

MANGROVE

Written by

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He makes his way along All Saints Road.

And then there it is - his new restaurant, the MANGROVE. A purple awning, dazzling green lettering. It's like a spaceship from the future has landed in the ghetto.

A buzz already swirls around outside, but FRANK isn't happy to see one face - LINTON, a ratty looking hustler.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Linton, I told you nuff times. Yuh catching your tail in front of here, boy.

LINTON

Just Liming with the limers, man.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Get yuh backside somewhere else.

LINTON

(laughs) Oh, man. Respect, Frank man.

He can look intimidating when he wants to, and Linton walks away up the street. Frank seeming a little embarrassed after.

A Black ownership sign is placed in the window.

4

INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY

4

With black tables, a bar in one corner, the place looks elegant and sophisticated.

DOLSTON 'DOL' ISAACS [40s], dressed in builder's overalls, is carrying out some finishing touches around the bar.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

The place stinking of varnish.

AUNT BETTY

When we have a cook up, nobody will smell nutting.

AUNT BETTY [maybe 80, maybe 40] carries some shopping over to the lift that'll send it downstairs.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Need a little something to make the place look nice. No?

AUNT BETTY

Yuh asking me? And all day Kendrick just sitting on his backside.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Kendrick, run down the market and get some flowers for our opening night.

KENDRICK MANNING - [16] fresh out of leaving school early - has his first job waitering.

FRANK hands KENDRICK some change from the cash register.

KENDRICK MANNING

I don't know a thing about flowers. What if someone seen me?

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Say yuh in love. Go.

KENDRICK huffs and walks out reluctantly.

AUNT BETTY

Yuh see what I mean Frank, good for nutten-

5 **INT. KITCHEN. DOWNSTAIRS AT THE MANGROVE - DAY**

5

Two chefs already have the kitchen up and running.

FRANK puts his apron on before sharpening a kitchen knife.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Miss Agnes?

MISS AGNES

Mmm-hmm.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Mr Charles?

MR CHARLES

Yes, Sir.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Okay, we gonna do fish curry. Goat curry. Mutton curry.

MR CHARLES

Yes, sir.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Me mother's crab and dumpling. But first, we will start with the roots.

The knife soon comes crashing down into a yam root vegetable.

6 **ARCHIVE - CAUSE FOR CONCERN: EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW**

6

An extract from a 1968, black and white, BBC documentary broadcast. DARCUS HOWE appears in the program, but is to be replaced by our actor.

DARCUS HOWE (ON TV)

The policeman who frames a black man is doing so with a confidence that the system is going to give him a conviction. And the section of the community who one must call the most alienated... either are going to turn to crime in that they are going to be arrested anyway, or seek their revenge against the society in another form. At this point in time that form has not been expressed and I hope it wouldn't be... but one must be very direct here, and say that the Police must either stop it or the black communities will have to stop them doing it.

7 **INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

7

A comfortable and bookish living room, home to the Trinidadian scholar, CLR JAMES [67] and his American Jewish wife SELMA [36].

A number of people have gathered to watch the broadcast, including BARBARA BEESE [24], DARCUS'S new girlfriend.

Cheers as CAUSE FOR CONCERN'S music ends the programme.

BARBARA BEESE

Excellent work!

CLR JAMES

A toast to my beautiful wife Selma, who brought this vitally important programme together.

Applause and "to Selma".

SELMA JAMES

And to my husband, the great CLR James, who I thank for his love and support...

CLR JAMES

And Darcus. He's a leader.

(To Barbara)

He'll make a great lawyer one day.

BARBARA BEESE

He done alright, didn't he? But
let's get one thing straight.
Darcus isn't interested in being a
barrister, he's interested in
change.

(raises glass)

To change!

ALL

(Toasting)

Change... to change!

8 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

8

The opening night the restaurant, toward the end of service.

FRANK is behind the bar, still wearing his apron and a smile.

With everyone sat at their tables, the place feels like the
regular restaurant he intended it to be. With a different
little flower on each of the tables.

DARCUS - still dressed in African cloth as he was on
television - makes his entrance with Barbara, and a few more
faces behind them.

DARCUS struts over to greet Frank.

DARCUS stops to admire the coffee machine and ever the
agitator, can't help himself.

DARCUS HOWE

Aye Frank, what happening? Oh, so
my brudda gone all bourgeois in de
ghetto.

FRANK CRICHLow

You wanna cappuccino?

DOL, dressed in a suit and tie, interrupts to hand FRANK a
bottle of beer.

DOL ISAACS

Eh Frank. Listen, eh to de
Mangrove. A fresh ting.

AUNT BETTY

A fresh thing, yes!

FRANK CRICHLow

I'll drink to that.

As they tap, a commotion can be heard coming up the stairs.

The two kitchen staff appear playing the steel drums - BETTY and DOL knowing full well FRANK can't resist the pan.

A few people get up to start dancing, FRANK soon joining in.

9 **INT. STATIONARY POLICE CAR. ALL SAINTS ROAD - NIGHT** 9

PC PULLEY is stationary behind the wheel of the police car, with PC DIXON [20] alongside.

PC PULLEY is stewing - jaw working, frown deepening.

PC PULLEY

You see the thing about the black man is that he's got his place. But he's got to know his place. If he oversteps he's gotta be gently nudged back in. You get the odd one or two who let's say need more of a

(He gestures)

Just like those Micks.

(beat)

What you have to understand Dickie, is the army isn't up for it, are they? Not like the old days. When they'd have got together a small battalion and, bam. Wipe the whole lot out in one go.

PC DIXON

Did you ever think about joining the army?

PC PULLEY

No. I grew up thinking I'd never see my country fighting anyone else's war ever again. That's why I'm Bill through and through.

PC DIXON

But you never wanted to, you know, become a sergeant or anything?

PC PULLEY

(beat)

I've seen enough.

He fires up the engine and pulls out into the road.

10 **INT. DARCUS AND BARBARA'S BASEMENT FLAT - DAY** 10

DARCUS, hole in socks, ashtray smoke coiling, sprawled comfortably in living room/kitchen, re-reading BLACK JACOBINS by CLR JAMES.

BARBARA, comes into the room and places a mug down in front of him.

BARBARA BEESE
You reading Black Jacobins again?

DARCUS HOWE
That's what you should be teaching.

She sits at the table, mug in hand, and begins to review/mark the first school book. Slipping it off the top of the pile.

BARBARA BEESE
They're primary school children,
I'm not sure they're ready for
Black Jacobins just yet.

DARCUS HOWE
Well, you're never too young to
start. I've lost count of the
amount of times I've read it.

BARBARA BEESE
What are you on about? One TV show
and you think you're the second
coming or what?

DARCUS HOWE
No. But not far behind.

BARBARA BEESE
Oh, it's all about you, innit? You
grew up in a society where black
people were the majority, yeah? I
grew up in an environment where I
was the minority. From day one I
was judged as being 'too Negroid'
to be adopted. (shouts) So don't
you come at me with your lofty
words and your Black Jacobins,
alright?

DARCUS HOWE
Hey. Look, you're right to say that
sometimes words aren't enough. But
know this... No one is going to help
us unless we help ourselves.

BARBARA BEESE
Yeah, you're absolutely right,
actions do speak louder than words.
And the first thing that I want you
to do is tidy up the bloody mess
that you have made in the kitchen.
Move it.

11 INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY

11

FRANK is sat at a table reading a TRINIDAD GUARDIAN.

AUNT BETTY is giving DOL a ferocious mouthful, about his penchant for continually varnishing the wooden bar.

AUNT BETTY

Hey! You still there? Good for nutten buh meking a whole heap of mess! Yuh varnish your house like this? You stinking up the place!

FRANK hears a rattling against the window and investigates, opening the door to find PC PULLEY, PC ROYCE next to him.

FRANK keeps a firm hold of the door.

FRANK CRICHLow

PC Pulley. Yes, how can I help you?

PC PULLEY

I want to talk to the manager of this fancy new... what is it?

FRANK CRICHLow

It's a restaurant. And I is the owner, not the manager.

PC PULLEY

Aren't you the golden goose?

FRANK CRICHLow

Yeah and we closed right now.

PC PULLEY

(Suddenly nasty)
Smells like a sex club, Mr Crichlow.

FRANK opens the door for him to see inside. DOL staring back.

FRANK CRICHLow

No sir. Sex club is not my thing. We're setting up for lunch.

PC PULLEY

So how about a sausage and egg then?

FRANK looks over at DOL who's imploring him to let them in, the concern on his face obvious. FRANK turns back.

FRANK CRICHLow

The Mangrove don't do that kind of thing. It's just spicy food you know. For a particular palate.

(MORE)

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
Irregardless you have to book to
eat here.

PULLEY whips out his little notebook.

PC PULLEY
What, with this?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
No. With our reservation book.

PC PULLEY
Do I have to spell it out?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
No. I understand enough. I met many
a hustler, Constable.

PC PULLEY
What did you just call me?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I call you Constable. Maybe you're
an Officer now.

PC PULLEY
I'll arrest you right now, you
Black bastard.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Arrest me for what?

PC PULLEY
I haven't forgotten your antics at
your last shithole. The Rio.
Degenerates. Illegal gambling,
ponces, nonces, tarts -

FRANK CRICHLLOW
-This is a new business. A
different kid of ting-

PC PULLEY
-Late night queer parties. Drug
dealing-

FRANK CRICHLLOW
-Never tokened drugs in me life, -

PC PULLEY
-We'll shut you down before you can
say, eenie...

FRANK CRICHLLOW
-I don't want no trouble-

ALTHEIA JONES (CONT'D)
 I have been invited here by your
 trade union to talk you about your
 workers' rights and your power as
 a collective force.

Already, everyone in the room is hanging on her every word.

ALTHEIA JONES (CONT'D)
 We have discovered, discovered and
 rediscovered, the ways in which we
 can overcome the fragmentation our
 people have suffered throughout our
 history. And the way is through
 joining the struggle and being part
 of an organised struggle. For it is
 the struggle actually, which makes
 us whole. I have come here today to
 encourage you to actively support
 your trade union. Because the
 virtue of lending your voice to
 collective bargaining is that
 together we become stronger.

15 INT A LEYLAND WORKER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

15

ALTHEIA talks with a selection of the Asian workers. The atmosphere is informal and enthusiastic. There are remnants of huge bowls of curry, carafes of water and some beer cans.

ALTHEIA JONES
 Well, if colonialism is good for
 anything it brought us together on
 this table. Right?
 (Laughter)

ALTHEIA JONES (CONT'D)
 Sorry, where's your bathroom?

ALTHEIA puts her drink down and gets up to find the bathroom.

16 INT A LEYLAND WORKER'S HALLWAY/KITCHEN - EVENING

16

ALTHEIA walks towards the bathroom and past a door that is open. She spots THREE PAKISTANI WOMEN eating their curry and washing up, realising they have to stay isolated in the kitchen.

ALTHEIA JONES
 Good evening.

She moves on and shuts the bathroom door behind her.

17 INT. MANGROVE RESTUARANT - DAY

17

The restaurant is abuzz, full of people with more arriving.

KENDRICK proving brilliant at squashing people together.

FRANK, DARCUS, BARBARA and DOL sit at a table laughing and reminiscing.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Skippy never used to go home.
Skippy carries his toothbrush in
his suit pocket. (laughs)

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)

Ah, but that was the Rio. And this
place ain't nothing like that.

DARCUS HOWE

Cappuccino!

BARBARA BEESE

(laughs) Yeah, I think they were
serving a different type of coffee
at the Rio.

DOL spies someone trying to skin up a joint under a table. He goes over and says some words, the man quickly puts it away and gets up to leave.

FRANK raises his eyebrow at DOL as he sits back down, DOL just shakes his head and throws FRANK a half smile.

18 INT. MANGROVE. NIGHT

18

There are a few people still left in the restaurant, the last few stand up to leave.

KENDRICK wipes down tables and sees off the last of the stragglers.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I hope you're walking.

GRANVILLE

No, I'm flying. (laughs)

AUNT BETTY

Goodnight, goodnight.

A blonde woman GRETA gives FRANK a look on the way out, the gaze is acknowledged by FRANK as KENDRICK bolts the door behind her.

FRANK, DOL, AUNT BETTY and KENDRICK remain inside.

AUNT BETTY picks up a glass of rum and jubilantly bursts into song. DOL and FRANK instinctively join in; the song is *Jean and Dinah*, an old calypso song by Mighty Sparrow.

AUNT BETTY (CONT'D)

*Well the girls in town feeling bad
No more Yankees in Trinidad
They going to close down the base
for good
Them girls have to make out how
they could
Brother is now they park up in town
In for a penny, and in for a pound
Believe me its competition for so
Trouble in the town when the price
drop low
So when you bounce up*

AUNT BETTY, FRANK, DOL

*Jean and Dinah
Rosita and Clementina
Round the corner posing
Bet your life is something they
selling
And if you catch them broken
You can get em all for nothing
Don't make no row, the yankees gone
Sparrow take over now*

19

EXT. NOTTING HILL STREETS - DAY

19

ALTHEIA is watching a bunch of kids - black and white - playing together, improvising out of very little. POV

ALTHEIA's happy in her own skin, watching the world pass. Not so when EDDIE LECOINTE [30s] - Dominican, gruff against her groove - comes bundling up the road. He looks shattered.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Hey, I sorry, yeah. I miss the bus now.

ALTHEIA JONES

See, this is why I don't wait for nobody. I said meet me at two. You better be here for two.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Look, just fifteen minutes, now.

ALTHEIA JONES

No excuses, Eddie. We late now and me never late.

EDDIE, obviously smitten, hurries off after her.

20

INT. BLACK PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTRE - DAY

20

A room plastered with political images and literature - run by RHODAN GORDON [30s] - and a British Black Panther meeting.

