

aaal

INT. BELLE VUE CONCERT HALL. MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 20:00

aaal

CAPTION: MARCH 1939

A hall - not clear where we are for now, not even clear which country - full of threat and anger and hate. Men mainly, but a smattering of women. People look poor but some middle class and quite clearly affluent types.

Blackshirts stand in front of the dramatically lit stage. Two huge flags either side of a microphone and lectern.

In the midst of this crowd we find a young couple - LOIS (21) and HARRY (24) - are nervously holding hands.

Three HUGE BODYGUARDS come on stage flanking a man in Uniform with a moustache and the crowd erupt. Shouts of *MOSLEY!*

The BLACKSHIRTS, as one, stand impassive, giving a fascist salute and the crowd join in - and then it starts.

CROWD

Blackshirts! Blackshirts!
Blackshirts!

LOIS and HARRY exchange another look. MOSLEY goes to the microphone. The crowd fall silent and as MOSLEY is about to speak, we hear singing, a familiar tune, *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*.

HARRY/LOIS

(SINGING)
"Pack up all my care and woe,
Here I go, singing low,
Bye, Bye Blackshirts".

MOSLEY

We are here today to stop this war
of aggression against our German
brothers. A war being led by Jewish
financiers and communists.

At first there is some confusion at what is going on, but suddenly the CROWD realise they are taking the piss.

HARRY/LOIS

(SINGING)
"Where somebody waits for me
Sugar's sweet and so is he
Bye, bye blackshirts!"

Before the words are out the crowd has turned on them and two BLACKSHIRT BOUNCERS go for them. HARRY is hit and hit hard, then roughed up as he is led away.

LOIS carries on singing as she is grabbed and hustled away.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

(SINGING)
"Blackshirts! Bye Bye!"

MOSLEY

This is all we have to fear. This
is all we have to fear. Take a good
look! The Jews! The Communists!

HARRY - under a hail of blows - and LOIS, are dragged out of
the hall, as jeers ring out from the crowd, shouts of *Commie!*
and *Get out you Commie scum!* can be heard...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

HARRY - under a hail of blows - and LOIS, are dragged out of the hall.

CUT TO:

aa1

EXT. BELLE VUE CONCERT HALL. MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 20:10

aa1

HARRY and LOIS chucked out by three BLACKSHIRT BOUNCERS, HARRY scrambling on the floor and running to get away from kicks and blows. LOIS turns to them.

LOIS

Get back to the sewers! You fascist rats!

THREE BLACKSHIRTS start to run after them. HARRY and LOIS race away. HARRY bleeding, looks at LOIS and sees she is smiling, loving this. They turn a corner, distance growing between them and the Blackshirts...a narrow escape.

CUT TO:

a1

EXT. VIEW OVERLOOKING MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 21:00

a1

HARRY and LOIS look down at Manchester spread out before them... LOIS is dabbing at HARRY's eye with a hanky.

LOIS

Hold still.

LOIS concentrates, HARRY looks up at her.

HARRY

I love you.

LOIS

(NODS)

I know.

HARRY laughs.

HARRY

Not quite the response I was looking for.

LOIS

(SMILES AGAIN)

I know.

She kisses HARRY on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

a1

CONTINUED:

a1

LOIS (CONT'D)

Come and tell me again when you get back from Poland. Then I might believe you...

They kiss again and we...

CUT TO:

1

OMITTED

1

2

EXT. GERMAN/POLISH BORDER. DAY. 17:07

2

Caption: FIVE MONTHS LATER

POLISH/GERMAN BORDER

NANCY Campbell - 40s, a battle-hardened war correspondent, drives down an empty road which is in effect the Polish/German Border. She is driving a Consular car with diplomatic number plates. She has a cigarette on the go and drinks at regular intervals from a hip flask...

Something in the Forest on the German side. She slows down, and realises she is looking at two corpses - in Polish Army Uniforms. She slows down her car a few yards on and waits...

LOIS (V.O)

(SINGING)

"Say, love me or leave me and let me be lonely,
You won't believe me but I love you only
I'd rather be lonely than happy with somebody else"

CUT TO:

2aaaa

INT. FACTORY. MANCHESTER. DAY. 16:00

2aaaa

The factory floor. Some people are knocking off. We take in the scale and the grime of the place and find CONNIE, by the exit, tapping her watch and urging LOIS to get a move on as LOIS moves through the factory towards the door.

CUT TO:

2aaa

INT. LOCKER ROOM. FACTORY. MANCHESTER. DAY. 16:05

2aaa

LOIS is taking off her overall and headscarf.

CONNIE

We're going to be late. We said "Half-past".

(CONTINUED)

2aaa

CONTINUED:

2aaa

LOIS, still in headscarf or overalls.

LOIS

Connie. We're the glamour. They expect us to be late.

CONNIE

Well, the glamour needs to run for the bus, so in your own time!

They exit together and we...

CUT TO:

2aa

EXT. FACTORY. MANCHESTER. DAY. 16:06

2aa

CONNIE and LOIS, rushing out of the factory. They exchange a smile - they are on the run from the factory, literally and figuratively and we...

CUT TO:

2ax

EXT/INT. BUS. MANCHESTER. DAY.

2ax

LOIS and CONNIE running to the BUS STOP, where a BUS waits; the CONDUCTOR - DOUGLAS - stands there urging them on, tapping his watch...

DOUGLAS

Come on! You'll be getting me sacked!

LOIS and CONNIE jump on the bus, DOUGLAS rings the bell and it pulls away immediately.

CONNIE

Thanks, Douglas. You're a Saint.

DOUGLAS

That's not what the other passengers are calling me.

LOIS kisses DOUGLAS on the cheek.

LOIS

Thanks, Dad! I'll pay you back when I'm famous!

CUT TO:

2a

INT. LEVENSHULME PALAIS. MANCHESTER. DAY. 16:08

2a

LOIS - stands up at a microphone and sings, heading up a small swing band including, on piano, her 'Auntie' CONNIE LITTLEWOOD - mixed race, early 30s. The tempo of the song is upbeat (think the Nina Simone version rather than Lady Day).

LOIS

(SINGING)

"You might find the night time the
right time for kissing
Night time is my time for just
reminiscing
Regretting instead of forgetting
with somebody else"

(CONTINUED)

2a

CONTINUED:

2a

The dance is in full swing but at the front of the stage a drunk suitor, BERT, puts his hand on LOIS' ankle.

CUT TO:

3

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. WARSAW. DAY. 17.08

3

HARRY CHASE in an office with other YOUNG MEN checking transcripts and writing up translations. He glances at his watch and gets up to leave. He taps his phone in the direction of his colleague and mate, GEORGE, and heads for the door. Clearly sneaking off early... An afterthought, he grabs some flowers from a vase on his way out and wraps them in a newspaper from an adjacent table. GEORGE watches this with fond disbelief.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. PARDUBICE SQUARE. WARSAW. DAY. 17:16

4

Caption: 'WARSAW'.

Evening and pre-war Warsaw was beautiful, vibrant, like Paris or Vienna.

HARRY on a bike, with a young woman, KASIA, carrying the flowers, cycling through the stunning wide streets, passing a Polish cavalry section, pulling cannons with horses, going in the opposite direction - watched and cheered by children. Like an army from a different age.

They reach the edges of a square where in the distance we can see the lights of an open-air bar.

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

"There'll be no one unless that
someone is you,
I intend to be independently blue."

CUT TO:

5

EXT. PARDUBICE SQUARE. WARSAW. DAY. 17:18

5

An open-air bar and dance floor. Fairy lights, couples dance. A gramophone is playing but it is still LOIS we can hear singing...

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

"I want you love, don't wanna
borrow
Have it today to give back
tomorrow."

(CONTINUED)

Then we see HARRY dancing with KASIA, the girl who was with him on his bike earlier. They stare into each other's eyes and we...

CUT TO:

5a

EXT. POLISH/GERMAN BORDER. DAY. 17:18

5a

NANCY has left her car and walked towards the bodies on the edge of the forest. Both are in Polish Uniforms which look way too big for them. Both shot in the head. She stares down at them and we...

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

"Your love is my love
There's no love for nobody else."

CUT TO:

5b

EXT. PARK. WARSAW. DAY. 17:19

5b

Now KASIA and HARRY are the only couple left on the dance floor. The BARMAN looking very keen for them to leave and they lean in and kiss and we...

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

"Say, love me or leave me and let
me be lonely
You won't believe me but I love you
only.
I'd rather be lonely than happy
with somebody else,"

6

INT. LEVENSHULME PALAIS. MANCHESTER. DAY. 16:19

6

Lovelorn BERT, emboldened now, grabs LOIS' ankle, her still smiling and singing. Without missing a beat, she treads on his hand with her other foot - CONNIE smiling in approval.

LOIS

(SINGING)

"You might find the night time the
right time for kissing
Night time is my time for just
reminiscing
Regretting instead of forgetting
with somebody else"

BERT wanders away, wringing his hand.

CUT TO:

7

OMITTED

7

8

EXT. POLISH/GERMAN BORDER. DAY. 17:20

8

NANCY is going through the pockets of the corpses' uniforms but finding no ID, nothing at all. She hears movement and voices ahead, hides behind a tree.

NANCY watches as THREE PRISONERS are led to a clearing by two GERMAN SOLDIERS, HANS and BJORN. As they are led they are struggling into Polish Army uniforms that they have been given.

PRISONER

*I am German! But I am German!
Please!*

PRISONER

*Ich bin Deutscher! Aber ich
bin doch ein Deutscher!
Bitte!*

At that, HANS slaps him. They train their gun on the three MEN. NANCY hasn't a clue what to do and before she has chance to decide, all three PRISONERS have been shot in the head by BJORN. Silence. NANCY can hear her own breath. HANS is doing up the buttons on one PRISONER's uniform jacket. HANS heads into the forest and NANCY follows him to a clearing. She looks into the forest and sees for the first time. Panzers. Row upon Row. German troops. Ready to go.

TITLES:

WORLD ON FIRE

CUT TO:

9

EXT. GERMAN/POLISH BORDER. DAY. 17:21

9

BJORN drags each corpse towards the road. NANCY moves at exactly the wrong moment and he hears her. He then sees her and fumbles with his gun.

BJORN

*Don't move! Don't move! What
are you doing here?*

BJORN

*Keine Bewegung! Keine
Bewegung! Was machst du hier?*

He gestures for her to put her hands up but she ignores him.

NANCY

What am I doing here? What are you
doing here, young man?

He glances down at the corpse like a guilty schoolboy. NANCY glances beyond him: none of the other SOLDIERS have noticed her yet.

BJORN

Come with me. Now.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY eyes the gun barrel pointing at her, considers BJORN's youth.

NANCY

I don't think so, but thanks for
the offer.

NANCY turns and walks away, aware the gun is trained on her but 60 percent certain the nervous BJORN is not going to shoot.

BJORN

(PANICKING)

Stop! I said. Stop! Don't move.

