

BLACK SUNRISE

A SERIAL AUDIO DRAMA IN FIVE EPISODES

By PAUL GREEN & ADRIAN LORD

Episode One - Alliances

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SCENE ONE

MUSIC - DARK, BROODING ,ELECTRONIC -
FADE INTO OUTDOOR RURAL AMBIENCE
UNDER

MAX: Look up at the sun, Diana - the sun...

DIANA: Who gives life to our blood and soil...

MAX: it is our will to rise to your power...

DIANA: The Black Light, Max....

MAX: The Black Sun of Terror...

SCENE 2

CROSS FADE - MUSIC BED BRIEFLY PEAKS
AND DIPS - INTO THE NOISY INTERIOR OF A
MILITARY VEHICLE DRIVEN AT SPEED
ACROSS ROUGH TERRAIN UNDER

PETE: All quiet, sir. Terry Taliban's having an off-day. Over.

CO: (OVER RADIO) OK, Hunter. Get back before sunset. Over.

JACK: Hey, Pete - I mean Sarge -

PETE: Don't stand on ceremony, Jack. Not out here...

JACK: Bet you can't wait to be back in Burnley.

PETE: It's quieter than Helmand, I'll give you that.

JACK: What's your wife's name again?

PETE: Alison. It'll seem a bit strange at first but I guess we'll -

A SHATTERING EXPLOSION - THE CRUNCH OF METAL AS THE VEHICLE OVERTURNS - ROAR OF FLAMES AND SECONDARY EXPLOSION OF FUEL TANK - JACK SCREAMS - PETE IN DEEP SHOCK - HE GASPS IN PAIN AND COUGHS INHALING SMOKE

PETE: Jack... Jack...? Jesus Christ...my fucking eye... Got to get out of here... Oh God...

SCENE 3

CROSS FADE INTO STREET AMBIENCE - TRAFFIC - HEAVY RAIN - A GARBAGE TRUCK LOADING BINS AND BIN MEN SHOUTING UNDER

BIN MAN 1: What the fuck do you think you're doing, sleeping in a bloody bin, for chrissake?

PETE MOANS AND GRUNTS AS THE BIN IS ROLLED OVER AND HE THUMPS ON TO THE PAVEMENT

BIN MAN 2: And stop gurning at us like you're Frankenstein's monster... God, he's a mess. Bet he's after your spare change...

BIN MAN 2 : Look, we got a job to do here, OK? (MOVING OFF)

BIN MEN WHEEL THE BIN AWAY TO THE TRUCK - HYDRAULICS WHINE AS THE BIN IS TIPPED IN

PETE: Got a job... I got it on the job, mate. Queen and country...

SCENE 4

CROSS-FADE INTO SMALL LIVING ROOM - DISTANT TV THROUGH THE WALL - NOISY KIDS PLAYING OUTSIDE

DOUG: He's been on the street for six months, Alison. You got to try again.

ALISON: He was the one that walked out.

DOUG: With a big shove from you. Listen, he's my brother, he's family.

ALISON: Your family, Doug, not mine. I lost the house because he pissed everything away at the bloody Legion! I'm not going to be his punch-bag again.

DOUG: Look, I know it's been hard but -

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

SCENE 5

CROSS-FADE INTO DOMESTIC INTERIOR -
THE TV IS TURNED UP

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

TV IS SWITCHED OFF ABRUPTLY

DOUG: Hey, Pete, I wanted to see this. My house, my rules, understood!

PETE: I've seen enough fucking explosions...

DOUG: No need to lose your rag now.

PETE: It's one war after another.

DOUG: Oh, spare me the history lesson.

PETE: Even got my own private explosion. With added bonus - plastic surgery on the NHS. Big deal.

DOUG: They did a fair job...

PETE: Stop lying, Doug. (BEAT) Anyway, the country's a right mess now, it's bloody 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're gonna tell me the earth is flat now, are you?

DOUG: You may laugh, bro. But there's stuff on Youtube that goes really deep. Still trying to get my head round it.

SCENE 6

CROSS-FADE INTO OFFICE AMBIENCE - HUM
OF COMPUTERS

EMMA: I think you should take a look at this, Mark.

MARK: Is it another Al Thar video?

EMMA: No - but -

MARK: Jihadists are the priority right now, Emma.

EMMA: It's had over five hundred likes. It could be significant for the bigger picture.

MARK: Well, if you insist...

AUDIO PLAYS BACK THROUGH COMPUTER
SPEAKERS - ACOUSTIC OF A SMALL HALL -
MURMURING AUDIENCE - MAX ORATES
OVER PA

MAX: ...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. 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 APPLAUD - PLAYBACK STOPS

MARK: You can stop it right there. It's old Max Nova. Hippy relic turned posh turned fringe nutter.

EMMA: But he seems to have a programme. Listen -

YOUTUBE VIDEO RESUMES AS BEFORE

MAX: By supporting our League you can can be part of a radical transformation, a purification and rebirth of this corrupted society!

MORE AUDIENCE APPLAUSE - VIDEO ENDS -
MARK SIGHS

MARK: Once upon a time, Emma, back in the flowery sixties, there was a rock star who called himself Max Nova. He had one hit, burned out and went off to marry Lady Diana Waterford, daughter of the Earl of Dunlavin, an old pal of Oswald Mosley, and live in her country mansion. Since then they've dabbled in weird business ventures and danced around on the loony edge of the far right pushing their cranky theories to the gullible. We've kept an eye on them for years, but there's nothing to see there, so move on. Get me stuff on Al Thar!

EMMA: Sorry to have wasted your time...

SCENE 7

CROSS-FADE TO A QUIET STREET - LIGHT
TRAFFIC - FIERCE DOG BARKING IN THE
DISTANCE

DOUG: Time you started earning your keep - instead of slobbering around drinking my lager.

PETE: You really expect me to clean windows?

DOUG: You can make a start by getting the ladders off the van for Billy. (TO BILLY) Hey, Billy you can begin round the back. I gonna show Pete how to use the pole.

BILLY: I hope they haven't left that fucking staffy out in the yard again...Nearly had my leg off last time

DOUG: Stop being a mard-arse, lad! Off you go.

BILLY WALKS OFF

DOUG: Don't forget your bucket! (TO PETE) Daft kid - but he's glad to have the work.

PETE: So what do I do with this hose?

DOUG: Make sure it's clipped tight to the pole - yeah, that's it - now extend the pole - I'll turn the water on - and then you start brushing the window - no, not like that!

PETE: Well, how, then -

DOUG: Spray it from the top - and keep it steady - jeez , you're all over the place...

PETE: I've never done this before...

DOUG: A fine apprentice you'd make. Give it here. Watch me, for fuck's sake!

SCENE 8

CROSS FADE TO EXTERIOR AS BEFORE -
BILLY APPROACHING

BILLY: Shall I start on next door - I've finished here. And given the dog a good kick... I reckon it won't try to bite me next time!

DOUG: Well done, Billy. Not scared of that stupid dog any more, are you, eh? Mr. Sweeney would be proud of you.

BILLY: Right away, boss!

BILLY MOVES OFF

PETE: Who's Mr Sweeney?

DOUG: Terry Sweeney - used to be coach for Nelson Warriors. He runs a gym for the local kids 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. I could find something for you maybe. This is just one of my little ventures. Cos I'm an entrepreneur.

PETE: Not what they called you back in the day. At Preston Crown Court. Class A, wasn't it?

DOUG: Just a bit of coke, man...

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 great nation.

DOUG: (LAUGHING) You making a political speech, bro?

PETE: I'm serious, Doug.

DOUG: I've nothing to do with that crap now..

PETE: So what the fuck are you doing anyway, apart from playing at Mr Fixit in this shit-hole?

DOUG: Take it easy, bro. I might really have something for you. 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.

PETE: What are you on about?

DOUG: We'll chat later - in private...

SCENE 8

CROSS-FADE INTO INTERIOR OF RECORD SHOP - PSYCHEDELIC ROCK ON SOUND SYSTEM - VAGUE HUM OF CUSTOMER CHAT - CUSTOMERS SIFTING THROUGH RECORD BINS UNDER

SHOPKEEPER: Max Nova? That's a rarity. Might be in used vinyl.

EMMA: I've looked. All the sixties stuff. Nothing...

SHOPKEEPER: Let's see... Ah, Max was the front man. But the band was called Solar Flair. Flair as in the jeans. And here is he is, wearing them, big-time. And golden robes with pentagrams... No wonder the punks rebelled. Anyway, yours for twenty-five quid.

EMMA:: Twenty-five?

SHOPKEEPER: Look, it's almost mint condition...

