

PEAKY BLINDERS II

Episode One

'Soldier's Heart'

SHOOTING SCRIPT

Written by

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7

CONT'D:

7

Campbell still has the gun pointed. Then a darker impulse takes over. He appears to have made a decision. Finally...

CAMPBELL

Grace...

Campbell cocks the trigger and Grace prepares...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

You have left me with absolutely
no...

Grace darts her hand into her bag, and pulls the trigger of her gun. Her bag explodes and the contents fly in slow motion.

Campbell is hit and falls back, his gun spilling from his hand. The gun shot kick starts our theme music.

Campbell falls to the ground in slow motion like a giant that has been felled. He hits the wet ground with a splash and a crunch of his head against the gravel.

We should not know if Campbell is alive or dead but most will assume he is dead.

8

INT. BETTING SHOP, ARTHUR'S OFFICE (1919)- NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1 8

The moment Campbell hits the ground the spinning coin lands on the back of Tommy's hand. Tommy peers down and sees the King's head. He peers at the coin, accepts its verdict and looks up at the ceiling, preparing for the rest of his life.

8A

EXT. STREETS - MORNING 1

8A

TITLE SEQUENCE.

In fractured images, we see two women, dressed in billowing black dresses, pushing large black prams through the streets of Small Heath. They follow the same route that Tommy took in series one title sequences.

9

EXT. GARRISON PUB, GARRISON LANE - MORNING 1

9

We pull wide and see the women with the prams arriving in Garrison Lane. We see the exterior of the Garrison pub.

The structure is the same as when we last saw it, but the paint work is finer, the sign more ornate and there is reference to a '*chop house upstairs*'.

We see a caption...

'Small Heath, Birmingham'.

Fade out and fade in...

(CONT'D)

'Two years later'.

We come a little closer to the women, down to ground level. The women in black bonnets are chatting as they walk. They arrive at the outside of the pub and stop outside the front door on the corner. We can't see faces because of the bonnets and their black dresses billow.

They both reach into their prams at the same time as if comforting their babies. Then they put the brakes on the prams and turn and walk, leaving the prams where they are.

The women speed up and begin to run away, holding onto their bonnets and their skirts.

We wait a few moments.

Then the two prams explode at the same time. The front of the pub is blown to pieces. The windows are blown in and a back draught billows out. We see the explosion in slow motion and see that, along with the debris, there is also brightly colored confetti falling to the ground gently through the black smoke and shattered glass.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY 1

From on high we see a congregation dressed mostly in black, standing beside a freshly dug grave. Two red banners are being held aloft as a Priest incants the 'ashes to ashes' graveside prayer.

The red banners read '*Communist party of Birmingham, Bordesley*' and '*Communist party Kentish Town*'. Around the banners we find various members of the Communist party. At the grave's edge, we also find Ada, with a boy of two and a half. This is KARL.

Ada's look across the grave takes us to the other side. There we find the extended Shelby family.

The first face we recognize is AUNT POLLY, dressed immaculately with a black veil lifted and tight black clothes. (Around her neck she wears a Madonna made from black jet which will become relevant but we may not notice just yet).

We move along the side of the grave and take in the faces (still not knowing who is dead).

We find JOHN SHELBY with his wife ESME. Esme is holding a sleeping baby, one year old

Then we find JIMMY JESUS with his mixed race son (ISIAH, aged seventeen). Then we pass CURLY and CHARLIE STRONG. Then ARTHUR SHELBY.

Next to him is FINN SHELBY. Finn has grown and is now thirteen and looks older than his years, with his hair slicked back with Brilliantine. He has become quite handsome in a tough way.

Finn leans forward to peer into the grave as the coffin is lowered. A hand pulls him back into place.

The hand belongs to TOMMY SHELBY. He is at the end of the line, dressed sharply in all black with a black tie.

The coffin reaches the bottom of the grave and the priest nods to Tommy. Who steps up. The communists behind the red banners give him hard stares. Tommy (of course) couldn't give a damn.

TOMMY

I promised my friend Freddy Thorne that I would say a few words over his grave if he should pass before me.

Arthur proclaims loudly...

ARTHUR

Amen.

(Already we might feel Arthur has become quite odd since we last met him. Tommy ignores.)

TOMMY

I made the promise when we were in France. Fighting for the King.

The communists give Tommy hard stares which he absorbs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But war didn't take Freddy. Pestilence took him. But Freddy passed on his spirit and soul to a new generation before he was cruelly taken.

Tommy gestures at Karl Thorne. Ada has no expression. Tommy takes out a piece of paper and it blows in the wind

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I promised I would read his favorite poem over his grave. He told me the poem is about revolution...

One of the communists calls out irreverently...

COMMUNIST

Amen.

10

CONT'D:

10

We come close to Ada. She has no tears in her eyes. Tommy begins to read from the sheet....

TOMMY

*'Scatter as from an unextinguished
hearth, ashes and sparks...'*

As Tommy reads we re-acquaint ourselves with the ice in Tommy's soul. He is a little older, a little wiser, a man betrayed the last time he gave anything of himself.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

'Be through my lips to...'

11

EXT. CHURCH, YARD - DAY 1

11

We cut to the front of the church where the burial took place. The wind blows through the huge cemetery trees as Tommy's reading bridges the cut...

TOMMY (OOV)

*'...Be through my lips to
unawakened earth, the trumpets of a
prophecy....'*

In wide shot we see the congregation walking up the cemetery path away from where the grave is being filled in.

TOMMY (OOV) (CONT'D)

*'O wind. If winter comes. Can
Spring be far behind?'*

We come close as the congregation begin to gather mill near to the exit of the church yard. On the road, near to the graveyard, a fleet of four large black cars are waiting. There are uniformed chauffeurs who smoke and chat while they wait but they stand to attention as the family appear.

*These are the drivers waiting to take the Shelby family home.
Times are evidently good.*

The Shelby family slow and light cigarettes on one side of the cemetery path. The communists congregate on the other side, an informal dividing line. Ada stands among the communists.

Tommy, Arthur and John light cigarettes from Tommy's match. The communists smoke too and glare at the family. For a laugh John suddenly shouts 'BOO' at one of the communists and he jumps. John and Arthur laugh...

Tommy blows smoke and, without a care for the animosity, crosses the path to Ada.

(CONT'D)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ada. I want to talk.

Tommy absorbs the hard stares. Ada leaves Karl in the care of a comrade and steps beyond a crooked grave stone. The grave gives them a measure of privacy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

How is the boy taking it?

ADA (DISMISSIVE)

He's fine. When he asks I resort to saying 'heaven'.

A pause.

TOMMY

We thought now Freddy's gone, you might come back to Birmingham.

Ada half smiles, a little incredulous. She stares at the waiting cars...

ADA

Do you know how funny it is that you've got chauffeurs in uniform now?

TOMMY

Just for the occasion...

ADA

Do you know how unfair it is you've got four Bugattis when half the country's starving...

Tommy gestures at the communists who are folding one of the banners...

TOMMY

So they've made you ashamed of us...

Ada speaks softly, almost with regret...

ADA

Sometimes when I think how I used to be, it makes me embarrassed.

The word hangs. Tommy doesn't show it but deep down he is profoundly hurt by the word. At that moment Aunt Polly steps close. She has Karl in her arms and a smile on her face...

AUNT POLLY

I caught him trying to pinch flowers off a grave.

Ada goes to take him but Aunt Polly holds back and glances at Tommy.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Is she coming home?

Ada takes Karl from Aunt Polly.

ADA

I'm going home.

Aunt Polly is about to speak but Tommy speaks first and with authority.

TOMMY

It's alright Polly. We make Ada embarrassed.

ADA (QUICKLY)

That's not what I said...

Ada is perhaps surprised by Tommy's offence but Tommy continues...

TOMMY

There's another reason we want you home.

Ada is defiant but waits...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We're planning an expansion.

Ada knows what this means and is instantly disgusted...

ADA

Oh Tommy...

TOMMY

I'm taking premises in London...

AUNT POLLY (INTERRUPTING)

Tommy, it's a funeral, business can wait...

TOMMY (POINTEDLY)

If Ada was sobbing, I'd wait. But she's not.

Ada glares at Tommy, reacting to the inference. Again Tommy absorbs the venom and continues...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The expansion means it will be dangerous to be a Shelby in London for a while...

Ada instantly interrupts...

ADA

Yeah, well, I'm not a Shelby anymore.

11

CONT'D:

11

She turns to Aunt Polly and speaks the truth softly...

ADA (CONT'D)

And I'm not a Thorne either. I'm free.

Ada communicates silently with Aunt Polly then speaks to the boy...

ADA (CONT'D)

Come on Karl, let's get you home...

Ada turns and walks to rejoin the communists. Tommy calls out loud enough for the communists to hear...

TOMMY

Oh and Ada, they're not Bugattis, they're Daimlers. Much more expensive.

Aunt Polly sighs and steps close to Tommy...

AUNT POLLY

I told you to let me do it.

Tommy steps on his cigarette, the grave stone beside him.

TOMMY

It'll be alright. I'll have some men watch her house until the danger's passed.

Tommy walks back to join the family. Ada is with the communists. Aunt Polly repeats softly...

AUNT POLLY

'Until the danger's passed'.

A pause.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

That'll be the bloody day.

Then we hear a roaring engine and a motorbike pulls up sharply among the chauffeurs. All heads turn. A young eighteen year old leaps from the bike and runs down the path of the church. He is dressed in Peaky clothes. He pushes his way to Tommy and we see Tommy react to the news he imparts.

12

EXT. CHURCH YARD - MORNING 1

12

From wide we see the Peaky's all hurrying to the waiting cars and getting in. The chauffeurs are diving into the driving seats and the family members are racing to get into the cars. Ada and the communists look on and we might come close to Ada's face as she watches. In among the shame is there some part of her that misses all the excitement?

(CONT'D)

12 CONT'D: 12

The cars begin to pull away...

