

**screenplay by steve knight**

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Passengers emerge from the arrivals area into the aggravated, polite chaos. Mini cab drivers hold up name cards as they wait for their passengers.... Among the crowds women in flowing robes drift among their mountains of luggage...the whole world meeting in one functional, soulless place, a kind of universal non-area. Opening credits begin.

An African man touts for mini cab fares. We glimpse him between badly tied boxes, squealing luggage trolleys. In the din of humanity he greets passengers in French and English. At first it may be that this man is just another detail, just another piece of shrapnel blown in from the world. But soon we will discover that this is Okwe.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A line of passengers wait for licensed cabs which pull up intermittently. It's cold and they shiver in their sun-tans. Okwe is now trying his luck outside. He is working the back of the queue.

OKWE

You want cab Sir? Miss, you want car?  
Ten pounds only to Theatreland.

The queue ignores him. He might as well be invisible. Okwe comes forward listening to a plane taking off.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The plane takes off.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Two Asian businessmen search vainly for the driver they were expecting to collect them. Crowds pass...the floor around their feet is swept by an African cleaner. Suddenly a face appears behind them. It is Okwe.

OKWE

You want car?

PASSENGER

Are you from Sajit?

OKWE (WITH A GRIN)

I am not here to meet you in particular  
but I am here to rescue those who have  
been let down by the system.

EXT LONDON STREETS - DAY

Open on black with credits and music. We hear traffic, the crackle of Okwe's mini-cab radio. We then see Okwe driving his mini cab through a network of tunnels in Southwark. He enters and emerges from darkness in to busy London traffic. Finally we see Okwe park his car outside a mini-cab office.

Credits end.

(CONTINUED)

We see a close up of Okwe getting out of the car and heading for the mini-cab place.

INT. CAB OFFICE - DAY

A dimly lit doorway opens onto a smoke filled room which is penetrated by thin bars of winter sunlight through a grilled window. The Controller fills in his lottery ticket behind wire mesh...and the sagging furniture is occupied by a dozen African drivers, all laughing and smoking. Okwe enters, exhausted from a hard day at the wheel. Okwe takes out 'his' driving license and hands it to another driver, along with his car keys. The other driver takes the license, pockets the keys and goes to depart. Okwe stops him and takes hold of his gold crucifix.

OKWE

Your name is now Mohammed....

The driver realizes and removes it, giving thanks to Okwe before he departs into the sunlight. Okwe goes to the wire mesh grill and begins to hand over a percentage of his earning. The Controller emerges from behind his wire mesh and beckons Okwe towards a back room. Okwe looks puzzled.

INT. BACK ROOM OF THE CAB COMPANY - DAY

Okwe follows the controller into the sparse, ramshackle back room which has photos of the Pope and Whitney Houston on the walls. There is a bed with a sagging mattress which many decades have slept in. The controller is a great bear of a man with chunky gold chains around his neck and a sky blue turban. He closes and locks the door that leads to the cab office and we can hear the other drivers talking and laughing outside. Okwe still looks nervous. After a moment, the controller, deadly serious, unzips his flies. Okwe stares at him. The controller nods almost imperceptibly and from his movements we infer that he has got his dick out.

From an acceptable angle we see Okwe on his knees before the controller....Then we see him take out a white handkerchief and begin to study the controller's penis with a professional eye. After a few moments he looks up from his kneeling position. Reluctantly he nods, confirming the worst.

CONTROLLER

That bitch! This shit dustbin City.

Okwe stands and with carefully disguised disdain he drops his pristine white handkerchief into the overflowing bin.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)

So what Okwe?

OKWE

Amoxycillin.

CONTROLLER

You get that in Boots alright or not?

OKWE

From a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTROLLER  
You're a doctor.

OKWE. (FIRMLY)  
I'm a driver.

Okwe has gone to the tiny one-tap sink in the corner to swill his hands. He searches vainly for soap.

CONTROLLER  
They say you were a doctor. You get me something. I can't piss fire another day.

Pause. Okwe washes his hands in cold water.

OKWE  
I am a driver.

CONTROLLER  
It's for my wife's sake, you know what I mean?

Okwe is forced to dry his hands on his trousers. He sighs...

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
OK, so I give you all the jobs in South London.

Okwe shrugs.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
Or maybe no jobs at all.

Okwe sighs. Finally, as he goes to leave...

OKWE.  
I'll see what I can do...

CONTROLLER  
Let me kiss you Okwe...

Okwe looks back at the tiny cracked sink.

OKWE  
Maybe in return you can get some soap.

The controller stares at Okwe, accustomed to his oddness.

EXT MINI CAB PLACE - EVENING

Okwe emerges from the mini cab place and bids farewell to two of the drivers. He reaches into his pocket and produces a small cellophane bag which contains a few small ghatt leaves. He bruises them between his fingers and slips them in his mouth as he walks. He checks his watch, turns up his collar and disappears into the early evening crowds of Soho.

EXT LONDON TOURIST HOTEL - NIGHT

A doorman in a crimson uniform (Ivan) blows steam into the cold air. He opens the door of a black cab and takes a tip from the guest. As he straightens, Okwe hurries by.

IVAN.

Early is as bad as late Okwe.

INT. HOTEL LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

We see Okwe buttoning his uniform shirt. There is a hot iron and an ironing board nearby. Okwe pulls on his uniform jacket and dusts the shoulders. On the inside of this locker door there is a small mirror. He peers at his reflection for a few moments, then closes the door.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - LATE AT NIGHT

The lobby is deserted. Okwe is sitting in the light of an angle-poise lamp, behind a weeping fig tree. He is dressed in a perfectly pressed crimson hotel uniform and is busy with paper work. His desk is immaculately tidy. The clocks above his head read the times in Honk Kong, New York, New Delhi and Sydney. In London the time is two am. There is an alarm clock on Okwe's desk which tells us it is two minutes past two am. Through the revolving doors we see a uniformed doorman (Ivan) stamping his feet against the cold. The phone rings on Okwe's desk and Okwe answers it with great formality.

OKWE

Hello front desk. No I am afraid the kitchen is closed from midnight. I'm sorry....Goodnight madam.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside the hotel and JULIETTE gets out. She's an early thirties black prostitute, dressed to kill but with a heavy coat over her working clothes. A middle aged punter gets out behind her and pays the cab. JULIETTE lights a cigarette and heads for the hotel. As she does, Ivan smiles. He removes his top hat with an elaborate flourish and bows. Juliette drops a five pound note into the hat and enters the hotel. The punter follows.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

JULIETTE approaches the counter, with her punter in tow. The punter escapes to the shadows. Okwe is already on his feet, waiting.

OKWE

Welcome to the hotel Madame.

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE  
I ain't a madame...room 510.

The number means something to Okwe and he looks startled.

OKWE  
Five one zero?

JULIETTE  
What...don't I look the type?

Juliette stubs her cigarette and addresses the punter hovering in the shadows. He squirms.

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
What do you think? I don't look the type apparently.

She turns back to Okwe.

JULIETTE  
It's too cold to look the type.

Okwe opens a desk drawer and finds a key which is already cut and lays it on the counter. JULIETTE reaches into her bag and produces a fiver for OKWE. He pushes it back to her. She rolls her eyes.

JULIETTE  
You're new, right?

She takes the fiver back.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)  
Most of my clients'll start arriving when the casinos close.

She heads off towards the lifts.

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
Only send up the ones who've won.

The punter hurries in her wake like some kind of courtier. Okwe watches their progress as the lift door opens and Juliette and the punter disappear. Okwe is left alone again. He sits down in his pool of light.

EXT/INT SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A clock inside the door says it is just before 5.00am. Okwe enters using a pass key. Inside the room is scruffy hi-tec, with banks of CCTV monitors all around. The room is lit by the flickering TV lights. Okwe turns to face a clock on the wall and under his breath he counts down the seconds to the hour of five am. Precisely on the hour he stops the CCTV tape and removes it. He inserts a blank tape and presses play and record. His work complete, he smooths a loose piece of gaffer tape which is bothering him. As he does, on the monitor marked 'lobby', he sees an Asian woman standing in the gaze of the camera. The sight of her makes Okwe hurry from the room.

INT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT ...THROUGH CCTV CAMERA

In grainy black and white we see the hotel lobby through the same CCTV camera. There is a time code and date in the bottom left hand corner. The chubby middle aged Asian woman steps out of shot. A black woman steps into shot, waits, bored, and then departs. A second black woman (CELIA) enters shot and waves with both hands, smiling broadly. She blows the camera a kiss and then leaves. We are witnessing the hotels' 'clocking in' system, whereby the management can check what time the chambermaids arrived by rewinding through the time coded CCTV tapes. It is now 5.03am. A young Turkish woman (Senay) steps into shot and stares defiantly into the camera.

INT HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

We see Senay step out of the gaze of the camera. As she heads for the staff area. Okwe emerges from the other side of the lobby, hurrying to catch her up. In her haste SENAY drops something and kneels to pick it up. OKWE helps her. She looks round furtively and then takes a key from her pocket. She quickly hands it to OKWE. OKWE takes it but remains.

SENAY  
What?

OKWE  
Senay, perhaps I can cook you lunch.

SENAY looks round. A chambermaid in her uniform walks by and stares at SENAY and OKWE. SENAY hides her face until she has passed. Finally...

SENAY  
No OKWE.

Another maid drifts by and glares at the two of them. SENAY leaves. OKWE is left to pocket the key and rub his eyes wearily.

OKWE returns to the desk and straightens some papers. Ivan is waiting with a gleam in his eye.

IVAN  
So it's true.

OKWE  
What is true?

IVAN  
I saw you talking to Senay.

Okwe tidies his desk.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
They say you and her nesting like birds.

Okwe sighs. Ivan eyes Okwe suspiciously. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
I rent her couch in the morning when she  
is working. We are never there at the  
same time. She has rules.

Ivan shrugs.

IVAN  
You know she is Muslim. That means she  
is a virgin. Like a little angel.

OKWE  
In her religion there are no angels.

IVAN  
You must see things. You must find her  
things around.

OKWE  
Ivan, I think there is someone at the  
door.

Ivan turns and sees a taxi pulling up. He sweeps his hat on  
his head and departs. At that moment the lift doors open and  
Juliette appears, dressed in last night's finery but with her  
coat over her shoulder and barefoot. She is carrying her red  
stiletto shoes. Okwe smiles a greeting to her. Juliette  
stretches and yawns and puts her stilettos on the marble  
counter.

JULIETTE  
Can you believe one of the fuckers wanted  
to pay me in roubles.

Juliette notices that Okwe is almost transfixed by the shoes.  
She looks curious.

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
What, don't they have hookers where you  
come from?

Okwe smiles.

Juliette puts an unlit cigarette in her mouth. Okwe reacts  
with alacrity and grabs a book of hotel matches. He lights  
her cigarette and speaks softly.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)  
So where are you from? Somewhere with  
lions I bet.

Okwe doesn't answer.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)  
I like lions.

Juliette studies Okwe. She is intrigued by Okwe's mysterious  
formality but it's been a long day. Finally she shrugs and  
drags on her cigarette and turns to leave. As she heads for  
the door she painfully puts her stilettos back on and calls  
out.

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
Oh yeah, you might want to send somebody  
to look at the room.

OKWE  
There is a problem?

JULIETTE  
How should I know, I don't exist. See  
you tomorrow.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

Dawn through the window. Senay is collecting clean sheets  
and towels from a small room. We see OKWE walking down the  
corridor on the fifth floor. He uses his master key to enter  
the room.

INT. ROOM 510 - EARLY MORNING

The darkness of the room is lit by the door opening. OKWE  
enters and turns on a table lamp. He looks all around for a  
moment. The ashtray beside the bed is full. There is a box  
of condoms beneath the table lamp. Okwe peers into the  
bathroom. The light is on and the door is open. He sees the  
water lapping the top of the lavatory bowl, puddling on the  
floor.

INT. BATHROOM ROOM 510 - EARLY MORNING

Okwe enters carrying a coat hanger. He peers into the  
lavatory bowl and uses the coat hanger to push down into the  
U-bend to clear the blockage. He pushes for a few moments  
and then stops. Suddenly we see a wisp of blood curling up  
in the water. Okwe pushes some more. After a few pushes he  
stops. More blood curls up into the bowl. He reacts...to  
bloody water dripping onto the floor. He knows he can't  
leave it like this. He takes one of the plastic bags used  
for sanitary towels and puts it on his hand as a makeshift  
glove. He grits his teeth then reaches his hand into the  
bowl and feels an obstruction...More blood appears until the  
water in the bowl is crimson. He feels around with his  
fingers and then grabs something. After tugging a few times  
he suddenly pulls something from the bowl.

It is a veined, glistening muscle...a lump of flesh trailing  
ventricles. It is a heart! A human heart!

Okwe, dumbfounded, stares at the thing shining in the  
bathroom light. He traces a ventricle with a finger. Okwe  
quickly puts the heart into a plastic bag used for sanitary  
towels. He sees a drop of blood on the floor and quickly  
wipes it with a tissue.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

Okwe enters the lobby, carrying the plastic bag. He sits at his desk and thinks. Ivan is patrolling outside. A tiny drop of blood from the bag gets onto Okwe's starched white cuff and he curses. He rubs the blood stain and tries to remove it. He opens his drawer where he keeps a sheet of paper with emergency numbers on it, including the local police. He closes the drawer. As he does, Ivan enters in and notices the bag.

IVAN

What's that? You stealing stuff already?

Okwe doesn't answer. He stares at Ivan, still dumbfounded.

IVAN (cont'd)

The guy before you used to take whole pigs from the freezer. You'd better hide it. The boss sees that he'll do a locker search.

At that moment there is a car horn. Okwe glances over Ivan's shoulder

IVAN (CONT'D)

Speak of the fucking devil.

EXT. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

A sleek BMW is outside.

The driver (SNEAKY) yells out and whistles.

SNEAKY

Hey where's the greeter here?!

INT. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

IVAN hurriedly sweeps his hat on his head and trots to the door.

OKWE waits for IVAN to leave, then sets off with his plastic bag to the door which leads to the staff area.

EXT HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

INT. HOTEL LOBBY/ CHANGING ROOMS - EARLY MORNING

INT. HOTEL CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING

SNEAKY's BMW pulls into a parking bay marked 'Head Porter' in the underground car park. When the driver gets out we see that he is as sleek as his car. He is thin limbed, Hispanic, wearing smart, pressed casual clothes.

(CONTINUED)

He gets out of the car whistling a tune. He yells a greeting to some porters and they greet him reverently. Then he stoops to pick up a stray tomato box which he dumps in a bin.

SNEAKY  
This fucking place...Hey! Instead of smoking you clean this place up! You're feeding rats here!

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING

The staff offices are all in the basement area which is dark and neglected. OKWE comes down the stairs and into the large corridor, carrying his plastic bag. He crosses to the bins. OKWE is on the point of putting the heart into the bins when from nowhere, SNEAKY passes, whistling his tune. Sneaky pulls a face at what Okwe is carrying. After he has gone, Okwe thinks again and finds he can not throw the heart away.

INT. OUTSIDE / INSIDE SNEAKY'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Sneaky approaches a small office marked 'Head Porter'. He unlocks the door and enters. He takes off his coat and hangs it up. He takes a mini-bar miniature of whiskey from a drawer in his desk, unscrews the top and downs it in one. Then he takes his crimson uniform jacket from its hanger above the radiator and dusts it down. He puts it on over his white shirt and then takes a crimson tie from a drawer. He is about to tie his tie when there is a knock at the door. Okwe enters, carrying the plastic bag which contains the heart. He pointedly closes the door as he enters. As they begin to speak, Sneaky ties his tie, dusts his jacket and checks his dapper appearance in a mirror on the inside of a filing cabinet. He half turns to Okwe.

SNEAKY  
Okwe? You still here?

Okwe rolls the plastic bag down to reveal the glistening heart. He lays it on Sneaky's desk, careful to avoid blood escaping.

SNEAKY.  
What's this, lunch?

OKWE  
It was blocking the lavatory. In room 510.

Sneaky's face turns to stone. Okwe can not keep the astonishment out of his voice.

OKWE.  
It is a heart. A human heart.

