



**I** Production Company  
A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

# Ridley Road

Episode 3

Written by Sarah Solemani

Inspired by Jo Bloom's novel  
*Ridley Road*



**I** Production company  
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Media CityUK  
White, Level 2  
Salford, Manchester, M50 2NT  
Tel: 0161 886 2340

1

**INT. BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. DAY 9. 8:12.**

1

We fade up to a bright, white, milky light.

Sunbeams through the glass catch dust particles like fireflies.

A woman's voice, singing, soft and gentle:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
*Lavender blue Dilly, Dilly.  
Lavender's Green.*

White, slender fingers run through soft blonde locks.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*I'll be your King Dilly, Dilly,  
you'll be my Queen.*

Our focus sharpens, it's ELISE, she's stroking us, our forehead and hair and she's smiling. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

VIVIEN is fully clothed on a daybed, horrified at being touched by ELISE.

ELISE  
(kindly)  
Wakey wakey.

VIVIEN stands up with a jolt.

VIVIEN  
Oh. Oh goodness, sorry.

ELISE  
I didn't know how to get you up.  
You were narf in a deep sleep.

VIVIEN, angry at herself for falling asleep.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, you're decent.

Where's Jack? Where's Colin? No she can't panic.

VIVIEN  
What time is it?

Distant sound of a child playing, playful screams and shouting.

ELISE  
A little after eight. All the boys  
are hungover something rotten. Did  
a fry-up, didn't I? Used up the  
beans.

VIVIEN

Oh. Clever.

They share a smile, a trace of a frown on ELISE. VIVIEN smooths her hair, goes to the sink and runs the water.

ELISE

You feeling better after your ... encounter?

It takes a beat to realise she means her fake attack. VIVIEN splashes her face. Through the splashing:

VIVIEN

Much better thank you. Just a shock, that's all.

ELISE

The Leader seemed to be in high spirits, didn't he, after seeing you?

VIVIEN dries her face with the hand towel. How to play it?

VIVIEN

Such a powerful speaker. We're very lucky.

ELISE stares. The child's play gets more boisterous. Something smashes. Louder screams.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Should we check on little Paul?

ELISE

That's not little Paul. That's Francoise.

VIVIEN

Who's Francoise?

A slow smile creeps on ELISE's face.

ELISE

The Leader's wife.

CUT TO:

2

**INT. STAIRWAY/HALL. STATELY HOME. DAY 9. 8:18.**

2

VIVIEN walks down the stairs, followed by ELISE, who walks a bit too closely behind her. A thick French accent raging from the nearby study.

In and out of the front doors, NSM MEN including LEE and JEFF carry in large trunks, taking them in from an outside car.

PAUL runs about the trunks, trying to lift them open, they are all locked.

FRANCOISE (O.S.)

They should have *been there*, of course they should have been there, I'm waiting on the pavement like a street whore! '*Like gold to the movement*' - your words.

They approach the room, JEFF bangs down a trunk and the top is dislodged.

COLIN (O.S.)

(calm)

The point is, you are here now. You're safe, it's all safely here.

FRANCOISE (O.S.)

But when will you strike? When will you act? It's delaying everything -

COLIN (O.S.)

It's not delay, it's strategy. It's about pragmatism, I've told you -

PAUL opens a trunk and lifts the lid to reveal colourful silk scarves. He rummages through for more goodies and finds a small pistol and squeals in delight. Picks it up and runs with it.

VIVIEN

Paul! No! Come here.

CUT TO:

3

**INT. STUDY. STATELY HOME. DAY 9. 8:20.**

3

VIVIEN chases PAUL into the study and takes the pistol from him. We see: **FRANCOISE DIOR** - COLIN JORDAN's wife, dedicated Nazi and Occultist. Niece of Christian Dior, slender and blonde, slick of red lip, head to toe in black patent leather and black beret, as was her uniform.

FRANCOISE turns around and sees VIVIEN and PAUL standing there.

FRANCOISE

*Bang.*

FRANCOISE smiles.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

Have you come to assassinate us all?

VIVIEN smiles nervously. She notices COLIN take a *battered looking suitcase* and put it out of sight.

VIVIEN

Sorry, Paul found it, I'm not sure  
it's safe.

A smug laugh from FRANCOISE.

FRANCOISE

Of course it's not safe. It's a  
pistol. And he's an eight year old  
boy.

PAUL hugs VIVIEN's leg.

FRANCOISE comes near to VIVIEN. Takes the pistol off her.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

You've made an impression on my  
child already, I see.

Beat.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

So who is this Colin, our nanny or  
our mistress?

CLOSE ON FRANCOISE - her makeup thick and impeccable, she  
studies VIVIEN's face, barely washed from the night before.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

Or have you got lucky and found a  
woman for both?

COLIN

Jane, this is my wife, Francoise  
Dior. Francoise, Jane is a ...  
friend of the movement.

Pause.

FRANCOISE

He thinks pushing his mistresses in  
my face, will do something. But it  
does nothing.

VIVIEN

Oh no, no, honestly -

Suddenly, FRANCOISE grabs VIVIEN in-between her legs. VIVIEN  
shrieks in shock.

VIVIEN checks to make sure PAUL hasn't seen. He hasn't, he  
just lingers in the doorframe, though FRANCOISE doesn't seem  
to care.

COLIN doesn't flinch, a suggestion of a smile on his lips, as if enjoying this sadistic exchange.

FRANCOISE

She has your mother's eyes, Colin,  
careful you don't fall in love, you  
know how your mother let you down.

She stares at VIVIEN intensely. VIVIEN grows uncomfortable.

COLIN

Jane, gather your things. Best you  
leave right away.

PAUL

Oh Daddy.

FRANCOISE

(mocking)

Oh Daddy please, we will have such  
fun, please, please let her stay!

Beat. FRANCOISE looks at COLIN, almost coquettishly. ON  
VIVIEN: struggling to make sense of this odd dynamic.

COLIN

Lee will drive you.

VIVIEN

Yes. Yes of course.

CUT TO:

4      **INT. BEDROOM. / EXT. GROUNDS. STATELY HOME. DAY 9. 8:33.**      4

VIVIEN gets changed out of her smock clothes into the ones  
she arrived in. She notices ELISE has stitched up the rip in  
her blouse.

Out of the window she sees JACK walking to the outhouse.

She stares at him, watches him.

WIDE ON JACK - as if sensing something, he turns back to look  
at her.

A moment as they stare at each other, across a large lawn,  
steam coming off in the morning dew. So far apart -

ELISE (O.S.)

How you getting on? Fixed up your  
blouse, not tailor standard but  
tried my best.

On VIVIEN remembering her slip up about her father, the  
tailor. She chooses to ignore it. Buttons her blouse up  
quickly.

VIVIEN

Thank you so much. Do you want me  
to wash yours for you?

ELISE

It's alright, I'll take it to the  
laundry.

VIVIEN hands her the smock. ELISE hands her the Oscar's Salon  
card she took from her pocket in Episode Two.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Here you go. Must have dropped it.

VIVIEN looks at the card. Shock at this exposure.

VIVIEN

That's not mine.

ELISE

Isn't it? Oh.

Beat. VIVIEN panicking, smiles at her.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Oh. How strange. Sorry. My mistake.

LEE's voice.

LEE (O.S.)

Jane. You're to come right away.

VIVIEN finishes doing up her blouse and leaves the room,  
shaken. ELISE's eyes on her.

CUT TO:

5

**EXT. GROUNDS. STATELY HOME. DAY 9. 8:35.**

5

VIVIEN follows LEE through the grounds.

LEE

Bet you got a shock seeing his  
missus this morning?

They keep walking. He looks for a response. He doesn't get  
one.

LEE (CONT'D)

She's a looker, ain't she? Right  
classy bird. All the lads are mad  
for her.

VIVIEN

And what about you?

VIVIEN looks at him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
Are you mad for her?

LEE stops and looks at VIVIEN.

LEE  
I'm not here for all that. I don't care about the spotlight, swigging champagne with the lah-dee-dah's. Got a baby on the way, haven't I? When the uprising comes, and the Leader's in charge, the Party will buy all us members a house each, big house, with a garden. For our loyalty, like.

A beat.

LEE (CONT'D)  
We never had nothing like that. Me and Elise. We are gonna do good by him.

VIVIEN looks at him.

VIVIEN  
That sounds wonderful. Lucky baby.

LEE  
How'd you grow up then?

VIVIEN  
Me?

They approach the fancy car.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
Oh goodness, are we going in that? How marvellous!

LEE  
Not bad, is it? 1961 Jaguar Mark X. Triple carburettor engine. Independent rear suspension.

They stop by it.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Tried to be a cabbie but they took my money and failed me, didn't they? It's a racket. A joke.

Beat.

VIVIEN  
Do you manage to take Elise out in it much?



A scoff from LEE.

LEE  
Not likely when Lady Dior's in  
town. I'll be ferrying her around,  
HQ tonight and then to Claridge's,  
probably.  
(under his breath)  
Where most of our subs end up  
nowadays ...

VIVIEN clocks this.

VIVIEN  
So there's a meeting at HQ tonight?

LEE looks at her.

