

LAST NIGHT IN SOHO

Story by  
Edgar Wright

Written by  
Edgar Wright  
&  
Krysty Wilson-Cairns

1 INT. BLACK SPACE - UNKNOWN 1

**Music plays: 'A WORLD WITHOUT LOVE' by Peter & Gordon.**

A long, dark hallway, lit at the far end by an open door. A silhouette appears in the doorway - the outline of a woman, stylish and dressed in a beautiful gown.

She struts down the dark corridor, dress flowing. She dances, carving shapes in the light. The embodiment of cool, class, and elegance. She hits a switch-

2 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 2

The hallway floods with light. Jarringly, we find ourselves not in some nightclub, but in the upstairs hallway of a cozy home. Adorned with pictures and photos that suggest the domicile of a much older person.

The dancer is ELOISE TURNER, 18. Way messier than her silhouette suggested. Hair in a rough bun. The beautiful dress is actually made of newspaper, a dressmaking pattern, expertly cut and pinned.

Eloise continues to dance down the hallway. Her moves are quirky, weird, and more than a little awkward. She's dancing for herself, lost in her own world. She shimmies down the chintzy hallway, right into-

3 INT. ELOISE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

A shrine to the '60s. A portable record player blasts music across this half-bedroom, half-fashion workroom.

Eloise is Holly Golightly redux as she takes the straw out of a can of Coke and uses it as a cigarette holder. She vamps around the room, which is covered in panoramas, art and icons from the 60s. She winks at a poster of Twiggy, before dancing around a dressmaker's mannequin. She lifts it and spins, attempting a waltz.

As she dances, we see framed photos on her bedside table:

-Eloise's MOTHER and GRANDMOTHER, PEGGY in mid 90s London, posing outside the Criterion restaurant.

-Eloise, her mother, and Peggy in mid 2000s London outside of Liberty's.

-Eloise and Peggy in 2017 in a rural hamlet. Her mother, is absent.

Beside the frames is a shrine to London: a little dinky red phone box, a toy black cab, a tiny Carnaby Street sign.

Eloise dips the mannequin and then puts her head where its should be. She imitates a male voice.

ELOISE  
*Beautiful gown darling.*

Eloise leans back bashfully.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
Thank you. *Fabulous.*

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
*Who are you wearing?*

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
Eloise Turner.

Eloise waltzes away from the mannequin and over to a rail of clothes. She pulls a 1960's silk scarf from the rail and shimmies over to a full length bedroom mirror. In her mind: the paparazzo along the red carpet.

Behind the rail she strikes a fierce pose in a dress.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
*Who are you wearing?*

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
Eloise T, of course.

Nope. She strikes another pose.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
E.T.

*Big nope.* She shakes her head.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
Ellie Turner.

*Yes. That's the one. She wraps the scarf around her head like she's a '60s film star. Bardot, eat your heart out.*

She spins and flicks the scarf through the air. It knocks one of the photo frames off her bedside table and onto the floor. The one of her, her mother, and grandmother.

As she kneels down to retrieve it, her large dress knocks the record player. BUMP. The record skips... repeats.

Ellie kneels down to grab it, looks at it for a beat. Her finger traces the image of her mother.

She stands to place the frame back on her bedside table. As she does, her eyes catch in the mirror - A FIGURE behind her hovering in the doorway. A smile creeps across her face and she turns to see-

Her MOTHER, looking as she does in the photo, far too young to have an 18 year old daughter. She smiles back at Ellie, warm, dripping with love. Ellie matches it.

ELLIE

It's good news isn't it?

Her mother nods. Then, from downstairs, we hear an older voice shout.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Eloise, POST!

Ellie looks around excitedly upon hearing this. She then dashes to the record player and takes the stylus off.

PEGGY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ellie!

When she heads through the door her mother has *vanished*.

ELLIE

Coming!

4

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

4

Ellie bounds down the stairs. She stops on the landing to see her grandmother, PEGGY, 70s, holding an envelope up. Ellie takes the last few stairs two at a time and grabs the letter.

She holds it for a second. "LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION" is printed on the outside.

She takes a breath, trying to calm her nerves. She opens the envelope. Peggy watches on anxiously as Ellie reads.

PEGGY

Well, what does it say?

ELLIE

I'm going to London.

PEGGY

I knew you would be.

ELLIE

I'm going to London... *I'm going to London!*

Ellie screams and bounces around excitedly. Too wrapped up in her own joy to catch the flicker of worry on Peggy's face.

5 INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER EVENING

5

Total disarray. A huge case is open. Ellie is filling it with her vinyl records. Peggy watches her pack, concerned.

ELLIE

You sure I can take all of these?

PEGGY

I got you hooked on them, I couldn't deprive you now...

Peggy peers into the suitcase filled with vinyl.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Do you have enough space? Don't you need socks?

ELLIE

(of course)

Socks.

Ellie gets up and heads to a chest of drawers.

Peggy turns and takes a picture frame from the bedside table: Ellie's Mother and Peggy in the late '70s. They pose outside the Criterion Restaurant in Piccadilly Circus.

Peggy stares at the photo. It's something very precious.

PEGGY

This was one of the first times your Mum and me went to London. God, the shops. We used to go and look at all the clothes. Liberty's. Selfridges. Carnaby Street. She'd try everything on. The snooty shop girls knew we couldn't afford them... They didn't know we could copy them...

Peggy holds the photo out to Ellie.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Take it.

Ellie looks at the photo, then sighs.

ELLIE  
I can't, Gran.

Ellie smiles, but shakes her head.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Bring her up when I'm settled. We  
can have dinner at the Criterion,  
like in the photo.

PEGGY  
Oh we didn't eat there. Couldn't  
afford to. We just took a picture  
outside, then went to a Wimpy.

ELLIE  
When I'm a big-time fashion  
designer, we'll go. Deal?

PEGGY  
I don't think Wimpy still exists.

ELLIE  
You know what I mean.

Ellie continues to pack. Peggy looks at the picture still in  
her hand, joy mixed with sadness.

PEGGY  
I understand how much you want  
this. It was her dream too. But  
it's not everything you imagine,  
London. You have to watch yourself.

ELLIE  
I know...

PEGGY  
I want to say it anyway-

ELLIE	PEGGY (CONT'D)
-There are lots of bad guys... I'll be careful.	You have to be careful. There are lots of bad people-

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
Bad apples.

She grabs scissors and brandishes them at Peggy with a grin.

ELLIE  
I'm scrappy. I can take them.

Ellie smirks and resumes packing. Peggy is still worried.

PEGGY

I'm just saying, London can be a lot. It was too much for your mum perhaps... and she didn't have your... gift.

ELLIE

'My gift'.

PEGGY

She didn't feel things... see *things* like you. I worry you'll get all overwhelmed again.

Ellie's packing stops. She turns to Peggy, quietly but firm.

ELLIE

It's not just that I need to do this for me. I want to, for her. Maybe it won't be so bad. Maybe up there I won't be reminded of her so much.

PEGGY

(not entirely convinced)  
Okay...

Ellie can't look at Peggy. She goes back to packing.

ELLIE

Besides I haven't even seen Mum in ages.

In the corner of the frame lurks the bedroom mirror. Empty.

5A INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

5A

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Ellie hits off her alarm clock. Unplugs it, wraps the cord and shoves it in her suitcase.

Ellie's room has been pillaged of everything she needs for London. Her stuff is stacked by the door.

She runs her hands along the wall of the bedroom. A sober moment.

As she turns she catches sight of a figure in the mirror. Her mum, sitting on the edge of the bed. Looking back at Ellie. A mixture of hope and fear in her eyes.

ELLIE  
 (Sotto)  
 Bye mum. / Bye.

Ellie closes the door and leaves.

6 EXT. PEGGY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

6

A pretty cottage in a rural street. A minicab idles by the garden gate.

PEGGY  
 You'll call?

ELLIE  
 You know I will.

PEGGY  
 And if it all gets too much in there, you'll tell me?

ELLIE  
 In the city?

Peggy shakes her head and taps Ellie's head.

PEGGY  
 In *here*. Don't bottle it up. Don't do that to yourself. Don't do that to me... Okay?

Ellie nods and smiles.

ELLIE  
 I love you.

Ellie kisses her on the cheek and they break apart. Ellie moves to the minicab, leaving Peggy alone by the gate.

PEGGY  
 Ellie...

Peggy goes after her and puts something in her hand: *The 1970s photo of Ellie's mother and Peggy.*

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
 I want both of us to be there.

Ellie takes it and kisses her grandmother on the cheek.

ELLIE  
 I won't let you guys down.



PEGGY  
You never could.

Ellie slips into the back of the taxi. She looks at the photo in her hand and turns to look out the rear window. As the taxi draws away, Peggy is no longer standing alone.

Ellie's mother is next to her.

Ellie smiles at them and waves. Peggy smiles and waves back.

It's difficult for Eloise to see the expression on her mother's face as the taxi drives away, but before the car disappears around the corner, Eloise can tell that her mother is neither smiling, nor waving. Then they are gone...

7 INT. TRAIN - DAY 7

**SONG: 'DON'T THROW YOUR LOVE AWAY' by The Searchers.**

The English countryside speeds by the window, bathed in glorious sunshine. Pastoral, idyllic, and to Ellie, really boring. She watches it all fall away...

WHOMP - a tunnel. The train plunges into blackness.

When it exits the darkness, the carriage is suddenly full of people. Urban cityscapes rattle by.

8 INT. PADDINGTON STATION CONCOURSE - EVENING 8

Rush hour. Unbelievably busy. Clamorous sounds.

During this sequence we focus only on a wide-eyed Ellie, the frantic melee of the city filling the corners of the frame.

She drags her heavy cases, commuters cutting through her path, buffeting her off course.

9 INT. TAXI RANK - EVENING 9

Ellie slips inside a Hackney Carriage at the front of a long line of gleaming black taxis.

The TAXI DRIVER, 60s, heaves her cases into the front and slides back into the driver's seat. He doesn't turn round, so we only see slices of his face in the rearview mirror. She catches a warm grin on his lips.

ELLIE  
Charlotte Street, please.

TAXI DRIVER  
My pleasure, darling...

10 INT. CENTRAL LONDON STREETS - EVENING

10

Ellie beams with joy, her eyes dance on the glittering lights of Piccadilly. Her gaze sticks for a second on the exterior of The Criterion restaurant. She smiles, filling with warmth.

TAXI DRIVER  
First time?

ELLIE  
I visited once with my mum but I was small. It looks so different now.

TAXI DRIVER  
It changes fast alright. But don't worry, it's still the same old London underneath.

ELLIE  
Oh, good.

TAXI DRIVER  
What's brought you down then?

ELLIE  
I'm studying. The London College of Fashion.

TAXI DRIVER  
So you're a model?

She catches his eyes in the rearview mirror. They are taking her in. Ellie shifts a little, uncomfortable.

ELLIE  
Oh, no. I design clothes. Well I want to. I mean, I want to be a designer.

TAXI DRIVER  
But you could be a model. You got the legs for it. I'm a leg man myself.

Ellie moves her legs behind her bags. Says nothing.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)  
So what's on Charlotte Street?

ELLIE

It's, uh, student housing.

TAXI DRIVER

So it's all girls in that building?  
If all the super models are in  
Charlotte Street, you'll be seeing  
me around and no mistake. You  
might've found your first stalker!

His eyes lock on to hers in the rearview. Ellie's eyes look  
away and stick on the meter. £19.20 and rising.

ELLIE

I'll get out here.

TAXI DRIVER

Still another couple of streets to  
go, love.

ELLIE

I've not got enough cash.

TAXI DRIVER

I'm sure we could sort something  
out sweetheart. Plus, it's not good  
round here at night for young  
girls.

ELLIE

I want to go to the shop anyway.

TAXI DRIVER

Please yourself.

The Driver grumbles and pulls over. Ellie hands over the £20  
Peggy gave her.

ELLIE

Thanks.

She drags her bags onto the street. The taxi driver's eyes  
follow her as she ducks into the shop.

11 INT. CORNER SHOP - EVENING

11

Ellie wheels her cases inside and watches through the door as  
the taxi idles. Panic begins to creep on her face.

SHOP OWNER (O.S.)

Hello? Can I help you?

The SHOP OWNER impatiently waits for her to buy something. Ellie picks up a can of Coke and pays for it. She moves to the window, the taxi gone. Ellie breathes a sigh of relief.

12 EXT. CHARLOTTE ST. STUDENT HALLS - NIGHT 12

A foreboding brutalist building, stark against the period townhouses around it. Ellie drags her cases, exhausted from the effort. Up ahead-

A young black man, JOHN DRAMEH, 18, handsome, if a little awkward. He's standing by the door, eating an apple. Ellie passes him and heaves her cases up the stairs.

John moves towards her, mouth full of apple.

JOHN  
Hey, you want a hand?

ELLIE  
No, I'm okay.

A case slips down a step knocking her off balance.

JOHN  
You don't look okay.

ELLIE  
Well I am.

Ellie moves quickly inside the building, away from John.

13 INT. HALLS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 13

Strip lighting and blue linoleum floors. This place just looks like it smells of bleach. Ellie, sweaty and frazzled, batters her cases off her shins as she struggles along.

A head pops out from one of the doors. It belongs to JOCASTA, 19, tall and slender, imposingly beautiful, achingly cool. She speaks at 200 MPH and rarely smiles. She's overdressed in black designer couture, but has the attitude to pull it off.

JOCASTA  
You Eloise?

ELLIE  
Yeah.

JOCASTA  
You look like an Eloise.

ELLIE

Well, Ellie.

Jocasta backs into the doorway and points to a printed sheet pinned to the door: 'Jocasta ~~Thomson~~ & Eloise Turner'. Jocasta's surname is crossed out with black marker.

JOCASTA

I'm Jocasta.

ELLIE

Did they spell your surname wrong or something?

JOCASTA

No. I decided to drop it because I think it's more singular to be known only by your Christian name. So famous in your work that you can literally just go by... 'Kylie'.

ELLIE

'Minogue'?

JOCASTA

'Jenner'. Okay, bad example. But, how many Jocastas do you know?

ELLIE

None.

JOCASTA

*Exactly, babes.*

Jocasta holds open the door and Ellie heads into-

14

INT. DORM BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

A room far too small for two people. This place is tiny. Dank. The window looks out to a brick wall. Ellie enters, trying very hard to not look disheartened.

Jocasta's stuff is strewn across the 'prime' bed - the one that doesn't get battered every time the door opens.

JOCASTA

You don't mind that I snagged the one by the window, do you?

ELLIE

(faint)

No...

Jocasta pours red wine into a glass and thrusts it into Ellie's hand as she is taking off her coat.

JOCASTA

If we don't end up throttling each other, we could maybe talk about switching next term.

She smiles at Ellie. It's disarmingly charming.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

So where are you from?

ELLIE

Redruth.

Jocasta looks at Ellie, lost.

JOCASTA

I'm sorry?

ELLIE

You know, Cornwall, in the countryside?

JOCASTA

I heard you babes, I'm just sorry.

ELLIE

Uh. So, what about you?

JOCASTA

Manchester, but I spent my gap year down here interning at an atelier in Saville Row.

Ellie stares at Jocasta, totally intimidated.

ELLIE

Wow... I've just been in Redruth. Making my own clothes.

JOCASTA

I had a hunch you made that. This is a Bouchra Jarrar. Before she sold out and moved to Lanvin. Smoke?

ELLIE

Uh, no... is it allowed in here?

Jocasta leans in, smiles conspiratorially.

JOCASTA

I took the batteries out of the alarm. I guess I can go outside if you really have a problem with it.

ELLIE

(lying)  
No, it's fine.

JOCASTA

I tried vaping, I think that just makes you so much more of a cunt.

ELLIE

(quietly)  
Yeah, totally...

Jocasta blows smoke toward the window. Her eyes land on Ellie's untouched wine. Ellie feels her glare and sips some.

JOCASTA

What does your dad do?

ELLIE

I don't know him.

JOCASTA

What about your mum?

ELLIE

My mother's dead.

JOCASTA

I knew we'd find some common ground, eventually. I was only fifteen when she died. You?

ELLIE

Um, seven.

JOCASTA

Wow that is young... Though I guess maybe it's *easier* at that age.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Not a competition though, is it?

Ellie looks at Jocasta: *it isn't.*

Sounds filter in from the corridor outside. More arrivals.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Ooh! Fresh blood.

Jocasta rushes for them. Ellie is alone in the room, lost.

15 INT. STUDENT HALLS KITCHEN - NIGHT

15

Ellie peers into the kitchen to see Jocasta holding court.

Jocasta already has THREE other STUDENTS in orbit around her. All of them are overdressed, modern silhouettes in black, very high fashion. They are: CAMI, 22, ASHLEY, 19, LARA, 18.

LARA

Is that a bloody Bouchra Jarrar?

JOCASTA

Good eye. It's from before she sold out and moved to Lanvin, obviously.

Laughter canters around the group.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Oh this is my roomie, Eloise.

The crowd turn to her, sizing her up.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

She literally made the outfit she's wearing. How amazing is that? All of us turn up in our Sunday best, she's rocking her own design. I'm thinking we should call her brass balls Ellie.

