

The Tea Room Episode - 1 'The Journal'

by

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INT. CATACOMBS, CORRIDORS - MORNING

The corridor is dark, wet and metallic.

Small shapes shift and move in the darkness, visible for singular moments as a light flickers above.

A child's hand presses against the rusted, claustrophobic, walls of the corridor as they shuffle along.

A man, JEREMY (elderly, wearing an official uniform) watches the operation.

Some of the children sniffle their noses as if crying.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Suburban and typical of the average family home, the living room is plain with two large windows letting in the amber morning sun.

BEN JAMES (25, brown hair, wearing a plain suit) sits in the living room looking through the windows.

After a moment he checks his watch.

BEN JAMES:

Will?! C'mon you're going to be late.

WILL JAMES (O.S.):

Hold on!

SAMUEL JAMES (70, balding, Ben and Will's grandfather) creeps in through the kitchen.

SAMUEL JAMES:

That boy never learns Ben.

Looking to Samuel, Ben notices a letter in his hand.

BEN JAMES:

Oh come off it, he's fine.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Third day in a row he's been late for school.

Ben's eyes are locked on the letter.

SAMUEL JAMES (CONT'D):

He has his Key Stage examinations, how is he going to -

BEN JAMES (IN):

(Gesturing to the letter)
What's that?

The sound of rushing feet down the nearby stairs distract the two.

Will (7, blonde, wearing his school uniform) bursts into the room.

WILL JAMES:

Ready.

Samuel turns and shakes his head.

BEN JAMES:

(To Will)

All right mate.

Ben stands and walks towards Samuel.

Begrudgingly, Samuel offers the letter and Ben takes it and places it in his jacket pocket.

BEN JAMES (CONT'D):

Let's go.

Ben and Will leave the living room, Will with lunchbox in arms.

As the front door swings open a dark smog-like wind edges in through the opening. Ben and Will leave the house and the door once again slams shut leaving ash on the floor.

Samuel prepares the dustpan and brush and starts sweeping up the ash from outside before returning to the living room.

He sits where Ben sat and similarly looks through the windows at the morning sun.

Sloping down in his chair, Samuel sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL, ENTRANCEWAY - LATER

Ben and Will stand at the edge of a long corridor with children's work littered on the walls and various doors leading to separate classrooms.

BEN JAMES:

I'll see you after school.

WILL JAMES:

Thanks.

Will begins to run down the corridor but stops and turns.

WILL JAMES:

We can look through your books?

Ben looks around, shaken.

He approaches Will.

BEN JAMES:
(Whispering)
Yeah of course, just quieten down.

WILL JAMES:
Yes!

Will bounds down the hall once more.

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS:
(To Will)
No running!

Will laughs and continues walking.

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS (60, wearing a overly formal suit) approaches Ben.

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS:
Your brother is certainly excitable
Mr James.

BEN JAMES:
Yeah, haha, he's a good kid.

Principal Meadows feigns a smile and glances away.

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS:
Well yes.
(Beat)
I just thought I should
congratulate you and your
department. Elizabeth is certainly
pushing paper, haha.

Principal Meadows grasps Ben's hand and shakes it, before walking off after the children.

Dumbfounded, Ben finally takes the letter out of his pocket.

Addressed to 'Mr James' it appears to be sent by a
'Elizabeth Read' from the 'Education Department'.

Unfurling the envelope Ben reads the letters contents and his face grows pale.

In an instant he sprints towards the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, LOBBY - LATER

Ben, still sprinting, bursts into the lobby.

Various EDUCATION OFFICERS carrying papers and forms requiring approval or a certain signature rush around the room.

Above the main reception desk a large countdown clock states 'Election Countdown' and silently ticks away.

Ben approaches the RECEPTIONIST, JANE (20, attractive).

Jane pauses before looking up to acknowledge Ben.

JANE:
You're late.

BEN JAMES:
Yeah I only just looked at the
debrief, the old man had it and-

Ben's patience thins.

BEN JAMES (CONT'D):
Look, can you get me a meeting?

JANE:
She's waiting for you.

BEN JAMES:
What?

Jane tilts her head towards a near office door with blurred glass that reads 'E.Read - Education Secretary'.

BEN JAMES:
Oh, thanks.

Ben propels himself to the office door and enters.

Jane nods her head slowly.

JANE:
Yep.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ELIZABETH'S OFFICE -
SAME

ELIZABETH (41, blonde hair, wearing casual work attire)
stands looking outside of her office window (the sky is
overcast) engaged in a phone call.

To her desks left a man, Jeremy (wearing the same uniform as
before), sits at an adjacent chair.

ELIZABETH READ:
(To her mobile)
...yes, once all the paperwork has
gone through we should be well on
our way to -

Elizabeth turns and notices Ben.

ELIZABETH READ:
 Speaking of which, listen I'll call
 you back, hopefully with a signed
 bill in hand.

Elizabeth turns off her phone and sits at her desk before
 nodding at Ben.

Ben takes his seat next to Jeremy.

BEN JAMES:
 Sorry I'm late, I didn't expect the
 letter to be so soon.

Neither Jeremy or Elizabeth react.

BEN JAMES (CONT'D):
 Samuel, he ergh -

ELIZABETH READ(IN):
 Have you met Jeremy?

Jeremy and Ben glance at one another.

BEN JAMES:
 (To Elizabeth)
 Not formally no.
 (To Jeremy)
 Defence Committee right?

Ben offers his hand for a shake, after a momentary pause,
 Jeremy accepts.

JEREMY:
 And you are Elizabeth's Ministerial
 lap dog.
 (Beat)
 Right?

ELIZABETH READ:
 Oh come on Jeremy we haven't got
 the time.

BEN JAMES:
 Well there's more polite ways of
 putting it but more or less yeah.

Jeremy smiles, both impressed and contemplative.

Elizabeth sighs and slides a brown envelope forward.

The seal clearly shows a declaration from the 'P.M'.

ELIZABETH READ:
 We play our cards right and who
 knows where this could go.

Ben opens the envelope and reads:

BEN JAMES (RECITING):
 'The Tutoring Curriculum.
 Designated rehabilitation policy
 for delinquents and those otherwise
 in need of care.'

Pausing, Ben notices Elizabeth leaning slightly further inward on her desk.

ELIZABETH READ:
 Go on.

BEN JAMES:
 'Comprised and put forward by the
 Right Honorable Ben James,
 Education Minister for White
 Chapel.'

Ben sinks into his chair.

BEN JAMES:
 It's actually happening?

ELIZABETH READ:
 A few re-drafts here and there, but
 more or less, yes. You're hitting
 the big time Ben.

Ben peers at the paper and sees the 'P.M's personal signature.

ELIZABETH READ (CONT'D):
 Starting today, you will be working
 with Jeremy to help secure and
 outline the exact details of
 rehabilitation and tutors.

Jeremy stares at Ben, unwavering.

BEN JAMES:
 You'll be adding it to our
 manifesto for the election?

ELIZABETH READ:
 Of course, in fact I plan a press
 conference today.

BEN JAMES:
 (To Elizabeth)
 Perfect!
 (To Jeremy)
 Where do we start?

JEREMY:
 I have received a recommendation on
 who should lead the 'Tutoring'
 department. I imagine we should
 start with an interview.

BEN JAMES:
 Ergh, yeah great. You have my
 number right?

Ben stands up and edges to the exit.

Jeremy nods.

JEREMY:
 13:00. I'll let you know where.

Ben goes to leave.

BEN JAMES(WAVING):
 Thanks.

Elizabeth stands.

ELIZABETH READ:
 Ben?! Aren't you forgetting
 something?

She places her hand on the policy papers and lifts a pen
 with the other.

Ben turns.

BEN JAMES:
 Oh, of course, sorry.

Ben looks once more upon the bill: 'Tutoring Curriculum -
 Third Draft'.

After a moment, he takes the pen and signs.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Samuel, still sat in the same position on the sofa
 entertains a guest: an OFFICER dressed in official 'Tutoring
 Uniform.'

SAMUEL JAMES:
 The boys a nowhere child. My family
 had it hard, we don't need anymore
 hardship.

OFFICER:
 Of course Mr.James, Hopkins will be
 informed and the necessary steps
 will be taken.

SAMUEL JAMES:
 Obsessed with art, no thought for
 math or english, God help me I've
 tried.

The Officer stands to leave, ignoring Samuel's continued complaining.

OFFICER:

You can expect a letter confirming
the date of replacement.

The front door swings open.

Out of breath and dusting off his coat from the strange grey ash from outside, Ben bursts in from work.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Ben? Aren't you supposed to be at
work?

(beat)

You're getting it on the carpet.

Ben looks down at the ash before entering the living room.

BEN JAMES:

Argh, sorry my brains all over the
place.

Ben halts as he takes note of the Officer.

BEN JAMES:

Oh, are we having guests?

OFFICER:

No, it's fine Mr. James Samuel and
I just finished.

