



INFORMER

By

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EPISODE ONE:

"No Sleep till Brooklyn"

Final Script

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NEAL STREET PRODUCTIONS - 26-28 Neal St, London WC2H 9QQ

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1 **EXT. DLR STATION - MORNING 50.**

1

London. Not the streets or the buildings, but the faces. All ages, races, and creeds. The DNA of the most multi-cultural city the world has ever known.

The platform packed with an endless river of morning COMMUTERS. From the stream of faces, we settle on:

WESLEY NDOYO (30, Black), skinny jeans, vintage Starter jacket. Headphones on, he shuffles along with the crowd.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

On the morning of November 29th,
Wesley Ndoyo boarded an westbound
DLR train at 10:17 am.

We stay with him as he boards the waiting DLR train.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. DLR TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY 50. CONTINUOUS.**

2

Wesley heads for a lone empty seat. He looks up, noticing:

EMILY WATERS (30s), frazzled, shuffles towards the same seat. Wesley waves for her to take it. She doesn't notice his chivalry, sits down anyway.

Wesley shakes it off, grabs a strap. He glances around, everyone lost in their own little worlds. He pulls out his smart phone and dives into a game.

Moments later, the train pulls into Canary Wharf Station. Wesley watches Emily head for the door. As he moves to take her seat, he notices that she left her phone behind. Wesley slips off his earbuds, calls after her --

WESLEY

Excuse me? Miss, here, miss --

But she disembarks, oblivious. Wesley watches Emily hustle away through the window of the carriage. He sighs to himself.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

At 10:23 am, Mr. Ndoyo disembarked
the train at Canary Wharf Station.

Wesley grabs Emily's phone and shoves through the crowd. He slips out the closing doors.

CUT TO:

3 **INT. CANARY WHARF STATION - CONTINUOUS. DAY 50.**

3

A massive commuter hub. People swarm in all directions. Wesley looks up, spots Emily heading up the escalator. She heads out the exit and onto the street...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Shortly after, at 10:26 am, Mr. Ndoyo departed Canary Wharf station through the Eldon Street exit.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. ELDON STREET - MOMENTS LATER. DAY 50.**

4

A quiet side street. Wesley stops, no sign of Emily. He shrugs, *whatever*. Suddenly, the phone in his hand rings. He eyes the caller ID -- 'Holly'.

WESLEY (INTO PHONE)

Hi, this isn't my phone --

EMILY (THROUGH PHONE)

Oh. Christ, didn't think anyone would answer. I think you have my phone, well, you obviously have my phone.

WESLEY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, I was looking for you. You disappeared on me.

EMILY (INTO PHONE)

I'm in a cafe on Eldon Street.

(to someone else)

What's the name of this place?

(then, through phone)

Cafe Sixty-Six, do you know it?

Wesley looks around, spots:

The Cafe 66 up ahead.

WESLEY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, hang on, I'm right by there.

Wesley hangs up and heads towards the cafe.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

At 10:30 am, Mr. Ndoyo entered the Eldon Street branch of Cafe Sixty-Six.

CUT TO:

5

INT. CAFE 66 - MOMENTS LATER. DAY 50.

5

The cafe busy with the morning CROWD. Wesley steps in, spots Emily, motioning him over.

Wesley skirts around the queue, hands over her phone.

EMILY

Thank you so much. Where did I leave it?

WESLEY

On the tube, you're lucky I grabbed it, would've ended up in Shadwell.

EMILY

You got off your train for me?

WESLEY

Guess I did, yeah.

EMILY

Here, let me give you something.
(she digs in her purse)
Christ, only got the debit...

WESLEY

Seriously, don't worry about it.
We've all been there.

EMILY

Effing hope not.

WESLEY

... You alright?

EMILY

Yes, sorry. Let me buy you a coffee. Tea maybe? Anything?

Wesley hesitates, but relents, joining her in the queue.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

Alright, I could do a coffee.

EMILY

Double shot for me today. But it's not all bad, the horoscope said I'd have a run-in with a stranger.

WESLEY

You're one of them believers then? Mercury in retrograde and that.

EMILY

Not really. It's crap, but I got my mobile back, didn't I?

BARISTA (O.S.)

I can help the next customer.

Emily steps forward to the counter.

EMILY

Sorry, I didn't get your name.

WESLEY

Wes.

EMILY

How'd you like your coffee, Wes?

-- The *CRACK* of a gunshot snaps them out of their conversation. *SCREAMS* as cafe patrons make their way from the UNSEEN PERPETRATOR at the window of the Cafe.

Pure instinct, Wesley strides into the fray --

WESLEY

Hey-hey-hey - put that down - put it down --

BANG! Another gunshot hits Wesley. His head snaps back in a spray of blood. He drops to the floor --

-- The Cafe clears out fast as the Patrons flee in panic. But we stay with Emily. Frozen, swallowed by absolute terror --

CUT TO:

6

INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.

6

CORONER LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (50s+, F) reads from a dossier, addressing the ranks of PRESS and COURT OFFICIALS.

(CONTINUED)

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER

At 10:32 am, Mr. Ndoyo was shot by the assailant in the Eldon Street branch of Cafe Sixty-Six. Mr. Ndoyo was pronounced dead at the scene.

(CONTINUED)

Lady Justice Spencer closes the dossier marked, 'Wesley Phillip Ndoyo.' She takes a sip of water before opening the next dossier from her pile.

We find GABE WATERS (40s) watching from the back of the crowded courtroom. Haunted and hollow, some crosses are just too heavy to bear.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE OVER BLACK: 12 months earlier.

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
(singing)
Wise men say, only fools rush in...

CUT TO:

7

INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 1.

7

CLOSE ON: Gabe. He sways with the music, smiling with the bliss of a true believer.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
*But I can't help falling in love
with you...*

Gabe stands shirtless, George and the Dragon and an Aktion 14 logo tattooed on his chest. His arms wrapped around two other SHIRTLESS MEN, tattoos and beer-bellies. They used to be skinheads, now they're just going bald. The three of them stand in the middle of a smokey club, a few other hard-looking DRUNKS at the bar. All eyes on:

SHARON COLLINS (40s, white, F) gives Elvis the full weight of her tattered soul. It's clear she sings only for Gabe.

SHARON
*... Take my hand, take my whole
life too...*

CUT TO:

8

INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - FLAT - NIGHT 1.

8

A sparse studio flat above the club, cluttered with cases of soft drinks and promotional posters. Kitchen, bedroom, and living room all in one. Gabe and Sharon fuck on a floor mattress. The drunk and hungry fumbling of two lonely people.

TIME CUT:

Half dressed, Gabe pours a stiff drink in the bare bones kitchen. A two-hob stove and an electric kettle. He pauses to flick through a handwritten letter on the counter:

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Skittles still writes you?

Sharon sits up in bed.

SHARON

Yeah, when he remembers.

GABE

Wish I could get down there and see him.

SHARON

He's always asking after you.

Gabe climbs into bed with his drink.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Everything changed, didn't it?
Nigel got clean, Skittles inside,
you off in the bloody States. You
know Dom went and got gay married?

GABE

Always a snappy dresser, weren't
he? But the Queen shits in the
woods and you're still a half-
decent shag.

Sharon playfully jabs him. He feigns injury.

SHARON

What time's your flight?

GABE

Early. Off the plane, straight to
work. But I'll be back, couple
months or so.

SHARON

(testing)

I think I'd do alright in Florida.

GABE

I wish, babes.

He necks his drink and rolls over, not having this
conversation.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - EARLY MORNING 2.

9

Gabe ducks into a waiting Mini-cab outside the club.

CUT TO:

10 OMITTED 10

11 **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/LAY-BY - EARLY MORNING 2.** 11

The Mini-cab pulls up next to a battered Mondeo parked in an out of the way lay-by overlooking the Yorkshire Dales.

Gabe hops out of the Mini-cab and struts up to the Mondeo. He reaches under the wheel arch, pulls out a set of keys.

TIME CUT: Gabe throws up in a hedge... Changes his shirt at the open trunk of his Mondeo... brushes his teeth.

INSIDE MONDEO: Gabe slumps behind the wheel. He pops a couple of pain killers... Guzzles an energy drink... Eyes himself in the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

12 **EXT. M1 - EARLY MORNING 2.** 12

The Mondeo races down the empty motorway. London up ahead...

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: INFORMER

HIPSTER DUDE (PRE-LAP)
Who are you then, Raza?

CUT TO:

13 **INT. SHOREDITCH LOFT - DAY 2.** 13

CLOSE ON: RAZA SHAR (20s, Pakistani), bright like a bullet. He shifts in his chair, mulls over the question. Laughs...

RAZA
Kind of a heavy question, bruv.
Feels like I'm on X-Factor, innit.
I guess I'd say I'm a man for all
seasons. Like I hang out, go out,
chill out. But I'm clean, pay my
rent. I'm not too loud, but I'm not
sitting in the corner like a weirdo
neither. Goldilocks comes over,
she's eating my porridge cause,
y'know, I'm just right.

Raza sits across from THREE SHOREDITCH HIPSTERS (white, 20s, male and female). They're charmed by his answer.

RAZA (CONT'D)
No, for real, I think I'd make a
legit flatmate.

(CONTINUED)

We get a better look at Raza: hipster chic with a slim black tie, a crisp part in his hair. He fits in seamlessly with his surroundings of vintage furniture and ironic posters.

