



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

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

MAN  
Jin... Jin.

The Man tosses a pillow at the last mattress.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(in Mandarin, subtitled)  
*Don't be an asshole, get up.*

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

CUT TO:

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

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

2ND MAN (O.S.)  
(in Mandarin, subtitled)  
*I'm in here.*

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

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DEPTFORD STREETS - EARLY MORNING 50. 3

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

JIN  
After ten, boss.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

JIN (INTO PHONE)  
(in Mandarin, subtitled)  
Hey, it's me... I know, sorry, they  
pushed my break... Is she still  
up?... No, no, don't wake her. I'll  
talk to her tomorrow...

CUT TO:

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

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

NATALIE  
Loo's back here?

JIN  
For customers only.

NATALIE  
Yeah, I'll buy something after.

(CONTINUED)



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

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

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

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



GABE

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

RAZA

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

GABE

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

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

RAZA

I'm swimming in this thing.

GABE

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

RAZA

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

GABE

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)

Names and faces, that's all I need.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. MUSLIM CEMETERY - DAY 7.

14

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

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

Raza up ahead. Dadir gives him a nod.

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

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

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MUSLIM CEMETERY - ENTRANCE - DAY 7.

15

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

RAZA

Nice turn out, your brother was obviously some dude.

DADIR

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

(eyes Raza's jacket)

What are you wearing?

Raza stuck for an answer --

CUT WALEED

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

RAZA

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

(changing the subject)

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

CUT WALEED

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

DADIR

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

CUT WALEED

That happened like one time.

Dadir stubs out his spliff, motions Raza to follow.

DADIR

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

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

IMRAN

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

(CONTINUED)



DADIR

Friends and family, long walk for  
you, innit

HOLLY

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

WORALL

ALSI recovered a stolen Fiat Ducato at the Turin farmhouse.

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

HOLLY

What about a white Ford Transit van?

WORALL

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

HOLLY

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

WORALL

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

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

COOPER

What's the plan with the funeral?

GABE

Should have roll call by morning.

CUT TO:

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

17

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

ROXY (O.S.)

Dadir, right?

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

ROXY (CONT'D)

Roxy, I was friends with your brother.

DADIR

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

ROXY

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

DADIR

Yeah, okay.

ROXY

I was thinking we could talk?

DADIR

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

(CONTINUED)

ROXY

Maybe we can talk, me and you.

DADIR

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

ROXY

That's not what --

DADIR

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

Roxy shocked, Raza ushers her away towards the door.

RAZA

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

ROXY

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

RAZA

Okay. What was your name again?

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

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

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

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

HANIF (O.S.)

Raza, Iuv.

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

RAZA

Abu, what the hell you doing here?

HANIF

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

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

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

DADIR (O. S.)

We got the whole Shar clan now?

Dadir steps up, eyes Raza and Hanif.

RAZA

I forgot my keys, my Dad just --

HANIF

Keys? What you blathering about.

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

HANIF (CONT'D)

You alright, Iuv? You're alright.

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

DADIR

Thanks for asking, Mr. Shar.

HANIF

None of this mister, Hanif to you.

DADIR

Here, come say hi to my mum.

HANIF

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

RAZA

Yeah, maybe another time.

DADIR

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

HANIF

That's not my jacket.

RAZA

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

HANIF

Alright, give it over then.

RAZA

Nah, Abu, I'm good.

HANIF

Well is it my jacket or is it your jacket?

(CONTINUED)



Keep it going, till dawn if you  
hafta.



LORIK

Listen to your boy old man.

HANIF

Gobshite, who you calling old --

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

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

(CONTINUED)

DADIR  
Nah, nah, wait, wait, wait.

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

RAZA  
C' mon!

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

CUT TO:

22

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 7.

22

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

23

OMITTED

23

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

GABE  
How was the funeral?

RAZA  
(re: jacket)  
You tell me.

Raza slumps in the seat across from him.

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

RAZA  
You been to a funeral before?  
Mostly just a lot of sad people,  
innit.  
(Off Gabe's glare)  
There was one dude, he showed up  
late, got into it with my dad for a  
minute.

GABE  
Your dad?

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

GABE  
Did you get a name?

