

WRITTEN WITH ENGLAND IN MIND

A true story

By

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INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

CAPTION:

17.15 COLOGNE TO HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY, DECEMBER 1989.

JOHN DAVEY (42) handsome, impeccably dressed, peers out of the train's window as it speeds through Northern Germany. He politely declines the offer of refreshments from a young man pulling a buffet cart.

JOHN
(To buffet cart boy)
No thank you.

John reaches over to the empty seat opposite and picks up a history revision text book. Sneakily placed inside it, is a Wisden cricket magazine.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Unbelievable.

John's son, TOM DAVEY (14), returns from the toilet. He's a complete chip off the old block. He scoops up his reading material and sits down.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(To Tom)
You okay?

TOM
Fine thanks.

Tom opens his book. John gestures at the title.

JOHN
The Cold War. Interesting is it?

TOM
It is actually. I'm just reading about "The Bay of Pigs".

JOHN
I remember that. Now that was scary.

TOM
Why?

JOHN
It could have quite easily been the start of World War Three.

TOM
I never knew that.

JOHN
 (Leans towards Tom)
 It's true. But do you mind telling
 me, what has any of this got to do
 with cricket?

Tom's mouth falls open. Busted!

TOM
 What do you mean?

JOHN
 I've seen the magazine you've got
 tucked inside that book.

Tom quickly thinks of something.

TOM
 It was the Caribbean wasn't it?
 They love their cricket over there.

John shakes his head, suppressing a smile. This kid!

JOHN
 Not in Cuba they don't. Now start
 revising properly!

TOM
 Dad, I'm far more likely to be a
 pro cricketer than a historian.

John considers this may be true.

JOHN
 Maybe, but you still need your
 qualifications!

TOM
 (Sulkily)
 I don't see the point in doing
 subjects you're no good at. It's
 not fair!

JOHN
 Life isn't mate. Get used to it.

John looks up as two GUARDS walk down the carriage,
 inspecting passenger's tickets.

GUARD ONE
 (To John)
 (In German)
 Ticket's please.

JOHN
 Tickets?

GUARD TWO

Yes please.

John smiles knowingly, and reaches into his jacket pocket. Panicking slightly, he reaches up to the luggage compartment overhead, and pulls out his overcoat and briefcase.

GUARD ONE

(To John)

Is there a problem sir?

John opens his briefcase. No tickets. He checks the pockets of his overcoat. They're not there either.

JOHN

Yes, my tickets, they seemed to have disappeared.

The guards wait passively.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have you seen our tickets Tom?

Tom peers over his magazine, uninterested.

TOM

No, sorry. I thought you had them.

JOHN

(To the Guards)

Well that is a complete mystery. I do apologise.

GUARD TWO

That's okay sir. Take your time.

John acknowledges the guard's patience and searches all of his pockets this time.

JOHN

No. Gone.

GUARD TWO

If you have lost your tickets, then I'm afraid we will have to charge you the full price to reissue them.

JOHN

(To Guard two)

Yes of course. It's better than you throwing us off the train, isn't it?

Both guards laugh gently.

John whips out his cheque book.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (To Guard one)
 Will you accept a cheque and
 guarantee card?

GUARD ONE
 Yes we can.

JOHN
 Excellent. Do you have a pen?

Guard one hands his pen to John.

GUARD 1
 Here.

JOHN
 Thank you. Who do I make the cheque
 payable to?

GUARD 1
 It's Deutsche Bahn sir.

JOHN
 Thanks.

John sits back down and opens his cheque book. As John starts
 to write, he slumps to the floor, clutching his chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Help me.

TOM
 Dad!

Fellow passengers make space for Tom, who rushes to John's
 side.

TOM (CONT'D)
 (To the Guards)
 Help him! Please!

The guards panic.

GUARD ONE
 (To Guard two)
 (In German)
 He's having a heart attack.

GUARD 2
 (In German)
 Shit. Call an ambulance!

Guard two performs mouth to mouth resuscitation to John.

GUARD 1
 (In German, over radio)
 Emergency in carriage three!
 (MORE)

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
 Suspected heart attack. Assistance
 required immediately!

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMBURG STATION - DAY

John is stretchered along the platform by two paramedics. Tom wipes tears from his eyes, as he jogs to keep up.

TOM
 (To paramedics)
 Will my Dad be okay?

Tom doesn't get an answer. He watches on, forlornly. FREEZE on John as he's lifted onto an awaiting ambulance.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 I loved John Davey. He was unlike
 any of the heroes I had at the
 time.

Images of a West Ham United team photo 1985-86, Ian Botham, Billy Connolly, Cast of Only Fools and Horses, and Minder.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 I actually knew him. He was the
 most incredible man I'd ever met.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

CAPTION: CHRISTMAS EVE 1974

JOHN (27) pulls down the shutters and locks the large factory door. He walks briskly to his shiny red Cortina and speeds off in outrageous fashion.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 He had everything.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

A breathtaking blonde, HAZEL, (24) sits contentedly. A newly born baby asleep in her arms.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 His wife, Hazel. She'd catch me
 staring all the time.

John hands Hazel a small glass of sherry.

JOHN
 There you go.

HAZEL

Thank you.

JOHN

Happy Christmas Haze.

John leans over and kisses Hazel tenderly. She hands him his son, who he takes gladly in his arms. He rocks the baby gently, as he walks around the room.

HAZEL

(To John, but looking at the baby)
I don't suppose you've thought of a name for him yet?

JOHN

I've been too busy. Why?

HAZEL

My Mum's nagging me about him not having a name in time for Christmas.

JOHN

I could think of a few names for her.

Hazel pulls a mock frown.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What about Noel? That's a Christmassy sort of name, isn't it?

HAZEL

We're not calling him Noel.

John plucks a name out of nowhere.

JOHN

Thomas!

HAZEL

Thomas?

JOHN

Yes. As in the Thomas Crown affair! Steve McQueen, remember?

Hazel slowly considers the name. It's a winner.

HAZEL

Yes. It's nice, and biblical. Mum will love it.

John is never able to resist a dig at his mother in law.

JOHN

Oh good. I am pleased.

Hazel raises her glass.

HAZEL
Here's to Thomas!

John follows suit.

JOHN
To Thomas!

DANIEL (V.O.)
Happy as he was, John never stopped
wanting more.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - DAY

CAPTION: SPRING, 1977

A white Porsche pulls up outside a large, unoccupied house. John gets out to examine it closer. He opens a gate that leads into the back garden, to find a spectacular tennis court and swimming pool. Eyes widening with excitement, he runs back to his car and drives off.

INT. ESTATE AGENT OFFICE - DAY

John swaggers in, takes off his sunglasses, and waits to be attended to. A middle aged ESTATE AGENT acknowledging him, beckons him over. John wanders over to her desk.

ESTATE AGENT
How can I help you sir?

JOHN
Hi. I've been looking at some of
your properties for sale. There's
one in particular I'm very
interested in.

ESTATE AGENT
Great. Take a seat, and I can get
some details from you.

JOHN
Cheers.

John leans back, his hands behind his head. The estate agent is taken aback by his cocksure demeanour.

ESTATE AGENT
You're name please sir?

JOHN
Mr John Davey.

The estate agent doesn't look up as she writes on a card.

ESTATE AGENT

And what house were you interested in?

JOHN

Thirty three Coombe Rise.

The estate agent looks incredulously at John, who doesn't flinch.

ESTATE AGENT

Okay.

JOHN

How much is it on offer for?

ESTATE AGENT

That one? Fifty six thousand pounds.

JOHN

Fine! I'll take it.

ESTATE AGENT

Take what?

JOHN

The house.

The estate agent leans forward, playing along with a man she assumes is a time waster.

ESTATE AGENT

Just like that?

JOHN

Yes. I'd like to get it sorted now if possible.

ESTATE AGENT

Great. Then I trust you've arranged a mortgage for such a property?

JOHN

No.

The estate agent continues to patronise.

ESTATE AGENT

So how do you expect to pay for the house then?

JOHN

Cash okay?

John's matter of fact attitude suggests that he may be serious. She flicks through the file for the vendor's phone number.

ESTATE AGENT

Well I can give Mrs Gigg a call and see what she says.

JOHN

If you could please.

The estate agent looks at the card, dials the number and waits for an answer. There isn't one.

ESTATE AGENT

No answer. I'll call her back a bit later.

JOHN

Thanks.

ESTATE AGENT

We don't sell many in cash, I have to say.

JOHN

Well if she's interested, I can sort the cash and we can tie it all up today perhaps?

ESTATE AGENT

Today?

JOHN

Yes, why not?

ESTATE AGENT

(Scornful)
Yes! Why not! And what time shall we expect you back here with the money Mr Davey?

The estate agent sits back, as if anticipating the punch line to a cruel joke. John checks his watch.

JOHN

Four o'clock okay?

ESTATE AGENT

Four o'clock is fine.

John stands to shake the estate agent's hand.

JOHN

Sorry I didn't catch your name?

ESTATE AGENT/DOREEN

I'm Doreen, Doreen Gates.

JOHN

Been a pleasure Doreen. See you at four.

John exits the office. Doreen watches him from the window as he walks off.

ESTATE AGENT/DOREEN
(To herself)
Cocky Bastard.

INT. ESTATE AGENT OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

John bowls in and heads over to Doreen's desk. A bunch of flowers in one hand, a briefcase in the other. Doreen, smiling falsely, checks her watch as John approaches.

DOREEN
You're three minutes late Mr Davey!

John is too thick skinned to grasp her open contempt for him.

JOHN
Sorry about that.

DOREEN
I'm so sorry. I couldn't get through to Mrs Gigg earlier on.

JOHN
That's okay, I've just popped round to speak to her. She's happy to take the cash.

John hands over the flowers and briefcase to Doreen. She is stunned.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Anyway, these are both for you.

DOREEN
Thank you.

Doreen takes the flowers. Her jaw drops as she opens the briefcase, full to the brim with twenty pound notes.

EXT. GARDEN OF LARGE HOUSE - DAY

A gloriously sunny day, a picture of perfect domesticity. John rolls a ball to Thomas, who holding a miniature cricket bat, swings and connects perfectly.

JOHN
Good boy Thomas!

Meanwhile, Hazel feeds their new born son, MICHAEL, as she rocks on the garden swing.

DANIEL (V.O.)
So how did John achieve all of this?

INT. FACTORY - DAY

John walks around his factory, a vast sea of green bottles.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 He'd become one of the largest
 independent distributors of Brut
 Faberge aftershave in Britain.

MONTAGE: A sequence of T.V adverts featuring sporting legends
 Kevin Keegan, Henry Cooper, David Hemery, Barry Sheene and
 Harvey Smith, all endorsing "The great smell of Brut".

DANIEL (V.O.)
 In the seventies, selling that
 stuff was a license to print money.
 It seemed that every man in Britain
 wore it.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

A Rotary club dinner. John addresses a table of businessmen.

JOHN
 (Holding a toothpick aloft)
 Gentlemen, I'm now going to tell
 you why this humble toothpick is
 the most valuable single item on
 this table.

FREEZE ON John as he holds up a toothpick.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 At the end of this pitch, at least
 three Rotarians asked John to go
 into business with them. But he
 could only ever work alone. By his
 own admission, he was unmanageable.

EXT. STATION CONCOURSE - DAY

CAPTION: PADDINGTON STATION, CHRISTMAS EVE 1983.

John walks TOM (9) to the middle of the busy concourse.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Tom was the apple of John's eye.
 Adore each other as they did, their
 relationship was unique to say the
 least.

JOHN
 Tom, I want you to take a good look
 at your surroundings.

TOM

Okay.

John blindfolds Tom with a tie, and spins him thrice to disorient him.

JOHN

(Setting his watch)

You've got ten minutes to find our train to Swindon, okay? Without taking the blindfold off! Understand?

TOM

Yes! And you promise I can open it tonight if I do it?

JOHN

Of course! Oh and I will know if you have cheated.

TOM

How?

JOHN

I just will. We're sat in Coach F, and I'll be waiting by the door. Good luck.

John runs off, leaving Tom to fumble his way through the masses of people about to catch their trains.

EXT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

John leaps up on the foot well and grabs the carriage door. He checks the time, there is no sign of Tom.

EXT. STATION CONCOURSE - DAY

Tom walks in to an ELDERLY MAN, almost knocking him over.

ELDERLY MAN

What on earth are you doing?

TOM

I'm sorry.

The elderly man composes himself. He looks Tom up and down in utter disbelief.

ELDERLY MAN

Why the hell are you blindfolded?

TOM

My Dad's set me a challenge.

ELDERLY MAN

He's what?

TOM

He bet me I couldn't find my way to our train, blindfolded.

ELDERLY MAN

Did he now?

TOM

Yes.

ELDERLY MAN

And what train might that be?

TOM

It's the one ten to Swindon.

The elderly man looks up at the huge timetable.

ELDERLY MAN

I see it. Come on, walk with me. At least that way you won't bump into anyone else.

Grabbing his hand, the elderly man leads Tom to his train.

TOM

Thank you.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

John walks down the carriage and finds Hazel reading to Michael.

JOHN

There you are!

Hazel looks up.

HAZEL

Where's Tom?

JOHN

I've sent him on a mission.

HAZEL

What was that?

JOHN

I blindfolded him on the concourse, and told him that if he could find our train before it left, he could have his BMX tonight.

HAZEL

You did what?! He's nine years of age for Christ's sake.

JOHN

(Glancing at his watch)
He was fine! I told him I wouldn't go without him. Although I'm a bit worried where he is now.

HAZEL

What the hell is wrong with you? Anything could have happened to him. Go and find him!

A hard tap on the window stops Hazel erupting any further. The elderly man waves and points down at Thomas.

ELDERLY MAN

(Mouthing)
Does this one belong to you?

Hazel smiles and nods.

HAZEL

(To John)
I cannot believe you.

JOHN

I knew he'd be fine. He just had to follow his instincts.

The elderly man escorts Tom up the carriage to John and Hazel.

ELDERLY MAN

Looks like your son has won his bet!

Tom whips off the tie, beaming his winning smile.

EXT. BRENTWOOD CRICKET CLUB - DAY

CAPTION: JUNE 1984

John applauds his victorious cricket team as they are led from the field by their captain, DANIEL COCKLIN(13).

JOHN

Well done lads! Well bowled Danny Boy!

FREEZE as John ruffles Daniel's hair.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Those two little words from my coach and friend meant the world to me. Brentwood Cricket Club was the place we loved more than anywhere on the planet. Here, he was idolised, with his heroics on the field.

EXT. BRENTWOOD CRICKET CLUB - DAY

John runs in and bowls at a nervous looking WEST INDIAN batsmen. The ball smashes into the stumps. Game over.

INT. BRENTWOOD CRICKET CLUB - LATER THAT EVENING.

DANIEL (V.O.)

And his charismatic ways off it. To describe him as the life and soul would be an understatement.

John stands at the packed bar, holding court to a group of WEST INDIANS he'd been playing against earlier.

JOHN

.. The skipper wouldn't dare take me off. I only needed one more wicket for a five for.

WEST INDIAN ONE

You got five wickets man?

JOHN

Yes. Happens most weeks.

The West Indians find John hilarious.

WEST INDIAN TWO

Well you need to get a jug in then.

John is loudly encouraged to get the beers in.

JOHN

Okay, okay, what's it going to be boys? Lager or bitter?

WEST INDIAN TWO

I got a better idea. Rum and coke!

John nods in agreement and calls over bar manager, ALAN.

JOHN

Alan!

ALAN

Yes John.

JOHN

Three jugs of rum and coke please.

Alan looks at John suspiciously.

ALAN

This one of your silly games is it?
We don't do jugs of rum and coke.

JOHN

Well there's a first time for
everything!

Alan begrudgingly fixes the drinks.

ALAN

That's fifteen pounds please.

John hands over the cash.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What wrong with beer all of a
sudden?

JOHN

(Taking the jugs)
Nothing. These are for my new
friends Alan.

John passes the jugs around the bar. Much merriment is being had by all. In the corner of his eye, John notices Hazel as she chats to a young, athletic looking man.

EXT. CRICKET CLUB CAR PARK / INT. CAR - NIGHT

John, paralytic, sits in his orange Porsche, revving the engine in ostentatious fashion. A group of drunken cricketers surround the car, in attempt to dissuade John from driving home.

WEST INDIAN ONE

Come on, get out the car and get
yourself home.

JOHN

No I'm far too pissed to walk. Who
dares me to reverse this thing
home?

WEST INDIAN TWO

Don't be ridiculous. You'll kill
yourself.

WEST INDIAN ONE

You're a fool. Don't ruin the night
man.

John continues to ignore them.

JOHN
What a bunch of spoil sports you
are! You're no fun at all.

The West Indian lads laugh before walking off.

WEST INDIAN TWO
Go easy brother.

John leans out of the window to PAUL, older than his years,
(22).

JOHN
Come on Paul, do you dare me to
reverse this thing home?

PAUL
No I don't.

JOHN
Okay. Twenty quid says I can get
home without crashing it.

PAUL
Twenty quid? Are you sure?

JOHN
Yes.

PAUL
John, you won't even get it out the
car park mate.

JOHN
You reckon? Get in. I'll show you!

PAUL
(Excitedly)
You're on! I've got to see this.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul jumps in the car. They shake hands.

John reverses out of the car park.

John and Paul scream with a mixture of laughter and fear, as
the car gathers pace.

PAUL
Which way you going?