EMMA: All right... I'll take it.

SHOPKEEPER: It'll never be reissued. I believe he went a bit mad in the end...

SCENE 9

CROSS-FADE INTO STAIRWAY TO BASEMENT

- DOUG AND PETE DESCENDING - HEAVY

FOOTSTEPS

DOUG: I'm taking a risk bringing you down here. You better not let me down.

DOUG UNLOCKS DOOR AND ENTERS A
CRAMPED SPACE. HE CLICKS ON A LIGHT
SWITCH - HUM OF FLUORESCENT STRIP
LIGHTING UNDER

DOUG: This isn't any ordinary office. It's a nerve centre. You could be part of it. An asset.

PETE: An asset?

DOUG: Of course you have to prove your commitment. To a brotherhood of blood. Blood you've shed for Queen and country.

PETE: So why have you got a picture of the Fuehrer up there? And Himmler? And that fucking huge Swastika banner?

DOUG: The Germans should have been our natural allies. It was a national tragedy, bro, a lost opportunity.

PETE: Opportunity for what, for God's sakes?

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

PETE: Don't give me any civvy talk about battles...

DOUG: It's a battle for hearts and minds, Pete. The Muslims are taking over, outbreeding us, supporting terrorists. And the blacks are banging on about their rights and reparations. And all the rich Jews control the fake media. So we're building alliances with the decent white people out there, earning their trust so that we can act.

PETE: Do you really mean all that?

DOUG: I'm giving you a chance, man. Join my Aryan Alliance and make something of yourself. I'm not going to keep wiping your arse.

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

DOUG: Those jihadi shits tried to burn you alive. It's fuckin' payback time!

SCENE 10

CROSS-CROSSFADE TO INTERIOR OF 4 X 4
DRIVEN THROUGH SLOW HEAVY TRAFFIC
UNDER

DOUG: It's gonna be a grand day out, Pete, once we're through this. Ah, shit, it's gone red -

CAR STOPS - ENGINE IDLING UNDER

PETE: Damn road works. (BEAT) Hey, look over there - on the corner -

ELECTRIC WINDOW GOES DOWN -
INCREASING NOISE OF A SCUFFLE BETWEEN
THREE TEENAGE BOYS ONGOING UNDER

YOUTH 1: Give us your fucking phone!

YOUTH 2: Or we'll break your fucking legs!

BOY: Let go of me -

DOUG: It's two Pakis on one of ours. He's only a little kid!

PETE: I'll sort out this out...

CAR DOOR CLICKS OPEN - THEN SLAMS
SHUT

DOUG: No! Get your phone out - film the bastards!

PETE: But -

DOUG: Before the lights change -

THE FRACAS INTENSIFIES - BOY CRIES OUT -
A CAR SOUNDS ITS HORN IMPATIENTLY - THE
4 X 4 ACCELERATES

DOUG: No good, have to move now. I hope you got something we can use.

PETE: For the cops?

DOUG: The cops will log it and forget it. And the kid can take care of himself. But tonight your clip will be on our website, on Facebook, Youtube, Twitter, our white comrades will share it, we get traction, we get allies. Up the Alliance!

SCENE 11

CROSS-FADE INTO LIVING ROOM INTERIOR -
GRAM STYLUS DROPS INTO CRACKLY VINYL
GROOVE - TRACK PLAYS BACK OVER LOUD HI
FI - UP TEMPO EARLY BRITISH PSYCHEDELIC
ROCK - FUZZ GUITAR - VOX ORGAN - BASS -
DRUMS - MANIC REVERBED VOCAL FROM
YOUNG MAX

MAX (SINGING): Satanic nova blasting my brain/demons in the black hole/
drive you insane/Lucifer's lightning/strike you blind/solar
flare blazing/blitz your mind...

AFTER A FOUR BAR GUITAR BRIDGE MAX
STARTS TO REPEAT THE CHORUS - BUT A
MOBILE PHONE RINGS -THE STYLUS IS
LIFTED AS EMMA ANSWERS

EMMA: Mark? It's Sunday afternoon. You've interrupted my
psychedelic time-trip.

MARK: If you want to do archeology about lunatics in kaftans,
that's your affair.

EMMA: Just curious about the mysterious Max, that's all.

MARK: And I was maybe somewhat brusque. Look, normally I'd
wait until next week but as we're on a secure line I'll talk
now. I've got a little project for you...

SCENE 12

CROSS- FADE TO 4 X 4 DRIVING ALONG
BUMPY TRACK THROUGH COUNTRYSIDE
UNDER

PETE: So who owns this estate?

DOUG: Lady Bountiful.

PETE: Who?

DOUG: You might find out one of these days.

THE 4 X 4 SLOWS AND HALTS - ENGINE
IDLING

DOUG: Open that gate. There's the code for the lock.

CLICK OF 4 x 4 DOOR OPENING - BEEP OF
KEYPAD AS PETE OPENS HEAVY GATE -
CLUNK OF DOOR CLOSING AS HE RETURNS
TO 4 X 4 WHICH MOVES OFF ON GRAVEL

DOUG: I'm gonna park over there by the jeep. You just follow that path down past the tents. I'll catch you up.

4 X4 STOPS - DOOR CLUNKS AS PETE GETS
OUT - 4X 4 MOVES SLOWLY OFF

SCENE 13

CROSS FADE INTO CHANTING VOICES - 10
MALE AND TWO FEMALE - IN SAME OPEN AIR
AMBIENCE

CHANT: WHITE IS MIGHT! WHITE IS RIGHT! WHITE IS MIGHT!
WHITE IS RIGHT! WHITE IS MIGHT! WHITE IS RIGHT!

SWEENEY: Come on! I want to see those staves way above your
heads. Billy, you're meant to be holding a weapon, not a
bleeding squeegee. Again!

CHANT: WHITE IS MIGHT! WHITE IS RIGHT! WHITE IS MIGHT!
WHITE IS RIGHT! WHITE IS MIGHT! WHITE IS RIGHT!

SWEENEY: OK, at ease. You're lucky, we've got visitors.

DOUG: White is Might!

SWEENEY: White is Right! Good to see you, Doug.

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

SWEENEY: Some of them need harder knocks than others. But we're
getting there. Now who's your friend?

DOUG: My brother Pete.

SWEENEY: You've been in the wars, son...

PETE: Helmand - Signals Squadron.

SWEENEY: Paras - Belfast. And Bosnia.

DOUG: You two are going to get along just great. But Pete's got and stay and meet the kids. It's our Youth Camp tonight!

SCENE 14

CROSS-FADE INTO CRACKLE OF A CAMP FIRE
- NOISY BACKGROUND CHATTER AND
LAUGHTER UNDER

SWEENEY: Tell Sergeant Hunter how you got here, Ross.

ROSS: I used to be in the Burnley Suicide squad. We loved a good ruck on match days, especially with the Bastard fans. Didn't do much else apart from smokin' weed and going on the piss. Then Mr Sweeney here picked us for the Warriors Youth Team, started us working out. And now we're in the Alliance. It's gonna be great. Hey, Billy tell' em about your band.

BILLY: I'm on guitar. Tom and Joe on bass and drums.

ROSS: They're gonna call it the Britz!

BILLY: Nah, it's gonna be Blitzkreig.

ROSS: No way - it's Britz, Britz, the fucking great Britz!

ROSS AND BILLY SHOVE EACH OTHER IN
FRIENDLY TUSSLE

ROSS: What do you reckon, Sarge?

PETE: You're just like the young squaddies I used to know. All banter and balls. So where is this all going?

ROSS: Billy's gonna be a star!

PETE: Yeah, I'm sure - but I mean the Alliance, the Ayrán Alliance.

ROSS: It's not just us. Even the oldies are turning up for meetings. Come down the White Lion next Thursday, half seven, see for yourself.

SCENE 15

CROSS-FADE TO LARGE FUNCTION ROOM -
CLINK OF GLASSES - CHATTER OF VOICES -
YOUNG/OLD - MALE/FEMALE - WORKING
CLASS/MIDDLE CLASS - DOUG RAPS ON
TABLE FOR SILENCE - PEOPLE HUSH EACH
OTHER

DOUG:: I'm so proud to see so many of you here tonight. Because you're proud too. Of your ethnic heritage, your families, your way of life, where white is might...

A RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE - SCATTERED
SHOUTS OF 'WHITE IS MIGHT'

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

APPLAUSE - WHOOPS AND CHEERS FROM
ROSS AND BILLY

DOUG: Yeah, make him feel at home in the homeland, among friends. Because you're good people. And what do the good people do? They make more friends and influence people, they help out, they win hearts and minds...

