

"Wall of Silence"
by
Laurence Marks and Maurice Gran

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Author:
Your Name
Address 1
Address 2
Postcode
Phone num
Email:

Agent:
Your Agent's Name
Address 1
Address 2
Postcode
Phone num

"Wall of Silence"

FADE IN

DAY ZERO. SATURDAY.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PARK. 3PM.

A pleasant Spring afternoon. The park is full of Chassidic families in their Sabbath finery, taking the air, strolling, greeting each other. (NB: No one carries anything, and there are no pushchairs, so tiny children have to stay at home). The Chassidim should exude confidence, pride, dignity. The Gentiles who share their park, exercising their Rottweilers, noisily riding bikes and playing radios, engaging in rowdy football matches, snogging on the grass, and disporting the latest in shell suits, should look odd, awkward, strange. Perhaps this is the title sequence.

DAY ONE. SUNDAY.

EXT. THE RIVER LEA AT STAMFORD HILL. 6AM.

Dawn. Misty. A heavily laden barge slowly comes into view, passing barges moored by the tow-path. The barge bumps a submerged something, and gives a lurch. The BARGEER comes out of the wheelhouse and peers over the side. Can't see anything. The barge carries on into the mist. A few seconds later a dark shape cuts through the water. Is it a shark? No, it's the boot lid of a 1981 Volvo. Something about six foot long and wrapped in polythene rises to the surface and bobs there like an enormous discarded prophylactic.

EXT. RIVER LEA TOW-PATH. 10AM.

A troop of Sea Scouts marches along the tow-path, led by their Sea Scoutmaster. They reach their training barge and swarm aboard and start removing the tarpaulin and going about their routine. The Scoutmaster starts the engine and tries to turn the wheel. It's very stiff.

SCOUTMASTER

Someone go and see what's wrapped
round the rudder this week.

A couple of SCOUTS peer over the edge. They see something.

SCOUT

Skipper!

EXT. STAMFORD HILL STREETS. 10.15AM.

A panda car drives down Dunsmuir Road, the Chassidic shopping street. It passes a group of CHASSIDIC MEN chatting outside a kosher bakers. We follow the car down a pot-holed side street that leads down to the canal.

EXT. RIVER LEA TOWPATH.

The car stops and P.C. GARY VERNON gets out. He walks across to the Scouts' barge. The SCOUTMASTER is on deck, with a boat-hook. He is using it to stop the polythene wrapped thing from floating away.

SCOUTMASTER

I managed to stop it floating away.

P.C. VERNON

Pity.

PC VERNON peers at the bundle. He can just make out a bearded face.

P.C. VERNON

(INTO PERSONAL RADIO)

India Hotel from 150.

EXT. RIVER LEA TOWPATH. 11AM.

The tow-path is now bustling. A screen deters nosy locals. The body lies on the tow-path unwrapped. It is the body of a middle aged Chassidic man, dressed traditionally. He was GERSHON KLEIN. DET. SGT. PAUL IBBOTSEN, late thirties, black, watches as a DOCTOR examines the body. P.C. VERNON is talking to some SCOUTS on board the barge. A heavy duty pick up truck is dragging a tatty Volvo out of the river. As it comes out IBBOTSEN sees a Swastika sprayed on the bonnet.

IBBOTSEN

Oh great, that's all we need!

EXT. TIMBER YARD. MIDDAY.

D.C.I. PERCY REYNOLDS has just bought some lumber and is lashing it to his roof. His cellular phone rings. He takes it out of his anorak pocket and answers it.

REYNOLDS

Yeah?

(LISTENS)

Where? Any I.D? Who found it?

EXT. ALL WEATHER PITCH.. 12.30PM.

HOWARD MULLEN is running a youth club football training session on an all weather pitch at a sports centre in Hackney. REYNOLDS' car pulls up with timber hastily tied to the roof rack. REYNOLDS gets out and crosses to the touch line. He tries to catch HOWARD's eye but can't, so marches across the field to HOWARD. HOWARD whistles the session to a halt.

EXT. RIVER LEA TOWPATH. 12.40PM.

The Volvo stands on the tow-path. The SCENE OF CRIME TEAM is busy on it. IBBOTSEN watches as TWO MEN unload a plastic coffin, known as a shell, from a plain transit van. REYNOLDS and HOWARD arrive in two cars: REYNOLDS in a Vauxhall Cavalier with timber sticking out of the sun roof; HOWARD in a nondescript hatchback. They get out.

REYNOLDS

Want to have a look?

HOWARD

No thanks Guv, I don't even like rare beef.

REYNOLDS looks at the body and then nods to the UNDERTAKERS MEN who take it away. IBBOTSEN hands REYNOLDS a wallet, obviously from the corpse. HOWARD then joins REYNOLDS and IBBOTSEN, as the SCENE OF CRIME TEAM start to wrap up. REYNOLDS watches the PHOTOGRAPHER packing up.

REYNOLDS

Did he say when we'd have the pictures?

IBBOTSEN

Tomorrow afternoon.

REYNOLDS

How come PhotoKwik do it in a hour?

REYNOLDS crosses to HOWARD who is studying the swastika on the Volvo's bonnet.

REYNOLDS

So why would anyone want to kill one of your Curlie-Wurlies?

HOWARD

(POINTEDLY)

Lot of people just don't like Jews, sir.

IBBOTSEN

Why do they all drive Volvos anyway?

HOWARD

Cos they're not made in Germany.

IBBOTSEN

What's wrong with a nice Saab Turbo?

HOWARD

You can't keep your hat on in a Saab Turbo.

REYNOLDS examines the wallet.

REYNOLDS

Name Gershon Klein mean anything to you?

HOWARD

(APPALLED)

Oh shit!

REYNOLDS

You knew him?

HOWARD

Yeah, he had a Kosher butcher shop in Dunsmuir Road. Nice man, nice family, a lot of these Chassidim are very leery, but he never was. I remember when I was new on this manor, didn't know a Jew from a jam sandwich, and I was in a patrol car with Jack Beckett and he stopped outside his butcher's shop and sent me in for a pound of pork sausages...

REYNOLDS

Okay okay, just spare me the stroll down Memory Lane...

(TO IBBOTSEN)

Paul, get back to the nick and set up the Murder Room, I'll square Area...

HOWARD goes to look at the body, but it is now in its plastic coffin.

HOWARD

(RETURNS)

I'd better contact next of kin. Can I use your poser phone, Gov?

REYNOLDS hands him the phone. HOWARD consults his electronic organiser and dials a number.

HOWARD

Councillor Pearl? Howard Mullen...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KLEINS' HOUSE, 3.00PM.

HOWARD in a dark suit, gets out of HOWARD's car outside a neat 1920s house in one of the better turnings in Stamford Hill. Waiting to meet them is COUNCILLOR PEARL, a smartly suited fifty year old Orthodox but non-Chassidic Jew. With him is MRS PEARL.

HOWARD

Good afternoon sir, Mrs Pearl, I'm sorry to drag you out, but it's better if someone she knows...

COUNCILLOR PEARL

Of course, of course...(SIGHS) what a terrible thing...I took the liberty of contacting Mrs Klein's brother-in-law...

HOWARD

Oh, fine...

The four of them go up the path to the late GERSHON KLEIN'S front door.

HOWARD rings the doorbell. After a few seconds the door is opened by ROSA KLEIN, a woman of about 40, quite attractive under her sheitel. A couple of children, under ten, peer out round her. Then she recognises COUNCILLOR PEARL.

ROSA KLEIN

Councillor Pearl? Is it election time already?

HOWARD

Do you think we could come in, Mrs Klein?

INT. ROSA KLEIN'S SITTING ROOM. 3.15PM.

A very neat "Shabbos best" room. A menorah on the mantelpiece. A mirror over. Quite a few family photos, including one of the deceased with a very old Chassid, the OLESHNICA REBBE, leader of their particular Chassidic dynasty. ROSA KLEIN sits in a chair. She looks devastated. RIFKA, her 18 year old daughter, is perched on the arm, her arm round her mother's shoulders, trying to comfort her. MRS PEARL is holding ROSA's hands in her's and mumbling soothing Yiddish. COUNCILLOR PEARL is pouring a glass of whisky at the sideboard. He brings it to ROSA.

HOWARD

...So you hadn't missed Gershon?

ROSA KLEIN shakes her head.

RIFKA

Tata went to New York on Friday morning for Kosher Fest...

HOWARD

What?

ROSA KLEIN

The Kosher food trade fair.

HOWARD

But when he didn't phone you...?

RIFKA

He couldn't...

COUNCILLOR PEARL

You see, by the time he got himself settled it would have been Shabbos here, wouldn't it?

HOWARD

Of course...(GENTLE) Except he never got to New York...

There's a ring on the door bell. COUNCILLOR PEARL looks to HOWARD, then goes to open the front door. He returns with SHMUEL SINGER, a powerfully built Chassidic man of about 60. SHMUEL crosses to ROSA. His demeanour is one of loving concern, but as a Chassid he can not touch her.

SHMUEL

Rosa, I'm so sorry....

(TO HOWARD)

Are you the policeman?

HOWARD

Constable Howard Mullen...

SHMUEL

I'm Shmuel Singer, Gershon Klein's brother in law...He was my wife's brother.

SHMUEL takes HOWARD aside.

SHMUEL

Constable Mullen, when can we have the body?

HOWARD

You know there has to be a post mortem...?

SHMUEL

The community can arrange a post mortem straight away...

HOWARD

Let me ask the Chief Inspector...

(TO RIFKA)

May I use the telephone?

(SHE NODS "YES". HE PICKS UP PHONE)

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. REYNOLDS' OFFICE. SAME TIME.

REYNOLDS phone rings. He picks it up.

REYNOLDS

Reynolds...Yeah? What's his hurry?

HOWARD

(AWARE OF SEVERAL PAIRS OF JEWISH EYES ON HIM)

The Jewish religion commands that bodies are buried as soon as possible.

REYNOLDS

And police procedure commands us not to release a corpse until a police pathologist is finished with it.

HOWARD

So what can I tell Mr Singer?

REYNOLDS

How about "bollocks"?

HOWARD

(HANGING UP)

Chief Inspector Reynolds says he'll do all he can to expedite matters.

EXT. KLEINS' HOUSE. 4.00 PM.

The front door opens. RIFKA is showing HOWARD out.

HOWARD

If there's anything I can do...He
was a good man...

RIFKA

I know. Thank you...

HOWARD looks like he'd like to say more, but RIFKA shuts the door. HOWARD comes down the path and gets into his car, and drives off.

INT. THE MURDER ROOM. 4.23PM.

REYNOLDS, IBBOTSEN and DOYLE are ensconced, as about a dozen other coppers, all in plain clothes, wander in, mostly looking peeved about being called in on a Sunday. IBBOTSEN is pinning on the wall some pictures; the car, the victim, the scene of the crime etc.

REYNOLDS

(STANDS)

Right, sorry I had to drag you all away from Lazio versus Juventus, but this morning we pulled a dead Jewish male, 52 years of age, out of the River Lea. He was inside a car with a swastika painted on it, so we probably aren't dealing with a road traffic accident.

The door opens and HOWARD enters with briefcase.

REYNOLDS

Glad you could join us, Mullen.

HOWARD

Pleasure's all mine sir. Shall I..?

REYNOLDS

Be my guest.

HOWARD takes some photos from his case. They're of very old Chassidic sages. He gives them to WPC GANDER, who pins the pictures up.

HOWARD

Okay. A few words about the
Chassidim. Firstly, they may all
wear the same clothes but they
don't all belong to the
same...well, sect....

FADE OUT

DAY TWO. MONDAY.

FADE IN

EXT. STAMFORD HILL 9.00AM.

HOWARD's briefing continues as a voice over during the first part of this scene.

HOWARD(V/O)

There's at least a dozen, each following a different Rebbe, or hereditary leader. Gershon Klein was a Telushkiner, a follower of the Oleshnica Rebbe, who lives in New York. There's not much difference between the sects to an outsider - or to other Jews come to that. Which Rebbe you follow depends on which Polish village your great grandfather lived in. It's hereditary, like what football team you support. Some Chassidim are Arsenal, some are Spurs, some are Leyton Orient. But they've all got one trait in common; they're very introspective and old fashioned in their morals. No Chassidic woman will let a man into the house if her husband is out. Bear that in mind when doing house to houses. Thirdly, they're very secretive. This isn't going to be easy.

A transit containing some of the MURDER TEAM plus some UNIFORMED POLICE pulls up and they all get out. We see them fan out and start going door to door. Some go into shops, Others we follow down side streets.

EXT. THE KLEINS' STREET. 9.15AM.

DOYLE marches up to a door in the Kleins' street. He knocks. The door is opened a crack by a CHASSIDIC WOMAN, SHOSHONNA. (Who is married to YOSSEL, of whom more later)

DOYLE

Good morning
 (FLASHES POLICE I.D.)
 I'm...

SHOSHONNA

You'll have to come back when my
 husband's home from business.
 (SHUTS DOOR)

DOYLE

Welcome to downtown Shnickelsville.

INT. KOSHER GROCER'S. 9.25AM.

P.C. VERNON is talking to the manager, YAKOV.

