

ALIVE ALONE

by  
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1 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY 1  
Lots of cars. One has its lights flashing.

2 INT. CAB - DAY 2  
ON HANDS. The car being thoroughly checked. Lights.  
Indicators. Switches. As if not wanting to be pulled over.  
For anything.  
Through the windshield we see what our driver is seeing.  
Men from everywhere and anywhere. African, Arab, Chinese,  
talking, shouting, and laughing amongst one another. You'd  
be forgiven if you thought you were in another country, but  
you're not.  
This is London. This is now.  
He closes his door and the noise of the world outside  
disappears. The inside of the cab feels like a safe haven.  
There's something about his eyes.....something wounded.  
This is JEMAL, black, late twenties, early thirties.  
He looks at his hand, still in the air, and then it begins  
to shake. He clenches his hand into a fist to stop it.  
He starts the engine and then pushes a tape into the deck.  
It's OPERA MUSIC. It's soothing.  
He puts the car in gear and drives off.

3 EXT. STREETS - DAY 3  
JEMAL takes in the streets and everyday people going about  
their daily lives as he drives, opera music in background.  
The mood is calm and serene-like until...

4 INT. CAB - DAY 4  
The real world hits us. A MONTAGE of people now.  
BUSINESSWOMAN  
(on phone)  
I don't want her around anymore.  
(surprised)  
I'm not jealous.  
(beat)  
Why? Because she's a complete  
fucking bitch, that's why!

FAT WOMAN

(on phone)

Do you think I'm fat? It's okay  
if you do. I won't mind.

(sad)

I keep eating these bars, but  
they just make me hungrier.

(sadder)

I don't know what else to do.

TIRED MOTHER

(on phone, arguing in  
Farsi)

She holds a baby who sounds like he's been screaming since  
the day he was born.

A couple. Young. In love. Kissing passionately,  
desperately.

BUSINESSMAN

(on phone)

It's your call, Bill. I know he's  
qualified. I'm just not sure.  
Something about his face.

(beat)

He's got an asshole face.

DRUNK MAN

(completely out of it)

He sings Robbie William's 'Angels' like most people do when  
they're drunk.

TEENAGE GIRL

(on phone)

I had the test. They won't know  
until the results come in. I  
don't know. I hope I'll be okay.

(hesitant)

I'm really scared, Mum.

JEMAL takes it all in. Silent. Invisible. He doesn't exist  
to his passengers, and that's exactly the way he wants it.

5

INT. 24 HOUR CAFE - NIGHT

5

A Jamaican reads a newspaper, a Chinese man flicks prayer  
beads, an Iranian messes around with an Ipod - an oasis  
where cab drivers usually begin or end their shift.

In the corner sits JEMAL, quiet, observing life unfolding  
all around him. His food arrives. He begins to eat.

- 6 INT. BEDROOM. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 6
- Someone preparing drugs. It's methodical, like clockwork. She takes it and rolls over, the expression on her face extreme bliss. It's a nice, deep hit. She's high now as she dances to the music playing in the background, naked.
- This is SARAH, white, late twenties.
- 7 INT. FLOWERSHOP - NIGHT 7
- JEMAL walks past various plants and stops at one in particular. He goes to pay for it.
- CASHIER  
Same one again?
- JEMAL doesn't say anything. The CASHIER bags it for him.
- CASHIER  
Try and make this one last.
- JEMAL takes the wrapped up plant and leaves.
- 8 INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE FLATS - NIGHT 8
- JEMAL walks toward the end of the hallway with his plant. SARAH comes out of her flat which is just before his. JEMAL looks at the floor as he passes her. She gives him a glance that tells us they've done this before.
- As SARAH reaches the elevator at the far end she turns and looks back at JEMAL, who is standing at his door now. Their eyes lock for a brief moment as JEMAL opens the door and goes in. SARAH gets into the elevator.
- 9 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 9
- JEMAL replaces a dead plant with the new one. But, as he lifts up the dead one he takes a KEY from underneath.
- 10 INT. PASSAGEWAY. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 10
- JEMAL opens a locked door with the key and goes in.
- 11 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 11
- There is something on the table. We can't see what he's looking at, just his blank expression.

The walls are covered in schematics and blueprints. He sits down at a table and begins to work.

12 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 12

SARAH working too. Cars go by, some slow down, some don't.

A car rolls up and stops next to her. She gets in.

13 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 13

A knock at the front door. JEMAL stops what he's doing and looks at his watch.

14 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 14

JEMAL opens the door. In front of him stands RASHID. They exchange salaams, wrap hands and embrace.

15 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 15

RASHID drinks some tea. JEMAL opens up a shaving cream canister. He unscrews the bottom and takes out something, looking at it carefully. It means nothing to us.

RASHID

Picked it up this morning.

JEMAL

From where?

RASHID

Out there. Floating around in the air. What did they call it when it first started?

(a beat, remembers)

The information super highway. Amazing what you can find when you get off it and go down a few side roads.

JEMAL puts the object into a nearby coffee jar and then places the jar into a cabinet.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 16

JEMAL and RASHID praying together.

17 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 17

RASHID, putting on his coat, getting ready to leave.

RASHID  
He's arriving tomorrow.

JEMAL  
(caught off guard)  
They said that?

RASHID  
They want you to pick him up.

JEMAL  
(a beat, and then)  
Are you sleeping?

RASHID  
What do you think?

RASHID opens the door, about to leave.

RASHID  
We missed you at the reading the  
other day. The brothers were  
talking about the angels watching  
over us. We all have one.  
(beat)  
Even you.

JEMAL  
I haven't seen mine, yet.

RASHID  
You will.  
(beat)  
She's out there somewhere.

RASHID leaves. JEMAL closes the door, alone in the dark.

18

INT. ROOM. HOTEL - NIGHT

18

EXTREME CLOSE UP of SARAH looking at us as she is getting  
pounded by some guy from behind. He is going at her like a  
locomotive. She looks like she can hardly breathe, eyes  
rolling into the back of her head, pain and pleasure  
becoming one. Then another man comes into view and  
positions himself in front of her face. He's naked.

We don't need to see the rest.

SOMETIME LATER

SARAH lying on the bed as both men dress. She's slightly  
dazed, maybe she knows where she is, maybe she doesn't.

MAN  
 You're a good girl. Left you  
 something sweet. Daddy knows you  
 got a sweet tooth.

Both men leave. SARAH sees the drugs by the side table and  
 smiles a warm smile.

19 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 19

JEMAL wakes from his sleep, frantic, breathing hard. He  
 takes a moment to realize he's awake, his nightmare over.

20 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 20

JEMAL splashes some water on his face. He looks in the  
 mirror, searching for an answer.

21 EXT. PICK UP AREA. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING 21

Travellers pour out of the main entrance.

22 INT. JEMAL'S CAB. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING 22

JEMAL sits behind the wheel watching the sad farewells and  
 joyful homecomings. Ordinary people, ordinary lives. From  
 the milling travellers emerges a man dressed in a drab  
 suit, doesn't stand out from the crowd. If you bumped into  
 him you wouldn't even notice. But, JEMAL does.

23 EXT. PICK UP AREA. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING 23

JEMAL pulls up beside him and the man gets in the back.  
 This is TAREK. JEMAL drives off with his new passenger.

24 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - EARLY MORNING 24

There is a long silence.

TAREK  
 How long have you been here?

JEMAL  
 Long enough.

TAREK  
 (staring out the window)  
 What's it like?

JEMAL  
 After a while you just fade away.

He looks at JEMAL through the rear view mirror. JEMAL notices, but does his best to avoid his gaze.

TAREK (CONT'D)

I remember you. Never forget a face in there. I was in the infirmary when they brought you in. You won't remember, you were out cold.

(beat)

It took a while for them to stop the bleeding.

His words are troubling to JEMAL, and he knows it.

TAREK (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

How many of us are there?

JEMAL

Four. You're the last.

TAREK

Then we must be close.

(beat)

Do you get the headaches?

Something changes in JEMAL'S eyes at the mention of this.

TAREK (CONT'D)

I do. I think it had something to do with the lights always being on.

JEMAL grips the steering wheel tighter as TAREK'S words hang in the air.

TAREK (CONT'D)

It's been over two years. But, it still feels like I never left.

Awkward pause. A few moments pass.

TAREK laughs at JEMAL'S silence. It tells him everything.

TAREK (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I've learned to sleep with my eyes open.

JEMAL glances at him, through his rear view, to finally meet his gaze. A shared connection. It quickly passes as he shifts his focus back on the road.



25 EXT. FRONT STEPS. CHURCH - MORNING 25

SARAH, looking the worse for wear, stands at the steps to a side street church. It brings back a memory, can't tell if it's good or bad. A priest walks past, glancing at her.

She turns and walks away.

26 INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY 26

JEMAL looking through rows and rows of CD'S. The in-store music, playing in the background, changes to Bruce Springsteen's 'Born In The USA'. JEMAL is affected, something triggers inside of him. He looks exposed and weak all of a sudden, as though he can't breathe.

27 FLASHBACK CAMP X-RAY. GUANTANAMO BAY - CUBA 27

JEMAL, blindfolded, being beaten severely as Springsteen's song plays in the background. Someone begins to strangle him from behind as he starts to choke on his own blood.

28 INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY 28

JEMAL looking as if he's about to collapse. In-store security watch from a distance, talking into radios. One of them approaches him. JEMAL walks away, breaking apart, needing to drown out the song. He exits the store.

29 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY 29

We can't hear Springsteen anymore, but JEMAL can. His wayward walk turns to a jog and then a run.

30 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 30

He turns into a deserted alleyway.

The rest of the world carries on in the distance as JEMAL throws up and then sits hunched, back against a wall, convulsing and shivering - his past devouring him.

As he regains his composure, a stray DOG slowly comes to him and begins to lick his hand. And it's the first time we notice the SCARS on them. He looks into the DOG'S sad eyes and they share a moment, a connection. Two wounded animals. JEMAL gets to his feet and walks away.

31 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - NIGHT 31

JEMAL drives, his mind wandering. He doesn't see the lights change until the very last moment. The car stops abruptly in front of.....SARAH. She slams her hands on the hood.

SARAH  
Are you fucking blind?!

32 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 32

SARAH walks around to the side of the car with real attitude. JEMAL begins to move off. As he passes her, she realizes it's him. It's one of those awkward moments. She watches him drive away and then turns to see another car come to a stop further on down the street.

She walks her 'walk' towards it. She taps the window which begins to roll down, revealing a man. This is BILL.

BILL  
Get in.

She does and the car moves off.

33 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 33

JEMAL waters the plant. The leaves are beginning to fade already. A glimpse of frustration on his face about this.

34 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 34

JEMAL stares deep into his own eyes. He opens the cabinet mirror to reveal all kinds of pills. He takes out one vial and taps some pills into his hand, resting the vial on the side of the sink. He stares at the pills knowing they won't do much. He takes them and turns off the tap, knocking the vial into the sink. He could save a few, but doesn't. He watches them swirl into the drain, turning off the tap only when they are gone.

35 INT. SHOWER. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 35

JEMAL sits in the corner, his head against the wall. Water pours down on him from the shower head above. Because of the water, you can't tell if he's crying or not.

36 INT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 36

An explosion of NEON hits us. No people, just rows and rows of parked cars.

37 INT. BILL'S CAR. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 37

ON SARAH'S FACE pressed against the window as BILL forces himself into her. Her eyes begin to tear, taking the pain.

SOMETIME LATER

SARAH counts her money. BILL smokes. Their view - the city at night, shimmering, like a sprawling ocean of lights.

SARAH  
I need to pee.

BILL  
(matter of fact)  
Go on then.

She gives him a look. And then gets out.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Hurry up or I'll fucking leave  
you here.

38 INT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 38

SARAH walks away to some nearby cars and squats down between them, out of sight.

39 INT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 39

The sound of tyres screeching as two cars enter the level and crawl slowly past the rows and rows of other parked cars. They both come to a stop near BILL'S car.

40 INT. BILL'S CAR. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 40

BILL sees them in his rear view. He takes one last drag on his cigarette.

BILL  
(under his breath)  
Shit.

41 INT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 41

Some men get out. They're serious. They advance toward BILL with menace. They spread out so that he is covered from all angles. One man approaches towards BILL'S car.

This is JACKIE. He's young, lean and fierce. His eyes are piercing. He leans in, looking at BILL.

BILL  
Alright, Jackie boy.

JACKIE  
He wants a word.

BILL  
He's here?

A sense of foreboding in the way he says those two words.

JACKIE looks inside, eyes darting, it's all clear. He looks toward the car that no one has come out of yet, and nods.

CLOSE ON the door of that car as it opens.

ON FOOT and moving up to reveal, MURPHY. He's large and formidable for his age, the exact opposite of his younger brother, JACKIE. He has the cold, hard look of a snake. You can't tell if the look in his eyes is sudden or permanent.

BILL watches as MURPHY approaches, wary, not expecting this. JACKIE backs off as MURPHY gets into the car.

42

INT. BILL'S CAR. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT

42

MURPHY stares straight ahead, taking in the view, in silence. This silence will go on for AT LEAST an entire minute. But, it will feel like an eternity.

It's tense, the silence becoming unbearable. A real sense of foreboding fills the air. You can see it in BILL'S face.

And that's when it happens.

BILL unravels before our very eyes. It tells us everything about MURPHY, his presence, his reputation and what he is capable of. He is the embodiment of pure fear.

BILL  
(nervous)  
I double checked everything. The work ups, the location. Everything. I hand picked the crew. Everyone checked out. If someone talked, I'll find out.  
(beat)  
I promise.

MURPHY doesn't say a word, just stares straight ahead.

SARAH stands up from between the cars to see MURPHY'S men surrounding BILL'S car and MURPHY in the car with him. Instinctively, she knows something's wrong.

43

INT. BILL'S CAR. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT

43

BILL

(desperate now)

Not like this. Not here. Please.

I'll put it right.

(pleading, sobbing)

Whatever you want me to do, I  
will do for you. I'm yours now.  
Do you understand what I'm  
saying? I'm yours. You have the  
power to do whatever you want.

MURPHY

(a beat, and then)

Do you know what power is, Bill?

Real power, that is?

(beat)

It's knowing that your face is  
the last thing in the world a  
person sees before they die.  
Because in your world, there's  
you and then there's God.

MURPHY turns and looks at BILL for the first and last time.  
BILL looks into MURPHY'S eyes, realizing this is it.

MURPHY begins to repeatedly stab BILL in the face, neck and  
stomach like a wild animal. Arterial spray hits the window.

SARAH'S eyes, widening in horror.

MURPHY, ferocious, like a human pit bull as he tears BILL  
apart with his knife. His breathing becomes heavy as his  
arms get tired from the rapid fire stabbing. All we can  
hear now are the dull, wet thuds each time he puts another  
hole in BILL. He stops now, exhausted, breathing hard.

SARAH fighting back panic, retreats. Her bag hits the side  
mirror of one of the parked cars she's hiding between. The  
sound is only a faint tap. But it's enough.

JACKIE spinning around to see SARAH looking at them. Time  
seems to slow down as JACKIE and SARAH look at each other.

JACKIE

(grinning)

Hello sweetheart.

SARAH does the only thing she can think of. She runs.

JACKIE whistles and two of the THUGS go after her.

SARAH weaving in and out of cars, frantically.

JACKIE walks to BILL'S car as BLOOD leaks down the door and forms a crimson red pool on the ground. JACKIE leans in to see the inside of BILL'S car turned into an abattoir, blood is everywhere. MURPHY, calmly, cleans the knife.

JACKIE  
You said you were just going to  
talk to him, bruv.

MURPHY  
We talked.  
(beat)  
What happened?

JACKIE  
One of the locals.

MURPHY  
Who?

JACKIE  
Some junkie bitch.

MURPHY  
She see anything?

JACKIE  
You turning Billy into a piece of  
meat.

They look at BILL, his mother couldn't recognize him now.

MURPHY  
(matter of fact)  
Put him in the river. Burn the  
car.

JACKIE  
And the girl?

MURPHY  
(takes a moment)  
Make sure she's in the car when  
you burn it.

A big smile on JACKIE'S face.

44 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

44

SARAH running around a corner, turns back, stumbles,  
catches herself and then pulls up, breathing hard.

