

**UNDER THE BRIDGE**

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**LEWIS** (30s, drunk, unfashionably dressed), stands on the curb. He sways on the spot, as he watches the car icon in the map feature of his Uber app.

The car icon gets closer and closer, then finally stops right on Lewis's pin.

Lewis looks up, but sees no car.

A car horn sounds across the street.

Lewis looks over and sees Rambo parked up.

LEWIS  
Fuckin' wrong side of the street.

Lewis staggers over to Rambo's car, paying little mind to the cars in the road, which have to stop for him.

Lewis approaches Rambo's window, which he lets down.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
You for Lewis?

Rambo recoils slightly at the smell of Lewis's breath.

RAMBO  
Yes.

LEWIS  
Yeah, that's me...you're on the wrong side of the street, mate.

RAMBO  
What?

LEWIS  
I wanted to be collected on the other side...side of the street.

RAMBO  
Sorry.

LEWIS  
That's alright. Don't you worry.

Lewis staggers around to the passenger's side and gets into the front of the car.

Lewis flops into the seat, then turns to Rambo.

LEWIS  
How are we this evening?

RAMBO  
Good.

LEWIS  
Good to sit in the front?

Rambo nods.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
I've had a fuckin' terrible night.

RAMBO  
Sorry to hear.

LEWIS  
Just been dumped.

RAMBO  
Going to Grosvenor Terrace?

LEWIS  
That's right. It's her address. Can you step on it, I want to get there before she does, so I can teach her a lesson...just kidding, mate.

RAMBO  
Okay.

LEWIS  
You can laugh. I'm kidding. She's really...really done a number on me.

Rambo indicates, and then pulls out into the road.

RAMBO  
Sorry.

LEWIS  
I don't blame you, mate.

Lewis pulls at the seatbelt too aggressively, it won't reel out. Lewis gives up. Rambo resists looking irritated.

5 **EXT. SOUTH EAST LONDON - NIGHT**

5

The rain has started up again.

The Mercedes is stuck in heavy traffic.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT

Rambo taps the steering wheel, impatiently.

Lewis's breathing deeply, like he's concentrating on keeping his drink down. His lids are dipping too, like he might pass out.

A car horn sounds behind them. The sound jolts Lewis.

Lewis turns to look through the back window.

LEWIS  
(at the cars behind)  
Fuck off!

Lewis looks to Rambo for recognition, but he gets none.

Rambo keeps his eyes on the road ahead, fingers tapping the steering wheel.

Lewis stares at Rambo, clears his throat.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Used to be a taxi driver.  
(Lewis holds down a burp)  
Hated it. Gig economy. Fuck it. How  
long you been driving?

RAMBO  
Not too long.

Rambo's phone rings. Caller ID: MIRIAM.

Rambo cancels the call again.

LEWIS  
Not speaking to her?

RAMBO  
No.

LEWIS  
Don't blame you. What's your name  
then?

RAMBO  
Shion.

It's not.

LEWIS  
 (making no effort to  
 pronounce it right)  
 Shion?

RAMBO  
 ...that's it.

LEWIS  
 Lewis, nice to meet you.

Lewis holds out his hand to shake. Rambo smiles cautiously at him politely and shakes his limp sweaty hand.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
 Who's she?

RAMBO  
 Who?

LEWIS  
 Miriam.

RAMBO  
 My ex-wife...she's back home.

LEWIS  
 Where's that?

RAMBO  
 Iran.

Lewis nods slowly.

LEWIS  
 Lots of immigrants from Iran. Why'd  
 you leave? Don't mind me asking?

Rambo's phone rings again. Caller ID: MIRIAM.

Rambo tuts at her persistence, and then cancels the call.

RAMBO  
 Many reasons.

**PEDESTRIANS** weave through the heavy traffic to cross the street. **CYCLISTS** slip between the cars to beat the traffic.

Another car horn.

Rain pelts the windscreen. Wipers work overtime.

LEWIS  
 You here for good?

RAMBO  
As long as I need to be.

LEWIS  
Don't like it?

RAMBO  
It's okay. Going to America.

LEWIS  
Think America is better?

RAMBO  
Some parts.

LEWIS  
If you say so. You got a visa?

RAMBO  
Almost. I'm applying.

LEWIS  
How far through are ya? Got a visa sponsor?

RAMBO  
Got a sponsor. Done my interview.  
In the diversity lottery.

LEWIS  
They make you jump through hoops...

Rambo nods, weary.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Surprised I know anything about it?  
Don't look like I know, right?

RAMBO  
...I don't know.

LEWIS  
I know a lot about visas.

RAMBO  
...there's a lot to know.

A beat.

LEWIS  
I know because I'm an Immigration  
Enforcement Officer.

Rambo tenses up.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Hard job. People slip away a lot.

Lewis rolls down the window and spits a big gob of phlegm onto the road. He's sees the lights go green.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Mate, you can go.

Lewis points ahead. Rambo has been looking forward, but not concentrating on the road.

The car horn beeps three times.

Agitated, Rambo rushes to move the car forward, but a pissed off Lewis reaches to grab the steering wheel.

He hits Rambo's car horn in response to the car behind, then turns to give them the middle finger.

Rambo manages to move ahead, then comes to a stop again, behind the car in front.

RAMBO  
Don't do that.

LEWIS  
I got you. We've both got stressful jobs.

Rambo shakes his head, annoyed.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
...mate, how'd you find work?

RAMBO  
What?

Lewis leans back and rests his head on the car window, then closes his eyes.

LEWIS  
Illegals always find work. They get a national insurance number. Bank account. They get them.

Another **PEDESTRIAN** hurries across the road, through the traffic.

Traffic suddenly eases up again, but a CAR in the right hand lane is indicating - it wants to move in front of Rambo.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
 No one checks the app. Don't see  
 the face in the profile picture  
 isn't the same face delivering  
 their food.

Rambo eases forward, all attention on Lewis's words, not the  
 car trying to merge in front.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
 Or driving them home.

Rambo's eyes dart to the right.

He slams on the brakes.

RAMBO  
*Fucking hell.*

Rambo lets the car merge, but rolls down his window. The  
**DRIVER** in the merging car has their insult ready:

DRIVER  
 Learn to fucking **DRIVE!**

Rambo doesn't want to escalate things, so he just shakes his  
 head, and rolls up his window.

Rambo's phone rings yet again. Caller ID: MIRIAM.

Lewis opens his eyes and sits up, before reaching over to  
 Rambo's side of the car. Rambo can't help but flinch.

With an aggressive tap, Lewis answers Rambo's phone.

LEWIS  
 (to the phone)  
 What do you want?

MIRIAM  
 (over the phone)  
*Ali?*

Rambo swats Lewis's hand away, and then quickly hangs up.

RAMBO  
 You don't do that. That's twice.

Traffic ahead eases up again.

LEWIS  
 You need to move forward.

Rambo keeps the car stationary. He doesn't care about the car horns attacking him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
Move forward.

