

**SUFFRAGETTE**

Written by

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**INT. WASHING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

The WHIRR of machinery. Glimpses of female hands toiling among huge vats, dresses stained with sweat in the damp grey air.

CAPTION: LONDON, 1912.

THICK WHITE FOG, AT FIRST NOTHING VISIBLE AND THEN THROUGH THE STIFLING HEAT the FOG IS REVEALED AS BILLOWING CLOUDS of STEAM hanging like a blanket over a vast laundry floor with row upon row of WOMEN washing, pressing and folding endless linen, in continual repeat from vat to hot press to basket.

POLITICIAN V/O

Women do not have the calmness of temperament or the balance of mind to exercise judgement in political affairs.

Through the rising clouds of steam, WOMEN ironing, MRS VIOLET MILLER [early 40s] amongst them.

POLITICIAN 2 V/O

If we allow women to vote, it will mean the loss of social structure. Women are well represented by their fathers, brothers, husbands.

HOUSE CROWD V/O

(cheering)

Here here.

POLITICIAN 3 V/O

Once the vote was given, it would be impossible to stop at this. Women would then demand the right of becoming MPs, cabinet ministers, judges.

CAPTION:

FOR DECADES WOMEN HAD PEACEFULLY CAMPAIGNED FOR EQUALITY AND THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

THEIR ARGUMENTS WERE IGNORED.

IN RESPONSE, EMMELINE PANKHURST, LEADER OF THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT, CALLED FOR A NATIONAL CAMPAIGN OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE.

THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE GROUP OF WORKING WOMEN WHO JOINED THE FIGHT.

**INT. WASHING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

THE LOUD BELLOW of a FACTORY BELL. Women begin to file out.

MAUD WATTS [20'S] scrubs a deep washing vat, as the last LAUNDRY WORKERS drain from the floor.

TAYLOR (O/S)  
Maud - take this up to the West  
End.

MR TAYLOR [40'S] with irritation, throws a parcel at her, a central London address clear on the front. It slams hard into her chest, winding her a little.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
It's meant to be there by six.

MAUD nods, sweat and steam blotting her clothes.

MAUD  
Delivery should have picked it up.

**EXT. YARD/STREET. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

MAUD stepping out through the iron gates of the laundry, clearly the last to leave. She hurries off towards a waiting BUS gripping the parcel tighter.

**EXT. STREET. CENTRAL LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

The SWIRL and BUSTLE of the street on the edge of closing time-

MAUD gets off the bus, still gripping the parcel. She weaves her way past the human ebb and flow.

Fleeting glimpses of SHOP WINDOWS, HOTEL DOORWAYS, a DOORMAN lets out an ELEGANT LADY, her MAID close by. Several boxes and shopping bags alluding to an expensive shopping trip.

A STIFF BACKED NANNY, MISS WITHERS, wheels a Silver Cross pram, a few yards behind MAUD.

MAUD crosses the street.

The SQUEAK of the pram wheel underscores.

**EXT. SHOP. STREET. CENTRAL LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

A WINDOW display catches MAUD'S eye, showing the peak of fashion in 1912. A perfect family scene, mother, father and son by the beach, all dressed in bathing suits.

ON MAUD quietly marvelling- as her eyes scan over the display, drinking it in.

A clock overhead creeps towards 6pm.

A POST MISTRESS, MISS SAMSON stands seemingly reading a magazine at a newspaper stall.

MISS WITHERS only inches behind MAUD now. She pulls back the baby's blanket to reveal... no baby, but stones. She whips a stone out and hurls it-

MISS WITHERS  
VOTES FOR WOMEN!

CRASH!

The SHATTER of a shop window right next to MAUD. MAUD turns, shocked and bewildered by the sudden anarchy as she ducks for cover, clasping the parcel to her breast-

HANDS whip out stones from deep inside fur muffs. FINGERS unfasten handbag clasps pulling out hammers, mallets, rolling pins.

SMASH!

The FURY and SURPRISE of a SHOP DOORMAN as pandemonium reigns.

A HORSE rears pulling a nearby CARRIAGE-

MAUD shocked and shaken, desperate to get away, stumbling as she runs. The WINDOW DISPLAY she was gazing at, shattered.

**EXT. STREET. CENTRAL LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

On MAUD, faster now, passing, seeing-

The INDIGNATION of a GENTLEMAN buying his newspaper-

The FURY of a NEWS STALL VENDOR as he hurriedly packs up shop-

The SHOUTS of protest, the white, green and purple of the Suffragette colours unfurled-

WOMEN  
VOTES FOR WOMEN!

SUDDENLY MAUD TRIPS, THE PARCEL SPLITS and LINEN SPILLS AS SHE FALLS.

Stones and toffee hammers fly all around her as shop window after shop window shatter into a thousand pieces, sending shards of glass clattering in paths.

WOMEN (CONT'D)  
VICTORY WILL BE OURS.

On MAUD, desperately grappling amongst the shattered glass and stones to gather up the laundry. HEAVY BOOTS STAMPING OVER IT.

On MAUD's rising panic and shock, hesitating on seeing-  
VIOLET caught in the fray.

VIOLET  
VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Taking her chance, MAUD turns, fleeing through the pandemonium, eyes spying a BUS, pulling away, amidst the chaos. She runs making a leap for it-

**INT. BUS. STREET. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

Heart racing, MAUD sinks down into a seat.

Around MAUD the curious PASSENGERS peer over heads and shoulders, straining to see the ensuing chaos and violence raging outside.

The bus travels along the street.

**EXT. BACKSTREET/TENEMENT. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1912. EVENING.**

MAUD hurrying along past the peeling doorways of a London slum, carrying the split parcel, hurrying to the door of a rundown tenement block-

She unlocks the front door and hurries inside into-

**INT. FRONT ROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. EVENING.**

...a neat if rundown room, sparsely furnished. In the corner there is a hearth and several bits of laundry hanging on a clothes horse close by. MR SONNY WATTS [late 20s] looks up from his paper.

MAUD  
(hushed)  
Is George sleeping?

SONNY  
(nods)  
Yeah. Mrs Garston fed him bread and jam.

MAUD reaches for a kettle, touching it, it's hot. Pouring it over the linen, she throws in a wash bar of soap resting close by.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Are you all right? It's late.

SONNY quizzical, reaches a hand out, touches the graze on her hand.

MAUD

Taylor sent me up to town.

SONNY

Let me have a look.

MAUD

It's nothing... I got caught in a scuffle. There were a load of those women shouting...

He reaches for a cotton wool and a bottle of alcohol resting on the mantelpiece.

MAUD (CONT'D)

..Broke all the windows along the West End.

Reaching for cotton wool and a bottle of alcohol resting on the mantelpiece, SONNY gestures for her to sit. A painting of King George V hanging on the wall above.

SONNY

I'll deliver that package for you in the morning.

MAUD

Ta.

She winces as he cleans the cut, slowly coming down from the panic and rush of the last hour.

SONNY

You coming to bed?

MAUD

I'm just going to get this done.

She goes over to the bucket of dirty laundry standing by a window. Then wearily, she starts scrubbing the dirty clothes.

**EXT. TENEMENT. NR MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAWN.**

The still of the street, bar the lone figure of a WOMAN. Her hands fish in her pocket for a dried pea, she takes aim, blowing through a long pea shooter at a window above. The pea taps at the window. The WOMAN moves onto the next home, blowing the next pea, offering up another morning call.

**INT. MAUD'S BEDROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAWN.**

The TAP of the pea against the window-

MAUD stirs, SONNY by her side.

**INT. MAUD'S BEDROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAWN.**

MAUD is dressing GEORGE WATTS [6] - he's playful, not wanting to get dressed.

MAUD

Arms up.

Warm laughter as he gets tangled in the shirt.

**EXT. TENEMENT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

MAUD nods, ushering GEORGE towards MRS GARSTON's front door.

MRS GARSTON

All right, dear?

MAUD reaches in her pocket, pulling out a couple of shillings - handing them over to MRS GARSTON [late 40s] MAUD's ruddy faced neighbour

MAUD

Ta, Mrs Garston.

MAUD pulls GEORGE into an embrace, kissing his forehead.

MAUD (CONT'D)

Oh, come here. Be good.

MAUD crossing the street, passing a NEWSPAPER BOY cutting a bundle of newspapers open, MAUD's eyes rest on the newspaper stand, the board reading- WANTON DAMAGE BY SUFFRAGETTES. MRS PANKHURST GOES INTO HIDING.

**INT. WASHING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

The wide laundry floor. MAUD at the vats, transferring steaming piles of sheets.

TAYLOR (O/S)

Oi Mrs Miller! Mrs Miller.

Don't you ignore me.

MAUD's distracted by TAYLOR reprimanding VIOLET, caught by TAYLOR as she crosses the laundry floor.

VIOLET

Sorry Mr Taylor.

TAYLOR

Late again?

VIOLET

Oh I'm barely late it's only just gone the hour.

TAYLOR  
 Shut your mouth. You listen to me.  
 That's the second time you've been  
 late and you've only been here  
 three weeks, Mrs Miller.

VIOLET  
 I ain't been late...

TAYLOR  
 Don't answer me back Mrs Miller.  
 I'm telling you.

VIOLET  
 Sorry.

TAYLOR  
 Do you want me to dismiss you, is  
 that it?

VIOLET  
 No, no Mr Taylor. No, sir I don't.  
 And I won't be late tomorrow nor  
 the day after that, I swear.

TAYLOR  
 Well you pull your finger out.

MAUD tenses, caught between staying silent and-

MAUD  
 (calling over)  
 Drive belt's loose again.

TAYLOR distracted, with obvious irritation.

TAYLOR  
 (moving off)  
 It was checked Friday.

TAYLOR peering at the machinery by the ironing work station.

MAUD  
 You can smell burning. I'd check  
 'em all.

TAYLOR disgruntled, yells to a FOREMAN.

TAYLOR  
 Bert! Get your toolbox. Check the  
 drive belt on the machine.

BERT  
 Will do boss.

VIOLET's eyes dart to MAUD, her relief palpable.



VIOLET  
 (hushed/to MAUD)  
 Ta.

TAYLOR, disgruntled, moves on.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 (hushed/sudden)  
 We meet Monday and Thursday if  
 you're interested. The Ellyn's  
 pharmacy.

TAYLOR  
 (interrupting)  
 Here Maud. That package get to  
 Buckley's yesterday?

MAUD  
 George had his chest again. Sonny  
 took it up for me this morning.

**INT. CHANGING ROOMS. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

A half empty changing room, lined with hooks and benches, the walls are peeling, the sinks chipped-

MAUD changing amongst the OTHER WOMEN. Their clothes are all stuck to them, wet through from hours of standing in steam. Most of the women have sores of some kind from wearing damp clothes all day. VIOLET stands, somewhat removed, she catches Maud's eye and smiles, pulling on her skirt, shivering. MAUD seeing this-

VIOLET  
 (to MAGGIE)  
 You ready?

MAGGIE nods.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 This is my eldest, Maggie.

MAUD  
 Hello Maggie.

MAGGIE MILLER[12] VIOLET's daughter, smiles.

**EXT. YARD. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

MAUD and VIOLET, walking towards a crowd gathering by the gates.

ALICE (O/S)  
 It is men who have all legal rights  
 over our children. It is men who  
 control our economic existence.  
 (MORE)

ALICE (O/S) (CONT'D)

It is men who hold the deeds to our property.

VIOLET

Who's that?

MRS ALICE HAUGHTON [early/mid 30s] standing addressing a growing crowd of FEMALE LAUNDRY WORKERS by the gates.

MAUD

MP's wife, Mrs Haughton. She's here at Christmas giving out tangerines to the children.

Two CHARITABLE LADIES move amongst the departing LAUNDRY WORKERS giving out flyers to the WOMEN that read - GIVE YOUR TESTIMONY TO HELP GET WOMEN THE VOTE- smiling and filled with well meaning. ALICE at the heart of the crowd, determinedly ignoring the looks and laughter of the PASSING MALE LAUNDRY WORKERS.

MAUD catching on this. A group of WOMEN start to gather as ALICE talks-

ALICE

- and the Prime Minister, Mr Asquith, has agreed to a hearing of testimonies of working women up and down the country. We have an opportunity to demonstrate that as women are equal to men in their labours, so they should be equal to men in their right to vote.

MR CUMMINGS

You've never laboured in your life.

DERISIVE LAUGHTER. MORE HECKLES. TAYLOR amongst the men. SONNY nearby watching.

MAUD drawn closer, now listening, standing by VIOLET's side.

LOUDER HECKLES NOW.

VIOLET darts a look of growing irritation-

ALICE perseveres, flanked by her CHARITABLE LADIES.

ALICE

This is your moment to come forward and speak up. I will choose one person from this laundry to deliver their testimony at the House of Commons. These will be heard by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Lloyd George.

MRS COLEMAN  
 (calling)  
 No one cares, love.

VIOLET  
 (calling back)  
 Some of us do, Mrs Coleman, so shut  
 your bleedin' cake hole.

LAUGHTER -

MRS COLEMAN SCOWLS, affronted.

MAUD smiles, VIOLET's spirit infectious. The crowd disperses.  
 ALICE and the CHARITABLE LADIES give out flyers as they pass.

ALICE  
 (with a smile)  
 Thank you for your support. Votes  
 for women!

ALICE runs after MAUD and VIOLET, gently pushing one into  
 MAUD's hand.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 (close to)  
 Ladies, votes for women. The power  
 is in your hands.

MAUD and VIOLET moving on into the street-

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 Thank you ladies.

MRS COLEMAN  
 Oh go home.

**EXT. STREET. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

ALICE and the two CHARITABLE LADIES moving out of the gates,  
 chatting to a few WOMEN.

MAUD, still holding the flyer, passes VIOLET greeting a rag  
 bag of GRUBBY KIDS. MAGGIE takes one of them by the hand.

VIOLET  
 Hello kids. Give me half a mo.

VIOLET tails MAUD, the rag bag of GRUBBY KIDS close behind.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 Are you gonna give your testimony  
 then?

The SLICE of human traffic. Cars. Carriages.

MAUD  
 (shakes head)  
 Mr Taylor's a good employer.

VIOLET  
 To you he is.

MAUD stops, turning on VIOLET.

MAUD  
 (sharp)  
 Take that back.

VIOLET  
 I can't take back what I see.

MAUD  
 You've been here less than a month.

VIOLET  
 And?