YAKOV

Why would anyone want to kill him?!

P.C. VERNON

That's what we want to know. When
 did you last see Mr Klein?

YAKOV

I'm not sure.

P.C. VERNON

But his shop is only down the
 street!

YAKOV

We didn't mix much. He was
 Telushniker, I'm Lubavitcher.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE IN THE KLEINS STREET. 9.40AM.

D.S.IBBOTSEN is on the doorstep. The front door is open
 and he is showing a photograph of GERSHON KLEIN to
 MARCIA, a middle class black housewife.

MARCIA

I hate to say it, but they all look
 alike to me.

INT. KLEIN'S POULTERERS. 9.45AM.

IBBOTSEN is talking to MOISHE, a downtrodden middle aged Chassid in a pink smeared apron. MOISHE looks as if he's still shaken by GERSHON's death.

MOISHE

No, he just left as usual Thursday night, said he'd see me in a week.

IBBOTSEN

Can you think of any reason...?

MOISHE

Why he should have been killed?
Since when do people need reasons
to kill Jews?

DOV enters with his shopping bag. He stops when he sees the IBBOTSEN.

DOV

I'll come back...

IBBOTSEN

Don't worry, I'm going.
(EXITS)

DOV

A schwarze policeman?

MOISHE nods and shrugs.

DOV

Asking about poor Gershon, huh? Do
you think he knew there was a
cherem in his name? Did he seem
upset...?

SHMUEL is walking by. He stops and we see him look through the open door and listen to DOV and MOISHE's conversation. Then SHMUEL enters.

SHMUEL

So Moishe, you bearing up?

MOISHE

Yeah yeah...
(ANOTHER EXPRESSIVE SHRUG)

DOV

While I'm here I'd better have half
a roasting chicken and three pair
of viennas.

INT. KAVANAGH'S INSURANCE BROKERS. 10.30AM.

A young indian couple are leaving as REYNOLD and DOYLE
enter.

JOHN KAVANAGH, a dark suited, respectable looking "Essex
man", in his Forties, (*looks like "Tebbit" 25 years ago*)
sits behind a second hand desk in a shabby office
converted from a shop. Lots of posters for insurance
companies, but pride of place goes to a big picture of
The Queen. He looks up from form filling.

JOHN KAVANAGH

Good morning gentlemen. How very
nice to see you, though I was
always under the impression that
you could get competitive insurance
rates through the Police
Federation.

REYNOLDS

Does the name Gershon Klein mean
anything to you?

JOHN KAVANAGH

Would he be of the Jewish
persuasion by any chance?

REYNOLDS

(IRRITATED)
No, he was a Rastafarian!

JOHN KAVANAGH

(UNFAZED)
Of course I don't mix with the
Chosen People to a great extent.

REYNOLDS

I suppose your Britain First
activities don't leave you much
time for socialising?

JOHN KAVANAGH

Exactly.

REYNOLDS

But maybe some of your associates were in the Stamford Hill area last Friday and just for a giggle they decided to kill a middle aged Chassid and stuff him in the boot of his Volvo?

JOHN KAVANAGH

Is that what happened? How dreadful. I can assure you none of our people would do a thing like that.

DOYLE

Really? Isn't one of your henchmen awaiting trial for fire-bombing a Pakistani grocers?

JOHN KAVANAGH

(COOLY)

There's a world of difference between a Paki and a Yid, Mr Doyle.

FADE OUT

DAY THREE. TUESDAY

FADE IN

INT. MURDER ROOM. 9.00AM.

The murder team, plus some of the station's uniformed top brass, including CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT HAMLIN. He's an ambitious 40 year old, knows he's going places. (*Think Greg Dyke but taller*) University educated, but he's kept his a London accent.

REYNOLDS

...right now it still looks like a race crime, but the Curl...the Chassidim are a very private lot, and what we've got from them can be best summed up in the phrase "Sod all".

HOWARD arrives and slips into a seat.

C.S. HAMLIN

But they're going to co-operate when one of their own's been topped, aren't they?

REYNOLDS

You'd think so...

C.S. HAMLIN

So what do we know?

REYNOLDS

His wife thought he was going to New York, so he wasn't missed. Could mean he was killed by someone who knew his his movements...

C.S. HAMLIN

Motive?

REYNOLDS

God knows Guv...

C.S. HAMLIN

But He's not going to give a statement, is he? What about the murder weapon?

REYNOLDS

According to the pathologist he was bludgeoned to death with a heavy metal object, then stabbed through the eyes...

HOWARD reacts violently to the news about the eyes.

HOWARD

He was what?! He was stabbed through the eyes and no-one told me?! The single most important piece of evidence and no-one tells me! Of course not! I'm just a bleeding constable! Christ!
(HE STORMS OUT)

INT. CORRIDOR. 9.05

HOWARD is walking angrily towards his office. REYNOLDS catches up with him.

REYNOLDS

Howard!

HOWARD walks on. REYNOLDS catches up with him.

REYNOLDS

Are you going to tell me what the hell that was all about, or are you going to stand here and try and win an Oscar?!

HOWARD

Do you know what the word "Moyser" means?

REYNOLDS

Of course I do. It's Jewish for bastard.

HOWARD

That's Momza! Jesus Christ!

INT. THE MURDER ROOM. 9.30AM.

The MURDER TEAM are all present, as well as HAMLIN and one or two UNIFORMED INSPECTORS. HOWARD stands before them, and talks.

HOWARD

.... a "Moyser" is an informer who hasn't informed yet. By Chassidic tradition, if someone is about to grass to the civil authorities, he or she can be killed. And stabbing through the eyes is the traditional way of telling the rest of the community that the killing was legit.

C.S. HAMLIN

I didn't know you were Jewish?

HOWARD

I'm not, sir.

C.S. HAMLIN

Are you sure about this?! It's happened before has it?

HOWARD

Well...not for certain, but if you read the Chassidic literature...

REYNOLDS

It sounds like the bloody Mafia!

HOWARD

Not quite, Guv. The Chassidism aren't a criminal conspiracy. they're a devout and law abiding people. Trouble is, some of their laws are three thousand years old.

C.S. HAMLIN

So who would have ordered this killing then?

HOWARD

Could be anyone sir. A couple of men get together, decide it has to be done, and there's your "Cherem"
...

REYNOLDS

Speak English!

HOWARD

The death sentence.

FADE OUT

DAY FOUR. WEDNESDAY

FADE IN

INT. ROSA KLEIN'S SITTING ROOM. 7PM.

The mirror has been covered with a sheet, and all photographs have been removed. ROSA, RIFKA, EZRA - RIFKA'S 14 year old brother - ESTHER SINGER, and GERSHON'S FATHER, about 80 years old, all "sit shiva" on low wooden chairs from the kindergarten. The room is crowded with Chassidic men, praying individually. One of them is DOV ROSENGARTEN, about 40 years old. The women are in the kitchen being inferior. HOWARD has come to pay his respects. He wears a skull cap. Other MOURNERS assume he's Jewish. He is going along the line of mourners.

HOWARD

(TO EACH MOURNER)

I wish you long life...I wish you long life...

SHMUEL enters. From the way people react to his entrance we can see he is a highly respected man in this community. He crosses to ROSA, the widow.

SHMUEL

Look, this came to the office. From The Rebbe! (HE TAKES FROM HIS POCKET A FAX) "I am deeply saddened to hear of the death of Gershon ben Mordecai Zvi, our brother in Torah. But I know that already he is sitting at the right hand of Hakodesh Baruchoo."

A TEENAGE GIRL comes in with a tray of lemon teas and cake. SHMUEL takes some and mutters a quick blessing before eating. (Everyone else would do likewise) DOV crosses to SHMUEL.

DOV

Can I see that?

SHMUEL shows dov the fax. He's very impressed.

DOV(SV)
So the Moyser business isn't true?

SHMUEL
(FLICKS HIS EYES TOWARDS HOWARD)
Not in front of the goyim.

HOWARD smiles vaguely round the room and leaves. DOV returns to badgering SHMUEL.

DOV
Would the Rebbe send such a message
if Gershon had been...?

SHMUEL
Dov, don't try to out-think the
Rebbe.

The door opens and a young couple enter - AVROM & RUTH SINGER, SHMUEL's son and daughter in law. They are not Chassidic. AVROM wears a skull cap with a conventional dark suit, shirt and tie; RUTH is demurely dressed, but has her own hair. They draw intrigued and slightly hostile glances as they cross to the mourners. SHMUEL cuts them dead. AVROM hugs ESTHER, his mother. SHMUEL walks out.

AVROM
Hello Mummy.

FADE OUT

DAY FIVE. THURSDAY

FADE IN

INT. REYNOLDS CAR. 10.30PM.

HOWARD and REYNOLDS are driving to Ford open prison.

REYNOLDS

I still don't think we should discount Kavanagh...

HOWARD

It's not the Nazis. They wouldn't know about the eyes.

REYNOLDS

You know and you're not Jewish. And if it is your Moyser killing, what's the swastika all about?

HOWARD

Maybe just to confuse us.

REYNOLDS

Bloody worked then, hasn't it?

INT. ESTHER SINGER'S KITCHEN. 11.55AM.

A kosher kitchen, with two sinks and two fridges. ESTHER is peeling potatoes. Her son, AVROM, and her daughter-in-law, RUTH, sit at the kitchen table drinking tea.

AVROM

....but you need a break, and the children would love it if you came with.

ESTHER SINGER

And who would look after your father?

AVROM

He'd survive. He can eat at the Carmel. He always criticises your cooking anyway!

The front door slams. ESTHER gives an almost imperceptible cringe. SHMUEL enters. AVROM and RUTH stand.

AVROM

Hello dad.

SHMUEL

(IGNORES AVROM AND RUTH)

I'll need my lunch early because the Beth Din's sitting this afternoon. And don't bring strangers into my house.

(WALKS OUT)

ESTHER SINGER

He doesn't mean it!

AVROM

Of course he means it.

RUTH

Avrom, how long are you going to let him treat you like this?!

ESTHER SINGER

He'll come round...

RUTH

He's never even seen his grandchildren!

EXT. FORD OPEN PRISON GATES. 11AM.

REYNOLDS' car is driving through the gates.

INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM. 11.15AM.

HOWARD and REYNOLDS wait in a bare room, just a table and chairs.

REYNOLDS

Sure he'll talk to us?

HOWARD

He'll talk, he belongs to a small sect that doesn't really get on with the others....

REYNOLDS

Oh, he's a sort of Millwall
Chassid, is he?

The door opens and a PRISON OFFICER brings in DAVID GUNTZMAN, a Chassidic prisoner. He wears a skull cap and prison clothes, but like virtually all Chassidic males the fringes of his Tzitzis hang out of his shirt. He wears a Trusty's red arm band. He shakes HOWARD's hand.

DAVID GUNTZMAN

Mr Mullen, good to see you.

HOWARD

You too. This is Detective Chief
Inspector Reynolds...

DAVID GUNTZMAN

David Guntzman, pleased to meet
you...

HOWARD

(POINTS TO GUNTZMAN'S ARM BAND)

Either you've joined the Communist
Party or they've made you a Trusty.

DAVID GUNTZMAN

I wish I was a Communist, then I
wouldn't be doing three years for
forgetting to pay my V.A.T.

HOWARD

On ten million quids worth of
Kruggerands.

GUNTZMAN laughs and shrugs.

HOWARD

Anyway I've brought you a little
treat.

(TAKES A PAPER BAG FROM HIS
POCKET)

Two best Scotch salmon bagels with
just a shmeer of cream cheese.

DAVID GUNTZMAN

You'll go straight to heaven.

GUNTZMAN says a quick blessing and takes a bite. A big
smile.

DAVID GUNTZMAN

(TO THE PRISON OFFICER)

Mr Moncur, I don't suppose you
could bring us all a nice cup of
tea?

THE PRISON OFFICER thinks about it, agrees, and goes.

HOWARD

I popped in on your wife the other
day... with a W.P.C. naturally.
She's not looking too bad under the
circumstances. And your Chaim is
growing up fast. He must get bar
mitzvahed soon?

DAVID GUNTZMAN

You're right, please God I can get
compassionate leave...

REYNOLDS

(GETTING IMPATIENT)

Mr Mullen told me you might be able
to throw some light on a case we're
working on?

DAVID GUNTZMAN

I read about it. Of course I only
knew Gershon Klein by sight, my
Rebecca always used to find his
chicken a bit on the skinny side.

HOWARD

Do you believe he was a Moyser?

DAVID GUNTZMAN

It's possible...The real question is, what secrets do the Telushkiners have that are worth killing for? I'm glad to say I don't know! But we are coming up to Pesach...sorry, Mr Reynolds, Passover, and every year the Rebbe makes a big important speech. A couple of years back the Lubavitcher Rebbe announced he was the Messiah! Maybe this year the Oleshnica Rebbe is going to go one better and declare he's Hashem Almighty! A leak about that could be worth suppressing, eh?

EXT. FORD OPEN PRISON. 11.30AM.

HOWARD and REYNOLDS are walking back to REYNOLDS' car.

REYNOLDS

Don't they think about anything except religion?! What a waste of time!

HOWARD

Not at all. Guntzman's got great contacts, if he doesn't know what's going on, no one does.