RAMBO  
No. Get out my car. I'm cancelling your trip. Get out.

LEWIS  
This ain't your car.

RAMBO  
It is. Get out.

LEWIS  
No way you can afford this.

RAMBO  
Out.

LEWIS  
Take me the fuck home.

RAMBO  
No. Get out!

Lewis stares at Rambo, as if he's taking a mental picture of his face, then opens the car door.

LEWIS  
I'll be checking up on you, **Ali**.

Lewis gets out the car into the rain. He slams the door shut.

Glancing in the rear-view mirror, Rambo sees Lewis stumble into a nearby pub.

Rambo accelerates quickly away.

7

**INT. MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT**

7

Rambo has parked up on another residential street.

He rubs his forehead, trying to relieve some stress. His hands are shaking.

He takes his phone out the holder and finds MIRIAM in his contacts and calls her.

**MIRIAM MADANI** (45), answers the phone after one ring.

MIRIAM  
*Ali?*

RAMBO  
*Yes?*

MIRIAM  
*I've been calling.*

RAMBO  
*I know. What is it?*

MIRIAM  
*Your daughter is missing. Why can't you answer the phone?*

Bad night.

RAMBO  
*What are you talking about?*

MIRIAM  
*Your daughter is missing.*

RAMBO  
*Missing how? Someone took her?*

MIRIAM  
*Where is she? Is she with you? Don't lie.*

RAMBO  
*No. She's not. What happened?*

MIRIAM  
*She stopped showing up for uni two days ago. She isn't answering my calls.*

RAMBO  
*So? She always does this.*

MIRIAM  
*This is different.*

RAMBO  
*Hold on.*

Rambo hangs up. He scrolls through his phone contacts until he reaches **PARISA**, his daughter.

Rambo calls his daughter, but the phone rings out.

Rambo waits a few moments to make it seem like he could have been talking to his daughter, before calling Miriam back.

MIRIAM

*Did you speak to her?*

RAMBO

*What did you say to her?*

MIRIAM

*Nothing.*

RAMBO

*Did you argue?*

MIRIAM

*Now you want to be involved?*

RAMBO

*...she says she's fine.*

MIRIAM

*Did you speak to her? Is she still in Berlin?*

RAMBO

*She doesn't want to talk to you. She's fine.*

MIRIAM

*If that's what you want to pretend. I'm calling the police in Berlin.*

Miriam hangs up.

Rambo hurriedly texts Parisa: Are you okay? Ring me.

8     **EXT. WALWORTH ROAD - SOUTH EAST LONDON - NIGHT**

8

Rambo's car pulls up outside Oli's Food Centre.

9     **INT. OLI'S FOOD CENTRE - NIGHT**

9

This 24 hour supermarket's exhaustive selection of herbs and spices is amazing, but the milk goes off real quick.

Rambo enters and gets the attention of the **DEFNE** (17), the cashier who stands behind the counter texting on her phone, protected by the plastic screen they didn't take down after COVID.

RAMBO  
You do passport photos?

The cashier looks up from her phone.

CASHIER  
What? No.

The cashier looks over to another cashier, **BASHIR** (70) serving a **CUSTOMER**, at the other end of the counter.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
We do passport photos?

OLDER CASHIER  
Yeah.  
(to Rambo)  
Come with me, down to the back.

10

**EXT. UCL STUDENT HALLS - NIGHT**

10

**SHION** (21, Iranian/British, lanky, with long dark hair) stands outside the entrance of the halls, smoking a disposable vape.

Shion watches with annoyance, as Rambo pulls up outside the student halls, and gets out the car.

SHION  
It's so late. Why are you here?

RAMBO  
*Hello, Uncle. Nice to see you, Uncle. How are you? Can I help with anything? I'm skinny and stupid, but I'll do anything for my family.*

SHION  
*You want me to say all that every time I see you?*

RAMBO  
*You're ruder than your dad, you know that?*

SHION  
Showing up at midnight. That's rude. What do you want?

RAMBO  
*Have you heard from Parisa?*

SHION

*When?*

RAMBO

*When was the last time you spoke?*

SHION

*Today. She doesn't want to speak to you.*

RAMBO

*I know that, thank you. What about her mum?*

SHION

*Nope. Not after what happened.*

RAMBO

*What happened?*

SHION

*I'm not getting involved.*

RAMBO

*You don't need to get involved to tell me what happened.*

SHION

*Not sure she wants you to know.*

RAMBO

*Parisa or Miriam?*

SHION

*Both?*

RAMBO

*Parisa is okay though?*

SHION

*She's fine. That all you wanted?*

RAMBO

*Let's go inside and talk.*

SHION

*It's too late for drinking tea. We can talk out here.*

RAMBO

*Why aren't you inviting your Uncle in?*

SHION  
*I've got a girl over.*

RAMBO  
*No you don't.*

SHION  
*Yes. I do.*

RAMBO  
*You're a rude little boy.*

SHION  
*You're a fat old man.*

Rambo reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a small photobook of PASSPORT PHOTOS.

RAMBO  
*I need you to change my profile picture on my Uber and Amazon accounts.*

SHION  
***My** accounts. My citizenship got them for you, so they're mine.*

RAMBO  
*You work 14 hours a day?*

SHION  
*I can't change the pictures.*

RAMBO  
*Why not?*

SHION  
*They'll flag it. You don't look anything like me.*

RAMBO  
*They won't flag it.*

SHION  
*Why am I changing it?*

RAMBO  
*Don't worry about it.*

SHION  
*What happened?*

Rambo tuts.

RAMBO

*Change the pictures. You want your Uncle sent to Evin prison?*

SHION

*I hire a car for you in my name, get you two jobs. Why can't you stay out of trouble?! You'll get me deported.*

RAMBO

*Change the photo. Do it for your dad's brother.*

SHION

*You're as bad as he is. Changing the photo won't even work.*

RAMBO

*It might for a bit. If I get stopped, or someone looks me up.*

SHION

*Who is looking you up? What the hell?!*

RAMBO

*Don't worry.*

SHION

*I'm cancelling them. You'll have to find work somewhere else.*

RAMBO

*Don't you dare.*

SHION

*What are you going to do? You promised me you wouldn't get me in trouble.*

RAMBO

*Calm down, you greasy sack. Don't worry. It's fine. I'm sorting it. Doing this will help both of us. Okay?*

SHION

...

RAMBO

*Okay?*

SHION

*Fine.*

RAMBO

*Thank you. You sure Parisa's okay?  
She's in Berlin? At school?*

SHION

*Yeah. She's fine. She's in Berlin.  
Making aggressive pro-democratic  
art. Good for her. I'll tell her to  
call Auntie Miriam.*

RAMBO

*Tell her to call me.*

Shion nods.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

*Okay. Thank you very much. Big  
strong man. Come play cards?*

SHION

*I have someone upstairs, and it's  
now past midnight.*

Rambo chuckles, disbelieving, then gestures to the vape.

