

1 STOCK FOOTAGE - NEW YEAR'S EVE FIREWORKS - NIGHT 57. (2027) 1
IMAGES from around the world, FIREWORKS, CELEBRATIONS.
It's 2027.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 57. 00.03 (2027) 2
Pop! Champagne.
GLASSES being filled, 'Thank you,' 'There you go,' etc.
New Year's Eve, after midnight. All dotted around the open-plan space: MURIEL, ROSIE, EDITH, CELESTE, BETHANY, RUBY, LEE and LINCOLN, who's now wearing little ribbons all the time.

MURIEL
Everyone got a glass? Bethany. If
you'd do the honours.

BETHANY
Hold on. Signor, sync devices...

She's on her super-thin sleek TABLET. Ping! All devices sync - two LAPTOPS on the table, facing each way, RUBY and EDITH on their mobiles, all showing:

CUT TO:

3 INT. VIKTOR'S ROOM, MADRID - NIGHT 57. 00.03 (2027) 3
Small, dark, plain room, just a bed, wardrobe, chair. DANIEL and VIKTOR sitting on the bed facing a LAPTOP.
Their POV: the laptop screen divided into SIX; CAMERAS from the 6 sources in Muriel's kitchen, EG, from Ruby's phone, a CU of Ruby; from the laptops, wide shots of the kitchen.

DANIEL
Hello!

ALL
Happy new year!

MURIEL
More than that. Hush now. It's my honour to say. Congratulations. A very happy engagement to you both.

ROSIE
Second time lucky, Dan!

All, 'Congratulations,' 'Second time lucky!'," as STEPHEN hurries in, in his bike courier's outfit. Grabs a glass.

STEPHEN

Sorry, yes, here I am, happy new year, you won't believe how busy the roads are. Congratulations!

DANIEL

I can't believe you had to work.

STEPHEN

Double pay, so how are you? Is that the new flat? How is it?

VIKTOR

It's not a flat, it's a room, in a house. With sixteen people.

DANIEL

But it's one of those tall old back streets, right in the middle of Madrid, I mean, it's handy.

VIKTOR

They're okay, they're mostly Somalis. The detention centres are full, so they pushed us out. But, y'know. It's better, I think.

MURIEL

Are they all right? With two men getting married, Somalis?

Lines of tension humming between Muriel and Celeste.

CELESTE

If you think about it, Muriel. Somalia's a Muslim country. So obviously that's... tricky.

MURIEL

Well that was my point, wasn't it?

CELESTE

And now I've told you. So.

MURIEL

It is enormously appreciated.

ROSIE

All right, you two, ding ding.

CELESTE

I was pointing out a fact.

MURIEL

Which I have absorbed. Thank you.

STEPHEN
(joking, to Daniel)
D'you see what it's like? I go to
work to get out of the house.

That *kills* Celeste. She says nothing. Holds it in.

DANIEL
Thing is, though. You lot. I've
got a sort of announcement.
They're never going to let Viktor
back into the UK, so I thought,
when he gets residency here... it's
obvious, really, I'll have to move
out. And become a Spanish citizen.

STEPHEN
I thought so, I said so, that's
brilliant! Good move.

DANIEL
But it takes about 10 years. To go
through the whole process.

RUBY
That's ages, though. I'll be 25.

EDITH
Oh, trust me, it flies past, it'll
be here before you know it.

BETHANY
Will you still be alive?

ROSIE
Bethany!

STEPHEN
Don't say that!

MURIEL
What sort of question is that?

BETHANY
But you had that... radiation.

EDITH
It's a very good question. And I
promise, I will cling on for dear
life to get a free drink out of my
brother. Good luck to all of us!
(as a toast)
Here's to you. The beautiful
Spaniards. Danny and Vik.

All, 'Danny and Vik.'

CUT TO:

4 INT. VIKTOR'S ROOM, MADRID - NIGHT 57. 02.00 (2027) 4

HOURS LATER. DANIEL & VIKTOR in bed. Musing.

VIKTOR

...it's on the Costa Brava, little town called Palamos. And just outside, they've printed a village. A complete village. Houses and squares, all 3-D printed, on the clifftops. Overlooking the sea.

DANIEL

That's my job, housing, I could do that, I could print whole towns. I could print cities. Right here, in Spain. The Costa del Danny.

VIKTOR

I never call you Danny.

DANIEL

I quite like it, now. I hated it when I was a kid, but... Yeah.

VIKTOR

Danny.

DANIEL

Vikky.

Both laugh.

VIKTOR

That's no good.

And Daniel gets on top of Viktor, grinning.

DANIEL

Hola. Buenos tardes. Vikky.

They snog, and...

GUNFIRE. From the street. Far off. A MACHINE GUN.

They stop. Then it stops.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Must be a party.

Viktor smiles, kisses Daniel, but... GUNFIRE again. Clearly.

And then SCREAMS. Three, four women, screaming, running, the sounds bouncing off narrow tiled streets.

Daniel and Viktor stare at each other.

As they sit up in the bed, scared, the noise from outside gets LOUDER, that RAMPING-UP NOISE rising up, PRESSURE building, MUSIC, 'Uprising,' driving forward, hard, fast, pushing Sc.5-24 on, on, on - and the picture goes *RIP* - !

CUT TO:

5 INT. NETWORK 85 NEWSROOM - DAY 58. 09.20 (2027) 5
NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics b/g: SPANISH FLAG.

NEWSREADER

Spain's calling it the January
Revolution, as the so-called
People's Party, Nueva Esperanza,
declares itself the new government -

INTERCUT with STOCK FOOTAGE, RIOTS in Spain (EG, like March
2018, <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-43523811>)

CUT TO:

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 59. 13.32 (2027) 8
DANIEL comes in, throws down his holdall, furious.

DANIEL

Link, TV, news channels, now!

CUT TO:

9 INT. ITV NEWS STUDIO - DAY 59. 13.36 (2027) 9
ITV NEWSREADER to CAMERA.

ITV NEWSREADER

- the situation in Spain means a
left wing government is being
replaced by a *far* left government -

CUT TO:

10 INT. FOUR STAR LIVE! STUDIO - DAY 59. 14.08 (2027) 10
VIVIENNE ROOK on the sofas, talking to JULIE PEASGOOD.

VIV ROOK
I'm stuck. In the middle of a Hung
Parliament. Nothing I can do!

CUT TO:

11 INT. VIKTOR'S ROOM, MADRID - NIGHT 60. 20.20 (2027) 11
VIKTOR to his LAPTOP CAMERA, seen on screen in Sc.12.

VIKTOR
They're saying, Nueva Esperanza has
a policy. Of repatriation. Anyone
without citizenship is sent home.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 60. 19.21 (2027) 12
DANIEL to his LAPTOP. (Sc.11 inserted here.)

DANIEL
I thought they were left wing.

VIKTOR
You go far right, you go far left,
eventually you meet in the middle.

DANIEL
But... they won't let you into
France, where else can you go?

CUT TO:

13 INT. POINT FIVE NEWSROOM - NIGHT 60. 20.05 (2027) 13
NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics b/g: GREEK FLAG.

NEWSREADER
Outbreaks of violence in Athens as
the country withdraws from the
Eurozone, and the Grexit begins -

STOCK FOOTAGE: riots in Greece.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ITV NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 61. 21.04 (2027) 14
ITV NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics b/g: ITALIAN FLAG.

ITV NEWSREADER
Martial law has been declared as
the government of Italy resigns -

STOCK FOOTAGE: riots in Italy.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MEDIA 24 NEWS - NIGHT 62. 20.32 (2027) 15

MEDIA 24 NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics: HUNGARIAN FLAG.

MEDIA 24 NEWSREADER
Hungary has been declared bankrupt.

STOCK FOOTAGE: riots in Hungary.

CUT TO:

16 INT. FOUR STAR LIVE! STUDIO - DAY 59. 14.09 (2027) 16

VIVIENNE ROOK, Sc.10 continued.

VIV ROOK
The whole world is on fire.

CUT TO: *

16A INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - DAY 60. 17.00 (2027) 16A *

All fast, grinning, frantic, heated, secretive, ELAINE
opening the door to STEPHEN, horny as hell. *

ELAINE
How long have you got? *

STEPHEN
Hour and hours! *

And they SNOG, go for it. Their regular life, now. *

CUT TO: *

17 INT. NETWORK 85 NEWSROOM - NIGHT 63. 21.32 (2027) 17 *

NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics: STARS & STRIPES.

NEWSREADER
- the United Nations has threatened
to remove its headquarters from
American soil -

CUT TO:

18 INT. ITV NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 64. 22.12 (2027) 18

ITV NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics: THE CAPITOL.

ITV NEWSREADER
- after the suspension of same-sex
marriage, the Supreme Court has
overturned Roe versus Wade -

CUT TO:

19 INT. MEDIA 24 NEWS - NIGHT 65. 20.34 (2027) 19
MEDIA 24 NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics: STARS & STRIPES.

MEDIA 24 NEWSREADER
- officials have banned the use of
the Spanish language in the
workplace, and any public areas -

CUT TO:

20 EXT. AMERICAN STREET - DAY 66. 15.20 (2027) 20
STOCK FOOTAGE of American riots. But then, grabbed in CU...
EDITH! In America! Yelling. Pushing against RIOT SHIELDS.

CUT TO:

21 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 66. 20.05 (2027) 21
ROSIE, DANIEL, STEPHEN, FRAN BAXTER, Fran's friend JILLY and
5 or 6 MATES with pizza & beers, all watching TV (they've
been waiting for this) and then they YELL - !

ROSIE
Oh my God, Edith!

DANIEL
There she is, there!!

STEPHEN
Rewind, rewind, rewind!!

REWIND, Sc.20 FOOTAGE, FREEZE: Edith.

CUT TO:

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - NIGHT 67. 21.36 (2027) 24
MUSIC CUTS OUT -

EDITH
So I've been banned from America!
Banned for life! And the
government does nothing!

And the energy and drive of Sc.5-24 fall away, the intimate
and domestic taking over. Late night. Kids in bed. EDITH
with ROSIE, DANIEL and STEPHEN in his cycling gear. Just
finishing a Chinese and beer. (No chopsticks, they're using
forks.) A rare chance for just brothers & sisters to meet.

DANIEL
Exactly! That's what I keep
saying.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Ask the Home Office about Spain,
they haven't got a policy, nothing,
it's been eight weeks now.

Rosie starts gathering PLATES, going to the kitchen area.

ROSIE

Oh don't start this again.

STEPHEN

Did you see today? They're not
calling it a Hung Parliament any
more, they're calling it the
Parliament of Water. Just flows
through your fingers. Gone.

EDITH

It's our fault. We voted them in.

DANIEL

That's helpful.

EDITH

But it's true. It just proves,
democracy was a very nice idea, for
a while. And now it's worn out.

