



# **INFORMER**

**By**

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**EPISODE TWO:**

**"Blueberry Hill"**

**Final Script**

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1

**INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.**

1

NATALIE MARKHAM (20) shifts in her seat in the witness box. Her eyes avoid the glare of cameras and court officials. Lady Justice Spencer asks her questions from off screen.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (O.S.)  
You needn't be nervous, Natalie,  
there's no trick questions. Would  
you like your mum to join you?  
(Natalie nods)  
It's okay, she can come up.

MRS. MARKHAM, Natalie's mum, joins her in the witness box, she puts a comforting arm around her daughter.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If she needs a hug, feel free...  
Natalie, on the morning of November  
29th, you took the 7:48 am train  
from Southend Central to Canary  
Wharf station. Is that correct?  
(Natalie nods)  
If you don't mind, I need you to  
speak. For the transcripts.

\*  
\*

NATALIE  
Yeah, that's right, the 7:48.

Natalie recounts the events of that day with the rote numbness of someone whose told the same story 100 times...

CUT TO:

2

**INT./EXT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - MOVING - DAY 50.**

2

Natalie and TARA (19) share a pair of headphones. Whatever song it is, they know all the words. The countryside blurs past outside.

\*

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
You came to London for a day trip,  
is that correct?

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Yeah, we were bunking class. Our  
student loans just come through.

CUT TO:

3

**INT./EXT. VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE - DAY 50.**

3

A warehouse teeming with vintage clothes.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Tara's boyfriend was playing a set  
on the Friday. We wanted to dress  
up for it.

Natalie and Tara try on cowboy hats and fur coats. Tara slips  
on a pair of silver cowboy boots. Does a jig.

NATALIE  
Those are serious stripper boots.

TARA  
I don't look like a dickhead?

NATALIE  
They're you. Spot on.

TARA  
You're saying I'm a dickhead then?

Natalie plants an Admiral's cap on Tara's head.

NATALIE  
I proclaim you Captain Dickhead.

They laugh at their ridiculous get-ups in a mirror.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
At approximately 10:26 am, you  
entered the Eldon street branch of  
Cafe Sixty-Six. Is that correct?

\*

CUT TO:

4      **EXT. CAFE 66/ELDON STREET - DAY 50.**

4      \*

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Yeah. Wanted to use the loo.

\*

\*

Shopping bags in hand, Natalie and Tara walk past the Cafe  
66. In the b.g. Wesley Ndoyo darts past them.

\*

Natalie motions to the Cafe 66.

\*

NATALIE  
Lemme pop in quick.

TARA  
I'll be here.

Natalie motions to Tara's shopping bags.

NATALIE  
You don't wanna break 'em in?

TARA  
Maybe later, hurry up.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE  
Wuss, put 'em on.

Tara playfully flips her off as Natalie ducks into --

CUT TO:

5      **INT. CAFE 66 - MAIN FLOOR - DAY 50.**

5      \*

Natalie darts around the queue. Behind her, we can see Tara lighting a cigarette through the glass storefront.

Natalie weaves to the back of the cafe. She passes by JIN WEIJUN (Male, Chinese, 50s), who wipes down a table.

NATALIE  
Loo's back here?

JIN  
For customers only.

NATALIE  
Yeah, I'll buy something after.

Natalie doesn't break stride, slides into the bathroom, locks the door behind her --      \*

CUT TO:

6      **INT. CAFE 66 - TOILET - DAY 50.**

6      \*

A single use toilet cubicle. Natalie locks the door behind her. She sets down her shopping bags on the sink. She eyes herself in the mirror, slips off her jacket.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
And you were in the Ladies for  
approximately two minutes when you  
heard the first gunshot, is that  
correct?      \*

Natalie pulls a dress out of the shopping bag, holds it up against herself. Suddenly self-conscious...

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Yeah, about that.

*POP.* A gunshot from outside followed by screams. Natalie jolts, drops her dress. She whips back to the door. She unlocks it, opens it a crack:

Chaos in the cafe. PATRONS run in all directions. More gunshots. Natalie slams the door shut. Locks it again.

(CONTINUED)

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
And you heard three more gunshots,  
in quick succession, is that  
correct?

\*

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (V.O.)

3, 4 maybe. I'm not certain.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)

That's okay. Phone records indicate  
that at 10:32am, you called Tara  
Saunders. Is that correct?

\*

NATALIE (V.O.)

I was gonna tell her to run.

Mind racing, Natalie fumbles out her mobile, dials...

TARA (THROUGH PHONE)

This is Tara, I'm not here --

Natalie drops her phone. Her eyes locked on the door  
handle... it rattles. Someone trying to get in.

\*

\*

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)

And at that point you heard a voice  
through the bathroom door?

\*

\*

\*

NATALIE (V.O.)

Yeah.

\*

\*

Natalie holds her breath. A muted whisper from the other side  
of the door. An undecipherable, desperate mumbling.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

6A INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.

6A \*

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER

Do you recall what he said?

\*

\*

NATALIE

Yeah... There's no one here.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

6B INT. CAFE 66 - TOILET - DAY 50.

6B \*

Natalie's ear pressed up against the door. We just make out  
the words before --

\*

\*

-- A *shout* from outside - a different voice. Followed by a  
*clang*. The door handle stops rattling. Another *gunshot*.

\*

\*

And another *gunshot*. The *thud* of a body slumping on the other  
side of the door.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
That's when you heard the final two  
gunshots, is that correct?

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

7      **INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.**

7

Natalie, numb. Her mum next to her, eyes wet with tears.

NATALIE  
Yeah. I didn't hear nothing after  
that.

\*  
\*

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (O.S.)  
The statement from Constable Sharma  
indicates that he collected you at  
10:42 am. Would that be correct?

\*

CUT TO:

8      **INT. CAFE 66 - MAIN FLOOR - DAY 50.**

8

\*

A PC leads a shaken Natalie through the cafe. Natalie eyes  
the aftermath of the attack:

EMERGENCY SERVICES arriving on the scene. Broken glass,  
turned over tables, PARAMEDICS tend to the dead and dying.

The PC leads Natalie out to --

CUT TO:

9           **EXT. CAFE 66/ELDON STREET - DAY 50.**

9       \*

A CROWD already gathering outside. ARMED POLICE and FIREFIGHTERS try to clear the scene. Ambulances pulling up. But Natalie stands frozen. Her eyes fixed on:

A cloaked body on the pavement. A silver cowboy boot peeking out from under the blanket.

CUT TO:

10           **INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.**

10

Natalie shakes off the memory, covers.

NATALIE  
... I don't remember.

**END PRE-TITLES**

10A           **EXT. GREENWICH PIER STATION - MORNING 5.**

10A

COMMANDER GEOFFREY BOYCE (50s, Irish) reads his paper as he waits for his change at the coffee stand. The fallout from Rotterdam still making headlines.

TIME CUT:

10B           **EXT. GREENWICH PIER STATION - MORNING 5.**

10B

Boyce scans his oyster card, steps through the turnstyle. He marches down the gangway, boards the waiting THAMES CLIPPER.

CUT TO:

10C           **INT./EXT. THAMES CLIPPER - MORNING 5.**

10C

The river visible through the back window as the ferry chugs upriver. Boyce shuffles down the aisle, eyes on his paper. He glances up to find Rose sitting alone in the back row.

BOYCE  
Christ, don't you ever knock?

Rose knocks on the seat next to her. Boyce takes the seat. Sips his tea, scans for prying eyes and ears, then...

BOYCE (CONT'D)  
You told me you had a snout with a  
bead on El Adoua's man in London.  
You swore up and down your source  
was reliable. Now he's in the wind  
and I'm left cursing the weather.

(CONTINUED)



ROSE

Sir, we're an intelligence unit,  
it's never a straight path.

BOYCE

How intelligent do you look getting  
duped by some low rent pusher?

ROSE

It's a war of whispers. Some bear  
fruit, most don't.

BOYCE

Italian AISI are closing in on an  
attack cell in Turin. If El Adoua  
taught those pillocks how to build  
the same bomb that took 17 lives in  
Rotterdam, he was in London long  
enough to do the same.

ROSE

I promise you, we're doing  
everything we can to find his  
network.

BOYCE

The Yard promised Downing Street  
Rotterdam won't happen here. And  
you promised me your snout's good  
word. History teaches us wars are  
fought with bombs and bullets,  
promises are buried along with the  
dead.

CUT TO:

10D	<b>INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - EARLY MORNING 5.</b>	10D	*
	Early, empty. Only Officers at their desks. Gabe sits, pensive. His eyes on:		* *
	A WHITEBOARD. A picture of El Adoua on one side next to a few clippings of intel (drone strike shots, CCTV in London, Fake travel documents, etc. On the other side, a picture of Yousef, 'Big Shot' scrawled next to it.		* * * *
	Cooper steps up, pulls down Yousef's photo.		*
	GABE		*
	Where you going with that?		*
	COOPER		*
	Unsubstantiated. He done a runner.		*

(CONTINUED)

Frustrated, Gabe watches as Cooper files away Yousef's photo. \*  
Gabe pulls out his number 9 burner phone and jumps up -- \*

CUT TO: \*

11 INT. BOW CANAL LOCKS - EARLY MORNING 5. 11

Raza waits beneath the tagged up bridge. His eyes dart around the dingy alley ways.

The buzz of Raza's phone jolts him. A text. He reads it, confused. He looks around. No one in sight.

CUT TO:

12 INT./EXT. MONDEO/HIGH STREET - EARLY MORNING 5. 12

POV FROM ACROSS THE STREET: Raza ducks into a coffee shop.

