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INFORMER

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EPISODE FOUR:

“Ruby Tuesday”

Final Script

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1 EXT. DLR TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY 25.

1

DR. JOSEPHINE (aka JO) OBINA (40s) waits at an overground tube stop. Exhausted after spending all night on her feet, Dr. Obina struggles to keep her eyes open. She perks up, eyes on:

The MAN next to her stumped by his crossword puzzle.

Dr. Obina can't help but peer over his shoulder. The Man shifts in his seat to shield his newspaper.

Dr. Obina shrugs, notices... Everyone on the platform responding to the *buzzes* and *chimes* of their phones. Eerily in sync. A few of them rush away down the platform.

As the train pulls in, Dr. Obina is distracted by the *buzz* of her own phone. Dr. Obina checks her phone, blanches.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)

You arrived at the Hospital at approximately 10:56 AM, is that correct?

Dr. Obina races down the platform, back the way she came.

CUT TO:

2

INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 25.

2

DR. OBINA (V.O.)

Yes. I wasn't too far away, I had only just finished my shift.

The automatic doors in constant motion as an endless stream of ARMED OFFICERS, PARAMEDICS, and NURSES hustle in VICTIMS of the Eldon Street Cafe attack.

Dr. Obina darts into the emergency room, takes in the mayhem:

From gunshot victims to panic attacks, everyone ended up here. OFFICERS take statements from distressed WITNESSES. NURSES and OPERATING TEAMS wait on standby for Patients. The 'Major Incident' sign lit up above the main desk. News footage from outside Eldon Street already playing on the TV.

Dr. Obina makes her way through the mayhem, she stops short as a team of PARAMEDICS wheel a gurney past her. Jin Weijun strapped in, bloody and barely alive.

Dr. Obina squeezes up to the NURSES' STATION. She waves down SIMON, a flustered Nurse, who's manning the phones.

DR. OBINA

Simon, where do you need me?

Simon keeps his call going, hands her a chart.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON (INTO PHONE)
We're making room for a major
incident, multiple casualties.
(then to Dr. Obina)
Theatre two.
(back to phone call)
I need you to find us some beds...

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Obina flips through the chart as she hustles away --

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)
Were you aware at that point of the
identity of your patient?

CUT TO:

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

3

Dr. Obina stands in the witness box, dressed in her best suit. Lady Justice Spencer asks her questions from her perch.

DR. OBINA
I didn't have time to think. I was moving fast, I had to scrub up, get to work.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER
Dr. Obina, at what point did you become aware of the patient's identity?

DR. OBINA
You're asking when did I know he was the perpetrator of the attack?

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER
That's correct.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 25.**

4

PARAMEDICS and a MEDICAL TEAM rush a PATIENT down a busy hallway. Amidst the blur of blood and equipment, we can't make out the Patient's face. They rush the patient towards:

Dr. Obina, now dressed in scrubs.

SIMON
Young male, self inflicted gunshot wound. 20 Units of o-neg available.

DR. OBINA
BP and sats?

Dr. Obina notices: Worall, Cooper and two ARMED OFFICERS escorting the gurney.

DR. OBINA (V.O.)
I knew after the surgery for certain. But from the police presence, I think we all understood.

(CONTINUED)

The Medics cut off the patient's bloody clothes. Gloves on, Worall and Cooper methodically bag them into brown evidence bags. They're obviously getting under the feet of her team.

DR. OBINA
Excuse me, this waits until he's
out of surgery.

WORALL
Doubt he'll last that long.

DR. OBINA
That doesn't matter.

Dr. Obina eyes Worall and Cooper who reluctantly step back from the gurney.

COOPER
We need an ID as soon as we can.

DR. OBINA
(realising)
... Is this him?

WORALL
He lives, he dies, we'll be right
here.

Dr. Obina notices her Medical team frozen. Facing the same realization. Dr. Obina snaps back into work mode --

DR. OBINA
He's at risk of airway obstruction,
we need him intubated.
(Off their blank look)
Where's my Anesthetist?

SIMON
(to the team)
Off the scoop, let's go. Now.

In perfect sync, the Medical Team lift the Patient onto a gurney. His bloody stretcher is quickly pushed aside.

Worall and Cooper watch on as Dr. Obina and her team rush the patient towards RESUS.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)
Did knowing what the patient had
done effect your work at all?

CUT TO:

5 INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.

5

Dr. Obina stands tall, shakes her head, she has nothing to hide.

DR. OBINA
The bullet entered below his right
mandible and exited above his left
eye socket... He was beyond saving.

END PRE-TITLES.

6 INT. YMCA LOBBY - NIGHT 11.

6

Gabe sits on a tattered couch. Dressed in bomber jacket and ripped jeans, foot tapping a mile a minute. He's in Charlie-mode. Gabe's eyes scan the room:

A few EX-CONS mop the pinewood floor. The RECEPTIONIST keeps a wary eye on him from behind her desk.

He jumps off the couch as --

GABE
Nige, mate!

Nigel shuffles in, worn down from work. He freezes, surprised to find Gabe waiting for him.

GABE (CONT'D)
Don't cack yourself, I'm not
stalking you. Sharon told me you
was here, I couldn't resist.

NIGEL
... Little gossip, ain't she?

GABE
People don't change.

NIGEL
That they don't. What can I do you
for?

GABE
Bumping into you the other day was
like kicking over an old stone,
y'know? Lotta bad memories that
ain't seen daylight in donkeys.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

With everything that went down the
way it did, me and you, we never
had chance to make right.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

It's no bother, show's gotta go on.

GABE

It is bother, to me anyhow. We shared a lot of spit, I never did time, you did. I came by to say sorry. Hope that's enough for you.

Nigel taken aback by Gabe's genuine remorse. He notices the look of concern from the Receptionist.

NIGEL

It'll pass for now, c'mon.

Nigel leads them through to the living quarters.

CUT TO:

7

INT. NIGEL'S FLAT - NIGHT 11.

7

Assisted living. Life reduced to the essentials. Gabe parks himself on the bed as Nigel strips out of his work shirt. Gabe eyes the Aktion 14 tattoo on his shoulder. Same as his.

GABE

Had to sneak this past the watchdog downstairs. You still a scotch man?

Gabe pulls a pint bottle of whiskey from his jacket.

NIGEL

Mardy Charlie, always the bad influence. Told you, I ain't touched a drop, seven year.

GABE

Oh, I thought you meant the skag.

NIGEL

One to the other, that's what we say in the program.

Gabe sets the bottle aside, motions to the bible on the bed.

GABE

Got you on the book instead?

NIGEL

Comes with the room.

Gabe eyes the well-worn pages.

GABE

Oh yeah, how long ago was that?

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

Piss off, I need something to put
me to sleep.

GABE

(crosses himself)
Lord be praised, I see before me a
new man.

NIGEL

Five years inside does it to you.
You were smart enough getting out
when you did.

GABE

Just lucky.

NIGEL

Some men got luck born in them.

GABE

What was it they used to call you
down in Keighley?

NIGEL

Nigel Theresa, not for a long time.

GABE

The saint of skagheads. They all
knew, you see Nige, he'd fix you
with a shot no matter how skint you
was. I remember Skittles going
mental when he found out you was
going over there, sharing needles
with Brown Boys. I stood up for
you, I said this is a junkie thing,
it's not bout race. You wanna fix
Nige, gotta get him clean. But he
wouldn't let it go, would he?

NIGEL

That weren't his nature, no.

GABE

Who's idea was it, cutting all
those doses with battery acid?
(off Nigel's surprise)
C'mon, you think Skittles didn't go
bragging about it the minute them
bodies started popping up?

NIGEL

... That was all him, weren't me.
Never proved owt anyway, did they?

GABE

Yeah, but someone had to go down
there give it to them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

No Paki's buying off Skittles, not with his reputation. You wanna slip 'em a hot dose, it's gotta come from the saint... Nigel Theresa, rolling around Keighley with a smile on his face, doling out ten pence pistols. Nothing in the good book's gonna save you from that --

NIGEL

Get out.

GABE

C'mon, just memory lane --

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Get the hell out --

Nigel swings at Gabe with a hook. Gabe dodges, kicks out Nigel's feet. Nigel falls back onto the bed.

GABE

There he is... See you round, pal.

Nigel trembles with rage. Gabe slips out of the room, slams the door behind him.

Nigel slumps, obviously rattled. Something catches his eye:
The bottle of whiskey waiting for him on the bedside table...

CUT TO:

8

INT. SAL'S GYM - MAIN RING - DAY 12.

8

The gym busy with a few faces we know. Lukasz, Cut Waleed, a few of the other Bridge Town crew.

Raza fills out a waiver at a desk as Sal hovers over him.

RAZA

(RE: form)

What you need my Dad's number for?

SAL

Emergency contact, put down whoever you want.

Raza jots down a number, fills out the last of the form. Sal scans the waver form and tucks it away in his red binder.

