



# **INFORMER**

**By**

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**EPISODE SIX:**

**"The Masterplan"**

**Final Script**

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1 **EXT. DLR STATION - MORNING 50 - NOVEMBER 29TH.** 1

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

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

Emily shuffles along with the crowd. She sends rapid fire texts before jumping onto the waiting DLR Train.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. DLR TRAIN - MORNING 50 - NOVEMBER 29TH.** 2

Emily squeezes through the packed train, takes the only empty seat. Doesn't notice Wesley watching her. She sends one more text before shoving her phone in her bag.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
On the morning of November 29th,  
you boarded a Westbound DLR train  
at 10:17 am. Is that correct?

CUT TO:

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

Emily on the stand. She does a good job of hiding any nerves.

EMILY  
If that's what the cameras say, I  
wasn't really keeping track of the  
time.

Lady Justice Spencer reads Emily's file as she questions her.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
And you disembarked at Canary Wharf  
Station, is that correct?

EMILY  
That's right.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. DLR TRAIN - MORNING 50.** 4

ANNOUNCER (THROUGH PA)  
Stand clear of the closing doors --

Emily perks up, suddenly realises this is her stop. She rushes off the train, leaving her phone on her seat.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

Excuse me? Miss, here, miss --

Wesley calls out after her but we stay with Emily as she hustles off the carriage.

CUT TO:

5

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

5

Emily hustles up the escalator... Behind her, Wesley scans the crowd for her.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)

You then walked to the Eldon Street branch of Cafe Sixty-Six, is that correct?

EMILY (V.O.)

Yeah, I was meeting a friend.

CUT TO:

6

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

6

The busy cafe. Emily steps in, rummaging through her bag.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Emily.

Emily looks up to find Holly approaching her.

EMILY

There you are. I'm such a mess, think I lost my bloody phone.

HOLLY

Do you need me to call it?

EMILY

Can't hurt, I suppose.

Holly pulls out her phone, dials. Hands it to Emily...

WESLEY (THROUGH PHONE)

... Hi, this isn't my phone --

EMILY (INTO PHONE)

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

WESLEY (THROUGH PHONE)

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

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (INTO PHONE)  
I'm in a cafe on Eldon Street.  
(to Holly)  
What's the name of this place?

HOLLY  
Cafe Sixty-Six.

EMILY (INTO PHONE)  
Cafe Sixty-Six, do you know it?

WESLEY (THROUGH PHONE)  
Yeah, hang on, I'm right by there.

Wesley hangs up, Emily hands Holly her phone back.

EMILY  
That's that mystery solved.

HOLLY  
One down.

EMILY  
Right. I saw the news, you must be  
in the thick of it.

HOLLY  
Yeah, I don't have that long.

EMILY  
I've been a wreck all morning. What  
did you want to talk about?

HOLLY  
... Why don't you deal with your  
phone first? I'll be over here.

Holly shuffles off as Emily joins the queue. She notices  
Wesley at the door, looking for her...

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
For what reason were you meeting  
your friend that morning?

CUT TO:

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

7

Gabe listens to his wife's testimony from the back of the  
courtroom, on edge.

EMILY  
Nothing particular. Catching up.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
You knew Holly Morten through your  
husband's work, is that correct?

(CONTINUED)

Emily hesitates, uncomfortable with the question.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (CONT'D)  
Was it normal for you to socialise  
with your husband's colleagues --

Lady Justice Spencer interrupted by a PARALEGAL ASSISTANT who hovers over her shoulder with a note.

Lady Justice Spencer reads the note, annoyed.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (CONT'D)  
One moment, Mrs. Waters.

Lady Justice Spencer motions for a BARRISTER to join her at her bench. They speak in hushed tones.

BARRISTER  
BSS have reminded me that this line  
of questioning was protected in the  
PII.

Lady Justice Spencer glances over at:

Boyce watching from his seat at the back of the courtroom.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Protected, at my discretion.

BARRISTER  
I'm just the messenger.

Uneasy, Lady Justice Spencer returns to her perch. She refers to her notes, flipping forward to the next page.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Mrs. Waters, you didn't see the  
first gunshot, is that correct?

EMILY  
No. But I didn't need to.

Emily shudders at the memory...

CUT TO:

8

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

8

Emily cowers beneath an upturned table. Around her, chaos and screams. But Emily can't move, her eyes locked on:

Holly's body lies still across the floor of the cafe.

**END PRE-TITLE.**

9

**EXT. CHESSINGTON CLOSE - BACKYARDS - NIGHT 24.**

9

Worall and Cooper waiting at the back door of a terraced house. A BABYSITTER (16, F) pokes her head out --

BABYSITTER

Never heard of a front door?

Cooper holds up his badge, shushing her.

COOPER

Police. Very quietly, tell me how many people are on the premises.

BABYSITTER

Me and Jordan, I'm baby sitting.

WORALL

Don't turn any lights on or off, I want you to go and grab Jordan, and bring him out with you.

Distracted, the Babysitter notices:

Down the line of terraced Gardens PLAIN CLOTHED POLICE OFFICERS escort FAMILIES quickly and quietly out the back of their houses.

CUT TO:

10

**INT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 24.**

10

Blackout curtains line the windows. An ARMED RESPONSE UNIT (ARU) gears up in the cramped Kitchen. They check their kevlar vests and the clips on their MP5s.

Gabe steps in, makes a bee-line for SERGEANT YOUNG, the head of the ARU team. Gabe hands him a mugshot of Raza --

GABE

Remember this face, this is my asset.

Young passes the photo to his team, they study Raza's face.

GABE (CONT'D)

He has a cold-pack sown into his jacket, below the left shoulder. You'll pick it up on your heat signatures. Don't, I repeat, don't shoot him.

YOUNG

Roger that.

As Gabe steps out, Young delivers instructions to his team.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG (CONT'D)  
Remember, you spot a vest or a  
detonator, don't run. Drop flat,  
breathe through your mouth...

CUT TO:

11                   **INT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24.**                   11

The Living Room converted into a makeshift command centre.  
Gabe spots Rose consulting with Holly at a bank of monitors:

Bodycam of the Armed Response team as they gear up. CCTV of  
the street. Gabe takes his front row seat next to Holly and  
Rose.

GABE  
How did the Yanks bollocks this up?

ROSE  
The official story is they didn't.  
According to them, El Adoua remains  
dead in Syria until proven  
otherwise.

HOLLY  
The unofficial story?

ROSE  
A bad source on the ground.

GABE  
Mine's stuck paying the blowback.  
If I'd known who was waiting for  
him, I would never've sent him in.

ROSE  
We wouldn't need the canary if we  
already knew what was down the  
mine.

Frustrated, Gabe eyes the ARMED OFFICERS who silently file  
out of the house. Holly picks up the walkie --

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)  
Control, status on the evac?

WORALL (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Foxtrot 1, south side's clear.

CTSU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Delta 1, north side's clear.

Holly looks to Rose, who nods.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)  
Control to ARU, street's evacuated,  
you're clear for breach.

CUT TO:

12 OMITTED 12

13 **EXT. 17 CHESSINGTON CLOSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT 24.** 13

ARU Officers creep down the canal path and into the backyard. One of the ARU Officers peels out of the formation and creeps towards the fusebox on the side of the house.

Another ARU Officer slinks up to the door and sticks a breaching charge on the outside (small explosive).

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. 17 CHESSINGTON CLOSE - STREET - NIGHT 24.** 14

Young leads more ARU OFFICERS around the front of the house. They creep up to the front door of the house.

An OFFICER places another breaching charge on the front door.

Young and his Unit take cover against the house. Tense. Young talks into his shoulder mic --

YOUNG (INTO WALKIE)  
ARU 1, go for dark.

Suddenly all the lights inside the house go down. A few of the streetlights flicker and *hum*.

YOUNG (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)  
ARU 1, breach, breach, breach --

Another Officer presses the detonator --

CUT TO:

15 **INT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24.** 15

Gabe, Holly, Rose, and the rest of the CTSU team crowd around the monitors. All they can do now is watch.

A flash and *bang* as the front door explodes off its hinges. Professional chaos on the body-cams as Young and his team raid the house. Stun grenades fill the house with *loud bangs*. The ARU OFFICERS swarm in, shouting --

ARU OFFICERS (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Armed Police - Armed Police --

(CONTINUED)



Another *bang* as the back door is blown off its hinges, more ARU Officers flooding in through the back --

-- Shouts and grunts as a few of the body-cams pick up suspects being wrestled to the ground.

ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
ON THE GROUND, ON THE GROUND --

SUSPECT 1                      ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Get off me --                      (CONT'D)  
Is there a bomb, do you speak  
English? Is there a bomb?

SUSPECT 2                      SUSPECT 1  
Let me up, please, no --                      Upstairs --

The blurry faces of the SUSPECTS picked up on the body-cams.  
Neither of them Raza.

