

# BLACK OPS

## Episode Three by Joe Tucker and Lloyd Woolf

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### WHITE Shooting Script

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COMEDY

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1 EXT. APARTMENTS - CAR PARK - DAY (EARLY MORNING) 1 \*

Sequence to music. By the first light of day, Kay is busy hand washing an Audi Sportback - parked outside a plush apartment complex. Slow motion, luxuriant shots of him soaping the car down.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - DAY (MORNING) 2 \*

Dom is sat on her bed - pickle jar with Clinton's finger in it next to her. \*

Laid out in front of her - an A4 writing pad, open: 'Who is Clinton's Contact?' written across the top of the page, 'Possible leads' underneath. Then three columns: 'texts', 'emails', 'browser history' - all empty. \*

Dom is carefully scrolling through emails on Clinton's phone - looking for anything of interest.

There's a knock at her door, quickly followed by- \*

JULIE (O.S.) \*

Dom? \*

DOM \*

(panicked) \*

Don't come in! I'm... I've got my \*

arse out. \*

A text message pops up on the screen of Clinton's phone - \*

'20% off all pizzas when you collect'. Dom swipes it away to \*

get back to the emails. Over this we hear: \*

JULIE (O.S.) \*

Oh, ok, well - I've made you some \*

granola and yoghurt. \*

DOM \*

I told you I'm doing the 16:8 diet! \*

Another notification appears on the phone screen: Tinder - \*

one new message, from 'Kirsty': 'How's you?[smiley face]' \*

Again, Dom swipes it away to get back to checking through \*

Clinton's emails. Over this: \*

JULIE (O.S.) \*

I can eat it if you don't- \*

DOM \*

Just leave it by the door. \*

JULIE (O.S.) \*

By the way - have you seen the \*

pickle jar? \*

Dom looks at the pickle jar - with Clinton's finger floating in it - sat on her bed. She flicks the duvet over it. \*

DOM \*

Er... nope. \*

BACK TO:

3 EXT. APARTMENTS - CAR PARK - DAY (MORNING) 3 \*

Kay is now waxing the Audi. The car alarm starts going off. The background music cuts out abruptly. Unsure what to do, Kay starts motioning for the alarm to shush.

A man approaches - YOUTH PASTOR TOMI - hastily tying up his kimono. He waves a fob at the car to turn the alarm off.

PASTOR TOMI

Kay! What's happening?!

KAY

Sorry, Pastor Tomi.

PASTOR TOMI

Why are you waxing my car at 7am?!

KAY

It's a service to God to wax your car, Pastor Tomi.

PASTOR TOMI

Yeah, I know - but why are you doing it at 7am?!

KAY

Well... I feel like I've been letting my discipleship slide lately. Spiritually, I've been in a malaise-

PASTOR TOMI

KayKayKay...

KAY

What?

PASTOR TOMI

It's streaking.

Pastor Tomi points at the car bonnet-

KAY

Oh, sorry!

-and Kay starts frantically polishing.

PASTOR TOMI  
I don't wanna get all, like,  
Nebuchadnezzar on your ass but...  
the kids notice streaks, you know?  
And then their ears are closed to  
our message.

KAY  
I'm on it, Pastor T.

Pastor Tomi goes to leave - then hesitates and returns.

PASTOR TOMI  
Kay?

Kay looks up and Pastor Tomi lightly touches his arm.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)  
You're loved.

Pastor Tomi walks off. Kay watches him go, beaming - before  
returning to his work cheerfully.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - DAY (MORNING) 4 \*

Dom is still combing Clinton's phone for clues when her own  
mobile rings. She picks it up - an unknown number. She  
answers a little hesitantly.

DOM  
Hello?

INTERCUT:

5 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - D&K'S CORNER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 5

BREEZE  
Where are you? I'm looking at an  
empty corner.

DOM  
Yeah, no, we're... we'll be there  
later. It's... strategic. Creating  
scarcity, you know? Drives the  
prices up.

BREEZE  
Yeah, well - better have your money  
by midnight tomorrow or I'll fuck  
you up.

DOM  
'Fuck us up' like... not consider  
us for promotion?

Dom realises he's already hung up.

Dom puts her phone down, looks at Clinton's phone and the writing pad in front of her, frustrated that she's made zero progress and is now being dragged away-

DOM (CONT'D)

Rrrrgh!

CUT TO:

6 EXT. APARTMENTS - CAR PARK - DAY (MORNING)

6 \*

Kay's phone rings - he stops buffing and answers it.

KAY

Hi Dom, thanks for calling me.

INTERCUT:

7 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - DAY (MORNING) - CONTINUOUS

7 \*

DOM

You don't need to say that whenever I ring you. Listen, we've gotta get out there and sell our package.

KAY

Can't right now, sorry - I'm waxing Youth Pastor Tomi's Audi.

Dom screws her face up - what is he talking about?

DOM

Kay - what?! We've got a package to shift - *for real* now. There's no Clinton to give us the money.

