

# BLACK OPS

**Episode One**  
by  
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**WHITE Shooting Script**

**BBC STUDIOS PRODUCTIONS**  
COMEDY

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1 EXT. TOWN CENTRE - BEHIND SOME SHOPS - DAY 1

Police Community Support Officers, DOM and KAY, are walking down a street - handing out leaflets with the logo #STAYSTREETSMART.

KAY  
...Have a safe afternoon, sir -  
stay street smart.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
OI! STOP!

Angle on - a SECURITY GUARD running after a MAN.

DOM  
Oh shit.

KAY  
What?

DOM  
It's kicking off - let's go the  
other way.

Too late - the Security Guard tackles the man to the ground in front of Dom and Kay.

SECURITY GUARD  
Officers! Arrest him! He's a thief!

KAY  
Ah, awkward. We actually can't.

The man winds the Security Guard, and scrambles away.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, we're PCSOs - we don't have  
the power of arrest.

DOM  
Rest assured though - we will  
inform a police officer.

SECURITY GUARD  
Well he's halfway down the street  
now - I could inform a police  
officer!

DOM  
If you wouldn't mind, that'd be  
great actually.  
(hands a leaflet to a  
passerby)  
Stay street smart.

SECURITY GUARD  
Fucking useless.

KAY  
(pulling out a clipboard)  
On a scale of one to ten, sir-

DOM  
Kay.

KAY  
How would rate your experience-

DOM  
Kay, read the room.

KAY  
What? We're meant to do the survey.  
(back to his sheet)  
How would you rate your experience  
with the Met Police today?

DOM  
Kay, he's gone, mate.

Wide shot reveals the Security Guard is walking off, shaking his head.

TITLE: BLACK OPS.

KAY  
I'll put it as a seven.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 2  
Establisher shot of the station.

3 INT. POLICE STATION - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 3  
Angle on - DETECTIVE INSPECTOR CLINTON BLAIR, a senior, black police officer in his 50s.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Right - and these are my two  
operatives are they? These are the  
two officers who are gonna  
infiltrate the gang?

Angle on - two police officers, JOHN and SIMON, both mid 30s, dressed in supermarket denim and band T-shirts, stand before him. And next to them, INSPECTOR SCHOLES. All white. \*

SCHOLES  
John and Simon are two of the  
finest and most highly trained  
undercover officers we have.

CLINTON BLAIR

Right, sure - and, y'know, no  
offence, guys, but - look at the  
gang.

\*

Everyone looks at a wall of long lens photographs of gang  
members. All under 25. All black.

Scholes, John and Simon share confused looks.

SCHOLES

I don't... What's your point,  
Clinton?

CLINTON BLAIR

The gang's *black*, Dave.

SCHOLES

Ohhhh! Yes, so they are. Sorry, I  
don't... see colour.

Clinton sighs. Simon raises his hand.

SIMON

I can do quite a good kind of  
'patois' if-

CLINTON BLAIR

No. Thank you.

SIMON

Sometimes do it at parties. I once  
called into LBC-

CLINTON BLAIR

Please stop talking.

CUT TO:

4 INT. POLICE STATION - STAIRWELL - DAY

4 \*

Clinton Blair is having a tense conversation with a senior  
officer, CHIEF INSPECTOR GARNETT.

\*

\*

GARNETT

\*

Listen, Detective Inspector - you  
asked for two undercover officers,  
we've provided you with two  
undercover officers.

CLINTON BLAIR

The only place they could go  
undercover is B&Q on a bank holiday  
Monday.

GARNETT

\*

Well that's all you're getting.

CLINTON BLAIR

It's almost as if the Met want this investigation to fail!

GARNETT

*Choose your words carefully,  
Detective Inspector.*

\*

Beat.

CLINTON BLAIR

Sorry, but - how difficult can it be to find two young, black officers who are up to the task?

CUT TO:

5

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY (EARLY EVENING)

5

Dom walks out of the female locker room, dressed in civilian clothes, with backpack, to find Kay (also in civvies) waiting for her. He falls into step with her.

KAY

Ah - another great day supporting our officers and being a visible presence in the community!

DOM

Shut up, Kay.

KAY

You know how I like to kick back and shake off the cares of a busy day?

DOM

I'm not coming to your church.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER (male, white, 50s) approaches.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

(sternly)

Yes? Can I help you?

DOM

Er, no.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

This is a restricted area - can I ask what you're doing here?

Dom sighs.

DOM  
I've worked here for four years!  
(points)  
That's me!

Dom points to a nearby Met Police poster - glossy picture of her smiling next to the words 'Tolerance, Diversity, Participation'.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Right, yes-

Angle on - Clinton Blair - down the corridor, stood in front of a coffee machine - watches this scene with interest.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Well, good. Carry on. Should be wearing lanyards but... I'll let it go this time.

Clinton's eyes narrow.