The CTSU team quickly check them against their intel photos.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)  
That appears to be a positive ID on  
Farook Sayeed. The other is an  
unknown.

ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Roger that.

On the body-cams, Young and a few other Officers creep up the stairs. They enter a dark hallway. Doors on either side.

They move slowly down the hallway, guns up. Checking every door and hiding spot --

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Room on my right.

ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
... Clear.

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Wardrobes?

ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Clear.

YOUNG  
Door up ahead on my left --

POP-POP-POP -- A MAN fires wild from an open doorway --

-- The CTSU team perk up at the gunfire. One of the body-cams falls down --

-- PRRRRRRRT - Young and his Unit return fire. The MAN drops.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)  
Do you have an Officer down?

ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
I'm good, I'm good. Kevlar took it.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)  
Check the suspect for a vest.

A body-cam hovers over Zakir Ravia. Shot, his breathing slow and laboured. The CTSU team flip through the Intel photos.

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE)  
No vest, subject's still breathing.  
Standby on medic.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)  
That appears to be Zakir Ravia.

Young and his Unit continue to sweep down the hallway, one last door waiting for them.

Young signals to his team. They gather around the door. They sweep into...

A gutted room. Rows of butane cans cover the floor.

YOUNG (INTO WALKIE)  
Bomb - bomb - bomb --

On the body-cams: El Adoua scrambles at a work station.

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE) (CONT'D)  
ARMED POLICE, STEP BACK --

El Adoua ignores them, keeps working --

-- PRRT. A short, precise burst from Young drops El Adoua.

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE) (CONT'D)  
I need EOD in here right away.

Young's body-cam hovers over El Adoua. Dead. His image matches their intel photo.

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE) (CONT'D)  
No pulse, no vest. Get the medics  
to confirm TOD.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)  
That appears to be Ahmed El Adoua.

A moment of relief across the CTSU team, but not for Gave --

GABE (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Any sign of our friendly?

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Not yet.

ARU OFFICER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Sir, over here.

A few of the body-cams swarm into a small bathroom. Raza curled up in a bathtub.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)  
That's him, that's Raza, what's his status?

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Double time on that medic.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)  
Give me his status.

YOUNG (THROUGH WALKIE)  
You tell me kid, how you feeling?

RAZA (THROUGH WALKIE)  
(faint, desperate)  
Please, get me out.

Gabe allows himself a small moment of relief...

Shouts of 'Clear' as the body-cams check the remaining rooms.

CUT TO:

16

**EXT. 17 CHESSINGTON CLOSE - NIGHT 24.**

16

The Cul-de-sac now a crime scene. Ambulances and Police cars. Suited up SOCO OFFICERS cart evidence out of the house.

Gabe leads a beaten and bruised Raza towards an Ambulance. Rattled and shaken, Raza barely registers where he is.

GABE  
I'll catch up with you at the hospital --

RAZA  
No, no, I'm going home.

GABE  
You'll get there. I just need to know you're alright first.

Gabe hustles Raza into the back of the Ambulance. Slams the door shut before it peels away. He stops, distracted by --

-- The Babysitter standing on one of the front lawns. She films the scene with her iPhone.

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

I thought we cleared the street?

Worall and Cooper rush towards the Babysitter, who's already putting her phone away.

COOPER

Miss, please show us your phone.

BABYSITTER

Ain't this a free country?

WORALL

Not right now it's not, you're trespassing on a crime scene.

COOPER

Hand me your phone, miss.

(takes phone)

Where's the video?

BABYSITTER

I don't know where it goes, it's live streamed, innit.

Worall and Cooper's faces drop... shit.

Gabe approaches Holly at the front door. Impatient, she waits with a few CTSU OFFICERS as SOCOs and EODs work the scene.

HOLLY

Still waiting on EOD to call safe.

GABE

They could be combing through this for the next couple of days.

HOLLY

SOCOs are saying El Adoua didn't get around to wiping his laptop. They found a few phones on the premises too. As soon as we get the hard drives, I'd like to --

GABE

Get some rest first. There'll be plenty of work for us to do.

HOLLY

I'm already here, it's fine.

Holly focuses her nervous energy on the front door as SOCOs daisy-chain butane tanks out of the house.

GABE

Don't waste your energy dwelling on what could've been.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

... They were close.

GABE

Someone always is, we still need to sleep.

Holly eyes Gabe, knows he right.

EOD OFFICER (O.S.)

Scene's secure. Suits and boots if you want in.

(CONTINUED)

A few CTSU OFFICERS quickly throw on their paper suits.

GABE

C'mon, Ill give you a ride.

Gabe nods to Holly to follow. She relents, walking away.

CUT TO:

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 **INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - CONSULTATION ROOM - NIGHT 24.** 20

Raza sits on the examination table, uneasy. A NURSE shines a torch in his eye.

NURSE

Any nausea or dizziness?

RAZA

Not until you started blasting that torch in my face.

NURSE

Nausea? Dizziness?

RAZA

I said no. How long do I have to sit here?

A knock at the door before Gabe steps in.

GABE

How's the patient?

NURSE

Dangerously low on charm, but otherwise he'll live.

The Nurse hustles out. As she leaves, we notice an ARMED OFFICER posted outside of Raza's room.

GABE

Don't piss off the nurses, they decide where the needle goes.

RAZA

Why is there a dude with a gun outside my room?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

We don't know if we got the full cell yet.

RAZA

Like someone's coming for me?

GABE

We have to take precautions. Anyway, I thought you could do with a free bed for the night.

RAZA

I'm glad this is funny to someone.

Gabe eyes a bruises on Raza's cheek. Grip marks around his arms and neck.

GABE

What happened in there?

RAZA

... Did you know Yousef was a snitch?

GABE

El Adoua told you that?

RAZA

Hold up, was he your snitch?

GABE

I can't talk about Yousef. Just like I would never talk about you.

RAZA

Well they knew. Didn't take long for me to get figured out either. One of his idiots had a friend texting him about Sal's gym getting shut down.

Gabe sits down, frustrated.

GABE

Every asshole gets his soap box.

RAZA

So what am I supposed to do now?

GABE

You don't wanna keep working with me?

RAZA

You're joking, right?

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Hole up here tonight. Tomorrow's tomorrow, you do whatever you want.

RAZA

... What if I can't go back? You know, to like normal.

GABE

What's normal?

RAZA

I dunno, walking down the street, not thinking something bad's coming round the corner. Being in my house, trusting the way my family's looking at me. Going to bed, not worrying about what lie I told to who, and how long till they find me out. That kind of thing.

GABE

That's a tough one. I had a trick when I worked undercover --

RAZA

You were undercover?

GABE

Can't really talk about that.

RAZA

That's helpful.

GABE

Will be if you let me finish.

(Raza relents)

Whenever I switched from one world to the other, there was another Officer, she'd have to come get me. She always parked up in this lay-by, middle of nowhere. I'd climb in the boot of her Volvo. She'd drive me around for hours.

RAZA

What she do that for?

GABE

Only safe place I could think.

RAZA

About what?

(CONTINUED)



GABE

This trick she taught me. I'd think  
back on my life, find that moment,  
that memory, when everything was  
locked in amber. Back when I knew  
there was nothing in the world that  
could hurt me. And I'd just lay  
there, curled up in the dark,  
trying to go back to that.

RAZA

Did it work?

GABE

Straightened me out most of the  
time, yeah.

RAZA

What'd you think about?

GABE

That's for me. Let's talk about  
you.

Gabe switches off the light. The two of them sit in the dark.

CUT TO:

21      **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 24.**

21

Gabe steps in, exhausted, notices:

A couple of packed suitcases waiting by the door.

CUT TO:

22      **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 24.**

22

Lights off. No one home. Gabe looks out the window:

Emily smoking and drinking on the swing set outside.

CUT TO:

23      **EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 24.**

23

Gabe trudges towards Emily. She doesn't budge.

EMILY

I saw the news, is that you?

GABE

Afraid so.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

But you're okay?

GABE

Where's Lori?

EMILY

Asleep. Mum sends her regards.

GABE

I bet she does.

(then)

Ems, there's a lot I need to explain, I know that. But you've already packed your bags. At least give me the chance --

EMILY

Who was she?

GABE

Bring Lori home?

EMILY

I can't stay here.

GABE

I'll sleep on the couch if that makes it easier.

EMILY

Who was she, Gabe?

GABE

I told you what I can. She was a contact from my UC days.

EMILY

Did you fuck all your 'contacts'?

GABE

She was years ago. Before we even met.

EMILY

But she walked into my life... I don't feel safe here any more.

GABE

She won't be coming back.

EMILY

I don't know... the miles aren't adding up.

GABE

The miles? What's that mean?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY  
Get some sleep. Queen and country  
are depending on it.

Emily disappears into the house.

Gabe sits down on the swing. He eyes her half-empty bottle of wine. Gabe wigs it, a thought kicking around his head...

