them long life.

NANCY looks at him.

NANCY

It's not a good idea, my love. It's
not that they blame you, it's ...
well you can understand.

SOLY looks at her, getting the message. He nods, but we can see his pain.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Look, he's being buried in peace,
Sol. That's something, at least.

SOLY shakes his head.

SOLY

Jordan's cronies are keeping intel from Jack. Why would they tell him it was an assessment, and then come armed? I would have bought more men, Nance. I would have done more -

NANCY

- I know, I know. Sol, don't do that to yourself.

SOLY

They're winning, Nance. Those bastards are winning.

CUT TO:

38

INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 8. 13:42.

38

Later. A record plays, the girls back to work, the salon comes back to life, the way the death of a stranger has only a passing effect.

CHRISSEY is mouthing off to a client while VIVIEN sweeps.

CHRISSEY

She was a rotten old trollop who killed her babies with drink. And that's the truth they won't print. Her mother didn't want her, and she sold her body to the highest bidder. A bed bouncer, there's no two ways about it. Do I feel sorry for the girl, of course I do. But you have to think, she bought it on herself. Play with fire, and you're gonna get burnt. Simple as.

CLOSE ON: behind the clients ear, is a small patch of grey. CHRISSEY beckons VIVIEN - shows her the patch

CHRISSEY (CONT'D)

(whisper)

You gotta be more thorough with the colour.

VIVIEN

Sorry.

VIVIEN sweeps.

BARBARA approaches.

BARBARA

Vivien, someone's asking for you to
do their set and spray.

VIVIEN looks up, the first time she's ever been personally requested. It's NANCY. They nod at each other.

VIVIEN sets her in the chair.

VIVIEN

So what you looking for?

NANCY

Oh just a set and style?

VIVIEN gets her roller tray. Eyes around the salon. Has anyone clocked them? Doesn't look like it. Prepares the rollers.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sad, innit?

VIVIEN

Very.

NANCY

I loved 'Some Like It Hot'.
"Nobody's Perfect" and all that.

VIVIEN smiles at her. Begins combing her hair.

VIVIEN

Going anywhere nice for your
holidays?

NANCY

Portugal.

VIVIEN

Oh, very exotic.

NANCY

You?

VIVIEN

Maybe if I'm lucky I'll get to
Scarborough, with my family.

NANCY

Nice. Haven't been there myself.

VIVIEN, eyes darting, again checking no one else is onto them.

We see STEVIE looking. When he catches VIVIEN's eye - he looks away.

NANCY opens a magazine, *Cosmopolitan*. She flicks through.

VIVIEN puts her curlers in.

NANCY flicks a page. An advert for Pearls Whitening Drops.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Ooh, you reckon her teeth are too white?

She shows her a picture.

VIVIEN

No. I'd love to have teeth like that.

NANCY

Really? They look too white to me.
Have another look.

NANCY holds up the magazine. VIVIEN looks closer.

Written in small letters, under the necklace of the model is:

Note: Meet at Perlmutter's 10pm tonight.

VIVIEN looks at NANCY in the mirror. She nods.

CHRISSY (O.C.)

Embarrassing Mrs Kennedy like that, doing that ridiculous birthday song with her bosoms swinging out all over the place? She might as well have made love to him on national television, it were that explicit. Oh, the disgrace of it.

NANCY flicks a page.

BARBARA (O.C.)

You know what I heard, why she loved making movies? She said when the camera's on ya, it's like being with ten thousand men all at once, but never getting pregnant.

Sound of laughter in the salon. NANCY looks at VIVIEN, earnestly now.

NANCY

Nobody's perfect.

They smile at each other.

BARBARA (O.C.)
(laughing)
Oh my days. She was a one. Poor
cow.

VIVIEN sees STEVIE looking at her.

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. SOHO STREET. DAY 8. 17:52.**

39

VIVIEN walks down a street. A POLICEMAN sees her, wolf whistles. She wraps her coat over her and carries on walking. The hecklers are relentless.

CUT TO:

40 **EXT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. NIGHT 8. 20:01.**

40

VIVIEN arrives at the 62 Premises. She tries a handle. It's locked. She walks around the back. Finds another door. It's open. She goes in.