A moment of silence passes as the Officer leaves.

Sitting in a chair near Samuel, Ben composes himself.

BEN JAMES:

Samuel, my bill is being passed.

Samuel leans forward, baffled.

SAMUEL JAMES:

What?

(beat)

Are you having me on?

BEN JAMES:

PM's signature and everything,
Elizabeth is making the
announcement today.

Eyes widening, Samuel beams with delight.

BEN JAMES(CALM):

No thanks to you holding back my
letter by the way.

Samuel stands and fist bumps the air whilst laughing and grabs Ben's shoulder.

SAMUEL JAMES:

What did I say? Through thick and thin you'll come through! A James making a difference.

Ben sits still.

SAMUEL JAMES:

C'mon what the hell is wrong with you? You've been pushing the bill for months, least you can do is smile.

BEN JAMES:

Times like this just make me think of them.

All signs of joy fade from Samuel's expression.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Of who?

BEN JAMES:

Who do you think?! My parents, your son!

SAMUEL JAMES:

Don't. Just don't. Today marks our future, not our past.

Samuel grimaces .

SAMUEL JAMES:

Why even bring it up? All this negativity. Why can't you just be pleased with yourself for once?

The celebration is cut short; Ben's phone begins to sound.

Checking his phone, Ben sees a message that reads: 'The Tea Room. 30 minutes. - J'

BEN JAMES:

I am.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - 25 MINUTES LATER

The Tea Room is near empty. The coffee shop's decor is dark and the walls are nearly void of decoration.

The OWNER, BRUCE WONG (52, asian decent, wearing cafe overalls) works the cafe.

Ben, Jeremy and a YOUNG MAN (Ben's age, dressed entirely in black, wearing a fedora) sit at a booth.

Bruce stares at the Young Man, unsure what to make of him.

JEREMY:

Ben.

(Gesturing to the YOUNG
Man)

Hopkins.

(Gesturing to Ben)

Hopkins, Ben James.

Ben shakes Hopkins' gloved hand.

JEREMY:

Our department believes Hopkins
here to be the ideal candidate for
the Tutoring programme.

Jeremy opens his briefcase and hands a copy of a pre-written statement declaring Hopkins as Head Tutor.

BEN JAMES:

Ok. So why am I here then?

JEREMY:

What do you mean?

BEN JAMES:

The files already signed.

(To Hopkins)

You've already been hired.

JEREMY:

I thought it best to tell you in
person.

Bruce approaches with a cup of coffee for Ben and places it on the table.

BEN JAMES:

No deliberation? Interview?
Anything? No, you thought it best
to parade him right in front of me.
Did you not think I should've been
consulted?

Hopkins takes off his hat and places it on the table.

HOPKINS:

Actually, this was my idea. I
wanted to see how you would react.

Ben sits back and sips his coffee.

HOPKINS (CONT'D):

Now, Mr James, while Jeremy may be the supervisor for this programme, I will be the one carrying out the work. Work that is needed to be done as soon as possible.

BEN JAMES:

How soon?

HOPKINS:

It has already started.

Bruce still stands near the table, loitering, listening in on the conversation.

BEN JAMES:

Already started? I only found out the bill had passed this morning.

HOPKINS:

I had the approval of the P.M and the Education Secretary. With or without you, this bill was going to pass, you're draft and involvement just makes things-

(Hopkins pauses)

- smoother. Though more importantly, your co-operation.

Ben sits further back speechless.

Hopkins stands up to leave.

HOPKINS:

Sorry, to cut this short but I'm needed elsewhere. Thank you Mr. James.

(To Bruce)

Do you enjoy loitering around your customers?

Bruce steps aside and glares at Hopkins as he slowly edges out of the cafe.

JEREMY:

Ben, listen if you co-operate everything will happen as you want it, we just need a transitional period.

Ben leans forward.

BEN JAMES:

With or without me, right?

Jeremy nods and leaves the table.

Ben composes himself.

Bruce steps forward.

BRUCE WONG:
You okay Ben?

Ben grits his teeth.

BEN JAMES:
It's just work.

BRUCE WONG:
Well as much as I love the
business, that Hopkins fellow
didn't seem like my type of
customer.

BEN JAMES:
And who would your type of customer
be then?

BRUCE WONG:
You of course! My favourite
customer. Well you and your
Grandad.

Ben smiles.

BEN JAMES:
Is he still not talking to you?

BRUCE WONG:
Who? Samuel? No, not yet. I'm sure
it'll be fine, just takes time.

Ben taps his fingers against the table agitation from his
work meeting building.

BRUCE WONG:
Sorry you have a lot to deal with,
don't let the ramblings of an old
man keep you.

Bruce picks up a coffee mug.

BRUCE WONG:
More coffee?

BEN JAMES:
Oh no, I've -

BRUCE WONG(IN):
Oh c'mon it's on the house.
Caribbean or Ethiopian?

BEN JAMES:
Ethiopian please.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, BEN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is cream coloured and as void of decoration as The Tea Room. The window is strangely bright considering the time of day.

Ben sits, tie loosened, collar relaxed on his bed clutching at a tattered journal.

Will, still in school uniform, sits next to him as the pair read through Ben's journal.

Ben opens the book at a turned page. A photograph of two people, A MAN and A WOMEN, in wedding clothes is stapled to the page. Their faces are blurred.

BEN JAMES:
See that? Can You read the title?

WILL JAMES:
Mr and Mrs James.

BEN JAMES:
They're our parents Will. Probably on their wedding night.

Will rests his head on Ben's shoulder and gazes at the photos blurred faces.

BEN JAMES:
Mad isn't it?

WILL JAMES:
What happened to them?

Ben is shaken but takes a moment to think through his reply.

BEN JAMES:
They were, they went away.

WILL JAMES:
Where did they go.

BEN JAMES:
I don't know Will, I wish I did.

Will's face scrunches as thoughts race.

WILL JAMES:
But why did they have to go?

Ben pauses again.

BEN JAMES:
Well when someone is told to do something by the Government, or the police, they have to do it. Mom and Dad were told to leave.

WILL JAMES:
That's not fair.

Will slumps onto the bed and looks at the ground.

BEN JAMES:
What's up?

WILL JAMES:
Nothing.

BEN JAMES:
One of those days, huh?

Will nods his head.

WILL JAMES:
Principal Meadows took one of my
drawings again.

BEN JAMES:
Why did she do that?

WILL JAMES:
Don't know.

BEN JAMES:
Will?

WILL JAMES:
It was during Math.

Ben chuckles.

BEN JAMES:
Drawing during Math? Sounds about
right.

Ben leans back and grabs the journal once more.

BEN JAMES:
Do you know who loved drawing?

Will bounds up to look at a page Ben finds: a sketch of a
baby.

BEN JAMES:
Look that's you.

WILL JAMES:
Wow. Who drew that?

BEN JAMES:
Your Mom did. She'd be proud of
your art Will.

Will smiles.

BEN JAMES:

Here.

Ben rips the page out and gives it to Will.

BEN JAMES:

Don't lose it.

WILL JAMES:

I wont. I promise.

A knock sounds at the door.

Samuel enters.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Oh, c'mon. Whats he doing in his uniform still?

(To Will)

It's dinner and then bed! Do you hear me?

BEN JAMES:

For god sake Samuel, we're just having a chat.

Will nods.

Samuel notices his son's journal, tuts and waves his hand at Will beckoning him out of Ben's room.

Samuel and Will leave. Ben is left alone.

Laying back in bed, Ben stares at the ceiling and sighs.

The window light darkens.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is near pitch dark. Ben lays in bed asleep.

The silence of night is broken by sounds of a nearby attack: sirens, shattered glass, controlled explosions.

Ben wakes up from an especially loud blast, he reaches to a control panel near his bed and flicks a switch. The outside noises are dulled.

The nosies continue to swell as Ben tries to fall back asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, BEN'S ROOM - MORNING

SAMUEL JAMES (O.S):
What the hell did you do! You
menace!

Ben bursts awake.

SAMUEL JAMES (O.S):
How dare you!

Ben sighs and grabs a shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Samuel is red faced and is holding something to Will, who is
sat on the sofa in his uniform ready for school.

SAMUEL JAMES:
Why did you do this!?

Will seems unfazed.

Ben rushes down the stairs, buttoning his shirt as he does
so.

BEN JAMES:
What's going on?

SAMUEL JAMES:
Look at this.

Samuel thrusts a photograph in Ben's face.

The photo depicts two young soldiers (Bruce and Samuel).

Samuel's face has been blurred out by a crayon.

SAMUEL JAMES:
One of my old war photos with
Bruce, and-
(To Will)
that child has defaced it!

Ben rubs his face.

BEN JAMES:
Why did you do this Will?

WILL JAMES:
I wanted to draw.

SAMUEL JAMES(MOCKING):
'Wanted to draw' You're bloody
worthless you are.

Ben walks up to Will.

