

THE BEAT

Episode 1: "All Aboard The Night Train"

by

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EXT. BEACH - DAY

Grainy, old-fashioned monochrome home movie of a British beach in the 1940s or 50s.

Three children, 3 or 4, toddle across the sand: a black-haired olive-skinned boy. A blonde-haired girl. A Jamaican boy. Friends for life.

INT. TRAIN - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE)

NOTE: WE BEGIN IN BLACK AND WHITE, THE GRITTY MONOCHROME OF A 1950S KITCHEN SINK DRAMA.

CHAS, 17, comes out of his beach dream on a speeding train. Immaculately parted jet-black hair and olive skin, perfectly turned out in a black turtleneck and chic jacket. Dark eyes sparkling with mischief.

Chas' youthful style is a sharp contrast to his fellow passengers, a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE in fusty 1950s-esque attire.

MIDDLE-AGED PASSENGER
...Tell you the truth, I don't
understand Jennifer any more. When
she was little we were best
friends. But now she's sixteen...
I just don't understand her at
all...

Chas laughs to himself.

The CONDUCTOR shuffles into the carriage.

CONDUCTOR
Tickets please. Tickets.

CHAS
Must have left it in my other
briefcase. Dashed nuisance.

CONDUCTOR
Don't come it with me, sonny-jim.

Grinning, Chas proffers his ticket.

CHAS
Alright, keep your 'air on.

LATER:

CONDUCTOR
Liverpool Street, last stop.

Chas dives between the tutting squares. Waves to them as

he leaps from the slowing train and sprints away.

CHAS
Happy new year!

EXT. LIVERPOOL STREET STATION - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE)

Chas tears out of the station and through the streets, packed with coughing late-50s cars and shuffling people in drab 50s-style clothes.

EXT. EAST LONDON - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE)

Chas walks the grey, gritty streets of East London. Passes ruined bombsites and terraced houses. Going home.

He bowls up to a few terraced houses -- knocks on the doors. Gets nowhere. Wanders onward.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Shivering in his chic but thin jacket, Chas pauses by a gleaming Jaguar parked up outside a noisy pub.

PC NIXON
You there!

A portly policeman, PC NIXON, mid-50s, buttonholes Chas.

PC NIXON
Well, well. The wanderer returns.
Nice to see you , Chas -- how's
your mum?

CHAS
She's fine, sir, just fine. I
think it's the fish and chips.

PC NIXON
(nodding to the pub)
Bit young to go in there, aren't
we?

CHAS
Just looking for my friends.

PC NIXON
Won't find any friends in there,
son, you mark my words.

CHAS
Maybe not. But I am pretty
thirsty.

PC NIXON
Go careful, there's a good lad.
And tell your mother I send my
best!

Chas smiles and bounds into the pub.

INT. PUB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The boozers rammed. New year's eve party in full swing.
Men and women of all ages -- heavy 1950s suits and
dresses and hair lacquer -- drinking, yelling, drinking
some more.

Chas squeezes through the pulsating throng.

A glass breaks in the far corner -- the LANDLORD bounces
up on his heels to yell at the group of TEENAGERS
responsible.

LANDLORD
Oi! Pack it in, you lot!

A tankard slams down on the bar with a sharp crack. Its
owner lounges against the bar like he owns it: ALAN. 20s.
Black suit. Slicked-back hair. RED-FACED GIRLS draped all
over him, HARD-FACED CHAPS hanging on his every word.

ALAN
Boys will be boys, George.

LANDLORD
Alright, Alan... No problem.
(to barmaid)
Bad enough they bring that coon in
'ere... Go and clear up the glass
will you, love.

Chas knocks into one of Alan's coterie, BRYCEY. Mid-20s,
scarred face. Dials straight from drunken bonhomie to
petty, spiteful rage.

BRYCEY
You little shite...!

CHAS
Sorry mate...

ALAN
Brycey. Don't you recognise the
kid?
(to Chas)
Been a while, hasn't it? You want
a drink, kid?

CHAS
Really? Yeah, alright.

ALAN

Oh sorry, I forgot -- they don't
serve greasy wops in 'ere.

Chas is stunned. Then his face darkens.

ALAN

Only joking, kid. Look at 'is
face! 'Ave a drink, go on.

He passes a drink from the crowded bar to Brycey, who
hesitates before sullenly handing it on to Chas.

ALAN

Good lad.
(calls across bar)
Winton! Your boyfriend's back!

In the corner, burly STUBBS, 18, and compact, sure-footed
LITTLE PAUL, 17, drag Chas over, slap him on the back.

STUBBS

Bugger me, it's 'is nibs 'imself!

LITTLE PAUL

Winton! Look who it is!

Another teenager is less enthusiastic. WINTON. 17.
Handsome Jamaican. Great suit. Tie worn just so. Never
misses a trick.

LITTLE PAUL

Bloody 'ell, look at 'is gear! Is
that what everyone's wearing at
art school? "Hello, I'm an artist
and I go to art school!"

They all laugh -- except Winton, who fingers Chas'
jacket.

Winton

Very nice.

CHAS

You think so?

WINTON

Oh yeah. Susan'd love it.

Winton downs his drink and leaves Chas standing.

LITTLE PAUL

So come on, don't keep us in
suspenders -- what are the birds
like?

CHAS

They're... arty.

STUBBS

What does that mean, arty?

LITTLE PAUL

It means they go like paint out of a tube, man!

CHAS

Where are all the girls tonight?

STUBBS

What you on about? There's loads of birds in 'ere.

LITTLE PAUL

Birds, or one bird in particular?

STUBBS

Oh not that again!

They hug him, laughing and boisterous.

BAR:

Alan tosses a crumpled banknote on the bar.

ALAN

Right, drink up. We've better places to be.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Winton smokes outside the pub as Alan steps out into the crisp night air.

ALAN

Got a light?

Winton lights Alan's cigarette. Alan takes a puff and regards Winton with amusement.

The moment is broken when Brycey and the other hangers-on spill out from the pub -- followed by Chas.

CHAS

Alan!

ALAN

You talkin' to me, boy?

CHAS

Yeah, I... I just... I came all this way, I was hoping maybe I'd see... your sister.

Now it's Chas that Alan regards with amusement. He points to the gleaming Jaguar parked up by the pub.

ALAN

We're off to a grown-up party, for grown-ups. Why don't you handsome pair mind my car, like old times? There's a shiny shilling in it for you. Ta-ta. Or should I say... *arrividerci*.

Alan and his pack head for a house across the road.

WINTON

Old times...

Chas seethes as Stubbs and Little Paul emerge from the pub.

STUBBS

What you doing out here?

LITTLE PAUL

Let's go back inside.

But the irate barmaid blocks the entrance.

BARMAID

Oh no you don't, young fella-me-lad. You'll get no more booze from me!

STUBBS

Yeah? How about we ask Alan about that?

BARMAID

Yes, how about it -- except I don't see 'im, do you? Now geddout of it... and take your spade with you.

WINTON

Not even a parting kiss?

She flounces back into the pub.

LITTLE PAUL

Guess that's that, then.

STUBBS

What? We can't call it a night -- this is my last new year! It's alright for you juveniles, but I'm goin' in the army in a coupla weeks! Knowing my luck they'll send me off to some desert and I'll get me 'ead blown off by some wog!

WINTON
Maybe learn to keep your head
down, then.

CHAS
Where's the fun in that?

WINTON
Y'know... We could try the
Majestic.

CHAS
The Majestic?

LITTLE PAUL
We'd never get in.

Chas eyes Alan's gleaming Jaguar.

CHAS
Not with that attitude.

EXT. EAST END STREETS - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The Jaguar daggars through the freezing night, hurtling
past wobbly new year's eve partygoers.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Chas throws the wheel left and right. Winton in the
passenger seat, the others falling about in the back.

