

LONDON SYNDROME

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FADE IN:

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT ARRIVALS. DAY

Open on a BLACK screen.

LEARN ENGLISH TAPE OS
(Queens English)
Welcome to Britain. We hope you had
a pleasant journey. Afternoon tea
will be served at 4 o'clock in the
garden room. Might you be
interested in a walking tour of the
grounds? If you need any further
assistance, please don't hesitate
to ask. We hope you enjoy your
stay.

The picture fades up to reveal a pair of eyes, looking wide eyed and excited.

The Learn English examples continue to flow as we reveal the head of a young, attractive Japanese girl: HARUKA, 21.

She wears an elegant Burberry raincoat with the rest of her clothes mirroring a classic British look.

We realise that the woman's voice is coming from inside her headphones. As she removes them, we're hit with the white noise of hustle and bustle.

Haruka is standing in the middle of loud and bustling Heathrow Airport.

She begins to move - a tiny figure quickly swallowed up by the crowds.

INT. HEATHROW EXPRESS. DAY

Haruka is on the train into London, her faux Burberry handbag and suitcase beside her.

Whilst still listening to her headphones, she's looking at a scrapbook filled with cut out pictures of Wills and Kate, Harry Styles and Hugh Grant. Turning the page we see images of Downton Abbey and London's classic architectural heritage.

She closes it and holds it tight to her chest as she stares out of the window at the ugly urban sprawl.

Her eyes flit rapidly from side to side - unable to focus on the passing landscape.

EXT. PADDINGTON TRAIN STATION. DAY

Haruka is struggling to navigate her way through the station.

Standing on the platform, she attempts to ask if she's at Paddington but she's too shy to speak up. People carry on oblivious.

Looking at a sign, she stops walking and turns suddenly in the opposite direction.

The person behind walks straight into her.

WOMAN

Look where you're going!

Haruka stares at her, shocked and utterly overwhelmed.

EXT. STATION STEPS. DAY

She struggles to lift her heavy case up the station stairs.

Again no one offers assistance. She's creating a pile up, and one person hurriedly brushing past, causes her bag to slip down a few steps.

A hand suddenly reaches out and takes hold of the handle.

It belongs to PETER, 27. Attractive, dressed in clean cut classic Gap style clothing.

He has an awkward manner, a bit Hugh Grant with nervous tendencies making his actions jerky but with a contagious energy. Clumsy yet charming, he has a floppy fringe which we would consider 90s' boy band but to Haruka is perfection.

With a friendly smile, he takes her bag and carries it to the top of the stairs.

Haruka flushed, nods in gratitude.

HARUKA

Thank you

Peter gives Haruka a nod in return.

PETER

My pleasure

Another beaming smile and then he disappears.

INT. TICKET MACHINE. DAY

Haruka is now struggling to buy a travel pass from the machine with a queue of impatient Londoners behind.

Peter appears again by her side.

PETER
The head faces upwards.

He takes a proper look at her as she pays the machine. A pound short she hurriedly roots around in a traveller's purse which she wears as a slim bum bag under her jumper.

Peter looks through his change and quickly inserts the final amount.

PETER (CONT'D)
Not having the best day?

Haruka shakes her head.

HARUKA
Thank you.

PETER
(jokingly)
Just off the boat?

Haruka shakes her head.

HARUKA
No plane.

Peter smiles. Haruka smiles back unaware of the misunderstanding. It's his turn to top up his Oyster.

PETER
First time?

HARUKA
Yes. City of dreams!

Haruka takes her scrapbook from her backpack and turning to the last page, shows him an address.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
Can I ask - Slough please? Which bus?

PETER
Hmmm. It's closer to Heathrow than London.

Haruka looks confused.

HARUKA
Hostel, Greatest London.

PETER
It's not even Greater London.
You'll need to get a train.

Pointing to her travel card.

PETER (CONT'D)
That won't get you there.

Haruka looks disappointed.

PETER (CONT'D)
Ask at tourist information.

Peter hesitates for a moment, checking his watch.

PETER (CONT'D)
Best of luck.

He gives her a smile and walks off. Haruka watches him as he stops, pauses and turns around and begins to walk back towards her.

PETER (CONT'D)
Look, I don't know if this might be of interest but there's a place I know that's popular with travellers. My girlfriend lives there.

HARUKA
Girlfriend?

PETER
Yes. She's French. I'm sure you can pay by the week. It's in East London in a cool area. Up and coming, arty.

HARUKA
It's name?

PETER
The place? Dalston.

Haruka writes the name down in her book. He watches over her shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)
One L.

Haruka makes the change.

PETER (CONT'D)
Even if you don't stay there, better to be in London. You'll have a lot more fun than in Slough. Do you want to have a look?

Haruka hesitates.

PETER (CONT'D)
I can write down the address and
directions?

Peter motions to the scrapbook.

She looks at him for a moment, then passes it to him. He
begins to write.

PETER (CONT'D)
The 38 bus goes from over there.
When you get to the flat, ask for
Derek or Emilie. I'll let them know
to expect you.

HARUKA
Thank you.

Peter looks at his watch.

PETER
I've really got to dash.

About to go he stops again...

PETER (CONT'D)
Sorry, one more thing. I'm Peter.

Peter nervously flicks his hair as he says his name.

Haruka smiles.

HARUKA
Haruka.

PETER
If you do take the room, I'm sure
we'll be seeing a lot more of each
other.

She bows her thanks as Peter offers his hand. He eagerly
copies her with his own rather clumsy action.

PETER (CONT'D)
Bye then.

HARUKA
Bye.

She's left holding her scrapbook looking after him.

INT. 38 BUS. DAY

Haruka's still smiling from her chance encounter looking out
at the views of West London.

She passes Buckingham Palace and Marble Arch, beaming out of the window at the famous sights.

CUT TO:

Oxford Street. A distressed Romanian woman cries out to the passing crowds. Everyone ignores her. Haruka is oblivious.

An elderly woman boards the bus and she offers her seat.

OLD LADY

Only on for one stop sweetheart.

She places her hand on Haruka and guides her back down again to her seat. The bus continues.

CUT TO:

Progressing eastwards the landscape becomes less glamorous.

A man behind Haruka begins talking to himself. Everyone ignores him. He makes a hissing sound through his teeth as he talks.

MAN

Should've killed that mother fucker. Disrespecting my blood like that. Who'd he think he is? I'll teach him respect. Kill his fucking yappy dog too...

Haruka timidly looks up to see the man's reflection in the glass. He notices and pushes his face up close behind her ear.

CRAZY MAN

Isn't that the way? That fucker's got to be silenced... right?

Haruka is terrified. She goes to stand but just then a large man sits up tight against her, his knees touching the seat in front. She shrinks against the window, trying to move away from any contact.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALSTON JUNCTION STATION. DAY

The bus departs revealing Haruka standing outside the station with her bags, looking exhausted and disheveled.

She stops and shows a passerby her book. He points her in the direction of the market.

EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. MARKET DAY

Haruka's greeted by a bustling, lively and ramshackled scene.

All around her, traders conversing in languages from all over the world do business, shouting out to one another as she goes by.

Make-shift stalls are set up in front of open shop windows with wide varieties of products on offer. There are foods from Asia, Africa, the Caribbean and Mediterranean to the latest ladies fashion and pirated DVDs. There's a stall displaying a row of mannequin heads displaying a variety of elaborately styled wigs.

Colour's everywhere. Silk Saris and Salwar Kameezes to food sellers arranging their pyramids of fresh fruit and vegetables. Butchers display the white furry lining of cow's stomachs alongside lines of pigs' feet.

An assortment of Hackney characters pass as she makes her way down the road. The vegetable sellers shout unintelligible phrases, a little old lady, cigarette in mouth, barges past dragging her shopping trolley and trendy students head to the art cafes.

Haruka looks around wide-eyed.

As she walks down the road, she struggles to wheel her suitcase through the filthy market.

An elderly West African woman and a young child stand by the doorway of a hair and nail salon. She preaches to passers-by as the child stands obediently, holding her hand.

RAMLA

Heaven exists not here not in your
dreams. Atone for your sins or face
eternal damnation!

Haruka is mesmerised by the chanting. The woman stares intently at her. She quickly moves on down the street.

CUT TO:

She walks by numerous doors, searching for the numbers - with many just blank. She looks through the window of a workers' cafe. Builders and cabbies sit inside eating all day breakfasts, while others stand outside smoking, making deals.

The sudden presence of Haruka distracts them.

BUILDER

(kindly)
What you after love?

HARUKA
Number 58.

The builder turns his head to look at the flat above.

BUILDER
(shouting)
Derek!

There's no reply.

BUILDER (CONT'D)
Give that door a knock.

HARUKA
Thank you.

BUILDER
Pleasure treasure.

The builder takes a good look at Haruka, as do many of the other men, as she knocks on a tired looking door.

She waits a moment. She knocks again. She can hear feet thumping down stairs and disgruntled mumbling coming from inside.

DEREK OS
Alright I heard you the first time!

The door is opened sharply by DEREK, a local East Londoner, early 40s stocky- who knows how to handle himself.

Upon seeing Haruka, his eyes quickly scan up and down.

DEREK
Peter's friend?

Haruka nods.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Come up then.

She steps inside.

BUILDER TWO
Derek you dirty dog!

BUILDER THREE
Got yourself a mail order bride?

DEREK
Shut up and get back to work!

The men laugh as the door closes.

INT. DEREK'S HALLWAY. DAY

As they walk up the stairs from the front door, Derek stops on the landing and motions for Haruka to go ahead.

She is forced to squeeze past, it's impossible to keep her body away from his. She starts to move facing him, then changes her mind at the last minute, deciding it preferable to turn her back to face his front.

He stands still pointing out the different rooms.

DEREK
Kitchen, bathroom, two bedrooms, my
office. You rent the room - each
door has a lock. You'll be sharing
with Emilie.

Haruka peers through into the rooms.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Emilie?

Derek doesn't wait a second before pushing the door allowing Haruka to peer through. Two beds, one messy, the other dressed with faded bedding, sit between a desk, a chair and a wardrobe.

DEREK (CONT'D)
300 for the month. You got it in
cash?

HARUKA
Peter said 250

DEREK
Must have misheard.

Haruka shakes her head adamantly and shows Derek her scrapbook, pointing to the written £250.

DEREK (CONT'D)
300. That's the price.

She hesitates.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Got somewhere else to stay?

She doesn't answer.

After a moment she hands Derek the money. There aren't many notes left now in her purse alongside her passport.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Passport too.

Haruka hesitates. Derek is waiting, hand out. Then a voice comes from behind.

CATHY, a plump Irish woman, mid 30s, dressed in UGG style boots and a tracksuit, stands watching Derek suspiciously.