ROSIE

There's always Vivienne Rook.

DANIEL

Ohh, stop it!

ROSIE

Viv could smash the system!

STEPHEN

Tell you what's weird, though.

(smiles)

Can you remember? Years ago? We
used to think the news was boring.

All smiling.

DANIEL

Oh my God. Golden days. The news
would come on and we'd just yawn.

STEPHEN

Now we hide! I have to hide my
eyes. Literally.

EDITH

It's like, in school, they'd tell
you about the olden days, with Sun
Kings and plagues and people
electing pigs. And now it's all
come back. It's happening again.

STEPHEN

We were lucky. For a bit. Born in the 80s. We had, like... 30 years. The first 30 years of our lives -

EDITH

- we had a couple of wars -

STEPHEN

- okay, but you and me, we had a nice time. Basically, we had a really nice time. Turns out, we were born in a pause.

And beep, Stephen's phone - he leaps up, grabbing his stuff - and Edith picks up CARTONS, taking them to the kitchen area -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

D'you see? Someone heard me relaxing. Duty calls. I'm off.

EDITH

I'll see you on Friday, yeah?

DANIEL

How many jobs have you got now?

STEPHEN

Eleven.

Stephen leaving, Daniel saying goodbye b/g. KITCHEN AREA: Edith puts stuff down, gets out four £10 notes for Rosie.

EDITH

There you go.

(of the notes)

Look, they're the new ones, with Mo Farah.

ROSIE

I don't need it. Thanks very much. It's only a Chinese.

EDITH

Take it, though. Save your money for the kids. You get paid tuppence at Gulliver's.

ROSIE

I might not be there for long.

EDITH

Why? What are you doing?

Rosie smiling, secret. Glances round; it's not for the boys.

ROSIE
You've been away. I've got plans.

CUT TO:

25 INT. GARAGE - DAY 68. 10.00 (2027) 25

LOUD NOISE, clatter clatter clatter!

A BIG GARAGE DOOR rattling up. SUNLIGHT streaming in.

ROSIE and EDITH. Rosie showing her sister...

The FOOD TRUCK. It's old, battered, but still working.
Abandoned in a big, industrial garage.

They pace around it, Rosie excited but nervous, Edith wary.

ROSIE

There she is. The beast. It costs
£20,000. But if you bought it from
scratch it'd be £50,000, 60,000,
more. I've checked, and that's a
really, genuinely knock down price.

EDITH

How come?

ROSIE

It's owned by Jonjo's brother, and
he's gone to jail, so they need to
sell it to raise cash for his kids.

EDITH

Went to jail for what?

ROSIE

He was selling fish and chips out
of this side, and drugs out of that
side, if you must know.

EDITH

It's a drug dealer's van?!

ROSIE

It's a bargain!

JUMP CUT TO Edith exploring INT. TRUCK, opening the oven, the
chip dump, overhead compartments, etc, Rosie explaining.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I've done a business plan. Which
they approved of, they liked it,
you can have a look. And I'm not
daft. I know there are risks.
There are costs, way beyond the
van, we'll have to get it kitted
out for me, and I need kitchen
space for prep and storage, but
Jonjo said I can have his
brother's, for half-price.

EDITH
How much, then? In total?

ROSIE
I can get a loan. And a grant.
And Jonjo says he'll knock off
another 10%. But I still need
£10,000.

Instant high-pitched argument:

EDITH
I haven't got that!

ROSIE
I don't mean from you!

EDITH
Then what are you telling me for?!

ROSIE
I mean from Gran!

EDITH
Oh.

Argument stops.

ROSIE
I just haven't asked her yet.

EDITH
She'll say yes, she'll do anything
for you. I thought you were going
to ask me! That's a relief.

ROSIE
No, I'm asking you, if I can ask
Gran. Cos her money belongs to all
of us, really. But I need it.

Nice smile; two sisters.

EDITH
Course you can.

ROSIE
Really?

EDITH
I think it's brilliant. It's a lot
of work. What about Stephen and
Danny Boy, have you asked them?

ROSIE
No, I wanted to ask you first.
But you know what Dan will say.

EDITH

What?

ROSIE

Can Viktor have a job?

EDITH

(laughing)

Stop it!

ROSIE

Can we buy Viktor a truck?

EDITH

Hah!

ROSIE

Can we give the money to Viktor?

EDITH

You're so bad.

ROSIE

I know, but really. Honestly!

Beat, and then smiling, sly:

EDITH

So tell me. Who's Jonjo?

CUT TO:

26 EXT. GARAGE - DAY 69. 11.38 (2027)

26

DAYS LATER. JONJO ALEEF, burly Asian lad, 35, all smiles, the most popular man in the pub. The FOOD TRUCK now outside, on a patch of scrubland, Jonjo hosing it down, ROSIE to one side, EDITH further back. A nice day, sunlight in the water.

JONJO

Cos my brother. He's just thick. I used to slap him on the head when he was five years old and say, oy, thick boy! He says, me hitting him on the head made him thick. I said, well you would say that. Because you're thick! Q.E.D. My sister, though. Brilliant. You know those areas in London, they've sealed off? Won't let commoners in? Like Kensington? She's got a pass! She's allowed in. Whoops!

As he sprays Rosie with water. She screams, delighted.

ROSIE

Get off!

JONJO
Sorry. Whoops!

He sprays her again. Edith smiling; this is flirting!

CUT TO: *

26A EXT. GARAGE - DAY 69A. 12.00 (2027) 26A *

An area like the Sc.25 garage, or similar. *

THE SIGN drives into shot: ROSIE'S PIES & BURGERS. *

WHEELS roll, HISS of brakes, and the FOOD TRUCK comes to a
HALT. Now polished and restored and adorned with the logo.
JONJO jumps down from the cab. ROSIE's watching, overjoyed. *

JONJO
What d'you think? *

ROSIE
Oh my God. *

JONJO
D'you like it? *

ROSIE
That's my name. It's really mine.
I've never owned anything before.
I love it. I really love it! *

JUMP CUT to INT. VAN, Jonjo showing it off to Rosie. *

JONJO
Now that grill. It can reach
temperatures of 300 degrees
centigrade. Which is a bit
unnecessary, your burgers would be
carbonised, but it's handy if
there's another Ice Age, we could
all huddle in here and start a new
civilisation. And we've lowered
the handles for you. No good news
on the gearbox, which means you'll
still need me to drive, but that's
okay, as long as I get free chips.
You want to watch that drawer, it
keeps sticking. And apart from
that. I think it's about time I
kissed you, now. *

ROSIE
Nope. I don't think so. *

JONJO
Ohh, for real? Why not? *

ROSIE	*
Jonjo. It's too soon. I think we	*
should wait.	*
JONJO	*
Okay.	*
And they wait. Two, three, four, five.	*
JONJO (CONT'D)	*
Have we waited long enough?	*
ROSIE	*
No.	*
They wait, two, three, four, five.	*
JONJO	*
Have we waited long enough?	*
ROSIE	*
No.	*
They wait, two, three, four -	*
ROSIE (CONT'D)	*
We've waited long enough.	*
And they snog!	*
CUT TO:	*
	*

27	EXT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 70. 13.34 (2027)	27
<i>Beep beep!</i> The FOOD TRUCK motoring along, JONJO at the wheel, ROSIE a passenger, both loving it as they scorch up to MURIEL'S HOUSE. The exterior of the truck is now clean, painted white, with a logo, ROSIE'S PIES & BURGERS.		
MURIEL stepping out of the house. It's March, nice and cold, all wrapped up but not freezing.		
	MURIEL	
	Well now. Here we are. Bravo.	
	ROSIE	
	So what d'you think? Be honest.	
	D'you like it? Just say yes!	
	MURIEL	
	I better had, it cost me enough.	
	(to Jonjo)	
	And you must be the man with	
	designs on my granddaughter.	

JONJO

That's me. And I've stamped my
designs, all over her lovely bum.
Nice to meet you, Mu, come here!

And he surprises her with a big hug and kiss!

CUT TO:

28

EXT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 70. 14.30 (2027)

28

The FOOD TRUCK'S been moved (maybe facing the garden, if possible), fired up and open for business. JONJO on the griddle, as ALL THE LYONS queue up with plates, loving it. Proper fun, ROSIE glowing with pride and excitement.

JONJO

Roll up, folks! The Rosie Lyons Experience is now open, if you want burgers, we've got acorn burgers, membrane burgers, ersatz burgers, faux burgers, non-burgers, no-burgers, not-burgers, burger substitute. And paper burgers, nicer than it sounds, what d'you think, Mu? You look like a traditional quarterpounder with cheese, am I right?

MURIEL

I'll have a crocodile sandwich and make it snappy.

All hooting.

EDITH

Ahh, mum used to say that!

STEPHEN

It's still funny.

EDITH

It's never not funny, that.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. MURIEL'S GARDEN - DAY 70. 15.00 (2027)

29

The GAZEBO's up, though it's just a small, family-sized afternoon. CHAIRS & HEATERS across the garden. DANIEL's in a quiet corner with EDITH and CELESTE (who's sitting as far away from Stephen as possible).

At a distance, they can see: MURIEL, STEPHEN, ROSIE, JONJO, BETHANY, RUBY with FOOD, LEE chasing LINCOLN around.

DANIEL

He's all right, Jonjo, yeah?

EDITH

He's the sort of man who's happy when he finds a big crisp. And Rosie's not daft, she's kept an eye on him, he's good with the boys.

DANIEL

So I need to get Viktor out.

He just says it, no pause, straight in.

EDITH

Okay. You mean out of Europe?

DANIEL

Yes.

EDITH

And into the UK?

DANIEL

Yeah.

EDITH

Illegally?

DANIEL

Yeah.

CELESTE

D'you want me to go?

DANIEL

No, it's okay. But what do I do? I mean, he's safe for now, cos this Spanish Revolution, it's like any revolution, it's a mess, no one knows what anyone's doing. But if they get organised. And send him back home... It could be a death sentence. That's how it is in Ukraine, people just disappear. I can't believe I'm saying it. Sitting here. In the garden. But it's a fact. He could be executed.

EDITH

So what d'you need?

DANIEL

A fake passport.

CELESTE

Really, I'll leave you to it.

With a smile, embarrassed, she stands, walks away.

DANIEL

I didn't like to ask her to go.

EDITH

D'you think she's okay, these days?

DANIEL

She's living with Gran.

(back to it:)

I just thought. You know some dodgy people.

EDITH

Do I?

DANIEL

Oh come on. Your mates. God knows what you get up to.

EDITH

Well. I suppose, years ago, I could've taken you to a pub in Cheetham Hill, 300 quid, done, but these days, you need a passport and a breath scan. Identification by breathing, I don't know anyone who can fake that.

