

GUERRILLA

PRODUCTION DRAFT

Written by
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ACT ONE

BLACK

WE SEE THE FOLLOWING CARD:

HM Wormwood Scrubs Prison, Hammersmith London, 1971

DHARI (V.O.)

You are here because you are black.

1 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/CAFETERIA - DAY 1

We are in a large prison cafeteria that for the moment is mostly empty save for a small group of YOUNG MEN OF COLOR - all in their early-to-mid twenties. All are dressed in prison uniforms and are clearly convicts. They all have assembled for both prayer and learning. The group is being administered to by DHARI BISHOP. He is also black, but is a bit older than the other men; in his early thirties. Dhari speaks to the men with passion, and they give him their full attention.

DHARI

You are here in this life because you are made in the image of the Creator. And you are here behind these walls because the white man hates that you are the true children of God.

2 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/INSPECTION AREA - DAY 2

Off to the side of a visitors' entrance is an inspection area; basically it's an otherwise empty room with a table. In the space are MARCUS HILL and JAS CHIMA. Marcus is BLACK, Jas is of Indian descent. They are both in their late twenties-early thirties, educated... Marcus tends to be a bit more thoughtful in nature, while Jas is often unfiltered. Marcus and Jas have with them A CASE OF NEW PAPERBACK BOOKS. They are copies of W.E.B DuBois's "The Soul of Black Folks."

As Jas and Marcus stand and watch passively, A PAIR OF PRISON GUARDS dump out the books onto a TABLE, start searching through them to ensure the copies contain no weapons or hidden messages. The Guards do so in an absolutely careless manner that PURPOSEFULLY leaves the covers of the books bent and in some cases the pages torn. As the Guards do their job, they shoot the occasional shit-eatin' grin toward Marcus and Jas. The guards know exactly what they're doing, and take pleasure in doing it.

For their part Marcus and Jas have clearly been through this before and play things how they lay. They're cool, they smile a bit. They're above the filth fucking with them.

We continue to hear Dhari speak:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DHARI (V.O.)

Given to the devil, the white man does the devil's work. He denies you education, then calls you ignorant. He denies you fair housing, then says you live like animals. And when you stand up, or fight back he says that you're criminals and puts you in his prisons. Now, I don't blame the white man for his ways. Those whose minds are weak and souls impure are easily manipulated. And just as I don't blame him, I want nothing from the white man.

3 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/CAFETERIA - DAY

3

We now see Marcus and Jas with the inmates distributing the mangled copies of the books. As they do, Dhari continues speaking.

DHARI

We will educate our brothers and sisters and raise them, and be mindful of them. But we will do it equal to the white man, and without his interference. He wants to live in peace, we'll live the same. But if he wants to live otherwise, we will be ready for conflict. Listen. Learn. Better yourselves. If you are niggers, then be one-hundred percent niggers. One-hundred percent of us is more than the white man can handle.

INMATES

Yes, sir!

DHARI

Pay attention to what he come teach you.

Dhari steps back. Marcus steps up, but does so with some reserve. Dhari is a tough act to follow. Lifting the book:

MARCUS

Today we're reading from W.E.B DuBois's The Soul of Black Folks. Let's read.

4 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/CAFETERIA - LATER

4

Time has passed. The student-convicts have departed. Dhari sits with Marcus and Jas as a GUARD continues to float in the background.

(CONTINUED)

Jas and Marcus have news for Dhari. Based on the way in which Jas hesitantly approaches the subject, seemingly the news isn't good.

JAS

The judge denied our petition for appeal.

Dhari doesn't give away too much, but we can tell from his body language this news hurts him. Trying to bolster him:

JAS (CONT'D)

It's not over. We're getting more character references, and letters of support... There's a new Solicitor who wants to take up your case.

DHARI

What happened to the other Solicitor?

MARCUS

He doesn't...he won't work any more without a fee. We can't raise any more money.

Dhari just gives a bemused laugh.

DHARI

You two are cool, getting involved how you do. But you know there's no way they're gonna let me out of here.

Marcus, re: Dhari's bruising:

MARCUS

Did the Guards do that to you?

DHARI

It's handled.

MARCUS

Jas is right next door at Hammersmith. All you have to do-

DHARI

Man, in here, a nigger has to be dying to get sent to the hospital. Dying, or dead. And what they give me, that's just an excuse to give them right back.

The cycle of violence Dhari describes hangs heavily in the air for a minute.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

MARCUS

We are going to get you out.

5 I/E. BUS - LATER

5

Lost in their own thoughts, Marcus and Jas ride on in quiet for a moment. Then:

JAS

I don't think...you shouldn't have told Dhari we were going to get him paroled.

Marcus gives Jas a dry look.

JAS (CONT'D)

You should've said we were going to try to get him out.

MARCUS

He's been rotting in prison for six years. You saw those bruises. They're trying to kill him.

JAS

He doesn't need false hope. You should have said *try*.

Marcus doesn't respond, but clearly he doesn't care for being admonished when he was merely trying to remain positive.

6 EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - EVENING

6

We come in on a couple; one black and the other white. The black man is JULIAN. His manner is one of ease and charisma. The other is a girl GWEN; white with a touch of upper-class privilege and liberalism, but not to the point she comes off as a fraud. Julian's got an arm draped over Gwen. Clearly they're a couple.

As we come into the scene Julian is calling up - rather loudly - toward a terraced house.

JULIAN

Marcus.... Marcus!

Gwen joins in as if in chorus:

GWEN

Marrrcus!

JULIAN

Marcus!

Jas and Marcus exit the house, looking ready to head out for the evening. They are light and smiles, though Marcus is just a touch aggravated:

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Keep it down! Got enough trouble
with the landlord as it is.

Jas moves from Julian to Gwen giving both a kiss to the
cheek. Still carrying on:

GWEN

Marrrcus!

MARCUS

For fuck's sake!

The group heads up the street laughing, fooling around...

As they do, just down the street - watching surreptitiously
from a PARKED CAR - are two men. Both white. One is CHIEF
INSPECTOR PENCE; a straight laced, old school cop. The other
is his partner, INSPECTOR CULLEN. An absolute bear of a man.

For the moment Pence just sits in the car, CAMERA in hand,
snapping photos of Julian as the group heads off up the
street.

INT. MANGROVE RESTAURANT - LATER

Based in Notting Hill, this is the centre of the black
community and a hub for London's counterculture; NEW
ARRIVALS, and BLACK RADICALS, and 'WHITEBEATS' dissatisfied
with square English culture and in search of the best music,
good food and radical politics. All glisten with sweat as
they bake in heat from the dance, from the proximity of their
flesh... **FROM AN UNCONVERSANT SEXUALITY THAT PERMEATES THE
SPACE.** The joint is crazy, heady, cool and full up with
flesh-wrapped eye candy for the eye: handsome men and sexy
ladies who sharpen their libido by liberally grinding on
members of the opposite sex. It's our money shot; sweat-box
of era-appropriate culture hemmed tightly.

At the head of the joint is a JAMAICAN SKA BAND, the PLAYERS
delivering the music with as much passion as the LEAD SINGER
who preaches with a ferocity that gins up all who fill the
dance floor.

Ringling the dance floor are booths and tables where some
recover from the frenzy, and others merely partake in a more
voyeuristic manner. Among those who sit are Marcus, Jas,
Julian, and Gwen who absolutely dig on the vibe around them.
They drink, smoke, laugh... Generally, like all present,
they are simply enjoying life.

Within the scene itself, on occasion we see PATRONS of color
step to Julian, and engage him. WE HEAR LITTLE BITS OF
CONVERSATION ABOUT AN UPCOMING RALLY. It should be clear
that among the group he is very much a CHARISMATIC LEADER.

