

BLACK SUNRISE

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BLACK SUNRISE EPISODE ONE - ALLIANCES

EXT. BALCONY OF LUXURY APARTMENT IN LONDON - DAWN

As the sun rises over a panorama of Docklands, MAX (70s) steps out from the full-length doors of his BEDROOM on to the BALCONY and looks up into the clear sky.

He's tall, long-haired, bearded and wears a long gown. Despite his age, he seems to be in very good physical condition. He raises his arms and spreads them wide.

MAX

(close)

Let's rise together, Brother Sun.
It is my will to rise to your
power.

(louder)

Let men adore our god-head!

DIANA(70s) comes through from the bedroom, similarly dressed. Like MAX she is well-preserved, a striking woman with long flowing white hair.

DIANA

Hail Sunna! Who gives life to all
our folk.

MAX

(close)

Even the weak...

MAX turns to re-enter the bedroom, DIANA obediently following. As MAX slides back the door, we glimpse a small BLACK SUN motif on his gown - a black disc bordered by spikes of fire. Cut to:

EXT. A STREET IN BURNLEY - DAWN

Title: 'BURNLEY, LANCASHIRE'

It's a raw dawn on an empty street in this small Northern town. The shops are closed and several are for sale or are boarded up. In one of these doorways **PETE HUNTER** (38) is huddled in a sleeping bag. He wears a stained anorak but this doesn't stop him shivering. Nor does its hood hide the scars on his left cheek.

As he awakes, his eyes flicker anxiously while he scans the street. A big rubbish collection TRUCK enters from a side road and moves in his direction, revving its noisy DIESEL ENGINES louder and louder...

INT. A MILITARY PATROL VEHICLE - DAY

TITLE: HELMAND PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN 2015

Inside a British Army Panther Pete, in combat gear, his face un-scarred, sits beside the **DRIVER (20s)**. They're speeding through flat scrubland under a blue sky. Pete is on high alert.

EXT. A STREET IN BURNLEY - DAWN

The truck stops a few feet away from Pete, its engines still roaring. Two council **BIN MEN(40s)** shout and banter as they grab wheelie bins and push them towards the hoist on the back of the vehicle. There are loud THUDS and CRASHES as the bins are up-ended into the truck. Pete's face convulses in shock.

INT. A MILITARY PATROL VEHICLE - DAY

From the Driver's POV the road EXPLODES.

EXT/INT. A MILITARY PATROL VEHICLE - DAY

The vehicle overturns, engulfed in FIRE. Inside Pete struggles to escape. He clutches his FACE and screams as he battles through flames, dragging the unconscious driver with him. He claws desperately at the hatch.

EXT. A STREET IN BURNLEY - DAWN

Pete is screaming and shouting incoherently over the roar of the truck motor, thrashing around as he tries to get out of his sleeping bag. The Bin Men turn round.

BIN MAN 1

Ah, shut your gob or we'll put you
in the bin too.

He feints shoving a bin towards Pete, who flinches and tries to hide in the hood of his anorak.

The second Bin Man makes a gurning face and laughs.

INT. EMMA CAVENDISH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE: CENTRAL LONDON

ECU on **EMMA CAVENDISH**(28, later aka '**CHELSEA CUNNINGHAM**'). She's concentrating hard. The camera pulls back to show her curled up on a leather sofa, reading a BOOK. There's a notebook and pen beside her.

Emma has long dark flowing hair. She wears a fashionable top and jeans.

Her MOBILE PHONE on a nearby coffee table chimes to announce a TEXT. We are allowed a glimpse of her smart apartment in IKEA or Habitat style as she picks up the phone and puts down her book, a smart new paperback 'A Handbook for Right Wing Youth' by Julius Evola.

CU on the phone reveals **MARK**'s message: 'Hope you're doing your homework.' Emma smiles and texts a reply. 'Cramming for my exam, Sir..'

INT. ALISON HUNTER'S FLAT - DAY

A cramped LIVING ROOM with tatty curtains, chipped paintwork and cheap furniture. It is cluttered with shopping bags, suitcases and cardboard boxes as if the contents of a house had been hurriedly dumped there. **ALISON** (33) sits on the sofa. She wears the uniform of a supermarket worker. She's turning her back on **DOUG** (30), who has a heavier build than Pete but is clearly related. He wears a tracksuit.

DOUG

You got to take him back, Alison.

ALISON

He was the one that walked out.

DOUG

With a big push from you, right?

Alison is silent.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Listen, he's family...

ALISON

Your family, Doug, not mine.

DOUG

My brother's on the fucking street for crissakes.

Alison gets up and faces Doug. She is close to tears.

ALISON

We lost the house while he pissed everything away at the bloody British Legion. I'm not going to be his punch-bag again.

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The bedroom is only illuminated by a single bedside lamp. Pete and Alison are in bed. Pete's facial scars are apparent. Alison turns abruptly away from Pete to switch the light off.

He grabs at her nightdress, raises his hand and strikes her face hard.

INT. ALISON HUNTER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alison slumps on the sofa, traumatised by the memory.

DOUG

Look, I know it's been hard but -

ALISON

Don't give me that bollocks.
You've got a sofa, haven't you?

Doug looks alarmed but Alison stares him down.

DOUG

(beat)
Well, maybe...

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE: A WEEK LATER.

Pete sits back on the sofa in front of the coffee table in Doug's front room, swigging from a beer can. The room is full of retro traditional cottage-style furniture. It's also adorned with football posters, scarves and memorabilia.

Pete, now cleaned up, wears casual clothes that don't quite fit him. He puts aside a tabloid newspaper, ignoring its headline about a hung Parliament and switches on rolling NEWS on the big TV.

The **PRESENTER**, (30s, m or f) looks professionally sombre. A split screen CLIP shows emergency vehicles outside a burning building on a city street, police holding back angry and distressed crowds. Sirens are wailing. Some of the young men are wearing kippah caps or black hats.

PRESENTER

...some breaking news on this
afternoon's Manchester synagogue
bombing which has killed two
people and left seventeen injured.

(MORE)

PRESENTER (CONT'D)

The so-called Al Thar Brigade, a group proscribed in the UK, has issued a statement in which they claim responsibility for the terror attack, which they describe as 'a purge of the Zionist fascists'. To discuss this new development we have counter-terrorism expert Dr Gerald Rathbourne...

The sight of the flames on-screen has triggered painful memories for Pete. He points the remote to turn off the TV, but is prevented by the arrival of DOUG.

DOUG

Hey, I want to see this. My house, my rules, OK?

PETE

You've never seen a real bomb, have you?

DOUG

(defensive)

I guess not.

Pete turns down the volume of the TV.

PETE

I've had enough of that shit. We fought a world war to stop it.

DOUG

I don't need your history lesson.

PETE

And I fought a war too, much fucking good it did me. And what for? The country's a right mess, it's even worse now, it's fucking madness...

DOUG

If you ask me, the Jews have only brought it on themselves. They're as bad as the Muzzies. You can't trust the mainstream media to tell it straight.

PETE

You'll be telling me the Earth is flat next.

DOUG
I'm not wasting time arguing with
you now, I got work to do in the
office.

Doug pauses on his way out.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Time you got off your arse and
gave me a hand instead of drinking
my lager.

We follow Doug out of the door as he strides along the
passage to the BACK ROOM. He unlocks the door, enters and
locks it again from the inside.

A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN BURNLEY - DAY

A row of terrace houses. Doug is unloading a ladder from
the roof-rack of a big 4x4 with the reluctant assistance
of Pete. A teenage boy **BILLY** (16) stands on the pavement
holding a bucket and a squeegee. Doug and Pete position
the ladder against the upper bay windows.

DOUG
(to Billy)
OK, up you go...

Billy gingerly starts climbing the ladder. A couple of
feet off the ground he stops and looks up anxiously to
the top.

DOUG
Come on, lad. It'll make a man of
you. And Mr. Sweeney will be proud
of you.

Billy resumes his ascent to the bay windows and begins
cleaning, very slowly.

PETE
Who's Mr. Sweeney?

DOUG
Terry Sweeney - used to be coach
for Nelson Warriors. He runs a gym
for the local lads now, takes them
camping, gives them something to
do.

(beat)
You see, Pete, we're trying to
make a difference around here.
Give people jobs and hope. Not
just with this little earner. I
could find something for you
maybe. Cos I'm an entrepreneur.

PETE

That's not what they called you at Preston Crown Court. Class A, wasn't it?

DOUG

Look, that was back in the day -

PETE

No way am I going to get mixed up in any dealing. Drugs fucked us up. Started with the bloody hippies and now it's everywhere. It's ruined a once-great nation.

Doug laughs.

DOUG

You sound like a fucking politician!

PETE

I'm serious, Doug.

DOUG

(beat)

Yes, I'll make a note of that. Listen, I don't have anything to do with that crap these days, all those gangs and their county lines. Not a good business model any more.

Doug glances up at Billy, still labouring with his squeegee.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hey, Billy boy, you got to be quicker than that!

(to Pete)

I'd send you up as my new apprentice - except, I forgot, you've got 'nerves'.

Doug laughs but Pete struggles to control himself.

PETE

I served my country. What the fuck are you doing, apart from playing at Mr Fixit in this shit-hole?

DOUG

Take it easy, bro. Just my little joke. You'd be surprised at what I'm doing.

PETE

What do you mean?

DOUG

Might even be something in it for you. After a while. If you've got the right attitude.

PETE

What 'attitude'?

DOUG

Well, not looking down your beak at your kid brother for a start. But I think you've got the right attitude deep down.

Billy starts descending the ladder.

PETE

What are you on about?

DOUG

Later...

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma, in her night clothes, stares into the bathroom mirror. Her hair has been cut very short.

We follow her as she goes into the living room, past her bookshelves, which carry books by David Irving and other alt.right historians.

A faint scratching sound emanates from the vinyl record deck that is part of her up-market sound system. A disc is still spinning although the pick-up head is stuck at the end of the final track. She carefully removes the pick-up arm and inserts the disc in its creased and worn sleeve. A curvy 'psychedelic' font over a solarised image of the sun proclaims SOLAR FLAIR. The prominent figure in the band picture on the back looks remarkably like a YOUNG MAX. (resemblance to Arthur Brown?)

She switches off the hi-fi and lights before heading to her bedroom.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Doug unlocks the door of his OFFICE (the back room) and ushers Pete inside. The space is crammed with filing cabinets and shelves that sag under the weight of box files, books and magazines. Along one side of the room there's a bench carrying a desktop PC and heavy-duty printer/photocopier.

The walls are covered in neo-fascist and white power banners, as well as photos of Hitler, Himmler, Sir Oswald Mosley, and various National Front personalities like the late John Tyndall. There are also depictions of Viking warriors and posters for 'oi' and black metal bands. Pete slowly scans this display.

DOUG

I'm taking a risk here, bro. I hope you're not going to let me down.

PETE

Let you down - how?

DOUG

You could be an asset, Pete. With your experience. Of course, you have to prove your commitment.

PETE

To what? To all this?

DOUG

(proudly)

To a brotherhood of blood. Blood you've shed for Queen and Country.

PETE

Queen and Country... So why have you got a picture of Adolf up there?

DOUG

The Germans should have been our natural allies. It was a misunderstanding, a tragic lost opportunity.

PETE

For what?

DOUG

For creating a white homeland across Europe. But the battle goes on.

PETE

Don't talk to me about fighting.

DOUG

It's a battle for hearts and minds, Pete. You know how the Muslims are taking over, outbreeding us, trying to tinker with our laws, supporting terrorists - like those jihadi shits who tried to burn you alive.

Doug has hit a nerve here and he knows it.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And the blacks banging on about their rights and reparations. And the rich kikes who control the fake media. So we're building alliances with all the decent white people out there, earning their trust so that we can act.

PETE

Who sounds like a politician now, then?

DOUG

I'm giving you a chance, man. Join us and make something of yourself. Or spend what's left of your life on the dole.

PETE

I don't know, Doug, I just don't know.

DOUG

Don't think about it. Do it.

Doug points towards the door.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams...

Pete ponders as he leaves the room while Doug wakes up his PC. It displays a web page - THE ARYAN ALLIANCE.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

CU on the screen of a LAPTOP on a desk. It displays a YOUTUBE video. The clip is low-res as if shot covertly. It shows the interior of a hall or large reception room, in Victorian Gothic style. A small well-dressed audience is listening to present-day Max orating from a podium while two muscular **STEWARDS** in paramilitary uniforms stand at the back. The recording seems to cut in half-way through Max's speech.

MAX

(filtered through laptop speakers)

...we are approaching the end of an Aeon, the age of rationalism, technology and capitalism that is now collapsing into decadence. The masses are mesmerised by digital distractions, and consumer trash.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

The West is destroying its own environment and squandering its resources, the increasing gap between the ultra-rich and the under-class is exacerbating social tensions to the point of revolution, its bogus 'democracy' is sclerotic, the bourgeoisie are obsessed with crises of gender and identity, the multicultural melting pot of liberalism is melting down.

The audience nod and applaud.

MAX (CONT'D)

By supporting our League you can be part of a radical transformation, a purification and rebirth of this corrupted society. Our vision will...

The image blurs and pixellates, the sound distorts and the clip ends abruptly. The post is entitled 'ALT.RIGHT REDUX.' It was apparently posted by 'The Marx Men of the Apocalypse', that it has 23 'likes' and 102 'dislikes.' The only comments are 'Fascist nutter!' and 'What is this Loony League?'

The camera pulls back to reveal Emma watching it intently.

Her phone rings and she picks it up.

MARK

(filter)

11.00 sharp on Thursday week. I trust you're well prepared.

EMMA

I'll be there.

Emma looks reflective as she turns off her phone.

INT/EXT: DOUG'S 4X4 - DAY

Doug drives fast through the outskirts of Burnley, Pete beside him.

PETE

Is this just going to be a bunch of kids? Or is it the OAPs you're after?

DOUG

It's gonna be a grand day out,
Pete.

As they stop at a traffic light they see a FIGHT on the pavement. Two **BRITISH ASIAN YOUTHS** (18) have overpowered a **WHITE YOUTH** (15) and are punching him hard. One of the Asian youths is trying to wrest the white boy's phone out of his grip.

PETE

Let me take care of those shits...

Pete starts to open the passenger side door but Doug holds him back. Instead Doug pulls out his phone and hands it to Pete.

DOUG

Keep calm and just start filming!

Pete is puzzled but complies. He's even more bewildered when Doug revs the engine as the lights turn amber and drives off, leaving the white boy still fighting off his attackers. Pete is stunned.

PETE

What the fuck? Aren't you going to call 999?

DOUG

The cops will log it, that's all.
The lad will look after himself.
And he'll bash the next Paki he meets.

PETE

But I thought -

DOUG

You don't get the big picture,
bro. Tonight that clip will be on
our website, on Facebook, Youtube,
you name it, our white comrades
will share, we get traction, we
get allies. And you've had a
chance to see what we're up
against.

Pete muses about this as Doug accelerates towards open country.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the living room Emma in running gear pedals furiously on her EXERCISE BIKE. On the stereo, an up-tempo track from the Norwegian black metal band Gorgoroth.