HIPSTER GIRL

We all work in the Arts, we use the studio to collaborate.

HIPSTER DUDE

Do you do anything creative?

Raza thinks on it, eyes a shelf of vintage cameras.

RAZA

Who's the photographer?

HIPSTER GIRL raises her hand. Raza shuffles over to the cameras, picks up an old one.

RAZA (CONT'D)

You mind?

(She doesn't)

I like what Robert Capa said, 'the pictures are already there, you just hafta take 'em.'

Raza snaps a photograph of the Hipsters.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Sorry, don't mean to sound pretentious. You took these? Sound.

Raza motions to a wall of photos. Hipster Girl joins him.

HIPSTER GIRL

I do mainly street photography.

Raza studies the photos. Black and white prints of London's ethnic neighborhoods. Brixton, Peckham, Whitechapel.

RAZA

(RE: picture)

That's over by Altab Ali, innit. Used to run round there as a kid. But you wouldn't wanna live here back then, were a lot different.

HIPSTER GIRL

Yeah, I use my lens to highlight shifting urban environments. We create these false barriers --

RAZA

Hold up, that's my street.

(takes a closer look)

Bruv, I'm in this one.

Raza pulls a photo off the wall:

(CONTINUED)

A street scene. A group of SOUTH ASIAN MEN stand around a PREACHER. Raza smokes a cig in the background of the photo. Raza eyes the title printed beneath the photo...

RAZA (CONT'D)

'Young Radicals', what's that?

HIPSTER GIRL

Uh, the title of the piece. Just a play on words.

RAZA

That dude there's a tramp, a nutter, no one's listening to him. And I'm just having a fag, what's radical about that?

HIPSTER GIRL

No, it's more like the guy handing out the flyers.

RAZA

That's Tariq, he works at Aladdin's Garden. Those are menus, bruv... This been in galleries?

HIPSTER GIRL

I had a show last year.

Raza puts the photo back. An awkward silence.

RAZA

Cool-cool, keep me posted, yeah?

CUT TO:

14

EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 2.

14

Raza steps out of the apartment building near Hoxton Square. He slides the old camera from his jacket - he stole it. He snaps a picture of himself flipping off the building. He pockets the camera and saunters away.

We track with Raza as he walks from Shoreditch High Street to Aldgate East. From a world of artisan restaurants and cafes to the maze of Bangladeshi bakeries and Council Estates.

The faces of the Pedestrians shift from trust-fund Hipsters and City Workers to Curry House Hawkers and Niqab-covered Mothers picking their kids up from Madrasah.

As Raza moves from one world to the other, we notice subtle changes in him. He loses his tie. His jeans drop a couple of inches off his waist.

(CONTINUED)

He slows down, adds a swagger to his step. Raza subconsciously reflects the world around him. A survival instinct that has evolved into his very identity.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. FLORIDA HOUSE - DAY 2.**

15

Gabe's Mondeo parks up outside an industrial office block beneath the construction cranes of Canary Wharf.

Gabe hustles up to the main entrance. He eyes the CCTV by the door, scans a Key Card into the reader, the door clicks open.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 2.**

16

A long since abandoned office building, now the home to the Counter-terrorism Special Unit (CTSU).

An open bullpen crammed with desks and laptops. The STAFF of CTSU quietly at work. Mostly men, mostly white. Made to look like London's background extras. Gabe sits at a desk, where:

A copy of the Times awaits. A mugshot on the front (AHMED EL ADOUA, 20s). Someone's already doodled X's over his eyes. Gabe glances at Officers MARLON COOPER and PETER WORALL at the next desk.

GABE

Didn't think the Dutch fancied
drone strikes?

COOPER

Her upstairs reckons the Yanks
didn't give them much choice.

WORALL

Yeah, but she'd take it up the
batty for a good conspiracy.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe spots HOLLY MORTEN (20s), in the corner. Back straight, dressed smart. Gabe returns to his paper.

GABE

Either way, no good to anyone dead.

A few grunts of agreement, before:

DCI ROSE ASANTE (40s, black) strides through the bullpen. Dreadlocks and a tweed suit. An Oxbridge graduate.

Rose takes a seat on the tattered sofa at the far end of the bullpen. Her attention focused on her intelligence brief.

Everyone stops what they're doing and join her. Holly clueless. Gabe nods for her to follow.

GABE (CONT'D)

She don't suffer tardiness.

Holly and Gabe join the group. They all await silent as Rose finishes flipping through her brief.

ROSE

Welcome to CTSU, Miss Morten. Would you like to introduce yourself?

Rose finally looks up, offers the floor to Holly, who stands stiff in the back.

HOLLY

Holly.

ROSE

... Apparently not much of a charmer. I'll leave you to make your own assessments. Gabriel, Holly will ride with you.

GABE

Yes, Guv.

Holly eyes her new partner, but his focus is on Rose as she hands out a stack of briefing packages to the team. As she delivers her brief, Rose fiddles with the reading glasses permanently around her neck. Her version of worry beads.

ROSE

I paid a visit to our friends across the park this morning. They were quite anxious to discuss the untimely death of Mr. El Adoua.

Rose motions to El Adoua on the cover of her Times.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)

They've confirmed he recruited the Rotterdam bombers and forged enough TATP to kill seventeen civilians. It seems that before conspiring to deliver the caliphate to Holland, Mr. El Adoua might have brought a piece of it here. This takes priority for all Counter Terror units. Shall we?

Rose motions for Worall to take the floor --

WORALL

AIVD or BVD or whatever the Dutch are calling themselves these days, raided a flat in Charlois last night. They found El Adoua's... Is it *El* Adoua or *El Adoua*?

COOPER

El Adoua.

WORALL

Either way, AIVD found his travel documents. We got a hit on one of his passports - flight FQ1320 to London-Stansted on June 11th.

COOPER

CCTV trawls from Stansted on the day show El Adoua disembarking. We're still waiting on BSS to gather his digital footprint.

ROSE

Until they have something to share, that's as much as the Gods have given us. We paint the rest of the picture ourselves. Where did he stay? With whom? And why in Christ was Mr. El Adoua in my lovely city?

Rose opens her briefing package, the team follow suit.

CUT TO:

17

INT. PACKING WAREHOUSE - DAY 24.

17 *

A windowless warehouse. Amidst the assembly line of mostly older WORKERS, we find:

*
*

Raza. One headphone in, he packs boxes at his station before pushing them further down the chain. His work is thought-free and monotonous. Raza's rhythm broken by his *buzzing* phone.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Raza reads the text, *groans*. He checks the clock, sends a quick-fire text back and gets back to work.

*
*

CUT TO:

*

18

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER. DAY 2.

18

The morning meeting lets out. Holly follows Gabe.

HOLLY

If El Adoua was recruiting, we need access to his text messages, e-mails, WhatsApp --

GABE

Oh, shiny shoes?

Holly looks down at her gleaming shoes.

GABE (CONT'D)

Not many people take the time to shine the old ones and twos these days. Cops mainly.

HOLLY

Right. But without access to his online activity, we can't really --

GABE

Holly, El Adoua didn't come all the way to London to send e-mails. He met with someone. We have to find them.

(off her nod)

Change your shoes, your clothes too, you look like a cop.

CUT TO:

19

INT. DELIGHTS HAIR AND BEAUTY SALON - DAY 2.

19

Bright and gaudy. Hair, henna, and threading. BEAUTICIANS gossip with their CLIENTS. A mix of ethnicities. All women. BBC Asia on the radio.

Raza steps in, pretends to cover his eyes for the REGULARS.

RAZA

Salaam Aunties. Don't fret, I can't see nothing. But you do look lovely.

He shuffles up to SADIA SHAR (40s, F, Pakistani) as she threads a client's eyebrows. He pecks her cheek, but she gives him a sharp glare.

SADIA

Why you out in bloody Shoreditch looking at flats? You forget I have eyes everywhere?

Raza glances over at FATIMA (20s, Bangladeshi), who avoids his glare as she shampoos a CLIENT'S hair.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

You don't have eyes at the school
though, Ammi. Nasir texted me,
detention again, innit.

SADIA

(sighs, then)

You go fetch him. I still have Mrs.
Chowdhry's rinse to finish up.

Raza slinks up to the till, slides it open. He pockets a few
notes. Notices Sadia approaching the counter.

RAZA

Drug money, going out later.

SADIA

Don't joke like that. You remember
Anara's boy? Walked to Ipswich
thinking he was Jesus.

RAZA

Course he had to be high to go to
Ipswich.

Sadia goes back to her Client.

SADIA

How was it then? The flat.

RAZA

500 quid for a room in an old
handbag factory.

CUT TO:

20

INT. ASHTON WOOD SECONDARY SCHOOL - VARIOUS - DAY 2.

20

End of the day. CLEANERS listen to Romanian radio as they mop
a deserted hallway. Raza tip-toes across the wet linoleum. He
stops at a classroom, peers in through the glass partition:

NASIR (16, Pakistani) sits in the empty classroom, head
slumped on the desk. His teacher, MISS WOODS (30s, white)
marks papers while she waits.

Raza eyes her for a beat: Birkenstocks, friendship bracelets,
faded red streaks in her hair. A half-hearted hippie.

