



Series Two

Episode Two

By

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EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - NIGHT 1. 1900

CAPTION: Birmingham

A mosque. There is a sign: 'Parkmount Mosque And Community Centre'. Parked next to the mosque amongst several other parked cars, an inconspicuous van.

INT. M15 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 1. 1902

DANNY sits in the driver's seat observing the mosque through the windscreen. In the back of the van sit TOM and ZOE. A partition between the driver's section and back means that they have to communicate by radio.

TOM (RADIO)
Any sign of him Danny?

DANNY (HIDDEN MIC)
No.

TOM (To ZOE.)
How long since the wire went down?

ZOE
Fifty minutes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - NIGHT 1. 1903

From the van the camera moves up to reveal the barred and shuttered windows on the first floor of the Mosque.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - NIGHT 1. 1904

It's a room for discussions and teaching. Low wooden benches, painted light blue, are piled up against a wall. There is a scruffy, light blue carpet. Bare walls, yellowy strip lighting. The windows are shuttered from within.

A group sit cross-legged on the floor.

A young Pakistani man, JOHNNY - very scared, his shirt undone - sits before MOHAMMED RACHID.

RACHID is a small but massive man, bearded, in black, white and grey robes. He is fingering a wire set battery, microphone. There are other young men in the room, all in Western clothing. One is at a partially opened window shutter.

FAZUL AZZAM comes into the room. He is tall, with an ascetic look about him, and elderly.

Everyone is looking at AZZAM. A moment: no one is moving.

FAZUL

What's this boy doing here?

RACHID

I am upbraiding him, his studies are poor.

FAZUL

Boy? Is that true?

JOHNNY

Yes.

FAZUL

Learning should be a delight, not a punishment.

RACHID (A smile with a wave of a hand.)
But with the young these days, video games, an
obsession for trainers with bubbles in their
heels... What can they keep in their heads? Only
American trash.

CLOSE TO:

FAZUL AZZAM. His face pale, there are beads of sweat on his
face. The room is silent and hostile. He steps back.

He turns towards the door.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 1. 1910

TOM (RADIO)

What do you think, Danny?

DANNY (HIDDEN MIC)

I think they're onto him.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - NIGHT 1. 1911

JOHNNY has - a second before - been hit in the face. Blood
from his mouth. For a moment he is in shock then he begins to
whimper.

RACHID holds up a wire, miniature microphone and a small box.

RACHID

Is this standard issue from MI5? For their
creatures?

JOHNNY

Please, they made me do it. I didn't want to ...

RACHID

Spy for the West and you are spying for Satan.
That's what you did, my son. You embraced him with
all your wretched, corrupt, withered soul.

Terror on JOHNNY's face.

RACHID (cont'd)

And what is the name of the Intelligence Officer
you report to?

JOHNNY's face. He looks from one to the other.

JOHNNY

Please ...

RACHID nods. The men fall on him, pulling off his socks.
JOHNNY kicks and struggles.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

No! No!

They have ropes. One swishes a big cane. They begin to tie the
rope around JOHNNY'S feet.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 1. 1920

TOM, ZOE and DANNY.

DANNY looking out of the windscreen.

They are desperately worried about JOHNNY and arguing.

DANNY

No backup?

TOM

We can't have special forces barging into a
mosque.

DANNY

Says who?

A beat.

DANNY (cont'd)

We've got to get him out.

ZOE

They could be doing anything to him in there ...

A beat. They all hate this.

TOM
Alright. Danny you and me.

DANNY
Great.

TOM
Zoe, you monitor.

ZOE
What will you do?

TOM (A shrug.)
Walk up to the front door. Say can we have our
friend back, please.

A look of uncertainty on DANNY's face.

The equipment beeps. ZOE goes to it.

ZOE
His wire's back on. Johnny?

ZOE looks curiously up at the roof of the surveillance van as
the equipment pinpoints the location of JOHNNY's wire.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - NIGHT 1. 1921

The camera looks directly down on the surveillance van. A
large object falls past and lands on the roof of the van. Too
late we realise it's JOHNNY. The impact shatters the windows
and buckles the roof.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 1. 1921

TOM, ZOE, DANNY taken unawares as the impact of JOHNNY's body
causes chaos inside the van. Glass shatters, sparks fly. DANNY
scrambles out from the driver's seat.

EXT/INT. STREET OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE/MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN
- NIGHT 1. 1922

JOHNNY lying on the now crumpled roof. Still conscious, he is
shivering and sobbing. His bare feet are lacerated and
bleeding.

TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. FRENCH ENTRANCE TO THE CHANNEL TUNNEL - NIGHT 1. 0100

CAPTION: Channel Tunnel: French Coast.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Shot of train entering tunnel.

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT 1. 0230

IBHN clings to the freight train. The noise is terrifying.

EXT. ENGLISH ENTRANCE TO CHANNEL TUNNEL - NIGHT 1. 0425

STOCK FOOTAGE: Train exiting tunnel.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAWN 2. 0600

IBHN rolls out from under the train. Behind him, Security Guards can be seen in the background. IBHN crawls under a fence, looks behind him, then starts to move away.

EXT. VICTORIA STREET LONDON - DAY 2. 0825

Amidst the fast walking crowd on the pavement IBHN KHALDUN, strides ahead steadily, exhausted but determined, a stick in one hand - like an Old Testament prophet in the rush hour.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 2. 0831

IBHN walks up to the entrance of New Scotland Yard. He props the stick against a pillar. He runs his hands through his hair then goes up to the officer on duty.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - RECEPTION - DAY 2. 0833

Armed officers on duty. They look at him.

IBHN (Good English.)
I want to speak to Special Branch.

He obviously smells.

VINNY (to the other PC)
Would you please invite this gentleman to leave?

IBHN
I wish to speak to a Special Branch officer!

Another PC comes up behind IBHN.

VINNY
Could you please leave sir?

IBHN
I am not in this country to tolerate fools!

PC

Thank you Sir.

The PC puts a hand on IBHN. Who in a swift movement - the reflex of an exasperated man - hits the PC with a fast punch in the lower stomach.

The PC goes down with a gasp.

An alarm is sounding. VINNY points his gun as IBHN's head.

IBHN

I am a secret Agent from North Africa. I can be of great use to you...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 0840

HARRY and TOM, DANNY and ZOE.

HARRY

Where is Johnny now?

TOM

I sent him straight to Five's clinic in Truro.

HARRY

He was tortured?

TOM

Strappado. Beating his feet. They broke just about every bone.

HARRY sucks in air and blows out.

HARRY

Our intelligence suggests that this mosque has been taken over by extremists. We must know if there is a threat here. But the only agent we can drum up is a callow youth.

TOM

Maybe the service always thought spies had to be white.

HARRY

Point. Were you able to talk to him?

TOM

He was too far gone.

DANNY

They put the fear of God into him.

HARRY

Yes thank you Danny.

(He looks at his watch.)

Meeting room. Half an hour.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 0845

TOM is at his station. DANNY leans across him.

DANNY

Her name's Vicky Westbrook.

TOM

What?

DANNY

The Doc who patched me up. Who's got the hots for you.

TOM

Did I notice her?

DANNY

She noticed you.

TOM

Danny...

DANNY

Sorry don't mind me saying this do you, after Ellie... But you've got to ride the bicycle again, Boss.

TOM

I do mind you saying it.

DANNY (A grin.)

Yeah.

DANNY goes.

The two technicians are now taking a new angle poise lamp out of a box.

SAM and ZOE are taking a keen interest.

SAM

Who's that for?

ZOE

New officer.

SAM

Who, do we know?

ZOE (Shakes of the head.)
Harry's being funny about it.

SAM
Be a hunky man then.

ZOE
Why?

SAM
It'll be a rival alpha male and he will be
gorgeous.

ZOE (Suppressing a smirk.)
Get the field surveillance report on the
Birmingham op for me, Sam.

SAM goes, grinning.

ZOE calls across the grid to him.

ZOE (cont'd)
Tom, meeting.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 2. 0910

HARRY, TOM, DANNY, ZOE, MALCOLM.

HARRY (Flicks a piece of paper over the table.)
We have just had this from Christine Dale.

TOM
Why is CIA London Station suddenly sharing with
us?

TOM picks up the paper.

HARRY
Christine Dale is a very nice young woman.

TOM
I doubt that's the reason. Americans always want
you to do something...
(he looks at the paper)
Interesting.

He hands it to ZOE. DANNY reads it over her shoulder. They
look up at TOM, serious.

A noise off camera.

RUTH

Oh you're in here. Oh sorry!

HARRY turns, the others look up.

RUTH EVERSLED has entered with files and books spilling from her arms, some landing on the table some on the floor.

RUTH is mid-thirties, big-boned, an open friendly face a little too well made up. She wears a Spanish floral shawl over a frilly blouse and long three quarters length skirt: perhaps a disastrous fashion sense but it is all hers. Everything about her says 'very self-conscious' and 'Very, very bright.'

HARRY

Everyone this is Ruth Evershed, joining us from GCHQ. She is going to run intelligence analysis in this department. Sorely needed.

TOM

Ah.

(Stands, holds out hand.)

Tom Quinn.

RUTH

You didn't know I was coming...

