



I Production Company
A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

Ridley Road

Episode 4

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Inspired by Jo Bloom's novel
Ridley Road



I Production company
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1 INT. COLIN JORDAN'S BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 7.11. 1

VIVIEN is sleeping alone in COLIN JORDAN's bedroom. Eyes blink wide, as if waking from a small nightmare.

A moment before the reality washes over her. She has done something unthinkable.

She stares dead ahead, gathering her thoughts.

The sound of birdsong.

The slightest movement on the lips, reciting a prayer, but totally inaudible and we're unable to lip-read. Perhaps she only gets a few lines in before -

A stillness. She's meditative, almost, waiting for a resolve to arrive from somewhere, some high power. Eventually, it comes - a clarity.

This isn't about her. Or last night. It's about -

She gets out of the bed and we may or may not notice a small blood stain on the bedsheets.

She looks under the bed. The suitcase is gone.

A moment of shock.

PAUL runs in, and begins to jump on her bed. She smooths the covers to mask her grief.

We will recognise this scene from the opening of Episode 1 -

PAUL
*Down in the valley where the green
grass grows*
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

*There lives a lady in green she
goes
She grows she grows so sweet -*

VIVIEN doesn't react.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sing with me, go on!

VIVIEN

(quietly)

*That she calls for a ladder at the
end of the street.*

PAUL

You can be louder than that!

She grabs PAUL, tickles him, he laughs.

VIVIEN

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

She tickles him so he falls on the bed.

PAUL

Hahahah! Stop it! Stop it!

VIVIEN

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

She lies back on the bed.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

*We'll have a wedding at half past
three.*

She can hear footsteps. She closes her eyes. What the hell has she done.

PAUL

Daddy's coming! Quick!

They jump up from the bed.

She smooths his hair.

COLIN enters the room.

A kind smile.

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

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

COLIN salutes him back.

COLIN looks at VIVIEN and Heil Hitler salutes her.

A beat we didn't notice before. He stares at her. A small smile, enjoying this.

She returns the salute.

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

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

COLIN
Wir kommen wieder.

VIVIEN
(smiles)
Wir kommen wieder.

PAUL turns to VIVIEN.

PAUL
(knowing)
We come again.

VIVIEN turns to COLIN.

VIVIEN
I'll get him ready.

COLIN smiles, nods and leaves. On VIVIEN - broken.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 7:25.** 2

SOLY unlocks the intricate entrance system to the 62 premises. One door. Then another. He goes towards the fabric rolls and the paperwork. Then stops.

Wider to reveal: stacked in his shop floor are piles and piles of petrol canisters.

On SOLY - the first time we have seen him genuinely shaken.

CUT TO:

3 **INT. HALLWAY. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 7:33.** 3

Both VIVIEN and PAUL are dressed now. They walk out into the hall. VIVIEN notices a new corridor to walk down. They turn into it and she notices a small bureau by the wall. She eyes underneath it. Nothing. JEFF appears.

 JEFF
 He wants us all downstairs.

She looks, nods and smiles at him.

 PAUL
 (quietly)
 But you said you'd play.

 VIVIEN
 I won't be long, go on, I'll see
 you in a bit. Alright?

She smiles at PAUL. PAUL goes down the hallway. VIVIEN senses JEFF waiting for her. She walks. He follows.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 7:36.** 4

The community repairs.

A ROAD-SWEEPER sweeps the debris as a little BOY plays on a broken tricycle.

Shop shutters reopen.

MARKET STALL TRADERS, clear debris from the stall patch.

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED 5

6 **I./E. FABRIC IMPORTERS/REAR ENTRANCE. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 6**
7:41.

SOLY puts a load of the canisters in his car.

CAMERA follows as he goes back into the premises to get the last of them. As he does he hears the sound of heavy footsteps.

SOLY
You're having a laugh.

Suddenly THREE POLICE OFFICERS enter the premises.

POLICE OFFICER ONE
Solomon Malinovsky, I'm arresting
you on suspicion of arson. You do
not have to say anything, but
anything you do say may be given in
evidence -

They go to him and handcuff him.

SOLY
Alright, alright. I'm coming. Keep
your knickers on. Oi! Oi, what you
doing?

Another POLICE OFFICER takes the canisters while POLICE
OFFICER ONE noses around the premises.

He opens a drawer, has a flick through. Shoves some unopened
mail in a bag.

SOLY (CONT'D)
Oi! Leave it out.

POLICE OFFICER ONE keeps looking, takes a folder of
documents, a notepad. Keeps looking.

He finds an envelope of cash in a drawer.

SOLY (CONT'D)
Take your filthy mitts off my
savings!!

POLICE OFFICER ONE
Proceeds of crime, mate, police
property now.

He puts it in a plastic bag. They escort SOLY out of the premises.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. STAIRWAY. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 7:45.**

7

VIVIEN walks down the staircase with JEFF. NSM MEN are filing into the library for a meeting, JACK is with them. He looks at her.

JACK

Jane.

A moment of shock when she sees him. She clutches the bannister, avoiding his eye. She can feel him looking at her. The shame of the night before suddenly hitting her like a hammer.

JACK (CONT'D)

(softly)

Jane?

She needs to get it together. Keep up the act. Respond. Somehow. But she has nothing. It's obvious, walking down from the bedrooms. A walk of shame in it's truest sense.

She carries on walking into the library, without looking at him.

VIVIEN

Good morning, Peter.

On JACK, thinking the worst.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. LIBRARY. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 7:51.**

8

A group of NSM wait for the Leader to arrive, including JACK, JEFF and VIVIEN. Amongst them is ELISE - no sleep, nerves shot, tear-stained face. She rubs her bump with a nervous energy.

VIVIEN avoids JACK's eye, she remains calm and composed.

COLIN enters, carrying a newspaper under his arm.

COLIN

Pretty late to the game, but Fleet Street got there at last.

He reads.

COLIN (CONT'D)

*'Police at loss as Zionist attacks
destroy private London residence of
British party.'* Front page.

JEFF

Nice one.

JACK

Brilliant, Sir.

COLIN looks around at the sycophantic faces. Notices ELISE not smiling at him, she sniffles.

COLIN

Well ... what's wrong with you?

ELISE

Leader...

A flicker of panic from VIVIEN, what's she up to?

ELISE (CONT'D)

*Please. Lee should be in a
hospital. With proper doctors. He
won't make it here. He's in too bad
a way.*

COLIN sighs.

COLIN
Given how riddled our health
services are with exotic illnesses,
I'd say he couldn't be in safer
hands. Now, I want training to
resume as soon as -

ELISE
(to Jeff)
Tell him. You gotta tell him.

COLIN
Tell him what?

ELISE looks at JEFF.

ELISE
Go on.

JEFF
It doesn't matter.

Nervous look from JEFF.

ELISE
He was gonna leave him. Jack was
gonna leave Lee for dead.

JACK
What?

JEFF
(to Elise)
I didn't mean it that way-

COLIN
What way *did* you mean it?

JEFF
Honestly. I wasn't -

JACK
Why would you say a thing like
that?

On VIVIEN looking at JEFF - squirming, uncomfortable.

COLIN
Jack? Care to explain?

JACK

I was guarding Mr Rockwell, Sir,
before it got heavy on his side ...
then the Yids started storming,
didn't they? It was mayhem, if you
recall.

COLIN

Right, that's right.

JACK

Jeff told me Lee was hurt, but I
hadn't seen him, had I? I didn't
know the state of him.

JEFF

Exactly. He hadn't seen him, Sir.

JACK

I wasn't worried at first, he's a
fighter, isn't he? Strong lad. But
one look at Jeff's face ... well,
got straight round there, didn't I
Jeff?

JEFF

You did, yeah. Honestly, it's
nothing.

ELISE

(quietly)

You said it felt *off*. You said.

COLIN stares at JACK. Then at JEFF. VIVIEN looks at the both
of them. Which way will this go?

COLIN

(casual)

Well ... I suppose when Lee wakes
up ... he'll be able to tell us for
himself ... won't he?

Beat.

JACK

Yeah. Exactly.

