

# **FOUR LIONS**

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Video image. WAJ is 20, a British Pakistani, built like a fridge. He wears camos, a black headscarf & behind him a rug is pinned to the wall.

WAJ

Yeah?

BARRY

No, sit properly like you're gonna mean it - like you mean it. No, Waj, don't muck about cos the battery's gonna go. Sit...

WAJ

Who's mucking about? but I'm not mucking about.

BARRY

Well you can't sit like that.

Above shot lasts about a second then we see Omar and Barry are looking at this on the monitor screen of the camera. Barry is filming.

OMAR

What's wrong with how he's sitting Barry?

BARRY

Come and have a look, it's wrong.

OMAR

There's nothing wrong with it.

WAJ gets up to see what he looks like in the camera.

BARRY

Not you. No. Right what you looking at?

WAJ

There's nothing there.

BARRY

No there's nothing there. Now, go and sit down. You can't see yourself now can you.

WAJ

I thought you were recording it!

BARRY

Now sit, sit. Fessal go away.

WAJ

I'm ready, i'm ready.

OMAR

Alright, Waj just relax your face. Now focus on what you're going to say

BARRY

We've got to go before the battery goes.

OMAR

One, two, three, action.

Video image... WAJ. He is a proud mujahid - holding his gun. An AK47. Half size. Plastic. Toy. He stares at the lens, pumps himself a face, holds it, looks off...

WAJ

Ayup you unbelieving kuffar bastards - I'm gonna turn ya baked beanz! - what?

He has been put off by something Barry is doing.

BARRY

What's with the gun?

WAJ

Hey it's proper replica man.

BARRY

What for - action man?

WAJ

Replica AK47.

BARRY

It's too small, man.

WAJ

It's not too small brother. That's just me hands. Big hands, brother. (looks to Omar)

OMAR

Shut up, Barry. Try it without our kid and let's go.

BARRY

It's too small, believe me.

WAJ

(beat) I'll bigger it. I'll hold it nearer the camera that'll bigger it.

Waj proffers the feeble unit & his hand enlarges with the lens.

WAJ

Ayup you unbelieving kuffar bastards.

BARRY

No,no, this is stupid, this is absolutely stupid....

2

INT. OMAR & SOPHIA'S HOUSE. DAY.

\*\*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THAT OMAR AND SOPHIA ARE WATCHING THE VIDEO ON THEIR TELLY - WITH THE VIDEO CAMERA PLUGGED IN. OMAR IS GLANCING AT SOPHIA AS THEY WATCH, LOOKING A BIT WORRIED - IS THIS OK? IT'S NOT OK ... HE'S EMBARRASSED.

OMAR

These are the outtakes - the bloopers

SHE STROKES HIS HAIR AFFECTIONATELY AS HE ZOOMS THROUGH THE TAPE.

SOPHIA

He looks good (indicating Omar on sceren).

WE SEE OMAR ON SCREEN NOW - WAJ NEXT TO HIM. THE VID RUNS FOR A WHILE - OMAR COHERENT - PASSIONATE.

OMAR

Today is a wake up call. Today is an opportunity for you to look in the mirror at your western...

OMAR CLOCKS SOFIA WHO THINKS THIS IS MORE LIKE IT

OMAR

imperialist culture, superficial materialism ends at the capitalist church of McDonald's.

WAJ

Flippin idiots

Omar watching the video winces

OMAR

It's as though you've just had a big mac, completely oblivious to the amount...

WAJ

Complete flippin idiots. You could have gone Chicken Cottage, proper halal, bargain bucket 6.99!

OMAR

What you talking about?

WAJ

Talking about Chicken Cottage...

OMAR CAN'T HIDE THIS NONSENSE FROM SOFIA - WHO IS LOOKING LIKE SHE WANTS TO SUPPORT THE PROJECT BUT CAN'T FIND A Foothold

OMAR (CONT'D)

Dah! There's another one where he doesn't say that.

MAHMOOD

(OMAR'S 8 YEAR OLD SON)

Your bit's good Dad.

OMAR IS CONFLICTED - FRUSTRATED - NODS DISCONSOLATELY AT SCREEN. NOW THERE'S A VIDEO OF FESSAL WITH A BOX ON HIS HEAD.

BARRY

Take the box off.

FESSAL

I cant show my face because it's an image. An image is a haram.

OMAR LOOKS AT FESSAL WITH HIS HEAD IN THE BOX AND BACK TO SOFIA

OMAR.

You know what, they're all bloopers. What am I going to do if he does that at the camp? (turns to Mahmood) Mahmood, do you think Uncle Fessal's ready to go to Pakistan?

MAHMOOD

No way.

CUT TO

3 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

\*\*

We see OMAR and MATT are in front of the bank of TV screens. Security men, staring at the boring footage, looking bored. Omar is deep in thought - can't believe how boring this all is.

MATT

(after a long beat)

I ran 23k on the weekend. 6k Saturday morning. Had a light lunch.

(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)

Snack a jacks and a medium apple.  
5k in the afternoon. 'Cos  
obviously it was after lunch, so.  
Then same again on Sunday.  
Although in the afternoon I only  
did 4k cos I'd had a roast. I  
would have gone further y'know  
but I started to run a bit  
lopsided. Yeah, I'm not slagging  
my right leg off, but my left  
leg's definitely stronger.

Matt stretches the other leg. Omar is bored shitless -  
looking at his laptop, occasionally registering fake signs  
of listening. Suddenly something on the screen takes his  
attention. In an email window - a message from Uncle P -  
reads simply "wedding list full - last chance!!"

MATT (CONT'D)

I think lefty just wants it more.  
Righty's bone idle, he just waits  
there let's lefty to pick up the  
slack - then before you know it  
you're running in curves - I'm  
going to have to put my foot down  
you know, really show him who's  
boss, you know what I mean? You  
can talk to your legs you know.

OMAR

(makes a decision)  
I need tomorrow off.

MATT

What?

OMAR

I need tomorrow off and the two  
weeks after that.

MATT

Jesus. I thought you were serious  
about this job Omar?

OMAR

I've got to go to a wedding in  
Pakistan.

MATT

You've got to ask yourself where  
you'll be in five years time?

OMAR

It's an emergency.

MATT

What an emergency wedding? Like,  
a shotgun wedding?

OMAR

Like a shotgun wedding, yeah.

MATT

Well, I'll have a look at the  
rota.

4 OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (BOMB FACTORY)- LIVING ROOM.DAY

\*\*

BARRY IS SITTING IN THE JIHADI POSITION - WAJ IS ON THE  
CAMERA. THE FIRST FEW BEATS OF DIALOGUE WILL RUN OVER A  
SLOW ZOOMING ESTABLISHING SHOT THAT LINKS THE SHOPPING  
CENTRE VIA THE MOTORWAY TO THE BOMB FACTORY WINDOW.

BARRY

The Feds can track your phone  
even if the battery's out.  
Really. They can see you  
underground right...

WAJ

Can they see you if you're not  
there?

BARRY

Where's there?

WAJ

I don't know.

BARRY

They can see you everywhere, Waj.

FESSAL

Are they looking at us through  
cameras?

BARRY

Space cameras, yes

FESSAL

But me dad says I'm not supposed  
to be on camera - it's haram

BARRY

With the greatest of respect  
Fessal your dad eats newspaper

FESSAL

Not any more. He eats moths.

BARRY

Exactly bro - look the way to  
stop the Feds tracking you is  
very simple - you eat your  
simcard. Get your simcards out.  
Remove your simcard and...

WAJ

Can I cook mine?

BARRY

No you must eat it raw. Like this

BARRY GOBS HIS SIMCARD & CHEWS. OMAR BLAMS IN THE DOOR

OMAR

Salam lads

Salams

WAJ

We're eating our simcards

BARRY

Anti surveillance

OMAR

(joking) You know they still work inside you Barry - they can still track them inside you - that's not going to be very helpful in Pakistan.

BARRY

What?

OMAR

Pakistan. I answered the call bro.

BARRY

What call?

OMAR

Training camp. We're upgrading. We're going.

BARRY

Why d'you get the call? Why didn't I get the call?

OMAR

Cos you dont have an Uncle in Pakistan Barry, last time I checked. You've got an uncle in Folkestone. Are there any training camps in Folkestone?

BARRY

Why do we need training camp anyway? We're primed! We don't need some tramp up a mountain telling us to set a fuse. We don't need some paki Steptoe telling us when to go!

OMAR

You're right Barry. We can go off any time we want.

BARRY

Exactly, whenever we want, bro.

OMAR

Yeah, if you want to be some sad loner trenchcoat mafia twazzock.

BARRY

What do you mean?

OMAR

What I mean is - you can either be some stupid nutter Muslim who blows a bag full of nails into his own guts in the toilets at TGI's or you can be a proper soldier in the Mujahideen?

BARRY

I'm already in the mujahideen.

OMAR

No you're not bro. Not until you join the army and hold the sword. Touch the sky.

(Barry looks interested)

Proper chain of command right to the very top.

He points up as if to indicate Allah. Barry thinking hard.

BARRY

Alright. I'm coming.

OMAR

Oh you want paki Steptoe now do you?

BARRY

Listen I am the most Al Qaeda one here.

OMAR

Think of the group, Barry, think of what we're trying to do, right. It's best you stay here, Barry. You're a liability and you're a loose cannon.

BARRY

Bollocks I'm a liability. I am the invisible jihadi.

(MORE)

BARRY (cont'd)

They seek him here, they seek him there, but he's not there cos he's blowing up your slag sister!

OMAR

Invisible? Like the time you got on the local news for baking a twin towers cake and leaving it in the synagogue on 9/11.

BARRY

That was part of the plan - hide in plain sight you mug. And I am coming.

CUT TO

5 EXT. BARRY'S CAR / ROAD TO AIRPORT. DAY. \*\*

CUT TO:

6 INT. BARRY'S CAR/ EXT. ROAD TO AIRPORT. DAY. \*\*

Omar is next to Barry. Waj is in the back with Fessal. Beady eyes. Barry is driving Omar and Waj to the airport. Suddenly he outbursts.

BARRY

You realize if I don't come with you to Pakistan bro Islam is finished!

OMAR

(soothes)

Listen bro, we need you over here to keep a lid on things.

BARRY

Sure, so what if I'm not here coz I bought a ticket at the airport and I come with you anyways?

Very pleased with this, tetchy Barry depockets his passport. Omar is taken aback.

BARRY

You wanna come Fess?

Fessal is unexpectedly on the spot

FESSAL

Yeah it's just me dads seeing creatures that's not there. (this is seriously alarming to Fessal)

BARRY  
 (to omar re Fessal)  
 So he'll keep it ticking over  
 here bro.

OMAR  
 (right) Barry right it you can  
 answer this question you can  
 come.

Barry nods assent.

OMAR  
 (in Urdu) How's your Urdu you  
 mouse's minge?

Waj and Fessal laugh. Barry knows he is stumped.

BARRY  
 Don't fuck with me man. Don't  
 fuck with Azzam al Britani!  
 (himself)

Fury rising - Barry slams on the brakes - recklessly -  
 skidding. - pulls in to layby.

BARRY  
 If I'm not going no one is!

A beat. Omar looks at the ignition key. Barry whips it out  
 and shoves it in his gob. Waj grabs Barry's neck, claws his  
 nose from behind him, & starts reaching into Barry's mouth.  
 Barry, making stupid guttural noises, swallows the key.

WAJ  
 Its gone down his neck.

OMAR  
 (new plan - to Waj )  
 Right frog him. Frog him in the  
 back bro!

BARRY  
 (protesting)  
 No, no frogging, we agreed no  
 frogging, you said no frogging.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LAYBY / INT. BARRY'S CAR. DAY - CONTINUOUS

\*\*

Super quick Waj piles out the car. Barry resists until Waj  
 sticks his thumb in his mouth, and walks Barry to the boot  
 of the car. Omar starts to hotwire the car. Barry complies  
 with the frogging physically but protests.

BARRY

What if you get caught? - I'm not going down just coz you can't take a drill in the knee-cap. They'll crack you like baby's fingers! They'll pump you full of Viagra and make you fuck a dog.

Waj opens the boot. Barry leaning in to Waj as he ties Barry up.

WAJ

Stay still brother Barry.

BARRY

You'll end up on you tube - blowing Lassie in a ditch.

Waj flips Barry into the car and slams the boot - Omar wire-starts the car - Waj clambers back into the back of the car - Omar to drive.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BARRY'S CAR. DAY - CONTINUOUS

\*\*

WAJ

Are they gonna make me fuck a dog out there brother Omar?

OMAR

(to Waj) Bro. My uncle's connected. Only time we'll see cops is for weapons upgrade!

Waj is relieved. Suddenly Barry's head bursts thru the armrest panel in the back seat

BARRY

Alright Omar, I'm letting you go to Pakistan. My unit stays here. But my unit's the main unit.

OMAR

Barry - shut up mate - because I tell you, your little brain cell might go off now and again but if your hands even go to move - if you start setting up the Islamic state of Tinsley again - going to university lectures opening your big mouth - buying some more silver nitrate from Amazon - I'm going to rip your plugs out.

BARRY.

Not if you're not here you won't.

With emphatic punctuation Waj slams Barry back into the boot and shuts the armrest on him.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. AIRPORT DAY. \*\*

Plane taking off to Pakistan.

10 EXT. RAWALPINDI STREET/ EXT. TUK TUK. PAKISTAN. - NIGHT \*\*

High view of crowded Pakistani city. Tracking front view of Tuk Tuk drives through the crowded streets of a Pakistani city. New sounds.

CUT TO:

11 INT. TUK TUK/ EXT. RAWALPINDI STREET. PAKISTAN - NIGHT. \*\*

Waj and Omar with Uncle X are rammed in a row of three - facing out through the back. Waj is scoffing a samosa. Uncle eyes them judgmentally. Waj is worried.

UNCLE X  
(in Punjabi about Waj)  
Is he as stupid as he looks?

OMAR  
(checks Waj, Punjabi) No uncle.

UNCLE X  
(Punjabi) So what in a prostitute's howling trap is this?

He pulls out Waj's prayer reciting teddy bear.

WAJ  
Me prayer bear! He does me prayers.

Uncle considers for a moment then shouts through to the driver.

UNCLE X  
(Punjabi) Stop!

The Tuk Tuk screeches to a sudden halt outside a shop.

CUT TO:

12

INT. SHOP RAWALPINDI. PAKISTAN.NIGHT.

\*\*

In a back room full of junk & stores & caged chickens - Uncle rifles through Omar and Waj's bags. Chucking contents about with contempt - Astronaut food, Sports Nutriment, trainers, socks, bits of low level camping kit.

WAJ

What the fuck's he going to do with those rabbits bro.

OMAR

They're not rabbits bro, they're chickens.

WAJ

They're rabbits.

OMAR

Bro, if they're rabbits, where are their ears?

WAJ

That's what I'm saying.

Uncle X brandishes an Islam for kids learning book from out of the rucksack.

UNCLE X

(Punjabi) Would you kill him?

OMAR

What?

UNCLE X

(Punjabi) He's an idiot - would you kill him?

Omar is gobsmacked.

WAJ

What's he saying?

UNCLE X

(sudden English) I'm asking would he kill you?!

The boys stare at each other - specially Waj.

UNCLE X

Pack up. If you make me trouble (Punjabi) I'll stitch your gobs to the fucking shit pipe.

He goes to leave.

UNCLE X

Salam aleykum.

WAJ/OMAR  
Wa-likumasalaam.

Uncle X leaves. Omar exhales in relief.