CUT TO:

|    |   |    |   |
|----|---|----|---|
| 5A | INT. SUPERINTENDENT EDWARDS' OFFICE - DAY   | 5A | * |
|    | SUPERINTENDENT EDWARDS - a very senior uniformed officer, 2nd in command of the borough, a lady in her late 50s / early 60s - is sat at her desk in her office, speaking on the phone.  |    | * |
|    | EDWARDS   |    | * |
|    | And what were his exact words?...   |    | * |
|    | 'wants the investigation to fail'...  |    | * |
|    | She shakes her head.  |    | * |
|    | EDWARDS (CONT'D)  |    | * |
|    | If I could tell you, Angela, the amount of money we've thrown at that investigation... No, I know you know... Well if it isn't insubordination, it's skirting dangerously close. Could you pop it down in writing for me? And that will go on his file. |    | * |
|    | She nods her head earnestly.  |    | * |
|    | EDWARDS (CONT'D)  |    | * |
|    | I'd like to say it's the first time but that would make a liar of me... Alright... Love to Peter.   |    | * |
|    | She hangs up - and immediately looks stressed.  |    | * |

She bites her fingernail - then takes a bottle of pills from her desk drawer and swallows one of the tablets. \*

CUT TO: \*

6 INT. CLINTON BLAIR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6

Close up - Clinton pours himself a whiskey.

JUMP CUT TO:

He settles behind his desk - where two files sit. He opens the top one - 'PCSO Dominique Archibald' - and begins to read.

CUT TO:

7 INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY 7 \*

Dom is microwaving her lunch when Clinton Blair approaches.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Dominique?

DOM  
Yeah?

CLINTON BLAIR  
Detective Inspector Clinton Blair.  
You might've seen me round the station.

DOM  
No. Maybe.

CLINTON BLAIR  
I want to talk to you about a job.  
Not here though. Meet me tomorrow-

DOM  
(outrage)  
Tomorrow's a Saturday!

CLINTON BLAIR  
I know. Meet me tomorrow, one o'clock, Giuseppe's on Mare Street.

DOM  
Right, if this is some weak arse attempt to get me on a date, I'm not interested.

CLINTON BLAIR  
It's not a date, I'm not physically attracted to you.

DOM

Oh so just another brother who  
don't wanna date black women -  
shame on you!

CLINTON BLAIR

I've only ever dated black women.

DOM

Yeah well it ain't gonna happen  
this time. You can buy me lunch but  
that's it.

CLINTON BLAIR

I'm not going to buy you lunch and  
nothing's going to happen. Meet me  
tomorrow - and tell no one.

He walks off. Dom looks intrigued.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. GIUSEPPE'S CAFE - DAY

8

Dom approaches a greasy spoon cafe.

She looks around to check if anyone's watching her - before  
taking a breath and heading inside.

CUT TO:

9

INT. GIUSEPPE'S CAFE - QUIET CORNER - DAY

9

Dom approaches a corner booth where Clinton (coffee) and Kay  
(tea and a scone) are sat.

DOM

(disappointed on seeing  
Kay)  
Oh, fuckin' 'ell.

KAY

(excited loud whisper)  
*This is cool isn't it!!*

She sits down next to Kay, deflated.

DOM

(to Clinton)  
Look, if this is about handing out  
leaflets, or *anything* to do with  
dog shit bins, I'm not interested.

Clinton coolly takes a sip of coffee.



CLINTON BLAIR

This isn't about dog shit bins. I  
want to talk to you about an  
undercover mission.

Dom and Kay look at one another - Kay barely able to contain  
his excitement.

CLINTON BLAIR (CONT'D)

I need two officers to infiltrate a  
gang dealing drugs on the  
Brightmarsh Estate-

KAY

We'll do it.

DOM

Hang on - you need two drug dealers  
so get the black people?!

CLINTON BLAIR

The Brightmarsh gang is black - the  
Met keep sending me middle-aged,  
white guys. I need two young, black  
officers who can go places they  
can't.

DOM

I've got news for you, Clinton - we  
ain't street.

Clinton glances at Kay taking a mouthful of creamy scone.

CLINTON BLAIR

I'm gathering that.

DOM

My dad's a paediatrician and this  
guy runs a prayer group.

KAY

Wednesday nights - all welcome.

CLINTON BLAIR

Look - I'll guide you through the  
whole thing-

KAY

We'll do it.

DOM

Kay, will you stop just saying  
we'll do it! This sounds dangerous-

CLINTON BLAIR

It is.

DOM

Yeah, so what would we get in return?

KAY

(suddenly serious)

Let's talk terms, Clinton.

CLINTON BLAIR

You'll both get service medals.

KAY

We'll do it.

DOM

Kay!

CLINTON BLAIR

(focussing on Dom)

Look, what you'll get is this - you'll be doing real police work.

DOM

Tch. Sorry, not interested.

KAY

What?!

