

Blame It On Doris

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BLAME IT ON DORIS

FADE IN

**1.EXT/INT UNSPECIFIED COUNTRY LOCATION. TWILIGHT.**

PRE TITLES

**CUE MUSIC: DORIS DAY SOFTLY SINGING 'HEY THERE YOU WITH THE STARS IN YOUR EYES'**

A super 8 vision moves us toward distant blurred lights.

A rundown isolated house emerges through the long grass.

Against a murderous grey sky two figures drunkenly lurch up an overgrown path. The skinny man is clutching a large woman while trying to steady a bicycle. They are a shabby pair.

In continuous motion the camera swings around and we enter the house through a cracked window. We are intruders.

The television flickers a blue grey across the faces of three grubby children cowering on a saggy sofa.

A baby lies on the floor.

A saucepan is splashing soup as it boils.

The table is covered in a torn plastic cloth with the remnants of breakfast.Marmite jar, an empty milk bottle, dirty glasses.

Through another window a clothesline is flapping nappies against the dirty sky.

Dishes pile high in cold dishwater.Unmade beds.

A door slams through the song.

**1A INT,COTTAGE DUSK.**

Thin male hands with dirty nails unbuckles a belt, then slides it slowly through the loops.

A fly is unbuttoned.

The belt is slammed on a dusty dressing table sending an ornament crashing.

ANGIE:(OOV)

No No NO

CUT TO

**1B.INT COTTAGE DUSK CONT**

EXTREME CU of a mouth. Pudgy with bad teeth spitting explosive, soundless, anger.

CUT TO

A hand connects violently with ANGIE'S head

The footage stops abruptly as though the camera has been smashed away.

And the song plays on.

**2. EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NIGHT**

UNDER TITLES

The back of ANGIE trudging down a country lane.

Boys pass on bicycles and jeer.

CUT TO

**2A EXT.PLATFORM OF A COUNTRY STATION.NIGHT.**

ANGIE, a teenager, back to us. She turns for one last look back. Hoping.

This is the first time we see her face.

ANGIE steps onto the train and she is clearly pregnant.

CUT TO

**2B. MONTAGE OF TIME PASSING.**

EXT. TRAIN WHEELS CLACK.NIGHT.CLOSEUP

We travel in miles, and time

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. NIGHT

Passengers, a crying baby.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE NIGHT

ANGIE'S dry, but devastated face.

INT. HOSPITAL LAUNDRY. DAY.

ANGIE is working in a hospital laundry. Through the steam we see sweat running down her tired face. White sheets fly into the air.

The action slows and the sheets float and descend turning into a bag of scrabble tiles scattering across a floor.

**2C. COULD BE ANY PLACE.**

**CLOSEUP** of one hand covering eyes. Another

gropes across the scrabble tiles and picks up the M.

**3.day MANCHESTER RAILWAY STATION.**

ANGIE steps off a train. The sign reads Manchester Central Railway Station. She is as thin as a knife blade.

CUT TO

**4.EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE RADIO SUNSET. DAY**

A wide shot of ANGIE from behind. She is shrouded in smog. As we move closer we circle her. The smog clears. Her clothes are drab but so perfectly presented on her small frame she would not be out of place on a catwalk. We only notice her straight back and although her face when we glimpse it is grim and slightly forlorn there is an underlying strength and determination. Placed in the middle of city activity her whole being exudes a contrasting quiet. She is tightly clutching a rolled up newspaper and staring up at the 1930s building and the sign, RADIO SUNSET. She steps forward.

**END TITLES.**

**4. INT. COBURN HOME SITTING ROOM. DAY.**

**CUE MUSIC. DREAM DREAM BABY. ROY ORBISON**

The songs plays as we look around the vibe of the room. It is 50s modern. An indication of our era. Orange, lime green and geometric patterns. A lamp illuminates a huge radiogram/bar with a record turning. Then the needle sticks in a groove. stuttering on the word *Dream* in the lyric. Repeating. Repeating. Enough to be annoying. Our eyes then land on the mantelpiece.

We see a very stiff white formal invitation card and fleetingly read the invitation.

It is September 1962: **SUSAN COBURN'S** 21st birthday.

**5.INT. RADIO SUNSET.JACK COBURN'S OFFICE.SAME DAY.**

JACK is about 40, good looking in a 1940s masculine way. Well built. The sort of man who looks great naked without being a sack full of walnuts.The sort of man women want naked.

JACK'S office has a large window which looks out towards the plate glass of the announcer studio opposite.In between and next to the door of JACK's office is ANGIE'S desk. She is typing laboriously.

In his office JACK COBURN is about to leave for the day. He pauses for a moment, his face a mix of remembering and sadness. From his desk he picks up a family photograph of SUSAN, then five years old, awkwardly posing with two babies and places it on the window ledge behind him. Next to it is a photograph of a younger JACK dressed in a flying suit and leather jacket with clearly his sweetheart, MEG HUNTLY. He is grinning.