Gabe watches him from his car, he sends a text into his #9 phone. A beat before Raza shuffles back out of the coffee shop. He glances up and down the street, on edge. He paces away. Gabe scans the street, no tails. He drives after Raza.

CUT TO:

13           **INT. THE PALM TREE - EARLY MORNING 5.**

13

Raza shuffles in, stops short, eyes the pub:

A couple of HARD MEN knock back pints at the bar. No Gabe.  
The Men eye Raza as he slumps into a seat. Checks his phone.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Fetch you a drink, young man?

Raza looks up at LUCY (60), the bar maid, staring him down.

RAZA  
I'm waiting for someone, thanks.

LUCY  
Who's it you're waiting on?

RAZA  
Friend. Don't think you'd know him.

LUCY  
I know everyone comes in here,  
that's my business. Try me.

RAZA  
Do I have to buy a coke or  
something?

LUCY  
Sure, if you're thirsty.

RAZA  
... I'm gonna wait outside, yeah.

CUT TO:

14           **INT./EXT. THE PALM TREE/GABE'S MONDEO - EARLY MORNING 5.**   14

Raza shuffles out, eyes the desolate car park near the canal.  
Gabe's Mondeo pulls up next to him.

GABE  
In the back, lie down.

RAZA  
Why you got me running around all  
morning, bruv?

GABE  
Welcome to the glamorous world of  
espionage. In you go.

RAZA  
... So weird.

**INSIDE MONDEO - MOVING:**

(CONTINUED)

Raza climbs into the back, lies down across the seat.

GABE  
Comfortable? Keep your head down.

Gabe pulls out, checks his mirrors for tails... all clear.

GABE (CONT'D)  
You told anyone about me?

RAZA  
No. No way. I don't need no one knowing about this.

GABE  
That's right, you don't.

RAZA  
Did you send some woman to my house to tell my mum I got touched up?  
(off Gabe's hesitation)  
You serious? My mum was talking about calling up the papers.

GABE  
That would be an unwise move on her part.

RAZA  
I know, that's why I told her it was a crazy ex.

GABE  
Did she buy it?  
(Off Raza's nod)  
Good work.

RAZA  
Look my situation hasn't really changed. I still don't know any terrorists, so...

GABE  
You're not that kind of informant. You're my hunter-gatherer. You go places I can't.

RAZA  
Like Ministry of Sound and Cargo?  
Or you mean mosques and paan wallahs and that?

GABE  
Like Bridge Town Estate. You know it?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Yeah, I try and avoid it. What am I supposed to be doing there?

GABE

You're gonna be you. But for me. Friend of yours, Dadir Hassan, I want you to make contact --

RAZA

That's what this is? I literally met the guy the other night. Now you think I'm best mates with him?

GABE

All you need to do is make contact.

RAZA

Dadir ain't no Jihadi.

GABE

I don't know that. You know that?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Yeah, he's a road man, a dealer.

GABE

There you go. That's your first bit of informing right there.

Raza groans, fuck. Gabe slides back a few crumpled bills.

RAZA

That's for talking about Dadir?

GABE

That's for the gear you'll buy off him.

RAZA

How you telling me to score? That's why I'm lying in the back of your car in the first place.

GABE

Then it's nothing you haven't done before. You go in there, Dadir'll recognize you. Simple transaction, don't overthink it.

RAZA

What exactly am I doing this for?

Gabe hands Raza an old police mugshot of Yousef.

GABE

Dadir's got an older brother, Yousef, he's gone walkabout. You got eyes and ears, you see him, hear about him, tell me right away.

RAZA

Then what, we're cool?

GABE

Then we take it from there.

Gabe pulls over under a bridge. Turns back to Raza, softens.

GABE (CONT'D)

Remember to listen. Try not to talk too much. You'll do the business.

But Raza's not so sure.

CUT TO:

17      **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 5.**

17

Dadir creaks open his front door to find CUT WALEED (20s, Pakistani), on the other side, short of breath.

CUT WALEED

When they gonna fix that lift, fam?

DADIR

Cut, you got a sixth sense for showing up when there's food on the table.

CUT WALEED

Not me, your brother said come by.

DADIR

Yousef ain't been home.

CUT WALEED

He left something for me in the box. Come on, have some humanity.

Dadir *huffs*, opens the door. Cut Waleed follows Dadir inside.

CUT TO:

18      **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 5.**

18

Dadir's MOTHER and SISTERS eat around a kitchen table. A chorus of 'Hello Waleed' as Cut Waleed and Dadir walk past.

CUT WALEED

That smells lush, Mrs. Hassan.

CUT TO:

19      **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - YOUSEF'S ROOM - DAY 5.**

19

Dadir spins a code into a safe on the dresser. He eyes Cut Waleed looking over his shoulder.

DADIR

Told you, close your eyes.

CUT WALEED

(eyes shut)

Ain't trying to peak, that's not me, fam. I live righteous.

DADIR

What he leave you?

CUT WALEED

Money, two grand.

(CONTINUED)

Dadir opens the safe. A brick of coke and a Zastava M57 pistol inside.

DADIR  
There's nothing here for you.

CUT WALEED  
Yousef said to come get my money. I got an investment opportunity, window's narrowing, you get me?

DADIR  
You run up your credit card again?

CUT WALEED  
Gotta spend it to make it, you got a lot to learn. Tell your brother this some cold shit. I'mma say hi to your mum.

Cut Waleed storms out. Dadir eyes the pistol in his brother's safe, the buzz of a phone distracts him.

He picks up Yousef's Gold Phone off the side table. A blocked number calling.

DADIR (INTO PHONE)  
Stop calling, Yousef ain't here...  
Hello? Yo, anyone there?

A click before the call disconnects. Dadir, confused.

CUT TO:

20      **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 5.**

20

Gabe eyes his number 4 burner phone, frustrated. He pockets it before stepping into --

CUT TO:

21      **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY 5.**

21

Glasses on, Rose catches up on her intelligence briefings. A knock at the door, followed by Gabe.

GABE  
Need your signature. Sixty bob for a drug buy.

Gabe hands a form to Rose. She reads it, confused.

ROSE  
Source 9?

(CONTINUED)



GABE

The Shar kid. It's a buy from  
Yousef's brother.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

You think El Adoua came to London  
for the nightlife?

GABE

I have a source who laid eyes on  
him. Dropping Yousef after one  
missed meet strikes me as careless.

ROSE

Your source told you what you  
wanted to hear. His brother is out,  
you're empty handed. We move on.  
There are 3,000 candidates on the  
watchlist waiting to be assessed  
and ruled out.

GABE

... Understood.

Gabe turns to leave --

ROSE

You have Skittles' parole hearing  
this morning.

GABE

That's not gonna be a problem.

ROSE

... Sit down, close your eyes.

GABE

It's really not necessary.

ROSE

Sit down.

Rose is already drawing the curtains. Gabe takes a seat  
across from her, shuts his eyes. The two of them share the  
darkness in this strange ritual.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Are you there?

GABE

Where else would I be?

ROSE

Are you there?

GABE

... Yes.

ROSE

What does it smell like?  
(off his silence)  
What does it smell like?

(CONTINUED)

GABE  
(takes a deep breath)  
... Coffee.

ROSE  
What does it sound like?

GABE  
The radio's on low. There's a train  
coming.

ROSE  
Are you alone?

GABE  
No.

ROSE  
Who's with you?

GABE  
My sisters. Mum. Dad. Everybody's  
laughing.

ROSE  
What's so funny?

GABE  
There's a pancake stuck to the  
ceiling. We're waiting for the  
train to come by, see if it can  
shake it off.

ROSE  
How do you feel?

GABE  
Safe.

ROSE  
How do you feel?

GABE  
Safe.

ROSE  
How do you feel?

GABE  
... Safe.

Rose flicks on the lights. Gabe still lost in the memory.

ROSE  
The Italians already found an  
attack cell in Turin.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)  
If El Adoua had one in London, they  
know they're on borrowed time. So  
are we. We can't afford  
distractions.

GABE  
Yes, Guv.

CUT TO:

22

**INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 5.**

22

A hive of activity. The CTSU TEAM make calls, lean on  
informants, get prepped for surveillance shifts. Gabe steps  
in. He eyes his desk, completely covered in parking tickets.

WORALL  
Heard you're giving busman's  
holiday for dodgy intel. Take care  
of those tickets, I'll tell you who  
shot JFK.

Gabe ignores him, sits down.

COOPER  
Not even a smile? He's been working  
on that joke all morning.

GABE  
Time well spent. We're running out  
of string at this rate.

Gabe motions to the cork-board. A photo of El-Adoua and a  
Satellite still from the drone strike. Otherwise empty. Jeers  
as the OFFICERS eye the board. A long way to go. (This board  
will evolve as the season draws on. CCTV screen grabs,  
mugshots, crime scene photos and Twitter feeds.)

Holly steps in, bee-lines for Gabe.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Today we're in the haystack. Pull  
up the watchlist, I'll take A-E,  
you take F-J. Let's see who was in  
country --

HOLLY  
What about Yousef?

Gabe shrugs, not happy about it. He swipes the parking  
tickets into the rubbish bin.

GABE  
We're not looking for Yousef.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY  
Oh. It's just, I found him.

CUT TO:

23      **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY 5.**

23

Gabe peers over Holly's shoulder as she walks him through CCTV footage on the surveillance monitor.

HOLLY  
Did Yousef know to watch for tails?

GABE  
Yeah.

ON THE MONITOR: Yousef climbs into his parked Audi and pulls out. The White Van tails after him.