DOM

(to Clinton)

Look, mate - I'm in this game for the free tube travel, parking in disabled bays, and ten percent off at Cineworld. I've got 30 years til retirement and that can go by like *that-*

She tries and fails to click her fingers.

DOM (CONT'D)

*That-*

(fails again)

Ah, shit. Wait - I'll get it.

She keeps trying and failing.

KAY

You need to push them together like-

DOM

Look it doesn't matter. My point is - when I say I'm not interested, *I'm not interested.*

She moves to leave.

CLINTON BLAIR

Yes you are.

DOM

Fuck you, you don't know me!

CLINTON BLAIR

Yes I do. You've got a first class degree in Criminology from the University of Middlesex. In your first year on the job you applied for promotion three times but you were rejected. Then the infractions start creeping in - tardiness, unexplained absences, incorrect uniform. You got lazy, you gave up. But you're clever, you're good, you're *police*. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. And you *do* want it.

Beat.

DOM

What's the pay?

CLINTON BLAIR

More than you get as PCSOs.

She settles back in her seat.

DOM

Also, I do want the medal.

KAY

Yesssss!

Kay gives Dom a flurry of excited little punches and she slaps them off.

CLINTON BLAIR

Alright, now listen, here's the thing - this mission doesn't exist.

KAY

Awww!

CLINTON BLAIR

No, I mean, we're doing it - but it's off the books. The only people who know about it - the only people who will ever know about it - are sat around this table now.

Kay looks around as if to just check - yep, just them at the table.

KAY

*That* was cool.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. EAST LONDON PARK - DAY 10

Clinton strides through the park. Dom and Kay try to keep up-

KAY  
So will we, like, take on new  
identities to go undercover?

CLINTON BLAIR  
No, too risky - better that we make  
*the truth* your cover story.

DOM  
What, that we're police?!

CLINTON BLAIR  
That you were police - you're gonna  
need to get yourselves fired.

DOM  
Fired?!

KAY  
Like, fired for real?!

Clinton stops walking and turns to them.

CLINTON BLAIR  
As soon as this is over, I'll bring  
you back - and as part of *my* team,  
not PCSOs. But yes, fired for real.

DOM  
How are we meant to do that?

Clinton shrugs.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Use your imagination.

Dom and Kay look at one another.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY 11

Angle on - a police car doing donuts. Tyres smoking. Kay's  
bottom sticking out of the passenger side window.

Camera pans across to reveal - Remembrance Day ceremony.  
Horrified Chelsea Pensioners etc, gathered around a war  
memorial, look on aghast.

CUT TO:

12 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 12 \*

Chief Inspector Garnett is pacing back and forth in front of Dom and Kay - who sit there listening. \*

GARNETT \*

(fuming)

*Never in my forty years in the police have I ever, EVER-*

Angle on - Dom and Kay. They slowly raise beer cans. Garnett notices. \*

GARNETT (CONT'D) \*

*What are you- Are you fucking kidding me?!*

Dom and Kay hold eye contact with her - in perfect sync they open their ring pulls.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 13

Dom and Kay walk out of the main doors, carrying cardboard boxes with their personal effects.

Clinton is waiting, wearing a trench coat, hands in the coat pockets.

CLINTON BLAIR

Good. Now you need to tell your families.

KAY

I don't have a family.

CLINTON BLAIR

Great.

(then)

I mean, I'm sorry to hear that - but for this...

KAY

I lodge with a church elder so I'll tell her.

CLINTON BLAIR

You weren't kidding when you said you're not street.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ELDER BUNMI'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY (EVENING) 14

Kay is stood in front of ELDER BUNMI (in a room bursting at the seams with Christian knick-knacks).

KAY  
Elder Bunmi, I've got something I  
need to tell you.

ELDER BUNMI  
(blind panic)  
You're gay!! I will not put a roof  
over a Sodomite!

KAY  
No, no - I've lost my job.

ELDER BUNMI  
(immediate, gushing  
relief)  
Ah, God bless you!  
(hugs him)  
I can get you more cleaning duties  
at the church.

KAY  
Sweet!

CUT TO:

15 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (EVENING) 15

Dom is stretched out on the sofa, trying to watch tv, in the living room of a tastefully decorated Victorian terrace. Her dad, MORRIS, and her step-mum, JULIE, stand over her.

MORRIS  
Well, what are you going to do  
now?!

DOM  
Look, chill out, yeah? Something'll  
come up.

MORRIS  
The *worst* thing you can have in  
life is a gap on your CV!

JULIE  
(gently)  
Is there anything we can do to help  
you?

DOM  
God! Julie! Get off my back! You're  
not even my real mum!

CUT TO:

16 EXT. EAST LONDON PARK - DAY

16

Clinton Blair is sat on a bench with a takeaway coffee. Dom and Kay sit either side, trying to look casual.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Ok, stage two - you're going to  
steal drugs from police custody.