WAJ  
(beat) Would you kill me then?

They start to reload their bags.

OMAR  
(protects him) No - course not.

WAJ  
(relief causing joke) I'd kill  
you bro.

Beat.

OMAR  
(half amused) Would you?

WAJ  
Yeah.

OMAR  
(what he really thinks)  
Right good coz I would kill you  
bro. Bro, seriously I'd kill you,  
course I would! - I'd kill you  
like that (clicks fingers)

WAJ  
Flippin heck man would ya?

OMAR  
Yeah course.

WAJ  
Right, I sort of thought I were  
jokin' a bit there bro.

OMAR  
We're soldiers bro - whatever's  
asked - you do it - you do the  
right thing. Right, you with me?  
It's life innit, it's just life.  
What is that? Its nothing. It's  
like being stuck in the queue at  
Alton Towers. Do you want be in the  
queues or do you want to be on the  
rides. You want to be on the rides  
dont you? You want to be on Nemesis  
or Oblivion.

WAJ  
(getting it, remembering)  
Rubber Dingy Rapids.  
(MORE)

WAJ (cont'd)

Yeah, rubber dingy rapids! - OK I would kill ya brother Omar! I'd smash your head off with a thing.

OMAR

Do you know what I'd do Waj. I'd grab one of these hooks and I'd dig it in your belly, I'd rip your guts out and spill them all out like Mortal Combat.

WAJ

I'd take this right and I'd fucking run you over with a tractor.

OMAR

Yeah? Soldiers brother. Mujahid.

WAJ

Ha ha! Soldiers man! Mujahid!

Exhilarated, they high five and embrace.

OMAR

Come on

WAJ

Yeah come on, do you want some rabbit, you fucked up rabbit with no ears.

OMAR

Waj, they're chickens.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CAR / ROUGH ROAD. PAKISTAN. JUST BEFORE DAWN.

\*\*

Car 4x4 side/headlights speeds through barren landscape. Omar awake and Waj asleep on him as the car rumbles along. Car bounces through scrub near encampment - stops. The driver opens the door & hauls Omar & Waj out and goes round to the back of the car. Their bags arrive rudely through the air - driver jumps back into car and leaves them there. Alone in a big space. From 50 metres away - a voice

KHALID

(Arabic) Hurry up - morning prayers (English) You are late.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. TRAINING ENCAMPMENT. PAKISTAN. DAWN. \*\*

They hurry over to the encampment - some camo'd tents - a shed and a vehicle - where a bunch of mujahadeen trainees are assembling for prayer.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. TRAINING ENCAMPMENT PRAYER AREA. PAKISTAN. DAY. \*\*

Waj is unrolling his prayer mat - but the guy next to him has a big problem with it

PAKISTANI MUJ  
(furious punjabi) Turn around,  
Mecca is over there.

Waj is puzzled - his prayer mat is facing the rising sun. This guy is forcing him to spin 180 degrees in the opposite direction.

WAJ  
Fuck off bro, east is that way.

Omar alerted from his prayer preparations.

OMAR  
Waj we've flown over Mecca now.  
We've gone past Mecca?

WAJ  
(explaining as if to a child)  
Mecca's in the east yeah?  
(enunciates slowly) where the  
(points, mimes a sphere) sun -  
the sun yeah? Where it rises you  
behn choad paki prong

Khalid is cross & suddenly there. Waj looks massively massively puzzled. Khalid is not impressed. The moment is broken by a noise from the sky. Khalid reacts suddenly - calls the trainees in to the shelter of the camo nets around the hut.

KHALID  
(arabic) Drone take cover.  
American Drone - quick!

As they duck under the nets - Omar spots the AT4 in the back of the motorbike wheelbarrow and starts to pick it up. Khalid knows this won't work.

OMAR  
Hey brother, I'll take it out

KHALID (CONT'D)  
 (Arabic) too high! (English) too high!

OMAR  
 That's what I was thinking. What is that? Two thousand feet?

KHALID  
 (in disbelief) What?

CUT TO:

16 EXT. NORTHERN RED BRICK UNIVERSITY - EVENING  
 Establishing shot.

\*\*

CUT TO:

17 INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE THEATRE - EVENING

\*\*

A well-attended University Islamic Society debate is under way in a lecture theatre, a mixed White/Asian audience. A banner behind the stage reads "Islam - moderation and progress" with a smaller subtitle "Hallbeck College ISOC Debate". Barry is on the panel along with religious-looking older Muslim imam, a suited male White MP, a journalist white woman. Chairwoman is Asian, in a headscarf but very westernized.

MACOLM STORGE MP  
 ...in depth knowledge of Islam but what I do know is that most British Muslims they don't want to be out abroad fighting British foreign policy what they want to do is get on peacefully with their daily lives and we support them...

BARRY  
 Yeah "A good Muslim always keeps his mouth shut"-yeah- And you're surprised kids are going off to training camps?

MALCOLM STORGE MP  
 That is not what I'm saying...

CHAIRWOMAN  
 (turning to Barry) So why are kids going off to training camps?

BARRY  
 Right well first off, I object to the term 'training camps'.

CHAIRWOMAN  
 You just used it.

BARRY

(disbelief) No I did not - It's a Western fantasy - you people think of Muslims running around the mountains with guns and bombs. Yeah, that'd suit you down to the ground, wouldn't it!

CHAIR

But - they do exist don't they?...

BARRY

I'm not saying they don't exist. What I'm saying is - if you'll listen - is that if they didn't exist, you people would have to invent them.

MALCOLM STORGE MP

That's absolute rubbish.

Suddenly a young Asian man is on his feet and shouting. HASSAN. 20. British Pakistani, ex public school. He's a wannabe. In a puffer jacket.

HASSAN

(applauding Barry) Yeah! Yeah! Man. This whole debate is twisted, man.

CHAIR

We'll take questions later please-

HASSAN

Nah, nah, nah, man, you think we're all bombers don't you?!

MALCOLM STORGE MP

That is absolutely not the case.

The panel stare at him - on the verge of saying no

HASSAN CONT

Nah, nah, nah, when you look at someone like me, you think 'bomber,' right?

There's a rising sense of tension.

BARRY

Yeah you do.

MALCOLM STORGE MP

That is not the case.

HASSAN

So why shouldn't I be a bomber, if you treat me like one?

BARRY  
Mashallah brother

Hassan opens his coat to reveal a bomb belt. There's a beat of stillness and uncertainty - people lean away from him, but it all feels unreal.

HASSAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah mashallah?  
(starts rapping)  
Yeah, I'm da mujahideen, an I'm  
makin a scene, now you'z gonna feel  
what the boom boom mean, its like  
Tupak said when I die I'm not dead,  
we are the martyrs, you're just  
smashed tomataz - Allahu akbar!

He pulls his cord - his bombs are party poppers. There's confusion - a few shrieks - people not sure what's happened. Hassan reveling in his big point. Barry is the first to fill the stunned gap.

BARRY  
Mashallah, brother.

Hassan is being dragged off by University Security, as he berates the audience.

HASSAN  
Oh what man come on? What, just coz  
I'm Muslim you thought this was  
real?

Barry turns to another panelist:

BARRY  
Police state. Police state. This  
is oppression! He's being  
rendered. He's being rendered.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. NORTHERN UNIVERSITY/EXT. BARRY'S CAR - LATER. DAY. \*\*

Hassan leaves the building. He trips down the steps pleased with himself, Barry is there waiting for him by his car.

BARRY  
Hey bro, bro, down here. Need a  
lift?

Hassan checks him, recognizes him from the panel. His eyes widen, he looks delighted.

HASSAN  
Yeah man wait, yeah.

CUT TO

19 INT BARRY'S CAR/EXT. NORTHERN RED BRICK UNIVERSITY. LATER. \*\*

Hassan is now sat in the car with Barry. (Static.)

HASSAN  
Oh man, you're a ledge, you're a ledge bro

BARRY  
You're not so bad yourself brother  
- wass your name?

HASSAN  
Hassan Malik - the Mal.

BARRY  
The Mal. Nice little stunt back there. (sudden change) But you know what, you're a total piece of shit mate. You're worse than the specially trained rapists they use in Guantanamo.

HASSAN  
You what?

Barry is suddenly angry. Hassan looks alarmed.

BARRY  
Yeah you're not ignorant like them. You know you should be doing something.

HASSAN  
But I am doing something.

BARRY  
Oh, what that?!  
(impersonates Hassan)  
"i'm the mujahideen thingy thing rap rap"? Huh?

HASSAN  
It was jihad of the mind - the gesture that messed yer ...

BARRY  
Was the prophet Sal Allaahu Alayhi wa Sallam about gestures?! Did he smash the pagan statues? Or did he just stand there making a gesture? Is this a gesture?!

He lets the car into gear and drives idiotically into the wall. Looks at Hassan, nodding.

BARRY

That was for real brother.

HASSAN

Yup.

Hassan looks to the door, Barry locks the car doors from the inside.

BARRY

Are you for real as that?

Hassan stares back - 90% speechless. Nodding. Wide-eyed.

HASSAN

Yup.

BARRY (CONT'D)

How often d'you go to mosque?

HASSAN

(very back foot) Er - when I can - most weeks -

BARRY

(interrupts) Once a year is too often! The Mosques have lost it brother- they're full of losers and spies.

Hassan is boggling.

BARRY

These are real bad times bruv - Islam is cracking up - we got women talking back - we got people playing stringed instruments- Thomas the tank engine - it's the end of days. Do you wanna be for real?

HASSAN

(quite small now) Yeah of course.

BARRY

Are you sure?

HASSAN

A hundred per cent.

BARRY  
(pounces on Hass &  
clasps him in a hug,  
saying quietly )  
Come here. Fuck you Omar!

CUT TO:

20 EXT. TRAINING ENCAMPMENT. PAKISTAN. DAY. \*\*

Waj is holding his gun and talking to a phone he has propped up using a pile of rocks as his tripod.

WAJ  
(to camera in presenter mode)  
Big enough for you now Barry?  
(he fires a burst)  
Am I blowing a dog in a ditch -  
or am I paki Rambo.

He fires the gun in the air & laughs. Khalid running out of the shed - past a parked donkey.

KHALID  
Stop! stop! (arabic) you stupid  
donkey's shitbox.

Omar arrives running, from another direction.

WAJ  
Getting me pictures - mujahid  
style!

Khalid grabs the gun. Grabs the phone. Jabs Waj with the gun.

KHALID  
(arabic) You making signals like  
you're (english) James fuck Bond?

OMAR  
No! ... no he's not!  
(to Waj) How did you-?

KHALID  
(furious arabic- hurting waj)  
These make signals & drones see  
them and attack us you piece of  
camel sphincter!

Khalid rips the phone to bits and stamps on it. Then carries on whacking Waj.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
(arabic) Tomorrow, when we  
crossing valley to meet sheikh -  
you no! Stay here & clean guns.

Massive shocked beat. Waj and Omar stricken - outbursts despite himself.

OMAR

No, no, no listen! - We need an al Qaeda emir.

KHALID

(turns on Omar arabic)  
Shut your bawling English face.

WAJ

(bravely, pained) It were my fault bro, let Omar go.

KHALID

(english) Both stay! Both - off the jihad - (arabic) After tomorrow you go back to fucking England - you English donkey - & you - (english) *fucking* Mr Beanz.

OMAR

But we haven't got an emir yet.

He turns & strides off. Omar - furious and helpless - Waj broken.

WAJ

I were just getting me pictures bro.

OMAR

Waj, go away right now.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. FESSAL'S LOCK UP GARAGE - BELOW HIS FLAT. DAY. \*\*

Wide shot. Barry, Hassan and Fessal. Approach one garage in a backstreet of 14. Fessal is fiddling with lock.

BARRY

Woah, woah, woah (checks for surveillance) follow me man.

Fessal opens up the garage door. About 2 feet. They all have to crawl in. The others keeping watch. The last - Fessal - having to check for himself. They enter. Hassan filming on his phone. The floor is covered with bottles of bleach & screw top wine bottles - also containing bleach.

Fessal talking to Hassan past cam.

HASSAN

Woah, liquid peroxide.

FESSAL

Three years of stockpiling.

BARRY

Where did you get it all?

FES

A wholesale shop down the road.

BARRY

What? All from the same shop?

FESSAL

Yeah.

BARRY

You mug. You'll get us nicked.

FESSAL

No - I use different voices every time I go in.

BARRY

Different what?

FESSAL

Different voices.

BARRY

Different voices? Show me.

FESSAL

What?

BARRY

Show me the voices. Come on.

FESSAL

Well one of them's, my voice "can I have twelve bottles of bleach please"

BARRY

Yeah I know what that sounds like. Give me another one.

FESSAL

IRA voice.

BARRY

IRA voice? They're terrorists Fessal. What you wanna do a terrorist voice for? You'll get us nicked.

FESSAL

I'll be in disguise though won't I?

BARRY

Yeah, but, as a terrorist. Let's hear the voice.

FESSAL

(no change to the voice) "Can I have twelve bottles of bleach please".

Barry's face is a clean slab of disbelief.

And then I got one like this as well (again no change) "Can I have twelve bottles of bleach please"

BARRY

What's that?

FESSAL

(to Hassan and Barry)  
It's a woman's voice. Cos I got loads of liquid peroxide. Probably thought she'd go in there and..

BARRY

And what?

FESSAL

Dye her hair or something.

BARRY

And her beard?

FESSAL

What?

BARRY

You've got a beard

FESSAL

I covered it.

BARRY

You covered your beard yeah. How?

Fessal covers his beard, badly, with his hands.

BARRY

Right. So you went into a shop with your hands on your face like that and asked for twelve bottles of bleach? So why has she got her hands on her face, Fess?

FESSAL

Cos she's got a beard.

Hassan can't believe this - eye checks with Barry who nods solemnly - oh yes.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. TRAINING ENCAMPMENT. PAKISTAN. DAY.

\*\*

Guns in the back of the motorbike wheelbarrow, including an AT4 missile launcher in box. Rag cleaning bits of gun. On the ground beside the battered vehicle & shed & tents. Parked goat is impassive. Waj is distressed. Waj and Omar have been left behind.

WAJ

I'm sorry brother Omar. Maybe it were Gods will.

Omar carries on *cleaning guns*.

WAJ (CONT'D)

(beat) Maybe it were God's will I were doing me video so maybe it's not my fault.

OMAR

(stops, turns) No. It is your fault. It was God's will that you were acting like a complete prat, apparently. But it was deffo your fault.

WAJ

So if that were God's will then am I God's fault? Maybe I am God's mistake. Does that mean I'm going to go to hell brother? Do mistake's go to hell? (starts wittering)

Omar doesn't know what to say - goes back to cleaning the guns - but is distracted by a distant buzz. Both hear it. They stare at each other a beat. Omar scans the sky - finds something low on the horizon.

OMAR

Ssh. That's a drone!

WAJ

Hide!

OMAR

It's flying low. Its going to attack!

Waj stares at it - fearful. Looking over his shoulder - we see it in the distance, approaching, zoom in to it. Shit!

WAJ

Lets go! Let's go.

OMAR

Where we gonna go Waj? - We gotta take it out!

WAJ

Take it out with what? We ain't got no bullets.

WAJ

It's my mistake bro. It's my mistake.

OMAR

No, no no. Waj now think about it. This is God's plan. He's put us here to defend the camp didn't he? This is our jihad. Now think about it.

WAJ

It's still my mistake.

OMAR

Nah, no no that's the devil in your brain giving it the wasawasa Dont listen to him. God is in your heart bro. What's your heart say bro? Trust me. Come on.

