

TRAINED

'A Fresh Start'

Written by

David William Bryan

SPLAT! A large dollop of pigeon poo lands on PRESTON TORRENCE's (23) crumpled TFL jumper.

He looks up, catching an inconsequential glimpse of the winged culprit as it disappears into the ominous darkness of a nearby tube tunnel.

Unfazed by the incident, he picks up the intercom...

PRESTON
(over the PA system)
Good morning London. You'll be
pleased to know that there is
currently a good service on all
Underground lines...

He yawns into the intercom. Commuters look around, confused by the sound.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Except for *minor* delays on the
Picadilly line, Northern line, and
District line... And *severe* delays
on the Overground, Central line and
Jubilee line... *Oh*, and there's
another strike on Tuesday. And I
think there's one on Thursday
too...

Another yawn.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
But don't worry, I was on time for
work this morning. And that *never*
happens!

He plonks the intercom down. *SQUEEEAALLL!* Feedback echoes around the station.

Titles : TRAINED

PRESTON is now completely focused on playing a game on his phone.

A WOMAN (30) strides towards him, FaceTiming her mother...

WOMAN
(stressed, into the
phone)
Mamo, będę tam później. Nie martw
się...

DING! An email notification appears on screen. She glances at it...

MAIL
Commissioner Simpson
Re: Last chance!
I'll call you later.

She swipes it away. Stress levels through the roof now!

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (to her mum, still on
 FaceTime)
 Wszystko będzie dobrze.
 (distracted, to Preston)
 Where's the control room?

Unwilling to remove his hands from his game, PRESTON gestures down the nearby stairwell using his foot.

Unimpressed by his minimal effort but clearly busy, the WOMAN reluctantly follows his lazy direction, continuing her conversation in Polish...

3 **INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER.**

3

COLIN O'DONNELLY (55) is reading a divorce confirmation letter...

COLIN
 (gutted)
 Well it's official, I'm single.

CLARE CHIVERO (28) isn't paying attention. She's too busy watching the CCTV monitor intently.

CLARE
 Did you know, that if you put up a
 barrier blocking the far end of
 platform four, and close the gate
 to exit three, it creates a loop?
 So in theory, if you trap someone
 in there, they'll just be walking
 round in circles, *forever*.

COLIN
 (still moping)
 Really?

CLARE
 Do you remember that bald bloke
 that was screaming at me for the
 delays last week?

COLIN

No.

CLARE

Yea you do, he looked like Pitbull.

COLIN

Lovely breed.

CLARE

No Colin, 'Pitbull', ya know, the 2000s Latin dance-pop sensation.

COLIN

You've lost me love.

CLARE

Well I spotted him tapping in, so I ran down and moved the barrier. He's been trapped in the loop for about ten minutes now.

COLIN

You sure that's a good idea? This new manager's gonna be here any minute.

CLARE watches the CCTV monitor in delight as the BALD MAN climbs various staircases in the loop...

CLARE

(ignoring his concern)

Wow, it's like an Escher painting that's come to life.

COLIN

Who's that then?

CLARE

Escher? He was a German bloke who painted optical illusions.

COLIN

Like them 'Magic Eye' things?

CLARE

Not really.

COLIN

Mary got me one of them for Christmas in the 90s. We spent years trying to figure out what it was. Turned out it was just a crap painting.

CLARE

Right.

COLIN

Couldn't bring myself to tell her though. She was convinced it was a swan holding maracas.

A puzzled glance from CLARE.

COLIN (CONT'D)

(really sad)

God I miss her.

CLARE

(sympathetically)

Oh Colin. You'll find someone new, I promise. You just need to get back out there.

COLIN

I'm fifty-three!

CLARE

There's no age limit on Tinder my friend. You're basically guaranteed a shag on there.

COLIN

Really?

CLARE

Yep. It's actually written in the terms and conditions when you sign up.

COLIN

Is it?

CLARE

That's what I've heard.

COLIN

Is that how you met Chloe?

CLARE

No, we met in real life

COLIN

(whispering)

Don't lesbians use Tinder?

CLARE

Colin, you don't have to whisper every time you say the word lesbian.

COLIN

Sorry.

CLARE

It's like you're in some kind of sexually repressed library.

