

Second Draft.

"Trust Town"

by

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A Twenty Minute Script for AudioVisualWelding.

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FADE IN:

ARCTIC ICEBERGS. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY.

Tall, impossibly white towers of ice float majestically in a translucent green sea. Silent and ominous.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

Civilization is a thin crust of ice.

Image of ice-cracking, the ice-shelf splitting from the main.

The image of the icebergs is shown in negative. They now look black and menacing.

EXT. A LARGE BODY OF WATER. DAY.

THE TRAVELLER (42) stands on the water surrounded by empty blue sky. Above his head he holds an umbrella, it is old and tattered, the faded 2012 Olympic logo is visible on the fabric. He wears a long brown leather coat.

On the lapel of the jacket is sewn a 5 mile ASA swimming badge.

He stares out over the water.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

Water Water everywhere but not enough to think. The London flood of 2008 was a great leveler.

Stock Footage. A spout of water shoots up from the icy sea, followed by a tale fin splashing down. The cry of a whale is heard.

EXT. THAMES BARRIER. DAY.

The flood gates close. A warning siren is heard.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

The barrier failed. The flood didn't care if you were businessman or tramp. We all got it.

EXT. WIND TURBINES. DAY.

Fly through of wind turbines.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

An economy of 600 Billion pounds covered under 600 Trillion gallons of ocean.

EXT. A LARGE BODY OF WATER. DAY.

The Traveller takes a handle of pebbles from his pocket and throws them into the water.

In aerial view, the pebbles make six splashes, forming interlinked circles.

These circles become the Olympic logo.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

The 2012 Olympics became
impossible. Canceled forever.
Regeneration degenerated in the
space of an afternoon.

CUT TO

Water is flowing fast into a storm drain. A screwed-up programme, the 2012 logo visible, rushes into the darkness along with the 5 mile ASA swimming badge.

CUT BACK TO

The Traveller looks straight to camera.

THE TRAVELLER

Before the flood, the worst
sharks didn't live in the water...

The sound of approaching thunder rings out.

He looks to the sky and holds out his hand from under the umbrella, checking for rain.

EXT. ARCTIC ICEBERGS. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY.

The image of the iceberg becomes a still photo and the page turns. KAREN (32) is leafing through a large book on the Arctic.

INT. LIVING ROOM. KAREN'S FLAT. DAY.

The book rests on the coffee table, a full coffee mug next to it. Across from Karen sits MARK (30) constructing a joint. The flat is run-down and uncared for.

Karen turns the page to look at a relief map of the UK.

Mark reaches across the table for a light to spark his joint and in doing so knocks over the coffee mug. It spills over the map of the UK. The southeast is "flooded" by the blue-black liquid.

CUT TO

Six ripples repeated from pebbles thrown in water forming Olympic rings.

CUT TO

The six rings become six circular toilet rolls in the same configuration viewed from above.

Four hands reach in from left to right to take an individual toilet roll.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

Why did so many perish in the flood?

EXT. CANARY WHARF. DAY.

The metallic skyline of Canary Wharf. Rich, cool, cold.

The flags of various blue-chip companies flutter in the breeze.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

Because we forgot to look out for each other. We forgot our common ground.

EXT. ARK HOUSING ESTATE OVERLOOKING EDMONTON SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY.

Four hooded youths stand on the balcony of the Ark housing estate which wraps around the central shopping centre. Each youth holds a toilet roll in their hand.

In slow motion they throw the rolls out, holding on to the first sheet. The rolls flutter outward in the breeze, like tattered flags.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

We focused only on what divided us.

EXT. COVERED WALKWAY. SOUTHBANK. LONDON. NIGHT.

A young black boy tapdances in the semi-darkness. The silence broken by the loud tapping echoing around the concrete vault.

KLUMZYTUNG (20) looks out across the Thames at St. Paul's Cathedral shining in the night.

The sound of the tapdancing increases.

CUT TO

EXT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. LONDON. NIGHT.

People in tuxedos and elegant dresses queue politely.