He opens a desk draw and reaches in. He is puzzled and tries again and then in controlled panic opens the drawer wide. Whatever it was, is not there.

Then startled he looks up to find THOMAS HUNTLY standing at the door.

JACK

Tom? I was just.

HUNTLY, his father in law is a burly man. We just know he is a bully.

He slams the door shut and advances. He slaps a document down on the desk. JACK reaches for the cigarette box. Opens it and gestures to HUNTLY. Like the gladiator and the lion they light up and contemplate each other.

HUNTLY coughs, leans forward and thumps the document on the desk so hard another family photo collapses.

HUNTLY

This! What the hell is this?

JACK [COOL]

It's a proposal to update and slightly alter the format of the station.

HUNTLY

Alter! Slightly? You're overreaching my boy.

JACK

Tom, If we don't do something there will be nothing to overreach. The fifties are over.

HUNTLY

What do you know?

I've been a radio man all my life.

JACK

That may be Tom but things change and the revenues are a stark reminder of the reality.

[PAUSE]

JACK [CONTINUED]

We lost Pauldens last week.

HUNTLY

Well get them back! Make a deal. Discounts.

Send a crate of champagne. You know, all the usual er... incentives. I'll have word with Arthur at the club.

JACK [FRUSTRATED]

It's not the world of old boys club anymore.

It's the format, the market. Its changing and we have to too. We are not attracting the youth market they are now aiming at.

Our demographic is old and that is not who is spending the money.

HUNTLY

Smashes the butt into the ashtray, coughs and angrily picks up the document.

You are NOT doing this Jack. The board won't have it. I won't have it.

If you don't like it go somewhere else.

JACK

For gods sake Tom. We are a dinosaur and we will be extinct. I mean that! Bottom line, in the red! Unable to sustain ourselves against the competition.

Pauldens was our major client. They had a fire. An opportunity for rebranding and the advertising budget has gone elsewhere.

HUNTLY

What the hell is rebranding?

JACK

Tom do you remember when I came back from the war I suggested we call the station a name.

JACK [CONT]

Change it from being known by its call sign to something that reflected a style. Make us different. Memorable. Take one of the time slots and dedicate it to something instead of being a mish mash of news, weather, sport, talk and random music?

Radio Sunset became known for it's late afternoon and evening. We still do it. Gentle music to ease people out of the end of their day.

[PAUSE]

But the ratings have been steadily dropping. I ask you as a businessman, would you put money into something that would give you no return?

HUNTLY

And... and... if we give over to this this youth market...

What do we do with our loyal listeners?



JACK

Think about it Tom. The failing figures are in that report. Its not pretty.

We can talk after the party.

CUT TO

**6.INT COBURN HOUSE.UPSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT.**

There is a rumpus happening. FLISS(15) has pinched TOM'S (TWIN 15) school tie to wear with her dull houndstooth check skirt and blouse.

TOM

Give it back.

FLISS

What do you care?

She wraps the tie around her neck and flicks it provocatively over her shoulder.

TOM

You're an idiot and that is pathetic.

FLISS [YELLING]

Mum do I have to wear this? It's so old ladyish.

SUSAN (21) The birthday girl appears. Her hair is curled and she is wearing a cocktail dress which shows off her small waist. She is empty attractive in contrast to the scruffiness of the twins

SUSAN

Pipe down you two and don't you dare behave like that at my party.

FLISS [NASTY]

Well look at you. Playing grownups.

SUSAN

You're just going to ruin it aren't you.

FLISS starts circling SUSAN, taunting her.

SUSAN

Mum!!!

TOM just rolls his eyes and returns to his bedroom.

MEG (39) appears. She is heavily pregnant, weary and leans against the door frame. The phone rings and SUSAN makes a desperate dash to answer it in competition with FLISS.

CUT TO

**7. INT HUNTLY MANSION. SAME NIGHT**

The party is in full swing. JACK is late and we see the scene from his POV. The staircase is wide and the chandeliers drip ostentatious crystal light. Everything is dark furniture and solid.

SUSAN waves over the noise and music but stays in the bubble surrounding her.

SUSAN

DADDY!

His large mother in law. FLORENCE HUNTLY - too much jewellery and too much responsibility - fusses over him.

HUNTLY nods curtly at JACK from a group of older people.

**7A INT. HUNTLY MANSION CLOAKROOM. SAME NIGHT**

The HUNTLY home cloakroom that would rival the Savoy or the Plaza. SUSAN is reflected in the mirror. She is concentrating on repeatedly folding and then refolding the linen hand towels and breathing out with each one completed.

FLISS walks in and watches her. She is now wearing her white blouse buttoned up with TOM'S tie. The sleeves are crunched up and the skirt seems shorter.