A local minicab pulls up as LEE hurries VIVIEN into the car.

LEE  
Come on, after you

LEE opens the door to VIVIEN. She gets in.

As she goes, an NSM MEMBER approaches the minicab and opens the door. He stays, talking to the passenger. VIVIEN steals a look, it's hard but she makes out a distinguished MAN smoking a pipe, American accent.

MAN  
No, no, no. I'm ready to start. I  
don't need a whole thing. I'm ready  
to go.

LEE  
Oi. Come on, better be off.

VIVIEN gets in the car, just as the MAN steps out.

CUT TO:

5A      **EXT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 9. 10:52.**

5A

Bustling street, people on their way to work or starting their day of shopping. We notice VIVIEN hurrying in, late.

CUT TO:

6      **INT. OSCAR'S SALON. / EXT. SOHO. DAY 9. 10:53.**

6

VIVIEN enters the salon.

VIVIEN  
Sorry I'm late Barbara, the bus  
took ages.

BARBARA doesn't look up to VIVIEN, distracted as she tends to a customer in a chair.

As VIVIEN walks into the salon and takes off her coat she realises it's STEVIE in the chair - and BARBARA is putting antiseptic onto a deep cut on his head.

CHRISSY is sorting out her roller tray.

CHRISSY

Here Viv, take a look at this -

CHRISSY surreptitiously pulls down the blouse - a massive love bite on her neck.

VIVIEN

What on earth ... you been courting a vampire?

CHRISSY

Met this fella, took me for a knickerbockerglory, didn't he? He had one spoon of ice-cream and honestly, sucking me all over he was, once he started, I couldn't get him off!

VIVIEN laughs. CHRISSY laughs.

BARBARA

All right, all right, leave it out! Get back to work.

Beat.

VIVIEN goes to sort the roller tray. CHRISSY talks to her discreetly.

CHRISSY

She's got the hump because Stevie got jumped again.

VIVIEN

What happened to him?

CHRISSY

The usual. White lads having a laugh, roughed him up a bit. Why he doesn't grow a pair and stick up for himself I don't know. But they took his books off him, didn't they? Hit him where it hurt. She'll be a moody mare now, all day, always is when he gets a beating. Here stick a record on Shirley!

VIVIEN steals a look at STEVIE who winces as his mum tends to his wound. Their eyes meet in the mirror and she has to look away.

CUT TO:

7

**INT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 9. 11:39.**

7

SOLY enters the fabric importers carrying a cardboard box. He puts it on the table and cuts it open with a knife.

SOLY  
You beaut, son.

It's tapes, recorded from the bug at the stately home. He takes one out, puts it in a reel-to-reel machine and presses play - just white noise. He waits a beat and goes to a small hob in the corner. Puts a kettle on.

Comes back out, listens, a pro at the long wait for voices.

Still fizzing sound.

Goes back to the kettle. Opens the bread bin, some bagels, bites into one.

Goes back, still fizzing sound.

He goes back to the kettle, from a shelf pulls out a jar of roll mop herrings, opens it, takes one out and puts the whole thing in his mouth.

Goes back, the sound of voices. He rushes to the machine and presses 'rewind'. It's muffled but we can make out a man's voice:

COLIN (O.S.)  
They are the crawling vermin,  
festering on the pain and struggle  
of the white man.

SOLY rolls his eyes, mouth full of herring. Shouts out, heckling.

SOLY  
Are we weakling little rats, or are  
we powerful lords controlling the  
world? Make your minds up!

He goes to check on his tea. As he does he hears the man's voice.

COLIN (O.S.)  
The commie bastards have no idea  
what's coming to them.

He steps back, as if responding to someone in the room - waving a bagel -

SOLY

How dare you. I'm a capitalist bastard through and through. I got the biggest cab firm in London, darlin', I drop your daughters home at night.

RONNIE enters the fabric importers.

RONNIE

Alright Dad.

SOLY

(raging, pointing)

This one's the commie bastard.

RONNIE looks at the machine. Listens to the scratchy voice.

RONNIE

You got me tapes, then. She did well, cousin Vivien, pincer precision, clear as crystal these are.

SOLY

Does my nut in, being called a commie -

RONNIE

Nothing wrong wanting a fair distribution of the world's resources, Dad, you got any more bagels?

FRANCOISE (O.S.)

Of course, of course, I know that. I'm saying the same thing as you, but a different direction that's all.

They stop. This woman's voice alarms them both.

SOLY

Wait - play that back.

RONNIE goes to the tape and plays it back.

FRANCOISE (O.S.)

Why not? What's wrong with that? It's what we're here to do, isn't it. So do it.

SOL and RONNIE look at each other, concerned.

RONNIE

They can't have got her in?

CUT TO:

8      **INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 9. 13:33.**

8

VIVIEN is sweeping around her chair, nervous when clients walk in the shop. Sees NANCY enter the salon, and ask for her. She nods at her. Waits for her to walk over. NANCY takes off her coat. Through tense whispers.

NANCY

Two minutes. Can we?

VIVIEN's eyes dart to the reception where STEVIE is lost in thought.

STEVIE glances, catches her eye. She shakes out a cape.

NANCY studies her, tired and in the clothes from yesterday.

VIVIEN thinks, looks to the side.

VIVIEN

(cheery voice)

Barbara, mind if I show this lady  
the hair pieces we got in stock?

BARBARA, smoking, immersed in gossip talking to a client, nods.

CUT TO:

9      **INT. CURTAINED AREA. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 9. 13:34.**

9

VIVIEN closes a thick red velvet curtain around them.

Floor to ceiling plastic hair busts with different wigs and pieces the girls use to make their hair enormous. Each bust has a different face, different eyes, with fake lashes.

As if they are being watched by walls of fake women.

For the first time in her whole fucked-up journey, quiet. No incessant construction, no noise of burly men, no hairdryers or coffee machines.

It's only here that VIVIEN allows herself a moment of release.

VIVIEN

Oh Nancy.

A dip in NANCY's usually hardened manner.

NANCY

It's alright. You're alright.  
You're out of there.

VIVIEN shakes her head, full of regret.

VIVIEN

I slept in his room. Their 'beloved  
Leader'. I fell asleep, Nancy, I  
tried so hard to stay awake -

NANCY

Did he touch you? Did he lay a  
finger on you?

VIVIEN

No, no but ... oh God.

She closes her eyes in regret.

NANCY

Tell me.

VIVIEN

One of the NSM girls, she found my  
hairdressing card, she said I  
dropped it on the carpet, I don't  
know how it got there, I don't know  
-

NANCY

Did you tell her you worked here?

VIVIEN

No I didn't, I denied it. But I  
told her I was a hairdresser, was I  
not supposed to? I didn't know - I  
didn't -

NANCY

No, no, it doesn't matter now.

VIVIEN

I'm so out of my depth, Nancy, I'm  
blagging it, I can't -

NANCY

Shhh. Shhh.

NANCY puts a hand on her shoulder.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You're out. You're safe.

VIVIEN

His wife ... was there.

Beat.

NANCY

Francoise Dior, that's Christian  
Dior's niece, we heard her.

A moment. Slowly it dawns on VIVIEN that her dangerous mission was successful.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You did it. The transmitter worked.

They share a smile.

VIVIEN

This one is good to highlight your  
cheekbones although it does weigh a  
little on the heavy side.

Footsteps pass, we didn't notice them coming. But VIVIEN did.  
NANCY clocks how skilled VIVIEN is at turning on the switch.  
Deadpan and committed. Just like Jack.

NANCY

(beaming)

You may be green Vivien, but you've  
got the chutzpah darling.

A sigh of relief from VIVIEN.

VIVIEN

Do they live together, Dior and  
Jordan?

NANCY

No, she's been banned by  
immigration for years, so the Duke  
of Westwick must have pulled some  
strings. Or she paid someone off,  
she's bankrolled by the Parisian  
fashion houses.

VIVIEN

So why is she here?

NANCY

Unclear. Synagogue arsons probably,  
the sadistic little bitch, they got  
married over a copy of Mein Kampf.  
Ain't that classy?

VIVIEN

Well if first impressions are  
anything to go by... she's a  
horrific human being.

Beat. NANCY nods, disgusted.

NANCY

Bet she dressed well though?

VIVIEN

Oh, yeah, impeccable.

NANCY

What was she wearing? Not that it... just out of interest.

VIVIEN

This incredible leather coat, belted... with matching beret. So soft, lambskin or something?

Beat. Another smile. Girls will be girls.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Nancy, an American man arrived at the Duke's, as I was leaving.

NANCY

What did he look like?

VIVIEN

Tall. Imposing. Smoking a pipe.

NANCY

*Rockwell*. Lord.

VIVIEN

Who's ... ?

VIVIEN hears footsteps outside.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I have to go back in Nancy. We have to find out what Francoise Dior's planning. They're planning something devastating. I know they are.

NANCY looks panicked.

BARBARA opens the curtains with another client.

BARBARA

As you can see I've got a fine selection, these weigh a ton but you get the thickness you're looking for. 'scuse me ladies.

BARBARA reaches past them and takes down a magnificent plastic face with a hair piece on.