CATHY

A photocopy should do. No Derek?

DEREK

(disgruntled)

I keep my books in order.

Cathy's not budging.

DEREK (CONT'D)

A decent copy then.

He passes Haruka her key.

DEREK (CONT'D)

No personal heaters. Hot water 7am till 9am. No baths.

Said as he's leaving...

DEREK (CONT'D)

And tell Emilie I'm looking for her.

Haruka is left alone with Cathy in the hallway.

CATHY

You look done-in darlin. I'll put the kettle on.

Cathy motions towards the bedroom.

CATHY (CONT'D)

She's in.

HARUKA

Thank you. I'm Haruka

CATHY

Cathy darlin'

Haruka takes off her shoes and places them outside the door. She opens her suitcase and removes a pair of delicate silk slippers and steps into them.

She gently knocks. Entering she finds EMILIE, 23, an attractive French girl, watching Derek from the window as he leaves the flat.

EMILIE

He makes my skin crawl.

Haruka puts her bags down by the door. Emilie points to the opposite corner.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

That side.

Haruka moves her bags again.

Cathy enters holding a mug of weak milky tea with the tea bag still in it.

CATHY

I wasn't sure how many sugars, so I just put two.

Haruka looks down at the mug, the rim decorated with stains from previous drinks. Emilie too looks on in distaste.

HARUKA

Thank you Cathy.

Looking around the room she notices with discomfort that both Cathy and Emilie are wearing their outside shoes inside the room.

CATHY

How long are you here for then?

HARUKA

One month.

Emilie, applying her make up at her vanity table, interrupts-

EMILIE

You will need to find a replacement soon. I hope to be moving out in a couple of weeks.

CATHY

(cattily)

Looks like you'll be working on that tonight.

Emilie and Cathy exchange withering looks.

Cathy leaves the room.

Haruka's mesmerised by Emilie as she transforms herself, aware of Haruka's gaze.

HARUKA

Going with Peter?

EMILIE

(sarcastically)

Why? You want to come?

HARUKA
(genuinely)
Yes. Thank you.

Emilie scoffs.

Becoming suddenly very tired, Haruka takes her pillow and leans against the wall closing her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S ROOM. NIGHT

Haruka wakes with a jolt. It's pitch black. She's now lying in an awkward sideways slump on the bed. There's a humming of electricity and the pipes are banging. The noise of sirens and helicopters can be heard outside amongst the rumble of the overground.

She opens the door and looks out onto the landing. All doors are closed. The flat is deserted and dark.

She goes to put her shoes on when suddenly she hears the front door open. Crouched down, through just a crack, she looks out. She sees three pairs of men's feet and legs come up the stairs, Derek at the front. Each man carries a heavy suitcase.

Derek unlocks his office door and ushers them inside. He's careful to lock the door and hide the key under a rug when they leave, now without the suitcases.

Downstairs and outside they go.

Haruka steps out and closes her bedroom door.

She hears a scratching sound from behind the office door - nails desperately scraping on wood.

She quickly heads towards the front door.

INT. STAIRS. NIGHT

Descending the stairs she notices drops of blood on the carpet. She bends down to take a closer look, following the trail which leads to the front door.

At the door she realises that she's forgotten her key. She pats down her pockets as she turns to go back up the stairs.

Looking up, the trail of blood from before is no longer there.

EXT. DALSTON. NIGHT

Haruka ventures onto the streets. The market has now closed and rotting fruit litters the pavement.

She passes a shop with its window smashed and a sign swinging from a shop front advertising African specialist hair products.

EXT. BRICK LANE. NIGHT

The clubs are pumping and the neon lights of the curry houses flash in different colours as Haruka navigates her way through the crowded streets. Walls are covered in brightly coloured graffiti and there's a real vibe to the people who are out and about.

She is enthralled by the life surrounding her - staring through the windows of the delicatessens and bakeries selling Turkish delights and South Asian delicacies.

The bagel shops have rows of bread and illuminated glass boxes full of warm, pinky red, salt beef in their windows.

Indian waiters enthusiastically try to tempt her into their restaurants but she politely refuses.

She stops for a moment to view a couple kissing. She watches them longingly.

The woman spots her, pulling away to point Haruka out to her boyfriend.

Haruka hurriedly moves on down the street.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREET. NIGHT

Turning the corner she sees a young girl bent double, crying.

As she moves closer, we see beer cans surrounding the girl and a friend beside her who begins rubbing her back when she spots Haruka.

The pair can't be more than 13 but are made-up to look a lot older. Both have scraped back, gelled blonde hair and are wearing skimpy outfits. They could almost be identical twins.

Haruka stares concerned.

GIRL

She's diabetic. Needs sugar. All
our stuff was stolen. Money,
phones...

She removes a sweet from her bag and offers it.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 (pleading)
 We need money to get her home.

Haruka's frozen. The girl is waiting. Her tone becomes slow, deliberate and forceful as she inflects every word-

GIRL (CONT'D)
 I said we need money.

Becoming more aggressive the girl steps closer.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 Did you hear me?

The girl takes another step closer, forcing Haruka back against the wall until their faces almost touch.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 Now!

Haruka begins to fumble in her bum bag under her jumper. She pulls out a ten pound note. The girl immediately snatches it.

Haruka's left speechless. She opens her mouth as if to retaliate.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 What? What's a tenner to you?

The girl waves it in front of her but Haruka is too slow.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 Don't want her being ill on your conscience.

The girls run off shrieking with laughter.

Haruka presses her back against the wall, hand holding onto a window sill. Her breathing gets faster as her heartbeat becomes louder. Despite the cool night, she begins to sweat.

MINI BLACK-OUT

She turns, facing the glass to steady herself. She momentarily sees her reflection before her focus shifts and it appears that she is inside the house behind the curtains looking out at herself.

The illusion is broken when suddenly a hand knocks aggressively from behind the window telling her to move on.

Unsteady on her feet, she heads off again.

EXT. STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL. NIGHT

She finds herself in Jack the Ripper territory of Gunthorpe and Osbourne Street, becoming increasingly lost and confused.

Taking out her smart phone and scrapbook, her hands shake as she enters the address Peter wrote down. Just as the phone begins to search - the battery dies.

Rushing along the narrow Edwardian streets she becomes confused. All the houses share a uniform facade making every road appear the same.

She hears the sound of unnatural high pitched laughter coming from one of the windows. A door further up the street shuts with a bang with no indication of which door has closed. The laughter stops.

Haruka hurries on. Then relief - turning a corner she sees a busier street ahead.

EXT. STREETS OF WHITECHAPPEL. NIGHT

Turning onto the street, she's caught in a tunnel of boozed up men in their late 20s. Their leering faces loom in front of Haruka's, grotesque and intimidating.

MAN ONE

Alright? Where you headed then?

Haruka tries to move away from them but they block her path.

MAN TWO

Don't scurry off... You frightened her you twat.

A couple of the men start to circle Haruka.

MAN ONE

She's just playing hard to get.

MAN THREE

You'd snap her in half.

MAN ONE

I'd have a go.

MAN THREE

Bit of Asian persuasion Dave?

Haruka tries to escape their tunnel.

MAN TWO

You trying to do one love?

Haruka makes a dash for it.

MAN TWO (CONT'D)
 (shouting in her face)
 Go on then. RUN!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Haruka is distressed and confused still running. Her heartbeat is in our ears, rising along with her panic.

The picture fades in and out of black. She clings to the scrapbook with the address Peter wrote in the back.

EXT. A STREET OF BARS AND CLUBS. NIGHT

Outside a club, men are hustling their illegal minicab services.

Each encourages Haruka to take their car in a line of ones ready to go. They talk at her in a collection of different accents.

One is particularly persistent, stepping forward the MINICAB DRIVER is West African and in his early 40s.

MINICAB DRIVER
 Come. You need a lift? I'll do you a good price. Where do you want to go?

CAB DRIVER ONE
 This car ready... Let's go...

CAB DRIVER TWO
 What's his price? I'll do cheaper...

CAB DRIVER ONE
 Come on. Let's go... Car ready...

The Minicab Driver moves closer. Haruka hesitates.

MINICAB DRIVER
 I'll take you home.

He notices the piece of paper in Haruka's hand. He takes it from her - their hands briefly touch. He reads.

MINICAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Come, it's close. I know Derek.
 I'll do it for ten pounds.

The drivers hustle her towards different cars. The Minicab Driver is the main one moving her physically to get into the back of his blue Ford Escort.

Haruka is trying to tell him no and resisting but he's forceful.

The door is slammed. The car sets off.

INT. MINICAB. NIGHT

As they begin to travel along the road, Haruka becomes increasingly anxious and uncomfortable.

She can only see the driver's eyes and forehead in the rear-view mirror. He's looking intently ahead at the road.

HARUKA

Excuse me?

He doesn't respond.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Excuse me... Sir?

In the rear-view mirror the driver's eyes flit upwards to momentarily look at Haruka before looking back at the road.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Please... I want to get out... Now!

He ignores her and continues driving. She becomes increasingly panicked.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Let me out!

She tries to open the door while the car is in motion.

The driver turns to look over his shoulder, shouting at her, furious.

In her panic, Haruka's hearing has become muffled. Her heartbeat dominates all sound.

The driver is now leaning over, his arm outstretched trying to grab at her. She fights back, attempting to protect herself. The car door suddenly swings open.

BLACK-OUT

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Black screen. Sounds of distant traffic and sirens start to filter in.

We see Haruka lying on the ground.

A black hand is knocking repeatedly on Derek's flat door.

A light comes on inside.

Whoever knocked, disappears,

Cathy appears in a fluorescent pink dressing gown.

CATHY
Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka is lying on her bed wearing Cathy's dressing gown. Emilie's still out.

Cathy enters and passes Haruka a cup of tea. She takes a small bottle of whiskey from her pocket and adds a shot to the mug.

She gestures that Haruka must drink it all. With a grimace she does as she's told.

CATHY
You've had a lucky escape darlin'.
There's some horrid bastards out
there.

Haruka tries to raise herself but Cathy holds her firmly.

HARUKA
I need to speak to my parents.

Cathy nods.

CATHY
I'll get my laptop.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka holds the computer on her knee in bed. She's about to press call when she becomes upset again. Pausing for a moment she tries to regain her composure.

She notices a flower on the floor by the end of Emilie's bed. She leans over to pick it up. Attached is a small note that reads:

'Peter x'

She quickly tucks it under her pillow.

She hits call.

Skype connects and the image of Haruka's parents appears on screen. They look elderly and worried, sitting in their simple house.

The conversation is spoken in Japanese with English subtitles.

HARUKA

Hello?

It takes a moment to connect.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Mum, Dad -

Suddenly their faces change, as Haruka's image and sound appears. They anxiously scan the screen.