JOHN
The back way.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The car powers along, swerving erratically, skimming bushes and narrowly missing parked cars.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

PAUL
Watch out! You almost hit that motor.

JOHN
Nowhere near it. You better be good for this twenty.

PAUL
Still a long way to go yet mate.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

John manoeuvres around more stationary cars, before he misses his driveway, smashing into a red letter box on the pavement.

EXT. JOHN & HAZEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights go on inside the house.

John and Paul inspect the damaged car.

JOHN
Shit.

PAUL
That's a right off.

JOHN
No problem, I'll just buy another one.

John is quickly confronted by a seething Hazel. She attacks him with a flurry of kicks and punches.

HAZEL
You've woken the kids up now! You inconsiderate arsehole!

John curls up to protect himself, as he tries not to laugh.

JOHN
I'm sorry Haze, I'm sorry.

John's apology makes Hazel even angrier. The kicks and punches aimed at John become frenzied.

HAZEL
Sorry?! Sorry?! You will be!

Paul tries to restrain Hazel.

PAUL
Stop it Hazel! Enough! The boys are
watching.

Hazel relents. Tom and Michael look on dolefully from their
bedroom window.

HAZEL
(To John)
You're sleeping in the garage
tonight.

Hazel heads back inside.

JOHN
Cheers for that Paul.

PAUL
(To John)
Yes no problem. I'd better be off
mate.
You got that twenty then?

JOHN
Yes sure.

John digs into his pocket, peels off a twenty pound note and
hands it to Paul.

PAUL
Cheers. I'll see you at the
weekend.

JOHN
Yes, see you then.

John trudges off like a naughty schoolboy to the front door.
It's locked.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hazel! Come on! Open the door!

DANIEL (V.O.)
That evening became folklore at the
club. Whenever he retold the story,
he would embellished it, by adding
that Hazel would have won the pools
the following week, if the postbox
hadn't been destroyed. She had
eight score draws on her coupon and
would have won a fortune. John
found the funny side of everything.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

John breezes into the foyer, where two well dressed businessmen wait for him.

DANIEL (V.O.)

With business at an all time high, John attracted lots of attention from potential investors throughout the country. He would often humour them by agreeing to meet, before deciding to continue alone. He got a kick out of it.

BUSINESS MAN/ANTHONY DEVLIN

John!

JOHN

Hi.

ANTHONY DEVLIN (52) a charming Irishman, introduces himself.

ANTHONY DEVLIN

John, I'm Anthony Devlin. Thanks for coming along today.

JOHN

My pleasure. Thanks for inviting me.

Anthony nods to the man sat opposite.

ANTHONY DEVLIN

(To John)
This is my business partner, Gerald Quinn. Please, take a seat.

GERALD QUINN (55) intense, fellow Irishmen, simply nods. John shakes both men's hands and sits down.

GERALD QUINN

(To John)
We wanted to have a chat about business. Word's got around how well you're doing. Congratulations.

JOHN

Thank you.

ANTHONY DEVLIN

Yes, how have you done it?

JOHN

No great secret really.

GERALD QUINN

Don't be shy, tell us?

ANTHONY DEVLIN
Modesty prevails does it John?

John becomes slightly uneasy.

JOHN
Sort of.

ANTHONY DEVLIN
We've asked you here John, because
we think someone like you, needs
someone like us.

JOHN
Excellent. So you're looking to
invest then?

GERALD QUINN
We're not looking to invest
exactly..

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - DAY

John, ashen faced, walks briskly to his car.

INT. CAR - DAY

John is unable to start the engine as his hands shake uncontrollably.

DANIEL (V.O.)
The extortionists had finally found
him.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

John gulps down a large brandy. He looks at Hazel as she dozes on the sofa.

DANIEL (V.O.)
If he didn't pay these people each
week, they promised to terrorise
him, his family and destroy
everything he owned. It took less
than three months for the business
to collapse.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

A "SOLD " sign is placed upon the factory door as it closes.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 John practically gave it away to
 the "Celtic gangsters" as he called
 them. He was truly broken by it.

EXT. BRENTWOOD CRICKET CLUB - DAY

DANIEL (V.O.)
 And if things weren't bad enough..

John bowls a tennis ball to Tom, who bats it back.

JOHN
 Good boy Tom.

TOM
 (To John)
 There's Steve.

Tom is distracted by STEVE, who tries to remain inconspicuous as he walks past. He is the young man seen previously speaking to Hazel in the club bar.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Steve!

Steve can't keep his cover up.

STEVE
 Oh hi Tom. You okay?

THOMAS
 Yes thanks.

STEVE
 Good lad.

THOMAS
 Are you still coming round our
 house next week to play cricket?

Steve looks at John.

STEVE
 No, not next week mate.

John stares back at Steve, who puts his head down, and walks into the changing rooms.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hazel sits at the dressing table, removing her make up. John enters and perches himself on the edge of the bed next to her.

HAZEL
What's up with you?

JOHN
Why didn't you ask me for a divorce
Haze?

HAZEL
What are you talking about?

JOHN
I mean why didn't you just ask me
to leave? Instead of humiliating me
like this.

HAZEL
I've no idea what you're talking
about.

JOHN
You're screwing a bloke I play
cricket with, and letting him play
in the garden with my son!

HAZEL
I'm sorry. I didn't want that to
happen.

JOHN
Oh, that's okay then is it? Thanks
a fucking bunch!

HAZEL
What have I told you about
shouting?!

JOHN
You've made me look like a fool in
front of all my friends, and I'm
not meant to shout?

HAZEL
So all that bothers you, is how it
makes you look in front of your
friends?

JOHN
Some of it. What really gets me is
you and somebody else in this
fucking bed, you slag!

Hazel turns and slaps John hard across the face. John
wrestles Hazel onto the bed, pins her down and pulls back a
fist.

HAZEL
 (Screaming)
 Get off me before I call the
 police!

John lets her go.

JOHN
 Don't bother, I'm going anyway.

John strides out of the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John grabs his suitcase, opens the front door, but stops dead when he hears Tom weeping at the top of the stairs.

TOM
 Where are you going Dad?

John looks up.

JOHN
 I've just had a phone call. I've
 got to go to New York this minute,
 Son.

TOM
 Is that why Mum was shouting?

JOHN
 Yes. She was upset. She doesn't
 want me to go. You know what she's
 like, don't you?

Tom understands.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Come down here and give me a hug
 goodbye.

Tom descends the stairs. FREEZE on Tom, as he grabs John tight around the waist

DANIEL (V.O.)
 John was hugely successful in
 America. That was until the day he
 saw this picture in the Times.

An image of Ian Botham hitting a six.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 He returned to England the very
 next morning.
 He'd come home to nothing.

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE, DAGENHAM - DAY

CAPTION: MARCH 1989

TOM (14) knocks on the door of the modest, mid-terraced house and waits. John, scruffy and unshaven, opens it. He is startled to see Tom.

JOHN
Bloody hell! Hello Son.

TOM
Hello Dad.

They hug. John looks down at Tom's bags.

JOHN
Has your mother thrown you out?

TOM
Yes.

JOHN
You'd better come in.

TOM
Thanks.

John helps Tom inside with his bags.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom tucks into a huge fry up. John watches in awe.

JOHN
You enjoying that?

THOMAS
Yes.

JOHN
Sounds like it.
Doesn't your mother feed you?

THOMAS
Not often.

JOHN
Why is that?

THOMAS
She's got this new boyfriend, Paul.

John quietly seethes.

JOHN
Oh yeah? What's he like?

TOM
He's alright really.

JOHN
Is Michael okay?

Tom is far more interested in his food.

THOMAS
Yes.

JOHN
And what about your cricket?

TOM
I've been having trials with the under fifteens at Essex.

JOHN
Well done! How's it going?

TOM
Great. I'll probably bat four and bowl first change. I'm one of the best there.

JOHN
(Sarcastically)
That's brilliant. If only you could get over this lack of confidence.

They hear the front door opening.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Mum, we've got a visitor!

GRACE (O.S.)
Oh really?

GRACE DAVEY, kindly, well presented, (68) enters the kitchen. She too is shocked to see Tom.

TOM
Hello Nan.

GRACE
Hello Tom.

Tom stands to hug her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Blimey you've shot up.

TOM
I know. Fourth year seniors now.

GRACE
I know dear. Getting on aren't you?

JOHN

(To Grace)

Hazel's chucked him out. He's okay to stay here for a bit, isn't he?

Grace removes her coat, and places her bags on the side.

GRACE

Of course. Why did she do that Tom?

TOM

I don't know.

GRACE

I bet I do.

(Pointing at John)

You're like him. Too much of what the cat licked its arse with!

Tom laughs.

TOM

Not me Nan.

JOHN

Tom can have my room Mum. I'll sleep on the settee.

GRACE

Fine.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CAPTION: APRIL 1989

DANIEL (V.O.)

Tom made himself at home straight away. Grace was happy with the extra company, and John was reinvigorated enough to start again, now he was reunited with his boy.

Grace washes up, while Tom dries up. They look out at the tiny, overgrown garden.

TOM

Nan, can I knock that rotten old shed down please?

GRACE

Why on earth would you want to do that?

TOM

Something to do.

John enters the kitchen suited and booted. He's been listening to Tom and Grace's conversation.

JOHN
Haven't you got anything better to do Tom?

TOM
Not really.

JOHN
What about getting on with your homework instead?

TOM
Haven't got any.

JOHN
How convenient.

TOM
Oh go on Nan.

JOHN
Mum, don't give in to him.

GRACE
(To John)
Oh just let him do what he wants.

John pulls his coat on and grabs his keys from the table.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(To John)
Where are you off to?

JOHN
Up town. I'm meeting a friend I used to do a bit of business with.

GRACE
Got any work for you has he?

JOHN
He may have.

GRACE
Good luck then.

JOHN
Mum, it's just a chat.

John checks his appearance in the mirror.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Right, I'm off.

John leaves.

TOM
See you later.

GRACE
Bye dear.

Tom waits for the door to shut. Slam. He throws down the tea towel and heads for the garden.

TOM
I promise you Nan, this won't take me five minutes.

INT. TUBE - DAY

As the tube train slowly passes the garden, John spots Tom, opening the shed. He waves frantically to get his attention. Tom, looking up by chance, smiles, and waves back.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Tom empties the contents of the shed.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Tom admires the roaring fire where the shed once stood. John walks out to inspect proceedings.

JOHN
Happy now?

TOM
Yes thanks.

JOHN
How much longer are you going to be out here?

Tom looks down at the large pile of rubbish next to him.

TOM
I don't know. Still gotta get rid of all this lot first.

John searches through the last remnants of the shed.

JOHN
What have we got here?

John picks up a grubby, green Marks and Spencers bag.

TOM
More of Nan's old toot probably.

John peeks into the bag, and pulls out a church shaped, metallic box. He wipes off the dust and examines it closely.

JOHN
Looks interesting.

TOM
(Ironic)
Yes, really interesting. Give it
here. That can go on next.

JOHN
No, not just yet.
(Shivering)
Jesus, It's freezing out here. I'm
going back in.

John takes the metallic box with him.

TOM
Can you put the kettle on please
Dad?

John bows like a faithful butler.

JOHN
Of course, sir.

Tom smiles as carries on burning rubbish.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

John opens the metallic box. He discovers photographs of cathedrals and churches from Northern Europe. Written on the back of them are descriptions of each building, in both English and German.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Daylight breaks. John is still awake. He makes notes on each of the photographs, and places them strategically on the floor. A knock on the door startles him.

JOHN
Come in.

Grace shuffles in.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You okay Mum?

Grace looks down at the photographs on the floor.

GRACE
What are you doing?

John lifts up the box.

JOHN
Tom found this old metal box in the shed and was going to chuck it on the fire.

GRACE
Oh yeah?

JOHN
Do you think it might be valuable?

GRACE
There's very little of value in this house son.

JOHN
You never know.

GRACE
Trust me, there isn't.

JOHN
So how did it get here then?

Grace looks closely at the metallic box.

GRACE
It must have belonged to your uncle Ray, and his friend, Joe Banhoff.

JOHN
You mean his boyfriend.

GRACE
I mean his friend. None of that stuff went on, you know!

JOHN
(Mockingly)
Of course not. Sorry, you were saying?

GRACE
They owned a little antique shop in Holborn, not too long after the war. It must have come from there.

JOHN
Is that right?

GRACE

Yes. After Joe died, Raymond sold up. He left all the stuff he didn't sell, in my bloody shed!

JOHN

He's kept this for someone Mum.

GRACE

And that's you is it?

JOHN

I think so.

John holds the photograph album up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You watch. Could change everything.

GRACE

Let's hope so. Now go and get some sleep please.

INT. CRICKET GROUND - DAY

CAPTION: JUNE 1989

Tom walks off the field with his bat aloft, milking the applause for his match winning innings.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Tom's belief in his own ability wasn't misplaced. That day, one of the umpires told him "if you carry on playing like that, you'll probably play for Essex, maybe England" It was music to his ears.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

John jogs up the steps to the Library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

John paces through the library. A man on a mission.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

John devours a stack of books.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Grace washes up. John eats breakfast. Tom enters, resplendent in his Essex County Cricket Club blazer.

JOHN

(To Tom)
Blimey! I thought Prince Charles
had moved in for a second.

Grace turns around to look at Thomas, bursting with pride.

GRACE

You look very smart son.

TOM

Thanks Nan.

JOHN

(To Tom)
Yes you do mate. Very smart.

Tom nods in appreciation, and makes himself a bowl of cereal.

TOM

What are all those books in the
front room about Dad?

JOHN

This and that. Just doing a bit of
research.

TOM

Oh, right. You coming over to watch
later?

JOHN

Where are you playing?

TOM

Chalkwell park.

JOHN

I won't be able to get down to
Leigh today mate.

TOM

That's a shame. Why not?

JOHN

Got lots more reading to do.

TOM

You know I won us the game
yesterday? Three for and eighty
four not out.

JOHN
That's brilliant. Well done.

TOM
Will you come and watch me before
the end of the season?

JOHN
I will, I promise.

A car horn toots outside.

TOM
That's my lift.

JOHN
Who's picking you up?

TOM
(Pointedly towards John)
Jermaine's dad. Takes him
everywhere.

John winces. It shouldn't be like this. Tom slurps the
remaining milk from his bowl before he rushes off.

TOM (CONT'D)
See you later.

GRACE
Bye Tom.

JOHN
Good luck Son. Might have some news
for you later!

GRACE
(To John)
Why can't you go down there today?

JOHN
I can't Mum, I just can't.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

John lies on a decrepit sun bed with his arms aloft, as he
compares the handwriting in the photo album, with the
handwriting in the library book.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grace looks out at the garden, drinking tea. She pours the
dregs down the sink, and clean around the plug hole.

JOHN
(Bursting through the back door)
Mum! Mum!

Grace jumps out of her skin.

GRACE

Jesus! What on earth is the matter?

JOHN

Has Mr Hoque's newsagent got a photocopier?

GRACE

I don't know. I've never asked.

John slips on a pair of flip flops and checks his pockets for change.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John runs down the street, clutching the book, photographs, and a bundle of photocopies.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

John flicks through a publication of The British institute of Graphologists.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John, weighed down by a pile of envelopes, walks along a row of shops with Tom.

TOM

Who are you sending those letters to?

JOHN

Graphologists.

TOM

What do they do?

JOHN

They study handwriting.

TOM

Yeah? What do they do with it?

JOHN

You can tell a lot from someone's handwriting. Any more questions?

TOM

Yes. Can they actually tell you who it belonged to?

JOHN
Yes, but in this case I'll be
telling them.

TOM
So who does it belong to?

JOHN
I can't tell you yet.

TOM
Why not?

John changes the subject by pointing at a bus pulling into
the stop.

JOHN
That's your bus isn't it?

TOM
Yes it is.

JOHN
You better get going then!

Tom runs after the bus. He manages to jump onto the back of
it before it moves off.

TOM
(Shouting out to John)
Oh just tell me will you!

JOHN
I will in time. Have a good day.

John waves as he turns into the Post Office.

TOM
Suit yourself.
(Under his breath)
Tosser.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CAPTION: JULY 1989

A letter falls through the letter box. Tom, walking down the
stairs, picks it up.

DANIEL (V.O.)
John waited weeks for a response,
while Tom lived only for cricket.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Tom walks in to the lounge and tosses the letter to John, who reads on the settee.

TOM

For you.

John closes his book and rips open the letter. His face beams as he jumps up, punching the air with delight.

JOHN

Yes!

TOM

Have you won the pools or something?

JOHN

Better than that.

TOM

What is it?

JOHN

(Holding the letter)
This graphologist has confirmed that the handwriting in the album, is the same as that in the library book.

TOM

That's brilliant.

John throws an arm around Tom's shoulders.

JOHN

She's invited us up to Sloane Square next week. She's written us a report and everything.

TOM

When next week?

JOHN

Don't know. Why?

TOM

I've got a game on Thursday.

JOHN

I'll arrange it around that. I need you there.

TOM

No you don't.

JOHN
I do Son. There wouldn't be any of
this if it wasn't for you.

Tom accepts that this is true.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What are you are doing now?

THOMAS
I'm going to see Mum.

JOHN
Great. I think I need to speak to
her too.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

John and Tom watch the world go by.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Tom rings the door bell to his mother's house. John inspects
the garden.

HAZEL
(Opening the door to Tom)
Oh, it's you. Got bored of your Dad
have you?

TOM
No. I've just come to pay a visit.
Where's Mike?

HAZEL
He's out with his friends.