HOLLY  
This is Hamley Street, near Bridge Town Estate, 19:43 the night before your meet... And this is 6 minutes later on Knowlson.

Holly pulls up another clip. CCTV of Yousef's Audi. It pulls a U-turn, shortly after, the White Van does the same.

GABE  
Where'd they go next?

HOLLY  
Nowhere. I checked the surrounding feeds, both vehicles disappeared.

GABE  
Plates on the van?

HOLLY  
Unreadable, they had reflectors on them. I'll keep sifting.

GABE  
400,000 cameras in London, that's not sifting, that's drowning. Check with Audi, see if his GPS is still pinging.

HOLLY  
I'll ask the Guv to put in for a warrant.

GABE  
(lying)  
She won't want the bother. Get the VIN, tell them you're hunting joy riders.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe notices the empty tea cups and endless notes by Holly's monitor, she's obviously been at this awhile.

He nods, 'nice work', heads out.

CUT TO:

24

**INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 5.**

24

Raza slips in to find Hanif sitting up on his sofa bed with his morning papers. A blurry CCTV shot of El Adoua at Stansted on the front page. 'Was Rotterdam Mastermind in London?' Raza slinks towards his room --

HANIF

You've been out early.

Raza deflates, turns back.

RAZA

What's going on in the world, Abu?

HANIF

Still spinning. Barely. What's it look like out there?

RAZA

Same same. Open up the salon today? I got some things.

HANIF

What bloody things? You still owe me for covering with your ammi.

RAZA

Like I'm the only one got arrested?

Hanif shushes him as Sadia steps in from her bedroom.

HANIF

Ay, there she is. What feast awaits us this morning, my luv?

SADIA

Weetabix, you know where it is. And where were you this morning, looking at flats again?

RAZA

... Meetings.

SADIA

Sounds dubious. Who's this meeting?

RAZA

People.

(CONTINUED)

HANIF

Up before the birds, now he's  
taking meetings. *Mashallah*, who's  
the lucky lass?

Nasir steps in, sets his laptop down in front of Raza.

NASIR

My homework, for The Hobbit.

RAZA

Can't check it now, come by the  
salon later.

Raza ducks out. Nasir turns to Sadia.

SADIA

Book or film?

NASIR

Book obviously. English class.

SADIA

Hanif, help your son. You love  
those hairy little buggers.

Sadia heads into the kitchen. Nasir turns to Hanif...

HANIF

You wrote it how I showed you?

NASIR

Tell them what I'm going to say,  
say it, tell them what I told them.

HANIF

That's my lad, top of the class.

Hanif goes back to his papers. Nasir left alone at the table.

DISTORTED VOICE (PRE-LAP)

There was an old lady who swallowed  
a spider...

CUT TO:

25

**INT. DEPT OF JUSTICE - HEARING ROOM - DAY 5.**

25

A windowless conference room. A distorted voice speaks over a  
PA. Three PAROLE BOARD MEMBERS, life long bureaucrats, sit  
around a table piled high with Crime scene photos and files.

GABE/DISTORTED VOICE (OVER PA)

... That wriggled and jiggled and  
wiggled inside her.

INTERCUT WITH:

25A      **INT. DEPT OF JUSTICE - BOOTH - DAY 5. CONTINUOUS.**

25A

Gabe sits in a windowless booth. He speaks into a PA system.

BOARD MEMBER (INTO MIC)  
Very good, you're coming through.  
Can you hear us?

GABE/DISTORTED VOICE (OVER PA)  
I hear you just fine.

BOARD MEMBER  
In the interest of protecting the  
anonymity of our witness, I'd like  
to remind the board to refrain from  
asking any questions that reference  
specific dates and locations... To  
our witness, I'd like to note  
before we begin that we are  
considering the parole of inmate  
Thomas Wheelan, alias Skittles.  
Your testimony will be considered  
with the highest regard.

He nods to Board Member 2, who hits record on a laptop.

BOARD MEMBER 2  
All set.

BOARD MEMBER  
Witness, can you describe the  
nature of your relationship with  
Mr. Wheelan?

GABE/DISTORTED VOICE (OVER PA)  
I was undercover for five years,  
targeting Aktion 14, an extremist  
OCG. Mr. Wheelan was a high ranking  
member.

BOARD MEMBER  
But that's not how Mr. Wheelan  
would describe your relationship?

GABE/DISTORTED VOICE (OVER PA)  
I hope not. He would consider me a  
very close friend.

BOARD MEMBER  
And when were you last in contact  
with Mr. Wheelan?

GABE/DISTORTED VOICE (OVER PA)  
Not since his arrest. Mr. Wheelan  
and his affiliates all believe that  
I repatriated overseas.

(CONTINUED)



BOARD MEMBER

Witness, Mr. Wheelan was sentenced to 25 years imprisonment. The Judge referred directly to your testimony in his sentencing. You described Mr. Wheelan as "a living, breathing reign of terror with no prospect of rehabilitation." Do you stand by that statement?

Gabe's voice remains calm, despite his obvious distress.

GABE (INTO PA)

Do me a favour, take a look at the crime scene photos from 3 Pine Row.

Board Member 2 flips through the files, holds up the images for the other members to see:

Various shots of a burglary and the brutal assault of a young SIKH MAN. The Board Members eye the grim photos.

BOARD MEMBER 2

We have the photos in front of us.

GABE (INTO PA)

You see the cigarette burns on the victim's chest?

The Lead Member holds up hospital photos of fresh burn marks.

GABE (INTO PA) (CONT'D)

In all the years I knew Mr. Wheelan, I never saw him smoke. Not once. Half way through the assault on Mr. Singh, he walked across the street, bought a pack of fags. Walked back into the victim's house and lit one up, just to burn him.

Gabe barely holds it together as he relives the memory.

GABE (CONT'D)

So yes, I stand by my statement. Excuse the language, but he's a fucking animal who doesn't deserve light of day.

BOARD MEMBER (THROUGH PA)

Very good. Witness...

CUT TO:

Gabe stomps in, marches up to the sinks, studies his reflection in the mirror. Gabe finally lets loose...

(CONTINUED)

He screams, cursing himself. Primal. Gabe punches the mirror, cracks the glass. Blood gushes from his hand. All the hate out of his system, Gabe breathes. Closes his eyes... calms.

Gabe eyes the blood stain on his shirt, tries to wipe it off. He perks up at the sound of shoes *squeaking* on the linoleum. Gabe peers under the line of stalls. A nervous pair of feet in one of the far cubicles.

Gabe shrugs it off and shuffles out.

CUT TO:

27      **EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - DAY 5.**      27

Gabe's Mondeo pulls up beside Emily's Saab in the drive.

CUT TO:

28      **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 5.**      28

Gabe wanders through the building site that is his home.

GABE

Ems?

No response. He slips into --

CUT TO:

29      **INT./EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/BACK GARDEN - DAY 5.**      29

Freshly renovated. Subway tiles and Lori's drawings on the fridge. Gabe steps in, eyes a dirty plate left on the table. He picks it up, places it in the sink.

He grabs a gauze from the first aid kit above the sink. He rinses off his bloody hand, perks up, eyes out the window overlooking the backyard:

An overgrown garden with a jungle-gym at the far end. Emily sits on the swing, smoking a cigarette.

Gabe, surprised. He pulls out his phone, dials... Outside, Emily eyes her phone. She takes a breath before answering.

EMILY (THROUGH PHONE)

Hiya, hun.

GABE (INTO PHONE)

What're you up to, gorgeous?

Emily stubs out her cigarette into an empty soft drink can.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (THROUGH PHONE)  
Work. You?

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Same. How's the search going?

EMILY (THROUGH PHONE)  
I hate CVs. Don't know any good  
Teaching Assistants, do you?

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Must be at least one diamond in  
that stack in front of you.

EMILY (THROUGH PHONE)  
I'll keep digging. Thought we could  
ask your new partner round for  
dinner. It'll be nice to meet her.

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Wouldn't bank on it, but I'll ask.  
I'll see you tonight, okay.

Gabe hangs up, ducks back from the window. He heads out the kitchen, doubles back, remembering --

He grabs the dirty plate from the sink. Sets it on the table. He darts out of the kitchen and slinks out the front door as--

-- Emily steps in. No sign of Gabe. She opens the cupboard, hides her smokes. She tosses the soft drink can, douses her hands with vinegar. She pauses, noticing:

A few specks of blood in the sink.

CUT TO:

30      **EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - DAY 5.**

30

Gabe behind the wheel of his Mondeo. He pops the car into neutral, let's it roll back down the drive. Retreating from his home. Not a sound.

Gabe sits in silence, shuts his eyes. A moment to clear his head. His phone rings, breaking the silence... Holly.

CUT TO:

31      **EXT. MILLENNIUM MILLS - DAY 5.**

31

An abandoned wharf beneath the shadow of the Millennium Dome. Gabe's Mondeo pulls up to a corrugated fence. Gabe and Holly step out, eyeing the deserted street. Empty billboards and derelict factories.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

... This was the last known?

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

3:22 am. Coordinates came straight  
from the manufacturer.

She shows Gabe her phone. A drop pin on her phone map. Gabe tests a few panels on the corrugated fence, looking for an opening. Holly follows suit...

GABE

You have plans tonight?

HOLLY

Why?

GABE

You always answer a question with a question?

HOLLY

No, I don't have plans.

GABE

Come over for tea, my wife wants to meet you... You eat don't you?

HOLLY

Should I bring anything?

GABE

Just your good company.

One of the panels falls limp under Gabe's push. He motions, 'after you'. They climb through the hole in the fence. They perk up, noticing:

Yousef's parked Audi at the far end of the plot.

