

NEAL STREET

PRODUCTIONS

an **all3**media company

INFORMER

By

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EPISODE FIVE:

“November Has Come”

Final Script

19/02/18

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

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

A print out of an Aktion 14 website between the pages. A group of skinheads pose outside of the Legion (Nigel among them).

CUT TO:

13

INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 18.

13

Holly shuffles in. She eyes her strange surroundings and catches a few wary glances from the Barflies. Sharon, on the stage, sings Elvis to the uninterested crowd.

SHARON

*Take my hand, take my whole life
too, for I can't help, falling in
love with you.*

Holly takes a stool at the bar. Sharon finishes her song to sparse applause. She checks a sign up sheet by the stand.

SHARON (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)

Next up, Jim'll be serenading us.

Holly notices a framed photo of Nigel behind the bar. A shrine for the dearly departed.

Sharon hands the mic to JIM as he steps on stage.

JIM (INTO MIC)

Thanks Sharon, that were lovely.

Holly perks up at the name, her eyes track Sharon as she takes her place behind the bar. Jim starts singing on stage.

HOLLY

Can I order a drink, please?

SHARON

We're out of Boddies, the Stella's flat. Cider's not bad, least it's local.

HOLLY

I'll have a Gin and Tonic.

Sharon mixes Holly's drink.

SHARON

Your GPS broke? We don't get many Southerners up here.

HOLLY

I was passing through. A friend recommended I stop in.

Sharon sets the G&T down in front of Holly.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

Two pound.

HOLLY

We're definitely not in the South.
Same drink's a fiver in my local.

Holly fishes out some money, hands it over.

SHARON

Farther up you get, the farther
your money goes.

HOLLY

I'm told the drinks are free in the
North Pole.

Sharon eyes Holly... a moment of vague recognition.

SHARON

Have we met somewhere before?
(Holly shakes her head)
You seem dead familiar, maybe
another life.

HOLLY

(RE: G&T)
Or maybe after too many of these.

SHARON

Who's your friend, sweetheart? I'll
have to buy her a drink.

HOLLY

Him. Charlie.

Sharon covers her surprise. Not the best poker face.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

You remember him?

SHARON

Yeah, there was a Charlie, used to
come in here, years back. Lives in
the States now, I hear.

HOLLY

America? Whereabouts?

SHARON

If you were a friend of his, you'd
know that wouldn't you, sweetheart?

HOLLY

You have a really nice voice, it's
sad that more people don't hear it.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

... so who are you to Charlie?

Holly discretely pulls out her warrant card, flashes it to Sharon who stiffens.

HOLLY

Don't react, no one needs to know we're having this conversation.

SHARON

We're not having any conversation.

HOLLY

When was Charlie last here?

SHARON

Who knows, never. You got your drink, that's all I can offer you.

HOLLY

It was a Priest that found Nigel, did you know that?

(off Sharon's look)

Most addicts die where they shoot up. Not a lot of motivation to move, I suppose. But they found Nigel dead on the steps of the church, two miles from his bed.

SHARON

What's this have to do with owt?

HOLLY

Nigel was clean for seven years. He sees Charlie and dies of an overdose the same week. We'll never know what Nigel was looking for when he dragged himself up those church steps. Maybe he wanted redemption, maybe protection. Either way, we both know who put him there.

(Off Sharon's hesitation)

When did you last see Charlie?

Off Sharon's hesitation --

CUT TO:

14 **INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - STOCK ROOM - NIGHT 18.** 14

CLOSE ON: An outdated CCTV Monitor. On the screen, grainy footage replays the scene from the night of Nigel's wake. Pat and the Skinheads lock the Delivery Boy in the pub.

Holly, anxious, watches as:

ON THE SCREEN: Gabe grabs the pool cue... But instead of attacking the Delivery Boy, he assaults Pat and the Skinheads.

Holly perks up, surprised. She watches the whirlwind of violence that is Charlie. Sharon lurks behind her, nervous.

SHARON

He came in here on a proper wrong
un.

HOLLY

What set him off?

SHARON

All I can tell you is what he told
me before he left, 'I'm not your
friend.'

Holly unplugs the flash drive from the CCTV monitor --

SHARON (CONT'D)

No, no hold on --

But Holly's already heading out the door.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. LEGION WORKING MEN'S CLUB - MOMENTS LATER. NIGHT 18.** 15

Holly hustles straight for the exit. She pauses at the door, as Pat hobbles in. Cuts, bruises, crutches. Gabe really worked him over. Holly eyes him.

PAT

You wanna take a picture?

Holly shrugs it off, shuffles out.

Behind the bar, Sharon pours herself a stiff glass of whiskey, gulps it down. Her eyes drift to the portrait of Nigel, a sudden realization coming over her...

Sharon pulls out her phone, she scans through her old text messages from Nigel, eyes:

(CONTINUED)

His selfie with Gabe. Sharon zooms in on the photo... A pixilated Holly standing by Gabe's Mondeo in the background.

CUT TO:

16 **INT./EXT, GABE'S MONDEO/BOW CANAL LOCKS - NIGHT 18.** 16

The Mondeo parked beside the canal.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe plugs in a pair of headphones. Confused, he watches a video on his phone. Footage of an amateur fight night.

GABE

What am I looking for?

RAZA

Wait for it, just listen.

REVEAL: Raza lies in the back.

We stay on Gabe's face as he listens. The ANNOUNCERS VOICE shouts above the drunken heckles of the crowd...

ANNOUNCER (ON VIDEO)

(Ladies and Gentlemen,
please welcome to the
ring, weighing in at 172
pounds, all the way from
London England, Sal 'Big
Shot' Brahim!')

*Meine Damen und Herren, aus London,
England, mit einem Gewicht
achtundsiebzig Kilo, heißen wir Sal
"Big Shot" Brahim willkommen im
Ring!*

Gabe immediately understands. He pulls out his headphones, looks into the back seat. Raza shrugs, cocky.

Gabe can't help but be impressed.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - LATE NIGHT 18.** 17

Night shift - a busy office. A CLEANER hovers the floor.

Gabe works diligently at his desk. A prison mugshot of Sal on his screen. Gabe sifts through Sal's file.

Holly hustles in, still dressed up from her night in Bradford. She pulls up a chair next to Gabe.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY
He served time?

Gabe eyes her outfit, shrugs it off.

GABE

ABH. Sentenced 12 months, served 6.

HOLLY

Who did his background, they didn't flag this?

GABE

They did. He got out eight years ago, clean record since.

HOLLY

Socials?

GABE

Inactive.

HOLLY

Periods abroad?

GABE

He spent 3 years in Germany fighting in the amateur leagues. So if he went, he went early. SIS didn't start tracking returning fighters until 2013.

Holly eyes Sal's mugshot, frustrated.

HOLLY

How did we miss him for this long?

GABE

It's easier to spot once you know what you're looking at.

HOLLY

... There's some of God's creatures you don't see coming.

CUT TO:

18

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 19.

18

Sal's boxing headshot on the whiteboard. 'Big Shot' written beneath Sal flexing his muscles.

Gabe addresses the CTSU team who flip through a briefing packet on Sal. Photos, documents, background reports.

GABE

Big Shot? Sal carried that name in the ring for 43 fights. Connection to Yousef? Mr. Hassan was a member of Sal's gym for 3 years. Radicalization?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

Most likely during his brief prison stretch. History with El Adoua? *Deutscher Boxsport-Verband* website shows an 8 month gap in Sal's fighting record. Conveniently overlapping with El Adoua's time in Syria.

*
*

Holly picks up where Gabe left off. The two of them in sync.

HOLLY

In both the Turin and Rotterdam attack cells, El Adoua relied on local contacts to introduce him to his recruits. Mr. Brahim is most likely using his gym as a cover for grooming.

ROSE

Can we get access to his client list?

GABE

My source says he keeps membership records on site.

ROSE

Can your source handle a UC introduction?

GABE

Not a problem.

ROSE

Full surveillance, financials, comms. Until we know the location and extent of the cell, assume any sign of police activity will trigger an early attack. Send in the fox, hold steady the lion.

Rose nods her team on. They get to work.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - DAY 19.

19

Holly runs a safe distance behind:

Sal runs through the labyrinthine estate, his breath hangs in the air. Sweat-stained hoodie and a beanie. Sal stops to tie his shoes.

HOLLY (THROUGH HEADSET)

Echo 1, I have to go eyes off. I'll circle back to base.

(CONTINUED)

WORALL (THROUGH HEADSET)
Command, copy. Delta 1, are you
ready to receive?

As Sal ties his shoes, Holly keeps running past him.

Behind Sal, COOPER checks the tire pressure on his bike. His eyes locked on Sal 50 feet away.

COOPER (THROUGH HEADSET)
Delta 1, I'm eyes on.

As Sal picks up his run, Cooper tails after him.

CUT TO:

20

INT. SURVEILLANCE FLAT - VARIOUS - DAY 19.

