

GANGS OF LONDON

Episode 1

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1 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF LONDON - DAWN 2

1

LONDON.

In all its glory. Only not.

We travel through low hanging clouds as the glass and chrome beasts of high rise towers carve down from above, the sky resting below.

Gliding through this neo-noir vision of the city that is literally turned *upside down*.

Through thoroughfares, parks and business districts.

Through public housing projects, rich gated communities, apartment blocks.

All manner of life walking the streets.

We come to a stop. The upside down view of the city suddenly makes sense.

Look up. That's our POV...

Along our torso, hanging from the edge of a high rise building.

Rope burning a bruise into our ankle -

Eighteen years old, street thin, face of a hyena, hysterical with fear, hanging off the building, crying incoherent, but it sounds like -

VICTIM

Please! No, no! I swear down man, I know fuck all...

SOMEONE reaches down, brushes a handful of burnt out matches off the victim's charred, cracked bare foot, they scatter past him as they fall...

SOMEONE holds a large pack of matches, shakes it. Sounds full.

Then reveal...

SEAN WALLACE, late 20s, some of the victim's blood flecked on his white shirt, dried tracks of tears staining his face, looks down with a frightening detachment in his eyes.

He gestures with a hand, and a GUARD, till now standing silently in the shadows behind steps forward. He hands Sean a bottle and steps back without a word.

SEAN pops open the can of lighter fuel - drizzling the rope with it, then...

SEAN leans further over the edge to make sure he covers the victim's clothes with the flammable liquid - seems unaware of the 400 foot drop below.

He's on the top of an "in construction" sky rise. Red beacon lights flashing on the corners of the rooftop.

SEAN strikes a match against the roof, it ignites; shelters the flame with his hands, concentrated, determined...

Another incoherent whimper.

VICTIM (CONT'D)

Please -

SEAN looks him in the eye, flame fluttering in the breeze but staying alight, then an odd vulnerability - for a moment he hesitates, the briefest flicker of uncertainty. But within a moment, his eyes harden once again and he steps forward towards the edge. He looks down at the still struggling figure...

SEAN

What else can I do?

Still cradling the match, SEAN slowly lowers his hands towards the rope.

The VICTIM stares up at the match, eyes wide with fear.

VICTIM

Please ... please! I don't wanna-

SEAN drops the match.

The rope starts to burn, flame travels in an instant to the VICTIM's body.

The VICTIM screams in agony, bouncing against the building as his body thrashes in a ball of flames, rope twisting as he hangs suspended.

Until...

The rope finally gives in, snaps -

LONDON -

In all its glory. A city of glass and chrome beasts - shimmering in the early morning sun as the victim falls to earth, a butterfly with burning wings.

GANGS OF LONDON

2 **EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT 1 (ONE WEEK EARLIER)** 2

Oil drum bonfires illuminate the crushed grass and puddles of mud terrain of this travellers campsite as a barbecue party is in full swing.

Music screams from tannoys. Local girls and local lads eye up their chance to dance while parents, uncles and aunts keep drinks and conversations alive.

Dogs sit patiently waiting for scraps.

Elsewhere...

3 **INT. CAMPSITE, CARAVAN - NIGHT 1** 3

Sat alone at a table is DARREN, 17 years old.

Mobile phone resting before him.

The party echoes through in muffled tones but he may as well be a million miles away.

The phone buzzes, twists around the surface of the table.

Haunted look in his eyes as he picks it up, green light of the screen hovering around his trembling thumb as he clicks to read:

From: JOB

Message: Flat 6A, 132 MERTON COMMON, 23:40.

4 **EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT 1** 4

DARREN steps out from the caravan, walks past the party all blind to his presence, all bar one boy -

EOIN, 17 years old also and best friend to DARREN, peels away from the lips of his girlfriend KEELA and rushes over.

EOIN
Darren, Darren!

DARREN slows until EOIN catches up.

EOIN (CONT'D)
Did'ja get it?

DARREN
Aye.

EOIN
Are ye gawn do it?

Approaching a rust bucket of a car, a red Vauxhall Nova; the driver's door is blue. EOIN's older brother PATRICK spots them.

PATRICK

Where tha' fuck'ja think yer going?

EOIN

Ah c'mon Patrick, we're out n' dry back there, won't be long wit' her I promise, just a quick run, refuel like...

PATRICK

Bring us back a flaggan' or two...

EOIN

Sure Patrick, nae problem there.

PATRICK

You're paying.

EOIN

Ah come on...

PATRICK

Do ye's want the car aw naw?

EOIN

Fine.

PATRICK turns back to the party. EOIN and DARREN get into the car.

5 **INT/EXT. PATRICK'S CAR/CAMPSITE - NIGHT 1**

5

EOIN in the driver's seat, DARREN passenger.

EOIN touches two wires together under the dash - brake lights paint the grass red as the engine chugs to life.

The car moves off, stretching away into the distance.

6 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 1**

6

Now far from home, DARREN and EOIN pull up, parking outside a run down tower block.

EOIN kills the engine and the lights.

7 **INT. PATRICK'S CAR - NIGHT 1**

7

Silence, as they scan the neighbourhood - plenty of shadows, enough to remain anonymous.

EOIN reaches into his jacket, pulls out something wrapped in an old handkerchief.

Unravels it to reveal an old pistol.

EOIN
Three bullets gawn be enough ya
think?

DARREN
Gawna hafta be!

DARREN takes the pistol, tucks it in his jacket pocket.

EOIN
Ye sure ya want to do this?

DARREN pauses a moment, hand on the door handle

8 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 1** 8

Door pops open, out steps DARREN lifting his hood over his head.

Looks around, sees no-one. Listens, hears only silence.

Casts a gaze upon the entrance to the tower block. His eyes follow its structure, rising high into the sky.

9 **INT. TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 1** 9

Lift doors open.

DARREN steps out. Walks quietly along a corridor as sounds of televisions and arguments muffle through closed doors.

Stops at his destination: *FLAT 6A*

Looks behind him. A faulty light flickers.

DARREN looks back to 6A, to the glass lamp shade above - an empty socket, no bulb, dead.

Reaches his hand inside, pushes with his fingertips against the glass, sliding out an apartment key.

Tests it in the lock.

Click. Door opens.

Apartment appears deserted.

DARREN disappears behind the door, closing it behind him.

Metal buckles as the GANG MEMBER strains against the crowbar, unable to pop the bonnet.

EOIN

No, wait, now listen lads...

BANG! GANG LEADER's fist again smashes against the window.

RING LEADER

Shut the fuck up, you 'ad your
chance to open up
(to GANG MEMBER)
Fucking pop it already!

Suddenly, they are bathed in light.

RING LEADER's eyes widen as he sees the approaching headlights of a luxury car.

A car that would only come near this place if it belonged to someone with power.

RING LEADER (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Yo bounce! Bounce! Bounce!

GANG MEMBER

Fucking run!

The gang scatter for the shadows leaving EOIN to sit and watch as the pristine car parks up ahead.

A driver, JACK (mid-40s) steps out and opens the back door for his passenger.

A pair of shoes hit the litter strewn pavement, tailored trousers give way to a winter coat followed by a large paper bag clutched tightly in one hand.

EOIN freezes the moment he sees him in full view.

FINN WALLACE (60s), a towering presence, pillar of the criminal community. The boss of bosses.

THE KING TO THE GANGS OF LONDON.

Also known as: DARREN'S target.

He stands for a moment, hesitation as he looks down both ends of the long street. The group of kids disappear around a corner at one end. He turns back to the open window of the car, engine still purring.

FINN

Keep it running, Jack.

EOIN watches through the windscreen as FINN walks on towards the tower block.

EOIN steps on the accelerator, punching it hard.

The car screams forward, ploughing into JACK. He bounces off the bonnet as EOIN slams on the breaks.

JACK rolls to the ground in agony, a crumpled heap.

22

INT. TOWER BLOCK, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FLAT 6A - NIGHT 1

22

DARREN steps out, his stomach flips as he sees for the first time, the face of the man he has killed.

DARREN

Oh Jesus. Fuck. No.

Paces around, wipes the door handle to the flat the best he can, trembles as he puts the gun back in his jacket.

Spots the envelope in FINN's hand, a tear in the paper revealing a bundle of cash.

Sounds echo from the corridor. A baby begins crying in one of the apartments. A dog barks.

Grabs at the envelope, tears open - money spills onto FINN's body.

As he reaches for the cash, a hand grips tight to his wrist. FINN.

Startled. How the fuck isn't he dead?

Pulls Darren close. Inches from the mass of torn flesh and blood. Horror show.

Darren squirms as he fires another shot. Blam!

Takes off a chunk of the big man's skull, ricocheting fragments of the bullet scam at the concrete floor.

Almost definitely dead. Peels back the fingers of his grip. Pulls free the brown paper back with one hand, while grabbing desperately at the loose notes fluttering on the dead man's chest.

He pauses a moment, frowns as he registers the foreign currency in his hands. The Queen's face is there, but it all looks off - Belize Dollars, hundreds.

Regardless, it's money. Takes it all and dumps it in the bag with the rest of it, rushes to the stairwell.

23

INT. TOWER BLOCK, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 1

23

We race, gliding down floor after floor following DARREN's feet as they clap against the hard concrete steps.

An old Georgian house - during the property boom of the 90's Finn bought out their next door neighbours and tore down the walls.

Boardrooms and all manner of business to the left. Family gatherings and domestic 'bliss' to the right.

On any other day it might feel warm and loving -

A voice calls out from another room off screen.

MARIAN (O.S.)

Use your old room upstairs, love -
mind the boxes.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)

Thanks.

DANNY runs into frame, bolts straight up the stairs.

SHANNON

(harsh under her breath)
Don't run!

SHANNON and ALEXANDER follow, house creaking with every step.

A line of photographs adorn the corridor wall.

Finn Wallace. Better days. Before those bullets broke him.

A history of business deals, community out-reach work, foundations, then more personal memories - holidays with friends. With Ed his business partner - at a beach - then holding both of their screaming, giggling boys high above swimming pool water - one a young Alexander.

And then resting on a candidly staged family photo. Wallace blood only - Finn and Marian smile over their three kids. They beam back - none more than Finn's boy...

28

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY 2

28

SEAN stands under a shower, calmly washes dirt and blood from underneath his finger nails.

A figure enters the room. MARIAN (late 50s), picks up Sean's dirty blood-flecked clothes from the floor. She feels something in a pocket, finds the box of matches; there's no judgement to her as she calmly puts the matches away in a drawer...

SEAN looks through a gap in the shower curtain. He sees the drawer close, then the eyes of his mother in the mirror, looking right back at him.

A brief acknowledgment as they hold eye contact - before she walks out the door, and SEAN continues to shower.

29

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 2

29

We're in what appears to be a spare bedroom, but one that feels like it's seen more use than most. It has a life and character to it.

Two spare single beds, room split in half with posters and decorations - boys side / girls side.

ALEXANDER and SHANNON shared this room once.

But now, ALEXANDER lifts the collar of DANNY's shirt, feeds a black tie around it.

DANNY is busy trying to play with a walkie talkie - batteries died long ago. Alexander struggles to keep him still.

ALEXANDER

Come on bud, help me out here.

Takes the walkie talkie from him, tosses it onto the bed.

DANNY starts toying with ALEXANDER's tie with clumsy fingers.

DANNY

Uncle Alex, when was the last time you and mummy stayed here?

SHANNON, DANNY's mother, stands in the mirror putting understated but expensive earrings in. She smiles as she watches ALEXANDER playing uncle.

SHANNON

Long time ago, Danny. When he was your age.

DANNY

Aunt Marian says it's my room now.

ALEXANDER

Maybe so, but they're my toys. Don't you go breaking 'em.

ALEXANDER finishes tying the knot, pulls down the corners of DANNY's collar.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Righty-o. All done.

DANNY

(mimicking his Uncle)
All done.

ALEXANDER, looks down to see his own tie hanging forlornly around his neck, front side hanging comically short. He smiles and ruffles DANNY's hair.