COLIN

Sorry love, I didn't mean to-

CLARE

I know you didn't. And yes we do use Tinder. And the lads use Grindr.

COLIN

Should I sign up to Grindr too?

CLARE

No Colin.

COLIN

Why not?

CLARE

I wouldn't be able to handle all the whispering.

They continue to watch the CCTV monitor...

COLIN

(re: the man in the loop)

How long are you gonna keep him in there?

CLARE

I'm giving him one minute for every second he was an arsehole, so we're almost even now.

COLIN

Well this new manager's gonna be here any minute, they won't be impressed.

CLARE

Why do we even need a new manager? I've done a great job running this place.

COLIN

I'm sure they had their reasons for not giving you the job permanently love. Don't take it personally.

CLARE
It is personal.

COLIN
There was probably just a more
suitable candidate.

CLARE
No there wasn't.

COLIN
(reassuringly)
Ya know, someone a bit more
qualified...

CLARE
(really adamant)
Trust me, there wasn't!

COLIN
(still reassuring her)
...With a few years more experience
under their belt-

CLARE
(finally blurting it
out)
I-was-the-only-applicant!

Silence. CLARE is clearly hurt and embarrassed.

COLIN
(awkward)
Oh.
(kindly)
Sorry love, I thought-

CLARE
(wound up)
I don't get it Colin! I've done a
brilliant job managing this place,
and then they bring in someone who
didn't even apply! It doesn't make
any sense!

The office radio crackles...

PRESTON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)
Attention work colleagues. We have
a code blue on platform two. I'm
going to need immediate assistance,
as I am currently incapacitated.

CLARE flicks through the different cameras on the CCTV
monitor. Zooms in on HARRIET (50), who's dress is caught
awkwardly in some jammed lift doors.

PRESTON stands near HARRIET, scoffing a bacon sandwich while playing a game on his phone. He makes an '*I'm swamped*' gesture to the camera...

CLARE
I think you should deal with this one Colin.

COLIN
(seeing Harriet)
Bloody hell.

CLARE
Yea. She's a damsel in distress alright.

COLIN
She is.

CLARE
You should swoop in and save her.

COLIN
I dunno.

CLARE
Come on, it's perfect!

COLIN
Maybe you should go. I don't think I'm ready.

CLARE
Come on! It's been months! Forget about Mary. She never appreciated you. The sooner you get back in the game, the better.

He looks at the monitor again. Thinks it over. Eventually...

COLIN
Okay. I'll do it.

CLARE
Good man!

COLIN
How do I look?

She searches for a positive...

CLARE
(kindly)
Erm... Friendly. Here...

She fixes him up a bit.

COLIN
Thanks Clare. Wish me luck.

He strides awkwardly to the door.

CLARE
(remembering)
Oh, don't forget the lubricant.

COLIN
Really? Don't you think that's a
bit forward?

CLARE
For the doors Colin. You know, to
unjam them.

COLIN
(embarrassed)
Right. Of course.

He exits.

CLARE
(shuddering to herself)
Gross.

4

INT. LIFT - MINUTES LATER.

4

HARRIET is attempting to pull the bottom of her dress out of
the lift door. PRESTON stands near her, still eating his
bacon sandwich and playing on his phone.

PRESTON
(mouth full)
Don't worry madam, we'll have you
out in no time.

HARRIET
Are you actually going to help me
or just stand there?

PRESTON
Would you be annoyed if I chose to
just stand here?

WOMAN
(obviously)
Yes!

PRESTON
Then we may have reached a
stalemate.

COLIN enters.

COLIN
I'll take it from here Preston.

PRESTON
What a relief.

He exits happily.

COLIN
What seems to be the problem Madam?

HARRIET
(neurotic, tugging
determinedly at the
dress)
My ridiculous fashion choices!
I *never* wear a dress! This is why I
shouldn't wear a dress!

COLIN
Don't worry madam, we'll have you
out in no time.

5 **INT. PLATFORM 5 - MINUTES LATER.**

5

The WOMAN storms up to PRESTON...

WOMAN
You lied to me!

PRESTON
Did I?

WOMAN
Yes, you told me the control room
was down there, but it isn't.
That's the exit. Don't you even
know the layout of your own
station?