EXT. SWEENEY'S CAMP - DAY

A wooded area adjoining moorland. Doug turns off the road and drives down a narrow fenced track, until they reach a padlocked GATE marked PRIVATE. Doug gets out and unlocks the gate. Pete opens it, allowing Doug to drive through before rejoining him in the 4x4. They move on.

PETE
So who owns all this?

DOUG
Lady Bountiful.

PETE
Who?

DOUG
You might find out one of these days...

Doug drives down the winding lane to a clearing and parks next to two vehicles, a ex-Army jeep and a pick-up truck.

Doug gets out and leads Pete down into the clearing past a cluster of TENTS towards a group of **YOUNG MEN AND TEENAGERS** (10 m, 2f) doing group GYMNASTICS to the barked commands of **SWEENEY**, a stern-faced stocky grey-haired man in his fifties. Billy is at the front of the group. As Doug and Pete approach, Sweeney turns towards them.

SWEENEY
(to group)
At ease!

The group stop their work-out. Doug gives Sweeney a military salute. Sweeney responds in kind.

DOUG
To the Alliance. White is Might!

SWEENEY
Aye, White is Might.
(to the group)
Let's hear it then...

THE AA GROUP
(loud and enthusiastic)
WHITE IS MIGHT!

DOUG
Knocking them into shape, are you, Mr Sweeney?

SWEENEY

Some of them need harder knocks than others. But we're getting there. And who's your friend? An ally, I hope...

DOUG

My brother Pete.

SWEENEY

(eyeing Pete's scars)
Been in the wars, son?

PETE

Afghanistan... Signals Squadron.

SWEENEY

Paras in Bosnia. And Belfast...

Pete and Sweeney shake hands over this mutual bond. Doug smiles.

EXT. AROUND A CAMP FIRE - EVENING

Pete, Billy and **ROSS (17)** sit around the blazing fire with the other AA youth members. Several of them are carving runic symbols or swastikas on wooden staffs. Billy is finishing a meal from a mess tin while Ross is swigging a can of beer. Ross is eager to talk while Billy seems more remote. Pete is listening intently.

ROSS

I was in the Suicide Squad, see. Didn't do much except sell a few 'Es' and give the Colne lads a good slapping when they played on our turf. Then Mr. Sweeney picked us for the Warriors' youth team. And now we're in the Alliance.
(to Billy)
It's gonna to be great, innit?

BILLY

Yeah...

ROSS

Tell him about your band, then.

BILLY

I'm learning guitar. Tom and Joe on bass and drums.

ROSS

They're going to call it The Britz.

BILLY
Nah, it's gonna to be Blitzkreig.

ROSS
No way, it's Britz, Britz, Britz!

Ross and Billy have a friendly tussle until they're breathless.

ROSS (CONT'D)
(to Pete)
What do you think?

PETE
(amused)
You're like the young squaddies I knew. All banter and balls. Do you really think this is going somewhere?

ROSS
Billy's gonna be a star!

PETE
I mean the Alliance. The Ayrn Alliance.

ROSS
It's not just us. It's the mums and dads, even the wrinklies are getting the message.

BILLY
We're the future...

Doug emerges from the shadows around the fire and beckons to Pete.

DOUG
Sorry, Pete. We gotta get back to HQ.

Pete gets up and shakes hands with Billy and Ross. They smile.

PETE
See you around, guys.

Doug and Pete start walking towards Doug's car.

DOUG
Good day out?

PETE
Yeah...

Doug grins and puts a brotherly hand on Pete's shoulder as they approach the car.

INT. THE FUNCTION ROOM OF A PUB - NIGHT

Members of the Aryan Alliance have gathered for a meeting in a large upstairs room. A banner with the AA logo has been hung up at the end.

The space is packed. Groups of men and women in their 50s/60s/70s, a mix of the smart and the shabby, sit around tables drinking. For dozens more it's standing room only. They talk excitedly as they clutch their pints.

Those standing include Doug, Pete, Sweeney, Billy, Ross, and the group of recruits that Sweeney has been training, which includes the two girls **JESS** and **VICKY (18)**.

Doug goes to the main table at the centre of the room and raps on a glass for silence.

DOUG

I'm so proud to see so many of you here tonight. Because you're proud too. Proud of your ethnic heritage, your families, your way of life, where men are proud to be men, where women are proud to bear children, where white is might...

A ripple of applause goes around the room. Scattered shouts of 'White is Might'.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm also proud to have a special guest tonight - our newest member - my brother Pete, who fought for our country and has the scars to prove it.

More applause and cheers. Ross and Billy whoop and shout.

All attention is focused on Pete. One of the older men pats Pete on the back, another shakes his hand. Pete looks overwhelmed.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Yes, that's right. Make him feel at home. At home in the homeland, among friends. Because you're good people. And what do good people do? They make friends and influence people, they help out, they win hearts and minds...

More applause. Doug smiles at Pete.

UINT. FUNCTION ROOM OF A PUB - NIGHT (LATER)

The room is almost empty now. In the background two AA members clear up glasses. In the foreground, Pete is arguing with Doug.

PETE

So I'm gonna be a bloody
'Community Outreach Officer'?
Listen, Doug, I should be helping
to drill those kids.

DOUG

Like I said, hearts and minds.
First we get more folks on side
and get that momentum behind us.
You can use my old Toyota to do
your calls.

PETE

I'm not a fucking social worker!

DOUG

Right now you're whatever the
Alliance wants you to be. It's
called discipline, Pete. You can
think of it as a kind of test. If
you want to progress higher up,
that is.

PETE

Higher up?

DOUG

One thing at a time, OK...

INT. PENSIONERS' DAY CENTRE - DAY

The Day Centre cafe area is full of elderly people eeking out cups of tea. Most of them don't look affluent or healthy. Pete sits at a table with **WINNIE (70s plus)**, a frail little lady with a walking stick whose face is badly bruised. He's pouring a cup of tea for her.

WINNIE

(tearful)

I can't go out any more. There was
fifty quid in that purse. But that
knife of his...

PETE

It's terrible that things have
come to this, Winnie. I'm so
sorry.

(beat)

Wearing a hoodie, was he?

WINNIE

All the police did was give me some stupid number, I couldn't believe it...

PETE

Did you get a look at him?

(beat)

Do you think he was one of our Asian friends?

WINNIE

I don't know, it was dark... It never used to be like this.

PETE

I know, Winnie. All those Pakis out there trying to fund their drug habits. But our Ayran Alliance patrols are going to sort them out.

WINNIE

What's this... Alliance?

PETE

It's a kind of local support group, Winnie. Our boys will track down the scum who stole your bag.

Pete puts a hand in his pocket and produces a wad of notes.

PETE (CONT'D)

In the meantime, here's a donation from our Community Fund.

Winnie takes the cash and tries to embrace Pete.

WINNIE

Thank God there are still some decent folk around...

Pete puts an arm around her.

PETE

Don't worry, we'll take care of you.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the BATHROOM of her flat, Emma is dying her hair from black to blonde. She's listening to a **REPORTER** (30s M or F) on the radio.

REPORTER

(shouting over background
demo noise and sirens)

The tension here in Parliament Square is really ramping up. There are hundreds of Socialist Coalition supporters here in the square while a faction from the Anarchist Front are setting off flares and moving towards the police lines around the Parliament building... and there's smoke - I think a police van's been set on fire - are the police going to use

-

The reporter's feed breaks off abruptly. There's a second of dead air before a **PRESENTER** (40s, m or f) interjects.

PRESENTER

I'm sorry, we seem to have lost that report from -

Emma switches off the radio and stares into the mirror, studying her new blonde self.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The far end of the living room of Max and Diana's apartment is lined with bookshelves. The camera lingers briefly on a couple of titles about politics and the esoteric. We have a quick glimpse of cabinets housing exotic ritual objects and a retro hi-fi system playing an extract from Wagner's opera 'Siegfried' on a vinyl disc. A crystal globe rests on a polished coffee table.

Max, sitting in a leather armchair, is immersed in the music. He's wearing a dark jacket and roll-neck sweater. The door opens and Diana appears, holding a PRINTOUT. She wears smart casual clothing with a Nordic touch (e.g the Gudrun Sodjun brand). She strides over to the stereo and removes the disc.

MAX

What are you doing?

DIANA

(gesturing with printout)

What do you mean by this?

MAX

I think it's uncouth of you to interrupt great music.

Diana ignores him and points to a line of figures on the printout.

DIANA

Why have we donated this - to these socialist vermin, some cultural Marxist scum...?

Diana screws up the paper and hurls it to the carpet.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I've trusted you too long!

MAX

You still don't understand, do you?

DIANA

You're betraying the folk.

MAX

You don't appreciate the dialectic - generating conflict by swinging between extremes. The riots are cooking nicely. From chaos we eventually build our new order. Your new order.

DIANA

Funds aren't infinite, Max. We can't afford to be reckless. Even gold is going down.

MAX

But we have new income streams.

DIANA

It's dangerous to tamper with the Vrill for mere profit. We're not a pharmaceutical corporation.

MAX

It will bring more than money. It can bring youthful zest, loyalty, new recruits. All part of the plan, Diana.

DIANA

I don't know... I want some time for myself. Time for meditation and the spirits. I'm going up to Dunlavin for a few days.

MAX

To commune with the ancestors, I suppose...

DIANA

Without my ancestors, there might not be a League.

Diana exits, leaving Max deep in thought.

EXT. A STREET IN BURNLEY - NIGHT

Pete walks slowly along the streets where he used to sleep as a homeless person. He passes a NIGHTCLUB - then turns as he hears SCREAMING AND SHOUTING.

TWO MEN OF ASIAN APPEARANCE (20s) are bundling a skimpily dressed **WHITE TEENAGE GIRL** into a CAB. She seems confused and frightened.

PETE

Hey, let her alone...

Pete runs back to intervene but he can't catch up and the cab drives off. However he catches sight of the LOGO in the side of the vehicle - MAXI-CABS 01282 555777.

INT. SWEENEY'S GYM - DAY

Sweeney's gym is equipped for boxing. There's a small ring in the corner. Sweeney is overseeing Ross, Billy and others, including Jess and Vicky, who are using punch-bags and exercise machines.

SWEENEY

(to Ross on punchbag)

Go on, give it some stick. Kill the bastard. He's gonna blow you up, he's gonna fuck your mum - so beat the shit out of him. Yeah, that's right, do it, do it...

Sweeney moves on to Billy who is working out with weights.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's good, Billy Boy, building that muscle...

Sweeney blows a whistle and addresses the group as a whole. They leave their work-out stations and gather around him.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

You'll be out soon on operational duties. Might seem scary but you're going to toughen up. When I've finished with you lot, you'll be able to take on Tyson Fury with one hand tied behind your back.

Sweeney picks up two sets of boxing gloves and looks around the group.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

OK. Ross - and Billy!

He hands them the gloves. They enter the ring and grin awkwardly as they shake hands. Jess and Vicky giggle. Sweeney gives them a warning look.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

(to Ross and Billy)

No play-fighting. I expect you to punch the living daylights out of each other.

Sweeney gives a short blast on his whistle. It's clear from the start that Ross has the advantage in speed and height. He lands a succession of blows on Billy's head and torso. Billy flails around in vain as Ross gives him a cut lip and a black eye.

As Billy staggers back against the ropes, blood and sweat trickling down his body, Ross slackens for a few seconds, glancing at Sweeney as if expecting him to stop the fight. But Sweeney watches intently, mesmerised, perhaps even aroused by the violence.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Come on, finish him, lad. FUCKING FINISH HIM! Do it...

Some of the group look alarmed, notably Jess and Vicky. But Sweeney is totally focused on Billy and his bloodied body as Ross dutifully resumes his attack.

Suddenly the door opens and Doug hurries in.

DOUG

God, Sweeney, give the guys a break. Somebody's gonna get killed at this rate.

Sweeney gives Doug a sour look but signals for the bout to stop. Ross helps Billy out of the ring. Jess sponges down his face and leads him to sit on a bench at the far end of the gym. The others start to change, still overawed by Sweeney's fury. Doug takes Sweeney aside.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Terry, we have a little social cleansing op to carry out. Are those two up for it, do you reckon?

SWEENEY

I dunno... They're building the muscle but have they got the nerve...

DOUG
I'm getting something that might
pep them up a bit.

Sweeney gives him a quizzical look.

OMITTED

EXT. STREET IN BURNLEY - NIGHT

The OFFICE of MAXI CABS is in flames. Two hooded figures
are running away.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Doug, Pete and Sweeney confer. They're in high spirits,
drinking beer and laughing

DOUG
Boys done good!

SWEENEY
Yeah, we got a result.

PETE
How do they feel now?

SWEENEY
Those pills helped. Don't know
what's in them, mind.

DOUG
Don't worry about it... Muzzie
cabbies are gonna think twice
before they mess around with our
girls. Who needs cops when the AA
are on the case?

PETE
Supposing Ross and Billy are
questioned?

SWEENEY
They know how to keep quiet. I've
made sure of that.

DOUG
Pete, I think you have an
appointment coming up. Time for
doing your good works. And Terry
and I need to talk about plans for
the march next week.

PETE

OK, see you later..

Pete, annoyed at being excluded from the discussion, picks up his bag and leaves the room.

DOUG

Terry Sweeney, you and I need to have a little word.

Sweeney looks puzzled as Doug picks up a laptop from his desk.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I sorted that issue you had with your system update.

(beat)

But you also had a little problem with your encrypted folders. You fucked up the encryption, didn't you?

Sweeney is alarmed.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I wasn't very happy with what I found, Terence. Not happy at all. In fact, I was fucking disgusted! Big boys and little boys. Are you a nonce or what...

SWEENEY

They're just videos and pics. I haven't done -

DOUG

I'm not sure I believe you. Why did you stop coaching for the Warriors?

SWEENEY

Couple of lazy little shites just wanted to make trouble. The coppers laughed at 'em.

DOUG

No smoke, Sweeney...

SWEENEY

It's the truth!

DOUG

You know what will kick off if you get your mug shot in the papers. I'm trying to promote us as family-centred, healthy, clean-living.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

If you go kiddy-fiddling it would be very awkward for us. And the people at the top -

SWEENEY

People at the top?

DOUG

Our donors, our supporters - they'd be furious. Not just with you but me too.

SWEENEY

I hear what you're saying, Doug. But you need me.

DOUG

Do I?

SWEENEY

I'm teaching the kids discipline, survival skills. All the hard stuff a civilian like you can't handle.

DOUG

Pete could deal with it.

SWEENEY

He's burnt out. I can smell it on him. And the kids won't respect him. Do you know what the girls call him? 'Plastic Face'...

DOUG

The little bitches...

SWEENEY

Can you honestly see him coping with crap like that?

DOUG

(beat)

OK - here's the deal. We'll pretend this conversation never happened - as long as you behave yourself. But any trouble and you're on your own. We won't know you - do you understand?

SWEENEY

I get it, Doug.

DOUG

And one more thing.

SWEENEY

What?