She hears another GERMAN SOLDIER shouting and starts to run.

She reaches the car and as she gets in she instinctively ducks down behind the seat and bullets shatter the rear window. She starts up the car, still crouched down, and drives forward at speed. We see her in the wing mirror...it shatters! Another bullet hit a rear light... she puts her foot down and drives away and we...

CUT TO:

10

EXT. ROADS TO WARSAW. DAY. 17:26

10

NANCY stops the car, and now she allows the shock to wash over her. Breathing heavily, she reaches for a hip flask in the glove compartment. She drinks from it, holds onto the steering wheel until her hands stop shaking and then, finally, starts the car up again, but it splutters and dies. She tries again. Nothing.

NANCY

Oh, shit...

The engine grinds to a halt. She sits with her hands resting on the wheel and then some members of the Polish Cavalry trot by in the opposite direction. She muses on the Polish Army on horseback compared with what she has just seen. And we...

CUT TO:

10a

INT. SIDE OFFICE. BRITISH EMBASSY. WARSAW. DAY.

10a

HARRY, his desk crowded with dog-eared files, papers, etc. He is reading a document written in Polish and translating it - handwriting - as he goes. Huge Polish Dictionary on the desk.

We glimpse his handwritten translation...

INSERT: 'The offer of a peaceful resolution from Germany is not acceptable. The refusal of the German Ambassador to meet at this stage indicates ill-will..."

(CONTINUED)

He stops and starts to turn the pages of a Dictionary as WALKER enters, carrying yet another file which he slams down on the table.

WALKER

I need the German offer of terms translated from German to Polish and English. Polish response from Polish to English. English War Office draft telegrams into Polish and German. My desk. One hour. With a smile on your face and a song in your heart.

HARRY

I'm not sure about the song, Sir, I've got yesterday's Reichstag pronouncements to translate for the Ambassador.

WALKER

(A SHRUG)

Good for you. You're the golden boy, Chase. About time you started proving it.

WALKER exits. HARRY sighs and stares at the pile of work. Suddenly he hears a car horn outside.

CUT TO:

HARRY and NANCY stare at the car, now back in the forecourt, examining the extensive damage.

HARRY

Look at the state of this! My boss doesn't even know you borrowed the car. You said you only needed it for shopping!

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I did. The shopping was in Germany.
I needed decent coffee.

HARRY

Bloody hell, Nancy!

NANCY

That's what I've been telling you.
The Nazis are so close to the
border they shot at me.

HARRY

Well, you do rub people up the
wrong way.

NANCY

Will you listen to me! They're
shooting some poor bastards,
putting Polish uniforms on them to
make it look like the Poles
invaded. Does that sound like a
diplomatic solution.

CUT TO:

HARRY and NANCY walk towards the cafe.

NANCY

You know what the Poles have got?
Cavalry. Horses. You know what the
Germans have got? Tanks. Panzers.
Now I reported on David versus
Goliath in Spain. And it didn't
turn out like it did in the Bible.

(CONTINUED)

About to reach the Cafe, they stop, their conversation continuing. In the background KASIA collects glasses at the tables outside - HARRY constantly looks over at her.

HARRY

I'll talk to my boss first thing tomorrow. But I'm only a Translator so I don't know if he'll listen to me...

NANCY

Well, we know he won't listen to me. God knows I've tried! And in the meantime warn your waitress friend so she can get out.

(NANCY NODS TOWARDS KASIA)

I've got a nephew in Paris. I'm telling him the same.

NANCY nods over at KASIA the waitress.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Thin walls in that hotel. I know more than I need to know about you two.

HARRY

Kasia? The waitress?

NANCY

Jesus. Yes. Kasia. Why? Is your girl at home a waitress too?

HARRY

No. No, she's not...

HARRY looks at KASIA and we...

CUT TO:

DOUGLAS, still in his bus conductor's uniform, standing, hat and jacket hanging off the back of the chair, has sliced a couple of slices of bread and is lining up a sandwich, butter and jam next to him.

But on the kitchen table there is a small pile of three letters that he glances at. LOIS comes in, with energy - puts on the kettle. She reaches for the letter, flicks through them quickly, looks disappointed, and as a displacement activity takes the bread off DOUGLAS and starts to make the sandwich for him herself.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS looks at her and wants to say something but before he can think of anything the door goes and she heads for it and we...

CUT TO:



14a

INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR BENNETT HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 21:17

14a

TWO POLICEMEN, LES and JOCK are standing at the door to the Bennett House. Clearly LOIS and they know each other and this routine has a weary familiarity...

DOUGLAS in the background, more than happy to let LOIS handle this.

LES

I'm looking for your brother.

LOIS

Me too. If you find him before I do
will you tell him he's in trouble.

LOIS shuts the door.

CUT TO:

15

INT. TOMASZESKI FLAT. WARSAW. NIGHT. 20:30

15

KASIA and HARRY exchange a smile as HARRY lines up her family - the TOMASZESKIS - STEFAN, 50, a big reassuring bull of a man, (Father), MARIA, 45, (Mother), GRZEGORZ, 18, still a skinny teenager, (younger brother) and JAN, 12 (much younger brother) for a photograph. This feels raucous, relaxed, and looks and smiles between KASIA and HARRY throughout.

HARRY

At last! Nobody move.

HARRY

*Nareszcie! Nikt sie nie
rusza!*

STEFAN

What? What did he say?

KASIA

Stop teasing him.

KASIA mouths, "Sorry" to HARRY.

STEFAN

What sort of camera is that?

HARRY

It's a Leica.

STEFAN

German made, hey. When Harry clicks
the shutter perhaps we should all
duck.

(CONTINUED)

GRZEGORZ, JAN and KASIA laugh but MARIA looks tearful.

KASIA
Come, Mama. No tears.

KASIA
Chodz, Mamo. Nie placz.

KASIA and HARRY exchange a glance of concern.

MARIA
A man of your age, Stefan.
Volunteering. A postman!
Where is the sense?

MARIA
Czlowiek w twoim wieku,
Stefan. Wolontariusz.
Listonosz! Jaki to ma sens?

STEFAN
(CORRECTING)
A postman and a reservist. My
friends died fighting for Danzig in
18! I'm not going to let the
Germans have it back. And what an
adventure. Hey, boy?

This last word to GRZEGORZ who looks proud that his dad has mentioned him. MARIA looks more tearful still. HARRY hand winds the timer.

HARRY
Okay. All ready.

Just about ready but GRZEGORZ starts to cough, and puts his hand to his mouth.

GRZEGORZ
Sorry. Sorry.

MARIA
The boy has a cough. He is
sickly. He shouldn't go!

MARIA
Chlopiec kaszla. Jest
chorowity. Nie powinien isc.

STEFAN
That was the brandy, woman! Stop
fussing.

KASIA
Can we just take the photograph?

STEFAN pours himself another drink.

STEFAN
(RAISING HIS GLASS)
To Britain and plum brandy!

MARIA
If you drink anymore you will
still be drunk when you
arrive.

MARIA
Jak tak dalej bedziesz pic,
po przyjedzie wciaz bedziesz
pijany.

STEFAN

That, my little canary, is very
much the intention. Oh. Wait! Wait!

STEFAN heads out. Everybody groans as yet again the photo is postponed. GRZEGORZ leans forward to HARRY, smoking a cigarette.

GRZEGORZ

(CONSPIRATORIAL)

I'll look after Father even when he
thinks he's looking after me. What
do you call these again?

HARRY

Gold Flake.

HARRY digs in his pocket and hands over two unopened packets.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Take them! They might see you
through.

HARRY (CONT'D)

To dla ciebie, pomaga ci w w
trudnych chwilach.

GRZEGORZ nods, pockets both... and HARRY looks troubled for a moment. Then, with a wink HARRY throws a couple of sweets to JAN which he expertly catches and pockets. STEFAN returns carrying two hunting rifles - handing one to GRZEGORZ.

STEFAN

Weapons for two brave sons of
Poland!

MARIA

Mother of God.

MARIA

Matko Boska!

HARRY

This time. This time.

The timer is set.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ready. All smile!

HARRY rushes to his place in the family portrait, next to KASIA. They stay holding their photo faces for what seems like an age and...

STEFAN

Is it working?

MARIA turns to STEFAN to tut at him and in that moment the flash goes off. Much laughter.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT: The photo: the smile of STEFAN, GRZEGORZ's boyish attempt to look manly with his gun, JAN's smile, the loving gaze of KASIA, HARRY's open smile and the worried sideways glance of MARIA - a moment in time.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMASZESKI FLAT, FRONT DOOR. WARSAW. NIGHT. 22:00

HARRY kisses KASIA goodnight. The kiss starts to linger and MARIA's voice comes from up the stairs.

MARIA
(STERN)
Goodnight, Harry!

They break apart, laughing. We see STEFAN coming out of the door upstairs.

KASIA
They like you.

HARRY
Good. I like them.

STEFAN
(COMING DOWN THE STAIRS)
That is good to know.

KASIA blushes a little and heads up the stairs to the flat leaving HARRY with STEFAN - they stand in silence for a few moments. STEFAN looks back up the stairs but still lowers his voice.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
Is there something you want to tell me, Harry?

HARRY
Well, er. Oh, well I am very fond of your daughter...

STEFAN
(CORRECTING HIM)
I was asking about the war. Are the British Army going to help us?

HARRY
Are the Polish Army going to help you? If the Germans don't back down.

STEFAN looks at HARRY - does not reply.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONT'D)

The Germans are primed to invade...
and their firepower... Does it have
to be you that goes to defend
Danzig?

STEFAN

(INTERRUPTING)

We've got enemies at every border.
We all need to do our bit.

HARRY

And Grzegorz?

STEFAN

Grzegorz is with me. Grzegorz will
be fine.

HARRY stares at STEFAN - STEFAN gives him a shrug.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

This is the way life is, Harry.
That is all.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. PARDUBICE SQUARE. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:08

17

HARRY walks down the darkened streets, a little unsteady. He walks into the centre of Warsaw. We go with him.

We see this city through his eyes, the tree lined boulevards, the elegant mansions, the lights reflecting in the Vistula.

It is magical and HARRY has been entranced and he knows that it all might be gone tomorrow. A thought occurs to him. And he knows what he has to do.

CUT TO:

17a

INT. CORRIDOR/HOTEL. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:10

17a

As HARRY strides at speed down the corridor, we see this is a hotel of large rooms/apartments full of diplomats and the odd journalist. He hammers on a door. No reply. He hammers some more until WALKER - a middle aged man in pyjamas answers the door.

HARRY

Sir. I need to talk to you.

WALKER

Good God, Chase. What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I have just had supper with a Polish family, Sir, and I can't stand idly by as the Polish people are invaded!

WALKER

That's very noble of you. I'll lend you my revolver. Good luck.

HARRY

We have to do something!

WALKER

We do indeed. I have to get a good night's sleep and you need to sober up.