MURPHY'S THUGS running flat out after her.

SARAH running again, instinctively, faster than before,  
knowing she can't slow down - glancing back.

MURPHY'S THUGS pounding the ground faster, catching up.

SARAH drops her bag, can't go back for it, keeps moving.

MURPHY'S THUGS closing in on her, fast.

45 EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT 45

SARAH reaches the tower block. Looks around, catching her breath. No one is around.

46 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 46

A car screeches to a halt by SARAH'S handbag. JACKIE'S hand comes into view, grabbing it as the car tears off again.

47 EXT. ENTRANCE TO ELEVATOR. FLATS - NIGHT 47

SARAH frantically presses the button on the elevator. The panel shows it's coming down. SARAH waits, fear beginning to take over from the adrenaline. She waits, helpless.

MURPHY'S THUGS running toward the elevator entrance.

SARAH panicking, the elevator taking forever, she goes for the stairs.

48 INT. STAIRS. FLATS - NIGHT 48

SARAH running, falling, stumbling up for her life.

The THUGS running past the elevator and up the stairs.

49 EXT. OUTSIDE BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT 49

A car screeches to a halt in front of us. JACKIE emerges with the other THUG. As they both walk through the estate, he rifles through her handbag, throwing things away. Then he looks at her ID - name and address.

JACKIE  
Gotcha'

50 INT. HALLWAY. FLATS - NIGHT 50

SARAH stumbles from the stairs into the hallway, exhausted.

MURPHY'S THUGS charging up the stairs.

51 EXT. ENTRANCE TO ELEVATOR. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT 51

JACKIE and the THUG walk straight into the opening elevator doors. They turn to face us, as the doors close in.

52 INT. CORRIDOR. FLATS - NIGHT 52

SARAH, in the neon lit corridor, realizing - no bag, no key. She can't go back the way she came. She's too high to jump. She staggers back, trying to figure out what to do. She starts knocking on the other doors for help.

For someone, anyone.

53 INT. STAIRWELL. FLATS - NIGHT 53

The THUGS coming up the stairs.

54 INT. ELEVATOR. FLATS - NIGHT 54

JACKIE and the other THUG waiting in silence.

55 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 55

SARAH stumbling back along the hallway. Either no one is in, or no one wants to help. And then she turns and looks toward the last door at the end of the hallway.

To the one person in the world she knows is in.

SARAH, frantic, knocks on JEMAL'S door and rings the bell.

56 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 56

JEMAL looks through the peephole. She stares back at him, pleading with her eyes. She's on her knees now, her head against the door. It all comes down to now, this moment.

SARAH  
(pleading, softly)  
I know you're in there. Please.  
Let me in. I know you can hear  
me. Please.  
(beat)  
Just open the door.

JEMAL'S face as he thinks, he's not prepared for this.

SARAH, all but given up, resigned to her fate.

THUGS coming up the last flight of stairs, hard and fast.



JEMAL'S DOOR opening, slightly.

SARAH looks up at JEMAL, her only hope.

We partly see him through the doorway. Half in. Half out. Light and dark. It sums up everything we'll ever need to know about JEMAL.

SARAH  
(desperate)  
Please. Let me in.

He looks like he's about to close the door, he wants to, he has to. He isn't prepared for this. The door slightly closes on her as it feels like this will be the blow that actually kills her.

ON JEMAL as he does what everything in his body is telling him not to. He opens the door. And he pulls her in.

The two THUGS come into the hallway, catching their breath. They look down the hallway. It's empty.

57 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 57

SARAH  
Thank -

JEMAL grabs her and slaps his hand across her mouth. He puts his finger to his lips and his head against the door.

58 INT. HALLWAY. FLATS - NIGHT 58

ELEVATOR DOORS opening. JACKIE and the THUGS walk out swiftly, we move with him as he walks along the corridor. The THUGS follow, in formation, like a military unit.

59 INT. FRONT DOOR. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 59

HOLD on door for a second. Then it EXPLODES in on us. JACKIE, followed by the thugs pour in.

60 INT. LIVING ROOM. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 60

JACKIE looks around. No sign of her. Better make sure.

JACKIE  
Give it a clean.

They begin to tear the place apart, JACKIE leaves them to it.

61 INT. HALLWAY. FLATS - NIGHT 61

JACKIE steps out into the neon lit corridor. Lights up a cigarette. Takes in the view from where he is. After a few moments he looks like he's about to go back in. But, he looks at the end of the hallway to the last door after SARAH'S. JEMAL'S door. JACKIE walks toward it and stands in front of the door, leaning in to listen. No sound.

62 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 62

JEMAL can feel his presence in front of him. They are literally inches apart. If it wasn't for the door, they'd be looking right at each other. JEMAL doesn't even breathe.

JACKIE leaning in, waiting to hear something.

JEMAL'S hand on SARAH'S mouth - she looks like she's about to pass out.

JACKIE, listening intently.

JEMAL looking into JACKIE'S eyes through the peephole.

A moment.

JACKIE turns to look down the hallway, something catching his eye. An OLD MAN has come out of his front door and stares at JACKIE. JACKIE stares right back at him as if he doesn't exist. One of the THUGS comes out of SARAH'S flat.

THUG  
She ain't here, Jack.

JACKIE walks past the thug, frustrated.

JACKIE  
(as he passes)  
Go back to sleep, old man.

The THUGS follow JACKIE down the hallway, and they're gone.

63 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 63

JEMAL lets out a breath, takes his hand away from SARAH'S mouth. She falls to the floor, taking in deep breaths.

She looks at him, standing over her, at the person who has saved her life. She should be dead. She knows it. And it becomes too much as she passes out.

JEMAL stands there for a few moments, taking her in.

And then wondering what the fuck to do now.

64 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 64

SARAH lies on the bed. JEMAL looks at her, it's been a while since he's been this close to a woman. He brushes her hair gently away from her face. There's something striking about her that we've never seen before.

He looks at her bare arms. Needle marks. He lightly touches them. She has her own scars too.

65 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - SOMETIME LATER 65

JEMAL sits on a chair at the opposite side of the darkened room. He has his phone on a table next to him. He just sits there, in silence, watching her sleep peacefully.

He wishes he could sleep like that.

66 FLASHBACK GUANTANAMO BAY - CUBA 66

BLACK ON BLACK

Glimpses of light piercing through the screen before we CUT TO bright daylight. We don't hear any sound.

ON handcuffed wrists, cutting deep into the skin. MOVE UP to reveal JEMAL, we can just about make out it's him.

He's wearing a surgical mask, blacked out goggles and earmuffs. He's deaf and blind. He looks like something out of a sci-fi film, something very unsettling about it.

He's wearing a bright orange jumpsuit and swaying from side to side with the movement of whatever vehicle he is in. You get the feeling he's somewhere hot and humid.

We PULL BACK to reveal that JEMAL is not alone, he's sitting with many men, sitting cross legged, chained together, rocking back and forth. They are all sitting on the floor of what seems to be some kind of bus. The seats have been removed. We only hear what JEMAL hears which is nothing until someone leans in wearing a military uniform and lifts up one side of his earmuffs.

SOLDIER

(deep southern drawl)

You are now the property of the  
US marine corps. Do you  
understand?

JEMAL nods.

SOLDIER  
(explodes)  
This motherfucker speaks English!

He lets go of the ear muff and we hear nothing again as the soldier begins kicking JEMAL in his side, repeatedly. As JEMAL is being pummelled we hear the gradual sound of buzzing, the sound of the real world, as we CUT BACK TO:

67 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

67

JEMAL sitting up from the chair, startled, in a sweat. His mobile phone vibrating, he picks it up.

JEMAL  
(on phone)  
Hello.  
(beat)  
Now?  
(longer beat)  
Okay. I'll be there.

JEMAL walks to the doorway and looks at SARAH lying on his bed. He looks unsure before closing the door.

68 EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

68

CLOSE ON GOLF BALL just as it's smashed with a powerful follow through by MURPHY. The ball disappears into the dark sky. The sea of grass ahead of him lit up by flood lights.

JACKIE walks toward MURPHY as he lines up another shot. He stands behind MURPHY as he hits the ball with power and pace. You can tell MURPHY doesn't like being interrupted when he's doing this. Not even if it's his own brother.

JACKIE  
She's still out there.

MURPHY doesn't say anything, lining up another shot.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
We took all her gear. She's gonna want a taste pretty soon.  
(beat)  
It's just a matter of time.

MURPHY readying himself, about to swing.

MURPHY  
She saw me.  
(beat)  
She saw me, Jackie.  
(longer beat)  
Find her. And close her eyes.

CLOSE ON GOLF BALL and the sound of it being struck as we

CUT TO:

THE HUMAN EYE - SARAH'S EYE. Open and alive.

SARAH sits up on the bed, shivering, scratching, she needs a hit. And she needs it soon.

69 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 69

SARAH walks around taking in the flat, or what little there is to take in. She looks at the plant, on its own.

70 EXT. HALLWAY. FLATS - NIGHT 70

SARAH walks out of JEMAL'S front door and down the hallway toward her own. It's slightly open and damaged from where it was kicked in. SARAH looks around and then goes in.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 71

SARAH looks at what's left of her living room.

72 INT. BEDROOM. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 72

SARAH rifling through her stuff. And then searching more purposefully under the bed, behind the radiator, looking for her drugs. Looking for her money. But they're gone.

73 INT. KITCHEN. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 73

DARKNESS - and then light pours in as we realize we're inside the fridge. SARAH'S hands searching around. Food. Drink. No drugs.

74 INT. BATHROOM. SARAH'S FLAT - NIGHT 74

Her hand behind the sink, feeling around. She gives up. No money, no drugs. She's fucked, and she knows it.

She gets to her feet and looks at herself in the mirror. She looks more lost now than we've ever seen her before. And then it hits her. A sense of renewed faith washes over her. The kind of optimism only junkie logic allows for.

75 EXT. HALLWAY. FLATS - NIGHT 75

SARAH leaves her flat and walks back toward JEMAL'S.

76 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 76

MONTAGE of SARAH going through JEMAL'S things.

77 INT. HALLWAY. JEMAL'S FLAT - LATER 77

CLOSE ON her hand turning the doorknob of the room that JEMAL works in. It's locked. She's getting frustrated and desperate now.

78 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 78

SARAH goes through cupboards, erratically, knocking over a coffee jar. It smashes to pieces on the floor, revealing the object JEMAL had put in it earlier.

SARAH picks it up and looks at it. Must be worth something if he hid it? She puts it in her jacket pocket and leaves.

79 INT. COSMETICS WAREHOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING 79

JEMAL, RASHID and TAREK walking through rows of cosmetics, bleaches and similar stuff. They stop at a pile of boxes.

80 INT. COUNTER. COSMETICS WAREHOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING 80

JEMAL comes to the sales counter. RASHID and TAREK are slightly behind pushing trolleys with the boxes on them.

CASHIER

That's quite a bit you got there.  
What are you working on?

TAREK looks at RASHID.

JEMAL

(beat)  
Stripping walls. Washing some  
wood. We're doing up old places  
like new.

CASHIER

With all that you can strip an  
entire block. Cash or card?

JEMAL

Cash.

JEMAL gives him the money.

CASHIER  
 (counting the money)  
 I heard that's where the money is  
 these days. You make out good?

JEMAL  
 (takes receipt)  
 Yeah.  
 (beat)  
 Thanks.

CASHIER  
 You need help loading it?

JEMAL  
 No. We're fine.

The cashier watches the three of them walk away. Something not quite right, but he dismisses it with a slight shake of the head. He doesn't care, he doesn't get paid enough to.

81 EXT. OUTSIDE COSMETICS WAREHOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING 81

RASHID and TAREK loading the boxes in the back of a car.

CLOSE on one of the boxes. It reads - PEROXIDE

JEMAL stands away, looking at the pre-dawn sky. It's still dark, but the first cracks of light appear in the sky.

RASHID approaches him.

RASHID  
 Did I get the right piece?

JEMAL  
 Haven't checked it yet.

RASHID knows JEMAL is always methodical about these things.

RASHID  
 (personal)  
 Are you okay?

JEMAL  
 Yeah.

MOMENTS LATER - Back at the car.

TAREK  
 Let's go and eat. I'm starving.

JEMAL  
 I can't. I've got to get back.

TAREK looks at RASHID and then back at JEMAL.

TAREK

You got a woman stashed away or something?

TAREK laughs as he gets into the car. JEMAL is caught off guard by the remark, looking uncomfortable. RASHID notices.

RASHID

He's just jealous that you drive a cab and he has to stack shelves in a supermarket all day.

JEMAL

See you later.

RASHID gets into the car and they drive away.

82 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - MORNING 82

JEMAL, driving with real purpose.

83 INT. HALLWAY. TOWER BLOCK - MORNING 83

JEMAL walking past various front doors toward his own.

84 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 84

JEMAL walks in and goes straight to the bedroom.

85 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT. - MORNING 85

JEMAL opens the door to find SARAH gone. He lets out a breath as if he already knew this would happen. He looks at the open drawers and closet, his things strewn across the floor. A look of real concern washes over his face.

86 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 86

JEMAL rushes in to the kitchen, cupboards open, to find his fears confirmed. He squats down, picking up the broken pieces of the coffee jar from the floor. She took it.

87 INT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR. FLAT. TOWER BLOCK - DAY 87

CLOSE on the OBJECT being examined by the hands of EDDIE, wiry, intense, and if you need a fix, and need it fast, he's the guy to come to. SARAH stands by the door, impatiently, biting her nails. Fidgeting. Needing her fix.

EDDIE

What the fuck is it?



SARAH  
It's like a pager. One of those  
new ones, you know.

EDDIE looks at it one more time, becoming impatient.

EDDIE  
Get the fuck out of here with  
this plastic piece of shit.

SARAH  
(pathetic)  
Eddie, please. I need something.  
(beat, leaning in)  
I'll suck you dry. Please, I need  
it. I need it now.

He's heard it all before, shoving the OBJECT back to her.

EDDIE  
Fucking junkies. You'd sell a  
hole in your fucking pocket if  
you could. Don't knock on my door  
again unless you can afford it.

He closes the door on her.

88 EXT. STREETS - DAY 88

JEMAL driving, searching for SARAH. He knows the streets  
like the back of his hand, it comes with the job. He drives  
up beside a woman. She turns. It's not her.

89 EXT. STREETS - DAY 89

SARAH working the streets now.

90 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY 90

JEMAL driving past the kind of places where she might be,  
getting more and more desperate to find her.

91 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - EVENING 91

JEMAL driving and from the corner of his eye just catches  
the sight of a WOMAN getting into a car. She looks like  
SARAH, same height, same build, but he's not sure.

92 EXT. WASTELAND - EVENING 92

It's an empty secluded area, no one around.

SARAH sits next to a man we'll call JOE. JOE looks like an accountant. And it looks like this is his first time. SARAH is all business, she hasn't got time to waste.

SARAH  
(businesslike)  
Oral without is fifty, with is  
thirty five.

JOE  
(nervous)  
Alright. Just slow down.

SARAH  
(irritated)  
What's wrong?

JOE  
I, I don't like being rushed.

SARAH  
(frustrated now)  
You want to do this or not?

JOE  
Alright.

A moment. And then he unzips himself.

SARAH  
What are you doing?

He looks at her, not realizing what she's implying.

SARAH  
(losing her cool)  
The money first. What do you  
think this is?

JOE  
(uncomfortable)  
Look, I'm sorry. I don't like  
being told what to do. People  
tell me what to do all day.  
Everyday. I don't like it. Okay?

The atmosphere gets weird, very quickly.

SARAH  
What?

He takes out his penis. She looks down at it. Her first response is to laugh. Maybe it's because of her current erratic state of mind, maybe it's because of the size of it. Either way, she knows better than to do this. She quickly stops as she sees a strange look wash over JOE'S face. She backpedals, fast.

SARAH  
Look, I'm sorry -

JOE punches her, hard, in the stomach. SARAH doubles over in pain. Then he grabs her by her hair and tries to put his entire hand into her mouth.

JOE  
(low, repeatedly)  
Laugh at me now. Laugh at me now.  
Laugh at me now. Laugh at me now.

SARAH begins to gag. Her hand hits the radio switch and MARVIN GAYE'S 'Let's Get It On' accompanies us to this violent and harrowing struggle.