CUT TO:



10        **EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 9. 18:46.**

10

VIVIEN walks down Ridley Road. The market in full bustle,  
traders selling their wares.

A NEWSPAPER BOY, selling papers, cries out from a street corner, tugging on a liquorice lace.

NEWSPAPER BOY  
*Read 'Britain Awake', read a white  
man's paper, read 'Britain Awake',  
only one shilling!*

People walk by, carrying on with their day.

VIVIEN stares at this boy, a kid, standing in broad daylight handing out fascist literature.

CLOSE ON her watching. How is this allowed to happen?

CUT TO:

11      **INT. HALLWAY. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19:15.**      11

VIVIEN comes back to Nettie's, now all boxed up, and tries to creep up the stairs.

NETTIE (O.S.)  
Hello Miss Evans.

VIVIEN stops. Takes a breath. Goes into the living room.

CUT TO:

12      **INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19:33.**      12

VIVIEN walks into the living room. Watches NETTIE listening to the radio, nursing a cup of tea, her face illuminated by the glow of the fire. She looks so small in the room, everything boxed and wrapped, her face expressionless compared to the laughter on the radio show.

VIVIEN  
Hope I didn't worry you. A friend  
needed help with her beauty course,  
so I stayed over, instead of  
getting the bus on my own.

NETTIE  
(short)  
What you do in your own business,  
is up to you.

On VIVIEN. Something different about her. Avoidant.

VIVIEN  
Thanks Mrs Jones.

NETTIE sips her tea, listening to her radio show.

CUT TO:

13           **INT. BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19:35.**

13

VIVIEN goes to her bedroom, closes the door, relieved to have some privacy. She sits on the bed. Surrounded by boxes. Takes off her shoes. One heel then the other. That sticky, hard to take off feeling when you've been wearing the same pair of heels for two days.

She starts to change then freezes as she notices her prayer book on her bed. She thought she had kept it hidden.

CUT TO:

14           **INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19:36.**

14

NETTIE senses VIVIEN's presence. She looks up. Sees VIVIEN holding the prayer book.

Beat.

                  NETTIE  
                  (defensive)  
                  I was dusting. I wasn't snooping.

Beat.

                  NETTIE (CONT'D)  
                  You should have bought something  
                  like that up.

Beat.

                  VIVIEN  
                  I'm sorry.

                  NETTIE  
                  I can forgive many a sin but ...  
                  telling an untruth ... it's wicked.

NETTIE looks at VIVIEN.

                  NETTIE (CONT'D)  
                  You know they called it the Jewish  
                  war?

VIVIEN looks at her. Then at the picture frame of her boys.

                  NETTIE (CONT'D)  
                  They said it weren't a war we  
                  needed to get involved in. But we  
                  did. And the loss has been ... well  
                  ... we've all paid a price.

                  VIVIEN  
                  I'm sorry. You've been nothing but  
                  kind to me.

NETTIE

This is my home. I advertised for someone ... I had more in common with.

VIVIEN

I can only apologise -

Pause. VIVIEN stands there, waiting for the verdict.

NETTIE

Just don't lie to me no more.

VIVIEN

No. Course I won't.

NETTIE smiles at her.

NETTIE

Where are you off to?

On VIVIEN. Oh shit.

VIVIEN

Just drinks with some of the salon girls -

NETTIE

Hmmm. Just be careful of those dancehalls, that's all I'll say. They used to be civilised affairs, until the West Indians took over. Now they are riddled with vice. White slavery is a real problem, Vivien and a girl like you would go for a very competitive price..

NETTIE nods, as if to forgive her and move on.

VIVIEN makes to leave -

NETTIE (CONT'D)

I do have one question, if you don't mind.

NETTIE looks shy.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Is it true about ... the sheet? You know, when Jews have ... *relations*.

VIVIEN looks at her. After the day she's had ...

NETTIE (CONT'D)

I heard something once. And always wondered.

VIVIEN lets out a tired laugh.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

Oh. I don't know. Ignore me.

VIVIEN surrenders to the laugh. It's big now, more than being amused, a release she's needed for a very long time.

Once she's calmed herself.

VIVIEN

It's the tallit, prayer shawls, the men wear, under their shirts. You put them over your head. On the washing lines, they look like sheets with holes in. That's where the whispers start.

NETTIE nods.

CUT TO:

15

**EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:40.**

15

VIVIEN stands holding a wooden box, looking at the NSM Headquarters from the outside.

A different expression to her normal trepidation. She's gearing herself up for something.

We can see steamed windows, the sound of music playing and smoke from cigars.

A party.

VIVIEN walks up to the front steps.

She knocks on the door. JEFF opens it.

VIVIEN

Perish Judah.

He looks at her. Looks at the box.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Lee told me to drop this off.

JEFF

What is it?

VIVIEN

Just ink for the Linotype.

JEFF

One minute.

She waits, she hears the sounds of a party from inside.

She looks behind her. A YOUNG WHITE COUPLE walk past. An immediate tension. Will they holler abuse or give a salute? She can't tell anymore.

JEFF comes to the door.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I can't find Lee. What did he tell you exactly?

VIVIEN  
Just that you were low and I was to bring this round. I'll just drop it off, it's no trouble.

VIVIEN looks at him. Sweet smile. A nod from JEFF and she goes in.

CUT TO:

16      **INT. HALLWAY. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:42.**

16

JEFF blocks her from going up the stairs, where the sounds of music and chat are. He nods towards a door off the corridor. JEFF watches her as she pushes the door open, then he turns and heads up the stairs.

CUT TO:

17      **INT. PRINTING ROOM. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:43.**

17

VIVIEN opens the door to reveal a room where an old but functioning and extremely large Linotype printing machine, (we heard ticking away in Episode One) chugs away.

JACK, in a t-shirt and flat cap, retrieves its output, hot off the press, the pages form a flyer promoting 'White Power Rally'.

JACK  
(whisper)  
Take one to the boys.

He sees her and takes a flyer to her. He moves very slowly, his injuries still causing him pain. She takes a flyer, slips it in her pocket. He looks at her. It's hot and he's sweaty. He wipes his brow. Quick glance that the door is shut.

VIVIEN  
(whisper)  
The transmitter worked. We did it.

Slowly, a smile on his face. He takes his hat off, goes to her but stops, wincing in terrible pain at his injury.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
You're in agony. Admit it, and  
they've shut you down here.

JACK  
Shh - I'm alright.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
She went to his bedroom, didn't  
she. Jane Carpenter?

She looks at him. A flicker of guilt. But she holds his gaze.

JACK (CONT'D)  
If he laid one finger ...

VIVIEN  
He didn't touch me.

A slight frown from him. He keeps his face close to hers.  
They breathe together. VIVIEN sighs, longingly. She goes  
first, kisses his lips. The sound of footsteps and a man's  
laugh. Their eyes are taken upstairs.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
What are they up to?



JACK  
Rockwell, he's asking -

Suddenly the sound of heavy footsteps on the tiled floor in the hallway. They break their embrace. Expertly now, VIVIEN goes to fiddle with something on the Linotype and JACK staples his flyers. By the time JEFF barges in, they look convincingly hard at work.

JEFF  
You dropped it off then?

VIVIEN  
What? Oh yes, one sec.

JEFF stares watching her fiddle. She presses a switch. They both know JEFF is waiting for her to leave.

JEFF  
(pointed)  
Night then.

VIVIEN  
Night. Thanks Jeff.

VIVIEN walks out. Before JEFF leaves he turns to JACK.

JEFF  
Not being funny mate, but you know  
how he can get ...

JACK  
It's all good Jeff.

JEFF gestures the fliers.

JEFF  
We're making real progress.

JACK  
Yeah. Feels that way, doesn't it?

JEFF  
Finally. Life's looking up.

JEFF leaves.

On JACK: on his own, watching VIVIEN's outline through the frosted glass window between the printing room and the hallway, she heads to the front door.

CUT TO:

18     **INT. FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:47.18**

JEFF with VIVIEN in the hallway, he opens the front door for her. She steps outside and then remembers something.

VIVIEN  
Oh Jeff.

He looks at her, irritated.

VIVIEN rummages in her handbag.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Do you mind giving something to  
Miss Dior, she asked me to bring it  
round.

JEFF

What is it?

VIVIEN, still in her handbag.

VIVIEN

Just a little thing.

JEFF watches her searching.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Do you mind giving something to  
Miss Dior, she asked me to bring it  
round.

JEFF

What is it?

VIVIEN, still in her handbag.

VIVIEN

Just a little thing.

JEFF watches her searching.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

(under her breath, casual)  
Just a little lady-thing.

JEFF is now deeply uncomfortable.

She rummages in her handbag. The suggestion of some sort of  
feminine hygiene product.

JEFF  
(quickly)  
No, no you go. You give it to her.  
Go on. Be quick.

She goes up the stairs. JEFF stays by the front door. On VIVIEN as she walks up the stairs, allowing herself a small smile. Excellent execution.

CUT TO:

19      **INT. PRINTING ROOM. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:48.**      19

JACK sees VIVIEN pass the frosted window, and hears her gentle footsteps on the tiled floor go back inside the house. He smiles to himself. That's my girl.

