

1 INT. RALLY - DAY 80. 11.30 (2027) 1

VIVIENNE ROOK stands at a PODIUM.

She faces out, to an OOV CROWD. BEHIND HER, a WALL OF SUPPORTERS, from top to bottom of frame, on a raked platform, with on-brand flags and t-shirts. The classic Trump image.

VIV ROOK

We stand alone. Great Britain stands alone in the world. To the west, America is the lone wolf. To the east, Europe is in flames. Beyond that. China is rising. And I want to tell you. That in standing alone... this country has never been more magnificent!

Whoops, cheers, yells!

CUT TO:

2 INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY 80. 14.00 (2027) 2

FIXED CAMERAS, like LBC footage, locked into a bright, plain studio, with the ATL RADIO LOGO. A MAN being interviewed. He's MARTIN MORRIS, 45, untidy, vexed, an activist.

MARTIN MORRIS

But what is Viv Rook actually doing?! Can anyone tell me?

Sc.1 & 2 INTERCUT, harsh, jagged, like flicking channels.

VIV ROOK

I promise you freedom. And the ability to *enjoy* that freedom!

MARTIN MORRIS

She just says anything!

VIV ROOK

An emboldened society with the strength to enable itself!

MARTIN MORRIS

I mean... *what?!?*

VIV ROOK

And I'm only just beginning!

MARTIN MORRIS

But what does she want? What does the Four Star Party actually want?

VIV ROOK

I look ahead and see glories!

Sc.2, Martin frantic, seeing danger approaching the studio:

MARTIN MORRIS

Listen to me. Please. Ask her
about the Disappeared. Ask her
about the people who disappear -

Sc.2, suddenly, POLICEMEN. Confusion. The cameras can't
move, just bodies intruding, a series of abrupt cuts, Martin
Morris being manhandled from his chair. POLICEMAN off-mic:

POLICEMAN

Martin Morris, I'm arresting
you for the possession of
indecent images of children -

MARTIN MORRIS (CONT'D)

You can't do this. I won't -
! Can't you see what she's
doing? She's lying to you!

INTERCUT with Viv, smiling, waving, crowd going WILD, then:

VIV ROOK

And finally. To all of you. A
very merry Christmas!

She puts on a SANTA HAT. Laughs. Goofs about. Waves. Her
greatest talent, distracting everyone by playing the clown.

CUT TO:

3

INT. MURIEL'S DINING ROOM - DAY 81. 16.00 (2027)

3

CHRISTMAS DAY, 2027. But such a different Christmas. MURIEL
with STEPHEN, EDITH, ROSIE, CELESTE, BETHANY, RUBY and LEE &
LINCOLN. But now JONJO sits with Rosie, and ELAINE next to
Stephen. There is profoundly, insanely, no Daniel.

It's only been nine weeks. Since that day. But they all
said, yeah, let's have Christmas. Like Danny would want.

Dinner's over. Sparse, bare conversation, the family so raw.

MURIEL

Well that was nice.

CELESTE

It was lovely.

A good, long silence.

ELAINE

It's really very kind of you, to
have me here. Considering.

Muriel nods. Rosie upset. Jonjo puts his arm round her.

JONJO

Hey. It's okay.

Muriel reaches for her glass. Almost misses. Finds it.
Trouble with her eyesight; tiny moment, noticed by Celeste.

MURIEL

We have a tradition, Elaine. Every
Christmas. To raise a toast to
those no longer with us.

(raises glass)

This year. We have a new name on
the list. Here's to...

And she can't say it. Her breath has gone. She had it all
planned, she rehearsed it, but now, she can't, she can't.

Silence. All devastated.

Rosie starts to cry. Sobs. Jonjo kisses her forehead.

But then Stephen lifts his glass. Takes control.

STEPHEN

Okay. Here's to our brother. Your
grandson. Your uncle. That lovely
man. Here's to Daniel.

And they manage: 'To Dan,' 'To Danny,' 'Uncle Dan.'

They take a sip. Glasses down.

EDITH

And Viktor. Here's to Viktor.

All: 'To Viktor,' 'To Uncle Vik.'

Except Stephen. He quietly puts his glass very much DOWN.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, CORRIDOR - DAY 82. 10.30 (2027) 4

FOUR DAYS LATER. The GAINSFORD MAJOR CENTRE. STEPHEN walks
down a long CORRIDOR, with a PRIVATE SECURITY GUARD (police &
security now branded with L#5 logo). Stephen tense, nervous.

The guard uses her thumbprint on a door, *bleep!*, door opens -

CUT TO:

5 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 82. 10.31 (2027) 5

- and there's VIKTOR.

This is a REFUGEE DETENTION CENTRE on the South Coast. A
plain room, but relaxed, comfy CHAIRS and a low TABLE, not a
desk. A tatty little artificial CHRISTMAS TREE in the
corner. Stephen's clumsy as Viktor stands, gives him a hug.

VIKTOR

Good to see you.

STEPHEN

Yeah. Good to see you.

VIKTOR

Did you have a good Christmas?

STEPHEN

Not bad. Well, no, terrible.

The guard goes. They're left alone, and sit.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

So what are you doing on Friday?
D'you have a party? Are you
allowed, in here? New Year's Eve?

VIKTOR

Yeah. For sure. Everyone thinks
it's like prison, but we can have a
few drinks. Little bit of music.

STEPHEN

Good. I'm sorry I haven't...

VIKTOR

Edith was here, two weeks ago. And
Rosie, in November. They say, my
campaign, it's going well. All
this trouble with Russia, it's
advantageous, it means
communications are bad, so they
cannot deport me, not yet -

STEPHEN

I keep thinking about that day.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 79. 16.50 (2027)

6

SOUNDLESS. Just RAW IMAGES.

The day VIKTOR came home. THE LYONS have arrived.

MURIEL is sitting, crying her heart out.

STEPHEN is asking endless, furious questions.

EDITH short of breath, horrified; is it her fault?

CELESTE shrinks back, almost an intruder.

No one is stopping ROSIE, as she HITS VIKTOR, she rages and screams and HITS HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN, and he just takes it.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 82. 10.32 (2027)7

STEPHEN
The things we said.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 79. 16.55 (2027) 8

SOUNDLESS. CELESTE goes to hold STEPHEN. But he shrugs her off, he can't stop asking questions, why, why, why?

CUT TO:

9 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 82. 10.33 (2027)9

STEPHEN
We tried to scatter the ashes,
but... Bad timing.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY F. 11.30 (2027) 10

SOUNDLESS. Pouring with RAIN outside, the WINDOWS STREAMING.

MURIEL stands, looking out, holding an URN OF ASHES. EDITH, STEPHEN, ROSIE, CELESTE, BETHANY, RUBY, JONJO, LEE & LINCOLN, and ex-husband RALPH behind her, a distance back, waiting for her decision. All trapped, tense, in a box of rain.

Muriel decides. She turns round to the others to say -

MURIEL
He's going to turn into mud.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 82. 10.34 (2027)11

STEPHEN
"He's going to turn into mud."

CUT TO:

YEARS & YEARS. EPISODE 5. RUSSELL T DAVIES. LILAC AMENDMENTS. 5A.

12 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY F. 11.31 (2027) 12

SOUNDLESS. ALL, despite themselves, laughing.

CUT TO:

13 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 82. 10.35 (2027) 13

STEPHEN

We'll try again. If the weather gets better. Which they say is debatable. But I keep thinking. It was the fridge that killed me.

CUT TO:

14 INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 79. 17.10 (2027) 14

SOUNDLESS. Sc.6 CONTINUED.

STEPHEN watches, in shock: ROSIE crying, VIKTOR crying too now, hugging her, MURIEL desolate, EDITH & CELESTE stunned.

He goes into the kitchen. Opens the fridge. Sees...

A fridge 2/3 empty. Half a bottle of MILK. A packet of supermarket CHEDDAR, half-eaten. Three bottles of BEER. A tomato. Onions. Little pots of drink to stop cholesterol.

It hits him. The horror.

CUT TO:

15 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 82. 10.36 (2027) 15

STEPHEN

I thought of Danny. In the shop. Choosing all those things. Paying at the till. Coming home. Putting them in the fridge. Little bit of cheese.

(pause)

It is completely your fault.

VIKTOR

I know.

STEPHEN

No, but it really is. I couldn't let the year pass without saying it. I've thought about this a lot, and really, Viktor, you awful man.

VIKTOR

I'm sorry.

STEPHEN

No don't *agree!* Cos let me say. When you were sent to Ukraine. And then Barcelona. And then Madrid. I was so bored.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I was bored of you. Everything
that Danny fancied in you was so
boring -

VIKTOR

It's okay, Stephen, I understand.

Volcanic:

STEPHEN

Well don't!!

Silence. Stephen on the edge. Viktor's compassion is
driving him insane.

But he pulls back. Deep breath. Recovers. Decides to go.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Anyway, right. So. I know my sisters are doing everything to get you released. And there's nothing I can do to stop them. But when Rosie sends those letters saying, love Rosie and Edith and Stephen, and an "x", that's not me, I need you to know. That's not me.

He heads for the door, knocks, waits, during:

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
I hope they fail. And if they do. And you get sent home. And terrible things happen to you. Well. I can live with that. He drowned, for God's sake.
(pause)
Bye then.

VIKTOR
Bye.

Stephen knocks on the door.

There's a moment while they wait for the GUARD to open it.

Then Stephen goes.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ROSIE'S ESTATE - NIGHT 83. 00.05 (2028) 16

FIREWORKS!

ROSIE & JONJO on a bench, having a beer. PARTIES in the background in various flats, but these two are quiet, happy.

JONJO
Happy New Year.

ROSIE
Happy New Year, you big lump.

A little kiss.

JONJO
So. 2028. I was thinking. If you don't mind. Will you marry me?

ROSIE
Oh my God. You could've warned me!

JONJO

You can't warn someone about a thing like that. And I haven't got you a ring because (a) you wouldn't like anything I choose, and (2) - (that's a running joke) - we need to save, you and me, so hurry up and say yes.

ROSIE

Yes.

JONJO

No way, really?

ROSIE

Yes!

JONJO

Oh that's brilliant!

She bursts into tears. He's used to it, gives her a tissue.

