

GINGER & ROSA

A film by
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1 EXT. ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - DAY 1

The low rumble of an approaching aeroplane becomes louder and louder over the FRONT TITLES. A momentary silence is followed by the sound of a huge explosion.

An enormous mushroom cloud of dust rises into a fiery sky, followed by archive footage of the devastated city of Hiroshima after the nuclear bomb has fallen.

A caption fades up over the flattened, destroyed city:

Hiroshima, 1945.

2 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY 2

A young woman (NATALIE), lying in a stark, white hospital bed, is in the last stages of painful labour, about to give birth to her daughter, GINGER.

The caption changes to:

London, 1945.

In the bed next to Natalie, another woman (ANOUSHKA) is also about to give birth to her daughter, ROSA. Anoushka reaches out towards Natalie. They hold hands across the gap between the beds.

3 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY 3

Natalie's husband (ROLAND) sits anxiously on a bench in a hospital waiting room. Another MAN (Anoushka's husband) sits nearby. It's been a long wait.

4 EXT. COURTYARD PLAYGROUND - DAY 4

Two small girls (GINGER and ROSA), now four years old, one red-haired and the other dark-haired, are holding hands as they swing back and forth on rusting swings in an austere playground, surrounded by shabby tenement buildings in East London.

Anoushka and Natalie are standing nearby. Anoushka looks tearful. This time it is Natalie who reaches out to comfort her friend.

5 INT. BALCONY AND EXT. COURTYARD - DAY 5

Rosa crouches on the balcony of an upper floor in the tenement buildings, staring through the railings at her father as he walks determinedly across the yard below, carrying a large kitbag.

He glances up, briefly, but continues to walk away.

6 EXT. NATALIE'S GARDEN - DAY 6

Roland throws little Ginger high into the air. She shrieks with pleasure and alarm as her red hair flies out around her.

7 INT. BATHROOM (NATALIE'S HOUSE) - NIGHT 7

Ginger - who is now a teenager - is wearing pyjamas and cleaning her teeth vigorously in front of the mirror in a large shabby bathroom.

A caption fades up:

London, 1962.

The door is open onto the landing next to the bathroom and Ginger stops brushing her teeth to listen to a male voice coming from a radio in Natalie's bedroom.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The Defence Department of the United States government has arrived at estimates of casualties should they and the Soviet Union adopt a counterforce strategy in the event of nuclear war.

(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The estimates are as follows: one hundred million dead in the US and one hundred and fifteen million dead in Europe, including twenty three million dead in Britain. Without any civil defence the counterforce strategy has the capacity to destroy all life in Western Europe, the United States, and the Soviet Union.

NATALIE (O.S.)

It's depressing. Turn it off, darling. I want to talk to you about the girls.

ROLAND (O.S.)

Alright. What about them?

Ginger creeps across the landing and peers through a gap in the doorway, listening intently as she watches her parents talk.

8 INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

Natalie is lying in bed. Roland is sitting on the bed next to her, some books under his arm.

NATALIE

I think Rosa is a bad influence.

ROLAND

Meaning what, exactly?

NATALIE

Anoushka worries about her. She says she is disturbed.

Ginger suddenly steps forward into the open doorway.

GINGER

(hotly)

So would you be if you'd been told
you're a failure when you're eleven
years old.

ROLAND

- Yes, bloody eleven-plus exams -

NATALIE

(to Ginger)

- you did well, though -

ROLAND

- not that exams mean anything of
real significance. You can't
measure intelligence.

GINGER

- Anyway, she's not disturbed.
She's interesting.

Roland grins at Ginger.

GINGER (CONT'D)

And she's my best friend.

9 EXT. PARK - DAY

9

Rosa and Ginger are sitting on a long wooden bench under a
shelter in a grim London park. Rosa is demonstrating to
Ginger how to flirt and kiss with a boy.

ROSA

Close your eyes. Turn your head.
Opposite way.

They angle their faces, awkwardly, at each other, before
Ginger collapses into laughter. Then in a change of mood,
they start a traditional girls' clapping sequence, which
gets faster and faster, their eyes shining with effort and
excitement.

10 EXT. WASTEGROUND - EVENING

10

Rosa and Ginger are hanging out on a patch of wasteground near a corrugated iron fence. The rusty skeleton of a gas-works looms above them. It's a scene of urban decay and destruction in the post-war years.

Rosa pulls two cigarettes out of a packet and puts them both in her mouth. Ginger strikes a match and lights them for her. Rosa hands one of them to Ginger. Ginger takes a puff but coughs and splutters and pulls a face of disgust.

ROSA

You're not doing it right. Here,
try again.

Ginger takes a drag and coughs again. Rosa laughs, wildly.

11 EXT. LONDON ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

11

Ginger and Rosa are standing by a wall, necking with two long-haired young beatniks in a dark alleyway in London, just out of sight of a noisy pub. Ginger seems shy and tentative but Rosa eventually lies down in the shadows on the ground with the other boy and seems to be about to have uncomfortable-looking sex.

Ginger is trying to see what Rosa is doing. Rosa looks up at Ginger and their eyes meet. Rosa's eyes are shining.

And then the two girls are on their feet, running away, hand in hand. They turn back to wave enthusiastically at the two beatniks who are shuffling off together in the opposite direction.

12 INT. HALLWAY AND LIVING ROOM (NATALIE'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

12

Ginger and Rosa creep along the hallway past the open living-room door where Natalie is sitting by the fire in her night-clothes. Roland is working at a desk at the other end of the room. The room is stark and barely furnished, some books and canvases stacked against the wall.

Natalie looks up, sees the girls and stands up, angrily.

NATALIE

Where the hell have you been?

GINGER

We were just, you know, roving
about. Being free.

Ginger giggles and slides down to sit on the floor. Roland smiles to himself as he continues to work. Natalie shoots a worried look at him.

NATALIE

It's two in the morning.
Roland, please. Say something.

ROLAND

Yes. Well, it is late. Indeed.

Ginger turns to Roland.

GINGER

You always stay up late.

ROLAND

True.

Ginger and Rosa glance at each other, giggling conspiratorially. Natalie looks at Rosa.

NATALIE

Anoushka must be crazed with worry.

ROSA

Doubtful.

NATALIE

Rosa...

Roland stops working, reluctantly, and looks up at the two girls.

ROLAND

Oh, come on. I suppose I'd better
take you home, Rosa. Jesus. I
should be working.

Ginger jumps up excitedly, and the girls skip out of the door, smiling happily. Ginger glances back momentarily and catches Natalie's sad expression.

13

EXT. LONDON STREETS AND TUNNEL - NIGHT

13

The two girls sit side by side in the back seat of an old army jeep as Roland drives, scarily fast, the tyres screeching as they hurtle round corners.

He takes the girls on a joy-ride through a long, echoing tunnel, revelling in their laughter in the cold night air, as their long hair blows around their faces.

Roland grins delightedly and then accelerates as he watches the girls' excited reactions in the rear-view mirror. His eyes briefly meet Rosa's and she smiles, shyly.

Eventually the jeep squeals to a halt outside the tenement buildings. Rosa jumps out of the jeep and starts to walk away, jauntily.

GINGER

Tomorrow?

Rosa is caught in the jeep's headlights as she turns back to Ginger.

ROSA

Today, actually.

GINGER

Good point.

ROSA

Bye, Ginger's dad.

Roland frowns and peers out at her.

ROLAND

(pointedly)

It's Roland. Actually.

Rosa smiles, wickedly.

14 INT. BATHROOM (NATALIE'S HOUSE) - DAY

14

Ginger and Rosa lie at either end of the bathtub in the draughty bathroom. They are wearing bras and reading girls' comics: "Girl" and "Valentine".

ROSA

It says here that a girl's most important possession is a bubbly personality.

GINGER

Interesting.

Ginger pauses thoughtfully and lowers her comic to look at Rosa.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Do you think Simone de Beauvoir has a bubbly personality?

ROSA

Who?

Ginger covers her face with the comic.

GINGER

(casually)

Oh, that French writer. She's an existentialist.

ROSA

Maybe she hasn't read "Girl". It says here that boys don't like girls who are too serious.

GINGER

Oh.

They sit quietly in the water as Ginger considers the implications of Rosa's comment.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Well, even so, did I tell you I've decided to be a poet?

ROSA

I thought you were already.
Do you think they've shrunk enough
yet?

They grip the sides of the bath and stand up, with difficulty, in the water, revealing sodden jeans clinging to their legs. Rosa starts to unbutton her jeans. Blue dye has seeped from her jeans onto her stomach. The two girls start giggling hysterically.

The door bursts open. It's Roland. He stares briefly at the two girls, as Rosa looks at him, insolently.

ROLAND

Sorry!

Roland grins and then slams the door again.

15 EXT/INT. COASTAL ROAD AND CAR - DAY

15

Ginger and Rosa are standing side-by-side on a country road wearing their identical tight jeans and dufflecoats. They are hitchhiking. A car screeches to a halt, the car radio blaring out 'Apache' by The Shadows. The young DRIVER and his FRIEND are both wearing full teddy-boy regalia.

The girls run to the car and jump into the back seat. They look at each other with expressions of fear and excitement as the car screeches and veers round the bends in the wintry coastal road near a forest of electricity pylons. The driver laughs maniacally as the girls scream and then drives even faster. When the car nearly goes off the road, he suddenly brakes.

