

THREADS was first broadcast by BBC 2 on 23 September 1984. The cast was as follows:

Ruth Beckett	KAREN MEAGHER
Jimmy Kemp	REECE DINSDALE
Mr Kemp	DAVID BRIERLEY
Mrs Kemp	RITA MAY
Michael Kemp	NICHOLAS LANE
Alison Kemp	JANE HAZLEGROVE
Mr Beckett	HENRY MOXON
Mrs Beckett	JUNE BROUGHTON
Granny Beckett	SYLVIA STOKER
Mr Sutton	HARRY BEETY
Mrs Sutton	RUTH HOLDEN
Bob	ASHLEY BARKER
Chief Supt. Hirst	MICHAEL O'HAGAN
Medical Officer	PHIL ROSE
Information Officer	STEVE HALLIWELL
Accommodation Officer	BRIAN GRELLIS
Transport Officer	PETER FAULKNER
Food Officer	ANTHONY COLLIN
Scientific Advisor	MICHAEL ELY
Manpower Officer	SHARON BAYLIS
Works Officer	DAVID STUTT
Mr Stothard	PHIL ASKHAM
Mrs Stothard	ANNA SEYMOUR
Carol Stothard	FIONA ROOK
Woman in Supermarket	CHRISTINE BUCKLEY
Shopkeeper	JOE BELCHER
Boy in Supermarket	DAVID MAJOR
Peace Speaker	MAGGIE FORD
Trade Unionist	MIKE KAY
Officer at Food Depot	RICHARD ALBRECHT
Policemen	TED BEYER
	DEAN WILLIAMSON
Mr Langley	JOE HOLMES
Patrol Officer	ANDY FENN-RODGERS
1st Soldier	GRAHAM HILL
2nd Soldier	NIGEL COLLINS
Looters	JERRY READY
Woman at Hospital	GRETA DUNN
Old Man in Graveyard	NAT JACKLEY
Street Trader	JOHN LIVESEY
Stunt Double Mrs Kemp	DOROTHY FORD
Newscasters	LESLEY JUDD
	COLIN WARD-LEWIS
Narrator	PAUL VAUGHAN
Jane	VICTORIA O'KEEFE
Spike	LEE DALEY
Gaz	MARCUS LUND

Produced and directed by **MICK JACKSON**

Titles

In close-up, a single, horizontal thread, backlit against a darker background. The camera pans along it. It is joined to a vertical crossthread, then to another ... We are looking at the fine detail of a British woodland spider's web. It moves gently in a breeze.

COMMENTARY In an urban society, everything connects. Each person's needs are fed by the skills of many others. Our lives are woven together in a fabric. But the connections that make society strong also make it vulnerable.

Beyond the web, as if seen from a hillside, is a distant view of the city of Sheffield. Steam and smoke rise from the steelworks. The sun's reflection glints on the windows and roofs of the city's traffic. It is a bright spring day.

Title: 'THREADS' by Barry Hines.

1. Exterior. A hill outside Sheffield. Afternoon.

Caption: 'Sheffield, Saturday March 5th'.

There is a shattering roar as a military aircraft passes low overhead. A solitary car is parked on the edge of an outcrop of rock overlooking the view. There are two people sitting in the front seats.

Inside the car, the radio is on, playing rock music. JIMMY who is in his twenties, is sitting in the driver's seat, smoking. RUTH, his girlfriend and a year or two younger, is sitting beside him. Below them, in the distance, they can see the city where they both live and where they have just driven from. There is no-one else in sight. They sit looking out of the window for a few seconds without speaking. It is a Saturday afternoon.

RUTH Peaceful up here, isn't it (*Rather sheepishly, JIMMY turns down the radio*). Oh, I'd love to live out in the country. Wouldn't you Jimmy?

JIMMY Would I heck.

RUTH Why not?

JIMMY It's dead. There's nothing to do. Just imagine living down there. It'd take you an hour to get to nearest boozier.

RUTH Oh, I know, but the air's lovely. (*She winds down the window, inhales extravagantly, then winds the window up again*). Do you know, I love it this time of the year when spring's coming on. Look, see the leaves just coming out on that bush over there. (*JIMMY is taking no notice of her, staring out of the window*). What are you looking at?

JIMMY I'm trying to make out where our house is. I wish I'd a pair of binoculars. You can see the floodlights at the United ground, look ... (*The mention of the football reminds him of something*). What time is it? The half-time scores will be on in a minute!

He begins to turn the dial of the radio, pausing briefly at several stations as he tries to find the correct one. Snatches of an assortment of programmes can be heard, including a news bulletin which mentions rumours of a crisis in Iran. We hear no details, as JIMMY passes on to the next station. He finds what he is looking for just in time to hear the half-time progress reports on the local teams

RUTH Honestly! We come out here for a drive, we're surrounded by all this beautiful countryside, and all you can think about is football.

JIMMY (*grinning and putting an arm round RUTH*). It's not all I think about.

RUTH Stop it! Honestly, you've no consideration at all sometimes. You think you can do what you like. (*JIMMY gets out of the car*). Where are you going?

A few seconds later, JIMMY gets back into the car. He is holding a few sprigs of heather, which he presents to RUTH.

JIMMY There you are. Peace offering. Not much smell to it, though.

RUTH It's lovely.

JIMMY Heather's supposed to bring good luck, isn't it?

RUTH That's what they say.

JIMMY I wonder if it'll bring me any?

He puts his arm round RUTH and this time, still holding the heather, she responds, JIMMY gently pushes her down into her seat, as she lets the heather fall to the ground.

Cut to a very wide shot. Their car is seen on a rocky precipice as the radio continues and fades.

2. Interior. A pub in Sheffield. Evening.

Caption: 'Thursday May 5th'.

At the far end of the bar is a TV set tuned to the early evening news. No-one in the pub is paying much attention to it. Newsfilm is on the television. The camerawork is shaky.

NEWSREADER *(Speaking over the newsfilm)* This film, shot secretly by a West German television crew on Tuesday, shows one of the Soviet convoys on the move in northern Iran. The convoys were first spotted by United States satellites on Monday moving across three of the mountain passes leading from the Soviet Union. The Soviet Foreign Minister has defended the incursions and has accused the United States of deliberately prompting last week's coup in Iran. . . Speaking on his arrival in Vienna, Mr Gromyko claimed the Soviet vehicles responded to appeals from the legitimate government forces. . .

The news bulletin continues faintly throughout the scene. In the pub JIMMY and RUTH sit at a table in earnest conversation. RUTH has just discovered she is pregnant.

JIMMY You being serious?

RUTH Course I'm being serious. I've never been more serious in my life. What we gonna do, Jimmy. . . Jimmy?

JIMMY Well, are you sure?

RUTH Not definitely, but I'm normally as regular as clockwork. Anyway, what if I am? It's not the end of the world is it?

We see the TV, showing the BBC symbol on it.

ANNOUNCER And now a look at programmes later this evening on BBC1. . .

3. Exterior. The pub. Evening

We see the lights at the windows and in the foreground the evening traffic passes. Over this, the signature tune of a TV programme: 'Tomorrow's World'.

4. Exterior. Newsagent's Day.

Caption: 'Sunday, May 8th'.

The newsagent is writing numbers on the Sunday papers, which carry the headline 'Moscow hits back at U.S. stage management'. JIMMY's sister, ALISON KEMP (16), is reading a magazine and wearing headphones for a Walkman.

NEWSAGENT And don't forget number twenty-four today.

ALISON *(lifting headphones)* What?

NEWSAGENT I said, don't forget number twenty-four today. You're gonna ruin your hearing with those things on all the time, you know.

5. Exterior. Documentary Footage.

Wide shot of tanks moving along in convoy.

6. Exterior. Back of the Kemps' house. Evening.

Wide shot of the back yard of a modern council house on a small estate. We hear the banging of pans from inside.

7. Interior. The Kemps' house. Evening

JIMMY and his other, who works in a clothing factory, are sitting at the table waiting for their evening meal to be served. MR KEMP who is on the dole, is in the adjoining kitchen preparing it. MICHAEL (9) is sitting on the hearthrug playing with a pocket battery game. MRS KEMP is still wearing her overall from work. MR KEMP is wearing an apron. JIMMY has just told them about Ruth's pregnancy and the atmosphere between the three adults is tense. MICHAEL carries on playing as if nothing has happened. MR KEMP shows his displeasure by banging the pans about as he prepares the meal.

MR KEMP (*shouting through from the kitchen*) Honestly, Jimmy, you want your bloody head seeing to!

MRS KEMP I think he wants something else seeing to as well.

JIMMY Don't blame me. It's not my fault.

MR KEMP Whose fault is it then, you daft bugger?

MRS KEMP Don't go blaming it all on Ruth, Jimmy, that's not fair.

MR KEMP comes through from the kitchen carrying two plates of lamb chops, chips and peas which he places before JIMMY and his mother.

MR KEMP Anyway, it's irrelevant who's to blame now. Here you are, luv. The point is, what are you going to do about it?

JIMMY We're going to get married.

MRS KEMP looks up at her husband.

MR KEMP What for?

JIMMY (*taken aback by the question*). Because we want to, what do you think?

MRS KEMP You don't have to, you know, Jimmy. I wouldn't want you to think that we were pushing you into it.

JIMMY Nobody's pushing us into nowt. It's what we want. We've decided.

- MRS KEMP** I suppose you've talked about an abortion?
- JIMMY** (*agitated*) Of course we have, but neither of us want that. We want to get married and have the baby.
- MICHAEL** (*looking up from his game*) Mum, what's that mean abortion?
- MR KEMP** Michael!
- MRS KEMP** Never mind what it means. You get on with your game. It's nothing to do with you.
- MICHAEL resumes his game without further inquiry.*
- JIMMY** We were thinking of getting engaged anyway, so it doesn't make much difference really. It's just brought it forward a bit, that's all.
- MR KEMP** I hope you know what you're doing, Jimmy. It's a hell of a time to be starting a family in the middle of a recession.
- ALISON enters the room, brushing her hair, and then sees MICHAEL playing.*
- ALISON** What are you doing with that?
- MICHAEL** I'm not hurting it.
- ALISON walks to the mirror.*
- MICHAEL** Our Jimmy's getting married!
- ALISON** Are you?
- JIMMY** I might be. Why?
- ALISON** Well, it's a bit sudden, isn't it? You're not even engaged.
- JIMMY** How do you know? Anyway, it's nothing to do with you, so keep your nose out.
- ALISON** Are you getting married in church or in a registry office?
- MICHAEL** Alison, what's an abortion?
- MRS KEMP** Michael! I've told you once.
- ALISON** Oh, so *that's* it.

MRS KEMP I'll give you a good hiding, lad, if you don't keep your mouth shut.

MICHAEL What for? I haven't done anything yet.

MR KEMP Are you going to shut up about it?

JIMMY gets up angrily, storms into the kitchen and slams the door.

MRS KEMP I hope you two are both satisfied now.

ALISON What are you blaming *me* for? *I* haven't done anything wrong.

MICHAEL has gone back to his pocket battery game.

8. Exterior. Kemps' garden. Evening.

It is a few minutes later. JIMMY is in the aviary, feeding his birds. He has calmed down and speaking quietly to them, trying to get them to have some grain. We hear the sound of a radio broadcast over this.

**RADIO
NEWSCASTER** The time now, seven thirty. Douglas Barton with tonight's headlines.

The United States has hinted it may send troops to the Middle East if the Russians don't move their forces out of Iran.

The Prime Minister has joined the chorus of Western leaders calling for immediate withdrawal and has spoken of 'a serious threat to world peace'.

Four people were killed today on the M6 motorway in Staffordshire when their car was in collision with a heavy tanker. The accident happened at the junction with the A449 near Dunston.

9. Documentary footage. Day.

Wide shot of industrial chimneys.

Caption: 'Sheffield. Fourth largest city in Britain. Population 545,000'.

Cut to melting shop of a steelworks, full of smoke, fire and steam, men working.

Caption: 'Main industries: Steel, Engineering, Chemicals'.

10. Interior. Steelworks. Day.

Close-up of a man we do not yet recognize, his face lit by the red glow of the hot steel. He is wearing a suit and a hard hat. It is MR BECKETT, a departmental manager at the steelworks.

Caption: 'Nearest Military Targets: NATO air base, RAF communications centre'.

11. Exterior. Beckett's house. Day.

Caption: 'Wednesday May 11th'.

RUTH's house is a comfortable Victorian semi in the western suburbs of the city. A woman's face is looking out from behind net curtains. This is MRS BECKETT, RUTH's mother.

Inside the house, RUTH is sitting on a sofa, stroking the cat.

MRS BECKETT Do you think we'll get on alright?

RUTH I can't see why not. They're ever so nice.

MR BECKETT enters the room and walks across to turn on the television. He is the man we saw earlier at the steelworks.

MRS BECKETT I just wish we'd been meeting in different circumstances, that's all.

RUTH You're making it sound like a funeral.

MRS BECKETT It's embarrassing though, isn't it? It ought to have been a happy occasion.