They hustle towards the car, both hit by a foul smell. They share a look, 'fuck'. Gabe motions Holly, they circle the car. All the windows frosted up.

A sinking feeling, Gabe digs his hand into his pocket. Using his jacket as a glove, he creaks open the driver's door --

-- Yousef stares back at him. Shot in the chest. Dead.

TIME CUT:

32

**EXT. MILLENNIUM MILLS - DAY 5.**

32

Yousef's Audi now the heart of a massive crime scene. Technical Support UNITS (TSUs) and Scenes of Crime OFFICERS (SOCOs) comb through the untamed field.

Holly stands shoeless in a FORENSICS TENT as a SOCO checks her over. Gabe steps in, offers Holly a mentholated ointment to rub under her nose.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Here, get the smell out of your head.

She takes it, grateful. The SOCO checks Gabe, notices specks of blood on his shirt.

SOCO

Need your shirt, you've got blood on it.

Gabe holds up his bandaged hand.

GABE

Blood's mine, unrelated incident.

SOCO

That's not for you to decide.

Gabe sighs, strips out of his shirt. The SOCO places it in an evidence bag. Gabe notices Holly staring at his tattoos.

GABE

Whatever questions you got, I can't answer them.

Holly bites her tongue. Gabe pulls on his jacket as Rose steps into the tent.

ROSE

Murder Investigation takes it from here. Wave to Sid, the SIO.

Rose motions to DI SID POWELL (40s) a suit and tie detective coordinating the crime scene.

GABE

Do we have time for MIT to work their angles?

ROSE

Yousef is their case, El Adoua is ours. As long as we're in the same venn diagram, we all have to share. What were Yousef's exact words regarding El Adoua's man?

GABE

Called him a 'big shot dude', hanging around Bridge Town.

ROSE

That's it?

GABE

That's it. Verbatim.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

Ride MIT's coattails, see if they talk to anyone interesting.

HOLLY

I already started a CCTV trawl of his last known.

ROSE

Good. Source 9 is in play with the deceased's brother?

GABE

Unless you still want me to pull him.

ROSE

Certainly not now. But he might appreciate the heads up.

They watch as the CORONER wheels away a bodybag.

GABE

Better he doesn't know, then he doesn't have to pretend.

Rose nods, heads off.

HOLLY

Who is source 9?

GABE

Before 10, after 8, who knows... I've chaperoned MIT before, they all think they're bloody Poirot.

Gabe waves to DI Sid Powell.

CUT TO:

33

**EXT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - VARIOUS - DAY 5.**

33

An overpass looms over Raza. It stretches between the council buildings, marking the entrance of the estate.

RAZA (TO HIMSELF)

Yo, Dadir, what's good?

A sign reads 'Welcome to Bridge Town Estate'. Beneath it, scrawled in bad graffiti -- 'try and gentrify this.'

RAZA (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)

Dadir, what's happening, bruv? We met the other night in the cell --  
(stops, frustrated)  
Rusty, that's what he said, rusty.  
We met the other night in rusty.

(CONTINUED)

Raza takes a breath, shuffles under an overpass into an  
Escher-esque maze of Council blocks in the heart of Stepney.



Eerily silent. Middle of the day. A few FACES peer out of windows and stairwells. Eyes tracking this intruder.

CUT TO:

34      **EXT. ADANA CAFE - DAY 5.**

34

A busy Turkish cafe. Strong coffee and Baklava for the ex-pat CROWD. Imran sits curbside, a few plates and empty cups on his table. His eyes on:

Raza approaching the entrance of the Bridge Town Estate.

Imran shoots a quick text message.

CUT TO:

35      **EXT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - DAY 5.**

35

A group of young MEN and WOMEN (SAL & CUT WALEED included) congregate around a makeshift shrine in the run-down playground. Flowers, photos and trainers. They quiet down as Raza approaches, squaring up to him...

RAZA

Any of you know where I find  
Dadir?... Said to come by...

They defer to Cut Waleed. He eyes Raza up and down.

CUT WALEED

What's your business?

RAZA

Raza, I met Dadir from rusty...

CUT WALEED

(laughs, to others)  
Rusty? Lookit fucking Shawshank  
over here.

(back to Raza)  
I'm playing with you, fam. What you  
want him for?

RAZA

Dadir told me if I need the  
hookup... y'know.

SAL BRAHIMI (30s, well built) waves them off.

SAL

That's me. Come by the gym later,  
you wanna hit the pads.

Sal walks away. A couple of other LOCALS on his heels.

(CONTINUED)

CUT WALEED

We look like we shotting out here?

RAZA

My bad, just looking for Dadir.

Cut Waleed trades glances with the remaining group.

CUT WALEED

We ain't see you before.

RAZA

I run round Whitechapel mostly. But Dadir said to come by.

CUT WALEED

Today? He said come by like right now?

RAZA

No, like... whenever.

CUT WALEED

Okay, fam, I got you. Come-come Rusty, Dadir's at the spot.

Cut Waleed starts walking towards the main building. Raza hesitates, LUKASZ (20s, Polish) motions him forward --

LUKASZ

You need a piggy back?

Raza follows Lukasz and Cut Waleed across the green.

CUT TO:

36      **INT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - HALLWAY - DAY 5.**

36

Raza follows Cut Waleed and Lukasz up to an apartment door. Cut Waleed opens it, motions Raza inside. Raza checks behind him...

CUT WALEED

Expecting someone?

Raza shakes his head, steps past them and into --

CUT TO:

37      **INT. CUT WALEED'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 5.**

37

Plush velvet sofas and E-bay art on the wall.

CUT WALEED

Sit yourself down.

(CONTINUED)

Cut Waleed and Lukasz step in behind Raza. Lukasz steps past Raza as Cut Waleed locks the door. Raza tenses...

RAZA  
... Where's Dadir at?

CUT WALEED  
Stepped out probably. Call him.

RAZA  
I don't have his number.

CUT WALEED  
Thought you was tight, like cell mates.

RAZA  
Bruv, he said to come round.

In the b.g. Lukasz pulls a samurai sword off the mantle.

CUT WALEED  
We'll see about that.

RAZA  
I'm really not trying to...

Raza trails off as Lukasz circles him, sword in hand.

LUKASZ  
What do you know about Yousef?

Off Raza's fear --

CUT TO:

38

**INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5.**

38

Silence broken by the turning of pages. Gabe and Holly sit across from DI Sid Powell as he flips through a redacted report. Mostly blacked out.

SID  
You missed a spot, there's almost a full sentence here... This is all you can give us?

GABE  
It's all that can be written down.

SID  
Bloody CTSU, always want to play blind man's bluff. We have a drug dealer, gets a bullet for his troubles, not to mention someone took the time to bleach the car.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SID (CONT'D)

That means I got physical evidence for shite. Now Counter Terror are sniffing about and my antennae's picking up a matter of national security. Be a friend?

GABE

Yousef was a source in an ongoing CT investigation.

SID

Warmer, okay. His form doesn't exactly reflect the pious sort.

HOLLY

Extremist recruiters target low level criminals, much easier to radicalize than those who actually know the religion.

GABE

Lost Boys. That's what Yousef was when I turned him. Helped me bust a Daesh recruiter, four years back.

SID

Where's the recruiter now?

GABE

Jihadi block, Long Lartin.

SID

Cross him off the list then.

HOLLY

Yousef had promised us high-value intelligence. It's our belief he was killed to keep it quiet.

SID

That's more like it, what's the intel to do with?

(off their silence)

No no no, don't go cold on me now.

Holly and Gabe stay quiet. Poker faces.

CUT TO:

39

**INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5.**

39

Sid sits across from DISCO DAN, a young cokehead.

SID

Yousef texted last weekend, were you trying to score?

(CONTINUED)

DISCO DAN  
No nothing like that, he was  
ribbing me, Spurs lost midweek...

A DV Cam records the interview from the back of the room...

CUT TO:

40      **INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM      - 40**  
**DAY 5. CONTINUOUS.**

A windowless room with a large Monitor. Disco Dan on screen.  
Holly takes notes, Gabe stares into his tea.

SID (ON MONITOR)  
Last week? I thought they drew?

DISCO DAN (ON MONITOR)  
Yeah-yeah. Still, rivalry innit?

Gabe turns down the volume on the monitor.

GABE  
They all say the same thing. 'I was  
upstairs collecting fares.'

The two of them settle in, turn back to the monitor.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Holly and Gabe drain endless cups of tea as  
they watch the feed of the various MIT Interviews.

TIME CUT: A sprawl of tea cups and biscuit crumbs on the  
table. Gabe slumped, eyes locked on the monitor. Holly sets  
down her empty notepad...

HOLLY  
This is a waste of time.

GABE  
Wasn't what Yousef asked for  
either.

HOLLY  
He knew the risks.

GABE  
No he didn't, no one ever does. If  
they did, they wouldn't do it.

HOLLY  
What happened to 'they're not your  
friends?'

GABE  
They're not. But you're theirs. You  
know their biggest secret.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

All they wanna know is are you gonna keep it safe. Lie about everything else, you don't lie about that.

HOLLY

You can't seriously blame yourself for Yousef's choice.

GABE

I remember his choice. He had five years over his head. I took him to an Arsenal match, told him 'you won't recognize a single player by the time you come out'... You don't send the canary straight down the mine. You put it in a cage first.

Gabe looks to Holly, but her focus is on the monitor, where:

Sid questions ROXANNE 'ROXY' NOVAC (20s, Romanian). Dressed in a waitress uniform. She empties her purse on the table.