PRESTON
Of course I do.

WOMAN
Then why did you send me down
there?

PRESTON
Well, it's Monday morning.

WOMAN
So?

PRESTON
Monday morning's are very
stressful. You see this platform
over here?

WOMAN

Yes.

PRESTON

And that platform?

WOMAN

Yes.

PRESTON

And that platform- ?

WOMAN

(impatiently)

Yes! What's your point?!

PRESTON

There's lots of platforms...

WOMAN

So?!

PRESTON

Well that means lots of *trains*.
Which means lots of *people*, which
means lots of *complaints*. I was
just trying to effectively manage
our workload.

WOMAN

But I didn't even want to make a
complaint!

PRESTON

You *looked* like you were going to
make a complaint.

WOMAN

No I didn't.

PRESTON

Yes you did - your face looked
annoyed.

WOMAN

That's just my face.

PRESTON

Oh is it?

WOMAN

Yes.

PRESTON

(contemplating)

Huh.

WOMAN
What's your name?

PRESTON
Why?

WOMAN
Because I want to know.

PRESTON
It's John.

WOMAN
John what?

PRESTON
John Train.

WOMAN
'*John Train*'? You expect me to
believe that?

PRESTON
You believed the office was down
there.

WOMAN
You're unbelievable.

PRESTON
Thank you.

WOMAN
In-a-bad-way!

PRESTON
Oh.

WOMAN
Who on earth would employ you?

PRESTON
Ron.

WOMAN
Is he here?

PRESTON
No. Got sacked for stealing a
train.

WOMAN
He stole a train?!

PRESTON

Tried to, but it's not easy. Once you get to the end of the tracks, you're options become limited. Difficult to conceal a train. Can't fault his ambition though. Loves his trains Ron. It was a crime of true passion.

WOMAN

Who's in charge then?

PRESTON

Clare's our temporary manager, but she just leaves us to it really. We're getting this new manager from Waterloo, supposed to be a bit of a career-obsessed cat-lady. But until she arrives, we can do whatever we want.

The WOMAN unzips her coat, revealing her manager's uniform. This is BONNIE NOWAK (30).

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Well that's unfortunate.

6

INT. LIFT - MINUTES LATER.

6

A sweaty COLIN gives the dress one last, ineffective yank. Shakes his head. Sucks air through his teeth, builder style...

COLIN

Yep, it's stuck alright.

HARRIET

So what do we do?

COLIN

Well, it looks like we have two options.

WOMAN

Which are?

COLIN

We can either cut round this section of your dress.

HARRIET

Absolutely not! It's brand new.

COLIN

Or...

WOMAN

Yes?

COLIN

You can take your dress off.

HARRIET

Excuse me.

COLIN

(earnestly)

Thing is, I have the lube and I'm ready to go, but I can only get into the right position once you're out the dress.

HARRIET stares at him, speechless.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

7

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MINUTES LATER.

7

CLARE is watching COLIN's progress on the CCTV monitor.

CLARE

(at the monitor)

Go on my son!

PRESTON enters with BONNIE.

PRESTON

Clare.

CLARE

(not turning round)

One second.

PRESTON

This is Bonnie...

CLARE

(transfixed on the monitor)

Hang on a minute!

PRESTON

...Our new manager.

CLARE's whole demeanor changes. She turns round slowly. Looks BONNIE up and down - *massively unimpressed!*

BONNIE

(friendly)

Nice to meet you Clare.

BONNIE holds out her hand, CLARE doesn't shake it.

CLARE
(very cold)
I've heard a lot about you.

BONNIE
Really? What did you hear?

CLARE
That you have cats.

BONNIE
Yes I do.

CLARE
How many?

BONNIE
Does it matter?

CLARE
Depends how many you have.

Awkward silence. They stare at each other. PRESTON stands between them, a bit confused by this instantaneous rivalry.

BONNIE
(moving on)
I think it's time we all had a chat. Things seem like a bit of a shambles around here.

CLARE
(defensively)
Well they're not.

BONNIE
Well they seem to be.

CLARE
Well they're not.

BONNIE
(trying to be mature)
Okay.

CLARE
(making it petty again)
Yes it is. It is okay.

BONNIE takes a deep breath. Regroups.