SHANNON swings a jacket around the young boy's shoulders, buttons it up, checks him over.

SHANNON

Okay, you're all set. Go find grandad.

Danny runs out shouting "Grandad!".

SHANNON looks out the window: cars are pulling up - GANG LEADERS are arriving with body guards and drivers - they all look like wealthy business people - not criminals.

She watches Turkish heroin dealer LALE (40s); every inch the successful entrepreneur.

CLICK-CLACK!

SHANNON turns, startled by the sound of a gun being cocked back in ALEXANDER's hands. He checks the chamber before slipping it into a discrete holster. Shannon can only look on, concern etched on her face - it's not the sight of the gun. The shock is for who is holding it.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Jesus Alex!

The silence holds for a moment.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Is this who you are, now?

Alexander smiles. But there's little humour there.

ALEXANDER

For today at least - until we know who and why...

ALEXANDER looks out the window - NASIR (20s, British Pakistani) takes a phone out of his immaculate suit and hands it to his bodyguard as he walks to the house.

30

INT/EXT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 2

30

The GANG LEADERS waiting in the entrance hall to be patted down are not used to being kept in line, or searched.

WONG (60s, Old School Triad) hands his phone to MARK, head of Wallace security, and stretches his arms out.

WONG looks over his shoulder to LALE, as she receives the same pat down from a female security guard through clenched teeth.

WONG

(smiles)

What do they think we'll do? He's
already dead.

Her gaze hardens as NASIR passes them ahead and is waved
straight through.

LALE

(to Mark)

And him?

MARK pretends he doesn't hear, eyes rooted to the floor as he
continues to pat Wong down.

NASIR savours Lale's anger as he sails on through.

31

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, STAIRS - DAY 2

31

DANNY runs down the stairs, boundless energy, eyes focused on
each step.

Thud! As he reaches the bottom, he rebounds off a huge frame.

DANNY looks up, passing figures tower over him, a forest of
unfamiliar faces.

Languages he has never heard intermingle as hushed
conversations go on around him.

He peers into the main living room that everyone is
entering... gets a glimpse of the side of a coffin, too
small to see inside, too afraid to get close enough.

In amongst the sea of languages:

ED

When you've paid your respects,
please make your way to the board
room.

DANNY, fascinated turns to see the businessmen filing into a
room, some already seated at a long table.

A large hand gently lands on his shoulder, he looks up at ED.

DANNY

Who are they, Grandad?

ED

Just friends of the family, Danny.

ED looks across and sees MARIAN standing at the rear of the
entrance hall, still carrying Sean's dirty clothes. Her face
is tense, expression set firm, as she watches the guests
filing through.

ED

Marian, the boy's about to bury his father -

MARIAN

He needs to be strong, Ed. They need to see that what should have broken us down and made us weak gave *him* strength.

ED

No one's doubting him, Marian. But just for today, let the boy grieve his father. Alex and I will take care of everything - we'll reassure them that we have things under control.

ED steps forwards, puts his arms around her.

ED (CONT'D)

Finn always said Sean and Alexander would one day front the organisation side-by-side. He saw it before any of us.

MARIAN

But he never had the chance to tell them, let alone prepare them for it.

ED

Trust me, Marian, All I want is for his legacy to continue - through our boys.

He takes one of her hands in his.

ED (CONT'D)

Together.

MARIAN takes comfort in an old friend.

ED (CONT'D)

Finn was a good man

MARIAN smiles.

MARIAN

More often than not.

Suddenly, music (*Cream - We're Going Wrong*) can be heard coming from somewhere in the house - FACES turn - look towards the inappropriate sound.

34 **INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 2** 34

SEAN, reaching the bottom of the stairs hears the muffled sound of music; a quiet smile of recognition.

35 **INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY 2** 35

A needle dances along the grooves of the revolving vinyl.

BILLY WALLACE (31), gaunt, his suit slightly too large - heroin has taken its toll - looks up as SEAN walks in - a smile of recognition between the two brothers - 'Dad's music'.

SEAN walks over to the HiFi, picks up the record cover next to it: Cream - Disraeli Gears. Looks at the garish red and green sleeve defaced with white poster paint - written across it -

"To Dad,"

A crudely drawn stick man with a tie holds the hand of a smaller stick boy with a football by his foot.

"Love, Sean"

SEAN
I thought he'd be pleased -

BILLY
He wasn't -

SEAN turns up the volume; now it's a wall of sound.

BILLY smiles at SEAN's defiant gesture.

36 **INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 2** 36

The last of the GANG LEADERS are moving into the boardroom, confused looks as the blaring music drifts out.

Further down, ED rushes towards the office.

ALEXANDER, already making a bee-line for the room, cuts him off.

ALEXANDER
Dad. Let me.

37 **INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY 2** 37

ALEXANDER walks in - looks at the two brothers for a moment.

Gestures at the record player.

SEAN knows he's been sent to turn the music off - but he doesn't immediately move, still looking at the sleeve.

BILLY
Alright Al?

ALEXANDER looks to BILLY in his ill-fitting suit and smiles.

ALEXANDER
Looking good, Billy.
(to Sean)
C'mon Sean, mate.

SEAN looks up from his thoughts, lifts the stylus off the record.

SEAN
One of those fuckers killed my dad.

ALEXANDER
I know.

SEAN
I can't go in there pretending things are ok Al, can't shake the hand of the person that killed him.

ALEXANDER
I can.

Sean's taken back by this.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
And when we know who it is, we'll destroy them. I want the same as you. Honest to god I do. But we have to do this the right way, Sean.
(softer, treading carefully)
Not like last night.
(not giving Sean chance to react)
If we don't go in there and convince them that this business can function as normal, forget finding his killer we'll have a war on our hands.

SEAN
Maybe. Let's see.

Alexander doesn't know how to respond.

The room silent now for a moment.

ED (O.S.)
It's time, Alex.

The three boys look to the door.

Behind ALEXANDER, ED stands, watching. His subdued temper suggests he's been there a while.

ALEXANDER

You have my word, Sean. Me and dad won't fail him. And we won't fail you either.

SEAN nods. Understands.

As ALEXANDER leaves the room, ED makes eye contact with SEAN - any remaining anger he held fading as he sees the grieving boy before him.

A look of genuine sympathy and love, before he turns to leave.

SEAN looks at the closing door, still holding the sleeve.

38

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, BOARDROOM - DAY 2

38

TWENTY GANG LEADERS - a counsel of wealth, corruption, and violence - sit around the table, all listening to ED's commanding confident voice -

ED

Please excuse Sean's absence from the table, I'm sure you understand he is - grieving more than most.

Awkward looks between their guests - no shit.

ED (CONT'D)

I just want to thank you all for your patience over the last two weeks.

WONG

Patience isn't infinite, Ed

ED

We appreciate it has been a difficult time for all of you. As it has been for us.

WONG

Some of us still have cargo ships anchored out at sea. I take it we can expect something in return for the losses we have incurred? Yes?

ED

No.

LALE

Wong you have a box of silicon pussies doing laps of the Indian Ocean - I have 80 kilos of product sitting in the docks.

(to Ed)

With respect I just want to know where we stand.

ED

Of course, which is partly why we are gathered here today.

Firstly, I -

(gestures to Alexander)

- we, hope you can all understand, why we did what we did. After the sudden, and brutal murder of Mr. Wallace - we had to close all operations. To protect all of us. But as of today this... grace period is over. After the funeral, business will resume as normal.

ALEXANDER steps in, building on the growing reassurance in the room

ALEXANDER

Over the last week we've been putting into place a system for transition. By dawn we will have the docks back open and fully operational-

WONG

That's good, but it's no good to us unless we can continue to clean our profits.

LALE

Agreed. What about our money? We can't afford more downtime. Where do we stand now with Mr Wallace gone?

ALEXANDER

Each and every one of your deals - every detail that Finn carried in his head - I have in mine. Only I know how to take what that great man started, and make it better. For all of us.

The atmosphere of the room starts to ease.

Once concerned faces settling as he continues to speak with a calm and confident power.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I'll be personally liaising with our financial partners at BNT to get all laundering facilities stable, and functioning as always. I'll make myself available to speak to each of you individually to improve operations across the board. Trust me, once our investors are satisfied, it will be business as usual, and then we all prosper.

ED watches, as the potential of his son starts to come to fruition.

39

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, CORRIDOR - DAY 2

39

DANNY moves cautiously into the deserted main room...

He stops as he sees the coffin - curiosity nudging his footsteps ever nearer.

Dares himself, moves towards it - fear increasing as he reaches out and gently lifts the lid of the coffin.

SEAN (O.S.)

Nothing to be afraid of, Danny...

SEAN walks past him, stands over the coffin. Gestures at DANNY to join him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Come here.

DANNY walks over slowly, afraid.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Come on. Come to your Uncle Sean.

As he nears, SEAN opens the coffin. Danny's eyes widen as Sean gently picks him up and holds him above the open coffin, over the corpse of FINN WALLACE.

SEAN (CONT'D)

See that man there...

DANNY sees FINN, his broken, reconfigured face - put back together the best it could be - instantly turns to hide himself in SEAN's shoulder, he stops him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's okay Danny, you don't need to be afraid. Be strong, don't look away.

DANNY makes eye contact with MARIAN as she walks past, still working the belt in her hand.

She sees how uncomfortable and afraid he is, but continues into the hallway leaving him to dig deep, to find the courage alone.

SEAN (CONT'D)

That man there, he loved you. Loved you like you were his own.

DANNY

He looks... empty...

SEAN

(gestures at the board room)

All those people in there - they'd be nothing if it wasn't for this man. They loved him.

DANNY

But-

DANNY's not sure whether to say it. SEAN gives him a reassuring look.

DANNY (CONT'D)

If they loved him, why did they kill him?

SEAN looks at DANNY with shock. How does he know that?

The scar where his face has been put back together.

A reminder of the crime. Of the violent rage that took him.

It sparks something in Sean. An impulse.

Puts DANNY down and starts walking. Faster. Feet hitting the floor like fists pounding flesh.

Meets MARIAN in the hallway. But she does not intervene.

Keeps the path clear for him to head to...

40

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, BOARDROOM - DAY 2

40

ED

...we'd like to thank you all for...

Door bursts open and SEAN walks in.

ED looks on cautiously, wasn't expecting Sean, no one was. Alex, unseen by the room, winces. He knows where this is going.

In the moment of stunned silence, NASIR spots an opportunity, stands up fast, offers his hand -

NASIR

Sean, I know I speak for everyone here when I say how deeply sorry we are for your loss.

SEAN briefly shakes NASIR's hand, doesn't make eye contact with anyone, sits at the opposite end of the table from ED. ED, still rattled, resumes his role as chairman -

ED

As I was saying Alex and I...
(regathers)
Alex and I would like to thank you all for coming. Today we mourn the loss of a great man, but tomorrow we shall honour his memory.

ALEXANDER watches SEAN uneasily, as he stares calmly into the table.

ED (CONT'D)

I assure you that it will be business as usual from now on.

SEAN

No. The tap stays off.

Shocked silence as the news settles in the room. ED sits in stunned disbelief at being contradicted.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Nothing gets brought in. Nothing gets shipped out. No dirty money is washed. No one sells a fucking gram on those streets -

Protesting VOICES - SEAN ignores them, reaches into his pocket, places something on the table.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's what my father would have done.

He lifts his hand up to reveal a spent bullet on the table. Now they're all looking at the bullet. ALEXANDER and ED glance at each other - this can't happen -

SEAN (CONT'D)

Everything stops until I find out who killed him.

MARIAN stands at the door to Finns office - listening to the muffled shouts of protest emanating from the boardroom.

The screwdriver pops through the belt in her hands, making a new hole.

She looks back into the office, and hands the belt to BILLY in the office - he takes it, and threads it through his trousers as MARIAN looks back to the closed boardroom door. She listens intently; but now it's quiet...

42

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, BOARDROOM - DAY 2

42

SEAN sits calmly. LALE tries to reason with him:

LALE

Sean, think about it. When business stops, people stop talking.

She's got everyone willing SEAN to see sense.

