

TO YOU, BEATRICE

Written by

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Photograph: Paul Ellis/AFP/Getty Images

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INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER - ST. GEORGE'S HALL - DAY

A vast entranceway, with a floor of sprawling mosaic tiles depicting suns, religious imagery, warships and Celtic knots.

The room is packed with people coming and going, a riot of important business.

WOMAN

(into a mobile phone)

No, no- give him the second one. He won't notice the difference.

INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER - ST. GEORGE'S HALL - NIGHT

The same space, but emptied of all the comers and goers.

At the chamber's centre, stood just to one side of a great mosaic coat of arms is council worker BEA (late 40s, neat, in pressed cleaning overalls).

She mops the tiled floor next to a yellow bucket.

INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER - ST. GEORGE'S HALL - DAY

Full again.

Two men pace side-by-side through the scrum, one with big hands waving, making a point.

MAN

And I wasn't about to back down-
she needed to see-

Fresh bodies cut the men in two. They re-form.

MAN (CONT'D)

She just needed to see-

INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER - ST. GEORGE'S HALL - NIGHT

Still mopping, Bea spots something on the floor.

She replaces the mop in the bucket and gets down onto her knees.

There's a tiny stain on one single mosaic tile.

She reaches out to scratch it off with her nail.