ROSIE

All I want to do now is tell Danny. I want him to laugh. And give me a hug. I want him to say you're not good enough. I want him to get all snotty about the reception.

*
*
*
*

JONJO

You could tell my mate Ricky instead, he's gay.

*
*
*

ROSIE

Yeah, that would work.

*
*

He puts his arm round her.

*

JONJO

And I am good enough.

*
*

ROSIE

You're lucky. That's what you are.

*
*

They look up, into the night.

*

ROSIE (CONT'D)

2028. What's it going to be like?

*
*

JONJO

Better than last year.

*
*

On CU Rosie, tracking in CLOSER and CLOSER. And over this, the NOISE, building up again, pressure RAMPING UP...

*
*

And now Sc.16-37 ROCK FORWARD, *RIP* - !

*

CUT TO:

17 INT. NETWORK 85 NEWSROOM - NIGHT 84. 19.10 (2028) 17

NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics b/g: POWER STATION.

NEWSREADER

And the blackouts continue.

The WHOLE PICTURE FLICKERS, BUMPS, like a BLACKOUT -

CUT TO:

18 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 84. 19.11 (2028) 18

MURIEL, CELESTE, BETHANY, RUBY having tea, LIGHTS GO OUT.

MURIEL

Here we go again.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - NIGHT 84. 19.12 (2028) 19

ROSIE, EDITH, JONJO, LEE & LINCOLN having tea. The LIGHTS FLICKER, GO OUT. Only SCREENS & PHONES still on. ALL: Ohhh!

CUT TO:

20 INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 84. 19.13 (2028) 20

STEPHEN's just made BEANS ON TOAST for him and ELAINE, carrying them proudly, but the LIGHTS FLICKER, GO OUT.

CUT TO:

21 INT. NEWSNIGHT STUDIO - NIGHT 85. 22.36 (2028) 21

EXPERT 1 being interviewed. Graphics: Russian flag.

EXPERT 1

The blackouts are cyberattacks.
Could be Russia, could be Isis,
could be teenagers in a bedroom -

CUT TO:

22 INT. POINT FIVE NEWSROOM - DAY 86. 13.03 (2028) 22
NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics b/g: SHEETS OF A4.

NEWSREADER

And it's welcome back to paper!

STOCK SHOTS: PAPER PRESSES, stacks of A4, PAPERS in the air.

NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

The power cuts mean that so much
information is being lost, we're
going back to printing things on
paper, just like the old days.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. STREET - DAY 86. 10.12 (2028) 23
NEWS FOOTAGE, VOX POP, TEENAGE GIRL holding papers, giggling.

TEENAGE GIRL

It's just so... papery! What do
you do with it?! It's silly!

CUT TO:

24 INT. WEATHER FORECAST - DAY 87. 12.57 (2028) 24
TOMASZ SCHAFERNAKER in front of the MAP. Indicating: RAIN.

TOMASZ SCHAFERNAKER

...and tomorrow, it's the same,
we've now had 50 days of rain -

CUT TO:

25 INT. ITN NEWSROOM - NIGHT 88. 22.04 (2028) 25
ITN NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphics: RAIN.

ITN NEWSREADER

And we've reached 60 days of rain.

CUT TO:

26 INT. WEATHER FORECAST - DAY 89. 12.57 (2028) 26

TOMASZ SCHAFERNAKER to CAMERA, excited. Map: RAIN.

TOMASZ SCHAFERNAKER
It's official! 80 Days of Rain!

CUT TO:

27 EXT. LEEDS CITY STREET - DAY 90. 13.20 (2028) 27

AN EXPLOSION.

On CCTV, from a distance. A BALL OF DUST & SMOKE, no flame.

CUT TO PEOPLE running, screaming. Shaky, handheld.

CUT TO:

28 INT. NETWORK 85 NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 90. 22.01 (2028) 28

NEWSREADER to CAMERA

NEWSREADER
The explosion in Leeds City Centre
has been confirmed as a dirty bomb.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. LEEDS CITY STREETS - DAY 90. 13.30 (2028) 29

A rough 30 year old WOMAN being interviewed, panicked, upset.

WOMAN
- there was this bang, and then
this dust, there was all this dust -

CUT TO:

30 INT. POINT FIVE NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 90. 22.02 (2028) 30

An enthusiastic EXPERT 2 being interviewed by NEWSREADER.

EXPERT 2
The so-called 'dirty bomb' is
designed to contaminate, it's
packed with radioactive material,
then scatters it over a large area -

CUT TO:

31 EXT. LEEDS CITY STREETS - DAY 90. 13.31 (2028) 31

WOMAN
- it's radioactive, I've breathed
it in, what do I do, what do I do?!

CUT TO:

32 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - NIGHT 90. 22.04 (2028) 32

ROSIE, JONJO & EDITH watching TV.

ROSIE
Radioactivity, that's like you!

CUT TO:

33 EXT. BRISTOL CITY STREET - NIGHT 91. 20.16 (2028) 33

REPORTER to CAMERA, all a bit shaky, hand-held, PEOPLE
running past her in a blurry panic.

REPORTER
- reports of a second dirty bomb
here in Bristol City Centre -

CUT TO:

34 EXT. LEEDS CITY STREETS - DAY 90. 13.46 (2028) 34

The WOMAN has now got a FURIOUS CROWD around her.

WOMAN
The whole city's been poisoned,
we've got to get out! Right now!

CUT TO:

35 INT. MEDIA 24 NEWS - DAY 92. 08.33 (2028) 35

MEDIA 24 NEWSREADER to CAMERA.

MEDIA 24 NEWSREADER
It's a housing crisis on an
unprecedented scale.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ITN NEWSROOM - NIGHT 92. 22.04 (2028) 36

ITN NEWSREADER to CAMERA. Graphic: VIVIENNE ROOK.

ITN NEWSREADER

Vivienne Rook has introduced the
Bedroom Law. Anyone with two spare
bedrooms must be available to take
in any homeless UK citizen.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, MANCHESTER - NIGHT 93. 19.35 (2028) 37

Sc.16-37 MUSIC HALTS as a SOLDIER waves a big old BUS to a
halt, a battered old vehicle, exhumed for the emergency.

SOLDIERS stationed across an ordinary suburban street. Some *
with GUNS. The SOLDIER clambers on the bus with a CLIPBOARD. *

A distance away: EDITH and FRAN, in ANORAKS, and three other
CHARITY STAFF. They've got CARDBOARD BOXES under tarpaulin.
The whole street's wet, after a downpour.

EDITH

Here we go, we'll take this one.

Fran with a box, Edith with PLASTIC FOLDERS, hurry over.

Seen from OUTSIDE, faces at the window: the BUS is full of
PEOPLE, FAMILIES. Ordinary, gaunt, tired. The SOLDIER now
disembarking with a 60 y/o WOMAN & HUSBAND, with SUITCASES.
She's tough, wiry. Her husband has given up.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Right, who've we got?

SOLDIER

Mr and Mrs Finch, to be quartered
at 57 Overland Terrace, with a Mr
Naveen Chakrabati, all yours.

(back to the bus)

Next! Lucy and Clive Montgomery!

Edith takes a suitcase, as they walk towards No.57.

EDITH

Right, we're with the CBDC Charity,
we can help you get rehoused. Were
you flood or radiation?

MRS FINCH

Flood, darling.

EDITH

Okay, we've got some basics, and
food coupons, that's Fran, I'm
Edith, now, let's get you settled.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. NO.57, SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 93. 19.40 (2028) 38

In the doorway, all yellow light: MR CHAKRABATI, 55, angry.

MR CHAKRABATI

I didn't agree to this, I said no!
I don't want strangers in my house.

He's facing EDITH, FRAN, MR & MRS FINCH.

EDITH

You haven't got any choice!

FRAN

It's not our fault, it's the
Bedroom Law. Unless you live in
Kensington or Islington, they seem
to be exempt, funnily enough.

Mrs Finch shoves a case past Mr Chakrabati, into the hall.

MRS FINCH

Sweetheart. If you think this is
inconvenient? My home is under
three feet of sewage. Drains
burst. All the pooh and pee from
west of Bradford Road, flooding
into my kitchen. So pardon me.
Adrian, get inside!

Adrian Finch heads in, as Mr Chakrabati retreats down the
hall, and Mrs Finch takes his place in the doorway.

MR CHAKRABATI

I'm phoning my MP!

EDITH

Your MP's Vivienne Rook, she did
this! It was her idea!

FRAN

(points at Edith)
Oh she wanted Mrs Rook in power,
she said, let's smash the system!

EDITH

All right, all right, I'm an idiot.

Mrs Finch takes a final suitcase off Edith. Edith keeps it
light, casual, moving on to her real reason for being here:

EDITH (CONT'D)

One last thing. D'you mind if I
ask..? When you were evacuated,
you spent five days at the Happen
Dale Barracks, is that right?

MRS FINCH
Sleeping on the floor! At my age.

EDITH
Yeah. While you were there. I'm just checking. Did you hear any stories about the Disappeared?

MRS FINCH
What d'you mean?

EDITH
It's this story, going round. About the homeless. They say, some get rehoused. Some get turned away. And some people disappear. Your name gets crossed off, and you vanish. So I'm trying to find out: where do they go?

CUT TO:

39

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 93. 19.50 (2028)

39

The BUS drives off. SOLDIERS waiting for the next bus. EDITH & FRAN sitting huddled with their BOXES, on little camping chairs, with a THERMOS.

FRAN
I told you, she didn't know anything. It's an urban myth.

EDITH
But that's the thing, you look it up online, the Disappeared, there's nothing. Which proves there's something wrong, cos you never get nothing. Any reference is being scrubbed out of existence -

FRAN
D'you want to stay at mine tonight?

EDITH
Oh.

Pause. Both awkward.

FRAN
You don't have to.

EDITH
No. Um.

FRAN
It's been ages.

EDITH

I know.

FRAN

I'm knackered anyway. I just mean to kip down.

EDITH

(sarky)

Oh, well, that's nice. Great!

FRAN

Then what d'you want? I never know. What the hell d'you want?

EDITH

It's the address.

Pause. Fran just nods, yeah.