WAJ

It says er  
(looks at the missile -  
Omar's speech sinks in)  
maybe we should er(pause) maybe we should flippin pop it brother. Get back on the jihad! (nervously clocking the approaching drone)  
Yeah yeah. What we going to use?

OMAR

This bro.

WAJ

Fucking yes!

He's into the back of the vehicle opening a box with US markings on it. He reveals an AT-4 launcher & Spigot missile. Omar is manhandling the missile launcher out of the back.

WAJ

Proper mujahideen. Rubber dinghy rapids yeah brother. Flippin pop it brother, flippin pop it.

Waj withdraws. Cam is with Waj looking at Omar. Omar hits the button. A missile shoots out - but it shoots out of the back of the launcher and off across the valley. Omar was bracing himself the wrong way so he falls forward flat on his face. the launcher cricket-stumps out of his grasp. Waj looks at the disappearing missile & back to Omar.

WAJ

Brother Omar! It came out the wrong end.

Omar looks up from the dust.

OMAR

(horror) The Arabs! That's where the emir is.

The missile is streaking towards the sheikh's camp across the valley where smoke from the chimney indicates they have a fire in the grate. 3 dreadful seconds. The missile hits.

WAJ

27 Oh flippin shit. Is this God's will bro, tell me it is? Tell me it's God's will bro.

The drone flies harmlessly past and away from both camps. Then all hell breaks loose at the Arab farm. gunfire and a couple of rockets - zooming across the valley. Omar and Waj - in a total funk legging it away from the farm towards the road. Ordnance throwing up pillars of soil behind them. Both shouting, screaming... crying.

CUT TO

23 EXT. FESSAL'S HOUSE ESTABLISHER. DAY. \*\*

Barry, Hassan and Fessal arrive outside in Barry's car. A woman and baby passes by on the pavement.

BARRY

(to woman and baby) Morning officer. You've been rumbled.

They go inside the house.

24 INT. FESSAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY. \*\*

In the dingy mess of Fessal's small house, Hassan still filming. Things moving very fast for him.

FESSAL

So what my plan is right?...  
Put a bomb on a crow - fly it  
into one of them towers full of  
Jews and slags... I keep crows in  
the shed. Have a look.

Hassan is amazed.

BARRY

We're way beyond crows now  
Fessal. We are really going to  
blow the lid off.

HASSAN

Yeah I'm all about blowing the  
lid off man. Blow my lid off.

BARRY

(beat) Bomb the mosque!

Fessal. Hassan shocked.

HASSAN

What?

FESSAL

The Maschid?

BARRY

Yeah, the maschid, the mosque.  
But we go in dressed like kuffar.  
They think its the unbelievers  
attacking. So all the Muslims  
rise up and fight back! Stoke  
things up proper big-time. Fast-  
track the final days. Total war!

Hands Fessal his tea with no extra comment.

HASSAN

That is sick!

FESSAL

(Cutting in, clearly worried)  
What's Omar say?

HASSAN

Who is this Omar anyway?

BARRY

Don't sweat that. He's one of my  
boys. I've sent him off to  
training camp to bring him up to  
scratch.

FESSAL

But me dad goes to the maschid,  
what if he's in the maschid?

BARRY

Has your dad ever bought a jaffa  
orange?

FESSAL

Once or twice.

BARRY

Right, he's buying nukes for  
Israel bro - he's a Jew.

Hassan is fired up by this - Fessal's face is worried.

CUT TO

25 INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVALS. - DAY. \*\*

Camera finds Omar & Waj emerging into arrivals. Rough unchanged, no backpacks. Waj dazed. Omar pensive, rattled condition from what he's just been through. Waj sees Barry.

WAJ

Look Barry! So what are we gonna  
say?

OMAR

We'll say - we're gonna be sent  
for special training - in  
Somalia.

WAJ

(nodding) OK - Somalia

He's never heard of it before - he says it like its a magic  
land.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. AIRPORT- ARRIVALS/ CAR PARK. DAY. \*\*

Jump cut through the exit doors & outside there's Barry -  
waiting across the road with a smug grin. Omar walks  
towards him, gathering himself. Reaches Barry.

OMAR

You alright Barry?

BARRY

What happened?

OMAR

Nothing happened. We've been sent  
to...

BARRY  
(cutting off)  
Bollocks. You fucked up. You  
fucking losers. I told you you  
should have taken me.

Omar does not enjoy this

WAJ  
We're going to Somibia Barry.

OMAR  
Somalia.

WAJ  
Special training.

BARRY  
(mimics Waj)Special training.  
Bollocks. Something happened -

OMAR  
(stung - fights back) Nothing  
happened Barry.

BARRY  
Look at the state of you, no  
luggage, back early, yeah  
something happened.

OMAR  
(fighting back) Yeah.  
Something did happen Barry.

BARRY  
Yeah you fucked up.

OMAR  
No - (beat - he looks at Waj then  
goes for it) we got an emir and  
he told us that we're on.

BARRY  
What?

OMAR  
We got an emir and he says that  
we're on. (wearing these shoes in  
quickly) You on as well bro?

This drives Omar off. Barry & Waj are stunned for different  
reasons. Then start to follow him.

BARRY  
(has to be positive now)  
Yeah for real bro alhamdallilah.

Omar & Waj are 5 metres ahead of Barry

WAJ

(so Barry cant hear)  
What about the arabs bro. What  
about the arabs?

OMAR

They weren't arabs they were -  
bad tribesmen. Bad tribesmen.

WAJ

So it were good what we did there  
then

Beat - then sees Hassan

OMAR

(interrupts - turns to Barry)  
What's the fuck is special branch  
doing here?!

Meters off, by Barry's parked car - Hassan - filming them.

BARRY

No, no. That's Hassan he's in.

OMAR

(coiling) Since when Barry?!

BARRY

No. He's one of us.

OMAR

Is he fuck.

HASSAN

How was it boys? Was it amazing?

OMAR

What me dads funeral?

Omar grabs Hassan's cam off him.

OMAR CONT'D

How could that be amazing?

HASSAN

(stunned) You're joking?!

OMAR

He was pecked to death by chickens  
why would I joke about that?

Waj laughs. Question hangs. Hassan doesn't know what to say.

BARRY

(introducing) Ignore it bro, this  
is Omar, this is Waj. This is  
Hassan Malik.

HASSAN

Yeah - I'm the Mal, yeah.

Omar does not accept the handshake

OMAR

(to Waj) Frog im.

Waj handles Hassan.

BARRY

No, no don't frog him. He's been tested.

Waj still has a hold of Hassan, who is anxious to please.

HASSAN

(beat) Yeah yeah he tested me.

OMAR

How d'ee do that then?

Omar looks at Barry then back to Hassan quizzically.  
(See Barry looking sheepish)

HASSAN

He made me do the bean thing man

OMAR

What bean thing?

HASSAN

- you know - where you put a bean up the end of your nob, man.

Omar looks at Barry and back to Hassan again - a real "you did what?!" look on his face.

BARRY

(changing the subject)  
We're on the parking, we gotta,  
we're on the parking.

OMAR

Barry? What's this thing about a bean, Barry?

HASSAN

(realises) What you mean I didn't have to -?

Barry looks away from Hassan.

OMAR

No. He's landed you right in it.  
I got no need for a beanfucker.  
Or a TV paki. Or a coconut spook.  
(beat, to Waj) Now frog 'im.

Waj tightens his grip on Hassan.

BARRY

Omar. He's loaded. His dad's loaded!

OMAR

What from MI5 payroll?

HASSAN

Nah. He's got a clothes factory. I can get you a van. I can nick a van ...

OMAR

(disgust) You'd steal off your own dad would you?!

HASSAN

(beat - realises the right answer)  
Well, yeah, yeah.

OMAR

Right. Well you're still walking.

Hassan can't believe it. Omar goes up close to him.

OMAR

Listen next time I see you you better have a fucking van or I'm going to floss your balls with razor wire.

Hassan knows he really does have to walk. The others get in, Waj grins, shuts the door. Barry looks at Hassan as if to say 'played that wrong', or actually says

BARRY

You played that wrong, mate.

And gets in the car.

27

INT. BARRY'S CAR / EXT. AIRPORT - CAR PARK. DAY.

\*\*

The conversation continues in static car with Hassan left standing gormlessly unsure what to do, outside the car.

BARRY

You're on one Omar.

OMAR

Drive.

The car won't start.

OMAR

Did you fix this Barry?

BARRY  
Yeah I fixed it.

OMAR  
What did you do it yourself or something?

BARRY  
Yes I did it myself.

Barry pulls off - Omar briefly catching Hassan's eye to give him false hope before car drives off, then looking at him like he's shit & filming it on Hassan's camera phone.

BARRY  
So is he in or what?

OMAR  
Course he's in Barry. It's either that or kill him. What choice do I have?

BARRY  
Great. I knew you'd like him.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MAHMOOD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

\*\*

Omar is reading a bedtime story to Mahmood, tucked up in bed (no book - he's making it up).

OMAR  
So, Simba and Pumba were out on their own - and Scar was out looking for them - and if he found them - he'd kill them, but

MAHMOOD  
Dad?

OMAR  
Yeah?

MAHMOOD  
Did you blow up any kuffars?

OMAR  
What?

MAHMOOD  
At the wedding?

OMAR  
Do you want to hear what happened to Simba or not?

MAHMOOD

Yeah.

OMAR

Right, so Simba & Pumba were out on their own when all of a sudden they saw this big evil bird that Scar had sent out to look for them! and Simba goes 'look, there it is!' – the big evil vulture coming right at them!  
(pauses – lost in thought)

MAHMOOD

And then what dad?

OMAR

Well Simba had to bring it down or otherwise it would kill them – so he grabbed a stone and chucked it at the bird only he chucked it so hard, it was such a strong powerful throw that his arm went all the way round and the stone went right behind him – he threw it so hard it went a mile behind him – and it – hit Mufasa – wise strong Mufasa, Simba's dad – it hit him accidentally on the head and killed him.

MAHMOOD

But didn't Scar kill Mufasa?

OMAR

Yeah, in the film – but this is real life I'm talking about? So Simba had a choice. He could either tell all his friends what had happened and agree a confusion or he could keep it a secret and lead all his friends in a big fight against Scar. What do you think he did?

MAHMOOD

He had to tell the truth?

OMAR

(bit impatient) But he's got to fight Scar, hasn't he? Telling the truth means giving up. Would Simba give up?

MAHMOOD

Simba would never give up.

OMAR

Exactly. Exactly. So Simba kept it all a secret. And he lead Pumba and Timon and all his friends, he lead them all in a fight against Scar and they vanquished Scar and Simba became the new lion king

MAHMOOD

Yeah!

OMAR

Bedtime for you, soldier.

CUT TO:

29 INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GYM - DAY.

\*\*

Omar is stood addressing Barry, Waj, Hassan and Fessal who are all sat before him in a line. The scene starts with Omar giving a significant look to Barry. Omar is going to straight drop a wopper.

OMAR

Alright, lads this is it. This is it boys. I've spoken to the emir.

HASSAN

How did you do that?

OMAR

Email drop box. And the children's instant messaging site, Party Puffin.

WAJ

I've been on that.

OMAR

Good Waj.

WAJ

Proper good.

BARRY

Do we have to be puffins as well?

OMAR

Yeah I'll give you all usernames and passwords after this meeting.

BARRY

I'm not sure I wanna be a puffin.

OMAR

You don't have to be if you don't want to Barry.

WAJ

Bagsy a blue one yeah.

OMAR

Good Waj. Now I've spoken to him. My puffin has communicated with his puffin. He's told us to get on with it, take Fessal's gear to the secret flat, we'll hide it under the costumes in Hassan's van, we'll put the bleach on boil. We have instructions to bring havoc to this bullshit, consumerist, godless, paki bashing, Gordon Ramsay, Taste the Difference Speciality Cheddar torture endorsing, massacre sponsoring - look at me dancing pissed with me nob out - Sky One Uncovered who gives a fuck about dead Afghanis Disneyland!

ALL

Musallah. Brother Omar.

WAJ

Fuck mini baby bells.

OMAR

(sinks in) Puffin says find a target.

BARRY

We've got a target bro we're all agreed.

OMAR

What is it?

BARRY

It's the mosque.

Fessal looks doubtful Hassan nods.

OMAR

What?

BARRY

Yeah - bomb the mosque. Radicalize the moderates. Bring it all on.

Fessal looks too scared to challenge. Hassan nods, eyes blazing - Omar realizes this is serious starts pacing. He's having trouble taking this in. Barry enjoys this.

OMAR

OK. Right. No I like that. I do like that. It's brilliant. Let's take out a bunch of Muslims - coz they're the real enemy aren't they, Barry? Once we've done that why don't we truck bomb a kebab shop or fly a jumbo into Waj's mum's head - why don't we get a pig and staplegun it to our foreheads?

Barry looks stunned. Hassan very taken aback.

HASSAN

But if we bomb a mosque it'll make all the Muslims rise up!

OMAR

Me cousin Faz died defending a mosque in Bosnia - did he flippin rise up, bro?

Hassan is silenced, Fessal pipes up.

FESSAL

Lets bomb Boots -

Beat, group reaction taking this in.

FESSAL CONT'D

(explaining)

They sell condoms that make you wanna bang white girls.

WAJ

I second that, Boots. They nabbed me nicking Lynx display.

OMAR

(disappointed) Right lads, think a bit bigger than a chemist right- I'm not blowing me guts out over a bunch of tampons and cotton buds. What we've got to do has got to last in history. Echo through the ages.

BARRY

(after a long beat)  
Like bomb a mosque.

OMAR

(losing his patience) Barry. We are not bombing a mosque.

BARRY

You don't get it do you Omar? We radicalize the moderates - the ummah rises up, it all kicks off!

OMAR

No I do get it - I tell you what its like - it's like having a fight with someone and they're punching you in the face right - so what you go and do is you punch yourself in the face.

Fessal laughs a bit. Barry tries to explain calmly.

BARRY

Alright, so I'm having a fight with this fictionary man, and he's not punching me hard enough in the face to make me go mental and win?

OMAR

Let's do an experiment Barry. We'll have a fight right now. When you start losing and you're not doing very well - you punch yourself in the face, go mental and start winning. Show em all how it works.

Omar goes for Barry - pushing - cuffing.

BARRY

I'm not gonna punch meself in the face.

OMAR

Why not, Barry? You're the Mulsims you're getting attacked. Go mental, Barry go mental. Show em how it works.(he's enjoying this)

BARRY

I'm not a mosque!

OMAR

Yes you are bro! Bomb the mosque!

WAJ

(can't wait) Go on Baz! Bomb it!

HASSAN

(half supporting) Show him how it works Azzam!

FESSAL

Come on man show us!

BARRY

Fuck's sake are you all idiots?!

A rising "bomb the mosque" chorus of encouragement from Waj, Hassan and Fessal - Barry is cornered, he suddenly does punch himself in the face - it hurts.

OMAR

Wow! He bombed the mosque. He's bombed the mosque. Barry where are the moderates?

(makes out he's expecting a spectacular fight back)

Wait, the moderates should be coming out now..

BARRY

Right if I was a mosque, which I'm not, then there'd be all moderates behind my nose, bursting to come out and rise up.

The lads find this funny. Barry's nose starts to trickle blood.

OMAR

(points)

Ooh, they are bro! Barry, the Suffi Muslim Council's coming out your nose. Ah, you've just wiped them out. You've just wiped them out.