Ginger grasps the door handle as the car squeals to a halt and the girls tumble out and run off across the shingle between the pylons.

16 EXT. BEACH - DAY

16

Ginger and Rosa are walking along a huge deserted beach, their arms around each others' shoulders.

GINGER

I've been thinking.

ROSA

Unusual.

GINGER

Very funny. Listen.

ROSA

I'm listening.

GINGER

I'd prefer the world not to end,
wouldn't you?

ROSA

Probably. If I find true love.

The two girls sit down, side-by-side, on the end of a long wooden board-walk.

ROSA (CONT'D)

You know. The kind that lasts
forever. If...

She pauses, with a worried expression.

GINGER AND ROSA

(simultaneously)

...if there is a forever.

They look at each other.

GINGER AND ROSA (CONT'D)

(simultaneously)

Good point.

Rosa and Ginger smile at each other, pleased at their complicity, then both turn and sit looking gloomily out to sea.

GINGER

But really Rosa...I think we should
do something. About the bomb. You
know, protest.

Rosa pauses before answering.

ROSA

I think we should pray.

She hesitates, briefly, then pulls out two lurid pink
plastic crucifixes. She hands one of them, shyly, to
Ginger.

GINGER

Oh...gosh...thank you...

This has come as a surprise. Ginger turns the crucifix
over, awkwardly, in her palm.

17 INT. CHURCH - DAY

17

Ginger and Rosa sit side-by-side in a pew in a huge,
echoing, gloomy church, fingering the identical pink
crucifixes which are now hanging round their necks.

Rosa is gazing at the billowing incense being swung
rhythmically back and forth by the priest.

Ginger looks puzzled.

But Rosa looks increasingly rapturous.

18 EXT. BEACH SHELTER - DUSK

18

Rosa and Ginger are sitting huddled on a bench in a double-
sided shelter by the windswept beach. A young tousle-haired
beatnik approaches and offers a cigarette to Rosa. She
glances at Ginger, then gets up and moves along the bench
to sit next to him.

After a while Rosa and the boy walk round to the other side
of the shelter and start necking, their figures just
visible through the scratched and misty glass.

Ginger reaches down and opens her duffle-bag, then sits perched on the bench reading intently and pointedly to herself from a battered edition of T.S. Eliot's poems.

19 EXT. ROADSIDE - EVENING 19

Ginger and Rosa stand by the edge of a road on the way back to London, their thumbs out, hitchhiking.

After a few cars have sped by, ignoring them, a lorry squeals to a halt.

20 INT. LORRY - NIGHT 20

Ginger and Rosa sit on the squeaky leather seat next to the driver as the lorry trundles along the dark country roads.

Ginger falls asleep on Rosa's shoulder. Rosa's eyes close, sleepily, as the lorry rumbles through the night.

21 INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - DAY 21

Ginger is carefully ironing Rosa's hair on an ironing board. The iron goes dangerously close to Rosa's head and she looks up at Ginger, warily. Ginger combs gently through Rosa's hair with her fingers.

22 INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - DAY 22

Rosa lies on Ginger's bed as Ginger puts a record on her record player. It's "Take Five" played by Dave Brubeck. When Ginger glances around, Rosa has disappeared.

GINGER

Rosa?

After a moment Rosa reappears with one of Natalie's blouses. She pulls it tightly round her body, admiring herself in the mirror.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Isn't that mum's?

ROSA

So?

Ginger stares at Rosa, puzzled, then flops down on the bed as Rosa preens and poses, gazing at her reflection. Eventually Rosa shrugs and throws off the blouse. The two girls change into their identical sloppy sweaters once more and stare at themselves in the mirror before smiling at each other, happily.

23 INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

23

Ginger and Rosa appear at the door of the kitchen. They are wearing their dufflecoats on top of their identical sweaters.

Natalie is sitting at the kitchen table with her friend MARK and Anoushka. They are each clasping a mug of tea, and seem to be in the middle of a hushed, intimate conversation, which stops abruptly as the girls appear.

ANOUSHKA

Where are you two going?

GINGER

To a meeting.

MARK

What kind of meeting?

GINGER

A meeting to ban the bomb. It's called the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. YCND.

NATALIE

What's the Y for?

GINGER AND ROSA

(simultaneously)

Young.

MARK

Well, Good for you two girls.
That's marvellous. Don't you think
so, Nat?

NATALIE

Roland would be pleased...

ANOUSHKA

Just don't get home too late, Rosa.
You've got to help me with the
little ones -

ROSA

- I haven't got to do anything.

ANOUSHKA

(angrily)
God, if there was a man around -

ROSA

- you'd be lucky -

ANOUSHKA

(furious)
Rosa!

Natalie glances at Anoushka.

NATALIE

Speaking of which, when was the
last time you did any washing up,
Ginger?

GINGER

But I've hardly been here for any
meals!

NATALIE

Well, exactly. Where have you been?
I had a letter from your school. It
was embarrassing.

GINGER

(sarcastically)
Embarrassing. How terrible.

(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)

Especially given that the world
might blow up, which none of you
seem to understand.

MARK

(gently)

Are you quite sure about that,
darling?

GINGER

Oh, Mark, I didn't mean you.

Mark smiles fondly at Ginger.

24 INT. CHURCH HALL - NIGHT

24

Ginger and Rosa are sitting in the back row at the meeting,
being held in a bleak church hall. The meeting is sparsely
populated. A young, intense, bearded man, TONY, is standing
at the front, talking to the group.

TONY

The question is what to do. Or, as
Engels puts it: "What is to be
done?" Nuclear weapons do not
protect us. They threaten our very
existence. The missiles on bases
here in Britain are hundreds of
times more powerful than those used
in Hiroshima. We have to take
direct action. We must do
everything we can to stop this
madness.

Rosa glances at Ginger, who is listening intently.

YOUNG MAN

The government can't ignore it if
there are enough people on the
streets.

TONY

So how do we get people out? How do
we get people out of their homes
and marching with us?

Tony pauses and scans the hall, then points at Ginger and Rosa.

TONY (CONT'D)

You back there. Well, girls, I haven't seen you here before. What do you say? Do you think the politicians will listen to us?

Rosa looks down, hiding behind her hair. Ginger looks tongue-tied and embarrassed.

25 INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

Ginger lies in bed, writing in a small notebook. A large 'Ban the Bomb' sign hangs on the wall behind her.

GINGER

(murmuring to herself)

In my dream I heard the warning:
You have three minutes left, it
said...
Tell the others...tell the others
now...

Ginger stops writing and listens to Natalie and Roland who are just audible, arguing somewhere downstairs in the house.

NATALIE (O.S.)

How could I not suspect something?
You're never here!

ROLAND (O.S.)

I'm here now.

Roland's voice is low and measured and all the more terrible for it. Ginger continues writing, attempting to stay focussed.

GINGER

Tell the others now, this
morning...

ROLAND (O.S.)

For God's sake, Natalie. That's
enough.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Don't tell me what's enough!

ROLAND (O.S.)

(shouting)

Oh, God, Natalie!

A door slams, violently. Ginger pauses, then continues writing, searching for the words.

GINGER

(murmuring to herself)

Or you soon...Or you soon will all
be dead.

Ginger pauses again, then suddenly closes her notebook, puts it down next to her pillow and turns over to face the wall.

26

INT. CAFE - DAY

26

Roland has taken Ginger out to eat in a traditional pie and mash cafe.

They sit opposite each other at an oil-clothed table as he tucks into a steak-and-kidney pie and Ginger picks at her mashed potato.

Roland suddenly notices the crucifix hanging round Ginger's neck and puts down his fork.

ROLAND

What on earth is that crucifix
doing round your neck?

GINGER

Rosa and I went to church.

ROLAND

Church?

GINGER

Once. She wanted me to.

ROLAND

You do realise that God is an invention?

GINGER

Sort of...

ROLAND

Every man needs to struggle for his own authority, Ginger. For autonomous thought. Which is why you mustn't listen to a word I say.

Ginger brightens.

GINGER

Well, exactly. I autonomously decided to go to church with Rosa, to see what it's like.

Roland laughs affectionately and reaches over to examine the plastic crucifix more closely.

ROLAND

It's a bit kitsch...

GINGER

(quickly)

Rosa gave it to me.

ROLAND

Did she, now. What was it like?

GINGER

It was sort of exciting. Like going to the theatre. Then we went to a meeting.

Roland pauses.

ROLAND

What kind of meeting?

GINGER

(proudly)

Ban the Bomb.

Roland smiles.

ROLAND

That's my girl. You're an activist,
not a supplicant.

Ginger glows, looking admiringly at her father, clearly flattered by his praise. She hesitates, then starts to speak, tentatively.

GINGER

But don't you think... you know...
people need something to believe
about what happens when you die...

ROLAND

The concept of life after death is
a superstition, designed to keep
people satisfied with their limited
existence in the present. The only
life is the one we have now, which
is why we must seize it and live
while we have the chance.

GINGER

Good point.

Roland smiles affectionately at Ginger and then starts eating again, voraciously. Ginger picks up her fork and follows his lead, munching her food with relish.

27

INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Ginger lies alone in bed, holding her teddy bears, the huge "Ban The Bomb" sign on the wall above her. She is reading her usual battered copy of poems by T.S. Eliot, but puts the book down on her chest as she hears the sound of an accordion playing somewhere downstairs in the house.

Ginger closes her book, with a little sigh, and gets out of the bed.