CUT TO:

24      **INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 24.**

24

A persistent knock at the door. Holly and Megan shuffle out of their respective bedrooms, eye each other.

MEGAN  
Don't look at me.

HOLLY  
... Who is it?

GABE (THROUGH DOOR)  
The Wizard of Oz.

\*

Confused, Holly answers the door. Gabe on the other side. A little drunk, very desperate. Trying to cover both.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Came by to see if it's all caught  
up with you yet.

Gabe motions to a 6 pack in his hand. One can already open in the other.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Supplies for when it does.

HOLLY  
I don't need a drink.

GABE  
More for me then. Not gonna leave  
me pissing out here, are you?

Holly motions Gabe into the flat. They head into --

CUT TO:

25      **INT. HOLLY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24.**

25

Gabe finishes his can, cracks open another. He takes in the room, admires the view...

GABE  
What a sight, London Town.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

It came with the flat.

He notices Megan lingering by the door, unnerved.

GABE

This must be Megan.

MEGAN

And this must be Gabe. \*

GABE

Now we're on a first name basis,  
Megan. D'you mind if I borrow your  
sister for a minute?

MEGAN

A bit late for police business.

Megan doesn't budge.

HOLLY

You can eavesdrop just fine from  
your room.

Wary, Megan ducks out. Holly eyes Gabe as he swigs his beer.

GABE

Didn't wake you, did I?

HOLLY

You told me to get some sleep, I  
was following orders.

GABE

I'm glad one of us is coping.

HOLLY

Is something wrong?

GABE

Markets are down, oceans are  
rising. Emily's taken Lori, moved  
out of the house. Another day.

HOLLY

What happened?

GABE

Someone from my UC days turned up  
on our doorstep. Scared the shit  
out of her.

HOLLY

Did she get hurt?

GABE

I came home just in time.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY  
... Who was it?

GABE  
Sharon Collins. You heard that name before?

HOLLY  
I don't think so.

GABE  
Nigel mentioned her when we had our run in. You must've caught it cause you never miss a beat, do you?

HOLLY  
Yeah, maybe.

GABE  
Now all we gotta do is figure out how a friend of Charlie's ended up on my sofa. Any ideas?

HOLLY  
... What do you think?

GABE  
I don't know. The miles on the car, they're not adding up, know what I mean?

Holly understands where this is going...

HOLLY  
I didn't give anyone your address.

GABE  
You think this is about an address? Do you have any idea who these people are? What they do? What they could've done to my wife. To my daughter. She was in my fucking house.

HOLLY  
Emily asked me --

GABE  
To what? Emily asked you to what?

HOLLY  
To find out who Charlie was.

GABE  
You already know what he is, he was my legend.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

He's more than that. You're still living him. You never stopped.

GABE

That's the training. You saw the run in, it's a small world, I can never put it down.

HOLLY

Not if you're the one keeping him alive.

GABE

Course he's alive, who do you think kept me breathing all those years? God didn't save the Queen, Charlie fucking did.

Holly startled by Gabe's bite.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Hols? You alright?

Megan peaks her head around the door. Takes in the scene. Gabe and Holly in an intense stand off.

HOLLY

I don't know, Charlie, am I?

Gabe simmers down, swigs his beer.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm okay.

MEGAN

This doesn't look okay.

HOLLY

Megan, please

Megan slips out, uneasy. Holly studies Gabe.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

When did you start going back?

GABE

Should I be calling my lawyer?

HOLLY

Do you always answer a question with a question?

GABE

... Couple years after the trials ended. Heard an old song on the radio one night, and I just found myself driving up there.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

People weren't suspicious?

GABE

Of Charlie? Nah, it was a hero's homecoming. In his absence, he'd become a bit of a myth, the one that got away.

\*

HOLLY

That's why you do it? Validation?

GABE

What do I know, UC work fucked all of us up. Most Level 1's end up addicts, alcoholics, divorced.

\*

\*

HOLLY

But you're the only one going back.

\*

Gabe can't argue with that. Holly shuffles up to her purse, pulls out the flash drive she took from Sharon.

She sets it down in front of Gabe.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

They have cameras at the legion.

GABE

No one ever had cause to look at them.

HOLLY

I get curious sometimes.

GABE

... What do you want to know?

HOLLY

I read up on your cases, you lived in filth for five years. You called fascists and Neo-Nazis your friends. You saw these people do horrible things. Why would anyone want to go back to that?

GABE

... No one tells you where the edge of the pool is, you just wade out and hope to find it. At some point, you're in some stranger's living room with a cigarette in your hand. And either you break your cover, or you burn the poor bastard. After that, I turned back, but I guess Charlie kept swimming out.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY  
... You're right, the job really  
fucked you up.

GABE  
(RE: Flash drive)  
What are you gonna do with that?

HOLLY  
I'm not trying to ruin you.  
Whatever else you are, you're a  
good cop.

Holly drops the flash drive in her beer.

GABE  
What about Emily? This'll break  
her.

HOLLY  
It already has.

Gabe knows she's right.

GABE  
How do I tell her that I made a lie  
out of her life? What do you think  
she'll do? \*

HOLLY  
She'll leave you. \*

GABE  
She'll hate me. \*

HOLLY  
If she asks, I can't lie. I  
promised her that much. \*

GABE  
... I'm not asking you to lie, I'm  
asking you to do what I can't. Give  
her the truth. \*

Holly processes what he's asking her. Gabe gets up to leave,  
Holly eyes him, worried... \*

HOLLY  
What time are you debriefing Source  
9?  
(Off Gabe's confusion)  
Still have to work tomorrow, don't  
we?

GABE  
He gets discharged at noon.

(CONTINUED)



HOLLY

Meet you there at 11?

Gabe shrugs before ducking out. Holly sips her beer, listens as Gabe shuts the door on his way out.

CUT TO:

25A **EXT. DLR PLATFORM - NIGHT 24.**

25A

Late. Gabe one of the only passenger on the platform. Eyes closed, he savours every last drag of a cigarette...

In the b.g. a train draws in. It's lights beam down on Gabe. He steps towards the edge of the platform, uncomfortably close as ...

DRUNK (O.S.)

Hey pal, can I bum one of them?

Gabe snaps back to reality. He glances back at a DRUNK sprawled out on the bench. The Drunk motions for a smoke.

Gabe steps away from the ledge, flicks his cigarette away and tosses a whole pack at the drunk.

GABE

Take the pack.

DRUNK

You sure, pal?

Gabe ignores him, ducks onto the waiting DLR train.

26 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - NIGHT 24.**

26

Empty at this hour save for a few dedicated souls. Gabe steps in, sits down at his desk. He scans the paperwork already waiting for him. Crime scene photos from Imran's murder.

Gabe deflates. His eyes go back to his laptop. But he can barely keep them open. They slowly drift shut...

TIME CUT:

27 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 25. [PREVIOUSLY SHOWN AS DAY 50 - NOVEMBER 29TH]**

27

Gabe jolts awake at his desk. A camera flashes in his face -- -- Worall, Cooper and a few other CTSU Officers pose for a group selfie with him. They laugh as he gathers his bearings.

COOPER

Morning sunshine.

GABE

Get out of it.

Worall admires his photograph, shows it off.

WORALL

That's what the kids call 'bae caught me sleeping'.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

So we didn't get the downloads on those hard drives yet? Or we got nothing better to do?

A few groans as the team go back to work.

COOPER

Your snout's face popped up on a few forums this morning.

Gabe perks up. Cooper shows him his laptop. On screen:

The Phone footage the Babysitter took of Raza getting hustled into an ambulance.

GABE

Fuck.

COOPER

Had a couple of stringers following up on it.

GABE

Asking what?

COOPER

Is he a suspect?

GABE

No, he's not a suspect. Tell them he's a neighbour.

WORALL

That's what we told them, doesn't mean they're gonna print it.

Gabe at a loss, frustrated...

His phone buzzes. Not just his. Worall's. Cooper's. Every phone in the office starts ringing...

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (O.S.)

You were at your office when you were first made aware of the attack, is that correct?

CUT TO:

28

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

28

Gabe in the witness stand. But the court is empty today, save for Lady Justice Spencer and a few Barristers.

Boyce and Rose watch from the back of the empty gallery.

(CONTINUED)

GABE  
That's correct.

A Paralegal Assistant mans an AUDIO RECORDER, the microphone pointed squarely at Gabe.

(CONTINUED)

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
What did you know at that moment in  
time?

GABE  
Very little. Only what was reported  
by the First Responders...

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED 29

30 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 25 [50].** 30

Gabe and the CTSU team scramble for intel on their phones.  
The controlled chaos of an unfolding attack.

GABE (V.O.)  
... Shots fired. Multiple  
casualties. The suspect was down.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
By down you mean deceased?

CUT TO:

31 **INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.** 31

GABE  
I mean incapacitated. He wasn't  
dead yet.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Witness K, was the suspect known to  
you at this time?