BEN JAMES:
C'mon we'll talk about this after
school.

Ben and Will leave and Samuel sits down on the sofa staring
at the photo, almost teary eyed.

The letter box opens, a envelope falls to the ground.

Samuel composes himself and opens the letter.

His eyes widen.

SAMUEL JAMES:
After school. Ha. Yeah right.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL, ENTRANCEWAY - LATER

Will walks down the corridor this time.

Ben checks his phone for messages from Elizabeth and Jeremy.
There are none.

He quickly types a message to J: 'What's the plan for
today?'

Principal Meadows approaches Ben.

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS:
Oh, its all go isn't it?

BEN JAMES:
What do you mean?

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS:
Elizabeth's speech? Did you not
know? She's outlining a new future
for education.

Ben is taken aback.

BEN JAMES:
Oh, of course. Yeah the speech.

Principal Meadows smiles and walks away.

Ben's phone buzzes.

A message from J reads: 'No plans for today, have the day
off.'

Ben shakes his head and storms out of the school.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL, ASSEMBLY HALL

Children begin to march in single file lines, Will among them. They each sit down cross-legged in organised rows of class and age.

Elizabeth stands at the head of the assembly, showing a power point projection, simplified for children, entitled: 'Tutoring Curriculum'.

Near the exit, Jeremy, Hopkins and two OFFICERS (in matching uniform) linger.

ELIZABETH READ:
Good morning children.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - SAME

Nearly as empty as the day before, Ben sits at the same table, waiting for Bruce to finish with his other customer; a rugged SOOT RIDDEN MAN of asian decent.

Bruce nods to the man with his trademark infectious smile, before approaching Ben's table to begin waiting on him.

Ben is distant, contemplative, Bruce picks up on this.

BRUCE WONG:
That ergh, gentleman you met
yesterday, the one with the hat, do
you know him?
(Bruce raises a coffee
pot)
Ethiopian?

BEN JAMES:
Yes, thanks.
(Beat)
Ergh, not particularly I imagine
he's what Elizabeth would call a
whip for hire.

Bruce begins to pour out Ben's coffee into a mug.

BRUCE WONG:
Ha. I know his type, the kind who
likes to think of people as
objects, plenty of folks like him
in the war. Only Officers mind you.

BEN JAMES:
Do you think he's ex-milliary?

Ben takes a long swig of coffee.

BRUCE WONG:

Well who am I to say. But if he is,
he definitely wasn't a lowly
infantryman.

(Beat)

What was his name?

BEN JAMES:

Just Hopkins. That's all he said.

BRUCE WONG:

Hopkins? Hm, Hopkins. You know what
that actually rings a bell.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL, ASSEMBLY HALL - SAME

ELIZABETH READ:

- and with those graded scores, we
will determine the brightest future
and attitudes for each and every
one of you.

Hopkins clenches his gloved hands, the leather squeaks, and
smirks.

ELIZABETH READ (CONT'D):

Starting today. Now, if your name
is called out, please simply stand
and you will be seen to.

Hopkins and the two Officers walk to the head of the
assembly hall.

ELIZABETH READ (CONT'D):

John Hammond.

JOHN HAMMOND (Year above Will, brunette, bold) stands.

ELIZABETH READ (CONT'D):

Mary Bellows.

MARY BELLOWS (6, in the year below Will, nervous) stands
much slower than John.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - SAME

BRUCE WONG:

It's funny really, one of the
prisoner correctional facilities
was nicknamed Camp Hopkins. Funny
how these things come back to you.

BEN JAMES:

But you don't recognise him?

BRUCE WONG:
Not really, though there is
something about his face.

Ben seems phased.

BRUCE WONG(CONT'D):
Don't worry Ben, the man seemed
your age. He would have to be as
old as me to be around the same
time as Camp Hopkins and anyway it
was just a nickname.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL, ASSEMBLY HALL

ELIZABETH READ:
Patrick Holland.

The two Officers patrol the lines of children guiding each
standing child to Hopkins' growing group of selected
children.

ELIZABETH READ:
Sarah Tulley

The GIRL in front of Will stands.

The children's eyes dart around, growing increasingly
anxious, following the Officers.

Jeremy watches in complete silence. In his hand, he holds
the latest test scores for the pupils of the school, the
latest being a 'Math Examination', and a form titled
'Tutoring Requests'.

ELIZABETH READ:
Will James.

Will stands, and waits as one of the Officers takes him and
leads him to Hopkins who places a gloved hand on his
shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - SAME

BRUCE WONG:
I'll look into it for you though,
who knows what's in my old
journals.

Bruce smiles and walks away, taking his place behind the
counter.

Ben gazes through the window once more.

BEN JAMES(TO HIMSELF):

Yeah.

The windows flicker for a instance, as if electronic.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, INTERVIEW CHAMBER - LATER

Will is sat in a large white room, to his left and right he can see Mary and John through glass walls.

All three children have a Officer in corresponding uniform to Hopkins and the Officer who visited Samuel.

The rooms lights are set behind the Officers, blurring their features and impairing the children's eyesight.

WILL'S OFFICER:

Name.

WILL JAMES:

Where am I?

WILL'S OFFICER:

Name.

WILL JAMES:

Will James.

WILL'S OFFICER:

School.

WILL JAMES:

What's happening?

WILL'S OFFICER:

School!

Will looks to his left and sees that Mary is crying, as her Officer appears to demand similar statements, though he cannot hear through the glass.

The lights brighten snapping Will's attention.

WILL JAMES:

White Chapel Primary!

WILL'S OFFICER:

Favourite subject.

WILL JAMES(VOICE SHAKING):

Art.

WILL'S OFFICER:

Colour.

WILL JAMES(DISTRESSED):

It's blue.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Jeremy stands watching various monitors as Will and the other chosen children are interrogated.

Hopkins watches too, from behind his desk, but he is more interested in the questioning techniques of his Officers.

HOPKINS:

Some of the Officer's need to detach themselves.

Hopkins points to a FEMALE OFFICER questioning John and hits a switch at his desk, the questioning plays through a speaker.

FEMALE OFFICER(V.O):

Please John, I just need you to answer a few questions.

JOHN HAMMOND(V.O):

I don't want to, I want to go home.

Hopkins releases the switch.

HOPKINS:

Make a note of her.

Jeremy twitches.

JEREMY:

You make a note of her.

Hopkins smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, INTERVIEW CHAMBER - SAME

Will, holding back tears, remains in his chamber though the questions have stopped.

From beyond the wall of lights, he sees another shape beside the Officer slowly approaching.

WILL'S OFFICER:

Once more.

WILL JAMES(DISTRESSED):

Will James, White Chapel, Art, Blue, Ben, Mom, Dad, The State.

WILL'S OFFICER:

Now you.

The smaller shadow steps into focus, a YOUNG BOY, the same age as Will, with black hair.

YOUNG BOY:

My name is Will James, I go to White Chapel Primary School, my favourite subject is Art and my favourite colour is blue. I love my brother Ben very much and I wish I could meet my Mom and Dad. I owe my life to The State.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Jeremy clenches his fist and holds his tongue as he watches the process before him.

Behind, Hopkins remains smiling.

CUT TO

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ben returns from the Tea Room still dazed and confused.

Through the back room he sees Samuel, in strangely high spirits, cooking his famous 'Spag Bol'.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Ah, you're home. Was work busy?

BEN JAMES:

Ergh. No, I've been at the Tea Room,

(He pauses)

I've been thinking.

Ben sits down near the large front windows. The world beyond is darkening as the sun sets.

BEN JAMES (CONT'D):

Sorry about your photo, Will's been under a lot of -

Samuel walks into the living room with two bowls of spaghetti.

SAMUEL JAMES(IN):

No no, don't worry about it.

Samuel sits down opposite Ben, in his usual spot and eats his food.

Confused at Samuel's change in attitude, Ben's eyes wander to an opened letter resting on the near coffee table next to Samuel.

BEN JAMES:

Mail?

Samuel stops eating and looks at the envelope. Placing his bowl down he grabs the letter and holds it close.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Oh, yes.

BEN JAMES:

Okay well, I'll have a look if you don't mind.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Well actually it was addressed to me. It's nothing to do with your work.

BEN JAMES:

Of course not.

(Beat)

Is Will back?

Samuel looks down at the letter.

SAMUEL JAMES:

No. Not yet.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - LATER

Will, Mary and John now sit inside a transport vehicle.

They are each searched and stripped of belongings by more OFFICERS before being strapped into individual seating.

Will conceals a small rock and piece of paper in his sock.

MARY BELLOWS:

What's happening?

JOHN HAMMOND:

Maybe we're on a class trip?

Will sits weighing up the situation, wishing Mary would stop making an annoying clanging sound with her feet.

WILL JAMES:

(To Mary)

They're taking us somewhere.

Mary continues clanging her feet.

WILL JAMES (CONT'D):

Stop that.

Mary continues.

