

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Spy Homework

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INT. CHARING CROSS UNDERGROUND STATION - RUSH HOUR

The station is filled with commuters, although seemingly chaotic they move around each other with a well rehearsed ease - like they are performing a crazy ballet.

A man in an old brown suit stands within the crowd, letting the people pass him by. GEORGE TOMLINSON, a frail looking man in his mid 70s, is far more observant than those around him. He looks about the station, taking in the necessary information: The ticket barriers, a tired looking railway worker, 1...2...3 security cameras and 4 policemen.

It is more security than he had expected but still he remains calm, nothing seems to worry him anymore.

A younger man in a flashy suit races through the crowd. JASON DRUM, an athletic, well groomed man in his late 20s is less practiced in the dance and frequently bashes into people.

Despite his chaotic appearance, he too has noticed the security.

Jason brings his headphone's microphone to his mouth as he continues through the crowd.

JASON

They're everywhere, you sure this is gonna work?

Jason brushes behind the George who simply smiles to himself.

George turns and catches the eye of an elderly lady who is also stood still, quietly watching. BARBARA, also mid 70s, returns George's gaze and gives him a subtle nod.

George brings the collar of his suit jacket to his mouth.

GEORGE

Showtime.

Jason stretches his neck, preparing himself.

He confidently approaches the railway worker at the barrier.

JASON

Alright mate, I stupidly left my oyster card at home...

George slowly walks towards a set of doors on the wall simply marked with the words NO ENTRY. He glances back at Jason who is becoming more and more animated.

JASON (cont'd)
Come on mate, I'm in a rush here...

Jason fumbles around in his pocket and pulls out a handful of notes and loose change which he offers to the flustered worker.

JASON (cont'd)
...I can pay you right now if you want

George is now watching the policemen who are in turn watching Jason's performance. Two of the officers approach Jason.

The other two officers return their attention back to the commuters - the coast is not clear yet.

George reaches the doors and bends down to tie his shoes. He looks up to see a police officer watching him, his face is cold.

Scream

The officer's attention is suddenly grabbed by Barbara who is in a heap on the floor, clutching her ankle. The two remaining policemen rush over to help her as the swarm of commuters idly passes by.

George pulls a credit card out of his sock and stands.

He pushes the card in between the two door and flicks the lock open.

The old man does a last check that he isn't being watched.

He sees Jason being dragged through the crowd by two police officers, kicking and yelling as he goes.

Barbara is slowly being helped to her feet by the other two officers - the coast is clear.

In a flash, George opens the door and darts inside. The commuters don't give him even a second glance.

EXT. CHARING CROSS STATION - DAY

Jason is thrown out of the station by an officer. As he fixes his suit, Barbara appears behind him.

They nod and separate.

Jason speaks into his microphone.

JASON

You make it?

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

George climbs down an old ladder into a dark tunnel. His only source of light is a small torch he holds between his teeth.

He reaches the final step and jumps the last little distance to the floor.

A wince appears across his face and he rubs his knee.

George takes the light from his mouth and shines it onto the wall, it illuminates an old sign:

<- ROOMS 10-60 Rooms 60-80 ->

George smiles

GEORGE

I'll see you in there.

INT. CAR - DAY

ROBERT HAYDEN sits in the backseat of his Aston Martin. He is a young man who wears a very expensive suit and watch.

He wears a stern look - frustrated.

Robert checks his Rolex.

With a sigh, he leans back and stares out of the blacked out window of his car.

Phone ring

Robert suddenly sits forward.

His DRIVER, an older gentleman, mid 60s perhaps, passes him the still ringing phone.

DRIVER
The Director, Sir.

Robert grabs the phone and quickly stabs at it with his finger. He puts the phone to his ear.

ROBERT
Good morning Director...I see...Yes,
of course...Well I'm very sorry to
hear that sir...Next week is perfect
Sir...Thank you Sir...Take car Sir.

Robert puts the phone down.

ROBERT
Bastard.

He hands the phone to his driver.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Turn around, the meeting is canceled.

EXT/INT. THE SERVICE'S MAIN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A car pulls up outside of the lavish glass exterior of the tall building.

Jason turns off the engine. He has a phone to his ear.

JASON
This man of yours?...I'll know him
when I see him?...If you say so.

Jason puts down the phone and heads inside.

The interior of the building looks like your standard office lobby; A reception desk, sofa's in the corners, men and women darting around in suits, an elderly cleaner emptying a bin. The only unusual features are the airport-like security barriers that line the back of the room and the countless security guards equipped with pistols and machine guns.

Jason looks around him for George's 'man on the inside' but comes up short.

Jason curses under his breath and goes to turn back.