More laughter, but Ellie isn't sure if it's at her expense.

ASHLEY

What are we going to call you?

JOCASTA

By tomorrow morning you shall know me only as Hurricane Jocasta.

CAMI

So you guys know each other from before?

JOCASTA

Oh we go way back, what is it now? Fifteen minutes?

ELLIE

Something like that.



JOCASTA  
We're in the dead mums club.

The room is suddenly awkward.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)  
Fuck Leukemia, amirite?

LARA  
That is awful.

JOCASTA  
It's pretty shit, not going to lie.  
But I really feel it fuels my work.

ASHLEY  
What happened to your mum?

Ellie looks at the others, she flushes a little.

ELLIE  
Uh, well, my mum wasn't well,  
mentally... She killed herself.

Silence, everyone's faces have flooded with empathy, except  
Jocasta, who inexplicably looks pissed off.

ASHLEY  
I'm sorry I shouldn't have asked.

ELLIE  
It was a long time ago.

LARA  
You are like so brave.

CAMI  
So brave. Christ.

JOCASTA  
Yeah, I had a great uncle commit  
suicide. Hung himself. So, I know  
exactly what it's like.

Ellie, trying to get out of the conversation, opens the  
fridge to put her can of Coke in it. Inside is: *A mini Whole  
Foods emporium*. All with 'Jocasta' monogrammed across them.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)  
First rodeo, Els? Got to mark your  
territory, babes.

Jocasta grabs a sharpie from the counter, writes the name 'ELLIE' on the Coke and puts it inside. Ellie watches with trepidation as Jocasta grabs a bottle of Jägermeister.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Time to break out the big guns,  
lets really get on this bitch.

Jocasta pours five shots of Jäger into some mugs.

CAMI

Do we really want to be hungover on  
our first day...

JOCASTA

Hush. That's future Cami talking.  
And you know what? Fuck her. We  
have to live in the now. So, *hoes-*

Jocasta downs hers and gestures that the others do the same.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

-to Soho!

They all toast: 'To Soho'. Ellie, late and quietly.

15A EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

15A

The group of freshers walk down a busy Soho street - Ellie lagging a little behind.

They approach The Toucan.

16 INT. THE TOUCAN - NIGHT

16

Music, if you can call it that, blares. Some awful Irish folk-cum-techno. Very loud, utterly unbearable.

Ellie is in a packed Irish bar, it's teeming with FRESHERS and some angry REGULARS. Despite the ear bleeding music, Jocasta is still talking; Queen of the Freshers.

JOCASTA

I dated an Irish guy twice... the  
same guy... but two times, and he  
was Irish...

We focus on Ellie watching from the sidelines. Bored and a little horrified that these are the people she's living with.

Across the bar a guy catches her eyes - John, the weird apple eater from outside halls. He smiles, mimes: *You want a drink?* She shakes her head. Shows she has one already.

A DRUNK BRO leans over to Jocasta and whispers in her ear.

DRUNK BRO  
Hey. My dick just died. Can I bury  
it in your ass-

Jocasta pushes him away.

JOCASTA  
No. Absolutely not...

Jocasta turns and points to Ellie.

JOCASTA(CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Try that line on Ellie. I bet she's  
complete filth once you get a few  
shots inside her.

Everyone laughs. The Bro grins at Ellie, but she escapes to-

17 INT. TOUCAN BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 17

Ellie walks down the steps into a less crowded basement bar. She spots the sign for the LADIES and heads towards it.

Ellie's eyes glance to a mirror next to the door. Just behind her is a LEERING MAN, mid 30s, a little 'off'. Ellie can clearly see in the mirror that he is staring at her.

There's something weird about him. He's dressed as if he's from some time 50 years ago.

Ellie turns to look at him -

He's not there. She just spots the regulars and the IRISH BARMAID (Carol).

Ellie is a little rattled. She heads to the bathroom.

18 INT. TOUCAN BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER 18

Ellie hides in the stall, savouring the moment of being alone. A notice catches her eye:

"HATE DRUNK PEOPLE? BE A BARTENDER. STAFF WANTED."

After a beat, she hears the door swing open.

JOCASTA  
It's just a bit shit.

Ellie listens in as they head into the stall next to her. We hear unmistakable sniffing, in-between their lines.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)  
I think she's a real code beige...  
I'm getting born-again Christian  
vibes off of her...

CAMI  
Who, country mouse?

Ellie looks at the door of the stall, her heart sinking.

JOCASTA  
She comes to the first day at LCF  
wearing clothes she made...  
Fuckssake!

They cackle.

ASHLEY  
That was a bit much...

JOCASTA  
And then she kept bringing up her  
mum's suicide! Who uses that for  
attention!?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, that was a little weird.

JOCASTA  
She's a lot fucking weird... I'd  
lay bets on her slashing her wrists  
before Christmas.

We hear astonished gasps and cackles. Then they leave. Ellie stays in the stall. Angry, hurt.

SCENE 19 OMITTED

20 EXT. DEAN STREET, SOHO - NIGHT

20

Soho is heaving with people - loud and brassy.

JOCASTA  
C'mon. We've got another three pubs  
to hit before the clubs open.

Ellie lags behind. She passes a dirty phone box. Taped inside the glass are flyer cards advertising prostitutes.

One card reads: 'EVERY MAN'S DREAM BLONDE'

Then through the glass, across the street from her, she spots an open doorway, a figure darkens it. A TALL MAN, he too looks like he's in fashions from 50 years ago, as he's dressed in a bowler hat and three piece suit.

Above him a handwritten sign on the door says:

"MODELS"

Ellie peers around the phone box to get a better look.

The figure is gone. Ellie blinks.

A neon arrow points up the stairs. Ellie peers in, intrigued. The other freshers are getting farther and farther away. Ellie is still looking at the door.

Feet appear on the stairs and A SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN descends. He is in his 70s, his clothes are old but expensive, his pale hair catches the neon light. He stands at the bottom of the stairs and rights his clothes.

Ellie stares at him. He locks eyes with her. He has a striking, gaunt face. She looks down, but he stares on.

When her eyes flick back to him. He winks at her. Then heads off, carving a path through the crowds like someone who was once important.

Ellie turns back to the Freshers - spots them on the next block. She could run to catch up with them. *She could.*

She doesn't. Ellie turns and heads away from them, bumped and buffeted into the drunken crowd.

**SONG: 'STARSTRUCK' by The Kinks.**

Over Ellie walking away, at a brisk pace, we hear the sounds of the sixties. Of the London she dreams it still was.

THE KINKS

*Baby, you don't know what you're  
saying, Because you're a victim of  
bright city lights.*

21 INT. DORM BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

Ellie is in bed, listening to her headphones, lost in her own world. For the first time in London, she looks comfortable.

THE KINKS

*'Cause you're starstruck, baby,  
starstruck, taken in by the lights.*

BAM. The door swings open, smashes into the bottom of her bed frame. Light from the hallway spills into the room as Jocasta and the Bro careen in, making out, hands all over each other.

Ellie sits up in bed, to remind Jocasta that she's in here. Jocasta doesn't notice, or more accurately, doesn't give a fuck. She pushes Bro onto her bed, rips off her top.

22 INT. STUDENT HALLS KITCHEN - NIGHT

22

Pandemonium. A party is in full swing. Fifteen-odd FRESHERS, all blind drunk and wittering on. John is among them, sipping on a can of Coke.

Ellie enters, wrapped in her duvet, headphones still in. She finds a spot on the couch and sits. Her eyes close, the music carrying her away when-

Someone pulls out her headphones.

She opens her eyes to see some DRUNK ARSEHOLE a foot from her face, holding her ear buds. He grins.

DRUNK ARSEHOLE

What are you listening to?

ELLIE

Well, nothing now.

The Arsehole puts the buds in his ears, Ellie stares daggers at him. His grin changes to confused disgust.

DRUNK ARSEHOLE

You actually listen to this granny shit? How old are you?

JOHN

You can fucking talk... Didn't you put that techno Riverdance shit on in the Toucan?

Drunk Arsehole's face crinkles with embarrassment. He gives the headphones back to Ellie and John moves over next to her.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Don't pay any attention to him...  
 I'm John, by the way.

ELLIE  
 Ellie.

He smiles, then some cog turns in his brain. He looks to the can of Coke he's holding. "ELLIE" is written on the side.

JOHN  
 Shit. This is your can, isn't it?  
 Sorry.

He moves to hand it back to her.

ELLIE  
 Have it.

Ellie puts her headphones back in. John stands there for an awkward beat before turning to the others.

She turns her music up, drowns them out. She sinks on the sofa, neck drooping at an uncomfortable angle. Her eyes close-

23 INT. STUDENT HALLS KITCHEN - MORNING 23

Ellie is asleep in the same position. She wakes with a start. Nobody else is here. Checks the time on her phone - FUCK.

24 EXT. LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - DAY 24

Rush hour, the streets are bustling. Hare Krishnas on the street add to the cacophony with their drums and chanting.

STUDENTS teem around the pavement. Ellie sprints through the doors, hair messy, hastily dressed in the first things she could find.

25 INT. FASHION LECTURE HALL - DAY 25

The entire group of first years are gathered. Lecturers are talking with students, others are filling out forms or chatting. All dressed up to the nines in a variety of expressive ways. Ellie bursts in, sticking out like a sore thumb. The only empty seat is next to John. He smiles at her.

COLLEGE ADMINISTRATOR (O.S.)  
 Eloise Turner?

Ellie becomes suddenly aware that people are looking at her.

ELLIE

It's Ellie. Sorry. What's the question?

COLLEGE ADMINISTRATOR

Are you present?

A few titters slip around. Jocasta doesn't even try to contain her laughter.

26

INT. COLLEGE LOBBY - DAY

26

Cliques have already formed. Jocasta, John, Cami, Lara, Ashley, and a gaggle of other distinctively dressed students from her class are huddled round, cackling and joking. Ellie stands in the corner, like a ghost. She's on her phone.

PEGGY (O.S.)

So, how's my big time fashion designer?

ELLIE

I'm good. I'm good.

PEGGY (O.S.)

And how was it? Did you wow them?

ELLIE

I don't know, Gran.

PEGGY (O.S.)

I bet you did. Anyway, you still haven't told me anything about your place?

ELLIE

Uh, it's great. Very modern...

PEGGY (O.S.)

And your roommate?

ELLIE

Jocasta? Yeah, she's fun...

Ellie watches Jocasta lead the others out of the lobby.

JOCASTA

Let's vote. I say pub crawl, round two!

Everyone reacts with a mixture of groans and cheers.



ELLIE  
Almost too much fun.

The group walk right by Ellie without noticing her.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
Well that's wonderful. I thought  
maybe you'd need more time to get  
used to being around so many  
people. It's all not too much?

ELLIE  
Yeah... no. I'm okay.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
I can't wait to come down and see  
you. When you feel more at home.

Ellie's eyes land on the notice board beside her, it's  
crammed with index cards, except for one small blank space in  
the middle. Something is missing. Ellie looks down at her  
feet, spots the card, she lifts it, reads it:

BEDSIT with TOILET for Longterm rent in SOHO. WOMEN ONLY.

ELLIE  
Yeah. When I feel more at home.

Ellie stares at the card.

26A EXT. STREETS OF SOHO - DAY

26A

Ellie walks along the streets approaching Ms. Collins'  
apartment. We hear her a phone call she had with her  
potential new landlord as she makes her way there.

MS. COLLINS (V.O.)  
Soho 0827?

ELLIE (V.O.)  
Hi, I saw an advert. For a room to  
let.

MS. COLLINS (V.O.)  
Yes?

ELLIE (V.O.)  
I'd like to let it.

MS. COLLINS (V.O.)  
Well do you know Goodge Street?

ELLIE (V.O.)  
I can find it.

MS. COLLINS (V.O.)  
Well it's 8 Goodge Place. Press the  
buzzer for Collins.

27 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GOODGE PLACE - LATER

27

Ellie stands outside a Victorian mansion block. It has a faded grandeur about it. She rings the doorbell. We hear a voice call out.

MS. COLLINS (O.S.)  
Just coming, dearie.

The door opens on a latch. Ms. Collins, a hard-faced bespectacled woman in her mid-70s, opens the door.

ELLIE  
Ms. Collins? We spoke on the phone.

28 INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

28

Ms. Collins leads Ellie up the stairs. It's dark even in the day, so the elderly landlady switches on a timer light.

MS. COLLINS  
Room's on the top floor. Have a few  
rules. Don't take smokers.

ELLIE  
I don't smoke.

MS. COLLINS  
No male visitors after 8 o'clock.

ELLIE  
Not a problem.

MS. COLLINS  
No using the laundry room at night.  
It rattles right through to mine.

ELLIE  
I don't do laundry.

Ms. Collins frowns at Ellie.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
I don't do nighttime laundry... I  
do do laundry. I am very clean.

MS. COLLINS

Good.

29 INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

29

Ms. Collins opens the door. Ellie steps inside. This place is nothing to write home about. Just a bed, a nice old vanity mirror, tiny kitchenette through an alcove, tiny bathroom off. But Ellie is sold.

MS. COLLINS

It's too old fashioned for some. But I won't do nothing to it, so if you don't like it, find somewhere else.

ELLIE

It's perfect. I love it.

Ms. Collins stays by the door and gives a very perfunctory tour from the hallway.

MS. COLLINS

Bed, kitchenette, bathroom. You won't have to worry about this until the summer but you have to keep the plugs in because all the smells rise up.

Ellie is still captivated by the room and its view.

ELLIE

How long have you been here?

MS. COLLINS

A long time. Used to work here, cleaning and such, back when round here was a bad spot. Got it for buttons off the old owner.

ELLIE

It must be worth a lot now...

MS. COLLINS

I could never sell it. Too many memories.

ELLIE

Yeah. If I could live any place and anytime I would pick London, here, in the sixties. It must have felt like the centre of the universe...

Ms. Collins is unmoved, keen to press on.

MS. COLLINS  
You know what a landline is? Some  
of your lot don't.

ELLIE  
Of course.

Ms. Collins points to a rotary phone on the bedside table.

MS. COLLINS  
Don't get too excited, it only  
makes emergency calls. Oh, and I  
hope you like garlic?

ELLIE  
Yeah?

MS. COLLINS  
There's a French bistro next door  
and pretty soon you won't be able  
to smell anything else.

30

INT. GROUND FLOOR FLAT - DAY

30

Ellie sits in a comfy chair in Ms. Collins' musty, but well  
appointed flat. The walls are adorned with trinkets and  
pictures similar to Peggy's home.

MS. COLLINS  
So when are you looking to move in?

ELLIE  
As soon as possible.

Ms. Collins brings over a mug.

MS. COLLINS  
You're not in trouble or anything?

ELLIE  
No. I just need... an escape.

MS. COLLINS  
Don't we all, dearie? What's your  
line of work?

ELLIE  
Oh, I'm a student, but I have a  
loan and a bursary.

Ms. Collins seems satisfied.

MS. COLLINS  
What do you study?

ELLIE  
Fashion.

MS. COLLINS  
Oh, interesting?

ELLIE  
Yeah. My gran is a seamstress and my mother is, was, in the industry too. So I know how tough it can be, but I'm determined.

MS. COLLINS  
And you're sure you'll be able to make the rent?

ELLIE  
I can make it work, yes.

MS. COLLINS  
Well, I do ask for a little more than your average landlady. I'll need two months rent in advance and another two months deposit.

Ellie mentally does the math, she looks a little worried.

ELLIE  
Okay.

Ms. Collins leans forward and gets serious.

MS. COLLINS  
I've had a few people just take off in the middle of the night, that's why.

Ellie also leans forward.

ELLIE  
Ms. Collins. I would never do that.

31 INT. STUDENT HALLS - COMMUNAL AREA - NIGHT

31

Ellie takes off in middle of the night. She lugs her bags through the communal area, which is seemingly empty.

32 INT. ELLIE'S NEW BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

We see Ellie at peace, alone, unpacking in her new bedroom. While it's not quite home, it's close enough. She settles on her bed for a beat and finally exhales. The photograph of her mother is on the bedside table, pride of place.

Ellie lifts it, stares at her mum - she's in her early 20s. Confident and ambitious. Her eyes sparkle with life. With hope. Ellie runs her finger over the image of her mother invoking her as she did before.

But when she looks expectantly around the room...

There is no vision of her mother, no ghost. Ellie is alone. For a second it's almost overwhelming. Ellie sets the photograph back down.

She changes into a comfy hoodie and PJs. Sets up her Crosley player. Puts on some vinyl.

She runs her hands along the warped musty walls, getting a feel for her new home, her new, private domain.

She lies back and stares at black vinyl spinning.

**SONG: 'YOU'RE MY WORLD' by Cilla Black.**

Tricolor neon seeps in from the French restaurant sign next door and flashes in her dark bedroom.

*Red, white, blue. Red, white, blue-*

Ellie pulls the bedsheets over her head to dampen the neon.

The light gets through. *Red, white, blue-*

*Red, red, red.*

*Red, red, red-*

33 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

33

*Red, red, red...*

Ellie pulls the bed sheet off her face to find that-

She's no longer in bed.

