



INFORMER

By

Rory Haines & Sohrab Noshirvani

EPISODE THREE:

“Charlie Don’t Surf”

Final Script

19/02/18

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

The contents of this document are strictly confidential. Please do not discuss the contents of this document with anyone outside the production.

1 **INT. JIN'S FLAT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 50.**

1

A dark room. Four shapes on the ground... Tinny *rock* music breaks the silence. One of the shapes sits up, the silhouette of a MAN. Three other MEN sleep on mattresses beside him.

MAN

Jin... Jin.

The Man tosses a pillow at the last mattress.

MAN (CONT'D)

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

Don't be an asshole, get up.

JIN WEIJUN (50s, Chinese) groans, rolls over, shuts off the alarm. Even sitting up is a chore for him.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. JIN'S FLAT - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING 50.**

2

Bleary-eyed, Jin stumbles down the hall in his underwear and sandals. We get a better look at him - out of shape, unkempt, worn down by the world. Jin opens the bathroom door --

2ND MAN (O.S.)

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

I'm in here.

-- The door slams shut from the other side. Jin leans against the wall, rests his eyes. *Another fucking day.*

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. DEPTFORD STREETS - EARLY MORNING 50.**

3

The streets still waking up. Backpack on, Jin sweats out last night's whiskey as he cycles past the shuttered shops and cafes. Headphones in, he hums along to *Clapton* as he pedals.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)

At 6:07am on the morning of
November 29th, Jin Weijun arrived
for his shift at the Eldon Street
branch of Cafe Sixty-Six...

CUT TO:

4 **OMITTED**

4

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

5

Jin flips on the lights. He eyes the empty room like it's his prison. All the chairs up on the tables.

Jin shoves the nearest chair off, enjoys the *crash* as it lands... He eyes the chair, sighs. He picks it up, sets it right. He takes another chair off the table, sets it down...

CUT TO:

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

6

Pssshht. Now in uniform, Jin hoses down dirty dishes. The Cafe busy with the morning rush. A stressed MANAGER (20s) paces in, grabs a stack of muffins --

JIN

After ten, boss.

MANAGER

Morning rush, Jin. Gimme fifteen more minutes, then break, yeah.

Before Jin can protest, the Manager is pacing back out.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. CAFE 66/BACK ALLEY - DAY 50.**

7

Jin hidden between the dumpsters. Pours whiskey from a hip flask into his coffee, takes a large gulp. He pulls out his old flip-phone and a phone card, dials a number...

JIN (INTO PHONE)

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

Hey, it's me... I know, sorry, they pushed my break... Is she still up?... No, no, don't wake her. I'll talk to her tomorrow...

CUT TO:

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

8

Jin wipes down a table. Behind him, Natalie marches past --

NATALIE

Loo's back here?

JIN

For customers only.

NATALIE

Yeah, I'll buy something after.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie disappears into the back toilet. Jin catches a glance from the Manager. Jin shrugs, *what can I do?*

CUT TO:

9 **INT. CAFE 66 - KITCHEN - DAY 50.**

9

Jin dumps the dirty rags into a sop bucket by the sink. He eyes his warped reflection in the stainless steel, deflates --

-- *Bang.* A gunshot and *screams* from the next room. Jin whips back to the door, races past the toilets and into --

CUT TO:

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

10

Chaos. Patrons run in all directions. Away from a FIGURE with a gun. We don't see his face. Jin ducks down, spots a MOTHER sheltering her young SON at the next table.

JIN

Back exit -- back exit -- go --

BANG. BANG. More gunshots. The Mother hustles her son past Jin, into the kitchen --

-- The FIGURE fires on PATRONS racing out the front. The storefront glass *shatters*.

Jin hustles anybody and everybody towards the kitchen. A MAN in a Suit rushes towards Jin --

-- *Bang.* He drops, shot in the leg. Jin darts into --

CUT TO:

11 **INT./EXT. CAFE 66 - KITCHEN/BACK ALLEY - DAY 50.**

11

A few terrified Customers hide in the kitchen. Others already racing out the Fire Exit --

JIN

Fire exit, there. Go, go, go --

-- Jin grabs the Mother by her arm, leads her out the door. A line of PATRONS running out the back.

Jin glances around the kitchen. He's the last one. But through the doorway, he spots:

The FIGURE at the door of the Toilets. His back to Jin.

(CONTINUED)

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)
At approximately 10:33 am, Jin
Weijun was shot...

Jin doesn't hesitate, races back towards the toilets --

JIN
(in Mandarin, subtitled)
Over here, over here, asshole --

Jin grabs a porcelain mug from the sink, hurls it at the
Figure. It crashes against the door --

-- Jin turns for the Fire Exit -- *Bang*. Shot in the back. He
slams into a rack of dishes, sends them *crashing* --

CUT TO:

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

12

Lady Justice Spencer reads from her dossier.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER
... He was pronounced dead at 11:47
am by Surgeons at London City
Hospital. I would like to state for
the record that Mr. Weijun's
selfless actions that day saved
multiple lives.

In the top gallery, a TRANSLATOR speaks Mandarin to JIN'S
FAMILY. His PARENTS, his WIFE, and his DAUGHTER (4).

END PRE-TITLES

13 **INT. THE PALM TREE - MEN'S TOILETS - MORNING 7.**

13

CLOSE ON: Raza shifts, awkward, looks everywhere but down...

RAZA
Don't see why I can't do it.

GABE (O.S.)
It's no carnival for me either.
Hold still.

We're in a deserted men's room. Gabe crouched down, tapes a
wire to Raza's crotch. Gabe stands, tosses his latex gloves.

GABE (CONT'D)
Mic's behind the zipper. If you
need a slash, be gentle.

Raza buttons up his trousers, tucks in his shirt. Eyes
himself in the tagged up mirror.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Feel like I got snitch tattooed on
my forehead.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

No one's gonna be patting you down
at a funeral.

RAZA

You really think this big shot guy
is gonna show for the *salat*?

GABE

We won't know if we're not there.

Gabe hands Raza a blazer. Raza slips it on, 2 sizes too big.

RAZA

I'm swimming in this thing.

GABE

It's not a fashion show. Camera's
in the top button. Anyone you meet,
get their full name, repeat it nice
and clear. Try and stand about arms
length back.

RAZA

Bruv, this is so dirty, spying at a
janazah. My mum'd disown me.

GABE

You're looking for the fella killed
the fella getting buried. It evens
out.

Gabe dusts off Raza's jacket, straightens his lapels.

GABE (CONT'D)

Names and faces, that's all I need.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. MUSLIM CEMETERY - DAY 7.

14

Rows of modest tombstones. Dadir and his Male Relatives (same
from end of Ep 2) carry Yousef's coffin through a crowd of
MOURNERS (all men).

The Mourners swarm the coffin, hands touching it as it
passes. Dadir notices:

Raza up ahead. Dadir gives him a nod.

Raza reaches up, touches Yousef's coffin as it passes.

Roxy cuts a lone figure, watching from the other side of the
Cemetery gates as the coffin is laid at the feet of the IMAM.

CUT TO:

15

EXT. MUSLIM CEMETERY - ENTRANCE - DAY 7.

15

The crowd of Mourners empty out of the cemetery, quick to light up smokes. Raza shuffles up to Dadir who sneaks a spliff with Cut Waleed away from the crowd.

RAZA

Nice turn out, your brother was obviously some dude.

DADIR

Forty believers to get him to jannah and that. We take all comers.

(eyes Raza's jacket)

What are you wearing?

Raza stuck for an answer --

CUT WALEED

For real, why you look like you gonna sell me a mattress?

RAZA

Nah, nah, this is my Dad's, best I could do.

(changing the subject)

Cut Waleed, how you holding up, bruv? What's Cut even short for anyway, like what's your full name?

CUT WALEED

Why you going around asking about people's names, fam? My name means you liable to get cut.

DADIR

We call him that cause his dad never paid the bills, his leccie was always getting cut.

CUT WALEED

That happened like one time.

Dadir stubs out his spliff, motions Raza to follow.

DADIR

C'mon, there's food at mine. Gotta listen to all these strangers tell me about Yousef, innit.

Raza follows Dadir and Cut Waleed. Imran limps over as they walk away --

IMRAN

As-Salaam-Aleikum, Dadir. The ummah out in full force today, mate. We going back to yours for the wake?

(CONTINUED)

DADIR
Friends and family, long walk for
you, innit. Peace.