(CONTINUED)

A pause. Sneaky stares at Okwe for a while and recovers quickly. He begins to laugh.

A what? SNEAKY.

He laughs some more.

SNEAKY  
What the fuck do you know about hearts Okwe?

OKWE  
Perhaps...you should report it to the police.

A pause. Sneaky is grooming himself in the mirror, but his face is alive with deceit.

SNEAKY  
Police?

Sneaky is a picture of mock reasonableness.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
You think I should call the police?

Silence.

OKWE (FIRMLY)  
Someone is dead.

Sneaky consults a sheet of paper pinned to the wall with emergency numbers. He isolates the local police station. He picks up the phone.

SNEAKY  
You speak to them yeah? You found it, you do the talking. I'll introduce you.

He begins to dial.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
What's your full name Okwe?

Okwe stares at Sneaky. He knows that Sneaky is playing a game of bluff which Okwe can not win.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
Mmm? And you never told me where it is you're from. Or even (with a frown) how come you're here in this wonderful country. (Into phone) Ah hello, police? Yeah I've got somebody wants to talk to you.

Senor Juan offers the phone to Okwe. Okwe stares at it. His face is turned to stone. At the crucial moment, Okwe's only choice is to do nothing. Senor Juan asks Okwe a question with his eyes and finally hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

His face hardens a little. A pause. Sneaky takes hold of the plastic bag and begins to tie a tight knot in it to seal it.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
You will learn Okwe...the hotel business is about strangers. And strangers will always...surprise you, you know? They come to hotels in the night to do dirty things. And in the morning it's our job to make things look pretty again.

Sneaky puts the sealed bag under his desk. Okwe doesn't take his eyes off it. Sneaky reaches into his pocket and produces a twenty pound note. He offers it to Okwe. Okwe doesn't respond.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
For your trouble.

Okwe doesn't take the money.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
You think if you don't take money you're innocent? Take it...do something nice with it.

A pause. Okwe turns without taking the money.

EXT. SENAY'S BEDSIT IN STOKE NEWINGTON - DAY

Okwe approaches the communal front door of a house divided into flats. He uses the key to enter. As he does, a curtain in the window of the ground floor flat twitches.

INT. SENAY'S BEDSIT - DAY

Okwe enters the flat using his key. As he opens the door he finds a post card on the mat. He picks it up. It is a post card from New York. He studies the picture and sees that the card is written in Turkish. He lays it on a kitchen surface and then goes to sit at the kitchen table. He takes from his pocket a bag of ghaff leaf. He takes out the last few leaves inside the bag and tosses the empty bag into the bin. He bruises the leaves and then puts them into his mouth. He chews as he thinks. Okwe gets up and stares out of the bedsit window as he thinks. He then makes a decision, grabs his coat and leaves.

INT./EXT. SOMALI CAFE - DAY

Okwe exits the bedsit and hurries through Ridley Road market. He arrives at a small Somali cafe and ducks inside. On some of the tables chess sets are laid out and some African customers are playing chess. Smoke swirls as Okwe enters. He goes to the counter and the owner separates some ghaff leaf, which Okwe pays for. He pockets this then looks round the cafe. The owner notices and knows who Okwe is looking for.

OWNER  
Your friend has gone to work.

Okwe turns to leave.

EXT. SHOREDITCH HOSPITAL - DAY

Okwe walks up to the main entrance of the hospital and approaches the direction board. The directions point to a dozen medical departments in one direction...and the mortuary in the other. Okwe follows the direction to the mortuary.

INT. MORTUARY, STAFF ROOM - DAY

Okwe enters and Guo Yi immediately opens a cupboard where an almost completed game of chess is laid out on a board. Guo Yi carries the game to the table with great care and reverence. As they talk he lays it on the table and Okwe sits. Guo Yi points at his Bishop and is filled with glee.

Okwe nods. Guo Yi moves his Bishop and clenches his fists with glee.

GUO YI  
It came to me last night in a flash of inspiration.

A pause as Okwe studies the board.

OKWE.  
I can see. A good move.

GUO YI . (TRIUMPHANT)  
Ha!

A pause as they study the board.

OKWE  
Guo Yi...there is something I need.

Guo Yi is engrossed in the position of the pieces. Okwe reaches into his pocket and produces a piece of paper with the word 'amoxycillin' written on it. He also pulls out a ten pound note and pushes both over to Guo Yi. Guo Yi is engrossed but finally registers and reads the paper.

GUO YI  
Amoxycillin? You got clap?

OKWE  
No, my boss.

GUO YI  
Which one?

OKWE  
They're all the same.

(CONTINUED)

Guo Yi pushes the ten pound note back.

GUO YI  
In this country the health service is  
free.

Guo Yi settles at the table with relish. Okwe's mind is  
elsewhere. They make small talk without taking their eyes  
off the table.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
And you're still driving cabs in the day?  
(OKWE NODS) Two jobs! You're gonna kill  
yourself.

OKWE.  
I do not care to sleep.

A pause. Okwe moves a piece. Guo Yi considers it and moves a  
piece. Okwe nods and half smiles to himself. He moves a  
piece. Guo Yi finally looks up from the board and studies  
Okwe. He moves a piece suspiciously.

GUO YI.  
When you go quiet it means you've won  
already. Go on Okwe, don't be nice, it  
makes it worse.

Okwe looks up at Guo Yi sadly. He hesitates before finally  
moving his Queen. A pause. Guo Yi studies the new position,  
his world collapsing. He shakes his head and stares at the  
completed game with disbelief. Okwe shrugs an apology.

GUO YI  
Well shit.

Guo Yi knocks over his King. He gets to his feet and goes  
over to the kettle.

GUO YI (cont'd)  
You want Chinese or English tea?

OKWE  
Chinese.

GUO YI  
I don't know how you drink that stuff.

Guo Yi has his back turned. Okwe picks up the book that Guo  
Yi was reading. It is a battered copy of Robert Graves  
'Graves Myths'. Guo Yi half turns.

GUO YI (cont'd)  
I found it on a body. It's blown my head  
wide open. You should read it. Medicine  
for your soul Okwe.

(CONTINUED)

A pause. Okwe thinks for a moment, making a decision, then speaks while studying the cover.

OKWE  
Guo Yi. Today I also found something.

A pause. Okwe is thinking hard. Guo Yi turns, puzzled.

OKWE (cont'd)  
In a lavatory in one of the rooms.  
Someone's heart.

GUO YI  
Some what?

OKWE  
A heart. A human heart.

Guo Yi lets the kettle boil and click off. He takes the news on board, nodding slowly.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
I'm telling you because you are a  
rational man. Maybe there is an  
explanation.

Pause. Guo Yi thinks for a moment. The staff phone rings. Guo Yi answers it.

INT. MORTUARY COLD ROOM - DAY

We are in the room that gives the mortuary attendant access to the mortuary furnace. Guo Yi takes a box of matches from his pocket. He approaches the door to the oven. Okwe is sitting in the middle of the room in a hard backed chair. As they talk, Guo Yi goes about the business of lighting the oven. He has a trolley of hospital stuff to burn.

GUO YI  
So I'd say some guy with one of the girls  
had a heart attack. You said yourself  
the rooms are down as empty so the  
Spanish guy had to get rid of the body.  
Hotels hate dead people.

OKWE  
It was a healthy heart.

GUO YI  
So...so your boss was right first time,  
somebody brought it with them.

OKWE (INCRECULOUS)  
Who carries human organs?

GUO YI  
Lots of people.

OKWE  
Name someone.

(CONTINUED)

GUO YI (ABSURDLY)  
Me. OK? Me. I do it all the time. I  
take my work home.

Okwe shakes his head and smiles...

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
What I'm saying is I could if I was  
weird. And this is a weird City.

OKWE  
Why would anyone do that to a human  
heart?

GUO YI  
These sound to me like questions.

A pause. Guo Yi studies Okwe. The gas hisses and brings Guo Yi to his task. He tosses the match into the gas. The oven begins to roar. He closes the oven door and comes close to Okwe.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
These sound to me like questions. I  
don't ask questions after eleven years  
here and I'm a certified refugee. You're  
an illegal, Okwe. You don't have a  
position here. You have nothing. You  
are nothing.

A pause. Okwe stares at the roaring flames through the oven window.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
You wait here I'll go get you those  
pills.

Okwe nods gently. Guo Yi hesitates at the door.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
Stick to helping people who can be  
helped.

EXT. STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH STREET - DAY

We see Senay hurrying through the streets of the Turkish district. Rain is pouring and a Turkish shepkeeper whistles at her, offering an umbrella. She hurries past.

INT. THE SOMALI CAFE, STOKE NEWINGTON - DAY

The wreaths of blue smoke and the twinkle of a charcoal grill make the gloom of the cafe seem almost cosy. The windows are rain spattered. At the counter, Okwe is buying some tea. He glances out of the window and sees Senay hurrying past. He gets to his feet and grabs three bags of shopping he has put under the table.

EXT. CAFE, STOKES NEWINGTON - DAY

Okwe emerges from the door of the cafe and begins to follow Senay, carrying his groceries. She half turns to see that he is following and then turns up her collar. He begins to walk a few paces behind her and when she nods a greeting to a Turkish shopkeeper he realizes that she does not want to be seen walking with him. They are passing a Turkish restaurant and the owner calls a greeting to Senay. She nods nervously. Senay smiles sweetly to the shopkeeper who is pouring unripe tomatoes into a sack. She continues to walk fast and Okwe trots behind her. Finally she turns a corner and waits. Okwe hurries up to her and takes the key out of his pocket. He hands it to her and she grabs it.

OKWE

Senay.

Senay is anxious and turns to hurry away.

OKWE (CONT'D)

Senay...having one key is making this impossible.

SENAY

I do not want you coming in when I am there.

OKWE

At the hotel we are friends. I am no different here.

SENAY

How would it look Okwe.

OKWE

So it is better we always meet out here in the street?

SENAY

Wait five minutes then knock the door. Knock very, very quietly.

INT. SENAY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

Okwe is very delicately slicing garlic with a razor blade. The kitchen is small but it is also surprisingly tidy. On the chopping board Okwe has his garlic in one corner, some red spices chopped and pushed into another corner, some green peppers chopped evenly and precisely in another corner of the board. The chopping board is an expression of Okwe's personality. A place for everything and everything in its place. On the work surface there are vegetables and stock cubes and a bottle of red wine. He stops chopping and looks in the cupboard for something. He sees a half dozen glasses and can't help but examine one. He sees that it is dirty. He turns on the hot tap and begins to wash it. As he swills and stacks the rest of the glasses he calls out.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
Senay....

INT. SENAY'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom of OKWE's small bedsit. SENAY is watching hot water dribble and splutter into the bath. She is wrapped in a hotel dressing gown and has a cream moustache (hair removal). There is a chair jammed against the door, acting as a makeshift lock. Senay hears Okwe call out and curses the feeble hot water tap.

SENAY  
Nothing works.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Okwe continues to wash up the glasses.

OKWE  
Senay? Did you clean on the fifth floor yesterday?

We hear Senay scream with frustration, OOV.

OKWE (cont'd)  
Senay? Did you clean room 510 yesterday?

SENAY (OOV)  
What the hell are you talking about the hotel for? Water, water, water olmus gitmis ('stone dead').

OKWE  
I wondered if there was a problem in 510 yesterday.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Senay is on her feet. She tightens the belt of her dressing gown and removes the chair from the door. She prepares to leave.

SENAY  
Okwe the hot water is afraid to come out.  
You can fix these things?

She is about to leave but stops, remembers and wipes the cream moustache from her face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Okwe is washing the glasses. Senay enters.

SENAY  
Okwe, you can fix....

She sees that Okwe is running the hot tap and shrieks with disbelief. She turns it off. Okwe realizes.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
They were not clean. Glasses need very hot water.

SENAY  
So do women.

She gestures at the tap.

SENAY (cont'd)  
Everything here is connected to everything else.

Senay turns to leave. She stops when she sees the spices and vegetables all cut up and ready to be cooked. She seems a little startled...and impressed.

SENAY (cont'd)  
In Africa it is the men who cook and clean?

Okwe smiles. He sees the postcard that came earlier behind the chopping board.

OKWE  
Oh, Senay...this came for you.

Senay sees the card and lets out a small gasp of delight.

SENAY  
Why did you not tell me?!

OKWE  
I just told you.

She grabs the card and hurries away.

INT. BEDSIT - LATE LUNCHTIME - DAY

Okwe and Senay are eating a meal. The atmosphere is quite tense, formal. There is a bottle of wine open on the table. Okwe decides he must try to make conversation.

OKWE  
You have friends in New York?

Senay looks up sharply.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
The post card.

Senay nods. They eat.

SENAY  
I have a cousin. Ever since I was small she has written to me.

They eat for a while in silence.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE

I sometimes wish London were more like New York. It would be easy to drive a cab there.

Senay looks up, startled.

SENAY.

You have been to New York?

Okwe nods. Senay tries hard to hide it but she is dazzled.

SENAY (INCREDULOUS)

And you came back?

Okwe nods, amused. He sips his wine.

OKWE

I lived there for a time.

Senay is obviously bowled over. She tries to retain her cool exterior but can't help herself.

SENAY

In the winter they put lights in the trees. Is that true?

Okwe shrugs and nods.

SENAY (cont'd)

And you can skate in the parks. And some of the policemen ride white horses...not all of them but some.

She looks to Okwe for confirmation and he shrugs and nods. He is puzzled by her odd view of New York.

A pause.

SENAY.

What did you do there?

Okwe overcomes his reluctance to elaborate.

OKWE.

I worked in a hospital.

SENAY.

You were a cleaner?

Okwe smiles to himself and shakes his head.

OKWE

I was there to study.

Okwe shrugs. It takes her a while but finally she returns to moving her food around her plate.

(CONTINUED)

She finally manages to accommodate this news too. She becomes suspicious after a moment.

SENAY.

So why are you working in a hotel?

A pause. Okwe takes a sip of wine.

OKWE.

It is an African story.

SENAY

I've noticed that you never answer yes or no, you are very strange.

Okwe shrugs.

OKWE

Do you drink wine Senay?

SENAY

Don't you want to know why I left Turkey?

Okwe shrugs.

OKWE

Because you want to live like your cousin.

Senay thinks then shakes her head.

SENAY

No. Because I do not want to live like my mother.

A pause. He looks at her, not sure what to make of her.

SENAY (CONT'D)

Yes.

OKWE.

Yes what?

SENAY

Yes I do drink wine.

Okwe peers at her and pours a small amount into her glass. She takes a sip and coughs ever so slightly.

OKWE

This is a recipe from Nigeria. In Nigeria they do many interesting things with pork...

Senay stops chewing...she spits her mouthful out in horror.

OKWE (cont'd)

...but of course I used lamb...

Senay recovers quickly. They eat. Senay smiles.

## INT. MINI CAB OFFICE -LATE AFTERNOON

Okwe walks into the smoky gloom and swaps some pleasantries in Yoruba with another driver, who gets to his feet and hands Okwe his drivers license and car keys. Okwe goes over to the Controllers wire mesh and slips the bottle of pills through the hatch.

OKWE

Take one three times a day...avoid alcohol...

The owner gestures Okwe into the back room.

## INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Okwe enters the back room with the Sikh controller, as before. This time there are three other drivers waiting. As Okwe enters, they begin to unzip their flies.

Cut to Okwe later, on his knees, examining the third patient. He finishes and gets to his feet.

OKWE

She is a popular lady.

Okwe sighs.

OKWE (CONT'D)

My friend is just a porter in the hospital crematorium. This he did as a favour for me.

CONTROLLER

So now you need three favours. My warriors can not work with rotten balls Okwe....They will pool their money and give you fifty pounds....

Pause as Okwe shakes his head and grunts. One of the drivers steps forward, his eyes a little teary.

DRIVER

Maybe you could treat the lady too. In spite of everything..(he looks around, bashfully)...I love her very deeply.

Okwe feels out flanked by simple emotion.

## INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

We see Okwe sitting in his pool of light, reading Robert Graves 'Greek Myths'. The clocks telling the time all around the world are above his head. It's almost three o'clock in London.