RAZA  
I mean I tried.

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

RAZA  
Yeah alright, bruv, how do I do  
that?

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

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

RAZA

What you on about? Why you talking  
like David

CUT TO:

25-27 OMITTED

25-27

24A

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BULLPEN - DAY 8.

24A

GABE (ADR)

Our white van man we're looking  
into.

Gabe motions to a blurry photo of Lori k.

The CTSU team stand around a conference table. Gabe lays out

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

HOLLY

(reading from a sheet)

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

DAVID

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



TRISHA  
David, blood pressure.

David huffs, silent.

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

AKASH  
I don't do nothing, just sharing --

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

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

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

GABE  
(to David & Trisha)  
Could we step out for a second?  
(off their confusion)  
Might be helpful to talk alone.

DAVID  
We're more than fair with him.

GABE  
I don't doubt it. Five minutes.

Off David's exasperation --

CUT TO:

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

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

GABE  
Who's that cheeky chappie?

(CONTINUED)

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

GABE (CONT'D)

Your Dad's in Brum now, is he?

(Akash nods)

You see him much?

AKASH

No one wants to go to Brum.

GABE

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

Akash finally looks up. Glares at Gabe --

AKASH

What do you know about my mum?

GABE

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

AKASH

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

HOLLY

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

AKASH

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

HOLLY

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

(in Arabic, subtitled)

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

Gabe eyes Holly, impressed. Akash scoffs, whatever.

GABE

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

AKASH

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

Holly sighs, doesn't know where to start.

AKASH (CONT'D)

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

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

GABE

And what did they ask of you?

AKASH

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

GABE

Who approached you, what did they  
 look like?

AKASH

This guy, well they --

GABE

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

AKASH

Uh, like Jamie and Steve --

GABE

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

AKASH

I'm not confused --

GABE

So there was one or two --

AKASH (CONT'D)

Don't matter how many --

GABE

And it was Jason and Simon --

AKASH (CONT'D)

No, it was Jamie and Simon --

GABE

They told you they were MI6?

AKASH (CONT'D)

Maybe, no, I said CIA --

GABE

Why don't you go to Brum, Kash?

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

Cause he don't wanna fucki ng see  
me, does he?

Akash sits back, surprised by his own admi ssi on... Gabe  
stands, walks over to the book shel f of board games.

GABE

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)

You don't want us to come back  
here.

Akash nods.

CUT TO:

29	OMITTED	29
30	EXT. AKASH'S HOUSE - DAY 8.	30

Gabe and Holly walk away from Akash's terrace.

GABE

You learned the Quran?

HOLLY

More peopl e shoul d.

GABE

But you di d.

HOLLY

Most conflict comes from  
mi scommuni cation.

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

(CONTI NUED)

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

CUT TO:

31-32 OMITTED

31-32

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

Gabe and Holly parked outside of the restaurant.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

SADIA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Hani f whips around to find Sadi a watching him.

HANI F

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

SADIA

I'm the one who hides them from you.

HANI F

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

SADIA

What are you actually looking for?

HANI F

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

SADIA

A secret? This sounds intriguing.

HANI F

No, no, nothing like that...

Hani f sighs, defeated...

SADIA

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

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SHAR FLAT - BALCONY - DAY 8.

35

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

SADIA

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

Hanif opens the tobacco tin, weed and smokes inside.

HANIF

That's not what I'm looking for.

SADIA  
What are you looking for?

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

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

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

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

KARL (O.S.)  
Hand to God, whatever's in that tin  
didn't come from me, Mr. Shar.

Hanif looks down to find Karl chilling on his balcony.

HANIF  
I believe you, Karl, millions  
wouldn't but I believe you.  
(then)  
Actually, I have a question for a  
man in your profession.

KARL  
Ask away.

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

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

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

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

HANIF  
I've known him a long time --



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

CUT TO:

35A OMITTED 35A

36 INT. SHAR FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY. 36

Sadia and Raza set out dinner plates. Raza's eyes on:

Nasir sits at the table, opening a small box...

RAZA  
Geez at the shop said Ran2a12 2520w1p2 1 Tfw cs0 0 0 scn0 To

37 INT./EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/OLD BALLROOM - NIGHT 8. 37

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

Gabe's Mondeo parked further down the street.