KAY  
What?! Rob the *police*?!

CLINTON BLAIR  
Correct. Then you're gonna sell  
them on the estate, to get the  
gang's attention-

DOM  
Whoawhoawhoa - sacked black  
officers nick drugs and turn to  
dealing? Can we please talk about  
negative stereotypes here?!

CLINTON BLAIR  
Dom, you're infiltrating a gang -  
*yes, we're dealing in negative  
stereotypes.*

KAY  
What about this? We've formed a  
street theatre troop, doing  
impromptu performances on the  
Brightmarsh Estate.

CLINTON BLAIR  
*Listen* - this is how it's gonna  
work. When seized drugs have served  
their purpose as evidence, they're  
incinerated...

CUT TO:

17 MONTAGE: EXT. HOMERTON HOSPITAL - DAY

17

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
The police have an arrangement with  
the local hospital...

INTERCUT:

18 MONTAGE: INT. POLICE STATION / INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 18

A POLICE OFFICER picks up the phone - splitscreen, we see a GUY IN A LABCOAT answer.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
Officers phone ahead, schedule a  
time-

CUT TO:

19 MONTAGE: INT. HOSPITAL - SMALL RECEPTION AREA - DAY 19

The guy in the lab coat and the police officer pass each other forms, which they each sign.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
-to sign over the drugs for  
incineration by hospital staff...

Close up - the police officer passes a discrete white bag to the guy in the lab coat.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
*That's* the weak point.

BACK TO:

20 EXT. EAST LONDON PARK - DAY 20

Kay is now hyperventilating into a paper bag.

DOM  
This all sounds very risky-

CLINTON BLAIR  
Listen - I'm protected so you're  
protected. *Trust me.* Now...

INTERCUT:

21 MONTAGE: INT. POLICE STATION / INT. CLINTON'S OFFICE - DAY 21

The police officer places the call - splitscreen, CLINTON listens in on his desk phone.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
I can intercept the call from the  
station, find out when they're  
going...

CUT TO:



22 MONTAGE: EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK - DAY 22  
TWO POLICE OFFICERS walk towards a car - one of them carrying a discrete white bag.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
I'll create a delay-

Close up - one of the police car tyres is flat.

CUT TO:

23 MONTAGE: INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 23  
Clinton breezes through the automatic doors with a discrete white bag.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
Then I'll go to the hospital at the specified time-

CUT TO:

24 MONTAGE: INT. HOSPITAL - SMALL RECEPTION AREA - DAY 24  
Clinton hands over the bag to a WOMAN IN A LAB COAT.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
-and sign over a fake package for incineration.

They walk off in opposite directions.

CUT TO:

25 MONTAGE: INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 25  
Clinton walks out of the automatic doors as the two police officers, one carrying the discrete white bag, walk in.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
Then you'll meet the officers-

CUT TO:

26 MONTAGE: INT. HOSPITAL - SMALL RECEPTION AREA - DAY 26  
Dom (in lab coat) exchanges forms with one of the police officers.

CLINTON BLAIR (V.O.)  
-and intercept the drugs.

The other police officer hands Kay the discrete white bag.

CUT TO:

27 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 27

Dom and Kay are walking hurriedly - Kay carrying the bag.

|                       |                               |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| DOM                   | KAY                           |
| (hushed)              | (hushed)                      |
| <i>Walk normally!</i> | <i>I am walking normally!</i> |

A SENIOR NURSE steps out in front of them.

SENIOR NURSE  
Incineration staff?

KAY  
Er... yes?

SENIOR NURSE  
Good - I've got a whole load of  
soiled bedding for you here.

She hands Kay a large laundry bag.

SENIOR NURSE (CONT'D)  
(almost gleeful)  
Real mix and match.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - DAY 28

Dom and Kay hurriedly leave the building from a fire exit, bickering under their breath.

KAY  
*Why wouldn't you let me use the  
hand sanitiser?!*

DOM  
*Because we're fleeing a crime  
scene!*

Clinton's car is waiting - they jump in.

29 INT. CLINTON'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 29

KAY  
But I'd touched poo!

Clinton looks at them.

DOM  
Don't ask.

Clinton starts the engine.

DOM (CONT'D)  
This all seems like a lot of  
trouble to go to for a few drug  
arrests on an estate.

He looks at her in the rearview mirror.

DOM (CONT'D)  
I'm right, aren't I?

CLINTON BLAIR  
You'll be told what you need to  
know, when you need to know it.

Dom sits back in her seat, quietly pleased with herself.

Clinton sniffs, looks a bit disgusted, slightly opens his  
window.

30 EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 30  
The car pulls away.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. RAILWAY ARCHES - THE FOLLOWING DAY 31  
Clinton is parked on a quiet side street. Dom and Kay (with a  
backpack) approach the car.  
They've attempted to dress a bit 'street' - Dom's efforts  
aren't too bad, but Kay is wearing a colourful tracksuit that  
looks a bit 'pensioner on a treadmill'.