WINTON
Late for church are you, man?

STUBBS
Don't encourage him!

LITTLE PAUL
Nah, put your foot down, Chas -- I
can feel those beautiful birds
calling to me!

STREET:

Two buses on opposite sides of the road pootling towards
each other.

CAR (DRIVING):

Chas hammers the accelerator --

STUBBS
'Alf a mo...!

LITTLE PAUL
Chas... Chas!

STREET:

The Jaguar screams past the first bus -- the second bus looms in front of them --

CAR (DRIVING):

The lads jump out of their skins -- Chas grins--

WINTON
Go on!

STREET:

The Jaguar screams between the two buses -- inches to spare.

CAR (DRIVING):

The lads cheer.

WINTON
You crazy, man...

Chas spins the wheel, brakes hard, brings the Jaguar screeching to a standstill as the boys cower in their seats.

CHAS
You coming then?

EXT. MAJESTIC BALLROOM - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

A BOUNCER looms over the lads.

BOUNCER
No way.

The boys' grins fade.

INT. MAJESTIC TOILETS - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The boys clamber through the toilet window, much to the consternation of some STRAIGHT-LACED PARTYGOERS.

INT. MAJESTIC BALLROOM - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Buzzing with adrenaline, the lads burst into the ballroom.

Respectable gentlefolk in their 30s and 40s chat politely over cocktails, or swish decorously round the dancefloor to a CROONER onstage.

LITTLE PAUL
I need a drink.

SHORTLY:

Stubbs and Little Paul pester girls at the bar, with limited results. Chas and Winton survey the dancefloor.

WINTON
Right rave-up, this.

CHAS
Look. Mate... Before I left...

WINTON
She's upstairs.

STAIRS:

Chas bounds up the ballroom stairs, pushing past genteel partygoers.

BALCONY:

Chas bursts onto the wide balcony, where the civilised party continues.

In the corner a group of TEENAGE GIRLS IN SWISH DRESSES rush to the balcony rail to applaud the crooner -- except one girl, in a chicly understated dress. SUSAN. 17. Blonde-haired. Bored. Dangerous.

Her eyes meet Chas' -- and she looks away.

CHAS
I found you.

SUSAN
I didn't know I was lost.

CHAS
Mind if I join you?

SUSAN
Aren't you worried what my brother will say if he finds out you're here?

CHAS
I'm trying not to think about it. Look, why don't we ditch these squares? I know somewhere we could go. A new place. Just you and me.

SUSAN
Not shy, are you?

A kerfuffle below. Chas and Susan look over the balcony

to see the bouncers racing after Stubbs and Little Paul as they zig-zag between scandalised partygoers.

SUSAN

Boys.

EXT. THE MAJESTIC - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Stubbs and Little Paul leg it out of the club and scatter.

Winton and Chas sneak out of a side door -- only to find Brycey standing by Alan's Jaguar with some of the hard-faced pack.

BRYCEY

C'mere you little bastards!

Chas and Winton leg it round the front of the Majestic, pursued by Alan's boys.

A black cab idles at the kerb, door open -- Chas and Winton fling themselves in the back.

INT. BLACK CAB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The CABBIE protests as Chas and Winton tumble onto the cab's floor.

CHAS/WINTON

Drive -- just drive!

Susan steps daintily over the boys -- it's her cab -- and settles herself on the seat.

SUSAN

So where's this little place?

EXT. THE MAJESTIC - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The black cab peels away just as Brycey reaches it.

INT. CAB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The cab motors through twinkling, seductive Soho, crowded with decadents and dandies.

WINTON

(whispers)

Here, how are we going to pay for this?

SUSAN

I'm not running anywhere in this

dress.

The cabbie gives them a sharp look in the mirror.

CHAS

I've got it covered.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The cab pulls up on a bustling street, crowded with exotic nightlife. Chas jumps out and ostentatiously pays the cabbie from a wad of banknotes (a gesture that doesn't go unnoticed by various SHADY SOHO DENIZENS loitering nearby).

Chas examines a street sign and beckons them into a very dark alley.

CHAS

Down here.

WINTON

You sure, man?

SUSAN

You do take me to all the best places.

A couple of shady Soho denizens nudge each other and follow them down the alley.

EXT. HOPLITE CLUB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

The kids reach a row of Vespa and Lambretta scooters parked outside a nondescript doorway, attended by a BOUNCER and elegantly smoking SIMON. 30s. Lissom. Fine suit.

CHAS

Look at them scooters!

SUSAN

Excuse me, is this the Hoplite?

SIMON

Depends who's asking, darling.

Susan elbows Chas to tear him away from the scooters -- and the encroaching Soho denizens.

CHAS

Oh right. Hi, I'm Chas. Chas January.

SIMON

What a fascinating name. Now run

along, I'm not dressed for reading a story.

WINTON

(to Chas)

Forget it, man -- I'm supposed to be home by one.

CHAS

I'm from Margate.

SIMON

Ah, I thought I smelled haddock. Who are you here to see?

CHAS

Kingsley.

Simon relents. They pile forward -- but he stops them.

SIMON

You're not a sharpie, are you, Chas?

CHAS

You what?

SIMON

No, you can't be the law, you look far too honest.

(to Susan)

What about you love, any handcuffs in the handbag? And your dusky chum, has he got bracelets in his basket?

WINTON

That is a tip-top suit, man. Lovely fabric. Those vents, eight inch? Savile Row?

SIMON

Similar postcode. Very well then -- don't just stand there flapping your cheeks, they'll have us for unlawful assembly.

(to the bouncer)

Back shortly, mon amour.

INT. HOPLITE CLUB - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE)

Simon leads Chas, Susan and Winton down the stairs of the club.

SIMON

You'd never know it to look at him, but he's a bachelor of the

arts. Ooh, you're just in time.

We hear the muffled chant of a crowd counting in the new year. The kids slide into the club as the countdown reaches 3...2...1...

The crowd cheers -- Frenetic rhythm and blues crashes in --

And we FLARE FROM BLACK AND WHITE INTO GLORIOUS FULL COLOUR.

The beautiful people throw their hands in the air and celebrate being young and gorgeous and alive. Boys and girls in the sharpest suits -- chic-est dresses -- latest hairdos. And all in riotous, vibrant colour.

A passing club-goer, TAYLOR, 20-ish, nice suit, accosts Winton.

TAYLOR

Oi, mush!

Winton and Chas and Susan bristle ready for an attack -- but Porter examines Winton's suit.

TAYLOR

Cor, this is proper! Where's it made?

WINTON

My dad.

CLUBGOER

Ace! Have a good night, mate.

WINTON

Yeah, man...

Porter bops into the crowd.

WINTON

Did you see his gear, man?

CHAS

Told you, didn't I?

SIMON

Do keep up!

They follow Simon into the club -- but Chas stops Susan.

CHAS

Wait here a mo'.

SUSAN

Are you joking?

CHAS
 We'll back in a minute, I promise.
 Stay there and look gorgeous...
 Yeah, exactly like that.

SUSAN
 Unbelievable.

Chas and Winton trail Simon to a side door.

WINTON
 We shouldn't leave her, should we?

SIMON
 I wouldn't worry about her, ducky.

Susan takes out a cigarette and several gents extend lighters.

CORRIDOR:

Simon leads them into the bowels of the club.

WINTON
 (whispers)
 Where we going?

CHAS
 (whispers)
 Won't take a minute. Just look
 tough, right?

Simon knocks on a side door and leads them in.

WINTON
 What botheration are you getting
 me into, man?

BACK OFFICE:

Simon directs them into a pokey, shadowed office. Crates of bottles -- a chipped filing cabinet -- shelves full of records.