They sidestep passing BICYCLES.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 I've been doing laundry work ever since I was thirteen. Maggie's only twelve and she's in here already. It's as tough for us women as it's ever been. We've got to do whatever we can. However we can.

MAUD  
 (hushed)  
 What like smashing windows? It's not respectable.

VIOLET  
 (hushed)  
 Strangle what's respectable. You want me to respect the law, then make the law respectable.

**INT. FRONT ROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. EVENING.**

On MAUD, watching SONNY counting coins from his wage packet on the table as she sews. GEORGE, nose pressed close to the table, watches SONNY stacking the coins into a pile.

SONNY  
 So Georgie, Georgie! This is six.  
 You ready? You watching?

He balances a small stack of them on his bent elbow. Then at once, he flicks his arm with a SLAP! Catching them flat in his hands, entertaining GEORGE.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You got yours?

MAUD hesitates, and nods reaching into her pocket, pulling out a second wage packet and pushing it across the table. He rips it open, counting out the wages, a small stack of coins, half the size of SONNY's pay.

MAUD

You see Mrs Haughton today? Wants some of the women to go to Parliament. She thinks we should be paid more.

SONNY

On her high horse again.

MAUD wavers, shakes her head, GEORGE in her arms.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Say goodnight to the King, George.

GEORGE raises a hand in salute COUGHING as he does so.

GEORGE

Good night, Sir.

On MAUD, watching GEORGE and SONNY saluting to the painting of King George V on the wall.

SONNY

Good boy.

**EXT. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

CLOSE ON GEORGE, trying to keep pace with MAUD as they cross a busy street.

MAUD

Come on.

She takes his hand and they enter ELLYN PHARMACY.

**INT. BACK ROOM. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

MRS EDITH ELLYN [40's], neat and earnest, listens to GEORGE'S heart with a stethoscope.

EDITH

Big breath in please. Good boy. And out.

CLOSE on MAUD, her eyes grazing over the endless shelves of medicines and mixtures, halting on a photograph of MRS PANKHURST on the wall.

EDITH (CONT'D)

And now another big one please. And out. Good boy. Ah yes. Here comes the eleven o'clock just passing through the tunnel. Good - it's on time.

GEORGE giggles, enjoying the experience. EDITH rises.

EDITH (CONT'D)

(To Maud)

He's alright.

MAUD

You a suffragette, Mrs Ellyn?

EDITH

Yes. But I consider myself more of a soldier, Mrs Watts.

MAUD

These women's testimonies make a difference?

EDITH wavers, carefully putting away her stethoscope in its box. She nods, following MAUD's gaze over the many books.

EDITH

Maybe but as Mrs Pankhurst says, it's deeds, not words, that will get us the vote.

MAUD nods, ushering GEORGE ahead of her, following EDITH into-

**INT. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

...the shop, where MR HUGH ELLYN [mid/late 40s] weighing some powder on scales.

EDITH

(to Hugh)

Make up a combination.

EDITH holds out a jar of barley sugars-

EDITH (CONT'D)

Now George, do you like barley sugar?

GEORGE nods-

The JANGLE of the SHOP BELL, MAUD's attention distracted by MISS WITHERS, the nanny seen earlier, parking her pram inside-

MISS WITHERS

Afternoon. Are the others here yet?

MISS WITHERS wavers on seeing MAUD with EDITH. EDITH deflects, handing MAUD the bottle of medicine.

EDITH  
 No, not yet, but you can go through.  
 (to Maud)  
 Plenty of steam with a couple of drops in the water, twice daily. Keep him warm.

MAUD nods and reaches for her purse.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 No, no. No charge. Goodbye.

MAUD  
 Thank you.  
 (nods to HUGH)  
 Thank you Mr Ellyn.

HUGH  
 Mrs Watts.

On CAROLINE looking on, ELLYN and SON just visible rippled across the shop glass.

**EXT. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

MAUD leaning in to button GEORGE's coat.

MAUD  
 Come on, let's get you wrapped up.

CLICK- the image freezes as a surveillance camera catches them leaving the pharmacy.

CLICK - another photo, as MAUD registers another women arriving for the meeting.

**INT. DARKROOM. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

In the red light of a dark-room, the image emerging on a sheet of photographic paper and hung, still dripping, on a line alongside PHOTOGRAPHS OF OTHER WOMEN.

**INT. MEETING ROOM. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

CLOSE ON INSPECTOR ARTHUR STEED [50s], a man with quiet authority, entering at the side of SUPERINTENDENT JAMES BURRILL [late 50s], a small gathering of POLICE OFFICERS and a couple of MINISTERS and OFFICIALS including MR BENEDICT HAUGHTON [late 30s/early 40s].

BENEDICT  
Superintendent Burrill.

BENEDICT shakes hands with BURRILL -

BURRILL  
Mr Haughton. Thank you for coming  
here. This is-

BENEDICT already in, reaching his hand out to shake STEED's.

BENEDICT  
Inspector Steed. Benedict Haughton,  
Home Office. I am reliably informed  
(looking to BURRILL)  
...that you have considerable  
experience of counter surveillance  
within the Special Branch-

STEED, the calm centre of the room.

STEED  
(nods)  
I've gathered intelligence on  
various anarchists, sir, including  
Fenian agitators in Liverpool and  
Manchester. I can show you.

STEED moves to the table and nods to DETECTIVE MALCOLM WALSOP  
[40s] who passes the camera to BENEDICT. He reaches for a  
second, passing this to another OFFICIAL on his left.

STEED (CONT'D)  
(to BENEDICT)  
Employment of these cameras would  
be the first of its kind in this  
country. They're considerably more  
advanced than anything we've used  
before.

BENEDICT picks up a camera, examines it.

STEED (CONT'D)  
Compact enough to be used without a  
tripod, it means we can operate  
them covertly on the streets.

CLOSE on BENEDICT'S eye, peering through the viewfinder.

**INT. DARKROOM. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

A CONSTABLE stands in front of a bench, developing a batch of  
photographs. STEED looks over his shoulder, WALSOP and two  
other OFFICERS by his side.

A washing line of surveillance photographs hanging above  
them, including HUGH and EDITH.



STEED

Right. Let's start with Mrs Edith Ellyn. Chief commandant. She's clever. Been arrested nine times, incarcerated four. She's educated, without scruples. Makes her particularly dangerous. It's worth noting her husband, Mr Hugh Ellyn, pharmacist. He's been incarcerated twice for abetting his wife's activities. Fully paid up member of the Men's League.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF VIOLET is pegged on the line, other PHOTOGRAPHS of MISS WITHERS and MISS SAMSON visible.

STEED (CONT'D)

(tapping photograph)

This is an old hand. Mrs Violet Miller. She moves around a lot. Been arrested a number of times, incarcerated twice. Spits out children. Husband's a violent drunk. She agitates, gets her hands dirty. They'll be using her zeal to recruit-

STEED and WALSOP step back, admiring the row of PHOTOGRAPHS.

STEED (CONT'D)

... to justify the unjustifiable.

MAUD's surveillance image catches his eye - MAUD leaving the pharmacy with GEORGE.

STEED (CONT'D)

Now, who's this here?

STEED picks up MAUD's SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPH, hanging it on the line.

WALSOP

Watts. Maud Watts. Not seen her before.

STEED, peering closer at the photo of MAUD.

**INT. CORRIDOR/TAYLOR'S OFFICE. LAUNDRY.BETHNAL GREEN.DAY.**

On MAUD, carrying a clutch of paperwork, walking towards the frosted window of TAYLOR's office door.

She enters -

MAUD freezes on seeing TAYLOR, hands roughly shoved up MAGGIE's skirt as she tries to push him off.

TAYLOR  
There's a good girl. Come on.

MAGGIE  
No! Get off.

TAYLOR  
It'll be alright. It'll be alright.

MAGGIE  
Get off.

TAYLOR  
You know what I like.

MAUD drops the paperwork and TAYLOR spins around. MAGGIE turns, flushing on seeing MAUD, shame and self disgust flickering across her face.

MAUD scuffling to retrieve the paperwork, hurrying out of the office, shutting the door behind her. She moves away down the corridor, head down.

TAYLOR turns to MAGGIE.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Get back to work. Go on, get out there.

**INT. CORRIDOR/TAYLOR'S OFFICE. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

MAUD, deeply shaken, hurries away through back corridors of the laundry and slips into a dark corner.

She closes her eyes, tries to calm her breathing.

**INT. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

Back on the laundry floor, MAUD gathering herself. TAYLOR surprising her-

TAYLOR  
What did you want Maud?

MAUD  
Fourteen short on soap paddles.

TAYLOR  
Why don't you tell acquisitions if we're short?

TAYLOR moves up close behind her.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I don't want a slip up like that to happen again, do you hear?  
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(close to)

She reminds me of you at that age.

On MAUD, eyes blazing, fighting back angry tears.

LATER -

MAUD hesitates on catching MAGGIE, scrubbing her hands at a sink. The sound of running water silently goading MAUD, breaking her heart.

**INT. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

The end of the day - on VIOLET, passing TAYLOR with other MALE LAUNDRY WORKERS including SONNY, laughing and joking by the door, pulling on clean shirts and clearly preparing to leave at the end of the day.

TAYLOR

Oi, Mrs Miller I hear you've been chosen to deliver your testimony to Mr Lloyd George?

VIOLET, quietly defiant, ignoring TAYLOR's smirk.

VIOLET

Tomorrow.

TAYLOR

(calling after)

Leave the vote to us, eh Mrs Miller and we'll leave you to the home.

VIOLET

I've already made up the hours. Worked late Tuesday and Thursday. And Maggie will mop up any extra.

TAYLOR

Why don't you tell Mr Miller I'll give you a clip round the ear and knock some sense into you if he won't.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER

Yeah, me an' all. Do 'er some good, eh?

VIOLET walking determinedly away. MAUD, face hardening, looks back at the laughing MALE WORKERS, SONNY sobering on seeing MAUD's quiet look-

MAUD

(sudden/calling back)

Violet. I'll come with you tomorrow. Hear you speak.

On SONNY, flushing, the MALE WORKERS JEERING and TEASING SONNY as MAUD turns to go.

SONNY  
Maud. What you doing?

MAUD  
I'm just going to listen.

**EXT. STREET. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

A crowd gathering outside the HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SUFFRAGETTES mill with POLICE OFFICERS waiting to get inside-

Several WOMEN stand with banners denoting their factory or home town; the COLLINGWOOD SEAMSTRESSES, the MANCHESTER BAKERS amongst them. MAUD waiting, looking up in awe at the looming building.

She turns, eyes searching, relief on seeing-

MAUD  
(calling out)  
Violet! Where were you? We waited  
and-

MAUD stopped in her tracks on seeing VIOLET, her face black and blue.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
Violet.

VIOLET  
It's nothing. I'm all right.

MAUD hurries to help VIOLET, clearly fragile, yet moving on.

MAUD  
Mrs Haughton's inside.

VIOLET  
Well come on then.

**INT. HALL. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

VIOLET with MAUD on the approach-

ALICE  
Mrs Miller-

ALICE clocks VIOLET's face with shock.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
(clasping VIOLET's arm)  
Oh, my dear-

From beyond, a CLERK stands by the door calling out-

CLERK OS  
 (shouting out)  
 Glass House Laundry next.  
 Sheffield Weavers Union please be  
 ready. You're straight after.

ALICE looks at VIOLET with growing concern.

ALICE  
 You cannot deliver your testimony  
 like this.

CLERK OS  
 Deputations will be heard one by  
 one.

VIOLET  
 I'm fine.

ALICE  
 No, Mrs Miller, you're not. Lloyd  
 George will dismiss you and all you  
 say.

CLERK OS  
 Glass House Laundry.

VIOLET  
 Maud, you speak for me.

On MAUD, her face drained of colour.

MAUD  
 I can't.

ALICE  
 It is written down.

ALICE holds out VIOLET's testimony, written down on paper.

MAUD  
 No, I'm not. I'm not good at...

ALICE  
 All you'd have to do is read it.

MAUD  
 Please ask someone else. I'm...  
 There'll be someone else who can do  
 it better than I can. Please-

VIOLET  
 You can tell 'em. You can tell 'em.  
 Maud, please.

CLERK  
 (louder/more insistent)  
 Glasshouse Laundry please

ALICE  
 Please, we have no time.

VIOLET  
 (whispering)  
 You can do it. You tell 'em. Good  
 luck Maud.

On MAUD, reluctantly taking VIOLET's testimony, the words swimming in front of her eyes. MAUD looks back at VIOLET, clearly struggling.

**INT. MEETING ROOM. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

The TAP TAP of MAUD's boots cross the room-

VIOLET  
 Good luck Maud.

Mr DAVID LLOYD GEORGE [late 40s] and a second MINISTER, both seated-

LLOYD GEORGE  
 Shall you begin Mrs Miller-

ALICE and VIOLET seated near the back with a few other OFFICIALS.

MAUD  
 ...Watts. It's Mrs Watts, Sir.

A PRIM FEMALE TYPIST TAPS away at a typewriter close by, taking this down.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
 Mrs Miller isn't able to. I have  
 her testimony-

MAUD looks down at the paper, faltering, LLOYD GEORGE seeing this. He smiles kindly -

LLOYD GEORGE  
 You work at the Glasshouse Laundry  
 in Bethnal Green too?

MAUD nods. She looks down at the paper and then over at ALICE who silently urges her on-

MAUD  
 I was born there.

LLOYD GEORGE  
Then I should like to hear your  
testimony.

LLOYD GEORGE smiles, waits.

MAUD  
I don't know what to say.

LLOYD GEORGE  
Your mother worked at the laundry?

On MAUD, a quiet decision made as her arm drops, paper in  
hand.

MAUD  
From when she was fourteen. She'd  
strap me on her back or under the  
copper vats if I'd sleep. All the  
women did it who had babies then.

LLOYD GEORGE  
Your employer allowed that?

The TAP TAP of a typewriter as the FEMALE TYPIST transcribes,  
MAUD growing in confidence. ALICE watching closely.

MAUD  
He'd have you back as soon as you  
could.

LLOYD GEORGE  
He?

MAUD  
Mr Taylor.

LLOYD GEORGE  
And does your mother still work at  
the laundry?

MAUD  
(shaking head)  
She died when I was four.

On ALICE catching on this.

LLOYD GEORGE  
I see.

MAUD nods, hesitates, yet LLOYD GEORGE's silence, quietly  
provokes her on.

MAUD  
Vat tipped, scalded her.