EDITH (CONT'D)

You live right opposite Danny. We only met because of him, his house is... staring at you.

And this is the heart of it:

FRAN

It's not your fault. What happened to him.

EDITH

I know. I do know that.

FRAN

And it's not mine. I'm absolutely certain of that. Yes, I was there, and I helped him, but he did what he did and I'm not to blame, and neither are you. Oh, here we go.

Another BUS approaching, the SOLDIER waving it down. But as Edith & Fran stand, to go back to work, then out of the blue:

EDITH

I'll stay. Tonight. Thanks.

FRAN

Really?

EDITH

We met because of Danny. I've never heard anything better.

And delighted, they kiss, in the street, in their anoraks.

CUT TO:

40 INT. FRAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 93. 23.17 (2028) 40
FRAN asleep. EDITH sitting up in bed, ONLINE, on her LAPTOP.
She's searching. Tries: *disappeared stories*
Her eyes, in the computer light. She will search all night.

CUT TO:

41 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, HALL - DAY 94. 09.20 (2028) 41
CELESTE walking from the FRONT DOOR to the CONSERVATORY, a
COUNCIL OFFICER, smart-suited & vexed MR BRISCOE following.

CELESTE
...yes, she's just through here.
Muriel? It's Mr Briscoe from the
Council, about the Bedroom Law, he
says you've got an appointment..?

CUT TO:

42 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY - DAY 94. 09.22 (2028) 42
MURIEL in garden gloves, re-potting a FLOWER, as CELESTE
brings MR BRISCOE in. Muriel flustered, angry.

MURIEL
You can tell him, he might have
suggested an appointment, but I
didn't agree. We haven't got room!
There are four of us living here.

MR BRISCOE
It's a sizeable property, Mrs
Deacon, I think that gives us at
least two spare bedrooms.

MURIEL
It's not fit! No one's spent money
on this house since the 70s. Half
the rooms are damp!

MR BRISCOE
That's what I'm here to assess.

MURIEL
But you can't! And that's that!

MR BRISCOE
I'm afraid, I have every right.

CELESTE
Muriel, it's the law.

MURIEL

Yes, well, I know, and the Bedroom Law says very clearly that people can't be housed if there's a danger to health. And that's a fact.

CELESTE

This place isn't a death trap -

MURIEL

I mean *me!*

Muriel suddenly, shockingly, right on the edge.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

I can't see, Celeste. I can't bloody see. You're asking me to take people in and every day, my eyesight's getting worse, every single day I'm seeing less and less and less, it's not the house, for God's sake, it's me.

And she sobs.

Celeste & Mr Briscoe horrified. So sorry for her. But Muriel's so brittle, they don't go to her. All frozen.

CUT TO:

43

INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 94. 16.00 (2028)

43

BETHANY behind the LAPTOP, lining it up. On the NHS/AI page.

BETHANY

Okay, just look into the camera.

MURIEL leans in. Stoic, calm, CELESTE sitting at her side.

On screen: BIG CAMERA ICON. It lights up with a RED LIGHT.

RED LIGHT reflected in Muriel's EYE, and CLICK!

JUMP CUT. Bethany grim, reading the diagnosis.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Diagnosis: macular degeneration.
96% definite. Please make an appointment with your nearest healthcare specialist.

Muriel. Terrified.

CUT TO:

44 INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY 96. 15.36 (2028) 44

MURIEL, on edge, CELESTE at her side, facing DOCTOR FAROOQ, female, 35. She's calm, kind, explaining:

DR FAROOQ

We create a patch, out of a single stem cell, and we cultivate it into a layer of cells. And that gets transplanted into the eye.

MURIEL

But what's the result? How much eyesight will I have left?

DR FAROOQ

Oh, you'll be cured.

MURIEL

...I'll be cured?

DR FAROOQ

That's the plan.

MURIEL

Cured to what extent?

DR FAROOQ

100%. Macular degeneration is a thing of the past, Mrs Deacon. Ten years ago, you'd have gone blind.

MURIEL

Good God.

CELESTE

That's amazing.

MURIEL

It's astonishing.

DR FAROOQ

I've got to point out, there's a waiting list of three years, but we can NHS Fast Track you for £10,000.

MURIEL

Ah.

CELESTE

That's a lot of money.

MURIEL

That's all the money I've got in the world. That's everything.

(MORE)

MURIEL (CONT'D)

I mean, that's every single penny
I'm going to leave for my
grandchildren and my great
grandchildren, and, well. Sod
them. Yes please. Book me in,
thank you very much. It is a
terrible, terrible world, and I
want to see every second of it.

CUT TO:

45 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 97. 12.20 (2028) 45

MURIEL now has her LEFT EYE covered by a SOFT BANDAGE and
huge NHS PLASTIC VISOR-GLASSES to protect the eyes. CELESTE
just helping her into a chair.

CELESTE

That's it. All right?

MURIEL

I'm not blind, you know. Don't
fuss! Signor, call Rosie Lyons.

SIGNOR VOICE

Calling Rosie Lyons.

There's no device now, Signor's just in the air: ring, ring.

CELESTE

I thought for lunch, maybe a nice
little sandwich, what d'you think?

Now, ROSIE'S VOICE in the air. Celeste waits, a bit peeved.

ROSIE OOV

Oh my God, are you home, Gran? How
was it? Can you see?

MURIEL

It's just one eye at a time. But
they were absolutely delightful.

ROSIE OOV

Does it hurt?

MURIEL

No, it's just a nuisance, really.

CELESTE

I was just wondering-

MURIEL

I'll have ham, on toast, just the
one slice, thank you.

(to Rosie)

They were so nice, Rosie.

(MORE)

MURIEL (CONT'D)

The consultant is called Mr Hemingway, like the author, so that made me feel quite safe. Which is a bit strange when you consider the original was a drunk and a lecher.

Celeste leaving, quietly fuming at her dismissal.

CUT TO:

46 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 97. 12.23 (2028) 46

CELESTE clattering about, cross, getting HAM, BREAD, and...

Bong bong bong!

She hears a gong. A gong?!

CUT TO:

47 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/HALL - DAY 97. 12.24 (2028) 47

CELESTE walks in, amazed to find MURIEL now sitting with a MEDIUM-SIZED GONG. 1ft-ish diameter. GONG MALLET in hand.

MURIEL

I thought, make it two slices.

CELESTE

You've got a gong.

MURIEL

Yes I have.

CELESTE

That gong was over there.

MURIEL

Yes it was.

CELESTE

So you stood up and got it?

MURIEL

Yes I did.

CELESTE

...okay. So two slices?

MURIEL

Yes please.

And Celeste walks out down the HALL, fuming, STOPS DEAD as -

Bong bong bong!

MURIEL OOV
The nice ham, Celeste. Not the ham
I give the kids.

Oh Christ.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. ROSIE'S ESTATE - DAY 98. 13.08 (2028) 48

ROSIE and JONJO on duty in the FOOD TRUCK, as a POLICE
CONSTABLE comes up to them, P.C. ADESH GUPTA, 28, worried.

ROSIE
Hey, Adesh, d'you want to try these
new pies? They're made of algae.
I said, we should have a slogan,
Aye Aye, Algae Pie.

P.C. GUPTA
But... what are you doing here?

ROSIE
What's it look like?

JONJO
That bit, where she tried to sell
you a pie, that was a clue.

P.C. GUPTA
But you're in the wrong zone. You
haven't got a licence to trade.

ROSIE
No, that's bollocks, you know I've
got a licence, I've got M13 to M24.

P.C. GUPTA
Rosie. They changed the zones.

ROSIE
Since when?!

CUT TO:

49 INT. COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY 99. 09.38 (2028) 49

Plain old room, ROSIE at a partitioned desk, facing an
EMPLOYEE, LUCILLE, 23, bright, blonde, actually very nice...

Except Lucille is on a SCREEN. Plain background behind her.

ROSIE
I'm told you changed the zones.

LUCILLE

Sorry, we should've pinged you.
It's the power cuts, everything's
going haywire. Blame the Russians.

ROSIE

But it's my business. The food
truck. It's my source of income,
how fast can I get a new licence?

LUCILLE

Well. You can't.

ROSIE

What d'you mean?

LUCILLE

I can't licence you. Sorry. I
would if I could, but I can't.

ROSIE

Why not?!
(looks closer)
You are real, aren't you? You're
not AI? You're not a bot?

LUCILLE

I'm from Timperley.

ROSIE

All right then, Timperley, why
can't I have a licence?

BLINK, FLICKER, all the LIGHTS and the SCREEN go off. It's
another POWER CUT. Rosie looks round:

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Oh bollocks, what happens now?!
How do I get served in a power cut?
Anyone? Hello? What do I do?

But then REAL LUCILLE slides into her seat behind the desk.

LUCILLE

Sorry about that.

ROSIE

But... Where were you?

LUCILLE

Just behind there.

ROSIE

Why can't you sit with us?

LUCILLE

People get cross. So! The problem
is, your home address.

(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

We can't allow ingress and egress
of a vehicle with a portable
generator. Not now you live inside
a Red Zone.

ROSIE

What's a Red Zone?

LUCILLE

Criminal. Your estate has been
designated a Criminal Zone. Sorry.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ROSIE'S ESTATE - DAY 100. 08.36 (2028) 50

VANS. A CRANE. WORKMEN.

At the top of the road, the entrance to the estate, they're
building TALL CHAIN-LINK FENCES. With a CHAIN-LINK GATE
across the road. L#5 SECURITY GUARDS already on duty.

Watching at a distance: ROSIE, JONJO, a few RESIDENTS. Grim.

ROSIE

It's the whole estate. Roxie Road.
Round to the park. One big circle.

JONJO

It'll stop the joyriders.

ROSIE

They're not fencing us off to stop
criminals. They're making us the
criminals, they're locking us in!

And they watch the fences rising up.

CUT TO:

51 INT. ROSIE'S FLAT - NIGHT 100. 19.47 (2028) 51

ROSIE, arguing with LEE. JONJO eating a MASSIVE SANDWICH,
EDITH playing with LINCOLN'S hair. He's 9 now, in a simple
dress, not quite girlish or boyish, just Lincoln. But Lee,
now 14, is an angry fist of a lad.