RAMBO

*What flavour?*

SHION

*Pomegranate.*

Rambo offers his palm for Shion to let him try it.

Shion hesitates, but then hands Rambo the vape.

Rambo takes a long drag, clearly liking the taste.

RAMBO

*See you later.*

Rambo turns, and walking back to his car, he throws the vape into a nearby bin. Shion scowls at him.

11

**INT. SHION'S DORM - UCL STUDENT HALLS - NIGHT**

11

Shion enters.

We realise that he does, in fact, have a girl in his room...but not like that.

Sat up on his bed is **PARISA GHORBANIFAR** (19, looks like her dad, speaks like her mum, dresses like an art student), clearly not still living in Berlin.

Parisa sketches aimlessly in an A5 SKETCHBOOK, with a fine-point PEN.

SHION

Your dad is going to get me in so much trouble...

Parisa looks up.

PARISA

Your fault for being his little puppet.

Parisa has two large SUITCASES which were full of all her belongings. Shion starts flinging Parisa's belongings back into them to tidy his room.

SHION

*You're a slob.*

Parisa goes back down to her sketchbook.

PARISA

Did he ask about me?

SHION

*Sounds like your mum is nagging him. They don't know where you are.*

PARISA

*Wonderful.*

SHION

*When are you going back to Berlin?*

PARISA

*Don't worry about it.*

SHION

*You can't sleep on my sofa forever.*

PARISA

*Sleep? You think I've been able to sleep? This sofa is vile.*

SHION

You're welcome.

PARISA

What did my dad do?

SHION  
Don't worry about it.

PARISA  
This family tells each other  
nothing.

Shion picks up a large piece of cardboard that has a hand drawn political cartoon sketched onto it.

The cartoon depicts an Iranian woman with long black wavy hair, holding a beer bottle, with a cigarette in her mouth, and her foot resting on a football. On her arm is a green sticker that reads, 'I VOTED'.

Underneath the cartoon, written in Farsi is the slogan:  
*Women, Life, Freedom!*

As Shion goes to fold the cardboard to fit it in her suitcase, Parisa jumps up.

PARISA (CONT'D)  
*Don't mess with that!*

Shion perplexed.

SHION  
*You want to keep it? All you did is  
copy a Bastani cartoon.*

PARISA  
*It's not just a copy.*

SHION  
*Throw this out. Do something  
original.*

Parisa snatches the cardboard sign out of Shion's hand, and puts it somewhere safe.

PARISA  
*This is an important artefact of my  
personal history as an activist.*

Shion rolls his eyes.

SHION  
*Clean up your mess then. And tell  
your dad you're here, or I will.*

PARISA  
*When I'm ready.*

Parisa turns away from Shion.



RAMBO

Abbas--

ABBAS

--I'll be right back.

Abbas hurries out of the kitchen.

Rambo does as he's told. He grabs a bottle of red wine, the container of stuffed vine leaves, and a big bag of lemon glazed pistachio nuts.

Abbas returns with a copy of the BERLINER ZEITUNG NEWSPAPER.

He's smiling and tapping the newspaper.

ABBAS (CONT'D)

*Look at this!*

Abbas shows Rambo a picture in the newspaper. It shows Iranian **PROTESTORS** outside the Iranian Embassy in Berlin.

One **FEMALE PROTESTOR** at the front of the crowd holds up a cardboard sign with a political cartoon drawn on it. Under the cartoon, in Farsi, are the words: *Women, Life, Freedom!*

That's Parisa and her sign...but Rambo doesn't recognise his daughter, as she has her face covered with a mask, and white plumes of TEAR GAS surround her, and the other protestors.

RAMBO

*Why are you showing me this?*

Abbas points to the cartoon.

ABBAS

*Mr. Bastani! So modest. That's one of your cartoons, right? And around it, that's my tear gas!*

Rambo frowns at Abbas.

ABBAS (CONT'D)

*Both our life's work on the same page. How about that?*

Rambo pats Abbas on the back.

RAMBO

*That's...great. Listen, immigration might be onto me.*

ABBAS

*When are you going to sell me one of your drawings?*

RAMBO

*Will you listen to me. An Immigration Officer got into my car. He got angry, and said he was going to look into me.*

ABBAS

*Doesn't sound good.*

RAMBO

*That's all you can say?*

ABBAS

*What more do you want?*

RAMBO

*Your help.*

ABBAS

*What do you want me to do?*

RAMBO

*I don't know how much time I have.*

Abbas laughs.

ABBAS

*(mocking)*

*They could be outside!*

RAMBO

*This isn't funny. I need my visa for America to come through.*

ABBAS

*I can't do anything about that. I already sponsored you. Helped with your interview. You're in the lottery. You get picked when you get picked.*

RAMBO

*There's something you can do. Someone you know at the US embassy can help?*

ABBAS

*As far as the Americans know, you're still in Iran, applying for citizenship from there.*

*(MORE)*

ABBAS (CONT'D)

*I wouldn't want to cause confusion.  
For your sake. Sorry.*

RAMBO

*There must be something.*

ABBAS

*...maybe, but you've never struck  
me as a man who can afford it.*

RAMBO

*I'll find the money.*

ABBAS

*You don't have money. All the money  
you have you win off me. So really  
all you have is my money. Which  
isn't enough. Luckily, there is  
something you can give me.*

RAMBO

*You're not having a drawing.*

ABBAS

*Why? They're hardly worth much.*

RAMBO

*Yes they are.*

ABBAS

*Okay then. Let's go play cards.*

Abbas goes to head downstairs, but Rambo stops him.

RAMBO

*You're going to let them get me?*

Abbas sighs.

ABBAS

*Yeah, maybe...how do you know this  
person was an Immigration Officer?*

RAMBO

*He said so.*

ABBAS

*That's it?*

RAMBO

*I don't know. He was drunk.*

ABBAS

*Drunk enough not to remember you?*

RAMBO

*Maybe. But when I kicked him out my car, he went into a pub.*

ABBAS

*He probably ended up lying on the street. Don't worry, even if he was who he said he was, I bet he won't remember you. So you're fine.*

RAMBO

*There must be something you can do.*

ABBAS

*...how about this. If you're so worried, you can give me a drawing, and I'll try and speed things up with your American visa **and** if UK immigration do get you, I can make sure they lose you again.*

RAMBO

*You can do that?*

ABBAS

*Yes. I can. For you. At some cost to me, and for a drawing.*

Rambo hesitates.

RAMBO

*...I choose which drawing.*

Abbas gives Rambo a piercing look, weighing up the offer.

ABBAS

*Okay. Deal.*

They shake on it.

ABBAS (CONT'D)

*Let's play. Got some new regulars for a few months. Men I'm doing business with. You'll like them.*

Rambo buries his anxiety for now and follows Abbas.

15

**INT. BASEMENT - GHORMEH IRANIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

15

Rambo and Abbas enter a small, dimly lit room.

There's a round table and four chairs.

On the table are a pack of cards and poker chips.