Raza tucks in his shirt, does his top button. He steps into --

CLASSROOM:

Crammed with forty desks. Tattered posters on the wall.

RAZA

Miss Woods? I'm Raza Shar --

(CONTINUED)

MISS WOODS
Yes-yes, Nasir's brother.

She stands up, offers out her hand. Raza leaves her hanging, instead he clasps his hands to his chest.

MISS WOODS (CONT'D)
I was really expecting your mum --

RAZA
She's stuck at work, Miss Woods.
What's he done?

Unsettled, she motions to a small pocket knife on her desk.

MISS WOODS
This fell out of his bag. Nasir's one of my brightest pupils, but I can't have this in my class, you understand? I have to suspend him.

Raza nods gravely, turns to Nasir.

RAZA
(in Urdu, subtitled)
Sit up, look at me, look scared.

Nasir sits up, follows Raza's directions.

RAZA (CONT'D)
(in Urdu, harsh)
Look more scared, like I'm gonna set you on fire or something.

Nasir nods, almost tears up. Miss Woods watches, concerned.

RAZA (CONT'D)
(in Urdu, yells)
Walk out with your head down. Then face the wall, like hide n seek.

Nasir follows Raza's instructions to a tee. Stands facing the wall outside. Raza turns back to Miss Woods.

RAZA (CONT'D)
My father will deal with him. Nasir won't shame us like this again.

MISS WOODS
Hold on, what were you telling him?

RAZA
He'll be no more trouble to you.

(CONTINUED)

MISS WOODS

It's not the end of the world. They shouldn't really be selling these things, let alone to kids. We don't need to overreact...

Raza eyes his little brother, who dares a look back.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. ASHTON WOOD SECONDARY SCHOOL - DAY 2.

21

Raza and Nasir play fight as they cross the empty playground.

RAZA

You muj now? Taking knives into school and that, you gimp.

NASIR

Protection, innit.

RAZA

Someone's messing with you?

NASIR

No... Mr. Roy gave me A in maths, I gotta even out my street cred.

RAZA

You're gonna be an astronaut. What you need street cred for?

NASIR

They barely let Pakis on planes, how they gonna let me up in space.

RAZA

Spaceman, samurai, multitudes, innit. Like presto, now you're a photographer.

Raza hands the old camera to Nasir.

NASIR

Fuck, this is old. It's got no screen.

RAZA

You don't want it then?

NASIR

No, no, no, don't blob, just show me how it works.

RAZA

Wind and click, Google it.

(CONTINUED)

Nasir examines the camera like it's an ancient relic.

CUT TO:

22

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/EAST LONDON STREETS - DAY 2.

22

Gabe behind the wheel, Holly in the passenger seat, now dressed in jeans and a sweater. Flustered, she tends to the six burner phones on her lap. A number taped to each one.

HOLLY

(reading a text)

Number 3 says 5 to at the Croxford Street cafe?

GABE

No, tell him, Nunhead Road. Then text him at 5 to and tell him Harness Street at quarter past. We set the agenda, always. You haven't worked informants before, have you?

HOLLY

Not personally.

GABE

Not many ways to do it other than personally.

HOLLY

Obviously, I understand, developing relationships is critical to gathering intelligence and preventing terror attacks.

Gabe eyes Holly, trying to figure her out.

GABE

You like to win, don't you?

HOLLY

Should I want to lose?

GABE

Let me spare you the grief, we'll fail. And when we do people die. Someone always slips through the net.

(then RE: phones)

Be on the lookout for new snouts. Don't bother with the mosques, all my best assets were on the Devil's wishlist already. Junkies, dealers, perves, anyone you can get leverage on. Remember, they grass on their mates, family, they just as easy turn on you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

They're not your friends. Squeeze them, rinse them, they give you trouble? Drop them, move on.

Holly nods, taking it in. Her attention drawn back to the buzzing phones.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. PAULETTE HOUSE - DAY 2.**

Now playing paparazzi, Nasir snaps photos of Raza as the two of them shuffle up to a concrete council block.

CUT TO:

24 INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2.

A small two bedroom flat. More taste than money. Second hand-sofa, shelves teeming with books. Raza and Nasir slip off their shoes. They creep into the flat to find:

Their father, HANIF SHAR (50s, Pakistani) sipping a beer and reading a newspaper. News on the TV.

RAZA

What's going on in the world, Abu?

HANIF

(doesn't look up)

Still spinning, barely.

Nasir creeps away to his room, Raza continues into --

CUT TO:

25 INT. SHAR FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY 2.

Sadia tends to the curry simmering on her stove.

SADIA

Where's the shorter one?

RAZA

Hiding in his room.

SADIA

Bloody pocket knife?

RAZA

It's a dangerous world out there.

Raza eyes the empty delivery containers in the trash. He eyes his mother, stirring the delivery food she pretends to cook.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)
Smells good, Ammi.

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. SHOP BACK ALLEY - DAY 2.**

26

Gabe and Holly huddle amidst the dumpsters with a PAKISTANI INFORMANT (50s), Kurta and Kufi. He eyes El Adoua on the front of the Times.

PAKISTANI INFORMANT

Yes, I think this *bhenchod* come in my shop last morning.

GABE

Really? Cause he spent most of yesterday in a bomb crater in Syria.

PAKISTANI INFORMANT

Maybe I have an improved memory when you catch the hooligans keep graffitiiing my windows.

Off Gabe's frustration, we cut to --

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. MILLENNIUM MILLS PIER - DAY 2.**

27

Gabe and Holly huddle next to a MOROCCAN INFORMANT (30s, M), in an Electrical Shop uniform.

MOROCCAN INFORMANT

No, never seen this shithead, but I'd've lamped him if I did. Ay there's this one bloke though, he come up to me in Masjid, few days back, bigging up Al Qaeda and them.

GABE

Alright, who's this?

MOROCCAN INFORMANT

Dunno, like long hair, henna beard - looked like a Bangla Hagrid.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 2.**

28

Mostly empty. Tables dirty. Gabe and Holly sit across from a BANGLADESHI INFORMANT (40). Big glasses and a shitty dye job.

GABE

You gotta stop trying instigate Jihad in the mosques. I get another complaint, I arrest you.

(CONTINUED)

BANGLADESHI INFORMANT
I'm trying my best. How else do I
get these people exposed?

Holly sighs, frustrated. Gabe shrugs, 'this is the job'.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - DAY 2.**

29

Neat and well-presented. An overflowing bookshelf and a bunk bed. Raza on the bottom bunk, carefully unstitches the school insignia off the lapel of an old high school blazer.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. SHAR FLAT - BALCONY - DAY 2.**

30

A balcony off of Raza's bedroom overlooking a busy market. Raza steps out in his high school blazer. Somehow he makes it look GQ sharp.

Raza slumps down onto a beanbag. He unzips the seam, digs his hand into the stuffing. A Tasmanian Devil tobacco tin hidden inside, he pulls out a half-smoked joint. Raza lights up. He eyes the London vista, might as well be another planet. A moment of calm interrupted by:

A mouse scurries behind the potted plants. Raza grabs an empty plant pot. He creeps towards the mouse and...

Whips the pot over it, trapping the mouse inside. *Scratching* from under the pot. Raza not sure what to do next. Raza's phone *buzzes*, he picks up.

KARL (THROUGH PHONE)
Knew I smelt ya up there.

-- Raza peers over the ledge:

KARL (30s, white) looks up at him from the bottom deck, sunbathing. A phone at Karl's ear.

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
That's what you got the big nose
for then?

KARL (THROUGH PHONE)
Come down, let's see if ya can fly.

Raza tucks £50 into his tobacco tin, lowers it down to Karl with a piece of string. They obviously do this a lot...

KARL (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
(RE: Jacket)
Where you off to dressed like that?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
You think it's too much?

KARL (THROUGH PHONE)
Nah, you look well sharp.

Karl snatches the tobacco tin, eyes the money inside --

KARL (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
(eyes the money)
That's a lot of kush, big spender.

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
No bruv, I want them rolls. How
many that fetch me?

KARL (THROUGH PHONE)
10, but I'mma give you 7. Any more
is intent. Feds don't fuck around
with that Class A.

Karl digs into his sock, shoves something into the tobacco tin. Raza quickly pulls it back up like reeling in a fish.

KARL (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
Alright killah, no sleep till
Brooklyn.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2.**

31

Raza paces in to find Nasir and Sadia at the table. Nasir sulks as he struggles to eat his curry with chopsticks.

RAZA
What you got chopsticks for?

NASIR
Ammi thinks she's a comedian or
something.

SADIA
Can't be trusted with sharp objects
apparently. You're not eating?

Raza snags a roti for the road, heads for the door --

HANIF (O.S.)
Hey, careful tonight.

Raza turns to find his dad sitting up on the sofa. Hanif motions to the TV.

ON SCREEN: El Adoua's mugshot overlaid on blurry footage of a drone strike in Syria. Footage of an EDL protest in London.

(CONTINUED)

HANIF (CONT'D)

Anyone picks on you, don't be brave, tell them you're Hindu.

RAZA

"Don't freak, I'm a Sikh."

Raza bops out of the flat.

CUT TO:

32

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/BOW CANAL LOCKS - NIGHT 2.

32

Gabe parks up near the canals, notices Holly jotting down something on her notepad.

GABE

What's that, what're you writing?