INSIDE MONDEO:

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

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
What's your ETA?

WORALL (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)  
Difficult to say, traffic's rough.

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Throw on your blues and twos.

WORALL (THROUGH BLUETOOTH)  
Can't be having that, discretion is  
of utmost importance.

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

COOPER (THROUGH WALKIE)  
Look at that, traffic cleared up.

(CONTINUED)



GABE

Florida. Down by Disney land, Mickey  
fucking Mousing it.

NIGEL

Done nowt for the tan, I see.

(RE: Holly)

This lovely thing got a name?

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

HOLLY

Holly.

NIGEL

Nigel Briggs, at your service.

GABE

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

NIGEL

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

HOLLY

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

NIGEL

Sounds about right.

(to Gabe)

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

GABE

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

NIGEL

There's always next year.

HOLLY

How do you two know each other?

Gabe tenses....

NIGEL

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

GABE

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

NIGEL

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

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

NIGEL (CONT'D)

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

GABE

You're not so bad yourself.

NIGEL

Clean as the cat's mouth, seven year.

GABE

Good for you. Still bumping into Sharon then?

NIGEL

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

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

NIGEL (CONT'D)

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

GABE

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

NIGEL

You won't lose any sleep on that.

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

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

INSIDE MONDEO:

Holly climbs in, still processing what just happened.

GABE

It's the same as the White Van.  
(off Holly's confusion)

DDL

Gabe notices her staring, his hands go still.

GABE

Whatever questions you got, I can't answer.

Holly pretends to shrug it off.

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

38A

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

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

Raza hangs up, slips in.

RAZA

What you taking pictures for, perv?

NASIR

Why you spending 100 quid on a pair of shoes?

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

RAZA

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

NASIR

Who's getting married?

RAZA

No one you know. See ya later, yeah.

NASIR

Where you going?

RAZA

Out.

NASIR

But where though?

Raza ignores him, darts out of the room.

NASIR (CONT'D)

You going to see that girl?

Curious, Nasir watches as Raza stomps down the stairs.

CUT TO:

38B EXT. PAULETTE HOUSE - MORNING 9.

38B

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

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

CUT TO:



39-43 OMITTED

39-43

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

44

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

HOLLY

Coffee?

GABE

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

HOLLY

He was a contact from your UC work?

GABE

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

HOLLY

You don't write these up normally?

GABE

Never had to, never had a run in before.

HOLLY

What about, was it Sharon, he mentioned?

GABE

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

HOLLY

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

Gabe nods, reluctant.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

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

GABE

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

Holly eyes her feet, takes a step.

HOLLY

Doesn't everybody?

GABE

Try it with your shoulders.

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

HOLLY

Feels different.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)

There's other stuff, hair, clothes.

Gabe musses his hair. Untucks his shirt.

GABE (CONT'D)

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

HOLLY

What about Charlie?

Gabe takes hold of Holly's wrist...

GABE

He's a squeezer...

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)

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

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

GABE (CONT'D)

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

Gabe walks out. Holly, shaken.

CUT TO:

45

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 9.

45

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

47 EXT. BRIDGE TOWN ESTATE - DAY 9. 47

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

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

TEEN (O.S.)  
Throw it over.

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

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

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

KAL (CONT'D)  
You live on this estate?

NASIR  
No.

(CONTINUED)

KAL

You got people here then?

NASIR

No, I don't think so.

KAL

So what you doing here?

The Teens close in. Nasir, nervous.

KAL (CONT'D)

Don't piss yourself, it's cool.

Kal pounces on Nasir, snatches his bag --

NASIR

Get off me --

KAL (CONT'D)

What you hiding hard man?

Kal pulls out Nasir's camera --

KAL (CONT'D)

This is ancient --

NASIR

Give that back, bruv --

AKASH (O.S.)

HEY.

Akash stomps over, tennis ball in hand.

AKASH (CONT'D)

Nearly smashed my nan's window.

KAL

Knob off, crazy Kash --

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

AKASH

Mine now, dickheads.

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

AKASH (CONT'D)

You buddy-buddy with them?