ALTHEIA, EDDIE - dressed as they were two scenes previously - ROTHWELL KENTISH [30s], GODFREY MILLETT, FARRUKH DHONDY plus extras.

GODFREY is quietly and carefully counting a big stack of Black Panther newspapers in one corner of the room.

RHODAN GORDON

The government believes the British state, with over a million Black people living here now, is in grave danger.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Roddy speak truth, mon.

ALTHEIA JONES

But that shouldn't come as a surprise to any of us here.

The room waits for her to continue.

ALTHEIA JONES (CONT'D)

I think the Black Panthers need to actively prepare in order to defend the Black institutions and businesses that come under threat.

GODFREY MILLETT

Yeah like Frank Crichlow over at the Mangrove.

ROTHWELL KENTISH

C'mon, mon. Frank's not interested in the movement.

GODFREY MILLETT

What you mean?

ROTHWELL KENTISH

Me have nutten but love for the man, Frank alright, but that man blood run purer than politics.

RHODAN GORDON

If you cyan call an inveterate gambler pure.

ROTHWELL KENTISH

(laughs)
You wicked you, you know.

ALTHEIA JONES

Frank is a charming and gentle person who doesn't realise what he has done for our community in simply providing us the space. The Mangrove is now a focal point for black people to come and sit, talk, and exchange views. That is a rare and precious gift.

RHODAN GORDON

Hmm. Damn right. And that Betty make the best roti.

Everyone laughs.

ALTHEIA JONES

But seriously talking, we need to defend ourselves against Powell and his Rivers of Blood nonsense, before that stream winds its way to our door.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Guy need to wind himself into the sewer, damn rat. Talking foolishness.

21 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - EVENING**

21

On a busy Friday evening, FRANK is sat at a table with friends, when KENDRICK brings their food over.

KENDRICK MANNING

Ladies first, yeah.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

You know how long I waiting?

KENDRICK MANNING

All complaints go through the old lady of the house.

He motions toward AUNT BETTY sat in one corner looking moody.

Suddenly the door to the Mangrove bursts open, and in storms a stream of aggressive policemen.

POLICEMEN

Don't move! Don't fucking move!

FRANK is stunned and takes a moment to catch up with himself. He jolts awake when his plate of food is pushed over his lap.

The police trash the place: they knock glasses off tables, swipe plates to the floor, kick chairs, and one plate of food is splattered like paint across the wall of the restaurant.

Then they start frisking customers - ostensibly for drugs - before making them leave.

FRANK doesn't recognise any of the policeman, but spies a senior looking uniform.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Where is your warrant? I demand to
see a warrant.

The officer simply ignores him, as if no one is there.

FRANK's friends are manhandled out of the restaurant.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
You have no right. It's scandalous.
This is a business!

KENDRICK goes to the aid of AUNT BETTY who is surrounded by three officers and panicking. But KENDRICK is jumped on and manhandled to the floor.

POLICEMAN
You black bastard! Where do you
think you're... Get down. Get
fucking down.

FRANK tries to get to him but is blocked by more policemen.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Kendrick! Kenny! Kenny!

22 **EXT. ALL SAINTS ROAD - DAY**

22

ALTHEIA walks down All Saints, familiar with many of the hustlers and hipsters liming the day away.

She spies a couple of white guys sat in an unmarked car, and knows full well they're police. She catches their attention, waves at them, smiling.

They stare back, defiantly at first, but soon start behaving awkwardly. Turning the engine on, tidying up.

Then into the Mangrove ALTHEIA goes.

23 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY**

23

DARCUS and a few regulars sit around the restaurant area. The place bears some of the damage from the raid but is being cleared up. Kendrick rubs at the food stain on the wall. It's quiet - everyone is listening to FRANK, who is on the phone.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (ON PHONE)
 If Scotland Yard can't accept
 responsibility for the raid on my
 restaurant, then I have to report
 an illegal entry on this property
 on Friday evening last week.

FRANK manages to nod hello as ALTHEIA sits down with Darcus.

ALTHEIA JONES
(To Darcus)
 What happened?

DARCUS making a point of silencing her in favour of Frank.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (ON PHONE)
 Notting Dale CID carried out the
 raid. And you can tell me why?
 Taken three days to find out who
 and now you cyan't say why!

No one seems surprised at Notting Dale, but it's gotten
 FRANK's blood up - he's near shouting down the phone now.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 The Dangerous Drug Act?! What dat
 have to do with a legitimate
 restaurant? Chuts, it's stupidity!

And he hangs up.

ALTHEIA JONES
 They're outside right now you know,
 Frank. Two of them.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 Shyyt, I said no trouble in this
 place! Is ah restaurant, nah.
(Sharp at Althiea)
 You want to eat? You come here to
 eat?

ALTHEIA JONES
 Hold on, Hold on! I come here to
 offer my support. And the support
 of the Black Panthers. But yes, I
 want to eat thank you.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 I'm sorry. It's been ah stress.

ALTHEIA JONES
 Nothing to say sorry for. Just as
 long as you ain't run out of crab
 and callaloo?

Off FRANK goes, leaving DARCUS and ALTHEIA, and him ignoring
 her still.

ALTHEIA JONES (CONT'D)

What you writing?

DARCUS HOWE

Pamphlet. Black Dimension. It's going to focus on the community and the Police State in West London.

Then holds up the front cover of BLACK DIMENSION for ALTHEIA to see.

It's of a policemen - resembling PC Pulley - surrounded by Black faces and a speech bubble: "WE ACCUSE YOU"

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

Especially that brute, Pulley.

ALTHEIA JONES

I like the sound of that. Hold on.

ALTHEIA hands the cover back to Darcus and heads downstairs after FRANK.

24

INT. KITCHEN. DOWNSTAIRS AT THE MANGROVE - DAY

24

ALTHEIA is eating crab and callaloo as FRANK busies himself in the kitchen.

ALTHEIA JONES

The Black Panther could do a press release.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I don't want the Mangrove to have a reputation for what the police do and done. I lived all that bother at the Rio. This is a restaurant, a respectable restaurant and I want to keep it that way. That's not to say I ain't grateful for your offering support, but I cyan make no complaint, yah know. It's a restaurant, not a battleground.

ALTHEIA doesn't push him, only an empty plate away from her.

ALTHEIA JONES

I hear you. Food is good

ALTHEIA JONES (CONT'D)

You know, in the Ifa tradition of the Yoruba, Ogun is the energy whose machete is used to clear the path. Ogun is the energy of iron and Ogun is the energy of the steel pan.

FRANK CRICHLow

Why you mention Ogan, why you say that?

ALTHEIA JONES

I dunno. Perhaps I feeling a likkle of that energy.

FRANK smiles broadly at the compliment.

FRANK CRICHLow

You pan?

ALTHEIA JONES

(Smiling modestly)

Once or twice, a long time ago.

FRANK CRICHLow

Okay. Well, let we agree. You can hold your Panther meeting upstairs, as long as you agree to play in the Mangrove Steel Band this carnival?

ALTHEIA JONES

Oh, gosh! As long as you can't change your mind when you listen me try?

FRANK CRICHLow

No, no. You wan pan?

ALTHEIA JONES

I wan pan.

FRANK CRICHLow

You wan pan now?

ALTHEIA JONES

No, no!

FRANK CRICHLow

Look, look, look, look, look, look. Yeah!

FRANK pulls out a steel pan from the corner of the room.

ALTHEIA JONES

No, settle yourself. We made an agreement.

FRANK CRICHLow

Look, we have everything you need, yah know.

25 **EXT. MANGROVE. ALL SAINT'S ROAD - EVENING**

25

The early stages of the Mangrove steel band, playing at sunset on the evening before Carnival starts on the Sunday.

ALTHEIA keeps up just fine.

ROTHWELL, GODFREY all there, watching on, with RHODAN loitering at a safe distance.

FRANK is serving food from the jerk-drum set up outside the restaurant.

The atmosphere is bubbling, carnival costumes are being given a dry run, young girls practising their dancing in front of wide-eyed boys.

Everyone joins in the dancing. It is a party on All Saints Road.

26 **INT. REC ROOM. NOTTING DALE POLICE STATION - EVENING**

26

PULLEY, DIXON and ROYCE play cards, everyone smoking and drinking.

PC PULLEY

Gentlemen, some lead for your pencil. Royce.

PC ROYCE

Cheers, gov.

PC PULLEY

(to PC DIXON)

Not married, are you?

PC DIXON

No.

PC PULLEY

Got a girlfriend?

PC DIXON

No, I'd like one though.

PC PULLEY

Well, we better find you one.

PC DIXON

That'd be nice.

PC PULLEY

We want to help settle you in. You're in a foreign country now.

PC DIXON

What do you mean?

PC ROYCE

We all look after each-other here.

DIXON draws the ace of spades, which draws a great guffaw from the rest of them.

PC PULLEY

Quick game.

PC DIXON

What? What have I done now?

PC ROYCE

Ace of Spades. You know the rules.

PC DIXON

What rules?

PC PULLEY

No one told him? That's not very fair, gents.

PC ROYCE

Rules are rules. Whoever draws the ace of spades has to go out and nick the first black bastard they clap eyes on.

PC DIXON

Nick em for what?

When they realise he's serious, they all laugh.

PC PULLEY

You'll learn.

The men abandon their game, stand up and collecting jackets and headgear make their way swiftly out of the rec room towards the exit of the police station. Dixon follows them.

27

INT. POLICE WAGON. NOTTING HILL STREETS - EVENING

27

PULLEY and the heavy mob drive around in a police wagon, soon spotting Kendrick out on the street, carrying a bag of shopping.

PULLEY screeches to a halt up ahead of Kendrick, staying behind the wheel as the rest of them pile out.

KENDRICK looks up to see a pumped up PC DIXON making a beeline for him, backed up by PC ROYCE.

Terrified, KENDRICK makes a split second decision, drops his shopping and legs it.

The police give chase, PULLEY's wagon careering after them.

28

INT. NOTTING DALE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

28

FRANK enters Notting Dale police station, ALTHEIA and MRS MANNING - on unfamiliar ground - behind him.

A DUTY OFFICER is manning reception. He makes FRANK wait.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
This is urgent. What's your name?

DUTY OFFICER
Who are you more like?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I'm Frank Crichlow. This is Mrs Manning. She son, Kendrick Manning, is missing and we have reason to-

DUTY OFFICER
How long's he been missing?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Well he disappeared from-

DUTY OFFICER
I didn't ask you, did I?
(to MRS MANNING)
How long?

MRS MANNING
Kenny were supposed to reach home at 9. 9 o'clock.

DUTY OFFICER
Six hours? Nah, that don't make a missing person.

MRS MANNING
I know something happen to my boy.

DUTY OFFICER
How?

The DUTY OFFICER goes back to what he was previously doing.

ALTHEIA JONES
Hey, let me tell you something. Kendrick Manning vanished on Tavistock Gardens leaving his family's food shopping on the street. Eh? I can repeat it for you?

DUTY OFFICER
Alright, alright. Take a seat.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I insist on seeing him-

DUTY OFFICER
You having trouble understanding?
Take a seat I said!

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I understand everything you said.

ALTHEIA JONES
Frank, Frank, Frank, Frank, Frank.
Calm down, calm down. Come, come.

DUTY OFFICER
Calm down. That's it.

The DUTY OFFICER picks up the telephone as ALTHEIA encourages MRS MANNING to take a seat.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)
(into phone) Davis, do we have any
visitors?
(reacts)
Oh. Yeah, perfect timing.

Before long PC ROYCE leads KENDRICK into view behind reception. He's unrecognisable, his face so swollen.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)
Looks like he had a fall.

MRS MANNING is less gentle, launching herself at the DUTY OFFICER, her handbag flying, raging as a mother would.

ALTHEIA eventually gets a hold of her, looking at FRANK all the while, as MRS MANNING sobs uncontrollably in her arms.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I see you, yuh devil!

ALTHEIA JONES
Hey, Frank, let it go!

PC ROYCE
Everyone out. Out!

DUTY OFFICER
Go back to wherever you came from.

ALTHEIA and FRANK lead MRS MANNING still shrieking and KENDRICK outside.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)
(To PC PULLEY)
How's your tea?

29

INT. DARCUS AND BARBARA'S BASEMENT FLAT - DAY

29

A close-up of an old Gestetner duplicator, spewing out the third edition of *BLACK DIMENSION* - the same pamphlet that DARCUS was working on in the Mangrove.

The front page now features a recently retired police officer whistleblowing on the culture of racism in the force.

Half-dressed in a pajama top, BARBARA enters from the kitchen with two mugs of tea. She puts one down next to a stack of just printed pamphlets.

BARBARA BEESE

How many you printing this time?

DARCUS HOWE

I'm going for a bigger run...

Suddenly the door to their basement flat flies off its hinges and in storms the heavy mob - PULLEY, DIXON & ROYCE.

They immediately devour the place, collecting all the printed material they can find.

PULLEY gets to wave the warrant in DARCUS's face.

PC PULLEY

You can read, can't you?

BARBARA BEESE

Don't you- Get out my home-

PC PULLEY

Shut up, you whore.

BARBARA loses her shit and goes for him. DARCUS struggling to restrain her.

BARBARA BEESE

You'll regret this.

PC PULLEY picks up a first edition of *Black Dimension*, that DARCUS showed ALTHEIA previously. An obvious resemblance to himself on the front cover.

PC PULLEY

You're the one who's gonna regret it.

As PC PULLEY exits, PULLEY nods to ROYCE who takes a truncheon to the Gestetner.

30

INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - EVENING

30

Summer 1969 and the Mangrove Restaurant is raided again. On this occasion we're thrown straight in, without warning.

FRANK's face crashing into floor tile as he's manhandled to the ground and forced to watch, helplessly, as this time both his restaurant and his customers are assaulted.