In the middle of the good times WE MAKE A HARD CUT TO:

8

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

8

Jas, Marcus, Julian and Gwen are walking. They laugh and chat, still reveling a bit in the events of the evening.

As they travel, some POLICE OFFICERS call to them. Jas and Marcus grow noticeably anxious. Police at night have that effect on people of color. Jas and Marcus, however, aren't the target of the officers' attention.

Julian and Gwen are the ones who draw the full regard of the police. There is little gentleness in their approach. The officers separate Julian from Gwen - treating her no better than a common street walker - then proceed to humiliate Julian by peppering him with insinuating questions, and forcing him to take off his coat and empty his pockets.

As Marcus watches, it should be clear he'd like to more than just bear witness to these indignities.

Julian, seeing Marcus edge up, tries to keep him cool:

JULIAN

It's all right, mate. It's nothing. Let them have their fun.

Julian's words only bring attention to Marcus from one of the officers.

POLICEMAN

Eh, have a problem?

Marcus maintains his stare:

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

You have a problem?

Jas works at talking Marcus back from starting trouble:

JAS

Marcus, be cool.

The police end their "search" of Julian. To the group:

POLICEMAN

Off the streets. All of yah!

Marcus takes a moment, then with Jas tugging at his arm moves away, but does so very reluctantly. The group, a moment ago all laughter and smiles, is now nothing more than a brooding mass.

9

INT. SCOTLAND YARD/SPECIAL BRANCH/BLACK DESK OFFICES - DAY 9

Freshly developed photos in hand, Pence CROSSES THROUGH THE SPACE and into an OPERATIONS ROOM. The space is filled with about FIFTEEN OFFICERS of varying ranks who are engaged in

(CONTINUED)

individualized aspects of intelligence work. They man phones, go through files...

On a corkboard at the center of the space are pinned about 20 surveillance photos of PEOPLE OF COLOR with notations also pinned nearby. Clearly these folks are being targeted.

We see Pence looking through a set of surveillance photos he's taken of Julian. We can see Jas and Marcus in some of the photos, but the shots are focused on Julian. Clearly it's Julian who Pence is most interested in.

Having found a suitable image of Julian, Pence places the photo at the head of the group on the board. Symbolically speaking, Julian is "hung up" and put directly at the head of a very unfortunate list.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER (V.O.)

What do you do?

Marcus is in the office sitting across from an EMPLOYMENT OFFICER. Marcus is in the process of offering up his talents. The Officer is at best patronizing. At worst, just plain bigoted.

MARCUS

I teach English.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER

And what do you want?

MARCUS

A situation. Teaching.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER

Where were you last employed?

MARCUS

I volunteer teaching Literature to incarcerated youth.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER

What was your last *real* job?

MARCUS

I was at a night school. I taught English to immigrants, but...my, uh, position was terminated after a, a misunderstanding. I'd felt the curriculum tended to reinforce a servile bias toward the students--

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER

So, you're a trouble maker.

10

CONTINUED:

10

Marcus bites his tongue, hoping for some help. The Officer goes back to doing paperwork, signalling the end of the conversation. Marcus, acknowledging he's not getting anything else from the guy, gathers his belongings.

11

INT. JULIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

11

A kind of a squat in Brixton; shelter for the taking from any and all who dare take it. AT THE MOMENT THE JOINT IS FILLED WITH A VERY COMMUNAL VIBE. A VERY CHILL PARTY IS UNDERWAY as different groups of PEOPLE FROM VARIOUS ETHNIC GROUPS mingle and cross-pollinate. Share some DRINK and some WEED. IT'S ALL VERY HIP AND BOHEME AND COSMOPOLITAN. It's fertile ground for the gestation of art and ideas, ALL OF WHICH ARE BEING DISCUSSED WITH VIBRANCY as we "move" through the space. The soundtrack to all this is provided by some YOUNG PEOPLE who are playing some traditional middle-eastern music on FOLK INSTRUMENTS.

Among those in the place are Jas, Julian and Gwen. Also present is a young middle eastern man named IHSAN. Marcus, however, is not there.

Julian and Gwen smoke grass while Jas drinks wine. THE GROUP TALKS, LAUGHS...

As people talk, mingle - CONVERSATION IS EXCHANGED ABOUT AN UPCOMING NATIONAL FRONT RALLY AND THE NEED TO MOUNT A COUNTER-PROTEST.

Moment by moment Jas notices a rather handsome man across the room. DWIGHT. He is a man of color. He exudes a strong persona, yet the way he engages those around him is quite relaxed. We can catch just BITS of his conversation, largely centered around the themes of non-violent social change, and engagement.

Dwight catches Jas looking toward him. As he does, his conversation slows. Very shortly, even at a distance, these two are quickly caught up in each other.

12

INT. JULIAN'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

12

Sequestered a bit from the rest of the gathering, still drinking a little wine, smoking a little weed, are Jas and Dwight. As they speak, the two have a certain ease to them. We get the sense these two have history. There is, however, a bit of awkwardness between them. A pair of familiar strangers getting reacquainted. There is both intimacy and distance between the pair.

We pick up the conversation mid-way, Jas comes across talking just to talk, as though not wanting "real" conversation to fill any quiet space.

JAS

...It's, you know, it's the other struggle. The penal system, as it
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAS (CONT'D)
is, it's just slavery by another
name. And giving convicts the
power of language...

Dwight gives a bit of a smile.

JAS (CONT'D)
What?

DWIGHT
I just...I feel your passion. Feel
it.
(beat)
Miss it.

JAS
And how you spending your time?

With a bit of a smile as he knows he's being redirected:

DWIGHT
Same. Organizing, mostly. Doing
these oral histories now.

JAS
Yeah?

DWIGHT
Yeah. Getting people to record
their stories of migration on film.
Trying to, to...

DWIGHT (CONT'D) JAS
Make a visual record... Sounds very arty.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
It's history. It's our history.
Somebody's got to document it.

JAS
Coming to the rally?

Dwight just shrugs.

DWIGHT
Screaming at a bunch of National
Front bastards while they spill
their filth...

JAS
It's standing up against the
Immigration Act. Every voice
counts.

DWIGHT
And actions matter. You can waste
'em on displays, or you can use
them for long-term positive
(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

change...

(beat)

You really look good.

Jas can't help but give a laugh.

JAS

What is that?

DWIGHT

I'm telling you that you look good.

JAS (CONT'D)

That meant as a compliment?

JAS (CONT'D)

That was always your problem...

DWIGHT

"Always?"

JAS

You try to act so elevated, then the first chance you get you reduce me to my looks. That's...honestly, one of the things I appreciate about Marcus: he doesn't treat me like a woman.

Kidding on the square:

DWIGHT

Maybe you just ended up with a guy who doesn't bother to compliment you.

That's a challenging rejoinder, and Jas gives a smile that hints she's up to the challenge. Dwight, stepping back a bit from taking a leap, again shifts the conversation:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

How's your mum?

JAS

She's good. Getting along. Don't see her as much as I'd like.

DWIGHT

Your dad?

Jas hesitates a bit. Clearly not a subject she cares to get into readily.

JAS

Stopped writing him. Never heard back. Don't know if he wasn't answering, or the jailers weren't giving him the letters.

DWIGHT

You should keep writing. It's good
for him to know his daughter--

Not wanting to hear, or deal with any of that, Jas jumps
right into:

JAS

I have to go.

Dwight puts a hand to her arm trying to slow her down.

JAS (CONT'D)

No, I have to go.