Ellie glances around the strange place. She's in a tunnel.

The amber glow of streetlights glint from the far end. Ellie stands and, still in her PJs and hoodie, heads for the bright lights. Walking over the cobbles until it opens onto-

34 EXT. MAYFAIR STREET (1960'S) - NIGHT 34

London of the 1960s. Some buildings are the same, but the changes are noticeable; the signage, the lighting, the cars, the fashions.

Right in front of Ellie is the entrance to a glamorous nightclub, the famous 'Café de Paris'. She is drawn towards the front door, chic men and women are queued up outside.

Ellie drifts inexorably towards the entrance. Two well dressed BOUNCERS spot her and exchange a look. One smiles and makes room for her to walk straight into-

35 INT. CAFÉ DE PARIS, FOYER - NIGHT 35

Sumptuous, the decor drips money. Ellie stands in the middle of its stunning foyer. In her PJs. The posh cloakroom attendant doesn't seem to mind.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT  
May I take your cloak, madame?

Ellie looks at her stained hoodie.

ELLIE  
My cloak? Uh, yeah.

She unzips her hoodie and hands it to the Attendant. As she does, she clocks a full length mirror to her side. Ellie stares in it. Bewildered.

Her reflection is SANDIE, early 20s, stunning, confident, and ambitious. She's dressed to the nines. There's a radiance to her, everyone is drawn to it. None more so than Ellie.

Ellie walks towards the mirror, testing the reflection, unable to believe that she could ever look like Sandie, not even in her wildest dreams.

Sandie has a tumbling set of platinum curls (the classic Brigitte Bardot 'choucroute' haircut of the time) that offset her gorgeous face. Her eyes sparkle back at Ellie.

We push into the mirror and observe Sandie in the reflection.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Are we with a gentleman this evening?

Sandie turns, as one of the bouncers approaches. And as we pull out from the mirror, perspectives magically shift.

Now Sandie stands in the lobby and Ellie is in the reflection. It's as if Ellie is inhabiting Sandie's body.

SANDIE

We are not.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT

So Madame is alone?

Sandie smiles, her charm has an edge of defiance.

SANDIE

I am.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT

Very good.

The Cloakroom Attendant shows Sandie to the stairs, she descends into-

36 INT. CAFÉ DE PARIS, CLUB - NIGHT

36

All eyes are on Sandie as she descends a mirrored staircase. She is the belle of the ball.

In the reflection of the mirrors we see Ellie (still in her PJs) going down with her, she too is looking at Sandie.

On stage is CILLA BLACK herself, singing the very song that Ellie was playing on vinyl in her room.

Sandie walks confidently onto the nightclub floor and into the crowd. Music swells as she parts the sea of rich club-goers, attracting attention from male and female patrons.

She heads to a beautiful bar. Before she makes it, a rotund balding man in his forties stands in her way. He's well dressed, but oozes sweat and sleaze. We'll call him CUBBY.

CUBBY

Hello. You're a gorgeous creature. What's your name?

SANDIE

Sandie.



Cubby gestures towards a dark booth peopled with other similarly shifty men in dark suits.

CUBBY

Care to join my friends and I,  
Sandie?

SANDIE

Thank you, but I'm here to meet the  
owner.

CUBBY

I am the owner.

Cubby grins. Sandie looks at him, wry disbelief.

SANDIE

I doubt that.

CUBBY

I'm whatever you want me to be,  
Sandie.

She brushes off Cubby's affections as Cilla Black finishes her song to applause from the crowd.

Sandie rocks up at a bar with a mirrored back, we see Ellie watching in the reflection, an observer in a glacial dimension.

As Sandie waits for service, she sees JACK. Movie star handsome with slicked back hair. He's perfectly dressed; tiepin, pocket-square. He sips a drink, eyes locked onto her.

Sandie smiles for just long enough, then looks away.

In the mirror we can see Ellie as Sandie's reflection still watching all of this with awe. The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

What's your poison, miss?

SANDIE

I'm not here to drink, actually. I  
want to speak to the owner.

BARTENDER

Owner's not in tonight. What do you  
want to speak to them about?

SANDIE

I want to be your new headline act.

BARTENDER  
Where have you played before?

SANDIE  
Nowhere.

BARTENDER  
Who starts at the Café de Paris?

SANDIE  
Me.

The Bartender smiles.

BARTENDER  
I can take your name if you want,  
but maybe you should speak to Jack  
in the meantime.

SANDIE  
Jack?

The bartender points to him, now standing next to Cilla Black making small talk.

BARTENDER  
Over there, the guy standing by  
Cilla Black. He manages a lot of  
girls.

Sandie's eyes twinkle. She makes her way over to Jack and slides in next to him. She looks up at him, it's magnetic. He turns away from Cilla and looks to Sandie with a smile.

JACK  
Why, hello there.

SANDIE  
The bartender said I should get to  
know the handsome fella standing  
next to Cilla Black.

JACK  
You should. And you are?

SANDIE  
The next Cilla Black.

Jack likes this. Takes her in.

JACK  
Are you now? Well, you know she  
started as a coat check girl. You  
willing to work your way up?

SANDIE  
Of course.

JACK  
What can I get you to drink...?

SANDIE  
It's Sandie. And I'd love a Vesper.

Jack orders her a cocktail, looks her up and down.

JACK  
So what do you do, Sandie?

SANDIE  
Well I sing, of course.

JACK  
How is your dancing?

SANDIE  
Care for a demonstration?

A new song starts up in the club and Sandie pulls Jack onto the dance floor.

**SONG: 'WADE IN THE WATER' by The Graham Bond Organisation.**

Sandie proceeds to tear up the dance floor. Everyone is looking at her. Jack watches appreciatively and then joins her in the dance. The two cut a rug and look good doing it.

At a key moment in the choreography, Sandie becomes Ellie for a magical moment, also now done up to the nines and with the same platinum Bardot curls.

The dance ends with Sandie back to normal, Ellie in the reflection. Jack seems bowled over.

SANDIE (CONT'D)  
Your thoughts?

Jack slips a hand around Sandie's waist and waltzes with her.

JACK  
You're already a star.

She grins.

JACK (CONT'D)  
But you could be an old lady before you get on stage here...

Sandie's face drops a little.

JACK (CONT'D)

How about I get you a gig somewhere this week?

SANDIE

You could do that?

JACK

I could indeed. But first, let me get your drink.

Jack goes back to the bar. Cubby pounces on her once again.

CUBBY

Do I get a dance now?

SANDIE

'fraid not

CUBBY

Oh, you looked up for it just then.

SANDIE

I'm just waiting for my friend Jack to get my drink.

CUBBY

Well, I'm sure Jack won't mind.

SANDIE

I mind.

Cubby turns nasty. Grabbing Sandie's arm.

CUBBY

Don't pretend you don't love the attention...

Jack returns with the Vesper.

JACK

This man bothering you?

Before Sandie can answer, Cubby weighs in.

CUBBY

I was only asking our friend Sandie for a dance.

JACK

Her card is full right now.

In one smooth move Jack waltzes her away from Cubby.

CUBBY

Alright old chap. Don't hog her all night.

JACK

You're the hog, old chap.

Sandie can't believe how cheeky Jack is. Cubby seethes.

CUBBY

Now don't be a cunt about it. You can keep your little whore-

JACK

What did you call the lady?

CUBBY

She's a slut mate, look at her-

BOOM. Jack punches Cubby out. Lightning quick. Cubby reels back, his hands ball into fists, before he can strike back - BANG. Jack hits him again, knocks him down.

It's all so sudden and shocking. We can see the flush of emotions on Sandie's face; she's both scared and thrilled.

In a nearby mirror we can see that Ellie feels the same.

There's commotion as bouncers swarm the dance floor. Jack pulls Sandie out of the fray, and into-

37 INT. CLUB PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

37

Plush, mirrored on three sides. The commotion rages outside. Jack and Sandie are suddenly in very close proximity. Sandie looks into Jack's deep blue eyes. They kiss.

In the mirror, we see Sandie look into her own reflection and see Ellie staring back at her. We see the ecstasy on Sandie's face as Jack roughly kisses her. We see the stunned expression on Ellie's face as Jack bites at their neck.

The bouncers close in. They are found. They run up the stairs laughing like kids.

38 EXT. CAFE DÉ PARIS - NIGHT

38

Suddenly in a rush, we are back on the street where we started, Jack gesturing to a Triumph Spitfire. In the background the lights of Piccadilly Circus twinkle.

JACK  
Least I can do is drive you home?

SANDIE  
What's the most?

Jack grins.

SANDIE (CONT'D)  
Do you know Goodge Street?

JACK  
Well.

SANDIE  
I'm on Goodge Place. Number 8.

39 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS (1960'S) - NIGHT 39

Buzzing and beautiful. Neon glows in the night, mirrored on Jack's windshield, dancing in Sandie's eyes. In the reflection of Jack's window we can see Ellie on the other side, looking on, awed by the vintage glamor.

JACK  
Being here, with all these lights shining on you... It's the closest most people ever get to being on stage, to their dreams.

SANDIE  
Not me...

JACK  
Not you. I can see, you want it.

SANDIE  
More than anything.

JACK  
This is just a taste of things to come, Sandie.

40 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GOODGE PLACE (1960'S) - NIGHT 40

Jack pulls up outside a Victorian mansion block on Goodge Place, the same as Ellie's but in 1965. Jack escorts her to their door.

JACK  
So, I'll see you again?

SANDIE

I hope so.

JACK

Tomorrow. 8pm?

There are sparks between her and Jack.

SANDIE

You know where to find me.

41 INT. SANDIE'S BEDROOM (1960'S) - NIGHT 41

Sandie takes off her make-up in the vanity mirror. She looks very young under the foundation. Pinned to the mirror are some of her headshots. We pull back to see Ellie sitting at the mirror watching Sandie in the reflection.

Sandie gets up and moves over to the bed. Ellie watches her.

As Sandie drops off to sleep, Ellie stands over her watching. Suddenly compelled, she reaches out to touch Sandie's arm. As she does, she-

42 INT. ELLIE'S ROOM (MODERN DAY) - EARLY MORNING 42

Wakes up.

Ellie is back in her PJs in her normal bedroom, modern day. She almost looks disappointed.

43 INT. CLASSROOM - LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - DAY 43

A workshop-like classroom. A mix of STUDENTS, sit sewing at machines and easels. Amid all the activity is -

Ellie, beautifully put together today, intensely focused on a fashion illustration of the same '60s dress that Sandie wore in last night's dream. The face of the woman she sketches also looks very much like Sandie.

JOHN (O.S.)

Self portrait, is it?

Ellie turns to see John looking over her shoulder. She smiles at his question and says, softly, almost to herself.

ELLIE

No. Just someone I know.

JOHN  
She looks pretty cool.

ELLIE  
She is.

JOHN  
So, you like this retro style?

ELLIE  
Yeah, there's something about the  
sixties that just speaks to me...

Jocasta wanders over, annoyed by the attention Ellie is getting. When she sees the sketch, she can't help but be impressed. Then her eyes catch something: a mark on Ellie's neck. Right where Jack was kissing Sandie.

JOCASTA  
This is very retro. The hickey.  
Very daring.

Ellie looks confused as Jocasta points at her neck. She can feel the eyes of the class suddenly upon her.

John, working on his own designs, can't help but overhear.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)  
So, what did you get up to last  
night in Soho? Out with some guy?  
Or girl!

Ellie pulls her sweater up, embarrassed. Jocasta grins.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)  
No judgements from me. Live ya best life.  
(sotto)  
You should get some arnica on that,  
babes.

44 INT. COLLEGE BATHROOM - LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - DAY 44

Ellie examines the love bite in the mirror. She's horrified. And then just for a flash, we see excitement in her eyes.

45 EXT. LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - DAY 45

**SONG: 'I'VE GOT MY MIND SET ON YOU' by James Ray.**

Ellie leaves college, headphones in, a smirk on her lips. John chases after her, a can of Coke in his hand.



JOHN

Ellie!

John taps her on the shoulder. She stops, pulls out a bud.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I really liked what you were drawing today.

ELLIE

Thanks.

He hands her a can of Coke with 'SORRY' written on it.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You didn't have to.

JOHN

Least I could do...

ELLIE

What's the most?

John is a little taken aback. Ellie instantly reddens.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know why I said that... I thought it would sound cool.

JOHN

Uh, yeah. Do you have any plans tonight?

ELLIE

I kinda do actually.

John looks a little disappointed as Ellie smiles to herself.

46

INT. ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

46

**SONG: Continues from previous scene.**

Ellie is back on her bed in her sleep clothes. The neon outside is flashing:

*Red, white, blue. Red, white, blue. Red, white, blue.*

Ellie turns over in bed. Tries to get to sleep.

*Red, red, red...*

She squeezes her eyes shut, desperate to drift off.

The door bell RINGS. She opens her eyes, confused by the sound. It rings again, as if someone is holding it down.

47 INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 47

Ellie pads to the front door. She opens it to find-

Jack at the door, all dressed up, charming as ever. Behind him, Goodge Place is clearly from the mid-'60s.

JACK  
Sorry, I'm a little late.

When we cut back to Ellie, Sandie stands in her place. She is ready to go out, all made up and wearing a white Mackintosh coat over a gorgeous dress. She's also pretty pissed off.

SANDIE  
A little doesn't quite cover it.

JACK  
I've a feeling you'll forgive me.

48 EXT. THE RIALTO (1960'S) - NIGHT 48

Jack and Sandie pull up in his Triumph outside a Soho nightclub on a side street. Sandie stares at the ornate stone 'R' that's above the awning that reads 'RIALTO'. She peers through the glass, the foyer is dark and empty.

SANDIE  
It's closed.

JACK  
Not for you.

Jack opens the door and enters-

49 INT. THE RIALTO (1960'S) - NIGHT 49

After hours, the club is deserted, spooky even. There's a bar, some plush booths at the back and seating for 100 in front of a small stage with velvet curtains.

SANDIE  
What's going on?

CLUB OWNER (O.S.)  
An audition...

She jumps and turns to CLUB OWNER, well dressed, older. He stands up in the second row, now visible to Sandie. She looks at Jack, he flashes that killer smile.

MOMENTS LATER.

The curtains pull back to reveal Sandie on stage in a spotlight. Jack and the Club Owner sit in the second row.

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)  
Alright, knock us dead.

SANDIE  
(a-cappella.)  
*When you're alone and life is  
making you lonely, you can always  
go... downtown. When you've got  
worries, all the noise and the  
hurry seems to help, I know...  
downtown.*

Jack and the Club Owner watch on entranced as Sandie sings 'Downtown' by Petula Clark. We pan from them to-

Sandie commanding the stage, her voice hauntingly beautiful.

We pan back to see-

Ellie sitting in the front row of the audience in her PJs, before the Club Owner and Jack (who cannot see her).

Ellie stands and walks towards the singing Sandie, utterly drawn to her. She stops at the foot of the stage, entranced.

Sandie finishes. Ellie continues staring at her beguiling figure. Applause from Jack shatters the silence.

CLUB OWNER  
So. She can sing.

Ellie watches as Sandie walks into the blackness of the wings-

50

EXT. THE RIALTO (1960'S) - MOMENTS LATER

50

And emerges from the blackness of the Rialto entrance into the street. Street cleaners begin their graveyard shift in the near-empty streets.

Sandie is now walking together with Jack, they are giddy and excited. Ellie follows close behind.

SANDIE  
I can't fucking believe it...

JACK

I can.

SANDIE

I can't wait to get back on there-

JACK

It's no Café de Paris-

SANDIE

It's perfect, Jack. Thank you.

JACK

Like I said, least I can do.

SANDIE

This is much better than being a coat-check girl. And we all have to start somewhere...

JACK

Indeed we do.

SANDIE

Do you think I should get a stage name?

JACK

What's Sandie short for?

SANDIE

Alexandra.

JACK

Stick with Sandie. Suits you.

They stop outside the window of a dress shop. We can now see Ellie in the reflection, watching the two of them.

SANDIE

Could do with some more outfits.

JACK

Anything else you need?

SANDIE

A manager. Know anyone?

JACK

I think I can manage you...

She grins playfully. Jack pulls her close, smiles down at her. They kiss.

The camera whirls around them, wraps them in the darkness of the street as they embrace. In a blink of an eye, we are in-

51 INT. SANDIE'S BEDROOM (1960'S) - CONTINUOUS 51

Sandie breaks off from the kiss. She and Jack are now magically in her bedroom, still in an embrace.

SANDIE

As long as you're in this for the long run.

JACK

Sandie, I'm with you till the end.

Jack and Sandie fall onto the bed and into shadow. We reveal in the background: Ellie watching, an unwitting voyeur. She cannot tear her eyes away.

52 INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM (NOW) - NIGHT 52

Ellie wakes with a start. She is sitting up in the very bed that she dreamt Jack and Sandie were just lying on.

She lies back down, tries to get back to sleep.

53 INT. HAIR SALON - DAY 53

The screen is filled with a head of golden curls, the back of Sandie's head. But-

The chair swivels to reveal Ellie.