Startled, SUSAN immediately diverts away from her activity

and carefully applies lipstick over already carefully applied lipstick. FLISS looks derisively at her conventional sister. But SUSAN is excited.

SUSAN  
You'll never guess..

FLISS  
No. I guess I won't.

SUSAN  
Ignores the remark.

Nigel has proposed!

FLISS  
I s'pose that is so he can do 'it'  
with you.

SUSAN  
Why do you always have to ruin things?

FLISS  
Well... have you?

SUSAN  
No. I couldn't. I wouldn't.  
  
I want to wear white.

FLISS  
[SCOFFS]

MEG has not heard but is standing by the door smiling indulgently at her girls.

CUT TO

#### **8. INT. BOARDING HOUSE.SAME NIGHT**

ANGIE is climbing the dark dank stairs. She is juggling a brown paper bag of groceries but her focus is on the letter she is clutching. She is in a hurry.

CUT TO

**9. INT. HUNTLY MANSION. SAME NIGHT**

The party is in full swing. everything glitters. Central on a small table is a cake with a golden key. Meg Is seated and weary. We zoom in on various guests and flick between snips of conversation. Vivian(42), Meg's bitter and snobbish sister talking to Dr and Mrs Cadbury.

Are you the chocolate people?

MAUREEN(MAW)AND GEORGE COBURN(JACK'S sister and brother in law). NIGEL CADBURY holding SUSAN'S hand and grinning stupidly. JASPER COBURN (12) is totally bored. In the corner a thin mean man, apart and watching, we will come to know him as RODDY COOPER. Radio Sunset's salesman.

HUNTLY calls everyone to attention. He holds his hand out to SUSAN.

HUNTLY

Twenty-one years ago, about now.

He looks at his watch.

A young lady came into my life and stole my heart.

Everyone laughs.

Yes. Yes. I know you don't think I have one.

And she has kept it. SUSAN, my perfect precious granddaughter.

I am not going to bore you with every milestone.

There have been many and I hope from tonight when she gets the key to the door there will be more.

However I want to mention what a comfort and a bright little light she was in those dark uncertain days of the war. For the first four years of her life I did not have to share her....

The speech fades as we focus on JACK's face. He is struggling.

CUT TO

**10. EXT. FLASHBACK. POW CAMP.DAY**

A truck is unloading prisoners behind a fence topped with barbed wire. JACK appears in his flying uniform, battered but jumps from the truck to a barked order. Looks around and lights a cigarette.

CUT TO

**11.INT. BOARDING HOUSE BEDSIT ROOM. SAME NIGHT**

ANGIE is in her miserable bedsit. She sits, taut, on the very edge of a sagging single bed. A shaft of light from a streetlamp pushes past the side of the lowered brown blind and casts a blade of light on her.

We ZOOM IN to soup boiling over the edge of a saucepan on the single ring burner.

JUMP CUT TO

Soup splashing over in the kitchen of her past family home.

JUMP CUT TO

ANGIE in her room concentrating on the letter.

CUT TO

**12.INT.HUNTLY MANSION.SAME NIGHT**

SUSAN takes center stage and kisses her grandfather on the cheek.

SUSAN

Thank you everyone for coming and  
thank you Grandfather. Especially for  
this...

She indicates a gold envelope she is holding and smiles.

SUSAN [CONT'D]

You see you will now have to share me  
with someone else. Nigel and I are to  
be married.

She waits for the reaction. Nigel forgotten. There is a momentarily awkward beat as everyone takes in this surprise news and that also convention has been spurned. HUNTLY is irked and JACK is stunned. VIVIAN is bemused. The CADBURYS, thrilled, NIGEL, grinning, FLISS scornful, JASPER, bored and MEG looks tired. She moves uncomfortably and we see her flinch. Then they all erupt with congratulations in different ways.

TOM catches FLISS'S eye, pats his top jacket pocket and they sneak off for a cigarette.

CUT TO

**13.INT. ANGIE'S BEDSIT.SAME NIGHT**

ANGIE is placing money in an envelope.

CUT TO

**14.INT/EXT HUNTLY MANSION.SAME NIGHT.**

The party is over and the guests spill into the night. POV HUNTLY from the Terrace.

(Note: There is no concern for drink driving.)

HUNTLY watches chewing on a cigar. His free hand is clenched into a fist.

CUT TO

**15. EXT. COBURN HOME. NIGEL'S MINI.SAME NIGHT**

NIGEL leans OVER to kiss SUSAN. Awkward in a 60s Mini.

CUT TO

**16. EXT. MANCHESTER CANAL PATH.SAME NIGHT**

ANGIE is a solitary figure walking in the dark by the canal.

CUT TO

**17. EXT. COBURN HOME. SAME NIGHT.**

Suddenly all the lights of the COBURN house go on and the front door bursts open JACK runs out wearing one slipper and a dressing gown.