REYNOLDS

And that's good is it?

HOWARD

At least it suggests the next step.

INT. BETH DIN COURTROOM. 2.10PM.

A room in the synagogue which is a nondescript post war building. The Beth Din - the religious court - is sitting. There are FIVE DAYANIM (Judges), including SHMUEL. They are adjudicating in a dispute between DOV and YOSSEL WILSHANSKY, a Chassid in his late 30s. He speaks English well, but has a heavy Russian accent.

YOSSEL

...but instead of Glat kosher St Emilion, he tries to palm me off with ten cases of Chateau Mussidan which I haven't even heard of and worse, doesn't have a "kosher for Pesach" certificate. How can I give those to my clients?!

DOV

You've got a letter here from the Chief Rabbi's office in Paris that all Chateau Mussidan is prepared under Pesach-dikke conditions!

YOSSEL

It still isn't St Emilion!

DOV

It's better than St Emilion. Mussidan is the second wine of Chateau Balzac! I'm offering him here one of the great wines of Bordeaux and he's complaining!

YOSSEL

And because he says so I'm supposed to pay £10 a case more, am I?

DOV

Shoyn, you can have it at the lower price...

YOSSEL

I don't know...(LOOKING AT CHIEF RABBI'S LETTER)

SHMUEL

Gentlemen, is this a dispute about price or about whether the wine's kosher?

YOSSEL

It's not the money!

SHMUEL

So if Dov gave you the wine for nothing you still wouldn't want it?

YOSSEL
I wouldn't say that....

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE. 3PM.

HOWARD enters. Sits down, picks up the phone and dials a number.

HOWARD
Hi, it's me.

HOWARD hangs up and lights a cigarette. His other phone rings. HOWARD answers it.

HOWARD
Hello. Yeah. I was just wondering
if you know what's going on with
the Telushnikas?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. ANOTHER PHONE.

We are very tight on the phone OF HOWARD'S INTERLOCUTOR. We can see a lipsticked mouth and a hand with painted nails. She has a neutral accent. Not even HOWARD knows her name. Let's call her MOUTH.

MOUTH
When we know you'll know.

HOWARD
Do you have anyone?

MOUTH
When we know you'll know.

EXT. STAMFORD HILL STREETS. 3.30PM.

SHMUEL is walking home. DOV catches him up.

DOV
Dayan, I just wanted to thank you
for your decision over that
draykop.

SHMUEL

I don't claim it's the judgement of Solomon, but at least you didn't waste hundreds of pounds washing your dirty linen in front of a Goyishe court.

DOV

I know, I know....

They walk together in silence for a few moments.

DOV

I had the police at my warehouse the other day, they were asking about poor Gershon, ov'a sholem...They said there was a swastika painted on the car.

SHMUEL

I heard that too.

DOV

Maybe they didn't know the significance of the other business...

SHMUEL

Why should the Goyim know?

DOV

Do you know? I mean the reason? You were family.

SHMUEL

It was as big a shock to me...

DOV

I only saw him the day before he was going to New York. He didn't look so happy...Maybe he knew his life was in danger. Maybe that was why he wanted to go to New York?

SHMUEL

(STILL LIGHT)

Dov, what's it to you?

DOV

I liked him, that's all. When I arrived here from Marsailles he was one of the first people I got to know. He was a mensch.

SHMUEL

(EXASPERATED)

Then he was just as likely to tell you what was bothering him as to tell me. Don't keep going on about it!

INT. HAMLIN'S OFFICE.

HOWARD knocks and enters.

REYNOLDS

Well?

HOWARD

I've spoken to the other people and I think they've got someone on the ground.

C.S. HAMLIN

Who are these "other people" exactly?

HOWARD

Can't really say, sir.

REYNOLDS

Yes you can! Who are they? C.I.A? Israeli Secret Service? The Ovaltinees?!

HOWARD

The thing is sir, I've been working with this community for eleven years, you make a lot of contacts. There are people I can call, but it's not official, and if I try to make it official, they'll just evaporate!

EXT. SYNAGOGUE. 11PM.

A ladder leans up against the high gate. TWO 30 YEAR OLD MEN are painting "KILL THE OVEN DODGERS" on the side wall. They climb back over the fence, put their ladder back on the roof rack of their Cortina, and throw the pot of white paint over the fence, enjoying the mess it makes on landing. They drive off as FOUR BLACK TEENAGERS comes noisily down the road, trying car handles. Near the shul they find an unlocked and ancient Volvo. They pile in, one of them hot wires the ignition, and they screech off, running a red light. A Panda car is coming the other way. The DRIVER picks up his radio hand set.

EXT. STAMFORD HILL AREA. 11.03PM

The stolen Volvo speeds along a main road, loud Jewish wedding music playing on the cassette machine. A police Sierra gives noisy chase. The Volvo screeches into a side road, through a width restriction "funnel". It goes through fast, losing a wing mirror, and accelerates... but there are speed humps. At the first hump, the Volvo takes off, nose dives into the asphalt and stalls. Three of the youths run off, leaving a stunned fourth behind the drivers' wheel. The police Sierra drives sedately up and the TWO OFFICERS get out. They help/drag THE DRIVER out.

FIRST POLICEMAN

(DEADPAN)

Is this your vehicle, sir?

BLACK YOUTH

Sure.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Can you tell me the registration number?

BLACK YOUTH

I only bought it yesterday off one of them Kosher Cowboys...I haven't even had time to get any new cassettes.

The SECOND POLICEMAN turns off the ignition and the music stops. He takes the keys and has a good look inside the car with his flashlight.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Anything?

SECOND POLICEMAN

No, but I wouldn't be surprised if there were some drugs in the boot.

BLACK YOUTH

(EXASPERATED)

Oh piss off!

The SECOND POLICEMAN unlocks the boot and opens it. Lying inside is DOV, dead. He has been stabbed through the eyes.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Would this be the gentleman who sold you the car?

The YOUTH looks in the boot and is sick.

FADE OUT

DAY SIX. FRIDAY.

FADE IN

INT. HOWARD'S HALL. JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT.

The doorbell rings. REYNOLDS comes out of the front room and opens it. It's HOWARD, in a track suit and with a sports bag and wet hair.

HOWARD

(SURPRISED)

There's something back to front here, guv...Can I come in?

REYNOLDS

Where have you been? Your missus was expecting you ages ago.

HOWARD

What's up?

REYNOLDS

They've topped another one!

INT. HOWARD'S LIVING ROOM. 12.10AM.

HOWARD's living room. HOWARD is alone. He dials a number. He waits.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CLOSE-UP ON THE OTHER PHONE.

The same mysterious hand picks up the telephone and brings it to the anonymous painted lips.

HOWARD

I know it's late, but have you heard?

MOUTH

Heard what?

HOWARD

It's happened again.

MOUTH

Who is he?

HOWARD

A wine merchant called Dov
Rosengarten.

MOUTH

Damn.

INT. HOWARD'S HALL.

HOWARD comes out of the living room. REYNOLDS is outside
the door.

REYNOLDS

Well? Has your mole heard anything?

HOWARD

Doubt it...

REYNOLDS

(HE TWIGS)

That wasn't him in the boot of the
Volvo?!

HOWARD nods sorrowfully.

INT. C.S.HAMLIN'S OFFICE. 9AM.

HAMLIN sits behind his desk. REYNOLDS and HOWARD stand.

C.S. HAMLIN

You're absolutely positive it's not
Kavanagh's lot?

HOWARD

I don't think so, sir, and neither
do the other people.

C.S. HAMLIN

So they're going to send in another
mole are they? God! If Special
Branch find out there's another
bloody Israeli spy on the way,
they'll do their pieces!

HOWARD

I expect they know already sir.

D.S. HAMLIN
(KEEPING HIS PATIENCE WITH
DIFFICULTY)

Listen Mullen. I'm 41, I've been a Chief Superintendant since I was 36, and some say my rise has been little short of meteoric. When I left University and joined the Met I promised myself I'd be Chief Constable of somewhere by the end of the century. If I'm not, I shall blame it on you, Mullen, and my wrath will be horrible to behold.

HOWARD
I'll keep your name out of it, sir.

FADE OUT

DAY EIGHT. SUNDAY.

FADE IN

INT. HEATHROW ARRIVALS HALL. 8.00AM.

ASSORTED TRAVELLERS are coming through with their trolleys, including several CHASSIDIM. One of them is EPHRAIM LIPSHITZ, a well built man in his early forties, pushing a trolley loaded with a couple of battered suitcases with United airline labels.

EXT. SHALOM KOSHER HOTEL. 9AM.

A black taxi stops outside this small Orthodox hotel. EPHRAIM pays and goes into the Shalom.

INT. EPHRAIM'S HOTEL ROOM. 9.15AM.

The HOTELIER, a chassidic man of 60, shows EPHRAIM into the room. They both touch their fingers to their lips and then to the Mezzuzah on the door jamb as they enter. The room is clean but sparse; a single bed, a small ensuite shower room and toilet. There's an electric kettle and a jar of kosher instant coffee. On the wall is a photo of The Lubavitcher Rebbe.

HOTELIER

Lunch is 12.30, supper is at 8.00
to give you time to go to shul
first, breakfast tomorrow is from
7.00 until 9.00. (EXITS)

EPHRAIM goes into the "bathroom" and tries the shower. A sad trickle emerges.

EPHRAIM

(IN A STRONG NEW YORK ACCENT)
Welcome to England.

EPHRAIM throws himself down on the bed and shuts his eyes.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE. 6.00PM.

EPHRAIM is walking towards the synagogue. TWO CHASSIDIC MEN, YOSSEL AND MOISHE are coming from the other direction.

MOISHE

Hello...

EPHRAIM

Hi...

MOISHE

Ah, you're American?

EPHRAIM

Just arrived...

YOSSEL

You're coming to shul?

EPHRAIM

Yeah, though I'm so jet lagged I don't know if it's Shachris or Maariv...

THE TWO CHASSIDIM laugh enormously at this. They turn into the gates of the synagogue, where several Chassidim mill around greeting each other. One of them is SHMUEL. MOISHE hails SHMUEL.

MOISHE

Reb Singer, here's a friend from New York.

EPHRAIM

Ephraim Lipshitz...

EPHRAIM offers his hand to SHMUEL, who shakes it.

SHMUEL

Of course, Mrs Danziger said you were coming here to find a nice girl...

EPHRAIM

I hope so.

(SPOTS THE ERADICATED NAZI SLOGAN)

Having trouble?

YOSSEL

A little, but some people are
looking into it.

FADE OUT

DAY NINE. MONDAY.

FADE IN

INT. COMMUNITY HALL. 8.30PM.

A shabby hall on a council estate. About 25 people in the audience, including a good few skinheads as well as about a dozen ordinary working class folk, including some pensioners. On the stage a trestle table draped with a Union Jack. KAVANAGH sits behind it, arms folded, trying to look like a Fuhrer. Next to him, standing, is a skinny aristo. woman of about 60, LADY HALSTEAD.

LADY HALSTEAD

But the simple truth of the matter is there were no such things as Concentration Camps, that there never was a Holocaust! There were Labour camps, to which enemies of the German Reich - Communists, Homosexuals, Jews, were sent...

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL. 8.31PM.

A GROUP OF YOUNG JEWS are getting out of cars and advancing on the hall, their faces covered.

LADY HALSTEAD(V/O)

And regrettably, in the last days of the war when Allied bombing disrupted German supply lines, several thousand of these inmates died of disease and starvation... though there were innumerable instances in which camp guards went without food in order to sustain...

The YOUNG JEWS kick the hall doors in, lob in smoke bombs, and charge. Most of the audience flee. A few toughs try to fight. LADY HALSTEAD and KAVANAGH get trampled in the melee.

FADE OUT

DAY TEN. TUESDAY.

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL SHALOM BREAKFAST ROOM. 9.00AM.

A FEW JEWISH MEN, Chassidim or Yekkers (Orthodox non-Chassidim), have finished breakfast, and are all separately muttering their grace after meals. One of them is EPHRAIM. The HOTELIER enters, and waits for EPHRAIM to finish.

HOTELIER

Mr Lipshitz, your car's here.

EXT. HOTEL SHALOM. 9.05AM

A very battered old Carlton estate (for a change) waits outside the hotel. There's a sticker on the driver's door that says "The Kosher Cab Company", and on the back window a stickers which reads "This cab runs on deisel, not on Shabbos". The CABBIE is a young tough looking chassid. He sees EPHRAIM coming out of the hotel. He radios his base.

CABBIE

Lamed Gimmel picking up outside the Shalom and shlepping to Springfield Gardens...Though why he can't walk, I could be doing an airport!

EPHRAIM gets into the cab which drives off noisily and smokily.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD GARDENS, 9.12AM.

The taxi pulls into one of the best streets in N16 and stops outside quite an elegant 1920s house. EPHRAIM gets out.

INT. MRS DANZIGER'S PARLOUR. 9.30AM

MRS DANZIGER'S front room is set out as a smart home office, with a personal computer, fax etc. She is a smart widow of about 60. With a strong mittel European accent and a very expensive sheitel. She has a computer print out of EPHRAIM's details. They each have a nice glass tea.