LALE (CONT'D)

Keep the gates open, the sooner my dealers will hear something -

SEAN

- and the sooner you start making money and forget my Father was killed. No. The only business that's going to get done - will be finding out who pulled the trigger.

GANG LEADER 1

With respect. You seem intent on punishing us. Your business partners.

SEAN

My customers.

GANG LEADER 1 chooses to ignore the cheap insult. Others around the table less so...

GANG LEADER 2

But we all know, your father was killed in an Albanian tower block, on Albanian turf - forgive me, but I look around and I don't see the great white Albanian chief - just an empty chair.

A lot of agreement on that -

ED

Luan is cooperating -

GANG LEADER 2 scoffs. Ed ignores it.

ED (CONT'D)

...the Albanians are trying to find
out as much as they can -

WONG's plea to ED - to the whole room.

WONG

(meaning Sean)

Who is in charge here, Ed?

But before Ed can answer -

ALEXANDER

Sean is. And he's made himself
clear.

Sean looks across to Alexander. Deep in his eyes, there's a
reluctance to his solidarity.

But he still acknowledges the sentiment. Faintest of smiles.

He's always had his back. Empowers him.

SEAN

If you want access to our business,
you'll hunt down my father's
killer.

SEAN stands, picks up the bullet.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure he's not that far away.

SEAN walks out. As he goes, he glances to Alex and gives a
small grateful nod. Alex returns the nod, while Ed stands to
head off the protest -

ED

OK, everyone - give me time, the
boy is clearly emotional, he's
about to bury his father. Please,
we will sort this out -

But the GANG LEADERS are standing up, walking out.

ALEXANDER remains calm, confident. Leader-like.

ALEXANDER

We'll see you at the church.

ED leads the group out, angry mutters drift away. Alex is
left in the room to consider. He notices one figure who has
remained sitting.

NASIR

You *know* this won't work for us,
Al.

ED watches from the open door.

ALEXANDER

Nasir, please tell your father -
this won't affect our arrangement,
We'll make sure of it.

NASIR, reassured, nods before he leaves.

Meanwhile, outside the house LALE observes at a distance, controlling her anger, for now. She speaks to HAKAN (40s), her chief lieutenant, in Kurdish.

LALE

Divert the boat. Send it somewhere,
anywhere else -

As NASIR leaves, ED looks towards Finn's office. Through the doorway Sean stands behind his father's chair, finger tips digging deep into the material.

Ed again looks towards the office. Sean takes a breath, and lets go of his grip on the chair and walks out of sight.

Leather creaks as it slowly returns to its original shape.

43

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 2

43

Sludge water drips from the mouth of a stained green drainpipe.

A hand enters frame, plunges into the open drain below.

Hand to wrist, wrist to elbow, past the rolled up sleeves of his white shirt.

Meet ELLIOT FINCH (30s) grimacing as his arm is swallowed all the way inside the drain.

Eyes dart as he searches blindly. Determined, desperate...

Reaches so far, his lips brush the edge of the drain.

Finds what he was looking for. Pulls out a bundle of cash wrapped in cling film, dirty water dripping from it as he shakes it dry.

He looks around at the dismal deserted alleyway, city sounds all around, wet dirty money in his hand; this is not how life was supposed to pan out...

He peels open the cling film, counts a few notes off for himself, thinks it through, 'fuck 'em'; he skims more cash from the bundle, pockets 'his take', wraps the cash back in the cling film.

He grabs at his dark suit jacket that hangs from a nearby wheelie bin, slings it on; pulls out a black tie; knots it as he walks to the end of the alleyway...

44 **EXT. CHURCH STREETS - DAY 2**

44

...out onto a street cordoned off by police.

Esteemed guests gather around the steps of a church.

ELLIOT looks around him, spotting faces of territorial bosses - as he brushes shoulders with these people.

Ashamedly tries to conceal the stain on his sleeve.

A wave of languages and culture pass by. We hear them left and right. Front and back.

Slows as he spots the funeral procession approaching.

45 **EXT. CHURCH STREETS - DAY 2**

45

A hearse carries the coffin at a slow walking pace. Wreathes decorated with floral tributes: 'FATHER', 'FINN'. Petals flutter in the wind

A few steps behind, the mourners follow:

The Wallace family in a show of unity: MARIAN walks arm in arm with SEAN and BILLY. She glances back at her other child, walking a few steps behind.

JOSEPHINE ROBINSON (mid-30s) dark sunglasses partially obscuring the tracks of her black, mascara-bleeding tears. She's heavily pregnant, and holding the arm of her husband, JAMES. She looks back at her mother with blank indifference.

ALEXANDER and ED follow, breaking the line of immediate family. Their years of service have earned their place.

The end of the line is held by SHANNON. She holds DANNY'S hand, he's doing his best to walk respectfully but he can't help being fascinated by the spectacle.

And walking along the pavement, unnoticed, blending in with the few passers by, keeping pace with procession, is ELLIOT...

As the wind picks up SHANNON clutches at her hat, bowing her head.

A wreath spelling out "FINN" topples from the carriage and hits the road with a muffled thud.

ELLIOT moves fast - reaches the fallen tribute before SEAN'S feet grow near.

As he carefully lifts the wreath and secures it back in place. Shannon watches, taken by the gesture.

Suddenly, ELLIOT's attention drawn to another set of eyes on him.

MARK's. Only they are far less warm. Far more angry in fact. A look of what the fuck are you doing aimed right at Elliot.

Stolen thunder.

ELLIOT backs away. Disappearing away from the procession.

Reminded of his place in all this.

46

EXT. CHURCH - DAY 2

46

As the procession arrives, SEAN looks up the steps and into the empty church beyond.

This is it. The place that he must say goodbye to his father.

SEAN stops. The procession slows.

Looks back - Mother, brother, sister, friends, enemies - everyone is waiting for him to enter. He remains, paralysed for a moment.

ALEXANDER walks up, puts an arm on SEAN's shoulder.

SEAN

(quietly spoken)

You think I did the wrong thing?

ALEXANDER doesn't want to get into that here -

ALEXANDER

It's not important right now, mate.
What's important is we're united.

SEAN

I love you Alex, but it has to be
my way on this. It matters.

ALEXANDER

Then we'll make it our way.

SEAN takes a deep breath and nods. ALEXANDER smiles and hugs him, a genuine hug between 'brothers' united in grief.

Alex glances back down the steps at the faces now beginning to notice Sean's moment of indecisiveness.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Go inside, your family needs you.
I'll take care of out here.

SEAN nods takes his mother's arm. With BILLY on the other side, the family follow Finn's coffin as its carried into the church...

ALEXANDER joins ED and MARK who stand by the church doors. He looks out at GANG LEADERS arriving, police photographers with long lenses taking pictures of the mourners. His concern grows as he sees the bodyguards and entourages in tow.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

They've brought their dogs with them...

ED

This is what happens when you create uncertainty: people get nervous.

ALEXANDER

(to Mark)

Get their people off the streets - That's what the pub's for - I want them all inside. Now.

MARK moves away to deal with the situation.

Meanwhile, LALE walks to the church, her chief lieutenant, HAKAN, moves through the mourners: he has information for her: They speak Kurdish; subtitled -

HAKAN

We couldn't reach them in time. Our entire cargo is sitting at their docks. It's a complete shut down. Can't get anything out.

LALE

Then buy me someone who can.

HAKAN

They're all on Wallace payroll.

LALE

All we have is in that dock. We can't wait a day longer just because a "dead man's son" has said 'no'. He has known one death. One. He's a child.

HAKAN

Leave it with me.

LALE nods at HAKAN, grateful as he heads back to the street.

She pulls a black veil over her face.

LALE

Grief is expensive.

In the midst of all this ELLIOT watches as MARK, under pressure, shepherds the entourages in the direction of the pub.

As Elliot follows, he passes and notices, with some surprise, the instantly recognisable figure stepping out of a taxi...

JEEVAN KANATHIGODA, late 30s, Sri Lankan British; political advisor / trendy tech-millionaire; all smiles and charm, poster boy for his community - if ever there was a man who got into power to serve the people - this isn't him.

As he closes the door to the black cab and heads towards a side entrance to the church, we pick out NISHA (30s, British Indian) and her fluid movement through the crowd; we don't explain her here, you won't see her for a while...

47

INT. CHURCH - DAY 2

47

ED is waiting at the door as JEEVAN enters. They walk together towards the front of the church.

ED

Good of you to come -

Jeevan's voice lowers as he continues his step.

JEEVAN

Of course. They send their condolences.

They reach the empty pew, reserved for VIP's.

Meanwhile, off screen.

JOSEPHINE

No, mum.

Ed turns gives a cursory glance.

Sees MARIAN reaching for Josephine's stomach.

Sees her recoil. Unlike any daughter to a mother should.

Sees Sean watching him and Jeevan, Ed smiles reassuringly to Sean - then returns to his conversation. A conversation we aren't privy to.

Sean isn't privy to it either, but distracted, turns his attention to - MARIAN as she walks past him at some pace, emotionally hurt by the rejection.

SEAN

Mum.

No answer. Head down. She exits to the lobby for the toilets...

SEAN (CONT'D)
(to Billy)
They gonna be okay?

BILLY
Dad's dead. They're in the same
room. What do you think?

SEAN walks up to JOSEPHINE - looks as his mother is consoled
by ED in the front row.

SEAN
Come on Jo, just come to the
front...

JOSEPHINE
Don't start, Sean.

SEAN glances at JAMES.

JAMES looks ahead, terrified of being pulled into this.

SEAN
Jo, for the both of us, please.
It'll be ok. I'll sit between you.
(smiles)
If we can get one good thing out of
today -

JOSEPHINE looks at SEAN. Then at BILLY standing awkwardly
behind him. It's the same old story every time.

She relents, stands up. SEAN takes one hand, BILLY takes the
other.

JAMES watches as his wife walks away to the front of the
church between her two brothers.

48

INT. PUB - DAY 2

48

A dart thuds into a board, followed by two more. WONG's men
play darts as ELLIOT enters the pub and walks behind them.

Foot soldiers and sub-bosses belonging to the gang leaders
now fill the pub - another huge wonderful criminal
multicultural mix.

Enemies sit under one roof, coexisting on neutral ground, for
now...

ELLIOT crosses the room towards JIM, (70's) dour faced,
lifelessly plugging coins into a fruit machine.

JIM
United Nations in here today -

ELLIOT puts the cling-film cash on the machine. JIM grabs it - quickly pockets it - then notices that ELLIOT is dressed in a suit and black tie. Takes in the soiled shirt cuff -

JIM (CONT'D)

Fuck me! What were you hoping? That they'd ask you to carry the coffin?

JIM laughs.

ELLIOT

Fuck off, Jim. There's a lot of people out there - crowd control and that...

JIM

Yeah well they're all in here now. So stay put. It's a funeral, not a job interview.

(another glance)

Suit and tie can't hide a washed up squaddie. No matter how hard you try. You're stuck with me.

Click. Nudge. Nudge. The fruit machine comes to life as JIM wins "reasonably" big.

A percussion of pound coins spitting out.

JIM (CONT'D)

Things are looking up.

ELLIOT

They're about to bury your boss.

JIM

Twenty years of service and I never even met the man.

An outburst of Cantonese as WONG's foot soldiers protest as the Serbs walk in front of the darts board.

JIM (CONT'D)

The money you just skimmed from me: buy us both a drink with it, then put the rest back.

ELLIOT looks out of the window - he can see the church down the street.

ALEXANDER watches the last of the mourners arriving, then heads further down the street towards GORDON PETERS (50s) schlub of a detective, standing against an unmarked police car.

ALEXANDER

Detective.

GORDON stealthily slides a slip of paper into ALEXANDER's hand.

GORDON

You're going to want to see that.
[You've] got about an hour until
the footage is transferred over to
the murder investigation team.

ALEXANDER's attention is taken by three black Range Rovers drawing up outside the church -

GORDON (CONT'D)

Make sure your dad knows that came
from me -

But ALEXANDER is focused on the Albanian gang members disembarking - in particular as LUAN (40s), a handsome Albanian gang leader, steps out.