13 **EXT. GARRISON PUB, GARRISON LANE - DAY 1** 13

The debris is spread far and wide. Three police officers are trying to keep kids away from the damaged structure. Then the fleet of cars returning from the funeral turn into view. The cars slow and then stop. Tommy and the others all climb out. Most stare with disbelief at the destruction but Tommy heads for the pub.

There is a police rope and we see Inspector MOSS hurry toward the lead car to help Tommy duck under the rope.

14 **EXT. BOMBED GARRISON PUB, GARRISON LANE - DAY 1** 14

The pub is wrecked. Tommy walks toward the door with Moss by his side. They stop outside the door which has been blocked by rubble.

MOSS

It happened at exactly seven am.

Tommy peers up at the damage.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Nobody saw anything. Our patrols were not in the area.

Tommy finds the wheel of a pram in the doorway and studies it...

MOSS (CONT'D)

Mr Shelby, do you have any idea who might have done it?

Tommy looks up sharply. He reaches into his pocket and produces a roll of notes. He hands one to Moss.

TOMMY

I would say it was something to do with the gas. It's just been fitted.

Moss almost immediately takes the money. We might sense that Moss is ashamed of himself. When we last saw Moss he was a deadly enemy of graft and bribery. Two years later he is taking Tommy's money (we don't yet know why). He puts the note into his pocket without a word. Aunt Polly arrives, stepping over broken glass...

MOSS

Madam, the structure is not yet declared safe...

Aunt Polly totally ignores him (he is on the payroll now). She walks to Tommy with her hand cupped.

(CONT'D)

14

CONT'D:

14

AUNT POLLY

This is all over the street.

Tommy glances at Aunt Polly's hand.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Confetti.

Tommy takes a pinch of charred confetti. He turns to Moss.

TOMMY

Thank you. We'll be alright now.

Moss almost touches his cap then turns and heads toward his car. Tommy and Aunt Polly are left alone. Beyond kids are playing and laughing in the debris. Tommy considers the confetti. He dusts his hands.

AUNT POLLY

Tommy, what?

Tommy looks around...

TOMMY

I think this was somebody's way of inviting us to a wedding.

Tommy sets off to leave...

AUNT POLLY

Who?

Tommy continues to walk and Aunt Polly calls out.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Tommy, who did this to us?

Suddenly...

15

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON, CORRIDOR - HALF LIT - DAY 1

15

As if in answer to the question, we are close on a pair of immaculately polished black brogues. A man walking down the corridor with barred light coming from on high. He walks with the aid of a black cane with a silver wolf-head handle.

For now we don't see a face. Just a black bowler hat, a heavy black coat and a set of heavy iron keys on a ring being rhythmically spun around a large hand. The man uses the cane as much for authority as support.

We see a hand unlocking a heavy door in the corridor. As the door opens we hear the sound of a man yelling in despair...

16

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON, PRISON CELL - DAY 1

16

A flurry of arms and legs, snarling and spitting.

(CONT'D)

16

CONT'D:

16

Inside a bare cell a CONDEMNED MAN is sobbing and fighting. A PRIEST in black robes and two prison officers are in attendance.

There is also a middle aged man in a dark suit (THE GOVERNOR) who is trying to calm the man and stop him fighting...

GOVERNOR

You must reconcile yourself with
the fate that awaits and make your
peace with God...

The condemned man snatches his arm away and shoves the priest. The guards step up and the man growls in a Northern Irish accent...

CONDEMNED MAN

I demand to speak to a
representative of His Majesty the
King!...

17

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON, CORRIDOR - DAY 1

17

We hear the voice echoing from inside the cell...

CONDEMNED MAN (OOV)

..a representative of His Majesty
the King!!

The man in the black bowler hat approaches. Still we don't see his face. He wraps on the cell door with the silver wolf head on his cane. After a moment the Governor emerges, looking anxious.

The visitor removes his bowler hat and we see his face for the first time, lit by barred light from a high window.

It is MAJOR CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL (A HALF SMILE)

Someone here has business with the
King?

The Governor closes the cell door behind him and looks Campbell up and down. He glances at the silver headed cane.

GOVERNOR

Major Campbell?

Campbell nods gently.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

About fucking time.

Campbell rides the emotion (it seems he was expecting anger) and busies himself with tapping his pockets, looking for something.

(CONT'D)

CAMPBELL

Governor, I am a very busy man.

The Governor is furious and checks his pocket watch...

GOVERNOR

In seven and a half minutes the man in that cell is due to be hanged for murder.

Campbell finds his pipe in a deep pocket.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

The murder of an Irish activist in Whitechapel. Does the case ring any bells Major Campbell?

Campbell looks mock dumbfounded as he finds tobacco.

CAMPBELL

No Governor. I hear no bells.

Campbell seems to be amused as he fills his pipe. We hear the condemned man yelling...

GOVERNOR

Since yesterday morning he has been claiming that the murder was ordered by the British Secret Intelligence Service.

Campbell chuckles as he finds his box of matches.

CAMPBELL

It's a little late to be coming up with nonsense like that, don't you think?

GOVERNOR

He was told if he kept his mouth shut there would be a last minute pardon. Which has not materialized.

CAMPBELL

Forgive me Governor. What business is this of mine?

The Governor looks Campbell up and down...

GOVERNOR

He says the man who hired him was an Intelligence Service Chief of Staff.

Campbell takes out a match...

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

An Ulsterman. Carries a cane with a wolf head handle. A bullet wound in his left shoulder.

Campbell lights his match on the wall...

CAMPBELL

Still I hear no bells.

Campbell busies himself sucking the flame of his match into the tobacco.

GOVERNOR

Oh it was terribly easy to find you Major Campbell. I consulted colleagues in Whitehall. He's 'the new broom' they said. 'Quite the firebrand'.

Campbell gets lost behind a plume of smoke.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

You don't even bother trying to cover your tracks do you.

Campbell suddenly steps one pace forward and practically pins the Governor physically against the wall.

CAMPBELL

Governor, the Secret Intelligence Service in this country operates according to carefully defined rules. Indeed, there is a charter.

He sucks on his pipe like an academic...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

But sometimes, especially when it comes to the difficult situation we have presently in Ireland, they are rules which you might describe more accurately as...

Campbell puts his face close.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

...'*guidelines*'.

The Governor meets Campbell's eye and speaks softly...

GOVERNOR (QUIETLY HORRIFIED)

The British Government. Using criminals as political assassins.

CAMPBELL (STEAM ROLLER)

Governor, you have a very clearly defined remit.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (STEAM ROLLER) (CONT'D)

Part of that remit is to oversee the smooth completion of executions sanctioned by the Crown. In the next four and a half minutes it is your job to escort the man in that cell...

Campbell uses his free hand to hammer on the cell door with his fist.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

...to the gates of hell. And as a fellow civil servant I would ask that you do not interfere in the work of other Government departments.

The two men stare at each other, close up.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

And should you ever feel the desire to discuss this matter with anyone else...

Campbell hisses...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Firebrand I am. And I know where you live.

The locks on the cell door are being turned in response to Campbell's fist and Campbell lets the Governor go. The cell door creaks open. A guard appears in the doorway. The Governor is still reacting with shock.

The Governor takes a while to recover but finally nods his head. The guard turns back into the cell...

GUARD

Let's go.

There is an ugly scrum inside the cell. The condemned man begins to yell. Campbell fits his bowler hat back on his head.

CAMPBELL

Good day to you Governor.

He turns to leave. The Governor calls out...

GOVERNOR

So now you go off to choose another poor wretch to do your dirty work.

Campbell turns...

CAMPBELL

Trust me. The next poor wretch is already chosen...

18

INT. PEAKY BLINDERS HEADQUARTERS/BETTING SHOP - DAY 1

18

Frantic industry.

Smoke, voices, odds being yelled, money changing hands, ticker tape machines chugging.

It is an echo of the moment when we were first introduced to the betting shop in 1919 (the echo is deliberate) but now the shop has been expanded and improved hugely.

A street door opens and Polly enters, shaking an umbrella. She also has a small black silk bag. She walks through the shop and we follow her as she leads us through the new world of the Peakies.

The whole operation looks much slicker than when we left it. The bare brick has been painted and the walls finished. There are proper boards for runners and riders and lots of telephones.

Among the staff we see some of the faces we know and some new faces. There are more women working here now and they are young and good looking and in positions of authority. They wear loose clothes and smoke cigarettes like the men.

Through the smoke and activity, we see John in a large office with glass partitions and doors. He has a typewriter and a chalk board (and a gramophone player). He is waiting on the phone for odds.

Beside John's office is Arthur's office but this is smaller and unoccupied. Beside Arthur's office there is a men's toilet and a women's toilet.

But we dwell only briefly on the business we already know.

Within a few moments Jimmy Jesus walks through shot carrying a heavy wooden crate. He is followed by his son, who is also carrying a crate and then three other boys in their mid-teens, all laboring under similar wooden boxes. Finn carries a box too. (In time these mid-teens will become the next generation and will feature soon).

As the boys march through the chaos of the shop we glimpse words sprayed on one of the boxes. It reads '*Rolls Royce-Paint shop*'.

Jimmy Jesus uses his box to open the door and sees Polly walking by. He calls out...

JIMMY JESUS

Polly? Do we know who did it yet?

19

INT. DOORWAY TO THE ANNEXE OF PEAKY BLINDERS HEADQUARTERS, SPARES ROOM - DAY 1 19

We are half in the shop and half in the annexe. Through the open door we see that the business has expanded into yet another house. The interior has been knocked through to make a clear space of floorboards.

Lots of wooden crates are stacked in the empty space. There are large signs hanging from a wall. 'Rolls Royce', 'Daimler', 'Austin' and the boxes are stacked beneath the signs in rows.

Polly slows and looks through the open door as she replies....

AUNT POLLY

Tommy says to say it was gas until we know.

Jimmy nods and walks on into the room. Polly watches the procession of crates pass by into the annexe with a sour look.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

We're making no bloody money out of this.

Jimmy calls out from inside the room.