TOM

Well...

HARRY

Introductions later. Ruth I want you up to speed on this.

RUTH

Oh am I late?

HARRY

You're our intelligence analyst, you should know.

HARRY laughs, well pleased with this. The others are taken aback. TOM and ZOE catch each other's eye: who is this woman? And HARRY is driving ahead.

HARRY (cont'd)

Right. We are now briefing Ruth and reviewing the situation.

ZOE with the video machine.

On the big screen at the end of the room, a clandestinely shot video of MULLAH MOHAMMED RACHID:

RACHID gets out of a car surrounded by young men, outside the mosque. He is smiling. Young men acting as bodyguards - looking up and down the street - surround him.

Street. RACHID again with bodyguards, is talking to local men in a street outside a fruit shop. They show great deference to him.

FREEZE on a close up of his smiling face.
This video fills the screen as HARRY speaks like a storyteller.

HARRY (cont'd)

Well Ruth, we are struggling with Islamic extremism.

TOM

Problems in three London mosques have been resolved - thanks to their own communities. But our greatest concern is a mullah in a mosque in Birmingham. His name is Mohammed Rachid. He came from Afghanistan - when we saw that country as a friendly place, wrecked by Soviet Russia.

HARRY

How one forgets.

TOM

Our Government gave him an extended visa then permanent leave to remain. There was a shortage of religious leaders in the Islamic community, the Government were anxious to help. Most have done well, but Mohammed Rachid has over the years become... Well... Zoe?

GENERAL POV OF THE MEETING ROOM.

ZOE

Here is an excerpt from one of his sermons.

A video - poor quality, poorly shot from the back of a hall.

VIDEO CLIP:

RACHID

And when another plane goes down now, is it a Lockerbie or an SOS? And when a plane turns above a city of the West what passenger will not think of the flight of martyrs into the twin towers? It is a blessing there are the young among us who stand ready for martyrdom. Satan may lash out at them, but they are ready for the bliss of their

reward in paradise.

GENERAL POV.

ZOE

CIA Station, London, have just told us they have found documents in Kabul naming Rachid as an Afghani intelligence officer who had strong links with Al Queda.

TOM flicks the CIA correspondence across the table to RUTH.

HARRY

We let a wolf into the fold.

TOM

The mosque is bitterly divided between supporters of Rachid... And the followers of...

He looks at ZOE, wanting her to take up the briefing. Photograph on screen of FAZUL AZZAM.

ZOE

Fazul Azzam, the original founder of the mosque. Mr. Azzam came to Birmingham in the early sixties. But, while Rachid may be something of a thug, Fazul Azzam has so far stopped any official complaint being laid. Increasingly Rachid and his group appear to have the run of the mosque.

HARRY's style at briefings: always interrupting.

HARRY

All religions have their crooked priests, the question for us is: is this one a threat to National Security?

ZOE stands her ground and interrupts back. Suddenly it seems that they are both trying to impress RUTH - the new girl.

ZOE

Rachid has surrounded himself with some very tough young men. They blew us, and the mind of the only agent we had in the mosque.

RUTH

Is the mosque bugged?

DANNY

We have tried. But they carry out regular sweeps.

RUTH

Sounds like some jolly trade craft. How did they know you were in the obbo van?

ZOE

No idea.

RUTH

Ah. Ramallah whispers.

ZOE

I'm sorry...?

RUTH

The Palestinians are terrific at it. People at windows, on street corners... They signal each other where an enemy vehicle's passing.

ZOE

Oh right.

RUTH

Why don't we just close the place down?

HARRY

Home office directive. Community sensitive policy parameters. In real speak: they don't want a riot.

RUTH

Bugger the Home Office.

HARRY

If only. But if we are to move against Rachid, we need evidence that would stand in a court of law. All of you. Find me another agent.

A beat. They are at a loss.

TOM

I'll go down to the clinic and debrief Johnny. Get something out of him.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 0930

RUTH is at her desk, ordering things. She is struggling with a droopy lamp.

Close to DANNY, ZOE and SAM.

ZOE

Not a hunky alpha male after all.

SAM

Alpha female, though.

ZOE (To Danny.)
What do you think?

RUTH
Oh thing.

DANNY
Bonkers.

ZOE
But brilliant.

SAM, flirtatiously to DANNY.

SAM
Do you think I'll be bonkers when I'm older?

Eye contact.

DANNY
Aren't you now?

SAM
Could be.

RUTH
THING!

DANNY, ZOE and SAM whirl round and look across the grid at RUTH. The lamp has come apart in her hands. She is standing still staring into the distance.

Then she throws the lamp away into a corner and dives at her computer.

ZOE looks at DANNY with a raised eyebrow: 'what on earth have we here?'

EXT. TRURO CLINIC - DAY 2. 1217

TOM has just driven through big gates which are closing behind him. His car stops on a big gravel drive before a vast red brick building. The windows are barred and on the lower floor blocked by internal cream shutters. The building looks as if it has been blinded.

TOM gets out of his car.

INT. TRURO CLINIC. CORRIDOR - DAY 2. 1222

TOM is being led along a shiny corridor by a middle-aged female DOCTOR.

They pass a patient - an old man - sitting on a bench, knees pressed, hands between them. He starts and looks at TOM. He has lost one eye - the scar is terrible. TOM looks away.

The DOCTOR is very helpful.

TOM

He's not said anything at all?

DOCTOR

Is that surprising? After what you did to him?

TOM stops.

TOM

I'm sorry what did you say?

DOCTOR

The Truro clinic is for victims of torture. Mainly refugees. Some of us resent the debris from your world being brought in here.

TOM

It's your world too. Sadly. It's my job to make it safer.

TOM looks at her, evenly.

DOCTOR

Yes. I have signed the Official Secrets Act.

She opens a door.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

He's in here.

TOM goes into the room.

INT. TRURO CLINIC. JOHNNY'S ROOM - DAY 2. 1223

The bedding is rucked up. JOHNNY, wearing a hospital smock, is curled up on the bed. His feet are splinted and bandaged.

TOM closes the door on the doctor. TOM sits on the bed. JOHNNY's eyes follow him for a moment then turn away. He begins to sob silently.

TOM

Johnny it's all right. You did all right.

JOHNNY recoils, huddling up.

TOM (cont'd)
I'm so sorry.

JOHNNY
Safe. You said I would be safe.

TOM
I really am sorry, we will look after you now.
(Nothing from Johnny.)
You see... we don't get medals for what we do. All
we get is respect. And respect you have, Johnny.
Big time. Men twice your age couldn't go through
what you've gone through. You're one of us now.

JOHNNY looks away.

JOHNNY (Indistinct.)
S'wha' they said.

TOM
Sorry?

JOHNNY (Clearer.)
You're one of us now. That's what they said.

TOM
They. Who are they?

JOHNNY
The nest.

TOM
The...

And JOHNNY is talking hysterically, thick Birmingham accent,
in tears, flailing his arms about.

JOHNNY
The nest of angels, man! They wanted to turn me
into a bomb, man!

TOM
Bomb?

JOHNNY
They want kids to be human bombs. They want me to
be the one! Then they found out I was one of you
lot!

TOM
Suicide bombers?

JOHNNY
That's what they talk about.

TOM
How serious are they Johnny? Have they got
explosives, detonators?

JOHNNY is going away from him.

TOM (cont'd)
Johnny! WHERE do they want bombers to kill
themselves?

JOHNNY
Centre.

TOM
Centre...

JOHNNY begins to throw a fit. TOM goes quickly to the door.

INT. TRURO CLINIC. CORRIDOR - DAY 2. 1225

TOM to a nurse.

TOM
Help me here.

The nurse and, from the far end of the corridor the DOCTOR,
come running.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 1530

TOM and HARRY.

HARRY
Nest of angels.

TOM
Yes.

HARRY
Extraordinary phrase.

TOM
I've heard it before. It's what Hamas call their
school for suicide bombers.

HARRY
Suicide bomber attacks. In the heart of England.
A beat. They are looking at each other.

HARRY (cont'd)

Is there any hope the boy can tell us more?

TOM (Shakes his head.)

Not now. He'll never speak again. He suffered a brain haemorrhage. They told me it happens with victims of that particular torture - blood clots.

(He is - unusually for Tom - very earnest.)

We've GOT to find out if this is true Harry. Let me rattle Rachid's cage as hard as I can.

HARRY

Be careful.

ESTABLISHING. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - DAY 2. 1755

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM- DAY 2. 1755

It is the same room in which we saw JOHNNY being questioned. The low benches are now put out.

TOM is being searched by RACHID's young men. He is fed up about it.

They finish and are going out. One man stays, another MAN saying to him:

MAN

Don't talk to him.

TOM and the young man stand in the room looking at each other. A fly buzzes. It touches TOM's face. He brushes it away. The fly touches the young man's face. He brushes it away. Then RACHID comes into the room, smiling, a quick busy manner. Behind him is an unsmiling LAWYER - he's Asian.

RACHID

Forgive me for keeping you, Mr.....

TOM

Anderson.

RACHID

Anderson, Mr. Anderson. Welcome.

TOM

Thank you.

RACHID

This is my lawyer, Mr. Hussain.