JOE smashes her head against the dashboard, repeatedly. She does her best to fight back, but he's too strong.

The car door suddenly opens. It's JEMAL.

He pulls JOE out. He straddles him on the ground and begins to punch him, and punch him, and punch him. It's as if he's letting out all his pain and rage with each blow whilst accompanied by the angelic sound of Marvin's lush voice.

JEMAL, lost in his anger, consumed by it, only stops swinging when he realizes his fists are covered in blood. He gets up, looking at his bloody hands.

JEMAL moves around the car and opens the passenger door.

He looks at SARAH slumped in the seat, unconscious. Her eye is swelling up and her lip is bust open.

It hurts just looking at her.

He ignores it and begins to rifle through her pockets. He takes out the OBJECT, relieved. It looks like he's going to leave her. He wants to. But, something inside just won't let him do that. He scoops her up into his arms.

93 INT. BACK OF CAB - EVENING 93

He gently lies her down across the backseat and then gets behind the wheel and drives away.

94 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - EVENING 94

JEMAL drives, anxiously. He stops at the lights. He thinks about running the red, but doesn't. He's exposed himself too much already. A car pulls up next to him. JEMAL turns to look at who is beside him.

It's JACKIE. Their eyes meet. JEMAL calmly turns away and stares straight ahead as they wait, side by side, for the lights to change. It seems like a lifetime.

SARAH, lying in the back, out of sight, begins to moan.

The lights change. JACKIE'S car moves off with purpose, never to know how close he just was to his prey.

JEMAL, able to breathe again, drives on.

95 INT. ELEVATOR. TOWER BLOCK - EVENING 95

JEMAL holding a bruised, limp, SARAH in his arms.

96 EXT. HALLWAY. TOWER BLOCK - EVENING 96

JEMAL, SARAH slumped in his arms, walks out of the elevator and down the hallway to his front door. If the whole situation wasn't so fucked up, it would almost be romantic.

97 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 97

JEMAL puts her down on the bed. He touches her damaged face, as if somehow it will heal faster.

98 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 98

JEMAL washes the blood from his hands which give way to the scars on them. He turns the water off, looks at himself in the mirror, frozen. As though he's in some kind of crisis, as he dries his hands. And then he makes a decision.

99 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 99

JEMAL tends to SARAH'S wounds. He does his best to help with the cuts and bruises with what little he has. And then he ties her hands to the bed railings.

The following MONTAGE happens over a period of DAYS.

SARAH, tied up, slips in and out of consciousness.

SARAH shaking now, as if in some kind of seizure.

SARAH suffering from full on withdrawal symptoms. She is in agony. Time is pain. Every moment feels like a lifetime.

JEMAL sits close by, watching, waiting.

SARAH shakes and convulses, uncontrollably. Her eyes darting around. JEMAL tries to hold her body down as he watches her in this disturbing state.

SARAH breaking apart, as if every bad memory she's ever had is flowing through her body and trying to get out.

It's like we're witnessing a resurrection.

JEMAL watches her twist and turn as he wipes some sweat away from her forehead.

SARAH moaning in pain. JEMAL reciting prayers, from a book, in an attempt to soothe both of them.

Her moans and his prayers produce a weird harmony.

But, somehow, it fits.

END OF MONTAGE

SARAH wakes, the worst of the detox is over now. The curtains are drawn, but a ray of sunlight creeps through hitting the side of her face. She tries to move and then realizes her arms are tied up. She begins to struggle.

JEMAL (O.C.)

Let me do it.

SARAH, startled, looks to the darkened corner of the room. From the shadows emerges JEMAL. She tries to back away.

JEMAL

(softly)

I'm not going to hurt you.

She relaxes, a little. He reaches over to her restraints, lightly brushing her forearms with his hand. He unties her. SARAH immediately backs away, he takes a step back too.

A long silence. It's the first time they're looking at each other, really looking at each other.

SARAH

What happened?

JEMAL

You were in trouble.

SARAH

What were you doing there?

JEMAL

You took something of mine.

SARAH

What was it?

JEMAL  
(beat)  
Something I need.

SARAH looks around at the room, the state of the bedsheets, the rope he used to tie her up with. And then feels her own arms. As if checking herself. JEMAL just stares at her.

SARAH  
(after a long beat)  
What did you do to me?

JEMAL  
What do you mean?

SARAH  
(beat)  
Did you touch me?  
(matter of fact)  
Did you fuck me?

JEMAL  
No.  
(beat)  
I just watched you.  
(longer beat)  
You can leave when you're ready.

JEMAL walks out of the room leaving SARAH, alone, affected by his words, and unsure what to make of him.

100 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY

100

JEMAL sits at the table, dipping some bread into a bowl of soup. SARAH comes to the doorway. She watches him eat. He knows she's watching, but carries on eating anyway, expecting her to leave. She looks over toward the front door. After a few moments, she walks to the table and sits opposite him. He stops eating and looks at her.

SARAH  
My name's Sarah.

Long, awkward pause. Then he takes some bread off his plate and puts it in front of her. He carries on eating.

JEMAL  
(not looking at her)  
I'm Jemal.

SARAH breaks a piece of bread and dips it into the bowl of soup that's between them. They eat in silence, together.

101 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY

101

As with most of the flat, the curtains are drawn. They're always drawn. JEMAL waters the plant. It's still withering away, regardless. SARAH stands by the doorway watching him.

SARAH  
I kept hearing something. Voices  
in my head. Like whispers.

JEMAL  
That was me.

SARAH  
What were you saying?

JEMAL  
I was reciting verses from the  
Koran. Prayers.

SARAH  
(beat)  
I liked the sound of it.

Her response catches him unexpectedly, he takes a moment.

JEMAL  
Why are those men after you?

SARAH  
I saw something.

JEMAL  
What?

SARAH  
Something bad. I saw someone die.

JEMAL  
There's worse things than dying.

His response catches her off guard now, and makes her somehow more drawn to him. JEMAL senses it too.

JEMAL  
You should leave now.

SARAH  
I can't.  
(beat)  
I don't have anywhere else to go.

JEMAL turns away from the plant and looks directly at her.

JEMAL  
 You can't stay here.  
 (beat)  
 I'm sorry.

He turns his back to her and then starts picking up the dead leaves from around the plant. SARAH looks at the drawn curtains, stifling out the natural daylight.

SARAH  
 You need to let the light in so  
 that it can grow.  
 (beat)  
 Or it'll just die.

SARAH'S words seem to affect him in some way. He turns back around to face her. A long, quiet moment.

JEMAL  
 Come with me.

102 EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

102

CLOSE ON a sea of green in front of us. Trees. Lots of them swaying in the direction of wherever the wind takes them. It's the sound of the leaves moving to the wind that is most alluring. We stay on it for a while and then see that is what JEMAL and SARAH are looking at too.

JEMAL  
 I come here sometimes to listen.

SARAH looks at him, confused.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
 Can't you hear it? The trees and  
 the wind. They're talking.

After a few moments, SARAH listens more intently.

SARAH  
 What are they saying?

JEMAL  
 I don't know.  
 (beat)  
 But I don't think it's good.

A pause.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
 Those men who are looking for  
 you.  
 (beat)  
 They won't stop will they?



SARAH

No.

Another moment.

JEMAL

If I let you stay, you must do as I say. You can't get in the way of my work. And when I've finished, there will come a time when I will ask you to leave. And you must. No matter what happens.

(beat)

Because then they'll be looking for me.

SARAH

Who?

JEMAL

Everyone.

There's a certain finality about the way he says that word as they both look on together, listening to the conversation between the wind and the trees.

103 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

103

JEMAL putting down some sheets and a pillow on the couch. SARAH watches him. JEMAL notices, and looks at her.

JEMAL

What?

SARAH

(beat)

Why did you help me?

JEMAL sits next to her as if the question weighs a ton.

JEMAL

(beat)

I don't know.

A moment.

JEMAL (CONT'D)

I just wanted....

JEMAL struggles to find the words.

JEMAL (CONT'D)

.....to do something.....

After a moment, he gets up and leaves.

104 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 104

JEMAL, going through the motions of prayer. His door is half open. SARAH watches him through the gap, a ritual see's never seen up close before.

105 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 105

SARAH finds the TV remote. She points it at the TV, nothing happens. She goes to switch it on herself. Nothing happens. She begins looking behind the TV at the connections.

JEMAL appears, walking across to the table with the plant on it. He takes the key from underneath the plant base. SARAH turns around from behind the TV.

SARAH  
Something's wrong with your TV.

JEMAL  
It's not plugged in.

SARAH  
Why?

JEMAL  
I don't watch it.

SARAH  
Why not?

JEMAL  
Because they lie.

SARAH takes a moment, thinking about it.

SARAH  
You mean the news people?

JEMAL  
No. The soap operas.  
(beat)  
How can all those things happen  
on one street?

JEMAL walks away. SARAH, smiles, as she follows him.

106 INT. PASSAGEWAY. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 106

JEMAL unlocks the door and goes in. He looks at SARAH standing, watching him.

SARAH  
What's in there?

JEMAL  
My work.

SARAH  
Can I see?

JEMAL  
No.  
(beat)  
You can't come in here.

He closes the door on her, leaving her standing alone.

107 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 107

SARAH comes back into the living room. She plugs in the television and switches it on. She huddles up into a ball on the couch as she watches the screen flicker to life.

108 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 108

JEMAL surrounded by text books, schematics, tools and a laptop, makes adjustments to the OBJECT. Something cold and detached about the way he goes about his work.

109 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 109

JEMAL walks into the darkened living room. SARAH is asleep. The TV is still on, he switches it off. He walks to the plant and looks at it, lightly touching one of the leaves. Then he walks to the curtains and opens them ever so slightly to allow a beam of morning light in. He turns to see the light fall directly onto the plant. Then he leaves.

110 INT. FRONT DOOR. EDDIE'S FLAT - MORNING 110

A knock on the door. EDDIE comes to the door.

EDDIE  
Yeah, who is it?

No reply. He looks through the peephole. No one is there. He turns away and then there is another knock.

EDDIE  
For fuck's sake.

He opens the door, half way, while it's still on the latch. And just when he can get a decent look we CUT TO:

The door smashing into EDDIE. He falls back, his nose taking the full force of the door.

JACKIE storms in with two of his thugs. He picks EDDIE off the floor by his ears and throws him into the living room.

111 INT. LIVING ROOM. EDDIE'S FLAT - MORNING 111

EDDIE stumbling back onto the couch.

JACKIE hauls him up so they are face to face. Blood pouring out of his nose, he tries to protect it.

JACKIE  
Don't touch it. Let it bleed.

His eyes are watering up from the immense pain now.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
It hurts, doesn't it?  
(beat)  
Take the pain. Fucking take it.  
Put it in a box. Close it. Lock  
it. And then put that box in the  
corner of your mind and throw  
away the fucking key.

JACKIE takes out SARAH'S ID he took from her bag. He holds it up to EDDIE's face.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
She was here. You didn't call me?

EDDIE  
Fuck! All this cause' of her.

JACKIE  
Why didn't you call me.

EDDIE  
I'm busy, I didn't think it was  
important.

JACKIE  
You're busy because of us.

EDDIE  
She came and went. She had no  
money, so I told her to fuck off.

JACKIE  
Where did she go?

EDDIE  
I don't know, Jack. I don't know.

EDDIE'S pain is swallowing him up now.

JACKIE  
Your nose is broken.  
(beat)  
Here, let me help.

JACKIE grabs EDDIE by what's left of his nose and squeezes as hard as he can. EDDIE begins to scream. He looks like he's going to black out, but the taste of his own blood won't let him get off that easy. And JACKIE knows it.

And then something catches JACKIE'S attention from the corner of his eye. And he lets go of EDDIE'S bloody nose.

Standing in the doorway, looking at them, is EDDIE's 7 year old daughter, BIANKA. She is holding her beloved pet cat.

EDDIE looks on in horror as things go from bad to worse in an instant. The fear of what may happen now makes him feel like his internal organs are all shutting down at once.

EDDIE  
(horrified)  
Go back to your room, babe.  
Daddy's okay. Daddy's fine.

JACKIE smiles at BIANKA. There is something very unsettling about a young child amidst this violence and intimidation.

EDDIE  
Jack, please, I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
It won't happen again.

JACKIE ignores him, his gaze fixed firmly on BIANKA.

JACKIE  
What's your name then?

BIANKA  
Bianka.

JACKIE  
That's a pretty name. Is that  
your cat, Bianka?

BIANKA  
Yeah.

JACKIE  
That's a nice cat.

BIANKA  
He's my best friend in the whole  
wide world.

JACKIE  
(child like)  
Is he? He's your best friend in  
the whole wide world? You must  
take extra special care of him?

BIANKA  
Yeah.

A moment.

JACKIE  
Do you know what they say about  
best friends, Bianka?

She shakes her head 'no'.

JACKIE  
Let me show you.

INT. KITCHEN. EDDIE'S FLAT - MORNING

EDDIE, nose and shirt bloodied, stands next to BIANKA while  
the thugs watch on from the doorway.

KITCHEN SINK, filling up with water.

JACKIE slowly rolls up his sleeves.

KITCHEN SINK, filling up more.

JACKIE puts on washing up gloves, it looks surreal.

KITCHEN SINK, almost full.

JACKIE gently takes the cat from BIANKA.

KITCHEN SINK, water begins to spill over.

JACKIE walks to the sink, gently stroking the cat.

JACKIE hits the tap and the sound of pouring water stops.

There is a foreboding silence.

EDDIE, covered in blood, looks on, helpless. He holds his  
little girl's hand, tightly, as her innocence is about to  
be shattered. Forever.

JACKIE smiles at BIANKA, she smiles back.

And then the silence is broken as JACKIE plunges the cat  
into the sink, immersing it fully into the water.

The cat struggles, violently. It begins to writhe and hiss.

JACKIE applies more pressure, as the water splashes and the cat struggles to breathe. There is a sickening gurgle and then there is nothing. No sound. No movement. Nothing.

After a few moments, BIANKA starts to cry.

JACKIE lifts up the dead cat and throws it across the kitchen floor like a wet rag. He peels off the gloves. Rolls down his sleeves. JACKIE walks to BIANKA, kneeling down beside her.

JACKIE  
Best friends will come and go.  
(beat)  
Get used to it.

He stands up and looks at EDDIE. No need for words. JACKIE and the thugs leave the kitchen. EDDIE drops to his knees and consoles BIANKA who will be affected, in some way or another, by this moment for the rest of her life.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 112

SARAH awakes. She looks at the angled stream of light cutting a swathe across the darkened room and illuminating the plant. A faint trace of a smile on her face.

113 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 113

SARAH looks at herself in the mirror. She touches the bruises on her face, still hurts. She opens the cabinet mirror to reveal many vials and bottles of pills. She looks at a few of them, way too much for any one person.

114 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 114

JEMAL'S bedroom is a bit of a mess. She walks around it and stops at a shelf filled with books.

115 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 115

SARAH runs her finger across the shelf full of books. All varied. All different - The Koran, Harry Potter And The Sorcerers Stone, A collection of Nursery Rhymes, Arabic Poetry and Agatha Christie Murder Mysteries. As she flips through one of these, she finds something odd. The pages, at various points, have been ripped out.

Then she picks up the KORAN, opens it and runs her fingers across the beautiful, complex and sacred text.

116 INT. LIVING ROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY

116

CLOSE ON JIHADI VIDEO

A montage of excerpts from seminal JIHADI videos showing Chechen rebels attacking Russian soldiers, roadside bombings, weapons training, martyrdom messages from some of the 9/11 hijackers, Bin Laden walking through the mountains and prisoners at Guantanamo Bay - Hell on Widescreen TV.

The video ends with the beheading of a western hostage in Iraq. The blindfolded, orange jump suit wearing, hostage sits in front of us. Five masked men wearing black shalwar kameez stand behind him as one reads from a scripture in Arabic. They begin to recite 'God is Great' over and over as one of the men pushes the hostage over to his side and takes out a large carving knife.

WE WILL NEVER SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, but JEMAL does.

JEMAL, RASHID, TAREK and for the first time, a younger man who we'll call OMAR, watch on in complete silence.

The horrible images reflect on JEMAL'S face. There's an ever so slight sense of him being uncomfortable by the way he squints his eyes in response to the inhuman act unfolding before his very eyes. He gets up to leave.