Various limousines and luxury cars drive-by.

CUT TO

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

A stockbroker, pin-stripped shirt and braces taps on a keyboard, the light from the computer screen reflecting numbers in his glasses. His key tapping is in time to the tap-dancing.

CUT TO

Black shiny shoes tapping on the concrete.

CUT TO

Stubby fingers with expensive signet ring tap on keyboard.

CUT BACK TO

EXT. COVERED WALKWAY. SOUTHBANK. LONDON. DAY.

Klumzytung freestyles about the increasing divide between rich and poor. How the educated middle-class know how to play the system re: Schools / Healthcare and how the disadvantaged are most in need yet least likely to access these services.

In slow motion, a child walks past holding a small coloured windmill on a stick. It catches the wind as she spins it round, skipping.

CUT TO

EXT. WIND TURBINES. DAY.

The wind turbines mimic the toy.

CUT BACK TO

EXT. COVERED WALKWAY. SOUTHBANK. LONDON. DAY.

Klumzytung pauses and stares at St. Pauls.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

All this was lost. From Holland
in the Northeast, to Cornwall in
the Southwest. All washed away
in the perfect storm.

A boy cycles on his bike. The radials of his wheels spin round in the sun.

CUT TO

EXT. WIND TURBINES. DAY.

The mighty hydro-struts of the wind turbines, turn overlaid with the bike wheels.

CUT TO

EXT. ARCTIC ICEBERGS. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY.

A giant iceberg.

CUT TO

EXT. EDMONTON SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY.

A large concrete tower-block.

Klumzytung continues his speech to camera, now walking through the shopping centre, in his hand is a small clear plastic bag filled with water in which a bright orange goldfish swims. He passes RELAN (16) a refugee from Sudan who wears a light blue T shirt and blue jeans.

Klumzytung finishes his message and hands the goldfish bag to Relan. They pause under a sign saying "Welcome to Ark Housing Estate".

The chatter of voices stops.

KLUMZYTUNG

Yo Relan, you heard about this flood coming?

Relan looks up at the towers and across at the telegraph cables from which a pair of shoes are suspended. He shakes his head.

RELAN

Maybe I can swim away in the water, like a fish.

KLUMZYTUNG

You'll be ok. You live on the Ark, don't you Noah?

Klumzytung laughs and they carry on in their separate directions.

The background chatter of noise resumes.

Relan walks past KAREN (32). She too is dressed in light blue clothing. As he passes her, her voice becomes audible from the background voices.

KAREN

(v/o)

Why am I scared all the time? Am
I going to drown? Will anyone care?

Her voice returns to the mass.

Karen walks past a bench on which DEREK (70) is sat,
cradling a can of super-strength lager. He reads a newspaper.

DEREK

(v/o)

Talk to me. Someone. Anyone.
Christ I'm lonely. This isn't my
town anymore. This isn't what we
fought for.

His voice returns to the chatter.

Relan walks down a flight of stairs. On the opposite
escalators GLORIA (43) carries heavy shopping bags. She
wears a bright blue shawl. She walks past a flower stand
and pauses to smell a big bouquet, tapping her pocket.

From Gloria POV the flowers are out of focus. She strains
her eyes. No better, they remain blurred.

Looking up she sees a well-dressed business woman talking
on a mobile and holding an even bigger bouquet.

GLORIA

(v/o)

Oh lord forgive me. I try to fit
in but some people have so much.
Let this flood make us more equal.

Her voice returns to the chatter as she walks past MARK
(30) who wears black trousers and a dirty brown top. He
barges past Gloria shaking his left fist in front of him,
jangling loose coins.

MARK

(v/o)

Fuck the flood. Fuck everything.

His voice returns to the general background voices. He
turns a corner as Relan reappears coming the other way.

Relan stops. The chatter of voices stops. Silence. A look
of genuine fear spreads across his face.

In the shelter of the covered walkway, four hooded youths
are passing a joint to each other. In their back-pockets
the toilet rolls are still visible. On seeing Relan they
fold their arms in a gansta pose.