RUTH It is a happy occasion. (*Defiantly*) Well, I'm happy anyway.

MRS BECKETT I must say, it's brought out a very determined streak in you, has this. . .

MR BECKETT puts down the newspaper he was reading in order to watch the television news. On the television we see, briefly, a correspondent live from Washington. MR BECKETT watches intently, while RUTH and MRS BECKETT ignore it. The correspondent's words continue in the background through the next few moments of the scene. Although we can hardly hear him, this is what he's saying:

**NEWS
CORRESPDT**

On a day that has seen U.S. Naval forces in the Indian Ocean put on high alert, and on the eve of the Iran debate in the Security Council, this morning's report in the Washington Post came as a bombshell to most Americans. Quoting 'sources close to the Administration', the Washington Post says that there has been a serious incident involving a United States warship in the waters off the coast of Iran. No further details are given in the story attributed to the paper's Defence Correspondent. However, one rumour being heard increasingly in the Capitol this morning says that the vessel is a United States submarine that has disappeared while on routine patrol in the area. Coming just at the same time, the latest news of a Naval alert has alarmed many people by seeming to confirm that something very serious has happened. A Pentagon spokesman has refused to be drawn one way or the other on the crisis, parrying all reporters' questions at his regular morning press briefing.

Meanwhile, outside, THE KEMPS are arriving.

MRS BECKETT It looks as if they're here.

She begins to plump up cushions, and checks her appearance in the mirror, obscuring MR BECKETT's view of the television as she does so.

MRS BECKETT Didn't you hear what I said, Gordon? Mr and Mrs Kemp are here.

RUTH has moved to the window. She exchanges glances with JIMMY as the Kemp family approach the house.

MRS BECKETT Well, come on then, turn the television off. You can't watch that while they're here.

MR BECKETT crosses slowly and reluctantly to the television. The doorbell rings, and in the hall MRS BECKETT greets her visitors as they enter.

MRS BECKETT Do come in. Do come in.

RUTH Mum, Mrs Kemp, Mr Kemp.

MRS BECKETT How do you do?

**MR & MRS
KEMP** Pleased to meet you.

MR BECKETT has appeared at the doorway leading from the hall.

RUTH Dad, Mr and Mrs Kemp.

MRS BECKETT Do go through.

**MR & MRS
KEMP** Thank you.

They all file into the front room as MRS BECKETT closes the front door.

12. Exterior. Newsagent's. Day.

Caption: 'Thursday May 12th'.

As ALISON comes out of the shop to collect her bicycle, we hear the radio news.

NEWSCASTER BBC News at 8 o'clock. The Soviet Union has protested strongly to the United States about what it calls 'dangerous provocations' by American warships in the Gulf of Oman yesterday. This follows an incident in which serious damage was caused to the Soviet cruiser 'Kirov' when she was in collision with the U.S. destroyer 'Callaghan'.

13. Empty flat. Day.

JIMMY *(taps the walls and pulls up some pieces of lino)* It's in a bit of a state, but it's got possibilities.

- RUTH** I'd like the door stripped down . . . all this paper off . . . and the walls white.
- JIMMY** It looks as if there's about sixteen layers on here.
- RUTH** My mother and dad will help us, I'm sure they will.
- JIMMY** (*inspects the woodwork and jumps up and down on the floorboards*) My dad will give us a hand as well. He'll be glad of something to do.
- RUTH** What are you laughing at?
- JIMMY** I'm just thinking of his face when my mother said that we could borrow his redundancy money. I think he was fancying a trip to Bermuda on it. It looks like being Blackpool again.
- RUTH** I like the gardens. I think it's lovely for the children to have somewhere to play.
- JIMMY** I wonder if they'll let me build an aviary down there.
- RUTH** You and your birds.
- JIMMY** Makes you feel funny, though, don't it?
- RUTH** What do you mean?
- JIMMY** The thought of owning a home. Being married. Having children. It's enough to put years on you, isn't it?
- RUTH** Don't be silly (*She puts her arms around JIMMY's neck*). It'll be lovely. I just know it will.

14. Exterior. Sheffield. Night.

A wide shot of Sheffield at night, with many lights. On the soundtrack, Debussy's 'Clair de lune'.

15. Interior. Kemps' living room. Night.

A girl's hand copies a French exercise into a schoolbook. It is ALISON, doing her homework. A TV is on in the background, but ALISON ignores it: she is wearing stereo headphones. A glass of milk is put on the table.

MRS KEMP Here you are, luv.

ALISON *(looks up)* Ta.

She takes note of the TV, which can be heard only faintly at first, drowned out by the music from her headphones.

**TV
CORRESPDT** . . . American and Israeli search and rescue vessels in the area today came across debris and oil slicks that can only have come from the missing submarine. It is still being said in Washington that the 'Los Angeles' was on a routine reconnaissance mission off the coast of Iran when she sank last Tuesday with the loss of all hands.

ALISON takes off her headphones. As she does so, the music fades down and the TV sound comes up. She drinks her milk.

**TV
CORRESPDT** After paying tribute to her 127 officers and men, the President went on to say that he held the Soviet Union solely responsible for their deaths and for the vessel's disappearance.

**AMERICAN
VOICE** The unprovoked attack on our submarine and the move into Iran are the actions of a reckless and warlike power. I have to warn the Soviets, in the clearest possible terms, that they risk taking us to the brink of an armed confrontation—with incalculable consequences for all mankind.

16. Exterior. Sheffield Town Hall. Day.

COMMENTARY Britain has emergency plans for war. If Central Government should ever fail, power can be transferred instead to a system of local officials dispersed across the country.

Cut to CLIVE SUTTON, the City Chief Executive, watering some plants in the offices.

In an urban district like Sheffield there is already a designated wartime controller—he's the city's peacetime Chief executive. If it should suddenly become necessary, he can be given full powers of internal government.

Cut back to external shots of Sheffield.

When or if this happens depends on the crisis itself.

17. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

Caption: 'Tuesday May 17th'.

Images of Sheffield town centre, and the industrial chimneys. Then, in close-up, on the front page of a 'Daily Telegraph' there is the headline, 'U.S. Acts on Iran'. It is MR BECKETT who is reading it. Men are passing him on their way to work.

A series of images: parachutes in the sky, as if on a news bulletin; JIMMY working in a joinery; news footage of U.S. marines coming off aircraft; RUTH opening a tin of cat food.

Over these images we hear an American voice. It is that of a State Department spokesman.

AMERICAN VOICE

The United States Government has been forced—reluctantly—to take action to safeguard what it believes are legitimate Western interests in the Middle East.

This administration has therefore resolved to send units of its rapid deployment force, the U.S. Central Command, into western Iran. We are confident that the Soviet Union will take note of our resolve not to be intimidated and will desist from its present, perilous course of action.

18. Interior. Various.

A piece of headed note paper is in a typewriter. The heading reads 'Home Office, Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9AT'. As the carriage moves we see that it is addressed to 'Mr C. Sutton, Town Hall, Sheffield'. Of the text, we can see only a few phrases which read '... authorities are requested to undertake an initial review of the emergency arrangements ... does not cause undue public alarm or concern. ...'.

Cut to close-up of MICHAEL making a model aeroplane and

playing with it. In the background the football results can be heard.

Cut back to a wide shot of the typing pool where the letter is being typed.

19. Interior. Mr Sutton's office. Day.

A POLICE MOTORCYCLIST *has just handed MR SUTTON a letter. The envelope is marked in red 'Secret—Eyes of Addressee Only'.*

MOTORCYCLIST Thank you very much sir.

MR SUTTON Thank you.

The motorcyclist salutes and leaves the room.

MR SUTTON *sits at his desk, reading the letter. He unlocks a desk drawer, and takes out a folder marked 'War Book Vol. 1'.*

In the outer office, Mr Sutton's SECRETARY is chatting quietly over a cup of tea with the POLICE MOTORCYCLIST. The buzzer on the telephone goes, and she picks it up.

SECRETARY Hello.

MR SUTTON Mary, I want you to contact the following people and have them in my office in ten minutes time. I don't care what they're doing. They're to drop it and get here right away. Is that clear? Right. Got a pencil? O.K.

Alan Bolton... George Cox... Roger Fisher... Susan Russell... Yes, administration... Tony Barnes... Rod Chamberlain...

As he reads we cut to a close-up of the list, which designates these people's emergency functions.

20. Interior. Small Supermarket. Day.

The supermarket is busy, even though it is only midweek. MRS KEMP, shopping on her way home from work, is standing in one of the long queues. She looks around the shop, slight concern showing on her face.

MRS KEMP It's busy for a Wednesday, isn't it? You'd think it was Christmas.

21. Documentary footage.

Troops running across tarmac.

Caption: 'Thursday May 19th'.

Interior. Mr Sutton's office. Day.

MR SUTTON is at his desk, speaking into the telephone. His SECRETARY is pouring him tea as he speaks. In the background the weather forecast is on the radio.

MR SUTTON And what about the food situation? What've we got? . . . And what about flour? . . . What else is there? . . . Corned beef! I hope it's not from Argentina. . . O.K. . . . What about supplies for first aid posts? . . . Is that all? Well that's not going to get us very far, is it? . . . What? . . . Well, I'm sure I don't know, if I'm honest. We've heard nothing about Emergency Powers as yet. Anyway, don't make a song and dance about it, just get on with it. Don't tell anyone you don't have to, eh. O.K.

He replaces the telephone.

23. Exterior. Primary school, Sheffield. Later that day.

It is break time at the school, and the children are out in the playground. A van is parked outside a side door, and the driver is unloading bundles of blankets. A crowd of children have stopped playing and are watching the operation silently. MICHAEL KEMP is among the watching children.

24. Exterior. Allotments. Early evening.

JIMMY dressed up ready to go out, gets out of his car and walks down the hill towards his father's allotment. It is a fine early summer evening, and he passes other people working on their plots. Over this pleasant, relaxed scene, we hear a news announcement.

NEWSCASTER The remaining units of the United States 10th Airborne Division, which parachuted into western Iran yesterday, have taken up defensive positions near Isfahan designed, according to the spokesman, to block any possible move towards the oilfields in the Persian Gulf.

Squadrons of American B-52 bombers have been arriving at U.S. bases in Turkey since late on Tuesday evening, together with three AWACS early warning aircraft. It's believed that they'll be used in a supporting role to the Middle East Task Force.

MR KEMP, who is planting potatoes, sees JIMMY approaching and looks up.

MR KEMP Alright then?

Some pigeons fly out of a loft. As JIMMY looks over to the loft, A MAN appears and acknowledges him.

JIMMY Alright John?

MR KEMP Come to give me a hand, then?

JIMMY No chance, I've done enough for one day. I'm knackered.

MR KEMP Not too knackered to be going out though I see.

JIMMY That's different, isn't it? Anyway, I need a break, I've been down at the house every night this week.

MR KEMP How's it coming on?

JIMMY Not too bad. We're just trying to get the living room and bedroom finished before we move in.

With a shattering roar, an RAF Phantom flies over. They both stop and look up at it.

JIMMY Mother says will you take some flowers down when you've finished.

Mr Kemp's friend JOHN is still at the doorway of his loft. MR KEMP turns to him.

MR KEMP Third since tea-time.

JOHN Aye.

- JIMMY** Where are they going to?
- MR KEMP** Finningley, I suppose.
- JIMMY** Why don't you pop into W.H. Smith's and buy yourself an aircraft spotter's book? You could start a new hobby. It'd make a change from gardening.
- MR KEMP** You can laugh, but there's something going on, I'm telling you.
- JIMMY** There'll be something going on tonight when I've had a few pints.
- MR KEMP** Don't be going mad. You've not only yourself to think about now, you know.
- JIMMY** Why not? I might as well enjoy myself while I'm single. I've not long to go now, you know.
- MR KEMP** Yes, you could be right there.

25. Documentary footage.

Caption: 'RAF Finningley. Likely Wartime function: base for U.S. Phantom jets'.

A plane is on a runway. A vehicle moves through the gates.

Caption: '5 miles from Doncaster, 17 miles from Sheffield'.

The base's alert status board has the heading 'BIKINI STATE'. A hand takes out the slate saying 'BLACK' and replaces it with a slate saying 'AMBER'.

26. Interior. Pub. Evening of the same day.

JIMMY and BOB, his mate from work, are in a pub in town. They have both had a few drinks. The pub is noisy. A juke box is playing 'Johnnie Be Good'. The television is on behind the bar showing the Nine O'Clock News.

- JIMMY** I'll have a half.
- BOB** Half! What's up with you? Getting into training for when you're married?

BOB goes to the bar with the empty glasses, grinning at two pretty girls who are sitting at the other end of the pub.

BOB Two bitters in them please. Cheers.

JIMMY is looking up at the television behind the bar, straining to hear what is being said. We are aware of other heads glancing towards the set.

NEWSREADER In a statement issued a short time ago by the Pentagon in Washington, the United States has accused the Soviet Union of moving nuclear warheads into their new base at Mashad in Northern Iran. According to the American spokesman. . .