Dadir, Raza and Cut Waleed walk off, leaving Imran behind.
Imran clasps his hands to his chest as the Imam passes.

WORALL (PRE-LAP)
Butane. It's cheap, it's reliable,
it's legal.

CUT TO:

16

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 7.

16

Worall and Cooper huddle with Gabe and Holly at their desks.
The four of them flip through crime reports from the Turin
raids.

The board behind him now filled with crime scene photos: The
scorched aftermath of the Rotterdam attack and the raid in
Turin. A ramshackle farmhouse, empty save for mattresses and
butane tanks.

WORALL
The Italians found the Turin attack
cell sitting on 100 canisters. That
matches the Dutch estimates based
on the blast radius from Rotterdam.

COOPER
Working theory is El Adoua taught
them more than how to build bombs,
he taught them to stay below the
radar. The same purchase pattern
was used by both cells. Always on
gift cards, one can at a time.
Multiple vendors within a sixty
mile radius.

GABE
We should canvas vendors. Petrol
stations, garden stores.

COOPER
What are we circulating? We have no
suspects.

GABE
Just get them nervous anytime
someone asks to light a campfire.

Cooper nods, makes a note of it.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

How did the Turin cell plan on
moving 100 canisters of butane?

WORALL

AISI recovered a stolen Fiat Ducato
at the Turin farmhouse.

Holly motions to her cellphone pics of Lorik's Ford Transit.

HOLLY

What about a white Ford Transit
van?

(CONTINUED)

WORALL

Comparable in size. Thought MIT ruled out the owner already?

HOLLY

The *registered* owner. But he's an 87 year old with Vascular dementia. Someone registered the vehicle in his name.

WORALL

There's 2.5 million white vans on this island and not enough of us.

Holly doesn't argue, knows he's right.

COOPER

What's the plan with the funeral?

GABE

Should have roll call by morning.

CUT TO:

17

INT. DADIR'S FLAT - VARIOUS - DAY 7.

17

A somber mood as the Mourners snack on *Doolshe and Sambusas*. A framed photo of Yousef sits pride of place. Dadir, Raza, Cut Waleed and Lukasz pick at their food in silence.

ROXY (O.S.)

Dadir, right?

They look up to find Roxy approaching. All in black.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Roxy, I was friends with your brother.

DADIR

Yeah, I remember. Think I was with him when he went by your work.

ROXY

At the restaurant, yeah. You know, I'm really sorry for you.

DADIR

Yeah, okay.

ROXY

I was thinking we could talk?

DADIR

Bout Yousef? Go on, that's what we're all here for.

(CONTINUED)

ROXY

Maybe we can talk, me and you.

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

Join the back of the queue. Yousef was sharking all over, innit. Each of them girls got their hands out, but I got nothing for you.

ROXY

That's not what --

DADIR

Least them other girls didn't come begging at his funeral. This is some low end shit. My brother's dead, skank bank's closed, move on with your life.

Roxy shocked, Raza ushers her away towards the door.

RAZA

Should probably come back another time, you caught him on a bad day.

ROXY

Don't worry, I won't come back.

RAZA

Okay. What was your name again?

Raza stands arms length from Roxy. She eyes him, confused before ducking out of the flat.

Raza turns back to the room, eyeing the Guests...

SERIES OF SHOTS: Raza meets and greets his way around the wake. He always stands at arms length, repeating names. NOTE: AKASH WILLIAMS and SAL BRAHIMI are among the guests.

Raza catches eyes with Dadir's grief-stricken Mother. He swallows his shame with a weak smile...

HANIF (O.S.)

Raza, luv.

Raza turns to find Hanif stepping into the flat. Denim shirt and a plastic bag in tow. Raza, stunned. He instinctively covers the button camera.

RAZA

Abu, what the hell you doing here?

HANIF

I've come to pay my respects, I read about it in the local. You didn't say nothing about Dadir's brother passing.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Cause this is friends and family,
you can't be here --

DADIR (O.S.)

We got the whole Shar clan now?

Dadir steps up, eyes Raza and Hanif.

RAZA

I forgot my keys, my Dad just --

HANIF

Keys? What you blathering about.

Hanif steps past Raza and swallows Dadir in a bear hug. Dadir stands stiff, but Hanif won't let go.

HANIF (CONT'D)

You alright, luv? You're alright.

Raza tenses, eyes on Dadir... who softens, hugs Hanif back.

DADIR

Thanks for asking, Mr. Shar.

HANIF

None of this mister, Hanif to you.

DADIR

Here, come say hi to my mum.

HANIF

I don't think I'm dressed for that.

RAZA

Yeah, maybe another time.

DADIR

Give him his jacket back, he'll be
suave.

HANIF

That's not my jacket.

RAZA

... Yeah it is, found it in your
wardrobe.

HANIF

Alright, give it over then.

RAZA

Nah, Abu, I'm good.

HANIF

Well is it my jacket or is it your
jacket?

(CONTINUED)

Dadir and Hanif eye Raza who relents, slips off the jacket.
Hanif tries it on... a little tight.

HANIF (CONT'D)
I must've been a thinner man.

Hanif takes in the room - the quiet and somber Mourners.

HANIF (CONT'D)
Your brother the devout sort, was
he?
(Dadir shrugs, not really)
In that case, I brought him a gift.

Hanif opens his plastic bag, shows off the bottle of whiskey
inside. Dadir lights up, Raza's heart sinks.

CUT TO:

18-20 OMITTED

18-20

21 **EXT. DADIR'S FLAT - NIGHT 7.**

21

The funeral now a sing-a-long on Dadir's balcony. Beers and
spliffs. An iPod plugged into cheap speakers blasting out
music.

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
LAST CHANCE, SHUT IT DOWN OR I'M
CALLING THE POLICE --

Hanif ignores the haters, drumming along on a chair. He leads
the group in a tuneless rendition of an old classic.
Everybody drunk, but it's a soulful collective mourning.

Raza, stone-cold sober, his mouth shut, his eyes on:

Across the circle, Dadir perks up at the sound of a distant
car horn. He peers over the ledge before disappearing inside.

Raza glances over the ledge, spots:

A White Van idling downstairs. Raza nudges his dad --

RAZA
We gotta get home.

Hanif ignores him, keeps drumming.

RAZA (CONT'D)
Ammi keeps texting me, we gotta go.

HANIF
How did I spawn such a killjoy?
(to crowd)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

21A

Dadir in a tense conversation with Lorik by the White Van.
Dadir hands Lorik Yousef's Gold Phone.

Dadir, hey, hey! HANIF
RAZA
Baba, no, no --

But Hanif's already stumbling towards them. Dadir and Lorik clam up, eyeing Hanif as he staggers over.

HANIF DADIR
Hold up, lemme say goodnight. Mr. Shar, not now.

Raza pulls Hanif back, steps between them.

RAZA
Apologies, bruv, few too many.
Trying to get him home, innit.
(to Lorik)
Sorry, I'm Raza.

Raza offers out a hand to Lorik, who turns to Dadir.

LORIK
You are talking to people about me?

DADIR
Rizla, maybe another time, yeah?

Lorik turns to Raza, who's hand is still extended.

LORIK
Put your hand away before you lose
it.

Raza drops his hand, sheepish.

HANIF
That's my bloody son you're talking
to, mate.

RAZA
Alright, Abu. We should get home
anyway.

(CONTINUED)

LORIK

Listen to your boy old man.

HANIF

Gobshite, who you calling old --

The *wail* of a Police Siren as a couple of Squad Cars pull into the lot, breaking up the funeral party.

Lorik doesn't hesitate, jumps into his White Van. Peels out.

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

Nah, nah, wait, wait, wait.

Dadir bolts as a couple of Cops chase after the scattering Funeral Party --

RAZA

C'mon!

Raza drags Hanif away as they race out of the estate.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 7.

22

Raza and Hanif dart into the alley. Sweaty and bedraggled. The cops long gone. They stop to catch their breath.

HANIF

You got a pace on you, luv. I haven't had to run from the old bill since my stag do.

RAZA

You're not gonna have a heart attack on me, are you?

HANIF

Can't all be bopping around like a bloody space hopper, can we?
(coughs, then)
I need a tinkle.

Raza finally lets his guard down, he joins his father.

The two of them take up real estate against the wall. They relieve themselves in silence. Hanif hums.

Raza takes a breath, finally able to relax. Finished, he remembers to check the Mic as he buckles up his belt.