The lads laugh some more. Fessal instinctively & sweetly hands Barry a hanky - Barry wipes the blood off his nose.

OMAR

(the others laugh)

Do you think we should still bomb the mosque Barry?

Barry fumes. Decides to leave.

FESSAL

Here you are, I've got you a jay cloth, brother.

Fessal hands Barry a jay cloth and shockingly Barry suddenly cracks his nose with a headbutt in a confused act of self-piteous revenge.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. VAN OUTSIDE OMAR'S SECRET FLAT. DAY. \*\*

The van marked "Malik's Cloth & Costume" is parked up outside the bomb factory. Bleak end terrace next to a motorway. Cars and lorries slish by.

CUT TO:

31 INT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (BOMB FACTORY) LIVING ROOM - DAY \*\*

This is the flat we saw earlier. It is becoming the bomb factory. On the floor are several boxes of Fessal's wine bottles with screw caps filled with bleach. There is also a stereo and speakers, and a guitar. Hassan and Waj are dancing to some niche beats. Hassan is wearing a rabbit head costume. Waj is doing a mock execution on the rabbit. Barry enters.

BARRY

Turn that off. There's common areas out there.

HASS

It's our cover man. We're a band.

BARRY

You're what?

HASSAN

We're a band.

BARRY

Bollocks turn it off. What's with the chicken?

We see Fessal wearing a rubber chicken head with coxcombe head costume emerge from kitchen.

FESSAL

It's beard protection - from the bleach!

HASSAN

He's the drummer!

Waj starts to get into the music, and dances up to Barry.

WAJ

The chicken drummer.

FESSAL

Yeah, Barry, who broke the chicken's beak, yeah, remember?

WAJ

Yeah, Barry, you broke his beak.

BARRY

Yeah well I'm sorry but beaks get broken in war, don't they? We're not about protecting beaks are we, we're about blowing them off. Yeah? Well go and unload the van, I'm not doing all the work.(ushers them out) - Waj, Waj, anti surveillance (shakes head)

Lads exit shaking heads feeling foolish. Fessal shakes his head too.

BARRY

Not you, mate, you're still here.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (BOMB FACTORY) / HASSAN'S VAN - DAY \*\*

Hassan and Waj approach the back of the van where Omar is handing out the last three boxes. He clocks Waj and Hassan headshaking.

OMAR

What you doing?

HASSAN

Just in case they're taking pictures.

WAJ

Barry says you come out blurry

Omar's face, as Waj stands in front of him, shaking his head.

OMAR

Now stop it. Stop it. CCTV is video. You're just going to look like a bunch of Sufis on speed. Next time Barry tells you to do something, don't.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT -BOMB FACTORY - BACK ENTRANCE. DAY \*\*

Omar, Hassan and Waj carrying boxes. To their left, a voice.

OMAR

You alright?

ALICE

You alright Wasim, yeah?  
(to Waj) Alright Jason -  
(to Hassan) Who's this  
one?

Clearly she's been fed code names for each of them - Hassan needs a code name too.

OMAR

This is Claude. Claude, this is  
Alice. She's got the flat next  
door.

ALICE

Hello Claude. (repeats it like  
she's trying it on for  
size) 'Claude.' What's this?

She tries to pull the costume off the top of the box. Omar steps in.

OMAR

Claude's a new member of the  
band.

ALICE

(grins at him)  
I used to be in a band 'till ...  
all the birds fell off the roof  
(trails off)  
I don't know if you remember?

OMAR

Alright then Alice. We'll see you  
later. Come on lads, come  
through.

Omar is dragging Hassan away.

ALICE

Which one are you?

HASSAN

Claude.

ALICE

Claude. Are you French?

HASSAN

Yeah. See ya.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE. DAY. ESTABLISHER. \*\*

35 INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY \*\*

Barry is recording his video.

BARRY

Alright mister newsman, in the newsroom. After three. Three, two, one. Yes, it was us. We have struck you where you least expected it. We have bombed the mosque. Only in the days of the final jihad.

Barry is interrupted.

BARRY

What you doing here?

HASSAN

Well, you told us to come round. We've just come through the back, anti-surveillance like you said.

BARRY

Right, well, I'm doing my tape.

HASSAN

But we're not bombing the mosque.

BARRY

What?

HASSAN

We're not bombing the mosque. Omar said we're not bombing the mosque.

BARRY

Look, I'm just doing this tape in case the plans change to bomb the mosque.

HASSAN

Yeah but if they did change isn't the whole point of it to blame it on the kuffar and not take responsibility for it?

BARRY

What do you know about it, it's my idea in the first place, not yours. Now fuck off I'm doing my tape, go on.

OMAR.  
Hello mate.

BARRY  
What you're here as well?

OMAR  
Yeah, what's going on?

WAJ  
He said he was going to bomb the mosque.

OMAR  
What? Did you say that Barry?

BARRY  
No I didn't.

OMAR  
Did you say that Barry?

WAJ  
Yeah he did.

OMAR  
What did you say then Barry?

BARRY  
I said I was going to bomb something else. Fuck off, fuck off out my house.

36 INT. OMAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

\*\*

OMAR IS WATCHING BARRY'S VIDEO ON HIS COMPUTER. SOFIA GETS THE DOOR AND RETURNS BACK TO THE ROOM, WE SEE AHMED, OMAR'S OLDER BROTHER. VERY ORTHODOX, TRAD & STRICTLY NON VIOLENT. HIS ACCENT BEARS MORE OF A PAKISTANI IMPRINT THAN OMAR'S. AHMED HANGS IN THE DOORWAY WAITING FOR SOFIA TO LEAVE THE ROOM.

SOFIA  
Salam, Ahmed. Omar, it's your brother. Come in.

AHMED  
No it's OK.

SOFIA  
Just come in and sit down.

OMAR  
Alright Ahmed. Salam aleykum.

OMAR BECKONS HIM IN - AHMED WON'T ENTER - WONT LOOK AT SOFIA AND SHIELDS HIS EYES FROM THE SIGHT OF HER.

AHMED

Salam aleykum Omar.  
(urdu) Can she leave the room?

OMAR

Waleykum asalam bro -  
(beckons in again) Come on!

AHMED

I'm good thanks.

SOFIA

Just come in and sit down. I'm  
not in the same room you can come  
in.

AHMED

You are. The wall has been taken  
out so you are.

AHMED STILL SHIELDING HIMSELF WITH HIS HAND...

OMAR

Bro, have you come to drop some  
fatwas cos we've just had the  
carpet cleaned.

AHMED (CONT'D)

(Urdu) I need to talk to you  
about violence - there is  
violence in this house.

OMAR

(heard it before)  
Not in this house bro.

A SUDDEN NOISE FROM THE GARDEN.

MAHMOUD OOS

Freeze or I blow your guts out!

THEY SPIN TO SEE MAHMOUD - SUPERSOAKER RAISED AT OMAR -  
DELIGHTED DAD IS BACK. ITS A FAMILIAR ROUTINE - OMAR PICKS  
UP A FLASHFLOOD WATER GUN FROM BEHIND THE COATS & POINTS IT  
AT MAHMOUD.

OMAR

(playful 'jack bauer')  
Run and hide little man  
(urdu dininutive)  
You got thirty seconds!

EXPECTING THIS AND THRILLED, MAHMOUD LEGS IT BACK TO THE  
GARDEN. AHMED HAS A "TOLD YOU" LOOK ON HIS FACE AS HE  
PRODUCE A THIRD WATER PISTOL.

AHMED

What are you teaching him Omar?

OMAR

You lost it bro they're water pistols?! You got 150 quotes from the scholars saying that you cant squirt a water pistol?

AHMED

(urgently - enough!)  
Omar - there is no justification for what you are planning.

OMAR

What am I planning, bro?

AHMED

You tell me Omar?

OMAR

OK - sure you can handle it bro, well its not a proper plan yet - but what I'm thinking is - inshallah - I'm going to go upstairs, run a hot bath, come back down, make some beans on toast.

SOFIA LAUGHS

AHMED

Very funny (Urdu) A joke is a sign of weakness.

OMAR

Is it bro? Have you got opinions to back that up.

AHMED

I have eighteen opinions - all very good ones.

OMAR

You know what, it's not top trumps. Muslims are out there getting pasted out there and you're sitting there going  
(Pakistani accent)  
"I've got 60,000 opinions say we must not fight back but instead we must measure our beards with rulers and lock our wives in the cupboard". (urdu)Is that not a sign of weakness?

SERIOUS POINT FROM OMAR - AND SOFIA FULLY AGREES.

AHMED

It's not a cupboard it's a small room!

SOFIA

(rising impatience) Oh come on.  
It was a flippin toilet til you  
took the china out!

AHMED

(to Sofia) I don't argue with  
women.

SOFIA

No you dont you lock em in a  
cupboard.

AHMED

(to Omar) Omar your wife is out  
of control.

OMAR

I don't know how to control her,  
help me out.

SOFIA'S HAD ENOUGH - SWEEPS UP MAHMOUD'S SUPERSOAKER. HER  
ATTITUDE IS >>OH WELL IF I'M OUT OF CONTROL I'LL BE OUT OF  
CONTROL THEN<<

SOFIA

Oh I'm so out of control - look  
at this - what am I doing?

SOFIA FIRES IT AT AHMED'S FACE. AHMED IS STUNNED -  
CONTROLS HIMSELF.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Oh stop me Omar what am I like?

OMAR

(larfs) Do it again babe he won't  
fight back... (ironically) In fact  
I order you! (winks at ahmed)  
Obey me wife! Go and do it.

SOFIA UNLEASHES ANOTHER TANKFUL. AHMED INCENSED FIRES A  
WATER PISTOL AT OMAR.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Ah fighting bro ! fighting

AHMED

(shooting now) I'm not fighting -  
this is not fighting.

SOPHIA

No its self defence!

OMAR

Defend yourself bro - come on -  
little intifada in the face!

AHMED LEAVES. SQUIRTING AND SHOUTING.

AHMED

I am not fighting  
(urdu) this is wrong !  
You twisted idiot owls

OMAR LAUGHS HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE. AS THE DOOR IS SHUT  
THEY'RE LEFT LAUGHING AT EACH OTHER - A BEAT - SOFIA  
SQUIRTS OMAR IN THE FACE - AND HE SQUIRTS HER BACK...

CUT TO:

37

INT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (AKA BOMB FACTORY). NIGHT

\*\*

The place is a constructive mess. Bits of bomb making kit  
abound. White powder dries on paper plates. Tupperware  
boxes, nuts and bolts, tape & other bomb making kit. THE  
microwave they will later blow up. In the kitchen several  
saucepans of bleach are on the boil. The extractor fan is  
on. Cannister for making dry ice. A baby bath or two - for  
the acetone adding stage. And Fessal's bottles all clutter  
the surfaces. Omar is at the hob.

In the sitting room, Hassan and Waj are taking it in turns  
to detonate small quantities of TATP on their hands. the  
feeling is of a jackass escalation. 1g 2g etc. This is  
instantly detectable without having to see each phase  
played out. Barry is sitting on the floor - absorbed in a  
construction of bolts and nails in a small tupperware box -  
exquisitely neat.

HASS

That's twice as much bro

WAJ

This one's gonna make a mark!

Hass holds hand out in trepidation. Waj ignites the powder  
with a cooker lighter. Huge flash and puff. They both  
collapse in shocked thrilled laughter. Fessal is filming  
this on Hassan's camera and turns his attention to Barry

BARRY

Jew, gay, fed, Sodomite,  
Gynaecologist, innocent bloke -  
doesn't exist - Leonard Cohen.  
Here you give me that. You do  
some work.

While doing this Barry looks up at Fessal. He takes the  
camera and turns it on Fessal who hurriedly puts a box on  
his head. Hass has finished packing the cannister. Waj is  
gorming with excitement

HASS

This one's going to be like a  
grenade. Watch this bro!

Barry swings the camera over to Hassan who raises the  
cannister. He hurls the cannister onto the floor.  
BOOOOOOM!!! Stunned lull... then post stunned jackass  
hilarity.

Omar pops thru from the kitchen - half delighted but also  
annoyed

OMAR

Come on lads. Why don't you just  
pick up the phones and call the  
cops? Come on.

HASSAN

Sorry man.

Omar pops back in. Fessal -peeping out from his box is  
worried

FESSAL

Barry - we don't have do use that  
on ourselves do we Barry?

BARRY

Course we do, bro.

FESSAL

Yeah but its our choice right?

Omar pops back in to leave no doubt

OMAR

Fess, it is your choice bro - it  
can only be your choice.

Fessal looks relieved, Omar pops back into kitchen. Barry  
turns camera on Fessal again who retreats under his lid

BARRY

Fess it is your choice right -  
but you've already chosen to blow  
yourself up haven't you?

Fessal stands there in his box

BARRY (CONT'D)

Haven't you?

Fessal stands there in his box - clears his throat.

38 EXT. FIELD - DAY. AM.

\*\*

CU of a Crow sitting on a fence. Wearing a fag packet on its chest. Fussing around this is Fessal. He is wearing protective cans. And addressing the bird, muttering to himself, to brother crow - a bundle of nerves. A final reminder to brother crow - they've been through this many times before.

FESSAL

Right now brother crow, you're wearing that bomb so I dont have to alright? See that, (pointing to a toy house) that's a sex shop - US embassy or some other such slag utility. Now wait there. When I say you fly to the target, when I dial this you go to heaven brother crow. Inshallah

He gets out the remote control, and then holds up his hand signaling the bird to wait, then walk runs to 20 meters away - hand still up - then signals the bird to attack by pointing very vigourously to the sheep-shelter.

Still on its perch, the bird explodes. Fessal double takes. Stares at the smoking perch. Then throws an animated fit. Fessal is very upset, the bang scared him - and he's lost his brother crow, for no good reason. Long lens of this Rumplestiltskin like figure - freezes - a succession of sv freeze frames.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. CITISCAPE. NIGHT

\*\*

Fireworks are popping like fireworks in the night sky. It's the opening of a new shopping centre.

CUT TO

40 INT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (BOMB FACTORY) - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

\*\*

Hassan is there on his own. Playing a shoot em up game on his Wii/ playstation.

HASSAN

Yeah, what's that Mrs Thistle. No i dont want to resit my media studies. Stupid Mrs Thistle. I dont want to retake it. You know why, cos I've found a new purpose in life, and here it is....

Door bams open - Omar in his security uniform enters taking off his shirt.

OMAR

Come on lads, lets go!

He sees only Hassan is there. Back to Omar pulling on his civvies.

OMAR

Where are they?

Hassan is surprised - he thought Omar knew.

HASSAN

They've all gone, theyre using the fireworks for cover.

OMAR

Yeah I know, that's my idea - why didn't they wait for me?

HASSAN

(quick with excuses)

Barry said you said go ahead - I'm just on night shift.

Omar horrified.

OMAR

Yeah you are. Lock the door. If anyone comes in looking for Barry tell em you used to know him - but he's just (Urdu) died the death a thousand crocodiles driven so far up his arse he's wearing his fucking pelvis like a balaclava. You got that?

He turns to leave.

HASSAN

Can I come?

Omar has slammed the door.

41 EXT. WASTEGROUND.- NIGHT.

\*\*

Wastegound - NIGHTVISION - microwave being carried over rough ground. Fireworks in the sky - 3 figures on the ground. Fessal and Waj are carrying the microwave across the rough space. Lit by a torch carried by Barry. Fessal is wearing cans, scampers like a soldier crossing no man's land. Every time a firework goes off he dives for cover.