BONNIE
(moving on, forcing a smile)
Right, who are we missing?

PRESTON
Colin.

BONNIE
Where is he?

PRESTON
(pointing at the CCTV
monitor)
Platform two...

They all crowd round the monitor. We see HARRIET and COLIN laughing and flirting together as he hands her a set of spare workman's overalls to put on.

CLARE
(impressed surprise)
Go Colin!

PRESTON
Impressive stuff.

CLARE
What a stud!

PRESTON and CLARE fist bump. BONNIE rolls her eyes.

BONNIE
(to Preston)
Can you radio down to him for me
please John.

CLARE
Who's John?

PRESTON
(to Clare)
I told her my name was John.
(clarifying)
To avoid liability.

BONNIE
(annoyed)
What's your real name?

PRESTON
Preston.

BONNIE
And your last name?

PRESTON
Train.

BONNIE
Preston, I've had enough of this
for one day. What is it really?

PRESTON
Train.

BONNIE
Your name is '*Preston Train*', and
you work in a train station?

PRESTON
I can show you my ID if you like. A
lot of people make fun of me, and
it hurts my feelings, but it's just
part of the job I suppose.

CLARE
I find him crying sometimes.

BONNIE
Is that true?

PRESTON
Yes. Yes it is. I call it the
'*train pain*'.

A pause. BONNIE doesn't know what to believe anymore. She
looks at both of them suspiciously.

BONNIE
(unsure)
Well...

She realises she has to play this by the book just in case.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(forced procedure)
I've just never heard that name
before. I didn't mean to be
insensitive.
(reluctantly)
I apologise.

CLARE
(jumping in, smug)
Apology accepted.

PRESTON
No problem.

BONNIE takes a deep breath - patience wearing *seriously thin*
now!

BONNIE
(trying to stay
professional)
Tell you what, how about we put all
this behind us and have a fresh
start-?

'MEOW-MEOW-MEOW!' BONNIE's phone rings, her ringtone is a series of very loud cat noises.

Embarrassed, she fumbles to find her phone. CLARE and PRESTON watch her increasingly desperate attempts. Eventually she finds it. **'Commissioner Simpson'** on the call screen.

She conceals the screen.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(to Preston and Clare)
I have to take this. Lets have a team meeting at 1pm. Will you let Colin know?

CLARE shrugs - minimal cooperation.

BONNIE exits.

CLARE
(shit stirring)
So how many cats do you think she has?

PRESTON
Dunno.

CLARE
It's definitely in double figures.

PRESTON
Does it matter?

CLARE
(clutching at straws)
Yea! It's scientifically proven that you can draw a perfect line graph comparing the number of cats someone owns, to how unfit they are to manage a train station. The correlation is uncanny.

PRESTON
That's probably not true.

CLARE
Of course it is! Think about it, the more cats you have, the more poo you have to clean up. So by adding more cats you're basically saying, *'I'm not currently happy with how much of my day I'm spending holding poo, I need more poo-holding time in my life!'* No one wants a manager who spends that much time holding poo by choice.

PRESTON
You make a good point.

CLARE
Yea, she's *definitely* not
management material at all if you
ask me.

PRESTON leans toward the monitor curiously...

PRESTON
(noticing the CCTV
monitor)
Clare?

CLARE
Yeah?

PRESTON
Why is there a bald man climbing
down on to the tracks on platform
three?

Panic dawns on CLARE...

CLARE
Oh God! I forgot to let him out!

PRESTON
Who?

CLARE
Pitbull!

PRESTON
(amazed)
2000's Latin dance-pop sensation
Pitbull?

CLARE bolts out of the control room.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
(shouting after her)
Get his autograph for me!

8

OUTSIDE THE STATION - MINUTES LATER

8

BONNIE's on the phone, pacing anxiously...

BONNIE
(into the phone)
I can't do it sir, this place is a
shambles.

COMMISSIONER SIMPSON (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 You don't have a choice I'm afraid.
 After *the incident*, you're lucky
 you still have a job at all.

BONNIE
 (into the phone)
 I understand, I just-

COMMISSIONER SIMPSON (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 Six weeks! You know the deal. If
 you can turn things around down
 there, we'll think about
 reinstating you at your former
 position at Waterloo.