As JEMAL leaves, TAREK shakes his head in disappointment.

TAREK  
(muttering, to Omar)  
Weak.

117 INT. BATHROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY

117

JEMAL throws up in the toilet. RASHID, appears by the door.

RASHID  
Are you okay?

JEMAL  
I think it was something I ate.

RASHID knows he's lying and leaves him alone.

118 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY

118

SARAH looks around. Opens up cabinets. Opens up the fridge. An egg. Half an onion. Some milk. Not much to work with. She cracks the egg into a bowl and gets to work on the onion with a knife. You can sense it's been a very long time since she's had to make food for two people.



119 INT. LIVING ROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY 119

TAREK and OMAR are gone. JEMAL and RASHID sit together.  
RASHID takes out a camcorder and lays it in front of JEMAL.

RASHID  
It's pretty easy to use. The  
instructions are in the box if  
you have any problems.

JEMAL  
How long should it be?

RASHID  
Just make sure you're done before  
the tape runs out.

JEMAL  
Who is yours going to?

RASHID  
My brother.

JEMAL  
What did you say?

RASHID  
What I had to.  
(beat)  
Who will you send yours to?

JEMAL  
(beat)  
I don't know.

His own words seem to affect him, a glimpse of his  
loneliness.

120 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 120

SARAH lays the table. A sense of pride in how she does it.

121 EXT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - EVENING 121

JEMAL looks at dresses on mannequins in the shop window.

122 INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - EVENING 122

JEMAL looks completely out of place amongst all the styles  
and designs of the clothes. An assistant comes up to him.

ASSISTANT  
Do you need any help, Sir?

JEMAL

No.

He walks toward another assistant, who catches his eye.

ASSISTANT 2

Hello, Sir. How may I help?

JEMAL gives her the once over.

JEMAL

I'm fine, thank you.

He walks away from her. And then he finds another assistant who is already with another customer.

JEMAL

Excuse me. Could you help me?

ASSISTANT 3

I'm with a customer, Sir. There's other sales assistants available.

JEMAL

No.

(beat)

I'll wait for you.

ASSISTANT 3

(surprised)

Okay. I'll be with you shortly.

SOMETIME LATER

The assistant finishes with her sale and walks to JEMAL.

ASSISTANT 3

How may I help you?

JEMAL

I'm looking for some clothes for my....my sister.

ASSISTANT 3

Do you know what size you're looking for?

JEMAL

(beat)

She's about the same as you.

123 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING

123

JEMAL comes through the front door.

124 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 124

The living room is empty, he moves toward the kitchen.

125 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 125

JEMAL comes in and stops, frozen.

SARAH stands by the table, putting down glasses.

JEMAL takes in what he sees. The table set. Food on a plate. Some kind of normalcy. SARAH looks at him.

JEMAL

What's this?

SARAH

(after a beat)

It's all you had left.

JEMAL, taken aback. The way he looks at everything, it's obvious it's been a very long time, if any, since someone has done this for him.

SOMETIME LATER

They sit at the table. Whilst they eat, they steal glances at each other. Tension and awkwardness still fills the air.

SARAH

How is it?

JEMAL

It's good.

He carries on eating.

JEMAL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Thank you.

She smiles slightly, JEMAL doesn't notice. But, it made her feel good anyway.

SARAH

I looked at that book. The one you read to me.

JEMAL

The Koran.

SARAH

Yeah. I don't know what the words mean, but I like how they look.

(MORE)

SARAH(cont'd)

(beat)

It's pretty.

JEMAL, slightly surprised.

JEMAL

It's Arabic. I have one in English, too.

(beat)

Do you want it?

SARAH

Yeah. I'd like that.

126 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

126

JEMAL takes out a KORAN from the top of a cabinet. SARAH sits on the bed, watching. He sits down next to her.

JEMAL

Before you touch it, you must wash and be clean. And before you read it you must do this.

He kisses the KORAN and then gently presses it against his forehead. SARAH looks on, intrigued. JEMAL opens it up.

JEMAL

The Arabic is here, and the translation next to it here.

SARAH isn't looking at the book, her focus is solely on him. He looks at her, catching her gaze. A silent moment.

JEMAL

Okay?

SARAH

Okay.

127 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

127

CLOSE ON plant, JEMAL waters it. He takes out the key from underneath. SARAH appears behind him wearing one of the dresses he bought. She looks different, she looks alive.

SARAH (O.C.)

What do you think?

JEMAL turns around. She does a twirl.

He looks at her, taken aback. There is a tension and hint of attraction between them.

JEMAL

You look....good.

SARAH  
Really. I thought it looked like  
the kind of thing a guy would buy  
for his sister or something.

JEMAL doesn't know what to say. Awkward silence.

It was a joke, but a sense of embarrassment swallows him  
up. Sarah knows it, but charmed by it too.

JEMAL  
I'll take them back tomorrow.

SARAH  
(back pedalling)  
It's okay. I was just kidding.  
The clothes are fine, Jemal.  
Really. They're fine.

He relaxes, slightly.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I thought I'd make myself useful  
and clean up around here.

JEMAL  
Why?

SARAH  
There's shit all over the place.

JEMAL  
There's shit all over the world.

SARAH  
(beat)  
I've only got two hands, I can't  
clean up the whole world.

JEMAL smiles slightly. Another moment.

SARAH  
You want to watch some TV.

Then the moment fades, quickly.

JEMAL  
No.  
(beat, cold)  
I have to get back to work.

JEMAL leaves and SARAH is alone. She looks at him unlocking  
the door to the room from the couch. He looks back at her  
through the doorway. The moment lingers for longer than it  
should, as he goes inside and closes the door.

128 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

128

SARAH, asleep whilst the television is still on. A loud KNOCK on the door. She awakes, startled. The KNOCK comes again, even harder this time.

SARAH stands up as JEMAL comes in , putting his finger to his mouth as he peers through the peephole.

HIS POV: TAREK is standing outside, looking agitated. JEMAL walks up to SARAH.

JEMAL  
(low)  
You have to hide.

SARAH  
Where?

JEMAL  
Bathroom.

SARAH  
Is it them?

JEMAL  
No.  
(beat)  
It's someone else.

The knocking even louder this time.

SARAH hurries toward the bathroom. JEMAL takes a moment, composes himself, and then opens the door.

RASHID walks in straight past JEMAL. OMAR is standing behind him. TAREK goes straight to the window, peering through the curtains. JEMAL looks at OMAR as he comes in.

JEMAL  
What happened?

OMAR  
He thinks we were being followed.

JEMAL  
(to Tarek)  
And you came here?

TAREK  
Relax. We just needed a place to  
stay out of sight for a while.  
Just to be sure.

129 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT = NIGHT 129

SARAH, by the door, trying to hear what is being said.

130 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 130

JEMAL sits with OMAR as TAREK stands looking out of the window. He glances at the television. And then at JEMAL.

TAREK

What's that?

JEMAL

What?

TAREK

Rashid told me you never watch television?

JEMAL, doesn't say anything. Awkward pause. TAREK'S phone rings. He still looks at JEMAL, suspiciously, before answering his phone. He begins talking in Arabic. JEMAL looks down the passageway at the closed bathroom door, on edge. He then moves closer to OMAR, who is watching the TV.

JEMAL

How are you doing?

OMAR

Okay. Just tired.

(after a beat)

Of being scared all the time.

JEMAL looks at OMAR, the youngest out of all of them.

JEMAL

I know.

(softer)

Me too.

It's the only thing JEMAL can say to make OMAR feel less scared than he already is.

OMAR

Soon, inshallah, we won't be scared anymore, though. Will we?

JEMAL

(beat)

No, we won't.

TAREK finishes his call.

TAREK  
That was Rashid. He said we  
should dump the car.

TAREK walks past OMAR and JEMAL toward the front door.

TAREK  
Wait. I need to use your toilet.

A look of real concern washes over JEMAL'S face. OMAR sits back down looking at the TV. JEMAL stands there, frozen, looking at TAREK walk down the hallway toward the bathroom.

131 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 131

TAREK opens the bathroom door and enters. It's empty.

132 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 132

ON JEMAL'S worried expression. Expecting the worse. But, it doesn't come. Just the faint sound of TAREK relieving himself. JEMAL'S face changes from concern to confused.

133 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 133

TAREK relieving himself. We slowly MOVE back across to the drawn shower curtain to reveal SARAH standing behind it.

TAREK finishes, after what seems an eternity. He then washes his hands. There's nothing to dry his hands with. He looks around. And then pulls across the shower curtain a little bit to find a towel on the rack. SARAH watches his arm reach in and grab it. If he was to pull the curtain back more, he would be able to see her. He dries his hands and then leaves. SARAH lets out a deep breath, relieved.

134 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 134

TAREK appears. He motions to OMAR.

TAREK  
Let's go.

OMAR gets up and walks past JEMAL.

OMAR  
See you soon.

JEMAL  
Bye.

TAREK looks to JEMAL.



TAREK  
Rashid said he'll call when he  
needs you.

A moment between them.

JEMAL  
Okay.

TAREK and OMAR leave through the front door. After a  
moment, JEMAL makes his way toward the bathroom.

135 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 135

JEMAL looks around and then walks to the shower curtain and  
pulls it away fully, to reveal SARAH cowering in the corner  
of the bathtub. She is startled, but relieved it's him.

JEMAL  
They've gone.

SARAH  
Were they your friends?

JEMAL  
No.

SARAH  
You don't have many friends do  
you?

JEMAL  
(after a beat)  
I have a plant.

136 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 136

JEMAL makes some tea. SARAH sits down. She touches the  
bruise around her eye, its gone down a bit. JEMAL notices.

JEMAL  
Does it still hurt?

SARAH  
A little. It feels weird.

JEMAL  
It's healing.

He takes out some ointment from a cabinet and moves next to  
her. They are really close to each other, it slightly takes  
SARAH by surprise.

JEMAL  
This will make it hurt less.

It's a closeness we haven't seen before. Intimate. SARAH is uncomfortable as no man has ever done this for her since she can remember. She looks deeply into his eyes, trying to figure him out. Both drawn to him as well as fearful.

JEMAL rubs ointment on her bruise and cuts. His fingers touch her gently. She's surprised by this act. Every touch feels like electricity. It's undeniable now. Something is happening between them, whether they know it or not.

JEMAL

Do you feel better without the  
junk inside of you?

SARAH

I don't know if I feel better,  
but everything hurts a lot more.

JEMAL

You not on it makes me feel  
better.

SARAH

Right. That makes sense.

He carries on applying the ointment cream, gently caressing her skin. SARAH focuses on his eyes now. Her gaze lingers on his for a moment. It makes JEMAL Slightly uncomfortable.

JEMAL

What are you doing?

SARAH

Looking at you.

(beat)

Is that OK?

JEMAL

(beat)

Depends on what you're seeing.

An uncomfortable moment between them. He turns the conversation back on her.

JEMAL

What's it like? When you put it  
in your arm?

SARAH

It takes you away.

JEMAL

Where?

SARAH

A warm place, deep inside. No one  
can get to you. Nothing matters.

(MORE)

SARAH(cont'd)

No pain. No hurt. It's like I'm  
on the moon, I'm in the stars.  
I'm not dead anymore, I'm just  
floating.

A moment. They look at each other. SARAH can see JEMAL'S  
own pain lurking beneath his eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Maybe you should try it.

JEMAL

Why?

SARAH

Maybe it'll take your pain away.

After a moment.

JEMAL

No.

(beat)

Pain is the only thing I have  
left that's real anymore.

JEMAL gets up and leaves. SARAH, alone, runs her finger  
over her bruise becoming both intrigued and fearful of his  
pain, wanting to understand it, wanting to know it.

137 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 137

JEMAL looking at schematics of what look to be some sort of  
explosive device on his laptop. He's writing things down.  
As he works his eyes are cold, indifferent.

138 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 138

SARAH finds the video camera that RASHID gave to JEMAL. She  
begins fiddling with it, switching it on. She aims it  
around and then points it at herself, making faces into the  
camera. Then, more serious, looks into the camera.

SARAH

(to camera)

What are you so afraid of?

She switches it off. Not knowing if she'll ever know.

139 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 139

Moaning. JEMAL twists and turns. His nightmare all too real

140      FLASHBACK CAMP X-RAY. GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA      140

JEMAL sits, looking at us. Bound to a chair. His expression vacant. Someone crosses past our view, wearing a military uniform. We will never see them fully.

CLOSE on JEMAL'S FACE as we see a dripping, wet towel slowly wrapped around his entire face and head. After he's completely covered, there is silence. It's unsettling.

141      INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT      141

JEMAL'S memories are choking him. His heart beats faster to the rhythm of his struggle.

142      FLASHBACK CAMP X-RAY. GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA      142

JEMAL begins to jerk violently, struggling to breathe. Whoever is doing this to him, is simulating what it feels like to drown.

143      INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT      143

JEMAL, suffocating, dying in his sleep in the worst possible way imaginable.

A HAND comes into FRAME. It's SARAH. She touches him on his chest. She is fearful, not for herself, but for him. She touches his sweat drenched face. His eyes open, startled.

He backs away, cowering in the corner, looking around frantically - not knowing where the nightmare ends and reality begins. She comes to him.

JEMAL  
(as intense as we've  
ever seen him)  
Get away! Get away from me! Get  
out of here! Get out!

SARAH backs away and leaves the room. JEMAL is alone, crumpled in the corner, breathing deeply.

144      INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT      144

JEMAL walks in. He looks in the mirror. Opens the cabinet. Takes out a vial of pills and pops a couple into his mouth. He closes the cabinet mirror. SARAH appears at the doorway, watching him, tentatively. He looks at her through the mirror. Neither say a word until....

SARAH  
What's wrong with you?

JEMAL  
I have trouble sleeping.

A long pause.

SARAH  
What do you do when you can't  
sleep?

He turns away from the mirror, and looks at her.

145 EXT. AERIAL SHOT : CITYSCAPE - NIGHT 145

Straight down from above. JEMAL'S cab is the only thing moving. A single spec of light against the darkness. The OPERA MUSIC we heard at the beginning plays over this.

146 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - NIGHT 146

JEMAL, driving, smiles slightly, as he watches SARAH lean her head back, listening, closing her eyes. We stay on them for a moment - two very lonely people, connected by music the way people sometimes just need to be able to.

VARIOUS SHOTS of them driving through the city at night.

SOMETIME LATER

JEMAL looks at her from the mirror, something on his mind.

JEMAL  
Do you think I'm weird?

SARAH  
(surprised)  
What?

JEMAL  
(sad)  
You think I'm weird, don't you?

We've never seen JEMAL like this before, open, vulnerable, self aware. SARAH is equally affected by his words, as though no one has ever asked her for her opinion of them before, ever needed it, or ever wanted it.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
(sadder)  
It's been a while....since I've  
been around someone.

Something essential inside both of them is beginning to change.

SARAH  
 (beat, careful)  
 I've been with men who  
 have.....who do things  
 that....you're okay, Jemal.  
 (beat)  
 You're okay.

They stare at each other through the rearview mirror.

147 EXT. RIVERBANK. DOCKLANDS - NIGHT

147

JEMAL leaning against the car whilst SARAH sits on the bonnet. They take in the sprawling ocean of lights in front of them - the city at night.

SARAH  
 You always lived here?

JEMAL  
 I grew up in Uganda. My parents  
 were killed in the civil war when  
 I was seven. I was raised by my  
 Aunt. Then I came here to live  
 with my Uncle while I studied  
 engineering.  
 (beat)  
 You have family?

SARAH  
 Only thing worse than not having  
 a father was probably having  
 mine. My Mum died when I was  
 young. After that, he did a bunch  
 of stuff to me until one day I  
 decided it would be better if I  
 didn't come home anymore.  
 (beat)  
 What's Uganda like?

JEMAL  
 (remembering)  
 It's beautiful.

SARAH  
 This is home now?

JEMAL  
 I don't know.  
 (sad)  
 I don't know where home is  
 anymore.

SARAH

It's the place where you remember  
being happiest.

JEMAL

Then I haven't been home for a  
very long time.

SARAH senses the sadness in his words.

SARAH

Did you always want to be an  
engineer?