32 INT. CLINTON'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 32  
Dom and Kay get in the back seats. Clinton is in the driver's  
seat, casually dressed. He turns to look at them.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Right, guys you-

He looks at Kay - what he's wearing. He sighs, takes off his  
snapback and hands it to Kay.

CLINTON BLAIR (CONT'D)  
Put this on.

KAY  
Nice, yeah - wear it backwards.

CLINTON BLAIR

Don't.

KAY

Too cool?

CLINTON BLAIR

(fuck it)

Yeah.

(then)

You got the product?

Dom raises the backpack. He passes her a wodge of cash (which she puts in the bag).

CLINTON BLAIR (CONT'D)

Here's your takings.

(then)

How're you feeling? Nervous?

DOM

No.

(then)

Yeah.

CLINTON BLAIR

Remember everything we went through. I'll be parked up where I can see you. If things get hairy, I'll step in.

He opens the glove compartment to reveal a gun.

CLINTON BLAIR (CONT'D)

You've got this.

Kay notices the sticker on the peak of his cap.

KAY

Ooh, you've left the sticker on.

He starts peeling it off. Clinton sighs.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY

33

Dom and Kay hang around a street corner, trying to look like drug dealers.

DOM

...Mate, I've blatantly got the best sales credentials - I worked at Footlocker.

KAY

I did door-to-door sales!

DOM  
You were handing out Bibles.

KAY  
Working for the biggest boss there  
is.

CUT TO: \*

34 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - A LITTLE WAY OFF - DAY 34

From his car, parked at a discrete distance, Clinton watches through binoculars.

BACK TO:

35 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - A LITTLE LATER 35 \*

As Dom and Kay hang around waiting for business, a kid of about 13 (he's on the cusp of being a proper teenager but still kiddish), on a BMX bike, T.J., hops off a very small ledge near Dom. \*

T.J. \*

Did you see that? I just got like 6 feet of air. \*

He comes nearer to them. \*

T.J. (CONT'D) \*

T.J., by the way. You might've heard of me. \*

DOM \*

Can't say I have. \*

T.J. \*

I'm pretty well known on the estate so... if anyone gives you any S.H.A.T., you can tell them you know me. \*

DOM \*

Good to know. \*

T.J. \*

What you doing? \*

KAY \*

We're just... hanging out. \*

T.J. \*

You're selling drugs aren't you? \*

DOM  
Well, we're not with you here! Come  
on - get gone. If the police come,  
you could get arrested.

T.J.  
Tch. Police don't arrest dealers on  
Brightmarsh.

He cycles off - and Dom watches him go, thinking about what  
he just said.

KAY  
Hey, hey-

Kay nudges Dom and indicates a DRUG ADDICT coming over.

KAY (CONT'D)  
-we've got one. Here we go, get the  
stuff.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CLINTON'S CAR - MEANWHILE 36  
Clinton continues to watch them.

BACK TO:

37 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY 37  
Dom and Kay are rounding off the drug deal, with Kay giving  
the drug addict his change.

KAY  
...Your five, your six, your ten.  
There you go - take care.

The drug addict leaves.

DOM  
'Take care'?!'

KAY  
It's good customer service - he'll  
come back.

DOM  
He'll come back because he's  
addicted to heroin!

KAY  
Hey, you know Nero do those little  
cards-

DOM  
You should go and stand over there  
actually.

KAY  
Oh right, yeah, cos that's how they  
do it, isn't it?

DOM  
No, I just want you to stand over  
there.

Kay notices something.

KAY  
Er, Dom?...

Angle on - a GROUP OF LADS (late teens, 20s) approaching Dom and Kay. \*

KAY (CONT'D)  
These guys look quite interested in  
what we're doing.

DOM  
*Shitshitshit, this is it. This is  
it!*

CUT TO:

38 INT. CLINTON'S CAR - DAY 38

Clinton watches the approaching mopeds through his  
binoculars.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Here we go.

He's startled by a knock on the passenger side window - a  
TRAFFIC WARDEN.

TRAFFIC WARDEN  
You need to move, boss - residents  
only.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Yeahyeahyeah - in a minute.

BACK TO:

39 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 39

The lads approach a nervous Dom and Kay.

Two of them, BREEZE and TEVIN, come forward.

KAY  
Evening, lads.

They stare at Dom and Kay.

KAY (CONT'D)  
(bad acting)  
Just doing a spot of drug dealing  
if you're in the market for- Oh my  
goodness, we're not on your patch  
are we?  
(to Dom)  
I told you there were 'patches'!

BREEZE  
Shut up, fam.

KAY  
Yeah, I am, yeah.

He motions to Dom to hand over the backpack.

Breeze passes the bag to Tevin.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Absolutely our 'cock-up' - pardon  
the French - so do help yourself-

Breeze takes a gun out from his waistband.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Ah.