Raza's eyes on:

Dadir on an intense phone call outside the entrance of the gym. Dadir clocks Raza watching him. He turns away, continuing his call with his back to Raza.

(CONTINUED)

SAL (CONT'D)

I got two rules. No wankers, no phones. That alright by you, Rizla?

RAZA

Yeah, no worries.

SAL

Grab a jump rope. Now, let's go.

Raza hustles to the rack of skipping ropes, his eyes on Dadir finishing up his call. The bell rings.

SAL (CONT'D)

ROUND.

Everybody stops their workout for a water break.

CUT TO:

8A-9 OMITTED

8A-9

10 **INT. WESTFERRY YARD - WAITING ROOM - DAY 12.** 10

Holly and Gabe share a sofa in a waiting room. Both in their suits. DIs stride about with purpose. But Holly's attention is on Gabe. He shifts uncomfortable in his suit. Can never get used to it.

HOLLY

You're wearing your wedding ring.

GABE

I'm still married.

HOLLY

I thought you only wore it at home.

GABE

That's that theory busted then.

HOLLY

You think the DAC will respect you more if you project a stable home life?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

It's not complicated, there's the
me that's on the job...
(re: wedding ring)
...and there's the me that's at
home.

HOLLY

Except today you're both.

Gabe eyes her, doesn't appreciate her questions.

GABE

Why do I feel like I'm in the box?

Before Holly can answer --

BOYCE'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

DS Waters? DC Morten?

Gabe and Holly rise to meet BOYCE'S ASSISTANT. Gabe remembers, pulls Holly aside.

GABE

The DAC, he's old school. When you first talk, stand, introduce yourself.

Holly nods, the two of them follow Boyce's Assistant.

ROSE (PRE-LAP)

The Gramos Family...

CUT TO:

11

INT. WESTFERRY YARD BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 12.

11

Surveillance photos of the Gramos Family fill a large flatscreen in a windowless room. Rose, Gabe and Holly at a packed conference table. Various AGENCY REPS listen and flip through the briefing packet. Among them NAEEMAH JONES (30s).

DAC Boyce at the head of the table.

ROSE

... Except none of them are Gramos, and we can presume none of them are family. All aliases, their names trace back to a cemetery in Prishtina. We don't know when they set up shop in London, but they arrived on SC's radar last year when they muscled the Turks out of the East End.

BOYCE

Were they active during Kosovo?

(CONTINUED)

Rose nods to Holly. She stands, turns to Boyce.

HOLLY

I'm DC Holly Morten from CTSU, Sir.
I prepared the background sweeps on
the subjects.

BOYCE

Good for you. Sit down, answer the
question.

Naeemah smirks as Holly sits down, thrown. Holly eyes Gabe
who jumps in --

GABE

We matched a tattoo on one of the
subjects to an insignia popular
with the Kosovo Liberation Army.
Half that force was Mujahideen.

BOYCE

El Adoua preyed on the young and
hopeless. Your men here don't fit
the profile.

Flustered, Holly flips through her briefing packet to catch
up. Rose steps in.

ROSE

Thus far, we've been operating
under the belief that El Adoua came
to London to establish a cell. But
the alias we have to go on is 'big
shot'. It's possible his contact
here runs up the ladder, not down.
And Igli Gramos is certainly a rung
above.

GABE

Based on SC's intel, the Gramos
family have cornered the market on
prostitution, trafficking,
narcotics in East London. But
where's the penthouse? Where's the
Ferrari? The models? Their business
is dirty, but they live clean.
Their money's going elsewhere.

(motions to Holly)

DC Morten gathered some solid intel
on this, Sir.

Grateful, Holly steps in.

HOLLY

We tracked an account linked with
their shell company, DDLM
Consulting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

The account has a standing balance of 300 pounds. But every week there's a cash deposit of 50,000. It sits in the account for 24 hours before it disappears.

BOYCE

Money men?

HOLLY

Yes, Sir. Over two and a half million a year. Judging by the Rotterdam and Turin networks, that's enough to fund another five El Adouas.

A wave of anxiety across the room.

GABE

If they stay true to form, the next outgoing'll be tomorrow. We will be making application for financials and directed surveillance.

BOYCE

Get it on my desk, I'll authorise.

GABE

Thank you, Sir. This time tomorrow, we'll know where that money goes.

CUT TO:

12

INT. OLD BALLROOM - DAY 12.

12

An eclectic row of shoes lined up by the door.

Igli, Lorik, Hamdi and the other Gramos members pray. They finish up the *Zohar* and roll up their prayer mats.

As the men file out, Igli grabs a RED SUITCASE by the door, wheels it away.

CUT TO:

13

INT. WESTFERRY YARD BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 12.

13

The meeting over. Boyce, Rose and the Agency Reps file out of the office. They turn on their phones, check their e-mails.

Gabe and Holly gather the Briefing packets left behind.

HOLLY

Stand and introduce yourself?

GABE

At least now he knows who you are.

Naeemah lingers at the table, passing time on her phone. As Gabe and Holly gather the last briefings...

NAEEMAH

I'll be honest, I think your case is dogshit.

HOLLY

... Okay.

NAEEMAH

Suppositions on suppositions. The Gramos family trace back to the KLA, *maybe* they're Mujahid. They're sending money overseas, *maybe* they're funding terror networks. All you actually have to connect them to El Adoua is a shoddy nickname. Big Shot? I call my hubby that after a good shag. Doesn't make him cosy with terrorists.

GABE

Are you asking us to get a warrant on your husband?

NAEEMAH

No need, hasn't fucked me proper in ages. Naeemah.

Naeemah offers out her business card. Holly takes it.

HOLLY

6? I didn't know you could work domestic.

NAEEMAH

They let me in the room if I promise to behave.

(then)

Takes a hefty pair of bollocks to have the DAC sign off on the word of one source.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

We didn't mention a source.

NAEEMAH

Come on, CTSU can't tell the time of day without asking an asset first. Where'd you find him, pop-up Mosque above a kebab shop?

GABE

... What's it matter. The source is reliable.

NAEEMAH

Let's hope so. If you want, I can have my analysts run him or her or whoever through our grid.

GABE

That's charitable. Holly, what do you think?

HOLLY

Anything you need. Name, NI number?

GABE

As it happens, we're meeting the source later, wanna tag along?

Called out, Naeemah heads for the door.

NAEEMAH

Admit it, almost had you.

GABE

Not even close, find your own assets.

NAEEMAH

Call me sometime, I'll tell you state secrets.

Naeemah saunters out of the conference room. Gabe and Holly turn on their phones.

GABE

Lunch before we head back to the office? I'll buy, you've earned it.

Before Holly can answer... *Ding, ding, ding.* A flurry of text and missed call notifications on their phones. Gabe and Holly scroll through them, struggle to keep up... Fuck.

CUT TO:

14

INT. OLD BALLROOM - VARIOUS - DAY 12.

14

The front door bursts off its hinges as an SO-19 armed unit flood the abandoned building.

SO-19 OFFICERS
ARMED POLICE. ON THE GROUND --

(CONTINUED)

Shouts of 'Clear' as the Officers flood the various rooms.

CUT TO:

15

INT. OLD BALLROOM - BALLROOM HALL - DAY 12.

15

A few Officers continue to scour the building. Gabe and Holly stand frustrated and empty handed in the ballroom.

GABE

We can take down the OP at the
boatyard. At least now we know what
they were looking at.

Gabe's eyes on:

A printed photo tacked to a wall: a photo of Gabe and Holly standing in the abandoned boatyard (from Ep 3).

GABE (CONT'D)

That's solid counter-surveillance.

HOLLY

They're trained.

GABE

What time did they slip their
tails?

HOLLY

The logs called it in between 11:56
and 12:04. They closed the bank
account 20 minutes later.

(RE: phone)

The RIPA came through. We can get
up on their comms and --

WORALL (O.S.)

You mean these comms?

Worall and Cooper step in, Worall sets a bucket down in front of Gabe and Holly. Gabe peers in:

Four burner phones at the bottom of the bucket - including Yousef's Gold Phone.

Holly sniffs.

COOPER

You don't want to know where that
water came from.

GABE

You ever see an entire surveillance
op burnt this quick?

Worall and Cooper shake their heads. No, they haven't.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

They were tipped off.

Gabe nods, knows who it is. He pulls out his #9 burner phone.

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED

16

17 **INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - DAY 12.**

17

Nasir in the top bunk. Headset on, he plays on his PS4. One eye on:

Raza on the balcony finishing up a tense phone call. Raza hangs up, steps into the room. Nasir goes back to his game as Raza rummages through his wardrobe.

(CONTINUED)

NASIR (INTO HEADSET)
Kash, no you not supposed to be
shooting at me, no, no, no --

Raza eyes Nasir, snatches his headphones.

RAZA
Why you wearing my hoodie?

NASIR
Are you blind? Can you not see I'm
in the middle of a game?

RAZA
Then don't steal my clothes.