TOM
I'll come in and wait for him if
that's okay?

Tom thumbs over his shoulder, as he walks into the house.

TOM (CONT'D)
Dad wanted to have a chat as well.

Hazel takes a deep breath. John is the last person on earth
she wants to see right now. John casually strolls up to the
porch and walks in, like he's never been away.

JOHN
You need to water this garden Haze.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Hazel lights a cigarette as she stands over John, sat casually on the settee.

HAZEL

Right, whatever you need to say, can you make it quick? Paul will be home any minute.

JOHN

Oh good, I'm dying to meet him.

HAZEL

Hurry up will you!

JOHN

It's just to tell you that Tom and I are involved with something really quite serious.

HAZEL

What is it?

JOHN

I don't want to go into too much detail now.

Hazel doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

HAZEL

Why are you telling me then?

JOHN

Because, if what I own is proven to be genuine, our safety will be compromised.

HAZEL

Jesus I've missed you. You're fucking hilarious.

The door bursts open. It's PAUL, another athletic looking man in his mid thirties.

PAUL

(To Hazel)
Who is this?

John gets up to offer his hand to Paul.

JOHN

Oh, sorry we haven't met. I'm John, Hazel's ex husband. You must be Paul?

Without looking at John, Paul offers the weakest of handshakes in return.

HAZEL

(To Paul)
He's come to speak to me about something.

JOHN

It's okay, I was just about to leave. I've said all I need to say.

PAUL

Good. I don't want you coming around here bothering us.

JOHN

Excuse me? What coming round to my own house? Paid for by me, in cash, while you were still probably picking your acne.

PAUL

I didn't get acne.

JOHN

Shame.

John calls up to Tom, who is playing music in his old bedroom.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on Tom, we're going!

THOMAS (O.S.)

I'm going to wait for Michael.

JOHN

Fine.
(To Hazel)
I'll be in touch Haze.

Hazel doesn't look up.

HAZEL

Just leave will you.

JOHN

Sure thing.

John breezily sees himself out.

INT. GRAPHOLOGISTS - DAY

John and Tom peer over the GRAPHOLOGIST'S / MRS DAY'S shoulder, as she studies the samples of handwriting.

GRAPHOLOGIST/ MRS DAY

(To John)

..And this uncle of yours, did you say he was German?

JOHN

No, his friend was.

The graphologist concludes her findings.

GRAPHOLOGIST/ MRS DAY

Fascinating. Well judging by the examples you've presented to me, I'd say that these samples have all been written by the same person. Someone it seems, fairly well educated, creative and I'd say very, very ambitious.

Mrs Day hands John a file.

GRAPHOLOGIST/ MRS DAY (CONT'D)

Anyway, all my findings are in the report Mr Davey.

JOHN

That's fantastic. Thank you Mrs Day.

MRS DAY

Now, you must understand, graphology isn't an exact science.

JOHN

Yes I understand.

MRS DAY

Good, that's very important to remember. And as for payment, would you like to settle up now?

JOHN

Yes, now's fine.

John writes out a cheque and hands it to Mrs Day, who quickly examines it.

MRS DAY

Thank you Mr Davey. I do hope this settles some of your family's issues once and for all.

Mrs Day escorts John and Tom to the door.

JOHN

It will, although I'm afraid I've deliberately misled you somewhat.

Serious concern etches quickly on Mrs Day's face.

MRS DAY

How exactly?

JOHN

Well if I'd told you who I thought the writing belonged to when I sent you the original letter, you'd have considered me a crank.

MRS DAY

Carry on.

JOHN

While we don't know exactly who owned the photo album, the other examples of handwriting are from a book entitled, "Hitler's letters and notes" by an author called Werner Maser.

Mrs Day considers the news. She is not overly surprised.

MRS DAY

You're right. I would have though you were a crank. Have you told anyone else?

JOHN

Not yet. I'm sorry to do this to you Mrs Day.

MRS DAY

It's fine. I understand your logic.

JOHN

Thank you.

MRS DAY

I'm not going to suddenly change my mind. I've seen all I need to see.

JOHN

I appreciate that.

MRS DAY

I suggest you tread very carefully. Try and get as much evidence as possible before exposing this.

JOHN

I will indeed.

John and Mrs Day shake hands.

MRS DAY

Good luck Mr Davey.

INT. UPNEY TUBE STATION - DAY

Tom tries to keep up with John, who bounds quickly up the station stairs.

TOM

Wait Dad!

John looks in on the ticket inspector's booth, finds it's empty, and beckons Tom through.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grace serves dinner to John and Tom.

GRACE

So will one of you at least tell me how you got on today?

THOMAS

You can Dad.

JOHN

She just confirmed what I've known for a while now.

GRACE

What's that then?

JOHN

She says the writing belonged to Adolf Hitler.

Grace doesn't shock easily.

GRACE

Did she?

JOHN

Yes.

GRACE

So what happens now?

JOHN

I'm going up to sell it at Sotherby's.

GRACE

Just like that?

JOHN

Yes. I've got the proof.

TOM

But the lady said you needed to get more evidence Dad.

JOHN

Stuff her.
We sell this, we're made for life.
The Bundesarchiv alone will pay
millions for it, let alone the
money from all the media interest.

Tom is thrilled at the prospect.

TOM

If that's the case, I'm going to
buy a Porsche nine six four Carrera
for when I'm older.

JOHN

Why not? We can go into the show
room in Mayfair after we've been to
Sotherby's. It's only round the
corner.

GRACE

John, please don't get ahead of
yourself. I know what your like. I
think you should do what this lady
says, and get more proof. Can you
imagine how silly you'll look if it
doesn't belong to who you say it
does?

FREEZE on John.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John didn't want to hear what she
was saying, but he knew she was
right.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

John dines with a glamorous looking couple.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John sought advice for the first
time in his life. He'd known the
brunette from way back in his glory
days. She was some ambassador's
daughter, the boyfriend, a wealthy
antiques dealer. He explained to
John exactly how to authenticate
the album.
John's life now revolved around
this potentially historic
discovery, although he did try hard
to keep an interest in Tom's life.

EXT. ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND - DAY

CAPTION: SEPTEMBER 1989

A large crowd is present for a prestigious cup final. Most of the spectators shun John, as he barges his way to the front. He's desperate to get closer to Tom and the action.

JOHN
(To CRICKET CLUB MEMBER)
Excuse me, please!

CRICKET CLUB MEMBER
(Sarcastically)
Oh nice to see you too John!

JOHN
Wish I could say the same about
you.

DANIEL (V.O.)
John was ostracized from Brentwood
cricket club after writing to
members, asking them to help raise
funds for his research into the
mysterious photo album.

JOHN
(Shouting)
Come on Tom, full and straight to
this lad.

Tom runs in and bowls. The ball thuds into the batsmen's pads. A huge appeal, the batsmen is out. The fielding team gather and celebrate.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Well bowled Son!

CUT TO:

EXT. ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND - LATER THAT DAY

John, riddled with nerves, is barely able to watch Tom bat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Please Tom, please.

MONTAGE: Tom crashes the ball to the boundary, and runs off the pitch with his arms aloft. His team mates rush from pavilion to greet him. John quietly punches the air. Tom raises a trophy above his head. Players, family and friends celebrate wildly. John, a solitary figure, watches on in the background.

EXT. ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND - NIGHT

Tom wanders the ground looking for John. He finds him sat alone in the stands.

TOM

Dad!

Tom runs up the steps to John. They hug.

JOHN

Well done Son! That was fantastic.

TOM

Thank you.

JOHN

You might be as good as me one day.

Tom smiles.

TOM

I didn't think I'd see you today.

JOHN

I wouldn't have missed this for the world.

TOM

Thanks. How are you?

JOHN

Fine. I'm off to Zurich tomorrow.

TOM

How come?

JOHN

Friends of mine have organised a meeting with a couple of graphology and forensic experts over there.

TOM

Great. How long are you going for?

JOHN

I don't know, a week maybe. I do know I'll always be your Dad though.

Thomas is bemused.

TOM

Yes I know. Why are you being weird?

JOHN

Well, your Grandad Bill, he wasn't my Dad.

TOM

Really?

JOHN

No he wasn't.

TOM

Why are you telling me this now?

JOHN

I don't know. I was going to tell you one day. Now just seemed the right time to do it.

TOM

Who was your dad then?

JOHN

A New Zealander called Joe McCarthy.

TOM

And Nan never told you?

JOHN

She didn't need to. He turned up to Bill's funeral. Your Nan said "this is your Uncle Joe" I took one look at him and went "don't you mean my Dad?" He couldn't look at me and she burst into tears. I Never saw him again. He was the one that built that bloody shed!

Tom shakes his head.

TOM

Jesus, that must have been tough, mustn't it?

JOHN

Not really. I always had a feeling. Bill was horrible to me. Never called me John, only cocky dick.

TOM

Not very nice.

JOHN

He wasn't.

Tom is keen to return to the celebrations.

TOM

Dad, I'd better get back.

JOHN

Yes, go and enjoy yourself mate.
Well done again today.

TOM

Thanks. Contact me as soon as
you're home, won't you?

JOHN

Of course I will.

TOM

I think I'll just go back to Mum's.

JOHN

Fine. Who knows? If it all goes
well, maybe we'll all be back in
Brentwood together?

TOM

What? Mum as well?

JOHN

Why not? She'll get fed up with
that numbskull, Paul, pretty soon,
just you watch.

TOM

Good luck then.

Tom and John hug.

JOHN

Thanks. Take care Son.

Tom turns and walks back inside.

TOM

(Choked with tears)
You too.

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

John exits the airport carrying a briefcase, looking every
inch the executive.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

John walks into the reception of an expensive Zurich hotel.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

John eats alone as a string quartet plays.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John takes in the surroundings, as he purposefully strides along a Zurich street.

DANIEL (V.O.)

So how does a man, so poor he can
hardly pay for food, get to
Switzerland?

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

John loses a close rally to his friend, MARTIN, super fit, (32). They meet at the net and shake hands.

JOHN

You've done it again! Well played!

MARTIN

You too old man!

JOHN

Watch it you! You got time to buy
me a drink?

Martin checks his watch.

MARTIN

Come on then.

INT. TENNIS CLUB BAR - NIGHT

Martin hands John a wad of cash.

MARTIN

When am I likely to get this back?

JOHN

Once they authenticate the album, I
can sell it at any major auction
house in London. So, let's say, a
month?

MARTIN

How much do you think it will
fetch?

JOHN

Who knows?
(Looking at the cash)
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'll treble this little lot, trust
me.

MARTIN
I hope so.

JOHN
I know so.

MARTIN
Can you please keep this our little
secret? If Fiona finds out, she
won't be happy.

JOHN
Sure. I'm not going to say
anything. I'll see you soon.

John walks out.

MARTIN
You got anything else to say to me?

JOHN
Oh yes. Thanks Martin.

INT. BANK VEREIN, ZURICH- DAY

John enters a dingy bank vault. Waiting for him are
graphologist ELISABETH KLEIN, mousey, (44) and forensic
scientists DR. WOLF LISTENHOW, dapper, (62) Both stand to
introduce themselves.

WOLF LISTENHOW
Mr Davey? Doctor Wolf Listenhow.

ELIZABETH KLEIN
Hello, I'm Elizabeth Klein.

JOHN
(To Klein and Listenhow)
Hello. Thank you both for seeing
me.

John quickly delves into his briefcase. He hands the
photograph album and handwriting samples to Klein.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Here's everything. I've left my
contact details too.

ELIZABETH KLEIN
Thank you.

WOLF LISTENHOW

I'm sure you're aware that our work will take us a few days to complete Mr Davey.

JOHN

Yes I am. I know you're both busy people, so I'll let you get on.

ELIZABETH KLEIN

Thank you. We will be in touch when we have something for you.

John hurriedly leaves the vault.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

John walks into the hotel foyer, smiling politely at the receptionists as he heads for the restaurant.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

John enjoys the fine dining.

JOHN

(To WAITRESS)

Excuse me, Miss!

The waitress acknowledges John and walks over to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Can I have a glass of the house white please?

WAITRESS

Yes sir.

INT. SAUNA - DAY

John adds water to the coals, sits back, and relaxes.

INT. BANKVEREIN VAULTS - DAY

CAPTION: FOUR DAYS LATER

John returns to the bank vaults, where Wolf Listenhow and Elisabeth Klein wait patiently.

JOHN

Good Morning.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BANKVEREIN VAULTS - DAY

Wolf Listenhow cuts a quiet, haunted figure as Elisabeth Klein summarises their research.

ELIZABETH KLEIN

I would say that with the highest probability, these two examples have been penned by the same person. The writing on the post cards belonged to an adolescent, roughly fifteen to sixteen years of age. English most definitely their first language, and undoubtedly educated in Britain. There were traits of epilepsy detected too.

JOHN

So now you're telling me it doesn't belong to who we thought it did?

Wolf Listenhow interjects.

WOLF LISTENHOW

Mr Davey, it was well documented that Hitler had no understanding of the English language. We've found several traits of Anglo Saxon in the handwriting. It's obvious this person was British.

John is crushed.

JOHN

So this has all been a complete waste of time then?

ELIZABETH KLEIN

I don't think you understand Mr Davey. This is what troubles us. Forensically, both sets of writing match, the handwriting is practically identical.

WOLF LISTENHOW

This discovery totally confounds history. Now do you understand why we are so disturbed by this?

JOHN

(Dumfounded)
Yes, I do now.

WOLF LISTENHOW

If you don't mind, I've taken copies of the samples and would like to share them with a friend of mine. He's a forensic expert at Manheim university. If he agrees with us, he gives considerable credence to your findings.

John's mood quickly brightens.

JOHN

Sure, if you think it's for the best.

WOLF LISTENHOW

He's due here for a conference on Thursday. I will speak to him then.

ELIZABETH KLEIN

Are you able to stay in Zurich a little longer?

JOHN

Yes I am.

Elisabeth Klein returns the handwriting samples and photo album to John.

ELIZABETH KLEIN

Excellent. In the meantime, keep that somewhere safe. It's possibly priceless.

INT. BANK - DAY

John places the photo album into a safety deposit box. He sets the combination number, locks the door, and walks out.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

CAPTION: THREE DAYS LATER

John hurries down a hotel corridor with his belongings.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

John walks out of the hotel, trying to be inconspicuous.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

John checks in at another nearby hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

John lies on the bed as speaks to Elisabeth Klein.

JOHN

(On phone)

..And this Mr Michels, Elisabeth,
he's verified your research too?
Great. Yes, I can be with you in
half an hour. Thank you, I'll see
you then.

John puts the phone down. He is alarmed by a loud knock on the door. John opens the door to find two SWISS POLICEMEN brandishing guns.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How can I help you gents?

INT. BANK VAULTS - NIGHT

Elisabeth Klein switches the vault's lights off, and exits the room with Wolf Listenhow.

CUT TO:

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

John, handcuffed, watches a deportation stamp slam into his passport.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

John holds up a piece of paper and dials the number written on it.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Tom watches television. He ignores the incessant ringing of the phone, until it becomes intolerable. Begrudgingly, he gets up to answer it.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

John is agitated as there is no answer.

JOHN

Come on! Hello, Tom?! Listen, I'm
in the phone box around the corner.
Yes honestly! Come quickly.
Your Mum's not in is she? Good.

INT. PHONE BOX - LATER

John and Tom are wedged in like sardines.

TOM

Dad. Can't we go somewhere else?

JOHN

No, it's fine. I don't want anybody knowing where we are, especially your mother.

TOM

Why do you care so much about what she says?

JOHN

I don't. I just need you to keep this little meeting top secret from her, okay?

TOM

Fine. What was so important anyway?

FREEZE on Tom as John is about to explain.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John faced imprisonment if the authorities caught him returning to Switzerland. So, he convinced Tom to travel with him to Zurich and retrieve the photo album from the bank. Tom was game. For him, anything beat going to school.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom leans out of a bedroom window and lowers a bed sheet with a sports bag tied to it, on to the roof of Hazel's car.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

With a slice of toast in his mouth, Tom ties his shoes laces and pulls on his school blazer.

HAZEL

What's the hurry?

TOM

(Removing toast from his mouth)
I've got a Maths revision class before school this morning.

HAZEL

Wow! Wanting to leave early for something other than cricket! Whatever next?

TOM
I know. I can't believe it either.

Hazel shoos Tom out of the kitchen.

HAZEL
Well, don't let me keep you.

Tom kisses Hazel on the cheek.

TOM
Take care Mum.

HAZEL
What are you after?

THOMAS
Nothing.

Tom walks out of the kitchen.

HAZEL
I'll see you later!

THOMAS (O.S.)
Yes, bye!

MONTAGE: Tom wheels his bike out from the garage, grabs his bag from the roof of the car and rides off. He enters a tower block, and locks his bike to the bannister. John waits pensively at the entrance to Brentwood station. His face lightens as he sees Tom run toward him. John and Tom stand in silence, hemmed in by commuters on a packed train carriage.

EXT. TRINITY SQUARE, LONDON - DAY

Tom watches in the near distance a bald, suited man, BOB, (53) hand an envelope to John. They shake hands and embrace. Bob walks off in the opposite direction to John, who returns to Tom.

JOHN
You ready?

TOM
Yes.

JOHN
Good. Let's go.

TOM
When shall I ring Mum?

JOHN
When we get to France.

TOM

And we'll definitely be back for the club dinner on Friday?

JOHN

Yes! How many times have I told you?

John walks off. Tom follows.