She has had her hair dyed to the same platinum blonde as Sandie, styled like the 'Bardot' choucroute. She looks in the mirror, admiring her new look, then beams at the stylist.

ELLIE

I can't fucking believe it.

FLASH. She takes a selfie of her new platinum 'do'.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Well, it's certainly a surprise.

54 EXT. LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - DAY 54

**SONG: 'HEATWAVE' by The Who.**

A confident Ellie walks down the street towards the entrance to her college. She's on the phone with Peggy.

PEGGY (O.S.)

If I didn't know it was you, I'd walk right by you on the street. It makes you look so... grown up.

ELLIE

You don't like it?

PEGGY (O.S.)

I like it if you like it.

She can't ignore the admiring looks she gets from passers-by.

ELLIE

I love it.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Well, good. I'm just glad you're finding yourself in London, Eloise.

ELLIE

It's everything I dreamed of.

55

INT. CLASSROOM - LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - DAY

55

MS. TOBIN

It's ambitious I'll give you that. But I'm not sure this vintage fabric will behave...

Ellie is standing by a larger and more detailed version of her drawing of Sandie's dress.

She's drawn the dress from several angles, Sandie too. The detail is stunning. Fabric swatches are pinned all over the board. Ms. Tobin is standing next to Ellie, running her hand over the chosen fabrics.

MS. TOBIN (CONT'D)

It's going to be tricky to work with. Best to use something modern-

ELLIE

No. This is exactly what it needs, something radiant, but not too structured.

MS. TOBIN

Okay, go on.

ELLIE

It needs to meld, flow like her...  
how it drapes on her arms, gathers  
at her sides.

MS. TOBIN

Her? You imagine the wearer when  
you are designing?

Ellie can feel the eyes of the class on her now.

ELLIE

Yes... It's just... when you see  
someone in it, when I imagine it...  
She's wearing the dress, the dress  
isn't wearing her.

Ms. Tobin looks at Ellie, really impressed.

MS. TOBIN

I hope you were all listening to  
that?

Ellie looks round, all the eyes of her classmates are on her.  
They look a little awed. Jocasta *whispers* under her breath.

JOCASTA

*Was it something about the sixties?*

Ellie kind of loves the attention.

MS. TOBIN

Excellent, Ellie. And I like the hair.

ELLIE

Thank you.

56 INT. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY

56

SHOP ASSISTANT

It really suits you...

A female Shop Assistant looks on as Ellie tries on a vintage  
white Mackintosh in a second hand store in Soho. The outfit  
has unmistakable echoes of the one Sandie wore to the Rialto.

ELLIE

It does, doesn't it? Everything was  
just so well made back then...

SHOP ASSISTANT

We have a BIBA dress in the back.  
1967, immaculate condition, you  
should try that one too...

The assistant heads off to get it and Ellie steps closer to the cheval mirror to check herself out. But then she sees-

A detail of the building across the street. It's the ornate stone 'R' that was above the awning of the Rialto. Ellie stares at it, dumbstruck.

57 EXT. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 57

Ellie, in a trance, walks into the street and stares at what was once the club. It's now one of the many 'spa' massage parlors in Soho. The building has changed, but the stone 'R' is undeniably the same one she saw in her dream last night.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Excuse me!

The assistant has followed her into the street.

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Are you going to pay for that?

ELLIE

Yes. Yeah. Sorry.

58 INT. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 58

Ellie is back in her own clothes as the assistant rings up the dress.

SHOP ASSISTANT

So, that will be £375.

Ellie's face falls.

ELLIE

Seriously?

59 INT. THE TOUCAN - DAY 59

Ellie walks into the Irish pub that she went to on the first night. It's near empty in the day and less obnoxious for it. A BARTENDER is serving the few customers present.

ELLIE

Are you still hiring?



60 INT. THE TOUCAN BASEMENT - DAY

60

Ellie descends the stairs to see the manager, CAROL, 50-something with many laugh lines, talking to a GENTLEMAN at the bar. His back is to Ellie and we cannot see his face.

CAROL

What can I get you, love?

ELLIE

I was hoping, a job?

Carol looks her up and down.

CAROL

Have a seat, you want a drink?

ELLIE

Uh, yeah... Can I get a Vesper?

CAROL

This isn't Mayfair darling. You ever even worked in a pub before?

ELLIE

No. But we all have to start somewhere.

CAROL

(smirks)

I'll get you a G&T.

Carol nods for Ellie to sit and disappears to make the drink. As Ellie moves over towards the seat, the GENTLEMAN who was talking to Carol, looks round at her and catches her eye.

Ellie's face ripples with recognition: it is the SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN from her first night in London. He stares at her. She shifts uncomfortably. Carol reappears.

CAROL (CONT'D)

So what shifts can you do?

ELLIE

Whenever you want.

61 EXT. THE TOUCAN - EVENING

61

Ellie heads down the street, checking out her blonde reflections in the shop window. Black apron and rota in hand.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (O.S.)

S'cuse me? S'cuse me, love?

Ellie turns to see the Silver Haired Gentleman from the bar following her. She moves quicker, but she has to stop at the lights. He catches up with her.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you, blondie.

ELLIE  
Sorry, I have to be somewhere.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
I'm not trying to pick you up  
sweetheart, don't worry.

ELLIE  
I'm not worried.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
You look familiar to me... Who's  
your mother?

ELLIE  
My mother is dead.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
Oh, I thought she might be. Most of  
them are...

Profoundly weirded out, Ellie steps away from him and into the street. A BLACK CAB comes out of nowhere. She's almost knocked down. The Silver Haired Gentleman smiles.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Watch where you're going girl...

62 EXT/INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GOODGE PLACE - LATER 62

Shaken, Ellie looks around to make sure she's not followed as she opens her door. Ms. Collins is in the hallway sorting through her post. She looks at Ellie suspiciously

MS. COLLINS  
Can I help you?

ELLIE  
It's me, Ellie.

Ms. Collins looks at her for a beat, then realises.

MS. COLLINS  
So it is. Look at that. You've  
changed your hair.

ELLIE

Yes, I wanted to go for something different... a bit sixties.

MS. COLLINS

You play a lot of that music... don't you?

ELLIE

Is it too loud?

MS. COLLINS

Not at all. But what's that about? It's from my day, not yours.

ELLIE

My Gran played it a lot... I guess I just like the old songs better than the stuff today.

MS. COLLINS

The music was better, yes.

63

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

**SONG: 'DOWNTOWN' by Petula Clark.**

Ellie is in bed early, listening to 'Downtown'. Trying to trigger the next dream, desperately excited.

*Red, white, blue. Red, white, blue-*

We hear clapping in time with an OOMPAH RHYTHM.

*Red, red, red-*

64

INT. THE RIALTO (1960'S) - THIRD DREAM - NIGHT

64

Ellie opens her eyes. She's now in the audience of the Rialto, still in her PJs and sleep clothes. The club is full but she can only see the SILHOUETTES of the patrons, clapping in time with the OOMPAH RHYTHM.

The curtains pull back and a female silhouette is on stage. There are cheers as a spotlight switches on to reveal-

A half naked burlesque performer who is NOT Sandie. She has marionette strings on her arms that disappear up into the rafters. She lip syncs 'Puppet On A String'.

**SONG: 'PUPPET ON A STRING' by Sandie Shaw.**

MARIONETTE SINGER  
*I wonder if one day that you'll say  
 that you care. If you say you love  
 me madly, I'll gladly be there.  
 Like a puppet on a string.*

Ellie is struck with disappointment. Her eyes scan around for Sandie. At the bar, Jack nudges his neighbour and points on stage. Ellie follows his line to see-

DANCERS flanking the main 'singer' on stage. They too wear marionette strings and are even less clothed. The crowd roars. There's something primal in the cheers.

Ellie focuses on the stage and her breath catches. Sandie appears. *One of the back-up dancers.* She has a painted-on smile as she performs. Ellie sinks a little.

Sandie and the other dancers sway, a risqué move causes another cheer. Ellie turns to see that the crowd is all men, creepy and leering. Wolf whistles cut through the music.

She turns back to the show to see Sandie blow a kiss to a leering guy in the audience. This prompts Ellie to leave.

She stands and struggles through the leering crowd. Ellie spots the Club Owner sitting in a booth pointing out Sandie to some rich looking businessmen.

She moves quicker, heading for the exit. She closes in on Jack at the bar. He's drinking with - is that? - Cubby, the nasty piece of work from Café de Paris.

Ellie storms out of the venue, the OOMPAH RHYTHM and clapping ring in her head. She heads to the exit, but instead of escaping into the street, she finds herself in-

65

INT. SANDIE'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

65

Ellie is suddenly alone with Sandie. Who looks at herself in a tatty mirror, her headshot pinned to it. The beautiful, excited young Sandie stares out from the B&W photograph.

Sandie scrapes off her thick make-up. We can now see that time has passed between these dreams. Sandie is a little older now, drawn and thinner in the face.

She lights a cigarette and takes a long draw, staring at herself in the mirror as she exhales.

She stares at her own headshot, at a younger her. Sandie looks crushed. This is not the life she imagined.

Sandie then snaps and hits her own headshot with her fist. The mirror cracks behind the photo.

Ellie approaches, goes to place her hand on Sandie's shoulder. As she makes contact there is a knock at the door-

JACK (O.S.)  
Where's my Sandie?

Sandie says nothing. Jack knocks again, more forceful.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Night's not over yet.

Sandie and Ellie look toward the door, in unison.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on, open up!

66 INT. HALL OUTSIDE SANDIE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 66

The door opens, but it is not Sandie who answers to Jack, but Ellie as Sandie, inhabiting her body and dress.

ELLIE  
What do you want?

JACK  
Don't talk daft. You know.

Jack grabs her hand and takes her back into the club.

67 INT. THE RIALTO - MOMENTS LATER 67

At a VIP booth in the club sits the CLUB OWNER and some rich businessmen, one of whom we will call POINTER.

Jack approaches with Ellie / Sandie in tow and sits down.

POINTER, a bespectacled sleaze, leans forward to kiss Ellie / Sandie's hand.

POINTER  
We were promised a great show. And show you did. Show you did.

ELLIE  
(Quiet, angry)  
Thank you.

Pointer doesn't let go of her hand. Ellie / Sandie looks at Jack, hoping he will step in. He doesn't.

POINTER

Maybe we could go for some drinks,  
Sandie. Just us.

ELLIE

I'm with Jack.

POINTER

Jack doesn't mind, do you?

JACK

Not one bit.

Ellie / Sandie looks at him, shocked. She gets up and leaves.  
Jack follows her, catches up and grabs her arm.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sandie! Get back here!

SANDIE

Jack, I don't want to do this.

Jack pulls her close, his handsome face twisting into a  
sneer. It's frightening.

JACK

You told me you were serious about  
being a performer, so if you want  
to keep doing it, then these are  
the kind of men that you need to  
keep happy. The men you really need  
to perform for.

SANDIE

No, Jack.

Sandie pulls away, he chases after her.

JACK

Everybody else is doing it, what  
makes you so special?

Sandie turns back, but is now an angry Eloise.

ELLIE (AS SANDIE)

She said no.

Ellie / Sandie breaks away. Jack shouts after her.

JACK

We all have to start somewhere...

68

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE RIALTO - CONTINUOUS

68

Ellie runs into the dressing room area and frantically looks for an exit in the warren of dressing rooms and corridors.

Jack chases after her, but even as she loses him she can still hear his angry voice.

JACK (O.S.)

Sandie! Don't be a damn fool.

Ellie's desperate search for an exit takes her through a maze of misery. She catches glimpses in rooms off this corridor:

In the first room is a YOUNG DANCER, sobbing on the phone.

YOUNG DANCER

*No... It's not what I thought.*

In the second room: a slightly older DANCER, takes two pills. She smiles into the mirror, it doesn't reach her eyes.

JACK (O.S.)

Sandie! This is the way it works.

In the third room: the DANCER is older again, clearly on uppers, scantily clad, dancing for a punter. His hands are all over her. She squirms under his touch as he pulls off her clothes.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'd do what your manager tells you!

In the fourth room: we catch a glimpse of flesh - a DANCER is naked, *servicing* a customer. Ellie runs, faster now.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You don't want me to be unhappy do you?

In the fifth room: a DANCER is on downers, drug paraphernalia litters the stained couch she lies on. She stares at the wall. Lost and alone.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Remember you were the one who wanted this! *More than anything you said.*

The passage out of this hellish club becomes unclear, this backstage world feeling more like a Kafka-esque trap.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You know this is all an act. You  
 know where this is heading, Sandie.  
 You owe me. Where you gonna run to?  
 Home?

Hurriedly, Ellie opens one last door in a dark hallway, only for it to open into-

69 INT. SANDIE'S BEDROOM (1960'S) - NIGHT 69

Ellie finds herself back in the '60s bedroom. And before her- Sandie. On the bed. Wrapped in sheets that are tangled, post-coital. She's sleeping, or at least pretending to. Ellie, now back in her PJs, looks on, horrified.

Jack's voice echoes...

JACK (AUDIO FLASHBACK) (O.S)  
 You willing to work your way up?

She approaches Sandie to see if she's okay. Pulls the sheets down to cover her naked legs.

BARTENDER (AUDIO FLASHBACK) (O.S.)  
 You should speak to Jack. He  
 manages a lot of girls...

Ellie then sees on the nightstand-

A wad of pound notes. Her face drops.

JACK (AUDIO FLASHBACK) (O.S)  
 This is just a taste of things to  
 come, Sandie.

Behind her-

The toilet flushes. Light spills into the room as the bathroom door opens.

POINTER (O.S.)  
 Coo-ee.

A perspiring Pointer enters in shirt and underwear. He is doing up his tie as he walks toward Sandie (and Ellie).

POINTER (CONT'D)  
 I know you're not asleep...

Ellie's face drops with horror. She watches as the smug Pointer approaches Sandie on the bed. Then shouts-



ELLIE  
Leave her alone!

Pointer turns, seemingly looking right at Eloise. Then-

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Both of them turn to look at Ellie's alarm, or the place where her alarm should be.

70 INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM (TODAY)- MORNING 70

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-

Ellie wakes with a start. She reaches over to shut off her alarm. When suddenly-

POINTER'S HAND GRABS HER.

POINTER  
You know you're not asleep.

Pointer is here in the real world! His sweaty, smug face leers directly at Ellie. His clammy hand clutches her.

71 INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM (TODAY) - MORNING 71

Ellie wakes with a start. She's alone.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. Her alarm is still going off.

72 INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM (TODAY) - MOMENTS LATER 72

A freaked out Ellie stands in the kitchenette making a cup of tea. As the kettle boils, she notices a loose flap of plaster on the wall. She pulls it back to reveal-

The '60s wallpaper pattern from the bedroom in her 'dreams'.

The sound of the whistling kettle mirrors her growing anxiety. This is proof of the reality in these dreams.

She tears more paper away. Reveals a handwritten message underneath: *help me.*

73 INT. CLASSROOM - LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - LATER 73

Ellie, looking drawn and exhausted, stands amid the busy students working on their designs.

Before her, on a mannequin, is a rough version of the dress that Sandie was wearing in the first dream. Jack's voice echoes in her head.

JACK (V.O.)  
*You were the one who wanted this.  
 More than anything you said.*

Ellie's face contorts, something between sadness and disgust.

JACK (V.O.)  
 You're mine now.

She takes her draft drawing of the dress, scrunches it up.

Ellie then unpicks the fabric and dismantles her intricate sewing. John watches her obsessively undoing her work. Jocasta smirks and makes catty comments to Cami and company.

Ms. Tobin passes by and tries to stop her.

MS. TOBIN  
 Ellie? What are you doing?

ELLIE  
 Starting again.

MS. TOBIN  
 Wait! This is just a wobble, a crisis of confidence. See it all the time. But don't stop now, Ellie. You're really on to something here.

Ms. Tobin smooths out the crumpled sketch of Sandie and puts it in Ellie's hand. Ellie stares at it, haunted.

74 INT. THE TOUCAN - BASEMENT BAR - EVENING

74

Click - Carol snaps her fingers.

The bar is practically empty. Ellie is behind it, looking at the wrinkled drawing of Sandie on the bar top.

CAROL  
 You tuned to the moon?

Ellie looks at Carol: *huh?*

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 Customer-

Ellie turns to see John at the bar waiting to be served. He waves, flashes a smile. Ellie folds up her sketch of Sandie, leaves it on the bar and moves over to John.

ELLIE

Hi... what do you want?

JOHN

Well, I heard you worked here now, and I was going for a drink and I thought, kill two birds with one stone... just because you seemed a little upset in class today. And I thought maybe I could swing by and see how you were getting on.

ELLIE

Thanks. I meant, what do you want to drink?

They both look a little embarrassed.

JOHN

Oh yeah. Three Kronenbergs, please.

Ellie pulls the pints.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Heard you got a new place.

ELLIE

Yeah. I'm in a bed-sit.

JOHN

That's good, right?

ELLIE

Yeah, it's... really *something else*.

JOHN

I mean, it must be great living on your own?

ELLIE

Must be...