EXT. A ROAD APPROACHING HACKNEY RESERVOIR. DAY.

Blue sky is moving from left to right. The sound of trolley wheels on concrete. The top of a building flashes past, followed by tree branches, then blue sky again.

Relan is on his back in a shopping trolley being pushed by the four youths. He has been encased in the toilet rolls and looks like an Andrex-mummy. He clutches his goldfish to his chest.

YOUTH 1

You looked like you was gonna
shit yourself so...

He throws the empty roll at Relan's head.

YOUTH 3

Come on you prick. You're doing
it, yeah?

Relan looks scared but shakes his head.

YOUTH 2 slaps Relan hard across the cheek.

YOUTH 2

Bitch. Clot.

YOUTH 3 has got out his mobile and begins to film the procession.

YOUTH 3

Yo blud, do that again.

Youth 2 slaps Relan again. The image is captured on the jerky mobile.

YOUTH 1

(to Relan)

It's easy, boy. Hold some tings
for us for few days, yeah? Come
on bruv.

Relan doesn't answer.

The trolley is approaching the reservoir edge.

YOUTH 2

Do it, do it. Brak'im up.

The youths let go the trolley and it splashes into the lake. Relan is upended into the water.

Youth 1 goes to the water's edge. The mirky water splashes his trainer. He kisses his teeth, reaches down and takes the goldfish bag from the soaking Relan.

YOUTH 1

Yo check this out. Let's post it
to fish-nutter.

Relan watches them disappear then looks back at the rippling water. He is mesmerized by the sun dappling off the surface.

EXT. ARCTIC ICEBERGS. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY.

Whale song is heard. A spout of water erupts from the water.

EXT. COVERED WALKWAY. SOUTHBANK. LONDON. DAY.

A passer-by points out into the Thames.

The sound of whale song echoes around the concrete covered walkway.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE KAREN'S FLAT. DAY.

The four youths are giggling excitedly. They open the letterbox and push the goldfish through.

INT. HALLWAY. KAREN'S FLAT. DAY.

The goldfish flaps on the brown doormat. Laughter can be heard outside the door.

YOUTH 2

(off screen)

Hey fish-nutter. Psy-cod. Special
delivery, bitch.

Karen appears in the hall, she looks too scared to come any closer. But on seeing the fish she runs to it.

She cradles the fish in her hand. It is clearly dead.

She starts to hyperventilate.

INT. LIVING ROOM. KAREN'S FLAT. DAY.

MARK perches on the edge of a dirty sofa. On the coffee-table a large hardback cover of "Moby Dick" is visible: "Captain Ahab" in brown and black clothing harpooning the large blue whale.

Mark is rolls another joint, happy to ignore the distressed Karen.

She shows him the fish. He pushes it away.

MARK

Get that fucking thing out of my
face.

Karen is becoming agitated, she looks at the lifeless fish in her hand.

KAREN

The same thing's gonna happen to that poor sperm-whale trapped in the Thames. I just now it.

Mark bursts out laughing.

MARK

Spunk-whale?

She looks around the mess of the flat and pulls out a newspaper from under the Moby Dick book.

She taps the front page of the newspaper inches from his face.

KAREN

Look. Trapped by the flood-tide. We've got to help save it.

MARK

Save yourself first, Supergirl. I don't give a fuck about no spunk fish.

KAREN

It's not a fish it's a mammal. Like this.

She lifts up the back of her T-shirt to reveal a small tattoo of a dolphin on her lower back.

KAREN

Come on Mark please.

Mark offers her the joint.

MARK

Chill out, will ya. Here, have some more of this.

She takes the joint and pauses.

KAREN

I shouldn't you know. Not when I'm in a manic phase. It doesn't really help...

He watches her hold the smoke in her lungs.

MARK

Forget the fish. Help me instead, yeah? Remember?

Karen is maniacally moving around the flat, moving things and playing with her hair.

KAREN

And you'll pay me back?

MARK

Of course. We're mates aren't we?