DOUG

Remember I'm in charge. And whatever happens out there, you stick to our agreed strategy. No big hero stuff.

SWEENEY

But supposing -

DOUG

No buts, Terry Sweeney.

Doug picks up Sweeney's laptop and hands it over.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Just keep your filth to yourself.
And get out.

Sweeney, shaken, makes for the door.

INT. A SUPERMARKET IN BURNLEY - DAY

Pete is guiding A MAN WITH A WHITE STICK (60s) around the shelves, selecting grocery items for him and putting them in a trolley. Pete looks at a list and then stops at the liquor shelves.

PETE

How about some booze then?

MAN WITH WHITE STICK

Can't afford it, mate. Not now.

PETE

But you get the benefits, doncha?

MAN WITH WHITE STICK

They're being cut back. Some new scheme.

PETE

Bastards... fucking bastards.

(beat)

What's your drink?

MAN WITH WHITE STICK

Scotch - but like I said, I can't afford -

Pete grabs a bottle of whiskey and puts it in the trolley.

PETE

There you go, a nice single malt.
It's on the Alliance Social Fund.
Like the rest of this stuff.

Pete takes the blind man's arm and pushes the trolley towards the check-out.

MAN WITH WHITE STICK

I don't know what to say...

PETE

No need to say anything. Except
white is might. Cos we take care
of our own. Come on, I'll get this
lot in the car and drive you
back...

Pete starts loading the contents of the trolley on to the check-out.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma is on-line, looking at boots on eBay. She smiles as she selects a pair of used Doc Martens for her shopping basket.

EXT. MAIN SHOPPING STREET IN A NORTHERN TOWN - DAY

TITLE: NELSON, LANCASHIRE

A group from the Ayran Alliance, about thirty in number, are marching slowly and in silence. The MARCH is well-disciplined and very solemn, almost like a vigil. They carry neat banners with AA slogans WHITE PRIDE and TRUE BRITS - also large posters depicting the beaten-up lady (MAKE IT SAFE FOR GRAN!), a teenage girl (HANDS OFF OUR GIRLS!) and a soldier (SUPPORT OUR HEROES!).

The procession is headed by Doug, Pete and Sweeney, followed by a file of youth members in uniform, including Billy and Ross, and a group of older members, both male and female.

A small group of **PROTESTERS**, including **HELEN** (21) stand on the pavement with a solitary hand-made banner STOP THE NAZIS. Two **YOUTHS** in the protest group taunt the marchers.

YOUTHS

Seig heil, shitfaces! Fascist
fuckwits!

Sweeney's lips are twitching but Doug gives him a warning look. The march continues in silence. Then Helen rushes forward into the road and grabs Pete's arm.

The marchers freeze on a signal from Doug. Sweeney is about to make a move and both Billy and Ross look ready for a fight, but Doug's glance holds them back. Two **COMMUNITY POLICE OFFICERS** (M& F 30s) seem ready to intervene.

HELEN
 (to Pete)
 You're criminals, hate criminals,
 that's what you are. We know about
 your racist agenda!

HELEN turns to the CPOs.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Aren't you going to arrest them
 for hate crimes?

The CPOs look uneasy, all too aware of the possibility of disorder.

DOUG
 (to CPOs)
 Our members are conducting an
 orderly demonstration of our
 commitment to the local community.
 Maybe you should caution this
 trouble-maker for a breach of the
 peace -

CPO 1
 Now if everybody could just calm
 down -

HELEN
 They're white supremacist scum!

Pete slowly and calmly removes Helen's hand from his arm. He stares her down.

PETE
 We know who we are. The gays have
 their pride. So why can't we?

Helen, temporarily stuck for an answer, is incoherent with rage. The CPOs hold her back as the marchers move on.

As the march turns a corner, Alison watches in bewilderment. She tries to make eye contact with Pete but he turns his head away.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doug is showing Pete around the living room of a small but clean furnished flat.

DOUG
All this could be yours, Bro.
Rent-free, utilities and council
tax sorted. No more sofa surfing.

Doug produces a bank card and hands it over to Pete.

DOUG (CONT'D)
And this is for expenses - within
reason.

PETE
Doug, I don't want to sound
ungrateful, but there's got to be
a catch somewhere.

DOUG
No catch. All you have to do is
make a good impression when you
have tea on Sunday at Dunlavin
Hall.

PETE
Tea? Where...with who?

DOUG
The lady is one of our top donors.
So do your wounded warrior bit.
She'll love it.

Doug ushers Pete out of the front door, pocketing the
keys as he locks it.

EXT/INT. DUNLAVIN HALL - DAY

Pete parks his grubby hatchback next to a big Audi saloon
and walks up the drive to the massive carved oak doors of
Dunlavin Hall, an imposing country house. He rings the
doorbell and waits, looking at the gardens, which have
started to run wild.

The door opens to reveal **MORTON (m, 40s)** a tall stone-
faced man in uniform - one of the security guards seen in
the Youtube video of Max's speech. He looks Pete up and
down suspiciously.

PETE
I'm Pete Hunter - from the
Alliance. I'm here to see Lady
Waterford...

Morton simply nods and beckons him inside.

MORTON
Wait here.

As Morton disappears through a curtained archway, Pete surveys the entrance hall. The walls are faded but they are hung with large gilt-framed OIL PAINTINGS. The most prominent is a portrait of a tall man with a heavy moustache wearing a 1950s style lounge suit. He looks about 40, standing tall with a proud expression. The inscription underneath reads: 'Sir Randolph Waterford, Earl of Dunlavin.' Besides this there's another smaller portrait of an elegant and attractive woman in a floral dress from the same period. She's sitting in a gazebo against a backdrop of a well-kept garden, holding a baby. It's entitled: 'Lady Eugenie Waterford and her daughter Diana.'

There are other landscape paintings and prints of the kind you would expect to find in an English country house, as well as colonial-era trophies, like a pair of Assegai SPEARS, plus a long-case clock with a loud tick, but Pete's eye is now drawn to a faded BANNER in a frame hanging on the opposite wall - a stylised lightning bolt on a red background, the logo of the British Union of Fascists. Underneath it there's a framed PHOTO of Oswald and Diana Mosley - as seen in Doug's office. Pete turns away and fingers the ornaments on a dusty mahogany sideboard. He picks up a small golden bowl embossed with a SWASTIKA. He tests the weight of it in his palm and then hastily puts it back as he hears Morton's footsteps on the tiled floor.

MORTON (CONT'D)

Her Ladyship's waiting in the study.

Pete follows Morton through a labyrinth of gloomy corridors. They pass a huge empty RECEPTION ROOM.

INT. DUNLAVIN HALL, DIANA'S STUDY - DAY

Morton opens the door to Diana's study and Pete enters. Most of the space is in semi-darkness because the curtains are drawn but Pete notices the wall-to-wall BOOKSHELVES and the various SIDE TABLES and GLASS DISPLAY CASES placed around the worn carpet and the heavy Oriental rugs.

In one corner there's a kind of ALTAR, with candlesticks, a dagger, small wooden discs carved with runes, a horn. Hanging over the altar, there's an image of the BLACK SUN.

But Pete's attention is centred on Diana, who is sitting in the bay of the window, reading a book entitled 'Real White Magic' under a green-shaded lamp. She's wearing a smock dress with folkish designs and her long silver hair is tied up. Around her neck hangs a silver pendant with a runic motif.

PETE
Lady Diana?

Diana slowly puts her book aside and inspects him.

DIANA
Sit...

Pete finds a chair and sits opposite her.

DIANA (CONT'D)
I hope you're a better investment than the peasants your brother usually recommends. He's only a peasant himself, of course. A peasant in a tracksuit...

Diana laughs.

PETE
Well, I'm a peasant too, Lady Diana. But I fought for my country.

DIANA
(studying him carefully)
I can see that. But there are worse wounds for a warrior - or a wisdom seeker. Tyr lost an arm. Odin lost an eye.

Pete is clearly bewildered.

DIANA (CONT'D)
The old gods, Corporal Hunter. Our heros. Are you a hero? You look more like a victim to me...

PETE
I'm a survivor. I've fought my way back. I'm doing that work in the community like Doug wanted. What do you want from me?

DIANA
Your blood.

PETE
Sure, I'm a fighter. If somebody gives me half a chance.

DIANA
I mean your blood-line.

PETE

What do you mean - blood-line?
There have been Hunters around
here for ever. My dad was in the
Pioneer Corps, grandad was in the
Artillery, mum was from Belfast -

DIANA

Celtic, eh? Hmm - no blacks or
Jews, I trust?

PETE

I'm English, right? Is that good
enough for you?

There's a knock at the door and Diana's aproned servant
Mrs FARRISH (70/80) carries in a tray of tea and
biscuits which she deposits on a low table.

DIANA

(to Mrs Farrish)

Is he good enough for us, Mrs
Farrish? What say you?

MRS FARRISH

I'd say he'd be good for you, Mam.
As men go...

Diana laughs as Mrs Farrish departs. She pours tea for
Pete and herself.

DIANA

My driver Morton claims that
Farrish has second-sight and can
foretell lottery numbers. But the
poor old slaves still serve...

PETE

This serf would like to know
what's going on.

DIANA

If you're worried about the flat,
no need. It's already been
approved. You can support your
brother in dealing with that oaf
Sweeney. And Douglas told me how
you handled yourself dealing with
that silly little Communist
agitator. You just put her in her
place with three short sentences.
That's leadership.

PETE

But what's my place exactly?

DIANA

What's your vision of the ideal society, Peter?

PETE

I dunno - the kind of country that's got order, stability so that people are safe, know where they stand.

DIANA

That demands a hierarchy. A hierarchy that lasts for centuries. One tribe, one blood. Nobles, priests or shamans to channel the guidance of the gods for the nobility, then warriors, merchants, craftsmen, foot soldiers - and the churls who serve. Will you fight on for that - as a warrior? Or stay on the edge of churldom?

PETE

You know I'm a fighter.

DIANA

There will be ordeals. You will be ordered to commit terrifying and impossible tasks. You will be expected to break the taboos of our serf-driven society. You will be like the great wolf Fenrir, a destroyer of worlds - to create a new world.

PETE

I'm ready for anything that gives me a fresh start.

DIANA

It will be from ground zero.

PETE

So must it be.

Diana smiles.

DIANA

'So mote it be.' Witch-talk! Where did you learn that?

PETE

I don't know - it just came to me.

DIANA

That augurs well. You will hear more, via your brother. Now you must go.

Diana rings a bell. They both stand. To Pete's surprise Diana embraces him and kisses him on the scarred cheek. He's flustered and doesn't know how to respond but is saved as the door opens and Morton appears. He escorts Pete into the corridor.

As Pete turns a corner he notices more PHOTOS in an alcove. They are all black-and-white and consist of a formal picture of a young soldier in uniform, a more casual shot of five young men unloading guitars, drum kit and amps from a Ford Transit and a picture that might be from a modelling shoot showing a young and radiant Diana in late nineteen sixties Biba-type gear. The silver pendant hangs around her neck. Morton notices that Pete is dawdling by the photo alcove and grows impatient.

PETE

(studying the picture of the young soldier)

I know that face from somewhere...
But he's so much younger there.

MORTON

He's now General George Barber, sir.

PETE

Of course...

MORTON

Lady Diana's cousin, sir.

Pete senses a hint of menace beneath Morton's superficial servility as they walk in silence towards the front door.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Pete stands as Doug sits at his desk in front of his PC.

PETE

I went along with it, I guess. But it was weird.

DOUG

Don't worry. You obviously told her what she wanted to hear.

PETE

Is she one of your so-called top people then?

DOUG

She's just a big Alliance benefactor. That's all you need to know.

(beat)

Did she talk about 'ordeals and taboos'?

PETE

Something like that.

Doug opens a drawer in his desk and produces a small plastic bottle.

DOUG

You'll find these useful, then.

PETE

Put your fucking drugs away, Doug.

DOUG

This isn't a street drug. More of an energy supplement.

Pete snatches the bottle and examines it. It isn't labelled. He unscrews the top and tips a pill on to his palm.

PETE

So what is this shit?

DOUG

It's gonna be called Vril. They haven't sorted the branding yet.

Pete gives Doug a sceptical look.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Did wonders for Billy and Ross. Imagine what it could do for you. And there's a good side-effect too. Better than those little blue pills...

Doug takes the pill from Pete's hand, and swallows it. He laughs.

DOUG (CONT'D)

See? I'm still here... and I'll be on the pull tonight. Let me know if you change your mind.

Pete is angered, reminded of his loneliness and sexual frustration. But he controls himself and stalks off.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE, MILLBANK, LONDON - DAY

Emma, smartly dressed, walks into the entrance of MI5 HQ.

INT. OFFICE, THAMES HOUSE - DAY

Emma enters a smart high-tech office and takes a seat. **MARK** (mid-forties) is at his desk shuffling through some papers. He's a tall man in an expensive suit with a public school accent and manner. He looks up and smiles.

MARK
Nice haircut.

EMMA
Thank you, Uncle Mark.

MARK
Who are we today then?

EMMA
(ruefully)
Chelsea. Miss Chelsea
Cunningham...

MARK
Very good. But a slight hesitation
there.

Mark picks up two PASSPORTS and opens them. He shows them to Emma/Chelsea. One depicts Emma Cavendish with long dark hair, the other shows her as Chelsea in her new cropped blonde haircut. He tosses Emma's passport to one side and presents **CHELSEA** with her NEW IDENTITY. **(She is named thus from now on)**.

MARK (CONT'D)
RIP Emma Anne Cavendish... Arise
Chelsea Lauren Cunningham!

CHELSEA
Did it really have to be
'Chelsea'?

MARK
It fits the demographic. Our back
story people have worked hard
creating your legend. Let's have a
little oral exam, shall we?

CHELSEA
OK then, try me.

MARK
Parents?

Chelsea's accent shifts, loses some of Emma's southern RP inflections.

CHELSEA

Jack and Trudy Cunningham raised me in Sheffield. Dad was a builder, died of pancreatic cancer eight years ago, Mum remarried an Australian and emigrated. Big family split. No more contact. So sad...

MARK

Meanwhile Mr and Mrs Cavendish in Tunbridge Wells will still believe their clever daughter Emma is doing vital infrastructure work for the Department of Work and Pensions - after her first-class degree in maths at Cambridge, where she also starred in the Dramatic Society. But you've said goodbye to all that.

CHELSEA

Computing at Manchester Uni for me. Worked with a couple of start-ups and then went freelance. Too busy for boyfriends - or girl friends.

MARK

Now you're not going to embed yourself in the community, are you?

CHELSEA

No fookin' way...

MARK

(laughs)

Don't overdo it, Ms Cunningham. So where are you with the homework?

CHELSEA

That clip of Max Nova was interesting. A kind of aristo-fascism you find in Julius Evola's books. Pity the video suddenly cuts out.

MARK

Our man who took that is still in hospital. His double cover as a Marxist infiltrator was all too convincing. So they roughed him up outside.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

A miracle they didn't find the sim card.

(beat)

This isn't amateur dramatics, Chelsea.

CHELSEA

I'm not stupid.