TOM

You know I'm young player of the year, don't you? Barry Hearn is handing out the awards.

JOHN

(Impatiently)
Yes! Don't we know it? Big head.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

John and Tom look back at the White cliffs of Dover as the ferry churns towards France.

EXT. CALAIS FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

John and Tom walk across the concourse towards the public phone boxes. Tom picks up the phone, stopping momentarily before he dials.

TOM

You know she's going to go mad?

JOHN

I know. I was married to her for twelve years.

TOM

(On Phone)
Hello Mum, it's me, Tom. I just wanted to let you know I've gone away with Dad for a few days. I'll be back Friday, okay?

JOHN

Hang up.

Tom hangs up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hazel puts the phone down and shrieks. Paul rushes in.

PAUL
What's happened?

HAZEL
John's taken off with Thomas.

PAUL
Where?

HAZEL
God knows.

PAUL
Call the police, now!

INT. GARE DE NORD STATION, PARIS - NIGHT

John and Tom disembark their train and walk hurriedly along the platform to the concourse.

CUT TO:

INT. GARE DE NORD STATION, PARIS - NIGHT

John and Tom pace along the platform to board their awaiting train.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

John and Tom place their bags in the overhead baggage area, while listening to the announcements over the P.A system.

FRENCH TRAIN GUARD (O.S.)
(In French)
...In Vienna where this train
finally terminates.

TOM
Dad, I'm sure the announcer said
this train's going to Vienna.

JOHN
Are you sure?

TOM
Yes, it definitely said Vienna.

JOHN
Did it?

John looks at Tom guiltily.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Well there's been a change of plan.

TOM

What?

JOHN

Yes, we need to go to Austria. It's incredibly important in this whole affair. Hitler was..

Tom gathers his bags.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

TOM

I'm going home!

John pushes Tom back.

JOHN

What? You can't just go home.

TOM

Why not?

JOHN

I need you to get the album for a start.

TOM

Will I be back by Friday?

JOHN

I doubt it.

TOM

Well I'm not helping you then. You lied to me!

EXT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Tom opens the train doors and leaps out onto the platform. John follows.

JOHN

Where are you going?

TOM

I'm going to tell the guards you've abducted me. They'll arrest you, and then you'll never get your poxy album back, will you?

John grabs Tom by the lapels of his coat.

JOHN

Get a grip you little prick, for God's sake!

TOM
Get off me!

John releases Tom, who runs off down the platform.

JOHN
(Goading)
Thomas misses his mummy, Thomas
misses his mummy.

THOMAS
Why don't you piss off!

Tom continues up the platform, shocked at what he's just said.

JOHN
(Shouting after Tom)
Your loss son! But when I'm living
on the Mount with a Nine Eleven on
the drive and you're delivering my
newspapers, don't expect a
Christmas tip will you!

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Hazel sits on the sofa in a state of shock, as Paul comforts her. Opposite Hazel is DETECTIVE INSPECTOR WILLIAMS, Afro Caribbean, powerfully built, (32) busy making notes.

WILLIAMS
Can you give me as many of your
ex husband's details as possible
please?

HAZEL
Sure. John Micheal Davey, born
eleventh of May, nineteen forty
seven. Dark hair, blue eyes, six
two. Sort of good looking I
suppose. No tattoos.

WILLIAMS
That's great. And he's never done
anything like this before?

HAZEL
No. He mentioned a few weeks ago
some rubbish that something major
was about to happen and that we all
needed to be together.

WILLIAMS
Did he tell you what it was?

HAZEL
No. He's full of shit.

WILLIAMS

Does anyone else have any idea what he's up to?

HAZEL

He's got one or two cronies from the tennis and cricket club that might know.

WILLIAMS

Have you got any contact details for them?

Hazel passes John's nineteen eighty four diary over to Williams.

HAZEL

Take this. I'd imagine they're all in there.

WILLIAMS

Thank you. I want you to know we have every airport, sea port, and station in Europe on the look out for them.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

John and carefully Tom map out their route.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION, ZURICH - DAY

John hands his passport to RECEPTIONIST ONE, who in turn gives John his hotel room key.

RECEPTIONIST ONE

Thank you Mr Johnson. Enjoy your stay.

JOHN

(Affected upper class accent)
Thank you. What time is luncheon served by the way?

RECEPTIONIST ONE

Between midday and three o'clock sir.

JOHN

Excellent.

John and Tom stride purposefully out of reception.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Williams walks up to Martin, unloading his van.

WILLIAMS

Excuse me, I'm looking for Martin Donaldson?

MARTIN

I'm Martin. Who are you?

WILLIAMS

I'm Detective Inspector Williams, Essex police.

Martin lowers his tool box to the floor.

MARTIN

How can I help you?

WILLIAMS

I wonder if you know the whereabouts of John Davey and his son?

MARTIN

Yes I do. They're in Europe somewhere.

WILLIAMS

Do you know why they've gone away?

MARTIN

Yes.

WILLIAMS

Would you like to tell me?

MARTIN

John's discovered something of major historical significance.

Williams thinks he's being made fun of.

WILLIAMS

Really?

MARTIN

Really! It could change everything we know about World War Two.

Williams suppress a smirk. Martin, indignant, continues with his work.

WILLIAMS

Okay..

MARTIN

Look if you don't believe me that's up to you. But that's the truth.

A woman's head appears from behind the curtains of the bedroom above. Observing proceedings is Martin's wife, FIONA.

WILLIAMS

You know he's in a lot of trouble don't you?

MARTIN

Why?

WILLIAMS

For abducting his son.

MARTIN

He wanted to go!

WILLIAMS

He's a minor, it's illegal. And If you're deliberately holding information from us, that's a crime too. So please give me a call as soon as you hear anything.

Williams hands Martin a business card.

MARTIN

Sure.

WILLIAMS

Thank you.

As Williams departs, Fiona ducks underneath the window.

EXT. BANK DEPOSIT OFFICE - DAY

John hands Tom a key and a piece of paper.

JOHN

Here's the code. Two, one, zero, eight.

TOM

Thanks.

JOHN

Now don't look at anyone, don't talk to anyone.
(Pointing through the window)
It's in the far right hand corner, third row up.

TOM

Won't they think it's a bit weird,
a kid like me, walking in and
opening up a safety deposit box?

JOHN

Not really. They know what's in
them. It'd be a bit different if
you were withdrawing fifty grand in
cash.

TOM

I suppose so.

JOHN

Remember! It's your old Nan's photo
album. See you in a minute.

John crosses the road to a jewellers shop and pretends to
window shop.

INT. BANK - DAY

Tom walks into the bank with his head bowed. He is quickly
stopped by a supervisor.

SUPERVISOR

(In German)
Can I help you?

TOM

I'm sorry, I don't speak German.
(Pointing towards the box)
I'm here to collect something.

SUPERVISOR

Okay, what number is your box?

TOM

Two, one, zero, eight.

SUPERVISOR

Come on, I shall walk you over.

TOM

You don't have to.

SUPERVISOR

I insist.

The supervisor escorts Tom to the deposit box.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Here you are.

TOM

Thank you.

SUPERVISOR
My pleasure.

The supervisor waits impassively next to Tom. He opens the box, grabs the bag and locks the door.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
All done?

TOM
Yes, thank you.

SUPERVISOR
Have you travelled to Switzerland
alone to get this?

TOM
No, I'm with my Dad. He's back at
the hotel. He's not very well
unfortunately.

SUPERVISOR
Oh that is a shame. Where are you
staying?

TOM
The Limmat.

SUPERVISOR
Very nice.

TOM
Yes it is.

The small talk kills Tom.

SUPERVISOR
Well, enjoy your stay in Zurich.

TOM
Thank you.

SUPERVISOR
Goodbye.

The Supervisor sees Tom out. She watches him from the window, cross the road and hand the bag to John.

EXT. STREET - DAY CONTINUOUS

John berates Tom as they head back to their hotel.

JOHN
What were you doing in there?

TOM

One of the staff come up to me and started talking. She asked if I needed help.

JOHN

I told you not to look at anyone or talk to anyone.

TOM

How suspicious would that have been if I'd just ignored her?

John thinks better of arguing.

JOHN

Fair enough.

John puts his arm around Tom's shoulder to placate him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get back to the hotel, I'm starving.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

John and Tom finish lunch.

JOHN

Tom, in a moment I need to go and talk with reception. While I'm there, I want you to go up to the room, get our stuff, and meet me out the front in five minutes.

TOM

What?

JOHN

You heard. Can you do that for me please?

TOM

How comes I always have to do the shitty stuff?

Tom snatches the room key and walks off huffily. John smiles at a waitress as she collects the dishes. When her back is turned, he sneaks a menu into his jacket pocket, and walks out.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

John is immediately attended to by RECEPTIONIST TWO.

RECEPTIONIST TWO
How can I help you sir?

JOHN
(Affected upper class accent)
Hi my name is Mr Johnson, room
three four seven. I've misplaced my
train tickets, and wanted to check
if I've left them in my passport.

RECEPTIONIST TWO
Of course.

Receptionist two reaches over to the key rack, and hands John his passport.

JOHN
(Affected upper class accent)
Thank you.

As receptionist two tends to another guest, John slips his passport into his jacket and places the menu on the desk.

RECEPTIONIST TWO
(Returning to John)
Any luck?

JOHN
(Affected upper class accent)
Sadly not. Oh well never mind.
Thanks for your help.

John walks away from reception. He notices Tom walk by the entrance, and quickly heads for the door.

Receptionist two, realising he's been duped, shouts out to John.

RECEPTIONIST TWO
Mr Johnson! Mr Johnson! Come back
please!

Receptionist two jumps over the desk, and gives chase to John.

RECEPTIONIST TWO (CONT'D)
Mr Johnson!

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

John runs up to Tom and grabs a bag.

JOHN
Let's go ! Let's go!

They sprint off down the street.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Receptionist two returns to the desk, picks up the phone and starts to dial. While waiting for an answer, he's handed a fax by RECEPTIONIST THREE. It's a photograph of John, sent through from Zurich police station.

RECEPTIONIST THREE

(In German)

This guy is staying here. We'll bust him later.

RECEPTIONIST TWO

(In German)

Good luck with that. He's just this second fucked off.

EXT. BASEL STATION - DAY

John and Tom walk out of Basel station.

EXT. TOURIST INFORMATION BUREAU, BASEL - DAY

Tom waits for John, who crashes the revolving door, reading a map.

JOHN

Right, follow me.

John walks ahead.

TOM

What did they say?

Tom starts to follow.

JOHN

There's a coach to Manheim, but the next one's not until six o'clock tomorrow morning.

TOM

So what do we do now?

JOHN

Well I suggest we hitchhike into Germany. If we hang around here, we'll get nicked in no time.

TOM

What? Now?

JOHN

Yes! Not unless you'd rather spend tonight in a police cell instead.

TOM
No thanks.

JOHN
Well hurry up then! The autobahn is
this way.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John marches along, oblivious to Tom, who crosses the road to collect a handful of snow.

TOM
Dad!

As John turns around, he is hit flush in the face by a snowball thrown by Tom.

JOHN
(Stunned)
You little..

John gathers snow furiously. Tom doubles up with laughter. A brief, but joyous snowball fight ensues.

EXT. AUTOBAHN - DAY

John and Tom hitchhike in freezing conditions.

TOM
Dad we're going to die out here.
Can't we go back?

JOHN
To where exactly?

TOM
I don't know. Anywhere with a roof
will do.

JOHN
We have to keep trying. We can't go
back into Basel.

TOM
Who's going to stop for us?

JOHN
Someone will, you watch.

They huddle together, aching with cold, when a large car pulls onto the hard shoulder.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What did I tell you?

John and Tom sprint to the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

The DRIVER lowers the passenger window.

DRIVER
(In German)
Where are you going?

JOHN
Manheim.

The driver thumbs over his shoulder.

DRIVER
(In German)
Get in the back.

JOHN
Thank you very much.

John and Tom bundle into the back of the car.

The car speeds off along the autobahn.

DRIVER
(Looking into the rear view mirror)
You are English?

TOM
Yes.

DRIVER
Why were you hitchhiking?

John leans across Tom. He'll do the talking.

JOHN
Cut a long story short, the car I
was borrowing from a colleague, was
stolen this afternoon.

DRIVER
How unfortunate.

JOHN
Very.

DRIVER
And what were you doing in Basel?

JOHN
I'm a historian. I've been working
between Basel and Manheim
university.

Tom raises his eyebrows to the ceiling. More lies.

DRIVER

And you're heading to Manheim now?

JOHN

Eventually. We'll go as far as you can take us, and I'll arrange for some money to be wired to us.

DRIVER

I'll get you to Manheim.

JOHN

Really? Isn't it far out of your way?

DRIVER

A little.

JOHN

That's very kind of you. Thank you.

DRIVER

I believe in Karma.

JOHN

Do you?

John smiles smugly at Tom, as he settles back for the ride.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John never believed in luck, or karma for that matter. He was John Davey. He didn't need to.

EXT. MANHEIM UNIVERSITY - DAY

The car pulls up at the gates to the university. The driver opens the door for John and Tom. As the driver goes to shake hands with John, he stuffs a wedge of cash into his palm. John wells up with tears.

JOHN

I don't know what to say.

DRIVER

You don't have to say anything. I wish you luck with your research.

JOHN

Thank you. When our story breaks, I will find you and repay you.

DRIVER

I know you will.

The driver gets back into the car, and toots the horn as he drives off. John and Tom wave back and walk through the university gates.

INT. MANHEIM UNIVERSITY RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Tom slumps into a chair. John walks to the reception desk.

JOHN
(To UNIVERSITY RECEPTIONIST)
Hello, I have an appointment with
Dr Lotha Michels.

UNIVERSITY RECEPTIONIST
Is he expecting you Sir?

JOHN
Yes. The name's John Davey.

The receptionist makes a phone call. There is no answer. She tries another number, and listens to an automated message.

UNIVERSITY RECEPTIONIST
I'm afraid he's had to go down to
Munich on urgent business. Would
you like me to leave a message for
him?

JOHN
And you'll relay it, word for word
will you?

UNIVERSITY RECEPTIONIST
Of course.

JOHN
Okay, tell him I've travelled all
the way from London to provide him
with devastating evidence that
defies all previous knowledge of
the most evil man in history! And,
if he had any common decency, he
would have upheld this appointment.
I no longer want any dealings with
him. We're now off to the
Bundesarchiv, where I'm sure we
will be treated with far more
respect! Goodbye!

John walks out.

EXT. MANHEIM UNIVERSITY - DAY

John storms through the revolving doors, kicking over a pot plant in anger.

JOHN

Shit!

Tom, lagging behind, oblivious to the commotion, notices John limping.

TOM

What have you done to your foot?

JOHN

Nothing! Can we just get to the station please.

THOMAS

Sure.

EXT. BUNDESARCHIV, KOBLENZ - DAY

John and Tom enter a bleak monstrosity of an office block.

INT. BUNDESARCHIV - DAY

FREEZE on John and Tom, at a table, with a bespectacled man taking notes.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John was right. They were treated with great respect by the Bundesarchiv, home to all of Germany's federal archives. Patiently they listened, while logging all the evidence provided. Most importantly for John, they didn't judge. It was real progress.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM, HAMBURG STATION - DAY

John is lifted into the ambulance by two paramedics. Tom climbs in after them.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Delighted with the response from the Bundesarchiv, the plan was for them to attend a meeting with a sub editor from Germany's famous Stern magazine.

MONTAGE: The ambulance sways from side to side, as the paramedics work on reviving John. Tom, devastated, looks down at his stricken father. John is wheeled on a trolley into a resuscitation unit, where he is treated by awaiting doctors.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

John lies unconscious in a private room. He is examined by a diligent nurse. Tom, crashed out on a chair, by the side of the bed, drifts in and out of sleep.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD, INTENSIVE CARE - DAY

John sits up, surveys the room, and swings himself out of bed. Tom suddenly stirs.

TOM

Dad?

JOHN

Yes Son.

John walks over to a wardrobe, finds his clothes and gets dressed.

TOM

What are you doing?

JOHN

What does it look like I'm doing?

TOM

Dad, yesterday you..

JOHN

I know what happened yesterday Tom.

TOM

You've had a heart attack!

JOHN

I didn't have a heart attack. Come on let's go. I hate these places.

John ties his shoelaces and heads for the door. He is stopped by a concerned DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Where are you going?!

JOHN

Home. I'm feeling much better thank you. Come on Tom.

John walks out, quickly followed by Tom, leaving the Doctor vexed.

DOCTOR
You are in no fit state to leave.

JOHN (O.S.)
I'm fine Doctor, please don't
worry.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

John and Tom march down the corridor. The doctor gives chase.

EXT. HOSPITAL/INT. TAXI - DAY

John and Tom jump into an awaiting taxi.

JOHN
(To Taxi Driver)
Stern offices please.

The Taxi moves off.

TOM
(Sarcastically to John)
So you're obviously feeling better
then?

JOHN
I am thanks.

TOM
At least give me a warning next
time.

JOHN
I will, I promise.

INT. STERN MAGAZINE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Tom sits quietly next to John, who places the photograph
album in front of the fresh faced, SUB EDITOR (28).

JOHN
(To sub editor)
Thank you for seeing us today.

SUB EDITOR
My pleasure.
(Looking at the photo album)
So this is it?

JOHN
Correct. As I said in my letter,
this old photograph album belonged
to a young Adolf Hitler.

The sub editor looks closely at the album.

SUB EDITOR

Okay. What else do you have to support this claim?