JACK  
Leave it to me!!

CUT TO

**17A. INT NIGELS MINI. SAME NIGHT**

SUSAN and NIGEL freeze. SUSAN fumbles with her blouse buttons. NIGEL'S signet ring gets caught in her hair and she yelps. JACK races over to the mini and shouts at NIGEL.

JACK  
Move your bloody car!

**17C. EXT COBURN HOUSE ACTIVITY. SAME NIGHT**

NIGEL moves the car.

SUSAN crosses the lawn in tears. JACK backs his car up the driveway toward the front door.

MEG appears. She is calm and collected and amused. She barely notices SUSAN rushing past her.

JASPER and FLISS appear fleetingly.

JACK loads MEG and drives off.

CUT TO

**18. EXT. MANCHESTER HOSPITAL.**

JACK stops the car at the door. A nurse is waiting with a wheelchair.

MAISIE  
Hop on Mrs Coburn.

MEG  
Nice to see you again Maisie but I  
think Jack needs that more than I do.

MAISIE  
Have to look after you.

MEG  
This is my 5th. Think I might be able  
to manage.

MEG is gripped by a contraction, doubles and reaches for  
MAISIE'S shoulder. When the contraction subsides MAISIE nods  
toward the wheelchair.

MAISIE.  
Better get there pronto I think.

Meg nods and sinks into the wheelchair. They take off through  
the doors as JACK arrives carrying a small suitcase.

CUT TO

**19. INT. COBURN HOME KITCHEN. SUN AM. MORNING AFTER**

Could this room be any more of a contrast to the style of the  
HUNTLY home? Green formica bench tops with a cream enamel  
fridge. High window ledge and checked café curtains. Cereal  
packets, milk bottles, jam jars, marmite and dirty bowls sit  
on the red Formica table. A blue plastic radio is on playing  
The Platters

**CUE MUSIC 'Smoke gets in your Eyes'**

TOM is reading an SAS handbook. JASPER has upended the cereal  
packet and is pouring cereal directly into his mouth.

SUSAN is fiddling with the bow at the neck of her blue nylon  
housecoat, tying it and untying. The limelight of the night  
before has faded too fast.



FLISS [TAUNTING]  
So what were you and Noodle doing out there so late?

SUSAN  
Nothing. Jasper don't be so disgusting.

FLISS  
Yeah Jasper, that is gross.  
  
I'm never going to get married. God. Imagine how bored you would get with just one person.

JASPER now has his hand stuck right in the cereal packet.

JASPER  
Did you take it Tom? Bet you did.

TOM  
Huh?

JASPER  
  
Taps the back of the cereal packet.

See it's supposed to be this and I don't have it.

TOM  
Why would I want a Sheriff of Nottingham in red plastic?

He looks back to the book and flicks a page.

Hey, why don't we make this later?

JASPER looks over TOM's shoulder

JASPER  
A bomb! That'd be neat.

FLISS gets up and starts to pace.

FLISS  
I wish they would ring. Surely it can't take this long.

SUSAN

Well I think it is just 'off'.

Having a baby at her age!

FLISS throws her a contemptuous look. SUSAN gets up and starts clearing the table. JASPER snatches the marmite back from her hand and puts his arms protectively around his plate of toast. The phone on the wall rings. TOM and FLISS race for it. FLISS gets there first.

FLISS

Well?

NIGEL (VO)

Nothing. Nothing happened. I swear.

FLISS

I wish you would swear. Might be an adventure for you.

She hands the phone to SUSAN and stands next to her picking at the seam in the wallpaper until she gets the message and hangs up.

CUT TO

**20. INT. RADIO SUNSET. BREAKFAST SHIFT. SUNDAY AM.**

At the station BARRY LEIGH (21) has settled into his Sunday am shift. He is lean and cool with the look of a boy not quite grown into himself, but trying. The studio clock reads 7.12 am.

**CUE MUSIC Mantovani's 'Charmain'.**

BARRY is conducting in parody fashion, and then he rips his headphones off and throws them across the desk. He is spinning his chair around, arms and head thrown back in a gesture of despair. Clearly not his taste.

CUT TO

**20A INT RADIO SUNSET. POV FROM STUDIO TO OFFICE.**

Through the studio window ANGIE is two finger typing - catching up. It is better to be at work than alone.

CUT TO

**20B INT RADIO SUNSET. STUDIO**

BARRY, nearly caught short at the end of the recording he grabs the headphones and opens the mic, while grappling to put a new record on the turntable. He switches the speed button from 33/3 to 45 RPM and picks up a record.

He grins and waves to catch ANGIE'S attention through the glass wall and winks.

Then, gone is his formal disembodied announcer voice.

BARRY

It's 12 past 7 and I wanna say HI YA  
to a buncha kids waiting for some  
special news.