28 INT. STAIRS AND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

28

Ginger creeps down the stairs in the darkness and then sits down on one of the steps. She watches Natalie, who is sitting by the dying embers of a fire in the living room, playing her accordion and singing "The Man I Love", quietly and mournfully to herself.

NATALIE

"Maybe I'll meet him Sunday,
 Maybe Monday, maybe not.
 Still I'm sure I'll meet him one
 day,
 Maybe Tuesday will be my good news
 day.
 We'll build a little home,
 Just meant for two,
 From which I'll never roam,
 Who would? Would you?"

Ginger moves slightly and the stair creaks. Natalie stops playing and looks up.

GINGER

(gently)
 Where's Roland?

NATALIE

I don't know. I never seem to know
 where he is anymore.

Ginger stares at her, sadly.

GINGER

Want a cup of tea, Mum?

NATALIE

Thank you, darling.

29 INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

Ginger bangs the kettle onto the stove, noisily, wearily, in the basement kitchen.

She lights the gas with a match then turns the knob and watches the small circle of flames rise and fall.

Then she sits on a stool by the stove and listens to the mournful sound of the accordion in the distance.

This looks like it's happened before.

30

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

30

Ginger and Rosa, dressed identically, are walking side by side in the "Young CND" contingent of a very long column of marching protesters.

Young mothers push small children in prams. Older men with grizzled beards, wearing knitted socks with their leather sandals, march determinedly, carrying "Ban the Bomb" placards. Young students march and talk, animatedly. It's all very friendly, a mix of ages and types united in their beliefs.

TONY (the bearded youth from the meeting) suddenly appears behind Ginger and playfully gives her a squeeze. She blushes as he smiles at her, warmly, before joining his friends at the head of their contingent.

The air fills with the distant sound of soaring jazz riffs, coming nearer. An open jeep approaches, some young male jazz musicians perched on the back, playing their hearts out.

Roland is driving the jeep, a YOUNG WOMAN with long blonde hair by his side.

Ginger turns and waves at her father enthusiastically. She manages to catch his eye and he grins and waves happily back at her, but drives on without slowing down.

ROSA

Who's that with Roland?

GINGER

The jazz band?

ROSA

No, the girl. The blonde one
sitting next to him.

GINGER

Oh, a student, or something.

Ginger pauses.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Mum's not too happy about it at the
moment.

Rosa turns and stares after Roland, admiringly, fingering
her crucifix.

31 INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - DAY

31

Ginger sits unhappily at a scrubbed table in a very tidy,
beautifully-decorated kitchen, furnished with an oak
dresser, a motley collection of antique chairs, a polished
stove and small framed prints on the wall. A boiled egg in
an egg cup and some toasted 'soldiers' have been placed on
the table in front of her, but Ginger sits, motionless,
staring down at the plate.

Mark stands watching Ginger with a kindly expression.

MARK

You could consider eating it,
Ginger.

Mark pauses, then sits down next to her at the table.

MARK (CONT'D)

How is school by the way? Or are
you still not bothering with that
very much at the moment?

GINGER

Is that why you asked me round? Did
Mum ask you to talk to me?

MARK

Don't be silly. We always love seeing you. And besides, I thought you might like to meet Bella.

Mark's partner, who is also called Mark, and is known to their friends as 'MARK TWO' lurches into the kitchen clutching his sides and laughing silently. He speaks with an American accent.

MARK TWO

(whispering hysterically)
She asked for dish soap!

GINGER

What's dish soap?

MARK

That's American for washing up liquid, Ginger.

MARK TWO

Bella washes her hair with dish soap!

MARK

(in a stage whisper)
That's because she's from New York, you see.

MARK TWO

Don't listen to him. That's got nothing to do with it.

MARK

I'm teasing, I'm teasing.

Mark Two kisses Mark lightly on the cheek, before hurrying back out of the kitchen, still chuckling.

MARK TWO

Coming!

Ginger smiles and starts to dip the 'soldiers' into the egg yolk. Mark smiles, approvingly.

MARK

There you are. Good girl.

32

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

32

The two Marks, Ginger and BELLA, are walking amongst trees on Hampstead Heath. Bella is clutching a bulging, heavy-looking briefcase close to her body.

BELLA

So much nature. Right in the city.
So civilised.

MARK TWO

The English need their parks so that they can get away from each other. It must be the pressure of being so nice. Even the Ban The Bomb march was polite, Bella.

Ginger stops in her tracks.

GINGER

Were you there too?

MARK

Of course we were!

GINGER

I didn't see you.

MARK

There were so many people, darling.

MARK TWO

We were up at the front. It was led by a vicar, Ginger. A vicar!

MARK

A canon, actually.

BELLA

Oh, a vicar with a cannon?

They all laugh.

MARK

Yes, Canon Collins. A worthy
Christian. A good man, actually,
despite his beliefs.

Ginger suddenly runs ahead and does a cartwheel.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh, bravo.

Ginger walks jauntily amongst this little group, looking suddenly more child-like as she revels in the presence of their easygoing friendship.

Bella drops back and strolls next to Ginger.

BELLA

So I gather from your two god-
fathers here that you might be a
militant, like me. Good for you,
Ginger.

Ginger smiles shyly but happily and skips along by her side.

33 INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

33

Ginger and Roland are sitting at the kitchen table. It looks as though an effort has been made. Natalie is wearing a dress and a frilly apron. There is an embroidered tablecloth on the table and the room is candlelit.

Natalie turns her back and bends over to reach into the oven.

Roland lifts a candlestick and attempts to read a journal, peering exaggeratedly at the page. He glances conspiratorially at Ginger, who smiles back at him.

Natalie puts a pie-dish carefully down onto a mat on the table. Roland serves himself and Ginger and starts eating, abstractly.

Natalie stands watching him, the tension mounting.

NATALIE

Can't you thank me? Even one word?
I made you a pie! Your favourite.

Roland slowly puts down his fork, and sighs. He looks down at his plate before replying, quietly.

ROLAND

Yup. I noticed.

NATALIE

And?

ROLAND

Thanks.

There is an icy pause. Ginger looks down at her plate.

NATALIE

Is that it? Is that all you can say
to me?

ROLAND

Thank you very much indeed. Is that
what you want?

NATALIE

What's wrong with wanting my
cooking to be noticed?

ROLAND

Nothing. But I don't believe
this... performance...

He gestures at the kitchen, at the candle, and the frilly apron she is wearing over her dress.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

It's just not you, Nat. So why
don't you come out with it?

NATALIE

Come out with what?

ROLAND

If you want to shame me, again,
with this display-

NATALIE

- but I didn't say anything!

ROLAND

But you meant it. And as I tell my
students, just say what you mean.

Natalie turns away and pulls off her apron, furiously.

NATALIE

I'm not your student. I'm your
wife. Or have you forgotten?

ROLAND

The martyred wife finally comes out
with it.

NATALIE

With what?

ROLAND

The accusation.

NATALIE

Roland. I...Why do you?...

Natalie gives up and stares at him, speechless. Roland looks up and sees her anguished, tearful expression. His face softens and he gets up and wraps his arms round her, tenderly.

Ginger's head is lowered but she is watching them.

ROLAND

(tenderly)

Why do I what? Oh Nat.

For a moment Natalie melts into Roland's embrace.

NATALIE

Why do you twist my words? You make everything seem as if it's my fault... Why can't you just be normal -

Roland pulls away from her, abruptly.

ROLAND

Normal? What the hell is normal?

He crosses the kitchen, flicks a switch, and the room is suddenly flooded with a harsh white light.

NATALIE

You know bloody well what I mean.

ROLAND

Natalie. Please. How can I enjoy eating in this atmosphere of resentment?

He sits down, heavily.

NATALIE

And how can I enjoy cooking when you just gobble it up -

ROLAND

- Oh for God's sake. I've been working all day -

NATALIE

But I made it for you.

ROLAND

Emotional blackmail, again.

Natalie reaches for a handkerchief and blows her nose.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

If the transitory nature of cooking and eating offends you so much then why don't you take up your painting again and make something for posterity?

NATALIE

(shouting)

With what? I'm scraping to pay the bills, with the money -

ROLAND

- yes - the money I earn -

NATALIE

- well it's not enough for paint -

ROLAND

(shouting)

- then get a job!

Roland stands up abruptly and starts to walk out of the room.

NATALIE

While you sod off to your bloody yacht -

ROLAND

(quietly)

- boat. It's a small boat -

NATALIE

- your bloody boat with some blonde student again, for all I know...

Roland marches off angrily up the stairs, slamming the door behind him. There is a long silence.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Anyway, what kind of job could I get?

Natalie sits down at the table. Ginger stares unseeing at her untouched plate of food. They slowly turn to look at each other.

34 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

34

Ginger and Rosa sit side-by-side in their school uniforms on the swings in the familiar tenement courtyard where Rosa lives with her mother. A wooden roundabout is the only other piece of equipment on the tarmac. A few young children dash about in the background. Ginger looks sad.

GINGER

Roland's moving out. They're separating...

GINGER/ROSA

(simultaneously)

...again.

GINGER

Not that it'll make any difference. He's hardly ever at home anyway.

They swing back and forth, slowly.

ROSA

Well, at least you have a dad. Who takes you out and stuff.

Ginger turns and looks at Rosa.

GINGER

(gently)

I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you came with me this weekend.