Gabe eyes Rose and Boyce in the back of the room, who subtly  
shake their heads.

GABE  
I can't discuss that in an open  
forum...

Lady Justice Spencer nods to her Paralegal, who stops the  
recording.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Witness K, was the suspect known to  
you at this time?

GABE  
Yes, he was.

(CONTINUED)

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
In what capacity was he known to  
you?

Wary, Gabe eyes the Paralegal Assistant as she swaps out the  
tape and labels it.

CUT TO:

31A INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY

31A

The courtroom now full, Gabe's interview plays to the rapt  
CROWD. They hang on his every word.

His distorted voice echoes out of the audio recorder --

GABE (THROUGH PA)  
... Shots fired. Multiple  
casualties. The suspect was down.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (THROUGH PA)  
By down you mean deceased?

GABE (THROUGH PA)  
I mean incapacitated. He wasn't  
dead yet.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (THROUGH PA)  
Witness K, was the suspect known to  
you at this time?

GABE (THROUGH PA)  
... I can't discuss that in an open  
forum.

A disgruntled *hush* across the gallery as the Paralegal  
Assistant swaps out the tape. Lady Justice Spencer addresses  
the crowd --

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Quiet, please.

The Paralegal Assistant swaps the tape, presses play.

PARALEGAL ASSISTANT  
Commencing interview segment MPS-37-  
18.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (THROUGH PA)  
Witness K, do you know how the  
suspect acquired the firearm used  
in the attack?

GABE (THROUGH PA)  
No, we are still pursuing that line  
of inquiry...

32           **EXT. EAST LONDON BACK ALLEY - DAY 24.**

32

A bandaged hand sifts through rubble.

Akash trawls for treasure in a construction skip. (The same one as from Ep 5 pre-title). His hands and forearms bandaged and pocked with burn wounds.

Akash uncovers something. Dadir's plastic bag. He bolts upright, eyeing the contents of the bag...

(CONTINUED)

The Zastava M57.

Akash glances around, quickly stuffs the gun in his jacket.

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED 33

34 **EXT. PAULETTE HOUSE - DAY 25 [50].** 34

Morning. A tide of STUDENTS, dressed in casuals, stream down the walkways on their way to school. Nasir walks alone, headphones on --

AKASH (O.S.)  
Bro, what you saying?

-- Out of nowhere, Akash wraps an arm around him. Nasir jerks back, surprised. Pulls off his headphones.

NASIR  
Kash? What're you doing here? I thought you weren't talking to me.

AKASH  
Got words coming out of my mouth, don't I?

NASIR  
Yeah, cool.

Nasir eyes Akash's bandaged hands...

NASIR (CONT'D)  
You been alright then?

AKASH  
They saying I gotta do another surgery, my fingers all messed up.

NASIR  
I'm sorry, I didn't know Raza was gonna do any of that. He's like pretty mental now.

AKASH  
Where's he at then?

NASIR  
There's been drama with him and the police and that. They raided the house, broke my camera.

AKASH  
Let's go to yours, power up that PS4.

(CONTINUED)



NASIR  
Yeah, after school.

AKASH  
You're not even dressed for school,  
where you going?

NASIR  
Mufti day. Class is literally about  
to start.

AKASH  
What they gonna teach you in there?  
Anything worth learning you gotta  
find out for yourself, innit.  
(then, serious)  
Bro, it's like good physio for my  
hands. Keep my fingers moving.

Nasir hesitates, eyes the Students streaming away from them.

AKASH (CONT'D)  
C'mon we'll do our own Mufti day.  
You know it's the only time you're  
ever gonna beat me.

NASIR  
... Fuck it, they already got me on  
report anyway.

Akash wraps Nasir in a playful headlock, dragging him back in  
the opposite direction.

NASIR (CONT'D)  
Bro, watch the hair.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SHAR FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY 25 [50].

35

Nasir steps in, followed by Akash.

NASIR  
Hello? Anyone home?

No answer. Nasir shrugs, motions Akash inside as he kicks off  
his shoes. Akash takes in the flat, no one around.

AKASH  
What time they getting back?

NASIR  
I don't know, after work probably.  
(then)  
Your shoes.

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

I don't need my feet getting cold,  
innit.

(CONTINUED)

NASIR

Kash, you get dirt on the carpet,  
ammi'll flip.

Akash ignores him, swaggers up the stairs.

CUT TO:

36

**INT. SHAR FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY 25 [50].**

36

Akash slumps onto Raza's bed. Nasir turns on his PS4, offers Akash a controller.

NASIR

Take this one, the dual shock's  
busted. Better for your hands,  
innit.

Confused, Akash looks around the room.

AKASH

Where's all your brother's stuff?

NASIR

I told you, Raza got kicked out.  
All that drama.

AKASH

You didn't say that.

NASIR

Alright, I'm saying it now.

AKASH

Then where is he?

NASIR

I don't know.

AKASH

Call him, find out.

NASIR

What for? You're weirding me out.

AKASH

I said call him.

NASIR

For what though?

AKASH

Cause he's a fucking terrorist.

NASIR

What're you on about?

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

Your brother is a terrorist. Don't act like you don't know that.

NASIR

Raza? Yeah, hilarious.

AKASH

Everyone in Bridgetown knows it. This morning, it's all anyone's talking about. Cops arrested a whole cell, Raza was in with them. Look it up, you don't believe me.

Akash motions to Nasir's laptop. Nasir still not buying it.

AKASH (CONT'D)

Move over then.

Akash opens Nasir's laptop, quickly taps at the keys...

AKASH (CONT'D)

See? Says here he trained in Pakistan.

Akash turns the laptop to Nasir. The same forum Cooper showed Gabe open on his screen.

NASIR

He's never even left the country.

AKASH

What? You think he'd tell you? Have a read of that.

Nasir reads the forum, confused. Akash paces, flipping the sand timer in his hand.

NASIR

This is all bullshit... Rotterdam? Why they talking about Rotterdam? Wait, they're saying Raza got shot... Did you hear the police shot my brother?

The clip of Raza getting into the ambulance plays on the screen.

AKASH

Good. I hope he's dead.

NASIR

Don't say that.

AKASH

He killed my car. If they didn't shoot him, I will.

(CONTINUED)

NASIR

Stop joking, I'm trying to find out  
where he is... Says he's at London  
City Hospital --

AKASH

Does this look like a fucking joke  
to you?

Akash pulls the M57 from his jacket, aims it at Nasir. Nasir  
taken aback...

NASIR

That's not real.

AKASH

It's heavy, it's legit.

NASIR

It's not real, Kash.

AKASH

You need me to show you?

Akash struggles to cock the gun with his bandaged hands. He  
sets down the sand timer on the side.

We stay on the sand timer as it slowly empties out.

NASIR

Don't be stupid. Put it down --

*BANG!* A gunshot followed by the clunk of metal hitting the  
floor. Akash bursts into laughter.

AKASH (O.S.)

Fuck, bro! That recoil's solid.  
Look at that hole in your roof.

We hear Nasir fumble for the gun.

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

Hey, don't wave that at me, bro.

NASIR (O.S.)

You gonna shoot my brother?

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

No, wait up --

NASIR (O.S.)

You gonna kill Raza?

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

Put that down, bro --

Grunts and thuds as the two of them wrestle for the gun.

The sand finally runs out as... *BANG!* A gunshot, followed by  
the *thud* of a body hitting the floor.

The silence only broken by shrill gasps for air. The sound of  
a life fading away...

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL: Nasir remains standing, gun in hand.

Akash lies at his feet. Shot in the throat. A shocked expression on his face.

NASIR

Shit. Kash, get up. Get up...

But Akash isn't going anywhere. Panicked, Nasir fumbles out his phone, dials 999...

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)

999, what service please?

NASIR (INTO PHONE)

My mate's bleeding everywhere. He can't talk, I think he's dying --

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)

Who's dying?

(off Nasir's silence)

Can you hear me? I need you to tell me who's dying?

NASIR (INTO PHONE)

... I don't know what to do --

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)

Try and remain calm for me. What's your name?

CUT TO:

37

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

37

A recording of the phone call plays to the court over the PA. Gabe listens to the recording from the witness stand.

NASIR (THROUGH PA)

He was gonna shoot me.

OPERATOR (THROUGH PA)

Okay. What happened to your friend?

NASIR (THROUGH PA)

I didn't say he was my friend.

OPERATOR (THROUGH PA)

Can you tell me where you are?

NASIR (THROUGH PA)

I didn't do it. It just went off.

OPERATOR (THROUGH PA)

Has someone been shot? I need to know where you are, so I can send help --

(CONTINUED)

NASIR (THROUGH PA)  
You're not listening, I said it was  
an accident.

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)  
I'm not suggesting anything about  
what happened. I just need your  
name and address --

NASIR (THROUGH PA)  
So you can send the police?