Okwe closes the book with a weary disgust. He lays it on the desk and closes his eyes for a few moments. Suddenly we hear Ivan's voice.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN  
You sleeping Okwe?

Okwe opens his eyes wearily and shakes his head. Ivan leans out of the gaze of the CCTV camera to light a cigarette. He offers one to Okwe, but Okwe refuses. Ivan rubs his frozen face....

IVAN (cont'd)  
So cold tonight.

OKWE  
Even for you Ivan?

IVAN  
I's different in this country. In Odessa it gets cold and stays cold. Here it's thaw, freeze, thaw, freeze so you don't know. (A weary sigh) Maybe some day soon I will go home and face the music.

Okwe doesn't care to know more. He picks up some paperwork.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
It's OK...you can go back to sleep.

Okwe shakes his head.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
You should sleep. The guy before you that's all he did. What else are we to do? There is only you and me and the whores.

A pause. The phone rings. Okwe picks up the phone on the desk between himself and Ivan.

OKWE.  
Hello front desk. No I'm afraid the kitchen is closed from...

Ivan reacts with alarm and grabs the phone from Okwe.

IVAN  
Hello room service.

INT. STAFF KITCHEN - NIGHT

Okwe is taking some butter from the small fridge as Ivan enters, carrying a sports bag. From the bag he takes a loaf of bread which he has obviously brought with him from home. He also produces some cooked ham. He hands these to Okwe and Okwe begins to make a sandwich.

OKWE  
Sneaky doesn't know about this?

IVAN  
Sneaky knows about everything.

Okwe nods thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
And you? You know everything that goes  
on in the hotel?

Ivan peers at Okwe.

IVAN  
Eh, eh, eh not so much butter.

Okwe begins to scrape some butter from the bread with great  
care.

OKWE  
You guard the door Ivan. You see who  
comes and goes.

Ivan nods, more concerned with the sandwich. Pause.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
What I mean is...you would know if  
someone came but did not leave again.

Okwe's question suddenly strikes a chord with Ivan. Okwe  
turns to him.

IVAN  
Everyone leaves Okwe. Some leave  
quickly, some stay for a long time. If  
you want to stay...

Ivan stares intently into Okwe's face.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
...If you want to stay you don't concern  
yourself with who comes and who goes.

A pause. Okwe sees that Ivan knows about the dark secrets of  
the hotel. Ivan glances at the sandwich.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
You should remove the crusts.  
Like in the Ritz.

Okwe waits for a moment then cuts the crusts. He puts the  
finished sandwich onto a plate. Ivan produces a jar of  
pickle and drops a spoonful on the side.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
There...that's capitalism.  
Now...go...and don't forget you only  
accept cash.

Okwe exits with the sandwich.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR ON THE EIGHT FLOOR - NIGHT

Down a long symmetrical corridor we see Okwe delivering the  
sandwich to a room and taking some money for it. He walks  
smartly down the corridor to the service lifts

INT. SERVICE LIFT - NIGHT

Okwe gets inside the lift and presses the button for the ground floor. As the lift descends, he thinks. After a moment he makes a decision and presses the button for the fifth floor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR ON THE FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

The service lift opens and Okwe gets out. Room 510 is conveniently placed to near the service lift. He approaches the door and knocks gently. No reply. He pulls out his master-key swipe card and enters.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 510 - NIGHT

Okwe enters the room and switches on the table lamp. He looks around the room. He crouches and examines the carpet around the bed. He then heads for the bathroom.

INT. ROOM 510, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Inside the bathroom Okwe is studying the corner of the room down beside the lavatory. He stands up. He should feel that his professional training is kicking in as he surveys the room. He pulls back the shower curtain and sees the unused towels folded and stacked. Then suddenly we hear the door opening and hear Juliette's voice.

JULIETTE

Okay. You just make yourself comfortable  
I'll go and freshen up. All right?

Okwe quickly steps into the bath behind the shower curtain. He hardly breathes as Juliette enters the bathroom. She removes her dress and mumbles 'fucking wanker' to herself. The punter wraps on the door.

PUNTER

Come on babe, hurry up.

JULIETTE

OK calm yourself sweetheart. (softly)  
Jesus.

Through a crack in the curtain Okwe can see Juliette pulling a school tie tight around her neck. She has also pulled on a school uniform skirt. She glances at herself in the mirror and shakes her head ruefully. Then she is gone. Okwe beathes out and waits

PUNTER (OOV)

What are you doing?

JULIETTE (OOV)

Have a drink first...

PUNTER (OOV)

You look fine, just get out here

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE (OOV)

Hey, Hey....

We hear Juliette being thrown bodily across the room and hear a glass smash. Juliette screams. Okwe wrestles with his conscience as a bedside table is turned over. Juliette yells again and a bottle is smashed.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 510 - NIGHT

Juliette has been knocked to the floor by the punter. She wipes her bloody mouth and then gets to her feet. Suddenly, her mood changes totally.

JULIETTE

Right you asshole you asked for this...

She suddenly punches the punter hard in the mouth and then kicks him in the balls. The punter doubles up in pain and she knees him onto the bed. She grabs her bag and produces a can of mace spray which she sprays. She punches him hard and then suddenly... Okwe is upon her.

OKWE

Enough...no more.

Juliette growls like a lioness but Okwe is strong enough to restrain her. The punter's eyes are blazing as Okwe stands over him.

JULIETTE (TO OKWE)

Where the fuck did you come from?!

OKWE (TO PUNTER)

You leave now.

The punter goes to resist but Okwe grabs him in a powerful grip. He then manhandles him to the door, where he throws him into the corridor. He closes the door and turns to Juliette.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 510 - NIGHT

We cut to the bathroom sink where Juliette spits bloody water from her mouth. She is still wearing her school tie. Her lips are cut.

JULIETTE

I'm serious, if I hadn't been so good I could have made a living at it. In the end they could only put me in the ring with the boys.

Okwe studies her face with an expert eye.

OKWE

You don't have concussion.

JULIETTE looks at OKWE with disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE  
How the fuck do you know?  
Okwe doesn't answer. As Juliette straightens her clothes he hands her a small hand towel and she dries her face.

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
Christ you must be bored, getting your kicks spying on me.

OKWE  
I was making sure the blockage had not returned.

Juliette pulls a face. She drops a small towel on the floor. Okwe, naturally, picks it up and folds it.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
Perhaps you should go home and rest.

JULIETTE  
Rest? I've got four more before morning.

Okwe looks at Juliette, trying not to look surprised. She smiles, resigned to her lot. Okwe goes to leave.

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
So...have you ever seen a lion?

A pause, Okwe nods.

OKWE  
Yes. On TV.

They both smile and Okwe leaves.

INT HOTEL LOBBY NEXT MORNING - DAY

As before, the chambermaids arrive and step into the gaze of the CCTV camera. The black maid (CHLIA) blows a kiss into the camera as she did before. Senay is waiting her turn and Okwe, in his pool of light, smiles at her. After she has taken her turn in the gaze of the camera, she drifts by the marble counter and waits for the other maid to disappear. When she has gone, Senay takes out a key. Okwe gets to his feet and Senay hands him the key. Okwe studies it.

SENAY  
I had it cut. It is yours.  
She nods to herself.

SENAY (cont'd)  
You were right. This way is more sensible.

Senay walks smartly away as another maid hurries by. She departs and Okwe closes his hand around the key.

(CONTINUED)

## INT. BEDSIT - DAY

Okwe is ironing a shirt with great care. He hears the key in the door and Senay enters wearing her walkman and mumbling in English to herself. Okwe smiles a greeting. There are three other ironed shirts on hangers. She removes her walkman and examines one of the ironed shirts. As they talk Okwe goes to the kitchen and begins to make coffee.

SENAY  
Okwe you mustn't tell them at the hotel that you have a key.

OKWE  
But Senay I tell them only the truth. The truth is the truth...

SENAY.  
Even so... And show them that your back hurts so they know you sleep on the floor.

Pause.

OKWE  
But that is not true. I sleep on the couch.

SENAY  
The couch is not as... as real as the floor Okwe. Believe me, I am a woman. And some of those bitches won't know what a couch is. But they know floor... they clean floors.

Okwe becomes thoughtful.

OKWE  
Perhaps the hotel is not a good place for you Senay.

She puts up the iron.

SENAY  
I do not go because it is a good place. I go because it pays me money to...

Suddenly there is a loud knock at the door. Okwe freezes.

(CONTINUED)

SENAY (CONT'D)  
For you?

Okwe shakes his head. There is another very hard knock on the door and we hear a voice.

OFFICER 1 (OOV)  
Immigration Enforcement directive. Open the door...

Okwe reacts with horror. He races to the couch and grabs his bag (but leaves his shoes). He then moves swiftly towards the bathroom. As he flees, Senay hisses...

SENAY

Okwe?

Okwe enters the bathroom. Senay composes herself then opens the door. Officer 1 enters followed by an Asian officer (Mohammed).

MOHAMMED  
(gently)  
Forgive us, please....Ms Gelik?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Okwe is standing just outside the bathroom window which is ajar. We hear the immigration officer through the door.

OFFICER 1 (OOV)  
Senay Gelik, yes? Turkish national. Do you have your SAL handy...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The two officers, are standing at the mantelpiece.

SENAY  
My what?

OFFICER 1  
Your Standard Acknowledgement Letter.  
Your ID.

SENAY  
Oh, yes, yes...I carry it always...

She trembles in her bag and produces a sheet of paper with a passport sized photo attached. Officer 1 studies the paperwork.

Mohammed (playing the 'good guy'?) takes a seat and sighs.

MOHAMMED  
Neighbours Senay...Sometimes they see things.

(CONTINUED)

Pause. Mohammed smiles with great compassion. Then Senay turns and sees that Officer 1 has picked up Okwe's shoes. A pause. They both study Senay's face for a reaction. She's not a natural dissembler. A long pause. Senay chooses to be confused.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)  
They say in the last few days they've seen someone come and go. A man.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)  
Sometimes Senay, a woman in your position can be exploited.

Senay looks confused. Mohammed and the Officer swap dubious looks.

MOHAMMED (cont'd)  
There are a lot of people living in London without any kind of papers at all. They prey on people like you.

SENAY  
Pray?

OFFICER 1  
If there is someone living here...

SENAY  
There is no one living here.

A pause. The two officers swap looks.

MOHAMMED  
You are aware Senay that your ELR status means you are not allowed to accept rent. You're seeking asylum...

OFFICER 1  
Or engage in paid employment of any kind for at least six months.

Senay nods. Officer 1 has spotted a book of matches on the mantle-piece. It is a book of hotel matches. He studies them and when Mohammed speaks he pockets them.

MOHAMMED  
You're not working are you Senay?

Senay shakes her head.

OFFICER 1  
Do you mind if I use your bathroom?

MOHAMMED  
Your case is under review

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Okwe has heard the officer's request and at the same time has spotted his toothbrush and razor beside Senay's. Fast as a snake he reaches inside, grabs the toothbrush and razor and then hurries away down the fire escape.

Officer 1 opens the bathroom door and finds it empty...the bath water still foaming...Okwe's tooth brush has gone. The open bathroom window taps gently against the frame in the breeze.

EXT. STOKES NEWINGTON STREET - DAY

Okwe walks quickly down the street, in shirt sleeves and barefoot in the rain. Passers by give him wary looks.

INT. SOMALI CAFE - LATER - DAY

African music plays as Okwe sits at a table. The owner of the cafe brings a pair of battered trainers to the table and Okwe thanks him effusively as he puts them on.

OWNER

That all you wanted?

Okwe, a little bashfully, shakes his head. He glances at the counter, at the jar which holds the Ghat leaf. The owner nods and shrugs.

OWNER (CONT'D)

You had some yesterday. What...are you selling the stuff?

Okwe shakes his head.

OKWE

I work night shift.

The owner shrugs.

OWNER

You know, too much don't only keep you awake.

He puts his fingers to his temple as if firing a bullet into his brain. He goes to the counter to collect Okwe's leaf.

INT. MINI CAB OFFICE - DAY

Okwe enters from outside in his shirt sleeves. The Controller glances up from his newspaper. A couple of drivers stare at Okwe and laugh to each other, looking at his trainers and his wet shirt.

CONTROLLER

Hey, Okwe...maybe somebody's husband came home early, huh?

(CONTINUED)

They all laugh apart from Okwe. The Controller throws Okwe a set of car keys and a quilted jacket.

CONTROLLER (cont'd)  
We don't want the doctor getting sick.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

OKWE's car is stuck in traffic on the Westway, heading into London, a businessman is asleep in the back of the car. Okwe lays his head back on the seat and closes his eyes. After just a few moments he is asleep. Now both he and the passenger are sleeping. All is peaceful until a horn hoots and both Okwe and the businessman wake up with a start. Okwe stuffs his mouth with Ghat.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER - EVENING

We see Okwe arriving for work. Ivan is taking a tip and reacts to Okwe's battered trainers and quilted jacket. He chuckles. Okwe hurries by. Ivan calls after him, teasing.

IVAN  
It's going to happen. You stay here too long you start dressing like an Englishman.

INT. HOTEL CHANGING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

We find Okwe arriving in the changing room, where water still drips and where the light is harsh. He grabs a hanger and puts on his uniform jacket.

Cut to Okwe now buttoned in his uniform, splashing through the puddles in the changing room left by a leaking pipe. His battered trainers let in water as he uses some master keys to enter a locker room beyond the changing room which is even more bleak than the first. We should sense some feeling of oddness and danger here...as if we have entered the very heart of the hotel itself. Here there are defunct and broken lockers and a grille mesh door with a sign saying 'lost property' written by hand. Okwe quickly unlocks a padlock and steps inside the lost property area. Here we glimpse the debris left behind by guests over many years. Wigs, false teeth, items of clothing, toys, all the bric-a-brac of humanity. He then sees there are two racks of shoes. Okwe gets to a low shelf where there are half a dozen pairs of shoes. He finds a pair of black shoes which are polished to match even Okwe's standards. He tries one on and finds that it fits.

INT. HOTEL - 4.43 AM - NIGHT

We see the clocks on the wall. OKWE is doing paper work. Then the lift opens and Juliette emerges, stretching her back and yawning.

JULIETTE  
Where is he then?

OKWE  
Who?

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE  
I've got a date. Every pay day at 4.45.

We glimpse Ivan through the revolving doors, checking his watch. He turns and spots Juliette and waves excitedly. Juliette waves with mock delight. Ivan hurries inside, removing his top hat.

IVAN  
Okwe, you help me. The guy before you took five pounds.

Ivan fumbles for some money in a state of high excitement. Juliette lights a cigarette. Ivan pushes the money across the counter but Okwe pushes it back.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
But you will watch the door?

Okwe nods and Ivan turns to leave. Juliette stubs her cigarette. Okwe smiles. Ivan takes Juliette's arm.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
Come my Princess. Okwe, the security room is out of bounds for half an hour.

Juliette shrieks incredulously.

JULIETTE  
Five minutes max.

Okwe smiles as they depart. He sits down and resumes his reading. He looks up and suddenly we see Officer 1 and Mohammed approaching the counter.

OFFICER 1  
Hello...

Okwe gets to his feet with alacrity.

OKWE  
Can I help you?

Mohammed shows his ID. Okwe reacts. The two Immigration men study his reaction. He looks anxious. Officer 1 takes a book of hotel matches from the counter and studies it.

MOHAMMED  
What time do the maids clock in?

A pause as Okwe takes the situation on board. He is relieved that they're not after him but concerned for Senay. His answer is delayed.

OFFICER 1 (SOFTLY)  
Wakey wakey.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
Five o'clock.

Officer 1 glances at the clock. It's ten minutes to five.

OFFICER 1  
Do you mind if we wait?

OKWE  
No.

A tense pause. Okwe goes back to his desk and pretends to engage in some paper work. Mohammed patrols. They are too close for Okwe to use the phone. Then Officer 1 takes out a cigarette and uses the book of matches to light it. He tosses the book of matches onto the marble counter. Okwe sees an opportunity. He looks at the Officer calmly.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
Forgive me, this area is no smoking. If you wish to smoke perhaps you could wait in the designated area by the door.