DAD

Yes. Hello. Thank goodness. Was the flight delayed? What happened? Have you arrived in Slough?

Haruka hesitates for a moment.

MUM

Haruka?

HARUKA

Yes. I'm here.

MUM

We've been so worried.

HARUKA

I'm fine.

MUM

You look tired. Have you been crying?

HARUKA

I just need some sleep. Is that Grandma?

Haruka has spotted a figure to the side of the screen, wrinkled with long grey hair.

Dad moves the camera towards her. Grandma pushes her face closer to the screen with intense interest.

GRANDMA

Have you seen the palace? Was the flag flying? Was Queen Elizabeth at home?

Dad, dismissing Grandma, moves the camera back to him and Mum.

DAD

What *is* London like?

MUM

Are you warm enough? Have you eaten? Have you met nice people?

Haruka is on the verge of tears.

HARUKA

I have to go now. I need to sleep.

MUM

So soon? We've only just seen your face.

DAD

She's exhausted. Ok darling. We love you. Let's speak tomorrow.

HARUKA

Bye.

MUM, DAD, GRANDMA

Bye. / Be safe / We love you

Haruka hovers over the hang up button. Her parent's faces, full of concern, have frozen for a moment.

HARUKA

Bye - Bye.

She hits hang up.

She sits in bed with her head down, resting on her arms. She begins to sob uncontrollably.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING

Haruka is woken by Emilie's voice. She pops her head around the bedroom door.

EMILIE

Haruka - wake up. The police are here.

She disappears again.

Haruka opens her eyes, slowly coming to.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Haruka's sat at the kitchen table with Cathy holding her hand. Emilie is beside them with a female police officer.

Cathy's milky tea sits in front of everyone except Emilie who drinks black coffee.

POLICE WOMAN

So you can't remember anything
about the driver, his car or the
attack?

Haruka shakes her head. Emilie rolls her eyes.

The police woman takes a deep breath

POLICE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

It's going to be very difficult for
us with so little information.

After a moment's thought-

HARUKA

(expectantly)

He knew Derek.

She stops and looks at Haruka.

POLICE WOMAN

(dryly)

Everyone knows Derek.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Derek is waiting outside the toilet.

The door opens and Haruka steps out to almost jump back in again in shock.

DEREK

Enough storytelling about the
drivers. I don't want the police
round here again. Understand?

Haruka is too scared to respond.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Or you'll be out on the street.

Derek walks off, slamming his office door.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Haruka is sat at the kitchen table. A romantic, slightly melancholic song plays on the radio.

In front of her the scrapbook sits to one side and a small wooden box with an elastic band fastening it. She opens it to reveal various cooking ingredients from home, dried ginger, wasabi paste, green tea.

She takes out a lump of katsuobushi (dried hard tuna fish). She carefully and proficiently peels the first layer of flesh with a knife.

She then uses a cheese grater to remove the meat she wants to add to her cooking. She's making miso soup using packets of dried ingredients from home.

A cup of Cathy's tea sits in front of her. Looking down she notices a clump of what looks to be animal hair, floating beside the tea bag.

Taking a spoon she gently nudges the hair to one corner before removing it. She holds the spoon in front looking at the hair but is interrupted when a phone on the table begins to ring. The name reads "Tom".

Wet from the shower Emilie hurries to snatch it from the table, moving into the hall. As she answers and begins to talk, flirtatious giggles can be heard.

The doorbell rings and Cathy goes to answer it.

Haruka listens in, turning down the radio-

EMILIE

I think it will be you who's saying
that... Oui, Oui. I'll see you
tonight at the canal, by the
Towpath Cafe... Yes... At eleven.
Au revoir...

Peter then passes the door. Haruka watches as he goes to Emilie and kisses the back of her neck. She jumps and shrugs him off.

PETER

Who was that?

EMILIE

I'm about to get dressed.

PETER

Who was it? I'm curious.

EMILIE

Someone about a job. Can I have a
kiss?

Emilie offers Peter her cheek.

He kisses it before looking up and spotting Haruka.

PETER

Ah Haruka! You made it!

He nervously flicks his hair as he walks towards her in the
kitchen.

HARUKA

Hello Peter.

PETER

How's everything going?

Emilie enters.

EMILIE

Didn't you hear?

She waits for a moment- enjoying the moment.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

She was assaulted last night.

PETER

No. Who by?

EMILIE

A cabbie who didn't steal her money
and then dropped her home.

PETER

What happened?

Haruka is about to speak but Emilie beats her to it.

EMILIE

She met London's most considerate
attacker.

Peter is annoyed by Emilie's flippancy.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Cathy's playing
bouncer now. I'm surprised you got
past the door.

She turns to leave.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

I'll be two minutes.

She exits the room.

PETER
Are you alright?

HARUKA
Yes. Cathy says very lucky. I was
lost and thought he ok.

PETER
It can happen to local girls the
same. You're not from Tokyo?

HARUKA
No.

PETER
The country?

HARUKA
Japan.

Peter smiles.

PETER
The countryside?

HARUKA
Oh.

Haruka laughs realising her mistake

HARUKA (CONT'D)
Yes.

They both laugh.

Emilie enters the room, now dressed and ready to go. She's
instantly jealous and suddenly affectionate towards Peter,
placing her arm around him.

EMILIE
What's the joke?

PETER
Just a little misunderstanding.

EMILIE
Which was?

PETER
Not so funny out of the moment.

EMILIE
(snappy)
Ok. Let's go.

PETER
Your hair's wet.

EMILIE
(firmly)
I'll wear a hat.

Peter jumps to his feet.

Emilie watches Haruka staring at Peter. He searches in his bag and pulls out a rather tatty A-Z.

PETER
Here, borrow this. Then you're less likely to get lost.

Haruka nods her head in a slight bow.

HARUKA
Thank you.

EMILIE
And don't forget to lock the room.

As Peter and Emilie walk outside Haruka hears...

EMILIE (CONT'D) O.S.
Get off. I'm not holding your hand like I'm your mother.

Haruka opens her scrapbook, flicking through the pages of princes and stops on a two-page spread of the different sights from famous Brit Flick movies.

EXT. RIDLEY ROAD MARKET. DAY

Haruka timidly walks down the market heading for the overground, A-Z firmly in her hand. She's cautious and clearly nervous.

Unseen by her, a blue Ford Escort, driven by her attacker, slowly passes as she ducks into Dalston station.

INT. PORTOBELLO MARKET. DAY

She wanders through the impressive streets of West London to Portobello Market. In contrast to Ridley Road, this market sells antiques, second-hand books, paintings and vintage clothing.

The houses that frame the street are large, white-brick mansions with doors painted an array of classic colours. In her scrapbook she has the picture of the door from the film Notting Hill. She heads down the street in search of it.

EXT. WEST LONDON STREET. DAY

She walks past a church as the bride and groom are being photographed.

Pieces of confetti are blown through the air. She catches what she can in her hand and tucks them into the back of her scrapbook.

INT. MADAME TUSSAUDS. DAY

Haruka asks people to take photographs of her with Prince William, Hugh Grant, Colin Firth. She glows with content.

INT. WEST LONDON HOTEL. LATE AFTERNOON

Haruka hovers in the reception area of a very upmarket hotel.

The clientele, predominantly wealthy Arab women and American tourists, enjoy afternoon tea.

She stands looking at the menu board and its extravagant prices. Afternoon tea is £45.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL. LATE AFTERNOON

Haruka's outside, drinking a cup of coffee from a street vendor to keep warm.

Cars pull up delivering guests for the evening.

A celebrity arrives. Camera bulbs flash as the press surround the car and the back of a glamorous woman in an evening gown is glimpsed.

Haruka steps forward trying to catch sight of who it might be but she disappears before she is able.

EXT. RIDLEY ROAD. EARLY EVENING

As Haruka walks back, she becomes nervous again, her pace visibly slower and more hesitant.

She spots the police woman and another officer questioning a young black cab driver from the cafe.

As she's nearing the flat, she sees Derek chatting with the other drivers in the cafe below.

She hesitates to go closer, watching from the shadows.

Derek's deep in conversation with a man who looks familiar. It could be her attacker - the Minicab Driver.

Derek hands him a folded bunch of twenty pound notes which he quickly counts before leaving, not revealing all of his face.

Derek now approaches Emilie who stands, dressed to go out, flirting with one of the drivers.

She spots him and begins to back away, her body language tense. He reaches over and grabs her arm. She gives him a frightened look and tries to pull away but his grip's too tight.

He says something to her, prompting a disgusted expression. Determinedly she pulls her arm free. He tries to grab her again but she rushes out of the cafe.

DEREK

Emilie!

She disappears into the night leaving Derek furious.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Haruka tumbles into the kitchen after running up the stairs. She's out of breath and terrified.

Cathy turns from the sink where she's cutting up pieces of meat from a plastic bag.

CATHY

What's the matter?

HARUKA

Cathy I saw attacker.

CATHY

What? Where?

HARUKA

In cafe with Derek. Then disappeared.

CATHY

Where to?

HARUKA

Don't know.

CATHY

Are you sure it was him? You saw his face?

HARUKA
Yes. Well no. Half.

Haruka pauses, thinking.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
I don't know. I thought...

CATHY
You need to be careful with what
you're saying Haruka.

She looks to Cathy confused.

CATHY (CONT'D)
There's gossip on the market.
People can get hurt.

She remains upset.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Come sit here and calm down.

Cathy taps the seat and then puts the kettle on.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Where've you been all afternoon? In
search of Prince Charming?

Haruka goes silent. Cathy continues to chop up the meat.

CATHY (CONT'D)
(almost to herself)
Take it from me darlin' there ain't
no such fella like that round here.

Haruka sits at the table and watches Cathy preparing the
meat.

HARUKA
I stay with you tonight?

CATHY
Of course darlin'. We can watch one
of your floppy haired hero films.

There's a knock at the door. Cathy leaves to answer it.

CATHY (CONT'D) OS
I'm cooking shin and kidney for
dinner...

Haruka stares at the meat in the bag- it looks revolting. She
double takes when it appears to twitch.

She then hears Peter's voice downstairs. She jumps up.

PETER OS
(confused)
She's gone out?

CATHY OS
Yea.

PETER OS
To the shop?

CATHY
I don't know.

PETER OS
Cathy come on.

CATHY OS
I'm wiser than to get dragged into
this.

PETER OS
What's going on? She's up there
isn't she?

CATHY OS
No.

The sound of a kerfuffle and then Peter bounding up the stairs.

CATHY OS (CONT'D)
Oi!

Haruka sees Peter fling open the bedroom door.

He then strides towards the kitchen.

He's embarrassed when he spots Haruka. She notices that he's carrying paracetamol, grapes and juice.