Two of the chairs are occupied by two Iranian businessmen, **MEHMET** (50s Iranian/Swedish, former fighter pilot, now a fossil fuel lobbyist) and **BARIS** (50s Iranian/French, and a consultant for foreign real estate companies).

They both smoke cigarettes and drink red wine.

Abbas introduces Rambo to Mehmet and Abbas, who stand and shake Rambo's hand.

They all take a seat, and Abbas smiles at everyone around the table.

ABBAS

*Look at us. Wine, cigarettes,  
poker. Consummate assimilators.*

16

**INT. BASEMENT ROOM - GHORMEH IRANIAN RESTAURANT - LATER**

16

Rambo, Abbas, Mehmet, and Baris are nearing the end of a round of poker.

Rambo's first up to bet. He knows he's got a strong hand.

MEHMET

*So why are we meant to call you  
Rambo?*

Rambo looks up from his cards, but he isn't forthcoming.

ABBAS

*It's a nickname I gave him. Like  
the film.*

MEHMET

*I know the film. What's it got to  
do with him?*

ABBAS

*It's a private joke.*

BARIS

*Were you in the film?*

MEHMET

*Let's hear the joke.*

Rambo gives Abbas a warning look.

ABBAS

*It's private.*

MEHMET  
*Humour is for everyone.*

BARIS  
*Stop being so aggravating.*

MEHMET  
*I'm not.*

BARIS  
 (to Abbas)  
*He's annoyed because--*

--Baris glances at Rambo--

BARIS (CONT'D)  
*--can we talk with him here?*

Abbas turns to Rambo.

ABBAS  
*We're going to talk business. You don't mind?*

RAMBO  
*Go ahead.*

Abbas nods, appreciatively.

ABBAS  
What's wrong now, Mehmet?

MEHMET  
What's the joke?

ABBAS  
Forget the joke, what's wrong?

MEHMET  
I need a laugh to cheer me up about how slow this whole business is going.

ABBAS  
Just speak.

MEHMET  
...I thought we'd be rid of it by now.

Rambo shifts uncomfortably trying to look like he doesn't understand what they're saying...which he doesn't, but he's still finding it hard.

ABBAS  
(to Baris)  
No update on buyers?

BARIS  
There's nothing right now, but  
let's be patient.

Mehmet glances at Rambo, suspicious of his attempts to look nonchalant.

MEHMET  
And what about moving it?

BARIS  
It doesn't need moving. It's safe.

Mehmet tuts angrily.

MEHMET  
With your brother-in-law?

BARIS  
At the facility in Isfahan.

MEHMET  
In some draw?

BARIS  
It's safe. It's just a document in  
a cabinet. Not drawing attention.

MEHMET  
It should be with one of us?

BARIS  
With you, you mean.

MEHMET  
So what? We should've made copies.

BARIS  
We can't trust you with a copy.  
You're a liability.

MEHMET  
What did you say to me?

BARIS  
You have too many friends in the  
Revolutionary Guard..and you're a  
piece of shit, like them.

MEHMET  
You're a traitor.

ABBAS  
We're all traitors...

BARIS  
Abbas and I don't need you.

MEHMET  
No? I stole it! I didn't hand it over, I went straight to Abbas. I knew what it was worth. None of this happens without me.

BARIS  
You're still a piece of shit.

Mehmet slams his fist down on the table. Everyone's poker chip towers topple.

MEHMET  
You mother fucker.

ABBAS  
Enough! You're ruining our game.

MEHMET  
Fuck the game, why is this the only place we can talk? I hate poker.

BARIS  
*You never listen, do you?*

ABBAS  
This is the only place I trust we can have a private conversation.

MEHMET  
Private? What about him?!

They all glance over to Rambo, who is trying to focus on his cards, and not on the noise the escalating argument.

Abbas smiles at Rambo.

ABBAS  
He needs me to save his life. He's deep in my pocket. My little bitch.

Rambo returns Abbas's smile.

ABBAS (CONT'D)  
Do we have anything more to  
discuss?

Baris shakes his head, and eventually Mehmet does too.

ABBAS (CONT'D)  
*Your bet, Rambo.*

Rambo hesitates. Mehmet and Baris's stern glares are making him hold back from making the bet he wants to make.

ABBAS (CONT'D)  
*Rambo?*

Rambo folds.

ABBAS (CONT'D)  
*What? You have the winning hand.*

RAMBO  
*I really don't.*

ABBAS  
*You do. And you've been bleeding us of chips expertly. Play your hand.*

MEHMET  
*Let him fold.*

BARIS  
*You afraid to beat us? Play your hand.*

MEHMET  
*Let him fold.*

ABBAS  
*Pick up your cards, Rambo.*

Rambo concedes, and picking up his hand, he then throws a few poker chips in.

Abbas folds.

Baris folds.

Mehmet matches Rambo's bet and then raises.

MEHMET  
*He's got nothing.*

Baris rolls his eyes.

Rambo matches Mehmet's bet.

They show their hands. Mehmet has nothing. Rambo has a great hand.

Mehmet slams his fist on the table again, but then laughs his burst of anger off as playful.

Rambo cautiously takes the chips.

Abbas pats Rambo on the back.

Mehmet glares at him.

17

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAWN**

17

Rambo and Abbas enter the alleyway from the kitchen door.

They walk down the alleyway, towards the street.

RAMBO

*I'll be over tomorrow with the drawing.*

ABBAS

*Okay. You're worrying over nothing. You'll see.*

RAMBO

*You've made a career of worrying people over nothing.*

Abbas smiles.

ABBAS

*And now I'm starting an art collection the same way.*

RAMBO

*It's not art.*

Abbas shakes his head.

ABBAS

*When everything back home is finally okay. When people will be complaining that Tehran has become too touristy, there will be small crowds gathered around your drawings in the Art museum. And one will be hanging proudly on my wall.*

RAMBO  
You're very optimistic.

18      **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NORTH LONDON - EARLY MORNING**      18

Rambo leans on his parked Mercedes, checking his phone. He looks at the text he sent Parisa, which has been left unread.

Rambo walks around to the back of his car.

He pops the boot. Inside are two soft PLASTIC SACKS full of AMAZON PARCELS.

Rambo picks up one of the sacks and drops onto the pavement, without much care.

He closes the boot and grabs the corner of the sack.

Rambo drags the sack along the pavement, and starts making deliveries.

19      **INT. RAMBO'S FLAT - SOUTH EAST LONDON MORNING**      19

A second floor, three bed flat of a converted terrace house, which has been divided up to accommodate nine occupants.

All the occupants are immigrants from various countries. All men.

The flat is clean and tidy enough, but its clear the amount of people in the flat has taken it's toll on the fixtures and furnishings.

Rambo enters, exhausted from staying up playing cards, and from his morning of deliveries.

He moves through the flat, greeting the **HOUSEMATES** that he passes on the way, who are either hanging about, making food, or napping.