CUT TO:

20      **INT. STAIRCASE. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:49.**      20

VIVIEN walks up the stairs, faint sound of an American accent.

Heart pounding, she seizes her moment to walk up to the room. Tentatively she opens the door.

CUT TO:

21      **INT. COLIN JORDAN'S OFFICE. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:50.**

As VIVIEN approaches, REVEAL: in a cloud of smoke from his pipe, surrounded by a few suited civil servant types and some more distinguished members of London's fascist scene - ARISTO'S, POLITICIANS and ARTY TYPES - is the man we saw arrive at the stately home, GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL - flamboyant, slightly unhinged and the leader of the American Nazi Party. PAUL plays with his train set on the floor.

VIVIEN tries to remain inconspicuous as she slips into the room to listen to the heated debate.

GEORGE ROCKWELL  
- well yes, I mean isn't that the  
whole point? Rattle some cages?  
Ruffle some feathers? Hell, curdle  
some custard, or whatever goddam  
thing you folks are into.

The men laugh, uneasy with his relaxed style, learnt from his childhood days with his father, the vaudeville star. COLIN doesn't laugh.

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)  
You're not afraid of disruption are  
you? You're not afraid of the power  
of your own men ... are you Colin?

COLIN looks at him. A beat of threat.

COLIN JORDAN  
No. I am not afraid of a ... call  
to arms, if that's what you are  
referring to. When the time is  
right I'll -

GEORGE ROCKWELL  
Kinds of feels like now or never,  
right chaps? -

GEORGE smiles knowingly at the other men who smile back. This  
rattles COLIN.

COLIN JORDAN  
Sorry, George, let me finish,  
because this is an important point.  
It's a little more complicated than  
what you are proposing. The white  
man has been conned by the right,  
shamed by the left, he doesn't know  
*what* or *who* he is, he's forgotten  
where he has come from. Granted,  
the shamed man is an angry man, but  
he has to be *educated* on the means  
of his oppression, identify the  
alien labour that undercuts his  
wages, so he can become organised -

GEORGE ROCKWELL  
Organised? He's organised! Send  
them out, out to the streets -

COLIN JORDAN  
No, because without effective  
planning, there can be no real long  
term gain -

GEORGE ROCKWELL  
Do you know how many big-shots have  
invested in you, Colin? I put my  
neck on the line to secure you  
those deals -

On VIVIEN - who are these big shots? Who has invested?

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)  
There's a million little groups  
begging for scraps and people have  
faith in you. They're depending on  
you. If we let them down, it won't  
be pretty.

VIVIEN's eye is caught by something out the window, a black cab driving slowly past and flashing its lights three times. SOLY's code.

FRANCOISE, smoking a cigarette in a holder, comes up to VIVIEN. Surprising her.

FRANCOISE

Oh good. I thought I had scared you away.

VIVIEN

Oh, no. Not at all.

GEORGE ROCKWELL

You call it strategy, I call it over-caution.

FRANCOISE whispers to her discreetly.

FRANCOISE

Leader of the American Nazi movement. Fantastic negotiator.

VIVIEN

(casual)

Really? Who has he been negotiating with?

Before FRANCOISE can answer GEORGE starts shouting.

GEORGE ROCKWELL

(getting louder)

Can you imagine if the moment passes you? If you fail to seize the opportunity when it presents itself? It will be a tragedy. Under your leadership!

FRANCOISE

Maybe because their country is so big, they feel they have to shout so loudly. But the Americans are always good at getting blood from a crowd. He's like a preacher, non?

Beat.

FRANCOISE looks at VIVIEN quizzically.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

Did you grow up a church-going girl, Jane?

VIVIEN

Yes. Oh yes. Very much so.

FRANCOISE smokes.

FRANCOISE

So you had a lot of Jesus in your  
life?

Beat. How to answer this?

VIVIEN

Oh. A ton. Francoise, these  
investors -

COLIN raises his voice.

COLIN

Nonsense! Utter nonsense! The  
members have elected *me* in this  
position of leadership and they  
have elected *me* for a reason.  
Anxiety is natural, of course it  
is. But these investments will be  
instrumental in our progress.

GEORGE ROCKWELL

I love it when he starts playing  
teacher, don't you? He'll be taking  
his belt off soon.

Another laugh. A flicker of a smile from COLIN.

COLIN

You've done sterling work securing  
those resources, but it's only a  
start, it's not enough for the  
scale of operation we are capable  
of!

GEORGE ROCKWELL

See? He's a clever guy. Smart guy.  
What was it, Colin, Cambridge or  
Oxford.

COLIN

It was Cambridge and it was full of  
Upper Class bullies. I didn't bow  
down to them then and won't bow  
down now. I'm going to stay firm,  
stay strong, and stick to my  
convictions!

GEORGE ROCKWELL

And this is why he's the leader!

GEORGE starts clapping.

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

(very loud, almost  
aggressive)

Come on, I can't hear you.

(MORE)

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

Look at the guy, give him  
something, come on.

Clapping gets louder.

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

That's the stuff. Don't hold back!  
Look, the colour's coming to his  
cheeks. Hahahaha.  
Colin Jordan, your leader - Seig  
Heil! Seig Heil! Seig Heil!

GEORGE grabs COLIN and they cheer him. The group suddenly  
start Heil Hitlering, FRANCOISE does it vigorously. VIVIEN  
does it too.

COLIN clocks VIVIEN. He smiles. But he has important work to  
do. He nods at FRANCOISE to leave. FRANCOISE leads VIVIEN out  
of the room. As they leave - VIVIEN clocks COLIN take some  
documents out of the BATTERED SUITCASE she saw earlier in the  
corner of the room. He lays them carefully on the desk.

VIVIEN stops, desperately trying to listen.

FRANCOISE

I'm nothing to these men but a  
courier in a skirt.

VIVIEN

A courier?

FRANCOISE

Come. Let's drink together. Why  
should only men have whiskey and  
cigars?

CUT TO:

22

**INT. STAIRCASE. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:55.**

22

FRANCOISE takes VIVIEN out of the meeting room, but she has  
to hear this. She stops FRANCOISE on the landing.



VIVIEN

Wait. You have some mascara.  
Right...

VIVIEN points to her impeccable makeup.

FRANCOISE

Non, I do?

VIVIEN nods, studying her face. Delaying their walk across the landing, she gets out a hanky and wipes an invisible mark from her face.

COLIN (O.S.)

The rally tomorrow begins here. Our  
end point is the Ridley Road  
Synagogue. Its leader, Rabbi Lehrer  
is the central figure in European  
Jewish thuggery.

VIVIEN pretends to study FRANCOISE's face, whilst listening carefully.

VIVIEN

There we are.

COLIN (O.S.)

By gathering outside during their  
service, making our protest known,  
the message is clear, this Zionist  
hold on the world is about to  
crumble.

The people in the party cheer and toast. GEORGE ROCKWELL  
laughs.

VIVIEN finishes rubbing, using all her power to recover from  
what she has overheard.

VIVIEN

(quiet voice)

There you are. All done.

Beat.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I'll get us a bottle of something.  
What do you fancy?

FRANCOISE

Anything. Strong. No ice.

VIVIEN

I'll bring it to you.

FRANCOISE, grateful to be waited on. Goes into a living room.  
VIVIEN beelines for the door. LEE blocks her on the stairs.

LEE

Why you going around telling people  
I told you to bring ink? I never.

Beat. She looks at him, he's frowning and suspicious.

VIVIEN CONT'D)

What do you mean?

LEE

You've been telling everyone I told  
you to come. That's a lie. Why  
would you say that?

Beat.

VIVIEN

Well between us, the Leader invited  
me and I didn't want to cause any  
disrespect to Lady Dior.

Beat. VIVIEN waits for this logic to wash over LEE. It takes  
a second.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry if I did  
something I shouldn't have. I just  
wanted to be ... well I just wanted  
to be discreet really.

LEE

He talk to you about your subs?

VIVIEN

Er, no.

LEE

You gotta pay up. Six shillings a  
week. Everyone pays their  
membership. If you want to come  
out, eat the food, come to the  
meetings, it costs, doesn't it? Why  
shouldn't you pay?

Beat. He stares at her pointedly. JEFF appears in the  
hallway. They both stare at her.

JEFF

You still here?

LEE

Or have you got some sort of  
arrangement with The Leader I  
should know about?

Beat.

VIVIEN

No, I don't have an arrangement with him. Of course, I'd be delighted to pay. I can bring it to you tomorrow.

LEE

And I need to see documents.

Beat.

VIVIEN

Documents?

LEE

Yeah. Everyone provides them. Birth certificate. Or something. Just so we know you are who you say you are.

COLIN appears in the doorway.

COLIN

What is this, lads?

JEFF

I didn't know if she was invited.

COLIN smiles.

COLIN

It's alright Jeff. You did the right thing. I can handle it.

JEFF nods and leaves.

LEE

We need her subs, and her documents.

COLIN

Lee's been very thorough with his official duties. I'm sure you can oblige him.

VIVIEN

Of course I can.

COLIN

See, Lee? No need to worry. And we will be treating Miss Carpenter as a verified member from here on, is that understood?