Jas hesitates just a bit, then leans into Dwight and gives
him a very good long kiss to the lips. Her face remaining
close to his, as though trying to soak in every fleeting
second with Dwight:

JAS (CONT'D)

Marcus wants to do things. I have
to be with someone who wants to do
things.

Jas moves away from Dwight with velocity. It is the kind of
abrupt action that masks that perhaps Jas would much rather
stay right where she is.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jas sits on a street corner. Alone. She's looking like a
young woman who's just made a mistake. How serious of one is
hard to tell.

After a moment she picks herself up and starts walking up the
street.

INT. TERRACED HOUSE/MARCUS AND JAS'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

It's not much of a space, but it's Jas and Marcus's. Marcus
is already in bed as Jas enters. Silhouetted by the
moonlight from the window, Jas undresses, then joins Marcus
in bed. Marcus stirs. THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE WE REMAIN IN
THE "DARK." ALL WE REALLY SEE OF MARCUS AND JAS ARE THEIR
SILHOUETTED BODIES.

MARCUS

How was the party?

JAS

...Alright. A lot of politics.

MARCUS

Any new faces?

14

CONTINUED:

14

Jas doesn't answer that question. She can't really articulate what she's feeling. In lieu of a real answer, she mumbles:

JAS

The usual crowd.

Jas leans to Marcus, kisses him lightly - nothing close to the manner in which she kissed Dwight - then lays with Marcus. She is quiet, but clearly troubled by the events of the evening.

15

EXT. STREET - DAY

15

We come in on the day of a NATIONAL FRONT RALLY IN SUPPORT OF THE IMPENDING IMMIGRATION ACT. It is a scene which we follow from three perspectives: That of the NATIONAL FRONT PROTESTORS, the BLACK AND MIXED-RACE COUNTER PROTESTORS and the POLICE. The NF Protestors - vocal and white to an individual - walk the streets carrying banners from their organization, as well as placards which are variations on the theme of KEEP BRITAIN WHITE. The COUNTER-PROTESTORS - who line the sidewalks - are made up of a group that is largely people of color, but also includes some whites brave enough to put their solidarity on display - Jas, Marcus and Gwen among them. We also see Ihsan, who was present with Jas and Gwen at the party.

AT THE HEAD OF THE COUNTER-DEMONSTRATORS IS JULIAN.

The third group is the police; members of the BLACK POWER DESK led by Pence and Cullen. They are backed by officers from the Special Patrol Group (SPG); a unit of the Metropolitan Police Service, responsible for providing a centrally-based mobile capability for combating serious public disorder. Basically, they're enforcers and nasty motherfuckers. For the moment the police merely survey the scene more than make a real effort to keep the peace.

To members of the SPG, Pence hands out photos he's taken of Julian. Basically, he's handing them a target.

A POLICE HELICOPTER ominously circles overhead. The chop of its blades in the air churning up all those on the ground.

With the police being neutral, the National Front and the Counter-Protestors are left to themselves. At the head of the scene, both sides are belligerent, but peaceful - if not respectful. The two groups trade insults and slurs, but the NF members keep walking down the street and the Counter-Protestors maintain their space on the side walk.

All the while Pence, radio in hand, watches over the situation as though waiting for an excuse to exercise force.

The unease, however, is palpable. Tension rises steadily. Despite their bravado, several members of the NF are unnerved by the determined and purposeful nature of the counter-

(CONTINUED)

protesters. Jas, Marcus and Gwen are right in the heart of things, vocal in their denouncements of the NF.

We see one NF PROTESTER in particular continue to get edged up by the taunting of the Counter-Protestors. The twisting look on his face fairly announcing that he's not about to eat much more of their "peace and love" shit. The NF protester locks eyes with Julian. Knowing he's getting under the NF's SKIN, Julian lets fly with a string of invectives.

That's it for the NF protestor. He rushes Julian with his fists flying. In an instant the whole scene devolves into a melee. Protesters and Counter-Protestors have at each other as chaos takes over. For the moment both sides stand their ground, the violence for the most part limited to being a large scale tussle rather than a full on riot.

For Pence the opportunity to act has arrived. Into his radio:

PENCE

Everybody, move in! Break them up!

The SPG officers move in with force. But rather than separate the two factions and restore order, the SPG direct their actions SOLELY TOWARD THE PEOPLE OF COLOR. The SPG charge forward in a brutal FLYING WEDGE FORMATION that strikes the crowd like a pike driving into its target. The SPG swing their truncheons at anyone who's of color. This is no measured response, this is a complete beat down. The scene devolves quickly into mass panic. As the Counter Protestors attempt to flee, people are shoved to the pavement and are either beaten where they lay, or are trampled by others trying get clear of the police. The sounds of their screaming drowned out by the motor of the helicopter which has swung low over the crowd.

In particular, Pence's men GO AFTER JULIAN. They very clearly hunt him down, and once they've got him on the ground they go to work beating him with their truncheons delivering blow upon blow to Julian. Julian goes from defending the blows, to limply "accepting" them.

People scatter and run, Jas and Marcus among them as they are separated from Gwen.

But there's really nowhere for them to go. The police and the SPG have formed a box around the area and are pushing in on the crowd, beating people as they move along. Trapped like hunted foxes, Marcus angles Jas for a row of PARKED CARS. Frantically, Marcus pulls on a couple of the door handles, and finds one car that is UNLOCKED. Marcus piles Jas into the back seat, covering her with his own body while slamming the door and dropping down low as just outside the car's windows, the RIOT CONTINUES.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. MORGUE - DAY 16

As we come into the scene, Marcus, Jas and Gwen stand over a body which rests on an examining table. A MORTICIAN pulls back the sheet revealing Julian's body. He is badly beaten and quiet. Very clearly dead. Julian's three friends have to turn away in revulsion.

17 INT. JULIAN'S FLAT - DAY 17

Marcus and Jas sit with Gwen, who is smoking a cigarette and in a state of shock.

Marcus and Jas try to console her, but she is nearly inconsolable. All they can do is very quietly watch her suffer in silence.

18 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 18

It's Julian's funeral. There's a respectable turn out of PEOPLE. A cross section of communities. Among those present, as the PREACHER gives the send off, are Gwen, Marcus and Jas.

As Jas lifts her head from a mournful prayer, she looks across the space and sees Dwight present and giving his respects. Though both of their expressions remain neutral, there is a great deal that is communicated between them: pain, empathy...longing.

As the two maintain their look WE HEAR:

DHARI (V.O.)
Sorry for your friend.

19 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/VISITATION AREA - DAY 19

We now have Marcus and Jas sitting across from Dhari. They look worn, emotionally spent. The previous scenes representing a few days over which they've had to deal with violence and tragedy.

No matter their raw state, Dhari speaks frankly.

DHARI
Truth is he never had a chance.

MARCUS
Police just rolled in there, beat him like a dog...

DHARI
Wasn't the police. Julian organized that protest. They went at him, like you said; that's the Black Power Desk.

(CONTINUED)

JAS

Special Branch?

DHARI

It's the hard heart of Special Branch. They get cops from South Africa, Rhodesia; they train 'em to be thugs over there, then send 'em back here to keep down black "radicals." "The troublemakers." Keep 'em down so they don't ever get back up. They're the ones that put this on Julian.

MARCUS

Never heard of The Black Power Desk.

DHARI

That's the point, ain't it?

Both Marcus and Jas are overwhelmed by this rush of information.

JAS

We...we have to--

DHARI

Have to do what? Write up some homemade signs? March up and down the footpath? They just killed your boy in broad daylight. Wasn't nothing you could do but bury him.