MARK

That's why we're sending you north. A slightly easier gig to start with. The Ayr Alliance.

CHELSEA

But they're all mouth and no trousers. They go on little marches and help old ladies across the road.

MARK

We suspect Max Nova's partner Lady Diana Waterford is a donor. Their mini-fuehrer Douglas Hunter used to sell cocaine but that can't be enough to bankroll all their so-called charity work. And they're growing.

CHELSEA

But why would Nova's fancy League bother with them?

MARK

Exactly.

(beat)

Of course our people at the Donut keep an eye on laptops - Hunter's deputy browses for under-age boys.

CHELSEA

Guess that might come in useful at some point.

MARK

But there's also dark web stuff the best brains in Cheltenham are struggling with. We think it's all part of a bigger picture. In which you'll play a cameo role. So do you want the part?

Mark looks directly into Chelsea's eyes. She nods, suddenly un-nerved by the challenge.

INT. DUNLAVIN HALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Diana stands in the entrance hall, gazing at the portrait of her father, focusing on the face. Then she slowly walks through the archway towards her study.

INT. DUNLAVIN HALL, DIANA'S STUDY - NIGHT

Diana enters and sits in her armchair. She rings a handbell. The door opens and Morton appears, pushing a trolley. It carries a big old-fashioned cathode screen TV and a VHS recorder, as well as a VHS TAPE and a remote control. He arranges the trolley in front of Diana and plugs in power cables. She snaps her fingers and Morton hands her the control and the tape.

DIANA

Leave me now, Morton.

Morton departs. She gets up and inserts the tape. Then, watching with rapt attention, she presses the remote.

After a flurry of electronic snow the SCREEN clears. A FILM starts playing. It's blurry, shaky and the colours have bleached. It looks like a second-generation copy from an old celluloid film.

The setting is Diana's huge RECEPTION ROOM but it's freshly decorated and bedecked with flowers. A liquid lens light-show is projected on the ceiling and an eclectic montage of arcane imagery - qabalistic, astrological, runic - flashes across the walls, interspersed with strobe lighting.

Posh young men and women in sixties gear and hairstyles are dancing frenetically to a five piece BAND - guitars, bass, drums, organ and a manic front man YOUNG MAX. They are playing early British psychedelic rock at high volume. The bass drum displays the name 'Solar Flair'. The lead guitarist is delivering a solo in an attempt to sound like Jimi Hendrix.

The music swells and then dips under a fruity-voiced **COMMENTATOR (M 40s)** whose jovial facetiousness is reminiscent of the British Pathe News featurettes or maybe Alan Whicker on 60s British TV.

COMMENTATOR

When high society decides to get high, they really rave it up.

The camera follows long-haired young men in kaftans or Sergeant Pepper style military jackets swirling around like dervishes or dancing ecstatically with long-haired girls in high-fashion hipster dresses. Some are masked. A bespectacled youth wanders through the melee, apparently declaiming poetry.

Another young man in a tall hat and a cape is juggling while an older woman sits in the middle of the floor studying a spread of tarot cards.

One of the girls is YOUNG DIANA, undulating in a trance in front of the band. DIANA gazes sadly at her younger self.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

These flower children of the great
and the good get right down to
grooving although some might say
the happy trippy hipsters are up
to no good...

Quick CUs of the revellers sharing huge joints, swallowing pills, swigging from bottles of scotch or champagne. In the dim corners of the room, couples or groups kiss and caress.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

You can call me square if I say
there's some naughty business
going on, but never mind, it's all
happening, man! The baronial past
meets the big beat of tomorrow as
they boogie to the psychedelic
vibe of the new pop sensation
Solar Flair!

Shots of the band, centred on the vocalist **YOUNG MAX** who wears robes decorated with occult symbols. He gyrates and shouts like a shaman.

YOUNG MAX

(singing over PA with
echo)

Satanic nova blasting my brain/
demons in the black hole/drive you
insane/Lucifer's lightning/strike
you blind/solar flares blazing/
blitz your mind...

Young Diana, right in front of him now, is utterly mesmerised. She is dancing for him. Their eyes meet.

COMMENTATOR

And digging the sounds the
mostest, here's the hostess, top
model on the swinging London scene
- Lady Diana Waterford...

Diana pauses the tape, her young self and young Max both frozen on the screen. She seems overcome with both grief and anger.

She picks up a small but heavy ornament from her side table - a cast iron model of a Viking hammer - and hurls it at the TV, which implodes with a loud bang and a shower of broken glass. She's screaming.

EXT/INT. CHELSEA'S CAR ON MOTORWAY - DAY

Chelsea is driving on the M1 in her newish hatchback. She's listening to the radio.

RADIO PRESENTER

Breaking news - the Opposition has just proposed a vote of no confidence in the Prime Minister Edward Chambers. We go now to Westminster to join our reporter -

Chelsea seems unsurprised by this announcement and switches off. She is approaching a ROAD SIGN - HATFIELD AND THE NORTH.

EXT. A STREET IN BURNLEY - DAY

Doug is striding confidently past shops and cafes. Pete follows, puzzled.

DOUG

Wait until you see this!

They turn a corner and stop outside a SHOP. The windows are whitewashed and the facade is newly painted in red and white. Doug points proudly to the signage: THE GREAT BRITISH BOOKSHOP.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Billy, Ross, Vicki and Jess are busy putting up shelves and unpacking boxes of books. They look sullen, as if they've been ordered to volunteer and can barely manage a grunt as Doug and Pete enter. Pete looks at tall precarious stacks of books, magazines, CDs and DVDs, many with 'alt.right' or neo-fascist content. There are chairs for browsers and a coffee machine.

DOUG

This is going to be a hub, you see. An intellectual hub. For the college nerds. We're fighting back against those nasty little Islamic bookshops that keep opening up. People can browse, we can chat to them, change them, it's the 'minds' part of my hearts and minds policy, don't you see?

Pete scans the half-finished shop and an open door at the back leading to an office-cum-stockroom.

PETE
Who's paying for all this?

DOUG
The top people. You must have made
a good impression.

Pete wanders up and down the shop, squinting at the shelves.

Why don't you help yourself to a
few titles? Some bedtime reading?

Doug picks up a random clutch of PAPERBACKS from an open box and slips them into a branded 'Great British Bookshop' bag which he hands to Pete.

PETE
I guess I need to know what we're
selling...

DOUG
And there could be more work for
you, too.

PETE
Meaning...?

Doug takes Pete into the back room. There's a desk and PC.

DOUG
You OK with computers?

PETE
(uncertain)
I can do a bit...

DOUG
When you're not out there
spreading the word, you can spread
it in here. How would you like to
take down those Muslim sites?

Pete hesitates.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You can do it!

Doug smiles and grips Pete's arm but Pete doesn't seem to be so confident about this new role.

INT. CHELSEA'S NEW FLAT - DAY

Chelsea's new flat is sparse. Suitcases and boxes have yet to be unpacked. Chelsea sits on the floor, studying her laptop. It's open on the home page of the AA WEBSITE. A link flashes : 'JOIN US!'. She clicks it.

INT. SWEENEY'S GYM - NIGHT

Sweeney's group have just finished an evening session. They're packing up their kit as Sweeney paces up and down.

ROSS

Same time next week then?

SWEENEY

Maybe. Or maybe not...

BILLY

What do you mean, Mr. Sweeney?

SWEENEY

We could be doing extra training before then - for another mission.

BILLY

Like last time?

SWEENEY

Watch my texts.

ROSS

Action - about time too!

SWEENEY

You're dead right there, son.

ROSS

(to Billy)

We're gonna take those uppers again... Fucking fantastic!

SWEENEY

The final go-ahead is up to Doug, of course.

VICKI

(to Jess)

All he cares about is his fucking bookshop and hanging out with Plastic Face.

The group starts filing out, led by Ross. Jess and Vicki follow. Jess smiles at Billy. Billy starts crossing the room to join her.

SWEENEY

Hold on, Billy. Over here.

Billy reluctantly turns back, looking over his shoulder wistfully at Jess as she and the others leave.

BILLY

But Mr Sweeney -

SWEENEY

It's an order, Billy.

Sweeney lays a hand on Billy's shoulder.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

You're going to do something very special. Top secret. You'll like it.

BILLY

I'm sorry, sir, I don't understand.

SWEENEY

Young boys like you are better off without silly tarts...

Sweeney goes to the door and locks it.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete is in the living room of his flat. He stares at his damaged face in the mirror, then turns the mirror to the wall.

He opens a drawer. He pulls out a framed PHOTO of ALISON and places it on the mantelpiece. Beside it he places a PHOTO OF HIMSELF before his disfigurement. Then he picks out a small box and opens it. It contains a MEDAL, the Military Cross 'for services in Afghanistan.' He studies it closely for a minute as if it were an alien artefact and then hurriedly slams it back in the box, which he tosses into the drawer.

He shakes his head and turns away in despair before pouring himself a double whiskey.

He sits down on the sofa and picks up the shopping bag that Doug handed him in the shop. He pulls out a book, entitled 'Releasing Solar Darkness' by Saul Wolfe. He opens a page at random and begins reading.

PETE

(internal VO)

'Mentally envisage a black sun of fiery energy.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Open the black sphere of power at the centre of your being. For you are an avenger, the breaker of all restraints, to restore the true men to past splendours...'

His mobile rings. He closes the book and tosses it aside.

DOUG

(filter)

Got a moment?

PETE

Do you actually read some of the books we're stocking?

DOUG

Too busy, mate.

PETE

This one's fucking crazy.

DOUG

Never mind that now. Two things - meeting tomorrow afternoon with Sweeney to plan our next move.

PETE

Bet he's itching for action.

DOUG

Depends what sort of action. And then in the morning we're interviewing a new applicant. She's quite tasty, from the pic. Could be your type.

PETE

Ah, piss off.

DOUG

See you tomorrow, 10 o'clock.

Doug ends the call. Pete shoves the book back in the bag and goes towards the bedroom nursing his tumbler of whiskey.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE SWEENEY'S GYM - NIGHT (LATER)

Billy emerges, dishevelled, blank-faced, obviously distressed. Sweeney comes out behind him. He grips Billy around the neck.

SWEENEY

You swore an oath of secrecy. To the Alliance - and to me. About everything.

BILLY

Yes... yes, Mr. Sweeney. A secret...

Sweeney releases Billy who stumbles away into the darkness.

INT. A RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A TAPE spins on a big open-reel deck. **ANDY (late 60s)** sits at the mixing desk watching the meters. His long grey hair is tied back and he wears a Hawkwind t-shirt over his substantial belly.

Max is standing over him, lost in the music. The Solar Flair song that we've heard in the 60s film clip blasts from the monitor speakers. It finishes. Andy leans over and stops the recorder.

ANDY

Still sounds great, tape's in good nick. I can remaster it for vinyl, no problem.

MAX

Excellent...

(beat)

Andy, I'm planning a cult re-release.

ANDY

I don't know where you'll get a deal. I'm not trying to be funny but -

MAX

(severely)

I don't do 'funny'.

ANDY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean -

MAX

I'll distribute it myself.

ANDY

That's taking on a lot.

MAX

I've always followed my true will, Andy.

ANDY

Yeah, you did it your way alright.

MAX

So now just do as I asked.

Max leaves. Andy shrugs and presses the rewind button on the tape deck, which begins spooling back.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM IN MRS SEDGEWICK'S HOUSE - DAY

TITLE: COLNE, LANCASHIRE 1966

Young Max's bedroom is cluttered with books and magazines about jazz, blues and rock. There's also a big pile of books on magic, mythology, witchcraft, Satanism, ufos, Nazis, philosophy and cosmology. Unfinished pastel sketches and charcoal drawings in an abstract style are scattered across the bed and on the floor, together with jeans, t-shirts and underwear.

The walls are covered with photos and posters, mostly of the well-known bands of the period, as well as reproductions of surrealist artists like Salvador Dali. There's a Dansette record player in the corner but the room is dominated by a Vox AC 30 AMP or similar, propped up on two chairs. There's also a large hand-lettered POSTER for MAX NOVA AND THE QUASARS.

Young **STAN SEDGEWICK AKA MAX NOVA(17)** is playing fast riffs on his electric guitar at top volume, whirling his arm in Pete Townshend style. The door opens and a furious **MRS SEDGEWICK (Late 40s)** bursts in, shouting over the noise.

MRS SEDGEWICK

For God's sake, Stan, will you stop that bloody racket! I've got Miss O'Dwyer banging on the wall.

MAX

I've got a gig tomorrow at the Imperial.

MRS SEDGEWICK

You've no consideration for anybody but yourself...

MAX, exasperated, unplugs his guitar. He gestures with it.

MAX

I'm going somewhere with this.

MRS SEDGEWICK

Yeah, to the roughest pub in town to make a horrible noise, for a pittance.

Mrs Sedgewick scans the room with intense disapproval.

MRS SEDGEWICK (CONT'D)

I don't know why we let you go to art school and fill your head with all this nonsense.

Mrs Sedgewick points to Max's band poster.

MRS SEDGEWICK (CONT'D)

And that stupid name - Max Nova! Plain Stanley Sedgewick isn't good enough for you, is it?

MAX

It's got all the wrong vibes for an artist.

MRS SEDGEWICK

An artist! How often do you actually go to your fancy college? You've been once this week. Time you got a proper job, young man.

MAX

No fucking way.

Mrs Sedgewick is outraged.

MRS SEDGEWICK

If you're going to use foul language to your own mother you might as well leave our house.

MAX

Maybe that's a good idea. Maybe I should call Andy and get him to pick up my stuff tomorrow in his van. Maybe I should just get the hell out of this dump and change my name by deed poll and then you won't have to worry about Stanley Sedgewick any more. You and Dad can carry on playing Scrabble with that old bag Miss O'Dwyer and all the little letters will spell out 'RIP OUR STAN MAX NOVA LIVES' because that's my destiny and you can't stop me...

Mrs Sedgewick is shaken to the core but she rallies.

MRS SEDGEWICK

I'm going to get your father!

MAX

No point, Mother. He's never given
a fuck anyway...

Mrs Sedgewick leaves the room in tears. Max, grim-faced,
begins selecting a few possessions.

INT. BOOKSHOP OFFICE - DAY

The shop has been tidied up now. In the back room Doug
and Pete sit behind the desk while Chelsea faces them on
a chair. Pete is focused on Chelsea while she makes eye
contact with Doug, who is enjoying his role as
interviewer.

DOUG

We've done our checks and that's
all fine. Which is just as well.
The Ayran Alliance has no place
for shills, Ms Cunningham.

CHELSEA

Just call me Chelsea.

DOUG

(grinning)
OK, I think we can relax now.
Don't you, Pete?

PETE

(ignoring Doug's banter)
What's driven you here, Chelsea?

CHELSEA

The lies. All the lies about
multi-culturalism when all these
people want to do is to destroy
our white English cultural
heritage and replace it with their
Iron-Age tribal customs that make
women walk around like vending
machines. And we're supposed to
celebrate our racial extinction
and call it 'diversity'.