In Daniel's frustration, there's an edge of arrogance:

DANIEL

But there's got to be a way. I mean, we're not stupid. We're not poor. We're not lacking. I'm sorry, but we're clever, we can think of something, surely?

EDITH

I don't think refugees are refugees because they're thick.

DANIEL

No, don't do that, I'm saying, the *system* is stupid. We're dealing with the people who designed Brexit, for God's sake, don't tell me we can't out-think them!

EDITH

Okay. I suppose. But half your job is getting ex-cons back into housing. If anyone knows anyone...

DANIEL

I know, but that makes it worse, I
can't ask at work. One wrong word.

Pause.

EDITH

I like this terrine.

DANIEL
Celeste made it.

EDITH
Even if you got him into Britain.
He'd never be a legal citizen.

DANIEL
So?

EDITH
He'd be a criminal. Forever.

Arrogance gone, now. This is so restrained, so heartbroken:

DANIEL
But it doesn't matter. We'd
just... Live our lives. No one
would know. How often do the
police come to the door? Like
never. Not for people like us.
Never. And we could move, so no
one would even ask, he'd just be my
boyfriend. I'd earn the money and
he could be safe. That's better
than a death sentence. Isn't it?
I mean, for God's sake. A death
sentence. Hey.

That's for Lee and Lincoln, whizzing past.

EDITH
Careful you two. It gets slippery.

They run off. Lincoln's in just a long t-shirt & trainers.

DANIEL
Are we calling that a t-shirt or
are we calling that a dress?

EDITH
I don't think it matters.

DANIEL
No. He looks beautiful.

EDITH
So what are you going to do?

He doesn't know. Just looks ahead.

They watch the kids, the family, the safety of it all.

CUT TO:

30 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 71. 23.00 (2027) 30

WEEKS LATER. 11pm. DANIEL lying awake. From a distance, there's a boom-boom-boom of a PARTY, houses away.

Phone rings, VOICE IN THE AIR clicks in:

LINK VOICE
Telephone call, Edith Lyons -

DANIEL
Yeah yeah yeah, shut up -

And he grabs his MOBILE. Ordinary call, like the old days.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Hey. Hello.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. FRAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 71. 23.00 (2027) 31

EDITH, outside FRAN'S HOUSE, where the party is, boom-boom-boom, a few doors down from Daniel's. She's sneaked out for a crafty fag. On her MOBILE, looking over at her brother's.

EDITH
This party's brilliant.

DANIEL
I know, I can hear it.

EDITH
Come and have a drink.

DANIEL
I'm in my pants.

Edith can see the FRONT ROOM: FRAN, with MATES, laughing.

EDITH
That won't affect Fran.

DANIEL
Tell her I said happy birthday.
Where are you now?

EDITH
I'm out the front. Hello!

He gets up, goes to the window. He's in the front bedroom, looking down, he can see Edith down the street. Waves.

DANIEL
Hey. Can I ask, though? What is it with you and Fran? Really?

EDITH

Nothing. Just mates. Sort of.
Now and then. But the thing is,
she said she's going to Spain. In
October. They're taking that tour,
Songs & Fables. The African thing.

DANIEL

No, it'll be cancelled. The FCO
has labelled Spain: 'We advise
against all but essential travel'.

EDITH

You still go.

DANIEL

I'm engaged.

EDITH

But she's sponsored by the British
Council. If you're funded by the
arts, you can drive into war zones,
no one cares. Fran once took
sonnets to Syria. Never mind food,
have some sonnets. But no one
stopped her. Drove in, drove out.

Daniel quiet, careful. Wheels turning.

DANIEL

Viktor helped her. With the tour.
He introduced Fran to that couple,
the ones who run the festival.

EDITH

Well then.

DANIEL

She owes him.

Pause.

EDITH

Pity she can't smuggle him out.

Neither one speaks. That idea echoing.

The party goes boom-boom-boom as they look at each other.

CUT TO:

32

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 71. 04.14 (2027)

32

SAME NIGHT. DANIEL comes downstairs. Wired, now. Thoughts
racing. Far from sleep. He looks at his mobile. 04.14.

He turns on the TV.

Sc.32-41 with a tick-tick-tick of music, ALL INTERCUT WITH DANIEL. Watching the TV. Grim. Making a coffee, still watching. Sitting forward. Sitting back, Despairing. Fascinated. All pushing him to his decision, during...

CUT TO:

33 INT. BBC NEWS 24 - NIGHT 71. 04.16 (2027) 33

NEWS 24 NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics: PARLIAMENT.

NEWS 24 NEWSREADER

- and with the vote of no confidence, the Parliament of Water has been dissolved. The date for the General Election has been set for Thursday the 21st of October.

JUMP CUT, an excited POLITICS EXPERT being interviewed.

POLITICS EXPERT

But for the first time in history, voting is compulsory. Like Australia. Every British citizen must vote, or break the law. It's going to change everything!

CUT TO:

34 INT. FOUR STAR LIVE! STUDIO - NIGHT 71. 04.18 (2027) 34

Close on VIVienne ROOK being interviewed. She's despairing.

VIV ROOK

I was looking forward to the campaign. There's nothing I like more than a fair fight. But these Deep Fake Videos are ruining the debate and threatening democracy -

CUT TO:

35 INT. BBC NEWS 24 - NIGHT 71. 04.20 (2027) 35

NEWS 24 NEWSREADER

Deep Fakes are videos in which a living person's face and voice are recreated in CGI, to say anything the programmer wants -

CUT TO:

36 INT. POSH ROOM #1 - NIGHT 70. 20.35 (2027) 36

A posh, classy, neutral background. Blue curtains, deep shadows. MADELEINE BARRY, 50, neat, prim, to CAMERA.
GRAPHIC: *Madeleine Barry, Leader of the Conservative Party.*

MADELEINE BARRY
There's one obvious solution to all
the foreigners in this country.
Arrest them. Throw them out. And
if they resist. Execute them.

This is INTERCUT with Sc.37, both scenes almost playing together, the second undercutting and denying the first.

CUT TO:

37 INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS #1 - NIGHT 71. 20.36 (2027) 37

Plain background, the *real* MADELEINE BARRY shocked, scared.

MADELEINE BARRY
That's not me. I didn't say that!
I'd never say that! That face and
that voice are completely fake!

CUT TO:

38 INT. POSH ROOM #2 - NIGHT 70. 21.10 (2027) 38

A posh, classy, neutral background. Red curtains, deep shadows. TREVOR LYLE, 60, thin, solemn, to CAMERA. GRAPHIC:
Trevor Lyle, Leader of the Labour Party.

TREVOR LYLE
Ask me, what to do with the rich?
And I say: take their homes, burn
them down, and throw those bastards
to the wolves.

As with Sc.36 & 37, Trevor is INTERCUT WITH Sc.39:

CUT TO:

39 INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS #2 - NIGHT 71. 21.11 (2027) 39

Plain background, the *real* TREVOR LYLE shocked, scared.

TREVOR LYLE
But that's literally not me! It's
a fake! It's CGI! It's a lie!

This whole sequence INTERCUT with the FACES OF MADELEINE BARRY from Sc.36 and TREVOR LYLE from Sc.38 being broken down into WIRE-FRAME MODELS, Max Headroom-ing speeches, 'wolves/wolves/wolves', being exposed by the News. But...

CUT TO:

40 INT. FOUR STAR LIVE! STUDIO - NIGHT 71. 05.59 (2027) 40

VIVIENNE ROOK being interviewed. Puzzled.

VIV ROOK

Well of course they're fake videos.
Everyone can see they're not real.

She looks at CAMERA. Big CU. So innocent.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

But all the same. They really said
those things. Didn't they?

CUT TO:

41 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 72. 06.00 (2027) 41

Bang! Music OUT. DANIEL clicks the TV OFF.

It's dawn. And the world is going to hell. Out of all the
lies and bullshit and fakery, he thinks: fuck it.

He's going to fight.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. FRAN BAXTER'S HOUSE - DAY 72. 07.00 (2027) 42

7am, DANIEL'S dressed, full of energy, bristling, having rung
the bell, waiting. FRAN answers, groggy, hungover.

DANIEL

Fran. I need a favour.

CUT TO:

42A EXT. STREET - DAY 73. 10.00 (2027) 42A *

DANIEL, walking down the street (any street), fast. It's
cold, he's wearing his beanie. On his mobile, urgent: *

DANIEL *

Yeah, a woman called Vita put me
through, my name's Daniel Lyons.
(MORE) *

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'll come into the bank tomorrow, I
need to close my Savings Account,
that's ending 3032, and my Extra
Account, ending 5061, and I need
the money in cash, I need it in
Euros, thank you very much.

*
*
*
*
*
*

43

OMITTED

43

44 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 74. 21.40 (2027) 44

DANIEL has a stack of 15,000 Euros. He's got a SMALL SUITCASE open on the bed, full of clothes. He puts the stash of notes into the corner of the case, covers it with socks, shirts, washbag, anything, to keep it hidden.

CUT TO:

45 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 75. 11.35 (2027) 45

DANIEL hurries down with his SMALL SUITCASE. While grabbing wallet, keys, unplugging the kettle, etc, he says to the air:

DANIEL
Call, family link, audio only.
(ring ring, click)
Hey there.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - DAY 75. 11.35 (2027) 46

ROSIE is doing a taste-test of 7 DIFFERENT BURGERS, with JONJO as taster, chomping away, as the phone rings.

ROSIE
Hey, bit busy, what is it?

CUT TO:

47 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 75. 11.35 (2027) 47

MURIEL talks to the air, going to make a cuppa for the call.

MURIEL
Hello there Danny, how are you?

CELESTE, at the table with her TWO LAPTOPS, half-mutters:

CELESTE
Trying to work.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HEALTH CENTRE - DAY 75. 11.35 (2027) 48

EDITH, waiting, on her MOBILE, keeping her voice down.

EDITH
Hey there, make it quick.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 75. 11.35 (2027) 49

STEPHEN with a PARCEL, cycling fast. Hard work. On HEADSET.

STEPHEN
Good.
(huff)
Mor.
(puff)
Ning.

Sc.45-49 INTERCUTTING.

ROSIE
Oh my God, Stephen, is that you?
What are you doing?!

STEPHEN
Parcel on Board.

ROSIE
It sounds like you're doing
something else, sorry Celeste!
Didn't mean to interrupt!

MURIEL
No, Celeste's at home with me.

ROSIE
Then she should have a word with
him! The dirty dog.

Celeste just getting destroyed by this, walks out, muttering:

CELESTE
God's sake.

DANIEL
Just to say. This man at work
moved his days around. So all of a
sudden, I've got a holiday, I'm off
to Spain! Gran, I won't be round
on Sunday, okay? Sorry about that.

Edith realising...

EDITH
Fran's in Madrid, right now.

Daniel knowing she's realised.