CUT TO:

41 **INT. BACKROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. NIGHT 8. 20:01.**

VIVIEN enters. Empty. She slowly walks through the rolls of fabric, the dust, the disused tools.

She goes in, it's just shadows and dust.

Out of nowhere -

SOLY
Alright Vivien.

She screams. Turns around. SOLY, NANCY, RONNIE and the RABBI are there.

NANCY
Blimey. SOLY (CONT'D)
Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

RABBI
Thanks to you, a grieving mother could bury her son without harassment. A true mitzvah.

VIVIEN nods.

She looks around at the men - worn out, adrenaline has passed.

SOLY

You sorted us out back there, Vivien. You're a natural. Now we have to turn our attention to your other little discovery. Jordan's army of bandits. Spearhead. If we can get evidence of their funds, or their arms, or how they train, we can get them prosecuted for setting up a paramilitary force.

PAUSE. A wave of fear over VIVIEN they expect her to go back.

SOLY (CONT'D)

Look, it's a simple task, Vivien. Very very simple. You see this little chap.

SOLY holds up a small transmitter.

SOLY (CONT'D)

It's cavity transmitter. You're gonna help Jack install this ... wherever Mr Jordan's works - library, study, Jack'll know what to do.

Beat.

VIVIEN

I ... don't know the first thing about -

SOLY

Oh it's easy peasy, love. Even Nancy has done one. On her sisters, which is sort of cheating, but we'll let that go. Take it.

SOLY holds it out to her.

NANCY

If we get it right, we can transmit everything they say to our recording device. Take the tapes to Special Branch.

She doesn't take it.

VIVIEN

So when do you want me to do this exactly?

Beat. They look at her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Tonight?

NANCY

We gotta get ahead of them, Vivien.
We gotta stop them, every second
counts.

Pause. She's not taking it. SOLY grows agitated.

VIVIEN

You told my Dad you were sending me
back in?

Eyes dart to SOLY, who remains poker-faced.

SOLY

Don't worry about him. We've got an
agreement.

VIVIEN looks at the RABBI. He looks deeply, deeply concerned.

VIVIEN

Rabbi?

RABBI

You don't have to do anything you
don't want to do, Vivien. If you
want to go back to your family, we
will take you.

VIVIEN

But the bug, will help with Jack?
He can get messages out to us?

RONNIE

Exactly.

Beat.

SOLY

It ain't about Jack anymore. If
you're here to get him out, forget
it. You saw. He doesn't want out.
He's in for the long haul. Injury
or no injury. This is about you.
Who you are.

VIVIEN stares at him.

VIVIEN

How has this anything to do with
who *I am*?

SOLY

Well are you an anti-fascist? Or
are you not?

They look at her. The first time she's been asked what she
thinks.

VIVIEN

Erm ... course I am, I don't agree with their views. I find them utterly desppicable. Abhorrent -

SOLY

No, no, no. You misunderstand the question. Any one can find *views* objectionable.

SOLY (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter whether you are non-racist. Or non-fascist. It only matters whether you are *anti*. The question is not whether you sit in your salon, filing your nails, shaking your heads at the wireless, before turning it off and doing the same old routine. The question is what do you do when we turn the wireless off. When the programme ends.

He looks at her, intently.

SOLY (CONT'D)

An anti-fascist fights, Vivien. An anti-fascist ... *does*.

VIVIEN still doesn't give SOLY the pleasure of agreeing with him.

RABBI

Tell us. You overcame great fear, back then. To enter those premises and follow those men. And to share with us invaluable intelligence. And after you overcame all those fears, and you reached us ... how did you feel?

Beat.

She looks at them.

VIVIEN

Honestly?

RABBI nods.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I felt blimmin' fantastic, Rabbi.

SOLY laughs. NANCY lets out a big sigh. The RABBI nods encouragingly.

SOLY

Welcome to the 62 Group Vivien.

SOLY pats her on the back.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. DIRT ROAD. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 21:55.

42

NANCY, cigarette in her mouth, in a black cab on the dirt road. VIVIEN in the back.

NANCY kills the engine. They get out, cautiously.

VIVIEN

What if it gets violent?

NANCY looks at her. Takes a puff.