The TAP of the typewriter momentarily comes to a still. LLOYD  
GEORGE and others visibly unsettled. ALICE looks on, moved.

LLOYD GEORGE  
What of your father?

MAUD  
(shrugs)  
Don't know him.

LLOYD GEORGE  
And you worked for Mr Taylor-

MAUD  
..part time from when I was seven,  
full time from when I was twelve.  
Don't need much schooling to  
launder shirts. I was good at  
collars, steaming the fine lacing.  
Got the hands for it. I was made  
head washer at seventeen. Forewoman  
at twenty. Twenty four now so-

LLOYD GEORGE  
You're young to have such a  
position.

MAUD  
Laundry work's a short life if  
you're a woman.

ON STEED seated at the back of the room, watching her,  
assessing.

LLOYD GEORGE  
And why is that?

MAUD  
You get your aches and your chest  
cough, crushed fingers. Leg ulcers,  
burns, headaches from the gas. We  
had one girl last year poisoned.  
Can't work again. Ruined her lungs.

LLOYD GEORGE  
And your pay?

MAUD  
We get thirteen shillings a week,  
sir. For a man it's nineteen and we  
work a third more the hours.  
They're outside most days on  
deliveries so at least they're in  
the fresh air.

LLOYD GEORGE  
What would the vote mean to you,  
Mrs Watts?



MAUD

I never thought we'd get the vote  
so I've never thought about what it  
would mean.

LAUGHTER-

LLOYD GEORGE

So why are you here?

MAUD hesitates, then with realisation-

MAUD

The thought that we might...

MAUD wavers - suddenly moved, caught out by her own emotion.

MAUD (CONT'D)

That this life... that there is  
another way of living this life-

MAUD unable to go on until-

MAUD (CONT'D)

Sorry. My words... I'm not...

LLOYD GEORGE

No..No..

On LLOYD GEORGE visibly moved, MAUD looking beyond, sensing  
the room listening to her, wavering with surprise.

LLOYD GEORGE (CONT'D)

The finest eloquence is that which  
gets things done.

STEED quietly noting it all down.

LLOYD GEORGE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mrs Watts. I believe we  
have that all down. We will have a  
response for you very soon. An  
amendment to the bill might just  
force the change towards the vote.

MAUD

Thank you, sir.

ON MAUD, considering, she nods.

**INT. MAUD'S BEDROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912.  
NIGHT.**

MAUD creeps into her bedroom and starts taking off her  
clothes.

SONNY OOV  
You've been drinking.

MAUD  
(shrugs)  
Just a brandy. Mrs Haughton treated us.

SONNY is lying in bed.

SONNY  
Mrs Haughton can afford it.

MAUD pulls off her clothes.

MAUD  
(confidently, still high)  
I spoke, Sonny.

SONNY  
I thought you was just gonna listen.

MAUD  
Violet couldn't so they asked me. I was just going to say what she would have said but then he asked me if I worked in the laundry as well and I just started talking. To Mr Lloyd George.

She walks over to their bed.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
If we got the vote-

SONNY  
What would you do with it Maud?

MAUD  
Do the same you do with yours, Sonny. Exercise my rights.

SONNY  
Exercise your rights? You a suffragette now, one of those Panks?

MAUD  
No-

MAUD climbing into bed next to him.

SONNY  
Mrs Miller is. You know how they like to talk. You spend your time with her, that's what they'll call you.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm only looking out for you, Maud.

MAUD

I know.

SONNY

It's all I've ever done-

Sonny turns out the light. He spoons into her. They lie together, SONNY's arms around MAUD. MAUD face pressed against the pillow, searching for the cool.

**INT. WASHING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

Machines whirring. A FACTORY BELL chiming loudly.

**EXT. YARD/STREET. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAY.**

VIOLET runs to catch up with MAUD, linking arms with her.

VIOLET

Oi Maud, Mrs Ellyn's invited you to tea.

MAUD

Has she?

VIOLET

She says you've gone and woken up the dinosaurs of Westminster.

They laugh, a little giddy.

**INT. BACK ROOM. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING**

MAUD alone, eyes falling on EDITH's coat hanging on the back of the door. MAUD reaches out a hand to touch the thick strip of purple, green and white ribbon with several silver bars. EDITH enters, carrying a small tray of food. She sets it down on the side.

MAUD's eyes graze over the various chemistry certificates on the wall. She peers closer, each award in EDITH's name.

MAUD

Where are Mr Ellyn's certificates?

EDITH

Oh he hasn't any. He has me. His father passed the business to him. But he never took to chemistry. I actually wanted to become a doctor. My father didn't approve. I'm still good at diagnosis.

MAUD  
So you married-?

EDITH  
(nods)  
23 years now. I had hoped that one day it might have read Ellyn and daughters.

Edith - momentarily lost in her thoughts.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
One must look to the next generation.  
(pouring tea)  
I hear you spoke well.

**INT. MAUD'S BEDROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. DAWN.**

MAUD pulls on her dressing gown, SONNY in bed blinking awake.

MAUD  
I was thinking we could take him to the seaside in the summer.

SONNY  
Don't go drinking champagne on beer money, Maud.

MAUD inwardly sinks-

LATER-

She dresses George.

MAUD  
Arms up!

Popping his head around the door.

SONNY  
We could take him to the pictures Friday.

MAUD nods, smiles. SONNY smiles back. George giggles, enjoying the morning ritual.

**EXT. TENEMENT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

On VIOLET waiting outside MAUD's house. A MALE LAUNDRY WORKER comes out of his house, looking on at her with obvious disapproval.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER  
Oi, Mrs Miller, bet you wish you were a man.

On MAUD, catching on this as she ushers GEORGE out of the house, SONNY close behind ignoring the MALE LAUNDRY WORKER.

VIOLET  
(calling after)  
Bet you wish you were too.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER  
Saucy cow!

The MALE LAUNDRY WORKER falls into line with OTHER WORKERS, nodding to SONNY, smirking in passing-

MAUD  
Wish us luck.

SONNY  
(hushed)  
Luck'd be you'd stop this now, go to work.

MAUD goes to kiss him, SONNY pulls away. On MAUD stung.

SONNY pushes GEORGE ahead of him. GEORGE bemused-

SONNY (CONT'D)  
(to GEORGE)  
Go on.  
(to Maud)  
Off you go.

On MAUD hurrying over VIOLET.

VIOLET  
You ready?

MAUD  
Yeah.

VIOLET hands her a small posy of flowers, white, purple and green - the suffrage colours. MAUD takes it, smiles, pinning it to her lapel as they head off up the street, spirits high.

VIOLET  
Here you are Maud. You gotta look the part ain't ya?

**EXT. COURTYARD. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

ON MAUD, EDITH, ALICE AND VIOLET as they move through a growing crowd of SUFFRAGETTES, gathering around the HOUSE OF COMMONS steps, a sense of excitement, MAUD and OTHERS smiling at its heart. A SINGING SUFFRAGETTE stands by a POLICEMAN guarding the gates - 'March Of The Women' the Suffragette anthem carrying across the crowd. The atmosphere is almost festive. MAUD filled with excited anticipation, her arms locked in VIOLET'S.

ALICE  
 (craning to see)  
 Can you see anything?

MAUD  
 They haven't opened the doors yet.

VIOLET turns on seeing MISS EMILY WILDING DAVISON [early 40s].

Suddenly a door opens, the sense of MINISTERS about to exit. A PRESS PACK of JOURNALISTS SURGE FORWARD-

MAUD (CONT'D)  
 Is that him?

The crowd livelier now, MAUD jostles with the OTHERS, all craning to see over the tops of heads towards the steps. EXCITED CHATTER ALL AROUND.

SEVERAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS stand, cameras held in waiting-

LLOYD GEORGE emerges mounting the steps, paper in hand, BENEDICT close behind.

MAUD, ALICE, EDITH and VIOLET all move towards the steps. The SNAP of PRESS CAMERAS and MURMUR OF JOURNALISTS LOOKING FOR COMMENT.

LLOYD GEORGE  
 The Prime Minister duly reviewed all the women's testimonies. After careful debate with a number of MP's very sympathetic to the women's cause, it was carried that there was not the evidence to support any change to the Suffrage Bill.

VIOLET  
 What?

HECKLES FROM THE CROWD. LOUD JEERING.

MAUD stares dumbfounded. Her eyes meet VIOLET's, similarly shocked.

JOURNALIST  
 No votes for women then, Sir?

LLOYD GEORGE  
 No, no votes.

MAUD  
 But Mr Lloyd George listened. He took it all down.

RISING JEERS as the men make their way towards an awaiting CARRIAGE, POLICE PROTECTION shielding them from the crowd.

EDITH

Sham. Sham!

On MAUD, the full realisation hitting her as she is pushed forward, her face stinging with the betrayal as she watches LLOYD GEORGE, catching his gaze as he climbs into his waiting car.

**EXT. COURTYARD. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD, EDITH, ALICE, VIOLET and OTHERS watching the departing MINISTERS. MISS SAMSON and MISS WITHERS dots in the crowd.

EDITH

Liar..Liar..

ON MAUD, falling into CHANTING WITH THE OTHER WOMEN.

MAUD

Liar..Liar..Liar..

The CHANTS OF THE WOMEN GROWING, LINKING ARMS TOGETHER.

WOMEN

Liar..Liar..

The JEERS louder-

WOMEN bang their hands against the windows of LLOYD GEORGE'S official CAR.

A wall of MOUNTED POLICE emerge from the House of Commons.

A barricade of POLICE OFFICERS shove and push at the crowd.

POLICE OFFICER

Come on now, you've had your fun.  
Get back.

INCREASING NOISE all around. The tension building as MORE AND MORE WOMEN see the POLICE OFFICERS, arming themselves ready to attack, pushing forward, seeping into the crowd. Behind, STEED moves towards an OFFICER, caught amongst the fray.

The POLICE OFFICERS lunge at the WOMEN as peaceful protest dissolves into violent attack. The WOMEN caught unawares by this sudden, brutal onslaught. The SINGING SUFFRAGETTE is brutally beaten with a truncheon.

MAUD

Hey! Leave her alone!

ON MAUD, panic and terror overwhelming her, cornered with the crowd kettled against a wall.

MAUD is pulled down to the ground by a LARGE OFFICER.

EDITH caught in a headlock by the two OFFICERS. The SMASH of a truncheon against her head as she refuses to concede.

STEED looks on, impassive.

EMILY is grabbed from behind.

EMILY

Unhand me!

The LARGE OFFICER arrests MAUD, dragging her by the hair towards a waiting POLICE VAN. Blood falling across the pavement as EDITH is manhandled into the van.

STEED looking on as MAUD is hurled violently into the back of the van.

VIOLET is thrown into the van after EDITH. ALICE desperately pushes her way towards the OTHERS, trying to help them. She is dragged by an OFFICER towards the van.

ALICE

Get off me... Get off me...

**INT. RECEPTION/CORRIDOR. POLICE STATION. WESTMINSTER. 1913. DAY.**

CLOSE on MAUD, waiting in custody, wavering on seeing-

ALICE with a newly arrived BENEDICT. He stands at the counter, hurriedly writing a cheque, about to hand it to the POLICE OFFICER.

BENEDICT

How much is bail?

OFFICER

Two pounds, sir.

ALICE

No, Benedict, you must bail all the women. I cannot be the only one to go free. Benedict please-

ALICE snatches the cheque out of his hands, reaching for a pencil.

BENEDICT

I will not.

ALICE

How much is the sum?

OFFICER

Two pounds, each.



ALICE  
 Twelve pounds to release all the  
 women. Please sign it.  
 (silence)  
 It's my money. My money.

BENEDICT turns on ALICE gripping her tightly by the arm.

BENEDICT  
 (close to)  
 But you're my wife. And you'll act  
 like a wife. I have humoured you  
 Alice, thus far but... this is an  
 outrage.  
 (to Officer)  
 Thank you.

ALICE fumes. BENEDICT straightens his coat, nods to the  
 POLICE OFFICER and then waiting, turning to ALICE.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)  
 Come on.

On ALICE, reluctantly following BENEDICT.

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION. WESTMINSTER. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD sits at a wooden table, bruised and in shock, her eyes  
 quietly following the steady TICK TICK of the clock overhead,  
 edging towards six. STEED enters and sits.

MAUD  
 I have to fetch my son by six.  
 (silence)  
 I'm late. He'll need his tea.

STEED  
 You won't be home for tea.

STEED clocks the wedding ring on her finger, MAUD seeing  
 this, hands shaking, she presses them firm in her lap.

STEED (CONT'D)  
 Would you like me to contact your  
 husband, Mrs Watts?

On MAUD, panic rising, desperately trying to keep it in.

MAUD hesitates. STEED nods, calm, letting the silence hang-

STEED (CONT'D)  
 (close to)  
 I picked up a suffragette last week  
 -

MAUD

(sudden)

I'm not a suffragette.

STEED

Rough little diamond. In her bloomers? Three bricks. Works for Mrs Pankhurst directly. I asked her why she does it. She said it makes her life worth something.

(close to)

She's just the hod carrier.

MAUD

I'm not a suffragette.

STEED

I'm glad. You know they say that the way in which certain types of women have acted in the past months gives a good deal of colour to the argument that the mental equilibrium of the female sex is less than that of the male's. But I don't agree. There's no madness in it. They know exactly what they're doing. But my opinion doesn't matter. My job is to enforce the law, Mrs Watts. So I'm going to give you some advice now and I sincerely hope you take it. You'll serve your time now. At worst you'll get a week. Then you go home to your husband.

On MAUD, eyes stinging with tears, holding his look with quiet desperation. STEED stands to leave.

MAUD

They lied to us.

STEED, momentarily wavers-

STEED

(close to)

They didn't lie. They promised nothing, they gave nothing.

**INT. ANTEROOM. CELLS. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD stands as two FEMALE PRISON GUARDS yank off her clothes.

Behind her, EDITH, her head bloodied, and a second WOMAN wait in line watching.

FEMALE PRISON GUARD

Coat.

MAUD's petticoats are pulled off and folded and placed down on a table next to a jacket, a coat, a blouse. A THIRD FEMALE PRISON GUARD records details of the clothing in a ledger.

FEMALE PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

One set of stockings. Hole, right foot.

MAUD hesitates, then goes to roll down her stockings - too slow. The FEMALE GUARD YANKS them down-

EDITH

Do not be alarmed, Maud. Stay calm.  
It will be over soon.