Where upon the place is turned upside down by police *looking for drugs*.

FRANK's voice is entirely ignored.

31

INT. BASEMENT SHEBEEN. ALL SAINTS ROAD - DAY

31

FRANK finding solace at the poker tables of the shebeen - as per Sc 1 - only the stakes of the game higher now.

But he's playing in frustration and soon loses his pot.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Who want to play me for the Mangrove?

CARD PLAYER

Yuh makin' joke.

FRANK slaps his keys down on the table in front of him.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I serious, boy. Number 8 All Saints Road. What you say?

CARD PLAYER

No one so chupidee to take dat.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Eh eh. For me business. C'mon nah.

No one making eye contact now.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)

Whappen? I cyan even give it away?

GRANVILLE

Mangrove mon!

GRANVILLE, dressed like a gangster of old, booms his voice from across the room, so his own deaf ears can hear.

GRANVILLE (CONT'D)

Him listen? Who do good fuh jumbie is dem jumbie does frighten. Me want tuh hail out de good yuh mek fuh de people. Nutten go unseen. But de Mangrove's a burden yuh haffe carry yuhself. Dat ah truth.

Silence for a beat, before the whole room cracks up in chatter and laughter. FRANK eventually too.

32 **INT. THE JAMES'S LIVING ROOM. WILLESDEN - DAY**

32

DARCUS and BARBARA seek counsel from CLR James in Willesden.

DARCUS HOWE
Pulley will sue me for criminal
libel as long as my Black skin is
in Notting Hill.

CLR JAMES
I actively encourage you to go and
live in the North of England, in
East Lancashire.

BARBARA BEESE
It could work. I'd come and visit
all the time and maybe-

DARCUS HOWE
Pulley will still be able to sue my
Black backside in East Lancashire.
(Pauses, thinking)
Tunapuna. Trinidad. I will go home.

BARBARA BEESE
You can't do that Darcus. I'll
never see-

But CLR is on his feet already, a bundle of excitement.

CLR JAMES
At this moment in history and the
people I can introduce you to, you
will inspire a revolution!

BARBARA is much less than impressed.

BARBARA BEESE
How we gonna afford to do that
then? You selfish git!

33 **EXT. MANGROVE - DAY**

33

A West Indian queue for an audience with MR STEDMAN has
assembled outside The Mangrove.

MR STEDMAN approaches and sees FRANK standing outside the
door.

MR STEDMAN
Just let me get set up Frank.

FRANK
Ok I'll send them up in a minute.

MR STEDMAN rushes inside.

34

INT. FRANKS OFFICE - UPSTAIRS AT THE MANGROVE - DAY

34

A white solicitor, MR STEDMAN [40's] - with a London accent - sits a table talking to three Black British youths, including BENSON [16] and TITCH [15].

KENDRICK is sat quietly in one corner.

FRANK

Now listen up boys, this is Mr Stedman. I brought him down here to help with the police. Listen and listen carefully.

(gestures)

Go ahead Mr Stedman.

MR STEDMAN

Now, if you get stopped and searched-

TITCH

You mean *when*.

MR STEDMAN

Yes, I mean as a citizen of this country you are legally entitled to insist on having a lawyer present before you say anything.

BENSON

But how is we supposed to say something, if you saying we ain't supposed to say anything?

TITCH

You supposed to say something fool. You just don't have to say nothing.

MR STEDMAN

I can see I haven't explained it too well. I advise you to say nothing, other than to remind them that you have the right to remain silent and require a lawyer present before you say anything else.

BENSON

So we is supposed to say something?

MR STEDMAN

Yes. Look the system is-

FRANK CRICHLLOW

The system is as crooked as a damn ram's horn. That's what it is.

As the conversation continues, KENDRICK full of resignation, kisses his teeth and stomps out.

35 INT. MANGROVE - NIGHT

35

A few of the elders sit in the Mangrove, late one night drinking tea and chatting.

AUNT BETTY soundtracking the vibe on a gentle oldie tip.

A hard pounding on the door and the laughter quickly dies.

VOICE (O.S.)

Open the door.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Tell them we close. We closed!

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Police. Open up.

Nervous looks from FRANK before a mighty bang and the door flies off its hinges, a stream of policeman pouring in.

POLICEMEN

Don't move! Don't move! Hands on the table. On the table!

The elders all do as they are told - and are duly frisked - but not FRANK. He immediately flares up.

It's then that PC PULLEY calmly walks in, handing FRANK a search warrant.

PC PULLEY

Warrant.

FRANK scrunches it up and throws at Pulley, only it drifts down, rather sadly.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Me ain't care for no blasted warrant.

PC PULLEY

(Indignant)

What in God's name is going on in here? You serving drinks without a license? At this hour?

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Tea! We drinking blasted tea.

PC PULLEY

You're breaking the law of this country, that's what happening! Who d'ya think you are? Opening up a restaurant. Making out you're some sort of... chief.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I opened this place for people to come and go, no matter they are.

PC PULLEY

That's all well and good but the problem is your menu, certain things have to be added in order for you to continue with your establishment.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

We only serve spicy cuisine here!

PC PULLEY

You see, you people don't really understand do you? You come over here, with your bright clothes, you sleep with our women, make like you're a big shot. But guess what? It isn't happening. Not on my watch.

PULLEY walks behind the bar and knocks a shelf with African figures down.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Pulley, stop! Pulley!

He moves toward PC PULLEY and is instantly jumped on by three officers and wrestled to the floor.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)

You bastard, yuh a devil! You devil!

AUNT BETTY and DOL watch on in horror as he's dragged out of the Mangrove, screaming and shouting.

PC PULLEY

Shall we go and play some music?

36 **INT. CORRIDORS. MAGISTRATES COURTS - DAY**

36

With justice being meted out - mainly to Blacks and Irish - at alarming speed, the corridor of the Magistrates' court are overcrowded and steamy.

FRANK looking bothered. Or just plain angry.

COURT OFFICIAL

Crichlow?

37 **INT. MAGISTRATES COURTROOM - DAY**

37

With FRANK in the dock, a Magistrate makes his final address.

MAGISTRATE

Which leaves me to ask the question. Was the Mangrove used as a night café? I find that it was. I do not feel it's necessary for it to be open if customers can knock and be let in. It's also not necessary to prove that money has changed hands.

FRANK can't even laugh.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

The defendant is fined £25 and must pay for the legal costs of all those involved. Next.

FRANK turns to his solicitor, Mr Anthony Mohipp.

FRANK CRICHLow

I need a transcript of what that judge just say.

38

INT. KITCHEN. DOWNSTAIRS AT THE MANGROVE - DAY

38

FRANK is sitting in the kitchen and facing a barrage of paperwork. The council revoking his alcohol license now. More court case dates. Overdue fines.

AUNT BETTY is standing over a bubbling pot on the stove and is watching him quietly stressing out.

AUNT BETTY

Biting yuh finger nail. What yuh tinkin'?

FRANK CRICHLow

Nothing, Tanty.

AUNT BETTY

Crapaud smoke yuh pipe. Why you lying? Don't play with me child.

FRANK CRICHLow

Me head hot. Seem like we reach the end of the road. One raid leading to another raid. Then they use that as reasoning for another different kinda licks. Taking away me alcohol license now. The police in cahoot with the council. The council with the damn judge. The judge with the police.

AUNT BETTY

And them customers not setting foot in here. Too fighten.

(MORE)

AUNT BETTY (CONT'D)
 Dey ain't coming day or night. Why
 the police harassing us in this
 place? The business buss.

FRANK quite stunned at her unapologetic tone.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 You don't put water in your mouth
 to spell it out, eh.

AUNT BETTY
(Upset angry)
 We don't have nobody to cook for!
 The place's a jumbie ballroom!
 Chuts, don't know why I boddering.

MRS TETLEY's voice interrupts their standoff.

MRS TETLEY
 Frank! Frank!

39 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY**

39

MRS TETLEY is standing holding an old tin.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 Mrs Tetley. Dorothy. If your belly
 empty you're in luck. Betty in need
 of a mouth to feed.

MRS TETLEY approaches him, a little gingerly.

MRS TETLEY
 I jus come for give you dis.

She places the tin on the bar. Frank just looks at it. AUNT
 BETTY appears from downstairs.

MRS TETLEY (CONT'D)
 Every Sunday since me ah come to
 England, me save ah likkle ting.
 Tinking to return back Jamaica. One
 time. Yuh understand.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 I can't take that-

MRS TETLEY
 Lemme finish. Please. De Mangrove
 is part of dis story and me need to
 say dis. Dis de place dat mek me
 know dis really me home from home
 now. And everybody in de community
 say dat dey need this place too. So
 dis for you. If me stay me cry, but
 Frank jus know dis mek me happy.

On the verge of tears MRS TETLEY leaves in a hurry. FRANK sits there gobsmacked a beat.

AUNT BETTY
Probably nutten but shilling-

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Elizabeth Crichlow! Get your dutty fingers off that there.

The tin is stuffed full of neatly folded notes. FRANK stares at it gobsmacked, almost on the verge of tears for a beat.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
And you sit there with your face screw-up. Dolston!

DOL appears from upstairs and FRANK is suddenly spriteful.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
We closing down the restaurant. Yes boy. But we keeping the Mangrove open. Twenty four hours a day open. Yuh hear me correct. I want poker game. And dice. As many tables as the police didn't mash-up. We keeping the place open by hook or by crook.

AUNT BETTY
You gone cuckoo. Shut the kitchen down what?

He leaves her hanging a beat.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
You can still use the long broom in the corner to sweep up.

40 **EXT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY.**

40

LINTON, the hustler from Scene 3, dressed smarter now, approaches FRANK.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
What you want, boy?

LINTON
Me want... A seat at the big table downstair.

FRANK chuckles, but gets serious again.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
No drugs in here, yuh understand?

LINTON

Think me chupid enough to bring
drug in here when you been raided
four time in six week-

FRANK CRICHLow

NINE TIMES! Mangrove has been
raided nine times just in the last
six week. Don't forget that.

LINTON

Yuh see! No cat can live with that.
That's man's nine lives right there
Frank.

LINTON moves past FRANK and heads inside the restaurant.

We follow him downstairs to where DOL now runs the card
tables next to an empty kitchen.

His eyes light up as he finishes cutting the kitty.

41 **INT. CORTINA. NOTTING DALE STREETS - DAY**

41

FRANK is in the passenger seat of a Cortina being driven by
LINTON. They see a gathering of boys - including KENDRICK -
sprinting from around a corner.

The car turns the corner to find PC PULLEY stopping BENSON.

PC DIXON is sat in a police car, nearby.

42 **EXT. NOTTING DALE STREETS - DAY**

42

LINTON swerves across the traffic, pulling over and FRANK
jumps out of his car to come to BENSON's aid.

FRANK CRICHLow

Aye, Aye, leave the boy alone,
Pulley. Yuh alright, Benson? I
know. Aye Marsha! Run up to
Mangrove and bring Mr Stedman. Go,
yeah? Go, go, go.

MARSHA, a young white girl nearby, races up the road.

FRANK CRICHLow (CONT'D)

What you stopping him for?

PC PULLEY

Are you interfering with police-

FRANK CRICHLow

Yes. What you stop the boy for?

PC PULLEY
He matches a description-

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Description? What description?

PC DIXON shouts over at PULLEY from the police car.

PC DIXON
Pulley, burglary in process. We
gotta go.

PC PULLEY
Just your luck.

PULLEY jumps in the police car and speeds away.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Why'd he stop you? Huh?

BENSON
No Reason.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
No reason? (sighs) come, we go.
Come. Come.

43 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY**

43

April 1970 - the place is looking more and more dilapidated.

By the window at the back of the now defunct restaurant, no effort has been made in it's decorum, we find DARCUS, recently returned from the revolution in Trinidad.

DARCUS HOWE
Trinidad has been remade, Frank. I saw it. I heard it. The revolution has changed the very rhythm of the people's speech, talking with greater deliberation, pausing before speaking and such. As if it has provoked an unconscious social patience. It was truly something to behold.

FRANK nods, half listening. He has something else on his mind. DARCUS is oblivious to his obvious distraction.

The phone rings and FRANK hurries behind the bar to answer it.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Yeah? Yeah, It is complete harassment on this restaurant. Complete harassment on a Black business.

(MORE)

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
 They're trying to destroy it. And
 people now they're afraid of
 coming... We made complaints. We
 have made complaints to the Home
 Office. To my embassy. And now to
 you, my local Member of
 Parliament...

FRANK becomes slightly more aggressive down the phone.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
 Because the bodderation continue
 and continue and I know it is
 because I am a Black citizen of
 this country that I am
 discriminated against... Proof?
 What more proof you need? Ah chuts.

FRANK hangs up. Alone in the Mangrove, DARCUS approaches him.

DARCUS HOWE
 All development come from self-
 movement and not because of
 external forces acting on the
 organism.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 What shit you talking?

DARCUS HOWE
 Your strategy of relying on the
 white establishment will never
 work, Frank.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 Not now, Darco.

DARCUS HOWE
 I see a man before me, a man of
 great patience and humility who,
 unbeknownst to him, has become a
 leader of his people. CLR James
 have it written. *"These are new
 men," he say, "new types of human
 beings, because these men have
 perspective. They are leaders, but
 leaders who are rooted deep among
 those they lead."* He speaks of you,
 Frank. He does too.

FRANK is uneasy with the compliment, but DARCUS continues.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)
 But I see this leader suffering the
 consequences of a state-sponsored
 attempt to close down his business.
 (MORE)

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

My brother, this government will never take up its responsibility to you and this community, not unless it sees people on the street. Let us organise a demonstration.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

We not in Trinidad now boy. This Is Notting Hill.

