

MRS. FISHER'S RACE - Motion Picture

When glamorous, restless society wife Peta Fisher makes a reckless bet that she can beat the legendary Blue Train from Calais to the Riviera in her beloved Rolls-Royce, the stunt becomes a high-speed fight for autonomy—powered by champagne, scandal and an enigmatic chauffeur—against a ticking clock, a disapproving husband, and a Europe darkening with fascism.

MRS. FISHER'S RACE is a prestige period adventure with bite: a witty, propulsive “madcap dare” story that keeps revealing the steel beneath the silk. It opens in the present day, as **Deborah Carr**—older now, pragmatic but quietly emotional—reconnects with her grandmother’s mythic past via a lovingly restored **blue Rolls-Royce** and a pilgrimage to **Brooklands**, where the ghosts of speed and spectacle still cling to the concrete. That contemporary frame becomes a doorway: the moment Deborah touches the car, we’re swept into the 1930s and the legend of **Peta Fisher**.

In London, Peta is everything the papers want her to be—stylish, notorious, photographed—yet privately suffocated by the rules that come with respectability. Her marriage to **Kenneth Fisher** is affectionate but tense: he wants safety and discretion; she wants air, motion, and the right to be more than “decorative.” Peta’s closest allies—her daughter **Pamela** (sharp-eyed, loyal, quietly forming her own worldview), and the deliciously theatrical impresario **“Binkie” Beaumont**—move through a world of opening nights, Champagne, and cutting one-liners... until a conversation lands like a match: *what if Peta raced the Blue Train and won?*

What begins as delicious society mischief quickly becomes a real ordeal. Peta commits, the press swarms, and the “race” is formalised: the Blue Train glides south in luxurious certainty while Peta and her chauffeur **Ratou**—cool, capable, and maddeningly opaque—hurtle down French roads with only petrol, nerve, and time between them and humiliation. Their partnership is the engine of the film: flirtation without softness, trust without biography, and a growing sense that Ratou is running a parallel mission of his own.

Meanwhile, aboard the Blue Train, Kenneth, Pamela and Binkie become unwilling witnesses to a Europe tilting toward danger: polite compartments and good manners shared with people whose politics are anything but. As the two “blues” race south—car and train—Peta’s personal rebellion collides with a broader awakening: the story’s sparkle never disappears, but the stakes deepen, forcing Peta (and Pamela) to decide what kind of women they intend to be when history stops being theoretical.