JIMMY

Tommy says automobiles are the future.

Polly watches Finn, the last in line walk by and she tickles him under the arm to make him react.

AUNT POLLY

Tommy says a lot of things. Doesn't mean they're true.

Jimmy and his boys now march out the way they came past Polly. The pace picks up again as Polly follows and disappears into the betting shop...

20

INT. PEAKY BLINDERS HEADQUARTERS/BETTING SHOP - DAY 1 20

Aunt Polly walks fast through the betting shop. John sees her and leaps to his feet. He catches her up...

JOHN

Pol. Did he say who did it?

AUNT POLLY

He's gone to the Black Lion.

Aunt Polly walks toward a heavy door.

(CONT'D)

20

CONT'D:

20

JOHN

On his own?

AUNT POLLY

He does everything on his own.

Aunt Polly has taken out a key and unlocks the heavy door. They both go through into...

21

INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR - DAY 1

21

...the parlour of the house. Peace.

The border between the home and the business end of things is still as abrupt, but there is a solid and secure door now. We will find that the house has been 'improved' too, to the point where it couldn't contain another ounce of brass or gold or horse harness.

Aunt Polly locks the door to the betting shop behind her. The sound of the chaos disappears. Near to the betting shop door there are five large safes, all of different makes, with combination locks. The glossy pain on the safes glistens.

Aunt Polly goes to the largest of the safes. John is anxious.

JOHN

Should I go to the Black Lion?

AUNT POLLY

No.

JOHN

Where's bloody Arthur?

AUNT POLLY

Protecting the Garrison's stock of whisky from the police.

Aunt Polly begins to feed in a combination.

JOHN

Pol, it's like things are getting out of hand.

AUNT POLLY

So get 'em in hand.

Aunt Polly opens the safe and puts the diamonds inside. We glimpse lots of other silk bags. She closes the door and spins the combination.

JOHN

This morning, Ada said we all look like we work in a factory under the ground. She said we look like ghosts.

(CONT'D)

Aunt Polly straightens.

AUNT POLLY (CERTAIN)
She'll be back.

JOHN
When?

AUNT POLLY
When she needs us.

JOHN
And anyway, who the fuck would blow
up our pub?

AUNT POLLY
That's six.

Aunt Polly's stare makes John shrink a little...

JOHN
Six what?

AUNT POLLY
Six questions since I walked
through the door.

She moves to the fire to throw on coal and takes a moment to
approach a bigger agenda.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)
Soon you're going to have to start
being the man who gives the
answers.

She wipes her hand of coal on a spare black silk bag.

JOHN
Why?

AUNT POLLY (INSTANTLY)
Seven.

Aunt Polly gives him a hard stare.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)
When London happens you'll have to
hold up your end. Or we'll find
somebody who can.

Aunt Polly walks.

The Black Lion is an Irish pub with Irish tricolour flags and
rebel symbols adorning the walls. There is a photo of
Michael Collins above the bar (this will be important much
later).

The street door opens and Tommy enters. The place instantly falls silent. Tommy approaches the bar briskly...

TOMMY

Irish whisky.

One of the older Irish men gets to his feet, ready to confront Tommy, but a HEAD BARMAN shakes his head. He has higher authority and better intelligence about the reason for Tommy's visit to what is apparently enemy territory. In silhouette we see a BARMAN 2 heading into the back corridor and picking up a phone.

Tommy gets his whisky and sips. The head barman refuses Tommy's money.

HEAD BARMAN

I heard there was a bit of a bang
in your part of town.

Tommy sips his whisky.

TOMMY

Gas and electric don't mix. Who
thought they would?

The Barman 2 on the phone finishes his call and nods once to the head barman to suggest a message has been sent. Tommy sees it.

HEAD BARMAN

And how's business otherwise, Mr
Shelby?

Tommy peers at the faces in the mirror which are staring murder at him. He turns back to the head barman.

TOMMY

You know something? In these times
of hunger and hardship, business is
surprisingly good.

A boy of ten hurries into the pub. He is barefoot and ragged and speaks with a broad Dublin accent.

BOY

Which one of you is the Peaky
Blinder devil?

Tommy is at the bar and turns. All eyes are on him.

BOY (CONT'D)

Follow me if you can, but I'm
quick.

23

EXT. SPARKHILL ALLEY, BACK STREET - DAY 1

23

Tommy follows the boy down a back alley. The boy trots quickly on his bare feet and Tommy has to walk smartly. The boy disappears around a corner beside some outhouses. Dogs bark. Tommy turns the corner and is grabbed by two men. Tommy was half expecting this and doesn't struggle.

The two men blindfold him roughly and pull off his expensive overcoat. They dump it on the ground and search his jacket. They take his Webley revolver. Then they lead him on.

24

INT. BARE ROOM - DAY 1

24

A woman in her thirties (IRENE) and a younger man (DONAL), both Southern Irish, are sitting in hard-backed chairs in a bare room. Irene is handsome and is in charge. Tommy is led inside and pushed into a chair facing them. The blindfold is taken off. The escorts walk.

Irene and Donal stare at Tommy for a while. Tommy stares only at Irene. We might sense that Irene and Donal have planned to toy with Tommy a little and intimidate him.

There is a loaded revolver on the desk in front of Donal pointing in Tommy's direction.

IRENE

Thomas Shelby.

TOMMY (DEAD PAN)

You blew up my pub.

IRENE (TO DONAL)

Anger defeats fear. Good.

TOMMY (REPEATING FLATLY)

You blew up my pub.

Irene and Donal speak only to each other in order to belittle Tommy...

IRENE

Tommy has a reputation to uphold.

DONAL (AMUSED)

A reputation for not being scared of anything.

IRENE

In all the world, violent men are the easiest to deal with.

TOMMY (INTERRUPTING, AMUSED)

So are you IRA or IRB? Army or Brotherhood? Since you paddies started fighting amongst yourselves I get confused.

(CONT'D)

Donal gets up fast, comes around the desk and puts the gun tight to Tommy's temple. Tommy is impassive.

IRENE

You are one decision away from death Mr Shelby.

Donal grins.

DONAL

So stop fucking smiling.

He clicks his fingers in Tommy's face...

DONAL (CONT'D)

Better.

Donal goes back to his seat. Tommy stares at Irene. He decides to end their game of intimidation.

TOMMY (TO IRENE)

Your name is Irene O'Donell. You have a son at the Cherry Wood road school in Harborne. He has irons on his legs. His name is Sean...

Irene is shocked at Tommy's knowledge. Donal is about to react but Tommy ploughs on, even and deadly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

He comes last in every race, poor boy. Poor boy if the race was important. Do you know what I mean Irene O'Donell?

A silence. Donal and Irene are completely thrown by the machine gun fast speech. Donal flickers with fury but speaks to Irene softly, as if this were routine...

DONAL (SOFTLY)

There are other ways of carrying out this mission. Please allow me to put a bullet in his scum tinker head.

IRENE (SOFTLY)

No. He researches his enemies. That's why he's been chosen.

Tommy laughs and looks away.

TOMMY

I am chosen? Ok. Can the chosen one smoke?

Tommy reaches for his cigarettes in an inside pocket. Donal puts his hand on the revolver. Tommy takes out a cigarette and lights it. His hand doesn't shake.

IRENE

A vacancy has appeared and you are going to fill it.

TOMMY

Chosen by who?

IRENE

By an informed consensus.

Tommy looks at Irene and his look is deadly.

TOMMY

Look, I have things to do. Perhaps you would tell the chosen one what he has been chosen for.

Donal glances at the gun. He wants to shoot Tommy here and now for his defiance but Irene is in charge. Irene speaks softly....

IRENE

From now on Mr Shelby you shut your fucking gypsy mouth and listen to your instructions.

We see Tommy walking back between rickety wooden fences to the place where he was ambushed and stripped of his gun.

He finds his gun on a fencepost near to his coat. There is a hand-written sign stuck to the post which reads 'Ná tadhail' (Do Not Touch) in GAELIC. His coat hangs on a nail beside it. He retrieves his coat and begins to pull it on.

The arm is inside out and it's awkward. As he pulls the coat on, he gets into a tangle then a fury. He hurls the coat at the fence and kicks the fence hard. Dogs begin to bark.

Tommy is deeply angry at whatever just transpired. He looks thwarted, thrown off balance, in spite of his coolness in the confrontation.

He takes a moment to gather his breath. We wait with him while he regains his composure. He finally pulls on his coat and uses the tugging of the sleeves and the turning down of the collar to get himself back together.

He sets off and disappears down an alley.

We spend some time studying the half lit interior because it tells a story.

The office is heavy with dark oak furniture. The desk is huge and the Victorian chairs are impressive. The door is frosted glass and in reverse we read '*Shelby Company Limited, Licensed on-track betting*'.

There are two typewriters and a telegraph machine. There are two telephones. On the desk there is a large globe and on the wall a map of the world.

On both map and globe a quarter of the land surface is colored pink, indicating it is part of the British Empire. (On this day and this month in 1922 the British Empire was as big as it had ever been and as big as it would ever be).

A copy of yesterday's Times newspaper is placed neatly on the desk. In a bookcase we see a complete set of every edition of '*Harmsworth's Popular Science*', a volume of encyclopedias which will be remarked on much later.

On the walls there are photographs and we spend some time on them.

Mostly they are of winning enclosures, with smiling owners and jockeys. We find a photo with a caption... '*Aintree, second place, 1920*'. There is a photograph of the winning owner and we glimpse Tommy smiling by his side.

On the desk there are more photographs of Tommy with various minor dignitaries at small race meetings. One of the photographs shows Tommy in a group of four men with a handwritten caption... '*With Lord Croft at Ascot.*'

Directly behind the desk, on the wall in pride of place, is a large certificate from the Gaming and Racing commission, the Shelby Limited legal license to operate on track betting.

Then, at the frosted glass we see Tommy unlocking the door. He enters and locks the door behind him.

He goes to the desk and takes off his coat and cap. He runs his hand through his hair. He is framed by the photos and certificates of his legal life.