ROSA

You don't want me tagging along with your beloved Dad.

GINGER

Don't be silly.

Rosa brightens, visibly.

GINGER (CONT'D)

But anyway I have a Roland, actually. He won't let me call him Dad.

ROSA

I know. You told me. Lots of times.

GINGER

(guiltily)

Did I?

Ginger is silenced, momentarily. She glances at Rosa's profile.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Did I also tell you he says the word 'dad' makes him think of slippers by the fire and other bourgeois death-traps? He has a point, of course.

They both swing back and forth, rhythmically.

ROSA

What's Natalie's view of death-traps?

GINGER

Oh she just bursts into tears, as usual, when he says stuff like that. Which he then says is -

GINGER/ROSA

(simultaneously)

- emotional blackmail.

ANOUSHKA (V.O.)

Rosa!

They both look up at Anoushka, who is leaning over the balcony, several floors up.

ANOUSHKA

Rosa! Can you bring the girls up now?

The two girls sit and swing, silently. Rosa stubbornly ignores her mother. Anoushka gives up and disappears. Rosa suddenly gets up and walks over towards the roundabout. Ginger follows her.

ROSA
 (decisively)
 Our mothers are pathetic. They
 don't believe in anything -

GINGER
 - or do anything, more to the
 point.

They sit down on the roundabout. Ginger starts pushing it
 and it begins to rotate.

ROSA
 Except moan about stuff.

GINGER
 At least your mum has a job.

They are turning, faster and faster.

ROSA
 Cleaning? You call that a job?
 She hates it. She moans on and
 on...

GINGER
 Roland really hates the moaning
 thing.

ROSA
 It's no wonder -

GINGER
 - no wonder what?

ROSA
 It's no wonder they can't keep
 their men.

Ginger looks questioningly at Rosa as the roundabout spins
 and the background behind them becomes a blur.

35 EXT. ROWING DINGHY - DUSK

35

Ginger and Rosa are sitting perched next to each other on a
 narrow wooden seat in a small rowing dinghy, gripping the
 sides of the boat.

Ginger's father is rowing, pulling the dinghy against the strong current.

Rosa stares at him admiringly. He catches her eye, briefly, and smiles.

The dinghy moves slowly across the darkening expanse of water towards a small sailing boat bobbing in the distance in the evening mist.

36

INT. MAIN BOAT CABIN - DUSK

36

Ginger and Rosa lower themselves down a steep ladder into a small cabin and sit side-by-side on a bunk as Ginger's father strikes a match and lights a lamp. It flares into life.

He hangs the light on a hook, and stares at it for a moment, before sprawling luxuriantly on the other bunk.

The girls sit wide-eyed in the flickering shadows; Rosa with admiration, Ginger with a nameless anxiety.

Roland looks lovingly around the cabin.

ROLAND

What could be better than this?
Isn't she marvellous? Am I right,
girls?

Ginger nods mutely.

ROSA

(softly)

It's lovely. It's so romantic.

ROLAND

Indeed. There is poetry in small
spaces, isn't there, Rosa?

He lies there, lost in thought, as the waves lap against the hull of the boat.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Confinement can be utterly beautiful, but only when it's a matter of choice.

ROSA

(quietly)

What do you mean?

ROLAND

What I mean is that a prison cell, on the contrary, is the ugliest expression of minimalism.

Rosa stares at him. He looks up and meets her gaze.

ROSA

It must have been really terrible. Ginger told me about it...

Roland glances questioningly at Ginger, who looks down at her hands.

ROLAND

Did she?

ROSA

We tell each other everything.

ROLAND

(lightly)

I've nothing to hide.

The girls sit silently as Roland gazes up at the roof of the cabin.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Prison was pretty brutal. First they strip you of your clothes. Then, if you dare to protest, they strip you of all human contact.

Roland turns his head, slowly, and looks at Rosa, as if he is looking through her. She returns his gaze, intently.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

But the worst thing about solitary confinement, Rosa, is not that they make you feel like an abandoned child, but that you start to doubt your beliefs.

Rosa's eyes fill with tears.

ROSA

I understand.

Roland suddenly focuses on Rosa, gazing at her thoughtfully and tenderly.

Ginger sits rigidly still, glancing anxiously from one to the other.

37 INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

37

Ginger and Rosa lie silently in two narrow bunks in the tiny cramped secondary cabin in the prow of the boat. Rosa is gazing into the darkness while Ginger listens to Roland fiddling with the controls of a short-wave radio in the main cabin.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The Soviet Defence Minister said today that their missiles could, with one blow, wipe off the face of the earth the industrial centres of the United States. The British government has announced that nuclear missiles located on Royal Airforce bases in the United Kingdom are capable of the ultimate retaliation against any Soviet attack.

GINGER

(whispering)

Did you hear that?

ROSA

What?

GINGER

About the missiles.

Ginger watches Rosa's profile in the dark, etched by the moonlight streaking in through a porthole. Rosa's eyes are gleaming.

Then Roland re-tunes the radio to a classical music programme. Schubert's 'Fantasie' (a piano duet) is playing. After a while the music is joined by the sound of Roland softly weeping.

Rosa turns her head towards Ginger, questioningly.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Oh, he always does that. Especially with Schubert.

Rosa sits up quietly, and presses her eye to a crack in the door to the main cabin.

She stares at Roland, mesmerised, as he sits with his head in his hands, softly weeping.

38 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

38

Ginger is standing by a table in a chemistry lab.

She adds a few drops of water through a pipette into a flask, which creates a sudden small but dramatic explosion.

Ginger gazes at the flames, then something catches her eye. She stands up straight, suddenly, as she catches sight of Natalie approaching the school gates and walking determinedly through them.

She peers out of the window as Natalie walks across the tarmac and disappears into the school building.

39 INT. COFFEE BAR - DAY

39

Rosa and Ginger sit opposite each other at a formica table in a coffee-bar in Soho; a cup of coffee in front of each of them.

Rosa is chewing a pencil as she tries to compose a letter on a small pad of pale-blue notepaper.

ROSA

What do you think I should say?

GINGER

Who to?

ROSA

Roland.

Ginger looks startled.

GINGER

Why are you writing to Roland?

ROSA

Well, I want to tell him that I understand him. You know, like sometimes in your soul you feel... well... someone else's pain.

Rosa stares down at the blank paper, oblivious of Ginger's facial expression.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But I can't decide whether to start with 'Dear Roland' or 'Dearest Roland'. What do you think?

Ginger's mouth moves but she can't speak.

She gets up abruptly, and turns away to put a coin in the jukebox. She chooses Little Richard singing "Tutti Frutti". She leans against the jukebox and feels its rhythmic, pulsating vibrations with her fingertips.

A young MAN comes and stands nearby, watching her.

MAN

Fancy a drink?

40 INT. GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Ginger leans over the edge of the bed and vomits onto the floor. Natalie suddenly appears in the doorway.

NATALIE

Oh, Ginger. You and Rosa...

Ginger screams at her, between retching.

GINGER

Go away! You don't understand!

Ginger moans. Natalie approaches the bed.

NATALIE

Ginger...

GINGER

You came to my school! I saw you! My teacher told me you said there should be more so-called domestic science lessons.

NATALIE

Is that what this is all about?

GINGER

How could you? You want me to learn housework. At school.

Natalie sits down on the bed next to Ginger.

NATALIE

(heatedly)

Listen, Ginger. When I had you I was just a teenager. A teenager. I didn't know how to boil a bloody egg. Roland never lifted a finger to help with anything.

GINGER

That's not my fault!

NATALIE

Listen to me.

Natalie puts her hand gently on Ginger's shoulder.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I just don't want you to struggle
like I did.

GINGER

(screaming at her)

But I'm never going to have any
babies! Never! I don't want to be
like you! So bugger off!

Natalie stares down at Ginger's contorted face, as her own
face drains of colour.

NATALIE

You and Rosa are turning into
little sluts.

Natalie gets up and turns to leave the room.

GINGER

Anyway, I'm going to go and live
with Roland!

Natalie stops in her tracks in the doorway.

NATALIE

(quietly)

What are you talking about?

41 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

41

Ginger walks up to the entrance of a dark, deserted-looking
building. She rings the bell.

After a long wait the door is opened by a tall, elegant
man, ROGER.

ROGER

Hello.

GINGER

Is Roland in at all?

ROGER

Follow me.

42 INT. HOUSE - ROLAND'S ROOM - DAY

42

Ginger follows Roger up the stairs towards the sound of a "roneo" machine which is rhythmically churning out duplicated pages.

Roger ushers Ginger into Roland's room - a sparsely furnished attic space containing a mattress on the floor, a desk, some piles of books and the Roneo machine, which Roland is operating.

ROGER

Visitor, Roland!

Roland turns around, with an expression of surprise.

He switches off the machine as Ginger approaches and embraces her, warmly. Roger disappears back down the stairs.

ROLAND

What a surprise!
Is everything alright?

GINGER

Oh yes, absolutely.

She fidgets. Roland looks slightly tense, lost for words.

ROLAND

Is Nat doing alright?
Not too many scenes, or anything?

GINGER

Not too many.

ROLAND

Good. I'll put the kettle on.

He disappears for a moment and Ginger stands, gazing round the room. Roland comes back and pulls out the chair next to his desk.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Here, have a seat.

She sits down. Roland perches on the edge of his desk and looks down at Ginger. There is an awkward silence.

GINGER

The thing is, I was wondering...