20

A flat across from Sal's gym. A week ago, this was someone's home. Now it's the central command to CTSU's surveillance unit. Worall sits at a bank of CCTV feeds. He listens to the Comm Deck as the Surveillance chatter is auto-transcribed onto a laptop.

COOPER (THROUGH COMM DECK)
Delta 1, subject heading East on
White Hart Lane.

CTSU OFFICER (THROUGH COMM DECK)
Whiskey 1, I'm eyes on...

Worall perks up to a coded *knock* at the door. He opens up to Holly, who steps in. Still sweating from her run.

WORALL
Got your 10,000 steps today.

HOLLY
I'm taking the Vespa tomorrow.

Holly heads to the back, necks a water out of a mini-fridge.

GABE (THROUGH COMM DECK)
Send me down a fresh brick. UC's
wire's cutting out.

WORALL (INTO WALKIE)
Roger that.
(calls out to room)
Who's free to do a run for me?

Holly already approaching with her hand out.

HOLLY
I'll take it.

(CONTINUED)

Worall hands her a fresh battery.

CUT TO:

20A **INT./EXT. BACK ALLEY/PLUMBING VAN - EVENING 19.**

20A

Holly approaches a Plumbing Van parked up in the deserted loading dock of a supermarket. She notices:

Imran pacing back and forth, practicing his limp, rapping to himself... getting himself worked up.

IMRAN

3 wheel-ups in a row
That means I'm a direct rudeboy...

INSIDE VAN:

Imran's voice comes through the laptop --

IMRAN (THROUGH LAPTOP) (CONT'D)

2 2 yats of my own
That means I'm a direct rudeboy

Gabe and Raza listen as TECH adjusts the levels. But the voice keeps cutting in and out

RAZA

He better not go in there rapping
that.

IMRAN (THROUGH LAPTOP)

I'm getting in the zone, darling.
Putting on Faisal.

RAZA

(to Gabe)

Wait, he's not Faisal? Then who is
he?

IMRAN (THROUGH LAPTOP)

I'm whoever I need to be.

RAZA

Well how come you got 2 names, I
gotta walk in there with mine.

Gabe distracted by a coded knock at the door.

GABE

Cause you're not police.

Gabe slides open the door, surprised to find Holly on the other side. She offers out the battery.

HOLLY

Fresh brick.

(CONTINUED)

GABE
(covers quick)
Yeah, take it to Faisal.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY
Hello, Raza.

Raza bolts up, noticing Holly.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Do you remember me?

RAZA
My mum definitely does.

GABE
(to Holly)
I think we're good here.

HOLLY
You were supposed to be my informant. I spotted you.

RAZA
That's two reasons I got to be grateful then. You know my brother's still convinced I got diddled.

The Tech perks up, weirded out.

HOLLY
That wasn't my intention.

RAZA
Okay, what was it, 'your intention'? You know, when you came in my house, told my mum I got child molested.

Holly searching for an explanation...

GABE
DC Morten. Go home.

HOLLY
I'll just go back to --

GABE
You're interfering with my operation. Go home.

With that, Gabe slides the door shut in her face. Raza surprised by Gabe's coldness, but he's already moved on. He counts out a few crumpled bills.

GABE (CONT'D)
(re: cash)
How much for the sign up? Fifty?

RAZA
I don't want her around.

(CONTINUED)

GABE
(rolling past it)
Noted. 50 for the sign up?

RAZA

... Yeah, fifty. Then there's the waiver form.

GABE

What info does he need?

RAZA

Address, number, emergency contact, that sort of thing. He's gonna make him sign it, he'll put it in his binder with everyone else's. You wanna know who goes to that gym? It's probably in his binder.

GABE

You introduce your friend Faisal around. Make sure he meets the Big Shot. Big Shot'll give him the form, Faisal signs up.

RAZA

Why does he need me holding his hand?

GABE

Cache. Everyone trusts the Rizla.

RAZA

Yeah, but nobody likes him.

OUTSIDE: Imran stops pacing, offended.

IMRAN

You know I can still hear you, darling?

RAZA

No offense. All that preaching, innit.

GABE

Make them like him.

IMRAN (THROUGH LAPTOP)

Get me a minute alone with that binder, we'll be sorted.

(CONTINUED)

Raza nods, determined.

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED 21

21A **INT. SURVEILLANCE FLAT - EVENING 19.** 21A

Holly now changed, she packs up her things as Gabe steps into the flat.

GABE
Where're you going?

HOLLY
You told me to go home.

GABE
He needed to see me embarrass you.

HOLLY
(gets it)
Did it work?

GABE
They're up now, let's find out.

Gabe motions her towards the bank of CCTV Monitors covering Sal's gym.

HOLLY
(apologetic)
I don't like being cut out.

GABE
Assets don't belong to me or you,
they belong to the job.

Holly nods. On the CCTV, they watch as:

Imran and Raza enter Sal's gym.

IMRAN (THROUGH COMM DECK)
*D4 Damager, power to the people,
back once again --*

RAZA (THROUGH COMM DECK)
Please don't go in there rapping
that.

CUT TO:

22

INT. SAL'S GYM - MAIN GYM - NIGHT 19.

22

A busy day at the gym. Music pumping. Sal skips rope in the centre ring, as he shouts encouragement out to his members.

SAL

Finish strong, finish strong,
and...

(the bell goes off)

ROUND.

Exhausted, everyone in the gym takes a break. Cut Waleed slumps against his heavy bag.

RAZA (O.S.)

Yo Sal, got a new recruit.

Raza and Imran approach the ring, dressed in gym clothes.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Meet Faisal, needs to get in shape.

IMRAN

Salaam.

(CONTINUED)

Sal nods hello to Imran, turns back to the gym.

SAL

Round up in 3... 2... Go.

Sal rings the bell for the next round. The entire Gym gets going again. Punchbags, weights, ropes.

SAL (CONT'D)

I'm kinda at capacity right now.
Leave me your number in case
someone drops out.

IMRAN

Mate, I'm easy to pay extra if I
can sign up now.

SAL

There's that Crossfit nearby,
they'd be happy to take your money.

Sal checks his timer, glances around the gym, shouts --

SAL (CONT'D)

Lukasz, snap those shoulders. 1-2,
1-2.

Raza and Imran share a glance. Raza hops onto the ring, pulls Sal aside...

RAZA

Man's gotta learn how to defend
himself. Been mugged three times
already this year, got a bullseye
on him or something. Took me a week
to convince him to come down here.

Sal glances back at Imran, then eyes Raza.

SAL

I see that bloke at Adana cafe,
always sitting by himself, what's
that tell you?

RAZA

That he could do with a friend.

SAL

You vouch for him? If he's a twat,
that's on you.

(off Raza's nod)

Alright Faisal, I got 2 rules - no
wankers, no phones.

IMRAN

Works for me.

Sal checks his stopwatch, *rings* the bell.

(CONTINUED)

SAL
And that's ROUND!

Everyone takes their break. Sal hops down from the ring, motions for Imran to follow.

SAL (CONT'D)
You ever boxed before?

IMRAN
Really looking forward to it.

Raza trails behind them as Sal walks over to his desk.

SAL
You're what 5' 11? Weigh how much?

IMRAN
About a stone less than I'd like.

SAL
(to room)
Round up in 3... 2... Go.
(notices Raza lurking)
You getting lonely without him? Go on, get on the bags.

Raza and Imran share a glance before Raza walks away. Sal opens his desk drawer, pulls out a RED BINDER. Imran notices a mobile phone in the drawer with a boxing glove phone case.

SAL (CONT'D)
Any injuries I should know about?

IMRAN
Yeah, right leg. I got a torn minor ligament. I was having a pop at the *rafids* down in Hyde Park, got in a scrap.

SAL
Only fighting that goes on in here is between the ropes.

Sal sets out a WAIVER FORM and a pen for Imran.

SAL (CONT'D)
Cut! You getting lazy, move those feet.

ACROSS THE GYM: Raza takes a seat on the bench. He wraps his hands, eyes locked on Imran and Sal. Sal hovers over Imran, not giving him any breathing room.

CUT WALEED (O.S.)
You sitting down, or you working out?

(CONTINUED)

Raza looks up to find Cut Waleed at the bag next to him.

RAZA
What's up, Cut, Luke.

Lukasz nods, keeps his focus on his bag.

CUT WALEED
You break up with Dadir then?

RAZA
Nah, he's on that grind, innit. I hooked him up with my old job at the warehouse.

LUKASZ
He should find a better job.

RAZA
Job's a job.

CUT WALEED
(RE: Imran)
What's with you and *mufti now*?
Trying to get on your *deen*?

RAZA
Dude asked for help, I couldn't turn him down.

CUT WALEED
I didn't know you was trying to live righteous, fam. Cause I heard stories otherwise.

Raza's attention still on Imran at the desk. Sal not going anywhere. Raza has a thought, eyes Cut Waleed. Hardens.

RAZA
Bruv, you wanna be careful what kind of stories you telling.

Raza glares at Cut Waleed, aggressive.

CUT WALEED
You been round here for like a minute. Calm yourself, fam.

Raza stands up, shoves the heavy bag into Cut Waleed.