NANCY

It won't. Not with you.

VIVIEN

I'm not a fighter, Nancy. I don't know the first thing about defending myself.

Beat.

She glances at VIVIEN's body.

NANCY

You've got other weapons.

NANCY throws her cigarette to the ground.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Go in. Get it done. Get out.

Beat.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You ready?

VIVIEN looks at her. Nods. Bites her lip. Closes her eyes.

NANCY slaps her across the face.

VIVIEN

Ahhh.

VIVIEN closes her eyes harder.

NANCY slaps her again.

Then she ruffles her hair up. Takes the neckline of her blouse in two hands and rips it, a button flies off.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Don't hold back, will you.

NANCY
Good luck girl.

A beat between them. Then VIVIEN runs off into the night.
NANCY watches.

CUT TO:

43

I./E. FRONT DOOR. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:00.

43

VIVIEN pounds on the front door. JEFF opens the door. VIVIEN is standing there, roughed up and panting.

VIVIEN
Is Mr Jordan in?

JEFF
What's happened?

VIVIEN
I got jumped. They called me Nazi scum. I hitched a ride from the station.

JEFF looks at her, blouse ripped. He lets her in.

CUT TO:

44

INT. SALOON ENTRANCE/HALLWAY/STAIRS. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8 44
22:02.

JEFF marches VIVIEN down the corridor. We hear a loud, raucous, male dinner in sway in a dining room, on the lower floor. JEFF marches down, we hear the *Horst Wessel* being sung at great volume from beneath us:

SINGING (O.S.)
*Comrades, the voices of the dead
battalions of those who fell
That Britain might be great
Join in our song for they
Still march in spirit with us
And urge us on
To join the Fascist State.*

JEFF turns to VIVIEN.

JEFF

Wait here.

VIVIEN waits in the grand hallway, her fear and nerves rising as she listens to the ever increasing sound of the men singing from down below.

Then JEFF comes back out with ELISE. She has a black eye.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Sort her out, will you? Give her a change of clothes or something.

CUT TO:

45 **OMITTED**

45

46 **INT. BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:07.**

46

VIVIEN walks into an opulent room with a Chinese room divider.

A moment of her taking it all in.

ELISE follows her with some smocks.

VIVIEN

Oh honestly I don't need to change.

ELISE

In the state you're in? Course you do!

She gestures towards the smocks.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Lee doesn't like me looking ...
suggestive. Ain't very flattering,
but suits me in my condition.

VIVIEN

Elise. What happened to you?

ELISE

I told you. If a mission don't go well, I get it in the neck, don't I?

ELISE shrugs.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Wish they could send them all back to the ovens. Make my life a damn sight easier.

And there it is. The fangs. VIVIEN looks at her.

ELISE hands her a frock. She can't back out. VIVIEN takes off her coat. Leaves it on the bed. Loiters a moment.

ELISE (CONT'D)

What, you shy? I won't peek.

VIVIEN

Course not.

VIVIEN slips behind the room divider. Takes off her dress.

We see in her suspender belt - the transmitter device. She changes, panicked not to be seen by ELISE.

Outside: ELISE goes through VIVIEN's coat pockets. A nail file, some loose change, a tissue. She puts them back. She also finds the blank card with 'Averoid' written on, that CHRISSY gave VIVIEN in Episode one. She looks at it, turns it around and we reveal it is an 'Oscar's Salon' business card with the salon's address on it. ELISE puts it in her own pocket.

VIVIEN appears.

ELISE

You alright?

VIVIEN

Yes. Thank you.

ELISE looks at her.

CUT TO:

47

**INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR/GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR/BASEMENT 47
STAIRS. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:21.**

VIVIEN follows ELISE down the hallway. Underneath their feet, as if pulsing through the floorboards they hear the roar of drunken men. VIVIEN follows ELISE down some stairs as she opens the door and - Smack:

CUT TO:

48

INT. BASEMENT DINING HALL. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:22. 48

Like hitting a wall of drunken male heat, ELISE and VIVIEN brave a hall of beer and meat and rage and sweat - a smattering of MEN in Spearhead uniforms - no one moves for pregnant ELISE. They squeeze through the chairs to find a spare one. VIVIEN doesn't want to enter this lion's den.