JEMAL

When I was young I loved to build  
things. I was always good with my  
hands. In the village where I  
grew up, if something needed  
fixing, they'd call for me. It  
always made sense. To put  
separate things together and make  
something complete. Because of  
you it becomes something else.  
Something that works.

SARAH

I used to draw. I was pretty  
good. I remember I would draw my  
father while he was asleep. That  
was about the only time he  
wouldn't be angry at me.

The memories hurt and haunt her. She changes the subject.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So, what's an engineer from  
Uganda doing driving a cab around  
London and living one door away  
from me on the edge of nowhere.

JEMAL, uncomfortable. A moment passes.

JEMAL

One time I was playing near the  
well in my village. I saw the  
harness was broken so I tried to  
fix it. I lost my footing and  
fell in. I broke my leg. I tried  
calling for help but no one could  
hear. I spent the whole night  
down there.

(beat)

That's when I knew bad things  
happen in the world. And  
sometimes there's nothing you can  
do about it.

(MORE)

JEMAL (cont'd)

It's just the way it is.

(beat)

I'm not the kind of person you think I am, Sarah.

SARAH

Then who are you?

JEMAL

(beat)

I don't even know, anymore.

SARAH

I do.

(beat)

I see you.

JEMAL

What do you see?

SARAH

(beat)

I see the good in you.

He looks directly at her, he hasn't heard such words for a very long time and they seem to affect him deeply.

JEMAL

I just opened a door.

SARAH

You saved my life.

JEMAL

I didn't save anyone.

JEMAL looks out at a world that doesn't make sense to him anymore. And it never will.

JEMAL (CONT'D)

All I know is that I don't have much time left.

SARAH

Me neither.

It's a very sad moment between them.

JEMAL

(beat)

Then I guess we're both living on borrowed time.

We leave them both looking out across the city lights, on the run from their past and heading toward a future that seems as bleak as it does inevitable.



148 EXT. TOP OF MULTI STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT 148

JACKIE looking at the city lights, shimmering.

In the background, a drug deal is going down involving some of JACKIE'S thugs and a local dealer and his crew. It all looks serious until they start shaking hands as money and merchandise is exchanged smoothly. One of the thugs come up behind JACKIE, tentatively.

THUG

Jack?

JACKIE

Yeah.

THUG

We're done.

JACKIE, distant, still staring out at the city.

JACKIE

She's here.

(beat)

She's still here.

JACKIE turns away and walks toward a car.

149 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 149

On SARAH'S hands as she washes them, carefully.

150 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 150

SARAH sits on the couch holding the copy of the KORAN that JEMAL gave her. She takes a moment before kissing the holy book and then pressing it gently against her forehead. She opens it and begins to read.

From the doorway stands JEMAL, watching her, mesmerized by her. Something is stirring deep within him, something unexpected, something he is unable to comprehend at this moment in time. He slowly moves back, out of sight, swallowing up into the darkness of the passageway.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

151 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 151

SARAH, focussed on reading the words of the Koran.

152 INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT 152

JEMAL, focussed on what he is building.

SARAH, her fingers trace the words as she reads the Koran.

JEMAL, his fingers running along various colored wires.

SARAH, locked in some kind of deep thought as she reads.

JEMAL, trying to keep away from whatever thoughts he is having as he works.

153 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 153

SARAH, asleep on the couch, awakes to some kind of sobbing.

154 INT. PASSAGEWAY. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 154

At the end of the passageway, the bathroom door is slightly open. Light and heat pierces the shadows. SARAH approaches as the sound of pouring shower water grows, as do the sobs.

155 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 155

SARAH enters, the room is filled with steam. She looks around, confused, then focuses on:

Her POV: Across from us, sitting, naked, in the bathtub is JEMAL. His head resting against the wall as water streams down on him like silver, from the shower head above. He looks like a child who is lost. SARAH watches him, the man who saved her life, sobbing like a baby.

A moment.

And then, with her clothes still on, she gets into the bathtub and sits with him. The water engulfs her too. But, she doesn't care. She pulls him into her, and he lets himself be pulled. She holds him like a child. And for the first time in so long, they both feel something else other than pain, loneliness and desperation.

We slowly pull back from this image.

Two lonely souls holding on, together.

156 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 156

JEMAL sits alone at the table, deep in thought. SARAH comes in and sits down opposite him. She pours herself a cup of tea. You can tell JEMAL wants to say something.

JEMAL  
Last night, I....

He struggles to find the words. She makes it easy for him.

SARAH  
You don't have to say anything.

JEMAL  
Why did you do that?

SARAH  
(beat)  
You looked like you needed  
someone.

She knows he's uncomfortable, changes the subject.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I read a couple pages last night.

JEMAL  
What did you think?

SARAH  
I like the stories.

JEMAL  
Yeah, me too.

A warm moment between them fades as his phone rings.

JEMAL  
(on phone)  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
What do you need?  
(beat)  
Alright.

He ends the call and looks at her.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
I have to go.

SARAH not sure how to quite respond, something ever so  
slightly reluctant about the way he says those words.

SARAH  
Okay.

JEMAL hesitates slightly, as if he doesn't want to leave.

JEMAL  
Bye.

He gets up from the table and leaves. SARAH, alone, left to think about what is happening between them.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 157

JEMAL walks to the drawn curtain and opens it slightly so that the early morning light hits the plant at an angle. He then makes his way to the front door. But, stops halfway. He looks at the plant, illuminated by the single beam of light and then at the rest of the living room covered in darkness. He walks back to the curtain and opens them fully in one swift motion. JEMAL and the room is flooded with early morning light. He stands there for a moment, illuminated, as the sunlight pours in. It's like some kind of silent awakening for him. After a few moments, he walks back toward the front door and leaves the flat.

158 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 158

SARAH comes out from the kitchen and looks at the room, lit up for the first time. No dark, just the light now. She looks taken aback by what he's just done.

159 EXT. HALLWAY. TOWER BLOCK - MORNING 159

JEMAL walking through the estate with a grocery bag.

160 EXT. FRONT DOOR - RASHID'S FLAT - MORNING 160

JEMAL knocks on the door. RASHID opens it. JEMAL takes a quick double take before he goes in.

161 INT. KITCHEN. RASHID'S FLAT - MORNING 161

JEMAL walks in to see OMAR in an apron, wearing gloves and a bandana over his face. He watches over two large saucepans and a frying pan which contain a liquid substance that is simmering away. There are quite a few bottles of PEROXIDE lined up on the kitchen table and a few empty ones lying on the floor. The kitchen looks like some kind of mini factory now. It's very unsettling on the eye.

RASHID

(to Jemal)

Boiling down the peroxide  
increases its strength. It's all  
we've been doing last few days.

JEMAL takes in the chemical process being conducted.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Help me with the flour.

162 INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET - DAY 162

SARAH walks through the aisles, picking up cleaning products. She looks like an everyday shopper, only thing making her stand out is the slight bruise on her face.

163 INT. BATHROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY 163

Heavy bags of CHAPATI FLOUR being slammed onto the floor.

RASHID

Easy, Jemal. Or they'll break.

JEMAL

No they won't.

He brings another one in, slamming it on top of another bag of flour. The seal splits. A white cloud of flour fills the air. They both let it settle and then look at each other. Their faces covered in flour, they look like ghosts.

After a moment, they both begin to laugh.

164 INT. HALLWAY. TOWER BLOCK - DAY 164

SARAH with bags and a broom under another arm walks toward the flat. The OLD MAN comes out of his flat just before she passes. He looks at her, affected, in some strange way. And then we see why. SARAH smiles at him, a full smile. He's never seen it before and neither have we. As she walks past him and toward us, we see him turn to look back at her again in the background.

165 INT. LIVING ROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY 165

OMAR asleep on the couch. RASHID pulls up a sheet over him which has slipped off. JEMAL stands by the doorway.

JEMAL

How is he doing?

RASHID

Wakes up to the sound of his own screams. But, at least he's stopped wetting himself the last few days.

They both look on at OMAR, asleep, with sad eyes.

166 INT. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY 166

SARAH cleaning up the flat.

KITCHEN - washing dishes.

LIVING ROOM - sweeping the floor.

BEDROOM - washing the windows.

HALLWAY - up and down with the vacuum.

JEMAL'S BEDROOM

SARAH cleaning the floor. She gets on her hands and knees to clear up a stain just beneath the bed. Instinctively, she peers further underneath to find an old and frayed suitcase. She pulls it out and opens it. It's filled with newspaper articles and cut outs. She sifts through them.

One headline grabs her attention and ours, she stares at it, it reads - GUANTANAMO DETAINEES FREED

SARAH POV: FRONT PAGE - it shows mug shots of detainees released from Guantanamo Bay. One of the men is JEMAL.

SARAH is frozen by the image of JEMAL'S face amongst those freed. She touches the image of him, not quite believing it's him. We slowly move out as she sits, reading, surrounded by the articles and cuttings.

167 INT. BATHROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY

167

RASHID and JEMAL both wearing aprons. The bath tub is filled with the peroxide and flour mixed together.

JEMAL

Is that how it's supposed to be?

RASHID

Yes. Seventy per cent mix.

JEMAL

Won't people notice the smell?

RASHID

Not when it's sealed and packed.

JEMAL

(beat)

It's nearly time, isn't it?

RASHID

They want a run through by the end of the week. Make sure the timings and locations correspond.

(beat)

Have you finished?

JEMAL  
Yes. It's ready.

RASHID  
Are you ready?

JEMAL looks at him, doesn't answer.

168 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY

168

SARAH walks into the living room, deeply affected. A look of sadness washes over her face as she looks at the plant. She goes to it, gently touches the leaves and then picks it up out of its base and puts it on the window ledge. As she passes the plant base, she sees the KEY lying there. She picks it up already knowing what it's for.

169 INT. KITCHEN. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY

169

JEMAL and RASHID sit at the table, drinking some tea.

JEMAL  
Are you scared?  
(beat)  
I keep thinking about things?

RASHID  
What kind of things?

JEMAL  
What the last thing I ever think about will be. Or, who it'll be. Sometimes, I think I know. Sometimes, I don't.

RASHID  
I used to be scared. But, then I realized something. Every time I closed my eyes, a little piece of me would die. I stopped living a long time ago, Jemal. So did you, Tarek, Omar and everyone else they put in that god forsaken hole.

A look between them. RASHID has tears in his eyes now.

RASHID (CONT'D)  
I'm ready to die.  
(sad)  
I can't wait.

For the first time we see the pain in his eyes, a pain that JEMAL knows and understands all too well.

170 INT. DOORWAY. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY 170

CLOSE ON KEY as it's put into the keyhole and turns until we hear a click, and the door is unlocked. SARAH takes a moment before opening the door, as if afraid of what she might find.

171 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY 171

She walks in and stops in front of the table that we have seen JEMAL work from. She just stares at what's on the table in front of her. We don't see what she sees. We just stay on her face as all kinds of thoughts race through her mind at once, and then we move down to see her hand beginning to shake.

172 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - SOMETIME LATER 172

SARAH, looking at diagrams, schematics and layouts. Holds up the object she took at the beginning, still not quite sure what to believe, lost in thought until....

JEMAL (O.S.)

I told you not to come in here.

SARAH, turns, looks at him, not knowing what to say. JEMAL walks away, toward the living room. She follows him.

173 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 173

JEMAL walks to the far wall and then leans with his back against it. He allows himself to slowly slide down until he's on the floor. SARAH stands by the doorway, watching.

SARAH

Is that a bomb in there?

She doesn't take her eyes off him, wanting an answer. Her question hangs in the air for what seems like forever.

JEMAL, on the floor, back against the wall, open, wounded, drained, emotionally, morally and physically.

JEMAL

No. It's not in there.

(points to his head)

It's in here.

A frozen moment. The truth. Everything out in the open. He looks like a broken, lost soul. SARAH backs away, slightly. She looks at the front door, he notices. Most people would run away. But, SARAH isn't like most people. After a moment, she walks to him and sits down next to him.



SARAH

What did they do to you, Jemal?

JEMAL

(beat)

I can't remember everything they did to me....only some of it.

(beat)

Things around me seem to shrink. It's like the whole world's closing in on me. Sometimes, it feels like there's not enough room for me to breathe. When it's quiet and I'm still, I begin to shake. I get sharp pains in my head from time to time that make me feel like my head is in a vice. I get blind spots. I see things that sometimes aren't there. I haven't slept properly since I came out. When I do sleep, it's like I'm drowning and I have to wake up or I'll die.

(beat)

I'm out of step, out of rhythm with the world I used to know. I walk along crowded streets, between buildings full of people, living lives that are like a distant memory to me now.

(beat)

There's something burning inside of me. It feels like my heart's been set on fire and the flames keep growing with every beat.

(beat)

I have to stop it.

(beat)

I will stop it.

She looks at him, tears are streaming down his face.

SARAH doesn't move, taking it all in. After a few moments.

SARAH

When?

JEMAL

Soon.

SARAH

Where?

JEMAL

Somewhere public.

SARAH  
What about the people?

JEMAL  
What about them?

SARAH  
They'll die.

JEMAL  
I know.

SARAH is visibly shaken.

SARAH  
They didn't do anything wrong.

JEMAL  
(sad)  
What did I do wrong?

JEMAL looks at her as he wipes away his tears.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
I'm not a monster. That's what  
they'll call me. But, they did  
this. Or, maybe I always had this  
thing inside of me.  
(beat)  
I should never have let you in.

SARAH  
You did.

JEMAL  
I have to be on my own now.

SARAH looks away from him, struggling to digest the news.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
Go. And never come back here.

SARAH gets up and walks to the front door. She looks back at JEMAL, sitting, slumped against the wall, looking desperate and defeated. It looks like she's about to say something, but she doesn't, and then she leaves.

174 EXT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE FLATS - EVENING

174

SARAH, shocked, confused, numb, needing to get away from the one person and place that has been her safe haven.

175 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - EVENING 175

VARIOUS SHOTS of SARAH, walking, thinking, trying to make some sense of it all.

176 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 176

JEMAL sits against the wall, something stirs within him. He can't leave it like this. He gets up and leaves the flat.

177 EXT. FRONT OF POLICE STATION - EVENING 177

SARAH outside the entrance of the police station. A few police cars are dotted around and some officers pass her by. She looks unsure about what she is about to do.

178 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - EVENING 178

JEMAL, driving, trying to find her.

179 EXT. FRONT STEPS OF CHURCH - EVENING 179

SARAH stands outside the last place in the world she thought she'd ever be going to. She walks up the steps.

180 INT. CHURCH - EVENING 180

The inside is candle lit, dark. The church is old, run down, but faithful. One or two people are about. She walks to the front and looks at the altar, the images and statues of things she lost faith in a long time go.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Hello.

SARAH turns to see the PRIEST standing behind her. He sees the difference in her from the last time he saw her.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You look....better.

SOMETIME LATER

SARAH and the PRIEST sit together.

SARAH

I've seen things, people do things that always made me think everyone asks the question wrong.

PRIEST

What question is that?

SARAH

Do you believe in God?

(beat)

They got it the wrong way around.  
If they saw what I've seen, what  
I've done, they'd be asking if HE  
still believes in us.

(beat)

Can people really save each  
other?

PRIEST

I believe so. I hope so.

SARAH

I think I'm the only person who  
can help someone. I just don't  
know if I can, I don't know how.

PRIEST

You're not on your own.

SARAH

Somebody's hurt. And they're  
going to do something bad.

(beat)

My whole life is about people  
closing doors on my face.

She hides a flash of pain, somewhere deep inside.

SARAH (CONT'D)

He didn't. He opened one.

(beat)

And he let me in.

PRIEST

If he's lost, God will help him  
find his way. If he seeks his  
help, he will be there for him.

SARAH

God can't help him.

(beat)

Maybe I can.

PRIEST

And why is that?

SARAH

We share something.

(beat)

Pain.

(beat)

(MORE)

SARAH(cont'd)  
 He's alive and I'm alone.  
 (longer beat)  
 And neither of us want to feel  
 like that anymore.

Silence. SARAH realizing what she has just said, as if her own words have hurt her, the saddest and truest words she's ever said in her entire life.

181 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - DAY 181

Jemal, driving, concentrating on the road.

UP AHEAD we see a car pulled over on the side with its hazards on. Steam rising from its bonnet, the hood is up.