WALKER slams the door. HARRY stares at the closed door. He walks away frustrated.

CUT TO:

18

INT. CORRIDOR/HOTEL. FIRST FLOOR. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:14

18

As HARRY heads to his room he sees NANCY's door open next door to his. He looks in on her although she doesn't look up. She has torn the communal telephone off the wall and run the cable into her room where we see her, on the phone, cigarette and scotch on the go.

NANCY

Can you connect me immediately, please. To Paris. By immediately I mean now. This very minute...

CUT TO:

18a

INT. KITCHEN, BENNETT HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 2.

18a

LOIS, at the kitchen table, writing a letter...

CUT TO:

19

INT. HARRY'S ROOM/HOTEL. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:15

19

HARRY enters his room. A double bed in one corner, washbowl in the other. An unopened airmail letter on his dressing table - an unfinished letter he has started to write beside it. We see the opening line, "Dear Lois, sorry not to have written for a while..." He picks it up, stares at it, bowls it into the bin then picks up the airmail letter but doesn't open it, instead sits down, and pours himself a drink.

CUT TO:

19a

INT. BEDROOM. BENNETT HOUSE. NIGHT. 03.15

19a

LOIS, in her bed, on her side of the curtain that splits the room, fast asleep.

20-22

OMITTED

20-22

23 OMITTED

23

23a EXT. BENNETT STREET. MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 03.17

23a

TOM walks down the street...

24 INT. BEDROOM. BENNETT HOUSE. MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 03:18

24

LOIS wakes up, blinks a couple of times. There is a sound outside but she doesn't seem bothered. Then the window opens, and TOM climbs in, and lies back on his bed on his side of the 'curtain', exhausted.

LOIS

The Police have been round. Dad's waiting for you downstairs.

TOM immediately gets up climbs out of the window again. Out on LOIS, half asleep.

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED

25

25a INT. TOMASZESKI FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 04:20

25a

The house is in darkness. STEFAN comes into the room in his nightclothes. He stares at the hunting rifles on the kitchen table for a few moments. Then he sits and starts to check one: the sights, the barrels, the action of the trigger. Clearly obsessing to calm his nerves. He turns to catch MARIA at the door in her nightgown, watching him. He puts down the gun and she is framed by the doorway, almost unable to move. He turns and tenderly gestures for her to join him. She walks across and he puts his arm around her and pulls her into an embrace. She holds him to her and strokes his hair. This is love. And this is fear.

CUT TO:

26 INT. NANCY'S ROOM/HOTEL. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:20

26

NANCY's room is a mess of papers and empty scotch bottles, a typewriter pride of place.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

(ON PHONE)

I am telling you, Webster, you need
to get out of Europe. I can't see
that is so hard to understand.
Webster? Webster? Can you hear me?

CUT TO:

Caption: PARIS

A 1930s Parisian jazz club. An alternative universe to 1930s society. Drag Artists, men and women dancing together, young and old...

WEBSTER, a handsome young American in a sharp suit is on the payphone in the corridor. In the background we can hear a jazz band playing, modern-sounding, Duke Ellington inspired - a contrast to Lois's dance band.

WEBSTER holds a hand to his ear to try and block the noise.

WEBSTER

I can hear you, Auntie Nancy. And I
love that you bothered to call.
But, please. Paris is safe! And I
love my work. I'll bet you're not
leaving Europe!

NANCY (DIALOGUE PLAYS IN FOLLOWING
SCENE)

*I broadcast from Berlin! That's my
job. You can work anywhere. Just go
home!)*

WEBSTER turns as a WAITER hands him a drink.

WEBSTER

(ON PHONE)

You know that isn't going to
happen, Auntie Nancy, we'll always
be alike, you and me.

WEBSTER hangs up. He wanders from the hall phone. And onto the main dance floor. He takes in this world he loves. It is late. Some people are leaving. Some are still on it. The band on stage has two black performers at its heart - EDDIE, British, on piano, and ALBERT - French-African, on the sax.

WEBSTER can't take his eyes off ALBERT, something lingering in his gaze. A WAITER puts a drink down next to ALBERT, whispers something in his ear and ALBERT nods his thanks over to WEBSTER who smiles and nods.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

A tall DRAG ARTIST in red sequins pushes past him, brushing against him, heading for the stage... then WEBSTER checks his watch. He can barely make it out but knows he has to go.

CUT TO:

28

INT. NANCY'S ROOM/HOTEL. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:21

28

NANCY

I broadcast from Berlin! That's my job. You can work anywhere. Just go home!

CUT TO:

29

OMITTED

29

30

INT. NANCY'S ROOM/HOTEL. WARSAW. NIGHT. 04:22

30

NANCY stares down at the phone, knows he has hung up but, talks aloud anyway.

NANCY

Indeed we will, indeed we will.

NANCY looks at a photo of WEBSTER on her table and one of him with his mum and dad as a baby.

CUT TO:

31

OMITTED

31

32

EXT. CLUB AMOUR. PARIS. DAWN. 05:00

32

WEBSTER, comes out into the early morning, blinks in the shock of light. Walks away from the club and into the centre of Paris. We go with him.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL. PARIS. DAY 05:30

33

WEBSTER walks down wide and beautiful boulevards of Paris. He takes in the deserted streets - still buzzing. He looks like a beautiful corpse. He smiles to himself. This is where he belongs...

He reaches the exterior of the American Hospital, reads the sign as though checking and heads inside...

CUT TO:

34

INT. CORRIDOR. AMERICAN HOSPITAL. PARIS. EARLY MORNING 05:40 34

WEBSTER walks into the corridor and sees Medics coming towards him. He turns and goes into the nearest door.

CUT TO:

35

OMITTED

35

36

INT. CORRIDOR. AMERICAN HOSPITAL. PARIS. DAY 06:00

36

WEBSTER comes out of the room in surgical scrubs, his hair almost different. He could be a different man to the debauched party-goer who just went in there but somehow he isn't...

As he walks down the corridor a young, French nurse - HENRIETTE - smiles and greets him with a strong coffee.

HENRIETTE

Good Morning, Dr. O'Connor.

WEBSTER

Thank you. How do I look?

HENRIETTE looks at him for a moment. Wrinkles her nose and makes a "shaky hand" gesture.

HENRIETTE

Like a well dressed corpse.

WEBSTER

That good, hey?

WEBSTER turns to walk off.

HENRIETTE

One moment.

HENRIETTE removes a small red sequin from his face.

WEBSTER

Thank you.

WEBSTER heads into a ward, suddenly authoritative.

CUT TO:

37

INT/EXT. TRUCK/DANZIG. EARLY MORNING. 06:33

37

CAPTION: DANZIG - SEPTEMBER 1st 1939

Early morning here too. STEFAN and GRZEGORZ riding the back of a farmer's truck.

(CONTINUED)

STEFAN looks old and tired, and GRZEGORZ looks about 12 years old. The front door of the Post Office Building is heavily guarded by POLISH VOLUNTEERS.

STEFAN has both rifles slung across his shoulder. He eyes the building warily, already scoping for lines of attack. GRZEGORZ is just saucer-eyed to be this far from home...

CUT TO:

STEFAN, trying to hide his concern, surveys the weaponry on the floor of the Post Office building. There are mainly postal worker reservists and a handful of Soldiers including KONRAD, the same age as GRZEGORZ but more authoritative - it is he who STEFAN addresses. In one corner is the BUILDING KEEPER, next to him his wife, LENA, and just behind, half hiding, ERWINA - their 10 year old daughter.

STEFAN

Why are his wife and kids here?

STEFAN

Dlaczego twoja zona i dzieci sa tutaj?

KONRAD

This is the safest place in Danzig.

KONRAD

To najbezpieczniejsze miejsce w Gdansku.

STEFAN looks doubtful, scans the room.

STEFAN

How many real soldiers?

STEFAN

Ilu jest prawdziwych zolnierzy?

KONRAD

7 including you and your lad.

KONRAD

Siedmiu wlacznie z toba i twoim chlopakiem.

STEFAN

Make that six then.

STEFAN

A wiec szesciu.

STEFAN nods at the three light machine guns, and three boxes of hand grenades.

KONRAD

We have 40 rifles too.

KONRAD

Mamy tez 40 karabinow.

GRZEGORZ

Can we hold them off till the British and French arrive?

GRZEGORZ

Mozemy ich zatrzymac do przybycia Brytyjczykow i Francuzow?

STEFAN scratches his head, exhausted. He realises this ragtag-army of recruits, Post Office workers and veterans need some bravado.

(CONTINUED)

STEFAN

I tell you what I think! I think we can keep the Germans out all day and all night if we have to! We're sons of Poland!

STEFAN

Mowie, co myśl! A myśl, że możemy zatrzymać Niemców przez cały dzień i całą noc, jeśli będzie trzeba! Jesteśmy Polakami!

The men smile and nod and clap, their confidence boosted. They cheer loudly, out on STEFAN; GRZEGORZ proud of his dad with his eyes blazing and his arms aloft, and then gentler as he sees ERWINA looks terrified.

CUT TO:

38a

INT. KASIA'S BEDROOM. TOMASZESKI HOUSE. WARSAW. DAY.

38a

KASIA and JAN, play chess - the board on KASIA's bed.

JAN

If I beat you I will play Grzegorz when he comes home.

JAN

Jak ci? pokonam, to gram z Grzegorzem, jak wróci do domu.

KASIA

Papa is better. The winner will play Papa. But that will be me.

KASIA

Tata jest lepszy. Zwycięzca zagra przeciwko tatusiowi. Ale to bede ja.

JAN

No. Not this time.

JAN

Nie. Nie tym razem.

JAN moves, KASIA thinks about it.

JAN (CONT'D)

Can Harry play chess?

JAN (CONT'D)

Czy Harry umie grać w szachy?

KASIA

I don't know. How would I know?

KASIA

Nie wiem. Skąd miałaby wiedzieć??

She looks at JAN and he is smiling.

JAN

You are blushing, Kasia.

JAN

Rumienisz się, Kasiu.

KASIA makes a move which closes in on JAN.

KASIA

You might want to concentrate on the game, young man.

KASIA

Powninieś się skoncentrować na grze, młody człowiek.

JAN giggles, KASIA smiles, these two siblings teasing each other in a moment before the world caves in...

CUT TO:

39

INT. HARRY'S ROOM/HOTEL. WARSAW. EARLY MORNING. 07:40

39

HARRY has slept all night in his chair - he wakes up, fully dressed, still clutching the unopened airmail letter. A blink and then he looks at the clock and realises he is running late. A flash of panic in his eyes.

CUT TO:

40-43

OMITTED

40-43

44

OMITTED

44

45

INT. LIVING ROOM/HALL. BENNETT HOUSE. DAY. 07:08

45

LOIS, putting up blackout blinds, then, hearing the letterbox, runs to the front door. She picks up the letters eagerly and as she sorts through them her disappointment increases...she heads into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

46

OMITTED

46

47

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY STEPS. WARSAW. DAY. 08:09

47

HARRY and WALKER walking and talking. HARRY carrying bags and papers, WALKER striding ahead. HARRY takes a deep breath...