The bar has gone noticeably quieter. The LANDLORD noticing the change, looks up, misinterprets the silence and switches channels.

JIMMY Hey! I was watching that!

There are similar protests from other parts of the pub. The LANDLORD switches it back to the news.

NEWSREADER . . . aboard two giant Antonov transport planes late yesterday afternoon and were immediately moved under cover into temporary hangers. . .

BOB comes back with the drinks.

JIMMY See that? I was just watching that about the Far East and he goes and turns it over.

BOB Far East? Why, what's going on there?

JIMMY Iran. The Americans have just said the Russians. . .

BOB Iran! That's not the Far East you pillock! That's the Middle East. China and Hong Kong. *That's the Far East.*

JIMMY So what? It's far enough, isn't it?

BOB I'd sooner go the near east myself, Scarborough and Skegness.

JIMMY Skeggy! I'd sooner watch my toenails grow than go there.

BOB Anyway, never mind that rubbish. What about these two birds to east of this table?

He indicates the girls at the other end of the room. JIMMY takes no notice of him.

JIMMY My dad's right, you know. It's getting serious.

BOB There's nothing we can do about it, is there? We might as well enjoy ourselves while we can.

JIMMY I know, but doesn't it scare you, what it might lead to?

BOB 'Course it bloody scares me. But there's nought we can do about it, is there? And I'll tell you one thing, if a bomb does drop I want to be pissed out my mind and straight underneath it when it happens.

They glance back towards the television. The programme's Diplomatic Correspondent is now analysing the implications of the news item.

CORRESPONDENT ... which means neither side can back down. Arriving here in Brussels a short time ago, NATO's Secretary General said...

BOB nudges JIMMY, trying to shake him out of his thoughtful mood.

BOB Come on, you miserable bugger. It's all these family responsibilities. You're acting like a married man already.

JIMMY It'll not be long now.

BOB You'd better make the best of it then, hadn't you, while you've still chance? What about chatting these two birds up then?

JIMMY I can't do that.

BOB Come on. It might be the last chance you get. Anyway, if we are going to cop it, we might as well go out with a bang, that's what I say.

BOB gets up with his beer and JIMMY, laughing, follows him.

JIMMY There can't be many better ways of going I don't suppose, blown up on the job.

They walk towards the two girls. On the television the news continues.

NEWSREADER ... and we've just heard that the Prime Minister has issued a message of support for the United States government. The statement, just released from Downing Street, condemns what it calls 'reckless Soviet action which can only worsen an already grave situation'.

We cut to an exterior shot of the Town Hall at night. One light is on in an upstairs window.

27. Interior. Mr Sutton's office. Night.

MR SUTTON working late. He is using a calculator and there are piles of paper on his desk, which is lit by a single lamp. He picks up the microphone of a tape recorder and speaks into it.

MR SUTTON To the Director, Technical Services. Please let me know what fuel stocks are currently held in each depot. Please ensure that tanks are kept topped up and that no fuel is used except for essential works only.

28. Exterior. Layby. Night.

It is two hours after the pub scene. JIMMY's car is parked in a layby. Everything is quiet, then there is the rumble of approaching traffic and a long convoy of heavy vehicles goes by. The noise disturbs the occupants of the car and JIMMY's face appears at the back window, wiping the steam to see what is going on. One of the girls we saw in the pub also appears. The two faces remain framed in the back window.

29. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

Caption: 'Saturday May 21st'.

Various shots of Sheffield town centre. Over this we hear a newsreader.

NEWSCASTER There's been no response from the Soviet Government a yet to the United States' ultimatum, delivered to Moscow last night. The American note calls for joint withdrawal of all U.S. and Soviet forces from Iran by noon on Sunday.

However, NATO observers in West Germany have reported increasing buildups of Warsaw Pact troops and vehicles at points along the central frontier this morning.

Cut to news footage of troops embarking onto a plane.

The Ministry of Defence has announced it's sending more troops to Europe to reinforce the British commitment to NATO. The first contingents left RAF Brize Norton this morning.

30. Exterior. Sheffield town centre. Day.

A crowd moves through the streets on a CND march for peace. The marchers are chanting and waving banners, and there is a police presence.

JIMMY and RUTH are coming out of Mothercare as the marchers pass them, and they stop to watch.

Over this, the newscaster's voice.

NEWSCASTER The day has been marked by a number of demonstrations up and down the country, reflecting support for and against the Government's decision to reinforce Europe. Although most of these passed off without incident, police made a number of arrests for disorderly conduct at rallies in the North and Midlands.

31. Documentary footage.

Shots of British Airways jets parked at Heathrow airport, and of stranded passengers.

NEWSCASTER The Government has taken control of British Airways and all cross-channel ferries. They say it's a temporary step to help move troops to Europe. Thousands are stranded at Heathrow and Gatwick.

Shot of an oil-drilling platform in the North Sea.

And the Royal Navy is to guard the North Sea oil rigs. The M.O.D. says it's a 'prudent precautionary measure'.

32. Exterior. The newsagent's. Day.

Caption: 'Sunday May 22nd'.

ALISON KEMP comes out of the newsagent's shop with a bag of papers. She has a news round. She collects her bicycle and disappears up the road.

33. Exterior. Centre of Sheffield. Day.

A large-scale anti-war rally. A WOMAN SPEAKER is addressing the crowd, amongst which is RUTH, from the steps of the City Hall.

**WOMAN
SPEAKER**

This time they are playing with, at best, the destruction of life as we know it, and at worst total annihilation. You cannot win a nuclear war!

There is cheering and jeering from the crowd.

Now, just suppose the Russians win this war. What would they be winning? Well, I'll tell you. All major centres of population and industry will have been destroyed. . .

**VOICE FROM
CROWD**

Industry? What industry? We ain't got no industry in Sheffield.

**WOMAN
SPEAKER**

Yes, and if. . .

She is drowned out by the crowd's laughter and shouting.

**VOICE FROM
CROWD**

They'd be wasting a bomb on it.

**WOMAN
SPEAKER**

Yes, and if the money hadn't been spent on nuclear weapons you would have built up industry.

**VOICE FROM
CROWD**

Get back to bloody Russia where you belong.

As the SPEAKER continues, a Salvation Army band marches down the street, oblivious to all the noise.

34. Interior. A church. Day.

A packed congregation are praying with their heads bowed. MR AND MRS BECKETT are among them.

MINISTER Let us pray.

The congregation begin the Lord's Prayer. Over an external shot of the church are superimposed the following captions:

'12 noon, U.S. ultimatum expires.

1300. B-52 strike with conventional weapons on Mashad base. Russians defend base with nuclear-tipped air defence missile. Many B-52s lost.

1400. US respond with single battlefield nuclear weapon on Soviet base. Exchange stops'.

35. Documentary footage.

News footage of policemen moving away demonstrators.

36. Interior. Beckett's House. Day.

A news broadcast is going on, while MRS BECKETT sits and knits baby clothes.

NEWSREADER Since the expiry of the deadline at noon yesterday, there have been intense diplomatic efforts to mediate between the two countries.

There is still no information from Iran itself. No news items have been allowed in or out of the country since phone and telex links were cut on Friday evening.

Questioned in the House this morning, the Foreign Secretary said he had no definite news to report and that it would be unhelpful to speculate in the absence of any hard information from the area.

37. Documentary footage.

News footage of a man in a street, watching as a convoy of heavy machinery passes. We see aeroplanes, and a long queue at a supermarket checkout. The newsreader's voice continues over this.

NEWSREADER There's been a run on tinned food, sugar and other storable items, which is causing shortages in some areas. Spokesmen for the main supermarket chains have said that panic buying is unnecessary.

38. Interior. Local Supermarket. Day.

The interior of a small supermarket. The shelves are half empty of goods. The place is crowded and the customers are filling their baskets with what is left. There is an air of tension in the shop. The newsreader's voice continues over this.

NEWSREADER Fuel shortages are hindering resupply in some areas but overall there is no shortage of stocks.

MR KEMP is one of the customers filling his basket with what is left on the shelves. At the checkout, a woman is arguing with MR HASLAM the shopkeeper.

WOMAN 40p! That's scandalous. They were only 26p last week.

MR HASLAM You can always shop somewhere else, you know, if you're not satisfied.

MR KEMP Honestly! There's a national emergency on and all you can think about is lining your pockets.

MR HASLAM Look, nobody's forcing you to buy them. Put them back on the shelf if you don't want them.

WOMAN Yes, I will. I'd sooner starve first. Excuse me.

As she goes to put them back, a TEENAGE BOY puts his head round the door. Finding who he's looking for, he calls out.

BOY They've started fighting, Mum.

WOMAN Who has?

BOY The Americans and the Russians. It's just been on the news. My dad says you've to come home now.

There is immediate consternation in the shop as everyone starts talking and worrying. The WOMAN immediately makes for the door, still carrying her basket of goods. Everybody follows her, none of them stopping to pay for their goods.

MR HASLAM Hey! You haven't paid for them things.

But he is too late. Nobody takes any notice of him, and they all rush out of the shop.

39. Exterior. Supermarket. Day.

The customers are emerging from the shop, clutching groceries and stuffing them into their bags, and running in all directions. One woman pushes a loaded trolley down the street. As the street empties, the newsreader's voice comes over the scene.

NEWSREADER In response to today's news of the outbreak of hostilities between vessels of the United States and Soviet Navies, a special session of Parliament has this evening passed an Emergency Powers Act.

40. Exterior. Kemps' garden. Night.

We are in the garden of the Kemps' house. Through the wire of the cage we see JIMMY in the aviary. On the shelf there is a book, beer and a radio. We hear the radio news.

NEWSREADER There will be a special announcement at the end of this bulletin, and details will be given of how this affects you. The Prime Minister is expected to address the nation on the international crisis later this evening.

A statement issued earlier from Downing Street said the Government is optimistic that a peaceful negotiated settlement to the conflict is at hand. In the meantime, the public is urged to remain calm and to continue normally.

41. Documentary Footage.

Police cars roar through the streets at night, sirens wailing. People move about in the yellow glow of the street lights. Shouts and screams can be heard near a broken shop window, smashed by someone on the rampage for food. Policemen carry away demonstrators.

42. Interior. Kemps' house. Night.

The Kemps' bedroom. MR AND MRS KEMP are lying in bed, awake but silent: neither can sleep. Outside there are shouts and screams as people rush about the streets.

MRS KEMP You alright, luv?

MR KEMP It's noisy.

MRS KEMP Must be pubs turning out.

MR KEMP turns to look at the bedside clock. Its face shows 0040 hours—way past pub closing time. The Kemps lie in silence.

43. Exterior. Kemps' house. Day.

Caption: 'Tuesday May 24th'.

MR KEMP comes out of the house to collect the milk. He looks tired, after a sleepless night. From indoors we can hear the sound of a radio.

RADIO . . . Nevertheless, people are alarmed at what they see as a
INTERVIEWER lack of advice or information from the Government.

MINISTER The policy of the Government is quite clear on the matter, we're urging people to keep calm, use their commonsense and go about their business as normal. Panic can only make matters worse. We all know the situation is serious but we are in constant touch with our allies in Washington and have firm assurance that it's under control.

The radio conversation fades down, so that we can hear the conversation between MR KEMP and his neighbour MR

STOTHARD. *The Stothards have been packing their car, getting ready to evacuate their house. Elsewhere on the street we see people with suitcases: the normally quiet road is busy with traffic.*

MR KEMP Doing a moonlight flit, then?

MR STOTHARD No. We're going to our Jack's in Lincolnshire while things get sorted out. I reckon we'll be safer over there.

MRS STOTHARD *(to her daughter, who is playing in the doorway)* Carol, will you stop messing about there and come inside the house and do something to help.

MR KEMP It'll not be safe anywhere as far as I can see.

MR STOTHARD I don't know, but there's better chance of surviving out in the country, really haven't we? I mean, where our Jack lives there's only a row of houses and a pub. I don't think they're going to bomb that, are they?

MRS STOTHARD Well, I think that's about it, Ron. Carol.

MR STOTHARD Have you turned that gas off?

MR KEMP I hope so. We don't want the whole street blowing up while you're away.

MR STOTHARD Come on, Carol!

CAROL *(from inside)* Spot, I'm coming. *(She appears at the door).* I can't find our Spot.

MRS STOTHARD Well, he was here a minute ago, wan't he? Have you looked inside the house?

CAROL I've looked upstairs, along the street, next door neighbour's garden, all over.

MRS STOTHARD Honestly, it's ridiculous all this. Spot!

MR STOTHARD Come on. Come on, we're going without him.

CAROL He'll be here in a minute, I know he will be. Spot!

MR STOTHARD Well, we're not standing about here all day waiting for a bloody dog. Get in. Carol, get in.

The family gets in the car, and finally the dog appears and jumps in with them.

Come on. Get in, you bloody thing. See you, then, Bill.

MR KEMP

Let's hope so.