RENEWED APPLAUSE

SCENE 16

CROSS-FADE INTO SOUNDS OF EMPTYING
PUB - VOICES SAYING GOOD NIGHT - CHAIRS
AND TABLES BEING STACKED - GLASSES
BEING CLEARED

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.

PETE: I'm not a bleeding social worker!

DOUG: Think of it as a kind of test (BEAT). If you want to progress higher up.

SCENE 17

CROSS-FADE INTO CAFE INTERIOR - A BINGO
CALLER IN THE BACKGROUND - CLINK OF
CUPS - PETE POURS TEA

WINNIE: Thanks, love ...I'm even scared coming to the Day Centre. Let alone go out at night. There was seventy quid in my purse. But he had that knife...

PETE: It's terrible things have come to this, Winnie. (BEAT)
Wearing a hoodie, was he?

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

PETE: Do you think he was one of our Asian friends?

WINNIE: It was so dark, I'm not sure.... Never used to be like this...

PETE: I know - all those Pakis out there trying to fund their drug habits. But our Ayran Alliance patrols are going to sort them out.

WINNIE: Alliance?

PETE: We'll track down the scum who stole your bag. (BEAT) In the meantime, here's a donation from our Community Fund.

PETE FLICKS THROUGH A WAD OF NOTES

WINNIE: Oh, you shouldn't - thank you -

SCENE 18

CROSS-FADE INTO INTERIOR - A POWERFUL
HI FI PLAYS THE GUITAR SOLO FROM THE
SOLAR FLAIR SONG FIRST HEARD IN SCENE
11 - DOOR IS SLAMMED - MUSIC IS TURNED
DOWN

MAX: What the hell are you doing, Diana? Don't you want to re-visit our days of glory?

DIANA: It's outrageous!

MAX: What do you mean?

DIANA: Our accounts, Max. I've trusted you too long.

MAX: You've been going through my files...?

DIANA: Why is the League donating precious funds to socialist vermin - some kind of Marxist effluent?

MAX: You still don't understand, do you?

DIANA: You're betraying the folk!

MAX: Diana, you don't appreciate the dialectic - generating conflict by swinging between extremes.

(MAX/CONT'D OVER)

MAX (CONT'D): Soon the riots will be cooking nicely. From chaos we eventually build our new order.

DIANA: It's a reckless strategy. We can't afford it. The dividends from Daddy's portfolio are falling, gold's going down -

MAX: Well, you could always sell up. That would tide us over for quite a while.

DIANA: Dunlavin is my ancestral home. This land is charged with spiritual energy, it is a Northern node of power. (BEAT) It's the ground of my being, Max...

MAX: Of course...We must revisit our investments.(BEAT) Remind me, how is Farber's Medical Supplies doing?

DIANA: Close to bankruptcy. And no-one would want to buy it.

MAX: Doctor Farber's Golden Nerve Tonic! Never the same after we had to take out the morphine. Junky wretches I knew used to buy a dozen bottles at a time just to get a tiny fix. And as for the little old ladies -

DIANA: You're drifting, Max...

MAX: We need a new director of research.

DIANA: What are you talking about? Another manic scheme?

MAX: It's either my madness or the sad and boring business of selling Dunlavin. You used to like my madness...

DIANA: Who do you have in mind for this madness?

MAX: Someone you'll recall from the heady days. Someone who swept us along in our seventies current.

DIANA: Not William - William Musgrove...

MAX: Decades ago - William and I - seeking the holy relics...

SCENE 19

CROSS-FADE THROUGH MUSIC BRIDGE TO
INTERIOR OF CROWDED AUCTION ROOM -
AUCTIONEER ON PODIUM - WILLIAM NEAR
FRONT - MAX AT THE BACK

AUCTIONEER: Now, gentlemen, what am I bid for this unique object? This is an iron goblet used by senior members of the SS - perhaps by Himmler himself - in the banqueting chamber of Wewelsburg Castle! Our reserve is fifty pounds. Any advance on fifty?

WILLIAM: What exactly is the provenance of this?

AUCTIONEER: I assure you, sir, it comes from a reputable private collection. Now can we please continue?

BIDDER 1: Sixty-five!

WILLIAM: I'll take a chance on it - seventy!

BIDDER 2: Seventy-five!

WILLIAM: Ninety-five!

MAX: One hundred and ten!

WILLIAM: One hundred and twenty!

MAX: One hundred and fifty!

AUCTIONEER: Any advance on one hundred and fifty? (BEAT) To the gentleman at the back, for one hundred and fifty pounds - going, going, gone!

AUCTIONEER RAPS GAVEL ON PODIUM

AUCTIONEER: Now, Lot Twenty-Three. This SS ceremonial dagger...

SCENE 20

CROSS-FADE TO INTERIOR OF SALOON BAR
IN PUB - QUIET

WILLIAM: This vessel was destined for me!

MAX: You've been shadowing me, haven't you?

WILLIAM: It's not a trophy to flaunt on your mantelpiece.

MAX: So what do you think it is?

WILLIAM: A relic of great power. For those of us who have earned the right to use it. Through will and blood.

MAX: Show me your ring.

WILLIAM: You like it? Silver inset with onyx - the stone of transmutation.

MAX: Ah, you've inverted the pentagram. So you're a left-hand path guy... (BEAT) What is the Zone of the Sixth Qliphothic level?

WILLIAM: Thagirion. Filled with the radiation of the Black Light...

MAX: Impressive - but you could have read that in a book.

WILLIAM: Oh, I'm a practitioner. Order of Oriental Templars. I can prove it.

MAX: No need for any charters or certificates. (BEAT) But how do we generate astral energies to engage with the dark ones?

SCENE 21

FADE INTO MUSIC BRIDGE AND CROSS FADE
TO INTERIOR - MAX AND WILLIAM VERY
CLOSE - BREATHING HARD

MAX: Warrior is joined with warrior!

WILLIAM: Enter me, spirits of war!

MAX: Mars is with us...

WILLIAM : Odin, strike me with your staff - Mars, pierce me with your sword...

MAX: Warrior is joined with warrior!

ENTRANCED THEY REACH A SEXUAL CLIMAX

SCENE 22

CROSS-FADE TO INTERIOR AS BEFORE -
DAWN BIRDS OUTSIDE - MAX AND WILLIAM
CLOSE

MAX: Did you feel the power of the solar current?

WILLIAM: I felt it burning through my body.

MAX: I've never had a trip like that. You say you made the acid yourself?

WILLIAM: Cambridge BSc Chemistry First Class. Not just a pretty face. But I like to think of myself as a kind of alchemist.

MAX: By the Gods, this wretched country needs a transformation.

WILLIAM: Let's drink to that!

MAX: To our common purpose. To set the controls for the heart of the Black Sun. And take the nation with us....

SCENE 23

CROSS-FADE TO OFFICE INTERIOR - CLICK OF HEELS ON FLOOR - CHAIR IS DRAWN UP

MARK: Nice haircut, Emma. How are you settling into your new identity?

EMMA: Do I really have to be Chelsea? Chelsea Cunningham, for God's sake!

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

EMMA'S RP ACCENT BECOMES MORE NORTHERN

EMMA: Joe 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. So sad.

MARK: Meanwhile Mr and Mrs Cavendish in Tunbridge Wells believe their clever Emma will be doing vital IT infrastructure work for the Department of Work and Pensions up north - using her first-class degree in maths at Oxford, where she also starred in the Dramatic Society.

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

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

EMMA:: No fookin' way...

MARK: (LAUGHS): Don't overdo it, Chelsea.

EMMA: Now I've been working on my Five Pillars of Islam. For declaring the Shahadah and my conversion to Al Thar.

MARK: You can put that on hold. There's been a change of plan.

EMMA: But you said -

MARK:: A slightly easier gig. The Ayrn Alliance in Burnley.

EMMA: But - they're all mouth and no trousers. They hold little meetings and help old ladies across the road.

MARK: You did say we should look at the bigger picture. And they're starting to get lively.

SCENE 24

CROSS-FADE TO GYM INTERIOR - SOUNDS OF KIDS WORKING OUT ON MACHINES AND PUNCH BAGS

SWEENEY: Come on Ross, hit the damn thing. You're killing the bastard. Before he blows you up and shags your mum. Yeah, that's right - give it some stick...

SWEENEY MOVES ON TO BILLY'S WORK STATION

SWEENEY: Yeah, that's looking really good, Billy boy. Building up that muscle...