HARRY

No word from Danzig so far today,
Sir?

WALKER

You tell me. Why don't you ask that
American journalist friend of
yours. The woman.

HARRY

She's worth listening to. As I said
to you last night...

WALKER

Hysteria has no place in diplomacy,
Chase.

HARRY

Shouldn't we be moving troops over
right now?

WALKER

No. We should be encouraging the
Poles to carry on negotiating.

HARRY

With a gun to their head.

WALKER

You're a translator. So translate.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER thrusts two telegrams into HARRY's hand leaving HARRY exasperated.

CUT TO:

LOIS, disappointed, puts the letters down on the table. DOUGLAS is looking at a Manchester Chronicle. "POLAND ON THE BRINK" or similar... he taps on it.

DOUGLAS

Lot going on in Poland right now.

LOIS

(PUTTING THE LETTERS DOWN
ON THE TABLE)

What are you bringing Poland up
for?

DOUGLAS

Well, no letters, from Harry and
that...

LOIS

(SNAPPY)

Why would he write to me.

DOUGLAS left awkward, rescued by TOM entering in last night's clothes.

DOUGLAS

Where've you been?

TOM

Slept on a couch in the back of the
pub.

TOM grabs DOUGLAS' tea from in front of him.

LOIS

Hasn't that copper caught up with
you yet?

TOM pours DOUGLAS' cornflakes into his mug and exits drinking both from the mug.

DOUGLAS

Am I too soft on him, do you think?
What am I supposed to do? Your mum
could handle him. You can handle
him.

LOIS

That's pacifism for you, Dad.

DOUGLAS

Thought you'd be a pacifist too.
With your sweetheart in the firing
line.

LOIS

He's a Translator, not a Soldier.

DOUGLAS

You think the bombs can tell the
difference, do you?

LOIS doesn't rise to the bait.

LOIS

(PUTTING ON HER COAT)
I'll be late tonight. We're playing
the Three Horseshoes.

DOUGLAS

You must be good. If you can get a
tune out of three horseshoes.

LOIS (O.S.)

Ha! Ha!

The door shuts as LOIS exits.

CUT TO:

LOIS kisses a letter and posts it. CONNIE waits for her, her
scepticism clear by the look on her face...

(CONTINUED)

PAGE OMITTED



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50

INT. CLOCKING IN AREA FACTORY. MANCHESTER.DAY. 08:30

50

Women are putting on blue coats and headscarves as they clock in. CONNIE turns to LOIS who puts a poster advertising an anti-Blackshirt march on the noticeboard as they talk.

CONNIE

Still no word from Harry, then?

LOIS

(IRRITATED, DEFENSIVE)

Dad says he'll be much too busy
to write letters.

CONNIE

Why don't you go round and ask his
mother where he is?

LOIS

Because I haven't got a tin hat and
a revolver...

CONNIE

Come on, Lois. Poland. I mean, it's
all over the papers and
everything... it's not exactly
safe, is it? You must be worried.

LOIS

Well, yes. I am. (BEAT) But, you
know what? I'm more worried he
might have forgotten about me.

CONNIE

Who could forget you?

LOIS

He might want to forget me. I
should have told him how much he
meant to me. Before he went away...

(CONTINUED)

50 World on Fire Ep.1 Shooting Script Salmon 07.02.19
CONTINUED:

27.
50

LOIS is lost in thought as they head out through double doors onto the factory floor.

50a **INT. FACTORY FLOOR. DAY. 08:33**

50a

LOIS and CONNIE walk in to the factory.

CONNIE

I'm sure he knew.

LOIS

He told me he loved me.

CONNIE

Oh.

LOIS

And I laughed it off. Made a daft joke. And... why wouldn't he want to forget about me? Hey?

LOIS looks crestfallen, almost defeated.

CUT TO:

50b **INT. CINEMA. MANCHESTER. DAY.**

50b

Pathe News Footage.

We pan along the faces watching the footage and find, at the end of a row, DOUGLAS, and on the seat on his inside, a bag full of unsold copies of Peace News.

CUT TO:

51 **EXT. BLACK CAT CAFE. WARSAW. DAY. 09:37**

51

HARRY sits with NANCY. We see KASIA working as a waitress - HARRY looking devastated, NANCY puzzled.

HARRY

So you can't help?

NANCY

Everyone wants a fake passport - the whole city is trying to leave! So how are you going to get her out? Or are you going to leave her here to be raped by Nazis every night.

HARRY

(NOT SHOCKED, DEFEATED)

You're disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Enough of the flattery. You're
going to have to marry her, aren't
you?

HARRY

What? Marry her? What?

NANCY

That way she gets papers to travel
with you.

NANCY glances over at KASIA, back at HARRY.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I know you have a girl back home.
But, you know what, being in love
with two girls at the same time.
That happens. But you aren't
choosing which girl you love the
most right now, Harry. You are
choosing whether you save a girl's
life or not. The game just got
bigger. Did you?

HARRY looks over at KASIA. NANCY looks at HARRY.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Just make sure you do what's right
and not what's British.

CUT TO:

MARIA is scrubbing the kitchen, a massive displacement
activity - JAN is mopping the floor, bored.

JAN

Will Father and GRZEGORZ be there yet?

JAN

Ojciec i Grzegorz juz tam beda?

MARIA looks at the clock on the kitchen wall.

MARIA

They will be there.

MARIA

Tac, beda.

JAN

Will they have won yet?

JAN

Czy oni wygraja?

MARIA

Probably. Yes. Probably.

MARIA

*Prawdopodobnie. Tak
Prawdopodobnie.*

She resolutely carries on cleaning, her back to JAN, she
closes her eyes and says a prayer under her breath while
looking at the crucifix on the wall.

CUT TO:

53

INT. POST OFFICE SORTING OFFICE. DANZIG. DAY. 17:20

53

KONRAD drinking vodka from a tin cup. STEFAN offers the coughing GRZEGORZ a cigarette. He shakes his head, "No".

GRZEGORZ
I'll have one of Harry's.

GRZEGORZ
Zapale jednego za Harrego.

GRZEGORZ struggles to light up. KONRAD lights it for him with his lighter. STEFAN struggles with his son's incompetence. Then, out of nowhere they hear gunfire. And in the same moment the lights go out.

STEFAN
*They've cut the electricity.
Check the phone.*

STEFAN
*Odcieci prad. Sprawdz
telefon.*

KONRAD picks up the phone. Winds it.

KONRAD
Dead.

KONRAD
Nie dziala.

STEFAN
*Okay. We need to get to
positions. And get the
others. They'll attack any
time now!*

STEFAN
*Dobra. Musimy zajac pozycje.
I dac znac pozostalym. Lada
chwila moga zaatakowac.*

KONRAD moves down the corridor, barking names and orders.

KONRAD
*Pavel! Andre! Soren! Now!
It's started. All units get
to Positions. Now!*

KONRAD
*Pawel! Andre! Soren! Teraz!
Zaczelo sie. Wszystkie
jednostki na miejsca. Juz!*

STEFAN kisses the cross at his neck as he follows. GRZEGORZ does likewise, staying close to his dad.

CUT TO:

54

INT. POST OFFICE BUILDING. STAIRS TO CORRIDOR/COUNTER AREA.
DANZIG. DAY. 17:22

54

STEFAN, GRZEGORZ, KONRAD, PAVEL, SOREN and ANDRE, with other Poles, run down the stairs, and take their positions at Barricade 1 in the corridor. Other Poles take position at Barricade 2.

STEFAN and GRZEGORZ exchange fire with the attacking Germans - GRZEGORZ's hand shaking. YOUNG SOLDIERS in the same group return fire.

It is chaos, and for a moment, more fire returned; a YOUNG SOLDIER hit with a bullet to the head and killed instantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEFAN turns to give medical attention to the wounded ANDRE.

STEFAN

Come on, Andre. Come on, Son.

STEFAN

Chodz, Andre. Chodz, synu.

STEFAN searches for something to turn into a tourniquet. GRZEGORZ has been listening to a separate noise. STEFAN notices and thinks he is distracted.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
For God's sake keep your head together! STEFAN (CONT'D)
 Uspokój si?, na litosc boska!

The doors are blown in, and terrified, GRZEGORZ drops to the floor next to his dad.

STEFAN turns to a young, terrified-looking POSTAL WORKER who is sitting very still by wounded ANDRE. STEFAN hands him a ripped strip of cloth.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
Tie this round his leg. Above the wound. And stay with him! STEFAN (CONT'D)
 Zawiaz to wokol nogi. Nad rana. I zostan z nim!

STEFAN follows KONRAD down the corridor, GRZEGORZ behind.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
 We need to get into the main room and hold them there! STEFAN (CONT'D)
 Musimy dostac sie do głównego pomieszczenia i tam ich zatrzymac!

CUT TO:

As KONRAD, GRZEGORZ, STEFAN and PAVEL burst into the work office we see that the GERMAN SOLDIERS have rammed their way into the building. It is a surreal scene. A 1930s post office full of letters, piles of paper, telephones and GERMAN SOLDIERS.

KONRAD
Positions! Positions! STEFAN
Zajac pozycje! Zajac pozycje!

The Polish machine gun fire covers them while German bullets narrowly miss them. They take their positions in the main room and GRZEGORZ sees a German Soldier killed. STEFAN and KONRAD firing. GRZEGORZ attempting to.

An exchange of machine gunfire then the Germans temporarily retreat to regroup. A brief lull, and PAVEL runs to take position deeper in the room...

STEFAN
 Grzegorz! You take Pavel's position - quick! STEFAN
 Grzegorz, zajmiesz pozycje Pawla. Szybko!

The machine gun next to PAVEL is jammed; and in reaction to this he pulls the pin on a grenade and runs towards the door. PAVEL gets shot at but it misses, as he stumbles and lands on top of the grenade.

(CONTINUED)

A huge explosion as PAVEL's body is catapulted towards GRZEGORZ and STEFAN. They hit the deck and as the dust settles they see PAVEL's dead body.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

*Grzegorz! Soren! Get down to
the basement. Now.*

STEFAN (CONT'D)

*Grzegorz, Soren, zejdzie do
piwnicy. Teraz!*

GRZEGORZ is mesmerised by the sight of PAVEL's body.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
*Don't just stand there
staring like a dumb animal.
Go!*

STEFAN (CONT'D)
*Nie stoj tak i nie gap sie
jak ciele na malowane wrota.
Idz!*

GRZEGORZ snaps out of it, and they retreat to the basement.

CUT TO:

55a **INT. BLACK CAT CAFE. DAY.**

55a

KASIA and HARRY close on the seat together. KASIA looks on in *
amused surprise as HARRY downs a coffee. *

KASIA
Sometimes I worry you love me for
my coffee and not my soul.