OPERATOR (THROUGH PA)  
I need to tell the ambulance where  
to go so they can help your friend--

NASIR (THROUGH PA)  
He's not my fucking friend.

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)  
Sorry, can you tell me your  
address?

NASIR (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
You're lying, you're gonna  
send the cops.

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)  
Please stay on the line --

NASIR (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
No, no, I need to see my  
brother.

On the recording, the dial tone plays. Nasir hangs up,  
followed by the sound of the call transferring.

2ND OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)  
Locations assistance?

OPERATOR (THROUGH PHONE)  
I have a possible shooting,  
couldn't get an address, nearest  
cell tower 8721...

Lady Justice Spencer stops the tape. Refers to her notes.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Witness K, prior to being shot, was  
the victim, Akash Williams, known  
to your department?

GABE  
Yes. He was on GCHQ's watchlist for  
sharing extremist content online.  
He'd been interviewed multiple  
times and had not been deemed an  
immediate threat.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
What about the assailant?

GABE  
... I can't discuss that in an open  
forum.

(CONTINUED)

Lady Justice Spencer casts a wary eye on Boyce, who watches on, stone-faced as the Paralegal once again stops the tapes.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Witness K, again, was the assailant  
known to your department?

GABE  
Yes, he was.

Lady Justice Spencer nods to the Paralegal who starts the recording again...

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
I'd like to pull up evidence sample  
MPS-11-52.

A COURT USHER pulls up a video on the large flatscreen TV that faces the courtroom.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (CONT'D)  
Please note this is CCTV footage of  
Nasir Shar's movements on the  
morning of November 29th.  
(to Gabe)  
Witness K, do you believe the  
assailant had prior intent as he  
left his home?

On the screen, blurry footage of Nasir leaving Paulette House...

CUT TO:

38 OMITTED 38

39 **EXT. PAULETTE HOUSE - DAY 25 [50].** 39

Eyes down, Nasir stumbles through the market outside. Raza's jacket and a baseball cap pulled low over his face.

GABE (V.O.)  
That's conjecture, I don't know if  
I could to speak to that.

CUT TO:

40 **EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS VARIOUS - DAY 25 [50].** 40

Nasir wanders through the streets of East London in a daze. His paranoia and guilt overwhelming him. He catches a few looks at a bus stop, keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)



LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)

In your *professional* opinion, did  
his behaviour match that of someone  
about to carry out a pre-planned  
attack?

CUT TO:

41 INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - DAY 25 [50]. 41

Nasir shuffles in through the automatic doors. The lobby still quiet. SIMON mans the phones behind the counter, no idea what's about to hit him.

GABE (V.O.)  
There's no fixed pattern for these incidents. Was he trained? No.

CUT TO:

42 INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X. 42

Gabe's eyes on the monitor. CCTV footage from London City Hospital, Nasir wanders the halls...

GABE (V.O.)  
Was he recruited? No. Was he  
radicalised? Not by an ideology,  
no. Maybe by life.

CUT TO:

43 INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 25 [50]. 43

Nasir, lost, eyes a hospital directory.

ARU OFFICER (O.S.)  
What you looking for, young man?

Spooked, Nasir turns back to find an ARU OFFICER standing Guard outside a closed Hospital Room.

NASIR  
... Nothing

ARU OFFICER  
Plenty of that elsewhere, this is a  
restricted zone. Need you to move  
on.

On edge, Nasir hustles away. We stay with the ARU Officer as... A NURSE steps up to the room with a food tray.

The ARU Officer checks the Nurse's credentials. He nods her inside. For a split second, we spot Raza through the open door. But the ARU Officer keeps an eye on:

Nasir disappearing down the other end of the hallway.

CUT TO:

43A      **INT. CORONER'S COURT - COURTROOM - DAY X.**

43A

CCTV Footage of Nasir wandering the aisles of the Hospital play on the flatscreen.

REVEAL: Raza watching from the back of the (now full) courtroom. Unkempt, bushy beard. Kurta, bomber jacket. A far cry from the Shoreditch hipster we first met.

A recording of Gabe's earlier testimony plays to the court through a PA.

GABE (THROUGH PA)  
He'd just killed his friend, he was  
obviously distressed, alone,  
working off his own logic.

Tragedy has hardened around Raza like a second skin. He flinches at the knowledge that his brother came that close...

44      **EXT. CAFE 66 - DAY 25 [50].**

44

Nasir shuffles down the quiet side street. Alone, confused, he quietly whispers to himself.

TARA (O.S.)  
You alright? You got blood on you.

Nasir notices Tara standing outside the Cafe 66. One silver cowboy boot on, the other ready to go. She motions to the specks of blood on his white t-shirt.

NASIR  
No. No, you're lying.

She shrugs him off, weirded out. But Nasir couldn't care less, his attention is on:

Holly sitting by the window inside the cafe. He stares at her, dumbfounded. An anger rising in him...

GABE (V.O.)  
But in all honesty, what does it  
matter? The dead don't know the  
difference.

Nasir pulls out the M57 from his jacket to a few gasps and screams.

Holly looks up to find Nasir pointing the gun at her face...

CUT TO:

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

45

On the Flatscreen TV that faces the court:

(CONTINUED)

Multiple CCTV feeds from the cafe play out the attack. Nasir shoots Holly. He steps in, Wesley approaches him. Nasir shoots Wesley. He opens fire on the customers as they flee.

The entire Courtroom watches on in silence.

The cafe empties quickly. Nasir stumbles towards the bathroom door, locked. Jin throws something at him. Nasir reacts, shoots him. He takes a moment to survey the chaos in his wake. He places the gun under his chin and pulls the trigger.

The whole thing is over in under a minute. Short, ugly, and cruel. The video stops. The screen blank.

Lady Justice Spencer sips her water, clears her throat.

CUT TO:

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

46

Lady Justice Spencer looks up at Gabe in the witness stand. Behind her, the courtroom now empty again.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Witness K, one of your colleagues  
was among the dead. DC Holly  
Morten, is that correct?

Gabe remembers, though he wishes he could forget.

GABE  
... That's correct.

CUT TO:

47                   **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 25 [50].**

47

Back to the bullpen on the morning of the attack. The team struggle to find clarity in the aftermath of the attack. Rapid phone calls, crosschecking intel. Multiple TVs play news feeds from around the world.

Gabe paces across the room, phone at his ear.

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Holly, where are you? Turn on a TV,  
get your arse in gear. Call me.

Gabe hangs up, eyes the TVs. He tenses, noticing:

ON ONE OF THE SCREENS: Amateur footage from outside Cafe 66. In the b.g. a Paramedic escorts Emily from the scene.

Gabe stunned, can't believe what he just saw.

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)  
Who's got playback on BBC News? BBC  
News? Who's got?

CTSU OFFICER  
Over here.

A CTSU OFFICER at a desk throws up her hand. Gabe paces over.

CTSU OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Timecode?

GABE  
Ten seconds ago. Half-speed.

The CTSU OFFICER scrubs through a stream of BBC News. A slo-mo version of the same amateur footage outside Cafe 66.

Emily and the Paramedic cross camera in the background.

GABE (CONT'D)  
That's my wife, that's my fucking  
wife --

Gabe, stunned. The CTSU Officer at a loss for words.

WORALL (O.S.)  
They got the shooter en route to  
London City Hospital, we're headed  
down there.

Gabe grabs his jacket hustles out with Worall and Cooper.

CUT TO:

48      **INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY 25 [50].**      48

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

Gabe, Worall and Cooper hustle in. Cooper spots:

ARU OFFICERS carting a bloody Nasir through the waiting room. They hustle after them. Worall stops, checks his pockets.

WORALL  
Shit, I left evidence bags in the  
car.

COOPER  
We'll grab some off the SOCOs.

Gabe scans the waiting room. Doctors and Nurses rushed off their feet as they treat the victims. He spots:

Emily being checked over by a Nurse.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Ems.

Gabe rushes through the crowd, Emily spots him --

-- Up on her feet, she swallows him in a hug. He checks her over, her skin and clothes marked with specks of blood.

GABE (CONT'D)

You hurt? Where are you hurt --

EMILY

Gabe?

GABE

Yeah, I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. Are you hurt?

NURSE

She's okay, she'll be okay.

The insanity of it all catches up to Emily...

EMILY

There's so many people.

GABE

Why are you here? Ems, what happened --

EMILY

Holly... I was just getting my phone back.

GABE

What? What do you mean, Holly?

EMILY

She was waiting for me.

A horrible realization comes over Gabe. He pulls out his cell phone and dials...

Through the din of the waiting room, Gabe hears the faint chirp of a ringtone. He scans the chaos, spotting:

A UNIFORMED OFFICER eyeing his evidence bag, confused.

Gabe rushes over to the Officer. Flashes his warrant card.

GABE

Where'd you get that?