MAUD trembling, looking back seeing EDITH.

EDITH OOV

We're political prisoners. We have  
the right to wear our own clothes.

PRISON GUARD

(to Maud)

Arms up.

EDITH, arms locked to her side as the FEMALE GUARDS pull at her clothing, roughly trying to remove it. EDITH remains resolute and defiant, fists clenched.

EDITH

We have the right

MAUD is led away, naked, shivering.

**INT. MAUD'S CELL/ATRIUM. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD curled up on a hard iron bed, her knees pulled into her chest. She looks up at the ceiling, afraid and fighting back tears.

MAUD

(almost to self)  
Sorry Georgie.

**INT. WASHING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1912. DAY.**

SONNY pushes a cart full of sheets through the laundry.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER

(calling out)  
Oi! Your wife is a fucking disgrace  
Sonny.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER 2

You should be keeping her under  
control.

SONNY hesitates, then moves on.

LAUNDRY WORKER 2  
Police are bringing these bitches  
to their knees.  
(louder)  
At least Maud'll be used to that.

SONNY pushes on, head down, humiliated.

**INT. FRONT ROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912.NIGHT.**

SONNY paces, tense, angry.

**I/E. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAWN.**

HUGH opening up the shop, hesitating on seeing-

'FILTHY PANKS' painted across the window boards. He quickly begins to pull them down.

**EXT. YARD. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

A freezing cold morning- A WIDE GRAVEL YARD-

On MAUD, exhausted, still reeling, she takes in this new world of the prison yard. SEVERAL WOMEN stand in clusters. EDITH, a thin shawl draped around her shoulders.

VIOLET  
(To MAUD)  
Come on Maud.

VIOLET darts a look to EDITH.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
She's missing her boy.

EDITH catching on VIOLET's words.

EDITH  
We all get separated from those we love, Maud. My mother... When I was a child I barely saw her. She worked day and night, fighting for me to be educated as my brother was, but that didn't come without a sacrifice.

Close by a small group of WOMEN in conversation with EMILY.

VIOLET  
There's Emily.

EMILY nods to VIOLET who smiles and nods in return.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 (following MAUD's gaze) She's  
 done more time in here than  
 any of us.

On MAUD watching Emily as the women move off.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 She's on hunger strike now.

EMILY, opening a prayer book, warm breath clouding in the  
 cold as she mouths the words silently to herself.

EDITH  
 Orders from Mrs Pankhurst are we're  
 to follow. If they will not accept  
 us as political prisoners then we  
 will strike until they do.

VIOLET furtively nods.

VIOLET  
 (close to)  
 Not Maud. It's her first time.

A whistle sounds. The women begin to move back towards the  
 prison door.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 Emily-

EMILY  
 (nods)  
 Violet-

VIOLET  
 (nodding to MAUD)  
 We've got a new member. This is  
 Maud.

EMILY smiles.

EMILY  
 (hushed)  
 Welcome, Maud.

On MAUD, she nods, eyes catching on EMILY - emaciated and  
 wan. On MAUD hurrying on, falling into line.

PRISON GUARD  
 Faster. Move.

INT. MAUD'S CELL/ATRIUM. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

MAUD curled up on a hard iron bed, her knees pulled into her chest. She looks up listening to the thumps and clangs of the prison.

CUT TO

MAUD, more composed, ties her shoelace. Straightens her shirt.

EXT. STREET. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

The turn of a key-

On MAUD, with EDITH, VIOLET and OTHERS emerging from the prison gates all equally battered and broken. EDITH and VIOLET clearly weak. HUGH already waiting. EDITH falls into his arms.

EDITH

Oh Hugh.

On MAUD watching HUGH gently helping EDITH into the van.

A group of ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTES stand with bouquets ready to greet MAUD and the OTHERS.

ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTE

Welcome, Mrs Watts. Please come with us.

MAUD

I've got to go. I've got to see my son.

One of the ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTES smiles at MAUD. Then one discreetly reaches into her handbag, taking out a medal. MAUD looks to VIOLET as the ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTE goes to pin it on.

VIOLET

(hushed)

Everyone gets one their first time, Maud.

MAUD peering down at a green, purple and white ribbon with a silver disc hanging from it, now pinned to her lapel.

ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTE

Your first incarceration.

MAUD

Thanks.

MAUD nods, moving off. The ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTES nod to VIOLET in passing. She discreetly passes them letters from her skirt.

ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTE  
 (hushed/to VIOLET)  
 Mrs Miller - The escalation of  
 violence from the police will be  
 met with force. You'll receive  
 word.

VIOLET nods, hurriedly moving on.

**EXT. TENEMENT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING.**

DARKNESS.

MAUD hurries up to the house - she hesitates, unpinning the suffrage medal and sinking it into her pocket. She goes to the windowsill, searching for the key under the pot. It is gone. She looks up. The house quiet. She turns, sees MRS GARSTON taking out the rubbish.

MAUD  
 Are they in?

MRS GARSTON turns her back on MAUD, ignoring her-

MAUD (CONT'D)  
 Mrs Garston-

MRS GARSTON closes her door on MAUD, a look of disgust on her face.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
 (hammering on the door)  
 Sonny?

SUDDENLY the door opens, SONNY grabs her, pulling her in-

**INT. FRONT ROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING.**

MAUD stands, loitering by the door, unable to gauge SONNY yet-

MAUD  
 How's George?

SONNY  
 He's asleep.

MAUD  
 I'm sorry Sonny. I tried to get  
 back as quickly as I could but they  
 kept me there.

SONNY  
 I can't look at you-

MAUD  
 You don't know what they did to us-

SONNY  
(cutting her off)

Us?

MAUD hesitates-

SONNY (CONT'D)  
What's it done to me and George?  
I've had the police round. I said I  
didn't know anything. Got the whole  
street whispering. I covered for  
you to Taylor but he knew.

On MAUD, eyes searching SONNY's face, despair and anger palpable.

MAUD  
Won't happen again.

SUDDENLY from beyond-

GEORGE OOV  
Mama-

GEORGE just visible sleepy eyed, illuminated in the doorway.

MAUD  
Georgie-

MAUD, fighting back tears, smiles, reaching out for him, drawing him into an embrace.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
My darling.

SONNY  
(abruptly to GEORGE)  
Get back to bed.  
(quieter)  
Now.

MAUD  
(gently releasing GEORGE)  
Go on, Georgie. I'll be there in a  
minute.

GEORGE gone. MAUD looks to SONNY.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
You eaten?

MAUD takes in the chaos; dirty plates, unwashed clothes everywhere-

SONNY  
Mrs Garston did her best.



MAUD  
 (nodding)  
 I'll make you some tea.

SONNY  
 I waited and waited for you till it  
 was almost dawn. I was praying for  
 you to come home.

On MAUD, staring out of the window at the dark night beyond.

MAUD  
 I'm back now.

SONNY  
 (resolute)  
 You won't ever shame me like that  
 again.

**INT. WASHING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

ON MAUD scrubbing a shirt, hearing-

TAYLOR OS  
 Go on, on your way. I've had enough  
 of you. You've been nothing but  
 trouble since you got here.

VIOLET, with her coat on, reassuring MAGGIE, kissing her  
 goodbye, leaving her.

VIOLET  
 (to Maggie)  
 See you at home pal.  
 (shouting to the floor)  
 VOTES FOR WOMEN!

VIOLET chin held high, heading out, the whole floor watching  
 her, MAUD included. MAGGIE darts a look to MAUD then  
 hurriedly returns to work.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKERS, SONNY among them, moving huge trolleys  
 piled up with newly laundered sheets and linen. They nudge  
 one another, laughing at MAUD.

TAYLOR OOV  
 Hello, Maud.

MAUD clocks TAYLOR on the approach. She determinedly resumes  
 working, ignoring TAYLOR now close by.

TAYLOR  
 Nice to see you're feeling better.  
 Sonny tells me you've not been  
 well.

MAUD looks at him. She nods, looking to MAGGIE across the floor, clearly distressed.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(to MAUD)

It's alright you know.

(watching MAGGIE)

I found someone else willing to make up the hours.

On MAUD, following TAYLOR's gaze on MAGGIE. She looks away, sickened to the pit of her stomach, pressing and folding laundry, not daring to look up. Her hands shaking, she presses them against the flat of the ironing table, forcing herself on from unfurling, lashing out.

**EXT. YARD/STREET. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

CLOSE ON MAUD leaving at the end of the day.

The SPILL of WORKERS out onto the street. VIOLET, waiting, eyes quietly searching the crowd for MAUD.

VIOLET

(calling over)

Maud-

MAUD

Violet.

VIOLET

(hushed)

There's a big gathering on Friday.  
They're saying she's to speak.

A moment, MAUD torn.

MAUD

I gotta go. I can't.

VIOLET

(close to)

You can't not.

On MAUD, holding VIOLET's look, before hurrying away.

**INT. PRIVY. NR MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1912. NIGHT.**

The GLOW of a roll-up between chapped lips-

MAUD sits on the toilet, smoking as she reads the NEWSPAPER, her eyes lingering on a headline, MRS PANKHURST, STILL IN HIDING. MAUD considers-

INT. MAUD'S BEDROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAWN.

MAUD staring over at SONNY, as if she has been awake some time. SONNY stirs-

MAUD

If we'd had a girl, what would we have called her?

SONNY

Margaret, after my mother.

MAUD

What kind of life would she have had?

SONNY wearily sits up, leaning forward, his back to MAUD.

SONNY

Same as yours.

On MAUD, she nods, looking into the distance, a decision quietly made.

MAUD

I'm working late tonight.

INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.

STEED with WALSON, BURRILL and OTHER OFFICERS staring up at the a dense network of surveillance photographs, press cuttings, notated phone conversations covering a board on the wall. A surveillance photograph of EDITH pinned at its heart, from which strings radiate to photographs of HUGH, VIOLET, MAUD, MISS WITHERS and OTHERS all caught in a spider's web of string and notes-

WALSOP

Intelligence confirms a growing intention to retaliate.

STEED

They're putting their strategy in place. Our contact in Lewisham tells us Mrs Pankhurst is to give an address.

BURRILL

When?

STEED

Any day now. We don't know where yet...

STEED's pensive look caught on a photograph of MAUD's face.

STEED (CONT'D)  
 But I'm sure our East London ladies  
 will lead us there.

**EXT. STREET. NEAR SQUARE. NIGHT.**

CLOSE on MAUD, hurrying down a darkened street.

MAUD (O.S.)  
 (hushed)  
 Emily.

Maud turns to see EMILY standing in the shadow of a doorway.

EMILY  
 Maud. It's good to see you again.

MAUD  
 Have you heard her speak before?

EMILY  
 Many times. She is without fear.

They share a smile, Maud buoyed by her excitement.

VIOLET rushes up behind them.

VIOLET  
 Emily, Edith's waiting for us.  
 (to MAUD)  
 You made it then?

They round the corner where EDITH is waiting.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 Edith!

EDITH  
 You're here. We must hurry. It'll  
 be the first time she's appeared  
 for months. They'll be on alert to  
 arrest her.

A sense of growing excitement as they head up the street.

**EXT. SIDE STREET. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.**

A WOMAN offers MRS PANKHURST a hand into a waiting car.

WOMAN  
 There you are Mrs Pankhurst.

MRS PANKHURST  
 Thank you.

**EXT. CAMDEN SQUARE. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.**

A leafy moonlit square-

The MURMUR of EXCITEMENT - the entire street and garden packed with SUFFRAGETTES-

On MAUD, VIOLET and EDITH, dots amongst the crowd, all looking up at a BALCONY, waiting in excited anticipation. MAUD looking around, now wearing her suffrage medal.

SUDDENLY a cheer goes up, as a WOMAN in hat and veil comes to the balcony, pulling back her veil to reveal she is MRS PANKHURST-

WHOOPS and APPLAUSE. Delighted whispers all around 'It's Mrs Pankhurst'.

The CHEERS BUILDING. MRS PANKHURST opens her arms, calming them. MAUD smiles, beaming at VIOLET.

MRS PANKHURST  
My friends. In spite of His  
Majesty's Government I am here  
tonight.

MORE CHEERS - on MAUD, hanging on every word.

MRS PANKHURST (CONT'D)  
I know the sacrifices you have made  
to be here. Many of you, I know,  
are estranged from the lives you  
once had. Yet I feel your spirit  
tonight.

MAUD catching on this-

MRS PANKHURST's eyes travel over the sea of WOMEN's faces, all looking up at her, hanging on her every word. WOMEN of all social classes gathered together. MRS PANKHURST smiles, pushing on.

MRS PANKHURST (CONT'D)  
For fifty years we have laboured  
peacefully to secure the vote for  
women. We have been ridiculed,  
battered and ignored. Now we have  
realized that deeds and sacrifice  
must be the order of the day.

MORE CHEERS-

**EXT. SIDE STREET. NR CAMDEN SQUARE. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.**

Police officers pile into a car.

EXT. CAMDEN SQUARE. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.

MAUD stares up MRS PANKHURST, captivated.

MRS PANKHURST

We are fighting for a time when every little girl born into the world will have an equal chance with her brothers. Never underestimate the power we women have to define our own destinies. We do not want to be law breakers, we want to be law makers.

CHEERS

SUDDENLY THE DISTANT BEAM of CAR HEADLAMPS flick up, grazing the WOMEN's faces, bringing urgency to MRS PANKHURST's speech.

MRS PANKHURST (CONT'D)

Be militant. Each of you in your own way. Those of you who can break windows, break them. Those of you who can further attack the sacred idol of property, do so. We have been left with no alternative but to defy this government.

The CROWD ERUPTS WHISTLING, CHEERING, FOOT STOMPING, SINGING-  
A POLICE WHISTLE blows. POLICE VEHICLES push into the crowd.

MRS PANKHURST (CONT'D)

If we must go to prison to obtain the vote, let it be the windows of government not the bodies of women that shall be broken.

VIOLET turns to MAUD.

VIOLET

Round the back Maud. Round the back.

MRS PANKHURST

I incite this meeting, and all the women in Britain, to rebellion!

On MAUD, EMILY, EDITH and VIOLET as they weave their way through the crowd.

MRS PANKHURST (CONT'D)

I would rather be a rebel than a slave!

The CHEERS and FOOT STOMPING RISING NOW. POLICE WHISTLES as the MEN are revealed as MORE AND MORE POLICE OFFICERS. STEED is amongst them, waving on the vehicles.