JEMAL is about to pass when someone steps out from behind the car and in front of him. JEMAL breaks heavily and comes to an abrupt stop.

We look at the man in front of us, it's JACKIE.

They take each other in, knowing they've seen each other before, but JACKIE just can't quite place it.

182 EXT. SIDE OF MAIN ROAD - EVENING 182

JACKIE walks around the side of the car to JEMAL, who lowers his window.

JACKIE  
 You on the job?

JEMAL  
 Yes.

JACKIE  
 Wait here.

JEMAL watches from his side mirror as JACKIE opens the back door of the other car and speaks to someone. JACKIE looks animated, as if in some sort of argument. He then motions his head in JEMAL'S direction. And then after a moment, JACKIE walks back toward JEMAL.

JACKIE  
 Get him to where he needs to go.

The back door opens and in gets MURPHY.

JACKIE  
 I'll sort the car out, bruv.

JACKIE slaps his hand down on the hood twice and then JEMAL puts the car in gear and drives off.

183 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - EVENING

183

JEMAL driving as MURPHY looks around the cab. It's immaculate. He then turns his attention to JEMAL.

MURPHY  
Pretty clean cab.  
(beat)  
You been doing this long?

JEMAL  
A few years.

MURPHY  
You like doing it?

You can sense JEMAL doesn't want to be having this conversation, so can MURPHY.

JEMAL  
It's okay.

MURPHY  
You doing it because you want to,  
or because you have to?

JEMAL hesitates, not used to being asked questions.

JEMAL  
(dismissive)  
I'm doing it because it's what I  
do now.

MURPHY doesn't like the tone. He takes a moment, staring at JEMAL through the rearview with a look that could kill.

MURPHY  
I like to gamble. I like the idea  
of risk versus reward. You want  
to gamble?

JEMAL  
(reluctant)  
On what?

MURPHY  
On you.  
(beat)  
By the time you get me to where  
I'm going, I'll tell you  
everything there is to know about  
you.

JEMAL meets MURPHY'S cold stare through the rearview.

JEMAL

And if you're wrong?

MURPHY

Then I'll give the term 'keep the change' a whole new meaning.

JEMAL

And what do you get out it?

MURPHY

(smiling)

Peace of mind.

JEMAL

(dismissive)

You want to waste your time, go ahead.

MURPHY looks out the window, distant, as the world goes by. A very long pause. JEMAL, glances at him through the mirror, slightly anxious. After a while, MURPHY turns his attention back to JEMAL.

MURPHY

You like to fade into the background. To not be seen. You sit there, all day, everyday, as people come and people go while you listen to their pathetic, little lives. And they don't notice you because you don't exist to them. But, I see you.

JEMAL focuses on the road, MURPHY just looks like his stare is going to burn a hole in the back of JEMAL'S head.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I see people like you every single day. Just trying to fulfill your potential, be the best that you can be. You probably came over here from some god forsaken place for a better life, right? But, here's the thing, after a while, you come to that point that we all come to. That moment that will change the course of your life. Do you have what it takes to turn your dreams into reality? Because, all of a sudden you find yourself in a place where whatever you do, it doesn't matter, it doesn't make a difference. Nothing changes. You are the same. Inside and out.

(MORE)

MURPHY(cont'd)

And bit by bit, day by day, that dream of yours turns into a daily struggle, a living nightmare that you will never, ever, wake up from.

MURPHY'S words fill the cab like some kind of poison.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Natural selection.

(beat)

Your place in the world. You're to be eaten up by others. You're to be used up until there is nothing left. You're a fucking employee, stuck in that place of quiet, painful, regret between what could have been and what you've become.

(beat)

God, I would hate to be you. Wake up everyday, blaming everyone and everything else for what you've become, who you are, the person you can't stand to look at in the mirror anymore. You're weak. You're pathetic. Avoiding responsibility, assigning blame. You never got to know your parents, maybe that's your way out. Never got to kick a fucking ball around with Daddy, so he's to blame. Never got to suck on your mother's nipple for just that little bit longer, so she's to blame. Or, maybe they just died and left you sitting alone, in the dark, where you blame God for taking them away from you. And the only comfort, the only thing that you can hold onto, that keeps you warm at night, is the knowledge that at the end of the day we're all going to die.

(beat)

Christ, after you drop off each passenger and before you pick up the next one you ask yourself, you ask yourself, what the fuck am I still doing driving a cab?

(beat)

That's you.

JEMAL, soaks up every word, like daggers to his heart.



MURPHY (CONT'D)

Me? You know what I believe? Fuck natural selection, fuck your place in the world. If you want it, make it happen. You can get anything you want from this world. All you have to do is take it. No one ever gave me nothing I didn't bleed for.

(beat)

You want to know why an old man like me is still around?

(beat)

Underestimated from day one. No matter how good you are, never let them see you coming. And when they least expect it, you make your move. Hard, fast, blunt force trauma. What was it the yanks called it? Shock and Awe tactics? Fuck that. I'm the shock. I'm the awe. Because, that's what makes the world turn, what keeps people going. Not money, not power.

(beat)

But, pain. And trying to get rid of it by inflicting as much of it as you can onto others.

He looks out the window, distant, as if remembering something from deep within.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Everyone remembers where they were when those towers came down. When the whole world was connected for that moment when the sky fell and everything turned to dust. People like you, you cry, you weep, you see the horror. But, how many of those people were already dead before those planes hit? Walking through their lives on auto pilot, ground down by what they've become, floating through the emptiness of their existence and surviving on the false promise of fading dreams.

(beat)

You know what I thought? What went through my mind when it happened?

(beat)

Always be prepared.

(beat)

(MORE)

MURPHY (cont'd)

Because, it's going to be the guy  
you least expect, the one you  
never see coming that will take  
everything away from you.

(beat)

I won't let that happen to me.

(beat)

And maybe all this probably means  
nothing to someone like you.

Because you'll never be like  
those people, the ones that have  
that smile, like a veil coming  
down across their face. They're  
shining. Because they own the  
world, not the other way around.

(beat)

I can pretty much bet on my life,  
that you'll never have that  
smile.

(beat)

That shine.

(beat)

You'll never even come close.

Their eyes meet in the mirror. MURPHY smiles, shows him his  
shine.

MURPHY

Now tell me.

(beat)

Am I wrong?

JEMAL doesn't say a word as MURPHY begins to laugh.

184 EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

184

JEMAL'S CAB pulls up in front of the warehouse. Another man  
is waiting with a phone. He gets off it and opens the door  
for MURPHY to get out.

185 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - EVENING

185

MURPHY takes out a wad of cash and passes it forward to  
JEMAL. It's way too much. Murphy smiles.

MURPHY

Keep the change, anyway.

MURPHY gets out and is given the phone immediately by the  
other man. He starts talking as he makes his way toward the  
warehouse entrance. JEMAL looks as though MURPHY has  
drained the very life out of him as he drives away.

186 INT. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 186

JEMAL comes through the door. He stands by the living room doorway looking around the empty flat. The TV is still on, he goes and turns it off. Then he walks toward the window and draws the curtains. He's alone now, in the dark, just how he used to be.

187 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 187

JEMAL, dying in his sleep again. His body, drenched in sweat. His breathing, quick and ragged.

188 FLASHBACK CAMP X-RAY - GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA 188

Another place, another time. We start to see terrible images that are coming together in glimpses.

The only sound we hear are quick, anxious, breaths and JEMAL'S heartbeat pounding away like a drum.

189 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 189

JEMAL'S eyes roll back onto his head and start to flutter.

190 FLASHBACK CAMP X-RAY - GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA 190

JEMAL'S POV: As his eyes open. We're at a low ground level, as if lying down, awakening from a sleep. We hear the sound of creaking, and then something moving from side to side, just above the ground, in front of us.

As the blurred vision becomes clear, we realize we are seeing someone's feet hanging in the air, swaying.

JEMAL'S eyes widen in horror. The detainee in the next cell has hanged himself.

JEMAL gets up and begins to bang his metal wire prison with a cup as he screams for help.

191 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 191

SARAH'S hand comes into FRAME about to touch his face. She moves in close, leans in, stares at him for a moment.....and then gently touches his face. JEMAL'S eyes burst open as he grabs her arm, startling her.

JEMAL, awake, scared and disorientated. He begins to sob, some of his words makes sense, some of them don't.

JEMAL  
 Don't matter.....I don't matter  
 anymore....don't matter.....

She meets his wide-open eyes, now filled with tears.

SARAH  
 (scared)  
 What can I do? Tell me, tell me  
 what to do?

JEMAL  
 (sobbing)  
 Read to me.....read to me.

SARAH runs out of the bedroom and.....

192 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 192

....looks around frantically. And then she finds it. The  
 KORAN that JEMAL gave to her.

193 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 193

JEMAL, struggling to breathe, his memories choking him to  
 death. SARAH kneels beside him, as he writhes around on the  
 sweat drenched bed in this possessed-like state. SARAH  
 kisses the KORAN and touches it against her forehead. She  
 opens it and begins to read.

SARAH  
 (from the Koran)  
 On the Day when their tongues,  
 their hands, and their legs or  
 feet will bear witness against  
 them as to what they used to do.  
 On that day Allah will pay them  
 the recompense of their deeds in  
 full, and they will know that  
 Allah, He is the Manifest  
 Truth.....

As SARAH reads we CLOSE ON JEMAL'S hand holding onto  
 SARAH'S as if his life depended on it.

We slowly move out as SARAH, by the bed, reads the KORAN to  
 JEMAL who is sweating, struggling, breaking apart.

SOMETIME LATER

JEMAL is awake. He's calm but in a completely raw,  
 emotional state. An open wound. SARAH runs her fingers over  
 the scars on his wrists and up his arms.

JEMAL

Some scars aren't meant to heal.

SARAH looks at him.

SARAH

Hey.

JEMAL

You came back?

SARAH

You did for me.

JEMAL

What do you want?

SARAH

I want you to want to live.

JEMAL

We all die.

SARAH

Not like this.

JEMAL

Bit by bit, day by day until  
we're finished. You. Me.  
Everyone.

SARAH

(desperate)

I just want to help you.

A long moment. Then he looks at her.

JEMAL

Give me the stuff.

SARAH

What?

JEMAL

Give me the stuff. That you take.

She know's what he means.

JEMAL

Take my pain away. Just for one  
night. So I can float, I can go  
to the moon. I don't want to  
remember anymore. Help me take  
the pain away. Please, Sarah.

SARAH knows she'll be lost forever if she does this for  
him.

SARAH  
It's like you said, it not real.  
It won't be real.

JEMAL  
(beat)  
Real hurts too much.

SARAH  
Jemal, I can't.

JEMAL  
Then what can you do? What can  
you for me?

A moment. And then she leans in, completely  
unexpected.....and kisses him as if it's the only thing  
she wants to do, ever.

JEMAL'S body plays catch up to his mind. His eyes widen  
after a few moments and he pushes her away. Then he grabs  
her by her hair and drags her on her knees out of the  
bedroom.

194 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

194

They stumble into the living room as they struggle with  
each other. She's pleading with him. They fall, rise, fall  
and then rise again.

JEMAL  
Go! Go back to your world of  
sucking and fucking!

SARAH  
I want to stay here!

JEMAL  
Leave me! Leave me alone!

SARAH  
Fuck you! You let me in!

Struggling against each other.

JEMAL  
What do you want! Just go!

SARAH  
They'll find me!

JEMAL  
I dont care!

SARAH  
Yes, you do!

JEMAL  
No, I dont!

JEMAL  
Yes, you do!

JEMAL  
Stop! Stop it!

They're on the floor, on top of one another, close,  
intimate, face to face. Nothing between them now.

SARAH  
(beat)  
I love you.

It feels like the whole world has just stopped turning.

JEMAL looks at her pleading with his eyes - stop it, don't  
say it. Her eyes plead right back saying it's true.

JEMAL in a raw, emotional state trying to comprehend these  
feelings, emotions and words. Good feelings. Good emotions.  
Good words. Things he never thought he'd ever feel or hear  
again. He looks like he wants to tear himself inside out.

And then he SPITS at her full in the face. SARAH SPITS  
right back at him, they carry on and then seamless the  
spitting turns into kissing.

They assault each other with a passion that is desperate,  
painful and of two people who are running out of time. It's  
as though this act, for this moment, puts their lives and  
their world back into some kind of balance. It's not sex,  
it's not making love.....it's just pure need. A reminder  
of what it's like to feel like a human being again.

JEMAL cries as their bodies become one.

It's as though SARAH wants him to take out all his pain,  
rage and fear out on her rather than the rest of the world.  
JEMAL is like a man reawakened, with each thrust it's as if  
his soul is filling up with life again.

CLOSE on the plant, as JEMAL and SARAH continue to devour  
each other in the background, alive, growing, surviving.

195 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING

195

JEMAL and SARAH in bed together. She is asleep. He looks at  
her, ethereal in her stillness.

SOMETIME LATER

He sits on the edge of the bed a bit perplexed. He's in a completely raw state as conflicting waves of terror, uneasiness, peace and even a sense of joy runs over him. What has just happened has shaken him to the very core of his entire being.

196 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT = NIGHT 196

JEMAL looks at himself, something stirring from within. His face contorts, anger, pain, humiliation, fear. It's as though the beast inside all of us is taking him over.

He looks like a caged lion silently roaring. The battle between his head and his heart is raging and it seems all too much for him.

197 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 197

CLOSE ON a drawer being opened. JEMAL takes out a KNIFE.

198 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 198

SARAH asleep on the bed. JEMAL walks up to her and stands over her. The KNIFE by his side. He then leans in CLOSE to look at her. He knows what is happening between them, will happen between them and it's tearing him apart. Afraid of his rising emotion, he backs away a little.

And then it stops. Just like that.

SARAH'S eyes open and she smiles at him. She leans up into him and kisses him. JEMAL starts to kiss her right back, unable to stop himself. He joins her on the bed. We MOVE DOWN to see the KNIFE, lying on the floor.

SARAH  
I want to feel you inside me  
again.

They make love now.

SOMETIME LATER -

SARAH wakes up next to JEMAL. We look down at them from above. A shaft of sunlight cuts across their bodies from the crack in the curtains. SARAH looks at the light on JEMAL'S face, he looks different, he looks at peace.

She traces her fingers over the scars on his chest, as if somehow they'll heal properly, trying to imagine what must have caused them. JEMAL opens his eyes.

SARAH  
Hey.



JEMAL wakes up with a start, then sees her and relaxes. She runs her fingers through his hair and kisses his forehead.

JEMAL

Hey.

He closes his eyes again. SARAH looks at him closely.

SARAH

How did you end up there?

JEMAL opens his eyes again. SARAH just stares at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How did this all happen?

He turns away showing his back to her as if he can't look her in the eye, it's too painful. She stares at the scars on his back. His stare is vacant, empty. A moment.

JEMAL

I was travelling when I got picked up. I took some time off before I was to start an internship as an electrical engineer. I had never been anywhere else since I arrived here. I wanted to see what the world looked like. I was in Northern Pakistan when the towers fell. The Americans were coming so we knew we had to get out, fast. Everything was chaos. The Americans started dropping thousands of leaflets in the sky from planes. I'd never seen anything like it before. They promised a reward for anyone who turned in Taleban or Al Qaeda fighters. Anyone who stood out, anyone foreign became a target.

(beat)

I laid low for a few days before I paid a truck driver four thousand rupees to give me a safe passage out. He was going into Iran and then through to Turkey. I figured I could make my way back through Europe easy after that. So, I hid in the back of his truck and we drove away from all the madness.

(beat)

But, he had other ideas. He pocketed an extra thousand rupees when he drove me right into the hands of the Americans.

(MORE)

JEMAL (cont'd)

At first, I was relieved it was them. But, then they started to ask questions and I knew I wouldn't be coming back.

SARAH

I'm sorry, Jemal.

JEMAL

When we arrived in Guantanamo, the beginning was the easiest part. It was a couple days after when they started doing things. To make us talk. Make us confess to things we knew nothing about. What they did, I didn't know grown men could make such sounds.

(beat)

It was like I held my breath for three years. I was buried alive. Then it became about time, hearing it, feeling it, watching it slip away.

(beat)

We stopped being people in there. They called us 'packages'. They reduced us to nothing, our existence, our entire being became nothing. We were meat. They made us feel, think, speak, behave, dream and shit the way they wanted us to. All you can do to survive is to withdraw, to look within, somewhere deep down inside yourself for a safe place to hide.