ROSIE

- it's your fault! You and your
stupid little mates! They branded
this a Red Zone because of you!

LEE

No, you went to the police, you
reported me, you did it! You!

And he storms into his bedroom, slam!

ROSIE

Jesus.

JONJO

D'you want me to..?

ROSIE

No. I don't care. Leave him.
(sighs)
Any more beers?

JONJO

Sorry, you've had your alcohol
consumption for the week.

ROSIE

It's like you swallowed the spina
bifida website, get me a beer!

He goes to get one. And Rosie rubs her arms, grimaces.

EDITH

You okay?

ROSIE

Just. My arms aching, that's all.
(back to the subject)
I.D. cards. We're going to need
I.D. cards, to get in and out.

EDITH

Otherwise, you get Disappeared.

ROSIE

Oh don't start that again!

EDITH

Thing is, Rosie, it's not exactly
the right time, but... Fran asked
me to move in.

ROSIE

Oh that's nice. Rats leaving a
sinking ship. Anyone else?!

JONJO

What Rosie means to say is, that's
great news, congratulations.

ROSIE

Yeah, but she pays me rent!

EDITH

Fran's earning, so I can give you
money, now and then, okay?

(MORE)

EDITH (CONT'D)

But when you two get married. You don't want me here.

JONJO

True enough. Not being rude.

EDITH

This flat's been the longest I've ever stayed anywhere.

Rosie taking Edith seriously, now.

ROSIE

Gosh. You and Fran. You've never liked anyone before.

EDITH

I'm slowing down. And. Danny. Y'know. Makes you take stock.

And both smile. Then Edith pulls in Lincoln, snuggles him.

EDITH (CONT'D)

And I'll come and visit. You'll see me all the time. I promise.

LINCOLN

You'll need an I.D. card.

EDITH

No. I'll just topple the government. How about that?

She blows a raspberry on his neck, he screams with laughter.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. ROSIE'S ESTATE - DAY 101. 10.00 (2028)

52

A WEEK LATER. FRAN by her CAR, on the far side of the GATES. They're finished now, fences running across the road to the buildings on both sides. A BOOTH for an L#5 SECURITY GUARD.

EDITH approaches with TWO SUITCASES, HOLDALL, DUFFLE BAG. She's been let through a PEDESTRIAN GATE. The ROAD GATE is opening to let a RESIDENT'S CAR through.

As Fran helps with the cases, loads up the car:

FRAN

It's ridiculous. They won't let me in! They said, your registration isn't on the list. I said, I didn't know it had to be, they said, that's your fault!

EDITH

I know. Come on. Let's go.

FRAN

It's Vivienne Rook! They've done the same on the Barton Estate. And the Maltings. All fenced off.

But Edith not listening, she turns to look.

Far in the distance; ROSIE, JONJO and LINCOLN came to say goodbye. Little figures, watching Edith. They wave.

Edith waves back.

And the CHAIN-LINK ROAD GATE swings across her POV of Rosie and her family, a squeal of metal, SLAM! Sealing them in.

CUT TO:

53 INT. BETHANY'S MANCHESTER OFFICE - DAY 101. 16.32 (2028) 53

BETHANY at work. Her BOSS, BILLY FITZ, 30, lean, sharp, beside her, other WORKERS watching. He's got good news.

BILLY FITZ

Little bit of news, everyone. And it's congratulations to Bethany. Cos they said yes. The Home Office have said that they'll fund you.

BETHANY

You're kidding me..?

BILLY FITZ

They're gonna pay. For Ki Ni Naru. You did it! You got it, you're in!

Wow! Genuine astonishment! Whoops, applause.

And Bethany gives the strongest reaction she's ever given, she drums her HANDS and stamps her FEET and SQUEALS!

CUT TO:

54 INT. KI NI NARU CLINIC, PRE-OP - DAY 102. 11.38 (2028) 54

TOP SHOT: BETHANY in a SURGICAL GOWN, lying on a GURNEY. Calm. Excited. It's an expensive medical facility in London, white, gleaming; Ki Ni Naru is Japanese for mindful.

A NURSE in mask & gown at her side, takes hold of her hand.

NURSE

And just count down, 10, 9, 8, 7...

Bethany's eyes close.

The gurney is wheeled through SWING DOORS.

The doors swing, flap, settle, and she's gone.

CUT TO:

55 INT. KI NI NARU CLINIC, FOYER - DAY 102. 15.55 (2028) 55

All sterile and cool. CELESTE sits waiting, on edge.

STEPHEN arrives, late, huffing, he's been running.

STEPHEN
Sorry. Any word?

CELESTE
They said she's fine, they're just,
God knows. Plugging her in.

He sits opposite her. They're not often alone together.

STEPHEN
Did you get the train?

CELESTE
No, I drove. You?

STEPHEN
Coach.
(pause)
How's Gran? How are the eyes?

CELESTE
That's the point. She's your Gran.
But I'm the one looking after her.
The Lyons have got themselves a
nursemaid, free of charge.

A NURSE approaches them.

NURSE
She's ready, if you want to...?

CELESTE
Thank you.

Both stand, follow the nurse. Bristling with each other.

CUT TO:

56 INT. KI NI NARU, BETHANY'S ROOM - DAY 102. 16.00 (2028) 56

Private room, smart, simple, sterile. The NURSE leads
STEPHEN and CELESTE in to find...

BETHANY in bed. On a drip, but smiling; she has a light BANDAGE around her head, DRESSINGS on hands and forearms.

CELESTE

Oh look at you. Sweetheart.

Celeste goes one side of the bed, Stephen the other. Celeste kisses her on the cheek, gently.

STEPHEN

But you're okay? Are you okay?

BETHANY

I am, I really am, I'm fine,
honestly, I swear, I'm fine.

He kisses the back of her hand, in between the plasters.

JUMP CUT. The NURSE removing some of the hand-dressings.

NURSE

There. We can let that breathe for
10 minutes. All looking good.
I'll come back and dress them.

And she goes. Celeste now sitting one side of the bed, Stephen the other. Bethany holds up her hands. There are small, thin BLUE-METAL PLATES embedded in the back of her hand, and down some of her fingers. On her right wrist, a METAL WRIST-BAND. A bit sore, but nothing worrying.

BETHANY

D'you see? These are interaction
nodes. If I use this finger, I can
open all the doors at work. No ID.
And if I just scan this in a shop -
(back of her hand)
I can pay for anything. Up to a
thousand pounds. And look, dad?

She blinks at Stephen. There's a camera-shutter noise.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Mum?

She looks at Celeste, blinks, camera-shutter noise.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I've just taken your photo. Send.
(flicks finger at Stephen)
And send.
(flicks finger at Celeste)

Whoosh, the sending-email noise, once with each flick.
Stephen's PHONE pings, and Celeste's. As they look at them:

BETHANY (CONT'D)

It doesn't need the sound effect, I added that cos it makes me laugh.

Both their phones: there's THEIR PHOTO, from Bethany's POV.

CELESTE

You promised me they wouldn't touch your eyes. Not after last time.

BETHANY

That was years ago, Gran's had stem cells in her eyes since then.

STEPHEN

I can't help thinking. Don't laugh. All these power cuts.

(Bethany laughs)

But what would happen to you?!

BETHANY

Nothing. What happens to you in a power cut? Nothing!

CELESTE

So... what about your head?

BETHANY

Can't feel a thing. They inserted the tiniest wafer into my brain. And oh my God, look at the result.

She picks up a TABLET. And it's beautiful, the most futuristic yet; layers of graphene extending beyond the rectangular edges, creating stacks of SCREENS and IMAGES which almost, *almost* seem to be floating in the air.

Bethany just moves her hand. That's how she controls it. Stephen and Celeste's phones go *ping!*, and now they show the same screen as Bethany's tablet, though in simpler form.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I've synced us up. No keyboard. I don't need a keyboard, ever again.

CELESTE

And you did that by... thinking?

BETHANY

It can't read my mind. Not yet. But the wafer tracks activity in the neural pathways and micromovements in the retina, to predict what I'm thinking.

CELESTE

But that *is* reading your mind.

BETHANY

Let's see where everyone is.

The screens light up with a MAP; Bethany's hands move graphics of MANCHESTER, overlaid with topography, weather, etc, packed with information. She makes small hand gestures to make little yellow name tags appear, ping, ping, ping.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

There's Aunt Rosie. She's at home.
Lincoln's in school. Lee's not in
school, he should be, where is he?
In the park. Don't tell Rosie.
Gran's at home, in the kitchen,
what a surprise, let's find Ruby -

The map WHIZZES across to DIDSBURY.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

She's in a bar called the Marine
Tide, and she's just bought a
bottle of house white for £56.

CELESTE

It's four o'clock in the afternoon!

STEPHEN

56 quid for the house white?!

But over that, *ring ring* - Bethany's invisibly placed a call to her sister - and RUBY APPEARS ON ALL 3 SCREENS.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MARINE TIDE BAR, DIDSBURY - DAY 102. 16.01 (2028) 57

RUBY, face-timing on her phone. It's a nice, classy wine bar, and she's with two COLLEGE MATES, doting boys.

RUBY

Oh my God, how did it go, Beth?
How are you? Did it work? Are you
completely synced up now?

CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.58.

CUT TO:

58 INT. KI NI NARU, BETHANY'S ROOM - DAY 102. 16.01 (2028) 58

All watching Ruby, Sc.57 CONT., on their SCREENS.

BETHANY

Yeah, I'm fine, I'm with mum and
dad, and I've just realised you're
in trouble, bye!

CELESTE

You should be in college!

STEPHEN

56 quid?!

RUBY

Oh for God's sake, Bethany!

Click! Bethany finger-clicks her off, screens back to maps.

STEPHEN

That's amazing. And a little bit like spying. What if I didn't want you tracking me?

CELESTE

That's a good question. Can you imagine, what if your father was having an affair or something?

STEPHEN

Okay.

BETHANY

You're in my contacts. That's permission, according to the law.

CELESTE

But. I still don't understand. You could run software like that from a keyboard. So why d'you need the operation?

BETHANY

I'm trying to explain it in ways you can understand. But the connection is so much more...