She sees JACK, sitting next to COLIN, drinking. He sees her.

He doesn't flinch. COLIN rises to speak. Camera follows her as she walks through:

COLIN

We live in the twilight days of a
doomed age.

For the first time we see the men - these members of SPEARHEAD - from all walks of life, broken-home thugs, the more distinguished men, but also the bureaucrats, the civil-servants, suited and modest, you wouldn't pick them out from a crowd.

VIVIEN passes LEE. ELISE sits next to LEE and JEFF.

JACK's POV as VIVIEN walks through the throng, getting looks from the MEN. She takes a seat. She nods at JACK.

JACK stares at her. Downs a glass of beer. COLIN sees VIVIEN, he wipes the sweat off his brow.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It's the specific purpose of fascism to remove the party system once and for all. It's a game that has run it's course. There is no need for parties and for politicians and the idle talk of Westminster while the country burns. The day is coming when the broken banking system ends!

Cheers from the crowd.

JACK bashes the table

JACK

Yes, sir! Yes! Tell them! Speak it!

VIVIEN wishing he would tone it down a bit, he's made his point.

COLIN

The day is coming, when the cloven hoof of the Jewish international financier, who thrives on money shortage, will be forever destroyed!

JACK finishes his beer and roars a cheer of support.

JACK

Speak it! Let them hear it!

JACK causes more men to get riled up and join in shouting.

COLIN

The day is coming when hereditary wealth is abolished!

JACK jumps on his seat and stamps his feet. More men join him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Spiritual victory is ours. With the triumph of will, it will become the physical victory of tomorrow!

JACK

Three cheers for Spearhead. Oi. Oi!

JACK is joined by other men, a crowd now, standing on the tables, spitting beer and sweat all over the place.

Then she realises - it's all part of a plan to create a throbbing mass of bodies, JACK looks at VIVIEN and nods, as if to say 'go, now.'

Lost in the scrum, she sees her chance and slips away.

CUT TO:

49 **INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR/SALOON ENTRANCE. STATELY HOME. 49 NIGHT 8. 22:26.**

VIVIEN slips out of the dining room hall. The chants from the hall more haunting now. She runs down into a hallway. She comes into the saloon entrance. She looks in the dining room - nothing.

CUT TO:

50 **INT. HALLWAY/SALOON ENTRANCE. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:27 50**

She comes out of the dining room. Suddenly, a hand over her mouth, it's JACK, he pulls her into the library.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:28. 51**

VIVIEN goes in. The smallest flicker of an oil burning lamp.

VIVIEN

Jack.

He holds her face. He kisses her.

JACK

You stopped them causing chaos at that funeral. You did it darling, that one was yours.

Another hungry kiss.

Pause.

A look of longing between them.

VIVIEN

Look -

VIVIEN pulls up the dress. She reveals her suspender belt, and the transmitter clipped inside.

JACK

You beauty.

JACK grabs her leg. Feels her thigh in his fingertips.

VIVIEN

We've got to ... under his desk.

JACK

Let me just...

A moment while he holds her leg.

VIVIEN

Come on, come on -

He drops her leg.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Jack.

JACK

Yes.

VIVIEN

You have to let me in. You can't do this on your own.

He looks at her.

Suddenly: from a distant hall - a roar. A slur of 'Sieg Heil's.

They freeze.

JACK

He's finished his speech.

VIVIEN

What do we do?

JACK

We gotta move quick.

A kiss.

He takes the device.

She smooths her dress.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. BASEMENT DINING HALL. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:30. 52**

Drunken revelry. LEE and JEFF salute.

COLIN looks around. He can't see Vivien.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:32. 53**

COLIN stalks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:33. 54**

JACK fiddles with the transmitter under the desk.

VIVIEN looks through drawers, searching for evidence. She finds a bundle of Jewish newspapers. She flicks through.

VIVIEN

Why do they have the Chronicle?

JACK

So they know what businesses to smash-up. Specially when something new opens, they love to throw a brick in.

VIVIEN

Oh dear God.

JACK

Damn.

It's not attaching.

VIVIEN

What can I do? What can I do?

JACK

Shhh.