He is deep in thought. The thought process that began in the alley is continuing.

The telephone is apparently a temptation and he glances at it. He also glances at a photograph we didn't see before. It is a photo of a family of three boys and a girl with their mother. We might see the family resemblance and get that this is Tommy, Arthur, John and Ada as children (before Finn was born) and the smiling dark-haired woman is Tommy's mother.

Tommy looks at the faces in the photo for a moment. Then he makes his decision and grabs the phone.

27

EXT. WATERY LANE (OR SIMILAR) - NIGHT 1

27

Tommy is parked in his Fiat, waiting. The passenger door opens and Inspector Moss gets in. Moss is out of uniform and wears a hat pulled down over his eyes. The moment he gets in.

TOMMY

I want the streets round the co-operative stables clear of coppers from midnight till four tonight.

Tommy hands him three pounds which he takes. Moss hates this but it has become routine.

MOSS

Can I ask why?

Tommy doesn't reply and stares ahead. He is deep in thought and Moss is a detail. Moss puts the money away.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Well, whatever you're going to do, don't start any fires. The firemen go on strike at midnight.

Tommy stares ahead.

TOMMY

That's all. You can go.

Moss is about to get out but stops.

MOSS

Oh, by the way. I've got some information you might be interested in.

Tommy sighs gently and reaches for his pocket.

MOSS (CONT'D)

No charge.

A pause.

MOSS (CONT'D)

There's an old friend of ours coming back to the city.

Tommy turns...

MOSS (CONT'D)

Just passing through he says.

Moss opens the door. He seems pleased by Tommy's wary reaction...

(CONT'D)

27

CONT'D:

27

MOSS (CONT'D)

He's very grand these days. Head of
some secret department.

Moss pauses for effect.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Irish desk.

We might imagine Moss knows more than he is letting on about
Tommy's meeting. Moss smiles...

MOSS (CONT'D)

So I doubt he'll be bothering the
likes of us.

Moss gets out. Tommy reacts, wondering if this piece of news
is related to all the others.

28

INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT 1

28

The space is just an empty room with a ring set up and
punchbags hanging on chains. A fat Boxing coach (KING MAINE)
is reading the racing pages of a newspaper and making notes.
We hear the fizzing, whipping sound of a skipping rope.

In a shaft of light we find Arthur, stripped to his
underpants. He is skipping with a fixed look in his eyes. He
has a cut on his cheek which is recent. He skips with an
unchanging rhythm.

Stripped, we see that he is more powerful than he was in
1919, his muscles toned by endless exercise. We come close to
his face and see scars and recent cuts. We find a recent
tattoo on his arm which reads '*Blinder Blade Number 1*'.

Finn enters the gym and approaches Arthur.

FINN

Arthur? Tommy's called a family
meeting.

Arthur continues to skip, staring straight ahead.

FINN (CONT'D)

Arthur!

Finn rolls his eyes. He's apparently accustomed to Arthur
disappearing into himself like this. King Maine puts his
paper aside and joins Finn...

KING

He just beat the shit out of an
apprentice. I took half the kid
away in buckets.

Arthur keeps skipping, staring ahead. King comes close to
Finn and speaks confidentially...

(CONT'D)

KING (CONT'D)

No disrespect, but can you ask
Tommy to keep him home some days.
He's scaring everybody away.

Finn ignores King and calls out again...

FINN

Arthur!!

Arthur does a huge double skip and the rope fizzes in the air. He then finally comes to rest. He's hardly breathing hard. He drops the rope with disdain and walks.

INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR - NIGHT 1

The Shelby family meetings are still held in the same space but the room has been spruced up. There is a piano now, though we doubt it is often played. On the wall there are reproduction paintings of racehorses.

We also find six boxes of spirits stacked near to the fireplace.

The inner circle of the Shelby family are gathered. Arthur, John and Aunt Polly are near to the fireplace. Arthur is chain smoking. Esme is sitting next to Finn who is now allowed to sit in on meetings.

The only person missing is Tommy. John checks his watch...

JOHN

Where the bloody hell is Tommy?

AUNT POLLY

He's on his way.

Arthur gets to his feet and sets off across the room. Everyone looks at him. He is obviously a cause for concern these days (though John and Finn hide smiles). He walks heavily, his strength hardly contained by the walls around. He heads for the boxes of spirits...

ARTHUR

While we're waiting...

He turns and walks back with a box of whisky and sets it down heavily on a table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

...This is all the stock that's
left from the explosion. So...

Arthur begins to pass out bottles of whisky. Aunt Polly rolls her eyes and peers out of the window...

AUNT POLLY (SOFTLY)
Come on, Robin Hood, your men are
getting merry.

Bottles are opened. A swig of whisky emboldens John. He looks at Esme who urges him to speak. He hesitates then gets to his feet, bottle in hand. He clears his throat anxiously...

JOHN
Before Tommy gets here, I think we
should get some things sorted out
between the rest of us.

Aunt Polly turns from the window. She looks from John to Esme (we should sense there is already an agenda between Aunt Polly and Esme)...

AUNT POLLY
You think?

John takes strength from Esme's look...

JOHN
Yeah. I want to know. When did we
take a vote on this expansion
South?

AUNT POLLY
If you have anything to say, you
wait for Tommy.

ARTHUR
Amen.

John is being ignored because everyone is opening whisky and drinking but he feeds off the looks from Esme. He announces loudly...

JOHN
I see all the books. Legal and off
track. Stuff you lot don't see. In
the past year, the Shelby Company
Limited has been making a hundred
and fifty pounds...a day.

Sudden silence. The room was happy to ignore John before but the figure shocks them all. All heads turn.

JOHN (CONT'D)
A fucking day.

He has their attention now.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sometimes more.

Aunt Polly glares...

JOHN (CONT'D)

So why are we changing things?

Silence around the room. We might sense that deep down Aunt Polly shares John's misgivings.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Polly, look what's happened already...

John is liberated and speaks directly to Aunt Polly...

JOHN (CONT'D)

We haven't even set foot in London yet and they've already blown up our fucking pub.

Arthur is swigging whisky.

ARTHUR

Who says it was the cockneys?

ESME (FLAT, DEFIANT)

Who else?

Silence around the room. Esme and Aunt Polly face off. After a moment...

AUNT POLLY

So you know who did it, do you?

Esme is defiant but sits down.

ESME

I'm told only family are allowed to speak.

Suddenly...

TOMMY

Everybody's allowed to speak.

All heads turn. Tommy has entered through the back door and he has been listening for a while. He enters the arena...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

On your feet Esme. Let's hear what you have to say.

Esme hesitates and looks to John. John stammers a little...

JOHN

I speak for our household.

TOMMY (FIRMLY)
 Shelby Limited is a modern
 enterprise and believes in equal
 rights for women. On your feet
 Esme.

Tommy wanders to the heart of the meeting. Esme is only fazed for a second and then gets to her feet. When she speaks, Esme has a confident manner...

ESME
 I am not a blood member of this
 family...

Aunt Polly rolls her eyes. Esme will speak in an ornate, Edwardian manner which she has picked up from books and magazines and it sounds odd when spoken in her Romany burr..

ESME (CONT'D)
 But perhaps indeed because I am not
 a family member I can see things in
 a different light...

Tommy and Aunt Polly swap looks. Tommy is amused and impressed by Esme and Aunt Polly sees it. They have a silent language and Aunt Polly is exasperated that Tommy is taken by her. Esme dares to speak plainly...

ESME (CONT'D)
 So I will get to my point.

AUNT POLLY
 That would be nice.

ESME
 As my husband said, Shelby Company
 Limited is now very successful.

A pause.

ESME (CONT'D)
 But *London*...

She looks to Tommy...

ESME (CONT'D)
 I have kin in Shepherds Bush and
 Portobello. It's more like wars
 between armies down there. And the
 coppers fight side-by-side with
 them. And there are foreigners of
 every description and the use of
 bombs is the least of it.

All eyes turn to Tommy. Esme gives Tommy a gentle look.

ESME (CONT'D)

I have a child. Blessed with the Shelby family good looks. I want John to see him grow up. I want us to someday live somewhere with fresh air and trees. And keep chickens or something.

Aunt Polly stifles a laugh...

ESME (CONT'D)

But London is just smoke and trouble Thomas.

Aunt Polly breaths with incredulity...

AUNT POLLY

'Thomas'?

Esme looks around at the (largely sympathetic) room.

ESME

That's all I have to say.

Esme sits down elegantly. Her winning looks are saved for Tommy. John takes her hand and looks at Tommy. Some fear the worst. Some hide giggles. After a moment...

ARTHUR

That was a lot of words, Tommy.
Have a drink to wash them down.

Arthur offers the bottle of whisky. Tommy takes it to the window. He unscrews the cork and takes a swig.

TOMMY

First of all, the bang in the pub was nothing to do with London...

Questions are almost asked from lots of directions but Tommy raises his hand and continues...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The bang is something I'm dealing with on my own.

He straightens a photograph of the King then turns. We might notice that Tommy has the use of longer words these days and has the diction of a man who reads...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And we have nothing to fear from the proposed business expansion. So long as we stick together. And after the first few weeks nine tenths of what we do down there will be legal.

Tommy comes to Arthur and squeezes his shoulder...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The other tenth is in good hands.

John looks a little hurt that Tommy went to Arthur (as if listening to Esme has damaged his cause). Tommy then wanders close to Aunt Polly. His proximity suggests that his next statement is meant for her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

There are many in this room who have expressed their reservations.

Aunt Polly looks away...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And any of you who want no part of the future of this company are free to walk out the door. Right now.

He smiles at John and Esme...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Go and raise your chickens.

Tommy looks to the rest of the room...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But those of you with ambition? The expansion process begins tomorrow.

We are close on the heavy iron doors of the various safes in the area near the betting shop door. We see Tommy and Aunt Polly approaching from the parlour. Aunt Polly is already on his case...

AUNT POLLY

Tomorrow?