She looks ahead, into the air, so happy. SCREENS shifting under her hands, lighting her face. Like a visionary.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

While we were talking. At exactly the same time. I wondered about the Eighty Days of Rain. Where it came from. Why it was. What comes next. And I keyed into satellites, just 30 seconds ago, so I can see the course of El Niño. And I can tap into pressure sensors along the Atlantic coast. And barometric readings from ships at sea. If I put all that together... I am there. I'm inside it. The tide. The depth of the sea. And the curl of the waves. Within me.

(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)

And right now, in Charles Street,
Pasadena, a 15 year old girl called
Ephanie Cross has written her first
song and put it online and she's
got the sweetest voice, so when I
combine all of that... It's joy.
In my head. It is absolute joy.

CUT TO:

59 INT. KI NI NARU CLINIC, FOYER - DAY 102. 16.10 (2028) 59

STEPHEN sits alone, bewildered. In front of him, the foyer is gleaming, beautiful, the STAFF young and handsome. *

Celeste returns from the reception desk, sits, gathering her bag, keys, ready to go. But she knows they need to talk. *

STEPHEN

They own her. The government paid for that upgrade. So now the government owns my daughter.

CELESTE

But she's happy, I suppose.

STEPHEN

If she was a drug addict and said she was happy, we'd do something.

CELESTE

Stephen. We surrounded her with screens from the moment she was born. We did this.

But they both smile, helpless, a tiny breaking of the ice.

STEPHEN

I just wish.... If I could've paid for it myself. Then she wouldn't be indentured for the rest of her life. But I couldn't afford this place in a million years.

CELESTE

Nor me. Those schools, I do the accounts for? Three of them have gone bankrupt. Primary schools. Closed for good. But places like this? They're making a fortune. *

STEPHEN *

We're on the wrong side.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 102. 16.16 (2028) 60

CITY CENTRE, near Ki Ni Naru. STEPHEN walking along, but scrolling through his phone; he's decided to change things.

STEPHEN

Hey. Woody! Yes! It's been such a long time! I just wondered, can we talk? If you're free? Please?

CUT TO:

61 INT. MANCHESTER PUB - NIGHT 103. 19.37 (2028) 61

An old-fashioned brown wooden PUB. Probably the last one standing. STEPHEN sits with CLIVE "WOODY" WOODWARD. He's Stephen's age, bit shiny, bit flash, chirpy, cheery.

But Stephen is nervous. Because Woody is fucking horrible.

WOODY

It's been ages. It's been years! We had that school reunion thing, no sign of Stephen Lyons, I said he's too posh now, you won't get him coming back from London. Not for us lot. Still. Debbie Bishop noshed me off, so it's all good.

STEPHEN

...wow! That was a long time coming. So to speak.

WOODY

(points, getting the joke)
Ahhh!

STEPHEN

Ha ha!

WOODY

I'd have thought you'd lose weight. Riding a bike all day, I was expecting slim jim. Not chunky.

And this is why Stephen's being nice:

STEPHEN

I can't do that job forever. And the girls don't get any cheaper, the cost of two daughters is... whoosh! So I wanted to ask. If you had any jobs? Maybe.

WOODY

Stephen. Mate. You're the man who lost a million quid.

STEPHEN

That's me!

WOODY

That's your name. The Man Who Lost
A Million Quid.

STEPHEN

Yes, I know.

WOODY

Did you cry?

STEPHEN

Did I what?

WOODY

Did you cry?

STEPHEN

It was... Very upsetting.

(stronger)

But I'm still good at my job, I've
got to say that, I know my stuff,
Woody, I really do, and if you need
any help on the financial side...

WOODY

We don't need *help*.

STEPHEN

No, I don't mean help.

WOODY

We need monkeys. Truth is, we've
got tons of work coming in. That's
the thing, with Viv Rook's Britain.

(leans in, secretive)

Cos d'you know what it's like?
Inside her government?

STEPHEN

No.

WOODY

Fucking chaos.

(sits back, grinning)

They never expected to get in.
They're idiots, mate, there's no
plan, there's nothing, just panic.
Perfect for me. Cos I'm focusing
on property management now - I
clean up their shit, charge them a
fortune, I'm laughing.

STEPHEN

That's my point! Exactly that.
I've made a study of property after
the collapse of asset values. My
brother was very big on that.

Beat. He waits for Woody to say 'I'm sorry.' He doesn't.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Because everyone pins that on Hong
Sha, the collapse, but I think we
were heading that way, long before.

WOODY

If it really happened.

STEPHEN

...if what really happened..?

WOODY

Hong Sha.

STEPHEN

Well. It did.

WOODY

I've been reading up on it. Lot of
people saying it was fake.

STEPHEN

No. But. It wasn't.

WOODY

Prove it.

STEPHEN

Well. I can't. But. It's one of
the biggest events in history. My
sister was there! You remember
Edith? She was there, she actually
went to Hong Sha Dao, she saw it.

WOODY

She says.

STEPHEN

No, but she did.

WOODY

She thinks she did.

STEPHEN

She really did. She was poisoned.
She got radiation poisoning.

WOODY

Is she dead?

STEPHEN

No.

WOODY

Well then.

STEPHEN

But it really, really happened.

WOODY

What I need. In the office. Is someone who says yes.

And Stephen gets it. Ah.

WOODY (CONT'D)

D'you see?

STEPHEN

I suppose. Hong Sha is debatable.

WOODY

Is that a yes though, mate? Cos I really need to hear it.

Stephen, raw, bitter. He will abase himself to get this job.

STEPHEN

Oh I can say yes. It's all I ever do. You okay? Yes. You all right? Yes. All my money's gone, not a word from my friends, not one of them, all gone, and my wife, and my kids, I threw them away, and I'm living with a woman I don't even particularly like, but yes, I'm fine! Yes. Yes! Yes, I can say it, Woody. I can say it as much as you like, okay?

WOODY

(grins)

I think I've found myself a monkey.

STEPHEN

Yes.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. DETENTION CENTRE - DAY 104. 14.28 (2028)

62

VIKTOR and EDITH sit on a bench. The space isn't too restricted, more like an open prison, with a bit of a garden.

EDITH

The problem is, legal aid has gone. Completely.

(MORE)

EDITH (CONT'D)

But there's no movement with Russia, so you're safe for now. I could ask Stephen for a bit of money, but I don't think his new job pays very much.

VIKTOR

No. Let him keep his money. He's got the family, that's more important for him. Is he okay?

EDITH

He's all right. I think.

(pause)

Don't see him so much, these days. We're all a bit... broken, I think, really. But it's Danny's birthday soon, we thought we'd try again. To scatter the ashes. We talked about waiting for you, but...

VIKTOR
No, go without me.

EDITH
Thanks. Gran needs it, really.
And we're inviting Ralph. Seems
only fair, he was married to Danny,
but.. You don't mind, do you?

VIKTOR
No, not at all, no, it's nice. We
should all remember him, everyone.

Nice smile between them. But then, Edith watches a CCTV
CAMERA turn AWAY from them, and she's more conspiratorial:

EDITH
So come on. What about the
Disappeared, have you got anything?

VIKTOR
Nothing for sure. And I haven't
got any evidence. But they say,
people are definitely being moved.
Off the record. At night.

EDITH
I know, but moved to where?

VIKTOR
That's what I don't understand.
They say they've gone to Erstwhile.

EDITH
Erstwhile?

VIKTOR
That's what they say. Like, he's
gone to Erstwhile, or the
Erstwhiles. I don't know, what is
it, is it a place, like a village?

EDITH
No. Erstwhile's a word. It
means... former. Or previously.
Like, I'm an erstwhile campaigner.
You're an erstwhile free man.

VIKTOR
Okay. But that's what they say.
People don't just disappear.
They've gone Erstwhile.

Edith's mind going tick, tick, tick.

CUT TO:

63 INT. MURIEL'S KITCHEN - DAY 104. 15.00 (2028) 63

RED LIGHT comes on the WEBCAM.

RED LIGHT in MURIEL'S EYE.

CELESTE behind the LAPTOP now, on the NHS-AI PAGE, facing MURIEL. Only FAINT BRUISING around Muriel's RIGHT EYE.

CELESTE

Hold it there for a second...

The webcam goes CLICK!

JUMP CUT. Muriel and Celeste now sitting together, ready to hear the news, as RUBY faces the screen and reads out:

RUBY

Confirmed. Macular degeneration
100% cured. Please rate your
satisfaction from 1 to 10, 1 being
bad, 10 being good.

MURIEL

Oh, I'd say 10! Definitely. Great
big 10, but don't tell the council!
(stands, excited)
Signor, open family message,
Stephen, Edith, Rosie Lyons!

SIGNOR VOICE

Opening family message.

Ring ring, bleep! Muriel all excited. Her back to:

Celeste to Ruby: 'Thanks, Celeste.' IE, Muriel didn't say
so. Ruby smiles, gives her mum sarky silent applause.

MURIEL

Now then. Long message. Hence the
link. But I'm cured. It's 10 out
of 10 for my eyes, so I thought,
let's have a celebration. Like the
old days. Before the bad news
battered us down. Nice little
feast at my house, what d'you
think? A proper Lyons Family do.

Celeste & Ruby eye roll: oh God!

CUT TO:

64 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, HALL & KITCHEN - NIGHT 105. 19.00 (2028) 64

CELESTE hurries downstairs, excited, ready for a night out.
RUBY waiting for her, all smiles. Mother & daughter time.
Celeste grabbing coat, bag, money, calling out:

CELESTE

Right, Muriel! Have fun tonight.
We'll be back late, and drunk. My
daughter is buying me a £56 bottle
of wine, and for one night only, I
do not care.

Into the KITCHEN, where Muriel's laid out a BUFFET and WINE.

MURIEL

You're very welcome to stay.

CELESTE

It's a family do. And if you don't
mind, I'm only half-family now.
I'll get out of your way.

Phone rings, SIGNOR'S VOICE in the air.

SIGNOR VOICE

Phonecall from Rosie Lyons.

MURIEL

Signor, accept.
(click)
Are you on your way, sweetheart?

Sc.64 CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.65.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. ROSIE'S ESTATE - NIGHT 105. 19.01 (2028) 65
ROSIE & JONJO parked in the FOOD TRUCK, stuck.
Ahead of them: the GATE CLOSED, GUARDS on duty.