Ellie tails off. John can tell something's not right.

JOHN

Why, what's up?

ELLIE

Nothing, I'm just a little...  
overwhelmed at the moment. London's  
a lot.

John pauses for a beat. Waiting to see if she'll open up.

JOHN

I get it. Coming to the city can be  
a nightmare. Honestly, I'd be lying  
if I said I was having the best  
time in North London so far.

ELLIE

Where did you move from?

JOHN

South London.

Ellie smiles a little at this. She puts his pints on the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm going to get these to my mates,  
but I know what's it like to feel  
you don't belong. And I'm a good  
listener, if you ever want to talk  
about it.

Ellie looks directly at John as he says this.

He grabs his pints and leaves. Carol jokes at her.

CAROL

They're meant to talk about their  
problems to you... not the other  
way round.

Ellie tries to laugh it off. Her PHONE RINGS, she looks at  
the screen. It's Peggy calling. She leaves the bar to take it  
outside, passing the folded sketch on the bar.

Unseen by her, the Silver Haired Gentlemen turns to watch her  
leave. He's been at the bar this whole time. He then looks at  
the sketch left behind.

PEGGY (O.S.)

How is everything, you never tell  
me anything anymore?

75

EXT. THE TOUCAN - NIGHT

75

Ellie, on her break, is on her cellphone talking to Peggy.  
She appears strained, but tries to keep up her spirits.

ELLIE

Everything is just great, Gran.

A DRUNK GUY is being carried out of the Toucan by his friends. He spots Ellie.

DRUNK GUY

Goodbye beautiful. I'll be back tomorrow.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Who's that?

ELLIE

Oh no one. We're just out at the pub again. Having fun.

PEGGY (O.S.)

We?

ELLIE

Hurricane Jocasta. Everyone really. The whole class.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Something's wrong isn't it?

ELLIE

(caught)

No.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Ellie, I can hear it in your voice.

ELLIE

(breaks)

I really am at the pub. I'm working here.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Working there?

ELLIE

I moved out of halls. I needed to get my own place.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Did something happen? Did you see her again?

ELLIE

No, Mum's not here with me.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
Then what is it? What's wrong?

ELLIE  
Gran, I should go back in-

PEGGY (O.S.)  
Ellie, I know you think you have something to prove, but it's okay to ask for help. You just have to tell me. She didn't.

ELLIE  
I have to go. I love you.

Ellie lets out a breath. Visibly upset about lying to her grandmother.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (O.S.)  
Everything alright, Ellie?

We reveal The Silver Haired Gentleman is standing nearby. He takes a drag on a cigarette, grins.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Or do I call you Eloise like the old song?

ELLIE  
I don't know that song. And how do you know my name?

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
I make it my business to know all the pretty girls round here. All their problems. Always have done.

Ellie finds his gaze unnerving. He offers her a cigarette.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
You smoke don't you, love?

ELLIE  
No.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
Must be thinking of some other blonde.

The Silver Haired Gentleman produces the crumpled sketch of Sandie that Ellie left at the bar and hands it to her.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Be well.

He winks at her and wanders off into the night. Ellie watches him go, the male Bartender comes out to collect glasses.

BARTENDER

Was Handsey bothering you?

ELLIE

Handsey?!

BARTENDER

Yeah, he's a bit of an octopus. Carol says he was a right ladies man back in the day. Probably thinks he has a shot with you.

Ellie stares at the Gentleman as he walks off. The red lights of a reversing garbage truck illuminate him ominously.

76

INT. THE TOUCAN - BASEMENT BAR - AFTER HOURS

76

As Carol closes up, Ellie nurses the dregs of a whisky.

ELLIE

Do you believe in spirits?

CAROL

What kind of question is that? That brown stuff pays your wages.

Ellie looks at Carol. She's serious.

ELLIE

I mean, do you believe in ghosts?

CAROL

Ghosts? Why, are you scared down here? Look, I believe every old house, public or not, has its history, but this place? If this place is haunted by anything, it's the *good times*. The good vibrations and I don't mean The Beach Boys. When it's empty in here all I hear is the laughs. Every gangster, every copper, every red faced lush has been in here and all those *high spirits* have soaked into the walls. You could probably get drunk just on that.

ELLIE

Yeah...

Ellie stares down at her empty glass. Carol sighs.

CAROL

Ellie, I love you girl, you fit  
right in. But you can't *sleep here*.

76A INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 76A

Eloise enters the dark hallway and switches on the timer light. She ascends the stairs to her room with trepidation.

77 INT. ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 77

Ellie sits on her bed, still in her coat. The neon flashes outside. *Red, white, blue- Red, white, blue-*

She's anxious, fighting sleep. She looks at the record player. Doesn't feel like hearing anything. *Red, white, blue-*

*Red, red, red-*

She looks at the walls, worried about the spirits that may have soaked in here. Suddenly-

The record player starts playing of its own accord. Ellie stares at it. Terrified. *Red, red, red-*

Then, the door swings open. A furious and strung-out Jack enters (from the '60s.) He looks older, his charms have faded. He storms toward Ellie.

JACK

Come on. They're waiting for you.

He grabs Ellie's hand.

ELLIE

Don't touch me!

JACK

No rest for the wicked, Sandie!

Jack drags her to the door and pushes her through it and into-

78 INT. BASEMENT NIGHTCLUB (LATE 1960'S) - NIGHT 78

**SONG: 'LAND OF 1000 DANCES' by The Walker Brothers.**

We are now in a new club. Although it's entirely mirrored, it feels dark and cavernous.



Ellie has magically become Sandie again. (Ellie is trapped in the mirror as her reflection.)

This club is sleazier, the dance floor full of other girls dancing with older businessmen. There are booths at the side where clandestine meetings take place between girls and shifty looking men.

Sandie is wearing a revealing mini-dress. She looks at her reflection in the mirror, at her gaunt face, pale and colourless now from her nocturnal life. She shakes her head. *How did I end up here?*

A glowering Jack steps in front of the mirror. We see him for what he is, not a manager, but a pimp.

Sandie stares up at him, a hint of defiance in her eyes. Jack grabs her shoulders, seethes.

JACK

You know how to dance. You know why you're here. Get on with it.

He releases her. She dances. Full of melancholy. She looks at herself in the mirror again, trying not to catch the eyes of any of the men watching on.

A heartbroken Ellie watches; a prisoner in the mirror.

A man approaches the dancing Sandie. She looks up and meets his eyes. We will call him PUNTER 1.

PUNTER 1

Hello there.

79

INT. NIGHTCLUB BOOTH / DANCEFLOOR - INTERCUT

79

Sandie, cigarette in hand, sits in a corner booth with PUNTER 1, flanked by mirrors. This one table is reflected into infinity. (Ellie is in the mirror, helplessly watching on.)

In the following sequence we see many shifty punters talk to Sandie, the quick cuts representing an endless succession of nights in the claustrophobic club. Passage of time is shown by Sandie's changing dresses which get darker and darker.

*(NB The dialogue is interspersed with shots of Sandie dancing, growing more and more hectic, and out of control.)*

Champagne is placed on the table. Sandie takes a glass, turns to Punter 1 with a fixed smile and dead eyes.

SANDIE  
Thank you.

PUNTER 1  
What's your name?

SANDIE  
Alexandra.

PUNTER 1  
That's a lovely name.

SANDIE  
Thanks.

Sandie dances. Champagne served. New dress. New Punter.

PUNTER 2  
What's your name?

SANDIE  
Alexa.

PUNTER 2  
That's a lovely name.

SANDIE  
Thanks.

Sandie dances. Champagne served. New dress. New Punter.

PUNTER 3  
What's your name?

SANDIE  
Andie.

PUNTER 3  
That's a lovely name.

SANDIE  
Thanks.

Sandie dances. Champagne served. New dress. New Punter.

PUNTER 4  
What's your name?

SANDIE  
Lexy.

PUNTER 4  
That's a lovely name.

SANDIE

Thanks.

Sandie dances. Champagne served. New dress. New Punter.

PUNTER 5

What's your name?

This punter feels different. He has no sense of shame. His fixed grin is unnerving, his clothes new and expensive. He offers Sandie a cigarette. She takes it and answers.

SANDIE

Alex.

PUNTER 5

No. What's your real name, love?

Sandie glares at him.

SANDIE

I reckon you're a copper or something.

He winks and smiles wryly at her.

PUNTER 5

*Do you now?* So, what is it?

SANDIE

...Sandie.

PUNTER 5

You're too good for this, Sandie.

Sandie looks at Jack, sitting at the bar, with another girl. He watches her, gloating.

PUNTER 5 (CONT'D)

Pretty little thing like you,  
laying in the gutter. I'd get out  
while you can, girl. You're better  
than this.

She turns back, sadness in her eyes as she flatly replies.

SANDIE

I don't think I am.

(Ellie watches this and is crushed by this reply.)

PUNTER 5

Course you are. Just look in the  
mirror.

(Ellie starts banging the glass, trying to convince Sandie she's better than this, convince her to leave, to run.)

Sandie refuses to look at herself.

SANDIE

What if I don't want to?

PUNTER 5

Then maybe it's too late for you.

ELLIE

No!

Ellie pounds the glass, it starts to crack, draws the attention of Punter 5.

Ellie hits the glass harder. It splinters and cracks.

Ellie smashes through, reaches from the mirror to grab Sandie's shoulder, but then-

80 INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

80

Ellie wakes up in the bedroom. She gathers herself, but then notices the flashing red neon which reveals-

The wallpaper is the 1960s pattern. The bed is different, the brass frames at the head and foot are like prison bars. Ellie looks up to the ceiling and sees an overhead mirror, in this reflection is Sandie, dressed in tacky underwear. Then-

Ellie sees A FIGURE in the shadows. The flashing red neon reveals a PUNTER from the club, undressing.

Every time the neon flashes to black, the PUNTER changes. The red neon strobes through the passage of time and a multitude of creepy men, undressing for sex.

Ellie shakes her head, horrified.

She looks to the vanity mirror and sees Sandie. On every strobe, her negligee changes and her expression looks deader with every pulse.

Through the red and black strobes, the morphing PUNTERS move towards her, we see their gnarled hands on the bedpost as they advance on the bed, changing. Stripping.

As the punters undress, something even more sinister occurs. It is as if black ink has blotted out their features.

The twisted smiles, the hungry eyes, everything individual about them is stained with total darkness. No longer distinct, now just an outline of a man. Emotionless, soulless, blank.

They are no longer distinctly human, they are-

SHADOWS.

A procession of SHADOW MEN advance on Ellie. Approaching her bed. We see a BELT UNBUCKLE. And with that, Ellie is up. Getting the fuck out of there.

She rushes towards the bathroom door, gets in and locks it.

81 INT. BATHROOM / BEDROOM - MORNING 81

Ellie realises she's in her modern bathroom.

It's daylight. Her bedroom is empty.

Ellie turns back to the bathroom sink. Exhales. Tries to calm down.

When she turns back into her room, it is now full of-

SHADOW MEN. Maybe 13 of them. They fill the room, their blank faces staring back at Ellie, their bodies a horrible void.

On Ellie's completely horrified face we cut to-

82 INT. LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - EVENING 82

Ellie is back in college, standing in front of her work but doing nothing. So exhausted she's practically a zombie. The ghost of shock still on her face. Only a few students are left at this late hour. John is among them.

Ellie still has the same hair as Sandie but she's reverted to her own, somewhat plain, dark clothes. John approaches.

JOHN  
Got plans tonight, Ellie?

ELLIE  
(firmly)  
I'd love to come out.

JOHN  
I haven't even said what it is yet.

ELLIE

Right.

JOHN

But you're saying 'yes' anyway?

ELLIE

I am. I need to get out of my house...

JOHN

Well, there's a student union night down in vauxhall. A Halloween thing. And you're already in black, so it's perfect. Wanna haunt this party with me?

ELLIE

Don't we have to dress up?

SCENE 83 OMITTED

84

INT. VAUXHALL PUB - HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

84

**SONG: 'THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE' by R. Dean Taylor.**

We are in a huge South London pub that has been gloriously decked out in horror paraphernalia for a Halloween disco.

All the students from art and fashion have gone all out with their costumes. Everyone except John and Ellie who walk around in dark clothes and simple ghost makeup - pale face paint with dark eyes.

Jocasta's at the bar with Cami, Ashley, and Lara. The quartet are dressed as the teen witches from THE CRAFT. Jocasta sees John and Ellie. Points them out to her sinister clique.

JOHN

Do you wanna dance?

ELLIE

I might need alcohol first.

JOHN

Alright, I'm on it.

Jocasta comes over with two large cocktails for them.

JOCASTA

No need! Get these down ya.

They take the drinks. Jocasta smiles as they down them.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)  
Happy Halloween love birds!

85 INT. VAUXHALL PUB - HALLOWEEN PARTY - LATER

85

**SONG: 'HAPPY HOUSE' by Siouxsie & The Banshees.**

Ellie is dancing on her own. A pale figure in black clothes in the sea of ornate costumes. It's magnetic to watch.

John joins and the dance quickly becomes steamy. They seem high on life and each other. Other students watch them steam up the floor, especially Jocasta and her costumed clique.

The feeling on the dance floor is magical, but a little woozy. Ellie smiles at this moment with him, but then sees-

SHADOW MEN lurking in the crowd. It's impossible to tell if they are the shadow men from her dream, or just dark figures in the club. All around her dark outlines are dancing, almost writhing. It turns frantic, unnerving as dark limbs thrash.

Ellie stares past John to now see on the dance floor-

SANDIE. Dancing in the same frenzied fashion as she did in the dingy basement bar. Around her, shadowy men check her out.

Ellie blinks at this haunting vision. Then she sees-

JACK, lurking on the dance floor too. Glowering at Sandie.

Ellie moves forward towards Sandie, trying to get to her through the melee of dancers and shadows.

ELLIE  
Sandie...

Her voice is lost under the music. Ellie keeps moving onwards, pushing through the crush of people to get to her.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
SANDIE!

Flashes of Sandie's blonde hair catch the disco lights. Ellie pushes though a final group of DANCERS to see-

Nothing, Sandie is gone. Jack too.

John catches up with Ellie.

JOHN  
What is it, El?

Ellie feels dizzy, she nods to the doors.

ELLIE  
I need some air.

JOHN  
Ellie!

Ellie bolts.

86 EXT. VAUXHALL PUB - HALLOWEEN PARTY - MOMENTS LATER 86

Ellie leaves, John trailing her. She shakes her head, certain she imagined the silhouettes. She stops at a lamp post and tries to collect herself. But up ahead, she sees-

The Shadows of different couples in a nearby pedestrian tunnel. Is that Sandie with a punter? Jack with another girl watching them? It's difficult to tell what's real. John has caught up with her.

JOHN  
Ellie? Is there anything I can do?

Ellie snaps out of her vision and sees that the shadowy couples are, in fact, KISSING CLUB GOERS (gay and straight) who are making out in the arches.

ELLIE  
I don't want to be like this.

JOHN  
Like what?

ELLIE  
I wish... I wish I was like everybody else.

JOHN  
I'm glad you're not.

Ellie pulls John close to her and kisses him. It starts to lightly rain on their warm embrace.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Do you want to go somewhere else?

They speak between kisses.



ELLIE

I'm not meant to have guys back...

JOHN

Oh. Okay.

ELLIE

So you'll have to be quiet.

JOHN

Oh... Okay. You don't want to just get some sleep?

ELLIE

I really *don't want* to go to sleep.

JOHN

Well... I can keep you up.

Ellie looks at him: *really?* John gets all embarrassed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What am I saying?

They laugh, kiss again.

SCENE 87 OMITTED

87A EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GOODGE PLACE - NIGHT 87A

We see a soaked Ellie and John run through the rain to her door, laughing and shouting as they go. The neon of the French bistro bleeds into the puddles.

88 INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 88

Ellie creeps into the hallway with John, their makeup has run off in the rain with only ghostly traces left. She hits the timer light and shushes John with her finger on his lips. He proceeds to kiss it and they begin making out.

Ellie breaks off and they shake with the giggles as they silently creep up the stairs.

89 INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 89

Ellie and John sit on the bed. The room is lit with the flashing neon. *Red, white, blue-*

They're kissing. It's intimate, very tender. Some clothes come off, John is on top of her.

*Red, red, red-*

Over his shoulder Ellie is distracted by a GLINT OF LIGHT. It dazzles her. What is that? She peers closer. Above on the ceiling is the OVERHEAD MIRROR from the dreams. And in the reflection is neither her, nor John, but-

Sandie. In a night dress. Lying on top of the bed. She's struggling as Jack pins her down. He is dressed in a suit and waving a LARGE KNIFE in Sandie's terrified face.

*Red, red, red-*

The knife GLINTS with light that reflects back onto Ellie's terrified face. Garbled '60s music echoes from beyond.

*Red, red, red-*

ELLIE  
Get off of me.

John stops immediately, rolls to her side.

JOHN  
Are you okay?

Ellie's eyes are glued to the ceiling, to the struggle between Jack and Sandie.

JACK  
I own you...

John follows her eyeline, but just sees the plain white ceiling.