LAWYER (Before Tom can speak.)

You are from the Home Office Immigration Service,
Mr Anderson?

TOM
Yes.

LAWYER
Do you have identification?

TOM hands him a card.

LAWYER (cont'd)
Thank you. I'll just make a note of this if you
don't mind.

TOM
Do.

LAWYER, a hard glance at TOM. RACHID smiles broadly.

LAWYER is writing details, sitting on a bench, using his
briefcase as a desk. As they speak he makes notes.

LAWYER
What can Mr. Rachid do for you, Mr. Anderson?

TOM (Directly to Rachid.)
You have applied for citizenship. I have to tell
you that your application will fail.

The smiling RACHID turns to LAWYER.

LAWYER
Mr. Rachid was granted permanent leave to remain
in the UK eight years ago. After seven years he is
entitled to full citizenship.

TOM
Unless there is an impediment.

LAWYER
There is none.

TOM
Oh yes there is. Criminal activity. To be
particular, kidnapping.

A beat.

LAWYER
That is a very serious accusation, Mr. Anderson.
Whom - allegedly - did Mr. Rachid kidnap?

TOM

A young man. Javaid Patel. He is known as Johnny.

RACHID laughs. Then his smile goes.

RACHID

He was a spy. And you are a spy. Don't MI5 and the Immigration Service readily exchange personnel?

A beat. The LAWYER is not taking notes any more.

TOM

We are going to clear this mosque of nests.

A beat.

RACHID

What do you think we have here, mice?

Impenetrable stares.

TOM

We could get the health authorities to put traps down.

RACHID

But mice are sweet, innocent creatures. You can put them on wheels and make them go round and round.

TOM

Is that what you're doing to young men in your community?

(A beat. Locked eye contact.)

We are going to throw you out of the country.

RACHID laughs. He glances at two of the men. They approach TOM and stand behind him. The threat is overpowering. TOM is calm.

RACHID

MI5. What a sad apology for an intelligence service. Secret police men in other countries can arrest, beat, electric shock, even kill. But what can you do? A smear in the press, a meaningless threat? The world I come from must seem utterly uncontrollable to you. And very dangerous.

TOM smiles. Then he stands.

He walks out of the room quickly, slamming the door.

RACHID and the LAWYER are looking at each other.

EXT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 1820

A street of small dark brick houses. TOM stands on a pavement. He looks one way then another. Children are playing on a pavement.

He crosses quickly to a front door. He rings a door bell.

Nothing happens.

He steps back and looks at the house. Then he realises the children are no longer playing in the street.

The empty street is watching him. He looks up at a gauze curtained window. He sees them move.

INT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 1821

Behind the gauze curtain FAZUL AZZAM stands, looking down at TOM. He looks very ill, a face set in stone.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - DAY 2. 1823

RACHID is alone with a young man, ABU HASSAN. He is barely 16 - small, intense eyes stare at RACHID. RACHID is speaking very softly to him. ABU has a Birmingham accent. Sometimes there is an edge of uncertainty in his replies. At the moment he is improvising his militancy.

RACHID

You don't get on with your father?

ABU

He took us to that new Hamburger joint on the
Rossbridge Road.

RACHID

And what is wrong with that?

ABU

It's American shit.

RACHID

Don't swear Abu, we are in God's house.

ABU

F... Forgive me Rachid-Saab.

RACHID (With a smile.)

Why do you hate American things?

ABU

America is the enemy of Islam.

RACHID

That is true. But I hope you are not at odds with
your father.

ABU

He doesn't pray.

RACHID

It is not for you to judge your parents.

ABU

He drinks tins of lager.

RACHID

He lives in England.

ABU

We should live as if we live in the House of
Islam.

RACHID

Who taught you that?

ABU

The Book.

RACHID

You are an exceptional student, Abu Hassan. Shall
I tell you a secret?

A beat.

ABU

Yes.

RACHID

One day England will become the house of Islam. No
hamburgers, no tins of lager. All the people of
this Island will honour God and follow his
prophet, peace be upon him.

ABU

But how could that happen?

RACHID (Very softly now.)

By the blood of martyrs, my son.

RACHID's deeply kind eyes.

ABU, intent upon RACHID's face.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 1900

HARRY and TOM.

HARRY

We need another agent in that mosque. Have we got anyone on the books?

TOM shakes his head.

TOM

There is someone who could help.

HARRY

Don't even think of it.

TOM

Tessa ran excellent Asian agents.

HARRY

Yes but not all of them existed. She pocketed over a hundred and fifty grand of fictitious expenses! That's why this service fired her.

TOM

Nevertheless...

HARRY

The woman should be in gaol, not running some tinpot private thingy of her own...

(Runs out.)

All right go and see her.

EXT. SHABBY SOUTH LONDON STREET. OUTSIDE A LAUNDRETTE - DAY 2. 1956

TOM stands looking up at the windows of the first floor. They have venetian blinds. He presses the bell of a door beside the laundrette. Above the bell there is a small sign: 'Phillips Security.'

Nothing. Then the door opens. It's TESSA PHILLIPS. They stare at each other.

INT. TESSA'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 1959

The room is sparsely furnished: desk, chair, filing cabinet. TOM is surprised at the sparseness of the office.

TESSA

Well Tom. Come to see how the private sector lives?

TOM

I'm not here to fight, Tessa.

TESSA

No? Oh, what a shame. So what are the goody goody little spies saying about me?

TOM

People miss you.

TESSA

Oh please.

TOM

A lot of us think you should be in gaol.

TESSA

That's more like the honest Tom I know.

There is almost a smile between them. Once they used to like each other.

TESSA (cont'd)

But fortunately for me the service doesn't like to wash its dirty linen in the courts, does it. Oh no. We bad apples are just left to rot.

(An odd smile.)

Well I'm going to make a great success of this firm. And have revenge on the lot of you. What are you doing here Tom?

TOM hesitates. How do I get to her?

TESSA (cont'd)

My God, you want help. You do don't you?

She laughs.

TOM

We desperately need a good Asian agent, capable of penetrating Islamic contacts. Can you help us?

TESSA

You're joking.

TOM

We have what could be a major incident on our hands.

TESSA

Terrorism?

TOM
Yes.

TESSA
Then I hope you get your heads blown off.

TOM is shocked.

TOM
Tessa, if you help the service now, perhaps in the future we can begin to co-operate...

TESSA (Interrupting)
The service treated me like a leper. I'm making my own way now.

TOM
This is a matter of national security. For our country.

TESSA
Oh puke.

TOM, losing his temper.

TOM
What happened to you Tessa? You were a great officer.

TESSA
Shall we say I felt my talents were not valued.

TOM
What do you mean, you think you should have had Harry's job?

That's it! A horrible moment.

TESSA
Goodbye Tom.

He stands abruptly. The chair scrapes on the floor boards. He turns to go.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 3. 0911

HARRY, TOM, DANNY, ZOE.

Through the window RUTH can be seen working away at her computer.

HARRY leans to TOM and speaks low.

HARRY

Any luck with... That other source?

TOM

A blank.

HARRY

How twisted is she with bitterness and hate?

TOM

Very.

HARRY

Sad to hear it. She wanted my job, you know.

TOM

Really?

HARRY, to the whole meeting.

HARRY

So we have nothing. Just a phrase from a brain-damaged boy.

ZOE (To herself.)

Nest of angels.

She throws a pencil across the table. It rattles on the glassy surface. For a fleeting moment everyone is dead still, looking at it.

And RUTH bursts into the room, very excited.

They all look from the pencil to her.

She puts a photograph on HARRY's desk. It shows IBHN KHALDUN fighting outside New Scotland Yard.

RUTH

This happened yesterday. A tramp off the street it seemed, making trouble at New Scotland Yard. And silly, silly me, I've just twigged.

HARRY

Twigged what?

RUTH

At GCHQ just before I left, we picked up a signal about an Algerian. I've hacked into the aliens data base of the...

(Immaculate French.)

Secretariat General de La Defense Nationale...

HARRY

You hacked into the French Security Service...

RUTH

They do it to us we do it to them. This is the
tramp the plods threw out onto the street.

She puts a sheet of paper on the desk. HARRY picks it up.

HARRY

Muhammad Ibhn Khaldun.

RUTH

Oh poor man, what a terrible story.

She stops.

HARRY

Yes?

RUTH

He was a University Lecturer. Leftwing-ish. He was
arrested by the Algerian Secret Service and given
a choice: death or the dangerous task of
penetrating an extreme terror group, the G.A.J.
This he did, with success. But in the end they
blew his cover. A car bomb meant for him killed
his family.

She puts a press cutting photograph of a bombed car before
HARRY taken from an Arabic newspaper.

HARRY

Nasty.

RUTH

He's from a nasty world. But he's a crack agent,
who didn't want to talk to the French. He wanted
to talk to us.

HARRY (Looking at Tom.)

And Special Branch nearly chucked him out.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELLS. DAY 3. 0958

TOM, a UNIFORMED PC and an officer with keys. He opens a
barred gate.

The UNIFORMED PC takes TOM to a cell and flips the spy hole
open.

TOM looks in.

FROM TOM'S POV: inside the cell. MUHAMMAD IBHN KHALDUN is sitting dead still, looking directly at the spyhole.