KAY

(hushed)

I'm well aware there's no Clinton, having spent half the night burying him - and that's exactly why I am now immersed in spiritual duty.

DOM

How is it 'spiritual duty' to wax some dude's Audi?!

KAY

Because that *dude* is Youth Pastor Tomi.

DOM

Kay, Kay - you know what happens if  
you don't hand over your money on  
payday...

CUT TO:

8 FLASHBACK: INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - DAY (EVENING) 8

Dom and Kay (back in the days when Clinton was making up  
their shortfall) come in to hand over their cash.

There's another DEALER ahead of them.

DEALER

(anxious)

...Ok, boys, I'm gonna be honest,  
I'm always straight with you - it's  
a little short. But I'll make it up  
next time, I swear-

TEVIN grabs his wrist and pushes his hand onto the table.  
Breeze takes out a hammer.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Boys, no, please - I swear to god-

We cut to Dom and Kay's horrified faces as we hear the hammer  
come down, hand bones breaking and the dealer's agonised  
scream.

BACK TO:

9 EXT. APARTMENTS - CAR PARK - DAY (MORNING) - CONT FROM 9 \*  
PREVIOUS

Kay sighs.

KAY

Give me half an hour to finish up  
here.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW MARSHES - DAY (MORNING) 10 \*

Angle on - a police forensics tent covering the spot where  
Clinton was buried.

Police tape cordons the whole area off - guarded by UNIFORMED  
OFFICERS, while FORENSICS and a COUPLE OF DETECTIVES mill  
about.

Angle on - the MARSH RANGER is giving a statement to a POLICE  
OFFICER WITH A NOTEBOOK.

MARSH RANGER

...Yeah, two of them - a guy and a girl, late 20s... Is it racist to say they were black?

POLICE OFFICER

Not if they were black.

MARSH RANGER

They were black. And she kind of looked like... is it racist to say Missy Elliott?

POLICE OFFICER

Er - not if she did look like Missy Elliott.

MARSH RANGER

Ooh - he was wearing a onesie - with dinosaurs on it. And... is it racist to say he looked like Tupac Shakur?

The police officer raises an eyebrow at the marsh ranger.

MARSH RANGER (CONT'D)

My point is they were street guys, you know? *Urban*.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - D&K'S CORNER - DAY 11

Dom (wearing backpack) and Kay are walking to their corner.

KAY

Do you want a bite of my eclair?

Kay (with spot of cream on the end of his nose) waves a half eaten pastry at Dom.

DOM

No! Are you listening to what I'm saying?

KAY

Yes - you went through his texts...

DOM

Through his texts, his Whatsapps, everything - there's nothing on there.

KAY

Have you tried searching 'Brightmarsh' in his emails?

DOM

*Yes, Kay, that occurred to me.*

They reach their corner - and AUNTIE CHIMEKA approaches Kay with a trolley bag.

AUNTIE CHIMEKA

Officer Ogundare!

KAY

Ah, Auntie-

AUNTIE CHIMEKA

I'm so glad I've seen you - someone has to do something! This estate used to be so nice. Now I'm frightened to go to the shops!

KAY

Mmm.

He flashes an anxious glance at Dom.

AUNTIE CHIMEKA

There are needles in the grass - where the children play! And yesterday - there was a man collapsed in the hallway, right by my door!

KAY

Ah. I'm sorry, that's... that's really bad.

AUNTIE CHIMEKA

I call the police - but they just do nothing!

That seems to trigger a thought for Dom.

KAY

Yeah, the thing is... I'm actually not a PCSO anymore.

AUNTIE CHIMEKA

What?! But you were so good!

KAY

Thank you, no I... I do miss it.

AUNTIE CHIMEKA

What are you doing now?

SHAKY JAKE (O.S.)

Mate.

Kay realises an addict - SHAKY JAKE - has approached, and is stood next to him waving a twenty pound note.



KAY

Sorry, I don't have any change...

SHAKY JAKE

Come on boss, don't mess about - I need my hit.

KAY

(to Auntie Chimeka)

I don't know this man!

\*

SHAKY JAKE

Kay, it's me - Shaky Jake.

Auntie Chimeka looks at the drug addict, then at Kay. She's horrified. She turns away from him and walks off.

\*

Kay takes a note off Shaky Jake, sadly - and Dom goes to give him a baggie.

\*

DOM

Did you hear that? 'The police do nothing'. It's true! When do you ever see the cops hassling a dealer on Brightmarsh?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

SHAKY JAKE

Yeah, brilliant isn't it? I take two buses to get here.

\*

\*

\*

Shaky Jake walks off with his baggie.

\*

DOM

I think the police are *allowing* drugs to be dealt on Brightmarsh.

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

12 INT. POLICE STATION - EDWARDS' OFFICE - DAY

12

Close up - EDWARDS, sat behind her desk.

EDWARDS

(shocked)

*D.I. Blair?!*

Reveal - she's alone in her office.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

(softer, more quizzical)

*D.I. Blair?*

A uniformed officer - PC DOLAN - knocks and enters her office, startling Edwards a little.