JAS

We have friends who can--

DHARI

There's nobody you know the Desk couldn't get to. This shit is way beyond you. It's not just protesting. It's war. Leave it. You tried. You give a damn. Be proud of that.

WE OPEN TIGHT ON A PAIR OF HANDS which are engaged in fixing the LOCOMOTIVE from a TRAIN SET.

WE JUMP BACK IN COVERAGE A BIT TO SEE THAT IT'S Pence who is working on the train. There's a young boy with him, about six years old. The boy is BLACK.

Pence puts the train down on the track. As it runs along the rails, as the boy squeals with delight:

20

CONTINUED:

20

PENCE

There you go. Good as new.

21

INT. KENYA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

21

A black woman, KENYA, watches as the boy - who is most obviously her son - plays with the train. To Pence, who stands next to her:

KENYA

Thank you.

With the boy's attention wrapped up in the train, Pence nuzzles with Kenya.

PENCE

You smell good.

KENYA

Yeah?

PENCE

You smell beautiful.

With that, out of the boy's eye line, the pair begin to kiss. Moving to a rhythm that is playing only in their head. Moment by moment - regardless of the boy nearby - they reveal more and more passion. THIS IS NOT SEX. THIS IS TRUE, TENDER, GENTLE, LOVE MAKING.

22

INT. KENYA'S HOUSE - LATER

22

Pence has fallen asleep on the couch. Kenya is resting next to him. The train is literally off the rails, but the boy is nowhere to be seen. Most likely already off to bed.

Pence reaches over to the train, turns it off and rights it on the rails. As he steps past Kenya, he runs the back of his fingers across her. Kenya stirs as Pence begins to pull some Pound notes from his pocket.

KENYA

I don't want your money.

Pence keeps counting.

KENYA (CONT'D)

I don't want your fucking money.
Your son wants you around.

Pence drops the money on a table, then heads off.

23

EXT. PETROL STATION - LATER

23

Pence is filling up his car. As he stands, waits for the tank to become full, he sniffs at the back of his hand; that gentle reminder of Kenya. He sniffs himself again. Taking the nozzle from the pump, Pence sprinkles a little of the

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

petrol on his hand, then wipes his hand on his neck, then hangs up the nozzle.

24 EXT. STREET - LATER 24

Pence pulls up before a rather modest house. He sits in his car for a moment, then pops open the glove box, takes out a WEDDING BAND and slips it on his ring finger.

25 INT. HOUSE - LATER 25

Pence enters the house. His wife, EMILY, is present. She's a woman about his age. Emily is not shrill, but we should be able to tell for both these two this relationship has been long stuck in neutral. They make their relationship work, but clearly, after their years together, there isn't much left with which to work.

Pence leans in to kiss Emily:

PENCE
Hi, yah, Love...

Getting a whiff of the petrol he's nearly doused himself with:

EMILY
God... Could you once manage to fill the car without spilling all over yourself?

PENCE
Anything to eat?

EMILY
You want something now?

Calling off towards the UPSTAIRS of the house:

PENCE
Ronnie...

EMILY
You couldn't pick something up on the way home?

PENCE
They don't put love into it the way you do.
(again calling off)
Ronnie...

EMILY
Think he's asleep. Said he was tired. We've got some fish fingers.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

PENCE

Warm 'em up.

EMILY

And you go and change out of those clothes.

PENCE

(laughing)

Never smelled better.

EMILY

Change them!

Pence heads upstairs to do just that.

26

INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

26

Pence is making his way down the hallway toward the master bedroom. He passes another room, door closed. From inside the room we can just hear a faint, REPETITIVE SCRATCHING SOUND. Pence knocks on the door.

PENCE

Ronnie...? Ronnie?

No answer. Pence pushes open the door.

27

INT. HOUSE/RONNIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

Pence enters. The room is adorned with the artifacts one might expect to find in a young man's room in that era - ROCK AND ROLL POSTERS, B-MOVIE POSTERS...

There is a young man, about 15 years of age, PASSED OUT FACE DOWN on the bed. This is Pence's son RONNIE. A RECORD on a player has reached the end of its groove. That's what's been making the scratching sound. Pence lifts the needle, turns the phonograph off. As he starts to head from the room, Pence notices something in an ashtray. Pence lifts it, smells it... It's a ROACH. Pence drops down into a chair. He sits a moment, then in a fit of rage, he SMACKS the ashtray from the dresser. Then Pence just sits with his son, who like Pence himself, clearly has issues.

28

EXT. STREET/NOTTING HILL/PORTOBELLO MARKET - DAY

28

Most of the PEDESTRIANS are people of color. The environment around them is rather tough; the housing conditions are poor and we see far too many young men who clearly have no work at hand. At the same time, the streets are lined with FOOD STALLS and CURIO STANDS that add a certain vibrancy to an otherwise distressed area.

There is one stall in particular. It is stocked with literature, but it is more than just a spot which sells books. It is a movable cultural center. From the knickknacks sold, to national flags from African and

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

Caribbean countries on display, and certainly to the PATRONS themselves - both young and older, whose clothes and manner speak of having national pride - this is an oasis of racial identity.

We see Marcus looking through a selection of vinyl LPs. They are largely voice recordings. As he looks, he finds one record in particular called "Voices of the Revolution." On the cover are pictures of Malcolm X, Nelson Mandela and Patrice Lumumba. Marcus gives the copy a good looking over, nearly enthralled by the concept of strong willed people of color taking a stand.

Marcus takes the record over to the STALL OWNER.

MARCUS

You have any nice paper? It's a gift.

As the woman looks for some paper, Marcus notices a BOWL with a HANDMADE SIGN resting above it. The sign reads: DONATE TO HELP FIGHT THE IMMIGRATION ACT. In the bowl itself there is very little money. Just a few coins. Clearly very few are supporting the cause.

29

INT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL - DAY

29

We see Jas going about her business, making around, checking on PATIENTS. There is little joy in her work. The events of the past few days obviously weighing on her.

Jas looks up from some paperwork to see Marcus. From her reaction, his presence is unexpected. WE CUT TO:

30

INT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL/BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

30

We are tight on Jas's hands as she tears away the wrapping paper from the record that Marcus has purchased for her. Her eyes light as the paper falls away. It's not just the record itself that lifts her. It's also very much the fact that he's made an effort at all to purchase for her something so very specific. If it's the thought that counts, this gesture counts for a great deal.

With a warm and loving smile, Jas takes Marcus by the hand and leads him from the space.

31

INT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL/PATIENT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

31

Still holding his hand, Jas leads Marcus into an unoccupied patient's room. She directs him over to a bed, lowers him onto the mattress, and then positions herself next to him. They explore each other with a newly rekindled passion.

BLACK

32

INT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL/BREAK ROOM - DAY

32

It's a little space where STAFF can relax for a moment, eat, have a smoke... Jas is in the room, having a cup of soup, feeling isolated from everything in the world. She is without purpose, she is losing connection with her man...

As Jas sits and thinks, a TV plays in the BG. It's news of the world. The content of the broadcast takes all of Jas's attention.

NEWS PRESENTER

...According to the FBI, the Weather Underground accepted a \$25,000 payment from a psychedelics distribution organization called The Brotherhood of Eternal Love to break LSD advocate Timothy Leary out of prison, before transporting him to Algeria where he joined with black radical Eldridge.

As she listens, a very severe thought comes to her.

33

INT. BEDSIT/MARCUS AND JAS'S "ROOM" - NIGHT

33

Marcus enters. Jas is already in place, sitting and waiting. Her expression is quite, quite serious. It's one that Marcus can't help but take note of.

MARCUS

What? What are you--

JAS

You know what we have to do.