IBHN

If you with the eyes have any authority, make these fools understand. I can be of great use to your country...

TOM slams the grill shut.

TOM

Release him.

(A phone card.)

And tell him to ring this number.

UNIFORMED PC

But he's an illegal. And a nutter.

TOM

We don't know what he is.

Hands him the card. Turns away.

UNIFORMED PC (Sotto.)

Bloody spooks.

TOM stops for a moment but does not turn back.

EXT. HYDE PARK. PETER PAN STATUE - DAY 3. 1110

A group of school aged children, English, very badly behaved - fingers up to the statue, shouts of 'Poof! Poof!' - is going past the statue.

IBHN sits sadly on a bench. TOM joins him.

TOM

Mr. Muhammad Ibhn Khaldun?

IBHN

(Card between his fingers.)

Mr. John Steadman? From the Home Office?

A smile. He knows the name is fake. They watch the children passing Peter Pan.

IBHN (cont'd)

They don't know who Peter Pan is, do they?

SHOT OF Peter Pan.

TOM

Why should they?

IBHN

Peter is part of English heritage.

TOM

A story about a boy who didn't want to grow up?

IBHN

No, a story about being safe. In an eternal garden. Where you can play in tree houses, all day long.

TOM

That's how you see this country?

IBHN laughs.

IBHN

How do you see mine? Dusky maidens in desert tents, offering dates on gold plates?

TOM does not respond to his humour.

TOM

You have something to offer us.

IBHN

No you have something to offer me.

TOM

What?

IBHN

A passport.

TOM

We can't just dole out British Passports like sweets.

IBHN

Why not? Why have an immigration policy at all? Let anyone live in the world where they want to.

TOM

Shall we return to reality?

IBHN

Certainly. There is a terrorist organisation in my country. It is called the G.A.J. The Group for Algerian Jihad. Which is financing extremist groups in Britain.

TOM, affecting gruffness.

TOM

We know about the G.A.J. Is that all you're offering?

IBHN

There is a gentleman in a mosque in Birmingham who has links with the G.A.J. His name is Mohammed Rachid.

EXT. NEARBY IN KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY 3. 1112

Very close to a radio in an ear.

PULL BACK sharply. It's HARRY's ear.

HARRY

Hell's bells.

EXT. HYDE PARK. PETER PAN STATUE - DAY 3. 1113

They sit still, not talking, not moving, a slight smile on IBHN's lips.

Then TOM stands abruptly.

TOM

Wait here. Someone else will talk to you.

He walks away.

A beat.

The school children run back screaming - ya dissing me! don't ya! Don't ya! - and pass.

And HARRY sits down on the bench.

HARRY

We are prepared to offer you a British passport, yes. As much as is in our power.

They look at each other. There is a flicker of possible friendship between them.

HARRY (cont'd)

You know that if you agree to be an agent, run by us, there is no going back.

IBHN

Please please.

HARRY

You will have to agree to a debriefing.

IBHN

Bring on your lions.

HARRY (Taken aback by the phrase.)
Right.

EXT. THE ROYAL ROSE HOTEL - DAY 3. 1338

The dirty white of second rate hotels in what were once grand houses- pillored porticos, Georgian windows. The hotels have grandiose names. MALCOLM, in raincoat and with a plastic shopping bag is walking along the pavement. He turns into 'The Royal Rose Hotel.'

INT. THE ROYAL ROSE HOTEL. RECEPTION - DAY 3. 1339

MALCOLM goes past the reception. A watchful middle-aged woman sits behind the counter on which sits a large Persian cat, also watchful. He nods to the woman, he nods to the cat, then bounds up the stairs two at a time. On a landing two back-packing students are passing. He squeezes against the wall to let two back-packing students pass. He bounds on up to a second landing. He unlocks a door.

INT. THE ROYAL ROSE HOTEL. BEDROOM - DAY 3. 1340

Spindly nineteen seventies furniture - uncomfortable bright yellow wooden arms, green cloth seats and backs, a coffee table that is too low. On the coffee table, empty paper cups.

TOM and HARRY are sitting with headphones on, blank expressions as they listen.

MALCOLM (Emptying his carrier bag.)

Tom, double espresso? Harry, latte? Cinnamon not chocolate, I hope that's right.

(Taking out sandwiches.)

With the sandwiches, I went for cream cheese with chives all round...

(A touch of annoyance.)

Good for the soul to be tea boy, now and then.

HARRY waves at him to be quiet.

MALCOLM picks up a set of headphones.

THE CAMERA MOVES TOWARDS THE WALL... AND THROUGH IT INTO...

INT. THE ROYAL ROSE HOTEL. SECOND BEDROOM - DAY 3. 1341

The hotel room next door. It is similar to the one the listeners are sitting in.

ZOE and IBHN sit facing each other over a low coffee table.

ZOE

So, so after the... death of your family, you decided to leave Algeria. How did you do that?

IBHN stares at her. He is frosty.

IBHN

My life savings.

ZOE

Meaning...

IBHN

I bribed my way onto a boat.

ZOE

And the Algerian Secret Service let you go?

IBHN

Of course not.

ZOE in difficulties with his manner.

ZOE

So how did you get away from your masters?

IBHN

I disguised myself as a camel.

ZOE

Mr. Khaldun...

IBHN

You're worried I'm still working for them.

ZOE

Wouldn't you be in our position?

He looks away. A beat. He looks at her.

IBHN

When the extremists killed my wife and... And my daughters... anyway... I decided to leave the nightmare my country had become. I got to France. I sent back fake reports that I was infiltrating a G.A.J cell in Paris. My last report was that I had been blown and they were after me. Then I disappeared to be reborn in England.

ZOE

So as far as the Algerian Secret Services is concerned...

IBHN

I am dead.

INT. THE ROYAL ROSE HOTEL. BEDROOM - DAY 3. 1344

HARRY removes one ear piece while continuing to listen with the other.

HARRY

What do you think?

TOM

There is a terrible possibility. We could be being penetrated by a highly dangerous double agent, operating undercover for God knows whom: the Algerian Secret Service? The militant wing of the Pakistani Intelligence Service? Even an Al Qaeda offshoot? He could be a disaster for this service.

HARRY

Or... He simply IS telling the truth. He is offering his skills to a country with which he has fallen in love.

TOM

That's what we want to believe.

A beat. And HARRY has decided.

HARRY

Then we will.

INT. PUB - NIGHT 3. 2017

It's the pub where ZOE met CARLO. She has her washing with her. She is looking at the door, around the pub. No CARLO. She is annoyed with herself and stands to leave, her drink half finished.

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY 4. 1011

IBHN and TOM are walking together.

IBHN

So. Now do I sing for my supper?

TOM

The Parkmount Mosque in Birmingham. We want you to

go in undercover and infiltrate Mohammed Rachid's group.

IBHN (Startled.)

But I told you, Rachid is financed by Algerian extremists. They killed my family.

TOM

I'm sorry, this is a difficult thing to ask.

IBHN

Why me, a stranger from abroad?

TOM

We don't have the personnel of the right culture.

IBHN

You mean colour.

TOM

Yes.

They look at each other for a moment.

TOM (cont'd)

What is concerning us is that they are preparing suicide bombers.

IBHN is shocked.

IBHN

In Birmingham?

TOM

Oh yes.

IBHN (To himself.)

Welcome, England, to the world at large.

TOM

We need to know everything they're doing. Fast.
You may have to take risks.

IBHN looks out over the park - family scenes on the grass.

IBHN

My family are dead. Now I'll help you.

A MONTAGE OF SCENES:

INT. THAMES HOUSE. COLIN'S WORKBENCH - DAY 4. 1238

COLIN is preparing a false degree certificate from Cambridge University. SAM is helping.

COLIN

Tom, what legend do you want at the University?

TOM

I'll want to come and go at the campus. Make me a research graduate of some kind.

COLIN

How about John Culper? Derbyshire name. What first class degree do you want?

TOM

History. I'm doing a PHD into Gladstone and Ireland.

COLIN

Hero of yours?

TOM

Never have heroes in this job.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. GRID - DAY 4. 1252

DANNY (into phone)

I want to speak to the office of the Vice Chancellor of the University.

PHOTOS ON ZOE'S DESK: they are of an area of big refuse bins.

ZOE ON THE PHONE:

ZOE (into phone)

Mr Mulholland? I understand you are contractors for refuse collection at the University of West Midlands campus. We have an employee we wish you to hire... It doesn't quite matter who we are, I have your VAT returns in front of me and there is a problem...

MALCOLM'S BENCH:

MALCOLM has a box of black magic chocolates. Wearing surgical evidence gloves he is carefully removing the chocolates... and eats one.

FINAL SEQUENCE: TOM and IBHN having mugshots done for documents.

INT. PUB - NIGHT 4. 1930

ZOE is back in the pub waiting for CARLO again. She has a book open, half upside down. She is watching the door. No CARLO. DANNY comes in and sees her, smiles. She looks away fed up. DANNY comes up to her. He turns the book the right way up.

She stands and storms out.

DANNY (After her.)
What? What?

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 4. 1935

TOM and CHRISTINE DALE are sitting having coffee. They are laughing. She is finishing a funny story.