EPHRAIM

...so, after the Yom Kippur war, I wasn't sure what to do with my life, and a Chassid I'd met in the army took me along to his shul one Shabbos to hear the Oleshnik Rebbe...

MRS DANZIGER

(IMPRESSED)

You met him?!

EPHRAIM

I saw him, that was enough. And when I realised I had travelled thousands of miles to hear a tzaddik who usually resided fifteen miles from where I'd been brought up, I went back to New York...

MRS DANZIGER

So why have you come to England to find a bride?

EPHRAIM

Well...maybe because I came in from a non-orthodox background I'd never be completely accepted in America. And also I want to start a printing business here, and to get residency...

MRS DANZIGER

...you need an English wife.

MRS DANZIGER taps some keys on her computer switchboard. The printer chatters into life.

MRS DANZIGER

I've got three very nice haimisher girls for you to meet... one of them isn't at her best right now because sadly her father passed away very recently...

MRS DANZIGER takes the print-out. Three sheets, each with a photo (scanned into the computer) and a write up on the girl. EPHRAIM looks at them. We see RIFKA - pretty, unspoil.

EPHRAIM

Rifka Klein...? Very pretty girl...Wasn't Klein the name of the man who...?

MRS DANZIGER

Better we don't talk about it.

INT. C.S. HAMLIN'S OFFICE. 9.35PM.

KAVANAGH is with HAMLIN. KAVANAGH's arm's in plaster and he has a swollen face.

JOHN KAVANAGH

...five people are in hospital, including the Dowager Lady Halstead, who may have sustained serious brain damage...

HAMLIN's face says "How can you tell?"

C.S. HAMLIN

I can assure you Mr Kavanagh that we are treating this attack very seriously.

JOHN KAVANAGH

You'll forgive me if I respond to that with a hollow laugh. How many Israelites and Red thugs have you interrogated?

C.S. HAMLIN

We can't just round up people on the basis of their political affiliations.

JOHN KAVANAGH

Well, I hope you make an arrest soon, Chief Superintendent, or I may not be able to prevent some of our more head strong members from taking the law into their own hands...

INT. DR WINNER'S SURGERY. 10.30AM.

DR RICHARD WINNER is a fit-looking Jewish non-orthodox G.P. part of a small group practice in a Victorian house in Stamford Hill. He is attending to the SEVEN YEAR OLD SON of a HARRASSED PREGNANT CHASSIDIC HOUSEWIFE. She is about 30, looks 40. She has the child on her lap. Her FIVE YEAR OLD and FOUR YEAR OLD play with some toys the doctor keeps in the surgery. THE TWO YEAR OLD sits in her buggy with a bottle of kosher juice. DR WINNER is examining the sick child's throat and ears with the funny pointy torchy thing (sorry to have to get technical).

DR WINNER

I'm afraid it looks like mumps, Mrs Kravitz, so you may want to keep little Shlomo away from your husband...

(LOOKS AT ALL THE RUG RATS)

Or maybe not...

MRS KRAVITZ smiles at this, gets up awkwardly, and rounds up her posse. DR WINNER presses his "next" button and tidies up the toys. MRS KRAVITZ leaves as IBBOTSEN enters. She instinctively shrinks away from him as she goes. IBBOTSEN is aware of this and it irks him.

DR WINNER

Sergeant Ibbotsen...So what seems to be the problem? Flat feet?

IBBOTSEN

I'm conducting enquiries into the attack on a Britain First meeting last night...

DR WINNER

(AMUSED)

You?!

IBBOTSEN

The Metropolitan Police is an equal opportunities employer, Doctor.

DR WINNER

So what do you want me to do?
Hopefully you've got a Nazi for me
to certify dead.

IBBOTSEN

Where were you last night, sir?

DR WINNER

Before or after I beat the shit out
of the Dowager Lady Halstead?

IBBOTSEN

Is that a confession?

DR WINNER

No, it's more a case of wishful
thinking. Actually I spent most of
the evening in my garage, trying to
change the fan belt on a
recalcitrant Triumph Stag.

IBBOTSEN

And that's where you got those
badly bruised knuckles?

DR WINNER

Precisely.

IBBOTSEN

Then you wouldn't object if I asked
you to take part in an identity
parade?

DR WINNER

Of course not... although I heard
the perpetrators of this heinous
crime all wore balaclavas.

IBBOTSEN

I don't think you're treating this
very seriously, Doctor...

DR WINNER

Au contraire sergeant, I take it very seriously indeed. Two men have been murdered, two Jews...

IBBOTSEN

Were either of the victims patients of your sir?

DR WINNER

No, my interest in them is purely racial.

EXT. DUNSMUIR ROAD, 3PM.

Downtown Shnicklesville, remember? Bustling with CHASSIDIC SHOPPERS. We see MRS DANZIGER drive down the street in her Metro and double parks and gets out.

INT. "LEAH'S". 3.05PM

"Leah's" is a Chassidic sheitel shop. Lots of wigs on polystyrene forms. There are three chairs. LEAH is adjusting a YOUNG WIFE'S wig on her head. RIFKA is tidying the rather weary sheitel of ESTHER SINGER, who as ever looks depressed.

RIFKA

You should really treat yourself to a new sheitel for Pesach, Auntie Esther...

ESTHER SINGER

Why bother? (SIGHS)

MRS DANZIGER enters. She makes a beeline for RIFKA.

MRS DANZIGER

Esther, you look pale, you need a holiday.

ESTHER SINGER

(MILDLY IRRITATED)

Who asked you, Miriam?

MRS DANZIGER

No-one, I'm a kocheleffel, that's what makes me such a good match maker. Speaking of which, Rifka...

MRS DANZIGER beckons RIFKA to one side.

RIFKA

I'm not quite finished here...

ESTHER SINGER

I'll do. At my age I don't ask for miracles.

ESTHER crosses to LEAH and pays her. MRS DANZIGER adopts a conspiratorial tone with RIFKA.

MRS DANZIGER

Have I found a shiddach for you!
(BEFORE RIFKA CAN PROTEST)
I know it's not such a good time,
but meet him at least.

INT. MRS DANZIGER'S OFFICE. 5.30PM

RIFKA and EPHRAIM sit on separate chairs, a little awkwardly.

RIFKA

...why England?

EPHRAIM

I met a lot of people from here when I was in Israel, I like them, even the Goys. And I speak the language...

RIFKA smiles. MRS DANZIGER comes in with a tea tray.

MRS DANZIGER

A nice cup of tea and my special home made cheese cake...

EPHRAIM and RIFKA each say a quick blessing. As she pours the tea, MRS DANZIGER catches RIFKA's eye. RIFKA gives a tiny nod and smiles.

FADE OUT

DAY ELEVEN. WEDNESDAY.

FADE IN

EXT. DUNSMUIR ROAD, 2.30PM.

Focus on "Manor Estates", an old fashioned estate agents. Through the glass, we see EPHRAIM sitting opposite YOSSEL, who works there.

INT. MANOR ESTATES.

EPHRAIM is looking through some factory unit details.

YOSSEL

This is a nice unit, off the Lea
Bridge Road...

EPHRAIM

Too big...

YOSSEL

How about this then? Needs a bit of
tidying up...well, a lot of tidying
up, but it's a good location, low
rent...

EPHRAIM

(STUDIES THE SHEET)

I'll take a look...

EXT. MANOR ESTATES. DAY.

EPHRAIM and YOSSEL leave the office. YOSSEL puts the "closed" sign on the door and locks up. He pulls metal shutters down over the windows.

INT. YOSSEL'S VOLVO AT SMALL INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. 2.45.

EPHRAIM and YOSSEL sit in the car, smoking and waiting and chatting.

EPHRAIM

So you came to England in '86? You
couldn't have stayed long in
Israel?

YOSSEL

Long enough.

EPHRAIM

You didn't like it?

YOSSEL

Better I'd stayed in Russia!

EPHRAIM

Why?!

YOSSEL

Because the Torah says the Children of Israel will be led back to the Holy Land by the Messiah, at the time of Judgement, not that Palestine will be colonised by atheistic Russian and German Zionists. Every day the modern State of Israel exists is a day that the Messiah is delayed!

EPHRAIM

But surely Israel can be a stepping stone to redemption...?

YOSSEL

No!! Believe me, it's an obstacle!
An abomination!

A Jaguar pulls up and SHMUEL gets out, putting his hat over his skull cap. EPHRAIM and YOSSEL get out of Yossel's car. SHMUEL greets them.

INT. FACTORY UNIT.

Inside a dusty lock up unit, cluttered with the debris of the last failed tenant, and smelling of cats. The door slides open and SHMUEL, EPHRAIM and YOSSEL enter. The electricity has been switched off and the only light comes through the door and the skylight. The three men walk round. EPHRAIM looks at everything carefully.

SHMUEL

So? Make a nice printers? Tell you what, take it off my hands and I'll give you a contract to do all my letterheads. After all, you're going to be family...

EPHRAIM

I am?!

YOSSEL

Reb Singer is Rifka Klein's uncle...

EPHRAIM

Oh!... Well, she's only met me the one time...

SHMUEL

Don't worry, I hear she likes you.

INT. ROSA'S FRONT ROOM. 7.45PM.

RIFKA and EPHRAIM sit in separate armchairs chatting.

EPHRAIM

...and relationships between the Blacks and us in New York aren't so good, I didn't want to bring up children under seige...

RIFKA

Tata never felt comfortable when he visited New York...You don't mind me talking about him?

EPHRAIM

Of course not, he was your father. Did he travel to New York often?

RIFKA

More than some people. He was very active raising funds for Israel.

RIFKA gets a photo album from a drawer and brings it over to EPHRAIM. She stands a little awkwardly over him, turning pages until she finds a picture of GERSHON, her father, with the ancient REBBE.

EPHRAIM

Your father met him?!

RIFKA

I told you, he was a big fund raiser, he knew a lot of important people. And it worried him how The Rebbe had started to criticise the Israeli government all the time. That's why he was so determined to talk to The Rebbe on his last trip, to try to persuade him...

EPHRAIM

Did he succeed?

RIFKA

Tata said The Rebbe was immune to persuasion except from the Holy Spirit.

EPHRAIM

The rumours flying around New York are The Rebbe is reconsidering whether he should support the State of Israel at all...

ROSA enters with lemon tea and cake.

ROSA KLEIN

So you're finding plenty to talk about?

FADE OUT

DAY THIRTEEN. FRIDAY.

FADE IN

INT. PRISON KITCHEN. 11AM.

In a corner of the kitchen GUNTZMAN is cooking a huge pot of kosher stew. Elsewhere in the kitchen, perhaps out of shot, gentile cooking goes on, supervised by a couple of PRISON OFFICERS. GUNTZMAN tastes, salts, stirs, and replaces the lid. He pulls his Jewish Tribune from his pocket, and sits to have a quick read. He turns first to the Yiddish back page. Something catches his eye. GUNTZMAN crosses to one of the PRISON OFFICERS.

DAVID GUNTZMAN

Mr Moncur, I need to make a phone call (QUIETLY) to the gentleman who visited last week...

HOWARD'S OFFICE. 11.10AM.

HOWARD is on the phone, with a copy of the Tribune turned to the Yiddish page.

HOWARD

(On Phone)

You'll have to translate, my Yiddish is a bit rusty.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. SMALL PRISON OFFICE.

GUNTZMAN is in on the telephone. MONCUR stands by the door.

DAVID GUNTZMAN

(On phone)

Basically, it says that in his Pesach Shia the Oleshnika Rebbe is expected to condemn the State of Israel for Godlessness...

HOWARD

(On Phone)

I see...

INT. THE WHEATSHEAF. NOON.

HOWARD and REYNOLDS having a pie and a pint.

REYNOLDS

Well I don't see!

HOWARD

Look, every year at Pesach -
Passover - the Oleshnika Rebbe
delivers a major address.

REYNOLDS

Like The Pope?

HOWARD

Close enough. Now you've got to
remember, most Chassidim support
Israel - give or take one or two
minor sects. But there are a
hundred thousand of these
Telushkiners throughout the world
who think their Rebbe is the
holiest man since Moses - fifty
thousand of them live in Israel.
Now, if their Rebbe says "Down with
the State of Israel"... I mean,
they have enormous influence, it's
a wealthy sect, they control seats
in Parliament, the Israeli
Government could even be
affected..! Suppose Gershon Klein
found out chapter and verse of the
Rebbe's speech, and being a keen
Zionist, threatened to leak it to
the Israeli authorities, that would
make him a Moyser. He would have to
be stopped.

REYNOLDS

Why? What could the Israelis do to
The Rebbe..?

HOWARD

Well, they could knock him off
before Passover, just to be on the
safe side.

REYNOLDS

You're kidding?!

HOWARD

I believe those were Pope John Paul
I's last words.

WPC GANDER comes in and joins them. She looks pleased
with herself and holds a fax.

HOWARD

What you looking so pleased about?

WPC GANDER

Cos I've had a result. According to
the Vatman, Gershon Klein was not a
sole trader.

REYNOLDS

He didn't sell fish. That much we
knew already. What's happening to
me? I'm starting to sound Jewish!

WPC GANDER

He had a partner. Moishe Shmelker.

GANDER shows the fax to REYNOLDS and HOWARD.