ELISE

If he wakes up.

COLIN

Jane will nurse him.

ELISE

Her? Not her.

On VIVIEN. She's different now. She's got this. An intensity to her.

VIVIEN

(steely)

I've got three sisters, Elise. I understand. The hormones in your body are doing spectacular things. Don't let yourself get into a state. For the baby's sake.

COLIN

Take her to the station.

ELISE

No, please -

The men stand up to escort her out. VIVIEN holds her gaze.

CUT TO:

9

INT. outhouse. Stately home. Day 11. 8:34.

9

CLOSE ON: VIVIEN's hands plunge into hot water.

She wrings out a rag. She applies it to a broken face.

WIDER - On the bed, out of it, is LEE. He is in a terrible state. One eye swollen and bruised shut. Bandages around his head. As if part of his face was hanging off and has been pushed back. Botched stitching. ELISE was right - he should be in urgent care in the hospital.

Gently lifts his eye. He's out of it. Fully unconscious.

VIVIEN

Lee.

Gently lifts his other eye.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

(softly)

I'm just going to change your dressings.

She peels off a caked-in dressing.

CUT TO:

9A **INT. VAN. DAY 11. 8:35.**

9A

ELISE in the back of the van next to JACK. She can't look at him. She just looks out the window.

JEFF gets in the driver's seat. Slams the door shut. Turns around angrily to ELISE.

ELISE

Sorry.

JACK is agitated. He is looking back for Vivien. He pulls a small book out of his jacket pocket.

JACK

Damn. Jeff, hang on mate, one sec.

JACK holds a small leather bound book.

JACK (CONT'D)

From the Duke's library.

JEFF looks.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can hardly leave with it, can I?
That would be stealing.

He smiles, butter wouldn't melt. Slips out. As he goes -

JEFF

You won't be long, will you?

JACK

Two minutes.

On ELISE, biting her tongue but fearing the worst.

CUT TO:

9B **INT. outhouse. STately HOME. DAY 11. 8:38.**

9B

VIVIEN finishes applying a dressing.

She watches LEE.

She watches him breathe.

She takes a wisp of hair from his face and smooths it back.

The sound of the door opening. Footsteps. We don't know who it is.

VIVIEN doesn't look.

She busies herself with another dressing.

JACK
(impatient)
Jane.

She carries on, wringing the rag.

JACK (CONT'D)
(hint of anger)
Can you come outside?

VIVIEN
I can't, Peter.

A moment. As quietly as she possibly can, she whispers, still not looking at him.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
They're everywhere.

JACK
(insistent)
Just come please darling.

She puts down the rag. She wipes her hands on a towel and follows him outside.

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. OUTHOUSE. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 8:39.**

10

Obscured from the view of the main house by the outhouse, but still on high alert, JACK and VIVIEN look at each other.

JACK
He knows who you are, Vivien.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
You and the Klein boy. He saw it in
the Chronicle.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're up, my love. I'm sorry.

On VIVIEN - processing. She closes her eyes, the engagement
she never asked for, the photo she never wanted taken. Opens
them again, nods her head, calm, thinking.

JACK (CONT'D)
We have to disappear now. It's
over.

VIVIEN
Shhh. Shhh - I'm thinking.

JACK
- whatever you let him do to you
last night, I forgive you. Alright?
I can forgive you all of it.

Beat. He looks at her, broken, but with so much love.

VIVIEN
(intense)
I'm not asking for your
forgiveness, Jack.

Beat.

She looks at him, intently, resolute.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I've found everything. Arms
invoices, membership files, bank
transfers. Everything ... in that
... in the case -

On JACK, realising, she wants to go back in.

JACK
They'll kill you.

She looks at him, his words are empty for her. She's made her
mind up.

VIVIEN
I don't care.

She turns away from him. She walks back towards the house.

We see JACK behind her. He knows there's no persuading her.

CUT TO:

12 **EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 8:44.** 12

VIVIEN enters a side entrance.

CUT TO:

12A **INT. VAN. DAY 11. 8:45.** 12A

ELISE and JEFF wait in the van.

 ELISE
Where's he gone?

 JEFF
He's coming.

 ELISE
You shouldn't have let him go.

 JEFF
 (snapping)
He's coming, alright!

They wait.

They wait.

JEFF sighs and leaves the van. Slams the door.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. KITCHEN. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 8:46.**

13

VIVIEN walks into the kitchen. She looks around. Opens a cupboard. Closes it.

PAUL comes in.

PAUL
When can you play?

VIVIEN
Soon.

PAUL
When's lunch?

She looks under the table. PAUL finds a currant bun on the side.

VIVIEN
(casual)
I wonder where your father put that suitcase?

PAUL is distracted by the sticky bun. He picks off all the currants and leaves them on the table.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Paul?

She opens another cupboard. Nothing. Closes it.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Paul? I'm talking to you.

PAUL

Yes?

Another cupboard. Nothing. Closes it.

VIVIEN

Where do you think your father put that old suitcase?

PAUL

I don't like currants. Why does everything have currants in it.

VIVIEN

I know, I have a great game!

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 8:47.**

14

JACK's POV as he waits. Keeping a look out.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. NSM HEADQUARTERS. DAY 11. 9:05.**

15

CLOSE ON: the wheels of a battered floral shopping trolley through a street.

WIDER: NETTIE drags her shopping past the NSM Headquarters, now a cordoned-off crime scene.

The upper floors are a blackened shell. The lower floors are still intact and a few NSM MEN are coming and going, carrying boxes out to a nearby car. A police blockade holds back some ANTI-FASCIST PROTESTORS, protecting the fascists. We catch:

ANTI-FASCISTS

Fascists scum off our streets! Down with the fascists! Down with the fascists!

A particularly passionate PROTESTOR is shouting at the POLICE OFFICER on duty.

EARNEST ANTI-FASCIST PROTESTOR

This is not an arson attack! This
should not be a crime scene! This
is another staged attempt to
slander the Jewish community! Shame
on the police! Shame on the police!

POLICE OFFICER TWO

Alright Lionel, bit early ain't it?
Ain't even had my porridge yet.
Stand back, lad. You know the
drill.

In the middle of this we see NETTIE and her shopping trolley
move through the shouting. Head down, so as not to attract
attention.

MR BURNS comes out of the NSM, carrying a box. He smiles with
glee at the protestors and, feeling safe with police
protection, heckles:

MR BURNS

Get the Yids that Hitler missed!

A few laughs from the NSM MEN around him. NETTIE clocks him.
He walks to a car, unaware she has seen him. She walks on,
briskly.

CUT TO:

15A **EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 9:07.**

15A

JACK waits.

He hears the sound of men's boots on the gravel. He presses
his back to the wall, but they go in through another door.

He waits, uneasy.

He can see JEFF in the distance, looking for him.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. OSCAR'S SALON. SOHO. DAY 11. 10:16.**

16

NANCY is having her hair done in Oscar's. She looks to the
door, eagerly waiting for Vivien to show. She doesn't.

CHRISSY

Now I've tried to do it exactly how
Viv did it, but I do have my own
way, we're all different aren't we?
Different strokes for different
folks! Hahaha!

NANCY nods distracted by the door. Where the hell is she?

BARBARA is on the phone, nodding, anxious.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)
Couldn't have picked a worse day to
go AWOL, to be honest with you.
Boss's moving house again, fifth
move this year. And her son in the
banger for the umpteenth time.
Never ends, with him! Now do you
want to take a look at the back?

CUT TO:

17 **INT. INSPECTION ROOM. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 10:21.** 17

STEVIE, tired having been kept in custody over night - is
taken, handcuffed, into an inspection room by CONSTABLE
COLLINS and another POLICE OFFICER.

Once inside, CONSTABLE COLLINS locks the door. Then he
unlocks STEVIE's handcuffs.

STEVIE
If I'm not going to be charged, I
need to be released.

He looks up at the blotchy, overweight CONSTABLE COLLINS. He
looks like he smells of alcohol.

CONSTABLE COLLINS
Undo your trousers please.