ROLAND

Yes?

GINGER

If, for example, there was any room, I mean - I don't know, it may not be feasible at all - but...

She trails off, looking at Roland, hopefully.

ROLAND

Room?

GINGER

Here.

Roland looks momentarily shocked.

ROLAND

Well. Jesus, Ginger. It's a bit ...you, here?

Roland's face softens. He looks touched.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I supposed I could ask Roger...but look. You do realise, of course, I'm working more-or-less non-stop?

Ginger nods, mutely.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

And that this is a completely unsuitable environment for you in every possible respect?

GINGER

Absolutely.

Ginger beams, delightedly. Roland looks at her affectionately, ruffles her hair and laughs. A flicker of sadness, or perhaps guilt, flashes across Ginger's face.

43 INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - DAY

43

Ginger looks tearful as she pulls off her coat and sits down at the kitchen table with the two Marks.

MARK

Are you quite sure this move is a wise idea, Ginger?

Ginger turns to Mark Two.

GINGER

How old were you when you left home, Mark Two?

MARK TWO

I was about your age. I had to go, my mother was an absolute monster.

Ginger turns tearfully and triumphantly to Mark One.

GINGER

You see?

MARK

Nat is not a monster.

GINGER

Not to you.

MARK

Anyway Mark, your mother was in fact, as I understand, not a monster but a gangster.

Mark Two laughs.

MARK TWO

Yes, yes!

GINGER

(quietly)

Was she a happy gangster?

Both Marks fall silent. Bella quietly appears in the doorway behind Ginger, clutching her bulging briefcase. Bella is about to greet Ginger but Mark silences her with a small gesture. They all turn to study Ginger, kindly.

MARK

Nat is unhappy, darling. But it's not because of you.

Ginger is silent for a moment.

GINGER

(softly)

But was she always unhappy? You know, when she was my age? You knew her then.

MARK

I did. Yes.

GINGER

Did she cry all the time before she had me?

MARK

She was troubled darling. But then, we were all troubled. It was wartime.

MARK TWO

It must have been an absolute nightmare. Bombs falling all the time everywhere. Nothing was secure. Nothing.

GINGER

But what's the difference? We could all die tomorrow.

Bella nods.

BELLA

We could, Ginger. For sure. We could.

Mark Two glares at Bella.

MARK TWO

Bella!

BELLA

She's right. It is getting serious.

Ginger turns to face Bella.

GINGER

But I don't want to die! I want to grow up and do things!

The two Marks gaze at Ginger, lovingly.

MARK TWO

And you will honey, you will.

MARK

My darling Ginger...can't you be a girl for a moment or two longer? You'll be a woman soon enough.

44 EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY

44

Rosa and Ginger are hanging out near a smouldering fire amongst the bricks and rubble in the wasteground. Rosa sits on a rickety chair, smoking a cigarette and gazing into the fire while Ginger hovers nearby.

Small children are running about, playing and shouting as they throw stones and set fire to broken furniture.

ROSA

(dreamily)

Roland replied to my letter.

GINGER

(quietly)

Did he? What did he say?

ROSA

He said he was very touched. He has such deep feelings. Such fierce feelings.

GINGER

I know.

ROSA

And he's a pacifist.

GINGER

I know.

Ginger looks irritated. Rosa looks defensive.

ROSA

Well, I think it's really noble. It's evil to kill.

GINGER

Well exactly.

ROSA

It's one of the ten commandments.

GINGER

Though shalt not, etcetera, etcetera.

ROSA

You sound a bit cynical.

GINGER

Absolutely not. But I don't need a commandment to work that one out. I think there are times for action, to stop total death.

Ginger walks away angrily through the billowing smoke. It looks like a war-zone. Rosa gets up slowly and follows her. Ginger turns back to Rosa and speaks heatedly.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Look, Rosa, I totally admire my father in every way, but I'm just not sure, is it really so noble to decide not to fight someone like Hitler? Mark says -

ROSA

- you're always quoting Mark -

GINGER

- and you're always quoting Roland these days. Mark told me he chose not to fight in the war, because he didn't want to kill anybody. He was an ambulance driver instead.

ROSA

But Roland was in prison. For being a conscientious objector.

Ginger suddenly looks very angry.

GINGER

I know. He's my father. And I'm going to go and live with him starting this week.

ROSA

And I'm going sailing with him next weekend. Do you want to come? Actually, he thought you should, probably.

GINGER

What do you mean, should?

Ginger stares at Rosa, coldly, trembling slightly.

45

INT. HOUSE - DAY

45

Ginger is following Roland up the stairs into a small room across the landing from his attic space.

The room is extremely small and is piled high with boxes and a clutter of old furniture.

It has been furnished austerely with a narrow bed. A bare light-bulb dangles from the ceiling.

Ginger stands holding a small record-player in one hand and a basket with a few possessions in the other.

ROLAND

(grinning)

One of the best rooms in the house.

Small, but perfectly formed. Happy?

Ginger smiles brightly - perhaps too brightly - and nods her head vigorously.

Roland leaves the room. Ginger puts her teddy-bears down on the bed, plugs her record-player into a socket dangling from the wall, and takes a record out of her basket. She lowers the needle carefully onto the record.

It's Sidney Bechet playing 'Petite Fleur'.

She sits down on the bed pulling her dufflecoat tightly around her, and looks around the room as the music soars heartbreakingly.

46

EXT. BOAT - DAY

46

Ginger, Rosa and Roland are sitting in the cockpit of his boat, sailing on the open sea.

Rosa glances at Ginger and then moves closer to Roland, who guides her hand onto the tiller. They whisper to each other, intimately.

Ginger stares out at the sea, then leans out and dangles her head in the rushing water. Then she gets up and starts to edge along the deck. She eventually reaches the prow of the boat as it plunges up and down through the waves.

She sits there, trembling, as wind lashes her face and body.

Behind her, Roland and Rosa are oblivious of everything except each other; high, delirious with the danger of their flirtation.

47 INT. SMALL BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

47

Ginger lies in her sleeping bag in the tiny cabin in the prow of the boat, clutching her paperback copy of T.S. Eliot. The other bunk is empty.

She reads the same phrase over and over to herself:

GINGER

(muttering)

"This is how the world ends, this
is how the world ends... not with a
bang... not with a bang..."

There is a low murmur of voices in the main cabin.

Then silence.

Some giggling.

Then a low masculine moan.

Ginger grabs the pillow and desperately covers her ears with it as the moans are joined by high, female yelping noises.

FADE TO BLACK.

48 INT. MARK'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

48

Ginger sits silently at the table at a small dinner party held by the two Marks. Natalie sits opposite her and has clearly made an effort to dress up for the occasion. Bella sits clutching her bulging briefcase on her lap, which is making it awkward to reach forward to sip her soup.

Another MALE GUEST notices and gestures questioningly at Mark.

MARK

Bella will not be parted from her
work in progress. Under any
circumstances.

Bella nods, affirmatively.

BELLA

Well, there are certain things that one must hold on to.

MARK TWO

Don't you think there's occasionally an argument for letting go dear?

Bella turns towards Ginger.

BELLA

Don't be fooled by such phoney modernity, Ginger. "Letting-go". Please.

Ginger tries to smile.

MARK TWO

(gently)

Surely even a poetess should be able to enjoy her soup, especially when it's been made by Mark.

BELLA

But one is not a poet-ess, Mark Two, just as one is not a doctor-ess, or a physicist-ess.

Ginger looks up at Bella, intrigued.

DINNER GUEST

Here we go.

BELLA

No, this is not a matter of principle, but one of precise language. Names are word-objects and must be given due respect.

MARK TWO

That's an interesting concept, Bella.

Bella turns to Ginger.

BELLA

By the way, I'm curious. I understand why you have this adorable nickname, Ginger, but what's the name on your birth certificate?

Ginger glances anxiously at Natalie, who looks down at her plate.

There is a long silence as Ginger hesitates, awkwardly. She turns to Mark for help. He smiles at her, encouragingly.

GINGER

(shyly)

My father named me... Africa...

BELLA

Africa! Any particular reason?

GINGER

(quietly)

He said it was in honour of Freud's theory of the dark continent of woman.

The other dinner guest lets out a guffaw, but is silenced by Mark, who makes a protective gesture.

BELLA

(muttering)

Oh dear, Freud.

DINNER GUEST

Is this the famous Roland who holds us all in his theoretical spell?

Mark Two kicks him, vigorously, under the table. Natalie gets up quietly from the table and disappears out of the room. There is an awkward pause in the conversation.

BELLA

Well let's just stick with Ginger then, shall we?

(MORE)

BELLA (CONT'D)

Although you could always move on to Scarlet, in due time. As in flame, not O'Hara. That's a good name for an activist. How's all that going, by the way?

Ginger brightens, for the first time in the conversation.

GINGER

I'm thinking of joining the Committee of 100, actually. I agree with Bertrand Russell.

BELLA

And what do you agree with?

GINGER

About direct action. He says "the danger of nuclear war is too great for lawful protest".

Mark gets up quietly from the table. He gestures to Mark Two, indicating that he is going off to check on Natalie.

BELLA

So you think marching is not enough?

GINGER

It may not be enough to save us. You know, from total extinction.

Bella looks at Ginger with interest. The others no longer know where to look.