20      **INT. RAMBO'S ROOM - MORNING**      20

A small room with a square WINDOW and two sets of BUNK BEDS.

Rambo enters. He's glad to see that he's alone, as he closes the door behind him.

He moves to one of the bottom bunks - his bed. A picture of Parisa as a young girl is stuck to the wall above his pillow.

Rambo lifts his thin foam mattress. Underneath, stuck with tape to the underside of the bed slates, is an A3 size ART FOLDER.

The folder is padlocked.

Rambo finds the padlock key on his car key chain and unlocks the folder.

Inside the folder is a few hundred pounds, to which he adds last night's poker winnings, his IRANIAN PASSPORT, and some other important documentation.

There are also 40 A3 DRAWINGS, inside non-acidic protective plastic sleeves.

Each drawing, on paper, has a political cartoon drawn on it.

All are signed with the moniker: BASTANI

Rambo flicks through his drawings, looking for the right one to give Abbas. Rambo stops at the drawing that Abbas showed him in the newspaper - the one Parisa drew on her sign.

Rambo moves the drawing to the front of the pile, then zips up the folder and sticks it back to the underside of his bed.

Rambo lies on his bed, sets an alarm on his phone to wake him up in two hours, stretches out, and then closes his eyes.

He lets out a long deep breath, and starts to drift off into sleep--

--a loud BANG. BANG. BANG.

Rambo's eyes jump open.

IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 1  
(O.S.)  
(firmly shouting)  
This is immigration enforcement.  
Open up.

The sudden panicked voices of his housemates are shooting off in different areas of the flat.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 1  
(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You need to open up. Now!

The voices of Rambo's housemates are becoming more erratic, more panicked, more desperate.

Rambo stands.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 1  
(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Open up! Or we will **force entry!**

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Rambo scrambles to lift up his mattress and retrieve his folder.

Another BANG - but this one is different. Louder. Heavier.

Another BANG. The sound of splintering and cracking of the wood and plastic on the flat front door.

One more BANG.

Heavy fast footsteps enter the flat.

IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 1  
(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Get down! Stay there!

IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 2  
Don't move!

Rambo holds his folder, almost paralysed with fear, unsure what to do.

Rambo looks to the window.

IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 3  
(O.S.)  
There's more down here.

Heavy footsteps getting closer.

Rambo rushes to the window. He opens and looks out and down.

It's a straight drop down into some overgrown THORN BUSHES.

Rambo slides his art folder through the open window, and as carefully as he can, he drops the folder.

He hears it scrape down the outside wall and then hit the thorn bushes.

The bedroom door flies open.

Before Rambo can so much as turn to the door, and **IMMIGRATION ENFORCEMENT OFFICER 3** slams into him.

Rambo hits the wall hard, then crumples to the floor.

**BLACK.**

21

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

21

A small run down kitchen.

The only way in or out is through a heavy door, which is locked shut.

The room is painted a unique kind of grey - the colour purgatory might be.

There are no windows, no oven, no hob, and no fridge, just a sink with a dripping tap.

The cabinets are from the 90s and were cream coloured, but the colour has faded.

The lament flooring has been cut out to reveal the rough concrete underneath.

There is a square table and three chairs.

Rambo sits in the chair that faces the wall.

He's slouched and clutches his side. He looks small.

The door unlocks and opens, and Senior Report Officer **CID MALIN** (30s) and Intelligence Officer **JILL BIRCH** (30s) enter.

They wear bland office attire, and they have ordinary neat haircuts.

Rambo turns in his chair to see them walk into the room, but winces in pain as he does so, the left side of his body clearly injured from being slammed against the wall.

Jill carries a thin FOLDER. Cid carries an empty BOTTLE of WATER, that is warped from sitting too long in the sun.

Cid and Jill take the seats opposite Rambo.

Jill opens the folder of documents.

A beat.

Jill looks up and stares at Rambo.

JILL

Hi.

RAMBO

...

JILL

You're probably wondering who we are.

(Jill points to Cid)

We are Senior Report Officer Malin.

(Jill points to herself)

And Intelligence Officer Birch.

With MI6. And you are...

(Jill looks at her folder)

...you are, Ali Ashghar Ghorbanifar? Pretty name.

RAMBO

...where am I?

JILL

It is confusing. You've been moved around a bit since you got nabbed. But you're here now. With us.

CID

How are you doing, Ali?

(pointing to Rambo's side)

In pain?

JILL

Hurt yourself when you fell?

CID

Oh, I forgot.

Cid suddenly gets up and heads to the sink with his water bottle. He fills the water bottle with water.

Cid sits back down and slides the water bottle over to Rambo.

CID (CONT'D)

In case you're thirsty.

Rambo doesn't touch the bottle, which looks years old.

RAMBO

I was tackled.

JILL

Hmm?

RAMBO

I didn't fall.

CID  
Who knows what happened.

JILL  
We have some questions for you.

RAMBO  
...

JILL  
How did you arrive in the UK?

RAMBO  
...

JILL  
Please answer the question.

RAMBO  
Plane.

JILL  
I wouldn't get into a habit of  
lying to us, Ali. You came here by  
boat, that's right, isn't it?  
Must've cost you.

CID  
Tough trip.

RAMBO  
...

CID  
How long have you been in the UK?

RAMBO  
...been here since I arrived.

Cid and Jill stare so intently at Rambo, that he can't help but look away.

CID  
We took you off of immigration,  
which you should be thankful for,  
so we'd like some truthful answers.

JILL  
Why didn't you seek asylum when you  
arrived in the UK?

RAMBO  
I want legal representation.

CID  
You want a lawyer?

RAMBO  
Yes.

CID  
I'm afraid not.

JILL  
Your friends you lived with,  
they'll get lawyers. But not you.  
You don't want a lawyer anyway.

RAMBO  
I do.

CID  
Your friends are all heading to the  
removal centres, or a lovely barge.  
Their lawyers won't be able to help  
them, what makes you think they can  
help you?

JILL  
You got them caught by the way. In  
case you ever see them again...and  
they ask.

CID  
You need a lesson in customer  
service, especially when that  
customer works for immigration.

RAMBO  
...

JILL  
We won't ask you why you didn't  
seek asylum. We already know you  
didn't want us knowing why your  
government wants you back. They  
really want a word with you.

CID  
Probably more than a word. Is it  
not strange to you why you haven't  
been outed?

RAMBO  
They don't want me for anything.

CID  
They want Bastani. The political  
activist. Name ring a bell?

Jill pulls out a piece of paper from the folder and slides it  
over to Rambo.

It's a PHOTOCOPY of one of Rambo's political cartoons.

JILL  
You're very talented. Got a good  
sense of humour too.

CID  
Why are they keeping your identity  
a secret?

RAMBO  
They're idiots.

A beat.

RAMBO (CONT'D)  
I'm not an activist. Just draw  
cartoons.

CID  
Don't you want some water?

RAMBO  
I'm fine.

CID  
Have a drink.

RAMBO  
(agitated)  
No.