LEE

Yes Sir.

COLIN looks at him, he also gets the hint to leave. He does.

It's just COLIN and VIVIEN. The sounds of the party above them.

COLIN  
Look ... matters between my wife  
and I are... they're not  
straightforward.

He struggles to make eye contact.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

VIVIEN looks at him.

VIVIEN  
Don't be sorry. It's good Paul has  
his mother home.

Beat.

COLIN  
Is it?

VIVIEN holds his look. Is he being ... *vulnerable*?

VIVIEN  
Isn't it?

She touches his arm. He *is* being vulnerable. Time to make her move. She leans in, they are close now.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
There must be something terribly  
important going on, for both her  
and Rockwell to come all this way?

She looks at him, begging him to reveal more. A shadow looms at the top of the stairs.

FRANCOISE  
If you must flaunt your passions so  
publicly, the least you could do is  
ensure I have a drink to distract  
me?

COLIN doesn't look round.

COLIN  
Meet me at the bottom of Dalston  
Lane, at five o'clock. Won't you?

VIVIEN  
Course. Good night Miss Dior.

FRANCOISE nods. VIVIEN slips away down the stairs.

CUT TO:

23           **INT. PRINTING ROOM. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 20:59.**           23

JACK'S POV as he breaks from his work on the deafening printing machine, through the frosted glass he sees VIVIEN run to the front door.

CUT TO:

24           **EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT 9. 21:00.**           24

VIVIEN runs away from the NSM Headquarters and down the road. No cars. Damn.

She sees SOLY's cab at the end of the opposite road.

CUT TO:

25           **INT. SOLY'S CAB. NIGHT 9. 21:01.**           25

VIVIEN opens the door. SOLY in the driver's seat. In the back seat to the far side is MR EPSTEIN.

VIVIEN freezes at the sight of her father. Suddenly unsure what to do.

SOLY

Get in, come on, come on.

VIVIEN climbs in.

VIVIEN

Where are we going?

SOLY throws a look to MR EPSTEIN.

SOLY

David? Where am I going?

MR EPSTEIN

Station.

SOLY drives off.

CUT TO:

26      **EXT. LONDON STREETS. / INT. SOLY'S CAB. NIGHT 9. 21:02.**      26

SOLY driving, MR EPSTEIN and VIVIEN are in the back. VIVIEN takes the flyer out of her pocket.

VIVIEN  
No, Daddy, please look. They are  
planning a march -

SOLY  
Where?

VIVIEN  
Ridley Road, to the Shul.

SOLY  
Bastards!

VIVIEN  
You can't send me home.

MR EPSTIEN turns at her, anger rising.

MR EPSTEIN  
Twenty years I've been doing this,  
training infiltrators. It takes  
months, sometimes years for an  
individual to be assessed, and to  
become prepared. To let you even  
step foot into a place with these  
fascists is... it's unforgivable. I  
don't care how you justify it, it  
was reckless, foolish. You could  
have got killed.

Beat.

SOLY  
David, we gotta tell the Rabbi,  
mate?

MR EPSTEIN  
You tell the Rabbi.

VIVIEN  
Colin Jordan trusts me, Daddy. He's  
opening up to me.

MR EPSTEIN  
I'm taking you home. I'm taking her  
home.

SOLY

It was her idea, David, tell your  
old man it was your idea to go in!  
There was no talking her out of it!

VIVIEN

What did you teach me Daddy? What  
was the number one lesson you  
drummed into us?

SOLY drives. MR EPSTEIN tries to compose himself.

MR EPSTEIN

Vivien, I can talk to the Kleins.  
If that's what this is about. You  
can come back, keep your job, I  
won't force you into a marriage you  
don't want.

VIVIEN

Sod the Kleins! You taught me a Jew  
protects life, above all else.

SOLY looks in the mirror, at MR EPSTEIN who looks out the  
window.

SOLY

David?

VIVIEN

They're coming for us Daddy.

VIVIEN looks at him, with pleading eyes.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

We have to act. Now.

He looks back at her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Please.

He sighs.

MR EPSTEIN

(quietly)

Take us to the synagogue.

VIVIEN smiles.

CUT TO:

27

**INT. SYNAGOGUE. NIGHT 9. 21:28.**

27

CLOSE ON: SAMUEL, an adolescent boy with wisps of hair on his upper lip concentrating on practicing his Hebrew for his upcoming Bar Mitzvah:

SAMUEL

"Ba-ruch a-tah A-do-nai Eh-lo-hay-nu meh-lech ha-o-lahm, a-sher ba-char ba-nu mi-kol ha-a-meem, v'na-tahn la-nu et Torah-ti..."

Wider: in the pews of the synagogue, the RABBI, MR EPSTEIN, SOLY and VIVIEN listen to three BAR MITZVAH BOYS practicing. Still looking ahead, VIVIEN talks quietly.

VIVIEN

They know your name. They know your address. They know the time of your service. They have a floor plan of your shul.

SOLY, MR EPSTEIN and VIVIEN look at the RABBI.

RABBI

(calling to Samuel)

Toh! Torah-TOH. Its not *your* Torah, it's *God's* Torah, unless you are calling yourself God, Samuel, which your mother may well agree with, but one more time, please... your Bar Mitzvah is but weeks away ...

VIVIEN

This is where they're meeting.

VIVIEN, under the pews, passes the flyer to the RABBI. The RABBI glances at it, and nods, she puts it back in her pocket, with a beat of shame.

MR EPSTEIN

It's obvious, isn't it? We have to take the tapes to Special Branch.

VIVIEN shoots a look at MR EPSTEIN, he is more in the know than she realised.



SOLY

We've got no one there fighting for us. There are more fascists in the Met than out.

MR EPSTEIN

So you take what you have -

SOLY

It's not enough David! We need more insider stuff. Colin Jordan will play the self-defence card, say they're just protecting themselves from Yiddish thugs, you know the score.

VIVIEN

Francoise's bought arms in, I swear she has -

They pretend to listen to the BAR MITZVAH BOYS while this sinks in.

SOLY

(pleading)

Cancel the service, Rabbi. Let me get proper numbers.

RABBI

I'm not cancelling anything.

VIVIEN

But surely, Rabbi -

RABBI

I have a grieving mother in my congregation. And you have sent more Jewish boys out on the streets with knives and cricket bats. Enough already. I am not an army commander. I'm not about to make soldiers of my worshippers. Too much violence, Sol. *Too much* -

SOLY

We got no other option but to fight!

A moment of contemplation. Just the sound of the Bar Mitzvah boys.

## BAR MITZVAH BOYS

"Ba-ruch a-tah A-do-nai Eh-lo-hay-nu meh-lech ha-o-lahm, a-sher ba-char ba-nu mi-kol ha-a-meem, v'na-tahn la-nu et Torah-ti..."

## RABBI

(quiet, resolute)

If they destroy our Synagogue, we build another one. We are not a people of place. Our cathedrals are in the calendar, not on the ground.

SOLY rolls his eyes.

## SOLY

So I'll call in the union blokes from the dock, they still owe me ...

The RABBI turns to him, firm.

## RABBI

No. No more eye for an eye. You go to the police Sol.

VIVIEN looks at SOLY. For the first time, they are in agreement, but it's no use. SOLY shakes his head, relenting. The RABBI keeps looking, listening to the Bar Mitzvah boys:

## SOLY

Pray for us, Rabbi, for God's sake.

CUT TO:

28           **INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 10. 11:45.**

28

CAMERA ON STEVIE, sweeping the floor by the coat rack. We can hear CHRISSY gossiping by the back room.

He peeks into VIVIEN's pocket and notices the NSM's 'Race Rally' flyer. He takes it out, looks at it, puts it into his pocket. Carries on sweeping.

CHRISSY (O.C.)

She always does it. She makes it all about her. I've told her, you're losing clients, they don't want to hear about your mother-in-law, share a bit, by all means, but don't keep going on about how much she overcooks your sprouts -

CAMERA goes to the chair where VIVIEN finishes the hair of a CUSTOMER. The CUSTOMER gives her a generous tip.

VIVIEN

Oh, thank you so much. Thank you.

VIVIEN heads to the backroom.

CUT TO:

29           **INT. BACKROOM/SALON. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 10. 13:38.**   29

VIVIEN goes to the backroom to put the money in her purse. She puts the money in her purse, goes to go back to the salon but - turns back around immediately. We see, behind her, pregnant ELISE having entered the salon. She's cautious. BARBARA approaches her. ELISE hasn't seen VIVIEN.

VIVIEN stumbles, keeping her back to the salon front.

VIVIEN scurries off, without her coat, out the back door of the backroom into the cold afternoon air.

CUT TO:

29A           **INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY 10. 13.40.**

29A

SOLY waits with his box of tapes. Impatient. Sense he's been there a long time.

CUT TO:

30        **INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 13:42.**

30

The RABBI looks at his notes for the sermon. He crosses out a part of his speech.

CUT TO:

31        **INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 10. 13:55.**

31

ELISE is having her hair washed.

She closes her eyes as the warm water flows on her red locks.

              CHRISSY

              That alright?

              ELISE

              Hmmm.