Karen takes another drag of the joint and shifts uncomfortably.

INT. KITCHEN. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

A tap drips. The drops of water hit the foamy washing up liquid, slowly, monotonously, endlessly.

A radio is on in the background playing BBC World Service, Gloria listens to the words and tries to repeat them.

She looks down at the water. With her blurry bad eyesight from her POV the foamy water is like icebergs.

CUT TO

Aerial view of icebergs. A whale splashes its tail in the green icy wash.

CUT BACK TO

Out of focus, the foam is broken by a small fin, Gloria reaches in and pulls it out, revealing it to be a fork.

She looks out of the window. Straight in front of her is the blurred image of a snow-capped mountain surrounded by green trees. She breathes in deeply.

Derek appears in the window, all smiles.

DEREK

Gloria.

Gloria is pleased to see him. She opens the side door.

She takes a letter from a pile under a dolphin paperweight, looking at it before handing it to him.

Seen from her POV the words are all out of focus.

GLORIA.

I don't see, You help? Free
English lesson? From Government?

Derek takes out his glasses and reads.

The heading of the letter is visible.

"Asylum seekers English classes available. Please call this number to arrange free enrollment".

Derek screws up the letter.

DEREK

No. Don't worry about that. I teach you English don't I? Do you have that money for the Radio licence?

She pulls her purse from the side draw and takes out £10.

Derek takes it and leaves just as Relan comes in through the door, wet through.

Gloria shakes her head and hands him a letter from under the dolphin paperweight.

Relan opens it and smiles.

The letter has a picture of the 5 mile ASA swimming badge as worn by The Traveller. Beneath the image are the words "Pass. Congratulations".

RELAN

Yes! I did it! Have you got £8 for the badge mum?

Gloria opens her purse and shows him the empty space.

GLORIA

I'm sorry Relan, but so good you pass.

From his pocket Relan gives Gloria a glasses case.

RELAN

Your glasses were ready. Look.

Gloria takes the case but doesn't open it. She puts it on the sideboard and closes her eyes.

EXT. A FOREST. DAY.

Sunlight streaks through green trees. The sound of water babbling in a stream.

Gloria has sun on her face. She smiles.

The tableau of trees freezes and blurs.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

The tableau is a picture hanging on the wall of Gloria's kitchen. She stares blearily at the picture.

INT. DEREK'S BEDSIT. DAY.

Derek sits alone on an old arm chair. Crushing silence.

The sound of the letter box knocking.

Derek's face lights up.

He goes to the door, and looks disappointed it is only a letter. He reads the cover: Winning lottery notification.

CUT TO

The boy's tap-dancing echoes under the covered walkway.

CUT BACK TO

The sound of the tap-dancing continues.

Before Derek has a chance to open the letter another shoots through the letterbox. This time the cover reads "Scam" in big read letters.

Another comes through, then another, faster and faster. Each saying Junk Scam.

The sound of the tap-dancing crescendos.

The flow of letters abruptly stops as does the sound. Derek is once again left in crushing silence.

He looks around him. The walls close in.

He picks up his jacket and newspaper before exiting the room.

EXT. A BENCH. EDMONTON SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY.

Derek is sitting on the bench with a can of lager. Relan approaches in a funk. He sees Derek and sits down.

Derek offers him the can.

Relan, disinterested, kicks at a piece of gum stuck to the floor.

DEREK

Worried about the flood?

Relan shows him the letter.

Derek looks at the picture of the shiny badge.

DEREK

A swimmer? I used to be a swimmer.

The Traveller walks nonchalantly behind the bench. The swimming badge sewn on his brown leather coat just visible.

A council worker is hosing down a concrete alleyway in front of them. Derek looks at the can of lager.

DEREK

But that was a long time ago.

RELAN

I got no pounds for the badge.

The hose splutters around.

Another man is washing his car. He pours the dirty water from the bucket.

The four youths who attacked Relan are wheeling round on their bikes. One is pouring water from a bottle onto the floor as he moves in a circle.

RELAN

Where we came from, water is money. Here...just so much waste!