CHRISTINE
But oh no. The President wasn't talking about the Afghan leader at all. He was talking about his dog.

TOM
That's ridiculous...!

CHRISTINE
True story.

She looks around at the Grid through the windows.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
Well Tom Quinn. Me CIA, you MI5. And I think the point of these meetings is that we liaise.

TOM
Informally.

CHRISTINE
Oh informally yes.

TOM
Absolutely. So, Christine Dale of London Station Grosvenor Square, have the CIA anything to tell us?

CHRISTINE
Our paper clips are bigger than yours?

TOM
I bet.

They smile.

CHRISTINE

There is one issue. We've heard you have acquired
a hot asset. It's Algerian?

TOM was not expecting that. He does not let a flicker of his
surprise show.

TOM

Really?

CHRISTINE

We want you to share Muhammad Ibhn Khaldun.

TOM

The name means nothing.

CHRISTINE

No? The French told us they were tracking him and
he disappeared. They're sure he came to England.

TOM

No.

A beat.

CHRISTINE

This will go all the way to Washington, Tom.
Islamic agents that can be trusted are gold dust.

TOM

I can't help. We don't know of a Khaldun.

CHRISTINE

You mean you don't want us to share him. Look Tom,
we helped you with info on the mullah in
Birmingham.

TOM

Rachid yes, many thanks.

CHRISTINE

So... Please?

TOM

You want some more coffee or something?

Staring at each other.

CHRISTINE

Look we could, ah, go for another coffee out of
here.

TOM stands and leaves.

TOM
I don't think so.

He stands and opens the door for her. She stands.

CHRISTINE (To herself, low)
Shit oh shit.

EXT. A & E DEPARTMENT. ENTRANCE - NIGHT 4. 2028

TOM goes into the Department.

INT. A & E DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 4. 2032

TOM amongst the to-ing and fro-ing of the busy department.
And almost at once VICKY WESTBROOK is walking toward him. They stop, looking at each other.

TOM
Vicky.

She looks at him askance, a sly look.

VICKY
And what are you here for?

TOM
I don't know.

VICKY
Are you sick?
(A beat.)
Well if you don't want medicine do you want
dinner?

TOM
Sorry, so much has happened in my life... this is
wrong...

He turns to go.

VICKY
Five mins. Wait for me out the front.

And she is gone.

INT. TOM'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 4. 2200

TOM and VICKY have made love and lie in bed.

VICKY
Tom... Quinn.

TOM
It's my real name.

VICKY
Really? Do you usually give a false name to
doctors who dine out in your bedroom?

TOM
Sometimes.

VICKY
There's something weird about you. What is it?

TOM
There was a woman and a child that I let down...

VICKY
No don't tell me. I'd rather think of you as weird
than boring tragic, OK?

TOM
OK.

She turns to him.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. TOM'S STATION - DAY 5. 0827

TOM and HARRY, ZOE and DANNY.

TOM
The C.I.A. know we've got Khaldun.

HARRY
And you have this from...

TOM
Christine Dale.

HARRY
Ah fruitful liaison.

TOM
Not very.

HARRY
Well no way are the Yanks going to steal Khaldun
from us.
(To Danny.)
Everything in place in Birmingham?

DANNY
We go operational tomorrow morning.

HARRY

Be aware. Be very aware.

ZOE, DANNY, TOM look at him, serious.

TOM

We will be.

They stand and are making their way out of the room. TOM turns and gives HARRY a paper.

HARRY

Ah a vetting form.

(Reading)

Vicky Westbrook, Medical Registrar.

TOM (Toward blushing.)

I just want to know if there's anything against her. I've just met her. And I mean I don't know whether... I. But if things... I do I want to tell her what I am, up front.

HARRY

Tom relax. If my officers must have private lives they may as well be happy.

He grins and tosses the form into an in tray.

A sheepish TOM.

TOM

Yes.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - DAY 5. 1002

RACHID and ABU. They are sitting opposite each other on the carpet.

RACHID has his arms out. Laid across them is a suicide bomber's vest. It is loaded with explosives.

RACHID

Think of this as a martyr's shroud. Dressed in this, he enters Heaven.

A beat.

RACHID (cont'd)

Why not hold it? Don't worry it's not armed. Not now.

Gingerly, with wonder, ABU takes the vest then looks up at RACHID, his eyes shining.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY 5. 1008

High GENERAL POV shot of the campus. The distinctive clock tower is prominent. The camera sweeps over the skyline then zooms in on a corner of the campus.

TOM (V.O.)
How's he doing?

DANNY (V.O.)
Making friends.

CUT TO

DANNY with binoculars high up at a window in a University building.

CUT BACK TO:

The zooming camera. It's POV sweeps towards an area of big dustbins.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. REFUSE AREA - DAY 5. 1009

POV: Through DANNY's glasses.

IBHN KHALDUN and a fellow WORKER, Asian, have pulled up a trolley. On the trolley there are plastic dustbins collected from around the campus. They are emptying them into big round steel bins and talking.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - DAY 5. 1528

Men in best clothes are meeting, shaking hands, talking. IBHN and the WORKER are amongst them.

IBHN (V.O.)
I detest the way the Western world has demonised what is a perfectly ordinary, friendly, everyday thing, prayers at a mosque. I'm not a religious man, but it still means much to me, the communal warmth, wherever you are in the world...

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY 5. 1700

The University clock tower is visible.

TOM and IBHN sit on a bench by the canal.

TOM
So what are you saying?

IBHN

It's a religious community of poor people. I could
be anywhere in the world.

TOM

Have you seen Azzam and Rachid?

IBHN

Oh yes.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - DAY 5. 1532

From IBHN's POV. Past worshippers who are sitting crossed
legged on the floor, he sees FAZUL AZZAM and MOHAMMED RACHID
embracing each other and kissing cheeks. Then they both lift
up the hems of their robes to make big pockets. They begin to
walk along the rows of seated men, who put money into their
robes.

IBHN (V.O.)

If they ever were enemies, they seem to have been
reconciled.

TOM (V.O.)

Do you think it's genuine?

IBHN (V.O.)

How can we tell?

TOM (O.V)

Have you talked to them?

IBHN (V.O.)

I'm waiting to be asked.

TOM (V.O.)

You must take care. They tortured the only other
agent we got in there.

IBHN (V.O.)

Don't worry. I know the minds, all too well.

GENERAL POV: IBHN KHALDUN sitting at the back. He looks to one
side. ABU is staring back him.

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY 5. 1706

IBHN

I have a present for you. I got from the
University bookshop. Pleased to see it on sale.

TOM

Don't hang around the students!

IBHN smiles and gives him a book in a Waterstone's bag. TOM does not open it.

EXT. A & E DEPARTMENT - DAY 5. 1720

VICKY is making her way toward the entrance. She answers her phone.

CUT between her and TOM in Birmingham.

TOM

Vicky.

VICKY

Ah, weird Tom.

TOM

Look I'm away for a few days.

VICKY

Poor you. Well ring me when you're back.

TOM

Yes.

VICKY

Good.

She is smiling. He does not know what to say.

TOM

Well great.

VICKY

I've got to go to work now.

TOM

Oh right.

She rings off and goes towards the A & E with confident strides. He looks at his mobile for a moment then walks towards the student block.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM:

He goes into the student block and opens the door of a room.

INT. TOM'S STUDENT ROOM - DAY 5. 1723

TOM comes into the room and closes the door.

On the bed there lies a copy of the big Penguin parallel Arabic-English edition of The Koran, on the Waterstone bag IBHN gave TOM.

TOM sits. A beat. He leans across, lifts The Koran and opens it.

EXT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE - DAY 5. 1727

As TOM did before him, IBHN stands on the other side of the street to FAZUL AZZAM'S house.

Children are playing.

He crosses the street. He knocks on the door of AZZAM'S house. He looks up. A gauze curtain moves.

He waits.

The door opens.

A young woman (AMINAH) - very nervous - looks at him.

INT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY 5. 1731

Cheap, decent furniture. On the wall a picture of Mecca.

IBHN KHALDUN and FAZUL AZZAM are taking tea. It is being poured by the young woman.

FAZUL

Aminah is studying mathematics for A levels.

IBHN

Indeed?

He looks at her. She is wary.

FAZUL

I support the advancement of women.

IBHN

God favours it.

FAZUL

Some think not.

IBHN

They are sadly mistaken.

FAZUL

I try to tell the young of when, by God's will,

Islam was the most advanced civilisation in the world. How Greek mathematics, and the work of Aristotle, were first translated in Italy in the Twelfth Century, from Arabic.

IBHN

The school of Salerno in Sicily.

FAZUL

You're an educated man.

IBHN

In the sight of God we are all ignorant.

FAZUL

Indeed. Thank you Aminah.

IBHN

Yes thank you.

She goes, with a dark look at IBHN.

IBHN notices she does not quite close the door.

FAZUL's attitude changes. His polite good humour fades.

FAZUL

Why did it fade? That glorious Islam. Why did we miss the moment when East and West were coming together?

IBHN

The school of Salerno was closed down by the catholic church.

FAZUL

Yes. We blame the West throughout history.