DANIEL
I know. We're going to meet up.
Should be nice, fingers crossed.

Sc.47, MURIEL talks/Sc.48, a DOCTOR appears in a doorway.

MURIEL DOCTOR
Give Viktor our love. Warn Edith Lyons?
him. I might fly over there
myself, one of these days.

EDITH
That's me.
(on the phone)
Good luck, Dan. See you soon.

And she hangs up, goes.

Sc.49, Stephen now cycling past (FX SHOT) A VAST 4-STAR PARTY
POSTER, VOTE VIV. Her motto: *Put yourself first.*

STEPHEN
Have a.
(huff)
Nice.
(puff)
Time.

DANIEL
I will, okay, bye then, I'll see
you soon, family link: off.

Click, all gone, Daniel heads out of the door, slam!

CUT TO:

50 STOCK FOOTAGE - DAY 75. 17.30 (2027) 50
AN AEROPLANE landing in MADRID.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED 51

52 INT. VIKTOR'S ROOM, MADRID - NIGHT 75. 19.10 (2027) 52
DANIEL with VIKTOR, the SMALL SUITCASE open, Daniel unfurling
a roll of Euros. Both buzzing, excited, but furtive.

DANIEL

Fran is like, Plan Number 1. But failing that. I've got 15,000 Euros. Strictly, 15,240. That's everything I've got in the world, we are going to buy our way out of here. If I have to commandeer a yacht. To get across the channel! We'll do it! Please say yes.

VIKTOR

Oh my God, I'm saying yes!

DANIEL

If you leave Spain, and get stopped. Without papers. You'll be sent back to Ukraine.

VIKTOR

I know, and I said yes. All the yes. Completely yes. I just never thought you'd... y'know.

DANIEL

Never thought I'd what?

VIKTOR

Well you're always kind of boring.

DANIEL

(laughs)

Thank you!

VIKTOR

I like the boring. I love it. And all the time...

(holds up key ring)

I kept your front door key. To get me home. Let's have a boring life.

And they hug, smiling, excited, horny.

CUT TO:

53

INT. VIKTOR'S ROOM, MADRID - NIGHT 75. 05.00 (2027)

53

iPHONE ALARM: 05.00.

JUMP CUT, DANIEL & VIKTOR dressing, taut, tense. And yet, both kind of getting off on this. Daniel's got TWO SMALL WAIST-BAGS, gives one to Viktor, strapping it on, not around the waist but around one shoulder, across the torso, like a holster, then buttoning the shirt on top. Viktor copies him.

DANIEL

It said. Keep one of these. At all times. Under the shirt.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Harder to steal. Wallet, keys,
emergency cash, 200 Euros. If we
get separated. You've got that.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. MADRID, SIDE STREET - NIGHT 75. 05.30 (2027) 54

5.30am. Still dark. Little narrow road. DANIEL and VIKTOR hurry along. Daniel with his SMALL SUITCASE (Viktor with nothing, all their stuff packed into one case).

No one around. Two determined men, like thieves in the dark.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. MADRID, STREET - NIGHT 75. 05.45 (2027) 55

5.45am. A bigger road, though off the main strip, so they can't be seen. BIG 60-SEATER COACH parked, EMPTY. FRAN BAXTER's agitated, heading for DANIEL & VIKTOR & their SMALL SUITCASE. Standing back, DRIVER, 60, English, sullen.

FRAN
Right, we've got to do this now.
Before the rest of the company get
on board. Cos I haven't told
anyone, okay? No one knows about
this. I'd lose my job.

The driver opens the LUGGAGE HOLD running along the base of the coach. A yawning black cavern.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Go as far back as you can, and
we'll surround you with bags.

DANIEL
Is it safe?

FRAN
Oh now you ask!

DANIEL
I've got to check!

VIKTOR
It's safe, it's okay, I can manage,
plenty of people do this.

As Viktor takes the small suitcase and clambers in:

FRAN
And it's 500 quid for Jim.

DANIEL
You said 200.

FRAN
Do you want to argue with him?

DANIEL
What's that in Euros?

DRIVER
650.

Daniel sullen, but he takes a CLIP OF MONEY out of his back pocket, peels off Euros, to pay the driver.

CU CASH going into the driver's hand. Always, from now on, a CU of the money. As it goes down and down.

CUT TO Viktor, jammed into the corner.

FRAN
And put your phone on silent, okay?

VIKTOR
I have, it's done, it's good!

He's smiling, excited, as Fran slides bags over to hide him.

CUT TO:

56	OMITTED	56
57	OMITTED	57
58	OMITTED	58

58A EXT. MADRID, SQUARE - DAWN 76. 06.30 (2027)

58A

Hiss of BRAKES, the COACH pulls up.

Now parked in a public space. INT. COACH: 20 MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY getting on board, with BAGS and BOXES OF PROPS & COSTUMES. FRAN heading down the aisle, edgy DANIEL with her.

FRAN

Hiya. You all right? I found that restaurant, it was brilliant. And this is Dan! He's a mate, from Manchester, he's coming back with us. I told him, there's no free rides, he's got to pay his way.

DANIEL

I'll buy you a drink on the ferry.

But as they reach the back seats, angry and muttered.

FRAN

You're lucky, the Schengen Agreement is still in place. By the skin of its teeth. So we can drive straight into France. But we could still get searched at Calais, and if they find him, he's nothing to do with me, or the company. He's just a stranger who climbed on board. Have you got that? And you can tell your bloody sister, I will not help her, ever again.

DANIEL

I know. But we can do this, Fran. People travel across the world to be safe, we've just got to get to Dover. That's all.

He's obstinate, determined, as he texts: You OK?? Xxx

CUT TO:

59

OMITTED

59

59A INT. COACH, LUGGAGE HOLD - DAWN 76. 06.32 (2027) 59A
 THROUGHOUT Sc.58, VIKTOR'S been huddled in the dark, behind a
 WALL OF CASES, listening to thumps and footsteps from above.
 Now his phone lights up: *You OK?? Xxx*
 Grinning, he texts back: *Insane!!! Xxx*

CUT TO

60 OMITTED 60

60AA EXT. MADRID, SQUARE - DAWN 76. 06.33 (2027) 60AA
 DANNY and FRAN now on board, and with a hiss and grind...
 The COACH drives away.

CUT TO:

60AAA INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - DAY 76. 08.00 (2027) 60AAA *
 EDITH having breakfast with LEE & LINCOLN, as... *

ROSIE comes out of her bedroom, in a night-time t-shirt,
 followed by JONJO, dishevelled in boxers & t-shirt. *

ROSIE *
 Morning you lot. Right, no one in *
 the bathroom, thank you very much, *
 it's all mine. Your Uncle Jonjo *
 stayed the night, say hello. *

LEE, LINCOLN & EDITH *
 Hello. *

ROSIE *
 And Lee, don't forget that thing *
 for school. *

She's gone, into the bathroom. Jonjo, to Edith: *

JONJO *
 Can I make myself a coffee? *

EDITH *
 Help yourself. *

JONJO *
 D'you want anything? Anyone? *

EDITH *
 No, we're fine. *

He goes into the kitchen. Instantly, Edith focused, with a plan. She leans into Lee and Lincoln, quiet.

EDITH (CONT'D)
Okay, you two, go to Lesley down the hall, and ask her what time that shuttle bus leaves.

LEE
It goes on the hour.

EDITH
I want you to go to Lesley. And ask her. And take five minutes.
(gives him a fiver)
Split that with your brother, two pounds fifty, now go! Vamoose!

They jump up, head off.

Edith saunters over to the kitchen. Nice and casual.

Jonjo's in there finding a mug and coffee. (Not putting the kettle on yet; they're too loud).

EDITH (CONT'D)
You all right?

JONJO
Yup.

EDITH
Nice little kitchen. It was like this on board ship. We had the galley. Same sort of layout.

JONJO
Rosie said, you were like Greenpeace, weren't you?

EDITH
Bit more ramshackle. But yeah.

JONJO
She said, you went all over.

EDITH
We did. Atlantic. Pacific. The Bering Strait. We sailed to the north of Greenland and saw the last of the ice disappear.

JONJO
It's terrible, that.

And idly, she's picking up... a LONG, THIN KNIFE.

EDITH

It's funny, cos volunteers would
come on board and say, oh, I'm
vegan. But after three months of
dried pulses. They'd be fishing
with the best of us.

JONJO

I bet!

EDITH

In the end. I could fillet a fish
with three strokes. Head. Gut.
Spine. One, too, three. I became
a dab hand with a knife.

And she lifts up the knife. Calmly. To Jonjo's throat.

All very still. Jonjo perfectly still. Staring.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Cos you're more than just a fling,
Jonjo, it looks like you're
staying. And it strikes me. That
when a man enters a family. With
two kids. A family with two little
boys, right at the heart of it.
Then I'd better be on the alert.
D'you understand?

JONJO

Yes.

EDITH

Because there are terrible men out
there. But I'm watching. And
believe me, Jonjo, I've done some
shit. Have you got that?

JONJO

Honestly. I swear, it's all about
Rosie. I think she's amazing.

EDITH

Good.

JONJO

I mean, there's no side to me. My
mother always says, you've got no
layers. And I think your sister's
really, really lovely.

EDITH

Yeah. I think you do.

And she lowers the knife.

JONJO
Is that all right?

*
*

EDITH
Still watching.

*
*

And she puts it down, walks away, mission accomplished.

*

On Jonjo. Exhales. Shaken. Bloody hell!

*

CUT TO:

*

60A INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 76. 09.30 (2027)

60A *

STEPHEN rushes about, gathering his stuff. CELESTE at the table, hard at work as ever with her TWO LAPTOPS.

STEPHEN
I'm off. Tuesday means drugs test day. I'll be back for dinner.

CELESTE
What are they testing this time?

STEPHEN
 It's some epilepsy drug. I said,
 my daughter's got epilepsy, but
 they didn't think it was relevant.
 It's 300 quid, that's what matters.
 (quick kiss on forehead)
 Bye then. See you later.

He goes.

She keeps working. Wondering where he's really going.

CUT TO: *

60B INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - DAY 76. 10.45 (2027) 60B *

STEPHEN excited, letting himself in - he's got his own key. *
 ELAINE startled, and cross, she wasn't warned he was coming. *
 It's not quite the fun that it once was. *

STEPHEN *
 Okay, I haven't got long, I've got *
 one of those blood test things at *
 12 o'clock. *

ELAINE *
 God. I know you've got your own *
 key, but you could text. *

STEPHEN *
 Haven't got long? *

ELAINE *
 Is that supposed to be sexy? *

STEPHEN *
 Well. Yes! Here I am! *

ELAINE *
 Okay. It's working. *

And the fun's back. Laughing, they SNOG, passionate. *

CUT TO: *

61 INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - DAY 76. 11.00 (2027) 61 *

STEPHEN in bed with ELAINE, post-coital. Both lying apart,
 looking up, not particularly intimate.