DARCUS HOWE

This is Notting Hill. This place, the Mangrove, it *is* Notting Hill. Whether you can recognise so or not. The black community is your community. This is the front line. The Black community who rely on the Mangrove just as much as you rely on them. Take it to the street. Take it to the street Frank.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

They'd jus use it as an excuse to shut down the whole dam thing.

DARCUS HOWE

That is the truth. If we hold ah demonstration you stand to lose the restaurant you have spent your life building. They might use it to shut down the Mangrove permanently. But a demonstration is the right thing to do. Self-movement.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Alright, yes. Let's march.

DARCUS slaps his hand down on the bar in delight.

44 **EXT. MANGROVE - DAY**

44

Sunday 9th August, 1970 - a sunny day for the demonstration.

FRANK insisting on more steel drum band practice, as banners and placards are readied around him, including one that is draped across the restaurant's awning : HANDS OFF MANGROVE

BARBARA turns up with shopping bag. ALTHEIA's a bit bemused.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

What's in the bag?

BARBARA BEESE

(with a curious look)

Oh just went to the butchers.

45

EXT. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE MARCH ROUTE - DAY

45

A time jump. Around 150 people, mostly the Black community but not exclusively so, have now gathered and are in chorus.

CHANTING

*The pigs. The pigs. We gotta get
rid of the pigs!*

Black and white surveillance images of the crowd are taken throughout the demonstration. With every click they appear on screen.

ROTHWELL KENTISH with his young daughter on his shoulders, both joining in with the chant.

ALTHEIA stands on top of a car with a megaphone.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

What our *Mother Country* seeks to do is not close down a restaurant, but close down what they see as a space where Black people can collectively put up some kind of resistance to day-to-day harassment by the police. I believe the Mangrove is not just negative in serving as a place where people can put up that kind of resistance. But I believe it serves as a positive purpose in that people in the community have a space to call our own and that is something Black people have lacked since we were invited here. This attack on a Black establishment and our right to gather is not an isolated event. But a sustained campaign against Black people by the British state and today we are saying enough is enough.

CHANTING

Black power - people power.

DARCUS is next up.

DARCUS HOWE

Brothers and sisters. It has been for some time now that black people have been caught up in complaining to police about the police. Complaining to magistrates about magistrates. Complaining to judges about judges. We must become the shepherds of our own destiny.

Some of this is now watched through a letterbox-shaped hole.

DARCUS HOWE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What our objective is today is a concerted attempt to prevent any infringement on our rights.

CHANTS
Hands off black people. Hands off black people.

46 **EXT. NOTTING DALE STREETS - DAY**

46

ALTHEIA and EDDIE holding a giant banner with, BLACK PANTHERS: BLACK OPPRESSED PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE ONE, alongside smaller ones, such as THIS IS THE TIME.

CHANTS
Hands off black people. Hands off black people.

BARBARA holding her pig's head up, taking it to them.

Policemen are everywhere, plus more in plain-clothes.

RHODAN at the front, leading the chant, sidling up to ALTHEIA in solidarity.

47 **EXT. NOTTING DALE POLICE STATION - DAY**

47

The demonstration reaches the first police station.

Along with a dozen others, DARCUS leads the chant.

CHANTS
Hands off black people. Hands off black people.

The crowd erupt, when around 30 officers file out of the building, all with their hats on and line up in formation.

DARCUS changes tack.

DARCUS HOWE
 Where is Pulley? Where is Pulley?

CROWD CHANTING
Where is Pulley? Where is Pulley?

The crowd then start baying for blood.

CHANTING
We want Pulley. We want Pulley.

But PULLEY is nowhere to be seen and soon a Police Commander has a loudspeaker of his own and is moving everyone on.

48 **EXT. PORTNALL ROAD - DAY**

48

The demonstration continues to Portnall Road and at the junction with Marban Road, is blocked by a barricade of policemen, five officers deep.

CHANTING

Black power - people power.

They hold the demonstration up, purportedly for traffic. As DARCUS and FRANK argue with them, a fight breaks out at the back - which we don't see - and it quickly spreads.

Truncheons and boots on one side - placards, fists and cuss words on the other. But both sides up for a scuff.

And carnage. The police soon using dustbin lids as cover from various missiles, with KENDRICK leading the assault.

FRANK and DARCUS find each other behind a skip.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I told you.

ALTHEIA is seized by three policemen and dragged, kicking and screaming, to a van.

A white man, well-built and dressed in civilian clothing - an undercover policeman - grabs BARBARA's placard (which reads *HANDS OFF BLACK PEOPLE*) and smashes it over his knee, trying to intimidate her.

She snatches it back, and it quickly gets rowdy - BARBARA giving as good as she gets. Eventually she's restrained by several officers and carted off.

As police manpower prevails, Darcus legs it away.

49 **EXT. MANGROVE - DAY**

49

Fade back up on the Mangrove - 6.30pm on the same day. Suddenly two police wagons pull up out front and scores of police officers take position to storm the restaurant.

The camera enters with the first officer - PC PULLEY.

50 **INT. MANGROVE - DAY**

50

A number of the demonstrators have congregated here.

DARCUS peels off and makes his escape out the back of the restaurant leaving FRANK, standing tall swinging a carved wooden African figure, behind the bar, defending his homestead with DOL and AUNT BETTY next to him.

51 **EXT. GOLDBORNE ROAD NEAR THE IRON BRIDGE - JUNE 1971 - DAY 51**

IAN MACDONALD - late 20s, white, long hair and spectacles - is standing on the pavement watching faces go past.

He spots BARBARA BEESE, looking as striking as ever, but also flustered, carrying BABY DARCUS - 11 months - under her arm.

BARBARA BEESE

Ian! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I've had to bring him with me in the end.

IAN MACDONALD

Don't worry about it. No, no it's no trouble at all.

IAN lets BABY DARCUS take a hold of his finger and smiles warmly at them both. They start walking north.

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)

(To BABY DARCUS)

Hello. hello, hello.

BARBARA pulls out a letter from the DPP - the Director of Public Prosecutions - addressed to her.

BARBARA BEESE

I thought the Old Bailey was for, you know, real criminals. Murderers and bank robbers and that.

IAN MACDONALD

It's only a courthouse if you think about it. Nothing more.

BARBARA BEESE

But we were already found innocent. The other magistrate threw the charges straight out of court.

She shifts BABY DARCUS onto the other hip.

BARBARA BEESE (CONT'D)

And now this. I don't get it. It's been nearly a year and we're back where we bloody started. Only now at the Old Bailey. What's it all about Ian?

IAN MACDONALD

You're on the front line of change, Barbara. They want to try and make an example out of you.

BARBARA BEESE

They can't do that, can they? Can they? I don't understand who's doing this?

They stop at 301. A hand-painted sign above the door reading: *Black People's Information Centre.*

IAN takes a moment, choosing his words carefully.

IAN MACDONALD

The Director of Public Prosecutions has introduced a new charge of riot and affray, which is a very serious charge indeed, and I'm afraid they aren't obliged to explain themselves.

BARBARA shoots him a look.

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)

But with your permission, Barbara, I intend to make it much more unpleasant for them than it has to be for you.

BARBARA BEESE

I'm not interested in playing silly games. I got this one to worry about now. Can't have him ending up like me. I won't - If the two of us get sent away... It just makes me sick to think about it.

The stress is getting to BARBARA. IAN is reassuring but quiet - respectful of the stakes. She tries a brave face.

IAN MACDONALD

I know. I know, I know.

BARBARA BEESE

I thought you were retired anyway?

IAN MACDONALD

No, I was never retired, honestly. The revolution is coming and I don't intend to be practicing law when it does.

BARBARA looks to her baby, shakes her summons in the air.

BARBARA BEESE

Yeah, It's a nightmare, isn't it?

IAN MACDONALD

Maybe we're about to wake up.

BARBARA BEESE

Wake up? I just wanna wake up now
Ian!

52 INT. BLACK PEOPLE'S INFO CENTRE. 301 PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY 52

An upstairs room covered with political images.

Eight of the MANGROVE NINE defendants are present - FRANK CRICHLLOW, ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE, RHODAN GORDON - who runs the BLACK PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTRE - RUPERT BOYCE, ROTHWELL KENTISH, GODFREY MILLETT, ANTONY INNIS - and their all-male, white counsel. Also EDDIE LECOINTE.

DARCUS HOWE, however, is absent. BARBARA carries BABY DARCUS and brings in her fluster, followed by IAN.

BARBARA BEESE

I hoped never to see us all together in one place again. No offense to anyone. But what's with this? How can this even be allowed to happen eh?

Collective bewilderment from familiar faces. Apart from GODFREY MILLETT who's in a corner fast asleep.

ROTHWELL KENTISH

Where's de father?

BARBARA BEESE

Don't ask me mate.

She sits BABY DARCUS down on a table in the middle of the room.

IAN MACDONALD

Sorry. I'm Ian Macdonald, I'm representing Barbara for those that don't know. I hope you don't mind if I just jump in... The trial, as I'm sure you are all aware, is taking place at the Old Bailey, which is normally used for the most serious of crimes. Murder, treason and terrorism. So this is just another example of intimidation.

GODFREY suddenly springs up from his slumber to shake IAN's hand before getting comfortable again and closing his eyes.

FRANK's counsel, MR CROFT - a big bear of a man - less kind.

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Oh, hello Mr Croft.

MR CROFT
(*Amused*)
You look ridiculous.

IAN MACDONALD
Thank you Mr Croft. Early
retirement has been kind to me. I
highly recommend it.

ALTHEIA has IAN'S corner and gets up to hug him.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
I am delighted to see you here,
makes me feel safer already.

MR CROFT
You don't need to worry. This is
the finest legal system in the
world.

FRANK CRICHLow
How can we trust the system when
one judge say we're innocent of
riot and affray, only for them to
bring them charges back? Don't make
no sense, man.

DARCUS HOWE barges his way into the room, a burst of energy.

DARCUS HOWE
Five years! Me counsel tell me to
plead guilty and accept five years
jailtime. For real boy. I said. I
said, I'll spend five years with
your wife!

He finds himself hilarious, and so do a few others.

BARBARA BEESE
What you on about his wife for?

DARCUS picks up his son.

DARCUS HOWE
Concerning legal proceedings and
all that skullduggery, the British
courtroom is designed to keep the
defendant shackled to ignorance. I
say no more. Not in my name. I
spent enough time at the bar. So
Darcus Howe will represent himself.

The room reacts in loud chatter. FRANK seems to be calming
down his counsel, MR CROFT. ALTHEIA exchanges an alarmed look
with her husband EDDIE.

RHODAN GORDON

Which bar yuh been to? The Red Lion? You wanna go ah prison?

DARCUS HOWE

I studied law, y'know, Rhodan.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Dis case isn't just about you. Is nine defendants, Darcus. Yuh meking a decision dat affects everyone.

IAN MACDONALD

Actually, that's a brilliant idea. Darcus self-representing, that's brilliant. It's the perfect way to challenge the courtroom's archaic set-up and really take one's own message inside the building. Self-representing means being able to cross-examine witnesses. Think about that. And to make objections in the courtroom. Perhaps most importantly, it allows you to speak directly to the jury in a manner I, for one, could not.

RHODAN GORDON

Ah telling you, he talking a set a shit to de jury won't help nobody.

ALTHEIA JONES LECOINTE

I agree with Darcus. I will also represent myself.

RHODAN GORDON

Ah ya yie. Nobody listening to me?

ALTHEIA JONES LECOINTE

We need to challenge the system. Is a system where the judge wear the dress, the lawyer all wear the dress. And they both wear the wig but the men are all just himself to himself. They speak only himself to himself. We must become, not victims, but the protagonists of our stories. And what better way of representing ourselves than self-representing ourselves? He's right!

ROTHWELL KENTISH

...Hold on, hold on. Everybody turn crazy or something? It's not a game we're playing here now. This is our lives. We are facing ten years in prison.

MR CROFT

The legal system is designed for experts. You're harming yourselves by pursuing this course.

DARCUS HOWE

You'll have to learn how to cross-examine witnesses. Will be a lot of extra work for you.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Doesn't matter. We can all work together.

RHODAN GORDON

Listen, All a you heading for de jailhouse. Not me. No sah!

MR CROFT

I agree with Mr Gordon, this is a grave mistake.

ALTHEIA's solicitor, MR ABBOTT is making his way out.

MR ABBOTT

I wish you luck, Mrs Jones-Lecointe. I wish you all luck.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

We don't need luck, mister. We need justice.

RHODAN GORDON

We need more than that.

EDDIE LECOINTE

We need more than that for true.

53 **EXT. OLD BAILEY. OCTOBER 1971 - DAY**

53

A stone crest at the top of the building that tells us this is a Crown Court.

In a bird's eye view we see the Mangrove Nine and their counsel - shapes moving inside the building.

54 **INT. GREAT HALL. OLD BAILEY - DAY**

54

IAN MACDONALD, with a shorter haircut, and dressed in wig and gown, is walking with purpose across the expanse of the Great Hall towards the stairs.

55 INT. OLD BAILEY. DEFENDENTS ENTRANCE - DAY

55

Inside the building, the MANGROVE 9 and their counsel approach a security gate manned by a couple of COURT OFFICERS.

COURT OFFICER 1 points to DARCUS.

COURT OFFICER 1
Over here. Name?

DARCUS HOWE
Mr Darcus Howe. Acting counsel.

COURT OFFICER 1 looks at his clipboard.

COURT OFFICER 1
Says you're in the dock down here.
Arms up.

COURT OFFICER 1 begins to pat Darcus down.

DARCUS HOWE
If you were to make a more thorough investigation, you'll find that I am in fact acting counsel. I should be treated as such.

IAN MACDONALD has appeared by DARCUS' side.

IAN MACDONALD
Sorry, is there an issue here? I can confirm that Mr Howe is acting counsel.