HOLLY

21:23, source meeting, Bow Locks.

Holly shows Gabe her pad. A list of every meeting that day.

GABE

Do me a favor, don't write this one down. He's a little skittish. And maybe hang back, yeah?

CUT TO:

33

EXT. BOW CANAL LOCKS - NIGHT 2.

33

The rain ripples across the shimmering green canal. Gabe ducks under the shelter of a footbridge. YOUSEF HASSAN (late 20s, Somali), tracksuit, gold tooth and an e-cig, awaits.

YOUSEF

What on earth she doing out there?

Yousef motions to Holly, who stands in the rain further down the canal. Gabe rolls his eyes.

GABE

First day.

YOUSEF

Didn't know feds come in that size. She gonna make it to day two?

GABE

(shrugs, then)

One of the Rotterdam boys was in London. El Adoua, you heard of him?

(CONTINUED)

YOUSEF

I got a Telly, yeah.

(Off Gabe's look)

Gotta be give and take today. Feds got my brother on possession. You fix me that?

GABE

You saw El Adoua in London?

YOUSEF

What about my brother?

GABE

You're gonna have to sell me a little harder.

YOUSEF

I saw your man around, yeah. Like back in summer. Hanging near Bridge Town with this Big Shot dude. Word was they met in Ragga whiles back.

GABE

Ragga? You been holding out on me?

YOUSEF

You're the one asks the questions.

GABE

Big shot, what's his name?

YOUSEF

My brother's out, we talk.

Gabe weighs his options...

GABE

Tonight he's on his own, tomorrow, I'll see what I can do.

YOUSEF

See what you can do then, innit.

GABE

Don't even dream of dodging me on this.

YOUSEF

Get shorty an umbrella. She gonna catch the death.

Gabe watches as Yousef hops onto his Moped, pulls on his helmet and razzes away.

CUT TO:

33A **INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 2.**

33A

Psychedelic art and Trippy House music. Raza weaves through the crowd of Hipsters and Ravers, searching for someone...

CUT TO:

34

EXT. NIGHTCLUB/SMOKING AREA - NIGHT 2.

34

Raza eyes the large crowd of smokers crowded on the rooftop.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Raza!

Raza turns to find CHARLOTTE HUMPHREYS (20, white), undercut, day-glo tribal paint on her cheeks. She bounces up to Raza, gives him a wet kiss. She's already had a few drinks.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Sorry, signal's crap. Just got your texts. Did you get the *things*?

RAZA

Yeah, I got you.

CHARLOTTE

You're the best... What you all dressed up for?

RAZA

Roll outta bed like this, innit.

She leads him to a corner where her friends smoke and drink. She motions to TRISTAN (21), red-faced drunk.

CHARLOTTE

Tristan, angel, this is Raza.
(off his confusion)
With your birthday cake?

TRISTAN

Oh, my birthday cake, fucking brilliant. How goes it, Raza?

RAZA

All good. You wanna...

Tristan catches his drift, pulls out some cash --

-- Raza hesitates, waves the money away.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, innit.

Raza discretely slips them each a pill.

TRISTAN

Sound, mate.

CHARLOTTE

Our usual bloke's in Ibiza, rakes it in this time of year.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

This isn't cut like the shit he
gets you.

TRISTAN

Lottie, how'd you meet this rascal?

RAZA

Swiped right, didn't she.

CHARLOTTE

Raza!

TRISTAN

You little piggy!

The three of them knock back their pills. Swig their drinks.

CUT TO:

35

OMITTED

35

36

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT 2.

36

Raza and Charlotte all over each other. The MDMA kicking in.
Charlotte stumbles, Raza catches her, checks her eyes.

RAZA

Don't whitey on me, yeah?

Charlotte's weak smile can't cover her glassy-eyed panic.

RAZA (CONT'D)

You okay? Hey, hey, you okay?

CUT TO:

37

INT./EXT. BLACK CAB/NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 2.

37

Raza and Tristan bundle Charlotte into the back of a black
cab. She shakes in Raza's arms, in the midst of a seizure.

RAZA

You're okay, gonna be okay --

TRISTAN

You're a champion, Razi.

Tristan backs away, closing the door behind them.

RAZA

Fuck you saying? Get in.

CAB DRIVER

Oi, I'm not driving anyone
like that.

Tristan throws money at the Cab Driver and backs away.

TRISTAN

That should do you.

RAZA

Get a move on, Hospital --

(CONTINUED)

CAB DRIVER
I said I can't --

RAZA (CONT'D)
You got your money, drive!

Reluctant, the Cab Driver peels away.

INSIDE CAB:

Raza holds Charlotte, who slips in and out of consciousness. Behind them, Tristan watches the cab disappear.

CUT TO:

38

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E - NIGHT 2.

38

The automatic doors slide open as Raza half-drags Charlotte into the busy waiting room. Full of people either drunk or dying, hard to tell the difference.

RAZA
Help, can I get help, please.

A NURSE hurries over, helps Raza set Charlotte down on a chair. She checks her over, pulse, pupils, mouth...

NURSE
Can you tell me your name, luv?
(To Nurse's station)
Crashing. Trauma 3.
(back to Raza)
Tell me what she took.

RAZA
MDMA, just the one.

NURSE
How long ago was that?

RAZA
Like three hours at most.

A COUPLE of Nurses lift Charlotte onto a gurney, wheel her away.

NURSE
What's your relationship to the young woman?

RAZA
I dunno, maybe two months.

NURSE
Do you have a number where I can reach a parent or guardian?

RAZA
She's got her mobile, probably in her purse. She gonna be okay, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

As the Nurse hustles away, she gives a nod to a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN. The Nurse heads into the back. Raza tries to follow, but he's blocked by the Policeman.

POLICEMAN
Can't go back there, Sir. I need you to step aside, please.

RAZA
Is she gonna be okay?

POLICEMAN
That's for the doctors now. Put your hands on the counter for me.

RAZA
Wait... what am I doing?

POLICEMAN
Sir, put your hands on the counter.

Raza notices a SECOND POLICEMAN approaching from outside.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Do you have any weapons or sharp objects in your pockets?

Ashen, Raza shakes his head. The Policeman pats him down, pulls out the baggie of MDMA pills.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
This what you gave the young lady?

Raza deflates, knows he's fucked.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Hands behind your back for me. I'm arresting you on possession of a class A drug...

Raza puts his hands behind his back. The Policeman cuffs him.

CUT TO:

38A **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - PROCESSING DESK - 38A NIGHT 2.**

Raza stands in front of a white wall with height markings.

CUSTODY OFFICER (O.S.)
Turn to your right. Look at the blue dot on the wall.

Raza turns to the right. The sound of a picture being taken.

CUT TO:

38B-38C OMITTED

38B-38C

39 **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - PROCESSING BAY - NIGHT 2.** 39

A large waiting area. On one end, a CUSTODY SERGEANT behind the counter, dealing with constant inbound. A busy night at the office. His counter overlooks a U-shaped bench. Packed with tonight's line up. Mostly DRUNKS sleeping it off.

We find Raza all the way at the end, barely slept a wink. He perks up at the sound of *retching*:

DADIR HASSAN (20s, Somali) gags across from him. Bomber jacket and a Keffiyeh.

Dadir pulls a small baggie from the back of his throat. He slips the baggie into the pocket of a sleeping SUIT next to him. Dadir kicks back, notices Raza watching him.

DADIR

What? Looks like he can afford it.

(off Raza's laugh)

Other wrap must've busted in my belly, I'm cheesing my tits off.

RAZA

Yeah, I'm regretting that Mandy right about now.

DADIR

Don't matter, only the guilty sleep in rusty. That's from that movie, y'know. Keyser Soze, that you?

RAZA

We all got a lil haram in us, bruv.

Dadir smirks. He slides down the bench next to Raza. Dadir offers him a fist. Raza bumps it.

DADIR

Dadir.

RAZA

Raza.

DADIR

Raza the Rizla, him'ma burn you up. What's your post code, brother?

CUT TO:

40

INT. FLORIDA - HOUSE - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY 3.

40

ANALYSTS comb through CCTV footage on their computers. A timeline of El Adoua's movements laid out in CCTV screengrabs across a wall (This will grow as time goes on).

Gabe sits off to the side with his cup of tea and newspaper. Holly comes in, takes a seat next to him.

Gabe ignores her, keeps reading. She shifts, awkward.

GABE

What'd you get up to last night?

HOLLY

I cross-checked Yousef Hassan's socials with BSS's watchlist. He has 832 Facebook friends, no red flags, but from their status updates it looks like 617 of them were in London at the same time as El Adoua.

GABE

Nothing good on the telly then?

HOLLY

I thought we could look into his associates, start the process of elimination.

GABE

I was just gonna ring my mate at CPS, get Yousef's brother's charges dropped. Your call.

Holly doesn't argue.

ANALYST (O.S.)

Stansted, long stay, 21:52.

Gabe glances over at a Monitor. An ANALYST shows him CCTV footage of someone who looks vaguely like El Adoua.

GABE

Not unless he gained a few pounds.

Gabe grabs a CPS approval note from the table as he rises to leave, motions Holly to follow him.

CUT TO:

41

INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY 3.

41

A CUSTODY OFFICER watches over Raza, who stands at a wall-mounted phone booth. Raza dials, waits... waits... finally.