              CHRISSY

              Blimey look at your ends. Been a while, has it?

ELISE is enjoying the shampoo. She keeps her eyes closed a beat. A new record plays. She opens her eyes a bit, and takes in these new surroundings.

Girls chatting, smoking, a record playing. Laughter.

And on the wall of the salon, near the backroom - a coat peg. On it hangs -

Vivien's coat with the butterfly patch.

CLOSE ON ELISE tilts her head back into the sink, hair washed.

We stay on her eyes, as she sees the coat hanging up.

CUT TO:

32        **INT. DINING ROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 10. 14:01.32**

ROZA comes home with shopping. She sets it down.

              MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)

              Roza, that you?!

              ROZA

              Yes Aunty!

              MRS EPSTEIN (O.S.)

              Don't put the milk on the carpet,  
              put it in the sink, for God's sake.

ROZA  
Alright Aunty.

ROZA disappears into the kitchen, we hear her putting the bags in the sink. She comes back out and heads up the stairs to find:

CUT TO:

33

**INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. EPSTEIN HOUSE. DAY 10. 14:02.**

33

MRS EPSTEIN is washing the carpet. She has a bucket of suds and she is scrubbing away.

MRS EPSTEIN  
Did you put it in the -

ROZA  
I put the milk in the sink, yes.

MRS EPSTEIN  
I told the girls that this rug would be a nightmare. Did they listen? Did they take their heels off? Did they give me a thought when they flicked eyeshadow and blush all over the shop? I don't know ...

ROZA watches her.

She goes to the mattress. Looks underneath. The envelopes of documents are unopened. ROZA takes them out.

ROZA  
You didn't open these? You didn't look?

MRS EPSTEIN  
Be a darling, and pass that bucket, would you?

ROZA passes her the bucket.

ROZA  
I thought ... you said you were beside yourself with worry ...

MRS EPSTEIN scrubs.

ROZA (CONT'D)  
You say you are kept in the dark, but you don't want to know, do you? Not really?

MRS EPSTEIN scrubs.

MRS EPSTEIN

Roza, Mr Epstein is taking care of things. He gave me his word. What am I supposed to do? I've got the electrician coming around Thursday the whole living room needs rewiring, I'm behind on the darning not to mention the silverware - he's told me she's at the theatre. She's at ...

MRS EPSTEIN feels ROZA's piercing stare.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

(weakly)

She's having a lovely time at the theatre.

ROZA shakes her head.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

What?

MRS EPSTEIN puts down her sponge. Dries her hands vigorously on her apron. She opens the envelopes.

She flicks through.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Birth certificate. Well why on earth ... why has he got a girl's birth certificate? What ... ?

She flicks through.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Bank accounts? What's he got ... he's been ...

She reads.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

What's he been doing?

CUT TO:

33A INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY 10. 15:29.

33A

SOLY now sits across from a sympathetic POLICE DETECTIVE.

COLIN JORDAN's tapes play on a reel-to-reel machine on the desk.

COLIN (O.S.)

Yes ... yes, I think so. I think that's right. ... Hmmm.

(MORE)

COLIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*About half past four I think. Thank  
you. Thank you very much.*

The POLICE DETECTIVE presses 'off' on the reel-to-reel machine.

Sighs. Shakes his head.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
What's obvious from these  
recordings is ... the use of slurs.  
Racial slurs. The language they use  
... most unsavoury.

SOLY  
Well, yeah. You tend to get that  
... with fascists.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
And you are concerned about their  
march ... on Ridley Road?

POLICE DETECTIVE picks up a pencil.

SOLY  
Exactly, yeah, but it's an  
international operation, members  
from Paris, America - it's big,  
officer - you need to take this to  
Special Branch.

SOLY watches the POLICE DETECTIVE write notes in his book. He  
puts down the pencil. Smiles at SOLY.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
At the end of the day, Mr  
Malinovsky, they do have a permit.  
Not much we can do if they're doing  
things by the book.

Beat.

SOLY looks at him.

SOLY  
A boy in my community was killed,  
detective. And you lot have done  
nothing. No interviews, no  
investigation -

POLICE DETECTIVE  
- Mr Jordan has a *legal* permit. In  
this country we practise freedom of  
speech. If these tapes had any  
evidence of violence, or weapons,  
but ... a bit of bad language?

(MORE)

POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

What kind of country would we be if  
we locked people up for saying  
things we didn't like?

Beat.

POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Your recordings have been acquired  
illegally, haven't they Mr  
Malinovsky? I'm afraid the only  
person breaking the law here ... is  
you.

On SOLY shaking his head.

SOLY

You ain't narf a shmuck, detective.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Beg your pardon?

SOLY

I said thank you for your help,  
detective. You're quality. Decent.  
A real mensch.

CUT TO:



34

**INT. ELISE AND LEE'S BEDSIT. LONDON. DAY 10. 16:19.**

34

A grimy bedsit. A dirty sheet separates the bed from a stove.  
CLOSE ON: LEE greases his hair in the cracked mirror, ready  
for a fight.

ELISE comes in, her hair set and done.

LEE

What you gone done and spent?

LEE stares at her, affronted by her vanity.

ELISE

Please don't go to the rally, Lee.

LEE

Oh God, don't start.

ELISE

Jane's lying, about who she is,  
where she works. I went there to  
get my hair done. They've never  
heard of Jane Carpenter.

LEE looks at her. Then turns back to the mirror, finishing  
getting ready.

LEE

Maybe you got the place wrong.

ELISE

Her coat was on the staff peg.  
Could only have been hers, it's got  
a butterfly on it.

LEE puts on his jacket.

LEE

Must be a dozen girls with  
butterflies on their coat -

ELISE

No, no, not like this. I'm telling  
you. Maybe she's an undercover  
police officer?

LEE

Why is an undercover police officer  
working in a hairdressers? Don't be  
daft.

Beat.

ELISE

Well ... maybe Peter is ... that's  
why she went from him to the  
Leader, they're in on it together.

(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)

Must be a trap or something. Think about it.

On LEE - thinking, adding finishing touches of grease to his hair.

ELISE (CONT'D)

You're still going to go the rally?

LEE

Course I am.

ELISE

Well what if you get arrested again? I can't cope on my own.

LEE

I'll be alright.

He goes to the door.

LEE (CONT'D)

I'll be alright.

ELISE

They're gonna arrest you, I know it. And I'm gonna be on my own. I don't want them to take another baby away, Lee. I can't cope with that.

He leaves. She watches him go. The door slams. She tries not to cry, a lifetime spent pushing her pain deep down.

CUT TO:

34A **EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 10. 17:01.**

34A

VIVIEN walks next to COLIN JORDAN through Ridley Road.

Her POV as she passes Kossoff's the Jewish bakers, shutters closed and boarded shut with makeshift wood-chip.

She realises COLIN is staring at her. She looks at him. He smiles. Something sadistic about him here. She smiles back.

WIDER: we see the throngs of NSM MEMBERS, who march behind them.

We see a placard with a swastika come up. Then another, then another.

A crowd of marching men, a few women.

VIVIEN looks behind her.

She walks.

She sees JEWISH SHOPKEEPERS turn off their lights.  
She sees TRADERS close up their stalls.  
Sense of people scurrying away.  
They march confidently.

CUT TO:

35      **EXT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:05.**

35

JEWISH PEOPLE walk towards the synagogue for the service.

We stay on their faces - elderly, children, couples holding hands, defiant and purposeful.

They enter the synagogue where the RABBI waits for them, anxious but astonished by this brave gathering. We see MR EPSTEIN and RONNIE walk into the shul.

RABBI  
Welcome. Welcome. Shalom. *Shalom.*

SOLY arrives. The RABBI looks at him. SOLY shakes his head, before heading in.

CUT TO:

36      **OMITTED**

36

37      **INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:13.**

37

CLOSE ON: a pair of velvet embroidered curtains carefully part, revealing a sacred scroll. Regal and heavy, the RABBI takes it down to the CONGREGANTS.

Camera follows the scroll's ritual journey through a worshipping congregation. Each CONGREGANT bows, or uses the prayer shawl to tap a gentle kiss on its gilded fringes. Once it does the rounds, the RABBI goes to the bimar.

RABBI  
"Ba-ruch a-tah A-do-nai Eh-lo-hay-nu meh-lech ha-o-lahm, a-sher ba-char ba-nu mi-kol ha-a-meem, v'na-tahn la-nu et Torah-toh..."

SOLY stands, on high alert, keeping guard at the doors of the synagogue.

CUT TO:

38      **OMITTED**

38

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 **EXT. RIDLEY ARMS PUB. DAY 10. 17:20.** 41

A heaving throng of MEN and sweat and beer. JACK hands out fliers.

JACK  
Join the march! White man's  
victory. Join the march! Join the  
white man's victory.

LEE comes out of the pub and sees JACK. JACK nods at him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Alright Lee? Leader's stuck me  
here, hasn't he!

LEE looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What? Elise alright?

LEE  
Yeah. She's fine. On high alert.

The noises of the men get louder, JACK has to raise his voice while handing out flyers.

JACK  
Well it's a lot to take in, first  
time mother, ain't it?