BARRY (TO FESSAL)

Don't drop it you prick!

WAJ

If you drop this stuff kusum  
brother Fessal we're baked beans  
from here to Derby. Slowly, slowly.

56 They're putting the microwave down, switching on the mobile phone taped to the outside. They turn and head for cover. Behind some rubbish, Barry Waj and Fessal wait. Barry checks the sky. Looks at Waj & the hiding Fessal. Volley of fireworks.

BARRY

I'm going to blow it. Ready?

He looks at them angrily - speed dials. BANG! The microwave goes off with impressive power. Barry & Waj with looks of wonder, stand up - several beats. Barry is beaming, chuffed. Then Fessal pops up - glaring and terrified.

WAJ

You see that, Barry. It were  
fucking good. Proper good.

Then he sees Omar - approaching fast.

BARRY

Hello bro. Oh dear bro did you  
miss it?

Omar chest shoves Barry onto his arse.

OMAR

I told you before didn't I bro.  
(to Waj) What were you lads  
playing at. Why didnt you call me  
Waj?

WAJ

I didn't have no credit.

CUT TO

42 INT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (BOMB FACTORY) STAIRWELL. NIGHT. \*\*

Waj, Fessal, Barry & Omar enter the bottom of the stairwell. Omar pissed off has Barry by the arm. Barry protesting.

BARRY

This breaks anti surveillance  
protocol - We shouldn't be back  
here til tomorrow. (Starts  
shaking head)

OMAR

The protocol was you were supposed to stay back here guarding the flat coz there's a good chance that you are being monitored!

That's Barry beaten in one - but he is of course a cock.

BARRY

Is that an Islamic argument brother? I only listen to Islamic arguments.

OMAR

And that was my microwave, Barry. I had it ten years that Matsui. I should've been there.

BARRY

The microwave has been well sacrificed brother.

OMAR

Don't screw with my jihad, Barry.

BARRY

Your jihad?

OMAR

Our jihad.

BARRY

You said your jihad.

OMAR

No I didn't I said our jihad.

BARRY

Fess, what did he say ...?

OMAR

What does it matter - my jihad, our jihad, what's the difference? I made a mistake - and it's such a small thing?

This squabble continues as Waj and Fessal open the door -

WAJ

Eh, eh, come and have a look at this.

CUT TO

43

INT. OMAR'S SECRET FLAT (BOMB FACTORY) - DOORWAY. NIGHT

\*\*

Door opens to reveal Hassan and Alice. Jiving about ridiculously with headphones on - they're listening to Dancing in the Moonlight & emitting odd stupid random vocal noises & semi getting it on. The flat by the way, is a mess of bottles and bomb compounds. Omar has to be loud. Hassan 'n Alice are lost in their own box. Alice is pretty out of it - hazey - but given to sudden bursts of vocals - half words - growls! Slightly scary. Hassan is getting into it.

HASSAN

I'm rappin. I'm rappin, I'm  
rappin in the moonlight, cos I  
don't need no shitlight, cos I'm  
feelin' alright.

He takes Alice's hands and jives with them.

OMAR

Hass- Claude!!

Omar chucks a shoe at Hassan - who breaks off his dance, looks horrified. Throws down cans. Doesn't know what to do next. Alice is still in her own box. Hassan in blind panic.

HASSAN

Shit.

OMAR

Right it's time to go now Alice.

ALICE

Why? What's going on?

OMAR

Nothing. We just need you to go.

ALICE

Oh. Oh I get it. I know what's  
going on here. I know what you  
lot are. You lot are a bunch of  
paki bashers. Mountie boys. Gays.

Omar takes this in for a beat. It is a decent cover.

OMAR

We're so gay.

WAJ

I'm not.

OMAR

Yes, you are. We all are. But  
mainly it's these two. Isn't it  
Norman.

BARRY

Yes.

OMAR

You love it don't you. But we've got to get down to some gay business now, all of us.

ALICE

You lot aren't my friends any more.

She exits grandly. Omar listens for the second door slam. Turns to Barry, pointing at Hassan.

OMAR

Safe is he!

HASSAN

She didn't see anything. I swear to God she didn't see the bottles and...Man I'll sort this out, I'll sort this out man, just give me a minute and I'll sort this shit out.

OMAR

Yes you are going to sort it out cos you're going to kill her!

HASSAN

Kill her?!

WAJ

(excited)

We're gonna kill her?!

OMAR

Not 'us' Waj. Hass.

HASSAN

You want me to kill her?

BARRY

Oh what you can fuck her but you can't kill her? What's wrong with you?

Fessal gives Omar a fork.

OMAR

(to Barry) Give him your pocket knife Barry. Here we go, knife and fork, now make a fucking meal of it. I'm not joking bro. Do I look like I'm joking. Now go on your way. I want you to chop her head off and bring it back in a bucket.

HASSAN

Chop her head off?

Hassan eyes expand - Barry gives him his little hook knife. Omar gestures to the door, Hassan, hardly believing his own movement approaches the door. Omar lets him reach it. Then explosively wrong foots him.

OMAR

Right we're not really gonna kill anyone are we - you fucking idiot. Why dont we just call up the pigs and dob ourselves in! That'd be clever wouldnt it. Her body and her hands trail back to us.

Hassan right in the headlights - desperate to rectify.

HASSAN

Yeah yeah-

OMAR

Shut up! (gathers) Right what we going to do with all this. She's seen it now. We gotta move it now havent we. Right, we're going to put it at Barry's allotment.

BARRY

We're putting it at my allotment -

OMAR

Shut up Barry. Solved. Problem solved. Daddy's come home and wiped everybody's arse, hasn't he? That's what jihad's about. It's me wiping your arses. Whoops, one minute -  
(mime making phone call)  
Hello is that Gaza? Omar would love to help only he's really busy wiping up the fountains of shit spraying out the arses of (Urdu) shitspouting donkey's crap fucking monkey's swollen bollocks dundars! Okay thank you.

WAJ

Who were on the phone?

CUT TO:

44

EXT. STREETS / INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY.

\*\*

We see Barry's wreck crawling, backfiring, through urban streets. Inside, Barry is driving with determination. On the passenger seat, Omar - perspicacious, pensive. In the back nervous Waj, Fessal & Hassan.

All have rucksacks on their laps - the explosives inside. Barry is in paranoid mode. Fessal is wearing cans. Barry rams a speed bump.

HASSAN  
Slow down please.

OMAR  
Get us there in one piece, Barry.  
Go easy. Go easy.

HASSAN  
Dont rattle this stuff, Barry.  
Slow down.

BARRY  
Use your eyes boys we got a  
predator.

Hassan and the others look round. Behind the car is a milk float. Barry floors it.

HASSAN  
What, the - milk float? That's a  
milk float!

BARRY  
The feds work under cover you  
mug.

Barry floors it then the car makes a horrible grinding thumping big end through the crank case noise & stops.

OMAR  
Did you fix this then Barry?

BARRY  
Yes! I fixed it. It's the parts -  
they're Jewish.

OMAR  
What parts in a car are Jewish?

FESSAL  
Spark plugs.

BARRY  
Jews invented spark plugs to  
control global traffic.

OMAR  
Right everybody calm down. Grab  
the gear. We're going to walk.

BARRY  
Check the roofs boys. This could be  
an ambush.

Everyone pulls on a rucksack containing TATP, and get out and start unloading the car. They also carry shopping bags at their sides. All looking around - paranoid - Barry charged up. Barry starts smooth fast walking round the car- trying to keep his torso on the same level, like a Steadicam operator.

BARRY

Right one jolt and this stuff could go. Right. You got to run smooth, right but you've got to run fast but you gotta run smooth with this stuff - like this. Fast, slow, smooth but fast...

The others try to copy him.

OMAR

Barry we're fine(grabs barry) lads we're fine!

But barry's seen something.

BARRY

Oh yeah? How about we're fucking surrounded, look!

Omar clocks Matt! 50m off jogging towards them - thinks fast.

OMAR

Right everybody get off the road. Nobody say anything. If anybody talks I'll make them jump up and down until they go bang. Just keep your mouths shut and let me deal with this. Hey man how's it going - (hugs Matt) nice little one pack you got going on there bro!

Omar rubs Matt's paunch - Matt almost blushes.

MATT

You're a pint of sauce Omar.

OMAR

You managed to run a mile yet without stopping for a milkshake?

MATT

(pleased with self) Make that 12 miles Mr Khan? Alright lads - what's with the bags then?

The others say 'alright' back. Then answer "Shopping", "marzipan" "chicken".

OMAR

We're about to go play football. We should grab all this kit and get down there, to the pitch, shouldn't we. Alright bro, see you in a bit.

He hustles them to go. They start crossing the road - Matt notices a spare rucksack

MATT

Hey lads - wait you forgot this!

He chucks it underarm... Panic Hassan makes an almighty spaz up of catching it.

OMAR

(as its pitched) No!

HASSAN

Whah! (as he catches it)  
Haha haaa haaha!

They scuttle off - Barry drilling them on the max wall run. Matt looks at Omar pretty puzzled. Omar dials up an answer.

MATT

What's that?

OMAR

That bag's full of really fragile - boots.

MATT

Fragile boots? Are they alright?

OMAR

What? Yeah that's just - thigh exercise innit.

MATT

Yeah?

OMAR

Quad squats - you know - squat jogs - It's for the marathon. I thought you'd know.

MATT

Yeah. Squat jogs (mental note, and starts trying the move)

OMAR

Alright, man, I'll see you in a bit.

MATT

Squat jogs, yeah?

OMAR

Yeah, down, a bit lower.

MATT

(still nodding )

Safe-age, mate. Take care man.

OMAR

Yeah, yeah.

Matt turns to jog off - producing a ludicrous "me and u bro on the KV" wave. Omar returns a mocking version of the same, turns, Matt exits squat-jogging

CUT TO

45

EXT. BARRY'S ALLOTMENTS / SHED - DAY

\*\*

Hassan and Barry have made their way to the allotments. It's right on the edge of town, semi-rural. They're near a road but hidden from view by some trees. They're safe. Loading their sacks into the shed. Waj appears through the trees looking pleased with himself.

WAJ

Alright brothers?

Barry and Hassan are pleased to see him. They embrace.

HASSAN

(laughing relief)

Alhamdallillah bro. We skilled it

WAJ

Where's Fessal?

Barry draws their attention to Fessal who is now zigzagging around in a panic.

BARRY

Eh boys, boys come and have a look at this. Can you see him.

(to Fess) Eh bro run!! Ha ha !

Fessal looks behind him, he's freaked out by this.

WAJ

Eh, brother Fessal

BARRY

Over the wall, Fessal.

Waj is drawn in by the exciting game.

WAJ

Yeah. (shouting) Run faster bro!

BARRY  
But not too fast!

Hassan gets out his phone, starts videoing Fessal. They're all laughing. Then as they watch/video it, a nervous, distracted Fessal leaps up over a drystone wall. He falls over - right next to a sheep - and explodes, taking the sheep with him. Hassan, Barry and Waj's stunned expressions. Hassan especially horrified. Staring at the screen of his phone. Comparing it to reality - willing the two to differ.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. FIELD. DAY

\*\*

We see Barry, Hassan, Waj, running down to the site where Fessal and the bomb just went off.

ALL  
(running down the hill -  
shouting)  
FESSAL! BROTHER FESS! FESSAL!

47 EXT. BARRY'S ALLOTMENTS / SHED. DAY - LATE AFTERNOON/EVE.

\*\*

Omar runs into the allotment looking stunned and furious.

OMAR  
Where is he?

BARRY  
It was a martyr's death.

Omar glares.

WAJ  
He's gone paradise innit brother  
Omar?

Omar who has been fighting anger and disbelief finishes processing the data.

BARRY  
He disrupted the infrastructure.

OMAR  
How did he do that?

BARRY  
He took out a sheep. Magnificently  
took it right out.

OMAR  
Did he?

BARRY

Attacked the food supply.

HASSAN

(finding Omar's raging eyes on him, no idea what to say, still in shock, indicates the bag)  
Some of it's in there with him  
(all too much)

Omar's eyes fall on the plastic sack Hassan is carrying. As Omar blazes Hassan sobs. Omar is very very fucked off.

OMAR

What?

HASSAN

I couldn't separate it.

OMAR

So what is he, is he a martyr or is he a fucking jalfrezi?

BARRY

He's a martyr.

OMAR

This is bullshit. He is not a martyr

BARRY

Yes he is a martyr, he's part of the war.

OMAR

What war? The war on kuffar sheep?

BARRY

He's the first hero of the final jihad.

OMAR

He's not a hero. He's a dickhead. And so are you. You're all dickheads.

BARRY

Woah, woah, woah, brother that is out of order..

OMAR

I've made a decision Barry, mission's off. It's finished, I'm done with this.

BARRY

You can't handle the war brother.  
You're having a wobble.

OMAR

I've got nothing to have a wobble  
about Barry, my conscience is  
clear. You're the one who killed  
Fessal!

BARRY

I didn't kill him.

OMAR

Yes you did. You brought in TV  
Paki after he made an arse of  
himself at a public meeting -  
that you shouldn't even have been  
at.

Hassan stirs out of his state.

OMAR CONT'D

*And he blew our cover. And ever  
since then you've had everybody  
so paranoid, Barry, that poor  
little Fessal's panicked himself  
to death.*

BARRY

(beat) So really Hassan killed  
him!

HASSAN

No you killed him.

BARRY

No you killed him. You heard what  
he said.

HASSAN

Nah, nah. You killed him more.

OMAR

I thought it was a good thing he  
died wasn't it? He's a martyr,  
it's a good thing.

Good point - thought digest beat.

BARRY

Alright I did kill him then. I  
martyred him. He's up there now  
somewhere keeping my seat warm.

Hassan looks trapped, Omar stares at them - turns to Waj.

OMAR

Come on our kid let's go.

Waj is split down the middle.

WAJ

I think I martyred him a bit too.

(beat) We got to keep on!

OMAR

You got a plan, Waj?

WAJ

Blow something up?

OMAR

What we going to blow up Waj?

WAJ

... internet? We'll blow up the internet for brother Fessal.

(confused as all fuck)

We're mujahid brother yeah!

Rubber dingy rapids yeah!

Waj close to tears.

OMAR

No. You're not mujahid Waj, you're a fucking idiot- do you think a mujahid gives a (urdu) loony's broken fuck (eng) about rubber dingy rapids? Do you think he get his deen from a book called "the cat that went to makkah" - a book he can't even finish because its too fucking advanced for him? I tell you what bro I've got a plan for you (urdu) Why don't you go with psycho balloo and piss jet baghera and go and lose yourself in the forest right and (urdu) you can all sit around the campfire shoving grenades up your cocks then blow up the internet by jumping out of a tree arse first onto a laptop.

Effectively handing them over to Barry, slams out. They stare after him - particularly Waj whose eyes stare in disbelief as he goes - brimming.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. PARK. LATER - DAY.

\*\*

Omar trudges through park in a sad haze. Medium distant traffic. Park sounds. A ball skids across Omar's path.

AHMED OOS

Omar!

Omar looks up to see Ahmed and some of his studious & bearded discussion group waiting for their ball back. Omar mistakes a flick up and hoofs it back to them disconsolately.

AHMED

Salaam Omar (guardedly)

Omar clocks the studiously serious faces. Yeah fun.

OMAR

Salaam bro - your boys look like something rubbish. (tuts his head - but he's not enjoying teasing)

AMED

You alright Omar?

OMAR

Yeah. Yeah I am as it goes.  
(he's clearly not)  
Listen can I ask you something?