Behind a battered desk sits KINGSLEY. Mid-50s. Old-fashioned oily club manager.

Perched on the desk: FAST FRANKIE. Mid-20s. Sharkskin suit and shark's eyes. He's cracking hard onto cloakroom girl DOLLY. Under the eyeliner and peroxide, probably far too young.

KINGSLEY
 Oh lovely, come in, why not? It's
 like an open bloody house.

A crackling noise makes Winton look down -- they're stepping on glossy black shards of several smashed vinyl

records.

CHAS

I'm Chas.

KINGSLEY

Good for you.

(to Winton)

What about you?

WINTON

I'm Chas' mate... This is cosy.

KINGSLEY

We like it.

(to Frankie)

Laughing boy, 'aven't you got punters to attend to?

FAST FRANKIE

OK, daddyo, keep your wig on.

He slides insouciantly off the desk and Dolly makes to follow.

KINGSLEY

Not you!

Dolly stays put. Chas lights her a cigarette.

CHAS

We're down from Margate.

(points to Simon)

I'm mates with 'is cousin--

SIMON

Yes, thank you. Haven't you heard?

Loose lips sink ships.

They wait for Fast Frankie, who gets the hint and withdraws with a sneer.

CHAS

I've got the money...

He dives into his jacket and proffers the wad of cash, which Dolly reaches for eagerly.

WINTON

Hang about!

Shrewd Winton has figured out some kind of deal's going on, even if he doesn't know what.

WINTON

Let's see the... y'know... first.

KINGSLEY
Quite right. Dolly?

Dolly pointedly opens a desk drawer within easy reach of Kingsley.

DOLLY
Oh please. Allow me.

She drops a slim, flat package on the desk with a thud.

LADIES TOILET:

Susan pushes through the heaving crowd to the toilet's tiny cracked mirror.

A mod girl, PAM, 18-ish, trendy in slacks and shirt, sizes up Susan's dress.

PAM
Crikey. I didn't know it was a beauty contest.

SUSAN
Isn't everything?

Susan breaks out her lipstick. Pam offers a tissue.

PAM
First time here?

SUSAN
First time anywhere.

Susan ignores the tissue and picks up Pam's eyeliner.

BACK OFFICE:

Kingsley finishes counting the money.

SIMON
Right, do the honours won't you, love.

Dolly grabs a record from the shelf.

KINGSLEY
Hold up, not that one... I like that one.

Dolly chucks it back and grabs another record at random.

DOLLY
Suit you, your highness?

KINGSLEY
Tickety-boo.

Dolly dumps the black vinyl disc out of the cardboard sleeve -- replaces it with the slim package. She holds out the cardboard record sleeve, now slightly bulging from its contraband contents. After a nod from Chas, Winton takes it.

KINGSLEY

Right, get out of it. And keep
your nose out of there!

Simon holds the door for Chas and Winton.

CHAS

(to Dolly)

See you on the dancefloor.

Dolly whizzes the discarded vinyl disc at them, smashing against the wall into shiny black shards -- joining the other shards on the floor.

CLUB:

Pam emerges from the ladies into the noisy, heaving club -- followed by Susan, now fiercely-eyelinered.

PAM

You here with a fella?

SUSAN

Depends. What are your mates like?

They tumble into the club, laughing like best friends.

GENTS TOILET:

Chas and Winton burst into the gents -- elbow past the dandyish chaps vying for the small mirror.

CUBICLE:

Chas and Winton squeezed in a filthy cubicle. Chas carefully draws the slim package from the cardboard record sleeve.

Winton

Well?

Banging on the cubicle door.

GRUFF VOICE

What's going on in there? Open up!
Open up I say!

Chas hastily shoves the package back in the cardboard sleeve -- Winton tries to shove it behind the cistern -- Chas inches the door open.

SIMON
Your faces!

CHAS
Leave it out, I almost had a
bleedin' coronary.

SIMON
I borrowed that from an old master
of mine.
(gruff voice)
You boy!
(normal voice)
Taught me everything I know, and I
taught him a thing or two in
return. Now, you weren't tempted
to give your new prize possession
a little spin, were you?

CHAS
No.

SIMON
Good, because it's bought and paid
for. But so as to divert you from
the path of temptation, I've
brought a little something to take
your mind off things.

Simon slips Chas something.

SIMON
That's for you two -- so keep your
sticky little fingers out of where
they don't belong. Now get out of
the khazi and go get yourselves a
bevare, your dreadful horrors.

Chas and Winton slink out of the cubicle. Simon plucks
down the record from behind the cistern and thrusts it at
them.

SIMON
Good heavens. Try not to let a
seagull fly off with it neither!

CLUB:

In a dark corner of the heaving club, Chas opens his hand
to reveal a handful of blue pills.

Winton
Bloody hell...

Susan and Pam arrive, arm in arm and giggling.

SUSAN
What are you two up to?

PAM

Ooh, what you got there, French Blues?

WINTON

We can explain...

Susan takes a couple of pills, pops one in her mouth, and disappears with a smile into the crowd.

SUSAN

I'm sure I can figure it out.

Chas and Winton both neck a pill and follow her.

LATER:

Chas and Winton on the edge of the crowd, vibrating with speed energy -- sweating, chewing, staring. The girls sweating, bopping and laughing on the dancefloor.

MOMENTS LATER:

Chas hands out a fistful of cokes to Winton, Susan, Pam and Porter, the sharp-suited mod.

WINTON

Thanks, man. Here, this cat works on Savile Row!

CHAS

No way!

PORTER

Yeah, I'm only an apprentice now, but the things you learn.

SUSAN

Must be good money.

PAM'S FRIEND

Keeps me in sweeties, know what I mean?

WINTON

I'm gonna work there some day. Have my own shop, make the best suits.

PORTER

You'd give 'em a right fright.

SUSAN

Show him.

WINTON

Nah, man.

SUSAN
Go on, show him.

Winton produces a notebook from his pocket -- shows it to Porter.

WINTON
It's just some ideas.

PORTER
Cor, you drew these?
(to Pam)
That's a bit tasty, innit? I'd wear that like a shot.
(to Winton)
Where'd you say your dad's shop is?

WINTON
On the Bethnal Green Road.

PORTER
I might have to pay you a visit!

A new song comes on.

CHAS
'Ere, what's this one, mate?

PAM'S FRIEND
Sam Cooke. Brilliant.

Pam picks up Chas' record.

PAM
Better than this old rubbish--

Winton grabs it.

WINTON
It's, er, got sentimental value.
Here, Chas, where's them sweeties?

NEARBY:

In another darkened corner, Fast Frankie sells a young mod some pills and eyes up Chas and Winton doling out their speed.

DANCEFLOOR:

"Night train" by James Brown erupts -- Chas and Winton neck more pills and bounce onto the packed dancefloor with their new mates.

GENTS:

Chas bobs into the gents, sweating and buzzing.

Fast Frankie pushes in front of him to style his hair in the mirror.

FAST FRANKIE
Having a good night?

CHAS
The best! This music's something else.

FAST FRANKIE
Down from Margate, are we?

CHAS
Yeah, I'm mates with... Um, no-one. I mean, just 'ere for a dance, y'know.

FAST FRANKIE
Good lad. Know when to keep schtum. Gotta be careful in this game. You never know what might happen to a trusting young juvenile like yourself.

DANCEFLOOR:

Winton cosies up with a MOD GIRL. Chas returns, subdued -- hovers by Winton, looking a little jealous, about to butt in -- but Pam intercepts him.

PAM
Hello stranger!

Chas tries to talk in her ear against the loud music.

PAM
(yelling)
What?

CHAS
(yelling)
I said, do you know that charmer in the corner?