ON MRS PANKHURST shrouded in her veil and hat now, being led down the steps and through the crowd, surrounded by her FEMALE BODYGUARD.

ELEGANT WOMEN  
(shouting)  
Don't let Mrs Pankhurst be  
arrested!

POLICE OFFICERS push and shove, but the WOMEN form a barricade-

The POLICE OFFICERS momentarily thwarted. Despite the WOMEN's best attempts, the POLICE OFFICERS push through-

The SWIPE and SLAM of BATONS beating the shrouded MRS PANKHURST to the ground.

The SURGE of SUFFRAGETTES all around, shouting and protesting.

THE POLICE OFFICERS ripping off MRS PANKHURST's HAT and VEIL. The POLICE OFFICERS' faces suddenly fall-

A smiling if bruised ELEGANT WOMAN/FEMALE BODYGUARD DRESSED AS A DECOY MRS PANKHURST, her veil and hat now on the ground, looking up at the bemused POLICE OFFICERS.

WOMEN OOV  
No Surrender.

MALE BYSTANDER  
It's not her!

**EXT. SIDE STREET. NR CAMDEN SQUARE. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.**

MAUD, VIOLET, EDITH and EMILY hurry down a side street.

They intercept the REAL MRS PANKURST in the same hat being escorted towards a waiting CAR.

MAUD, VIOLET, EDITH, EMILY and a CLUSTER OF WOMEN moving in, in choreographed unison, pinned close around MRS PANKHURST, acting as barricade, leading her towards the car.

MRS PANKHURST  
Edith.

MRS PANKHURST smiles in passing at VIOLET and EDITH.

EDITH  
Mrs P.

MRS PANKHURST  
Dear Emily.

EMILY  
This is Mrs Watts, Mrs Pankhurst.

MRS PANKHURST smiles, on seeing EMILY, patting her hand-

MAUD  
Maud.

MRS PANKHURST  
Thank you, Maud.

She climbs into the car, then leans out.

MRS PANKHURST (CONT'D)  
(to MAUD)  
Never surrender. Never give up the  
fight!

MAUD smiles.

As the car pulls away, women run past, following closely by  
the police. One POLICEMAN grabs MAUD.

**EXT. SIDE STREET. NR CAMDEN SQUARE. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.**

On STEED, shoving MAUD towards a passing POLICE OFFICER.

STEED  
Don't bother arresting them.

On STEED holding MAUD's defiant look.

STEED (CONT'D)  
Let their husbands deal with them.  
Drop them at their front doors.

**INT. POLICE VAN. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT.**

MAUD and a POLICE OFFICER sit in silence, facing one another.  
A second POLICE OFFICER also seated with EDITH, EMILY and  
OTHER WOMEN further down the van.

**INT. FRONT ROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT**

SONNY paces, anger building.

**EXT. BACKSTREET/TENEMENT. BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1913. NIGHT**

The police van enters their street.



EXT. TENEMENT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.

The SLAM of the POLICE VAN door-

On MAUD, staring at the illuminated window, SONNY already opening the door. He looks beyond to the van, sickened, turning his back on MAUD-

MAUD  
Sonny. I'm sorry.

SONNY  
I took you on, Maud. I thought I could straighten you out.

On MAUD, pain, edged with a growing anger-

MAUD  
What if you don't need to?

SONNY  
You're a mother, Maud. You're a wife. My wife. That's what you're meant to be.

MAUD  
I'm not just that any more-

SONNY despairing, shoving her away.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
(growing desperation)  
Sonny...Sonny, what are you doing?

MAUD reaching for SONNY, trying to stop him as he enters the house. He rounds on her before she can get back in, gathering up anything he can find of hers as he comes out again; coats, hat, boots, a bag, a box...anything - just ridding the house of MAUD, hurling MAUD's things out onto the street.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
Sonny...Sonny...

SONNY  
GET OUT!

He slams the door on her.

MAUD hammering on the door, terror and desperation growing-

MAUD  
(shouting louder)  
Sonny! Let me see George! Sonny.  
SONNY!

SILENCE-

The lights going out in the house.

ON MAUD, with growing fury, beating on SONNY's door with the last bit of strength she has, with her fist.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Sonny. I want to see George.

On MAUD, despair threatening to overwhelm, turning to see MRS GARSTON, standing in the doorway of her house next door, seeing it all-

SILENCE-

MAUD picking up her possessions scattered across the street. MAUD sinks down, desperately gathering them together.

**EXT. STAIRWELL. BEDSIT. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

VIOLET and MAUD walk in the rain down a dank, dimly lit street.

VIOLET  
Right. This is it.

**INT. MAUD'S ROOM. BEDSIT. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

MAUD with VIOLET climb the stairs into a small room, following a PINCHED LOOKING LANDLADY.

LANDLADY  
It's two and six a week.

VIOLET  
Make it two and four. The union will pay.

The LANDLADY eyes VIOLET and MAUD with obvious disdain before turning away. MAUD takes in the rundown room, now alone with VIOLET.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I'll get you blankets and clothes from the WSPU jumble. They collect stuff for women who-

VIOLET wavers, sees MAUD's misery growing.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

On MAUD breaking, tears starting to flow.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

No no no. Don't cry. It aggravates them more if they see it hasn't touched you. So you practise now on me. Do it Maud.

VIOLET reaches out a hand, touches MAUD's cheek, wiping away MAUD's angry, desperate tears.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

And God shall wipe away all their tears; there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

MAUD nods, sobering, wiping away the last of her tears. VIOLET kisses her on the forehead and passes her hand over the bed, springs pushing through the fabric.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(shouting out)

Two and four a week and a bed of bleedin' nails!

SUDDENLY the bed collapses to the floor. VIOLET SCREECHES. Even MAUD laughs.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams Maudy!

**EXT. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913.**

The slice of traffic - the police station ahead.

**INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913.**

BENEDICT clearly in a fury, facing off STEED and BURRILL as WALSOP and others look on.

WALSOP

So, Mrs Pankhurst briefly out of hiding. Gentlemen this is a deliberate escalation that the government will not accept. Who knows what they will do next.

STEED

They have been given orders to be ready. The East London branch in particular is to mobilise.

WALSOP

Should we be taking these threats seriously?

BENEDICT

I would not underestimate the threat. Neither would the Prime Minister.

STEED

If it's to be tackled, we need to get closer in. I hope to track down those still open to persuasion and have them infiltrate and inform on the others. We've identified weaknesses in the ranks. We're hoping one of them will break.

STEED pulls out a file of photographs that include MAUD, EMILY, EDITH and VIOLET.

STEED (CONT'D)

So I'm going to release these to the press.

**EXT. BACKSTREET/TENEMENT.BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON.1913.EVENING.**

MRS COLEMAN hurries up behind MAUD, a sneer caught across her face.

MRS COLEMAN

Here, Maud, you seen yourself?

Hands MAUD a newspaper with her photograph printed alongside EDITH, VIOLET and EMILY.

MRS COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Shame of it.

**INT. WASHING/IRONING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD pulling on her apron, aware of the gazes of other WORKERS walking across the floor to her station. A cluster of MALE LAUNDRY WORKERS whispering to SONNY, who turns, pushing a trolley away.

On MAUD, at her station ignoring TAYLOR on the approach. He lays the newspaper down on an ironing press next to her, silently turning the pages-

TAYLOR

Mrs Pankhurst's undesirables. It's not a bad photograph, though.

On MAUD, looking at TAYLOR and seeing the newspaper with the surveillance photos.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 (close to)  
 I might cut it out. Put it on my  
 wall.

On MAUD, steely.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 (close to)  
 I want you out, Maud.

TAYLOR creeps his hand around MAUD's back, leaning into her ear, his breath warm against her neck, one hand flat on the ironing press.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 (close to)  
 After everything I done for you.

CLOSE on MAUD, angry until-

MAUD  
 (close to)  
 And how I've paid for it...

AND AT ONCE, MAUD reaches for a scalding iron, slamming it down. It lands hard on TAYLOR's hand-

The HISS of STEAM-

TAYLOR's blood curdling scream, echoing across the laundry hall. MAUD looks back at SONNY and hurries out, clocking the shocked stares of the other MALE LAUNDRY WORKERS, their contempt palpable. One LAUNDRY WORKER goes to TAYLOR's aid.

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER  
 (shouting at onlookers)  
 What you looking at?

MALE LAUNDRY WORKER OS  
 Call the police! Don't let her go.

**INT. WASHING/IRONING ROOM. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD hides in the shadows, in shock.

**INT. CORRIDOR/TAYLOR'S OFFICE. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD seated alone in a corridor outside TAYLOR's office, clearly in shock at what she's done. TAYLOR being interviewed by two LOCAL UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS. STEED exits the room and calmly sits down next to her. He stares straight ahead, as if in innocent conversation with MAUD.

STEED  
 You'll walk free. Out of here  
 today. In return - you will help  
 me.

MAUD wavers, turns to look at him, sobering.

STEED (CONT'D)  
 There is information that you will  
 pass to me... Anything you know,  
 anything you hear, even if it's  
 only a snippet or a piece of  
 conversation, it is of interest.

MAUD stares dead ahead.

STEED (CONT'D)  
 Look at me.

MAUD meets his eye with conviction.

MAUD  
 He deserved it. If I told you-

STEED  
 Do you really think anyone listens  
 to girls like you? That anyone  
 cares? They don't. You're nothing  
 in the world. I grew up with girls  
 like you. People who sacrificed  
 life for revenge and a cause. I  
 know you. And so do they. They know  
 how to draw on girls like you.  
 Girls without money, without  
 prospects that want things to be  
 better. They primp and they preen  
 and they fluff you and tell you  
 that you are the foot soldiers of  
 the cause. But you're only fodder  
 for a battle that none of you can  
 win. I am offering you a lifeline.

STEED slides a business card out of his wallet and presses it  
 into her hand. MAUD, forced to take the card, clenches it  
 reluctantly in her hand.

STEED (CONT'D)  
 Take it.  
 (close to)  
 Before it is too late.

**INT. MAUD'S ROOM. BEDSIT. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

MAUD takes in the tiny details of one of GEORGE'S DRAWINGS.

**EXT. BACKSTREET/TENEMENT.BETHNAL GREEN. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

GEORGE dawdles behind SONNY, dragging a stick along the wall.

SONNY  
Come on, George.

No response.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
George! You're scuffing your shoes.  
What's the matter with you? What  
would your mother say?

GEORGE bows his head in shame. SONNY gets down to his level.

SONNY (CONT'D (CONT'D))  
(exasperated)  
What am I going to do with you?

**EXT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

On MAUD waiting by the church, drawing on a cigarette, staring into space.

EDITH  
(with surprise)  
Maud-

EDITH, VIOLET hurrying up towards her, along the path-

EDITH (CONT'D)  
We thought you wouldn't come today.

EDITH's eyes darting about her, sinking her hands in her pocket to retrieve a set of keys. They pass through the gate.

VIOLET  
March on.

**INT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

SQUEALS of LAUGHTER and MURMURS of DELIGHT-

MAUD sits slightly apart from the group, drained of colour. WOMEN including VIOLET and a COUPLE OF OTHER WOMEN forage through a huge basket of clothes. The ACTRESSES' FRANCHISE LEAGUE stamped on the side of it. Violet hands MAUD a warm coat.

MAUD  
Ta.

VIOLET  
Next time get his left hand and  
all.

MAUD  
 (cutting her off)  
 It was an accident.

On VIOLET, quizzical. She nods, concedes.

EDITH  
 Now ladies. I ask you to remain vigilant when coming and going. We know we are being watched but hopefully they will not expect to find us here. I recognise the militant path may not be for all of you but, well, all I ask is for you to make your decision now. Anyone who doesn't want to stay may leave. I need only those who can give their full commitment. There will be no judgement.

SILENCE-

MAUD and VIOLET both lost in their own thoughts, letting the silence hang until-

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 Good, then we can begin.

EDITH nods to MISS SAMSON and MISS WITHERS close by.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 Violet, tapers please.

MAUD goes to help, watching EDITH busying herself, pulling out a map of London from a large bag, with renewed verve.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 Now. I have marked the map. The Pillar boxes are red. The telegraph wires are green.

EDITH lays the map out on a table, smoothing out the creases-

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 We shall cut into the heart of communications. But remember, it is vital that no life is harmed during our activities.

The WOMEN gather around, pouring over the map.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 We start early, before dawn. That way the streets should be deserted.

MAUD's gaze travelling over the detailed map, over the marked pillar boxes - clearly contemplating.



EDITH (CONT'D)  
Everyone take a list of locations.

On MAUD taking her list - looking at it.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Memorise them. Then burn them. We  
do not want them to fall into the  
wrong hands do we.

MAUD shoving the list deep into her pocket, forcing herself  
on, poker faced. On EDITH catching on this, then moving on.

**EXT. BACKSTREET/TENEMENT. NR MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN.  
1913. DAY.**

CLOSE ON MAUD peering around a wall watching-

GEORGE and a ragbag of GRUBBY KIDS playing kick the can on  
the street-

The door to MRS GARSTON's house ajar - she stands gossiping  
to a NEIGHBOUR-

The SQUEAL and LAUGHTER of KIDS as they run leaving a GRUBBY  
GIRL hands over her eyes counting-

MAUD  
(hushed)  
George. George. George-

GEORGE turns, mid run, smiling on seeing MAUD. She quickly  
puts a finger over her lips, gesturing him towards her, one  
eye on MRS GARSTON, still gossiping, oblivious. GEORGE runs  
towards her. MAUD taking his hand as she leads him away.

**EXT. STREET. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

GEORGE runs, squealing delightedly as MAUD chases him. She  
finally catches him and swings him into a hug, laughing.

LATER -

GEORGE on MAUD'S lap, cuddling in.

MAUD  
Who dressed you this morning?

GEORGE  
Dad.

MAUD smiles, eyes on GEORGE.

MAUD  
(playful)  
Dad.

On MAUD, touching his arm, his shirt is frayed, his clothes, oddly matched.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
You've still got your nightshirt  
on.

GEORGE smiles, MAUD smiles. He turns to face her.

GEORGE  
When are you coming home?

MAUD  
I don't know.

GEORGE  
Have you done something very bad,  
Mama?

MAUD  
I don't think so. I just can't come  
home at the moment.

GEORGE  
Is it because of your sickness?

On MAUD, quizzical.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Dad says you're not well in the  
head.

MAUD, kicked to the guts-

MAUD  
That's not true, George.

