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# Shoot on Sight

By Carl Austin

Terrorists linked to Al Qaeda  
finally strike London.  
Thousands of police officers  
are involved in a hunt for  
the people who tried to bomb  
the London underground  
and a bus, among  
them armed officers  
who have been told they  
can now shoot on sight  
suspected suicide bombers.  
Train is due in one minute.  
Suspect is preparing to board.  
Blooming hell.  
Repeat. Suspect is preparing  
to board. Should I detain?  
Request instructions.  
Hold position.  
Go commander.  
She's bull dog.  
Suspect is about to  
board a crowded commuter train.  
I need instruction. I need  
it five blooming minutes ago.  
Please respond.  
Sir?  
Tell them...  
Tell them to keep him off the tube.  
Deadly force is authorised.  
Bulldog. This is Operations.  
You are clear to go.  
Deadly force is authorised. Repeat.  
Deadly force is authorised.  
Police, open the gate.  
Police, move. Police, get out  
of the way. Move. Police. Move.  
Police, move it, move.  
Get out of the way. Move.  
That way.  
Move. Police, move out of the way.  
Move, Police. Police.  
Get out of the way,  
Police. Get out the way, move.  
That's him. Get down. Get down.

Armed police. Put your hands above your head. Drop to your knees. Do it. Hands above your head. Now. Don't. Okay. Okay, good. Where is it? Here. What's this? Mp3. It's a music player, like a walkman, sir. I know what it is. I do have grandchildren. What a mess. Begging your pardon, sir, but I don't see that it is a mess. Really? Open your eyes. What does that tell you? Bloody media. Never there when we do something right. Meaning we're in the wrong this time? No, sir. Slip of the tongue. What do we know for certain? The suspect, Baqir Hassan emerged from the residence we were surveying. We had intelligence that terrorist activity - was being conducted there. - Intelligence? An anonymous tip was called in. Can we trace the call? We're trying, but they don't exactly leave their details. What they could, they did on him. Commander. Any minute now, I will be getting a call from our new Commissioner of Police and I will have to inform him that only six weeks into his administration

we've already  
managed to lay a huge  
career-destroying  
scandal on his doorstep.  
Perhaps, levity is not in your  
best interest at this moment.  
Sir, sorry.

This, D.I. Marber, is it?  
What does he have to say?  
The suspect didn't respond to  
a lawful order to surrender.  
Because he couldn't hear it?  
Or he willingly chose to  
ignore it? Who's to say?  
The I.P.C.C. I would imagine.  
With all due respect, sir.

D.I. Marber and his officers  
followed policy to the letter.  
They did. And now it looks  
as if Scotland Yard has  
declared war upon  
innocent civilians.  
If you wanted us...

Do you have  
evidence to the contrary?  
Oh, he was a Muslim.

Being a Muslim isn't a crime,  
Commander. Not yet, anyway.

- Yes?

- Commissioner on the line for you, sir.

I will be with him right away.

What are you going to tell him?

The truth. That we're not  
very sure at this point.

You can show yourself out.

John, the Commissioner is  
keeping a close eye on us.

He's made it clear he  
wants things sorted quickly.

Or someone in this  
office will pay the price.

And I can assure you,  
it will not be me.

Sir.

Commissioner, I have it  
right here. Yes, sir. I agree.  
I think we've found our man.  
Beg your pardon, sir. They  
are waiting for you upstairs.

- Well, Tariq.

- Morning.

Are you okay about this?

I will give it my best.

I expect nothing less.

Morning, ladies and gentlemen.

Good morning.

My name is Tariq Ali  
and first I will read  
from a prepared  
statement and after that  
I will take the questions.

At approximately  
armed police fired upon a  
suspected suicide bomber  
as he attempted to  
board a north-bound train  
at Charing Cross tube station.

No officers or bystanders  
were injured, but the suspect

- Baqir Hassan.

- Could you spell that please?

B- A-Q-I-R H-A-S-S-A-N.

Baqir Hassan was  
killed after he refused  
to comply with a  
lawful order to surrender.  
The investigation is  
currently ongoing and  
more information will be made  
available to you at a later date.

Thank you.

Sir? Sir?

Declan Quinn, from The Informer.

Is it true that the suspect  
had ties to Al Qaeda?

There is no evidence to  
support that as yet, but we are  
definitely not ruling out

anything at this juncture.  
John Clark, Five News. Several  
witnesses from the station  
stated that the victim did  
not respond to police commands  
because he was

unable to hear them?

As I said before, the  
investigation is ongoing.

- Yes, miss?

- Pamela Davis, News Daily.

What do you say to the  
victim's mother's claim that  
her son wasn't a terrorist,  
but was a victim of  
institutional  
racism by the police?

Every mother would  
like to believe the best  
of her own child. However,  
all our hearts do go out to her  
at this time.

The fact that the  
suspect was Muslim played  
no part in his being targeted?

We are waging war  
on terrorists, Miss.

That is who we are targeting.

But, he was a Muslim.

As am I, Miss Davies.

Is it your contention that  
all Muslims are terrorists?

- Obviously not.

- What does that mean?

What does that mean?

Ladies and gentlemen,  
that will be all for today.

The liaison officer will  
have printed copies of  
the statement for all of you.

Thank you for coming.

Very impressive, Commander.

I dare say I couldn't  
have done better myself.

High praise, indeed.  
Here you are,  
Isabi, the fresh stock.  
Enjoy cooking.  
See you next time.  
Thank you, bhai jaan (dear brother).  
You, again? Listen, officer.  
This is harassment.  
Don't you have anything  
better to do, then trouble  
an honest shopkeeper?  
You call these prices honest?  
Officer, can I please  
offer you something?  
Some masala chai (spiced tea).  
- Assalum aleikum  
- Aleikum.  
You know, Rabiya gets our  
favourite chai masala from Lahore.  
Bade Miyan?  
- Bade Miyan.  
- Oh, no wonder.  
I saw the press conference.  
Hmm-huh. And?  
Come on. I thought  
it went quite well.  
Who's heading the investigation?  
No officials announcements, yet.  
Commander sahib (sir), there  
are no blooming cameras here.  
I'm sorry. I really don't know.  
The brass on the top floor  
don't believe in sharing their  
thoughts with a lowly Commander.  
Especially, a Muslim one.  
Yunus, I'm having a  
good day, don't ruin it.  
I'm going to run. It's dinner time.  
Oh, don't forget the special  
meat for begum sahib (wife).  
Hey, bless you.  
- Hi.  
- Dad.  
Oh, hey. Hey.

You're gettin' heavy. Gonna  
have to stop feeding you so much.  
Is it okay if I have  
dinner at Zaheer's tonight?  
That's okay. Where is mom?  
All right, off you go.  
Brilliant.  
Hey, hey, champ.  
You're forgetting something.  
- Thanks, Dad.  
- Bye.  
Dinner will be  
ready in half an hour.  
What are you cooking?  
Koftahs (meatballs).  
Oh, great. Smells divine.  
Got some mutton.  
Oh?  
Put it in the fridge, would you?  
All righty.  
Where is Zara?  
She's at Vrinda's.  
You promised she could stay over.  
Oh, yes. Of course,  
a house free of children.  
Does that give you any ideas?  
We'll have to be quick.  
My husband's coming home  
soon and he's a policeman.  
Oh... you're worth the risk.  
Oh, there's a letter for you.  
I think it's from papa.  
This one?  
Huh? Zaheer is coming  
here the day after tomorrow.  
Look at you, the proud uncle.  
My nephew, the engineer.  
I like the sound of that.  
Hello.  
Yeah.  
Where's she now?  
Oh, all right. All right.  
I'll be right over.  
I'll be right over.



What is it?

Can I help you, sir?

- Yeah...

- It's okay.

Ruby.

Thank you for calling.

Sorry about the hour, sir.

No, I should be the one apologising.

Follow me.

Rave parties.

Different location every night usually.

Abandoned buildings or vacant lots.

It's very big with teenagers right now.

They think it's retro.

Anyway, somebody called to

complain about the noise

and we managed to grab

a few of them before...

- they did a runner.

- Drugs?

Yes.

Little marijuana, some ecstasy.

Yeah.

If it's any consolation,  
she does seem very, very sorry.

So am I.

I was here when they brought her in.

No one else knows who she is.

No reason they should.

I appreciate that, Ruby.

Where did you think she was?

Sleeping over at a friend's place.

Classics never go

out of style, do they?

Does mum know? Great.

I'm sorry, Zara.

But I can't lie to mum

with the same

ease as you can, yeah.

It was just a party.

It's not like I killed someone.

Just a party?

Just look at the way you're dressed.

Who else was at this party?

You expect me to  
tell on my friends  
as if it isn't bad  
enough having a cop for a dad.  
Was that guy Shawn there?  
Hmm?  
Was Shawn there?  
Look, Zara.  
We've talked about this.  
You are not to see that guy again.  
You are not to see that guy again!  
Why?  
You are much too young to  
have a serious boyfriend.  
Are you joking? In fact,  
some girls...  
- are married at my age.  
- Come on, Zara.  
We both know the real  
reason why you don't like it.  
I have no idea what  
you talking about.  
So then tell me this then, dad.  
Would you be so up in arms  
about me dating if my  
boyfriend was named Salman.  
You're grounded. All right?  
Four weeks.  
You're grounded four weeks.  
No phone.  
No television.  
No computers, except for homework.  
And you are coming  
straight home from school.  
Four weeks!  
That's so unfair.  
Unfair.  
You want to talk about unfair?  
Do you realise what this  
could have meant for me?  
Can you see the headlines?  
Police Commander's  
daughter arrested in drugs raid.  
That would have been great

for my career, wouldn't it?  
Sure, because it's always  
about you dad, isn't it?  
Our daughter hates me.  
If that were true, she wouldn't  
try so hard to get your attention.  
Tariq, I was wondering...  
Oh, I didn't know. I'll come back.  
Yes, sir?  
Apologies, there was  
no one on reception.  
My door is always open to you, sir.  
Please, Daniel will do just fine.  
Oh, all right. Daniel.  
I'm on my way out for a walk.  
I was wondering if  
you'd care to join me?  
No.  
I promised Susan, I'd quit.  
My wife thinks I quit a year ago,  
so I change out of uniform  
before going home so  
she won't notice the smell.  
You sure, I can't.  
No. I lack your  
skills at subterfuge.  
I sometimes find a  
little white lie  
less harmful than harsh reality.  
The media are having a  
real go over this incident.  
You know what they'd print  
if we allowed a suspect  
to walk onto a crowded  
train and detonate a device.  
M.E.T. fails to prevent attack.  
Damned if we do,  
doubly so if we don't.  
When will the I.P.C.C.  
submit its report?  
Who knows? Months, weeks.  
The wheels of bureaucracy  
turn very slowly.  
We just have to weather

the storm then, won't we?  
Tariq, we can't stand idle and  
let the media vultures  
villify us in the public eye.  
The Commissioner and I  
have decided to task our own  
internal inquiry.  
I need someone who is not  
directly involved with  
bulldog and someone to liaise with  
the I.P.C.C., go  
through the case evidence  
interview the family, make  
sure there were no blunders  
on our part and if there were,  
make doubly sure  
that those  
responsible are held accountable.

Me?

Exactly. I am certain that  
your findings will not be  
coloured by any  
misguided loyalties.

And it doesn't hurt to have a  
Muslim investigating officer  
does it?

The thought never occurred to me.

If I agree to do this, I'll  
need an assistant, an officer  
of my choosing.

Whatever you need.

There's something else.

I've heard a rumour that  
Deputy Assistant Commissioner Cole  
might be retiring soon?

You're very well informed.

Requirements in a senior  
officer even more so than  
a Deputy Assistant Commissioner  
of police don't you I think.

When I was a young  
constable you could wander  
all over this park and never see  
a single non-caucasian face.

Britain has changed.  
I like to think for the better.  
We need to reflect that.  
We need officers who understand  
the complexities of a  
multi-cultural Britain.  
We need officers like you.  
Bring me a favourable  
result to this inquiry and  
I have a strong feeling this  
department is going to see  
its first Asian Deputy  
Assistant Commissioner.  
I don't know if I'll recognise him.  
I saw him last when  
he was just a child.  
That could be him there.  
The backpack the guy with the backpack.  
Hey, Zaheer.  
Mamu (Uncle).  
Oh, that is him all right.  
Excuse me. Uncle.  
Welcome to London, beta (son).  
Thank you.  
You're looking just like your mum.  
I hope not, for her sake.  
Your Mami (Aunty).  
Mami. Assalum aleikum  
(peace be upon you).  
Aleikum assalum (and upon you too).  
Mashallah (Wow), your  
pictures don't do you justice.  
Oh, what a charmer.  
It's very nice to meet you.  
Same here.  
- Oh, Mamu (uncle). You shouldn't.  
- Oh. Come on, pal.  
Is this your first  
time abroad, Zaheer?  
No, I went to Saudi Arabia  
last year for my Umrah (Festival).  
Oh, I would have loved  
to have gone to Mecca  
during my backpacking years.

My dear, I told you  
they wouldn't even  
allow you in there.

Why not?

What?

I'm not a Muslim.

You should have listened to  
me when I told you to convert.

Oh, shut up.

Don't start that again.

Dekha bhi (see), never  
marry a gori (white girl).

Oh, God.

Mamu, thank you once again for  
your recommendation letters.

It's all right, beta (son).

I don't know how you did it.

You are a miracle worker.

Yes, I am. Though, your  
Mami (aunt) might not agree.

But just concentrate on your  
studies, get your degree

that will be all

the thanks I need.

And in sports news.

Footballer and underwear model

Carlos Vieira can now  
add best-selling author

to his list of achievements.

His autobiography

'My Night on the Ball'

debuted on the London  
booksellers' charts this week.

The beloved, tall and athletic  
midfielder will be doing a

book signing tour in support  
of the tour beginning at

the Galleria shopping centre  
on the 24th of July.

Yes.

'... on the outside in  
towards Kuka coming in here'

'and the ball is... '

'The fact that Lesotto has

felt it at one end. Perhaps... ' Zara, they're back.  
It's lovely.  
- Oh, Mamu. Give it to me.  
- Oh, not a problem at all.  
Thank you.  
Welcome.  
Thank you, Mamu.  
It's not large, but...  
No, it's perfect.  
Mashallah.  
Well, make yourself at home.  
Thank you.  
Ever heard of knocking?  
I did. Mind coming  
down to meet your cousin?  
I'm grounded, remember?  
"Straight to school,  
straight to my room, no exceptions. "  
Your words, not mine.  
Dinner will be ready in  
half an hour. See you there.  
Yes, Commander.  
Aleikum assalum.  
Good morning, sir.  
You've heard?  
Lieutenant's poster-boy is  
leading the investigation.  
That bum has cut me  
completely out of the loop.  
He's going to put all  
this on our shoulders.  
We followed protocol.  
Oh, wake up, man. Nobody cares.  
This isn't about protocol.  
It's about politics.  
Somebody's head is going  
to hit the chopping block  
to sate the public.  
You mark my word.  
Well, just have to keep an  
eye on him then, won't we?  
And how do we do that?  
Crystal ball?

I guess, you didn't  
hear the full story.  
The Commander has acquired  
himself a little helper.  
You must be hungry.  
I know an excellent  
kebab wallah (vendor) close by.  
Come on. Why do you insist  
on rotting your insides  
with that rubbish.  
Rabya, you're such a good cook.  
Oh, well, one man's  
rubbish is another man's cuisine.  
Still thinking with  
your stomach, Yunus?  
Well, it rarely leads me astray.  
Assalum aleikum.  
Aleikum assalum, sir.  
Tariq, you are looking well.  
Thank you, Junaid miya (brother).  
But you're a bit far away  
from your own pack.  
What happened?  
Did you overstay your  
welcome in your own mosque?  
On the contrary, I am  
now it's Imam (leader).  
You should visit us on Friday.  
It's not as fancy as this  
but still, a place of worship.  
Saw you on telly.  
New spokesperson of  
the police department.  
You must be so proud.  
- Shall we?  
- Yes.  
Who have we here?  
Oh, this is my nephew,  
Zaheer, Ismat appa's (sister) son.  
This is Juniad miya, Tariq  
and I know him from Lahore.  
Assalum aleikum.  
Aleikum assalum, young man.  
Mashallah. The last I saw you



you were crawling on  
your mother's floor.  
And look at you now.  
How are you finding London so far?  
A bit intimidating.  
Don't worry puttar (son), everything  
is going to be fine. Come.  
We have a study group  
that meets every Sunday.  
A bit out of the way for you,  
but it might be  
a good way for you  
to make new friends.  
Zaheer, I'm running  
late for an appointment.  
Yes, Uncle.  
I appreciate the offer,  
but I have a lot on my plate.  
Khuda Hafiz (good bye).  
Khuda Hafiz.  
If you change your mind,  
our doors are always open.  
Darn shoe thief.  
Remember, he was  
caught stealing shoes at  
Badshah-Id mosque in Lahore?  
My brother was not a terrorist.  
He only moved to London  
six months ago. He was  
going to be an artist.  
You know, if he met  
anyone recently in college.  
Someone who might  
have been suspicious?  
He didn't have time for friends.  
He studied all week,  
then came home on weekends  
to help with the store.  
Oh, this is total bollocks.  
Baqir was never a suicide bomber  
and you know it. You're just  
here trying to cover your own backs.  
Look, I assure you. We're only  
trying to find out the truth.

Sure. Well, excuse me.

This interview is terminated.

And you are?

Fiona Monroe.

I represent the Hassan family.

Any questions for  
them in the future

go through me or my office  
or in an interview  
at the police station.

Hold on. No one is  
being investigated here.

Perhaps, someone should be.

My clients are the victims here.

I don't want to be badgered  
or harassed by your department.

Look, we're not adversaries. We  
both want the same thing here.

I sincerely doubt that. Goodbye,  
officers. I'll see you in court.

What a lovely woman.

Praise the Lord.

For hundreds of years, the star  
of Islam is shining in the world  
because of khilafa (caliphate).

Brothers, the establishment  
of khilafa is  
an Islamic duty.

But khilafa means imposing shariat  
(Koran's code of law) on everyone.

What if we live in a  
non-Muslim democracy?

No, brother. Khilafa as a  
duty is confirmed in the Koran.

The sunnah (trodden path)  
of the prophet  
peace be upon him, the consensus  
of the shaba (code of conduct)  
and shariat principle  
and it's your duty  
to change this  
system of the khafa.

What's your name, brother?

- Abdullah.

- Alhamdalila.

What's Abdullah? Abdullah  
means slave of Allah. Subanatallah.  
Now, can a Muslim  
subscribe to any of the freedoms  
mentioned in a  
democratic charter  
and be a Muslim in the true sense?  
No.

No, my brother. A slave of  
Allah cannot serve two masters.  
Join our study circle.  
Serve the cause of Allah.  
Welcome all. You have  
grown again. Look at you.  
Hello, darling. Tariq.  
Hello. That's my nephew Zaheer.

- Hello.

- Please come in.

How lovely you all look.  
And you get bigger every week.  
Come in. Come in.  
Everyone's in the garden.  
'Happy birthday to you. '  
'Happy birthday to you'.  
Yeah.

He's a handsome young man.  
Like uncle, like nephew.  
Makes a nice pair with Zara.  
Perhaps, there will be  
wedding bells in the family soon.  
Yeah, but they're  
first cousins, aren't they?  
So are Yunus and I. It is  
acceptable in our culture.  
As a matter of fact,  
it's even preferred.

Excuse me.

Was it something I said?  
I say, deport them all.  
The faster, the better.  
I have to say I'm shocked  
to hear you say that, Yunus.  
Every time someone like

Abu Hamsa or Sheikh Omar Bahkri  
appear in front of television  
camera, things become worse  
for my family, for my business.  
They just open their mouth,  
half of England thinks that  
they speak for all the Muslims.  
I mean, you should see some  
of the things spray-painted  
outside my store. Who  
needs the aggravations?  
I think your son  
has dreams of being  
the next Beckham, Mamu.  
That's good. He can  
support me in my old age.  
What do you make of this  
radical Imam situation, Zaheer?  
Yunus seems to think, we  
should deport them all.  
Let them be somebody else's problem.  
I don't really know  
much about it, sir.  
Well, you read the newspapers.  
You must have some opinion.  
Well, I think there is a fine  
line between being a terrorist and  
a freedom fighter.  
Rubbish. They preach  
hatred and violence.  
There is nothing  
honourable about them.  
It wasn't long ago  
before Nelson Mandela  
was called a terrorist  
and then Menachem Begin  
he was a part of Irgun,  
the group identified  
by the Brits as  
a terrorist outfit.  
And then later, when he  
became a Prime Minister  
he was called a peacemaker.  
Okay, two exceptions

don't make a rule.

I guess that depends on  
who is making the rules.

Come on, come on. What are  
we getting so serious about?

I thought this was a birthday party.

Yeah. Sorry, Mamu,

I meant no offence.

Never apologise for  
your opinions, my boy.

Leave that to the politicians.

And to the police Commanders.

Assalum aleikum, brother Abdullah.

Brothers, repeat after me.

In the name of Allah, most  
gracious, most merciful.

In the name of Allah, most  
gracious, most merciful.

Peace. Assalum aleikum, brothers.

Aleikum assalum.

I am so happy to see  
you all here. Brothers  
before I say anything,  
I urge you to ask me a question  
which you yourself  
find difficult to answer.

Brother Abdullah.

A movement to create  
khilafa will lead to bloodshed.  
Innocent people are going to die  
and Islam does not condone  
the killings of innocent people.

So how do we achieve  
khilafa without violence?

Brother, you are right.

Islam does not teach  
killing innocent people. So  
now tell me, who is innocent  
and who is not?

Those who kill Palestinian men,  
women and children  
are they innocent?

No.

Those who invaded Iraq,

Afghanistan, Chechnya  
and killed thousands of  
Muslims in their own backyards.  
Are they innocent?

No.

Those who throw cluster  
bombs on unarmed civilians  
those who use tanks  
and bulldozers against  
pregnant women and children.

- Are they innocent?

- No.

Those who despise you  
because you are Muslims.  
Those who deny you equality,  
jobs, visas  
because of your religion.

Are they innocent?

No.

If they are not innocent, if  
they are perpetrators or allies of  
the perpetrators, then  
they are at war with you.

And you are at war  
with them, brothers.

Allah o akbar

(Allah is the greatest).

Allah o akbar.

Zaheer, I...

Oh, I'm sorry to disturb you.

I was hoping you  
might do me a big favour.

How can I help?

Well, I have to pop out to the  
shops and do various things  
and I was wondering if you  
wouldn't mind picking up  
Imran from football practice,  
Sure, Mami. Not a problem.

Thank you.

All right, darling.

Should we have a word?

No. Let's just do  
what we came here for.

Say cheese.  
Don't get involved in  
anything you don't have to.  
Yeah. But...  
Just don't get involved in anything.  
Oh, hell. How do you stand it?  
Few more years and  
you won't even notice.  
Smell like morning on the hay.  
Not bloody likely. It's  
not another domestic, is it?  
Complaint of loud  
noises and strange odour  
coming from the third floor flat.  
How would you notice?  
Right. Smell anything?  
Only your aftershave.  
Pat the paint brush, did you?  
Oh, cheeky witch. Just  
for that you get to knock.  
Yeah?  
Police, sir. Can we have a word?  
Police! Open the door, now!  
Yeah?  
P.C. Andrews. This is P.C. Miller.  
We've had a complaint  
about a strange odour.  
Oh, yeah. Sorry about that.  
It must've been spicy food.  
Anyone else in the flat, sir?  
No. No one else.  
Yeah. I thought I heard voices.  
It's just the telly.  
Look, I'm sorry, but I've  
got something on the stove.  
So, can I just...  
Hey, who's that?  
On the floor.  
I've got him. Check  
the other room. Go.  
Hey, Stop!  
Bollocks.  
There's another one.  
Jumped out the blooming window.

Must an acrobat or something.

I swear.

All right. Just check the kitchen.

Darn!

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

Hello.

- Hey.

- Hi.

Gang's all here.

Yeah.

Hello.

Maybe I should call home and  
check if the kids are all right.

Oh, relax, Susan. They'll be fine.

Last time you said that,  
you spent the night  
bailing out our  
daughter from the lock up.

Zaheer is there.

He'll look after them.

Here's my boss. Smile.

And his lovely wife.

Susan. Hello, how are you?

How long has it been?

Tariq. How was your trip up north?

Go on, shop talk.

Come on. Let's mingle.

Two glasses of champagne,  
you can't take her anywhere.

So, the interview...

Sure. The family  
have retained a lawyer.

Nothing surprising there.

Her name's Fiona

Monroe and she is trouble.

Most women are.

Sir.

No, thank you.

- No.

- Why not?

We're in your mum's car  
outside my parents' house  
where I'm supposed



to be babysitting.  
What else do you need?  
What about my room?  
My mum's passed out.  
I'm not ready. Be patient.  
But that's what you said  
last month and the month before.  
You're such a wanker sometimes.  
Wait, wait. I'm sorry,  
okay? It wasn't me.  
It was the other part talking.  
You know I love you,  
right? Forgive me. Right?  
Still a wanker.  
Yeah, well, whose fault's that?  
Ew, Mark.  
A little after your curfew,  
isn't it, Mr?  
Sorry, ma'am. It won't happen again.  
See that it doesn't.  
By the way, I...  
I think you missed a few buttons.  
Bugger.  
Look at that. He's got his head  
so far up the Deputy's behind,  
I'm surprised he can still breathe.  
You're jealous.  
Any word on the  
interview with the family?  
I should know something tomorrow.  
See that you do.  
Sure, retard.  
Daniel, could I have a word?  
John, I'm in a bit of a hurry.  
I was hoping we might discuss the  
Deputy Assistant Commissioner post.  
Come on, now. This is  
neither the time nor the place.  
Susan, we got a serious problem.  
I have to go. You'll be all right?  
Don't worry about me. Go.  
Sir, we're required at  
headquarters immediately.  
Suspected terrorist activity.

One arrest.

Darling, there's a situation  
that requires my presence elsewhere.  
I'll send the driver to take  
you back home. Good night.

John. Harry.

He doesn't even look worried.  
As if he's waiting for a bus.  
Well, you've really  
stepped in it this time, Aziz.  
Until now, it's just  
been little stuff.

A little bit of benefit fraud.

A bit of petty theft.

And now look at you. All grown up  
from playing the proper villain.

A regular Osama in the making.

I believe the suspect  
finds me funny, Diesco.

I believe you're right, sir.

Is that it, Aziz? What  
do you think I'm funny?

Well, you'll find  
this hysterical then.

Know what the sentence is  
for committing an act of  
terrorism on British soil?

Life imprisonment, no parole.

Should get out just in  
time to collect your pension.

That is, of course,  
unless we pack you up  
and ship you back to rugged land.

I've got a bad idea, actually.

Why should we have the  
expense of putting you up?

Maybe, we should just  
give you to the Americans.

I've been there,  
you know. Guantanamo.

I went to interview  
this bloke student.

Got himself arrested as  
a suspected terrorist.

Said he was a British citizen,  
supposedly lost his passport.  
The poor boy was in tears  
practically the entire interview.  
Told me how the guards used  
to make him stand on one leg  
for 13 hours straight.  
And if he fell over  
he had to start all over again.  
The look on his face  
when I told him there  
was nothing I could do.  
He got down on his knees  
and he begged me to kill him.  
Can you imagine that?  
Do you imagine being so  
frightened of a place  
that you'd rather die  
than live there another day?  
I couldn't. How about you?  
It doesn't have to be that way  
Aziz. Help us and we can help you.  
Look, we know there  
was another man there.  
Help us find him and  
I give you my word.  
I will do what I can for you.  
It's all right. Please.  
God will strike down  
upon his disloyal subjects.  
Death to the enemies of Islam.  
Darn. I thought we had him.  
Oh, Tariq. What's wrong?  
It's starting again.  
Good morning, ladies and gentleman.  
On behalf of the Hassan family  
I would like to make a  
statement to the press.  
The department is yet to  
produce any credible evidence  
that Mr. Hassan is linked  
to any terrorist activity.  
As such, my clients  
are going forward with

the wrongful death claim  
against the London Police  
and in particular, the  
officers in charge of the operation.  
Azan Hassan lost her son...  
due to inept  
handling of this incident.  
And rightly, well,  
someone should be accountable.  
But why now?  
Why not wait  
for the independent police  
complaints commission report?  
My clients remain  
dubious about the report  
or the accuracy of its findings.  
They prefer to let the court decide.  
My brother was no terrorist.  
He was murdered  
because he was Muslim.  
He was...  
That will be all.  
Mrs. Hassan...  
Can you tell me, why do you think...  
Oh, blooming hell.  
Are you okay?  
No, Susan, I'm not. This...  
I have to go.  
What's the matter?  
Oh, nothing. Aren't  
you going to be late?  
I didn't sleep very well last night.  
Oh, dear. Here.  
Assalamu Alaikum.  
Wa Alaikum Assalam.  
What's happened?  
Oh, I fell and twisted my ankle.  
Well, is it serious? Do  
you want to see a doctor?  
No, it'll be fine.  
So, how did it go last night?  
Everyone on their best behaviour?  
Yeah. It was fine.  
Good.

This is blooming hopeless.  
Oh, come on. We've only  
got 62 hours left to watch.  
Bring me a tub of French  
Vanilla and some biscuits  
it will be like my last day off.  
I hope I'm not interrupting.  
Sorry, sir.  
Could you give us a  
moment please, constable.  
Yes, sir.  
So, how's it coming?  
A few more eyes wouldn't hurt.  
Listen, I'm sorry if I  
offended you with that  
'shipping back to rugged  
land' remark in the interview.  
I was just trying to get a rise.  
It's okay. But he is from Yorkshire.  
I understand you were  
with Commander Ali...  
when he spoke with  
the suspect's family.  
Baqir Hassan, yeah, we...  
We spoke to his mother and sister.  
About what in particular?  
Well, it wouldn't be proper for  
me to discuss that with you, sir.  
You've heard about the claim?  
Yes, sir.  
Strange timing that.  
The way they came up with the idea  
straight after your little visit.  
I don't know what you mean, sir.  
I'm sure you don't.  
Gotcha.  
- She was all over me.  
- Bollocks.  
I practically had to fight her off.  
It was sore for like two days.  
What was it like?  
Really brilliant. She really  
knew what she was doing, yeah?  
All Muslim girls have

to wait for marriage.  
Yeah, well they're not  
supposed to eat pork either.  
Didn't stop her  
swallowing my sausage.  
Zara.  
So, what was that, then? Foreplay?  
That far? About there.  
It's about here.  
No? A little further, Ruby.  
Here?  
Yeah, that's about right.  
What do you reckon, officer?  
That's right, sir.  
You must be quite a marksman.  
Haven't had any complaints,  
till now, laddy.  
You identify yourself  
as a police officer?  
No, as a postman.  
Yes, sir.  
Could you excuse us for  
a minute please, officer?  
You don't like me much,  
do you, Inspector?  
On the contrary. I have a deep  
respect for your position, sir.  
It's not really the same thing.  
So, the train was arriving,  
it was rush hour.  
People pushing, shoving,  
talking. Didn't it occur to you  
that perhaps the  
boy couldn't hear you?  
Police, put your hands above  
your heads and drop to your knees.  
Do it.  
It's all right. It's all right,  
folks. Sorry about that.  
Did you have any trouble  
hearing me, Commander?  
I have to say, I don't like  
your attitude, D.I. Marber.  
I don't like being

second guessed, sir.  
The suspect turned and  
looked me right in the eye.  
He saw the gun and he  
reached his hand into his jacket.  
I saw wires protruding.  
I had a second, maybe less,  
to make a judgement call.  
In the same situation,  
I would make it again.  
I'm sure you would.  
How is the view from the  
moral high-ground, Commander?  
Any skeletons in your cupboard?  
Perhaps, sponsorship  
letters to a family member.  
Issued on an official letterhead?  
Ruby, would you mind  
getting the car around?  
Sure.  
You listen to me.  
You killed a man here.  
A young Muslim boy, not  
much older than my nephew.  
Right now, I am the only thing that  
stands between you and the R.B.C.C.  
Perhaps, you should  
dispense with the attitude, yeah?  
I was following orders.  
I've heard that rationale before.  
I wonder if you'd been so  
quick to pull the trigger  
if his skin hadn't been brown.  
You think I'm racist.  
Yes, I do.  
No. No, Commander. I'm a realist.  
Remember you're  
little press conference?  
And you gave that  
reporter a dressing-down  
for intimating that  
all Muslims are terrorists.  
You see the thing is  
she was only half-wrong.

And the question isn't,  
are all Muslims, terrorists?  
It's, are all terrorists, Muslim?  
And I think we both  
know the answer to that.  
Praise the Lord.  
In the name of Allah, the  
compassionate, the merciful.  
Now it has become a routine,  
that every Friday  
we mourn the deaths of  
thousands of innocent Muslims  
killed by American,  
Israeli and British forces  
who have no business  
to occupy our lands.  
Shame on us. We meet here,  
offer salat (prayers)  
mourn the deaths and forget  
everything the very next day.  
Shame on you, all Muslims of  
this land and other lands.  
It pains me to refer to the  
events of the recent days  
following the declaration of  
war against the Ummah (community).  
The Muslims in Iraq, the  
Muslims in Afghanistan  
the Muslims in Lebanon,  
the Muslims in Gaza  
the Muslims in Chechnya, the  
Muslims in Kashmir and where not.  
They have declared a war over  
our possessions, our mosques  
our men, our women, and  
our children and our dignity.  
The deviant enemies of Islam  
have undertaken a new phase  
of committing atrocities  
against our brothers and sisters.  
Their masks have come off.  
Their plans have been revealed.  
But the wounded body of  
crusaders has also become feeble.



And their collapse is inevitable.  
Brothers, we must  
unite and take revenge.  
If it means laying  
down our lives, so be it.  
Allah o Akbar.  
Allah o Akbar.  
Allah o Akbar.  
Allah o Akbar.  
- Allah o Akbar.  
- Allah o Akbar.  
Allah o Akbar.  
Has he gone mad?  
I don't believe this.  
It's because of people  
like him we have to suffer.  
Tariq, you people  
seem to be in a hurry.  
I thought I might have missed you.  
Listen, Junaid. Perhaps  
this is not the right time.  
It won't take a minute.  
It's about the Hassan inquiry.  
Who are you?  
Sorry?  
Who are you? The  
boy I grew up with  
would never spout  
such bigotry, such hatred.  
I would be well within the law  
to arrest you right here, and now.  
Always the policeman.  
You'll have me beaten as well?  
Mamu, please. This is not  
the way. They're only words.  
Words? This is poison.  
What matters is how  
we interpret them.  
Listen to him, Tariq.  
He speaks the truth.  
I'm sorry if you people  
found my speech offensive.  
It was not my intent. Forgive me.  
Mamu, please. Please.

It's me. I think I have  
something you're gonna want to see.  
Imran! Imran!  
Laces. Come here. Nervous?  
Sort of.  
Don't be. You'll  
be fine. Just watch.  
Everyone's bigger than me.  
It's not about size.  
It's about speed.  
Remember what I  
taught you. Go for it.  
Come on, Imran.  
All right.  
What's the matter with  
you two? Come on, cheer up.  
You're supposed to  
be supporting Imran.  
Come on, Imran. Where are you going?  
Toilet.  
Well, hurry up or you'll miss him.  
Come on.  
Ball away.  
Why haven't you  
returned any of my calls?  
Three guesses and the  
first two don't count.  
Look. I said I was sorry, all right.  
I just didn't want  
to look like a coward.  
What? And make me  
look like a prostitute.  
Whatever. It's done. We're over.  
- Ow!  
- I just wanna talk to you, all right?  
- You're hurting me.  
- Why are you being such a witch?  
Let her go.  
Who are you, then, eh?  
He's my cousin.  
Yeah, piss off, mate.  
It doesn't concern you.  
I said, "Let her go. "  
Darn you.

Are you okay?  
I'm fine.  
Let's go.  
Deputy  
Commissioner Tennant's office.  
Well, it looks in order to me.  
Am I missing something?  
This is the tape of the anonymous  
caller who phoned in the tip.  
Listen, they're up to something.  
They're coming. Going.  
Do it now. Have to check it out.  
The address. 16, Mill Lane Garden.  
Did you hear that?  
Tariq, I am very busy.  
I have a meeting in a few minutes.  
Look, it won't take a second.  
Just listen to it.  
The address. 16 Mill Lane Garden.  
Did he say Mill Lane Gardens?  
The wrong address.  
Blooming hell.  
- Who else knows?  
- No one.  
Let's keep it that way. I need  
to talk to the Commissioner.  
I'll take that.  
His name is Junaid. He's been  
on special branch's watch-list  
for about a year.  
Only he and Ali are friends.  
You see what I see.  
Our esteemed Commander  
shaking hands with a  
known Muslim extremist.  
It's hardly a smoking gun.  
Depends where you're aiming.  
For example, if some nosy  
reporter were to get hold of him.  
Can I get you another?  
I am very particular  
about who I drink with.  
Oh, flattery will  
get you everywhere.

Hold the presses.  
Bismillah (in the name of Allah).  
Assalum aleikum.  
Aleikum assalum, Yunus brother.  
I want two.  
- You want two sheep.  
- Yeah, that's right.  
Hey, mate.  
Hello.  
Tariq, have you see  
the News Daily today?  
I wouldn't use that  
rag to wrap your meat.  
I suggest you have a look.  
Have you any idea how this happened?  
I have my suspicions.  
It won't do,  
Commander. It won't do at all.  
I have known Junaid  
since I was a child  
but we're barely on  
speaking terms any more.  
Nevertheless, the  
Commissioner feels  
and I agree, it might be  
best if you took some time off.  
A holiday. You look  
as if you can use it.  
And after this blows over.  
We'll perhaps look again  
at your request for promotion.  
Please give my best to Susan.  
I'm home. Oh, hi.  
I didn't know you...  
Oh, class got cancelled.  
Are you okay?  
I'm fine.  
You're sure? You look a bit pale.  
After dedicating nearly  
my entire adult life  
to the service of these men.  
After working longer and  
fighting harder than  
any white officer in the force

having my own people consider me  
a traitor, after all this.  
These men for whom I  
have always had nothing  
but the highest respect,  
they doubt my integrity  
question my honour.  
Tariq, so much has  
changed over the years.  
But certain things,  
perhaps, will never change.  
I used to run down the  
hill every morning  
to catch No. 8 into town.  
Same bus everyday.  
The driver, Eddie, nice bloke,  
he would wait for me  
if I was late to show up.  
I was his regular. There  
was what? Five or six of us.  
We rode together everyday.  
We were not mates, but  
we knew each other well.  
And not a smile, a few pleasantries.  
You know, Tariq, July  
that I missed the bus in years.  
But I was there the next day.  
Hey. Hey.  
Morning, Eddie. Miss one day  
and you forget all about me.  
Sorry.  
And everything...  
Everything was different.  
Morning, Kate. No more smile.  
Just that look.  
Nothing that happened before  
that day, none of it matters now.  
All they see now  
all they will see when  
they look at us, are terrorists.  
You don't really  
believe that, do you?  
Who died?  
What? It's like a funeral in here.

Please. I've had a very trying day.

Dad. Dad.

What?

What time are we going to  
the galleria on Saturday?

I'm sorry. There are...

I don't think I can make it.

But the book signing.

You promised.

We'll do it another time, yeah?

Tariq.

Okay, once more with tension.

Just finish your dinner, young lady.

It's your turn to do the washing up.

We'll go to the Galleria,

just the two of us.

How would that be?

Thanks, Mum.

What?

Found this in Zaheer's room.

So? What are you trying to say?

Look closer. It's the same shirt.

Oh, come one, Susan.

That's a very famous Pakistani band.

There must be hundreds

maybe, thousand of

T-shirts with that logo.

Yes, maybe in Pakistan.

Susan there...

I know he's your nephew.

But I'm your wife.

I need you to listen to me.

I want you to see what I see.

See what you see?

I know what you see.

When you look with

those western eyes

brown skin is the

first thing you see

and terrorist is the first

word that pops into your head.

Sometimes, I wonder what

you see when you look at me.

Well, I used to see my husband.

I wonder where he's gone.  
Because I miss him.  
Thanks, Mum.  
Officially, they're saying,  
he's on holiday.  
We British do love our euphemisms.  
So much more  
pleasant than the truth.  
How's he taking it?  
Like someone ran  
him down with a bus.  
Things are very tense at the  
department right now, Susan.  
Phone lines are lit up  
day and night with tips.  
People who think  
their neighbours are  
making chemical bombs  
in their bathrooms.  
Most of the time, it's nothing.  
Just people's  
imagination running away.  
So, do you think  
it's my imagination.  
The limp in his walk and that  
T~shirt stuffed under his bed.  
And the way he covers up the computer  
screen and his radical views.  
Yes, but it's hardly  
conclusive evidence.  
So, you don't want to help me then?  
Susan, if your husband, my boss  
finds out that I  
went behind his back  
and had his nephew  
tailed as a terror suspect.  
Well, I can just kiss any  
hope of a promotion goodbye.  
Who would tell him?  
He's here.  
- Assalum aleikum.  
- Aleikum assalum.  
Elijah got everything you requested.  
I hope it's enough.

It should be fine.  
How long will it take  
to complete the job?  
I need to be careful. I only  
have access to the lab after hours.  
Someone on the janitorial  
staff is sympathetic to our cause.  
It's always good to  
have such friends.  
There's been a change in plan.  
It will happen this Saturday.  
Saturday?  
Insha'Allah (If Allah wills).  
You must accompany  
Elijah to help with the job.  
That is not what we agreed on.  
Things have changed.  
Aziz has been taken in  
and the authorities are  
keeping a closer eye on things.  
Elijah cannot do this alone.  
I need someone I can trust.  
I can trust you, can't I? Can't I?  
Yes, Imam.  
Darn.  
God be with you. Allah Hafiz  
(may God be your guardian).  
Khuda Hafiz.  
Oh, shucks.  
Brother. Open the gate.  
Open the gate.  
Thank you.  
I only need a few hours.  
You've reached the  
voice mail of Ruby Kaur.  
I'm not available at the moment.  
But leave a message  
and I'll get back to you.  
It's me. Are you in there?  
Oh, hi.  
Oh, why did you close your laptop?  
Up to something wicked?  
Just finishing my home work.  
Do you fancy a break?



I'm going to go get some ice cream.

Come on, you know what they say about all work and no play.

I'm sorry, I can't.

Okay.

Commander. Commander?

Thank you.

You have my condolences.

I know you two were close.

Any idea what she was doing out here?

No.

Nothing to do with the Hassan inquiry?

As I am sure, you know, I've been removed from that inquiry.

Sir, we found this on her.

There's not much there.

Well, maybe the tech can get something off it.

See that they do. Top priority.

Commander, you should go home.

Commander? Sir? Is there anything that I can help you...

No worries. No worries. Commander.

Oh, sorry.

Hey! Well, Commander...

What did you find?

I was able to salvage the memory card.

She made one phone call the night she died to this number.

That's my number.

I might also be able to...

Just a minute.

These are all photos she had her camera at the time.

Did she take any, yesterday?

There is one.

Here it is.

Junaid.

Oh, Tariq. What a surprise!

I know what you've been up to, Junaid.

Junaid, I know what you're doing.  
Yes, I know. I'm  
watering the plants.  
I found out you've been  
meeting with Zaheer, Junaid.  
I want to know why? I want to  
know why he's coming to see you.  
Zaheer? Oh, your nephew.  
The peacemaker? How is he?  
I hope he hasn't gotten  
himself into any trouble.  
What have you been  
filling his head with?  
That there will be virgins awaiting  
him in paradise if he kills himself.  
There will be songs  
written in his name?  
Listen, Junaid. He's a young man.  
He's my sister's son.  
He's my flesh and blood.  
Do not try to influence him.  
My friend, have you nothing in  
your life you would kill for?  
The house of Islam will  
not be built on violence.  
But if people like you  
continue giving it a bad name...  
One day, old friend.  
One day, you have to decide,  
are you a policeman  
who happens to be a Muslim  
or a Muslim who  
happens to be a police officer?  
For me...  
You cannot be both. Now,  
if you will excuse me.  
It's time for my prayers.  
You're not going anywhere, mate.  
Really? You have some  
evidence against me?  
You can show yourself out.  
Hello.  
Is this D.I. Marber's house?  
Yes, it is.

I am...

Oh, I know who you are.

Please come in, sir.

Thanks.

Danny.

Well, this is a surprise.

I see you've met my wife, Hannah.

Hannah, this is Commander Ali.

Pleased to meet you. Well,

I'll leave the two of you, then.

So to what do I owe this pleasure?

Have you come to

give me another lecture?

I need help.

Oh, from a racist.

No. From a realist.

No, that password didn't work.

Can you think of another one?

Try Jannat (heaven). J-A-N-N-A-T.

Access Denied.

Zara. Ismat. I-S-M-A-T.

We're in.

Blueprints. I don't

recognise this building.

I do. Galleria Shopping Centre.

Oh, no. That's where mum

took Imran for the book signing.

Oh, blooming hell.

I need a tactical squad to

the Galleria Shopping Centre.

We need to activate Operation

Crisis. On my authorization.

Yes, I take full responsibility,

just do it.

Oh, no. Susan's

phone is out of range.

I have programmed the

number in already.

Just press 'Send' to detonate.

You better keep it. I'll get it

back from you after I leave the bag.

Where will you leave it?

Wherever it will

inflict the most casualties.

Whoever the explosion  
does not kill, the gas will.

Say it.

Say it, brother!

- Inshallah (if God wills).

- Inshallah.

- There you go.

- Thanks.

Hey, what's your name?

Imran Ali.

You're going to read this book?

Of course.

Yes.

Here you go, Imran.

- Thank you.

- Cool. Bye.

How are you doing? What's your name?

Good afternoon, gentleman.

I'm going to need  
access to your cameras.

Daddy. I knew he'd come.

Imran, Susan.

Susan, I need you to take  
Imran away from this place at once.

Is he one of yours?

No, he's not.

Where is that?

That's the boiler room.

Back of the second floor entry room.

Will you keep an eye out?

I'll best follow him.

You. Stop!

Move! Move! Move!

I'm police. You're surrounded.

Come out with your  
hands in the air.

Out! Out! Everybody out.

Blooming hell, are you okay?

Mike to control, Mike to control,  
Officer shot. Lower north hall.

Call ambulance. Over.

There's another one.

You killed my brother.

Darn you.

Zaheer! Zaheer! Stop! Stop!  
Don't do this.  
Zaheer, don't do this.  
I beg of you, Zaheer.  
Mamu! All I have to do is hit send.  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Hold it!  
Don't shoot! That's an order.  
Move back. Back away now.  
You do not want to do this, Zaheer.  
Zaheer, you do not want to  
do this. Please listen to me.  
I am a warrior of Allah.  
It is my duty.  
If you do this Zaheer,  
these officers will kill you.  
Must you die, as well?  
Imam would say it's a good death.  
A righteous death.  
So why doesn't he die himself, then?  
Listen to me, my son.  
A self-inflicted death  
is a sin in Islam.  
There is no paradise for those  
who spill the blood of innocents.  
Everyday. Everyday, the blood  
of innocent Muslims is spilled  
by Western governments  
and their war on terror.  
And you, you represent them.  
Please Zaheer...  
You are one of them.  
Please. There is still time.  
No.  
Allah ho akbar.  
Mom, Mom. I was so  
worried about you.  
It's all right,  
baby. It's all right.  
Where's dad?  
And Zaheer? I'm so  
happy you're okay.  
If anything would  
have happened to you.  
I'm all right. I'm all right.

Assalum aleikum. When  
they said I had a visitor.  
I assumed it was my solicitor.  
I have to know something, Junaid.  
When did this happen to Zaheer?  
When did you burn on this path?  
Allah showed him the  
path of enlightenment.  
Junaid, I don't...  
After his father died, you were  
not around in Pakistan but I was.  
I'm sorry about Zaheer.  
He was a great soldier.  
There will always be casualties  
because we're in a holy war.  
It's not my war.  
It is, now.  
How are you? Oh, I'm sorry.  
That's a stupid question.  
The press are calling you a hero.  
You saved hundreds,  
probably thousands of lives.  
I would have gladly  
settled for just one more.  
You did a very hard thing, Tariq.  
I cannot possibly imagine  
what you must be going through.  
No, you can't.  
Try to take some comfort in the  
knowledge that he gave you no choice.  
There is always a choice.  
I know it's early,  
but I thought I'll leave these.  
Your promotion has been confirmed.  
Sir, I have a Fiona Monroe on  
line one. She said it's urgent.  
Put her through.  
Representatives for the  
family of Baqir Hassan  
the young man shot  
to death by police  
on a London train platform  
today, confirmed that  
the police department

has agreed to pay an  
out-of-court settlement.  
Inside sources confirmed  
that the evidence provided by  
former Police Commander Tariq  
Ali, influenced their decision.