SWEENEY BLOWS WHISTLE - HE ADDRESSES THE GROUP AS A WHOLE -THEY LEAVE THEIR WORKOUT STATIONS

SWEENEY: Listen up, everyone. When I've finished with you lot, you'll be able to take on Tyson Fury with one hand behind your backs. Even Jess and Vicky (GIRLS GIGGLE NERVOUSLY) OK, Ross and Billy - in the ring now. And no play-fighting. I expect you to punch the shit out of each other.

SWEENEY RINGS BELL - ROSS AND BILLY BREATHE HARD AS THE BLOWS LAND - SHOUTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT FROM KIDS - EAGER EXHORTATIONS FROM SWEENEY

VOICES: Go for it, Ross... Nice one...Watch his right, Billy... Yeah, give it to him, Ross... Billy's a wuss...

JESS: Hey, he's bleeding!

SWEENEY: That's right, Ross, get in there. Finish him, lad, fucking finish him -

REDOUBLED SHOUTS FROM THE KIDS

DOOR OPENS

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

THE FIGHT STOPS

SWEENEY: OK, break it up. (TO DOUG) What do you mean by interrupting my training session?

DOUG: We need shock troops in the field.

SWEENEY: What's up?

DOUG: That minicab office on Gould Street. I've just heard talk about the drivers hassling our girls.

SWEENEY: Do you know anything about this, girls?

VICKI: Well, there's talk - but I don't know anyone -

DOUG: It's got be more than talk. It's a pattern, the Muzzies are famous for it. We need to do some social cleansing, fast! Do you reckon these lads are up for it?

SCENE 25

CROSS-FADE TO EMPTY STREET -
FOOTSTEPS FADE - DISTANT DOG - SOUND
OF PASSING CAR RECEDES - ROSS AND
BILLY WHISPERING

ROSS: All clear now. They've locked up.

BILLY: Are you sure?

ROSS: Yeah - just light the rag and throw it.

BILLY FUMBLES WITH MATCHES THAT FAIL
TO LIGHT

ROSS: Oh, for fuck's sake, let me do it!

ROSS LIGHTS MATCH - BOTTLE FLARES UP

BILLY: Jesus!

ROSS: Don't drop it - throw the fucker!

SMASH OF BREAKING BOTTLE - ROAR OF
FLAME

BILLY: Oh my God -

SCENE 26

FADE INTO DOUG'S BASEMENT OFFICE -
DOUG AND SWEENEY LAUGHING

DOUG: They missed the window - but they torched one of those nice new cabs! Muzzies are gonna think twice before messing with our women...

SWEENEY: Ross says Billy almost blew it.

DOUG: I'm sure you'll give him a good talking to...(BEAT) Pete, it's time to go out and do your good works. And Terry and I need to have a chat about plans for the march.

PETE: I thought we were all going to -

DOUG: Later, Pete. Don't worry, I'll brief you...

DOOR SLAM AS PETE LEAVES

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

SWEENEY: About stewards, right?

DOUG: First let me give you back your laptop. I fixed the system update for you.

SWEENEY: Ah, cheers...

DOUG: But you had a little problem with your encrypted folders. (BEAT) 'Cos you messed up the encryption.

SWEENEY: Now, Doug -

DOUG: I was fucking disgusted. Big boys and little boys. Are you a nonce or what?

SWEENEY: They're just videos. I haven't done -

DOUG: So why did you stop coaching for the Warriors?

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

DOUG: No smoke, Sweeney... (BEAT) I'm trying to promote the Alliance as family-centred, clean living. If you're caught kiddy-fiddling , it could look very bad for us.

SWEENEY: But you need me - to teach the hard stuff a civvy like you couldn't handle.

DOUG: Pete can deal with the kids.

SWEENEY: You know what they call him - 'Plastic Face.' Just because he's your brother -

DOUG: OK. (BEAT) Here's the deal. We'll pretend this little chat never happened - so long as you behave. But any trouble and you're on your own. And remember I'm in charge. Whatever happens out there, we stick to strategy. No big hero stuff.

SWEENEY: But supposing -

DOUG: No buts. Now keep your filth to yourself. And get out.

SCENE 27

CROSS FADE INTO STREET AMBIENCE -
MARCHING FEET UNDER

PETE: Now keep in line. Keep those banners straight. And not a sound. Doug wants this to be like a vigil. We're going to be passing the college any minute so there'll be a few wokies trying to give us aggro. Don't react. And don't give the cops any excuse either. Just keep on message. This is about reclaiming the street, keeping it safe for grandma and our girls, OK?

SCENE 28

CROSS FADE INTO BUSIER STREET
AMBIENCE - HOSTILE SHOUTS AS MARCHING
FEET APPROACH

VOICES: Nazis out! Nazis out! Fascists! Fascist scum! Fuck off, Fascist twats!

SWEENEY: (CLOSE) : Makes you sick! I can't wait to put the boot in -

PETE: (CLOSE) Marching orders, Sweeney!

YOUNG FEMALE VOICE CUTS THROUGH DIN

HELEN: You're criminals, hate criminals, that's what you are. We know about your racist agenda! (TO COP) Come on, officer. You're supposed to be protecting the community - you should arrest them for hate crimes!

DOUG (TO COP): Constable, our members are conducting an orderly demonstration, showing our commitment to community cohesion. You should caution this trouble maker for a breach of the peace.

COP: Now if everybody could just calm down -

HELEN: You're white supremacist scum!

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

HELEN: That's twisted bullshit, lies... You can take that smirk off your ugly face...

COP: Hold still!

HELEN: Let go of my arm -

COP: Just trying to keep you out of trouble. Get back now. I don't want to have to arrest you.

CROWD BOOS AND JEERS UNDER

SWEENEY:(CLOSE) Bitch was gonna slap him. And we just stand there.

COP: Doug, I must ask your guys to move on. Before it goes pear-shaped.

DOUG : Shit, I thought we had a deal.

COP: If something kicks off, it's more than my job's worth.

DOUG: And I thought you were on side...

COP: Sorry, mate.

DOUG: (TO MARCH): Right, troops. Man says we got to break it up. At ease!

MARCHERS CURSE AND GRUMBLE AS THEY
DISPERSE UNDER

ROSS: (CLOSE) : What a wanker! Sweeney would have made us stand our ground.

SCENE 29

CROSS FADE INTO SMALL EMPTY ROOM -
DOUG RATTLING KEYS

DOUG: All this could be yours, Pete. Rent-free, utilities and council tax all in. No more sofa surfing.

PETE: I don't want to sound ungrateful - but what's the catch?

DOUG: All you have to do is make a good impression when you have tea on Sunday at Dunlavin Hall.

PETE: Tea?

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

SCENE 30

CROSS-FADE INTO LARGE ENTRANCE HALL -
CLOCK TICKING

PETE:: I'm Peter Hunter. From the Ayrán Alliance. I'm here to see Lady Waterford.

MORTON: This way.

FOOT STEPS DOWN LONG ECHOING
CORRIDOR

PETE: That big picture in the gilt frame - who's the bloke in a Coldstream Guards' uniform?

FOOTSTEPS PAUSE

MORTON: The 'bloke', sir, is Sir Randolph Waterford, Earl of Dunlavin, her Ladyship's father. Next to him, a portrait of Lady Eugenie by Sir James Gunn of the Royal Academy. The large photograph depicts them both with Sir Oswald and Lady Diana Mosley, who is holding Lady Diana Waterford as a small child, in Paris in 1954. But I'm not here to give you a guided tour, Mr. Hunter. Take a seat over there.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES - REOPENS AS
MORTON RE-EMERGES

MORTON: Her Ladyship awaits you in the study.

SCENE 31

CROSS FADE INTO HEAVILY DRAPED AND
CARPETED ROOM

DIANA: Sit - over there by the window. So I can have a thorough look at you. I hope you're a better investment than the peasants your brother usually deals with. He's only a peasant himself, of course. A peasant in a tracksuit. So quaint.

PETE: Well, maybe I'm a peasant too, Lady Diana. But I've fought for my homeland.

DIANA: I can see that. Warriors and wisdom seekers risk wounds. Tyr lost an arm. Odin lost an eye, too.

PETE: I'm sorry?

DIANA: The old gods, Sergeant Hunter. Our heroes. Are you a hero? You look more like a victim to me.

PETE: I survived. I fought my way back...

DIANA: What is your blood line?

PETE: What do you mean? There have been Hunters around here for ever. My dad was from Preston, mum from Burnley, her dad from Liverpool, his dad from Stockport -

DIANA: Caucasian, yes? No blacks or Jews, I trust.

PETE: I'm English, if that makes any sense - is that good enough for you?

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

DIANA: Ah, tea is served. Come in, Mrs Farrish. Is he good enough for us? What say you?