Tommy walks on...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I'm company treasurer. You should speak to me first.

Tommy goes to the cash safe and begins to enter a combination.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

It's Newmarket tomorrow.

TOMMY

Yeah.

AUNT POLLY

Third busiest day of the year...

Tommy is busy with the combination, which he knows from memory...

TOMMY

We've got eighteen staff.

AUNT POLLY

Who you trust with two hundred quid takings?

Tommy pulls the safe door but it doesn't open. Unconcerned he begins to enter the combination again. Aunt Polly speaks flatly...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I changed the combination.

Tommy takes a moment and looks skyward.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

What's going on Tommy? Who did you meet at the Black Lion?

A stand off. Tommy looks directly at the safe door.

TOMMY

Give me the combination Polly.

Aunt Polly's silence is her reply. Tommy speaks clearly as if at a business meeting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What happened to the pub is Irish business.

Still Aunt Polly doesn't budge.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We are in a situation where for everyone's safety it is best if some things remain undisclosed.

Aunt Polly softens a little but holds out.

AUNT POLLY

Why tomorrow?

Tommy realizes some things will need to be divulged if he is to get the safe open. He lights a cigarette...

TOMMY

Like you said, tomorrow is Newmarket. So all the London bosses will be at the races...

AUNT POLLY

And you just roll up and take the city...

TOMMY

We take the opportunity to show our hand.

Aunt Polly waits.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The Italian gangs and the Jewish gangs have been at war for six months in London.

AUNT POLLY

Not our war.

TOMMY

The Jews have been having the worst of it. They need allies.

AUNT POLLY

We don't.

TOMMY

But we need a foothold. At the Southern end of the Grand Union. The Jewish gangs control Camden Town.

Tommy turns to Aunt Polly as if his case has been made but she shakes her head...

AUNT POLLY

Your mother used to say 'it's his cleverness that'll kill him'.

TOMMY

No one gets killed. We go down tomorrow when the town is quiet and leave our message. If Alfie Solomons and his Camden boys come to us, we'll negotiate the use of a secure bonded warehouse. Then we can begin our legal operation in London.

A pause.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Without a shot being fired.

He turns to Aunt Polly...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now Polly, please. Open the fucking safe.

Aunt Polly holds his look for a moment. She studies him.

AUNT POLLY

That was a fine speech you made in there about this company believing in equal rights for women.

A pause.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

But when it comes to it, you don't listen to a word we say.

Tommy looks away.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Maybe you don't trust us.

A pause. Aunt Polly smiles...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

She was just one woman Tommy. It's time you forgot about her.

Tommy is dead pan....

TOMMY

Forgot about who?

Aunt Polly despairs. She quickly opens the safe door....

AUNT POLLY

You and the boys go and get yourselves killed.

The door swings open and Aunt Polly leaves. Tommy peers at the stack of cash.

We find Tommy having sex in the back room.

The sex is functional and Tommy has his eyes closed. There is a whisky bottle on the table. The sex reaches climax...

Tommy rolls away and reaches for a cigarette. After a moment the St.Andrews clock begins to chime midnight (memories for Tommy perhaps). Tommy lights his cigarette. The woman is revealed and we see that it is LIZZIE STARK (and we see she has feelings now for Tommy).

Tommy begins to button his shirt.

LIZZIE (CHECKING THE TIME)

You're going to London now?

TOMMY

No. I have something to do first.

31

CONT'D:

31

She sits up. Tommy grabs his shirt, discarded on a table, and reveals a brand new typewriter underneath it. Lizzie smiles, trying to make conversation...

LIZZIE

I've got a typewriter like that. I got it out of a catalogue. I'm doing a correspondence course.

Tommy holds his revolver to the window light and checks the bullets in the chamber. Lizzie reacts but continues brightly.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I'm learning to do it with my eyes shut. It's a test you have to do.

Tommy puts his revolver into his holster, not hearing. He grabs his jacket.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Will you come back before you go?

TOMMY

No.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and puts two ten shilling notes on the table beside the typewriter. Lizzie reacts...

LIZZIE

Tommy, I wish just once you wouldn't pay me. As if we were ordinary people.

TOMMY

Yeah.

Tommy walks. We stay with Lizzie's reaction as a car engine fires up outside.

32

INT. BLACKSMITHS SHOP - NIGHT 1

32

The images are uncertain. Forges burn. There is one large dray horses tethered. Long lines of stables are lit by flashing light from hammered metal.

We are in the Birmingham Co-operative dray-shop, where the horses, used to pull deliveries, are shod on an industrial scale through the night, ready for morning deliveries.

We see this through the slats in a wooden divide that separates the workshop from a straw-strewn walkway.

We find Tommy walking down the walkway with grim purpose, his long black coat buttoned, his right hand in the inside pocket.

We are close to his impassive face with flames flickering.

(CONT'D)

32

CONT'D:

32

Tommy stops and peers through a split in the wooden divide. We see an image of a forge with 'Bay 7' above it. A red haired man is pumping the bellows, turning his face from the sparks.

The images become more uncertain in a heat haze. Tommy walks and we walk with him. A big dray horse clatters in his path. Then Tommy sees the red haired man drawing a pint from a beer barrel up on planks.

Tommy approaches the beer barrel and waits. The target guy is wiping his mouth after downing a pint. He glances at Tommy and Tommy raises the brim of his cap just a little to reveal his eyes.

The red haired guy draws himself another half pint and drinks. Tommy allows him to drink his last pint on earth.

As the man turns to go back to work, Tommy steps up, pulls his Webley revolver and puts a single bullet into the man's head...

Tommy reacts for a moment. The noise of hammering hid the sound of the bullet. Tommy grabs the body and begins to drag it into the shadows. Then he is gone in a shower of sparks...

33

EXT. WATERY LANE - NEXT MORNING 2

33

The street looks peaceful and deserted. Tommy turns the corner in his Fiat and parks. Arthur is already waiting on the pavement. Tommy checks his watch as he gets out of the car. They are both on time but someone is missing.

They both turn to look up at the house beside where they've met. Tommy leans into the car and hoots the horn. A window flies open and John appears, still in his vest.

JOHN

I'm coming!

They both react with amused irritation. As they wait Arthur takes a small bottle of medicine from his inside pocket and takes a swig.

He screws the top back on and sees a question in Tommy's eyes.

ARTHUR

Seven o'clock, twelve o'clock and ten if I'm still sober. It's to calm me down.

Tommy takes the bottle and studies the label.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Polly took me to the doctor.

Tommy unscrews the top and sniffs.

(CONT'D)

TOMMY

Same stuff they used to give us in
the trenches to stop us wanking.

ARTHUR

Polly said I need it for my temper.
It slows me down.

Tommy nods gently, then very deliberately pours the contents
into the gutter. The liquid is thick and syrupy and takes
time. As Arthur reacts..

TOMMY

Some things Polly doesn't
understand. I need you fast not
slow.

Arthur accepts and looks a little ashamed of himself. At that
moment the door flies open and John joins, buttoning his
shirt.

JOHN

She wouldn't let go of my fucking
leg.

ARTHUR

You're sure it was your leg.

JOHN

She's against this Tom. She's got
opinions.

The medicine has now all gone.

TOMMY

Nothing wrong with opinions.

Tommy tosses the medicine bottle away into a metal trash can
and it smashes. He gets into the car and slams the door. John
and Arthur follow...

We see Tommy's Fiat drive down the street with the top pulled
down. Tommy is driving and Arthur is in the passenger seat.
John is in the back...

As the car passes by, Arthur stands up in his seat and whoops
with joy and swigs from a bottle of beer.

ARTHUR

The Peaky boys are going on fucking
holiday!!!!

Tommy and John drag him down.

TOMMY (LAUGHING)

Sit down you mad bastard.

34

CONT'D:

34

The boys all hoot with laughter.

35

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, ROADSIDE - DAY 2

35

The Fiat is parked in a two lane road by a field of rustling wheat. Tommy, Arthur and John are silhouettes. They have their backs to us. They are pissing.

We hear Arthur take a deep breath of country air...

ARTHUR (WITH HIS BACK TO US)
You know what Tommy? Esme's bloody
right. You can't beat the country.

We come closer to them, with their backs still turned. The wheat field stretches out beyond them...

ARTHUR (WITH HIS BACK TO US) (CONT'D)
I want to live in the country as
well.

They button up in unison and turn to walk back to the car.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
And I want to keep chickens.

TOMMY (SOFTLY)
Fucking chickens...

John approaches the passenger door.

JOHN
My turn in the front.

ARTHUR
Bloody kid.

Tommy has walked to the boot. He twists the handle and it creaks open.

TOMMY
Arthur, John, come here.

Arthur and John hesitate. They hear business in Tommy's voice. Crows and seagulls call out. Tommy produces three shovels and he offers one to Arthur. Arthur reacts and approaches. He looks inside the boot and John joins him...

They see the body of the man Tommy shot, a single bullet hole in his head.

His clothed upper torso is visible but his legs are tied in a sack. Arthur staggers back. John reacts. Tommy leans the shovels against the car and takes off his jacket.

ARTHUR
Holy shit, Tommy.

(CONT'D)

Arthur crosses himself...

TOMMY
We need to bury him.

JOHN
Who the fuck is that?

TOMMY (MATTER-OF-FACT)
I don't know. I didn't ask.

Tommy checks the road to see it is clear. Arthur and John are still recovering.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
It's Irish business. I thought it best if I dealt with it on my own.

Tommy shoulders his shovel.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Come on, we did a thousand of these in France.

The boys hesitate...

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Grab his legs Arthur. John, grab his arms. That's an order.

Arthur immediately grabs the dead man's legs and Tommy grabs his arms. John grabs a stray arm and drops his cigarette.

JOHN
So we're not really going to London.

TOMMY
Once we've buried him....

The man's head flops back....

TOMMY (CONT'D)
The holiday begins.

In a foggy side street off Charlotte Street a line of expensive cars are parked with the uniformed drivers smoking, chatting, engaging with prostitutes who wait for customers from the Eden to leave.