ROSIE

Gran, we can't get out, I'm sorry,
it's the bloody fence, they've
sealed it off, it's ridiculous.

INTERCUT Sc.64, Muriel.

MURIEL

How late are you going to be?

ROSIE

No, I mean they've closed it.
Early. Locked for the night, it's
unbelievable, we're like prisoners.
Sorry! Have fun without us.
(hangs up, getting out)
Oy! Mate! We live here!

CUT TO:

66 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, HALL & KITCHEN - NIGHT 105. 19.05 (2028)
MURIEL, crestfallen. To the air:

MURIEL
Oh. Bye then.

CELESTE in the HALL, checking she's got keys. RUBY waiting.

RUBY
Hurry up, it gets full.

Celeste listening, as *ring ring*. KITCHEN, MURIEL hears:

SIGNOR VOICE
Incoming call, Edith Lyons.

MURIEL
Signor, accept.
(click)
Edith? Rosie's had to cancel.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. LONDON CITY STREET - NIGHT 105. 19.05 (2028) 67
Edith's smart, as though dressed for work, wearing glasses, a bit like a disguise, hurrying along, on her MOBILE.

EDITH
Oh God, listen, I'm in London, this thing came up, sorry. It's one of those charities. They need me.

CUT TO:

68 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, HALL & KITCHEN - NIGHT 105. 19.05 (2028)
CELESTE in the HALL, delaying, moving keys from one pocket to another because really, she's listening to the KITCHEN:

MURIEL
Oh, don't worry. Work comes first.

EDITH OOV
Yeah, right, better go, bye.

MURIEL
Signor. Call Stephen Lyons.

SIGNOR VOICE
Calling Stephen Lyons.

Ring ring, click, Stephen answers.

Sc.68 CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.69.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. STACKMAN BUILDING - NIGHT 105. 19.06 (2028) 69

STEPHEN, hurrying out of the STACKMAN BUILDING - a Manchester SKYSCRAPER, where he works for Woody's company. He's in a workplace SUIT & TIE, hassled, struggling with 2 BRIEFCASES and 2 BOX FILES (like everyone, he's struggling with the reintroduction of paper). On his MOBILE.

INTERCUT with Sc.68, Muriel.

MURIEL

Hello darling. Just to warn you.
Edith and Rosie won't be coming.

STEPHEN

Oh, bollocks, I was going to call.
Sorry. Listen. I'm busy. It's a
work thing, it just happened, out
of the blue, and I can't say no.

Sc.68, CELESTE still eavesdropping, in the HALL. RUBY mimes, 'Come on!' Celeste indicates, 'Shush, wait!'

MURIEL

I haven't seen you for ages.

STEPHEN

It's this consultation think-tank,
and they said they needed me.
That's got to be good, hasn't it?

MURIEL

But you're coming on the twenty-
first? For Danny?

STEPHEN

Oh God yes, I'm not missing that.

He's reached WOODY'S AUDI, gets in the back. The car's a box of acid yellow light. WOODY DRIVING, plus 2 smart WORKMATES.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hi, here I am, hello -
(on the phone)
- sorry Gran, gotta go.

WOODY

Grandma?! Oh you pussy.

Stephen's nervous, fumbling with his phone to switch it off.

Sc.68. MURIEL, disturbed by Woody, still hearing:

Sc.69, INT. CAR, WOODY all testosterone.

WOODY (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, we are so lucky to
get into this. Who got chosen? We
got chosen! Who got chosen?

LADS
We got chosen!

THE CHANT goes on, as Woody starts the engine, GRINNING. *

CUT TO:

70 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, HALL & KITCHEN - NIGHT 105. 19.07 (2028)

MURIEL a little shaken by that burst of aggression. She
looks at the buffet. The drinks. Oh well.

HALL: CELESTE looks at RUBY. Sighs. Walks into the kitchen.

CELESTE
D'you know what? I don't really
fancy a wine bar. And that buffet
looks lovely.

MURIEL
Don't be silly, you go out! Don't
mind me. Go and have some fun.

But Ruby walks in, gives Muriel a little hug.

RUBY
No, it'll be nice, we'll stay.

CELESTE
And you made the spinach dip. I
love that stuff. I'm skipping the
wine, I'm going straight on to
vodka, okay? And if I drink too
much and disgrace myself, you can
watch me, Muriel. With your brand-
new perfect vision.

And somewhere in there, Muriel reaches out, clutches
Celeste's hand for a second, beaming, grateful, happy.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. S&W OFFICE BLOCK, LONDON - NIGHT 105. 19.15 (2028) 71

EDITH hurries along. On her mission. A sharp, modern TOWER
rising above her. Edith puts on a LANYARD as she heads in.

CUT TO:

72 INT. S&W OFFICES, FOYER - NIGHT 105. 19.16 (2028) 72

Huge FOYER. Signage: *Slight & Weight*. EDITH crossing the shiny expanse to a GUARD by the LIFTS. Shows her LANYARD.

EDITH
Harriet Fry, I'm just here for
Acquisitions.

The GUARD swings round a SCREEN. Edith breathes on it.

CUT TO:

73 INT. BETHANY'S MANCHESTER OFFICE - NIGHT 105. 19.17 (2028) 73

BETHANY in a pool of light at her desk. The rest of the office in darkness, no one else around.

Bethany no longer has a keyboard; her ADAPTED HANDS are poised in front of her terminal, tiny gestures bringing up images on the screen; the screen's like her Sc.56 iPad, a number of graphene LAYERS on top of its surface, so it gives the impression of being 3-D, though the images are still flat. On her screen, overlaid with SCROLLING INFORMATION:

One screen: CCTV image of Edith in sc.72.

Second screen: Edith's POV, Sc.72, from a CAMERA in her glasses, as Edith breathes on to the guard's security screen.

Bethany turns her hand. ICON on her screen, a TICK.

Sc.73 CONT., Bethany INTERCUT with Sc.74-83.

CUT TO:

74 INT. S&W, FOYER - NIGHT 105. 19.18 (2028) 74

EDITH'S SCREEN shows a TICK.

She's allowed through...

EDITH
Floor 10, thanks.

The guard enters 10 in his MOBILE - lifts with no buttons, the guard decides instead - and Edith gets into the lift.

CUT TO:

75 INT. S&W, LIFT - NIGHT 105. 19.19 (2028) 75

EDITH gets into the LIFT. Doors close, relief! She mutters:

EDITH

We did it. Stage one.

*

BETHANY

Long way to go. I can't believe
you do this sort of thing all the
time.

*

*

*

Sc.73, a good distance away, far down the office floor,
Bethany's boss BILLY FITZ turns off his office light, waves. *

BILLY FITZ
Working late?

BETHANY
Lots to do. Night, then.

BILLY FITZ
See you tomorrow.

And he's gone. Bethany more on edge.

BETHANY
This is breaking the law. I should
never have said yes.

EDITH
Ah, but you love me. Where did you
get the name Harriet Fry?

BETHANY
Harriet Fry/She's a spy.

EDITH
Oh Christ. I'm working with a kid.

BETHANY
Floor 10, turn right.

Ping! DOOR opens, Edith steps out, turns right.

CUT TO:

76 INT. S&W, FLOOR 10 - NIGHT 105. 19.20 (2028)

76

EDITH strides along.

BETHANY
And turn left.

Edith turns left. A door with a KEYPAD LOCK.

EDITH
Door.

Sc.73, Bethany moves her hand, click, ICON: KEYHOLE.

Sc.76, *click!*, Edith pushes the door, it opens.

CUT TO:

77 INT. S&W, CONCRETE CORRIDOR 1 - NIGHT 105. 19.21 (2028) 77

A plain, undecorated corridor, more backstage. EDITH walks along, fast. She doesn't need to mutter so much, now.

EDITH

You lot can have all the quantum security you want. But since the power cuts, they've been printing stuff. On plain old paper. And archiving it in room... 157.

She's reached Room 157. Another door with KEYPAD LOCK.

Sc.73, Bethany moves her hand, click, ICON: KEYHOLE.

Sc.77, Edith pushes the door -

CUT TO:

78 INT. ROOM 157 - NIGHT 105. 19.22 (2028) 78

EDITH enters, closes the door behind her. Small room lined with old grey-metal FILING CABINETS. A plain overhead BULB.

EDITH

Oh my God, d'you even recognise these things? Filing cabinets.

BETHANY

(smiling)

Seen them in films. Period dramas.

EDITH

F16, F16, F16...

She's looking at drawers, fast, until she finds DRAWER F16.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Locked with a key. This is how we did it in the old days!

Edith's got a PICKLOCK, jiggles it into the DRAWER KEY.

Sc.73, Bethany's looking up SLIGHT & WEIGHT DATA.

BETHANY

Slight & Weight pays £500,000 a year for 'clinical support' to YesChain. And sitting on the board of YesChain... is Vivienne Rook.

EDITH

Oh, I bet she is. Ah!

The drawer opens. Edith goes through the files, fast.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Slight & Weight runs employment centres. And they've created 400 new jobs for private security guards. Overnight. 400 guards.

BETHANY

What does that mean?

EDITH

Well, they're guarding something. Something called Erstwhile. And I think the Erstwhiles are recorded in here.

Throughout this, Edith's manic, staring, fierce. But more than that; her breathing is getting thinner. More rapid.

Sc.73, Bethany's alert, seeing on her screen:

CUT TO:

79 INT. S&W, CONCRETE CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT 105. 19.23 (2028) 79

CCTV FOOTAGE, two L#5 SECURITY GUARDS on patrol, walking down a corridor leading to the sc.82 corridor.

CUT TO:

80 INT. ROOM 157 - NIGHT 105. 19.24 (2028) 80

EDITH, breathing hard, files, files, files.

Sc.73, Bethany worried.

BETHANY

Security, heading for you. They must've changed the pattern, sorry!

CORRIDOR, GUARDS opening doors by KEYPAD, checking inside.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

They're about 90 seconds away from your corridor. If you leave now, I can get you out the way you came.

Edith, intense, breathing hard. Files, files, files.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Aunty Edith?

(no reply)

Edith, can you hear me?

EDITH

Yeh.

Edith keeps going, files, files, files.