A pause. Officer 1 glares at Okwe but Mohammed gestures for them to move. They go and sit by the door. Okwe calmly takes his seat and glances at the clocks. Five minutes to go before Senay arrives. After a moment's thought he picks up the phone and begins to dial.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

In the half darkness we can just make out Ivan screwing Juliette over a desk. He grunts and heaves. She looks to one side. Ivan's upturned top hat is on the bedside table. The phone rings. They stop heaving and Juliette reaches for the phone and grunts under Ivan's weight.

JULIETTE  
Hello..(Pause)...It's for you.

Ivan looks supremely annoyed and takes the call.

IVAN  
Hello....Okwe? (Pause) But Okwe I am almost there...

INT LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe is talking quietly and discreetly into the phone

OKWE  
Senay will be here in two minutes. You must stop her.

EXT HOTEL - NIGHT

Senay is hurrying towards the hotel. She is smoking a cigarette and slows down to take a drag of the cigarette. She stubs it and hurries on.

INT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

It is one minute before five and the first of the maids has already arrived. The two immigration officers get to their feet. They watch as the maid stands in the glare of the CCTV camera. After a moment another maid arrives, then another. Finally a dishevelled Ivan emerges, putting on his top hat. He glares at Okwe as he passes but greets the immigration men brightly. Okwe visibly relaxes. Ivan departs into the darkness.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT (DAWN)

Senay is hurrying towards the hotel. Suddenly Ivan emerges from the shadows and grabs her arm. She gasps in shock.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT (DAWN)

The last of the maids steps out of the glare of the CCTV camera. Okwe is apparently busy with paperwork. He doesn't look up. Officer 1 and Mohammed stare murderously at Okwe. They got up early for nothing. Officer 1 rubs his unshaven chin. They turn to leave but Mohammed stops and turns to Okwe.

MOHAMMED

Is that the last of them?

Okwe nods, as if unconcerned. Officer 1 looks annoyed.

OFFICER

This is an interesting place.

OKWE (ALL INNOCENCE)

Would you like to see a rate card?

OFFICER 1 (MOCK FRIENDLY)

We'll speak soon, yeah?

They leave. As they do, Ivan enters and bows elaborately to the two officers as they go. He approaches the counter. Okwe breathes a sigh of relief.

IVAN

She said she will wait for you outside.  
Think how grateful she will be Okwe.

Ivan removes his top hat and lays it upturned on the counter, inviting contributions.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I have a medical condition. Lightning  
does not strike twice.

Okwe reaches into his pocket and produces two five pound notes. He drops them into the top hat. Ivan waits a moment then takes one of the five pounds and hands it back.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN (cont'd)  
When I was young we used to talk of  
Comrades and struggle.

EXT. LONDON LOCATION - DAY

Okwe and Senay are among crowds of people who are all walking quickly and purposefully to work. The crowds might as well be the water of a river. Okwe is riddled with guilt.

SENAY  
I will become Kurdish. The money is better.

Okwe looks puzzled.

SENAY (CONT'D)  
My friend. In her factory they always need girls.

OKWE  
A sweat shop?

SENAY  
Is it any worse than cleaning up after whores?

Okwe stops and sighs, troubled. Senay peers into his eyes.

SENAY (cont'd)  
You are so sad for me?

OKWE  
I do not want to cause harm to anyone.

SENAY  
That is all it is?

Pause.

OKWE  
I will collect my things and go.

SENAY  
Go?

OKWE  
How can I stay?

A pause. Senay shrugs as if in agreement. She looks away.

SENAY  
Okwe, who will cook for me?

Okwe nods his head. After a moment he touches her arm gently.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
I will call on you when I have some time.  
Okwe smiles and then turns to walk away.

SENAY  
But I am owed three days money by the hotel. Perhaps you can see Senor Juan for me and collect it.

Okwe is reluctant but shrugs agreement.

OKWE  
I will speak to him tomorrow.  
Again he turns and again Senay thinks quickly.

SENAY  
See him today Okwe. I have no money for food.

A pause. Okwe knows he has an obligation. Finally he nods.

OKWE  
I'll be at the cafe at four.  
Okwe nods. Senay turns to walk away.

EXT. SWEAT SHOP, STOKE NEWINGTON - DAY

Senay walks down a side street and stops at a corrugated iron door at the back of a dilapidated factory. She bangs hard on the iron door and after a moment a Kurdish boy of nine or ten peeks through a gap. He and Senay speak in Turkish.

BOY  
Caslishma? ('Work?')

SENAY  
Evet. ('Yes')

The boy drags the gate open a little way and Senay steps inside. An Alsatian dog growls at the end of his leash as she enters the yard which is filled with bolts of cloth and clothing racks. We should feel that we have stepped onto a small piece of the near-East behind the iron gates.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

INT HOTEL BASEMENT/OFFICE AREA. 09.35AM - DAY

Okwe is walking through the basement area, heading for Senor Juan's office. In the gloom he notices an overturned bucket and stops to right it. He reaches Senor Juan's door and knocks. He waits. We hear voices...African voices..from The other side of the door. Okwe is puzzled. He opens the door a little way and sees two Somali men sitting in hard backed chairs against the wall of Senor Juan's office. There is no sign of Senor Juan. Okwe steps inside and addresses the two men who seem to be deeply anxious. They are father and son. The younger of the men has his hands over his belly.

OKWE

You are here to see Senor Juan?

The father (Shinti) nods eagerly at the mention of the name. Okwe peers at the younger man, whose face is dripping in sweat.

OKWE (cont'd)

Looking for work?

They don't answer.

OKWE (cont'd)

Vous travaillez?

SHINTI

Francais? Non. You...(he points at Okwe)...Christian?

Okwe peers down at the sick man. Shinti points at his son and strokes his hot forehead.

SHINTI (cont'd)

Christian. (He nods vigorously and points at his son) Christian. Regarde.

Shinti pulls a crucifix on a chain from under his son's shirt collar. He then thinks hard, rummaging through a chaos of colonial languages of which he only knows fragments. He points at his son.

SHINTI (cont'd)

M'aidez. 'A one'. 'A one' boy.

OKWE

Yoruba? You speak Yoruba? Bantu?

He looks at Okwe blankly. Shinti stares deep into Okwe's eyes and recognizes something...

SHINTI

Ghatt leaf?

Okwe quickly looks away. The younger man moans softly and registers pain. Okwe peers at him. He steps closer. As he does, Sneaky flies in through the door. He is stopped in his tracks by the sight of Okwe. A pause.

(CONTINUED)

SNEAKY  
What the fuck are you doing here Okwe?  
Okwe speaks to Sneaky while staring at the two men.

OKWE  
Senay has decided to leave. I came to  
collect what she is owed.  
Sneaky tries hard to appear bright.

SNEAKY  
Oh yeah? What are you marrying her or  
something Okwe?  
Okwe isn't listening, even though he has spotted Sneaky  
defensive anxiety. He peers at the sick Somali. Sneaky is  
quickly rummaging in his drawers. He produces some cash. He  
hands it to Okwe. Okwe takes the money and looks down at the  
sick man. He hesitates. Finally...he decides to leave and  
leave the sick man to it. He heads for the door. However,  
at that moment the young Somali groans loudly and moves his  
hand. Okwe sees a large blood stain on his shirt.  
Instinctively he springs into action immediately. He kneels  
in front of the sick man...Sneaky looks on. The sick man  
shields his wound but Okwe makes soothing noises. Okwe  
speaks without thinking and for the first time says...

OKWE  
I am a doctor. It's OK.  
Sneaky hears and reacts with disbelief.

SNEAKY  
You're a what?  
Okwe carefully begins to unbutton the sick man's shirt.

Okwe has managed to unbutton three buttons and reacts with  
astonishment and horror. He pulls open the sick man's shirt  
to reveal a rotting wound on his abdomen. Okwe reacts to the  
sight and also to the smell. He covers his nose with his arm.

OKWE.  
Aaaashah!...you must take this man to a  
hospital now! Right now...He has tetanus.  
Shinti kneels and shakes his head. He speaks fast in Somali.  
Okwe speaks over him...

OKWE. (CONT'D)  
You must go straight away to  
Hospital...understand?  
The sick man groans. Sneaky turns to Okwe.

(CONTINUED)

**SNEAKY**  
Okwe, if you're a doctor, you can do something for this guy.

Okwe shakes his head in disbelief and studies the wound. He sees something. He glimpses puncture holes left by stitches. Okwe looks up in wonder.

**OKWE**  
This is the wound of an operation.

He turns again to Sneaky who is taking a whiskey miniature from his desk. He downs it on one. Okwe turns to Shinti.

**OKWE**  
Where? Where did he have this operation? which country? (pause) You must get this man to a hospital.

**SNEAKY**  
They won't go to hospital

Shinti looks at Sneaky. Okwe follows his gaze to Sneaky. Sneaky shrugs. Shinti shakes his head.

**SHINTI**  
No, no hospital. No hospital

**INT. MINICAB PLACE - MORNING 10.15AM - DAY**

The drivers smoke and laugh and wait for fares. Okwe enters fast and swirls the smoke. He approaches the Controller.

**OKWE**  
Give me a car that works.

A driver approaches hesitantly.

**DRIVER**  
Hey Okwe...I have a pain when I breath in, like...a knife..

Okwe ignores him and hurries towards the door.

**EXT/INT. SHOREDITCH HOSPITAL BUILDING - 11.05AM - DAY**

OKWE pulls up outside the main entrance in his mini-cab. He hurries towards the mortuary.

**EXT. MORTUARY, SHOREDITCH HOSPITAL - 11.08AM - DAY**

Okwe is pressing the buzzer frantically. Finally someone answers.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE  
Guo Yi not here till two.

Okwe curses. He looks around, desperate, then notices three African women and an African man entering the main hospital through a staff entrance. They are all wearing the green overalls of cleaners. Okwe stares at them and has an idea.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - 1200 MIDDAY - DAY

Lift doors open and OKWE emerges. We are in the basement where linen and spare trolleys are stored. Okwe spots a large African cleaning lady pushing a linen trolley. He approaches her.

OKWE  
Sister.....hello....it is my first day  
here and I was told to collect my green  
overall....

The cleaner smiles.

CLEANER  
Which shift are you on?

OKWE  
Shift?

CLEANER  
(Laughing)  
Either you're late or you're really  
late. Come on...

OKWE changes into a green overall. The changing room is not so different from the one at the hotel. Picking up his bucket and a mop he stops and studies a wall plan of the hospital with all the various departments listed on the various floors. We see him isolate 'Pharmacy'.

INT. HOSPITAL LIFT - DAY 11.45AM - DAY

INT. HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE THE PHARMACY - DAY

From inside the pharmacy, we see OKWE mopping the floor. Doctors and nurses hurry by, not seeking OKWE at all. He disappears as the camera finds the Pharmacy Nurse at the dispensary window. She crosses to a cupboard from where she takes some pills. There is another pharmacist engaged in some complicated work. As she works, the buzzer goes. She crosses to the heavily locked door, looks through the porthole, opens the locks. Okwe begins to mop his way in.

## INT. PHARMACY - DAY

A few minutes later. We see OKWE mopping the floor. A nurse bustles by and OKWE drops his head and mops. She passes then returns. She looks at OKWE.

## NURSE.

You couldn't do the bins in the kitchen when you're done here could you?

OKWE nods and smiles. The nurse departs. The pharmacist on the other side of the room is still deep in his work. His work involves something with a hyperdermic. OKWE slides behind some shelves. There are bottles of medicines lined up on the shelves. OKWE studies the shelves of the drugs knowledgeably. He looks at them as if they were old friends. At one point the pharmacist crosses to get a piece of equipment. The noise outside alerts OKWE. He quickly and expertly isolates the drugs he needs and pockets them.

## EXT. LONDON ROAD - DAY

Okwe on his way to high rise block.

## EXT. A HIGH RISE BLOCK IN SHOREDITCH - 3.00 PM - DAY

Okwe pulls up in his mini cab. The tower block looms over a menacing council estate. Okwe gets out and Somali children play on the kerbside.

## INT. TOWER BLOCK ENTRANCE - DAY

## INT. TOWER BLOCK STAIRCASE - DAY

Okwe has walked breathlessly up the stairs... East London is stretched out in the distance. He's on the fifteenth floor.

## INT. TOWER BLOCK/OUTSIDE A CERTAIN FLAT- DAY

## INT. BEDROOM INSIDE THE FLAT - DAY

Mint tea bubbles on a calor stove. An old Somali woman mops the brow of the sick man who now looks even more sick. The scene is a picture of Dickensian squalor. The patient tries to sit up but the pain is too great. His bed is just blankets. Okwe lifts the man's shirt and examines the wound. His eyes burn. He puts the shirt down again.

## OKWE

You have pain...in your joints...your joints are hurting?

Okwe gestures free movement of the elbow and also opens and closes his mouth fast. The patient tries to open his mouth more than an inch but can't. Okwe produces the bottles of pills he stole from the hospital. He pours two into his hand and picks up the glass of water beside the sick man.

(CONTINUED)

He hands him the tablets and gestures for him to swallow them. The sick man swallows the tablets with a gulp of water. Okwe turns to Shinti.

OKWE (cont'd)  
You see these blue tablets? He must take two of them every two hours, do you understand?

Shinti and the mother look confused. The little girl in the corner suddenly translates what Okwe said, not looking up from her dolls.

OKWE (cont'd)  
You speak English?

She nods. The family beam at her, proudly. Shinti speaks. The girl translates.

GIRL  
He says to say thank you. God is great.

OKWE  
Tell them two blue tablets every two hours and one white tablet every six hours.

The little girl nods and speaks. Shinti and the mother look confused.

OKWE (cont'd)  
It is very important that you get this exactly right.

GIRL  
They say they want you to stay for some days. They say God is great.

Okwe looks at the floor...capping his frustration. Okwe sees that the girl is busy with her toys. The patient forces a smile and mumbles...

GIRL (CONT'D)  
He says he will come to you every time he is sick....God is great.

INT. KITCHEN OF THE HIGH RISE FLAT - DAY

The room is tiny, cramped, with leaking pipes and decay all around...Okwe's idea of hell. He turns on a tap and a thin dribble of water emerges. He begins to wash his hands...by now hand washing is symbolic of Okwe's desire to rid himself of all this...Again there is no soap. Shinti joins him. He has the little girl by his side. He speaks and the little girl translates.

GIRL  
He asks if he's going to be OK?

Okwe holds on to the sink and sighs deeply.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
Ask him which hospital he went to to have  
the kidney removed.

Okwe already knows they didn't go to a hospital but asks the  
question for maximum effect. While the girl translates, the  
mother joins them, hovering at the friends shoulder, their  
anxious faces lit by the light of a votive candle. Shinti  
speaks. The girl translates.

GIRL  
He says they didn't go to a hospital.

OKWE (DEADPAN  
So..(pause)...Ask him where they did  
this.

GIRL (TRANSLATING)  
In a room.

Pause. Okwe's eyes burn.

OKWE  
He had his kidney removed in the hotel.  
didn't he?

A pause. Okwe stares out of the window.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
How much did he get for risking his life?

A pause. Shinti mumbles and the girl translates.

GIRL  
He is English now.

Okwe turns to Shinti.

OKWE  
He swapped his insides for a passport.  
Before the girl can translate Shinti steps forward. He  
speaks, his voice cracking with emotion.

GIRL (TRANSLATING)  
The man at the hotel said it would be  
like taking out a tooth.

There is a numb silence apart from the dripping tap.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Senay walks through market.

INT. SOMALI CAFE - 5.00PM - DAY

Senay is sitting alone at a table. She looks around  
uneasily. The owner drifts by.

(CONTINUED)

OWNER  
You want something or you want to wear  
out your eyes looking.

SENAY (DEFIANTLY)  
I am waiting for Okwe.

The owner shrugs and drifts on. Senay checks her watch.  
Okwe is late.

INT. SOMALI CAFE - LATER - DAY

Okwe enters and comes straight to the table.

SENAY  
I have been here one hour

OWNER (DRYLY FROM THE DISTANCE)  
Hour and a half.

Okwe pulls an envelope full of cash out of his pocket and  
lays it on the table without sitting down.