COURT OFFICER 1 looks back down at his clipboard. Chuckles.

COURT OFFICER 1
Self representing are we? First time for everything.

IAN MACDONALD
So you'll want to search me too?

COURT OFFICER 1
No, not necessary Sir.

IAN MACDONALD
Right, Thank you. Darcus, this way.

DARCUS is waved through. On edge now, he and IAN wait for BARBARA. The others are further behind.

The three of them are led through the underbelly of the Old Bailey; green and cream corridors, and into the Green Room.

56 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. OLD BAILEY - DAY

56

JUDGE EDWARD CLARKE [60s] - not yet in his wig and gown - is stood alone in his chambers looking out of the window.

He's looking down at a small group of demonstrators who are there to support the Mangrove 9. We can hear muffled chanting from below.

Without breaking his gaze, a silver pill box comes into view. He opens it and pops a pill into his mouth.

He picks up the telephone.

JUDGE CLARKE

Clerk of the Court... Mr Mendel, please ensure none of the protesters are admitted this morning... I don't care if they do have tickets.

He hangs up the phone.

An extreme close-up of Judge Clarke's face peering through the window. The reflection of an Old Bailey gargoyle. The chanting now clear and loud.

57 INT. GREEN ROOM. OLD BAILEY - DAY

57

The defendants have been given a large GREEN ROOM at the bottom of the Old Bailey where they can meet.

The MANGROVE NINE, and their counsel, nearly all talking at once. DARCUS just trying to keep his head.

EDDIE chatting quietly to ALTHEIA in one corner.

FRANK sat in silence next to his barrister, MR CROFT.

IAN with a short back and sides, looks the part in his gown, his wig next to him. He stands up at the head of the table.

IAN MACDONALD

Everyone, everyone. Now as you all know, Altheia and Darcus are representing themselves in court today, meaning they will be able to cross examine witnesses, make submissions to the judge and so on. My role, as well as defending Barbara, is to act as a kind of bridge for those less familiar with the legal witchcraft practised in this building. So let me start by bringing everyone up to speed on his Lordship, Judge Edward Clarke.

(MORE)

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)
The good news is that he's an old,
cantankerous, upper class bully.

RHODAN GORDON
And Mister Short Back and Sides,
dat's ah good ting, is it?

Some disturbed looks on the faces of the other counsel. IAN's
enjoying that too. He's come alive in here.

IAN MACDONALD
Yes, it is, because he won't like
being wound up. But wind him up we
must, and wind him up we will.

BARBARA and ALTHEIA exchange looks, impressed with IAN.

MR CROFT
I'm struggling to understand why
you consider antagonising the judge
to be a viable strategy?

IAN MACDONALD
That's just the start, Mr Croft. We
also have to find ourselves an all
black jury.

MR CROFT
A black jury?

Ignoring MR CROFT's expression, IAN starts distributing
papers to everyone.

IAN MACDONALD
Yes, okay, if you want to pass
these round. We pay a pound for a
list of all the proposed jurors.

FRANK picks the list up, looks it up and down: Name. Borough
address. Profession. He sighs wearily. This is not his game.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
Wimbledon and Ealing and such.
Doctors. Civil servants. They won't
understand our struggle.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
You're damn right! Minds made up
already.

ROTHWELL KENTISH
Some of them gotta be Black.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
But if every one of us exercises
our right to object to seven
jurors. That's seven nines.

BARBARA BEESE

63. We got 63 attempts.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Exactly.

RHODAN GORDON

Look, ain't no matter. The system is rigged me a tell you. The judge man a bully. You think him let a single black man on the jury? Hear me counsel. All ah youse better start listening to him instead of running up your mouth.

IAN MACDONALD

With all respect, Rhodan, and to you, Mr Lock, I think mouthing off might be our best strategy.

RHODAN's counsel, MR LOCK, grimaces, before DARCUS perks up.

DARCUS HOWE

We are here to defend our lives. So we are going to be loud and we are going to be decisive.

58

INT. PUBLIC GALLERY. UPSTAIRS. OLD BAILEY - DAY

58

Upstairs in the courthouse, a line of people are waiting to get into the public gallery.

EDDIE reaches the front of the queue, holding a ticket.

A plain-clothes policeman nods at the Court Officer who blocks EDDIE from entering Courtroom 2.

COURT OFFICER

Step aside, please sir.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Me have ah ticket. See.

COURT OFFICER

If you'd like to step to once side, please.

EDDIE LECOINTE

It's me wife on trial. No, you affe let me in!

COURT OFFICER

Sir. Step to one side.

EDDIE LECOINTE

Ya tell all need to have a ticket. Look it's right here.

(MORE)

EDDIE LECOINTE (CONT'D)
Ya blasted ragamuffin.

EDDIE turns to the plain-clothes policeman.

EDDIE LECOINTE (CONT'D)
And you. You only standing there
not saying nothing. Ya see how they
treating me. And the ticket right
here! And you only standing there
like some macco. Man, take your
fucking ticket.

Eddie throws his ticket at the plain-clothes policeman.
Tensions and noise rising.

59

INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

59

FRANK led upstairs into the dock of the courtroom. A deer
caught in the headlights, as the room rises above him.

The DEFENDANTS take their seats.

COURT USHER
Silence. Be upstanding in court!

In comes the JUDGE EDWARD CLARKE, wigged up. Everyone stands.

COURT USHER (CONT'D)
All persons who have anything to do
before My Lords and Ladies, the
Queen's justices draw near and give
your attention. God save the Queen.

JUDGE CLARKE
Good morning. Mr Hill, are we ready
to proceed?

MR MICHAEL HILL, the chief prosecutor, 50's, looks the part.

MR HILL
Good morning, My Lord. Almost
ready. Before jury selection, we
will discuss access to the
courtroom. And the defense will
then raise concerns over the
composition of the jury.

Before the JUDGE can so much as nod, IAN is up on his feet.

IAN MACDONALD
Thank you, Mr Hill, thank you.
Good morning, your lordship. Some
relatives were prevented from
entering court this morning.

(MORE)

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)
I am a little disturbed that at the very beginning of the case, people who need to hear what happens, suffered at the door of the court.

JUDGE CLARKE
The public do not have unreserved access to my courtroom.

IAN MACDONALD
My courtroom, My Lord?

JUDGE CLARKE
In this instance, my courtroom. The officers have every right to keep out those who are not playing an essential part in the case.

IAN MACDONALD
But, if it please your Lordship, such is the public interest in this case, might I suggest extra seats at the rear of the court be made available?

The Clerk of the Court, MR MENDEL steps in.

MR MENDEL
You need know, I issued the instructions myself and it's not a matter I wish to continue discussing in this courtroom.

ALTHEIA avidly watches IAN turn his back on MENDEL, and boom.

IAN MACDONALD
Justice must be seen to be done by members of the public surely?

The insinuation is loaded. MR CROFT pulls at IAN's gown.

MR CROFT
(Quietly, sternly)
For Christ's sake, get a hold of yourself and sit down.

IAN ignores MR CROFT, as JUDGE CLARKE stares down at the fearless young lawyer.

JUDGE CLARKE
On the matter of extra seats, your application is denied. When the jury have been sworn in, it can be a matter...

ALTHEIA stands up, calm and graceful as ever.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

My husband was refused admission to the public gallery, even though he had a valid ticket.

JUDGE CLARKE

That is the luck of the draw. It is the same with most things in life. What do the defense have to say about selection of the jury?

IAN MACDONALD

My Lord. On behalf of my client, and the rest of the defendants sat rather uncomfortably in the dock today, I am making an application for an all-Black jury to be appointed.

Murmurs of surprise rippling through the court.

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)

The decision to grant the application would be hailed throughout the world as a great victory for liberty.

JUDGE CLARKE

And why on God's earth would I agree to that?

IAN MACDONALD

An all Black jury is required in this case because they are the only persons who qualify, in the conditions of modern society, as equals of the defendants.

JUDGE CLARKE

Are you implying a white jury would not treat the defendants fairly as they're required to do by law?

IAN MACDONALD

Not at all, your Lordship, no. Only that, with a white jury you can't guarantee against persons prejudicing the defendants solely because they are Black. My Lord, as my esteemed colleague, Mr Howe here, has enlightened me, my request is based on the common law of England which has existed for over 700 years.

DARCUS enjoys the shout out, as JUDGE CLARKE stares down at IAN, blood pressure rising.

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Stretching as far back as the Magna Carta in 1215, there's a great swathe of historical examples which give precedent that a man should be tried by his peers, or his equals.

RHODAN GORDON is looking at IAN with growing admiration.

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)
So what I am asking for is something that I am perfectly entitled to under British law. I am not asking for an extension of the law. Nor am I asking for the court to make any special concessions.

JUDGE CLARKE
I am grateful for your argument. But your application is rejected.

IAN incredulous that the JUDGE be so final in his judgement.

IAN MACDONALD
Would his Lordship consider expanding on the reasons for his judgement?

JUDGE CLARKE
I do not regard these circumstances so exceptional that I should give my reasons.

IAN stunned. DARCUS stands up.

DARCUS HOWE
My Lord, I have no precedents to state, but I have a sense of justice.

JUDGE CLARKE
Need I repeat myself?! The application is rejected. Move on.

IAN, acting stunned, looks to DARCUS. Smiles. Without looking at the JUDGE...

IAN MACDONALD
If it please Your Lordship, I would request a short adjournment so that I might consult with the defendants.

JUDGE CLARKE
Your request is also rejected.

IAN MACDONALD

A lot of simple things are already becoming complicated in this case.

JUDGE CLARKE

Do not make inflammatory remarks, Mr Macdonald! I am trying to make things simple because there are unrepresented defendants in the dock. Do not do it again.

IAN MACDONALD

Of course.

With JUDGE CLARKE'S hand visibly shaking, IAN sits down.

TIME JUMP: Potential jurors are brought in to the court.

The first one stands up, an uptight white middle-aged woman. She is being sworn in, when ALTHEIA jumps to her feet.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Challenge.

JUDGE CLARKE looks at ALTHEIA, surprised.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (CONT'D)

Exercising my right, My Lord.

JUDGE CLARKE

Challenging the jury may be within your judicial rights but I don't want this trial to deteriorate into a Black and white contest. If you are going to challenge I ask that you do it before the swearing in begins. Understood?

Jump cut as a succession of potential jurors stand (5 white jurors and 2 black jurors of various ages and backgrounds). And the word 'Challenge' over each one. From DARCUS, IAN and others.

The first Black man is about to be sworn in.

MR HILL

Challenge.

IAN quickly on his feet.

IAN MACDONALD

My Lord, you have just said that challenges must be lodged before the oaths commence.

JUDGE CLARKE

As was the case. Challenge upheld. You can leave the court.

IAN MACDONALD

My Lord...

JUDGE CLARKE

Mr Macdonald, I said upheld!

60 INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

60

The defendants assemble in the Green Room in despondent mood.

MR CROFT pulls IAN to one side.

MR CROFT

You're not doing anyone any favours, behaving like that.

IAN MACDONALD

Not to alarm you Mr Croft, but when Darcus and Altheia get going, I'm going to seem positively timid. I'm just warming the old bastard up.

We pick up on the conversation dominating the room.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Judge wants us all purged. I see it in his eyes. Plain as day.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Every request we make he rejects straight off.

RHODAN GORDON

Is just ah likkle sparring, man. I wanna join in.

A subject not picked up on by anyone.

BARBARA BEESE

British justice, what a joke. It's a disaster, isn't it, Ian?

DARCUS HOWE

No!

Everyone looks round at DARCUS.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

It is not a disaster, no. We just made a judge at the Old Bailey discuss race in his courtroom. He didn't want to do that. He want to pretend this is a case about violence, about criminals, about malcontents. But we have made it about what it is.

(MORE)

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)
About the colour of our skin. It's
a victory. Our first victory.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
Darcus is right. Might not be
pretty, but we keep it going. An
idea float eventually by itself.

Quiet for a moment.

GODFREY MILLETT
I have an idea. For real.

61 INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

61

All nine defendants in woolly hats of varying description in
a packed courtroom.

Two Black people on the jury. Two women.

The stenographer is tapping away.

MR MICHAEL HILL is making his opening submissions.

MR HILL
On Sunday 9th August in North
Kensington a demonstration took
place against the police which
degenerated into totally
inexcusable and unacceptable
violence.

FRANK CRICHLow shaking his head.

MR HILL (CONT'D)
There may be some in here who
believe that they have been the
victims of injustice at the hands
of the police.

MR HILL turns round and pointedly looks at the defendants.

MR HILL (CONT'D)
But there are others, like
parasites, who feed on these
beliefs and seek to turn them to
their own advantage, encouraging
and sometimes deliberately creating
hate, mistrust and violence.

MR HILL now turns his attention to the jury.

MR HILL (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, this was not
just a flamboyant demonstration
that got out of control.

(MORE)

PC PULLEY (CONT'D)
I swear by Almighty God that the evidence I shall give shall be the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

The Usher takes the Bible and card back to the central table.

PULLEY remains standing. He takes his police notebook from his inside breast pocket.

MR HILL
Please state your name and rank.

PC PULLEY
Police Constable, Frank Pulley.

MR HILL
PC Pulley, when did you join the police force?

PC PULLEY
In 1954.

MR HILL
17 years ago. And in all that time, how many complaints have been made against you?

PC PULLEY
No more than is normal. Maybe 7 or 8 official complaints. None of them have been substantiated.

MR HILL
And how many times have you been commended for your service to Her Majesty's police force?

PC PULLEY
A few times. More than a few.

ALTHEIA jumps up. IAN alongside her.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
My Lord, my understanding, from you, was that questions are to be focused on matters concerning the trial?

JUDGE CLARKE
Madam, I think the jury will understand that this is a member of The Metropolitan Police, and is to be respected as such.

