

See it. Say it. Sorted.

written by

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(c)

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

A packed train of COMMUTERS.

CU: A BLACK LEATHER BRIEFCASE discarded by the automatic doors.

INFORMATION V.O

This service will terminate at  
Tottenham Hale.

(short silence)

This is a security message. If  
you see something that doesn't  
look right speak to staff, or  
text the British Transport Police  
on 60116. We'll sort it.

(short pause)

See it. Say it. Sorted.

The train pulls into the station. Everybody gets off,  
including the DRIVER who wears a high viz orange vest.

**SUPER: 15 minutes later.**

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - CONT'D

A suited MAN of colour (30's) and a casually dressed  
Caucasian WOMAN (20's) get on and take a seat opposite each  
other. They acknowledge one another with a friendly smile.

A different DRIVER walks through towards the drivers  
compartment.

WOMAN

(flustered)

Is this the train for Cambridge,  
d'you know?

MAN

I hope so, otherwise we're both  
screwed.

(chuckles)

Yeah, it is.

WOMAN

Thank God. I thought I'd missed  
it.

MAN

It leaves in one minute.

Beat.

LOUD WHISTLE before the train begins to pull out of the station.

The Man spots the Briefcase and glances questionably at the Woman.

She glances back at him, then at the Briefcase.

Their eyes synchronise for a short moment before She drops her phone into her handbag.

They gaze at one another in perplexed realisation.

WOMAN

(concerned)

Is that your briefcase?

MAN

(shakes head in  
dismay)

No. I thought it was yours,  
actually.

WOMAN

Do I really look like I would  
carry a briefcase?

MAN

No, not really.

(pauses)

I better take it.

WOMAN

It's okay, I'll get it.

He rolls his big eyes at her as they both lunge towards the Briefcase and grab the handle

MAN

It's alright. I've got it  
covered.

WOMAN

So have I.

MAN

I said I've got it covered. Now go and sit back down. I'll deal with it.

WOMAN

You go and sit down. I'll deal with it.

MAN

Well, I saw it first. You were looking at your phone.

WOMAN

I was not!

MAN

You were texting. I saw you.

WOMAN

I was not texting!

MAN

You were.

WOMAN

I was not!

MAN

(doubtfully)  
Yeah alright.

WOMAN

Let go!

MAN

I'm not letting go. I'll hand it in when I get off.

WOMAN

Well, I was going to do that as well, so let go!

MAN

No.

WOMAN

I don't trust you to hand it in.

They stop tussling and stare at one another curiously.

MAN

Are you implying I'm a thief?

WOMAN

(sheepishly)

No.

MAN

You are. You think I want to steal this briefcase.

WOMAN

I never said that.

MAN

It's what you meant though.

WOMAN

That's not what I said.

MAN

You think I'm a thief, right?

WOMAN

Well, you could be anybody for all I know. I've never seen you before.

MAN

Actually, I don't trust you, either. You look like a Chav.

WOMAN

How dare you insult me! Now bloody let go, you asshole!

They resume the tussle.

MAN

I'm not letting go of it, so you might as well go and sit down.

WOMAN

Anyway, what is a Chav?

MAN

You mean, you don't know?

WOMAN

No. I've never heard of that word. So explain.

MAN

Look it up on google.

The struggle intensifies.

WOMAN

Let-go, asshole!

MAN

Chav.

INFORMATION V.O

This service is now approaching  
Broxbourne.

(short silence)

This is a security message. If  
you see something that doesn't  
look right speak to staff, or  
text the British Transport Police  
on 60116. We'll sort it.

(short pause)

See it. Say it. Sorted.

The train pulls into the next station.

They quickly sit down next to one another. Each has a hand on  
the Briefcase.

INFORMATION V.O

We regret to announce that due to  
a body on the line at Tottenham  
Hale all services have now been  
suspended. This service will  
continue onto Cambridge Central.

LOUD WHISTLE. The doors close and the train sets off again.

They gaze at one another in wonder.

WOMAN

Oh my God! How inconsiderate.

MAN

Yeah. Terrible. Why didn't they  
just jump off a skyscraper or  
something?

WOMAN

Maybe they deliberately left the  
briefcase because they knew they  
were going to kill themselves.

MAN

Yeah. Totally inconsiderate.

(pauses)

So what do we do now?

WOMAN

I haven't got time for all this,  
to be honest. You can deal with  
it, if you like.

MAN

Nah. I think I'll just give it a  
miss.

WOMAN

OK.

MAN

Ours is the next station,  
actually.

WOMAN

That's good.

A protracted silence as the train shifts along the tracks.  
She turns to him in question.

WOMAN /

D'you think we should open it?

MAN

What for?

WOMAN

To see what's inside.

MAN

Why would you even care?

WOMAN

Just curious.

MAN

Curiosity killed the cat.

WOMAN

Let's have a peak, c'mon.

She flicks back the latch and is about to open the Briefcase.  
He stops her.

MAN

No! Wait!

WOMAN

Why?

INFORMATION V.O

This service is now approaching  
Cambridge Central.

(short silence)

This is a security message. If  
you see something that doesn't  
look right speak to staff, or  
text the British Transport Police  
on 60116. We'll sort it.

(short pause)

See it. Say it. Sorted.

The train pulls into the station.

MAN

(reflects)

See it. Say it. Sorted.

She places the Briefcase back to its original position as  
they exit the train.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

They approach a GUARD as they walk along the long platform.

WOMAN

(to Guard)

Excuse me. Somebody left a  
briefcase in carriage B. It's by  
the doors.

GUARD

Which carriage?

WOMAN

B.

They march towards the exit. The Guard lethargically  
approaches B carriage.

BOOM!!/

FADE OUT.

THE END