JOHN  
What's wrong?!

Sandie looks at Ellie, almost pleading.

JACK  
You belong to me...

ELLIE  
Get off her!

John looks at Ellie, frightened, bewildered.

JACK (O.S.)  
Don't you ever disobey me!

ELLIE

Get off her get off her!

JOHN

I'm not on her, you, what... Ellie?

Ellie can't look away from the struggle in the mirror.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ellie!

Ellie's eyes flit to John, then to the vanity mirror behind. In that reflection she can also see Jack on top of Sandie, clutching her face, the knife pointing dangerously close.

*Red, red, red-*

JACK (O.S.)

Don't you ever disrespect-

Ellie looks up to see Jack looming over her with the knife.

JACK (CONT'D)

Me!

She jumps off the bed and looks back, her eyes glued to the scene now playing out on the bed before her.

*Red, red, red-*

Ellie sees: Sandie and Jack struggle, both hands on the knife. John sees: nothing but a frightened Ellie.

JOHN

Ellie, what's wrong?!

Ellie watches as Sandie's free hand goes for Jack's eyes, scratches at them, she's feral. Jack smacks his hand across Sandie's face. Raises the knife. Ellie scrambles backwards.

JOHN (CONT'D)

ELLIE?

BANG-BANG-BANG- The door. Someone is trying to open it.

MS. COLLINS (O.S.)

What is going on in there! No male visitors! GET HIM OUT OF HERE! I'll call the police!

JOHN

(To himself)

Oh fuck.

John looks around in a panic. Ellie is still in a frightened trance. Ms. Collins sounds furious. John instinctively reaches for his jeans and fumbles to put them on.

MS. COLLINS (O.S.)  
Get. Him. Out.

Ms. Collins begins to unlock the door. Ellie finally looks up at the door as she hears the key.

John struggles to put his jeans on at speed and trips backwards into the vanity mirror, smashing the glass.

He then falls painfully against the bedside table, knocking a lamp to the floor and lighting the room in a peculiar way.

Ellie sees in the vanity mirror reflection the hideously refracted image of Sandie holding the knife at bay with one hand and scratching Jack's face with the other.

Jack raises the knife.

ELLIE  
NO!

Then the door flings open! The room is lit from the hallway outside, casting Ms. Collins as a silhouette.

The figures of Sandie and Jack are also cast into silhouette.

John freaks and runs out of the room. The angry Ms. Collins attempts to hit him as he passes.

MS. COLLINS  
Get! Out!

Ellie looks at John and Ms. Collins, but the GLINT OF STEEL brings her back to the struggle before her, when-

STAB STAB STAB. Ellie sees the blade plunging. She sees blood spread all over Sandie's throat and collar bone. The horror in Sandie's eyes.

John runs down the stairs as Ms. Collins shouts after him.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)  
Get out of here you bastard!

The timer light in the hall switches out. Semi-darkness.

Ellie is alone in the room with Jack laying on top of Sandie's body. Blood seeping all over the sheets.

Suddenly, Ms. Collins returns. She reaches inside the door and flicks the main lights ON.

In a blink Jack, Sandie, and the blood are GONE.

Only the rumpled sheets, Ellie's horrified face, and the smashed mirror and trail of John's blood remain. The place fills with bright light. Everything is normal.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

You okay?

ELLIE

Yeah.

MS. COLLINS

Did he hurt you?

ELLIE

No.

MS. COLLINS

You sure?

ELLIE

He didn't hurt me.

Ellie looks scared and confused. There's a long pause.

MS. COLLINS

(colder)

We'll talk about this in the morning.

Ms. Collins slams the door shut. Ellie is all alone, in a room that's the site of a murder.

90 INT. ELLIE'S ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 90

Ellie is now in the bath, clothed, her eyes riveted awake. Scissors clasped to her chest. Her terror palpable.

91 INT. ELLIE'S ROOM - MORNING 91

Ellie sweeps up the glass on the floor. She looks gaunt with exhaustion. Dark circles gape under her red eyes.

92 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 92

Ellie knocks on her landlady's door. Ms. Collins opens it.

ELLIE

I'm sorry. For everything.

MS. COLLINS

Well, it won't happen again, will it?

ELLIE

No. I'll pay for the mirror too.

MS. COLLINS

We all pay for a broken mirror, dearie.

Beat. Ellie haltingly asks a question.

ELLIE

Did a girl live upstairs before?

MS. COLLINS

Lots of girls have lived here over the years.

ELLIE

Someone called Sandie?

Ms. Collins looks at her, bemused.

MS. COLLINS

Lots of girls have lived here and not all of them with their real names. Why do you ask?

ELLIE

Did someone... die in my room?

Ms. Collins looks at her, half-concerned, half-amused.

MS. COLLINS

Dearie, this is London, someone has died in every room in every building in this whole city. Every street corner too. And speaking of which, I would have killed your gentleman friend last night, if I had caught him. So count yourself lucky, broken mirror or not.

Ms. Collins firmly closes the door.

Ellie stands there for a beat, lost. She glances up, back to her room. She hears the creaking of the old stairs. *Footsteps.* Ellie inches forward until she sees-

A pair of legs in SILHOUETTE walking slowly down.

A SHADOW MAN is descending the stairs. But is it just the one punter or is it several? They seem to change with each step.

BANG. A shadowy hand rests on the banister and the camera tilts up to reveal:

JACK. Sneering at Eloise. A malicious grin on his face.

JACK  
*Where you going?*

Ellie answers this by bolting. Fast.

93 INT. CLASSROOM - LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - MORNING 93

Ellie comes into class late. Her bedraggled appearance garners looks from other students.

MS. TOBIN  
Good morning, Ellie.

John, standing among some male mannequins, looks over to her. She returns his gaze, inches towards him but then she sees Jocasta and Cami whispering and laughing. Their eyes on her.

JOCASTA  
Ooh, something happened last night.

MOMENTS LATER. Snip snip snip. Ellie is cutting material with her razor sharp scissors. She looks burnt-out and exhausted as she tries to bury herself in work.

We see Ellie working with LARA, who is wearing her prototype dress, she is altering the hem line with dressmaker's pins.

ELLIE  
How's that feel?

Ellie glances up. Lara is no longer present...

Sandie is, her face, décolletage, and hair covered in blood.

Ellie drops her scissors on the ground and jumps back, knocking a rail flying. It clatters through the still classroom. Ellie stares at the blood soaked Sandie.

SANDIE  
You know where to find me.

Ellie looks around at the other students, can they see this? When she looks back, it's not Sandie but LARA.

MS. TOBIN  
Eloise, what's wrong?

LARA  
Um, Ellie... Ellie? Are you okay?

Ellie keeps backing away from Lara. The whole class is staring at this car crash.

JOCASTA (O.S.)  
What the fuck is wrong with her?

John walks over, with concern.

JOHN  
Ellie? Talk to me.

Ellie's eyes stick to John, then behind him -

All of John's mannequins are now SHADOW MEN. She grabs her scissors and runs-

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Ellie!

93A INT. CORRIDOR, LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION - CONTINUOUS 93A

**SONG: 'ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME' by Sandie Shaw.**

Ellie burst out from the classroom. Eyes turn and land on her. A sea of people in the busy hallway, watching her. She pushes her way towards the exit.

Ellie breaks into a section of corridor where a glut of MALE MODELS stand, waiting for fittings, all scantily clad, some practically naked. Ellie keeps moving through, when suddenly-

Male hands grab at her. Press their bodies against her. Ellie sees the Male Models as SHADOW MEN. Pawing, grasping. Turning into shadows as soon as they make contact with her.

She bursts through a fire exit and sets off all the alarms.

94 EXT. LONDON COLLEGE OF FASHION / STREETS - DAY 94

Ellie runs onto busy Regent Street. She stops at a railing and hyperventilates. Her eyes dart around wildly, she sees-

JACK among a crowd of shadow men outside Oxford Circus tube. He glares back at her. She looks across the street, sees-

A bloodied SANDIE. Standing among the bustling shoppers.



No one else seems to see these haunting voids. Ellie runs, disappearing into Carnaby Street.

95 EXT. STREETS OF SOHO - CONTINUOUS

95

Ellie sprints through a maze of alleys and side streets, seeing a SHADOW MAN at every turn. They get closer and closer, forcing her in random directions so she doesn't know. Their blank features are a nightmarish vacancy.

Her passage through the streets is dizzying. Modern daytime London now as terrifying as the '60s nights.

She runs down an alley by a pub. The men outside are all staring at her. As she passes a lamppost - in a blur they all become menacing wraith-like SHADOW MEN.

Not looking where she's going, she slams right into Jack.

JACK

Where are you going?

She sprints off. Looking back behind her, Jack is now the Silver Haired Gentleman, grinning.

Just as she's becoming woozy, she then finds herself in front of something tangible, something hopeful.

The blue lamp outside a police station.

SCENE 96 OMITTED

97 INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

97

Ellie sits in a bare interview room with a stone faced Male Detective and a more open, approachable, Female Officer. The Male Detective reads back from his notes, flatly.

MALE DETECTIVE

Just so I've got this straight. You witnessed the murder last night, but you believe this was a vision from the past, the murder of a young woman in the *mid-to-late 1960s* by a man who you believe to be her pimp.

Ellie nods.

MALE DETECTIVE

You're an art student, correct?

ELLIE

Fashion.

MALE DETECTIVE

Have you ever taken hallucinogens?  
Acid, mushrooms, mescaline...

FEMALE OFFICER

We're not going to get you in  
trouble if you have.

ELLIE

I know it sounds crazy, but I'm not  
on drugs, I don't take anything.

FEMALE OFFICER

You were at a party before. Could  
you have been slipped something?  
Perhaps someone bought you a drink?

Ellie thinks. *Jocasta. Those cocktails.* She sinks. As she  
tries to recover, Ellie sounds a little manic.

ELLIE

No. It started before last night.  
When I was sober, I saw landmarks  
in my dreams, details of  
nightclubs, ones that I'd never  
been to before and then I saw those  
details in real life. I saw the  
wallpaper in the sixties version of  
my room and then I found that same  
wallpaper when I peeled off the  
plaster.

The detective stares at her: *Okay...*

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Look, I know something bad happened  
to this girl because... I have  
these... visions, these visions of  
the past. And ever since I came to  
London I keep seeing Sandie. That's  
the murdered girl's name.

The detective looks at the officer, trying to hold in a  
laugh. The officer ignores him, keeps her focus on Ellie.

MALE DETECTIVE

Is there a history of  
schizophrenia, or mental health  
issues in your family?

Ellie stares at the two cops, she sidesteps the question.

ELLIE

I know who the killer is. It's her  
boyfriend... I mean her pimp, Jack.  
I've seen him in the present day.

The Male Detective glances at his colleague noting it down.

MALE DETECTIVE

You getting all this?

ELLIE

There's this man I've seen around  
Soho, who follows me and who...  
Well, the first time I saw him,  
outside one of those models places,  
he didn't take much notice of me,  
but he did suddenly take an  
interest when I changed my hair-do  
to the same style as the murdered  
girl. As Sandie's.

MALE DETECTIVE

This hair do?

ELLIE

Look, my point is, I've seen Jack,  
I've seen the killer, as an old  
man. Around Soho.

MALE DETECTIVE

Can you narrow down 'around Soho'?

ELLIE

He drinks at The Toucan.

Another agonizing pause.

FEMALE OFFICER

Have you only been here a short  
time?

ELLIE

A few weeks.

FEMALE OFFICER

London can be a lot. Maybe it would  
help if you spoke with someone?

ELLIE

Look, please just listen to me-

Ellie goes beetroot red, aware of how ridiculous it sounds out loud. She looks ill.

98 INT. POLICE STATION TOILET - MINUTES LATER

98

Ellie throws up in the bathroom.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

We are listening Ms. Turner. Try and stay calm.

She looks in the mirror. Her skin is beyond pale, a spectral white.

ELLIE (O.S.)

What do I need to do to convince you I'm not crazy?

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

We don't think you are. We just think you need a bit of help to settle in. A support system.

She looks older, worn. Like Sandie in her dreams, this life is taking its toll.

99 EXT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

99

Ellie strides towards the entrance of the communal college library.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

You did the right thing... Please, hear that, okay? I will look into Sandie's murder. I have your contact details, so if anything comes up I'll be in touch.

100 INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DUSK

100

Ellie strides into an enormous communal college library. The central atrium area is full of students of all types, quietly reading and working.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)  
 Though I will say, in such cases,  
 especially this old, it's hard  
 without something concrete to go  
 on, even a last name.

Ellie heads into the depths of the building, a warren of narrow aisles and quieter areas.

She finds a research department that bursts with books, folders and files. An aging male student mans the Information Desk. Ellie flashes her student ID at him.

ELLIE  
 I want to look up murdered women  
 and missing persons in the Central  
 London area from 1960 to 1969.

The info desk worker takes a second look at her ID.

INFO DESK WORKER  
 Aren't you a fashion student?

ELLIE  
 Yeah, it's... research.

INFO DESK WORKER  
 You doing some cool fashion shoot  
 based on infamous murder sites or  
 something?

ELLIE  
 Yeah... that's exactly right.

101 INT. LIBRARY - MICROFICHE SECTION - LATER

101

Newspaper articles flash up. The headlines read:

'CAMDEN BARMAID STABBED, DIES', 'POLICEWOMAN SHOT NEAR  
 SCRUBS', 'BOXER APPEARS IN COURT FOR WAITRESS MURDER'.

Ellie is totally lost in these endless vintage articles, when-  
 a hand touches her shoulder. A voice *WHISPERS*.

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)  
*Ellie?*

Ellie jumps. Fuck. It's just John. Standing right there.

ELLIE  
 Jesus. Why whisper like that?

JOHN  
*It's a library.*

ELLIE  
 Right...

JOHN  
 I have your stuff. You ran out.  
 Left your bag.

John places her bag on the floor next to her. He has folded her white Mackintosh over it, and her scissors peek out of the bag at her. Ellie looks bewildered to his presence.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Everyone's here.

Ellie looks over into the atrium. She can now see other students from the course boning up on coursework.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Listen, about what happened last night...

The tired, unravelling Ellie doesn't know how to answer.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I mean, if I did something *wrong*-

ELLIE  
 You didn't. It's not about you.

JOHN  
 Then what is it, El?

John is quiet. She looks down to the huge pile of crime files and folders around her. John picks up a folder from the pile and looks at the spine - 'CENTRAL LONDON CRIME - 1965'.

ELLIE  
 You'll think I sound crazy.

JOHN  
 Talk to me.

Ellie takes a breath. Even though they are very alone in this maze-like wing of the library, she whispers quietly.

ELLIE  
 Last night I saw something, in the bedroom, from the past...

John takes it all in, slowly.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck, I do sound crazy.

JOHN  
 No... What did you see?

Ellie thinks. She sees flashes of; the murder, the blade.  
 Sandy crying out for help.

ELLIE  
 A girl was stabbed. There's a girl  
 who used to live in my room. Sandy.  
 The guy who killed her is still out  
 there. So I'm looking for murdered  
 women or missing persons from the  
 sixties to try and find out her  
 name. I have to find who she was...  
 if I don't I'm going to lose my  
 mind. Maybe I already have.

John looks at the microfiche she's using and the grim  
 headlines about Soho disappearances.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
 Feel free to run a mile.

JOHN  
 Listen, my aunty believes in all  
 sorts of weird shit. So you just  
 tell me how I can help.

ELLIE  
 Well, I guess you could get the  
 next year of boxes. 1966.

John looks at the huge pile of folders again.

JOHN  
 Damn. This is just *one year*.

ELLIE  
 London is a bad place.

102 INT. LIBRARY - MICROFICHE SECTION - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 102

Ellie is alone again at the microfiche. We observe her from a  
 distance, dwarfed by the tall shelves of the long aisles. She  
 flicks through the microfiche and finds this headline:

'FATHER OF TWO MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD AFTER MAYFAIR PARTY'

She peers at the screen and then-

HER PHONE GOES OFF. She quickly silences it. The caller is 'Peggy'. Ellie pulls a face: 'Not now'. As Ellie concentrates on the screen again, unseen to her-

We can see a hideous, lurking silhouette appear in the distance: A SHADOW MAN stalking slowly down the empty aisle.

Another headline: 'YORKS FACTORY OWNER MISSING FOR 2 WEEKS'

Another SHADOW MAN appears in the aisle, standing closer.

Another headline: 'TEACHER DISAPPEARS AFTER SOHO NIGHT'

Another SHADOW MAN appears behind Ellie, even closer.

Ellie shuttles through several other similar headlines, never noticing the growing ranks of SHADOW MEN until,

A dark shadowy hand touches her shoulder-

ELLIE

That was quick.

OTHER WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

*Helll...*

Ellie turns. A SHADOW MAN looms above her. FUCK.

She bolts out of her chair. Turns to look up the aisle.

There's ELEVEN SHADOW MEN advancing upon her.

John is nowhere to be seen. No other students are. She grabs her bag from the floor and flees, sprinting down an aisle.

She races through the maze of aisles, the SHADOW MEN right behind her. She fumbles with her bag, taking out the scissors, but dropping the bag and Mackintosh to the floor.