A large clang sounds and the wall to the children's side begins to open.

Mary stops.

The open wall reveals an underground system beyond the metallic room they find themselves in.

Jeremy steps into the room through the revealed door.

He removes the straps on the children's seating.

JEREMY:

C'mon..

(he pauses)

Everyone out.

The children leave single file and step out of the metal room.

CUT TO CONTINUOUS:

INT. CATACOMBS, CORRIDORS - SAME

Will looks beyond Jeremy, he sees a vast array of underground tunnels.

As Jeremy leads the children into the tunnels, Will notices various doors on either side, leading to boxed off rooms or cells, with desks and telephones.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ben and Samuel have finished their meals.

They hear the front door open.

Samuel pounces from his seat.

BEN JAMES:

Are you okay?

SAMUEL JAMES:

Yes, yes. It must be Will.

Samuel walks towards the living room door.

Ben sees his opportunity and grabs the letter from Samuel's chair.

The heading clearly states in bold: 'Tutoring Request' and is marked as being sent from 'White Chapel Elementary School' and signed by 'E.Read'.

The door opens and the same young boy who stood opposite Will in the CORRECTION FACILITY (7, dark hair, wearing school uniform) enters: THE REPLACEMENT WILL.

Ben's jaw laxes and his his muscles tense.

Samuel puts his hand on The Replacement Will's shoulder and smiles.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Aren't you going to say hello?

The large living room windows flicker on and off, revealing their electronic purpose: the view of the outside switches from an artificial sun-set to a polluted hell-scape with ashen air and then back again.

Ben's world spins, his body shaking.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM, BRUCE'S ROOM - SAME

Bruce sits hunkered over in an attic converted room, almost too small for him.

Notes, newspaper cuttings and marked books are sprawled across the small space; pictures of war time veterans, Samuel and Bruce, asian refugees and Bruce's home.

Bruce clings to a small cabled telephone.

BRUCE WONG:

(To the phone)

Yes, Hopkins. I'm sure of it. It's happening again.

(A pause)

Yes, yes. Tomorrow. See you then.

Bruce leans back revealing a newspaper clipping of 'Camp Hopkins' and an attached photo of the occupants that appear more like prisoners. All of them are of asian descent.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, LOBBY - MORNING

Ben storms into the lobby, sweaty, tie loose - disheveled.

Jane is taken aback.

JANE:

Ben?

Without a word or official appointment, Ben rushes past Jane's desk and storms into Elizabeth's office.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ELIZABETH'S OFFICE
- SAME

Windows projecting a calm clear morning behind her, Elizabeth sits at her desk filling out forms.

Ben intrusion causes a swift twitch in her writing arm, smearing her sentence.

ELIZABETH READ:
What the hell are you doing?

BEN JAMES:
What did you do?!

Elizabeth slowly places her pen down.

ELIZABETH READ:
Please, sit down Ben.

Holding eye contact with his boss, Ben refuses to sit.

BEN JAMES:
Where is he?!

ELIZABETH READ:
Where's who?

BEN JAMES:
Will! My brother.

ELIZABETH READ:
He was admitted to the Tutoring program.

BEN JAMES:
And why the hell did that happen?

Elizabeth scurries through documents for the days Requests.

She finds it.

ELIZABETH READ:
Says here that it was due to poor examination and family referral.

Ben is stunned, he finally sits but due to fear of collapsing: Samuel really had sent him away.

After a moment of deep thought -

ELIZABETH READ:
He is being monitored, I can assure you.

BEN JAMES:
You cut me out of my own policy, now that's one thing, and now you won't tell me where my brother is.
(Beat)
The Tutoring was supposed to correct not -
(He stumbles for words)
replace children!

Elizabeth demeanor switches, her eyebrows raising.

ELIZABETH READ:

First of all, we are politicians,
did you think we are immune to the
laws we pass?!

Ben looks down to the floor: of course not.

ELIZABETH READ(CONT'D):

Secondly, the need for discrepancy
was your idea. 'To ensure complete
and efficient betterment the family
must not have access'.

(beat)

And the reason you feel 'cut' out,
is because i've been organising
your promotion!

Unsure, but attention gripped, Ben's tapping stops.

BEN JAMES:

A promotion?! I don't care about a
damned promotion! I need my brother
back!

ELIZABETH READ:

Well truth be told, I need a new
function for you and Jeremy, one
thing turned into another you know.

BEN JAMES:

What kind of function could be more
important than my -

ELIZABETH READ(IN):

You and Jeremy will head
investigations into worrisome hot
spots in White Chapel. With the
election looming we cant have
dangers from outside of London
threatening our way of things.

BEN JAMES:

'worrisome hot spots'?! My family
has been torn in two.

Elizabeth falls cold, lacking any empathy.

ELIZABETH READ:

You have your family. The
Replacement and Samuel.

(beat)

You will start with The Tea Room.

BEN JAMES:

The Tea Room? Why the hell would I-

ELIZABETH READ(IN):
 No, no more arguments Ben. Now if
 you don't mind I have a brain
 numbing amount of forms to fill.

Ben pauses, overcome.

ELIZABETH READ:
 Did you not hear me?

Ben stands and turns to leave the office.

ELIZABETH READ:
 Oh, Ben? Try to enjoy yourself,
 this is what you wanted.

Ben opens the door.

ELIZABETH READ (CONT'D):
 Don't cross the P.M Ben, or me for
 that matter. The details of this
 policy are to be kept secret. Until
 we win the election.

Ben storms out, slamming the door behind him.

Elizabeth stares at the closed door, contemplating, before
 returning to her paperwork.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS, JUNCTION - SAME

The children, still led by Jeremy, reach a small room with
 various crossings and doors leading to other sections of the
 catacombs.

An OFFICER stands waiting.

JEREMY:
 Wait there children.

The Officer follows Jeremy as he walks into one of the
 office like rooms.

Will, John and Mary edge close to one another.

Their voices are low.

MARY BELLOWS:
 Where are we going?

JOHN HAMMOND:
 I bet this is some kind of test.

WILL JAMES:
 I don't think so, I told you we're
 being moved somewhere.

JOHN HAMMOND:
Oh yeah, and how do you know?

WILL JAMES:
They have rooms here, with phones.
Like people live here.

MARY BELLOWS:
You don't think they're putting us
down here?

JOHN HAMMOND:
Of course not.

WILL JAMES:
I think we should try and use the
phones. If I can ring my brother he
could find us.

JOHN HAMMOND:
Oh yeah, and who put you in charge,
I'm the senior here, we should -

OFFICER(IN):
Back in line.

The Officer returns without Jeremy, as a section of wall opens revealing a new passage. He gestures to the children and the new entrance.

OFFICER:
On you go.

First John, then Mary, then Will followed by the Officer walk into the new opening.

Will stops and pulls a piece of paper from his sock: his Mother's drawing of him as a baby.

OFFICER:
Keep going.

The Officer pushes Will on, who quickly fumbles the drawing into his pocket and continues on.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM

Samuel, now nursing a black eye, sits in the living room entertaining another guest: Hopkins.

HOPKINS:
Just a quick check up, you can't be
too careful in times like these.

SAMUEL JAMES:
Oh believe me, you don't have to
tell me that.

HOPKINS:
That's right, ex-milliary?

SAMUEL JAMES:
Why yes sir, and proud.

Hopkins smirks, as if recalling a gleeful memory.

HOPKINS:
Good.
(Beat)
Now, how is the boy?

Samuel's face is exhilarated, full of joy and pride.

SAMUEL JAMES:
Exactly as you promised. I can't
tell you how happy I am.

Hopkins lets out a single chuckle.

HOPKINS:
And he seems well adjusted?

SAMUEL JAMES:
Well yes, he even helped with
breakfast this morning. It's like
night and day.

HOPKINS:
And Ben?

Exhilaration reined in, Samuel's smile fades.

Samuel hesitates.

SAMUEL JAMES:
I ergh, I think he just needs more
time.

HOPKINS:
More time. Mr. James, Samuel, you
don't think Ben could be an
inconvenience do you?

SAMUEL JAMES:
No, no, I won't let him. Just needs
time to adjust.

HOPKINS:
(Looking at Samuel's
black eye)
Is that how you got that?

Samuel freezes unable to reply.

HOPKINS:
Here's an obligatory feedback form
for you and Ben.

Hopkins stands and gives Samuel the form.

HOPKINS:

Myself or one of my associates will be with you soon, just a quick check up.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Oh, yes of course, anytime. It's just me here most days anyway.

HOPKINS:

Yes well we will need to see the boy, so the next time will have to be in the afternoon.

Samuel nods.

A knock at the front door draws Samuel's attention.

SAMUEL JAMES:

I'll get that.

He opens the door.

Elizabeth enters.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Oh Ms Read, I didn't expect to see you here.

Elizabeth enters and moves to the living room.

ELIZABETH READ:

Yes, well I thought I ought to pop in, and discuss-

Elizabeth sees Hopkins.