CUT WALEED (CONT'D)
What you doing --

Raza shoves it at him again --

RAZA
Bob and weave, bruv, bob and weave--

(CONTINUED)

CUT WALEED
Fuck's your problem --

RAZA (CONT'D)
Bob and weave --

Raza shoves the heavy bag hard into Cut Waleed --

-- Cut Waleed shoves Raza back. Sal perks up from his desk --

SAL
Knock it off.

Raza ignores him, shoves the bag into Cut Waleed again --

RAZA
C'mon, Cut, move your shit--

CUT WALEED
You're fucking losing it --

Cut Waleed tries to dodge the heavy bag as Raza shoves it into him again and again. Everyone watching, confused --

Sal marches over.

Behind him, Imran quickly rifles through the binder, snapping photos of the pages.

CUT WALEED (CONT'D)

I warned you.

Cut Waleed steps past the heavy bag, nails Raza with a hook--

Raza staggers back as Cut Waleed rushes him. Sal muscles between them, pulls Cut Waleed off of Raza. Heckles and shouts from the other Gym Members.

SAL

You know the rules. No wankers.
Both of you, 2 minute plank.

CUT WALEED

I'm like a straight up victim here.

SAL

Keep talking. 3 minutes.

Cut Waleed huffs, drops down. Imran still taking photos.

SAL (CONT'D)

Any time today.

RAZA

I didn't do nothing.

SAL (CONT'D)

4 minutes.

CUT WALEED

I'm already doing mine.

RAZA

He took the swing at me,
though --

SAL

5 minutes.

CUT WALEED

Stop fucking talking already,
Rizla.

Raza spots Imran shutting the binder.

RAZA

5 minutes? Yeah, easy.

Raza huffs into the plank position. Sal shakes his head, turns back to Imran, still with his phone in hand.

SAL

Faisal, rule number 2, no phones.

(CONTINUED)

IMRAN

Sorry, just moved. Couldn't remember my new postcode.

SAL

Put it away.

IMRAN

All good, mate.

Imran pockets his phone. Sal notices everybody in the gym staring at him.

SAL

I tell you to stop? What's in the water today? Come on.

Raza in the plank position, determined. His eyes on Imran, who gives him a discreet thumbs up.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - MORNING 20.**

23

A printer works in overdrive. It spews out print ups of Imran's photos. Sal's filled out waiver forms.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - MORNING 20.**

24

The desks mostly empty. An ADMIN CLERK sets down a briefing booklet onto every desk.

Holly steps up to her desk with her morning coffee. She flips through the booklet of Sal's Waiver Forms.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - MORNING 20.**

25

The desks now full, the CTSU team at their computers, working off their booklets. They check names, faces, addresses.

A long line of photos now fill up a wall. Headshots, mugshots and FB profile pictures of the members of Sal's gym. Young men, mostly non-white. We recognize Dadir, Cut Waleed and Lukasz amongst them. Every now and then a CTSU Officer steps up and takes down a photo.

Gabe pulls Dadir's mugshot off the wall. He gives Holly a nod before setting it down with a pile of other checked files. He sits down and flips to the next page on his stack.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (PRE-LAP)
Tell me about these two...

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED 26

27 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - ROSE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 20.** 27

Rose at her desk, she eyes the two photos in front of her.
ZAKIR RAVIA (20) and FAROOK SAYEED (22).

HOLLY
Zakir Ravia and Farook Sayeed.

Holly and Gabe across from her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Both were members of Sal's gym.
Farook was reported missing by his
mother in July. Zakir by his uncle
in August. They both have arrest
records.

GABE
Minor offenses. Zakir, possession.
Farook, indecent exposure. Pothead
and a pervert.

HOLLY
Farook is on GCHQ's watchlist, but
both have been dormant on social
media since before their
disappearances.

ROSE
A two man attack cell?

GABE
Sal makes three.

ROSE
But we don't know how he's
communicating with them.

HOLLY
He hasn't made any outgoing calls
or texts. Most likely he's using an
encrypted messaging app.

ROSE
(re: Farook and Zakir)
Check them against the butane list.
See if they match any of our
suspicious customers. For now, we
keep their faces out of the press.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe and Holly, their marching orders.

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED 28

29 **INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 21.** 29

Raza rifles through an old biscuit tin on the book shelf. He rifles through the old letters, photos documents inside. The remnants of Sadia's old life. He finds what he's looking for:

A set of 2x2 passport photos, one already cut out.

NASIR (O.S.)

What you doing?

Raza whips back, relieved to find only Nasir at the door. Raza discretely pockets the photos.

RAZA

Wanna see something cool? Check this out.

Raza shows Nasir Sadia's old passport. Her picture inside from a lifetime ago.

RAZA (CONT'D)

She was basically my age when that was taken.

NASIR

(reads passport)

Sadia Khalil. Why does she call herself Shar?

RAZA

Ammi? Cause that's what she is.

NASIR

Not technically, they never got married though.

RAZA

Yeah, alright smart ass.

Raza puts the passport back in the biscuit tin.

NASIR

Don't you think that's weird? How she lives with us unmarried men.

RAZA

Where else she supposed to live?

(CONTINUED)

NASIR
It's Haram, innit.

RAZA
Abu drinks, I've seen you pinch my
smokes. Isn't that Haram?

NASIR
But she's like a whore, basically.

RAZA
What the fuck you talking about
whore?

NASIR
Nothing, whatever, bro. I guess
it's a kuffar thing, innit.

Raza, furious, grabs Nasir, roughs him up --

RAZA	NASIR (CONT'D)
Who's filling your head with this shit?	Get off me --

RAZA	NASIR (CONT'D)
Is this crazy Kash going on about fucking kuffars?	Let me up, get off me --

Off Raza pinning Nasir down --

CUT TO:

30

EXT. WHITE LANE CARAVAN PARK - DAY 21.

30

Gabe's Mondeo drives down a dirt track flanked by run-down
caravans. They pull up outside the General Store.

Gabe and Holly step out of the car, eye the few CAMPERS who
stare at them from their awnings. Wary. These aren't holiday
goers, they're permanent residents.

Holly motions Gabe to the stack of small butane tanks locked
up outside the store.

CUT TO:

31

INT. WHITE LANE GENERAL STORE - DAY 21.

31

Loo roll and toothpaste. Not much else. Holly and Gabe stand
at the counter, across from:

MARGE (50s) squints as she eyes the photos of Zakir and
Farook.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE

I don't know about specks, but
baseball cap? Yeah, he come in.

Gabe and Holly perk up, motion to the photo of Zakir.

GABE

This man was in your store.

MARGE

Few times, yeah. About once every
couple weeks, pops in for a can of
gas. Told me he's on a fishing trip
up in the pines, but they don't
give out licenses till the spring.
When I saw that photo you passed
around, I thought yeah, I should
probably ring the Old Bill.

Gabe scans the ceiling...

GABE

I don't see cameras.

MARGE

Not much to record being honest.

HOLLY

You said every two weeks? When are
you next expecting him?

MARGE

Two weeks.

GABE

He was here yesterday?

MARGE

No, this morning.

Gabe and Holly's faces drop...

CUT TO:

32

EXT. AKASH'S HOUSE - DAY 21.

32

Furious, Raza shoves Nasir forward. Marches him towards
Akash's house.

NASIR

Chill, stop it.

RAZA

Which one?

NASIR

There, that one.

(CONTINUED)

Raza bounds up the steps, he rings the doorbell, pounds on Akash's front door. No answer.

Nasir perks up, noticing:

Oil slick on the concrete and the outline of where the VW used to be.

NASIR (CONT'D)

No shit.

RAZA

No shit what?

NASIR

Nothing... just, Kash must've got the car working, I guess.

RAZA

What car?

CUT TO:

33

INT. SURVEILLANCE FLAT - EVENING 21.

33

The sounds of training coming through the comm deck. Sal's gym now bugged to high hell.

Imran studies a Smart Phone in a boxing gloves phone case, an exact match for Sal's phone.

Gabe, Holly, Worall and Cooper huddled over him.

IMRAN

That looks about right. Does it have his apps on it? I don't need him to turn it on and start wondering why his Instagram disappeared.

COOPER

We can't replicate his exact systems set up, but when he turns it on he gets an error message.

WORALL

We'll swap his phone back when he takes the dummy in for repairs.

GABE

You know where he keeps the real one?

IMRAN

Desk, top drawer.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

What if it's in his pocket?

IMRAN

I improvise.

HOLLY

Don't force it if you can't make the swap. We have an OP, we'll pick them up when they come back.

IMRAN

In two weeks. Can you tell me, 100%, we have two weeks?

(Gabe shakes his head)

I'll be making the swap then.

Imran pockets the replica and walks away, getting into character.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

*D4 damager, power to the people,
back once again for the renegade
master...*

Holly eyes Gabe, he shrugs - Imran's got it.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. BRIDGE HOUSE ESTATE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 21.

34

David, Trisha and Akash walk down the street, grocery bags in hand. Akash walks behind, doesn't want to be seen with them.