LEE  
No it's not that. High alert for  
moles. For snakes. For little  
grassers.

A MAN bashes backwards into JACK. He shouts back.

JACK  
Hey! Sod off mate!

JACK distracts himself with the heavy macho energy of the pub. He avoids LEE's eye.

CUT TO:

42           **EXT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:21.**

42

COLIN, VIVIEN and the marching crowd arriving outside the synagogue. The NSM MEMBERS and FASCISTS are large in number compared to the congregation inside.

A group of JEWISH LATE-COMERS to the synagogue walk through them.

The spitting and the name-calling begins.

VIVIEN looks around. Where are the police? The synagogue is completely surrounded by NSM. On VIVIEN - unsettled by the growing number of fascists congregating.

CUT TO:

43           **INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:22.**

43

RABBI addresses his CONGREGANTS, most seats empty, only a few have braved to attend the service.

RABBI

Is man inherently primal, and does  
he feast upon the Jew in his  
depression, as the most tempting  
prey of all?

We hear shouting outside, we hear taunts and the bellow of raucous men.

RONNIE and MR EPSTEIN sit there, like good observant Jews.

RABBI (CONT'D)

It is the greatest protest that you  
left your houses today, that you  
practice the religious freedom that  
this country has fought for.

CUT TO:

44           **EXT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:23.**

44

VIVIEN and COLIN reach the stairs in front the synagogue. COLIN takes to the steps. He begins to makes a speech. VIVIEN watches.

COLIN JORDAN

Inside these doors ...

The crowd are too loud. We see GEORGE ROCKWELL emerge from the crowd.

GEORGE ROCKWELL

Listen to him! Listen to your  
leader!

As GEORGE ROCKWELL rises, a foot higher than the men - cheers and bellows of the CROWD who didn't know he was amongst them.

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)  
Go ahead, Colin. Speak up!

A flicker of resentment, before COLIN nods and carries on.

COLIN JORDAN  
Inside these doors this MAN, this degenerate, this thief, this snake, this violator of Christian values - preaches our destruction. Inside these doors a man plots the white man's slavery. Inside these doors a man spouts lie after lie after lie and you are expected to walk past, without protest as this poison spreads. Well, not today! Today we say - the Zionist conspiracy is broken!! The shackles of the global elites will break and the white man will be FREE!

Huge cheers. VIVIEN cheers loudly.

CUT TO:

Amongst the tail-end of the marching CROWD, JACK walks, LEE catches up with him.

LEE  
Why you walking? Leader wants you based at the Arms, doesn't he? Come to check up on us?

JACK  
Change of orders, Lee, didn't you hear? It's all hands on deck, son.

They march towards the synagogue, JACK shouts at the top of his lungs:

JACK (CONT'D)  
Stop Zionist Control.

CUT TO:

45      **INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:24.**

45

Nervous murmurs in the CONGREGATION as the noise from outside gets louder and louder. MR EPSTEIN and RONNIE sit there, waiting for their moment.

A few people get up, including a YOUNG MAN.

RABBI

Please remain in your seats.  
Please, stay seated.

Another MAN stands up.

MR EPSTEIN

You heard the Rabbi, he wants us  
seated.

YOUNG MAN

They're banging the doors down,  
Rabbi.

WOMAN

It's not safe, it can't be safe.

RABBI

They are locked. We are secure.

More men have joined SOLY, barricading themselves against the doors.

The CONGREGANTS begin to nervously talk. The RABBI carries on with his sermon.

RABBI (CONT'D)

It remains unanswered, how such a  
small minority, asking only to live  
in peace, to follow their faith and  
be good citizens, in the upheavals  
of the world, are the first tinder  
for it's fires.

CUT TO:

46      **EXT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:25.**

46

The crowd clap as COLIN JORDAN finishes his speech. COLIN looks around. They are now completely surrounded by FASCISTS.

Suddenly a huge surge as the remaining members of SPEARHEAD, the uniformed paramilitary force, arrive.

VIVIEN looks to COLIN. COLIN looks alarmed.

VIVIEN

Who called in Spearhead?

COLIN

Good God.

VIVIEN

You told them not to. You clearly  
told them we weren't ready.

COLIN  
Stop them!



They start a brawl and start bashing their weight against the synagogue doors.

GEORGE ROCKWELL starts whooping and cheering.

GEORGE ROCKWELL  
No more Judah! No more Judah!

COLIN  
Tell them to hold back.

VIVIEN  
Why aren't they listening to you?

COLIN  
Hold back!

VIVIEN  
Stop!! Hold back!!!

COLIN'S orders are drowned out by the shouting of the crowd.

Knowing COLIN is distracted, VIVIEN sees JACK pushing his way through the crowd.

JACK looks at her and she nods at him discreetly. Taking his cue from her, he runs to the back.

A group of ANTI-FASCISTS arrive, we notice STEVIE amongst them.

CUT TO:

47      **INT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:27.**

47

The RABBI stops his service.

RABBI  
Please, make your way to the side door, stay calm, stay calm -

SOLY  
You heard him! To the side!

All the CONGREGANTS start to head to the side door.

CUT TO:

48      **EXT. SIDE ALLEY. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:28.**

48

JACK squeezes through a gate, runs up to the side of the synagogue.

LEE follows him.

LEE

Come here you grass! I got you!

JACK turns around and punches LEE who falls down. JACK runs towards the doors as the RABBI and CONGREGANTS run out.

LEE, stands up, nose bloody from JACK's punch and sees JACK running back out of the synagogue carrying a small JEWISH CHILD in his arms.

A stand-off between them.

A MOTHER runs out - sees these two fascist men, one holding her child. JACK reassures her in Yiddish.

JACK

Ergern Nisht. Ergern Nisht.

JACK

Don't worry. Don't worry.

More scared CONGREGANTS leave the synagogue, our world slowly becoming fighting and chaotic.

JACK gives the CHILD to his MOTHER, she runs off.

LEE

You're a Yid. A filthy Yid.

JACK, knowing his game is up - begins to walk off slowly, knowing LEE is following him. But it's a bluff, he soon turns around - and goes for him, hell for leather - beating the total shit out of LEE.

JACK leaves him alone on the dirt and runs towards the front of the synagogue.

CUT TO:

49

**EXT. SYNAGOGUE. DAY 10. 17:29.**

49

Broken glass and chaos. STEVIE is thrown against a wall but he runs back in, pushing and punching.

VIVIEN, staggering amongst the CROWD - is jostled amongst the angry, shouting men. She manages to climb up onto the stairs to see if she can find Jack.

Standing alone on the other side of the stairs is GEORGE ROCKWELL - he has taken off his hat and swings it around like a cowboy at a rodeo.

GEORGE ROCKWELL  
(chanting)  
N S M! N S M! Wahhooo!

VIVIEN's POV as she sees STEVIE climb onto the steps and approach GEORGE ROCKWELL.

A moment between ROCKWELL and STEVIE.

ROCKWELL is frightened, perhaps the closest he's ever been to a person of colour.

ROCKWELL puts his hands out, as if to protect himself.

GEORGE ROCKWELL (CONT'D)  
Stand back from me, negro. Stand  
well back, I say.

A curious look from STEVIE - this guy is all talk and no trousers. He takes a step closer.

ROCKWELL steps back, and back again until he loses his balance and crashes off the steps.

On STEVIE - shocked by this. Suddenly, the sound of cheers. He looks around and tussled in the throng are a motley group of anti-fascist protestors, cheering and waving at him.

He holds his arms up, as if he has won a prize fight. He smiles.

Then, just as quickly, POLICE arrive. One climbs onto the steps and handcuffs STEVIE.

STEVIE's eye catches VIVIEN's as she is tussled around in the crowd.

VIVIEN is pushed back down. Her POV now.

COLIN  
Jane. Jane!

She looks back - it's COLIN. His hair is messed up and he has also been jostled in the crowd, he has no control in the mayhem. He holds out his hand -

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

VIVIEN  
They've betrayed you. How could  
they?

COLIN  
Come.

COLIN pulls her through the crowd. Heavy NSM MEN push the crowd away to let COLIN and VIVIEN through.

NSM MAN  
Your car's here, Sir. It's here!

CUT TO:

JACK is in the middle of this. JEFF shouts for him.

JEFF  
Peter! Lee's been beaten, he can't  
get up.

JACK  
We gotta go mate.

JEFF  
He's surrounded by Yids. They'll  
kill him.

JACK  
The pigs are here. *Jeff!*

JACK begins to leave the crowd. On JEFF: torn on what to do.

JEFF  
We can't leave him, mate. We can't  
leave him.

JACK follows JEFF as they disappear through the mess of  
people.

As they run, we see:

The NSM, protecting COLIN and VIVIEN, lead them to a car.  
VIVIEN sees the chaos out of the window.

Sound of sirens.

CUT TO:

50 OMITTED

50

51 OMITTED

51

52 INT. COLIN'S CAR. DAY 10. 17:59.

52

COLIN drives, VIVIEN stares out the window, numb.

COLIN accelerates.

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED

53

54 INT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 10. 18:14.

54

COLIN marches into the HQ, VIVIEN follows.