HOPKINS:

Ms education Secretary.

ELIZABETH READ:

Oh I'm sorry, is this a bad time?

HOPKINS:

No, no, I was just leaving.

Hopkins takes a moment to weigh up Elizabeth's arrival: Why was she here? Ben perhaps?

HOPKINS:

Nice talking to you Samuel.

Samuel calls after Hopkins as he briskly exits the house.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Oh, and you!

His attention draws to Elizabeth.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Tea?

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Samuel and Elizabeth sit sipping tea.

Elizabeth notices a collection of children's drawings piled on a nearby table.

ELIZABETH READ:

Having a clear out?

SAMUEL JAMES:

Of sorts. Just waiting to see if Ben wants to keep one.

ELIZABETH READ:

Is that a good idea?

SAMUEL JAMES:

What do you mean?

ELIZABETH READ:

When I spoke to him today he seemed very-

(She pauses)
reluctant.

SAMUEL JAMES:

He'll come round.

Elizabeth leans forward.

ELIZABETH READ:

Listen Samuel. You need to make sure he stays calm. You know what it's like out there, we can't afford any inconveniences. Especially with the news with the Tea Room.

She sips her tea, then notices his eye.

ELIZABETH READ:

Oh dear, how did you get that?

Samuel shakes his head, patience and pride waning.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Oh just a stupid accident, it's nothing really. Anyway, what do you mean 'The Tea Room'? What has Bruce done now?

ELIZABETH READ:

Oh, nothing yet, but there have been reports of strange individuals gathering at his cafe, of which Ben is a regular.

SAMUEL JAMES:

You're not suggesting Ben and Bruce are part of some-

Elizabeth finishes her tea and places the empty cup on the nearby coffee table, next to the 'Tutoring Request' letter.

ELIZABETH READ(IN):

Not Ben no. His love of The Tea Room could be uniquely beneficial to our campaign.

Samuel's face tightens as he connects the dots.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS, CORRIDORS

Still shuffling through increasingly rusted corridors, the children finally seem to be reaching a destination of sorts.

MARY BELLOWS(WHISPERING):

My legs hurt.

The leading Tutoring Officer looks behind him.

WILL JAMES:

Shh.

CUT TO CONTINUOUS:

INT. CATACOMBS, THAMES HQ - LATER

The children emerge into a large cubic room comprised of 4 rock walls and 2 glass surfaces; the glass making up the far wall in front and the ceiling.

Beyond the glassed sections, a vast body of murky green water, filth ridden and too viscous to make out any discernible features, rests.

Behind Will, John and Mary, other doors begin to open in the rock walls and more children shuffle through.

John is bewildered by the hypnotic water.

JOHN HAMMOND:

Wow.

The Officer moves to the far rock wall and opens a door, beyond which Will notices an array of hammocks, children's clothing, tools and a toilet.

Will's face whitens.

OFFICER:
These are your quarters.

The Officer ushers the children into the room -

CUT TO CONTINUOUS:

INT. CATACOMBS, THAMES HQ, SLEEPING QUARTERS - SAME

OFFICER:
Get aquatinted and we will be back
shortly.

Mary jumps into her hammock, fear repressed by the joy she feels swinging in it.

John walks around the room, as if inspecting, much like the Officer.

Will on the other hand, moves to his section of the room and looks at the nearby wall, rocky and cold.

After a moment, he takes the picture from his pocket and the small rock from his sock and scrapes it against the wall. A white line appears.

He sighs, at least he can draw.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL STORAGE, CONTAINERS

Ben and Jeremy stand in a large storage room full of containers.

They are inspecting a specific red container.

JEREMY:
Forced open, and numerous food
items, canned, stolen.

BEN JAMES:
Canned? The stuff is worthless, who
would break into state guarded
property for canned soup?

JEREMY:
Refugees, the sick, the poor.
People who are desperate.

BEN JAMES:
What has this got to do with my
department?

JEREMY:

Desperate people are dangerous and we believe these people are taking refuge in White Chapel, in Elizabeth's jurisdiction.

Jeremy pulls a photo from out of his coat pocket.

JEREMY:

She can either be known as the person who put an end to these people or allowed them to corrupt our everyday lives.

BEN JAMES:

She wants the press!?

JEREMY:

The election is looming. And you are in her office, any good reflection on her extends to you, in fact I'm pretty certain she's testing you Ben.

Ben's face hardens, anger swelling: none of that matters anymore.

Jeremy steps forward.

JEREMY:

Look. I'm sorry about your brother, truly. But if you play along long enough, who knows what you'll find out, what position you'll be in? Keep calm and carry on, right.

Ben allows the thought to set in, as much as he hated it, Jeremy is right.

BEN JAMES:

I know.

(Beat)

Do we have a lead?

JEREMY:

There's been an increase in recent migrants from Port Street.

Jeremy shows a picture of a group of soot clad people of asian decent, similar to the photos Bruce has in his room above The Tea Room.

JEREMY(CONT'D):

Oriental town, got in through the Southern Line, same route as these crates.

BEN JAMES:

You've lost me.

JEREMY:

You don't meet many people from Port Town, not since the London segregation anyway, but one has lived in White Chapel for many years now.

Ben is silent.

JEREMY(CONT'D):

A man named Bruce Wong. Runs The Tea Room.

Ben takes another long look at the photo, the sullen and soot steeped features remind him of something.

BEN JAMES:

Elizabeth said something similar. Are you sure?

JEREMY:

It's the only lead we have.

Ben pauses in thought, confidence faltering.

BEN JAMES:

There was a new customer there yesterday. He was covered in ash and rugged looking. But there's no way Bruce is involved.

JEREMY:

Oriental?

BEN JAMES:

Well, yes.

Jeremy smiles and tilts his head.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, BEN'S ROOM - LATER

Ben is sat down looking through his journal, his face is pained.

He flicks through the pages and sees the blurred photograph he shared with the real Will.

Samuel knocks and then slowly opens the door to the room.

He edges into the room, nervous and overprotective.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Are you not going to join us? Will was just telling me about his day at school.

Pausing and wanting to say more than he knows he should, Ben rests the journal and speaks with despite.

BEN JAMES:

I need to think.

Samuel sighs, noticing the journal, his pride breaking his nerves.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Not that again, why are you going through that?

Ben stands and Samuel recoils, fear returning.

BEN JAMES:

You mean your son's journal?

SAMUEL JAMES:

I don't know why you torture yourself. Things are getting better.

Samuel approaches Ben once more and takes a few pieces of folded paper out of his pocket: the real Will's drawings.

SAMUEL JAMES(CONT'D):

I kept some of these. Will doesn't need them, I thought you might want to keep them.

Ben takes them; sketches of Samuel, Ben and various characters the real Will had made up and drawn himself.

SAMUEL JAMES(CONT'D):

I have my war memories and what not, I thought it fair you have your own. Just please, try and keep on Elizabeth's good side, both her and that Hopkins were snooping around earlier.

Samuel leaves.

Ben sits conflicted, hatred and shame mixing. He takes a moment to examine the drawings, the longer he stares the more his face twitches, his brows furrow and his nerves tighten: he has to play along, for Will's sake.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - LATER

Slightly busier than before, The Tea Room now holds a handful of people, the majority of which appear to be from Port Street and wear similar clothing.

Bruce stands behind the counter talking to a young girl (MARION, 23, ginger, dressed similarly to the Port Street

residents).

Bruce laughs.

BRUCE WONG:

Yes, round the back of the accommodation block. I remember it well, all the cool kids would hang there.

MARION:

Why did you leave?

BRUCE WONG:

Conscription, I had to, by the time I got back from the war, things had changed. Can't make a difference stuck in Port Street now can you.

MARION:

No, you can't.

Jeremy and Ben walk into the room.

Ben immediately cottons on to the increase in people that fit the image of Jeremy's photo; soot ridden, asian, wearing similar ragged clothing like a uniform. The idea of Jeremy and Elizabeth being right about Bruce unnerves him.

MARION(TO BRUCE):

Friends?

BRUCE WONG:

Of course.

Ben and Jeremy approach Bruce.

Marion stays as close as possible.

BRUCE WONG:

What can I get you two gentleman?

JEREMY:

Actually, Mr Wong, we would like a quick chat if that's alright.

BRUCE WONG:

Well certainly.

Jeremy glances at Marion.

JEREMY:

In private.

BRUCE WONG:

Of course, of course.

MARION:

Let me know if there's trouble.

JEREMY:
Who are you?

MARION:
None of your business!

BRUCE WONG:
(To Marion)
Now now, come on, no need to get
angry.

Bruce walks around the counter.

BRUCE WONG(CONT'D):
This way gentleman.

Gesturing to the other side of the cafe, Bruce leads Ben and Jeremy to a booth separated from the rest of the seating, but still open to prying ears.

JEREMY:
Really?

BEN JAMES:
Come on, it's fine.