MR KEMP picks up the milk and goes back into the house, shutting the door. As he does so, the sound of the radio—which has been heard very faintly throughout this scene, as the minister and the interviewer discuss the recent mobilisation of British troops—fades up once more.

RADIO

INTERVIEWER

Thank you, Minister. And we've just had a newsflash from Bonn that the Russians have cut the road links into and out of West Berlin. Rail and air communications with the city have apparently also been severed. Details are still coming in, but it seems an American convoy, bound for West Berlin, has been turned back at Helmstedt on the East German border. Unconfirmed reports say the Russians have offered safe passage out of the city to the U.S., British and French garrisons. It's not clear yet if this move is connected with yesterday's riots in East Germany. We'll bring you more details on the story as soon as we have them.

44. Interior. Mr Sutton's Office. Later that morning.

MR SUTTON is working at his desk in his office. The telephone rings and he picks it up. As he speaks, we see the photograph of his wife on the desk.

MR SUTTON

Sutton here. . . Yes, I understand. Do I have to go right away? . . . No? When? . . . Yes, I see. . .

He puts the receiver down.

45. Various.

JIMMY is working at the joinery. Hospital ambulances are moving down the roads.

NEWSREADER

Local authorities have been given the power to suspend certain peacetime functions and to requisition premises and materials for civil defence purposes. A government

spokesman said that this was a precautionary move only. It was not a cause for alarm.

46. Documentary footage.

Captions over the footage read: 'U.S. Carrier "Kittyhawk" sunk in Persian Gulf'. 'American air and naval blockade of Cuba', 'Anti-Soviet demonstrations in U.S. cities'. 'Damage to Russian Consulates'. 'Further riots in East Germany'.

47. Documentary footage.

A large hospital is being evacuated. Patients are being carried into ambulances on stretchers and wheelchairs.

Superimposed caption: 'Hospitals cleared for expected casualties'.

48. Exterior. Beckett's House. Day.

MR AND MRS BECKETT are helping MR BECKETT'S MOTHER up the steps of the house. She looks frail and ill and moves slowly, for she has just come out of hospital.

Cut to documentary footage of heavy traffic, people in the streets listening to radios, queues for petrol and 'Closed' signs outside garages with policemen guarding them.

NEWSREADER *(voice-over)* The AA and RAC have reported heavy congestion on roads up and down the country, particularly those leading to Wales and the West Country. The police are urging motorists not to travel unless absolutely necessary and, if it is essential, to use only minor roads and leave motorways and inter-city trunk routes clear for official traffic. A full list of designated essential service routes is posted outside your local authority headquarters. It includes the M1, M18, A63 and A629.

49. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

Caption: 'Emergency powers. (1) Key points guarded. (2) Known and potential subversives arrested'.

We see policemen arresting people and putting them in the back of police transit vans. One of the people arrested is the WOMAN SPEAKER from the rally. She is pushed into a police car and driven away.

50. Exterior. Motorway: Day.

'There is a huge traffic jam on the motorway. Policemen are speaking to people in cars. One POLICEMAN is using a loudhailer.

POLICEMAN *(loudhailer)* This is an Essential Service Route. This is an Essential Service Route. Unless you have official or essential business, please find an alternative route.

We see that the Stothards' car is among the rest. A POLICEMAN approaches them, and MR STOTHARD winds down the window.

MR STOTHARD We're trying to get across to relatives in Lincolnshire.

POLICEMAN Not this way you're not. Essential services only. You'll have to find another route I'm afraid.

MR STOTHARD Well that's bloody ridiculous. You can't just stop people like that. . .

Two people are trying to make their way on foot. ANOTHER POLICEMAN walks over to stop them.

POLICEMAN Excuse me, where are you going? I'm sorry luv, you can't go up there. You'll have to go back.

Cut back to the Stothards.

POLICEMAN I tell you what. . .

MR STOTHARD *(interrupting)* You can't just stop people like that.

POLICEMAN I tell you what, try junction 35 or 36 of the M1. They've opened up the hard shoulder for single line traffic only. But you can imagine what it'll be like—it'll be chock-a-block. If I was you I'd go home and sit tight. That's what they're advising people to do.

The POLICEMAN walks off and MR STOTHARD winds up the window of the car.

POLICEMAN *(loudhailer)* This is an Essential Service Route. This is an Essential Service Route. Unless you have official or essential business, please find an alternative route. This route is for essential traffic only.

51. Interior. Town Hall, Sheffield. Day.

Caption: 'Wednesday May 25th'.

In Mr Sutton's office the television is on, showing the breakfast time news. We see that there is a camp-bed in the room; MR SUTTON has been sleeping on it.

NEWSREADER There's growing evidence tonight from scientists and observers in many countries that there have been two nuclear explosions in the Middle East. There's no official confirmation of what has happened and the Foreign Office in London say they have no comment on the report. The evidence all points to two major explosions on. . .

The voice fades to a faint background noise, analysing the reports from the Middle East.

Meanwhile MRS SUTTON is packing a suitcase for her husband. MR SUTTON is on the telephone, holding on for the person at the other end.

MRS SUTTON I've put half a dozen in. I can fetch some more if you like.

MR SUTTON No, that'll be plenty. *(Into telephone)* Well, tell him to improvise, then! Right. *(He hangs up.)*

MRS SUTTON Clive, you don't think anything's really going to happen, do you?

MR SUTTON No, it's just a precaution, that's all.

MRS SUTTON Have you had a shave this morning? You should never have said you'd do it. You don't have to. You won't get the sack if you refuse.

MR SUTTON Look, Marjorie. It's difficult for me as well, you know. I don't want to go and leave you and the children.

MRS SUTTON Well then, why are you going?

MR SUTTON Well, somebody's to pick up the pieces if. . . Look, why didn't you say something before if you were worried about it? You never said anything when I went away on those courses.

The telephone rings, and MR SUTTON answers it.

Sutton here. . . Yes, in about half an hour's time.

He covers the mouthpiece and turns to his wife.

I should be getting off now if I were you. The roads'll be getting busy.

Continuing on telephone.

Use your common sense, man. Well, how should I know?

MRS SUTTON, upset and worried, is doing up the washbag.

Marjorie, leave that. I'll ring you later.

Yes. . . Yes. . .

MR SUTTON puts family photographs in his case.

52. Exterior. Sheffield City Centre. Day.

Documentary footage of policemen all in a line. Then we cut to a rally in the centre of the city, where a TRADE UNIONIST is speaking to a large crowd.

TRADE UNIONIST It is imperative while there is still time left that the TUC call a general strike in protest against this disaster which faces us all.

VOICE FROM CROWD That's what destroyed this country!

TRADE UNIONIST There is still time to avert disaster if we act resolutely and show both the Americans and the Russians that we will have no truck with their warmongering.

MAN IN CROWD What about the Falklands?

TRADE UNIONIST There's nobody more patriotic than me, mate! I've been trying to get us out of the Common Market for bloody years!

The crowd are becoming more noisy and restless. As the police move further in to try and disperse the rally, scuffles break out and things get more chaotic.

TRADE UNIONIST Please, do not play into their hands. This is a peaceful demonstration. We are exercising our right of free speech. The police have no right to stop this demonstration.

Amidst the chaos we catch sight of a street trader selling tin openers.

TRADER Tin openers! £1.50 a go. Come on, all of you, £1.50. It could save your life.

53. Interior. Art Gallery. Day.

Two attendants are taking down pictures from the walls of the city art gallery and are carefully loading them onto a trolley. We see a Lowry painting. The riot noise can be heard from outside, and we cut to documentary footage of the riots.

54. Interior. Control Room. Day.

A dimly lit corridor. MR SUTTON comes downstairs into the control room. The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT comes to meet him.

MR SUTTON Morning, Alan.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT Morning, Clive.

MR SUTTON What's it like in there?

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT Oh, a bit primitive—take a look.

MR SUTTON Ah well, we'll get it organized.

Carries on walking. STEVE, a young man with a clipboard, stands in the doorway. Inside the control room there are

people busy doing jobs, setting up various machines and so on.

Where the hell is everybody? There's only half of them here.

**CHIEF
SUPERINTNDT** You know Steve, the Information Officer?

MR SUTTON Where the hell is everybody?

STEVE Geoff just rang in to say his car's broken down. . .

MR SUTTON Well, that's no good, is it? How many are we missing?

STEVE Ten.

MR SUTTON Well, get on the phone and tell them I want them here immediately.

STEVE Right.

MR SUTTON Which is my desk?

**CHIEF
SUPERINTNDT** It's straight through. Mind your head.

MR SUTTON I don't see any sign of the Emergency Committee, do you?

**CHIEF
SUPERINTNDT** You know what bloody councillors are like.

MR SUTTON They're not getting paid for this lot, are they?

**CHIEF
SUPERINTNDT** Well, this is it. Best I could do.

He walks away. A man with a clipboard comes up to MR SUTTON and shakes hands with him.

**MEDICAL
OFFICER** Dr Carlton. Regional Health Authority.

MR SUTTON How do you do? How's thing going?

**MEDICAL
OFFICER** We're doing our best.

MR SUTTON Good.

COMMENTARY (*voice-over*). In the last few days. Emergency Headquarters like this one have been hastily improvised up and down the country in the basements of town halls and civic centres.

We see everyone trying to settle into the Emergency Headquarters. Bunk beds are being set up in one room, and a man brings in a portable loo.

55. Interior. The empty flat. Night.

Documentary footage: planes taking off.

JIMMY and RUTH are stripping the walls of the bedroom in their new flat. A transistor radio is broadcasting the Protect and Survive information. RUTH is deeply upset by what she is hearing.

BROADCASTER The time has now come to make everything ready for you and your family in case an air attack happens. This does not mean war is bound to come, but there is a risk of this and we must all be prepared.

Sound of siren warning.

When you hear the attack warning you and your family must take cover at once. Do not stay out of doors. If you are caught in the open, lie down.

JIMMY is working, oblivious of RUTH.

JIMMY Will you pass us that er. . .

He turns and sees RUTH is crying. He goes to her, takes her in his arms and tries to comfort her.

BROADCASTER If you leave your home your Local Authority might take it over for homeless families and if you move the authorities in the new place will not help you with food, accommodation or other essentials. You are better off in your own home. Stay there.

We cut to an external shot of their block of flats, with just their light on.

56. Exterior. Sheffield. Night.

Caption: '10.30 p.m. Fire Engines deployed to safety'.

A line of fire engines all leave the station and drive off, with lights flashing but no sirens. A small boy watches, fascinated; from a doorway as the fire engines go down the street and round the corner, and the doors of the fire station close.

57. Exterior. Kemps' street. Day.

Caption: 'Thursday May 26th, 08.00'.

Day is starting in the Kemps' street. A MILKMAN is beginning his round, delivering to various houses. Over this we hear a public information broadcast.

BROADCASTER If anyone dies while you are kept in your fallout room, move the body to another room in the house. Label the body with name and address and cover it as tightly as possible in polythene paper, sheets or blankets. If, however, you have had a body in the house for more than five days and if it is safe to go outside, then you should bury the body for the time being in a trench or cover it with earth and mark the spot of the burial.

Alison comes out of the newsagent's, reading a comic. She takes her bicycle and wheels it away.

58. Interior. Becketts' house. Day.

In the bathroom, RUTH is being sick. The public information broadcast continues from the previous scene.

BROADCASTER Here are some ideas for making your inner refuge. One. Make a 'lean-to' with sloping doors or strong boards rested against an inner wall. Prevent them from slipping by fixing a length of wood along the floor. Build further protection of bags or boxes of earth or sand, or books, or even clothing, on the slope of your refuge, and anchor these also against slipping. Partly close. . .

The broadcast continues behind the scene.

Meanwhile RUTH has come downstairs. She enters the kitchen, where MR BECKETT is studying his paper, which has Protect and Survive information printed in it. MRS BECKETT is preparing breakfast.

MRS BECKETT Are you alright, love?

RUTH I've just been sick again. I feel awful. I think I'll go back to bed.

MRS BECKETT Don't worry about it. It'll only last for a week or two. I'd better ring work for you and tell them you're not coming in.

RUTH If there's anybody there. There were only one or two in yesterday.

MRS BECKETT is trying to telephone.

MRS BECKETT It's worse than before. I can't get anything now. The line's dead.

MR BECKETT I think we ought to be getting the rest of the things down the cellar now.

Caption: 'Emergency Powers: Non-essential phones disconnected'.

59. Interior. Bunker.

People are trying to organize themselves in the bunker. Some study papers, others are on the telephone. Maps and charts are now on the walls and Protect and Survive information is being broadcast on the television. A speaker, which emits a continual tone, is being labelled 'Attack Warning'. The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT and the INFORMATION OFFICER are amongst those on the telephone.

CHIEF SUPERINTNDT Hello, County. This is Sheffield District. Testing, 1, 2, 3, 4. Please report my signal. Over.

INFORMATION OFFICER . . . well whose bloody responsibility is it, then? . . . Look, we've all got families. . . Look, just get down here, there's nine other people. . .