PETER
(embarrassed)
Sorry.

HARUKA
It's alright.

PETER
I didn't mean to give you a shock.

Haruka shakes her head. Cathy walks in.

CATHY
You're making a fool of yourself.

Peter gives her a withering look.

She continues preparing the meal.

Haruka watches Peter as he places the medicine and fruit on the side. He's embarrassed.

PETER
Can I leave this for Emilie? She's
not feeling well.

Haruka nods.

HARUKA
So kind.

PETER
Do you know where she is?

Haruka shakes her head.

PETER (CONT'D)
Well hopefully she's feeling better
then.

Cathy snorts laughter.

Awkward pause.

PETER (CONT'D)
Better be off. Bye.

Haruka nods a bye. Peter leaves.

She quickly glances to Cathy, whose back is turned chopping vegetables.

She dashes out into the hallway-

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

HARUKA
(coquettishly)
Peter...

He stops and turns.

PETER
Yes.

HARUKA
I'm hungry. Could you tell me where
food is?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KINGSLAND ROAD. NIGHT

Haruka and Peter are sat in the window of a busy Vietnamese restaurant on Kingsland Road.

Inside the windows are steamed up. They chat and laugh, clearly enjoying one another's company. Occasionally he flicks his fringe from his eyes. Haruka smiles as he does this, her cheeks rosy, skin glowing and eyes alive.

She begins to giggle as she teaches him how to hold chopsticks. Their hands momentarily entwine.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Haruka and Peter enter the flat.

Emilie is waiting at the top of the stairs with her arms crossed.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka is sat on her bed again.

Muffled shouting can be heard outside as Peter and Emilie argue.

Haruka's writing a text message in Japanese.

EVERYTHING GOING VERY WELL. I WENT OUT TONIGHT WITH A NEW FRIEND WHO IS CHARMING AND POLITE. I AM VERY HAPPY. TELL GRANDMA LONDON IS A CITY OF DREAMS. XX

Send: MUM & DAD

Haruka places the phone down and picks up a knitting needle and wool.

The sound of the downstairs door slamming. She continues knitting.

Emilie enters the room, it's clear she's had a few drinks.

HARUKA
Hello Emilie.

EMILIE
(cooly)
Hi.

Emilie stands at her desk pretending to tidy her things.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

(casually)

Peter thinks that *I'm* the one who's been out for dinner with someone else.

She takes her perfume and dabs it onto her wrists and neck still staring at Haruka.

EMILE

He's so besotted with me.

Haruka ignores Emilie's stare, directed through the mirror and continues knitting.

EMILIE

But sometimes his eagerness can be mistaken by those with more childish fantasies.

Emilie picks up Haruka's scrapbook.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

But then Peter would hardly fit into your little book would he?

She scoffs, opening it on a photo of Wills and Kate. Taking a pen she begins to doodle vulgar penises over Will's face.

Haruka is desperate to stop her but she remains seated on the bed.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

Now it's Peter.

Emilie throws it down and Haruka immediately snatches it up.

Peter arrives, lingering at the door. Haruka turns away.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

I thought you never wanted to see me again?

He doesn't reply.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

Surprise, surprise...

PETER

...Can we talk? Outside?

Emilie doesn't move.

PETER (CONT'D)

Emilie please.

EMILIE

I need a cigarette.

Peter eagerly leaves for the front door.

Just before she leaves, Emilie looks at Haruka.

EMILIE (CONT'D)
English men are all wet flannels
but Peter is particularly soggy.

Haruka looks at her confused.

Emilie laughs and leaves the room.

Haruka goes to stand at the window, pulling back the discolored curtains and opening it just a crack so she can hear. Emilie and Peter emerge below.

PETER
I was near-by. I thought some
medicine might...

EMILIE
... Stalker

PETER
Emilie be reasonable

Peter is getting more distressed. He tries to hold Emilie's arms.

EMILIE
Get off! You're hurting me!

Peter doesn't loosen his grip.

PETER
You're my girlfriend, I just wanted
to...

Emilie laughs and pushes him off her. She begins to walk away.

Peter loses it and punches the wall.

PETER (CONT'D)
(furious)
You make me feel so fucking small.
I should just tell you to fuck
off...

Peter is waiting for a reaction. Emilie turns the corner.

PETER (CONT'D)
Emilie...

He follows her.

Haruka withdraws from the window to her bed where she attempts to carefully peel off the defaced picture of Wills from her scrapbook.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

It's dark. Noises of creaking wood and footsteps.

We see men's legs stepping up and down the stairs, passing one another with their bulging suitcases.

Amongst them appears Haruka's dainty shoes. She's trapped in line following the feet shuffling in front of her. She's also carrying a large case.

She lets go and it tumbles back down the stairs. The men aren't deterred from their climb- they keep going- pushing her on.

Reaching the top, bags are being thrown into Derek's office. When Haruka arrives, two hefty men throw her inside and lock the door.

She tries desperately to open it. The room is dark and she hears something move from the corner. Turning, the two girls from Brick Lane watch her closely without making a sound.

She turns back to the door and continues to frantically beat at it. The scratching sound intensifies.

As she bangs the door it morphs into that of the minicab. She throws all of her weight against it. The Minicab Driver sits in the front, shrouded in the shadows of the car.

He lunges forward attacking her. Ripping at her clothes, he scratches her arms and chest. The sound of nails scratching from Derek's office returns.

Someone begins tapping on the window. Haruka continues desperately to try and open it. The driver's becoming more violent.

The door opens a fraction before closing on her fingers, crushing them. She frantically pushes against it.

Suddenly the door is opened by Peter who scoops her up into his arms.

INT. RIDLEY ROAD MARKET. NIGHT

The street is deserted- it's just the two of them in the moonlight, Peter carrying Haruka.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

He lays her on her bed. We notice Haruka's grandmother sitting at the table, brushing her long grey hair. She watches on smiling from the mirror.

Haruka turns to Peter and whispers something in his ear. We then see that she's whispering into her own ear. A finger is placed onto her lip to silence her.

It belongs to Peter with just the one Haruka now remaining. He brushes his finger down the side of her face. He then takes her hand and places the white flower he gave to Emilie in her palm. It's now dried and the petals flake away.

Peter moves closer towards Haruka to kiss her. For a split second his face turns into that of the Driver, with a tense, scared expression, before returning to Peter again...

INT. HARUKA'S ROOM. MORNING

Cathy wakes Haruka vigorously. She's clearly panicked.

CATHY

Haruka!

Haruka's in a very deep sleep.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Haruka! Did Emilie come back last night? Have you seen her this morning?

She sleepily shakes her head.

HARUKA

No. Why?

Cathy leaves the room in a panic, mumbling under her breath.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Why? ... Cathy?

Haruka quickly gets out of bed.

EXT. HACKNEY CANAL. DAY

Cathy and Haruka are standing watching as a police tent is set up next to the canal.

Cathy takes Haruka's hand and pushes her way through.

INT. TENT. DAY

Entering the tent Haruka's face loses all colour as she stares horrified. She sees the body of Emilie, bloated from the water, with her mouth open, her clothes being cut away and placed in evidence bags. Her fingers are badly bruised.

Haruka puts a hand to her mouth in upset. She looks like she might be sick.

DI TONY HUTCHINSON appears by their side.

HUTCHINSON
Can you identify her?

CATHY
Yes. She's Emilie Mandin. We live together.

Hutchinson nods before leading them back outside.

EXT. HACKNEY CANAL. DAY

The three stand by the water.

HUTCHINSON
Any idea who could have done this?

CATHY
No. She knew a lot of people.

HUTCHINSON
I'll need to take down your details. Full name and address.

As Cathy tells the DI, Haruka is distracted. Amongst the crowds of people watching on from the bridge, she's spotted the taxi driver.

The man sees her and his face becomes tense and scared - a familiar image from her dream. He then disappears into the crowd.

HARUKA
Cathy that was him!

Haruka points, they look together with Hutchinson taking an interest but he's vanished.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Haruka is sat on the toilet with the lid down.

She's visibly shaken with puffy eyes.

She gets up to dampen her face. It's a sink with separate hot and cold taps. She's struggling not to get scolded by the hot water.

To dry her face there's only a greyish looking hand towel. She uses toilet roll instead, gently dabbing away the wet.

Looking at herself in the mirror she looks shattered.

The water isn't draining as it should, instead foamy residue is hovering above the plug hole.

Reaching down she pushes her fingers through the water. After a moment she hits a blockage. She slowly pulls out a large clump of matted hair with flecks of skin still attached. Horrified she throws it into the toilet.

She hears raised voices coming from the kitchen next door.

Putting her ear closer to the wall, she strains to listen.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

She tiptoes into the hallway. DI Hutchinson and his partner GEORGE are sat at the kitchen table interviewing Derek.

GEORGE

No contract, no record of her ever having paid rent. What's going on?

DEREK

She paid cash.

GEORGE

With no large withdrawals from her account? And no employment? How could she have been paying her rent?

DEREK

No idea. It wasn't my problem.

HUTCHINSON OS

Stop wasting our time. We know you were sleeping with her.

DEREK

Prove it.

Pause.

GEORGE

Got the same plans for the Japanese girl?

Haruka looks terrified and confused. She hurries back to her room.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Haruka enters and sits on her bed. Cathy is on the desk chair and Peter looks out over the market.

After a moment Derek can be heard going downstairs and then the slam of the front door.

Hutchinson now enters.

HUTCHINSON

Peter.

Peter turns and we see he's upset. He leaves the room with Hutchinson.

Cathy and Haruka are left alone. Haruka starts to cry.

HARUKA

Cathy, I know it was driver. I saw him with Emilie last night.

CATHY

So was Peter.

HARUKA

Not lucky escape. I'm frightened. What if he comes back for me?

Cathy moves over to sit with Haruka on the bed to give her a cuddle.

CATHY

I'll not let that happen.

She brushes Haruka's hair from her tear filled eyes.

HARUKA

Poor Emilie.

She looks to Cathy.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Maybe I go home?

Pause.

CATHY

You've told the police everything you know?

Haruka nods.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Well let's wait and see what happens then. They'll be having a field day going through all Derek's affairs.

Haruka doesn't seem convinced.

CATHY (CONT'D)
I'll not let anyone hurt you.

She cuddles up closer to Cathy.

HARUKA
Thank you Cathy.

The two sit in silence waiting.

Time passes. Cathy's fallen asleep on Haruka's shoulder as she stares ahead deep in thought, her knitting on her lap.

An agitated Peter walks back into the room. Hutchinson follows behind.

He walks up to Cathy, shaking her awake.

HUTCHINSON
Come on. Your turn.

Cathy stirs. Hutchinson's already left the room. She follows.

Peter returns to the window, visibly upset, he's pale and completely grief stricken.