OKWE.  
There. I will go and collect my things.

SENAY (INCREDULOUS)  
Wait!

OWNER (FROM COUNTER)  
Hey Okwe, you want something?

A pause. Senay takes Okwe's hand.

SENAY  
Why won't you sit down?

After a moment he finally sits down.

SENAY (CONT'D)  
Okwe where have you been?

OKWE  
Africa?

SENAY  
I thought you weren't coming.

OKWE  
I would have got the money to you  
somehow.

SENAY  
The money?!

A pause. Okwe realizes that Senay doesn't really care about  
the money. Senay takes his wrist and pinches the skin on the  
back of his hand hard.

(CONTINUED)

SENAY (CONT'D)  
Do you feel that? Do you feel anything?  
You know I counted. I've seen you laugh  
three times.

A pause. Okwe nods wearily and finally laughs at his own  
position.

SENAY (CONT'D)  
Four.

The owner brings some leaf. Okwe takes it and Senay peers at  
it quizzically. Unconcerned Okwe takes the leaf and begins  
to chew. Senay stares at him, knowing what he is doing.

SENAY (cont'd)  
You think I am so innocent.

Senay imitates Okwe chewing.

SENAY (CONT'D)  
In my village they chew those leaves  
to forget how hard their lives are.

OKWE  
I use it to keep me awake.

SENAY  
You know it makes you look stupid don't  
you.

She stares at Okwe and then imitates him chewing the leaf,  
puffing out her cheeks and widening her eyes in mockery.

OKWE  
You must stay away from me. You lost  
your job because of me. You are in a  
sweatshop because of me...

Okwe gets to his feet. Takes a deep breath and looks at her.

SENAY  
And now you are going again!

OKWE  
Be sure you make it to New York.

SENAY  
I will make it to New York Okwe. Thank  
you.

Okwe turns and leaves. Senay curses herself.

INT. MORTUARY STAFF ROOM - EVENING

Guo Yi enters, followed by Okwe, who is carrying his bag of  
belongings. Guo Yi has a bunch of keys which he uses to open  
the door to a very dilapidated staff shower room.

(CONTINUED)

GUO YI  
Water's not too hot but it runs. Best if  
you don't show up until after five. Most  
porters are gone by then. Only ghosts  
left. The couch is pretty soft.

Guo Yi turns. He sees Okwe's unconvincing look of interest  
in the couch.

GUO YI (cont'd)  
I forgot, you don't sleep do you.

Okwe smiles and shakes his head. Guo Yi puts his hand on  
Okwe's shoulder.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
My friend...welcome to my hotel.

A pause. Guo Yi gestures all around and Okwe looks. Guo Yi  
smiles grimly.

GUO YI (cont'd)  
Beautiful isn't it. And the other  
residents are very, very quiet.

A pause. Finally Okwe rubs his eyes.

OKWE  
It will only be until...

GUO YI (FIRMLY)  
Yeah. Until the world improves.

Guo Yi hands Okwe three keys on a ring.

EXT. A LONDON SIDE STREET - NIGHT (DAWN)

We are behind a large London hotel on Park Lane. Sneaky's  
car pulls up and parks. Senor Juan gets out. He goes round  
to the passenger door and takes out a tupperware bowl with  
the lid on. He carries it as if it were the crown jewels.

EXT. SMALL ALLEYWAY AT THE BACK OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT (DAWN)

A dozen men, African, Hispanic, Chinese, all stand around in  
the cold carrying plastic bags. These are casual catering  
staff waiting to be chosen for work in the hotel kitchen.  
Senor Juan walks briskly between them. One of the men  
recognizes Senor Juan.

(CONTINUED)

CHEF  
Hey Sneaky. You got anything at your place?

Senor Juan pushes through towards the doors of the kitchen. Two of the casual workers whistle and shout.

MAN  
Hey, there's a queue here.

SNEAKY  
Fuck you.

Senor Juan keeps a tight grip on his tupperware bowl as he enters the kitchen.

INT. HOTEL, KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAWN)

The kitchen is clean and functional, with huge stainless steel surfaces and walk-in freezers. This is a smarter hotel than Okwe's but the kitchen has the familiar behind-the-scenes functionality. The early morning air is cold in the kitchen and we see Sneaky's breath as he enters. He sees that the fat head porter of this hotel (Jean-Luc) is smoking an expensive cigar beside the compactor waste disposal. Jean Luc turns and sees Sneaky entering. He drops his cigar when he sees that Senor Juan is carrying the tupperware bowl. With a silent gesture of indulgence and love he juts his chin and takes hold of Sneaky. He hugs him and pats his back. Senor Juan smiles and holds out the tupperware bowl. Jean Luc asks a question with his eyes, purely to confirm what he already knows and Senor Juan smiles again and nods. Jean Luc's eyes blaze as he looks at the tupperware bowl. He swallows hard and with some ceremony Sneaky delicately unclips the lid to reveal a black mass of lumps. The lumps are black perigord truffles. Jean Luc's eyes widen and he takes a deep draft of the air that comes from the tupperware bowl.

SNEAKY (WITH WONDER)  
Best truffles I've ever seen in England.  
Dug up fifteen hours ago in Provence.  
Came through on the night train.

Jean Luc very carefully removes one of the truffles and wipes a little moss away from it. He sniffs and weighs it in his palm.

JEAN LUC  
I give you thirty pounds each. How many?

SNEAKY  
Thirty two good ones, six so so.

JEAN LUC  
So we say one thousand.

Sneaky bends down and retrieves Jean Luc's fat cigar. He drags on it to revive its glow and savours the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

SNEAKY  
I'm in the wrong fucking hotel.

JEAN LUC  
One thousand Senor Juan. What do you say?

A pause as Senor Juan savours more smoke. Jean Luc fussily wafts the smoke away from the truffles and closes the lid.

SNEAKY  
OK...one thousand.

Jean Luc looks startled that it was so easy. He opens the lid of the tupperware box again and peers inside to check he's getting what he thinks he's getting..

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
But...if I give you that price I need a favour.

Jean Luc stops checking.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
There's a night porter. African. He came from you so I guess he came through Amsterdam.

A pause.

JEAN LUC  
What about him?

SNEAKY  
He's some kind of doctor. (Pause) What kind of doctor? I need to know what there is to know....

Pause. Sneaky blows smoke through his nose like a dragon. Jean Luc sniffs the truffles. Sneaky peers in at the truffles.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
The guy don't use pigs. He uses fleas. They'd be wasted in my dump.

EXT. SOMALI CAFE - MORNING

EXT. SWEAT SHOP - MORNING

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

We see ringed fingers dancing around a lethal looking needle which is sewing a garment. We find that they belong to Senay. A dozen benches are occupied by workers sewing coats and dresses. A battered radio is playing 'The Archers' theme at full volume over the clatter of the machines.

(CONTINUED)

When the music ends and the 'drama' begins, one of the Turkish workers begins to translate the dialogue. The din of the radio and the sewing machines means that the worker must shout the translation. The only person not listening is Senay, who instead is engrossed in a language tape which she is listening to on her Walkman.

SENAY  
(To herself)  
I give, you give, we give, they give, he gives, she gives....I...

Suddenly all the machines stop. We see that a small Turkish boy has raced into the sweat shop and thrown a power switch which has cut all the electricity....he yells...

BOY  
Polis, polis! Polis memuru!!

All hell is let loose. Everyone in the room races for a battered exit door. The boy climbs out of a window and we see him squatting on a ledge outside. The whole operation follows a pre-ordained pattern, executed as neatly as if it were a Speakeasy transforming itself into a tea shop. In amongst all of this the overweight tailor continues to work his seams as if nothing was happening. He doesn't even raise his head. He pins a tuck and suddenly there is silence apart from the 'Archers' theme tune which he is humming softly to himself. Senay, who reacted last to the warning because of her walkman, is still grabbing her belongings. She exits just in time as Officer 1 and Mohammed finally appear, breathless, to the top of the concrete stairs that lead up from the street. As they catch their breath, the tailor finally looks up.

FOREMAN  
Can I help you gentlemen?

MOHAMMED  
We're looking for someone called Senay Gelik. We thought she might be working here.

FOREMAN  
Do you see anyone working here?

Mohammed and Officer 1 smile. Mohammed gives the Foreman his card.

MOHAMMED  
If you see her...give us a call.

They leave. The foreman studies the card and thinks.

EXT. SWEATSHOP ROOF - DAY

Senay and the other workers are all hanging around on the roof, laughing and smoking, glad of the break. After a moment the foreman appears through a fire escape door at the top of the stairs and whistles to them. They groan, stub their cigarettes and set off down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

The foreman holds the door open as they file past until Senay arrives. He beckons her to follow him. She looks suddenly unsure.

: INT. SWEATSHOP DAY

The Foreman leads Senay into an area separated from the rest of the workshop by coats on hangers

It is chaotic, cramped, lit only by weak sunlight from a high window. The foreman enters and turns to urge someone to follow, as if calling a dog. Senay follows in behind him.

FOREMAN

The immigration know your name. That's why they came.

SENAY reacts. The foreman begins to patrol behind SENAY. Then he puts his hand on her shoulder and squeezes.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You've been here two days and already because of you I am in trouble. Maybe I should call them.

He brandishes a business card. He smiles at her.

FOREMAN (cont'd)

Should I call them?

SENAY

You wouldn't do that.

FOREMAN

I need a good reason. What can you give me?

He patrols again.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

If they find out you've been working what will they will do? They will put you in prison. And here they mix...men and women. So every night in prison you get raped.

The foreman stands close to SENAY, brushes her hair from her face.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Only if they find out you have been lying. You want to be like a Western girl, that's what happens to Western girls.

SENAY tries to leave and the foreman pushes her back into the coats

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

If you want to go to jail, fine. But if you don't give me a good reason, I will call them.

(CONTINUED)

He strokes her lips. She gasps, clenches her teeth.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
I am a good man, Senay. I know where to draw the line.

He forces her down on to her knees.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
I don't want to take your virginity, Senay.....I just want you to help me to relax. You have such a beautiful mouth, Senay.....

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, 8.00PM - NIGHT

The clocks on the wall show the time in London coming up to five minutes to eight o'clock. Some guests are milling around the marble counter and Ivan is surrounded by eighty elderly German tourists. Their luggage is in the lobby, ready for departure and a coach is parked outside the entrance. Okwe enters through the staff door just as Ivan turns on his heels and claps his hands to get the tourists' attention. He is at the bottom of the staircase with the tourists all gathered on the steps.

IVAN  
Achtung...ladies and gentlemen your coach awaits. But you must take your own luggage to the coach. I will help only those who can not carry their own bags. Come...

He claps his hands and gestures towards the luggage. Ivan sighs deeply as Okwe passes.

Okwe smiles as he heads through the milling tourists towards the reception counter. Almost immediately he hears a voice from the landing half way down the staircase. It is Sneaky.

SNEAKY  
Hey Okwe... get up here!

INT. HOTEL. STAIRCASE LANDING - NIGHT

Sneaky is helping an elderly German couple down the stairs. The woman looks very frail and is walking on a stick. She has stopped to take a breather. Sneaky is fussing beside her strangely attentive. Okwe makes his way up the stairs to Sneaky's side.

(CONTINUED)

SNEAKY  
(To the German woman)  
This man is a doctor...

GERMAN WOMAN  
No, no ... I am OK

GERMAN MAN  
She is OK. She only needs to rest a moment.

There is a steeliness to Sneaky's voice. The elderly couple speak to each other in German, obviously not wanting medical attention. Sneaky glances at Okwe then addresses the elderly couple.

SNEAKY  
He qualified in Lagos. He worked for the Nigerian Government. His name is Doctor Olusegun Olatokumbo Fadipe.

Okwe reacts with horror at the sound of his real name. Okwe's and Sneaky's eyes are now locked together. Sneaky gives him a wild grin.

GERMAN MAN  
We must go... we will miss the coach.

They head off, leaving Okwe and Sneaky in a deadly stand off. After only a second, Ivan hurries up the steps to their side and removes his hat to wipe his brow. He is breathless.

IVAN  
Come and help me Okwe.

A pause. Okwe and Sneaky still staring. Finally...

SNEAKY  
Go on Okwe. You must do as you are told if you are to keep your position.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT / OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Sneaky and Okwe enter.

SNEAKY  
In the end I find out everything about everyone in this place.

Okwe knows now that this is a trap. He shakes his head slightly, despairing that his past has caught up with him again. Sneaky reaches into his pocket and produces a passport.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
Here..take a look at this.

(CONTINUED)

Sneaky offers Okwe the passport. It is French. Okwe peers at it but doesn't take it.

SNEAKY CONT'D  
French. Its a work of art. There are two Lebanese guys I use who are the best in London. All you do is give them a photograph...

A pause.

OKWE  
I have no idea what you are talking about, Senor Juan.

Sneaky smiles. He puts the passport back in his pocket.

SNEAKY  
If you were just some African the deal would be simple. You'd give me your kidney, I'd give you a new identity. I sell the kidney for ten grand so I'm happy. The person who needs the kidney gets cured so he's happy. The person who sold his kidney gets to stay in this beautiful country so he's happy. My whole business is based on happiness. But with you Doctor Olusegun Olatokunbo Fadipe, I've a better idea.

Sneaky takes a miniature from his pocket and swigs it.

OKWE  
I do not want to get involved Senor Juan.

SNEAKY  
You get three thousand for each operation. A passport for you and one for Senay? Take her on honeymoon.

OKWE  
I don't want to get involved.

SNEAKY  
You could even go back to Africa and no one would know who the fuck you are.

A pause. Sneaky knows he has Okwe on the ropes.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
Your choice. No rush. I just wanted to...put a little wasp in your head.

Sneaky turns and heads away into the shadows at the top of the stairs.

INT. MORTUARY PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

The corpse of a Chinese man lies on a cadaver tray, dressed in a dark suit. All the buttons have been cut from the suit and from the shirt. The laces are undone, the tie is loosened. Guo Yi is standing at the side of the body with needle and thread. He is sewing up the trouser pocket of the suit that the body is wearing. Guo Yi is deeply engrossed in his work. The door to the preparation room opens and Okwe enters. His footsteps echo in the chilly room. Guo Yi doesn't look up. Okwe comes to his side.

GUO YI

Unusual. A Chinese guy with no family.

Okwe watches as Guo Yi threads another stitch in the pocket of the man's trousers.

GUO YI (cont'd)

Maybe he's from the back of a truck.

Okwe is about to speak but Guo Yi is engrossed in his work.

GUO YI (CONT'D)

I cut off his buttons so his spirit can escape. I'm sewing up his pockets so he can't take his bad luck with him to the spirit world.

Okwe watches as Guo Yi works with the skill of a surgeon on the sewing.

GUO YI (CONT'D)

(He pulls the needle tight)...If he's an atheist I'm ruining a suit no one will ever see. If he's a Buddhist I'm giving him eternal happiness...for the price of a piece of thread.

Guo Yi smiles at his own cleverness. He sees that Okwe is genuinely upset.

GUO YI (cont'd)

What is it?

OKWE

I have found out why the heart was in the room.

Guo Yi doesn't respond. After a moment he returns to his work.

OKWE (CONT'D)

They are operating in there. In that room. They are removing kidneys. I would guess one of the...donors died at their hands. Another I treated for tetanus.

Guo Yi continues his sewing and chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

GUO YI  
You're treating people? I hope you  
charge.

OKWE  
Did you hear what I said?

Guo Yi sews. Okwe is shocked that Guo Yi isn't shocked.

GUO YI  
Maybe you should realise that there is  
nothing so dangerous as a virtuous man.

Okwe reacts. The sentiment obviously strikes a chord with  
him.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
Well if you're so concerned Okwe you  
should go to the police...

Pause.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
...get yourself deported.

OKWE  
Do you think if it were only deportation  
I would not do it?! I am a wanted man  
Guo Yi.

A pause. Guo Yi turns to Okwe. He looks astounded.

GUO YI  
Wanted for what?

A pause. Okwe and Guo Yi stare at each other. Guo Yi can  
see that Okwe does not want to talk. The tension passes and  
Guo Yi lays down his needle.

GUO YI (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)  
Okwe...you didn't know people sold their  
organs?