Holly turns up the volume.

ROXY (ON MONITOR)

These things, supposed to help, I don't know. Impossible to open...

CUT TO:

41

**INT. STOKE NEWINGTON POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5. CONTINUOUS.** 41

Roxy struggles to open her pack of Nicotine gum. Sid grabs the pack, opens it for her.

SID

Let's get back to Yousef.

ROXY

My stomach is water, you have something to eat?

SID

I know you had a relationship with Mr. Hassan.

ROXY

Barely, no strings. But he was gracious, not like most boys. Why anyone hurts him, I don't know.

SID

When you last spoke, how did he seem to you?

(CONTINUED)

ROXY

This is so long ago, innit. I can't even remember when it was.

SID

Phone records show you were in contact with him over the weekend.

ROXY

Lotta boys calling me, I don't keep track.

SID

Miss Novac, it's a criminal offense to pervert the course of justice.

ROXY

Roxy can't eat, Roxy can't talk, can't walk, can't breathe. Okay, Roxy does nothing.

Roxy sits back, chewing her gum. Defiant.

CUT TO:

42

**EXT. CUT WALEED'S FLAT - BALCONY - DAY 5.**

42

The Bridge Town crew now all hanging out on Cut Waleed's balcony. Raza wedged next to Lukasz, the samurai sword resting easy in Lukasz's hands. Cut Waleed on a FaceTime call.

CUT WALEED (INTO PHONE)

Yeah cuz, he's saying he knows nothing bout Yousef. But then he's coming over acting like we're all road men. That's profiling. I'm on that grind, putting in the hours at footlocker. Top salesman in the borough --

DADIR (THROUGH PHONE)

Yeah, whatever. You got him tied up over there?

CUT WALEED (INTO PHONE)

Luke got a blade on him.

LUKASZ

Hatori Hanzo, innit.

Lukasz picks up the sword again. Raza flinches. But Lukasz waves hi and wide, waving to:

Dadir stands on his own balcony across the estate.

(CONTINUED)

CUT WALEED (INTO PHONE)  
You been down the cop-shop? What  
they saying about your brother?

DADIR (THROUGH PHONE)  
Don't lop his head off yet, lemme  
see him.

Cut Waleed walks up to Raza, turns the phone on him. ON THE  
PHONE: Dadir's pixelated face stares back at Raza...

DADIR (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Raza the Rizla. What you up to?

RAZA (INTO PHONE)  
... All good. You?

DADIR (THROUGH PHONE)  
Cut Waleed... Send him over.

CUT WALEED (INTO PHONE)  
Fam, what the police saying?  
(Dadir hangs up)  
Shit... Come on, rusty.

Lukasz lowers the sword, Raza can breathe again.

CUT TO:

43

**EXT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - COURTYARD - DAY 5.**

43

Raza follows Cut Waleed across a courtyard.

AKASH (O.S.)  
Waleed, bro, what's going on?

Cut Waleed groans as AKASH (18) races over. Hoody and cammos,  
he rolls a car tyre.

AKASH (CONT'D)  
Yousef got assassinated, that a  
true story?

CUT WALEED  
What you talking bout  
assassinations?

AKASH  
State sponsored, innit. He was onto  
them, Yousef told me they're  
watching him like through his  
X-Box, he was gonna toss it out --

Cut Waleed shoves Akash away --

(CONTINUED)



CUT WALEED

Fuck out my face you and your wagon wheel. You don't know nothing about Yousef.

Cut Waleed and Raza keep going towards another building.

CUT WALEED (CONT'D)

He got that pathological.

Cut Waleed stops at the entrance, taps in the code.

CUT WALEED (CONT'D)

Flat 42. You're on your own.

(Off Raza's hesitation)

Lift's out, can't do no more stairs, you feel me.

CUT TO:

44      **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 5.**

44

DADIR'S SISTER (20s) cracks the door open to Raza. Obviously upset, she eyes him before walking away. Leaving Raza at the open door.

RAZA

... Uh, Dadir said to come up.

But she's already gone. Unsure, Raza steps into the flat, slips off his shoes.

CUT TO:

45      **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 5.**

45

A group of SOMALI WOMEN comfort Dadir's grieving MOTHER. Dadir's Sister nods Raza to a door across the room. Raza steps around the mourning Women and into --

CUT TO:

46      **INT. DADIR'S FLAT - DADIR'S BEDROOM - DAY 5.**

46

Raza steps in to find Dadir at the window, spliff in hand.

DADIR

Close it. Put the towel back.

Raza quickly shuts the door behind him, sliding a rolled up towel against the base of the door.

RAZA

I am truly sorry. I had no idea about your brother.

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

What you saying about my brother?

RAZA

Nothing, that I'm sorry.

DADIR

Why sorry, you did it?

RAZA

Did what?

DADIR

Murdered him. Shot him.

RAZA

No... no. Definitely not.

DADIR

Then why you sorry?

RAZA

Just a thing people say like...  
hello and shit.

DADIR

They find my brother dead. My *hooyo*  
out there crying, whole fam  
shedding tears. And the Rizla comes  
by to say, 'hello and shit'.  
Alright, hello and shit. Fuck off.

Raza lingers, unsure... Dadir gets in his face --

DADIR (CONT'D)

You're not hearing me?

RAZA

I can't.

DADIR

Can't what? You want the shortcut  
out the window?

RAZA

No, bruv... I know you're not in  
the frame of mind, but I got this  
college girl, right. So fit. And  
she's been holding out on me for  
months. Don't get me wrong, I like  
that, classy. But I'm ready,  
y'know? And she texts me about  
having a little party later. Hearts  
and kisses, all the right emojis.  
Tonight's the night, I can feel it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)

If I knew about your situation  
beforehand, on my life, I wouldn't  
be here. But I'm here, so... No  
offense, can you sort me out?

(CONTINUED)

Raza pulls out the money Gabe gave him, slaps it down.

DADIR  
You serious right now?

RAZA  
I don't know what to tell you, I'm  
just trying to get laid, bruv.

Dadir shakes his head in disbelief. Almost impressed.

DADIR  
What's this girl's name?

RAZA  
Charlotte.

DADIR  
(pulls out his phone)  
Charlotte what?

RAZA  
... Charlotte Humphreys.

Dadir quickly searches for her name on his phone, a bunch of profiles pop up... Wary, Raza motions to the screen.

RAZA (CONT'D)  
Fourth one down.

Dadir eyes her profile photo, not bad.

DADIR  
Them uni girls all snobs though.  
Brown boy rocks up loaded with  
wraps, he's asking for trouble.

RAZA  
Nah, creatives. They like having a  
good time.

DADIR  
... How am I looking?

RAZA  
Not my type, but you're alright.

Dadir pockets the cash, throws on a jacket.

DADIR  
Nakeen, let's go.

RAZA  
We going to get those wraps?

DADIR  
Got enough on me. Know how to ride,  
yeah?

(CONTINUED)

Raza nods. Dadir grabs a couple of motorbike helmets off the dresser, hands one to Raza.

RAZA

Hold up, you wanna come with?

DADIR

*Wallahi*, I can't sit here listening  
to my mum crying all night. This  
party better be lit.

(mocking Raza)

'Tonight's the night, brother'.

Raza's heart sinks but Dadir is already out the door.

CUT TO:

47

**INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/HIGH STREET - DAY 5.**

47

Gabe and Holly watch as Roxy ducks into a chemist across the street. Gabe shuts off the car, reaches for his seatbelt--

HOLLY

I'll take it.

(off Gabe's look)

Two of us and we're police.

Gabe shrugs, motions to his bloodied bandage.

GABE

You mind grabbing me some fresh  
gauze?

CUT TO:

48

**INT. MINI SUPERMARKET - DAY 5.**

48

Empty save for the OLD BIDDIES shopping. We find Roxy at the endless rows of pregnancy vitamins.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Folic Acid for the brain, Vitamin D  
for the bones, fish oil for the  
heart.

REVEAL: Holly stands next to Roxy in the aisle. Motions to the pill bottles in Roxy's shopping basket.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

How many weeks?

ROXY

... Yeah, ten.

Roxy blushes, her hand instinctively covers her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Early. 1-a-day, save your money.

Holly offers her a pill bottle. Roxy takes it, embarrassed.

ROXY

Thank you, I still don't really know what I'm doing.

HOLLY

Who does? At least you know you're going to keep it. That's brave.

ROXY

Wait, why you are saying that?

HOLLY

Yousef would've made a good dad.

Roxy stands rigid, glares at Holly.

ROXY

Who the fuck are you? You don't know me, you don't know Yousef.

Holly flashes her warrant card, Roxy suddenly nervous.

ROXY (CONT'D)

You followed me? What the fuck? I don't have nothing to say to you.

HOLLY

That's okay. How are you doing, alright?

ROXY

I'm fine, I'm late for work --

HOLLY

You're not fine. You're pregnant, the father of your baby is dead, and if you had a friend in the world, you wouldn't be alone, wandering the aisles of a supermarket.

ROXY

... They didn't tell me how he got killed, like was he shot?

HOLLY

Yes. Let me buy you a coffee.

Roxy eyes Holly, unsure.

CUT TO:

49      **EXT. ADANA CAFE/BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - DAY 5.**

49

Raza and Dadir step out of the Bridge Town Estate near the Adana Cafe. Dadir unlocks a couple of Dirt Bikes chained up outside the estate.

DADIR

That ped was Yousef's. Don't scratch it.

IMRAN (O.S.)

As-Salaam-Alaikum, Dadir!

Imran limps towards them, Dadir whips on his helmet.