STEVIE looks at him. He's been here before and, tragically,
he knows there's nothing he can do.

CONSTABLE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Do you want to be restrained?

There's no need to do this. They've held him already
overnight. STEVIE looks at COLLINS, his sadism, his
enjoyment.

STEVIE begins to undo his trousers.

CUT TO:

18 OMITTED 18

19 **EXT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 10:29.** 19

CAMERA on MR EPSTEIN walking to the 62 Group premises. He tries one door. Nothing. Goes to the back entrance. Tries it. Locked. He bashes. Bashes and bashes.

 RONNIE (O.C.)

 Hang on.

Then RONNIE lets him in.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 10:32.** 20

MR EPSTEIN enters with RONNIE, finds the RABBI there. Looks around.

 MR EPSTEIN

 Where's Sol?

RABBI looks blank.

 MR EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

 Where is he?

 RABBI

 No one knows. The money's gone.

 MR EPSTEIN

 He wouldn't have.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. HALLWAY. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 10:39.** 21

CAMERA FOLLOWS - PAUL and VIVIEN as they run the length of the hallway and up some stairs, looking under cabinets and opening drawers.

 PAUL

 But what do we win? When we find
 the suitcase?

 VIVIEN

 Oooo something very, very -

VIVIEN stops. As she sees COLIN standing there watching her.

COLIN
Can I have a word, Jane?

VIVIEN
Of course.

PAUL
Oh. We're in the middle of ...

PAUL quietens as he senses his father's mood. He watches
VIVIEN follow COLIN down the hallway.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. BASEMENT STAIRWAY. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 10:42.** 22

VIVIEN follows COLIN down some dingy steps to the basement
and along dingy corridors. Two sets of footsteps suddenly
sound like three.

COLIN stops. Turns around. Looking behind them.

No one there.

He keeps walking. VIVIEN follows.

They walk in silence.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. SOLY AND NANCY'S FLAT. DAY 11. 10:44.** 23

NANCY, with her hair done by Chrissy, comes to her flat.
Outside MRS EPSTEIN waits for her.

NANCY
Oh, Liza.

MRS EPSTEIN
Tell me no lies, Nancy.

NANCY
Let's get inside. Come on, quickly.

NANCY glances around and lets her in.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. SOLY AND NANCY'S FLAT. DAY 11. 10:51.** 24

Close on a dainty porcelain elephant, next to a porcelain
monkey on an impeccably kept mantelpiece.

COLIN (O.S.)

The very nature of democracy is
Jewish. Democracy is the greatest
deception of the modern age.

Camera roves to find NANCY and MRS EPSTEIN sitting on the
sofa with cups of tea. They are listening to the tapes
recorded from the listening device hidden at the stately
home.

COLIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Jews are behind the soaring
immigration rates, the
destabilising of our market forces,
endless wars, unforgivable poverty.
This is why we cry, Wake Up
Britain! Wake up from your slumber!

Beat.

VIVIEN (O.S.)

Yes, Sir. I understand.

MRS EPSTEIN flinches, recognising her daughter's voice
instantly.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

But how will you do this, Sir? It
seems so insurmountable. How can we
stop this vile force?

The sound of footsteps and a cough. The tape cuts out.

MRS EPSTEIN shakes her head.

NANCY

That's all we've got. I'm sorry,
Liza.

Silence.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's a lot to take in. Do
you want more tea?

MRS EPSTEIN

Please.

NANCY pours.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

(slow steady)

Nancy? Can I ... can I just get
this right ... because I'm not ...
I just want to be clear ...

NANCY

Of course.

MRS EPSTEIN

My husband is a documentation forger for an underground organisation that ... *my brother...* runs. And... *my youngest daughter*, the apple of my eye... knocked on your door, having never been out of Manchester before... and in a matter of... a few days? You had her bleach her hair, adopt an alias and sent her in to schmooze a full blown Hitler disciple?

Beat.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Have I got that right?

NANCY

Erm ... yes.

MRS EPSTEIN nods, taking it all in.

NANCY hands her the tea.

MRS EPSTEIN

Nancy, do you remember when you sent Ronnie up to me that time your mother, of blessed memory, was ill?

MRS EPSTEIN sips the tea. NANCY looks down, shamefully.

NANCY

I do, yes.

MRS EPSTEIN

Do you remember where I took him?

Beat.

NANCY

(quietly, point taken)
To the train museum.

MRS EPSTEIN

Pardon?

NANCY

(clearer)
The train museum.

Beat MRS EPSTEIN sips the tea.

MRS EPSTEIN

That's right, Nancy. The train museum. We looked at the old steamers. I bought him a pencil case.

(MORE)

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

And afterwards to Lyons Teahouse
for a cream cake. Do you see the
difference?

Pause.

NANCY

Liza, please -

Calmly and casually, MRS EPSTEIN smashes the whole cup of tea
onto the wall.

CLOSE ON: their stunned faces as they watch tea drip down the
chintz wallpaper.

We take our time with this.

They look at the tea dripping down.

MRS EPSTEIN

You'll get that off with a little
bicarb.

Beat.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

So when is that brother of mine
likely to grace us with his
presence?

NANCY bites her lip.

NANCY

I don't ... I don't know where he
is ...

MRS EPSTEIN looks at her.

MRS EPSTEIN

Oh. She doesn't know where her
husband is. Perfect.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. BASEMENT DINING HALL. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 10:56.** 25

COLIN leads VIVIEN into a basement room.

She follows him in.

He closes the door. It's dark, cobwebs. No one around.

He stands there.

VIVIEN

What is it?

COLIN

Elise was ... very distressed. Hard to watch a pregnant woman in such a state, don't you think?

VIVIEN nods, desperate to read him.

VIVIEN

Well ... they were expecting a greater share of your subs. They made that very clear behind your back.

COLIN

Hmm. Is that a fact?

VIVIEN

Oh yes. Lee didn't stop going on about getting his house. Getting a house and calling it quits, I think their plan was? I suppose we all have our reasons for getting involved in the movement.

She stares at him.

He stares at her.

COLIN

Indeed we do.

Does he know? *Does he know?*

COLIN (CONT'D)

She said your coat was in a salon. The distinctive one, with the butterfly patch. They'd never heard of you though ... said it belonged to a Vivien Evans.

VIVIEN smiles.

VIVIEN

All the hairdressers are friends. I know Vivian Evans well. She loved my coat and wanted to find a matching butterfly patch. So I gave her one.

VIVIEN looks at him. Quick side-eye of the room. Notices a burlap sack on the ground.

COLIN

The patch your dad taught you to sew?

COLIN smiles.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Your dad *'the postman'*?

VIVIEN's mind races - what's going on? What's he up to?

COLIN (CONT'D)
Or your dad ... the Jewish tailor?

Ok, the gloves are off. She's strangely calm. VIVIEN looks again at the burlap - what is it? Is it covering something - what's underneath - could it be a hole?

COLIN leans forward menacingly.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I know what you are.

She holds his gaze.

VIVIEN
(quietly)
You don't know anything about me.

Her eyes dart quickly to the other side of the room. A canister, the same kind they used to set fire to HQ.

COLIN
You're a whore.

Suddenly, he strikes her across the face. It's a hard enough blow but she falls over spectacularly, smashing into a shelf of flower pots and crumpling onto the floor.

She's on the ground. Her back is to us.

He looks at her, as if deciding what to do.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Get up.

Her back still to us. She exhales. Inhales. Exhales. Loudly, a panic attack.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Get up now.

VIVIEN
(softly)
I can't. I'm sorry.

She moans. She's hurt. She weeps. Her back is still to us.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
(quiet, pitiful, heart-
broken)
You knew. And you took me to your bed. You knew.

COLIN

Of course I knew. I knew before the
Ridley Road march. Watching you
walk to that Synagogue ...
pretending ... though I wonder how
you felt, *really*, deep down? I
wonder if a part of you wanted to
belong to us? To walk amongst such
strength, and bravery. A stark
contrast to your wretched tribe I
would imagine?

VIVIEN

(sobbing)

You knew. Oh ... what have I done?
What have I done?