Hanif finishes up. As he zips himself, he pauses...

He notices a small camera and wires poking out of the top button on his jacket. A realization hits him...

He eyes his son, further down the alley. Humming along to himself...

Raza looks up to find his dad approaching. Hanif hands him back the jacket.

HANIF (CONT'D)

I don't think this is mine.

(CONTINUED)

Hanif trudges on ahead. Raza slips on the jacket, checks the button... the camera now back in place.

CUT TO:

23

OMITTED

23

24

INT. THE PALM TREE - DAY 8.

24

Morning. The bar empty. Gabe waits at the back booth. Raza hands Gabe the jacket.

GABE

How was the funeral?

RAZA

(re: jacket)

You tell me.

Raza slumps in the seat across from him.

GABE

Okay, let's try again. You meet anyone interesting?

RAZA

You been to a funeral before?
Mostly just a lot of sad people,
innit.

(Off Gabe's glare)

There was one dude, he showed up
late, got into it with my dad for a
minute.

GABE

Your dad?

RAZA

Yeah, funerals, weddings. He'll
take any excuse for a drink.
Anyway, Dadir was meeting with this
dude but he got real sketchy when I
tried talking to him.

GABE

Did you get a name?

RAZA

I mean I tried.

GABE

Then try better next time. You need
to get Dadir to introduce you.

RAZA

Yeah alright, bruv, how do I do
that?

GABE

... There's this fish, pilot fish,
everybody else in the ocean steers
clear of the shark, but the pilot
fish doesn't have to. Sits right
there, under the shark's fin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

Goes wherever the shark goes, sees
whatever the shark sees. They trust
each other so much, this ballsy
little bugger eats leftovers right
out of the shark's mouth.

RAZA

What you on about? Why you talking
like David Attenborough.

GABE

Stick to Dadir, he'll get you
there.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

25-27 OMITTED

25-27

(CONTINUED)

24A **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 8.**

24A

GABE (ADR)
Our white van man we're looking
into.

Gabe motions to a blurry photo of Lorik.

The CTSU team stand around a conference table. Gabe lays out
stills from Raza's button cam on the table.

GABE (CONT'D)
Some of these we know, most we
don't. Everybody take a row,
crosscheck names with the watch
list. If they don't have a name,
work the snouts, find one --

WORALL
We know this one, don't we?

Worall motions to a still of Akash. Imran eyes it, sighs...

IMRAN
Yeah, Akash. Keyboard Jihadi.
Popped up on GCHQ's watchlist, I
looked in on him last year.

WORALL
His online profile's sympathetic to
the cause.

IMRAN
El Adoua comes through London,
never steps foot on public
transport, no phone calls, all cash
transactions. That's tradecraft.
Akash Williams failed 9 of 9 GCSEs
and lives with his Grandparents. I
reckon our Big Shot is a touch more
sophisticated.

GABE
We still have to rule him out.

Gabe finishes laying out the stills.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. AKASH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 8. MOMENTS LATER.**

28

Decorated in the 80s, but dusted everyday since. Holly and
Gabe across from:

(CONTINUED)

Akash squeezed between DAVID and TRISHA WILLIAMS (60s, white). Eyes on the floor, Akash avoids David's glare.

HOLLY

(reading from a sheet)

Never trust non-Muslims, Mujahideen
Strategies, Can Kuffar Be Family --

DAVID

Disgusting. How is your nan not
your family, feeds you three
beautiful halal meals a day, don't
she?

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

David, blood pressure.

David huffs, silent.

HOLLY

If you continue to post these on your socials, sooner or later --

AKASH

I don't do nothing, just sharing --

HOLLY

That can be enough. And it won't be us knocking on your door. It'll be armed units here to arrest you.

DAVID

Good. That bleeding heart social worker was supposed to help. All she did was have us cancel internet. It's called Prevent, all it's preventing is Trisha Skype-ing at her sister. Now she has to walk all the way down the caff to get online. We're at the end of a very bloody long rope.

Gabe eyes Akash. Who hasn't made eye contact this whole time.

GABE

(to David & Trisha)

Could we step out for a second?

(off their confusion)

Might be helpful to talk alone.

DAVID

We're more than fair with him.

GABE

I don't doubt it. Five minutes.

Off David's exasperation --

CUT TO:

28A **INT. AKASH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 8. MOMENTS LATER.** 28A

Matching sofa and arm chairs. Akash slumped on an armchair, Holly sits across from Akash, Gabe takes in the room. Board games on the shelf, family photos on the side table.

GABE

Who's that cheeky chappie?

(CONTINUED)

Gabe motions to a framed photo of young Akash with his MOTHER (White) and FATHER (Kashmiri). They pose next to the VW Golf Convertible, happier days.

GABE (CONT'D)

Your Dad's in Brum now, is he?

(Akash nods)

You see him much?

AKASH

No one wants to go to Brum.

GABE

He didn't hang about, did he, after your mum died.

Akash finally looks up. Glares at Gabe --

AKASH

What do you know about my mum?

GABE

I know she wouldn't want this situation for you... I read that nonsense you post online. But now I've met you, I see you're an alright bloke. Grandparents are nice enough for a couple of geezers. Sweeter than mine, I'll tell you that much. So what is it Kash? What gets you so worked up?

AKASH

Not me, Quran, innit. Slay them where you find them.

HOLLY

That's actually a mistranslation. *Fight* them where they *fight* you.

AKASH

Says what it says, I didn't write it.

HOLLY

It's about self-defense. And the next verse says --

(in Arabic, subtitled)

"If they cease, then indeed Allah is forgiving and merciful".

Gabe eyes Holly, impressed. Akash scoffs, whatever.

GABE

You might know it better if you hadn't got kicked out your mosque.

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

I didn't get kicked out, that
Imam's working for the CIA. Al-
CIAda, you know all about them.

Holly sighs, doesn't know where to start.

AKASH (CONT'D)

He's on the payroll, don't lie.
I've been approached like four
times. Tap on the shoulder, innit.

Gabe takes a seat on the sofa, pulls out his pen and paper.
He feigns interest.

GABE

And what did they ask of you?

AKASH

... Dunno, top secret stuff
probably, but I didn't get into it.
I don't work with the filth.

GABE

Who approached you, what did they
look like?

AKASH

This guy, well they --

GABE

They? So it was two of them
approached you? Their names?

AKASH

Uh, like Jamie and Steve --

GABE

The CIA gave you their names?
(Akash confused)
Then who's Jamie and Steve or did
you get confused?

AKASH

I'm not confused --

GABE

So there was one or two --

AKASH (CONT'D)

Don't matter how many --

GABE

And it was Jason and Simon --

AKASH (CONT'D)

No, it was Jamie and Simon --

GABE

They told you they were MI6?

AKASH (CONT'D)

Maybe, no, I said CIA --

GABE

Why don't you go to Brum, Kash?

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

Cause he don't wanna fucking see
me, does he?

Akash sits back, surprised by his own admission... Gabe
stands, walks over to the book shelf of board games.

GABE

'Count to ten when you get angry'.
You've heard that one, I bet.

Akash shrugs, he has. Gabe reaches in to an old *Boggle* set,
pulls out the sand timer. He sits down next to Akash.

GABE (CONT'D)

Problem is, when I get riled up,
numbers escape me. Before I know
it, Mr. Hyde is on the prowl again.
You gotta learn to control it.
Here, little trick I learned...

Gabe flips the sand timer and sets it down in front of Akash.

Akash watches the sand filter down, entranced. He calms. The
three of them share the silence until... the sand runs out.

GABE (CONT'D)

You don't want us to come back
here.

Akash nods.

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED 29

30 **EXT. AKASH'S HOUSE - DAY 8.** 30

Gabe and Holly walk away from Akash's terrace.

GABE

You learned the Quran?

HOLLY

More people should.

GABE

But you did.

HOLLY

Most conflict comes from
miscommunication.

Gabe eyes her, processing... She stops in her tracks, checks
her *buzzing* phone, perks up.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(reads text)
The Waitress. Her regulars are
back.

CUT TO:

31-32 OMITTED

31-32

33 **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/THE MEZE - DAY 8.**

33

Gabe and Holly parked outside of the restaurant.

Holly snaps a photo of Lorik as he steps out of The Meze. He hops into his White Ford Transit and pulls out. Gabe lets a line of other cars pass before pulling out after him.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S ROOM - DAY 8.**

34

Hanif rummages through Raza's drawers. Checking his clothes for hidden cameras.