JACK fiddles with it. It manages to stay.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. SALOON ENTRANCE. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:34. 55**

COLIN walks down the corridor.

VIVIEN is waiting for him on a chair.

He stops as he sees her. He is pumped, adrenalised from the dinner. He looks at her, with genuine concern.

COLIN

Jeff informed me. Of your attack...
You're safe here, Miss Carpenter.
Those thugs can't get you now.

CUT TO:

56 INT. BACKROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. NIGHT 8. 22:35.

A single light hangs over the workman's table. RONNIE, SOLY and the RABBI sit around a telephone, in suspense.

It rings.

They look at each other. SOLY picks it up.

SOLY

Hello.

Expectant eyes. SOLY shakes his head.

SOLY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Hello David.

CUT TO:

57 INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT 8. 57
22:36.

Whispering quietly by the downstairs telephone, is MR EPSTEIN, dressed in his suit, with a packed bag.

MR EPSTEIN

I'm on my way. Yes, yes. Good
night.

MR EPSTEIN hangs up. MRS EPSTEIN comes out in a nightie and rollers, holding a pile of folded towels.

MRS EPSTEIN

Any word?

He looks at her.

MR EPSTEIN

Another night at the theatre. Oscar
Wilde.

Beat.

MRS EPSTEIN

(weak)

Come on, David.

MR EPSTEIN

What? She's turning in to quite the
thesp. Don't worry. It'll all work
itself out.

MRS EPSTEIN

We'll lose everything. You heard
them.

MR EPSTEIN looks at his wife.

MR EPSTEIN

Is that the only thing you're
thinking about, Liza?

MRS EPSTEIN

No. What do you mean? What else
should I be thinking about?

He opens the door.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

When will you be back?

MR EPSTEIN

I'm back when I'm back.

MR EPSTEIN leaves the house.

HOLD ON: MRS EPSTEIN, alone on the stairs.

She goes upstairs to the girls' bedroom. She hesitates before
knocking and letting herself in.

CUT TO:

58

**INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT 8.58
22:38.**

ROZA on the single bed, reading. She looks up as MRS EPSTEIN
brings in some fresh towels.

MRS EPSTEIN

I left you some chicken.

ROZA

Thank you Aunty.

MRS EPSTEIN puts the towels on the bed. She stares at
Vivien's empty, made bed.

MRS EPSTEIN

I'm trying not to feel like it's
all falling apart but ...

She smooths the eiderdown.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

No one tells me anything. Left in
the dark. Always have been. Always
will be. A housemaid, that's all I
am. Unpaid housemaid. I heard an
item about it on the wireless.

She turns to ROZA.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

How do you do it?

ROZA

Do what?

MRS EPSTEIN

Put one foot in front of the other.

ROZA looks at her, a small shrug.

ROZA

I don't know reading helps.

MRS EPSTEIN peers sceptically at her book.

MRS EPSTEIN

Whenever I sit down to a book, my
mind just wanders.

ROZA smiles at her, sadly. She stands up, takes out the
envelopes from under the mattress. She hands them to MRS
EPSTEIN.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

What are these?

ROZA

Just look. I found them in Uncle's
office.

MRS EPSTEIN

Tut. Roza. You mustn't snoop! Oy.
Tut.

ROZA

You've been so good to me. I don't
want to get in-between anyone,
honestly. But maybe it's time you
... you found out what he's doing?
Where Uncle goes when he is on
business?

MRS EPSTEIN holds the envelopes. She can't bring herself to look at them.

CUT TO:

59

INT. DRAWING ROOM. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:40.

59

COLIN sits opposite VIVIEN.

VIVIEN

I heard your speech. I don't know quite what to say. I've never felt so ... inspired in all my life.

COLIN

Well ... not really a place for a lady, the boys do tend to get quite het up.

VIVIEN

They are just impassioned, because you speak so truthfully, from the heart.

COLIN

Well I mean every word. I believe in our final destiny and the triumph of National Socialism.

He goes to her. Lifts her chin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Do you?

VIVIEN

Yes.

VIVIEN is scared now, COLIN is drunk. He breathes heavily, we can smell the beer, the meat.

COLIN

Are you frightened of me?

VIVIEN

No.