DADIR

Shit. Bust a move, Rizla.

RAZA

Who's that geezer?

DADIR

Faisal. Coffee shop mufti, trying to give Dawah to anything walks by.

\*

Dadir hops on his bike and zips away. Raza throws on his helmet, follows suit.

IMRAN

Heard about your brother, *Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un*.  
I'll be making dua for him, mate.

Raza glances back at Imran, who watches them razz away.

CUT TO:

50      **INT. CAFE 66/ELDON STREET - DAY 5.**

50      \*

Gabe, Holly and Roxy sip their drinks at a booth. Roxy shows them a screenshot of a sonogram on her phone.

ROXY

A strawberry, next week it will be big as a kiwi, I read it online.

HOLLY

Did he know about the baby?

ROXY

You're the first people to know. Most girls, they get cakes, balloons. I get stalker cops.

HOLLY

I'm guessing it wasn't planned.

(CONTINUED)

ROXY

Nothing with Yousef was planned.  
But what do I do? All that's left  
of him is in my tummy.

HOLLY

Is there anyone you can think of  
that might have cause to harm him?

ROXY

I wasn't his girlfriend, he didn't  
like take me out or meet his mates.  
He comes to my flat, he wants one  
thing, y'know?

HOLLY

You must've met him somewhere.

ROXY

At my work, the restaurant. He  
comes one time with these guys.  
They're like regulars. And he  
starts talking to me and... yeah,  
okay, he was a good talker.

GABE

The regulars, who are they?

Roxy shifts, uncomfortable.

ROXY

I don't know. They come once a week  
maybe. They don't talk to anyone,  
don't talk to me. They don't even  
really talk English.

HOLLY

What do they speak?

ROXY

Albanian, I think.

Gabe and Holly share a look. Holly scrawls her number on a  
napkin, passes it to Roxy.

HOLLY

Next time they come in, call me.

Roxy eyes the napkin, doesn't take it.

ROXY

I don't want anything with these  
guys, they have bad energy. People  
in my family, we are sensitive to  
these things.

(CONTINUED)



GABE

I got a six year old at home. She's in the 'why' phase. Why is the sky blue, why is water wet. Why do I have to eat my broccoli. One day your strawberry's gonna be old enough to ask questions. What happened to Dad? Who hurt him? Why didn't you catch them?

Roxy eyes the napkin, takes it.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED 51

52 **EXT. ART SCHOOL HALLS OF RESIDENCE - EVENING 5.** 52

Their bikes chained up, Raza and Dadir huddle at the entrance of a residence hall. Raza scans through a call box --

RAZA

Can't remember her room, I dunno.

DADIR

Call her already.

RAZA

She's not texting me back, bruv. Think I got the day twisted, like maybe tomorrow?

DADIR

Lemme see them texts.

RAZA

... There's some pictures on there, know what I mean.

DADIR

Then I definitely wanna see em.

RAZA

Not just her though.

Dadir groans. He presses random buttons on the callbox.

DADIR (INTO CALLBOX)

Pizza.

STUDENT (THROUGH CALLBOX)

Uh, I didn't --

DADIR

(hangs up, taps another)

Pizza.

(CONTINUED)

STUDENT 2 (THROUGH CALLBOX)  
Wrong room, mate --

DADIR  
(hangs up, taps another)  
Pizza.

*Click.* The door opens. Raza covers his disappointment.

CUT TO:

53

**INT. ART SCHOOL - HALLWAY - EVENING 5.**

53

Raza and Dadir wander the fluorescent lit hallways. Music blaring from a few rooms. Some doors left open.

RAZA  
Maybe back the other way?

Dadir huffs, pokes his head into an open dorm room --

DADIR  
Where's Charlotte Humphreys at?

FEMALE STUDENT (O.S.)  
Deadline week, probably in the studio. Bottom floor.

Dadir turns back to Raza, glares at him.

DADIR  
Deadline week? Don't sound like no party. Where you coming at me from?

RAZA  
Told you, think I got the days mixed up --

DADIR  
Don't fucking lie to me --

-- Dadir grabs Raza's throat, shoves him against the wall.

RAZA  
I'm not lying --

DADIR  
Nah, you're using me. You invite me to come out, but all you want is them wraps. Be a fucking man, pay --

Raza flounders for an excuse --

RAZA  
Bruv, ain't like that, you were cooped up at home, hurting.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)  
I didn't know what to do, just  
thought you should get out. We're  
here now. She's got friends.  
Lemonade, innit.

Dadir huffs, fine. Motions to Raza, 'after you.'

CUT TO:

54

**INT. ART SCHOOL - CHARLOTTE'S STUDIO - NIGHT 5.**

54

A large open plan room divided into messy cubicle spaces. STUDENTS dot the various cubicles, deep in their projects. Raza and Dadir shuffle in. Dadir perks up, noticing:

Three FEMALE STUDENTS (20s) gathered around a cubicle.

DADIR  
Any of them your girl?  
(Raza shakes his head)  
Right, open territory.

Raza watches as Dadir swaggers over to the Students. He shakes hands with them, introducing himself. It doesn't take long before he has them smiling.

Raza can finally breathe again. After a beat, he wanders down the rows of cubicles. He stops at the last cubicle:

Charlotte on her knees, a canvas sprawled out on the floor in front of her. Headphones in, she's lost in her drawing.

Entranced, Raza watches as she marks the canvas. Graceful. Intimate. She stops to evaluate her work. Wipes her brow, smearing charcoal on her cheek. Raza can't help but laugh --

Charlotte looks up. She slips off her headphones, surprised.

CHARLOTTE  
I was just thinking of people who  
don't fucking call me back.

Despite the circumstances, they're happy to see each other.

TIME CUT:

55

**INT. ART SCHOOL - CHARLOTTE'S STUDIO - NIGHT 5.**

55

A small party underway. *Depeche Mode* blasts from a laptop. A group of STUDENTS hang out, drink, discuss color theory... Dadir sits in the middle, silent, his mood dark. His eyes on:

An ART STUDENT snorts a key bump from Dadir's wrap.

(CONTINUED)

ART STUDENT

Sorry, this yours? I have cash if you want.

DADIR

You saying I'm a road man?

ART STUDENT

Not sure what that is exactly.

DADIR

You think I'm a dealer? Cash for drugs?

ART STUDENT

No, just, if you don't want it, yeah, cheers.

DADIR

You not gonna pay for that then?

The Art Student eyes Dadir, not sure how to get out of this.

**CHARLOTTE'S CUBICLE:**

Charlotte holds out her wrist, showing off her hospital bracelet to Raza, who ignores his buzzing phone.

CHARLOTTE

... After that they cut off all my clothes, big fuck-off scissors right through my favorite dress. Now I'm stark-bollocks naked on a plastic sheet. Three, four of them stacking me with ice packs, asking all sorts of questions. And I'm like, can't talk right now, luv, I'm literally freezing my tits off. Then I'm on the IV and that was that. The doctor gave me a proper telling off. She was singing your praises though. Said if I got there any later... toast. So there's that tradition, you know, save a life, you're responsible for it.

RAZA

That's a lot of pressure, innit.

CHARLOTTE

Especially when you don't answer my calls, texts, smoke signals...

RAZA

I thought you was gonna yell at me.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

For what? You took me to A&E when all my actual friends did one.

RAZA

I'm not an actual friend then.

CHARLOTTE

You're an actual mystery. Haven't heard a whisper all week, then surprise, here you are.

RAZA

You know me, Desi James Bond, got that double life.

CHARLOTTE

Wow. You are so full of shit.

Raza eyes Charlotte, *can he trust her?*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Tell me, what's wrong?

RAZA

Lotta drama going on. My mate, Dadir, had a death in the family. I'm trying to look out for him.

CHARLOTTE

Who's looking out for you?

RAZA

I'll survive.

CHARLOTTE

... Let me draw you. I have a project in need of a subject.  
(Raza waves her off)  
Why not, it'll be a laugh.

RAZA

How you gonna capture the glory of this?

Raza frames his face for her, Charlotte laughs --

ART STUDENT (O.S.)

This idiot out here your friend?

The Art Student stands at Charlotte's cubicle, panicked.

CHARLOTTE

Which idiot? What's wrong?

ART STUDENT

I've called security, you might want to get him out of here.

(CONTINUED)

**MAIN STUDIO:**

Raza and Charlotte push through a crowd of STUDENTS gathered around Dadir. Paint brush in hand, he eyes his masterpiece:

A painting sabotaged with crude streaks. Glasses and beards doodled on an intricate portrait.

RAZA

Duuuuude.

DADIR

Be honest though, Rizla, looks like a hundred times better.

ART STUDENT

That was my whole fucking term. You're going to fix this --

The Art Student lunges for Dadir, Raza steps between them.

RAZA

No, no, no, you definitely don't wanna do that.

The Art Student spots the SECURITY GUARDS hustling in --

ART STUDENT

Here, these two.

Raza and Dadir shove through the crowd, race down the aisle. The Guards hustles after them, yell for them to stop. Charlotte amused as Raza and Dadir escape out the fire exit.

GABE (PRE-LAP)

*... "I am Oz the Great and Terrible" said the little man, in a trembling voice.*

CUT TO:

56

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LORI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5.**

56

Gabe reads Lori a bedtime story - 'The Wizard of Oz.'

GABE

*... "But don't strike me, please don't, I'll do anything you want me to." Our friends looked at him in surprise and dismay. "I thought Oz was a great head" said Dorothy --*

LORI

Is the Wizard real?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

No, the old man made him up. We're  
just getting to that part.