SADIA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Hanif whips around to find Sadia watching him.

HANIF

Nothing. Where does Raza keep his ciggies? I know he hides them from me.

SADIA

I'm the one who hides them from you.

HANIF

You don't, do you?
(Off Sadia's shrug)
Forget it.

SADIA

What are you actually looking for?

HANIF

I don't know. What if he was trying to keep something from me?

SADIA

A secret? This sounds intriguing.

HANIF

No, no, nothing like that...

Hanif sighs, defeated...

SADIA

... You want to know his hiding spot? Come on.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. SHAR FLAT - BALCONY - DAY 8.

35

Sadia digs through the bean bag, pulls out the tobacco tin.

SADIA

He thinks he's so bloody smart. I
found him out when he got this
stupid chair. Who puts a bean bag
on a balcony?

Hanif opens the tobacco tin, weed and smokes inside.

HANIF

That's not what I'm looking for.

(CONTINUED)

SADIA

What are you looking for?

HANIF

... I don't know. Overactive imagination.

Sadia perks up at the sound of the front door --

SADIA

That'll be the boys. Put that back, I'll keep them busy.

Sadia disappears inside. Hanif leans over the balcony, studies the tobacco tin - hoping to find some secret.

KARL (O.S.)

Hand to God, whatever's in that tin didn't come from me, Mr. Shar.

Hanif looks down to find Karl chilling on his balcony.

HANIF

I believe you, Karl, millions wouldn't but I believe you.

(then)

Actually, I have a question for a man in your profession.

KARL

Ask away.

HANIF

This mate of mine, he comes in the pub the other day, we're all talking, nothing serious, just a bunch of old lefties. Anyway, I notice he's got a little camera on his jacket. Hidden, top button --

KARL

That's not a mate, that's a snitch.

HANIF

Hang on, you haven't heard the whole story --

KARL

What's to know? Your mate's a snitch. You should do him.

HANIF

I've known him a long time --

(CONTINUED)

KARL

Don't matter how long you been
friendly with a snake, still prone
to bite you, innit.

CUT TO:

35A OMITTED

35A

36 INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

36

Sadia and Raza set out dinner plates. Raza's eyes on:
Nasir sits at the table, opening a small box...

RAZA

Geez at the shop said that's best
one for wannabe Paparrazzo.

Nasir pulls out a new 100 mm lens, inspects it.

NASIR

Sound, what is this? Leica?

RAZA

I dunno, whatever they call it, it
wasn't cheap.

NASIR

Why you bribing me? What do you
want?

SADIA

Your brother got you a nice gift,
How about a thank you?

NASIR

Yeah, okay, thanks.

HANIF (O.S.)

Where'd you get the money for that?

Raza notices Hanif lingering by the door.

RAZA

Nowhere, just... got my overtime.

Hanif joins the family as they take their seats. He sits
across from Raza, eyes his son with suspicion.

SADIA

When do I get my bloody gift then?

37

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/OLD BALLROOM - NIGHT 8.

37

A dead-end industrial street. Lorik's White Van parked outside a derelict red-doored building.

Gabe's Mondeo parked further down the street.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe and Holly slumped low in their seats. Exhausted, they've been here for awhile.

GABE (INTO PHONE)

What's your ETA?

WORALL (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)

Difficult to say, traffic's rough.

GABE (INTO PHONE)

Throw on your blues and twos.

WORALL (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)

Can't be having that, discretion is of utmost importance.

A PLUMBING VAN pulls up next to them. Worall and Cooper in the cab, laughing. Cooper holds up a walkie. His voice now comes through on Gabe's Walkie --

COOPER (THROUGH WALKIE)

Look at that, traffic cleared up.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)
Red building. The subject entered
about three hours ago.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)
Hasn't budged since. Hope you
brought a book.

Gabe pulls out as the Plumbing Van takes up position.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT - NIGHT 8.

38

A petrol station on the outskirts of greater London.

Gabe fills up the tank. Holly next to him, checks her phone.

HOLLY
... That building's owned by DDLM
Consulting. They're listed on
Kosovo's Chamber of Commerce as an
accounting firm.

GABE
It's a shell. Board Members are
probably all names picked off
tombstones.

HOLLY
We should still put a call in.

She trails off as Gabe freezes, suddenly distracted.

At the next pump, NIGEL BRIGGS (40s, White, Prison ink and
track marks), filling up his cube truck. He looks up,
noticing Gabe. A brief moment of panic in both their eyes.

NIGEL
(Yorkshire accent)
Charlie, that you? Aye up, lad!

Gabe strides around the Mondeo, wraps Nigel in a hug --

GABE
Nige, fucking almost didn't
recognize you.

-- Gabe lets Nigel out of the hug. As he steps back, we
realize his jacket's now off, shirt untucked, tie loose, hair
mussed-up. And we barely noticed it happen.

NIGEL
Time gets every man. You n' all.
Thought you was off in States?
California or some place --

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Florida. Down by Disneyland, Mickey
fucking Mousing it.

NIGEL

Done nowt for the tan, I see.

(RE: Holly)

This lovely thing got a name?

Gabe unsure... Holly offers out her hand. Nigel shakes it.

HOLLY

Holly.

NIGEL

Nigel Briggs, at your service.

GABE

Working on a construction bid,
hopefully bring me back more often.

NIGEL

How's it toiling for thissen? He
were a right maniac as I knew him.

HOLLY

... He's not so bad. As long as he
remembers to count to ten.

NIGEL

Sounds about right.

(to Gabe)

Aye, you heard Skittles bollocksed
it with the parole board?

GABE

Yeah, what do they know? Middle-
middle, masters of know-nothing.

NIGEL

There's always next year.

HOLLY

How do you two know each other?

Gabe tenses....

NIGEL

You don't want us to get into that,
too blue for your precious ears.

GABE

So what are you up to? Thought
you'd never step foot in London.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

Fuck right off. Still stay out the
PC swamp, far as I can. But when
duty calls.

Nigel motions to his lorry. He eyes Gabe, bewildered.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Master of disaster. Sharon said
you'd matured. I thought like old
cheese, not a fine wine, handsome
bastard.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

You're not so bad yourself.

NIGEL

Clean as the cat's mouth, seven year.

GABE

Good for you. Still bumping into Sharon then?

NIGEL

Now and again... She'd kill me if I didn't snap the old selfie. Get in here.

Nigel whips out his phone. Gabe on edge, as Nigel snaps a selfie of the two of them. Checks the photo.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Sorted. Right, I'd love to glory days it with you, but I got a load that won't wait on me.

GABE

Special running into you. And if I catch word you've been drinking in the Legion without calling me first, hell to pay.

NIGEL

You won't lose any sleep on that.

Nigel gives Gabe a pat on the back before jumping into his lorry. Nigel toots his horn as he drives off.

Gabe can breathe again... He picks up his jacket off the ground before jumping behind the wheel of his Mondeo.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Holly climbs in, still processing what just happened.

GABE

It's the same as the White Van.

(off Holly's confusion)

DDLm Consulting. Their paperwork'll just be in the name of someone dead or dying.

CUT TO:

38aA INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO - MOVING - NIGHT 8.

38aA

Holly in the passenger seat, eyes on:

Gabe's hand tapping at the steering wheel, a mile a minute.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe notices her staring, his hands go still.

GABE

Whatever questions you got, I can't
answer.

Holly pretends to shrug it off.

38A **INT. SHAH FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - MORNING 9.**

38A

Nasir steps in, notices a shoebox and a suit draped on Raza's bed. He glances inside the shoebox, a brand new pair of dress shoes. Nasir checks the price, impressed. He glances at: *

Raza out on the balcony on a phone call, in his boxers. Nasir smirks, snaps a photo with his camera. *

Raza hangs up, slips in. *

RAZA
What you taking pictures for, perv? *

NASIR
Why you spending 100 quid on a pair of shoes? *

Raza quickly throws on his casuals as he talks with Nasir. *

RAZA
Gora wedding, can't show up in my
dodge creps, can I? *

NASIR
Who's getting married? *

RAZA
No one you know. See ya later,
yeah. *

NASIR
Where you going? *

RAZA
Out. *

NASIR
But where though? *

Raza ignores him, darts out of the room. *

NASIR (CONT'D)
You going to see that girl? *

Curious, Nasir watches as Raza stomps down the stairs. *

CUT TO:

38B **EXT. PAULETTE HOUSE - MORNING 9.**

38B

Raza hustles away from his building and towards the market...