IBHN

With good reason.

FAZUL is startled: who is this man?

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY 5. 1800

TOM and IBHN on the bench together again.

TOM in a bad mood.

TOM

So when at last you got to meet Azzam, you talked about Twelfth Century Europe?

IBHN

He's an old man, a fine old man, but dying. The daughter is the key.

TOM

The daughter?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY 5. 1735

FAZUL

Are you one of them?

A beat.

FAZUL (cont'd)

You say you come from Morocco. I think you are Algerian.

IBHN lowers his head and speaks softly.

IBHN

Yes. I am.

IBHN has his eye on the door jamb. He sees AMINAH move - she is listening. He looks away.

FAZUL

You're one of them. They sent you, those vipers, those extremists from abroad!

IBHN

I have to appeal to your generosity, Fazul Azzam. I am an immigrant in this country without means or...

FAZUL

Go and talk to your own kind. God tolerates enough of you in the mosque.

(Failing.)

For his purpose. Whatever it maybe. Aminah! Aminah!

A beat then AMINAH comes into the room.

FAZUL (cont'd)

Our guest is leaving.

IBHN (Standing.)

Thank you for your hospitality.

FAZUL, now feeling very weak, waves him away.

With AMINAH he goes out of the room, respectfully, into...

INT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 5. 1738

AMINAH and IBHN, low.

IBHN

Tell Mullah Rachid I have come to help the angels.

She glares at him.

IBHN (cont'd)

Remember: help the angels.

(Lower.)

'I am no more than one who gives warning and good news to true believers.'

He smiles at her, then turns to make for the door.

INT. PUB - NIGHT 5. 2031

This time CARLO sits in the same place ZOE did, looking at the door. He stands, irritated with himself, leaving his drink. He goes to the door.

And ZOE comes in. They are suddenly very close.

ZOE

Oh.

CARLO

Ah. I've been looking for you.

ZOE (smiles, pleased)

Have you?

CARLO

Are you alone?

ZOE

No I don't drink... You know. On my own. Usually.

CARLO

No. A road to ruin.

ZOE

Yes.

CARLO

Were you looking for me too?

ZOE

No. Yes.

A beat. Humour in their eyes.

CARLO
Well. Let's do it.

ZOE
What?

CARLO
Have a drink.

ZOE
Oh yes please.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY 6. 1045

Establisher.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. TOM'S STUDENT ROOM - DAY 6. 1050

Cut first to ZOE.

She, TOM and DANNY are in tracksuits. They have sports bags, squash racquets poke from them.

IBHN
Azzam is a sick man. I sense he's lost the battle
in the mosque. And the girl was very tense.
Something is going to come to a head.

TOM
You're sure about her?

IBHN
Oh yes. She has the mark on her.

ZOE
Mark?

IBHN
Of Cain. The killer.

DANNY
What'll her punishment be?

IBHN
In The Koran Cain is forgiven for murdering his
brother. God sends him a raven to help him dig the
grave. It's a much more civilised version of the
story. Strange, in this country where I dreamed so
long of being, I think more and more of The Book.

TOM
Will the girl help you get to Rachid?

IBHN
She already has. I've been asked to see him
tonight.

TOM
So it's on.

IBHN
You have the money?

TOM nods to ZOE. ZOE takes a fat envelope from her sports bag.

ZOE
You have to sign for this please.

She gives him a paper and a pen. He rests the paper on the desk, signs, as:

IBHN
Money from the British treasury, blood from a
stone?

Smiles all round, he gives ZOE the paper. Warmth towards IBHN.

DANNY takes a small metal case out of his bag, opens it and takes out a pen. He holds it out to IBHN.

IBHN (cont'd)
And what is that?

DANNY
Transmitter. It sends a scrambled signal via
satellite. We can record you and anyone else in a
range of ten feet around you.

IBHN
Ah.

DANNY takes out a match box. Holds it out to IBHN.

IBHN (cont'd)
And this?

DANNY
Camera.

DANNY demonstrates.

DANNY (cont'd)
Activate.

(Slides the matchbox open and shut.)
It's digital. The shots can be sent to us via a
secure internet link with...

He takes out a small box of black magic chocolates.

DANNY (cont'd)
Ultra light, one layer of real chocks, beneath...
A single purpose device with a net browser.

IBHN
This ridiculous James Bondery, do we need it?

TOM
We have to gather evidence against Rachid.

IBHN
If he's guilty kill him.

They look at him.

IBHN (cont'd)
Ah. Do we have a clash of cultures here?

He laughs. They don't find it particularly funny.

TOM
Use them at your discretion.

IBHN
Ah my discretion, good.

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY 6. 1112

IBHN is walking along the canal path. He looks one way then
the other.

Then he throws the pen, the matchbox and the box of chocolates
into the water. He walks on.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - NIGHT 6. 1838

Six young men and IBHN sit on benches. Behind them at the back
sits AMINAH AZZAM, her head covered. MOHAMMED RACHID sits
before them on the carpet.

RACHID
We did not expect to be honoured by a brother from
Algeria.

IBHN
I thank you for your hospitality, Mohammed Rachid.

A moment. RACHID, fingering his prayer beads.

RACHID

You came through the tunnel.

IBHN

Yes.

RACHID

'How did you get work at the University?

IBHN

'And when you and all your followers have gone
abroad, say...'

RACHID (Picking up the quotation.)

'... Praise be to God who has delivered us from a
sinful nation.'

IBHN

The job was arranged for me by the British
Intelligence Services.

A silence. All dead still.

RACHID

Indeed?

IBHN

My instructions by our brothers were to infiltrate
British Security. It was praise to God
disarmingly easy to do so.

RACHID

You are either a brave man or a fool.

IBHN

In the holy cause we serve, aren't all both?

RACHID

Muhammad Ibn Khaldun, I want to believe you, but
you will have to prove yourself to me.

IBHN

Then let me do so. I bring greetings from our
beloved Abu Innan, founder of the G.A.J, working
for the creation of an Algerian Islamic Republic.

Another silence. The room is incredibly tense.

RACHID

Abu Innan is dead.

IBHN

You and I know he is alive and well. Forgive me, I
will say where but for your ear only.

RACHID gives a little nod. IBHN stands, goes to him and
whispers in his ear.

VERY CLOSE, IBHN's mouth, RACHID's ear:

IBHN (cont'd)
(A whisper.)
Kanu.

RACHID is startled.

RACHID

Did he... Give you something to say to me?

AGAIN, VERY CLOSE:

IBHN (A whisper.)
The fruit of the Zaqqum tree shall be the sinner's
food.
He takes the envelope of money out of his inner
pocket.

IBHN (cont'd)
Here are funds from your Algerian brothers.

He puts the envelope of money on the ground before RACHID and
goes back to his position.

Everyone waits. Then RACHID looks up.

RACHID

Praise be to God the compassionate the merciful!

There is a great release of excitement in the room. IBHN has
passed the test.

ALL

Praise be to God!

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY 7. 1200

TOM approaches the bench where they meet. He stops. He
expected IBHN to be there.

He looks around, walks away, taking out his mobile.

TOM (into his mobile)
No show.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. TOM'S STUDENT ROOM - DAY 7. 1617

TOM's student room. TOM. DANNY and ZOE in track suits. They are eating crisps, hamburgers, drinking diet cokes and sprites, spread out on the coffee table - student food.

TOM

Khaldun has now missed three meets with me. The hostel he's staying at hasn't seen him.

DANNY

No calls, no messages at all?

TOM

No.

ZOE

So we're blind, they could be arming a kid to blow the centre of Birmingham apart right now.

TOM

Quite.

A beat.

TOM (cont'd)

I'm coming out in hives on this one. What if Khaldun's not what he says he is?

DANNY

What do you mean?

TOM

What if he's been an extremist all along? What if he's been very clever, what if he's a bomb master come to co-ordinate the attack?

DANNY

If you think that we've got to send Special Forces in - now.

TOM

The trouble is I don't know. I just can't read him.

ZOE

Danny's right we can't wait.

A beat. ZOE and DANNY are looking at TOM waiting for his decision.

TOM

I'm going to give him twenty-four hours.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. TOM'S STUDENT ROOM - NIGHT 7. 2358

TOM is sleeping. He wakes. Sits up. IBHN is sitting in the chair by the window.

IBHN speaks with an edge of fear.

IBHN

Don't turn on the light. I've got away from them for a few hours. A lavatory window. They think I'm sleeping.

TOM sits up.

TOM

Why did you...

IBHN (interrupting.)

Miss the appointments with you? They watch me all the time, everyone else watches everyone else in there.

TOM

In where?

IBHN

In the martyrs group.

TOM

The...

IBHN

They are going to do it, Tom. A suicide bombing. In the heart of the city. Tomorrow.

TOM

And they really are capable of doing that?

IBHN

Oh yes.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - NIGHT 7. 1851

Six young men. Older men are around them. RACHID is sitting before them on the floor. No one is moving.

IBHN (V.O.)

Rachid holds a religious discussion group every evening. The same people are there every time. In the centre always sit six young men. There are six

of them. The evening begins easily enough. But they always end the same way.

We see a different side to RACHID. His face is open and kindly, his eyes smiling. He speaks quietly and sincerely, love in his voice, as he gives his sermon.