(beat)

When I came out, it took me a few months before I could turn the light off when I went to bed. They always had the lights on. Always. And I had to remind myself, that I was free and that I could turn it off myself now.

A tear runs down his eye. He wipes it away. SARAH looking at the scars on his back. The pain inflicted. Not knowing how to respond.

SARAH

Isn't there some other way to stop the pain?

JEMAL

No. You're lucky. You own your own pain. I don't.

(beat)

They make me pay with mine.

SARAH  
You really want to die?

JEMAL  
Yes.

SARAH  
Like this?

JEMAL  
Yes.

She's bowled over by the calmness of his words, losing all color in her features.

SARAH  
(voice cracks)  
Take me with you.

JEMAL turns his anguished face around to face her.

JEMAL  
(a beat)  
You know I can't do that.

SARAH buries her face in his neck. Wants to be swallowed up. JEMAL holds her. He breathes her in. Delicate, soft, safe. She looks up. Her mouth suddenly finding his. A kiss, hungry, urgent, desperate.

199 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING

199

JEMAL putting on clothes. SARAH watches him dress.

SARAH  
Those books. Why are some of the pages torn out?

JEMAL sits next to her. A moment.

JEMAL  
That's what they'd do. Whatever they gave us to read, they would rip out the pages....I don't know, maybe it was to mess with our heads. I got used to it. I'd fill in the blanks of what happened in the story myself. But, now I still do it. I have to tear out some of the pages. Otherwise, it doesn't make sense.

A flash of pain on his face about it.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
That's everything I read while I  
was there. Except for one.

SARAH  
What was that?

JEMAL  
King Kong. I just started it when  
I was released. Have you read it?

SARAH  
I remember seeing the film.

JEMAL  
What happened to the big monkey?

SARAH  
He was killed.

JEMAL  
How?

SARAH  
(beat)  
It was his love for her that  
killed him in the end.

A moment.

They look into each other's eyes, Sarah hopeful. He begins  
to shake his head, gently, knowing what she's thinking.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
I have to do this. No matter  
what.

JEMAL looks out the window, the sky is grey and dark now.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
Looks like a storm's coming.

She looks at him, aching.

200 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING

200

SARAH brushing her teeth, hard.

SARAH taking mouthwash. She gurgles and then spits it out  
into the sink. CLOSE on the mouthwash. She touches it with  
her finger as most of it disappears down the drain. She  
then looks at herself in the mirror as if something  
becoming painfully aware to her. In some kind of crisis.

201 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT = MORNING 201

SARAH - in bath tub. Her stare is empty, vacant. She slowly begins to slip under the water. She holds her breath for what seems like an eternity. She then begins to scream as air bubbles fly at us.

202 INT. LIVING ROOM. RASHID'S FLAT - DAY 202

CLOSE on watches. Four of them on a table. JEMAL takes one. RASHID, TAREK and OMAR are all together. We see RUCKSACKS near them that look full.

RASHID

This is about timing and weight.  
The watches are set to go off at  
the same time. We've checked the  
schedules and calculated where  
we'll all be when the time comes.

(beat)

Each bag is the exact weight that  
you will be carrying on the day.  
Get a feel, get comfortable.  
After this, we won't have a  
chance to go through it again.

JEMAL sitting with the others, taking it all in.

203 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY 203

SARAH reading the KORAN, more purposefully than before. As if the answer to her prayers are within the sacred text somewhere.

204 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY 204

The hustle and bustle of the city in the afternoon.

CLOSE ON footsteps, we MOVE UP to reveal JEMAL wearing the rucksack. His eyes are raw. More than fear or concern is the grim determination that covers his face.

He walks amongst the many citizens of London going about their everyday lives. He follows the busy flow of people heading down into the entrance of an underground station until he is gone.

205 INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. UNDERGROUND - DAY 205

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS as passengers come and go.

JEMAL sitting on the train trying not to feel or think and failing at both.

He looks at a young boy with his mother sitting nearby. The boy could easily have been JEMAL when he was that age. Full of life, full of possibility. The boy gets off the train with his mother. JEMAL continues to watch him as the train begins to move off.

CLOSE on JEMAL as the alarm on his watch begins to go off.

He closes his eyes.

From a distance, we see JEMAL sitting there, eyes closed, amongst the other passengers in the train carriage.

We still hear the alarm until...

206 INT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 206

JEMAL throwing up.

207 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 207

JEMAL comes through the front door, looking drained. He glances at SARAH sitting in the living room, on the couch. She gets up, staring at him. He can't look at her, while that's all she wants him to do. He walks into the kitchen.

208 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 208

JEMAL has a drink of water, sits down at the table. SARAH sits down opposite him, on edge.

SARAH  
I thought you'd be back earlier.

JEMAL  
My last fare was a long one.

A moment. Awkward.

JEMAL (CONT'D)  
What did you do today?

SARAH  
I finished.

JEMAL  
Finished what?

SARAH  
The Koran.

JEMAL, surprised by this sudden revelation.

JEMAL  
That was fast.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Just want to understand better  
why you're doing this.

JEMAL  
You know why.

SARAH  
It's where you're going to end up  
that I'm trying to understand.

JEMAL  
What?

SARAH  
I've read what you've read. What  
you believe. You do this, I don't  
think you'll go to a better  
place.

JEMAL  
Sarah, please, you don't  
understand. How can you?

SARAH  
I read it. I read the words.

JEMAL  
Then you read it wrong. It's a  
translation.

SARAH  
That you gave to me. I read what  
you gave to me.

JEMAL  
You don't know what you read.

SARAH  
Do you?

A moment. JEMAL taken aback by the question. She looks like  
she's staring through his soul now.

SARAH  
It says a lot of other things  
too, Jemal. Good things. Things  
that make sense to me. I don't  
know what other people are  
telling you or what they believe.  
(MORE)

SARAH(cont'd)

But, if you do this, you won't find that peace you're looking for. You won't go to that better place.

(beat)

You'll be lost forever.

Her words forcing him to think hard.

JEMAL

(beat)

Then tell me? Where is this better place? Tell me? Where will I find it? How will I get there?

SARAH

It's here, Jemal. With me.

(beat)

We can matter again you and I. We can matter again.

JEMAL

You say these words, these things, but what do you know? You're just...you're just....

She knows.

SARAH

A whore? A fucking junkie whore? Yeah, I know. I am.

It hurts, it stings , she takes it.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And then I met you. And I'm scared. You look at me like I've got something to say. You listen. And now I can taste something else other than the mouthwash that I use to get rid of the taste of the cum in my mouth every night. You.

(beat)

But, maybe I should just go back to using, fucking, sucking until there's nothing left of me, until I can't even remember my own fucking name anymore. Because, anything is better than what I'm feeling right now. This ache inside of me, it's the worst feeling in the world. And you've put it there.

(beat)

You own my pain now.



A moment. She feels awkward. So does he. Her words hang in the air. She's an open wound and JEMAL'S lost for words.

SARAH  
(struggling)  
I just, you came back late, and I didn't know what to think. I just got....worried. I was worried.  
(beat)  
When you do it, you aren't even going to tell me are you? Or say goodbye. You'll just be gone and I'll switch on the TV and find out on the news or something, right?

JEMAL  
(beat)  
I'm sorry, Sarah

JEMAL gets up and walks past her. She's alone now.

SARAH  
(low)  
Yeah. Me too.

209 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 209

JEMAL in the shower. Contemplative. Hoping the water streaming off his body will wash away whatever feelings and emotions are stirring from deep within. Then SARAH enters, she takes her clothes off this time. And then gets into the shower with him. They begin to make love under the water. Time isn't on either of their sides. And they both know it.

210 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 210

JEMAL and SARAH lying together, relaxed, on the verge of falling asleep.

JEMAL  
Do you think there's a place for people like us in heaven?

SARAH  
I'm starting to think maybe.

JEMAL  
Why?

SARAH  
We never got a chance here.  
We just never got a chance.

A moment.

JEMAL  
 Been so long since I just slept.

SARAH  
 Close your eyes.  
 (beat)  
 I won't let anything happen to  
 you, tonight.  
 (beat)  
 I promise.

He looks at her, and he believes her. JEMAL closes his eyes and sleeps. SARAH watches as the calm spreads over him.

211 INT. JEMAL'S BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 211

He wakes. She smiles. She watched him the whole night.  
 They kiss.

She gets off the bed and leaves JEMAL alone, thinking.

212 EXT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 212

RASHID, carrying a container, walks down the hallway.

213 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 213

JEMAL in the shower, water streaming off him.

214 EXT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 214

RASHID looks around and then takes out a set of keys. He puts one into the keyhole and opens the door.

215 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 215

RASHID puts down the container on the floor. He can hear the shower. He looks around and notices the change - TV on, curtains pulled back - a woman's touch. He walks up to the plant on the table and touches the leaves, still alive. Then he sits down on the couch. A few moments pass. Then he notices the camcorder he gave to JEMAL. He takes it and switches it on. He looks at the view finder and sees SARAH on the screen, making faces at the camera.

JEMAL appears at the doorway, looking at RASHID with the camera. RASHID looks at him.

RASHID

They called.

(beat)

They want us to do it tomorrow.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

SOMETIME LATER

JEMAL and RASHID sitting together, it looks as though they've been in deep, serious conversation for a while now.

RASHID

You know those people who sit in the back of your cab. You listen to them don't you. Everyday people. Everyday lives. We're not like them. We never will be. We won't have families, or wives, because we're not like them anymore. Because of what they did to us. Because of what they did to all of us. No one can change that.

(beat)

Not even her.

JEMAL

I know.

RASHID

Then, please. This woman. Whoever she is. Whatever it is that you're doing. Stop it.

JEMAL

Remember what you said about the angels that are out there, looking over us.

(beat)

What if she's mine.

RASHID

Jemal, we have to be focussed now. Your head and your heart must be clean of all of this. You're just making it harder for yourself when the time comes.

His words forcing him to think for a moment.

JEMAL

(beat)

Did you sleep last night, Rashid?

RASHID

No.

JEMAL  
(beat)  
I did.

RASHID looks at him, completely taken aback. JEMAL gets up and leaves him alone in the room.

216 EXT. FRONT OF BOOK SHOP - DAY 216

SARAH walking into the book shop.

217 INT. SHELVES. BOOK SHOP - DAY 217

SARAH walks amongst rows and rows of books. And then she stops, she's found what she's looking for.

SARAH POV - we're looking at a book, it's KING KONG.

She takes it, looks around, and then puts it in her bag.

She walks down the aisle and as she's about to turn for the exit, a hand spins her around. It's the store manager.

MANAGER  
What do you think you're doing?

SARAH looks at him, thinking with her eyes.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
I'm calling the police.

SARAH  
Wait. Let's figure something out.

He looks at her, intrigued despite himself.

218 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. BOOK STORE - DAY 218

CLOSE on SARAH bent over a desk, pinned down, as the store manager thrusts into her from behind. Her head on the table, her focus on one thing only - the KING KONG book lying at the end of the desk. Nothing else matters.

219 EXT. BENCH. LOCAL PARK - DAY 219

SARAH sitting on the bench. She opens the book and then starts to tear out pages at various different sections. Then she closes the book. And smiles.

220 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - DAY 220

JEMAL cutting tape with his teeth. He's sticking things to something. We slowly MOVE back to reveal the EXPLOSIVE DEVICE. It is covered in nails, screws and bolts. It's unsettling just looking at it.

221 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY 221

SARAH, walking back, holding onto the book. She passes the OLD MAN who lives on the same floor.

SARAH

Hello.

OLD MAN

Hello.

We stay on the OLD MAN as SARAH walks away from him. He smiles to himself. Then, in the background, a car comes to a screech in front of SARAH, cutting her off.

The OLD MAN turns to see JACKIE and one of his thugs grab hold of her.

CLOSE UP - SARAH struggling as she is violently bundled into the back of the car. Once they're all in, the car screeches away. The only thing left to show what has just taken place is the KING KONG book, lying on the ground. After a moment, it's picked up off of the ground by the OLD MAN.

222 INT. KITCHEN TABLE. RASHID'S FLAT - EVENING 222

JEMAL, RASHID, TAREK and OMAR all eating together. There's something almost spiritual-like about it, the last time they will all be together again.

223 INT. JEMAL'S CAB. - EVENING 223

JEMAL pulls up by a rundown TOWER BLOCK. OMAR is with him. Awkward pause, awkward goodbye.

OMAR

The middle carriages.

JEMAL looks at him.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Go for the middle carriages.  
That's where most people will be.  
There won't be that many at the  
front or back.

JEMAL sees the fear in his eyes, and tries to hide his own.

JEMAL

Okay.

OMAR looking at his hands now, remembering something.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Do you remember when we first arrived there and they told us we had a few minutes to write a letter to our families. I couldn't.

(beat)

My hands were numb from the handcuffs they used. I couldn't write anything. They thought I was dead while I was in there. They buried me while I was still alive.

(sad)

I guess they were right to do that.

(sadder)

Goodbye, Jemal.

They embrace. OMAR holds onto JEMAL for a moment longer than he knows he should. JEMAL doesn't mind.

OMAR

See you soon, Inshallah.

JEMAL

Inshallah.

JEMAL fights off a wave of sadness as he watches OMAR get out of the car and walk away from him.

224 INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

224

A car pulls into the warehouse. JACKIE gets out and pulls SARAH out from the car. She has a large bruise on her face, JACKIE already started. He pulls her by her hair, her knees scraping the floor.

MURPHY comes out of an office. SARAH on her knees, in front of him. His men all around. The outlook is bleak.

MURPHY

Where was she?

JACKIE

She was right outside her place, must've been there all along.

MURPHY  
Silly little girl.

JACKIE  
Finish it, bruv.

MURPHY  
Be a shame to waste such a pretty  
thing, straight away.

JACKIE  
Do what you want then, I'm out of  
here.

JACKIE begins to walk away.

MURPHY  
Jack.

JACKIE  
Yeah.

MURPHY  
Good job.

JACKIE  
(smiling)  
Yeah, I know.

MURPHY gets down on her level. Gently strokes her hair away  
from her face, nothing but absolute fear in her eyes.

MURPHY  
It's okay. I'm not going to kill  
you straight away. Some of the  
boys have been getting frustrated  
looking for you the last couple  
days. So, here's what's going to  
happen. They're going to take you  
into that room over there and  
take out that frustration on you.  
They're going to fucking turn you  
inside out.  
(after a beat)  
What do you think about that?

SARAH spits directly into his face. MURPHY touches the spit  
with his finger and then puts it into his mouth.

MURPHY  
You taste good.

He then punches her full force in the face and she drops  
like a ton of bricks.

225 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 225

JEMAL sits at the table, staring at the plant. Healthy, alive and he knows the reason why. A knock at the door.

226 INT. FRONT DOOR. JEMAL'S FLAT - EVENING 226

JEMAL opens the door. In front of us is the OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

They took her.

(beat)

The ones that came here before.

227 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 227

JEMAL sits opposite the OLD MAN at the table.

OLD MAN

I've lived here for as long as I can remember. I've watched people come and go. I knew the ones that lived in this flat before you, and all the others that came before them. Everyone's got their own story. All the time since she's been here, I never saw her smile before. That was her's. But, she's smiling now.

(beat)

She's got a beautiful smile.

The OLD MAN puts KING KONG on the table.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

When they took her, she dropped this.

JEMAL picks it up and looks at the book, lost for words.

JEMAL opens the book and flicks through the pages. The ones which have been torn out are clearly visible by the tears. He closes the book and looks at the OLD MAN, his face a mass of conflicting emotions as it hits him - no one will ever understand him the way she does now.

OLD MAN

Are you okay?

A wave of sorrow hits JEMAL like a punch in the stomach. He tries to breathe as he struggles to hold back the tears.



228 INT. BATHROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 228

JEMAL looks at himself in the mirror. Identity crisis. Morality crisis. Human crisis. And then it's over. He's made his decision. And it is something that will propel him towards his final destiny.

229 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - NIGHT 229

JEMAL driving, searching. Like a hunter tracking down prey.