(CONTINUED)

LORI

Yeah, but he still built the city  
and gave the lion his heart and  
everyone believed him, so doesn't  
that make him real anyway?

GABE

Valid point. He probably is real,  
probably he casts spells on little  
girls, turns them into monkeys --

LORI

That's okay, you can just punch  
him, Daddy.

GABE

Daddy doesn't just punch people.

LORI

But what happened to your hand?

She eyes Gabe's scabbed knuckle and bruised hand, he holds it  
up...

GABE

I am Oz the Great and Terrible!

Gabe pounces on Lori who squeals with laughter.

CUT TO:

57

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 5.**

57

Holly and Emily at a table littered with empty take out  
boxes. Holly eyes Emily as she tops off their wine glasses.

EMILY

How else am I supposed to get you  
talking?

HOLLY

I can answer questions.

EMILY

Okay, anybody special in your life?

HOLLY

You mean sexual?

EMILY

If you like.

HOLLY

Most of my relationships have wound  
up... deflated. My sister's staying  
with me, if that counts.

(CONTINUED)



EMILY

That's nice, you two must be close.

(CONTINUED)

Emily gets up, clears some plates. Holly eyes the gnarly scar that runs up Emily's back.

HOLLY

Not really. Where did that scar come from?

Emily amused by Holly's bluntness.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Was that rude?

EMILY

You're fine. The driver who was seven pints loaded was rude.

HOLLY

Oh. I'm sorry.

EMILY

I'm not. That's how I met this one.

She motions to Gabe as he steps in from upstairs.

GABE

(to Holly)

Christ, you didn't ask about her back, did you? I was only out of the room five minutes.

EMILY

Shh, don't make her feel bad.

HOLLY

You were a uniform?

GABE

Off duty, two cars behind when that wanker ran the red and kept going. Got her to A&E just in time. She was passed out of course, doesn't remember how brave I was.

He gives Emily a kiss and pours himself a glass of wine.

HOLLY

Did they catch the driver?

EMILY

He was an Ozzie on his gap year. His parents shelled out for a very persuasive lawyer. He made bail, bought a ticket for the next flight back. Never made his plane though. Got mugged on the way home from his leaving do. They took his passport, his wallet, broke both his legs.

(CONTINUED)

Emily gives Gabe a smile. She's told that story before.

GABE

Told you not to ask.

HOLLY

Was this when you were undercover?

(Off Gabe's surprise)

Your tattoos, they're part of a legend I assume. Unless you're actually a fascist.

Gabe necks his wine, his mood darkens.

GABE

I can't talk about that.

EMILY

Well, I can. I never get to bitch about this, can you imagine, Holly, waking up to those everyday?

Gabe steps away from the table, finishes clearing the plates.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Forget going to the beach with all the dirty looks we get. And it's not like I can say, don't worry, my husband was just undercover.

GABE

I can't talk about it, that's not me, that's the law.

EMILY

Holly, can you can show me where it's written in the police rule book that he has to keep those things --

GABE

Didn't you tell Lori about this?

EMILY

About what?

Gabe holds up the discarded soft drink can.

GABE

Cans go in recycling. This was in the bin.

EMILY

That's not Lori's, it's mine.

GABE

My mistake.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe shakes the can, pauses... Peers inside, sniffs it.

Emily sighs as Gabe empties the soft drink can into the sink. A couple cigarette butts tumble out. He turns to Emily...

EMILY

Yes. I had a cigarette.

GABE

Couple by the looks of it.

EMILY

Fine, a couple.

GABE

When Lori came along, you said you wanted to quit. And I said I'd do everything I can to help you. But I can't help if you lie to me.

EMILY

I don't think Holly wants to hear this.

GABE

Where's the pack?

Emily sits back, defiant. Holly and Emily watch as Gabe searches the kitchen cupboards. Finally, Emily jumps out of her seat, pulls the pack out from its hiding spot, dumps them in the bin. She glares at Gabe.

EMILY

Fucking happy?

Gabe distracted by his *buzzing* phone, he eyes the caller.

GABE

Hold that thought.

Emily astounded as Gabe takes the call in the next room. She composes herself, turns back to Holly.

EMILY

Let this be a lesson, you want to get along with my husband, don't ask about his good old days.

HOLLY

I'm pretty sure it was in the recycling. The can.

Emily replays the moment, eyes Holly, impressed.

EMILY

You don't miss much do you?

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

No.

Emily amused as Gabe rushes back in --

GABE

Another snout dropped off the map.

Emily eyes her husband as he darts out. Holly doesn't hesitate, gathers her things.

HOLLY

Thanks for dinner.

CUT TO:

58      **EXT. CANARY WHARF STREETS - VARIOUS - NIGHT 5.**      58

The streets deserted at this hour. The construction cranes still. The offices dark. Raza and Dadir zip down the canyon of skyscrapers. The only sign of life in an ocean of steel.

CUT TO:

59      OMITTED      59

60      **EXT. HALAL FRIED CHICKEN SHOP - NIGHT 5.**      60

Raza and Dadir ride past the endless Kebab and Fried Chicken shops. Dadir pulls to a stop, eyes one of the neon signs...

DADIR

... You hungry?

RAZA

Yeah, I could eat.

CUT TO:

61      **INT. HALAL FRIED CHICKEN SHOP - NIGHT 5.**      61

Fast and cheap. A couple late night STONERS at the counter. Dadir and Raza at the window booth, both of them drunk and stoned. A box of half-eaten chicken and chips in front of them. Raza's eyes on:

Yousef's gold-cased phone *buzzing* on the table. Endless message notifications.

RAZA

Been blowing up all night. You don't need to answer it?

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

Life's over, but the market don't close. Someone killed my brother, what am I left with? A box full of gear and a line full of customers.

RAZA

Is that what you wanna do?

DADIR

Rent don't care what I want, innit.

Raza eyes Dadir, unsure...

RAZA

I know it just happened, but... the Cops got like any idea who did it?

DADIR

You think the Feds give a toss about Yousef? They want me to hand over his phone. No way. We gotta handle our own affairs, you get me.

RAZA

You don't think it's better to let them take care of the situation?

DADIR

You trying to be a sensei now?

RAZA

Bruv, when my mum got sick, I didn't try and become a doctor.

DADIR

And what happened to her?

RAZA

She died. But I still haven't figured out a cure for cancer.

DADIR

Thought you said you had a mum?

RAZA

Step-mum, sort of.

Dadir shrugs, doesn't pry. He eyes the chicken shop.

DADIR

He worked here for a minute, Yousef did.

RAZA

This spot? How long ago was that?

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

Way back. Everyday after school, I  
buck through here little starving  
African, come out belly full. All  
mandem in these ends knew, my  
brother hooked it up.

Dadir enjoys the memory. But the memory fades. He grows  
serious. Eyes the SERVER (30s, Turkish) behind the counter.

DADIR (CONT'D)

Them man fired him. All cause some  
free chicken.

RAZA

Cold.

DADIR

Yeah, innit.

Dadir slides out of the booth, struts up to the counter.

DADIR (CONT'D)

Yo, boss man. Remember my brother?  
Yousef Hassan, worked here.

SERVER

Don't know Yousef, when is this?

DADIR

Nah, they fired him. Don't lie.

SERVER

Whatever, okay.

DADIR

Fucking whatever? Rizla, hear that?  
Whatever, on my brother.

RAZA

(oblivious)

Wankers.

Dadir glares at the Server, who focuses on his work. Dadir  
lifts the counter partition, steps around to the kitchen.

DADIR

Ain't no whatever.

SERVER

No, no, you can't be back  
here.

DADIR (CONT'D)

Shouldn't'na fired him. He  
was better than this place.

SERVER

I don't fire people, you ask the  
manager tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

I'm asking you now though.

Dadir shoves the Server, hard. Raza up on his feet.

RAZA

Dadir, no need --

SERVER

I can call the police --

*Crack.* Dadir decks the Server, drops him to the floor. A few SHOUTS from the STAFF in the kitchen. Dadir lays into the Server. Fist after fist.

Raza races around the counter --

CUT TO:

62

**INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/WHITECHAPEL STREETS - NIGHT 5.**

62

Holly behind the wheel, Gabe in the passenger seat. Tired, they sip their coffees, eyes scanning the street.

GABE

Mopeds? Christ. I told you to keep an eye on him.

IMRAN (O.S.)

Dirt bikes. And I followed for at least a mile.

Imran ducked down in the backseat, eyes out the window.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

I go running after them, I get made.

GABE

You're not running after anybody with that pirate limp.

IMRAN

I'm building out a legend, okay? It's the details that sell it.

Holly pulls up across from the Chicken Shop. A SQUAD CAR parked out front, lights flashing. A Mercedes next to it.

HOLLY

What did control say?

IMRAN

They called in a serious assault, 2 perps armed with bike helmets.

HOLLY

Do bike helmets count as serious?

(CONTINUED)



GABE  
Depends how you use them.  
(to Imran)  
Keep your head down.

Imran slumps as Gabe and Holly step out.

CUT TO:

63      **INT. HALAL FRIED CHICKEN SHOP - NIGHT 5.**

63

A POLICE OFFICER attends to the Server and the Cook. Cuts and bruises, but they'll live. Gabe and Holly step in, flash their warrant cards to the first Officer.

GABE  
Control said you got an IC3 and an  
IC 4 armed with bike helmets?

FIRST OFFICER  
Yeah, two males, 20s. Long gone.

HOLLY  
The manager's in the back?