This could be very big trouble.

MARK directs the Albanian entourage to the pub, amongst them is BESMIR (30s), balding, bad skin; a real mongrel of a man.

ALEXANDER watches as LUAN, flanked by TARIQ, his lieutenant, walk towards the doors of the church -

50

INT. CHURCH, LOBBY - DAY 2

50

ED welcomes the last of the guests into the church - polite greetings and handshakes.

Surprise as LUAN and TARIQ step inside...

ED

Luan - is this wise?

LUAN approaches, something deep concerns him.

LUAN

(hushed)

Ed. I must say, I was... surprised
not to be invited to such an
important meeting of minds this
morning.

ED

We didn't invite you to the church
either, but here you are.

LUAN

Am I really that unwanted?

ED's hard face suggests that he's not wanted at all.

LUAN (CONT'D)

I'm here to pay my respects, the same as everyone.

51 **INT. CHURCH - DAY 2**

51

As SEAN takes his seat, he takes one last glance towards the entrance to the church, and sees:

ED talking to none other than *LUAN*.

52 **INT. CHURCH, LOBBY - DAY 2**

52

LUAN

I need to know our agreement will still be honoured.

ED's expression suddenly goes flat. Poker face on.

ED

Your agreement died with Finn.

LUAN

Ed, I've honoured my side of the arrangement -

ED's eyes flash for an instant.

ED

There's nothing honourable about what you did.

LUAN

What I did, for him.

ED

Now's not the time.

LUAN

When is?

ED

Not now.

LUAN turns and sees what ED saw - SEAN approaching.

LUAN smiles predatory at ED.

SEAN

[What the] fuck is he doing here?

LUAN

Sean, we've never been properly introduced, Luan Dushaj -

LUAN holds out his hand. SEAN is too angry to reply. LUAN is quick to go on -

LUAN (CONT'D)

At moments like these, I know that fingers are quick to point-

SEAN

Yeah, and they're only pointing in one direction

LUAN

I can assure you, we had no hand in his death. But we *will* find answers

ED puts a hand on SEAN's shoulder.

SEAN

Look forward to it. Now take a seat and pay your fucking respects.

SEAN turns and leaves.

LUAN

(to Ed)

It's a trying time, I'm sure.

LUAN nods, excusing himself.

FACES watch as...

LUAN and TARIQ walk along the aisles. As he watches SEAN take his seat, LUAN speaks quietly to TARIQ in Albanian.

LUAN (CONT'D)

A boy like him would burn cities just to convince the world he's a man.

LUAN and TARIQ find a place to sit. There's a lot of people looking at them.

Which is mirrored by...

53

INT. PUB - DAY 2

53

The multi-ethnic mix of foot soldiers turn and look as the Albanians walk in.

JIM still focused on the gaming machine sees their reflection as they walk past and over to the bar.

JIM

Fucking nerve on them. Coming here. You know I offered to send a couple of boys over there. Make it right.

ELLIOT
That's kind of you.

JIM
(backtracking)
Well I say I offered. I thought
about it.

ELLIOT
It's the thought that counts, Jim.

ELLIOT walks to the bar.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Alright Bes?

BESMIR
Are we good?

ELLIOT
Ish.

BESMIR
I have nothing to hide.

ELLIOT
Regardless. You lot shouldn't
really be here.

BESMIR
Is that so?

A huge GOON of an Albanian steps up to the bar, stands
between BESMIR and ELLIOT.

Towers over ELLIOT. Looks up at him.

ELLIOT
Take a step. You're blocking the
sun.

BESMIR smiles, his soft warning.

BESMIR
Elliot, seriously? He hasn't had
breakfast yet.

ELLIOT
So why'd you kill Finn?

The GOON swipes a glass off the bar. ELLIOT doesn't flinch.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
That's not mine.

BESMIR looks around, senses the rising tension, and speaks
rapidly in Albanian to the GOON to stop him.

BESMIR
(to Elliot)
Are you for real?

ELLIOT doesn't back down - something is stirring in him.

BESMIR (CONT'D)
(to Jim)
Jim, you gonna let this prick bark
at me?

JIM whistles at ELLIOT.

Beyond patronising. Borderline humiliating.

ELLIOT
'the fuck, Jim?

JIM
We're keeping the peace here,
Elliot. No matter the cunt. Heel.

The shame of it. That tired old man. His "boss".

ELLIOT walks towards JIM - burning with humiliation. Everyone watching him - a few smile at the whipped dog.

Stops. Looks at the door to the pub, sees through the green tinted panel glass a view of the church in the distance.

A building, filled with opportunity.

A decision.

ELLIOT
(nonchalant)
To Finn Wallace!

ELLIOT downs the rest of his pint, throws the glass so it explodes near the head of the ALBANIAN GOON.

Gangs erupt and cheer, laughing. The ALBANIAN GOON turns startled but unharmed. JIM turns around, 'what just happened'?

But ELLIOT is out the door -

54

EXT. PUB - DAY 2

54

ELLIOT moves away from the pub - checks to make sure no one is coming after him - no one is...

There's a rage and anguish to him now, this is about more than just missing a job opportunity: he's defeated, desperate, lost...

The streets are almost empty now, feels like a ghost town.

ELLIOT stands indecisive - no hope, and no plan...

55

INT. CHURCH - DAY 2

55

ED

No Blacks. No Irish.

ED speaks calmly and powerfully into a small microphone on the lectern.

ED (CONT'D)

So Finn and me hit the jackpot.

The congregation of mourners smile, listening to Ed's eulogy.

MARIAN looks past SEAN at JOSEPHINE who looks ahead, ignoring her mother.

ED (CONT'D)

Finn came over, a 12 year old immigrant, all alone. We met in London, young teenagers; every one of those doors closed to us. I got angry. Finn got busy. He led. I followed. He saw hope in this city. Instead of suffering the indignity of prejudice, he drew strength from the barriers that were put up to deny him and he vowed to take them down.

ED's eyes scan across the assembled guests - LUAN, flat expression as he regards SEAN; LALE, eyes fixed on the back of NASIR; WONG further back strains to hear the words; JEEVAN looks attentive; no hint of the cynicism coursing through his veins...

ED (CONT'D)

Finn did things differently, he built a new world, where a man's success was not determined by the colour of his skin. London was open to all who came - it became a place where we could coexist, grow stronger. Together.

ED looks towards the coffin - genuine emotion.

ED (CONT'D)

He took the best of us, created something unique. Something that no door could keep out. I am so proud to have known the man, to have worked for him all these long years. When I lost...

(steadies himself)

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

...when I lost my beautiful Ayana -
it was Finn and Marian who helped
shield Alexander and Shannon from
the pain of watching her fade. They
took them in, showered them with
the warmth and love I struggled to
find. From that day I truly felt
part of his family, and have since.
And with his passing, as I look to
those that survive him -
(looks to them)
I promise my heart and soul to you.

56

EXT. PUB - DAY 2

56

ELLIOT, still standing aimless, sees MARK and his SECURITY TEAM walking at a pace around the side of the church. Something is happening.

ELLIOT follows...

57

EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS - DAY 2

57

Video footage plays on ALEXANDER's phone screen.

An empty narrow street, with a building on one side. No sign of life.

MARK and his TEAM are huddled around the phone in a quiet corner of the church grounds.

ALEXANDER

This is from the back of the building. Watch -

He reaches over, scrolls through the footage - timecode speeding by, until - the video plays out in normal speed:

A white van pulls up to the curb. Doors pop open - a group of balaclavas rush out, make an immediate charge for the APARTMENT BLOCK and disappear.

Again ALEXANDER scrolls through.

The van sits. No movement again. Until the building door opens. The balaclavas reappear, but this time they carry someone. Barely moving but showing some signs of life.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

That's Jack. Finn's driver. He's still alive.

JACK is bundled into the van and the balaclavas follow him. The doors close, and tyres turn as the van speeds off.

PAUSE.

The white van hovers half out of frame.

ALEXANDER looks up at the assembled men.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
(points to white van)
...if we find them, we find him.

ELLIOT O/S
Play it back.

Everyone turns around towards the unexpected voice - ELLIOT is at the back of the huddle.

MARK stares daggers, recognising ELLIOT from earlier.

ALEXANDER
Who the fuck are you?

ELLIOT
I work for Jim.

ALEXANDER
Who the fuck is Jim?

ELLIOT
(to Alexander)
Play it back, I think I know that van.

ALEXANDER makes his way through the men over to ELLIOT . He re-cues the video and presses play.

ELLIOT waits for the van to appear. As it does, he reaches forward. Hits pause. Points at it on the screen.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
That's Besmir.

ALEXANDER
(to MARK)
Who?

MARK shrugs, clueless. Before he can say anything -

ELLIOT
One of Luan's guys
(to MARK)
You literally just walked him
across the street. He's in there
downing shots as we speak.

FACES turn towards the pub - Now he's got their attention. MARK, humiliated, can only glare furiously at ELLIOT.

ALEXANDER
(to ELLIOT)
You're sure about this?

ELLIOT
Broken headlight passenger side.
Dent in the back. Cheap little
beads hanging off the rear view.
It's his van. It's him.

ALEXANDER holds a look for a moment. Takes in ELLIOT.

ALEXANDER
Alright...You go over there, show
him...
(meaning MARK)
...who you're talking about.

ELLIOT
Of course -

ALEXANDER
And that's all you do. Nothing
more.
(to MARK)
Don't lose sight of him, don't do
anything; nothing kicks off. We'll
handle it after the funeral. If he
leaves, you follow - but low key -
unseen - understood?

He gets a nod from MARK. Then ALEXANDER's look at ELLIOT.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Do not fuck this up.

ELLIOT watches ALEXANDER walk off fast.

58

EXT. STREET NEAR CHURCH - DAY 2

58

ELLIOT walks with MARK towards the pub - three of his
SECURITY TEAM walk with them. MARK addresses his men.

MARK
Right, let's take the fucker out,
make sure my path is clear.

ELLIOT
Wait-

MARK looks at ELLIOT with a blank look.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Alexander said-

MARK
Fuck that office boy, he's out of
his depth: We'll take him straight
to Sean ourselves-

ELLIOT
No, this isn't-

MARK spins, slugs Elliot in the gut with a sucker punch.

MARK
Either stay down or fuck off - I
know what an Albanian looks like.

Mark and his men enter the pub, leaving ELLIOT on the floor outside.

ELLIOT looks back towards the church, door closed, streets empty.

He hears the commotion from inside the pub and picks himself back up onto his feet.

Whatever MARK's plan was, it is unfolding in real time behind the green bubble glass window. A mass of shapes rolling and tumbling.

Now or never. ELLIOT makes his decision.

59

INT. PUB - DAY 2

59

BAM! The door to the pub slams open, ELLIOT storms in - we follow from behind in a single, unbroken take.

ELLIOT sees MARK being beaten by the ALBANIAN GOON - two of MARK's men already floored and hurt. JIM, bemused, takes refuge under the shelter of the fruit machine.

Foot soldiers - from the other gangs look on with a mixture of surprise and amusement, enjoying the show.

ELLIOT rushes for the ALBANIAN GOON mid-beat down.

Kicks out hard, detaching the goon's knee cap. As he falls, ELLIOT grabs a thick glass ashtray and slams it into his mouth, taking a few teeth with it, before slamming his face into the bar.

A horrible wet smacking sound is interrupted by the cascading glass of the shattered ashtray as it bounces against the floor.

ELLIOT sees Mark - stumbling around blood pouring from his mouth, leaves him to recover for himself. He has a far more pressing issue at hand - where is Besmir?

He heads towards the open door to the beer garden, grabbing a dart from the empty pint glass on the bar as he passes. Tucks it between his fingers, gripping it tight.

60 **EXT. PUB, BEER GARDEN - DAY 2** 60

ELLIOT steps out, pumped up -

ELLIOT
Besmir! Where the fuck is Jack?

Fight or flight, BESMIR chooses the latter, scrambling towards the back fence.

BESMIR's men, step between their boss and ELLIOT.