OKWE  
Not here!

GUO YI  
What do you mean 'here'? Here in London?  
You think it wouldn't happen because the  
Queen don't like it. I heard in London  
it's ten grand for a kidney. For that you  
take risks.

OKWE  
He swaps them for passports.

Guo Yi reacts then shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

GUO YI  
If I had the...courage I'd sell my  
kidney. Just to get out of here. I'd  
sacrifice my kidney just to save my  
brain.

INT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe is sitting at his desk in his pool of light...but he is asleep. His alarm clock rings. Outside Ivan turns his head and peers in. After a moment Okwe wakes with a start, looking weary. Finally Okwe shuts the alarm clock off and gets to his feet.

INT SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Okwe goes about his duties, changing the security tape. As he pulls the new tape out of its shelf, an envelope falls to the floor. It is addressed to 'Doctor XXXXXX'. Okwe tears open the envelope and inside finds a smiling portrait photograph of a girl of eight, Arabic looking. Okwe peers at it, unnerved. After a moment the phone in the security room begins to ring.

INT SNEAKY'S CAR/EXT WEST END STREET - NIGHT

Sneaky is driving in the now-empty West End. He glances at his watch and smiles as we hear Okwe's voice answering Sneaky's hands-free in-car telephone.

SNEAKY (DELIGHTED)  
Hey Okwe! The problem with being always on time is that you can always be tracked down. What do you think of the girl? She's my next customer. Eight years old. She's called Rima. Her family brought her over from Saudi hoping for a miracle. If she don't get a new kidney in the next few weeks she's going to die. The doctor we use is no good. If he fucks up again there'll be another heart down the lavatory. (Pause) Okwe... You still there?

INT SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Okwe is still on the phone. He glances at the photo of the girl which is on the desk beside him.

## INT SNEAKY'S CAR/EXT - NIGHT

SNEAKY

So, I am an evil man right? But I am trying to save her life. That's weird, huh? Kind of thing that keeps you awake at night. I just thought you should know that what you and me are doing is something good.

## INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe is sitting at his reception desk staring at the photograph. After a moment, the phone rings. Okwe stares at the phone as if it were alive. He hesitates.

## EXT. PHONE BOX, STOKE NEWINGTON - NIGHT

Rain is pouring. Senay is in the pool of yellow light inside the phone box, surrounded by prostitute's calling cards. She has a book of hotel matches near the phone. She is waiting for an answer.

## INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe is sitting in his pool of light. He desperately tries to continue with his book but the phone keeps ringing. Outside, Ivan turns and peers in through the doors...Finally Okwe lifts the phone and hisses...

OKWE

Yes...

## EXT. PHONE BOX - NIGHT

Senay has the phone in her hand and tries hard to compose herself.

SENAY

Okwe?

She tries to speak but breaks down. She composes herself.

SENAY (cont'd)

...Okwe it is a crazy idea but we really can do it. You said yourself New York has a pattern. But if you do not like New York, then maybe Boston... or Los Angeles. I am going there Okwe! What do you think? And Okwe! You could go there too...

## INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe is reacting to the insane idea.

OKWE

Senay are you OK? Senay where are you? What has happened?

INT. PHONE BOX - NIGHT

Senay finds that she can't speak. She puts the phone down and steps out into the pouring rain. She wipes her eyes with her sleeve. A homeless man with a sleeping bag over his shoulder steps into the phone box and sits down.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe replaces the phone. At that moment, Ivan enters, beating his arms against his back against the cold.

IVAN

Tonight London is colder than Moscow. I heard it on the radio.

Okwe isn't listening. Ivan waits a moment for a reaction. He finally gives up and heads back out to the freezing night.

INT. SENAY'S BEDSIT - MORNING

The radio is playing Turkish music. Senay is dancing to the music in Turkish style, twirling round and round. The music is loud. She twirls frantically to the music, then suddenly she turns and there is Okwe. Senay jumps a little, startled, then gathers herself. She turns off the radio.

OKWE.

I knocked but you did not hear.

Okwe places his keys on the kitchen surface. The sight of the keys make Senay remember their brief period of happiness.

OKWE

Senay? Are you OK?

Senay laughs and straightens her hair and wipes her eyes with her sleeve.

OKWE (CONT'D)

Senay what has happened?

SENAY

The factory does not suit me. My hands are too soft. I cut my fingers.

She stops talking and Okwe waits. Senay tries hard to compose herself.

SENAY (cont'd)

So...(she nods firmly to herself)...I have decided to go to America.

A pause. Okwe peers at her.

OKWE

For America you would need a visa.

(CONTINUED)

SENAY  
Or a European passport.

A pause. Okwe reacts with a venom that startles Senay.

OKWE  
You keep away from Senor Juan.

SENAY  
It is like taking out a tooth.

OKWE  
He is lying Senay. They will gut you like an animal.

He turns her round forcefully and uses his finger like a blade to mark her body.

OKWE (cont'd)  
They will cut you open here and dig out what they want with their fingers and then they will leave you to rot.

SENAY  
One of the laundry girls did it and now she is free.

OKWE.  
And others are dead Senay.

SENAY.  
So they are free too!

A pause.

OKWE  
What would your God say?

SENAY  
My God? My God does not speak to me anymore.

Okwe puts a comforting hand on her arm.

OKWE  
Don't break Senay. Keep New York in your head. Save your money. Work hard.

Senay stares at Okwe, angry and incredulous.

SENAY.  
You know what kind of work I do?

A pause. Okwe waits for an answer but Senay decides not to speak. She turns away. Okwe takes a card from his pocket. It is a card from the mini cab place.

OKWE.  
If you need me I am here.

(CONTINUED)

A pause. Okwe waits. Senay turns her head, not wanting to reveal to Okwe what has happened. After a moment Okwe departs.

INT SOMALI CAFE MORNING.

The place is almost empty. Okwe is sitting at a table with chess pieces laid out. After a moment the owner's ten year old daughter drifts by and stands behind the chair opposite Okwe, bored. She peers at the chess pieces. Okwe moves a pawn to challenge her.

OKWE  
Your move.

She giggles. Pause.

OKWE (cont'd)  
No school today?

OWNER  
She's sick.

The owner peers at her dubiously.

OWNER (cont'd)  
She says she's got a bad throat.

Okwe gently brings the girl to his side. He demonstrates an open mouth and the girl opens her mouth. Okwe peers inside and the owner who is wiping the tables, glances at him.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
What are you a doctor?

A pause. Okwe doesn't answer. He gently closes the girl's mouth.

OKWE.  
Maybe she's suffering from not liking her teacher.

The girl sulks and the owner and Okwe smile at each other. He then looks at the girl and we should feel a huge longing as he looks at the child who reminds him of someone.

OKWE  
I have a daughter. Just her age.

Okwe gently takes the girl's hand and smells her skin. He whispers softly...

OKWE (cont'd)  
Her name is Valerie.

A pause.

OWNER  
Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

Okwe is in turmoil. The owner arrives at the table with tea and some ghatt leaf. Okwe is deep in a reverie and finally looks up at the owner and at the ghatt leaf. The little girl smiles at Okwe.

He continues to talk to the girl, maybe plays a little game with her, clearly touched by her and in no hurry.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

The factory is working at full capacity and Senay is at her machine. The foreman checks his watch and walks slowly to the power switch. He pulls the switch and all the machines stop. The foreman calls out... 'lunch' and all the women get to their feet. However, the Foreman juts his chin at Senay and beckons her. She hesitates but he flicks his head, insisting.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Senay is sitting bolt upright in a hard backed chair, wiping her eyes with the palms of her hands. She waits. We study her face, her fear. The foreman enters and pulls the blinds down on the windows. Senay's tears glisten in the half light. He unbuckles his belt and lowers his trousers. We see him put his prick in Senay's mouth and raise his head in the air with pleasure. After only a moment the pleasure turns to pain and he screams in agony. Senay has bitten.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

Senay runs at break neck speed through the deserted lines of sewing machines. We notice the beginning of a bruise on her face. She stops only to grab a dress and a coat from a clothes rack. She races for the concrete fire escape stairs with the stolen clothes billowing behind her.

EXT SWEAT SHOP - DAY

EXT. MINI CAB PLACE - AFTERNOON

We see Okwe arriving and being greeted by other African drivers. They giggle as he passes. He hardly acknowledges them and doesn't notice that they are laughing.

INT. MINI CAB PLACE - AFTERNOON

As Okwe enters the Controller hisses at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTROLLER  
Okwe. Somebody in the back room to see  
you. She looks to us like a movie star.

The other drivers giggle and the Controller nods his head  
eagerly.

INT. MINI CAB PLACE BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Senay is sitting on a hard backed chair with the stolen dress  
and coat over her lap. When Okwe enters she is filled with  
wild delight. Okwe immediately notices a bruise on the side  
of her face.

OKWE  
Senay?

SENAY  
Look Okwe! I know for sure that this  
coat costs three hundred pounds. And this  
dress...

Okwe gently touches her bruise.

OKWE  
Senay, you must tell me what has  
happened?

Senay is fizzing, almost hysterical.

SENAY  
We can sell the coat for two hundred. Do  
you know what it costs to make? What can  
we do Okwe? All we can do is close our  
eyes.

OKWE  
Senay where did you get these?

Senay's eyes are a flame.

SENAY  
I bit Okwe. At the factory. Yesterday  
he said he would report me to immigration  
and he made me suck...but today I bit. I  
bit!

Okwe grabs Senay's hand and thinks fast.

EXT SENAY'S BEDSIT - DAY

Okwe pulls up in his mini cab. Senay is in the passenger  
seat.

INT. SENAY'S BEDSIT - DAY

Okwe is ransacking the place, stuffing Senay's belongings  
into a case. He has no time to fold her clothes and is forced  
to bundle them up. In the kitchen he opens a cupboard and  
sees all of the spices and cups and glasses that he took such  
pains to arrange.

(CONTINUED)

The sight of his own meticulousness makes him pause. He breathes hard. Perhaps he is going to sweep all these things onto the floor in anger. He finds more pictures of New York.

INT. MORTUARY REAR ENTRANCE, SHOREDITCH HOSPITAL - DAY

Okwe has used his key to open the rear door of the mortuary. Senay is waiting. The corridor is in darkness. Okwe and Senay grope their way down the corridor.

SENAY  
Senor Juan sometimes has rooms in the hotel.

OKWE  
No Senay.

SENAY  
Just for tonight.

OKWE  
No. Through there is hot water and a shower.

Okwe unlocks the door to the staff room.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

They enter the office.

SENAY  
What is this place?

OKWE  
It is a place where you can sleep for tonight.

SENAY  
So cold Okwe.

OKWE  
If anyone comes you are friend of Guo Yi.

A pause. They look at each other, both realizing they have hit rock bottom. Okwe checks his watch and knows that he has no choice but to leave. He sets off.

SENAY  
You're always....going.

Okwe stops. Almost strokes her hair. Instead.

OKWE  
I will be back in the morning. We will find somewhere where you can live.

(CONTINUED)

A pause. They are both making the best of this. Senay smiles at Okwe's kindness.

SENAY  
So...it is in there. I can feel it.  
Your heart.

Okwe can not agree. He leaves.

INT. MORTUARY SHOWER ROOM, NIGHT.

INT. STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

INT. STAFF CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Okwe is ironing his shirt. He irons with meticulous precision. When he goes to the sleeve he finds that there are still a few faded specks of blood. The sight of the blood stain cracks Okwe's composure. He reacts and puts up the iron which hisses steam into the half light.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Okwe is sitting in the light of his angle poise. He is reading the book 'Greek Myths' by Robert Graves. He is deeply engrossed. As he reads his phone begins to ring and displays the number of the room from which the call is being made. We see the number 515. Okwe reacts to the number and hesitates. Finally he picks up the phone.

OKWE  
Hello room service.

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Senay is woken by strange noise

INT. HOTEL LIFT - NIGHT

Okwe is standing in the lift with a tray carrying an ice bucket and a bottle of water. He presses the button for the fifth floor. The lift ascends through the floors.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The lift doors open and Okwe waits. Finally he exits the lift and we see him walking slowly down the long symmetrical corridor. As Okwe reaches room 515, the door of the opposite room (510) opens.

SNEAKY  
Buenos Dias, Negro.

Okwe hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
Water and ice, right?

Sneaky beckons Okwe forward and Okwe steps towards the room. He gets close enough to see inside and Sneaky takes his arm and pulls him inside the room. There are surgical instruments in the room. Sitting on the bed we see Celia, the African maid who always waved and blew kisses at the CCTV camera. She is stripped to her underwear...trying to smile but looking nervous. Okwe blinks in horror.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
She's nil by mouth the whole day.  
(Pause). It's time, Okwe. No more  
fucking around.

Okwe shakes his head.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
That kid Rima is dying on a machine. And  
this lady just wants a better life for  
her kids.

A pause. The maid has very poor English.

MAID  
Please.

OKWE (GENTLY)  
Sister.

She smiles.

MAID  
Help me brother.

Sneaky smiles and shushes the maid. He peers at Okwe.

SNEAKY  
Stop acting like you've got a choice.

Okwe reaches out a hand to the maid. She stares at him, confused. He whispers something in an African language and she shakes her head.

OKWE  
Put on your clothes.

The maid shakes her head and looks horrified. Sneaky snarks...

SNEAKY  
Hijo de puta...

MAID  
Please.

SNEAKY  
You came here in the back of a trunk but  
you're going to go home in chains.  
They'll deliver you like meat.

(CONTINUED)

No!  
OKWE

SNEAKY  
The whole world is wrong except you Okwe?

Okwe hesitates...and then runs. Sneaky stands in his way. There is a stand off for a moment. Sneaky smiles, blocking the door. In a moment of fury Okwe grabs a scalpel and pins Sneaky against the wall with the scalpel to his throat. Sneaky is over powered but not defeated.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
What Okwe, you're going to cut me up and flush me away?

A pause. Okwe realises how close he has come to murder and recoils. He brandishes the scalpel long enough to make his way to the door then drops it and flees. After he has gone Sneaky takes a deep breath and curses in Spanish. Celia is sobbing quietly. Sneaky grabs her shirt and hurls it at her.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Ivan stands guard. Suddenly Okwe bursts out from the hotel.

IVAN  
Okwe!

As he walks, Okwe tears his uniform jacket from his back and throws it on the floor.

EXT. SHOREDITCH HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING LIGHT

EXT. MORTUARY - EARLY MORNING LIGHT

Okwe approaches the mortuary and notices Senay, shivering outside, dressed in one of the expensive dresses she stole from the sweatshop and wrapped in the coat she stole. Beside her is Guo Yi. They are both smoking. Okwe hurries to them. Guo Yi smiles wryly, pleasantly surprised at Okwe.

GUO YI  
I really, really don't know you at all do I Okwe.

OKWE  
This is Senay. She is a friend.

Senay glares at Okwe.

SENAY  
I am not your friend.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

GUO YI  
She's been out here all night.

SENAY  
I would rather freeze to death than go into that building again.

GUO YI  
You know Senay there are mornings when I feel the same.

OKWE  
Come Senay...it's cold.

She suddenly beats his chest and yells. She is hitting him with her dictionary.

SENAY  
It is the house of the dead Okwe! They are all dead!

Okwe manages to smother her blows and tries to lead her towards the door. She refuses to move.

GUO YI  
Okwe...

Guo Yi beckons Okwe to one side. Guo Yi produces a restaurant business card.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
Maybe this will help. I asked around. My cousin has a room. China Town, (he glances at Senay) I'd guess there's space for two.

Guo Yi offers the card and Okwe sighs. Guo Yi puts the card in Okwe's top pocket.

GUO YI (cont'd)  
You know Okwe, good at chess usually means bad at life. You do realise that she's in love with you don't you?

Okwe knows it's true but doesn't want to know.

GUO YI (CONT'D)  
I've been with her twenty minutes and I know it. But then...I'm bad at chess.

Guo Yi stubs his cigarette, shrugs and leaves. Senay and Okwe look at each other.