Dom nervously glances in the direction of Clinton's car.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CLINTON BLAIR'S CAR - DAY

40

Clinton is now completely distracted - his argument with the  
traffic warden having stepped up a notch-

CLINTON BLAIR  
Just give me a ticket!

TRAFFIC WARDEN  
I'm trying to help you out, man!  
You move your car, I don't have to  
give you a ticket!

CLINTON BLAIR  
Look, just give me a ticket and  
fuck off will you!

BACK TO:



41 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

41

BREEZE  
Put your hand out.

Dom and Kay look at one another.

BREEZE (CONT'D)  
*Put your hand out!*

Kay nervously offers a shaky hand - and Breeze points the gun at his palm.

KAY  
(blurts)  
*Please don't shoot me in the hand,  
I play keys in a church band-*

BREEZE  
*Shut up. Who do you work for?*

DOM  
No-one-

BREEZE  
*Don't fuck about with me! Where'd  
you get your food from?!*

DOM  
We stole it. From the police.

Gang members look at each other, almost impressed.

BREEZE  
And how did you two badmans steal  
from the police?

DOM  
Ok, here's the thing... We used to  
be *in* the police-

TEVIN  
They're feds, fam! End them!

Breeze clicks the safety off the gun.

CUT TO:

42 INT. CLINTON'S CAR - DAY

42

Clinton shows his warrant card.

CLINTON BLAIR  
I'm police, ok? Now go!

TRAFFIC WARDEN

Ah, shit, man - the ticket's in the system now.

CLINTON BLAIR

I don't give a shit about the ticket!

The traffic warden gets his phone out. Meanwhile, Clinton picks up his binoculars to look out of his window.

TRAFFIC WARDEN

(with a wink)

Let me see what I can do - I never do this, I never do this.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY - CONT FROM PREVIOUS

43

DOM

Listen, listen - we *used* to be police. Not even proper cops - PCSOS. But we got fired.

Beat.

BREEZE

Why?

DOM

Let's just say the force didn't appreciate some of our extra-curricular activities.

KAY

Showed my bum to some pensioners.

DOM

So we nicked that gear from evidence on our way out. Decided to pay ourselves a little redundancy.

Breeze looks at them both, taking the story in.

DOM (CONT'D)

We don't work for anyone, we don't have a supplier - we were just gonna sell that lot and split the money.

Breeze takes the wodge of cash out of their bag (which Tevin is now holding). He quickly flicks through it.

BREEZE

How long you been out here?

DOM

Just this afternoon. A few hours.

Breeze and Tevin look at one another, quietly impressed by the size of cash for a few hours work. Under this-

KAY

Plus wee breaks. We've been nipping up to Burger King, obviously Dom needs a seat-

DOM

*Not helping, Kay.*

KAY

*I'm just answering his questions.*

BREEZE

Right, here's what's gonna happen.

Breeze puts the gun back in his waistband. He pockets the cash and hands them the bag back.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

You're gonna sell the rest of this.  
And you're gonna bring the money  
*here.*

He hands them a business card: 'Soapy's Launderette' - with an address.

Dom takes the card.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. RAILWAY ARCHES - NIGHT

44

Dom and Kay approach Clinton's car - now parked up on the quiet side street again, the rendezvous point. Clinton leans against it.

KAY

*(very excited)*

*Clinton, mate, sir, that was brilliant! It totally worked! They were like what are up to and we were like whaaaat and they were like show me your hand and I was like that's my organ hand-*

DOM

*(livid)*

*That was dangerous!*

CLINTON BLAIR

*(coolly)*

*Yeah?*

DOM  
They had a *gun*!

CLINTON BLAIR  
You can go back to handing out  
frisbees if you like.

DOM  
You said you'd step in if things  
got hairy!

CLINTON BLAIR  
I would've.

Dom's so worked up she's lost for words for a half a second.

DOM  
...They had a *gun*!

CLINTON BLAIR  
I would've stepped in if I'd have  
seen anything I thought you  
couldn't handle.

This stops Dom in her tracks - the implicit flattery works.

CLINTON BLAIR (CONT'D)  
Now what did they say?

KAY  
Sell the rest of the gear and bring  
them the cash tomorrow.

CLINTON BLAIR  
Perfect. Get back out and sell what  
you can, I'll take what you can't  
shift and make up the shortfall.  
(then)  
Nice work, officers.

Dom and Kay smile proudly.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SOAPY'S LAUNDERETTE - DAY (EVENING), A FEW DAYS LATER 45  
With trepidation, Dom and Kay enter the launderette.

46 INT. SOAPY'S LAUNDERETTE - DAY (EVENING) - CONTINUOUS 46  
The place is empty - bar a LADY IN A TABARD behind a counter  
at the back, reading 'Take A Break' (or similar).  
Dom and Kay approach her, Dom holding the business card  
Breeze gave her.