DOUG

Good speech, Chelsea. We'll have
some of that.

PETE

You say you've got tech skills?

DOUG

Yeah, Pete needs someone to hold his hand while he's hacking.

CHELSEA

I did modules on cyber-security and digital media.

DOUG

OK. But how much time can you give us?

CHELSEA

I'm freelance so I'm flexible.

DOUG

So you could help out in the shop sometimes. Give our youth volunteers a break.

CHELSEA

I could video the events too...

DOUG

(to Pete)

She's a real asset, isn't she?

Pete nods, thoughtfully.

EXT. BURNLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Night falls on the UCLAN campus as HUNDREDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE gather outside the entrance. A multi-ethnic mix. A PA and STAGE has been set up.

Some students in T-Shirts with the logos of the Socialist Coalition (red shirts) or the Anarchist Front (black shirts) wave BANNERS AND PLACARDS with slogans like AA=SS; DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE; NO RACISTS ON OUR STREETS; SMASH NORTHERN FASCISTS.

They also hand out flyers: MASS DEMO AGAINST NEO-NAZIS - Speakers: HELEN NEWMAN; DENIS PARNELL; LOUISA RUDDOCK MP.

The atmosphere is already edgy. Chants of 'DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE' increase in volume while Anarchists put on masks or helmets in anticipation of a confrontation with the POLICE who form a line segregating them from the AYRAN ALLIANCE group.

Nearly A HUNDRED MEMBERS OF THE AA, mostly under thirty, stand impassive and silent with their banners ('WHITE IS MIGHT' etc) while their opponents shout. Chelsea is filming. An angry Sweeney is obviously frustrated by the situation, as are Ross, Billy and the rest of the lads but Doug is holding them back.

A **BEARDED YOUNG MAN** (20) in a Socialist Coalition shirt mounts the stage and takes the microphone.

BEARDED YOUNG MAN
(nervously)
Great to see so many of you here.
Now let's welcome our Student
Union President HELEN NEWMAN!

A great roar of applause and cheers as Helen (whom the AA have already encountered in their previous demo) appears.

HELEN
Thank you for coming in
solidarity, brothers and sisters.
Coming to make a stand against
hate, against the poison of
racism. Coming to shout your
defiance against the Alliance!

The crowd take up the chant for a moment. Then Helen raises a hand for silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You see, we're not fooled by their
fake charity and their propaganda
targeting the old, the poor and
the vulnerable. Look at them over
there, trying to wear that mask of
cool. But underneath it, they're
evil - and stupid. Because that's
what racism is deep down -
organised stupidity. They're just
marching morons. And we're not
going to let 'em march all over
us, all over our streets,
spreading their lies - and
stupidity!

Sweeney is incensed.

SWEENEY
Time to teach this cow a lesson.

He, Ross, Billy and a few others start breaking away. Doug and Pete try to hold them back before they reach the police cordon.

PETE
(to Sweeney)
For fuck's sake stay in line.

ROSS
(to Pete)
I thought you had balls, old man.

Ross PUNCHES Pete in the face and he tumbles over. Meanwhile Sweeney pulls a KNIFE on the nearest COP.

The cop, wrong footed, tries to grab it but he's knocked over by three of Sweeney's AA lads. This creates a gap allowing Sweeney, Ross and Billy to get through. Other AA youths follow, to Doug's alarm.

HELEN

Stand together, people. Fight back...

Helen seems to determined to stay on the microphone but two of her supporters drag her away. For Sweeney and his shock-troops, using the brutal skills they've learned as football hooligans, try to attack the stage where they're met with fierce resistance from the crowd. Bottles and banners are hurled, knives and hammers are used by both sides. The police struggle to break up the warring factions.

Ross manages to climb on the stage and push over one of the PA columns. Then a counter-attack from masked protesters with baseball bats forces him to lose his balance. He disappears in a scrum of bodies and blows as someone throws a flare which fills the area with smoke.

From Chelsea's POV at the edge of the crowd a gloved hand blocks the lens of her camera.

Brief shots of CHAOS. A montage sequence. Pete tries to dive in and find Ross and Sweeney. CUs of Sweeney hacking at both red and black-dressed students. They are screaming and bleeding.

Armed police reinforcements and ambulances arrive. The police, using shields, truncheons and dogs, drag protesters from both camps into vans. There's a quick shot of Billy being hand-cuffed.

DOUG

It's no use, Pete. Let's get the fuck out.

Vicki and Jess are shocked to see Ross being loaded into an ambulance.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(to Vicki and Jess)

I said move it!

Chelsea runs towards through the raging crowd towards the ambulance, still shooting with her camera.

PETE

Don't risk it, Chelsea...

Chelsea turns, suddenly aware of his concern. She rejoins the group.

JESS
Where's Billy?

PETE
He was with Sweeney.

DOUG
Fuck Sweeney. Come on...

Throwing away their banners, they start running, zig-zagging through the mob and the emergency vehicles still arriving at the scene.

OMITTED

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE CARE SUITE - NIGHT

Ross lies motionless, heavily bandaged, neck in a collar, with oxygen mask, drip and monitor. His brain activity is starting to flat-line, which activates an alarm. A NURSE rushes in.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Across Doug's desk there's a spread of tabloids and broadsheets, with headlines like UNI DEMO HORROR/ ANARCHIST THUGS FURY/TEEN DIES IN PROTEST/SLAUGHTER ON THE CAMPUS/FASCISTS RUN RIOT.

DOUG
We gonna take out those libtard shits before the cops get to them!

PETE
That's for another day.

DOUG
Once they're arrested we'll have names -

PETE
What the hell are you going to say to Ross's folks?

DOUG
Tell them their son died a martyr. He'll have a huge funeral, Alliance guard of honour, TV crew, everything!

PETE
Yeah, that'll really cheer them up...

DOUG
 Look, I'll see them right, we'll
 find the money. Lady W will
 provide, martyrs probably turn her
 on.

PETE
 Sometimes you make me sick.

DOUG
 You're not going to quit now, bro.

PETE
 (beat)
 So what about Billy?

DOUG
 The plods will think he just
 muscled in for kicks, like in the
 old days.

PETE
 Are you sure?

DOUG
 He won't say a word, Sweeney's got
 him well trained.

PETE
 Better try Sweeney again then.

Doug pulls out his phone and calls. There's no reply.

DOUG
 He's still off the fucking
 radar...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM IN A POLICE STATION - DAY

Billy and a **SOLICITOR** (f, 30s) face **DETECTIVE INSPECTOR ANNE GOWER** (F, 40S) and **DETECTIVE CONSTABLE STEVE MORRISON** (M 20s). A cassette recorder is running.

DI GOWER
 ABH, affray, carrying an offensive
 weapon. All on CCTV.

DC MORRISON
 And there's your old CV with the
 Suicide Squad.

DI GOWER
 You can help yourself. What's this
 Aryan Alliance? Where do you fit
 in?

Billy is mute.

SOLICITOR

Remember, Billy, you don't have to say anything.

BILLY

No comment.

DI GOWER

Well, maybe you can fill us in about Mr. Terry Sweeney?

BILLY

No comment.

DC MORRISON

He put you up to this, didn't he? You and Ross and the rest of the lads. A pity about Ross...

Billy looks confused.

DI GOWER

(beat)

I have to tell you, Billy, that Ross Lennon died around one am today in intensive care. Brain haemorrhage.

The news hits Billy hard.

DC MORRISON

Of course, if Sweeney hadn't stirred it up with the other lot, your mate might still be around.

DI GOWER

You don't owe Sweeney anything, Billy.

DC MORRISON

Word on the street is that some new methamphetamine with a funny name is doing the rounds. Would that be something to do with the AA?

DI GOWER

There was this fire at a mini-cab office in Burnley. Do you know anything about that?

BILLY

(agitated)

I don't know, I don't know anything.

SOLICITOR

Is this relevant to my client's arrest?

DI GOWER

I think it's all going to connect. Let's get back to Mr Sweeney. What's his role in this so-called Alliance?

BILLY

I can't say, I've sworn -

DC MORRISON

A secret? Between you and him?

BILLY

(panicking)

No - but...

DC MORRISON

Something you and he did together?

BILLY

(in tears)

He made me... do things...

DI GOWER

(beat)

What kind of things, son?

Billy breaks down in sobs.

INT. SWEENEY'S TENT - NIGHT

TITLE: TWO DAYS LATER

The only illumination is the light of Sweeney's phone. He's crouching in his sleeping bag, in mid-conversation.

SWEENEY

You must come and get me.

DOUG

(filter throughout)

Where the fuck are you?

SWEENEY

Friar's Wood. Near the camp.

DOUG

And I'm supposed to find some place where you can keep your head down? Bollocks to that after all the shit you've stirred.

SWEENEY
I stood my ground.

DOUG
Fucked up, more like. People up
top won't be happy.
(beat)
You're better off where you are.

SWEENEY
I've no food, nothing.

DOUG
(beat)
You know Ross is dead?

SWEENEY
Oh Jesus... the bastards...

DOUG
And young Billy's in custody.

SWEENEY
(anxious)
Ah shit...

DOUG
I hope you've behaved yourself,
Terry.

SWEENEY
Yeah, of course... Just get me out
of here. We're sworn blood
brothers aren't we? White is Might
and all that...

DOUG
Guess I'll have to think of
something.

The phone cuts off and the tent goes dark.

INT. ALISON HUNTER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alison, in night clothes, looks warily at Sweeney, bedraggled and unshaven. Doug has a hand on Sweeney's arm, gesturing with the other as he was doing a sales pitch.

DOUG
It's only for a few nights,
Alison. Come on...

SWEENEY
Don't worry, lass. I won't be any
bother.

ALISON
(to Doug)
I'm amazed you have the bloody
nerve -

DOUG
Not just nerves, darling. Now
let's do this the nice way.

Doug produces a thick roll of banknotes.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Help with the housekeeping while
your guest is here. Until I make
other arrangements.

ALISON
(beat)
I hope you make 'em quickly. I
don't want cops knocking on my
door.

DOUG
It'll be fine.

Sweeney collapses on the sofa. Pete goes towards the
entrance lobby. Alison follows him.

ALISON
So - how's Pete?

DOUG
Doing well, got his own place now.

ALISON
But what's he doing?

DOUG
Changing the world, love. Just
changing the world.

ALISON
He's the one that needs changing.

Doug shrugs as he leaves.

EXT. DOUG'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy, distressed, beats furiously on the front door.
Doug eventually appears, in his dressing gown.

DOUG
No need to wreck my door, lad. I
was just going to call you. Guess
you're out on bail.

BILLY
They dropped the charges.

DOUG
(puzzled)
I hope you kept your gob shut with
those coppers.

BILLY
(beat)
No, I told them the real secret of
your great Ayran Alliance.

DOUG
Keep your fucking voice down!

Furious, he drags Billy inside.

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Doug has forced Billy down to the floor. He grips him by
the shoulders.

DOUG
If you've said anything -

BILLY
You knew, you must have known..

DOUG
What you talking about?

BILLY
(breaking down)
You let him get away with it. That
perv Sweeney. You did nothing. It
was on your fucking watch... Do
you want me to tell you what he
did to me, what I told the police
doctor?

Billy twists out of Doug's grip and tries to punch him.
Doug hits him hard in the stomach.

DOUG
You're a liar, Billy Ward. It's
all in your little mind.

Billy gets up and staggers towards the door.

BILLY
You'll see... You're gonna pay for
this.

Despite his bluster, Doug is visibly disturbed by what
he's learned.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, MILLBANK, LONDON

Mark is on a red desk phone.

MARK

Yes, Terence Sweeney could be part of a paedophile ring. But right now that's a sideshow. Try to get closer to this Peter Hunter character. He's ex-military, got a gong in Afghanistan. He could become a real asset for them. Just get on the case, Chelsea.

He hangs up.

INT. DUNLAVIN HALL, DIANA'S STUDY - DAY

TITLE: THREE DAYS LATER

Diana sits in her armchair, reading. Morton enters with a pile of NEWSPAPERS on a silver tray. They include The Daily Telegraph, the Times, the Daily Mail and the Sun. Morton departs. She wearily flips through them. Then her eye is caught by the front page of the Sun. COPS SEEK 'PAEDO' NAZI. Beside the headline, there's a picture of Sweeney in AA garb. Deeply angry, she rings the bell. Morton enters.

MORTON

My lady?

Diana waves the paper in front of him.

DIANA

Have you seen this? The sheer vulgarity of the man! In my day, they were discreet and did it in Tangiers.

MORTON

Indeed, Mam.

DIANA

The indiscipline of this so-called Alliance disgusts me. One cannot use the term 'Ayran' in the same sentence. Douglas Hunter and his cronies must be brought to account forthwith. Tell Mrs Farrish to pack.

MORTON

Certainly, Mam.

He bows and leaves.

EXT. AN UPMARKET STREET IN LONDON - DAY

Diana's saloon pulls up outside an office building in a quiet but expensive part of London. Morton steps out and opens the rear passenger door. Diana emerges. Morton takes a suitcase from the boot. They both walk towards the building entrance. Diana keys in an entrance code. We have a glimpse of a brass plate by the door - THAGIRION HOUSE - LBS ASSOCIATES. The door opens.

INT. THAGIRION HOUSE - DAY

Diana and Morton move quickly through a reception area, neutrally furnished with dusty chairs and an empty desk, towards a LIFT. They descend.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE LBS - DAY

Diana and Morton cross a small lobby to enter a large circular room, the TEMPLE OF THE LEAGUE OF THE BLACK SUN.

It is hung with portraits of senior Nazis and 'Occult Reich' figures and decorated with an eclectic mixture of arcane glyphs. The BLACK SUN SYMBOL is prominent among them.

Across a segment of the room's circumference there are CURTAINS (concealing an ALTAR and a large SCREEN with COMPUTERS to be revealed subsequently).

NINE SENIOR LBS OPERATIVES (m&f, 30 to 60) in uniform sit around a horseshoe-shaped TABLE. They include members of the audience for Max's speech in Scene 17.

They stand as Lady Diana enters and takes her seat. They remain standing, heads bowed as MAX enters and takes his seat at the head of the table. The only person who doesn't bow to Max is Diana. Max makes eye-contact with her, and they share an uneasy smile. Max carries a SWORD and strikes the table with it.

MAX

What is the League?

GROUP

(chant)

The League is Legion...

Max lowers the sword and motions them to sit.

MAX

We have an urgent matter. One of our sub-groups is in disarray.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

As you may know from the circus of the mass media, some members of the Aryan Alliance acted prematurely in response to the provocations of an anarchist rabble, leading to the death of a youth.

DIANA

(butting in)

Now their deputy has been accused of sexually assaulting a youth member. All our groups could be subject to ridicule and contempt.

MAX

The security of the League itself might be at risk.

The LBS members start murmuring among themselves. Then **MS KAREN BRAND** (50s), a tall muscular woman dressed similarly to Diana, raises her hand.

MS BRAND

Whatever his alleged misdeeds he fought boldly like a son of Odin against the leftist pariahs.

There are mutterings of agreement. Then **WILLIAM MYCROFT** (30s), a slim pale man in black, rises.