Gabe snatches the evidence bag:

Holly's bloody phone and her warrant card inside.

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)  
Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER  
... I'm sorry, mate.

Gabe realises the implications as he eyes Holly's warrant card. Her photo staring back at him.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)  
CCTV clearly shows that DC Morten  
was the first victim of the attack.  
Do you believe she was targeted?

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED 49

50 **INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY X.** 50

Gabe, numb, shakes off the memory.

GABE  
I'm unable to discuss that in an  
open forum.

Frustrated, Lady Justice Spencer turns to her Paralegal before she can shut off the tape.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
Keep it rolling.  
(turns back to Gabe)  
Let's see if we can find some  
subjects you don't mind discussing.

GABE  
I'll answer what I can.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
According to standard operating  
procedure, you would've been one of  
the designated officers on the  
scene, is that correct?

GABE  
Normally, yes.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
But this was not normal.

GABE  
Following the death of DC Morten, I  
was removed from the investigation.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
You notified the parents of the  
perpetrator, is that correct?

(CONTINUED)



Gabe ponders the question, thinks about the best way to answer it...

(CONTINUED)

GABE (INTO PA)

Due to increased media scrutiny, we try to notify families before the names leak to the press.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER

Were they at all aware of what their son had done?

GABE

No.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER

Were they at all aware of what their son was capable of?

GABE

No. We flattened them. We might as well have walked through their door with a wrecking ball.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED 51

52 OMITTED 52

53 OMITTED 53

54 **INT. DELIGHTS HAIR AND BEAUTY SALON - DAY 25 [50].** 54

The Salon closed. Sadia and Hanif wait nervously with a COMMUNITY POLICE OFFICER. The door chimes as...

Gabe and Rose step into the salon. They flash the Officer their credentials. Without a word, she's up on her feet.

COMMUNITY OFFICER

Where do you need me, skip?

ROSE

Out front, if you don't mind.

HANIF

We've been sitting on our hands for 30 minutes now. Had to send all the punters home, what is this?

ROSE

DCI Asante, this is DC Waters. Why don't you sit down?

(CONTINUED)

SADIA

I don't want to sit down, tell me what Raza's done.

ROSE

I'm afraid we're here to discuss Nasir.

Hanif and Sadia clam up, expecting the worst.

GABE

Earlier this morning, we believe your son opened fire on a cafe full of civilians, we don't yet know the full extent of the casualties --

SADIA

Somebody hurt him? What happened?

GABE

... We don't yet know the full extent of the casualties, but at least three are deceased --

SADIA

No, Nasir wouldn't hurt anybody.

HANIF

Yeah, opened fire, with what? How did he even get his hands on a bloody gun?

GABE

We don't have all the answers yet, we're working on it.

HANIF

You couldn't be more wrong. I need to see him. I'll talk to him, there'll be an explanation.

GABE

I'm afraid your son passed away --

HANIF

Like I said, let me talk to him, I just need to talk to him.

GABE

Mr. Shar, your son took his own life. Surgeons attempted to resuscitate him, but he was pronounced dead at London City Hospital almost an hour ago.

SADIA

No, no, it's not him. Call is school, he'll be there.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

A grief councillor will visit you  
shortly, in the meantime are there  
any friends or family you'd like us  
to notify...

Rose trails off as Hanif bursts into tears. Sadia set off at  
the same time, attempts to cover her sobs.

Rose and Gabe watch on, awkward as the two parents attempt to  
process the tragedy.

HANIF

I want to see him.

GABE

That's not a good idea.

HANIF

He's my son, I have to.

GABE

The body will be returned to you  
after the pathologist has done a  
full autopsy.

HANIF

We have a right to bury him, don't  
we?

ROSE

(gentle)

Mr. Shar, no one will bury your  
son.

Hanif taken aback.

ROSE (CONT'D)

No cemetery will take him. No Imam  
will perform janazah. Nasir will  
most likely have to be buried in  
secret.

HANIF

What are you saying, you can't talk  
to me like this.

ROSE

I know you might think me cruel,  
but you need to understand what has  
happened to you. This business will  
most likely close. Reporters will  
hound you. People will find out  
where you live. They'll send  
threats, most empty, but all of  
them vicious. Friends, family,  
neighbours, everyone you know will  
distance themselves from you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)

They won't return your calls,  
they'll cross the street when they  
see you coming. My advice is to  
drop everything. Your name, your  
phone number, your address. Don't  
look back.

Sadia just shakes her head.

SADIA

That's not my boy... He wouldn't do  
this to me. Not my boy.

CUT TO:

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

55

Gabe in his booth. Would rather not answer another fucking  
question.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER

When did you inform source 9?

Gabe tenses, eyes the recorder, still nothing.

GABE

Excuse me, who?

CUT TO:

56      **INT. LONDON CITY HOSPITAL - CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY 25[50]** 56

Raza curled up on the bed. Gabe steps in, wearing the longest  
day of his life. Raza jumps up --

RAZA

You said I'd be out this morning -  
they took my TV, my phone. There's  
3 armed geezers out there now. No  
one's telling me anything.

Gabe eyes Raza, can barely bring himself to say the words...

GABE

... There's been an attack.

Gabe shuts the door. We watch through the glass partition as  
Gabe gives Raza the worst news of his life...

CUT TO:

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

57

CLOSE ON: Raza watches from the back of the (full) court room. Gabe's distorted voice on the PA.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
I'm asking when was source 9  
informed.

GABE (THROUGH PA)  
I can't discuss that in an open  
forum...

Boyce grows visibly angry at the mention of Source 9.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
In the interest of national  
security, we will not be pursuing  
this line of enquiry any further.  
That concludes the testimony of  
Witness K. Court adjourned

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

58           **INT. CORONER'S COURT - HALLWAY/ENTRANCE - DAY X.**

58

MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC and COURT OFFICIALS swarm from the courtroom as the Court lets out for recess. Raza shuffles out, scans the faces - doesn't find who he's looking for.

He doesn't pay any mind to the lingering looks. He's used to them by now. He pulls up his phone, dials... no answer. He hangs up, frustrated.

He heads for the exit, stops in his tracks. He eyes the crowd of REPORTERS outside, interviewing people as they exit.

Raza takes a breath, steels over, ready to march into the lion's den --

DADIR (O.S.)  
Rizla, hold up.

Raza whips around to find Dadir ducking out of the Men's room. A couple of Bike helmets in hand.

DADIR (CONT'D)  
I didn't razz all the way over here  
for you to walk out with your mug  
on full display.

RAZA  
Clerk said they should be done with  
testimony next week.

(CONTINUED)

DADIR

Good. This keeps going, I gotta get  
one them side cars.

(then serious)

What they go over today?

RAZA

(covering)

Same old, same old. I don't even  
know why I keep coming.

DADIR

You like sitting on the back of my  
bike, innit. Come on, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

Dadir hands Raza one of the helmets. He throws it on, pulls down the visor.

CUT TO:

59      **EXT. CORONER'S COURT - PASSENGER PICK-UP - DAY X.**      59

Raza and Dadir slink up to Dadir's dirt bike parked outside. Unnoticed by:

A SWARM of JOURNALISTS by the entrance. A few of them record AKASH, now in a wheelchair. David waits impatiently by his side.

AKASH  
... It's a front for MI6, that's  
how they keep it all covered up,  
think about that --

Akash interrupted by the vroom of Dadir's dirt bike as it rips past.

AKASH (CONT'D)  
Nasir was more than a terrorist. He  
was working for the government.

JOURNALIST  
Are you joking?

AKASH  
I never joke, bro. MI6 recruited  
him, they trained him...

CUT TO:

60      **INT. CORONER'S COURT - LADY JUSTICE SPENCER'S OFFICE - DAY X.**      60

A private chamber. Family photos and degrees on the walls.

Lady Justice Spencer reviews court transcripts. Never enough hours in the day. A knock at her door, followed by the PARALEGAL ASSISTANT.

PARALEGAL ASSISTANT  
(hesitant)  
Um... the DAC wants to see you.  
Should I show him in or...?

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
(sighs, then)  
Defy him at your own risk.

Paralegal Assistant ducks out. Lady Justice Spencer quickly covers up some notes on her desk as Boyce steps in.

(CONTINUED)



PARALEGAL ASSISTANT  
Shall I send for your barristers?

BOYCE  
That won't be necessary.

Lady Justice Spencer nods for her Assistant to leave. Once the door shuts --

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
You can't be back here.

BOYCE  
I'm not.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
How am I to conduct an independent inquest if you restrict me from asking pertinent questions?

BOYCE  
In the PII, you agreed that some subjects would be off limits. Up to and including an indeterminate source, of an indeterminate nomination. Why did I hear his number in court today?

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
I have survivors and families of the victims calling my office daily demanding answers.