49

INT. ROLAND'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

49

Ginger and Rosa are standing side by side in front of the sink in Roland's untidy kitchen. They look stiff and ill at ease in each others' presence in sharp contrast to the easy familiarity they once had.

Ginger pins a ban-the-bomb badge on her sweater and glances at Rosa's outfit. The two girls are no longer wearing identical clothes.

Rosa is in a skirt and tight sweater, while Ginger is wearing jeans with her sloppy sweater, as usual. Rosa expertly applies dark make-up round her eyes.

There is an uncharacteristic silence between the two girls. The air is heavy with tension.

GINGER

(quietly)

Where are you going?

ROSA

To a restaurant. Where are you going?

GINGER

To a meeting.

ROSA

See you later, then.

GINGER"

(anxiously)

So you're coming back here?

ROSA

Maybe.

They glance at each other, uneasily.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Do you want to try?

She hands Ginger her eye make-up, awkwardly, before turning and walking out of the room. Ginger holds the eye make-up and stares at herself in the mirror.

50 INT. CHURCH HALL - NIGHT

50

Ginger edges her way through a large crowd in the church hall. Tony is addressing the meeting.

TONY

This crisis is taking the world to the brink of catastrophe.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

The Russians have put their missiles on Cuba, as we know, as part of the deadly battle with the United States for world supremacy that could end with no world at all. And what is our government doing about it?

Ginger pushes her way into a space where she can see Tony. She looks breathless, intense, and is wearing dark eye make-up for the first time.

TONY (CONT'D)

They tell people to put sandbags over their windows and stay indoors. Meanwhile, the government has built top secret bomb shelters underground. But only enough space for themselves.

Ginger suddenly raises her hand. Tony stops speaking and gestures towards her.

GINGER

Then who will be left for them to govern? Everyone else will be dead. Burnt to cinders. I think it's immoral. You know, to use precise language.

Tony, nods at Ginger, affirmatively, as people in the crowd turn around to look at her, intrigued.

51 INT. PUB - NIGHT

51

Tony and Ginger are standing at the bar in a noisy, crowded, smoke-filled pub amongst a lively, voluble group who have moved on after the meeting.

TONY

Let me guess. You shouldn't really be in here. You're still at school, aren't you?

Ginger shrugs, nonchalantly.

GINGER
Some of the time.

TONY
Don't worry, I'll buy you a drink.

Tony gets the attention of the barman.

TONY (CONT'D)
A pint and... and a half, please.

GINGER
Thanks. Anyway, I learn more at these meetings than I ever do at school.

TONY
That goes without saying, I think.

The barman hands Tony the drinks. He gives the half-pint glass to Ginger.

GINGER
Thanks.

They edge their way through the crowd and sit down next to each other, pressed close in the crush.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Are you...Are you a student?

Tony smiles at Ginger.

TONY
I'm at art school. Do you draw?

GINGER
(hurriedly)
Oh yes, definitely. Sometimes.

She blushes, confused.

GINGER (CONT'D)
But I think I'm more of a poet, actually.

TONY

Are you?

GINGER

My mum used to be a painter,
though.

TONY

What's her name?

GINGER

Oh, you wouldn't know it. She gave
it up, you know, to...to have me. I
live with my father now, anyway.

Tony looks a little surprised at this sudden rush of
private information.

GINGER (CONT'D)

He's a pacifist. He writes articles
and stuff.

TONY

Anything I might have read?

GINGER

'The Idea of Freedom'...

Tony looks impressed.

TONY

He's your father?

Ginger nods and looks down, shyly, tongue-tied, and gulps
at her beer. She grimaces at the bitter, unfamiliar taste.

52

INT. ROLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

52

Ginger walks quietly up the stairs towards her attic room.

She can hear music and the sound of typing coming from
Roland's room. She tiptoes towards the door and peers
through a crack.

Roland is sitting at his desk, concentrating on his writing. Rosa appears behind him, wraps her arms around him, sensuously, and kisses the top of his head. Roland looks up and smiles at Rosa.

Ginger creeps away into her room and shuts the door. She lies down on her bed, clutching her teddy-bears, and stares into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

53 INT. ROLAND'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

53

Roland is sitting drinking wine at the table in his kitchen. The bottle is nearly empty and Roland seems distinctly tipsy. The table is laid for supper, but it looks as if Roland has been waiting for a while.

Roger is standing nearby, clutching a wineglass.

Ginger and Rosa are hovering by the stove over a huge saucepan of spaghetti.

ROSA

Ginger. Try it. I think it might be done.

Ginger tests a strand of spaghetti, then drains the pan into a colander and carries it towards the table. Rosa follows with another pan and starts ladling sauce onto the spaghetti on the plates. She turns towards Roger.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't want any?

Roger smiles.

ROGER

I'm fine thank you. I've already eaten.

Roland eats a mouthful.

ROLAND
Not bad. Not bad.

Roger chortles as Roland leans back and catches his eye, smiling.

ROGER
Who's the chef?

ROSA
We made it together. Me and Ginger.

ROLAND
Mutual aid. This is good.

ROGER
Communist cooks. How marvellous.

ROLAND
Anarchists, I think.

ROSA
It's Italian actually. Bolognese.

Roger laughs.

ROGER
Oh, there's lots of anarchists in
Bologna.

Rosa suddenly looks confused. Is he making fun of her?

Roland takes another swig of red wine, stops eating, and looks Rosa up and down. He studies her legs, the fish-net stockings, the short skirt.

ROLAND
(quietly)
You are a thing of beauty, Rosa.

Ginger looks down at her plate.

Roland stands up, and walks over towards Rosa. Rosa falls into his arms and rests her head on his chest, blissfully.

Roger stares, fascinated, at Rosa's ecstatic expression and then at Ginger's lowered head.

When he sees that tears are rolling down Ginger's face, Roger's expression changes and he starts to walk away, quietly. He leaves the room.

Roland sits down again at the table opposite Ginger. He looks up at her face, which is etched with misery. Rosa stares at Ginger, guiltily. Roland's face softens as he studies Ginger's face.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Oh, Ginger...

54 INT. NATALIE'S FRONT DOOR AND HALLWAY - DAY

54

Ginger runs up the steps towards Natalie's front door and knocks, rapidly. Natalie opens the door and seems surprised to see Ginger standing there.

NATALIE

Ginger!

Ginger walks through the hallway into the living room, followed by Natalie. They stand, facing each other. There is an awkward silence. Then they both start talking at once.

GINGER

(hesitantly)

Look Mum...

NATALIE

(simultaneously)

How is everything?

They fall silent again. Then Ginger tries again.

GINGER

Can I stay the night tonight?

Natalie looks closely at Ginger, who avoids her gaze and wanders away across the room.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I'm not moving back or anything...

Ginger stares at an easel placed where Roland's desk once stood. She looks at the painting on the easel, the brushes and the tubes of paint.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You're painting again.

NATALIE

Yes, I am. And a bit of studying,
now that...

Natalie hesitates and gestures around the empty house, then looks down at her hands.

Ginger pauses, before answering in a small voice.

GINGER

Well, that's good.

NATALIE

But I could make up your bed...

She trails off, and glances at Ginger, noticing her hurt expression. Ginger turns away and looks out of the window to hide her face.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Aren't you happy at Roland's? After
going on and on about wanting to
live with him instead of boring old
me?

Ginger turns back to look at Natalie.

GINGER

I never said that. About being
boring. But, of course I'm happy
over there. It's really
interesting.

Ginger starts moving back towards the hallway. She puts on a bright expression.

GINGER (CONT'D)

It was just a thought, anyway.
Don't bother with the bed or
anything. I was just passing.

55 EXT. WASTEGROUND - DUSK.

55

Ginger sits alone, leaning against the corrugated iron fence which surrounds the wasteground. She doesn't move. It's an image of desolation.

56 INT. HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

56

Ginger is startled awake.

It is Roland, who has switched the light-bulb on in her room and is carrying a steaming bowl of stew towards her bed.

He holds it out, stiffly, defensively. Ginger blinks in the light.

ROLAND

I've made you some supper.

GINGER

(blearily)

What time is it?

ROLAND

About two. Or so. Somewhat late.
But I cooked it. You said you were
hungry.

GINGER

Well I was...

Roland looks hurt.

ROLAND

You're not going to eat it?

Ginger sits up, hurriedly.

GINGER

Oh yes, yes, it looks delicious. I didn't know you could cook.

ROLAND

Nor did I.

Roland sits down on the bed next to Ginger. He watches as she forces down the hot chunks of meat and potatoes.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Look, I know it's all got a bit complicated.

Ginger eats, avoiding his eyes.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Perhaps I can never be the kind of father you really want. I'm not sure that I'm father material really.

Ginger looks up at him, wide-eyed, anxious.

GINGER

Oh, but you are. I never said I wanted anything different did I?

ROLAND

You've never really complained about anything. You're not a moaner, as a rule, thank God. But look...

Roland gets up and crosses the tiny room. He leans back against the wall.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Things have been difficult for me with Nat for a long time.

Ginger pauses between mouthfuls and glances at Roland's expression. Intense, preoccupied, preparing to say more.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

One day you will understand that real love, when it comes, is like a siren-call. One simply has no choice. One must surrender.

Roland makes a gesture of submission.

Ginger isn't eating anymore.

Roland comes back and sits down next to Ginger again. He suddenly seems lost, uncharacteristically, for words.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

But listen... I am aware... that perhaps, you might not be entirely happy with the situation?