ELAINE
 I don't like the sound of it, are
 they safe? These drugs tests.

STEPHEN

300 quid. Cash in hand. Since we left the EU, the Medicines Agency moved to France, so now we need to test all the drugs from scratch. It's a bonanza for people like me.

(pause)

Thing is. Next time. I could tell Celeste the tests are overnight. And you and me could go somewhere.

ELAINE

(sarcastic)

Oh my God. Like a couple.

STEPHEN

But we could. Nice little meal out. Go down to Stoke or somewhere, where no one knows us.

ELAINE

Stoke! I'm just overwhelmed.

STEPHEN

I know, stop it. But have a think. It's better than just running in here and grabbing 20 minutes.

ELAINE

Ten minutes.

STEPHEN
Thank you. Time's up.
(quick kiss, getting up)
Duty calls. 300 quid!

CUT TO:

62 INT. CLAVERTON FACILITY, FOYER - DAY 76. 12.00 (2027) 62

Cool, glossy, Siemens-like interior. STEPHEN at the desk, checking in. RECEPTIONIST female, black, slim, holding out an iPad. This is the BREATH TEST, mentioned by Edith, Sc.29.

RECEPTIONIST
If you could blow there...
(he blows)
And there.
(he blows)
Thank you. And that's yours.

She hands him a white envelope. The £300.

STEPHEN
Excellent. Thank you! Lead on.

CUT TO:

63 INT. CLAVERTON FACILITY, ROOM - DAY 76. 12.30 (2027) 63

Cool, white room. STEPHEN in a HOSPITAL GOWN. Young Chinese female NURSE with IV DRIP, attaching it to his cannula.

NURSE
We'll be taking blood so I'm
legally required to ask, do you
want to know your life expectancy?

STEPHEN
No. No thanks, no.

NURSE
Right, okay, that should take about
an hour. I'll come back to keep an
eye on you. Cup of tea?

STEPHEN
Yeah, just milk, thanks, thank you.

And she goes. Stephen looks up.

The bag goes drip, drip, drip.

CUT TO:

63A INT. CLAVERTON FACILITY, FOYER - DAY 76. 13.50 63A
AN HOUR LATER. NURSE hurrying past the RECEPTIONIST.

NURSE
Lyons in 5, he's had a reaction.
We might need to flag him up.

RECEPTIONIST
Sure, I'll pull up his file.

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED 64

65 OMITTED 65

66 OMITTED 66

67 OMITTED 67

68 INT. CLAVERTON FACILITY, ROOM - DAY 76. 14.00 (2027) 68
STEPHEN sitting on the edge of the bed. Not well.

He's frazzled, sweaty; a bit free-floating, slightly high.
His eyes keep going to the left. He can't stop it. Head
turns too, left, slowly, every time. He brings his head
back, pause, then turns to the left again. NURSE with him.

NURSE
Dr Scott said there's nothing to
worry about, it's a little bit of a
side-effect, that's all.

STEPHEN
I can't stop. I keep on... Woah.
I'm looking left, all the time. I
can't stop turning my head left.

NURSE
You're mimicking the symptoms of an
epileptic seizure. But without the
seizure itself. Give it a couple
of hours, and it'll pass.

STEPHEN
Mustang Sally.

NURSE
Yeah, what d'you mean?

STEPHEN

Song. Going through my head.

NURSE

(consulting his details)
Okay. But let's have a look. You came here on your bike, is that right? I don't think that's safe, to get you home. Have you got someone who can pick you up?

STEPHEN

Yes, I can... Um. Where's, phone?
(he's got it, unlocks it)
Can you try Elaine? I can't focus.

NURSE

(takes it)
It's all right, I can do it.

STEPHEN

Elaine Parris. Oh this is weird.
Gran would kill me. I'll go to Elaine. Till it passes. Oof.

Nurse presses ELAINE. CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.69.

CUT TO:

69 INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - DAY 76. 14.01 (2027) 69

ELAINE dismantling her bike, MOBILE rings, display: STEPHEN.

ELAINE

Hi there, how did it go?

INTERCUT WITH Sc.68, Nurse on Stephen's phone.

NURSE

Hello, I'm phoning on behalf of Mr Stephen Lyons. He needs you to come and collect him.

CUT TO:

70 INT. CLAVERTON FACILITY, FOYER - DAY 76. 14.05 (2027) 70

NURSE passing through, RECEPTIONIST on duty.

NURSE

Lyons in 5, nothing to worry about.
But he's taking transport home.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, thanks for letting me know.

And the nurse goes, leaving reception, not seeing...

The receptionist pulling up Stephen's file. She now presumes she's been given an instruction to do this:

I.C.E. Number: Celeste Bisme-Lyons. She clicks her number.

CUT TO:

71 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 76. 14.06 (2027) 71

CELESTE still at work on the two LAPTOPS. Ring ring, voice:

SIGNOR VOICE
Phonecall, Claverton Facility.

CELESTE
Accept, thank you, Signor. Hello?

Sc.70 CONT., the receptionist on her HEADSET.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello, I'm phoning on behalf of Mr
Stephen Lyons, he needs someone to
come and collect him.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CLAVERTON FACILITY - DAY 76. 15.00 (2027) 72

Slam! of the car door. CELESTE steps out. The Claverton exterior all glossy and modern around her. She heads in.

CUT TO:

73 INT. CLAVERTON TESTING, FOYER - DAY 76. 15.02 (2027) 73

CELESTE enters. The RECEPTIONIST is on duty, but busy, showing a PORTER an iPad. So Celeste goes to Receptionist 2.

CELESTE
Hi, my name's Celeste Bisme-Lyons,
you telephoned me? To collect my
husband. Stephen Lyons.

CUT TO:

74 INT. CLAVERTON FACILITY, ROOM - DAY 76. 15.05 (2027) 74

RECEPTIONIST 2 opens the door for CELESTE, then simply turns and goes, so Celeste walks into the room alone, to find...

STEPHEN, unwell, being helped into his shirt. By ELAINE.

Everyone: fuck.

But they all pretend.

STEPHEN
Hey. Darling. Hello!

ELAINE
Nice to see you again, it's Elaine,
we met, at that party thing..?

CELESTE
I remember.

ELAINE
I thought, I was visiting, I just
popped in. And it turns out, he's
not very well. The big lump. Like
a bad reaction, they said.

STEPHEN
Can't stop turning my head.

ELAINE
I was just on my way to work.

Absolutely calm:

CELESTE
Well. Good. Thanks, Elaine. I
can take him home now. Thank you.

CUT TO:

75 INT. CAR/EXT. ROAD - DAY 76. 15.30 (2027) 75

CELESTE driving. STEPHEN in the passenger seat. Chatty.

STEPHEN
It's weird. I just keep. Turning
my head. I know there's nothing.
But I can't stop myself looking.

Celeste. A time bomb. Tick, tick, tick.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 76. 16.00 (2027) 76

Slam! CELESTE gets out of the car, heads for the house.
STEPHEN getting out, following, still turning his head.

STEPHEN
Think it's getting better, though.

But on Celeste. Marching. Fury building.

CUT TO:

77 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 76. 16.01 (2027) 77

CELESTE strides in, yells out:

CELESTE
Ruby? Are you home? I want you
downstairs, now!

STEPHEN following, quite unaware. Turning his head.

STEPHEN
I'm home!

CUT TO:

78 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 76. 16.02 (2027) 78

CELESTE strides in, on her MOBILE. MURIEL coring apples.

CELESTE
Ruby, I know you're up there, I
want you downstairs, this very
second, that's an order.

MURIEL
So what's wrong with him?

CELESTE
Ask him yourself.

STEPHEN arriving, bit unsteady, head-turning, hapless smile.

STEPHEN
Sorry. It's weird. It's my head.

MURIEL
What d'you mean, your head? What
have they done to you this time?

CELESTE
Signor! Call Bethany, at work.
Tag it urgent, so she answers.

In the air: ring ring.

STEPHEN
What's that for?

CELESTE
I think we should tell them.

STEPHEN

I've only got a funny head.

RUBY appears in the doorway.

RUBY

What is it? I'm busy.

STEPHEN

Your daft old dad has just got a funny head, that's all.

Phone clicks, Bethany answering. CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.79.

CUT TO:

79 INT. BETHANY'S MANCHESTER OFFICE - DAY 76. 16.02 (2027) 79

BETHANY at her computer, a bit peeved with the family.

BETHANY

Is it really urgent? I've only got two minutes for personal calls.

Sc.78 CONT., Celeste in complete control.

CELESTE

No, it won't take long, your dad wants to tell you something, girls.

STEPHEN

Okay. I go to that clinic, on Tuesdays? And I tried this drug -

CELESTE

No, I don't mean that, I mean tell them about Elaine. Stephen. Tell them about the affair you've been having, with Elaine Parris.

MURIEL

...what on earth do you mean?

CELESTE

And you can *shut up!!*

STEPHEN

Signor, end the call!

Sc.79, click, line goes dead. But Bethany dials back, fast.

Sc.78 CONT., Ruby staring at Stephen.

RUBY

What's she talking about, dad?

Ring ring.

SIGNOR VOICE
Phonecall, Bethany Bisme-Lyons.

CELESTE
Signor, accept!

And now Celeste is merciless. Muriel and Ruby staring at him, Bethany listening, in horror, all believing it, now. Stephen just crushed. And he can't stop turning his head.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Now tell them. Tell your daughters. Tell your Gran. Let's tell your whole bloody family, you're always yap-yap-yapping away to them, tell them all how you've been having an affair - no! That sounds too classy doesn't it? Tell them how you've been rutting, and snorting, and fucking that greasy-haired little sack. For weeks. For months. For years. Oh! I've got an idea! Let's ask her. Signor. Call: Elaine Parris!

Ring ring. Oh God. Ring ring.

On Stephen. Trapped. Turning his head.

CUT TO

80 INT. COACH, LUGGAGE HOLD - NIGHT 76. 23.00 (2027) 80

11pm. VIKTOR cramped in DARKNESS, then -

WHOOSH, the sound of the LUGGAGE HOLD DOOR swinging open - then the WALL of BAGS & CASES in his corner is pulled away - a shock, a rush of exterior night-lights and air and noise -

THE DRIVER pulling the bags out.

DRIVER
Out you get, fast as you can.
They're searching every vehicle.
You've had it, mate, get out!

Viktor grabs the SMALL SUITCASE, scrambles out -

CUT TO:

81 EXT. CALAIS CUSTOMS - NIGHT 76. 23.01 (2027) 81

THE DRIVER hauls VIKTOR and the SMALL SUITCASE out -

Cars stretching away to a distant inspection point. BLURS of POLICE, OFFICERS, far off, not watching. DANIEL and FRAN heading towards him, Daniel being clipped, fast, efficient.