JILL  
Are you a spy, Ali? Are you spying  
for the Iranian government?

Rambo's face softens, the stupid question has suddenly made  
him more comfortable in the room.

RAMBO  
You're idiots too.

Cid and Jill don't laugh.

JILL

The Iranian Ministry of Intelligence found out you were Bastani, caught you, sent you over to spy in return for your life and your family's safety.

RAMBO

My family don't know I'm Bastani.

CID

We can try you on terror charges, or through the Official Secrets Act, after proving you work for the IRGC. That's a maximum 25 years.

RAMBO

I've done nothing. I'm a delivery driver. And a taxi driver.

JILL

You're a spy.

RAMBO

No.

JILL

Are you sure?

RAMBO

You know I'm not.

JILL

Do we? How's that?

RAMBO

Come on. It's ridiculous. You know I'm not.

CID

We can know whatever want. Decide all sorts of stuff about you.

JILL

What about you're American friend?

RAMBO

Who?

JILL

(trying to imitate Rambo's accent)

Who?...who?...who?

JILL (CONT'D)  
Abbas Bagheri. *He's* your American friend.

CID  
You're always at his restaurant.

RAMBO  
...

CID  
You can answer, or go home.

RAMBO  
You're sending me back anyway.

JILL  
Depends. Maybe we'll send you where you want to go. If you answer us.

CID  
Where would you settle down in America? New York? LA? Do the Americans know you're here?

RAMBO  
...

JILL  
Why are you always at Ghormeh?

RAMBO  
...I play cards with Abbas. Poker.

CID  
There we go. An answer. Where do you play?

RAMBO  
In the basement.

JILL  
How did you two meet?

RAMBO  
Went to his restaurant for food and got to talking.

JILL  
Just like that? Got talking.

RAMBO  
We liked to talk...I got very drunk and told him about my drawings.

JILL  
Took an interest, did he?

Rambo shrugs.

Jill takes out two PHOTOGRAPHS from the folder and shows them to Rambo.

The two photographs are of Mehmet and Baris.

JILL (CONT'D)  
These your friends too?

RAMBO  
No.

JILL  
You play cards with these men?

RAMBO  
Once. Last night. We just met.

JILL  
You talk much while you play?

RAMBO  
Not to them. Not much.

CID  
You shy?

RAMBO  
They mostly speak Turkish to each other. I don't know Turkish.

CID  
Abbas know Turkish?

Rambo nods.

JILL  
Are they going to come back?

RAMBO  
Not sure.

Jill collects the photographs together and slides them back into the folder with the rest of the documents.

CID  
Shame.

JILL  
It is. We'll get you on a flight  
back to Iran tonight. Safe journey.

Cid and Jill get up to go.

RAMBO  
...wait.

JILL  
For what?

RAMBO  
...Abbas mentioned they were new  
regulars...his business partners  
for a few months.

JILL  
Did he? Okay.

RAMBO  
...what more do you want to know?

Jill's mouth twitches - it's the slightest hint of a brief  
smile. Neither Cid nor Jill answer Rambo, and instead they  
leave the kitchen.

Rambo watches them go, desperation in his eyes.

Once they're gone, all Rambo can do is stare at the bottle of  
water...

...he gives in and takes a small sip of water. He winces -  
doesn't taste good. Rambo swallows quickly.

Cid and Jill return. They sit.

JILL  
Here's the deal we have for you.  
You're going to record the  
conversations your friends have in  
Turkish, at your poker game.

RAMBO  
What?

JILL  
What's unclear?

RAMBO  
You want me to spy on my friend?

JILL  
And his friends. Yes.

RAMBO  
What have they done?

CID  
Nothing really. This is an easy choice for you. We're really not asking for much, and you could get a lot.

RAMBO  
But...

JILL  
But what?

RAMBO  
You took me. Take them.

CID  
They're different. You're easy to take, they're not.

JILL  
If you agree, you'll be free to go. Right now. As long as you're back here tomorrow morning, to go through the details of how you're going to help us.

CID  
If you try and run, you will be caught and sent back to Iran.

JILL  
Are you going to be here at 9AM tomorrow. Yes or no?

22

**EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - EAST LONDON - DAY**

22

A maintenance door opens onto a busy street.

Rambo and Cid emerge.

Rambo squints at the brightness of the day, and looks around.

They are on a busy street that runs under a railway bridge.

CID  
How's the pain?

RAMBO  
...can I have my phone and car keys?

CID  
Don't be stupid.

Cid disappears back through the maintenance door.

23

**EXT. ST. PETERS DRY CLEANERS AND LOCKSMITHS - DAY**

23

A slightly run down dry cleaners and locksmiths.

The front of the shop is obscured by scaffolding.

**EHSAN JAFARI** (50s Iranian/British), and his husband **OSCAR CRUZ** (50s Colombian/British), are outside smoking and arguing.

EHSAN  
Why didn't the council say when they'd take it down?

OSCAR  
I don't know.

EHSAN  
You definitely called them.

OSCAR  
They said something about needing to contact the scaffolding company to come take it down. Yes, I called them.

EHSAN  
It's bad for business. No one can see we're open.

OSCAR  
I know.

EHSAN  
When are the council calling the scaffold company?

OSCAR  
They didn't say.

EHSAN  
Did you ask?

OSCAR  
...

EHSAN  
Did you call council?

OSCAR  
Yes! I called!

Rambo appears from across the road and shuffles up to the arguing couple.

As Ehshan and Oscar notice him, they both put out their cigarettes and hurry over to him.

Ehshan takes Ali by the elbow, Oscar rests his hand supportively on Ali's back.

EHSHAN  
*Ali? are you okay?*

RAMBO  
*Hurt my side. Can we go inside?*

OSCAR  
What happened?

RAMBO  
I'll explain inside.

Ehshan and Oscar walk with Rambo into their shop.

As they enter, a **MAN** walks past the shop.

The man slows down in order to get a look through the shop window at Rambo, Ehshan and Oscar heading into the back room.

The man carries on walking again.

24

**INT. BACK ROOM - ST. PETERS LOCKSMITHS AND DRY CLEANERS - DAY**

Rambo, Ehshan and Oscar sit at a small table, drinking black tea, in small glasses.

Rambo is shirtless and has two ice packs taped to his side, where large bruises are darkening in colour.

He puts a sugar cube, collected from a small bowl, in his mouth and sips his tea.

EHSHAN  
What do they want?

RAMBO  
Don't know. I just know what they want me to do.

OSCAR  
Whatever it is, you can't do it.

EHSAN

Oscar. Don't say that. He should.

OSCAR

He can't trust them. He has no real idea who they are. I can say I work for MI6.

EHSAN

You can say you called the council too.

Oscar ignores him.

OSCAR

Ali, you shouldn't work with them. Never trust any government to do anything for you.

EHSAN

If he helps them. They will help him. They might grant him citizenship.

RAMBO

I don't want citizenship here.