(CONTINUED)

HANIF (THROUGH PHONE)
You reached the voice mailbox of
Hanif Shar --

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
Stop fucking with me, not now.

INTERCUT WITH:

42

INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3.

42

Hanif on the pull-out sofa bed, phone at his ear.

HANIF (INTO PHONE)
Raza luv, you gotta lighten up.

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
I got arrested, Abu.

HANIF (INTO PHONE)
Ayyy! Broke your cherry --

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
Need you to open up the salon --

HANIF (INTO PHONE)
Can't, I'll be coming down there to
read them your rights --

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
No, no, I don't need that, I need
you to open up the salon --

HANIF (INTO PHONE)
Hang on, my battery's going --

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
Abu?

HANIF (INTO PHONE)
Hello? Hello?...

Hanif checks his phone, nothing.

SADIA (O.S.)
Is that Raza? He didn't come home
last night.

Hanif turns to find Sadia stepping in from the bedroom. He
turns on the TV to Good Morning News.

HANIF
It was no one. Bloody robo-call...
What time are you opening up today?

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - CAR PARK. DAY 3.** 43

Holly and Gabe arrive at the police station.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - PROCESSING BAY - DAY 3.** 44

Raza nods off next to Dadir, who nudges him, motions to:

The sleeping Suit stirs awake. Raza and Dadir watch as he checks his pockets. He pulls out Dadir's wrap. Confusion quickly turns to panic, he can't get rid of it fast enough.

Raza and Dadir burst out laughing.

CUT TO:

44A **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 3.** 44A

Holly eyes Raza and Dadir on one of the CCTV monitors. The Custody Sergeant puts together Dadir's file for Gabe.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Release should be processed by end of day. His case officer will have a bleeding hissy fit.

Gabe motions to a signed official document.

GABE

CPS approved. We all have to make sacrifices to win the war on terror.

The Custody Sergeant hands the file to the Custody Officer.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Dadir Hassan, evidence compromised.

Holly motions to Raza and Dadir joking around.

HOLLY

Those two at the back, did they get picked up together?

Custody Sergeant shakes his head, scans the charge sheet.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

That chappie is one... Raza Shar. Possession.

HOLLY

I'll take a look, please.

(CONTINUED)

Holly takes a beat to read Raza's charge sheet.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Seems like a potential source.

GABE
What gave him away? Nice tan, funny name?

HOLLY
(Shows Gabe the file)
Young IC-4 male, lives in council housing. That possession could be bumped up to intent.

GABE
That's how you want to turn him?

HOLLY
First arrest, he'll want home.

Gabe shrugs, fine by me. Turns to the Custody Sergeant.

GABE
Got an interview room for us?

CUSTODY SERGEANT
He hasn't spoken to his defense solicitor yet.

GABE
He'll get around to it.
(to Holly)
Let's go meet your first recruit.

CUT TO:

44B **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - PROCESSING BAY -** 44B
DAY 3.

The Custody Officer approaches Raza.

CUSTODY OFFICER
Raza Shar, let's have you.

Raza stands up, gives Dadir a half-hug.

DADIR
Come by Bridge Town, we'll kick it.

RAZA
Be easy, bruv.

The Custody Officer leads Raza past the Processing Desk, through another set of doors.

CUT TO:

45 **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY 3.** 45
CONTINUOUS.

The Custody Officer motions Raza into an Interview Room.

RAZA
Nah mate, I'm getting released.

CUSTODY OFFICER
Life's full of disappointments.

The Custody Officer opens the door, Raza steps into --

CUT TO:

46 **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - IR ROOM - DAY 3.** 46

Gabe and Holly wait at a table. Gabe doesn't even look up, busy texting. Raza shuffles forward, tense...

HOLLY
Have a seat, Raza.

Raza sits across from them, unsettled. Holly hits record on the tape-deck.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Interview commencing at 13:24, with
Raza Shar. Officers present,
Detective Constable Holly Morten
and Detective Sergeant Gabriel
Waters --

RAZA
Don't I get a lawyer?

HOLLY
It doesn't have to come to that. If
you enroll in our confidential
informant program, we'll drop the
charges...

She trails off as Raza starts laughing. Gabe looks up from his phone for the first time.

GABE
Go on, share the joke.

RAZA
You want me to grass on possession?

HOLLY
With intent to supply.

RAZA
Four pills? They didn't catch me
with scales and baggies.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)

No intent, no previous - my mate got the same rap, walked away with forty hours community service. If I'm choosing between being a snitch and working the counter at Age Concern. Yeah, bring on the grey army, bruv.

Before Holly can counter, Gabe motions for her to stay quiet. He eyes Raza, intrigued...

GABE

Is that a high school blazer you're wearing?

RAZA

Was, yeah.

GABE

Why'd you take the badge off?

RAZA

Had a date. Needed a jacket.

GABE

... Interview terminated at 1:26pm.

Holly peeved, but covers. Gabe stops the tape, makes a note in Raza's charge sheet.

CUT TO:

47

INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - PROCESSING BAY - DAY 3.

47

Gabe and Holly lead Raza to the Custody Sergeant. Gabe hands him Raza's charge sheet.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

(reading from file)

Raza Shar, you are hereby charged with Possession of a Class A substance. You've been deemed a flight risk, and will be remanded in custody until you face the Magistrate --

RAZA

What're you on about? Flight risk? I've never even left the country. You're supposed to charge me, turn me out.

GABE

Don't panic, you'll survive.

Rattled, Raza locks eyes with Gabe.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTODY SERGEANT
Gentlemen, park him in bin 5.

Raza fights back a panic attack as the Custody Officer leads him away. Holly stares at Gabe, incredulous...

HOLLY
How is he a flight risk? They'll
toss his case.

GABE
There's no case, the boy'll walk. I
got you 24 hours to find some real
leverage. Or get yourself another
snout, whatever makes you happy.

CUT TO:

48 **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - CUSTODY CELL** - 48
DAY 3.

A small custody cell. Just a cot and a toilet. Graffiti
scratched into the walls.

Raza steps in, taking in his new surroundings. Behind him,
the door cranks shut.

CUT TO:

49 **EXT. ADANA CAFE - DAY 3.** 49

A quiet and run down London neighborhood, dotted with
shuttered kebab shops and halal fried chicken shops.

IMRAN AZIZ (30s, Pakistani), bushy beard, bomber jacket and
kurta. He limps out of the internet cafe, lights a smoke as --

-- A panda car screeches up, blues and twos flashing. Two
BOBBIES jump out and hustle toward him. Imran curses them in
Urdu.

IMRAN
(English: "Donkey")
Kohta...

He continues to smoke as he's patted down and arrested.

CUT TO:

50 **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER.** 50
DAY 3.

A deserted back alley. Gabe's Mondeo rolls up alongside the
parked Panda Car. Imran in the back, rolls his window down.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Beard's coming along.

IMRAN

Itches like a dog's arse.

GABE

You should try coconut oil. How's the limp working out?

IMRAN

Slows me down, but it's all part of building out the legend. Who's she?

GABE

D.C. Holly Morten, first week. D.C. Imran Aziz, the local level 2.

(to Imran)

One of my snouts reckons El Adoua was knocking around your patch back when he was still breathing.

IMRAN

Not a chance.

GABE

Still gotta kick it up the chain. I'll see you at home.

Imran groans. Gabe drives off.

CUT TO:

51

INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - CHECK-IN DESK - DAY 3.

51

Hanif at the front desk, argues with the POLICEMAN (Raza's arresting Officer) --

HANIF

He were arrested last night - I know his rights, you can't hold my boy without charge.

POLICEMAN

What's his name then?

HANIF

Raza Shar.

POLICEMAN

And you're his father? ID please.

Hanif pulls out his tattered wallet. He digs out his License. The Policeman takes one look at it...

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Expired. I need valid identification.

HANIF

That's my face, that's my name. It's not bloody complicated.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN

You need to lower your tone --

HANIF

Where's my son, then I'll lower my bastard tone.

POLICEMAN

Sir, I believe you've had a drink or two. Take a breath, think about what you say next.

HANIF

I say up yours until you release my son --

Hanif swipes the counter clean, papers and pens go flying.

POLICEMAN

Right, that's it.

The Policeman motions to the Officers in the lobby, who hustle towards Hanif. He braces for them...

HANIF

Hands off, bloody fascists!

The Cops grab and frisk Hanif as... Behind them, a heavy door buzzes open. Dadir swaggers out. He skirts around the mayhem.

DADIR

When you gonna catch the real baddies?

Dadir raises a fist in solidarity and exits the station --

CUT TO:

52 **INT./EXT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION/AUDI - DAY 3.** 52

The cheap end of a high street. Dadir steps out, enjoys the fresh air. He climbs into a tricked-out Audi at the curb.

INSIDE AUDI:

Yousef behind the wheel, puffing on his e-cig. Dadir cranks his seat back, savors the comfort.

YUSEF

Told Mum you was at the new girl's.

DADIR

Why'd you do that? Now you got her planning a wedding.

(CONTINUED)

YOUSEF

I tell her the truth, she be
planning a prison break. They
didn't charge you then?

DADIR

Checkit, those clowns saying they
lost my gear at the labs. God's
smiling on me today.

YOUSEF

He got better things to do with his
time than fuck with you.