BONNIE
 (into the phone)
 And if I can't?

COMMISSIONER SIMPSON (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 We'll pilot the AI automation
 scheme and York Road will become
 the first non-staffed station.
 Between you and me, we've been
 looking for an excuse to get rid of
 that useless lot anyway.

BONNIE
 (into the phone)
 And what would happen to me?

An ominous silence.

COMMISSIONER SIMPSON (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 It might be time to think about a
 career change. Maybe you could try
 something new.

BONNIE
 (desperate, into the
 phone)
 Sir, I can't lose this job! my
 mother's ill! I- !

COMMISSIONER SIMPSON (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 I'm getting another call. We'll
 discuss later.

Beep-beep-beep! He hangs up.

BONNIE
(into the phone)
Hello..? Sir..?
(screaming in
frustration)
Arrrgggghhhhhh!

A baffled stare from a nearby pensioner.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(to the pensioner)
Sorry.

Head in hands, she plonks herself on the nearest minging bench. Gets a bit teary. Looks up at the almost derelict station - how did she get here?

'MEOW-MEOW-MEOW!' BONNIE's phone rings too loudly!

Another disapproving glance from the pensioner. BONNIE doesn't apologise this time.

Looks at the phone. 'MUM' calling. She wipes the tears. Pulls herself together.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(gently upbeat, into the
phone)
Cześć mamó. Wszystko w porządku?

9

INT. LIFT DOORS - MINUTES LATER.

9

COLIN has his back to HARRIET while she gets changed.

WOMAN
You can turn around now.

He turns to discover her wearing the overalls..

HARRIET
How do I look?

COLIN
Very fetching.

WOMAN
It's surprisingly comfy. Although I'm not sure about the heels with it. What do you reckon?

COLIN
(genuine)
You look beautiful.

HARRIET
 (surprised)
Oh...
 (blushing)
 Thank you.

They share a smile...

WOMAN
 Thank you for helping me. You're
 very sweet...

She waits for his name.

COLIN
Colin.

HARRIET
 I'm Harriet.

COLIN
 Nice to meet you Harriet.

They shake hands - a real connection.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 If you write down your details I'll
 post the dress to you once I get it
 out.

HARRIET
 Be honest with me Colin. Is it
 going to be covered in lube?

COLIN
 Probably. But at least it'll be in
 one piece.

HARRIET
 I'll take it.

They share a smile. She writes down her details.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 I've actually put my number on
 there too.

COLIN
 Oh. Okay.

HARRIET
 So you can ring me. If you want to.

COLIN
 (genuinely surprised)
 Really?

HARRIET
You don't have to.

COLIN
(like a nervous
teenager)
No I will. I do- I'll- Okay. Yes.

HARRIET
Great.

A blushing smile from COLIN - chuffed.

10 **INT. PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER.**

10

CLARE is standing on platform three, looking for the BALD MAN on the tracks.

CLARE
(worried, shouting)
Hello...? Pitbull...?! *Hellooooooo?!*

She gets out a torch, shines it into the tunnel..

CLARE (CONT'D)
(realising he must be in
there)
Uh-oh.

11 **INT. TOP OF THE ESCALATORS - 1PM.**

11

Only PRESTON and BONNIE have turned up for the meeting. BONNIE is getting impatient. Preston looks nervous.

BONNIE
(re: Colin, Clare)
Where are they?

PRESTON
I don't know.

BONNIE
This is unacceptable. There's going to be a lot of changes around here
Preston.

PRESTON
Is there?

BONNIE
Yes.

PRESTON
Change makes me nervous.

BONNIE
You know what makes me nervous?

PRESTON
(guessing)
The possibility of dying alone with
your cats?

BONNIE
(really unimpressed)
No... A disorganised workforce.

PRESTON
Oh.

BONNIE
And frankly, I won't stand for it.
Disciplinary action *will* be taken.

PRESTON
That's new.

BONNIE
(losing her patience)
Right, that's it!

BONNIE's had enough - time to find the others! She strides past
PRESTON towards the escalator. PRESTON jumps back nervously...

BONNIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(re: his weird reaction)
What was that?

PRESTON
What..? Nothing.

BONNIE
Why did you jump back like that?