He looks at Ginger, his eyes brimming with anxiety. Ginger gazes at him, fighting down her nameless feelings. Then she seems to make a decision and speaks in a strong, reassuring voice.

GINGER

How can anyone be happy? When you know about the Bomb? Happiness is not really an option, when you know the world could be blown to pieces any minute.

Roland visibly relaxes.

Ginger studies his face. Yes, she has pleased him.

ROLAND

You are a good girl, Ginger. A born radical, unsurprisingly.

Ginger attempts a smile. Roland looks at Ginger, fondly, gets up and walks over to the door. But he hesitates.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Listen. It's probably best not to say anything to Nat about the times with Rosa on the boat and so on. I'm sure we agree on this.

Their eyes meet and each hurriedly looks away again.

57 INT. ROLAND'S KITCHEN - DAY

57

Ginger tiptoes across the kitchen towards the sink in the early morning light. She looks exhausted. She starts washing her face at the sink, scrubbing her skin violently with a face-cloth. Roland coughs in the adjacent room and switches on the radio. It's a broadcast of President Kennedy in the middle of making a speech.

Ginger freezes as she listens to his voice.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.)

We will not prematurely or unnecessarily risk the costs of worldwide nuclear war in which even the fruits of victory would be ashes in our mouth. But neither will we shrink from that risk at any time it must be faced.

58 EXT. PARK GARDENS - DAY

58

Ginger sits on the long wooden bench she had once sat on with Rosa to play clapping games. She looks dazed, frozen. The ground is covered with snow.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The cost of freedom is always high, but Americans have always paid it. And one path we shall never choose: the path of surrender or submission.

Ginger lies down on her back on the snowy ground, then reaches out and grasps a handful of ice and mud as if she is holding onto the earth itself.

59 INT. COFFEE BAR - EVENING

59

Ginger sits at a table at the usual coffee bar, still wearing her snow-soaked school uniform. She is concentrating intently as she writes in her notebook.

GINGER (V.O.)

(quietly)

I dreamed there was
A wall of flame.
I screamed because
I was to blame.
I looked around:
No night, no day,
No sky, no ground,
Nothing to say...

She suddenly looks up as the door opens and Rosa walks in. Ginger closes her notebook.

ROSA

(distractedly)

Sorry I'm late. We were talking and
talking, I didn't notice the time.
It was so...

GINGER (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

- intense. Right.

Rosa avoids her gaze.

ROSA

Well it was. And I think... I think
Roland is wounded.

Ginger looks startled.

GINGER

What do you mean? What's happened?

ROSA

Wounded emotionally, I mean. And spiritually. I think I can help him.

GINGER

(hotly)

Help him? How can you help him?

ROSA

We have a lot in common, you know.

GINGER

Such as?

ROSA

(defensively)

Such as the fact that his mother left him when he was little. You know, like my father left me.

GINGER

(sarcastically)

Oh. What a way to bond.

ROSA

(defiantly)

Well, yes, actually. We understand each other. He confides in me.

Ginger stares at Rosa, who looks away, uncomfortably. The two girls sit, silently, for a moment.

Then Rosa looks down at Ginger's notebook.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Anyway, what are you writing?

GINGER

A poem. About the end of the world. Haven't you heard?

ROSA

Heard what?

GINGER

About the crisis. Remember those
missiles in Cuba?

ROSA

What missiles?

GINGER

Where have you been? Don't you care
about the future any more?

ROSA

Not everyone can save the whole
world like you, Ginger. Some of us
have to concentrate on just one
person.

Ginger's face is burning.

GINGER

You can't save my dad!

ROSA

Why not?

GINGER

Who do you think you are?

ROSA

Who do you think you are? You can't
stop a war if there's going to be
one. It's in the hands of God.

GINGER

That's convenient.
Whose hands are you in then?

Rosa looks away, avoiding Ginger's angry gaze.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Just wait, he'll dump you too when
you're older.

ROSA

No he won't.

GINGER

He will, he will.

There is another awkward silence. Then Rosa looks at Ginger, calmly.

ROSA

We didn't want to tell you.

GINGER

Didn't want to tell me what?

Ginger stares at Rosa, the colour draining from her face.

GINGER (CONT'D)

What? What didn't you want to tell me?

ROSA

I think...I'm pregnant.

60 INT. HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

60

Ginger is lying fully dressed and rigidly still on her bed in her tiny room.

Wild, frantic jazz is playing extremely loud on her record player ("Bird Gets the Worm - Charlie Parker and Miles Davis).

Ginger stares, unseeing, towards the ceiling.

61 EXT. STREETS - DUSK

61

Ginger runs and runs, breathing hard, oblivious of her surroundings, which become a blur behind her desperate figure.

62 EXT. ROAD-SIDE - DUSK

62

Ginger stands restlessly by the side of the road, hitchhiking. A car draws up and she gets in, hurriedly. The car radio is playing.

Ginger stares out of the window, appearing more and more agitated as she listens to the broadcast.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

There are persistent reports that the American government is about to make a sensational move in the Cuba Crisis. Lord Bertrand Russell in a statement released today said: 'While life remains to us we will not cease to do what lies in our power to avert the greatest calamity that has ever threatened mankind'.

63 EXT. AIRFORCE BASE - NIGHT

63

Ginger runs through the middle of a chaotic crowd of demonstrators at an airforce base outside London. There are angry shouts and waves of chanting as the crowd surges up to the barbed wire enclosure.

CROWD

(chanting)

Block the gates! Block the gates!

This is a demonstration that looks as if it could become violent. The ominous sound of marching feet in the distance indicates the heavy presence of police. The headlights of military trucks shine blindingly onto the crowd as the vehicles attempt to push through towards the gates. Ginger looks frightened.

CROWD (CONT'D)

Ban the bomb! Ban the bomb!

VOICE IN LOUD-HAILER

Sit down. Everybody sit down.

Some people start sitting on the ground in front of the gates. Others trip over them as they run away. Ginger looks around, suddenly panicking, until she catches sight of a familiar face in the distance. It's Bella.

Ginger pushes her way through the crowd and sits down on the ground next to Bella.

BELLA

Ginger!

GINGER

Yes, it's me.

Ginger looks wide-eyed with fear.

Bella looks round at the sound of shouts and scuffling in the distance. A long line of police is getting closer and closer, lifting up demonstrators and throwing them violently out of the path of the advancing trucks. Bella looks closely at Ginger.

BELLA

Are you alright? My God, you're shivering. Here, lean on me. This could get rough, okay? Hold tight.

Bella puts her arms protectively around Ginger.

The line of police gets closer and closer and the noise and confusion increases. Ginger is dragged away roughly by two policemen.

GINGER

(screams)

Bella! Bella!

BELLA

Ginger!

Ginger is thrown into the back of a police van where she sits, shivering.

Ginger lies on a bench in a tiny police cell, immobile, during a long, dark night.

65 INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

65

Ginger now sits leaning against the wall, in the cell in the morning light. A POLICE DOCTOR is in the cell with her.

POLICE DOCTOR

I am a doctor. You can speak freely
to me.

Ginger doesn't respond. She looks catatonic. The police doctor sighs.

POLICE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I can't help you if you won't talk.
Do you understand? You seem
depressed. Are you depressed?

Ginger shakes her head, but does not turn to look at him.

POLICE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Then speak.

But Ginger remains silent.

66 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

66

Ginger is led out of her cell by a policewoman, along a long corridor towards a waiting area.

Mark and Mark Two, accompanied by a shaken-looking Bella, have come to bail out Ginger and take her home. They stand in the long neon-lit corridor with the police doctor. He looks from one to the other, puzzled.

POLICE DOCTOR

Are you the girl's mother?

BELLA

No. No, I'm not.

POLICE DOCTOR

Where is the mother?

MARK

She doesn't know her daughter is here.

POLICE DOCTOR

Then is one of you the girl's father?

MARK

(firmly)

We are family friends. We've come to take her home.

Ginger sits on a bench, the policewoman standing beside her. Ginger is apparently oblivious of the small group standing talking together in the corridor.

POLICE DOCTOR

(softly)

She needs help. All this protesting is a front, you know. The girl may be seriously mentally ill.

BELLA

(muttering)

Oh for Christ's sake.

MARK TWO

(angrily)

Maybe she is justifiably worried about a possible nuclear holocaust. Have you considered this?

Ginger sits motionless, unresponsive, staring into the distance.

67

INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

67

The two Marks and Bella are hovering near Ginger who is now sitting on a chair in Natalie's living room. The room looks emptier and more bleak than ever.

Natalie is sitting on a chair opposite Ginger, watching her anxiously. Roland is sitting on the stairs in the hallway, making it clear that he is a reluctant participant in this group meeting.

NATALIE

(pleadingly)

Just talk to us darling. Come on.

Ginger sits, immobile, silent.

MARK

Did they hurt you? Ginger, you must tell us.

Natalie turns around and gestures at Roland to join them in the room. He stays put. She sighs and turns back towards Ginger.

NATALIE

(softly)

Please. Say something.

There is no response from Ginger.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Okay, listen. I've asked Anoushka to bring Rosa over. I thought maybe you'd talk to her if you don't want to talk to us?

Ginger's face starts to move for the first time, in an expression of fear and disgust.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Don't make that face at me -

MARK

Nat, don't -

NATALIE

- but I care about her...

Ginger suddenly breaks her silence and bursts out.

GINGER

You don't care!