DANIEL
We got word, down the line.
Stripping them bare. Let's go.

FRAN
But what will you do?

DANIEL
Don't worry. It was always an
option. We'll head into Calais.
(of the bus)
Think we've blown your cover.

Fran looks up, FIVE PEOPLE on the bus, staring down.

FRAN
Never mind that, just go.

VIKTOR
Can we walk? Is it far?

DANIEL
(map on his phone)
I've got it. Come on. Thanks.

And they walk off - fast, at first, but not too fast, not wanting to be noticed - but then, to hell with it - Daniel and Viktor RUN! Fran and the coach left behind in the night.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. CALAIS, STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT 76. 23.07 (2027) 82

Lights of the harbour, b/g. DANIEL & VIKTOR hurrying along,

DANIEL
I've budgeted. Cheap hotel. 35
Euros. Base of operations, we get
you a passport. And breath test.
And then back on to that ferry.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CALAIS, CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT 76. 01.00 (2027) 83

1am. Small, cheap, pokey, but it'll do. VIKTOR in the shower. Filthy, after the luggage hold, he scrubs & scrubs.

CUT TO DANIEL, lying on the bed, fully clothed, MOBILE in hand. Happy, cheery, calling through to the bathroom.

DANIEL
You missed all the drama. 14
missed calls. Turns out, Stephen.
Has been having an affair. With
this woman called Elaine.
(to his phone)
Phonecall, Rosie, thanks.
(to Viktor)
I've met Elaine, she's a bit tough.
(phone rings, clicks)
So what the hell?!

CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.84.

CUT TO:

84 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - NIGHT 76. 00.01 (2027) 84

ROSIE and EDITH in bed-clothes, but still up, both buzzing.
Speaking to the air, a blue glow on their Alexa-type device.

Sc.83 CONT., INTERCUT, Daniel on his mobile.

ROSIE
Oh my God, where have you been?
This is like the biggest day in
history! Can you believe it?!

DANIEL
But what's happening? How did it
happen? Does everyone know?

ROSIE
Celeste announced it like the town
crier! Even Gran knows! And the
kids, Beth and Ruby and everyone!

EDITH
Thing is. She was always out of
his league, really.

ROSIE
Who was, Celeste?

EDITH
Well look at her. She's beautiful.
And Stephen's... Stephen.

DANIEL
Oh my God, I am never turning my
back on you two.

The secret, humming between Edith and Daniel:

EDITH
You okay, though? How are you?
Are you with Viktor, is he there?

DANIEL

Yeah, we're good, we're fine,
there's nothing to worry about.
Honestly. All under control.

(loving it)

But oh my God though, Stephen? I
mean, *Stephen?*!

CUT TO:

85 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 76. 00.08 (2027)

85

STAIRS: BETHANY and RUBY sit together. They're not crying,
just solemn, listening to their parents fall apart.

HALL: out of the girls' sight, MURIEL sits on a little wooden chair where the landline once was. Just listening. Grim.

KITCHEN: CELESTE with STEPHEN. He's cowed. She's ferocious.

CELESTE

You sit here. Saying to my face.
It didn't mean anything.

STEPHEN

But it didn't -

CELESTE

- let me tell you! How nice it is!
To have your whole life wrecked by
something that *didn't mean*
anything, do you think that *helps*?!

STEPHEN

No, I'm sorry -

CELESTE

All of it! Ruined! In a dirty
little bedsit. On Egerton Road.

STEPHEN

But. How d'you know..?

CELESTE

I looked her up. A long time ago.
Elaine Parris, 120, Egerton Road,
simple as that. Because what else
could I do? Stuck in this house,
with no money? So I did the only
thing I could do. I drove there.
This was last year, Stephen. *Last*
year. This was September! I sat
outside. In the car. I thought,
this is where he does it. This is
where he makes that noise. And
slops it into her.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry, Celeste, but I think
that's actually a little bit weird.

That's a mistake, she's furious now -

CELESTE

You can think whatever you like cos
you can pack your bags and go back
to Egerton Road, right now!

STEPHEN

But. I'm not *with* Elaine, we're
not... Besides. I don't think you
realise, I can't leave. This is my
family's house.

And Muriel stands. Weary, calm, heading for the kitchen, talking even before she arrives there.

MURIEL
Hold on. If you don't mind.
Excuse me. I think, if you look at
the deeds, this is still my house.

She's arrived at the kitchen, now.

STEPHEN
I'm really, really sorry, but not
now, Gran. Seriously.

MURIEL
No, it's highly pertinent. We've
got two young girls upstairs who've
had more than enough trouble for
one night. And I agree with
Celeste. Get out.

CELESTE
Thank you.

MURIEL
I'm so disappointed. To discover
that you are your father's son.
Your mother would be disgusted.

STEPHEN
Ohh don't say that.

MURIEL
She would be disgusted.

She goes to Celeste, not sure what to do; Celeste so brittle, she won't be hugged. Muriel takes her hand. Kisses it.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

CELESTE
Do what Granny says, then. Out.

He stares at them. This, more than anything, shows him the size of his disaster; Celeste and Muriel impossibly united.

CUT TO:

86 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 76. 00.28 (2027) 86

20 MINUTES LATER. TOP OF THE STAIRS: STEPHEN with TWO
HOLDALLS. All calm and sad as he gives RUBY a kiss.

RUBY
You're so stupid, dad.

STEPHEN
I know, I'm sorry.

And then BETHANY.

BETHANY
What colour is she?

STEPHEN
Elaine? She's... white.

BETHANY
Bye.

He's hurt, turns, hurries down the stairs. CELESTE waiting.
MURIEL watching at a distance. Celeste holds up CAR KEYS.

CELESTE
You're not taking the car. I need
it, for the girls. You can bike.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. MURIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 76. 00.30 (2027) 87

STEPHEN, with the two HOLDALLS slung around him by their
straps, one on either side, trying to balance, whoops, as he
struggles to get on to his BICYCLE.

CELESTE watches from the DOORWAY.

And wobble, woah, huff, puff, oops, Stephen cycles away.

Left alone, with no one to see, Celeste leans against the
door. Exhausted. Broken. For all her strength, defeated.

CUT TO:

87A INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 76. 02.30 (2027) 87A *

HOURS LATER. BETHANY in her bed, with CELESTE, both lying
there, mother and daughter, exhausted. They talked, they
cried, the hours passed, and now they're here. *

Both smiling as RUBY, in a night-time t-shirt, sneaks in. *

RUBY
And me. *

CELESTE
In you get. *

Celeste lifts the duvet, all three snuggle in. *

RUBY
What an idiot. *

CELESTE

Okay. I don't want you criticising
your dad. But yes. Di blasted
fool fool man.

And they all laugh, a little. But as the laugh fades:

BETHANY

I can't believe. You knew for
ages. So you knew at Christmas?

CELESTE

Yeah.

BETHANY

And that party on New Year's Eve?

CELESTE

Yeah.

RUBY

And my birthday? You knew then?

CELESTE

I'm sorry.

RUBY

We had all those conversations
about university, and all that
time, you weren't saying.

BETHANY

And that day we all went to
Southport. We had a really good
time. And you knew.

RUBY

That's amazing.

CELESTE

It's stupid.

RUBY

No it's not, it's amazing.

BETHANY

How did you do it?

CELESTE

No choice. I was trapped here,
with him, no house, no money, no
savings, don't you ever put
yourself in that position, girls
you save and save and save, okay?
I mean, what else could we have
done? Go and live with your Gran
in Port Maria?

BETHANY/RUBY
Oh no thanks!/No way!

RUBY
Oh you know what she'd say?

Hops out of bed, impersonates an old woman with a bad back:

RUBY (CONT'D)
Una too wicked and bad! Is hell
you heading for!

Celeste and Bethany laugh!

RUBY (CONT'D)
And as fi you, Bethany, nuh bodda
bring dem sodomite nastiness round
yuh!

And they scream with laughter! Roaring! Hold on to each
other. And that's how the night ends, in laughter.

88 INT. CALAIS, CHEAP HOTEL - DAY 77. 07.00 (2027) 88

DAYLIGHT. DANIEL strapping on his holstered-waist-bag.
VIKTOR on the bed, scrolling through his MOBILE. Determined.

VIKTOR
There's a man I met at Three
Bridges. And he says. For a
passport and breath test. We need
to find a woman called Alodie.

CUT TO:

89 OMITTED 89

CUT TO:

90 EXT. CALAIS, OLD OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 77. 12.00 (2027) 90

Rough, industrial part of town, like the Northern Quarter or Ancoats 20 years ago. Tall brick offices and warehouses.

DANIEL and VIKTOR approach a DOOR. TWO MEN, big lads, black jeans & t-shirts, sitting on crates, smoking.

VIKTOR
Bonjour? Nous cherchons Alodie.
On m'a dit que c'est possible de la
rencontre. A midi. Ici. Ouai?

One TALL MAN just nods, stands, heads in. They follow.

CUT TO:

91 INT. CALAIS, OLD OFFICE BUILDING, STAIRCASE - DAY 77. 12.01 (2027) 91

The TALL MAN leads DANIEL and VIKTOR up flights of stairs. It's old, wooden, dark, not-quite-abandoned.

CUT TO:

92 INT. CALAIS, OLD OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICES - DAY 77. 12.05 (2027) 92

DANIEL and VIKTOR sit opposite ALODIE. The TALL MAN stands behind them, at the door. As a guard. The office is empty, threadbare, like they've just borrowed the space.

Alodie is 60, French, blonde, hair tied back. Tiny, tough.

ALODIE
It's 1,000 Euros for the breath
test. 3,000 for the passport.
Each. I need the money now.

DANIEL
No, I'm only going to pay, when
we've got them.

ALODIE
Money in advance. Or you can go.

Daniel looks at Viktor. Okay. As Daniel digs out money:

VIKTOR
So... the passports cost more than
the breath test?

ALODIE

Breath test is easy. It's like...
a mint, in the mouth. But the
passports, not easy. It's not
paper any more, it's a polymer.
(to Daniel)
And I'll need your passport.

DANIEL

What for?

ALODIE

To copy. Where d'you think the
fakes come from? But with a
different photograph, have you..?

VIKTOR

Yes. Right. I've got that.

Viktor hands over his PASSPORT PHOTOS.

Daniel hands over 6,000 Euros. Hesitates over the passport.

DANIEL

I'll get this back straight away?

ALODIE

If you don't trust me, please go to
another. I don't mind.

He nods. Yeah. Hands over the passport. She looks at it.

ALODIE (CONT'D)

Daniel Samuel Lyons. Born 1989.
Manchester, Council Officer.

(fascinated, sly)

Explain to me. How did a Council
Officer find himself here?

DANIEL

...because of him.