HOWARD

I thought Moishe was just the dog's
body who cleaned the chickens...

REYNOLDS

If he was a partner, he'd benefit
through Klein's death...

HOWARD

But what's all this got to do with
the Moyser killings?

REYNOLDS

Who cares!? That's just a theory,
this is a lead!

EXT. "EASILY SUEDE" FACTORY. 2PM.

A large shabby factory making leather and suede clothes. Vans being loaded with garments in the yard. REYNOLDS' car arrives and parks next to a ten year old Rolls. REYNOLDS and HOWARD get out.

REYNOLDS

Sir John Harvey Jones would weep.

HOWARD

Just don't ask for a pigskin jacket.

INT. COUNCILLOR PEARL'S OFFICE. 2.05PM.

A large office on the first floor, with heavy oak furniture, but also lots of samples of clothes hanging off the picture rail. PEARL behind his desk, HOWARD and REYNOLDS face him.

COUNCILLOR PEARL

(DISBELIEVING)

You don't suspect Moishe Shmelker?!

HOWARD and REYNOLDS keep quiet.

COUNCILLOR PEARL

Look, it's very simple. Moishe used to play the Stock Market...

HOWARD

He doesn't look like he was much good at it.

COUNCILLOR PEARL

He was until Black Monday. Then he lost everything he owned, and a lot he didn't. Gershon bailed him out, and ever since Moishe's been paying him back out of his share of the business.

REYNOLDS

But of course now there's no one to repay...

EXT. FACTORY. 2.15PM.

HOWARD and REYNOLDS come out of the building and walk towards the car.

HOWARD

You don't really believe Moishe killed him five years later? Why the wait?

REYNOLDS

Maybe he lacked the opportunity.

HOWARD

They spent every day together in a room full of knives!

REYNOLDS

I reckon we should give this Moishe a tug.

HOWARD

Better not tonight Guv.

REYNOLDS

Why not?

HOWARD

It's Shabbos. Ask him nicely and he'll turn himself in tomorrow. They're law abiding people, remember.

REYNOLDS

Well, some of them.

INT. WHEATSHEAF. 6PM.

REYNOLDS and HOWARD are having a drink. IBBOTSEN comes in, sees them and comes over.

IBBOTSEN

I just want to say, guvnor, how much pure simple joy I'm getting from the Kavanagh investigation
(SITS WEARILY)

REYNOLDS

All part of the service, son.

HOWARD

I take it an arrest is not imminent?

IBBOTSEN

Obviously Winner was there, but we can't prove it. We've leaned on all the known left wing hard cases, but they just alibi each other.

HOWARD

Spoken to any Chassidic hard cases?

The others laugh. HOWARD looks deep.

EXT. ALL WEATHER PITCH. 10PM.

A 5-a-side football match is being played between a couple of youth club teams on an astroturf floodlit pitch. HOWARD referees. It's a few hundred yards from the synagogue. He whistles for full time.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE. 10.15PM.

After the service. CHASSIDIM are greeting each other, saying "Good Shabbos". YOSSEL is talking to A COUPLE OF 30 SOMETHING MEN, in Russian. EPHRAIM joins them, they all "Good Shabbos".

EPHRAIM

You see the Tribune? You must be pleased?

YOSSEL

Pleased!? Some Moyser talks to the papers and it endangers The Rebbe's plan!

THE WOMENFOLK come out of their exit, and join their HUSBANDS. Yossel's wife, SHOSHONNAH, bids her husband "Good Shabbos". RIFKA and ROSA KLEIN come over with MRS DANZIGER. RIFKA smiles shyly at EPHRAIM. YOSSEL turns sharply away from the Moyser's daughter. In the street outside a battered Ambulance is parked.

Suddenly the doors of the Ambulance open and TEN "NAZIS" leap out, dressed in jeans and sweatshirts. Screaming abuse and wielding baseball bats, they charge into the synagogue forecourt. Panic from the JEWS. An OLD CHASSID is knocked to the ground. Then YOSSEL and his TWO RUSSIAN SPEAKING FRIENDS reveal wondrous unarmed combat skills, as does EPHRAIM.

INT. HOWARD'S CAR. 10.18PM

HOWARD is driving home. Track suit and wet hair. He passes the synagogue, sees the fight. Slams on his brakes.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE.

HOWARD jumps out of the car, runs towards the melee, and wades in. Three or four THUGS lie on the ground screaming, with broken arms. The rest are running away, chased by EPHRAIM, YOSSEL and the TWO RUSSIANS.

HOWARD dispassionately inspects the wounded NAZIS, as a Panda car arrives, responding to a 999. The 4 CHASSIDIC VIGILANTES return. HOWARD flashes his police I.D. at them.

HOWARD

Would someone like to tell me
what's been happening?

YOSSEL and the RUSSIANS blank him. SHMUEL rushes over.

SHMUEL

(EFFUSIVE)

Constable Mullen, I've just
witnessed a miracle!

HOWARD

Are these four gentlemen from
Russia by any chance?

EPHRAIM

Three of them are.

SHMUEL

Mr Lipshitz is from New York.

EPHRAIM returns HOWARD's interested look. Each knows who the other is.

FADE OUT

DAY FOURTEEN. SATURDAY.

FADE IN

INT. MURDER ROOM, 8.30PM.

HOWARD, REYNOLDS, DOYLE, maybe some others.

REYNOLDS

What the hell's Spetznatz?!

DOYLE

Here, didn't one win Crufts last year?

HOWARD

Spetznatz are the Red Army equivalent of the S.A.S. See, when Brehznev was boss, he said if any Refusenik joined Spetznatz and did his full military service, he could emigrate. So quite a few orthodox Jews joined up...

REYNOLDS

So as well as an Israeli spy we got a detachment of Russian Commandoes on the loose? Anything else while you're at it!?

IBBOTSEN pops his head in.

IBBOTSEN

A Mr Shmelker for you downstairs Guv...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. MIDNIGHT.

REYNOLDS sits across the desk from MOISHE. HOWARD sits by the door trying not to doze off. MOISHE smokes continuously.

REYNOLDS

You really expect me to believe that you didn't resent Gershon Klein?

MOISHE

What's to resent? He was a mensch!

REYNOLDS

Mullen?

HOWARD

A good bloke, sir.

REYNOLDS

But he only let you draw...how much?

MOISHE

Fifty pounds a week. But it's enough. My children have grown up, my dear Chanke's passed away, and however little I took out of the business, I could never have repaid Gershon's sadokah.

REYNOLDS

(PATIENCE BEING STRETCHED)

Mullen?

HOWARD snores lightly.

REYNOLDS

Mullen!!

HOWARD

What?

REYNOLDS

Sadokah?

HOWARD

Charity. I hope you're going to pay me an interpreter's fee for this, guv.

REYNOLDS

All right, if you didn't bear him any ill will, who did?

MOISHE

Mr Reynolds, Gershon Klein didn't have an enemy in the world.

REYNOLDS

He was found dead in the canal with
his eyes poked out!! Who do you
think killed him, the tooth
fairy?!!

HOWARD gives a loud diplomatic cough.

REYNOLDS

Sorry...

(SITS)

Did he have any business troubles?
Any rivals?

HOWARD looks skywards at this barrel scraping.

MOISHE

Look, Mr Reynolds, can I go home
now? I came of my own free will...

REYNOLDS

Maybe you did, but now you're here
I can hold you for up to 72 hours
without charge...

MOISHE

But I haven't brought my teffilin!

REYNOLDS

What?!

HOWARD

Phylacteries.

REYNOLDS

What!?

MOISHE

(TRYING TO HELP)

They're leather straps attached to
little boxes containing a portion
of the law, you wrap them around
your arm, your forehead....

REYNOLDS

I'll wrap them round your..!

(CONTROLS HIMSELF)

Moishe, don't you want to help us
find out who murdered Gershon?

MOISHE

(AGONISED)

Mr Mullen, please....

(REYNOLDS WAITS)

As the Lord is my judge, I don't
know anything!

HOWARD

We're under a lot of pressure,
mostly from the Jewish community.
The Board of Deputies leans on the
Home Secretary, he leans on the
Commissioner, he leans on our
boss... Anything you can tell us,
it doesn't matter how trivial it
seems...

MOISHE nervously licks his lips. REYNOLDS leans forward
in anticipation.

FADE OUT

DAY FIFTEEN. SUNDAY.

FADE IN

EXT. MRS DANZIGER'S HOUSE.

SHMUEL waits on the doorstep. MRS DANZIGER opens the front door.

INT. MRS DANZIGER'S HOME OFFICE.

MRS DANZIGER returns with SHMUEL. SHMUEL makes himself comfortable. MRS DANZIGER returns.

SHMUEL

I hope you don't mind, but as Rifka's uncle, I feel it is my responsibility...

MRS DANZIGER

It's not a problem...

MRS DANZIGER punches EPHRAIM's file onto her VDU, and prints it out.

MRS DANZIGER

These are all his references. He was personally recommended by a cousin of mine.

(GIVES PRINT OUT TO SHMUEL)

SHMUEL

I know, I've met Ephraim, he's a lovely boy. I just want to satisfy myself before the engagement is announced.

SHMUEL glances at the references and nods approvingly.

EXT. SHMUEL'S HOME. 3PM.

REYNOLDS and HOWARD stand on SHMUEL's doorstep. The front door is opened a crack by ESTHER.

REYNOLDS

Good morning Mrs Singer, I'm
Detective Chief Inspector Reynolds.
Is your husband at home?

ESTHER SINGER

No, I'm sorry.

ESTHER shuts the door, but not before we glimpse the strain on her face. REYNOLDS mutters an oath, and he and HOWARD go back down the path, REYNOLDS kicking a dustbin en route.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PARK. 4PM.

EPHRAIM and RIFKA are walking along a path. ROSA KLEIN and the little KLEINS are playing football on the grass.

EPHRAIM

...until I left the Israeli Army, I
don't think I'd been in a shul
twenty times in my entire life.

RIFKA

(SHOCKED)
But you were barmitzvahed?

EPHRAIM

Of course...in the traditional
American fashion. A half hour
service, followed by a \$25,000
reception, the highlight of which
was a fabulous sculpture of the
barmitzvah boy made out of chopped
liver. And my Auntie Betty said to
my father "who did the sculpture,
Jacob Epstein?" And dad said "No,
we tried to get Epstein but he only
works in egg and onion".

RIFKA roars with laughter. ROSA looks over, glad to see
RIFKA is happy.

RIFKA

And what was university like?

EPHRAIM

It was great, for the man I was then. Lots of beer, lots of sports...

RIFKA

Lots of goyishe girls?

EPHRAIM

Sure, Lots of everything except study and Yiddishkeit.

RIFKA

Did you go to art galleries, concerts?

EPHRAIM

Of course. But those things aren't important, they're earthbound, they're ephemeral. I learned that the day I heard The Rebbe.

RIFKA can't help but feel a little disappointed at the thought that the carefree earthly EPHRAIM is no more.

RIFKA

Yes...

EPHRAIM

That was the day I really became a man...now I'm a businessman looking forward to marrying a very nice Jewish girl...

RIFKA

(A LITTLE JOKE)

Really? Do I know her?

EXT. SHMUEL'S HOUSE. 4.10PM.

REYNOLDS waits in the car. HOWARD comes down the street with a bag of beigels. He gets to the car.

HOWARD

All I could get was beigels, Guv.

Before HOWARD can get in the car, SHMUEL's car returns. SHMUEL gets out. So do REYNOLDS and HOWARD.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PARK. 4.15PM.

RIFKA and EPHRAIM sit on a bench, not too close to each other.

EPHRAIM

Do you think your Uncle Shmuel will be offended if I don't rent his factory?

RIFKA

He's not like that...He's a big man, lots of property interests...

EPHRAIM

Because I've found a brand new unit at a terrific price...well, Yossel found it for me...

RIFKA

Oh...

EPHRAIM

What do you think of Yossel?

RIFKA

I like his wife....

EPHRAIM

I like him...he's not afraid to stand up for himself.

RIFKA

That's important to you?

EPHRAIM

It's important to all Jews.

RIFKA

Tata didn't really get on with him.

EPHRAIM

No? Why?

RIFKA

My father would do anything for Israel; Yossel is violently anti Zionist.

EPHRAIM

I can imagine, the way he was talking... Did they ever fight?

RIFKA

Of course not. They argued, but people do...

EPHRAIM

(OUT OF THE BLUE)

So you don't think he killed your father?

RIFKA

(HORRIFIED)

What?!

EPHRAIM

The way Yossel spoke to me about Moysers...

RIFKA

(JUMPS TO HER FEET)

How can you say such a thing..!?

EPHRAIM

I'm sorry, Rifka, but someone killed your father, I can't believe you and your mother don't have the least idea who...?

RIFKA can't talk about it. A personal inbred wall of silence.

RIFKA

No! I don't know! How could you..?!

ROSA looks across.

EPHRAIM

You don't believe he deserved to die? That he was a Moyser?

ROSA hurries over.

ROSA KLEIN

What's going on?! What are you saying?!

EPHRAIM

I just want to know what sort of family I'm marrying into!

INT. SHMUELS' STUDY. 4.25PM.