On COLIN - he looks at the back of her. She's so small. So slight. So wretched. Doubled over, over the broken flower pots. Dirt everywhere. He goes to her. He touches her shoulder. That's when she does it. SMACK - a flurry of petrol straight in his face.

The weeping was an act - she got the petrol canister open and has drenched him, right in the eyes - target hit.

He screams, covering his face, eyes being burnt by the strong chemicals. She waits for nothing, she just runs to the door and legs it, crocodile tears vanishing. He desperately searches for a cloth, a rag, or something to help with his vision.

CUT TO:

25A **EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 10:58.**

25A

JACK walks along the side of the house. He hears COLIN's screams. He runs to an entrance.

From behind, he is jumped on by an NSM MAN, grabbed around the chest, but JACK manages to break a hand free and smack it right in the NSM MAN's face.

The NSM MAN shouts in pain and falls to the ground.

JACK turns around and sees another NSM MAN approaching him.

He head-butts him. The NSM MAN falls to the ground.

He runs towards an entrance into the house.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. BASEMENT STAIRWAY. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 11:01.** 26

VIVIEN runs back up the stairs, adrenaline pumping. *Fuck.*
Him.

She enters a room.

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED 27

28 **INT. PANELLED ROOM. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 11:06.** 28

VIVIEN goes into a wood panelled room but Paul isn't there, though the sounds of him singing get closer.

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

She sees a little crack in the panelling - a secret door - she opens it to reveal a staircase.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. BACK STAIRS. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 11:08.** 29

VIVIEN runs up the hidden stairs, along a corridor, tries a room - it's locked, tries a second room, it's open. She goes in.

CUT TO:

30 **INT. CELL BLOCK HALLWAY. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:11.** 30

SOLY is marched, handcuffed, towards a cell by a POLICE OFFICER.

SOLY
I need to make a phone call. I know
my rights!

POLICE OFFICER FOUR
Yeah, yeah, yeah - in you go.

Passing in a different direction is STEVIE - also handcuffed, humiliated from his strip search.

SOLY recognises him from Episode One.

SOLY

Oi. Oi.

Still walking, STEVIE turns around, but before he can see SOLY - he is tugged by CONSTABLE COLLINS into a nearby cell.

SOLY looks back, as CONSTABLE COLLINS locks STEVIE up and we see the row of cells that make up the custody centre. SOLY is taken to the other end of the long corridor and pushed into a cell.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. SOLY'S CELL. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:13.** 31

SOLY is locked in his police cell.

Once the POLICEMAN has walked off. He pounds his fists against the cell wall.

SOLY

Oi! Half caste boy. Oi!!

CUT TO:

32 **INT. STEVIE'S CELL. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:14.** 32

STEVIE walks into his cell.

It's particularly grim and unsanitary. A dirty drip from the ceiling. A dark stain that looks like dried blood on the wall from a previous inmate.

STEVIE

If you're not charging me then you need to release me. It's been over twenty four hours.

SLAM the door closes. CONSTABLE COLLINS opens the hatch.

CONSTABLE COLLINS

It'll take as long as it takes. Specially the state of your paperwork. Changed address again?

STEVIE

Yes.

CONSTABLE COLLINS

What was it this time?

Beat. We can see a smirk on CONSTABLE COLLINS' face, in the crack of the hatch of the cell.

STEVIE

Oh just your standard harassment.
Not that you lot did anything about
it. Or did anything about anything.

STEVIE smiles, so polite, ever the English gentleman.

CONSTABLE COLLINS

I would change that attitude if I
were you. Grievous bodily harm is a
serious offence. Mr Rockwell is a
respected American politician, I'm
told. What kind of message does
that send out?

STEVIE stares at the police officer.

STEVIE smiles.

STEVIE shakes his head.

STEVIE

I didn't touch him, officer. I
didn't need to. He was so scared,
that stupid Nazi fell on his arse
all by himself.

A moment.

STEVIE laughs.

He laughs.

A release. He laughs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

The Nazi fell on his arse. He fell
right bang smack on his arse.
Hahahahahah!

CONSTABLE COLLINS, put out, no come back, closes his cell
door.

On STEVIE - this disgusting room. Alone. But laughing.

He rests his back on the wall, he holds his side. We know now
he'll survive this degradation. He has strength.

Faintly he hears something.

SOLY (O.C.)

Oi half-caste boy.

STEVIE can barely get his words out, the laughter has over-
taken him.

STEVIE
Oh sod off mate! Hahahaha.

CUT TO:

33 **INT. OLD SERVANTS' QUARTERS BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 33
11:15.**

VIVIEN looks around for Paul.

Goes to the wardrobe. Flings it open. A dusty box. Opens it.
Just old hats and ties.

She goes to a chest of three drawers, opens each one - empty,
empty, empty.

Gets on her hands and knees, looks under a bed.

From the other side of the bed she sees PAUL's small feet,
she stands up.

PAUL is standing next to a chair with the BATTERED SUITCASE.

VIVIEN trying to remain calm, smiles at PAUL.

VIVIEN
Caught you! Very good. Very, very
good. How did you get to be so
fast?

She looks at the suitcase. PAUL is between her and it. She
casually eyes the colourful wallpaper.

She notices PAUL staring at her, is this fear? Or is it
menace?

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Paul?

He stands there, staring ...

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

PAUL goes to the suitcase, puts his fingers around the
handle.

PAUL
If I give you this, you'll leave
me, won't you?

Beat.

PAUL looks at her. Then the suitcase. Considering. VIVIEN
takes a step closer to him. She speaks quietly, but with
intensity

VIVIEN
(tears falling)
Oh Paul. May God bless you ... and
keep you. May God shine his light
on you and be gracious to you. May
God turn toward you and grant you
peace.

PAUL smiles.

His grip loosens on the suitcase.

She looks at his trembling little face.

She puts her hand on the case.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Thank you, darling.

PAUL runs out of the room.

VIVIEN can't worry about him now. She takes the case.

But he slams the door and to her horror she hears him
scramble outside - we didn't notice the key in the outdoor
lock. He fiddles with it -

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Paul! Please! Don't do that!

VIVIEN tries to open the locked door.

She runs to the suitcase.

She hears some yelling outside the window.

NSM MAN (O.C.)
Hands up. Hands up!

She goes to the window to see JACK outside of the house.

She pulls up a chair and climbs on it to get a better view.

Once she's on the chair, she bangs her fists vigorously on
the window to get JACK's attention. But stops when she sees,
behind JACK, JEFF and an NSM MAN holding a gun. He's been
caught.

He puts his hands up.

Then she sees, behind him, JEFF and an NSM MAN already with a
gun to the back of JACK's head. He's been caught and is
walking with his hands up.

She sees ELISE standing there. Hands on hips. Sadistic smile.
She watches JACK being taken off.

VIVIEN covers her mouth with her hands.

We can't see where he's walking away to.

VIVIEN
(quietly to herself)
No.

She momentarily slumps at the window. Defeated.

Then: footsteps and shouting inside the house. VIVIEN startles, loses her balance, she falls off the chair - BANG.

She lands on her back, winded.

While on her back - catching her breath - she looks up - the entire ceiling is covered in floral wallpaper but she can just make out a small square line within the pattern.

An attic door.

CUT TO:

34	OMITTED	34
35	OMITTED	35

36 INT. VAN. DAY 11. 11:33.

36

An NSM MAN driving. Behind him, behind the van wall is JEFF and JACK, tied up, slumped on the window pane.

JEFF looks at him.

JACK feeling his stare, slowly turns around. JACK keeps his eye. JEFF looks away. JACK can tell this is hard for him. Good - maybe all is not lost.

CUT TO:

37 INT. OLD SERVANTS' QUARTERS BEDROOM. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 37
11:36.

VIVIEN has balanced one chair on top of an armchair. She very carefully stands on it, holding another chair. It's precarious, she could wobble off any minute.

She takes the chair and slams it up into the attic door.

Nothing.

Maybe it's not a door. Maybe it's bolted from the inside.