230 INT. ALLEYWAY. RUNDOWN BUILDING - NIGHT 230

The alleyway and area in general is the 'drug store' of choice for those looking for something harder. Junkies and dealers conducting business as usual. JACKIE comes out from a run down building with a pretty black girl on his arm. He kisses her hard then slaps her on the ass as she walks away. JACKIE looks like he's just coming down from his ritual high of cocaine and sex. He slaps hands with a drug dealer as he passes the dealers and junkies.

231 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 231

JACKIE walks down the street toward his car. No one around. Deserted. JACKIE opens the door and is about to get in when

JEMAL (O.S.)

Hey.

JACKIE turns and before he can react is hit, full on, in the face with something hard. He's down. JEMAL stands over him. Then he hits him again to make sure he stays down.

232 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT 232

JACKIE, sitting at the kitchen table, his eyelids flutter, he begins to twitch. And then he regains consciousness. The first thing he sees is the PLANT on the middle of the table. And then that his hands are taped down onto the table with his fingers exposed. He tries to move, but can't, he's tied to the chair from below.

JEMAL sits opposite him. JACKIE stares right back. A moment. Then he looks to the cooker beside them, an IRON is resting over the naked flame.....warming up.

JACKIE

What the fuck are you doing?

JEMAL

The girl. Where is she?

JACKIE begins to laugh. JEMAL gets up and punches him in the face. His laugh turns to a cough as he spits out blood and some teeth onto the table. JEMAL sits by his side now.

JACKIE  
Fucking bitch is dead already.

JEMAL  
Where is she?

JACKIE  
Fuck you.

JEMAL  
I know all kinds of ways to make  
you talk. Make you say things  
that you don't want to.  
(beat)  
You could say I'm an expert.

JACKIE  
You have no idea what you've  
done. You're fucking dead  
already. You just don't know it.

JEMAL stands up, and we now see that he's holding a HAMMER. He brings it down hard on one of JACKIE'S fingers. His finger crumbles to a flat mixture of skin, bone and blood. JACKIE begins to scream.

JEMAL  
(leaning in)  
Nine more to go.

JACKIE tries to maintain some control, master his own fear. He looks angry, and like he could cry at the same time.

JACKIE  
(struggling)  
Do you know who I am?

JEMAL  
No. I don't.

Without warning JEMAL brings down the HAMMER again. Another of JACKIE'S fingers is reduced to a mashed pulp of skin and bone. JACKIE howls, he starts to buck in the chair.

JEMAL  
(calm)  
I hope you're not right-handed.

JEMAL looks devoid of all emotion. He motions to the plant.

JEMAL  
Look at it.

He doesn't. JEMAL slaps the side of his head, hard.

JEMAL  
Look at it.

JACKIE looks at the PLANT, breathing hard now.

JEMAL  
It's beautiful isn't it? It's  
alive because of her. And you'll  
die because of her if you don't  
tell me what I want to know.

JACKIE  
I'm going to fucking kill you.  
I'm going to eat your fucking  
heart out!

JEMAL lets go of his head and brings the HAMMER down again  
as another of JACKIE'S fingers bites the dust. Nearly all  
of his right hand is nearly unrecognizable now. JACKIE eyes  
tearing up as the pain becomes blinding.

JACKIE  
(whimpers)  
What....what do you want?

JEMAL  
Whose got her? I want to speak to  
them. Now.

JACKIE  
She's already dead.

JEMAL  
That's not your concern. What you  
should be worried about is what  
I'm about to do to your feet.

JACKIE  
(terrified)  
My phone. My phone.

JEMAL is already one step ahead. He takes out JACKIE'S  
phone, opens it and moves down his list of numbers. JACKIE  
looks like he is about to lose consciousness. And JEMAL  
knows it.

JEMAL  
Stay with me. Which one is it?

JEMAL highlights the numbers.

JACKIE  
That's it. That's the one.

JEMAL  
Is he the one I picked up?  
(beat)  
Your brother?

JACKIE  
(low, defeated)  
Yeah. Yeah.

JEMAL hits the call button on the phone.

233 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

233

We see MURPHY come out of a door, sweating, his shirt out, some blood on it. We can't even begin to imagine what he and his men are doing to SARAH.

MURPHY  
(on phone)  
I'm busy, Jack.

234 INT. KITCHEN. JEMAL'S FLAT - NIGHT

234

JEMAL  
(over phone)  
In my car you told me that pain makes the world turn around.

MURPHY  
What? Who the fuck is this?

JEMAL  
You told me pain is what makes the world turn around. Remember?

MURPHY  
(remembering)  
You?

JEMAL  
Your brother wants to talk to you.

Puts the phone to JACKIE'S ear.

JACKIE  
(a mile a second)  
I'm at his place, bruv. I don't know where I am. He wants her back! He want's that fucking bitch! He's out of his fucking mind!

JACKIE doesn't see JEMAL reaching for the IRON on top of the cooker until he places it on what is left of his right hand. JACKIE screams, his eyes bulging from the pain.

MURPHY  
JACKIE! JACKIE!

JEMAL  
He can't talk right now because  
he's about to pass out. Is your  
world turning, yet?

MURPHY  
What do you want?

JEMAL lifts up the IRON, steam rises from the bloody mess that used to be JACKIE'S right hand. The vein's bulge in JACKIE's head, as he grits through the pain.

JEMAL  
I want you. Your life for his.

MURPHY  
No.

JEMAL  
A life for a life. The only way.  
You took hers, now I want yours.

MURPHY  
No.

JEMAL  
What?

MURPHY  
Her life, for your life.

JEMAL  
Whose?

BOSS  
Your fucking girlfriend's.  
(beat)  
She's still here.

JEMAL  
You're lying. She's dead.

MURPHY  
Not yet. But, that's down to you.  
You think you're in control of  
this situation, you're not. I am.

JEMAL  
Prove it, prove it now.  
(thinks fast)  
(MORE)

JEMAL (cont'd)

What did she do when her father  
was asleep?

MURPHY

What?

JEMAL

What did she used to do when her  
father was asleep? Call me back  
in thirty seconds or I cut off  
his head.

JEMAL ends the call. He then takes out the kitchen KNIFE from the drawer and sits back opposite JACKIE. He places the phone and the knife on the table, in front of him. And he waits. The thirty seconds feel like a lifetime. JACKIE is semi conscious, mumbling, whimpering, sobbing. Time's up. Nothing. A moment. JEMAL's hand goes for the knife.

And then the phone rings. He picks up the phone instead.

MURPHY

She drew him.

(beat)

She fucking drew him.

Relief on JEMAL'S face. Time stands still. The emotion fills his face. Nothing else matters now. Nothing.

MURPHY

You and my brother for her.

JEMAL

(beat)

We're coming.

JEMAL takes out a ROLL of DUCT TAPE. He then begins to cover JACKIE'S mouth with tape as he tries to resist.

235 INT. BEDROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 235

MONTAGE of JEMAL going through the movements of Prayer and reading from a book, it's not the KORAN, it's KING KONG. And he savors every word, because of her.

236 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 236

JEMAL sits, looking at the video camera.

JEMAL

(to camera)

If you're watching this, then it  
means I'm dead.....

237 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 237

JEMAL opens the curtains, early morning light pours in. It looks like it's going to be a beautiful day.

JEMAL waters the plant. He touches the leaves as if somehow saying goodbye. A moment. Then he puts an envelope down on the table next to the plant.

238 INT. WORK ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING 238

CLOSE ON JACKET ZIP being pulled up as we reveal JEMAL standing alone. He puts the OBJECT in one of his pockets.

We stay with him for a moment.

239 EXT. JEMAL'S CAB - MORNING 239

CLOSE UP of JACKIE in the boot, bound, gagged, terrified. JEMAL slams the boot shut on him.

240 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - MORNING 240

ON HANDS. The car being thoroughly checked. Lights. Indicators. Switches. As if not wanting to be pulled over.

For anything.

It's routine for JEMAL, habit. What he does at the start of everyday. But, today is different. It's the last time he will ever do this again.

He looks at his hand, closely. Firm, steady, still. It's not shaking anymore.

A moment.

He starts the engine and then pushes a tape into the deck.

It's the OPERA MUSIC.

He puts the car in gear and drives off.

241 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - MORNING 241

TAREK, steely eyed, RUCKSACK on his back, walking effortlessly through the early morning hustle and bustle of people trying to get to work on time.

242 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - MORNING 242

OMAR, walking with his RUCKSACK amongst the early morning crowd. CLOSE ON his eyes, he looks terrified, as we see just how much of a young boy he really is.

243 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - MORNING 243

Another crowded street, too many people, not enough pavement as RASHID, RUCKSACK on his back, follows the mass flow of people into the entrance of an underground station.

244 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - MORNING 244

JEMAL drives through LONDON for the very last time. Something spiritual about it, his final drive, like a pilgrim about to complete his journey.

We see what he sees through his dreamlike POV - The city of London and its people roll by as JEMAL looks at the world differently, as if trying to take everything in. The city at its best, the people at their best - all faiths, backgrounds, colors and religions. Someone's father, someone's mother, someone's son, someone's daughter, someone's friend.....someone's lover.

245 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SITE. ABANDONED WAREHOUSES - MORNING 245

We see the cab moving along the completely deserted area, looking lost and alone beneath the clear early morning sky.

246 INT. JEMAL'S CAB - MORNING 246

JEMAL'S face locked away from all emotion now. And then he sees them in the distance. Other men. Other cars.

247 EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING 247

JEMAL rolls to a halt and gets out of the car. MURPHY and his men stand in front of him.

MURPHY

Where is he?

JEMAL

Not until I know she's safe..

(beat)

I'm not going anywhere.

MURPHY nods to one of his men who goes inside the warehouse.



They wait for a few moments. JEMAL stands there, looking at them, reading the odds. He's completely outnumbered. But, this was always going to be a one way ticket. It had to be.

And then SARAH appears at the entrance, bruised, battered, whatever they did to her will stay with her for the rest of her life. She sees JEMAL, not quite believing it's him for a second - like it's a dream. Then she runs toward him.

SARAH wraps herself around JEMAL, nearly knocking him off his feet. They look into each other's eyes. Her face has been savaged, her clothes torn and bloodstained. Tears of relief, fear and sadness stream down her face.

JEMAL looks at her, for the first time, with a sense of peace. There is no more fight, no more inner turmoil, he's completely given in to her. It's not tearing him apart anymore, it's something divine, something beautiful, that will be his salvation in his final moments.

SARAH  
I'm sorry.

JEMAL  
It's okay.  
(beat)  
I have to go now.

She knows what he means. His words are like daggers. The thought of being alone again fills her with dread. Her fear is palpable as JEMAL holds onto her.

SARAH  
Don't leave me.

JEMAL  
I have to go away now, Sarah.

SARAH  
But....

She doesn't finish - because it's too hard. He wipes her tears away and kisses her gently, for the last time.

SARAH  
I love you. I do.

JEMAL nods, it's all he can do not to break apart.

JEMAL  
Goodbye, Sarah.

It's looks like the most painful thing he's ever had to say. And with those words, SARAH begins to break down. JEMAL forces her away and she falls to her knees, realizing what is about to happen.

He turns his back on her, knowing her life lays ahead of her with all kinds of possibilities because of what he's about to do.

It soothes him, it calms him.

SARAH gets up off her knees and runs after him. He stops, turning to face her.

They embrace and then look into each other's eyes.

JEMAL

(beat)

Live for the both of us.

And then he leans in and says something, whispers it into her ear. Maybe it's those 'three words' we all yearn to hear in our lives. Or, maybe it's something else. We'll never know. She moves back and looks at him for the very last time. A trace of a smile on his lips as he looks into the very depths of her soul.

JEMAL

Go. Don't stop, don't look back.

Just go.

After a moment, SARAH turns and half runs, half stumbles away, tears streaming down her face.

JEMAL turns and looks at MURPHY'S men approaching. He holds up the car keys. One of the thugs takes the keys. The other hits him across his head, knocking him to the ground.

248 INT. CAR BOOT - MORNING

248

ON JACKIE, bloody, tied up and terrified. The men help him out and carry him back into the warehouse. MURPHY shows no emotion as his younger brother is taken past him. He nods at the other thugs and they grab JEMAL and drag him into the warehouse. Once everyone is inside, the door closes with a final brutality.

249 EXT. STREETS - MORNING

249

SARAH running, weeping, stumbling, losing it completely.

250 INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

250

The blows rain down on JEMAL. His face covered in blood as he takes the hits. He seems impervious, numb to the pain, in a haven all of his own. He's free now, because of her, not because he's haunted by the demons of his past anymore.

She's like a light shining through the dark caverns of his mind, lulling him into an all consuming calm. He's finally at peace now.

MURPHY leans in CLOSE to JEMAL, looking directly into his eyes. A moment passes between them.

MURPHY  
Time to die.

JEMAL  
I know.

Then the ALARM on JEMAL'S watch begins to BEEP. He pulls down his coat zip in one fluid movement to reveal the EXPLOSIVE DEVICE wrapped around his chest. In his other hand, the OBJECT we've seen before, the DETONATOR.

MURPHY frozen. His men look on astonished.

JEMAL smiles, like a veil coming down across his bloodied face. He's shining now.

SMASH CUT TO:

JEMAL'S last ever thought.

SARAH, asleep, looking radiant, looking beautiful.

251 INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING 251

CLOSE ON JEMAL, smiling, as he presses the DETONATOR.

MURPHY  
What are -

MURPHY'S last ever words cut short.

252 EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING 252

As the front of the warehouse EXPLODES in a gigantic eruption of fire, glass and metal. The windows from the upper floor shatter onto the cars parked nearby, setting off the alarms. A huge fireball rolls out, shooting upward into the early morning sky.

253 INT. LIVING ROOM. JEMAL'S FLAT - MORNING 253

SARAH comes into the living room. The TV is on, showing the breaking news. SARAH looks on, absolutely distraught.

## NEWS REPORTER

We can confirm that there have so far been three large explosions reported on the london underground transport system. The explosions occurred at Warren Street, Baker Street and Embankment stations at just after eight thirty this morning. Reports coming in of a high number of fatalities and countless others injured. And we're also receiving unconfirmed reports of another explosion that took place around this time at an abandoned warehouse, which seems, at the moment, as if it's being treated as an unrelated incident to what is happening in central london right now. Again, these are unconfirmed reports and we'll bring you up to date as soon as we have more news during this horrific time when all our thoughts and prayers are with those caught up in this unfolding tragedy.

SARAH somehow manages to make it to the table and slumps onto the chair. She begins to weep, quietly. Her head resting next to the PLANT and the envelope which we see has her name scrawled upon it.

254 EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

254

CLOSE ON dirt being dug up by SARAH. We're back at the first place JEMAL took her to. She places the PLANT in its new 'home'. She looks over at the sea of green trees in front of her. A gust of wind picks up, the trees begin to sing, the leaves begin to dance. And she begins to cry.

FADE TO BLACK - TITLE CARD - 8 MONTHS LATER

255 INT. SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT - DAY

255

SARAH, sitting at the checkout, pricing up items, we can't see her full body. She looks different, full of life, full of health, full of hope.

JEMAL (V.O.)

If you're watching this, then it means I'm dead. I never thought I would ever be scared of dying....

256 EXT. STREET - DAY

256

We see SARAH from the waist up, walking, happy, content with herself, her place in the world. Her eyes look more open, more kinder, a lot different to how we last saw her.

JEMAL (V.O.)

....but, death only really began  
to make me feel that way with  
the knowledge of life. You did  
that. That it can all end, even  
when you don't really want it to.  
Life after my death will be a  
better one now. Because of you.  
And maybe there's a chance I will  
see you again.....

257 INT. LIVING ROOM. SARAH'S FLAT - DAY

257

SARAH sits watching the end of JEMAL'S taped message on TV.  
We see him addressing the camera, looking directly at us.

JEMAL - ON SCREEN.

.....I always thought that I  
would die alone. But, I was  
wrong. Now when I close my eyes  
and sleep, I won't be lost.

(beat)

I'll be dreaming of you.

And then his grainy image is swallowed up by static.

SARAH switches the TV off with the remote, affected by his last words. And then she stands up and we MOVE OUT to see her pregnant, full belly.

She stands by the window and places her hand on her stomach as the sunshine pours in. She looks at the world outside, less suspicious of it, less devastated by it, toward a brighter future.

Maybe, just maybe.