MAUD gives him some chips.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
Come on. Here y'are.

On MAUD, her eyes quietly staring into the distance, anxious and unsettled.

**EXT. TENEMENT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY**

MAUD hurrying up the street with GEORGE, gripping his hand.  
MAUD wavers on seeing the house.

MAUD  
That's for today.  
(kissing him)  
That's for tomorrow.  
(kissing him again)  
And that's to save till I see you  
next.

(MORE)

MAUD (CONT'D)  
 (gently pushing him)  
 Off you go -

MAUD waits as GEORGE crosses the street. He looks back, MAUD urging him on. He knocks at the door. At once, SONNY opens the door, pushing GEORGE inside as he steps out onto the street. MAUD hides in the shadows, until-

SONNY  
 Don't take him again, Maud.

MAUD steps out of the shadows.

MAUD  
 Let me see him. Please.

SONNY  
 Trust you with him? After what you did to Taylor?

MAUD  
 What did Taylor do to me, Sonny-?  
 For years.

SONNY can't hold her gaze.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
 George belongs with me.

SONNY  
 (hardening)  
 The law says he's mine, Maud.

SONNY goes to close the door on her-

SONNY (CONT'D)  
 (as the door shuts)  
 Where he belongs is up to me.  
 That's the law.

MAUD hardening, her pain raw.

**INT. MAUD'S ROOM.BEDSIT. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING.**

MAUD looks down at her hand with growing resolve. She reaches for a bar of soap by the sink and rubs it hard against her wedding finger. She loosens her ring and pulls it off.

She goes over to a small table and takes out paper and a pen, preparing to write a letter. The pile of books, some open and half read resting on the side.

MAUD V/O  
 Dear Mr Steed. I've thought about  
 your offer, and I have to say no.

**EXT. WSPU OFFICE. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

The imposing office of the WSPU.

MAUD V/O

You see I find I am a suffragette  
after all.

**INT. WSPU OFFICE. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD moves through a busy office. Conversations amongst the  
WOMEN including EDITH and the ELEGANT WOMEN.

MAUD V/O

You told me no one listens to girls  
like me. Well I can't have that  
anymore. All my life I've been  
respectful. Done what men told me.  
I know better now.

MAUD feeding blank paper into a barrel printer, smiling with  
delight at MISS WITHERS as the printed page of VOTES FOR  
WOMEN comes through on the other side.

**INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

STEED reading the letter, agitation growing as his business  
card falls out of the envelope in his hand and onto the  
floor.

MAUD V/O

I'm worth no more, no less than  
you.

**INT. WSPU OFFICE. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

The busy office - telephones ringing, a hive of activity.  
MAUD at a desk with paperwork.

MAUD V/O

Mrs Pankhurst once said that if  
it's right for men to fight for  
their freedom, then it's right for  
women to fight for theirs.

**EXT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING.**

RAIN pouring, MAUD soaked and waiting-

SUDDENLY she breaks into a smile, all is sunshine.

GEORGE pressing his nose against the window, eyes searching  
the darkness smiling on seeing-

MAUD waves. GEORGE waves. MAUD smiles. GEORGE smiles. MAUD blows him a kiss. GEORGE catches it. MAUD does a little jig, then a little mime to amuse him, pretending to put up an umbrella, then pretending a hand is pulling her away. MAUD keeps coming back, as if she is refusing to leave him, but some unknown force keeps grabbing her by the collar until-

GEORGE is suddenly gone.

SONNY (O.S.)  
George back to bed.

SONNY pulls the curtain across.

MAUD V/O  
If the law says I can't see my son,  
I will fight to change that law.

**INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

STEED turns over the letter, with weary concern.

MAUD V/O  
We are both foot soldiers in our  
own way.

**INT. WSPU OFFICE. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

VIOLET leads MAUD upwards into a dusty attic office.

VIOLET  
Come on Maud.

Beyond through an open doorway, several women stand in preparation for a jiu-jitsu lesson.

EDITH  
Come on everyone, find a partner.

The women start to practice holds and throws on each other.

MAUD V/O  
Both fighting for our cause.

EDITH turns to MAUD.

EDITH  
Maud.

MAUD  
I'm alright.

EDITH  
You have to participate if you want  
to change the way the world is run.

ON EDITH as she flips MAUD onto the floor.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Jolly good.

MAUD laughing, flat on her back, the women clapping around her.

**INT. MAUD'S ROOM. BEDSIT. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING.**

MAUD burns the list of targets over a candle, watching as it dissolves into ash.

MAUD V/O

I won't betray mine. Would you  
betray yours?

**INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

STEED looks up from the letter. He turns to the wall behind him, now a mad collage extending like an demented spider's web over his entire office, an intricate network of string and photographs and cuttings covering every inch.

MAUD V/O

If you thought I would, you were  
wrong about me. Yours sincerely,  
Maud Watts.

**EXT. STREET. CENTRAL LONDON. 1913. DAWN.**

MAUD, in disguise, loiters close to a pillar box. Across the street, VIOLET, also in disguise, stands, seemingly waiting for a bus, shopping bag in hand. Surreptitiously VIOLET looks up and down the street, nodding to MAUD.

VIOLET watching MAUD post a 'letter'. MAUD's narrow hands discreetly slipping it through the mouth of the pillar box.

ON MAUD, her heart beating fast. SUDDENLY an almighty sound. MAUD and VIOLET flee the scene, leaving behind a sense of commotion.

The glow of flames, thick smoke pouring out of the pillar box.

**EXT. STREET. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

EDITH, in disguise, approaching a pillar box carrying several letters.

Looking about her, EDITH feeds the letters and a paraffin rag quickly lighting it before shoving it into the pillar box.

She turns, hurriedly walking back to a BICYCLE leaning close by.

BANG! LETTERS BLOWN SKY HIGH.

**INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

STEED staring at the wall. WALSOP enters.

WALSOP  
(cutting in)  
Another explosion in Cadogan  
Square. It's happening all over  
London, sir, and telegraph wires  
cut.

WALSOP reaches into the file in his hand pulling out a  
surveillance photograph-

WALSOP (CONT'D)  
Miss Withers was seen in the  
vicinity.

On STEED staring down at a photograph of MISS WITHERS,  
clearly pushing something back into her handbag.

STEED  
Have you got a warrant?

STEED peers closer, a second photograph of MISS WITHERS  
hurrying away. A pair of wire cutters just visible pushed  
into her handbag.

**INT. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

The JANGLE of the bell-

In the back room, EDITH starts at the sounds of STEED's  
voice, quickly hiding papers she and MISS WITHERS are looking  
at. HUGH, stacking shelves, turns, unsettled on seeing STEED  
with WALSOP-

STEED  
That's a lot of worming tablets, Mr  
Ellyn.

HUGH  
One of life's great parasites,  
Inspector Steed.

STEED catches on this - clocking HUGH's quiet contempt.

STEED  
Is your wife in?

HUGH  
 (calling out)  
 Edith-

From behind the back room door-

EDITH OOV  
 I am just concluding a treatment,  
 Hugh-

STEED looks beyond, already moving through-

STEED  
 I can go through-

WALSOP hangs back as STEED enters the back room-

**INT. BACK ROOM. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

The door is wrenched open, STEED enters stopping on seeing-

MISS WITHERS's breast covered in a thick cream but exposed to STEED. He averts his gaze.

EDITH  
 (to STEED)  
 Er, Mastitis.

MISS WITHERS pulls on her shirt, begins to button it.

STEED  
 You're a wet nurse now, Miss  
 Withers?

MISS WITHERS wavers, looks away.

STEED's eyes silently search the room, travelling over tiny details as EDITH packs away the medicine left from 'treating' MISS WITHERS.

EDITH  
 Shall we get this over with?

EDITH reaches for her keys-

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 You have searched before and found  
 nothing, but I am happy to comply  
 again.

STEED  
 You're a very clever woman Mrs  
 Ellyn. I'll give you that. The way  
 you seduce these women, draw them  
 in, train them in destruction.



MISS WITHERS now dressed, makes to exit. EDITH catches her eye on the way out.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
You're under arrest Mrs Withers I'd advise you not to struggle.

MRS WITHERS (O.S.)  
Get off. GET OFF ME.

STEED looks on at MISS WITHERS just visible behind the counter, mid arrest with WALSOP.

On EDITH, determined to stay calm.

EDITH  
Am I also to be arrested?

STEED  
Not today Mrs Ellyn.

**EXT. REGENT'S PARK. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD, EDITH and VIOLET walk alongside the lake.

VIOLET  
Miss Withers will get six months at least. I can do a few weeks, Edith, but-

EDITH  
What are you saying? This is not the time to stand down. No, we push on. Capitalise on the press interest.

VIOLET  
The press do nothing but scorn and mock us.

EDITH  
They scorn and mock us because they feel our threat.

VIOLET wavers, EDITH's eyes follow her gaze to ALICE who waits nearby, hair awry and a little distracted.

They affect casual conversation with one another.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Mrs Haughton.

ALICE  
Ladies.

EDITH takes a long look around.

EDITH

Have you got the information I asked for?

ALICE

Lloyd George's summer house is not yet completed. He was complaining about it at dinner just the other night. It's being built next to the golf course at Walton-on-the-Hill, paid for by the owner of The News of the World.

EDITH

(hushed)

Invaluable information, thank you.

VIOLET darts a look of concern to MAUD and EDITH.

VIOLET

Edith, come here.

She leads EDITH away. MAUD goes to follow.

ALICE

(interrupting)

Mrs Watts. How is your son?

MAUD

It's his birthday tomorrow.

ALICE nods, smiles, clearly on the edge, absently watching SCHOOLBOYS playing across the grass.

ALICE

I am so sorry for you... I trusted in my husband... and this Government. I was wrong.

(faltering)

I have to go.

ALICE leaves, disappearing across the park. MAUD catches up to VIOLET and EDITH deep in conversation-

VIOLET

(hushed)

Please just listen to me Edith. A minister's home- it's going too far.

EDITH

(hushed)

Why too far? It's unoccupied, it is empty, no one will be harmed-

VIOLET  
Your commitment, Edith...I have  
always known you would take it as  
far as it must go but this...

EDITH  
Mrs Pankhurst, she asked us-

VIOLET  
(angry)  
Then Mrs Pankhurst asks too much.

VIOLET hesitates, looks at MAUD, then determinedly heads off.

MAUD  
(calling after)  
Violet! Vi!

**EXT. REGENT'S PARK. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD running after VIOLET, tailing her along the path.

MAUD  
You can't do this. You can't bring  
me into this and then just leave  
me.

VIOLET  
I'm sorry Maud, but I can't. Not  
now...

VIOLET visibly upset. MAUD, eyes searching trying to  
understand-

VIOLET grabs MAUD's hand, pulling it to her belly. MAUD  
wavers, with realisation-

MAUD  
Oh Vi.

VIOLET  
I can't care for the ones I've got.

MAUD hesitates, sees the tears in VIOLET's eyes and pulls her  
into an embrace.

MAUD  
When are you due?

VIOLET  
Summer. Oh Maud I'm so tired.

They brea apart. MAUD looking on, watching as VIOLET  
disappears out of the park. She turns back, towards EDITH.

**EXT. TENEMENT. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD, pale and drawn, pinches her cheeks. She holds the tiny wrapped birthday present addressed to GEORGE in her hand-

She raps hard on the door.

At last SONNY answers the door, smart in a suit-

MAUD  
I just want to wish him Happy  
Birthday.

SONNY nods, noticing the little parcel MAUD is holding.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
At least let me do that.

MAUD peers beyond SONNY, pressing to see GEORGE, the door a little open-

SONNY  
Not now.

MAUD  
Sonny -  
(sensing something)  
Sonny?

MAUD desperately trying to push past SONNY with growing panic, seeing through the ajar front door-

SONNY  
Don't-

MAUD, a rising panic threatening to consume her as she pushes past SONNY, knowing all is not well-

SONNY (CONT'D)  
You're too late-

**INT. FRONT ROOM. MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD tearing into the room, wavering on seeing-

A COUPLE, in coats and hats, stand with GEORGE.

SONNY  
This is Mr and Mrs Drayton.

MAUD looks to SONNY, eyes desperately searching for understanding.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
They're taking George.

MAUD  
What you talking about?

SONNY  
Adopting him.

MAUD  
Sonny-

MRS DRAYTON  
We have a very nice home. With a  
garden and-

MRS DRAYTON looks at MAUD with obvious unease.

MRS DRAYTON (CONT'D)  
..all that he'll need.

MAUD  
(reaching for George)  
No, George-

SONNY  
I can't look after him. I can't be  
a mother to him.

MAUD  
Sonny, please, just let me have him-

SONNY  
We have no family Maud. No one to  
take him. I can't do it all. Mrs  
Garston won't take him, no one  
around here will. We've been cast  
out, Maud. We've been cast out.

SONNY barring MAUD's way, putting himself between MAUD and  
GEORGE, all clearly distressed.

MAUD  
Please Sonny, let me...Please!  
Georgie, come here!

MAUD reaches out for GEORGE, desperately clawing at SONNY to  
let her pass.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
Come here...

GEORGE breaks free, running to MAUD. She grips him tight.

SONNY  
Say your goodbyes and let him go.

MRS DRAYTON reaches for George's shoulder. MAUD shames her  
with a look, furiously batting her hand away.

SONNY looks away, hating himself. MAUD with desperate helpless realisation, sinks to the floor. GEORGE puts his hands on her face, trying to blot her falling tears.

MAUD, hand shaking, holds out the present-

MAUD  
Open your present.

She helps him, struggling with the paper until-

She pulls out a tiny toy elephant, pushing it into his hand, down on her knees now, meeting him eye to eye-

MAUD (CONT'D)  
Georgie. Your mother's name is Maud Watts. Don't forget that name, George, because I will be waiting for you to find me. Will you find me George?

Tears spilling, George nods.

MAUD (CONT'D)  
Don't forget it.

MAUD desperately clinging as SONNY intervenes.

SONNY  
Come on-

MAUD  
No!

SONNY pulls a screaming GEORGE out of reach. MRS DRAYTON wavers, clearly distressed-

MRS DRAYTON  
(to MAUD)  
I'm sorry.

MR AND MRS DRAYTON leave, dragging GEORGE away.

GEORGE  
(calling back)  
Mama-

GEORGE's tears and screams dissolving-

MAUD  
Sonny... Sonny.

GEORGE gone-

MAUD buckles, sinking to the floor, sobbing and torn apart, broken.