It's dark.

COLIN  
Francoise?! Francoise!

COLIN marches around upstairs, room to room.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
For God's sake. Where is she?

FRANCOISE  
I'm here.

Suddenly FRANCOISE appears in the doorway of COLIN's office. Black dress and her perfect peroxide curls. She nurses a glass of wine. She's been drinking, possibly even opiates. A dazy-ness to her.

COLIN

You called in Spearhead? You  
commanded them without my  
permission? They are MY reserves!

FRANCOISE sways slightly in the doorframe.

FRANCOISE

Where's Rockwell, you didn't  
abandon him?

COLIN

He was in his element, heckling  
like a hyena, crass American  
bastard - he toppled like a cheap  
tent, though. Imbecile. I bet he  
put you up to it, didn't he? But it  
wasn't yours to authorise! The  
police are swarming, your name will  
be dropped in it, at the first  
opportunity! Fools. FOOLS!

COLIN leaves, leaving VIVIEN and FRANCOISE alone.

We take our time leaving them alone together.

They hear smashing.

Shouting.

More stamping.

We can hear COLIN barking orders, but we can't hear what he's  
saying.

We stay on FRANCOISE and VIVIEN in the room together.

FRANCOISE

Troubling, isn't it?

VIVIEN looks at her. She's still shaken from the synagogue  
brawl.

VIVIEN nods.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

Why does it have to come to this?  
Hmmm?

FRANCOISE stares at her.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)

Why does it all have to be so ...  
painful?

More stamps. More shouts.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)  
All any of us really want ... is a  
peaceful life.

FRANCOISE looks at VIVIEN, sad suddenly.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)  
Maybe I went too far.

VIVIEN  
Well...

FRANCOISE stares at her, a flicker of remorse.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
There were children in the  
building.

CLOSE ON FRANCOISE: slowly, her face lights up.

FRANCOISE  
Is there any sound more satisfying  
than the squeal of a Jewish child?

She drains the last of her drink.

COLIN comes back in accompanied by some NSM MEN.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)  
You're sending me away again,  
aren't you?

COLIN  
Course I am. Boys - Francoise is to  
leave tonight, right away. Drive  
her to Lincoln's Inn and make an  
arrangement with Austin Carlton to  
get her to the port.

The NSM MEMBERS nod.

FRANCOISE goes to the corner of the room. She takes out the  
battered suitcase.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Put that down. It's coming with me.

She stops. She holds the suitcase to her.

FRANCOISE  
All of this is thanks to me, Colin.  
I put my neck on the line to get  
all of this to you. Without my help  
you'd be living in a fantasy world.  
Now ... you've really got a chance.

COLIN goes up to her, he takes the suitcase from her hands.

VIVIEN watches. She has to get that case. She has to find out what's in it.

COLIN  
(quiet, firm)  
Go.

Beat.

FRANCOISE  
So no sooner have I arrived, you  
are sending me away? Banishing me,  
is that it?

COLIN  
I'm not banishing you. I'm  
evacuating you.

Beat. VIVIEN looks at COLIN.

FRANCOISE  
Evacuating me?

COLIN  
Yes.

FRANCOISE  
Why?

COLIN  
Because our building is about to go  
up in flames. Jewish thugs. They've  
been plotting it for months.

VIVIEN looks at him, a sadistic smile on his face - that's what the shouting and movement was about. They're going to burn down their own building. COLIN nods to the NSM MEMBERS -

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Get her out. Go. Go.

FRANCOISE  
You're having far too much fun with  
her, Colin. Far too much fun.

COLIN leaves the room with the case. FRANCOISE looks at VIVIEN.

FRANCOISE (CONT'D)  
It's over for you, too, you know  
that? You think you can leech  
around forever without giving him  
what he really wants?

VIVIEN follows him out.

CUT TO:



54A OMITTED

54A

54B OMITTED

54B

54C **INT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 10. 18:18.**

54C

CHAOS in the HQ. VIVIEN comes out of the room as COLIN speeds down the stairs with the BATTERED SUITCASE and PAUL.

JACK appears, shaken. She clocks his nervous look and it unsettles her.

VIVIEN  
Are you alright Paul?

She looks up to COLIN.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
Is there anything I can do, Sir?

JACK  
(warning)  
*Jane.* Let the Leader be. Best you stay out the way.

She keeps looking at COLIN. COLIN sees the way JACK looks after her, desperate and longing.

COLIN  
By all means, go with him. That's what you want, isn't it?

VIVIEN stays, eyes fixated on COLIN.

VIVIEN  
Wherever I'm most needed, that's where I should be.

JACK  
Come on Jane, let the leader do his work.

VIVIEN eyes the suitcase. She's not going to let this fucker out of her sight.

VIVIEN  
Maybe I should come, for Paul's sake.

COLIN looks at her. Looks at JACK. Then nods a direction.

COLIN  
Take him to the car. Quickly.

VIVIEN, without looking back, takes PAUL out of the HQ.

COLIN looks at JACK.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Don't leave until you've razed this  
to the ground.

On JACK watching as COLIN leaves. He hears shouts from the NSM, picks up a petrol canister and goes into the study.

CUT TO:

54D **INT. STUDY. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 10. 18:19.**

54D

JACK tips petrol and 'destroys' the room while surreptitiously searching. He tips out filing cabinets and drawers. In one large drawer, a huge pile full of newspapers. He goes to them, a feeling suddenly - he flicks through and on the back of one is a picture of Vivien, it's her engagement photograph with Jeremy Klein. Caption: 'VIVIEN EPSTEIN and JEREMY KLEIN ANNOUNCE THEIR ENGAGEMENT'.

He knows. Colin knows.

JACK throws it on the floor and soaks it in gasoline. He sets it alight and runs. As he runs outside:

CUT TO:

54E **EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 10. 18:20.**

54E

On JACK as he runs into the street, he can see VIVIEN and COLIN drive off. He tips his head back and shouts.

JACK  
(pained)  
Jane!

Smoke begins to billow out of the HQ as the NSM MEN get in the van.

CUT TO:

54F **EXT. LONDON STREETS. NIGHT 10. DUSK. 19:14.**

54F

COLIN drives the car away.

CUT TO:

55 **I./E. NETTIE'S HOUSE. LONDON. NIGHT 10. 20:55.**

55

NETTIE is all packed up and surrounded by boxes.

She looks out of her window to the London sky-line to a high-rise. The sound of sirens.

The sound of footsteps on her street. She stands, alone.  
Listening.

She looks through her curtains and sees an ASIAN YOUNG MAN  
(DIPESH), walk past with his MOTHER in a sari.

CUT TO:

56      **EXT. PHONE BOX. LONDON STREET. / INT. HALLWAY. EPSTEIN HOUSE.  
MANCHESTER. NIGHT 10. 20:56.**

From a telephone box, MR EPSTEIN calls home.

ROZA, hesitant, answers.

ROZA

Hello?

MR EPSTEIN

Roza, will you put your aunty on,  
sweetheart.

Beat.

MR EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Roza?

Beat.

MR EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

ROZA

She's not here. She's gone to stay  
with her friend for a couple of  
days.

MR EPSTEIN

Roza, I've been married to your  
aunty for twenty nine years. She  
has three friends and she can't  
stand any of them, let alone spend  
an evening at one of their houses.  
She's come to London ... hasn't  
she?

Beat.

ROZA

Oh Uncle. I'm so sorry.

CUT TO:

56A OMITTED

56A

57	OMITTED	57
58	OMITTED	58
59	OMITTED	59
60	OMITTED	60
60A	OMITTED	60A
61	OMITTED	61

62 OMITTED 62

63 OMITTED 63

64 **EXT. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 10. 22:46.** 64

The car pulls up. COLIN gets out. VIVIEN helps a sleepy PAUL out of the car. COLIN takes him and enters the building.

On VIVIEN: in the dark, cold night air. She looks up at the imposing stately home. A moment before she walks up the stone steps.

CUT TO:

65 **INT. BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. NIGHT 10. 23:17.** 65

Empty room.

The sound of a tap running from a nearby sink.

VIVIEN enters the room.

She looks around the room. Wardrobe. Nightstand.

Under the bed - bingo. The case.

She pulls it out. Opens it. Looks through.

Eyes to the bathroom door - he could come out any second.

It is full with documentation. Envelopes, paperwork, receipts, files.

She looks, hands shaking - she reads a WEAPONS INVENTORY we read: '10 x A Mauser M48A' '2 x Mouser pistols' 'Ammunition' '8 x Lee-Enfield No. 4 MkI rifles'.

This is it. This will send him down. She's struck gold.

The sound of running water stops. The sound of footsteps.

She quickly tucks all the documentation back into the suitcase and puts it back under the bed.

The door unlocks.

She stands there.

COLIN comes out of the bathroom, his shirt partly undone.

He looks at her.

He walks towards her.

He smiles.

Should she leave? Mind racing.

COLIN

I'm very glad I found you.

VIVIEN looks up to him, she looks him dead in the eye.

VIVIEN

And I'm glad I found you.

She closes her eyes as he kisses her.

CUT TO BLACK:

**END OF EPISODE THREE.**