PAM
Oh, you mean Fast Frankie?
(yelling)
Fast Frankie! They call him that because he'll get you where you want to go -- and fast.

CHAS
Bit of a gorilla.

PAM
You talk too much!

She enfolds him and they kiss.

Winton looks over. Now it's his turn to look jealous -- until his girl drags him back.

"Night train" erupts a second time -- the dancefloor goes even more nuts.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

The music still ringing in our ears, Chas and Winton and Susan tumble pell-mell through the silent streets -- high heels and contraband record sleeve in their hands. Kings and queen of the creeping dawn.

Susan spins round a lamp post like Gene Kelly. The boys laugh.

Susan pulls them together arm-in-arm.

SUSAN

You two mates again then?

Susan suddenly kisses them both -- clumsy, spontaneous.

SUSAN

All aboard!

She dances down the deserted street -- and stops dead.

Up ahead: Brycey gets out of a gleaming Jaguar.

BRYCEY

Been looking for you.

SUSAN

Get out of the way, Brycey. You want me to tell my brother?

BRYCEY

Just glad you're safe, princess.

The kids hurry past him -- and come up short as a black van screeches to a halt ahead.

The van's side door slides open -- reveals a squad of UNIFORMED POLICEMEN. Sneering SERGEANT IVY, 30s, oozes out of the black maria van.

SGT IVY

Stop right there!

WINTON

No good, man...

SGT IVY

That's right, sweetheart, come to

me now. You're safe.

SUSAN
Me? Honestly officer, I'm fine.

SGT IVY
It's OK, love, we've got 'em. They
can't hurt you any more.
(yells)
Get the black bastard!

Winton drops the record and legs it -- Chas hesitates --

SUSAN
Go!

Chas goes.

ALLEY:

Winton tears down a side alley -- the black maria
screeches to a halt ahead -- coppers behind him -- he's
trapped --

STREET:

Brycey clamps a hand tight on Susan's arm.

SUSAN
Get off!

BRYCEY
I'm seeing you get home safe. Alan
asked me to see to it personally.

She slaps him and he releases her. Then he stoops --
picks up the contraband record...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Winton holds up his hands as Sgt Ivy approaches.

WINTON
OK, man. I'll tell you everything
at the station.

SGT IVY
Awww. 'E thinks 'e's going to the
station.

Sgt Ivy whips Winton with his truncheon -- Winton tries
to scramble through a gate into a yard behind him -- the
policemen swarm after him.

STREET:

Brycey turns the record over in his hands...

Susan snatches it from him. He grabs her --

ALLEY:

Chas comes to a halt at the mouth of the alley. Coppers haven't seen him yet -- he hesitates -- and suddenly he's bundled up by a huffing and puffing PC Nixon.

PC NIXON
Hold it, lad -- I've got you.

CHAS
Sir -- Mr. Nixon -- you've got to help him!

SGT IVY
'Allo. Who's this rat leaving the sinking ship?

PC NIXON
It's all right, sir. I know this one. He's not involved.

SGT IVY
Really? Sending 'im off 'ome to bed with a thick ear, is that it?

The coppers rifle Winton's suit -- tear the lining.

WINTON
Leave it out!

SGT IVY
Hold him still! You're in right schtuck, my son. Have your wicked way, did you?

WINTON
No! Tell 'em, Chas!

CHAS
Leave 'im alone!

Chas struggles free of PC Nixon -- runs towards Winton -- a copper cracks Chas with a truncheon and he spills to the cobbles, bleeding.

SGT IVY
This is what happens to coons thinking they can come over here and kidnap nice white girls... Give him the message.

The coppers lay into Winton -- boots, fists, truncheons, blood.

EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brycey marches Susan to the front door of her terraced house. Still clutching the contraband record sleeve, she shakes herself free -- lets herself in the door -- slams it in his face.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Cold light of day. Chas comes to in the gutter, dried blood on his face.

The policemen spill out of the yard, cackling. PC Nixon is last.

CHAS

He never done anything.

PC NIXON

They've always done something.

He joins the other coppers and the black maria pulls away.

The gate creeps open -- Winton slumps against the frame, bloodied and bruised.

CHAS

Jesus christ, Winton, what have they done to you?

WINTON

(wincing)

Least they didn't cart me off to the station... I've got... the same bruises, but I don't need to worry about... bus fare home.

CHAS

I saw it. I'll report them.

WINTON

Don't be such a wanker, Chas.

Winton limps away.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - DAY

In the chintzy living room, SUSAN'S MUM -- early 40s, a glam bottle blonde in a shimmering dress -- is passed out in an armchair.

Susan sighs. Slips her mum's heels off. Collapses into the armchair next to her mum and, after a moment, hugs the record sleeve close.

EXT. MARGATE STATION - DAY

Exhausted, Chas trudges off the train into the chill sea breeze.

EXT. MARGATE SEAFRONT - DAY

Chas stares at turbulent waves crashing against the deserted grey seafront.

Cafes and bars and tourist attractions empty and silent. Seagulls wheel overhead. An elderly couple shuffles by, leaning on each other.

Chas pushes off the railing and leaves the grey seafront behind.

INT. ART SCHOOL - DAY

A painting of the seafront, the skyline dominated by an imagined ultra-modern tower block.

Among the art studio's paintings and sketches, two teenage art students study the skyline painting: simply-dressed UNA, barefoot in cropped trousers, laughter never far away, and fresh-faced mod OLIVER.

UNA

It's a box.

OLIVER

It's a home -- a home anyone can afford.

UNA

Aren't they lucky. Slave your life away making someone else rich, and you too can have a fancy box.

OLIVER

There's no reason hard work has to be incompatible with beauty. Why shouldn't we be able to have nice things just because we're working class?

Chas slinks into the studio, trying not to be noticed.

UNA

Oliver, you're as working class as Princess Margaret's drinks trolley. Now Chas here, on the other hand, is oik through and through. Chas my dear -- doesn't this box promote bourgeois capitalism?

CHAS

It's a very nice box.

UNA

Oh you're as bad as him, you
dreadful arriviste.

She laughs and hugs him.

UNA

Happy new year, lovely Chas. How
are you?

CHAS

Oh, y'know. Alive with
possibility. Is he here?

She notices the cut on his head.

UNA

You been in the wars?

Chas points to Una's easel, a flamboyant painting of a
stylish mod with cutting-edge hairdo, self-important
eyebrows and very pointy shoes.

CHAS

What's it meant to be?

UNA

Give over!

The subject of the painting is SEATON, 18, draped over a
bench to be admired.

SEATON

Have you something for me?

OLIVER

Very colourful, Una. Come on then,
Charles. Let me look upon your
works, ye mighty, and despair.

SEATON

We're having a conversation.

Chas pulls out his sketchbook and shows the others.

OLIVER

Still working in charcoal, Chas?

SEATON

It's all he can afford.

UNA

Leave off, Seaton.

CHAS

Actually it was a present... See,
I got a lump of coal for
Christmas.

(to Una)

I met your cousin.

UNA

He's a card, isn't he?

CHAS

Not hardly. That club's a bit of
alright, too.

UNA

You could be going down there
regular, with a bit of luck.

(pointing to sketchbook)

That's nice.

OLIVER

Y'know, Chas, these portraits
aren't bad. If you learned to use
colour you could be an
illustrator. Fashion magazines.
Advertising, even.

UNA

Oh Oliver, such crass
commercialism... Although this I
like.

She holds up a portrait of a beautiful girl: Susan.

UNA

Anyone we know?

CHAS

The girl of my dreams.

UNA

I thought I was the girl of your
dreams.

The TEACHER arrives -- the group breaks up.

TEACHER

All right, gather round.

Oliver lingers on Chas' sketch.