A chirp, Yousef checks his mobile. A Motorola in a gold case.

CUT TO:

53

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY 3.

53

Doodles all over the walls. Blacked-out windows. CTSU
Officers sit at desks with banks of monitors and mismatched
chairs. They trawl through London's endless trove of CCTV
footage, looking for the needle in the haystack.

Gabe, Rose, and Imran crowd around a CAM2 monitor. A live
CCTV feed of Yousef's Audi outside the police station.

IMRAN

He's telling you what you want to
hear. If I had a quid for every
informant going on about Raqqa,
Daesh, we'd be drowning in Black
Flags.

GABE

Three years he's been on my book,
always kosher.

Rose casts a wary eye on Imran as he scratches his beard.

IMRAN

They all cash out eventually, I'd
say we're looking at his end game.

Gabe's mobile buzzes, a text message.

GABE

We'll see.

IMRAN

El Adoua was nowhere near Bridge
Town Estate, I'd've clocked him.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

If you were psychic, darling, you'd be in my chair. Go with Gabe, see what you make of it.

IMRAN

Yes, Guv.

Imran strides out (no limp). Rose turns to Gabe.

GABE

He's defensive.

ROSE

Because he's wrong. BSS traced El Adoua's emails to an IP address of an Internet Cafe in Stepney. You can guess where.

GABE

Imran's been undercover awhile, it gets foggy.

ROSE

We don't like foggy, Gabriel. We need more eyes in Bridge Town.

Gabe nods, understood.

CUT TO:

54

**INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - CUSTODY CELL
DAY 3.**

54

Raza, mind racing, curled up on the cot. Hasn't slept.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Don't sleep just yet, lad.

Raza turns to the door, where a pair of brown eyes peer through the hatch.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Nightmare's almost over.

ADRIAN HODGE (40s, black) steps in. A low-rent lawyer.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Adrian Hodge, your Legal Aid. I've been chasing your ghost all day.

(takes a seat)

First off, anyone you need to call?

Adrian offers Raza his mobile phone.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Plead me guilty already, I've been here forever. When do I go home?

Adrian pockets his phone, opens Raza's file.

ADRIAN

You'll be going in front of the Magistrate, first thing. Why are you here, Raza?

RAZA

I was having a night.

ADRIAN

That doesn't tell me why you're *still in here*. Should've turned you out already with a charge.

RAZA

Said I was a flight risk.

ADRIAN

You don't have an accent. Got family abroad, have you?
(shakes his head)
When's the last time you left the country?

RAZA

Never. Why you asking all this?

ADRIAN

Someone's pulling your chain, lad. This is a perversion of justice. What I'd like to do tomorrow is lodge a formal complaint --

RAZA

Nah man, no complaints.

ADRIAN

I'm not just gonna get you out, lad. I'll get the case dropped. Keep your record clean. That's for your future - they mark you, brand you. Career, mortgage, loan. For the rest of your life, that's the first question they ask. And I promise you Raza, Simon Whiteface or whoever, with his Jesus, his Eton and his Oxbridge? He's not checking that box.

RAZA

I'm not trying to bleed the Matrix, bruv. Just get me out.

(CONTINUED)

Raza defiant. Adrian deflates.

CUT TO:

55

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 3.

55

A few of the other OFFICERS quietly work at their desks. Holly at a laptop, Gabe stands over her. She walks him through the documents on her screen.

HOLLY

The Shar family owns Delights Hair and Beauty Salon on Romford Street. I pulled this photo from their website.

Holly shows Gabe a candid photo of the Shar family at work.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

We have the two boys, Raza and Nasir. That's mum and dad.

GABE

Happy days.

HOLLY

Except I searched the GRO and found Maryam Shar's death certificate. Raza's mother died in 2002.

GABE

Who's the mum here then?

HOLLY

The website says Sadia Shar. But I couldn't find a marriage certificate. No NI number, no passport.

Gabe eyes the photo again, realizing...

GABE

Another intruder to fortress Britain?

HOLLY

Possibly.

GABE

Sounds like leverage.

HOLLY

I think so.

GABE

Know so.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY
I'll crosscheck travel with Border
Agency.

GABE
Too slow. Our boy's in court in
sixteen hours and by then he's not
our boy.

HOLLY
I can request an extension from
Home Office.

GABE
On minor possession? Good luck,
they'd rather ship her home.

HOLLY
What are we supposed to do,
interview the family?

GABE
Not we. Two strangers show up on
your doorstep that's the Police.
(turns to room)
Anyone in here police?

Everyone else in the room murmurs, 'no'. Holly understands.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - 56**
DAY 3.

An empty food plate by the door. Raza chips away at the wall
with his plastic fork. Scratching a message into the
plaster... 'No Sleep Till Brooklyn.'

Exhausted, he lays back on his cot. He shifts, uncomfortable.
His eyes on the flickering fluorescent light bulb above him.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. SHAR FLAT/HALLWAY - DAY 3. 57**

Holly waits outside the Shar flat, listening as the lock
slides open on the other side. Nasir peers out --

HOLLY
Hello, is your mum home?

Nasir eyes her, turns back into the flat, yells out...

NASIR
Ammi?

(CONTINUED)

Nasir disappears inside. Holly inches the door open as Sadia steps up.

SADIA
Yes, luv, can I help you?

HOLLY
Mrs. Shar, I'm a counselor from
Cornell Parkside Primary School.

SADIA
My boy goes to Ashton Wood.

HOLLY
I'm here to talk about Raza.

SADIA
He's not here right now.

HOLLY
Yes, but you are. Would you like to
invite me in?

SADIA
It's been years since Raza left
Primary, what's left to say?

HOLLY
Please.

Bewildered, Sadia opens the door, motions Holly inside.

SADIA
Your shoes.

Holly slips off her shoes, takes a seat in the living room.
She eyes Nasir, who lingers awkwardly.

SADIA (CONT'D (CONT'D))
(to Nasir, in Urdu)
Go to your room, beta.
(to Holly)
What's it you want with Raza?

Nasir shuffles upstairs to his room, Sadia remains standing.

HOLLY
He's not home?

SADIA
He's a grown man, I don't keep tabs
on him.

HOLLY
Of course, before I begin I just
need to see proof that you're his
legal guardian.

(CONTINUED)

SADIA

This really isn't a good time.

HOLLY

I just need to check a passport,
license, anything really.

SADIA

And I'm politely telling you, come
back another time.

Still standing, Sadia motions Holly back to the door.

HOLLY

... I think you'll want to sit
down, Mrs. Shar.

(she doesn't)

A former teacher at our school has
been accused of sexually molesting
some of his students. Raza may have
been one of them.

Sadia blanches. Frozen in shock.

SADIA

... Molesting? What's that mean?

HOLLY

Means you should sit down.

SADIA

(she does)

... How... What bastard teacher?

HOLLY

I can only say he followed a
pattern. Children short on friends.
Foreign nationals mostly. He'd
convince them that if they talked,
he could have their parents
deported. Does that sound like
Raza's situation?

(off Sadia's shock)

Where were you born, Mrs. Shar?

SADIA

... Are the police looking into
this? I don't understand.

HOLLY

I can't go into more detail until I
see proof that you're his mother.

(off Sadia's silence)

Mrs. Shar, I'm trying to understand
what happened to your son.

(CONTINUED)

SADIA

So I was born in Pakistan, what bloody difference does it make?

HOLLY

How did you come to be in the UK?

SADIA

What did this teacher do to him?

HOLLY

If you're in this country illegally, Mrs. Shar, it alters our procedure--

-- A creak. Sadia whips around, spots Nasir standing at the top of the staircase (camera slung around his neck). Sadia strides to the foot of the stairs --

SADIA

Go play on your computer, *beta*.

NASIR

What's she saying about, Raza?
Someone been touching him?

SADIA

Nothing for you, go on.

Sadia watches as Nasir shuffles into his room. She turns back towards the living Room -

SADIA (CONT'D)

Who... Which one of his teachers?

But Holly's gone. The door to the flat open. Sadia rushes out, peers down the hall.

No sign of Holly. Only her shoes left by the door.

CUT TO:

57A INT. SAL'S GYM - DAY 3.

57A

A local boxing gym. Mostly young men. Dadir works a heavy bag. Yousef bracing it as he calls out punches.

YOUSEF

(distracted)

Jab, jab, jab...

Frustrated, Dadir lands a heavy right hook on the bag. It flies back, catches Yousef in the face.

YOUSEF (CONT'D)

I said jab --

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

Yeah, that's like 50 in a row.
Switch it up, my arms gonna fall
off.

Yousef shoves the bag at Dadir, forcing him on the back foot.

YOUSEF

Switching it up now, come on move,
lunch-box.

Dadir laughs as the two brothers try to out-fox each other
until... the bell *rings*.

SAL (O.S.)

ROUND!

The entire gym stops to take a water break. Yousef pours
water down Dadir's throat.

SAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Round up in 3... 2... GO!

The two of them switch roles as Dadir takes the bag...

CUT TO:

57B **EXT. SAL'S GYM - DAY 3.**

57B

Towel draped over his shoulders, Yousef heads towards his Audi. Dadir on his heels.

DADIR
Headed home?

YOUSEF
Gotta work.

DADIR
Drop me off on the way.

YOUSEF
Don't need your sweat stinking up
my leather.