PRESTON
(flustered)
I didn't- I mean- I just thought...

BONNIE
(a bit wound up)
What?

PRESTON
I dunno. I thought you were
gonna... ya know.

BONNIE
(frustrated)
No-what?

PRESTON

Ya know.

BONNIE

(really frustrated)

No. What?!

PRESTON finally spits it out...

PRESTON

(very sheepishly)

Push me down the escalator.

BONNIE

What? Why would I do that?!

PRESTON

Well, my cousin texted me, she
cleans at Waterloo.

BONNIE

(still not following)

Right.

PRESTON

(re: his cousin)

You know Tina? Big afro, limp, can't
keep a secret?

BONNIE

No, I don't.

PRESTON

Well she said, that her mate Sharon
said, that her angry Polish Manager
tried to murder her Assistant
Manager by pushing him down an
escalator, so they sent her here.

BONNIE

What?! That's not true!

PRESTON

Yeah, she said that because it was
an 'up' escalator, he was falling
for 45 minutes!

BONNIE

Oh come on - that's ridiculous!

PRESTON

Apparently he died twice, and
Sharon had to give him the kiss of
life.

BONNIE

That's absolute rubbish!

PRESTON

Tina was well jealous, she's
fancied him for ages.

BONNIE

(finally snapping)

He only fell down a couple of stairs
and sprained his ankle! That's-it!

PRESTON gasps. BONNIE looks worried.

PRESTON

So it is true.

BONNIE

No! It's not! It was an accident!

PRESTON

Don't worry, I totally understand.
You're not the only one with an
unquenchable thirst for blood. I've
killed more people than you could
ever imagine.

BONNIE

I don't have an 'unquenchable thirst
for blood'!

(realising what he just said)

Wait - What did you just say?!

PRESTON

Online of course. I'm not a real life
murderer like you.

BONNIE

I'm not a murderer! It was an
accident!

PRESTON

I'm a cold blooded killer on the
virtual battlefield, not here in
the station. This is just my day
job. I'm actually one of the
world's greatest COD players.

BONNIE

'COD'? Like the fish?

PRESTON

'Call of Duty.'

BONNIE
I don't understand.

PRESTON
All you need to know, is that I'm a
lethal killing machine.

BONNIE
Right.

PRESTON
(mysterious)
They call me... 'EL TORO'

He stares at her intensely for a few seconds. Maybe a Spanish
guitar twangs... Beat.

BONNIE
You're not going to tell the others
are you Preston? Not on my first day.
If things don't go well here, they'll-

She stops herself.

PRESTON
They'll what?

She thinks for a second.

BONNIE
(thinking fast)
Well...they might not give me my
job back at Waterloo. All because
of a silly accident.

PRESTON
I won't tell anyone.

BONNIE
Thank you.

Preston ponders.

PRESTON
Although, the rules on phone
usage have got pretty strict
recently. I'd appreciate you
cutting me a bit of slack, ya know,
to keep match-fit during the day.

He twiddles his fingers to show how agile they are.

BONNIE
Are you blackmailing me?

PRESTON
Yes. I suppose I am.

BONNIE sees COLIN approaching. She has no options.

BONNIE
(rushing, lowering her
voice, to Preston)
Fine. Deal. Just don't tell anyone!

They shake hands firmly.

PRESTON
Nice doing business with you.

COLIN arrives, dress in hand.

COLIN
Sorry I'm late, there was lube
everywhere.

CLARE enters, panicked.

CLARE
(frantic)
Bonnie I need to tell you something-

BONNIE
It'll have to wait Clare.

CLARE
(genuinely panicked)
No really, I need to- !

BONNIE
(ploughing on, crushing
Clare)
Right, now we finally have everyone,
I'd like to introduce myself properly.
My name is Bonnie Nowak. My previous
position was Station Manager at
Waterloo, where I won various awards
for management and customer service...

BONNIE waits for a reaction... Unsure, COLIN half-claps.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
But I decided it was time for a new
challenge. So in spite of your
notoriously appalling record and
recent shambolic management, I'm here
to revamp things at York Road...