EHSAN

*It's the best choice you have. Forget about the US.*

RAMBO

*They won't give me anything. They don't need me, they just want to use me. I won't be used.*

EHSAN

*If you run, they'll catch you.*

OSCAR

English, please.

EHSAN

You speak Spanish to your friends all the time.

RAMBO

Ehshan thinks I'll get caught if I run.

EHSAN

Of course you will. Where will you even run to?

RAMBO  
 ...back to Europe.

OSCAR  
 Through Calais?

Rambo nods.

EHSHAN  
 Don't be crazy. *How will you get there?*

RAMBO  
*I'll get there the same way I came here.*

EHSHAN  
*By boat? You can't do it again. Are there even boats going the other way?*

RAMBO  
*I'll find one.*

EHSHAN  
*Fine. Go...*

Ehshan gets up and leaves the kitchen. Rambo watches him go, as Oscar gives Rambo a comforting look.

OSCAR  
 You'll be better off going.

Rambo nods.

RAMBO  
 I'll figure something out once I'm there. Maybe Germany. See my daughter.

OSCAR  
 When will you go?

RAMBO  
 I need to let my nephew know first.

Rambo stands across the street from his terrace house flat. The front door shows clear signs of having been busted open with a battering ram.

Rambo walks towards the flat, then veers off to the side of the terrace house.

Rambo's confronted with a wall over overgrown thorn bushes.

He winces as he steps into the bushes, and almost disappears inside them, before pulling himself out moments later.

In Rambo's hand is his art folder that he stashed.

Rambo's glad to see that it looks to be intact and undamaged.

26

**INT. HALLWAY - UCL STUDENT HALLS - EVENING**

26

Rambo stands outside Shion's dorm. He bangs loudly on the door.

**STUDENTS** have peered out from their dorms, to see what the commotion is all about.

RAMBO

*Shion. Open up.*

Rambo continues to bang on the door.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

*Shion. Open up. You need to do something for me. Shion?*

PARISA (O.S.)

*What are you doing?!*

Rambo's taken aback at the sound of his daughter's voice.

RAMBO

*Parisa?!*

PARISA

*Shion!*

Rambo is about to bang on the door again, but an annoyed Shion swiftly opens it before he can.

SHION

*They flagged my accounts. I'm not doing anything else for this family.*

Through the door, into the dorm, Rambo sees Parisa hastily trying to hide herself.

Shion blasts past Rambo and storms off down the hallway.

RAMBO  
*Come back, you little weasel.*

SHION  
 (calling back)  
*Fuck off.*

Rambo lets him go, as he strides into the dorm.

27      **INT. SHION'S DORM - EVENING**

27

Rambo enters and finds his daughter, Parisa sat at Shion's small table, eating olives, trying to look casual.

Rambo stares at his daughter, incredulous and surprised.

Parisa glares back at him.

PARISA  
*What?*

28      **INT. CAFÉ - EVENING**

28

Rambo and Parisa sit with milky cups of tea. Rambo's art folder is propped up on the seat next to him.

PARISA  
 What's in the folder?

RAMBO  
*Documents.*

PARISA  
 What kind of documents?

RAMBO  
*What are you doing here?*

PARISA  
 Holiday. Seeing the sights.

RAMBO  
*You don't want to speak Farsi?*

PARISA  
 I want to practice my English.

RAMBO  
*You don't need to practice. Give me your phone.*

PARISA

Why?

The man who walked past the Ehshan and Oscar's shop enters.

Rambo's distracted, as he watches him walk up to the counter and orders a coffee.

Rambo hears the man's soft American accent, as he asks for a black coffee.

The man takes a seat at a table behind Rambo.

PARISA (CONT'D)

*Hello? Dad?*

Rambo pulls himself back into the conversation.

RAMBO

*I want to call your mum and tell her where you are. She's called the police in Germany. Give me it.*

PARISA

I doubt she called the police.

RAMBO

*Parisa.*

PARISA

Use your phone.

RAMBO

*I left it at home.*

PARISA

Then we won't call her.

RAMBO

*Why aren't you at university?*

Parisa shrugs.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

*If you tell me I won't call your mum.*

PARISA

Yes you will.

RAMBO

*I promise.*

Parisa sits forward.

PARISA  
Is that a serious promise?

RAMBO  
*Yes. A serious father's promise.*

PARISA  
...I had to drop out of art school.  
I couldn't pay my fees.

RAMBO  
*But your mum pays your fees!*

PARISA  
She couldn't pay them.

RAMBO  
*But your grandfather pays them for  
your mum.*

PARISA  
He's had his bank accounts frozen.

RAMBO  
*What? By the government?*

Parisa nods.

RAMBO (CONT'D)  
*What did he do?*

PARISA  
*Nothing. I...I got caught  
protesting outside the Iranian  
Embassy in Berlin.*

RAMBO  
*Parisa...*

PARISA  
*I took off my mask for a second and  
the embassy camera caught my face.  
They found out who I was, and  
they're punishing mum's family.*

RAMBO  
*They took all their money?*

PARISA  
Most of it.

RAMBO  
*Anyone in the family arrested?*

Paris shakes her head.

PARISA  
They said I'd be if I went back.

RAMBO  
*Oh, Parisa.*

PARISA  
My student visa in Germany was  
revoked and I can't go home. So I  
came here.

RAMBO  
*Why were you getting involved--*

PARISA  
*--why? Why?! To fight for my right  
to live freely! Or is that not a  
good enough reason?! I actually  
want to do something to change  
things. Sorry for not sitting back  
and living off mum's money like you  
did, before you left us.*

RAMBO  
*I didn't leave you.*

PARISA  
Just admit it. You're such a  
coward.

RAMBO  
*Okay. I'm a coward. So what are you  
going to do? You can't stay here  
forever? How are you going to live?*

PARISA  
*I could go to art school here, or  
work in a coffee shop maybe. I make  
good coffee. You figured out how to  
stay here. So can I.*

RAMBO  
*I didn't. I'm leaving.*

PARISA  
*Where are you going?*

RAMBO  
*It doesn't matter. You need to go  
home. Your mum will protect you.*

PARISA

*She won't. All she cares about is money...I'll go if you come too.*

RAMBO

*I can't go back.*

PARISA

*So you left for no reason but you can't go back for your daughter?*

RAMBO

*You know I had to leave.*

PARISA

*Then why don't you tell me why?!*

RAMBO

*You also know it's best you don't know. You need to go back. You'll be okay with your mum.*

PARISA

*Why are you saying that when you know it's not true?!*

Rambo looks at Parisa. He knows she's right.

Overwhelmed to see his daughter after two years, looking scared and out of her depth, Rambo starts to tear up.

RAMBO

*I...*

Rambo wipes away a few tears.

PARISA

*Why do you always cry? Answer me.*

Rambo looks away to compose himself, then back to Parisa.