Hold on kids, shouldn't be too much  
longer.

Here's one for you.

**MUSIC CUE: SURFIN USA. BEACH BOYS.**

Suddenly the initial pinging guitar intro fills the studio. BARRY leans over the consul and turns up the studio speakers.

BARRY is out of his chair and dancing.

CUT TO

**20C INT RADIO SUNSET. ANGIE'S DESK.**

ANGIE jerks her head up from her laborious typing, eyes wide and she smiles. The first smile we have seen from her.

CUT TO

**21. INT. COBURN HOME KITCHEN. SUN AM. CONTINUED**

JASPER leaps up and turns the radio up loud. Tom dumps the SAS book, grabs FLISS'S hand they dance around the kitchen.

SUSAN ignores them and concentrates on a sink full of suds. Scrubbing.

CUT TO

**22.INT.RADIO SUNSET. ANGIE'S OFFICE. SUN AM CONTINUED**

The phone on ANGIE'S desk rings and she looks at it with trepidation.

ANGIE

Good morning Radio Sunset.

HUNTLY (VO)

What the bloody hell does that idiot in the studio think he is doing!

Put Jack on!

ANGIE

She winces. Anger is scary

I am sorry Sir but Mr Coburn is at the hospital with his wife.

HUNTLY (VO)

Then give me Roddy Cooper!

ANGIE

I am sorry sir but Mr Cooper does not work on Sunday.

HUNTLY (VO)

Then put me through to that twerp on air!

ANGIE

I am sorry sir but...

HUNTLY slams the phone down.

CUT TO

**23. INT COBURN KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS**

Another phone ringing cuts through the Beach Boys. FLISS grabs it.

FLISS  
It's a girl!

CUT TO

**24. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. SUN AM.**

JACK is on the public telephone. He hangs up. Rummages in his pockets for more change and dials again.

JACK [TIRED]  
Tom, you have another granddaughter.

HUNTLY (VO)  
Yes. Girl. Right. Now get down to the station and sort out that idiot on air!

JACK  
HUH?

HUNTLY (VO)  
He's gone rogue. Playing that muck.  
We will be talking about this later

HUNTLY slams the phone down.

JACK stares into the middle distance.

CUT TO

**25. EXT. HOSPITAL CARPARK. SUN AM**

JACK eases his tired body into the Zephyr and drives out of the hospital car park. It is raining.

Note: No parking machines or meters.

**25A INT. CAR WINDSCREEN.CONTINUOUS.**

Rain beats onto the windscreen and the wipers clack a rhythmical beat which morphs into the sound of army boots marching.

CUT TO

**FLASHBACK****26.EXT. POW CAMP 1941. DAY**

JACK is leaning on a wire fence in his now tatty uniform, smoking and reading a letter. He is approached by a Guard. They clearly have a friendly relationship.

GUARD

Work detail tomorrow.Do you want to be on it?

JACK looks up and the GUARD winks.

GUARD [CONT'D]

Drop off? Usual place?

JACK

I have a daughter.

Guard shrugs.

Giving himself think time JACK reaches into his jacket and gives the guard a packet of cigarettes.

JACK [CONT'D]

Yeah. I'll be expected.

GUARD

Laughs lasciviously.

Besser ein Spatz in der Hand  
als eine Taube auf dem Dach.

CUT TO

**27. INT. COBURN HOME. SITTING ROOM. EVENING.**

BARRY LEIGH has arrived with a pile of 45s. JACK toys with his scotch. He is tired but trying to look stern.

BARRY

OK so I made the old man cross. I'm sorry but...

but I'm not. Sack me if you want.

Look, we can't play Doris Day forever!

It's over. That was then - you lot back from the war and wanting pappy romance- everything to be 'nice'.

It's not like that anymore. Things are happening

- changes in the way we think and the way we want things.

Young people with voices. They are the audience.

Look at your own kids! I have been getting these from the states!

BARRY scatters a dozen 45's across the tiled coffee table. JACK watches.

BARRY [CONT'D]

That song this morning is a hit in America! And we have not even heard it here.

Well, not until now...

JACK [LAUGHS]

I'm not going to sack you.

BARRY

You're not?

JACK

I want to update the format as much as you do.

BARRY

You do?

JACK

But we need to do this properly. No more going 'rogue' as the old man calls it.

BARRY

We could be the first!

JACK

Slow down

BARRY

I do have an idea.

Let me put together a sample show and see what you think?

JACK

Hmm. And then we could run it past some of the advertising clients I would really like to target.

JACK pauses and eyes Barry.

JACK [CONT'D]

Keep it away for COOPER in the meantime.

CUT TO

**28. INT HUNTLY MANSION. HUNTLY'S STUDY. NIGHT.**

HUNTLY is seated behind his well-polished large desk. He looks up and dismissively gestures that his visitor should sit. Over the top of the head of the unidentified visitor we see HUNTLY talking but do not hear what he is saying.