BETHANY

Are you all right? You need to get out. Edith? Get out. Edith.

Sc.73, Bethany moves her hands, pulls up an IMAGE on SCREEN. HEART MONITOR: EDITH LYONS. 100 B.P.M., 101, 102...

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Oh my God, your heart rate.

EDITH

Lea' me alone.

Edith heaves for air. Files, files, files.

Bethany moves her hands, pulls up EDITH ELIZABETH LYONS, MEDICAL RECORDS. She scrolls through them, fast, reading at impossible speed. Scared, but exhilarated; this is what she adapted for, to integrate with the computer at this speed.

BETHANY

It's your lungs. Congestion of the lungs. This is Hong Sha, isn't it? I said so, you got poisoned at Hong Sha, and it's worse than you said.

EDITH

Erstwhile.

And she's found a FOLDER, pulls it out: ERSTWHILE 1-8.

Sc.79, the GUARDS swing round on to CORRIDOR 1.

BETHANY

They're on your corridor.

Edith struggling for breath, sinks to her knees.

EDITH

Can't.

BETHANY

Don't move.

Sc.79, GUARDS getting closer.

Bethany panicking.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Edith tries to read the folder, desperate. Pages scatter.

GUARDS getting closer then -

Bethany is inspired, HOLDS HER HANDS OUT, WIDE.

BLINK, the BULB above Edith goes out.

FLICKER, BLINK, the lights around the GUARDS go out.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. S&W OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT 105. 19.25 (2028) 81
POWER CUT, the WHOLE BLOCK plunges into DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

82 INT. S&W OFFICE, CONCRETE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 105. 19.26 (2028) 82
CCTV FOOTAGE: the GUARDS pissed off. They flick on their
TORCHES. Walk back the way they came.

CUT TO:

83 INT. ROOM 157 - NIGHT 105. 19.27 (2028) 83
EDITH now recovering, in darkness. Clutching the folder.
Sc.73, BETHANY can only see Edith's GLASSES-CAMERA POV of the
dark room. But they're connected, intimate. Gentle:

BETHANY

It's okay. They've gone. And your
heart rate's coming down. That's
it. Nice and easy.

EDITH

Thanks.

BETHANY

How long have you known?
(no reply)
Is that the radiation?

EDITH

They say. The Chinese. Had all
sorts of stuff on Hong Sha. And I
breathed it in.

BETHANY

Okay. Just sit there. Get your
breath back. We've got all night
to get you out.

A silence between them. A good, long pause, in the dark, as
Edith recovers. And as always, her thoughts turn to...

EDITH
It was my fault.
(pause)
Danny.

BETHANY
D'you think?

EDITH
Look at me. Like I'm so clever. I
told him. Go and get Viktor. The
whole thing. Was my fault.

BETHANY
Well. Yeah.

Edith laughs!

EDITH
You can't say that!

BETHANY
Well it was. Slightly. But you
know what he was like. I loved
him, Uncle Dan, but he could be a
bit... full of himself.

EDITH
Righteous.

BETHANY
He'd never say it was your fault.
Right at the end, he'd be saying:
this is all about me.

And they are smiling, and crying a little, remembering him.

EDITH
That's so him.

BETHANY
Yeah.

EDITH
I miss him.

BETHANY
Me too.

And they both sit there in the dark.

CUT TO:

ILLUMINATED in the night. WINDOWS lit up, PEOPLE inside.
STAFF on duty, stepping forward as WOODY'S CAR pulls up.

He hops out, STEPHEN and the two WORKMATES too, Woody giving
CAR KEYS to the staff. Stephen laden with CASES & BOX FILES.

WOODY
Thanks very much.
(to Stephen)
Give them a tip.

STEPHEN
Right, yes, okay.

Stephen struggling with cases, box files, and his WALLET.

CUT TO:

85 INT. WESSEX HOUSE, RECEPTION - NIGHT 105. 19.50 (2028) 85

STEPHEN hurries in, having been delayed, still carrying the
TWO BRIEFCASES and TWO BOX FILES. It's a sumptuous open
HALL, with ROOMS leading off. Dark wood and rich reds,
gorgeous. Full of PEOPLE dressed for work, not dinner;
COFFEE in WHITE CUPS being handed out by STAFF. People
grouped in discussions, like work, but also like an elite.

Stephen sees WOODY. He's at RECEPTION, getting them NAME-
BADGES. Woody sees Stephen. Gestures, wait there, has a
word with his WORKMATES, sends them off on a mission.

Which gives Stephen a second to settle, look round. He
notices a SMART, MIDDLE-AGED MAN, a good distance away. *

Woody now approaching with Stephen's NAME BADGE.

STEPHEN
Have you seen?
(of the man, hushed) *
That's Gerald Linstrum. You said *
the government was in chaos, this
looks like the opposite.

WOODY
All the better for us. So the plan
is: you listen, give me an
assessment, I make the bid.

STEPHEN
I thought this was a think tank.

WOODY
It's an auction. You idiot. Jim!

Woody heads off to greet Jim, Stephen tries to put down his
briefcases, to get the templates out of a box file, but...

The box files DROP! PAPERS everywhere.

STEPHEN

Sorry, sorry.

Just a few glances. No one's bothered. Woody doesn't even look over. But Stephen's red-faced, gathering them up, fast.

Stephen shoves the briefcases to one side, with his foot, takes the papers and files, backs through the nearest door.

CUT TO:

86 INT. WESSEX HOUSE, SIDE-ROOM - NIGHT 105. 19.51 (2028) 86

A smart room; this whole place is kitted out for conferences so there's a long table, chairs, but still with a country house feel, wooden, reds, heavy curtains. Quite dark.

Stephen's alone. Phew! He shoves the papers down on the desk. Getting them back in some sort of order, fast.

Three piles, quickly. Templates. Costs. Pitches.

He sorts out the papers, one, two, three.

Then a second door, on the other side of the room, opens.

VIVIENNE ROOK walks in.

Oh!

She barely looks at him, heads for her end of the table. And she's got a pile of papers too, sorting them out.

A silence. As they both organise papers. Then:

STEPHEN

I'm not in the way..?

VIV ROOK

No.

Pause. Papers.

STEPHEN

I didn't know. Um. No one said you were here.

VIV ROOK

I'm not.

STEPHEN

I see! Of course.

And he can't help himself, just blurts out:

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You met my sister once.

She looks up. Looks at him properly. Seen for real, not on TV, Vivienne Rook seems more tired. And utterly humourless.

VIV ROOK

Did I?

STEPHEN

You must meet millions of people.

VIV ROOK

Was I nice?

STEPHEN

You were lovely. She always talks about it. She was thrilled.

VIV ROOK

Did she vote for me?

STEPHEN

Yes! As a matter of fact, I think she did.

VIV ROOK

Good.

And she gets back to work, but:

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

Bloody papers!

STEPHEN

I know. And me! I thought we'd done away with paperwork, it's like we've gone backwards. All because of the Russians.

VIV ROOK

Don't be so stupid.

Just cuts him dead. He doesn't know what to say. And now she's sorted her papers, gathers them up, makes to go.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you.

STEPHEN

My brother died.

It's like he just fell off a cliff. He had no idea he was going to say that. She watches him. Unmoved, but curious.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

He was. From Manchester. And he was trying to help these refugees.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Although, technically, illegal immigrants. He got on the boat with them. Across the Channel. Really, really stupid thing to do. Really really stupid. And those boats, they've got this aluminium deck, the deck is just sections of aluminium, if you put too many people on top of that... He drowned. So I'm taking this seriously. These housing problems. And I will do my very best to help.

VIV ROOK

Was he brave? Or an idiot?

STEPHEN

...I don't know.

VIV ROOK

If I could do it. I'd go. I'd sail away. Far from all this. Just head for the horizon, and... gone. Imagine if I did.

STEPHEN

Well. You're the Prime Minister. You can do what you want.

And for a moment, it sweeps over her. She is terrified.

VIV ROOK

They'd kill me.

STEPHEN

Who would?

VIV ROOK

They would have me killed.

Then it passes. She gathers herself. She gives him a nod.

And then she goes.

Stephen left alone, disturbed.

CUT TO:

87

INT. WESSEX HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 105. 20.45 (2028)

87

Like the SIDE-ROOM, but bigger, more relaxed. SOFAS, comfy chairs, single wooden chairs for some. Coffee table. Nice lamps. FIRE burning. JANE BORDOLINO holding the session; she's the Housing Tsar. GOVERNMENT STAFF sit far back in the shadows at the edges of the room, taking notes.

Jane has a FLIP CHART. But not paper; an electronic screen.

Dotted about: WOODY, and STEPHEN sitting back, taking notes. Plus six or seven other EXECUTIVES, FREELANCERS, with coffee.

On the flip chart: ANIMATED MAP OF THE UK.

JANE BORDOLINO

The difficulty is. Never mind refugees. We've got problems with our own population. Floods, and radiation, and we predict another million homeless from coastal erosion in the next five years. We need more room! Simple as that.

Door opens. A shiver runs through the room: VIV ROOK steps in. A gesture to Jane, carry on. Viv stays on the edges.

Everyone pretending not to be thrilled. Viv's behind Stephen. He's so aware of her. Jane stays businesslike, clicks a small remote. Eight SITES appear on the MAP.

JANE BORDOLINO (CONT'D)

Now. We have a number of what we call Erstwhile Sites. So called, because... this is an erstwhile army base. This was formerly a police training facility. This used to be a hospital. Now empty. We're using them as overflows. But to be honest. They're full, and we can't expand, and that's where we come to you. Bear in mind, anything can be said within these walls. No consequences. If we were to hand these camps over to you, for governance... How would you cope?

Viv Rook stands. Walks forward. All in awe.

VIV ROOK

Little problem. Jane. Excuse me. Tiny detail, but not everyone approves of the word camps.

JANE BORDOLINO

I'm sorry. Facilities.

VIV ROOK

Camps have negative connotations.

She sits, perched on arm rest. So casual. No sign whatsoever of the fear that she showed earlier. Stephen wanting eye contact, for her to acknowledge they've met. She never does. But she's so in command, cleverer than expected.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

The Erstwhile Sites are being kept off the record. In case people get upset. Although, personally, I think the public are more stoic than that. As Victoria Wood once said, the British would only have a revolution if they changed the laws on caravanning.