MARCUS

About what?

JAS

You know. And Dhari can help.

MARCUS

Dhari's in prison.

Marcus waits for some kind of response from Jas. All he gets instead is a cold, determined stare.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Christ, Jas. Lord, Christ...

JAS

Meinhof sprung Baader from prison. The...the fucking Brotherhood of Eternal Love got Timothy Leary out. What the hell is that?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

They're militants.

JAS

And this is war. That's what Dhari said.

MARCUS

It's not who we are.

JAS

Who are we? We're drifting.

MARCUS

...What...?

JAS

You and I are drifting apart.

MARCUS

How the fuck is this about our relationship?

JAS

If we're down for something, if we're down for each other now's when we've got to show it. They killed Julian. They are trying to execute Dhari. We need a soldier who can take the fight right to the filth. Whatever comes next, it starts with getting Dhari out of prison.

Jas is undeniably resolute in her statement. And though her intent is clear, the question that remains is "how?"

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 EXT. STREET - DAY

34

Marcus and Jas are being led up a street by Ihsan. Though they try to move casually, there's a whole lot of "looking over their shoulders" being done by the bunch.

The three arrive at a MECHANICS SHOP that looks very much closed for business. Ihsan raps on the door...raps again. The door opens and a man - EÓIN; thirties and with a rough demeanor - pops his head out, has a look up and down the street, then gives a tick of his head indicating for the trio to enter.

35 INT. MECHANICS SHOP - CONTINUOUS

35

As we come into the scene Eóin gets straight down to business. The man has a thick, Irish accent. He wears a few scars, just enough to announce that he's familiar with trouble. He is completely no nonsense.

EÓIN

Where's he at; this bloke you want sprung?

MARCUS

Wormwood Scrubs.

EÓIN

What's he in for?

MARCUS

He's a political prisoner.

EÓIN

IRA? Angry Brigade?

MARCUS

He's an independent revolutionary being unjustly held--

EÓIN

But what did he do, boy?

MARCUS

Stabbed a man robbing an off license.

Giving a dismissive laugh:

EÓIN

He's a punk. Look, be straight with me. I can't help you if you're not straight.

Jas begins to take some photos from her purse.

(CONTINUED)

JAS

I took some pictures of the prison.
It's right across the street from
my--

Waving her off:

EÓIN

I know what it looks like.

Eóin takes out some paper, a pencil and starts making a crude
blueprint.

EÓIN (CONT'D)

Your man's in C wing. That's where
they keep the punks. Wouldn't have
as many eyes on him as A and B
wing, but that don't make things
any easier. If he were a trustee,
that would help, but a punk's a
punk and I'm guessing he's got no
privileges. You'd have to get him
out shooting. You'd better really
want him out 'cause things are
likely to get bloody. I'd
want...five men at least.

JAS

Five plus us?

EÓIN

And what in hell would you two be
good for? I'd want five on the
outside, and I'd be needing to pay
off at least two men inside. Would
need a car. Enough money to go to
ground...

JAS

How much?

EÓIN

For the whole job? Seven thousand
pounds.

MARCUS

What?

EÓIN

Were you looking for charity? I
don't give a fuck about your fake
politics. All I care about is
making the dosh to put back into
the war on the Forces of
Oppression. Seven thousand.

JAS

We don't have anything close to that.

EÓIN

You must have something. What do you have?

JAS

We might... Maybe we could get seventy five pounds.

EÓIN

For a hundred I could get you a gun, but it'd be a right shitty one.

Marcus and Jas are again in bed. They sit together, but between them there is much disappointment at both the circumstances, and to a degree with each other.

Marcus tries to bridge the divide.

MARCUS

We did what we could.

Jas doesn't respond.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

There's nothing else to do.

Again Jas doesn't respond. She just reaches over and holds Marcus tightly. In turn, Marcus reaches over to the night stand and TURNS OUT THE LIGHT.

BLACK

OVER THIS WE HEAR:

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

What do you do?

MARCUS (V.O.)

I teach English.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER #2(V.O.)

And what do you want?

Marcus is again in the employment office sitting across from ANOTHER EMPLOYMENT OFFICER. Marcus is looking very much defeated, but is doing everything to maintain his dignity. For his part the employment officer is coolly efficient.

MARCUS

A...a position. I...I want to contribute. I would be very interested in a placement in University education, not that I wouldn't consider something at a Secondary school, but I think I'd have more to offer to students who were--

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER #2

You have a license?

MARCUS

I have a degree in--

EMPLOYMENT OFFICER #2

Do you have a driver's license? I could get you something in transport straight away. Now, if you can't drive there's a desperate need for porters, but you seem like one of the smart ones and I'd like to get you something good. Can you drive, then?

Marcus isn't sure how to answer the question. Can he drive? Probably. Would he drive...

38 INT. BEDSIT/MARCUS AND JAS'S "ROOM" - DAY 38

Marcus is alone in the room. His melancholy is evident. His mind is distracted as he listens to RADIO NEWS while cutting vegetables near a hot plate. Thoughtlessly, he nicks the tip of his finger. Not badly, but badly enough to draw blood.

39 INT. BEDSIT/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 39

Marcus is running water over the cut, cleaning it. The blood continues flowing. As he stares at the cut, at the blood, a thought comes to Marcus. It is distant, and fairly inarticulate. But it is new, and it excites him.

40 EXT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL - DAY 40

Marcus arrives at the exterior of the hospital. He looks around with an anxious and expectant energy. Despite the prison being right next door, outside the hospital the environment is fairly relaxed. There are some ambulances, some PARAMEDICS having a smoke and a laugh with some NURSES. But there is no urgency about the environment.

41 INT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 41

Marcus is now inside the hospital. As with the exterior, the environment is busy, but at the same time relaxed. People have been doing their jobs for so long they take their circumstances for granted.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

As Marcus continues to look around he hears his name called.

JAS

Marcus... What are you doing?

MARCUS

C'mere. C'mon.

Marcus hurriedly pulls Jas away from the thicket of people. Once sequestered, he speaks with her urgently but calmly. WE CANNOT HEAR WHAT'S BEING SAID, but we can see concern flood into Jas's eyes.

42

INT. BEDSIT/MARCUS AND JAS'S "ROOM" - DAY

42

IN A SERIES OF CUTS we see Marcus and Jas going through their belongings, collecting anything that might have value even if that value is limited. As they do, we can tell they're setting aside sentimentality in favor of getting the task done.

43

EXT. STREET/NOTTING HILL - DAY

43

We are back on the vibrant street, back to the stall where Marcus bought the record he gave to Jas. The Shop Owner goes through a bag full of Marcus and Jas's belongings. Some things she finds of interest, others she promptly sets aside. When she's done sorting, as she points to the items she wants:

STALL OWNER

Twenty pounds.

MARCUS

Twenty-five.

STALL OWNER

Not worth twenty-five.

MARCUS

Take it all. All of it for twenty-five.

STALL OWNER

I don't want all of it.

MARCUS

It's not junk. This clock isn't even two years old. C'mon. Five pounds. We need five more pounds.

STALL OWNER (CONT'D)

This is junk. It's just junk. Take the money, or don't take it. I don't want junk I can't sell.

44

INT. MECHANICS SHOP - EVENING

44

Marcus, Jas and Eóin. Jas puts the pound notes down on the table. Eóin takes them up, counts them. From a pocket he takes SOMETHING WRAPPED IN A DIRTY RAG. Inside is a small, .22 calibre revolver. It is old, it is worn... There are a

(CONTINUED)

few, small BULLETS wrapped up with it. It does not look in the least bit threatening, and Marcus has no problem saying as much.