She tries again. SLAM. SLAM. SLAM. Ever-so-slightly, it moves up an inch. Yes. She SLAMS again. It lifts up.

She climbs off the makeshift tower and grabs the suitcase.
She hurls it into the attic.

Then with all her might, starting with fingertips, then hands, then wrists, she hoiks herself up into the eaves.

CAMERA follows as she scrambles into the darkness.

CUT TO:

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. STEVIE'S CELL. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:42.

39

Eyes closed, back to the wall, STEVIE is still.

STEVIE opens one eye. A voice. It's very, very faint, these cell walls are sound-proofed.

SOLY (O.C.)

I'm trying to tell you! Listen to me!!

STEVIEW

Sod off, I said! Go on, sod off,
leave me alone!!

INMATE (O.C.)
He ain't cussing, he's got a
message for ya!

On STEVIE - trying to listen now. SOLY shouts again.
Something else. We can't hear, it's too faint.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. CELL BLOCK HALLWAY. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:44.** 40

Along the empty hallway of cells the - mostly minority -
faces of the HELD MEN come to their hatches.

SOLY is on one side of the hallway, STEVIE on the other.

SOLY (O.C.)
Ridley Road!! Ridley Road.

INMATE (O.C.)
Shut it Yid, I'm warning you!

STEVIE
Yes? YES! What??? What's he's
saying?

A NEARBY INMATE closer to STEVIE's cell shouts for him, but
it's hard to hear in the din.

NEARBY INMATE (O.C.)
He says get to Ridley Road, SHUT
YOUR FACE - I'M TRYING TO TELL HIM!

A POLICE OFFICER walks down the hallway, banging his
truncheon along the cell doors.

POLICE OFFICER FIVE
That's enough! Pipe down!

CUT TO:

41 **INT. STEVIE'S CELL. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:46.** 41

On STEVIE, amidst the bedlam, shouting and drunk screaming,
his cogs are turning, putting the pieces together.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. EAVES. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 11:47.** 42

VIVIEN crawls through the eaves, as if potholing through
cobwebs. Shards of light cut through the darkness.

She heaves herself and the suitcase through a ton of dust and
dirt.

Beneath her are air vents.

She crawls and crawls, wiping her face free from cobwebs with her hand, blackening it from the dirt.

VIVIEN breathes in sharply as her hand presses down onto some shards of broken pot, cutting and scratching her palm ...

And stops dead as she hears voices from the air vent below her.

COLIN (O.C.)
Go and get the men.

Stillness - like a wild animal trying not to be heard.

We take our time listening to COLIN and his men prowling around.

But her leg is caught under the weight of some dumped piece of machinery, an old bit of piping, she pulls her leg out and - crash. A loud noise.

She keeps still. From the air vent she can hear the men stopping. Listening. A rustle. Then - a tapping on the vent. It's obscured, but through the slats she can make out COLIN's eyes looking up at her.

COLIN (CONT'D)
There you are. Hiding in an attic.
How fitting. Time to come out now,
Vivien.

She keeps going, lugging the suitcase and herself through the eaves. At last she stumbles on something that looks like a hatch and pounds it open. Finally, some light breaks through for her. She climbs through.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. ROOF. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 11:51.**

43

VIVIEN climbs out onto the roof with the suitcase. She looks around, begins to climb up a metal ladder but stops. No, this is wrong, she climbs back down again.

She runs to the other side of the roof, walks along an edge, discovers a wall she might be able to jump on. She can hear footsteps, shouting, dogs barking. It's high, it's risky, but she has no choice.

She jumps.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. STATELY HOME. DAY 11. 11:53.** 44

The suitcase falls to the ground, it bursts open, some documentation exposed. VIVIEN hangs off the wall and then drops to the ground.

She collects everything back in the suitcase. And then she runs the hell out of there. Through a field. Daylight. Birds. Calm. As she runs, she glances to the sky and blesses her maker.

VIVIEN
Baruch Hashem. Baruch Hashem.

CUT TO:

45 **INT. STEVIE'S CELL. POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 11:58.** 45

STEVIE pacing his cell. Suddenly the sound of footsteps.
The latch opens.

CONSTABLE COLLINS
You're released.

CONSTABLE COLLINS opens his cell. STEVIE stands there.

CONSTABLE COLLINS (CONT'D)
I said you're released. Pick that blanket up.

STEVIE looks at him. Looks down to the thread-bare blanket, picks it up and very slowly begins to fold it.

CONSTABLE COLLINS watches him.

STEVIE folds it, as if it is the most delicate piece of embroidery.

Once it is folded neatly. STEVIE places it on the bench.

STEVIE
All finished.

STEVIE smiles. He walks out. Enjoying this small power move.

On STEVIE walking down the corridor - something pumped and purposeful about him.

CUT TO:

46 **OMITTED** 46

47 INT. BACK ROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 12:36.

Chaos at the Fabric Importers.

MRS EPSTEIN is shouting at NANCY.

MRS EPSTEIN
You've always taken
liberties!! But this takes
the biscuit. Why can't you
leave us alone? Why can't you
let us be!! I don't want
anything to do with your lot.
You're rotters! The lot of
you.

NANCY
This isn't helping, Liza.
Please. Please, we've got to
keep calm, we've got to think
straight, she'll get back to
us, she's clever, a natural.

The RABBI and MR EPSTEIN know better than to interfere with
two feuding women.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
The lot of you want to punish
me, I've lost everything, my
family, my name, my daughter,
if they touch a hair on her
head I'll I'll I'll destroy
you !

MR EPSTEIN

There's a boy standing there!

They look.

We see STEVIE standing, nervously by the door.

MRS EPSTEIN gets a fright, she lets out a small yelp and
jumps behind MR EPSTEIN.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

NANCY
It's alright, Liza. I know him.
He's from the salon. What is it,
son?

STEVIE
Soly's been stitched up by the NSM.
They got in here last night and
framed him. He's in custody.

STEVIE looks at their frightened faces.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
The NSM could come back. They will
come back. You need to get out of
here fast.

STEVIE looks at MRS EPSTEIN. A moment as he sees the fear in
her eyes.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
That's all.

He walks off.

NANCY follows.

CUT TO:

48 INT. FRONT ROOM. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 48
12:39.

NANCY runs after STEVIE.

NANCY
Wait. Wait, Stevie? Stevie, isn't
it?

STEVIE turns around.

NANCY (CONT'D)
She didn't mean to ... she wasn't
scared of you.

A small shrug from STEVIE as in 'I'm used to it.'

NANCY (CONT'D)
I want to say ... thanks ... You
put your neck out to deliver that
message and ... well, we're all the
same, at the end of the day, aren't
we?

STEVIE looks at her.

STEVIE
No ... not quite the same.

BEAT

STEVIE (CONT'D)
But maybe ... we're fighting the
same fight.

A small smile from STEVIE. NANCY gets it.

NANCY
Maybe we are.

STEVIE
You'll let me know, won't you?

He looks at NANCY.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
If she makes it?

NANCY nods. He walks out and down the road. NANCY looks as he walks off. What a hero.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY 11. 12:42.

49

VIVIEN, arm and side bleeding, runs. She hears a car coming. She partially hides herself by some shrubbery, just in case. It passes.

She keeps on running.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD 2. DAY 11. 12:51.

50

VIVIEN - carrying the suitcase, runs down the country road. But she's losing her footing, she's exhausted. She stops dead as she hears another vehicle approaching.

This time she doesn't hide - a farmer's truck, piled with hay, comes down the road. She stands, making herself visible.

The truck slows as it approaches her.

A FARMER, ruddy and friendly-faced, winds down his window.

Quick risk assessment. He looks like a regular farmer, but then you can never be sure.

VIVIEN
Any chance of a lift to the
station? Late for work.

FARMER
In you get, I'll try and make the
half past.

He smiles. VIVIEN relaxes.

VIVIEN
Thank you so much.

He opens the door. VIVIEN climbs in. The FARMER assesses her state.

FARMER
Secretary are you?

VIVIEN
Yes. That's right. Just ... an insurance based ... nothing exciting.

FARMER
(cheery)
Not life and death then?