ELLIOT simply doesn't have time.

Maximum damage, minimum amount of blows - every hit counts and they come in hard and fast.

Dart gripped tightly in his fist - he takes BESMIR's men out - puncture wounds in elbow joints, heads smashed into tables - ruthless efficiency.

The wall has fallen, leaving ELLIOT to hound BESMIR's every step as he clambers over the fence and drops down...

61 **EXT. ALLEYWAYS - DAY 2** 61

ELLIOT's feet land heavy on the gravel ground, charges after BESMIR through this claustrophobic residential alleyway.

62 **EXT. STREETS - DAY 2** 62

Out into the open, ELLIOT continues to close the gap to Besmir as they charge past a backdrop of civil unrest.

Freshly erected tower blocks cast a shadow of uncertainty over the last remaining protestors who clash with construction managers.

BESMIR turns a corner and charges up the steps of a recently boarded up complex.

63 **EXT. OLD COMPLEX, COURTYARD - DAY 2** 63

"A New Future For An Ever Growing City" the slogan reads. At a later point in our story this will carry significant weight but for now...

BAM! A muddy football bounces hard against it, leaving a stain of puddle water and mud to slide down.

Kids playing football in the run-down courtyard stop and watch as Besmir runs through them. ELLIOT shortly after.

BESMIR approaches a balcony wall - leap of faith - jumps over and drops down to an underground car parking area below.

ELLIOT continues to echo his movements. Step for step. Hurls himself over and down.

64

EXT. OLD COMPLEX, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY 2

64

Closes the gap. Enough to grab BESMIR by the collar and spin him around, hurling him into some nearby industrial bins.

Lifts his tired, injured body up against the wall.

ELLIOT
Where is he?

BESMIR
I swear I don't know what -

ELLIOT
Fuck you! You were seen! Your van.
Very quick to arrive, scooped him
up -

BESMIR's world just fell in -

BESMIR
Fuck you, Elliot.

ELLIOT
I work for the Wallaces now - you
want to fuck with them?

Another shock for BESMIR. ELLIOT tightens his grip.

BESMIR
Wait, wait, wait!

ELLIOT increases the pressure on BESMIR's neck, impatient.

BESMIR's face turns red, neck straining under the pressure.

BESMIR (CONT'D)
We were out picking up tabs, we
heard gun shots - we were streets
away. I get a call, shit's going
down - we just turned up to it

ELLIOT slams Besmir's face against the concrete wall, scrapes it across, tearing at the skin.

BESMIR (CONT'D)
(in pain)
I swear it's true, we didn't expect
to find what we did.

ELLIOT

So why not hand him over to the
Wallaces? Get the glory - and a big
fat thank you?

Before BESMIR can answer, A car roars into the carpark,
blocking the only escape route.

ELLIOT's face falls as he sees the occupants - BESMIR's foot
soldiers stare out of the open windows, including the huge,
bloody, and very angry GOON...

ELLIOT feels the power shift. BESMIR feels it too.

ELLIOT pulls out a blade, presses it against BESMIR's throat.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Is the driver alive?

He gets a slight nod out of BESMIR. Elliot considers his
options - the dead end behind him, and the opening car doors
in front.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Take me to him -

BESMIR

Elliot, you have no idea -

ELLIOT presses the knife closer.

ELLIOT

Take me!

At this, the approaching goons calmly exit the car, each
carrying shotguns. Elliot tightens his grip on the knife.
Both sides assess the situation. BESMIR smiles, a shark's
smile.

BESMIR

Whatever you say.

****** HALFWAY PART BREAK ******

65

INT. CHURCH - DAY 2

65

SEAN

Respect. Honour. Dignity...

SEAN stands at the lectern; voice full of emotion.

SEAN (CONT'D)

These are the things my father
taught me.

MARIAN nods gently, gazing up proudly at her son. She looks across, the empty space vacated by Sean the only thing that separates her from JOSEPHINE.

Reaching into her bag she pulls out a book wrapped in brown paper, rests it on the seat between them. Finally they look eye to eye.

JOSEPHINE peels open the wrapping. A children's book, first pressing - the sight of it alone fills her with memories of her father, of him reading it to her at night, tears growing.

SEAN (CONT'D)

His loyalty to us, his family, and those that worked for him was unflinching. Today we may lay him to rest, but he has not gone from this world. Look around you - every corner of this city will remind you of him. Every development, you'll see prosperity to the downtrodden and the disadvantaged.

A few rows behind ED, we see TARIQ's face illuminated, hunched over the glowing blue light of his phone.

News has spread.

TARIQ leans over and whispers into LUAN'S ear. LUAN's eyes widen in the dark.

SEAN stumbles. Movement catching his eye. He watches as LUAN stands and slips silently out of the door.

The guests look expectantly up at SEAN, waiting for him to continue.

He glances over to where ED and ALEXANDER sit, but ALEXANDER has already been watching them, and himself slips silently out of the nearest door.

SEAN refocuses, and continues.

SEAN (CONT'D)

My father gave his life to this city. There are of course those who betrayed him - betrayed his trust...

ED suddenly focuses on what SEAN is saying - this is dangerous territory - but MARIAN nods - urging the boy on...

SEAN (CONT'D)

They soon regretted it, and I swear on his grave today that they always will...

66 **EXT. CHURCH - DAY 2**

66

As he exits the church, ALEXANDER catches a glimpse of Luan's car, driving off and away, fast.

Something's gone wrong. Something big. Gears turning, Alexander looks towards the pub.

67 **INT. PUB - DAY 2**

67

The door opens and ALEXANDER enters.

Aftermath of broken glass and furniture.

Sees in the corridor of the toilets, MARK nursing his wounds.

68 **INT. CAR - DAY 2**

68

ELLIOT sits in the back of the moving car, blade still trained on Besmir's throat.

The huge GOON looks back from the front passenger seat.

BESMIR observes ELLIOT, sees the fear of the unknown creeping into his eyes as he watches the city pass him by.

Smiles.

ELLIOT spots it. Does his best to shake it off.

A phone rings. The huge GOON answers. Listens.

He turns around, looks at ELLIOT as if he were lunch; cold eyes locked on him as he passes the phone to BESMIR.

BESMIR takes the phone, gestures to Elliot as if asking for permission. ELLIOT allows him.

BESMIR umm's. A lot. Doesn't give anything away. Doesn't say anything. In any language.

ELLIOT tries to read him. But is distracted as the GOON gives instructions to the Driver.

The moment ELLIOT focuses on them, BESMIR clicks the phone shut.

ELLIOT flinches, presses the blade harder against BESMIR's throat.

BESMIR enjoys the shift in power.

BESMIR
Almost there.

The car turns onto an everyday, commercial high street.

ELLIOT
You've been keeping him *here*?

BESMIR
Would anyone have looked?

The car stops. The door locks pop open.

He looks at the goons in the car.

ELLIOT
They stay.

ELLIOT opens the door, grabs BESMIR by his collar...

69

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 2

69

ELLIOT drags BESMIR out of the car onto a busy high street with heavily populated ethnic food stores, salons, newsagents and bureau de changes.

Passers-by recoil at the sight of the knife in ELLIOT's hand.

ELLIOT
Where?

BESMIR points, they head for a desolate building - plain white door - no signage - greased windows hiding what lays within.

ELLIOT looks back to the car, Besmir's men have exited, cautiously following them at a safe distance.

Sees eyes of passers-by.

Hold it together. Breathe. See it through. Absolute conviction.

Opens the door.

70

INT. CAFE - DAY 2

70

'Ting'. A small hanging bell sounds out.

ELLIOT takes in the room. It's not what he was expecting.

No armed goons anywhere to be seen.

Just a few elderly men playing cards, reading Albanian newspapers sat around cafeteria tables. The air above them thick with smoke.

Albanian folk music gently plays from a pair of old PC speakers, wire stretching to a CD Walkman.

A threadbare rug sits where a counter *should* be. Faded Balkan folk art hangs where a menu *should* be.

Nothing is sold here, nothing is bought. No services offered, no questions asked.

And most importantly, no outsiders.

The elders, all hang-dog faces - all stare at ELLIOT.

ELLIOT

I'm just collecting someone.
Nothing more.

A wrinkled, old hand grips at the handle of a sawn off shotgun concealed beneath the table, but you'd never know it to look into his heavy expressionless eyes.

BESMIR gives the tiniest shake of the head towards the ELDER.

ELLIOT taps the back of BESMIR's head with the knife, like a lazy horse. Humiliated, he leads ELLIOT to a door at the back of the room.

As they approach, ELLIOT watches as one of the elderly men casually moves to the CAFE entrance, and makes a point of turning the lock.

No going back.

CORRIDOR

Dusty boxes filled with dusty paper and old broken office chairs line the stained, damp walls.

The further they walk, the more subterranean it gets. Corridor goes on forever.

The bustling city streets outside might as well be a million miles away.

They turn a corner. TWO huge GUARDS stand in front of a heavy steel door.

ELLIOT grips tighter, the knife's edge brushing against BESMIR's throat -

BESMIR

(hoarsely)
Relax, Elliot.

BESMIR speaks in Albanian to the guards. One of them unlocks the heavy door, pulls it open.

ELLIOT grips tighter as they pass the GUARDS, and enter the room, eyes locked for any sudden movement.

71

INT. CAFE, BACK ROOM - DAY 2

71

ELLIOT's eyes peer in through the doorway where he sees...

JACK, face covered in yellow-green days old bruises, sat upright in an old fashioned hospital bed, tray of food in front of him.

A television rests on an old warped filing cabinet, playing out a daytime TV show.

JACK looks towards ELLIOT, still holding the knife to BESMIR's throat.

ELLIOT sighs with relief, releases his grip on BESMIR.

BESMIR

He's in much better shape now than when we picked him up, trust me.

ELLIOT

(to JACK)

Can you walk?

JACK looks at ELLIOT; like anyone worth anything to the Wallaces before today...

JACK

(weak)

Who the fuck are you?

ELLIOT

I'm going to take you back to the Wallaces.

JACK doesn't move. ELLIOT takes a step towards him.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's get you up.

ELLIOT helps JACK from the bed, he's very weak -

BESMIR

You make sure you tell Sean we took care of him yeah; like I said we didn't know what was -

BANG! Out of nowhere, a small hole appears, swells through BESMIR's face.

He stands there wobbling. Legs late to react.

Blood streams out of his nose - eyes roll back white.

Drops limp to the floor.

ELLIOT freezes. Ears ringing from the gunshot.

Looks to the door. TARIQ enters gun raised.

The room stands still. Everyone except LUAN who follows closely behind with the huge Goon with the limp.

LUAN takes the gun from TARIQ and wipes it with a handkerchief.

ELLIOT can only stand, head spinning, face to face with one of the city's most feared gang bosses. On his territory.

LUAN
(to ELLIOT)
Don't recognise you.

ELLIOT
No reason to.

LUAN is unmoved. Holds his stare.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(dry mouth)
Elliot.

ELLIOT looks to BESMIR, dead on the floor. LUAN hands TARIQ's gun to the huge GOON, and speaks to him in Albanian...

LUAN
Get rid of the body. If you get caught, you did it. We'll provide a lawyer.

GOON
Yes sir.

LUAN
(to JACK)
I had no knowledge you were being held here. I'm just glad to see you were at least looked after.

Back to ELLIOT.

LUAN (CONT'D)
You got this far, I trust you can find your way safely back. Please...

Clears a path for them to leave.

As ELLIOT and JACK cautiously hobble their way to the door, LUAN lowers his voice.

LUAN (CONT'D)
But Elliot? Do not ever come into my place of business brandishing a weapon again.

ELLIOT
I'm just here to retrieve what
belongs to the Wallaces...

LUAN
And I let you. Make that clear when
you take him back.

ELLIOT nods, and leads JACK out of the cafe with a DING of the bell.

A moment of perfect quiet follows - LUAN takes a long breath as his men stand still waiting for their boss.