EXT BUNHILL CHURCHYARD - DAY

Okwe leads Senay through the grave stones. As the scene develops, we sense that Okwe is keen to tell Senay the truth about himself, while Senay does not want to hear since she knows it will be bad news for their relationship. She tries to divert Okwe and change the subject.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE  
Senay...there is something I must tell  
you.

SENAY  
This is your religion?

OKWE.  
I have no religion. Senay...

Senay takes Okwe's face in her hand and stares into his eyes  
like a doctor examining a patient.

SENAY  
You have stopped chewing the leaf. I can  
see it in your eyes.

A pause. They stare into each others eyes. Okwe knows he is  
about to hurt Senay and steels himself. Senay is still  
playful.

SENAY (cont'd)  
You know Okwe your eyes are quite pretty.  
You are not bad looking.

OKWE  
Senay...listen to me.

Senay puts two fingers to Okwe's lips to stop him from  
speaking. Okwe gently removes her hand.

OKWE (CONT'D)  
I come to this churchyard often. I come  
here to be alone...and to think about my  
wife.

The word hangs in the air.

OKWE (cont'd)  
So...now you see.

SENAY  
What do I see?

Okwe takes out the card that Guo Yi gave him.

OKWE  
There is a room above a restaurant. The  
immigration police do not dare go into  
China Town. You will be safe.

He pushes the card in to her pocket and busies himself  
finding an envelope in his own pocket. He produces it and we  
see that it is full of cash.

SENAY  
Do you love her?

Senay doesn't take the money.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE

Here is the rent I owe you ... and some more for the trouble I have caused

Okwe pushes the money into her pocket. She hardly notices. Okwe sets off and Senay follows him.

SENAY

Okwe...do you love her?

Okwe turns on her incredulous

OKWE

Love? For you and I there is only survival. It is time you woke up from your stupid dream.

Okwe angrily turns and heads off looking back only briefly. After he is gone Senay, suitcase in hand, turns and walks away in the opposite direction.

# INT. SNEAKY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sneaky is changing out of his uniform into his own clothes. He is meticulous about hanging his jacket and shirt. He pulls on his own shirt and is about to button it when there is a tentative knock on the door.

The door opens. It is Senay, carrying her suitcase. Sneaky reacts with profound puzzlement. He looks down at her suitcase, studies her face...reads many things.

SNEAKY

Senay?

Her face is filled with fear and resolve. Sneaky has all but realized why she is here. His shirt is open. He smiles and takes a whiskey miniature from the drawer. He unscrews it and gestures towards the suitcase.

SNEAKY (cont'd)

What, are you going on holiday or something?

Sneaky downs the miniature in one and stares at Senay.

SENAY

Senor Juan...

He tosses the empty miniature into a bin.

SNEAKY

America maybe?

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, SEVENTH FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

We see Sneaky leading Senay down a long symmetrical corridor. He stops and unlocks the door of a suite. He waits and Senay joins him at the doorway. Sneaky puts her bag inside and offers her the room with an open hand. She hesitates.

SNEAKY

Come on...you cleaned up their shit so long now you can be one of them.

After a moment, Senay steps across the threshold. Sneaky smiles but Senay glances at the key in Sneaky's hand. With a flourish he hands Senay the key to the door. A pause. Finally Senay takes the key.

INT. CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Okwe sits alone, studying a chess game which hasn't begun.

EXT. SIDE STREET OFF THE STRAND - LATE AFTERNOON

INT. SNEAKY'S OFFICE - EVENING

EXT. GERRARD STREET, CHINA TOWN - EVENING

EXT. GERRARD STREET - EVENING

EXT. GERRARD STREET - EVENING

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Senay emerges from the shower room wearing a fluffy hotel dressing gown. There is a knock at the door.

SENAY

Who is it?

SNEAKY

It's me. I got some paper work.

A pause. Senay pulls her gown together at the breast and opens the door. Sneaky enters. He is carrying a folder and has a business like manner towards Senay. He smiles as he enters.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)

It's Ok...the passport guys need to know some things.

(CONTINUED)

He comforts her with a smile and urges her to sit down on the bed. He himself takes a seat at the desk in the room. He opens the folder and unclips a pen from the spine of it. He smooths the paper and then puts on a pair of spectacles. Suddenly he looks like some kind of minor civil servant.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
Ok...how old are you?

SENAY  
Twenty two.

SNEAKY  
How old do you want to be?

SENAY  
Twenty two.

Sneaky nods and shrugs. He looks at her and sees her anxiety.

SNEAKY  
Hey come on, relax, have some fun. I can make you whatever you want.

Sneaky peers at Senay over the top of his spectacles.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
You want to be Spanish or Greek?

SENAY  
Italian.

Senay nods firmly. Sneaky makes a note.

SNEAKY  
You're going to need a new name.

Senay replies instantly and firmly.

SENAY  
Isabella Carillo.

Sneaky looks up, increasingly aware that Senay has very definite ideas as to who she is going to become.

SNEAKY  
You're sure that's Italian.

SENAY.  
She owns a cafe in New York.

Sneaky makes a note, impressed. He removes his glasses and lays down his pen, nodding with admiration.

EXT. GERRARD STREET, CHINA TOWN - EVENING

Okwe walks towards a certain restaurant. He checks the name and sees that it is closed.

(CONTINUED)

Beside the front door there is a side door with a doorbell and intercom for the flat above the restaurant. He stands in the doorway and presses the buzzer. There is no reply. He presses again then again. Suddenly the door opens and a Chinese man exits. He glares at Okwe as he double locks the door behind him.

OKWE  
Hello, I am a friend of Guo Yi. I'm looking for the girl who moved in to this flat today.

CHINESE MAN  
No girl. Flat is empty.

The man hurries away. Okwe reacts then decides.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Sneaky is taking a bottle of champagne from the fridge. As he gives Senay her test, he uncorks the bottle and pours two glasses.

SNEAKY  
OK...you're at New York immigration, what's your name?

SENAY  
Isabella Fontana Carillo.

SNEAKY  
How old are you?

SENAY  
Twenty two.

SNEAKY  
Where were you born?

SENAY  
Rome.

SNEAKY  
Where in Rome?

SENAY.  
Via Labicana.

Senay is sitting on the bed. Sneaky is pouring the champagne. He picks up his glass. The mood is now more threatening.

SNEAKY  
The trick Senay is to believe you are the new person. If you believe it inside then the immigration will believe it. Drink Senay. What are you afraid of?

(CONTINUED)

Senay takes a sip of champagne. As Sneaky patrols in front of her, Senay's eyes follow him like the eyes of a cat. Senay glances at the phone and Sneaky spots it.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
He's gone Senay. He got scared and ran away.

He smiles and downs his glass of champagne then pours another from the bottle.

A pause. Sneaky stares at Senay. He reaches over and starts to pull her robe open but she pulls her robe together.

SENAY  
Go to hell.

SNEAKY  
This is hell. I'm helping you to get away. Take off your robe.

Senay grabs the champagne bottle and brandishes it like a weapon in two hands. Some of the champagne spills but her look of defiance is terrifying. Sneaky judiciously steps back then smiles incredulously.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
I can't believe I'm arguing like you are my fucking wife. Let me explain something Senay. Your robe is now what the Americans call a deal breaker.

Senay maintains her position of defiance with the bottle as a weapon.

SENAY.  
No.

SNEAKY  
No? (Sneaky laughs with disbelief) You are this close to New York and you say 'no'?

Sneaky shrugs. He gives her a wild grin and gathers up his folder. He closes it and drops it into the hotel bin. Then he heads for the door. Senay stares at him, knowing he holds all the aces. Her face hardens.

SENAY.  
Wait.

Sneaky waits to see her reaction then smiles.

SNEAKY  
I want the whole thing. That's the deal. Take it or leave it.

A pause. Senay has to make up her mind. Sneaky suddenly knows he has won.

(CONTINUED)

A long pause before Senay lowers the bottle a little and then upends it to take a long swig...a kind of hurried anaesthetic. The sight of champagne dribbling round her mouth delights Sneaky and he gently takes the bottle from her. She is gasping for air. He gently pulls her towards him. He leans forward to lick some champagne from her cheek. He smiles, his eyes twinkling.

Sneaky goes to pull her robe open. She yanks it together again.

SENAY  
You do not see me. You just do. Take it or leave it.

Suddenly it is Senay who is dictating the terms and Sneaky's desire makes him powerless to resist. Senay shakes herself out of his arms and lies face down on the bed. Her face is defiant. He close on face as she Sneaky pulls off his shirt in the shadows. Sneaky is screwing Senay from behind. She is still wearing her robe. Her face is stoney.

EXT. GERRARD STREET - EVENING

Okwe is driving his mini-cab. The car is stuck in rush hour traffic. He registers impatience. Uncharacteristically he hoots his horn in frustration. He looks around at the snarled London street.

INT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Without any further ceremony Sneaky stands and begins to pull on his clothes. His eyes glint as he stares at Senay's motionless body. Sneaky pulls on his trousers. Senay still has her eyes closed.

SNEAKY  
So...that wasn't so bad, huh?

Senay doesn't answer.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
Nothing to cry about.

SENAY.  
I'm not crying.

Senay's dead pan tone is infuriating to Sneaky. He wants to hurt her and he wants her to acknowledge that she's hurt. He thinks he knows a way.

SNEAKY  
If I'd known it was the first time I'd have cut a ribbon. I can't believe Okwe never fucked you...

For the first time since the start of the rape, Senay reacts at the mention of Okwe's name. As Sneaky straightens his clothes in the mirror, he sees her reaction and reads it. He smiles to himself.

(CONTINUED)

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
You kind of love him, huh? That's the world, you know. Women love men most who don't love them back.

He turns to her and sits on the bed.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
Well you had a lucky escape. You know why he ran away?

After a moment, Senay finally looks into Sneaky's eyes.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
Because I found out that back in Africa he murdered his own fucking wife. What do you think of a guy like that? You still love him now?

Senay reacts.

SNEAKY (CONT'D)  
Maybe Senay I did you a favour... (he turns)... You don't eat or drink for twenty four hours OK? Doctors Orders.

Sneaky retrieves Senay's folder from the bin and heads for the door and leaves. Senay is left alone in the half light.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Rain is pouring. Ivan stands guard, sheltering from the rain. Out of the deluge, Okwe appears. Ivan looks stunned. Okwe stands before him.

OKWE  
Senay is here?

Okwe stares into Ivan's eyes. Ivan returns his stare for a long time, making up his mind whether or not to help Okwe. Finally, he turns up his collar and does not respond. There is a stand off which Okwe believes he can never win. Okwe hurries inside the hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Okwe enters. Senay is lying on the bed but she sits up when she sees Okwe. Okwe sees her blood stained dressing gown. He sees the empty champagne bottle. He speaks softly.

OKWE  
Senay...

She doesn't react to Okwe's presence. He stares at her and reads what has happened. He tries to caress her but she is made of stone. A pause.

OKWE - (SOFTLY)  
Senay...

(CONTINUED)

SENAY  
I will need a pill.

Okwe looks at her with disbelief.

SENAY (cont'd)  
There is a pill you can take the morning  
after. You are a doctor. At least you  
can get me a pill.

A pause. The coldness of Senay's voice makes something  
trigger in Okwe's head.. On the surface it is no more than a  
flicker of emotion.

SENAY (cont'd)  
Well?

A pause. Okwe goes to put his hand on her to comfort her but  
she freezes and he does not lay his hand on her. Instead he  
gets to his feet and heads for the door.

INT. HOTEL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Sneaky is driving towards the exit of the car park. Suddenly  
there is a figure in his headlights. It is Okwe, standing  
firm directly in his path. Sneaky brakes hard. Okwe burns  
bright in the headlights. Sneaky reaches into his glove  
compartment and grab a hardwood cosh. He conceals it up his  
sleeve and half gets out of the car.

SNEAKY  
She came to me Okwe.

A pause. Okwe is just a silhouette.

OKWE  
I won't allow you to butcher her

SNEAKY  
You won't allow?

Sneaky chuckles incredulously and goes to get back in the  
car.

OKWE  
I will operate on her myself.

Sneaky stops. After a moment he climbs out of the car. His  
seat belt alarm pings gently.

SNEAKY  
You'll do what?

OKWE  
I will do it. It is the only way I can  
be sure she will not die.

A pause. Sneaky stares at Okwe's silhouette...unable to read  
his face.

(CONTINUED)

OKWE (CONT'D)  
In return I too want a passport. A new  
identity.

A pause while Sneaky takes this on board. He lets the cash  
slip from up his sleeve and drops it on the seat in the car.

SNEAKY  
Well holy shit.

Pause.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
So you're human Okwe.

Sneaky smiles in triumph. He chuckles and looks at his feet.  
A pause.

OKWE  
I will get you our photographs tomorrow  
morning.

Sneaky nods.

Okwe doesn't speak. After a moment he steps out of the  
headlights into the shadows. Sneaky shrugs, gets into his  
car and drives away. As he drives by we see Okwe's face.  
His expression is murderous...filled with intent.

#### INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Senay is sitting on the bed. There is a knock. She sits to  
attention and Juliette enters.

JULIETTE  
Okwe said you needed these.

Juliette sits on the bed as she searches through her handbag.

SENAY  
So he did not care enough to bring them  
himself.

Juliette hands Senay the pills and smiles.

JULIETTE  
Okwe's an angel. Trust me.

After a moment, Senay takes the pills.

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
There. Never happened.

Juliette rummages some more and produces a huge spliff.  
Juliette lights it and offers it to Senay.

(CONTINUED)

Senay takes a drag.

Senay glances at the blood stained dressing gown. Juliette infers...

JULIETTE (cont'd)  
So what did happened?

Senay decides to speak.

SENAY  
Before...I was a virgin.

Pause.

JULIETTE  
Jesus.

Senay shakes her head.

SENAY  
Mohammed.

Juliette sighs.

JULIETTE  
What a pair. The Virgin and the whore.

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - NIGHT

SCENE MOVED - BUT ALREADY SHOT

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

INT. MINI CAB PLACE - DAY

The Controller is filling in his lottery form. Drivers lounge around. Okwe enters and hisses at the controller, gesturing that he wants to see him in the back room. The controller looks puzzled.

EXT. MINI CAB PLACE - DAY

We see a smart looking Lexus car parked in a side street in Soho. A black driver in a suit and tie is asleep in the front seat with a newspaper over his face.

(CONTINUED)

Okwe and the controller approach. The car is noticeably better than the beaten up models we are used to seeing outside the cab place. The controller taps the window with his ringed finger and the driver jolts awake. The controller gestures for him to get out. Bleary eyed he gets out of the car and the controller holds the door open for Okwe. The replaced driver looks astonished.

DRIVER

Boss?

CONTROLLER.

The doctor needs a fast car.

Okwe fires the engine and drives away. The African sound track continues.

EXT. SHOREDITCH HOSPITAL - DAY

Okwe is waiting outside the staff entrance in a green porters' uniform, smoking a cigarette. Guo Yi emerges from inside and joins Okwe, taking a drag of Okwe's cigarette as he produces a photo ID card from his pocket (similar to the genuine ID Guo Yi is wearing).

GUO YI

Take it. Last time you were lucky.

Okwe studies the photo. It is of a black man about Okwe's age. Okwe angles it to compare likeness. Guo Yi shrugs.

GUO YI (cont'd)

Black is black.

Okwe clips the ID card to his uniform and he and Guo Yi enter.

INT. HOSPITAL STORE ROOM - DAY

Okwe and Guo Yi go inside. The shelves of the store room are filled with surgical equipment. Guo Yi closes the door and turns on the light. Okwe immediately begins to study the contents of the shelves.

GUO YI

You know what you're looking for Okwe?

Okwe nods almost imperceptibly, lost in a reverie. The driving sound track continues.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Okwe and Guo Yi march along the corridor, pushing a wheeled linen trolley which is apparently full of towels and sheets. As they wheel it Guo Yi notices that one of the sheets has slipped and a small oxygen tank is visible. He covers the tank just in time as two white coated doctors walk by in the opposite direction.

INT. MINI CAB PLACE - DAY

The Controller is filling in his lottery form. Drivers lounge around. Okwe enters and hisses at the controller, gesturing that he wants to see him in the back room. The controller looks puzzled.