The Officer nods, Holly and Gabe stride into --

CUT TO:

64      **INT. HALAL FRIED CHICKEN SHOP - BACK KITCHEN - NIGHT 5.**

64

Cramped and dirty. The manager, MR RAHIM (30s Bangladeshi) and a 2ND OFFICER huddled by a CCTV monitor. Holly flashes her badge to the Officer. Gabe hangs back, sips his coffee.

GABE  
DS Waters, DC Morten CTSU.

2ND OFFICER  
Right. Where you want me, Skip?

GABE  
Out front.

The Officer doesn't hesitate, steps out of the kitchen.

MR RAHIM  
CTSU, what's that about?

Gabe eyes Mr Rahim. Slippers and bed head.

HOLLY  
Can you show us the CCTV, please?

Mr Rahim huffs, rewinds the tape, presses play.

(CONTINUED)

ON SCREEN: Grainy footage of the Server curled up at Dadir's feet, absorbing the blows. As a COOK races out from the back kitchen, metal pipe in hand -- *CRACK!* Raza floors him with his bike helmet, the Cook falls back, face bloody.

Gabe perks up, surprised.

GABE  
Rewind that for me.

Mr Rahim replays the assault. Holly eyes Gabe...

HOLLY  
He's number 9?

Gabe ignores her, focused on Raza's assault on the cook.

MR RAHIM  
Animals. All that drugs and drink.  
And your lot's letting this city go  
to hell.

GABE  
Right, yeah. The footage on the  
drive, is it?

Mr Rahim unplugs the thumb drive, hands it to Gabe.

MR RAHIM  
When you catch these bastards, give  
them a good hiding. Only way they  
learn.

Gabe pockets the thumb drive, turns on his heels.

MR RAHIM (CONT'D)  
Wait, where you going with that?

GABE  
Off to catch the bastards, give  
them their hiding.

MR RAHIM  
Okay, okay, don't be shy, that's  
the spirit.

Mr Rahim happy as a clam as Gabe and Holly stride out.

CUT TO:

65

**INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/HALAL FRIED CHICKEN SHOP  
NIGHT 5.**

-

65

Gabe and Holly step out. Holly eyes him, peeved.

HOLLY  
You recruited Raza Shar?

(CONTINUED)

GABE  
Yeah, he was a good spot. You can't  
run him, I can.

**INSIDE MONDEO:**

Gabe and Holly jump in.

IMRAN  
Don't tell me he blew it already.

HOLLY  
He committed a serious assault.

GABE  
Rather than lose his cover. Boy's a  
natural.

Gabe takes out the thumb drive, dumps it in his coffee cup as  
Holly drives off. Holly eyes Gabe, *who is this guy?*

CUT TO:

66      **INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S ROOM - MORNING 6.**

66

*Beep. Beep. Beep.* Raza wakes with a start. Hungover, he  
gathers his bearings:

He's in his bed. Still dressed in yesterday's clothes. A  
*smoke alarm* wailing from the next room. *Shouts* and *thuds*.  
Raza rolls out of bed, stumbles into --

CUT TO:

67      **INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 6.**

67

Empty. A feast laid out on the table. The windows open, smoke  
billowing in from the kitchen. Raza staggers into --

CUT TO:

68      **INT. SHAR FLAT - KITCHEN - MORNING 6.**

68

Sadia, Hanif and Nasir crammed into the kitchen. Sadia cooks  
rotis. Nasir and Hanif waft smoke away from the detector.

SADIA  
Stand back, here we go.

Sadia flips rotis on an open flame. A cheer as it lands. Raza  
watches from the doorway, enjoying the moment.

(CONTINUED)

HANIF

I know that look, that's a man with  
a proper hangover. Sit down, I'll  
fix you a Hanif special.

Raza stumbles back out to --

CUT TO:

69

**INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 6.**

69

Raza takes a seat at the table. Hanif follows with his  
special drink.

HANIF

You had fun last night.  
(Off Raza's grunt)  
Rubbing shoulders with the luvvies?

Raza, confused. Nasir and Sadia join the table.

NASIR

You never told me about your  
girlfriend.

RAZA

Where you hearing all this?

SADIA

You complain I'm like the bloody  
Stasi, but your friend was polite  
enough to answer my questions.

Raza remembers as... Dadir steps in from the bathroom. Half-  
dressed, fresh from the shower.

DADIR

Mrs. Shar, don't spoil me like this  
or I'm gonna be here every morning.

Raza tenses as Dadir takes a seat next to him.

DADIR (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

RAZA

Nothing, I'm good.

SADIA

How do you two know each other?

DADIR

Raza didn't tell you we met in  
jail?

SADIA

No, he forgot to mention that.

(CONTINUED)

Raza almost chokes on his breakfast but Sadia laughs it off.

Dadir shrugs, digs into his breakfast. Raza looks around the table, everyone else enjoying their food.

CUT TO:

70

**EXT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BREAK ROOM - MORNING 6.**

70

Holly steps in. Gabe hovers over the kettle, waiting for it to do its thing. Clothes crumpled, tired.

HOLLY

Tell Emily thanks again for dinner.

GABE

I'll pass it on.

Holly notices his jacket curled up on the cot as a pillow.

HOLLY

You slept here last night?

GABE

... Dinner wasn't such a hit for everyone.

Holly gets the hint, moves on.

HOLLY

The waitress texted me, her regulars just showed up. Maybe it's worth checking out?

GABE

Yeah, great, take a look. I got number 9 this morning.

Holly frustrated as Gabe shuffles out with his tea.

CUT TO:

71

**INT. THE MEZE - DAY 6.**

71

A 24 hour High Street Grill. Bland and anonymous. COMMUTERS and TOURISTS fill up the vinyl booths. We find Holly sitting by herself at a window table.

Roxy sets down a menu in front of her.

ROXY

Good morning, can I get you something to drink?

Holly glances down at the menu, a note tucked inside it - 'Back Booth, right side.'

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY  
Coffee, thanks.

As Roxy shuffles away, Holly eyes a back booth, where:

A GROUP of hard-looking ALBANIAN MEN get up to leave. One of them, LORIK GRAMOS (30s, Albanian), kufi and trackies, counts out a wad of cash. He settles the bill and heads out.

Holly watches out the window as:

The Men exchange words before going their separate ways.

Holly perks up, discreetly taking mobile phone pics of:

(CONTINUED)

Lorik as he hops into a WHITE TRANSIT VAN parked at the curb.  
The van peels out.

CUT TO:

72 OMITTED 72

73 **INT. THE PALM TREE - DAY 6.** 73

Lucy looks up from her Sudoku as Raza shuffles in.

LUCY  
Didn't think I'd see you again.

RAZA  
Your bad luck.

LUCY  
Friend already booked you a table.

Lucy motions to Gabe in a back booth, cup of tea and a paper  
in front of him. Raza joins him, wary.

RAZA  
Shouldn't we probably meet  
somewhere I'm less noticeable?

GABE  
Safest pub in London, this.  
Copper's bar. Nobody you know's  
coming here, Lucy'll see to that.

Raza eyes a photo of Lucy in uniform behind the bar. Ex-cop.

GABE (CONT'D)  
See the paper this morning?

Gabe slides his paper across the table. Raza eyes the  
headlines. Counter-Terror raids in Turin on the front page.

RAZA  
I don't know any Italians, bruv.

GABE  
No, look inside.

Raza opens it to find a couple hundred pounds hidden inside.

RAZA  
I can't be buying no more gear.

GABE  
That's yours. You had a good night.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

By what metric? They got a sword at my throat, Dadir goes mental on some random in a chicken spot, cause his brother got fucking murdered. I'm done, I'm not going back.

GABE

That's not how this works.

RAZA

Then tell me how it does work.

GABE

The way I see it, I'm keeping your mum out of trouble, you gotta get me someone in trouble.

RAZA

Fine. I seen Dadir break like a hundred laws yesterday.

GABE

Drugs don't interest me. I'm looking for a contact of Dadir's brother, maybe Dadir knows him. Some big shot dude.

RAZA

Big shot? Like big or like big?

Raza motions big like buff, then big like important.

GABE

Big shot's all I've got to go on, that's all you've got to go on.

RAZA

Is this the bloke murdered Yousef?

GABE

We don't know.

RAZA

I'm not trying to end up like that, bruv. Just arrest somebody, they're doing more than I ever did.

GABE

Counter-Terrorism is a different beast. My unit makes maybe ten arrests in a busy year. They don't happen overnight.

(CONTINUED)



RAZA

Dadir's a fucking hand grenade. He  
rumbles me for a snitch, I'm dead.  
You know that, right?

GABE

I've never lost an informant, I'm  
not starting now.

Raza sits back, uneasy...

CUT TO:

73A      **INT./EXT. DLR TRAIN - DAY**

73A      \*

Raza stands, holding a strap in the crowded train. As the  
train rocks into the next station, he grows anxious.      \*

Claustrophobic, trapped, he feels like the crowd is closing  
in around him.      \*

The *beep* of the doors opening. Raza, panicked, pushes through  
the bodies --      \*

RAZA      \*

Excuse me, let me off, please...      \*

Raza bursts out of the train and onto --      \*

CUT TO:      \*

73B      **EXT. DLR PLATFORM - DAY.**

73B      \*

Raza catches his breath. The panic attack subsiding...      \*

CUT TO:      \*

74      **INT. GHUSL ROOM - DAY 6.**

74

A sparse room. Dadir and a few other MALE RELATIVES lift  
Yousef's body off the Ghysl table as an IMAM (wearing gloves)  
wraps the body in a Kafan (shroud).

Dadir takes one last look at his brother's face before it's  
covered with the funeral shroud.

**END OF EPISODE.**