Then Tommy, Arthur and John appear, walking down the street between gas lamps like trouble on six legs. They are approaching the hidden Eden club doorway where there are two doormen.

TOMMY

You left your guns in the car,
right?

John and Arthur nod. They present themselves at the door and doormen begin to frisk them. We can hear the thud and pulse of the music from inside. At one point the doorman squeezes Arthur a little hard and he reacts with a snarl. Tommy looks at Arthur to quieten him. The frisking stops.

DOORMAN

Where you boys from?

TOMMY

From out of town.

DOORMAN

Say again?

The doormen want to catch their accents. Tommy smiles and offers a rolled up pound note, making no attempt to hide his accent...

TOMMY

We've come from out of town. We
heard this is the place to get
'Tokyo' and pick up women.

The doormen are unsure but let them pass. As they go, we hear John ask...

JOHN

What the fuck is 'Tokyo'?

After they have entered, one of the doormen ducks inside to follow them...

A whole new world.

We are inside a gigantic central London night club of the type that blossomed in the early twenties. The girls are dressed in shockingly short dresses and have their hair in boyish styles. The men are sharp and dressed to kill.

Caption: 'The Eden Club, Fitzrovia, London.'

The dance floor is alive with Lindy hoppers and the Charleston. In the light of frilly lamps, skinny, pretty girls are openly snorting cocaine which they pour from blue glass bottles.

The jazz band is made up exclusively of black American musicians, pumping out frantic dance jazz. The waiters are rushed off their feet. The booze is flowing like a waterfall. The air is thick with smoke.

37

CONT'D:

37

White girls and black men, white girls and Chinese men,
Chinese girls and black men, black girls and white men.

Everyone is dancing, kissing, sneaking into corners for sex.

38

INT. 'THE EDEN' NIGHT CLUB, LONDON WEST END - NIGHT 2

38

Tommy, John and Arthur enter this dazzling new world and stand on the threshold for a moment. Tommy looks down with a professional eye. Arthur is jumpy as a skittish horse. John looks instantly smitten.

Word of unease has spread from the suspicious doorman and we see it reaching a good looking guy in his thirties behind the bar (MARIO) who we will learn runs the Eden Club on behalf of organized criminals we will meet in time.

Through smoke we see him getting a whispered message as Tommy, John and Arthur take in the place for a moment and then walk down the steps to the dining tables.

Arthur is terrified of the noise coming from the jazz band and clutches Tommy's arm....

ARTHUR

What the bloody hell is that row?

Tommy is heading for an empty table.

TOMMY

It's what they call music these days.

As Tommy makes his way toward the table, we see people recognizing him and the brothers and reacting instantly. Arthur and John are unsure but also appear to be recognizing faces all around. Tommy sits and gestures to a waiter and calls out loudly...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Irish whisky. Bottle.

It is plain (not least to Arthur and John) that they are now getting evil looks from many sources around the room, all of them hard men. Word is going round fast beneath the drum of the jazz.

Tommy appears oblivious (he's not) and his loud order of drinks causes more reaction. Their bottle arrives. John and Arthur look around as Tommy pours...

JOHN

Fuck, half the Titanic are in here.

ARTHUR

That's Darby Sabini's cousins.

(CONT'D)

JOHN

Jesus Tommy, everybody in here is
somebody...

TOMMY

Just the lieutenants. Not the
officers....

In the background we see Mario and a big bouncer pushing through the crowds toward Tommy and Arthur, being given angry messages as they walk. Arthur has understood what is going on before us. Tommy swigs down his whisky and prepares.

Mario and the bouncer arrive at the table...

MARIO

Gentlemen, there has been a
mistake. I am afraid you will have
to leave.

JOHN

We just bought a fucking bottle...

MARIO

Some of the men here say they
recognize you. From the racetracks
in the north.

Tommy drinks his drink in one...

MARIO (CONT'D)

They say you have no business
coming south of the line without
prior agreement...

TOMMY

And what line would that be?

A pause. Mario looks around in fear...

MARIO

They say this is provocation.

TOMMY

Tell them we're on holiday.

Mario hesitates then comes close to Tommy's ear...

MARIO

They say you are breaking the
rules.

A pause. Tommy and Arthur lock eyes, knowing it is all about to kick off. Mario hisses...

MARIO (CONT'D)

They say you are the Peaky
Blinders...

As the words 'Peaky Blinders' are spoken, a full red wine bottle comes spinning toward Tommy's head (in slow motion). He ducks out of the way and there is chaos.

Arthur is on his feet and Tommy and John join him. They have been searched but their caps weren't taken so they are the only men in the place with weapons (as Tommy knew they would be).

Hard men come for Tommy and Arthur with bottles and glasses, but Arthur accesses an incredible strength and power which he has worked up over the past couple of years.

Tommy and John hold their own but Arthur puts on a display of snarling fighting fury which clears a space and scatters the jazz band.

Before the fight can continue, Mario has pulled a gun and fires a single shot. Everyone freezes.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Stop! Step back.

Tommy, John and Arthur are in a clear space beside the dance floor. The mob of hard men are staring murder. There is blood and two men have been cut.

Mario points his gun at Tommy.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Get out.

Tommy snatches the bottle he bought and swigs from it. Then he, John and Arthur walk toward the door as people make way. There is furious silence and gestures of revenge. Tommy stops at the top of the stairs and calls out...

TOMMY

We came down here not to make enemies but to make new friends.

He looks around the room...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Those of you who are last will soon be first. Those who are downtrodden will rise up. You know where to find us.

As Tommy and the boys leave there are looks across the scattered tables...

In a dark alley we see long shadows from a gas light then Tommy, John and Arthur turn a corner. Arthur doubles up and splutters out some blood...

ARTHUR

I've lost another tooth Tommy. I'm going to have none left.

He grabs the bottle of whisky to wash out his mouth...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Some fucking holiday this is.

John hoots with laughter and Tommy finally laughs too. The three brothers lean against a wall under the gas light. Tommy slaps Arthur on the shoulders and he stands to attention.

TOMMY

So. Are you alright without your fucking medicine Arthur?

Arthur grins and nods firmly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

John? You alright? Or should I be asking that question to your wife?

Arthur hoots and grabs John. John laughs...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No more talk of keeping chickens, alright?

John and Arthur laugh and Tommy walks away. He calls back...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I've got fifty quid here.

Tommy walks...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Let's go and paint the town.

Tommy walks away into the gas light. Arthur straightens his hat on his head. John straightens his collar and whoops as the brothers become silhouettes disappearing into the night...

A different silhouette walks under different gas lamps through swirling mist.

We are in front of a line of terraced houses. The figure is a woman in a broad brimmed hat. She approaches a sickly yellow light which burns behind a net curtain. The woman in the broad brimmed hat approaches the front door. We sense this is a place she doesn't want to be seen.

41

INT. TERRACED HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/SEANCE - NIGHT 2

41

The room has been set up for a *Seance*.

There is a round table with hand-written letters spread around it in alphabetical order and there is an upturned glass. In the center of the table a paraffin lamp burns. There are statues and paintings of Christ all around and candles drip.

A woman in her fifties (the MEDIUM) presides. The clients are mostly women in their early thirties (widows of soldiers), all dressed in black, with one man in his fifties in a smart suit and tie among them.

The woman in the broad brimmed hat sits and removes the hat. We see it is Aunt Polly.

She perches half in and half out of the circle, not sure she should have even come here at all.

MEDIUM

Let's begin. Hands on the table.

Everyone places both hands palm down on the table. Aunt Polly watches and follows suit. The medium peers through the lamp light...

MEDIUM (CONT'D)

Tonight we have two new pilgrims joining us. So let us welcome them...

Aunt Polly is unusually nervous as she nods greetings. The medium speaks to the skinny, frail woman sitting next to Aunt Polly....

MEDIUM (CONT'D)

Starting with you. Who is it that you are seeking to reach?

The woman looks around the table...

WOMAN

My husband. He was taken six months ago by the influenza...

A frail woman in black crosses herself...

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I tried to reach him through Mrs Breach in Sparkhill but she kept getting his middle name wrong...

MEDIUM

Don't talk about Mrs Breach in this house. She is an un-sanctified charlatan.

(CONT'D)

She turns to Aunt Polly...

MEDIUM (CONT'D)

And you? Who do you seek?

Aunt Polly gathers her courage.

AUNT POLLY

A daughter. *My* daughter.

MEDIUM

And when did your daughter pass to the other side?

Aunt Polly offers a nervous apologetic look...

AUNT POLLY

The truth is, I'm not sure she's even dead. That's why I came here. To find out.

Silence as people wait for Aunt Polly to get the words...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

You see, my son and my daughter were taken from me when they were very small. Taken by the Parish authorities.

She holds back then continues...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I never knew what happened to them...

A pause.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

But lately...

A pause....

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I have had a feeling. Like a...feeling I can't put into words.

She struggles for the words...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

And there's a dream I keep having. I see a pretty girl about eighteen years old. And she is on the other side of a street and she tells me she has crossed over. My daughter would be eighteen this year. In May. The fifteenth. And this girl has dark eyes like mine and she shouts and shouts.

(MORE)

41

CONT'D:

41

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

She says she wants to speak to me
to say goodbye because I am her
mother.

Aunt Polly fights her emotion and wins...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I don't even know what name they
gave her after they stole her from
me. So I can't find out if the
dream is true.

A pause...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

If she has passed away and she
wants to talk to me...I thought
this would be the place.

The medium studies Aunt Polly. Then she glances at the chain
around her neck. There is a flicker of recognition...

MEDIUM

You're wearing the Black Madonna.
You're Gypsy?

Aunt Polly glances around the room.

AUNT POLLY

The part of me that dreams is
gypsy.

The medium nods and speaks in Romany...

MEDIUM

(I am Gypsy too. May I ask your
name).

Aunt Polly makes a decision. She speaks delicately...

AUNT POLLY

My maiden name is Shelby.