A beat before Nasir ducks out of the building. Follows after his brother.

CUT TO:

39-43 OMITTED

39-43

44 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BREAK ROOM - MORNING 9.**

44

Holly fixes her morning coffee. Gabe steps in, shuts the door.

HOLLY

Coffee?

GABE

I wanted to explain something.
About last night, the run in.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

He was a contact from your UC work?

GABE

There's protocol, I'm supposed to report any interaction with anyone from that time. But it's a whole song and dance, I'd appreciate if you could keep this out of your duty state.

HOLLY

You don't write these up normally?

GABE

Never had to, never had a run in before.

HOLLY

What about, was it Sharon, he mentioned?

GABE

Yeah, that was ten years ago. Not long after the case.

HOLLY

I'd rather leave it in. I'm still trying to get on Rose's good side.

Gabe nods, reluctant.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

It's only a duty state. Any comment from me will speak to how well you kept your cover.

GABE

Never lose it, that's the training.
(takes Holly's measure)
First thing you learn is how to carry yourself. See you, when you walk, you lead with your toes.

Holly eyes her feet, takes a step.

HOLLY

Doesn't everybody?

GABE

Try it with your shoulders.

Gabe helps her adjust her posture. She gets a kick out of it.

HOLLY

Feels different.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

My dad always had me standing
straight. I lead with my chest.
(shifts posture)
But Charlie, he's in the hips.

Holly eyes Gabe, amused, as he shifts his posture.

GABE (CONT'D)

There's other stuff, hair, clothes.

Gabe musses his hair. Untucks his shirt.

GABE (CONT'D)

And everybody's got their own way
of touching the world.
(offers out his hand)
Go on, take it.
(she takes his hand)
She's a grabber then.

HOLLY

What about Charlie?

Gabe takes hold of Holly's wrist...

GABE

He's a squeezer...

Gabe's grip tightens, his eyes darken. Holly shifts,
uncomfortable. She suddenly realizes...

Charlie is standing in front of her. The two of them locked
in a strange embrace. Holly flushed with panic...

GABE (CONT'D)

But when you're the lie, which you
is the truth? That's the burden.

Gabe let's go, steps back. Holly watches Gabe put himself
back together.

GABE (CONT'D)

Anyway, your call. We should get on
the road, our surveillance shift
starts in 20.

Gabe walks out. Holly, shaken.

CUT TO:

45

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 9.

45

Nasir weaves through the streets. Raza visible up ahead.
Nasir keeps his distance, pulls out his phone, dials...

(CONTINUED)

Nasir watches as Raza eyes his phone, rejects the call. Raza pockets his phone and takes a turn up ahead.

Nasir picks up the pace, follows Raza's footsteps into an alleyway. Raza further down the alley. Nasir makes a game of it and ducks behind the dumpsters, stays out of sight.

Raza exits the alley. Nasir hustles after him but loses him.

CUT TO:

46 **EXT. SAL'S GYM/STREET - DAY 9.**

46

The Bridge Town Estate looms in the distance behind the gym.

Raza meets Dadir at Sal's Gym. They zip away on their dirt bikes.

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - DAY 9.**

47

Nasir shuffles down a path that cuts through the estate. He eyes the maze of council blocks. Entrances and walkways leading in all directions. No sign of Raza.

A tennis ball bounces up to Nasir's feet. He picks it up --

TEEN (O.S.)

Throw it over.

-- Nasir looks up to find THREE BANGLADESHI TEENS marching over. Cigs and fades. The RINGLEADER KAL wields a cricket bat.

KAL

You gonna throw it or you just
gonna stand there like a mong?

He tosses the ball to Kal. He smacks it high and long with his cricket bat. Nasir eyes him...

KAL (CONT'D)

You live on this estate?

NASIR

No.

(CONTINUED)

KAL

You got people here then?

NASIR

No, I don't think so.

KAL

So what you doing here?

The Teens close in. Nasir, nervous.

KAL (CONT'D)

Don't piss yourself, it's cool.

Kal pounces on Nasir, snatches his bag --

NASIR

Get off me --

KAL (CONT'D)

What you hiding hard man?

Kal pulls out Nasir's camera --

KAL (CONT'D)

This is ancient --

NASIR

Give that back, bruv --

AKASH (O.S.)

HEY.

Akash stomps over, tennis ball in hand.

AKASH (CONT'D)

Nearly smashed my nan's window.

KAL

Knob off, crazy Kash --

Akash snatches the cricket bat from Kal. Threatens to smack him with it - The Teens bolt. They drop Nasir's bag.

AKASH

Mine now, dickheads.

Akash turns the bat on Nasir, who gathers up his camera, frantically checks it over.

AKASH (CONT'D)

You buddy-buddy with them?

NASIR

I'm trying to find my brother.

AKASH

Who's your brother?

NASIR

You wouldn't know him, Raza.

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

I've seen Raza around. Yeah, he's my homey, bro. Total legend.

(RE: Camera)

That's nice. You take photos with that?

NASIR

Yeah, that's what you do with a camera.

AKASH

I got a pro-camera at home. Telephoto, stores like 1000 gigs.

NASIR

1000 gigs? Bruv, does that even exist?

Akash hesitates, toys with the sand-timer in his hand.

AKASH

How many gigs does that store then, bro? Not even one, think about that.

NASIR

Okay. Imma go home.

Nasir hesitates, eyeing the Teens who wait for him by the entrance. Akash clocks his nerves.

AKASH

C'mon bro, they don't mess with me.

Nasir nods, grateful. The two of them start walking...

AKASH (CONT'D)

You like cars?

NASIR

Yeah, I mean, depends on the car...

CUT TO:

48

INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/OLD BALLROOM - DAY 9.

48

INSIDE VAN:

Gabe and Holly in the back. Cramped, uncomfortable, their eyes on the surveillance monitors. Gabe perks up, surprised.

GABE

What's he doing here?

(CONTINUED)

ON THE MONITOR: Two dirt bikes pull up.

INTERCUT WITH:

48A **EXT. OLD BALLROOM/STREET - DAY 9.**

48A

Dadir and Raza park their dirt bikes out front. Dadir heads for the door, Raza pulls off his helmet, follows Dadir --

DADIR

Nah, you waiting out here.

RAZA

I don't even know where here is.

DADIR

Here is here. Just keep an eye out, yeah?

RAZA

For what?

DADIR

You got eyes. Bad shit coming my way, honk the horn or something.

Dadir slinks into the building. Raza rests against his bike, eyes the red door. His phone buzzes, he answers --

GABE (THROUGH PHONE)

What you waiting for? Get in there.

Raza, confused, glances up and down the street, spots:

The Plumbing Van flashes its brights at him.

RAZA (INTO PHONE)

You're fucking joking. What you doing here?

GABE (THROUGH PHONE)

Waiting for you to get in there, go on.

Gabe hangs up, Raza sighs. He builds up the courage, marches up to the red door. He knocks... No answer. He knocks again.

Raza tries the handle, the door creaks open...

CUT TO:

49 **INT. OLD BALLROOM - VARIOUS - DAY 9.**

49

Raza peers into the foyer. Dark, empty. Gaudy and forgotten. Everything painted red. He creeps down a long hallway --

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Yo? Dadir?

Raza shuffles up the stairs, leading him into --

CUT TO:

50

INT. OLD BALLROOM - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY 9.

50

A neglected relic. Raza eyes the room, no sign of any life.

Behind Raza, the stage curtains gently part, Lorik steps onto the stage, not a sound. He creeps towards Raza...

Who's eyes are locked on a lone Albanian Flag hanging from the ceiling. Lorik right behind him. Before Raza can turn --

-- Lorik wraps him in a choke hold - Raza squirms, but can't break free. Lorik drags Raza through the curtains and into --

CUT TO:

51

INT. OLD BALLROOM - DINING ROOM - DAY 9.

51

Tin ceiling and red leather booths. Lorik drops Raza, pins him down with a boot to the chest.

RAZA

I can't breathe - lemme up --

LORIK

I know this one.

RAZA

Please, lemme up --

LORIK (CONT'D)

He is your guy. With the old drunk.

DADIR (O.S.)

Rizla, what the fuck?

Dadir jumps up from the back booth.

LORIK

Why's he in our house?

DADIR

I told him to wait outside.