HARUKA
(gently)
Peter?

He walks over to Emilie's vanity table, running his fingers over her things. He picks up her perfume bottle and inhales.

He sits deflated on the bed.

PETER
That stupid argument.
I behaved like such a shit. It was
all in the heat of the moment.

Peter looks to Haruka. We see he's close to tears.

PETER (CONT'D)
I shouldn't feel so sad. Did you
know she slept with half the
market? No wonder she was ill so
often...

He becomes more distressed. Haruka goes to him, placing a hand on his shoulder. He begins to cry. She holds him, savouring every moment.

Peter looks up to Haruka and almost whispers-

PETER (CONT'D)
They think it was me.

HARUKA

No, no.

Peter continues sobbing as Haruka holds him.

PETER

You didn't tell them did you? ...
About the argument?

Haruka shakes her head.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Haruka is looking in at the kitchen door. The police have gone - their chairs unoccupied, two empty mugs sit on the table.

She wanders back to her room where Cathy stands holding up a DVD.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka and Cathy are sitting on her bed, slippers feet hanging over the edge, watching a film on Haruka's laptop.

Cathy wears her pink fluffy dressing gown, Haruka wrapped in her duvet.

The sweeping sound track suggests romance on a Richard Curtis scale. We don't see the film only their expressions. Haruka is mesmerised while Cathy rolls a cigarette, lights it and watches with some indifference- her enthusiasm from before has vanished.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Haruka is lying on the bed cutting out pictures from OK Magazine to stick into her scrapbook. She listens to her Speak English tape.

We hear a knock on the front door.

Cathy passes the room causing Haruka to sit up and remove the headphones.

PETER OS

Haruka in?

Excited she jumps up.

CATHY OS

(confused)

Haruka?

PETER OS

She in?

CATHY OS

(sarcastically)

I'm getting deja vu.

PETER OS

(shouting)

Haruka come on! Let's go!

Haruka gathers up her coat and bag.

INT. STAIRWAY. DAY

Cathy is stood blocking Peter's way.

CATHY

(dryly)

Well aren't you just her knight in shining armour?

PETER

When's your next shift at the bingo?

Cathy doesn't answer.

PETER (CONT'D)

Planning on taking her with you to call out the numbers?

Cathy refuses to answer again. Haruka comes down the stairs, Peter asks her-

PETER (CONT'D)

Mind if I use your toilet quick?

Haruka nods. He squeezes past Cathy.

PETER (CONT'D)

Be two ticks.

Haruka and Cathy are left alone.

CATHY

Where's this friendship suddenly sprung from?

Haruka shrugs.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I don't like you spending so much time with him.

Haruka ignores her. There's an awkward silence.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Well call me if you need anything.

Haruka nods.

HARUKA
Thank you.

An awkward silence again until Peter returns and the two set off.

EXT. COLUMBIA ROAD FLOWER MARKET. DAY

Peter and Haruka are walking through the busy flower market, He's pointing out different sights. Both are thoroughly enjoying their afternoon.

EXT. PARK. DAY

Drinking coffee and sitting in a small park, Haruka is looking radiant. She's searching in her bag for a hair comb. She begins to brush and Peter quickly takes a photo of her on his phone.

PETER
And this?

Peter makes a gesture towards her scrapbook, wanting to hold it. Haruka nods.

He flicks through, absorbing the collages of classic England.

PETER (CONT'D)
Quite the anglophile.

Haruka looks confused.

HARUKA
Special way to live.

She takes the scrapbook from Peter and continues to flick through as he watches her closely. She looks particularly beautiful as she loses herself in her fantasy.

Taking a small flower from her pocket, she presses it in the back of her book.

PETER
You're a little magpie, collecting treasures for your little book.

HARUKA
Special memory.

Peter smiles proudly, flicking his hair from his eyes.

PETER
Welcome to my neighbourhood.

HARUKA
Your house here?

Peter nods smiling.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
Show me where you live.

Peter jumps up.

PETER
Your wish is my command!

EXT. COUNCIL FLATS BY COLUMBIA ROAD. DAY

As they turn the corner, Peter points at a tall, ugly skyscraper of a council block.

He notices her disappointment.

PETER
(jokingly)
It's only temporary. While they're doing up my West London flat.

HARUKA
(honestly)
Notting Hill?

He nods. Getting a bit carried away with the joke...

PETER
Yea. My 'London pad'. But I much prefer being out in the country. The afternoon teas, mown lawns and polo. My mother breeds prize winning horses.

Haruka is absorbing all of this, nodding eagerly. Peter begins to walk on, keen to leave the estate behind.

EXT. FLOWER MARKET. DAY

They stop for Haruka to buy white chrysanthemums before they continue to snake their way down to the canal.

EXT. CANAL. EARLY EVENING

A sober Haruka and Peter now stand at the spot where Emilie's body was found. It's getting dark.

Haruka lays down the chrysanthemums. They stand in silence for a moment.

HARUKA
You believe me about driver?

PETER
Yes of course.

HARUKA
Scared Peter. Me next.

PETER
I won't let that happen.

Pause.

PETER (CONT'D)
I wish you weren't in that flat still.

HARUKA
I think I go home soon. London not safe.

PETER
No. Don't say that! I wouldn't have been able to cope without you the past few days. I'll protect you.

HARUKA
Keep me safe?

Peter nods.

PETER
I promise.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

PETER (CONT'D)
Then please stay.

They share a tender kiss.

EXT. HARUKA'S FLAT. NIGHT

Haruka lets herself inside. She turns back to wave. It becomes a little awkward as she keeps waving, so Peter isn't too sure when he should stop and walk away. A couple of times he turns to go but stops himself to continue the waving. He finally leaves.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka turns on the light and immediately notices that her underwear draw is open and has been disturbed. Her knickers, which, like everything else are usually ordered and folded in a row, have been rifled through.

She frantically begins looking for something, throwing everything to the floor in her panic.

She opens her faux Burberry passport holder.

It's empty.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

She runs to Cathy's room and knocks on her door. There's no response. She looks to Derek's office door.

INT. HALL. NIGHT

Haruka finds the key she saw Derek hide under the rug and enters.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Stepping inside she's greeted with a wall of suitcases, each with a hefty padlock bolting the zips.

An old pull-out bed is in the corner with crumpled brownish sheets.

The floor is peppered with spots of dried blood. One, still wet, smears her silk slipper as she walks by.

She goes to look through Derek's drawers. Everything is locked.

She hears the frantic sound of nails scratching against material, coming from a suitcase in the corner.

Haruka moves towards it in great trepidation. As she edges closer the noise stops.

A sack with something alive inside suddenly falls to the floor and makes its way towards her. A trail of blood leaks through the material onto the floor.

A terrified Haruka, flees from the room.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

She picks up her phone and dials Peter's number.

HARUKA
(hysterical)
Peter! Need you!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Haruka opens the door and throws herself into Peter's arms.
He holds her in a tight embrace.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Peter enters with a plate of thick white toast spread with
margarine. He passes it to Haruka who's wrapped in her duvet
sitting up in bed.

She takes the plate and looks at the toast but doesn't touch
it.

PETER
Have a bite.

He tears off a small corner and nudges it to her side of the
plate. She takes the tiniest of bites.

He begins to stroke her face, like he did in her dream.

PETER (CONT'D)
Everything will be ok. I'm here.
You're safe.

It becomes more intimate, Peter is very gentle. They embrace.
Haruka lies in his arms.

PETER (CONT'D)
The first time I saw you, you
looked like a scared little bird.
So beautiful and fragile. I was
enchanted.

HARUKA
Enchanted?

PETER
Yes. Utterly.

HARUKA
My favourite word.

PETER
Little magpie.

He suddenly starts rooting around in his bag.

PETER (CONT'D)
That reminds me.

He removes a rounded wrapped parcel and hands it to Haruka.

She slowly unwraps it to reveal a glass paper weight with the image of Will and Kate's smiling faces on their wedding day.

Haruka is touched.

HARUKA
Oh Peter.

Peter moves in for a kiss.

Holding her hands, he raises her to her feet and they stand facing one another. He slowly begins to undress her, bit by bit, like he's now unwrapping a present. Haruka watches him closely.

Now just in her underwear, he places her gently on her bed.

He removes his shirt, does a nervous hair flick before a little awkwardly hitting the lights before undressing further.

In the darkness they begin to have sex.

Haruka becomes aware of a shadow lurking outside the bedroom door. With the hall light on and her room being dimly lit, she can see feet hovering outside. Peter oblivious, continues.

Not wanting to stop, she attempts to reconnect but it ruins the moment.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

They lie in the aftermath of their union.

HARUKA
You stay tonight?

PETER
Of course. I'm not going anywhere.

HARUKA
And tomorrow I cook you special dinner.

PETER
I'll put on a shirt and tie for the occasion.

Haruka beams. Cuddling closer-

HARUKA
Tell me something nice.

PETER
Like what?

HARUKA
Anything.

Peter thinks for a moment.

PETER
Grandma must have been beautiful if
she looked like you.

As he speaks Haruka's face changes to a look of distaste. She turns away from him and takes something from her mouth with horror.

Peter strokes the hair on the back of Haruka's head oblivious to her actions behind him.

She removes a few strands of thick bristly hair that almost make her retch. She quickly hides them under her pillow and snuggles closer.

Peter sits up with his hand searching for a drink. The glass he finds is empty.

HARUKA
Thirsty?

Peter nods.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
Me too. I make tea.

She gets up and holds Peter's shirt. She looks up questioningly, doing an action of putting it on.

He nods.

PETER
One moment

Peter reaches to get his phone.

PETER (CONT'D)
If you don't mind?

Haruka blushes. He quickly takes a snap of her just in his shirt.

She leaves the room, putting on her slippers and shutting the door.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Haruka enter the kitchen and boils the kettle. She stands watching it, lost in thought.

Derek hovers behind her, watching.

DEREK
Now you're entertaining guests,
I'll be needing Emilie's share of
the rent.

Haruka jumps. She stands feeling uncomfortable in her skimpy attire.

DEREK (CONT'D)
By Friday.

Haruka remains silent- becoming panicked.

DEREK (CONT'D)
£300

Derek watches her carefully, stepping closer.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Got it?

Haruka shakes her head.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Oh dear.

Derek moves closer.

PETER
You'll have it by the end of the
week.

Peter's standing at the door. Haruka's face is filled with relief.

DEREK
What a mug.

Derek goes to leave, laughing.

Peter blocks his way. Derek is mildly amused by this.

PETER
We're getting the locks changed
tomorrow. Someone's been in
Haruka's room. Stolen her passport.

DEREK
She should have given it to me
then. I did ask.

PETER
If you go near her or upset her...
I'm telling you now I'll...

DEREK
(intrigued)
You'll...?