LUAN looks across the cafe at Besmir's sheepish GOONS, awaiting their fate. He turns to TARIQ and speaks quietly but firmly

LUAN (CONT'D)
(in Albanian)
Deal with them. I want to know what
has been happening on my own
fucking doorstep.

72

EXT. CAFE - DAY 2

72

Back outside, ELLIOT helps a shivering JACK down the street towards a row of black cabs.

Passes by the first cab, peers in spots a driver who looks as local to the neighbourhood as possible - all the way down to the *tasbih* prayer beads hanging from the rear view mirror.

Moves on. Stops at the next cab, walks to the window...

ELLIOT
(to TAXI DRIVER)
Say something.

TAXI DRIVER
(thick cockney accent)
[the] fuck you on about mate?

ELLIOT
Good enough.

Satisfied, they get in and the cab pulls away.

73

INT. TAXI - DAY 2

73

As they move through the traffic, it's clear that JACK is in a bad way. Shivering, injuries not yet healed.

ELLIOT pulls out his phone, picks a song, cranks up the volume - presses it against the cab's intercom mic.

As music floods the drivers personal space, he watches them in the rear view mirror. But the look from Elliot in return is enough to make the DRIVER not question him.

ELLIOT
(to Jack)
What happened?

JACK doesn't respond - strength fading.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Who killed him?

JACK
Just ... I fucked up. Should've ...

ELLIOT digs his grip harder.

ELLIOT
Who? Who killed him?

JACK coughs, bloody phlegm spraying down his chin.

JACK
Nobodies. Kids. I'm not ... a
fucking traitor.... Red Nova...
(*slurring words tapering
off*)
CV...97...

74 **EXT. DOSS HOUSE - DAY 2**

74

Close on a license plate, it reads: CV97 4LH.

Pull back to see the red Nova parked alongside an old abandoned factory building. Bright yellow wheel clamp.

A parking ticket stuck to the windscreen flaps in the wind.

EOIN (O.S.)
We should leave. Should we leave?

75 **INT. DOSS HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 2**

75

Inside the empty building, now used as a makeshift doss house for addicts and hideaways, EOIN sits on edge of the filthy mattress, looking down at DARREN who lays, eyes open but vacant.

EOIN shakes DARREN's shoulder

EOIN
Darren!

DARREN
I don't know, ok!

EOIN

They hav'ta know it was us.

DARREN doesn't want to hear it.

EOIN (CONT'D)

An' if they don't by now, your da' will.

DARREN

[We] got enough here to stay low, jus' have to wait...

EOIN

Wait? For how long? S'not like ye fucking forget about something like that.

DARREN has no answer.

EOIN (CONT'D)

(points to DARREN's phone)

Try calling 'em again, maybe they can do something, help us.

DARREN

I keep tellin' ya, it's a dead line. They fucked us. We're on our own.

EOIN is terrified at the prospect.

76

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY 2

76

We track back with a nervous energy as KINNEY (50s), DARREN's father, hulking presence and leader of the traveller community storms across the campsite.

Behind him, KEELA (EOIN's girlfriend) is dragged along by a group of his men, tears streaming down her face.

They cross past caravans and children straight towards PATRICK as he and two of his friends work at pulling apart a stolen car.

PATRICK dumps a carburetor behind him as he furrows deep inside the open bonnet oblivious to his "boys" as they step aside seeing KINNEY approach with anger in his eyes.

PATRICK

Ah bollocks, she's leaking - grab a towel for us...

KINNEY grabs PATRICK by the head and slams it repeatedly against the engine. Then pulls him by the leg, body bouncing hard against the car before hitting the ground.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Fuck, Kinney! Please, no!

Kinney slides Patrick across the mud, positions him below a bare wheel axle and kicks at the jack handle.

The weight of the car crashes down, the rim of the wheel snapping his shin in two - burying it deep into the mud.

PATRICK screams out in pain.

KINNEY signals one of his men, who immediately starts jacking the car back up, spins PATRICK's body around placing his face beneath the wheel.

Blood and mud drips down from the wheel, landing on PATRICK's trembling face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Fuck no Kinney!

KINNEY
Where's your fucking brother?

He starts to turn the jack, the car jolts down - one crank at a time - descending towards PATRICK's face.

PATRICK
Ah Christ!

KINNEY
(points to KEELA)
Cos his girl says your braw had a fucking pistol on 'im and that he n' my boy were off to put a bullet in some Albanian nobody. Now I ain't seen either since. But I know they ain't in fuckin' hiding cos of some dead Albanian.

We see in unflinching detail as the rusted, blackened underside of the old car presses against PATRICK's cheek, pinching at the skin as it lowers further, pushing him deeper into the mud.

PATRICK
I swear I don't know anything about it...

KINNEY
Well that makes two of us now.

KINNEY grabs hold of the jack handle.

PATRICK shoots a look to one of KINNEY'S men, MACK.

PATRICK
(to MACK)
Dad!

He's met with a blank stare. PATRICK falls into desperation.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
E-E-Eoin - he asked to borrow her,
I had no fucking idea Kinney. God,
they were supposed to be back -
just said they were going to buy
drinks...

KINNEY's grip around the handle tightens.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Please. Don't. I'll do anything.

KINNEY
Find 'em. Both of 'em.

KINNEY lets go of the handle, steps over PATRICK leaving him quivering in fear.

77

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

77

SEAN paces around the kitchen.

SEAN
I want Luan!

ES stands. Looks exasperated. MARIAN sits at the table.
ALEXANDER stands to one side.

We're in the middle of harsh words -

SEAN (CONT'D)
Right here, on his knees explaining
himself. *His* men took Jack, and I
wanna know why-

ED
Sean, please. Will you just stop?

SEAN turns. ED has just told a lion not to attack.

ED (CONT'D)
We don't know the whole picture
here? We're creating chaos and
confusion at a time when we don't
need either.

SEAN
I have the entire city looking for
him.

ED
By starving it!

ED softens his tone.

ED (CONT'D)
You're making enemies out of
business partners. And the longer
this goes on, the closer they are
to turning on you. On all of us.

SEAN
And we're suddenly afraid?

ED
Marian, please...

MARIAN
I agree with Sean. It's the right
move.

ED bristles, he expected her backing.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
Whoever killed Finn remains the
greatest threat to this family.

SEAN
If we back down now, they'll walk
all over us.

ALEXANDER grows frustrated.

ALEX
Enough! Both of you. Our strength
lies in our smarts, in unity...
(to Sean)
That's what your dad built for us.

ED
Please...
(changing strategy -
softer)
Listen to me, son. I want nothing
more than to give you the head of
whoever had the fucking nerve to
hurt us. But you have to involve
me.
(pointing at the
boardroom)
You acted alone in there and it
made us look weak. Divided. Work
with me, Sean, and I'll give all I
can to you, as I did for your
Father.

SEAN calms, but there's a stillness to the violence in his
eyes. He is growing into the power that MARIAN has given him.

SEAN
I'm glad to hear it.

VOICE (O.S.)
OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

SEAN and everyone in the room turns, hearing the commotion coming from outside.

SEAN leads the charge to the hallway. Sees...

78

INT/EXT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

78

...in the open door to the house ELLIOT is helping JACK inside.

A bruised, injured MARK tries to lend a hand - but ELLIOT wants this glory for himself - he almost died for it.

ELLIOT
Take your fucking hands off him!

MARK see's the venom in ELLIOT's eyes and backs off.

SEAN and ALEXANDER are fast along the hallway towards them.

SEAN
Jack!
(to the GUARDS)
The boardroom!

The men take JACK from an exhausted ELLIOT. SEAN barely acknowledges ELLIOT - heads straight for the boardroom to question Jack.

As Ed and Alexander follow.

ED
(to Mark, about Elliot)
Get him, outside!

SEAN
No! He stays.

ED
We know nothing about him.

SEAN
We know he knew where Jack was.

ALEXANDER
(to Ed)
It's ok, Dad. He's one of ours.

Ed looks to Alexander - How does he know?

Continues into the boardroom. Alexander stops.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
(to Elliot)
You've had quite the day.
(points to a chair)
Wait there.

The boardroom door closes behind them, leaving Elliot alone in the hallway to take in his new surroundings.

The WALLACE house. He's actually inside it.

ELLIOT looks down at his shoes. Caked mud hangs off them. Considers the plush rug that runs down the corridor.

He slips his shoes off. Realises too late there's nowhere to put them. *Fuck*. He sheepishly picks them up and walks further into the house...

Muffled voices creep from the board room.

SEAN (O.S.)
Come on Jack. Talk to us!
(beat)
What's he saying?

ED (O.S.)
Give him time and some space to
breathe; doctor is on his way...

Socks pad along the hallway. As he goes, he takes in the framed photos of FINN WALLACE and his family. Then a sudden stop -

The door to the board room has opened behind him.

And ED is standing there looking at him - but the energy of the situation outweighs the question of how a man with gutter stains on his sleeve - holding a pair of shoes - a man he's never seen before - could be the one to deliver JACK out of LUAN'S den.

ELLIOT peers in, sees an unconscious JACK spread across the boardroom table.

A frustrated SEAN, letting go of his collar.

SEAN
Fuck!

JACK slumps back. ALEXANDER stops his head from hitting the table.

ELLIOT
Is he ok?

ALEXANDER
He passed out.

ELLIOT

He does that a lot.

SEAN paces angrily. Notices ELLIOT. Looks to ALEXANDER.

SEAN

Alright, who the fuck are you?

MARK

He's the one that tore up the pub -

Elliot defends himself.

ELLIOT

Elliot. I'm the one who found him.

SEAN seems to really notice ELLIOT for the first time.

SEAN

You did all that? Empty handed?
What was it? Six of them?

ELLIOT

Eight. But I had a dart, so...

SEAN

(smiles)
This way.

ELLIOT follows SEAN down the hall to FINN's Office.

ED stands there a moment, feeling every inch of the power shift - but he still follows.

79

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2

79

SHANNON watches as ELLIOT follows SEAN into the office, followed by her father.

MARIAN notices SHANNON watching.

80

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT 2

80

Inside the office, ELLIOT is being grilled.

ELLIOT

If he'd wanted to he could've
killed us there and then. Easily.

The door opens and ALEXANDER enters.

ALEXANDER

Doctor gave him a shot, he'll be
out until the morning...

SEAN's struggles to hide his dismay. Ed barks orders to Mark down the corridor.

ED

(to Mark)

Take him back to his flat, put a medic on standby throughout the night.

(to SEAN)

Let him sleep it off, you can grill him in the morning.

As Ed closes the door to Finn's office.

Sean walks up to Alexander.

SEAN

(quietly)

Trust me.

Reaches inside his jacket and takes the gun from his holster.

Checks the chamber. Empty.

SEAN (CONT'D)

[It's] a good thing you didn't need it.

Slings it back. Charged now.

Elliot doesn't flinch.

Not even when Sean puts the gun to his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Get on your fucking knees.

ED

Sean?

Elliot calmly does as he's told, oddly taking this in his stride.

SEAN

I don't buy it. That Albanian prick killed my dad.

ALEXANDER

You heard him, Luan gave Jack back to us. That has to mean something.

SEAN knows it but doesn't want to accept it.

SEAN

(to Elliot)

Nah, nah, nah - he sent you! Didn't he?!

ELLIOT

What? No. I work for Jim, I work for you.

SEAN

You expect me to believe some street grunt can do what you just did? We spent a week searching the city and you find him in a day? Bullshit. You're a fucking wooden horse.

ELLIOT

Then go ahead, cut me open.

SEAN

Don't even. I'm my father's son and I'll take a fucking belt sander to your eyes if you don't start talking.

ELLIOT

Jim was right, years I've shed blood for this organization - risk my life to carry that dizzy cunt to your door and you point a fucking gun at me?

Elliot has a point. But Sean has a gun.

SEAN

You done?

ELLIOT

He saw who did it. Jack. He saw who killed your father.

Yes, Sean still has a gun. But now Elliot has his attention.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Said it was a couple of pikey kids.

SEAN

You fucking high?

ELLIOT

I'm telling you what he said.

SEAN

What else?

ELLIOT

Gave me a number plate.