DOM

Er...

Without looking up from her magazine, the lady in a tabard nods towards a door behind her with a camera above it.

CUT TO:

47 INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - DAY (EVENING)

47

A big guy on the door opens it to let Dom and Kay in. Amidst piles of laundry and commercial-sized boxes of washing powder, gang members are bagging up drugs.

Dom and Kay approach Breeze at a table.

BREEZE

You're early. Wasn't expecting to see you til tomorrow.

They shrug.

DOM

We sold it all so...

She hands over the wodge of cash and Breeze starts flicking through it.

TEVIN

Now fuck off - we don't wanna see your faces round here again.

Dom and Kay turn to leave when-

BREEZE

Woahwoahwoah... Wait a minute.

(to Tevin)

Give 'em another package.

Tevin looks at Breeze a moment as if to say - are you sure?

BREEZE (CONT'D)

Do it.

Tevin places a new package of drugs on the table in front of Dom and Kay.

BREEZE (CONT'D)

Mans need a job. This is an expanding operation.

(then)

That's yours now - you owe us a grand next week.

Dom and Kay nod, take the package and go.

After they've left, Tevin turns to Breeze-

TEVIN  
You trust them, fam?

BREEZE  
I asked around - story checks out.

Breeze nods in the direction of one of the lads bagging drugs.

BREEZE (CONT'D)  
Kamall was in the air cadets -  
everyone's on a journey.

CUT TO:

48 MONTAGE: EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY 48

Music plays over a montage of Dom and Kay posing as competent dealers:

Dom and Kay complete a drug deal on the estate: take the cash and hand over a baggie.

CUT TO:

49 MONTAGE: INT. CLINTON'S CAR - DAY 49

They hand over the unsold drugs to Clinton - and he gives them a wedge of cash.

CUT TO:

50 MONTAGE: INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - DAY (EVENING) 50

They give their takings to Breeze - who peels off their payment from the wedge of cash and hands it back.

Tevin hands them their next package.

CUT TO:

51 MONTAGE: EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY 51

The same process but quicker cuts: Take the cash. Hand over a baggie.

CUT TO:

52 MONTAGE: INT. CLINTON'S CAR - DAY (EVENING) 52

Clinton swaps surplus drugs for cash.

CUT TO:

|     |  |     |  |
|-----|--|-----|--|
| 53  | <p>MONTAGE: INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - DAY (EVENING)</p> <p>Breeze peels off their payment from their takings.</p> <p>Tevin puts their next package on the table.</p> <p>Angle on - the spinning drum of a washing machine, to punctuate the montage.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">CUT TO:</p>   | 53  |  |
| 53A | <p>MONTAGE: INT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (EVENING)</p> <p>A prayer group. Kay reads a passage from the Bible:</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">KAY<br/>(reading aloud)<br/>...For all that is secret will<br/>eventually be brought into the<br/>open...</p> <p style="text-align: right;">CUT TO:</p>  | 53A | <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> |
| 54  | <p>MONTAGE: INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT</p> <p>Dom comes in late - and heads straight upstairs to her room (concealing the package under her jacket).</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">KAY (V.O.)<br/>(cont from previous scene)<br/>...and everything that is concealed<br/>will be brought to light and made<br/>known to all.</p> <p>Angle on - Morris and Julie - in the living room - watching her with interest.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">CUT TO:</p> | 54  | <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> |
| 54A | <p>MONTAGE: EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY</p> <p>Kay steps out of the barbers with a fresh new look - and checks out his reflection in the window. He likes what he sees.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">CUT TO:</p>  | 54A | <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p>                            |
| 55  | <p>OMITTED</p>   | 55  | <p>*</p>   |

55A MONTAGE: EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY 55A \*

Slow-mo shot: Dom and Kay are riding through the estate on e-scooters - wearing sunglasses, Dom with her backpack on (containing the drugs), both now looking just a little bit more the seasoned dealer.

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED 56

57 OMITTED 57

58 OMITTED 58

59 INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - DAY - (EVENING) 59

(The music ends) Dom and Kay hand over their cash to Breeze.

BREEZE

Good. Very good.

(then)

You two have been doing so well,  
we're upping your package.

Tevin places their new, larger package on the table - and glares at Dom and Kay.

CUT TO:

60 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 60

Dom pushes the package under her bed.

JUMP CUT TO:

61 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 61

Dom is sat on her bed, watching TV on her iPad, painting her nails.

Her mobile rings - she checks it: No Caller ID. She doesn't answer.

After a moment, it rings again: No Caller ID. She picks up.

DOM

Hello?

TEVIN (O.S.)

Come to your door.



DOM  
Who's this?

The line goes dead.

CUT TO:

62 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 62

Dom opens the front door cautiously to find Tevin stood there.

DOM  
How d'you know where I live?

TEVIN  
Is it a problem?