TEA TRAY IS DEPOSITED ON TABLE

FARRISH: I'd say he'd be good for you, M'am. As men go...

DIANA LAUGHS AS MRS FARRISH LEAVES
AND CLOSES DOOR - SHE POURS TEA

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

PETE: This slave 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 setting up new enterprises and 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: Leading what?

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: I've proved 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 this corrupt society. You will be like the great wolf Fenrir, a destroyer of worlds - to create a new world. You will hear more soon. And now Morton will escort you out.

DIANA RINGS A BELL

DIANA: Before you leave - a token of fellowship...

SHE KISSES PETE - WHO IS FLUSTERED

PETE: But Lady Diana...

DIANA: Just go...

SCENE 32

CROSS FADE INTO INTERIOR OF
LABORATORY - WILLIAM SORTING THROUGH
LAB GLASSWARE AND EQUIPMENT

WILLIAM: You can't expect me to get this shambles of a lab up to industrial scale production. It was geared up for your fake Dr. Farber's syrup.

MAX: The Third Reich managed to produce nerve stimulants by the million.

WILLIAM: Sure - 'Stuka Tablets' for the Luftwaffe, 'Tank Chocolate' for the Wermacht, and a morning pickup for the Fuehrer, just what Dr Morell ordered. They're basically methamphetamines. Not too hard to replicate. But you need the resources.

MAX: Listen, our foot-soldiers are weak, we need to boost their energy and confidence, give them a libidinal kick - and also sell the product to a wider consumer base through their street connections.

WILLIAM: There is something I'm researching that might be even more effective.

MAX: I need a realistic deadline for delivery, William.

WILLIAM: Supposing I told you I'm close to creating a stimulant that will activate the power of the Vril, the life-force...

MAX: The Vril - the energy of the astral body - in a bloody tablet? To raise that force requires discipline, weeks of ritual working, you can't just gulp it down in a pill.

WILLIAM: The basic meth formula can be modified with new ingredients and procedures. You need a synthesis of methamphetamine, potentised gamma hydroxy butyrate along with -

MAX: Even if you succeed, do you really imagine we should risk giving the powers of the Vril to our lumpen ground troops? Or their street customers? They wouldn't know how to handle that lightning force. It would be a danger to themselves - and perhaps even to us...

WILLIAM: But I've learned profound insights about Vril - or Prana, as they call it in the East - and been given expert practical help - from my research assistant.

MAX: You were never authorised to have a damned assistant! What does he know about us?

WILLIAM: Let me put your mind at rest.

WILLIAM OPENS DOOR AND CALLS

WILLIAM: It's all right, Stella. You can come in now.

STELLA APPROACHES

STELLA: The famous Max Nova, I presume. I'm honoured...

MAX: What kind of idiocy is this? (TO WILLIAM) What the hell are you doing consorting with an Indian woman? How is this going to go down with Diana? Or the League Council? Or our troglodytes on the street?

STELLA: With respect, Mr Nova - that is your name, isn't it? - I'm more authentically Ayrans than either of you.

MAX: Don't be absurd! I must ask you to leave.

STELLA: Listen! My mother was pure Caucasian, a British doctor who worked for a medical charity in India. She died in a left-wing atrocity, a terrorist attack on a train in Bihar State when I was seven -

MAX: Very touching, but -

STELLA: - and I was brought up by my father Sri Krishnan Acharya. A great writer. Hitler was his hero. He realised that the Fuehrer, as a German, shared a common ancestry and blood line with the original Ayrans of Northern India and their successors, the pure high caste Brahmins.

WILLIAM:: Acharya realised Hitler was destined to transform the world from the squalid muddle of democracy and create an empire based on racial purity and hierarchy. I'm surprised you haven't read his books.

MAX: I've trusted you for years, William. You'd better be right about this.

STELLA: We will finish the great Anglo-Aryan work together - the creation of Prana Vrill!

SCENE 33

CROSS FADE INTO SHOP INTERIOR -
EXERTIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE UNPACKING
BOXES AND SHELVING BOOKS

ROSS: We should be training with Sweeney, not humping boxes.

BILLY : Hey, Jess , that's heavy - let me give you a hand.

JESS: Ta, Billy. Bloody books weigh a ton...

VICKI: You unpack and I'll shelve them.

BOOKS ARE STACKED ON SHELVES

DOUG: I want them in the right order, mind! Got to look smart for opening day tomorrow. (TO PETE) It's always been my dream, Pete. The Great Ayrans Book Emporium! 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, it's the 'minds' part of my hearts and minds policy.

PETE: Who's paying the rent?

DOUG: Our top people. You must have made a good impression at tea-time.

PETE: I went along with it, I guess.

DOUG: You must have told her what she wanted to hear. (BEAT)
Did she talk about 'ordeals and taboos'?

PETE: Something like that.

DOUG : You might find these useful, then,

PETE: No way...

DOUG: Not a street drug. More of an energy supplement.

PETE: So what is this shit?

DOUG: Just a sample.

PETE: So I'm a lab rat?

DOUG: No, you'd be an early adopter. And while you're about it,
why don't you help yourself to some bed time reading?
Pick a book, any book. There you go -

PETE: 'Releasing Solar Darkness - by Max Nova'.

DOUG : There's all kinds of crazy shit we're supposed to sell. You
can cast your good eye over it and let me know what it's
all about.

SCENE 34

CROSS-FADE TO INTERIOR OF SMALL ROOM -
PETE READING - VOICED INTERNALLY ON
REVERB

PETE: 'Mentally envisage a black sun of fiery energy. 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...'

MOBILE RING TONE INTRUDES - PETE SIGHS
AND ANSWERS IN ROOM ACOUSTIC

PETE: Doug? What's up? It's late...

DOUG (FILTER): Got a moment?

PETE: That book's insane...

DOUG (FILTER): Never mind that now. Listen, the lefties are gonna have a big demo against us outside the college next week. It's going to be huge, they're gonna have bands, a stage, the whole works.

PETE: I wonder whose back-channel is bank-rolling them.

DOUG: I dunno, George Soros, Bill Gates, one of those wokey billionaires, who knows? The thing is we must plan tactics with Sweeney. And on Thursday we got another potential recruit to interview. A young lady. Could be your type.

PETE: Ah, piss off...

DOUG (FILTER): She's called Chelsea Cunningham. She's well fit by the looks of her Facebook profile. (BEAT) Has Alison called you?

PETE: You're joking...

DOUG (FILTER): You're well out of it, mate - you're a man of influence now. See you tomorrow.

DOUG ENDS CALL

SCENE 35

CROSS-FADE INTO GYM ACOUSTIC - KIDS
WORKING OUT - SWEENEY BLOWS A
WHISTLE

SWEENEY: All right. That's it for tonight. You all better be in top shape now. Watch out for my texts.

ROSS:: About time we saw some action.

SWEENEY: You're dead right there, son. Of course, the final go-ahead is up to Doug.

VICKI: All he cares about is his bookshop and hanging out with old Plastic Face.

SWEENEY LAUGHS

SWEENEY: I'll pretend I didn't hear that, Vicki. OK, off you go...

THEY START TO LEAVE

JESS: Hey, Billy - we're going to MacDonald's. Wanna come?

BILLY: Yeah, that'd be cool. Just get my stuff.

SWEENEY: Hold on, Billy. Over here. I've got a little mission for you.

BILLY: But Mr.Sweeney -

SWEENEY (CLOSE): it's important, Billy. And it's an order...

SCENE 36

CROSS FADE INTO CONTROL ROOM OF
RECORDING STUDIO - THE LAST CHORUS OF
SOLAR FLAIR SONG PLAYS BACK OVER
STUDIO MONITORS

MAX: (ON TAPE): Satanic nova blasting my brain/demons in the black hole/
drive you insane/Lucifer's lightning/strike you blind/solar
flare blazing/blitz your mind...

SONG FADES - TAPE DECK CLICKS OFF

ANDY: Tape's in good nick. I could remaster it for vinyl, no
problem. Or mp3 if you like.

MAX: Glad to hear that, Andy. I'm planning a re-release. You
know, as a cult item. For old time's sake.

ANDY: Well, I don't know where you'd get a distribution deal these days. I'm not trying to be funny but -

MAX: I don't do 'funny', Andy. I just do things my way.

ANDY: Yeah - I guess you always did...

SCENE 37

CROSS FADE FROM WHIR OF FAST REWIND
ON OPEN REEL RECORDER INTO LOUD FUZZ
TONE RIFFS AND LICKS ON CHEAP ELECTRIC
GUITAR AND AMP - INTERRUPTED BY
SHOUTS AND BANGING ON DOOR - DOOR
OPENS

MRS SEDGEWICK: Will you stop that damned racket! I've got Miss O'Dwyer banging on the wall.