A comfortable first floor room. Shelves of religious books and a framed picture of the Oleshnika Rebbe. The room of an important and self important man. REYNOLDS and HOWARD sit, each with a cup of tea. SHMUEL stands in front of the fireplace.

SHMUEL

Of course I argued with Gershon, he was family. You don't argue with your family?

REYNOLDS

I understand it was quite a heated argument?

SCHMUEL

Says who? Moishe?

-(NO ANSWER)

Don't worry, he won't be found in the boot of a Volvo...Look, Gershon was going off to the Kosher-Fest in New Jersey, because he wanted to expand into wholesale and import-export. He asked my opinion, I gave it, he didn't like it.

REYNOLDS

Why?

SHMUEL

I said "you've got a nice business, doesn't take up too much of your time, and the purpose of our life is prayer and study, not import and export".

HOWARD

He didn't agree?

SHMUEL

No. He said "it's all right for you, you're a wealthy man with no dependents. I've got one shop and seven children..."

REYNOLDS

Still doesn't sound very heated.

SHMUEL

Maybe it loses in the translation, but that's all there was...I wish we hadn't parted on a row, but that was the way it was meant to be.

INT. SHMUEL'S STAIRS/FRONT HALL.

SHMUEL, REYNOLDS and HOWARD come down the stairs towards the front door. As they reach the door...

REYNOLDS

I hope you don't mind me asking, Mr Singer, but every orthodox Jew seems to have lots of children, but you have no dependents?

HOWARD glares at REYNOLDS, trying to communicate disapproval of his tactlessness. ESTHER SINGER peeps out of the kitchen door at the other end of the hall. They don't notice her.

SHMUEL

Hashem did not see fit to bless us.

INT. YESHIVA CLASSROOM. 5.00PM.

YOSSEL is in a classroom in the Yeshiva attached to the synagogue. He is at a double desk, immersed in a large volume of Gemarah. MOISHE sits studying in the background. He is in a world of his own, taking great comfort from his books. EPHRAIM comes in and sits opposite YOSSEL. He waits for YOSSEL to look up. Their conversation is guarded, they fence.

YOSSEL

Nu?

EPHRAIM

I need some advice.

YOSSEL

Yes?

EPHRAIM

It's about Rifka Klein.

YOSSEL

Oh...

EPHRAIM

Am I marrying into a tainted family?

YOSSEL

Why ask me?

EPHRAIM

Who else can I ask?

YOSSEL

If they were tainted would Mrs Danziger have introduced you?

EPHRAIM

She's a shadchen, it's her job...What did you think of Gershon Klein?

YOSSEL

He never did me any harm.

EPHRAIM

So you don't think he was a Moyser?

YOSSEL

Why would he die in such a way unless he was a Moyser?

EPHRAIM

How did you feel when you heard about it?

YOSSEL

The news didn't make me happy, if that's what you think?!

EPHRAIM

Of course not...But do you think Gershon was silenced because he threatened to betray the Rebbe's message?

YOSSEL shrugs non-committally.

EPHRAIM

And then there was Dov Rosengarten...

YOSSEL

Of course, although I was away when it happened, Amsterdam...

EPHRAIM

Oh...I hope you aren't offended but I'm in a fix. I only came into the Chassidic way of life ten years ago...

YOSSEL

I only came in eight years ago!

EPHRAIM

Really? I didn't know!
(GRINS)
Why am I asking you?

YOSSEL

Exactly. So do you mind if I get back to my Gemarah? I've got decades to make up.

EPHRAIM

Me too.

EPHRAIM gets out a Gemarah and starts studying.

INT. SHMUELS' STUDY. 5.10

SHMUEL is dealing with some invoices. There's a tap on the door and ESTHER enters with a tea tray. She puts it on the desk.

ESTHER SINGER

You very busy?

SHMUEL
 (DOESN'T LOOK UP)
 What does it look like?

ESTHER SINGER
 Shmuel, why did you tell that
 policeman we have no children?

SHMUEL
 What?
 (LOOKS UP NOW)

ESTHER SINGER
 You told him Hashem hadn't blessed
 us.

SHMUEL
 (QUIETLY BUT SCARY)
 And you think he has?!

ESTHER SINGER
 We have a son!

SHMUEL gives a bellow of rage, picks up the tea pot from the tray and hurls it at her. It misses and smashes against the wall.

INT. HOWARD'S LOUNGE. 7.30PM.

HOWARD is playing chess with his eight year old son. The bell rings.

HOWARD
 Get it will you Matt?

The boy leaves to open the door. HOWARD contemplates the chess board.

HOWARD
 Little beggar's going to beat me!

Then MATT tears back into the room, frightened, and dives behind the sofa. HOWARD gets up and hurries into the hall.

INT. HOWARD'S HALL.

HOWARD comes into the hall. Standing just inside the front door, looking a bit embarrassed, is EPHRAIM.

INT. HOWARD'S LOUNGE. DAY. 7.40.

HOWARD and EPHRAIM. MATT has been banished.

HOWARD

I thought people like you never
break cover?

EPHRAIM

I had to, I'm running out of time
here... you don't have a cold beer
do you?

HOWARD

It won't be kosher...

EPHRAIM

God will forgive me...

HOWARD goes to the kitchen. EPHRAIM looks around the room, takes it all in. He then looks at the chess board, quickly moves pieces, both black and white, to finish the game. HOWARD returns with lager and glasses.

HOWARD

How did you find out where I live?

EPHRAIM

We found Eichmann.

HOWARD acknowledges it was a stupid question.

HOWARD

So what do you want?

EPHRAIM

I want you to run a check on Yossel
Wilshansky...find out if he's been
out of the country in the last few
weeks.

HOWARD

Why?

EPHRAIM

You don't need to know why.

HOWARD

Come on..! You think he's the
murderer?

EPHRAIM

(UNWILLINGLY)

Maybe...

(FINISHES BEER)

Got another one?

HOWARD

Are Chassidim allowed to drink and
drive?

EPHRAIM

I took a cab.

FADE OUT

DAY SIXTEEN. MONDAY.

FADE IN

INT. MURDER ROOM. 10.30AM.

REYNOLDS, HOWARD, and DOYLE are present. The fax machine starts to spew. GANDER looks as the Home Office letterhead starts to appear.

HOWARD

(READS)

"There is no record of any Yossel Wilshansky travelling abroad this year".

REYNOLDS

"Any Yossel Wilshansky" - like the phone book's full of them!

DOYLE

What's it all about anyway?

REYNOLDS

Well here's a scenario. Howard's mole suspects the boy Wilshansky. His alibi is he was in Amsterdam the day of the second topping. But now we know he wasn't. So what do we do?

DOYLE

Give him a tug?

HOWARD

Brilliant! And what's the charge? Not going to Holland? Can I pass this on...?

REYNOLDS

I suppose...but if he tries to sort this out on his own...!

HOWARD

(WITH MORE CONFIDENCE THAN HE FEELS)

He won't.

INT. MIKVA. 3PM.

It's ladies' day at the Mikva - the ritual bath. RIFKA enters the changing area to shower pre-immersion. ESTHER SINGER is getting dressed, putting on her blouse. RIFKA notices severe bruising on ESTHER'S upper arm and shoulder. They smile a greeting at each other.

INT. MANOR ESTATES. 3.15PM.

YOSSEL is at his desk. The door opens and a young couple enter. They are THE LESTERS, secular Jews.

YOSSEL

Good afternoon. Can I help you?

MR LESTER

We spoke earlier, about Kyverdale Road?

YOSSEL

Oh it's Mr Lester...It's empty, but I've got the keys...

MR LESTER

Excellent...

INT. FORD GRANADA. 3.20PM.

MR LESTER drives, YOSSEL sits alongside him. MRS LESTER sits behind YOSSEL, quietly preparing a hyperdermic syringe.

YOSSEL

...It's got very nice room sizes,
and it's near the kosher
butchers...

MRS LESTER deftly gives YOSSEL an injection in his neck. He reacts as if stung. A few seconds later he is unconscious.

INT. ROSA KLEIN'S KITCHEN. 4PM.

ROSA is ironing. TWO CHILDREN are doing their homework at the kitchen table. The front door slams. RIFKA enters.

RIFKA

Did you speak to Mrs Danziger,
mummy?

ROSA KLEIN

She says not to plotz...

RIFKA

She would.

ROSA KLEIN

She says he's probably just
nervous. A new country, a new life,
marriage. Men can be difficult.
Women have to adjust.

RIFKA takes her mother away from the children.

RIFKA

(QUIETLY)

I saw Auntie Esther at the mikva.
She's covered in bruises!

ROSA KLEIN

(EVASIVELY)

Perhaps she fell over, she's always
been klutzy...

(The phone rings. ROSA answers)
Yes? Oh.

(TO RIFKA)

It's Ephraim.

RIFKA

Tell him I'm not ready to talk to
him.

EXT. AIRPORT. 9PM.

Cargo is being loaded on to an El Al cargo plane. MR
LESTER watches as one man sized crate is winched aboard.
His Ford Granada is parked on the edge of the runway. We
close up on the Granada. EPHRAIM is in the passenger
seat. He's talking on the car phone.

EPHRAIM

He'll be with you and wide awake in
time for breakfast.... No, I can
stay, there's nothing to link me to
his disappearance! Because I want
to stay, I like the girl... I don't
want your opinion!

FADE OUT

DAY SEVENTEEN. TUESDAY.

FADE IN

INT. SHMUEL'S OFFICE. 9.30AM.

Yossel's wife, SHOSHONNA, chaperoned by HER MOTHER, is anxiously talking to SHMUEL.

SHMUEL

You're probably worrying about nothing. Maybe Yossel went back to Amsterdam?

SHOSHONNA

But he wouldn't go off and leave the office unshuttered!

SHMUEL

Shoshonna, I'll make some enquiries, don't worry.

SHOSHONNA

Thank you, but I will worry...

The telephone rings. SHMUEL answers.

SHMUEL

Hello? Tell him I'll be with him in a minute.

INT. SHMUEL'S OUTER OFFICE.

A large nondescript room where work SHMUEL'S SECRETARY - A Sephardic woman of about 55, and three or four CHASSIDIC MEN. SHMUEL ushers out SHOSHONNA and her MOTHER. EPHRAIM is waiting.

SHMUEL

(TO THE WOMEN)

I promise you everything will be fine.

The WOMEN go. SHMUEL greets EPHRAIM and shakes his hand. SHMUEL leads EPHRAIM into his inner sanctum.

INT. SHMUEL'S OFFICE.

SHMUEL and EPHRAIM sitting.

EPHRAIM

I know you don't need any more tsoorus, but I could use some advice.

SHMUEL

All right: never accept a seven pound note from someone you don't know personally.

EPHRAIM

Thank you. But it's about Rifka, I've upset her. I tried to talk to her about her father...

SHMUEL

Ephraim, the reason we bury the dead is because that way they stay where they are. Do you still want to marry her?

EPHRAIM

Yes, I think I do.

INT. STAMFORD HILL NICK CORRIDORS. 11AM.

GANDER hurries along the corridor towards HOWARD'S office. She holds a fax. She pokes her head into the office. Empty. HOWARD comes out of the Gents nearby.

WPC GANDER

I've got a piece of paper for you.

HOWARD

Thank you, but I've just been.

GANDER rolls her eyes and shows him the fax. He scans it.

HOWARD

Yes, so?

WPC GANDER

Howard..! According to the Home Office, Yossel Wilshansky came to England from Israel in 1986, with his English born wife and their baby.

HOWARD

Maybe he got married to an English girl in Israel? Happens all the time.

WPC GANDER

And what's Mrs Wilshansky's Christian... sorry, first name?

HOWARD

Shoshonah...

WPC GANDER

Well this Mrs Wilshansky's called Catherine and she lives in Bristol.

HOWARD reacts, snatches the fax.

INT. MODERN OFFICE. 11.02AM.

A room in a contemporary office block A phone rings in close up. The fingernails pick it up and bring it to the mouth we know.

MOUTH

Yes?..... Are you sure?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE.

HOWARD on the telephone.

HOWARD

(On Phone)

I'm certain. Wilshansky lied about Amsterdam because he was visiting his shiksa wife and child in Bristol... No, according to her they never got divorced... What?! That was a bit bloody precipitate wasn't it?! You better dust him off and send him back then, hadn't you!?

HOWARD hangs up, and pours himself a stiff scotch from his secret bottle in his filing cabinet.

INT. DR WINNER'S SURGERY. 11.30AM.

ESTHER SINGER sits miserably across from DR WINNER.

DR WINNER

So aren't you happy with Dr Miller?

ESTHER SINGER

I just don't get along with her. It's my right to transfer..!

DR WINNER

Yes, of course...

ESTHER SINGER

Doctor, I just want a repeat prescription!

DR WINNER

Mrs Singer, I don't know...You've been on these for...

(CHECKS HER NOTES)

ESTHER SINGER

Seven years. So? It's against the law?

DR WINNER

(WRITES PRESCRIPTION)

All right, but there won't be any repeat prescriptions unless you...

ESTHER SINGER

Fine.

(SNATCHES PRESCRIPTION)

There are plenty of other doctors.

INT. SHMUEL'S OFFICE. LUNCHTIME 1PM.