PETER
I'll... I mean it Derek, if you so
much as look at her the wrong
way...

DEREK
Listen to the big man!

Suddenly losing his patience.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Get out my way.

Peter stays where he is.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Or am I going to have to make you
blush in front of your new
girlfriend?

Peter moves back, watching Derek with a look of absolute
hatred.

After he's gone, Peter kicks the bottom of the door in
frustration.

EXT. RIDLEY ROAD MARKET. DAY

Haruka is wandering through the market. She's listening to
her Speak English tape. Practising little phrases under her
breath.

She steps inside the butcher's.

INT. BUTCHER'S. DAY

Chickens with their heads still attached are lined up on
hooks above the counter.

Men in white shoes slush over the blood-coated floor laying
out rows of cows' stomachs - their furry lining resembling
layers of coral.

In her scrapbook, in scrawled handwriting is the recipe for
Cathy's shin and kidney casserole.

Haruka places her headphones around her neck and stands patiently waiting to be served. The romantic, melancholic song heard before in the kitchen plays again on the radio.

She waves to attract the attention of the butcher but he doesn't see her. She continues to wait patiently.

EXT. FRUIT AND VEG STALL. DAY

Haruka is buying potatoes and cabbage. As the seller serves her, he shouts out to passers-by the different offers available.

She suddenly spots Derek. He's looking shady, standing behind one of the stalls.

VEG SELLER

Yes sweetheart...

Haruka is completely engrossed in watching Derek.

VEG SELLER (CONT'D)

Hello?

She suddenly pays attention.

VEG SELLER (CONT'D)

(rudely now)

Three quid.

HARUKA

Sorry?

VEG SELLER

(pissed off)

Three quid.

Haruka is distracted again for a moment as the Minicab Driver now appears by Derek's side holding a large bulging suitcase. He passes it to Derek, in exchange for a wad of cash.

VEG SELLER (CONT'D)

Are you having a laugh?

He throws the potatoes and cabbage back onto the stall.

VEG SELLER (CONT'D)

Who's next?

Haruka is moved to one side as an impatient woman steps up to pay.

HARUKA

Vegetables please.

The veg seller completely ignores her.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
(becoming distressed)
Very important... please!

He has a change of heart.

VEG SELLER
Here.

He stands holding the veg out for Haruka to take.

She's distracted for a third time by a kerfuffle between Derek and the Minicab Driver. The latter is shouting at Derek, pointing to the money. He pushes him hard against the wall.

By now the veg seller is thoroughly pissed off.

VEG SELLER (CONT'D)
(shouting at her)
Fuck off then you stupid bitch!
Making me look like a dickhead.

Haruka walks away from the stall shaken by his rudeness.

Her eye catches that of the Minicab Driver who advances towards her.

She panics and begins to run, pushing her way through the market with him following close behind.

She begins to black in and out, forced to run blindly for seconds at a time before her sight returns.

Wherever she turns, she sees the face of the Driver approaching.

As she runs, she pushes past people, dipping in and out and around stall holders and their make-shift shops.

She turns off the main street and down an alley.

EXT. SIDE STREET. AFTERNOON.

Slowing down, she begins to feel very shaky, she's still blacking in and out- her heart beat racing.

Pressing herself against a wall, her forehead is soaked in sweat. She fails to catch her breath and steady herself, collapsing in a heap on the floor.

BLACKOUT

Coming around again, a concerned crowd has gathered.

Someone helps her to her feet. She then dashes away.

EXT. MARKET. EARLY EVENING

Rushing she drops her glove. A kindly passerby notices.

To get her attention, he catches up, reaching out to touch her arm.

Haruka's so afraid by the unexpected contact that she breaks into a frightened run - leaving the man holding the glove.

INT. HALL. NIGHT

Haruka enters searching for Cathy. Instead she finds Derek.

HARUKA

Cathy?

DEREK

She's at work. And Emilie's boyfriend got bored of waiting.

Haruka turns to leave.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hardly your guardian angel is he?

She looks at him warily.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What a loser. Preying on foreign girls because they can't see what a sad act he is.

Turning to leave, he blocks her way.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Not so fast. What about your rent?

Haruka begins to back away as he moves forward, forcing her towards his office door.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Emilie enjoyed the benefits of having me as a landlord.

Derek has trapped Haruka in the doorway but she manages to escape from him. He laughs to himself as she runs into her room.

DEREK OS

Think about it!

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka locks the door and grabs her phone to call Peter but it goes straight to answer phone. Again and again she tries to call him, leaving tens of missed calls.

She slumps down onto her bed.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Haruka's sat at the kitchen table with Cathy preparing food. Beside her is Peter and opposite Derek. Both are dressed in formal suits looking particularly smart, patiently waiting for their dinner.

Derek begins to cough, something is stuck in his mouth. He pulls out a long length of wool which is connected to Haruka's knitting.

Cathy brings a large casserole dish to the table, placing it down in the middle. She passes Derek the serving spoon and takes a seat. A scratching sound begins to come from inside.

Derek stands to lift the lid.

A desperate splashing can be heard as a live thing attempts to escape.

Suddenly Derek's head lurches forward as if it's being pulled downwards towards the dish. He looks down, pushing his face deep inside.

Looking up he begins to laugh. Everyone else joins in except Haruka. He then takes the ladle and pushes down hard until a crunch can be heard. Then silence.

One by one, Cathy, Derek and Peter each pull out a clump of their own hair and drop it into the casserole.

DEREK
(gleefully)
Dinner's served!

He extends a hand to Haruka, waiting for her to pass her bowl. She's frozen, unable to move.

Waiting... Everyone's faces lose their smiles.

The expectation is intense. Still she doesn't move.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka wakes sitting up in bed panting, scared. She's trying to slow her breath when suddenly she is sharply pulled by her ankles towards the bottom of the bed.

She's still dreaming.

The bed sheets entwine her as she desperately tries to grab at anything that might stop the dragging.

She looks down to find herself standing at the bottom of the bed holding onto a pair of kicking ankles.

Across the room, Grandma is sitting at the table watching sternly in the mirror brushing her long hair.

Haruka is again in the bed. She finally catches hold of something and clings on, digging her nails into the sheets. They begin to soak through with water until the bed is drenched- including her clothes and hair.

Pulling back the sheets Haruka reveals that she's clinging onto Emilie's dead bloated body.

She tries to move away but she's ravelled up inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka lies awake, her eyes wide open, coming back to reality.

Her silhouette is delicate with the outline of her cheeks dipping down to her chin and the slight curve of her chest. She slowly calms.

Then suddenly a shape moves slightly beside her, not of her body. She freezes momentarily with fear, before slowly turning over. She finds Peter asleep by her side.

She breathes a huge sigh of relief. Lying beside him, she watches him sleep, stroking the hair above his forehead, careful not to wake him.

After a while she gets up. She opens the door a crack. Seeing the empty hallway, she leaves the room.

INT. HALL. NIGHT

Haruka creeps silently in the darkness to the toilet.

INT. TOILET. NIGHT

She opens the door and turns on the light to be confronted by Derek's dead body sitting on the toilet.

His head has been cracked open on the porcelain sink and eyes stare forward with mouth open in shock.

INT. HARUKA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Haruka is sat motionless on the bed wrapped in a blanket. She looks utterly drained. Police swarm the flat.

Peter is packing her belongings as she sits in a complete daze. Cathy is standing at the doorway watching on.

Hutchinson watches on.

HUTCHINSON

You were both here, all evening, in this room?

PETER

Yes.

HUTCHINSON

(to Haruka)

You can confirm this?

Haruka nods silently - clearly in shock.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

(to Cathy)

And you?

CATHY

I was staying at a friend's.

Peter scoffs.

PETER

Catch his name?

Cathy gives Peter a withering look.

HUTCHINSON

(to Haruka)

When do you go home?

PETER

In three weeks.

CATHY

You her mouth piece now?

Peter ignores Cathy and continues to pack.

HUTCHINSON

(dryly)

Of course- she'll be moving to yours now. The flat in Median Close.

CATHY

I want her to stay with me.

Looking directly at Haruka.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I promised I'd look after you.

HARUKA

Thank you. I go with Peter.

Peter smiles smugly.

CATHY

C'mon darlin'. Stay with me. Just us girls. We can watch your films. C'mon.

HARUKA

I go with Peter.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR. DAWN

Haruka and Peter stand inside a grimy estate lift, graffiti covers the walls.

The light is stark and the mirrors smeared with something that looks like cream. Haruka holds her hand to her nose.

EXT. PETER'S FLAT. DAWN

Peter opens the door to his flat carrying Haruka's bags. It's dark and dingy ahead.

She removes her shoes before entering. Peter has already stepped inside in his, oblivious to her actions.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM. DAWN

When they are both inside, he locks the door behind them, tossing the keys onto a side table.

It's messy but not disgusting. The odd dirty plate lies on the table. A typical bachelor pad with a distinct lack of natural light.

Haruka's face shows disappointment.

HARUKA

Can't we go to the country? Why London pad? Driver might come.

PETER

The police said not to go anywhere.

HARUKA

I see driver fight with Derek before! ... Peter!

Peter wraps his arms around Haruka and leads her towards the sofa.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

What if he find me?

PETER

You're with me now. Remember my promise?

She nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

You should have moved here after Emilie's death. Here, sit.

Exhausted Haruka sits on the sofa. Peter brings a quilt from his bedroom, firmly closing the door behind him and they cuddle up together.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. EARLY EVENING

Haruka wakes as Peter is tiptoeing towards his bedroom door. He looks guilty- like he's been caught out.

PETER

I'm going to run you a bath. We've been asleep for hours.

He disappears into the bathroom and the sound of water can be heard.

Haruka picks up Peter's ipad and starts flicking through the photos. Images os the two of them in their happier times; in the park and in his shirt in her old bedroom.

Her demeanor begins to change as she discovers more and more photos - ones she had not been aware had been taken. Including the first day at Paddington, snapped from a distance.

She looks up and Peter is standing in the doorway watching her nervously.

He quickly goes over and snatches it from her hands. Without bothering to turn it off, he roughly places it in a drawer.

PETER (CONT'D)
(sharply)
Your bath's ready.

Haruka nods meekly.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Peter looks tense, chopping vegetables, pasta boils on the hob. Haruka sits in her pajamas, hair wet from the bath.

He's watching her reflection closely in the glass of the kitchen cupboards. He hurries his preparations, the knife moving faster and faster on the board.

He turns on the radio and the romantic, melancholic song heard before plays.

Suddenly he stops chopping and goes to take her in his arms. We see the way in which his fingers press down into the whiteness of her skin as he holds her close.

Embracing, they begin to sway in time to the music. He spins her and watches as she slowly twirls.