BRUCE WONG:
The back room is jam packed, this
is the best I can do for secrecy,
haha.

Posture slumped, Jeremy begrudgingly sits down in the booth next to Ben. Bruce sits opposite.

BRUCE WONG:
Now, how can I help you?

JEREMY:
Its simply a routine check-up.
We've had a few disturbances in the
area and wondered whether you'd
heard anything.

BRUCE WONG:
Disturbances? Hmm. Well there has
been a rumor of missing children
going round if that's what you
mean?
(Beat)
Oh, and the raids, but who doesn't
know about that.

JEREMY:
How about the raids? Any
interesting information you may
have picked up on? Just from
passers-by you know?

BRUCE WONG:

Not really no. They happen at night, the state have put a curfew in place-

Bruce stumbles for words.

BRUCE WONG(CONT'D):

I'm sorry, I'm not sure what the point of all this is.

BEN JAMES:

Jeremy-

JEREMY(IN):

Just a routine check-up Mr Wong.

Jeremy glances around the cafe, making a point of looking at Bruce's new customers.

JEREMY(CONT'D):

Place seems busy. New customers?

BEN JAMES:

Bruce-

BRUCE WONG(IN):

Oh, I see. Ha.

Bruce's face hardens, his soft demeanor and manner fades entirely.

BRUCE WONG:

You see a group of foreign folk and suddenly they're public enemy number one.

BEN JAMES:

Bruce, it's not like that, we're just being thorough.

JEREMY:

Well they are from your home, are they not?

BRUCE WONG:

Port Street is not my home. Port Street was the place I was dumped into after I had been ripped from my home screaming.

JEREMY:

Exactly, Port Street is a transportation sector, filled to the brim with helpless refugees.

(Beat)

And I think refugees are the most likely suspects, especially in

(MORE)

JEREMY: (cont'd)
cases of shipment containers being
broken into. So you see Mr Wong,
when a group of refugees enter
White Chapel it's my job to connect
the dots.

The three sit in silence, the tension between them tangible.

BEN JAMES:
Bruce. If you know anything please
let me know.

Bruce's calm manner and demeanor return like a mask.

BRUCE WONG:
Of course, you're a good kid Ben.

JEREMY:
You know nothing Mr.Wong?

BRUCE WONG:
Nothing at all.

Holding a stare with Bruce, Jeremy sighs, patience failing,
and bursts up from the table ready to leave.

JEREMY:
Thank you for your rime.

Jeremy turns to leave. Ben follows.

BRUCE WONG:
Oh Ben?

Ben turns.

BRUCE WONG(CONT'D):
I looked through my old things,
I've found something about Camp
Hopkins. It's most likely nothing
but you never now.

Ben's face sinks.

BEN JAMES:
Thanks.

BRUCE WONG:
Come over after close and I'll show
you if you like?

BEN JAMES:
Yeah sure.

Jeremy glares at Ben; so much for playing along, and places
his hand on his shoulder, guiding him to the exit.

After a moment Marion approaches Bruce.

MARION:

Trouble?

BRUCE WONG:

Oh no, no trouble at all.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, LOBBY

Ben and Jeremy sit in the waiting area for Elizabeth's office.

The Department is unusually quiet and Jane sits talking on the phone.

JEREMY(UNDER HIS BREATH):

Camp Hopkins?

Ben sighs.

BEN JAMES:

What did you expect me to do? The man just showed up and next thing I know he's running my Bill.

JEREMY:

I can tell you what you shouldn't have done?

BEN JAMES:

Oh come on-

JEREMY:

You shouldn't have asked an ex-milliary suspect to snoop around for you. Especially now, during an election.

BEN JAMES:

Are you going to tell Elizabeth?

Jeremy pauses to think.

JEREMY:

No, not yet anyway. Just, remember what I said, play along and everything will be fine. Get caught snooping around more and you'll never find Will.

Ben glances at Jeremy: does he actually care?

Elizabeth's door opens. Hopkins exits.

He looks at the two-

HOPKINS:

Gentleman.

-brims his hat and leaves.

Elizabeth follows and beckons Jeremy and Ben to her office.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ELIZABETH'S OFFICE

Elizabeth moves to the back window behind her desk, looks at her watch and adjusts a curious dial on the wall. As she turns the dial, the artificial view through the windows darken as if night is near.

She sits down opposite Ben and Jeremy.

ELIZABETH READ:

So, what did you find?

JEREMY:

There are definitely multiple Port Street refugees who have come into contact with The Tea Room. From what I can tell, they may all be part of a collective group.

ELIZABETH READ:

Clothing?

JEREMY:

Rag-like, typical stuff, but these were unusually uniform; similar patterns, markings and so on.

ELIZABETH READ:

And was she there?

JEREMY:

There was a young girl matching your description, though I can neither confirm or deny that her name was Marion.

BEN JAMES:

Young girl?

ELIZABETH READ:

We have one confirmed freedom fighter who has moved into White Chapel from Port Street. With the increases in raids and attacks its safe to assume that a terrorist group may have followed or have been led by this 'Marion'.

Ben shakes his head.

BEN JAMES:
You sound like a milliary leader
yourself.

Jeremy glances at Ben.

ELIZABETH READ:
We are winning this election Ben,
the P.M has plans, we are lucky
enough to be within orbit of those
plans. We nail this and the win is
ours.

BEN JAMES:
What about the children? I can't
help but think this is all some
kind of distraction, keep me close
so I can't squawk right?

Jeremy places his face In his palms.

ELIZABETH READ:
I've told you once! Your policy is
proceeding exactly as it should.
But if you would like to make a
formal complaint I'm sure Hopkins
would oblige?

Jeremy kicks Ben beneath the desk.

Ben takes note and falls silent.

ELIZABETH READ:
(To Ben)
Indeed.
(To Jeremy)
I assume you will report to
Hopkins?

JEREMY:
Of course.

ELIZABETH READ:
Then I will see you two tomorrow.
(To Jeremy)
Slap Ben for me on your way out.

JEREMY:
Of course.

CUT TO CONTINUOUS:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, LOBBY - SAME

Ben and Jeremy walk through the lobby. Jeremy's pace faster
than Ben's.

JEREMY:
You don't listen to word I say do
you?

BEN JAMES:
Not over my family no.

JEREMY:
(shaking his head)
Moron.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - LATER

Bruce and Marion stand alone in The Tea Room, the light from
artificial windows projecting night.

BRUCE WONG:
Tonight?

MARION:
Tonight. We've stayed long enough.

BRUCE WONG:
Well you always have a place here,
you know that.

Marion sighs, preparing to address her elephant in the room.

MARION:
Why are you helping them Bruce?

BRUCE WONG:
Helping who?

MARION:
The men from the government.

BRUCE WONG:
I'm helping Ben, he's a friend.

MARION:
He's conspiring against you.

BRUCE WONG:
I never turn down someone in need.
Ben needs help Marion.

MARION:
People in Port Street always talked
about you. Protecting them, holding
the Transportation Officers to
account. Providing food!

Marion starts to leave the room-

MARION(CONT'D):

You told me you left Port Street to
make a difference?
What happened to the Bruce my
parents told me about?

A moment of silence, and then she leaves. Curiously through
the back room of The Tea Room and not the front door.

A large mechanism sound or the turning of a hinge creaks
through the cafe.

BRUCE WONG:

Time.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Samuel, black eye healing, stands at the foot of the stairs,
Replacement Will to his right, clutching a piece of paper.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Ben! Ben! Come down a second
there's something I have to show
you!

No reply.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Ben!
(Beat)
Argh.

Samuel bounds up the stairs, leaving Replacement Will alone.

After a moment and an echoed row between Samuel and Ben,
Samuel returns leading Ben by the arm down the stairs.

BEN JAMES:

I'm not in the mood I've got work
to do.

Samuel leads Ben to the Replacement Will.

BEN JAMES:

What is it you want anyway?

Smiling, Samuel grabs Will's shoulder.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Show him Will.

Replacement Will steps forward and hands Ben the piece of
paper in his hand.

Ben begins to unfold it.

REPLACEMENT WILL:
I made it for you.

The paper unfolds to reveal a colorful and innocent sketch of Ben and Replacement Will with smiles on their faces, titled: My Big Brother.

SAMUEL JAMES:
Straight A's and creative.

Samuel chuckles and rustles Replacement Will's hair.

Ben has to compose himself - overcome with emotion; the loss of his real brother, the innocence of the child before him, the pure act of kindness shown, it all came together in a cacophony of painful nostalgia.

BEN JAMES:
Thank you.

Replacement Will smiles.

SAMUEL JAMES:
You'll join us then?

BEN JAMES:
Oh no, sorry I have to go out.

Samuel pauses in disbelief.

SAMUEL JAMES:
Out? Out where? At this time?

BEN JAMES:
I just need to sort some things.

Ben brushes past Samuel.