As she races, she sees SHADOW MEN in the next aisles, advancing towards her. Converging on her.

Every other aisle however alternates with a MALE STUDENT or LIBRARY WORKER. They look over at Eloise with concern.

This dizzying zoetrope of SHADOW MEN and real men climaxes as-

SLAM, she careens into a six foot tall SHADOW MAN, his arm grabbing at her. Ellie falls back and runs in the other direction. (Behind her we briefly see the INFO DESK WORKER where the SHADOW MAN just was).

She runs down another aisle. But is blocked by SHADOW MEN at every turn. They seem to blink on and off with the lights.



ELLIE

Fuck. You!

She runs back out the way she came (Behind her we see male students where she had just seen Shadow Men) and charges at a solitary Shadow Man with the scissors. The Shadow Man turns at the last moment, BUT-

Just as Ellie stabs towards its face.

John catches Ellie's stabbing arm and stops the scissors from plunging directly into-

JOCASTA'S FACE.

There is no Shadow Man. Only a manic Ellie, John gripping her arm, and a completely freaked out Jocasta.

Ellie is losing it. Jocasta is about to. Only John is calm.

JOHN

It's okay.

JOCASTA

It's not fucking okay. What in the actual fuck?

Jocasta backs off in shock, then runs to get security.

JOHN

Stay here.

John takes off after her, removing the scissors from Ellie.

JOCASTA (O.S.)

SECURITY!

Ellie pants, terrified. Adrenaline still surging.

Jocasta runs through the atrium shouting for security. John runs after her. Students stand up in the library, curious.

Embarrassed, Ellie walks fast in the other direction, scooping up her dropped bag and Mackintosh as she does.

Ellie puts on her coat as she makes for an exit stairwell, but is then distracted by something out of the window:

SANDIE.

Walking through the campus grounds. A vision in a long white Mackintosh with her blonde 'Bardot'. She walks past other students, but they seem not to notice her, nor she them.

Ellie instinctively walks after her in a trance like state.

102A INT/EXT. LIBRARY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 102A

Ellie runs out after Sandie as John and Jocasta are in a heated discussion with a confused security guard. Jocasta sees Ellie sprinting for the door.

JOCASTA

That's her! Total fucking lunatic!

SECURITY GUARD

Miss, come back here please!

Too late. Ellie is gone. Out into the night.

103 EXT. THE STREETS OF SOHO - NIGHT 103

The streets of Soho are dark and blurry, the world shifts and undulates around the manic Ellie as she chases wisps of Sandie's blonde hair, or flashes of her white mackintosh through avenues and side streets.

It's raining now, a light mist that makes the neon lights bleed and reflect gaudily off the wet tarmac.

Ellie snakes after Sandie into darker alleys, time and reality have lost all meaning to her now, the 1960s cascades into present day - street signs seem to be from 50 years ago, people on the street are not dressed in modern fashions.

Ellie runs down a red lit alley. She stops when she sees in a neon lit window -

Two prostitutes staring back at her from a red lit bedroom. As she stares at herself she hears.

JACK (O.S.)

Oi!

Ellie looks down. Jack is standing in the now 1960s alley, surrounded by punters and streetwalkers. He sneers at Ellie.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where do you think you are going?

Ellie looks in the other direction and sees-

SANDIE. Walking through a tunnel of SHADOW MEN. They turn to lurch, towards Ellie.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 You think you can just walk away?

Approaching from all angles, appearing from the dark corners of the street, with their hands out trying to grab her.

Ellie starts to run, pushing them aside and barging through.

One whispers.

SHADOW MAN  
*Hell...*

A shadowy hand pulls on Ellie's belt buckle of her jacket, pulling her back into the seething darks mass of hands and groaning men. Ellie angrily pushes back at them-

ELLIE  
 LEAVE. ME. ALONE.

She pushes one to the ground. Turns. Runs for her life.

Ellie swings into another alley. Gaining on Sandie. But behind her she still hears-

JACK (O.S.)  
 Come back here, slut.

Ellie turns to see Jack striding after her. Shadow Men flanking him like a black sea of punters.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Get back here, you whore.

Ellie runs. Catches up with Sandie. Puts her hand on her shoulder once more. But then-

Sandie spins around angrily. Looking right through Ellie. Her face a mask of rage.

SANDIE  
 LEAVE. ME. ALONE!

Sandie pushes at Ellie and connects with her shoulder. As Sandie's angry voice echoes, Ellie falls backwards. She hits the glistening wet of the tarmac, landing firmly in-

Soho. Present day.

Reeling, Ellie slowly stands to find--

No Sandie. She turns behind her. She cannot see the Shadow Men. She cannot see Jack.

But across the street, glimpsed behind traffic that zooms past, she can see a familiar figure. THE SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN. He is ambling down the street, in exactly the same spot she last saw Jack.

She watches him stroll along. Then shouts.

ELLIE

Jack! JACK!

Ellie is drowned out by the busy traffic. The Silver Haired Gentleman does not hear her and disappears around the corner.

Ellie, soaked through and disorientated, stalks after him. Rushes rounds the bend and - he's gone. She finds herself outside of-

THE TOUCAN. She strides in, determined, steely.

104 EXT. THE TOUCAN - NIGHT 104

Ellie heads towards the door. The Bartender smokes outside.

BARTENDER

Where the hell have you been? I've been covering for you downstairs for the last hour. Fuck's sake.

She doesn't even look at him as she crosses the threshold.

105 INT. THE TOUCAN - CONTINUOUS 105

An exasperated Carol is dealing with a crowd of customers.

CAROL

Ellie! Get down in that basement, girl. You've got a customer.

Of course she does. Ellie descends the stairs into-

106 INT. THE TOUCAN BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 106

**SONG: 'ELOISE' by Barry Ryan.**

Ellie enters to see the Silver Haired Gentleman sitting on his usual stool at the bar. He is air conducting the bombastic intro to the song, which emanates from the jukebox.

Before Ellie walks into his field of vision, she starts her iPhone recording. She then slips behind the bar. When he spots her, a huge grin splits his face.

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN  
And here she is...

The Silver Haired Gentleman seems a little merry. Ellie's face is stone, utterly determined.

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Your siren song is playing. I just put this on the jukebox and lo and behold, you appear. Carol was worried about you, thought you'd gone missing. I told her no one ever really disappears, they're always around... somewhere.

ELLIE  
I'm right here.

Ellie hides the iPhone behind the bar. She's on edge.

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN  
Aren't you just... I'll have a pint of numbers, love.

She takes a glass and begins to pour.

ELLIE  
I hear you were quite the ladies man.

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN  
Were? How dare you! Still am. You never lose it.

ELLIE  
You knew a lot of the girls round here?

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN  
A lot of them? I knew all of them.

ELLIE  
Sandie?

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN  
Who didn't know Sandie...

Ellie tenses up. He notices. Enjoys it.

SILVER HAIRED GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
(Singing along)  
*My Eloise-a, I'd love to please her, I'd love to care, but she's not there...*

Ellie, hugely unnerved, tries to keep it together.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Do I scare you?

ELLIE  
(Yes.)  
No.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
I knew all the girls. Like to think I looked after them. Had to keep them in order too, mind. Keep them in line. Sandie, she was special though. She didn't belong. Thought she was too good for it. She was probably right to be honest. But you know at the end of the day, you all look the same on a slab.

ELLIE  
I know what you did.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
(not missing a beat)  
I've done a lot of things, Eloise. You're going to have to be more specific, love.

ELLIE  
I know what you did to Sandie.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
*Do you now?*

ELLIE  
I saw her. *I see her.* I know what happened.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
Well whatever happened to Sandie, she brought it on herself.

Ellie looks at him, shocked.

ELLIE  
No one deserves that.

The Silver Haired Gentleman drops the smile and jabs a finger at her.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN  
Listen. I know where you live, Eloise.

(MORE)

## SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

And I don't know what you've seen or heard, but I can tell you Sandie ended up exactly where she wanted to be. Funny you mention her though, because the first thing I did when I dragged myself back to this miserable Smoke was look up her old bones. But turns out some people don't want to found.

The Silver Haired Gentleman gets up from his stool and walks towards the exit.

ELLIE

You killed her?!

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN

You think I killed Sandie?

Ellie throws a pint glass onto the ground, smashing it to pieces.

ELLIE

(firmly)

I know you did!

The Silver Haired Gentleman laughs at this.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN

Ha! I think you'll find Alex killed Sandie.

He then walks towards the exit and the outdoor steps to the street. Ellie follows, not sure how to stop him.

ELLIE

Come back.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN

Nah. I've had enough of this line of questioning. You think she was an angel. But don't be fooled.

The Silver Haired Gentleman walks up the stairs. Ellie grabs her iPhone and runs after him, shouting.

ELLIE

I'm recording this. You won't get away with it.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN

So what. I do what I like in this manor.

The Silver Haired Gentleman exits into the busy street.

107 EXT. THE TOUCAN - CONTINUOUS 107

Ellie chases him as he crosses the street.

ELLIE

The police know. I told them.

The Silver Haired Gentleman angrily turns to tower over her.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN

Like I give a flying fuck.

ELLIE

Wait-

He backs away. His face furious as he spits at Ellie.

SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN

When you see Alex, in whatever  
little hell she's currently in, you  
tell her I said hello-

BOOM! A Black Taxi knocks the SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN flying.

CRACK! His old body crumples sickeningly as he flies over the bonnet and crunches brutally to the floor.

Ellie lets out a silent scream, covering her face with her hands. She drops her iPhone to the floor. It shatters.

Bystanders on the street turn and gasp. The TAXI DRIVER brakes hard and gets out. He sees the corpse of the SILVER HAired GENTLEMAN in the gutter, a grimace on his bloody face.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh my good God.

Ellie unravels, the sound of the commotion almost drowned in an interior WHINE as hysteria takes hold on the street.

Behind, the Bartender and Carol run out to the grim scene.

BARTENDER

Jesus, what happened? Ellie?

Ellie stares at the bartender blankly. A crowd has started to gather. Carol recoils in shock.

TAXI DRIVER

He just stepped out. I wasn't expecting it.



CAROL  
 Oh Lindsey. You poor bastard.  
 Call an ambulance, pet. Now!

The Bartender immediately dials '999' on his phone.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 Hey, tell them Lindsey used to be  
 police... that'll make them hurry.

Ellie, still in a daze, looks at Carol.

ELLIE  
 Lindsey?

CAROL  
 Yeah, he was ex-vice. He was a  
 copper in Soho for years and years.  
 And now look at him. Laying there  
 in the gutter.

Ellie is very confused by this conversation.

ELLIE  
 His name's not Jack?

CAROL  
 Jack? No love, that's Lindsey.

Ellie's face pales. She turns and walks away. As she realises  
 who Lindsey is (PUNTER 5), she is haunted by his words.

PUNTER 5 / LINDSEY  
 I'd get out while you can, girl...  
 I'd get out while you can, girl...  
 I'd get out while you can, girl...

Ellie unravels as she walks away from the Toucan.

CAROL  
 Ellie!?

108 INT. PHONE BOX - NIGHT

108

Blue flashing lights. An ambulance races along the street.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 I've let you down. I've let Mum  
 down.

The ambulance streaks past Ellie in the red phone box. She  
 holds the receiver.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
 You haven't let anyone down. You  
 never could.

Ellie is too distraught to answer. She starts crying.

PEGGY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Eloise? Eloise, my love, I don't  
 know what's happened, but it's okay  
 to come home. You've haven't failed  
 anyone.

ELLIE  
 (tiny)  
 Okay.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
 I'll come and get you first thing  
 tomorrow.

ELLIE  
 I can't stay another night.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
 I'll get someone to drive me now.

Ellie thinks. She looks back towards the commotion at the  
 Toucan and then sees something that we cannot.

ELLIE  
 No. I have someone... who can  
 help... I'll call you...

We see what she sees: John. Running away from the Toucan.  
 Looking for Ellie, panicked by the lights of the emergency  
 vehicles.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
 Ellie? Eloise?!

109 INT. SOHO STREET - MOMENTS LATER

109

Ellie races after John. He sees her, relief on his face.

JOHN  
 Oh thank God. I saw flashing  
 lights, and I thought-

ELLIE  
 I need to get out of here.

JOHN  
 I'll take you back to your place.

ELLIE

No. I want to go home. Home, home.  
I have to get out of London. Can  
you help me get to the train  
station?

JOHN

Forget the train. I'll drive you.

Through her pain and tears, Ellie looks surprised.

ELLIE

You have a car?

110

INT/EXT. JOHN'S CAR / APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

110

John's car, a dented 2002 Corsa, pulls up outside 8 Goodge  
Place, which looms ominously in the night. Ellie looks up to  
her bedroom window with trepidation.

ELLIE

Okay, I have to go in there and get  
my things as quickly as I can and  
then never see that fucking room  
again.

JOHN

Do you want me to come up and help?

ELLIE

You probably shouldn't. Ms. Collins  
will kill you if she sees you  
again. Fuck I have to speak to her  
too...

JOHN

Why do you have to speak to her?

Ellie puts her head in her hands, exasperated.

ELLIE

I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPEAR IN THE  
NIGHT ON HER. I promised I wouldn't  
be that person.

JOHN

Okay...

ELLIE

And maybe if I plead she might give  
me some of my deposit back. FUCK.

Ellie gathers herself and gets out of John's car. She looks up again at her window. Takes a deep breath.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
If I'm not out in fifteen minutes  
maybe come check on me...

JOHN  
Okay...

Ellie disappears inside.

111 INT. CORRIDOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 111

Keeping an eye on the stairs up to her room, Ellie walks alone to Ms. Collins' door and tentatively knocks on it. We can hear music playing inside.

ELLIE  
Ms. Collins, it's Ellie.

MS. COLLINS  
Just coming, dearie.

Ms. Collins unbolts her door to see Ellie's anxious face.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)  
You look like you've had a fright.

ELLIE  
I need your help.

MS. COLLINS  
Just you is it?

ELLIE  
Yeah.

MS. COLLINS  
I'll get the kettle on. Come in.

Ellie enters and Ms. Collins peers into the hallway.

112 INT. GROUND FLOOR FLAT - CONTINUOUS 112

**SONG: 'ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART' by Cilla Black.**

This is the first time Ellie has been in Ms. Collins' flat since she moved in. An old vinyl player she didn't previously notice plays Cilla Black. There's an old record box open too.

MS. COLLINS

Your music upstairs got me breaking  
out my old records.

Ellie sits as Ms. Collins boils the kettle. She calls out.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

Oh, I picked up a letter for you by  
mistake. It's in that pile.

Ellie sees a pile of post on the coffee table and shuffles  
through the letters addressed to 'Ms. Alexandra Collins'  
until she finds one letter addressed to her.

She puts Ms. Collins' post back and notices a lit cigarette  
in the ashtray. Ms. Collins returns with a cup of tea.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

Don't judge me on the cigarettes.  
All that hoo-haa the other night  
got me going again.

ELLIE

I'm sorry.

MS. COLLINS

It's okay. I've always been on the  
edge.

Ms. Collins brings the cup of tea over and sits opposite  
Ellie. She takes the cigarette from the ashtray and draws.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

So, you have something you want to  
talk about.

Ellie gathers herself.

ELLIE

Ms. Collins, I'm so sorry to do  
this and I really didn't want to be  
this person, but I am leaving  
tonight.

MS. COLLINS

Are you now?

ELLIE

(at speed)

I'm not having a good time here and  
I need to go back home and I  
promise I will pay for the mirror  
but I really need some of my  
deposit. I've got nothing.

MS. COLLINS

Slow down-

ELLIE

I don't want to beg, but this has been a disaster-

MS. COLLINS

Slow down. Hush. Drink your tea.

Ellie does so and sips at her tea. Ms. Collins smiles.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

You spoke to the police, didn't you? About the room upstairs? Mm?

ELLIE

Yeah...

Even though Ms. Collins is smiling, Ellie can't meet her eye and just sips her tea again.

MS. COLLINS

A nice police lady came around asking questions about you. About your wellbeing. Welfare check she called it. It had me worried. You'd been saying a girl died up there.

ELLIE

I'm sorry.

MS. COLLINS

Well... it's funny because there is some truth in it.

Ellie looks up at Ms. Collins, who has a smile on her face.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

I've never thought about it that way until you brought it up, but a girl did die up there, I suppose...

Ellie's eyes widen as Ms. Collins continues in the same calm, unnerving yet cheery tone.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

The young me that came to this big city.

Ellie's eyes flick to the pile of post and the name 'Ms. Alexandra Collins'. She whispers to herself.

ELLIE

*Sandie...*

Ellie is reeling at this. Ms. Collins smiles darkly and takes a drag of her cigarette.

MS. COLLINS

I had hopes and dreams like you did. I wanted to be a singer. I wanted to perform. To act... Being a whore is a bit like being an actress I suppose. You have to pretend you're someone else. Someone that's not you. I'd pretend I was *somewhere* else. That this wasn't happening to me. Try and forget all those... all those men, their faces. I'd blank them out. I had to... I had to make like they were nothing.