SHMUEL is on the phone, with MRS DANZIGER'S printout.
Some names are ticked off.

SHMUEL

....Mr Shapiro! Thanks for calling
back... yes, Mrs Danziger gave me
your number.

(TICKS OFF ANOTHER NAME)

That's right, he's about to get
engaged to my niece Rifka, her
father passed away, so I feel I
should try to learn as much as I
can...

(LAUGHS)

Well he certainly seems very frum
now....Yes, yes, I know he was in
the Israeli Army, I've seen him
handle himself...Shin Bet, what's
that? Army Intelligence? Really?

SHMUEL draws a big red circle round EPHRAIM'S name, then
crosses it through viciously.

EXT. SMALL MODERN INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. 1.15PM.

SHMUEL'S car turns into the car park. He gets out and
looks for unit 3.

INT. UNIT THREE.

EPHRAIM is looking around with the MANAGING AGENT.
SHMUEL comes in.

SHMUEL

Very nice, what they charging?

EPHRAIM

Two fifty a week...

SHMUEL

Offer one ninety. Can I have a
word?

SHMUEL takes EPHRAIM aside.

SHMUEL

I've spoken to Rabbi Weinberg about you and Rifka, and he thinks it might help if you had a talk with him. So I've made us an appointment for tonight.

EPHRAIM

I really appreciate this...

SHMUEL

It's nothing. So shall I see you at the Mikva at, say, around six thirty?

INT. ESTHER SINGER'S KITCHEN. 1.45PM

ESTHER sits at the table staring into space. SHMUEL comes in.

SHMUEL

So this is what you do all day?
Where's my lunch?!

ESTHER gets up and silently walks out of the room. SHMUEL, enraged, storms after her, slamming the door.

INT. HAMLIN'S OFFICE. 2.30PM

HAMLIN is bollocking HOWARD. REYNOLDS is there too, not quite sure whether he is in the firing line as well.

C.S. HAMLIN

....So your Mossad mate, who was going to keep us fully apprised of his investigation at all times, kidnapped a British citizen...?

HOWARD

A Russian citizen naturalised by bigamy, sir...

C.S. HAMLIN

Don't push it, Mullen.

HOWARD

What worries me is his life could
be in danger...

REYNOLDS

What, your mole?

HOWARD

He thinks he's caught the killer,
his guard'll be down...we ought to
try to warn him...

EXT. RAYNERS LANE UNDERGROUND STATION. 4.30PM

A train stands with all its doors open. All the
carriages seem empty. THE GUARD walks along the
platform. He checks each carriage, then presses the
button at the end of the carriage to close the doors. In
the penultimate carriage there is still a passenger. It
is ESTHER SINGER. She seems to be asleep. THE GUARD
enters the carriage and gently shakes her shoulder.

ESTHER does not respond. THE GUARD shakes her a little
harder. Nothing. He smells her breath. Nothing. He feels
for her pulse, then hurries out of the carriage.

INT. DR WINNER'S SURGERY. 5.00PM.

REYNOLDS is there with WINNER.

DR WINNER

No, it can't be an overdose, I only
prescribed twenty five tablets, I
had a bad feeling...

REYNOLDS

What then?

(WAITS)

Come on, she could be dying!

DR WINNER

All right. I've got no proof, but I
think her husband beats her up.

INT. CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. 5.05PM.

ESTHER SINGER is on the bed, still unconscious. The DOCTOR is shining a light in her eyes. The NURSE realises ESTHER SINGER is wearing a wig. She gently removes it. ESTHER'S own grey hair is cut very short. There is profound bruising and clotted blood.

INT. MURDER ROOM. 5.30PM.

REYNOLDS, HOWARD, IBBOTSEN, GANDER, and DOYLE.

REYNOLDS

Right, a fractured skull equals attempted murder! Bring him in.

HOWARD

For all we know, she fell down the stairs.

IBBOTSEN

That's right, until she regains consciousness, we've got no reason to arrest Singer.

REYNOLDS

Bollocks, you're right! Sod it! But the doctor says he beats her up!

HOWARD

He said he thinks he beats her up, not the same thing...

REYNOLDS

Maybe if we leant on him?

HOWARD

We've tried that with him before! Look, I'll go and see him...after all, if he didn't do it, he's got a right to know his wife's in hospital.

REYNOLDS

You're all heart, Mullen.

HOWARD

Then you won't mind me borrowing your car, mine's in dock.

REYNOLDS

Just make sure you treat it like
your own.

(TOSSES HOWARD THE KEYS)

HOWARD exits

IBBOTSEN

You seen the way he treats his car
Guv?

EXT. SHMUEL'S OFFICE. 6PM.

HOWARD pulls up outside a terrace of very large shabby
Victorian houses, turned into offices. HOWARD gets out
and goes into SHMUEL'S building.

INT. SHMUEL'S OUTER OFFICE. 6.02PM.

SHMUEL'S SECRETARY is the last person in the office. She
talks to HOWARD.

SHMUEL'S SECRETARY

...No, I'm afraid Mr Singer left
early to go to the Mikva with Mr
Lipshitz...

HOWARD

What time do you think Mr Singer
will get home?

SHMUEL'S SECRETARY

I don't know, they're going to see
Rabbi Weinberg after, that's why
they're going to the Mikva. It's
the ritual bath.

HOWARD

I know. Do you think I could use
your phone?

THE SECRETARY nods. HOWARD dials a number from his
electronic thing.

HOWARD

Rabbi Weinberg please...Good evening Rabbi, Howards Mullen, that's right, and how are you? And the family? Excellent. The thing is Rabbi, I need to talk to Shmuel Singer rather urgently, so I wondered if you could tell me what time you're expecting him?

(BEAT)

You're not..?

EXT. SHMUEL'S OFFICE. 6.10PM.

HOWARD comes tearing out of the building and hurls himself into the car and roars off.

EXT. STAMFORD HILL STREETS. 6.15PM.

HOWARD careers along, clipping a kerb, frightening a pedestrian.

The car hits a pothole. HOWARD bangs his head on the roof.

HOWARD

Bloody Hackney Council!

EXT. MIKVA. 6.20PM.

REYNOLD'S car skids to a halt. HOWARD gets out and runs to the Mikva door. It's locked. He bangs. He waits. Nothing. HOWARD gets the tow rope from the car boot, ties one end to the security grille over the window, the other to the front tow point, gets in his car, and reverses hard. The grille resists for a second, then shoots off and smashes onto the car bonnet.

HOWARD

Oops. Sorry Guv.

HOWARD scrambles into the Mikva through the window.

INT. MIKVA LOBBY.

HOWARD hurtles in, his heavy shoes make quite a racket.

INT. MIKVA. POOL AREA.

HOWARD charges into the pool area. He looks around. Can't see anyone.

INT. MIKVA. POOL (UNDERWATER CAMERA).

From an underwater P.O.V. we see the wavy outline of HOWARD. Suddenly HOWARD tips forward into the water. The water starts to turn pink. Another body, wearing a bathrobe, enters the pool, and two brawny arms push HOWARD under the surface.

EXT. MIKVA.

EPHRAIM strolls up to the Mikva, reacts at the sight of the broken grille. He hurries into the building.

INT. MIKVA. POOL AREA.

EPHRAIM hurtles in, to find SHMUEL, in a sodden blood streaked bathrobe, apparently resuscitating an unconscious HOWARD by the side of the pool. One of the wooden slatted "bath mats" is out of position, and there is some blood on a corner of it.

SHMUEL

(POINTS TO "BATH MAT")

He must have slipped and banged his head! God knows what he was doing here! Well don't just stand there! Dial 999!

SHMUEL holds EPHRAIM'S gaze. Did EPHRAIM see what preceded the resuscitation?

EXT. MIKVA. 6.50PM.

An ambulance crew is loading HOWARD into an ambulance, and SHMUEL is getting into a police car with IBBOTSEN & VERNON. The car drives away. Meanwhile REYNOLDS is talking to EPHRAIM.

REYNOLDS

What did you see? Was he agitated? Angry? Do you think he tried to kill him?

EPHRAIM

I'm sorry Mr Reynolds, but I can't tell you what I didn't see.

REYNOLDS

(FRUSTRATED)

You know we could have you up on a charge of kidnap...?

EPHRAIM

(PUTTING ON A YID ACT)

I'm a printer, what do I know from kidnap?

REYNOLDS

Look, sonny, I know when someone's taking the piss!

EPHRAIM

That's a valuable talent for a policeman.

The ambulance drives off with HOWARD.

INT. HACKNEY HOSPITAL SIDEROOM. 9PM.

HOWARD is unconscious, his head is bandaged and he is attached to various monitors. His WIFE and REYNOLDS sit silently either side of the bed. The door opens and HAMLIN pokes his around.

C.S. HAMLIN

Anything?

REYNOLDS shakes his head. HAMLIN gestures REYNOLDS to join him in the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

REYNOLDS joins HAMLIN.

REYNOLDS

Get anything out of Singer?

C.S. HAMLIN

He just stuck to his story. He said he had no idea why Howard broke into the mikva...Come to that, neither have I.

REYNOLDS

Well I think Howard's got something on Singer, and Singer knows about it.

HAMLIN nods agreement with REYNOLDS analysis.

REYNOLDS

Where is he now?

C.S. HAMLIN

We had to let him go and visit his poor wife.

REYNOLDS

Presumably so he can smash her head in again if she looks like coming round and fingering him.

INT. ROSA KLEIN'S SITTING ROOM. 9.30PM.

RIFKA and EPHRAIM are drinking tea and mending fences.

EPHRAIM

...They think Mr Mullen is going to be okay, but until he regains consciousness...

RIFKA

Maybe it wasn't an accident?

EPHRAIM

You don't really think your Uncle Shmuel tried to kill a policeman?! Please!

A phone rings in another room.

RIFKA

I don't know what I think! Auntie Esther's got a fractured skull, Mr Mullen's got a fractured skull...and who killed Tata, and Reb Rosengarten...?

EPHRAIM

Rifka, I don't think these are the sort of things you should be dwelling on.

RIFKA

(SPUNKY)

Ephraim, I don't believe you're really the sort of man who tells his fiancée what she should or shouldn't think. The other day in the park, when you asked me if I thought Yossel Wilshansky killed my father, I just reacted. It was something I'd tried so hard not to think about. But since then that's all I've thought about....

ROSA enters.

ROSA KLEIN

Reb Lipshitz, Reb Singer's on the phone for you.

INT. SHMUEL'S CAR. 9.32PM.

SHMUEL is on his car phone. He sounds calm though he isn't.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. ROSA KLEIN'S HALL.

EPHRAIM has picked up the phone.

SHMUEL

(On Phone)

I thought you ought to know the police have let me go.

EPHRAIM

(On Phone)

Naturally. You saved his life, I witnessed it. Why shouldn't they let you go? They should give you a medal. So why you telling me?

SHMUEL

(On Phone)

Because I need to see you. I know you were sent here by The Rebbe to find out who killed Gershon Klein and Dov Rosengarten. Well I think I know.

EPHRAIM

(On Phone)

So tell me.

SHMUEL

(On Phone)

On the phone?! Are you mad!? This is a country where even the Royal Family's calls aren't secure!

EPHRAIM

(On Phone)

You want me to come to your office?

SHMUEL

(On Phone)

Too public. Meet me tomorrow at the factory unit...after all, I'm thinking of giving it to you as a wedding present.

FADE OUT

DAY EIGHTEEN. WEDNESDAY.

FADE IN

INT. HACKNEY HOSPITAL SIDE-ROOM. 9.00AM.

HOWARD is in bed, awake, and toying with a cup of tea. His wife, CHRISTINE, and REYNOLDS are by the bedside.

REYNOLDS

...and you really didn't see who clobbered you?

HOWARD

For the umpteenth time, guvnor, no! I'm sorry!

REYNOLDS

Brilliant! Seven hundred and fifty pounds worth of damage for nothing! So much for my no claims bonus! I mean, have you any idea of the state of my car?!

HOWARD

Sorry Guv, that part of last night's a complete blank.

REYNOLDS

Shame they don't make cars out of the same stuff they made your head...

CHRISTINE

I don't think that's any way to talk to a hero, Mr Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

Sorry Chris. I love him really.

CHRISTINE

Not as much as I do.

(TO HOWARD)

You'll be all right if I go off to work?

HOWARD

But you haven't had any sleep.

CHRISTINE

How would you know, you were
comotose all night?

HOWARD

If you know that, you must have
been awake all night.

REYNOLDS

He's like that at work! Too bloody
clever by half!

CHRISTINE kisses HOWARD tenderly, and goes.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM. 11AM.

ESTHER is in bed, asleep. No wig and a bandaged head.
Her son AVROM is with her. ESTHER stirs, mutters
something incomprehensible. The door opens and RIFKA
hurries in.

AVROM

(RATHER SUPRISED)

Rifka!

RIFKA

How is she?

AVROM

She's sleeping now, it's hard to
say how she is until she wakes up.

RIFKA

Do you mind if I sit with her for a
little while?

AVROM

Of course not.

However, RIFKA does not sit. She hovers awkwardly.

AVROM

What's the problem?