RACHID

What is it, to wear an hundred and fifty pound American trainer shoes? To put on jackets with a label from Milan in Italy? What is it to drink alco pops, to go clubbing and end up fumbling a slut of an English girl on a canal path in the dawn, your mind wrecked with pills? It is nothing but ash in the mouth, the taste of the death of the soul. For the West sells you the illusion of an earthly paradise, it has to, that is how American Jews on Wall Street make their money. But despite all the pressure of the West's gawdy promises, in your schools, on the television in the cinema, the way your British friends behave, even the advertisements in the streets, you have kept yourselves pure. You have become the West's worst fear: young people they cannot sell to, that they cannot touch. You know the way to the true paradise through a martyr's death. My young brothers, I envy you.

A silence.

Then he stands and everyone in the room is on their feet, eyes blazing, fists shot up into the air in ecstasy on the word 'death', as they shout a chant in unison.

ALL

Death to America and her allies! Death to the unbelievers, death to the West!

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - NIGHT 7. 1939

The young men are no longer there.

RACHID and two other silent watchful, older men, are with IBHN.

IBHN (V.O.)

It was earlier, after the meeting, that he told me.

RACHID

What do you think of our youth?

IBHN

I think they are God fearing, fine young men.

RACHID

They live a difficult life in this country.
Surrounded by the sorcery of America.

IBHN

May God relieve them of their burdens and of the
shackles that weight upon them.

RACHID

Oh He will.

He nods to two of the men. He goes to a corner of the room and pulls the carpet back. He lifts a floorboard. He takes out a sports bag. He puts it before RACHID.

Who takes out a suicide bomber's vest. There are pockets for explosives.

RACHID (cont'd)

'We shall put you to the proof and until We know
the valiant and the resolute among you, and test
all that is said about you.'

IBHN

You want me to do this?

RACHID

Would you?

IBHN

With God's help.

A silence.

RACHID

You are too valuable. It is a sad thing to say but
the best martyrs are dispensable. We have chosen
the boy.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE. SIDE ROOM - NIGHT 7. 1859

During the full meeting earlier.

SLOWLY GO CLOSE TO

The face of the young ABU HASSAN.

IBHN (V.O.)

And he told me. His name is Abu Hassan. He's sixteen years old.

TOM (V.O.)
And what's your role?

IBHN (V.O.)
I am to tell him the target and take him there.

TOM (V.O.)
What is the target?

IBHN (V.O.)
I won't be told until the last moment.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. TOM'S STUDENT ROOM - NIGHT 7. 0000

Still without the light on. IBHN still sits in the chair. TOM is still in bed.

They are still for a moment.

TOM
Why do they trust you to do that?

IBHN
It's a test for me as much as the boy. And it's an old trick. Get a stranger to do the filthy thing. If it goes wrong he can be blamed.

TOM gets out of bed, goes to drawers and is dressing fast.

TOM
Right, I'm pulling you out of this operation now.

IBHN
Please don't do that. I'm thinking of the boy.

TOM
I can't allow you to be at such high risk.

IBHN
The boy, if he is arrested, think what will happen to him.

TOM
He won't be dead along with who knows how many others.

IBHN
I want to talk to him. To persuade him to give himself up. Save himself, save the decent

worshippers at the mosque from the shadow of this terrible thing.

TOM

Do you believe there is any possibility of that?

IBHN, rock solid.

IBHN

Yes. If we don't believe humanity can triumph, what meaning do we have?

TOM (A cynical edge in his voice.)

Humanity.

(A beat.)

Will they let you be alone with him?

IBHN

Only at the end.

TOM

The end.

IBHN

The last half hour, when I have to take him to the chosen place.

TOM is appalled.

TOM

No. No way. I cannot sanction that.

IBHN

No.

He stands.

IBHN (cont'd)

I understand.

Suddenly IBHN hits TOM expertly with the edge of his hand between his nose and his upper lip. TOM slumps to the ground, as IBHN runs out of the door...

TOM

Khaldun!

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. TOM'S STUDENT ROOM - NIGHT 7. 0230

TOM, DANNY, ZOE. Close to them. They are in urgent discussion.

TOM

We'll have to go in mob-handed.

DANNY

Harry will block that, you know he will.

TOM

We need some kind of cover story. So we can go there legally.

DANNY

Right.

He's got no idea.

ZOE

How about...

She hesitates.

TOM

What?

EXT. ESTABLISHING. THAMES HOUSE - DAY 8. DAWN. 0800

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 8. 0800

HARRY, RUTH, SAM.

The table is covered with a big plan of Birmingham City Centre. Mugs of coffee. They are very tense.

HARRY

The raid will start... thirty minutes from now.

RUTH

I've been looking forward to action in this job, goody.

HARRY turns on her.

HARRY

'Goody?' What's 'goody' about it? You've been at GCHQ too long. This job isn't all about sneaking on people with microphones and CCTV cameras - then sending others in to do the dirty work!

A nasty little silence.

There are tears in Ruth's eyes.

RUTH

I meant...

HARRY
Did you.

Very frosty between them.

HARRY (cont'd)
Apology.

RUTH
Accepted.

HARRY (Looks at his watch.)
Twenty-nine minutes.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - DAY 8. 0830

RACHID and other men.

TOM and police coming into the room.

TOM
No one leaves this room. No one makes a phone
call.

RACHID
Ah the gentleman from immigration, are you a
gentleman?

TOM nods to a plain clothes officer.

OFFICER
Mohammed Rachid I am arresting you under the
Charity Commission Act of 1967. You are under
suspicion of keeping false records.

RACHID is genuinely bewildered.

RACHID
Charity Commission?

TOM (Low to Rachid.)
See? There are other ways of making people dead.
(Louder.)
We have a warrant to search for hidden account
books.

A warrant is shown to RACHID and then withdrawn.

While this is being done TOM goes to the corner of the room,
pulling on latex gloves. Officers rip the corner of carpet up,
lift the floorboards and find the sports bag.

TOM takes out four suicide bomber's vests. He goes to RACHID and throws them down in front of him.

RACHID

I wish to speak to my lawyer.

TWO CLOSE-UPS:

A hard glint in RACHID's eye.

TOM looking at him, his eyes hard too.

He leans forward to RACHID. He speaks very softly, very close to his face.

TOM

Where is the boy martyr? Where is Ibhn Khaldun?

A faint smile on RACHID's lips. He says nothing. TOM backs away and is storming out of the room.

INT. DERELECT BUILDING. GROUND FLOOR ROOM - DAY 8. 0845

There are camp beds, a small gas campfire stove for cooking. Three of the men whom we saw with RACHID in the mosque, IBHN and ABU HASSAN are looking at one of the men who is taking a call on a mobile phone. He finishes.

1ST MAN

Abu, please step outside.

He nods to one of the men. He stands and goes outside with ABU HASSAN.

1ST MAN (cont'd)

The mosque has been raided. Mohammed Rachid has been arrested.

A moment.

The 2nd man in the room slips an automatic pistol out and holds it on his lap.

1ST MAN (cont'd)

We must send the martyr now.

IBHN (Aware above all of the pistol.)

Yes.

1ST MAN

I will take him.

IBHN

That is to be my privilege.

1ST MAN

It was. Before someone betrayed us.

He stands and goes out of the room.

The 2nd man does not take his eyes off IBHN KHALDUN.

EXT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE - DAY 8. 0848

TOM now stands with officers before the house.

TOM

I'll speak to him alone.

INT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY 8. 0850

TOM and FAZUL AZZAM. AZZAM is in shock.

AZZAM

And in this country? What corrodes the minds of
the young, Mr. Anderson? How can they think this
is a path to paradise?

TOM

We have no time, Mr Azzam. Do you know where they
are keeping the boy?

AZZAM

No.

(A terrible realisation.)

No, I don't.

He points to the door, which is closed. TOM does not
understand at once then realises. He stands quietly, goes to
the door and pulls it open quickly.

AMINAH has been listening at the door. For a second TOM and
AMINAH stare at each other.

AZZAM (cont'd)

Pull her in pull her in!

TOM grabs her arm and pulls her into the room.

AMINAH (Birmingham accent.)

Get off pig, pig!

TOM

Tell me where they have the boy for martyrdom. You
have to tell me.

AMINAH spits in his face.

AZZAM stands in a fury, leaning on his stick.

AZZAM

Please leave us for a moment, Mr. Anderson.

TOM

Yes of course.

EXT. FAZUL AZZAM'S HOUSE - DAY 8. 0855

TOM comes out of the house.

From inside there is the sound of AZZAM shouting and AMINAH screaming. A policeman makes a move to go in.

TOM

No. Wait.

The noise stops.

A moment.

Then FAZUL AZZAM opens the front door. He calls out.

AZZAM

Mr. Anderson!

TOM goes to him quickly. There are tears streaming down his face.

AZZAM (cont'd)

Warfield Street.

But TOM has already turned to run toward the police.

INT. DERELECT BUILDING. GROUND FLOOR ROOM- DAY 8. 0900

IBHN and the armed 2nd Man sit dead still. Then the other two men come in with ABU HASSAN. He is wearing a raincoat. It's open. The bomber's vest can be seen beneath it. 1ST MAN begins to fasten the vest.