The study door closes as the visitor leaves.

HUNTLY stares for a long time after him with one large hand, open palmed patting the desk as though firmly squashing something flat.

CUT TO



**29.INT. COBURN HOME. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.**

NIGEL and SUSAN are watching Dr Kildare on television.

**CUE MUSIC THE THEME TO DR KILDARE**

NIGEL has his hand up SUSAN'S jumper and things are becoming heated.

SUSAN

I can't.

NIGEL

Why not? We are engaged,

SUSAN

But not married yet Nigel.

NIGEL

Does it matter? I mean it's just a social construct, all this virginity business.

SUSAN

You wouldn't say that if you were taking the risk.

NIGEL

What risk?

SUSAN pulls her cardigan tighter around herself.

SUSAN

I could get pregnant.

NIGEL

Come on Sweet. I love you and I wouldn't -

SUSAN

- Well we can't. Not here anyway.

NIGEL

If you loved me. . .

He pulls her close and kisses her.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Mum and Dad are away on the weekend. .

SUSAN

I cant. I am not going to walk down  
the aisle pregnant. Like my mother!

CUT TO

**30. INT. RADIO SUNSET. JACKS OFFICE. MONDAY. DAY**

ANGIE is leaving JACK's office with a pile of paperwork.  
HUNTLY barges past and knocks her sideways.

**CUE MUSIC: THERE MAY BE TROUBLE AHEAD** [Coming for the studio]

HUNTLY (ROARING)

Have you sorted out that  
whippersnapper yet!  
How could you let him get out of  
control?

JACK

Maybe he has a point Tom. Why don't  
you sit. The news today is not great.  
Just learnt that Pauldens have cut  
more of the budget allocated to us.

HUNTLY

Why?

JACK

Apart from that, ANGIE has been  
fielding phone calls all morning about  
the new music.

Positive ones.

HUNTLY

Who the hell is Angie. Another of your  
upstarts?

JACK

My new secretary. Tom did you read the  
figures I sent?

HUNTLY just looks past him.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's not just Pauldens Tom. They are  
just a prime example. They are  
investing the buying budget into youth

departments and following up with compatible strategies. Competitions to encourage store traffic. Stunts for attention. Public relations.

HUNTLY

What the fuck is public relations!!!

At that moment ANGIE sensitively closes the office door.

Through the glass from ANGIES POV we see HUNTLY'S spitting fury. It is too familiar.

CUT TO

30A INT CLOSE UP ON ANGIES ANGUISHED FACE.

**CUE MUSIC: LETS FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE.**

CUT TO.

**31. INT. MANCHESTER HOSPITAL. MATERNITY WARD. DAY.**

SFX Hospital noises, Shoes walking on lino, machines beeping, chatter.

The family troop in to view the baby through a glass window. The baby is in a nursery with a dozen or so other bassinets with pink and blue blankets. MEG is in a nylon quilted robe. Her neat hair and full makeup are incongruous in the setting. She picks up the baby wrapped in a hand knitted lacy shawl and takes her to the window for them all to see. SUSAN is disinterested. TOM stares. FLISS wants to hold her and JASPER is plain bored. FLORENCE HUNTLY is present but her husband is not.

**32.INT. COBURN HOME KITCHEN. SAT.DAY.**

SUSAN in a 'housewify' apron is queen of the kitchen in MEG'S absence - Or thinks she is.

FLISS.

Lifts a pot lid.

Oooha. That looks terrible.

FLISS [CONT'D]

When is she coming home. I think we will all die with another few days of this.

TOM

[To the tune of Mud Glorious Mud.]

Muck, Muck horrible Muck. Nothing quite like it for. . .

SUSAN

Dont.

FLISS

Keeps lifting lids and making faces then points a collapsed cake on the work top.

And what is that?

TOM is poking holes in it. At the table JASPER is cutting into loaf of bread. Badly. A knife is sticking out of the mucky honey jar.

JASPER

Baked beans. I'm just gonna have baked beans.

TOM

Me too.

FLISS

Poor old Noodle. It will be a life of Spam and lettuce for him.

TOM

Singing as he leaves the kitchen.

Slugs Slugs slippery slugs. . .

Susan is near tears.

CUT TO.

**33. INT. RADIO SUNSET. JACKS OFFICE. MONDAY. A WEEK LATER.  
DAY.**

JACK has called a meeting. Present are JACK, BARRY and RODDY COOPER(50ish), the station Sales Manager. He is lazy, and sceptical of anything that entails more work. Everything about him is thin. His clothes, his hair, his mouth, his attitude. And his fingers framing a 'roll your own' cigarette. COOPER is older than JACK but with a weak chest and did not serve in any of the forces during WW2. He has worked at 6AY, or renamed RADIO SUNSET by JACK for twenty years. JACK being made General Manager with no previous experience made him resentful and he has carried this bitterly for the last ten years.