DOM  
(unconvincing)  
No.

TEVIN  
I need you to come with me.

DOM  
Why?

TEVIN  
You'll see.

DOM  
Ah, it's just- I've had a glass of wine. Large one. And a Nytol. It's not something I like to make a habit of but, you know, sometimes being a black woman in London - you need something to take the edge off-

\*  
\*  
\*

TEVIN  
Get your coat.

CUT TO:

63 OMITTED 63

64 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 64

With a glance to the living room to check her dad and Julie aren't watching, Dom quietly moves into the kitchen and picks up her coat from the back of a chair.

She hesitates before leaving the room - looks at something.

Dom's POV, close up - a closed kitchen cutlery drawer.

CUT TO:

65 OMITTED 65

66 EXT. DOM'S STREET - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER 66

Dom follows Tevin towards his car.

CUT TO:

67 INT. TEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER 67

Dom gets into the back of Tevin's car to find Kay sat in there, wearing a onesie with his coat over the top.

They exchange nervously nods.

Tevin starts the engine and pulls off.

They drive in tense silence for a little while, then-

KAY

Tevin, mate - stick Magic on.

Tevin ignores this. After a few more moments -

DOM

Where're we going?

TEVIN

Walthamstow Marshes.

Dom and Kay look at one another.

Dom rolls her coat sleeve up a little - to show Kay she has a kitchen knife hidden up there.

Kay subtly takes, from one coat pocket, a can of Lynx deodorant - and from the other, a lighter.

He nods, pleased with himself. And Dom looks at him like - really?

CUT TO:

68 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER 68

Tevin parks up in a deserted area of the marshes.

They get out of the car.

After a moment's awkward silence-

KAY

Three cheers for Britain's  
wetlands!

No-one responds.

Tevin slams his car door shut - and the knife falls out of  
Dom's sleeve.

Tevin looks at it, the metal glinting in the moonlight.

TEVIN

What's that?

DOM

Hmm?

TEVIN

That just fell out your sleeve.

DOM

Did it? I don't think so.

TEVIN

I just saw it.

He picks it up.

DOM

Oh *that*. Yeah that... is... my...  
shank.

TEVIN

You gonna stab me?

DOM

No.

Beat - Tevin stares at Dom. Kay watches them nervously.

DOM (CONT'D)

I'll be honest - once or twice,  
this guy-  
(points at Kay)  
-has gotten a bit frisky with me.

KAY

It's true.

DOM

So... I've taken to carrying that.

KAY

I'm on a journey, I'm on a journey.

Tevin hands the knife back to Dom - she takes it and puts it  
in her coat pocket.

Tevin opens the boot of his car. He takes a couple of shovels out and hands them to Dom and Kay - they look terrified.

TEVIN  
Start digging a hole.

Kay starts weeping.

KAY  
(weakly)  
Please - I don't wanna die.

TEVIN  
What? You think I'm gonna kill  
you?! What do you think I am, some  
sort of psycho?!

Kay stops crying.

TEVIN (CONT'D)  
Nah, I need you to bury this body.

Tevin heaves a body wrapped in bin bags and gaffer tape out of his boot and lets it drop on the ground at their feet.

Dom and Kay look at one another.

Tevin goes to get back in the driver's seat.

DOM  
Where are you going?

TEVIN  
Tch - it's ten to midnight! I'm  
going home to bed, fam.

Tevin climbs in the car.

KAY  
How will we get home?

TEVIN  
(shrugs)  
Get a fucking Uber.

Tevin slams his door shut, starts his engine and drives off - leaving Dom and Kay stood there, shovels in hand, bodybag at their feet.

Once Tevin's tail lights disappear out of sight, Dom and Kay start freaking out but in whispered voices-

DOM  
*What the actual fuck?!*

KAY  
*There's a fucking dead body,  
man!*

They work themselves up into a whispered hysteria to the point that they're tearily hitting one another.

DOM (CONT'D)

*Alright, calm down, calm down!*

KAY

*What do we do?*

Dom exhales long and deep, composes herself.

DOM

We need to ring Clinton.

KAY

Ooh, it's after ten thirty though  
isn't it? That's the cut off.

DOM

*There's no 'cut off' when someone's  
just asked you to bury a body!*

Kay nods. Dom takes her phone out. She finds "C.B." in her contacts and starts calling him.

They stand there for a moment in silence, then-

Faintly, they hear a mobile phone ringing.

They look at one another - and then down at the body bag.

Through the plastic bin bags, we see the faint glow of a light, pulsing in time with the ringing.

Dom and Kay look back at one another in horror.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

69

Close up - the body wrapped in bin bags. With a shaky hand, Dom cuts open the plastic with her knife, revealing a face...

Clinton Blair - dead.

Dom and Kay look up at one another.

They scream loudly in one another's faces.

Their breath runs out.

They breathe in simultaneously.

And scream in one another's faces again.

TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.