The editor puts the album back on the table.

JOHN

One moment.

John reaches for his bag and rests the bundles of reports and handwriting samples next to the album.

SUB EDITOR

Are these the graphologist reports?

JOHN

Yes. Forensic ones too. They prove beyond doubt that the handwriting in the photo album is penned by a male teenager, educated in Britain around seventy five years ago. The German written in the album, matches perfectly with the handwriting in Werner Maser's book of "Hitler's letters and notes". Take a look!

The sub editor leafs through both the reports and handwriting samples.

SUB EDITOR

Looks like a lot of work has gone on here already.

JOHN

It certainly has. And these highly respected professionals are all willing to stake their reputations on it.

SUB EDITOR

But isn't graphology more guesswork than science?

JOHN

While it's not an exact science, lots of professional organisations swear by it. They only deal in fact, not guesswork.

The sub editor nods. Fair enough.

SUB EDITOR

Sure.

JOHN
These findings potentially change
the whole complexion of World War
Two.

The sub editor becomes increasingly excited, and points to
the photograph album.

SUB EDITOR
Can I look at that again please?

JOHN
Yes of course.

John opens the album, picks out a post card, and lies it next
to a copied extract of handwriting from the book.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Take a look at both examples?
Seriously, what do you think?

SUB EDITOR
Yes, there are similarities. So
what was a young Hitler doing in
England back then?

JOHN
I'm not going to bore you with my
hypothesis now. You're aware of the
close ties between Germany and the
British royal family? Both before,
and during the war.

SUB EDITOR
You're not suggesting..

John smiles.

JOHN
Not quite, but German was still
spoken within the confines of the
family until fairly recently.

SUB EDITOR
Was it?

JOHN
Yes, it was.

SUB EDITOR
Interesting.

John picks out four more postcards, and compares them once
again with the handwriting in the book.

JOHN
Look at that writing. It's all
penned by the same hand.

SUPERVISOR

Looks that way.

The sub editor takes a closer look. Could it be true? John starts to toy with him.

JOHN

So, do you think the most evil man
in history was actually British?

The sub editor smiles at John, but thinks better of answering. John continues to ask probing questions.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Imagine the fun you'd have trying
to write that as a headline?

The sub editor eyes widen at the thought.

SUB EDITOR

(Grinning)
Now that would be fun.

JOHN

I'm happy to give your publication
worldwide exclusivity on this.

SUB EDITOR

Let me have a quick word with my
boss. He needs to see this.

The sub editor phones his senior editor.

SUB EDITOR (CONT'D)

(In German)
Michael, It's Christian. Yes he's
here with me now. He has everything
with him. Can you come through?

The sub editor beams at John.

SUB EDITOR (CONT'D)

He's on his way.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Williams gets out of his unmarked police car as a smartly dressed man he's waiting for, walks past. It's Bob. Seen earlier, handing over an envelope to John in Trinity Square.

WILLIAMS

Excuse me!

Williams follows Bob, who cocks a deaf ear and starts to accelerate.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Mr Dennis! Please stop.
I'm D.I Williams, Essex police.

Bob stops dead and turns around.

BOB

How can I help you?

WILLIAMS

I'd like to talk to you about John
Davey.

BOB

What's he done now?

WILLIAMS

You tell me. I hear you financed
one of his trips abroad recently?

BOB

You've spoken to the boys at the
cricket club then?

WILLIAMS

One or two.

BOB

Can we carry on walking? I only
live back there.

WILLIAMS

Sure.

They walk and talk.

BOB

So what do you want to know?

WILLIAMS

His plans.

BOB

He said he was going to pick the
album up from Switzerland, and then
try to sell the story to the German
media.

WILLIAMS

Do you know who to?

BOB

The highest bidder, I'd say.

WILLIAMS

Have you seen the album?

BOB

Yes of course I've seen it. And read all of the reports. It's all genuine.

WILLIAMS

Is it really?

BOB

Yes! Look I'm not daft. I know what he's like, but the evidence is incredible.

WILLIAMS

Doesn't give him the right to abduct his son, does it?

BOB

I told him not to take Tom. He never listens.

WILLIAMS

How much have you lent him?

BOB

So far? About two grand.

WILLIAMS

That's a lot of money.

BOB

Yes I know it is.

WILLIAMS

Call me if you hear from him?

William hands Bob a business card.

BOB

I will. I'd better get on or I'll miss my train.

INT. STERN MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

The SENIOR EDITOR(52) brusque, sits at the sub editor's desk as he sifts through the evidence. John and Tom are mere spectators.

All dialogue between the sub and senior editor is in German.

SENIOR EDITOR

(To sub editor)

He's well prepared, I'll say that.

SUB EDITOR

I know. I did think he was a
bullshitter at first, but there's
some unbelievable evidence here.

SENIOR EDITOR

Yes, it appears so.

The sub editor considers the potential magnitude of what
they're dealing with.

SUB EDITOR

Can you imagine if all of this is
true?

SENIOR EDITOR

Not really.

SUB EDITOR

I can. Just think of the British
reaction? All that gloating. How
they think they won the war on
their own.

SENIOR EDITOR

Only to find the man they were
fighting was actually one of them,
Yes?!

SUB EDITOR

Exactly. It's too delicious for
words.
(Looking at John)
So what do we do with him now?

The senior editor leans into the sub's editor's face and
unleashes fury.

SENIOR EDITOR

Tell him to go and shove it up his
arse!

The sub editor is taken aback.

SUB EDITOR

I'm sorry?

SENIOR EDITOR

Are you for real?

SUB EDITOR

You've lost me.

SENIOR EDITOR

It's a hoax you fool.

SUB EDITOR

No it's not!
 (Holding up a graphologist report)
 This guy has total proof.

The senior editor, clutching a bundle of documents under his arm, slams them on the sub editor's desk.

SENIOR EDITOR

Don't be ridiculous.
 (Pointing at the Hitler Diaries)
 Take a look at that lot.

SUB EDITOR

What is it?

SENIOR EDITOR

Just read it! All looks pretty
 genuine too, wouldn't you say?

SUB EDITOR

I suppose so.

SENIOR EDITOR

We're just recovering from this
 little episode. It almost ruined
 us!

The sub editor, stunned, reads copies from Stern magazine.

SUB EDITOR

It's the first I've known about it.

SENIOR EDITOR

How old are you? Twelve? Get rid of
 this man now!

FREEZE on images of "The Hitler Diaries"

DANIEL (V.O.)

The infamous Hitler diaries.
 Arguably the biggest fake news
 story ever.
 Stern magazine and the Sunday Times
 had spent millions on publishing
 the diaries six years earlier, only
 to discover they had been victims
 of an elaborate hoax. But John was
 undeterred, the young editor had
 given him a journalist contact in
 London, who'd agreed to look at his
 research on his return to Britain.
 Satisfied with their work, it was
 time to go home.

INT. GUEST HOUSE RECEPTION - DAY

John rings the reception bell. He and Tom wait for the LANDLADY to return to the desk.

LANDLADY
Would you like to pay gentlemen?

JOHN
Yes we would Mrs Bauer.
(To Tom, handing him money)
Nip to the shop next door and get a local map please.

TOM
A map?

Tom stares at John, before he begrudgingly walks off.

JOHN
Yes, if you don't mind.

John watches Tom go, before smiling back at the landlady, waiting patiently.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sorry, now how much do I owe you?

EXT. GUEST HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

John hurries out of reception to the entrance, where Tom waits in the cold.

JOHN
Let's get out of here Tom.

Tom throws his bags down in temper.

TOM
Oh you didn't did you?

JOHN
Didn't what?

TOM
Pay her.

JOHN
Of course I paid her. Wasn't going to knock a sweet old lady like that, was I?

TOM
(Pleasantly surprised)
Oh, well done!

Tom picks up his bags and stops again.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hold on. I thought we were skint?

John stops too.

JOHN

We are. I've nearly used all the money we've been given.

TOM

Is there enough to get us home?

JOHN

I don't know.

TOM

I can call my mum and get her to send my money to a bank somewhere.

John dismisses the idea.

JOHN

I don't want her doing anything. Did you get a map?

TOM

No, they didn't sell them.

JOHN

Never mind, we'll find a way back. You see.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CAPTION: GERMAN/DANISH BORDER.

Through fading daylight, John and Tom trudge through a dense forest.

TOM

Jesus Christ. Have you any idea where we are heading?

JOHN

Yes of course. We're not too far from the main road. I can hear cars.

TOM

Yes but where are they are coming from?

John spots a clearing to the road.

JOHN

Here we are. Told you didn't I?

TOM
You had no idea.

JOHN
No you're right, I didn't. Come on.

They head for the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

John and Tom hitchhike on the side of the road. Car after car speed by.

JOHN
Sod this!

John falls prostrate on the ground.

TOM
Now what are you doing?

JOHN
Someone will stop for us if I'm out like this.

TOM
No they won't. It looks like I've murdered you.

JOHN
Look worried. They'll stop for a kid like you.

Tom frantically waves at the DRIVER of a pick up truck, who slows down to observe proceedings.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The DRIVER parks up outside a grim looking hotel. John and Tom get out and head straight to reception.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As John sings loudly in the shower, Tom picks up the phone.

INT HAZEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone rings. Hazel answers.

HAZEL

Hello. Tom? Denmark?! Where exactly? Esbjerg? Never heard of it. So you've only called because you need money? You've got a bloody nerve! Okay. Where will I send it to?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A bedside clock reads five thirty am. John and Tom sleep soundly. The door bursts open. Four armed policemen storm in. A light goes on.

DANISH POLICEMAN ONE

Armed police! Place your hands above your head!

John and Tom are shaken by the din. John, naked, gets out of bed with his arms raised in the air.

JOHN

What do you want?

DANISH POLICEMAN TWO

Are you John Michael Davey?

JOHN

Yes I am.

DANISH POLICEMAN ONE

You are under arrest for the abduction of a minor.

John interrupts.

JOHN

(Nods at Tom)
He's my son for God's sake!

DANISH POLICEMAN ONE

And the non payment of train fares and hotel bills in Switzerland and West Germany.

JOHN

Anything else?

DANISH POLICEMAN TWO

No. Now can you get dressed and follow me please?

INT. ESBJERG AIRPORT, DENMARK - DAY

John whistles merrily as he enters the airport, handcuffed to a police officer. Thomas following behind, is escorted off by two airline officials to departures.

JOHN

(To Tom, in an affected upper class accent)

See you back in Blighty for tea and tiffin, Thomas!

Tom shakes his head in embarrassment.

TOM

Shut up Dad!

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

As passengers disembark, Tom hears his name over the aeroplane's intercom.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

Will Master Thomas Davey sat in row sixteen, seat D, please remain seated while other passengers exit the plane.

While Tom waits for the passengers to leave, the stewardess introduces herself to him.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

Are you Thomas Davey?

THOMAS

Yes, I'm Tom.

STEWARDESS/ CLAIRE

Hi Tom. I'm Claire. Just to let you know, there are two policemen outside, waiting at the rear of the plane for you.

TOM

(Sarcastically)
Great.

STEWARDESS/CLAIRE

They said you'd be expecting them?

TOM

I am.

STEWARDESS/CLAIRE

Think yourself lucky, they normally come on board to get you.

TOM
I would if I'd done anything wrong.

Tom smiles politely at the stewardess, and exits the plane.

EXT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT

Tom is met by Williams and a uniformed police officer.

WILLIAMS
Hi, Tom Davey?

TOM
Yes.

WILLIAMS
I'm Detective Inspector Brian
Williams. Essex police. Can you
come with me please?

TOM
Sure.

INT. GATWICK AIRPORT OFFICE - DAY

Tom is led into an office by Williams, where Hazel and Paul
wait anxiously.

WILLIAMS
(To Tom, Hazel and Paul)
I'm just going to give you all a
few seconds.

Williams exits.

Hazel rushes into Tom's arms.

TOM
Hello Mum.

HAZEL
(Sobbing)
Oh Tom! The worry you've caused us!

TOM
I'm sorry.

Paul gets up and puts an arm around both of them.

PAUL
We know it wasn't your fault Son.

Williams re-enters.

WILLIAMS
All done are we?

Hazel, wiping tears on her sleeve, smiles brightly.

HAZEL
Yes I think so.

WILLIAMS
Good.
So, are you okay Tom?

TOM
I'm fine. What's going to happen to me now?

WILLIAMS
You're going home with your Mum and Paul. We need to get you back to normal as quickly as possible.

TOM
What have school said?

HAZEL
(Interrupting)
I told them you had a bad bout of flu.

WILLIAMS
Only your Head Teacher really knows what's happened. He said he'll be happy to see you back on Monday.

HAZEL
We don't want this getting out Tom.

TOM
Why not?

HAZEL
I just want to forget this entire episode, if you don't mind.

TOM
It's not like I was abducted by aliens Mum. I wanted to help my Dad.

WILLIAMS
Tom, it's a criminal investigation at the end of the day.

TOM
What will happen to him?

WILLIAMS
Your Dad? He'll be arrested.

TOM

That's not fair, I agreed to go with him.

WILLIAMS

We'll decide on that one. In the meantime, you should get some rest.

INT. TOWER BLOCK - DAY

Tom wheels his bike out the exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom cycles along, happy to be home.

EXT. BRENTWOOD POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Williams enters, carrying two cups of tea. He hands one to John, who is sat at the table.

JOHN

Cheers. I'll get the next one.

WILLIAMS

No problem.

Williams sits down.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Well I must say, you are one lucky bloke.

JOHN

(Sipping his tea)
How come?

WILLIAMS

Hazel doesn't want to press charges.

John considers the surprisingly good news.

JOHN

Doesn't she?

WILLIAMS

No. She said she's worried about you, and thinks Tom isn't entirely blameless either.

John smiles ruefully.

JOHN

She's no need to worry about me.

WILLIAMS

Well she does.

JOHN

Nice to know she cares.

WILLIAMS

Exactly. So you're just going to receive a caution from us instead.

JOHN

Sounds reasonable.

WILLIAMS

We try to be. We don't think it's in anyone's interest for it to go any further. Finish your tea and you'll be free to go.

JOHN

Thank you.

WILLIAMS

Pull a stunt like that again and it's a different story. Understand?

JOHN

Of course. Can I ask a favour?

WILLIAMS

Fire away.

JOHN

Any chance of a lift home?

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John gets out of a police car. FREEZE as he waves to the driver.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John and Tom went their separate ways for Christmas. It would be a few months before they'd speak again.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CAPTION: APRIL 1990

Tom preens himself in the mirror, while he listens to Capital Radio play in the background. He's dumbstruck when he hears D.J, CHRIS TARRANT, mention John.

CHRIS TARRANT (O.S.)

(On the radio)

It says here on page three of the Sun today that jobless John Davey of Dagenham Essex...

The radio cuts in and out of reception. Tom tries to adjust it, but it's too late. Damn!

TOM

(To himself)

Bollox!

Tom bolts out of the room.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom leaps down the stairs and bursts out of the front door. Hazel rushes from the kitchen to see what's caused the commotion.

HAZEL

Tom?!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom sprints along the street, before skidding into the News agents.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Tom grabs a copy of "The Sun" from the counter, and slaps twenty pence into the cashier's hand.

EXT. NEWSAGENT - DAY

Tom locates the article on "Page three" It reads:

"JOBLESS JOHN DAVEY OF DAGENHAM ESSEX CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED AN ANTIQUE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM BELONGING TO ADOLF HITLER IN HIS GARDEN SHED! "

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom, underwhelmed, walks home dejectedly.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tom trudges through the hall, where he is met by a sympathetic Hazel.

HAZEL

I had a call from Sue. She heard it too.

TOM

Yeah? Did she say they're all taking the piss?

HAZEL

Not quite.

TOM

Well they are.

Hazel shakes her head in despair.

HAZEL

Are you okay?

TOM

Not really.

HAZEL

Look I don't mind if you don't go to school today.

TOM

No. I've got to go in.

HAZEL

It's up to you.

TOM

I'm going to get ruined.

HAZEL

You never know, you might not.

TOM

Mum, it was on the biggest radio show in London, and right next to the bird on page three with her tits out. It couldn't get any worse.

EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY

Tom, head bowed, walks through the school gates. A gang of unruly, older boys hurl abuse at him.

BOY 1

How's Adolf, Davey?

BOY 2

So Hitler went to Dagenham for his holidays, did he Tom?

BOY3
 (Cod - German accent)
 Your father is a mad man Mr Davey!

The boys laugh.

A teacher marches over to reprimand them.

INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN - DAY

Students point and scoff at Tom, who doesn't react.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Tom stands with a couple of friends in the cold. He's aware that nearly every child in the school is looking at him.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Tom walks out of school. He finds John, standing by the gates. Of all the Days!

JOHN
 Tom! Tom!

Tom walks over to John, willing him to stop shouting. He grabs John by the elbow and leads him off down the street.

TOM
 What do you want?

JOHN
 That's nice. Haven't seen you for months, and all I get is "What do you want?"

TOM
 I've just had the most humiliating day of my life thanks to you and that bloody photo album.

JOHN
 So what? Let them take the piss. We know what's true, and how much it's all worth. Here, look!

John pulls a newspaper out of his coat pocket, and shoves it under Tom's nose. The headline reads:

"ANTIQUÉ PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM FOUND IN DAGENHAM GARDEN, MAY HAVE BELONGED TO ADOLF HITLER!"

An image of the photograph album sits underneath.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It seems this lot are taking it
very seriously. See! Headline news!
What else do you want?