MAUD (CONT'D)

What have you done-

SONNY

It's for the best.

SONNY, overwhelmed, goes to touch her, hold her, fighting back his own mounting despair.

MAUD

What have you done?

MAUD hurls herself at SONNY, hitting him, slapping him, hard across the face. SONNY, reaches out, tries to hold her.

MAUD (CONT'D)

(screaming)

What have you done? What have you done?

She shoves him away howling like a broken animal. On SONNY, despairing, shame overwhelming him.

**INT. MAUD'S ROOM.BEDSIT. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DUSK.**

MAUD, still in her coat, seated on the bed. The sense that she has been there a long time.

SUDDENLY she inhales, as if she has almost been holding her breath, the shock suspending her-

**INT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

On EDITH grinding powder.

HUGH

Can I help you with that?

EDITH brushes HUGH away-

EDITH

No. I can do it.

HUGH wavers, nods-

HUGH

So, Violet will not be joining us any more?

EDITH pauses.

EDITH

No, she questioned our strategy.

HUGH

Our friends are there to challenge us. To keep the balances and checks, Edith.

EDITH

(cutting him off)

No no no there can be no doubting, Hugh.

HUGH

The movement is divided now. Even Sylvia Pankhurst is opposed to her mother and her sister's militant strategy.

EDITH

(determined)

The only way is forward.

HUGH

And what if you blow yourself up with one of those damned things? What happens to your damned cause then?

On EDITH surprised, looking up as HUGH heads out of a SIDE DOOR. ON CAROLINE resuming working, a palpable wheeze to her chest. She winces a little, yet pushes herself on.

**EXT. STREET. NR LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

MAUD walking up a dark street. She stops and waits in the half light-

SUDDENLY the lights of a van appear as HUGH pulls to a stop just across the road.

MAUD turns, just seeing-

EMILY staring out at her from the van. They hold one another's look as MAUD hurries, climbing in.

MAUD

Emily.

EMILY

You alright?

MAUD nods to EDITH as she sits.

**EXT. DRIVE. LLOYD GEORGE HOUSE. WALTON HEATH. 1913. NIGHT.**

Moonlight-



Close on hands shaking as they light a long fuse with a taper, letting it fall to the ground. The flame licks and illuminates travelling along the fuse.

ON MAUD, turning, running, EDITH and EMILY close behind, heart pumping, breath steady, running for their lives until-

BOOM!

The house exploding, illuminating the darkness with a cloud of dust, hurling debris into the night sky.

EDITH  
(calling back)  
Maud!

On MAUD running after EDITH with EMILY, tripping and stumbling as they disappear across the foggy darkness.

**INT. VAN. NR GOLF COURSE. WALTON HEATH. 1913. NIGHT.**

EMILY, EDITH and MAUD, exhausted, clambering back into the van-

EDITH bangs the van wall, close to HUGH's seat-

EDITH  
Hugh! Go!

The van pulls away-

On MAUD, considering - the van rocks a little. MAUD grips the sides, breath sobering.

EMILY takes the hip flask of brandy from EDITH's hand. She sips. She offers it to MAUD.

**EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE BEDSIT. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD making her way down the street when-

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
Mrs Watts.

She's suddenly surrounded by POLICE OFFICERS.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Come with us please. You're under  
arrest.

**EXT. POLICE STATION. 1913. DAY.**

EDITH being manhandled down the street by POLICE OFFICERS.

INT. POLICE STATION. 1913. DAY.

STEED makes his way down the hall and enters a meeting room, where BENEDICT waits for him.

BENEDICT

When women attack the home of a government minister we have reached a state of anarchy we can no longer ignore. This has to stop. The press can only be tamed so long. They grow more and more interested in these damned women whilst we in government must try and quash every new story.

BENEDICT slams a newspaper into STEED's chest, the headline clear on the front page - PANKHURST FACES PRISON SENTENCE AS SHE CLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY FOR BOMBING OF LLOYD GEORGE HOUSE.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Pankhurst claims responsibility for the bombing and faces prison while the real culprits go free. She's going to milk every ounce of attention she can in prison.

On STEED, bracing himself.

STEED

We've made some key arrests.

BENEDICT

Punish those responsible. In whatever way you can.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913.DAY.

ON MAUD, steely, unafraid.

STEED

You women cleaned yourselves up well. We couldn't find a scrap of dynamite on any of you.

MAUD

Then why am I here?

STEED

Oh you'll be charged for illegal meetings if for nothing else.

SILENCE-

STEED (CONT'D)

You know there was a housekeeper on her way back when the bomb went off? She forgot her gloves. If she was two minutes later - what would that have done for your cause? Violence doesn't discern. It takes the innocent and the guilty. What gives you the right to put that woman's life at risk?

MAUD

What gave you the right to stand in the middle of a riot and watch women beaten and do nothing? You're a hypocrite-

STEED

I uphold the law.

MAUD

The law means nothing to me. I've had no say in making the law.

MAUD at last looks at him, eyes glistening with defiance-

STEED

That's an excuse, it's all we have.

MAUD

We break windows. We burn things. Because War is the only language that men listen to. 'Cause you've beaten us and betrayed us and there's nothing else left.

STEED

Then there's nothing left but to stop you.

MAUD

What are you gonna do? Lock us all up? We're in every home, we're half the human race, you can't stop us all.

On STEED with increasing concern-

STEED

You might lose your life before this is over.

On MAUD, with calm defiance.

MAUD

But we will win.

INT. MAUD'S CELL. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

A meal is delivered through the hatch by an unseen guard. MAUD ignores it.

LATER-

THE PRISON GUARD takes away MAUD's untouched meal. MAUD turns away.

EXT. YARD. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

Prisoners file around the bleak prison yard.

INT. MAUD'S CELL. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

ON MAUD, dishevelled, looking out of the window.

A wall of graffiti, names scratched into it - Ethel, Gladys, Sarah, Violet, a roll call of remembrance of all the women who have passed through. *DEEDS NOT WORDS* scratched just beneath.

ANOTHER MEAL delivered through the hatch. MAUD lies in bed, her back turned.

INT. CORRIDOR. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

The distant turn of wheels - a FEMALE PRISON GUARD pushes a trolley carrying tubing, a heavy bowl and jug of milk. A MALE PRISON GUARD and DOCTOR follow close behind.

The RATTLE OF A TROLLEY, THE NOISE LOUDER, DEAFENING-

INT. MAUD'S CELL. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

The SQUEAK OF THE WHEELS STEADILY on the approach-

On MAUD defiant as the trolley stops outside her cell. MAUD stands as the PRISON GUARD unlocks the door.

At once, MAUD is pushed into a chair, her hands held down. A DOCTOR approaches, carrying a long piece of rubber tubing. MAUD's head is pulled back-

DOCTOR

Five days. Will you eat now?

SILENCE-

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hold her still.

MAUD writhes, moaning as the DOCTOR shoves the end of the rubber tubing up her nostril. She gags, whimpering in pain and yet she -

KICKS, KICKS, KICKS her legs defiant-

**INT. CORRIDOR. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

STEED, being led by the PRISON GOVERNOR down the corridor towards MAUD's cell.

**INT. MAUD'S CELL. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

The DOCTOR keeps ramming the tube, further and further in, feeding it through his hands until-

The DOCTOR nods for the FEMALE GUARD to pass the funnel and jug of milk. MAUD suffocating as the milk is passed down the funnel.

MAUD boots the jug of milk out of the FEMALE GUARD's hand, slamming it against the wall, leaving them dripping.

**INT. CORRIDOR. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

ON STEED, pulling himself away, visibly shaken.

MAUD'S screams rising, haunting, carrying through the walls.

**INT. STAIRS. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

BENEDICT tailed by STEED down a stairwell.

STEED

Treatment of them grows increasingly barbaric, Sir.

BENEDICT

What is the alternative? They will not hold us to ransom with their threats.

STEED

My fear is they won't break, Sir. If one of them dies then we'll have blood on our hands and they'll have their martyr.

BENEDICT stops, turns to STEED, with barely contained agitation.

BENEDICT

That must not happen. Or Mrs Pankhurst will have won.

**INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

STEED at his desk. He reaches out and opens a case file.

ON a long list of names, VIOLET, EMILY, MAUD and EDITH included. Against each is marked HUNGER STRIKE or FORCE FED.

On STEED deep in thought.

**EXT. STREET. HOLLOWAY PRISON. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

A weakened MAUD stepping out onto the street. EDITH close behind, pale and fragile, oddly broken, struggling to walk. The now familiar sight of the ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTES stand, a somewhat diminished group but holding flowers.

MAUD nods as the ELEGANT SUFFRAGETTES smile, MAUD helping EDITH towards a waiting HUGH, EDITH struggling as she walks. HUGH looks at EDITH, appalled, as she falls into his arms. He gently guides her into the waiting VAN.

HUGH  
(to MAUD)  
Can I drive you?

MAUD  
Best not.

He nods.

HUGH  
(hushed)  
I have left you bedding in the church. The Union will send you word.

EDITH offers MAUD a weak smile.

Behind her EMILY just stepping through the gates and out into the sunlight. They nod to one another and then turn to go their separate ways.

**INT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

The STRIKE of a match-

MAUD lights a candle, placing it down next to several others glittering in the dark. The flickering light, illuminating the faces of ceramic statues of saints carved in the walls. She makes up her bed.

On MAUD, sitting, lost in thought, a copy of the SUFFRAGETTE open and half read by her side, her face illuminated by candlelight.

A CREAK of the door-

MAUD jumps up with a start, relieved on seeing-

VIOLET

Maud?

MAUD

Violet!

VIOLET

I heard you was sleeping here.

VIOLET holds out a small pail of food.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

It's only bread and bit of broth.

MAUD gratefully takes it.

MAUD

Ta.

VIOLET

A little at a time. Your tummy will be sore after what you've been through. Whatever you're planning next, you be careful. You get caught again, you'll see two years inside at least.

MAUD nods, holds VIOLET's look.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Maybe longer.

MAUD

Violet.

VIOLET

Maybe worse.

VIOLET winces, and chuckles, looking down at her belly.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Ow. Little monkey.

MAUD

George used to kick noon 'til night.

The pain of this hangs in the room.

MAUD (CONT'D)

(beat)

How's Maggie?

VIOLET

Working every hour God sends down at the laundry.

MAUD hesitates-

VIOLET (CONT'D)

She's the only one who can bring in  
a proper wage now.

VIOLET looks away, her eyes filling up, despair ever  
threatening.

On MAUD, looks away, pain momentarily overwhelming, VIOLET  
seeing this.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Now come on. You eat something.

ON MAUD, she nods, lost somewhere deep in herself.

On MAUD and VIOLET caught in candlelight.

110

INT. OFFICE. WSPU OFFICES. LONDON. 1913. DAY.

110

On MAUD entering, to find-

EDITH, HUGH, EMILY and OTHERS clearing up the debris of a  
newly raided office; papers and books upended and scattered  
across the floor. Filing cabinets ransacked and drawers  
spilling over with scattered stationery and files.

Beyond some of the SUFFRAGETTE WOMEN are taking off hats and  
coats, lost in conversation, EDITH nodding over to them.

MAUD

When did they raid?

EMILY

First thing this morning. Six  
arrests.

MAUD reaches out to EDITH.

MAUD

Edith. What are you doing here?  
You're not well.

EDITH

There will be a vigil for Mrs  
Pankhurst tonight at Westminster  
Abbey. She's not going to last this  
time in prison, Maud.

EMILY

The King must pardon her.

EDITH

He's not going to pardon her,  
Emily.



MAUD

Then we've got to make him.

EDITH

How, when the government silences the press? Look, one column on the bombing. How do we make ourselves heard? One just has to gather one's strength.

On EMILY, calmly looking up from reading a newspaper.

EMILY

If it is the world's attention we must capture-

MAUD

We take it straight to the King.

HUGH looking up, concerned.

MAUD (CONT'D)

Do something he can't ignore.

HUGH

(softly; to EDITH)

No, Edith. You're too weak to face another prison sentence.

EDITH

Oh, nonsense Hugh.

HUGH

(to Maud)

Maud, please.

MAUD

She's right.

HUGH

(in quiet aside)

Every violent assault weakens her. Her heart cannot take it.

EMILY looking at a copy of the paper.

EMILY

Maud. It is the Derby on Wednesday.

ON MAUD, with growing realisation-

EMILY (CONT'D)

The King is to attend.

EDITH, seeing a glimmer of hope-

MAUD

There'll be thousands there.

HUGH

You will be stopped before you even  
get through the racecourse gates.

MAUD

In those crowds we'll go unnoticed.

EDITH

We'll raise our flag in front of  
the world's cameras.

On MAUD, she nods. MAUD turns, seeing HUGH's rising despair.

**INT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. EVENING.**

MAUD and EMILY sew a SUFFRAGETTE BANNER.

MAUD

The King's horse-

EMILY

- will be third in the parade ring.

MAUD

Done.

MAUD holds up her banner.

EMILY

The eyes of the world upon us. Maud  
no matter the risk we must not  
fail.

MAUD watches her, contemplative.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I want you to have this. Edith gave  
it to me.

EMILY hands MAUD a book - *Three Dreams In A Desert* by Olive Schreiner. A list of women's signatures beginning with EMMELINE PANKHURST are etched on the inside cover.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It has been an inspiration to a  
great many of us.

MAUD, moved.

MAUD

Thank you.

EMILY

So. Tomorrow then?

MAUD

Tomorrow.

INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.

WALSOP interrupts STEED staring up at the montage of maps and photographs.

WALSOP  
Here's the latest from surveillance  
sir. It's Maud Watts.

He hands STEED a file with images of MAUD.

WALSOP (CONT'D)  
She's sleeping in St Barthes  
church.

INT. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.

On HUGH, dressed in his suit, finishing up some last orders.

EDITH OOV  
(calling through)  
Hugh, are we ready?

HUGH wavers-

HUGH  
I just need two milligrams of the  
cold salt tincture, if you please.

INT. BACK ROOM/CUPBOARD. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNALGREEN. 1913. DAY.

EDITH, folding a Suffrage flag into a small bag.

EDITH  
(calling back)  
Could you not have finished the  
orders last night?

She reaches into her pocket for her keys and crosses the room to the CUPBOARD. She unlocks it and enters, leaving the key hanging in the lock.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
What did you say? Cold Salt-

CLOSE ON EDITH's fingers tracing along the shelves, finally arriving at the tincture.

EDITH SUDDENLY aware of HUGH standing in the back room, staring at her-

Hugh-  
EDITH (CONT'D)

ON EDITH, quizzical, surprise turning to seeping realization as HUGH SUDDENLY closes the door on her, turning the key in the lock.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Hugh. Hugh! Let me out.

**INT. BACK ROOM. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

HUGH, forehead pressed against the cool of the locked cupboard door, destroyed, filled with self loathing, tears suddenly overwhelming him.

HUGH

I can't.

**INT. CUPBOARD. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

CLOSE ON EDITH

EDITH

What do you mean. What do you mean?

**INT. BACK ROOM. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

ON HUGH, devastated.

HUGH

I'm sorry. You've given enough.

**INT. CUPBOARD. ELLYN PHARMACY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

CLOSE ON EDITH, hearing HUGH breaking down on the other side of the door.

EDITH OOV

We're going to be late...Let me out.

(banging on the door)

Please, let me out!

HUGH (O.S.)

Your heart won't take it Edith. I can't let you out. I'm sorry.

On EDITH, the truth of HUGH's words hitting her. Her energy gone, she sinks to the floor.

**INT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAWN.**

The CREAK of the CHURCH DOOR OPENING-

STEED entering, he takes in the still-

Sunlight seeping through the window, casting shadows through the coloured stained glass windows.

Outside - birdsong.

He walks between the pews until-

STEED's gaze falls on a bedding roll and fragments of MAUD's possessions. A sewing basket, the suffrage medal spilling out and next to it-

A newspaper - 'DERBY TODAY!' just visible on the front page.

On STEED, with growing realization.

**EXT. TRAIN. NR EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

A train thunders through trees.

**INT. TRAIN. NR EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

The rippling reflection of MAUD, pretty in her Sunday best, caught in the carriage window-

A ticket to the Epsom races lies in her lap.

The STREAK of the COUNTRYSIDE WHISTLING BY-

**EXT. ENTRANCE. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

The SWELL of RACEGOERS ahead, entering the grounds, an officious GROUNDSMAN checking tickets as they pass. MAUD amongst them, hesitates on seeing-

GROUNDSMAN OOV  
Please have your tickets ready  
ladies and gentlemen.

EMILY a little way ahead, a Suffrage flag hidden inside her coat. She pushes it down deeper into her coat.

MAUD close on EMILY-

EMILY  
(hushed)  
Where's Edith?

MAUD shakes her head with a concerned look-

MAUD  
(hushed)  
She weren't at the station.

On EMILY, resigned.

**EXT. CAR. ROAD. NR EPSOM. 1913. DAY.**

STEED's car racing along a country lane. Several cars ahead of him all bound for Epsom.

**EXT. ENTRANCE. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD makes her way towards the turnstiles. Suddenly, a GROUNDSMAN puts an arm across to stop her. She looks beyond, EMILY dissolving into the crowd ahead of her-

GROUNDSMAN

Miss? Would you like to take the next turnstile? The queue is much shorter.

MAUD smiles her thanks, joining the shorter queue, entering the race grounds, hurrying on after EMILY.

**EXT. RACECOURSE. NR PADDOCK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

COUPLES wave flags. BOOKIES take last minute bets. CHILDREN run through the legs of ELEGANT RACEGOERS. A circle of RACE HORSES are led around a distant paddock with their TRAINERS and JOCKEYS in bright silk shirts.

Two POLICE OFFICERS pass, MAUD's eyes grazing over their faces. They look at her. She looks away, pushing herself on. The POLICE OFFICERS moving away.

SUDDENLY from behind-

EMILY

(close to)

Excuse me.

EMILY passes by, MAUD discreetly follows her towards the paddock.

Beyond, the SNAP of CAMERAS-

The KING caught in scissored view, approaching, ready to pat his horse and wishing a smiling JOCKEY 'Good luck'.

MAUD

There he is. There's the King.

A small beat as they take him in. A flash of Suffrage colour, a flag clenched in MAUD's hand, hidden in her pocket.

EMILY

Now.

They press forward.

CLOSE ON MAUD's POV. VOICES. LAUGHTER. A BLUR of WHITE NOISE.

SUDDENLY an arm reaches across MAUD, a RACECOURSE ATTENDANT stopping her. MAUD freezes, caught between the paddock and the RACECOURSE ATTENDANT-

RACECOURSE ATTENDANT 1  
Sorry Miss. It's green badges to enter the paddock.

POLICE OFFICER  
Can I help you?

CLOSE ON MAUD, wavering...then, with a smile-

MAUD  
Sorry.

She and Emily turn, walking away.

EMILY  
We will find another way.

MAUD walking on with growing determination, keeping track of EMILY a little way ahead.

NOISE. COLOUR. PEOPLE. VIVID YET FLEETING, CAUGHT IN MAUD'S ADRENALISED GAZE AS SHE PUSHES HER WAY CLOSER AND CLOSER TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE RACETRACK, eyes fixed on EMILY'S bright skirt, struggling to keep up.

**EXT. RACETRACK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

STEED, eyes searching, pushing through the crowd. The last bets placed, BOOKIES packing up-

**EXT. RACETRACK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

A ROW of HORSES DANCING and CHOMPING AT THE BIT, all straining as they wait in line-

CLOSE ON MAUD, HEART THUMPING, BREATH QUICKENING, close now to the racetrack. Ahead of her, EMILY turns-

EMILY  
Follow me.

**EXT. RACETRACK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

The RESTLESS DANCE OF HORSES. A RACE UMPIRE, stands to the side, starting flag in his hand, ready to begin the race.

EXT. RACETRACK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.

CLOSE ON MAUD, weaving through the crowd, now nearer to the edge of the racetrack, heart beating in her chest, surrounded by RACEGOERS all craning to see.

MAUD

Emily-

Across the track, JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS bank the corner, with cameras on tripods, in waiting.

A MOMENTARY HUSH FROM THE CROWD AND THEN-

THUNDERING AND CHEERS FROM THE CROWDS AS THE RACE BEGINS.

The CROWDS CRANE FORWARD-

The DISTANT THUNDER OF HOOVES-

RACE HORSE AND JOCKEYS ARE DOTS IN THE DISTANCE.

The ELEGANT RACEGOERS and BOOKIES, FACES CONTORTED, LOST IN SHOUTING FOR THEIR HORSES-

MAUD carried forward by the swell of the RACEGOERS. Looking back, she spots STEED pushing through in the crowd, fast on the approach. She pushes on, eyes searching for Emily.

MAUD (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sorry Sir, sorry. Emily-

The THUNDER OF HOOVES LOUDER AND LOUDER-

On MAUD with growing concern, STEED faster on the approach-

MAUD (CONT'D)

Emily?

On EMILY her hands gripping the suffragette flag, mouth silently moving in prayer. She turns and smiles at MAUD, gently-

EMILY

(close to)

Never surrender. Never give up the fight.

EMILY's now unbuttoned her coat. AT ONCE, MAUD REALISES WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN-

MAUD

(calling out)

Emily...Emily!

On MAUD, watching, helpless as EMILY at once, arms outstretched, hurls herself forward onto the track.



**EXT. RACETRACK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

CLOSE ON EMILY, lips silently moving in prayer as she reaches out for the bridle of a PASSING HORSE, the Suffragette banner tightly clasped in her other hand-

A look of sudden horror crosses the JOCKEY's face unable to manoeuvre out of her way-

The THUNDER OF HOOVES suddenly crashing over EMILY, trampling her. Her hat tumbles across the racetrack. The HORSE and the JOCKEY flip over, crashing to earth.

**EXT. RACETRACK. EPSOM RACES. 1913. DAY.**

On MAUD, kicked in the gut in horror, her eyes flicker toward STEED's in shock. AND THEN A RUSH of RACEGOERS surge around them on either side of the racetrack.

Above in the Royal Box, the KING is quickly hurried away.

The racetrack swamped with RACEGOERS, RACE OFFICIALS crowding around EMILY's body. EMILY's suffrage flag trodden into the ground.

A SWIRL of PHOTOGRAPHERS all around.

MAUD pushing her way towards EMILY's broken body-

The SWELL of PEOPLE, SHOUTING-

On MAUD, suddenly swept back as MEN lift EMILY onto a stretcher. Someone picks up the crumpled, bloodstained suffrage flag next to Emily.

She turns, wrapping her coat tightly around herself, and sees STEED watching her. They lock eyes. Maud defiant as she walks past him.

Steed looks on, letting her go.

**INT. TRAIN. 1913. DAY.**

On MAUD numb, staring out of the window as the countryside passes by in a blur.

**EXT. STREET. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

On MAUD walking, devastated. Her POV, catching tiny detail of life going on all around -

A woman talking to a friend. Children laughing and playing.

MAUD stops, punched in the gut. Then, a decision made, she changes path and heads down the street towards the laundry. She breaks into a run.

**INT. LAUNDRY. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD determinedly crosses the floor of the laundry. Straight past TAYLOR. She looks beyond just seeing MAGGIE, caught in a doorway, sweeping up.

MAUD  
Maggie. Maggie, come on darlin',  
come on. Let's go.

On MAUD, holding out her hand, ignoring TAYLOR's quizzical look-

MAGGIE hesitates, then crosses the floor towards MAUD-

MAGGIE  
What you doing, Mrs Watts?

MAUD grips her hand, pushing past the jeering LAUNDRY WORKERS, leading MAGGIE away.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Where you taking me?

MAUD  
It's alright.

TAYLOR  
Oi! Maud.

MAUD glances back then pushes on, leading Maggie away.

ON TAYLOR, glaring after her, feeling the looks of his workers.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Get back to work!

**EXT. STREET. ALICE'S HOUSE. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

MAUD walking MAGGIE up to the front door of an elegant house. She presses the bell, waiting. ALICE comes to the door, a MAID hovering close by-

ALICE  
Maud-

MAUD  
This is Maggie, Violet's daughter.  
She can launder and sew. She does  
the best collar starching. And she  
can clean.

ALICE nods.

ALICE  
Come in Maggie.

MAUD  
(to MAGGIE)  
Be good. Don't talk back.

ALICE  
Maud-

MAUD turns, determinedly hurrying away, leaving MAGGIE with ALICE.

**EXT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

MAUD lights a candle. Opening the book EMILY gave her, she considers the list of names on the inside cover, then begins to read.

MAUD V/O  
The woman wanderer goes forth to  
seek the land of freedom. "How am I  
to get there?" Reason answers:  
"There is one way, and one way  
only.

**EXT. TENEMENT. NR MAUD'S HOUSE. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. DAY.**

The sun shining through linen hung on washing lines. A WOMAN peels potatoes with her daughter on their doorstep.

MAUD V/O  
Down the banks of labour. Through  
the waters of suffering. There is  
no other.

MAUD walking down the street, deep in her own thoughts.

MAUD V/O (CONT'D)  
The woman, having discarded all to  
which she'd formally clung cries  
out.

**INT. DISUSED CHURCH. BETHNAL GREEN. 1913. NIGHT.**

On MAUD, her funeral clothes laid out, polishing her boots.

MAUD V/O  
For what do I go to this far land  
which no one has ever reached? I am  
alone. I am utterly alone."

A sound, and MAUD looks up-

EDITH stands in the doorway. She hands her a copy of The Suffragette newspaper.

EDITH

It's in every paper. They say  
thousands will line the streets.

MAUD looks down at the headline: FUNERAL FOR MISS DAVISON.  
THOUSANDS EXPECTED.

A beat between the women, emotional but sobering almost with  
a smile on this -

MAUD

We go on, Edith. You taught me  
that.

**INT. WSPU OFFICE. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

Vases of white lilies everywhere. Endless cups and saucers  
lined up.

A room full of activity, MAUD confidently standing at its  
heart.

The CHINK of silver, as VIOLET and MAGGIE lay out teacups on  
each saucer. VIOLET's YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, tails them, laying  
out teaspoons on each saucer.

The FAR OFF SOUND OF CROWDS GROWING CLOSER.

VIOLET hesitates on seeing MAUD, watching VIOLET's YOUNGEST  
DAUGHTER laying out of the last teaspoon.

VIOLET

It's almost one o'clock Maggie, get  
your gloves and help Mrs Ellyn.

The room slowly drains of SUFFRAGETTES.

ON VIOLET watching her MAUD-

MAUD turns, hesitates, sees VIOLET watching her.

VIOLET smiles, with quiet pride. Then heads off after Maggie,  
leaving MAUD alone.

MAUD straightens her hat, watching the women outside the  
window.

MAUD V/O

And reason said to her: "Silence.  
What do you hear?" And she said: "I  
hear the sound of feet. A thousand  
times ten thousands, and thousands  
and thousands and they beat this  
way."

**I/E. EMILY'S FUNERAL PROCESSION. STREET. LONDON. 1913. DAY.**

On MAUD walking towards a distant doorway, bleached out with a sea of white, the backs of SUFFRAGETTE after SUFFRAGETTE all standing, cheering, united, throwing lilies towards an unseen coffin.

MAUD V/O

"They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on."

On MAUD as she steps out into the bright white sunlight blurring into-

Flickering archive footage of Emily Wilding Davison's funeral-

A sea of white suffragettes, the blurred faces of the cheering women, lining the street, shoulder to shoulder stretching for miles-

ON SCREEN-

EMILY WILDING DAVISON'S DEATH WAS REPORTED ACROSS THE WORLD.

IT DREW GLOBAL ATTENTION TO THE FIGHT FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

IT WAS A FIGHT THAT LED TO THE IMPRISONMENT OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND BRITISH WOMEN.

IN 1918 THE VOTE WAS GIVEN TO CERTAIN WOMEN AGED OVER 30.

IN 1925 THE LAW RECOGNISED A MOTHER'S RIGHTS OVER HER CHILDREN.

IN 1928 WOMEN ACHIEVED THE SAME VOTING RIGHTS AS MEN.

VOTES FOR WOMEN IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD:

1893 NEW ZEALAND

1902 AUSTRALIA

1913 NORWAY

1917 RUSSIA

1918 AUSTRIA, GERMANY, POLAND

1920 ALL OF THE USA

1932 BRAZIL

1934 TURKEY

1944 FRANCE

1945 ITALY

1949 CHINA, INDIA

1953 MEXICO

1971 SWITZERLAND

1974 JORDAN

1976 NIGERIA

2003 QATAR

2015 SAUDI ARABIA, WOMEN ARE PROMISED VOTING RIGHTS.

THE END