IAN MACDONALD

As long as the defendants are afforded similar privileges, My Lord?

JUDGE CLARKE

Mr Macdonald, sit down and be quiet. Mr Hill, please continue.

MR HILL

Thank you, my Lord. Do go on, PC Pulley.

As they sit back down IAN smiles at ALTHEIA. JUDGE CLARKE seeing that too.

PC PULLEY

About my commendations, In 1968, I received the British Empire medal for gallantry whilst on duty.

FRANK CRICHLLOW can't help but groan out loud.

MR HILL

Thank you. Now can you describe your role on the day of the demonstration?

PC PULLEY

At 2.15pm, myself and three other police constables, PC Dixon, PC Royce and PC Johnson, went to the Mangrove in an observation van.

MR HILL

For what purpose?

PC PULLEY

For the purpose of identifying people who were involved in the demonstration. We arrived just before Howe addressed the crowd.

MR HILL

What did he say?

PC PULLEY

(Stumbling)

We were going back and forth in our vehicle so I couldn't make any note of what he said.

Noises from the dock. MR HILL moving it on quickly.

MR HILL

So the demonstration then set off from All Saints Road in the direction of Notting Dale Police Station, correct?

PC PULLEY

Correct. With Howe and Crichlow leading the way. I did see them also leave the main procession to try and get more people to join in. Millett was selling newspapers. I saw him approach a Black woman with a half-caste child and...

PC PULLEY looks down at his notebook, as GODFREY MILLETT reacts.

PC PULLEY (CONT'D)

And she said to him, "Go away and leave us alone man, you stupid troublemakers."

MR HILL

And did you hear his response?

PC PULLEY

Millett told her, "You better think Black, baby, or you die with the white pigs when the time comes."

MR HILL pauses for emphasis. GODFREY is flabbergasted.

MR HILL

Did you see what started the fighting?

PC PULLEY

I did not, no. I saw Crichlow and Howe talking together before joining the main fight.

MR HILL

Describe their actions for the courtroom as you recorded it.

PC PULLEY

(looking at notebook)

They were acting like savages. Howe was encouraging the mob, standing on a wall, screaming, "Kill the white pigs". I saw Crichlow throw a piece of wood right at an officer. Him and Lecointe both throwing bricks and bottles.

PC PULLEY now looking at FRANK who is flexing a cramp in his hand, trying to loosen a growing physical tension.

64

INT. CORRIDOR. BASEMENT. OLD BAILEY - DAY

64

ALTHEIA and BARBARA walk down the tiled corridors of the OLD BAILEY basement. Their rapport good.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
How's Darcus coping in all this?

BARBARA BEESE
Yeah, ok I think. I think he's nervous about his closing speech.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
No, not that Darcus. Darcus Junior.

BARBARA BEESE
Oh, oh yeah. He's teething. Y'know, so he's not sleeping.

BARBARA suddenly bursts into tears. Sorts herself out quick, but as hard as she tries, the tears keep coming.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
Hey, hey, s'alright.

BARBARA BEESE
What if he's taken into care? Like I was.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
That's not gonna happen.

BARBARA BEESE
It will if both his parents get sent away. It will.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
I'm scared too, y'know. But we have to have faith. Faith in the British justice system.

Through the tears, BARBARA manages a chuckle. ALTHEIA too.

BARBARA BEESE
Yeah, there's a thought. At least they can't take yours away from you. Not whilst it's still in there.

ALTHEIA taps her finger gentle on the side of BARBARA's head.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
And they can't take yours either. Not whilst he's in here.

65 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - DAY**

65

FRANK is sat on his own, still clutching and unclutching his hand. Almost like a tic.

Everyone is helping themselves to a feast that has been prepared and spread out on the table by DOL and AUNT BETTY.

DOL notices FRANK's mood and pulls up a chair alongside him.

DOL ISAACS
Yuh gon' eat ah likkle, Frank?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Just now.

DOL ISAACS
It's ah good ting you do, you know?
Might not feel like it, but it is.
Everybody come together over dis.
We have so much food...

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I can't go to de jailhouse, Dol.

DOL ISAACS
Justice is dey, pon your side.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
My backside maybe.

DOL ISAACS
Dice'll fix you up, man. Ah game on later tonight.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
No, boy. But don't let me stop you losing your pension.

DOL ISAACS
You me pension, Frank.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
You and everyone else.

66 **INT. DARCUS AND BARBARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

66

On a packed bookshelf, "THE WRETCHED OF EARTH" by Fanon, sits alongside a copy of CLR James's "FACING REALITY", and a very well worn edition of "THE BLACK JACOBINS."

Someone has hand written 'the University of Willesden' along the bottom of the shelf.

DARCUS, BARBARA and baby DARCUS sit in the living room of their flat. There are papers everywhere - on the floor, the coffee table, the sofa between them.

DARCUS is reading, intently. BARBARA is trying to, while also entertaining BABY DARCUS, who keeps trying to grab the page she's holding and stuff it in his mouth.

BARBARA BEESE
Could you take him a minute?

DARCUS HOWE
I can't. I working.

BARBARA shaking her head at the front of the man.

BARBARA BEESE
(kisses her teeth)
Yeah, well I'm working too.

DARCUS HOWE
I can't hear myself think!
I'm trying to prepare for cross-examining Pulley, can you just shut up!

BARBARA stands up and exits with the baby.

Close on DARCUS, making links, shuffling through papers. His face changing.

DARCUS is looking at a ruler on the coffee table.

A few moments pass and BARBARA comes back into the room, now without the baby. They share a look - BARBARA knows instinctively that something is up.

BARBARA
What? What is it?

DARCUS HOWE
I have it! I have dem dis time.

67

INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

67

DARCUS getting his chance to cross-examine PC PULLEY.

He walks out of the dock, down into the courtroom to his appointed place. Enjoys a silence before addressing the judge.

DARCUS HOWE
My Lord, I am defending myself against some very serious allegations made by PC Pulley and three other police officers who were stationed in a van. I would like to start by stating my intention to question the credibility of this witness, PC Frank Pulley.

JUDGE CLARKE

Noted. Now is your opportunity.

DARCUS smiles mirthlessly at the judge. Comes back into focus. Turns his attention to PC PULLEY.

DARCUS HOWE

May I ask, PC Pulley, if you think anybody who goes to the Mangrove Restaurant is already corrupted?

PC PULLEY

Yes. I believe so.

DARCUS HOWE

So frequent visitors like the local MP, Mr Bruce Douglas-Mann are corrupted? Is this what you are suggesting?

PC PULLEY

I don't know the local MP.

DARCUS HOWE

Are you suggesting I am corrupted? I have been to the Mangrove on several occasions.

PC PULLEY

I should think you are, yes. I know the place is a haunt of criminals, prostitutes, ponces and the like.

DARCUS HOWE

I put it to you that all your comments on this case, all the information you put to the jury, is rooted in prejudice.

PC PULLEY

It's rooted in experience of an area that I've served as a police officer for a considerable length of time.

DARCUS letting PC PULLEY thinks he's doing quite well.

DARCUS HOWE

When did you join the police force?

PC PULLEY

1954.

DARCUS HOWE

Almost the same time as Detective Inspector Stockwell joined too?

PC PULLEY

Yes.

DARCUS HOWE

And yet, you are a constable still?

PC PULLEY

That's correct.

DARCUS HOWE

May I be so bold as to ask why you have never risen through the ranks?

PC PULLEY's face reddening.

PC PULLEY

I left school quite young. The truth is I've never been able to pass the police examinations.

Laughter in court. PULLEY shrugs. DARCUS relishing his vulnerability. MR HILL stands up.

MR HILL

My Lord, I cannot see the relevance.

JUDGE CLARKE

Mr Howe, please keep to the incidents of August 9th.

DARCUS HOWE

Very well, My Lord. Police Constable Pulley, you made a statement that at the beginning of the demonstration, during the speeches, that the crowd had started chanting? I ask you to compare your statement with that of your three colleagues present, who had made no mention of chanting.

PC PULLEY

They hadn't said they couldn't hear chanting. There is a difference.

DARCUS HOWE

Did you and your colleagues in the observation van, did you write your statements at the same time in the same room?

PC PULLEY

Yes, we did. When you work in the same room that's normal.

DARCUS HOWE

Is it quite normal too, to decide together what to put in and what to leave out of your statements?

PC PULLEY

I'm not sure where you are going with this, but we did no such thing.

DARCUS HOWE

Of course not. Far be it for me to imply such chicanery.

DARCUS picks up a prepared piece of paper that has a slit the same as the police observation vehicle cut in it and continues with his questioning.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

PC Pulley, can you please confirm that this is the size of the slit in the observation van?

PC PULLEY

It's roughly the same I guess, yes.

DARCUS HOWE

Very good guess, PC Pulley. This is roughly the size of the slit. Not much bigger, not much smaller. It is your testament that you and PC Royce, PC Dixon and PC Johnson were all looking through the same hole at the same time. Correct?

PC PULLEY nods.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Is that correct?

PC PULLEY

Yes, that's correct.

DARCUS smiles. He holds the piece of paper up to his face, looking at PC PULLEY and then the rest of the court, through the small hole. It garners more than a few chuckles.

DARCUS HOWE

I would like to know, PC Pulley, how it is possible that even two men could look through this same hole at the same time?

The courtroom erupts. JUDGE CLARKE shouting above it.

JUDGE CLARKE

Quiet at once!

The room settles. DARCUS loving every second of this.

PC PULLEY
It's possible. If they both looked
through one eye.

More howls.

DARCUS HOWE
So where, exactly, was your face PC
Pulley?

But DARCUS in control of the volume now.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)
Next to PC Royce or next to PC
Dixon? Like this? Or like this?

DARCUS shifts his body to get in an odd position. More
laughter from the dock and the public gallery.

PC PULLEY humiliated, silent. He stares at BARBARA, who
doesn't give a fuck. Then at FRANK CRICHLLOW. Who does.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)
Where was your face, Pulley?

Nothing from the witness. More taunting from around court.

MR HILL
My Lord, please direct Mr Howe to
address the witness correctly.

JUDGE CLARKE
Mr Howe, you've heard Mr Hill's
comments, please address the
witness correctly.

DARCUS HOWE
Constable Pulley. You know why you
are now being ridiculed. The image
of four police officers behaving in
such a manner is worthy of
ridicule, is it not? It could make
a stuffed bird laugh.

DARCUS lets the room settle.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)
Could make a stuffed bird laugh. PC
Pulley, I suggest that substantial
and important parts of your
evidence are deliberate lies.
Deliberate and conspiratorial lies
designed to have my freedom taken
away from me.

68

INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

68

PC PULLEY sits at the back of Courtroom 2 looking insulted.

PC ROYCE is being cross-examined by DARCUS, who is once again holding up his piece of paper.

DARCUS HOWE

Where exactly was your face then?
Like this? Or perhaps like this?
Where was it?

PC ROYCE

I don't remember.

DARCUS HOWE

You don't remember?

PC ROYCE

No.

DARCUS HOWE

PC Royce, 13 times you say you don't remember or you can't say. PC Pulley said 33 times that he didn't remember. PC Johnson, 28 times. About 70 times the 3 of you say you can't remember. You were put in the van to observe and record, from beginning to end, in order to provide information that would give the truth as to what took place. This consistent lack of memory hinders the process of getting at the truth. I suggest you failed distinctly in your responsibility to observe and record. Let me ask you again, where was your face PC Royce? Where was your face?

In the dock, FRANK notices ROYCE nodding at someone, seated behind FRANK at the back of the court.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

If you do not accept responsibility now, history will bestow it upon you.

FRANK turns around to see PULLEY nodding back at ROYCE from the back of court.

FRANK is immediately on his feet.

FRANK CRICHLAW

Pulley's signalling at the witness!

RHODAN GORDON and RUPERT BOYCE soon on their feet too.

RHODAN GORDON
I seen him. Royce taking
instruction on the witness stand!!

RHODAN is loving the sound of his voice in court.

RHODAN GORDON (CONT'D)
It's a breach of court. A court
breach.

JUDGE CLARKE
Constable Pulley this is a very
serious allegation. I must ask that
you leave the courtroom at once.

RHODAN GORDON
Is only that? Shouldn't the crooked
man be locked up or somet'ing?

JUDGE CLARKE
Will the defendants sit down at
once.

The defendants reluctantly take their seats.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)
Mr Pulley, you are not to return
until your fellow officers in the
observation van have all given
their evidence. You should consider
yourself lucky that no further
action will be taken.

PC PULLEY slowly leaving court, humiliated.

Applause from the public gallery.

69

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

69

Back in the Green Room, the defendants are enjoying their
little victory against PC PULLEY. DARCUS is being championed,
backslapping and high-fives.

RHODAN GORDON
Should ah been banged up, if yuh
ask me. Least been given some
licks.

RHODAN's solicitor, MR LOCK, pipes up.

MR LOCK
But if you hadn't shouted at the
judge, we'd have had a much better
chance at a sterner punishment.

RHODAN GORDON

Don't give me a six for a nine. You working for me.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Rhodan. Don't hot up yuh head now.

DARCUS HOWE

Yes, cool down boy.

RHODAN GORDON

Alright for you. The cunumunu supposed to be working for me.

Detecting the insult, MR LOCK huffs noisily at RHODAN.

RHODAN GORDON (CONT'D)

I done. I don't need no counsel. Go, get out my eyeball range.

MR LOCK starts collecting his stuff as ALTHEIA looks at DARCUS urging him to speak up. He doesn't. All eyes on FRANK.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

What you going to do, Rhodan?

RHODAN GORDON

I'll represent myself. If dem two can, I can too.

More nervous looks.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

No disrespect, but you sure you up to that? Altheia and Darcus has put in de work, y'know. And if you vex at the judge, could do you more harm. Could do us all more harm.