He is stopped by a frail voice.

CLEANER
Excuse me sir...

Jason suddenly turns to see the old cleaner smiling at him.

CLEANER (cont'd)
I heard you needed a hand.

Slightly shocked, Jason can only manage a small laugh.

Jason and the cleaner, who is pushing a small cleaning trolley, approach the reception. Behind the desk is a young woman who smiles as Jason approaches.

JANE
Good morning Agent Drum.

JANE notices his ID badge on his suit and types at her keyboard.

JASON
Jane.

Jane notices the cleaner's ID badge.

JANE
I'm sorry sir, you don't appear to be authorized past this point.

JASON
It's alright he's with me.

JANE
That's not how it works I'm afraid.

JASON
I'll be with him the entire time, he's only popping into the office to change one of the lights.

JANE
Jason I don't know what you want me to say.

JASON
Is it really that big of an issue? He's just a cleaner.

Jane looks at the old man who smiles at her politely.

Jane sighs.

JANE
Jason I'm sorry but without the appropriate authorization there's nothing I can do.

JASON

Jane, do you remember that one time I snuck a cake in to the office for your birthday. I don't believe I had the appropriate authorization for that.

Jane laughs to herself.

JANE

I don't think this is quite comparable.

Jason capitalizes on her sudden change of tone.

JASON

I'm just asking for a tiny favour Jane. I can't think straight with that bloody light flickering on and off.

Jane takes a moment.

Jason taps his foot against the floor.

JANE

Fine (to the guard) let him in.

Jason smiles at her and mouths *Thank you*. He steps through the metal detector - clear.

The cleaner pushes his cart through - the machine turns red.

CLEANER

That'd be the lightbulbs.

The guard nods and the cleaner walks past, smiling all the way.

Jason and the cleaner make their way inside an elevator on the back wall.

The door closes and Jason smiles to himself.

JASON

I told you I could get him in.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

George undoes his shirt, revealing a cleaner's uniform underneath.

He stops what he is doing and puts a finger to his ear.

GEORGE

Cake? This whole operation hung on
the fact that you recently bought the
receptionist cake.

Jason laughs within the elevator.

JASON

You got everything?

George reaches into the front pocket of his uniform and pulls out a rusty old key and an ID badge with his face on, it is almost impressively unconvincing.

GEORGE

Good to go.

INT. CAR - DAY

Robert speaks impatiently to his driver.

ROBERT

That's the problem with old people,
they're far more prone to getting
ill. Unreliable if you ask me.

His driver makes no emotional reaction, he is used to his employer's blatant disrespect.

DRIVER

Very true sir.

Robert impatiently checks his watch again.

ROBERT

What a waste of time.

DRIVER

Only ten more minutes sir.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The professional looking hallway is deserted save for the cleaner who pushes his cart along the floor.

He reaches a handle-less door.

He stops the trolley and gently knocks on the door before continuing down the hall and out of site.

Pause

The feint sound of a key turning.

The door slowly swings open and George jumps out, dressed in an identical uniform to the cleaner who just left.

Without missing a beat, George closes the door and pushes the trolley down the hallway.

George walks past a number of agents, all of which completely ignore him, seeming more irritated that they have to move out of his way than anything else.

George eventually comes to a door titled DISABLED TOILET which he opens and rushes inside.

INT. TOILET - DAY

George locks the door and quickly throws off the dust sheet that was covering the sides of the cart.

Inside is an expensive suit and a black leather suitcase.

George throws on the suit and attaches his ID to the jacket.

He grabs the briefcase and exits the toilet.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George checks the hallway - clear. He pulls a penny from his pocket and uses it to lock the bathroom door from the outside.

George adjusts his tie and pulls out a cell phone from the briefcase.

He takes a deep breath and begins down the hallway.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

A security guard stands in front of an elevator. He is stone faced and a pistol is clearly visible on his hip.

A voice can be heard in the distance, the guard looks in the direction it is coming from as it slowly gets louder.

George suddenly barrels around the corner, aggressively yelling into his phone.

GEORGE

Yes I heard you the first time
Richard!...I told you to get it to me
by yesterday you idiot!

George waves his ID in the guard's face.

GEORGE (cont'd)

...I'm not playing around here...

Flustered, the guard presses his pass to the wall and the elevator doors open.

GEORGE (cont'd)

...Your ass is on the chopping block
you hear me?

George barges in, continuing his rant.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Stop blabbering man! I don't want an
apology, I want those bloody
documents!

The doors close and the elevator begins down.

George quickly puts the phone into his pocket, removes his ID and places it into another pocket.

He pauses for a second, composing himself.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A clock on the wall slowly ticks down the time.

