

OLD WOMAN/ RICHARD

(Lights shift to the interior of a Tube train in the early morning. RICHARD stands apart from a handful of other passengers. A grimy, sharp-eyed OLD WOMAN in layers of dirty coats makes her way down the car. As she approaches RICHARD, she stumbles; RICHARD reaches out to help her catch her balance.)

Richard: You all right?

Old Woman: Yes, thank you. What a kind young man. You're not from here. Not really. Are you?

Richard: No... er, Scotland, originally. But London's home, now.

Old Woman: It's a good place, a fine city; but there's a price to be paid for all good places, and a price that all good places have to pay.

Richard: Yes, well...

Old Woman: Hold out your hand. I'll tell your fortune. (She takes his hand in hers.) You got a long way to go...

Richard: Charing Cross, actually.

Old Woman: No. The key is discovering where you're really going. It starts with doors.

Richard: Doors?

Old Woman: I'd watch out for doors if I were you.

Richard: All right... I will. Thanks.

Old Woman: You've got a good heart. Sometimes that's enough to see you safe wherever you go. Mostly it's not.