Yousef ducks into his Audi as Dadir keeps walking. Dadir flips his brother off as the Audi peels away. Further down the street:

A WHITE VAN pulls out and follows him.

CUT TO:

58 **EXT. BOW CANAL LOCKS - DAY 3.**

58

Gabe waits under the foot bridge. He checks his phone. He looks down the canal. He looks back to his Mondeo parked in the lot:

Imran in the passenger seat, he gives Gabe the wanker sign and a look that says, 'I told you so'.

Gabe pulls out his number 4 burner phone, dials...

GABE (INTO PHONE)
Mr. Hassan, this is the Post Office
calling. We have a parcel for you.
Needs collecting by end of day.

Gabe hangs up, frustrated. He slumps into his Mondeo.

IMRAN
(sarcastic)
This is an unusual set of
circumstances. No honestly, all my
time on the job, I've never heard
of an informant lying to get what
they want, leaving their handler
pissing in the wind. This is...
Unprecedented.

But Gabe's not amused. He starts the car, drives off.

CUT TO:

59 OMITTED

59

60 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - ROSE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3.**

60

A tense silence. Gabe and Rose sit across from Holly. A CCTV grab of a barefoot Holly leaving Raza's estate on the desk.

ROSE

The Headmistress of Cornell
Parkside Primary wants to launch a
nationwide manhunt for you.
Fortunately, the mother doesn't
want to make this a police matter.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Because she's undocumented. Which I was able to confirm.

(off Rose's silence)

I was under instructions of a superior officer. D.S. Waters has flaunted the letter of the law on numerous occasions --

ROSE

Shhh, it's unbecoming.

(To Gabe)

I did warn you, she's no charmer. But I'll let you be Caesar.

Holly blanches, looks to Gabe who simply gives a thumbs up.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Let's see if you can cause less damage tomorrow.

Rose motions for Holly to leave. Holly nods a thanks to Gabe.

GABE

Peado routine's a new one. Marks for originality.

Holly slips out, leaves Gabe with Rose.

GABE (CONT'D)

She'll get there.

ROSE

You were a babe once yourself... An old case of yours is up for parole. Bellmarsh appears to have had enough of him.

Gabe taken aback, but recovers quick --

GABE

Skittles on good behavior? Must be some blizzard in hell today.

ROSE

CPS needs you at the hearing.

Rose digs out a weathered file. Gabe reaches for it, but she holds it back...

ROSE (CONT'D)

It was a long road bringing you back.

GABE

I haven't worn that me in years.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe takes the file, flips through it. Write-ups and old photos inside. Gabe pauses, recognizing one of the photos:

A group of young SKINHEADS at a punk concert including Nigel Briggs. Doc Martens and bomber jackets. Union Jacks and National Front flags fly from the stage. One of the skinheads is a young Gabe (mid-late 20s) next to Young Sharon.

ROSE

He was a beautiful boy, scared the
daylights out of me though.

Gabe recovers, closes the file. He stands to leave...

ROSE (CONT'D)

Yousef left you at the altar?

(Off Gabe's nod)

We're supposed to handle the
sources, not the other way around.

GABE

What about that Shar kid? He got
friendly with Yousef's brother in
an overnight.

ROSE

First arrest, wasn't it? How'd he
fare?

GABE

Pretty good, he made a friend.

ROSE

(RE: CCTV grab of Holly)

You'll have to run him alone, she
can't go anywhere near him.

Rose gives him a nod before he ducks out.

CUT TO:

61

INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - HALLWAY - DAY 4.

61

Leg tapping, Raza sits on a bench outside the courtroom.
Adrian next to him, iPod in, double checking paperwork.

Down the bench, a line of DEFENDANTS and REPRESENTATIVES
await their day in court. The COURT USHER steps out --

COURT USHER

(Reads from list)

Karol Jeder-Jeder--

SOLICITOR (O.S.)

Jederszynski.

(CONTINUED)

COURT USHER

That'll be the one.

A YOUNG MAN and his SOLICITOR stand up and follow the Usher into the courtroom as a YOUNG INMATE is led out in cuffs.

Nervous, Raza shifts. Taking his mind off it, he eyes Adrian's scuffed up Kickers.

RAZA

They dodge? Not bad.

Adrian slips off his headphones --

ADRIAN

What's that?

RAZA

Your creps, where'd you nab them?

ADRIAN

Deptford market.

RAZA

My mate runs a stall, Watney market, does fakes for a tenner.

Adrian nods, goes back to his paperwork.

RAZA (CONT'D)

You always wanted to be a lawyer?

ADRIAN

Used to wanna be a bin man, but we all have to settle at some point.

RAZA

How long you go to school for that?

ADRIAN

Why? You thinking of joining the cause, lad?

RAZA

Good to have options, innit.

ADRIAN

Life's not an orchard. You don't get to stroll through, pick the fruit you want.

RAZA

I could do lawyer, seems legit. You got like assistants and that?

(CONTINUED)

ADRIAN

Interns. But they're not prattling around, getting themselves arrested.

Raza sits back, point taken. Adrian softens.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You didn't fancy Uni?

RAZA

Circumstances, bruv. Didn't matter what I fancied.

ADRIAN

So what keeps you busy now?

RAZA

Domestic shipping.

ADRIAN

A postman then?

RAZA

Nah, packing boxes... Interns, that's like slave labour, innit.

ADRIAN

(re shoes)

The day I can afford real kicks, is the day I pay my interns.

Raza smirks. The Court Usher steps out.

COURT USHER

Raza Shar?

Raza and Adrian stand to face the Usher.

COURT USHER (CONT'D)

NFA. Your case is dismissed.

ADRIAN

We've been sat here all morning, when did this happen?

COURT USHER

About thirty seconds ago, when CPS called the Clerk.

Raza looks to Adrian, who sighs.

ADRIAN

Go. Get out while you still can.

CUT TO:

62

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/MAGISTRATES' COURT - DAY 4.

62

Raza shuffles out, squints. His first taste of sunshine in days. Exhausted, Raza raises his fists in triumph.

GABE (O.S.)

Freedooooom!

Raza whips around to find Gabe perched on the Mondeo at the passenger pick-up. Raza tenses, on edge.

GABE (CONT'D)

You look knackered, need a ride?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

I got nothing to say to you.

GABE

Not even a thank you? Who do you think got your charges dropped.

RAZA

Same twat had me locked up in the first place, seems like. Same twat ain't got shit on me now anyway.

Raza stomps away.

GABE

Not you, I don't... your mum on the other hand. Overstayed her visa by about sixteen years.

Raza freezes, turns back. His worst nightmare come to light.

GABE (CONT'D)

Hop in, we'll talk about it.

Gabe opens the door. Raza hesitates before climbing in.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe jumps in, he motions to a plastic bag at Raza's feet.

GABE (CONT'D)

Nothing spectacular, but it beats prison food.

Raza pulls out an energy drink and a sandwich. He eyes Gabe, wary.

GABE (CONT'D)

Got you the halal one.

RAZA

I don't really practice.

GABE

Alright, now we're getting to know each other.

Raza sets the food aside, Gabe starts the car.

CUT TO:

63

INT./EXT. MONDEO/M23 - MOVING - DAY 4.

63

Raza stares out the window, the world blurring by on the other side. Raza finally builds the nerve to ask...

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

... What do you want with my mum?

GABE

So he does talk. She's not your mum though, is she?

RAZA

She's my mum.

GABE

Well, listen, I've got good friends at Home Office, they'll never go near her. Long as I say.

RAZA

You mean long as I snitch.

GABE

You report to me. We'll meet once a week, you keep me posted on things you hear, people you talk to.

RAZA

Who am I talking to?

GABE

I work counter-terrorism.

RAZA

(incredulous)

I don't know any fucking terrorists, bruv.

GABE

Not yet, no. We'll get you there. Your identity will be protected. My top informants earn five figures plus. And there's perks to friends like me. Your dad's been released, already took care of that.

RAZA

My dad, how's that?

GABE

Long story, you'll have to ask him. He's a card though, ain't he?

RAZA

... I really don't know how I'm supposed to help you.

GABE

Alright. Look, I gotta run a quick errand. Pardon the detour, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

Gabe flicks on his blues and twos and races down the hard shoulder.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. DEPORTATION CENTRE - GATWICK AIRPORT - DAY 4.

64

The scream of *jet engines* as a Boeing 777 comes in for landing. It buzzes over a nondescript Government Building surrounded by layers of high fences, CCTV, and ARMED POLICE.

A long line of WOMEN and CHILDREN sit on the curb outside the main entrance gate. The Mondeo pulls up to the security gate.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe flashes his badge to the PRIVATE GUARD in the Booth.

Raza's eyes glued on the Women and Children waiting. Mostly African or Middle Eastern. Some sit on fold-out chairs, eating out of lunch pails. They're here for the long haul.

GABE

... I hate this place.

RAZA

Then why are you bringing me here?

GABE

You heard about that Rotterdam bombing?

(Raza nods)

17 dead. 63 wounded. Why do you think they do it?

RAZA

To hurt people?

GABE

To scare people. People don't feel safe, they panic, blame anyone that doesn't look like them. Then they start building places like this.

The gate rolls open, the Guard waves the Mondeo through.

CUT TO:

65

INT. DEPORTATION CENTRE - DAY 4.