ALEXANDER grabs a pen from the desk - shoves it at ELLIOT - ELLIOT writes it down - hands it to him.

SEAN

If any of this is bullshit...

ELLIOT

Belt sander I know. But when you find out it's all true...

Sean waits.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I work for you. Not Jim. Not even fucking Mark. You.

Sean weighs it up.

SEAN

Make it known, I want everyone searching for these fuckers. Don't care if they work for us or are paid off by us - they join the hunt.

(to Elliot)

Elliot, right?.

ELLIOT nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)

That includes you.

Sean uncocks the gun. Walks away from Elliot.

Breathe.

81

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

81

ELLIOT sits, alone, on a small bench outside the office, squeezing his feet back into his shoes.

As his foot comes down to the floor suddenly, a ball bounces against his leg.

SHANNON (O.S.)

DANNY! What have I told you?

DANNY

Mum!

ELLIOT picks it up as DANNY rushes towards him.

ELLIOT

Here.

DANNY

Thank you.

ELLIOT

That your mum?

DANNY

Yep.

ELLIOT looks to SHANNON, she looks back through the kitchen - a glance just long enough to power the national grid.

SHANNON gestures at his collar.

ELLIOT feels the flap of his collar sticking out, adjusts it, fixes it.

Politely smiles back his thanks.

ELLIOT

[Does] she tell you not to play football in the house?

DANNY

But I wasn't...

ELLIOT points DANNY in the direction of a door, glass panel reflecting the kitchen.

ELLIOT

...Do you think she knows I saw her throwing it?

DANNY's mouth opens wide with shock, smiles, giggling.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Tell you what, lets keep it a secret so your mum doesn't get embarrassed. Deal?

DANNY

Deal!

ELLIOT

Good lad.

SHANNON arrives, guides Danny back to the lounge.

SHANNON

(to Danny)

Right you, back in there.

(to Elliot)

Sorry about him, he's a handful...

ELLIOT watches as DANNY disappears, ball tucked under his arm.

ELLIOT

So am I...

SHANNON smiles. Curious.

SHANNON

Yeah, so I've heard. You new?

ELLIOT smiles.

ELLIOT

Ish.

ALEXANDER comes out of the office and spots the private exchange between ELLIOT and SHANNON.

ALEXANDER

(to ELLIOT)

Don't you have work to do?

ELLIOT nods and returns to tying his shoe guiltily.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I want you back here first thing tomorrow. You're working for me now.

ELLIOT smiles.

82

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT 2

82

We follow ELLIOT down a busy main road. Passes drunk people having fun.

He pauses outside his destination. A small red brick terraced house.

He pauses a moment. As he moves towards the door handle, he glances at the bubble glass in the door.

The distorted reflection stares back.

Elliot wipes a thumb at the small patch of dried blood along his hairline. He takes a deep breath, and reaches for the handle.

83

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 2

83

ELLIOT steps into the small entrance hall. Look close enough and you'll see his expression soften.

As he closes the door and takes a few steps, even his posture shifts slightly. The confident squared shoulders slump just a touch. No need to keep wearing a mask. No need to present a tough exterior. Not here at least.

ELLIOT

Dad, it's me.

CHARLIE (60s) sits, leg propped up on a reclining sofa chair. A two seater sofa that has only ever been sat in by ELLIOT, makes up the rest of the room.

CHARLIE

Elliot?

ELLIOT

Just a second Dad, make you tea first.

ELLIOT bee-lines for the kitchen.

CHARLIE

Carer made me a fresh one 'fore she left.

ELLIOT looks at a cold cup of tea sitting on the side.

ELLIOT

When did she leave? Last month?
It's got more skin than Auntie Jean.

CHARLIE laughs.

As ELLIOT tosses the old tea into the sink, he looks back through the crack in the door - CHARLIE back to him is more focused on his game show.

On a cabinet just behind the television is a photograph concealed in the shadows, barely visible - strain and you might just see the shape of ELLIOT, a woman and a child.

ELLIOT pops open an airing cupboard door - stuck to the inside is an old boxing poster, CHARLIE in his youth, healthier days - the last fight he didn't throw.

He takes out the cash he skimmed from the drain pipe earlier, counts it, then pulls a wad of notes from inside a shoebox stuffed with money.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Sally says she might not be able to come next week. Says its not up to her.

ELLIOT pops the cash into an envelope, scrawls "Help At Home - Sep-Oct" on it.

ELLIOT

Don't you worry about that. She'll be here.

He hands the envelope to his father, then turns on an electric fire nearby. An orange glow bathes the room in warmth and colour.

Charlie glances into the open envelope and frowns.

Elliot sees the expression, and crouches down in front of his father.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

That should cover for a few weeks
in advance.

Charlie's confused frown deepens.

Elliot stands up, again returns to the heater, turns a knob
absently - anything to avoid eye contact.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I may not be able to pop in next
week. Work's picking up.

CHARLIE

I'm sure a week late is fine, son.

ELLIOT

Yeah, well, just in case. See, I
may not be able to get in for a
little while.

He can feel his fathers hurt expression even with his back
turned.

Poker face back on, he turns to Charlie.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You make sure you give her that
tomorrow. Right, let me see em'.

CHARLIE looks embarrassed.

CHARLIE

Elliot...

ELLIOT notices the envelope on Charlie's lap. Sees the hint
of red on the edge of one of the bills.

ELLIOT

Go on, put them up.

CHARLIE shows him his fists. ELLIOT mimes wrapping them in
tape. Pre-fight rituals.

CHARLIE

Social is fine boy. I'm not
completely incapable you know.

ELLIOT

I know you're not, Dad. No Sally on
the social though. She's taken a
real shine to you, am I gonna have
to tell her you wanna break her
heart?

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE

She's just a good kid, that girl.
Reminds me of Naomi.

Suddenly, ELLIOT falls quiet. His charismatic, carefree mask has slipped a little. Just enough to be noticeable.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can't run from it forever, you know-

ELLIOT stops miming, slaps at the top of his "gloves" - illusion shattered.

ELLIOT

Right you're all set. Going down in the 4th this time?

Now it's CHARLIE's turn to be hurt.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Or is it the 3rd? It was usually one or the other. Barely broke a sweat some nights did you, Dad?

CHARLIE cuts the figure of a broken man. A far cry from the promise of the poster.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

CHARLIE begrudgingly accepts. Stays quiet. Hurt.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

[I'll] watch a bit of telly with you, before you go to bed?

CHARLIE smiles. ELLIOT sits, TV sounding out applause as the game show continues.

84

INT. THE WALLACE HOUSE, FINNS OFFICE - NIGHT 2

84

SEAN stares at a photo on the wall of the study.

A picture of himself when he was eight. Beaming.

MARIAN enters. SEAN notices.

SEAN

The flowers are filling up the garage.

MARIAN

They'll all be rotting soon enough.
He would've hated it.

SEAN won't look round at his mother.

SEAN

Killed - by a couple of kids, mum.

MARIAN considers her son. Pulls his head round so she can see his eyes.

MARIAN

They won't go unpunished, Sean. I know you'll do right by him.

SEAN

Maybe Ed was right. He knows what's best for the company.

MARIAN

Sometimes.

She lets it hang just long enough.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

My beautiful boy. It was always you that he wanted to lead this organisation.

Something catches in his throat for a second.

SEAN

I just want him back so much, mum.

She lays a hand softly on his cheek.

MARIAN

I know, my love. But you can do this- and you'll always have me behind you. Every step of the way.

SEAN breathes deep. Taking strength from her.

85

INT. DOSS HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

85

EOIN sits on the floor at the edge of the bed, eyes heavy through lack of sleep and worry.

Out in the corridor, bodies cover the floor. Junkies propped up by doorways, sleeping between fixes.

DARREN lays in bed, also sleeping. The silence is deafening.

EOIN carefully gets up, not to disturb anyone - gently steps towards a window.

As far away from sleeping ears as he can get.

Takes out his phone. Shaking finger presses the CONTACTS button. "PATRICK" burns bright in the dark.

He dials and lifts the phone to his ear.

Almost immediately...

PATRICK (O.S.)
Eoin? That you?

His voice won't come.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please, Eoin. Where are you boy?

Tears fill his eyes at the sound of a familiar voice.

EOIN
Pat, I'm sorry 'bout yer car.

PATRICK (O.S.)
(relief, obvious)
Fuck sake forget about the car, ye
useless prick.

EOIN smiles tears.

EOIN
We fucked up.

PATRICK
What were ye thinkin' boy?

EOIN
We didn't know, [I] swear. I mean,
we thought it was just a job.
Naeone naebody'd miss like. I saw
him, I tried Patrick, I really did
try to stop it...

EOIN looks back to DARREN. Still asleep. Still unaware.

EOIN (CONT'D)
[The] fuck're we gonna do, Pat?
Help us, please.

PATRICK
I'll try. I promise you I will. But
you gotta tell me where you are.

EOIN
Darren says we gotta lay low. Wait
it out.

PATRICK
There's no layin' low, man was too
big for that.
(beat)
Please, tell me where ye are. Let
me help you.

EOIN
Saint Ralph's, by the old train
tracks. Fifth floor.

86 **INT. CARAVAN, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2**

86

PATRICK's eyes are tear-filled but vacant. Face bruised and bloody, leg wrapped in a makeshift splint resting on a nearby crate.

He cradles the phone, we hear the tremble in his voice now.

PATRICK
Good lad. Ye did good there boy.
Now stay put, just wait 'til I get
there, OK?

EOIN (O.S.)
Please hurry Pat.

PATRICK
Of course I will. I'm already on ma
way.

Now we see the other occupant in the room: KINNEY.

He smells blood.

PATRICK keeps his eyes to the floor. Broken.

EOIN (O.S.)
I love ye Patrick. I'm so sorry.

KINNEY and his MEN brush past him heading for the door.

PATRICK
(voice almost cracking)
S'alright. Stay safe for the now.

87 **INT. CHARLIE'S BEDSIT (ELLIOT'S ROOM) - NIGHT 2**

87

Dead of night. ELLIOT lays restless, wide awake on his bed.

There's more character and life in the peeling wallpaper than in the decor. No photos. No memories. Just a bed and a cupboard that rests open at all times.

ELLIOT's mobile phone, lasso'd to the wall socket by the charger cable grinds against the wooden floorboards.

UNKNOWN NUMBER.

Means enough to force him out of bed. Enough to take the call.

He doesn't say a word.

A man's voice pours through. Not one we would recognise.

VOICE (O.S.)
St Raphael's, Stratford. Room 518.

Click.

ELLIOT rushes to the cupboard. A nearby bag resting at the bottom - rips open the zip, grabs at a handgun before he reaches for his clothing.

Checks the chamber. Fully loaded.

Elliot looks through the ajar door out into the lounge - sees Charlie passed out on the sofa chair - TV light flickering at him.

Another secret. Looks to the gun in his hand.

Closes it. Pop. Click.

88 **INT/EXT. CHARLIE'S BEDSIT/CAR - NIGHT 2**

88

Beep-click.

ELLIOT steps inside, drives down the empty early morning street as the rest of the world sleeps.

All except for...

89 **INT. DOSS HOUSE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2**

89

KINNEY leads. A group of EIGHT, PATRICK included.

Footsteps pound hard against paper thin, cheap carpet as they near the door to DARREN and EOIN's room.

90 **INT. DOSS HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2**

90

There's a knock at the door.

DARREN, on alert looks straight to EOIN.

DARREN
Shhhhh...

But EOIN's head already hangs low - the knock at the door is no surprise to him.

DARREN looks through the peep hole in the door.

EOIN
I'm sorry Daz...

DARREN almost collapses at the sight of him.

94

INT. DOSS HOUSE, BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 2

94

PATRICK sits propped up in a heap against the foot of the bed, a look of defiance in his blood shot eyes.

VOICE

Blood's blood.

PATRICK

Aye, so's mine.

Streaks of blood like a trail of emergency lights lead the way to LEN (40s) who crouches in the bathroom, meat cleaver in hand, above a bathtub full of body parts that used to belong to EOIN.

LEN

You gawna take on Kinney now kid?

(beat)

Didn't think so. Your da would beat ya worse than he did, hear ye talkin' like that. Bag the money for us, have to burn it else they tie it tae us...

PATRICK

My da? He's no my father no more. No da would let him do that...

LEN

You'd do right to be glad he let you live.

PATRICK crumbles once more.

LEN (CONT'D)

Now bag that money.

PATRICK is too far gone to process the request.

LEN crawls out from the bathroom and grabs a handful of black bin liners, as he does he spots something in the corner of his eye.

ELLIOT.

LEN on reflex tosses the black bag of money in ELLIOT's direction.

Notes billow out floating in the air, providing enough cover to make a clean shot anything other than a sure thing.

A bullet tears through the bag, embeds itself deep into the wall leaving LEN unscathed.

LEN lunges at ELLIOT with the meat cleaver in hand.

Catches him. Not enough to take his hand, but enough to make him drop the gun.

They clash.

What follows is savage, brutal, raw energy. A unrelenting storm of pain and bloodshed.

A mess of bodies, swings and wild lunges, furniture crashing around them as they tumble around the room.

ELLIOT is hurled back, hits his head hard against a wall, eyes momentarily roll. Time slows. Dazed.

LEN rushes in, lashing out wildly with the meat cleaver, but ELLIOT regains composure enough to duck away from its path.

Plaster board splinters as the cleaver buries deep sideways into a bracing beam. Lodged in tight.

Now evenly matched, hand to hand.

But it's where LEN thrives, thick knuckles, swollen from years of use - tenderising ELLIOT's body with blow after blow - skin beneath his eye socket opens apart, widens with each hit.

LEN capitalises, places ELLIOT into a head lock.

ELLIOT struggles to breathe, arms not strong enough to open LEN's tight grip.

Desperate, he reaches, grabs the back of LEN's head, pulls it hard and drives them in the direction of the meat cleaver.

Stumbling feet, stumbling closer.

LEN's outstretched hand slams against the wall, keeping the edge of the blade at scratching distance from his throat.

ELLIOT grinds LEN's throat against the cleaver's blade.

Skin fraying. *Len carpaccio.*

But LEN keeps his grip on ELLIOT's neck, eyes glass over, face flushed red.

ELLIOT throws elbows into his rib cage, weakening the strength of his legs.

A slight wobble. Opens enough for...

Elbows drive into LEN's head, nudging him closer and closer to the meat cleaver until it buries deep into his throat - blood gushes from the wound, bathing ELLIOT's face.

LEN's grip of ELLIOT slackens as his mouth fills with blood.

ELLIOT's lungs scream in as he catches his breath. Then...

Sees PATRICK stood there, holding ELLIOT's gun in his hands. Aimed right at him.

Elliot doesn't blink.

ELLIOT

Where are they taking him?

PATRICK's broken smile pushes the tears out from his eyes.

PATRICK

I'd never know.

Puts the gun to his own head. BANG!

His body drops to a heap on the floor.

As the shot rings out, the sound of police sirens nears.

ELLIOT, rushes in, grabs the gun from PATRICK's hand. Scoops up the bag of Finn's money, notices the foreign currency.

Wraps up the bag of money, tucks it inside his jacket.

Stops. For the first time, he sees EOIN, mauled in the bathtub.

Swallows deep. Knows this will stay with him.

Leaves the room.

95 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING 3**

95

A shower of fine rain twists in the wind.

A convoy of cars traverses along country roads, miles away from the city - a stretch of landscape around them vast and wide.

They come to a stop in a lay-by. Indicators clicking.

96 **INT. KINNEY'S CAR - MORNING 3**

96

DARREN sits in the back, forlorn, unresponsive, head resting against the window.

KINNEY turns to the driver of the car, MAL (40s).

KINNEY

(to MAL)

Head west. To Evie. She'll have a boat for ye once they get tired of tracking 'im.

MAL nods. KINNEY looks over his shoulder, at DARREN, his son. His gaze lays elsewhere, anywhere other than his father. It weighs heavy on KINNEY, takes a breath to steady himself.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

(to DARREN)

I'm not sorry. Cos I'm not the one who should be. Some day you'll understand. Say nothing. To no-one. Ye hear?

(to MAL)

Watch over him Mal... for me.

MAL

Of course.

KINNEY steps out.

97

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING 3

97

KINNEY walks through the rain, gets into a car behind.

The convoy separates.

The main fleet of KINNEY and his men head back to the city as DARREN, the involuntary passenger and MAL, his protector, head west.

Carving through the rain swept country roads journeying long and far. Out of sight.

98

EXT. STREETS - MORNING 3

98

ELLIOT steps out from the DOSS HOUSE, out onto the street.

Police sirens ring out in the distance.

He stops suddenly, blood soaked face aghast - his car is nowhere to be seen.

Panic sets in, he scans the area as the sirens grow louder.

Suddenly, a flash of light draws his attention. He turns, looks down a nearby alleyway.

In the distance, hidden in the shadows - a set of headlights flash at him.

Follows.

99

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING 3

99

The distant sound of police sirens are just audible, sounding out then fading into echoes as ELLIOT walks down the dark alleyway.

As he reaches the car, it becomes clear it is his.

Moved by the person currently stepping out of the driver's seat.

NISHA - who we last saw moving amongst the mourners at the funeral.

She freezes, eyes widening as ELLIOT moves into the lights of the car, and she sees him - haunted, bathed in blood.

She moves quickly back to the front door of the car and leans in. The headlights extinguish, and a moment later she emerges with a bottle of water.

ELLIOT takes it from her slightly trembling hand.

ELLIOT
I needed that address.

NISHA
And we got it to you.

ELLIOT
I needed it sooner.

NISHA looks down as he washes the blood from his hands.

NISHA
What have you done?

ELLIOT
I had no choice. I was too late to help him. They took the other kid before I got here.

ELLIOT senses her doubt.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Two years undercover - Have I ever fucked you over?

NISHA knows he hasn't. Until now.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
We have an opportunity here. In the space of a day I've gone from being a nobody outside that church to being invited into their home.

There is desperation in ELLIOT's eyes. He wants to convince her. Needs to.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

No more bullshit stings, no more small tip off's Nisha. You saw it yourself, the people at that church. The power there! I can be on the inside of all of it. Real progress. Really make a difference.

NISHA watches as he scrubs harder at his hands. The blood has long vanished.

He reaches into his pocket, hands her the black bag of money.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Found this up there - Belize dollars, fucking ton of it - way more than anyone would pay them. May be nothing. May be something.

NISHA looks at it, struggling to piece together the flood of seemingly disconnected evidence Elliot is throwing at her.

ELLIOT sensing she's starting to take an interest...

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You know I need this...

NISHA

Stop.

Plastic crackles as he grips the water bottle.

ELLIOT

We both need this.

NISHA

It's too late - every day I'm fighting off the inevitable. They want you out, and I've run out of ways to keep you in.

(stops herself)

We haven't delivered, Elliot.

ELLIOT looks up at her, eyes unwavering.

ELLIOT

(softens)

But now we can. Don't let this all be for nothing, Nisha. Please.

The sirens are close now.

She shakes her head - takes the bottle of water from his hands.

NISHA

They're clean.

Consciously or not, she steps aside - clears a path to the car.

Elliot walks past her, and gets in.

ELLIOT

Thank you.

And with that, he drives away.

NISHA watches as his car inconspicuously rejoins traffic, disappearing out of sight.

She stands a moment, feeling every bit of the cold morning air, then steps back and disappears into the shadows.

100 **INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - MORNING 3**

100

ELLIOT drives down the busy street.

POLICE CARS pass by, flashing red and blue lights paint the side of his face.

As he blends back in with the real world. That look in his eyes.

If only *they* knew.

101 **EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING DOCKS - MORNING 3**

101

Parked at the top of a hill, LALE walks from her car to join HAKAN.

They speak quietly in Kurdish.

HAKAN

There's nothing I can do, they're too afraid to cross the Wallaces. I can't get any of our shipments out.

LALE

Then why drag me here, Hakan.

HAKAN

You need to see who can...

They look down from their vantage point: ALEXANDER and NASIR stand with a CUSTOMS OFFICIAL, as a series of container trucks drive past them and out through the gates.

HAKAN (CONT'D)

For Nasir and his father, it seems the gates aren't closed. Business as usual...

LALE watches with a burning anger in her eyes.

LALÉ
I want my girls ready.

102 **EXT. THE WALLACE HOUSE - MORNING 3** 102

As dawn is breaking, ED looks around the deathly quiet street and walks to his car.

Unseen, in the window at the front of the house, MARIAN watches him.

As he reaches the car, ED pulls out his buzzing phone. The screen reads: **LUAN**. He frowns, slips the still ringing phone in his pocket, gets in the car and drives away.

103 **INT. TOWER BLOCK - MORNING 3** 103

LUAN looks down at his phone, as it continues to call "E.H.". He sighs and hangs up.

He stands alone in the corridor of the Albanian tower block. Police tape hanging from the door handle. His face framed as he looks towards the frayed, splintered bullet hole.

Caused by...

104 **EXT. UNFINISHED HIGH RISE - MORNING 3** 104

...the bullet that rolls between SEAN's fingertips.

He stands at the top of an unfinished high rise, the same building where he set light to the street kid.

SEAN looks across at an "F. WALLACE CONSTRUCTION" sign. It hangs loose off a nearby chainlink fence. Dusty. Beaten. Tattered.

Then out at the red blinking dots in the London skyline, this, all this, maybe he could make this city his now...

Makes a fist around the bullet, squeezes hard.

105 **INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING 3** 105

JACK stirs...

Sounds invading his room.

A whir, then a click and the sound of bubbling water.

He looks from his bed, to see a shadow stood by the open plan kitchen - pours a kettle of boiling water into a mug.

JACK

Who...

The figure turns around. It's ED.

ED

Good to have you back with us,
Jack.

JACK

Jesus, Ed - I thought...

ED walks towards his bed, a mug in each hand.

ED

They found money on him. On his
body.

JACK

He had a bag of it...

ED

I'm tired Jack. Tired of being the
one holding all of this together.

Hands him a mug. JACK takes it, has a sip.

ED rests his on the floor by his side.

JACK

Ed, sooner or later - they're gonna
find out. About her. About...

ED hangs his head.

ED

Jack...

JACK

(sincere)

They won't hear it from me, you
have my word - but when they do
know, they'll wanna know why I
didn't tell them. Look, I guess I
just want to be in the clear here.

ED

Where were you taking him? Later?
What was the plan?

JACK

I don't know.

ED

Yeah. You do.

JACK

Ed, - I took a fucking car to my
body. I didn't do nothing wrong.

JACK coughs. Painfully. It hurts.

ED

No one is gonna think that. No one.
Trust me.

Suddenly...

JACK

Ed, I can't feel my arms.

ED

I know.

Not the answer he wanted.

JACK panics. Struggles to swallow, paralysis coursing through
his body.

JACK

Wait...

ED takes out a razor blade, places it in JACK's limp hand.

A weak JACK can only watch with pleading eyes, gurgling a
plea with a voice that grows fainter with each breath.

JACK (CONT'D)

No, Ed - please...

ED digs the razor into JACK's wrist. Vein pops.

ED steps back away letting JACK bleed, takes a seat nearby
watching him fade.

ED

Believe me, I take no enjoyment in
this. I wish I didn't have to. But
I do.

ED breathes heavy, looks at his wrinkled trembling hands.

ED (CONT'D)

Truth is I haven't had to do this
in years...

Watches as JACK's tear filled eyes stare hard into his soul.
Fingers stretching as his wrist pulses the very lifeblood out
of him.

ED (CONT'D)

But it's for the good of the family
Jacky. It really is.

JACK is quieter now. Barely a breath left in him.

The blood has stopped pouring down the side of the bed, it's just a drip - drip we hear.

ED stopped being able to watch him fade some time ago, eyes rooted to the floor.

Watching as the frequency of the drips lessen over time.

ED (CONT'D)

(broken)

And that's all there is to it.

END OF EPISODE