PC DOLAN  
Sorry, Ma'am. Last week's overtimes  
- just need your signature.

EDWARDS  
Right. Yes.

Dolan puts some paperwork on the desk and Edwards starts signing it, whilst-

PC DOLAN  
Oh, er - D.I. Blair didn't report  
for his shift today.

EDWARDS  
D.I. Blair?

PC DOLAN  
Presume he's unwell but nobody's  
heard from him yet.

Edwards nods and smiles, a little awkwardly - and returns to signing.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - D&K'S CORNER - DAY 13

Wide shot - Dom and Kay are in their dealing positions now, a little distance from each other, Dom tucked behind a corner with the gear.

Dom's POV - Kay takes payment from an ADDICT. Then he takes something from his pocket to show to them - a CD.

Dom looks confused - what's he up to?

CUT TO:

14 EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - D&K'S CORNER - DAY 14

Dom walks over to Kay.

DOM  
What was that?

KAY  
What?

DOM  
You just showed that guy something.

KAY  
I'm trying to sell copies of Youth  
Pastor Tomi's EP - we're raising  
money for a full-length album.

DOM

Right, well... can you not? It's weird - it might put customers off.

KAY

I don't think you *can* put our customers off - they just want the shakes to stop.

DOM

Who even buys CDs any more?

Dom whips a CD off him to look at it - 'Pastor Tomi: Jesus Is A Vibe'.

DOM (CONT'D)

And 'Youth Pastor'? This guy looks about 50.

KAY

He connects with the kids through his lyrical stylings. He's the first guy to put the gospel to drill. And he's *doubled* our 15 to 35s inside a year.

(then)

Look, this is the one way I can mitigate how bad I feel about what we're doing here.

She sighs and hands the CD back.

A man - a WEIRD, TWITCHY GUY with wraparound sunglasses - pulls up near them on a moped, climbs off and walks over.

WEIRD, TWITCHY GUY

You got shit?

DOM

Yes, we've got shit.

KAY

We've got shit *and* we've got gospel rap!

DOM

But focussing on the shit - how much do you want?

WEIRD, TWITCHY GUY

How much you got?

DOM

OK, big spender! Well, you're in luck - we've got a *lot*.

Dom starts opening her backpack.

WEIRD, TWITCHY GUY  
How much is a lot?

Dom takes out the whole package.

DOM  
Like, this much.

WEIRD, TWITCHY GUY  
I'll take it all.

She looks at Kay, delighted-

DOM  
Well, alrighty then!

-then when she looks back, the weird, twitchy guy is pointing a gun at her face.

Dom and Kay freeze with terror.

KAY  
*Dom-*

DOM  
*I know.*

Dom does her best to gather herself, but she's really scared-

DOM (CONT'D)  
Ok, you know what? I like you. I'll give you ten per cent off if you shake my hand now.

The weird, twitchy guy just takes the package from her hand - and starts walking backwards towards his moped, the gun still trained on Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)  
(genuinely pleading)  
*Please don't do this.*

The guy sits on his moped and starts his engine. He takes out a cigarette and lights it with his 'gun' - actually just a lighter.

WEIRD, TWITCHY GUY  
You ain't cut out for this game.  
Maybe stick to the gospel rap.

He zooms off.

DOM  
*FUCK!..... FUCK! He just...*

She turns to Kay.

DOM (CONT'D)

This is your fault!

KAY

How is it my fault?!

DOM

Distracting me with those CDs!

KAY

Er - I think it might have something to do with you *waving all the drugs in front of him*.

DOM

Well you should've stopped me! What's the point in working in pairs if the other one doesn't stop you doing stupid shit?! I stop you doing *your* stupid shit!

KAY

Like what?!

DOM

Selling those CDs!

KAY

Look - this isn't getting us anywhere. We need to think constructively, come up with a plan-

DOM

Agreed.

Dom paces around, stressed.

KAY

This sort of thing must happen all the time!

DOM

Right.

KAY

The gang must have a protocol. I mean, let's not forget here: *we're in a gang!* All for one and one for all.

DOM

Kay, it's a criminal enterprise not The Three Musketeers!

KAY

Ok, but they must have some sort of insurance against this kind of thing?

DOM

What like a Direct Line of the  
underworld?! Kay, their insurance  
is - *they break our legs if we  
don't hand over three grand  
tomorrow.*

That silences Kay's optimism. After a moment-

KAY

So what are we gonna do?

Dom sighs deeply. She has an idea - and it's going to be  
painful...

CUT TO:

15 INT. DOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (EARLY EVENING) 15

Dom is stood in the kitchen. Morris is in the middle of  
loading the dishwasher. JULIE is hovering in the background  
making teas.

MORRIS

Three grand?! What do you need  
three thousand pounds for?

DOM

God, make me get on my knees why  
don't you?!

MORRIS

I think I'm entitled to at least  
know what it's for!

DOM

You know, some people might say  
maybe you shouldn't have kids if  
you're not willing to shell out  
three grand now and then without  
giving them a grilling!