Ahmed gives him 'the face' - studious and serious - calm certainly bulwarked by 1,000 quotes.

OMAR

Ah, screw it. Doesn't matter.  
You've already started doing the face haven't you...

AHMED

Why not come to our study group?

OMAR

What and get a four hour dose of that face? The floaty face of the wise bird hovering on a million different quotes about to do a massive wisdom shit on my head - forget it.

Omar slopes off

CUT TO

49 INT. OMAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

\*\*

Omar on a laptop on the kitchen table. He looks depressed. He is on the kids website "puffin party". Omar's puffin (PuffO-1) has a speech bubble that says.

OMAR'S PUFFIN

"Sorry I shouted at you our kid -  
can you talk?"

He clicks on a speech bubble coming from (Wajpuff[1]). This activates a stupid electronic puffin voice which says:

WAJ'S PUFFIN ()

"I'm not talking puffin Omar - go  
away"

He looks lost. Sophia appears behind him. He half looks round. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

SOPHIA

Omar what are you doing? It's the  
middle of the night. What is  
that?

OMAR

It's a puffin party.

SOFIA

A what?

OMAR

It's a puffin party. I'm talking  
to Waj's puffin.

SOFIA

Omar, what are you talking about?

OMAR

It's the boys - I left em.  
Hassan's puffin won't talk to me,  
Waj's puffin just told me to piss  
off. Barry's puffin's turned all  
red and is hiding under the  
pirate hat. Fessal's dead (beat)  
- he's dead. He was carrying  
explosives and he - tripped up  
over a sheep -

We see Sofia's brain realize this is terrible but  
ridiculous -

OMAR

(mirthless harf larf) They're  
total idiots, Sof!

SOFIA

Well it must have been God's plan  
for him to be blown up on a sheep

Omar thinks >>OK<< but he wants the full instruction booklet.

OMAR

Come on, Sof, how can that be God's plan?

SOFIA

Well, it can't be God's plan to leave the lads with Barry can it?

Omar looks back - that makes sense - but still.

SOFIA

Come here. You were much more fun when you were going to blow yourself up, love.

OMAR

I am going to blow myself up, just not in a mosque or in a chemists or on top of a duck

SOFIA

Right well if they're going to blow themselves up in the wrong place, you've got to make sure you all blow up in the right place.

She kisses him gently - tenderness rises during the following.

OMAR

Sof, I can't even get them to stir their tea without smashin a winder-

SOFIA

(soothing) What's your heart say?

A tiny beam in Omar's eyes. The moment is broken by a voice from the doorway.

MAHMOOD OOS

God's in your heart dad!

They look up startled. Mahmoud has entered silently. Omar stares at Mahmoud lost to a dawning revelation. Mahmoud thinks the stare means trouble.

OMAR

Hey you. Come here.

MAHMOOD

Sorry I heard talking.

Sophia extends a loving arm towards him - he approaches. She looks at Omar because Mahmoud has hit the nail on the head. Omar is struck & if he were moving at all he would be faintly nodding.

MAHMOOD

(to Omar) Can we finish off the story about Simba's jihad?

OMAR

Yeah we can do that tomorrow. Come on off to bed.

MAHMOOD

Does he become a martyr eh dad?

OMAR

Dont you worry, cos even if he gets blown to bits, he's going to die smiling.

SOFIA

He'll go straight to heaven.

MAHMOOD

Yeah, he'll be in heaven before his head hits the ceiling.

Omar is now nodding in the smallest possible way. The boy's right. Sofia knows it too. Loving family unity opening up like a flower in the sun. Omar smiles & nods. They all smile at each other - the perfect sweetness of family.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. CITYSCAPE. DAY. MORNING. \*\*

Bright morning. High and wide shots. Of the city.

CUT TO:

51 INT. TRAM. DAY - DAY. \*\*

Omar is on the tram. With his work bag. Staring blankly. Behind him the plasma screen is showing news. The headline is "Asian man's head falls out of tree" - the news reader is reading a big story. Captions reveal what he's saying - Strap stays and pictures cut to:

NEWS READER OOV

"the asian man's head was found less than two miles from the city centre today this afternoon Steven Fap discovered the Asian man's head when it nearly fell on his dog out of a tree"

Man walking dog - a news walkie shot. Then Man's talking head describing how the dog was nearly hit as the head fell out of the tree. Omar double takes as he hears the Asian man's head story.

CUT TO

52 INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - WALKWAY. DAY. \*\*

Omar walking fast - brain racing.

CUT TO:

53 INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - CONTROL ROOM. DAY. \*\*

Door. Omar bursts in, straight from the tram. Looks around. Sees another security guard and goes straight up to him.

OMAR

Yo is Matt here? Right Tim, step outside for a minute bro. I need you to go outside and get some doughnuts or something. Get another one.

The security guard, gets the message and leaves Omar to talk to Matt. He stops in his tracks - Because Matt is dressed in a Handstand Clown upside down Illusion costume. He is red faced. Matt isn't expecting to see Omar, but is glad it's him

MATT

Omar! You can help me with this?

He stumbles around the room. To produce the illusion of legs n feet in the air - the costume forces you to walk around with both arms raised.

OMAR

I got to ask you something first -

But Matt's oblivious - stuck in his costume nightmare.

MATT

I booked the clown. They gave me this - its the wrong way up I can't run in a wrong way up clown. They said I'd ordered the wrong way up clown! Why would I order a wrong way up clown?

OMAR

It's fine, it's fine, I can sort you one out. I can sort you out with another costume.

MATT

I didn't even know what one was -  
I said you're gonna cause a pile  
up at the marathon is that what  
you want? A massive pile up & me  
flat to my arse in a costume I  
cant even bloody believe exists?!

OMAR

I know mate easy - I got a  
costume - a rabbit costume at  
home. You can run in that.

MATT

A rabbit? Can I run in a rabbit?  
(starting to come out of it)

OMAR

It's amazing, panic over, done

MATT

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

OMAR

Right - Now you seen the news?

MATT

(of course!) Oh yeah. The head!

OMAR

Yeah What do you know about that?

MATT

Yeah they're just saying it's  
jihadi - they've got him, filmed  
him blowing up a crow.

Omar's face is lost in space.

MATT

Its not a jihadi is it Omar?  
Blowin up a crow? Omar?

Omar gathers (huge effort)

OMAR

Mm? - nah - it's a cultural thing  
we bazooka'ed an ostrich at that  
wedding I was at.

MATT

Yeah??

Matt nods and looks at Omar who is lost in a very loud box.

OMAR

I gotta go Matt..

Omar leaves as quickly as he came in.

CUT TO

54 EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE.. NIGHT. \*\*  
Hassan's van parked outside.

CUT TO:

55 INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GYM. NIGHT. \*\*  
Knocking. Whispering "who's that?" More knocking.

BARRY  
Just calm down. Calm yourselves.  
I'll go get it. Alright. Get out  
Omar.

OMAR  
Get out my way.

Barry is letting Omar into the room. Waj & Hass are in there.

BARRY  
(revving up)  
Oi. Oi. You fuck off back out of  
the back door - you're not part  
of this any more!

OMAR  
Right lads this is an emergency -  
They found Fessals' head - the  
head that YOU buried 5 ft under  
your shed - it fell out of a tree  
onto a dog.

BARRY  
Good - dogs contradict Islam

OMAR  
Dibble's onto us lads! - dibble  
is on to us.

Hassan, looking more and more anxious and doubtful - blurts

HASS  
I *told you* it was a knee!

BARRY  
That was a head it was obviously  
a head.

HASS  
It had a hinge!

Omar has effectively won that one - its time for a call to action

OMAR

Right, so I've just seen Matt right? - Matt is running the London marathon tomorrow - he's doing it in costume - you know they run in costume? - well so can we - we can disguise the gear in there- and it's perfect- we got live tv - prime targets - all London

BARRY

We've got a target Omar. It's the mosque -

OMAR

When you meet God do you want to tell him I struck a blow for the brothers, right, or i blew a load of them up

BARRY

Blew a load of them up - he'll love that he'll get it

OMAR

Come on lads ! Waj?

Hass is frozen between barry and omar. Waj is not

WAJ

I'm not on your side any more brother omar

Omar struck beat

WAJ (CONT'D)

You ripped me up bro

BARRY

57

Marshallah.

Waj is nearly crying. Omar has to dig deep

OMAR

Waj bro... I'm really sorry. My head was in a mess coz of Fessal but I should have stayed.

WAJ

Why didn't you then?

OMAR

Coz i made a mistake. But You didn't .

(MORE)

OMAR (cont'd)

You listened to your heart and  
you did the right thing.

BARRY

No ignore him Waj. He's being  
nice. You cannot win an argument  
just by being nice.

OMAR

I'm not just by being nice Baz.  
I'm right as well aren't I?

BARRY

Also - you cannot win an argument  
just by being right.

OMAR

No?

BARRY

No. No way.

WAJ

I think maybe you can Barry?

BARRY

Who asked you fuckbrain?

Beat - this decides it for Waj.

56 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE HOUSE -. NIGHT

\*\*

Police vans pull up in the street and cut engines. Northern  
Armed Response.

CUT TO:

57 INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GYM. NIGHT.

\*\*

WAJ

Barry's not a good emir brother  
Omar! He made me do bad stuff in  
the woods

OMAR

Like what?

WAJ

He said if I was a proper  
mujahid, I'd wiz in me own mouth.

HASS

(didn't know this) You made him  
wee in his own gob?

OMAR

What is wrong with you bro?

BARRY

It's submission, it's the rules  
of submission.

WAJ

It felt bad brother - it's not  
too tricky once you get the aim  
right but it just feels like  
really proper wrong - all wee  
splashin off your teeth

He's upset - hurt - post traumatic.

58 EXT STREET. OUTSIDE HOUSE. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS \*\*

Northern Armed Officers start moving silently up street.

59 INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GYM. NIGHT. \*\*

OMAR

Bro, I swear kusum bro I may ask  
you to blow yourself up but I  
will never ask you to piss in  
your own mouth.

WAJ

Yeah?

OMAR

Yeah bro promise.

WAJ

(smiles) no more widdle in me  
gob.

OMAR

Promise bro. Rubber dinghy rapids

They hug. Waj holds tightly onto omar

WAJ

Rubber dinghy rapids.

60 EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE HOUSE . NIGHT - CONTINUOUS \*\*

Northern Armed Officer's. In position. Waiting. A door  
ramming team moves into position.

61 INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - GYM. NIGHT.

\*\*

BARRY

See this brother Hass - it's gays  
at work - it's not muslims - it's  
gays.

Omar - still caught in Waj's bearish hug, wants to address  
hassan. He disengages, rotates waj by 90 degrees, goes back  
to hugging but this time he can see Hassan past Waj

OMAR (CONT'D)

Ok brother Hass, marathon or  
mosque?

HASS

Either way we're going to blow  
right?

BARRY

Yeah. To pieces bro

OMAR

Yeah. But die smiling bro.

We can see that hass is trapped but can't escape - and even  
in this state he can see omar's way is better than barry's

HASS

(looks between them)  
Wicked. Wicked yeah man. (goes  
for it) lets blow up a load of  
fit slags at the marathon yeah?

Hass hurls himself into the Waj-Omar hug. Waj's arms him  
in. They're clinging on to Omar like he's their rock.

OMAR

Come on Barry. We're Lions bro!.  
Four lions.

They're laughing at him now. Barry is disgusted

CUT TO:

62 INT. AHMED'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

\*\*

Blam! The Northern Armed Officer's ram the jacked door  
down. Noise - DOGS (OOV)!. And they're into the hall and  
all over Ahmed's house. 8 or so lads are kneeling, praying,  
led by Ahmed:

NORTHERN ARMED OFFICER #1

On the floor now! Now! On the  
floor. What the fuck is this eh?

They are already all on the floor. Hands over heads. The armed officer shows Ahmed the water pistol.

NORTHERN ARMED OFFICER #2,3,4,5

Get on the floor! Shut the fuck up! Show me your hands! Shut the fuck up! Get on the floor! Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up!

The police rip open another door to reveal a closet containing three very surprised looking muslim ladies cramped together on wooden chairs drinking tea.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. HOSPITAL. A&E DROP OFF POINT. - NIGHT 2AM. \*\*

Omar pulls up in Hassan's Van.

CUT TO:

64 INT. HASSAN'S VAN. - NIGHT 2AM \*\*

Omar jumps out. He turns to three expectant faces. Takes keys

OMAR

I'll be two minutes.

Spins towards hospital entrance.

CUT TO:

65 INT. A & E. HOSPITAL.- NIGHT. \*\*

Omar through a busy A&E. He spots Sophia at her workstation: triage nurse. & he sees she's talking to a police officer. He thinks a moment, he's got to do this, slips behind a screen, emerges with clipboard & stethoscope, putting on white coat and strides straight towards her - interrupts the cop. During this Sofia holds back the five mad monkeys trying to leap out of her face.

OMAR

(full of conviction despite the words) Right nurse. Still on shift. So got the stats back from Cubicle seven - it needs more blood supplies for - the knee.

SOFIA

(all her questions in this one)  
The what?

OMAR

Yeah, the knee string. The knee string's come off.  
(now he needs her to get this)  
(MORE)

OMAR (cont'd)

I've finished my shift now. So I'm going to take my team up to the top floor. Right. So I'll see you up there. (beat) Yeah?

SOFIA

Okay.

Omar winks at the cop.

OMAR

(to police) alright lads. You going to arrest me? Well carry on.

- and leaves.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. HASSAN'S VAN / MOTORWAY. NIGHT. DARK \*\*  
Vehicle swooshes past.

CUT TO:

67 INT. HASSAN'S VAN. NIGHT. DARK. \*\*  
The gang are en route now. Omar is driving, Barry next to him, Waj and Hassan are behind them. ... deep in thought. Omar check them out - thoughtful faces - Barry pretty suspicious - Omar switches on the CD player - Hassan's jihadi songs - starts humming along... looks at Barry who's having only the barest of it - Hassan and Waj a bit more.... esp when Omar mimes with the firing guns

CUT TO:

68 EXT. HASSAN'S VAN / MOTORWAY. NIGHT. DARK \*\*  
Vehicle swooshes past

CUT TO:

69 EXT HASSAN'S VAN / MOTORWAY. PRE DAWN \*\*  
Van bombs past cam again- it's a bit lighter. Dawn.

70 INT. HASSAN'S VAN. JUST AFTER DAWN. \*\*  
Even higher spirits. Hard to say who is leading the singing. Easy to see Barry is not happy.

ALL

Dancing in the Moonlight  
everybody's feeling warm and  
bright  
such a fine and natural sight  
every body's dancing in the  
moonlight.

CUT TO

71 EXT HASSAN'S VAN MOTORWAY. AFTER DAWN. \*\*  
Hassan's Van approaching London.

113 CUT TO:

72 EXT. LONDON ESTABLISHERS. DAY. \*\*  
Wide - marathon day.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. BACKSTREET BY RAILWAY ARCHES, WOOLWICH. DAY. \*\*

In a shut for Sunday no cams back alley the guys are putting on their bomb belts, they are shielded from view by the Van. They keep watch but they're in a relatively safe spot.

Waj is putting on his belt with great care. Omar fixing the detonator. Barry is fixing up Hassan's detonator, doing some complicated work round his back. Hassan is a bit nervous. Their costumes are half on. Omar is a Honey Monster, Waj is a sexy ostrich, Barry - still sulking - is a ninja turtle and Hassan has the upside down clown we saw matt struggling with. There is an air of final purpose.