Nasir strips off his hoodie, returns to his game. Raza throws
on the hoodie, shuffles out.

NASIR
Dickhead.

The insult gives Raza pause, but he heads out.

CUT TO:

18

INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 12.

18

Raza hustles down the stairs, notices:

Hanif at the dining table, beer and newspaper.

RAZA
(out of routine)
What's happening in the world?

Hanif ignores him, keeps his attention on his paper. Raza
shrugs it off, heads for the front door. Sadia pokes her head
out --

SADIA
Where you off to?

RAZA
Late shift, innit.

SADIA
They're working you too hard.

RAZA
Yeah, boxes don't pack themselves.

As Raza hustles out the front door --

(CONTINUED)

SADIA
Remember, it's a job, not a career.

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED

19

20 OMITTED

20 *

20A OMITTED

20A *

*

21

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO - MOVING - NIGHT 12.

21 *

Gabe behind the wheel, Raza across the backseat, mid-conversation.

*

*

RAZA

-- Dadir said Gramos'11 text him in the morning. Then he's gonna tell me where to meet.

*

GABE

Any idea what they're gonna have you doing?

RAZA

Bring a passport, that's all I was told.

GABE

A passport? No change of clothes or anything?

RAZA

(shakes his head)

Bruv, what do I do if they wanna put me on a plane to Albania or something?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

You get on it.

RAZA

For real? Are you serious? Like how far am I supposed to go with this?

GABE

As far as they take you.

RAZA

So if someone like, hands me a suicide vest, you want me to put it on?

GABE

That won't happen.

RAZA

You don't know that.

GABE

Worry about the task at hand. Worry about tomorrow. Worry about whether or not your mum stays in this country.

RAZA

You're like a deeply unpleasant person, anybody ever told you that?

GABE

Plenty. Most of them are behind bars.

RAZA

What's that supposed to mean?

Gabe keeps it casual --

GABE

Igli Gramos got tipped off to my surveillance op. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

RAZA

(covering quick)

No, definitely not. Why would I tell him that?

Gabe locks eyes with Raza through the rearview.

GABE

(gentle)

I don't know, maybe you found yourself boxed in, had to get them off your scent.

RAZA

Nah, I wouldn't do that.

GABE

(knowing)

Good, cause that's the sort of
thing that could make me
unpleasant.

(pulls the car over)

The minute you hear from Dadir, I
hear from you.

As Raza reaches for the door --

GABE (CONT'D)

From now on, assume I know
everything and act accordingly.

RAZA

(on edge)

... Okay.

Raza nods, understood. Gabe watches as he slinks out and
disappears into the night.

CUT TO:

23

INT./EXT. BLACK CAB/CAR WASH - EARLY MORNING 13.

23

A 24 hour car wash. CABBIES scrub down their taxis after a long night. Raza and Dadir wait outside, shiver from the cold. Dadir eyes his phone.

RAZA

What we gotta start so early for?

DADIR

They said be here now, we're here now.

RAZA

They didn't tell you to look for something?

DADIR

I dunno, said they'd be in a black cab.

Raza eyes the line of black cabs... No sign of Gramos crew.

RAZA

...What we need out passport for at a car wash.

DADIR

You begged me to bring you in on this. You're here, calm yourself...

(notices something)

See? Here we go.

Dadir motions to one of the Black Cabs flashing its lights. Dadir and Raza hustle up to the Black Cab, peer inside:

Lorik behind the wheel. Hamdi in the back.

LORIK

You bring your passport?

DADIR

Yeah, where we going France or some shit?

LORIK

Not you, him.

DADIR

What you mean, like he's going to France and I'm not.

LORIK

No one is going to France. Raza, in the car. You, go home.

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

We're here together, we go
together.

LORIK

Raza, get in.

DADIR

He's not going nowhere with you.

RAZA

What's the passport for?

(CONTINUED)

LORIK

(To Raza)

You want to play with your friend
or you want to make money?

DADIR

Wallahi, it's both of us or neither
of us.

Nervous, Raza takes a breath, reaches for the door...

DADIR (CONT'D)

Rizla, what you doing?

RAZA

Sorry, bruv, I need the work.

DADIR

You serious? You need your soul
checked, brother.

Raza hops into the cab, leaving Dadir on the pavement.

INSIDE BLACK CAB:

Lorik peels away, Dadir flips them off as they go. Raza eyes:

A large shopping bag full of envelopes at his feet.

Hamdi grabs Raza, pats him down. Invasive, full body.

RAZA

I don't have nothing --

Hamdi pulls out Raza's phone. He winds down the window,
tosses it out --

RAZA (CONT'D)

What -- that's my fucking phone --

LORIK

No one is calling you today.

Raza eyes Hamdi who sits across from him, dead-eyed. Raza
notices the carwash disappearing behind them.

LORIK (CONT'D)

You know what is Hawala?

RAZA

Like them dodgy banks? Yeah, my
ammi uses them to send Eidi to her
nieces back in Pakistan.

Lorik motions to the shopping bag.

(CONTINUED)

LORIK

Today you will be sending a lot of Eidi. We go to the Hawala, I give you the money, phone number. You go inside, make deposit. Anybody asking questions, you turn around, bring the money back to me.

Raza peers into the bag... stuffed with envelopes.

OUTSIDE:

As the Black Cab pulls rolls away... Gabe's Mondeo follows not far behind... A Honda follows after that. Worall and Cooper inside.

CUT TO:

24

INT. ELECTRONIC SHOP/HAWALA - DAY 13.

24

Phone covers and e-cigs. Raza shuffles in with one of the envelopes. A SHOP OWNER (South Asian) behind the counter.

SHOP OWNER

You looking for a phone? I got Samsung, iPhone refurbs, work better than brand new.

Raza eyes the wall of phones, tempted. He glances back at:

Hamdi watching him from the Black Cab at the curb.

RAZA

I need to send some money.

SHOP OWNER

Let me pull on my Hawala hat.

The Shop Owner shuffles up to an outdated PC in the corner.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Domestic or international?

RAZA

Uh, I don't know. Here.

Raza hands over a slip of paper with a phone number on it. Shop Owner plugs it into his system, checks his computer.

SHOP OWNER

International. I'll need your passport. How much we sending?

(Off Raza's hesitation)

Anything over a thousand has to go through compliance.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Can you count it?

Raza hands over his Passport and the envelope. The Shop owner dumps the money into his cash counting machine right down to the 4 pound coins.

SHOP OWNER

(reads the machine)

Look at that... 999 pounds.

The Shop Owner doesn't wanna know, fills out the transfer.

CUT TO:

25

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/STREET - MOMENTS LATER. DAY 13. 25

Gabe's Mondeo parked down the street from the Black Cab.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe and Holly watch as Raza steps out of the Electronic Store, now empty handed. He jumps into the black cab.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)

Echo 1, stay with the subject,
we'll wait with the UC.

WORALL

Foxtrot 1, roger that. See you in a
few.

The Honda Civic pulls out and tails after the black cab.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)

Echo 1 to Kilo 1, you're clear.

Holly and Gabe watch as:

Imran rounds a corner and limps towards the Hawala.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)

Find out what denomination the
source's deposit was in.

IMRAN (THROUGH WALKIE)

Mate, this ain't HSBC. Hawala's
been around 1000 years, they don't
give up information easy.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)

Kilo 1, just buy something.

IMRAN (THROUGH WALKIE)

What's that gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

GABE (INTO WALKIE)
Gets you a look in the register,
it'll be the bills on top.

Imran gives a discreet thumbs up before ducking into the Hawala.

CUT TO:

25A **EXT. ASHTON WOOD SECONDARY SCHOOL - FRONT GATES - DAY 13. 25A**

End of the day mayhem as a steady trickle of TEENAGERS make their way home. Sadia waits by the school gates, eyes on:

Akash, pacing, smoking a cigarette. He marshals the kids as they leave the school. Points to a group of TEENAGE GIRLS.

AKASH
Have some shame, sisters. No one wants to see all that.

The girls don't engage, they know to steer clear of him. Nasir races up to Akash, doesn't spot Sadia.

NASIR
What's up, bro?

AKASH
Skip lady called me. They put one out by the Kwik fit. We gotta replace the crankshaft, come on --

SADIA
Nasir?

Sadia walks across to them. Nasir suddenly on edge.

NASIR
What you doing here?

SADIA
I finished work early, I was talking to your form teacher.

NASIR
What you doing that for?

SADIA
Checking up on my son, you know I have eyes everywhere. She said you're doing not so bad, so I'll treat you to a film, okay?

NASIR
Can't. We gotta fix this crankshaft.

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

Your mum's asking you to the cinema, that's where you gotta go.

SADIA

Beta, introduce me to your friend.

Sadia offers her hand, Akash keeps his clasped to his chest.

AKASH

Yeah, I'm Akash.

NASIR

Kash and me got work to do.

SADIA

You're welcome to join us.