DAVID

What's that? Penny for the Guy?

David and Trisha stop in their tracks. Akash looks up to find:

A small crowd gathered around his car. The VW now up in flames. Plumes of black smoke billow into the sky.

AKASH

No, no, no, no, no --

Akash drops his shopping. He sprints to the car, shoves through the ONLOOKERS --

(CONTINUED)

AKASH (CONT'D)

Put it out, put it out --

-- Akash strips off his jacket, he slaps at the fire, fruitlessly. He jumps back, the flames too hot --

AKASH (CONT'D)

Bro, no --

DAVID

Kash! Get back --

David pulls Akash away from the car. Checks over his Grandson's blistering hands.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Trish, run home, get some water, bandage, go on.

Akash rocks, catatonic as David comforts him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's a car, Kash, it's only a car --

REVEAL: Raza and Nasir watching from across the street. Raza turns to his brother...

RAZA

You stay the fuck away from him.
(off Nasir's silence)
I wanna hear you say it.

NASIR

Say what?

Raza grabs his brother's face.

RAZA

Fucking say it.

NASIR

Yeah, I won't hang out with him.

Nasir rattled by his brother's brutality. Raza shoves him forwards.

CUT TO:

35

INT. SAL'S GYM - MAIN GYM - NIGHT 21.

35

The *chug-chug* of the shutter coming down on the main entrance. Sal stands at the motor, keeping it going. Lukasz and another Bridge Town Boy duck out under the shutter.

SAL

Be good, stay off the smokes.

The shutter closes. Sal ducks back into the gym, notices:

Imran limping out from the changing room.

(CONTINUED)

SAL (CONT'D)

Straggler, I thought everyone was gone.

IMRAN

Sorry mate, I was doing some extra stretching.

SAL

That tear still giving you grief?

IMRAN

That's why I'm stretching.

SAL

I got this gel, like tiger balm. Hang tight a sec, I'll grab it.

Imran takes a seat on the bench, watches as Sal hustles into the locker room... Imran darts to the desk.

He swaps the replica from his pocket for the real deal in the top drawer. Imran pockets Sal's phone and darts back to his seat on the bench.

IMRAN

(hushed, to himself)
Got it.

Imran settles into a joggers stretch as Sal shuffles out.

SAL

Here you are, let me show you.

Sal kneels down, rubs the Tiger Balm into Imran's knee.

SAL (CONT'D)

Trick is to do it around the joint. How's that?

IMRAN

Feels alright, yeah.

Sal stands, gives Imran the Tiger Balm.

SAL

All yours, twice a day.

IMRAN

Thanks, mate.

Imran nods goodbye, heads towards the door...

SAL (O.S)

Ah, shit.

Imran looks back to find:

(CONTINUED)

Sal at his desk, checking his phone.

SAL (CONT'D)

Faisal, brother, you know anything
about phones?

IMRAN

I know you don't like them.

(CONTINUED)

SAL

Error 142, you know what that means?

IMRAN

No idea, mate, take it down the genius bar, they'll sort it.

SAL

Can I borrow yours a second? I need to make a quick call.

IMRAN

... No problem, here.

Imran hands Sal his burner phone. Sal takes it, taps in a number... A ring tone chirps from Imran's pocket...

Imran, mortified. Eyes Sal who glares back at him... the jig is up. Imran notices the dumbbell gripped in Sal's hand...

CUT TO:

36 **INT. SURVEILLANCE FLAT - VARIOUS - NIGHT 21. CONTINUOUS.** 36

Gabe, Holly and the CTSU Team at their stations, listening in. The ringtone coming through the comm deck.

Gabe and Holly already racing for the door.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)

Crash it, crash it --

CTSU OFFICER (V.O.)

All Units. Urgent assistance required....

CUT TO:

37 **EXT. SAL'S GYM - NIGHT 21.** 37

Gabe and Holly sprint across the street. A Couple of CTSU Officers already at the door to Sal's gym, wrenching it off its hinges --

CTSU OFFICER

POLICE!

The door swings open. Gabe splits around the side as Holly follows the CTSU Officers into --

CUT TO:

38

INT. SAL'S GYM - MAIN GYM - NIGHT 21. CONTINUOUS.

38

Holly rushes in. Shouts of POLICE and OFFICER DOWN ring out as CTSU flood the building.

(CONTINUED)

Cooper already at Imran's side, giving him CPR. Imran lays still in a pool of his own blood. The bloody dumbbell by his caved in head.

COOPER
Officer down, officer down.

Holly momentarily frozen.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Call it in -- quick, call it.

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)
Officer Down, we need immediate
Medical and ARV...

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. SAL'S GYM - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 21.**

39

Sal bursts out of his fire exit into a deserted back alley. CTSU close in from one end of the alley --

-- He sprints in the opposite direction.

As he approaches the mouth of the alley --

-- *Crunch* -- Gabe rugby tackles him. A hard crunch, but somehow Sal stays on his feet until --

-- *Crunch*. Worall tackles him from the other angle. A couple more CTSU Officers join the pile-on. It takes all four of them to keep him down.

CUT TO:

39A **EXT. SAL'S GYM/BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - NIGHT 21.**

39A *

Flashing lights and Police Tape surround the gym. Holly steps out, still obviously rattled. She digs her phone out from her pocket, dials a number. Waits, waits... she deflates as --

MEGAN (THROUGH PHONE)
This is Megan, leave a message. Or
you should probably just text me.
Byebye!

Rattled, Holly hangs up. She desperately thumbs her way through a text message as --

UNDERTAKER (O.S.)
Excuse me, coming through.

*

-- Holly steps aside. Two dark clothed Undertakers slip past with a stretcher. Holly's phone buzzes... Megan calling her back.

*

(CONTINUED)

But Holly declines the call, she can't take her eyes off the Undertakers as they cart Imran's covered body away.

*

CUT TO:

40

EXT. SHAR FLAT - BALCONY - NIGHT 21.

40

Raza slumped on his bean bag, he ashes the last of his spliff. Anxious, he doesn't sleep so well these days. His *buzzing* phone jolts him out of his dark thoughts...

RAZA (INTO PHONE)

It's late.

GABE (THROUGH PHONE)

But you're up. Where are you?

RAZA (INTO PHONE)

Home, obviously.

GABE (THROUGH PHONE)

Okay. Don't resist.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE OFFICER
I have to search you, Mrs.
Shar --

SADIA
What is this? What have we
done?

-- A SECOND OFFICER leads Nasir out of his bedroom. They
hustle Sadia and Nasir down the stairs --

NASIR
What's happening?

SADIA (CONT'D)
You have the wrong house --

OFFICER
Sit down, Mr. Shar --

HANIF
Bloody fascists, get off me --

The Second Officer manhandles Nasir, searching him --

SECOND OFFICER
Do you have any weapons or
sharp objects --

NASIR
Where's Raza? Lemme go --

HANIF
Hey, he's a bloody kid, hands off --

Hanif pulls the Second Officer off of Nasir, the Officer
shoves him back --

-- Hanif takes a swing, doesn't connect --

-- The Officer dodges Hanif's punch and slams him to the
ground. Chaos as the Cops pin him down --

-- Nasir and Sadia held back by the Female Officer.

Nasir can only watch on as his father squirms on the ground,
knee on his neck, hands twisted behind his back.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. AMBER VALE SECURE UNIT - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT 21.** 43

No other prisoners, just CT GUARDS. This is London's high
security terror custody suite.

Terrified, Raza eyes a rack of rolled up prayer mats and
tattered Koran guides. A CT GUARD ushers him into a Forensic
Room.

CT GUARD
Take off your clothes, put this on.

The CT Guard hands Raza a paper suit. Stays watching as he
waits for Raza to undress. Nervous, Raza strips off.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. AMBER VALE SECURE UNIT - CUSTODY CELL - NIGHT 21.** 44

Small, no windows. Yellow walls, blue mattress. Raza, now dressed in his paper suit, is ushered in by the CT Guard.

Gabe waits for him on the cot. Sleepless, on edge. Before Raza can get a word out --

GABE

Did you tip him off?

RAZA

Bruv, your feds busted down my fucking door --

GABE

Did you tip him off?

RAZA

Tip who off? I don't even know where I am.

GABE

Section 41 of the Terrorism Act gives me 28 days to hold you without charge --

RAZA

Terrorism act? I work for you.

GABE

I have two blown ops, on two different subjects, the only thing they have in common is you.

RAZA

I already told you about Igli, what else we talking about?

GABE

Sal, did you tip off Sal?

RAZA

About what?

GABE

Did you fucking tip him off?

RAZA

You got spies on him 24 hours a day, did you see me rolling up and talking shit?

GABE

Imran's dead. Did you tip Sal off?

RAZA

Who's dead?

(CONTINUED)

GABE
Fucking Faisal.

RAZA

... Bruv, I only know Sal cause you told me to go there. I only know Imran, or Faisal, or whoever, through you. Only thing I know about any of this is cause of you. So whatever you think I did, you did it.

GABE

Get comfortable. If I find out you had a hand in this, they'll bury you in here.

With that, Gabe steps out. Raza eyes the claustrophobic room. His whole body trembles, overcome with panic.

RAZA

I'm done. I'm not your snitch. You hear me? I don't belong to you.

Raza waits for a response... but nobody's listening. He slumps down on the cot.

CUT TO:

45

INT./EXT. THAMES CLIPPER - EARLY MORNING 22.

45

Still dark. Rose already seated in the back row, her eyes on Boyce as he takes his seat next to her. Both of them rattled and exhausted from the long night.

BOYCE

Your man's survived by family?

ROSE

Widow and a daughter, 3 years old.

BOYCE

I'll make sure they're notified before the press blackout's lifted.

Rose nods her thanks.

BOYCE (CONT'D)

Did I hear correctly that the suspect is yet to be processed?

ROSE

He's stuck in traffic.

BOYCE

For five hours?

ROSE

I want a safety interview before he meets with his solicitor.

(CONTINUED)

BOYCE

Any minute he spends with one of yours and no legal rep is a year off his sentence.

ROSE

And the moment he sits with his solicitor all we get is a guilty plea and no replies.

Boyce eyes Rose, she's rattled this morning.

BOYCE

... You know, the only reason I can walk is I used to ride shotgun with my feet up on the dash. Our patrol got sprayed by Republicans in Ballykelly. My feet were up, I walked away. Can't say the same for the Officer next to me. When we found the shooter, I got my hour alone with him. I felt a little better, but Billy still hasn't got his legs back...

ROSE

I don't need him to bleed, Geoffrey, I need him to talk. We don't know the location of the attack cell. The Police Transport are going to run out of petrol doing laps around Hyde Park. Yes or no?

Off Boyce weighing his options...

CUT TO:

46 **INT. GABE'S MONDEO/CENTRAL LONDON STREET - EARLY MORNING** 46
22.

Still dark. Gabe's Mondeo tails an unmarked POLICE TRANSPORT VAN. Right on its bumper.

Gabe behind the wheel. Holly's eyes glazed over, stares out the window. The empty morning streets slowly coming to life. Both dressed in the same clothes as the previous night.

Holly flips the window button - up, down, up, down, up...

Gabe gives her a look, she snaps out of it, sighs, frustrated. *

HOLLY

Two weeks, we could've waited.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

We don't know that, Imran didn't
know that.

Holly's phone buzzes, she checks it...

HOLLY

That's our green light.

Gabe flicks on his lights. Sticks an arm out the window,
motioning to the Transport Van.

CUT TO:

47 **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/CENTRAL LONDON STREET - EARLY MORNING 22.** 47

Still dark. The Transport Van and the Mondeo pull over, one behind the other. Gabe and Holly step out of the Mondeo, two UNIFORMED OFFICERS step out of the Van.

Gabe tosses his car keys to one of the Officers.

GABE
You follow.

The Officer nods, jumps behind the wheel of Gabe's Mondeo. Gabe turns to the other Officer.

GABE (CONT'D)
Keep driving till we tell you to stop.

The Officer nods, unlocks the rear door of the Van.

Holly eyes the van, unsure...

HOLLY
How are we supposed to talk to him?

GABE
Keep emotions in check. Ours, not his.

Gabe climb into the van. After a beat, Holly follows --

CUT TO:

48 **INT./EXT. TRANSPORT VAN - MOVING - EARLY MORNING 22.** 48

Still dark. Blacked out windows. Benches on either side. A CCTV camera attached to the ceiling.

Sal sits cuffed to one of the benches. Gabe and Holly slide onto the bench, the Officer bolts the door behind them.

Sal eyes Gabe and Holly who sit across from him in silence. After a beat the van pulls out into traffic.

SAL
You can turn that camera off all you want. I been beaten by the best of them.

GABE
49 fights, 22 losses. Yeah, you've been slapped around a bit.

(CONTINUED)

SAL

(in Arabic)

Great reward comes with great trials.

HOLLY

(in Arabic)

When Allah loves a people, he tests them, and whoever accepts it attains His pleasure, whoever shows his discontent with it incurs His Impatience.

Sal eyes her, surprised.

SAL

Reciting it isn't the same as understanding it.

HOLLY

The camera's there for your benefit. We believe you are aware of an imminent threat to public safety. If you provide information that prevents the loss of life or a terrorist attack, we will present this interview to the judge, who's authorized to impose a reduction in your sentencing.

SAL

Is it for my benefit that I haven't got my solicitor yet?

GABE

Where's the attack cell?

SAL

What kinda deal we talking about?

HOLLY

That's up to the judge and the quality of the intelligence you provide. But it could be years off your sentence.

SAL

Years? Who makes you come and try to cut a deal with me, morning after I killed one of yours. That's gotta be rough.

HOLLY

Are you admitting to the murder of a police officer --

SAL

That's the kind of question a solicitor tells you not to answer. But I don't care about them, I don't care about a deal. Yeah, I did what I did.

HOLLY

You understand that the murder of an officer carries a whole life sentence.

SAL

You saw what I did to your mate. How much do you think I care about this life?

Holly tenses.

GABE

We don't know what you care about, Sal. We don't know why you killed Imran, why you felt his death was necessary, or what you wanted to achieve by causing it. Only you know that. If you're willing, you'll tell us, and if you're not, you won't. We can't force you - we don't want to force you. All we want is to save lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABE (CONT'D)

We're not taking any notes, writing down questions. Where's the attack cell, that's all we wanna know.

Sal surprised by Gabe's tone.

SAL

That cop died, because this is a war. People die in wars. That's the truth.

GABE

But I don't think you want more people to die.

SAL

Now you think you know what I want?

GABE

No, but I know pretending when I see it. You came back home, set up that gym, smart move. Plenty of young, angry men coming through your doors. But we've been through your files, Sal. We dug into every one of those 378 kids you had on your books. We know about Farook and Zakir. But I wanna talk about the other 376. A lot of them were headed down the wrong road before they stepped into your ring. They cleaned up, a decent amount at uni, working, no scrapes with the law. That's no accident, you did that.

SAL

They're good kids, I'm not gonna argue with you.

GABE

At some point, the lie became real, though, didn't it?

Sal can't argue with that.

GABE (CONT'D)

When did you change the mission?

SAL

My mission is to serve, that don't change.

GABE

But you saved more lives with your lie, than you could ever kill with your truth.

Sal turns away.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Where's the attack cell?

Sal silent.

GABE

Sal, look at me. The people that're gonna die here aren't soldiers. They're not on a battlefield, they're no different than the kids whose lives you changed.

Sal looks up...

HOLLY

... Where's the attack cell?

Off Sal wavering...

ROSE (PRE-LAP)

17 Chessington Close...

CUT TO:

49 **INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAWN 22.**

49

The CTSU team eye a satellite photo of a quiet Cul-de-sac.

ROSE

It's a cul-de-sac, there's only one way in from the front. The property backs up to the canal so there's no entrance through the rear...

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. CHESSINGTON CLOSE - DAY 22.**

50

A White Van drives down a quiet suburban street. It rolls past rows of terraced houses. Milk bottles on the doorsteps and trikes on the lawns.

ROSE (V.O.)

Any approach will likely be spotted. Let's get a head count on the nearby properties, find out how many civilians are in a potential blast radius. 24 hour surveillance, heat signatures, let's see if we can get a read on the occupants. Any soul who comes in or out of that property gets a tail. Look for opportunities to probe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The DAC won't sign off on entry
until we have cause for arrest.

The street ends in a circular close. The White Van parks out front of a semi detached house. Number 17.

ZAKIR and FAROOK step out of the van. We notice a small rental sticker on the back door.

FARROK, dead-eyed and dull. He smokes a rolled-up cigarette. He glances around the deserted street before tapping a coded knock at the front door to number 17. A moment before the door creaks open, they slip inside.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - DAY 22.**

51

Worall and Cooper snap long lens photos of Farook and Zakir from the living room of an Old Dear's house across the street. No time to transform the flat. This house is still covered in doilies and chintzy furniture.

Cooper shows Worall the screen of his camera. A close up on the rental sticker.

Worall tosses a pillow at:

Holly crashed out on a couch, still hasn't changed clothes. Holly stirs, keeps her eyes shut.

HOLLY
What?

WORALL
Deja Vu, another white van for your collection. This one's a rental.

HOLLY
Call the agency, find out how they're paying for it.

After a beat, Holly opens her eyes, glances at:

Worall and Copper ignore her, back to their surveillance. She sighs, sits up. Snatches her phone off the table... it never ends.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Which rental company?

CUT TO:

RAZA

... What you doing here?

HANIF

Trust me, anything's better than being at home with your ammi right now.

RAZA

Is she alright?

HANIF

Nobody's alright. What you do outside the house is your business, but when it kicks down my door at 4am, enough is enough. You have to tell me what's going on.

Hanif stares down his son. Raza relents.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. REGENTS CANAL - DAY 23.

54

Graffitied railway bridges and morning joggers. Raza and Hanif share a bench overlooking the old lock.