HARRY
No. I love you for your vodka too.

KASIA
We have vodka to spare today. Few
customers.

HARRY shifts - he needs to say this.

HARRY
Because people are leaving Warsaw.
They are scared and they are right
to be...

KASIA
What have you heard. Have you heard
news from Danzig already?

HARRY
No. No. I haven't heard anything
but I know this is only going one
way. Even if Danzig holds on the
Germans will try and attack Warsaw.
You need to leave. You need to get
Jan and Maria and get on the road.
I can help you.

KASIA
No. No. How can I? What about
Father? What about Grzegorz. I need
to wait.

HARRY
Your Father and Grzegorz... you
waiting for them isn't going to
make them any safer. They want you
to live. And so do I.

(CONTINUED)

KASIA

I am not going anywhere. Besides,
where would I go? Where would I be
running to?

HARRY looks at her, he can't move her yet.

KASIA (CONT'D)

Do you think my Father is a coward?

HARRY

Of course not.

KASIA

I want him to be a coward. That way
he might live.

HARRY

No, you don't. Believe me. A man
can die of cowardice. I've seen it
happen. It just takes longer.

KASIA looks at HARRY but he doesn't elaborate.

CUT TO:

56

OMITTED

56

57

OMITTED

57

58

EXT. CHASE HOUSE. DAY. 16:52

58

LOIS stands at the front door of the Chase house, wondering
if this was such a good idea all of a sudden.

ROBINA answers the door.

LOIS

I'm sorry to call on you like this.
I just wondered if you'd had any
news, from Harry... about Harry?

ROBINA

No. But he's my son, so I'm not as
surprised as you are...

CUT TO:

59

INT. LIVING ROOM. CHASE HOUSE. DAY. 17:00

59

ROBINA and LOIS sit with tea.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINA

The thing I know about men, Lois,
is that they do not write. They
don't understand passion on the
page. They have no inclination or
desire to express themselves.

LOIS

He writes beautiful letters.
(Correcting herself)
(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

At least, he wrote beautiful
letters.(BLUSHING A LITTLE)
Romantic letters.

ROBINA

They were in his handwriting were
they, dear? He wouldn't be the
first man to have his secretary add
the kind of florid affectations
every young girl likes to hear.

LOIS

I know Harry. Perhaps not like you
do but I do. And he's not like
that.

ROBINA

(A TONE OF GENUINE REGRET)
No man is ever 'like that'. Until
they are....

LOIS

He told me he loved me.

LOIS thinks this might be the game-changer but ROBINA remains
unmoved.

ROBINA

Did he really? How very Harry of
him.

LOIS feels humiliated, angry that this hasn't cut through.

LOIS

I just need to know he's alright!

ROBINA

I like your spirit, Lois. I can see
why Harry would want to walk out
with you until he found somebody
more suitable. For all our faults
we are one of Manchester's leading
families. And for all your
'qualities', you are the daughter
of a bus conductor. Harry must have
come to his senses. And I advise
you to do the same.

LOIS

So why hasn't Harry written any of
this to me?

ROBINA

I'm afraid men are terrible cowards
when it comes to this kind of
thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROBINA (CONT'D)

They would sooner face a hillside
of Zulu warriors than a woman in
tears.

LOIS

I don't cry. Not since my mum died.
I did all my crying then so don't
get your hopes up.

ROBINA

(RELUCTANTLY IMPRESSED)

You're a pretty little thing. You
won't have any problem finding
someone who suits you better. Who
knows, if you conceal that rather
masculine spirit of yours you may
bag yourself a bank clerk or
perhaps a junior manager.

This is getting harder for LOIS. There is a quiet dignity to
her tone as she plucks up the courage to say this.

LOIS

I hate to speak ill of anyone but
you're a bloody snob! I think so
and your son thinks so too.

ROBINA

(UNRUFFLED)

I'm an elitist. Certainly. Harry is
destined to be a leading diplomat.
There are standards that are
expected of such men... and their
wives.

LOIS stands and rushes out. But before she does she can't
resist leaving a leaflet on the table.

LOIS

March against the blackshirts.
Saturday afternoon. Everyone
welcome.

ROBINA

As a matter of fact I have rather a
soft spot for Mr. Mosley. It's his
clarity I admire. And it's a rare
man indeed who can look that
handsome in a polo neck.

LOIS exits. Leaving ROBINA to pick up the leaflet as though
it might infect her.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. STREETS. CHESHIRE. DAY. 17:10

60

LOIS comes out of the house, unsure whether to be furious or heartbroken. Maybe a bit of both. She takes some deep breaths before doing her best to walk defiantly away from the house.

CUT TO:

61

INT. BASEMENT. POST OFFICE BUILDING. DANZIG. DAY. 18:10

61

Deadly quiet. Candlelight and lamplight. In one corner, five dead men have been laid out. In another, the injured are being treated. GRZEGORZ is showing a card trick to ERWINA to try and distract her. STEFAN enters.

STEFAN

The Germans have called a ceasefire. They want us to surrender.

STEFAN

Niemcy wzywaja do zawieszenia broni. Chca, zebysmy sie poddali.

GRZEGORZ

(BOYISH BRAVADO)

Never! Never. To hell with the Germans!

GRZEGORZ

(BOYISH BRAVADO)

Nigdy! Nigdy. Do diabla z Niemcami!

STEFAN tries to calm things down.

STEFAN

Hold on. You all need to think about this.

STEFAN

Badz dzielny. Wszyscy musicie o tym pamietac.

KONRAD

Do we? Don't we already owe it to the dead to fight on?

KONRAD

Co my? Czy nie jestesmy winni zmarlym, zebi walczyc dalej?

STEFAN

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Men have died. That isn't a good reason for more men to die.

STEFAN

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Ludzie zgineli. To nie powod, zebi umierali dalsi

GRZEGORZ

The reinforcements and us. We will be unstoppable!

GRZEGORZ

Beda posilki i my. Bedziemy niepowstrzymani!

STEFAN shoots GRZEGORZ a look.

STEFAN

GRZEGORZ! Be quiet! Is this what you all want? To fight on?

STEFAN

Grzegorz! Cicho badz! Tego wlasnie chcesz? Walczyc dalej?

Nods, hands go up. Grim faced but determined.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

KONRAD

*Okay. Then we wait it out.
Yes?*

KONRAD

*Dobrze. Wiec wyczekujemy.
Tak?*

Nods amongst the remaining Post Office workers. Grim-faced but determined.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. DANZIG POST OFFICE. DAY. 18:12

62

Groups of GERMAN SOLDIERS are securing positions - lining up with rifles trained on entrance points of the Post Office. We focus on one group and one young man - KLAUS - who looks way too young to be out of the house, let alone at war. He looks lost as he watches a slicker, older SOLDIER set up a machine gun position. He is cleaning and assembling his rifle - but he is pretty incompetent, dropping a part and scrambling for it on the floor.

KLAUS

Shit.

KLAUS

Scheisse.

He picks it up, gets a dirty look from the OLDER SOLDIER. We take in the fact that the POST OFFICE building is now surrounded and a German Unit have their guns trained on the door. No escape...

CUT TO:

63

EXT. BLACK CAT CAFE. WARSAW. DAY. 18:13

63

KASIA is serving a few hardy drinkers outside the cafe and as she walks out with the drinks on the tray something stops her in her tracks. A shudder of concern for STEFAN and GRZEGORZ.

And at that moment a siren sounds, loud, screeching, unfamiliar and we...

CUT TO:

64

INT. KITCHEN. TOMASZESKI FLAT. DAY. 18:13

64

MARIA grabs JAN and drags him under the kitchen table.

CUT TO:

65

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. WARSAW. DAY. 18:14

65

HARRY and GEORGE are under a substantial desk.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Is this another drill or are we
about to be bombed?

A huge shudder hits the building, plaster falls from the ceiling. GEORGE turns to HARRY...

GEORGE

Does that answer your question?

HARRY

One of them.

GEORGE

Why? What's the other?

HARRY

How do you feel about being my best
man?

Before HARRY can explain WALKER enters and lies down under an adjacent table, talking as though this is a normal office configuration. GEORGE looks at HARRY askance.

WALKER

Henderson has sent a telegram from Berlin. Hitler has just spoken.
'Danzig was and is a German city.
The Corridor was and is German.'
Standing ovation.

HARRY

Probably started by the British
Ambassador.

WALKER

Poor show, Chase. Our chaps are in an impossible position over there.
At least the Germans are civilised people.

Boom! A bomb lands very close. A window blows in.

HARRY

Yep. As bombs go that was pretty
civilised.

HARRY climbs from under the table and over to the balcony.

WALKER

(ANGRY)

I won't be seeking advice on policy
from a Northern schoolboy on his
first posting who has had his head
turned by some local tart. And nor
will the British Government!

Another huge explosion brings more debris down - HARRY watching now from the balcony then turns and walks out.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Where the hell are you going?

HARRY

To stop being so British...

HARRY exits...

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY. WARSAW. DAY. 18:20

HARRY runs out of the embassy and heads down the street... the streets are largely deserted, the buzz of aircraft somewhere...and a bomb falling in the distance...

He runs on...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. BLACK CAT CAFE. WARSAW. DAY. 18:30

The cafe has been closed and the tables taken in. A bomb is dropped near enough for the sound to make the windows shudder as HARRY hammers on the door.

HARRY

Kasia! Kasia! I need to talk
to you!

HARRY

(In polish)
Kasia! Kasia! Musze z toba
porozmawiac.

HARRY moves over to an unboarded window to look inside and as he does so a bomb falls nearby and the aftershock blows the window in and HARRY with it...

INT/EXT. BLACK CAT CAFE. WARSAW. DAY. 18:30

HARRY lies face down on the cafe floor, KASIA turns him over to check him. He is covered in dust but clearly unhurt.

KASIA

Harry? Are you hurt?

HARRY

Will you marry me?

CUT TO:

69

INT. KITCHEN. BLACK CAT CAFE. WARSAW. DAY. 18:33

69

KASIA sits with HARRY, holding his hand. He has been cleaned up. She is smiling. She looks at him again. He smiles too.

(CONTINUED)

KASIA

Why would you say such a thing? Did you bang your head?

HARRY

Because if you marry me you could leave. With me. As my wife. And nobody could stop you.

KASIA

This is my home. My family are here.

HARRY

And maybe once we get to England we can find a way to get them out too. But for now. You have one chance. And I'm begging you to take it. (BEAT) Before he went away, your father made me promise I would keep you safe.

KASIA looks at HARRY.

KASIA

Is this an English joke?

HARRY

No. It's an English solution.

KASIA

I don't know. I can't think. I need time to think.

HARRY

That's just the problem. You don't have time to think. You really don't.

KASIA looks down at the floor; she is lost to this thought.

CUT TO:

The group gathered in the basement are growing increasingly tense. KONRAD checking his watch. STEFAN keeping an eye on GRZEGORZ - coughing regularly - ERWINA now doing the card trick for her Mother, LENA. It works and she turns and smiles at STEFAN and he nods approval. KONRAD notices.