KASIR

Can't do movies, all the girls dancing, haram, innit. Crankshaft won't find itself, catch you later.

Akash flicks his cigarette and hurries off. Concerned, Sadia watches him walk back through the now empty playground.

SADIA

Akash seems... polite. How old is he?

NASIR

Why's that matter, he's my mate.

Sadia leads Nasir away in the opposite direction.

SADIA

You tell your 'mate', it's not dancing girls that'll kill him, it's the cigarettes. You better bloody not be smoking.

NASIR

Kash is old enough to smoke if he wants, I'm not trying to stop him.

SADIA

You should invite him over for dinner.

(off Nasir's eye roll)

You're embarrassed of me? I'm cooler than you, sunshine!

They walk towards the busy high street.

CUT TO:

25B **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/THE MEZE - DAY 13.**

25B

The Mondeo stays a safe distance behind the black cab as it parks up outside The Meze.

RAZA (ADR)

They got Hawala in here?

LORIK (ADR)

No, they got good lunch, come on.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe pulls over.

GABE

Doesn't your waitress work here?

HOLLY

Yeah, she should be on the day shift.

They watch as Raza, Lorik and Hamdi duck into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

26-28 OMITTED

26-28

29 **INT. THE MEZE - DAY 13.**

29

Roxy balances three plates as she approaches Raza, Hamdi and Lorik at the back table.

ROXY

Two chicken doners...

She sets the plates down in front of Lorik and Hamdi. Raza eyes Roxy, a moment of recognition as --

ROXY (CONT'D)

And one mixed --

-- Crash. She spills his plate all over him --

ROXY (CONT'D)

Oh God, I'm so sorry --

Raza jumps up, she helps him wipe away the mess --

RAZA

I'm alright, don't worry
about it --

ROXY (CONT'D)

No, it's my fault, let me
help.

Roxy dabs at Raza with a napkin, leans in close to his ear--

(CONTINUED)

ROXY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Follow me.

Raza perks up, confused.

(CONTINUED)

ROXY (CONT'D)
You need fizzy water, for your
shirt.
(off Raza's confusion)
Come, I'll clean you.

Roxy pulls Raza away, but Lorik blocks their path.

LORIK
Where you are going?

Roxy hesitates, nervous.

ROXY
... I have to clean his shirt.

Lorik doesn't budge.

RAZA
You want me smelling like kebab all
day?

Lorik relents, Roxy leads Raza into --

CUT TO:

30

INT. THE MEZE - SECOND BAR AREA - DAY 13.

30

Closed at this hour. Roxy drags Raza to the empty bar where there's a glass of Seltzer and a napkin already waiting.

RAZA
You were Yousef's girl, right?

IMRAN (O.S.)
Raza, mate. Thought that was you.
As-salaam-alaikum.

Raza bolts upright. Imran at the far barstool. He sips tea and reads his Daily Jang.

RAZA
(tenses)
Wa-alaikum-salaam. How you doing?

Roxy cleans Raza's shirt throughout the scene.

IMRAN
Nice running into you, what you up to today?

RAZA
(RE: shirt)
I was grabbing a bite, but...

Raza glances back to Lorik and Hamdi in the next room.

(CONTINUED)

IMRAN

Don't worry about them, keep your eyes on the girl.

(off Raza's confusion)

Your handler sent me. They got you running around Hawalas all day. How many more drops?

RAZA

... I don't understand, are you a cop?

IMRAN

(in Urdu, subtitled)

No. And you're not a snitch.

(in English)

How many more deposits?

RAZA

... I dunno, a bunch.

IMRAN

How many total, could it be 50?

RAZA

Yeah, about that.

Imran slides Raza his newspaper.

IMRAN

20 quid bank notes. Put one into each deposit. Remember swap like for like. The amount can't change. 999 every time.

RAZA

You work with Gabe? I don't understand --

IMRAN

Easy mate, see you around.

Imran slips away, leaving his newspaper on the bartop. Raza peaks inside... A few £20 notes hidden between the pages.

LORIK (O.S.)

Hurry up, Raza, we go.

Lorik steps in from the other room, struts towards them. Roxy freezes. Raza steadies her shaking hand.

RAZA

(whispers, to Roxy)

We're cool, don't panic.

(MORE)

RAZA (CONT'D)
(then, to Lorik)
One second, it's almost out.

LORIK
I buy you a new shirt.

RAZA
Nah, bruv, I like this one.

LORIK
Or maybe you like her touching you?

Lorik steps up to them. Roxy keeps her eyes down, nervous.

LORIK (CONT'D)
But she is spoken for.

Lorik pats Roxy's belly. Just starting to show.

LORIK (CONT'D)
You will have a beautiful child. *Si
e ēma dhe a bija.*

ROXY
... It is a boy.

LORIK
You know so early. Amazing what
these doctors can do now.
(to Raza)
I meet you outside.

Lorik walks away. Roxy breathes a sigh of relief. Raza eyeing
her belly...

RAZA
Is that... Yousef's?

Roxy ignores the question, finishes drying his shirt. She
eyes him...

ROXY
Who are you?

RAZA
I could ask you the same thing.

ROXY
Don't forget your money.

Raza watches as Roxy steps away, ducking into the kitchen. He
grabs the newspaper, sliding the notes into his pocket.

CUT TO:

31-32 OMITTED

31-32

33

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/THE MEZE - DAY 13.

33

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe and Holly watch as Raza crosses the street, back into the cab.

GABE

How's he holding up?

REVEAL: Imran lies across the backseat.

IMRAN

Properly shitting himself. Then again, touching cloth's the name of the game.

The black Cab pulls out ahead.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)

Echo 1, they're moving.

WORALL (OVER WALKIE)

Foxtrot 1, we're eyes on.

Gabe gives a nod to:

Worall and Cooper behind the wheels of their Honda as it pulls after the black cab.

INSIDE HONDA:

Worall and Cooper tail after the Black Cab.

GABE (THROUGH WALKIE)

Echo 1, stick with him. We're taking Kilo 1 back to the station.

CUT TO:

34

INT./EXT. BLACK CAB/HALAL BUTCHERS - EVENING 13.

34

Lorik pulls the cab to a stop across from a Halal butchers.

LORIK

Last one cash wallah, let's go.

Lorik glances back to Raza, exhausted from the long day. Raza grabs the last envelope and huffs out of the cab.

STREET:

As Raza trudges across the street, the Black Cab peels away. Raza watches it go, unnerved. The Honda Civic tails after the black cab. Raza shuffles into --

CUT TO:

35

INT. HALAL BUTCHERS - EVENING 13.

35

Handmade signs and strung up carcasses. BUTCHERS carve up orders for the Kurta and Kufi crowd. Raza steps up to the counter with his envelope.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Salaam, Hawala deposit?

The BUTCHER nods him to the back. Nervous, Raza heads into --

CUT TO:

36

INT. HALAL BUTCHERS - BACK ROOM - EVENING 13.

36

A few OLD MEN play backgammon and sip tea in the backroom. Igli among them, nods for Raza to take a seat.

IGLI

You play backgammon? Or only chess?

RAZA

I don't really even play chess, Mr. Gramos.

Igli motions for Raza to sit. They watch the Old Men play.

IGLI

This game, you roll high, it is easy to win. You roll low, it is easy to lose. But luck only lasts so long, in the end you need strategy. Your friend, Dadir, I know what he wants, but he has no strategy. He will lose. You? You have strategy, but I don't know what you want.

RAZA

Like you mean money or something?

IGLI

Why are you playing the game, Raza?

RAZA

... Not really a choice, is it? My dad's been drunk since my mum died. My ammi's not really my ammi, just the caretaker who stayed when she saw what a mess me and my brother were living in. But she don't have papers, there's only so far she can go without looking over her shoulder. That leaves me, I'm the only one on the board.

Igli eyes Raza, impressed by his honesty.

IGLI

It has been a long day.

Igli stands to leave. Without a word one of the other OLD MEN stands and gives Igli his jacket and hat. They trade outfits.

(CONTINUED)

IGLI (CONT'D)

Go home.

RAZA

(RE: envelope)

What about the last deposit?

IGLI

That is for you.

Igli throws on the Old Man's jacket and hat before ducking out the back. A simple Counter-Surveillance habit.

Raza peeks into the envelope... A new phone and a fat stack of cash waiting for him inside.

CUT TO:

37 **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/GABE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT 13.** 37

All the lights off at home. Gabe's Mondeo pulls into the drive. Exhausted, Gabe listens to a call over the bluetooth.

AUTOMATED VOICE (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)

This is Redwood Virtual Office
Orlando, you have one new message
from *Sharon*. To hear the message,
press 1 --

Gabe presses 1.

SHARON (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)

Charlie, I don't know if you've
heard the news... but it's about
our Nigel...

CUT TO:

38 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT 13.** 38

Lights off, Emily peeks out the window, looking down on:

Gabe's Mondeo still idling in the driveway. Her husband's head slumped against the wheel.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 14.** 39

CBeebies on the TV. Lori lies on the carpet, watching her breakfast cartoons. Emily guides Rose in from the front door.

EMILY

Lori, look who's here.

(CONTINUED)

LORI
(barely looks up)
Good moooorning, Mrs. Rose.

ROSE
Don't mind me, precious one.

Emily leads Rose into --

CUT TO:

40 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 14. CONTINUOUS.** 40

Emily pops the kettle on, Rose takes in the half-finished kitchen.

ROSE
The house is coming along.

EMILY
Slow and steady. Gabe's still asleep. He didn't get in till late, thought he could use the lie in.

ROSE
Thanks for letting me borrow him.

EMILY
More like the other way around.

An awkward beat. Emily pours a cup of tea.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'll tell him you're here.

ROSE
No bother, I'll take it up.

Rose pours a dash of milk and two sugars into Gabe's tea.

EMILY
You know where he is.

Emily watches as Rose takes her husband's tea upstairs.

CUT TO:

41 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 14.** 41

Gabe asleep in bed. Still half-dressed from his surveillance shift. A hand brushes his hair... He stirs awake to find Rose sitting at his bedside.

GABE (ADR)
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

... What was the name of that dog
you had?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Ruby... Why?

Gabe sits up, on edge. Rose hands him his tea.

ROSE

'Ruby Tuesday, who could hang a name on you.' Remember how upset you were when I told you to give her up?

GABE

Yeah, but you were right. Can't go undercover painted in dog hair.

ROSE

"The less they know."

GABE

Worked out in the end, I found her a good home.

ROSE

No Gabriel, you didn't. I saw you walking her once, about two years after you told me you gave her up.

(off his silence)

Four in the morning, I remember, I was driving home from an all nighter. I thought about mowing you and bloody Ruby down. Then it struck me, for two years you must've walked her every morning before sun up, picked every tuft of hair off your uniform. I'd been in that little flat you had, not a stray bone, tennis ball, nothing. I still can't wrap my head around where you hid the bitch. So instead of hitting you with my Volvo, I went home and wrote a recommendation for you to Level 1. If you could hide that dog from me, you could hide anything from anybody.

GABE

... I built a kennel on the fire escape for her.

Rose studies Gabe...

ROSE

Nigel Briggs passed away.

Gabe plays it cool.

GABE

Nige? Okay. How'd that happen?

ROSE

Overdose. I thought it was better
you hear it from me.

Gabe realizes he's being tested...

GABE

... Yeah, it's mad, I just ran into
him the other day. He looked clean.

ROSE

You didn't mention that in your
duty state.

GABE

I didn't want to worry you.

ROSE

I'm paid to worry. You're paid to
lie, but not to me. They're not
your friends.

GABE

Of course, Guv.

With that Rose slinks out. Gabe exhales...

CUT TO:

42

EXT. AKASH'S HOUSE - DAY 14.

42

The hood of the VW Convertible open, Akash watching a video
on Nasir's phone, his other hand fiddling with the engine.

NASIR

Want me to try it now?

Nasir smokes a cig behind the wheel, key in the ignition.

AKASH

Always wait till you see both my
hands. I don't want them getting
torn off... Yeah okay, turn it.

Nasir turns the key. The engine chokes but not much else.

AKASH (CONT'D)

That crankshaft is rubbish. We need
to find a new one.

AKASH'S DAD (O.S.)

Alright Akash, that's me.

Nasir and Akash look round to find:

(CONTINUED)

AKASH'S DAD (40) stepping out of the house. football shirt, trackies. He stands awkwardly far away, lights a cigarette.

AKASH'S DAD (CONT'D)
That's a proper midget buggy, have your knees up by the steering wheel. Only one your mum could reach the pedals on though.

AKASH
I'll move the seat back, won't I.

AKASH'S DAD
Yeah, you will. I gotta run.

AKASH
Yeah, sound.

Akash watches as his Dad shuffles away.

NASIR
Who's that?

AKASH
... Some mate of my mum's.

Nasir gets it, doesn't ask. Akash gives the car a kick.

AKASH (CONT'D)
This thing's junk.

NASIR
What if it's the sensor? I was reading online that's the easiest part to replace.

AKASH
Yeah, where we gonna get a new sensor, dumbass? No one's tossing that in a skip.

NASIR
Off E-bay they're like £20, bro.

AKASH
Why you messing with me, I can't be going on e-bay, I got no internet, you know that --

NASIR
Chill, I'll buy it for you.

AKASH
Yeah. Great. You chill.

Akash slams the hood of the car shut.

CUT TO:

42A **INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - DAY 14.**

42A

Raza in his work clothes, sifting through the packages. Headphones in, he zones out to the monotonous work.

CUT TO:

42B **EXT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - DAY 14.**

42B

Dressed in his casuals, Raza clocks out for the day. A few CO-WORKERS nod, 'goodbye,' but he doesn't even notice them. Too focused on getting home.

In the b.g. a FIGURE starts following him.

CUT TO:

42C **EXT. EAST LONDON STREET - DAY 14.**

42C

Raza shuffles down a busy high street. As he walks past a store, he glances at his reflection in the window...

He tenses, noticing:

The hooded FIGURE behind him. Raza speeds up, doesn't dare look back. He turns onto --

CUT TO:

42D **EXT. EAST LONDON SIDE STREET - DAY 14.**

42D

Raza hustles down the quiet side street. He pretends to check his phone, but he has his camera on selfie mode...

The Hooded Figure now directly behind him. Raza darts around a corner and into a side alley --

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43

43A **EXT. SIDE ALLEY - DAY 14.**

43A

-- Fists raised, Raza turns to face his stalker --

-- Dadir runs into the alley, straight into him.

RAZA

Fuck you doing, bruv, why you following me?

DADIR

Shut up, Rizla, where you going?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

(will need to ADR)

Just got off work, going home,
innit.

DADIR

Shit. Not now, now you're taking me
to Igli Gramos, they ghosted out of
that ballroom.

RAZA

Bruv, I don't know where they are --

DADIR

Don't lie, backstabber, I know you
do.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

I thought it was better one of us take the work. We can split the money, no worries.

DADIR

I don't want that motherfuckers money, he merked Yousef.

RAZA

Igli killed Yousef? Wait, is that how it went down?

DADIR

Why else you think I'm trying to get close to them Gramos. Except you keep Kamikazi-ing my moves.

RAZA

I just thought you were a dealer.

DADIR

Wallahi, do I look like some road man to you?

RAZA

I mean, yeah... like, when we met you got busted for dealing, innit --

DADIR

I wasn't dealing. I was having a night out, sharking, like you.

RAZA

Shit. Sorry, bruv.

DADIR

I don't want your sorry. You're gonna take me to Gramos.

RAZA

What you gonna do?

Dadir pulls up his shirt, flashing Yousef's Zastava M57 in his waistband.

DADIR

What you think I'm gonna do.

RAZA

That's a bad idea right there.

DADIR

I'm not asking for your input. You need to start walking.

RAZA

Bruv, he's legit, he'll be ready
for you.

DADIR

You either helping me or you
helping him.

RAZA

... I think I know where we can go.
But you need to trust, and
definitely not be waving that
around.

Dadir eyes Raza, huffs. He stomps out of the alley. Raza
breathes a sigh of relief, follows him.

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. THE MEZE - DAY 14.

45

Raza and Dadir at a table. Dadir's leg tapping, anxious.

DADIR

Igli Gramos ain't coming in here,
what we doing?

ROXY (O.S.)

Can I take your order?

Dadir looks up to find Roxy at their table.

DADIR

What you getting at, why you
bringing me to her?

RAZA

Champagne, please. Three glasses.

ROXY

You have one more joining you?

RAZA

Yeah, you. Sit down, join us.

ROXY

I can't.

DADIR

She don't wanna join us --

Raza shushes Dadir, turns back to Roxy.

RAZA

Why can't you drink with us?

(CONTINUED)

ROXY

Because I am at work.

RAZA

C'mon, you see what I'm doing. Tell him why you can't drink.

ROXY

Yeah, I'm pregnant.

DADIR

La-di-da, name in the hat for the dad is it?

ROXY

Yeah, Yousef.

Dadir stunned...

DADIR

No way.

RAZA

Yeah, you're gonna be an uncle.

DADIR

No...

ROXY

Yes.

DADIR

(jumps up)

Wooo! I'm an uncle!

The Diners eye Dadir for a beat before turning back to their meals... they don't care. Raza finally relaxes.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. ELDON ST/CAFE 66 - DAY 14.

46

Gabe and Holly park up on Eldon Street, step out of the Mondeo. Holly glances around, eyes the Cafe 66 across the street. Gabe locks up.

HOLLY

There, Cafe Sixty-Six.

GABE

Hey, I owe you an apology, the duty state. It was wrong, asking you to lie, I cleared it up with Rose.

HOLLY

That's okay, I kept it in.

(CONTINUED)

GABE
(impressed, then)
... That fella's dead anyway.

Holly taken aback --

HOLLY
Nigel? Oh, I'm sorry.

GABE
I'm not. Spent enough time working
to put people like him behind bars.

HOLLY
Do you think he started using again
because of our run in?

Gabe stops short. He eyes Holly, spooked.

GABE
I didn't say he OD'd.

HOLLY
He was an addict. It's not like his
end was unpredictable.

GABE
... That's one way to look at it.

They arrive at the door. On the other side of the glass,
Naeemah in the queue at the counter. She waves hello.

CUT TO:

47

INT. CAFE 66 - DAY 14.

47

Gabe, Holly and Naeemah share a back booth. They wait in
silence as Jin Weijun wipes down the next table.

Naeemah eyes her coffee, sniffs it, wary.

Gabe glances around the cafe... A few DOCTORS and NURSES in
scrubs, Dr. Obina among them, eating his lunch. Other PATRONS
with flowers and balloons.

GABE
How's your health, alright?

NAEEMAH
London City's the only hospital
that counts botox as a medical
emergency.

GABE
It's also got the country's best
trauma unit. Got an asset on life
support next door, have you?

(CONTINUED)

Naeemah simply zips her mouth closed. Holly notices Jin walking away from the next table.

HOLLY

Do you have an ID on the other side of our Hawala transfers?

NAEEMAH

Depends...

HOLLY

This is a long way to drag us for nothing.

NAEEMAH

I'm 6. I'll drag someone half-way around the world to disappoint them.

GABE

What is it you want?

NAEEMAH

How on earth did you get that Hawala number?

GABE

See, that's the kind of thing we just can't talk about.

NAEEMAH

... Your money tracks to a bank in Kilis, Turkey.

HOLLY

Who's withdrawing?

NAEEMAH

The name they gave me is Abu al-Khabbaaz. Translates to 'father of the baker'. It's a *kunya*, it's not going to help you. Kilis is a border town. Your money walked into Syria the minute it left the bank.

GABE

Who's spending it in Syria? Daesh?

NAEEMAH

Possible. Could be SDF, YPG, Al-Nusra, Red Cross for all we know.

HOLLY

If the Gramos family financed El Adoua, is it possible they're using that money to recycle more fighters into Europe?

NAEEMAH

Anything's possible.

HOLLY

Is anything certain?

NAEEMAH

In intelligence terms, Syria's the edge of the Universe. The laws of physics don't apply there. The only thing certain is that money's gone.

Gabe and Holly sit back, frustrated...

CUT TO:

48

INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - EVENING 15.

48

Akash eyes a small metallic car part. A crankshaft sensor. Nasir watches from the bed.

AKASH

Sweet bro, we can get like 20,000 miles on this. That's enough to drive anywhere. Where you wanna go?

NASIR

I dunno, like Manchester?

AKASH

You can go anywhere and you pick Manchester?

NASIR

Great clubs though. Fit girls. Where would you go?

AKASH

Yeah, Manchester sounds pretty good actually.

(notices)

You just got these developed?

Akash motions to a few packs of developed photos on Nasir's desk. Nasir tries to hide them, but Akash pulls them back --

NASIR

Don't bother with those, probably shit.

Akash ignores him, flips through the stack of photos. Mainly domestic scenes. A few faces we know. Some we don't.

AKASH

Pretty skilled, when they're not blurry.

(CONTINUED)

NASIR

Yeah, the lens got no autofocus. I hafta eyeball it.

AKASH

No way, bro. I know this one.

Akash flips around one of the photos... Holly in the living room (from the scene in Ep 1). Nasir perks up, intrigued.

AKASH (CONT'D)

She come to visit you too?

NASIR

Yeah, she was on about Raza getting molested.

AKASH

Fuck you talking about, bro? No one got molested, she's a cop.

Nasir confused as Raza pokes his head in --

RAZA

Yo, dinner's ready.

NASIR

Raza, remember that ex you was on about? The one scared the shit out of Ammi? Was she a cop?

Akash shows Raza the picture. Raza tenses, snatches it.

RAZA

Gimme that, let me see.

(RE: Holly)

She's not a cop, didn't even work at the school.

AKASH

She come to my house with this other cop, trying to recruit me. I told them, no way, I don't snitch.

RAZA

That right, Kash? They the same cops watching you wank off through your x-box?

Raza crumples up the photo, tosses it.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Forget about her.

Raza ducks out. Leaving Nasir with Akash.

(CONTINUED)

NASIR

Don't worry about that. He's like a
dick all the time now. You hungry?

AKASH

I can't be eating at your table.

NASIR

What d'you mean?

AKASH

I don't break bread with kuffars.

NASIR

What?

AKASH

Your dad drinking, your brother's
like a straight up road man,
everybody in Bridge Town knows it.
And that woman pretending to be
your mum? Living with three
unmarried men? That's a whore, bro.

NASIR

Don't fucking say that.

AKASH

Don't take it personal, she's not
even your family. Later though,
yeah?

Akash grabs his jacket and slinks out. Nasir slumps down on
his bunk, angry.

CUT TO:

49

INT. RAZA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 15.

49

Sadia serves food at the table. Hanif watches TV on the sofa. Raza already at the table, phone in one hand, eats his dinner with the other. Sadia notices Akash coming down the stairs.

AKASH

Good night, Mrs. Shar.

SADIA

I thought you were staying for dinner? I was gonna interrogate you.

AKASH

My nan needs me back. Thanks anyway.

Raza watches as Akash heads out the front door.

RAZA

Nas shouldn't be hanging out with him. Dude's got funny ideas.

SADIA

(shouts upstairs)

Nasir, your foods getting cold.

NASIR (O.S.)

I'm not hungry.

SADIA

I didn't ask if you were bloody hungry.

No response. Sadia notices as Hanif steps up to the table. He eyeballs Raza before grabbing his plate and heading back to the couch. Sadia sits across from Raza who goes back to his phone.

SADIA (CONT'D)

What's going on with you? When are we gonna meet this girl you're seeing?

RAZA

Never. She dumped me.

Sadia sits back, exasperated.

SADIA

(sarcastic)

I can't see why, you're so charming.

Raza finally looks up.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA
Thanks for dinner.

Raza takes his half-empty plate into the kitchen. Sadia left alone at the table.

CUT TO:

50 **INT./EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM/FRONT DRIVE - DAY 16.** 50

Fresh out the shower, in a bathrobe, Gabe wipes the steam from the bathroom mirror, eyes his reflection. The Aktion 14 tattoo. Chatter from outside. Gabe glances out the window:

Emily waves Lori off as her GRANDPARENTS drive her away.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 16.** 51

Emily steps in, spots Gabe packing his overnight bag --

EMILY
I just waved Lori off to my mum.

GABE
I know, I'm sorry.

EMILY
This is a tired routine, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

Emily slumps onto the bed.

GABE

Bat signal goes up, there's nothing
I can say about it.

EMILY

You could say, 'hold on, Mr.
Terrorist, my wife cleared her
whole weekend. She even brought a
new dress. Now she'll have to look
fucking fantastic all by herself.'

GABE

See that's not gonna work, cause
you always look fantastic.
(kisses her)
I'll be quick as I can.

EMILY

Take your time. Mum won't want to
give her back anyway. I'm getting
sloshed.

She watches as Gabe finishes packing his bag.

CUT TO:

52

INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/M25 - DAY 16.

52

Gabe zips through traffic, headed northbound.

CUT TO:

53

EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 16.

53

Emily smoking on the swing-set, phone at her ear.

CTSU RESERVE (THROUGH PHONE)

Sorry Mrs. Waters, I can't get
through to him. If it's an
emergency, I can try his partner?

EMILY

It's not an emergency but yeah, why
don't we do that?

CTSU RESERVE (THROUGH PHONE)

Not a problem. Hold, please...

CUT TO:

54

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY 16.

54

Holly opens the door to find Emily on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Thanks for having me over like this.

HOLLY

You're sure everything's okay?

EMILY

I'm fine. It's just these days, all my friends spend their weekends at one endless playgroup.

Holly motions Emily inside.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I was surprised you weren't on call with Gabe today.

HOLLY

Some assets he runs alone. He likes to keep me in the dark.

EMILY

You and me both. But what we lack in light, we make up for in booze.

Emily raises a bottle of red wine, triumphant.

CUT TO:

55

EXT. LAY-BY - DAY 16.

55

Gabe hops out of his Mondeo parked in the lay-by. Bomber jacket, ripped jeans. Charlie-mode. He crosses the road and steps into a waiting Mini-Cab.

CUT TO:

56

INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - DAY 16.

56

Packed for Nigel's wake. A photo of him in better days hangs over the bar. A hard looking crowd. All white. A mixture of locals, relatives and friends from the Aktion 14 days.

PAT (we recognize him from Ep 1) stands under the spotlight, mic in hand.