COLIN

Then what is it, this look you give me? What is it?

CUT TO:

60

INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:42.

60

JACK finishes installing the transmitter. Straightens up the desk so as not to leave any clues.

CUT TO:

61

INT. DRAWING ROOM. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:43.

61

VIVIEN hears a rustling out of the study door - she immediately masks it by putting her head in her hands and making a loud sob.

VIVIEN

I feel so embarrassed. Peter doesn't care for me one jot. I should have known when he went quiet, that he wasn't interested.

COLIN looks at her, studying her face.

He runs his fingers through her hair. Gently. Slowly. She looks at him. It's uncomfortable but she tries not to flinch.

Behind her ear we see the tiniest patch of black hair, amongst the peroxide. Just like the patch she missed on her client earlier.

COLIN goes to kiss her -

Suddenly the door opens.

COLIN lets go of VIVIEN, embarrassed. It's his son, PAUL.

COLIN

What is it?

PAUL

My flutter-by isn't moving. I think it's dead.

COLIN can't look at his son. He sways.

COLIN

Go to bed.

PAUL just stands there. VIVIEN gathers herself. Smiles sweetly at PAUL.

VIVIEN

Now look, it's very late. How about I tuck you in? And then we can check on your butterfly. I mean, your flutter-by.

CUT TO:

62 OMITTED 62

63 OMITTED 63

64 **INT. DINING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT 8. 22:50** 64

MRS EPSTEIN holds a lit cigarette, staring at the envelopes Roza gave her. She doesn't notice the ash falling onto her night dress.

CUT TO:

65 **INT. BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 22:57.** 65

ELISE, with her black eye, lies foetal on the bed.

In the background, LEE does press-ups on the floor. He is doing them ferociously, saliva spitting as he grunts.

We see in her hand, the 'Oscar's Salon' card.

CUT TO:

66 **INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 8. 22:59.** 66

NETTIE goes into Vivien's bedroom. She takes a stool and goes to a closet at the back to take down an old box.

As she takes it down, a few things fall out, including Vivien's prayer book. Looks at the Hebrew. Runs her fingers over it.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. LONDON STREET 2. NIGHT 8. 23:00.

67

STEVIE, with his books under his arm, walks through the streets. Two white men come towards him, he steps to the side to let them pass. He carries on walking, ever vigilant.

CUT TO:

68 INT. STAIRS. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 23:01.

68

JACK walks up the stairs, still in pain, trying to find Vivien.

CUT TO:

69 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR/HALLWAY. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 8. 69
23:02.

Outside Paul's closed bedroom door. COLIN stares at VIVIEN.

COLIN

He doesn't want to go to school
tomorrow. He's teased.

COLIN shrugs.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I never know what to say to him.
But you do. You're very good with
him.

VIVIEN

He's a sweet boy.

COLIN nods a bit too long, leans in a bit closer.

COLIN

It's long been a ... how can I put
it ... not a dream, but a ...
desire to sit up all night and talk
politics with a beautiful young
woman.

He smiles at her. She can smell the alcohol on his breath.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What you said, yesterday, in my
office ...

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about it all
day. What you've seen. The sadness
you carry in your heart.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

The humiliation of your father.
Yes, I've been thinking about it
quite considerably.

Beat.

VIVIEN

Thank you.

COLIN

I'm sorry I got ... excited.

VIVIEN

No, don't -

COLIN

No I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ...
be ... improper.

VIVIEN looks at him.

VIVIEN

I forgive you.

COLIN

But I do want you to sit with me.
And talk with me? Just be with me,
that's all?

They stare at each other. A loneliness to him, the threat
fading somehow. She nods. She follows him into his bedroom.

We see JACK in the shadows at the end of the hallway, just
glimpsing the door as it closes.

Very faintly we hear the scratchy sound of a record, and
violin strings bah bah dah dah -

SINGING VOICE (V.O.)

*I wanna be loved by you
just you,
nobody else but you.*

We know this song, but it isn't the Marilyn version, it's
much earlier, the original sung by HELEN KANE in 1928 -
girly, sweet and haunting:

SINGING VOICE (V.O.)

*I wanna be loved by you, alone.
Boo boo bee doo.*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE TWO.