A loud *thud* from the back booth. Everyone turns to:

IGLI GRAMOS (50s, Albanian) slams his fist on the table. No one dares say a word as he steps out of the booth. He eyes Dadir.

IGLI

This is your friend?

DADIR

Yeah, I told him to stay outside.

(CONTINUED)

IGLI

This is not outside, perhaps he is
not your friend.

Igli holds out his hand.

Without a word, Hamdi pulls a Skorpion machine gun from under
a table, plants it in Igli's hand. Igli handles it with ease.

DADIR

Nah, Mr. Gramos, ain't like that --

Raza frozen with terror.

Igli shushes Dadir, motions Lorik to let Raza up. Raza
staggers to his feet, terrified. Igli eyes Raza with the
mercy a shark reserves for its next meal.

IGLI

Take off your shirt. Jeans.

RAZA

... What?

IGLI

Your clothes, off.

Raza takes off his shirt and jeans. Lorik grabs them,
searches through his pockets. Igli motions to Raza's boxers.

Raza relents, pulls off his boxers. Dadir looks away.

Igli struts up to Raza, who shrinks back. Igli presses his
palm flat against Raza's heart. Eyes his watch...

IGLI (CONT'D)

168. You have been running?
(Raza's shakes his head)
What's your name?

RAZA

Raza... Shar.

Igli glances at Lorik, who flips through Raza's wallet. Nods.

IGLI

India? Bangladesh? Pakistan?

RAZA

Pakistani.

IGLI

Kashmiri? Punjabi? Urdu?

RAZA

Urdu.

(CONTINUED)

IGLI
(in Urdu, subtitled)
Welcome to my home, Raza Shar.
(then)
You are going to be honest with me
now. Why you are in my house?

Igli eyes his watch, hand still on Raza's chest. Raza
breathes deep, eyes Dadir...

RAZA
Dadir said to watch his back.
There's a surveillance van down the
street. Thought he should know.

Igli tenses, suspicious. Glances at Lorik, who walks to a
bank of CCTV monitors against one of the walls. Feeds from
around the ballroom and street outside...

IGLI
How do you know this?

RAZA
Plumbing van. I saw this geezer get
inside, but the van hasn't moved.

DADIR
Mr. Gramos, Rizla's a chess master,
trust.

Igli looks to Lorik.

LORIK
(in Albanian, subtitled)
*I see a van. But I don't see a
reason to trust them.*

IGLI
(in Albanian, subtitled)
*If police saw them come in, they'll
have to see them come out.*
(then to Raza)
Get dressed.

Igli shuffles back, hands the gun back to Hamdi. Shaken, Raza
fumbles his clothes on. Igli takes a seat, eyes Raza.

IGLI (CONT'D)
Raza Shar, chess master.

CUT TO:

53

EXT. BOW CANAL LOCKS - NIGHT 9.

53

Raza braced against the bridge wall, dry heaving. Gabe's Mondeo skids to a stop. Raza wipes his mouth, hops into --

INSIDE MONDEO/MOVING:

Raza lies down in the back.

GABE

Why were you at my surveillance spot.

RAZA

I'm doing what you told me to, apparently that's all I ever do. 'Pilot fish, go where the shark goes'. Guess where the shark gets you? To bigger fucking sharks.

GABE

Who'd you meet behind that door?

RAZA

Your big shot dude.

Gabe perks up, turns back to Raza.

GABE

How d'you know it's him?

RAZA

I dunno, cause he acted like a general all round big shot, like stripped me down, put a machine gun in my face.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

That's good. Tell me about him.

RAZA

Seriously, 'that's good'?

GABE

It's a matter of perspective.

RAZA

Yeah, thanks, bruv.

GABE

I'm not your bruv. I'm not here to catch your feelings. You're lying in the back of my car for one reason. Information. Fella with the machine gun, tell me about him.

RAZA

Dadir called him Mr. Gramos. He's old, like older than you old. He's Albanian.

GABE

What makes him Albanian?

RAZA

They got that flag up, y'know, with the bird.

GABE

What else?

RAZA

He's waving around a machine gun, what else do you need? I got you your big shot, when you gonna arrest them?

GABE

Soon, maybe.

RAZA

No more soon, now. I want out now --

Gabe slams on the brakes, Raza tumbles face first into the passenger seat --

RAZA (CONT'D)

Ow, shit.

GABE

When I say soon, it's soon. When I say now, it's now. When I say talk, you talk. I promise you, there's no bigger shark down here than me.

(CONTINUED)

Raza taken aback by Gabe's intensity, but he steels over.

RAZA

I want more then. I want a passport
for my mum. You can do that, right?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

... I can help with her citizenship, yeah. But you'll have to earn it.

RAZA

I just stood in front of the Albanian massive with a gun at my head and my flopper hanging out. What else can I give you?

Raza sits up, reaches for the door --

GABE

Hey. You survived, that's the hardest part.

But Raza's not so sure. He slinks out into the night.

CUT TO:

54

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 10.

54

Lights off. Holly stirs awake. She fumbles through a pair of jeans, pulls out a *buzzing* phone, answers it.

HOLLY (INTO PHONE)

... Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

Excuse me, who's this? Why do you have my husband's phone?

Holly eyes the sleeping MAN next to her. Nudges him awake.

HOLLY (INTO PHONE)

I don't know your husband, I found this in my cab. The driver seemed shifty, I didn't want to leave it with him.

FEMALE VOICE (INTO PHONE)

Oh, sorry... well, maybe we can --

HOLLY (INTO PHONE)

It's early. Can we deal with this later?

FEMALE VOICE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, sure --

Holly hangs up, offers the phone to the Man, who is now scrambling on his clothes.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING 10.**

55

Holly ushers the Man out the front door, he stops, awkward...

MAN

Sorry, about the call, it's not...
I mean, it is. But thanks for
covering.

Holly grabs his coat from the rack, discretely slips a pair
of her knickers in the pocket before handing it to him.

HOLLY

Good luck with your wife.

The Man pulls on his coat, offers out a hand...

HOLLY (CONT'D)

We don't need to shake on it.

He slinks away, Holly shuts the door behind him. She notices
Megan watching from her bedroom door in her PJs.

MEGAN

That bloke was married?

HOLLY

How long have you been up?

MEGAN

He has a wife.

HOLLY

Don't look at me like that. It's
not like he advertised it on his
profile.

MEGAN

Hols, if there's anything we both
know for certain, it's that all men
lie. They sweat lies. They shit
lies. If a man is talking, it's a
lie.

A thought occurs to Holly as Megan shuffles back to bed.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 10.**

56

Holly at her laptop with a fresh coffee. Nigel's social media
profile on her screen. UFC videos, tattoos and pit-bulls.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED

57

58

EXT. MECHANICS - DAY 10.

58

Nasir focuses his 90mm lens, snaps a photo of:

Akash rummaging through a skip behind the back of a mechanics.

AKASH

Bro, gimme a hand.

Nasir helps Akash heave an old crankshaft out from the skip.

AKASH (CONT'D)

Those scrap yards are a total rip off. They try and charge like 500 to put one of these in. But I got this genius system, y'know, I call the lady at the skip company. She tells me if they been hired out by any car shops, mechanics and that...

CUT TO:

59

EXT. AKASH'S HOUSE - DAY 10.

59

A 'how to' video plays on Nasir's phone. A YOUTUBE MECHANIC replaces a crankshaft. Nasir holds it up for Akash to see.

AKASH

Tilt it, bro, all I'm getting is glare.

Akash follows the video instructions as he struggles beneath the hood of the old VW Golf Convertible in his front garden.

NASIR

We're eating up all my data. Why can't we use your phone?

AKASH

I'm not supposed to be on the internet, innit. I used to nab the neighbour's wifi. Their password was their cat's name, but then Nibbles died, now they won't tell me the name of the new cat. I think I heard her call it like Fleas or Bees? I dunno, I'm working on that.

Nasir takes in the sorry state of Akash's clunker.

NASIR

You gonna try and like sell this on e-bay?

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

What? No way, bro, I'm gonna trick it out. Leather seats, rims, bluetooth hi-fi. Maybe even that Vin Diesel nitrous, y'know?

NASIR

Sound. You even know how to drive?

AKASH

My dad's teaching me. I'll learn you after, if you can handle it.

NASIR

Shut up, bro.

DAVID (O.S.)

Ay, Kash.

Nasir looks up to find David poking his head out a window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You nick my tools again?

Nasir discreetly kicks the toolbox under the car.

AKASH

No, what you talking about?