RIFKA

I'm sorry. I know you think we're
throwbacks, but I feel very
uncomfortable being alone in a room
with a man.

AVROM

Oh, come on! We're cousins!

RIFKA

I know. I'm sorry...Look, you can take a break. I'll sit with her for five minutes. You come back, I'll go.

AVROM makes an exasperated face and leaves. RIFKA sits by the bedside and takes ESTHER'S hand.

RIFKA

It's me Auntie Esther. Rifka.

ESTHER'S eyelids flutter.

RIFKA

Can you hear me? What happened to you?!

ESTHER SINGER

(WAKING)

Rifka?

RIFKA

Who did this to you?

ESTHER SINGER

What are you doing here?

RIFKA

I'm visiting you. You're in hospital! Don't you remember what happened?

ESTHER SINGER

(TOUCHES HER HEAD AND WINCES)

I was on the train...

RIFKA

Did you fall? Were you attacked?

ESTHER shakes her head dumbly. A NURSE looks in.

NURSE

Mrs Singer, your husband is on the phone...

ESTHER SINGER

(FRIGHTENED)

Tell him I'm still asleep! Please!

The NURSE goes. ESTHER looks terrified.

RIFKA

Auntie Esther, if it was just an accident, what are you so frightened about? Did Uncle Shmuel do this to you?!

ESTHER looks away.

ESTHER SINGER

You must swear you'll forgive me...

RIFKA

Forgive you?! For what?

ESTHER SINGER

Shmuel never forgave me. His only son, his only child... Avrom was so desperate to go to university, I persuaded Shmuel to let him go, and next thing Avrom's shaving his beard off, going to dances... Shmuel was never a violent man before...

RIFKA

But what's that got to do with me forgiving you?

ESTHER SINGER

And you must swear you'll tell nobody. Not Avrom, not your mother..!

RIFKA

Tell them what?!

ESTHER SINGER

You must understand, your Uncle is under a lot of strain. His position in the community is at risk...

RIFKA

Why?

ESTHER SINGER

Because your father threatened to go to The Rebbe in New York and tell him your Uncle Shmuel is a wife beater.

(A LONG BEAT)

RIFKA

Is that why he killed my father?

EXT. FACTORY UNIT. 11.30AM.

A kosher cab drops EPHRAIM off outside the little industrial estate. EPHRAIM goes into the factory unit.

INT. FACTORY UNIT.

EPHRAIM enters. It's gloomy. Dusty. Apparently empty.

EPHRAIM

(CALLS)

Reb Singer.

EPHRAIM wanders around. Suddenly the two SPETZNATZ CHASSIDIM appear from behind a partition, or a pillar, or something. EPHRAIM doesn't immediately recognise them in the gloom.

EPHRAIM

Is Reb Singer here?

The SPETZNATZ get between EPHRAIM and the door. EPHRAIM recognises who they are. They attack him. He defends himself. They are all highly trained in every brand of unarmed combat one could imagine. It is hard to work out who is who and who is winning, as the three dark suited, bearded men fight it out. (ULTIMATELY EPHRAIM DOES HIS FOES ENOUGH DAMAGE TO ESCAPE, BUT WE LEAVE THIS SCENE BEFORE HE PREVAILS.)

INT. ESTHER'S HOSPITAL ROOM. 11.30AM.

SHMUEL sits by ESTHER'S bed, praying out of a dog-eared Siddur. ESTHER seems to be asleep.

INT. SHALOM HOTEL LOBBY. MIDDAY.

THE HOTELIER is hovering. EPHRAIM enters. His face looks rather battered. He sneaks up the stairs without being seen.

INT. EPHRAIM'S HOTEL ROOM.

EPHRAIM enters and heads for the sink. He is half way there when he realises RIFKA is in the room. He stops, startled. He realises what a courageous and difficult thing it is for RIFKA to come to his room.

EPHRAIM

What are you doing here?!

RIFKA

I had to tell someone! I know who killed my father.

EPHRAIM

So do I. Why did you come here? Why didn't you go to your mother?

EPHRAIM runs water, dips a flannel and starts dabbing at his face.

RIFKA

I don't know! Because we're going to be married...aren't we?

(NO RESPONSE)

What happened?

EPHRAIM

Your Uncle Shmuel insisted I rent the factory unit, but I wasn't prepared to pay the premium.

EPHRAIM lets some water run into his cupped hands, and drinks. He winces. Busted ribs. He starts to undress. He takes off his jacket, unbuttons his shirt. RIFKA gasps and turns away.

EPHRAIM

Sorry, but I think I've busted a couple of ribs.

Under his shirt he wears his tzizis - a fringed item of religious significance. He takes them off, and his vest. His torso has red marks all over it. He opens a drawer and removes a first aid kit. Inside is a wide elastic bandage. He unwraps it and starts trying to wind it around his aching ribcage. She keeps her head turned away.

RIFKA

What really happened?

EPHRAIM

I can't tell you, I'm sorry...

(THE BANDAGE SLIPS)

Damn it!

RIFKA turns towards him.

RIFKA

Let me...

RIFKA overcomes centuries of tradition to wrap the bandage around EPHRAIM'S chest. A tender moment for a tender torso. This done, EPHRAIM puts on a clean shirt, replaces his jacket, and throws a few items of clothing into an overnight case. He has forgotten to put his tzizis back on. RIFKA watches - silent but unhappy.

EPHRAIM

I'm sorry.

EPHRAIM leaves.

EXT. SHALOM HOTEL. 12.15PM.

EPHRAIM comes out of the hotel and walks briskly away. He has a little cellular phone to his ear.

EPHRAIM

(On Phone)

...unit 7, Grosvenor Road
Industrial Estate...yeah, it needs
tidying up.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE. ABOUT 7PM.

The first night of Passover. CONGREGANTS are greeting each other after the service. Two uniformed SECURITY GUARDS lounge near the gates. SHMUEL is in his element, the big man, everyone wants to say hello to, particularly the ingratiating little MOISHE.

MOISHE

Good Yomtov Reb Singer...

SHMUEL

Good Yomtov, Good Yomtov...

MOISHE

So how is Mrs Singer? Getting better?

SHMUEL

Yes, please God she'll be home soon, and the police have a very good description of the muggers...

Meanwhile, RIFKA and ROSA come out of the Shul. RIFKA catches SHMUEL'S eye, then looks away. MRS DANZIGER greets her cheerily.

MRS DANZIGER

Rifka! Where's your Reb Lipshitz tonight?

RIFKA

I don't know...maybe he went to a different shul...

RIFKA & ROSA walk away. SHMUEL crosses to MRS DANZIGER.

SHMUEL

Mrs Danziger, I think you should know, Reb Lipshitz has gone back to New York...

MRS DANZIGER

No!? Why?!

SHMUEL

He told me he that in the end he didn't feel he could marry into a tainted family...

FADE OUT

DAY TWENTY FOUR. TUESDAY.

FADE IN

INT. HOWARD'S FRONT ROOM. 7.30PM.

HOWARD is playing Junior Scrabble with his MATT. There is no sign of his head injury, though he may have a stitch or two under his hair. The phone rings. HOWARD answers,

HOWARD

Yes? Where are you?! You're kidding!

(CALLS OUT)

Christine, what's for tea?

CHRISTINE (V/O)

Shepherd's pie.

HOWARD

(INTO PHONE)

I'll see you in an hour.

INT. SIMPSONS IN THE STRAND. 9.00PM.

HOWARD goes through the revolving doors and walks through into the ground floor carving room restaurant. He looks around for a Chassid. There isn't one there.

HOWARD

Bloody wind up!

He turns to leave. Then stops in his tracks as he sees someone waving him across to his table. Sitting at a table for two is EPHRAIM. Not the EPHRAIM we have come to recognise, but an "Anglicised" EPHRAIM. Gone is the Chassidic garb and beard. This EPHRAIM is clean shaven, and dressed by Armani. HOWARD crosses to him and sits, speechless. EPHRAIM pours HOWARD a glass of wine.

EPHRAIM

Hi. I hear the roast pork's really good here...

HOWARD nearly chokes on the wine.

EPHRAIM

I wanted to see you before I went back... How's your head?

HOWARD

Spinning! What the hell happened to your clothes!?

EPHRAIM

I'm going. There's nothing for me to do here...once we realised the two murders were strictly domestic...

HOWARD

But what about that article in the Jewish Tribune?!

EPHRAIM

(DISINGENOUS)

What article?

HOWARD

Predicting the Rebbe was going to change sides on Israel!?

EPHRAIM

Oh...I planted that.

HOWARD

Jesus! But two men still died, one of them was your colleague...

EPHRAIM

Dov Rosengarten and I were recruited together. He knew the risks. We didn't join Mossad for the air miles.

HOWARD

That's all you've got to say, is it?

EPHRAIM

Other than...Roast beef, medium rare please.

HOWARD looks up and sees the waiter with the "roast of the day" trolley.

HOWARD

Yes, same for me please.

(TO EPHRAIM)

You can't be going back to New York, not without the whiskers?

EPHRAIM

Nah, I'm going back to Israel, be nice to live a twentieth century life for a change.

HOWARD

And that's it?

EPHRAIM

Yes...except...

HOWARD

Except what?

EPHRAIM

What's going to happen to Rifka?

HOWARD

You mean you give a shit?

EPHRAIM

Finding a shiddach is always the quickest way into the community. Who figured I'd fall for her?

HOWARD

What, you got a bad case of sheitel attraction?

(EPHRAIM LAUGHS)

It's none of my business but she's half your age...!

EPHRAIM

I know. It's crazy, but you can't legislate for the heart, can you?

FADE OUT

DAY TWENTY FIVE. WEDNESDAY.

FADE IN

INT. ROSA KLEIN'S KITCHEN. 11AM.

RIFKA is doing some sewing and looking sad. The doorbell rings.

ROSA KLEIN(O.O.V.)

I'll get it.

We hear ROSA'S footsteps come down the stairs, and open the front door. ROSA comes into the kitchen with HOWARD. He has a savage hangover.

ROSA KLEIN

Can I get you anything?

HOWARD

An extremely strong coffee.

RIFKA

Aren't you well?

HOWARD

I got shikker with your fiance last night.

ROSA KLEIN

That isn't funny, Mr Mullen.

HOWARD

It's not meant to be. Look, Rifka, there's a lot of things about Ephraim only he can tell you. But one thing I can say - he still wants to marry you.

RIFKA looks shocked but excited.

ROSA KLEIN

Where is he?

HOWARD

He's flying to Tel Aviv tonight.

EXT. THE KLEINS' HOUSE. 11.30AM.

ROSA watches as HOWARD loads RIFKA'S cases into the boot of his car. RIFKA automatically goes to get into the back seat. HOWARD stops her.

HOWARD

I think you should get used to sitting in the front, your husband will expect it.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT. 3PM

EPHRAIM waits to check in at the British Airways desk. HOWARD enters with RIFKA. They hurry towards him. EPHRAIM sees them in delight! He comes towards them. They meet. RIFKA looks at clean-shaven EPHRAIM, bewildered.

RIFKA

It's like meeting someone new!

EPHRAIM

Maybe that's the best way to start.

EXT. M.4. 3.30PM.

HOWARD'S car driving back to London. It is pissing down.

INT. HOWARD'S CAR.

HOWARD is whistling "As Time Goes By". The news comes on G.L.R. He turns it up.

NEWSREADER

...said that this would certainly help kick start the economy. A serial killer has struck again in the ultra orthodox Jewish area of Stamford Hill...

HOWARD reacts, and steps on the gas.

EXT. RIVER LEA. 4.30PM

A deja vu experience for us all. Screens around the towpath conceal REYNOLDS, HIS MURDER TEAM, AND D.S. HAMLIN. SHMUEL'S Jaguar stands dripping on the towpath, the boot open. THE POLICE DOCTOR is looking at a dead CHASSID laid out on the ground. It's SHMUEL SINGER. HOWARD arrives. HAMLIN and REYNOLDS confronts him.

REYNOLDS

Your Mossad pal did this, didn't he? Where is he!?

HOWARD

Gone back to Israel...Actually I just waved him off at the airport, it was rather romantic...

C.S. HAMLIN

(WARNINGLY)

This is very serious Mullen.

HOWARD

Sorry. What was the time of death sir?

REYNOLDS

About ten o'clock last night...Why?

HOWARD

It couldn't have been Lipshitz then. We were having dinner together up West.

C.S.HAMLIN

You mean you're his alibi?!

HOWARD

Sorry sir.

HAMLIN aims a kick at the body. REYNOLDS restrains him.

C.S. HAMLIN

So who did this?!

REYNOLDS

I expect he's got friends sir.

C.S. HAMLIN

Three unsolved murders! I was due for a promotion before all this started!

HOWARD

This isn't really a murder though, Mr Hamlin. More an execution. You know, an eye for an eye...?

C.S. HAMLIN

You try telling that Biblical bollocks to the Home Secretary! Shit!

HOWARD

I think the Chief would like to be left alone for a bit, Guv.

REYNOLDS

You're right. Let's go for a pint.

A barge chugs slowly towards them. We pull back and back and further back still as HOWARD and REYNOLDS wander off, leaving HAMLIN contemplating the corpse.

CREDITS

FADE OUT

THE END