Tom looks for the title.

TOM

(Dismissive)
Wow! The Barking and Dagenham post!

JOHN

Not only them.

TOM

Who else then?

JOHN

Thames T.V have been in touch. They
want to do an interview tomorrow
morning.

TOM

Brilliant! Now that's exactly what
we need.

JOHN

Told you it would break eventually
didn't I?

TOM

So you kept saying.

DANIEL (V.O.)

But John would only do what John
wanted to do, and when he wanted to
do it.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Tom arrives to find John and Martin, mid rally.

TOM

Dad! Dad!

John and Martin ignore Tom.

Tom, furious, lets himself through the door and walks onto
the court.

John and Martin begrudgingly stop playing.

JOHN

What are you doing Tom?

TOM

I've been shouting out to you.

JOHN
It's set point.

TOM
Did they turn up?

JOHN
Who?

TOM
Who? Thames T.V!

JOHN
I don't know. They weren't there by the time I left. Nobody is going to keep me waiting around all day.

TOM
Dad, the whole of London would have known our story if you'd waited for them.

JOHN
They were never going to show up.

TOM
They were, I called them.

JOHN
Well, if they're really interested they'll come back, won't they?

Tom shakes his head. This can't be happening.

TOM
I can't believe you've done this.

JOHN
Oh well. Too bad. Now if you could excuse me, we've got a game going on here.

Tom, tearful, slowly walks off the court.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

A Thames T.V van pulls up outside John's house.

The driver walks up the footpath and knocks hard on the door. After waiting a while, he gives up, returns to the van and drives off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAPTION: TWO YEARS LATER

John enters the living room (now his living quarters) reading a letter. He places it on top of an ever growing pile.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

John enters the decrepit kitchen, to find Grace knitting at the table.

JOHN
You got ten pence Mum?

GRACE
What for?

JOHN
I need to call Martin.

GRACE
Have a look in my purse.

John finds a ten pence coin in Grace's purse.

JOHN
Thanks.

John pulls on his coat.

GRACE
What do you want him for?

JOHN
I need a lift.

GRACE
You're going to make him drive all the way from Brentwood to Dagenham?

JOHN
Yes. He doesn't mind.

GRACE
More fool him.

John shrugs and walks out.

INT. CAR - DAY

Martin drives. John barks orders.

JOHN
Here! Here! Stop! STOP!

Martin pulls over and parks up.

John peers through the windscreen, looking out at an office across the road.

MARTIN

Where is he?

John is halfway out the car already.

JOHN

I can see him. Wait there.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

John enters. He heads for the corner of the room to find TOM (17) on the phone. He is totally oblivious to John, stood opposite him.

TOM

(On phone)

Thanks for choosing us Mr Phillips.
I'll send the brochure out today.

Tom puts the phone down. He looks up to see John smiling at him.

JOHN

I knew you'd be good in sales.

Thomas stares back, murderously.

TOM

How did you know I was here?

JOHN

My first job was a biscuit
salesman.

TOM

(Sarcastically)

How interesting.
Seriously, how did you know I was
here?

JOHN

Martin told me.

TOM

What do you want?

JOHN

I wanted to talk to you about a
couple of things.

TOM

What kind of things?

JOHN

Important, historical things.

TOM

Oh you're not still going on about that are you?

JOHN

It's all I do.

TOM

Why? Three years you've been at it, and all you've ever done is fuck it up.

JOHN

That's not true.

TOM

Yes it is. So why all of a sudden are you here now?

JOHN

There's been a few developments recently.

TOM

(Unmoved)
Yes?

JOHN

Yes! And as a result there's an important meeting arranged in London for next week.

TOM

What are you telling me for?

JOHN

We were driving past. Thought you might want to know.

TOM

No you wasn't. Don't lie.

JOHN

I wouldn't lie to you.

TOM

You lie all the time.
I've haven't got any money if that's what you're after.

JOHN

I don't need your money, thank you.

TOM

So who's paying for it all?

JOHN
Martin, and a couple of the
experts.

TOM
Good old Martin! So who are they?
These experts.

JOHN
You wouldn't know them.

Tom, deep in thought, shakes his head firmly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's fine. I can see you're not
interested. I'll see you soon, Son.

John walks out.

TOM
Goodbye.

DANIEL (V.O.)
But Tom could never let go
completely.

INT. SAVOY GARDENS HOTEL, RESTAURANT - DAY

CAPTION: MAY 1992

John and Tom go to leave, when a WAITER stops them.

WAITER
Excuse me gentlemen! I don't
believe you've paid.

John points to an OLDER MAN, (78) dining alone.

JOHN
(To Waiter)
I'm sorry. That gentleman over
there is a dear friend of mine.
He's very kindly offered to pay for
our breakfast.

WAITER
(Dubiously)
Has he Sir?

John smiles as he makes eye contact with the older man, who
smiles and waves back.

JOHN
(To Waiter)
Told you didn't I?

It slowly dawns on the older man, that he has no idea who he was smiling at.

WAITER

(To John)
I'm sorry I doubted you sir.

JOHN

That's okay, I'll forgive you.

John and Tom sneak out, giggling like little girls. The older man is mortified when he's presented the bill by the waiter.

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS - DAY

John and Thomas enter reception. Graphologists MARGARET WHITE, prim and proper (45) and MAUREEN WARD GANDY (47) petite, lead them through to a stately meeting room.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John's powers of persuasion were impressive.
He'd convinced two of Britain's leading graphologists, to arrange this meeting, while he took the kudos.

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Margeret White and Maureen Ward Gandy takes their seat alongside six professionals sat at a table. John places himself at the head of the table, while Tom takes a seat opposite at the end.

MARGERET WHITE

(To the experts)
Hello everyone. I'd like to thank you all for being here at such short notice. I know some of you have travelled considerable distances too, so we'd better crack on.
(Smiling at John)
John if you could start please.

JOHN

Thank you Margeret.

John delves into his bag.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(To the experts)
Hi, I'm John Davey.
(Holding the photograph album aloft)

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I think you've all seen this
incredible artefact?
(Gesturing to Tom)
Discovered by my son Thomas here
one day, when he should have been
doing his homework instead!

Tom blushes, while the rest of the invited guests laugh. John hands out photocopies of the evidence to the experts, who keenly digest the information.

JOHN (CONT'D)

These are reports of all the
evidence we've gathered so far.
They prove that the handwriting in
the photograph album is penned by
Adolf Hitler. A man, we believe was
raised and educated in Britain.

John pauses for maximum dramatic effect.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's quite a bit of literature
to read, so it will take some time.

Journalist DAVID CULLEN puts his hand up like a schoolboy to interject.

DAVID CULLEN

(Half-Joking)
Hi John, David Cullen associated
press. You make this sound like
it's a bigger scandal than
Watergate?

Graphologist ELIZABETH HOBEN, (35) checks Cullen's name on his card.

ELIZABETH HOBEN

With respect Mr Cullen, this makes
the Watergate scandal look like
something from the back page of the
Beano.

Silence. The enormous implications sink in around the table.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

JOHN

So do we all agree that Sotherby's
will authenticate and auction the
photograph album?

The guests concurs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I believe you're going to organise this meeting Margeret?

Margeret White looks through her diary.

MARGERET WHITE

Yes. We're looking at two weeks from now.

JOHN

Perfect. And Maureen, you're going to create a press release?

MAUREEN WARD GANDY

Yes John.

JOHN

Excellent. We will discuss media rights at a later date. Thank you everyone for your presence here today. It's much appreciated. Meeting closed.

INT. EMBANKMENT TUBE STATION - DAY

John, Tom, Margeret White and David Cullen stop at the entrance of the station.

Margeret White turns to John.

MARGARET WHITE

Okay John, I'll be in touch during the week.

JOHN

I look forward to it. And thank you. We couldn't have done this without you.

MARGARET WHITE

My pleasure. It's all so exciting isn't it?

JOHN

Yes, very.

Margeret White's mind wanders.

MARGARET WHITE

Yes, it's quite something. I've never been involved in any quite like it before.
(Pulling herself together)
Anyway, enough from me for one day.

David Cullen gently tugs Margeret White's arm and gestures to the platform.

DAVID CULLEN

(To John)
We'll be off then.
(To Margeret)
Come on you.

MARGARET WHITE

Bye John.

JOHN

See you soon I hope.

John watches David Cullen and Margeret White head off down the escalator.

THOMAS

(To John)
What are you waiting for?

JOHN

Them.
(Looking around)
Come on.

John leaps over the ticket barrier. Thomas stops, then quickly follows suit.

EXT. SOTHERBY'S AUCTION HOUSE RECEPTION - DAY

CAPTION : TWO WEEKS LATER

Tom waits patiently. John paces around the lobby, permanently checking his watch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where the hell are Margeret and Maureen?

TOM

I don't know. Just sit down will you!

JOHN

They better not be having me over.

TOM

Why would they do that? They've set this all up, remember?

John calms. Even he knows he's being irrational.

JOHN

I know. I'm just worried that's all.

THOMAS

They're probably stuck on a train
somewhere. They'll be here soon.

A middle aged man walks into reception and approaches John.
He is Maureen Ward Gandy's husband, MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Hi John. I'm Michael Ward-Gandy.

John is taken aback.

JOHN

Hello.

Michael hands John a letter.

MICHAEL

Maureen wanted me to give you this.

JOHN

Thank you!
(Slightly panicking)
Where is she?

MICHAEL

She's not very well unfortunately.

He's unconvincing.

JOHN

What?

MICHAEL

Yes, she sends her apologies and
best wishes for today, but is just
too poorly to attend I'm afraid.

JOHN

Okay, well, wish her better from
me.

MICHAEL

I will. Thank you.

Michael leaves hurriedly.

JOHN

(To Thomas)
For fucks sake! The pair of them,
they're not coming, are they?!

THOMAS

I don't know!

JOHN

They've bottled it. They've sold me
down the fucking river!

A Sotherby's employee, ATKINS saunters into reception. He calls out John's name, like he's a patient in a doctor's surgery.

ATKINS
John Davey please!

John walks forward.

JOHN
I'm John Davey.

ATKINS
Would you like to come with me please?

John follows the supercilious Atkins. Tom gets up too.

JOHN
You wait there Tom.

Tom thinks better of arguing, and sits back down.

INT. SOTHERBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Atkins make notes as he examines the contents of the photograph album.

ATKINS
(To John)
What on earth was this doing in a garden shed in Dagenham?

JOHN
We think my uncle's partner discovered it while living in Germany.

ATKINS
(Condescending)
You think? So no actual certainty of its origins?

JOHN
No.

ATKINS
I see. Was this chap German?

JOHN
Yes he was.

ATKINS
A prisoner of war?

JOHN

I don't know. You didn't ask questions about your clearly, gay uncles back then.

Atkins sneers in disapproval.

ATKINS

I see. All a bit of a mystery?

JOHN

Yes. I do know they owned an antique shop in London and it definitely come from there.

ATKINS

And you can confirm that?

JOHN

Yes.

Atkins puts down his pen.

ATKINS

This idea that Hitler wrote in English?

JOHN

What about it?

ATKINS

It's ludicrous! Everyone knows he couldn't utter a word of it.

John taps the letter he's holding.

JOHN

Well the experts prove otherwise. All you have to do is make a phone call.

ATKINS

Really? Who to?

JOHN

(Handing the letter to Atkins)
Well, the person who wrote this for a start.

Atkins opens it.

ATKINS

What's this?

JOHN

(Getting increasingly frustrated)
It's a report I've literally just received from another leading handwriting expert. She also confirms that on the evidence of each set of handwriting, this album belonged to Adolf Hitler! How many times do I have to tell people?!

ATKINS

Mr Davey you can tell them as many times as you like, shouting won't help. We have to prove this beyond all reasonable doubt. Do you have any idea how many hoaxes we deal with in a year?

JOHN

No, but this isn't one of them!

ATKINS

And this is Sotherby's! We have a global reputation to consider. We need time to digest all the evidence provided.

JOHN

What about my reputation in all of this?

ATKINS

It's of little significance to us. Especially if none of this is true.

JOHN

Look, I never set out for all this to happen. I'm not a criminal.

ATKINS

I never said you were.

JOHN

Tell your face that then.

John places the paperwork on the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have a read of all that lot. Then you can decide for yourself.

ATKINS

I will.

JOHN

Thanks for your time.

John gets up and walks out.

EXT. SOTHERBY'S EXIT, BOND STREET - DAY

John yanks his tie off with rage as he storms along Bond Street. Thomas follows, but as usual, can't keep up.

TOM

Dad, can you just stop and tell me what's happened?

John stops.

JOHN

That bastard in there thinks he can talk down his nose to me like that and get away with.

TOM

When we will know anything?

JOHN

I've no idea. He thinks I'm dreaming this all up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DANIEL (V.O.)

They waited six weeks before Sotherby's eventually made contact. John wasn't the least bit surprised with the response.

John stares out the window. Tom sits next to him, reading a letter on Sotherby's headed paper.

TOM

So what is a "matter for government?"

JOHN

Something for either the secret service or security forces. I'm not sure.

TOM

Sounds about right.

JOHN

Maureen Ward Gandy works for the government. She told me she'd written to John Major's office on our behalf.

TOM

I wonder why she's gone quiet?

JOHN
God knows. And as for Margeret
White..

John starts to hallucinate.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A blood splattered room. Maureen Ward Gandy, her husband,
Michael and Margeret White lay brutally murdered in their
beds.

CUT BACK:

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

John shakes his head, trying to rid himself of the gruesome
image.

TOM
(Joking)
Don't think it might be you? Do you
Dad?

John takes umbrage at Tom's attempt at humour.

JOHN
What do you mean by that exactly?

TOM
You know what you're like?

John towers over Tom.

JOHN
No I don't, what am I like?

TOM
You can be, well, a bit intense.

JOHN
Anyone in my position would be the
same. Do you realise what we're
sitting on here?

TOM
Yes I do.

JOHN
Well then. Everyone is terrified of
the truth.

TOM
It's just..

JOHN

What? Do you think this is all rubbish as well do you?

Tom squares up to John.

TOM

Of course not. How can you say that? All I've done is support you.

JOHN

Only because you thought you were on to an earner.

TOM

No it wasn't! It's because you're my Dad and I believe you.

JOHN

Yes it sounds like it. You're no support at all.

Tom, totally exasperated, walks out.

TOM

That is it! I am done with you.

John, instantly regretfully, chases after Tom.

JOHN

Tom! I'm sorry.

OVER MONTAGE:

DANIEL (V.O.)

Tom returned to a normal life. He couldn't have been happier.

Tom, in Post Office uniform, delivers letters. Tom walks off of a cricket pitch smiling, holding the match ball aloft. Tom enjoys a drink in a pub, surrounded by friends. Tom waits at the entrance of a children's nursery, where he presents a bunch of flowers to an unsuspecting brunette, BERNIE (21).

DANIEL (V.O.)

While John immersed himself further and further into his research.

John frantically writes letters. John posts letters. John carefully studies the signature on Hitler's, alleged birth certificate, alongside a copy of author August Kubizek's signature. Martin hands his tools to a workman, in return for a bundle of cash. Martin immediately hands the money to John, who waits in his car. John exits Vienna airport. John waits in an office reception. John is met by a seventy something, professional man, who leads him into his office. As the door closes, A sign on the back of it reads:

(In German)

ALOIS SCHAFFER GRAPHOLOGIST AND FORENSIC SCIENTIST.

DANIEL (V.O.)

While continuing to research the photograph album's origins, John had found many factual inconsistencies in a book entitled, "Mein Jugend-freund" by August Kubizek. A story that charts the author's friendship with a young Hitler. John asked the distinguished expert to prove if Kubizek's signature, along with the writing on Hitler's birth certificate, and in the photo album, belonged to the same person. Many hours later, the old man confirmed it. Each example of writing matched. How much more evidence would John need?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

ALOIS SCHAFFER sits alone at his desk in a state of shock.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

CAPTION: A WEEK LATER.

Grace enters the lounge to find John, unwashed and unkempt, watching television.

GRACE

Why don't we get some fresh air today John?

JOHN

No point. No point in anything.

GRACE

Don't be silly. Will you come for a walk with me?

JOHN

No, I can't move.

GRACE

Well if you don't move, I'll move you myself.

John gets up begrudgingly.

JOHN

If you insist.

GRACE
There's a good boy.

JOHN
Mum, I'm a forty five year old man
for Christ's sake.

GRACE
You're still my little boy.

JOHN
Can I have ten pence for some
sweets then?

GRACE
No you can't. They'll rot your
teeth.

INT - DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

A young Asian DOCTOR (27) reads notes on a card. John and Grace sit silently in front of him.

DOCTOR
Do you take your medication Mr
Davey?

JOHN
No.

DOCTOR
Why is that?

JOHN
I've never taken it.

GRACE
(To Doctor)
I didn't know he was on medication.

DOCTOR
Yes he is.

GRACE
Why is that?

JOHN
(To Doctor)
Don't tell her.

The Doctor ignores John.

DOCTOR
Mrs Davey, back in nineteen eighty
three, John was diagnosed with
manic depression. Or, as it's now
known, Bipolar Disorder.

GRACE
 (Disbelieving)
 John, Why didn't you tell me about
 this before?

JOHN
 No need Mum. I was fine then, I'm
 fine now.

GRACE
 But you're not, are you?

The doctor writes out a prescription and gives it to Grace.

DOCTOR
 Make sure he takes this
 immediately.

GRACE
 I will doctor, thank you.