OMAR

Come on lads we're late. It's alright there now. Nearly done our kid. OK?

WAJ

Mujahid brothers

BARRY

Mijahid.

WAJ

Mujahid, brother Hassan.

HASSAN

(forcing himself) Mujahid!

WAJ

(he looks reflectively down at his bomb belt) Defo right thing yeah bro?

OMAR

What?

WAJ

Blowin up kuffar and that? Totally legit yeah?

OMAR

Yeah.

WAJ

Good. Nah, wicked, I was just checking and that.

Hassan has noticed this and we see him tuning in and following less biddably than Waj.

OMAR

Waj - Don't listen to your brain bro - The Shaitan gets in there with his wasawasa! What you gotta do, you got to listen to your heart, remember.

WAJ

Yeah my heart brother Omar.

OMAR

So what's your heart say?

WAJ

Well ... it says er - 'It's wrong Waj. Don't do it.'

OMAR

And what does your brain say?

WAJ

Er ... 'we're here, together, all strapped up, and it would be like, well pathetic to cop out now.'

OMAR

Right (thinking)

BARRY

So he should listen to his brain!

OMAR

No he's got to listen to his heart, Barry!

(MORE)

OMAR (cont'd)

This is Waj's brain we're talking about - since when do we listen to Waj's brain (to Waj) sorry bro.

WAJ

No I agree I'm thick as fudge.

BARRY

His brain says do it - so his brain's gotta be right!

OMAR

That can't be his brain, that's his heart, Barry!

WAJ

Feels like me brain brother.

OMAR

Yeah OK this is what's happened  
(pauses to get his own  
head straight) )  
What's happened is Shaitan has confused you. He's swapped round your brain and your heart. So don't listen to what you think is your heart - cos that's actually your brain! It's in disguise, as your heart. Right? And what you thought was your brain - that's your heart. That's actually your heart.

Waj is practically hallucinating in bafflement.

WAJ

Er. My brain is my heart.  
(looks at his chest and  
to Omar again)

Waj starts to latch on to something. Omar taps Waj's head.

OMAR

You got it our kid?

WAJ

Er... (he is sort of getting it)  
- oh yeah.

OMAR

So what's up there?

WAJ

Heart.

OMAR

Okay. Yeah. Follow your heart.

Waj gets it - flooded with relief - back on track.

WAJ

Nice one brother.  
Alhamdallillah!

OMAR

(hugs him) Alhamdallillah bro.

HASSAN

(interrupting) Hey!

Omar looks to where Hassan is pointing

OMAR

(mutters in urdu) BhenChoad! -

Two police cars at the end of their lane - a cop coming up towards them. Barry mutters.

BARRY.

Come and get it you fed fuck!

OMAR

Everbody calm down. Bigger picture.  
We're doing a fun run for a kid's  
charity. Stretches, stretches.  
We're running for kids, for  
charity, for kids, policemen's  
kids. You alright officer?

The cop is there.

PATROL POLICEMAN

Late for the fun run lads?

OMAR

(joining in the time awareness)  
Oh yeah. Er... yeah we are  
actually.

BARRY

What's it to you?

OMAR

Er, do you know how we can get to  
the red zone?

Pause. Has this worked? The cop scrutinizes Hassan.

PATROL POLICEMAN

(friendly - to Hassan)  
You can't run in that can you?

OMAR

He just drew the short straw.

it's still horribly uncertain the cop is buying this then...

PATROL POLICEMAN

Four short straws were there?

He grins - a very slight version of Omar starts laughing - urging the others to laugh with him.

PATROL POLICEMAN

Red zone, it's back down there,  
left, second left again, and  
there's marshalls, they'll tell  
you where to park (thinks they're  
daft) You're gonna die in that  
gear lads!

OMAR

More than likely (glint of irony)

More laughter. For Hassan this irony is not so merry.

HASSAN

Hhyeah! (irony not runny)

OMAR

It's all for a good cause though.  
Have a good day officer!

PATROL POLICEMAN

Well, Good luck.

The officer leaves. They pretty much hold their breath as he walks away. Then they turn towards the van. Hassan's eyes bulge as he watches the cop leave. He's now about 50 yards away. Suddenly Hassan bursts towards the police cars.

WAJ

Bloody hell.

BARRY

Shit!

OMAR

What the fuck's he doing?

Hassan pulls his head free of the costume & sticks his hands up. He's in a total panic.

HASSAN

Help! Help. I'm accidentally a  
suicide bomber! I'm going to  
blow.

PATROL POLICEMAN

(suddenly pointing with both  
hands - locking Hassan down)  
STOP!

Hassan stops.

BARRY  
He's bottled it!

OMAR  
Maybe it's his costume - the legs  
make the hands go up.

HASSAN  
I've got a bomb but it's a  
mistake.

BARRY  
Nah, nah, nah he said he's got a  
bomb.

PATROL POLICEMAN  
You got a bomb?!

HASSAN  
Yes but I'm not a bomber!

BARRY  
Don't worry.

We see Barry has a phone, he's surreptitiously dialing it.

PATROL POLICEMAN  
This is a fucking bad prank  
mate!

HASSAN  
No no no! I'm real!  
(anxiously adjusting the sense)  
But not any more! ...

PATROL POLICEMAN  
(screaming)  
YOU'RE REAL BUT NOT ANY MORE I  
DON'T UNDERSTAND! HAVE YOU GOT A  
BOMB?!

HASSAN  
(shouting his head off)  
YES I HAVE BUT ITS NOT GOING OFF.

PATROL POLICEMAN  
HOW DO I KNOW THAT?!!

HASSAN  
(emphasizes hands up screams) LOOK!

And Hassan immediately explodes. The cops - 15 metres from him are knocked over. There is a beat of shock and disbelief. The cops pick themselves off the floor.

Omar, Barry and Waj stay immobile a beat then.

OMAR

We gotta go! We need to go. Now!  
Go! Go!

And Barry's off - then Omar with Waj, into the side lane.

CUT TO:

74

EXT. SIDE LANE / STREETS - DAY. CONTINUOUS

\*\*

They stop, down a side lane. Barry looking back - in a thrilled haze about what he's just done

WAJ

(muttering)  
Mater choad, Behn choad...

omar bringing waj back into focus

OMAR

Waj! Waj! Do your best to try and  
find some targets! Do your best!  
See you on the top floor our kid!

WAJ

Radisson style - Penthouse suite!

OMAR

Go, smooth running Waj.

BARRY

Smooth running Waj, smooth  
running.

They hug, then Waj runs off smooth fast with a smile - his course bending to the left. We see this wide in an open space. Barry snorts contemptuously - a terrible party in his head.

OMAR

(slamming/choking him against a  
wall ) You killed Hassan.

BARRY

Yeah! He bottled!

OMAR

You took away his choice. You de-  
martyred him.

BARRY

Did Waj have a choice when you  
told him his heart was his brain?  
And his gob was his ring piece?  
You tomatoed your friend. You've  
killed the special needs donkey

OMAR

No I haven't.

BARRY

Let him blow, let the retard  
blow.BARRY ENJOYS THIS CRUELLY. OMAR SCARPERS. BARRY PICKS UP  
HIS HEAD & SHOUTS AFTER HIM.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. STREETS. DAY - CONTINUOUS

\*\*

The three of them smooth-running - adrenalized near  
panicked but smooth as possible running - eyes darting  
everywhere for cops. A siren goes off. But no sign of  
cops. See Waj running through columns, Barry and Omar  
running down same street, but don't meet.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. OVER HEAD - MARATHON RACE. DAY.

\*\*

General shots of the race still happening. Distant Sirens.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. BACK STREETS/ MARATHON. DAY.

\*\*

Omar backstreet max wall free running - checking everywhere,  
upwards too: copters - turns corner, sees race 20 meters  
ahead. Stops.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. SIDE ROAD. DAY.

\*\*

Waj smooth fast fool gait - sees cops up ahead - oh shit!  
And is down a side road - sirens start up. Run Waj!

CUT TO

79 EXT. BACK ALLEY OF KEBAB SHOP. DAY.

\*\*

Waj is running. Looks up. Copters. He looks ahead. A cop car.  
He ducks down the back alley of a terrace of businesses.  
Sirens. And suddenly two cops ahead - at the far end of the  
alley - on radios and pointing.

Waj spots an open door at the back of one of the premises,  
runs across the back yard, and thru it - the back half of a  
kebab shop -

CONTINUOUS TO:

80 INT. KEBAB SHOP / EXT. FRONT OF KEBAB SHOP/ STREET. DAY \*\*

He pelts through that and out of the front. Police! Running down the street. 3 from one side, 2 and a motorbike from the other. He shouts at them all. Revealing his bomb.

WAJ

I'm loaded! I'm fucking loaded!

The police stop in their tracks. Waj is fleetingly chuffed. Then back into the kebab shop. There's four guys in there seated and two guys behind the counter, Ali and Nabil, all Asian.

WAJ

Shut it! The metal. Shut it.

One lad scrabbles over and flicks the switch for the metal shutters.

WAJ

Right lads, see this.  
(pulls open jacket - reveals bombs)  
Any of you do anything, we're all  
turning baked beanz alright.

Holds up switch.

WAJ CONT'D

No fucking messing now, yeah.

Off their terrified bemusement

CUT TO:

81 EXT. MARATHON RACE. DAY. \*\*

Omar - the honey monster - is now actually running (like max wall) in the body of runners in the marathon. He's running so stupidly the crowd cheer him past. He waves.

CUT TO

82 EXT. SNIPERS ROOFTOP. DAY. \*\*

Two snipers - are positioned behind a balustrade.

RADIO CONTROL (O.S.)

Active Targets are Ostrich and a  
Grizzly bear. Ostrich and Grizzly  
Bear are targets.

Snipers look at each other train their sights.

CUT TO:

- 83 EXT. RIFLE SIGHTS - MARATHON. DAY. \*\*
- Scanning views down the rifle sights. 200 Runners running towards and past camera - including a wookie. - view sweeps back 20 metres, we see Omar too.
- CUT TO:
- 84 EXT. SNIPERS ROOFTOP. DAY. \*\*
- Back on the roof: sniper 3 is aiming and shoots, on the shot.
- CUT TO:
- 85 EXT. MARATHON RACE. DAY. \*\*
- Runners - blam - A wookie goes down.
- CUT TO:
- 86 EXT. SNIPERS ROOFTOP . DAY. \*\*
- SNIPER 3  
(Into radio) The bear is down  
repeat the bear is down. (To  
sniper 4) I got the bear!
- SNIPER 4  
(looking thru the sights)  
I think it's a wookie - it's a  
wookie.
- SNIPER 3  
Its not it's a bear.
- SNIPER 4  
(to radio)  
Is a wookie a bear, Control?
- CUT TO:
- 87 EXT. MARATHON RACE. DAY. \*\*
- Omar is stopped. Ahead of him The wookie is down - the immediate area is blocked - police and marshals appear - people rushing around - shouts ...
- CUT TO:

88 EXT. SNIPERS ROOFTOP. DAY. \*\*

RADIO MESSAGE (O.S.)  
Correction Honey Monster. Target  
bear is now target Honey Monster.

SNIPER 4  
(asks radio)  
Is a honey monster a bear?

RADIO MESSAGE (O.S.)  
A Honey Monster is not a bear.

SNIPER 3  
(swipes radio) A Honey Monster is  
a bear. A Honey Monster is down.  
He was the target. He was a bear.

RADIO MESSAGE (O.S.)  
The Honey Monster is down?

CUT TO:

89 EXT. RIFLE SIGHTS - MARATHON. DAY. \*\*

There is Omar thru the sights - standing looking dazed.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. MARATHON RACE. DAY. \*\*

Omar's route is blocked now by chaos. He looks up -  
helicopters.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. SNIPERS ROOFTOP. DAY - CONTINUOUS \*\*

SNIPER 4  
(into radio) The Honey Monster is  
not down control. We have a  
wookie down.

RADIO MESSAGE (O.S.)  
What's a wookie?

SNIPER 3  
(shouts at 4) A bear it's a bear!

SNIPER 4  
(to3) No - it is a wookie - but  
you've just shot it as a bear

SNIPER 3  
(back to radio) its a bear!

SNIPER 4  
 (interrupts & to 4) NO! The  
 wookie is down and the wookie is  
 not the target

SNIPER 3  
 Well it must be the target I just  
 shot it!

CUT TO

92 INT. KEBAB SHOP. DAY.

\*\*

The door is locked, the shutters down. Waj is sat down with a kebab - munching - the hostages are staring at him in terror. He's taken off his ostrich & is enjoying the grub.

WAJ  
 I'll just finish this then we're  
 all off to heaven alright.  
 Martyrs suite, VIP lounge.

Nabil standing with his hands up plucks up courage.

NABIL  
 You gonna kill us?

WAJ  
 (thinks, has to conclude yes)  
 Might av' some seconds but I kind  
 of am, yeah.

NABIL  
 Why?

WAJ  
 For Jihad man! - kuffar 'n that?

NABIL  
 But alhamdallillah, we support  
 jihad bro.

WAJ  
 I cant explain it lads but if  
 brother Omar were here I swear he'd  
 tell you knowledge proper good.

Flummoxed faces.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KEBAB SHOP. - DAY.

\*\*

Police sirens, helicopters overhead. A car pulls up. A man with a beard and skullcap steps out like the cavalry. Nods at the uniformed police. One of them hands him a phone.

He accepts it with smug entitlement. The Negotiator has arrived.

94 INT. PRÉT. DAY -

\*\*

Omar sits down at a table looking out on to the street - takes his Honey Monster head off - puts it on table - looks round. HE PULLS OUT HIS PHONE TO CALL WAJ.

NOXIOUS MAN CLEARS HIS THROAT NOISILY BEHIND OMAR. OMAR LOOKS ROUND. NOXIOUS MAN, WHO IS READING THE SUNDAY TIMES, POINTS SELF RIGTHEOUSLY TO HIS QUIET ZONE T-SHIRT. OMAR ACKNOWLEDGES - TOO DISTRACTED TO BE PISSED OFF. THE KNOW ALL MAKES A SOME-PEOPLE-HAVE-NO-KNOWLEDGE-OF-ELEMENTARY-THERMO-PHYSICS FACE TO HIS WIFE.

INTERCUT WITH:

CUT TO:

95 INT PRÉT - INTERCUT WITH - INT. KEBAB SHOP. DAY.

\*\*

We inter-cut between the Kebab shop and Prêt.

WAJ

Omar?

OMAR

Waj?

WAJ

Are you in paradise bro?!

OMAR

No bro, I'm in a cafe. Where are you?

WAJ

In a kebab shop. I've got hostages and everything, like X-box Counter Strike!

OMAR

Listen Waj...

WAJ

Thing is they're all brothers - i still get points for takin them with me though? Like nectar card?

REASSURING FACE TO THE LADS.

OMAR

No Waj listen - you got to let em go. Keep one of them

WAJ

Eh?

OMAR

(thinking fast)  
maybe keep one of them back - but  
let the rest of them all go.

WAJ

Ok (shruggish) Right you stay,  
but you three can go. Go!

(LOOKS AT NABIL - POINTS)

OMAR

Now Waj, listen to me. What you  
said about this being wrong?  
You were right - it *is* wrong.

WAJ

Eh? What do you mean?

OMAR

For you. For you Waj. What your  
doing is wrong.

WAJ

Yeah, I know, it feels really  
wrong bro. But that's why it's  
right, yeah?