Jason watches it from his desk, nervously clicking his pen.

Roughly 20 other men and women are sat at identical desks, some typing away at computers, others are engaged in phone calls and one or two are surveying the many filing cabinets dotted around the room.

At the back of the room is an elderly receptionist sat at her desk which is positioned to the side of a large metal door with the words MR HAYDEN printed across the front.

The room as a whole is an underground bunker, large metal vents are visible along the walls and ceiling and the brickwork is entirely visible and clearly aging.

Jason's focus switches from the clock to the metal elevator door at the opposite end of the room from Mr Hayden's office.

Ding

Jason immediately stops clicking his pen and gets to his feet.

The elevator doors slowly open.

Jason rushes over to them.

George steps out into the room. He is dressed the same as when he entered the elevator but something in his eyes has changed - he reeks of authority.

GEORGE

Can somebody tell me where on god's green earth is Agent Hayden.

Everybody in room stops what they are doing and looks at him, nobody says a word.

A security guard, gun in hand, slowly approaches from one side of the room.

Jason suddenly appears in front of George.

JASON

(Trying to sound convincing)

And who might be asking?

The security guard is almost upon them now.

George stares at Jason, furious.

GEORGE

His boss!

The security guard suddenly stops and backs away.

A few people in the room look shocked, others confused.

Jason does his best to act humiliated.

JASON

Mr Director, I am so sorry.

George notices everyone looking at him.

GEORGE

What are you idiots looking at?

Everyone quickly snaps back to work.

JASON

Mr Hayden's office is just this way
Sir, if you'd like to follow me.

The two men make their way through the room towards Hayden's office. The elderly receptionist, EVE, is frozen in her seat.

EVE

Mr Hayden was informed the meeting
would take place at your office.

GEORGE

Does this look like my office?

Jason gestures towards the door. Eve stands.

EVE

Of course not, my apologies sir.

Eve taps her ID to a reader by the door. The door clicks and Jason opens it.

EVE (cont'd)

I will call Mr Hayden right away and
let him know you are here.

GEORGE

No need, he's on his way now.

Eve, for the first time, takes a long look at George's face - she recognizes him but cannot decipher from where.

EVE

Right.

The two men enter the room. The door closes behind them.

Eve sits back down in her chair, quizzical.

INT. CAR - DAY

Robert watches out the window of his car as he passes by the front of The Service's main office building.

He spots Jason's car which is being towed away by a van.

ROBERT
(to himself)
Idiot.

INT. HAYDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason closes the blinds on the windows as George crosses over to a painting on the far wall which he removes to reveal a large safe.

Jason rushes over to the safe and touches his ID card to the safe and a keyboard appears underneath it.

George steps forward.

GEORGE
Code?

JASON
NG5DY8

George punches the code into the machine - the display turns red and the keyboard retracts back into the safe.

George looks to Jason who stares at the safe in horror.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

A flashy Aston Martin comes to a stop in one of the available bays.

An elderly driver exits the vehicle and makes his way round to the side door.

Robert Hayden clammers out, his face is the picture of frustration.

INT. HAYDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason paces nervously back and forth as George examines the safe.

JASON
Shit, Shit, Shit.

GEORGE
You're sure you wrote down the code correctly?

JASON
You saw the file too: NG5DY8

George nods and goes back to the safe.

JASON (cont'd)
Do we abort?

GEORGE
We're so close.

JASON
What do you suggest we do then?

George has no response.

Suddenly the door bursts open.

Jason stops pacing.

George rises, resuming his persona of The Director.

Eve rushes into the room and locks the door behind her. She swings around to confront George.

GEORGE
I knew I recognized you!

George stammers. Recognition washes over his face.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Eve? You still work here?

Eve is not here for a friendly reunion, her face is stern.

EVE
What the hell are you doing?

George searches for the right words.

Eve notices the locked safe at the back of the room.

EVE (cont'd)
Well whatever it is, it's over now.

GEORGE
Do you know how to open the safe?

EVE
Do you know how many laws you are currently breaking?

George completely drops his guard, he knows Eve is now their only chance at success.

GEORGE

Within this safe is documented evidence that The Service has developed technology which will allow them to hack into any electrical device within the country. This will allow them to view any private information, any private...

EVE

...This is ridiculous, I'm calling Mr Hayden.

Eve pulls a phone out of her pocket and begins tapping at it.

Jason and George launch at the phone.

JASON & GEORGE

No!

INT. THE SERVICE'S MAIN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dual elevator doors open and Robert Hayden steps out into the foyer.

His phone begins to ring from within his pocket.

Robert pulls the device from his pocket and answers it.