RHODAN GORDON

Frank! It's every man for him own self!

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Eh! It's dem and we.

A wide shot of the courtroom tedium.

More and more witnesses are called by the prosecution.

Evidence table - extra riot weapons like bricks, sticks, cricket bats.

To make matters more farcical, MR HILL continues in his questioning of PC WHEELER, shouting above the din, before JUDGE CLARKE shouts above him.

JUDGE CLARKE bangs his fist on the desk.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)
Silence in court. Silence I say!

The room settles again.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)
Let me be clear. If any of the defendants continue to disrupt proceedings, they will be taken downstairs. Is that understood?

JUDGE CLARKE looks down at the desperate defendants.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)
To let emotions settle, we will continue with The Crown's witness after an adjournment.

It's him who needs a breather and he scurries out of court.

As the room quickly clears, DARCUS stands up, leans over the dock to IAN.

DARCUS HOWE
Ian! Talk to me boy!

COURT OFFICER 1 starts shepherding him toward the dock stairs. DARCUS not paying him the slightest attention.

COURT OFFICER 1
Come on. Clear out of court.

DARCUS HOWE
I need to speak to my co-counsel.

DARCUS points toward IAN MACDONALD.

COURT OFFICER 1
Not in here you can't. Move.

DARCUS HOWE
Hold on. I just need a few words with my colleague.

But COURT OFFICER 1 is having none of it.

He grabs DARCUS, dragging him towards the dock staircase.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)
Get your hands offa me. Easy boy.
Ian. Ian!

IAN turns around as COURT OFFICER 1 pushes DARCUS, causing him to violently tumble down the flight of stairs.

IAN MACDONALD
 Hey! Oi. Take your hands off him!
 Don't! Darcus, Darcus do not
 resist. Don't resist! Darcus!

He ignores IAN's protests, disappearing down toward DARCUS.

74 **INT. BASEMENT. OLD BAILEY - DAY**

74

DARCUS is bundled through a door by COURT OFFICER 1. FRANK is present but so is COURT OFFICER 2.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 Leave him alone, eh.

COURT OFFICER 1
 You keep your mouth shut.

COURT OFFICER 1 & 2 go for the pair of them. FRANK and DARCUS start struggling but are quickly bundled down the corridor.

A door slamming behind them. Hustled down another flight of stairs. Another door slamming. Then another.

The world coming in on FRANK as he's thrown in a cell.

75 **INT. CELL. OLD BAILEY - DAY**

75

The cell door slammed behind FRANK, who shouts after him.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
 You dirty, nasty skunt! You skunt!
 What's wrong with you?

FRANK livid now. The rage pouring out of him.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)
 All of ya, come on! Fight me! Fight
 me! Ya savages! All a' ya wicked
 men, ya wicked! Ya dutty mothers,
 nanas skunt. Ya skunt. All ya
 wicked men. What's wrong with you?
 What's wrong with you?! Come on!
 Come on! Ya dirty, ya dirt nanas
 skunt. Ya skunt. All you wicked,
 you wicked men. Ya dirty, nasty
 skunt. Ya skunt! What's wrong with
 you!

COURT OFFICER 1 stands smiling behind the closed door looking at FRANK. He silently puts his finger to his lips.

76

INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

76

JUDGE CLARKE walks into the room, but most of the defendants are already stood up and DARCUS doesn't sit down.

DARCUS HOWE

Your Honour-

JUDGE CLARKE

It's My Lord or your Lordship. Yes, Mr Howe.

DARCUS HOWE

My Lord, I want to bring a matter to your attention. Before the break, I was trying to speak to my co-counsel, Mr Macdonald. As acting counsel, I am perfectly entitled to do this, when a prison officer suddenly went berserk, manhandling me, worse than if I were a convicted prisoner. I said, "Hold on, please, let me have ah few words with him," whereupon he dragged me to the top there and slammed me down the stairs. I am now worried about my physical well-being, which I had presumed safe at the Old Bailey.

JUDGE CLARKE

Are there any witnesses to confirm these allegations?

FRANK keeps his head down. IAN stands up.

IAN MACDONALD

I can confirm Mr Howe's version of events is correct, My Lord.

JUDGE CLARKE can't hide his contempt for IAN but MR CROFT also stands up.

MR CROFT

My client, Frank Crichlow, was also manhandled by the Court Officers.

MR WOODLEY, another defense counsel, also stands up to speak, but is quickly stopped by JUDGE CLARKE.

JUDGE CLARKE

Thank you Mr Woodley, but that is quite enough on this matter already. Mr Howe, this should not have been discussed in front of the jury in the first instance.

(MORE)

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)

The jury should not be concerned with exterior matters that have nothing at all to do with the trial.

(Addressing the jury now)

Please find a way to purge this from your minds. Your sole considerations are with the events that happened last year on August 9th on Portnall Road.

IAN MACDONALD

My Lord, this is a matter of the utmost seriousness and we are only asking that it should be dealt with accordingly.

JUDGE CLARKE

And that is precisely what this court intends to do, but according to the law! I insist you apologise for your rudeness.

IAN MACDONALD

I'll apologise to His Lordship, when his Lordship apologises to Mr Howe.

JUDGE CLARKE is steaming but decides his best course of action is to ignore IAN. He address MR MENDEL.

JUDGE CLARKE

Mr Mendel, after the next break, I suggest all Court Officers be replaced. I see the matter ending there.

77

EXT. OLD BAILEY - DAY

77

Details of the building. The scales of Justice etc.

After a beat, a voice starts speaking. He sounds flat - almost like a shipping forecast.

DR CHADEE (O.S.)

The aerobic and anaerobic organisms transmitted by the mouth when human teeth pierce or lacerate skin can cause cellulitis, an infection-

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (O.S)

Thank you, Dr Chadee. But where in your statement do you mention punctures or lacerations to the skin?

78

INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

78

ALTHEIA is cross-examining DR CHADEE, the last witness for the prosecution. He sits in silence, not answering her.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
Nowhere in your statement. You only talk of bite marks and indentations in the skin.

DR CHADEE's silence speaks volumes. ALTHEIA doesn't push him.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (CONT'D)
Now can you tell the courtroom how many days after the demonstration, and my subsequent arrest on the 9th August, was it before you examined the police officers? If you need help, it is clearly written at the top of your statement.

DR CHADEE peers down at his statement in front of him.

DR CHADEE
Four days.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
Sorry, so everyone can hear.

DR CHADEE
Four days later.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
Four days later! Thank you Doctor Chadee. So, my question is this. In your expert medical opinion, how much time do you have once these bite marks or indentations have been inflicted, to identify precisely when the bite marks were made?

He knows it's checkmate. And doesn't say a word.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (CONT'D)
Oh gosh. You quiet. This is not a trick question, Dr Chadee. Shall I repeat it for you?

DR CHADEE
Three hours. About three hours.

ALTHEIA lets him hang in the courtroom's chatter.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE
And so, after three hours it is no longer possible to tell when they were made?

(MORE)

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (CONT'D)

I have been accused of biting a police officer, who was examined by you four days after these events, Dr Chadee! 4 days! Someone is obviously lying Doctor Chadee. Is it you?

DOCTOR CHADEE says nothing.

MR HILL

My Lord, I must object to the phrase used in the line of questioning.

JUDGE CLARKE

Uh, please rephrase your question Mrs Jones-LeCointe.

She addresses JUDGE CLARKE.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Seems like a fitting way to end the prosecution's case, if you ask me, My Lord? No further question.

JUDGE CLARKE looks to the prosecution, inviting them to re-examine the witness, but MR HILL declines the offer.

JUDGE CLARKE

Dr Chadee, you can stand down.

ALTHEIA accepts pats and slaps from her confident-looking co-defendants as she takes her seat back in the dock.

When the room resettles, JUDGE CLARKE addresses the jury.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)

Now that the prosecution's case has come to an end, the trial will adjourn for a couple of days whilst legal submissions are made.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)

I would remind you of your obligation not to discuss these proceedings with anyone, nor read about it in the press. You are dismissed.

As the last of the jury leave the courtroom, IAN stands up.

IAN MACDONALD

Forgive me, My Lord, but it is evidently clear that there are pronounced contradictions and inconsistencies between The Crown and the defense.

(MORE)

IAN MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Therefore, if it please your Lordship, the defense submit that the prosecution's case should not proceed. We submit there is no case to answer and theses matters should not be left to the jury.

JUDGE CLARKE stares down at IAN with pure contempt.

JUDGE CLARKE

Much as there is a temptation to remove your presence from this court, I find that there is a prima facie case to make so I reject your submission.

In haste, he gathers his things and gets up to leave, as we sit on the devastated expressions of IAN and the defendants.

79

INT. GREEN ROOM. BASEMENT - DAY

79

The mood in the green room heavy and melancholic.

FRANK is locked in quiet conversation with MR CROFT.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I can't go to jail.

MR CROFT

Your only crime was that you gave a space to these people. You're a law abiding citizen. Your premises was overrun by a group of agitators.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

What you really saying man?

MR CROFT

I can't help them Mr Crichlow but I can help you. If you plead guilty.

ALTHEIA, sat on her own brooding, has been watching them. She makes her way over to FRANK.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

What he telling you, Frank? Look how yuh screwing up yuh face. What's he telling you to do?

FRANK slowly makes eye contact with ALTHEIA.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Plead guilty.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Plead what? Is that what you said fuh real?

MR CROFT

Mrs Jones-Lecointe, these are very serious charges and now that you all have to testify on the witness stand, I find it highly likely you will be found guilty.

She quickly slips off a shoe, picks it up, and starts hitting MR CROFT with it, over and over.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

Oh shut your... Huh? All a' ya wicked. You flipping...What you say? Plead what?

MR CROFT

Guilty.

FRANK gently tries to stop ALTHEIA, who's wound up now.

ALTHEIA wriggles free from FRANK, hits him with her shoe before chucking it at MR CROFT.

She sits down, too wound up.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

All ya better take this fricking man out my face. Move out my face! Is that what you gon' do? You can't be doing that. Not now, you can't, Frank. He trying to divide us. For four-hundred years people like him trying to divide our people, undermine us. This trial is another way of doing that. Of destroying a strong black movement in this country. We have to stick together. As a collective. The Mangrove Nine. As a people. It's what you telling me boy. That's all that matters.

FRANK has tears in his eyes.

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I don't get it, nah. You wanna sit in a courthouse for another six week to get more time in jail? Me don't want no jail, man. Yuh understand me? These people, they're like... vampires. Yuh think you beat dem but they keep coming back. Back at yuh again and again. It's like a silver bullet ain't enough. You haff to stake them through de heart, den get de garlic and chop their head off too. It's never enough.

No one says a word. He abates, composing himself a little.

FRANK CRICHLLOW (CONT'D)

De best we can hope for is ah draw.
Ah draw. De system rigged. It
rotten and we're fighting it for
what? Fuh what, Altheia?

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE

For my unborn child. That's what.

This is news to everyone. We hear a pin drop. FRANK rooted to the spot.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (CONT'D)

All of this, all of our... fight.
It counts beyond us here. It does,
y'know. This trial is about more
than just our freedom. What is
being called into question in this
case is the right of anybody, not
just black people, but the right of
anybody to demonstrate. So I'm not
here just defending myself, but
trying to defend us all. If we fold
now, if we give in to them, if we
let them control our decisions,
then they take it all. They take it
all from us. And they take it from
our children, too.

She pauses to let this sink in.

ALTHEIA JONES-LECOINTE (CONT'D)

We are the example and we must bear
this responsibility. But please, if
anyone wants to take a plea, you
take it? As is your right to.

FRANK shakes his head, just enough to answer.

ALTHEIA walks over to her shoe. Picks it up, puts it back on.

80

INT. FRANK CRICHLLOW'S HOME - NIGHT

80

A record player comes into view, spinning a shiny piece of vinyl. Soft country and western sweetens the air. (Jim Reeves).

FRANK is at home, smoking a rolled-up cigarette, leaning out of his window.

He's watching a fox stalking about on the street below, ripping open a bag of rubbish, looking for treats.

FRANK likes him. He finds a scrap of food and throws it down at the fox. A few more and it scampers off.

He's nearly finished smoking when a couple of policeman, on the beat, come in to view from around the corner.

FRANK kisses his teeth in contempt. He takes another drag of his cigarette before flicking the stub in their direction.

The blonde woman, GRETA, (scene 18) can be seen in a reflection.

GRETA

What's the matter

FRANK CRICHLLOW

Nothing.

GRETA

Come back to bed.

Frank walks over to the GRETA and kisses her.

81 **INT. FRANK CRICHLLOW'S HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT**

81

We are close on FRANK sitting at the side of his bed, restless, hands clutched together and his elbows resting on his knees.

We see GRETA lying still in the bed beside him.

FRANK opens the drawer of his bedside cupboard, and takes out a beaten up dark blue bible. FRANK opens the bible and inside there is a photo of his parents, middle-aged.

Turning it over, there is a faded handwritten inscription. FRANK takes it in and thinks.

82 **INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY**

82

With the prosecution's case over, FRANK now sits on the witness stand. He looks uneasy, stretching his hand again, trying to loosen a cramp, as MR HILL grills him.

MR HILL

So where were you then?

FRANK CRICHLLOW

I told you, Portnall.

MR HILL

Speak up, Mr Crichlow. If I can't hear you, how can the jury be expected to?

FRANK glances at the jury, before raising his voice.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I was on Portnall Road.

MR HILL
Where the fighting was? So you went there deliberately to get involved in the fighting, which, you say, had by then already started?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
No. I told you. I already knew where the march was headed.

MR HILL
Because you organised the demonstration.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Because I was on the organising committee, yes. But, it was an accident that we meet when we did.