KONRAD

Do you have other children?

KONRAD

Masz jeszcze jakieś dzieci?

(CONTINUED)

STEFAN

*Another son. And a daughter.
She got all the brains.*

STEFAN

*Drugiego syna. I corke. Jest
najmadrzejsza.*

KONRAD

*Oh, come on. Gregor's a good
kid.*

KONRAD

*Daj spokoj. Grzegorz to dobry
dzieciak.*

STEFAN

*Kasia, Kasia will find her
way.*

STEFAN

*Kasia, Kasia znajdzie swoja
droga.*

And at that moment a massive explosion rocks the building, sending people flying across the basement. As the dust settles, STEFAN recovers.

KONRAD

Okay, moving out. This way.

KONRAD

*Dobra, wynosimy sie stad.
Tedy.*

The YOUNG SOLDIERS scramble and get their guns together. KONRAD at the door. STEFAN hesitates for a moment.

STEFAN

*I can smell petrol. Can
anybody else smell petrol?*

STEFAN

*Czuje benzynę. Czy ktos
jeszcze czuje benzynę?*

At that moment the door opens and petrol is poured into the basement by one German SOLDIER while another ignites it with a flamethrower. They pull out and shut the door and the flames engulf the room... screams, shouts, people retreat to the back wall to escape the fumes... chaos and pain.

STEFAN heads for the front of the building. GRZEGORZ goes to follow him but KONRAD grabs him and pulls at him towards the back of the building.

GRZEGORZ stares back at his Father heading in the opposite direction, KONRAD pulls GRZEGORZ away and they head up the stairs... A church bell sounds and we go to...

CUT TO:

A German Unit waits directly outside. The Church Bell tolls.

The door opens and STEFAN, clutching a huge white flag and hands in the air, comes out of the main door and slowly walks towards the GERMAN UNIT. With each ring of the bell the journey seems longer.

His approach is watched, impassively, by the GERMAN UNIT and OTHER OFFICERS.

(CONTINUED)

As he draws closer, STEFAN sees movement in a building above him. And before he can react, he is shot dead, buried under a hail of bullets.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. STAIRS. WINDOW. POST OFFICE BUILDING. DANZIG. DAY. 20:47** 72

GRZEGORZ stands transfixed as he stares at STEFAN's body on the floor through a tiny gap in a window. He watches a GERMAN SOLDIER nudge STEFAN's body with his foot. Nothing. GRZEGORZ cannot move. Konrad drags him away

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

Living for you is easy living
It's easy to live when you're in
love
And I'm so in love
There is nothing in life but you

CUT TO:

73 **INT. LEVENSHULME PALAIS. MANCHESTER. DAY.** 73

A darkened music hall. CONNIE on piano. LOIS singing, a fixed smile - poor lovelorn BERT watching.

LOIS

(SINGING)

I never regret the things that I'm
giving
They're easy to give when you're in
love
I'm happy to do whatever I do for
you

CUT TO:

74 **INT. CHURCH. WARSAW. DAY.** 74

HARRY and KASIA at the pulpit. HARRY in a suit, KASIA in a modest dress, clutching flowers. Behind them NANCY and GEORGE as Bridesmaid and Best Man. GEORGE hands HARRY a ring, and HARRY places it on KASIA's finger. The Priest crosses himself or blesses them as he does so.

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

For you maybe I'm a fool
But it's fun

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

41.
74

HARRY looks at KASIA and smiles and we...

CUT TO:

INT. SEWERS. DANZIG. DAY.

GRZEGORZ and KONRAD work their way down the sewers.

LOIS (V.O.)
(SINGING)
People say you rule me with one
wave of your hand
Darling, it's grand
They just don't understand

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH. WARSAW. DAY.

HARRY and KASIA walking down the aisle together, NANCY and GEORGE behind them, GEORGE looking anything but happy.

LOIS (V.O.)
(SINGING)
Living for you is easy living
It's easy to live when you're in
love

CUT TO:

INT. LEVENSHULME PALAIS. MANCHESTER. DAY. 20:00

LOIS singing, turns to CONNIE and smiles. BERT looks bereft.

LOIS
(SINGING)
And I'm so in love
There's nothing in life but you

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB AMOUR. PARIS. NIGHT. 21:01

EDDIE and ALBERT's band are playing the instrumental break from 'Easy Living'. WEBSTER enters and notices immediately that ALBERT is missing. EDDIE notices him, gets down from the stage...

EDDIE
Webster, isn't it? Barman tells me
you're some sort of Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER nods.

WEBSTER
Yes, at the American Hospital. Why?

CUT TO:

79 INT. DRESSING ROOM. CLUB AMOUR. PARIS. NIGHT. 21:04 79

A crowded, scuddy, dressing room. WEBSTER sits opposite ALBERT who sits in a bloodied shirt, a cut on his head, bruises on his body. EDDIE stands by the dressing room door, the music seeping in as WEBSTER does his best to clean up and bandage ALBERT's wound using the bare bones of the Club's First Aid Kit.

WEBSTER
I can clean it up as good as I can
but you are going to have to get
this stitched.

ALBERT
It's okay. I heal quickly.

WEBSTER
And you might want to tell the
Manager the First Aid box could use
a little sprucing up.

EDDIE
Maybe you could bring the drugs,
Webster.

ALBERT
*Ignore my English friend. He
thinks he has a sense of
humour.*

ALBERT
Fais pas attention a mon ami
Englais - il pense avour un
sens de l'humour.

ALBERT winces as WEBSTER goes big with the iodine.

WEBSTER
This is deep. You must have had
quite a fall.

EDDIE
(LAUGHING)
Yes. That's right. Hell of a fall.

ALBERT is laughing too.

WEBSTER
What?

ALBERT
I got beaten up. By the Action
Francaise mob.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER

I thought they were only Jew
haters.

ALBERT

How do you know I'm not Jewish?

WEBSTER

I'm sorry I'm er...

ALBERT

I'm messing with you, kid. I'm
French but they don't see it that
way. And they don't like jazz
either so...

EDDIE

Are you nearly done here, lad?
We're on the clock.

WEBSTER

That's all I can do, I'm afraid.
You will need to get it stitched.

ALBERT

That would be fine if I didn't have
to eat...

ALBERT knocks back a couple of pills, drains the glass and
leaves the dressing room with EDDIE.

CUT TO:

80 OMITTED

80

81 INT. SEWERS. WARSAW. NIGHT. 21:17

81

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ moving through the sewer. GRZEGORZ
coughing.

KONRAD

*Just stop that fucking
coughing will you, GRZEGORZ.
'Else I'll put a bullet in
you myself.*

KONRAD

*Przestan juz, kurwa, kaslac.
Albo osobiscie wpakuje ci
kule.*

(CONTINUED)

GRZEGORZ

You may as well. I can't. My poor Father...

GRZEGORZ

Rob, co chcesz. Ja juz nie moge. Moj biedny ojciec...

The tears start to flow and KONRAD grabs GRZEGORZ and pushes him up the ladder to the manhole cover.

KONRAD

Listen to me. Your Father died a man. He wanted you to be a man. Make him proud, GRZEGORZ! Make him proud.

KONRAD

Posluchaj mnie. Twoj ojciec zginal jako prawdziwy mezczyzna. Chcial, zebys i ty byl mezczyzna. Spraw, zeb byl dumny, Grzesiek! Spraw, zeb byl dumny.

GRZEGORZ, nods, looks younger than ever but starts to move on.

CUT TO:

GRZEGORZ waits by as KONRAD emerges from the manhole cover in an empty street. But as KONRAD comes out FRITZ comes round the corner and sees them.

FRITZ

You. Stop! Stop else I will fire!

FRITZ

Du. Halt! Bleib stehen, sonst werde ich schießen!

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ make a run for it. FRITZ shoots and the bullet hits KONRAD in the leg. He and GRZEGORZ run on...

CUT TO:

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ come across a half-demolished synagogue and dive inside... KONRAD holds GRZEGORZ tight against the wall, waiting for the sound of the footfall and German voices to fade outside...

CUT TO:

HARRY and KASIA wake up together.

HARRY

Good morning, Mrs Chase.

HARRY

Dzien dobry Pani Chase!

KASIA

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

So was making love any different as
a married woman? (BEAT) Better?

Silence from KASIA.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Worse?! (TEASING) Oh god, we
shouldn't have got married...

(CONTINUED)

KASIA

Stop it. You are making fun of me.
I know we didn't marry for the
right reasons, Harry, and so do
you.

HARRY

But I do love you, so that helps...

KASIA

(KISSING HIM)

And I love you. And I am scared.

HARRY

Of England? Of Manchester? Of my
Mother?

KASIA

Of all those things.

HARRY

Well England will love you. And you
will love Manchester.

KASIA

And your Mother?

HARRY

She will be fine, she will be
fine...

HARRY pulls KASIA into an embrace and we...

CUT TO:

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ lie awake on the floor.

GRZEGORZ

Where do you think we are?

GRZEGORZ

Jak myslisz, gdzie jestesmy?

KONRAD

My guess is shit. Right in
the middle.

KONRAD

Wedlug mnie w gownie. W samym
srodku gowna.

GRZEGORZ

How do we make contact with
the reinforcements?

GRZEGORZ

Jak skontaktujemy sie z
posilkami.

KONRAD

There are no reinforcements.

KONRAD

Tu nie ma zadnych posilkow.

(CONTINUED)

GRZEGORZ

But...

GRZEGORZ

Ale...

KONRAD

Shh...

KONRAD puts his finger to his lips. Then GRZEGORZ hears it too. Footfall. The sound of GERMAN voices as they enter.

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ stand up by the door, against the wall.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING)

Breathe into your hands. Your breath will give us away you snotty little bastard!

KONRAD (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING)

Oddychaj w dlonie. Twoje sapanie wyda nas jak smarkacza.

GRZEGORZ

Okay. Okay.

GRZEGORZ

Dobra. Dobra.

GRZEGORZ stands there, trying to breathe into his hands. And still the German voices coming closer as they search room by room...

The boots are nearby now. It is quiet. And then GRZEGORZ feels a cough rising in his chest. He puts his hand over his mouth. KONRAD looks at him, horrified, shaking his head, "No".

We can hear what they are saying now.

HERMAN (O.S.)

Come on. Let's move before our dicks freeze off.

HERMAN (O.S.)

Komm schon. Lass uns gehen, bevor uns die Schwanze einfrieren.

GRZEGORZ can't help himself. He coughs. And it sounds so loud in the empty synagogue that he might as well be shouting his name out loud.

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

Hands above your head. Out now! Out now or a grenade will be coming in...

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

Hande hoch! Raus da! Raus sofort, oder ich schmeisse die Granate rein!