DOCTOR
 It's a very serious illness if not
 treated properly Mrs Davey.

GRACE
 I don't know anything about it I'm
 afraid.

DOCTOR
 In its simplest form, it's extreme
 mood swings and behaviour. Suicidal
 one moment, boundless energy and
 feelings of euphoria the next.

Grace looks at John.

GRACE
 Yes, sounds like him.

DOCTOR
 I'm sure he didn't tell you he's
 also been hospitalised with
 condition.

Grace chokes back tears.

GRACE
 No he didn't. Thank you for telling
 me Doctor. Come on John. Let's get
 you better.

JOHN
 Mum I'm fine. I wish people would
 just listen to me instead!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CAPTION: SIX WEEKS LATER.

John, upbeat, hands Martin a cup of tea and a plate of biscuits.

JOHN

I think I need to take this to the States, Martin. If I get the Americans on side, this thing will go through the bloody roof.

MARTIN

I'm surprised you hadn't thought of it sooner.

JOHN

(Jokingly)
I can't think of everything.

MARTIN

The Americans are far less objective for a start.

John nods excitedly in agreement.

JOHN

I've always done well over there too.

MARTIN

Exactly.

JOHN

How are you for money at the moment?

MARTIN

I'm okay. How much do you think you'll need?

John thinks hard, as he calculates the costs in his head.

JOHN

I'd say about three grand, all in.

Martin takes a deep breath.

MARTIN

Okay I'll sort it.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

A wad of cash is slapped into Martin's hand, through the window of a white Golf. He gives the roof a tap as the car speeds off.

As Martin goes inside, he find Fiona waiting at the front door. She shuns him as he sheepishly walks past her, into the house.

EXT. LARGE OFFICE BLOCK - DAY

CAPTION: J.EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, FBI HQ. WASHINGTON DC.

John walks into the foyer. He is searched by security guards, and then greeted by two F.B.I AGENTS and a FORENSIC SCIENTIST, who escort him along to an empty office. John takes a seat and hands his evidence to the agents.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

The forensic scientist hands back the documents to John, who files them away in his briefcase. He leans across the desk to shakes hands with the agents.

JOHN

Thank you for your time today gentlemen. I'm so glad your organisation is at least willing to consider my evidence.

FREEZE on the F.B.I agents, looking at each other nervously.

DANIEL (V.O.)

They agreed with John. The writing could only belong to one person. He returned to Britain, confident somebody in a position of power would finally break this story to the world.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

CAPTION: MAY 1995

John hands documents to a government employee at the door of number ten Downing Street.

EXT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - DAY

John is rigorously searched by security, before entering the building.

EXT. JEWISH CHRONICLE - DAY

John stands at the entrance and presses the intercom.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Each of these organisations showed genuine interest in John's research, but remained non-committal. Then a few weeks later, the oddest encounter of them all..

EXT. CAR - DAY

CAPTION: SUMMER 1995

A black saloon car speeds through the Surrey countryside at breakneck speed.

INT. CAR - DAY

John, wedged between two THUGS, anxiously clutches his briefcase.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The Thugs escort John into a country hotel.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The thugs walk John into a large room, to find a group of well dressed men, obviously gangsters, sat around a table. FREEZE on John, fearfully surveying the room.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John had been invited to a secret location by a notorious family from London's underworld. One of their employees knew about John's work, and wanted him to help them research for a book they planned to release about Hitler, and his partner, Eva Braun. They had reason to believe she lived in the South of England during war time, and Hitler was loosely connected to Queen Mary of Teck, wife of King George the fifth. They'd secured publishers, and offered John seven million pounds, yes, seven million pounds, if he could prove these revelations to be true. John confessed that he also had a notion about Hitler and the royal family. But the thought of working for these people, and their excessive demands, terrified him. They were far from impressed when he turned their offer down.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE STATION - DAY

The black saloon car seen earlier, screeches to a halt outside the station. John is shoved out of the car. He bolts to the entrance, his eyes fixed on the ground.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Williams sits with Hazel and three suited men around a table.

DANIEL (V.O.)
John's endeavours had really had
got people talking.

EXT/INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

John opens the door to find Williams at the door step.

JOHN
(Friendly)
What I have I done now?

WILLIAMS
Nothing, yet.

JOHN
What do you want then?

WILLIAMS
You owe me a cup of tea, remember?

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

John and Williams drink tea.

WILLIAMS
I met with your ex wife and MI5
yesterday.

JOHN
Why?

WILLIAMS
They want to know all about you.
They think you might be a threat to
national security.

JOHN
(Disbelieving)
Oh please! As if?

WILLIAMS

It's true. You've been dealing with some fairly powerful people recently. Anyone getting involved with that little lot is bound to have been watched and followed for a while now.

JOHN

(Rather flattered)
Yes, maybe.
Hold on, why did you invite her for Christ's sake?

WILLIAMS

Well, we thought she probably knows you better than anyone else. Seeing as your friends don't want to talk to us.

JOHN

She's clueless.

WILLIAMS

We know that now. I said that you could tell them far better yourself.

JOHN

I most certainly can.

Williams surveys the chaotic lounge, crammed wall to wall with papers and books.

WILLIAMS

This has all become very serious hasn't it John?

JOHN

It has been since the day I discovered the album.

WILLIAMS

Heard you were rubbing shoulders with some proper A grade villains last week?

JOHN

How do you know about that?

WILLIAMS

John, these people tell us your every move.

JOHN

Do they? Well I'm not doing anything wrong.

WILLIAMS

So if that's the case, why don't you talk to them? They're very interested in what you have to say.

JOHN

So they should be.

WILLIAMS

They're also concerned you might do something silly in the future.

JOHN

Are they?

WILLIAMS

You're not are you?

JOHN

All I want is for people to know what I have is totally genuine, that's all. It's getting so tiresome having to repeat myself all the time.

WILLIAMS

You didn't answer my question.

JOHN

No of course I'm not.

WILLIAMS

So I'll leave it down to them to get in touch?

JOHN

Yes. I'll wait for the knock on the door.

John shows Williams out.

WILLIAMS

(Jokingly)
Now don't be getting yourself into bother now.

JOHN

Yes Mum.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DANIEL COCKLIN, (25) blond, boyish, enters through the back door to the kitchen, much to John's surprise.

DANIEL

Get that kettle on Davey!

JOHN

Bloody Hell!

(Richard Burton impression)
Broadsword calling Danny Boy!
Broadsword calling Danny boy!

FREEZE as John and Daniel embrace.

DANIEL (V.O.)

MI5 never turned up. I did instead. I hadn't been in contact with John for a while, and wanted to get involved again. I was so convinced by his findings, that I started to write a book about them. I spoke to people on his behalf, and even funded a couple of trips for him. One for a meeting with the Berlin Police Department, and another, accompanying him up to Balmoral Castle in Scotland.

EXT. BALMORAL CASTLE - DAY

John and Daniel stand at the entrance to Balmoral Castle. John compares the castle with a photograph he's holding.

FREEZE on photograph of Hitler and Eva Braun, posing together in a Mercedes-Benz, parked outside a turreted, stately house.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John was adamant this photograph had been taken at Balmoral, rather than in Bavaria, where it was alleged to have been captured. It wasn't the wild hunch you'd imagine. Prominent Nazis such as Rudolf Hess, regularly flew into Balmoral, to meet with the royal family during war time. It might have been my imagination, but Balmoral castle, and the building in the photo looked identical.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

CAPTION: SPRING 1997

Martin carries bin liners full of his belongings down the footpath. John guards the door.

JOHN

Jesus, how long you staying for?

MARTIN

Forever, if she has her way.

John directs Martin where to go.

JOHN

Stick it all in Tom's old room.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I got a job overseas to get away from John. It was all too much. Poor old Martin had nowhere else to go. His wife had thrown him out because of his involvement in this affair. The final straw was him pawning her jewelry, so John could visit a forensic expert in the Greater Manchester Police.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Martin smokes, as John rants.

JOHN

Believe me Martin, there are a few people that are going to get some serious egg on their faces over this business.

MARTIN

I know John. They're idiots.

JOHN

You watch them squirm when I prove that Adolf Hitler was hiding in plain sight for all those years, and they sat on their arses and did nothing about it.

Martin nods in agreement.

MARTIN

I know John, I know.

JOHN

I mean it was so obvious. The way he parted his hair the other way, the stupid Charlie Chaplin moustache. He was friends with the bloody monarchy for Christ's sake!

MARTIN

Yes, it's ridiculous.

JOHN

Nobody though to say, "hold on a second, this is all a bit strange, isn't it?" And I'm meant to be the mad man! Unbelievable!

DANIEL (V.O.)

It was John's Mum I really felt for.

Grace gently closes the door. The noise, unbearable.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

The clock reads Midday. Grace enters the lounge to find John and Martin sleeping. She wafts her hand at the stench, before she pulls the curtains, opens the windows and collects piles of crockery from the floor.

EXT. PARK - DAY

John chuckles loudly as he nears towards Bob, waiting anxiously on a secluded park bench.

JOHN

There you are! I thought you were pulling my chain when you mentioned meeting here.

BOB

I'm glad you find it funny. I don't want anyone seeing us together, okay?

JOHN

Thanks.

BOB

And you're never to come to my place of work again. Do you understand?

JOHN

I needed to talk to you.

BOB

That may be so, but why on earth did you tell a young, impressionable girl about your affair?

JOHN

She asked me why I wanted to speak to you, so I told her.

BOB

I got a phone call from her father last night. Poor girl couldn't sleep. She was terrified.

JOHN

People need to know Bob.

BOB

Some people do. Not an innocent nineteen year old.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I didn't realise it would upset her so much.

BOB

What did you want me for anyway?

JOHN

I need to go to Phoenix.

BOB

Why?

JOHN

I've been dealing with the university for a while now. Arizona was a haven for senior Nazis after the war. For all we know, our man could be there too.

BOB

John, please. Don't be ridiculous.

JOHN

I'm not being ridiculous.

Bob looks through his diary.

BOB

Your debt to me currently stands at two thousand, four hundred and twenty pounds.

JOHN

And?

BOB

I can't do it anymore John.

JOHN

Why not?

BOB

For a start, Mary's found out.

JOHN

Oh dear. How is she?

BOB

What do you think? She was apoplectic for a week.

JOHN

Not bad for her. Bob, you know the situation. This could break at any time.

BOB

You've been saying that for eight years John.

JOHN

And you've seen the evidence. Patience is the key my friend.

BOB

Well mine's run out I'm afraid.

John puts an around Bob.

JOHN

Bob, I've signed contracts for millions of pounds. When this goes haywire, trust me, you'll make fortunes.

Bob thinks long and hard.

BOB

Let me get back to you.

JOHN

You won't regret it. I promise.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Bob lent him two grand. He did regret it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

CAPTION: AUGUST 31ST 1997

The phone rings loudly. Tom and Bernie watch aghast at the news report of Princess Diana's death.

BERNIE

(To Tom)
Are you going to answer that?

Tom doesn't want to be disturbed.

TOM
No I'm watching this.

The phone rings off. A piercing bleep of the Answer phone. Tom, wondering who has called, listens to the voice message.

JOHN (O.S)
Hi Tom, it's your Dad. I'm here in the States, watching the terrible news about Diana. It's fairly obvious she's been murdered by secret services. You know MI5 know all about us don't you? We're next on the hit list, believe me. So go careful out there. I love you Son.

Tom buries his head in his hands. He returns his attention to the television, while Bernie silently fumes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom delivers letters. A tall, thin man walks slowly behind him. Tom, feeling uncomfortable, lets the man pass.

INT. VAN - DAY

Tom drives his Post Office van. He repeatedly checks his rear view mirror, believing the man who was walking behind him earlier, is now following him in his car. Tom checks again. It's the same man.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Tom lies across Bernie as they watch television together.

BERNIE
I fancy some chocolate.

TOM
Do you?

Bernie goes doe-eyed.

BERNIE
Yes.

TOM
Well, you know where the Off License is.

Bernie pleads in a girly whine.

BERNIE
Can't you go for me? Please?

TOM
No! I've just got comfy.

BERNIE
If you loved me you would.

TOM
(Jokingly)
I don't love you.

Bernie playfully hits Tom with a pillow.

BERNIE
Watch it you!

TOM
(Tom gets up)
Come on then, show me the money.

Bernie grabs her purse from the coffee table.

BERNIE
(Handing Tom a pound coin)
You are a love. Get us a Dairy Milk
will you? And whatever you want.

TOM
Will do. See you in a bit.

Tom kisses Bernie.

BERNIE
Don't be long.

EXT. OFF LICENSE - NIGHT

Tom exits the Off License, and gets in his car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tom checks his rear view mirror. He believes the man he thought was following earlier, is in the car behind him. Panicking, Tom drives off at speed, and crashes into a parked car outside his house. The MAN driving the car behind, stops and attends to Tom. It isn't "HIM" after all.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bernie watches television, until she hears a commotion outside, and rushes to the window. She wails in fear when she sees Tom's tangled car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tom freaks out, screaming, pulling his hair, punching the dashboard and steering wheel.

EXT. STREET -NIGHT

Bernie rushes out to examine the damage to both Tom and the car.

BERNIE
(Breaking down in tears)
Oh my god! Tom!

She is quickly comforted by concerned neighbours.

INT. WARLEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Tom sits in a chair, looking out onto the hospital grounds. He is joined by Bernie and Hazel.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

John walks through arrivals. Unbeknown to him, waits Williams.

WILLIAMS
John?

JOHN
(Shocked)
Jesus, What are you doing here?

WILLIAMS
Lovely to see you John! Would you like a lift? We need to talk.

JOHN
Sure. Thank you.

INT. CAR - DAY

Williams drives. John watches the road in front of him.

WILLIAMS
So how was it out in the desert?

JOHN
How do you know where I've been?

WILLIAMS
John, we've been through this already.

JOHN

It was a brilliant trip. They were seriously interested in my research.

WILLIAMS

Good, because there is something serious I need to tell you.

JOHN

What is it?

WILLIAMS

Thomas has been admitted to Warley Hospital.

JOHN

Why?

WILLIAMS

He's had a nervous breakdown.

John gulps.

JOHN

How?

WILLIAMS

Did you leave a message telling him that M15 were after him?

JOHN

Yes.

WILLIAMS

Why did you do that?

JOHN

Because they most probably are.

WILLIAMS

And you didn't think that might upset him?

JOHN

I was trying to protect him.

WILLIAMS

Well it's tipped him over the edge by the looks of things.

JOHN

I can't be arrested for that, can I?

WILLIAMS

No you can't.

JOHN

Listen! Diana was bumped off because she was bringing shame onto the royal family. Thanks to her relationship with Dodi, right?

WILLIAMS

Possibly.

JOHN

She knew certain secrets about that lot too.

WILLIAMS

I'm sorry, What's your point here John?

JOHN

MI5 view us exactly the same as her. We're an obvious target for them. Can't you see?

Williams bites his tongue.

WILLIAMS

Well, I wanted to prepare you, just in case you tried to contact him. Do you want to see him?

JOHN

Of course I do.

WILLIAMS

Let's go then. I'll drop you off.

JOHN

Thanks.

INT. WARLEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

John walks in the ward, to find Tom asleep. Sat either side of him are Bernie and Hazel.

Bernie stands to confront John.

BERNIE

(Aggressively)
What the hell are you doing here?

JOHN

I've come to see my son.

BERNIE

As if you care.

JOHN

Oh be quiet will you?! Getting your knickers in a twist won't help, will it?

BERNIE

Excuse me?

HAZEL

Can't you see the damage you've caused John?

Bernie points to Tom.

BERNIE

(To John)

Look what you've done.

JOHN

I knew it would be my fault.

Bernie wipes tears away from her face.

BERNIE

Who else's fault is it?

JOHN

Not mine. He's not well!

HAZEL

(To John)

You knew exactly what you were doing. There's no defence for it.

BERNIE

I was there when you left that message, and when he crashed his car. He could have died!

JOHN

Nobody has ever died of a nervous breakdown.

BERNIE

That's okay then is it? Just stay away from him will you! He's happy without you in his life.

JOHN

What delivering letters for the Royal Mail? And cleaning cars? Some life.

BERNIE

He likes it!

JOHN

I was a millionaire at his age.

BERNIE

Yes and now look at you!

JOHN

I'm not taking this from you!

BERNIE

Good. Piss off then!

JOHN

Hazel, please, what I have changes history.

HAZEL

It doesn't though does it? No one is interested.

JOHN

One day they will be. And when that day comes, I'll need us all together.

(Nods towards Tom)
Him, you, Michael.

HAZEL

Me and Michael? John, we've been divorced longer than we were married. And do you know Michael won't even give his address out to people? Just in case you get hold of it.

JOHN

He's been poisoned.

HAZEL

Yes, by you. Sorry John, will you leave please? You're just upsetting everyone.

JOHN

Fine. You'll regret treating me like this, I promise you.

John storms out.

EXT. WARLEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Thomas, accompanied by Bernie and Hazel, leaves hospital.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Tom had received his diagnosis. Often hereditary, he too was suffering from Bipolar Disorder.

(MORE)

DANIEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He would return to hospital from
 time to time, but took his
 medication and got on with life as
 best he could.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

CAPTION: SPRING 2000

Tom and Bernie, just married, hold baby daughter GRACE
 between them. The small congregation gather round to
 congratulate the happy couple.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Not long after, their son William
 was born. A girl and a boy. The
 perfect set.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Meanwhile, John and Martin
 continued to travel far and wide to
 find the photograph album's
 origins.

EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY

John and Martin enter a grand stately home. A sign reads:
 "WELCOME TO SANDRINGHAM HOUSE"

DANIEL (V.O.)
 John's theories regarding Hitler
 and the monarchy never stopped.

EXT. ISLE OF WIGHT FERRY - DAY

John and Martin look out to sea.

INT. OSBORNE HOUSE - DAY

CAPTION: OSBOURNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT

John and Martin wander the house in awe.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Osborne House was used as a summer
 retreat by the royal family back in
 Victorian times.

An image of a small music box.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John thought that this small music box found in the house and now on public display, played music from the opera, Tanhauser by Wagner. In John's mind, it was another clear sign that Hitler, a great lover of Wagner, was undoubtedly connected to the House of Windsor.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

CAPTION: SPRING 2001

A wooden " FOR RENT " sign stands up outside the house. Martin carries his belongings to his car. FREEZE on John as he hands the keys of the house to a young Asian woman.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Earlier that year, Grace passed on. John, on a whim, sublet the house and spent months on a wild goose chase around America. Frittering away his inheritance money at will. He returned penniless and temporarily homeless. I knew it was his illness that had triggered this, but he was insistent that it had nothing to do with it.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Daniel angrily moves John off his door step.

INT. REFUGE CENTRE - NIGHT

John tries to get to sleep in a refuge centre.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I'm a tolerant man normally. This time, he could go stuff himself.

INT. WARLEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, OUTPATIENTS - DAY

Martin sits patiently in the waiting room.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Martin suffered terribly as a result of this affair.

NURSE

Martin Donaldson please?

Martin shuffles pathetically over to the nurse.

DANIEL (V.O.)

He was a broken, empty shell of a man who'd lost everything, thanks to his involvement with John. As far as I know, he never fully recovered.

EXT. WARLEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

CAPTION: DECEMBER 2004

Tom walks out of the Hospital entrance.

EXT STREET - DAY

Tom continues walking down Warley Hill.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I'd frequently met up with Tom. Mostly so he could thrash me on the squash court. He was some player.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS CENTRE BAR - DAY

Tom and Daniel share a laugh and a drink.

DANIEL (V.O.)

With business booming and his illness finally under control, he was now looking forward to spending a normal Christmas with Bernie and the kids.

BACK TO:

EXT. BRENTWOOD STATION - DAY

Tom walks into the station.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Tom walks along the platform. He looks around, jumps down onto the tracks, and walks towards a speeding, oncoming train.

OVER BLACK:

DANIEL (V.O.)
 He died the day before his
 thirtieth birthday.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Bernie, with her young children by her side, opens the front door to two POLICEMEN.

POLICEMAN ONE
 Hello are you Mrs Bernice Davey?

Bernie instinctively knows something is seriously wrong.

BERNIE
 What's happened?

Bernie anticipates grave news as the policemen remove their caps.

POLICEMAN TWO
 I'm sorry to inform you...

BERNIE
 Please not Tom. No!

Bernie drops to the floor on her knees. She screams hysterically.

EXT JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John walks to the gate of his pathway. Waiting for him is his elderly neighbour, RAY.

JOHN
 Hello Ray, everything all right?

RAY
 (Disoriented)
 Not really John.

JOHN
 How come?

RAY
 The police have been round. You need to contact them.

JOHN
 Why what's wrong?

RAY
 (Breaking down)
 It's Tom.

JOHN
What's happened?

Ray shakes his head. John is motionless with shock.

EXT. KITCHEN - DAY

John sobs uncontrollably.

DANIEL (V.O.)
For fear of confrontation, John was
instructed not to attend Tom's
funeral or memorial service.
Thankfully he heeded the advice.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

CAPTION: JANUARY 2005

A group of rowdy SCHOOL GIRLS barge their way past John to
the front of the queue.

INT. BUS - DAY

John climbs the stairs to the top deck. He finds the school
girls behaving boisterously, until their leader speaks up.

SCHOOL GIRL ONE
Stop it girls, we've got company.

The rest of the girls do as they're told immediately. John
acknowledges them with the tiniest of smiles.

JOHN
You don't have to behave on my
behalf.

SCHOOL GIRL TWO/AMBER
Where are you off to mate?

JOHN
Who me? I'd rather not say.

SCHOOL GIRL TWO/AMBER
Why?

SCHOOL GIRL ONE
Don't be so nosey Amber!

AMBER
(To School girl one)
I'm not being nosey.

JOHN
It's something to do with my son.
He died recently.

AMBER

I'm sorry.

JOHN

Why? It wasn't your fault.

AMBER

That's what you say when someone dies isn't it?

JOHN

Yes it is. Well anyway, my son died because people didn't realise he was very ill, and left it too late to do anything about it. Meanwhile, I've been left to hang by people in high places who are terrified of what my research will do to them and their cushy little lives.

The girls fall silent and stare at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Are any of you girls Jewish?

A dark haired girl, SCHOOL GIRL THREE, slowly holds up her hand.

SCHOOL GIRL THREE

My Dad is.

JOHN

Well you go home tonight and tell him that the man who murdered six million of his fellow Jews was British, and part of our royal family!

School girl three, looks at John in disbelief. The other girls giggle with a mixture of fear and embarrassment.

SCHOOL GIRL THREE

Really? How do you know?

John leans towards School girl three.

JOHN

(Gradually exploding with anger)
Because I do. So make sure you tell your Dad! Right?! Or otherwise I'll come and blow up your school and fifty others!

School girl three, flinches, close to tears. School girl one puts an arm around her, to both protect and console her.

SCHOOL GIRL ONE

(To John)
You've upset her.

John calms, regretful for his outburst.

JOHN

I didn't mean to.

School girl one stands up.

SCHOOL GIRL ONE

(To John)
Too late mate.
(To the rest of the girls)
Come on girls, let's go before this
fucking weirdo threatens to do
anything else.

As the bus stops, the girls rush off. John lags slowly behind.

EXT. BRENTWOOD HIGH STREET - DAY

John walks along the High Street. A police car pulls up beside him.

POLICE MAN THREE

Excuse me Sir, can we have a word please?

John continues walking.

JOHN

No, sorry, I'm rather busy.

POLICE MAN THREE

This won't take a second Sir.

JOHN

I don't want to talk you.

POLICE MAN THREE

Sir, if you don't stop, I'm going to have to arrest you.

JOHN

What for?

POLICE MAN THREE

Public order offences. Terrorist threats.

JOHN

Terrorist? Are you joking me?

POLICE MAN THREE
No, I'm not Sir.

JOHN
Oh why don't you fuck off and
arrest some real criminals for a
change?

Both Police man three and four get out of the car.

POLICE MAN FOUR
(To John)
You're under arrest.

Police man four attempts to handcuff John.

JOHN
Get your hands off me!

John resists, until he is over powered by both officers, who
push him into the back of the police car.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(Addressing a group of passers by)
This is police brutality. Someone
help me, Please!

The passers by keep their heads down and ignore John.

INT. BRENTWOOD POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Williams enters the room. Policemen three and four
interrogate John.

WILLIAMS
Sorry gents. We need to end this
meeting right now.

FREEZE on Williams as he stops the interview recorder button.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Good job Williams was on duty that
afternoon. He managed to patch
things up with John and the
arresting officers. Once again,
John was released without charge.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

Williams parks up outside John's house. John gets out and
leans through the passenger window.

JOHN
(To Williams)
Thanks again.

WILLIAMS

I can't do this anymore John.

JOHN

What? The lifts home?

WILLIAMS

Yes.

(Momentarily thrown)

No, not just that. I mean, I can't keep sticking my neck on the block for you all the time. You need help and you're not taking it. You're a danger to yourself.

JOHN

I'm fine.

WILLIAMS

You're not fine! Haven't you lost enough already? This has got to stop.

JOHN

I know why you're doing it.

WILLIAMS

Tell me then?

JOHN

It's fairly obvious I'd say.

WILLIAMS

I'm glad you think so. Go on, tell me?

JOHN

You're MI5 too. You've known the truth all along, haven't you?

Williams takes pity on John.

WILLIAMS

No John I'm not. Just do as I've asked, for everyone's sake.

John moves away from the car and heads indoors.

JOHN

I promise, it's all going to end as soon as I get in that house.

WILLIAMS

There's a good lad! And stay away from Brentwood for another five years. I'll be retired by then!

JOHN
I will. Take care.

Williams drives off.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John walks through the front door, hangs his coat up and walks through to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

John heads for the cutlery draw, pulls out a knife and runs it firmly over his wrist. When he opens his eyes to examine the damage, he is astonished not to find a mark or a speck of blood. He breaks down in tears.

DANIEL (V.O.)
John believed it was divine
intervention that stopped him
taking his own life that evening.
He now had a better plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - DAY

CAPTION: QUEEN'S VISIT TO CRAWLEY, SUSSEX 2006

A large crowd gathers for the royal visit. John, carrying a bouquet of flowers, attempts to break the police line and hand them to the Queen.

JOHN
(Towards the Queen)
Your Majesty?!

He is immediately stopped and led away by POLICEMAN FIVE.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(To Policeman five)
I wasn't going to hurt her. I just
need to speak to her.

POLICEMAN FIVE
You can tell that to the judge
mate.

OVER MONTAGE:

DANIEL (V.O.)
John's plan was a fairly simple
one. The bigger the incident
caused, the more people would
eventually listen to him.

John is thrown into a police van. John, unperturbed, eats a meal in a police cell. Chelmsford prison, Daniel is frisked by prison officers before he visits a cheery looking John. Daniel and John chat animatedly.

EXT. CHELMSFORD PRISON - DAY

DANIEL (V.O.)

After two weeks on remand, all charges of attempted assault were dropped. He was free to go. He was livid.

John storms out of the exit, enraged.

DANIEL (V.O.)

It didn't take long for him to figure out what to do next.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John slams the front door behind him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John crosses the street, and heads towards a phone box.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

John walks in and closes the door. He places a handful of coins into the machine and dials.

JOHN

(On phone)

Hello, is that British Airways?
Excellent. Please listen carefully.
My name is John Michael Davey, of
twenty eight, Basedale Road,
Dagenham, Essex. I'd like to inform
you that a bomb is planted on board
today's fourteen hundred hours
flight from London Heathrow to
Phoenix, Arizona. It will explode
in precisely four hours from now.
Be assured, this is not a hoax.
Goodbye.

John hangs up.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

The information board reads:

ALL FLIGHTS CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Chaos ensues as the terminal is evacuated.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Two FEMALE POLICE OFFICERS knock on John's front door and wait for an answer. Moments later, John emerges from the house.

JOHN

Hello.

FEMALE OFFICER ONE

(Sympathetically)

Hello Mr Davey, would you like to come and have a chat with us about a phone call you made to British Airways earlier?

John nods, and closes the door behind him. Traumatized, he finally realises both the enormity of his crime, and his troubled state of mind. He's escorted, trembling, to an awaiting police car.

JOHN

(To female officers)

I'm sorry it's come to this.

FEMALE OFFICER TWO

We'll talk about it later John.

Just come with us, you'll be fine.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

John looks back at the house as the car pulls away. He knows he won't be seeing it for a very long time.

INT. CHELMSFORD CROWN COURT - DAY

CAPTION: DECEMBER 2006

John surveys the packed court room from the witness box. He notices Hazel in the public gallery, and offers an apologetic smile. She turns her head away, still unable to look at him after the devastation he's caused her family.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Now was John's time to talk.

JOHN

(To the JUDGE)

Your honour, For many years I was a decent, law abiding, tax paying citizen. A very successful businessman, a husband, a father and a pretty decent cricketer.

A titter of laughter from the public gallery.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've spent the last seventeen years being ignored and disrespected. I've faced crushing grief and abject poverty. I've lost everything, including my darling son as a result of this hideous affair. I didn't go looking for any of this, it came to me. I simply tried to prove a number of discoveries that implicates both Hitler and the royal family, in the biggest cover up and scandal this world has ever seen, or is ever likely to see. And yet, after all the research and all the evidence, none of the thirty odd organisations I worked with, had the decency to check my findings. Instead, I've been abused, ridiculed, had my mental health questioned, and accused of being a fraud. I'm sure you'll agree, it's bound to have taken it's toll on any normal human being?

The Judge considers John's pleas.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I sincerely apologise for the terrible thing I did, but would like you to consider the mitigating circumstances for committing such a crime. And why did I resort to this reckless act? I just wanted someone to listen to me. And now you are. So, thank you. Can I take you back to the spring of nineteen eighty nine?

FREEZE on the captivated jury, as John is about to continue with his tirade.

DANIEL (V.O.)

John spoke in detail about his affair. It was a virtuoso performance that typified him. Eloquent, courteous, and passionate, but ultimately, dangerous, misguided and unwilling to acknowledge his chronic condition. John was diagnosed as suffering from grandiose delusions, common during manic phases with people who have bipolar disorder.

(MORE)

DANIEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Mental health experts recommended
 that he spent five years
 rehabilitating in a secure Mental
 Health Unit, rather than being
 imprisoned.

INT. LINDEN CENTRE, BROOMFIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

CAPTION: SPRING 2007

DANIEL COCKLIN (36) is escorted by a nurse to a meeting room,
 where John sits glumly.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 I visited him from time to time. It
 was always pretty grim.

JOHN
 Can't you get me out of here Danny?

DANIEL
 John, it's not that easy I'm
 afraid.

JOHN
 How can they lock me up in here?
 Like I'm some demented criminal?

DANIEL
 Because they think it's for the
 best. They're trying to help you.

JOHN
 Hardly. The place is full of
 nutters. I can't even find anything
 to kill myself with.

DANIEL
 Good. I should hope not.
 (Deliberately changing subject)
 So what's for dinner tonight?

JOHN
 I don't know. I'm on hunger strike
 until I get an appeal.

Daniel looks away in despair.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 He hadn't changed. He still spoke
 of the same things. His anger at
 the injustice of his treatment. His
 disturbing thoughts on how Hitler
 had always "written with England in
 mind".
 So what was John's theory?
 (MORE)

DANIEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He believed Hitler was actually
 born Prince John Charles Francis,
 born July the fifth, nineteen
 hundred and five. The fifth son and
 the youngest child to King George
 the fifth, and Queen Mary of Teck.

Image of Prince John with his siblings.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 John thought the "Hidden Prince" as
 he later became known, didn't die
 as a thirteen year old from
 epilepsy, but was sent to Germany
 instead, under the protection of
 distant, royal cousins. This was to
 avoid him causing further
 embarrassment to the House of
 Windsor, with his serious
 behavioural and learning issues. It
 was one of the many occurrences
 that justified allegations of
 collusion between the Nazis and the
 royal family.

Image of Prince Edward the eighth, teaching the royal family
 the Nazi salute. FREEZE on image of Prince Edward the eighth,
 smiling as he shakes hands with Hitler.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 For those that don't know, This was
 Prince Edward the eighth. He was
 considered a liability by Britain
 during wartime. He was anti-
 semitic, openly supportive of the
 Nazis, and had even made plans to
 work with Hitler, should Germany
 have won the war and occupied
 Britain. Along with his personal
 issues, namely alcohol and women,
 it was little surprise that he was
 banished to the Bahamas, where he
 was Governor, until his death in
 nineteen seventy two. Why else was
 he shipped off? Because he was
 Hitler's brother, and one day he
 would tell the world. It was no
 wonder people thought John Davey
 was insane.

INT. PUB - DAY

CAPTION: CHRISTMAS 2008

Daniel and a group of friends sit around a table enjoying the
 pub quiz.

COMPERE

Okay, round four was to guess the pairs of eyes belonging to these infamous people. Answer number one. "Ernesto Che' Guevara".

DANIEL

(To friends)
We got that one!

COMPERE

Answer number two..

DANIEL

Easy.

DANIEL

Adolf Hitler!

COMPERE

Prince Edward!

Daniel's pulls the question paper up to his face, and examines the picture closely.

DANIEL

(To Compere)
I'm sorry, did you say Prince Edward?

COMPERE

Yes.

DANIEL

As in Prince Edward the eighth?

COMPERE

Yes. Sorry, should have given him his full title.

DANIEL

Are you sure?

COMPERE

Positive.
(To the rest of the players)
Right, let's move on. Question number three.

Daniel stares at the question paper. He still can't believe his eyes.

DANIEL

(To Compere)
Excuse me, I'm really sorry. You mean as in Prince Edward and Mrs Simpson? Are you sure?

The compere is exasperated with Daniel.

COMPERE

Yes! Don't you believe me?

The customers laugh.

DANIEL

(To himself)

No I don't believe this.

(To his friends)

Can you excuse me guys for a second? Nature calls.

Daniel, walks slowly from the table towards the toilet.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I was certain I'd got the right answer. And then, the most terrifying thought of all crossed my mind. Maybe John was right after all?

Daniel stops dead in his tracks.

EXT STREET - DAY

CAPTION: FIVE YEARS LATER

John, unrecognisable, walks anxiously along the street, carrying a bag of shopping.

DANIEL (V.O.)

He was now a heavily medicated, institutionalized, wreck of a man. He would never recover. It broke my heart.

FADE TO BLACK:

CAPTION: JOHN DAVEY LIVED ALONE IN SHELTERED ACCOMMODATION IN CHELMSFORD, ESSEX, UNTIL HIS DEATH IN JANUARY 2018. HE WAS 70 YEARS OLD. ONLY TWO PEOPLE ATTENDED HIS FUNERAL.

THE END