MAX: I've got a gig at the Ploughman's Arms tomorrow.

MRS SEDGEWICK: You've no thought for anybody but yourself...

MAX UNPLUGS GUITAR

MAX: You don't understand, Mum. I'm going somewhere with this.

MRS SEDGEWICK: Yes, to the roughest pub in town, to make a horrible din, for a pittance. I don't why we let you go to art school and fill your head with all this nonsense. Dirty pictures.

(MRS SEDGEWICK/CONT'D OVER)

MRS SEDGEWICK (CONT'D):

These books about wizards and witches. And that silly name you made up - Max Nova! Plain Stan 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: If you're going to use foul language to your own mother, you might as well leave this house.

MAX: Maybe that's a good idea.

MRS SEDGEWICK: Stan, I didn't mean -

MAX: Maybe I should stay over at Andy's tonight. Maybe I should just get the hell out of this dump for good 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: I'm going to get your father!

MAX: Since when has he given a shit? I'm out of here!

MRS SEDGEWICK: Stan! Stan! Come back!

SCENE 38

CROSS-FADE INTO STREET - RAIN - DISTANT
TRAFFIC UNDER

SWEENEY(CLOSE): It's our secret now, Billy. A secret between warriors, right? And you swore an oath to the Alliance, remember?

BILLY (CLOSE): Yes, Mr Sweeney. I won't tell anyone, I swear. Can I go now, please?

SWEENEY(CLOSE); Not a word, Billy. Ever. Or there'll be consequences...

BILLY (CLOSE): I promise, Mr Sweeney, I promise...

SCENE 39

CROSS-FADE INTO BOOKSHOP AMBIENCE
UNDER

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.

EMMA: Just call me Chelsea.

DOUG: OK, I think we can relax now. Don't you, Pete?

PETE: Sure. (BEAT) What's driven you here, Chelsea?

EMMA: The lies. All the lies about multi- culturalism when what these people want to do is to destroy our white English cultural heritage and replace it with their Iron-Age tribal customs. And we're supposed to celebrate our racial extinction and call it 'diversity'.

DOUG: Nice speech.

PETE: You say you've got special tech skills.

EMMA: I did modules on cyber-security and artificial intelligence.

DOUG: Clever stuff - but how much time can you give us?

EMMA: I'm freelance so I'm flexible.

DOUG: So you could help out in the shop sometimes, do leafleting?

PETE: Maybe spruce up the website?

EMMA: Sure - I could video your events - and edit them for the website too

DOUG: That would be handy. There's a big demo coming up. If you want to get in on the action...

SCENE 40

CROSS-FADE INTO NOISY STREET
AMBIENCE - LARGE CROWD UNDER

DAVE: (OVER PA): Great to see so many of you here, comrades. Now let's welcome our Student Union President - Helen Newman!

A GREAT ROAR OF CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

SWEENEY(CLOSE): Oh, that snotty little commie...

HELEN (OVER PA): 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! OUR DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE!

THE CROWD TAKE UP THE CHANT AND BEAT
DRUMS UNDER

CROWD: OUR DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE! OUR DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE! OUR DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE!

HELEN (OVER PA): Yes, let 'em hear it. Standing over there, looking smug behind a line of cops with their idiot banners. We're not fooled by their fake charity and all their propaganda targeting the old, and the poor and the vulnerable. 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 the streets of this town, spreading their lies - and stupidity!

RENEWED CHEERS, DRUMMING AND
CHANTING FROM THE STUDENT CROWD -
BOOS FROM ALLIANCE SUPPORTERS -
OVERLAPPING VOICES UNDER

SWEENEY: Let's not hang about, lads. If we can just get past the
cops... And take out the bitch...

ROSS: Take out their PA too!

BILLY: No platform for Lefties!

SWEENEY: Just gotta put the boot in...

DOUG: No, Sweeney! (TO THE GROUP) Don't take any notice of
him.

PETE: Stick to the plan!

SWEENEY: Lost your nerve, soldier? Fuck the plan!

ROSS: Come on, Billy...

SWEENEY: Just do it!

ALLIANCE SUPPORTERS BEGIN SCUFFLING
WITH POLICE - GRUNTS AND CURSES UNDER

COP: Get back! Right back -

SWEENEY: Let us through -

COP: I said get back - you've been warned...

SWEENEY: You're a fucking race traitor -

ROSS: Up the Warriors!

BILLY: Up the Alliance!

ROSS: White is Might!

BILLY: White is Right!

ALLIANCE SUPPORTERS TAKE UP THE
CHANT - COUNTER CHANTING FROM
STUDENTS - SCUFFLING INTENSIFIES UNDER

COP: We need back-up here! We haven't got the gear for this...
Just try and hold the line...GET BACK!

SHOUTS FROM THE COPS AS THEIR LINE IS
BREACHED - MASS SHOUTING AND CHAOS
UNDER

COP: It's no good...

SWEENEY: I'm through! Let's kill a few libtards today!

HELEN: (OVER PA) Stand together, people. Fight back! Remember - OUR
DEFIANCE AGAINST THE ALLIANCE!

ROSS: I'm gonna get up there and trash that PA. You with me, Billy?

SWEENEY: You stick with me, Billy boy - you're going to see some action.

DAVE (CLOSE): Get out of it, Helen! They're gonna storm us...

HELEN: No way. (TO CROWD over PA) FUCK THE AYRAN FASCISTS! OUR DEFIANCE AGAINST THE -

PA STOPS WORKING - CHEERS FROM AA SUPPORTERS

HELEN: Ah fuck...

DAVE: Little shit cut the cable -

SWEENEY: Good work, Ross - hey watch it -

CROWD: Let's get him! Smash fascist scum! Kill , kill! Let him have it...

ROSS SHOUTS IN TERROR AS HE'S PULLED DOWN BY MEMBERS OF THE CROWD - THUD OF HEAVY BLOWS - SIRENS OF APPROACHING POLICE VEHICLES UNDER

BILLY: Ross is down - they're all over him -

DOUG: I knew it - I told you -

BILLY: We've gotta do something -

ROSS CRIES FOR MERCY UNDER THE RAIN
OF BLOWS

SWEENEY: He can take of himself. Where's the bitch gone to?

BILLY: Over there behind the bins... Hey, Mr Sweeney...

MIC FOLLOWS SWEENEY RUNNING
THROUGH MOB - BILLY SHOUTING AFTER HIM

SCENE 41

CROSS FADE INTO SMALLER OUTDOOR
SPACE - MOB UPROAR AND SIRENS MORE
DISTANT UNDER

SWEENEY: Up against the wall now, bitch, eh?

SWEENEY GRIPPING HELEN BY THE NECK -
SHE IS STRUGGLING AND FIGHTING FOR
BREATH

HELEN: Bring it on - old facist bastard -

SWEENEY(CLOSE): Think we're stupid, hmm?

HELEN: You don't like women, do you - bet you haven't even got
a dick -

SWEENEY (CLOSE): : I got a knife though -

HELEN SCREAMS AS HE LUNGES

SCENE 42

CROSS FADE - HELEN'S SCREAM HEARD
FROM THE CENTRE OF THE MOB - CHAOS
AND UPROAR CONTINUES UNDER

PETE: Is that one of our girls?

JESS: We're OK, just about...Where's Billy/

EMMA: What about Ross? I tried to get some shots - I ought to -

PETE: Don't risk it, Chelsea!

DOUG: The paramedics will get through, don't worry.

VICKI: We must follow them, go to A&E!

DOUG: Don't be crazy. We stick to the plan!

VICKI: What fucking plan?

JESS: Where's Billy?

PETE: He was with Sweeney.

DOUG: Ah, fuck Sweeney. Come on - let's go -

SCENE 43

CROSS FADE INTO BASEMENT WHERE A
SMALL RADIO IS TURNED UP

NEWSREADER: ...despite the efforts of paramedics, she died at the scene. Three hours later, at Burnley Hospital a sixteen year old male, whom police have not yet named, also died from injuries he received in a confrontation with opposing demonstrators. Twenty-two people have been arrested so far, while police are searching for a man in his late forties who is alleged to have pursued Ms Newman after the demonstration against the Ayrans Alliance descended into chaos. In a statement Prime Minister Edward Chambers condemned what he called the appalling cycle of violence between extremist groups, which has accelerated since -

DOUG: Turn it off!

RADIO IS TURNED OFF

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

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

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

DOUG: Look, I'll see them right. Her ladyship will provide.

PETE: You reckon? (BEAT) And what about Billy and the rest? Plods have got nine of our people in custody.