Hanif studies Sadia's British passport. Shellshocked.

HANIF

British citizen. Bloody hell... She came from a hard background your ammi. They all had to work, her father wanted every one of his kids in the business. I don't know what she said to him to let his only daughter study Fashion in London, but I know she had to fight tooth and claw for it. She was in her final year at Kingston when I met her. Her flatmate was a friend from the SWP, went off to some commune in Peru. That's when we moved in.

RAZA

We moved into hers? I thought she moved into ours.

HANIF

Your mum'd taken the bad turn, I was between things, we had to downsize. It was only supposed to be temporary.

RAZA

That's when Mum died?

(CONTINUED)

HANIF

Yeah, your ammi never graduated.
Lost her visa. She gave it up, for
you and your brother. You have to
tell her.

RAZA

I can't.

HANIF

You and Nasir are her boys. That
won't change, no matter what.

RAZA

Some of the people I deal with, if
they ever find out I'm a snitch...
What Ammi and Nas don't know, can't
find them. You gotta promise, me,
this stays between us.

Hanif nods, seeing his son in a new light. Raza motions to
the passport in Hanif's hand.

RAZA (CONT'D)

But that belongs to her.

Hanif pockets the passport and wraps an arm around his son.

CUT TO:

55 **EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - DAY 23.**

55

A minicab pulls up outside Gabe's house. Sharon steps out,
she eyes the suburban street like an alien landing on earth.
She double checks the scrap of paper in her hand:

Gabe's full name and address written down. This is it.

As the minicab pulls away, Sharon crosses the street and
approaches Gabe's house.

She buzzes the doorbell. After a beat, she peers through the
front window... lights off inside.

Sharon glances down the street... no one around.

CUT TO:

56 **EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY 23.**

56

Sharon creeps through the backyard. Eyes the shed, the jungle
gym. She peers through the large sliding doors:

(CONTINUED)

No one home. Sharon notices the patio doors have been recently fitted. She glances around, tries the door and slips into --

CUT TO:

LORI

The referee said it was a foul, but I got the ball, and Daddy says, if you get the ball it's not a foul.

EMILY

Your Daddy says a lot of things, honey. If half of them were true, the moon would be pink, the sky would be green and I'd be in my swimming pool.

LORI

Can we get a swimming pool?

EMILY

No. How on earth did you get so dirty?

LORI

That's what you told me to do.

EMILY

I did, didn't I? Now we have to get you clean.

As the two of them duck inside, Sharon, now dressed, creeps around from the side of the house.

She shuffles past Emily's car, stops in her tracks, looks back at the house. A resolve comes over her...

CUT TO:

62 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 23.**

62

Emily strips Lori out of her muddy kit and bundles the dirty laundry into the washing machine. The *doorbell rings*.

CUT TO:

63 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 23.**

63

Emily opens the door to find Sharon, anxious on her doorstep.

EMILY

Hi, can I help you?

SHARON

Yeah, I'm a friend of Gabriel's. Is he in by any chance?

Emily suddenly on high alert.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

He's not home, I'm afraid. Sorry,
who are you?

SHARON

Sharon. I was just, well, I don't
know what I was doing, honestly.

EMILY

You're a friend of Gabe's from?

SHARON

Since forever ago. Before the
little 'un was born. Since before
you even... You're very pretty. Do
people tell you that?

EMILY

... Thank you.

SHARON

I'll get going if he's not here.

Emily watches as Sharon walks away. Can't help herself...

EMILY

Sharon?

(Sharon turns back)

Would you like a cup of tea? He
should be home soon.

Sharon turns back. Eyes Emily, uncertain.

CUT TO:

64

INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 23.

64

Emily pours two cups of tea. Glances at Sharon sitting
nervously in the living room.

EMILY

Sugar?

SHARON

Three, no, two please. Thanks.

Lori sits at the kitchen table with her Tablet.

LORI

(whispers)

Mummy, that woman's funny.

(off Emily's shh)

Why's her hair wet?

EMILY

(whispers)

Watch your videos.

(CONTINUED)

Lori goes back to her Tablet as Emily takes the cups into --

CUT TO:

65

INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 23.

65

Emily sets down the cups of tea, sits across from Sharon.

SHARON

You have a lovely home.

EMILY

Thank you.

SHARON

Did Gabe buy you all this?

EMILY

I have a job.

SHARON

Oh? What's that then?

EMILY

I teach, at the University.

SHARON

Looks and brains. What do you teach?

EMILY

History. Post colonial mostly.

SHARON

Post colonial, when's that?

EMILY

It's a fancy way of saying modern. What about you, Sharon? What do you do?

SHARON

(lying)
I'm a singer.

EMILY

Wow, what do you sing?

SHARON

Post colonial. Mostly.

The two of them share an awkward silence. Size each other up.

EMILY

Those are nice earrings. I have a pair just like them.

(CONTINUED)

Sharon remembers she's still wearing Emily's earrings.

SHARON
These were a gift. From a friend.

EMILY
Anyone I would know?

SHARON
I doubt it, sweetheart.

Emily sips her tea, not great at confrontation. The two of them stiffen as:

Gabe's Mondeo pulls up the drive in the background.

EMILY
Lori, go upstairs now.

LORI
But I'm watching --

EMILY
Now. Upstairs.

Lori stomps through the living room and sulks up the stairs. Emily and Sharon eye each other in tense silence until...

The front door opens. They listen as Gabe steps in, drops his bag.

GABE (O.S.)
Hello? How are my two favorite ladies?

EMILY
... In here.

Emily and Sharon look up as:

Gabe steps in. A terrible day just got worse as his two worlds stare back at him...

SHARON
Aye up, Charlie.

GABE
... What are you doing in my house?

EMILY
Gabe, who is she?

GABE
What are you doing in my fucking house?

Both of them shocked by Gabe's bark.

GABE (CONT'D)
 (to Emily)
 Where's Lori?

EMILY
 Upstairs.

GABE
 Go upstairs. Stay with Lori.

EMILY
 Who is she?

SHARON
 More like who the fuck is he?

GABE
 I don't wanna hear another word out
 of you.
 (to Emily)
 Ems. Upstairs, with Lori, now.

Gabe pulls the handcuffs off the back of his belt. Sharon bolts upright.

GABE (CONT'D)
 I'm arresting you on suspicion of
 aggravated trespassing.

SHARON
 She let me in, how'm I trespassing--

GABE
 (ignores her)
 You do not have to say anything.
 But it may harm your defence if you
 do not mention when questioned --

SHARON
 You're cop? Charlie's a cop?

Gabe descends on Sharon --

SHARON (CONT'D)
 Don't fucking touch me --

EMILY
 Gabe - what are you doing -
 don't hurt her - who is she -
 Gabe, why is she in our house
 --

GABE
something which you later
 rely on in Court. Anything
 you do say may be given in
 evidence...

SHARON
 Were you a cop when you were
 shagging me? You're a cop, I
 can't believe you're a cop --

Emily can only watch in horror as Gabe wrestles Sharon to the floor, arrests her in the living room.

CUT TO:

66

INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 23.

66

Sadia steps in after a long day at work. She kicks off her shoes, notices:

Raza and Hanif waiting for her at the breakfast table. Hanif sips a beer, anxious.

HANIF

There she is, come sit down my luv.

SADIA

Sorry, we closed late. I had queues out the door. Everyone and their grandma wanted to ask why the police came to arrest my boy.

Sadia slumps down in a seat across from Raza.

SADIA (CONT'D)

So what do I tell them?

Raza avoids her glare.

SADIA (CONT'D)

You don't want to answer?

RAZA

I can't.

She quickly hardens.

SADIA

Then I can't have you in our house. And I can't have you near Nasir. You've wasted your own future, he's still got his... You have to leave.

HANIF

Hang on, luv. That's not necessary--

RAZA

Ammi, come on, they already released me. I'm not gonna get arrested again.

SADIA

I called your work, they said you haven't turned up in weeks.

RAZA

Look, you don't understand, it's already done, we're good --

SADIA

No, I don't understand. Explain it to me... Why are the police in my house, dragging you out of bed?

(CONTINUED)

Raza knows he can't answer that... Hanif breaks --

HANIF

You don't know the whole story --

RAZA

There's no story... You want me out, I'm out.

Hanif's heart breaking, he doesn't know what to say. Sadia huffs to her feet, storms over to the hallway closet.

She roots through the junk, pulls out a duffel bag. She tosses it on the ground by Raza.

SADIA

For your clothes, I want you gone by morning.

Raza eyes Sadia, she's not budging. He rises to his feet, grabs the bag.

RAZA

I'll leave right now.

HANIF

Raza, luv, where you gonna go?

Raza freezes, eyes locked on:

Nasir watching from the stairs. Obviously upset, he heard the whole thing...

RAZA

I'll be good. Been trying to move out anyway.

Raza stomps past Nasir and disappears up the stairs. Nasir glares at Sadia...

SADIA

He won't go far, *beta*, it's okay.

NASIR

(to Hanif)

Why you letting her kick him out? She's not even our mum.