VIVIEN
No. Not quite.

The FARMER takes off.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED

51

52 EXT. ROAD. DAY 11. 12:55.

The NSM van speeds along.

CUT TO:

53 INT. NSM VAN. / EXT. ROAD. DAY 11. 12:56.

Just JEFF and JACK in the back of the van, obscured from the view of the DRIVER in the front.

JACK
(quiet)
Jeff.

JEFF pretends not to hear him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Help me, mate.

JEFF shakes his head - shhh, stop this.

JACK (CONT'D)
Please. Don't let them kill me.

JEFF turns to look at him - as if 'putting on' an aggressive front, it doesn't come easily to him.

JEFF
What kind of mug do you take me
for?

JACK holds his stare.

JACK

Don't let me die, Jeff. I'm begging you.

On JEFF - it would be easier if this boy was pure evil. But he's not. He's just a young boy and he got on with JACK, looked up to him. It's betrayal. But it's not hatred. JACK can work with this.

JACK (CONT'D)

Just let me out that door.

JEFF

You deceived us, you deserve what's coming to you.

JACK

You don't need them. You don't need them. I know who you are. I know what you've been through.

JEFF

Shut your trap.

JACK

I know the life you've had. Let down by everyone who should have cared for you, your own mother broke your trust. You think the world's rotten, out to get you, and you'd be right with the rotten hand you've been dealt. You *should* be furious with the world. *Course* you should. But you can't think Jordan is the answer?

JEFF

I'll tell them what you're saying. I'll tell them, it's over for you. Don't try it.

JACK

He's using you mate. Ever wondered why he never gets his hands dirty? He's taken you for a mug, he can't believe his luck. He's laughing at you.

JEFF looks. A flicker of something else.

JACK (CONT'D)

Open this door for me. Just open the door. Tell them I kicked the door open.

JEFF shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
I believe in you, mate. I know you.
You can do this. Let me out.

JEFF looks. He's struggling. And in a quick move, he leans across JACK - opens the door and pushes JACK out onto the road - it's going fast, he might not even survive it.

BANG.

The van zooms off as JACK's body is left lying there on the road.

We hold on him as we hear the van drive away. A bird sings.

CUT TO:

54 **EXT. TRAIN STATION. / INT. TRAIN. DAY 11. 13:16.** 54

VIVIEN runs onto a train, about to set off.

She enters a carriage - respectable middle-aged types and an ELDERLY COUPLE.

Holding the suitcase, she goes to a discreet seat at the back of the carriage.

The train leaves the station - she rests her head on the window - watching the countryside pass her. She closes her eyes - exhausted and traumatised.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. TRAIN. DAY 11. 13:23.** 55

Later. The train in motion.

VIVIEN sits, nervous, looking at the countryside roll by. The train slows to a stop, at a level crossing.

Suddenly, an eerie feeling engulfs her.

She puts the suitcase under her feet, pushes it back, so it's obscured from view.

She looks ahead at the doors.

A TRAIN WORKER walks down the carriage.

She looks at him. CLOSE ON him - his face, his uniform.

Suddenly a presence next to her - she looks - it's COLIN JORDAN, newspaper under his arm.

She gasps in shock.

He puts a hand on her leg.

COLIN

Stay in your seat. Don't make a scene. I'll talk you through how this is going to play out.

She looks at him - he has trapped her in. She's in-between the window and him.

With her foot, she pushes the battered suitcase out of view, under her chair.

CUT TO:

A young TEA GIRL pushes a tea trolley down the carriage.

TEA GIRL

Milk and sugar?

Her POV on the passengers she passes, mostly commuters in suits, buried in books or newspapers.

TEA GIRL (CONT'D)

Milk and sugar?

The TEA GIRL pushes the trolley to COLIN who has sandwiched VIVIEN by the window.

TEA GIRL (CONT'D)

Tea?

COLIN dismisses her with his hand. VIVIEN looks at her. The TEA GIRL smiles at her, on VIVIEN - should she tell her? It's too late, the TEA GIRL goes to the next passenger.

COLIN looks at her, smiles. She looks at her hands.

COLIN

You are going to tell me who put you up to it. You are going to tell me everything you know.

VIVIEN

Where is Peter? Where did you take him?

COLIN lets out a little laugh, incredulous.

COLIN

I think that love affair's good as over now you are ... damaged goods.

He looks at her, close now, in her face.

COLIN (CONT'D)

There was a special place for your kind, you know. They marked you in ink 'Feld-Hure', field whore, across the chest. Kept in a room for the soldiers to enjoy after hours. Even the other inmates, would spit at them in the camps.

He smiles.

VIVIEN

You'll get what's coming to you. I know you will.

COLIN

(smiling)

Oh ... I suppose you think I'm the one on the wrong side of history?

She's struggling to keep her cool, she can't see a way out and his confidence terrifies her.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Oooo, that's got you, hasn't it? Trouble with you lot... is the *denial*. Look around. We are everywhere. We are sitting on this carriage, we are voting in the Commons, we are working in the factories, and toiling on the fields. And... we are getting closer... and closer... to our moment of delivery.

He's close to her face now. We notice her eyes glancing - who is an ally on this carriage? The ELDERLY COUPLE? The TRAIN WORKER at the end of the carriage?

Suddenly VIVIEN lurches herself upwards, standing up, tall and confident.

VIVIEN

Ladies and Gentleman, I need your attention please. I am in great danger... this man next to me is not my husband. He wants to hurt me. Badly hurt me. And I need some assistance. Can you call the police? *Please.*

COLIN

Darling, do sit down.

WIDER: VIVIEN standing up in the carriage. Just the sound of the train and a few embarrassed mutterings. In a distant carriage we can hear the TEA GIRL's 'milk and sugar'.

COLIN looks at her, amused. This is England after-all, incapable of dealing with any public outburst.

VIVIEN
Ladies and Gentleman, I'm begging
you ... I really need your help.
Please will someone help me?

VIVIEN tries to make eyes with the PASSENGERS. The ELDERLY COUPLE look out the window.

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, considering it, but he looks at COLIN, smiling, assesses, no he's respectable enough, and decides not to get involved.

COLIN
Excuse my wife, she's not feeling
well. Down you go, dear.

A YOUNG WOMAN reading a book looks at her. VIVIEN looks back.

VIVIEN
Please. Please help me.

The YOUNG WOMAN smiles sympathetically, but that's as far as she'll go, before going back to her book.

COLIN sits VIVIEN down. From her seat she makes eye contact with the ELDERLY WOMAN through the gap. But the woman just goes back to her knitting. COLIN whispers in her ear.

COLIN
Must be losing your touch.

On VIVIEN - defeated.

CUT TO:

57 INT. TRAIN. LONDON TRAIN STATION. DAY 11. 14:05.

57

The train pulls into the station. They are in London.

Once the doors open, the passengers can't get out of their seats quick enough. But not before getting a good look back at VIVIEN and COLIN.

He grabs her arm and makes to drag her out of the carriage after the other passengers.

PASSENGER

Scuse me, Sir. You forgot this.

The PASSENGER takes out the *battered suitcase*.

COLIN

(charming)

Thank you so much.

He takes the suitcase, still with an iron grip on VIVIEN's arm. The last passenger leaves the carriage. COLIN now in a rage turns to VIVIEN.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Can you, for a moment, imagine, if I had interloped *your* family, if I had been the one to lie, and deceive? Can you imagine, Vivien?

His face is close to hers.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Of course you can't. Because the only victims that are allowed to exist in this world, are you.

VIVIEN

We dominate your every thought, your every move, why? Why are you so gripped by us? What is the fascination?

A beat.

COLIN

(slow, steady)

All I am doing ... is protecting my son. All of this is for him. All of what I do, is to give him a better chance. A better world. A fairer world. It's as simple as that.

He looks at her.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What did you intend to do, turn my
child against me, break up my
family?

VIVIEN

There's no need. It's already
broken, Colin.

He strikes her across the face. Then grabs her,
disorientated, and marches off the train.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. LONDON TRAIN STATION. DAY 11. 14:09.