CHIEF SUPERINTNDT Look, I've got a serious public order problem. I need at

least an extra six PSUs. . . Yeah but when? . . . Look, I'm using traffic wardens already. . . Alright, then I'll have to swear in some special constables.

COMMENTARY Many of these officers have had no training at all: Some have learned of their emergency role only in the last few days—and almost all are unsure of their exact duties.

60. Interior. Kemps' house. Day.

MRS KEMP is going to and from the kitchen, trying to clear the breakfast table, while MR KEMP is unhinging a door to make a shelter. ALISON is worried about getting to school and MICHAEL is wandering about reading. In the living room the television is on, broadcasting Protect and Survive information on how to build an 'inner refuge'. An air of chaos and confusion hangs over the household.

MR KEMP I suppose I ought to take this one off as well.

MRS KEMP You what! It'll get scratched to bits, and it's only just been painted, Bill.

MR KEMP It's better than getting blown to pieces, isn't it?

ALISON Have I to go to school, then, Mum? I'm going to be late.

MRS KEMP I don't know. What did it say on the telly? I can't remember whether it said the schools were closed or not.

MICHAEL Oh, they're closed. It said so on the news. We've to stay at home.

ALISON Are you sure?

MICHAEL 'Course I am. It said they were sending notes out to all the parents. . .

MR KEMP Bloody hell, this is tight.

ALISON Great! We had a history test this morning.

MRS KEMP *(shouting from the kitchen)* Alison, run down to Kirby's and see if they've got any food left.

ALISON Like what?

- MRS KEMP** Anything. Bread, tinned stuff. Bring whatever you can and take my purse.
- MICHAEL** Dad, are you going to build one of these in here?
- MRS KEMP** Over my dead body he is. I want to know something more definite before we start ripping this place to pieces.
- MICHAEL** Can I help you? It'll be great. I'll be able to sleep in it. It'll be like going camping.

61. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

A television screen is showing an information film on fallout.

- TELEVISION
SOUNDTRACK** The most widespread danger is fallout. Fallout is dust that is sucked up from the ground after an explosion. Fallout can kill. . .

We discover that the television screen is in a shop window. A crowd of people are staring at it. All the other television sets in the shop window are showing the same programme.

In Sheffield town centre, people are queuing outside banks and cash points.

- COMMENTARY** (*voice over*). It's 8.30 a.m.—3.30 in the morning in Washington. Over the past four days, neither the President nor his senior staff will have had more than a few hours rest.

This is when they may be asleep. This is when western responses will be slowest.

62. Interior. Bunker.

The FOOD OFFICER is briefing the other officers in the bunker.

- FOOD OFFICER** As we expected, nearly all the supermarket shelves are empty but we've managed to get the warehouses controlled by the police. As yet we haven't located all the root vegetable clumps on local farms but stocks of sugar, wheat, flour and rice are quite good. . .

Suddenly the Attack Warning alarm begins to give short, sharp bursts of tone.

WOMAN That's it.

VOICE FROM SPEAKER Attack warning red. Attack warning red. *(This is repeated.)*

MALE OFFICER Attack warning. Is it for real?

ANOTHER OFFICER Attack warning. It's for bloody real!

MR SUTTON Right, get to your stations. . . Get that generator going. . . and shut the doors.

There is a lot of action, confusion and slight panic in the bunker. We hear the Chief Superintendent on the radio.

CHIEF SUPERINTNDT . . . well get your heads down!

63. Exterior. Joinery. Day.

In the joinery yard, BOB is on the lorry and JIMMY standing at the side. A group of men are clustered round them, demanding wood.

JIMMY Look, we can't sell you any timber. You'll have to see bosses about it. . . it's a bloody joinery, not a timber yard.

A siren sounds. The group of men stand for a moment, not knowing what to do. JIMMY reacts first, pulling BOB down from the lorry, scattering the men.

JIMMY Come on! Quick, get down.

They both get underneath the lorry.

64. Various shots of Sheffield. Day.

People are screaming and running in all directions, not knowing what to do. A police car moves down a street, its siren going.

Caption: '08.35: single warhead explodes high above

North Sea. Energy pulse burns out many electrical systems'.

Power lines arc and flash and a domestic iron blows up. We cut back to JIMMY and BOB under the lorry with their hands over their heads.

Caption: 'Massive damage to communications across Britain and North West Europe'.

A transistor blows up and a computer in the bunker goes dead. Someone starts trying to make it work.

**MAN IN
BUNKER**

These are gone. Everything's dead. Why didn't you pull the bloody aerial out? . . . Move that, come on!

65. Documentary footage.

Deserted gatehouses at RAF Finningley. A plane takes off.

Caption: '08.37. First missile salvo hits NATO military targets'.

Cut to the planes. Another siren is sounding, and a mushroom cloud goes up in the sky.

66. Montage sequence.

A great flash occurs and we see people in the city centre dazzled by the light. Their faces are screwed up and they try to shield their eyes with their hands. A car skids off the road and into a wall.

In the Kemps' house, MR KEMP is on the toilet.

MR KEMP

Bloody hell!

He hurriedly pulls up his trousers.

In the Becketts' house, MR AND MRS BECKETT are helping GRANNY BECKETT down the stairs.

GRANNY

Hold on, Gordon, you're going too fast.

The mushroom cloud again; faces appear with disbelief and

terror on them. A woman wets herself. The blast wave arrives, creating smoke and flying debris. The screams get worse.

JIMMY and BOB are still lying under the lorry surrounded by dust and a rushing wind.

In the Kemps' house MRS KEMP is holding MICHAEL tightly to her, to try and shield him from the blast.

In the Becketts' house MR AND MRS BECKETT are helping the old lady down the stairs of the cellar.

67. Exterior. Joinery. Day.

JIMMY and BOB are flat on their faces under the lorry. All around them there is screaming, windows smashing and dogs barking. JIMMY raises his head.

JIMMY *Come on, that'll only be the start of it.*

He scrambles out from under the lorry, pulling BOB with him. As they stand they look to the sky and see the mushroom clouds rising above Sheffield. BOB stares in sheer disbelief.

BOB *Jesus Christ! They've done it. They've done it.*

JIMMY runs off.

BOB *Where are you going?*

JIMMY *(getting into his car) I'm going to try to get to Ruth. See if she's alright.*

He tries to start it but without success.

Come on! . . . Oh shit!

He gets out and runs off, leaving BOB still standing, rooted to the spot. We follow JIMMY, running through the smoky streets, past panic-stricken people and scenes of devastation. JIMMY is impervious to it all.

68. Interior. Kemps' house. Day.

There is frantic activity as MR AND MRS KEMP try to build

a shelter in the room. They have a door against the wall and various blankets and bundles of clothes lying about the place. MR KEMP is carrying a mattress.

MR KEMP No, that's wrong—get all that stuff off. We've got to get the mattress on the bottom. That's right. Put it there. Right, build it up.

Starts to frantically put clothes and blankets over the shelter.

MRS KEMP *(crying)* JIMMY and ALISON. . .

MR KEMP Build it up!

69. Interior. The bunker control room. Day.

Some officers and others are crowded around the map and chart on the wall. Everyone is talking, on radios and telephones, or to each other. Everyone is frightened. We hear snatches of conversation, relating mainly to the map and chart.

TRANSPORT OFFICER What's that? . . . There's nothing there. . . Is it a power station?

FOOD OFFICER No, that's up at Ferrybridge.

SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR According to County they've hit Finningley. . . Bawtry. . .

ACCOMMODATION OFFICER What about Doncaster. . . 5803. . . where's 58. . . ?

WORKS OFFICER They're bound to have copped it, aren't they? It's just up the road from Finningley.

SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR There's something on the airport, I think.

Caption: 'Eighty megatons fall on UK'.

70. Montage sequence.

The mushroom cloud. People in pain and rushing about. JIMMY is still running along the street.

Caption: 'Blast casualties between two-and-a-half and nine million'.

In the Becketts' house they are still on the cellar steps. MRS BECKETT is shining a torch.

MR BECKETT Shine the torch further down, love. Ruth!

RUTH is standing at the top of the cellar steps, doing nothing.

MR BECKETT Come down here and give us a hand. Ruth! Come and help with your grandmother.

RUTH slips out of the house. We see JIMMY running in the streets.

Caption: 'Communications in chaos'.

Inside the Kemps' house they are still trying to build the shelter. MRS KEMP is crying.

Caption: 'Command and control links failing'.

Outside in the street, people are running around. Among them is RUTH, running away from the house. She collides with someone, enabling MR BECKETT to catch up with her. Protesting, she allows him to take her back to the house.

The mushroom cloud again.

Caption: 'Nuclear exchanges escalate'.

JIMMY is running through the streets, trying to get to Ruth's house. By now he is looking tired.

A series of images of Sheffield come on screen, showing steelworks and power stations.

Caption: 'Priority economic targets: Energy, Steel, Chemicals'.

In the Kemps' back garden MICHAEL is sitting in the ruins of the aviary, crying. Some of the birds are dead. Inside the house, MRS KEMP suddenly realizes MICHAEL is not with them. She calls his name.

As she does so the screen goes white as a one-megaton bomb airbursts over the Sheffield/Rotherham industrial area.

A series of effects: a toy model of E.T. melts; milk bottles on the doorstep boil and explode; Mrs Kemp's clothes and the curtains are on fire. Then the blast wave hits the house: the window bursts inwards and everything is obscured as debris rains down and objects fly in all directions.

71. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

A series of images of Sheffield after the blast has hit: the smoke of the mushroom cloud rises. Houses, flats and shops blow up—among them 'Woolworths' and 'British Home Stores'. Buildings collapse.

72. Interior. Bunker control room.

As the blast hits, the bunker shudders and plaster and debris fall down. A large beam falls, hitting someone on the head. Screams ring out and the lights fail.

Caption: 'East-West exchange three thousand megatons. Two hundred and ten megatons fall on UK'.

Caption: 'Two-thirds of houses in Britain within possible fire zones'.

73. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

After the blast. We see the details of the burning ruins of Sheffield: liquid gushes from pipes; a milk float burns; a figure crawls through the ruins; a teddy bear is on fire; a bus is on its side, burning amongst other vehicles. A bicycle is wedged in a tree on fire. An injured cat staggers and falls dead; a charred hand reaches from the rubble; blood gushes out from the bricks; charred and burning corpses lie among the devastation.

74. Interior. Bunker.

Caption: 'Fallout imminent. Firefighting and rescue attempts unlikely'.

Chaos reigns in the bunker, which is initially lit by a couple

of candles. The generator is turned on, revealing dust, plaster and debris everywhere. Everybody is trying to get organised—attempting, without much success—to use the radios and telephones.

MR SUTTON Well done, Gordon. How long can you keep that going?

VOICE We've diesel for two weeks if we're careful.

A man has been hurt by a fallen beam. The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT and the MEDICAL OFFICER kneel to tend to him.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT First aid kit, quickly!

INFORMATION OFFICER We've lost County again, I think. Aerials must have blown. They're on the roof.

MR SUTTON Can you raise any of the districts? . . . Well, what about the radio hams? Can we improvise an aerial?

OFFICER Well, we'll try.

The MEDICAL OFFICER is still tending the wounded man.

VOICE Where the hell's the first aid kit?

VOICE It's on the shelf at the back.

SHOUT FROM THE BACK It's all blocked out here. I can't shift a thing.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT How is he?

MEDICAL OFFICER He's dead.

SHOUT FROM THE BACK I can't find this first aid kit.

MEDICAL OFFICER Forget the first aid kit. Bring me something to cover him up with.

75. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

The city is burning.

76. Interior. Kemps' house.

In a very smoky living room MR AND MRS KEMP are huddled in their makeshift shelter, which has been badly damaged. MRS KEMP keeps murmuring MICHAEL's name. MR KEMP coughs badly and dabs at MRS KEMP's burns, which are severe. She cries out from the agonizing pain.

77. Interior. The Becketts' cellar.

The cellar is in darkness.

MR BECKETT. Everybody alright?

No reply.

Mother?

MR BECKETT shines his torch about, revealing RUTH crying and huddled in a corner, then MRS BECKETT, who is coughing and trying to mend her glasses, which have been smashed in the chaos. MR BECKETT takes her hand in comfort. Suddenly the cellar is struck by another tremor. There are screams and plaster and bricks fall.

MRS BECKETT Isn't it ever going to stop?

78. Interior. Bunker.

In the bunker they are experiencing the same tremor as the Becketts.

SOMEONE Jesus Christ. Not another one.

Static bursts on the radio.

SOMEONE It's the Stocksbridge police.

The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT is trying to carry on a conversation with someone on the radio, but the connection is very poor.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDT What about rescue? Is there anything you can do?
Over.

Meanwhile, the MEDICAL OFFICER and ANOTHER MAN are putting a dead body into bin liners.

