

As the warring crowds collide, EDL chants are matched by Islamic lamentations— marsiya and soaz, mourning the ancient assassination of Hussain. This is the Day of Ashura, and in accordance with Shia tradition the young men start to beat their chests with grief and flagellate their own backs, performing these despairing Dervish rites in the faces of the EDL mob, like Maoris performing the haka. The mob, bemused, silenced, step back. They have no answer. The police behind them grin and laugh at the stand off. Muhitar and Kash, at the front of their group, chanting and beating their own backs, stand face to face with Dave and George, chanting and saluting Zeig Heils.

51      INT. VINNIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Lynne opens the door to Mo. He is battered, covered in blood and weals.

MO

You're the only person I know who gets it.

He falls through the door. Cut to/

Kitchen. At the sink, stripped to the waist, Mo washes the blood and bruises. Lynne holds his bloody face, swabbing a cut. He leans in to kiss her. She pulls back.

MO

Was brought up Muslim, but we liked hip-hop, booze, blow, girls. Sure we did Eid, but we celebrated Christmas too. Just used the religion when I joined the force. Knew it'd help me along, they need the muzzies on board.

LYNNE

I got no issue with your faith or lack of it, it's being a cop I can't stomach.

She continues swabbing his cuts.

MO

Cops did this. Who d'you think I am? That hurts.

LYNNE

You work out who you are before you come knocking at my door. I am well fed up nursing bruised egos.

MO

Oww!

She has pressed too hard into a wound. She keeps the pressure on, pushes the swab into his flesh. He twists and grimaces, but doesn't pull away. their eyes locked into each other. This time she kisses him, hungrily, still hurting his wound. A long, painful kiss. He pulls out, away, hurt and scared.

MO

What about Vinnie?

LYNNE

Spent too much of his time in the company of eunuchs. Do you honestly think a man with any sort of love life at all would prefer to spend his hours in minibuses on motorways between fascist meets? The spark went long ago. He could walk in on us in bed together, wouldn't bat an eyelid I reckon, probably offer you a beer. You off?

Mo is meekly putting on his jacket.

MO

I shouldn't be hearing this.

LYNNE

Is it all about the hunt? While there's competition for meat you roar like lions. This cave is undefended. And you limp off.

MO

I'm sorry Lynne, I can't do it to him.

Mo turns and leaves.

LYNNE

Was me you could have done it to!

**52      EXT. NEW MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Two parked BMWs facing each other, headlights full on. Vinnie at the wheel of one, watching Dave and Muhitar step into the pool of light. Guard dog prowls.

DAVE

Nice show.

MUHITAR

Glad you enjoyed it.