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2015. Igli Gramos stands at the open trunk of a car. He eyes a duffel bag filled with a hodgepodge of weapons. Igli pulls out the M57, weighs it in his hands... not bad.

He nods to Lorik who pays the sketchy ARMS DEALER.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)
Its path into the shooter's hands
remains unknown...

CUT TO:

6

6

2016. Igli in one of the booths. He slides the M57 onto the table. Yousef sits across from him, takes the gun, on edge.

CUT TO:

7

7

Present. Dadir eyes the M57 in Yousef's safe along with the brick of coke. Cut Waleed peeks over his shoulder in the b.g. (same scene as Ep 2)

CUT TO:

8

8

Dadir watches in awe as a NURSE runs the sonogram wand over Roxy's exposed belly. A barely recognizable baby on the sonogram screen. Its fast heartbeat fills the room.

CUT TO:

9

9

Hoodie up, Dadir slinks down a deserted back alley. He discretely tosses a plastic bag (M57 inside) into a construction skip.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)
... Between 9:21 and 10:32 am on
the morning of November 29th, the
M57 was fired 9 times...

CUT TO:

10

10

The cafe now a crime scene. Tables turned over, broken glass. The M57 lies on the floor. A SOCO OFFICER scoops up the gun.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER (V.O.)
... ending the lives of 4 civilians
and 1 Police Officer...

10A

10A

Lady Justice Spencer reads from her dossier.

LADY JUSTICE SPENCER
... The gun was recovered by Police
at the scene.

Lady Justice Spencer closes the dossier marked 'Nasir Shar', which has his school portrait paperclipped to the front.

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

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

Hi m. 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.

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

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

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
pixelated

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

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)

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.

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

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

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.

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

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.

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.

Raza nods, determined.

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED 21

21A 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

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
Sal aam.

(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 rafi ds 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--

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.

I MRAN

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

SAL

Put it away.

I MRAN

All good, mate.

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

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27

27

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

HOLLY
Zakir Ravi a 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 29

Raza rifles through an old biscuit tin on the book shelf. He rifles through the old letters, photos documents inside. The remnants of Sadi a'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 Sadi a'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)

Sadi a 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
Who's filling your head with
this shit?

NASIR (CHNYT' DGnGroebL1 Tv, jET

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

38

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

(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

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)

Gabe hangs up, Raza eyes his phone, confused.

CUT TO:

41

41

Raza slips in, eyes Nasir asleep in the top bunk. Raza slinks into the hallway.

CUT TO:

42

42

Raza creeps down the stairs, peers in on Hanif snoring on the sofa. Last night's empties on the coffee table.

A soft creak draws Raza's attention to... Moving shadows visible under the bottom of the front door.

Raza creeps closer. Muted voice on the other side of the door. Raza realises, braces himself as --

-- CRACK. The door flies off its hinges. POLICE race into the flat --

OFFICERS
POLICE, GET DOWN --

RAZA
It's all good, no one's
resisting --

-- The Cops flood in, tackle Raza to the ground --

-- Hanif now wide awake --

HANIF
Get off him - don't touch my bloody
son - get out --

-- Raza squirms as Police spread throughout the flat, race upstairs. Hanif jumps to his feet, charges the Officers --

HANIF (CONT'D)
Raza! It's okay luv --

OFFICER
Sir, I need you to stand back
--

Hanif keeps coming, the Officers block his path, Raza's taken away out of the flat --

HANIF
Where you going with my son --

OFFICER (CONT'D)
We have a warrant to search
the premises --

SADIA
What is this, where's Raza?

HANIF
You have no bloody right --

Sadia at the top of the stairs, Police file past her. A FEMALE OFFICER steps up to her --

(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 Sadi a 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 Sadi a 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

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

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 fuckin'g 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 Igl i, what else we talking about?

GABE

Sal, did you tip off Sal?

RAZA

About what?

GABE

Did you fuckin'g tip him off?

RAZA

You got spies on him 24 hours a day, did you see me rolling up and talkin'g shi t?

GABE

Imran's dead. Did you tip Sal off?

RAZA

Who's dead?

(CONTINUED)

GABE
Fucki ng Fai sal .

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

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)ure they're notified

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

46

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.

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

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

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)

(CONTI NUED)

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 Zaki r. But I

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

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

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)

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

51

Worall and Cooper snap long lens photos of Farook and Zaki r
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

51A

51A

Now dressed in a paper suit, Sal steps out of a Forensic Pod (a large tent) under the watchful eye of the CT Guard.

GABE (O. S.)
Hey, how' d you know?

He notices Gabe eyeing him from the back of the room.

GABE (CONT' D)
Faisal. Who tipped you off?

SAL
No one.

GABE
Then how' d you figure him out?

SAL
Fool let me fix up the wrong leg.

The CT Guard leads Sal away. Gabe deflates, realising he messed up.

SAL (CONT' D)
Get lost in the desert, you end up
walking in circles.

CUT TO:

52

52

Raza curled up on his bench. Lost and alone. The door cranks open, a CT Guard steps in, hands Raza a bag of his clothes.

CT GUARD
Get dressed. You're going home.

The CT Guard stands by the door, back turned. Raza tears open the bag, sets his clothes on the cot. Something else falls out. Raza picks it up...

A British passport. Sadi'a's picture inside.