MEDICAL OFFICER Get me another bin liner.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDT What's your radiac reading? I repeat—what's your radiac reading? Over. . . A hundred. . . It's too high. You've got to get your men under cover. Can you. . . could you. . . can you get us through to County Central Headquarters? . . . Over. Can you patch us through, over? Stocksbridge, are you receiving me, over? . . . We've lost them.

At another radio set, the INFORMATION OFFICER is having a conversation which can just be heard.

INFORMATION OFFICER What about Division Street and Elm Lane? Have you heard anything from there?

RADIO VOICE Not a thing. They'll be totally wiped out. I should think, judging by what it's like here.

VOICE Hey! We've got a fire station.

REPLY Where?

VOICE High Green, I think. We've got a D.F.O. coming through!

Other officers are trying to get the INFORMATION OFFICER to ask questions.

INFORMATION OFFICER What about Hillsborough and Stocksbridge?

RADIO VOICE Nothing from Hillsborough, but Stocksbridge not too bad. . . Windows blown in and structural damage, but not too bad.

INFORMATION OFFICER Windows blown in that far out. Jesus Christ!

MANPOWER OFFICER Ask him where that last one was! Ask him where that last one was!

MR SUTTON is sitting in his chair, looking up at the air vent, which is billowing out dust.

MR SUTTON Switch that thing off will you, Gordon?

79. Various shots of fallout.

The fallout plume. Dust settles on broken windows and doors.

COMMENTARY The first fallout dust settles on Sheffield. It's an hour and twenty-five minutes after the attack. An explosion on the ground at Crewe has sucked up this debris and made it radioactive. The wind has blown it here.

This level of attack has broken most of the windows in Britain. Many roofs are open to the sky. Some of the lethal dust gets in.

In these early stages, the symptoms of radiation sickness and the symptoms of panic are identical.

Inside the Kemps' shelter, MR KEMP is being violently sick into his handkerchief.

80. Interior. Becketts' cellar.

In the dimly-lit cellar, MR BECKETT is at the lavatory bucket being sick. MRS BECKETT is tending to GRANNY. RUTH is huddled in a blanket, drinking out of a bottle.

MR BECKETT Are you alright, Ruth? Ruth?

RUTH What?

MR BECKETT Are you feeling alright?

GRANNY I couldn't help it. It just came on. . .

MRS BECKETT Don't worry about it, love. It's not your fault. We've all got it. It's the shock.

GRANNY I know, but I feel so ashamed. . .

MRS BECKETT It's the shock. It's the shock, isn't it, Gordon? Come on, lie down.

GRANNY Messing the bed at my age. It's like being a little baby again.

MRS BECKETT Ruth, come and help me to clean grandma up.

RUTH makes no attempt to move, but carries on drinking.

MRS BECKETT Ruth, be careful with that, lovey, you don't know how long it's going to have to last us.

MR BECKETT Go on, Ruth, don't just sit there. Do something for once.

We hear MR BECKETT being sick again. RUTH gets up and goes to help her mother, but as soon as the blankets are drawn back she retches violently and turns away. The sight and the smell are too much for her.

81. Interior. Kemps' house.

Caption: 'Friday May 27th. Attack plus one day'.

Inside the shelter we hear MRS KEMP whimpering in great pain: her burns have turned septic.

MRS KEMP Michael. Michael. I've got to find him.

MR KEMP You, you stop here and I'll go and look for him.

MRS KEMP No, no. I want to come. I want to go as well.

MR KEMP You stop here, luv. I'll only be out a few minutes. No need to look. Stop here, luv.

MRS KEMP I've got to come. Help me.

The both struggle from their shelter. Outside they are confronted by a scene of complete devastation.

MR KEMP Oh my god! Michael. . . Michael!

Frantically, they search for their son, scrabbling at the rubble. They do not have long to search before they see MICHAEL's foot sticking out from under the debris.

82. Interior. Bunker.

Caption: 'Sunday May 29th. Attack plus three days'.

We see the ventilator. Nearby a man is lying collapsed on the floor. There is a lot of noise and general hubbub. Someone is trying to communicate on the radio.

- VOICE** ... for two days... Well, who the hell else have you tried?... Well, send another motorcycle.
- ANOTHER VOICE** There are no roads left.
- The SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR and MR SUTTON are looking over a map. On MR SUTTON's desk is a photograph of his wife.*
- SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR** All the people here will be dead already. It's completely flattened round here. About 50% will still be alive but here they're as good as dead already. They've probably received a lethal dose.
- MR SUTTON** What about here?
- He is pointing to the village where he lived.*
- SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR** It'll be really heavy there. If the wind's still blowing from the West South West, it's in a direct line from Crewe. Eight hundred rads? A thousand? Difficult to say. Depends on what sort of cover they've got. Of course, if they've got a decent cellar...
- Around them, lots of people are shouting and arguing about a variety of subjects.*
- OFFICER** You're wanted on the radio.
- WORKS OFFICER** There's no way of getting anything out. According to the re...
- OFFICER ON RADIO** Yeah, Yes. I'll pass the message on.
- WORKS OFFICER** What am I expected to do?
- TRANSPORT OFFICER** What about Knutton Road and Grenoside? What's it like there?
- The man from the radio comes up with a message on a piece of paper.*
- MAN FROM RADIO** Hey, listen. I've got a message from Rivelin Valley police, they've managed to get through to Beauchief Works

Dept. They've got some vehicles on the road but they're nearly out of fuel.

**WORKS
OFFICER**

Well, what the bloody hell have they been doing with it?

**MAN FROM
RADIO**

They didn't tell me. They just said they want to know if they can get some more and they've got no food.

**MANPOWER
OFFICER**

Any chance of getting through to County?

**MEDICAL
OFFICER**

Look, I've got. . .

**WORKS
OFFICER**

Just let me get on with it. O.K.?

83. Exterior. Food warehouse. Day.

Caption: 'Attack plus one week. Food stores controlled by central government representatives'.

Outside a food warehouse a soldier is standing guard. Another is measuring the radiation with a radiac meter.

Caption: 'No food distribution likely until two weeks after attack'.

84. Interior. Becketts' cellar.

Shot of a filthy lavatory bucket. Cut from that to where MR AND MRS BECKETT are preparing a meal out of a can. MR BECKETT puts a small amount on a plate for Granny.

MR BECKETT Here you are, mother, something to eat for you. . . Better leave her. The rest will do her good.

No reply from GRANNY.

MRS BECKETT Well, at least it won't go cold. Ruth? Ruth, love.

She offers RUTH the food.

RUTH *(sobbing and crying)*. No.

MRS BECKETT Come on, love. You'll have to eat something.

Ruth shakes her head.

MRS BECKETT But you'll have to, love. It's not just for you now, you know. The baby needs some food as well. Come on.

RUTH I don't care about this baby any more. I wish it was dead.

MRS BECKETT Oh, Ruth. Don't say things like that.

RUTH There's no point! There's no point with Jimmy dead.

MRS BECKETT You don't know Jimmy's dead, love.

RUTH He is! I know he is!

MRS BECKETT But you can't be certain.

RUTH We're breathing in all this radiation. All the time my baby.

She turns away in tears.

MRS BECKETT What do you mean?

RUTH It'll be deformed.

Cut away to exterior shot of ruins.

85. Interior. The Kemps' shelter.

In the shelter MR KEMP is being sick into a handkerchief; MRS KEMP is delirious.

MRS KEMP Michael, Michael. Jimmy and Alison... all dead... all three dead.

MR KEMP Oh no, we don't know that. They might be safe somewhere.

MRS KEMP I wish it were me... I wish I were dead.

MR KEMP *(bursting into tears)* I wish I were dead.

86. Interior. The bunker.

Two officers are trying to clear rubble from the entrance. The MEDICAL OFFICER is giving a man a drink. Everyone

is dirty, the men unshaven. Various discussions and arguments are going on.

VOICE Watch that bloody water.

VOICE How far does this go back?

VOICE There's four floors come down on this lot. It could go back for yards and yards.

There are problems with the ventilator.

VOICE Try it again, Gordon.

VOICE Still nothing coming through. It must be blocked further up.

The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT is on the radio.

**CHIEF
SUPERINTENDENT** Well, when will you be able to get to us?

RADIO VOICE We can't get lifting gear through.

**CHIEF
SUPERINTENDENT** What about the army? What about military help?

RADIO VOICE Listen, it's chaos out here. . . mob rule. . . they're up to their necks as it is.

A few officers are sitting around the main desk.

MR SUTTON We've not heard from County yet.

FOOD OFFICER If we don't release some food soon, we'll never get things under control.

**INFORMATION
OFFICER** You try getting through to them. It's bloody hopeless.

FOOD OFFICER I've got starving mobs in Sharrow, Ecclesfield, Dronfield, Manor Estate. . .

MR SUTTON Look, it's not our decision, anyway. It's up to Zone to authorise the release of buffer stocks and then it becomes a County decision.

**MANPOWER
OFFICER** We can't get through to County!

FOOD OFFICER So what are we going to do, then? Let them starve?

- MR SUTTON** Look, even if we did have the authority. . .
- MANPOWER OFFICER** Look, we're on our own. You've got the authority. It's about bloody time you did something with it.
- MR SUTTON** Look, what's the point of wasting food on people who are going to die anyway?
- MEDICAL OFFICER** I agree with Clive. The food stocks aren't going to last long. A lot of people just didn't stock up. . .
- FOOD OFFICER** How could they? The bloody shops were empty!
- MEDICAL OFFICER** And now they're coming out of their shelters. I know it sounds callous but I think we should hang on to the little food we've got.
- MANPOWER OFFICER** And I need that food to force people to work.
- FOOD OFFICER** Go and make us a cup of tea, Sharon.
- MANPOWER OFFICER** Go and make one yourself. I'm not your bloody wife, you know.
- FOOD OFFICER** Anybody got a fag?
- MEDICAL OFFICER** *(A poor attempt at a joke)* Bad for your health, you know.
- Under this dialogue a radio voice can be heard.*
- RADIO VOICE** For God's sake send us some reinforcements. . . it's completely out of control down 'ere. . . There's about two thousand of 'em outside Mosborough Fire Station. . . They're trying to get at the food. . . I've got ten men holding 'em off, but got to pull 'em back. . . They've had 200 rads as it is. You've got to send some more men. They're pulling the place apart.
- CHIEF SUPERINTNDT** *(on the radio)* Look, I don't care how much trouble they're causing. We're not sending our men in there with radiation as high as that.
- RADIO VOICE** But we can't hold them back. . .
- CHIEF SUPERINTNDT** Look, I know that, but what's the point? They're gonna die on that patch anyway.

87. Interior. The Kemps' shelter.

MRS KEMP Bill. . . Bill. Just get me. . . just get me a drink. Please, a drink. . .

MR KEMP I'll go and see if I can find anything. I won't be long, love.

He crawls out of the shelter while MRS KEMP is violently sick. MR KEMP stumbles into the wrecked kitchen, goes to the sink and turns on the tap. A dribble of water comes out, but he has no container for it. Searching, he finds a colander, but by the time he has pushed it under the tap, the water has stopped. He lays his head on the sink and coughs badly.

88. Interior. Becketts' house.

MR BECKETT struggles through the cellar door, carrying the body of his mother by the shoulders. RUTH comes up out of the cellar and stands and watches him.

MR BECKETT Just a minute. Just a minute.

MRS BECKETT Can you manage?

MR BECKETT Put her down in a minute. Put her down here. Give us those blankets.

He covers the body.

Quietly, RUTH slips away from the house.

MR BECKETT Come on. Oh my God!

MRS BECKETT Ruth!

MR BECKETT Ruth!

He goes to his wife and comforts her.

MR BECKETT Come on. Down you go.

They go back to the cellar, MRS BECKETT sobbing, leaving behind the body of the old woman, completely covered by the blankets apart from her slippered feet sticking out from the bottom.

89. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

Caption: 'Sunday June 5th. Attack plus ten days'.

We see the ruins of Sheffield. MR KEMP is wandering among them, carrying a container, looking for water. Seeing a small trickle he drinks thirstily, then immediately retches. It is contaminated. While this goes on a voice is heard, very faintly.

VOICE

Radiation levels are still dangerous. Residents of Release Band A—that is Woodseats, Dore and Totley and Abbeydale—should not stay out of their shelters for more than two hours per day. Residents of Release Band B—that is Nether Edge, Banner Cross and Broomhill—no longer than one hour per day.

90. Exterior. Sheffield. Day.

RUTH is looking for JIMMY in the streets. It is dark, cold and smoky, and she wanders through the ruins, numbed, her face showing no emotion. We see the enormity of the devastation of the city with a sinister nightmare quality as various characters and images appear to her.

A DEMENTED WOMAN approaches.

WOMAN

Mandy, have you seen our Mandy?

A man tries to open a sealed packet of ham with his teeth. Two dead bodies lie charred in a car. A SMALL BOY comes up.

BOY

Mum? Mum?

A MAN lays out toy figures on a stone. Charred remains of dead bodies lie in the ruins—hands, faces and legs. A LITTLE OLD LADY sits huddled in a blanket. A MAN shakes violently with a bandaged face, and a WOMAN suckles a dead baby in her arms.