Before he is able to pull her close again, the pot of pasta begins boiling over.

He rushes to turn off the heat, clumsily knocking Haruka and stepping on her delicate silk slipper with his heavy trainers.

Haruka lets out a yelp, wincing in pain.

The moment's over.

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

They sit eating breakfast while reading the news on Peter's laptop.

NOTORIOUS HACKNEY BUSINESSMAN FOUND MURDERED IN FLAT THAT REVEALS LINK TO ILLEGAL MEAT MARKET: A string of raids and arrests have been made overnight on Ridley Road Market.

PETER
Disgusting, look at that. Imagine
eating rat for your dinner!

Peter points to a picture of a large rat and continues to read.

PETER (CONT'D)
They suspect a rival meat dealer
killed him. He was a shady bastard.

HARUKA
And Emilie?

PETER
Unrelated. They've arrested a man
she was meant to be meeting that
night by the canal.

Peter strokes Haruka's hair as she places her head on his
shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)
It's over.

They stay like this for a moment.

Then Peter's phone begins to ring. Seeing the caller, he
jumps up, jerking her head as he rushes out of the room to
answer it.

Haruka stays sat at the table, staring after him. We can only
hear muffled talk from next door.

Peter returns, a little panicked.

PETER (CONT'D)
I have to go somewhere.

Haruka immediately sits up.

HARUKA
I come? Yes?

PETER
(firmly)
No. It's a work thing. I'll be back
tomorrow.

HARUKA
I come. I don't want to be on my
own.

PETER
Look-

He taps the screen.

PETER (CONT'D)
There's been a crack down. The
police are onto it. It's over.
You're safe now.

Peter's finger hangs over the picture of the market.

INT. LIVING-ROOM. DAY.

Peter is about to leave. He takes Haruka's hand affectionately.

PETER
I'll be back tomorrow evening -
knowing that you'll be here
waiting.

Peter kisses Haruka deeply.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'll miss you very much.

HARUKA
Me too. I go out with Cathy later.
After bingo.

Peter's whole demeanor changes.

PETER
What? No. Why?

HARUKA
We have girl time.

Peter's face shows unease.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
I don't want to be alone.

PETER
She's poisonous. No.

HARUKA
She true friend from first day.

PETER
(sharp)
And what about me?

HARUKA
Yes you too. But...

PETER
Am I not enough?

HARUKA
Cathy is special. I feel safe with
her...

Peter's face shows annoyance.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
And you! With both!

PETER
 (angered)
 It's best you stop talking now
 because this is really getting to
 me.

Haruka is quiet but Peter can't help but carry on.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Why would you want to be friends
 with someone who actively dislikes
 me?

She's struggling to understand.

PETER (CONT'D)
 You're encouraging the past to
 follow us.

HARUKA
 Peter, please... you scare me now.

PETER
 Don't you get it? Emilie would have
 understood.

HARUKA
 (upset)
 I don't care about Emilie! I just
 want to be not on my own!

Haruka begins to cry. He softens.

PETER
 Look, I'm sorry.

He goes to take her hand, wiping a tear from her cheek.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Let's not have cross words. Friends
 again?

Haruka nods.

PETER (CONT'D)
 I've got to dash or I'll miss my
 train. I didn't mean to upset you.

Peter picks up his rucksack and kisses Haruka. As he goes to
 leave...

HARUKA
 Tell me something nice.

PETER
 In the morning, when I'm back.

He kisses Haruka again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Bye.

HARUKA

Wait!

She disappears for a moment, returning with a knitted woolly hat.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Present. I made!

Peter beams and puts it on. It's a funny shape and looks a little like a rolled condom rising to a peak. He kisses Haruka- thrilled.

PETER

Thank you! Bye.

HARUKA

Bye.

Haruka stands at the door and watches Peter depart.

EXT. PETER'S FLAT. NIGHT

Haruka steps out wrapping her coat around her from the chill.

As she turns the corner she's suddenly grabbed from behind.

BLACKOUT

INT. CAFE. NIGHT

Haruka comes round to find herself at one of the tables at the back of the cafe under Derek's flat.

The Minicab Driver sits opposite. Haruka is terrified.

She looks up to the exit onto the market but men stand at the front drinking cups of tea or smoking outside, blocking her passage.

There's a silence that overtakes the room. Everyone speaks in hushed whispers, occasionally casting looks to the two of them at the back, aware of Haruka's presence.

A movement to her left. She turns to find Ramla, the preacher with the little boy, standing by her side.

Haruka attempts to stand but Ramla presses her firmly on the shoulder.

MINICAB DRIVER

You keep running from me.

Haruka refuses to look at him.

MINICAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Her eyes dart anywhere but at him.

He takes her hand and passes her a piece of paper. As he does we notice dry scabs from scratches on his lower arms.

The driver stares intently into her face. It's a similar image to the one she saw in the back of the taxi - the man's eyes and forehead. Haruka refuses to meet his gaze.

She opens the paper to read Peter's scrawled handwriting of Derek's address. For the first time she looks up meeting the man's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI. NIGHT

Haruka is back to the night of the attack.

She is now staring into his eyes in the mirror of his car.

She becomes frightened, desperately trying to open the door to escape.

Looking up she sees the contorted, panicked look of the driver.

DRIVER

No!

He leans across to grab her and we realise he's restraining her from falling out of the car. She's managed to open the door and they drive with her perilously close to falling into the busy road.

She scratches at his arms, desperate to free herself.

The driver pulls the car over by Ridley Road.

BLACK OUT

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDLEY ROAD MARKET. NIGHT

Haruka is being carried by the Driver down the deserted market.

He arrives at Derek's front door and knocks.

INT. CAFE. NIGHT

OUT OF FLASHBACK:

Haruka comes round in the room.

HARUKA
(whispered)
You helped me.

The man nods.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry...

MINICAB DRIVER
No more talk of this. I want no
more trouble.

She nods.

HARUKA
I'm so sorry.

As Haruka's still speaking the driver gets up and leaves.
Ramla and the child follow.

She's left alone at the table, looking like she's been kicked
in the stomach.

EXT. PETER'S FLAT. NIGHT

Haruka walks down Peter's street in a daze. As she turns the
corner, Cathy's standing outside his flat.

When she spots Haruka she starts to move towards her with a
suitcase in her hand.

CATHY
Where the bloody hell have you
been?

HARUKA
Cathy...

The two embrace. Cathy pulls away to go inside.

CATHY
Come on.

Haruka unlocks the door and they step in.

INT. PETER'S FLAT. NIGHT

Haruka sits down numbly on the sofa.

CATHY

What's he doing to you?

HARUKA

I was wrong about driver. He helped me. Kind man. I confused, thought Peter saved me.

CATHY

Ha! Is *that* what he told you!

HARUKA

No!

CATHY

He's a compulsive liar.

HARUKA

He's not!

CATHY

You're coming with me. You're not staying here another night.

HARUKA

We leave London soon.

CATHY

(worried)

What? Where to?

HARUKA

To live with parents. We have breakfast, fresh eggs. Peter teach me to ride pony.

CATHY

My god, he's fed you some lines.

HARUKA

What?

CATHY

C'mon now.

HARUKA

No.

Cathy's becoming more intense- moving close to Haruka's face.

CATHY

He's a control freak. He's the one who took your passport not Derek!

HARUKA

I defend you with Peter.

Becoming increasingly upset and agitated.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
We had first fight about you.

CATHY
Because he knows I'm onto him!

HARUKA
Why can't you see special Peter?

CATHY
Listen, you're not safe here. Let's go. You can thank me later.

Haruka is shaking her head defiantly.

HARUKA
No.

Pause.

CATHY
Where is he now? Hanging around a train station, waiting for a vulnerable foreign girl to prey on. Wanting to offer his 'help'?

HARUKA
Don't talk more!

CATHY
Isn't that how he met you? Lurking, waiting to offer his services?

Pause.

CATHY (CONT'D)
You know that's how he met Emilie?

Haruka covers her ears.

CATHY (CONT'D)
And we saw how that ended.

Pause.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Well *you're* not going to be the next one in a body bag.

Haruka is silent now.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Bringing you here, isolating you. This talk of him saving you - like butter wouldn't melt. He makes my skin crawl, so desperate, so eager to please...

Haruka starts blacking out - her vision cutting in and out. The sound of Cathy's ranting becomes muffled.

Dizzy and unsteady on her feet, she holds onto the table.

The screen blacks again and this time the sound of her heartbeat climaxes.

It suddenly stops with the sound of white noise replacing it.

The image returns to reveal Haruka holding a pen high above her head.

The screen cuts to black once more.

When the image returns we see Cathy writhing in pain on the floor, the pen sticking deep into her ear.

The screen cuts to black.

The image returns to reveal Haruka, now holding the paper weight gifted to her by Peter.

Cathy tries to get up but her balance is shot. She stumbles around, as if in slow motion, crawling to try and escape.

Haruka strikes Cathy in the face with the paperweight.

Cathy is floored. Haruka strikes again, this time with full force to Cathy's head, killing her.

Haruka stands in shock, suddenly aware, releasing the paperweight, it falls to the floor. She's horrified.

EXT. MARKET. NIGHT

Haruka walks down the market in a daze.

A fight breaks out in front of a pub as she passes.

She walks on oblivious to the violence, heading towards Derek's flat.

EXT. FLAT. NIGHT

She stops outside and stares up at her old window.

Derek's voice suddenly can be heard.

DEREK OS

He's a loser. Who preys on foreign girls because they can't see what a sad act he is...

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Haruka is standing calmly in darkness outside the toilet door.

A cough comes from inside.

The door opens and Derek, sitting on the toilet, looks up annoyed.

Before he knows what's happening, Haruka has stabbed him up through the nose into his brain with her knitting needle.

He dies immediately, his head tilted back.

Haruka pulls out the needle and the action makes his lifeless head fall forward, hitting the porcelain sink in front. The movement of his head is familiar from Haruka's dream when he lurched his head into Cathy's casserole dish.

The noise of his skull cracking is brutal.

EXT. CANAL. NIGHT

Haruka, now in a manic state, is hurrying along the canal. Bikes pass, whizzing close to her side, and a dog barks ferociously after her but she's utterly unaware, walking on.

As she enters a tunnel, shrouded in darkness we hear Emilie's voice.

EMILIE

His eagerness can be mistaken by
those with more childish fantasies.

The girls from Brick Lane can be heard again - shrieking with high-pitched laughter.

EMILIE (CONT'D) OS

But then Peter would hardly fit
into your little book would he?

Emilie is standing in front of the Towpath Cafe, chatting on her mobile phone, laughing and joking.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

No, no. I'm waiting for Tom. He's
late as usual.

She then laughs at what the person on the other end says.

We stay back with Haruka watching from the shadows.