GRZEGORZ and KONRAD look at each other and... they walk out with their hands up and see they are surrendering to HERMAN and a nervous looking soldier, who is KLAUS ROSSLER - who we saw earlier.

CUT TO:

MARIA is baking yet again. KASIA enters, thrown by the size of the cake dough that MARIA is making.

(CONTINUED)

KASIA

How many cakes are you making?

KASIA

Ille ciast robisz.

MARIA

It won't go far. Stefan and GRZEGORZ will be back tomorrow...

MARIA

Nie za wiele. Stefan i Grzesiu jutro wroca...

KASIA

Mama...

KASIA

Mamo...

JAN enters, he is in his school uniform.

KASIA (CONT'D)

Jan. You can't go to school today.

KASIA (CONT'D)

Janek. Nie mozesz isc dzisiaj do szkoly.

JAN

I am the man of the house now. I can do what I like.

JAN

Teraz jestem jedynym mezczyzna w domu. Moge robic, co chce.

KASIA

You are a stupid little boy. And you will stay at home!

KASIA

Jestes glupim malym chlopcem. I zostaniesz w domu!

MARIA

Kasia!

JAN tries to look defiant but looks heartbroken. He rushes out, back to his room. KASIA follows...

CUT TO:

INT. JAN'S BEDROOM. TOMASZESKI FLAT. DAY. 08:21

JAN is lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. KASIA enters. She looks at him.

KASIA

Can I?

KASIA

Moge?

JAN nods, still trying to stay petulant but he loves KASIA. KASIA lies down on the single bed next to her brother. She holds up her hand, spreads out the fingers, he touches her hand, palm to palm. JAN smiles. He can't help himself.

KASIA (CONT'D)

You will need to be strong.

KASIA (CONT'D)

Musisz byc dzielny.

JAN nods, serious.

KASIA (CONT'D)

So very strong.

KASIA (CONT'D)

Bardzo dzielny.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

87

JAN nods again, KASIA looks at him. A decision made.

CUT TO:

88

OMITTED

88

89

INT. OFFICE. AMERICAN HOSPITAL. PARIS. DAY 08:24

89

WEBSTER sits with a letter open on his desk. Airmail. He finds himself staring at it. "Dear Webster..."

His phone starts to ring and he leaves it unanswered.

HENRIETTE enters.

HENRIETTE

There's a man here. He says he knows you.

HENRIETTE doesn't look as though she believes this. We see, behind her, the unsteady figure of ALBERT.

CUT TO:

90

INT. SIDE ROOM. AMERICAN HOSPITAL. PARIS. DAY. 08:27

90

WEBSTER stitches ALBERT's head wound - WEBSTER is nervously talking ten to the dozen.

WEBSTER

My Mother is hysterical about me even being out of Texas and the reason my Father writes to me is because he's a military man and he thinks France is going to fall and he says it won't be safe for me. And I'm an American. And we aren't even in the war. And I'm a white guy so...

WEBSTER stops, realises he is rambling.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

Sorry. You don't need to hear this. You don't know any of these people.

ALBERT

Apart from the distracted white guy who is stitching my head right now.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER

Sorry...sorry.

ALBERT

Maybe your daddy has a point.
France might fall and Paris, well,
it won't be Paris anymore...

WEBSTER

So are you planning on leaving?

ALBERT

This is my City. No German in fancy
dress is going to drive me away.

WEBSTER's fingers slip.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You have done this before, right?

WEBSTER

Only about a thousand times.

ALBERT

Sorry. I get nervous around my good
looks. It's all I have.

WEBSTER

That and the fact you play sax like
nobody else I've ever heard.

ALBERT

Well that might mean good or bad,
Webster.

WEBSTER

Oh good, definitely good. You're
wonderful.

ALBERT

Is that why you're at the club
every night? (BEAT) For the music?

WEBSTER

Yes. Of course. Yes.

ALBERT

Right.

WEBSTER carries on stitching in silence for a few moments.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Because the way you look at me. The
way you talk to me. The way you're
so nice to me right now when you
hardly know me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

It kind of feels like you might
have a bit of a, I don't know, a
passion...

WEBSTER

A passion?

ALBERT

For me. Not just the music.

And the way ALBERT says this. He is just curious. It isn't
hostile or threatening.

WEBSTER

And...would that be...would that be
a bad thing?

ALBERT looks WEBSTER in the eye.

ALBERT

You tell me.

Their eyes lock. ALBERT puts his hand on WEBSTER's.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I know what I am, Webster. Do you
know what you are?

HENRIETTE knocks and enters, they break apart, but she
doesn't seem to have noticed.

CUT TO:

LOIS is washing up. Every movement reminds us she is a force
of nature. When she engages with TOM she gives as good as she
gets - animated.

DOUGLAS looks in despair from one child to another.

TOM is playing cards, restless. Just in it for the fun, a
live-wire, smiling at his own jokes.

His tone with his Sister is cheeky, energetic - he isn't sour
with her, they are always like this and she can usually take
it. Besides, he likes his own jokes and thinks of them as
ribbing even if for LOIS they don't always feel that way.

TOM and LOIS in particular speak to each other at pace. This
is always how they are once they get down to it, and TOM
doesn't really notice that LOIS is hurting more than normal.

In the background, on the radio, as their conversation heats

(CONTINUED)

up, Chamberlain's announcement that we are at war begins, unnoticed... the energy of the exchange has to be high enough for them to not notice the background tone.

DOUGLAS

How was it last night?

LOIS

(FLAT)

Good crowd.

TOM

So why've you got a face like a two
-bob funeral? You fretting about
Posh Boy?

LOIS

He's in bloody Poland! Hitler has invaded. Only you wouldn't notice that's quite a dangerous place to be. So, yes, forgive me for 'fretting' about Harry.

TOM

(A SHRUG)

It's not like he's going to marry you, is it? So why waste your time worrying about him?

DOUGLAS

Tom. All right... that's enough, lad.

LOIS

I spend most of my time worrying about you! And Dad! But that's all right, I suppose?

TOM

(LIKE THIS IS OBVIOUS)

Well, yeah. We're family.

LOIS

Oh. Right. Well thank you for reminding me what's important.

TOM doesn't get the sarcasm.

DOUGLAS

I know it's not fair but you've got responsibilities that other girls haven't got. Looking after the house. Keeping an eye on me and our Tom.

LOIS

So that's my life, is it? You two take it and share it out between you? And what's leftover I give to two jobs.

TOM knows he is pushing it with this gag but it is still a * gag.

TOM

No! No! No! Of course not! (BEAT - HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF) Just till you get married, like! Wouldn't want to upset your husband.

TOM zones out, starts listening to the radio.

DOUGLAS

What do you think your mum would want you to do? Hey? If she was here? Have you thought about that.

LOIS

Mum's dead. And I miss her every day. But don't you dare use her memory to bully me!

93

CONTINUED: (4)

93

And the vehemence and volume of LOIS' delivery silences them both, and, in that moment they finally hear the radio. The tail end of Chamberlain's historic announcement.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O.)

(ON RADIO)

"But Hitler would not have it. He had evidently made up his mind to attack Poland whatever happened."

TOM proceeds to roll a cigarette.

TOM

(CASUAL)

War's on then.

LOIS and DOUGLAS stand rooted to the spot as Chamberlain's clipped tones cut through. DOUGLAS' hands begin to shake, he grips the table to still them but LOIS, if not TOM, notices.

CUT TO:

94

OMITTED

94

95

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. WARSAW. DAY. 09:11

95

HARRY and GEORGE sit in the office, listening to the radio.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O.)

"We have a clear conscience. We have done all that any country could do to establish peace."

CUT TO:

96

EXT. STREETS. DANZIG. DAY. 09:11

96

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ are led through the streets along with other CIVILIANS at gunpoint, by GERMAN SOLDIERS including HERMAN, VERNER and KLAUS ROSSLER. GRZEGORZ coughing.

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O.)

"The situation in which no word given by Germany's ruler could be trusted and no people or country could feel themselves safe has become intolerable."

CUT TO:

97

OMITTED

97

98

INT. KITCHEN. BENNETT HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY. 08:13

98

DOUGLAS, LOIS and TOM sit in silence staring at the radio.

DOUGLAS
Terrible day. Terrible day.

A knock at the front door. DOUGLAS goes to answer it.

TOM
If that's the recruiting Sergeant
tell him I'm out.

LOIS looks at TOM, pissed off with him. TOM smiles, thinks he can win her over with a smile.

TOM (CONT'D)
What?

DOUGLAS returns with POLICE OFFICERS LES and JOCK.

DOUGLAS
It isn't the recruiting Sergeant.

TOM looks up. He knows he is in the shit but he gives them a big shit-eater's grin.

TOM
Tea, Ladies?

CUT TO:

98a

INT. KITCHEN. BENNETT HOUSE. MANCHESTER. DAY 08:20

98a

DOUGLAS and LOIS at the kitchen table. DOUGLAS's hand shaking. Concerned, LOIS reaches over and takes his hand in hers.

98b

INT. SIDE OFFICE. BRITISH EMBASSY. DAY

98b

HARRY is a still point, looking urgently towards the door as other PEOPLE move around, packing up, taking pictures down, etc, (TBC - SET DEPENDENT).

WALKER enters and crosses to HARRY.

WALKER
Pack up your fountain pen, Chase.
We are moving out.

HARRY
To where, Sir?

WALKER
To a little place called Great Britain. The embassy is closing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WALKER (CONT'D)

Declaration of war tends to make
that a straightforward decision.

HARRY

What, now?

WALKER

Yes, now. Unless you've defected to
the Poles. I wouldn't put it past
you.

HARRY

No. Shall I pack my white flag so
we can wave it on the way to the
station?

WALKER

That's enough of that. We need to
time our intervention. We're facing
a ruthless killing machine. Events
in Danzig alone prove that.

HARRY

What events in Danzig?

WALKER

The Post Office fell in a day. Mass
casualties. They are going to
charge any survivors with high
treason and execute them.

HARRY

God. No. Any names. Did you get any
names?

WALKER

Of course I didn't get any names.
Why?

HARRY

I knew some people. I know some
locals who went to defend Danzig.

WALKER

Well, I hope none of them owed you
money, Chase. Because you won't be
seeing it or them again. And if
you're not on
you'll be joining
them.

WALKER rushes out. He turns. One more time.

WALKER (CONT'D)

For God's sake, Chase!

CUT TO:

99

OMITTED

99

100

INT. HOTEL. WARSAW. DAY. 09:30

100

HARRY and GEORGE come down the corridor with suitcases. NANCY's room door is open - she too is packing up. HARRY lingers by her door. GEORGE taps his watch.

GEORGE

We haven't got long.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY looks up to see HARRY lingering.

NANCY

Have you packed your white flag?
You could wave it on the way to the
station.

HARRY

One last insult before you say
goodbye.

NANCY

You're forgetting I was in Spain. I
know what it looks like when the
civilians are left to rot.

HARRY

How can I ever forget you were in
Spain? It's all you ever talk
about. We're not leaving anybody to
rot.