91. Interior. The Becketts' Cellar.

Amid the gloom of the cellar MR AND MRS BECKETT are sitting huddled together in blankets, depressed.

MRS BECKETT What time is it?

MR BECKETT Half past two.

MRS BECKETT Night. . . night or day?

MR BECKETT Night, I think. I'm not sure. I'm losing track. I'm not sure whether it's night or day anymore.

Noises are heard from upstairs. We see a pair of feet prowling over the floor. The BECKETTS are terrified. The footsteps fade and we see the dead body once more.

92. The atmosphere.

Shots of dramatic skies.

Caption: 'Three thousand megaton exchange. Smoke produced: one hundred million tons. Dust lifted into atmosphere: five hundred million tons'.

COMMENTARY Hanging in the atmosphere, the clouds of debris shut out the sun's heat and light. Across large areas of the northern hemisphere it starts to get dark. It starts to get cold.

Shots of refugees and wounded people, huddled together.

COMMENTARY In the centres of large land masses like America or Russia, the temperature drop may be severe, as much as 25 degrees centigrade. Even in Britain—within days of the attack—it could fall to freezing or below for long dark periods.

93. Interior. Kemps' house. Day.

Caption: 'Monday June 6th. Attack plus The Kemps' house is devastated. Inside, MRS KEMP is lying alone, dead. RUTH stands in the doorway, looking down at the body, not shocked by what she sees. She picks up a book on birds, and leaves the house.'

94. Exterior. Food Warehouse. Day.

A scene of violence and confusion. A large and angry mob of people—among them MR KEMP—are gathered at the gates of the warehouse, hungry and in desperate need of food. Behind the gates, guarding the warehouse are an officer and some soldiers, holding their weapons at the ready. THE OFFICER speaks through his megaphone, trying to calm the crowd, but he only makes them more angry.

OFFICER Go back to yor homes. The allocation of food stores will begin shortly. The distribution points will be announced.

**VOICES
IN CROWD** We want it now! We're starving!

OFFICER I repeat. Go home. There is nothing we can do. We have no authority to distribute food.

**VOICES
IN CROWD** Who are you saving it for?

The fence is being shaken violently. It looks as if it will not hold.

OFFICER This is a warning. Any attempt to appropriate provisions from these premises will be met by force. So I advise you again to disperse and go back to your homes. . .

A man is climbing the gate. At an order from the officer, the soldiers pull down their gas masks.

OFFICER Prepare to fire gas. One round. C.S. Gas, base of gate. One round at that man.

The people scatter in the smoke.

95. Exterior. Lodge Moor Hospital. Day.

Caption: 'Saturday June 11th. Attack plus sixteen days'.

Hundreds of people are trying to get up the steps of the hospital; they have all kinds of injuries. In the crowd is RUTH, continually looking at faces to see if JIMMY is among them.

Inside the building there are scenes of indescribable squalor. The place is overrun with people, sitting on every space on the floor, up the steps, in the corridor, everywhere. Nurses are ripping cloth for bandages; auxiliaries are hurrying about exhausted. Sacks of salt are being poured into water. All around are horrifying screams, caused by operations being carried on without anaesthetic. We see a doctor sawing at a leg to amputate it.

COMMENTARY The entire peacetime resources of the British Health Service—even if they survived—would be unable to cope with the effects of even the single bomb that's hit Sheffield.

By this time, without drugs, water or bandages, without electricity or medical support facilities, there is virtually no way a doctor can exercise his skill. As a source of help or comfort he's little better equipped than the nearest survivor.

RUTH walks among the people and up the stairs, which are dripping with a foul-coloured liquid.

96. Interior. Bunker.

Only a few of the officers are left with the strength to carry on. Their tempers are frayed and most of them have come to the end of their tethers. The room is candlelit and the air is stale and murky. The table is covered with food, empty cigarette packets and coffee cups.

MR SUTTON We've no choice as far as I can see.

FOOD OFFICER Can't we get any food from outside?

MR SUTTON Where from? We've talked to County and everybody's in the same boat, aren't they?

OFFICER What about the broiler fowls that've died? Can't we use them? They'll just rot if we don't. Problem is, we can't contact Rockley and Haresbrook. God knows what's happened there.

FOOD OFFICER Probably been raided. . .

MR SUTTON What do you think, Doctor?

MEDICAL OFFICER We'll have to cut their rations. I've worked it out here. One thousand calories for manual workers and five hundred for the rest.

FOOD OFFICER Five hundred! Five hundred! That wouldn't keep a flea alive!

MR SUTTON Should we be bothering to keep anybody alive if they can't work?

MEDICAL OFFICER A lot of people are going to die anyway. It's back to survival of the fittest, I suppose.

MR SUTTON What's that in terms of food then, five hundred calories?

MEDICAL OFFICER I don't know. A few slices of bread. Some soup. A lamb chop. Treacle tart. A few pints of beer.

He pauses and shakes his fist in anger and looks towards the 'sky'.

MEDICAL OFFICER Bastards!

The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT and the ACCOMMODATION OFFICER are in heated argument about what to do with detainees.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDT You must have an empty factory somewhere!

ACCOMMODTN OFFICER No, you look. I've got thousands of homeless bloody people up there walking around and I've got enough on with them without being worried about bloody criminals.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDT Well, you're gonna have to find somewhere to put 'em aren't you?

ACCOMMODTN OFFICER Well, I don't know. Look, shoot the buggers. I don't care.

The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT walks off before they come to blows. The INFORMATION OFFICER comes across and hands a piece of paper to the ACCOMMODATION OFFICER.

ACCOMMODTN OFFICER Oh, Christ, Steve. This should have been sorted out days ago. Here. . .

INFORMATION OFFICER What about rest centres? Can we not tell them to make their way there?

ACCOMMODTN OFFICER No. No. There's no point. They're overrun anyway.

INFORMATION OFFICER What about tents? Are there any tents we could have?

ACCOMMODTN OFFICER Tents! How the hell should I know? Look, if you want to know about tents, phone the bloody Boy Scouts.

INFORMATION OFFICER Oh piss' off, will you! You're not the only one under pressure.

ACCOMMODTN OFFICER I bloody know!

CHIEF SUPERINTNDT *(on the radio)* . . . and what the hell are you doing about digging us out, that's what I'd like to know?

97. Documentary footage.

A shot of devastation.

Caption: 'Friday June 17th. Attack plus twenty-two days'.

98. Documentary footage.

Dirty, poor-looking rats among the ruins of buildings.

Caption: 'Likely Epidemics: Cholera, Dysentry. Typhoid'.

99. Interior. Becketts' house. Day.

The slippered feet of GRANNY are glimpsed in the wreckage of the Beckett house. A dog sniffs around the body, then is frightened away by a noise. Three looters emerge from the cellar.

LOOTER Bloody hell, what a stink! Let's get out of here before I puke.

100. Exterior. Becketts' house. Day.

THE LOOTERS *come out into the ruins and start examining their loot.*

SOLDIER Halt, or I fire!

ONE OF THE LOOTERS *starts to run.*

OFFICER Number three. A round at that man over there.

The SOLDIER shoots and the man falls to the ground.

OFFICER Number one—go and search the house.

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS *goes into the house. The OFFICER and ANOTHER SOLDIER spreadeagle THE LOOTERS against the wall.*

OFFICER Don't you know the penalty for looting?

LOOTERS I ain't looting. . . that's not looting, searching an empty house. . what choice have we got? What else can we do? We're starving.

The soldier returns from inside the house.

SOLDIER Two bodies in the cellar, sir, Man and woman. They've not been dead long. The man's had his head battered in.

LOOTER It weren't us. It were him. We ain't done nothing.

They are led away.

OFFICER Have you got the stolen goods? Search the house, then the body.

Two soldiers stay behind to carry out the orders.

SOLDIER 1 Packet of crisps.

SOLDIER 2 What flavour are they?

SOLDIER 1 Prawn cocktail.

SOLDIER 2 They fucking would be. I hate them. Come on.

THE SOLDIERS move away and leave the body.

101. Interior. Becketts' house. Day.

The dog has returned to sniff and scavenge around GRANNY BECKETT's body.

102. Documentary footage.

Scenes of devastation and ramshackle homes. People stand with ragged clothes.

RADIO VOICE All able-bodied citizens, men, women and children, should report for reconstruction duties commencing 0800 hours tomorrow morning. The inhabitants of Release Band A—that is Dore and Totley, Abbeydale and Woodseats—should rendezvous in Abbeydale Park. Release Band B...

People are queueing for food and stuffing it into their mouths.

COMMENTARY Money has had no meaning since the attack. The only viable currency is food given as reward for work or withheld as punishment. In the grim economics of the aftermath, there are two harsh realities. A survivor who can work gets more food than one who can't, and the more who die, the more food is left for the rest.

103. Exterior. Graveyard. Day.

MR KEMP, very ill, is sitting up against a gravestone in a feeding centre which has been set up in the graveyard. People are eating a meagre ration of thin stew and bread. A MAN next to him speaks to him without looking.

MAN I could murder a fag now. I used to love a fag after a meal.

MR KEMP Have you got owt to swap?

MAN I've got some scotch.

MR KEMP slowly produces a packet of cigarettes and hands them over to the man. He receives the scotch in return.

104. Exterior. Graveyard. Night.

MR KEMP is drunk. He is sitting in the same place in the graveyard, lit by the flames of the fire. He takes a swig of scotch but immediately retches and is sick. He has been playing with MICHAEL's battery game, and we hear the noise that it makes.

105. Exterior. Footage of dead bodies.

Pictures of dead bodies, among them MR KEMP's.

Caption: 'Disposal of bodies: no spare fuel for cremation. No spare fuel for bulldozers. Wasteful of manpower to dig pits by hand. Unburied corpses in U.K. estimated ten to twenty million.'

106. Exterior. Tennis club. Day.

A guard is on duty at the gates. Lots of people are behind the wire fences. A Traffic Warden is patrolling.

Caption: 'Dore and Topley Tennis Club. Attack plus four weeks'.

COMMENTARY Detention camps are improvised to cope with looters. Their numbers are growing.

LOOTER ... I'm buggered if I'm going to be shot by a Traffic Warden...

107. Interior. Bunker.

The bunker is pitch black. Torch lights are being shone down through the entrance as the search party arrives.

VOICE Watch yourselves here, lads... Put that light down here...

The light picks up the CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT lying at his desk. His face is grey with death. It is the same with MR SUTTON and the rest.

108. Interior. Becketts' house. Day.

The dead body of GRANNY is still lying in the room. Rats are running all over it. RUTH enters the room, peers into the cellar, then turns and leaves the house. She does not show any emotion.

109. Interior. A squash court. Day.

Caption: 'Special courts of justice given wide-ranging powers'.

The back wall of the squash court is splattered with blood and bullet holes. One LOOTER is sitting on a stool against the wall; a second is having his shirt taken off by a soldier. A shot rings out and the first LOOTER falls off the stool, dead.

110. Documentary still.

A shot of a devastated building.

Caption: 'Five weeks after attack'.

Cut to shot of RUTH.

Caption: 'No electricity. No mains water. No sanitation'.

Caption: 'Fuel stocks: diminishing. Transport: difficult. Food supplies: unreliable'.

111. Exterior. Moorland. Day.

A long line of stragglers make their way across the land. Some fall on the hard ground and do not get up again. Many are sick and injured, and all carry their last few possessions. Among them is RUTH.

COMMENTARY A growing exodus from cities in search of food. It's July. The countryside is cold and full of unknown radiation hazards. By now, five to six weeks after the attack, deaths from the effects of fallout are approaching their peak.

RUTH, now visibly pregnant, finds a puddle of water and

gets down on the ground to smash the ice which covers it. She hesitates for a moment, and then drinks.

The refugees trudge on.

RUTH glances around and furtively takes out a can of processed peas. She proceeds to smash it on the rock.

Overhead a small plane circles.

VOICE FROM PLANE

Return to your homes. Return to your homes. Return to your homes. Return to your homes. Turn back. Turn back. . .

The refugees angrily stop walking to shout abuse and shake their fists at the plane. RUTH looks up but does not shout. Hungrily, she eats the contents of the tin she has managed to open.

112. Exterior. Buxton. Day.

Caption: 'Buxton. Twenty miles from Sheffield'.

Buxton town centre has been undamaged by the blast but is overrun by refugees from Sheffield and Manchester.

POLICEMAN

Right down there.

RUTH and a crowd of refugees are walking along a backstreet of small terraced houses with TWO POLICEMEN. ONE OF THE POLICEMEN approaches a house and bangs on the door, which opens a fraction.

POLICEMAN

George Langley?

LANGLEY

What do you want?

POLICEMAN

You've been designated four temporary residents.

LANGLEY

I'm not having no strangers live here.

POLICEMAN

Look, you've got no choice in the matter. It's law under the new Emergency regulations.

LANGLEY

I don't care what it is. This is my house and I'm having no strangers here.