EXT. MINI CAB PLACE - DAY

We see a smart looking Lexus car parked in a side street in Soho. A black driver in a suit and tie is asleep in the front seat with a newspaper over his face. Okwe and the controller approach. The car is noticeably better than the beaten up models we are used to seeing outside the cab place. The controller taps the window with his ringed finger and the driver jolts awake. The controller gestures for him to get out. Bleary eyed he gets out of the car and the controller holds the door open for Okwe. The replaced driver looks astonished.

DRIVER

BOSS?

CONTROLLER.

The doctor needs a fast car.

Okwe fires the engine and drives away. The African sound track continues.

INT. HOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Various black and Asian hotel employees are busy laundering the sheets. Okwe approaches one of the African laundry women, pulls a ten pound note from his pocket and hands it to her.

OKWE (IN YORUBA)

Na ogone sisyphe five (he holds up five fingers).

He picks up a pile of already cleaned sheets which are neatly folded in a linen trolley.

OKWE.

Boil-boil. Neh? Hot-hot.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Okwe has two huge pots boiling on the stove. He uses a metal spoon to pull a white towel from one of the pots of boiling water. He lays it on a work surface where it steams. He then takes a second towel from the pot and lays that on top. He then uses a large metal spoon which is half submerged in the second pot to scoop out a dozen boiling-hot scalpels from the bubbling water. He lays the boiled scalpels in the towel and then bundles the hot towels up.

(CONTINUED)

A kitchen porter, mopping the floor has stopped working to watch the curious activity. Okwe smiles at him as he leaves.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Ivan stands on guard, blowing on his hands for warmth. The Lexus pulls up into shot and parks in the drop off bay. We see that Guo Yi is driving. He checks his watch and kills the lights. Ivan immediately whistles through his fingers and shakes his head at Guo Yi.

IVAN.  
No parking.

He comes over to make his point. Guo Yi lowers the window and without looking up at Ivan flutters a hundred pounds in twenties through the open window.

GUO YI.  
Okwe wants me to wait here.

Ivan reacts to the name and looks at the money. He hesitates then turns his back and prepares to depart without taking any of it. After half a second he returns and takes forty pounds.

INT. HOTEL FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

The lift doors open and Senor Juan emerges. He checks his tie in the mirror as he leaves the lift and heads for room 510. He stops and knocks. A pause. Finally the door opens and Senor Juan reacts with shock.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 510 - NIGHT

The entire room has been 'wrapped' in white sheets. The windows are covered and all the furniture is covered, with bindings round the legs of the chairs to keep the sheets tight. The mini-bar and TV are recognizable in their wrappings. It is as if the room has been covered in a blanket of snow. The ceiling, too, has been covered in sheets so that the room looks almost like a Bedouin tent, with the sheets billowing down. There are bright lights burning inside to add the feeling that this is some kind of bizarre sepulchre, or shrine. The bed has been 'screened' off from the rest of the room by sheets which hang down from the ceiling. Senor Juan enters and looks round in amazement. Throughout the scene Okwe speaks quietly and his manner is super-efficient.

SNEAKY  
So this is how you do it right.

OKWE.  
There can be no guarantee against E-coli.

Sneaky looks round, unnerved at the strangeness of the scene. He reaches instinctively for a cigarette but Okwe stays his hand. Okwe then asks a question with his eyes. Senor Juan reaches into his inside pocket and produces an envelope. Okwe opens it and finds two passports. He begins to examine them and Sneaky seems offended.

(CONTINUED)

SNEAKY.

Passports is something I do right.

Okwe puts the passports back in their envelope. Sneaky looks round in awe.

SNEAKY

So where is she?

Okwe pulls the screen back and we see Senay unconscious on the bed. She looks like a character from a fairy tale, her jet black hair shining against the pure white sheets. Okwe talks to Sneaky in a whisper.

OKWE

I gave her a sedative an hour ago. She is only in a deep sleep. But now you are here I can administer the anaesthetic.

Okwe goes to a drawer that is covered in a sheet and takes out a syringe. Senor Juan looks puzzled.

OKWE (CONT'D)

You are going to be my assistant, Senor Juan.

Sneaky reacts as Okwe injects Senay in the arm. She stirs a little then settles.

Okwe gets to his feet and goes to the bathroom. Sneaky looks anxious as hell. Okwe returns with a bottle of beer, already opened, and hands it to Senor Juan.

SNEAKY.

What the fuck's this?

OKWE

I have noticed that if you do not drink your hands shake. When you hand me the scalpels I do not want you to cut off my fingers.

A pause. Senor Juan looks concerned at the mention of the word 'scalpel'. He hesitates then gladly swigs the beer. Sneaky wipes his mouth with his sleeve. Okwe hands him a tissue.

OKWE (CONT'D)

Where will they come to collect?

A pause. Senor Juan is dubious about answering for a moment and swigs his beer.

OKWE.

If you faint during the operation I will only have half an hour before the kidney begins to deteriorate.

SNEAKY.

They come to the loading bay back of the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

Okwe nods. Sneaky checks his watch.

SNEAKY  
You'd better start.

OKWE  
Go and scrub your hands.

A pause. Sneaky takes another big gulp of beer. He suppresses a belch.

Sneaky takes another swig. Sneaky begins to wander.

SNEAKY.  
(He looks around) It's decided. It's  
fucking decided. You and me are going  
into business.

Okwe nods gently and begins to study Sneaky with an unblinking, professional eye.

SNEAKY  
You been to Cueta?

Okwe shakes his head and Sneaky takes another gulp of beer.

SNEAKY (cont'd)  
You know washing dishes? You know when  
you forget on Friday and come in  
Monday...and there's a pan with sauce?  
White, green, shit...that is how they do  
things in Cueta.

A pause. Sneaky sighs deeply and blinks heavily.

SNEAKY.  
Jesus was I speaking English then?

Okwe doesn't respond. His eyes gleam as he studies Senor Juan. Sneaky peers at Okwe through glazed eyes. Something has sent his mind spinning. He sighs.

SNEAKY. (CONT'D)  
What you say?

Senor Juan is now staring glassily at Okwe and awaying.

SNEAKY  
Wassay? Mamm? Wassthat? Como? Madre?  
Madre? Donde?

Sneaky slumps forward a little and Okwe leaps forward to grab him before he falls.

OKWE  
Senay!

From the white sheeted sepulchre Senay emerges, wide awake. Okwe takes the bottle of drugged beer from Sneaky's hand and pours it away. Senay and Okwe then lift Senor Juan onto the bed and Okwe prepares another syringe.

(CONTINUED)

He gestures at Senay to put on a face mask and she does. Okwe administers an injection in Senor Juan's arm and then begins to undo his tie. He puts the oxygen mask over Sneaky's face and begins to squeeze the bag. Senay wipes her brow and waits. Pause.

SENAY

What now?

OKWE

We wait for ice.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ivan and Juliette enter. Juliette is chivying him along.

IVAN

I don't understand how the ice will help.

JULIETTE.

It'll make you last longer.

IVAN

I don't want to last longer. (Hisses)  
It's not even pay day...

JULIETTE

Ok, it'll make you harder...think what happens to water when you freeze it.

Ivan has led Juliette to a chest freezer which contains ice. He lifts the lid.

IVAN

There...

JULIETTE

Right...get a bucket.

IVAN

A bucket?

INT. HOTEL, ROOM 510 - NIGHT

Okwe is squeezing the bag. Senay waits.

SENAY

You have removed kidneys before Okwe?

OKWE

Many times. (Pause) In pathology

SENAY

What is pathology?

Okwe glances at her. She wants an answer.

OKWE

It means the patient is already dead.

Senay reacts then nods firmly.

(CONTINUED)

SENAY  
Living or dead, things are in the same place.

Okwe glances at her, nods. A pause.

OKWE  
Did he tell you things about me, Senay?

A pause.

SENAY  
No.

Senay's lie is not convincing. Okwe smiles, his eyes still fixed on the task. A pause.

SENAY (cont'd)  
Let me wipe your brow?

Okwe half turns to see Senay's look of implacable professionalism. She quickly wipes his forehead. There is a knock at the door.

OKWE  
Come.

A pause. Juliette enters carrying a polystyrene box filled with ice. She approaches, filled with awe. He ushers her towards the bag. Silently he demonstrates to Juliette what she must do. Okwe speaks softly.

OKWE (cont'd)  
Squeeze softly...

Juliette giggles. Okwe gives her a fierce stare and she takes over. He gestures to Senay.

OKWE (cont'd)  
We must scrub up.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Guo Yi is leaning on the bonnet of the Lexus, smoking a cigarette. Ivan emerges and casually approaches. He takes out a cigarette of his own and lights it. It is obvious that Ivan is as curious as hell about what is going on but he's spent so many years not asking questions...

IVAN.  
Cold tonight. (Pause) On a night like this who would want so much ice?

Guo Yi nods then smiles.

GUO YI  
You are Pylades.

Ivan looks puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

GUO YI (cont'd)  
Pylades was the boatman who ferried souls  
to the land of the dead. If you didn't  
put a coin under the tongue of your dead  
relative, Pylades wouldn't take them to  
Hades. No matter how good you'd been in  
your life.

Ivan drags on his cigarette, deeply puzzled. Guo Yi checks  
his watch.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 510 - NIGHT

Okwe is preparing to make the first incision. Senay is at  
his side. Juliette is 'bagging' the patient. Okwe checks that  
Senay is OK and then makes the cut.

JULIETTE  
Jeeesus.

She reels a little. Okwe turns to her sharply.

OKWE  
Juliette you are not allowed to faint.

INT./EXT. HOTEL, KITCHEN LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The area is in semi darkness. There is a compactor and  
several large kitchen bins. Headlights illuminate the scene  
and a car pulls up and parks. We see that the car is being  
driven by a middle aged professional man in a suit ('the  
doctor'). He kills his lights.

INT ROOM 510 - NIGHT

Okwe is operating. Juliette is staring at Okwe and the  
wound.

OKWE.  
Pass the ice to me.

Juliette hesitantly reaches for the ice box and hands it over  
to Okwe. After a moment, Okwe lifts a crimson organ into  
shot and examines it. He puts the kidney into a sterile bag  
and puts the bag on the ice. Juliette stops squeezing.

JULIETTE  
Is that it?

Okwe reacts with alarm.

OKWE  
No!....no. I must sew him up.

A pause.

SENAY  
Why?

(CONTINUED)

INT. KITCHEN LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The doctor is sitting in his car. Then a door from the kitchen opens, shedding light into the loading area. Senay holds the door and Okwe emerges carrying the box that contains the kidney. Juliette follows. The doctor leaps out of the car and Okwe hands him the box.

DOCTOR  
Where's Senor Juan?

Okwe gestures at the hotel.

OKWE  
Drunk.

The doctor smiles and takes the box. He quickly opens the lid and shines a torch inside. He spends a moment checking the merchandise then replaces the lid. He settles the box beneath a blanket on the back seat of his car and then produces a large envelope stuffed with cash. Okwe takes the money. The doctor is about to get back in the car but then peers at Okwe, Senay and Juliette. They are standing in a line in front of him.

DOCTOR  
How come I've never seen you people before.

Okwe smiles.

OKWE  
Because we are the people who you do not see. The people who drive your cabs, and clean your rooms and suck your cocks.

Juliette raises her finger.

The doctor puzzles over the curious answer for a moment and then shrugs. He jumps into his car and drives away. Okwe clutches the envelope. After a moment he calmly counts out three hundred pounds from the envelope and offers it to Juliette.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Ivan is standing guard. Okwe and Senay appear from inside the hotel. They walk quickly towards the Lexus and Guo Yi fires the engine. As Okwe passes, he hands Ivan two hundred.

OKWE  
In an hour call an ambulance and send them to room 510.

(CONTINUED)

Ivan reacts. Okwe presses the notes into Ivan's hand.

OKWE (cont'd)

One hour.

Ivan nods reassurance that he will do this...not for the money but for Okwe. Okwe and Senay turn to say farewell to Juliette.

JULIETTE

I suppose I'd better find myself another hotel.

OKWE looks concerned. IVAN, who is hovering in the background, also looks concerned.

JULIETTE (cont'd)

It's OK. There are plenty of hotels like this one.

IVAN, hiding his emotion, sweeps his hat on to his head. OKWE glances at him and smiles at Juliette.

EXT. WESTWAY, HEADING WEST - NIGHT

Guo Yi is driving. Senay is sitting in the middle of the back seat. Okwe is in the corner, studying his hand, which shakes slightly. Senay has a New York phone number written on a piece of paper. She is dialling the number on Guo Yi's mobile phone.

OKWE

My hands are shaking.

GUO YI

So are mine I don't have a driver's licence,

SENAY

Handa? It is me Senay! (she screams)...you hear how good my English is! Handa I am coming to New York, I am coming to New York, I am coming to New York!

EXT. CAR

We see the car entering into the tunnel.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

SENAY

Hello?.... Hello? It's dead.

Senay is fizzing. She keeps the phone open in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

SENAY (CONT'D)  
When we leave the tunnel I must tell her  
what time we land.

She looks at Okwe and sees his uncertain reaction. Okwe  
decides that now is the time.

OKWE  
Senay...what Sneaky told you was true.

SENAY  
He did not tell me anything.

OKWE  
I did not kill my wife with my hands but  
still it was my fault.

A pause. Guo Yi glances in the rear view mirror.

OKWE.  
I was a pathologist in Lagos. A man died  
in a police interrogation. I was offered  
a bribe to destroy the evidence. When I  
refused a fire bomb was thrown into my  
house and my wife was killed. The police  
charged me with her murder.  
I had to run away...but my daughter  
stayed. She's with my sister...in Lagos.

A pause. Senay looks at Okwe and knows that Okwe is not  
coming with her.

SENAY  
How old is she?

OKWE  
Only seven.

Senay hands the drawing back. A pause. Guo Yi looks in his  
rear view mirror. The car leaves the tunnel.

#### EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The car pulls up outside the airport. Okwe and Senay get out.  
Okwe goes to the driver's window to say goodbye to Guo Yi.  
Okwe smiles. He reaches into his jacket and produces the  
Robert Graves book. He offers it.

GUO YI  
Did you finish it?

OKWE  
No.

They both smile. Guo Yi takes the book and drives away.

#### INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Okwe and Senay walk into the mass of humanity.

(CONTINUED)

SENAY  
Do they have chambermaids in Lagos?

Okwe smiles.

OKWE  
Senay...when you arrive at the airport there will be a whole line of yellow cabs. Your car will take you across a bridge. Then when you have crossed the river you will see... lights in the trees and policemen on white horses.

Senay stops and shakes her head.

SENAY  
No Okwe, I know it won't be like that.

Senay gently kisses Okwe on the cheek. They look at each other, both wanting to embrace but holding back. Senay smiles. Okwe shrugs and smiles. A pause.

SENAY (cont'd)  
Goodbye Okwe.

She turns to go. Okwe lets her walk towards passport control. It seems that they are both too stubborn to allow their feelings to show. Then Okwe decides. He goes after her.

OKWE  
Senay!

She stops and turns. She reads Okwe's face and smiles, knowing that at last he wants something from her. They walk towards each other through the hurrying crowd.

SENAY  
Hold me.

They embrace.

OKWE  
You must go... Isabella

SENAY  
Always we must hide

She takes the piece of paper from her pocket.

SENAY (CONT'D)  
This is the cafe where my cousin works.

She hands it to him. Okwe takes it. Senay smiles. They embrace and then Senay heads for passport control. He watches as she hands over her passport and the passport guy examines it. After a few agonizing moments he lets her pass. Once she is clear she looks to Okwe and mouths, "I love you". Okwe mouths "I love you". He turns and disappears into the crowd.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAWN

The aggravated chaos of the airport. In the crowd we see Okwe, lost among the many races.

INT AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAWN

Okwe is standing at the payphone with a pile of coins. Beside the pile of coins he has his passport. He waits a few moments, wipes his eyes and then speaks.

OKWE.  
Hello? Valerie?. Yes, it's me...at  
last.....

We pull away to reveal that Okwe is just one man on a line of pay phones...We then pull wide to reveal the mass of humanity with all its heavy luggage, sad farewells and tearful homecomings.

The End