DOUG: Plods will think he muscled in just for a ruck, like the old days. He won't give my strategy away.

PETE: You sure?

DOUG: Sweeney's got Billy well trained.

PETE: Sweeney's off the radar...

SCENE 44

CROSS-FADE INTO SMALL BARE ROOM - VOICES OUT IN THE CORRIDOR

DI GOWER: Affray and carrying an offensive weapon. All on our body cams.

DC MORRISON: And there's this CV from your footie days.

DI GOWER: You could help yourself, Billy. What's this Alliance thing?

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

BILLY: No comment.

DI GOWER: Tell us a bit about Mr Terry Sweeney.

BILLY: No comment.

DC MORRISON: Did he put you up to this? You and Ross Lennon and the others? Pity about Ross...

BILLY: What about Ross?

DI GOWER: I have to tell you, Billy, that Ross Lennon died yesterday in intensive care. Brain haemorrhage.

BILLY: No... It can't be...

DC MORRISON: You don't owe Sweeney anything, Billy.

DI GOWER: Word on the street is that some new kind of methamphetamine is on sale. Anything to do with your Ayrán Alliance ? Are you and your buddies on this stuff? Nothing to say, Billy? Not a word?

BILLY: No... No comment...

DC MORRISON: There was this fire outside a mini-cab office in Gould Street.

BILLY: I don't know, I don't know anything. Anything...

SOLICITOR: How is this relevant to my client's arrest?

DI GOWER: Let's get back to Mr Sweeney. What's his role in all this ?

BILLY: I can't say anything, I've sworn -

DC MORRISON: A little secret? Between you two?

BILLY: No - I can't -

DI GOWER: Something you did together?

BILLY: He made me ... do... I had to do things...

DC MORRISON: Now what kind of things, son?

BILLY BREAKS DOWN IN TEARS

SCENE 45

CROSS FADE TO EXTERIOR - COUNTRYSIDE -
RAIN - NIGHT - DOUG ANSWERS ON MOBILE

SWEENEY: You must come and get me -

DOUG (FILTER): Where the fuck are you?

SWEENEY: Friar's Wood, near the Dunlavin estate. Not far from the
camp. I've no food, nothing...

DOUG (FILTER): You know the scum killed Ross?

SWEENEY: Jesus ...

DOUG (FILTER): And Billy's in custody.

SWEENEY: Oh shit -

SCENE 46

CROSS FADE TO SMALL LIVING ROOM -
DISTANT TRAFFIC

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

ALISON: You've got a bloody nerve, Doug Hunter...

DOUG FLICKS THROUGH WAD OF NOTES

DOUG: I've also got some extra housekeeping cash for you. Until I make other arrangements.

ALISON: I hope you can make 'em quickly...

SCENE 47

CROSS FADE TO HALLWAY OF TERRACE
HOUSE - REPEATED RINGING AND KNOCKING
AT FRONT DOOR

DOUG: No need to wreck my door, lad.

DOOR IS UNLOCKED

DOUG: Well, I guess your mum bailed you.

BILLY: Guess what... They dropped the charges.

DOUG: You kept your gob shut, right? If you've said anything -

BILLY: You knew, you must have known!

DOUG: What are you talking about?

BILLY: You let him get away with it. That perv Sweeney.

DOUG: Keep your voice down!

BILLY: It was on your fucking watch. (BEAT) Do you want me to tell you what he did to me - what I told the police doctor?

DOUG: It's all in your little mind, Billy Ward!

BILLY: I'm telling you, you're gonna pay for this...

DOOR SLAMS AS BILLY LEAVES

SCENE 48

CROSS FADE TO CARPETED INTERIOR OF
LADY DIANA'S STUDY - RUSTLE OF DIANA
SIFTING THROUGH NEWSPAPERS

MORTON: Have you finished with all the papers, Mam?

DIANA: Take them, Morton and burn them... Look at this tabloid rubbish - COPS SEEK PAEDO NAZI - the idiot Sweeney posing in uniform. The sheer vulgarity of the man! In my day the pederasts 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 'Aryan' in the same sentence. Douglas Hunter and his cronies must be brought to account forthwith. The League must be summoned here for a full council. Tomorrow, in the Temple...

SCENE 49

CROSS FADE THROUGH MUSIC BRIDGE TO
CAVERNOUS ACOUSTIC - A DOZEN VOICES
MURMURING - THEN SILENCE - TABLE IS
STRUCK WITH METAL MACE

MAX: What is the League of the Black Sun?

COUNCIL VOICES: The League is Legion.

MAX: What is the True Light?

COUNCIL VOICES: The Black Light!

DIANA: That brings terror to the weak...

MAX: You may sit. We have an urgent matter. As you may know from the circus of the mass media, members of one our sub-groups, the Aryan Alliance, acted prematurely in response to the provocations of an Antifa rabble, leading to the death of one of their cadets.

DIANA: Now their sergeant major Terence Sweeney is alleged to have sexually assaulted another cadet. All our groups could be subject to ridicule and contempt.

MAX: The Alliance are currently hiding him but we have no confidence in their ability to contain the situation. If the police find him the security of the League itself might be at risk.

COUNCIL MEMBERS START MUTTERING
UNDER

MS BRAND: Whatever his alleged misdeeds he fought boldly like a son of Odin and slaughtered a Marxist whore.

WILLIAM: And as for his sexuality - what are we, cosmic transgressors or closet Christians? Sweeney has challenged the taboos of creepy Jesus, he ravages the boundaries...

MS BRAND: If he does end up in court, he could plead guilty - no need for cross-examination and lurid details. And he'd be going down for quite a while. It's just a question of finding the right judge...

WILLIAM: Why are we cravenly talking about fake news and cover-ups? Sweeney followed his darkest and deepest instincts - so we should celebrate him!

THE CHATTER INCREASES UNTIL MAX
STRIKES THE TABLE AGAIN

MAX: SILENCE! Sweeney has put his own gratification before the needs of the League. (BEAT) He has compromised our strategy for long-term mastery. He is therefore a legitimate subject for an Operation.

DIANA: To be executed by whom?

MAX: We will consult...

SCENE 50

CROSS FADE TO BASEMENT OFFICE

DOUG: Tomorrow night they want you to pick up Sweeney from Alison's.

PETE: What the fuck is Sweeney doing at my ex's, you wanker!

DOUG: Focus, Pete! You take him straight to Dunlavin. Where his journey will terminate.

PETE: What do you mean?

DOUG: I'm out of the loop now, mate. But your instructions are all here. I'm not allowed to open it. (BEAT) I guess they want you to top him.

PETE: I can't just -

DOUG: You been in combat, right?

PETE: I dropped a few, maybe...

DOUG: Sweeney's the enemy now. So take him out!

(BEAT)

PETE: I'll try and make it clean for the old fuck.

DOUG: They're relying on you, Pete. To do your duty...

SCENE 51

CROSS FADE TO PUB INTERIOR - EMMA IS

TALKING TO MARK ON HER MOBILE - PUB

CHATTER AND MUSIC UNDER

EMMA: I've persuaded Pete Hunter to meet me here for a lunchtime drink. He's a lonely soul. He seems to like my Chelsea persona. Maybe 'cos I don't look twice at his face.

MARK (FILTER): Good work! Go for any leads you can get on their runaway psycho - or on the long term game plan.

EMMA: Pete seemed very stressed. Very pissed off with his brother Doug.

MARK (FILTER): Anything you can do to exploit internal conflicts is a bonus. If the Alliance reverts to peddling drugs and taking grannies to the supermarket then their opposition might calm down and we can focus on Al Thar.

EMMA: Seen my clips, Mark? That opposition demo seemed very well orchestrated. Like they're getting funding from somewhere. And I'd like to know more about Doug's drugs.

MARK (FILTER): You're very able, Emma, but don't allow yourself to be distracted. Let alone seduced...

EMMA: Fat chance, Mark. Ah, he's coming in. Gotta go.

EMMA ENDS THE CALL - PETE APPROACHES
BAR

PETE (TO EMMA): Can I get you anything, love?

EMMA: I'm fine, thanks, Pete.

PETE (TO BARMAN): Double scotch, please.

DRINK IS SERVED - PETE COMES OVER AND
SITS

EMMA: You're starting early.

PETE: I've got so much on...

EMMA: I guess we're all a little shaky after last week. You helping Doug to arrange the funeral?

PETE: All that has to wait until after the inquest.

EMMA: Ross's folks must be gutted.

PETE: Maybe if Sweeney hadn't gone off on one. Bloody Sweeney...

EMMA: But Doug's supposed to be in charge, isn't he?

PETE: He likes to think so.