65

Gabe and Raza pass through a body-scanner under the constant watch of PRIVATE GUARDS. NEIL (40s), a Middle Manager, waits on the other side. Hands them visitor badges.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Afternoon, Neil. How's the private sector?

NEIL

Underworked, overpaid. We're always looking for new blood if you fancy a pay raise.

GABE

What's happening with the boys?

NEIL

Young 'un got in a fight at Sunday League. Bloody mess. Line up's ready for you.

Neil leads Gabe and Raza through the multiple layers of security into the bowels of the Deportation Centre.

CUT TO:

66

INT. DEPORTATION CENTRE - UPPER MEZZANINE - DAY 4.

66

Large and windowless. Private Guards keep their eyes on:

In the centre of the room, a large group of MEN sit on the ground in an eerie silence. African, Middle Eastern, Asian. All desperate. All tired. And they all want out of this room.

Neil hangs back as Gabe leads Raza to the men. Raza stunned.

GABE

Poor sods lost the game of snakes and ladders. Now it's back to the bottom.

RAZA

I'll grass for you, you don't need to threaten me.

GABE

Relax, Raza. Pick one.

RAZA

One what?

GABE

You choose one of these men. He gets to stay.

RAZA

Stay like... stay? How?

GABE

Just point, any one.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Why do I have to do it?

GABE

Cause we're working together now.

RAZA

... This is fucked.

GABE

Your call... Sorry Neil, no one
rides free today.

RAZA

No, okay, shit... I'll do it. How
am I supposed to choose?

GABE

Nicest arse? Whoever you want.

Raza looks across the desperate faces looking back at him.
They all keep their eyes down. Except a YOUNG AFGHAN (20s)
who locks eyes with Raza.

RAZA

Him. Him over there.

GABE

I can't see. Point him out.

Raza points to the Young Afghan.

GABE (CONT'D)

On your feet, yeah you. Stand up.

The Young Afghan (ROSTAM) staggers to his feet, nervous.

GABE (CONT'D)

(to the Young Man)

Do you understand English?

(he nods)

Where you from?

ROSTAM

Afghanistan, boss.

GABE

What's your name?

ROSTAM

Rostam Afshar, boss.

GABE

Welcome to England, Rostam.

Rostam taken aback...

(CONTINUED)

ROSTAM
Boss? Thank you.

GABE
Not me, Rostam.
(re: Raza)
Don't ever forget this face. This
is the man who changed your life.

With that, Gabe paces back to Neil. Raza eyes Rostam, who could burst from gratitude. But he only manages a nod.

CUT TO:

67 OMITTED 67

68 **INT./EXT. HOSPITAL/GABE'S MONDEO - EVENING 4.** 68

Gabe's Mondeo parked at the passenger drop-off. He watches Raza disappear through the double doors.

Gabe pulls a burner phone from his glove box, places a sticker on the back: The number nine.

CUT TO:

69 **INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING 4.** 69

Charlotte in her hospital bed. The gentle *beep* of her heart monitor fills the room. Her MUM (50s) asleep by her bedside.

Raza slips in, eyeing Charlotte. She sleeps peacefully. He steps closer to the bed, takes her hand...

CHARLOTTE'S MUM (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Charlotte's Mum stirs awake. Raza drops Charlotte's hand.

RAZA
... My mistake, wrong room.

CHARLOTTE'S MUM
Sorry, who are you?

Raza still reeling...

RAZA
No one. Hope she's okay.

Raza shuffles out of the room.

CUT TO:

70

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 4.

70

A brand new condo overlooking the river Lea. Holly steps in with a six pack, before she even hangs up her coat --

MEGAN

Holls, call my phone? Can't find it anywhere.

-- MEGAN MORTEN (30), Holly's sister, rummages through the flat. Dressed up for a night out. Holly eyes the mess left in her sister's wake.

HOLLY

Where you out to?

MEGAN

Down the Elderfield with Christoph and all them. Come if you like.

Megan puts the finishing touches to her make-up in the mirror. Holly eyes her sister's earrings.

HOLLY

Aren't those mum's?

MEGAN

Don't narc. She never wears them anyway. You coming or what?

HOLLY

Long enough day already.

Holly sinks down onto the sofa. Megan throws on her coat.

MEGAN

Did you find my phone?
(off Holly's shrug)
I asked you to call it for me.

HOLLY

My battery's dead.

MEGAN

If you need me, send a pigeon.

And with that, Megan skips out of the flat.

Holly cracks open a beer, flips on the TV. She flicks through the channels. Nothing on, she switches it off. Bored.

CUT TO:

71

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - SPARE BEDROOM - EVENING 4.

71

A fold-out futon. Half of Megan's wardrobe across the floor, the rest still in suitcases. Holly shudders at the chaos.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls out her mobile - fully charged. She dials... a muted *buzzing* coming from the unmade bed.

Holly follows the sound, pulls her sister's phone out from under a pillow. Holly kicks back on the bed, sips her beer, and scans through her sister's phone. Beats TV.

CUT TO:

71A OMITTED

71A

72 **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - VARIOUS - EVENING 4.**

72

Late, lights off. Dadir steps out of his room, following the sound of a distant ringtone. He knocks at a bedroom door.

DADIR

If you ain't gonna answer it, put
that thing on silent.

No response. Dadir pokes his head into --

CUT TO:

73 **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - YOUSEF'S ROOM - EVENING 4.**

73

Small but decked out. Flat Screen, DJ decks. But no one's home. Dadir steps up to the ringing gold phone on the bedside table. He shuts it off.

He eyes the empty room, confused.

CUT TO:

74 **EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - EVENING 4.**

74

Headlights bear down on a quaint suburban house. Gabe's Mondeo pulls up the drive.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Phone at his ear, Gabe parks up.

GABE (INTO PHONE)

Mr. Hassan, Post Office again. You
better pick up this parcel soon or
I toss it.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe hangs up, frustrated. He shuts off the car, takes a breath, clears his head.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING 4.**

75

Tarps laid on the floor, dry wall exposed, wires poking out of light fixtures. Gabe slides on his wedding ring. Kicks off his shoes, steps into --

CUT TO:

76 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 4.**

76

A half-painted room. *Donovan* on the stereo. Emily paints the wall with her daughter, LORI (6). They notice Gabe, but keep painting.

GABE

No hugs for me then?

LORI

You don't want paint on you, Daddy.

Gabe eyes the paint can.

GABE

Calypso? I thought we settled on the duck egg.

EMILY

Don't ask me, I'm not in charge.

GABE

I'll take over, it's getting late.

LORI

But I'm not done yet.

GABE

Lori, it's past your bedtime. Wash up, and I'll know if you don't brush your teeth.

Lori walks towards the stairs, Gabe pulls his daughter in for a hug. She gives him a quick peck on the cheek, skips out.

Emily eyes the mess of paint supplies, starts packing up.

GABE (CONT'D)

Leave those. You look tired.

EMILY

Oh, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Still better than the last guy who
showed up to paint my walls.

Gabe playfully pulls Emily away from the packing up. She
relents, turns to face him...

EMILY

Heya, stranger. What've you been up
to?

GABE

This and that. You?

EMILY

This and that.

GABE

You're covered in paint.

CUT TO:

77

INT. GABE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 4.

77

Steaming water and bubbles. Emily sits in the tub, eyes
closed with relief. Gabe perched on the edge, runs a warm
sponge along a brutal surgery scar on Emily's back (from the
bottom of her neck to shoulder blades).

EMILY

Lori gets home, first thing she
says, 'Daddy's not a policeman.'
Her class had a visit from PC Plod
today.

GABE

Stranger danger, just say no?

EMILY

We didn't get that far. Apparently,
PC Plod wears a uniform, fancy
vest, funny hat. Why doesn't Daddy
have to wear a hat?

GABE

Full head of hair, at my age you
have to show it off.

EMILY

I wish I had thought of that.

GABE

What'd you tell her?

EMILY

I told her there's all sorts of
policeman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (CONT'D)

There's the ones that visit schools, ones that hand out parking tickets, and then, you know, there's your dad.

GABE

That cleared it right up then.

She eyes his tattoos, can never get used to them. He notices her looking, stands up...

GABE (CONT'D)

It's getting cold out here.

EMILY

I better make some room.

Emily scoots back for Gabe. He kisses her, sweet, tender. She kisses him back.

CUT TO:

78

INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT 4.

78

Snooker on the TV. Hanif and Sadia curled up together on the sofa, both asleep. A hand grabs the remote, shuts off the TV.

Sadia stirs awake to Raza tucking a blanket over them.

SADIA

Beta, where did you go?

RAZA

(hushed)

This is your home, you know that, right?

Sadia nods, barely conscious. He finishes tucking her in as she drifts back to sleep.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. SHAR FLAT - BALCONY - LATE NIGHT 4.

79

Raza slumps into his bean bag, pulls a half-smoked joint from his tobacco tin. Lights up. He grabs the upturned plant pot, ashes inside. He freezes:

The mouse still underneath. But it doesn't move. Dead.

Raza sits back, his eyes drift up to the lights of London burning in the distance...

80

EXT. MILLENNIUM MILLS - LATE NIGHT 4.

80

Yousef's Audi parked in the middle of an abandoned lot.

INSIDE AUDI:

Yousef behind the wheel, a gunshot wound in his chest. Dead.

END OF PILOT.