DAVID

I'm talking about my spanners.
(re: Nasir)
And who's this young man?

AKASH

My friend, Nas.

NASIR

Hiya. I'm helping with car.

DAVID

If that jalopy ever gets running again, you lads can take me and his nan down the boozier, can't you?

David laughs at his own joke, ducks back inside.

NASIR

Wait, is your dad a gora then?

AKASH

No way. That old git's my mum's dad. Kuffar bastard.
(RE: video)
Glare, bro, glare, c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

Nasir holds up the phone for Akash.

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED

60

60A **INT. DELIGHTS HAIR & BEAUTY SALON - DAY 10.**

60A

Closed to the public. Sadia guides Raza's head back into the sink. She massages shampoo into his hair.

SADIA

Why are you so tense? Lean your head back.

RAZA

I'm not tense, water's too hot.

She runs the retractable head over his hair.

SADIA

You are always so fussy.

RAZA

And you always run the water too hot.

SADIA

Kills the head lice.

RAZA

You been saying that same joke since I can remember.

SADIA

So what are you worried about?

RAZA

Me? Nothing, this wedding.

SADIA

Her parents know you're Asian?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Put my name on the seating chart.
If they haven't cracked the case by
now, they're never gonna.

SADIA

I went out with a Gora when I first
came here. Rugby player. We ran
into his mother once. And I don't
know why, but I started speaking in
a proper English accent --

(in her best RP accent)

"Oh, hello Miss. Your son is so
splendid. Lovely weather we're
having."

(back to normal)

I don't know why, but I did it.
Then I find out she lives down the
street. I'm running into her
everyday and I keep having to talk
like this; *"Yes Ma'am, hello Ma'am,
delightful to see you, Ma'am."* In
the end, I had to dump the rugby
man, just to save me from the
bloody accent. So, you just be you,
beta. Everybody at this wedding
will see, my boy's a fucking
superstar.

Raza finally relaxes as Sadia washes his worries away.

CUT TO:

61 INT. YMCA LOBBY - DAY 10.

61

Christian Inspirational posters and second hand furniture. A
RECEPTIONIST at her desk, perks up as:

Nigel shuffles in from the living quarters. She motions his
attention to:

Holly on the tattered couch. She stands.

HOLLY

Mr. Briggs?

Nigel's face drops.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Holly, we met the other day.

NIGEL

Yeah, I got your message. If I had
owt to say, I would've called you
back.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Right. I was hoping we could talk
for a minute, regarding Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

Didn't I say, got your message.

HOLLY

Have I upset you somehow?

Nigel motions her away from the eavesdropping Receptionist.

NIGEL

You can tell Charlie, I ain't said nowt, I ain't done nowt, I daren't even think nowt.

HOLLY

I'm not here *for* Charlie, I'm here about Charlie. As he mentioned, we may be going into business, this is just due diligence. I understand you have a long history?

NIGEL

Yeah, history alright. I've done my time, five years, three months, seventeen days. What life I got left, I clawed together. But it's the lot I got and I'm grateful for it.

HOLLY

I'm not here to disturb that.

NIGEL

Then you'll be on your way.

HOLLY

... I noticed you drive a lorry now. It must be nice, being on the road after your time inside. Five years, three months, seventeen days. Does that count as a spent conviction?

(Nigel tenses)

I'm pretty certain anything over four years you have to declare to your employer. Or am I wrong?

Nigel deflates, defeated.

NIGEL

Mardy Charlie. One glimpse and I get my toe in the quicksand again.

HOLLY

There's no harm in answering a few questions.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

Then you don't know him, do you?
I'd steer a lifetime away from that
man, I were you. There's some of
God's creatures you don't see
coming.

Off Holly, disturbed --

CUT TO:

62

INT. GABE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 10.

62

Gabe struggles to put football boots on Lori. She's dressed
in a soccer kit, ready for the home game.

LORI

No, they're too tight.

GABE

They gotta be tight. Don't want
them flying off when you're
barreling down on goal, do you?

EMILY (O.S.)

Where'd you say her shin pads were?

GABE

In the car already.

Emily steps in, wrapped up for match day. Gabe finishes tying
Lori's boots, distracted by his buzzing phone. He answers...

AUTOMATED VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

This is Redwood Virtual Office
Orlando, we have an incoming call
for "Charlie Goodman" from
"Sharon"...

GABE

(to Emily)

I should take this.

EMILY

We'll be in the car.

Emily bundles Lori out the door.

AUTOMATED VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

To accept the call, press one--

Gabe presses the button. He watches Emily and Lori duck into
his Mondeo through the living room window. (NOTE: His
windscreen should now be fixed.)

His posture shifts, Gabe switches into Charlie mode.

(CONTINUED)

GABE (INTO PHONE)
Aye up, stranger.

SHARON (THROUGH PHONE)
Wait, Charlie, I'm confused, how're
you back in Florida already?

GABE (INTO PHONE)
You spoke to Nige, I gather? It was
a fly-by visit. Barely had time to
unpack, let alone head north --

CUT TO:

63

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/GABE'S HOUSE - DAY 10.

63

Emily in the passenger seat, Lori shivers in the back.

LORI
I can see my breath. Please put on
the hot air.

Emily eyes Gabe through the living room window, obviously a
tense call. Emily turns on the engine, blasts on the heater.

SHARON (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)
... but if I hear you're in the
country, and not dropping in the
Legion, how am I not gonna be
fucking on the warpath...

Emily confused as Sharon's voice pops on the bluetooth. She
eyes Gabe who stares at his phone, confused.

SHARON (THROUGH BLUETOOTH) (CONT'D)
You promised me, when you're this
side of the ocean, you're mine.
(then)
Charlie, you there? Charlie?

Emily disturbed. Quickly shuts off the bluetooth.

LORI
That woman said a bad word.

EMILY
Just the radio.

LORI
You shouldn't say bad words on the
radio.

Gabe slips out of the house and ducks into the car. Tense,
his hand grips the wheel tight.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

We're not losing you for another
Saturday are we?

GABE

Did I say anything about going in?
(then, covers)
Got serious money riding on this
game. We ready to win in the back?

Lori starts singing ole as Gabe pulls out of the drive.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 10.

64

A quaint country house in Surrey. A backyard wedding in full swing: tents, fairy lights, and mason jars. Rustic chic. A DJ plays folk music. The wedding party gather around the HAPPY COUPLE for the first dance.

We find Raza huddled with Charlotte at the back. Raza stands stiff, can't let his guard down. Charlotte clocks his mood.

CHARLOTTE

Dad already wants you to join his
pub team, apparently.

RAZA

Course he does, I'm a trivia
machine.

Raza knocks back the last of his Jack & Coke.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Bar's empty, better make my move.

CHARLOTTE

You can't still be nervous.

RAZA

It's your mum I'm wary of. No lie,
she was kind of giving me the vibe.

CHARLOTTE

Like that, is it? That hussy better
watch her back.

(kisses him)

Me, you, next song.

Raza slips away from the crowd and towards the bar, where a lone BARTENDER SAM (20) stocks up his liquor. Raza slides up.

RAZA

Lemme get a Jack & Coke.

Sam perks up, slips out of his earplugs.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Sorry about that.

RAZA

I get it, bruv. I can't stand that folk shit neither.

SAM

It won't get any better, they'll be doing the Macarena by midnight.

RAZA

Jack and Coke, if you don't mind.

Sam pulls an expensive whiskey bottle from under the table.

SAM

Groom's stash, twelve years. Don't be telling nobody though.

Sam gives Raza a healthy pour. Raza eyes the tip jar, searches his pockets...

SAM (CONT'D)

(re: Wedding Party)

Don't worry, that's for them.

The dance floor fills up as the next song kicks in.

RAZA

My cue. Be easy, bruv.

Raza weaves through the Guests now flooding the dance floor. He spots Charlotte standing awkwardly to the side.

Raza creeps up behind her, wraps an arm around her waist. With the other arm, he feeds her a sip of whiskey. Charlotte leans into him, the two of them swaying to the music.

CUT TO:

65

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY 10.

65

A bunch of seven year olds run up and down a muddy football pitch. Tiki-taka this isn't. Emily on the sidelines with the other parents, Gabe joins her with two cups of tea.

GABE

She score yet?

EMILY

She kicked the ball once. I don't think it went where she intended.

GABE

She'll get better in the 2nd half.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

... Who's Charlie?

GABE

Is that one of Lori's friends?