1ST MAN

Be strong, my boy, in this your first battle. God
is in every move you make.

IBHN

God is great!

THE THREE MEN

God is great! God is great!

IBHN

Death to America and her allies!

ALL

Death to America and her allies! Death to the
unbelievers, death to the West!

And the 2nd man's concentration wavers for a second, long enough for IBHN to fly at him, smashing him across the throat. He turns and fires at the 1st man who goes down screaming, the 3rd man runs out.

ABU HASSAN stares at him frozen.

IBHN

Martyr of God! Come!

He takes his hand.

ABU begins to struggle. He is about to cry out. IBHN puts his hand over the boy's mouth.

IBHN (cont'd)

No no, you don't understand, these are your
enemies. Abu Abu!

ABU stops struggling. IBHN takes his hand from ABU's mouth.

IBHN (cont'd)

Now be still. And I will take this terrible thing
from you.

ABU stares at him and tries to scamper back.

IBHN (cont'd)

Be still!

ABU struggles from IBHN's grasp and manages to get away, running out of the door. IBHN is not quite able to grab him, but stands to follow him.

As IBHN goes to leave, 3rd man comes back and blocks the doorway. IBHN makes a move for him and a struggle ensues...

EXT. WARFIELD STREET - DAY 8. 0902

ABU runs out of the derelict house, up the stairs and onto the street. He runs across the road, towards a children's nursery, where children can be seen playing inside.

ABU approaches the nursery gate. It is padlocked, but he manages to ease his way through.

EXT. CHILDREN'S NURSERY - DAY 8. 0917

ABU runs into the middle of the teachers and laughing children. He stops suddenly and turns, opening his raincoat.

ABU (shouting to everyone around him)
This is my first battle, God is in every move I
make.

The teachers freeze, as the children continue playing, oblivious.

One teacher stands and walks towards ABU, frightened, but unsure what he is intending to do.

IBHN suddenly appears at the fence but he can't get in.

IBHN
The boy is armed, stay back! He's armed!

We see panic in the teachers' eyes, but ABU reacts quickly and runs through a hole in the fence into a large deserted playground.

EXT. A PLAYGROUND - DAY 8. 0921

IBHN runs along the side of the fence on the road, trying to find a way to get to ABU, but he is obstructed by the fleeing children.

ABU stumbles as he runs and in the distance he sees police cars arriving.

IBHN seizes his opportunity, darts through a large hole in the fence and blocks ABU's path.

GO TO NEW POV:

TOM, DANNY, ZOE and the police have arrived. TOM gets out of the car, putting on his flak jacket.

TOM (Shouts.)
Everyone stay where they are.

TOM walks towards IBHN and the boy.

DANNY
That means you too, Boss!

TOM turns to him and stops. TOM is now halfway between the police cordon and IBHN and ABU - thirty metres.

GENERAL POV FROM ABOVE:

The playground is like an arena, IBHN and ABU at its centre, TOM stranded, Police surrounding on all sides.

No one moves.

POV CLOSE TO IBHN AND ABU:

There is a distance of some 15 metres between them. IBHN is walking straight up to the boy.

TOM (Low)
What the hell do you think you're doing?
(Aloud to Ibhn.)
Khaldun we have procedures for this.

IBHN waves to TOM without looking round. He goes straight up to ABU.

IBHN
Why do you want to do this?

ABU
To die in the face of oppression.

IBHN
Why do that?

ABU
For freedom.

IBHN
Shall I tell this Englishman?

ABU is uncertain.

IBHN (cont'd)
(Shouting over his shoulder to Tom.)
He wants to die for freedom. Do you understand?

TOM
Yes I understand.

IBHN (To Abu.)
Aren't you free now?

ABU's hysteria goes up a notch.

ABU

There is no freedom outside the House of Islam!

IBHN

The House of Islam will never be built in this country by violence, Abu.

ABU

That is not for us to judge. Victory is only granted by God.

TOM observes the body language of the boy. He is very worried.

TOM

Ibhn do this my way. Abu, we will talk to you but Mr. Khaldun will step back now. Ibhn.

IBHN puts his hands on ABU's shoulders. ABU draws back for a moment.

IBHN

I will hold you until this is over. Do you understand? I am not going to let you go.

ABU

I am a martyr. I am going to paradise.

TOM

It's a pointless death...

IBHN (Interrupting, shouting back at Tom.)
Do not interfere with a man who is going to paradise.

TOM is frustrated. CLOSE TO his fist as he clenches it.

IBHN looks at ABU's neck. He realises that, under a pullover, he is wearing a football shirt.

IBHN (cont'd)
Are you Villa?

ABU
What?

IBHN

The shirt, are you Aston Villa?

ABU looks at him, bewildered by the change of tone.

IBHN (cont'd)
Suicide's a bit extreme, isn't it? Even for a Villa supporter.

ABU is confused. IBHN has taken a great gamble. He is smiling but even his iron nerves cannot stop a flicker of tension on his face.

IBHN (cont'd)

I support Algeria. I live in hope that one day they'll win the African Cup.

(To Tom.)

Abu's a Villa supporter.

TOM

Great. Does he want to meet the team?

IBHN

Do you? They can arrange that.

ABU (Hesitates.)

I...

IBHN

Course there are some people in my country who say that football's against the teaching of Holy Koran. What do you think?

A moment.

ABU

S'rubbish.

IBHN

The Taliban in Afghanistan banned football. They used the stadium in Kabul for executions. They cut off people's heads in the centre circle. What do you think of that?

(A beat.)

Mind you... If they were Man U supporters...

He shrugs.

ABU

Leeds.

IBHN

Ah. Abu. Football's... One of the better things in life eh? Don't leave the human race, Abu. Who's your next home game against?

ABU

Leeds.

IBHN

I'll come with you.

CLOSE TO ABU. Tears stain his cheeks.

IBHN speaks with deep kindness, keeping eye contact.

IBHN (cont'd)

The Prophet himself - peace be upon him - wrestled with demons and angels, Abu. There is no shame.

ABU

The Mullah said that... As a martyr... On doomsday I can intercede for seventy loved ones.

IBHN

The Mullah was wrong. You know that, just listen to yourself, listen to your heart.

ABU is weakening, he is exhausted with the pressure. As if he is sleepy.

ABU

I do. I have to send an unbeliever to hell. Then I will see paradise...

IBHN

The only paradise we will see will be one we make on earth, Abu.

ABU clicks wide awake at this atheistical sentiment.

A moment with them looking at each other.

IBHN (cont'd)

You know it. You do.

A strange ecstatic grin is coming over ABU's face.

IBHN judges what is coming. He lunges at ABU, embracing him fully at the same time pulling at his hand.

TOM

He's going to go!

Behind TOM a policeman is rushing at him. TOM takes one stride toward IBHN and ABU. The policeman rugby tackles TOM to the ground.

TOM (cont'd)

Khaldun!

IBHN (To Abu.)

Don't be...

The vest explodes. Blazing white.

TOM'S POV FROM THE GROUND:

The fireball around the two figures. All the witnesses of the event - including TOM, a third of the way across the playground - are thrown themselves to the ground by the blast.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. GRID - DAY 8. 1402

TOM comes through the pods. His face is burnt.

Everyone stops working. ZOE is near tears. She goes to kiss his cheek. He winces, a grin.

HARRY comes forward and touches his arm.

HARRY
Tom...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 8. 1405

CLOSE UP: HARRY has a British passport in his hands. He opens it. IBHN's photograph and name are inside.

General POV. TOM and HARRY. They are deeply upset. HARRY puts the passport into a desk drawer.

TOM
Shouldn't that be shredded?

HARRY
Officially.

TOM
I couldn't control him.

HARRY
We're all to blame. We didn't realise... The
bravery, integrity of the man.

TOM
Though thanks to him the danger at the mosque is
over. Rachid is being deported. Disgraced before
the community for fiddling charity funds.

A beat.

TOM (cont'd)
But I feel I've lost someone who could have become
a friend.

HARRY

Join me at the bottom of a whiskey bottle, or do you have other medical consolations available?

TOM
Meaning...

HARRY
The female doctor you wanted vetting? The check came through. Seven parking tickets otherwise she's clean.

TOM
Vicky.

HARRY
Yes.

HARRY is studying him, amused. TOM looks away.

EXT. THAMES EMBANKMENT - DAY 8. 1750

TOM and CHRISTINE DALE are walking along. They are tense.

TOM
I misread Khaldun. I didn't know if he was naive... A double agent... Or what. Actually he was a hero.

CHRISTINE (With heat.)
And you got him killed.

TOM stops dead.

TOM
I'm sorry?

CHRISTINE
A cast iron asset, a man who could have been a great agent for us and for you... you got him terminated.

TOM
That is the CIA line?

CHRISTINE
My superiors are so angry with you people, they are in melt-down.

TOM
Well sod your superiors. And are you in meltdown too?

CHRISTINE

You bet. You nearly got yourself killed.

They look at each other. She goes on tip toe and kisses him.
Lingers a moment. Then turns and goes.

GENERAL POV: TOM standing still, CHRISTINE walking away.

END