MARCUS

What is that? That's a...a toy.
One hundred pounds, you said you'd
get us a gun.

EÓIN

A "shit" gun, and I'm good to my
word, mate.

MARCUS

No. No. We can't do anything with
that.

As Marcus rants on, Eóin casually begins to put ONE BULLET in the gun's cartridge.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You think we're a joke? We're
serious about what we're doing. We
paid you good money, and the hell
if we're going to take some little,
crap piece of bullshi--

Gun loaded, Eóin swings it around toward Marcus and takes steady aim. As would be expected, Marcus shuts the "F" up. He calms the "H" down. Eóin says very calmly:

EÓIN

A dog is only a dog from behind.
When you're face to face it's
mister dog.

EÓIN (CONT'D)

Unless you're a filthy Chalky.
Then it don't matter what end
you're dealing with.

There is an ugly beat before Eóin lowers the weapon, drily asks:

EÓIN (CONT'D)

You want the gun, or not?

Marcus and Jas sit on their mattress looking at the gun that's set between them.

JAS

Are you scared?

Marcus throws Jas a look which speaks to the obviousness of the question.

45

CONTINUED:

45

JAS (CONT'D)

Would you feel better if we had help?

MARCUS

It's us Jas. There is no help.

The pair sit with the weapon between them.

46

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

46

We are inside a community room at a community center. We see Dwight, along with a small CREW, standing with a Bolex 16mm film camera trained on a BLACK MAN in his early fifties who speaks with a noticeable Caribbean accent. At the moment the man is speaking eloquently about his migration to the UK during the Windrush.

CHARLES

There was a kind of general excitement and optimism on the boat over. The ship's mood was boisterous; most of the passengers were young men. But excitement was tinged with uncertainty. We were brought up that England was the Mother Country, and to respect the Royal Family. They tell you it is the 'mother country', you're all welcome, you're all British. When you come here, you realize you're a foreigner and that's all there is to it. You would see signs put up: "Rooms for rent, no niggers need apply." I wasn't going to leave. My country built this country. The labor and sweat of my brothers gave you ore and minerals, fruits and vegetables. You lived, because we saved you. Names on a sign mean nothing to us. This is our country. We built it.

Then with a smile:

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a stay.

His story is both heartfelt, and a touch heartbreaking as he touches upon the promises and disappointments of journey and arrival.

As the man's story concludes, Dwight lightly calls:

DWIGHT

...Cut...

(CONTINUED)

He looks up from his work to see a VOLUNTEER walking Jas over to the group. From Dwight's expression it's pretty clear that he wasn't expecting Jas.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

You need my help for what?

Dwight and Jas have sequestered themselves from others. It's a quiet spot where they can speak in confidence.

JAS

Can I trust you?

DWIGHT

You know you can always--

JAS

Can I trust you?

Dwight takes a moment, then goes to the door and closes it giving the two privacy.

JAS (CONT'D)

I'm going to do something.

DWIGHT

Something...what?

JAS

Direct political action.

DWIGHT

What's that mean? Jas, what the fuck does that mean?

JAS

We're going to liberate a political prisoner.

Dwight takes a moment to process this. It's an incredulous statement, but clearly she means it.

DWIGHT

You're going to bust some convict out of prison. That what you're saying? You going to put some punk back out on the streets.

JAS

You don't see the wrongly convicted as political prisoners?

DWIGHT

There are plenty of people in jail who are wrongly accused. But most of the ones you call political

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
prisoners are just thugs with thick
vocabularies. Who is it?

JAS
I can't tell you.

DWIGHT
How?

JAS
I can't--

DWIGHT
Tell me where are you going to go
after you do this. Where are you
going to run and hide? Christ...
What did Marcus talk you into?

JAS
Why's he the one who--

DWIGHT
Because this sounds like some shit
he'd come up with. Something to
make himself feel relevant.

JAS
He's doing things for your people.

DWIGHT
He's an unemployed English teacher.
He sold you on the romance of
revolution. Jas...he's using your
guilt over your father to talk you
into something stupid.

JAS
This was my idea.

DWIGHT
It's still your guilt, isn't it?
(beat)
Isn't it? You're not trying to
break out some convict, you're
trying to bust out your father.

JAS
Fuck you.

DWIGHT
You know it, and you know it's
wrong. Look, I'm sorry about your
friend getting killed by the
police...

JAS
You weren't even at the rally. You
couldn't even show up to support.
(MORE)

47

CONTINUED: (2)

47

JAS (CONT'D)

You did nothing then, I need your help now.

DWIGHT

You need help, or you need someone to talk you out of this? That's why you came to me; you want me to tell you to stop.

Trying as best he can to appeal to Jas's reason:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Jas, for Christ Sake, stop.

That hangs for a moment, perhaps the true answer to that question's just beyond Jas. Be that as it may, when she answers, it's with authority:

JAS

They are changing the laws on us. Our home, and they are taking it away. One day people are going to ask us what we did. I'm not going to tell them I sat on a fence.

With nothing left to say, Jas makes her exit.

BLACK

48

INT. BEDSIT/MARCUS AND JAS'S "ROOM" - MORNING

48

The first rays of the new morning sun are just creeping through the window. Marcus and Jas are up early. It is as though the two of them are working together on a little project. Jas writes out something on a little slip of paper, while Marcus takes a glass, wraps it in a rag, then begins to smash the glass with the heel of his shoe.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS we see Marcus pouring the finely broken glass into some plastic wrap. Jas taking the SLIP OF PAPER and putting it on top of the glass. Marcus rolling up the plastic into a SMALL, TIGHT LITTLE TUBE, and using some tape to bundle it all up.

49

INT. BEDSIT/BATHROOM - LATER

49

Jas enters the bathroom, and locks the door. She has with her the little plastic tube, and a jar of petroleum jelly. She takes some jelly from the jar, and slathers it over the plastic tube.

Jas then reaches down below FRAME, but the grimace on her face tells the story as she pushes and adjusts with her hand. The task is painful, but Jas is determined.

50 I/E. BUS - DAY 50

Marcus and Jas ride, Jas's discomfort evident. As the bus cruises it HITS A BUMP which shakes the whole of the vehicle.

Jas gives a deeply pained look. Marcus gives a look of understanding, but there is little he can do.

51 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/ENTRY WAY - LATER 51

Marcus and Jas are waiting in line to go through security checks. As they wait, a clearly distraught Jas faintly moans in distress and growing pain:

JAS
...It hurts...

MARCUS
Almost there.

JAS
I can't anymore.

MARCUS
Jas--

JAS
It fucking hurts!

Marcus grips Jas's hand tightly. She gives a wordless nod of her head. She can get through it, but clearly she can expend no extra energy in performing the chore.

52 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/VISITATION AREA - LATER 52

Along with other VISITORS, we see Marcus and Jas sitting down at a table across from Dhari. They are speaking very casually. With an equal casualness, Marcus TAPS HIS INDEX FINGER on the table top.

As this happens, THE CAMERA DROPS DOWN BELOW THE TABLE to reveal Jas removing the packet from between her legs and passing over to Dhari.

53 INT. HM PRISON WORMWOOD SCRUBS/DHARI'S CELL - LATER 53

Standing over what passes for a sink/toilet combo we see Dhari very secretively opening the package that was delivered to him. There is the crushed glass, and there is the little note that previously we did not fully see. We can see now what is written on the note. It says very plainly: TRUST US.

Dhari maintains his gaze on the note, then turns on the faucet, PUTS ALL OF THE GLASS IN HIS MOUTH, cups the running water and washes the glass down. More rightly, he CHOKES IT DOWN. We hold on Dhari as he stares at himself in the mirror and...waits.