Everyone reacts to the name. Everyone knows the name. The
Medium adjusts. Aunt Polly decides (why not?) to use the
reaction. She glances at the frail widow beside her...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

So perhaps you could do me first.

41A

INT. LONDON, RITZ, RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2

41A

The small restaurant has a dozen customers attended by almost
as many uniformed waiters. We see the Ritz livery around the
room and on a menu which is being placed at a table.

(CONT'D)

Some heads turn as figures appear at the maitre d's table. It's Tommy and the boys. They bundle into the genteel silence with John and Arthur stifling giggles. They have cleaned their cuts as best they can and in the candle light they still look sharp.

TOMMY

Table for three.

MAITRE D'

Do you have a reservation Sir?

The Maitre d' has smelt the whisky on their breath and made a fast assessment.

TOMMY

No we don't. But we are staying in the hotel.

JOHN (SHOCKED, LOUD)

Are we?

ARTHUR

Holy fuck...

The maitre d' reacts but before he can speak...

TOMMY

Also...

Tommy slips the maitre d' a five pound note...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We're very hungry.

The maitre d' slides the five pound back across the open page of the reservation book (we might notice a few Lords and ladies listed)...

MAITRE D'

I'm afraid without a reservation....

Tommy interrupts softly...

TOMMY

Look. You know what we are because it's your job to know. We're not gentlemen. We're racing men.

Before the maitre d' can speak...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, at Newmarket, a horse is going to come in at twenty to one. We know because the race is fixed.

(MORE)

41A

CONT'D:

41A

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now you get us the table, bring us some food and wine and after we've had our brandies I'll write down the name of the horse on the back of the bill.

A curtain billows. The maitre d looks around...

MAITRE D'

How do I know I can trust you?

TOMMY (SOFTLY)

Because we're going to be coming back here. We're going to be coming back here a lot. And we'd like to make this a regular arrangement.

The Maitre d' looks at the five pounds and multiplies it by twenty in his head. And imagines many more to come.

MAITRE D'

By the window or by the fire Sir?

Tommy half smiles then turns to straighten Arthur's tie.

TOMMY

No elbows on the table, ok?

42

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE, DARKENED STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT 2

42

The front door flies open.

The sickly yellow light still burns. Aunt Polly is pulling on her broad brimmed hat as she leaves the seance in a hurry.

She walks a little way then stops and leans on a lamp post. She is sobbing, her face hidden by her dark hat. Her body is wracked with sobs but we don't come close.

We walk with Aunt Polly through the mist and gas light as she makes her way home...

43

INT. PEAKY BLINDERS HEADQUARTERS/BETTING SHOP - EARLY NEXT MORNING 3

43

Aunt Polly is alone, sitting at a typewriter, still wearing the same clothes from last night. She evidently hasn't slept.

Then a key in the door and Esme arrives for work. Aunt Polly begins to hit keys on the typewriter. Esme lays down paperwork.

Esme and Aunt Polly have a strained relationship and they both clatter around for a few moments. We should sense that Esme is pretty fearless but she is afraid of Aunt Polly. Finally...

(CONT'D)

ESME

Have you heard from the boys?

AUNT POLLY

They're on their way back.

Esme gathers courage and wants to build a bridge...

ESME

You're against this the same as me
aren't you.

Aunt Polly speaks as if she didn't even hear...

AUNT POLLY

Look out for anyone laying big
money on Divine Star in the three
thirty at Newmarket. She's one of
ours. Twenty to one. Anything over
a pound tell me.

Aunt Polly rolls a sheet from the typewriter. Esme withdraws
for now and gets busy too. Esme sits down. After a moment of
pointless work...

ESME

Polly?

Aunt Polly sighs but works on...

ESME (CONT'D)

I don't wish to pry into your
business.

Aunt Polly looks up. Esme finds courage again...

ESME (CONT'D)

But you should know something.

A pause.

ESME (CONT'D)

That woman is a trickster.

A pause.

AUNT POLLY

What woman?

ESME

Her sister was in the wash house
early and she was boasting there'd
been a Shelby at the table...

AUNT POLLY

What woman?

ESME

Gypsies talk to each other...

AUNT POLLY (FIRM)

What woman?

Aunt Polly waits. Finally...

ESME

You went to see Mrs Price in the Patch last night.

Esme sees a furious reaction and withdraws...

ESME (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I....

Esme gets to her feet fast. Aunt Polly flies at Esme and grabs her and pushes her against a wall...

AUNT POLLY

What do you know?

Aunt Polly is strung out, sleepless...

ESME

I know they push the glass. The man. He's her cousin. He pushes the glass. It's a trick. They tell you what you already believe.

A silence between them.

ESME (CONT'D)

She set up after the war because of all the widows.

Aunt Polly lets Esme go.

ESME (CONT'D)

Polly, I just thought you should know...

AUNT POLLY (INTERRUPTING)

So in this fucking wash house did they say why I went there?

Esme hesitates. Then she nods gently. Aunt Polly suddenly pulls a stiletto, strides forward and puts it to Esme's face...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

You ever tell a soul in this family I swear I will cut you open.

Esme's face hardens and she provokes the knife by jutting out her chin. Esme is a fighter too...

43

CONT'D:

43

ESME

I don't need a knife to stop me
telling secrets given in
confidence. It is a matter of
honor.

The two women face off, the knife between them. At this
crucial moment there would be war or reconciliation. Aunt
Polly wants neither. She drops the knife and walks...

44

EXT. CANAL SIDE - MORNING 3

44

Aunt Polly stands alone. She lights a cigarette and looks
into the dark water. Her hand shakes as she smokes.

AUNT POLLY

Everybody's pushing the fucking
glass.

Suddenly...

45

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - DAY 3

45

Against a bare wall we see a naked woman.

She is generously proportioned and middle aged. She has a
white sheet fluffed up around her.

We pull wide to reveal an easel and an artist. It is WINSTON
CHURCHILL who is making a rough sketch of the naked woman in
charcoal.

His office is an oak panelled inner sanctum within Whitehall.
A portrait of the King looks down sternly. Churchill sketches
with intensity for a few moments.

The door is knocked and Churchill absent-mindedly calls out
'come'. The door opens and Campbell walks in. He sees the
naked woman and immediately turns his back, blushing wildly.

CAMPBELL

Dear God...

Churchill reacts...

CHURCHILL

Good lord. I assumed it was Betty
with tea.

CAMPBELL (DEEPLY FLUSTERED)

Sir, I'm sorry...

CHURCHILL

Have you never heard of lunch hour?

Campbell is horribly embarrassed, his hat in his hand, his
back turned.

(CONT'D)

CAMPBELL

Forgive me. Your secretary was not
at her desk.

Churchill and the naked lady are now both privately amused...

CHURCHILL

No. Because she takes lunch. Like
normal people. And you can turn
around, the lady is a professional
life-model. She does this for a
living.

Campbell doesn't turn.

CAMPBELL

I'm more than happy to come back
later Sir.

CHURCHILL (DESPAIRING)

No, no, no. Later, I'm in the
house. Just...

He gestures at his amused life model...

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Keep your back turned if you must.

Churchill goes back to his sketch...

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

I would guess you haven't been
exposed to London's Bohemian
society, Major?

CAMPBELL

I...play cards on occasion.

Churchill is more amused...

CHURCHILL

You know I do believe middle class
men like you are behaving far more
decently in these decadent times
than we who are your social
superiors. You are a stranger to
cocaine and exotic dancing too I
imagine.

Campbell is two yards away with his back half turned.

CAMPBELL

I visit the pictures on occasion
Sir.

Churchill and the model swap smiles. Churchill continues to
draw...

CHURCHILL

So what business is so urgent, it trumps lunch?

Campbell is uneasy and half glances at the naked lady...

CAMPBELL

Our man in Birmingham has passed his first test with flying colours.

Churchill is distracted in his drawing...

CHURCHILL

What man?

CAMPBELL

The man we have chosen for...

Churchill waits...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Sir, I am loathe to discuss this confidential business in front of the lady.

Churchill smudges a line...

CHURCHILL

Then just continue to speak in code.

Campbell is horribly uncomfortable. Churchill is Campbell's opposite, erratic and light and fun. Campbell clears his throat...

CAMPBELL

Our man is now on the hook. Our friends in Birmingham are satisfied with the outcome of his first mission...

CHURCHILL (DISTRACTED, MUMBLING)

I am horrible at faces...

CAMPBELL

So we can begin to prepare him for the bigger task in hand...

CHURCHILL (MUMBLING)

Expressions elude me. I think too much.

A puzzled impasse as Campbell half turns. He speaks delicately...

CAMPBELL

Sir? I need your authority to proceed with all urgency in preparing the new man for the...bigger task.

Churchill traces a line.

CHURCHILL

You're talking about your bookmaker.

CAMPBELL (SOFTLY)

Yes Sir.

Churchill is distracted but is no fool.

CHURCHILL

You have a history with this man. Why did you choose him? Love or hate?

CAMPBELL

Not love Sir.

CHURCHILL

Then be careful of hate. It is not a good master.

CAMPBELL

To apply pressure on man for this kind of work you must know his weaknesses. I know this man's weaknesses intimately. And he is very efficient at this kind of work.

Campbell decides to add...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

But vengeance is not my lord, Sir.

It's an odd comment and Churchill stops sketching and peers at Campbell. Campbell sweats a little under his gaze.

CHURCHILL

And after 'mission accomplished' do we trust him to keep his mouth shut?

Campbell looks to his feet.

CAMPBELL

Absolutely not Sir.

A pause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

When he has served his purpose...

45

CONT'D:

45

Campbell half turns to the naked lady...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

...he will be consigned to history
in the same way as his predecessor.

Churchill studies the dark, slightly sinister sketch he has drawn.

CHURCHILL

You mean at the end of a rope.

A pause. Campbell worries about the lady and steps closer to Churchill and whispers...

CAMPBELL

The end of a rope has been this
man's destination since the night
he was born.