Julie gently interrupts the argument, handing Morris a cup of  
tea.

JULIE

Dom - there's actually something  
your father needs to tell you...

Julie puts a hand on his arm - and he puts his hand on hers.

DOM

Oh God - you're not renewing your  
vows are you?

MORRIS

I need to have some surgery. On my heart. A coronary artery bypass graft.

JULIE

(to Dom)

It's a major operation.

DOM

*I know.*

(then)

Sorry about her, dad - go on.

JULIE

(rising above it)

He needs to avoid any stress - doctor's orders - so we need to be extra kind to your dad right now. All of us.

DOM

Do feel free to hijack my dad's medical condition to morally lord it over me, Julie.

MORRIS

*Dom!!*

He composes himself.

DOM

(small voice)

Sorry.

After a moment-

MORRIS

Now what is it you want this money for?

Dom is quiet for a moment - she can't possibly tell him the truth.

DOM

It's, er... I'm starting a business.

MORRIS

What business?

DOM

Er, it's called...

Dom glances at a Nespresso machine on the kitchen counter.

DOM (CONT'D)

Coffee Go. It's an app... It's like  
- if you want a coffee, but you  
can't be arsed to get it, we'll get  
it for you.

Morris looks unimpressed - Julie chooses to give her the  
benefit of the doubt-

JULIE

Ooh ok, well... I'd like a 'mocha'!

Julie goes to take her purse out, under-

DOM

(to herself)

'Mocha' - such a basic bitch.

JULIE

(oblivious to that  
comment)

How much would that be?

DOM

Tch. It's not gonna be *me* getting  
the coffees, Julie - I'm like the  
CEO.

MORRIS

Please don't humour her, Julie -  
she's obviously lying. What do you  
want this money for?

Dom bites her lip.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Is this because you want to go to  
Ayia Napa with your mates in  
summer?

Dom thinks a moment, then-

DOM

(small voice)

Yeah.

(smaller voice)

It's Charmelle's 30th.

MORRIS

Well I suggest you find yourself a  
job and start saving.

DOM

Yeah, no, you're right, Dad. I'm  
working on it.



She forces a smile, and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

16 DREAM FLASHBACK: EXT. BRIGHTMARSH ESTATE - DAY 16

Breeze on the phone to Dom:

BREEZE  
...Better have your money by  
midnight tomorrow or I'll fuck you  
up.

CUT TO:

17 DREAM FLASHBACK: INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - DAY (EVENING) 17

Breeze about to hammer the dealer's hand:

DEALER  
Boys, no, please - I swear to god-

Angle on - Dom's shocked face. On the sound of the hammer  
hitting-

CUT TO:

18 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING 18

Dom wakes with a gasp, sitting bolt upright in bed - it's  
payday.

CUT TO:

19 INT. KAY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY 19

Kay is sat at his desk working on a cheap laptop. Dom is  
pacing around behind him, holding a notepad and pen,  
stressed.

DOM  
Right, I've taken a load of shit to  
the pawnbrokers. Pretty much  
everything I own except my bed -  
Cash Converters don't take beds by  
the way - and I'm just shy of  
fifteen hundred.

KAY  
Great.

Dom clicks her pen.

DOM

Let's start pricing up everything  
you own.

KAY

Well, about the only thing I own of  
monetary value is my laptop - but I  
need that because I'm editing a  
music video for-

DOM

Youth Pastor Tomi.

KAY (CONT'D)

Youth Pastor Tomi.

Dom sighs and sits on Kay's bed. She thinks for a moment.

DOM (CONT'D)

(a little cautiously)

This album you're raising money  
for... how much have you raised so  
far?

KAY

Nearly four thousand. Target's  
twenty.

DOM

*Twenty thousand pounds?! Kay, you  
can record stuff on a laptop now.*

KAY

*It's got to sound professional for  
its spiritual message to reach the  
widest possible audience.*

(then)

Ed Sheeran records in Abbey Road -  
are you saying Ed Sheeran deserves  
better than God, Dom? Think hard  
before you answer me.

DOM

Right, so basically - 'Youth'  
Pastor Tomi wants to live out his  
midlife crisis on the church  
dollar?

KAY

Er, no. We're lucky that he gives  
us his time and talent - he's got a  
lot of business interests.

Dom nods - she's getting the picture.

DOM

Ok - where's this money?

KAY

Why?

DOM

Because we're gonna help ourselves  
to a loan from it.

KAY

No. Impossible.

DOM

Why, where is it?

KAY

It's in the church hall, in the  
cupboard where we keep the ping  
pong bats.

DOM

So why's it 'impossible'?

KAY

Because it's *Pastor Tomi's album  
fund*.

DOM

Kay, *for Christ's sake-*

KAY

That's the name of the album.

DOM

We've got to pay our money by  
midnight *tonight*. We've got less  
than half! *How are you calm about  
this?!*

KAY

Ok - you wanna know?  
(then)  
Because I have faith.