MYCROFT

What are we, cosmic transgressors or closet Christians? Sweeney is a liberator. He's challenged the taboos of creepy Jesus, he ravages the boundaries...

LBS members begin to argue but are overruled by an older man **HENRY MASTERTON** (60s).

MASTERTON

Just silence him.

MS BRAND

No need. The press will have forgotten the whole story in a week.

MYCROFT

Sweeney followed his darkest instincts - so we should celebrate him!

The argument is threatening to get out of hand. Max raises the sword. All fall silent.

MAX

(with a hard look at
Mycroft)

Even allowing for the weakness of
his superior Douglas Hunter,
Sweeney has put his own
gratification before the needs of
the League.

(beat)

He is therefore a legitimate
subject for an Operation.

DIANA

To be executed by whom?

MAX

(to Diana)

We will consult. Now, to other
matters...

He scans around the room. The LBS membership is overawed
by his presence.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Doug, ashen faced, paces up and down in front of Pete,
sitting on the sofa. He's holding an envelope.

DOUG

I had a call. And this came by
courier tonight.

PETE

What's going on?

DOUG

They want you to pick up Sweeney
from Alison's -

PETE

Alison's? She's got nothing to do
-

DOUG

Never mind that. Focus!
You must take him directly to Lady
D's.

PETE

I can't go there...

DOUG

I'm out of the loop now, my
friend. Orders are to deliver one
Sweeney, to be disposed of on
site. By you...

PETE
Look, I can't -

DOUG
It's an order. You been in combat,
right? Same thing. Sweeney's our
enemy now. Just take him out!

PETE
(beat)
I'll try and make it clean for the
old fuck.

Doug hands Pete the envelope.

DOUG
There are special directives.

PETE
What - directives?

DOUG
I'm not allowed to read them...

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT

Pete stands in the centre of his living room, opening the envelope and studying its contents in horror. His mobile rings, displaying 'Chelsea'. He drops the document and responds.

CHELSEA
(filter)
I'm doing a day in the shop
tomorrow. If you're around I
thought you and I could hook up at
lunchtime, have a coffee, just get
out of there for a while.
Everything's a bit heavy right
now.

PETE
I'd like that, Chelsea. But I've
got to do something for Doug.

CHELSEA
Oh, bugger Doug!

PETE
Maybe another time?

CHELSEA
We'll see...

Chelsea ends the call. Pete stares again at the document. He takes a small bottle out of his pocket and shakes a tablet on to his palm. His hand is trembling.

INT. ALISON HUNTER'S FLAT - NIGHT (LATER)

Through her living room window Alison sees Pete arriving in Doug's 4x4. She prods Sweeney who is dozing on the sofa and goes through to the front door. She can see Pete's outline through the frosted glass.

ALISON
(through the door)
What do you want?

PETE
I'm here to pick him up.

Alison cautiously unchains the latch and opens the door.

ALISON
Then make it quick.

Pete enters, looking at her up and down. She keeps her eyes downcast.

Sweeney lumbers forward, half-supported by Pete. As they go through the door Pete turns to Alison.

PETE
Can't you manage a smile for your
ex, then?

The door closes. Alison goes into the living room and starts quietly crying.

INT. DOUG'S 4X4 - NIGHT

Pete is driving fast out of town and into the countryside. He's on edge, distant. Sweeney yawns in the passenger seat. He pulls out a hip flask and takes a swig.

SWEENEY
So where the hell are we going?

PETE
Your exit strategy. It's all in
hand, don't worry.

SWEENEY
I got to get out of the fucking
country, don't you understand?

PETE
That's the plan.

SWEENEY
Better not be fooling me.

PETE

The Alliance takes care of its own.

SWEENEY.

You and your brother couldn't take care of an old folks home.

(laughs)

Sorry - that's all you fuckwits can do!

PETE

(wearily)

Leave it out, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

You're not a true believer, are you?

PETE

I'm just here to drive, OK?

SWEENEY

I believe in our destiny, Pete. And the destiny of our white youth. I tried to teach the boy, you know. But he kind of provoked me - like they do, it was a trap - and then he lied. Can you believe it?

PETE

(close)

No comment...

Pete and Sweeney lapse into silence. Sweeney takes another deep swig from his flask. They are now driving through the wooded estate around Dunlavin Hall, passing a lake. They arrive at the house. Diana's saloon is already there.

INT. DUNLAVIN HALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Pete and Sweeney are ushered into the entrance by Morton. Sweeney is awe-struck by the faded grandeur of the Hall. His eye lingers on the Assegai spears and the gold bowl embossed with a swastika.

SWEENEY

White is might, man. White is might...

Sweeney salutes the portrait of the Earl of Dunlavin.

SWEENEY (CONT'D)

We had a fucking empire once.

Morton takes him by the arm. They start walking. Pete is increasingly tense and conflicted.

MORTON

This way please, Mr Sweeney.

SWEENEY

Are you my new driver then? Take me on to the next stage?

MORTON

In a manner of speaking, sir.

SWEENEY

You got a chopper waiting? Little hop across the water maybe?

PETE

Look, Sweeney, it's like this -

Morton raises an eyebrow. Pete checks himself. They walk on through the corridors in silence. At the entrance to the reception room, they are joined by **GRIFFITHS** (30s), whom we have already seen as one of the uniformed stewards overseeing Max's speech.

INT. DUNLAVIN HALL - MAIN RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Diana's grand reception room, which we have seen functioning as a flower-bedecked ballroom in the 1960s documentary is now gloomy and draped in black.

A huge Black Sun hanging dominates one wall. Candles have been lit, incense drifts through the air and a fire blazes in a brazier. A large DAGGER has been placed on a small iron table. The rugs and furniture have been rolled back and the centre of the space is filled by a PENTAGRAM adorned with esoteric symbols.

Max appears, formally robed. Diana follows, also in a long robe. She's watching Pete intently.

MAX

Welcome to Dunlavin! Terence Sweeney, you should be honoured to be here. This is a special occasion.

SWEENEY

Yes, sir. It's an honour.

DIANA

What is the motto of the Ayran Alliance?

SWEENEY

White Is Might.

MAX

A simple faith.

SWEENEY

I've given everything to the
Alliance, sir.

MAX

And now you'll be devoting your
life-force to the League of the
Black Sun.

SWEENEY

Thank you, sir. But when am I
going to be -

At a signal from Max, Sweeney is overpowered by Pete, Morton and Griffiths. He tries to resist but his hands and feet are tied, his shirt is ripped open, while his shouts and screams are gagged as he is forced to the floor and positioned face-up at the centre of the pentagram.

MAX

The Black Sun is rising in the
West. Prepare for its
illumination.

DIANA

Fenrir, Beast of Darkness, devour
the Vrill of this creature.

MAX

Sol Niger Lux Est!

DIANA

(to Pete)

Strike then with all your might!

Pete stands rooted to the spot, but is mesmerised by Diana's commanding presence. He walks robotically towards the iron table and picks up the dagger. He walks towards the brazier and plunges the blade into the burning coals.

Then he walks around the circumference of the circle. As he does Max and Diana whisper barely audible incantations.

Like a sleep-walker Pete crosses into the circle. Sweeney's terror is evident and he struggles to escape, in vain. Morton and Griffiths, now at the edge of the room, turn their backs.

Pete plunges the dagger into Sweeney's body. With apparently supernatural force and speed he slits open Sweeney's chest and cuts out his heart, which he raises on the blade of the dagger like a trophy, as Max and Diana watch, entranced.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS.

EPISODE TWO - INITIATIONS

INT. TEMPLE THAGIRION HOUSE - NIGHT

The basement is lit by blazing torches on a stand. Smoke curls up from a brazier in the background where something black is smouldering.

Members of the League of the Black Sun, including Max, Diana, Karen Brand, William Mycroft and John Masterston are standing around the circumference of the circle. They are robed in black and carry ritual weapons.

Standing apart from them robed in red is **STELLA (early twenties)** a pale girl with a Goth haircut and make-up. She looks anxious, knowing that there is some unspecified ordeal ahead of her.

The LBS inner circle are passing around a GOBLET from hand to hand. Each person picks out a small fragment of what appears to be charred meat and eats it.

Diana passes the goblet to Stella, who peers into it with revulsion. Her hand hovers uncertainly over the cup and she turns her head away.

STELLA

I can't...

DIANA

You must eat.

STELLA

No, I just can't...

DIANA

The foot-soldier who killed him and gave the League this offering did a far more dangerous act of transgression - and will be rewarded for it.

MAX

You acquire the vril of the dead. Or die yourself.

The other members focus their gaze on her. Fighting her nausea Stella takes the morsel of Sweeney's heart and places it in her mouth.

INT. A TATTOO PARLOUR IN BURNLEY - DAY

A CU on Chelsea's mouth. She's gritting her teeth in pain. The camera pulls back to reveal the interior of the tattoo parlour.

Chelsea's arm has just been imprinted with the logo/slogan of the AA. The **TATTOOIST** (M, 30s) steps back to admire his work. Chelsea studies her arm - has she really done this?

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete looks out of the window, staring into the void.

Rapid FLASHBACKS of his AFGHANISTAN ordeal overlap with images of SWEENEY'S BODY. From his POV he's barely aware of Doug at the back of the room.

DOUG
(remote, distorted)
You followed orders, mate. They're pleased. Whatever you did, you've redeemed us.

Pete turns to face him. He's agitated and his POV of Doug is fragmented.

PETE
You don't know, you don't fucking know.

He pulls out a bottle (strip?) of Vril tablets and hurls them across the room.

PETE (CONT'D)

(beat)
I'm through with all your shit, the Alliance, this League. Just let me alone!

Pete lashes out at Doug who retreats towards the door.

DOUG
No way you're through, bro. You're in deep now.

INT. THAGIRION HOUSE - DAY

The LBS temple has reverted to its daytime use as a meeting room. Stella stands nervously before Max and Diana who are seated at the table. They wear their everyday clothes.

DIANA

You showed weakness during the initiation.

MAX

We still need to be convinced of your value to the League.

STELLA

But I was an Adept of the Order of Oriental Templars, as founded by Aleister Crowley.

Max laughs. His eye roams over Stella's face and figure.

MAX

I'm sure dear old Uncle Aleister would have done whatever he wilt with you in a Ninth Degree Rite. But things have moved on. And frankly anybody can join the OTO these days. It's almost like the Church of England.

DIANA

(irritated by Max's
flippancy)

You have sworn an oath of secrecy, Stella Cameron. And you know the penalty for breaking an oath. Once admitted to the League of the Black Sun, there is no way out, except death. If you leave -

MAX

(interrupting)

But if you bring something unique to the League, then we could overlook your earlier lapse of will.

DIANA

(to Max)

Our aims are already defined - to create a white hierarchy, guided by the emanations of the Black Sun Portal. Do we need her so-called uniqueness?

STELLA

Do you need Adolf Hitler?

Diana is deeply shocked. Max is intrigued by Stella's boldness.

STELLA (CONT'D)

He failed, didn't he? The thousand year Reich lasted twelve years...

DIANA

Do you realise what you are saying?

STELLA

This League needs to stop obsessing about the Nazis and move on. We're supposed to be the future.

DIANA

Continue like this and you'll be expelled immediately - with consequences...

Max is studying Stella carefully. He's impressed by her recklessness.

STELLA

Magic needs reinforcement - with science and technology.

DIANA

A betrayal of our pagan roots.

MAX

Let's hear her out.

Stella smiles, recognising Max as a potential saviour.

STELLA

The most powerful magical tool we have is in plain sight. As soon as you click on a screen.

MAX

Ah, the web, entangling their thoughts and actions.

STELLA

And the most powerful intelligences are artificial.

MAX

(beat)

As powerful as the entities in my grimoires?

STELLA

I'm certain there is a way to unite them.

DIANA
This is trickery! Blasphemy
against our old gods...

MAX
(ignoring Diana)
Tell me more, Stella.

Max rises and signals Stella to follow him. Diana, angry and confused, watches them leave.

EXT. A CEMETERY IN BURNLEY - DAY

There's a newly dug GRAVE in the foreground, surrounded by a fair-sized crowd, uniformed AA members prominent. In the background, a horse-drawn black-plumed HEARSE.

Pete and Chelsea stand together, slightly apart from the others. Chelsea videos the scene on her phone. A TV crew is also here, kept at a distance by AA stewards.

A **VICAR** (m 50s), clearly ill at ease, closes his bible. Undertakers are ready to lower the COFFIN, draped in the AA banner and St Georges Cross flag. Doug comes forward to address the mourners.

DOUG
Our comrade Ross Lennon was a
hero, who sacrificed his life in
the struggle for a greater
Britain. The libtard scum in court
now pleading guilty to
manslaughter are murderers. But
they can't murder an idea of a
white fatherland, free and
prosperous. Ross was a martyr who
will live on in our thoughts. And
we fight on, in his name.

Heads are bowed as the coffin is lowered into the grave.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM OF A PUB - NIGHT

A rowdy wake for Ross is underway. But Pete stands aside from the banter and boozing. He's haunted by images of Sweeney's death in a rapid flashback of stills. An uneasy Chelsea watches him.

Doug approaches, hands him a drink and gives him a conspiratorial grin as he pats him on the back before re-joining the others.

CHELSEA
(to Pete)
Let's get out of here.
(MORE)

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(beat)

You going to walk me back?

Pete nods, still lost in introspection. But he takes Chelsea's proffered hand, and they leave.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE CHELSEA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Pete and Chelsea pause at the door. He smiles - and very tentatively kisses her on the cheek. She returns the kiss and goes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM IN MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Max stands impassive as Diana berates him.

DIANA

You're going to have her, aren't you?

MAX

We released ourselves from the tyranny of jealousy long ago. Light, liberty and love, remember?

DIANA

(scoffing)

It was always your libido that had priority.

MAX

Stella brings new skills, new concepts, new life - can't you see that, you old crone?

DIANA

If you dabble in her materialist trickery she's fated to destroy the League.

MAX

But Loki the Trickster must be one of your preferred deities, since you embraced your Nordic Path.

DIANA

Don't mock me, Stanley Sedgewick. You've lost touch with the old teachings.

MAX

I've taught you everything - from the days you were a posh dolly-bird.

Diana glares at him, is about to speak - then turns abruptly and leaves the room.

INT. MAX'S BEDSIT IN NOTTING HILL, LONDON - DAY

TITLE: LONDON 1967

Early morning light breaks through worn curtains. Young Max's London bedsit is shambolic, combining squalor with the hip adornments of the era. Faded wall paper is peeling, the plaster ceiling is cracked and the carpet is stained, although most of it is covered with dirty crockery, wine bottles and overflowing hash-trays. There's a big hookah on a fake oriental-style side-table. Max's OCCULT BOOKS and magazines spill out from crudely improvised shelving and much of the space is dominated by his GUITARS AND AMPS.