She looks at them both. Contempt.

Then she stands. She and Tall Man lead them through -

ALODIE

Now. Breath test. Won't take
long. To be precise, we should
have a qualified dentist in
attendance. But we only have a
nurse. If you'd like to sue us for
malpractice, we will fight you
through the courts! Now then...

She's taken them from her OFFICE, over a LANDING, into a
SECOND OFFICE, small, with a simple padded bench.

ALODIE (CONT'D)

Wait here. Two minutes. It's just a small cap, on the tooth. It needs fixing. They say it hurts, but I'm sure you can manage. Boys like you. A little bit of pain.

She goes. Tall Man follows her, swings the door shut.

Daniel and Viktor laugh. Sheer relief!

DANIEL

Oh my God!

VIKTOR

She hates us. She really hates us.

DANIEL

But what does she mean? This tooth cap thing? I hate teeth.

VIKTOR

I don't care. Fix it in place with a hammer. Just let me through.

DANIEL

8,000 Euros.

VIKTOR

I'm sorry.

DANIEL

Hey. No. Worth every penny. Really. I mean it. Don't do that. I said, whatever it takes.

And Daniel moves over to the window. Looks out.

Calais. The buildings opposite.

The street below, and...

ALODIE and BOTH MEN getting into a RANGE ROVER.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

She's...

Fuck.

Fuck!

These offices. Now so obviously bare and empty and fake.

Daniel runs - Viktor following -

CUT TO:

93 EXT. CALAIS, OLD OFFICE BUILDING, STAIRCASE - DAY 77. 12.123
(2027)

DANIEL and VIKTOR belt down the stairs -

CUT TO:

94 EXT. CALAIS, OLD OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 77. 12.13 (2027) 94

DANIEL runs out first, VIKTOR following.

The road empty. The Range Rover, gone. Daniel stands in the middle of the road, despairing.

DANIEL
Shit, shit, shit.

VIKTOR
What was it, was it her?

DANIEL
Maybe she's coming back. She's got
to print that stuff. She's
printing. She'll come back, yeah?

VIKTOR
D'you think..?

But they both know. She's never coming back.

CUT TO:

95 INT. CALAIS, CHEAP HOTEL - DAY 77. 13.00 (2027) 95

DANIEL, FURIOUS, venting it all, punching the mattress,
again, again, again, yelling with fury.

VIKTOR just standing back. Letting him lose it.

CUT TO:

96 INT. CALAIS, CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT 77. 22.30 (2027) 96

DANIEL and VIKTOR in bed. Cramped, interwoven, it's only a
single bed. But they're calmer now, intimate.

VIKTOR
You could still go home. Walk up
to customs, my passport was stolen,
okay, no problem, this way, sir.

DANIEL
Yeah. Bye then.

A little laugh.

VIKTOR
But you could.

DANIEL
I'm taking you home.

VIKTOR
We can't get on the ferry.

DANIEL
Then we'll try a different sort of
boat. 22 miles, that's all. We
just need to cross 22 miles.

CUT TO:

96A	INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 77. 01.00 (2027)	96A	*
	STEPHEN and ELAINE in her bed. Both wide awake. Staring up. Pretending this is fine, that this is what they wanted.		* *
	Silence, then:		*
	ELAINE Thing is. I get up at 6.		* *
	STEPHEN That's okay.		* *
	ELAINE No, but I get up 6. And do my exercises. I do calisthenics. In here.		* * * *
	STEPHEN I'll stay in bed, if you don't mind.		* * *
	ELAINE No. But. I don't particularly want you watching.		* * *
	STEPHEN Why, what does calisthenics involve?		* * *
	ELAINE Nothing, but. It's mine. It's my little hour. All to myself.		* * *
	STEPHEN I'll be asleep.		* *
	ELAINE But you won't. And we've only got the one room. You'll be... staring.		* * * *
	(MORE)		

ELAINE (CONT'D)

So I thought, you could get up at 6
and go for a coffee and come back
at 7, is that all right?

STEPHEN

If you want, yeah.

ELAINE

Thanks.

STEPHEN

Is that every day?

ELAINE

Yes.

STEPHEN

...okay.

(pause)

You don't mind my being here?

ELAINE

No. Not at all.

STEPHEN

We can look for somewhere bigger.

ELAINE

(smiles)

That'd be nice.

And she turns over, to go to sleep.

Stephen stares up. What the hell has he done..?

CUT TO:

96B EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - DAY

96B

DAWN over CALAIS.

CUT TO:

97 OMITTED

97

98 EXT. CALAIS, ALLEYWAY - DAY 78. 08.13 (2027)

98

Not too dark, just a step off a main road. DANIEL and VIKTOR
with a French Asian man, TADEO, 35, tough, broken English.

TADEO

Transport. 3,000 Euros per head,
6,000, total.

DANIEL

Okay, but I refuse to give you the money until we're on the boat.

TADEO

You pay now.

DANIEL

Yes, I understand, but I want to wait until I see the actual boat.

TADEO

No, you pay now.

DANIEL

This has happened before, and we've been robbed.

TADEO

Unfortunate. You pay now.

DANIEL

I absolutely refuse.

TADEO

Good, we finish.

And Tadeo walks off.

DANIEL

No, no, no, okay, okay, okay.

Tadeo stops. Daniel trapped. But he's got no choice.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'll give you half.

TADEO

You give all.

And Daniel hands it over. 4, 5, 6,000 Euros.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. CALAIS, ORDINARY STREET - DAY 78. 14.30 (2027) 99

City centre, but quiet, nondescript, one of those roads behind the shops and cafes, for parking, deliveries, etc.

DANIEL and VIKTOR sit on a low wall. With their SMALL SUITCASE. They're aware, dotted along this street, of little pockets of OTHERS; a group of two men, another of three men, a woman with many bags. All separate, all waiting.

Daniel on his mobile. INSERT ON PHONE: GRAPHICS over footage from Sc.34 and 40, *Élection Générale: les sondages prédisent un choc*. Viv Rook's face. It seems like a different world.

Then, victorious:

VIKTOR

Yes!

A MINIBUS. TADEO in the front, standing next to the driver. Viktor & Daniel delighted - they weren't robbed!

The minibus pulls up, they head over - and so does everyone else, all the pockets of people. And more MEN AND WOMEN, TWO CHILDREN, appear out of nowhere - 10 NIGERIANS, including the TWO CHILDREN. 5 UKRAINIANS. 4 SYRIANS, carrying HOLDALLS, BAGS, BUNDLES OF CLOTHES. It's only a 12-seater minibus, but all 20 people are getting on board with Daniel and Viktor.

Tadeo stands by the door, herding them on. Like cattle.

TADEO

Allez on se dépêche. Avancez
rapidement vers le fond. Si il n'y
a pas de place restez debout. Ok?
Allez on se bouge!

On Daniel and Viktor, packed into their seats. Scared.

CUT TO:

YEARS & YEARS. EPISODE 4. RUSSELL T DAVIES. DOUBLE GREEN AMENDS 50A

100 OMITTED 100

101 EXT. FRANCE, HEADLAND ABOVE BEACH - DAY 78. 15.28 (2027) 101

Bare, windy scrubland, cold in October. No houses in sight.

THE MINIBUS parked in b/g, TADEO leading the TWENTY PEOPLE across the headland, to find a path heading downwards.

DANIEL & VIKTOR among them, Daniel with the SMALL SUITCASE. He's being bullish, positive, consulting maps on his MOBILE.

DANIEL

It said, Cran de Quette. It's a bit of a headland, d'you see, we're actually closer to England. It's more like 20 miles, now!

TRACK FORWARD with them to REVEAL their POV, the BEACH below.

It's a plain scoop of sand, about half a mile long. Not pretty. Scrubbed by the sea winds. Isolated, cold, no danger of dog-walkers or onlookers. And in the middle...

The BOAT. A BIG, RUBBER INFLATABLE DINGHY with OUTBOARD MOTOR. Room for 20. Some feet out, in the water. MEN stand in the water, holding it in place. MORE MEN on the sand.

As they head down a path:

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Is that the boat? That's not the boat that takes us to the boat?

VIKTOR

No, I think that's it.

DANIEL

Okay. Never mind. Good! 20 miles, that's all.

And they keep walking. There is no turning back.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. FRANCE, BEACH - DAY 78. 15.36 (2027)

102

TADEO yelling.

TADEO

On a pas le temps, on s'active. Allez plus vite que ça. Montez a bord, si vous n'avez pas de place pour vos sacs abandonnez les. On est payé pour vous sortir d'ici pas pour vous servir.

THE MEN are holding the BOAT in place in the water. Tadeo and the MEN ON THE SAND - all Asian, all wrapped up in waterproofs and boots - hurrying everyone towards the boat.

It looked so calm from above. Up close, even though the sea isn't rough, it's a big deal. You have to wade through 2 or 3 feet of water, in the surf. Clamber on board the boat, holding on to ropes and hauling yourself up. Not easy.

The fit young men from the TWENTY, the NIGERIAN MEN & WOMEN, run forward, into the water, athletic, not daunted at all. A BIG MAN helps the TWO CHILDREN. Everyone else takes pause, tying up bags and bundles to keep them dry. Fast, frantic.

Tadeo yelling throughout, as DANIEL hesitates on the sand.

DANIEL

Hold on.

He puts the SMALL SUITCASE down. Holds on to VIKTOR to keep his balance, to take his BOOTS off. Which is tricky.

VIKTOR

What are you doing?

DANIEL

I want to keep them dry. You should do the same.

VIKTOR

Danny. We're going to get wet.

DANIEL

No, but. I've seen this. I work with people. You get foot rot.

And then everything becomes FAST, RAW, ROUGH, JAGGED, as:

JUMP CUT, SLAP! Daniel's in the water. Viktor too, carrying the small suitcase. Daniel holding up his boots. It's freezing! It's only a few feet to the boat, but Christ!

He strides to the boat. Throws his boots in. It's slippery. He tries to grab hold of ropes. Then hauls himself up.

Clamber. Bump. Ouch. Over the rubber, onto the hull.

Daniel's on the boat! Exhilarated. Reaches out to Viktor.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Come on. Up you come.

He takes the small suitcase, then hauls Viktor on board.

It's 3/4 full, the last quarter striding through the water. Tadeo still yelling. Viktor steadies, turns round and sees:

VIKTOR

Oh shit.

Another chain of TWENTY PEOPLE. Following an Asian man, heading down the path from the headland, to the beach.

DANIEL

They're not getting on board, are they? There must be another boat. There's got to be another boat.

JUMP CUT, the SECOND TWENTY PEOPLE on the SAND, Tadeo yelling at them to get on board. The same boat. Daniel yelling at Tadeo, and to the men in the water steadying the boat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

There's no room. There's no room. We haven't got enough room. You can see! There's not enough room!