58

VIVIEN is marched by COLIN, who now holds the suitcase.

COLIN

If you keep quiet, you have a
chance.

She stops in her tracks. VIVIEN sees now, parked in the road
by the station, a car - with NSM MEN waiting for her.

VIVIEN

No, no.

VIVIEN tries to break free, but he's got her too tightly. He
grabs her by the back of the neck, still in broad daylight.

COLIN

See those lads? Loyal to a fault.
One nod from me and there's no
telling what they'll do to you. We
don't want that, do we?

He keeps marching her towards the car - as a POLICE CAR
passes.

VIVIEN

Help. Over here! Help!

COLIN pushes her down, out of view, behind a van.

Now she's out of view, the POLICE CAR drives off. But COLIN has momentarily loosened his grip. VIVIEN snatches the case from him and she runs away.

COLIN nods at the NSM MEN who chase her.

CUT TO:

59 **EXT. STATION STEPS. DAY 11. 14:12.** 59

VIVIEN runs as fast as she can, down the station steps, trying to find somewhere, anywhere that will help her.

She runs inside a pub, swings open the doors.

CUT TO:

60 **INT. PUB. DAY 11. 14:14.** 60

VIVIEN runs into the pub, startling the BARMAID and one dozy PATRON.

VIVIEN
Please, help me, hide me -

The BARMAID is too slow. She just looks stunned -

VIVIEN runs through the pub, to the side door - an empty alleyway.

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. PUB ALLEYWAY. DAY 11. 14:16.** 61

An enclosed corner, VIVIEN runs to the end of the alleyway, she'll scale the wall if she has to, desperate now.

The NSM MEN run into the alley, find her attempting to climb over a metal fence, with the suitcase.

They run to her, prise her off.

They push her to the ground.

She throws her body over the case as an NSM MAN lifts his boot - and stamps onto her.

She screams.

COLIN comes running in. He watches.

Another NSM MAN stamps on her again. Kicks her, her body, her head. But she clings to the case.

We hear screams from the BARMAID who has come out, witnesses what's happening, and then runs back in, screaming for help.

CAMERA falls to the grass, we are from VIVIEN's POV now, disorientated and hazy - from the dirt - we see the LANDLORD and some heavy-set PATRONS descend on the NSM MEN. The LANDLORD swings a punch at COLIN. VIVIEN doesn't hang around, she snatches the case and walks out of the alleyway, stumbling, unsteady on her feet.

COLIN is restrained by a LARGE PUNTER of colour, as he calls out.

COLIN
Get your hands off me! Get your
hands off me now!

Panic rising now.

COLIN (CONT'D)
This is my country! I'll not be
treated like this. It's a disgrace,
this is my country!

CUT TO:

62 **EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 11. 14:21.**

62

VIVIEN runs away.

She holds out her hand for a cab.

A cab pulls up.

She looks at the CAB DRIVER - quick risk assessment. There's no other cabs in sight. She has to trust him.

She falls in. The Jewish face of the CAB DRIVER smiles at her.

VIVIEN
Ridley Road. Take me to Ridley
Road.

CUT TO:

63 **INT. FABRIC IMPORTERS. RIDLEY ROAD. DAY 11. 14:48.**

63

The door is broken open. VIVIEN, with the suitcase, walks inside.

She looks around, sense of intrusion, the place is a mess, papers and fabric everywhere.

In the corner she sees RONNIE standing there, shaken by her appearance.

RONNIE

Oh Vivien.

Through her cracked and bleeding mouth, VIVIEN manages to splutter out.

Beat.

He can't answer her.

VIVIEN
What? What's happened?

She looks at him, impossible to read, but knowing the worst has happened.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Is it Jack? Is it? No. No. No.

She begins to cry.

FADE TO BLACK:

64 INT. VIVIEN'S BEDROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 12. 10:24/12.16 64

A darkened room.

VIVIEN stares at her face in the mirror.

She's cleaned up. But still exhausted and bruised. Outside we can hear concerned muttering:

VOICE (O.C.)
Go on, just let me in.

MRS EPSTEIN (O.C.)
I'm not sure she's up to it, she's
eaten nothing, she's -

VOICE (O.C.)
Let me see her, please, come on -

NETTIE (O.C.)
I'll check on her. I'll check.

Soft footsteps. A knock on the door. NETTIE pops her head round.

NETTIE (CONT'D)
Vivien? Vivien, love. There's
someone here to see you.

VIVIEN looks to NETTIE, still disorientated. But manages a small nod.

BARBARA pokes her head around the door.

BARBARA
Hello my love. Only me.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a hand mirror.

BARBARA hands it to VIVIEN to look at her new reflection.
She's back to brown.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Better?

VIVIEN nods.

MRS EPSTEIN
Much better. More ... classy.

Wider - MRS EPSTEIN sits with them.

VIVIEN
Thank you Barbara.

BARBARA
I'm so sorry, Vivien. What a waste
of a young boy's life.

BARBARA lifts her face. Smiles at her.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
You're on the side of the angels,
my love.

VIVIEN manages the smallest smile.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
But your bags are an absolute
disgrace. One sec ...

This pushes VIVIEN to a genuine smile now, the first in a
while. BARBARA gets out her makeup set. Gently, lovingly,
applies some coverup under her eyes. MRS EPSTEIN plays
assistant, handing her a brush and holding the mirror.

On VIVIEN greatly comforted by this female energy, this art,
these weapons, to beautify and restore.

CUT TO:

65

INT. LIVING ROOM. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 12. 12:36.

65

VIVIEN, brown hair now and smartly dressed, sits with MRS
EPSTEIN, ROZA and NETTIE. A tension in the air. VIVIEN,
exhausted, is distressed by having to wait.

VIVIEN
I've escaped the depths of hell to
get this bloody thing out -

MRS EPSTEIN
Language, Vivien.

VIVIEN
I'm not waiting a second longer -

ROZA
Vivien, please.

They wait.

They hear a noise at the front door. A nervous look between them.

NETTIE
I'll go.

NETTIE goes to the door.

She returns with MR EPSTEIN, coat and hat on, slightly out of breath.

MRS EPSTEIN
Well?

VIVIEN
Daddy?

They look to him expectantly.

MR EPSTEIN
They'll see her.

A sigh of relief.

MRS EPSTEIN
Oy. My nerves.

MR EPSTEIN pulls out a piece of paper.

MR EPSTEIN
His name is Detective McCracken. He works in Special Branch. He was horrified by Jack's ... by what happened. He'll see you.

NETTIE looks at VIVIEN sympathetically.

NETTIE
Well that's some good news, at least, isn't it?

MRS EPSTEIN
Oh Vivien. What does she do, David, does she go right away?

MR EPSTEIN
She can't go on her own.

VIVIEN
I can, Daddy, of course I can.

MR EPSTEIN

If they seize the evidence, and
arrest you for trespassing ... then

-

VIVIEN

It'll be different this time.

MR EPSTEIN

We can't afford to let you go on
your own.

ROZA

So I'll go with her?

MRS EPSTEIN

Don't be ridiculous. You haven't
got your papers sorted.

MRS EPSTEIN looks at MR EPSTEIN.

MR EPSTEIN

I'd take her if I could, but ...
with my record ... just minors but
... it could jeopardise everything.
Ruin all her tremendous work.

On the family - despondent.

MRS EPSTEIN

(confidently)

I'll go.

VIVIEN looks at her mother.

MRS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

I'll go with you Vivien.

CUT TO:

65A **EXT. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 12. 12:38.**

65A

CAMERA follows VIVIEN and MRS EPSTEIN as they walk a few houses down the road. We see VIVIEN - concentrating on keeping it together - is holding the *BATTERED SUITCASE*.

VIVIEN and MRS EPSTEIN walk over to SOLY's waiting cab. They get in.

SOLY

Ello Sis. It's been a while.

If looks could kill. She looks him up and down, not impressed.

MRS EPSTEIN

They let you out again, then, did they?

SOLY

Got some friends, owed some favours. It's all 'groovy', as the young'un's say.