Psychedelic POSTERS for various festivals and gigs featuring Solar Flair cover much of the wall space, along with Max's hand-drawn DIAGRAMS of the Qabalistic Tree and the astral body plus blown-up photo REPRODUCTIONS OF DEMONS from the grimoires. A cover torn from a FASHION mag has been tacked up, depicting Diana in a revealing outfit. There's also a smaller b&w PHOTO of naked Diana posing with a dagger, apparently taken in the bed-sit. There's a flower in her hair and she's smiling.

In the old-fashioned brass bed, under a pile of blankets and furs, young Max and Diana are reaching the climax of their love making. The camera alternates between lingering on their faces and exploring the esoteric imagery decorating the walls. Their cries of pleasure mingle with the thud of hard rock from the bedsit upstairs. They reach orgasm and then collapse, exhausted, on the cushions.

MAX

(euphoric, stoned)

Love is the law! No, love is
beyond the law... We're outlaw sex
fiends. Our acid corrodes their
morality!

DIANA

(woozy)

What a trip...

MAX

(beat)

Did you see them?

DIANA

(puzzled)

See them?

MAX

I saw Lilith and Gamaliel -
succubi of the Ninth Plane. Did
you see Samael, the Qliphothic
trickster? He gave you such a
treat.

DIANA

(confused)

No... I'm not sure.

Max is watching her closely, as if testing her.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(nervous)

I can't remember...

MAX

I should have increased the dosage
for a sex working. Never mind.
Get me food!

Diana crawls out of bed and gropes for a packet of
cigarettes on the floor. She pulls one out and hands it
to Max, who splits it open, mixing the tobacco with grass
to roll a fat joint on a bed of Rizla papers.

MAX (CONT'D)

Did you know that cannabis is
related to the number seven and
thus to the planet Venus?

DIANA

Wow - that's far out...

Max grins as he continues preparing the joint. While he's
busy with this, Diana goes to a mini-kitchen area at the
end of the room and lights a gas ring to heat a kettle.
She rummages in a cupboard and returns with half a loaf
of sliced bread and two bananas. Max lights the joint and
inhales. After a minute he puts it down, obviously
dissatisfied. Diana moves to pick it up, but he stops
her.

MAX

This shit's useless! Full of twigs
and seeds, for fuck's sake!

DIANA

Where did you score?

MAX

The Elgin on Ladbroke Grove. Big
black guy in a red shirt. Told me
it was sensimilla, but this is
just

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
'yardie weed'. Fucking rip-off
merchant!

The kettle is whistling. Max makes bird-like whoops in response. Diana takes the kettle off the burner and makes tea.

DIANA
As my father used to say, 'they're
not reliable people...'

MAX
What people?

DIANA
The blacks. Schwarzes. Negroes, if
we're being polite.

MAX
You sound like that Oswald Mosley
character - the flamboyant fruity-
voiced Fascist.

DIANA
Well actually darling, I did sit
on Sir Oswald's knee when I was
four. Or so I've been told. I'm
named after his wife, you know.
Daddy was a true believer.

MAX
You're full of surprises...

Max tries another toke on the joint but coughs and gives up. He laughs and chucks the joint away.

MAX (CONT'D)
That guy's fucking unreliable,
anyway. Of course it's all
relative, all reversible. Satan
turns everything upside down,
transvalues all values. Do you
think Satan is black or white?

DIANA
White, of course.

MAX
Yeah, makes sense. A mean white
motherfucker. The White Devil!

He embraces Diana and starts kissing her passionately. They roll around on the floor, alternatively kissing and laughing hysterically as their foreplay begins.

EXT. OUTSIDE BURNLEY JOB CENTRE - DAY

Doug, Pete and a few AA members are 'on patrol' through the streets of Burnley. A large angry MOB has gathered outside the Job Centre. At the entrance, a **JOB CENTRE MANAGER** (f,40s) is trying to speak but whatever message she's trying to deliver is lost under shouting and barracking. Doug and Pete stop at the edge of the crowd. Then Pete spots Alison.

PETE

What's up?

ALISON

What's it to you?

PETE

I'm only trying to help.

ALISON

The bloody system's down again.
Everywhere this time... I'll have
no money for weeks now.

(to Doug)

So where's your famous Community
Fund then? Are you going to bail
out half of Burnley?

Pete fumbles for his wallet.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(to Pete)

I'm not taking pennies from you.

Alison walks off. Pete watches her disappearing into the crowd.

DOUG

Don't let her get to you, Pete.
Once we give back power to our
people, all this can be sorted
out.

PETE

By Lady Diana and her ilk?

DOUG

Lady Diana is making you an offer
you can't refuse.

PETE

I'm not going back to that place.

DOUG

I'm not talking about the Hall. I
mean the Big Smoke...

Pete looks troubled, as he ponders the implications of this assignment.

INT. PETE'S LONDON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A quick shot from Pete's window and a pan around the room establishes that we are in a cheap London hotel. Pete sits on the bed studying a black leather-bound book with the Black Sun symbol on the cover. The TV is on but Pete isn't looking at it.

TV PRESENTER

The nation-wide Universal Credit shut-down is now in its seventh day. All payments have been blocked, no new claims are possible and software engineers working on the issue fear that vast amounts of claimants' data have been compromised and then totally erased. A statement from the Department of Work and Pensions -

Pete's mobile rings. He sees 'Chelsea' displayed on the screen and hesitates before turning the TV off and answering the call.

CHELSEA

(filter)

Pete...?

PETE

Sorry, Chelsea. I'm not supposed to be talking to any AA people now.

CHELSEA

Bollocks to that. You can talk to me.

PETE

Yeah, I guess so. What's going down?

CHELSEA

The Ayran Alliance, in slow motion. Doug's going to have a vote of no confidence, the way things are going. But what have you done, to be promoted to this mysterious League?

PETE

(beat)

I can't really say, Chelsea.

CHELSEA

I've missed you, you know. It gets boring with all these nerds in the shop.

PETE

I bet.

(beat)

Look, I'm sorry Chelsea, but I've got to go. There's a call I need to make.

CHELSEA

Sorry to have disturbed you,
Corporal Hunter.

Chelsea ends the call. Pete calls an unidentified number. It rings for a while.

MORTON

(filter on prerecorded
message)

You have reached Thagirion House.
Messages may be left after the
tone.

There's a faint bleep and hiss.

PETE

I've been here nearly a week. This is the fiftieth call I've made. What the fuck am I supposed to be doing?

He finishes the call and slumps down on the bed.

EXT. PETE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Pete emerges and we follow him through the crowded neon-lit streets, now patrolled by armed police. He looks over his shoulder constantly. A FIGURE in the distance might be following him. His phone beeps, displaying a TEXT: THE BRICKLAYER'S ARMS.

INT. LONDON PUB - NIGHT

Pete enters, scoping out the layout and the exit with his paranoid eye. The clientele are mostly male and Cockney, enjoying beers after a day on building sites or delivery rounds. He elbows his way through a crowd of drinkers towards the bar. The **BARMAN** (m, 50s) finishes serving another customer but seems to ignore Pete's presence.

PETE

I want a whiskey, double, Bell's,
on ice. That is, if you want my
trade.

The barman gives Pete a sullen glance, grunts unintelligibly but turns to fill a glass and toss some ice in it. Pete slaps a note on the counter and snatches his drink before picking up the change. He manages to find a table in the far corner where he sits and takes a sip. He pulls out his phone which displays a new TEXT: 'THE WARRIOR IS SUMMONED'.

PETE (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Ah, fuck - what's happening now?

Unbeknown to Pete, a **TATTOOED MAN**(30), bald and bearded, in a has taken the seat opposite. The man scowls and leans across the table.

TATTOOED MAN

Are you talking to me, leather-face?

PETE

Just mind your manners and your own business.

TATTOOED MAN

There's only one thing worse than a fucking queer...

Pete is bewildered.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)

And that's a fucking ugly queer. Looking for business with the 'Dilly boys, is that it? Spreading your diseases and your gaylord conversion kits...

Pete knocks back his drink and gets up to go.

PETE

I don't have to sit here and listen to your crazy shit.

The tattooed man jumps up and follows Pete who heads for the nearest door, thinking it's the exit. It actually leads to the MALE TOILET.

INT. PUB TOILET - NIGHT

The tattooed man barges through the toilet door and swings a fist into Pete's jaw, forcing him to stagger against the wash basins.

Pete's military training, reinforced by vril, takes over. He lands massive punches and blows on his attacker's head and crotch, completely losing control so that the attacker finally lies motionless on the tiles, blood trickling into the trough of the metal urinal. Pete hurries back through the bar which is so full that his passage is barely noted.

EXT. LONDON STREET NEAR PUB - NIGHT

Pete, breathing hard in bloodied clothing, races through the streets, nearly colliding with pedestrians and traffic. He takes a side turning into a quieter thoroughfare. Lady Diana's CAR pulls up alongside him, Morton at the wheel, Diana in the back. She motions Pete to get inside. They drive off.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

DIANA
 Congratulations, Corporal Hunter.
 You've obviously passed my little
 test.

PETE
 Test?

DIANA
 I arranged for a serf from the
 National Alternative Party - one
 of our minor franchises - to have
 a confrontation with you. We gave
 him the impression you were a
 prominent gay activist.

PETE
 (uneasy)
 I tapped him pretty hard.

DIANA
 Don't worry. He's expendable. But
 you have many uses.

The car speeds into the night.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

The shop is empty except for Doug and Chelsea. Chelsea marches towards the door and turns the OPEN sign to CLOSED.

DOUG
 It's not five o'clock yet.

CHELSEA

Time for a talk, Doug. What are you going to do about Billy?

DOUG

I can bung him a sweetener, like I did with Ross's people.

CHELSEA

Simple as that? When he's traumatised and mad as hell. More dosh from Diana will make him go away? Supposing she says no?

DOUG

Her people in London have always supported us.

CHELSEA

How much do you really know about your famous London people?

DOUG

Enough...

CHELSEA

(beat)

Billy will be out for your blood. And people are talking.

DOUG

Let' em.

CHELSEA

You must have known about Sweeney's hobby from way back. When you did time together.

DOUG

He was in for GBH when they sent me down for the white stuff.

(suspicious)

How d'you know that?

Chelsea realises she may have made a mistake in revealing her insider knowledge from Doug's PNC record. She tries to shift the conversation.

CHELSEA

People talk... Anyway, it's funny how Pete got promoted - and Sweeney's off the radar.

Doug senses that Chelsea is on the defensive now. He's also sizing up her sexual potential.

DOUG
Are you looking for promotion
then, Miss Cunningham?

CHELSEA
Could be. Seeing as you've got
connections with the top brass, or
so you keep saying.

DOUG
It takes more than a pretty face.
Although you might get a brownie
point for that.

CHELSEA
Thank you...

DOUG
If you've got new ideas to help
the Alliance, we could always chat
about them over a meal.

CHELSEA
Sounds cool...

DOUG
There's a nice Indian I know.

CHELSEA
You're joking.

DOUG
When the Alliance is in power, we
might allow some of the Pakis in
catering to stay - as long as they
know their place.

CHELSEA
(laughing)
You're an oxymoron, you are.

Doug doesn't quite get the joke.

DOUG
Now watch your smart mouth, lass.

CHELSEA
Only kidding.

DOUG
You need a proper seeing-to...

He tries to kiss her but she evades him, teasing him with
a laugh.

INT. TEMPLE THAGIRION HOUSE- NIGHT

Max, Diana, Stella, Pete, Karen Brand, William Mycroft and John Masterston, and other members of the LBS inner circle sit or recline on couches and cushions scattered around the perimeter of the temple. They have finished a banquet, Roman-style and many are still eating and drinking. They are dressed in robes decorated with the Black Sun motif and masked, except Pete who wears a plain white robe.

Slow hypnotic music plays and incense fills the air. Max raises a hand for the music to cease and rises to address the group. They put their drinks aside and stand to attention as he walks to the centre of the room

MAX

Step forward, Peter George Hunter.

Pete obeys.

MAX (CONT'D)

Kneel...

Pete kneels, head bowed.

MAX (CONT'D)

You have passed the first ordeal and have been chosen to join this League, to be united with us in fire, force and blood as we open the portals of darkness and revel in the light of the Black Sun. To falter or fail means death. Do you understand?

PETE

Yes. I understand. To fail means death.

DIANA

You have passed the second ordeal and been chosen from lowly rank to join our League, to seek union with us in blood, seed and fire as we fight with the might of our race for the glory of the Black Sun as predicted by the elder gods. Weakness or betrayal of the League means death. Do you understand?

PETE

Yes, I understand. Weakness means death.

MAX

But first you must embrace life
and love.

DIANA

The Earth is your Mother. Adore
Her!

Karen and William move among the group, distributing hallucinogenic drugs in various forms. The music begins again.

MAX

Taste her sacred plants, her
secret fruits!

Masked and robed/nude couples dance and soon a stylised orgy is in progress, led by Max who advances on Stella. She responds enthusiastically. Diana is caressing a submissive Pete. There are glimpses of group sex in various permutations (reference: the orgy scenes in Kubrick's 'Eyes Wide Shut')

We follow Diana who holds something tiny between her fingertips and focuses all her attention on it. It's a tablet embossed with a V. On the altar behind her is a silver chalice filled with similar tablets. She places the tablet with the others, before taking up a dagger.

DIANA

The Third Ordeal, the Ordeal of
Vril! It is my will to charge this
chalice with life-force from
vital fluids of this warrior's
body.

She rips aside Pete's robe and slashes Pete's bare chest to release drops of blood. She smears these on the point of her dagger which she thrusts into the chalice. Her lips move down Pete's chest towards his thighs. Pete is both aroused and tormented.

From Pete's POV the revellers are morphing into alien creatures, then into an amorphous mass, a whirlpool of dark matter. In the midst of this the dilated pupil of Diana's eye transforms into the Black Sun.

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE, HALLWAY

Doug and Chelsea lurch through the door. They are both drunk.

DOUG

I think they spiked my fucking
biryani...

CHELSEA
 (teasing)
 You'd know, I suppose.

DOUG
 Don't be cheeky. So where are
 these bright ideas we were
 supposed to be talking about?

CHELSEA
 I need to know more background,
 Doug. Just a little bit for your
 dinner date, eh?

She notices the locked door in the passage.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
 What's in there, then?

DOUG
 It's private.

CHELSEA
 (laughing)
 Is that where you stash your porn?
 That's a bit sad.

DOUG
 If you must know, it's the nerve
 centre of the Alliance.

CHELSEA
 I don't believe you!

DOUG
 Ah, what the fuck...

He opens the door and shoves Chelsea down the stairs to
 the basement.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chelsea pretends to be impressed by the pictures of
 fascist leaders on the wall. She's making an effort now
 to sober up.

CHELSEA
 That's Mosley, isn't it? And John
 Tyndall?

DOUG
 Great men - they showed us the
 way. Look, here's my latest flyer.

Chelsea glances at Doug's leaflets.

CHELSEA

Very slick. I like the way you've plugged the local issues. But we need to build a wider profile. How about 'Ayrans Alliance - Learn the Science!' Something about eugenics, the scientific arguments for Caucasian superiority, that sort of thing.

DOUG

Could you help us with that?

Chelsea's POV focuses on the filing cabinets and the desktop PC.