DOM

Oh my God.

KAY

I have *prayed* - and I believe with  
all my heart that He will deliver  
us a solution to this.

DOM

You're an *actual crazy person!*

KAY

It's not for us to question how. We  
just have to have faith. Now, if  
you'll excuse me, I've got to get  
ready for Youth Ministry this  
evening.

Kay closes his laptop and goes to his wardrobe. Dom watches him - an idea forming.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. KAY'S CHURCH - DOORWAY - DAY (EVENING) 20  
An East London Pentecostal Church - we can faintly hear music \*  
playing inside.

Kay is stood in the doorway, welcoming people. A few pass through-

KAY  
Hey... Hey... come in - grab a  
chair or a beanie. Help yourself to  
OJ. There's no hymnbooks - lyrics  
are on the OHP.

-and then he turns back to be confronted by Dom standing there. His face falls.

KAY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

DOM  
You've been trying to get me to  
come for years - here I am.

She tries to walk past him and he blocks her path-

KAY  
No.

DOM  
Er, sorry but... isn't there  
something in the Bible about not  
turning people away?!

Kay bites his lip.

DOM (CONT'D)  
You're thinking of a verse right  
now, aren't you? *Ha!*

She bowls in - and he dashes after her.

CUT TO:

21 INT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (EVENING) - CONTINUOUS 21  
Dom starts pouring herself an orange juice from a jug on a  
trestle table near the entrance doors.

DOM

I was thinking - these people are your friends, this is a community... if they *knew* the trouble you were in, they'd want to help you.

He takes the orange juice off her.

KAY

Dom. No. That's not even funny.

DOM

I'm not joking. Tell me where the ping pong cupboard is or these guys find out how you paid for those Air Force Ones.

KAY

Time to go.

Kay grabs Dom's arm and starts forcing her towards the door - \*  
when Pastor Tomi walks in.

PASTOR TOMI

Kay! You've brought us a newbie!  
(to Dom)  
Welcome.

DOM

Oh my God, Pastor Tomi! He's told me so much about you! Also - Jesus is a Vibe hasn't been off my discman. *Tune.*

Pastor Tomi touches his heart.

PASTOR TOMI

Thank you.  
(then, brusque)  
Kay - light massage, I'm on in five.

Pastor Tomi heads off into the church. Kay dutifully follows, glancing back with concern at Dom.

CUT TO:

22

INT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (EVENING)

22

Pastor Tomi is on stage in full flow, a band behind him with Kay on the keyboard-

PASTOR TOMI

(takes the mic)  
*God loves products!... He loves material things!...*  
(MORE)

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

*The Bible is a product!... Pastor  
Tomi's 12 Week Pray for Prosperity  
Course is a product!...*

Angle on - Dom, sat at the back, arms folded, looking  
unimpressed.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

*The iPhone is a tool for  
evangelism!... The Audi Sportback  
is a vessel for witnessing - if I'm  
in it. God loves products!... And  
that is why we are raising at least  
twenty thousand pounds for me to  
record an album.*

Dom rolls her eyes.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

Now, tonight we are honouring our  
*most successful* fundraiser - God  
loves success. Our very own Kayode  
Ogundare, right there on keyboards,  
is becoming a Senior Vice President  
tonight-

There's applause and cheers for Kay who looks genuinely  
shocked - and then flushed with pride - at this announcement.

One of Pastor Tomi's ASSISTANTS places a medal over Kay's  
head.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

In recognition of his *exemplary  
fundraising efforts* - not to  
mention the significant donations  
he's made from his own pocket!

Angle on Dom - barely able to contain her indignation at the  
fact this guy's got Kay under his spell.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

Kay, brother, you are truly an  
inspiration to this family.

Kay is so happy.

CUT TO:

23

INT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (EVENING)

23

The chairs are arranged in a circle now. Pastor Tomi, sat on  
a backwards chair, leads the group in a prayer:

PASTOR TOMI

...Lord, we ask that you give the Street Teamers dedication and energy for their fundraising efforts this week - that they may bring prosperity to the Pastor Tomi album fund and bestow pride upon themselves-

Pastor Tomi's assistant whispers something in his ear.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

And also that Jason's Mum survives her lung transplant. Amen.

EVERYONE

Amen.

PASTOR TOMI

Does anyone have any questions or anything they'd like to raise with the group this week?

Dom's hand shoots up. Kay looks at her anxiously.

PASTOR TOMI (CONT'D)

Yes.

DOM

Hi. Dom. Long time sinner, first time worshipper.

PASTOR TOMI

(enjoying the patter)  
Great.

DOM

I've got a situation I'd like to bring to the group. It's about a friend of mine...

Dom pointedly looks at Kay - who squirms a little in his seat.

DOM (CONT'D)

He's a good guy - a *Christian*...

Kay clutches his medal.

Pastor Tomi flicks a look at him.

DOM (CONT'D)

But, for reasons that aren't *entirely* his fault... he's accrued a drug debt.

KAY  
(blurts)  
The ping pong cupboard's over there.