NASIR

I'm trying to find my brother.

AKASH

Who's your brother?

NASIR

You wouldn't know him, Raza.

(CONTINUED)

AKASH

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

(RE: Camera)

That's nice. You take photos with that?

NASIR

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

AKASH

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

NASIR

ON THE MONITOR: Two dirt bikes pull up.

INTERCUT WITH:

48A

EXT. OLD BALLROOM/STREET - DAY 9.

48A

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

DADIR

Nah, you waiting out here.

RAZA

I don't even know where here is.

DADIR

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

RAZA

For what?

DADIR

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

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

GABE (THROUGH PHONE)

What you waiting for? Get in there.

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

The Plumbing Van flashes its brights at him.

RAZA (INTO PHONE)

You're fucking joking. What you doing here?

GABE (THROUGH PHONE)

Waiting for you to get in there, go on.

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

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

CUT TO:

49

INT. OLD BALLROOM - VARIOUS - DAY 9.

49

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

(CONTINUED)

RAZA  
Yo? Dadi r?

Raza shuffles up the stairs, leading him into --

CUT TO:

50 INT. OLD BALLROOM - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY 9. 50

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

51 INT. OLD BALLROOM - DINING ROOM - DAY 9. 51

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

RAZA LORIK  
I can't breathe - lemme up -- I know this one.

RAZA  
Please, lemme up --



IGLI

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

Igli holds out his hand.

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

DADIR

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

Raza frozen with terror.

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

IGLI

Take off your shirt. Jeans.

RAZA

... What?

IGLI

Your clothes, off.

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

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

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

IGLI (CONT'D)

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

RAZA

Raza... Shar.

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

IGLI

India? Bangladesh? Pakistan?

RAZA

Pakistani.

IGLI

Kashmiri? Punjabi? Urdu?

RAZA

Urdu.

(CONTINUED)



53 EXT. BOW CANAL LOCKS - NIGHT 9.

53

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

INSIDE MONDEO/MOVING:

Raza lies down in the back.

GABE

Why were you at my surveillance spot.

RAZA

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

GABE

Who'd you meet behind that door?

RAZA

Your big shot dude.

Gabe perks up, turns back to Raza.

GABE

How d'you know it's him?

RAZA

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

GABE

That's good. Tell me about him.

RAZA

Seriously, 'that's good'?

GABE

It's a matter of perspective.

RAZA

Yeah, thanks, bruv.

GABE

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

RAZA

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

GABE

What makes him Albanian?

RAZA

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

GABE

What else?

RAZA

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

GABE

Soon, maybe.

RAZA

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

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

RAZA (CONT'D)

Ow, shit.

GABE

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

(CONTINUED)

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

RAZA

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

GABE

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

RAZA

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

Raza sits up, reaches for the door --

GABE

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

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

CUT TO:

54

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

54

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

HOLLY (INTO PHONE)

... Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

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

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

HOLLY (INTO PHONE)

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

FEMALE VOICE (INTO PHONE)

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

HOLLY (INTO PHONE)

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

FEMALE VOICE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, sure --

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

CUT TO:

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

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

MAN

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

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

HOLLY

Good luck with your wife.

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

HOLLY (CONT'D)

We don't need to shake on it.

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

MEGAN

That bloke was married?

HOLLY

How long have you been up?

MEGAN

He has a wife.

HOLLY

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

MEGAN

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED

57

58 EXT. MECHANICS - DAY 10.

58

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

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

AKASH

Bro, gimme a hand.

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

AKASH (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

59 EXT. AKASH'S HOUSE - DAY 10.

59

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

AKASH

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

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

NASIR

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

AKASH

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

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

NASIR

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

(CONTINUED)



AKASH

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

NASIR

Sound. You even know how to drive?

AKASH

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

NASIR

Shut up, bro.

DAVID (O. S.)

Ay, Kash.

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

DAVID (CONT'D)

You nick my tools again?

Nasir discreetly kicks the toolbox under the car.

AKASH

No, what you talking about?

DAVID

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

AKASH

My friend, Nas.

NASIR

Hi ya. I'm helping with car.

DAVID

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

David laughs at his own joke, ducks back inside.