HANIF

These things are complicated. Sit down, we'll talk about it.

But Nasir's already headed upstairs. Sadia eyes Hanif...

SADIA

Is this the father you wanted to be?

(CONTINUED)

Hanif doesn't know how to answer that. Sadia shakes her head, marches away.

CUT TO:

67

INT. SHAR FLAT - RAZA'S BEDROOM - EVENING 23.

67

Raza rummages through his closet, stuffing clothes into the duffel bag. Nasir watches him from the door.

Nasir pulls his camera off the side table, eyes the cracked lens.

NASIR

Cops broke my camera.

RAZA

(keeps packing)

You'll get over it, shit happens.

Nasir suddenly flush with anger, he hurls the camera. It smashes against the wall. Raza whips around, eyes Nasir.

RAZA (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

Nasir glares at him dead-eyed. Raza shrugs it off, grabs his bag and pushes past his brother on the way out.

CUT TO:

68

INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LORI'S BEDROOM - EVENING 23.

68

Emily takes a breath to compose herself before stepping into Lori's room. Her daughter curled up in bed.

EMILY

Heya, you okay?

LORI

Why was everyone shouting?

EMILY

... Sometimes grown-ups have to shout. Stinks, doesn't it?

(Lori nods)

Come on, monkey-butt. Let's get you clean.

Emily scoops up her daughter off the bed.

CUT TO:

69 **INT. GABE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING 23.** 69

Emily steps in, Lori curled up in her arms. Emily freezes, disturbed, her eyes on:

The bathtub still filled with Sharon's dirty, cold water.

CUT TO:

70 **INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/STRATFORD STATION - NIGHT 23.** 70

Gabe's Mondeo pulls up to the passenger drop off at a single platform station.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Sharon bitter and silent in the passenger seat. Gabe pulls out a set of keys...

GABE

Gimmie your hand.

Sharon doesn't move. She flinches as Gabe reaches over and unlocks her one remaining cuff.

GABE (CONT'D)

Take the tube to King's Cross. You can change there for the train to Bradford. Don't come back here, Sharon.

SHARON

Or what? You'll arrest me again?

GABE

What else was I supposed to do? You were in my house.

SHARON

You've been in my house plenty.

GABE

... How did you find me?

SHARON

You can find out a lot when you got family work for the NHS.

GABE

Oh yeah, how's Abby?

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

Do you care? Her dog died, is that a police matter?

GABE

No, Abby's... she's alright.

SHARON

... Why me? Skittles and all them, I get, but why me?

GABE

My job was to blend into people's lives. Relationships are a part of life.

SHARON

So I'm the wallpaper on your investigation or whatever.

(off Gabe's silence)

America, Florida, that's bullshit?

(Gabe relents, nods)

I lent you money - I sold my piano. Christ, I met your Dad.

GABE

That wasn't my Dad.

SHARON

And when you went to his funeral?

(shakes his head)

But you cried, your head in my lap crying. What was it for?

GABE

... To make you believe it.

She slaps him. And again, and again. He doesn't resist. Eventually her slaps run out of steam, Gabe gently lowers her hands.

GABE (CONT'D)

It wasn't all a lie. I loved you, I didn't fake that.

SHARON

... You never loved me Charlie. Gabe. Whoever the fuck you are. You loved who they let you be when you were with me.

As Sharon turns to leave, Gabe locks the door. Not proud of what he's about to say...

GABE

A lot of transgressions that went down in your pub never made it to trial. That could still change.

(CONTINUED)

Sharon eyes him, the threat clear.

GABE (CONT'D)

No one can know about me, about
this. Never.

Sharon nods, understood. Gabe unlocks the door. Sharon
doesn't need another word, she darts out of the car and into
the train station. Gabe closes his eyes... Breathes deep.

CUT TO:

ROSE

Where are the translations?

Holly eyes Gabe, who looks out of it, his mind other places.
She takes the lead --

HOLLY

From what I've read, these confirm
Sal's intel. The address, Farook,
Zakir --

ROSE

You're not a native speaker.

HOLLY

GCHQ only cracked the phone this
morning. There are over two
thousand messages to transcribe.

ROSE

Then find more interpreters.

GABE

They gotta come with clearance. We
don't need some freelancer
broadcasting the location of an
attack cell.

HOLLY

We already have what we need, we
have Sal's phone. They don't know
we have him in custody. We contact
the cell posing as Sal. Let him put
someone forward for us.

Gabe snaps out of his daze, slowly catching up to Holly...

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Gets get us inside the house.

ROSE

If that's how they recruit.

Rose, wary. Holly flips through a few highlighted messages, shows them to her.

HOLLY

(motions to messages)

Here, Sal tells Farook he wants him to meet his brother. Farook responds with a pick up time and address.

(off Rose's hesitation)

This was sent the day before Zakir Ravia was reported missing.

Rose mulls it over...

ROSE

Who do we have?

GABE

Bring in a level 1 from another unit.

HOLLY

It would take weeks to prep someone new. Once the blackout's lifted on Sal's arrest, they'll attack or go underground. Either way, they're gone.

Gabe shakes his head, knows where she's going with this...

GABE

Number nine won't do it.

HOLLY

I'd like a run at him.

Gabe can only laughs at the notion.

GABE

If there's anyone he doesn't want to talk to more than me, it's you.

HOLLY

I think I can bring him around.

Gabe looks to Rose --

ROSE

In, out, a simple probe.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. PACKING WAREHOUSE - DAY 24.**

74

Dadir packs boxes in the warehouse. He bops along to his headphones, content in his work.

Raza works at the next station. Back in his old job. Mechanical, hollow.

CUT TO:

74A **EXT. PACKING WAREHOUSE - CAR PARK - DAY 24.**

74A

A back alley that bleeds into a half empty car park. Raza and Dadir smoke amidst the crowd of exhausted WORKERS. Raza perks up, noticing:

Gabe's Mondeo pulls into the car park. Flashes it's brights.

RAZA

Shit.

DADIR

Shit what?

RAZA

Nothing, see you in there.

Raza stubs out his smoke and trudges across the car park. Dadir intrigued as Raza approaches the Mondeo.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Gabe at the wheel, Holly in the passenger seat.

RAZA (CONT'D)

You can't be doing this, you can't be here.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

In the back.

RAZA

Nah, I'm good. But if you're still sitting out here when I clock off, you can give me a ride back to Dadir's. That's where I'm sleeping now that I'm technically homeless. Thanks for that by the way.

The Workers filter back inside - break over.

RAZA (CONT'D)

Good chat, break's over.

Raza heads back toward the building, Holly hops out of the car --

HOLLY

Sal was working with a terror cell.
(Raza stops)
Here in East London. We wouldn't have found them if it wasn't for you.

Raza eyes Holly...

HOLLY (CONT'D)

In the back. Please.

Raza looks back to the building. All the Workers gone, save for Dadir who motions him over.

RAZA

(shouts to Dadir)
... Clock me in, I'll catch up in a minute.

Dadir watches with interest as Raza climbs into the Mondeo.

INSIDE MONDEO:

Raza slumps into the back, lies down.

RAZA (CONT'D)

You ever shampoo these seats? How many assholes and dirtbags you had back here? Probably gonna gimme fleas.

Holly eyes Gabe. He shrugs, this is your show.

HOLLY

We need your help.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

No. Whatever it is, no.

HOLLY

We've located an active cell. Two of the members came from Sal's gym.

RAZA

Great, go get them.

HOLLY

We can't make arrests without reasonable cause.

GABE

We just need someone to look inside. Tell us who's there.

RAZA

... I should be laughing in your face, thinking I wanna help you after how much you fucked my life upside down.

HOLLY

But you're not. You could've quit at any point, stopped answering your phone. You didn't.

RAZA

What you on about? This geezer made me do it.

HOLLY

Made you do what? No one told you to pick up that bike helmet. Take money from Igli Gramos. Set fire to that car.

Wary, Raza looks to Gabe, who shrugs.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Do you want to save lives or do you want to keep packing boxes?

Raza deflates, knows she's right.

GABE

You're a race horse, Raza.

RAZA

You know they shoot those fuckers, turn them into glue?

HOLLY

Take a night to sleep on it.

Raza sighs. His conscience won't let him turn them away.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

What's the point? Just gives these
dickheads more time.

Gabe eyes Raza in the rearview, impressed.

GABE

Good man.

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. BLACK CHURCH STREET - DAY 24.**

75

Raza waits on a street corner. Hoodie and jeans. His eyes scan the traffic...

WORALL (V.O.)
Bravo 1, subject turning East on
Black Church. Making his approach.

Raza notices the White Van creeping towards him down the street.

COOPER (V.O.)
Delta 1, eyes on. He's slowing
down...

The White Van pulls over next to Raza. Zakir behind the wheel, Farook rolls down his window...

FAROOK
Raza, yeah?
(off Raza's nod)
Hop in.

Raza climbs into the passenger seat.

INSIDE WHITE VAN:

Raza takes in the dumpy van, nothing out of the ordinary.