PASTOR TOMI  
Kay! Dom's speaking.

KAY  
Sorry, I just realised she hasn't had an orientation.  
(to Dom)  
Toilets are in the back, teas and coffees are through there - give us a shout if you can't get your head round the urn.

Pastor Tomi looks at Kay - wondering what's gotten into him.

PASTOR TOMI  
Dom, please, go on...

DOM  
I've forgotten what I was gonna say to be honest. Can't have been important.

PASTOR TOMI  
Your friend who's a Christian has a drug debt.

DOM  
(airily)  
No... sorry... it's gone.

Dom flashes Kay a satisfied look. Kay looks disgruntled.

CUT TO:

24 INT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (LATER THAT EVENING) 24

Kay is at the doorway, saying goodbye - individually - to the last people leaving.

KAY  
See you on Sunday... Praying for your mum, Jason... Take care...

They leave and Kay turns around - Dom is standing in the hall ominously. There's just the two of them.

DOM  
Well. Shall we?

She gestures towards the ping pong cupboard.



KAY

It's locked. And staying that way.

DOM

Yeah but I imagine you've got the key on you - am I right? Lying's a sin, Kay.

Kay, frustrated, is stuck for words.

Dom switches to a softer approach:

DOM (CONT'D)

Kay - you raised half that money. Some of it's *actually yours!* And it's for a nonsense cause.

(then)

I mean, come on - the guy's a total sham. Where in the Bible does it say 'God loves products'?!

KAY

As Pastor Tomi says - Jesus didn't live in a time when they were blessed with products.

DOM

Right, that's it.

She walks up to him.

KAY

What are you doing?

DOM

Where's the key?

KAY

Are you frisking me?!

The argument turns physical - Dom trying to find the key about Kay's person and Kay trying to stop her.

DOM

Kay, just-

KAY

You can't - rrgh - frisk without - argh - probable cause!

DOM

Ow! Kay don't try a submission move on me!

It's just an ugly, childish grappling match now - hands in faces etc.

KAY

This is *theft!* From a *Holy cause!*

DOM

Kay, we've got *no choice!*

KAY

There's *always* a choice!

The wrestling stops - and they look at each other.

DOM

What, then?! What do we do instead?!

KAY

I've told you - have faith. God *will* come through for us.

DOM

Ok, Ok - you know what?! Fuck you, Kay. You're on your own. I'm done with this shit.

(then)

I've done my bit, I've raised my half - I'm gonna deliver that to Breeze and tell him to come looking for you for your half.

KAY

Fine.

DOM

*No, Kay, it's not fine! They'll beat the living shit out of you!*

KAY

I have faith.

DOM

You're an idiot. Well, do what you like - see if I care.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET - DAY (LATE EVENING)

25

Dom and Kay are walking home in silence, Dom seething. After a few moments-

KAY

STOP!

Kay reaches out to stop Dom walking any further.

DOM

What?

KAY

Look!

Kay points at a coin on the pavement in front of them.

KAY (CONT'D)

This is it! A pound coin on the floor!

He turns to the shop next to them.

KAY (CONT'D)

And it's *right outside a newsagents!*

DOM

Yeah, Kay, newsagents do tend to trade in pound sterling - what's your point?

KAY

Can't you see?! *This* is the miracle!

He picks up the coin and runs inside the newsagents.

DOM

(calls after him)

You're an idiot!

Kay runs back out with a scratchcard.

DOM (CONT'D)

What's that?

KAY

Scratchcard.

(thinks)

Have you got a coin?

Dom fishes a pound coin out of her pocket and hands it to Kay, shaking her head - Kay is oblivious to any irony here.

KAY (CONT'D)

Great, thanks.

He excitedly scratches the little squares.

KAY (CONT'D)

Prepare to witness the power of faith!

He scratches the card - they look at it a second.

KAY (CONT'D)

Well, still another forty minutes so...

DOM  
(barely able to look at  
him)  
Yeah - see you, Kay.

Dom starts crossing the road - this is the point where their journeys home split.

KAY  
(calls after her)  
He will come through for me - I'm  
telling you.

Dom shakes her head as she walks away - and Kay continues on his way down the street.

Once he turns his back to her, Kay's face falls - he's worried.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY (LATE EVENING) 26 \*

Dom is walking down a side street now, also deep in thought.

She glances back over her shoulder to the main road - no sign of Kay, he's gone.

Dom slows to a stop, thinks for a moment - before turning back and walking purposefully in the direction she came from.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (LATE EVENING) 27 \*

Exterior shot of the church - lights off, all locked up.

Dom enters frame - approaching the building furtively.

She looks around the car park - until she finds a half-brick.

She picks it up - and starts weighing up which window to chuck it through, when-

KAY (O.S.)  
Dom?

DOM  
Aaargh!

Dom jumps out of her skin - then hides the brick behind her back.

KAY  
What are you doing here?