CHELSEA

It would really be best to do it on-line - a whole new section for the website. I'd need access of course.

(beat)

And a contact with someone in London would be handy.

DOUG

I'd have to think very hard about that.

CHELSEA

I mean I have special skills.

DOUG

I've done you a favour in bringing you down here. And now you want a bigger favour.

He looks hard at Chelsea.

DOUG (CONT'D)

So you can return the favour in advance.

He takes Chelsea by the shoulders and pulls her towards him. Chelsea makes only a token resistance.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There are brief shots of them having rough sex in the bedroom, Doug very dominant, Chelsea submissive, staring over his shoulder. Following this, shots of them sleeping, Chelsea restless.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

A dream sequence: Chelsea stands in a large public space, like Trafalgar Square. It's daytime, but there's a thick overcast of cloud and mist. People hurry about their business, focused on their phones or the traffic. Slowly the overcast begins to dissolve, revealing the SUN.

But it begins darkening to black, a black sun in a white sky with a rim of flame around the disc, like a SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Chelsea grips the arm of the nearest passer-by and points upwards. He shakes her off. But others have started to notice and a few fall to their knees, raising their arms in supplication to the phenomenon.

Black spikes start protruding from the circumference of the solar sphere and extend into black filaments swirling towards the ground, like the web of a giant spider. People start running in all directions. The scene fades.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM (POST DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Dawn. Chelsea wakes up, disturbed. Doug is still sleeping heavily. She gets up and walks unsteadily towards a dressing table heaped with their clothes and a used condom.

She gropes in the muddle and pulls Doug's battered WALLET from his trousers. She hastily flicks through bank notes and credit cards. Apart from these and Doug's Ayran Alliance Membership card, the wallet appears to be empty.

However she feels something in the torn lining of the wallet and carefully extracts a crumpled BUSINESS CARD, displaying LBS ASSOCIATES - THAGIRION HOUSE. Underneath there's a phone number that has been heavily crossed out. She takes it, replaces the wallet, and picks up her clothes. She starts tip-toeing to the door.

En route, she dislodges an old metal alarm CLOCK on the table. The thud of it hitting the carpet awakens Doug. He levers himself out of bed.

DOUG

What the fuck's going on?

He notices the clock on the floor.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What have you done, you stupid cow?

He picks up the clock and examines it closely. We glimpse the SS insignia on the face. Chelsea freezes, watching anxiously.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That's a collectable! I paid a fortune for that. Just as well for you there's no damage...

CHELSEA

I'm so sorry. I was just getting up to make you breakfast.

DOUG

(partially appeased)

OK... You better get the bacon just right.

He slaps her on the backside.

Then you can come back to bed for your punishment.

CHELSEA

Yes, Doug...

She begins pulling on her clothes. In doing so, she drops the card. Doug is about to return to bed, but catches sight of the card.

DOUG

What's this then?

He studies the card.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm going to beat the shit out of you. Or maybe shut up your cheeky mouth...

He grips her by the throat, squeezing tight.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What's the little game, eh?

CHELSEA

Please, Doug... please stop... I'll do anything...

DOUG

You can't fuck your way out of this, lass.

CHELSEA

I said I'll do anything... anything to help you... help the Alliance...

DOUG

Doug's little helper, eh? Well maybe I could use a bit of assistance from that clever gob of yours.

He slowly releases his grip.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You can go to London. You can go to the League. But you're going as my ambassador, understand! And you better come back with a new deal...

Chelsea, sobbing, nods.

EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION SHOP - DAY

Chelsea finishes refuelling her HATCHBACK and walks into the forecourt SHOP to join people (MAN IN A SUIT, TRUCK DRIVER, FAMILY GROUP) queueing to pay at the till.

As she waits she scans the headlines of newspapers on the magazine rack - UNI ANARCHISTS GUILTY/'GENTLE GIANT' ROSS - FOOTIE LADS PAY TRIBUTE/WHAT IS THE AYRAN ALLIANCE?

But her reading is interrupted by the arrival of a NOISY MOTORCADE of battered vehicles adorned with garish chrome - a pick-up truck, several 4x4s, a mobile home. The lead 4x4 carries a flag emblazoned 'Travellers of the Terror'. **TRAVELLERS WITH SHOTGUNS** (M & F, 20s to 60s) pour out.

Some fan out and rush towards the CAFE and the CAR PARK. Four enter the SHOP, brandishing guns and knives. The biggest man in his fifties seems to be their leader.

BIG TRAVELLER

(Irish accent)

It's tax collection time!

A FAT TRAVELLER points his shotgun at the terrified SALES GIRL (20s) behind the counter and thrusts a bag towards her.

FAT TRAVELLER

Let's be having it then...

The sales girl frantically scoops out cash from the till and stuffs it into the bag. A YOUNG TRAVELLER (30s) grabs a YOUNG GIRL (9) and holds a knife to her throat.

YOUNG TRAVELLER

Wallets and purses - quick!

The FOURTH TRAVELLER empties the pockets and bags of the horrified shoppers.

The Big Traveller spots Chelsea and tries to grab her but she uses her black belt skills to block him and manages to escape from the shop.

She zig-zags across the forecourt and makes it to her car, swerving around one of the Traveller 4x4s that is trying to foil her escape.

Driving towards the exit she can hear shots and screams from the car park and glimpses motorists being forced out of their cars and herded towards the cafe.

EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION - EXIT - DAY

We can see from an overhead shot that the cars are being commandeered to create a BLOCKADE across three lanes of the motorway before the slip road into the service area.

The forecourt of the service station is on fire. Black smoke obscures the sun. Blue lights flash in the distance as Chelsea accelerates to join the motorway before that exit is also blocked.

Motorway signage indicates that she is driving towards London.

INT. GOVERNMENT CRISIS CONTROL CENTRE - NIGHT

A huge SCREEN fills one wall of the briefing room. It displays silent footage of the service station attack. A breaking news banner runs underneath: M1 ATTACK - TWELVE DEATHS CONFIRMED.

The camera pulls back to show **PRIME MINISTER EDWARD CHAMBERS** (50s) **HOME SECRETARY CHARLOTTE SLATER** (40s) **GENERAL SIR GEORGE BARBER** (whose picture as a young man we have seen in Diana's country house) **HEAD OF MI5 HENRY MARSHALL** (50s) and assorted **CIVIL SERVANTS**, including Chelsea's handler **MARK** (from Episode 1). Barber is in uniform. The mood is tense, for the PM is furious.

PRIME MINISTER
God... I've seen enough.

One of the Civil Servants turns off the screen and brings up the lights.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
(to Home Secretary)
Why have you lost control?

SLATER
Our police forces are severely overstretched -

PRIME MINISTER

I authorised arming all officers,
didn't I? I'm even willing to
consider military intervention.

The PM glances at General Barber, whose face is
impassive.

SLATER

With respect, Prime Minister,
the number of militant groups is
multiplying every week- for
example the Anarcho Boys, the
Nihilist Nexus, the National
Alternative Bloc, the Sharia
Defence Brigade, plus these
nomadic criminal gangs and the
wave of cyber-attacks on our infra
structure -

PRIME MINISTER

But surely you're liaising with
our intelligence services - or are
they equally incompetent? What
have you got to say for yourself,
Marshall...?

MARSHALL

Our agents have infiltrated
various groups.
(looking at Mark)
Of course, my colleague Mark
Sinclair has day-to-day
responsibility for overseeing our
agents.

MARK

One of our people has successfully
penetrated the Ayran Alliance -

PRIME MINISTER

We know about the bloody Ayran
Alliance, they're all over the
media now...

MARK

This should lead us to a more
significant group - The League of
the Black Sun.

BARBER

(beat)

The League of the Black Sun...

PRIME MINISTER

Does that resonate with you,
General Barber?

BARBER

It has vague echoes - but never
mind... Carry on.

Mark distributes papers down the table.

EXT. DUNLAVIN HALL, GARDENS - DAY

TITLE: 1977

The lawns and shrubs around the Hall look well groomed as Diana and the General walk slowly down a tree-lined gravel path. Diana (now 40) wears a long Laura Ashley-style dress while Barber (late 20s) looks every inch the young English country gent in tweed jacket and twill trousers. His left arm is bandaged in a sling and he's walking with a limp.

DIANA

When do you have to be back in
Belfast?

BARBER

(pointing to his arm)
As soon as this damned thing comes
off. A week or two.

DIANA

We're proud of you, cousin.

BARBER

We could totally eliminate the IRA
if we had the resources - proper
tanks and heavy armour. Even if it
meant flattening half the city.
But our hands are tied.

DIANA

By a feeble socialist government
that's terrified of the Celts.

(beat)

Surely an army can change
things...

BARBER

You're not suggesting -

DIANA

It happens in other countries.

BARBER

Diana, however much I detest our
current caretakers, I have sworn
an oath of loyalty to the Crown.

DIANA

But there must be others like
you...

BARBER

How could I co-ordinate something
like that?

Diana stops by an oak tree and scans the gardens and the woods and fields. She stoops and picks up a handful of earth.

DIANA

There's an older loyalty than the
Crown or the fools in Parliament.
Are you loyal to this?

Barber looks blankly at her fistful of soil.

DIANA (CONT'D)

The Earth, George. The soil of
England, your motherland. Its
trees and hills and flowers. Its
gods and spirits...

BARBER

So you're still dancing to the
tunes of your hippy mystic - and
paying his bills, no doubt.

DIANA

Your cynicism doesn't become you,
George. I thought blood and soil
was at the root of your being.

BARBER

I'm rooted in reality.

DIANA

It's a reality you can change
through sheer will. If you care to
join us, that is...

Diana walks swiftly away, leaving Barber perplexed.

INT. LONDON CAFE - DAY

Chelsea sits toying with a sandwich and nursing a cup of coffee, as she checks the time on her phone.

The cafe is filling up with lunch-time customers. A radio blares behind the counter where a young harassed **BARISTA** (f, 20) is serving. Customer chatter and counter noises half-drown it.

RADIO DJ

Time for One-Hit Wonders on the Golden Hour! Magical mystery vibes from 1968 with Solar Flair and a release of their big one 'Satanic Nova'...

The DJ's rap segues into the first verse of the song. Chelsea is suddenly alert, listening intently.

MAX

(singing, filtered by radio)

Satanic nova blasting my brain/
demons in the black hole/drive you insane/
Lucifer's lightning/strike you blind/
solar flares blazing/blitz your mind...

The Barista should be serving espressos but she is standing by the coffee machine, swaying with the music, apparently mesmerised, until her **MANAGER** (f.40s) angrily prods her and turns off the radio. Meanwhile Pete has arrived. He looks haggard. He spots Chelsea and makes a wary approach.

CHELSEA

I thought you weren't going to come.

PETE

I shouldn't be here.

Chelsea produces the LBS card and lays it in front of him.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'd burn that if I were you.

CHELSEA

You just don't want a woman to advance herself.

PETE

There'll be a price to pay, I warn you.

CHELSEA

I'm on a mission, Pete for the Alliance. Doug needs help.

PETE

Have you had a falling out with Doug? Or a falling in...

Chelsea is on the defensive.

CHELSEA

No... No way.

PETE

Just cut your losses, back off
from the League.

CHELSEA

You need me, Pete. We need each
other. Just put in a word, let me
get a foot in the door.

PETE

(beat)

I'm not making promises, but...

Chelsea leans over and touches his cheek. He looks into
her eyes. They get up and leave together.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM OF BURNLEY PUB - NIGHT

The room is crowded and noisy. An undercurrent of anger
and discontent emanates from the younger rank-and-file
members in the **CROWD**, notably a group gathered around
Billy, which includes Jess, Vicky and two muscular young
men, **JOE** and **TOM** (both 18-19).

Doug is edgy as he takes the microphone to call the
meeting to order.

DOUG

Good evening, everybody. I'd like
to thank you for -

MALE VOICE FROM BACK

No one's going to thank you...

FEMALE VOICE FROM BACK

Piss off and go home, Doug!

DOUG

Thank you for coming out tonight.
I know there have been changes and
some of you may have questions,
but I -

Joe and Tom push through to the front.

JOE

Changes? What changes?

DOUG

Now come on, lad...

TOM

Nothing's fucking changed, has it?
We're still marching around
blabbing on about hearts and
minds.

JOE

And when we had a chance for some
action, you fucked it up like you
old geezers do.

Shouts of support from the Crowd.

TOM

Everything's kicking off all over
the country and we're stuck here.

DOUG

I know there have been setbacks...

The Crowd jeers.

VICKI

Like Ross being killed by the
libtards!

MALE VOICE FROM BACK

We need a new leader!

CROWD

NEW LEADER! NEW LEADER! NEW
LEADER!

JOE

I think we got one right here...

Billy comes forward and snatches the microphone from
Doug.

BILLY

You want action?

The Crowd roars.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I've seen action. On the street.
With Ross, who died for the cause.
I don't let my mates down - not
like him.

Billy points to Doug. The Crowd sneers.

BILLY (CONT'D)

He's never been there for us. All he cares about is his poncey bookshop and parades and sucking up to rich old biddies and trying to shag a piece of posh totty.

(beat)

He was never there for me...

CROWD

We're there for you, Billy!

There are raucous cheers of agreement. Doug is jostled and knocked over as they raise Billy shoulder high and march him down the stairs into the street, cheering and chanting.

INT. THAGIRION HOUSE - DAY

In the meeting room at OBS London HQ, Chelsea faces the scrutiny of Max and Diana. Pete is also sitting round the table but won't make eye-contact with her. Morton and Griffiths stand at back.

DIANA

You can tell the idiot Douglas Hunter and his wretched Alliance that they must sort out their squabbles by themselves. I have nothing to add. You can go.

She signals to Morton and Griffiths who come forward.

CHELSEA

But we have ideas, new ideas -

Stella eyes newcomer Chelsea suspiciously but Max is interested..

DIANA

You're very lucky to have had the privilege of meeting us. If it wasn't for the recommendation of a new League member you could have been eliminated for your impertinent enquiries.

Dian glances in Pete's direction. His eyes are still downcast.

DIANA (CONT'D)

As it is, you are now bound to secrecy. We will be watching you.

Morton and Griffiths are about to escort Chelsea out but Max raises his hand and they stand back.

MAX
 (to Chelsea)
 Frankly, I wouldn't bother to
 return to the North if I were you.
 Tell me more about your ideas.

Diana looks angry and Stella seems suspicious.

MAX (CONT'D)
 And I don't mean the eugenics
 propaganda one. Been there, done
 that. I'm not even sure about the
 science any more.

Diana shakes her head in disbelief. She is about to
 speak, but Chelsea cuts in.

CHELSEA
 There are other applications of
 science. We're still controlled by
 the technical infrastructure of
 the media. Suppose we use hacking
 to take over the digital output of
 the BBC, ITN etc, Facebook,
 sabotaging the studio outputs and
 substituting our own propaganda.

STELLA
 Been there, done that. I hacked
 Universal Credit.

Max laughs.

MAX
 I think you two have much to teach
 us...

Diana emanates hostility - and walks out.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

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