SAMUEL JAMES:
You're going to see Bruce.
(Beat)
Aren't you?

Turning his head in astonishment for a moment, Ben quells his confusion and carries on to the door.

SAMUEL JAMES(CONT'D):
Elizabeth told me you'd be snooping around with him. Well I tell you, he's nothing but trouble! And if you get caught in one of those raids-

Ben slams the door shut as he leaves.

SAMUEL JAMES(CONT'D):
Stupid boy.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, WARD STREET - SAME

Ben pushes through an impossibly grey smog of ash and debris. The streets outside are filled with pollution and gusts of rubbish tainted winds.

A DRUNK MAN, stumbles through the smog near Ben, chattering and spouting jibberish.

Moving passed the Drunk Man, utterly driven, Ben presses on towards The Tea Room.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS, THAMES HQ - SAME

Will, in new Catacomb Uniform, stands in the glassed room, looking up through the murky water.

Glimmers of explosions or fires emanate through the water, as if a conflict rages above, though the images are blurred, unclear due to the water waves.

He moves to the sleeping quarters.

CUT TO CONTINUOUS:

INT. CATACOMBS, THAMES HQ, SLEEPING QUARTERS - SAME

John, also in new Uniform, rests in his hammock.

As if delayed, sounds of a near conflict above the water hit the room.

Will moves to his hammock and carries on etching a sketch into the near wall with his rock. His Mother's drawing is the subject.

MARY BELLOWS:

Do you really think we could get to
a telephone?

He turns to see Mary clutching at the fabric of her uniform, stressed and startled by the sounds.

WILL JAMES:

If the guard doesn't notice yeah.

Mary notices Will's drawing.

MARY BELLOWS:

That's nice. What is it?

WILL JAMES:

Copying my Mothers drawing to get
better.

Mary suddenly looks away.

MARY BELLOWS:

I miss my Mom.

Will looks down at the stone he has been using to draw, the edge is sharpening to a point.

WILL JAMES:

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TEA ROOM, WARD STREET - SAME

The air and wind close to Tea Room is thinner and less harsh. The street is reminiscent of Victorian slums but with modern features and pollutants.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM, STORAGE ROOM - SAME

Bruce and Ben walk through a hanging door and are hit by a potent smell of coffee and tea.

Various racks hold bags and containers filled to the brim with coffee beans and tea leaves.

BEN JAMES:

Can't see you running out soon.

BRUCE WONG:

Haha, you underestimate how much I drink.

Bruce carries on to another room, expecting Ben to follow.

About to do just that, Ben is stopped as a curious feature catches his eye.

He turns fully to address the curiosity and steps towards one of the racks. Underneath, the floor of the room seems to have had recent construction done to it: paler concrete and gravel left over from drilling rests on the floor.

Moreover the centre of the Storage Room's floor features a large hatch, bolted to the ground.

Ben stares at the hatch for a moment. Faint sounds can be heard, perhaps the creaking of metal, perhaps a rat or even simply the wind, either way Ben's curiosity turns to suspicion.

BRUCE WONG:

Ben?

Ben snaps away.

BEN JAMES:
Oh, sorry was just enjoying the
smell.

He follows after Bruce.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM, BRUCE'S ROOM - SAME

Bruce leans over a myriad of his photographs, papers and
memoirs, scattered across the room, searching for something.

Ben's sits nearby, patiently.

BRUCE WONG:
Ah, here it is.

Bruce pries out a black and white photograph and thrusts it
towards Ben.

Ben takes the picture. It depicts a squad of young, ethnic,
men in a group photo with a handful of civilians outside of
a bricked building.

BRUCE WONG:
That's me there.

Bruce points to his younger self.

BRUCE WONG(CONT'D):
It all jogged my memory you see. We
were liberating cities and the
civilians,
(Bruce points)
based on their worth would either
be conscripted or sent to
correctional facilities.

BEN JAMES:
Camp Hopkins?

BRUCE WONG:
Exactly.

Ben sits back. Thoughts stewing.

BEN JAMES:
It's happening again with the
children.

Bruce leans forward, his calm demeanor faltering.

BRUCE WONG:
I know. Your brother isn't the only
one who's been taken. Word gets
around Ben.

(MORE)

BRUCE WONG: (cont'd)

(Beat)

Strange that the man in charge,
calls himself Hopkins, especially
with the names history.

BEN JAMES:

They were correctional facilities?
Right? As much as I want my brother
back he's being looked after, just
like you were.

Bruce scoffs.

BEN JAMES (CONT'D):

You were saved from your countries
collapse. From war!

BRUCE WONG:

And thrust straight into a new one.

Bruce points at the photo.

Ben's face falls white and panic takes him, thoughts of what
may be happening to his Brother swelling.

BRUCE WONG (CONT'D):

And forced to do the same to
others.

(beat)

First your parents and now your
brother.

BEN JAMES:

I need to find him Bruce.

Examining the photos around the room: pictures of friends
long gone, soldiers spent and the poor citizens of Port
Street, Bruce makes his choice.

BRUCE WONG:

I can help you. Just tell me what
you know.

Ben hesitates.

BEN JAMES:

If they find out.

BRUCE WONG:

I won't tell them a thing.

Taking a moment, Ben makes his decision.

BEN JAMES:

It was supposed to be Tutors,
individuals assigned to people in
need to help better their place in
(MORE)

BEN JAMES: (cont'd)
 society. A person, or -
 (beat)
 A child, would be taken to their
 Tutors during work or school hours
 to be bettered. But another kid
 came back pretending to be my
 brother and now Hopkins' and
 Elizabeth ransom my real brother to
 keep me in check. It's the same
 thing isn't it? It's happening
 again?

BRUCE WONG:
 At school?

BEN JAMES:
 What?

BRUCE WONG:
 Was Will taken at school?

BEN JAMES:
 He left in the morning and never
 came back.

BRUCE WONG:
 I'll look into it.

BEN JAMES:
 What do you mean?

BRUCE WONG:
 Tomorrow morning. I'll have Marion
 go to the school, she owes me for
 letting her stay.

Marion? Ben had no idea what to believe anymore, was she really a terrorist? Was Bruce actually leading some kind of refugee movement?

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS, HOPKINS' OFFICE - SAME

Hopkins sits rearing towards the centre of his desk. The room is dark and cold, etched in rock like the many others in the catacombs.

A receiver, next to his resting fedora, plays through a speaker.

BEN JAMES(V.O):
 I'm not sure Marion is the right-

BRUCE WONG(V.O):
 Ah ah, no more. I'll have news for
 you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM, BRUCE'S ROOM - SAME

Bruce offers his hand for a handshake.

After a moment, Ben accepts.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben lays down in bed and turns his light off.

This time the world outside his room is silent.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, BEN'S ROOM - MORNING

Woken by his phone, Ben wakes to see a message: 'J, meeting, midday, Elizabeth's Office.'

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ben rushes down stairs doing his tie to find Samuel and Replacement Will, who is already dressed and ready for school, waiting.

SAMUEL JAMES:

He's not the man you think he is
Ben.

Ben looks at Replacement Will, ignoring Samuel, and sees an opportunity.

BEN JAMES:

Ready for school?

REPLACEMENT WILL:

Yep.

SAMUEL JAMES:

I can't believe you would go
against us like this? That man is a
con artist, and now an alleged
terrorist!

Ben walks past Samuel and Replacement Will and heads for the door.

He opens the door, ash sweeps in and clings to Ben's clothes.

BEN JAMES:

C'mon then.

Samuel stands alone for a moment, before bursting from place and grabbing his coat and hat and leaving.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TEA ROOM, WARD STREET

A fist pounds on the front door to The Tea Room.

No reply.

Again, the fist pounds.

Bruce opens the door to see Samuel.

SAMUEL JAMES:
We need to talk Bruce.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM - SAME

Bruce and Samuel, sit at a table with cups of tea.

The Tea Room is empty, not yet open.

Bruce is cautious, anticipating the conversation to come.

SAMUEL JAMES:
You need to stop pouring your
poison in Ben's ear.

BRUCE WONG:
Who am I to deny a friend a
conversation. If Ben wants to talk
I'll always oblige.

SAMUEL JAMES:
Right, just like you did for me?

BRUCE WONG:
I tried.

Samuel fumes, shaking his head in disbelief.

SAMUEL JAMES:
I stuck my head on the line for you
all those years ago. Had the other
british soldiers jeering at me, but
no I thought nothing of it. I
thought: what makes this man any
different from the rest of us? Good
fighter, good head on him, what
just because he's not from Britain
we should put him below us? No, not
me.

Samuel scoffs.

BRUCE WONG:

I'm forever grateful for your
friendship Samuel.

SAMUEL JAMES:

Right so is that why, after we lost
our little war and London was
segregated, that you squandered
off with my milliary grant and
brought this wreck of a cafe.

BRUCE WONG:

They were going to send me away!
How many times, if I hadn't used
your money I wouldn't have had
proof of accommodation, I needed
the money. I have tried to make up
for it, but you stopped taking my
installments from this place.

SAMUEL JAMES:

We lost the war, my son was taken
away and you stabbed me in the
back, I don't want your pity money.

(beat)

Stay away from Ben, or I'll have
the authorities intervene.

Samuel gulps the rest of his tea and erupts from his seat,
leaving The Tea Room.

BRUCE WONG:

I have a feeling they'll be doing
that anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL - LATER

Ben and Replacement Will walk towards the front entrance,
which is elevated to avoid any ash or debris from the
polluted air from resting on school grounds.

The two kick their shoes and dust themselves off before
entering.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL, ENTRANCEWAY - SAME

Ben and Replacement Will, join the usual rif-raff of parents
and children.

This time however, Ben spots Marion with two of her
CONTEMPORARIES, from The Tea Room making their way across
the hall and Hopkins who talks to Principle Meadows.

Distracted, Ben turns to say goodbye to Replacement Will,
but he has wandered off to his classroom, as per his

schedule.

With darting eyes, Ben's heart and brain pounds: had he been found out? Had Bruce been found out?

HOPKINS:

Mr. James.

Ben's attention streamlines as he turns to see Hopkins and Principle Meadows approach him.

BEN JAMES:

Hopkins. Didn't expect to see you here.

HOPKINS:

Routine checks.

PRINCIPAL MEADOWS:

Oh yes, the tutoring schemes are marvellous, I can't thank the two of you enough. The new students exceed all expectations.

HOPKINS:

No thanks needed.

Hopkins and Ben glare at one another.

HOPKINS:

Have a good day Mrs Meadows.

Principle Meadows paces away down the corridor which is void of running or otherwise misbehaving children.

HOPKINS(CONT'D):

You've seen them yes.

BEN JAMES:

Seen who.

HOPKINS:

The delinquents from The Tea Room, they're here.

BEN JAMES:

No no, I haven't. Is there trouble?

HOPKINS:

Unequivocally.

Hopkins checks his watch and saunters past Ben, signalling two OFFICERS near the door as he does so.

The uniformed Officers follow after Marion's group, one holding a gun.

Ben rushes outside after Hopkins.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE CHAPEL PRIMARY SCHOOL

Hopkins saunters away in the distance.

BEN JAMES:

Wait?! Wait?!

Hopkins swivels on his heel to face Ben.

Behind Ben, a large detonation expels him through the ashen air and he lands at Hopkins' feet.

Dazed and confused, Ben turns to see smoke pouring out of the school and a fire raging at its centre.

A bomb.

Faint screams can be heard as Ben struggles to stand.

Ben attempts to run back in but Hopkins grabs him by the arm.

HOPKINS:

Don't be stupid boy leave it to the professionals.

Stood powerless, Hopkins' surviving Officers start to emerge from the wreckage carrying the children they could save.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Ben, Samuel and Jeremy stand around an opened body bag as a DOCTOR presents the corpse.

Samuel is broken, crying his heart out.

Ben is numb, ignoring the words spoken around him.

Jeremy pats Ben's back.

JEREMY:

Ben?

Ben snaps into the conversation.

BEN JAMES:

It's him.

The corpse in the grey bag is Replacement Will with bloodshot eyes and a bloodied nose. Cause of death: head trauma.

There is dried blood on the boys face.

Samuel wails.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ELIZABETH'S OFFICE
 Elizabeth, Hopkins, Jeremy and Ben sit at Elizabeth's desk.
 Elizabeth one side and Ben and Jeremy on the other.

Hopkins to the desks side.

The windows behind the four have not been activated, the
 ashen winds are visible through the glass.

They sit in a brief moment of silence.

ELIZABETH READ:

Ben, I-

BEN JAMES(IN):

It's fine.

JEREMY:

If you need to-

Ben glances at Jeremy, eyes burning.

ELIZABETH READ:

I can't believe this happened. How
 did this happen? Was it
 retaliation, revenge?

JEREMY:

We only have evidence of food theft
 and broken into containers. We
 assumed Bruce and the other Port
 Street residents may be involved.

ELIZABETH READ:

They have no motive! No reason to
 go after the schools!

HOPKINS:

They do now.

All of their attention, other than Ben's, is drawn to
 Hopkins.

JEREMY:

What do you mean?

Hopkins turns to Ben.

HOPKINS:

I'll let him answer that.

BEN JAMES(CALM):
I told Bruce about the Tutoring
Curriculum and how it had
been...changed.

Jeremy rears in his chair.

JEREMY:
We were investigating him! I told
you to keep your head down!

BEN JAMES(CALM):
I asked him to look into Hopkins,
but not just you, the name. He told
me about a past policy used to
better people. I thought he could
help me find Will, so I told him
about the schools involvement.

HOPKINS:
Yes. Luckily I was investigating
you. I overheard Bruce and Ben and
was able to put my Officers at the
school on standby. I underestimated
how far Bruce and his followers
were willing to go.

Elizabeth rests her face in her hands, sighs and addresses
Ben.

ELIZABETH READ:
You know I can't tell you where
Will is, If we told parents or
family that, they would interfere
and the whole policy is void.

HOPKINS:
No contact beyond the assigned
Tutor.

Jeremy grimaces.

ELIZABETH READ:
But you can trust us Ben, not
Bruce. Bruce is warped from years
of hate.

BEN JAMES(UNDER HIS BREATH):
I know now.

HOPKINS:
The residents of Port Street need
to know their place in London.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEA ROOM, BACK ROOM - SAME

Hatch open, Bruce is helping patch up Marion who was slightly injured from the explosion.

Behind, other Port Street residents climb in and out of the hatch in the floor, preparing banners and political propaganda. 'The Tea Room Party'.

HOPKINS(V.O):

If they are not contained. They will spread like a plague.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT STREET, CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME

Port Street is filthy, houses are stacked and cramped in the street and thick black smoke rolls with the air.

Behind a nearby convenience store, a television news report plays from a T.V displayed in the stores front glass.

The headline reads: 'Breaking News: The Tea Room - Hub of Anti-State Violence'

Crowds begin to gather around the glass as the citizens of Port Street take note of the news.

HOPKINS(V.O):

And we will lose control.

Excitement fills the crowd as a picture of Bruce Wong as prime suspect is shown.

JEREMY(V.O):

What will we do? Arrest? Transport? Replace?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ELIZABETH'S OFFICE - SAME

HOPKINS:

Measures have already been taken.

Elizabeth pushes forward a binder that simply states 'The Tea Room' the P.M's signature has already been applied.

ELIZABETH READ:

Damage control, the election comes first.

Elizabeth looks at Ben.

ELIZABETH READ:

We have to believe we are the ones who can heal this wound. Bruce must be made an example of.

BEN JAMES:

What about me?

Hopkins sighs.

HOPKINS:

I hate to say it, but you are of somewhat importance now. You have Bruce, an enemy of the state's, trust. You will help us handle the situation, and then once all is over, your fate will be decided.

Elizabeth chips in.

ELIZABETH READ:

But, there is more than enough time for you to make up for your mistakes.

Ben is silent.

HOPKINS:

Could I be so rude as to ask for a moment alone with Mr James?

ELIZABETH READ:

Of course.

Elizabeth stands. Jeremy's unease increases, but after hesitating he follows Elizabeth out of her office, but not before patting Ben on the back.

There is a moment of silence between Hopkins and Ben before-

HOPKINS:

I feel like we got off on the wrong foot. With me taking over your operation.

BEN JAMES:

You could say that.

HOPKINS:

But I feel it is evidently clear that, that was the right choice.

Ben can't disagree.

HOPKINS(CONT'D):

Just know, that if you attempt to interfere, snoop or so much as think against our Government again,
(MORE)

HOPKINS(CONT'D): (cont'd)
 they'll be worse consequences than
 a school full of replacements
 blowing up.

Locking eyes with Hopkins, Ben remains calm, showing even a hint of understanding towards Hopkins.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS, THAMES HQ - SAME

Will sits looking through books crossing out sentences and re-writing them with provided notes.

John bleaches a newly carved office cell.

Mary is sat starring beyond the wall of glass and water.

HOPKINS(V.O):
 Your brother is doing work that is
 not only in your families interest.

Will looks up beyond the glass, and the rising water.

He clutches his sharpened rock, now a weapon, in his hand and looks back at Mary, John and then the lone Officer, before returning to look at the water.

We see beyond the glass, rising to the waters surface.

HOPKINS(V.O):
 But in our entire countries.

We see The House of Commons, Big Ben in the distance, the sky is smog ridden, searchlights cut through the smoke.

The children are below The Thames.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE CHAPEL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ELIZABETH'S OFFICE

HOPKINS(CONT'D):
 And we must protect their and our
 interest.

Ben places his hand on 'The Tea Room' binder and leans closer to Hopkins, eyes narrow and intense.

BEN JAMES:
 Where do we start?

END