NANCY

Really? When do the French tanks
arrive? The British planes?

HARRY

We've declared war on Germany. That
doesn't mean we are going to rush
into Poland and let our boys get
blown to smithereens.

NANCY

There's a city out there that seems
to think different.

HARRY

I'm not the Ambassador. I'm not
even a diplomat. I'm a fucking
translator.

NANCY

Well, yes. Kasia is testimony to
that.

HARRY

What do you want?

NANCY

I came to say, "Goodbye".

HARRY

Interesting. Running away like the
rest of us?

CONTINUED: (2)

NANCY

Going back to Berlin. To report on
the Germans until they chuck me
out.

HARRY

That shouldn't be too long...

GEORGE

Harry, for god's sake.

NANCY beckons HARRY closer.

NANCY

Look, Harry, I need to tell you
that when Danzig Post Office fell,
they took prisoners. But they plan
to execute them all. They're
charging them with high treason.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

God. No. Grzegorz. Stefan. How the hell do I tell Kasia?

NANCY

You don't. Not yet. Not until she's on that train with you. You don't. Okay?

NANCY looking around at the packing activity.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You love this girl, right?

HARRY

You know I do.

NANCY

(IMPASSIONED)

Then you'll do what it takes to keep her out of harm's way. If that means lying to her then lie. If it means hurting yourself in the process then do it. If you care about someone badly enough you will do what it takes.

HARRY

(SURPRISED)

Woah, woah, woah! I know why I care about her. I just don't know why you do.

NANCY

Because she reminds me of me once upon a time. Before I got cynical.

HARRY

(LAUGHS)

You? Weren't you born cynical?

NANCY

(SERIOUS FOR A MOMENT)

You'd be surprised, Harry. Good luck.

NANCY shuts the door leaving HARRY standing there. GEORGE hurriedly exits and HARRY follows behind.

CUT TO:

NANCY in BERLIN, suitcase in hand, walking down the magnificent streets lined with SWASTIKAS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yet people also going around their day-to-day business. No hysteria, no triumphalism...

CUT TO:



102

EXT. BERLIN RADIO STATION. DAY. 14:02

102

NANCY stops outside the radio station and heads inside...

NANCY (V.O.)

In the street the loudspeakers announced that England had declared war. People listened then went about their business as before.

CUT TO:

103

INT. BERLIN RADIO STATION. STUDIO. DAY. 14:10

103

NANCY in a booth in a radio station being watched carefully the figure of SCHMIDT - her urbane yet slyly intimidating minder and censor. We see that the script in front of her has been heavily redacted.

NANCY

Poland feels very far away to these people. In his proclamation Herr Hitler - (LOOKS UP FROM SCRIPT) who we know dismisses all reports of aggression as Propaganda said...

SCHMIDT raises an eyebrow, NANCY returns to the script and presses on.

104

INT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL. PARIS. DAY. 14:10

104

WEBSTER, lost in thought, stares into the mirror, turning over ALBERT's words. Suddenly a decision made. He turns to go...

NANCY (V.O.)

"Poland has refused my offer of a friendly settlement of our relations as neighbours."

CUT TO:

105

INT. KASIA'S BEDROOM. TOMASZESKI FLAT. WARSAW. DAY. 14:12

105

KASIA is packing a suitcase. We don't see what she's packing. She is lost in thought. JAN is sitting on the bed watching her. She looks at him and smiles. Sad but determined.

NANCY (V.O.)

Danzig might not see it that way. And the wartime broadcasting conditions here mean that I have to be careful what I say...

CUT TO:

106 OMITTED

106

107 OMITTED

107

108 INT. RADIO STATION. BERLIN. DAY. 14:20

108

NANCY into the microphone.

NANCY

This isn't a story I have been able to verify. But like everything in Berlin, the war seems unreal and distant. This was Nancy Campbell. American Radio International. From Berlin...

NANCY takes off her headphones. Sits for a moment or two contemplating the gravity of what she has just said. She turns and picks up a phone and dials a number for the Operator and we...

CUT TO:

109 INT. CLUB AMOUR. PARIS. DAY. 17:02

109

The phone on the wall rings and rings. We find WEBSTER, pacing, ignoring it. The club is empty but the door opens and EDDIE and ALBERT enter.

EDDIE

You still here, Webster?

WEBSTER

I'm not going anywhere.

EDDIE

Then give me your American passport and I'll get out now.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER

If there is a war. France is going to need good surgeons so I can help...

EDDIE

There's no 'if' about it, son. Bet you didn't bring the drugs, did you?

EDDIE heads to the stage, shaking his head in disbelief, leaving ALBERT and WEBSTER alone.

WEBSTER

I don't know who I am. Not yet. But I do know that everything that matters to me is here in this City. Including you...especially you.

ALBERT smiles. He is glad but sad at the same time.

ALBERT

Your timing truly stinks, Webster.

WEBSTER

I know...

ALBERT looks at WEBSTER with real affection. He looks over his shoulder to make sure nobody (especially EDDIE) is looking, and kisses WEBSTER quickly on the lips. He heads off towards the stage...

CUT TO:

NANCY enters a corridor flanked by rooms. The corridor tells us that the flats are affluent, not some flea-pit boarding house. NANCY looks exhausted. As she puts the key in her front door the next door opens. MRS. ROSSLER - a middle aged woman, drink in hand.

NANCY

(SMILES)

Hello Frau Rossler.

MRS. ROSSLER

Welcome back, Nancy. Perhaps it will be over quickly, hey?

NANCY

Did you listen to my broadcast.

MRS. ROSSLER

It's illegal to listen to your broadcast, Nancy.

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED:

110

NANCY

I know. Did you listen to it?

MRS. ROSSLER

Of course. (NANCY SMILES) War is never good, hey?

NANCY nods in agreement, turns back to let herself into her room. We stay on MRS. ROSSLER, and behind her, on the mantelpiece, we see a photo of a young man in a German Army Uniform - KLAUS ROSSLER.

111

EXT. STREETS. DANZIG. DAY. 17:04

111

We see the same KLAUS ROSSLER, along with HERMAN and FRITZ helping to supervise a small group of prisoners being led towards a Court, watched by a number of mute and frightened onlookers. GRZEGORZ and KONRAD are amongst them.

GRZEGORZ

You're bleeding.

GRZEGORZ

Krwawisz.

KONRAD

You'll be bleeding too in a few days. We all will. So let's not worry about that, shall we?

KONRAD

Ty tez bedziesz krwawic za kilka dni. Wszyscy bedziemy. Wiec nie przejmujmy sie tym, prawda?

GRZEGORZ

I'm sorry.

GRZEGORZ

Przepraszam.

KONRAD turns to GRZEGORZ. He is about to say something savage but he can no longer muster the energy or the anger.

As GRZEGORZ and KONRAD are lined up to go into the Courthouse they see others - PRIESTS, CITIZENS, being taken from the court and put into the back of a truck. A PRIEST tries to run and a SOLDIER, WERNER, grabs him and, without a second thought, shoots him in the head. There are gasps, cries...

GRZEGORZ turns to their German guard - KLAUS. He is young, babyfaced, nervous.

GRZEGORZ (CONT'D)

(IN ENGLISH)

German!

KLAUS looks at him and shakes his head, "No", nervous.

GRZEGORZ (CONT'D)

(MAKING EYE CONTACT)

I have Cigarettes. English Cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

111

CONTINUED:

111

KLAUS looks at GRZEGORZ. He frowns. GRZEGORZ has produced a packet of Gold Flake cigarettes. He holds them at arms length from KLAUS as they head into the Court building.

GRZEGORZ (CONT'D)

Please! Please! They are good cigarettes!

KLAUS gives a barely perceptible nod and GRZEGORZ hands him the cigarettes but then stops himself, offers up a second packet, nods towards KONRAD.

GRZEGORZ (CONT'D)

Two packets. Two prisoners.

KLAUS takes a step back, for a moment and GRZEGORZ slips away and runs, KONRAD behind him.

As they go KLAUS raises his gun to fire but his hand is shaking so much he nearly drops his gun.

KLAUS ROSSLER

Stop! Stop!

Gunfire. A bullet ricochets off a nearby building.

GRZEGORZ turns back - he is being fired at again - he goes into a side alley - he clutches his arm - realises he has been hit now - but no pain, just blood. KONRAD grabs him as he stumbles and they rush up a side street.

KONRAD and GRZEGORZ look around. GRZEGORZ has tears coursing down his face and is clutching his arm. KONRAD aims an almighty kick at a door and drags GRZEGORZ inside the house.

CUT TO:

112

INT. RAILWAY STATION. WARSAW. DAY. 18:10

112

A large crowded railway station. A train being boarded. Whistles sound, announcements made. GEORGE stands impatiently on the railway platform with HARRY, who repeatedly checks his watch.

GEORGE

She's not coming! Face facts, man.
She's bowled you a googlie.

HARRY

Of course she's coming. We got married so she could come.

The whistle of the train sounds again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Harry. For God's sake. The Poles have surrendered in Wielun so that's the South gone. We need to get out! Now!

But HARRY is still scanning the crowd as GEORGE gets on board. Finally, to his profound relief, he sees KASIA.

HARRY

Kasia! Kasia! Here!

KASIA looks up and sees him. She is not smiling. For the first time, HARRY notices that she has her younger brother, JAN, with her. No matter. HARRY hugs her and she falls into his embrace, kissing him, trying to contain himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I love you so much. I thought you weren't coming. Thank God. I love you.

KASIA

I love you too. So very much.

HARRY

(NOTICING THE SMALL
SUITCASE)

Travelling light?

KASIA

I thought it was best.

The train sounds its whistle again. GEORGE on board.

GEORGE

Harry! Harry!

HARRY

We need to get on.

KASIA

Take my case. I'll just say "Goodbye" to Jan.

KASIA turns to hug JAN, and HARRY gets on with the suitcase. She holds JAN tight. The train starts to move.

HARRY

Kasia!

And KASIA turns to the door HARRY is holding open and pushes JAN on to the train.

(CONTINUED)

KASIA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry! Take care of him. Take care of Jan. If you love me you will take care of Jan!

KASIA shuts the train door on them both. JAN held tight by a stunned HARRY, growing increasingly distressed...

JAN starts to bang on the window of the train, crying, HARRY stares with disbelief.

KASIA stands on the platform, watching the train pull away. She is surrounded by other people waving PASSENGERS off but she is completely alone, and a tear falls down her face. And we hear LOIS' voice - acapella.

LOIS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

Say, love me or leave me and let me be lonely,

CUT TO:

113 INT. SAVOY. MANCHESTER. NIGHT. 21:00

113

LOIS completely alone in an empty dance hall. No band. Just her and a mic stand. Not clear if this is a dream or real.

LOIS (ACAPELLA)

You won't believe me but I love you only, I'd rather be lonely than happy with somebody else.

END OF EPISODE
ONE