Further down the street, near a traffic light, a water main has burst.

CUT TO

The hose continues to spray water upwards in slow motion.

CUT TO

The blow-hole from a whale shoots water into the air.

CUT TO

EXT. THAMES BARRIER. DAY.

The warning siren sounds.

CUT TO

Grey sky. Clouds are gathering.

CUT BACK TO

Derek crunches his empty can.

DEREK

I hope the flood comes. I hope it washes away the scum. When I was your age I was fighting for my country. Ha! MY country? What a joke. Look what they've done to it. Where did it go?

RELAN

You don't like England?

Derek looks at the decaying buildings and Polish signed shops. He shakes his head.

DEREK
England doesn't like me son. Not anymore.

He unfolds his newspaper. A picture of the whale stranded in the Thames.

DEREK
Fancy a spot of whale-watching?

Relan shrugs his shoulders.

DEREK
Look, I can pay for your badge...
But you've got to do something
for me? Deal?

Relan looks at him long and hard.

DEREK
We all want things we can't have.
And let's just say, you can
borrow some things that I can't
have.

Relan shakes his head.

RELAN
I worked for this badge. I
trained really hard. I don't want
it bought with trouble.

DEREK
You've got a lot to learn about
the world son. Do you want the
fucking badge or not?

INT. KITCHEN. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

Gloria is fiddling with the washing machine. It won't work. She pushes buttons. Nothing.

She looks out of the window and sees the mountain view again, this seems to calm her. To her right she watches a balloon float over the estate.

A child's crying is heard.

People are moving about their business in the main precinct below.

Whale song echoes around the precinct, merging with the child's crying. She follows the balloon as it begins its decent.

CUT TO

Icebergs loom out of the water, touching the sky.

CUT BACK TO

Grey towerblocks pierce the grey afternoon.

The Traveller stands frozen in the centre of the busy estate. People walk past him at double-speed.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

With the flood came predators.
Sharks of all shapes.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE PRECINCT. DAY.

RON BREK (45), wearing black trousers and open-neck brown shirt, strides through the precinct. The balloon floats past his line of vision. He chases after it and stamps it under his boot.

He pauses in front of a bookshop. In the window is visible the cover of "Moby Dick". Captain Ahab in brown and red sticking a harpoon into the whale.

Ron takes out a small pocket book from inside his jacket and opens it. He turns a page, takes in his surroundings and carries on walking.

Mark and Karen walk in the opposite direction towards the shops.

Mark walks slightly ahead of her and turning a corner sees the four youths who tormented Relan.

He pauses and turns to Karen before she has seen them.

MARK

Borrow us a score love. I've just gotta...

Karen gives him a twenty pound note.

MARK

Ta. Meet you outside blockbuster in an hour.

She continues her walk, noticing the youths too late.

They taunt her as she walks past. She begins to hyperventilate and visibly tries to hold it together.

INT. KITCHEN. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

The blurry out of focus mountain view. A snow-capped mountain surrounded by fresh green pine trees.

Gloria continues to stare out of the window breathing deeply.
A knock on the door brings her sharply out of reverie.

INT. HALLWAY. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

As she approaches the door the knock is repeated. Ron's voice is heard on the other side.

RON
(off screen)
Come on love. I've seen you in
the kitchen.

Gloria opens the door. Ron is silhouetted against the sky.

CUT TO

Large dark iceberg in negative. Two smaller icebergs bob in the water.

CUT TO

Two ice cubes bob in a glass of beer.

INT. KITCHEN. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

Gloria hands him the glass, her nerves making the ice chink against the sides.

Ron holds the glass to the window, watching the ice in the beer.

RON
Jeez, you have a lot to learn
about English ways love.

He takes a sip.

Gloria points at the washing machine.

GLORIA
No work.

RON
And neither do you, but I still
need this week's loan installment.

Gloria shows him her purse. There is nothing inside.

INT. THE ROULETTE MACHINE. LADBROKES BETTING SHOP. DAY.