(CONTINUED)

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

- 54 EXT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL - DAY 54
- An ambulance pulls up to the emergency entrance. A couple of PARAMEDICS hop out along with a SINGLE PRISON GUARD. They rush around to the bay of the vehicle and "unload" Dhari. They are met by a DOCTOR and NURSE. The Guard, Doctor, Nurse and ONE OF THE PARAMEDICS move very quickly for the interior of the hospital. They travel swiftly past Jas who very coolly watches the scene unfold.
- Once the circus has passed, so to speak, WE STAY WITH JAS as she trails the group into the hospital, watches surreptitiously as Dhari is wheeled into an EXAMINING ROOM. Jas moves sloowly past the room. She sees Dhari CUFFED TO A BED, the Dr. giving Dhari a looking over, and just the one guard attending him. WE CONTINUE TO STAY WITH JAS as she travels to a SERVICE PHONE. She takes a slip of paper from her pocket, dials, waits as the PHONE RINGS...
- 55 INT. PHONE BOX - SIMULTANEOUS 55
- The phone RINGS, and waiting to immediately answer it is Marcus. He picks up the phone, he does not say a word, he just listens for a moment, hangs up, steps from the box and heads on his way.
- 56 EXT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL - LATER 56
- Jas is hanging out outside the hospital. It's just her, and the Paramedic - BRIAN - who's having a smoke. Brian's about thirty. A rather nondescript white fellow. Behind Brian in the near BG we can see Marcus making his way toward the scene. Jas sees Marcus, but does not acknowledge him. Instead she calls to Brian:
- JAS
Hey, yah. Can you give us a hand?
- Politely, but with a measure of disinterest, Brian moves toward Jas.
- BRIAN
Yeah. What's up?
- Just as Brian arrives to Jas, Marcus arrives to Brian. He remains BEHIND Brian. Though Marcus uses a voice that is the epitome of command and control, what we can see - and what Brian cannot - is that Marcus is scared as hell.
- As he presses a gun to back of Brian's neck.
- MARCUS
You know what this is? Huh!
- BRIAN
...Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Know what's at your head?

BRIAN

...Please, I got a wife...

MARCUS

It's not about you, but I'm not
fucking about, mate. Understand?

BRIAN

Yeah, yeah.

MARCUS

Follow the girl. Relax, and it's
all good.

WE STAY WITH THIS FORCED TRIO as they travel INTO THE HOSPITAL and down a corridor, MARCUS LOWERING THE GUN TO BRIAN'S BACK, KEEPING IT OUT OF SIGHT OF OTHERS. They move with a stilted casualness that to an unsuspecting eye only barely approximates normality. The delicate balance is nearly broken as they pass Brian's partner - PAUL - who we'd previously seen arrive with Dhari.

PAUL

Brian...

BRIAN

...Not now...

PAUL

Yah alright?

MARCUS

(quietly forceful)
Fob him off.

BRIAN

Not now!

With Paul watching curiously, the trio continue down the corridor. They ENTER the examining room where Dhari has been left.

Inside the room is Dhari - cuffed to the bed - and just the SINGLE GUARD. There are TWO DOORS to the room, the door which the group has just entered and a second door with a frosted glass pane.

As they enter, the Guard rises from a chair, not at all sure what to make of the group. Jas gives the order:

JAS

Do it.

GUARD

What?

JAS

Do it!

Marcus takes the gun from Brian's back and quickly, violently PISTOL WHIPS the Guard. The moment the Guard hits the ground Jas is all over him pulling free his KEYS. Once that's done, she moves to Dhari and begins to hurriedly unlock his cuffs. Down to business:

JAS (CONT'D)

You have to walk.

DHARI

My arse, girl.

JAS

You've got tears on your sphincter
and anus, you're alright but you
have to--

There is movement at THE DOOR WITH THE GLASS PANE. On pure anxious reflex Marcus turns and FIRES THE GUN. The pane SHATTERS. WE CANNOT SEE THE INDIVIDUAL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, BUT WE CAN VERY CLEARLY HEAR WHAT SOUNDS VERY MUCH LIKE A MORTALLY WOUNDED PERSON.

What transpires quite literally freezes Marcus; the growing reality he may have just shot someone.

Jas, trying to wake Marcus from his stupor:

JAS (CONT'D)

Marcus!

He does not move. Jas snatches the gun from Marcus's hand, and takes charge of the affair. Putting the gun to Brian, she barks orders to Marcus:

JAS (CONT'D)

Get Dhari!

Marcus, in a somnambulistic fashion, takes up Dhari and helps him FROM THE ROOM, BACK INTO THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

By this time, as to be expected, STAFF have responded to the commotion. As they move into the corridor, they are met by the cold, unblinking eye of Jas's gun. She does not yell, she does not say anything. She doesn't need to. The gun, that little dog, does all the speaking for her.

We stay with the quad as they move THROUGH THE CORRIDOR AND BACK OUT OF THE HOSPITAL TO THE BAY WHERE THE AMBULANCE IS

PARKED. Once outside and near the vehicle Jas says very demonstratively to Brian:

JAS
Get in and drive.

BRIAN
...I don't have the key...

JAS
Drive the fucking--

BRIAN
My partner has the key! You shot him!

<p>JAS Listen to me! Listen to me! Get in and start that thing!</p>	<p>DHARI Do you hear what he's saying? He doesn't have the key!</p>
---	---

There is a bit of a WTF moment as nobody is sure what to do, but all know there is not a shitload of time to figure things out.

Truly like a guy who's got no other, better plan, MARCUS MOVES BACK INTO THE CORRIDOR, LOOKS AROUND AND AMONG THE COWERING PEOPLE AND ASKS ALMOST AS MUCH AS HE DEMANDS:

MARCUS
Keys... Car keys. Who's got car keys?

In short order, a TREMBLING INDIVIDUAL, holds up a pair of keys. Marcus snatches them and starts to head BACK OUT OF THE HOSPITAL. Just as he reaches the door, he stops, TURNS BACK:

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Which car?

TREMBLING INDIVIDUAL
...A Rover. ...Blue...

Marcus moves BACK OUTSIDE to the hospital bay. Jas, Dhari and Brian still wait.

Marcus, taking a quick look around the parking space:

MARCUS
That one. The Rover!

The quad moves for a parked ROVER. The keys are, in fact, the correct pair. Brian is forced BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE VEHICLE as the rest of this band jam into the car.

Brian turns over the car, puts it in gear and starts to drive off.

58

CONTINUED: (2)

58

The car heads out of frame and away from the hospital. We hold on the car as it fades into the distance. For a bit of a sustained moment there is nothing. There is just an unsettling quiet after the storm. At the tail end of this beat we hear the sound of approaching sirens. A moment later a POLICE CAR pulls into the parking lot and some OFFICERS exit with urgency. However, the very delay in their arrival speaks to the substantial head start Marcus and Jas have on the law.

BLACK

59

INT. HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL - EVENING

59

We come into the aftermath of the breakout. POLICE OFFICERS have flooded the space. Among them is Pence who stands just beyond the door where Marcus fired off the shots. On the floor are BLOODSTAINS.

As he stares at the blood, his thoughts are interrupted when his partner calls to him:

CULLEN

Pence...

Pence crosses over to Cullen who's standing next to a HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR. He's a white man about fifty years old. Cullen's holding a file; employment information on Jas and a photo of her.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

That's her. Was her and her boyfriend.

Pence looks at the photo.

PENCE

...Fuck...

CULLEN

You know 'em?

Pence doesn't bother to respond. File in hand, he starts to head from the Hospital.