BOYCE  
They're not calling for answers. They want their wounds healed, their dearly departed returned. There's nothing you can give them in there to answer for that.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
The assailant was known to CTSU through his brother's work. Without his recruitment as an informant this might never have happened --

BOYCE  
But it did happen.  
(RE: paperwork)  
Source 9's work has saved countless lives and continues to do so. We have a duty of care not to risk his exposure.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER  
And I have a duty to the truth.

(CONTINUED)

BOYCE

Truth is a luxury, sifting through  
the past is a luxury. Staving off  
the terrors of tomorrow is our  
principle duty.

(then)

In the interests of national  
security, I implore you, refrain  
from this line of inquiry.

She doesn't like it, but she nods. Satisfied, Boyce heads for  
the door --

CUT TO:

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

61

Most of the public gone, Boyce keeps his head low as he  
passes Emily ducking into a stairwell --

CUT TO:

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

62

As Emily hustles down the stairs --

MEGAN (O.S.)

Emily?

She glances up to find Megan behind her.

EMILY

Megan. It's been so long, I'm  
surprised you remember me.

MEGAN

I can count on one hand the number  
of people Holly had over to our  
flat. Two of those fingers are for  
you and your husband. Gabe, was it?

EMILY

I can't tell you how sorry I am  
about Holly. Not that it counts for  
anything.

MEGAN

Everything counts for something, at  
least that's how Holly looked at  
things, y'know? She'd always read  
into people - what you said, what  
you did. A bit of a nightmare as a  
sister, but no doubt it had its  
merits for the police.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Gabe spoke highly of her work.

MEGAN

I'm sure he did.

An awkward silence. Something on Megan's mind.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Was it a good catch up?

(off Emily's confusion)

In the court, you said you met with Holly to catch up.

EMILY

... We never got around to it.

MEGAN

Right. Y'know 'catching up' wasn't really Holly's style. Like if I ever asked her to catch up, her eyes would've rolled out the back of her bloody head.

EMILY

We met for coffee, he started shooting before I even sat down. I don't know what else to tell you.

MEGAN

Holly would probably scratch her chin a little bit on that. Especially as your husband was ringing our doorbell about 2am the night before.

Emily perks up, surprised.

EMILY

Sorry, Gabe was doing what?

MEGAN

That's what you two were meeting about, wasn't it?

EMILY

No, we were just...

Emily trails off, still processing. Megan almost feels sorry for her.

MEGAN

You honestly have no idea who you married, do you?

(Off Emily's silence)

Don't worry. They were probably just 'catching up'. Say hi to Charlie for me.

(CONTINUED)

Emily stunned as Megan paces past her and down the stairs.

CUT TO:

63 INT./EXT. EMILY'S FIAT/PARKING LOT ENTRANCE - DAY X. 63

INSIDE FIAT:

Emily sits in the driver's seat, lost in thought. Her passenger door swings open, Gabe jumps in.

\*  
\*

GABE  
Sorry for the wait.

\*  
\*

Emily stays silent as she starts the car and pulls out.

\*

GABE (CONT'D)  
Everything alright?

EMILY  
Just thinking.

GABE  
That's dangerous. What you got?

Emily hesitates but thinks better of it...

EMILY  
Why'd you get the letter K? Why not witness A? No one else gets the Wizard of Oz treatment.

GABE  
K for Kudos? K for Kinky?

EMILY  
K for you're full of crap.

GABE  
Yeah, usually.

Instinctively, Gabe turns his head away as Emily drives past the press waiting at the Taxi rank.

\*

GABE (CONT'D)  
What time's the fella coming?

EMILY  
Three. I can drop you at work if you can't make it.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

No, I'll make time.

Emily takes a right onto a narrow street, leaving the court and press behind.

CUT TO:

63A **EXT. TURKISH CAFE - DAY X.**

63A

A Turkish Cafe on Brick Lane. The last bastion of authenticity in hipsterville. Dadir pulls up outside, Raza still on the back of his bike.

DADIR

*Wallahi*, you gotta loosen that grip.

RAZA

Ride a little slower, I won't have to hang on so tight.

Raza and Dadir hop off the bike, trudge towards:

Roxy sat outside the cafe, in her waitress uniform. Coffee in one hand, she rocks a stroller in the other.

RAZA (CONT'D)

How's Junior, can he say my name yet?

Raza peers into the stroller. YOUSEF JR (6 months) stares back at him.

ROXY

Still can't talk. But he knows how to make a mess. His uncle can clean it up, I'm late for my shift.

(to Dadir)

He's yours, I'll text you later.

As Roxy slinks inside the cafe, Dadir pulls Yousef Jr out of the stroller. He takes a sniff, grimaces.

DADIR

That's ripe, your nan's gonna have to take this one. Come on, little man, you can watch me whip uncle Rizla at FIFA.

RAZA

Nah, bruv, I gotta run.

DADIR

My *hooyo's* cooking up, grab some lunch first.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

I'm good, thanks for the lift.

(CONTINUED)

Concerned, Dadir watches as Raza shuffles away.

DADIR  
Come by later, I'll keep a plate  
for you.

CUT TO:

63B **EXT. BRICK LANE/ART GALLERY - DAY X.**

63B

Raza shuffles past the coffee shops and boutiques of Brick Lane. As he passes the open doors of a gallery --

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
Raza?

Raza looks up to find Charlotte standing in the doorway. They both tense, awkward in each other's company.

RAZA  
Hey... Charlotte.

Raza peers into the gallery. A blank white walled room, dotted with STUDENTS putting up their work. Raza and Charlotte linger in the doorway. Students shuffle in and out carrying their work.

RAZA (CONT'D)  
How you been?

CHARLOTTE  
Yeah, good, really good. You?  
(immediately realises)  
Sorry, that's a stupid question.  
I've been following the news and --

RAZA  
What you doing this far East?

CHARLOTTE  
(RE: Gallery)  
End of year show.

RAZA  
You all done then? Straight As and that?

CHARLOTTE  
They don't really grade  
alphabetically. But yeah, almost  
there.  
(Notices his outfit)  
What about you, what are you up to?

Raza looks away, suddenly self-conscious.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

Trying to steer clear of drama  
mainly.

CHARLOTTE

... Y'know, what they wrote in the  
papers, I didn't mean it like that.  
The reporter literally caught me  
outside my halls after a night out.

RAZA

So that wasn't what you said?

CHARLOTTE

I was rat-arsed, I had no idea what  
had happened with your brother...  
they took it out of context.

RAZA

They got a habit of doing that.  
That's why I keep my mouth shut.

The two of them eye each other. Silent, tense.

RAZA (CONT'D)

See you around.

Charlotte stuck for words as Raza turns to leave, he bumps  
into Tristan coming the other way.

TRISTAN

Oh, shit. Razi. How goes it?

Raza eyes the stack of framed paintings in Tristan's arms.  
The one on top, an intimate portrait of Raza.

Raza glances back at Charlotte, who avoids his look. Raza  
shrugs it off, keeps walking.

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

(to Charlotte, in b.g.)

Fucking hell, what was he doing  
here?

CUT TO:

64

**EXT. SHAR FLAT - DAY X.**

64

Raza shuffles up to the apartment. We notice one of the  
windows boarded up. Raza fumbles out his keys, spots:

Graffiti on the front door. "TERORIST GET OUT." He glances  
out on the estate. No one around.

(CONTINUED)



RAZA  
(shouts out)  
Terrorist got three R's, dickheads.

CUT TO:

65 INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY X. 65

Raza steps into the hallway. Notices a stack of mail lying next to a line of men's shoes at the front door. The sound of an *Islamic prayer* coming from the living room.

Raza sighs, grabs the mail and creeps towards the stairs. As he passes the living room, he glances in on:

Hanif, dressed in *kurta* and *kufi*. A few other MEN in religious garb fill the room. An Islamic study group. Hanif recites a melodic prayer in Arabic, the Ayat al Kursi (Surah 2.255). Eyes closed, each word calls out to his grief.

Raza keeps shuffling up the stairs and into --

CUT TO:

66 INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - DAY X. 66

The bunkbed replaced by a single. A few of Nasir's photos tacked to the wall, but the rest of his stuff is long gone.

Raza flips through the mail, mostly junk, a couple hand written threats. He tosses them away.

At the bottom of the pile, he notices a delivery Package. He tears it open: a book inside. A travel guide book for Pakistan.

Confused, he checks the shipping label - Sadia Khalil.

CUT TO:

67 INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY X. 67

No longer under construction, the house looks like a home. Gabe and Emily stand by the counter, eyes on:

A BUILDER crouched down by the skirting board. His fingers peel away a patch of rotting wood and paint.

BUILDER  
Tide line's not too high, but  
that's damp if ever I've seen it.

EMILY  
I thought we had damp proof put in  
when we bought the place.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

We did.

BUILDER

Who done your DPC for you?

The Builder stands up, slurps the cup of tea waiting for him.

GABE

Diamond Construction.

BUILDER

(shrugs, no idea)

Either way, seems like it's down to the brick.

GABE

You're joking. How do we fix it?

BUILDER

That's about how much time and money you got. Seeing as the DPC didn't take, we'll have to trench round the outside of the wall, find where the breach is.

GABE

And what's the damage on that?

BUILDER

Up to 3 grand. That's just to find the culprit.

Not what they wanted to hear.

BUILDER (CONT'D)

Only other solution's not really a solution.

EMILY

It can't be much worse.

BUILDER

Keep an eye on it. If it don't stay rising, give it a fresh lick of paint every few months. Long as the stain don't trouble you, who's to know?

Gabe distracted by his *buzzing* phone. He eyes the number...

GABE

(to Emily)

Sorry, gotta head in.

She doesn't protest, gives him a quick kiss as he ducks out. Emily turns back to the Builder.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

You're saying just paint over it?

BUILDER

Didn't say I had a proper solution,  
but it might tide you over till you  
figure the rest out.

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED 68

69 **EXT. ST. PAUL'S DENTAL SPA - DAY X.** 69

A central London side street. Filled with lost TOURISTS and  
SUITS enjoying their wet lunches. Raza ducks into --

CUT TO:

70 **INT. ST. PAUL'S DENTAL SPA - DAY X.** 70

Raza looks out of place amidst the sleek white walls and  
airbrushed posters. He creeps up to the empty reception desk,  
no one home. He *dings* the bell.

After a beat... Sadia steps out in her crisp white uniform.  
Her smile wavers when she notices Raza.

RAZA

Delivery.

He sets the Travel Guide book on the counter. Sadia eyes it..

SADIA

You didn't have to come all the way  
here just for that.

RAZA

Maybe I came by to get my teeth  
bleached or whatever.

SADIA

This bloody address. I keep calling  
Royal Mail, but there's always some  
company with the old one.

RAZA

(re: the book)  
You moving back then?

Sadia quickly pockets the book.

SADIA

No... a quick holiday. Now I have  
my passport, I thought why not.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

You were born there, what could these goras possibly tell you that you don't already know?

SADIA

A lot changes in twenty years.

RAZA

You used to swear up and down it was trapped in the stone age.

(mimics her)

"Nothing ever changes there, beta, only the weather."

Sadia laughs --

SADIA

That and a bloody coup every 6 months.

DENTIST (O.S.)

Miss Khalil?

Sadia looks back to find a DENTIST lingering behind her.

DENTIST (CONT'D)

Can you book Susan for her follow up, she needs an impression for her crown mold.

Sadia nods, awkward. The Dentist casts a wary eye on Raza before ducking away.

RAZA

They scheduled the closing statement for next week.

Sadia shuts down. Raza gently probes --

RAZA (CONT'D)

I'm going, Abu's coming too. I think if we all go together --

SADIA

Statement for what?

RAZA

The inquest. It's like a summation or whatever.

SADIA

You don't need me there. Everyone gawking --

RAZA

Let them look, who cares?

(CONTINUED)

SADIA

I bloody do. He wasn't even my son.

She immediately regrets saying it, but Raza grows cold.

RAZA

Cool-cool. Send me a postcard.

SADIA

Beta, I didn't mean it like that --

RAZA

All good. Back at it, Miss Khalil.

Raza stomps out. Sadia hit with guilt pangs as she watches him go. The *ringing* office phone jolts her back to reality.

Sadia answers the call, puts on her best RP English accent --

SADIA

Good afternoon, Dr. Bridon's office. How can I help you?

Sadia's voice remains composed, but her face tells a different story.

CUT TO:

71 INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY X.

71

Rose addresses her team as they read from a briefing packet. Gabe shuffles in late, catches a side eye from Rose.

ROSE

... His suicide vest failed to detonate, but Indonesian State Intelligence are still taking it quite personally...

EDDY (M, 20s) hands a packet to Gabe. He flips through it. Mugshots, CCTV grabs. A new day, a new danger.

ROSE (CONT'D)

... He has a cousin that repatriated to Stratford four years ago. Let's see who else he was in contact with...

The words drift over Gabe. It never ends.

CUT TO:

71A INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/EAST LONDON STREETS - DAY X.

71A

Gabe behind the wheel. Eddy in the passenger seat, burner phones buzzing on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY  
(reads text, then)  
Number 4 says he can meet in an  
hour by the pier?

But Gabe doesn't answer, his mind elsewhere.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Earth to Gabe? Pier in an hour?

GABE  
Yeah, if that's what he wants.

Eddy covers his frustration, goes back to his buzzing phones.

CUT TO:

72      **EXT. SHOP BACK ALLEY - DAY X.**

72

Gabe and Eddy on the fire escape with the Pakistani Informant  
(same from ep 1). He eyes the MUGSHOT in Gabe's hand.

PAKISTANI INFORMANT  
When you gonna catch the *bhenchods*  
keep pissing against my shutters?  
You come down here on a Sunday  
morning, smells like an open sewer.

CUT TO:

73      **EXT. MILLENNIUM MILLS PIER - DAY X.**

73

Gabe and Eddy huddle next to the MOROCCAN INFORMANT.

MOROCCAN INFORMANT  
He's got a cousin in Stratford? I  
don't go out that way. Ever since  
they built that Olympic Park, it's  
got a bougie vibe, I don't like it.

CUT TO:

74      **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY X.**

74

Mostly empty. Tables dirty. Gabe and Eddy sit across from  
ROSTAM AFSHAR (from Ep 1). He eyes the mugshot.

ROSTAM  
No, I don't know him, boss. But I  
keep my eyes open for you.

CUT TO:

75 INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/STREET - DAY X. 75

Gabe parks up beneath a DLR station. He hands Eddy his car keys.

GABE  
Mind parking it over by Limehouse?

EDDY  
You said I'd sit in with him soon.

GABE  
Yeah, soon. Not today.

Eddy sighs as Gabe hops out of the car.

CUT TO:

75aA      **INT. DLR STATION - DAY X.**      75aA

As Gabe scans his Oyster Card, he notices the TV playing in the station:

Footage of Akash being interviewed outside the court house.

Gabe ignores the TV, continues up the escalator.

CUT TO:

75A            **EXT. DLR STATION - DAY X.**            75A

Gabe eyes the quiet station. His phone *buzzes*. He checks the text, paces further down the platform as a train pulls in.

CUT TO:

76 INT./EXT. DLR TRAIN CARRIAGE - MOVING - DAY X. 76

Gabe glances down the carriage. Empty. He takes a seat across from... Raza, flicking through a newspaper.

GABE  
What's going on in the world?  
Anything good?

RAZA  
Never is.

Raza sets the paper on the seat next to Gabe. Gabe peeks inside... Surveillance photos. Some shady deal somewhere.

Gabe trades it for an envelope full of cash. 'Clover' scrawled on the front.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)

Clover, what's that mean?

GABE

Your new alias. Number 9 got burned  
on the stand today.

RAZA

Yeah, I heard.

(CONTINUED)



GABE  
You were there?

RAZA  
Clover. I'm not even Irish. Can't I  
be called like Viper or Wolf?

GABE  
You're not a gladiator, they're  
chosen at random.  
(then)  
Thought you were done going to the  
inquest.  
(off Raza's silence)  
What can they tell you that you  
don't already know?

RAZA  
I don't know... why he did it?

GABE  
Why does anybody do anything, it's  
just people.

RAZA  
No it's not, it's my brother.

GABE  
... Worst thing about this  
business, they spend a lot of time  
counting the lives we lose. No  
one's counting the lives we saved.

RAZA  
Yeah, fine.

GABE  
... Close your eyes.

RAZA  
Bruv, come on.

GABE  
Close your eyes.

RAZA  
For real? Here?

GABE  
On a train, on a plane. Close your  
eyes.

Gabe stares Raza down. He relents, closes his eyes.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Are you there?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

You see me, don't you?

GABE

Are you there?

RAZA

Yeah, I'm here.

GABE

Where's here?

RAZA

Home. The bathroom.

GABE

What does it smell like?

Raza takes a deep breath...

RAZA

Coconut.

GABE

Why coconut?

RAZA

You know why.

GABE

Humour me.

RAZA

... Ammi used to spray my hair with that coconut oil.

GABE

She's cutting your hair?

RAZA

Yeah.

GABE

What does it sound like?

RAZA

Got her scissors snipping around my head, water's running. It's too hot, but I couldn't care less, I'm in stitches.

GABE

What's so funny?

RAZA

She already cut my Dad's hair. He's showing it off to Nas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAZA (CONT'D)

And my brother's freaking out, he's  
never seen dad without a beard  
before.

GABE

How do you feel?

RAZA

Safe.

GABE

How do you feel?

RAZA

Safe.

GABE

... How do you feel?

Off Raza, trying to catch hold of a fleeting memory...

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**END OF SEASON.**