OMAR

No you're confused bro

WAJ

*I'm* not confused brother.

OMAR

Yes you are confused, I confused  
you!

WAJ

I'm not confused brother, when  
I'm confused I got my confused  
face. Wait.

WAJ TAKES A PICTURE OF HIMSELF ON HIS PHONE.

WAJ (CONT'D)

Bro I've just took a picture of  
my face. It's deffo not my  
confused face. I'll send it you.

WAJ TAKES THE PHONE FROM HIS EAR, RINGS OFF AND STARTS TO  
TEXT THE PICTURE.

98

OMAR  
Waj, waj listen to me.

IN THE CAFE, BARRY SUDDENLY RUNS IN SWIPES THE PHONE

BARRY  
(mocks)  
Waj? Waj? Listen to me. It's too  
late to stick your hand up his  
arse now!

BARRY LEGS IT TO THE DOOR. OMAR FOLLOWS. OMAR EXITS AND  
BARRY WUMPS HIM IN THE NUTS.

BARRY.  
Ah, look at the Paki Bono, wanna  
call him? You wanna call the  
special needs donkey.  
(HOLDS UP PHONE, LAUGHS)

BARRY IS WALKING BACKWARDS & LAUGHING AND FIDDLING WITH  
OMAR'S PHONE - TAKING THE SIM CARD OUT. HE HOLDS UP THE  
PHONE

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Here you go.

HE CHUCKS THE PHONE AT THE STUNNED OMAR - AND POINTEDLY  
POPS THE SIM CARD IN HIS MOUTH AND STARTS TO CHEW, BACKING  
AWAY INTO THE STREET.

BARRY  
You forgot the simcard.

SUDDENLY HE CHOKES.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

BARRY'S PANICKING NOW - HE CAN'T BREATHE. HE'S STANDING  
THERE, STILL, DOUBLING OVER AND CHOKING. NOXIOUS MAN BRUSHES  
OFFICIOUSLY PAST OMAR.

NOXIOUS MAN  
Mind out. Mind out the way

HE HEADS ACROSS TO BARRY.

NOXIOUS MAN (CONT'D)  
Easy chap - OK.

BARRY'S EYES ARE WIDE - TRIES TO GESTURE "NO, NO!" AS  
NOXIOUS MAN GOES BEHIND HIM - LINING UP FOR A HEFTY  
HEIMLICH

NOXIOUS MAN (CONT'D)  
Its fine I can heimlich

OMAR  
 (to noxo)  
 Don't-

NOXIOUS MAN  
 I've done this before sonny. Now  
 there we are now, now don't fight  
 it.

OMAR LEGS IT. BARRY WHEEZING TO STOP HIM BUT CAN'T SPEAK -  
 NOXO PREPS HIMSELF FOR THE FULL ANTI CHOKE MANOEUVRE

NOXIOUS MAN (CONT'D)  
 And catch the peanut....

BARRY'S EYES LIKE FRIED EGGS. HEIL HEIMLICH. BARRY BLOWS.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. KEBAB SHOP / STREET - DAY. \*\*

Police cars/armed officers (KEBAB SHOP ARMED RESPONSE) are  
 gathering at the end of the kebab shop street.

CUT TO:

97 INT. KEBAB SHOP INTERCUT WITH EXT. KEBAB SHOP/ STREET - DAY. \*\*

Waj is at the table with Nabil, the hostage. Nabil is  
 shivering, he's wrapping himself up tight in his puffa  
 jacket. Looking very nervous. Waj puts an arm round him,  
 and offers him a morsel from his plate that he's happily  
 eating.

Then Waj's phone rings. He looks shocked, takes it out of  
 his pocket.

WAJ (CONT'D)  
 (reading screen)  
 'Number withheld.'  
 (to Nabil)  
 I don't do 'number withheld'.

NABIL  
 Please. It could be important

WAJ  
 (remembers!)  
 Hey yeah maybe I've won an  
 iphone?! - hallo?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (O.S.)  
 Waj?

WAJ  
 Have I won? (winks at Nabil)

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Waj? This is Ed, I'm with Special Branch, I'm just outside ...

WAJ

How did you get this number?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Waj can we talk.

WAJ

Have you got like, agents working at Orange? You've got double agents working at Orange haven't you?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

I'm sorry?

WAJ

I knew I should have gone O2. I've got loads of mates on O2 ...

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Look, Waj. What are your demands?

WAJ

I don't have any.

98

INT/EXT. PHONE SHOP. DAY.

\*\*

Omar, losing his nut, runs into a phone shop.

OMAR

Excuse me mate. Can I have a simcard for this phone please?

PHONE SHOP GUY

Not for this model, but we can sort you out for you if you want to come with me.

OMAR?

Can you make this work. I need it. Is it on?

PHONE SHOP GUY

It's only a display model, do you want it?

OMAR

Yeah. I need it.

PHONE SHOP GUY

Gordon. Can you get this phone for me please mate.

99 INT. KEBAB SHOP INTERCUT WITH EXT. KEBAB SHOP/ STREET -  
DAY.

\*\*

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
Waj, why are you doing this?

WAJ  
Rubber dingy rapids

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
Sorry?

WAJ  
Rubber dingy rapids bro - fast  
track - straight on the rides -  
like alton towers - no queue

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
You like funfairs then Waj?

WAJ  
Its not a funfair bro its a theme  
park! Funfair?! How old are you?  
Alton towers got a spa bro!

100 INT PHONE SHOP. DAY.

\*\*

OMAR?  
Just now, I need it now.  
The contract?

PHONE SHOP GUY  
Alright mate, what do you want 12  
months contract?

OMAR  
Just any.

PHONE SHOP GUY  
Alright mate, easy bro, easy, I'm  
doing it for you.

101 INT./EXT KEBAB SHOP. DAY

\*\*

WAJ  
Ok I think I'm gonna go now bro.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
Wait! What about girls Waj - I  
bet you like the ladies...

WAJ  
(laughs) Is this your first time  
bro - you a virgin at this?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
Please Waj - can we talk about  
girls?

102 INT. PHONE SHOP. DAY

\*\*

OMAR  
Just fill that out now.

Gets out a credit card.

PHONE SHOP GUY  
What sort of call plan would you  
like? We've got the Labrador? The  
Dragon? How about the Hermit  
Crab? It's eighteen hundred free  
texts.

Omar looks defeated, runs out

PHONE SHOP GUY  
Hey mate, I've still got your  
card.

101

CUT TO:

CUT TO

103 INT. KEBAB SHOP DAY.

\*\*

WAJ  
Alright we can talk about girls -

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
Right SO what sort of girls are  
you into then Waj.

WAJ  
Well... you know - ones with big  
jubblies n that?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
Yesh you like them big Waj?

WAJ  
Oh yeah - and nice fit arses man!

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
You're an arse man aren't you  
Waj? I knew you were bro - you're  
an arse man. You're a massive  
arse man,

WAJ  
(hang on) What you sayin?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
I'm saying you're an arse man Waj

Waj puts his phone on speaker to include Nabil in the joke.

WAJ  
You giving me the batty chirps  
bro?! You calling me a whammer?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR  
No - I ...

WAJ  
Fuck off!

Clicks off.

WAJ CONT'D  
(to Nabil) Fuckin boy George!

Nabil's vexed mush.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

104 EXT STREETS. \*\*

Omar runs trying to find the Kebab shop.

105 INT. KEBAB SHOP - DAY \*\*

Nabil is staring at Waj wondering how the hell his day turned into this.

WAJ  
Don't worry brother Nabil (hands  
Nabil the bomb belt) Hold on to  
these. When I press clicker, just  
think about takin out the kuffar -  
you'll be in paradise before me  
bro!

NABIL  
(sitting there too terrified to  
move the bomb) But - there's no  
kuffar here bro.

WAJ  
Yeah, but  
(looks confused then  
ding!)  
Brother Fessal's a martyr and he  
only blew up a sheep.

NABIL

I think you might be confused  
brother.

WAJ

I'm not.

NABIL

You look confused.

Beat for Nabil to fail to respond.

106

EXT. CROWDED STREET (EXT. DRUGS &amp; BEAUTY SHOP)- DAY.

\*\*

Omar, now a headless honey monster. Omar hiding from a passing copter under a projecting lip of architecture. Scurries out & round a corner into a more crowded street and immediately bumps into Matt, in his rabbit gear. He looks anxious and emotional. He has cuts and bruises. And the impact knocks him over.

MATT

Ahhh!

OMAR

Sorry man!

MATT

Oww!

OMAR

Matt! Matt! Yeah, man listen you  
got a signal on your phone?

MATT

Omar! What you doin here?

OMAR

(part of him pulls into focus) I'll  
level with you Matt I'm MI5.  
Special under Cover job - I'm er, a  
spook.

MATT

(still stunned at the MI5 drop)  
What? What's going on?

OMAR

(beat) Fathers for justice.  
(while dialing Waj) They've  
teamed up with the real IRA, it's  
a real nightmare scenario. Just  
give me five.

MATT

(bloody hell) Jesus.

107 INT. KEBAB SHOP. DAY/INTERCUT WITH OMAR ON STREET

\*\*

Waj's phone rings again.

WAJ

Fucking unknown number again. Is that whammer cop going straight to hell or what? What you doing.

Desperate, Nabil grabs the phone and answers it.

NABIL

Hello.

OMAR?

Bro, it's Omar.

NABIL

Omar?

Waj grabs the phone off him

OMAR

Waj.

WAJ

Tell me what to do bro. I think I might be confused but I'm not sure.

OMAR.

Listen bro, do what I do right. You do same as me OK?

WAJ

Yes brother I'll do the same as you

OMAR

(thinks - tactical - lies)  
Right, OK, I'm gonna give myself up bro.

WAJ

Eh?

OMAR.

I'm gonna give myself up bro.

COPS BURST IN AND SHOOT NABIL.

108 EXT SHOPPING PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

\*\*

OMAR HEARS THE GUNS DOWN THE PHONE

OMAR

Waj! Waj!!!

109

INT/EXT. KEBAB SHOP

\*\*

WAJ BLINKING. HIS PHONE ON THE FLOOR - OMAR'S TINY SHOUTS JUST AUDIBLE.

WAJ CAN HEAR IT - CALLS OVER TO IT.

WAJ  
Brother, What'm I doing brother?

OMAR O/S  
Waj!!!

WAJ  
What am I doing brother?

OMAR  
Waj, Waj, pick up the phone.

WAJ  
No, what am I doing?

COP  
You alright mate?

WAJ TURNS, CONFUSED, HALF SMILING.

WAJ  
I'm sorry lads i don't really know what I'm doing.

KEBAB SHOP BLOWS.

CUT TO:

110

EXT. KEBAB SHOP / STREET - DAY 13.

\*\*

The kebab shop blows up.

CUT TO:

111

EXT. SHOPPING PRECINCT. DAY

\*\*

OMAR HEARS A HUGE NOISE ON HIS PHONE AND AMBIENTLY IN THE PRECINCT. OMAR LOOKS UTTERLY LOST - BLOWN AWAY

MATT  
(bloody hell) What was that? What was that?

OMAR LOOKS MILES AWAY - FIGHTING BACK TEARS -

MATT (CONT'D)  
Are you alright...? Omar are you alright.

OMAR SEES COPS AT TWO SEPERATE POINTS OF PRECINCT - HE LOOKS ROUND - SEES CHEMIST - MAKES A DECISION.

OMAR  
Now you stay here. And you tell  
em I was smiling.

MATT  
What?

OMAR  
Smile on my face. Could be  
important.

MATT  
Right. Smile, is there?

OMAR IS ACTUALLY CRYING

OMAR  
Yeah.

HE TURNS - STARTS WALKING AWAY.

MATT  
Where are you going? Omar?

OMAR TURNS BACK AND WALKS TOWARDS CHEMIST. MATT IS PUZZLED. REAR VIEW OF OMAR GOING AWAY TOWARDS CHEMIST. CU OMAR'S FACE AS HE WALKS TOWARDS THRESHOLD OF CHEMIST. HE IS PUSHING HIMSELF ON AGAINST WAVES OF SADNESS

REAR VIEW SEE OMAR DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHOP. CUT TO MATT STILL TAKING IT ALL IN

BANG!

FADE OUT.

112 END CREDITS \*\*

113 EXT. RAF AIRFORCE BASE - - DAY. DAWN \*\*

We see a hangar in the distance and the quiet flat surroundings of norfolk.

CUT TO:

114 INT. HANGER - DAY. DAWN \*\*

The huge hangar is empty except for a single large shipping container. It doesn't look large. It looks very lonely - by itself in the huge space.

There are a couple of guards at the doorway of the hanger  
(the human not the plane doorway which is shut)

CUT TO:

115 INT. CONTAINER, AIRFORCE BASE - DAY. DAWN

\*\*

The container interior is bare. Two US private security guards stand behind Alex - who is seated across a desk from Ahmed - dressed as an extraordinarily rendered detainee - and seated uncomfortably on a metal chair.

ALEX

This is RAF Mildenhall. But it's actually Egypt. When you entered the base, you left Britain and you passed through US jurisdiction and into this container which is internationally recognised as the sovereign territory of Egypt, you are now in Egypt.

He pushes a little Egyptian flag across the table.

ALEX CONT'D

There are some pretty hellish Egyptians behind that door there. They use electrodes, drills - (he's genuinely upset by this) And biro refills...Do you know what I mean?

AHMED

Please! I don't know anything about my brother!

ALEX

We know a lot more than you think we do.

Alex looks genuinely outraged. Ahmed is wild eyed, trapped. Alex holds up a weetabix as if this will help prompt something from Ahmed. Needless to say it doesn't.

145

CUT TO:

146 CLIP OF Matt as eyewitness convinced it wasn't Omar and someone needs to ask some proper questions ....

MATT

Right lets get one thing straight - Omar Khan he had nothing to do with this.

(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)

I knew him - I worked with him -  
you know he was actually working  
for MI5 ? cos he told me that  
himself

CUT TO

CLIP OF Malcolm Storge MP commenting on the siege saying

MALCOLM STORGE MP

The report makes crystal clear  
that the police shot the right  
man but as far as I'm aware the  
wrong man exploded. Is that  
clear.

CLIP OF HASSANS VID

HASSAN

we da muslimeen - we made some  
terrible scenes  
now you wanna know what da boom  
boom means?  
Its Like Tupak said when I die  
I'm not dead  
Fight and be slain. Die with no  
pain  
Got shaheed in ma heed 4 ma  
creed I daa-heed !  
We are the martyrs - your just  
smashed tomataz  
(he is interrupted mid flow)  
what? (more muffle) I said "da-  
heed" - like died. (more muffle)  
it is clear. Da-heed!. Daaa-h-  
eed. It doesn't sound stupid!  
Its like With respect bro you got  
bad fuckin knowledge - you like  
Maroon Five!

CLIP OF MATT

MATT

See what those videos show are  
just a bunch of lads mucking  
about -it's role playing, it's  
games innit. We've seen them do  
that. Probably made films  
themselves pretending to be  
footballers, or cricketers, or  
technicians. I've got a friend  
who pretends to be a technician.

CLIP FESSAL MARTYR VID WITH A BOX ON HIS HEAD

CLIP OF MATT

MATT

When we talk about the so called  
terrorist attack on the London  
Marathon, we should remember one  
thing, most loud bangs are not  
bombs, they're scooters  
backfiring.

CLIP OF SHEIK'S CAMP NEWS FOOTAGE

NEWS READER OOV

\*\*

CLIP OF OMAR AND WAJ MARTYR VID

END

\*\*