PAT (INTO MIC)

Nigel was dear to many of us, but none among you knew him like this young man. Next up on stage, he steps across the pond, into our hearts. The master of disaster himself. I give you Mr. Charlie Goodman.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie's name sends a buzz through the crowd. Sharon perks up from behind the bar. Her face brightens as:

Gabe steps under the spotlight, takes the mic from Pat.

GABE (INTO MIC)

Thanks, Pat. Nige is looking down on us, and I know he wants to see a fucking riot. Let's give him one.

The Negative's *We're From Bradford* bursts from the speakers. Gabe bounces around the stage like a tornado as he sings along. No need for the karaoke prompter.

A *whoop* from Sharon who darts around the bar, straight onto the dance floor. The two of them lock eyes as they mosh out.

Its not long before the entire wake turns into a mosh pit. Bodies slamming each other around the room, glasses breaking, tables turning over. Gabe conducts the chaos.

CUT TO:

57

INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 16.

57

Emily sits by the open window. Tipsy, she enjoys every last puff of a cigarette. Holly, sober, tops off her glass.

EMILY

(RE: Smoke)

Sure you don't mind?

HOLLY

At least you open the window. My sister smokes in bed sometimes.

EMILY

Gabe hates it. He'd rather I throw a toaster in the tub. At least that way I wouldn't stain the curtains.

(off Holly's laugh)

Sad thing is when I get home, I'll sneak in the back, clothes go straight in the laundry, shower, mouth wash, then I douse my hands in vinegar. The lengths we go to lie to the ones we love.

HOLLY

But he still knows you smoke.

EMILY

You're asking why do I fucking bother?

(off Holly's nod)

I don't know, sometimes I think why does he get to hoard the truth?

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Don't you mind, how much he keeps
from you?

EMILY

I would, but for my sins, I married
him.

Emily tops off her wine, eyes Holly's glass... still full.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Am I the only one drinking?

Before Holly can respond --

-- Megan staggers through the front door.

MEGAN

Hey Hols, do we have anything to
eat? I need sustenance.

(notices Emily)

Hey Hols' friend.

HOLLY

Emily, this is my sister, Megan.

MEGAN

What're you guys up to?

EMILY

Your sister was interrogating me.

MEGAN

I can imagine. What about?

Megan hovers over, grabs Holly's wine.

EMILY

My husband.

MEGAN

Oof, be careful. I used to call her
bloodhound, one sniff, she'd bark
you out of the tree.

HOLLY

She's exaggerating.

MEGAN

I'm definitely not. What was it,
the miles on Dad's car?

HOLLY

If you're hungry, there's leftover
noodles in the fridge --

EMILY

What's this about miles on the car?

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

Our dad - I'm telling it now -
(shushes Holly)
Our dad had an affair on Mum, for
literally, most of our childhood.
He went all in, two bank accounts,
two phones, PO Box. Sophisticated.
But he wasn't counting on the
bloodhound. Eleven years old, Hols
sniffed him out.

EMILY

Eleven?

HOLLY

It wasn't complicated. The miles on
his car didn't add up. His office
was only down the street.

EMILY

Jesus. How did you tell your mum?

HOLLY

We didn't. Megan didn't think it
was a good idea.

MEGAN

To be fair, I was only fifteen. I
thought she was better off not
knowing.

EMILY

She still doesn't know?

HOLLY

She found out. When he left her,
six years later.

MEGAN

Six years didn't change the truth,
what did it matter? You said
noodles?

Megan's already rooting through the fridge. Pulls out a take out box.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm out again. Stay in the
tree, Holly's friend.

As Megan heads out, Emily necks her wine, dutch courage...

HOLLY

Sorry about her.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

At least now I know why you're interrogating me... You don't think my husband's at work, do you?

HOLLY

No. Do you?

EMILY

You think Gabe's having an affair?

HOLLY

Is that what you're afraid of?

EMILY

No... What scares me is that I don't think I know who he is.

HOLLY

Who else would he be?

EMILY

I think today he's Charlie.

Holly perks up, surprised.

HOLLY

How do you know that name?

EMILY

I overheard it, some woman calling him 'her Charlie' on the phone.

HOLLY

Recently?

EMILY

The other day... Why?

Holly processing the implications.

HOLLY

I don't know what I can tell you.

EMILY

Don't do that. I'm not like you, I can't see the miles on the car, or maybe I don't want to fucking see them, I don't know... But whoever Charlie is, I don't want my daughter to find out first.

HOLLY

... I'll look into it.

Emily lights another smoke. Her little piece of the truth.

CUT TO:

58

INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 16.

58

Down to the STRAGGLERS. A night of carnage winding down. Broken glass, overflowing ashtrays and a few passed out drunks. The Skinheads dot the dance floor, shirts off, beer bellies out. A *Willie Nelson slowjam* on the stereo.

Gabe slow dances with Sharon. Her head buried in his chest, she breathes him in.

GABE

What you sniffing for? My deodorant ran out?

SHARON

No, I mean, yeah. But I like it. I know it, it never changes. Put a blindfold on me, I could sniff you out underwater.

GABE

Have to learn to swim first.

SHARON

Shut up, let me enjoy the moment while I got you. I never know when I get you back again.

Gabe perks up at a few shouts from the Skinheads.

PAT (O.S.)

Thought we ordered pizza, not fucking curry.

Gabe turns to find a nervous DELIVERY BOY (Asian, early 20s) stepping in with a couple of pizza boxes.

DELIVERY BOY

Got a plain and a Hawaiian for Charlie.

GABE

Here, here, that's me.

Gabe pulls out some cash, motions Delivery Boy over.

PAT

Check that gupta for TNT before he gets too close.

GABE

Yeah, alright. How much?

DELIVERY BOY

Eight, nine quid --

GABE

Eight or nine, which one?

(CONTINUED)

DELIVERY BOY

Yeah, eight.

Gabe holds up a tenner. Delivery Boy's hands are full.

GABE

You want me to put it in your pocket for you? Put the pizza down, then you get your money. One step at a time, we'll get through this.

(to group)

Thought these fuckers were supposed to be good at maths.

Delivery Boy sets down the pizzas, takes Gabe's money. Hands back his change, turns away --

GABE (CONT'D)

Where you going, forget your tip?

DELIVERY BOY

Don't worry about it.

GABE

C'mon, you been a good sport.

DELIVERY BOY

I don't need your fucking money, bruv.

That gets a round of cheers and heckles from the Skinheads.

GABE

What'd you call me?

But Delivery Boy's already heading for the door.

PAT

Fuck me, the nuts on him. Sharon, pour that Paki a pint.

(to Gabe)

Master of disaster, you gonna let him walk away like that?

The heckles from the Skinheads growing louder. Delivery Boy hustles for the exit, his path blocked by a BURLY SKINHEAD.

PAT (CONT'D)

Now you wish you took that money, pal. Lock that fucking door.

Panicked, Delivery Boy turns back to the Skinheads. They close in on him like Lions around a wounded Gazelle...

A switch turns in Gabe's head, a darkness comes over him. He snatches a cue off the pool table...

CUT TO:

58Aa **EXT. SHAR FLAT - BALCONY - NIGHT 16.**

58Aa

Raza, half dressed, half-asleep. He paces on his balcony, on a phone call.

RAZA (INTO PHONE)
You need me now, like right now?
(listens)
Yeah, no, same place? See you there
Mr. Gramos.

Raza hangs up, slips into --

CUT TO:

58Ab **INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 16.**

58Ab

NASIR
Where you going?

RAZA
Don't worry about it. Go back to sleep.

Raza hustles out.

CUT TO:

58A **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/LAY BY - NIGHT 16.**

58A

Gabe's Mondeo parked in the empty lay by. We hear a faint buzz as we push in on the car.

INSIDE MONDEO:

The buzzing grows louder as we get closer to the glovebox until... it stops. Starts buzzing again.

CUT TO:

59 **INT./EXT. CAR WASH/WHITE VAN - NIGHT 16.**

59

Tense, Raza waits at the car wash, phone at his ear.

RAZA

Come on, come on...

Raza hangs up as a pair of headlights bear down on him.

The White Van pulls up to the curb.

Raza quickly erases his call history, discretely pockets his phone as the White Van pulls up to the curb. Lorik and Hamdi in the front.

LORIK

Phone.

RAZA

You just gave me this one.

LORIK

(RE: Hamdi)

You need me to search you again?

Raza hands over his phone to Lorik, who pockets it.

RAZA

We making more deposits? It's late.

LORIK

One deposit.

Lorik steps out, slides open the back door for Raza. Raza climbs in to find --

INSIDE WHITE VAN:

Dadir in the back. Cuffed, gagged, and beaten.

RAZA

Woah, what the fuck is this?

Lorik slides the door shut.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)
What're you doing with Dadir, where
we going?

Lorik climbs in the front before Hamdi peels out.

RAZA (CONT'D)
Turn around, I ain't getting
involved in this.