OLIVER

Honestly Chas, it's the 1960s --
you've got to stop seeing the
world in black and white.

INT. FRANCESCA'S CAFE - NIGHT

Steaming black coffee hits a cup.

Una sips the rich coffee and her eyes widen.

UNA

Wow.

CHAS

See? I told you. The new Gaggia.
That's the proper Italian stuff.

Chas at work behind the counter of a bustling coffee bar. Nothing fancy but absolutely spick and span. Decorated with Italian-themed pictures. The window reads: "Francesca's".

UNA

A taste of home?

CHAS

Maybe, if I could remember it.

UNA

Are you alright, lovely? You've been quiet ever since you came back from London.

CHAS

Yeah. I dunno. I just... Like, do you ever wonder what we're doing? What we're working for?

UNA

I thought the point of art school was to get out of working.

CHAS

Not just painting pictures and going on and on talking about stuff. I mean doing something real.

UNA

You mean like getting married? How bourgeois.

FRANCESCA, Chas' mother, bustles in from the back room. 50s. Italian but with perfect English. Jet-back hair with only a little grey. Seen life and standing proud against it.

FRANCESCA

Chas! There are other customers -- even if they are not so beautiful as this one.

CHAS
(laughing)
Alright, Mum.

Chas waves away Una's money and she joins the art students mucking about at a nearby table.

Chas works the Gaggia coffee machine for the NEXT CUSTOMER. Glances in the mirror behind the counter -- sees Seaton glaring at him.

Chas hands the coffee to the waiting customer.

CHAS
Don't listen to my Mum -- I think
you're beautiful.

INT. FRANCESCA'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Francesca tidies the empty café. Chas cleans the coffee machine.

FRANCESCA
Are you still thinking about your
friend?

CHAS
It's just not right.

The door jangles. Seaton enters, face like thunder.

FRANCESCA
We're closed, my love.

SEATON
Just need a quick word.

Francesca bustles out the back. Chas huddles with Seaton.

CHAS
Listen, it was the cossers, they
beat my mate to a pulp--

SEATON
Where's my merchandise?

CHAS
Oh he's just peachy, thanks for
asking.

Francesca bustles back in.

FRANCESCA
I came to England to get away from
the fascists. I never thought I'd
see something like that happen
here. You heard what happened to

my son?

SEATON

Rotten luck. Somebody should do something...

FRANCESCA

What can you do?

SEATON

Some kind of recompense is due, I'd say.

CHAS

We've got to close up. I'll see you square, alright?

Chas ushers Seaton out -- resumes tidying.

FRANCESCA

What are you two scheming about?

CHAS

They shouldn't be allowed to get away with it. The police I mean.

FRANCESCA

Ah. Those men, they put on the uniforms, they think they can do anything. Before I met your father, I knew a man, a carabinieri -- a policeman. He thought he was king of the village. He was always pestering the women, the young girls. There was one girl he always followed, chased. 'Signorina, come walk with me'. She never would go with him. When the war came, the police they locked men up for nothing. Nothing! And this policeman, he knew he could do whatever he wanted. He took away this woman's father and her brother, so there is no-one to protect her. That is who men are, when you give them a uniform and tell them they rule over everyone else.

CHAS

I should complain. I should march in there and... and fight for what's right!

FRANCESCA

Your father would be proud.

She strokes his hair.

FRANCESCA

But some battles you cannot win.

INT. SEATON'S MARGATE CLUB - NIGHT

Oliver bounds onto a small stage and grabs a mic.

Oliver

Welcome, boys and girls, to
Margate's most happening scene!
And now, for your delight and
edification... the Seatons!

He sweeps an arm wide to reveal Seaton and his band --
they strike up a strident rhythm and blues beat.

Chas pushes his way into the crowd -- bops along.

Una jumps up on stage -- dances along to the band. Chas
cheers with the rest of the crowd -- until the song ends
and Una kisses Seaton.

MOMENTS LATER:

The band play in the background. Chas leans on the bar,
crestfallen.

Oliver appears -- tries to attract the barman.

CHAS

Oliver! Haven't seen you in ages!
How you keeping? They've really
done it, haven't they -- a proper
mod club right here in Margate!

OLIVER

I wouldn't get too attached if I
were you.

CHAS

Eh?

Oliver grabs his drinks as the band crashes to a halt and
the crowd cheer them off stage.

MOMENTS LATER:

Chas pushes past Oliver to where Seaton and Una are
receiving adoring fans.

OLIVER

Chas, mate...

CHAS

Alright! That was ace!

Seaton shoots a look at a flunky, who casually conceals

something in his jacket.

Una jumps up to steer Chas away.

UNA

Hi Chas! Didn't know you'd be here.

CHAS

Wouldn't miss your big night. Anyway, where've you been? I've barely seen you at school, and Mum says you haven't been round the caff much.

SEATON

I'd have thought you'd get the hint.

CHAS

What's going on?

UNA

I think it's time you left, Chas.

CHAS

Yeah? And what if I don't?

SEATON

I'll call the police.

CHAS

And tell 'em what?

SEATON

Tell 'em what a naughty boy you've been.

He signals to the flunky, who resumes doling out French Blues to paying customers.

UNA

Sorry, Chas.

CHAS

As if I care!

He angrily barges his way through the crowd.

EXT. SEATON'S MARGATE CLUB - NIGHT

Chas runs outside to his scooter. Oliver is right behind him.

OLIVER

Chas, wait -- I'm sorry about all this, it's Seaton...

CHAS
Piss off, Oliver.

He violently starts the scooter.

CHAS
You can have bloody Seaton if you
fancy him so much. Except you know
he's never going to love you back,
don't you?

He rides away, leaving Oliver devastated.

EXT. MARGATE SEAFRONT - NIGHT

Chas guns his scooter along the seafront. Passes a greasy-quiffed rocker, TEDDY ROCKER, eating fish and chips with his ROCKER MATE and their ROCKER GIRLS -- they jeer at Chas' scooter.

Chas spins the scooter round and guns straight at them, spoiling for a fight.

CHAS
Come on then!

TEDDY ROCKER
Don't split your trousers, I'm
tryin' to eat me chips.

CHAS
All mouth are you? Shouting the
odds and nothing to back it up.
Come on! 'Ave a go!

TEDDY ROCKER
'E's a game one, in'e?

Chas swings at the rockers -- they fight -- Chas gets the upper hand -- one of the rockers gets behind Chas and smashes him to the ground --

PC JEFFCOCK
Oi!

Burly policeman PC JEFFCOCK, mid-20s, appears. The rockers scarper.

PC JEFFCOCK
Bleedin' 'ooligans!

Jeffcock hauls Chas to his feet and shoves him towards his scooter.

PC JEFFCOCK
Take your bloody hairdryer and
bugger off before I really mess

your 'air up.

Chas jumps on his scooter and leaves PC Jeffcock with the rocker girls and their fish suppers.

ROCKER GIRL

Chip?

INT. UNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Urgent banging on the front door of a nicely-turned-out family-run hotel. Una's mum MRS WILSON shuffles to open it -- revealing the Margate seafront and an excited Chas.

MRS WILSON

Alright, alright, calm down.

CHAS

Is Una in?

MRS WILSON

Do you know what time it is?
Decent people are trying to
sleep...

Una comes down the stairs, sleepy but dressed.

UNA

Chas?

MRS WILSON

What are you doing up? I don't
know, come in all hours, go out
again, I don't know why I bother
making the bed... Treat this house
like a hotel...

EXT. UNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Una steps outside, revealing a sign: "SEAVIEW HOTEL". She closes the door over so they can talk.

UNA

I can't talk long, Seaton's taking
me for a run up the coast.

CHAS

Come to London with me.

UNA

Oh Chas, have you gone mad?

CHAS

Yeah, it's great, you should try
it. Come on -- you and me. Let's
go right now. Drop everything and

just go.

UNA

Mummy and daddy would kill me if I dropped out of art school. And besides, we've got the club now--

CHAS

In London there's a million clubs. We could open our own club! My mate Winton, his clothes are tip-top. We could open a shop with him!

UNA

What do you know about running a shop?

CHAS

It doesn't matter! What matters is that we just go. Stop sitting around here talking about it and drawing stupid pictures and just go. Let's go to London and be amazing.

Seaton pulls up on his scooter and dismounts.

UNA

Maybe next year.

CHAS

Next year the atomic bomb could drop and we'd all be dead. Or worse -- we'd be old!

SEATON

Una!

CHAS

Marry me. Marry me and come to London.

UNA

Oh, lovely Chas...

She touches his face for a moment -- then hurries down the path to be with Seaton. She mounts his scooter and ride away.

Chas burns for a moment. Then he runs.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Chas runs up a bustling London street -- and into a Police Station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

BACK OFFICE:

PC Nixon filing papers -- hears a commotion from the front desk.

FRONT DESK:

PC Nixon pokes his head out -- finds Chas berating the DESK SERGEANT.

BACK OFFICE:

Chas waits on a bench. PC Nixon and the desk sergeant loom over him.

PC NIXON
It's not too late to change your
mind, son...

The CHIEF INSPECTOR bustles in.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
This is him, eh?

PC NIXON
Sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
And he's serious?

PC NIXON
I believe so, sir.

The Chief Inspector nods to the desk sergeant, who pulls out a stack of forms and clicks his pen.

DESK SERGEANT
Name?

EXT. POLICE TRAINING COLLEGE - DAY

A harsh-faced POLICE TRAINING OFFICER screams into Chas' face.

TRAINING OFFICER
January? What the 'ell kind of
name is that?

CHAS
Present from me dad.

TRAINING OFFICER
Just you keep that up, Trainee
January. Fall... out!

Chas and a parade of trainee policemen turn on their heels and jumble across a parade ground under a sign reading: 'METROPOLITAN POLICE TRAINING COLLEGE'.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

Drum roll. Chas in police helmet, eyes front.

Chas' passing out parade. Ranks of newly-minted policemen and policewomen march in crisp dress uniform.

Caption: ONE YEAR LATER

Among the small crowd of family well-wishers, Francesca, in her Sunday best. Blinking back tears.

MOMENTS LATER:

The CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT reads out the list of graduating cadets.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT
...Cyril Jackson... Charles
January... Vincent Kingsley...

LATER:

Among the newly-minted police officers hugging their families, Francesca rushes up to Chas.

FRANCESCA
Cesare... They get your name
wrong! You have to tell them -- It
will be on your certificate wrong
-- You have to--

CHAS
It's fine, mum, honest! Blimey,
you don't half make a fuss.

FRANCESCA
You told them that is your
name...? What's the matter? You
don't want to be Cesare no more?
You don't want to be Italian? I'm
no good for you?

CHAS
Mum... Mama. It doesn't matter,
OK? It's just for them and their
stupid little world, their closed
little boxes with closed little
minds. But I'm here to change all
that. That's why I'm doing this.

FRANCESCA
It's this uniform. I told you. A

man puts on the uniform and he changes.

CHAS

Mama, it's not like that, alright?
I'm going to change them. This is
my chance to make a difference.

He enfolds her in a hug.

FRANCESCA

You're my Cesare. You'll always be
my Cesare.

CHAS

Always.

LATER:

Chas waves his mum off in a taxi. Loosens his tie.

A boisterous group of TRAINEES pass him.

TRAINEE

We're going to the pub -- fancy
it?

CHAS

Nah. There's somewhere I've got to
go... to say goodbye.

INT. HOPLITE CLUB - NIGHT

Clad in his sharpest suit, Chas saunters down the stairs
of the Hoplite. It's jumping with mods in sleek suits and
Fred Perry polo shirts.

Through the shifting crowd, Chas catches a glimpse of a
girl. He frowns. Leans forward.

Another momentary glimpse of the girl. Dancing. Full of
life.

It's her. With a chic mod-style short haircut and Kohl-
rimmed eyes, Susan has become SUSI.

Chas is transfixed.

Suddenly someone comes up behind Susi -- she spins round
-- they enfold each other. Susi and Fast Frankie kiss.

Frankie escorts Susi off the dancefloor. The crowd parts
for them, nodding to them, shaking Frankie's hand. In
here, these two are faces. King and queen of the Hoplite.

Chas pushes blindly through the crowd -- mods in his way
-- he falls though a side door --

CORRIDOR:

Chas sits on a crate, bereft.

The door opens -- Simon and Fast Frankie appear.

SIMON
 (to Frankie)
 --Never know with these
 charpering...
 (spots Chas)
 What's your game?

CHAS
 Just looking for the khazi.

SIMON
 You won't find it back here.
 Bugger off, go on. Bloody urchin.

Chas dashes past Simon, relieved.

SIMON
 Hold up! Have I varda-ed you
 before someplace? I never forget
 an eek.

CHAS
 Nah. Not me. First time 'ere.

SIMON
 Ta-ta then.

Fast Frankie grudgingly stands aside -- Chas escapes.

CLUB:

Chas pushes through the crowd. Reaches the foot of the stairs.

Dolly comes bowling down the stairs -- runs right into Chas -- ignores him -- barrels on into the club.

Hard on her heels comes a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN -- and ANOTHER and ANOTHER.

Helmets everywhere -- the crowd scream -- try to scatter -- but the room's too crowded.

Chas scrambles through the madness.

BACK OFFICE:

Dolly charges in on Simon, Kingsley and Frankie.

DOLLY
 Cossers!

Kingsley shoves the contents of a drawer into a vent --
Frankie lights out like his winklepickers are on fire.

SIMON
Oh, here we go...

EXT. HOPLITE BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Fast Frankie bashes through the back door into a cramped yard -- sends a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN sprawling -- charges for the wrought iron stairs leading to the street -- barred by plainclothes officer DETECTIVE SERGEANT LYALL, 30s, Scottish, scowling.

Frankie snaps open a flick knife.

CORRIDOR:

Chas fights his way out of the club -- legs it up the corridor.

BACK DOOR:

Frankie slashes DS Lyall across his chest --

Chas bursts out of the back door -- crashes into Frankie and the coppers -- the knife cuts Chas' arm -- Chas yells -- knees Frankie hard. The knife clatters to the floor.

The uniforms bundle Chas -- Frankie recovers -- escapes up the stairs.

The policemen advance on Chas.

CHAS
Lads. Lads...

INT. HOPLITE CLUB - NIGHT

Chas is hurled back into the club by the angry policemen.

Silence. The kids are lined up against the wall, complaining as policemen go through their pockets.

A pair of crisp brogues descend the stairs.

The brogues cross the dancefloor, stirring aside plastic glasses. The wearer stops -- crouches -- picks up a blue pill.

Among the crowd, Susi sizes up the newcomer -- and likes what she sees.

The mods wince as the club lights snap on, revealing DETECTIVE INSPECTOR NAYLOR. Early-40s. Not a hair out of place. A tough thief-taker who looks good doing it.

DI NAYLOR
Nick the lot of 'em!

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Jail cells stuffed with bored mods, passed out or pissed off.

Chas paces. Fingers his slashed suit. Paces some more.

PISSED-OFF MOD
Give it a rest, will yer.

A BOOKING OFFICER paces by.

CHAS
Officer! Officer, listen, can I
have a word?

BOOKING OFFICER
You can have as many as you like
with the judge, son.

DS Lyall stalks into the cells. Points out Chas.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lyall frogmarches Chas through an office where uniforms are processing protesting mods.