MR HILL
So, let me get this right. You knew exactly where the march was going but it was just an accident you joined up with them again when you did?

FRANK hesitates, but his frustration gets the better of him.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
The whole ting was an accident, y'know! Even de Chief Inspector say so. You don't know Notting Hill, man. You understand nothing.

MR HILL
What I would strongly suggest, Mr Crichlow, is that you were at the heart of the disturbance, and one of its chief agitators.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Well, like I said, you understand nothing.

TIME JUMP: RHODAN GORDON

RHODAN GORDON, a picture of confidence, is now on the witness stand.

MR HILL
You already knew PC Pulley?

RHODAN GORDON
What you yapping, mon? Everyone know the heavy mob in Notting Hill.

MR HILL

So, please describe PC Pulley's standing in the community?

RHODAN laughs. Complete showboating.

RHODAN GORDON

His standing?

RHODAN leans in toward the jury, as if to conspire with them.

RHODAN GORDON (CONT'D)

Forgive me, members of jury. I find it very difficult to control myself when the prosecutor talks about the stature of Pulley. I have known that man for 10 years and no bigger bully, no greater thug, no greater gangster plant him big foot inna Notting Hill in all that time. No, sah.

JUDGE CLARKE

Mr Gordon, I am, once again, granting an enormous amount of latitude.

RHODAN GORDON

(sucks teeth)

Channa man!

TIME JUMP: BARBARA BEESE

BARBARA BEESE is now on the witness stand being cross-examined by MR HILL. She semi-shouts all her answers, utterly fearless.

BARBARA BEESE

I wasn't holding the pig's head at that point.

MR HILL

What were you holding?

BARBARA BEESE

A placard. That said, "Hands off Black people." And a man came and snatched it away from me. A white man, tall and heavily built. He looked like a lunatic. I asked him what the hell he thought he was doing but he just broke the placard over his knee. So I tried to get it back from him.

MR HILL

You tried to get it back from him, even though, as you say, he looked like a lunatic.

BARBARA BEESE

Not frightened of loons. Been surrounded by them all my life.

MR HILL

So you attacked the man?

BARBARA BEESE

No, I did not. Before I knew it, I was being arrested.

MR HILL

Did you resist arrest?

BARBARA BEESE

Course I resisted arrest. Done nothing wrong, had I?

TIME JUMP: ROTHWELL KENTISH

ROTHWELL KENTISH, beaming from ear to ear is cross-examined by MR HILL.

MR HILL

And did you ask where the demonstration was going?

ROTHWELL KENTISH

No. Me just hung around to show solidarity. Me wasn't so concerned wid where it was going beca' me always intended to get to the pray-in meeting at Acklam Road at 3.30.

A big smile on RHODAN's face even before someone shouts 'HALLELUJAH' from the public gallery.

MR HILL

But whilst on the All Saints Road, did you join in the chants?

ROTHWELL KENTISH

No me did not. But is true me daughter liked the one dat went "The pigs. The pigs. We have to get rid of the pigs."

A ripple of laughter through the courtroom.

The courtroom erupts. Even JUDGE CLARKE suppresses a laugh.

TIME JUMP: GODFREY MILLETT

GODFREY MILLETT is the last of the MANGROVE 9 to take the witness stand.

JUDGE CLARKE

Mr Caboo?

GODFREY stands up, still in the dock, unfolds a small piece of paper, speaks quietly and with dignity.

GODFREY MILLETT

I am not 'Roy Caboo' as identified in the arrest warrant. My name is Godfrey Millett. But, in fact and truth, Millett is only my slave name. I myself, deny all the charges made against me. I do also deny saying to a Black woman, "Tink Black, baby, or you die wid de white pigs when de time comes." I am innocent of all the charges.

He sits back down. Deadly quiet in court.

83

EXT. MANGROVE. ALL SAINTS ROAD - NIGHT

83

FRANK CRICHLow is locking up the Mangrove as MR HILL starts to summarise his closing submissions for the prosecution.

MR HILL (O.S.)

Over the past eleven weeks, You have heard expressions of passion, emotion and perhaps of prejudice.

FRANK starts walking down a quiet ALL SAINTS ROAD. He stops, something not quite right. He seems reluctant to do so, but forces himself to turn around.

PC PULLEY is sat in an unmarked car, staring at him.

MR HILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There was nothing unlawful about the police searching the Mangrove Restaurant. They acted within the law. And yet, members of the jury, you are here being asked if you accept the testimony of the Metropolitan policemen as truth?

FRANK stares at PULLEY, inviting him to get out of his car. PULLEY only shrugs. FRANK continues to walk.

MR HILL (O.S) (CONT'D)

The prosecution invites you to say yes.

(MORE)

MR HILL (O.S) (CONT'D)
Because they are officers of the law in whom you can and should place an absolute trust. There is no grey area about PC Pulley. He is either telling the truth or he is totally dishonest.

He looks back to see where PULLEY has disappeared to, only to see a fox dash across the road.

84 INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

84

We catch up with Courtroom 2 and HILL's closing speech.

MR HILL
Do you really imagine that police officers would take the risk of making up evidence? Of course not. They wouldn't dare.

The looks on our defendants faces, speaking volumes.

MR HILL (CONT'D)
It is the prosecution's contention that the demonstration, organised and inflamed by the men and women you see in the dock before you, was violent in manner and in tone. It was mounted generally and specifically against the police, in favour of what is called the 'Black community'. We have heard distinguished witnesses describe a 'screaming mob' that they were 'acting like savages.' The prosecution say that you can rely on the words of an experienced police officer, and difficult task as it is, you are bound to accept his evidence as such and return a verdict of guilty.

The dock is still.

MR HILL (CONT'D)
That is the case for the Crown.

85 INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY

85

The sudden hush of court. And it's absolutely packed for DARCUS's closing statement.

DARCUS opens his notes up, looks down to notice that BARBARA has scribbled a quote from Hamlet, on the top of his speech.

He quietly reads it aloud to the court, making everyone lean in to listen.

DARCUS HOWE

*The time is out of joint, O cursed
spite, That ever a Black people,
Were born to set it right.*

He smiles to himself, looks over to BARBARA who is staring back at him, willing him on. He straightens himself up, enjoys his time, and begins.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

We say it's closing time, but in a certain sense the matter has just begun. For I believe this case has opened issues which are likely to decide the shape and future of British Society, I believe, and Europe. I believe that this case has opened issues. It has seared the consciousness of the Black community to an extent that the history of Britain cannot now be written without it.

Cheers and applause from the public gallery. DARCUS waits for it to stop before carrying on.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

I want to make myself abundantly clear. Whatever verdict you come to, I mean it when I say, "I don't care." I don't care because I believe history is on my side. If riot and affray carries that maximum sentence, the sky's the limit. I don't care. I don't care. I don't care. I stand accused of riot and affray. No. I stand here accusing those who've been involved in conspiracy. That's my position. It's closing time.

DARCUS takes a moment.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

You have heard an awful lot about the Mangrove. It has been portrayed by the prosecution as an ordinary restaurant with licensing problems. How ignorant can people get? How superficial and surface-like can people be? Not his fault. His masters' fault. Black people are criminals, pones and prostitutes. That is a myth that has been created about us.

(MORE)

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

That was a statement that was made by one police officer who gave evidence during this trial. But I submit to you that Notting Hill is a very unique community where many people from the West Indies live. It is a community that was born out of a resistance to a series of backward attacks from the police that had nothing to do with the advanced ideas and values going around in the 20th century. It has something that was located somewhere in the stench of British Colonialism. His masters again. In defending themselves against attack a community is born. And wherever a community is born it creates institutions that it needs.

He looks at FRANK, making eye contact with his friend.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

Frank Crichlow wasn't conscious of the fact that he was forming a community restaurant. But that sense of community, born out of struggle in Notting Hill, was so profound that there was no other way for it to be but a community restaurant. We created de Mangrove, shaped it, formed it to satisfy our needs. The Mangrove is ours. It is ours. It's not Frank's. He has lost it to the community, he knows that. And so when the Mangrove came under attack from the police, not once, not twice, but t'ree times, members of the jury. T'ree times. We said no more. I have been forced to take a stand and take a stand I will.

FRANK nodding his approval.

DARCUS HOWE (CONT'D)

They prefer to call a riot and affray inquiry instead of an inquiry into the police. They prefer that, but let it be. It's closing time. History will take its course, so frequently a brutal one, and we will continue to resist intelligently and reasonably. That is what the demonstration was about. An intelligent and reasonable resistance to certain concrete facts.

86 **INT. GREEN ROOM. BASEMENT - DAY**

86

The green room is packed but, like at the beginning, is now quiet. Everyone in their own hopes and fears.

JUDGE CLARKE (O.S)
Members of the jury. After what feels like an unusually wearisome case, a long eleven weeks in court, at last comes the time to consider your verdicts. There have been many attacks on people during this trial. The prosecution accused of prejudice.

BARBARA moves across the room to sit on DARCUS's lap. He wraps his arms around her.

JUDGE CLARKE (O.S) (CONT'D)
And you the jury have been told that only two among you, the two Black members, are in a position to judge. If any of the counsel have overstepped the bounds of propriety in their remarks...

A close up of IAN's thick-rimmed glasses as he cleans them. He looks very different without them on.

JUDGE CLARKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... you should not hold that against the defendant.

ALTHEIA smiles at FRANK. He reciprocates but is unconvincing.

JUDGE CLARKE (O.S) (CONT'D)
You have sworn on oaths to try this case on the evidence you have heard. Don't count uniforms and most important, do not take into account the colour of anyone's skin.

87 **INT. GREEN ROOM. OLD BAILEY - DAY**

87

The defendants await the verdict in nervous silence.

88 **INT. COURTROOM 2. OLD BAILEY - DAY**

88

Even the public gallery is quiet today as we settle on the nervous expressions on the faces of the MANGROVE NINE. No one more tense than FRANK CRICHLLOW.

COURT USHER
Silence, be upstanding in court.

JUDGE CLARKE enters. The courtroom stands. And then sits.

MR MENDEL

Will the first defendant Mr
Crichlow please stand.

FRANK slowly stands in the dock.

MR MENDEL (CONT'D)

Will the foreman of the jury please
stand. Have you reached any
verdicts upon which you are all
agreed?

JURY FOREMAN

We have.

MR MENDEL

On count one, the charge of riot,
how do you find the first
defendant, Mr Crichlow?

JURY FOREMAN

Not guilty.

MR MENDEL

On count two, affray, how do you
find the first defendant, Mr
Crichlow?

JURY FOREMAN

Not guilty.

A brief silence before the PUBLIC GALLERY erupts in
celebration.

FRANK overcome with emotion, relief pouring out of him.

As the CLERK OF THE COURT continues to obtain the jury's
verdict the JURY FOREMAN continues to answer NOT GUILTY.

The sound fades down as the NINE react. Most of them too
tired to be anything more than relieved.

DISSOLVE TO JUDGE CLARKE on final day of the case.

JUDGE CLARKE

This has been a very unpleasant
experience for everyone concerned.
Regrettably what this trial has
shown is that there is evidence of
racial hatred on both sides.

The prosecution team look on, absolutely incredulous.

JUDGE CLARKE (CONT'D)

The penalties I am going to impose on the four defendants guilty of the lesser charges, are imposed in the spirit of this particular season of the year, which should be a season for promoting peace and goodwill to all men...

89 **INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT. ALL SAINTS ROAD - NIGHT** 89

Still wearing his courtroom suit, FRANK CRICHLow is back at work in his beloved Mangrove, and the place is bouncing.

He's beaming as he pushes his way through the crowds - carrying a bin full of empty bottles on his back.

Everyone is there, including a few of the jurors too. They all greet him, pat him on the cheek, kiss him on the head or add to his load, throwing a bottle in his dustbin as he goes.

90 **EXT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT. ALL SAINTS ROAD - NIGHT** 90

The windows are steamed up and the noise follows FRANK out as he opens the door and drops the bin to the kerb.

The ALL SAINTS ROAD is quiet. He starts rolling a cigarette before DOL brings out a second dustbin.

FRANK CRICHLow

We have t'ree jury in dey. Dey celebrating here, boy. Wid us.

DOL ISAACS

You told me.

FRANK CRICHLow

I never see de likes.

DOL ISAACS

We might have won de battle, Frank. But we'll see about de war.

DOL ISAACS (CONT'D)

I cyan suffer anodder winter here, boss. I going back home.

FRANK CRICHLow

Dis is we home, Dol. Mangrove.

DOL ISAACS

I'm going back inside.

DOL holds the door open for FRANK to go back inside.

FRANK CRICHLLOW
Yeah, yeah. Just now.

DOL nods at him, disappears inside, letting the door close.

GRANVILLE (O.S)
Yes, Frank.

GRANVILLE, 60's, dressed up to the nines, bottle of rum in one hand, walking stick in the other, swags down the street, not stopping but saluting FRANK as he passes the MANGROVE.

GRANVILLE (CONT'D)
Liming at last. Respect, Frank.
Respect, brudder. Likkle roll on de dice to celebrate?

FRANK CRICHLLOW
I'll catch yuh soon yeah,
Granville.

FRANK CRICHLLOW, alone again, leans against the wall of his restaurant, drawing hard on his cigarette.

He watches GRANVILLE walk down the near deserted ALL SAINTS ROAD, still talking, but now only to himself.

FRANK turns and makes his way inside the Mangrove.

BLACK.

-- TITLE CARDS --

The Mangrove restaurant and Frank Crichlow continued to be harassed for a further eighteen years.

In 1989 his name was finally cleared at the High Court. He accepted a settlement of £50,000, which was the highest sum ever paid in damages by the Metropolitan Police at that time.

In all Frank Crichlow faced three trials and was acquitted three times. He pressed for an apology from the police but never received one.

He closed the Mangrove for good in 1992.

END.