46

EXT. WATERY LANE - EVENING 3

46

Tommy walks toward his legal office. We walk with him for a while...

47

EXT. TOMMY'S LEGAL OFFICE - EVENING 3

47

Tommy approaches the fire escape that leads to his office and finds Polly waiting. She has an agenda. They talk as they climb the fire escape.

TOMMY

Newmarket was profitable.

AUNT POLLY (ANGRY)

Arthur told me how you left your
message...

Tommy walks on...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

And when I asked him where his
medicine was, he said you poured it
away.

Tommy continues to climb...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

That's how it works in London isn't
it. Every boss has to have a mad
dog at his side.

Tommy controls his reaction...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Somebody who can't be predicted.
Somebody wrong in the head.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Darby Sabini's got Georgie Sewell.
Alfie Solomons has got some
Portuguese boxer.

A pause.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

But Tommy Shelby. He uses his own
brother.

Tommy fights not to react. Aunt Polly pushes it...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

You pour away his medicine and take
him into their back yard and set
him loose.

Suddenly, and unexpectedly, Tommy turns.

TOMMY

Opium and bromide is all I poured
away.

Aunt Polly confronts Tommy. Tommy yells...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Stop fucking fighting me!

Aunt Polly yells back...

AUNT POLLY

No!

A pause as Tommy gathers himself.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Somebody has to.

Aunt Polly turns and reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a
telegram in a yellow envelope marked 'urgent'. She hands
Tommy the telegram.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

This came an hour ago.

Tommy reads the telegram. The message is spelt out in bold
capitals. It says '*LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER*'.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

There was no name on it.

Tommy looks up.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

But the address is Camden Town.

A pause as they peer at each other.

(CONT'D)

47

CONT'D:

47

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I was going to burn it. I should have.

Tommy puts the telegram in his pocket and unlocks the door to his offices. Aunt Polly stares at him and speaks evenly.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

Well done Tommy. One foot already in the grave.

48

INT. GARRISON PUB, OFFICE - NIGHT 3

48

Lizzie is waiting, preparing herself. The typewriter is on the desk. Tommy enters and Lizzie gets to her feet. Tommy is upbeat on the back of the telegram...

LIZZIE

You're early.

TOMMY

Shut your eyes.

LIZZIE

What?

TOMMY

Shut your eyes, sit down.

He takes her shoulders and guides her into the chair in front of the typewriter.

LIZZIE

What are you doing, Tom?

He puts his hand over her eyes and she closes them.

TOMMY

Alright, type this...

Tommy thinks of something quickly...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

'If winter comes, then can Spring be far behind?'

LIZZIE

Why?

TOMMY

Just do it.

She types with her eyes closed, laughing.

LIZZIE

Did you say 'Spring'?

(CONT'D)

TOMMY

What comes after winter?

She types. He leans in and reads. He is impressed but remarks...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Where's the question mark at the end? It's a question.

She hits the question mark key with a thud and laughs. She opens her eyes but Tommy orders...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Shut your eyes. Take this down.

He strolls to the window and peers out...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

'Wanted. Secretary for an expanding business...

LIZZIE

Slow down...

TOMMY

...must be able to take dictation and touch type. Five days a week...'

Lizzie opens her eyes and stops typing as Tommy rolls on...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...Eight pounds and four shillings a month.

He turns to her from the window.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Must be able to start immediately.

Lizzie reacts. A pause...

LIZZIE

Are you serious?

He strolls away from the window.

TOMMY

Things are starting to happen. I'm going to have to find what I need from among our own.

He goes to the typewriter and casually peers at the page...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I need somebody who will look the other way sometimes.

Lizzie is filled with wonder, astonishment. She slowly gets to her feet. He peers at her...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And I bet you can brush up pretty well.

Lizzie has tears in her eyes and nods...

LIZZIE

I can look like a saint if I want.

Tommy nods.

TOMMY

You can stop the other work.

She nods gently. She reaches for his arm but he takes her hand away and looks at her without expression...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

All of it this time.

Lizzie reacts.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No exceptions.

Lizzie deflates a little, realizing that Tommy is including himself. After a moment he heads for the door.

LIZZIE

What will John say?

TOMMY

John's in love.

He stops in the doorway...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Monday morning, eight fifteen.
Don't be late.

Tommy emerges into the misty street and heads toward his car. He looks like a man making progress, pleased with his work. He approaches his car which is parked in shadows. He has the keys in his hand.

He has a sixth sense and slows. He thinks he hears footsteps. He walks on...

A sinister mood bridges the cut.

50

CONT'D:

50

We see men emerging from a meeting hall on the top floor of a workers college. Among them we recognize some of the communists who attended Freddie Thorpe's funeral. We also see Ada. A comrade calls out to Ada...

COMRADE

Ada? Are you coming for a drink?

ADA

No. The woman upstairs is looking after Karl. She goes mad if I'm late.

Ada sets off down the street spiral stairs in a hurry. We watch her descend from above.

50A

EXT. STREET - NEAR THE GARRISON - NIGHT 3

50A

Tommy arrives at his car. He looks around, sure someone is watching him. He is about to unlock the car door but the door suddenly flies open.

A figure jumps out, pointing a gun. Suddenly alleys spill out men in long dark coats. Tommy reaches for his gun but already there are a dozen hands on him.

It is as if the night has come alive around him. The men are Italians, fast and professional. Tommy is shoved against a wall and the beating begins. His hat and coat are torn from his body and the beating becomes forensic.

Boots break his ribs and fists beat his kidneys. Then there is a polished boot grinding into his face. He is pulled upright.

In the gas light a face comes close to Tommy's face. A deadly handsome Italian man in his late thirties is eye-to-eye with Tommy. He hisses...

ITALIAN

Tommy Shelby.

Tommy is punched in the guts...

51

INT. STAIRWELL, LANDING - NIGHT 3

51

Ada is ahead of everyone and is now alone. She reaches a landing and suddenly two men emerge from the shadows. They are heavy guys with Italian accents. One of them pushes Ada against the wall.

HEAVY 1

Ada Shelby?

She tries to laugh...

(CONT'D)

ADA

No.

He slaps her face.

HEAVY 1

Your brother broke the rules.

ADA (STRUGGLING)

I haven't got a brother.

The heavy holds her tight.

DRIVER

Me and my friend need a bit of female company. Let's go for a drive.

Ada tries to make a break for it but she is held firmly and then bundled toward the exit. We hear her scream as she is muffled and pushed into the street.

The door slams closed.

EXT. STREET - NEAR THE GARRISON - NIGHT 3

Tommy has been beaten some more and the big Italian is in his face again.

We will learn that this man is DARBY SABINI. In this sequence we hardly ever see him clearly. His chief enforcer is a hard looking English man called GEORGIE SEWELL. We see them both through the mist of blood or through the tremors of a punch. We see one eye or the side of his face.

Sabini speaks with a soft London accent...

SABINI

I missed you. I was away at the races.

Tommy is at an angle, spewing blood. He catches a glimpse of Sabini's eyes.

TOMMY

Mr Sabini...

Sabini grabs Tommy's face hard and squeezes his cheeks...

SABINI (INCREDULOUS)

Don't say my name. Jesus...

He turns to Georgie Sewell.

SABINI (CONT'D)

Georgie? Get my name out of his mouth.

51A

CONT'D:

51A

Two of the men holding Tommy squeeze his throat and nose and force his mouth open. Sewell pulls a stiletto and sticks it into Tommy's mouth.

SABINI (CONT'D)

While you're there, do a bit of gold mining. Pay for the petrol.

Tommy is almost choking on blood. Sewell finds a gold tooth and flicks it loose with the tip of the knife. He then sticks his fingers into Tommy's mouth and retrieves it. He hands the bloody tooth to Sabini, who puts it into his pocket.

SABINI (CONT'D)

You see how much I know about you?
I know what's in your fucking mouth.

Sewell jabs Tommy three times hard in the guts and Tommy throws up a little. The men holding him growl with disgust. Sabini wipes vomit into Tommy's eyes using his sleeve.

SABINI (CONT'D)

Look at me. Look at me.

Tommy is barely conscious and takes some more blows...

SABINI (CONT'D)

You take up with the Jews. You think London works like that. You just come down and pick a side. You fucking clown. Now your life is over.

Tommy is half choking, almost unconscious. Sabini forces Tommy's eye open...

SABINI (CONT'D)

My face is the last thing you will see on earth. Your mistake. Remember that when you get to hell. I was happy with peace. You broke the rules...

Sabini steps back and Georgie Sewell is left holding Tommy up by the throat. Sabini gestures...

SABINI (CONT'D)

Finish him.

Sewell pulls a revolver and puts it to Tommy's head. Tommy is just conscious enough to see the barrel. He appears to be at peace. The trigger is cocked.

This appears to be the end of Tommy Shelby.

Then, a gun shot. Sewell's arm is broken at the elbow and the pistol falls from his hand.

(CONT'D)

We cut away to find a uniformed police officer, down on one knee, aiming a sniper rifle. He discharges his spent bullet and fires again.

Sabini and his men turn. They see a half dozen uniformed officers spilling out of a police van. Police whistles blow. The Sabini men race toward a waiting car as Tommy slumps to the floor. As the police sniper gets to his feet, he rises into shot with his plain clothes boss.

We see that the man in charge of the group of officers is Major Campbell.

CAMPBELL (DISMISSIVE)
Go and check the bastard's still
alive.

The police hurry to the body. Sabini and his men are already in their car and the engine fires.

Campbell arrives at Tommy's body as a policeman cradles him on the pavement. Tommy is horribly beaten, blood pumping from many wounds. Campbell looks down on his face. Tommy is unconscious...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Get him to a hospital...

The officers gently lift Tommy between them. Campbell gives one of the officers a business card...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Tell the doctors that saving his
life is a matter of national
security.

Tommy is carried away to the police van. Campbell is left alone to watch him being loaded into the back. As the van roars away Campbell walks toward his car and becomes another shadow under the gas light.

THE END