Chas glances into a side office and sees Kingsley being given a roasting by policemen.

In another, Simon smokes serenely as he's interrogated.

In another side office, a WOMAN POLICE CONSTABLE standing watch over panda-eyed mod girls. A glimpse of Susi, unconcerned.

DS LYALL
In 'ere, pal.

DU NAYLOR'S OFFICE:

Chas is ushered into a private office. DI Naylor sits behind the desk.

DI NAYLOR
This him?

CHAS
Sir, I--

DI NAYLOR
Take any narcotics last night?

CHAS

No sir!

DI NAYLOR

Just between you and me.

CHAS

No, sir.

DI NAYLOR

Your dance partner last night -- twinkletoes, who vanished in a puff of smoke. Friend of yours?

CHAS

No, sir! Never seen him before.

DI NAYLOR

Really? His name's Francis Sheffield. It was him we were there to lay hands on, funnily enough -- anyway, he's finished, if he wasn't already. Waving cutlery at a police officer is rather frowned upon. We just need an address.

CHAS

No idea, sir.

DI NAYLOR

You are a habitu   of the nightclub in question?

Chas looks DI Naylor dead in the eye.

CHAS

Never been there before in my life.

DI NAYLOR

Are you a mod, Mr. January?

CHAS

No sir.

DI NAYLOR

You were in a mod club.

CHAS

I heard it was a good place to meet girls, sir. That's all.

DI NAYLOR

What am I wearing?

CHAS

Sir...?

DI NAYLOR
Don't be shy.

Chas eyes up DI Naylor's suit.

CHAS
Looks Italian.

DI NAYLOR
Yes...?

CHAS
Savile Row, obviously.

DI NAYLOR
Obviously. So you see, Mr. January, I'm not some lumpen flatfoot like them lot out there. Now, DS Lyall and I do realise you did try to help when things got a little hairy. But I see you dressed like a mod, with your hair styled like a mod, in a club with a hundred and fifty other mods... Sergeant Lyall, if it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck, what is it?

DS LYALL
It's a fuckin' duck, sir.

DI NAYLOR
Shame, really -- Hendon said such good things.

CHAS
Sir...?

DI NAYLOR
You do of course realise there's no place for you in the Metropolitan Police Force.

Chas' is rooted to the spot. Devastated.

DI NAYLOR
But if you remember anything about friend Francis, please do give us a call.

He flicks a card across the desk.

CHAS
Sir...

DI NAYLOR
That's all.

DS Lyall sticks the card in Chas top pocket -- prods Chas towards the door.

DI NAYLOR

One more thing, Mr. January... I know about the music. I know about the clothes. But what still isn't quite clear to me is what it actually means to be a mod?

CHAS

Clean living, sir. Under difficult circumstances.

INT. POLICE TRAINING COLLEGE - DAY

Chas showers away the night in deserted communal showers.

INT. CHAS' DIGS - DAY

Chas stares at his police uniform. Hangs it back in the wardrobe. Picks up a box of 7-inch singles. Flicks through them. Comes across James Brown's "Night Train".

Chas hurls the box of 7-inches against the wall and exits.

EXT. EAST LONDON - DAY

Chas strides the grey, gritty streets of East London. Going home once again -- with renewed purpose.

INT. GREASY SPOON - DAY

Chas loiters over a coffee in the window seat of a seamy caff.

A PASSING FIGURE flits by on the street outside.

Chas chucks some coins on the table and follows.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

The figure alights from a bus -- as the bus pulls away Chas jumps off too.

EXT. RUNDOWN FLATS - NIGHT

Chas spies his quarry disappear into a decrepit block of Victorian flats, then reappear on the open walkway a few stories up. Chas counts across to the door where the figure waits.

EXT. RUNDOWN FLAT - NIGHT

The front door of the flat opens -- revealing Chas has been following SUSI.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOX - DAY

A sharp rapping on the glass panel of a red telephone box.

Bundled up in his coat in the phone box, Chas jerks awake at the noise from an IRATE LADY tapping on the glass.

IRATE PHONE BOX LADY
It's not a bleedin' dosshouse!

Chas groggily shambles towards the flats.

Suddenly he spots Susi coming right at him -- he ducks out of sight.

Susi passes by. Did she see him? He can't tell.

Chas dashes for the red telephone box -- hops around outside as the irate lady laughs and jabbers down the phone.

Chas raps on the phone box.

CHAS
Police business!

IRATE PHONE BOX LADY
My eye!

She continues jabbering.

LATER:

The irate lady emerges from the box. Chas dashes in -- dials.

CHAS
(into phone)
You still want Fast Frankie?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DS Lyall on the phone.

DS LYALL
How do you even know he's there?
Don't waste my time, laddie!

EXT. TELEPHONE BOX - DAY

Chas exits the red telephone box. Sets off for the rundown flats.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Chas creeps up the dingy brick stairwell to Frankie's flat, several stories up.

EXT. OPEN-AIR LANDING - DAY

Arriving on Frankie's floor, Chas leans on the rickety wrought iron stair railings to get his breath back -- they creak alarmingly -- he jumps clear --

And is stunned to find Stubbs on the landing outside Frankie's flat.

STUBBS

Chas?

CHAS

What... What you doin' 'ere?

STUBBS

Jibbed off the national service, di'n't I.

CHAS

So you did learn to keep your head down then.

STUBBS

Yeah, suppose I did.

They both chuckle --

The flat window explodes outwards -- Fast Frankie slumps halfway out the shattered window -- and is violently dragged back in.

STUBBS

(hisses)

Jesus Christ -- Chas, get out of 'ere, mate!

Chas freezes -- hears yelling inside. A crash. Silence.

Chas makes a break for the stairs -- just as the flat door opens.

CHAS

Shit...!

Alan slinks from the flat, followed by Brycey and his pack.

ALAN

Well I never... Young master January! This is a turn-up. When was the last time I saw you?

BRYCEY

That new year.

ALAN

New year, that's right... The night some little toe-rag did a moonlight flit in my motor, would you believe. Oh, I got it back -- the old bill caught up with the scrote who took it. Some dirty black bastard, apparently. Anyway, let's just say justice was served.

CHAS

Everyone gets what's coming to them.

ALAN

Indeed. You know, I've been hoping to bump into you for ages. Even considered a little trip to the seaside to look you up. But my sister, she's the one talked me out of it. I think she was sweet on you. Silly, really. Schoolgirl stuff, y'know. She's grown out of it now, of course.

CHAS

'Course.

ALAN

So really, there isn't anything to stop me coming down the coast. Get some sea air. Maybe even see your old mum.

CHAS

You should. I'd welcome you any time.

ALAN

Undoubtedly. Except now you're here, we can save ourselves the bother...

Suddenly Stubbs notices movement below.

STUBBS

Alan! Cossers!

Chas bolts -- Alan and the pack leg it for the back stairs. -- except Brycey, who grabs Chas -- sends him

sprawling --

BRYCEY

I'm gonna 'ave you this time,
mush.

They tussle -- fall against the rickety stairwell
railings -- Chas bent back over the sheer drop -- the
railings groan --

Coppers charge up the stairs -- DS Lyall arrives on the
landing --

DS LYALL

Pack that shite in --

Brycey brandishes a razor -- Lyall's a goner --

Chas kicks the railings -- Brycey feels the railings
shudder beneath him -- instinctively drops the blade and
reaches out -- Chas clutches at him --

The railings give way. Brycey drops.

Coppers scatter as he hits the stairwell a couple of
stories down.

DS LYALL

Hell's bells! You awright, son?
Who the hell were that shower?

CHAS

No idea, sir.

Below, a POLICEMAN checks Brycey's still form.

POLICEMAN

He's alive, sir!