Emilie is absent mindedly kicking the ground close to the edge of the canal, still chuckling.

We see Haruka's feet moving, in her dainty shoes, in a similar way to how they criss-crossed up the stairs in her first dream.

Suddenly Emilie's pushed into the canal.

Landing in the freezing water she gasps for air.

Her hands desperately cling on to the canal side. Haruka stands on her fingers, deliberately and calmly, until Emilie loses her grip and slips back into the water.

She tries to swim away, attempting to shout for help, but the ice-cold water is filling up her lungs.

Further along the bank, she tries to get a hold of the edge again.

Haruka is there in an instant with her feet crushing down on her trapped fingers.

This time she steps on the fingers of both hands and then leans over and holds Emilie's head under the water.

Emilie struggles frantically before her body becomes limp. The splashing stops and she begins to sink to the bottom- her damaged fingers the last to disappear - being held up in the water as if she is still appealing for Haruka's mercy.

EXT. CANAL. NIGHT

Haruka sits hunched over on the bench where she and Peter previously placed the now wilted flowers for Emilie.

Her head is hung low.

A dog walker passes and stares momentarily before moving on.

She's lost to the world- utterly distraught.

EXT. COLUMBIA ROAD. NIGHT

She walks purposefully down Columbia Road heading to Peter's flat - a determined look on her face.

Her phone rings. Her parents' smiling faces appear. She cancels the call. We see that there have been 27 previous missed calls from them.

She keeps on walking.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM. MORNING

Haruka is sitting on the sofa. She's still wearing her coat, her hair in disarray.

The key turns in the lock and she immediately stands.

Peter enters the room.

PETER

Hello.

He drops his bag to the floor, locks the door and throws his keys to the side table.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hello.

He sees her disheveled appearance.

PETER (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Haruka embraces him, breathing him in, nodding. She doesn't want to let go. Peter pulls himself away gently.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Cathy. I don't know why I got so worked up by it.

HARUKA

You right. She is past.

Peter's face shows surprise.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Just you and me.

He smiles and kisses her forehead.

PETER

Did you stay up all night? You look exhausted.

Beginning to take off his coat.

HARUKA

We leave for country. Now.

Peter stops.

PETER

What?

HARUKA

Country house. Eggs and ponies. Now it happen.

PETER

I've just walked through the door.

HARUKA

And I've been waiting.

PETER

Haruka, look, I need to come clean about some things...

HARUKA

... Ok. I bath you. Then we go. Fresh start...

She's already leaving to run the bath.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

The room is filled with steam. The mirrors are misted. Peter lies in the water.

Picking up a sponge, Haruka begins to wash his body with great care and attention.

He stops her, taking her hand.

PETER

Get in.

Haruka hesitates.

PETER (CONT'D)

Come on.

She begins to take off her clothes. We catch glimpses of her body through the steam before she steps in.

Resting her body against Peter's chest, he now sponges her shoulders, watching the water run down her skin.

PETER (CONT'D)

My mother's ill. I've been with her today.

She sits up and turns to look at him surprised.

HARUKA

Why you didn't tell me?

PETER

I didn't want you worrying. After all that's happened it felt like yesterday morning we'd finally found some peace.

He pauses thinking.

PETER (CONT'D)

But she's worse than I thought. And being an only child, I have to..

HARUKA

... I help nurse her.

PETER
No, Haruka you don't have to...

HARUKA
... Yes. We help together.

She nods at him, waiting for him to nod back.

PETER
What would I do without my little
magpie?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Haruka and Peter sit wrapped in their bath towels. His phone rings.

PETER
Hello... Yes it is... Yes... Oh
right... Tell her I'll be there as
soon as I can.... Yes. Thank you.
Bye.

He looks to Haruka.

PETER (CONT'D)
She's asking for me, my mother. I'd
better go to her...

HARUKA
(determined)
... Ok I come.

PETER
Maybe I should go alone... I didn't
mention you to her today. It might
be best if I first...

HARUKA
... I come. I stay at country
house. We said we help together.

Peter looks hesitant.

PETER
Both of us might be too much for
her when she's feeling poorly.
There's no rush...

HARUKA
Peter please... Don't leave me
again!

He's thinking. Then he smiles and flicks his hair back from his eyes.

PETER

Ok. Why not. We can stay in a B&B nearby.

HARUKA

So we both go?

He smiles.

PETER

Yes. I can show you some of the countryside and see if it matches up to your little book.

Haruka is elated, showering him with kisses. It quickly turns more intimate and they begin to make love.

During their intimacy the following images are cut amongst Haruka's ecstatic face:

EXT. FLAT. DAY

Haruka and Peter locking up the flat, carrying their bags to a waiting taxi.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY

They arrive at a grand country house. It's the kind where Mr Darcy and Elizabeth Bennet might ride up to greet them.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

They enter a room with a huge four poster bed, embroidered bed throw and chaise longue. Haruka's face is filled with ecstasy.

INT. FLAT BEDROOM. DAY

Sex over- They now lie together on the bed entwined back in Peter's Ikea bed.

HARUKA

Peter...

PETER

Yes.

HARUKA

I do anything for you.

PETER

I know. Me too.

He gives her a quick kiss and then leaps up.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Come on! Let's get our stuff
 together and get out of here!

Haruka thrilled also jumps up.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Haruka is packing her shoes into her travel bag.

Inside she finds her passport. Surprised, she quickly zips it into the inside pocket of the bag.

HARUKA
 (calling out)
 I think I need the wellington
 boots.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Peter is pulling shirts and jumpers from the wardrobe, throwing them onto the bed.

PETER
 (jovial)
 Yes, we'll get them there. And
 maybe a tweed coat or a Barbour
 jacket. Make you look the real
 deal!

He crouches down, keeping his face on the edge of the duvet as he uses his hands to feel underneath the bed.

He pats around for his suitcase, not quite able to reach it, before it takes purchase of something.

We see that it's wet matted hair he holds in a tight grip.

He tries to pull it out from under the bed but it's heavy to move.

Peter looks confused.

HARUKA OS
 Is there a favourite pony for me to
 ride? Maybe little white one?

He takes his hand out from the bed and sees it's covered in congealed dark blood and strands of matted hair.

He bends down fully now to look under the bed. It's dark with the duvet overhanging.

HARUKA OS (CONT'D)
 My black boots, they good for
 riding?

Peter stands and cautiously lifts up the mattress, leaning it against the wall.

HARUKA OS (CONT'D)

Peter?

With one arm still holding back the mattress, he looks down.

Through the wooden slats of the bed, Cathy's dead eyes stare back at him. Her hair matted with blood from a gaping wound that's stained a halo of red onto the carpet.

Haruka's voice is becoming closer.

HARUKA

Peter, what do you think about these for...

Entering the room she drops the black boots when she sees the discovery.

Shocked he lets the mattress fall. It lies diagonally, leaving Cathy still exposed.

He stands in shock, mind racing.

He looks at Haruka in horror.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

She said bad things. She wanted to take me away from you.

He's too shocked to answer

HARUKA (CONT'D)

She didn't believe in us.

A silence as he absorbs. Haruka stands waiting.

After a while-

PETER

(in disbelief)
Emilie? ... Derek?

HARUKA

They said you loser. Soggy flannel.

Peter looks like he's been smacked in the face.

PETER

Oh my god.

She tries again to approach him, to take his arm. He moves away, terrified.

HARUKA

Just you and me.

Peter watches on in horror.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
I found my prince.

Pause. No response from Peter.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
I'm your little bird... Enchanted.
Remember?

He begins to back away. Haruka is becoming more urgent.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
We go to country, we nurse mum.
Have afternoon tea...

He continues to move away from her.

She looks around in desperation, searching for her scrapbook.

Finding it she quickly turns to the final pages. She pushes them towards him.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
Look Peter... Look!

She shows a montage in which she has stuck pictures of him amongst those of herself at Madame Tussauds with Will and Kate and against the country backdrops.

HARUKA (CONT'D)
This is our story.

Peter shakes his head, absolute fear in his eyes.

PETER
No...

Haruka has stepped as close to him as she can, trapping him in the corner.

PETER (CONT'D)
You've got it all wrong.

Haruka looks at him questioningly.

PETER (CONT'D)
You've got the wrong guy.

HARUKA
No Peter.

She's becoming distressed, her hand now raised to her temple. His words are weakening her.

PETER
I grew up on an estate like *this*...

Haruka shakes her head like a child before a tantrum. She covers her ears.

PETER (CONT'D)
... Not one with ponies.

HARUKA
(screams)
No!

Feeling dizzy, she reaches out to steady herself.

Peter acts quickly, shoving her back against the wall with considerable force, then making a dash for it.

Haruka falls to the floor, eyes closed, on her knees, hyperventilating, hands pressed against her chest.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Peter dashes to the front door, pulling at it frantically but it's locked.

He looks to the side-table but his keys aren't anywhere to be seen.

Becoming frantic, he throws things to one side before overturning the table.

Suddenly he spots them- they've fallen between the radiator and the wall.

He throws a quick look to the bedroom. It's silent.

Crouching down he grabs the keys, which clang loudly against the radiator.

He turns to the lock. In his hyper-nervous state he misses the keyhole the first time, second he comes closer.

A noise next door and he is distracted, something moving next door, the keys fall from his hand.

He looks back again - silence now.

Hastily he picks up the keys and manages to get the correct one into the lock. He turns it - then -

We hear a sickening thump. His hands let go of the keys.

Peter stumbles in shock, clutching his head, the blood pouring.

Haruka strikes him again and he falls to his knees in agony. He looks at her in disbelief.

She continues to bludgeon him with a lamp made from onyx and glass.

The glass begins to break, leaving a jagged top that cuts through his flesh with each blow. Her own fingers are ripped to shreds.

As she becomes more and more exhausted, panting and heaving with tears, she stops and scoops him up in her arms.

She holds him to her in the final moments of his life. Trapped within a body that has no strength to fight, his flickering eyes the only remaining sign of life.

A prisoner in her arms, she lies slumped over, holding him and gently rocking.

He dies and silent tears roll down her face. She stays in the same position, softly stroking his hair.

Fade to black.

EXT. SOUTHBANK. DAY

Open on a black screen.

The sound of children laughing and people happily chatting by the side of the Thames.

The picture fades up to reveal a pair of eyes holding a thousand yard stare.

Haruka is revealed sitting on a bench wearing her headphones, her mouth moving silently along to the words.

We pull out further to reveal that the headphones are not attached to any device.

We go wider again to show families enjoying their day out. Children playing chase and couples taking photos with Westminster and Big Ben as a backdrop.

Nobody pays any attention to Haruka.

As we move out wider still, she becomes a small figure lost within the postcard view of London.

Credits roll.

FADE TO BLACK.