BARRY is excited and animated.

Under the dialogue, coming from the studio speakers. .

**CUE MUSIC: IT'S MAGIC. DORIS DAY.**

BARRY hears it and draws his lips into a very prissy line, puts his fingers to his cheek, shakes his head and lifts his eyes skyward. He is giving himself away. COOPER'S eyes narrow as he watches BARRY.

JACK

OK, I need a report to the board on our current situation and it's not cheerful.

Actually the opposite, and we need to fix it.

COOPER [DISMISSIVE]

What can we do if the clients tighten up?

JACK

But is that what is happening Roddy?

COOPER

Well what else then?

JACK

You are out and about. You must have observed the changes.

COOPER [SHRUGS]

Same old same old as far as I can see.

BARRY

But no. Have you been up to the first floor of Pauldens on a Friday night? Or walked down Market Street and checked out HMV?

COOPER

Why should HMV advertise with us.

They get it all for free.

BARRY

That wasn't my point.

JACK

Roddy, Barry thinks that the demographic for radio is changing. There is a new market and we should be ahead of the game. I am inclined to agree.

COOPER

Oh, he just wants to play *pop* music.

BARRY

Is that a crime?

COOPER

There are worse things. . .

COOPER looks piercingly at BARRY who smarts a little.

JACK

Roddy. We think some of the programmes on the station could change to target the new market and see how we fare.

COOPER.  
Like when?

JACK  
Breakfast.

COOPER [SPLUTTERS]  
But you can't that's my best slot. The  
most commission.

JACK  
It may stammer for a while but if we  
don't try-

Regardless of which time slot we  
choose we need a list of businesses  
aimed at the under twenty five  
bracket.

COOPER  
Me? Why doesn't *he* do it?

Stabs a finger in BARRY'S direction.

JACK  
Because I have something else on this  
project for him to do.

Roddy, Just try please.

COOPER gets up and without another word leaves the office.

BARRY  
That went down like a sack of shit.

JACK  
I can't see there much else except to  
crack on. Get the pilot show made up.  
Can you manage?

BARRY'S answer is in his wide grin.

CUT TO

**34.INT RADIO SUNSET. SMALL RECORDING STUDIO. DAY.**

BARRY is putting a tape on the reel to reel machine

BARRY [SINGING]  
Move over Darling I don't like you  
that much.

CUT TO

**35. IN A FAST CUT MONTAGE OVER MUSIC WE SEE. . .****CUE MUSIC. YOU DON'T KNOW ME. RAY CHARLES.**

-SUSAN is in the COBURN kitchen rearranging cupboards with military precision.

-TOM and JASPER are lying on the floor arranging toy soldiers.

-FLISS is running up clothes on a treadle sewing machine.

-BARRY is in the studio again. Happy.

**CUE MUSIC: HE'S A REBEL.**

- COOPER is surreptitiously watching him. Unhappy.

- JACK bangs the phone down.

- ANGIE is at her desk.

- ANGIE takes coffee to BARRY in the studio.

**CUE MUSIC: SHARING YOU. BOBBY VEE.**

-MEG, at the hospital is peacefully breast feeding the baby.

- SUSAN and NIGEL making out, but stop just in time.



**CUE MUSIC: BLOWIN IN THE WIND, DYLAN.**

- ANGIE has on headphones and is recording into a microphone.
- FLISS parades in front of the mirror, approving her new creation.

**CUE MUSIC: MASTERS OF WAR, DYLAN** (Note: This song was officially released March 1963).

- TOM and Jasper now have the toy soldiers in a battle formation.
- JACK helps MEG and the baby into the front seat of the car. Note: There are no seat belts or baby restraint.

Music fades out as the car starts.

**END MONTAGE**

CUT TO

**35. EXT/INT HUNTLY MANSION AND RODDY COOPER'S CAR. NIGHT.**

COOPER sits alone in the driver's seat of his Morris Minor rolling a cigarette. He lights it and carelessly flicks the match out of the window. With obvious practice he curls his tongue and blows gentle smoke rings. He clacks his fingernails on the steering wheel. He is in no hurry. We see a statuette of the three monkeys glued to the dashboard. Hear-No, See-No, Speak-No Evil. On the passenger seat there is crumpled envelope which on a closer look is from the Home Office and postmarked 1945.

CUT TO

**36. INT. RADIO SUNSET. ANGIES OFFICE. NIGHT.**

ANGIE puts the cover on her typewriter and pats it. Apart from the announcer currently on air and BARRY in the booth she is last to leave, or is she?

The cleaner vacuums around her and lumps the appliance through the door into JACK'S office.

ANGIE picks up a book and before putting it into her new handbag she opens it at the back. We see a worn photograph of a young girl. She places it in the handbag and clicks it shut. She walks past the studio window, taps on the window and waves at the announcer. We hear the drone of a radio play with raised angry arguing. ANGIE stops momentarily. It is too familiar. She bows her head and walks away.

**37. INT. RADIO SUNSET ANGIES OFFICE. NIGHT.**

BARRY places the reel to reel tape canister on ANGIE'S desk. He leaves the station.

**38. EXT. MANCHESTER STREETS. NIGHT.**

The night is black. BARRY walks quickly and he looks around him before entering an alleyway. It gets darker.

**CUE MUSIC. ONCE I HAD A SECRET LOVE. DORIS DAY**

A contrast to the menace of the dark.

BARRY knocks on a door which looks random in an obviously industrial brick wall. It opens a chink and a streak of light illuminates BARRY'S face. He looks nervous. And then he disappears through the door.

**39. INT. COBURN HOME.KITCHEN. NIGHT.**

The COBURN family gather around the kitchen table for the evening meal. It all feels familiar like any family together. The television blares in the background.

The food looks delicious. JACK is carving and FLISS serving vegetables while MEG is breast feeding the baby at the table. SUSAN looks disgusted. TOM doesn't look; he has his head in the SAS book again. JASPER is missing.

JACK  
Turn that bloody TV off!

The noise abruptly stops and JASPER appears.

JASPER

So Dad, What's a happening?

FLISS

Me first. What are you calling her?

MEG

We haven't decided yet Darling

FLISS takes the platter she was using, turns and walks a couple of paces to place it in the sink. The whole family except TOM turn and stare at her. She is wearing a mini dress with black stockings.

JACK clatters down the carving tools and rises to say something.

MEG reached over and gently pats him to sit down. he draws in a deep breath for a tense moment and then sits. SUSAN rolls her eyes.

SUSAN

Now that you are home Mummy. Can we talk about a date for the wedding. Nigel and I don't want to wait.

FLISS (SMIRKING)

Oh yeah, do we hear more babies. Has practice gone wrong?

SUSAN

Don't be so disgusting!

MEG

Whenever you want Darling. Shall we go and ask church dates and then see what suits. I am sure your grandparents are thinking a Marquee in the garden so perhaps the summer?

MEG burps the baby while eating with one hand and indulges her. JASPER shovels his food, eager to be done with the discussion.

FLISS

Perhaps I can design your wedding dress?

SUSAN

What? I want a professional not some  
nobody with a treadle.

FLISS

Well! I will be a professional. I have  
a job and I am quitting school

JACK

You are bloody what!

TOM

Cool Sis.

Once again SUSAN'S limelight has been stolen and MEG smiles.  
Sees herself in FLISS.

**CUE MUSIC: REPRISE. LETS FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE.**

#### 40. MIXED END SEQUENCE

The camera draws us backwards from the scene and out onto the exterior of the lit family home. We cross the city lights as though flying above all those cosy family scenes being played out below. WE are intruders again.

And then we dive down to. . .

**40a.**BARRY, hunched, as though cold. He closes the alley way door behind him and with it the light is shut out and he is plunged into gloom. Hands in pockets and very alone he walks back down the dark lane into seeming nowhere.

**40b.**HUNTLY is in his brightly lit bathroom, coughing violently. Blood spots the white sink bowl.

**40c.** ANGIE is sitting on her single bed in the bedsit. Alone and crying in the dark. She is holding two photographs which flutter to the floor. One is of the young girl and the other, a baby.

CUT TO

41. EXT STREET AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE RADIO STATION. NIGHT.

A passing car lights up a figure from the back.

CUT TO

41A. EXT. RADIO SUNSET. NIGHT

A hand reaches into a pocket and draws out a key. The key is inserted into the lock. It clicks as it turns.

CUT TO

42. INT RADIO SUNSET. ANGIE'S DESK. NIGHT

Moonlight reaches through the slated venetian blinds and casts stripes of light across the dark of ANGIE'S desk at Radio Sunset. The window is open and we hear a metallic click, click, click as the cord end beats against the metal slats. A hand is reaching, hesitating. Fingernails tap on metal. Tap Tap Tap. The hand picks up the tape canister.

CUT TO

43. INT COBURN SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

In the fire place glow of the dying embers we move up to the mantle piece and another white card.

It reads

The Coburn Family cordially invite..... to the christening of their daughter and sister, Doris Florence....

CUT TO

FADE OUT

END ONE In the empty sitting room of the COBURN house the record on the radiogram keeps flicking at the end of the recording back and forth, back and forth over the grooves. No one comes to lift the needle.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

OR, END TWO In the sitting room of the COBURN house the record on the radiogram has finished. The arm moves statically across the last grooves, automatically lifts, robotically moves sideways to it's position and neatly lowers into position with a final click.

Reprise of 'Lets Face The Music And Dance'.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.