ROBERT

Hello?

INT. HAYDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

George is pleading with Eve who has the phone to her ear.

Jason is pacing again. His hands behind his head.

GEORGE

Think about it Eve. They will be able to see everything: our lives, our deepest secrets, hell they'll even be able to watch us through our cameras.

INT. THE SERVICE'S MAIN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Robert is still stood on the spot - growing in frustration.

ROBERT

Eve?

INT. HAYDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Eve is now truly listening to George - He is making progress.

EVE

Could you bear with me one second
Sir.

INT. THE SERVICE'S MAIN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Robert begins walking towards the security barriers.

ROBERT

Christ, this better be important.

INT. HAYDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE

What happened Eve? The Service you and I joined used to be just what it said on the tin. A service, a service to the people. It was our job to make sure the people felt safe, that they didn't have to worry that anyone was watching them. But what now? Everyone has lost sight of what is important, they don't care about the people anymore. I don't know about you Eve but I couldn't live with myself if I just sat by and let them get away with this.

George suddenly looks exhausted.

Jason has stopped pacing.

EVE

(into the phone)

I'm very sorry sir, it appears to have slipped my mind.

Eve hangs up the phone and crosses over to the safe.

George and Jason simply watch - relief.

Eve touches her card to the safe and the keyboard again pops out.

Eve types something and the door swings open.

EVE (cont'd)

Robert never writes his real password on documents, he doesn't trust anyone.

INT. THE SERVICE'S MAIN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Robert blankly stares at his phone, he is now on the other side of the security check.

ROBERT

That bloody generation.

He stuffs his phone into his pocket and enters the elevator.

ROBERT (cont'd)

...I swear they're after me today.

INT. HAYDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The safe is open.

Jason peers through the blinds.

George pulls a black leather briefcase out of the safe.

GEORGE

Jason!

Jason turns to George who throws him the briefcase.

Jason pulls out a handful of documents and skim reads them.

JASON

Bingo.

George finishes putting his identical briefcase into the safe and closes it.

He goes to grab the painting.

EVE

I'll get that. You need to go, now.

Jason hands George the real briefcase as he rushes to the door.

George turns back just as he is about to leave.

GEORGE

Eve, I just...

EVE

Go!

George gives Jason a glance.

JASON

Good luck sir.

GEORGE

I'll see you on the other side.

George pushes the door open and erupts out of Hayden's office.

He is suddenly The Director again.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(Calling back)

Tell Robert I'll have his head next time I see him.

George storms past the rows of desks towards the elevator.

The briefcase is gripped tight in his hand.

He notices the clock on the wall, ever ticking.

He reaches the elevator doors, nothing.

The old man looks around him for some kind of button. He begins to get frustrated.

GEORGE (cont'd)

How the hell do you open this thing?

The security guard rushes up to him

SECURITY GUARD

Let me get that for you sir.

The guard touches his ID to the wall and the elevator doors open.

George steps in.

Just as the doors close again...

GEORGE
What's wrong with a bloody button.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

George lets out a huge sigh. He loosens his tie from around his neck.

Taking a second to compose himself, he lets the confident expression return to his face.

Only his index finger desperately tapping against the briefcase gives away his true emotions.

The elevator doors swing open and George storms out.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

In his haste, George runs straight into a younger gentleman who is impatiently waiting for the elevator. He wears a very expensive suit and watch.

George drops his briefcase, the contents spill out onto the floor.

ROBERT
Bloody hell!

Robert Hayden pats down his suit as George desperately scoops up the documents.

GEORGE
I am very sorry sir.

Robert bends down and assists George in returning the files to the briefcase.

ROBERT
Watch where you're going next time.

Robert picks up the last of the documents which will inevitably see him fired from The Service and places them into the briefcase which he examines.

ROBERT (cont'd)
You know, I have a briefcase just like this.

George stands, frozen.

GEORGE
It is a fine briefcase.

Robert hands the precious case back to George.

ROBERT
Indeed.

George begins down the hallway.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Hang on.

George turns.

GEORGE
Sir?

ROBERT
I don't believe I've seen you before,
what were you doing down there?

GEORGE
No sir I don't work in your team.
(pause) I was just dropping off a cake
for Eve, it is her birthday today you
see.

Robert is utterly confused.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Oh don't worry Sir, I got the
appropriate authorization.

ROBERT
Right, Okay.

Robert, still a bit taken aback by the response heads into
the elevator.

The doors close.

George hurries down the hall.

He enters an elevator with a handful of other men and women,
expressionless.

One of the men touches his ID to the side of the elevator.

The last we see of George is a wry smile spread across his
face.

The elevator doors close.

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