Mark feeds a twenty pound note into the machine and selects a row of single numbers.

The wheel spins and the number five comes in.

The screen shows he has won £40. He punches the air.

On his left is a row of betting slips, coupons and a stack of red "Gamble Aware - Get Help" leaflets.

As Mark bets again, a man comes up and takes one of the red leaflets.

Mark looks at him and gives a snort of contempt.

He spins the wheel again.

CUT TO

EXT. WIND TURBINES. DAY.

The wind turbines spin in slow motion.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

All of this will fade away.
Remembered only as a memory.

CUT BACK TO

INT. THE ROULETTE MACHINE. LADBROKES BETTING SHOP. DAY.

Mark continues to bet.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

Our individual small losses and
smaller wins seemed so
insignificant in the face of our
great communal loss.

Mark looks in his empty wallet.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO STORE. DAY.

Karen looks at her watch and walks off.

INT. THE ROULETTE MACHINE. LADBROKES BETTING SHOP. DAY.

Mark is sweating and seems angry. He punches the "spin" button one last time.

CUT TO

Karen stands in the middle of the precinct. The shop windows spin round, mimicking the movement of the wheel.

CUT BACK TO

The Roulette wheel stops spinning. Mark's credit is zero.

He hits the machine and storms out the shop.

INT. KITCHEN. RELAN AND GLORIA'S FLAT. DAY.

Gloria looks out of the window in side profile. As she turns, her full face becomes visible. She has a bruise over her left eye.

She stares out of the window. She is looking at the blurred mountain view.

Remembering her new glasses, she goes to the dresser and puts them on.

She lifts the glasses slowly to the mountain view.

The image comes into sharp focus to be revealed as a dirty green kebab sign covered in pigeon shit.

She begins to cry.

EXT. OUTSIDE LADBROKES BETTING SHOP. DAY.

Karen waits for Mark.

He brushes past her with a murderous look.

KAREN
(shaking)
I got the loan.

He pauses.

KAREN
Did I do good? Can we go and see
the whale now?

Mark laughs cruelly.

MARK
Fuck the fish...

Karen runs.

She moves in profile along the metal fence-posts. She looks trapped behind endless prison bars.

As she runs, the Thames Barrier warning siren is heard again mixed with the Whale cry. They jar together.

THE TRAVELLER
(v/o)
Here comes the flood.

EXT. THAMES BARRIER. DAY.

Stock footage of the barrier being raised.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS. EDMONTON STREET. DUSK.

Karen stops her run and catches her breath against a set of traffic lights.

The light is on red. As it changes to green the inside of the light seems filled with water, reflecting a green hue.

EXT. COVERED WALKWAY. SOUTHBANK. LONDON. DUSK.

A group of people are milling around in the misty late afternoon, trying to catch a glimpse of the whale. Nothing can be seen.

Derek walks towards Relan who is leaning over the balcony, looking into the water.

Skateboarders streak either side of Derek, fast. He looks scared.

Relan picks up a few pebbles and tries to make them skim the water.

Each pebble that lands creates a ripple moving outwards in the evening sun.

Fabric shoes approach silently on the concrete. Each footfall is in time with the splashing sound of the pebbles hitting the water.

Karen, walking alone, approaches the balcony.

She stands next to Relan. Together they scan the water for a sight of the whale but nothing can be seen.

The Traveller appears over their shoulder and Karen instinctively turns to him.

KAREN

Will it be OK?

The Traveller stares out at the early evening traffic crawling across the embankment on the other side of the river.

Relan notices the swimming badge on his lapel then follows his gaze.

THE TRAVELLER

Sink or Swim?

He turns and walks through the crowd of skateboarders and whale-watchers.

THE TRAVELLER

(v/o)

It's your choice.

Karen and Relan freeze mid-movement. Around them everyone else moves at double speed.

Klumzytung freestyles a reprise about trust and subtle abuse. As he talks he touches the shoulder of people in the crowd: they too suddenly freeze mid-pose, whilst around them the world continues, relentlessly, double-speed.

FADE OUT.