DS LYALL

(to his men)

Right, call an ambulance! You lot,
come with me.

DS Lyall leads the coppers into the flat. Chas crumples
on the landing, gasping for breath.

DI Naylor saunters onto the landing.

DI NAYLOR

Clean living, Mr.. January?

DS Lyall emerges from the flat and scowls down at Chas.

EXT. FLATS - DAY

Battered and bloodied Fast Frankie is led away in cuffs.

MEDICS load Brycey's stretcher into an Austin ambulance.

DI Naylor nods to DS Lyall and heads for his flash MG sports car. Chas, chain-smoking nearby, gives chase.

CHAS

Sir. Can I have a word?

DI NAYLOR

Why do you keep calling me 'sir'?
You're not a police officer. Are
you, Mr. January?

CHAS

I could be. A bloody good one.

DI NAYLOR

That's certainly what your
instructors thought, until it
turned out you were just another
reprobate all along. All this
doesn't exactly change that
impression.

CHAS

Sir, please. I was just trying to
make it right. Show I'm prepared
to do whatever it takes to be a
copper. Honestly, sir, I wish I'd
never gone to that club.

DI NAYLOR

Just looking for girls?

CHAS

One girl in particular, sir. But
I'm done with all that. I want to
be a police officer. I want to do
the badge proud.

DI NAYLOR

You did do my man DS Lyall rather
a good turn.

CHAS

Twice. And I did find Frankie.

DI NAYLOR

Very well, Mr. January. You're
finished with the Met. But... if
you were to apply to another
force, I see no need to draw
attention to any... prior lapse of
judgement.

CHAS

Really, sir? Thank you, sir!

DI Naylor leaves, but then stops.

DI NAYLOR
No more mods?

CHAS
No more mods, sir.

DI NAYLOR
And this girl?

CHAS
I told you, sir: clean living.

NEARBY:

Across the road, hidden among a knot of onlookers: Susi.

INT. HOPLITE CLUB - NIGHT

Kingsley on the phone in the back office, his back to the door. Dolly perched on the desk, sorting pills into packets.

KINGSLEY
(into phone)
...Yeah, no bother... Twenty quid
fine. Bit of a pain in the arse
but hardly the end of the world.

The door opens. The bouncer looms in the doorway.

KINGSLEY
(into phone)
Yeah, new name on the license and
it's business as usual, the silly
sods.

He gestures to the bouncer -- 'shut the door!'

The bouncer takes a step. Staggers. Blood pours from his scalp. He collapses -- revealing Alan.

Alan steps over the crumpled form of the bouncer, holding a short steel pipe.

KINGSLEY
(into phone)
I think you'd better send some of
the lads over --

CLICK. Dolly's perfectly-painted blood-red fingertip has cut off the telephone.

Alan points at her with the steel pipe, the bouncer's blood on the end.

ALAN
(to Dolly)
Aren't you a clever girl?

KINGSLEY
I think you outta know who I work
for --

Grinning, Alan starts forward.

EXT. SEATON'S MARGATE CLUB - NIGHT

A mod takes a whack from a rolled-up magazine.

The mods play-fight with among a crowd of mods lounging
on their parked-up scooters outside the club.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

In a black maria parked opposite the club, PC Jeffcock
glares at the mods.

PC JEFFCOCK
Look at the little shits. Think
they're so clever. Send 'em to
Malaya, see 'ow they get on in
their little poof suits there.

EXT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The van door slides back and another uniformed officer
jumps out: PC Chas January.

CHAS
I'm not sure John Steven does
camouflage.

Brisk SERGEANT CROMWELL, 40s, joins them.

SERGEANT CROMWELL
Righto, new lad. Chop chop.

Chas sighs and starts towards the mods -- PC Jeffcock
collars him.

PC JEFFCOCK
I've seen you on your little
scooter 'an all. You just better
get it into your head you're not
one of them no more.

CHAS
There is no them and us. We're all
on the same side. You know we're
here to help people?

PC JEFFCOCK
Bollocks.

Chas heads for the mods as Jeffcock calls after him.

PC JEFFCOCK
You think 'cos you dodged national
service you're going to have a
nice soft life. Well let me tell
you, it ain't gonna be soft.
You're old bill now, and don't you
forget it! When it all goes off
you're to remember which side
you're on. You stand with us, no
matter what!

Chas reaches the mods.

CHAS
Ladies and gentlemen. We've had
some complaints about the noise--

The mods jeer and rev their scooters.

Seaton and Una emerge from the club as Chas remonstrates.

Louder engines: TEDDY ROCKER and a handful of ROCKERS
pull up down the road, revving their noisy Triton
motorbikes.

The mods reply with jeers and V-signs.

CHAS
OK, just ignore the greasy
bastards.

Down the road comes Oliver's scooter.

Teddy Rocker guns his Triton right at Oliver -- Oliver
loses control -- the scooter smashes into the roadway --
flips Oliver off --

The rockers are on the fallen Oliver -- giving him a
kicking --

The mods charge --

CHAS
Bloody 'ell!

Chas and the other coppers race towards the fight.

The rockers scarper, leaving Oliver and his scooter in a
mess on the tarmac.

Chas helps Oliver -- Oliver lashes out -- splits Chas'
lip.

The coppers push through the angry mob of mods.

PC JEFFCOCK
Out the bleedin' way!

ANGRY MOD
Don't just stand there -- go after
them! Bloody rockers!

Chas helps Oliver up.

SERGEANT
He can stand, can he? Then scrape
the little hooligan off the road
-- he's coming with us.

UNA
But he was just defending himself!
Chas, honest.

The mods and coppers stare at Chas. Decision time. Is he
copper or mod?

CHAS
Oliver Anderson, you're under
arrest.

Jeffcock grins and bundles Oliver away. The mods react
with anger and jeers.

SERGEANT
One more word and we'll 'ave the
lot of you!

The mods slope away, hurling abuse and V-signs.

Chas picks up Oliver's smashed scooter -- spots a
slightly bulging record sleeve on the ground next to it.

CHAS
Hold it.

Chas picks up the contraband record. Weighs it in his
hand.

Holds it out to Seaton.

CHAS
Go on. Take it. And that's the end
of it.

Una grabs the contraband record. She and Seaton retreat.

Chas clambers into the back of the black maria with
desolate Oliver and smug PC Jeffcock.

PC JEFFCOCK
Good lad.

INT. HOPLITE CLUB - NIGHT

The Hoplite is jumping. Mods having a blast.

Alan surveys his new kingdom. Nods to Stubbs, who begins doling out pills.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Shadowy hulking figures in dark suits gather in an empty pool hall.

Straightening his tie, Simon greets the assembled gangsters.

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

DI Naylor joins DS Lyall and a small crowd of uniforms beside a fog-shrouded canal.

A damp sheet covers a wet lump on the towpath.

Lyall draws back the sheet: Kingsley, white-faced and waterlogged with his skull bashed in.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

PC Nixon examines a picture of Brycey pinned to the noticeboard, then a file photo of Alan -- and picks up the phone.

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

DI Naylor and DS Lyall convene as MEDICS stretch away the body.

DI NAYLOR

There's something rotten in that club...

DS LYALL

We need someone on the inside.

DI NAYLOR

Someone who knows the players.
Someone who looks the part... Now
who do we know like that?

INT. FRANCESCA'S CAFÉ - DAY

Still in uniform, Chas enters the cafe, greets his mum with a tired smile. He's had a long night. Francesca pours him a coffee. He sips it, at peace.

As Chas savours his coffee, a CUSTOMER gets up to leave and discards a newspaper on the table.

The fallen newspaper's headline reads: "RESORTS BRACE FOR BANK HOLIDAY YOUTH INVASION".

FADE OUT.