RAMBO

*You can't go back. But I can't help you stay here. I'm leaving tonight.*

PARISA

*Of course you are.*

RAMBO

*And you're calling your mum right now and telling her that you're okay.*

PARISA  
*Leave tomorrow.*

RAMBO  
*I can't.*

PARISA  
*Please leave tomorrow. How can you  
 leave me so soon?*

RAMBO  
*I wouldn't have been if you weren't  
 hiding from me.*

PARISA  
*Just don't go tonight. I want to  
 take you somewhere. Please.*

RAMBO  
*Where?*

PARISA  
*It's a surprise, but you can't have  
 it if you leave tonight.*

Parisa's hard expression has softened. Rambo can't refuse her pleading look.

RAMBO  
*Call your mum and I'll leave  
 tomorrow.*

Parisa huffs, then relents.

She pulls out her phone and calls Miriam.

It rings once before Miriam picks up.

MIRIAM  
*Parisa?*

PARISA  
*Hi, mum.*

Rambo and Miriam listen as Miriam breathes a huge sigh of relief.

MIRIAM  
*Oh thank goodness. Where are you?*

PARISA  
*Staying with Shion in London. On holiday, it's a wonderful and enriching experience. Did you tell the police I was missing?*

A beat.

PARISA (CONT'D)  
*Mum?*

MIRIAM  
*Have you seen your father?*

Parisa gives Rambo an 'I told you so' look, as Rambo shakes his head at Miriam's question.

PARISA  
*No. Okay, I'll be in touch about what my plans are--*

MIRIAM  
*--Parisa, you need to come home or things could get worse--*

PARISA  
*--Okay, I'm safe. Bye, talk soon--*

MIRIAM  
*--Parisa!*

Parisa hangs up.

PARISA  
*Let's go.*

29

**INT. MUSIC VENUE - LONDON - NIGHT**

29

A basement bar and music venue.

It's a sit down venue with round table.

Rambo and Parisa are sat near the back.

Two **MUSICIANS** sit on stage, surrounded by electronic music equipment. They're in the middle of a song - melodic synth.

Every now and then the recorded voices of Iranian singers from the 70s drift up into the song and then down again.

The two musicians also sing lyric-less melodies into microphones.

Rambo has his eyes closed, clearly enjoying the music. He has his art folder resting on his lap.

He opens his eyes and leans close to Parisa.

RAMBO

*Thank you for bringing me here.*

Parisa smiles.

A man passes their table. Rambo watches the man take a seat at a table two over from their own.

It's the same man that was outside Ehshan and Oscar's shop, and in the café, with his American accent.

Rambo frowns at the sight of him - he recognises the man, but can't recall where from.

Rambo nudges Parisa.

RAMBO (CONT'D)

*How have you been? What have you been working on?*

PARISA

*Nothing. I left all my work in Berlin. I have nothing to give artistically.*

Rambo smiles at this, until he realises that Parisa is being serious.

RAMBO

*You do.*

PARISA

*When will I see you again?*

Rambo puts his arm around Parisa, gives her a squeeze, and then kisses her on the top of the head.

But he doesn't answer and looks back to the musicians.

PARISA (CONT'D)

*Dad?*

Rambo looks at Parisa.

RAMBO

*I'll always be in touch.*

Parisa's heard these kind of vague answers ever since he left her. Disappointed, she looks away, back to the musicians.

RAMBO (CONT'D)  
*Going for a smoke.*

Parisa continues watching the musicians, making no effort to respond or acknowledge him.

Rambo puts his art folder down on his chair.

As he leaves, Parisa looks at the folder.

She picks it up, and studies the padlock keeping it shut.

30

**EXT. MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT**

30

Rambo's outside, smoking a cigarette.

The man who caught Rambo's eye appears from inside the venue.

His name is **GENE COOK** (early 40s, technically an employee at the US Embassy...technically).

Gene smiles warmly at Rambo. Rambo returns the smile.

GENE  
 Got a light?

Rambo lights Gene's cigarette.

GENE (CONT'D)  
 Music is great.

Rambo nods.

GENE (CONT'D)  
 It reminded me of this thing I read recently. Wanna hear it?

RAMBO  
 ...okay.

Gene looks up to the sky to try and recall what he wants to say from memory.

GENE  
 It's the everyday people on the ground who suffer the realities of the West's intellectualised exercises in stability and democracy.

Rambo has no idea what to make of this guy.

GENE (CONT'D)  
You agree with that?

RAMBO  
...not sure.

GENE  
Want me to say it again?

Rambo thinks. Smokes.

RAMBO  
...sure. I agree.

Gene nods.

GENE  
Thought you would.

Gene takes a drag of his cigarette.

GENE (CONT'D)  
They give you a tough time?

RAMBO  
Who?

GENE  
You know who.

Alert, Rambo starts looking around, expecting he's about to be trapped...but it looks like Gene is all alone.

Gene notices Rambo's agitation.

GENE (CONT'D)  
You're okay. We're just talking.  
You can go inside if you want.  
Don't feel obliged to me.

RAMBO  
Who are you meant to be?

GENE  
I'm Gene. Nice to meet you.

Gene holds out his hand to shake. Rambo shakes it.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Just wanted to introduce myself and  
tell you that they need you. More  
than you think.

A beat.

GENE (CONT'D)

They'll let you stay here for good.  
And your daughter too, if you  
demand it. Just gotta be a bit more  
demanding. Rambo.

RAMBO

I don't want anything from them.

GENE

You don't want your daughter to be  
safe? You can't let her go back.  
Under any circumstances.

Gene takes another drag of his cigarette.

GENE (CONT'D)

If you don't run, I can take care  
of you. Long term. Would be good to  
meet up again.

Gene puts out his cigarette out on the wall, then walks off.

Rambo watches him head down the street, then turn a corner.

31

**INT. MUSIC VENUE - NORTH LONDON - NIGHT**

31

Rambo returns to Parisa and catches her trying to bust open  
his art folder.

Parisa looks unapologetic, as she hands back his art folder.

PARISA

One more minute and I would've got  
it.

RAMBO

*Remember what curiosity did to the  
cat?*

PARISA

You never let me have a cat.

RAMBO

Because they ruin carpets. Where  
are you sleeping tonight?

PARISA

Shion's. He'll be bitching all  
night about us.

RAMBO  
I have somewhere friendlier you can  
stay.

Parisa nods.

32      **INT. HALLWAY - EHSAN AND OSCAR'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING**      32

Rambo, holding his art folder, passes the open archway that leads to the living room.

Through the archway, Rambo sees Parisa, asleep on the sofa.

33      **INT. KITCHEN - EHSAN AND OSCAR'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING**      33

Rambo enters the kitchen and goes to the front door...

...then he notices Ehsan is there, making a cup of tea.

EHSAN  
*Where are you going?*

RAMBO

...

EHSAN  
*Good luck.*

34      **EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - EAST LONDON - DAY**      34

9AM.

Rambo stands on the busy street, under the railway bridge.

Rambo knocks hard on the maintenance door.

The door opens.

**END OF EPISODE.**