BELLA

Actually I think she does,
sweetheart.

GINGER

She doesn't care that the world
might end!

NATALIE

Of course I do! I'm on your side,
Ginger.

Ginger looks up at Natalie, her face agonised, contorted.

GINGER

You don't know anything.

BELLA

What else doesn't she know?

There is a long silence as Ginger struggles. Bella gazes at
her, calmly.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Ginger?

Ginger looks up and meets the tenderness in Bella's eyes.

GINGER

I can't say it! I'll explode if I
say it.

BELLA

No you won't, sugar. It's alright.
Speak it out.

GINGER

(screaming)

I can't! I can't!
We're all going to die! You said
it!

BELLA

No. I said we could. A nuclear war would probably obliterate us all if it happened. But that's not what you mean is it?

Ginger shakes her head.

BELLA (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Then what is it that you can't say?
Ginger? What can't you say?

Ginger glances quickly at Roland, who is staring darkly at the floor in the hallway, almost out of earshot.

There is a moment, that seems forever, where all the adults - except Roland - stare at Ginger. Then the dam bursts and the tears stream down Ginger's face.

GINGER

(sobbing, quietly)

That Roland is... is
sleeping...with Rosa.

Natalie freezes. She stares at Ginger.

NATALIE

(quietly)

What? Rosa?

Natalie suddenly stumbles to her feet and rushes out towards Roland.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Is it true?

Roland avoids her gaze and remains silent.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I knew it. I knew something was
going on - and you...

Bella has put her arms round Ginger and is comforting her.

GINGER

(sobbing quietly)

It's not my fault!

BELLA

No, of course not.

Natalie suddenly loses control and lashes out at Roland.

NATALIE

(shouting)

How long has this been going on?

She hits him wildly, but he turns and holds her at arm's length, gripping her wrists.

ROLAND

For God's sake, Natalie...

NATALIE

Let go of me. Let go of me. I have to get hold of Anoushka! I don't want to see Rosa! I don't want to see that little bitch!

Natalie wrenches herself free and runs upstairs.

Ginger struggles to her feet, her face contorted.

GINGER

I've got to get out onto the streets - leaflets, got to give out leaflets -

MARK

- Not right now, darling -

GINGER

- Yes, now. Don't you understand? The world may be about to end.

Ginger looks wildly around the room with an agonised expression. Bella puts her arms around her again and helps her to sit down. Mark turns to Roland.

MARK

(furiously)

Do you see what you've done?

Roland turns, slowly, to confront the group of angry faces glaring at him. He turns ashen, and looks as if he is facing a firing squad.

ROLAND

(quietly)

What right have you to judge me?
I've spent my whole life fighting
against tyranny.

BELLA

(sarcastically)

Congratulations.

ROLAND

Not only the tyranny of government,
but also the tyranny of the shoulds
and oughts of so-called 'normal'
family life -

BELLA

- Oh how fucking convenient.

Roland suddenly moves further into the room, staring coldly at Bella, who is standing protectively next to Ginger.

ROLAND

And who the fuck are you to lecture
me? We've only just met. Not that
it's any of your business, but
Natalie and I are separated, you
know.

BELLA

You have a child together.

She indicates Ginger, whose tear-stained face is contorted with anxiety.

ROLAND

She's no longer a child.

Ginger looks up slowly at Roland. He quickly looks away.

Mark takes a step towards Roland.

MARK

(angrily)

Ginger may be grown up enough to try to save us all from nuclear catastrophe, Roland, but she is also young enough to need some looking after.

Roland turns towards Mark.

ROLAND

Listen. Autonomous thought, personal truth; freedom of action...

Roland puts a hand on Mark's arm.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You believe in those don't you, Mark?

MARK

Yes, of course I do but this is -

ROLAND

- well, these have been my guiding principles.

Roland stares at the Marks and at Bella, scanning their hostile faces.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I deeply believe in them. And I was jailed for them.

Ginger looks up, slowly, and stares at Roland, with an agonised expression; a mix of fear, guilt and empathy.

There is a silence as Roland edges across the room and sits down opposite Ginger.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(gently)

Don't you see, Ginger, there would not even be the possibility of nuclear war - or any war - if millions of men had been prepared to stand up against authority, as I did, and refuse to join the army.

The doorbell rings. Nobody moves.

Roland moves closer to Ginger. She listens intently as he speaks to her, in his quiet, passionate, voice.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Refuse to take orders.

The doorbell rings again, insistently.

The two Marks look at each other, questioningly.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(urgently)

It's mindless obedience that is the killer, Ginger. I've broken the rules - all the rules - because someone has to say no. Do you see? Ginger?

The doorbell rings a third time and Mark starts to walk out of the room towards the front door.

Natalie runs down the stairs and blocks his path.

NATALIE

No! Please, Mark. No.

Mark grips Natalie firmly by the arm.

MARK

Come on, ducky. We've got to get this sorted out, once and for all. Come on.

Natalie seems to crumple at his reasonable, affectionate tone of voice, and they disappear into the hallway to answer the front door.

Roland reaches out and cautiously takes Ginger's hand. His expression changes, as if he is really seeing her for the first time.

ROLAND
(whispering)
Oh Ginger...

Roland's eyes start to brim with tears.

Natalie and Anoushka start talking in low, angry voices in the hallway as Rosa appears in the doorway to the living room. She stands nervously, looking at Roland's back-view as he sits holding Ginger's hand. Ginger looks up at Rosa. Their eyes meet.

NATALIE (V.O.)
She's sleeping with Roland.

ANOUSHKA (V.O.)
Who?

NATALIE (V.O.)
Rosa.

ANOUSHKA (V.O.)
What? Rosa? With Roland?

Roland turns around and looks at Rosa standing just inside the room, then gets up and walks over to stand beside her. Anoushka marches into the room, white-faced. She stops, glances around, taking in the scene, then takes a step towards Rosa.

ANOUSHKA
Is it true? Rosa?

Rosa remains silent and looks away.

Natalie appears in the doorway and stares at Rosa. Rosa instinctively places a hand on her gently swelling belly.

Natalie sees the gesture and turns slowly to look at Ginger. Ginger nods, mutely. Natalie freezes, horrified, and then runs up the stairs, noisily. A door bangs and then everything goes silent.

ANOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Answer me, Rosa.

ROSA

(quietly)

Why should I?

ANOUSHKA

Because I'm your mother.

ROSA

I didn't notice.

Anoushka slaps Rosa, violently, across the face.

Roland wearily lifts up a hand to protect Rosa, but is too late.

Ginger rises slowly to her feet and walks over to Mark. He looks at her, tenderly.

GINGER

(whispering anxiously)

Do you think Mum's alright?

MARK

Come, come.

Mark and Ginger leave the room together.

68

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE NATALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

68

Ginger and Mark are standing outside the door to Natalie's bedroom.

MARK

Nat, Nat darling. Can we come in?

There's no response.

MARK (CONT'D)

Right We're coming in.

He turns the handle and pushes the door. It's locked. He starts to pummel at the door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Nat, open the door. Nat, open this door. Nat, open up!

Ginger shouts down the stairs, frantically.

GINGER

Roland! Come quick!

69

INT. OUTSIDE NATALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

69

Roland is throwing himself against Natalie's door, again and again.

The door eventually crashes open.

Natalie is crouched on the floor, cramming pills from a small bottle into her mouth. Empty bottles lie strewn on the floor around her.

GINGER

(screaming)

Mum! Mum!

Roland looks aghast. He runs over to Natalie, kneels down and cradles her head in his arms.

ROLAND

Oh Nat, darling, oh Nat...

Mark hovers in the doorway. Rosa appears silently behind him, staring into the room, shocked.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Call an ambulance.

Ginger runs out of the room. Rosa reaches out and clutches at her as she passes.

ROSA

Ginger... Forgive me. Please.

Their eyes lock, briefly, before Ginger pulls herself free and clatters down the stairs.

70

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - NIGHT/DAY

70

Ginger and Roland sit silently, side by side, on an uncomfortable-looking bench in the stark, depressing waiting area of the Emergency Department. They look exhausted, beyond words.

It's a long and agonising wait.

As the morning light creeps through the windows Roland closes his eyes and leans his head back against the wall. Ginger takes her notebook out of her coat pocket, turns away from Roland, and slowly starts to write. She pauses from time to time as she searches for the right words.

GINGER (V.O.)

We had a dream that we would always
be best friends.

When we were born, for some it was
the end;

Now it seems there may not be
tomorrow.

But despite the horror and the
sorrow,

I love our world. I want us all to
live.

Now Rosa, you've asked me to
forgive...

One day, if Mum survives this
bitter night,

Then we shall meet again and I will
say...

Ginger pauses, gazing into space.

GINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I loved you Rosa. Don't you see?
But we are different.

(MORE)

GINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You dream of everlasting love. Not
me.

Roland opens his eyes and sits very still. He turns his
head and watches Ginger writing.

GINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because what really matters is to
live...
And then there will be nothing to
forgive.

ROLAND

What are you writing?

GINGER

A poem. About the future.

Roland stares sadly at Ginger's back-view.

ROLAND

I'm sorry, Ginger. I'm so sorry.

Ginger turns, slowly, and looks at him. They gaze at each
other, silently. The Ginger turns back and continues to
write in her little notebook.

GINGER (V.O.)

But I'll forgive you anyway.

She slowly and quietly closes her notebook.

THE END