Laughter! Too much laughter, all round the room.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

But let's look at the words. Let's stare them down. The word concentration simply means a concentration of anything. If you filled a camp with oranges, it would be a concentration camp, by dint of the oranges being concentrated, simple as that. I've made it sound rather tasty. And the notion of a concentration camp goes way back. To the nineteenth century. The Boer War. They were British inventions, built in South Africa to house the men, women and children made homeless by the conflict. Refugees! You see? Everything is older than we think. And everything old, happens again.
(smiles, to Jane)
Anyway. Sorry. I'm interrupting.

JANE BORDOLINO

No, it's fine.

VIV ROOK

I'll let you get on with it.
(but she stays)

But it's worth pointing out. If you consider these Erstwhile Sites. And how to make them work. They will never stop filling up, never, absolutely never, these problems will never go away, believe me, I can see the vast migration of people stretching ahead for centuries. So what if we look back? Through history. Because the British found a way to empty those camps in South Africa. All those years ago. They simply let nature take its course.

(MORE)

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

The camps were crowded, and pestilent, and noxious, they were rife with disease, which was, on the one hand, regrettable, and on the other hand, fitting. Because a natural selection process took place, and the population of the camps controlled itself. You might call it neglect. Or you might call it efficient. And it was Kitchener who did this. Kitchener! Your Country Needs You. And, let's say another word, some people called this policy genocide. But have you ever heard of it? The camps, the Boers, the result?

Silence.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

Have you?

All mutter, shake heads, no.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

Have you read about it? Were you taught it? Do we remember it?

All stronger, no, no.

VIV ROOK (CONT'D)

We forget it. Because it worked.
(stands, leaving)
I've said enough. Thank you.

And she stands, heads out. A silence as she leaves.

On Stephen. As it sinks in. In the light of the fire, with good coffee, she just gave them permission to murder.

CUT TO:

88 INT. WOODY'S CAR - NIGHT 105. 22.00 (2028) 88

WOODY'S CAR driving through the night, a MATE in the passenger seat, a MATE and STEPHEN in the back. Woody wild!

WOODY

We did it, we did it, we did it!

MATES: *YESSS!!* Air-pumping. All testosterone again.

STEPHEN

But, so, what did we get..?

WOODY

Two of the Erstwhile Sites!

STEPHEN

What, we're running them?

WOODY

Fuck that. They're death-traps,
I'm not touching that shit. We're
just property management, we
maintain the bricks and mortar,
they can do whatever they want
inside it! Who got chosen?

ALL

We got chosen!

They chant: 'Who got chosen, we got chosen!' Stephen grim.

CUT TO:

89

INT. WOODY'S OFFICES - NIGHT 106. 22.30 (2028)

89

WOODWARD & BECKETT & PECK: classic open-plan layout, ranks of
DESKS & TERMINALS, WOODY in a GLASS-WALLED OFFICE at the end.
STEPHEN working late. The only one still at his desk.

Woody just leaving. Thumbs up to Stephen, Stephen smiles.

Stephen left alone.

MUSIC from the top of this scene, now RISING. Something
simple, but darkening, all the way to the end of the episode.
(EG, The Leftovers soundtrack Season 1, Donna Nobis Pacem.)

Stephen looks at his screen. The MAP OF ERSTWHILE SITES.

Then Stephen finds: the Gainsford Major DETENTION CENTRE.

Finds: VIKTOR GORAYA. Name & PHOTO.

And Stephen wonders. Scared. Can he?

JUMP CUT. Stephen having BLACK COFFEE from a FILTER MACHINE.
Exhausted. The window beyond: the LIGHTS OF THE CITY.

He looks at the view. He thinks.

JUMP CUT. Back at his desk.

He HIGHLIGHTS the name, VIKTOR GORAYA.

CUT TO:

90 INT. VIKTOR'S ROOM, DETENTION CENTRE - NIGHT 106. 22.31 90
(2028)

Plain, boxy room. VIKTOR in bed, in the dark, but he blinks awake, groggy, as the LIGHTS COME ON. His door opens.

TWO L#5 SECURITY GUARDS stand there.

CUT TO:

91 INT. WOODY'S OFFICES - NIGHT 106. 22.32 (2028) 91
STEPHEN drags the name VIKTOR GORAYA across the SCREEN.

CUT TO:

92 INT. DETENTION CENTRE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 106. 22.33 (2028) 92
VIKTOR, unkempt, no time to shower, walks along with the TWO SECURITY GUARDS, carrying a HOLDALL. Everything he owns.

CUT TO:

93 INT. WOODY'S OFFICES - NIGHT 106. 22.34 (2028) 93
MUSIC RISING, STEPHEN drags the name VIKTOR GORAYA over to...
ERSTWHILE SITE 4. In the Midlands.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. DETENTION CENTRE - NIGHT 106. 22.35 (2028) 94
A COURTYARD. The TWO SECURITY GUARDS lead VIKTOR and his HOLDALL to a WHITE L#5 VAN, like a prisoner transport van.
VIKTOR gets in.

CUT TO:

95 INT. WOODY'S OFFICES - NIGHT 106. 22.36 (2028) 95
BOX ON SCREEN asks STEPHEN: Confirm transfer, YES or NO.
Stephen clicks on YES.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. DETENTION CENTRE - NIGHT 106. 22.37 (2028) 96
SLAM! The doors on the WHITE VAN close.
MUSIC SOARING now, as the van drives away, into the night.

CUT TO:

97 INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT, BATHROOM - DAY 107. 09.32 (2028) 97
SUDDEN BRIGHT LIGHT, daytime. MUSIC continues.

STEPHEN in the shower. Drowning his head. Hot, hot water.

CUT TO:

98 INT. ELAINE'S BEDSIT - DAY 107. 10.00 (2028) 98

A BLACK TIE being knotted.

Shucking on a BLACK JACKET.

STEPHEN is in a BLACK SUIT, and ELAINE's all in black too.

CUT TO:

99 INT. MURIEL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 107. 12.00 (2028) 99

STEPHEN going round.

Hug and a kiss for BETHANY.

Hug and a kiss for RUBY.

Hug and a kiss for ROSIE.

Hug and a kiss for EDITH, and then for FRAN.

Matey hug and back-slap with JONJO.

Hug with RALPH, who's not sure he should be here.

A deliberately nice hug for CELESTE.

Funny clumsy fist-bumps with LEE & LINCOLN.

And then a proper hug with MURIEL.

The family reunited. At last. A Lyons party, this time with everyone dressed in BLACK. All laughing, bright - there's even a basic half-hug between Celeste and Elaine - with booze, and tea, and a light, simple buffet on the table.

Drinks being passed round. Stephen makes a toast.

To Danny. To Danny.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. MURIEL'S GARDEN - DAY 107. 14.30 (2028) 100

They scatter the ashes.

MURIEL stands with the URN. EDITH, ROSIE and STEPHEN beside her. The rest of the family standing back, not too formal, dotted about, some with drinks in hand: CELESTE, BETHANY, RUBY, FRAN, JONJO, ELAINE, RALPH, LEE and LINCOLN.

Muriel, crying a little, scattering some ashes. She talks as she does so. Remembering the day he was born. That time he fell over. The day he came out, as if she didn't know.

JUMP CUT, ROSIE scatters some ashes. Crying. Can't speak.

JUMP CUT, Edith scatters some ashes. Not crying. Bleak. She keeps muttering, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

JUMP CUT, Stephen scatters some ashes. And he's devastated. Weeping. Desperate. Falling to bits.

Everyone watches, pained for him.

But not Bethany.

Her father is crying his eyes out, but -

CUT TO:

101 INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 106. 22.29 (2028) 101

LAST NIGHT. BETHANY'S ROOM in MURIEL'S HOUSE is a CAVE OF POSTERS, the Solar System, DNA helixes, etc. As beautiful as Ferris Bueller's bedroom. BETHANY working on her Sc.56 iPad.

A little RED LIGHT on BETHANY'S SCREEN goes *ping!*

She looks. Alert. Controls her screen with HAND MOVEMENTS. And next to the red light, a YELLOW NAME TAG pops up.

Dad.

CUT TO:

102 INT. WOODY'S OFFICES - NIGHT 106. 22.30 (2028) 102

SAME NIGHT as Sc.89. A NEW ANGLE on the same event, STEPHEN clicking on VIKTOR GORAYA. And MUSIC, soaring over it all.

CUT TO:

103 INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 106. 22.32 (2028) 103

BETHANY fascinated. But disturbed, as the HIGHLIGHT on VIKTOR GORAYA appears on her screen, too.

She moves her hand. And her SCREEN resolves: it's like she can SEE THROUGH Stephen's entire screen, to see him in Sc.91, his face, his graphics in reverse. She watches him unseen.

Bethany watches the name VIKTOR GORAYA being dragged across the screen. Towards ERSTWHILE SITE 4.

As Bethany stares at the word ERSTWHILE...

CUT TO:

104 INT. ROOM 157 - NIGHT 105. 19.27 (2028) 104

CONTINUATION of Sc.83. In the dark. EDITH recovered, reads the ERSTWHILE FOLDER by the light of PHONE-TORCH. Horrified.

EDITH

Erstwhile sites are like tar pits.
You get thrown in. And disappear.

CUT TO:

105 INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM/WOODY'S OFFICES - NIGHT 106. 22.36 105
(2028)

BOX ON SCREEN: Confirm transfer, YES or NO.

And Bethany is frozen. This is her father. He can't know she's here. Her surveillance is illegal. She's scared.

Stephen clicks on YES.

Then he covers his face. As though ashamed of himself.

Bethany watching him.

But then, he looks up, not knowing he's being watched -

A SAVAGE GRIN. He is EXHILARATED.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. MURIEL'S GARDEN - DAY 107. 14.32 (2028) 106

BETHANY watches STEPHEN go to MURIEL, and ROSIE and EDITH join them. RUBY runs across, Stephen laughs, embarrassed.

Come on, says Muriel. Drinks. And she leads the way back to the house. Everyone turning to head back inside.

Stephen looks across at Bethany.

He smiles at her. That grin.

END OF EPISODE FIVE