RAZA
Which one of you's Farook?
(Off Farook's nod)
Sal was saying you trained with
him.
(to Zakir)
Didn't catch your name.

Zakir ignores him, turns up the radio before pulling out.

COOPER (V.O.)
Delta 1, Asset's in place. Subject
continuing East on Black Church...

The Van rolls out. Gabe's Mondeo a few cars behind.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. WESTFERRY YARD - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 24.**

76

Rose waits in the conference room with HOWARD COOK, Sal's solicitor. He avoids her impatient glare, a laptop gripped in his hand. Everybody waits for: *

Boyce marches in, dressed in a Tuxedo. Obviously pulled from other plans. *

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

Very dashing, Geoffrey. How was your speech?

BOYCE

Haven't made it yet. My wife's waiting in the car, she'll want to know who she was waiting for. *

ROSE

(motions)

Mr. Brahimi's solicitor, refused to start without you.

HOWARD *

Howard Cook. *

Howard offers out his hand, Boyce eyes it unimpressed. *

HOWARD (CONT'D) *

... My client would like to turn Queen's evidence in exchange for a reduced sentence. *

BOYCE

He'd do better to plead insanity.

Howard sets out a laptop on the table. *

HOWARD *

He can give you the identity of Yousef Hassan's killer.

ROSE

Your client is currently prime suspect in that matter. Turning himself in wouldn't count as evidence. *

HOWARD *

There are 12 witnesses that put Mr. Brahimi in his gym at the time of Yousef Hassan's shooting. My client has already admitted to the murder of your officer, but he did not kill your informant... Yousef Hassan was a CTSU informant, yes? *

Rose and Boyce perk up, a little more interested. Howard slides a typed up letter in front of Boyce. *

BOYCE

What's this?

HOWARD *

A statement on your behalf to be presented to the judge at the time of sentencing.

(CONTINUED)

BOYCE
(almost amused)
A character reference?

*
*
*

Boyce pulls on his glasses, scans the statement.

*

HOWARD
What my client has to offer is in
the interest of national security.
If ignored, it could have grave
consequences for untold lives, and
my client will be left with no
choice but to inform the press that
the Deputy Assistant Commissioner
himself chose not to listen.

*

ROSE
If one more life is lost for
information your client withholds,
I'll put myself on the stand to
make sure he pays for it.

Howard avoids all eye contact, not proud of himself.

*

HOWARD
These are my client's wishes.

*

Reluctant, Boyce pockets the statement.

BOYCE
(RE: statement)
This goes in the shredder if his
intel craps out.
(then)
Go on, what does he have to say for
himself?

Boyce and Rose gather around as Howard presses play on his
laptop.

*

ON SCREEN: A video of Sal in an interview room with another SOLICITOR. *

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)
I say this, and they show it to the judge, yeah?

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)
That's right, at sentencing.

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Just talk about the snitch?

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Yes, from the beginning.

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Yeah, Yousef used to come to my gym-

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)
You mean Yousef Hassan? Can you point him out, please?

The Solicitor shows Sal a mugshot of Yousef.

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Yeah, him. Yousef Hassan.

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Let the record show my client has identified Yousef Hassan.

The Solicitor holds up Yousef's mugshot, nice and clear for the camera.

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP) (CONT'D)
Please continue...

CUT TO:

77 **INT./EXT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/CHESSINGTON CLOSE - DAY 24.** 77

The White Van rolls down the suburban street. Zakir behind the wheel, Raza in the passenger seat, next to Farook.

(CONTINUED)

SAL (V.O.)

One day, he stays behind, asking questions about this bloke I know, Ahmed --

SOLICITOR (V.O.)

That's El Adoua?

We watch the van's approach through the various CCTV screens, Long Lens cameras, Heat Signature Monitors and Sniper Scopes. Every eyeball and lens in the CTSU Unit follow its movements.

SAL (V.O.)

Yeah, Ahmed El Adoua. Rotterdam, Turin, all that. Yousef had seen me with him a few months before, and now he's asking these questions.

SOLICITOR (V.O.)

What kind of questions?

SAL (V.O.)

'Was that your mate?' 'How do you know him?' Was I involved in that stuff?. Kinda questions you shouldn't ask. Kind of questions that got Yousef where he is.

SOLICITOR (V.O.)

Mr. Brahim you need to explain very clearly, who killed Yousef Hassan?

The White Van pulls up to the house. Farook, Zakir and Raza hop out.

CUT TO:

77A **EXT. MILLENNIUM MILLS - FLASHBACK DAY 3.**

77A

Yousef is shot dead in his Audi, in the middle of an abandoned lot.

CUT TO:

78 **INT. WESTFERRY YARD - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 24.**

78

Sal's testimony still playing on the laptop. Rose watches it, confused.

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)

Ahmed. Excuse me, Ahmed El Adoua. I just give him the heads up. He got did the rest done.

(CONTINUED)

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)

Are you aware intelligence reports
state that Ahmed El Adoua was
killed by a drone strike in Syria
prior to Yousef Hassan's murder?

(CONTINUED)

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)
That's what the telly said. But I
don't know who they killed cause it
wasn't him. His ass was in London,
I was with him that morning.

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Mr. Brahim -

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Yeah, yeah, for the tape, show me
the photo.

The Solicitor hands him a photo of El Adoua.

SAL (THROUGH LAPTOP) (CONT'D)
That's him, Ahmed El Adoua's alive.
He never left. And he had that
snitch killed.

The Solicitor holds up the photo for the camera to see.

SOLICITOR (THROUGH LAPTOP)
Let the record show my client has
identified Ahmed El Adoua --

Rose's confusion turns to panic. She grabs her phone, quickly
dials --

CUT TO:

79

INT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 24.

79

Gabe watches through the monitors as Raza, Zakir and Farook
disappear inside the door of number 17.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)
This is control, subject is home.

Holly darts into the room, phone at her ear.

HOLLY
Pull him out -- we have to pull him
out --

GABE
What're you talking about, he's
already in there.

Off Gabe's confusion --

CUT TO:

EL ADOUA

Maybe we have a bed for you. Why you standing by the door? Come on, come in.

El Adoua motions Raza to join him. Uneasy, Raza sits down on the sofa. El Adoua offers him a second controller.

EL ADOUA (CONT'D)

You like to play?

RAZA

Look at these graphics, this must've been made before I was born.

EL ADOUA

Zakir spills his cereal all over the PS3, this is what we have.

ZAKIR

That weren't me, Ahmed, that were Farook.

Raza perks up at the name Ahmed. He notices...

One of El Adoua's fingers missing. The knuckle covered with a gnarly scar.

Raza swallows back his fear, turns to El Adoua, tries to sound casual --

RAZA

Ahmed, do I know you from somewhere, bruv?

EL ADOUA

No one knows me, I'm a ghost.
(re: Video Game)
Only has international, pick your side, come on.

On edge, Raza takes in the room. No one seems to pay him any mind. He flicks through the flags, settling on England.

EL ADOUA (CONT'D)

Why you picking England?

El Adoua takes a puff on his joint as they begin the game.

RAZA

I dunno, cause I'm English.

The two of them play the video game throughout the scene.

(CONTINUED)

EL ADOUA

I'm not Brazilian, I pick them
cause they're the best. England is
shit.

RAZA

I was born here, I just picked
them.

El Adoua laughs to himself.

EL ADOUA

Wow, wow, think about that. They
broke into your head so much, that
even in the ancient virtual reality
of this fucking game, you still
think you're English. What can I
think about that? Like even the
tiny little pixel fans in this fake
stadium, with their fake flags,
drinking their fake beers, getting
into fake fights... They know
you're not English. You're a
muslim. Why you picking England?

RAZA

I dunno, bruv, if we were playing
cricket, I'd've picked Pakistan.

El Adoua's eyes go wide as his team belt one past Raza's
keeper --

EL ADOUA

GOOOOOOALLLL!

-- Raza flinches back as El Adoua jumps out of his seat, he
screams in Raza's face. Aggressive, intense.

EL ADOUA (CONT'D)

GOALLLLLLLAZZZZIOOOO!

FAROOK

Yo, Ahmed, it's offside.
Disallowed, innit.

El Adoua catches his breath, he glances back at the screen...
'No Goal' flashes over the game.

EL ADOUA

Shit.

On edge, Raza eyes El Adoua as he sits back down, eyes locked
on the screen.

EL ADOUA (CONT'D)

Go on, take your kick.

(CONTINUED)

FAROOK

Wait, did Sal say anything to you
about getting arrested?

Raza tenses, eyes Farook who scrolls through his phone.

EL ADOUA

To me? What are you saying?

FAROOK

Lookit, my mate sent me this. He's
saying the Feds got the gym on lock
down.

*
*

Raza tenses as Farook hands El Adoua the phone. A photo of
Sal's gym, police tape outside. El Adoua's confusion quickly
giving way to cold anger.

*
*
*

RAZA

... We gonna finish up?

EL ADOUA

No. That game's not real.

El Adoua shuts off the TV. Raza looks up to find:

*

Everyone staring at him.

*

81A OMITTED

81A *