Off Ellie's face, we see a QUICK FLASH CUT MONTAGE of the punters approaching Sandie's bed lasciviously. They are human once more, but their faces are still shrouded in shadow.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

So, yeah, you could say Sandie died up there. She died in that room. A hundred times.

Ms. Collins traces a finger along her right palm, showing an old scar that runs along it. A deep, nasty wound.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

And then one night, the man who put me here, the man who put me to work, the man who stole my dream, I put a knife in him. A hundred times.

A FLASH CUT MONTAGE of Jack menacing Sandie in her bed with the knife. When he goes to stab her, she grabs the blade. Wrestles it away from him and pushes the knife back into Jack's throat. Blood splashes on her face. She then stabs him again and again from under him. What Ellie saw was not Jack stabbing Sandie, it was the exact opposite.

Back in the room, Ms. Collins still smiles, unnervingly.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

And I tell you what Ellie... I can call you Ellie, can't I?

ELLIE

... yes...

MS. COLLINS

It felt right, Ellie. So many of those bastards who came ringing my bell, came creeping up my stairs. They sent me to my hell, so I sent them to theirs...

QUICK FLASH CUT MONTAGE of Sandie slashing the throats of a succession of sleazy punters. We see flashes of their real faces, now rendered in vivid flesh, scared and shocked.

Back to Ellie, realisation dawning.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

The papers called them "missing persons". Far as I'm concerned, they were already lost. So, people don't know where they are, I say they didn't know who they were. I did everyone a favour.

QUICK FLASH CUT MONTAGE - We see the now dead punters buried in dark wall-spaces and under floorboards.

MS. COLLINS / SANDIE

(gets stronger)

I wasn't going to be used anymore. Wasn't going to let this city break me.

ELLIE

I'm so sorry.

MS. COLLINS

Why? It's not your fault.

ELLIE

I mean I understand... I know what you've been through.

Ms. Collins' smile becomes a sneer.

MS. COLLINS

*Oh, do you?*

ELLIE

I... I didn't mean to get you in trouble. With the police.



MS. COLLINS

Oh it's okay. They think you're mad... and it's not like you're going to tell anyone else.

ELLIE

Of course not. I would never.

MS. COLLINS

No, I mean I *know* you're not telling anyone else.

Ms. Collins looks at... the tea in Ellie's hand. Ellie follows her gaze. Feels woozy. Drops the cup to the floor.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm not going to stab you like the others. I wouldn't do that to you.

Ellie clutches the arm rest of her seat, her head reels.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

You're going to go to sleep. And they'll just say you topped yourself. Because you know everyone thinks you were going to do that anyway. They are all very concerned about you. Bless.

Ellie feels stomach pangs.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

So, just get comfy and you can doze off listening to some of your nice music.

ELLIE

No...

Ellie croaks, her full voice suddenly gone.

MS. COLLINS

Shush. You take it easy. No more excitement...

DING DONG. Someone is at the door. Ms. Collins gets up. She opens the curtain to see-

JOHN. He presses the doorbell a second time.

MS. COLLINS (CONT'D)

Oh, 'just you' is it? Little liar.

Ms. Collins grabs a knife from the kitchen on the way out to the door. Ellie tries to get up and stop her.

ELLIE

NO...

Ms. Collins turns and slaps Ellie HARD, knocking her to the ground. Her head cracks on the floor, her eyes glaze.

MS. COLLINS

Just coming, dearie.

Ms. Collins disappears into the hallway. Ellie tries to get up, but the world spins around her. She grasps for purchase, her hands find the table top.

She heaves herself up and pushes towards the door. Bumping the table on the way - knocking the ashtray and Ms. Collins' lit cigarette into the record box-

113 INT. HALLWAY & STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

113

Ms. Collins opens the door a crack to talk to John.

MS. COLLINS

What is it?

JOHN

Um. I'm here to see Ellie.

MS. COLLINS

She's upstairs. Come on in.

Ellie comes into the hallway just as Ms. Collins lets John in. Ellie (in real pain) is about to scream-

John sees Ellie's face, knows something is wrong.

ELLIE

Run!

Ms. Collins stabs John in the stomach. He falls.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

NO!

Ms. Collins swings around to Ellie with the knife.

MS. COLLINS

Will you keep it down! Screaming loud enough to wake the bloody dead...

SLASH. Ms. Collins swipes at Ellie who catches her hand with the blade. Ellie reels from the deep cut to her palm and falls backwards onto the stairs, smacking her head on a step. She screams in pain and looks up.

Concussed and bleeding, she then sees...

114

INT. DREAMSCAPE / HALLWAY &amp; STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

114

**SONG: 'YOU'RE MY WORLD' by Cilla Black.**

This section crosscuts between the real struggle of Ellie trying to crawl back up the stairs away from the knife wielding Ms. Collins and...

A dreamscape version of the same, the point of view of a concussed and drugged Ellie imagining the same events but in a fantasy version of a deserted after hours Café de Paris.

In this timeline, Ellie (in full Sandie evening dress) tries to escape a knife wielding Young Sandie, who is also resplendent in a dazzling gown. As Young Sandie approaches - she is lip synching Cilla Black.

We see the following in the two timelines:

Ellie scrambling upstairs while backwards. Sandie/Ms. Collins advancing on her, knife in hand.

In the dreamscape, the dimensions of the room and the stairs are elastic. The staircase seems to be infinite and impossible to reach the top.

In the real world, Ellie struggles up the stairs. Behind Ms. Collins, fire and smoke spill out of Ms. Collins' room, smothering John.

JOHN

Fire! *Fire!*

We crosscut back and forth until Ms. Collins gets closer and Ellie kicks her in the shin. She struggles to get up.

SANDIE

I'll get you! I'll kill you!

Ellie rounds onto the landing and then the world spins. She keels over, her bleeding hand still gripping the banister, trying to stay upright.

A wave of nausea hits her. She throws up, then stumbles onwards.

115

INT. BEDROOM / DREAMSCAPE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

115

Ellie gets inside her bedroom and locks the door behind her. Smoke is already beginning to rise up through the floor. She looks over to see the LANDLINE on the other side of the room on her bedside table.

Ellie runs to the landline, but then-

A SHADOWY ARM bursts through the floorboards and grabs her ankle. She falls to the floor hard, face first.

Another SHADOW ARM bursts through, then another. Soon the floor is a sea of pitch black arms rising and clawing at her.

The line between the real room and the dreamscape starts to blur into one and the same as Ellie becomes ensnared in the sea of limbs, the phone suddenly a long way away.

The heads of the Shadow Men burst through the floor. We hear them groaning once more-

SHADOW MEN

*Hell... hell...*

Behind her, we see the door handle move. Shake.

Ellie wrenches herself free of the shadowy arms that have sprouted from all over. But then the walls start to crack.

She looks in horror as SHADOW MEN break out of the wallpaper and plaster in the walls. All around Ellie, the SHADOW MEN emerge from the tombs of the floor and walls.

SHADOW MEN (CONT'D)

*Hell... hell...*

She is surrounded and overwhelmed, struggling to stay conscious with the poison in her blood, the smoke in the air.

Behind, we hear the door start to unlock.

MS. COLLINS (O.S.)

Eloise!

Ellie fights off the hordes of SHADOW MEN who claw at her as she crawls onto the bed and reaches for the phone. Shadowy limbs grab at her body as she grabs for the phone. She is very close to reaching the receiver, when-

A TALL SHADOW MAN bursts out of the floor on the other side of the bed by the phone. He rises up and stares at Ellie.

Ellie freezes in fear as the Tall Shadow Man reaches for the phone, picks up the receiver and-

Holds it out to Ellie.

TALL SHADOW MAN  
*Help... Help.*

Ellie can start to make out the face of the Tall Shadow Man. It's one of the punters from earlier. And he looks-

*Scared.*

TALL SHADOW MAN (CONT'D)  
*Help...*

Ellie looks to the grotesque Shadow Men at the foot of her bed, in a chorus they all start groaning for 'help'.

The Tall Shadow Man's face twists into a snarl. He whispers.

TALL SHADOW MAN (CONT'D)  
*Kill her...*

The Shadow Men at the foot of the bed repeat the mantra, more of an instruction than a plea.

SHADOW MEN  
*Kill her... kill her.*

TALL SHADOW MAN  
*Save us... kill her!*

Eloise slowly, but emphatically, shakes her head.

ELOISE  
No.

Suddenly the door swings open and-

Ms. Collins walks in, knife aloft, advancing on Ellie.

(NB. This is the first time she's stepped into the room in any of the present day scenes.)

The Shadow Men stop clawing at Ellie and start cowering in the presence of Ms. Collins.

Ms. Collins looks at all the Shadow Men and stops dead, her expression changing from steely to horror.

As the expression changes on Ms. Collins' face, we no longer see the shadow men anymore, we now see the punters she murdered all those years ago. They are no longer blanked out, they are as they appeared when she killed them.

And all around Ellie in this twisted tableau are the 1960s versions of the punters that Ms. Collins killed. Trapped in the moment of death; scared, cowering, bleeding from their necks and faces.

We recognise the punters from the dream in the mirrored discotheque. Their faces are drained of nearly all colour, the only remaining shade is the ghastly red of their injuries. Both the dead punters and Ellie recoil in fear as they wait to see what Ms. Collins will do next.

Their screams build as Ms. Collins' horror grows. We move into Ms. Collins' face and see in the reflection of her eyeglasses: JACK.

JACK

I'm with you to the end, Sandie.

We now see what Ms. Collins sees. The array of all the pathetic men she killed. And in the middle of them, a sneering Jack, dressed in the clothes he was murdered in.

JACK (CONT'D)

You were the one that wanted this.

Ellie lies on the bed, frozen in horror as Jack approaches Ms. Collins, with an evil grin.

JACK (CONT'D)

More than anything you said.

Jack raises his hand to strike Ms. Collins. She flinches in pain and the world returns to normal.

Smoke is pissing up the stairwell. Black and acrid, thick as fabric. It swirls and catches the neon lights from outside.

Eloise looks on as Ms. Collins stands in the room, shocked, struck. In the full length mirror behind her, she also sees:

SANDIE.

Young, innocent, and full of hope. Ellie watches both the older Ms. Collins and the ghost of her younger self, the person she lost.

A long beat, it drips with Ms. Collins' sadness and regret. The bedroom is starting to burn.

MS. COLLINS / SANDIE

I didn't.

Ms. Collins drops her knife to her side. Shakes her head. Sirens start to sound in the distance. Ms. Collins knows there's no way out. She looks to Eloise.

MS. COLLINS

I didn't want any of this.

ELLIE

I know. I saw.

MS. COLLINS

They deserved it.

ELLIE

I know...

The sirens are getting louder.

MS. COLLINS / SANDIE

I'm not going to prison. I've been  
in one all my life.

Ms. Collins raises the knife once more, but moves to slash her own throat.

ELLIE

No!

Ellie jumps up and runs to Ms. Collins as she drags the blade across her throat. We see the knife cut her flesh.

As Ellie reaches her and grips the blade, it cuts into her palm but doesn't reach Ms. Collins throat.

As she pushes the blade away from Ms. Collins' neck, we now suddenly see...

*Ellie embrace Young Sandie. She wrestles the blade away from her throat and hurls it across the room.*

*Young Sandie is slightly bleeding from the neck. Ellie embraces her and cries as the blood spreads over her dress.*

SANDIE

Please...

*Ellie looks Young Sandie in the eye.*

ELLIE

*You don't have to do this. You can  
live. Please live.*

SANDIE  
You have to let go.

*Young Sandie's expression turns to anger. She pushes Ellie away from her. Her face wrought with anguish.*

SANDIE (CONT'D)  
Leave!

Sandie. Bleeding, backs away from Ellie. The fire is now out of control. Flames lick up the walls.

ELOISE  
No!

Eloise runs forward to grab her back from the fire, but she pushes back, defiantly.

SANDIE  
You can't save me.

Ellie understands. She sees that the flames are rising and the smoke is thickening rapidly. The photo of her mum on the side table, is burning up.

Now, in front of her, once more, is Ms. Collins.

MS. COLLINS  
Save yourself. Save the boy. Go!

She pushes Eloise towards the door. She runs out of the room, coughing violently.

Before she runs downstairs, Ellie looks back to the room to see:

MS. COLLINS. Now sitting down on the bed, much like Ellie did the first night she moved in.

It's a serene image, in the middle of a raging inferno.

The smoke thickens. Ms. Collins disappears in it.

116 INT. HALLWAY & STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

116

Ellie battles through the smoke and hobbles down the stairs towards John, who still lies in a heap by the front door.

As Ellie is about to reach the fallen John, she trips down the last few steps and lands next to him on the ground.

The flames and smoke are now very intense.



John is out cold and bleeding heavily. Ellie crawls over to shake him awake. She cries.

ELLIE

John! John! Get up!

John doesn't answer and there's a violent cracking sound.

A shaft of light lands on Ellie's face. She looks up to see-

A Fireman axing the door down, coming to save them. Blue lights surround the fireman as he fills the frame.

117 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 117

Fire engines and ambulances fill the street outside the apartment building which is now completely engulfed in flame.

Emergency workers race to extinguish the blaze while other residents watch the now funeral pyre of the building glow.

In the middle of the street on stretchers are Ellie and John. She is given oxygen as John is lifted into an ambulance. (We see an EMT rip open John's hoodie and attend to his wounds.)

Ellie's stretcher is then carried into her own ambulance. As she's lifted, she sees an image of THE WHOLE HOUSE ON FIRE.

SLAM - the doors close and her ambulance starts moving.

We see the blue flashing lights on her face. Ellie begins to drift into unconsciousness.

Blue flashing lights. Blue flashing lights.

As Ellie passes out, she imagines:

The record player in her bedroom, melting from the heat of the fire. Burning up, destroyed forever in the flames.

She imagines Sandy sitting on her bed in the raging inferno.

Ellie then sees one last image as she slips into blackness...

ON BLACK:

117A INT. MS. COLLINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 117A

Everything is on fire. The photograph on the wall of young Sandie looks out from the flames.

We than MATCH CUT as-

SCENES 118-120 OMITTED

121 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 121

The rectangle photograph of Sandie becomes a doorframe in silhouette, reminiscent of our opening image.

Music starts - a dance remix of Petula Clark's 'Downtown' blasting through this large cavernous space.

A figure appears in the doorway, the outline of Sandie, dressed as she was when we first met her in Cafe de Paris.

The figure stalks towards us. We feel strip lights blink on and cameras flash behind her.

ANNOUNCER

Now, first year student, Eloise  
Turner.

An entire audience of SHADOWY PEOPLE, bursts into applause. The lights come up and we are looking at the happy audience for a FASHION SHOW. Peggy and John are right in the middle clapping the hardest.

From behind a mirrored wall, THREE YOUNG MODELS strut down the catwalk wearing designs that are the natural evolution of Ellie's college work; The first is the dress inspired by Sandie; the second and third are completely modern.

We see Ellie in the wings, watching her work parade around. She beams proudly. There is loud applause as the models loop back to the backstage area. A voice beams over the PA.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Eloise Turner!

There's now thunderous applause as Ellie walks out on stage with her models, surrounded by her designs. Peggy and John stand to clap as she soaks up this moment of triumph.

The models file off stage and Ellie follows them.

122 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS 122

A proud Ms. Tobin is waiting in the wings. She wraps Ellie in a celebratory hug.

MS. TOBIN

I knew you could do this, even  
after everything you've gone  
through. You're a star Ellie.

Ellie then follows her models back to a staging area. Nearby, Cami and Lara are prepping their own models.

Lara and Cami run over to Ellie.

LARA

That was incredible. You really are so brave.

CAMI

So brave. You're such an inspiration.

Ellie hugs both of them. She moves on, sees Ashley and Jocasta too. Ashley applauds Ellie, Jocasta gives her a colder glance.

Ellie totally brushes Jocasta off and moves towards her area, beaming with satisfaction. As she does, she catches her reflection in a large mirror. But-

*It's not just her reflection in the mirror.*

When she looks again she sees, behind her once more-

Her MUM. Watching on. A mixture of pride and love.

Ellie stares at her, warm, happy.

PEGGY (O.S.)

There she is! My big time fashion designer.

Peggy and John move towards Ellie. John has a cane and is limping. Ellie walks away from the mirror to meet them.

JOHN

It was amazing. You're amazing.

Ellie kisses him.

PEGGY

I'm just so happy I was here to see it.

ELOISE

I'm glad I'm here to see it too.

Peggy clutches Eloise's hands.

PEGGY

And you don't need me to say this, but your mum would have been so proud of you.

Ellie smiles to herself.

ELLIE  
I know she is.

Ellie turns back to the mirror but in the reflection is not her mum. It's-

Young SANDIE. Dressed as we first saw her. Perfect.

Ellie starts walking away from Peggy and John and towards the mirror, drawn to it.

Ellie and Sandie are inches apart. Blue flashing lights echo around them both.

Sandie smiles. Ellie smiles. They tap the glass together.

CUT TO CREDITS

**END CREDITS SONG:**

**'LAST NIGHT IN SOHO' By Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Titch.**