A moment - and then Dom blurts-

DOM

I came to get the money! Because I  
don't wanna see you get your legs  
broken! Even though you deserve it.  
And I'm sorry! But I'm also not  
sorry!

(then)

Hang on, what are you doing here?

Kay thinks for a moment and then-

KAY

(sadly)

I came to get the money.

Dom nods - she knows what this is costing him.

KAY (CONT'D)

Let's get this over with.

Kay goes to unlock the church doors.

CUT TO:

28 INT. KAY'S CHURCH - DAY (LATE EVENING)

28 \*

Kay stands in front of the ping pong cupboard looking it at,  
gathering his strength to do the deed.

Dom stands a few feet behind him, watching - she feels for  
him.

DOM

(sincerely trying to help)  
...God forgives those their  
trespasses... as they - you -  
forgive those - others - who... you  
know. The bible's very clear on  
that.

Kay unlocks the ping pong cupboard, takes a breath and takes  
out a cash tin.

KAY

(sadly)

Let's get out of here.

He walks past her.

DOM

You don't wanna do a candle or...  
that thing-  
(crosses herself, badly)  
-to your bossman?... Kay?...

Kay ignores her and heads out of the door.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SOAPY'S LAUNDERETTE - NIGHT 29

Dom and Kay go into the launderette.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SOAPY'S - BACKROOM - NIGHT 30

The guy on the door lets Dom and Kay into the room. Breeze and Tevin (and a few other gang members) are hanging around, counting the takings, smoking weed and listening to music.

BREEZE

PCSOs Dom and Kayode. Tev was just about to put you on the naughty list.

TEVIN

(intimidating)  
It's a Google Doc.

Dom hands over the money and Breeze counts it.

BREEZE

Nice, nice. I knew you wouldn't let us down, fam.

He folds over a couple of notes and hands them to Kay - but Kay refuses them.

KAY

(steely)  
Keep it.

Breeze looks a little annoyed - but shakes his head and pockets the cash.

Tevin puts two packages of drugs on the table - and then a third.

BREEZE

We're upping your package.

DOM

(blurts)  
No!

BREEZE

'Scuse me?

DOM

I mean... I think we're probably good as we are. Sure, we could make a bit more money but... would it make us all happier? Work to live, don't live to work!

Breeze pushes the packages towards Dom.

BREEZE

See you in a week. Don't be late, don't be short.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SOAPY'S LAUNDERETTE - NIGHT

31

Dom and Kay step out of the launderette and the door shuts behind them.

Dom - exhausted, emotionally and physically - turns to Kay.

DOM

We ain't cut out for this game.

Kay nods solemnly.

DOM (CONT'D)

We've got a week to get ourselves the hell out of this.

CUT TO:

32 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

32

Dom is staring at a complimentary Met Police wall calendar, hanging on her bedroom wall.

She takes a red marker pen and circles a day exactly a week away (the following Monday) - then goes back and puts an X through today.

She looks at the calendar - the task ahead of her - and begins to cry.

JUMP CUT TO:

Dom is lying on her bed, sobbing into her pillow.

Clinton's phone is next to her on the bed, face down - it buzzes.

Dom gathers herself - and picks up Clinton's phone to look at it:

There are a couple of Tinder notifications on the homescreen.  
Messages from 'Kirsty': 'Thinking of you x', 'Fancy a chat?Xx'

Dom shakes her head.

DOM  
Tch. Thirsty Kirsty - have some  
self respect, love.

She puts the phone back down on her bed and buries her head  
in her pillow.

CUT TO:

33 INT. KAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 33

Kay is lying awake in bed, unable to sleep.

JUMP CUT TO:

Kay is now sat at his desk, in his pyjamas, writing a letter  
to Pastor Tomi.

KAY (V.O.)  
(as he writes)  
...I intend to repay the money but  
nonetheless I have fallen far short  
in my discipleship - and must  
return to you my medal and the  
cherished office of Senior Vice  
President...

He puts the letter in an envelope - followed by his medal -  
and seals it.

CUT TO:

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT. APARTMENTS - NIGHT 35

Kay walks towards the building where Youth Pastor Tomi lives -  
past his freshly waxed Audi.

Angle on - Kay approaches the main entrance - and takes a  
breath, steeling himself for the task ahead.

He presses the number for Pastor Tomi's flat on the intercom  
system. We can faintly hear the thudding bass of a party as  
Kay waits.

After a moment, someone answers-



VOICE (O.S.)

Yo.

Through the intercom, we hear the thudding music and a cacophony of voices - a party in full swing. This throws Kay a little.

KAY

Oh, er... I'm looking for Pastor-

ZZZZZT. The main door is buzzed open - and Kay goes in.

CUT TO:

36 INT. APARTMENTS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 36

Kay climbs the stairs - the music growing louder as he gets closer.

CUT TO:

37 INT. PASTOR TOMI'S FLAT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 37 \*

Kay finds the door to Pastor T's flat open - and cautiously enters.

KAY

Hello?...

CUT TO:

38 INT. PASTOR TOMI'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 38

Kay walks into the lounge to find a raucous party is raging. It's Bacchanalian. Drugs, sex, general debauchery.