EMILY

It's not a trick question.

GABE

Then tell me the answer.

EMILY

I never ask about who calls you in the middle of the night, weekends. I don't ask where you go or who you see. I know you can't talk about your work. But there's always one person, whenever they call you, I can tell. It shakes you, sets you off-kilter somehow, I can't really put my finger on it, but at least now I have a name. Charlie.

GABE

Doesn't mean anything. It's just a name I give to keep the unsavouries far from here.

Gabe stops, interrupted by his phone buzzing, he eyes it.

EMILY

But not too far.

Gabe slinks away, takes the call...

INTERCUT WITH:

66

EXT. PLUMBING VAN/OLD BALLROOM - DAY 10.

66

Cooper and Worall deep into their surveillance shift.

GABE (INTO PHONE)

Not a great time, what is it?

COOPER

Got a subject matching the description of your big shot, just left the premises. You want us to stay with him or the address?

ON THE MONITOR: Igli crosses the street and ducks into a black BMW.

GABE

Go with the big shot. I'm coming to you.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe hangs up, turns back to Emily who already knows what he's going to say.

EMILY

I'll let you know who wins.

Gabe hustles towards his car.

CUT TO:

67 **INT. CHARLOTTE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 10.** 67

Raza and Charlotte fuck against the sink. The door handle rattles. Charlotte tenses. They listen... a *knock* at the door...

CHARLOTTE

Sorry. Busy.

Raza shushes her, they keep fucking. Charlotte surprised, but the thrill only makes them enjoy it more.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. CHARLOTTE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 10.** 68
MOMENTS LATER.

A few annoyed GUESTS wait outside the bathroom. The door opens. Charlotte slips out, doesn't make eye contact... Raza follows her, head high.

CUT TO:

69 **EXT. CHARLOTTE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 10.** 69

The Bride and Groom do the Macarena with their friends on the dance floor. At the far end of the garden, Sam sneaks a cigarette. Raza shuffles over.

RAZA

Can I bum one?

Sam hands Raza a smoke and a light.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Thanks, bruv.

(RE: Macarena)

Must be psychic, not even midnight.

SAM

I've done a thousand weddings, it's always the same shit. Someone gonna throw up, someone's gonna fuck, someone's gonna fight. And everyone does the Macarena.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Alright, tell me who's gonna fuck?

Sam scans the crowd...

SAM

Him. Pink tie. And... Her. Blue dress.

Sam points to Charlotte now dancing next to Tristan (from Ep 1) with a pink tie. Raza eyes Sam...

RAZA

... You sure about that?

SAM

No doubt, blud.

RAZA

Why you saying that?

SAM

Posh girls all got a type. Don't look like me or you. Looks like that pussy-clot.

RAZA

That's funny, cause she's my girl.

SAM

For real?

(off Raza's nod)

Aw, allow it, allow it. I didn't mean nothing by that.

RAZA

Cool, cool... But you think she looks like she's into him then?

SAM

I'm talking shit, they're just dancing.

RAZA

But you said like types and that, innit.

SAM

Relax, blud. You got your girl, it's all good.

RAZA

But I ain't saying it's all good. You going on about how she's gonna bang someone else.

Raza squares up to Sam, who backs off.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Look, I gotta break down the bar --

RAZA

Nah, say what you mean.

SAM

I already said it, you know I
didn't mean it --

RAZA

You meant it. It's okay, say it.

Raza shoves Sam hard.

BARTENDER

Fuck's your problem?

RAZA (CONT'D)

Wanna say something, say it.

Raza shoves him again. Sam shoves him back. Other Guests
notice the fracas --

-- Raza and Sam exchange shoves. Guests draw in --

-- Raza *smacks* Sam. He staggers back, eyes Raza. Before they
can charge each other, a swarm of Wedding Guests pull them
apart, Tristan grabs Raza, pulls him back --

TRISTAN

Razi, poor form, come on --

-- Charlotte squeezes through the melee, rushes up to Raza.

CHARLOTTE

Raza, what the hell are you doing?

But Raza doesn't have an answer. Rattled by his own rage.

CUT TO:

70

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/PLUMBING VAN/M25 - NIGHT 10.

70

Gabe behind the wheel of his Mondeo, Holly in the passenger
seat. They pull level with the Plumbing Van. In communication
with Worall and Cooper through walkies.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)

Eyes on?

COOPER (THROUGH WALKIE)

Black beemer, three cars ahead,
fast lane.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)

Two car rotation. We're up front,
you're the rear. Let's see where he
takes us.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe speeds up, pulls past the Van and behind Igli's BMW...

CUT TO:

70A **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT 10.** 70A

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe drives. Holly eyes the map on her phone.

The BMW up ahead, it makes a turn into a boatyard.

HOLLY

Don't follow, that's not a through road.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)

Pullover.

COOPER (THROUGH WALKIE)

Roger that.

Gabe's Mondeo and the Plumbing Van pull up on opposite sides of the industrial street outside the boatyard entrance.

INSIDE PLUMBING VAN:

WORALL (INTO WALKIE)

What's the plan, we're gonna wait here all night?

GABE (THROUGH WALKIE)

Depends when our subject comes back our way, doesn't it?

WORALL

Mind taking the first shift?

Worall sighs, kicks off his shoes.

COOPER

At least crack a window, mate.

Worall groans, winds down the window, as he closes his eyes --

CUT TO:

70B OMITTED 70B

70C **EXT. SHAR FLAT - LATE NIGHT 10.** 70C

Suit crumpled, tie long gone, Raza stands outside his flat. He eyes his phone:

(CONTINUED)

A one way text conversation with Charlotte - "Call me", "I'm sorry", "Plz pick up", "I fucked up I kno", "Call me plz". His string of apologies remain unanswered.

Raza perks up as:

The "... " of Charlotte's text bubble pops up. But it quickly disappears.

Raza deflates, pockets his phone. He takes a beat to shake off the long night.

(CONTINUED)

He creaks open the door and slinks into --

CUT TO:

71 **INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT 10.**

71

Raza slips off his shoes, notices:

Hanif sips a beer and smokes a sly cig out the open window.

HANIF

Your ammi had her chamomile, she
won't wake for elephants. Sit down.

RAZA

Need to sleep, Abu, I'm beat.

HANIF

Raza, luv, do you know what you're
getting yourself into?

RAZA

Bed hopefully, what you on about?

HANIF

You. Working for the police.

That wakes Raza up --

RAZA

That's mental, where'd you hear
that?

HANIF

I didn't hear it, I saw that bloody
camera in your jacket.

(Raza tenses)

Whatever you're doing, you have to
stop. It's too dangerous.

RAZA

What do you know about dangerous?

HANIF

I'm your father. I protect you, I
protect this whole family.

RAZA

Since when?

HANIF

Since I cut your umbilical chord,
smart ass, that's when.

RAZA

You can have a round of applause
for that then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)

Surprised they let you near a pair of scissors, or did you find the decency to put your beer down for two ticks while your sons were born? Fuck me, bruv, I protect this family, it's on me now. Go back to sleep.

Raza storms into his room. Hanif stunned into silence... He can't help himself, takes a sip of beer.

CUT TO:

72

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/INDUSTRIAL ROAD - MORNING 11.

72

The Plumbing Van and the Mondeo still parked on the street.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe asleep, his jacket his pillow. Holly perks up as:

Igli's BMW creeps out of the boatyard entrance.

HOLLY

Here he comes.

She nudges him, Gabe bolts upright.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)

Stay with the big shot, we'll check out what he was looking at.

COOPER (THROUGH WALKIE)

Roger that.

The Plumbing Van waits a beat before tailing after the Beemer. Gabe pulls out, drives into --

CUT TO:

73

EXT. ABANDONED BOATYARD - MORNING 11.

73

The Mondeo parks in a rundown boatyard. The carcasses of old vessels and schooners dot the wasteland.

Gabe and Holly step out. They glance around the empty yard. Not a soul in sight. Nothing but fibre glass hulls and broken sails.

HOLLY

Could be for storage?

GABE

100 butane tanks? Too visible.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY
Practice runs?

GABE
I don't see any fire damage.

HOLLY
We waited all night, he must've
been doing something.

Gabe looks around the deserted yard, no sign of life.

GABE
Let's set up an OP, see what they
were looking at.

REVEAL: Deeper in the yard, Lorik hides behind a boat hull
with a long lens camera. He snaps photos of Gabe and Holly.

END OF EPISODE.