NASIR

Wait, is your dad a gora then?

AKASH

No way. That old git's my mum's dad. Kuffar bastard.

(RE: video)

Glare, bro, glare, c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

Nasir holds up the phone for Akash.

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED 60

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

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

SADIA

Why are you so tense? Lean your head back.

RAZA

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

She runs the retractable head over his hair.

SADIA

You are always so fussy.

RAZA

And you always run the water too hot.

SADIA

Kills the head lice.

RAZA

You been saying that same joke since I can remember.

SADIA

So what are you worried about?

RAZA

Me? Nothing, this wedding.

SADIA

Her parents know you're Asian?

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

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

SADIA

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

(in her best RP accent)

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

(back to normal)

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

Raza finally relaxes as Sadi a washes his worries away.

CUT TO:

61

INT. YMCA LOBBY - DAY 10.

61

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

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

Holly on the tattered couch. She stands.

HOLLY

Mr. Briggs?

Nigel's face drops.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Holly, we met the other day.

NIGEL

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

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

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

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

Didn't I say, got your message.

HOLLY

Have I upset you somehow?

Nigel motions her away from the eavesdropping Receptionist.

NIGEL

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

HOLLY

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

NIGEL

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

HOLLY

I'm not here to disturb that.

NIGEL

Then you'll be on your way.

HOLLY

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

(Nigel tenses)

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

Nigel deflates, defeated.

NIGEL

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

HOLLY

There's no harm in answering a few questions.

NIGEL

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

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Aye up, stranger.

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

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

CUT TO:

63

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

63

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emily disturbed. Quickly shuts off the bluetooth.

LORI  
That woman said a bad word.

EMILY  
Just the radio.

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

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

(CONTINUED)





SAM

Sorry about that.

RAZA

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

SAM

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

RAZA

Jack and Coke, if you don't mind.

Sam pulls an expensive whiskey bottle from under the table.

SAM

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

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

EMILY  
... Who's Charlie?

GABE  
Is that one of Lori's friends?

EMILY  
It's not a trick question.

GABE  
Then tell me the answer.

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

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

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

EMILY  
But not too far.

Gabe slinks away, takes the call...

INTERCUT WITH:

66 EXT. PLUMBING VAN/OLD BALLROOM - DAY 10.

66

Cooper and Worall deep into their surveillance shift.

GABE (INTO PHONE)  
Not a great time, what is it?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

EMILY  
I'll let you know who wins.

Gabe hustles towards his car.

CUT TO:

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

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

CHARLOTTE  
Sorry. Busy.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

RAZA  
Can I bum one?

Sam hands Raza a smoke and a light.

RAZA (CONT'D)  
Thanks, bruv.  
(RE: Macarena)  
Must be psychic, not even midnight.

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

(CONTINUED)



SAM

Look, I gotta break down the bar --

RAZA

Nah, say what you mean.

SAM

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

RAZA

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

Raza shoves Sam hard.

BARTENDER

Fuck's your problem?

RAZA (CONT'D)

Wanna say something, say it.

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

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

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

TRISTAN

Razi, poor form, come on --

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

CHARLOTTE

Raza, what the hell are you doing?

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

CUT TO:

70

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

70

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

HOLLY (INTO WALKIE)

Eyes on?

COOPER (THROUGH WALKIE)

Black beemer, three cars ahead, fast lane.

GABE (INTO WALKIE)

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

(CONTINUED)



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

Raza perks up as:

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

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

He creaks open the door and slinks into --

CUT TO:

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

Raza slips off his shoes, notices:

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

HANIF

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

RAZA

Need to sleep, Abu, I'm beat.

HANIF

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

RAZA

Bed hopefully, what you on about?

HANIF

You. Working for the police.

That wakes Raza up --

RAZA

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

HANIF

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

(Raza tenses)

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

RAZA

What do you know about dangerous?

HANIF

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

RAZA

Since when?

HANIF

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

RAZA

You can have a round of applause for that then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



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

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

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. GABE'S MONDEO/INDUSTRIAL BT-0.0167 T12 0 0 12 180 700 T12

HOLLY  
Practice runs?

GABE  
I don't see any fire damage.

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