She waits for another clap - just unimpressed faces this time.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I run a tight ship, but I'm fair.
I'd like to begin my work here by
discussing how we could improve
things moving forward. Lets start
by identifying the biggest problems
we currently face on a daily basis.
Come on, don't be shy. Let's just
dive in. Anybody? Clare puts her
hand up.

BONNIE braces herself...

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Yes Clare?

CLARE

If I *had* to pick something, I'd say
the biggest problem at the moment,
would probably be the bald man I just
lost in a tunnel.

BONNIE

(baffled)

I'm sorry?

CLARE

Well, I trapped a customer in a
loop because he was rude to me
about the delays and then-

BONNIE

You did what?!

CLARE

It was only supposed to be for a
few minutes, but then I forgot
about him. I didn't know he'd go
all action-man and try and escape
through a tunnel did I? It's not my
fault I happened to pick bloody
Bear Grylls!

BONNIE

Clare, is this a joke?

CLARE

This is 100% not a joke.

BONNIE

Right.

BONNIE snaps into action.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (decisively)
 Colin - shut down all the
 platforms. Preston - notify all
 surrounding stations. Clare - show
 me where you last saw him.

Without hesitation, BONNIE walks off with impressive purpose -
 a true leader. CLARE reluctantly follows her.

12 **INT. PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER.**

12

CLARE and BONNIE peer into the dark tunnel.

CLARE
 (pointing into the
 darkness)
 I think he went in there.

BONNIE jumps down onto the tracks - game face on, torch in
 hand.

BONNIE
 (firmly)
 Stay here.

BONNIE disappears into the tunnel. CLARE reluctantly stays
 put - pride dented.

CLARE
 (sulking)
 Whatever.

13 **INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER.**

13

COLIN sits with a cup of tea, scrubbing the dress clean.

PRESTON puts his phone down for a second - this must be
 serious.

PRESTON
 What's your secret Colin?

COLIN
 Sorry?

PRESTON
 No need to be so humble. I saw you
 in action today. very impressive
 indeed.

COLIN
 Oh, well it was tricky at first,
 but the key was to politely suggest
 she should slip out of her dress.
 (MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

After that, it only took a couple of minutes.

PRESTON

Really?

COLIN

Oh yea. I just lubed up and that was it, *bish-bash-bosh*, easy.

He slurps his tea.

PRESTON

Interesting.

COLIN

And she left happy enough, so job's a Goodun!

PRESTON

I wish I had your confidence.

COLIN

Oh don't be silly, it's just years of experience. No big deal. You'll get there one day.

PRESTON

(very sincerely)

I hope so Colin. I hope so. Truth be told, I'm still to feel the tender touch of a woman.

COLIN

(confused)

Oh.

PRESTON

At least in the real world. I receive a barrage of love from the chat when I stream Warzone.

COLIN

I don't know what that means.

PRESTON

(sincerely, with admiration)

You don't need to Colin. You don't need to.

14

INT. TUNNEL - SECONDS LATER.

14

BONNIE edges slowly through the darkness of the tunnel, her feeble torch darting around the dingy walls...

BONNIE
 (shouting into the
 darkness)
 Hello...? Hello...? Don't worry sir,
 we'll get you out soon...!
 (becoming a bit nervous)
 Hello...?

Whoosh! An ominous noise in the distance. She flinches.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (really nervous)
 Hello...? Anybody there..?

15 **INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

15

COLIN carefully places the dress inside a box, closes it and begins to write HARRIET's address on the outside.

PRESTON
 (pointing at the
 monitor)
 Look! It's Pitbull!

On the CCTV, we see the BALD MAN exit a tunnel and climb onto the platform.

COLIN grabs his radio.

16 **INT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS.**

16

CLARE peers into the entrance of the tunnel. Her radio crackles...

COLIN
 (V.O. through Clare's
 radio)
 Clare, we've found the bloke.

CLARE
 (to herself)
 Oh thank God.

COLIN (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)
 He's just climbed out onto platform
 four. Tell Bonnie not to go in
 looking for him.

CLARE
 (into her radio)
 Okay no problem.

BONNIE (O.S.)
 (faintly, from inside
 the tunnel)
 What was that?

CLARE
(shouting to Bonnie,
inside the tunnel)
Nothing! Keep going!

She smiles to herself.