At the same time, a NIGERIAN LAD yelling at the shore:

NIGERIAN LAD

Pada! Da won duro! Ko si yara!

JUMP CUT, the SECOND TWENTY striding through the water.

Clambering on to the boat.

One thin, scared NIGERIAN WOMAN. Daniel, Viktor and the Nigerian Lad reach out to help, pull her up.

DANIEL

There you go.

VIKTOR

It's okay, it's okay.

The woman curls up, small as she can, shivering with fear, talks, non-stop, a prayer in Yoruba, an endless variation on:

NIGERIAN WOMAN

Mo wa lati so fun iyabi mi to mo ba
so fun egbon mi pe emi yoo gbe awon
omobirin mi sile, ati pe emi yoo
bukun eniken ti o mu mi wa si ita
yii ati pe mo gbadura fun itosona
ninu igbala mi. Mo gbadura si baba
mi orun ato mo ni orun ati gbadura
pe oluwa wa ga ninu gbogbo ore re.

JUMP CUT, more and more getting on board.

Daniel and Viktor are getting shoved back. Bodies crushed. Smaller and smaller space. The two children, scared. Then a SYRIAN MAN picks up Daniel's SMALL SUITCASE, to make room.

Throws it overboard.

Daniel and Viktor look at each other. It's okay. It's only a suitcase. But more than that - should they stop?

VIKTOR
We could get off.

But the worse it is, the more Daniel wants to win.

DANIEL
We can do this. We can do it.

Then, on the sand, seen from the boat: Tadeo arguing with TWO NIGERIAN TEENAGE BOYS. Too far away to hear properly, but the boys have only paid for one. The taller lad insisting his brother comes with them. Tadeo's men saying no. It's getting rougher, about to break into a proper fight, when:

Bang!

Tadeo's got a gun. Fires it into the air, two, three times.

The gunshots echoing round the bay.

All terrified now. Falling silent.

Only the Nigerian Woman keeps muttering her lament.

Daniel and Viktor trapped. Too scared to turn back, or too brave? Or too stupid? Too vain, too lost?

Tadeo's decided neither teenager is getting on board. His men hold them back, and he waves to the boat, yells, 'Allez! Allez!' One of his men is on board, fires up the motor.

And the boat starts to move.

Laden down, buckling, it heaves out to sea.

Daniel and Viktor watch the shore recede.

The terror. The hope.

They hold hands.

The Nigerian Woman will not stop. She fucking will not stop.

The shore gets further away.

The huge, grey sea.

CU Viktor.

CU Daniel.

Please, please.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. SEA - NIGHT 78. 20.10 (2027) 103

SLAM into DARKNESS.

IMAGES. Maybe silent.

Panic. Water.

FACES grabbed in TORCHLIGHT.

DANIEL yelling, terrified.

VIKTOR yelling, terrified.

The NIGERIAN WOMAN, screaming.

CUT TO:

104 INT. ENGLISH BEACH - DAY 79. 08.40 (2027) 104

Blue sky.

Seagulls.

The sea.

Calm. Quiet. Beautiful.

WIDE SHOT of a long, wide, plain beach. The sand, the surf.

And the BODIES along the shore.

Drowned men and women. Huddles of wet clothing.

17 of them.

CUT TO a POLICEWOMAN, planting upright YELLOW PLASTIC NUMBERS by each body. No. 12, no. 13, no. 14...

CUT TO, a distance away, the NIGERIAN WOMAN. Wrapped in a blanket, cared for by a PARAMEDIC, a POLICEMAN talking to her. Glimpse of AMBULANCES in b/g. She can't be heard, but she's still saying her prayer. Who knows? Maybe it worked.

The policewoman marks out No.15.

The NIGERIAN LAD.

CUT TO the TWO CHILDREN from the boat, watching. A POLICEMAN kneeling with them, being kind. But they just stare.

The policewoman takes yellow plastic number 16 to...

The body of DANIEL LYONS.

He drowned.

He tried, Danny Lyons, but he failed, and he drowned.
Standing, watching, at a distance, wrapped in a blanket:
VIKTOR.

Policeman 2 talking to him. Viktor just shrugs. Numb. To every question, he says, in Ukrainian, 'I don't know.'

VIKTOR
Ne znayu. Ne znayu. Ne znayu.

CUT TO:

105 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 79. 10.05 (2027) 105

VIKTOR sits in a chair. He's in second-hand clothes, given to him by the emergency services. Donkey jacket, old trainers, trackie bottoms, t-shirt. He's still numb.

It's CHAOS. The place packed. Other REFUGEES crying. POLICE and MEDICAL STAFF standing in a group, out of their depth, arguing, no plan, no one knowing what to do.

Viktor looks up. A WALL-MOUNTED TV, showing:

CUT TO:

106 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY 79. 10.06 (2027) 106

TV FOOTAGE. BBC NEWS. Graphics: *Huge majority for 4-Star Party, 355 seats. Viv Rook elected Prime Minister.*

VIVIENNE ROOK stands at a podium outside No.10. In all her glory. She holds up both her arms. Supreme. Declaring:

VIV ROOK
Astonishing. Astonishing.
Astonishing.

CUT TO:

107 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 79. 10.07 (2027) 107

The image triggers VIKTOR: a new world. He puts his hand to his chest. The holstered bag, still there. Money. His key.

And he realises...

In the chaos, no one is looking at him.

Carefully, quietly, he stands. Walks out.

It's so busy, no one stops him. He just keeps walking.

CUT TO:

108 INT. COACH - DAY 79. 13.40 (2027) 108

VIKTOR sits there, in his jumble of clothes. Numb. Blank.
Heading north.

CUT TO:

109 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 79. 16.00 (2027) 109

Empty. Dust in sunlight. Waiting.

Click. VIKTOR, with his old front door key. The ALARM-BOX goes beep-beep-beep, but he knows the four numbers, Daniel's birthday, stabs them in. The beeping stops.

And here it is. The place where he once lived with Daniel.

Still the same. But so different.

He finds something, maybe a mug, that wasn't here when he lived here. He looks at it. He puts it down again.

Pause. He sits.

If he hoped this would feel good, it does not.

Then he stands again.

It's better, this way. More formal. Deep breath, then:

VIKTOR

Um. Call. Link. No, call family
link, audio only, yes?

Ring, click. Connecting to all the Lyons.

CUT TO:

110 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - DAY 79. 16.00 (2027) 110

4PM. ROSIE surrounded by STOCK - not food, but CARDBOARD BOXES of polystyrene chip trays and plastic forks. It's taken over half the flat, now. She's book-keeping. EDITH making beans on toast for LEE and LINCOLN. To the air:

ROSIE

Danny, have you seen the news, over here? Your favourite woman, Prime Minister! I've actually met her!

EDITH

I love it. She's a nightmare. The whole system is in pieces!

CUT TO:

111 INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - DAY 79. 16.00 (2027) 111

STEPHEN is on the floor, assembling a FLAT-PACK WARDROBE. ELAINE demanded it, when he moved in. He's also got an Alexa-type unit, so he can talk to the air. Elaine's helping him, just rolling her eyes at the family chat.

STEPHEN

Oh, Dan, mate, no, take me off the family link, we've got to catch up. A lot of things have changed, since you went away. Sorry, Celeste.

CUT TO:

112 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 79. 16.00 (2027) 112

CELESTE with her TWO LAPTOPS, but tired, bitter now, MURIEL, RUBY and BETHANY all making a salad together.

CELESTE

I don't mind, it doesn't bother me, you can stay on the link. Do what you want. As you're very fond of saying, it's your family.

Sc.109-112 all INTERCUTTING now.

STEPHEN

Oh don't start.

MURIEL

Excuse me. I think if anyone started this, it was you, Stephen.

STEPHEN

Can I just point out? Dan left his husband. For someone else. But no one had a go at him! Me, it's the end of the world, why is that?

VIKTOR

I thought I'd better say.

EDITH

Oh, it's Viktor, sorry! You okay? Hello! Where are you?

STEPHEN

Vik, mate, do us a favour, put
Daniel on? It's a long story.

But Bethany's got the best software, tracking on her MOBILE:

BETHANY

But. Hold on. Sorry, but it says you're home. You're phoning from Uncle Dan's. You're in Britain.

EDITH

Oh my God! No way! You did it!

ROSIE

How did that happen?!

STEPHEN

That's amazing, though! That's brilliant! How did you do it, Dan?

EDITH

Danny? Are you there?

Viktor stays calm and plain:

VIKTOR

I'm in the house. And Daniel's dead. I'm sorry. But he drowned. We thought we could get across the channel. But, on the news, it says, 17 bodies. That was Daniel. He's dead. He drowned. We got half a mile from the shore. But that's a very long way.

Silence falls across all the houses.

Just...

EDITH

What?

VIKTOR

The police don't know. His passport was gone. His wallet was in his bag and his bag, it was lost. So he's in a town, on the coast, called Rye. Unidentified. I didn't want to do that. But I thought, if I came here, they'd never find me. That doesn't work. I know. I apologise to you all. But we got on a boat. And the boat sank. And he's dead.

Silence.

It hits them. Muriel. Edith. Rosie. Stephen. Celeste. Bethany. Ruby. Lee. Lincoln. Elaine. The shock.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
I came home. Is this home?

And as one, the family rises.

MUSIC now. Some song. Maybe something ancient. Or maybe silence. Binding the family together as they take flight. Like animals, on instinct, surging with the same need.

To get to Viktor.

Sc.112, Muriel stumbles. Makes for the door. Celeste grabs CAR KEYS, kisses Ruby on her head, Bethany too, goes -

Sc.110, Rosie and Edith - a kiss for Lee, keep an eye on your brother, but both women are leaving, in horror, in terror -

Sc.111, Stephen just stands, goes, clumsy, he hits something, he half-falls over, but keeps going, blundering out.

Sc.109, Viktor sits. Now it starts to overwhelm him.

The song, or the silence, keeps going.

CUT TO:

113 INT. ROSIE'S CAR/EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY 79. 16.08 (2027) 113
ROSIE and EDITH in Rosie's car, driving to Daniel's.
Rosie, who laughed at Daniel's boyfriend.
Edith, who set Daniel's plan in motion.

CUT TO:

114 INT. CELESTE'S CAR/EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY 79. 16.09 (2027) 114
CELESTE and MURIEL in Celeste's car, driving to Daniel's.
Celeste, who walked away from Daniel's problems.
Muriel, who thought she'd holiday in Spain.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY 79. 16.10 (2027) 115
STEPHEN on his bike, riding to Daniel's.
Stephen, who was too busy having an affair.
The Lyons, boxed into their cars, seized by terror and grief, racing, racing across the city, to get there, to Viktor.

To ask him. To help him.

To blame him?

They are coming, they are coming.

END OF EPISODE FOUR