A BLOKE steps in front of him - he looks pretty out of it.

BLOKE

Are you Dave's mate with the ketamine? Please say yes.

KAY

Er... sorry... I think I'm actually in the wrong place...

Kay turns around and walks back out, almost tripping over his own feet.

39 INT. PASTOR TOMI'S FLAT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 39

Kay checks the flat number on the front door - he's in the right place. He heads back inside...

40 INT. PASTOR TOMI'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 40

Kay walks back into the madness of the living room.

He approaches a woman in a minuscule bikini. She looks like an extra in a 90s House video.

KAY  
'Scuse me, have you seen Youth  
Pastor Tomi?

JUMP CUT TO:

Then he tries a guy dressed a bit like the Capitol Hill-  
Storming Shaman.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, have you seen Youth Pastor  
Tomi?

JUMP CUT TO:

Angle on - Youth Pastor Tomi, sat on a sofa, flanked - and  
very much distracted - by prostitutes.

He's oblivious to Kay standing in front of him.

Kay looks from Pastor Tomi down to a glass coffee table -  
where there are lines of coke and bundles of cash - and then  
back to Pastor Tomi.

KAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Youth Pastor Tomi?!

Pastor Tomi snorts a line of coke and looks up at Kay.

PASTOR TOMI  
Ah, Kay... you've... stumbled on  
our youth outreach event.

Kay's face hardens with rage-

KAY  
*Aaargh!*

-and he tips the table over - sending cash and white powder  
flying.

CUT TO:

41 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

41

Dom is in her pyjamas, sat on the edge of her bed. Kay is  
pacing up and down in front of her.

KAY

...There was drugs, nudity, *nobody* was using a coaster. And he's been using church money to fund all this! He's a complete fraud!

DOM

(sarcastic)

Who could've known?

KAY

(missing the sarcasm)

I know. Pastor Tomi. The man who lifted me out of gambling addiction.

DOM

What?

KAY

Anyway - the church council now know everything. Pastor T's suspended.

Kay slumps down next to Dom and sighs deeply.

Dom looks at him - he looks broken. A thought occurs to her.

DOM

(cautiously)

You know, Kay... if we hadn't taken that money, you wouldn't have written the letter to Pastor Tomi. You wouldn't have gone to his flat and discovered the party - with the drugs and the - your words - 'nudie ladies'. He'd still be taking money from the congregation to fund his sinful lifestyle.

Kay thinks on that a moment.

KAY

Huh.

A smile begins to creep across his face. He turns to her, eyes shining.

KAY (CONT'D)

God works in mysterious ways!

She never thought she would be, but Dom is genuinely happy to see that Kay has found his faith again.

DOM

Well, I'm glad to see you've got your mojo back-

Kay's back on his feet.

KAY  
(singing)  
GLORY, GLORY-

DOM  
Kay!

Clinton's phone buzzes.

KAY  
What's that?!

DOM  
It's Clinton's phone.

Kay bounces over and picks it up.

KAY  
It could be a clue!

He looks at the phone - another Tinder notification on the  
homescreen - message from Kirsty: 'Everything ok?'

DOM  
(weary)  
It's not a clue - it's some Karen  
with an anxious attachment style.

Then a thought occurs to Dom - changes her energy.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Give me that.

Dom grabs the phone and starts hurriedly extracting Clinton's  
severed finger from the pickle jar.

Kay winces at the sight of the finger - as Dom uses it to get  
into the phone, before casually tossing it on her bed as she  
clicks on Tinder and then Kirsty's profile pic.

CUT TO:

42 FLASHBACK: INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE KITCHEN - EP 1 42

CLINTON BLAIR  
I've only ever dated black women.

BACK TO:

43 INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING - CONT FROM PREVIOUS 43

DOM  
(excited)  
Kay!

KAY

What?

DOM

Clinton told me he'd *only ever dated Black women*.

KAY

Right...

DOM

Look-

She shows Kay Clinton's Tinder account - the picture of 'Kirsty'.

DOM (CONT'D)

That is a white lady.

KAY

Definitely looks white - but then, I thought Meghan Markle-

DOM

It's a white lady, Kay.

Dom starts frantically scrolling back through their messages.

DOM (CONT'D)

And look at these messages! There's *so many* of them. And no flirting, no chit-chat, not so much as an aubergine emoji.

She looks at Kay intensely.

DOM (CONT'D)

I think *this* might be who Clinton was working with.

Kay looks at the phone screen and back at Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)

I think *this* is the person we're looking for. The person who can get us out of this! Kay - you're a genius!

Kay shrugs.

KAY

That's what happens when you're filled with the spirit.

(then)

So what do we do?

Dom taps on the phone - in the chat box to Kirsty.

She types 'Hey' in the box.

Dom and Kay look at one another. And Dom hits 'send'.

TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

(Credits perhaps playing out over the music video to 'Jesus is a Vibe' by Pastor Tomi.)