17 **INT. TUNNEL - MINUTES LATER**

17

BONNIE creeps forward nervously, she's close to the source of the noise - you could cut the tension with a knife.

BONNIE
(really nervous)
Hello?

Suddenly... **WHOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!** A flock of pigeons fly at her from the darkness...

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Aaaaaarrrrrrrgggggghhhhhhhhhh!!!!

Her torch goes flying as she frantically spins around, waving her arms against the flock of panicked pigeons.

A few embarrassingly manic seconds later, the birds have gone...

She shrugs off the encounter. Regains her composure. Picks up the torch. Shines it one way, then the other - *which direction did she come from? Could this day get any worse?!*

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(at her wit's end)
Oh come on.

Unsure, she picks a direction. Takes a deep breath. Starts walking.

18 **INT. CONTROL ROOM - AN HOUR LATER.**

18

PRESTON is playing his game, COLIN is attaching a large red bow to the box containing HARRIET's dress, and CLARE is trying to think of reasons to hate BONNIE.

PRESTON
If she's dead, will they just send us another manager?

COLIN
She'll be fine, there's no trains on that track today.

PRESTON

(to Clare)

What did the bald bloke say then?

CLARE

He wasn't happy. Shouted at me for a good twenty minutes. I don't think he'll sue though, so that's a result.

COLIN

Mondays are always a challenge love, don't worry.

CLARE

I just wish the customers didn't blame us for everything all the time. I only wanted to wind him up a bit. He deserved it. I didn't delay his train. I was trying to help him!

COLIN

Don't take it so personally. They don't mean it. They're not bad people, they're just stressed.

PRESTON

I never get stressed.

CLARE

We know that.

COLIN

We're here to get them to where they're going best we can. The odd angry customer's just part of the job. If we retaliate, we just make it worse. You may not have noticed, but we're doing a really important job here. We need to keep our heads.

CLARE

(reluctantly agreeing)

Yeah... Alright.

COLIN

Look, Bonnie seems like a decent person. And she obviously knows what she's doing.

CLARE

I'm not letting her take my station Colin. If she wants a war, she's gonna get one.

COLIN

Oh come on love, when she comes back, just apologise and give her a break alright. It's hard making a fresh start. Trust me, I know.

CLARE

(stubbornly)

Apologise? For what?!

WHAM!! The door bursts open. BONNIE stands in the doorway - hair tangled, dirty, covered in pigeon poo - *livid!*

CLARE (CONT'D)

(taking in Bonnie)

Oh.

19

INT. PLATFORM - LATER THAT EVENING.

19

A freshly showered BONNIE stands on the platform, large pole in hand.

CLARE stands on the tracks looking up at BONNIE, she's wearing full cleaning gear - *gutted!*

CLARE

We have exterminators for this you know.

BONNIE

(smiling)

They're all busy.

CLARE looks into the dark tunnel nervously.

CLARE

(re: pigeons)

But what if I can't find any?

BONNIE

You'll find them.

BONNIE smiles at a seriously unimpressed CLARE.

CLARE

(hurt)

I was doing a really good job before you got here ya know. I'm a great manager.

BONNIE

Then why am *I* here?

CLARE

That's a good question... Who moves from Waterloo to York Road!

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)
Not exactly a promotion is it?! It makes no sense.

BONNIE
(caught off guard)
Well...
(thinking fast)
Sometimes, when a station is a shambles, you need to bring in someone who actually knows what they're doing.

CLARE
You're hiding something, and I'm gonna find out what it is.

BONNIE throws the large pole to CLARE, she catches it.

BONNIE
Good luck...

One last stare down before CLARE reluctantly shuffles into the darkness of the tunnel.

BONNIE walks away - *what a first day!*

She stops. Stares at the filthy 'York Road' sign on the platform. Scrubs it clean with her jacket.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I can do this.

Right on queue, we hear CLARE's pigeon-induced screams echo in the distance.

BONNIE can't help but smile to herself as she strides away confidently - time to get down to business!

20

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER.

20

COLIN sits alone, staring at the divorce letter. Eventually, he rips it up, throwing the pieces into the bin.

He takes a deep breath, picks up the phone and dials HARRIET's number.

It rings...

HARRIET (V.O.)
(through the receiver)
Hello?

End.