Raza's protests drowned out as Lorik turns up the radio.
Raza locks eyes with Dadir, terror staring back at him. Raza
turns away, notices:

A lone shovel propped in the back with them.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. BOAT SCRAPYARD - NIGHT 16.

60

The Van cuts through the graveyard of derelict boats and
parks up next to Igli's BMW. Igli and one the Gramos Boys
await.

Lorik and Hamdi jump out, open up the back door of the Van.
Raza staggers out, spots Igli --

RAZA
Mr. Gramos, this is mental, what
are we doing here?

IGLI
Your friend is a rat.

Hamdi drags Dadir out of the Van.

RAZA
Snitch? Dadir's no snitch. Believe
me, it's not possible.

IGLI
Someone is talking to the police,
if it is not him, tell me who.

Raza at a loss for words. Hamdi shoves Dadir to the ground.

IGLI (CONT'D)
His brother is killed, he is angry.
He wants to hurt me, then he starts
talking. Now he stops.

Lorik pulls out a Glock handgun, offers it to Raza.

RAZA
(stammering)
... What is this, bruv? No way, no,
no fucking way.

(CONTINUED)

IGLI

You are on the board, you play the game.

Lorik forces the gun into Raza's hand, steps back.

LORIK

Behind the ear, he feels nothing.

Raza looks down at Dadir cowering at his feet.

RAZA

Come on, this is fucked.

Igli gives him nothing. The Gramos men watch on in silence.

RAZA (CONT'D)

I'm not doing this. No.

IGLI

(to Lorik)

Then kill them both.

RAZA

Wait, wait, no, no, no --

Lorik reaches into his jacket, Raza reacts --

-- He whips the gun on Igli. Lorik freezes. Raza stammers --

RAZA (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey, don't do that - put your hand down.

Lorik slowly takes his hand out of his jacket. No gun.

Igli eyes Raza, impressed.

IGLI

You are going to shoot me?

RAZA

IGLI (CONT'D)

I don't wanna shoot anybody -- This is not a wise strategy --

RAZA

Let us just go home, please, we can leave, all we wanna do is go home --

IGLI

No. Only killers can go home.

Fuck it.

Raza pulls the trigger... *click*. And again... *click*. Shakes the gun, it's not working. He eyes it, mortified. No bullets.

The Gramos Men burst into laughter, trade a few exclamations in Albanian.

(CONTINUED)

Raza about to descend into a panic attack as Lorik snatches the gun from him. He shoves it in his waistband.

LORIK

(to both of them)

Next time I see you, the gun will have bullets.

(to Dadir)

We didn't kill your brother.

Raza, completely lost, he watches as Igli gets in his BMW.

IGLI

Luck will only last you so long.

The Gramos Men duck into their cars, Lorik tosses Raza his phone before they drive away. Raza, rattled, confused, no idea what the fuck just happened. He picks up his phone off the ground and watches their tail lights fade away.

Dadir's muffled groans snap him out of it. He pulls Dadir to his feet, rips off the gag.

Dadir, shaken up. He catches his breath, eyes Raza.

DADIR

Wallahi, brother, I thought you was gonna bury me.

Rattled, Raza finally snaps --

RAZA

You almost got us both killed. You don't stop to think for one second - is this a good idea? Or am I trying to end up like my brother?

DADIR

Don't talk about Yousef.

RAZA

Okay, how about the baby he left behind? You wanna stick around long enough to meet him? Fucking learn something.

DADIR

... Him? She didn't tell me that.

Raza shakes his head, stomps away...

DADIR (CONT'D)

Thanks, brother. Y'know, for not shooting me.

Raza stops. Overwhelmed, the stress of it all catching up with him. His whole body trembling...

DADIR (CONT'D)
You alright?

RAZA
No, not really.
(covers)
Where the fuck are we?

DADIR
... I think the road's back this way.

The two of them shuffle towards the road. The adrenaline wearing off, they sag with each step.

DADIR (CONT'D)
We are far out, this is some zone 9 shit.

Raza eyes the wasteland - how the fuck did I get here?

CUT TO:

60A **EXT. LAY BY - NIGHT 16.**

60A

Shaken, reeling. Gabe changes out of his Charlie costume at the open trunk of the Mondeo. He eyes his scuffed fists.

He marches up to a rubbish bin, tosses Charlie's clothes inside. He douses clothes with lighter fluid. He lights a pack of matches and tosses it into the bin.

A moment of catharsis as Gabe watches Charlie's clothes burn.

CUT TO:

61 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 17.**

61

The bullpen busy. Holly sits at her desk, lost in thought, her eyes on:.

A family portrait on Gabe's desk. Gabe with Emily and Lori.

GABE (O.S.)
It's clean.

Holly looks up to find Gabe approaching.

HOLLY
What's clean?

Gabe drops an evidence bag of £20 notes on her desk.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

We don't know where the money's headed, but now we know where it's from.

HOLLY

Are you asking me to guess?

GABE

The Royal Mint. The serial numbers from the Hawala deposits came back. No history. Never been in circulation.

HOLLY

That doesn't make sense.

GABE

It's money laundering.

HOLLY

But the miles don't add up. The money's getting dirty, not clean. Who would do that?

GABE

Welcome to the edge of the Universe.

Gabe saunters away, a realization hitting Holly...

CUT TO:

62

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - PARKING LOT - DAY 17.

62

POV ON: A RANGE ROVER pulls into the half empty lot. Naeemah gets out. She glances around before pulling a HAND LUGGAGE SUITCASE from her backseat. She wheels it into the building.

CUT TO:

63

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY 17.

63

The *clack* of heels as Naeemah struts down the long hallway of storage units. She wheels the suitcase up to her unit.

She jots a chalk mark on the door, opens up the unit - empty. Naeemah wheels the suitcase inside.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. STORAGE UNIT PARKING LOT - DAY 17.

64

Naeemah stops in her tracks, surprised to see... Gabe and Holly waiting by her Range Rover.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Holly, what do you think was in
that suitcase?

HOLLY

Just shy of fifty thousand cash.

GABE

MI6 sending money into Syria, to
finance, which faction's in favour
at the moment?

NAEEMAH

Don't gloat, it's gauche.

HOLLY

Igli Gramos is your asset?
(Naeemah shrugs, no
comment)

We're trying to prevent a potential
terror attack. Why are you getting
in our way?

GABE

She can't run domestic ops.

NAEEMAH

Death by red tape.

HOLLY

Or legal mechanisms put in place to
prevent our Intelligence agencies
from propping up organized crime.
What you're doing is not only
illegal, but a waste of our time
and resources. If another Rotterdam
happens here, it's on you.

NAEEMAH

Who do you think I'm fighting over
there? Say what you will about Igli
Gramos, but he's not Daesh. And
he's not your 'big shot,'. If he
was, your source would be dead.

Gabe steps to her, suddenly furious.

GABE

Watch yourself, he doesn't go
anywhere near my source.

Naeemah taken aback by his intensity.

NAEEMAH

You don't have to worry about Raza.
From what I understand, he can
handle himself.

Gabe eases back, Naeemah pushes past them, towards her car.

NAEEMAH (CONT'D)

You know what the problem with Counter Terror is? We're big and robust, so we look for equal and opposite. Then you have Daesh ordering followers to stab any passerby on the street. When terror can come from a bread knife, Big doesn't always mean big.

With that, Naeemah ducks back into her Range Rover.

HOLLY

We're not going to stop her?

GABE

Stop what? That money had nothing to do with El Adoua. All I heard was Igli Gramos isn't our big shot.

Gabe stomps back to his Mondeo. Holly, frustrated, watches Naeemah drive away.

CUT TO:

65

INT. SAL'S GYM - MAIN GYM - DAY 17.

65

Raza and Sal in the centre ring. Raza pummels Sal's pads. All the paranoia, aggression, and fear, released in every punch.

The bell *rings*. Sal lowers his pads. Raza slumps with exhaustion. Sweat dripping off him.

SAL

(to Gym)

ROUND.

(to Raza)

Getting it all out today.

Raza slumps against the ropes, exhausted. He chugs down some water. He freezes, noticing:

An old pair of framed boxing shorts on the back wall. 'Big Shot' written on the shorts next to a photo of Sal in his glory days.

The colour returns to Raza's face as he realizes...

SAL (CONT'D)

ROUND UP IN 3, 2, GO.

Sal rings the bell. But Raza stays frozen as the rest of the gym gets back to it.

(CONTINUED)

SAL (CONT'D)
Come on Rizla, you ain't getting
off that easy.

Raza snaps back, turns to face Sal. Wary, he takes in Sal in
a whole new light...

RAZA
Ready when you are, Big Shot.

SAL
Ain't been called that in awhile.

RAZA
(RE: Poster)
When'd you hang up your gloves?

SAL
I didn't, I just found other ways
to fight. Stop stalling, let's go.

Raza raises his gloves, punches Sal's pads.

SAL (CONT'D)
Jab, jab, pop the shoulders, jab...

END OF EPISODE.

67

OMITTED.

67