60

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

60

We come in on the Rover parked in a field seemingly miles from anywhere. Dhari and Marcus are siphoning gas from the car's tank into a bottle as Jas and Brian sit away from the action. Jas has got the gun in hand. Nominally, she holds it on Brian. He stares at the gun same as if he's staring at an executioner's ax. With the broken voice of a condemned man:

BRIAN

Can I show you a picture of my wife?

(CONTINUED)

Brian starts to take out his wallet.

JAS

Leave it.

BRIAN

She's right pretty. She's not...Raquel Welch, or anything, but I'm lucky to have her.

JAS

Put it back.

Holding out the photo.

BRIAN

Just look at her. Only been married three years. She wants kids so bad.

Dhari and Marcus cross back over to Jas.

DHARI

Told you not to talk to him.

BRIAN

I never...never wanted kids, but she wants 'em so bad.

DHARI

Lemme have the gun.

BRIAN

Please...

Jas doesn't hand over the gun, much to Dhari's frustration.

DHARI

You know he's going straight to the coppers, right?

Still nothing from Jas.

DHARI (CONT'D)

Why you doing this? Why you bust me out?

MARCUS

We're trying to start something.

DHARI

Start what?

MARCUS

We want to wake people up.

DHARI

You want to fight?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Yes.

DHARI

You want a revolution? Lemme tell you something: you fight a war, you gotta spill some blood. Gimmie the gun.

Again Jas does nothing.

DHARI (CONT'D)

Gimmie the fucking gun!

Dhari moves for Jas. The moment she does, Jas turns the gun on Dhari and does so with the seriousness of cancer.

DHARI (CONT'D)

You gonna shoot me? That what you gonna do?

JAS

We sprung you. This is our action. We're in charge.

DHARI

Dig it. So what's the plan? You're in charge, what do we do next?

MARCUS

...We don't know...

DHARI

Well, that's a shit plan then, isn't it?

Seeing how things are going, Dhari turns to Brian, tells him very plainly:

DHARI (CONT'D)

Run. Start moving and don't turn around.

BRIAN

You're gonna shoot me in the back.

DHARI

Run!

Brian takes off running.

Lighting up the Molotov cocktail in hand, Dhari tosses it at the car. The thing goes up in flames. IT DOES NOT EXPLODE. It burns as an actual car would burn. Dhari turns back to Marcus and Jas.

60

CONTINUED: (3)

60

DHARI (CONT'D)

Let's go. ...If that's cool with you.

As the car continues to consume itself, the trio moves off into the night.

61

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

61

We are in the Notting Hill area of London. It should sport a fairly palpable "ethnic" flavor in some of the store front signage or a few flags that fly which are from nations other than England. Despite the hour, we can hear MUSIC with a beat which has a good bit more flavor to it than what's playing on Top of the Pops.

Marcus, Jas and Dhari - who is obviously in pain but muscling through the hurt - arrive to a bit of unforgiving street. Not necessarily a spot one would want to be found at night...which happens to be the hour.

Landing on a corner, Dhari says with some solid seriousness:

DHARI

You stay here until I call you over. Understand?

MARCUS

Yeah.

DHARI

Understand?

MARCUS

Yes.

Having made his severity clear, Dhari struggles off to the near distance. He arrives to a doorway, knocks... Knocks again. After a moment the door OPENS slightly...then enough for Dhari to slip inside. And then he is gone. And for a moment there is perhaps the feeling Dhari might be gone for good. We can certainly read that anxious feeling in Marcus and Jas's expressions. And just as that dread begins to settle in, again Dhari appears at the doorway. He signals to Jas and Marcus who quick time it over to Dhari who ushers them INTO THE BUILDING with equal rapidity.

62

INT. ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

62

The moment Marcus and Jas enter the space they are hit in the face with a harsh WHITE LIGHT.

As they shield their eyes, a female voice - one with a hard northern or Irish or Scottish accent - demands quite calmly but firmly:

(CONTINUED)

SHIVA (O.C.)
Hands from your face! Put 'em
down.

DHARI
Shiva! Kill that shit.

The light goes off. We can see standing in the interior of the house SHIVA; a white girl in her mid twenties. She looks like a rough customer, the kind who doesn't take anyone's shit. To underscore that fact, her hand that isn't holding the TORCH she was using is sporting a very serious looking SHOTGUN. Drily:

SHIVA
They alright?

DHARI
Real cool. They busted me out of
The Scrubs.

Shiva takes a moment to allow this curiousness to sink in. Ticking her head toward a staircase:

SHIVA
Upstairs. Fast.

Shiva leads up the stairs toward a room.

We pick up the action of the group entering the room. Banks should be this secure, the door itself nearly thick enough to be used for a vault. The space is fairly sizable, and is more of a perch or a lookout than space for relaxed dwelling. It is the essence of an urban safehouse.

Once inside with the door firmly closed behind them:

SHIVA
How close is the filth?

Shiva moves to a window, has herself a look at the surrounding area outside, prepping herself for trouble.

DHARI
We got away clean.

Another very curious development for Shiva.

SHIVA
You serious? What are they?
Sandinistas, Tamil Tigers?

DHARI
They're my English teachers.

Shiva gives a look.

DHARI (CONT'D)

He does English. She's a nurse.

JAS

I'm...I'm not really a nurse, I'm--

DHARI

(to Shiva)

You got something to drink?

SHIVA

Yeah. I got something.

Shiva goes to retrieve a bottle of liquor as Dhari finally eases himself down. Shiva tosses the bottle to Dhari, then turns on a radio.

SHIVA (CONT'D)

What's up with your arse?

Speaking in a bit of a daze:

JAS

...He just has... They're anal tears...

DHARI

Should have seen this brother.
Shot a man.

MARCUS

No, I didn't!

DHARI

Hey...

MARCUS

I didn't hurt anybody. I didn't--

DHARI

Hey!

Both Jas and Marcus give Dhari his full attention.

DHARI (CONT'D)

You two, you dig where you're at now, right? You've done things, so don't pretend you didn't. Everything you had before, your whole life; that's done. You're guerrillas now.

Both Marcus and Jas stand for a moment, a moment more... Very unexpectedly, Jas's mouth jerks open and she VOMITS. The weight of reality forcing her gut clean.

SHIVA

Oh, shit.

MARCUS

Get a towel.

SHIVA

You just vomit on my floor?

MARCUS

Get me a damn towel!

As Shiva does as instructed, Dhari hears something on the radio.

DHARI

Dig it! They're talking about us!

Dhari crosses over to the radio with Shiva. He sits and listens in the background as we stay with Marcus and Jas as he cleans her up. We can clearly hear the NEWS READER embellishing the event: talking about Marcus and Jas's "well timed," "well planned" breakout with Dhari. How the couple are akin to Meinhof and Baader.

Eventually, Marcus lulls his head over toward Jas. He asks:

MARCUS

You cool?

Working up all the confidence she has:

JAS

I'm so fucking cool.

Marcus takes Jas's hand. And they hold on, like they're gonna be holding on forever.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD/SPECIAL BRANCH/BLACK DESK OFFICES - NIGHT

Pence arrives to the offices with Jas's file still in hand. He goes and searches out the surveillance photos he took of Julian. He quickly skims through them and finds photos of Julian with Jas and Marcus in the background. But at this point it's Jas and Marcus Pence is gunning for. He finds a decent picture of the pair of them, walks them over to the Ops Board... Taking down the photo of Julian, Pence replaces it with the photo of Jas and Marcus.

Pence stares at the pair, making a silent vow: He's going to find Marcus and Jas. When he does, he's going to make sure they receive every little thing they've got coming.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW