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# Good People

By Marcus Sakey

[FLY BUZZES]

**JACK:**

**JACK:**

selling a case of liquid heroin.

Ben, grab the drugs.

Bobby's at the money.

Me and Marshall will cover you

till you get back to the car.

Then we get the fuck out.

So my plan, basically.

You came to me, remember?

That's him.

[GUN COCKED]

[MUFFLED YELLING]

[GUNSHOT]

[SHOUTING]

[GUNSHOT]

Bobby.

Sorry, mate.

[TIRES SCREECHING]

**JACK:**

Bobby.

Fuck.

Bobby.

**- MARSHALL:**

- Bobby.

Bobby is gone, Jack.

We need to leave now.

Come on. Come on, now.

Hi.

Hi, sweetie pie.

How's my beautiful godson?

Yes.

[WHISPERING] Come here.

Hi, sweet pie.

I missed you.

You're late. Now I'm

going to be late.

Nice to see you, too.

Someone has been crying

his little head off all morning.  
The bloody washing machine's broken.  
I'm having to wash everything in the sink.  
- Speaking of which...  
- Don't push your luck, Mommy.  
Godmothers babysit, we buy  
presents, we don't do laundry.  
Someone's very grumpy.  
- You got your period?  
- No.  
It's sushi night, actually.  
- You're not still doing that, are you?  
- Yeah.  
You might as well wear  
a T-shirt saying,  
- "Hi, I'm ovulating. Do you want to fuck?"  
- What's the romance in that?  
Darling, you do know,  
if I had the money, I'd...  
Well, actually, I'd first go  
buy a new washing machine,  
but then after that I'd pay  
for you to go private.  
I'd IVF you a baby.  
How's Tom?  
He's just spending every  
waking minute at the house.  
You're so lucky to have him.  
And you're so lucky to have him.

**MIKE:**

You up there?  
What you doing? Didn't you hear me?  
Job I just finished  
had a little extra.  
Thought you could use them.  
You all right, mate?  
- I think we're going to lose the house.  
- Oh, shit.  
- I thought you were coming along.  
- Yeah.  
Not far enough.  
Pumped all the money into it.  
Half my budget went

into this fucking dry rot.  
What does Anna say?  
I haven't told her, yet.  
She only knows half of what I spent  
and she's already freaking out.  
We're trying to start a family. Can't  
even afford the rent on our apartment.  
Just talk to her, mate.  
She'll understand.  
Come on.  
If you're up for it, a friend of mine  
needs some painting done next week.  
Won't pay much, but...  
Yeah. Thanks.  
It's a good thing I have a  
Master's degree. Come in handy.  
See you, bud.  
- Tom Wright?  
- Yeah.  
You're served.  
We've got two weeks?  
Thanks.  
[MUFFLED MUSIC]  
Ben.  
Turn it down.  
[DOOR CLOSES]

**ANNA:**

[DOOR OPENS]  
Hi.  
It's, uh, sushi night?  
You forgot.  
No. No.  
- I never forget sushi night.  
- It's fine.  
Nice wine.  
It was just a few quid extra.  
- A very nice wine.  
- And I thought it was worth it.  
Of course it's worth it.  
Come here.  
Sushi night.  
How's Julian?  
He's... loud and...

- Tonight...  
- Yeah?  
...someone's going to get pregnant.  
Hey.  
You okay?  
We're going to lose the house.  
No.  
No. We're going to work it out.  
Mike just got me a few  
days on a good job.  
- Maybe it's time we go back.  
- No.  
- No.  
- Tom.  
This was my idea.  
I promised you a fresh start.  
I promised you a place  
to start a family.  
That was then.  
I'm not giving up.  
So... you can shut up.  
- [LAUGHS]  
- Tonight is sushi night.  
I'm feeling lucky.  
[LOUD MUFFLED MUSIC]  
Ben.  
[LOUD MUFFLED TV]  
Ben.  
No answer.  
Tom.  
Ben?  
I'm coming down.  
Ben.  
Ben?  
Oh, Tom.  
[ANNA COUGHING]  
Oh, my God.  
[INDISTINCT POLICE RADIO CHATTER]  
I can't believe he was  
down here the whole time.  
Yeah. Right below  
where our bedroom is.  
- Anna.  
- What?

Oh, my God, Tom.

220,000 pounds.

What the hell was Ben  
doing with this much cash?

What was he doing living in our  
basement with all this cash?

Well, he was on disability,  
and maybe he had a big  
settlement after an accident?

I just don't know why it  
wouldn't be in the bank.

So, what do we do?

Hm?

- We call the police.

- Yeah?

[DOORBELL RINGS]

- Anna. Anna.

- What?

- Wait.

- [DOORBELL RINGS]

Tom.

- Help me.

- We shouldn't have brought this up here.

I know. You want to help me?

- Tom.

- Help me now.

I got it. Answer the door.

- Mr. Wright?

- Yes.

I'm Detective Inspector John Halden.

So, Mr. Wright,

what-what is it you do?

- He's a landscape architect.

- Oh.

Yeah. I used to be, in Chicago.

I had a small business,

a little crew,

but it fell apart in the crash,

so we moved here for a fresh start.

We also had an unfortunate

miscarriage a few years ago, so...

- Oh, I'm so sorry. So sorry.

- It was a nice change for us.

So, now I-I do contracting work

odd jobs and manual labor.

- Why London?

- Tom's renovating a house.

My grandmother passed a few years ago and we inherited the family house, so I thought I'd fix it up.

Good for you.

So, Mrs. Wright, how are you, um, how are you liking London?

Anna, please. I'm a school teacher at Morningside Primary School.

My wife runs a clinic just down the street from there.

Sterling House? That's a, uh, women's shelter, right?

Yeah. They look after young women with drug addiction, take them off the streets.

The government has withdrawn its funding, but they're hanging in there.

My wife, Marie, isn't one for giving up.

[LAUGHING]

Anyhow...

So, thank you for the tea.

It was very good.

How long have you been renting the room downstairs?

Uh, not long.

I mean, we just did it 'cause we needed help with the rent.

- Three months, maybe.

- Yeah.

And he always paid by cash.

Did you find this odd?

No, not really, no.

Did he, um,

did he have any visitors?

Uh, he really kept to himself.

I mean, he didn't have much.

- No. He watched a lot of television.

- Yeah, that's true. Very loud.

Did, um, did you find anything unusual about him?

When you, um,

when you discovered  
the body, did you...  
Did you find anything else?

- Um...

- No.

The reason I ask is because  
the initial police report  
suggests that he died  
of a drug overdose,  
and the team downstairs are  
just looking for evidence  
that he may have kept drugs there.  
No, we had... I mean, we had no idea.  
Well, it's just, uh...  
it's just routine.  
For your own safety.

**NEWSCASTER:**

in the basement of a flat.  
The cause of death is as yet unknown.  
His identity is being withheld  
until relatives are traced.  
To the city now, and London's  
markets are still not steady.  
There's a new lead  
to-to the guys that  
gave Julie the drugs.  
I thought Martin took  
you off that case.  
Yeah.

Is it dangerous?

Really dangerous, then.  
Still not going to bring  
her back, John. So...  
why take the risk?

It might save someone  
else's daughter.

We'll call Halden in the morning.

[CLATTERING]

Tom?

Tom?

[POUNDING]

What are you doing?

[SIGHS]



We spent our whole  
lives being good, right?  
And what has it gotten us? Nothing.  
So, maybe this money is a gift to  
help us get our lives back on track.  
Tom.

We don't know where  
this money comes from.  
This could be really,  
really bad money.

I know.

But what makes money bad?

Not the money.

The people make it bad.

What people do with it.

Now, I'm not saying  
we do anything rash.

All I'm saying is we  
just wait and see.

He's been dead a week.

The cops came,  
they didn't find anything.

No one's come forward  
looking for the money.

Okay? And if they do,  
this will look like Ben hid it.

I say we just hide it...  
and wait a week.

Two weeks.

All right.

End of the month. And then...

nobody comes,  
we just find it again.

[TELEPHONE RINGING]

Halden, where are the background  
checks on the Scott case?

You wouldn't be wasting time on the  
Witkowski case? I told you to drop it.

Nobody gives a shit if Jack  
Witkowski killed his twat of a brother.

Another deficient shitsack off the  
street is fine with this department.

The Scott background checks,  
on my desk by five.

[DOOR CLOSES]

And this has nothing  
to do with Julie?

No, no, no, no. It's just...

It's just a hunch I  
want to follow up on.

If I'm going to break every  
law I'm here to uphold,  
I'd rather it was for a good cause.

Okay.

It has everything to  
do with my daughter.

Bank accounts, Inland Revenue,  
utility bills, mortgage.

From now on, if Thomas or Anna  
Wright sneeze, you'll know about it.

But I warn you, there's  
not much money to follow.

No, not at the moment.

Okay.

You'll keep me posted?

If Martin finds out, I'll be fired.

Martin's a smug little prick.

Superintendent Tospot  
can go fuck himself.

- **TOM:**

- Yes.

Hi, this is Tom Wright from the...

- How are you?

- We were just wondering  
if you heard anything about  
the next of kin for Ben Tuttle.

No, no, no. We haven't  
located any living relatives.

I just ask because, uh,  
we wanted to know what do with  
his things, his clothes and stuff.

No, no one's come forward, yet.

Okay.

And, uh, do you know,  
was it officially...

Yeah, overdose.

Looks like it was Liquid O.

- What's Liquid O?  
- Heroin.  
I see. Wow.  
- Okay. Have a good day.  
- Bye.

**JACK:**

brother, haven't you?  
Always tried to let him win.  
Any game.  
Drove Mom crazy. Said Bobby  
would never learn if we did that.  
'Course she was right.  
Jack and Bobby. How it came to this?  
Mom was a fan.  
She also had high expectations.  
Where's Cousin Ben?  
You know, when you recommend a guy,  
you're tying his name to yours.  
Did you know he was going to fuck me?  
If you tell me where I find him,  
maybe I'll choose to  
believe you on that.  
Eddie, sir, could I please  
trouble you for a pen?  
You done the right thing.  
But that doesn't mean I'm not  
going to hold you accountable.  
[MUFFLED WHIMPER]  
- Anna.  
- Yeah.  
I spent some of the money.  
What?  
The day we found Ben,  
the landlord gave us  
an eviction notice.  
I was going to tell you, but you  
were in such a good mood,  
and it was sushi night.  
And then we found the money, and...  
I took just enough to keep  
the roof over our heads.  
Look, we're in this.  
As soon as we put the money in the oven

and we didn't take it out, we were in this.

If we don't start paying off the mortgage, we're going to lose the house.

How do we do this?

We spend just enough to stop the bleeding.

We use cash where we can, and we get Mike to write an invoice.

You want to bring Mike into this?

No, it's not like that.

We're not bringing him into it.

But when I do a job for him, he usually pays me cash, and then writes an invoice.

So, if anyone asks...

Right, there's a paper trail.

What if someone comes looking for it, Tom?

Anna.

Nobody's come.

Nobody's going to come.

And if they do, who's to say Ben didn't spend it?

How much are we talking?

Just enough to stay above water.

The mortgage, credit cards.

Just so we're in the clear.

There's only one problem that I can think of.

- What?

- You are going to be really lonely when the debt collectors stop calling.

[LAUGHING]

Hi, this is Anna Wright. I'm calling to inquire about an appointment.

Yeah, for an IVF consultation, if possible.

Hello.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

[CELL PHONE RINGING]

- Halden.

- It's Duncan.

- Yeah, what's up?

- Not much.

I'm calling 'cause we got a flag.

- The Americans?

- Yeah.

You were right.

A lot of activity today.

Mr. Wright made five  
separate payments.

I've got deposits to the current  
account, mortgage and credit cards.

- Cash?

- Some cash. Some money transfers.

He spread it out. No single payment  
big enough to raise flags at the bank.

[TRAIN ROLLING BY]

Fuck.

We found the Liquid O.

What about the cash?

[DOOR OPENS]

[CLANKING]

[FOOTSTEPS]

**HALDEN:**

Detective.

It looks like someone came  
for Ben's stuff after all.

Yeah.

Who do you think would do this?

Your tenant crossed a very bad man.

That man's name is Jack Witkowski.

- So, who called the police?

- No one.

I just wanted to talk to you.

Yeah, well, why?

Let's go upstairs.

I'm sorry.

It's not back there. It's in my car.

But I-I-I did just get an  
invoice from, um, Mike Calloway.

This Mike Calloway,

he's a friend of yours?

He is, but I do a lot

of work with him,

and he owed me on two jobs,

and we got paid upfront for  
this other thing last week.  
If you're holding anything back,  
you better tell me.  
I don't quite understand.  
The dead tenant,  
Ben Tuttle, drug abuse,  
sudden activity in your bank account,  
and now, coincidentally, a break-in.  
I don't want to accuse  
you of anything.  
I just want to clarify things.

**ANNA:**

[DOOR OPENS]

Hey.

Hey. Ouch.

[WHISPERING]

Sorry, I have to take this.

Would you do me a favor and please  
don't mention the break-in to my wife?

She's been a little  
rattled since Ben died.

No, really, it's fine. Tom finally  
got paid on that big job...

- I was telling you about.

- Oh, my God. I can't believe that.

Oh, no, that's too much.

Sarah, I got to go. Okay, bye.

So, this Mike Calloway,  
he pays you in cash?

Sorry, what are you implying?

I'm implying nothing.

I was inquiring about the deposit,  
and your husband cleared it up.

So, all's good.

The worst part is  
behind us, right, baby?

[SIGHS]

Yeah.

It's all good.

- Yo.

- Hey.

- Bloody hell.

- What?

- Quality stuff.

- Yeah.

I thought you said you were going to lose your house.

- Mike.

- Yeah.

Can I tell you something?

[CELL PHONE RINGING]

Hang on.

This is Tom Wright.

Sure. What kind of job?

Okay, I'm interested.

Yeah, I'll come by with my partner.

Fine, I'll come alone.

Okay. See you then.

Looks like we might have another job.

**TOM:**

big house in Notting Hill.

- Mr. Wright.

- Hi.

- Please take a seat.

- Thanks.

You can call me Tom. You're mister...

You must forgive me.

English is not my first language.

Okay.

- And you, you're American, yes?

- I am.

I live here now. And you, you just moved to the area?

I'm expanding my empire.

Tell me, Mr. Wright, are you a team player?

I-I guess.

Do you want to talk about the renovations, mister...

Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan? Is that what you said?

Do you know this man?

Uh, Genghis Khan, yeah.

- I mean, I've heard of him...

- He marched all over the world.

Countries were so afraid of this man,  
they would lay down their arms  
when they heard of his approach.

Do you know what happened  
when they did that?

- No, I don't know.

- Nothing.

Nothing happened.

The Great Khan welcomed them  
into his kingdom with open arms.

But those that resisted,  
felt his full fury.

He burned the cities, killed the men,  
raped their women,  
salted their crops.

Okay.

Um...

I'm sorry, I... I think I'm probably  
not the right guy for this,  
so maybe you should get someone  
else for the renovations, okay?

Recently, a group of  
men stole from me.

Where I come from,  
this would not happen.

But I'm new here, so...

It's not the product that matters,  
it's a question of honor.

So now I'm burning cities,  
I'm salting crops.

And you have housed my enemy.

Ben Tuttle.

Oh, I see.

- Okay, yes...

- Have you heard of Jack Witkowski?

This man dishonored me.

So, here's my question for you  
and your lovely wife, Anna.

Are you team players?

- What do you mean?

- Whose team are you on?

- I'm not on anybody's team.

- If you're not on anybody's team,  
you are not on my team.



So, whose team are you on?  
Detective Halden, it's Tom Wright.  
I need your help.  
Babe, it's me. Can you give me...  
Where's my money?  
Where's my money?  
I don't know what  
you're talking about.  
Me and my brother's money.  
Are you an idiot, you fucking cunt?  
And he died getting it.  
So, you can understand  
me wanting it back.  
Now, where is it?  
[WHISPERING] I don't know.  
Please.  
Please.  
Where's the money?  
[CHUCKLES]  
[GRUNTING]  
[GROANING]  
So, that's how you want to play.  
[CELL PHONE RINGING]  
It's fine with me.  
[ECHOING]  
I didn't want to go this far.  
Please...  
Please, stop. Please.  
Where's my money?  
- Please.  
- Where's is it?  
Please stop.  
Where's my money?  
[SHOUTING]  
Fuck!  
Hm.  
[TRAIN ROLLING BY]  
[DOOR OPENS]  
Anna.  
Anna, no.  
Welcome home, Mrs. Tommy.  
Tom.  
[WHISPERING]  
The police are coming. Just stall.

I'm okay.

[ANNA WHISPERING] Oh, my God.

That's enough.

Get up.

Up!

This is what Tommy has.

Didn't you know?

When you find a pot of gold,  
there's always a monster guarding it.

You smell so nice.

Just relax.

Stop. It's downstairs.

Bullshit. I looked all over.

It's in the window frame.

I hid it in the window frame.

Tom's lying.

He's afraid that if he gives you  
the money, you're going to kill us.

Fuck.

Where's the fucking money?

Promise me you won't kill us.

No.

One, two...

[DOORBELL RINGING]

Stop pissing about. Which one?

Three, four, five.

[DOORBELL RINGING]

This one. It's this one.

[CAR HORN HONKING]

Oh, fuck!

[HONKING]

**- TOM:**

- Downstairs. He's downstairs.

[HONKING]

[TIRES SCREECHING]

**HALDEN:**

trouble, Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

You stole some money

and you spent it,

so you're going to prison.

- Do we need to get a lawyer?

- A lawyer won't change that.

Turning it in won't change it  
unless you can turn all of it in.  
No, I didn't think so.  
And Jack Witkowski isn't the kind  
of guy to forgive and forget.  
He'd find a way to get to you before  
we could even bring you to trial.  
I've tried to arrest  
him for two years.  
He's got ties to the police. Someone  
who turns a blind eye to what he does.  
There are some people in Scotland Yard  
that think that Jack is doing us a service.  
He kills his fair  
share of bad people.  
They believe that one in the  
hand is worth five in the street.  
Think they can... control him.

**ANNA:**

After he's paid off whichever fucking  
corrupt coppers are protecting him,  
he sells his stuff on  
the street at cut price.  
He targets young women, single mums,  
people he thinks he can control.  
That's his specialty.  
There is a way out of it.

- What?

- You help me, I'll help you.

When Jack comes  
after you, we set a trap.

- How?

- You say he took your phone.

- Yeah.

- When he calls,  
you agree to take the money to him.

You want to use us as bait?

No.

- All right, wait... just...

- No.

Just... If we-if we do it,  
that means we walk.

This doesn't go in the books.

If I took this to headquarters,  
Jack would get wind of it, I'd be out  
of a job, you two would be dead.  
Find somewhere safe for tonight.

**ANNA:**

Tom.  
You know he would've  
killed you, right?  
You told me to stall. You told  
me the police were coming.  
Before. Why didn't you just  
show him where the money was?  
Why didn't you tell me  
somebody broke into our house.  
I just wanted us to have a little  
money so we wouldn't get evicted,  
- so we could have...  
- [POUNDING ON WALL] Shut up!  
So we could have a life.  
I went to the fertility clinic,  
and I spent some of the money.  
I'm sorry. I feel so stupid.  
It's okay.  
Something was wrong with me.  
I just...  
It's okay.  
Come here. Come here.  
All we wanted was a family.  
[TELEPHONE RINGING]

**TOM:**

Hello?

**JACK:**

So, where have you put it?  
In the hotel safe or under the bed?  
How can you fuck on  
that dirty mattress?  
People like you are so  
predictable, Tommy.  
All right, you can have your money.  
Just leave us alone.  
- I want to see you and the money.

- When? Where?

It needs to be in  
public for my safety.

Tomorrow, noon,  
Victoria Park by the pond.

- And then you leave us alone.

- [PHONE OFF THE HOOK]

What now?

The, um, the tracking device  
is sewn into the seam.  
It's virtually undetectable,  
and I can track you on my phone.

As soon as you see him,  
put the bag down and walk away.

Don't run, don't look back.

No exceptions, no heroics, no nothing.

Just drop and go.

And when we're gone,  
you'll arrest him?

Yes, as soon as he picks  
up the bag, it's over,  
by which time you'll be gone and safe.  
You'll be under constant supervision.

My men will be watching you,  
but you won't see them.

All right.

Drop and go.

Okay.

- **ANNA:**

- **TOM:**

[ELEVATOR DING]

Bonjour. Enchante.

You must be Anna.

I take it Jack Witkowski  
paid you a visit.

Yeah.

So, tell me, Mr. and Mrs. Wright,  
what is the plan you want  
to speak to me about?

**ANNA:**

**TOM:**

[CELL PHONE RINGING]

Where are you? You're late.

Tell me, Tommy, why are our good friends from the Met joining us?

Don't worry about him.

He's not with us.

Just let him walk by and you can have your money.

I'm not talking about that one, you tosser. He works for me.

Wave to the good people, Marshall.

I'm talking about that mangy fuck, Halden.

[GUNSHOTS]

[PEOPLE SCREAMING]

- Run.

- Drop the bag.

Fuck. Marshall, you fucking dick, get the fucking money.

Drop the bag, Tom.

[GUNSHOTS]

Drop the bag.

- Drop the bag.

- Run.

Anna, run.

[TIRES SCREECHING]

**ANNA:**

Why didn't you just drop the money?

'Cause the money's the only thing keeping us alive right now.

- Halden is dead.

- I know.

- They killed him.

- I know.

Anna.

What are we going to do, Tom?

Where are we going to go?

We have one place where we can go.

At least for a few hours.

**KHAN:**

Do you think I would let you play me?

**TOM:**

I'm not trying to play you, Khan.  
When I find you, just remember,  
you brought this on yourselves.  
Would you mind giving us a  
minute in private, Mrs. Halden?  
Yeah, I was going to  
grab a coffee anyway.  
What in God's name were you thinking?  
Not only were you wearing  
a bulletproof vest,  
but you took a firearm  
into a public park.  
There are children there,  
for Christ's sake.  
You're an embarrassment. You should've  
retired when your junkie daughter died.

**NURSE:**

Mr. Halden needs to rest.  
Okay, my apologies.  
You rest up, John.  
Good news for me is... now I  
don't have to pay your pension.  
Who's going to pay your pension, Ray?  
Scotland Yard or guys  
like Jack Witkowski?  
I wanted to fix the floor  
before I showed it to you.  
It's a little different upstairs.  
You want to see?  
Yeah.  
Remember when we started working on the  
house and we'd eat take-away on the floor?  
Yeah.  
Remember when I thought  
I'd be done in four months?  
Remember when I thought  
I'd be pregnant in six?  
I'm sorry I stopped coming here.  
I'm sorry I got lost in this place.  
I never needed the house, Tom.  
All I needed was us.

I know.

**ANNA:**

Tell me we're going to make it.

[FOOTSTEPS]

[CRYING]

It's okay, Boo-boo. I'm coming.

Give me your phone.

[CELL PHONE RINGING]

Sarah?

**JACK:**

Julian's a real peach.

Hello?

You want kids, don't you,

Tommy? Me, too.

Such a precious gift.

So, hurting little Julian...

- it's not going to be easy for me.

- [CRYING]

He's so smooth.

What's your plan, Tommy?

What's your plan, Tommy?

We can't go out. After the park,  
the police are looking for us, too.

We're hiding out in an old  
house in West London.

I'll text you the address...

and you come meet us here.

Okay?

No more tricks.

Keep fucking quiet.

[TIRES SCREECHING]

Better text Khan.

Yeah.

You really think he's going to come?

Yeah.

It's all about honor with that guy.

Sent.

You know they're going  
to have guns, right?

Guns are for pussies.

[BEEPING]

[CELL PHONE RINGING]



Yeah.

**JACK:**

Anna?

Get ready.

This is the perfect place.

For what?

I see no cash.

It's in the house. Safe.

Don't fuck with me.

Jack, you can have the money

just as soon as we get

Sarah and Julian.

- Where's Mrs. Tommy?

- She's inside, with the money.

What the fuck.

Honey, I'm home.

Mrs. Tommy.

[COCKS GUN]

You got five seconds to show me the money or I'm shooting your husband.

- **ANNA:**

- How can I be sure?

I just want Sarah, I want Julian, but if you hurt them or my husband, I will destroy all of it.

That's impressive.

I'll get them over.

[WHISTLES]

Get the fuck out, love.

Now it's your turn.

Well done, sweetheart.

Now the bag.

Jack?

Are you all right?

[WEAK CHUCKLE]

[NAILING]

Sarah!

**ANNA:**

[GUNSHOTS]

Go out the ladder.

[WHISPERING]

Sarah, go out the ladder.

[MUFFLED GRUNT]

- Oh, God.

- Give me Julian. Give me Julian

[CHUCKLES]

[GRUNTS]

[JULIAN CRYING]

[JET FLIES BY]

[BEEPING]

[JET FLIES BY]

[SARAH SCREAMS]

[BOARDS CREAK]

Andre?

[BOARDS CREAK]

**KHAN:**

You cannot undo that.

You must be sacrificed

pour le bien de tous.

[NAIL GUN FIRES]

The greater good.

[GUNSHOTS]

Does not seem fair.

You are playing with toys while

I am not playing at all.

You are a worthy adversary.

[GUNSHOT]

Ahh!

Anna.

Anna.

[GASPING]

Anna.

[GUNSHOT]

**LADY NEWSCASTER:**

today announced a breakthrough  
in a case that's traumatized people living  
in the sleepy London suburb of Mortlake.  
It comes just 36 hours after a  
shootout which left five people dead  
a house burnt to the ground,  
and the entire community in shock.  
With me is Superintendent Ray Martin,  
one of the officers in charge of the case.

Superintendent, what can you tell us?  
We can now confirm that these tragic events  
are directly linked to a drug turf war  
which began with an armed robbery that  
turned deadly in an East End night club...

**- HALDEN:**

- Hi.  
...police work and extraordinary bravery  
of veteran detective John Halden  
a man I consider to be a  
personal friend and a colleague.  
It's easy to be a hero when  
you're writing your own story.  
Uh, the firemen found this.  
It's, um...  
It's not much, but, uh, it's yours.  
Good luck.

[MUFFLED VOICES]

Hm.

**- TOM:**

- I just had to do one last thing.  
All right. Say goodbye  
to this hell hole.  
Come on.

**ANNA:**

[SERENA RYDER SINGING "FOR YOU"]