EMMA: What do you mean?

PETE: Oh, forget it...

EMMA: Come on, Pete. You're not stupid. In fact you seem much brighter than your brother. And you've done all the action stuff he can only fantasise about.

PETE: I suppose you're going to tell me it's written all over my face...

EMMA: Don't take it like that, Pete. I'm only trying to be friends. And work out who's the real boss man.

PETE: Just follow the money.

EMMA: I know those people at Dunlavin Hall let the Alliance use their grounds. But have they got an agenda?

PETE: I couldn't say...

(BEAT)

EMMA: Pete, you're obviously wasted. Why not come round tonight? I'll get a takeaway and we can stick pins in a wax model of Doug.

PETE: If only..

EMMA: If what?

PETE: I can't, Chelsea. Kind of you but I can't. Not tonight. I've got something to do. It's important.

EMMA: Tell me, I'll keep your secret.

PETE: You don't want to know, Chelsea. You're better off out of this.

EMMA: What's going down? Pete? Pete?

PETE GETS UP AND LEAVES

SCENE 52

CROSS FADE TO INTERIOR OF 4X4 DRIVEN
FAST - IT BRAKES, SWERVES, ACCELERATES
AGAIN - ANGRY HORNS SOUND FROM OTHER
TRAFFIC - BOTH PETE AND SWEENEY ARE
DRUNK - 4 X 4 CONTINUES AT SPEED UNDER

SWEENEY: Woah, take it easy! I wish you'd keep one eye on the road. Sorry, mate, I bet you've heard that one before.

PETE: Oh yeah...

SWEENEY: Looks like we're on the way to Dunlavin. That's no good. I gotta get out of the country!

PETE: Your exit strategy's all in hand. Alliance will take care of you.

SWEENEY: You and your brother couldn't take care of an old folks home. Or maybe you should open one.

SWEENEY LAUGHS)

PETE: Leave it out, Sweeney.

SWEENEY: You're not a true believer, are you?

PETE: I'm just here to drive.

SWEENEY: You see, I believe in the destiny of our white youth. And I tried to teach Billy boy. But he kind of - provoked me - like young boys do.

PETE: If you say so...

SWEENEY: He set a trap. And then he lied...

PETE: What about Ross, then?

SWEENEY: Missing in action. But I nailed that commie bitch all right. We both deserve a medal.

4 X 4 SLOWS, SIGNALS AND TURNS ON TO
BUMPY TRACK

SCENE 53

CROSS FADE INTO LARGE ENTRANCE HALL -
CLOCK TICKING UNDER

MORTON: White is Might!

PETE: White is Right!

SWEENEY: White is Might all right! (BEAT) This is grand...I've
always wanted to come here...

MORTON: This way, please, gentlemen.

FOOTSTEPS DOWN LONG ECHOING
CORRIDOR

SWEENEY: Hey, that's a huge tiger skin up there. Bet there's a story
behind that.

MORTON: Yes, sir. Shot by the fifth Earl near Calcutta in 1893.

SWEENEY: Yeah, we had a fucking great empire once...

MORTON: We need to keep moving, Mr Sweeney.

SWEENEY: Are you my new driver then? Taking me on to the next
stage?

MORTON: In a manner of speaking, sir.

PETE: Look, Sweeney, it's like this -

SWEENEY: You got me a new passport? A chopper waiting, a little hop across the water?

MORTON: The Council will soon be prepared for you. Just wait in the ante-room until you are summoned. First they must open the Temple.

SWEENEY: The Temple?

SCENE 54

CROSS FADE INTO MUSIC BRIDGE WHICH
FADES INTO CAVERNOUS ACOUSTIC -
VOICES WHISPER - A HUGE GONG IS
STRUCK - SILENCE

MAX: Welcome to the House of the Northern Current. The Sanctuary of the Black Sun.

DIANA: We are robed in the garments of the Black Light.

WILLIAM: I hold the Iron Cup.

STELLA: We prepare to feast...

MAX: Rejoice!

VOICES: Rejoice!

A BUSTLE OF ACTIVITY AND A HUM OF TALK -
SOUNDS OF EATING , DRINKING, TOASTING
AND EMBRACING - AT LEAST A DOZEN
OVERLAPPING MALE AND FEMALE VOICES -
MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND EBBS AND
FLOWS

VOICES:: Hail the Black Light/Light is Mlght/To the League!/To
Warriors!/The Slaves Shall Serve!/Taste the Serpent's
Kiss/ Wine, Morton, more red wine!/I'm getting a rush/
feels great/touch me there/it's massive/I want more,
more!/tastes so good/lick it properly/just try it/can't you
feel it now?Do you have Vril?/Give me Vril!(ad lib)

HEDONISTIC FEASTING CONTINUES -
CHARACTERS AROUND PETER CROWD IN
VERY CLOSE

STELLA: Come with me, Sergeant.

PETE: Who are you? You're not -

WILLIAM: There's more than one way of being Aryan, Peter.

MAX: Just go with her.

PETE: I don't understand...

STELLA: Don't worry. I'm here to help you prepare yourself. For
enacting your duty. As instructed.

PETE: I tell you I can't do it. Not like that...no way..

STELLA: Remember your oath.

DIANA: To endure ordeals.

STELLA: To break taboos!

PETE: Stop looking at me like that...

STELLA: I like what I see. A man with a man's needs. Who already feels the power of the Vrill, the flow of Prana. But could use a little chemical assistance - to follow a warrior's destiny. And perhaps needs some affirmation. In the body. In the flesh...In private...

STELLA KISSES PETER HARD

STELLA: Let go, Peter...

SCENE 55

FADE UP FEASTING WHICH PEAKS TO
ORGIASTIC LEVELS OVER MUSIC BRIDGE -
HINT IN MIX OF PETE AND STELLA REACHING
SEXUAL CLIMAX - MUSIC AND FEASTING
SUBSIDE BUT CONTINUE UNDER AS MORTON
ARRIVES WITH SWEENEY

MORTON: You're a lucky man, Mr Sweeney. The first outsider allowed in the Temple...

SWEENEY: What's going on? A fancy undress party? It's going mad.
(BEAT) Where's Pete gone?

DIANA: In my study. You'll be meeting him again - quite soon.

MAX: Terence Sweeney, you should be honoured to be here.
This is a very special occasion.

SWEENEY: Yes, sir. White is Might! White is Right!

DIANA: We love your simple faith.

SWEENEY: I've given everything to the Alliance. I've done what I've
done. But I've done it my way. (BEAT) Do I get a bevy
and a bite to eat before we go? Will there be time before
my transport arrives?

MAX: Only a little time, Sweeney. (BEAT) Morton!

MORTON: Sir?

MAX: Summon Sergeant Hunter - and Ms Stella.

MORTON: Yessir.

MORTON MOVES OFF-MIC

DIANA (CLOSE): Does she really have to be involved? To appease William
Musgrave?

MAX (CLOSE) : We need them, Diana. Now and for the long game.

DIANA: You better be right.

PETE, MORTON AND STELLA ENTER

SWEENEY: Hey, Pete! Pete, old buddy! What's happening? Where are we going? (BEAT) Well, are you gonna talk to me? Gone dumb or something?

STELLA (CLOSE): He's in deep, Max. Deep energy trance. With Prana-Vril. And my tantric touch...

MAX (CLOSE): The black solar current - yes...

SWEENEY: Will someone tell what's going on? Fuck all this Temple nonsense!

HARD SLAP ACROSS SWEENEY'S FACE

DIANA: Quiet, you vermin!

MAX: Be grateful that you'll be devoting your life-force to the League of the Black Sun. Take him - to the centre of the Circle!

SWEENEY: Hey, Pete, what are you doing -

SWEENEY STRUGGLES AS HE IS
OVERPOWERED

MAX: Gag him! Arms, legs and head aligned to the Pentagram! Let the Operation begin!

FEAST HUBBUB FADES - GONG SOUNDS - A
WORDLESS DRONING CHANT UNDER

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

WILLIAM: Let the power of Thagirion infuse our warrior!

STELLA: Open the black sphere of power at the centre of your being -

DIANA : For you are an avenger, the breaker of all restraints -

WILLIAM: To restore the true men to past splendour -

DIANA: Fenrir, Beast of Darkness, devour the Vrill of this creature -

WILLIAM: Take the warriors' knife -

DIANA: Strike then with all your might - at the heart, the dark heart - let the blood flow -

WILLIAM: Into the Cup, the Iron Cup -

MAX: Sol Niger Lux Est! Let the Black Sun of Terror rise!

MUSIC PEAKS AND FADES UNDER CREDITS

ENDS

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