POLICEMAN Look, according to my records you've got four spare rooms, kitchen, bathroom. . .

LANGLEY Aye, and they're stopping spare an' all. . . You can't just walk into peoples' houses. It's not right.

POLICEMAN Look, we're not here to argue the rights and wrongs of the matter. Right, you four. One, two, three, four. Come on—in you go. Come on.

RUTH is one of the four counted in to Langley's house.

LANGLEY Besides, it might be bloody dangerous. They might bring all sorts of diseases with them. They might be contaminated. Look at him.

POLICEMAN Right. Number nineteen.

Langley continues to mutter and curse to himself about the matter.

113. Exterior. Langley's street. Day.

A paper bag hits the ground and its contents scatter all over the place. A shotgun is heard.

LANGLEY Get out, will you. . . the whole lot of you!

RUTH rushes over to the bag and quickly picks up the last few possessions she has. All the other refugees are being pushed out of the Langley house too.

EVICTED REFUGEES Where can we go? We're supposed to stay here. We're billeted with you. You've no right to chuck us out. Police said we were to stay here. Miserable old git. We've nowhere else to go. Where're we supposed to go?

114. Exterior. Food camp. Day.

REFUGEES are eating a meagre meal of bread and soup. RUTH is among them, sitting on her own.

VOICE This is a final warning. Residents and non-residents must register at the Town Hall for I.D. cards and ration tickets. No provisions will be issued to anyone without them.

Feeding will now be on alternate days. Numbers one to five hundred will be fed today, the remainder tomorrow.

A man walks into shot and sits down beside RUTH. It is BOB—Jimmy's workmate.

BOB Ruth? It is Ruth isn't it?

RUTH does not acknowledge BOB at all, and carries on eating.

BOB I'm Bob, Jimmy's mate. We met once or twice, remember? You came to our last Christmas do at work. . . Where is he? Is he with you? Have you seen him?

RUTH still does not communicate with BOB.

115. Exterior. Moorland. Day.

Caption: 'Six weeks after attack'.

On a frozen moorland BOB and RUTH are looking at a dead sheep.

RUTH Is it safe to eat?

BOB How can you tell? It's got a thick coat. That should have protected it.

RUTH You breathe it in, though, don't you?

BOB It should be alright.

He takes out a knife.

RUTH Sheep don't die of cold. It must be radiation.

BOB You'd be able to taste it if it were contaminated.

RUTH I don't know.

BOB Anyway, we've no choice, have we? Unless we want to starve to death.

RUTH scrambles down to BOB, who begins to cut away at the sheep. They eat hungrily at the raw meat.

116. Exterior. Moorland. Day.

BOB I think I'll take some with me.

RUTH Where?

BOB City.

RUTH There's nothing there.

BOB North. Dales. . . it doesn't really matter, does it? It's all the same. . . Try and skin it—keep me warm.

He goes to the sheep to investigate the possibilities of skinning it, while RUTH continues to eat.

117. Exterior. Countryside.

Still shot of a shanty town.

Caption: 'September. Four months after attack'.

RUTH is asleep in a farm outbuilding. As she dreams, images come to her of JIMMY in his aviary and a baby in a pushchair. She opens her eyes suddenly, and closes them again.

Caption: 'Direct effects of attack: deaths between seventeen and thirty-eight million from blast, heat and fallout. Remaining population weak, cold and hungry'.

VOICE BROADCASTING If we are to survive these difficult early months and establish a firm base for the re-development of our country, then we must concentrate all our energies on agricultural production.

Still shot of a barren landscape.

118. Still footage. Countryside.

Still shots of damaged crops.

Caption: 'Attack in Spring: darkness and cold reduce plant activity to very low levels. Little ripening of crops'.

Still shots of dead sheep and cattle.

119. Exterior. Countryside. Day.

A group of men and women, looking exhausted and underfed, are working a field in the barren landscape. RUTH is among them. Combines are being used to gather the corn. Some of the workers are seriously ill and finding it difficult to work.

COMMENTARY Collecting this diminishing first harvest is now—literally—a matter of life and death.

Someone falls to the ground, unable to go on.

120. Interior. Barn. Day.

A threshing machine stands in the barn. A soldier stands watching the pouring of petrol.

COMMENTARY Chronic fuel shortages mean that this could be one of the last times tractors and combine harvesters are used in Britain.

In the foreground A WOMAN shovels grain into a sack held open by ANOTHER WOMAN. The all work in silence.

121. Exterior. Farm buildings. Day.

It is a cold, bitter day. RUTH struggles across the skyline towards some farm buildings, stumbling on the rough ground. Her pregnancy is very far advanced, and she clutches her stomach.

Caption: 'Exposure to radiation in early pregnancy: foetus carries high risk of deformity and mental retardation'.

As RUTH enters the farmyard, a dog barks at her ferociously. Although it is on a chain, it will not let her pass. She rushes into an outbuilding and lies down in the straw.

She delivers the baby herself. All the while, outside, the dog is barking and growling.

The BABY cries out, and RUTH sees that it is physically normal. She cries, and holds the baby to her.

122. Interior. Barn. Night.

Caption: 'Sunday December 25th'.

A forlorn group of refugees are sitting around a fire in a barn. Many of them are injured, and suffering from burns. RUTH's BABY is crying, but then stops, leaving complete quiet apart from the crackling of the fire.

123. Exterior. Moorland.

Bodies are lying frozen in the snow.

COMMENTARY The first winter. The stresses of hypothermia, epidemic and radiation fall heavily on the very young and the old—their protective layers of flesh are thinner. In the first few winters, many of the young and old disappear from Britain.

124. Grain supplies.

Caption: 'March, ten months after attack'.

A SOLDIER is guarding grain in a sack.

125. Exterior. An alley in Buxton. Day.

RUTH runs frantically down an alley, clutching her baby and some grain she has just stolen. In the background there is shouting and the sounds of shots being fired. A helicopter circles above, causing a terrific wind.

VOICE FROM HELICOPTER Halt. . . halt! If you do not halt we will open fire. Halt at once!

Some of the grain is on the ground, being scattered by the wind. RUTH keeps on running.

126. Interior. Barn. Day.

RUTH almost weeping, is crushing the grain she has stolen to get out the flour. The BABY waits patiently, wrapped in a rough blanket. RUTH blows the grain to separate the chaff.

Cuts to stills of devastation.

127. Exterior. Street in Buxton. Day.

Caption: 'May. One year after attack'.

First we see more stills of devastation. Then a street in Buxton, with people carrying their possessions, or pulling prams and carts with their 'homes' in them. RUTH is standing talking to a DIRTY MAN who is sitting with a large basket in front of a huge billboard which displays an insurance poster. She is bartering with him, pushing away others who come up and try to do the same. THE MAN does not respond as she offers him her last few things, but then he gets up and whispers something into RUTH's ear; she nods her head and stares at him.

We see that inside THE MAN's basket is a pile of dead rats. He puts three into Ruth's old carrier bag.

128. Documentary footage.

The sky.

Caption: 'Skies become clearer. Returning sunlight now heavier with ultra-violet light'.

In a barren field people are working by hand. They have cloth covering their faces. Their hoes are trying to make an impression on the hard ground.

Caption: 'Cataracts widespread. Higher risk of cancers and leukaemias. Second and subsequent harvests: no fertilisers, no agrochemicals. Crops susceptible to viruses, disease and insects'.

We see flies buzzing about, and maggots on a decaying body.

Caption: 'Three to eight years after attack population reaches minimum. U.K. numbers may decline to mediaeval levels. Possibly between four and eleven million'.

Cut to shot of dead man in a field.

129. Exterior. Field. Day.

Caption: 'Ten years after. Ruth and her daughter'.

People are working the field with hand-held hoes. Someone falls to the ground and we see that it is RUTH. She looks old and ill. Someone walks over to her: JANE, her daughter. Although she looks normal, she is slightly mentally retarded. She looks down without emotion at RUTH lying on the ground in the barren landscape.

130. Interior. Barn. Day.

RUTH is on a rough bed, asleep. JANE stands by her. She shakes RUTH.

JANE

Ruth. Ruth. Work. Work. Up.

JANE's speech is unformed and ungrammatical.

RUTH does not respond for some time. When she eventually opens her eyes it is just for a moment. She holds out her hand to JANE, who takes it. Then RUTH closes her eyes. She is dead.

JANE shows no emotion at finding that she cannot rouse her mother. She looks under RUTH's pillow and takes out a hairbrush and one or two of Ruth's last remaining possessions. The bird book of JIMMY's (which Ruth has had all this time) has no meaning for Jane. She leaves it behind.

131. Interior. Large Room.

A television screen is showing a video of an old schools' programme. The picture is very distorted.

**SCHOOLS'
BROADCAST**

'Words. . . and. . . pictures'. Skeletons and skulls of different creatures.

We borrowed them from the Museum. Did you recognize what some of the skeletons were?

A group of children are watching the programme with dumb-looking faces. The video recorder is covered in dust.

It works off a single cable hanging from the ceiling.

**SCHOOLS'
BROADCAST**

There was the skeleton of a cat—a cat's skeleton. The skeleton of a chicken—a chicken's skeleton. The skeleton of a bird—a bird's skeleton.

All this means nothing to the children, who sit in silence. An OLD WOMAN is with the children, and she mouths the words as the presenter says them. We see that JANE is among the group.

132. Interior. Shed. Day.

The shed has been converted into a workroom. Water drips through the ceiling. Children sit round tables, unpicking thread and wool from old garments, once more in the charge of the OLD WOMAN, who is asleep. JANE concentrates intently on her work.

133. Exterior. Landscape. Day.

A devastated landscape. People search through ruins for scrap metal. Men work at the coal seam with hand picks. We see a few steam traction engines.

Caption: 'Thirteen years after'.

134. Interior. Farm buiding.

In a desolate farm building, JANE is tending a fire. A dead rabbit lies beside her. TWO YOUNG MEN enter the barn, and JANE picks up the rabbit and holds it behind her back. In her other hand she has a stick which she brandishes at the TWO YOUNG MEN. They speak to her in a language which is difficult to understand.

SPIKE

Hoy! What'n be? (Meaning: 'What is it?')

GAZ

Seed'n. N'coney. (Meaning: 'I saw it. It's a rabbit.')

SPIKE

Giss'n. Come on. Giss'n. (Meaning: 'Give it to us.')

GAZ

Better, else us'll bray'n. (Meaning: 'You better had. Or else we'll beat you.')

JANE *looks frightened but defiant.*

JANE Best stand off 'fore tha'll ger'n. (*Meaning: 'You'd better stand back or else you'll get hit.'*)

GAZ Where'n stop at? Come'n us? (*Meaning: 'Where are you staying? Are you coming with us?'*)

JANE Where'n?

GAZ Us place. Gaz 'n Spike.

SPIKE Share'n, coney, then. Come an' share'n coney. Giss'n. (*Meaning: 'Share the rabbit with us, then. Give it here'*)

135. Exterior. Street in Buxton. Day.

JANE, GAZ and SPIKE *are running through the ruins with a bag of loot.*

VOICE Hey, you! Come back here with that!

Shots are fired and GAZ falls dead. JANE and SPIKE carry on undeterred. We see them running across the skyline to the deserted farm buildings.

136. Interior. Old farm building

JANE and SPIKE *dive down into the straw and open their bag of loot. JANE snatches at a loaf of bread.*

SPIKE Giss'n. Come on. Giss'n.

He grabs at it and they begin to play around. Their wrestling turns sexual, and we hear JANE exclaiming as they have crude intercourse.

Cut to a series of various stills; a refugee huddled in a corner; a soldier hanging his head; a man injured by the Hiroshima bomb; an old man on a bed; a devastated landscape.

137. Exterior. Buxton. Night.

It is nine months later and JANE, very pregnant, is walking

through the streets of Buxton. As she staggers over the rubble, she passes a ramshackle house. A door is opened and we see the light inside and hear a short burst of music—the same song that was on the car radio at the very beginning.

JANE passes bodies hanging from a gallows. There is an atmosphere of tension and JANE is frightened.

SOLDIER

Halt! Halt!

Shots are fired.

138. Interior. Hospital. Night.

JANE enters the hospital. She is in urgent need of attention. Nobody shows any concern. She goes up to A WOMAN who seems to be in charge. The WOMAN takes no notice at first and carries on making the beds.

WOMAN

What's wrong, have you been hurt?

JANE

Babby. N'come. Coming.

WOMAN

Oh, no time for babbies here. No time for babbies. You'll have to go home and use your commonsense.

JANE is now in pain and grabs at the WOMAN and a bed.

JANE

N'coming! N'coming!

139. Interior. Hospital. Night.

The baby is delivered in the hospital. JANE is in a bed and crying out when the pain is bad. Other patients take no notice of her. The baby is being wrapped in a bloody cloth which it has just been wiped with. There is silence. The baby is given to JANE, who stares down at the bundle in her arms. Her face turns to horror and disgust. She pushes the baby away from her and opens her mouth to scream.

Freeze frame.

Roll end credits.