MRS EPSTEIN shakes her head.

VIVIEN stares numbly out the window.

As he drives off we see MR BURNS passing. He doesn't notice VIVIEN in the car, and she doesn't notice him.

CUT TO:

66 **I./E. DOORWAY. NETTIE'S HOUSE. DAY 12. 12.39.**

66

NETTIE opens the door to see MR BURNS standing there.

NETTIE

Mr Burns. I'm afraid I'm not receiving visitors presently.

MR BURNS

Good afternoon, Mrs Jones. Sorry, I was just passing.

An awkward stand-off. She normally invites him straight in.

MR BURNS (CONT'D)

Only we've missed you at the meeting. Ethel's Victoria Sponge just ain't as bouncy!

He laughs but NETTIE does not join him.

MR BURNS (CONT'D)

Wanted to make sure you were alright, that's all?

NETTIE

Quite alright, Mr Burns. As alright
as one can be, with all the
troubles that are going on.

MR BURNS nods. He tries to peer behind NETTIE, but she is
blocking the way. He catches:

MR EPSTEIN (O.C.)

I think so, it's all in order.

ROZA (O.C.)

Yes, we double checked.

MR BURNS

Oh, pardon me, I didn't know you
had guests.

NETTIE

We are sitting a Shivah.

MR BURNS

A what-vah?

NETTIE

A shivah. For the young gentleman
what lost his life. It's a Jewish
custom.

MR BURNS nods at her.

MR BURNS

Right. Well I'll pop back at a more
convenient time.

NETTIE

Actually, Mr Burns, if you wouldn't
mind, you can just sod off out of
it.

She says it in such a polite way, he is momentarily thrown.

MR BURNS

Pardon me, Miss Jones?

She looks at him with intensity now.

NETTIE

I lost three boys in the war
fighting off vicious buffoons like
you. I'll be long cold in the
ground before I let history repeat
itself. So if you wouldn't mind
taking a running jump, Mr Burns?
Clear off and quite frankly, rot in
hell.

NETTIE slams the door in MR BURNS' face.

CUT TO:

67	OMITTED	67
68	OMITTED	68
69	OMITTED	69
70	OMITTED	70

MRS EPSTEIN
I need the toilet again.

VIVIEN
Just hold it in.

MRS EPSTEIN
I've had four children, Vivien. I
can't hold it in.

DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN comes in. Middle-aged, Irish accent.

VIVIEN
Detective Inspector McCracken?
Hello.

DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN
Miss Epstein. Mrs Epstein. Please
may I reiterate my condolences. We
tried to get statements but

VIVIEN nods. She can barely speak, because of her pain.

VIVIEN
I think the community have lost all
faith in the system. To be honest.

DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN smiles sympathetically.

VIVIEN puts the case on the desk. She opens it. Pulls out a
document.

MRS EPSTEIN watches.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
(reading)
Second of December, 1961, an order
of ten M48A rifles, from Germany,
through Mr Jordan's Province
account. This is the invoice.

She takes more papers.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Nineteenth of December, 1961
another order, this time from South
Africa, eight Lee-Enfield No. 4
Mark One rifles and two mouser
pistols with ammunition ... this
one is from the UK, weed killer,
five gallons, and bleach ten
gallons, enough to make dozens of
home made explosives. Walkie
talkies, radios, here are the
receipts.

She lays it on the table.

She hands him some more documents.

The DETECTIVE looks at these.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Bank statements from their Province
account. Huge deposits from
Germany, Poland but mainly from
America, most likely the contacts
of George Rockwell, leader of the
American Nazi Party. Here's a
letter from Harrison Mailer - a
wealthy American fascist. All East
Harrow Holdings Company deposits
are from the Duke of Westwick.

Hands him some photographs and another document.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
This one details their training
programme, you can see they are
deliberately targeting borstal and
boys' children's homes.

He looks at it all. MRS EPSTEIN takes a deep breath.

DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN
Thank you.

VIVIEN
(trying to hold it
together)
You have ... a ... *duty* to act on
this now. You have to. No more
young men should have to lose their
lives.

She pushes the suitcase towards DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN.

DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN
I understand, Miss Epstein. I'll
see it gets to the right person.

He looks at MRS EPSTEIN.

DETECTIVE MCCRACKEN (CONT'D)
You raised a very brave girl, Mrs
Epstein.

MRS EPSTEIN
She's my heart. And my grey hairs.

MRS EPSTEIN smiles.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. CAB. / EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY 12. 15:02.** 74

Different landscape now, hills and blue skies. SOLY is driving, MR and MRS EPSTEIN, ROZA and VIVIEN are in the back.

A quiet sense of foreboding. No one can look at each other.

MR EPSTEIN checks the windows around him.

He nods at ROZA.

She understands. She goes to her bag and takes something out.

A beat of her looking at it. VIVIEN and MRS EPSTEIN watch.

ROZA hands it to VIVIEN.

Now we can see - it's a passport with the regulation 'J' stamped on it - issued to all Jews during the Third Reich.

VIVIEN looks at the passport, opens it - it says ROZA FURSTENBURG on it, but it has a picture of VIVIEN doctored inside.

VIVIEN looks at her DAD. She nods, as in 'good work'.

He nods back.

VIVIEN puts it in her bag and stares out the window. They are all in on it.

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. SOUTH COAST AIRPORT. DAY 12. 15:41.** 75

People are boarding a small plane. Her family stand waiting to say goodbye.

VIVIEN hugs ROZA. ROZA smiles warmly.

 ROZA
I'll pray for you.

 VIVIEN
Thank you. I'll miss you. I'll miss
you all.

VIVIEN turns to MR EPSTEIN. This is hard for him.

 VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Daddy ...

MR EPSTEIN

Don't. Just know I'm proud. The proudest I could be.

He kisses her briefly on the top of her head.

She goes to her uncle SOLY.

A moment while they share a smile together.

SOLY

You've done good, my girl.

VIVIEN

Well ... someone once told me ...
an anti-fascist doesn't just talk
... she *does*.

He laughs his loud cackle. She smiles. He wraps an arm affectionately around her.

VIVIEN sees her mother standing back, looking anxious. She goes to her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Oh Mummy. Don't look so sad.

MRS EPSTEIN

Daddy's explained ... I might not hear from you ... for a very long time. For your safety.

VIVIEN

Promise I'll eat. Promise I'll sleep.

MRS EPSTEIN

Oh ... you have everything you need ... for a good life, Vivien.

MRS EPSTEIN gets emotional. VIVIEN holds her hands.

VIVIEN

Please -

MRS EPSTEIN

I'm strong. I *am*.

VIVIEN

Yes, you are. Of course you are.

MRS EPSTEIN

I must be mustn't I, to have a daughter as brave as you ... ?

They embrace. We take our time with this.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. AEROPLANE. DAY 12. 16:09.**

76

VIVIEN steps onto the plane. She has Roza's 'J' stamped passport in her hand.

An IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL looks at it.

 IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Roza Furstenburg?

 VIVIEN
Yes.

She looks at the photo of VIVIEN. Then up to VIVIEN.

 IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
In you go.

VIVIEN nods, takes her green suitcase and enters the plane.

It's small and half empty. A few old gentleman, that's it.

She looks at her ticket to find her seat. She finds her seat next to a GENTLEMAN in a hat. She stores her suitcase in the luggage compartment.

She sits down.

Closes her eyes. Exhales.

Airport sounds around her, they are about to take off.

The GENTLEMAN's hand reaches forward and places itself on her leg.

The smallest smile from VIVIEN.

She puts her hand on his hand.

WIDER - The GENTLEMAN next to her is JACK.

They both smile, looking dead ahead, but never at each other.

The plane takes off.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAPTION CARDS on BLACK:

In the summer of 1962 a young Jewish boy was killed in an arson attack. There was no formal investigation and no charges made.

That year, the 62 Group was formed to fight fascists off the streets of London.

Thanks to the evidence the group collected, Colin Jordan was arrested for setting up a paramilitary force.

He was sentenced to nine months imprisonment.

The fight against fascism continues ...

END OF SEASON ONE