

JUSTINE. I knew she had a bit of profile but –

SUNITA. Her hot young artist husband running off with a younger woman is A Story.

JUSTINE. No one knows about me. We'll keep it secret until after the divorce.

SUNITA. We found out.

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. Am I under surveillance?

*Pause.*

SUNITA. Routine security screening. Designed to catch potential major problems like this.

JUSTINE. It's not a problem.

SUNITA. Damage limitation; did you tell him what you do?

JUSTINE. Of course not!

SUNITA. That's something, I suppose. Christ, Justine, I thought you took your job more seriously!

JUSTINE. This... isn't work.

SUNITA. It's a serious lapse in judgement that throws new light on you, quite frankly. It's disappointing.

JUSTINE. Are you seriously saying nobody here has ever had an affair?

SUNITA. If they divorce and pictures of you are in the news, you'll lose your anonymity. How can we construct a cover story for a... Celebrity Other Woman?

JUSTINE. I can stay away from him until after the split, and then –

SUNITA. It's too risky. I'm sorry, Justine. Break off the affair or... we'll have to consider your position here.

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. I'm in love with him.

SUNITA. Is that a decision?

JUSTINE. No, I...

SUNITA. I thought you loved working here.

JUSTINE. I do.

SUNITA. Then you have some thinking to do.

14.

KAREEM *is sitting in a McDonald's with a large drink and fries in front of him.*

JUSTINE *appears and sits next to him, also with a large drink. He's not pleased to see her. They both keep their voices low.*

JUSTINE. Hello. Can we have a chat?

KAREEM. You're following me?

JUSTINE. Maybe we should go outside.

KAREEM. Not going anywhere with you.

*Pause. JUSTINE glances around the room.*

JUSTINE. I could have gone to your house, or to the youth centre. But you asked me not to. Out of respect for you, I –

KAREEM. Followed me. Didn't you read my message? I'm not doing this any more.

JUSTINE. It's not that simple.

KAREEM. I don't know anything about... that guy. So you should find someone else.

JUSTINE. Everything was going fine until now. What's happened?

KAREEM. Nothing. Just had enough, yeah?

*Pause.*

You look rubbish, by the way.

JUSTINE. Thanks.

KAREEM. What's wrong with you?

JUSTINE. I, uh, haven't been sleeping.

KAREEM. Me neither. Because of you. You're ruining my life!

JUSTINE. That's not fair.

KAREEM. Looking over my shoulder all the time, it's doing my head in. Please, leave me alone?

JUSTINE. You're scared.

KAREEM. I'm. Busy.

JUSTINE. What have you found out? Tell me. I can help.

*Pause.*

KAREEM. Not here.

JUSTINE. Let's go outside.

*They leave the McDonald's and go outside.*

What is it?

KAREEM. I made a few enquiries about that dude.

JUSTINE. And?

KAREEM. I found out enough to know that you don't want to get known as the guy who's asking around about that dude, yeah?

JUSTINE. What d'you –

KAREEM. So that's it. I'm out.

JUSTINE. What are people saying about him?

KAREEM. Listen, my mum, I'm all she's got. If something happens to me...

JUSTINE. Nothing's going to happen to you. We can protect you, and your mum. I promise.

*KAREEM looks around nervously.*

KAREEM. People say he's planning something.

JUSTINE. What?

KAREEM. I don't know and I don't want to know!

JUSTINE. Okay, okay. We need to find him. Quickly.

KAREEM. That's your problem.

JUSTINE. Kareem.

KAREEM. They won't tell me, will they? Only his close mates know that.

JUSTINE. Then you have to become one of his close mates.

KAREEM. You're mental! I'm not a... cop, I can't do that!

JUSTINE. You can get them to trust you. Say the right things. Find out where he is, that's all, we'll do the rest.

KAREEM. I can't. No.

JUSTINE. Okay, so you walk away. You could have helped, but you don't. And something happens. People die. Children. How would you feel then? Could you live with that?

*Pause.*

KAREEM. I hate you.

15.

*A hotel room.*

*KOPLOV is sitting waiting, with champagne and glasses. After a moment, JUSTINE enters. She's nervous and not sure what's going on. KOPLOV and JUSTINE speak Russian throughout this scene.*

KOPLOV. Julya! Good evening. Have some champagne!

JUSTINE. Uh, thank you.

*He gives her champagne.*

KOPLOV. This is a celebration. Sit down. No, no, sit here next to me!

*They sit on the bed.*

JUSTINE. What are we celebrating?

KOPLOV. You have been working for me for four weeks!

JUSTINE. Ah!