Raza eyes it, stunned. Can't believe he's finally holding it.

CUT TO:

53

53

A brutalist concrete monstrosity in the heart of central London. Raza steps out, breathes the free air.

He notices Hanif waiting for him. Now with a bruised cheek.

(CONTINUED)

RAZA

... What you doing here?

HANI F

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

RAZA

Is she alright?

HANI F

Nobody's alright. What you do outside the house is your business, but when it kicks down my door at 4am

HANI F

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.

HANI F

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.

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

RAZA (CONT'D)

But that belongs to her.

Hani f pockets the passport and wraps an arm around his son.

CUT TO:

55

55

A mini cab 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 mini cab 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

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:

57

57

Sharon eyes the open plan kitchen. Runs her hand across the granite counter top. Plays with Lori's toy raygun on the side. Pew, pew, pew. She freezes, sets it down. Her eyes on:

The family photo of Gabe, Emily and Lori stuck to the fridge.

SHARON

Gabriel... Gabriel.

Sharon stares at the photo, trying out his name. Doesn't feel right.

CUT TO:

58

58

Sharon stands in front of the open closet. She runs her hands through Gabe's shirts. She pulls one out, sniffs it... She knows that smell, it never changes.

59

59

Sharon, now wearing Gabe's shirt. She stands in front of Emily's dressing table. She eyes herself in the mirror as she tries on a pair of Emily's earrings. She flicks through an open drawer of Emily's neatly folded underwear.

CUT TO:

60

60

Sharon soaks in a hot bath. She kicks off the faucet with her foot. She runs Emily's razor up her shin, shaving her legs. She lets out a small gasp, eyes the razor...

A few specks of her blood on the razor head.

Sharon stares at them, lost in a thought... The moment broken by... The sound of car doors slamming outside.

CUT TO:

61

61

Emily's car parked in the driveway. Emily claps off the mud from Lori's football boots. Lori in her football kit.

(CONTINUED)

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

62

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

CUT TO:

63

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

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

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:

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

Raza and Hanif waiting for her at the brshog-0.016s atnwcs0 0 0 s. for

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. Sadi a 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 Sadi a, she's not budging. He rises to his feet, grabs the bag.

RAZA

I'll leave right now.

HANIF

Raza, Iuv, 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 Sadi a...

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. Sadi a eyes Hanif...

SADIA

Is this the father you wanted to be?

Hani f doesn't know how to answer that. Sadi a shakes her head, marches away.

CUT TO:

67

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

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

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

70

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

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

GABE

Gimme 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

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:

70A

70A

Shaken, lost, Gabe slips into his home. The living room silent and dark.

GABE

Ems?

(no response)

Emily? Lori?

Still nothing. Gabe turns for the stairs, but stops short, spotting something...

A note left on the counter. He quickly scans it and tosses it aside. Whatever it said couldn't have been good.

CUT TO:

70B

OMITTED

70B

71

71

Raza waits outside Dadir's building. Cold, exhausted, bag over his shoulder. Dadir opens the door, pokes his head out.

DADIR

Sorry brother, ain't got no change.

RAZA

Ha-ha. You sure this is okay?

DADIR

You're the one gotta sleep with a Ghost. Mum won't let me redecorate.

Dadir and Raza duck inside.

CUT TO:

72

72

Raza steps into the room, duffel bag in hand. He drops the bag and slumps down onto the bed. He takes in his new surroundings, bewildered. Tired from a long day, now he has to sleep in a dead man's room.

CUT TO:

73

73

Rose flips through a thick stack of printed up messaging app conversations. All in Arabic. Holly and Gabe across from her.

(CONTINUED)

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...

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 Ravi a 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 laugh 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

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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

BOYCE
(almost amused)

*
*

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

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

77A

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

CUT TO:

78

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

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:

80

80

Dingy. Curtains drawn. Stale cigarette smoke hangs in the air. A muffled TV plays from the next room.

Raza slips off his shoes. He eyes the row of worn trainers by the door. Raza follows Zakir and Farook into --

81

81

A hot-boxed living room. Hair-matted carpet and white walls. Windows covered with cardboard. The place a hodgepodge of shitty furniture, dirty plates and fast food wrappers. A few GUYS lounging, all young males, a mix of ethnicities. Quiet, scruffy, stoned. One of them watches Ji hadi videos on a beat-up laptop.

EL ADOUA (O.S.)

Sal aam, brother.

Raza looks over to find AHMED EL ADOUA sitting on a couch, playing an outdated football game on a console. Beard gone, hair cut short. A far cry from his photos. He speaks with a slight French accent.

RAZA

Yeah, Sal aam.

EL ADOUA

They are calling you Raza, yes?

RAZA

(nods)

What they call you?

EL ADOUA

They don't call me nothing no more. Salim is telling me you need a place to stay?

RAZA

I don't know. If it's not a bother.

EL ADOUA

You are a homeless or no?

RAZA

Yeah, my parents turfed me out.

EL ADOUA

It was the same with Farook.

FAROOK

(Looks up from his phone)

Nah man, I moved out.

(CONTINUED)

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 Paki stan.

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

EL ADOUA

GOOOOOOALLLLL!

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

EL ADOUA (CONT'D)

GOALLLLLLLAZZZZI OOOOO!

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

*